

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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AUGUST, 1983.

Dear Member,

Yet again the sun shone brilliantly for those members who journeyed to Bath for the service at St. John's Roman Catholic Church. If the attendance was smaller than usual, the reception given by Canon J. Kelly, Father D. Millett and Mr. and Mrs. White and their helpers could not have been more cordial, and the Society has thanked them warmly for their hospitality. Those members who travelled by coach from Hereford will be most grateful to Mr. Hugh Dearlove for pointing out the many houses still standing in Bath associated with the Diary, and for obtaining permission for a picnic lunch in the magnificent setting of Prior Park. But the Society's greatest debt is to Father Luff, for arranging the service and for preaching the sermon. He has most kindly provided a précis, published in this issue; and I know that many members, unable to be present at the service, will be most interested to read it.

The Autumn Service will be held at Colva Church on Sunday, September 25th. at 3 p.m. by the kind permission of Rev. G.N. Rees, priest-in-charge. Our member, Mr. David Bentley-Taylor, for many years a missionary in China, will preach the sermon. I much hope that our New Zealand member, Miss E. Madigan, and one of our Western Australian members, Mr. R. Whitney Wood, will be present, and read the lessons.

Tea will be provided as usual, but at the village hall at Gladestry two miles east of Colva. Adjacent to Colva Church is Colva Farm, the Sun Inn in Kilvert's days. Opposite the farm is a large field, where cars may be parked, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Hobby, the owner. I have already received letters asking how to get to Colva. From east and north it would seem best to get to Kington (north west Herefordshire) and from there take the road to Gladestry. From the west, the best route is to take from Builth Wells the A481 to New Radnor, and turn off about 4 miles along that road to Glaschw, whence Colva is about 3 miles.

Colva church is a very simple building, there being no distinction between nave and chancel. It dates from the 13th.c, and is the highest in Wales. In common with many Radnorshire churches, there are ancient yew trees and the setting is roughly circular. The roof has recently been restored (the Society made a donation). What appeals about this humble building is the local craftsmanship in stone, wood, slate and in the recently re-discovered murals. Many members, I know, find the rustic simplicity very moving. (The church was used in one of the T.V. series, where Kilvert preached the same sermon at two different churches and found to his dismay that Mrs. Crichton was at both). As for the "echo" referred to in the Diary, Mr. Clew's mini-guide will supply the procedure for those who wish to try it.

COACH TO COLVA. This will leave Hereford Town Hall at 1. 30 p.m. (Sunday, September 25th) and proceed via Credenhill, Moorhampton and Kington. The cost will be approximately £2. 00. Bookings to me, please; and, of course, members and friends can be picked up en route.

WALK: Saturday, September 24th. Meet at midday at the Baskerville Arms, Clyro. Picnic lunch and (if required) tea.

With these two events our 1983 programme comes to an end. Preliminary dates for the 1984 programme will be given in the first newsletter of next year.

Yours sincerely,

E.J.C. West

Hon. Secretary.

OBITUARY:

Rev. L.W. Wray (Drybrook, Glos.), who had been a member for many years until his resignation through ill health. Invalided out of the forces during the first world war, he became student pastor (Baptist) at Llanthony and Capel-y-ffyn. Later he was ordained as a priest in the Church of England. Older members will recall that he gave a wonderful talk to the Society on life in the Llanthony valley in the early years of this century - and indeed at our last A.G.M. Mr. Basil Butcher recalled a memorable remark that was made when a lay preacher took the service at Capel-y-ffyn chapel and Mr. Wray enquired about the sermon. "Well", was the answer, "he did a lot of churning about, but he never made no butter!".

Miss Caroline Colville-Mansel (Ross-on-Wye), a member since 1982. Father Luff's article "Clerical Encounters in the Gower" in the August 1982 newsletter relates his extraordinary meeting with Miss Colville-Mansell, and it was he who told me her address. She had never heard of Kilvert but after the loan of my set she became most interested in the Society. Her mother was Agnes Henrietta Westhorp ("Hettie" in the Diary), her grandmother the sister of Mrs. Venables, Mrs. Cowper Coles and Mrs. Charles Evan Thomas; and she recalled Mrs. Venables quite clearly. Her uncles, Henry and Ilston, (with whom Kilvert paddled) had emigrated to California and Australia respectively before she was born. Henry, she informed me, had died unmarried, but Ilston had descendants living near Sydney. Miss Colville-Mansel knew many of her second cousins, and spoke most interestingly of the three Evan Thomas boys (passion 1870-2) and the large family of the orphaned Cowper-Coles children (July 1875).

I regret it was not possible for me to attend the funeral service, but am glad that Father Luff was the officiating priest.

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THE BATH SERMON (Father S. Luff)

I have been asked for extracts from the Sermon at St. John's Catholic Church, Bath. It was little more than a commentary on the themes of the service. The Rev. William Price and I agreed afterwards that the congregation would have been well served had they been given texts of the Diary extracts used as readings.

The first of three themes - all illustrated from Kilvert's years at Langley Burrell - was his ministry to the sick and dying. Entries chosen were from 29.8.75 : John Hatherell's 'waking dream', when he wanted to kiss Some One - not his daughter Ellen: 'It was my sweet Jesus that I wanted to kiss'; and from 8.6.74, when old John Jefferies told Kilvert of his hidden hoard of stones : 'I gathered them from time to time and put them behind my bed for Him to write my name on. White Stones'. I now quote from the sermon:

'People with a deep interest in nature are seldom attracted in the same degree to other people. The fact that these two loves are so well balanced in Francis Kilvert is a pointer to the soundness of his character. To glance across to Clyro country for a moment - are not nearly all these journeys, filled with his wonderful descriptions of skies, hills, trees and flowers, journeys made to the humble homes of his dear people, his beloved children, the aged foolish and the aged wise? I am sure Mr. Venables never had to reprimand his curate for wasting his time with flowers. And each of these loves is part of his love for God. He never faltered in referring people to their duty towards God, and it was to God, both in His own infinite attributes and as revealed in Scripture, that nature ever reminded him.

'So often on his visits Kilvert is little interested in what he said to the sick man, but rather in what was said to him. He had a gift for eliciting beautiful thoughts from other people. Perhaps it required yet another gift to recognise them and record them. John Jefferies gathered white stones and hid them behind his bed. They were 'for his Saviour to write his name on'.

'Do we know what this means?

'For our enlightenment Kilvert quotes from the Book of Revelation. St. John, at the beginning of his book of strange visions, writes introductory letters to seven Churches of Asia Minor. The Christians of Pergamum he reproves for entertaining the heresy of the Nicolaitans, but to those who remain faithful he transmits this word from the Spirit of God : 'To him who overcomes I will give hidden manna - and a white stone with a new name written on it.....'

'Scripture commentaries may treat us to informed guesses about the cult of secret names on stones as a feature of eastern mystery cults. But to mess about with clever speculation or even recondite fact is to miss the point. It was in all simplicity that John Jefferies saw the intrinsic beauty in the words of St. John and in their sacramental strength. His useless pile of stones behind the bed was as sheer a sacrifice in essence as the gifts of Abel, Melchizadech and Abraham. Let us leave the story as the Diary tells it. Like a stone taken out of water, in our hands it will lose its lustre as it dries.

'John Hatherell's waking dream belongs to another tradition - one perhaps with which the modern English mind is not at ease. If Kilvert had expressed the same thought as John Hatherell - the kiss he wanted to give his Lord Jesus - the sentiment would have been criticised, analysed, made untouchable. The bright stone would have dried dull. Left on the lips of a poor old dying man the sentiment can remain immortal. It is the poor old dying man's unselfconscious awareness of what the Incarnation is all about - the same truth that Kilvert found, in its theological exposition in Athanasian Creed, 'abhorrent'.'

The second theme was Kilvert's awareness of God in nature - something you cannot fully appreciate unless you share it. The first excerpt was very short, from 21 June, 'The Longest Day', 1873: 'Near the keeper's cottage the setting sun made a green and golden splendour in the little open glade among the oaks, while the keeper and two other men walked like three angels in the golden mist'.

There is only one text in Scripture which has ever been taken to speak of three angels - the appearance to Abraham before the destruction of Sodom. Artistically, this has been immortalised in one particular icon I proceeded to describe:

'In the Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow there is a 15th. century icon known as the Trinity of Rublyov. In a way it does not represent the Trinity at all, but an Old Testament incident that Orthodox piety regards as a 'type', or prophecy-in-sign, of the as yet unrevealed mystery of Father, Son and Holy Ghost. It is the incident when Three Men visited Abraham to renew to him God's promise that in his descendants all the nations of the world would receive a blessing. They are messengers from God, and the biblical word for messenger is angel. Abraham sees his visitors as three, but he addresses them as one. The east has always represented this incident as a type of the Trinity, but never with such spiritual power as in the icon of Rublyov. Were you to see it, you would observe how the three angel figures do indeed melt and become one in a golden mist.

'As far as I know the nearest Kilvert got to icons was the day he admired the Greek Archbishop of Syra and Tenos in Westminster Abbey in 1870. I doubt whether Rublyov's icon was even in reproduction at the time (it is now). In that strange little extract about the three men on Langley Common Kilvert seems to share the same kind of perception as that which inspired the great icon artists of Greece and Russia.'

I omit my remarks about the passage on the 'pleading dove' (15.6.73) and come to the wonderful one about Easter 76, telling us of the Wiltshire bells led by the rising lark that ring the Resurrection, and the Easter greeting exchanged by sun, bird and bell. It hardly called for a comment, but I remarked that it opens with almost the same words as the first Diary entry for Easter at Clyro, six years earlier, and resembles a Resurrection entry made at Bredwardine in 1879, although written before Lent began.

The third theme concerned the very place where we are gathered, St. John's Church at Bath. Kilvert called it a cathedral. This was inaccurate:

'It was only in Kilvert's lifetime that English Catholics began to have bishops with cathedrals. Prior to 1850 there were bishops but they had neither dioceses nor cathedrals. Bishop Walmsley, who was styled 'Vicar Apostolic of the Western District', fixed his headquarters at Bath in 1770. His successor removed to Cannington, but the next bishop, Dr. Baines, returned to Bath and in 1829 acquired Prior Park as his residence. Although there was a chapel at Prior Park with an episcopal throne, the fact that there was a Bishop at Bath and, at least when St. John's was opened in 1863, an unusually large church, may explain why there was, and apparently still is, some tradition for calling it a cathedral.'

The Diary entries recording visits to St. John's - while waiting for the Chippenham train - are those of 7.9.75 and 11.1.78. On the first visit Kilvert liked the notice asking for prayers for those recently dead. 'You may recall how he loved to sit reading on a tombstone at Clyro that he believed to be Catholic because it had on it a prayer for peace - a prayer which indeed comes down to us from the Roman catacombs of the third century. 'I like it better',

he wrote, 'than all the tombs in the churchyard'. It was on this visit that he prayed for the reunion of Christians.

My comment on the second visit concluded the sermon: 'Most characteristic is one word in the single sentence of this entry. He calls it a solemn half hour. We are used to solemn functions, solemnising marriage, solemn High Mass. Kilvert had been to a very solemn Evensong at Oxford and it seemed to do him more harm than good. Yet he used the word 'solemn' for that interval of quiet in this very place, where at your behest I have been breaking the silence for over fifteen minutes. Just as in his visits to the sick he so often tells us what they said, so does he employ the word solemn to record, not his own presence here, but the Presence into which he had come, the presence of Some One - may I speak of it as he wrote in that record of his visit to John Hatherell: two words, each with a capital letter - whom he found here. Some One who listens to the song of the lark as well as to the prayer of the heart, who received White Stones, whose Spirit pleads for us with accents so unutterable that they never break the Quiet'.

A reader may be waiting to interrupt: 'What was that bit you wedged in about Chateaubriand and the peasant in the Tiburtine Hills, not to mention the Roman general Quintilian?' It is true, I did. That was an attempt to observe some contemporary with an attitude to the simple country man not unlike Kilvert's recognising in him not only a brother but a teacher in Christ. But that anecdote can wait to be retold in some future essay on Francis Kilvert and Christian Thought.

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ROSA BONHEUR'S "HORSE FAIR" by Dafydd Ifans.

On June Eve 1870 Francis Kilvert travelled by train from Hay to Brecon to attend an archidiaconal visitation. Passing through Talgarth he witnessed the Talgarth horse fair and he describes two of the horsas as "a glossy bay and a shining black rearing and plunging at the train passing, and reminding one of Rosa Bonheur's horse fair". (Hughes & Ifans, p.69).

This is a reference to an oil painting by the French artist Marie Rosalie Bonheur (1822-99) who is remembered for her dexterity as a painter of animals. "The Horse Fair", which is probably her most famous work, now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. (A monochrome reproduction is to be found in Kenneth Clark's Animals and Men (London, 1977), pp.160-1, whilst a colour reproduction may be seen in Encyclopaedia Britannica, Micropaedia, vol. II, p.145). Sir Kenneth Clark says of the painting: "Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair (1853-55) was one of the most popular paintings of its time. In it one can hear the muffled thunder of Delacroix and Géricault, like the distant echo of a receding storm. It has energy, but its energy is cheerful, not savage".

"The Horse Fair" was first shown at the Salon of 1853 and was later exhibited at Ghent and in many towns of England before being sold in America. There is a replica at the National Gallery in London which Rosa Bonheur executed at the request of M. Gambart, who purchased the original work. These facts are recorded by René Peyrol in his book The Life and Work of Rosa Bonheur translated by J. Finden Brown (London, 1889).

Kilvert may well have seen the painting at an exhibition in London. We know that he was in the habit of attending exhibitions and that he derived much pleasure from these occasions. A Dictionary of Artists who have exhibited works in the Principal London Exhibitions 1760-1893 compiled by Algernon Graves (London, 1895) stated that Rosa Bonheur's work was exhibited in London on nine occasions between 1867 and 1884, including twice at the Royal Academy and three times at the New Water-Colour Society. Kilvert may well have visited one of the earliest of these exhibitions. If not, then he must have been familiar with a reproduction of the work. In his biography of the artist, René Peyrol writes: "'The Horse Fair' of Paris is perhaps the best-known and most popular animal-picture of our epoch. The numerous reproductions which have been made of it have made the name of Rosa Bonheur familiar in every home where Art is appreciated throughout the world".

(Mr. Ifans is, of course, co-editor of the Sandford Notebook recently published by the National Library of Wales).

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NEWTON'S CARDIPHONIA by David Bentley-Taylor

In the recently published Sandford Notebook, Kilvert records (p.23) that he passed on to Miss Dew of Whitney Rectory a copy of "Newton's Cardiphonia". An editorial note (p.100) states "John Newton, rector of St. Mary Woolnoth (1725-1807), 'Cardiphonia: or The Utterance of the Heart: in the course of a real correspondence' London 1781".

The note is not as helpful as one might wish. John Newton was an Anglican minister with an unusual background. In his tragic youth he found himself the slave of Africans on the coast of what is now Sierra Leone. Later he was captain of a ship trading in slaves between West Africa and America. However, an Atlantic storm brought him to his senses, and to Christ. To such dramatic experiences he added considerable learning, a detailed mastery of the Bible and a devoted wife. Ordained at the age of 39, he spent 16 years as rector of Olney in Buckinghamshire and 27 as rector of St. Mary Woolnoth in London. His influence remains to this day, partly through the drama of his life story (Hodder and Stoughton published the latest of many biographies in 1981), partly through the wonderful hymns he wrote - including 'Amazing grace' and 'How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds in a believer's ear' - and partly because of 'Cardiphonia', a collection of 158 letters to twenty-five different people. None was written while he was at St. Mary Woolnoth, for he published them before moving to London. Almost all of them were composed at Olney during 1765-1779, exactly a hundred years before Kilvert.

The book was soon republished in America and translated into French and Dutch. Thanks to the author's clear mind, his eagerness to help each correspondent, his brilliant use of Scripture and profound knowledge of human nature, it has continued to attract readers for two centuries. My own copy is a beautiful Library Edition published in Chicago in 1950 and entitled 'The Voice of the Heart'. No English edition is in print at the moment, but Baker Books brought one out again in the U.S.A. in 1979. So not all the books Kilvert valued have had their day.

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REV. ANDREW POPE (by the Hon. Secretary)

It is a commonplace of human nature that worthy people are often remembered more for moments of weakness than for their years of accomplishment. One has only to think of King Alfred's lapse in attending to cakes! Similarly, it would seem that Andrew Pope is chiefly remembered for his "double confirmation" and for mistaking the day on which he should have officiated at the Savings Bank - the first references to him in the Diary. Yet from the remaining score or so of references there emerges a figure who was certainly congenial to Kilvert and who was to have Kilvert as his best man two years after the departure from Clyro. When Kilvert visited Monnington, Pope and his wife came to lunch; in 1878 Kilvert and Dora stayed with the Popes at Preston-on-Wye.

Unlike Kilvert, Pope lived to a good old age, dying at Ross-on-Wye in 1924 at the age of 80. His life, like that of Kilvert's other friend Mayhew, is well worth recording. At every one of his parishes there remains evidence of his good works and generosity, and this should be set down to redress the opinion induced by the early references to him in the Diary. He came of a well-known Bristol family, and his great grandfather Andrew Pope had been Sheriff and Lord Mayor of the city. His grandfather Andrew Pope II (1774-1832) of Cotham, Bristol, established, with two partners Samuel Worrall and John Edmunds, the Bristol Tolzey Bank in 1808; the three men were popularly known as "The Pope, The Devil and The Pretender": The Bank failed in 1819, and in "Annals of Bristol" (J. Latimer 1899) we read "great consternation was caused in the city and the neighbourhood by the failure. Though of recent origin the bank had issued a great number of notes for 20/- and 30/- each, and the disaster hit all classes in the locality and caused a run on some of the other banks, then eleven in number". (An interesting name in the list of subscribers to the "Annals of Bristol" is that of Rev. Andrew Pope of Upton Bishop, Hereford; and the name of another subscriber, John Noble Coleman Pope of 11, The Paragon, Clifton, raises a most interesting query, "Coleman" was a surname in Kilvert's mother's family - could Kilvert and Pope have been connected by marriage?).

Andrew Pope III (1799-1888) married Frances Waring of Ford, Salop, and our Andrew Pope was born in 1844. Whatever had happened after the failure of the bank, there was still the Cotham property in the family (it was at Hampton Road,

near Highbury Clifton; the site of the present nucleus of buildings known as Cotham Comprehensive School). It would seem that about 1840 housing development began to encircle the estate, and probably the family would have sold off part of the land and yet retained an annual ground rent on every house built. That our Andrew Pope had private means is indisputable, as will be seen from later paragraphs.

Pope graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1866, having rowed for his college. The following year he was ordained deacon in the diocese of Worcester, and in 1868 was appointed curate of Cusop. Thus Kilvert, four years his senior, had already served three years at Clyro when they met. Pope lived at 3, Oxford Road, Hay-on-Wye - with two servants - some 1½ miles from Kilvert. Both men would have shared the common interests of their profession, and the Diary records them as having accompanied each other while "visiting" in their respective parishes, and their participation at events at the local country houses such as Clifford Priory, Oakfield, Cae Mawr, Hay Castle and Llanthomas. Both men enjoyed walking; they did the long walk from Abergavenny to Hay together; and they shared in the "enchantment of the dark blue mountains thickly ribbed with white snow..... Pope had never seen the mountains look so grand before" (2.12.1871). I feel, further, that they may well have shared mutual acquaintance in the Chippenham area - as will be seen when I come to refer to Pope's fiancée.

What of Pope's five and a half years as curate-in-charge of Cusop? The "Hereford Times" for August 9th. 1873, gives a very long account of the presentation made to him on his departure. The churchwarden's speech includes the following:- "By the urbanity and kindness of his disposition and his generous devotion to the duties of his sacred office, he has won not only the esteem of all classes of churchgoers but also those who belong to the differing dissenting congregations; while he has decidedly raised the tone and condition of the cottage population by the establishment and assiduous promotion of Sunday and day schools". The speaker goes on to remark on Pope's "unostentatious kindness and liberal charity in mitigating the wants of the poor".

Pope, at this presentation, entertained the whole village, at his own expense, the "schoolchildren having a bountiful supply of buns and cakes, the cottagers' wives a comfortable tea and the cottagers themselves a supper of beef and beer". He arranged sports for the children, donating prizes for the winners. They, in their turn, presented him with a "beautiful inkstand" and an illuminated address, while the parishioners gave him a "beautiful skeleton clock".

He preached his last sermons on the morning and in the afternoon of August 3rd. "His text", we read in the account, "was Ephesians IV, part of the 15th. verse. The population of the parish is 208 but at least 350 were at these farewell services. He ended, as he had ever done, preaching plain, practical, earnest, heart-searching truth".

Also worth recording, I feel, is a paragraph contributed by "A Local Resident". "Tribute must be paid for his (Pope's) running a mission service in the summer months in a remote part of his parish, where, at the foot of the Black Mountains in a rude cartshed, he held every other Sunday evening a service for the dwellers in that sequestered locality, although he had two full services each Sunday". And as for the venue of the sports and entertainment, it was a field at Llydyaddyway, owned by a Mr. Lilwall, who "though a member of the Society of Friends was delighted that he could contribute to the presentations made to so deserving a curate and gentleman". Surely Cusop and Clyro were very fortunate in possessing such curates!

Whatever Bishop Atlay may have thought of the Whitney confirmation, he installed Pope as Vicar of Preston-on-Wye and Blakemere in 1873. The church at Preston had been recently restored, but that at Blakemere, according to the "Hereford Times", had "the walls dreadfully out of upright, a sagging roof, the plaster rotten with damp, the stonework mildewed and the flooring decayed". Pope, engaged to be married, first built a vicarage, on rising ground, roughly midway between the two churches. It stands today, a fine brick building with the initials "A.P" inset above the main door, and now known as "Pope's Place". (Our member, Mrs. M. Ottaway, who used to live there, tells me that the rear portion is older than the main, and thinks that Pope must have retained part of a former dwelling on the site).

Next Pope undertook the restoration of Blakemere church. Though there were public subscriptions, much of the cost was borne by him. On August 16th. 1877, morning service was held in the newly restored church. Bishop Atlay was present, as were several of Kilvert's clerical colleagues - Powell of Dorstone, Houseman of Bredwardine, Trumper of Clifford, Sir George Cornwall and Chatfield of Much

Marcle; also present were the Misses Newton and Dr. Giles of Bredwardine (who was to become Kilvert's doctor). The account in the "Hereford Times" praises the taste of the restoration and the re-use of original materials; much as Kilvert himself records for 27.2.1878. (Where he himself was on the date of the service is uncertain. One feels that had he been in Radnorshire he would have made the effort to attend). The lectern in the church bears the inscription "Presented to the Rev. A. Pope, M.A., vicar of Blakemere, for the kindness shown in the discharge of his ministerial duties".

(The centenary of the restoration of Blakemere Church was recognised by the Kilvert Society in the summer of 1977, when the commemoration service was held at Madley, under which parish Blakemere is now served; Blakemere Church itself is too small for the Society services).

In the Diary entry mentioned above, Kilvert writes: "Pope talks of moving the church (Preston-on-Wye) up to the village green", but this was not carried out, and today's visitor will enjoy the setting of the church on its knoll, the adjacent large farmhouse and the stream filling out to a lake. Blakemere too survives, with its "three beautiful lancets and chancel arch" (as Kilvert notes). It is interesting that in the Penguin "Herefordshire", Sir Nicholas Pevsner considers the lancets as "fine" - and it prompts the thoughts that in appreciation of church architecture Kilvert had taste, and that an article could be written on this subject, from the many Diary references!

But prior to the restoration of Blakemere, Pope had married. His bride was Miss Harriet Money Kyrle, eldest daughter of Col. Money Kyrle of The Homme, Much Marcle, a village roughly equidistant from Ross-on-Wye and Ledbury. The diary entry records that Pope's uncle, Archdeacon Waring, officiated. This gentleman was then the Archdeacon of Salop, but the "Hereford Times" records that he had had connections with Ledbury and was a friend of the Money Kyrle family. It would seem probable that Pope met his bride-to-be through his uncle. She, in her turn, had been a frequent visitor to her uncle at Whethan near Calne, and this gentleman is recorded as dining - in company with Kilvert - at Langley House (30.1.1875). Thus it would seem that yet further links bound Pope and Kilvert in friendship.

When Pope returned from his honeymoon, he had been vicar for only one year, but the account of the return (in the "Hereford Times") would suggest that he had made a great impact on his parishioners. As he entered the parish via Moccas Bridge, church bells were rung and guns fired "suggestive of a considerable consumption of powder". The account continues with descriptions of archways erected in evergreen, flowers, berries, rosettes and flags, bearing messages of welcome and good wishes. At Preston the school children sang, "See he comes, our vicar comes, young and old come forth and sing. Stripling blithe and maiden gay, Hail our rural holiday, Greet our Vicar and his bride, Welcome, welcome, welcome home". As the couple moved on to Blakemere, sixteen more arches greeted them. The new vicarage not being ready, the couple had temporary residence at Blakemere Court, and here, "from three to four hundred parishioners greeted them". Tea was provided (at Pope's expense), a number of presentations made, and following three cheers lustely given for Mr. and Mrs. Pope, the children sang the following:-

God bless the happy pair
All of us now declare
God bless the pair.
Long may they dwell with us
To cheer and comfort us
With earnest love we all express
God bless the pair.

Thy heavenly gift in store
On them be pleased to pour,
God bless the pair.
May they each other bless
While in this wilderness
With lasting happiness
God bless the pair.

"The Hereford Times" reports that in thanking those present "the Rev. Andrew Pope was much affected".

Eight years later he was made vicar of Diddlebury (a few miles beyond Ludlow) in the north of the diocese of Hereford.

(To be continued)

(For the compilation of this article I wish to record the valuable help given me by the following members of the Kilvert Society: Mrs. Teresa Williams, Mrs. M. Halford, Mr. Guy Dearlove and Mr. R.I. Morgan. The original impetus for this attempted rehabilitation of Pope came from Miss M. Spurway of Upton Bishop (where Pope was vicar for 20 years), and I am particularly grateful to her for her encouragement and help).

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DORSTONE GHOSTS (by Basil Butcher, Hereford)

I have a small book written by Thomas Powell, Vicar of Dorstone, entitled "The Golden Valley", published and printed by Jakeman and Carver of Widemarsh Street, Hereford. It is not dated, but since the book describes a trip on the Golden Valley just opened to Dorstone, it must be soon after 1881.

To quote the preface, "This little work professes to give merely a sketch of the objects of beauty and interest to be found in the Golden Valley. The Landscape painter, the Archaeologist, the Botanist, the Historian will there find ample occupation. The Sick and Sorrowing, in its repose and freshness, will find Health and Solace; and the Careworn will find Amusement on the brink of its beautiful stream".

Kilvert visited the Golden Valley on several occasions, and after the Snodhill picnic recorded the telling of ghost stories. In the last newsletter Mrs. Teresa Williams gave a story as recollected by Rev. G.H. Powell (grandson of Thomas Powell), but in the small book reference to it is as follows:-

"Some 70 years ago there lived in Dorstone a somewhat notorious character nicknamed Jack O'France. He was returning from a revel one All Hallows E'en, and passing through the churchyard saw a light in the church. Looking in, he saw strange and mysterious people in conversation and heard a voice say, 'The first to go is Jack O'France'. The effect was so great on him that he shortly afterwards died of fright".

But I liked the following story even better, and maybe it was told while the coach brought Kilvert and his friends back to Hay:-

"Well, it's twenty-five years come Michaelmas, but I can remember it as if 'twas yesterday, my husband was a-working at Dorstone, and I'd been a-leasing at Wilmaston and he said if I'd go towards Llanavon to meet him coming home, we'd be company for one another. 'Twas just dusk o'night as I come to Gatimore Lane. I heard a dreadful noise like horses galloping and rumbling o'wheels, and all in a minute a great big coach dashed by me so close I was almost knocked down. 'Twas not like no carriage as ever I see, it was very high and seemed to swing like twixt four heavy wheels and there was no box-seat nor coachman, but two men was riding on two of the horses as drawed the coach, and four horses was drawing it. The men was beating them and hollering and cursing dreadfully; there was five or six more riding alongside with torches flaming, they all seemed in a dreadful hurry. I could not see nothing inside the coach, but there was some poor woman in it shrieking most awful. It all went by in a flash up Gatimore Lane and on over Moccas Park where everybody knows there is no road for a carriage, and as they went I could hear the screams and hollering and cursing, till I was that frightened I could tell no more, till light flashed over my head and I could hear someone cry, "Betsy, whatever is the matter?" They was come to look for me with a lantern".

I well remember going to see Parson G.H. Powell at his vicarage around 1936. I was selling him a car. He talked about ghosts and casually said they had one in the Vicarage, a lady who appeared at the head of the stairs. "Very quiet and pleasant she is", he said, as if it were an everyday occurrence, and the lady part of the household.

She did not appear for me!

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Mr. J. Ridley (London) writes: Mr. Day's notes fascinate far more than they frustrate: his gratifying effort deserves an even richer harvest - to which, here, a small contribution.

Dr. J.B. Dykes' melody for the same hymn, "In Tenebris Lumen", would seem less likely to have been "taken up and grandly sung by a great congregation".

[illegible]

A WELSH SPRING

High on the hills and in the valley meadows
The lambs are leaping in the soft Spring air,
While beech and willow cast elusive shadows,
Tossing their tender foliage as girls shake out their hair
To dry in sunshine from a rain-washed sky.

And all along the reaches of the Wye
The froth of trees becomes an artist's palette
Aflame with colour, and the curlew's cry
Echoes from lonely hillside, stark, inviolate,
Where cloud-banks crowd the airy distances.

So lovingly I drink these mysteries --
Deep draughts of mountain splendour, colour, sound
Of rushing water, and the histories
Of ancient wars that seem to wrap me round
In some strange empathy with these once-bastioned lands

Where mountain, lake, and pasture, flower of gorse,
Spilling their beauty on this eager day,
Draw sap from some deep, immemorial source
That shall not fade, diminish, pass away,
But offer these rare gifts with open hands
To every traveller, to light his way.

P.M.M.

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STOP PRESS: Mr. Kenneth Clew's latest mini-guide, on the Glasbury and Llowes group of Parishes, has just been published, with line drawings by Mrs. Ursula Cooper. It will be reviewed in our next newsletter.

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DIARY FOLK REVEALED by Sidney Ball (Swindon)

The Clyro period occupies half of the published diary; the much longer post-Clyro period is compressed into the other half, because so many notebooks of that era were destroyed. In our resulting disjointed picture of the post-Clyro period, only a few of its people are well known. But the little known folk are brimful with interest!.

Sophy Poole and her Family

One of the most alluring stories is that where Kilvert escorted Sophy Poole to the Red Lion at Bredwardine. Groping about in the dark, Francis put his head through a pane of the window! (Vol 3, p.411). Sophy is cited in the index as 'of Bredwardine', but she was on holiday there with her parents - her home was in London. Miss Newton's house was overflowing with visitors, so Sophy was sleeping at the Red Lion. She was fifteen then; her name came from her paternal grandmother, Sophia Poole, who had long before gained fame as authoress of "Englishwoman in Egypt".

Sophy's parents were the Mr. and Mrs. Poole whom Kilvert had met some years earlier (Vol 2, p.252) and Mr. Poole was the Keeper FK called on at the British Museum (Vol 2, p.328). Reginald Stuart Poole had spent much of his boyhood with his mother in Egypt; at sixteen he wrote essays on Egypt for the "Literary Gazette"; at twenty he began work in the British Museum. In 1870 he was made Keeper of the new Coins and Medals Department, the post he held when Kilvert knew him. Mr. Poole's zeal and organising ability brought his department to the fore.

Charles Newton.

FK went to the "Cottage" to meet the Pooles and Mr. Newton (Vol 3, p.411). There never was a Mr. Newton. (FK's difficult handwriting!) This was Mr. Newton, brother of the Misses Newton of Bredwardine, the archaeologist of Volume 2, page 328. Born in 1816 in Shropshire, Charles Newton went to Shrewsbury School and Christ Church, Oxford, then became an assistant in the British Museum. His family did not like this, but they were proud of his subsequent outstanding career.

He became a British Consul in Europe and devoted more and more time to archaeology. He superintended excavations in Europe, made several discoveries of ancient sites and acquired many items for the British Museum. In 1861 Charles Newton became Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities, and in the same year married the talented Ann Mary Severn. She, who had exhibited at the Royal Academy and had painted portraits of Royalty, now helped Charles by making drawings of his archaeological finds. They had many titled and influential friends. They spent summer holidays with the Liddells at Llandudno (Alice in Wonderland's family).

After less than 5 years of marriage, Ann Mary died of measles, so when Kilvert wrote, Charles Newton was a widower. He did not marry again. He became Professor of Archaeology at University College, London; when he retired, his successor in the Professorship was his friend, R.S. Poole (above). In 1887 Charles Newton was knighted - of his family, only his sister Catherine lived to know this. He died at Margate in 1894.

Mr. Rivett-Carnac

On page 197 of Volume 3, Mrs. Peglin (really Mrs. Pegler) told the Kilverts that her ganders tore a hole in the Curate's "petticoats" at Foxham. The Curate was the Rev. Arthur Rivett-Carnac, born 1843, a son of Admiral John Rivett-Carnac, and grandson of James Rivett, Governor of Bombay. The Rev. Arthur's mother was Maria Jane (Davis). His cousin, Henrietta Rivett-Carnac, was the wife of Mr. Frank Guise, Recorder of Hereford (Vol 1, p.72), and Mr. Frank Guise was a cousin of Kilvert's Squire Baskerville's mother!

The Meredith-Browns

No family in the diary has caused more misconception than the family of Ettie Meredith-Brown! Contrary to the general belief, Ettie's parents do not appear in the published diary; The entries all refer to Ettie's brother, Meredith, and his wife, Maria (Vol 2, p.291; Vol 2, p. 409; Vol 3, p. 238; Vol 3, p.260). The letter to Kilvert ending his affair with Ettie was not written by Ettie's mother, as Mr. Grice stated in "Francis Kilvert and his World" (pages 115 and 116), but by Ettie's sister-in-law. I think that Ettie's mother had died before FK wrote his diary.

Ettie's brother, Meredith Meredith-Brown was born in 1844 and his wife Maria in 1846, thus they were younger than Kilvert. They married in 1868. She was Maria Cotes, daughter of the Rev. Charles Grey Cotes, who had been Rector of Stanton St. Quintin for many years. Maria's mother was Fanny Henrietta (Pigot). Both parents of Maria were deceased before the time of the diary. Maria had an illustrious ancestry, and was kin to several families of substance and title. Her name Maria came from her grandmother Maria, a daughter of the 5th. Earl of Stamford.

It is unfortunate that, in "Kilvert's Who's Who" and in Mr. Grice's book, Meredith Meredith-Brown's ownership of Hullavington House is stated as if it were relevant to the diary time. This came much later. A tablet in Hullavington Church shows that Meredith and Maria lived there from 1890 - 1896. She died in 1896 and Meredith had a lych-gate erected to her memory at the entrance to Hullavington Churchyard. He became a Magistrate in 1897, had a London house, 37, Davies Street, and was a member of Boodle's. He outlived Maria many years. They lie side by side by the lych-gate.

Miss Fitzroy.

Maria Meredith-Brown's aunt, Caroline Pigot, had married Francis Charles Fitzroy. A daughter of Caroline and Francis was the pretty Miss Fitzroy whom Kilvert saw at Langley Fitzurse in March 1878 (Vol 3, p. 328). She was Lavinia Fitzroy who in 1882 married Colonel Charles Clitheroe Gore. Lavinia died in 1912. Like the present Princess of Wales, Lavinia was descended from Charles II and his mistress Barbara Villiers.

The Law Family.

In the index the Laws are called 'of Langley' but they lived at Christian Malford, where the head of the family, the Rev. Robert Vanbrugh Law, had been Rector since 1835. He and his wife, Sidney Dorothea, were the Mr. and Mrs. Law at the dinner party at Langley House (Vol 2, p. 361). The living of Christian Malford was one of the most valuable in Wiltshire. The Rev. Robert Law died in 1884 and Mrs. Law died in 1882.

Of the sons, two who were army officers were Edwin Law (Vol 3, p. 129) and George. The latter's first wife, Octavia, had died abroad in 1865, aged only 24. The Mrs. George Law, whom Kilvert called "charming, fascinating" (Vol 2, p. 386)

was the Colonel's second wife. Col. and Mrs. George Law were going to India (Vol 2, page 432).

Another son, Arthur Law, is mentioned thrice. He was skating at Draycot (Vol 1, p. 287), in his cottage at Christian Malford (Vol 2, p. 432) and off to the station (Vol 3, p. 129). He was the Rev. Arthur Law, at the time of the entries curate to his father at Christian Malford, having been previously curate in Gloucestershire. In Kilvert's time, in 1875 - although we have no more news in the published diary - Arthur Law became Rector of Dauntsey, having married Eleanor, daughter of the previous Rector, the Rev. W.E. Elwell. The Elwells had the living at Dauntsey in their gift, and this patronage was passed on to Arthur Law, who was Rector until 1915. He retired then, and went to live at 41, Pulteney Street, Bath.

Hard by the church at Dauntsey is Dauntsey House, where lived Sir Henry Bruce Meux and his wife. Lady Meux, autocratic, selfish and eccentric, quarrelled with nearly everybody, including the Rector of Dauntsey. To prevent the Rev. Arthur Law calling on her, Lady Meux had tigers tied up in the drive! After her husband died in 1900, Lady Meux left Wiltshire and lived at the Meux estate at Cheshunt in Hertfordshire, so Arthur Law had some peace in his last years at Dauntsey.

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MORE FROM KILVERT'S DIARY - a further anthology of readings by Timothy Davies.
Produced by Jerry Friar.

Following the success of the highly acclaimed recordings originally released in 1980, we are pleased to announce the release of a further anthology of readings by Timothy Davies, entitled 'More from Kilvert's Diary'.

This is now available in cassette form only, recorded in Dolby system stereo on the highest quality tape.

Side One follows Kilvert on foot to Colva, Capel-y-Ffin and Cader Idris. Here too is the amusing episode of the broken chapel blind, his meetings with Father Ignatius and Miss Lyne, and a locally sung version of The Bitter Withy, which Kilvert refers to as 'the song about Our Saviour'.

Side Two portrays Kilvert's encounters with Florence Hill, Gypsie Lizzie and Daisy Thomas, on his return visits to Clyro in 1874 and 1876. Also included is the bookmark episode 'Forget me Not', and Kilvert's Wiltshire is depicted in his vivid description of the walk from Langley Burrell to Kington St. Michael. The side closes with a dramatised account of Kilvert's funeral as seen by the Hereford Times reporter who wrote the Obituary which appears in the introduction to Volume 3.

The readings, which are in chronological order, last for over 40 minutes, and are enriched by additional musical contributions of Welsh harp, concertina and solo voice.

These highly entertaining tapes are available in a limited edition exclusively to The Kilvert Society at £3. 00 each plus 30p. for post and **packing**. For immediate despatch please send a cheque or postal order for £3, 30 (payable to Dubbin Productions) to -

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