

## 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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### BUCKINGHAM PALACE

From Rear-Admiral Sir Hugh Janion K.C.V.O.

25 August 1981

Dear Mr. West,

The Prince of Wales has asked me to  
send the members of the Kilvert Society his sincere  
thanks for the three very interesting volumes of  
Francis Kilvert's Diary.

His Royal Highness much appreciates  
your kind thought in sending this gift and asks me  
to thank you most warmly.

Yours sincerely,

Hugh Janion.

February 1982.

Dear Member,

Such was the approval of the Revd. D.N. Lockwood's idea of a Royal  
Wedding Present that I feel I should head this issue with reproducing the letter  
of thanks from Buckingham Palace. It will be remembered that Revd. Lockwood  
referred to His Royal Highness's stay at Llysdyman, and I understand that he has  
visited the house again.

The only events of the 1981 programme to report are those of the weekend of  
September 19 and 20. Mr. R.I. Morgan has written elsewhere in this issue of  
September 19, our programme abruptly terminated by torrential rains. It did not  
bode well for the service the following day at Llanbedr Painscastle, but in fact the  
sun shone and those of us present were blessed with that wonderful clarity of  
landscape which follows rain. To stand in the circular churchyard and view the ring  
of hills was sheer pleasure, as it was to see the Solitary's grave cleaned and  
carefully tended. The little church, beautifully decorated, was packed, and the  
service, the 1662 version, would have delighted both Kilvert and the Solitary. The  
Archdeacon of Brecon's address paid tribute to the two clerics. He reminded us that  
the age in which they lived was one of religious and scientific upheaval, but they  
remained unshaken in their adherence to the faith of their fathers. A sumptuous tea  
followed the service, provided by the ladies of the parish, and, as at Aberedw last  
year, we could only echo Kilvert's opinion of Radnorshire hospitality. While the  
Society is very grateful to the Archdeacon, the Organist, Mrs. Cooper and Mr.  
Brereton (the readers of the lessons), the largest debt is to Rev. Ralph-Bowman  
who made us so very welcome and organised the whole afternoon so memorably for us.

And now to our 1982 programme:-

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - Friday, April 30th. at Hereford Shire Hall at 7 p.m.

Our speaker will be Mr. Dafydd Ifans, Assistant Keeper of Manuscripts and Records at  
the National Library of Wales. His subject will be "Kilvert in Wales". As usual,  
the first part of the evening will deal with the business of the Society,  
refreshments following, with the opportunity to pay subscriptions and buy Society  
publications.

SERVICES: Sunday, June 27th. at Newbridge-on-Wye, by kind permission of the Archdeacon of Brecon. Lady Delia Venables-Llewelyn has kindly consented to open the grounds of Llysdim to the Society.

Sunday, September 26th. at Glascwm, by kind permission of Rev. D.J.H. Lewis.

WALKS: Saturday, May 1st. - Baskerville Arms, Clyro at noon. Picnic lunch and tea. Mr. Morgan tells me he will try to arrange a walk that any one who wishes to turn back before the whole walk is achieved, can do so without getting lost. Please bring suitable garb and footwear.

<u>Saturday, June 26th.</u>	)	Further details
<u>Saturday, September 25th.</u>	)	will appear in later newsletters.

EXCURSION: Saturday, May 22nd. to Aberystwyth, via Hay-on-Wye, St. Harmons. Mr. Dafydd Ifans has very kindly offered to act as our host at the National Library of Wales, where he will show us the Sandford Notebook (which he is editing for publication) and other material connected with Kilvert and the Rev. Venables. He tells me that the library is mounting a Kilvert Exhibition. A coach will leave Hereford Town Hall at 10.00 a.m. The coach will travel via Whitney-on-Wye, Clyro, Hay and Builth, and members could be picked up en route, while others may like to meet the party at the National Library itself, about 2 p.m. The fare will be approximately £2.70. Picnic lunch and tea - though some members might prefer to have lunch at a cafe in Aberystwyth, where we hope to arrive by 1 p.m. Bookings can be made at the A.G.M. or to me. (Please note changed telephone number - 62994).

During 1981 subscriptions were raised, in fact doubled. It is good to report that nevertheless there has been an overall increase of 33 in membership. Equally pleasing has it been to meet and welcome overseas members at our functions - Miss E.P. Madigan (New Zealand) at Langley Burrell and Mr. & Mrs. W. Cummings (California) at the September weekend. A little later came Mr. & Mrs. R. Zager, also of California. They have all sent greetings and good wishes to members at home, and these I pass on, together with other such expressions I received from the U.K. To all I send my grateful thanks for their messages and my hopes that they will be able to attend some of our 1982 functions.

Yours sincerely,	Yours sincerely,
E.J.C. West.	E.J.C. West (Hon. Sec).
Hon. Secretary.	

#### OBITUARY

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

Mrs. D. Ball of Tanworth-in-Arden, a member since 1965.

Mrs. E. Nussey of Birmingham and Clyro, also a member since 1965.

Rev. D.J.H. Lewis of Llyswen. A member since 1960, he had participated in several of the Society's functions, and it was only quite recently that as priest-in-charge of Glascwm he had warmly welcomed the idea of our 1982 service taking place there. A memorial service is to be held at Llyswen in March.

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#### THE EXCURSION OF SEPTEMBER 19TH. 1981:

Some sixty members, among them Mr. & Mrs. Bill Cummings of California, forgathered at Monnington-on-Wye on the morning of Saturday, September 19th. last, and were welcomed by Mr. & Mrs. Bulmer, the present owners of Monnington Court. They conducted the party over their house which, though now largely restored by them, still retains the characteristics and atmosphere of an early mediaeval manor house. Of particular interest, to be seen in the hall, was "the timbered frieze with grotesque caryatides and shields of the Tomkyns arms", as Massingham describes it is "The Southern Marches".

After having been regaled with tankards of draught Bulmer cider - the genuine article - members walked across to the little Caroline church, built by the Tomkyns family in 1679 on the site of an earlier one, and admired its 17th.c. furnishings. The church was at one time in the charge of Kilvert's brother-in-law, William Smith, and his grave was inspected just outside the north porch. Close by there was the large, broken slab, popularly but wrongly believed to mark the burial-place of Owen Glendower, which inspired Kilvert to write of "the strong, wild heart, still now, but rested by the ancient home and rooftree of his kindred ... a quiet, peaceful spot". This visit was followed by a walk over part of the celebrated Monnington Walk, passing the rear of the Rectory, places well known to our diarist.

The party then moved off by car to Bredwardine Church, where the vicar, Rev. J.C. de la Tour Davies, welcomed them into the church, and conducted a short service of dedication for a new visitors' book presented by the Society in memory of its late Hon. Treasurer, Mr. J. Worsey. He then pointed out the chief architectural features of the church, and with the assistance of our bell-ringing member, Mr. Michael Reynolds (of Llanvihangel Rhydithon), explained the technique of campanology.

After luncheon a visit was made to Moccas church, where members were able to see, among other interesting features, the recumbent figure of the knight in armour on the tomb of Reginald de Fresne and the organ, both of which Kilvert commented on in the diary.

By this time, unfortunately, very heavy rain had set in and the remainder of the programme - a visit to Moccas Park and a walk to the top of Merbach Hill - had to be abandoned.

R.I. Morgan.

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#### REVIEWS - (1)

##### The President's Wales.

This book is, as the title Wynford Vaughan-Thomas's Wales implies, a very personal view of the country, but the author is of so warm and appreciative a nature that it is all the better for that. It includes chapters on the Great Escarpment (the mountainous area north of Swansea); Snowdonia; the islands of Wales; the marvellous little trains of north and mid-Wales that have proved so great an attraction for tourists; Cardiff, the Marquess of Bute and his castles, Welsh rugby and male-voice choirs. He draws heavily upon his broadcast accounts of his three great journeys across the roof of Wales - two on foot and one on horseback (the second walk at the age of seventy was a remarkable achievement by any standards); and he includes a brief memory of Dylan Thomas, and, thankfully, a longer chapter on Kilvert and the Kilvert Country.

The author throws little new light on Kilvert; and at times he draws near to misrepresenting his record (the account of his conversation with Daisy's father is compressed, and although he says 'You are delighted to know that on 25 October 1870 four guns killed seven hundred rabbits at Maesllwch Castle', I do not think he is speaking either for Kilvert or many members of the Kilvert Society); but his comments on the diarist are in general generous and complimentary; and the chapter is superbly illustrated. So indeed is the whole book. The colour photographs by Derry Brabbs are a delight to look at. The whole book is beautifully produced, and it is enlivened by Wynford's own irresistible brand of humour (see the story of the well-drilled seals). It is an eloquent and very handsome introduction to the country that both Kilvert and Wynford Vaughan-Thomas have loved.

P.S. Is it true that Portmerion is now a National Trust Property?

Frederick Grice.

##### Brief Guide to Clyro and Bettws Chapel

Mr. Kenneth Clew, who has produced excellent guides to several of the 'Kilvert' churches, has now brought out a 'mini-guide' to Clyro and Bettws. It is a very useful booklet which will be of great help to the casual visitor who wishes to find his way quickly around the parish, and it is illustrated by two agreeable drawings by Mrs. Ursula Cooper whose name will be familiar to most members of the Society. We are very grateful to Mr. Clew for drawing the attention of visitors to the activities of the Kilvert Society, which, I am pleased to say, is the main sponsor of the publication. Copies may be obtained from Mr. D. Harling, Penlan House, Clyro, Hereford, HR3 5SW for 20p plus a stamped addressed envelope of at least 9" by 4". All profits from the sale of the leaflet go to the church funds.

Frederick Grice.

#### REVIEWS - (2)

##### The Vale of Pluscarden and Other Verse - by S.G.A. Luff.

S.G.A. Luff is a Roman Catholic priest who has found himself in very beautiful surroundings during the course of his priestly career - at Pluscarden Abbey in Morayshire and at Llandovery in Wales, for example, Pluscarden is the site of a 13th Century Monastery which, after centuries of neglect, was given to the Benedictines by the son of the third Marquess of Bute in 1943. A programme of restoration which will take many centuries is in progress, and anyone who has been there will always remember it as a haven of peace and beauty.

Father Luff's verse, with a few exceptions, is a hymn of praise to natural beauty. To this reviewer, it recalls Wordsworth, though the pantheistic or, at best, immanentist belief of that poet is here transformed into a Christ-Centred philosophy. What we call natural beauty is, in any case, most unnatural beauty because it exists solely as the creative act of God, an act He could have withheld. Nature does not exist of its own right.

Father Luff's poetry is full of awed wonder before skies and brooks and meadows and puddles and ferns and trees and leaves. For him, when the buds unfold around Eastertime, the newborn leaves reflect the paschal mystery - "the leaves unfold their Christ-token". How Kilvert would have agreed! "The Lord is risen, smiled the sun. The Lord is risen, sang the lark". Thus wrote the Diarist in 1876; no wonder Father Luff finds in Francis Kilvert a kindred soul.

In one of the poems under review, the humble leaf is referred to as "sacramental". The leaf, modern science shows us, is an almost impossibly-intricate laboratory of biochemical mechanisms which turns carbon dioxide and light into the energy needed for growth. At last count, inside the leaf's minute cells, about forty separate operations are necessary to utilise light to bring about the miracle of photosynthesis, a process which we are just about beginning to understand. This extremely complex series of reactions is a marvel to examine, and in no way can forty separate and almost simultaneous operations, timed in sequence to the nearest 10-millionth of a second, be regarded as the outcome of accident or chance. Poets have always revealed design in nature; modern biochemists are revealing it, to a mind-entrancing degree, even at the level of molecules.

Father Luff is concerned, not with the mechanism whereby God produces the unfolding leaf, but with the totality of the leaf. He is concerned with its beauty, and in the things of nature he discerns their sacramental nature. The beauty he sees there is a revelation of the beauty of God, the Creator. Far too few poets do this; we should be grateful to Father Luff for that walk up the beautiful drive to Llandovery Carmel when he saw the red berry and the raindrop blended unto a unit of beauty which only Man can discern and praise. He calls this poem "frail". Au contraire - it unites Man, Nature and God into a meaningful whole. Could anything be stronger?

Mark Doughty.

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#### NOTES FROM OUR DEPUTY PRESIDENT:

##### More light on Mr. Venables's Brother.

The D.N.B. informs us that George Stovin Venables, the younger brother of the Vicar of Clyro, was educated at the Charterhouse (it was there he was said to have broken Thackeray's nose), was called to the bar and became a Queen's Counsel in 1863. It mentions his many literary friends, especially Wordsworth, Thackeray and Tennyson. We know from the Diary that he frequently visited Clyro and Llysdiman, and Kilvert reports the interesting conversations he had with him about Wordsworth. A certain amount of new light has now been thrown on George Stovin by Professor Robert Bernard Martin in his new biography of Tennyson, The Unquiet Heart. Professor Martin says he was at Cambridge with Tennyson, was with him a member of the famous Cambridge Club, The Apostles, and remained his close friend for the rest of his life. Tennyson actually stayed with him for some time, in those restless years before he married Emily Sellwood, in his chambers in the Temple, and gave him a special copy of his long poem The Princess. Venables often stayed with Tennyson and his wife after their marriage, and was one of the guests at the christening of their first child, Hallam. Did the full Kilvert diary contain as many reminiscences of G.S.'s friendship with Tennyson as of his meetings with Wordsworth? Possibly - but it is hard to believe that Plomer would have omitted entries of such interest.

##### Kilvert in Oxford.

With the help of the County Librarian, Oxford, I have been able to identify the place where Kilvert stayed on his first visit to Oxford. He was the guest of Mr. Symonds, the father of Mrs. Dallin of Langley Lodge. Mr. Symonds who was a livery stables keeper lived at 29a Holywell Street at the back of Wadham, Kilvert's old college. His premises extended from Holywell Street to Savile Row; and by a curious coincidence were not far from the small garage where Lord Nuffield set up his first workshop.

##### Max Kromer and the Siege of Strasbourg.

Several copies of this book (which Kilvert read out to the Old Soldier on Wed. 8 May 1872) have been found; but undoubtedly one of the most interesting is that

given to Catherine Lloyd of Wernnewydd by Kilvert himself and signed on the fly-leaf by him. A close examination of the book reveals that it was written not by Hannah Smith, to whom it is attributed by W. Plomer in a footnote, but by Hesbah Stretton, a popular Victorian novelist of whom Kilvert was fond. The copy has remained in the Lloyd family and is now in the possession of her nephew, Mr. H.T. Lloyd of Bartestree, a member of the K.S. Committee.

#### A Poem Identified.

Mr. Dafydd Ifans of the National Library of Wales has drawn my attention to a recent note in Notes and Queries (June 1980) in which Bernard Jones of Liverpool identifies the poem mentioned by Kilvert in the course of his account of his visit to William Barnes, the Dorset poet. Kilvert's entry reads:

Mr. Moule repeated to me some beautiful and touching verses  
he had composed when he was in the depths of his great trouble  
about his pror son Horace. The verses began, 'Lord, I love thee'.  
He had sent a copy of them to the poet.

At Came, Kilvert went on

Mr. Moule... sat down at the piano in the Poet's drawing room and  
sang these verses... accompanying himself with a beautiful and  
appropriate air which he had composed himself and which came to him,  
he said, like an inspiration.

The actual words, which Kilvert does not give, are to be found in Memoirs of a Vicarage by Handley C.G. Moule. 1913. C.G. Moule was the second son of Henry Moule and younger brother to Horace Moule, Hardy's friend, who committed suicide. The full poem that impressed Kilvert reads:

Me Lord, desiring, with trembling gladness,  
To yield to Thine my will,  
In all my weakness, in all my sadness,  
With Thine own Spirit fill.

I would not murmur, for though around Thee  
The darkest night prevail,  
Thy waiting people have never found Thee  
In all Thy truth to fail.

Lord, Lord, I love thee, Thy word receiving,  
Thyself within my breast,  
And wait, unworthy, on Thee believing,  
To enter into rest.

(Mr. Ifans, the author of an article on Kilvert at Aberystwyth, to be published in the Winter volume of the Journal of the National Library of Wales, is Assistant Keeper, Department of Manuscripts and Records. The Journal will also contain a note by Mrs. Hughes on the two Kilvert letters mentioned by the Archdeacon of Brecon in his address at Llanbedr-Paincastle).

#### Miss Long of Draycot

Doran, the Victorian Historian, in his Lives of the Hanoverian Queens says that one of the Heiresses William, Duke of Clarence, approached when it was made clear to him that he ought to take a legitimate wife and produce a legitimate heir to the throne was no less than Miss Long of Draycot, whose disastrous marriage to the rascally Long Wellesley Kilvert mentions in Vol. 2 of the Diary. It was a pity for her, but probably a good thing for the country that she turned down William.

#### Where is L'Hermitage, Residence of the Duke de Cröy?

In a sketchbook filled in 1841, and entitled Slight Sketches in France and Belgium, Edward Kilvert, Robert Kilvert's younger brother, includes two interesting sketches, one of the Chateau de Cröy ('now' he adds, 'occupied by a notary'), and one of L'Hermitage, Residence of the Duke de Cröy. These drawings are of special interest because the mother of Francis Kilvert of Claverton's French wife was a de Cröy. It looks as if Edward on one of his continental sketching holidays had gone out of his way to look up some of the houses belonging to the family of his brother's wife. It would be very interesting if anyone could throw some light on this remarkable emigré who, as far as I can see, was a Roman Catholic to the end of her days, rescued and befriended by Quakers, and finally happily married to an Anglican clergyman. And where are the Chateau de Cröy and L'Hermitage?

Rhulen Church.

(Mrs. Griffiths told me that a few days ago a man named Evans kicked his wife to death at Rhulen. Kilvert's Diary, 3rd. June 1871)

Who ventured first into this lonely place?  
Who made in this lost valley their abode?  
Who dared to clear the steep and stubborn hills?  
Who survived here, and built a house of God?

Whoe'ee they were, their handiwork remains,  
Though more like barn than church. Around it press  
Dark pagan yews, harsh and affronting hills,  
And, beyond them, a celtic wilderness.

Its roughcast walls lean outwards, like the stones,  
That, now a churchyard wall, once ringed the place,  
The inside unadorned, and cold and bare,  
The altar little but a hollow space.

But from afar the white and leaning walls  
Shine through the darkness like a hovering dove,  
Bringing a new light to a barbarous people,  
Flying a flag of truce, amity, love.

F. Grice.

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FROM THE SECRETARY'S CORRESPONDENCE:

Rev'd. D. Copeland (St. Paul's, Chippenham and Langley Burrell) informs me that the grave of Kilvert's parents had been repaired and re-erected, at a cost one third greater than the estimate. A photograph he kindly sent shows a very pleasing restoration. Should any member feel inclined to make a donation to this extra cost, Rev'd. Copeland would be delighted to receive it at St. Paul's Rectory, 9, Greenway Park, Chippenham, Wilts. SN15 1QG.

Reference has been made in earlier newsletters to the fact that the high altar and reredorse of Father Ignatius's chapel at Capel-y-fryn are now at St. Julian's Church, Newport (Gwent). In a booklet of the history of St. Julian's Church published this last year, there is a photograph of this sumptuous and massive piece of church furnishing, together with a very interesting account of its removal from Capel-y-fryn, where it had been exposed to the trials of all weathers. The Church also possesses two of the large brass candlesticks which had stood on the altar at Capel-y-fryn. Copies of the booklet may be obtained, price £1. 00, post free, from Rev'd. R.G. Davies, St. Julian's Vicarage, 41, St. Julian's Avenue, Newport, Gwent.

Owing to delays in shipping from overseas, publication of "The Country Divine" (to which reference was made in the last newsletter) is now scheduled for March 17th. 1982.

Letters have come from members expressing their great pleasure at seeing a programme on "Nationwide" in October, featuring Mr. Robin Tanner (a Vice-President of the Society) and his wife Heather. This was with regard to the publication of their book "Woodland Plants" - the idea of which was conceived in 1939 - now published by Robin Garton (£30). The reporter commented on the wonderfully minute detail of Mr. Tanner's drawings, on how they were evolved from hundreds of sketches made at different times of year, and how Mr. Tanner was an etcher and draughtsman in the true classic English tradition.

Many members will be familiar with the Christmas card of the Rhydspence Inn reproducing a photograph of about 1910. Our Western Australia member, Mr. R. Whitney Wood sent such a card to a kinsman at Abergavenny (Gwent), Mr. C.P. Knight. This gentleman has written to tell me that the figures in the doorway are his grandmother's eldest brother, John Williams and his wife Ann. "The old chap in shirt sleeves next to Ann" continues Mr. Knight, "is almost certainly their manservant known to us when children as 'Old Tom'. He was still alive in the early twenties when we visited but died about 1925-6. John Williams died just before the First World War, but two of his daughters kept the Inn until their deaths in the mid-thirties". An extraordinary coincidence, members will agree! Mr. Wood has informed me that he will be in England in March. He hopes to visit

both Brynwgyn and Rhosgoch, whence his ancestry derives, and he would be delighted to meet any members or friends of the Society who are descendants of 19th.c. Whitneys, or who indeed may have information about the family. I would willingly act as intermediary.

Mr. Michael Sharp, (Ringmer, Sussex), has been pursuing Diary references to Worthing. He has traced Mrs. Smallwood's house, 11, Church Terrace (see entry for 10th. August, 1874), establishing it as now being 31, Grafton Road, and is trying now to locate "Vaynona", where the Misses Cholmeley lived.

I learn that Mr. Kenneth Day, also a Sussex member, has recently had his book "Eden Philpotts on Dartmoor" published by Messrs. David and Charles.

Both in correspondence and in conversation - particularly at our services at Aberedw and Llanbedr - I have been asked about Twm Tobacco, who he was and where his grave is. I have to confess that like the carpenter whom Kilvert asked, I do not know! Last September twelvemonth a small group of us - Rev'd. Ralph-Bowman, Mr. & Mrs. Bentley-Taylor and myself - were welcomed with the kindest hospitality by Mr. Raymond Bagley of Llanbychllyn Farm. He drove us in his landrover to the top of Llandeilo Hill, where we sought in vain for some indication of a grave. That others had been similarly engaged was evident in the erection, by some prankster of a piece of wood on which was written a somewhat dubious Welsh pun on Twm Tobacco's name. I have a reprint of the first O.S. map of Radnor; it does not indicate the grave, but interestingly does locate Cwm Cello, the Solitary's Hut. The date of the survey was 1833 so it may be that Twm's death occurred later. Subsequent inquiry yielded no information, but looking through a newsletter of 1965 I came across the following, written by Mr. Oswin Prosser, for so long the secretary of the Society:- "A letter has been printed, from a reader in Aberedw, giving the precise location of the grave and the news that many who go past it drop a pebble in it; Twm Tobacco was hung for sheep-stealing...." The newspaper in which the letter was printed was, I believe, the mid-Wales "Express and Times Gazette". If any member can help in tracing this letter, or indeed in supplying further information, I shall be most grateful.

Lastly, I quote from a letter sent to me by Mr. Bentley-Taylor. "I thought you would enjoy this from a close friend of mine in Canada, retired top executive of a huge international firm, who herded cattle in Herefordshire in his youth:-

'After many years I am re-reading Kilvert. So much gives me pleasure; his descriptions, his prejudices, his gentle kindness, his comings and goings, his care for his people, his delight in all things bright and beautiful.'

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## TWO ASPECTS OF KILVERT -

### (2) Road, rail and footpath.

This is by way of being a small companion-piece to my earlier article, 'Despising the Tourists'. I hope it may shed a little more light on the age in which Kilvert lived and his life in the countryside. How much is doubtful, as I mean more to draw attention to one or two features of Kilvert's environment, than to his response to them, which cannot be surely judged.

A fair amount has already been written, notably by Mr. Grice, about the importance to Kilvert of the network of railways constructed over England and Wales during his lifetime and about the way in which this system created possibilities of movement (for exploration and more social purposes) remarkable at that date for someone living in rather remote places like Clyro and Bredwardine - Langley Burrell was nearer to the main lines of communication and travel. I don't intend to dwell on this. My main object is to stress the fact that Kilvert's lifetime, falling neatly as it does within the four decades, 1840-1880, occupies a period with a character entirely distinctive so far as the development of forms of transportation in Britain is concerned. Certainly the coming of the railways in the 1840's ended an era, that of the stage-coaches. What is not so commonly recognised is that, while the railways spread ever more widely, travel by road, though not coming to an absolute standstill, produced no fresh ideas for forty years. It was then, just after Kilvert's death, that the bicycle and the motor-car in their primitive forms renewed the life of our road-system in ways which have not yet completed their evolution - unhappily, as some might think.

It has been said that, during the forty years in question, the roads of England and Wales were quieter than they had been for centuries, but this can hardly have been so, if only because an efficient road-system made a late appearance in the first quarter of the 19th. century, largely the creation of McAdam and Telford. Thus the roads of Stuart and early Georgian England can scarcely have been vigorous arteries. Kilvert's entry for 2.XI.74 provides some evidence about the previous century:

"As we walked....my Father told me he had heard his grandmother say that she remembered the time in the middle of the 18th. century when the only public conveyances were stage waggons. She remembered the stage waggon that plied between Bath and Bristol and spent a whole day on the journey, stopping for dinner at Keynsham and returning from Bristol to Bath the next day".

It may be more correct to say that the roads reverted to the condition of Hanoverian times with this difference, that they were available for use, in contrast to the muddy, rutted tracks which had existed before, but were seldom put to good service. How this neglect affected their upkeep is a point which I have not investigated.

Kilvert himself, of course, affords us several glimpses of the use still being made of the roads in his day, but it may be of interest to mention first at least one other source of insight. One's mind is inclined to turn at once to Hardy, who was born in the same year as Kilvert, became an enthusiastic cyclist in middle-age, and lived on to be chauffeured about his beloved Wessex, revisiting places real and fictional. Hardy's Wessex novels are generally set in the period I am occupied with here - a few are placed earlier, palpably as with "The Trumpet Major", with less emphasis in "The Mayor of Casterbridge", which opens "before the nineteenth century had reached one-third of its span", but does extend into the railway age (although the line has still not yet quite reached Casterbridge-Dorchester). The point is that these works do convey the impression of a little-used road system. Admittedly it suited Hardy's artistic purposes and his vision of life to create a picture of a small group or single person set against the background of a wide, empty panorama. But he would scarcely have presented this so often that it unconsciously becomes one's standard notion of the typical Hardy-esque scene if some historical reality had not corresponded to it. Again, vehicles are certainly mentioned on these roads, a number in "The Woodlanders", some in "The Mayor of Casterbridge", a few in "Tess" (to select just one or two), but the image which obstinately remains is that of the lonely walker, Henchard, Fanny Robin, Tess Durbeyfield and others, trudging sturdily or with broken spirit along an endless deserted road.

To return to the Diary, Kilvert walked and was conveyed, sometimes by train and sometimes by obliging friends in horse-drawn carriages, generally to some evening engagement at a distance. His attitude to the train comes as a slight surprise to the reader who tends to expect something like Wordsworth's abhorrence; but I cannot recall off-hand any entry expressing distaste. Trains seemed to bring out the gregarious side of Kilvert's nature and also to stir that easily aroused sense - the sense of adventure and possible romance. The incident with Irish Mary is too familiar to elaborate, but there are one or two other occasions, such as his glimpse of a girl ("lovely, but indescribably sad") at Llanwrda station (16.X.71), which suggests that Kilvert associated train journeys with who knew what magical encounters. Probably he was not tested by full exposure to the ripest development of the day excursion.

When he walked, he could almost always expect to meet with few if any vehicles, but "to make assurance doubly sure" his routes between Clyro and Hay and round about Langley Burrell were often foot-paths, rights of way often carelessly thrown away in our time. A seemingly colourless yet revealing passage occurs in the entry for 16.V.70 :

"Got to Chippenham shortly before 2 p.m. John at the Station with the trucks took up the luggage.....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".

There are several references to this favourite route between Chippenham Station and his home. It may have been the most direct way on foot, but Kilvert obviously liked it for other reasons too. In his calls on parishioners at Clyro, he would be mostly at a safe distance from the few conveyances then in use. Even so, as Mrs. Morgan has pointed out in her account of walks in the area, he generally elected to use paths, either as shortcuts or to ensure undisturbed walking.

This condition of the roads was a state of things which absolutely suited Kilvert. His dual nature responded both to the solitude of upland Radnorshire and Breconshire and of flatter Wiltshire and also to the party jollifications of dining out, romping, picnicking, etc. Walking on his own he preferred, if possible, to avoid even people on foot and, things being as they were, he was rarely troubled. The truth is that he was too fortunate, in this respect at least, spoilt one might say. We may add this then to our earlier attempts at understanding his irritation at the spectacle of gatherings great or small where he would have preferred the peace and quiet which had unsettled him for anything less.

Ivor Lewis.

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#### AN AMERICAN ABROAD:

An advertisement in the "New York Times" book review in 1947, for the first American edition of the one-volume-abridged "Kilvert's Diary", carried, written in facsimile, his "Why do I keep this diary". With five generations of diarists in my family including myself, I eagerly purchased a copy and have been an avid reader of it ever since. My eldest son (4 of my 5 children keep diaries) later gave me the 3 volume set, he being a book dealer, diary scholar, editor of a quarterly on diarists and owner of over 1000 British and American diaries. Myself I have a library of over 3000 volumes, but Kilvert has become my favourite reading, it is so real to me in its similar multi-faceted loves, despairs, love of nature, compassion for people and children (often my breath has been almost taken away in their beauty).

In 1972 a family friend, one of the most cultured persons I had ever met, shared with me that she was terminally ill! I gave her my one-volume edition and she soon fell totally in love with Kilvert. Next, sharing our now mutual passion for the diary, she gave me a trip to Clyro and Bredwardine. By this time I had become a life member of the Kilvert Society and wrote to Oswin Prosser, receiving a long exuberant letter, full of underlings and capitals, with a map of Herefordshire and best of all the words, "If you pay for the petrol, I'll drive you round the Kilvert country. Call me from London". So in time I stood in front of Hereford Cathedral and Mr. & Mrs. Prosser drove up. There followed 5 hours of continuous comments, Whitney, Bettws, Clyro, Hay, Bredwardine, Brobury! Oswin had watched me pick some English primroses and he picked some for all in Moccas Park. I have one in the diary now - a cherished memento now that dear Oswin is no longer with us.

In 1977 I returned again to the same sites and yet again in 1981, when in August my wife and I landed at Gatwick, and a rental car was waiting for us. We first went to Rye - as a senior citizen I attend college classes, and a professor of English literature told me Henry Jones was one of the world's greatest writers and asked me to send him a card from Rye. My third trip to England, 25 books on the U.K. in my library and I'd never heard of Rye!! It proved to be a charming town, and the card was sent!

Then followed a literary pilgrimage across the south of England; Gilbert White's Selborne, delighting in Anne Mallinson's fine bookshop, and having her ship home a box of books; Jane Austen's Chawton; Stonehenge, with memories of Kilvert's visit; bed and breakfast at a 42 roomed manor house adjacent to Hardy's Stinsford Church; His birthplace and Max Gate; St. Juliot's Church in Cornwall where he met his first wife. And then up to Chippenham.

I must admit that in times past I had the tendency to concentrate on the Clyro entries, but before this visit I had turned particularly to the Langley Burrell years and got the feel of the area, of his roots, of his family ties. Eventually we found the church and delighted in it. I recalled the extract for Easter Sunday 1876 - "I walked alone round the silent, sunny, peaceful churchyard and visited the graves of my sleeping friends.....there they lay the squire and the peasant". But I found not one of these gravestones, and searched in vain for that of his parents. Finally one of a crew reslating the roof said, "Are you looking for Kilvert's gravestones?" "No", I said, "his parents' ". "It's gone, being repaired", he told me. So I looked at Squire Ashe's house, thought of the harmonium and the heating problem. I picked up an ancient moss-covered slate with a hole, asked a workman if I might have it, and it now rests on my desk in my library. We went to the Rectory, to find a notice, "Private, Do Not Enter". Was it a kinship to Kilvert or a certain American boldness which made me go down the drive a little way? But all was too overgrown and I just could not visualise the Monk being overturned by her clerical uncle!

Next to the churches of Hardenhuish and Kington St. Michael. The former an odd little church, unspoiled, and at the back of the building I found my only hedgehog on this trip - one of the symbols, in my mind, of what is Britain! Of course we looked at the birthplace across the street. Both churches were locked, but I enjoyed the two of us being alone, and knowing that as I re-read and re-read the diary the images of these sites will remain not only in my mind but also in my travel journal with all the photos I've taken.

We proceeded up past Tintern Abbey to Ross-on-Wye, where after much correspondence we had our initial meeting with Edward West, who took us to Much Marcle church where a funeral was taking place and we heard sung Kilvert's favourite "Jerusalem, my happy home". So much Kilvert conversation took place that Edward West wondered if Mrs. Cummings could ever stand the sound of the diarist's name again. Then on to Worcester, to another correspondent, Frederick Grice, who guided us from Maria Kilvert's home step by step of the funeral procession, one of the most graphic diary entries - I could almost hear the tolling of the bell! Again we had splendid Kilvert conversation over a fine lunch mid gracious hospitality.

That night we had bed and breakfast at Upper Cwmgannon Farm, Clyro, in the heart of the Kilvert Country, and next morning we sauntered about Clyro viewing all the buildings associated with him, and then to Hay via the Bridge with the castle looming over the little town.

On through Wales to Aberystwyth and the National Library, where Mr. Emrys Williams graciously acceded to my request to view the Sandford Notebook. I held it with trembling hands, emotion welling within - it was one of the great thrills of my life; the leather binding in tact, good quality paper and the red lines on the side of each page indicating William Plomer's editing. Reading some of his omissions I was momentarily devastated - "This is every bit as good! D - n Essex Hope for her destruction of 20 volumes!" But reason took hold and I rejoiced for what we have.

We now had a break from Kilvert, doing literary pilgrimage to haunts of the Wordsworths and the Brontes, and on to Dunbar, the birthplace of a man who was to become a famous American naturalist, and back to Gibraltar Point near Skegness (I am a great bird-lover). I discovered later that Kilvert had been thereabouts! At Durham University I held the other Notebook in my hands! Visited Great Yarmouth where a direct ancestress was born, 8 generations back, only to be hung as a witch in Salem in 1692. There followed Cambridge, Sissinghurst (another diarist - Harold Nicholson) and Chartwell where lived one of the greatest and most human of men to me, an American, and Bladen where his grave is.

But finally we came back to Clyro and Hay, visiting the Museum and Mr. & Mrs. Reg. Morgan, to buy Society publications, and admiring his amazing garden and delighting in their warm hospitality. And so to the 2 last days - the Walk at Monnington, Bredwardine, and the service at Llanbedr Painscastle the following day, the members and the wonderful local people. A cherished hour indeed when one almost felt the Solitary and Kilvert's spirits present!

My last thoughts lie with the Moccas Oaks. With me I carried the diary kept exactly 60 years ago by my maternal grandmother on a trip to the U.K. It was she who instilled in me a passion for diary-keeping, for the reading and collecting of good books, for Nature. And since for me the written word is the factual immortality, diaries are in one form sacred to me. None of the people at the weekend would have been there had not Kilvert written down his thoughts and feelings. "I fear these grey old men of Moccas, those grey, gnarled, low-browed, knock-kneed, bowed, bent, huge, strange, long-armed, deformed, hunchbacked, misshapen oak men that stand waiting and watching century after century, biding God's time with both feet in the grave and yet tiring down and seeing out generation after generation ...." May 60 years from now a grandchild of mine stand in awe amongst them, as I did this last autumn!

Bill Cummings (California)

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#### "A FIELD FULL OF FOLK"

Our enjoyment of Kilvert's Diary is increased by knowledge of its people, that "Fair Field Full of Folk, rich and poor, all manner of folk". We are indebted to the writers of Kilvert Society booklets and newsletter essays for telling us about some of the people in the diary. But may I make some corrections - and amplifications?

#### CRICHTON

In "Who's Who" father and son are merged. Mr. A. Crichton, called a clergyman, was actually Arthur William Crichton of Broadward Hall, Salop, elder brother of Henry Benyon Crichton of Wye Cliff. The Clergyman was their father, the Rev. William John. He was the "Mr. Crichton" who took Kilvert to the Bishop's consecration, and with whom Kilvert dined and played chess (Vol. 1, pages 26 & 28).

Kilvert met Mrs. A. Crichton, "Lord Lilford's sister". She was née Constance Emma Augusta Powys; her brother, fourth Baron Lilford, was a noted ornithologist. Mrs. A. Crichton died in 1931, outliving her husband nearly 50 years.

Mrs. H.B. Crichton of Wye Cliff also long survived her husband. She was Emma Charlotte, daughter of John Dillwyn-Llewelyn and Emma (Talbot). J. Dillwyn-Llewelyn was a pioneer of photography, like his wife's cousin, Henry Fox Talbot of Lacock. A great-grandfather of Mrs. H.B. Crichton was William Dillwyn (1743 - 1824) who associated with Wilberforce in efforts of abolish slavery. An earlier ancestor helped Penn to plan Philadelphia.

#### HIGGINSON

In a newsletter the late Mr. Prosser stated that Lady Frances Higginson's husband was General Sir George Higginson. But he was her son. Her husband, also General George Higginson (not Sir) of Marlow, died in 1866. The son's knighthood would have pleased his mother in 1889 - Lady Frances was then 97.

#### SHERARDIZING

Mr. R.E. Jeffery showed, from a memorial in South Harting church, that Sherard Cowper-Coles was a scientist and inventor. Yes! Sherard, who died in 1936, was an international authority on engineering, and an inventor of numerous scientific processes. Kilvert could not know that the seven year old Sherard he took to a service in mother's wheel-chair would later become famous and add a new word to the English language. Sherardizing is a process for rendering iron and steel rustless, named from its inventor, Sherard Cowper-Coles.

#### PRESCOTT - DECIE

As stated in "Who's Who", Richard Decie added his wife's surname to his own. But he was also a Prescott; his mother was Catherine Prescott, daughter of baronet Sir George Prescott. Richard married his second cousin, Arabella in 1860. Her father was a banker, her grandfather a brother of Richard's grandfather.

#### SOME DIARY NAMES CORRECTED

Some names were wrongly spelt by Kilvert, or altered in transcription. The index at end of Volume 3 gives the relevant text. BAILY should have an 'E' - BAILEY. Miss Marion B., Lady B. GOLDING (Frederick) should be GOLDNEY. LOVEL wants another 'L' - Mrs. Audley LOVELL. PHILLIPS of Abbey Cwm Hir should have one 'L' - PHILIPS. And "Her maiden name is Prescott" (Vol. 1, page 114), should have one 'T' - she was née Anna Theophila PRESCOT. ROLAND Venables should be ROWLAND - his grandmother's surname. He was the son of a cousin of Mr. Venables of Clyro. FRANCIS Baskerville should be THOMAS Baskerville. It was not difficult for Kilvert to get the wrong name; his informant, Williams the farmer, was "boosy and talked wild and thick". (Vol. 1, page 336). AMBRESBURY should be AMESBURY (Wilts). HANDBOROUGH is properly HANBOROUGH without the 'D' (Oxon).

#### CLUTTERBUCK

Mr. Grice gave us an informative essay on the Clutterbucks of "Harnish" in the last newsletter.

It is thought that the Clutterbucks introduced Kilvert to Mr. Venables, and that the Clutterbucks of Harnish were related to H.B. Crichton's uncle, Mr. Clutterbuck of Boughrood. I have never found any such relationship. Probably all Clutterbucks are descended from one or two families of Tudor times. Certainly the armigerous Clutterbucks use the same "arms" (azure, a lion rampant argent, in chief three escallops of the second). But there have been many Clutterbucks, from Cornwall to Northumberland. (There is one in Pepys's diary). In Kilvert's time, the leading landed families of Clutterbuck were of Wilts. Glos. Warwicks, Northumberland and Hertfordshire.

Clutterbucks had been in Herts for a long time. One was the county historian, Robert (1772 - 1831). Contemporary with him was Thomas Clutterbuck, of Bushey, Herts, whose daughter Anne married the Rev. W.J. Crichton in 1831. Mr. Clutterbuck of Boughrood was her brother.

Perhaps we should look elsewhere for Kilvert's introduction to Mr. Venables. To the Newtons of Bredwardine? To Baskerville of Clyro? Walter Baskerville had 2904 acres in Radnorshire, but nearly as much - 2337 acres - in Wiltshire. The Squire of Clyro would have kept in touch with landed families in Wilts. where his father (Thomas) had lived. Thomas Baskerville had been Sheriff of Wilts and a magistrate there.

#### WELBY

The Rev. Montague Earle Welby is in "Kilvert's Who's Who" but not his wife. Step forward, Mrs. Welby! She was Mary Dillwyn, daughter of Lewis W. Dillwyn of Sketty Hall. When Mr. Welby was "locum" for Mr. Venables, the Crichtons took Mrs. Welby to their seat in church (Vol. 1, page 120). They would do this because Mrs. Welby was Mrs. H.B. Crichton's aunt.

#### NICHOLL

A newsletter asked, who was Mrs. Nicholl, Kilvert's "intrepid sportswoman"? (Vol. 1, pages 316 & 317). She was née Mary de la Beche Dillwyn, daughter of Lewis Llewelyn Dillwyn and his wife, Bessie de la Beche. Mary married John Cole Nicholl in 1860. They had 6 children - 2 were born after the 4 mentioned in "Who's Who". John Cole Nicholl's grandfather was the famous judge, The Rt. Hon. Sir John Nicholl.

#### HILTON

Twice Kilvert wrote of staying at Faversham with the Richard Hiltons. They are in "Kilvert's Who's Who", but has it been told how Kilvert knew them? Through Venables, I think. Youngest of the three Venables brothers was (Joseph) Henry Venables, whose first wife was Sophia. Richard Hilton was her brother. Sophia died in 1864, Henry Venables in 1866, but his brothers kept in touch with the Hiltons. And Henry's second wife was Susan Catherine Ridley, whose brother John's wife was Anna Maria Hilton from Faversham.

"Dear Annie Hilton" (Vol. 3, page 337) was Richard Hilton's second wife, Sarah Anne (Maw). By his first wife, Mary, (Peto), he had a daughter, Florence Mary, who married Captain John Ramsey in 1876.

#### MORRELL

As Mr. Grice pointed out, in the Sept. 1976 newsletter, Kilvert had written nothing before 1878 to infer that his friend Morrell was patron of a C. of E. living. "Who's Who" states that Moultsford, Berks. was in Morrell's gift from 1878, but I find that Morrell had the lordship and patronage of Moultsford from 1854, when his great uncle, the Rev. Deacon Morrell died. Hopewell Morrell was then 18.

"Who's Who" states that H.B. Morrell was born at Forthampton, Glos. Yes, his father was James Hayward Morrell of Forthampton, his mother née Mary Caroline Stewart from Canada. Mrs. Morrell of Cae Mawr was nee Louisa Hay from Kelso, Scotland. Morrell's christian names Hopewell Baker represented ancestors. Hopewell was a christian name much used by the old Glos. family of Cox alias Hayward; Baker the surname of Moultsford owners before the Morrells.

Mr. & Mrs. Morrell of Cae Mawr had a large family. Their first son, Hopewell James Shuldham Morrell was "Hopie" to Kilvert. Volume 2, page 22 tells of Hopie's escape when the horse bolted. Hopie succeeded to Moultsford. Like Kilvert, he died in middle age, in 1906. His widow sold Moultsford.

#### VENABLES

There are good articles on Kilvert's Mr. Venables & his brother in "Kilvert's Who's Who". At Bollington in Cheshire in the early 1700's lived Mr. Venables's great-great grandparents, John & Margaret Venables. Their grandson, Lazarus Venables acquired an estate near Oswestry. Lazarus's eldest son inherited this estate; his third son, Richard, born 1774, became "Archdeacon Venables". Kilvert did not know the Archdeacon, who died in 1858, but our diarist knew "Mrs. Archdeacon Venables", who died 1868. She was née Sophia Lister. Archdeacon Venables & Sophia called their first son, born 1809, Richard Lister Venables - their second son they named Stovin Venables. Sophia's father, George Lister had been born George Stovin, changing his surname on inheriting the Lister family estates at Girsby, Lincs.

The first wife of the Rev. R.L. Venables was Mary Adam (née Poltaratzky), the widow of Francis James Adam. Married in 1817, Mary and Francis had one child, a son, William Adam. He was the Capt. Adam of the diary, who stayed sometimes at Clyro with his stepfather, Mr. Venables. When Kilvert was at Tullimaar, the Russian Captain of a shipwreck reminded Kilvert of Capt. Adam (Vol. 1, page 187). Capt. Adam's mother was Russian. His paternal forebears were the famous architects. His great-great uncles are best known for their fireplaces. Others of the family were noted in the services - an uncle led "Adam's Brigade" at Waterloo.

Sidney Ball (Swindon)