

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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JUNE 1984.

Dear Member,

Once again I am happy to report that our A.G.M. was a very successful one, with members from all quarters of the country attending. Apologies were received from Mrs. Pamela Talbot, Mrs. Teresa Williams, Canon and Mrs. Leatherbarrow, Mr. and Mrs. R.I. Morgan, Mr. J.R.G. Comyn, Canon Owain Jones, Mr. W. Palmer and Rev. G.W.E. Rooke.

The Minutes of the last Meeting and the Financial Report having been approved, the Chairman spoke of the deaths of three nonagenarian members of the Society, offering condolences to the families. He announced that he was working on a booklet dedicated to the memory of Mr. Frederick Grice, he reported on the repair of the Bredwardine graves and wished to thank contributors to the newsletters, whose articles made the publication so interesting and varied.

The Vice-Presidents, Officers and Committee members were reelected en bloc.

Mr. Hugh Dearlove spoke of his appreciation of members who were generous in making donations to the Society. Mr. K.R. Clew spoke of his series of mini-guides. He was in the process of producing one on Brobury, and asked for any information which would help to fill the gaps in the diary. Dr. Maber of Durham University spoke of the hopes of producing a fully edited edition of the Plomer Notebook. Rev. D.N. Lockwood displayed the portrait of Rev. Tom Williams of Llowes, which he had had restored. Rev. E.F. Jelfs paid tribute to those who had ensured the continuing success of the Society, and asked that something might be done to restore the grave of Maria Kilvert in Worcester Cathedral.

After the recess to enjoy the excellent catering of Cafe Ascari (with the portrait of Bishop Atlay gazing down upon the company), members returned to the Great Hall to enjoy an illustrated talk on the River Arrow given by our Committee member, Mr. Basil Butcher. The slides, enlivened by Mr. Butcher's knowledgeable and witty commentary, gave much pleasure, and the company warmly echoed the vote of thanks.

The Walk the following day was favoured by agreeable weather. For the first time for very many years we were without our leader, Mr. R.I. Morgan, who was laid low by 'flu. Mr. Hugh Dearlove took over, and led us to Snodhill Castle. "The slippery slopes" were well negotiated and at the keep Rev. J.C. Day read the memorable account of the Midsummer picnic of 1870. From what I noticed, the food and the drink of 1984 bore no resemblance to Kilvert's, but the members were soon refreshed to proceed to Arthur's Stone and then to walk to the top of Merbach. The sun was now very warm, but was tempered by a gentle breeze until the summit was reached, where the wind made itself felt much more. Then, for practically everybody there was a descent to Bredwardine and a visit to the Burnt House Cafe where Mr. and Mrs. Stutz had welcome refreshment ready for us.

WEEKEND OF JUNE 23rd. - 24th.

The Walk will again start from the Baskerville Arms, Clyro at midday on the 23rd. It is hoped that Mr. Gordon Rogers, our Hon. Auditor, will lead a walk in the area of Clyro Hill. Picnic lunch, and suitable gear for walking over rough ground.

Service at Hardwick Church on the 24th. at 3.00 p.m. Hardwick can be reached from the south by the B4348 from Peterchurch and Hereford, and the same B4348 from Hay. Car parking will be available in the ha-ha round the church, and tea will be available in the adjacent Village Hall.

We are indebted to Rev. Walter King, priest-in-charge, for permission to use the church. At the moment of going to press, it is not certain whether he will conduct the service, but it can be said that our Chairman, Rev. D.T.W. Price, will be the preacher.

I shall hope to meet many members at this event. Those who wish to avail themselves of the coach from Hereford should meet at the Town Hall at 1.45 p.m. Bookings to me, please.

Yours sincerely,

E.J.C. West

Hon. Secretary.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Sybil Mumford (Sugwas Court, Hereford). Mrs. Mumford died in December last, aged 92. I regret that I did not know of her death until after the February newsletter appeared. Mrs. Mumford was a grand-daughter of Archdeacon W.L. Bevan of Hay Castle, and was a founder member and Vice-President of the Society. She had much information about and many photographs of people mentioned in the Diary, and was responsible for the Society's acquisition of the "Bevan-Dew Extracts". Her contributions to the Society's well-being were invaluable; and while we offer our condolences to them we are most grateful that her daughters, the Misses M. and M.R. Mumford remain regular members of the Society.

We also regret to announce the death of the following: Miss E. Lane (Isleworth) a member since 1964; Mr. D.A.T. Williams (Folkestone) a member since 1972; Mr. and Mrs. H.W. Redcliffe (Stretton Sugwas) members since 1965.

BOOK REVIEWS

COCKLEBURY: A farming area and its people in the Vale of Wiltshire by Avica R. Wilson. Published by Phillimore & Co. Ltd. Shopwyke Hall, Chichester, Sussex, at £12.00.

Mrs. Wilson has achieved the near-impossible, a full-length history of 400 acres of land on the north-eastern outskirts of Chippenham. The author, a member of the Kilvert Society, could not have found research an easy task as, despite a life-long association with Cocklebury, she has lived in the United States of America since 1946. I marvel at the devotion which has produced such an interesting story from pre-historic times to the present day in a book that is a microcosm of English history.

Within its pages will be found several figures well known to Kilvert Society members. Here are glimpses of West Awdry, a Chippenham solicitor; John Matthews who farmed Rawlings Farm; and Francis Kilvert, who walked through Cocklebury on his travels between Langley Burrell Rectory and Chippenham Station. Now, alas, of the 400 acres of farmland that they knew, less than 100 acres are left. The remainder is covered by housing and an industrial estate.

One disappointment is that the history tends to concentrate almost exclusively on events within Cocklebury, disregarding those outside its immediate boundaries. I looked in vain for any reference to Maud Heath's Causeway, the 500 years old track (now part of the A420) that forms the western border of Cocklebury. Similarly, there was no mention of St. Paul's Church, Chippenham, built largely through the generosity of the Ashe family of Langley Burrell, though this, too, is close to the boundary. Strangely, the Ashe family receive scant mention, though they were one of the principal landowners of Cocklebury.

These criticisms apart, Mrs. Wilson has performed a useful service in bringing to life an area which for many of us would otherwise have only been known through Kilvert's Diary.

K.R. Clew.

SEAGRY, WILTSHIRE, a mini-guide by K.R. Clew.

Mr. Clew's latest mini-guide follows the pattern of his previous ones, though there is some difference in format. He gives an account of the site, of the church (very largely Victorian) and of the chief buildings of the village, including the vicarage, home of Charles Awdry from 1854-78. The Kilverts were

REVIEWS (CONTINUED)

obviously close friends of the vicar, for we read of visits there, to become more numerous after Kilvert was invited to be godfather to Sybil (24 June 1874). (Those who possess the 3 volume edition of the Diary will recall that in Volume II is reproduced Sybil's graphic account of a nutting expedition, with Kilvert leaning against a fence, and the artist herself in a go-cart. Seagry must have been a happy place for him).

Mr. Clew's mini-guide is informative, direct and a most useful addition to his series of villages connected with the Diary. It can be obtained from Mr. G. Knapp, Westwood, Startley, Chippenham, Wilts., price 20p. A stamped addressed envelope at least 9" by 4" should be included if ordered by post.

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JOEL OR JAEL ? by David Bentley-Taylor.

On June 17th. 1872, Kilvert was staying at Bockleton Vicarage with Rev. Mence. Rev. Hewett of Leysters rode over to join them. "After dinner", says Kilvert, "we discussed the character and conduct of Joel, Hewett being for, Mence and I against him" (ii 208). The incident is not included in the one volume edition of the Diary. The Index refers to it in the entry "Joel (? prophet) ii 208", the question mark showing that there was felt to be some difficulty.

There is indeed a problem. In the Old Testament fourteen men named Joel are mentioned, but nothing whatsoever is said about the "character and conduct" of any of them. The only one of any significance is the prophet Joel, whose book stands among the Minor Prophets and was quoted on an extremely important occasion in the Acts of the Apostles (chapter two). But he also is totally unknown to us.

So what did the three reverend gentlemen discuss? There might just possibly have been some local individual of that name whose behaviour had been controversial, but it seems unlikely. A biblical person is more probable. Since we do not possess the original manuscript we cannot check the name from Kilvert's hand-writing, but I would like to suggest that what he wrote was "Jael", which has been misread as "Joel".

The story of Jael, wife of Heber and Kenite, is recorded in Judges 4: 17-22. She gave shelter and a drink of milk to an important fugitive, the commander of Israel's enemies, who was on the run after defeat in battle. But then, when he had gone fast asleep, she murdered him with a tent peg and hammer. For this the book of Judges (5: 24-31) gives her high praise, as we might have praised some of Hitler's officers if their attempt to assassinate him in 1944 had succeeded. There was plenty of scope for the three men to have differed in their assessment of this lady's "character and conduct".

The suggestion, however, would require another small change to the printed text, "Hewett being for, Mence and I against her", but it would make more sense than the passage does at present.

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CHRISTOPHER DAWSON

At the A.G.M. I was approached by Mr. Philip Dawson, grandson of Mary Bevan of Hay Castle. He told me that his sister had written and newly published a biography of their father Christopher Dawson (Mary's son). Entitled "A Historian and his World : A life of Christopher Dawson" by Christina Scott (Sheen and Ward £15) it received an appreciative review in "The Listener" of May 3rd. and such is the importance of Christopher Dawson as a religious historian that other reviews will have appeared by the time this is read.

Mr. Philip Dawson tells me his father was born in 1889 and died in 1970. In the early part of the biography there are several references to Kilvert and the Hay circle. In view of that, and moreover in view of Christopher Dawson's theories (now, so "The Listener" reviewer says, "being aired and debated again") it would seem that the biography has much to offer to the thoughtful Kilvertian.

(Incidentally, during the conversation at the A.G.M. I was delighted to learn that Mr. Philip Dawson retains vivid and happy recollections of his grandmother Mary)

E.J.C.W.

PRESENTS - BUT NOT AT CHRISTMAS - by J. Hodkin (Cumbria)

The Victorian age saw the development of the celebration of Christmas with which we are so familiar today. The large family gatherings and the Christmas tree are just two features that became more and more popular. There was, however, one important difference, and that was that presents played a much smaller part than they do today.

In his book "The Edwardians" J.B. Priestley (who was born in the Victorian age himself) writes: "People then spent more on hospitality and less on presents than they do now". Although he is in this case writing of the Edwardian age his remarks are just as true of the Victorians. Another example of the minor part that presents played at Christmas before 1914 can be found in the following extract from "The Children's Encyclopaedia", first published in 1908. It is an article on how to choose Christmas presents in which the emphasis is on how to buy them with the least possible outlay. "A song makes a welcome present if the girl is musical, and costs only about 1s.6d."

Kilvert's Diary provides a perfect example of the little importance attached to presents at Christmas time. Nowhere is there any mention of his family giving presents to each other, and there is only one mention of a Christmas card. The Christmas season is described for six of the years of the diary, 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874 and 1878, and it is interesting to look at the references. We can hardly include 1877, as the only day recorded for that year is New Year's Eve.

In 1870 Christmas Day fell on a Sunday, and most of the entry is devoted to describing how bitterly cold it was. There is no mention of presents. On the following day the Venables sent a hamper of game - "just like them and their constant kindness".

If we turn to the Yuletide season of 1871 there is no mention of presents at all, not even from the Venables. The Christmas Day entry is again mainly devoted to saying how cold and miserable it was.

Christmas Day is not mentioned in 1872, although Boxing Day is. Once again no reference to presents.

Turning to 1873, there is no entry between December 22nd. and the 27th. and yet again no presents are mentioned.

For 1874 on Christmas Eve Kilvert took John Bryant a Christmas packet of tea and sugar and raisins from his mother, and on Christmas Day Kilvert received a card from Katie Heanley. Kilvert took a book to Mrs. Knight from his mother, but no family presents are mentioned.

Finally, for 1878, Christmas Day fell on Wednesday and Kilvert and his sister Dora went to Miss Newton's for their Christmas dinner at 1.30 immediately after the service. Much of the rest of the day is devoted to a description of the funeral Kilvert took of little Davie Davies of the Old Weston. No presents are mentioned.

It is hard to believe that if Kilvert had mentioned Christmas presents that William Plomer would have omitted the references, as for other times of the year he is meticulous in recording them, especially birthday ones. It is interesting to see just what sort of presents were exchanged at these times, so I have picked out some examples.

On May 10th. 1870, Kilvert gave his mother for her birthday on May 12th. Miss Molesworth's "Stray Leaves from the Tree of Life", the Pilgrimage which he had written especially for the occasion and a card of the verses "Honest Work".

Turning to Kilvert's birthday on December 3rd. for the same year his mother gave him five shillings with which to buy a book. He spent two shillings of it on a copy of an English translation of Faust. The following year, on February 24th. Kilvert sent his father an illustrated London Almanac for his birthday - "as usual". For his mother's birthday three months later the present was a travelling brass inkstand. On July 29th. Mr. Venables brought him from London a beautiful oaken walking stick from Briggs.

On Monday, November 6th. Kilvert bought his brother a copy of Coleridge's Poems for his birthday on the 9th. For his birthday that year Kilvert got, among other things, two beautiful photographs for his scrap book, the Rubens Descent from the Cross and St. John taking the Virgin for his mother; two water colour sketches framed and glazed, and a church service with the new lessons.

On Saturday, March 23rd. 1872, Kilvert wrote to Owen Thomas of Mitcham for his birthday and sent "The Young Fur Trappers", and also wrote to Hugh and sent him "The Gorilla Hunters". (The latter of these books was by the well known writer of boys' adventure stories, Robert Michael Ballantyne, 1825 - 1894, and I strongly suspect that the first of these books was in fact not called "The Young Fur Trappers" but "The Young Fur Traders". This was the first of Ballantyne's books, published in 1856).

On Easter Sunday of that year, March 31st. Mrs. Venables gave Kilvert a copy of "The Hidden Life of the Soul" by Pere Grou. (Jean Nicholas Grou, 1731 - 1803, was a French Jesuit priest well known for his spiritual writings. He lived in England in later life).

Still in 1872, on Saturday, June 22nd. Kilvert returned from Liverpool and found on his table a red leather case containing a beautiful gold watch and chain from the Venables. On Tuesday, July 9th. the children at the school gave Kilvert a little box containing a gold pencil case to hang at his watch chain. On Saturday, August 3rd. Dora and Kilvert gave Louie Collett a book called "Stepping Heavenward".

On Monday, August 5th. the Venables turned up trumps again and gave Kilvert a magnificent writing desk, prior to the Venables moving to Llysdim. On the Thursday of that week the Baskervilles gave Kilvert a beautifully fitted travelling bag as a farewell present. The next Monday he got an anonymous gift of £5 and Emily and Jenny Dew gave him the complete works of Wordsworth.

On Saturday, August 24th. Kilvert was presented with a silver cup by Wall, the churchwarden, at the school, on behalf of the parishioners and Holding, the Clyro Court butler, gave him an inkstand from the servants and workmen at Clyro Court. The following Wednesday Mrs. Bevan and the girls gave Kilvert a splendid photograph album.

On Friday, November 1st. that year Kilvert went to Bath and brought up from Rainings a present for his mother, an oak easy chair covered with crimson Utrecht velvet, "a chair she had admired very much and wished to have".

For his birthday in 1873 the ever-generous Mrs. Venables gave Kilvert "Betsy Lee" and a large photograph of Mr. Venables. His mother gave him Lyra Apostolica (a collection of Tractarian writings) Fanny some envelopes, Dora a portfolio for papers, Katie a piece of India rubber and Toby (described in the index simply as "child") a stick of black sealing wax.

For his mother's birthday in 1874 Dora and Kilvert went to Bath and bought a handsome square album for her as a joint present from the family.

Moving on to Kilvert's birthday that year, he got a cheque from his father for £5. His mother gave him Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal. (This could not have been her Grasmere Journal, because as Frederick Grice pointed out in a 1973 talk this was not published until long after his death and was probably in fact her Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland). Fanny and Dora each had a picture framed and glazed, Katie with Doris' help had made a very pretty picture frame of paper, and Toby gave another stick of sealing wax, this time red! Mrs. Venables sent Faber's Hymns.

An interesting present from Mrs. Cowper Coles was a copy of "Holy Thoughts and Prayers", edited by Dr. Hook. The index here is no help, because in my 1971 edition he is not mentioned, but I think it very likely that it would be Walter Farquhar Hook, 1798 - 1875, who before becoming Dean of Chichester in 1859 was for 22 years Vicar of Leeds. By a remarkable coincidence his successor at Leeds was James Atlay, Bishop of Hereford in Kilvert's time.

For his father's birthday in 1875 Kilvert and family joined together and gave him a new book, Farrar's Life of Christ. Later that year, on August 8th. we find Kilvert himself reading it.

Finally, there was one book Kilvert was fond of giving - "Meditations for Three Weeks". He gave Hannah Whitney a copy on Friday, April 8th. 1870. And on Tuesday, January 5th. 1875, he took to Ellen Hood and Ellen Killing a copy each as a New Year's gift. And to emphasise what a lot Kilvert thought of the book, on Wednesday, June 28th. 1871, he read the chapter on Thankfulness to the old Watkinses who "grumbled at everything and disparaged everyone more than usual".

So we see from the foregoing that Kilvert and his family and circle were open hearted when it came to buying presents - but not at Christmas.

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ANDREW POPE (III) by the Hon. Secretary.

In 1890 Pope became vicar of Upton Bishop, some 4 miles north-east of Ross-on-Wye, and the parish adjacent to that of his wife's home, Much Marcle. Here he was to spend 20 years, and here again he built a vicarage. It still stands, but in a much altered condition. The village school was in a sad state, and being unable to procure public funds for its restoration, he collected the necessary amount by seeking donations from the wealthier parishioners and from his friends. The Society possesses a letter of his in which he writes, "There is no other way but the effort to raise the money by voluntary contributions", and his donation is the largest on the subscription list he appends to the letter.

But his greatest efforts at Upton Bishop concern the Parish Room, and the benefits his parishioners received therefrom. The Room was built at a cost of £300, more than two-thirds of the amount being donated by him. His portrait still hangs in the Room, and the fine bookcase was his gift. The Parish Room Record Book he started still exists - and here I must thank our member, Miss M. Spurway, who lives in the village, for not only allowing me to inspect it and enabling me to see the Room, but also by virtue of her enthusiasm arousing in me the urge to "rehabilitate" Andrew Pope!

The Record Book in itself provides a most interesting piece of social history. More than that, it shows just how much Pope concerned himself with the Welfare of his parishioners. In his own handwriting are recorded minutes of lectures on a vast range of subjects. These include matters of daily use, such as poultry, veterinary science, feeding stuffs, first aid; of leisure use such as dressmaking, woodcarving; of wider issues such as the Boer War, heroes and heroines of British history. There were lantern lectures and lantern lectures, choir suppers and concerts. Papers, daily and weekly, were supplied, and a library founded. His wife organised the Mothers' Union, and his eldest son started a Rifle Club.

Something of what the Pope family aroused in the parishioners can be judged from the following incident which Mr. A.D. Pope very kindly told me of. Andrew Pope's younger son, and father of Mr. A.D. Pope, returned from the South African War to Ross-on-Wye station, where the men of Upton Bishop took the horses out of the shafts and pulled the carriage themselves. He had been severely wounded at Driefontein.

Our member Mr. R. B. Taylor sent me a letter from a friend of his whose parents were married by Pope (who came over from Langley Burrell, after his departure from Upton Bishop, to officiate at the ceremony). The happy pair intended to travel in their pony and trap for a six day journey to Buckinghamshire where they were to live. Before they set off Pope took the husband aside to give him some serious advice. "Wondering with some apprehension and embarrassment what was coming he heard him say, 'Look after your horses, Tom'. Apparently Pope had overdriven a horse in a similar circumstance and the horse had died".

Upton Bishop church is a pleasing building of largely 12th. and 13th. century work. Restoration had been carried out by Pope's predecessor, the Rev. W.R. Havergal brother of the hymn writer Frances Ridley Havergal. In the Vestry, added by Havergal in 1880 hangs a photograph of Pope, along with other incumbents. (Among them Rev. R. Arundall Lyne, which name suggests a link with Father Ignatius). Yet there is one furnishing which is Pope's, a large board inscribed with the names of all the vicars of the parish, and his name at the foot indicates he erected it.

THE HOCKIN FAMILY by J.C. Hockin (Swanage)

Kilvert's Cornish Holiday continues to be of interest to students of the Diary. His friendship with William and Emma Hockin raises many questions and there are, so far, few answers. A short article of mine on the subject was published in the News Letter for March 1977. As this is no longer readily available to new readers it seems appropriate to cover the same ground with added detail.

William and Emma were my grandparents. My knowledge is mostly from old family and other records, as my parents died before I became interested in Family History. William and Emma's marriage certificate shows that they were married on 1st. January, 1867, at St. John's Church, East Dulwich; her father was John Borlase Baines, Gentleman and her mother Edna. I assume the family lived in the area. William had an Uncle John at Amersham House, Beckenham. William was in process of inheriting a considerable fortune and the house, Tullimaar. I infer that, owing to a law suit, occupation was delayed. It may be for this reason that they moved

temporarily to Langley Burrell. The Ashe family papers in the Wiltshire Record Office show that they rented Langley Lodge, Langley Burrell in September 1867 until about March 1869 when they moved to Tullimaar, Perran-ar-worthal, near Truro.

Did Kilvert become acquainted with them when they moved to Langley? Possibly either Emma or William had a local connection in the area which caused them to live here briefly on their way to Cornwall. Kilvert's references to Emma could well imply that he had been acquainted with her before her marriage when she was a Miss Baines. I cannot trace a Baines family in the area, although the Ashe Family papers refer to legal documents (not yet examined) between William Henry Awdry and John Baines of Melksham. Another possible connection is that in 1874 the above-mentioned Uncle John's eldest son, Arthur Pendarves Hockin was appointed a curate at Hullavington Church (Vol. 3 page 155) and was subsequently the last of the Hockin Rectors of Phillack. It may also be significant that Emma's father was John Borlase Baines. Borlase is a wide-ranging Cornish name, indeed William's father (of whom more anon) had a curate at Perran-ar-worthal Church, the Rev. William Borlase whose wife Georgina bore a daughter christened Edith Ann in 1838.

Some readers have already visited the fine, very old church of St. Felicitas at Phillack near Hayle in Cornwall. It can be seen from the List of Rectors that for 160 years from 1763 until 1923 the living was held by a Hockin. The first of these Rectors at Phillack with Gwithian (there is another fine church at Gwithian with many Hockin connections) was the Rev. William Hockin born 1738 died 1813. He purchased the advowson when it came on the market and thus was able to keep this living in the family. Two of his sons died young, the third was another Rev. William Hockin born 1776. He was the Rector from 1809 until his death in 1853. He married Peggy Williams a daughter and eventual heiress of the Rev. Anthony Williams of St. Keverne, Cornwall.

They had eight sons and four daughters. The oldest son Williams Hockin became a solicitor in Truro and the family there were the Truro Hockins mentioned by Kilvert in the Cornish holiday. Emily, Charlotte and Agatha were three of his six daughters (Vol. 1 p. 189, 198. etc) the second son Henry William Hockin was 'our' William Hockin's father. He was originally destined to inherit the living at Phillack and meanwhile after ordination served as curate at St. Stithians with Perran-ar-worthal. He was granted that living in 1836 on the unexpected death of the then Vicar the Rev. Charles William Woodley. Henry William married Anne Sampson Cloak that same year and they had three children, Anne Sampson born 1837, William born 1838, Deborah Margaret born 1839. Their mother died in 1844 and only two years later they lost their father in 1846. He died at Finchley House, St. John's Wood, London. I should like to find out more about this address.

The orphans aged 7, 8 and 9 were probably taken care of by the grandparents at Phillack. Still living at that time were four maiden aunts also probably at Phillack:- Elizabeth, Susan the housekeeper mentioned in the unpublished part of the Cornish holiday, Emily who married Rev. Henry Wright and Mary Caroline the youngest who died in 1950. There were also five uncles, the youngest being Uncle Frederick who had just gone to Cambridge and who succeeded to the living at Phillack in 1853 on the death of his father and then became responsible for the orphans. William's grandfather left a relatively large estate in Cornwall but of course it became much divided among the eight surviving children, grandchildren, etc.

However, the orphans William and his two sisters were not without prospects. Their maternal grand uncle was Benjamin Sampson; a wealthy industrialist who, inter alia, owned gunpowder plants at Kennal Vale and previously at Cosawes, supplying the huge demand from Cornish mines for blasting powder. I surmise that Benjamin's sister Jane married a Richard Cloak, had a son known as Benjamin the Younger and a daughter Anne who were possibly left as orphans and adopted by Benjamin the Elder and his wife. They became heirs to his estate including the large Victorian house built by Benjamin and still standing at Perran-ar-worthal called Tullimaar. I now think that the secret of this puzzling name which I am still researching may refer to a coffee plantation overseas!

'Our' William inherited a considerable fortune following the death of his maternal Uncle, Benjamin the Younger, in 1864, but not before a long and difficult law suit. When Benjamin the Elder built Tullimaar in 1830 at a cost of around £5,000 he did so on land leased from the De Dunstanville Estate for a period extending to the longest of three lives (a common method in those days). Provision was made for extending the lease by nominating fresh lives to replace those that died. A series of mischances, however, meant that this was never done and soon after William and Emma moved into Tullimaar in 1869 the last surviving life, that of a Richard Hockin, expired and the property reverted to the De Dunstanville Estate.

William's orphan sister Deborah Margaret did not marry and died in 1932. His elder sister, named Anne Sampson after her mother, married Charles Frederick Poole in 1873 and had a boy and a girl. One wonders if there was any relationship to the Mr. Poole - a keeper at the British Museum - whom Francis met at Miss Newton's house in August 1872 (Vol.2, page 252).

William's Uncle Frederick who succeeded to the living at Phillack in 1853, as described, married the same year, Susan Ann Petty, daughter of Dr. Thomas Petty of Wellwood House, Bardsea, Ulverston, they had a son Thomas Edmund and a daughter Lucy Margaret. The former was a famous rowing blue at Cambridge. He rowed in the Boat Race from 1876 to 1879 inclusive. The year 1877 was the year of the only dead heat. This is why we find William and Emma travelling from Taunton to see his cousin rowing in the Boat Race (Vol. 3, pages 251 and 254 - the last reference in the diary to Kilvert's friendship with the Hockins). The daughter of Frederick, Lucy Margaret, married William Martin Dignes La Touche and subsequently inherited her brother's property which then included, I think, the Riviere House and Estate at Hayle, referred to by Kilvert during the Cornish holiday. It had been purchased by Frederick by auction in 1868 and 1869 from the Cornish Copper Coy. (See:- The history of the Cornish Copper Company. W.H. Pascoe. Dyllansow Truran, Cornish Publications, Redruth, Cornwall).

For the reasons explained above William and Emma left Tullimaar some time in 1872 with their then three children, Ernest born Dec. 1867 at Langley Burrell, Florence Mary born 1869 and Beatrice Emma born 1871 at Tullimaar. They moved to The Ferns, Taunton a substantial Victorian House with large grounds. Possibly for financial reasons William set up as a Nurseryman and Seedsman with a shop at 12, North Street, Taunton.

Kilvert visits them on the 11th. September, 1872 (Vol. 2, page 267) and Emma was then less than a month off the birth on the 3rd. October, 1872, of her fourth child, my father Lancelot Cuthbert Baines (names from her family), following which she had a severe illness. She had only just recovered when Kilvert went to Taunton to christen him on 13/14th. December, 1872 (Vol. 2, page 292). It is not entirely clear from this entry that it is Emma's fourth child that Francis is christening.

Their subsequent history at Taunton is not fully known. My father attended the Huish School at Taunton and by 1890 they are living at Overton House, West Monkton near Taunton where Emma died suddenly on 19th. July, 1890 aged 46. The unexpected death gave rise to an inquest and a verdict of death in accordance with the medical evidence of natural causes was given. Her body lies in St. Augustines Churchyard West Monkton under a headstone which reads:

"In Loving Memory of Emma Kate. The beloved wife of William Hockin, who fell asleep 19th. July 1890 aged 46 years"

"Father in Thy Gracious Keeping, Leave me now thy servant sleeping".

Subsequently after a lapse of some years William married again and died in Ramsgate in 1916.

I should like to acknowledge the assistance received from Barry Smith of Truro and of Hugh and Guy Dearlove in gathering the information for the story as I know it so far. If anyone can help to clarify, elucidate or add to any of the details I hope they will - through the Society or direct - let me know. J.C. Hockin, 33, Prospect Crescent, Swanage, Dorset. BH19 1BD. Tel. 0929 423874.

KILVERT AS OTHERS SAW HIM by IVOR LEWIS

In 'A Kilvert Symposium', Mr. Le Quesne drew our attention to the fact that "one of the things we most lack at present is any objective impression of Kilvert; in the Diary, we see the world through his eyes, but we scarcely ever see Kilvert as others saw him, or can judge what impression he left on those about him". The late Mr. Grice may well have been acting on this tip in a passage from his last publication, 'Francis Kilvert and his World', when he wrote:

"The Bevans moved in distinguished circles.....One gets the impression that the Dews, Venables, Thomases, Haigh Allens, Crichtons and Baskervilles formed a circle of close and loyal friends, and that Kilvert was perhaps more of a fringe member than his Diary suggests. On the several occasions on which the two diaries overlap (the Ball at Clifford Priory, the concert in the Hay schools, the visit to Weymouth to see the Fleet) Kilvert mentions Mary (i.e. Mary Bevan of Hay Castle) but she does not mention him. The name Kilvert occurs only twice in her three-year record".

This is an observation of which Mr. Grice was good enough to give me a foretaste in a letter of 1979, in replying to which I made some reference to Kilvert's entry of 3.XII.74. There Kilvert lists the presents and letters he has received on his birthday, spent at Langley; the letter-writers included Mary Bevan and three of the Dew girls. Although I realise that Mary Bevan's letter may well have been simply the Victorian equivalent of a greetings card, the fact that she wrote at all suggests, on her side, something rather more than a slight, cool acquaintance. Despite this small reservation, however, Mr. Grice's general inference seemed to me to be quite convincing and one does wish that more evidence of this sort might be discovered, to suggest what impact Kilvert made in his own day.

Such impressions, did we possess them, would not necessarily be profoundly revealing, however - perhaps most of them would be scarcely revealing at all. For instance, one is inclined to doubt whether the eye of Mr. Thomas (of Llanthomas), sharp as it may have been for any rustiness of attire, could have been depended upon to discriminate much, where a tremor of unworthy suitors was concerned. In the distinguished circles in which the Bevans moved, Kilvert may well have been thought a very unremarkable young fellow, not at all easy to pinpoint for conversational purposes, especially in an age when tall, dark, bearded gentlemen abounded. Social superiority has, at all times, bred a kind of aloofness, even when respect for the Gentleman dictated a degree of acceptance and even hospitality; and the prevailing formality of Victorian society (to which outbreaks such as the Romp were no more than licensed exceptions) must have made for a hardening of this attitude.

Kilvert's male peers and contemporaries - fellow-clergymen like Pope and Tom Williams, a fellow-bachelor like Clouston the doctor, college friends like Mayhew - may have been more discerning or more in his confidence; yet this last suggestion must seem dubious, since part at least of Kilvert's motivation in keeping the diary at all is likely to have been the lack of a suitable confidant in his own social circle. To some extent, as we know, Mrs. Venables performed this function, and it would certainly be interesting to see him through her eyes. She appears to have been a sensible person (her portrait rather giving one that feeling too); but if, as Kilvert claims, both she and her husband encouraged him in his attempt to win Fanny ('Daisy') Thomas, this leads one to wonder if they were even moderately aware of Kilvert's financial position (if not, it sheds some light, should more be required, on the extent of Victorian reserve) and also how they could so misread Mr. Thomas's likely response - Kilvert's own optimism being quite another thing.

As far as Kilvert's lowlier friends and acquaintances are concerned, the Diary undoubtedly gives the impression of his enjoying esteem, popularity, love. A frequently quoted entry (15.III.73) is this :

"It is a strange and terrible gift, this power of stealing hearts and exciting such love".

Although he may have been thinking of other instances as well, it was not any large demonstration which prompted this, but the distress of "sweet Emma Griffiths" over the briefness of his call at her cottage during the stay of three weeks at Clyro in March, 1873. (Emma was the young woman who had been badly gored as a child). Even so, when he returned to the village in the following year, there are reports (see 23.III.74 and 13.IX.74) of the surprise on the faces of those who caught sight of him. This is a possible way of describing a failure or slowness to recognize and does at least raise the question as to the depth or permanence of the impression made by Kilvert.

With the question of his popularity may be linked that of his local importance. This is something else which he may have magnified. Mr. Grice noted that "there is virtually no reference to him in the School Log of Clyro" and, in the book already mentioned, he quotes from Mr. Venables's correspondence with his brother concerning the appointment of Kilvert as curate, including an expression of satisfaction at having secured a university man. This seems to imply that he had not been able to rule out having to make do with a non-graduate, perhaps because Clyro was - as Kilvert would discover - very much a professional backwater; and indeed Kilvert's degree, although gained at Oxford, was a decidedly undistinguished one. Mr. Grice also points out that Kilvert's friend, Pope, though transfixed for posterity by the ludicrous incident of the bishop's over-hasty confirmation, actually held, in his curacy at Cusop, a more responsible post than Kilvert's, since he was in sole charge of that parish. Kilvert, despite his subordinate position at Clyro, evidently saw himself, rightly or wrongly, as a key-figure in maintaining order within the parish. So much is plainly implied

by the entry for 22.X.73, which quotes from a letter which Kilvert has had from his schoolmaster-friend in Clyro, Josiah Evans. By this time, Mr. Venables too has left the village, the last nail in the coffin of rural peace, it seems.

"His letter makes me laugh and almost cry at the same time. The parish he says is all in a muddle from end to end, and the sooner the new Vicar comes the better. My poor Clyro. My beloved Clyro".

The present curate has a mentally handicapped son or, as is said, a tall youth who "has attics to let unfurnished", a one-liner which may give a fair idea of salty, thick-skinned Clyro talk and, possibly, of the flavour of chat among Kilvert's less exalted cronies.

Flora Thompson, a better social historian than most, records in 'Lark Rise to Candleford' that, as the end of the 19th. century approached, a change came over village life, represented for her by the arrival of a new kind of vicar, one who insisted that his children were to be known locally by their plain Christian names "at a time when other quality children were 'Master' or 'Miss' in their cradles". In this older deference to class distinctions, Kilvert was included, despite the significant sub-division marking off curates from vicars, especially those with fat livings. Small incidents noted in the Diary confirm this. On a visit to the Homme (18.IX.71) with his sister, it was the latter who attracted more obsequiousness:

"Meredith....was struck all of a heap by seeing Dora sitting on a log in the yard. The poor man looked as if he had seen a vision or an angel. It was the first time he had ever seen a lady within the precincts of the Homme. He besought her humbly to enter his house and to pardon him for not knowing she was there. Then he spoke in a depreciating way of the country, as if it were not worthy to receive her. 'A poor barren country. A hilly country', he said".

Once, near Llanshiever (14.XII.71), it was the gentleman's turn.

"'Why', said Mrs. Watkins of Saffron Hill, dropping a deep curtesy and looking reprovingly at her daughter who was handing me my hat as I was leaving the house last night, 'why' she asked severely, 'did you not curtesy to him when you gave him his hat?'".

If Kilvert strikes one as being unduly complacent in these entries, perhaps a reading of the entry for 29.XI.72 will supply a slight corrective. There is no reason to think that he enjoyed servility, or that he received it frequently; his praise of "the beautiful and native Welsh courtesy" (6.V.76) probably expresses him best. But if it is asked whether these attitudes produced the deepest understanding in Kilvert's relations with working people, some doubt must remain. Flora Thompson welcomed the change she saw.

"With all his failings, or what they considered failings, Mr. Delafield did at least meet them on a purely human footing and speak to them as one man to another, not as one bending down from a pedestal".

Some will consider that Kilvert anticipated Mr. Delafield; but, although he did speak with the poorest and most afflicted he does give the impression of having been rather more at his ease with families of greater substance, such as the Vaughans of Newchurch and the Gores of Whitty's Mill.

Of course, we should all snatch eagerly at any scraps of fresh information, doubtful as it seems whether these - even an unbiassed view of Kilvert by one who was close to him - would significantly alter our present idea. Harold Nicolson once wrote, "As we get to know him better - and by the middle of the second volume we have got to know Frank Kilvert very well indeed - he acquires charm. We become fascinated by the very triviality and monotony of his daily entries and by the quiet rhythm of his life". If Nicolson's own tone here is rather too redolent of Bloomsbury superiority (though he does go on to admit that the rhythm he speaks of "is not uniformly placid"), he is surely right in saying that the Diary tells us a great deal about its writer. Another voice of Bloomsbury, Virginia Woolf, has warned us that diaries may be misleading in expressing a certain mood disproportionately and, in her own case, the recollections of friends may have corrected this sort of distortion. But it seems likely that, with Kilvert, such an adjustment is hardly called for, something like the full range of his moods having somehow got in. For this we probably have to thank not so much a freedom from Victorian reticence (of which Kilvert seems to have had some, if not his full share), but a certain artless-ness, what Nicolson again calls his "absurdly innocent" manner, for which he has paid dearly enough in our own cack-handedly satirical day. Whatever the explanation, the fact that he concealed so little (much as we regret the subsequent caution of others on his behalf) should make it seem thanklessly unreasonable in us to keep on clamouring, as we nevertheless do, for more and still more.

KILVERT AND THE BLACK MOUNTAINS by David Bentley-Taylor.

The Black Mountains, whose northern flank soars above the Wye as it breaks out of Radnorshire into Herefordshire and whose eastern flank forms the boundary between England and Wales, comprise a group of rather flat-topped parallel ridges. Running north to south for ten miles at a height of around 2000 feet, they are divided by narrow valleys but joined at their northern end like the fingers of a man's hand. Seen from Hereford they appear as a distant rampart, dropping dramatically at Hay Bluff. Seen from Clyro, however, they tower up so close that every detail is revealed in the varying moods induced by changing seasons and the weather. "This morning", wrote Kilvert on Nov. 29, 1871, "there was a break in the clouds after sunrise and a dazzling fretwork of golden cloud low upon the blue mountain" (ii 90). He was perfectly placed to record the drama daily enacted before him, "the slight mist of an early afternoon hanging over the gorgeous landscape" (Sept 20, 1870. i 231).

Throughout the Clyro part of the Diary "the mountain" or "the mountains" always means the Black Mountains, whether or not the name is given in full. One has only to go there to see that this is true, "a glorious sight, the sun setting with a rosy light upon the great slopes of snow" (Dec. 6, 1871, ii 94). Staying at the Vicarage on his first return to Clyro, he was thrilled "to see the morning spread upon the mountains" once more (March 4, 1873, ii 330). There are about fifty of these brief allusions, all of them charming. Some of the most memorable describe the scene in winter when the range was "streaked and striped and ribbed with snow" (i 313), looking "like a dead giant lying in state" (ii 96), "bathed in a pink and then a deep purple glow" (i 48), looming "ghostly through the rain clouds and the thick dark mist" (ii 125), or "covered with snow and glittering in the afternoon sun" (ii 95). But his summer snapshots are just as delightful, when "all the furrows and water-courses were clear and brilliant" (i 40) and the Mountain rose grandly into the sunshine "at the head of the long straight still river reach" (i 334) by Cabalva, "flushed red and purple" (ii 181) or "burning blue and hazy in the heat" (ii 177) behind the roses, through the trees, "veiled in a tender gauze of green mist" (ii 98), "reflected in the river like Mont Blanc in the Lake of Geneva" (i 56). On May Day 1876 Kilvert revelled in the walk from Whitney to Clyro, out of England into Wales, "above the shining river and in the glorious presence of the mountains" (iii 282), as one may still experience it to this day.

The printed Diary records seven occasions on which he went into the Black Mountains.

1. April 1866. i 76, 80-81.

A year after moving to Clyro and several years before he began to write his Diary, Kilvert walked over the Gospel Pass and saw Capel y Ffin for the first time. In miserable weather he went on down the Vale of Ewyas "till as dusk came on the dreary melancholy deserted track looked dark and savage as the Valley of Desolation" and Llanthony Abbey "seemed in mourning". This strongly suggests that he spent the night at the inn there. Twelve years later he said he once got lost on the Black Mountains and had been "obliged to eat dock leaves" (iii 359), which may have been on this occasion.

2. March 9, 1870. i 50-52.

Along with Morrell, Kilvert walked to Hay and "turned up Dishpool Lane" - the sharp left turn off the Brecon road - following the present mountain road almost as far as New Forest Farm. They ate their picnic lunch by a gate where Kilvert upset some of his sandwiches into the mud, then crossed a swampy meadow "to the Jack". This is a misreading of his handwriting. It should be "to the Tack", the Lower Tack Cottage on the edge of Tack Wood. The gate can be clearly identified, the last on the right before the farm, leading into a large, steep, marshy field with the ruins of the cottage in sight at the top. Its roof and upper floor have fallen in. Its broken walls enclose only chaotic heaps of the large stones of which they were constructed. The farm buildings are in the same state of total desolation. On beyond, the route the two men took can be easily traced. They "crossed a little wood and dingle" to reach the open mountain and gravemound of Twyn y Beddau. They then walked right to the top of Hay Bluff and straight on across the flat tableland, still the rather unpleasant region of "tumps, tufts, treacherous holes and pools of black peat waters" which Kilvert described. They plunged down the far side into the Vale of Ewyas and reached Park Cottage at the junction of the streams which form the headwaters of the Honddu River. This is today in the same state as Tack Cottage, the people long gone, the site littered with stones, the chain which once held the pot over the fire still hanging in the broken chimney. The ruins can be seen far down to the left soon after driving over the Gospel Pass. It had taken them 2½ hours to get there from Clyro. Then they retraced their steps, but decided that the shortest route back to Hay was to the left of Tack Wood, past Cadwgan Farm and Upper Dan y Fforest.

3. April 5, 1870. i 75-81.

Accompanied by Morrell and Bridge, Kilvert went by carriage to Llanigon. They walked past the church, up the Digedi Brook to its junction with the Cilonw and then on up the latter - "foaming over pretty cascades" as it still does - to Cilonw Farm just below the open mountain. The editor has omitted the next part of Kilvert's account, so the reader has to understand that at the paragraph beginning "Just where the lane" the trio had already gone down into the Valé of Ewys. They met "the wandering people", noticed the ruins of Ty yr deol (the house washed away in a flash flood), and reached Capel y Ffin and its church surrounded by seven yews - nowadays eight. Kilvert makes an error in referring to "the Great Honddu brook crossing the road" where today there is a bridge. This is not the Honddu but the Nant y bwch flowing out of the side valley. The Honddu is behind the church, between it and the Baptist Chapel, which he seems not to have noticed. The two streams meet in the field on the left. They went up to where the monastery was being built, but Father Ignatius was away and they did not speak to the two monks working there. Then they walked on to Llanthony Abbey and got some food at the inn before beginning the "long pull up" to the Gospel Pass. It was a round trip of 25 miles.

4. June 24, 1870. i 165-166.

Kilvert walked from Clyro to Llanthony and back with his brother Perch and a certain Captain Johnson. No account of their route either way has been preserved but only his rather unfavourable view of Mr. Landor's tenants gathered at the inn on rent day. They managed to get a good lunch at "the Abbey Tavern" themselves.

5. September 2, 1870. i 219-225.

This time Kilvert went alone, evidently determined to meet Father Ignatius at the monastery site near Capel y Ffin. Again nothing is said about his route. He achieved his purpose, also meeting Ignatius' parents and brother, as well as other monks. At Ignatius' special request he climbed a ladder to lay a stone in the wall. They then stood talking "in the lane near the Honddu bridge" - that is, the bridge over the Nant y bwch at Capel y Ffin.

6. May 29, 1871. i 349-350.

Again he was alone for this, the shortest but by no means the least significant of his visits. He went to see the tumulus Twyn y Beddau which had been opened up for inspection. To his delight he found himself entirely alone, apart from the sheep. "There is no company like the grand solemn beautiful hills", he said, with Hay Bluff towering above him. "They fascinate and grow upon us and one had a feeling and a love for them which one has for nothing else. I don't wonder that our Saviour went out into a mountain to pray and continued all night in praying to God there". He had gone to see the tumulus, but he met the Mountains too.

7. July 10, 1872. ii 235-237.

This is Kilvert's last recorded visit, on which he was accompanied by Andrew Pope and Arthur Jones. They went by train through Hereford to Abergavenny and then "walked back to Hay over the Black Mountain". Unfortunately the editor has preserved nothing about this long hike up the Vale of Ewys apart from one incident which took place at what was then the English-Welsh border, dividing Monmouthshire from Breconshire - in modern terms, Gwent from Powys. The spot is easily identified a few hundred yards south of Capel y Ffin where a little stream comes from the west to plunge steeply down into the Honddu. The modern road has obliterated the stone on which the three men were sitting when a young monk came from the monastery and chatted with them. As Kilvert dipped his tin cup into the stream, the force of the water snatched it away. Then they "pressed up the mountain into Wales through the Gospel Pass".

* * * * *

The Diary also records two conversations Kilvert had with old people who had known the Mountains for many years. David Price, lying in bed in his hovel (December 8, 1870, i 279-281), told him about "the Church of the Three Yews" near Twyn y Beddau and the legend that "when St. Paul visited Britain he crossed the Black Mountains and preached in this Church". He said "some rude stones and the stump of one of the yews" was all that was left of it. And Mrs. Jenkins at Bredwardine Bridge (December 31, 1877, iii 343-344), whose husband "had kept school in the Baptist Chapel at Capel y Ffin", told him she had walked home over the Gospel Pass one starlit night after working late at the Park Cottage "on the southern side of the Mountain, down in the dingle".

In the final section of the Diary the slope of Bredwardine Hill cut Kilvert off from the views he had had at Clyro, but on December 17, 1878 (iii 439), just before the death of Little Davey, he reached the top to see the sun set behind the long "level snowy blue-white line of the Black Mountains". And on the last day

for which his thoughts are preserved (March 13, 1879, iii 456), as he went to Brinsop, he got "lovely views of the Black Mountains with snow patches". But the greatest of all his descriptions of the range, surely the finest account of the Mountains in English literature, must be the 46 lines he wrote on March 14, 1871 (i 308-309). "I never saw anything to equal it I think, even among the high Alps. I could have cried with the excitement of this overwhelming spectacle". He thanked God for "having made the earth so beautiful".

THE WEBBS OF HARDWICK - by Sidney Ball (Swindon)

What a fascinating couple are Mr. and Mrs. Webb of Hardwicke! As the Summer Service is to be held at Hardwick on June 24th. this is the appropriate time to reveal fresh facts about the Rev. Thomas William Webb and his wife Henrietta. This will supplement our knowledge of the Webbs from Kilvert's Diary, and from Mr. R.I. Morgan's interesting article in an earlier newsletter.

T.W. Webb was born on 14th. December, 1806 at Ross-on-Wye, when his father, the Rev. John Webb, was curate there. The young T.W. Webb would have known the Ross-on-Wye district well, for his father became Rector of Tretire with Michaelchurch. The Rev. John Webb rebuilt the Church of Tretire at his own cost. After ordination, T.W. Webb's first curacy was at Pencoyd, again very near Ross-on-Wye. At our recent A.G.M. at Hereford, there looked down upon us from his portrait George Isaac Huntingford, the Bishop of Hereford who ordained the young deacon T.W. Webb to the priesthood in Hereford Cathedral in 1831. Webb had a varied succession of clerical appointments before becoming Vicar of Hardwick in 1856.

I wonder if Francis Kilvert talked much with Mr. and Mrs. Webb about Wiltshire? Both Mr. and Mrs. Webb had strong and surprising links with Kilvert's home county, Wiltshire.

On 2nd. March, 1496, King Henry VII was entertained in great style at Salisbury by the eminent citizen William Webbe, who became four times Mayor of Salisbury and twice its M.P. In the church of St. Thomas in Salisbury is a fine brass of 1570 to William Webbe's grandson, John Webbe, also Mayor and M.P. for Salisbury. William and John Webbe were ancestors of Webb of Hardwicke!

John Webbe's brass shows that he had three sons. From the eldest, John, Lord of the Manor of Odstock, near Salisbury, descended a line of Baronets. From the second son, William, six generations later, descended Webb of Hardwick. When the Baronetcy was created, in 1644, for great service to the Royalist cause, the Webbes dropped the "e" and became Webb. The Baronetcy lasted until 1874, when the 7th. Baronet, Sir Henry Webb, died unmarried. Sir Henry's heir as Head of the family was his kinsman, none other than the Rev. T.W. Webb of Hardwick! The Vicar of Hardwick could not inherit the Baronetcy, and the manor and advowson of Odstock had been sold previously to the Earl of Radnor.

Kilvert would have known Mr. Webb's father, the Rev. John Webb, who retired from the church in 1863 to live with his son and daughter-in-law at Hardwicke. The Rev. John and Kilvert would have things in common - they both went to Wadham College (at different times, of course). The Rev. John died in 1869 and was buried at Hardwicke.

The Rev. T.W. Webb had married Henrietta Montagu Wyatt some years before they came to Hardwicke. Mrs. Webb's Wiltshire ancestry included the anciently important families of Baynard and Hungerford, and her more immediate forbears the Montagus of Lackham (near Lacock). Her mother was Arabella Montagu Higginson, and her father Arthur Wyatt of Troy House, Monmouthshire and of Rowdeford House, Wiltshire (near Devizes). On the Wyatt side of her family, Mrs. Webb was kin of those famous Wyatt architects, including Sir Matthew Digby Wyatt. In this century, of the same family, the eminent politician and man of business, Woodrow Wyatt, and that great England cricketer and Test Captain, R.E.S. Wyatt.

Here is an interesting sidelight concerning the Webbs, which I discovered when working out their pedigree from various sources. Our charming Princess of Wales had ancestors in common with both Mr. and Mrs. Webb!

Pedigrees of HRH the Princess of Wales bring in James, Earl Waldegrave and his wife, Mary Webb of Hatherop, Glos. I have taken Mary Webb's ancestry back to John Webbe of the Salisbury brass. Thus our Princess has common ancestry with Webb of Hardwick. Henrietta Webb's second christian name was because of her

descent from the Montagu family so important in English history. Through the Montagus we can take Mrs. Webb's ancestry back to Catherine Spencer of Yarnton, Oxon. Catherine, who died in 1612, was a grand-daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorp, ancestor of HRH. Thus our popular Princess has ancestry in common also with Mrs. Webb.

Having no children of their own, Mr. and Mrs. Webb much liked the company of young relatives at Hardwick. Mrs. Webb's brother Osmund Wyatt, of Troy House, married his cousin Louisa Ann Wyatt. Osmund and Louisa had 14 children, so were happy to "farm out" some of their offspring with the Webbs. Thus we have the aptly named Helen of Troy - "Fair Helen of Troy prettier than ever with her sister from Hardwick Vicarage" at Clifford Priory (Vol. one, page 170). Helen had her stall at the famous Hardwick Bazaar (Vol. one, page 217). And the "Two Miss Estcourts of Gloucestershire" at Llanthomas were Mrs. Webb's cousins (Vol. two, page 28).

When Mrs. Webb died she wished to be buried in the village of her birth, so she lies in the churchyard at Mitchel Troy in Monmouthshire. Her husband did not long survive her. He died in 1885 and is buried beside his wife.

Mr. Webb left a large sum of money to charities; some pictures and plate (which Francis Kilvert would have seen at Hardwick) were bequeathed to the South Kensington Museum. Estates at Llanerchycod in Hardwick and at The Meend, Peterstow, Mr. Webb left to his cousin's son, James Webb of Ryde in the Isle of Wight.

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