

*All good wishes*

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 1985.

Dear Member,

Another very enjoyable weekend was spent July 6th. - 7th., this time in the Llowes area. The Walk attracted 23 people, among whom we were delighted to welcome Miss Evelyn Madigan from New Zealand. The last time she visited the U.K. was in 1983 when she read one of the Lessons at our Colva service. Led by our Hon. Auditor, Mr. Gordon Rogers, we made our way to Brynrydd Common where we picnicked and enjoyed the fine view of the north face of the Black Mountains. Mr. Rogers and I read the passages relating to this spot, and the mention of Florence Hill (29 April 1876) prompted our Committee member, Mr. Tom Lloyd, to recall his memories of her, her sister and mother. A gap of 109 years was strangely bridged! On to Ffynnon Gwyndd where we examined the well, of which Kilvert records the tradition that Cromwell's men and horses drank the waters dry. A fine walk over the Common brought even finer views, with the Brecon Beacons completing a wonderful semicircle of mountains in wonderful visibility. Thanks to Miss Ricketts, who not only provided us with the entrée to our next stop, Maesyronnen Chapel, but also allowed us to inspect old photographs, we learnt that the worn inscription above the well commemorated the death of Walter de Winton at the age of 27 in the year 1892. The Nonconformist Chapel at Maesyronnen is the oldest surviving in Wales, dating from the last years of the 17th. c. Its rough-hewn benches, pews, slate tablets and general lay-out were most impressive. Here farewells were made, though many of the party journeying eastward made their way to Middlewood to enjoy the excellent fare of Mr. & Mrs. Stutz at the Burnt House. Our thanks go to Mr. Rogers for his planning and leading a most interesting walk.

Llowes church drew about 100 members the following day for the service conducted by Rev. G.M. Reed, and the robed clergy consisted of his father, Canon Reed, the Revd. D.N. Lockwood (Remembrancer) and the Revd. J.C. Day (Preacher). The church was beautifully decorated with flowers, and at the back of the nave was laid out a most interesting selection of church registers, records associated with both Tom Williams and Kilvert, and some paintings - one of flowers done by Mrs. Crichton was much admired. In his fine sermon Revd. Day drew a parallel between his own Wiltshire boyhood and that of the diarist, and spoke of his great-aunt, christened by Kilvert, living to be over 100 years old and arousing his interest in the diary. At the very first Kilvert Society Service at Clyro in 1946 the text for the sermon preached by the then Bishop of Swansea and Brecon had been the description of Barnabas in the Acts of the Apostles - "He was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith" - and this text Revd. Day used. Kilvert's goodness arose from the awareness that man was created in God's image and hence he cared for his fellow men; he was equally aware of Nature being God's handiwork and could be moved by it to the exalted state recorded on 24 May 1875.

Following the service, members made a three mile journey past Moity Chapel and farm up to Gogia. (Like Kilvert, I mistook this for the "Gaer" in the last newsletter). Here a magnificent view of the Black Mountains confronted us, also a barn along whose length were tables laid out with the most magnificent spread of food! The parish, we had been told, was a small one and thinly populated. How hard then had the ladies worked on our behalf! To them, to Revds. Reed, Day and Lockwood, to Mr. Milward (of Gogia) and to all helpers, our most grateful thanks for a most memorable day! It is pleasing to learn that as a result the parish has benefited by more than £300.

AUTUMN SERVICE - Kington St. Michael on Sunday, September 22nd, at 3 p.m. by kind permission of Revd. Derek Copeland. The preacher will be Revd. B.F. Price, Committee Member of the Society. Parking available near the Lych Gate and also on the main road through the village on the side opposite to the Village Hall (where tea will be provided by the ladies of the parish). A coach will leave Hereford Town Hall at 12

noon and will proceed via Ross-on-Wye and Monmouth. Picking up points at the Prince of Wales (Ross) and Agincourt Square (Monmouth). Arrangements for picking up at other points can be made when booking - to me, please.

WALK - Saturday, September 21st. led by Mr. Bentley-Taylor. Meet at Bredwardine Church for picnic lunch at 12.30 p.m. The Castle area, Moccas Church and Deer Park in the afternoon.

In this connection, energetic members might like to know of a Walk on Sunday, September 1st. organised by the Offa's Dyke Development Officer. It will start from Clyro Church at 11 a.m. and go over to Llanbedr Hill, the Rock of Pencwm, and the site of the Solitary's Cabin, and return - via the drovers' road to Clyro - 10 miles in all. Packed lunch. No cost. Further information from (0547) 528192.

MOUSE CASTLE - Under the terms of the late owner's will, this beautiful wooded area just east of Cusop has been left to the Woodland Commission - another Kilvert landmark spared.

KILVERT LETTERS - Two letters from Kilvert to Marion Vaughan have been acquired by the Society from a Worcestershire clergyman at the very reasonable cost of £50. The owner was very pleased to let the Society have the letters "in memory of Freddie Grice". A full article on the letters has been prepared by our Chairman, and appears elsewhere in this newsletter.

THE THIRD NOTEBOOK - This has been acquired by the National Library of Wales. It is the subject of a brief article elsewhere in this issue.

Yours sincerely,

E.J.C. West

Hon. Secretary.

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THE THIRD NOTEBOOK

Of the three notebooks given away by Mrs. Essex Hope, two have long been known as the 'Sandford' and the 'Plomer' and are housed in the National Library of Wales and the University Library of Durham respectively. There has been a great deal of speculation concerning the whereabouts of the third. It was thus with much pleasure - and relief - that the news was received in mid-June that it had been acquired by the National Library of Wales from an anonymous vendor.

Mr. Dafydd Ifans of that establishment informs me that this notebook follows on from the 'Sandford' and immediately precedes the 'Plomer'. (Thus the diary is complete from 27 April to 6 August 1870). It covers, he tells me, the period 11 June to 17 July 1870 and of its 180 pages 130 have not appeared in print. Of the 37 days Plomer takes extracts from 19, and many of these are brief. It would seem that the whole period was based on Clyro and the area round about.

Many members will possess the 1982 edition of the Sandford notebook, so admirably annotated and produced. It is hoped that this third notebook will be published as a sister volume in two or three years time.

I understand copies of the National Library's edition of the Sandford notebook are still to be obtained - from the National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth, Dyfed. SY23 3BU at a cost of £10.78. post free.

E.J.C.W.

THE LATEST MINI-GUIDES

Little Somerford and Great Somerford are the latest additions to Mr. K.R. Clew's series on Wiltshire villages. They follow the usual pattern - a drawing of the church, the setting of the village and origin of its name, a description of the features of the church and a perambulation of the village - and maintain the usual standard. Mr. Clew's guide to Kington St. Michael earned the praise of a regular contributor to "The Times" some while ago. I felt it was to be regretted that the compiler of the guide was not mentioned, but it was good to learn that the Society's appreciation of Mr. Clew's long series is borne out by a professional.

The Seagry mini-guide has been reprinted, and I understand that Brobury will be the next to appear.

For copies of mini-guides send 20p plus S.A.E. at least 9" by 4" to:  
Seagry - Mr. G.S. Knapp, Westwood, Startley, Chippenham, Wilts.  
Little Somerford - Mr. C.M. Miles, The Cherries, The Hill, Little Somerford, Chippenham,  
Great Somerford - Mrs. P.I. Prophet, The Old Maltings, Great Somerford, Chippenham - Wilts.

TWO LETTERS FROM FRANCIS KILVERT by Rev. D.T.W. Price (Lampeter)

In the Newsletter for March 1978 our late Deputy President, Mr. Grice, reported the discovery of three letters written by Francis Kilvert in 1873 and 1876 to Marion Vaughan, daughter of the Rector of Newchurch, Radnorshire. The owner of the letters did not feel able to allow Mr. Grice to transcribe the letters, but he was allowed to read them and 'to communicate the contents to the Society', which he did in that Newsletter. (The article was reproduced in his Francis Kilvert and his World, pp. 246-8, and also in the Society's recent booklet Miscellany Three, pp. 27-28).

Recently the owner of the letters has sold two of them to the Society, and they are transcribed below.

Marion (baptized Miriam Margaret according to a detailed family tree of the Vaughans prepared by our member, Mr. John Stratton of Llandrindod Wells) Vaughan was the sixth child, and third daughter, in the Revd. and Mrs. Vaughan's large family of 12 children. She was baptized at Glascwm on 18 June 1853, and was thus 19 years of age when the letters were written. She married, at Newchurch on 1 February 1881, the Revd. David Davies, who resided at Rhos in the Parish of Rhulen, and was the son of Evan Davies, freeholder. After Mr. Davies's death she married Mr. Hinkesman, and on his death in about 1910 she moved, with her daughter Gwen, to live in Ombersley, near Worcester, where she died in 1943. Marion's sister Sarah married Mr. Charles Robert Hinkesman of Weston Beggard, Hereford, and her sister Matilda married Mr. Thomas Boycott Hinkesman.

The children of the Revd. and Mrs. David Vaughan were John (born c.1844, who later became squire John Beavan Vaughan of Glascwm), Margaret J. (born c.1846), Sarah (born c.1848 at Lampeter, where her father was training for ordination), David (born c.1850, also at Lampeter, died April 1872), Alfred (baptized 26 October 1851 at Glascwm), Miriam Margaret (see above), William Henry (born 24 August 1854), Emmeline (baptized at Newchurch 11 October 1857, died May 1871), Georgiana Matilda (baptized at Newchurch 10 September 1858), Janette Jane (baptized at Newchurch 10 May 1860), Arthur Price (baptized at Newchurch 14 August 1864), and Elinor Annie (baptized at Newchurch 6 July 1865). (The details above are derived from Mr. Stratton's family tree of the Vaughans, from 'The Vaughans of Gilfachroel' by Miss M.M. Mantle, Newsletter, September 1975, and 'Gleanings from Glascwm' by R.I. Morgan, Newsletter, February 1980). Mr. Grice refers in Francis Kilvert and his World to another daughter of the Revd. and Mrs. Vaughan, born in Clyro and baptized by Francis Kilvert in 1868, but I have been unable to discover more about her.

Marion Vaughan's name is not included in the index of the three-volume edition of the Diary, and she is not mentioned in Kilvert's accounts of his visits to Newchurch in 1870, 1871 and 1872, when she may have been away at school. She was at Newchurch, where she may have taken over teaching at the school from Sarah, in 1873 (Diary, vol. ii. pp. 332, 337) and in 1876 (Diary, vol. iii, p. 270). She sent a note to Kilvert in March 1875 (Diary, vol. iii, pp. 157-8). Why did she preserve these letters so carefully and pass them on to her daughter? Once the Diary was published, in 1938-40, towards the end of her long life, one can understand why the letters became important, but in earlier years their preservation must have reflected Marion's personal esteem for Francis Kilvert as a friend, not as a diarist.

The Letters

Langley Burrell Rectory

Chippenham

8 January 1873

My dear Marion,

Thank you very much for your kind present of your photograph. I like it very much and I am extremely glad to have it and its companion picture. I have placed them both close together in my album. I send you my carte in return and I hope you will like it as much as we like yours. I am very sorry to hear you have been suffering from your back. I shall hope soon to hear that it is all right again.

I went with my sisters to a large and merry New Year's Party last night at a



country house near here, Sir John Awdry's. There were about 150 people there, and we enjoyed it very much. On Childermas Day we had a Christmas Tree at the school for our 60 school children and every child had 7 or 8 presents. I hear they had a splendid Christmas Tree for the school children at Clyro.

With best wishes for a happy New Year I remain dear Marion always your affectionate friend

R.F. Kilvert

Langley Burrell Rectory

Chippenham

4 February 1873

My dear Marion,

Thank you for your nice frank letter. It gave me great pleasure and I was glad that you were pleased with the photograph. You are heartily welcome to it and indeed it was only a fair exchange. I am hoping soon to have Matilda's and Janet's. You know perhaps of the precious enclosure which reached me in your letter and your sister's sent me by her. It will always be amongst my dearest treasures with the lock of hair to be kept sacred and looked at with mournful pleasure in remembrance of happy days past and in hope of blessed days to come.

I was heartily glad to hear of Alfred's successful examination and matriculation at Oxford. It must I know be a great satisfaction and happiness to you all to think of him at work there. I hope and believe he will do well and be a credit to us all.

Tonight we have in the paper the evidence of the two Englishmen who were on board the Murillo as to the cruel cowardly wicked way in which the Spanish Captain and crew sheered off from their victims and left the poor ship to her fate. I have one desire and that is that the Captain should be hung from his own yard arm.

Dr. Hessel's tardy acquittal was so far from satisfactory, but he never ought to have been detained so long, and if detained should scarcely have been treated as a felon till convicted of being such. This tardy justice and public acknowledgement by the Court of his innocence will make scanty amend for the wrong done to a high minded man and for a slur which may long cling to his name. I am glad you were able to go to the Clyro Readings. I should have heartily enjoyed as I always did - hearing your brother's songs. I wish I could hear a better account of Mr. Jones of the Harbour. I fear his health is very precarious - I am often sorry for Mrs. Jones. I know she must be sadly anxious about him.

I wrote to Sellie yesterday in acknowledgement of her most kind letter. I hope that she and you will excuse the liberty I take in speaking of her sometimes by her pet family name, but you do all seem so natural to me that I do it without thinking. On Sunday we opened our eyes upon a white world - Green Christmas, White Candlemas - but the snow has wasted fast today under the influence of a gentle kindly thaw. Some days last week were bitterly cold. Sunday was wild and snowy. I have been thinking as I often do what weather there may have been at Newchurch and on Clyro Hill. I think you are sure to have had some snow as I see there has been a fall in the mining districts. The strike seems as hopeless and far from an arrangement as ever, as far at least as the wicked obstinacy of the Union is concerned. But I believe, their starvation will overcome the terror in which the wicked tyranny of the Union is held and will drive the non Unionists to work. 'Tis an ill wind that blows no body any good, and all this dire misery and wickedness may have one good result - it may sicken England of trades unions. When honest men dare not go to their honest work for fear of having their houses blown up or suffering some other diabolical outrage, the evil has become so bad that the remedy must be at hand. I sincerely wish that the talked of importation of Chinese Coolies as miners could be effected. They are sturdy and excellent workmen and nothing would sooner bow the stiff necks of the Unionists and bring them to their senses than having their labour undersold by John Chinaman. Coal is at famine prices here, the best 33/- a ton and the poor people wandering about picking up bits of wood rotten with wet to try to keep a bit of fire in the grate for the shivering children, for often coal is not to be had for love or money by people of influence who are ready to pay any price for it. Well, well,

that we should have lived to see this day.

Now dear Marion goodnight. With kind love to you all I am always your affectionate friend

R.F. Kilvert

### Textual Notes

#### Letter One

This letter is wrongly dated 8 February in Newsletter, March 1978, and in Francis Kilvert and his World, p. 247. In Miscellany Three, p. 27, I thought that Mr. Grice had made an error, and I omitted the day of the month, when I ought to have left the day of the month and changed the month itself!

The party at Sir John Awdry's house is described in Diary, vol. ii. pp. 305-7.

Childermas is Holy Innocents' Day, 28 December.

#### Letter Two

Matilda Vaughan was at a School in Great Bedford Street, Bath, in February 1874 (Diary, vol. ii, p. 413), and she may have been there when this letter was written, although she was at Newchurch on 5 and 14 March 1873 (Diary, vol. ii. pp. 332, 336-7).

Janet Vaughan was at the Clergy Daughters' School in Bristol in June 1874 and March 1875, when she was forbidden to receive any more letters from Francis Kilvert on pain of expulsion (Diary, vol. ii, pp. 31-2, 157-8), and she may have been there when this letter was written, although she also was at Newchurch on 5 and 14 March 1873 (Diary, vol. ii, pp. 332, 336-7).

The 'precious enclosure' was a lock of Emmeline's hair, which Kilvert laid away in the secret drawer in his new desk (Diary, vol. ii, p. 308 - 9 January 1873). The death of Emmeline Vaughan at the age of 13 made a very deep impression on Kilvert (Diary, vol. ii, pp. 27, 53, 245, 308, 336; vol. iii, p. 270).

Alfred Vaughan was 21 years of age.

Kilvert gives a brief account of the Murillo incident in Diary, vol. ii. p. 317. The Murillo ran into the Northfleet and deserted her, leaving 327 to perish. This huge loss of life, which could presumably have been greatly reduced if the Murillo had not abandoned the scene, probably explains Kilvert's vehemence.

Dr. Gottfried Hessel was accused of the murder of Harriet Boswell in what was known as the 'Great Coram Street Murder'. After a lengthy trial in January 1873 he was acquitted.

References to Mr. Vaughan singing at Penny Readings in Clyro may be found in Hereford Times, 11 February 1871, and Hereford Journal, 27 January 1872. (See 'The Penny Readings' by Teresa Williams, Newsletter, May 1982, and Francis Kilvert and his World, p. 185).

For an attractive description of Mrs. Jones of the Harbour see Diary, vol. ii, p. 206 - 8 June 1872. Mr. Watkeys Jones is there described as looking 'like a wounded soldier with his head bound up in a red handkerchief'.

'Sellie' may be Sarah Vaughan or possibly the word here should read 'Tillie', since Kilvert's form of 'T' is extremely inconsistent. The reference is to Matilda, and she may have had two pet names. In the published Diary both 'Tillie' and 'Sellie' are found, as well as Matilda. ('Tilly' on 8 August 1872; 'Tillie' on 5 March and 14 March 1873, and on 10 February 1874; 'Sellie' on 9 January 1873 and 3 December 1874).

Mr. Grice took 'Sellie' to be the brother who was about to go to Oxford, but this was Alfred. In Kilvert's script 'him' and 'her' are very alike. (This makes it difficult to resolve the Joel or Jael problem (Diary, vol. ii, p. 208) raised in Newsletters, June 1984 and June 1985 by Mr. David Bentley-Taylor and the Revd. B. Richards).

Kilvert's plea to be forgiven for using a 'pet family name' seems a slightly strange request in view of the close friendship between the family and himself, but if 'Sellie' was Sarah Vaughan he may have felt that at the age of 25 she was rather old to be called by her family name by a curate in his early thirties. Another pet name was 'Netta' for Janet, whose full name was Janette Jane (Diary vol. ii, pp. 157-8). Janet was also known as 'Jinny' (Diary vol. i. p. 44), and I wonder

whether Marion, properly Miriam Margaret, was known as 'Minnie', and was perhaps the subject of his poem 'Minnie Vaughan' (Collected Verse, pp. 33-4). This was written on 18 September 1878, which might have been when Marion became engaged to Revd. David Davies.

Kilvert's evident nostalgia for Newchurch was undoubtedly very sincere. He clearly enjoyed his visits from Clyro to Newchurch (26 February, 3 March, 6 March 1870, 5 September, 4 October 1871, 8 August 1872) and he revisited Newchurch after his departure from Clyro (5 March, 14 March 1873, 27 April 1876).

For a further reference of the Miners' Strike in South Wales see Diary, vol.ii, p. 316. Mr. Grice found Kilvert's remarks about the Unions 'very illiberal in tone and almost vindictive in its condemnation of the strikers', but it should be recalled that his indignation was to a great extent kindled by the sufferings of the poor parishioners in Langley Burrell.

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SPORT IN KILVERT'S LIFE by Ivor Lewis (Mountain Ash)

I am writing, or at least beginning, this during Wimbledon fortnight in a year (1984) when talk of the centenary of the Ladies' Final reminds one of the age of the game itself, its origin in the 1870's, the decade of Kilvert's Diary.

Without exactly striking one as having been a trendy curate, Kilvert did reflect a fair number of the social changes affecting his class during his lifetime. William Plomer himself writes as follows in the Introduction to Vol. iii :

"The lives of the country people go on much as usual, but on the lawns of the leisured class croquet is giving way to the dashing new game - sphairistike, or lawn tennis....."

That odd name, of Greek origin, is to be found in the Diary itself, in Kilvert's main reference to the game :

"This morning Teddy set up the net and poles in the field just opposite the dining room windows and we began to play 'sphairistike' or lawn tennis, a capital game, but rather too hot for a summer's day".

From this a few things may be inferred. The entry, made at Langley, refers to a sort of rehearsal for a croquet party to be held at the Rectory the following day, at which the new game "was a successful diversion and afforded a good deal of amusement". We are reminded here, as Plomer implies, that lawn tennis was an offshoot from croquet and very much an up-market pursuit in origin, the link with croquet being retained to this day, of course, in the full title of the Wimbledon Club. Indeed, this image has not been removed yet in some parts of Britain, such as industrial South Wales, where, although rugby football has more than successfully made its way, tennis is still very largely a spectator sport only, and that mainly from women and through the influence of T.V.

We note also that it was Teddy, Kilvert's civil servant brother, who put up the net and whose idea it may well have been. He does seem to have been more of a games-playing type than the diarist, making runs at cricket against Langley Fitzurse (22.VII.74), while of himself Kilvert states only that he kept the score in various matches. (It is noticeable that in the Diary as we have it Kilvert does not refer to sport except as a local activity, apart from naming the Derby winners in 1870 and 1871 and a single non-partisan reference to the Boat Race). The other comment, about tennis being a very strenuous activity, might lead one, after this, to stamp Kilvert as inclined to indolence; but we should take into account that July 1874 was, it seems, an exceptionally warm month (to judge by Kilvert's other entries), that 'Teddy', nine years younger, was 25 at this time, and also that their game of July 28th was played in a field, not on a lawn. As it happens, I have actually seen, at Wrexham, players of the calibre of Perry, Gonzalez, and Sedgman play on a court improvised out of a part of the local football ground and their good humour over the extraordinary bounces sometimes resulting should have been filmed for the enlightenment of that "perfectionist" (as obsequious commentators call him), John McEnroe. All the same, playing tennis on a field doesn't add to one's comfort and it is likely that Kilvert was most unsuitably dressed, as even the top players long continued to be.

It wasn't either that Kilvert was at all languid or puny; so much his tremendous walks testify, as does the comment on his grip - "as if an electrifying machine had gone all through me" (7.VI.75), in the words of a stout but ailing



farmer. Yet there is evidence that he was rather maladroit in his movements, not too well co-ordinated. This is indicated by some of the accidents which befell him, a few distinctly Pooterish, about which he is disarmingly frank, as when he put his head through a bar window at the Lion in Bredwardine (23.VIII.78). He was not so graceless as to be unable to skate, it should be said; but, in the references to skating near his home in Wiltshire in December, 1870, one gets the impression, as with the tennis, that his brother was the leading spirit.

It might seem odd that Kilvert, who is so class-conscious in some respects, (as in his relationship with fellow-boarders at Ashbrook, for instance), shows no sort of contempt for football, a game mentioned frequently in the Diary. However, he generally refers to it in connection with either children or working men. But he didn't mind joining in a kick-about with the former, though with what skill it is impossible to say. Unlike cricket, soccer was in no sense an organized sport at this time, the Football League not being formed until the end of the '80s. The first Test Match in England was not played until after Kilvert's death, but county matches had been played for a long time. It may help to see things in perspective to know that W.G. Grace was a year older than Kilvert's brother. He did prodigious things with the bat in his teens but does not get a mention in the Diary, so far as we know, though he was a national figure in the '70s.

Kilvert admits also to being an awkward rider (21.I.70), and inept at both croquet and dancing (8.IX.71; 5.IV.72). At many outdoor parties, croquet was an alternative to archery and, of the two, Kilvert appears to have preferred croquet. He could use the bow, it seems, but speaks more than once of 'caddying' for a lady or opting for croquet, partly perhaps for its great social possibilities. (Kilvert in the role of attendant upon the ladies suggests that the latter, those in the neighbourhood of Hay at least, were a rather sturdy selection of Victorian females, certainly unlike such a contemporary as Alice James, the sister of the great novelist. Of her Leon Edel writes:

"In our time she might have learned to play tennis, to swim, to row, to ski, to drive a car....Instead, the time came when she sat with folded hands and cultivated a Victorian composure....And she lapsed progressively into the familiar invalidism of so many of her Victorian sisters".

The young ladies whom Kilvert waited upon, if not modern Amazons, seem equally far from having been wilting reeds. Perhaps they owed this to an uncomplicated country upbringing which was scarcely the lot of the James family). Both archery and croquet could flatter the female figure, as no doubt the early lawn tennis was to do, and this was not lost upon Kilvert, as the following passage notably reveals:

"It was a pretty sight to see the group of ladies with their fresh light dresses moving up and down the long green meadow (at Wye Cliff) between the targets, and the arrows flitting and glancing white to and fro against the bank of dark green trees". (6.VII.70).

This passage, whose pictorial quality has already been well noted by Mr. Le Quesne, has to my ear great musical charm as well, with cadences not unlike those to be found in the beachscapes of Joyce.

The factor of Kilvert's impaired eyesight should not be forgotten. How exactly this affected him isn't clear. The passage just quoted shows him as very receptive to a general scene and a passage a little later (16.VII.70) might suggest short-sightedness - where he is stung between the eyes at Pont Vaen, "as I was poking about the hives in my blind way". His vision for distant objects was, at one time at least, outstandingly good, but the entry for 31.VIII.74 speaks of some deterioration and the need to use opera glasses which before had been quite unnecessary. Even so, in 27.VI.76 he still records being able to identify jack-daws at a great height above Canterbury Cathedral.

In the more masculine sports of fishing, shooting, and hunting, Kilvert was again virtually a non-participant. Fishing especially was much loved by his father, the son accompanying him at times simply to be sociable or dutiful, one gets the sense. Hunting was a remoter activity, which he notices just as a neutral spectator. As to shooting, even the sight of this did disturb him, as 17.V.71 reveals; yet he accepted a brace of pheasants from Baskerville with some readiness (28.XI.70).

The evidence of all these sports and recreations creates an image of one very much devoid of the competitive instinct and with a distinctly humble conceit of himself. Indoors too Kilvert had no great keenness for card games or for intense discussion or pugnacious argument. He preferred listening to anecdotes which

touched his heart or imagination. His chief pleasure in outdoor games was in the spectacle or in the opportunity to converse or make up a pair (e.g. with Baskerville at bowls) or a quartet, most often at croquet. Yet, after all, what he liked most out of doors were picnics, romps, walks with really close friends, but above all solitary rambles in the high hills.

"THE TRURO HOCKINS" by Barry Smith (Truro)

In his entry for Thursday, 28th. July, 1870, during the course of his Cornish holiday, Kilvert wrote:- "Dora's birthday. Mrs. H drove me to Truro in the pony carriage. Shopping and then we joined the Truro Hockins and a party of their friends, young people chiefly, for a picnic down the river...."

Who, exactly, were "the Truro Hockins"? Certainly, they were different from the "Tullimaar Hockins", Kilvert's host family during his stay in Cornwall. About these latter, a number of articles have appeared in Kilvert Society newsletters over the years, the latest being that by John Hockin in the newsletter for June, 1984. However, these articles, when they have touched on the Truro Hockins, have done so only in passing.

Following considerable collaborative research between John Hockin of Swanage and the writer, the time now seemed to have come for a more substantial account of the Truro Hockins for the permanent record of a Society newsletter. The account which follows draws upon our knowledge of the Truro Hockins in the published Diary and in "Kilvert's Cornish Diary" (hereafter called K.C.D). The latter, for those who may not know, is the collected passages from Kilvert's manuscript of his Cornish holiday, which were edited out of the formal Diary by William Plomer but later made available by the Kilvert Society. After considering these sources, we will examine what further light research can throw upon the Truro Hockins.

In his entry for Friday 22nd. July, 1870, Kilvert records:- "Miss Emily and Miss Charlotte Hockin came from Truro to breakfast at 8. 30 a.m. At 9. 30 a.m. we all started to drive to Mullion in a nice roomy waggonette, large enough to carry 10 people, drawn by a pair of gallant greys". At Mullion, Kilvert records, "we went to the Church first ... the Church has been nicely restored... The seats are very remarkable, very old, low-backed and open...made of dark oak, almost black and very massive..." He continues, "We went to the Rectory for a few minutes to call for the Misses Hockin". (KCD p.10).

(It is scarcely surprising that the Hockin sisters passed the time of day in Mullion Rectory. The Rector was Reverend Edmund George Harvey, who between 1860 and 1865 had been Rector of the Parish Church of St. Mary, Truro, forerunner of the present Cathedral. There the Hockin sisters must have known him. That is not his only interest to us. "A Short Account of Mullion Church" tells us that "He did much good work in restoring and discovering, including the setting up of the old oak seats, and removing them from their deal castings" (sic)).

A great attraction, then as now, was the beautiful Mullion Cove. Having collected the Misses Hockin, Kilvert records that they "... then walked down to Mullion Cove by the lifeboat shed along a lane and through wheatfields gay with red poppies, blue corn-flowers and yellow Lady's Finger. At the Cove, we parted from the ladies, leaving them to sit on the rocks and sketch and return at their leisure". (KCD p.10). All was not well with the ladies, however! "The ladies had not come in when we returned to the Old Inn, and we had to wait dinner for them a long time. At length they appeared scarlet and almost exhausted ... and we were delayed until late into the afternoon".

They continued, reaching Kynance Cove and the Lizard Town, where "The ladies staid (sic) at the inn while H. and I walked down to the Point". (KCD p.12). "Later", Kilvert writes, "we went back to the inn and joined the ladies at tea". Finally, at the end of a very long day, "We reached Tullimaar at 11 p.m. and before the gallant greys reached their stable in Falmouth, they had travelled 50 miles". (KCD p.13).

We next hear of the Truro Hockins on the following day, Saturday 23rd. July. Kilvert writes:- "Miss Emily Hockin insisted on being driven home to Truro last night after we came home at 11, though it is a 5 miles drive and she had a bed offered her and it was very inconvenient to send a man out. She did not reach home till after midnight. Miss Charlotte stayed till the 4 o'clock train today. Before dinner we had two games of croquet, she and H. against Mrs. H. and myself and we won a game". (KCD p.13).



The last set of entries relating to the Truro Hockins is the one mentioned at the beginning of this article, the river trip of 28th July, 1870, to Tregothnan, the home of the present Lord Falmouth. "We rowed or rather were rowed by boatmen down to Tregothnan, two boatloads of us, the hostess very nervous and fearful lest both boats should go to the bottom".

After a visit to the local church, a picnic followed:- "Our hostess reclined gracefully on her side up the slope of a steep bank and thus enthroned or embedded dispensed tea and heavycake and was most hospitable. The young ladies remarked with severity upon H. and myself for not being sufficiently attentive to their pretty wants. How could we be so inattentive to such fascinating creatures? They suggested it was because we were taking such uncommonly good care of ourselves".

Kilvert continued to be preoccupied by their hostess! "I unhappily mistook butter for cream (Tell it not in Truro) and was much concerned about our hostess lest she should roll down the bank into the rivver. Also, I was exceedingly puzzled to find out how it was she did not so roll, for what was to hinder it?"

Another Truro Hockin then emerges by name, in addition to Miss Emily and Miss Charlotte:- "The youngest girl, Agatha, I think, planted herself before me and demanded impetuously in a loud voice, "What do you want?" "A kiss", said I mischievously, whereat she flung off in high disdain without a word. But being of a forgiving nature she presently returned and brought me some food".

"After tea", Kilvert continues, "the young ladies rowed us across the river to see Old Quay Tower. The tide was too low to admit of our landing, but the pinnacles of the old tower looked pretty among the trees in the sunset. Young lady affectations, peculiarities, vagaries, &c., &c., unintelligible".

The day then drew peacefully to a close:- "H. and our hostess had gone up to Tregothnan gardens, but presently met us at the quay and we all re-embarked and rowed home, a gentleman in each boat taking an oar to help the boatmen. Singing in each boat and curlews calling and whistling from the banks. Low water and we could not get up to Truro, but were obliged to land at Lower Newham and scramble up the quay wall. Walk to Strangeway Terrace a mile, supper, and drive home to Tullimaar late with lighted lamps." (KCD p.23).

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This is the totality of references to the Truro Hockins which we have in the published sources available to us. Research, however, has shown a good deal more.

The primary source of information is the 1871 census, that is, the census for the year following that in which Kilvert met the Truro Hockins. It shows the family to be living at 10 Strangeways Terrace (also its present name and not the "Strangeways" of the text). The census records their home as being in the "Ecclesiastical Parish of St. John".

Interestingly, Kilvert wrote of his first journey into Truro, with his hostess, Emma Hockin, on 20th. July, 1870:- "Descending the hill into Truro a glimpse of the tall white monument of Lander, the African traveller, a column surmounted by an erect statue. Entering the town the road passed close beneath the monument, past the ugly cupola Church with round-headed windows". The "ugly cupola Church" was, in fact, the church of St. John! Both it and the Lander monument still stand close to the entrance of Strangeways Terrace. The present No. 10 Strangeways Terrace is an elegant, four storey house, occupied by the Cornwall Federation of Women's Institutes, a touch which might have appealed to Kilvert!

The 1871 census shows the following household composition:-

HOCKIN

Williams	Head	Married	66	Solicitor	Born	Phillack
Joanna	Wife	Married	51	Sol. Wife	"	Falmouth
Emily W.	Dau	Unmar.	29		"	Truro
Henry W.	Son	"	22		"	"
Charlotte W.	Dau	"	19		"	"
Alice C.	"	"	17		"	"
Agatha	"	"	15		"	"
Susan M.	"	"	14		"	"
Eleanor M.	"	"	12		"	"

The oldest son, Charles Francis, had already moved away from home. Three domestic servants also resided with the family.

The head of household, Williams, born 1804, was the uncle of Kilvert's host, William

Hockin of Tullimaar. He was a solicitor, in Truro, with the firm of Hodge, Hockin and Marrack. After various changes of name, this firm has latterly become the legal firm of Nalder and Son, still at 7 Pydar Street in the centre of Truro. Williams Hockin was not to live long after Kilvert met the family. He died in 1874 and was interred in Kenwyn Churchyard, Truro, where his grave still stands. A newspaper obituary, as well as mentioning his literary interests, records that "he was intimately acquainted with Stannary Law and was second to none as a pleader in these courts". (Royal Cornwall Gazette 18/4/1874). The Stannary Law was the corpus of traditional law which governed mining operations in Cornwall. The Hockin family as a whole are known to have had mining interests.

His wife, Joanna Phillips Hockin, born around 1819, was the daughter of Captain James Tilly, a commander in the famous H.M. Packet Service which for many years operated out of Falmouth and Flushing, its small neighbour across the estuary. She, one assumes, was the "hostess" on Kilvert's well known river trip down to Tregathnan! She died in 1892 and was buried with her husband in Kenwyn Churchyard, Truro.

The children of Williams and Joanna Hockin were, of course, the cousins of Kilvert's host at Tullimaar. They all, seemingly, remained in relative obscurity except Henry Williams Hockin, recorded in the census list, above, who entered his father's firm as a solicitor. Widely known as "Puffer Hockin" from a mannerism of blowing out his cheeks, his chief claim to fame became the fire-service and not the legal profession!

He was made a junior fireman in 1871, the year after Kilvert's visit. Then, as the Truro Centenary booklet tells us:- "in 1886 the brigade came under the command of Captain H.W. Hockin, who remained in charge for 40 years. In 1912 he was one of a delegation of six, from the British Fire Prevention Committee, to attend an International Fire Congress in St. Petersburg, at the invitation of the Imperial Russian Fire Service Society". In 1922, he was created a freeman of the City of Truro, only the seventh such on the roll. His obituary notice also records that he was a prominent freemason and "very kind to the poor". (Royal Cornwall Gazette 18/12/1929). His photograph still hangs in the Small Committee Room in the Municipal Buildings, Truro. He died in 1929, aged 81, and was the only one of the Hockin children to be buried with his parents. He was an intriguing character and one hopes that he, too, was a member of that memorable river trip of Kilvert's!

Some time after her husband's death in 1874, and certainly before 1881, Joanna Hockin and her daughters moved out of Truro and away to Flushing. It is perhaps not surprising that she moved to Flushing, since there she was in her "native parts". She and her daughters, occupied a waterside house called "Little Falmouth" part of the well-known Trefusis Estate. After her death in 1892, the daughters continued to live there. Some time in the 1930's "Little Falmouth" was demolished on account of its age and the daughters moved locally to Grove Cottage, now called "Devil's Roost", which still stands in Flushing.

Not all the daughters mentioned in Kilvert's Diary survived to that time, however. Miss Emily died in 1903, aged 62 years; Miss Charlotte died in 1924, aged 72 years; and Miss Agatha died in 1936, in her eighties. None of the daughters ever married. They are all buried in the churchyard of St. Gluvias, Penryn, just a little way up the river from Flushing.

"The Hockin Sisters" are still remembered by the older inhabitants of Flushing, especially the younger ones - Elinor (Eleanor) and Agatha, whom Kilvert met. Agatha is remembered as short, squat and with a slight deformity, such as a hunched back. She is said to have been "odd in the head". (One recalls the tantrum she threw when Kilvert wished to kiss her at the age of 14!) One old lady even claims to remember Miss Charlotte - "tall, with her hair taken up over her head". The "Hockin Sisters" are certainly remembered as "the local gentry".

With the Hockin Sisters, there lived for many years, their niece, Lilian Williams Hockin, eventually to become, on marriage, Lilian Watson. She was buried in 1957, in the nearby Mylor Churchyard, close to the sun-dial memorial to the novelist Howard Spring. Through her, other knowledge has come of the Hockin Sisters.

It has proved possible to find and read the will of Lilian Hockin and, through it, to trace further members of the Hockin family in South-East England. These contacts have added to our knowledge of the genealogy of the Hockin family. Moreover, photos in their possession have proved of great interest. The most memorable of these is, perhaps, one of "Puffer Hockin", surrounded by his sisters. Although they were, by then, old ladies, the photo clearly shows Miss Charlotte, Miss Emily and Miss Agatha and is possibly the only extant record of their features.

A more personal item is the sketchbook of watercolours, painted by Miss Charlotte herself. This gem of a book shows Miss Charlotte to have been no mean artist. It came into the possession of Michael Trinick, O.B.E. Regional Director of the National

Trust for Cornwall and Kilvert Society Member, whose parents were formerly neighbours of Lilian Hockin.

Through his kind loan of this album, it was possible to show it to Society members at a meeting in 1984. Also, a full, colour, photographic record of the album has now been made by John Hockin, which will serve to keep it fresh in the minds of Society members.

Miss Charlotte's album consists of around 120 watercolours, most seeming as fresh as the day they were painted. All show scenes, most of them indentifiable. They range from the Channel Islands to the North of Scotland. Few are of direct Kilvertian interest. Exceptions are the opening painting of Phillack Rectory, (home of Reverend Frederick Hockin, another uncle of Kilvert's Cornish host) and to which Kilvert describes his visit. Another is "The Ferns", Taunton, which became the eventual home of William Hockin of Tullimaar.

Only two watercolours are dated. One, of Glenthorne, Lynton, Devon, is dated July 13th. 1870, only nine days before Miss Charlotte's meeting with Kilvert. It is followed by a sketch of Mullion. How nice if that were done on that memorable trip to Mullion, of 22nd. July, 1870, when, as Kilvert records:- "At the Cove, we parted from the ladies, leaving them to sit on the rocks and sketch and return at their leisure". !!

A Footnote on "Tullimaar". This splendid house, where Miss Emily and Miss Charlotte first met Kilvert, was for sale earlier this year, at a price, it is said, of around £200,000. The sale catalogue records:- "Well situated on high ground, the house was built circa 1828 by Benjamin Sampson, a manager of a local powder factory. Sarah Parkin, mistress of King George III, spent her last years at Tullimaar. During the Second World War, General Eisenhower stayed at the house during the preparations for the D-Day landings at Normandy. The famous diarist, the Reverend Francis Kilvert, describes life at Tullimaar in 1870 during his stay there. In 1957, it became the home of Prince and Princess Ghika-Commenesti (the great, great grand-daughter of the Emperor Napoleon) and of Princess Bibesco for 17 years".

"Tullimaar" was eventually purchased by William Golding, Nobel prize-winner and well-known author of such books as "Lord of the Flies", "The Inheritors" and "Rites of Passage". Mr. Golding has Cornish connections and was born in Newquay in 1911, the son of a schoolmaster.

Acknowledgement: This article could not have been written without the kind co-operation of John Hockin, who, as always, has been most generous in his sharing of information about the Hockin family.

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STOP PRESS, ESPECIALLY FOR WILTSHIRE MEMBERS - Rev. J.C. Day (Rector of Pewsey) tells me that Mr. Kenneth Clew will give an illustrated lecture on the Diary on Thursday, October 24th. at the Foresters' Hall, Pewsey, at 7. 30 p.m.

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KILVERT AND KINGTON by Sidney Ball (Swindon)

Thanks chiefly to the organising zeal of our Hon.Secretary, K.S.Services are held in some very interesting places. This autumn service will be no exception. Kington St. Michael held much of interest for our diarist. Not only did Francis Kilvert visit Kington frequently, as shown by the several references in the diary; he lived there for a while after his ordination, and before going to Clyro (Vol.3.p.152). Francis knew the village well, including the outlying tithing of Easton. On a holiday visit in August, 1871 "...Edward Awdry walked with us to Easton Pierse, by the old paths...so familiar to me". (Vol.2.p.20).

Members at the Kington St. Michael Service will be in the church where Kilvert's grandfather, eccentric old Squire Coleman, regularly worshipped. "...and he was so punctual that the village folks at Kington used to set their clocks by the Squire". (Vol.2.p.403). This was that Walter Coleman (1776-1843) whose wife, Thermutis Ashe, brought the Ashe ancestry into our diarist's family. She pre-deceased Walter many years.

The manor house of Kington St. Michael was anciently a grange of Glastonbury Abbey. At the Dissolution of the Monasteries, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the estate of Kington St. Michael was procured by Nicholas Snell, who had been Bailiff of the last Abbot of Glastonbury. The Wiltshire antiquarian, John Aubrey, said that Snell greedily enclosed the late Abbot's park and other lands in Kington, land previously used as common lands by smallholders. Male descendants of the Bailiff Snell held Kington St. Michael until the death of the last male of this branch, Sir Charles Snell, in 1651. The estates were then divided between Sir Charles's three sisters and their heirs.

Kington St. Michael being the parish of his Coleman forebears, Francis Kilvert was "musing and praying among the graves of my forefathers". (Vol. 3. p.152). He was thinking of Colemans, Powers and Sadlers. But did he know that among his ancestors were members of the Snell family? My researches show that Francis was tenth



in descent from the rapacious Bailiff (above) who acquired Kington at the Dissolution.

Kilvert's mother told him of the old village tradition that during the plague so few people passed that the street of Kington St. Michael was green with grass. (Vol. 2. p. 344). This plague was in 1582 and lasted from the 4th. of May until the 6th. of August. I wonder how the Colemans fared then? They were there in Tudor times.

We know that Francis Kilvert often helped the Vicar of Kington St. Michael, the Rev. Edward Awdry. On the 7th. of September, 1873, this gave Francis a very busy Sunday. "Twice at the Sunday School, two full services and sermons and churching service at Langley.." and after this he preached a sermon at Kington St. Michael in the evening! (Vol. 2. p. 367).

Members will see in Kington St. Michael church a window that was new in Kilvert's time. The Mascall sisters objected to Mrs. Prodgers and her children being portrayed in this window (Vol. 3. p. 150). When Kilvert saw the window he did not think the likeness to Mrs. Prodgers offensive. (Vol. 3. p. 152).

Mrs. Prodgers was nee Emily Sibella Phillpots. Born in 1832, she was the eldest daughter of Canon Phillpots of Porthgadden, Truro. She married in 1860 Herbert Prodgers. He, born in 1835, was the second son of the Rev. Edwin Prodgers, Rector of Ayot St. Peter, Herts.

Mr. Prodgers's family claimed descent from the 14th. century William ap Jenkin alias Herbert of Gwarindee, Monmouthshire. William ap Jenkin had 4 sons, from whom came several Welsh families of distinction, including the famous Herberts. From William ap Jenkin's eldest son came the Proger family, of whom the most distinguished was "Ned" Proger, the trusted servant and ally of King Charles II.

Of the numerous branches of the Prodgers, the only branch remaining in the male line in the 19th. century was that of Herbert Prodgers of Kington St. Michael. It occurs to me that his Christian name was given because of his common ancestry with the Herbert family, Earls of Pembroke, etc. We may see the Herbert "arms" in so many churches, houses and castles in Wales and in England. The Prodgers family arms were similar - "per pale, three lions rampant, two and one....."

Herbert Prodgers bought the manor house of Kington St. Michael in 1863, and had the house rebuilt. He also had a school built for the village children. He was an officer in the Wilts Yeomanry and a J.P.

The Prodgers family motto was "Devouement sans bornes" - "Devotion without limits". Mr. and Mrs. Prodgers were certainly a devoted couple. Of their seven children, three are in Kilvert - Gwendoline, Harold and Ronald - who were with their mother at the party at Notton House (Vol. 2. p. 307). I find that the young girl's name was actually spelt Gwendolen. She grew up to marry in 1892 the Hon. John Forbes. When her husband succeeded his father as Baron Sempill in 1905, Gwendolen became Lady Sempill. She died in 1944.

When thinking of Kington St. Michael, we must not forget the tithing of Kington Langley, usually called by Kilvert "Langley Fitzurse". The church there was built when Kilvert was in his teens, and so this part of Kington became a separate parish. There the Colemans had their manor house. And there, too, was the earlier manor house of the Colemans, where Kilvert's great great grandmother was shot at through the window (Vol. 3. pages 107 and 215). This fine old house with its nine-bay front is now called "The Greathouse" and is a Cheshire Home. This is a fitting use for an interesting house in our interesting Wiltshire "Kilvert Country".

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'DEAR ANNIE HILTON'

by Angela Doggett (Hemel Hempstead)

'Mrs. Hilton came from Hay Castle with her maid in an omnibus to stay two days with us', wrote Kilvert in his Diary for 14th. November, 1878. 'I was so very glad to see her again and to see her at Bredwardine in my own house. We lunched tete-a-tete, for Thersie who is going to stay with us could not come till afternoon'. (Dora, who usually kept house for her brother, was at home at Langley Burrell recuperating after an illness). 'I took Mrs. Hilton into the garden and the Church', he continues, 'and she was delighted with everything'. Unfortunately, he was suffering from a painful attack of 'emerods' as he calls them and had to rest on the

library sofa all the next day. However, 'Thersie and Mrs. Hilton were both most kind. I do not know what I should do without them. In the evening I read to them some of my poems'.

The following morning, 'The omnibus from Hay came for Mrs. Hilton about 10.45 and she left us at 11. I was very sad to part with her. I have enjoyed her visit very much. She has been so nice and sweet and kind and sympathizing'. Then, rather surprisingly, he adds, 'I asked her for a bit of her hair before she went away and she gave me some'. Two days later, a letter arrived from Mrs. Hilton, now at Llysdimam. No doubt this was to thank Kilvert for his hospitality, and that is the last we hear of her.

Who was Mrs. Hilton? Almost certainly the wife of Richard Hilton, banker, of Preston House, Faversham, Kent. (See Grice. Who's Who in Kilvert's Diary). Earlier in 1878, Kilvert and his sister Fanny had gone to stay with the Hiltons immediately after attending the London wedding of their brother, Teddy, on June 6th. Kilvert had to return to Langley Burrell the next day and writes, 'Mrs. Hilton and Fanny walked me across the lawn and bridge to the train at 9.10 for Victoria. It was a lovely morning. I was very sorrowful to go away but neither of us said much, it was too sad to talk and we were both heavy-hearted'.

Two years previously, he had stayed at Preston House by himself, in between resigning the curacy of Langley Burrell and taking up the living of Bredwardine. 'This afternoon I went to Faversham by Herne Hill to stay with the Richard Hiltons ....' he writes on June 26th. 1876. 'Dear Annie Hilton came to Faversham Station to meet and welcome me and brought me into the Paradise of Preston House where we walked in the beautiful gardens and over the soft green lawns ... and took sweet counsel of former days and things new and old'. The next morning, 'Mr. Hilton took me for a walk round his demesne ... At noon, I became a Canterbury pilgrim and went to Canterbury ... by train'. We don't know how much longer he spent with the Hiltons because this entry is followed by the eighteen-month gap in the Diary, thought to have been made by Kilvert's wife. Probably the missing pages contained an account of their first meeting in Paris and possibly of Kilvert's resumed courtship of Katherine Heanly during the following year. Were there also some more remarks about Mrs. Hilton which Mrs. Kilvert preferred others not to read?

Mrs. Hilton's first and only other appearance in the Diary is back in 1872, when Thersie and Dora were visiting their brother in Clyro. On the 18th. of September, he writes, 'At 2.30 we all drove to Llanthomas with Mrs. Hilton'. He continues that she 'was very kind and stayed as long as she possibly could that she might take us home again in the carriage'. He was, of course, in love with Daisy Thomas at this time and at her insistence he and Dora stayed on for another game of croquet. Walking home later, they overtook Mrs. Venables, Mrs. Hilton and a Miss Ward by Peter's Pool, Clyro. Describing the Harvest Festival decorations in Clyro Church a week later, he says that they were the work of Mrs. Venables and Mrs. Hilton.

The Index to the Diary distinguishes between Hilton, Mrs. (Hay) and Hilton family, (Faversham), almost as though there were two Mrs. Hiltons. It seems much more likely that the Mrs. Hilton who lived at Faversham was the same lady who also visited friends or relations (presumably the Bevans and the Venables) in the Hay district. If she had been resident there, Kilvert would surely have mentioned her more often in his report of the various church and social activities. The fact that he seems to have been carrying on a mild flirtation with her at both Faversham and Bredwardine also suggests that the same lady was involved in both places.

It would be very interesting to know more about Mrs. Hilton. Did her friendship with Kilvert date from an earlier period in their lives, when she was still unmarried and before he had begun to keep his Diary?

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FRANCIS KILVERT AND NEW ZEALAND : SOME UNEXPECTED LINKS

by Lyndall Hancock (Dunedin, New Zealand)

A ship that burned

Of the two actual mentions of New Zealand in the Diary, one is in connection with the burning of the emigrant ship Caspatria (iii, 127). Unfortunately either Kilvert or Plomer spelt the name wrongly, for it was in fact the Cospatrick, a teak-built ship of 1220 tons which burned west of the Cape of Good Hope on November 17th.

1874, on her way to New Zealand. Of the 473 persons on board, only 5 were found 10 days later and 2 of these died soon afterwards.

In the year before she burned, the Cospatrick made her first and only voyage to New Zealand. She arrived at Port Chalmers, down the harbour from Dunedin, in July 1873 and she anchored in the Quarantine Ground beside Quarantine Island - not through any illness among her passengers, fortunately, but because she carried powder in her cargo and this had to be unloaded first, well away from the wharves. Her stay at Port Chalmers was uneventful and 7 weeks later the Cospatrick had reloaded and sailed for London.

One of the 3 final survivors of the burning in 1874 was the second mate, Henry McDonald. His luck still held some years later, for in 1882 he again sailed for New Zealand in the Benvenue and survived when she was driven against cliffs in heavy seas at the port of Timaru, and totally wrecked.

#### A letter from afar

On page 2 of "The Diary of Francis Kilvert, April-June 1870" (the Sandford Notebook) is recorded a small incident which Plomer chose to omit and which also seems to have escaped the sharp attention of the editors.

At Whitney on April 27, 1870, Kilvert read a letter from Arthur Dew who had written it "from Auckland where he is in the Liverpool with the flying squadron... it was well written and amusing". To my New Zealand eyes, this sentence looked very promising indeed.

The naval Flying Squadron, I found, was sent out from England in 1869 to show the flag around the world while distributing 148 officers and 200 boys to various British naval outposts. The screw frigate Liverpool was the Squadron's flagship.

The first New Zealand visit was to Lyttelton, the port for Christchurch, and from there the Squadron moved north to Wellington and north again to Auckland. On Feb. 3rd. 1870, an Auckland newspaper carried the story of the arrival the previous day, and a long description (copied from Australian papers) of each of the 6 vessels in the Squadron. Included were hundreds of names of all those above a certain rank. Under the Liverpool, all the officers were named in descending order of rank, finishing with the 19 midshipmen and "2 naval cadets, Messrs. Dew and Daley, and 411 seamen and marines".

Subsequent newspaper accounts of the visit were quite brief. The vessels were open for inspection, and entertainments were laid on for the officers, and gun and boat practices were held. Auckland's population at that time was only 13,000, so an influx of 2500 naval men must have made quite a difference. But this isn't reflected in the newspapers. Precedence was given to reports from a new goldfield (which may have influenced the 41 naval deserters at Auckland) and to news of the last of the Maori Wars.

But after the Squadron sailed for Japan on Feb. 9, the real feelings surfaced. The advantages of this visit were incalculable, one reporter wrote sarcastically, for trade had been brought to local butchers and bakers, and the position of Lord Granville (Secretary of State for the Colonies) had been strengthened, and the Maori King Tawhiao had been made to tremble in his shoes, except that he didn't wear any. "Great Britain has shaken her fist at little New Zealand and has gone her way...and has left us unaided, to fight through the difficulties which her mis-management has heaped upon us".

During his week in Auckland, naval cadet Arthur Dew wrote home to his family at Whitney. And nearly 12 weeks later, Kilvert held that same letter in his hands. He isn't specific, but he probably read it at Whitney Rectory and took it with him when he walked on to Whitney Court. Alas, the letter has presumably gone for ever, and we will never know what impression Kilvert must have gained of that faraway land, as seen through a young lad's eyes.

#### Definitely not from "Hamlet"!

In "Kilvert's Cornish Holiday", page 26, are recorded scraps of a literary conversation with Mrs. Hockin on August 1, 1870. And there, sandwiched between Ophelia's words about the owl and the baker's daughter, and Polonius's advice to Laertes, is the curious sentence, "The escape from drowning in New Zealand".

Nothing before, nothing after, that would shed any light on it, Whatever this refers to, is anyone's guess!

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