

THE KILVERT SOCIETY

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

President:

Wynford Vaughan-Thomas, M.A., D.B.E.

Chairman: Rev. D.T.W. Price, M.A., F.R.Hist.S., 65, Bridge Street, Lampeter, Dyfed.
SA48 7AB.

Hon. Treasurer: Harley Dance, 11, Green Lane Crescent, Yarpole, Leominster, Hfds.
Phone 056 885 675. HR6 OBQ.

Subscriptions Treasurer: Hugh Dearlove, Oak House, St. Briavels, Lydney, Glos.

Publications Manager: R.I. Morgan, Heulwen, Castle Gardens, Hay-on-Wye, via Hereford.

Hon. Archivist: G.C. Davies, Flat 1, 16, Aylestone Hill, Hereford.

Hon. Secretary: E.J.C. West, 27, Baker's Oak, Lincoln Hill, Ross-on-Wye, Hfds.
Phone 62994. HR9 5RP.

SEPTEMBER 1986.

Dear Member,

The Clifford Service in 1963 was remarkable in that it was the first time that rain occurred in the 15 years of Society services. Our visit there this year atoned - a lovely day, with folk from far and near filling the nave of the beautifully kept church and "spilling" into the chancel. The service was conducted by Major Bentley. The hymns were sung very heartily - it will be a long time before I forget the zest with which the old favourite "Jerusalem the Golden" was rendered! Our Remembrancer, our member Rev. B. Gillett (Rector of Kingstone) most aptly based his prayers on the Beatitudes, and the preacher, Rev. B. Richards used the text which had been used by both Kilvert (Harvest Festival) and the Dean (the 1963 service) - "I will mention the loving kindness of the Lord". He somewhat startled the congregation by talking of food! But how very fitting when one recalls "Splendid strawberries from the Haigh Allens" and the lists of food provided by those generous hosts at Clifford Priory! Mr. Richards duly proceeded from the material to the spiritual; that man doth not live by bread alone but by God's words too, as Kilvert exemplified in the Diary. Our Chairman and Mr. P. Stutz read the lessons, and we are indebted to Mrs. Lindesay, the organist. As we are too, to Mrs. Bentley and her team of ladies for the sumptuous tea, and to her husband for his warm co-operation regarding all the arrangements for a most enjoyable service!

The Walk the preceding day started with a very heavy shower while the 25 members were eating their picnic lunch. However, the skies cleared, giving wonderful visibility as the party proceeded up from the Rhydspence Inn to walk on the little Mountain, and fine views of Radnor Forest, the Herefordshire plain and of course the Black Mountains were obtained. The return was made via Crowther's Pool. Here - our leader, Mr. Bentley-Taylor, had made arrangements for the party to inspect where "the old patriarch of 90 sat in the huge dark chimney corner feeling rather unwell for the first time in his life". (12 April 1872). The Society is much indebted to Mr. Duncan Cameron, the present owner of the house, for allowing the visit; also, of course, to Mr. Bentley-Taylor for yet another most enjoyable walk!

WEEK-END SEPTEMBER 20TH. - 21ST.

For the Walk on September 20th. our leader will be Mr. Gordon Rogers, our Hon. Auditor. Those intending to take part should meet at midday at the Baskerville Arms (Clyro) car park, with Picnic Lunch. I understand that the Walk will be in the Rhosgoch area.

Service at Hay-on-Wye Church, September 21st. at 3.00 p.m. by kind permission of Rev. Canon I. Ll Davies. The preacher will be our Vice-President, Ven. O.W. Jones, Archdeacon of Brecon. One lesson will be read by Mr. Philip Dawson, grandson of Mary Bevan and great grandson of Rev. W.L. Bevan, and a member of the Kilvert Society; the other by Mr. M. John, a long-standing member of the Society and an official at Hay Parish Church. Our Committee Member, Rev. G.W.S. Rooke, will perform the Act of Remembrance.

As usual, the Ladies of the Parish will provide the tea after the service, and a coach will travel from Hereford Town Hall at 1.25 p.m. Those members and friends wishing to travel on the coach should contact me beforehand. I am afraid I cannot

indicate the cost yet.

With all good wishes,

Yours sincerely,

E.J.C. West

Hon. Secretary.

+ + + + +

OBITUARY

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

Mrs. M. Atherton (Wirral), a member since 1972.

Mr. Ivor Lewis (Mid-Glamorgan), a member since 1966, and a frequent contributor to our newsletters. He had a wide knowledge of Victorian life and literature, and wrote to me not very long ago telling me of his researches into the Civil Service and his intention to incorporate something of "Perch" Kilvert, who followed that career. He also mentioned his approaching marriage, and I am informed he died just one week after that event.

Mrs. Margaret Mathers (Hay), a member since 1968, when she was living in Birmingham and used to arrange meetings for members living in that area. On retiring to Hay, she became a Committee member and undertook the supervision of the Kilvertiana exhibited in the library there. Three years ago she was obliged to retire because of ill health, and was made an Honorary Life Member in recognition of her sterling service to the Society. It was a testament to her delightful personality that many K.S. members attended the memorial service for her at Hay.

We extend our sympathy to the bereaved.

+ + + + +

PUBLICATIONS

The latest of Mr. Kenneth Clew's admirable mini-guides is on Brobury, and follows the pattern of its predecessors, giving details of how to get there by public transport and a history of the parish and the church. There are also the usual references to Kilvert and the Kilvert Society - and I can vouch for the "advertising" value of the latter reference! A sketch map shows what Mr. Clew calls "one of Kilvert's favourite walks", from Brobury to Monnington via Brobury Scar, a walk which even today must be as rural and unspoilt as it was a hundred years ago.

With this mini-guide Mr. Clew has now produced a complete series of the churches on the Welsh Border associated with Kilvert, and he is to be warmly congratulated for his efforts, not least for providing church funds from the sale of the mini-guides. Copies of the Brobury mini-guide, which costs 20p. can be obtained by sending a stamped addressed envelope (at least 9" by 4" to Mr. H.H. Entwisle, West End, The Old Rectory, Moccas, Hereford. HR2 9LA. Also obtainable from the same address are:-

Bredwardine mini-guide costing 25p. (same size envelope) and "Kilvert's Bredwardine", a booklet of places and people that Kilvert knew, costing £1 plus a stamped addressed envelope at least 8½" by 6". This is a reprint of the booklet first issued in 1979 to celebrate the centenary of the diarist's death.

The Century illustrated edition of the Diary has, I understand, sold well in the Welsh Border. Our Chairman appeared on Harlech TV to speak about Kilvert. One of our members sent me a copy of the review of the edition in "Private Eye", and another a copy of the review in a Sunday Colour Supplement. One paragraph in the former made the excellent point that the diary makes its own picture in the mind, and that the illustrations in many instances are merely a distraction. The latter review referred to Kilvert's flower photographs (!!!) and the heading was "Temptations of the flesh and pressed flowers"! "Thank goodness", wrote the member, "that Barry Smith put the record straight"! (He was, of course, referring to Mr. Barry Smith's review in our June newsletter).

E.J.C.W.

KILVERT - A NEGLECTED GENIUS by Frederick Grice.

(Our Chairman, the Rev. D.T.W. Price, is at present sorting the papers which form the archives of the Kilvert Society. Recently he came across the following paper, which was given to the A.G.M. of the Society in April 1973 by our late Chairman. Mr. Price had hoped to include the paper in his Frederick Grice Memorial Booklet, but he was unable to obtain a copy at the time. The Chairman considers that this is one of Mr. Grice's finest pieces of writing on Kilvert, and it is reproduced here in the confident belief that it will be of great interest to Kilvert Society members, new and old).

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,

Let me say at the outset that I look upon your invitation to me to address the Kilvert Society as a very great honour. In my title I have described Francis Kilvert as a neglected genius, but your presence here in such numbers is almost a disproof of my wording. Here he is by no means overlooked, and I would like to pay a tribute to the Society and especially its officers for not only keeping the memory of Kilvert alive, but for so assiduously collecting and making available to students the fruits of their researches. For all students the transactions of the Society, published regularly in its newsletters, will be an indispensable source book of research material; and for this we have largely to thank our secretary, Mr. Prosser, the most devoted, the best informed and the most helpful Kilvertian of all. I owe another debt of gratitude to our President, Dr. Plomer, who has given equally freely of his time and unrivalled knowledge.

It is very likely that in the course of my talk I shall go over ground that is familiar to you, and that I shall make some errors of fact and judgement. I hope you will forgive me if I utter too many commonplaces, and correct me if I make too many blunders.

I have two assertions to substantiate, and had better begin on them, by drawing attention to the resemblance between Kilvert and several other famous writers. John Millington Synge, the great Irish dramatist, mistakenly thought at one time of his life that he would best find fame in a cosmopolitan capital such as Paris, until W.B. Yates persuaded him to leave France and settle as far from fashionable literary circles as he could - in the remote Aran Islands. And it was there that Synge found at last a land and a people with whom he was in complete sympathy, and who inspired him to do his best work. William Wordsworth, after many years of frustration and discontented wandering, found that the land of his heart's desire was the very land that he had turned his back upon. His life acquired significance and purpose when he resettled in the Lakeland of his birth. For Thomas Hardy the Wessex of his early years was to provide the theme of his best work. Among these fortunate men who were lucky enough to find themselves in a land that stirred their hearts and nourished their imagination we must rank Francis Kilvert. It was a fortunate day for him when he came to be the curate of Clyro.

He found himself in a land that charmed and delighted him, and in an unexpected way, answered the deepest needs of his nature; a land that was to him what the Haworth moors had been to Emily Bronte, the borderland to Scott, and the Lakes to Wordsworth. Remote, rural, and undisturbed by most of the changes that were transforming Britain. Radnorshire was yet a region of bold and dramatic contrasts.

In the first place it was, what it remains today, par excellence a border county. East of Clyro the land falls away abruptly. As we move into Herefordshire the hills diminish and dwindle, and within a few miles we find ourselves in a rich pastoral landscape of lush pastures, picturesque villages, herds of placid fat cattle, hopfields, cider orchards and half timbered farmsteads. Even the weather seems to alter. Clouds lift and skies clear.

But west of Clyro lies another landscape, the Welsh landscape of massive hills, bare fells, sombre brown mountains, small fields, hidden waterfalls, impoverished hill farms with herds of small hardy cattle and flocks of small boned sheep; and the sounds that fill the air are the rushing of fast-flowing brooks, the calling of curlews, plovers and ravens, the bleating of ewes and lambs. Here the landmarks have retained their difficult Welsh names, and Whitney and Clifford and Peterchurch and Monnington have given way to Aberedw, Builth, Glascwm, Bryngwyn and Llanbedr; and the way of life is not that of lowland farmers with centuries of pacific prosperity behind them, but of a mountain people who have known oppression and poverty, clinging to their ancient racial pride, their unmercenary mode of living, their stubborn unfashionable eccentricities. Here England and Wales met, and still meet, in a colourful fusion of culture, language and behaviour that fascinated and excited Kilvert, and made him a great writer.

In many ways his parishioners were stubborn and difficult to teach. With humour and self deprecation he often records his failure to make plain to them even the most elementary lessons of his religion.

At the Scripture Lesson at the School this morning, asking Eleanor Williams of Paradise, "What happened on Palm Sunday?" she replied, "Jesus Christ went up to heaven on an ass". This is the promising result of a long struggle to teach her something about the Festivals of the Church. Vol. 2. 146-7.

His inveterate truthfulness compels him also to record, even in his most idyllic mood, elements of violence and vindictiveness that lie close to the surface. There is in the first volume of the diary (p.227 et seq) a very interesting and revealing passage. It begins with an account of the decoration of the Church at Clyro for the coming Harvest Festival Service. His parishioners are helping him.

We were busy all day dressing the Church or preparing decorations... Mrs. Price and Miss Elcox had got a quantity of wild hops from their fields and were arranging bright red apples for ornaments... The schoolmaster, the boys and I gathering stringed ivy from the trees in the Castle Clump. The Miss Baskervilles dressing the hoops for the seven window sills with flowers and fruit... Then Cooper came down with his men carrying magnificent ferns and plants and began to work in the chancel. One fine silver fern was put in the font. Gibbins undertook the font and dressed it very tastefully with moss and white asters under the sweeping fronds of the silver fern...

It is late before they finish and Kilvert goes back to his room in Ashbrook House to write.

As I sat writing at 9.30. thinking how quiet it was for a fair night, I heard a woman's voice outside calling to a man to come on. She kept on calling in a strange excited hurried voice. For some minutes I heard nothing else. Then some distance up the village the man's voice, deep, wrathful, dangerous, like the voice of a wild beast. His anger seemed to be rising as he came. He came nearer and nearer and passed the house swiftly. His voice, hitherto deep and suppressed like a growl, rose suddenly into a roar. The woman seemed to rush into a house for I heard a door violently slammed. The man raged and roared round the house like a savage beast, cursing the inmates, threatening to break the house open and kick the door down if they did not bring the woman out to him. Then he grew quiet for a moment and seemed to be prowling round the house in the dark trying to get in, but failing in this he burst into fury again and raged and roared and cursed as before...

Kilvert in his diary records many other acts of violence and savagery, of unpardonable cruelty towards the young, the unfortunate and the deranged (and it is to his credit that he does not flinch from recording them): but his attitude to his parishioners is not one of censure but of admiration and affection. Mrs. Essex Hope in an article on 'Radnorshire Legends and Superstitions' which was published in The Occult Review in 1921 (long before the diary was even considered for publication) quotes an interesting passage from Kilvert which was unfortunately not included in the selection made by Dr. Plomer.

The people of Clyro are still sufficiently Welsh to be suspicious of strangers, and an Englishman would probably not be thoroughly liked and trusted until he had lived some years in the country. But there is not in Radnorshire the same hostility and bitterness of feeling that is still shown towards the Saxon in many parts of Wales. In fact the people, as a whole, are singularly civil, courteous and obliging, and this pleasant characteristic is not merely superficial, for to those who are kind to them they are demonstrative and really affectionate.

Over and over again Kilvert is impressed by the natural courtesy and unforced good breeding of these untutored people.

(At Rhos Goch) a handsome young man with a fine open face, fresh complexion and dressed as a miller, was having a romp with a little girl before the door. He said his name was Powell, his father was dead and he carried on the business, and with the most perfect politeness and well-bred courtesy asked me to come in and sit down. Vol. 1. 68.

Then I set my face up the hilly road amongst the mountains to walk to Llanidloes. Down the mountain road past the tall chimneys of the lead mines there came rushing a flock of mountain sheep out of North Wales. The sheep were followed by a dog and a tall handsome young farmer, a man who, with all the beautiful and native Welsh courtesy, answered my questions..... Vol. 3. 293,

and speaking of the home of Florence Hill

I felt at home at once in this dear kind family circle. There was an air of delicate courtesy, refinement and high breeding that I have looked for in vain in many grander homes. All were simple, natural and at their ease. All were courteous, considerate and attentive, and unaffectedly happy to see me and welcome me as a friend of the family. I felt that I was in a congenial atmosphere..... Vol. 3. 278.

The essential nature of Kilvert's response to the land and people of Radnorshire can perhaps best be appreciated by comparing it with the reaction of another gifted and imaginative clergyman who, many years later, also found himself in a remote parish on the Welsh border. The Rev. R.S. Thomas, one of the most distinctive poets of our time, lived for some years in a lonely Montgomery parish, and he has on many occasions spoken of his dismay at being confronted with that he calls the 'muck and blood, spittle and phlegm' of life there. Though Thomas grew to admire the stubborn tenacity of his hill-farmers and their power to endure what would overwhelm feebler men, he had to struggle to reconcile himself to the dirt and ignorance, poverty and squalor that he saw all round him. But Kilvert, more buoyant, impulsive and appreciative, is exhilarated by the beauty of the landscape, the natural handsomeness of the people, their warm imaginative natures. His own poetic nature is nourished by their ancient poetic rituals (flowering the graves, dressing the Church, lighting fires on the hillside for the new year); their unconventional language; their stories of fairies, giants and heroes; their superstitions, notions of good and bad luck, cures and folk songs; by the presence of powerful natural forms, by the beautiful secret land that provided a refuge for the unconventional and the eccentric.

It seems at first sight surprising that a man with Kilvert's background and education should feel so close an affinity with these humble and isolated people. I think it surprised Kilvert himself, and led him to wonder at times if there was some undivulged strain in his ancestry that had engendered this unusual sympathy. Remembering a happy day at Builth he wrote

How pleasant and happy it was once more to be in the midst of the throng of the kindly merry Builth market folk in the sunny afternoon home returning, the pretty smiling fair-haired girls coming in with their heavy market baskets, the good-humoured crowding, the courteous apologies and giving way, the lively animated talk, how different from England. Wales, sweet Wales. I believe I must have Welsh blood. I always feel so happy and natural and at home amongst the kindly Welsh. Vol. 3. 167.

Kilvert might have discovered the answer is he had looked, not into his ancestry, but his own nature. He was a more complex character than is generally assumed, and more complex than he himself knew; and the truth may be that Radnorshire was the geographical equivalent of his divided nature.

It may seem nonsensical to speak of divisions in the nature of so candid and ingenuous a man as Kilvert, but there are suggestions that from time to time he was disturbed by inner conflicts about which he did not care to be too explicit - perhaps which he himself did not wholly understand. He was the son of a respectable bourgeois family, well-to-do, well-connected and not without money (though he himself was not well-off at Clyro), a family of clergymen who seem to have carried out their duties with great integrity. He had grown up in the house of a gentleman, had received a gentleman's education, and his life in Clyro and Wiltshire was the life of a middle class cleric, accepted by the most highly connected families and moving among them with ease and confidence. Yet this way of life he did not find wholly congenial. He is an unwilling partaker in the favourite diversions of his class. He does not shoot or hunt, fishes rarely, and prefers walking. The whole pattern of provincial bourgeois life he finds at times intolerable, "cumbrous, stiff, vulgarly extravagant, artificial, unnatural". Vol. 1. 235.

This reluctance to participate does not arise from a lack of vigour or spirits. Although in his later years he is a prey to many minor ailments, when he first presents himself to us in his diary he is a healthy and very energetic young man, with easily aroused affections. And the girls who aroused these affections may have done so, because for him they represented a life from which he was debarred by his upbringing and his calling, the less inhibited, and more free and passionate life of the Radnorshire peasantry, a less constrained and less artificial mode of living which his alter ego craved.

Kilvert was fortunate enough to find himself in a land that inspired him and responded to the deepest needs of his nature, he was fortunate too in his family

inheritance. Perhaps we have not paid enough attention to the artistic and creative strain in the Kilvert family. Thanks to the Kilvert Society we know that the diarist's father was not only a man of letters and a skilled interpreter of literature (he was a brilliant reader); he was also interested in writing, and left behind him an interesting autobiographical memoir and a fragment of a novel. His sister Emily also left behind her a volume of memories (also published by the Kilvert Society) and a book of water-colours of Indian scenes. I have discovered recently that Kilvert's uncle Edward was not only a delicate water-colourist, but also an author. His 'Eight Papers on Ritualism' were published in Bath in 1867; it may be a surprise to you to learn too that Kilvert's aunt Sophia, the wife of Francis Kilvert the elder, tried her hand at poetry. The Reference Library at Bath possesses - or used to possess (they could not find it for me though it was in the catalogue) four MS poems by her. We know too that the creative strain survived in Mrs. Essex Hope, Kilvert's niece, who was responsible for the article in the Occult Review from which I have quoted, and who, in her day, won considerable notice as a novelist.

But the most prolific writer in the family was Kilvert's uncle, the Rev. Francis Kilvert of Claverton Lodge. He is the only member of the family to figure in the Dictionary of National Biography, and his reputation was apparently impressive enough to entitle him to a substantial entry, in which attention is drawn not only to his antiquarian interests but also to his dedication to literature. He was a leading member of the Bath Literary Club, an essayist and a poet.

It may well be that Francis Kilvert, the Antiquary, as he is sometimes called, was a major influence on the diarist. Recent discoveries have made it almost certain that the nephew studied at Claverton Lodge, and spent his most formative years in close contact with his learned and literary uncle. This may be the explanation of one aspect of Kilvert that has only rarely been commented on - his extraordinary familiarity with a wide range of English poets. In all probability it was Francis Kilvert the elder who opened the young man's eyes to the beauties of English Poetry, and engendered in him that poetic grace that lightens and irradiates so much of his prose.

It is this quality in Kilvert's prose that I would like to illustrate first. Here are a few random examples of prose so heightened and coloured that they read like poems:-

As I sit writing in my bedroom and looking from the window at the glorious morning spread upon the mountains the Wye valley is filled full of mist from side to side. Out of the great white fog sea rises an island ridge of trees above Wye Cliff, and one great solitary fir stands up alone like an isolated rock and stems the tide of the rolling mist... Everything is swamped and gone down in the bright rolling flood which tosses and heaves and seems to dash itself in spray against the mountain sides.
Vol. 3. 80.

Opposite our South terrace windows towers a glorious ash, ivy-muffled to its throat, while its boughs gracefully fall in drooping showers all about it like a woman's hair softly flowing, or the arched cascade of water falling from the jet of a fountain.
Vol. 3. 121.

The lurid copper smoke hung in a dense cloud over Swansea, and the great fleet of oyster boats under the cliff was heaving in the greenest sea I ever saw.
Vol. 2. 187.

A stout brown hare started out of the young plantation and ran down the slope as if she had an evil conscience about larches, the sun shining on her clean brown fur and white scut.
Vol. 1. 129.

Dr. Plomer once told me that he had seen a copy of Kilvert's Diary that had belonged to Arthur Waley, the famous translator from the Chinese; and opposite one passage he had written 'like a chinese poem'. One of the characteristics of Chinese poetry is of course its economy of detail. Economy, brevity, etc. are hardly the qualities to expect from a Victorian, but they can be found in the best of Kilvert. He is, of course, capable of long sustained passages of narration and description. The well-known account of the funeral of Maria Kilvert in Worcester is like a chapter out of a brilliant novel; and the equally famous account of the flowering of the graves at Clyro is worthy of inclusion in any anthology of great nineteenth century prose. But Kilvert is also a great miniaturist, capable of conjuring up a scene in a sentence or two, as in that vivid picture I have quoted about the hare running out of the plantation.

A stout brown hare started out of the young plantation and ran down the slope as if she had an evil conscience about larches...

How brilliantly those few words capture the demented flight of the hare with its ears laid back and its eyes turned backwards as if to avert some evil influence.

And look at this brilliant little vignette, the kind of passage Arthur Waley must have noticed

At Wern Vawr a girl with green eyes was washing red potatoes in a bowl in the yard...

and this

Near the keeper's cottage the setting sun made a green and golden splendour in the little open glade among the oaks while the keeper and two other men walked like three angels in the gilded mist.

and this slightly longer but still economically written passage which V.S. Pritchett said reminded him of a Constable -

It was a glorious afternoon, unclouded, and the meadows shone dazzling like a golden sea in the glory of the sheets of buttercups. The deep dark river, still and glassy, seemed to be asleep and motionless except where a leaf or blossom floated slowly by. The cattle by the mill splashed and trampled among the rushes and river flags and water lilies in the shallow places and the miller Godwin in a white hat came down with a bucket to draw water from the pool.

For me the telling detail here is the white hat, like the green eyes of the girl contrasting vividly with the red potatoes, the lurid copper smoke hanging over the green Swansea sea, and in the following passage the crimson fire of the Virginia creeper

... the solitary cottages, low-lying on the brook, looked cold and damp, but the apples hung bright in the trees in the cottage gardens, and a Virginia creeper burned like fire in crimson upon the wall ...

A whole chapter could be devoted to Kilvert's skilful use of colour, and his careful observant eye reminds us of the strong artistic strain in the family.

Passages such as these have the completeness and stillness of paintings, but the best of Kilvert's prose has other qualities, of movement, progression, change, alteration of focus - qualities that impart an extra vitality and vibrancy to the writing. Let me try first of all to illustrate those qualities before trying to define them. He is describing a visit to the abandoned house of Whitehall -

Poor Whitehall, sad, silent and lonely, with its great black yew in the hedge of the tangled waste grass-grown orchard with its cold chimney still ivy-clustered... Here were held the quarterly dances. What fun. What merry-makings, the young people coming in couples and parties from the country round to dance in the long room. What laughing, flirting, joking and kissing behind the door or in the dark garden amongst the young folks, while the elders sat round the room with pipe and mug of beer or cider from the Black Ox of Coldbrook hard by. Now all is changed, song and dance still, mirth fled away... There was a deathlike silence about the place, except that I fancied I heard a small voice singing and a bee was humming about among the ivy green...

If Kilvert can be said to have had an eye like a camera, it must have been a highly sophisticated camera, like a television camera that can quickly enlarge or narrow its focus, present us with a wide sweep and then concentrate our attention on a tiny significant detail, as Kilvert focuses ours upon that single industrious singing bee in the ivy.

He uses a similar technique in that wonderful Hardyesque anecdote about the ruined Church of Llanfionfel.

The ruined Church tottered lone upon a hill in desolate silence. The old tombstones stood kneedeep in the long coarse grass, and white and purple flowers nodded over the graves. The door stood open and I went in. The window frames and seats were gone. Nothing was left but the high painted deal pulpit bearing the sacred monogram in yellow letters...

The place was utterly deserted, there was not a sound. But through the ruined windows I could see the white tents of the flower show in the valley beneath...

It is long since the Church has been used, though weddings were celebrated in it after it was disused for other services. There is a curious story of a gentleman who was married here. Some years after, his wife died, and it happened

that he brought his second bride to the same Church. Upon the altar rails she found hanging the lace handkerchief which her predecessor had dropped at the former wedding...

V.S. Pritchett, one of the few good critics to pay passages such as these the attention they deserve had a very perceptive comment in his essay on Kilvert in his 'In My Good Books'.

Kilvert always has these completing realistic touches (such as the bee, the sight of the flower show tents through the ruined window, the memory of the dropped handkerchief, etc) so that a scene is never made top-heavy with the emotion it arouses. His eye and ear are acute; they always seem to be roving over the scene and to hit upon some sight or word which is all the more decisive for having the air of accident. And in literature to convey the chance effects of life without being bizarre is everything.

Pritchett was prompted to write this comment after reading that astonishing scene in the diary in which Kilvert describes the funeral of Anne Grimshaw's daughter Alice at Langley Burrell. It is a very affecting description and this is how Pritchett comments on it.

Kilvert, familiar with rural sorrow and intensely observant, had a perceptiveness uncommon in literature. We can see the mother's distracted face, her cries of guilt and helplessness, her hard despairing eye. And then the afternoon sun shines in the Church and the birds begin to sing in honour of the dead child, and Kilvert, as he reads the service, catches sight of the Squire (the tyrannical Squire Ashe, one of the very few in the diary whom Kilvert cannot bring himself to like). He is dressed in a white hat and a drab suit, dashing fussily across the Churchyard and putting his stick in the grave to see that it is the right depth.

The authenticity of Kilvert's account was brought home to me a few days ago when I went to see the Church in which this incident took place. I thought I would try standing where Kilvert stood during the burial service and observe what could be seen from that point. Sure enough I found that there was an uninterrupted view through a clear window into the Churchyard. Then as I was coming away I met and spoke to a man and his wife who were coming to inspect a grave. The man told me his name was Mr. Cole. His mother and his aunt were both mentioned in the diary, and they had told him many stories of the tyrannical Squire Ashe who used to loiter in his seat in the chancel counting the people who had come to Church, and who had ordered the pulling down of cottages that had interfered with his view from the court. Mr. Cole told me that the squire had two daughters, one of whom took after him and lorded it over the village: but the other was affectionate and charitable and went to work among the people of the East End of London. The daughters had each a little pet dog, one with a blue ribbon round its neck, the other with a red ribbon. I don't think I need to tell you which was which.

Pritchett goes on to draw our attention to one of the most dramatic and vigorous passages in the diary, the visit to Priscilla Price and her step-daughter. They were drinking tea when Kilvert found them.

"Ar Tader, Ar Tader!" cried the idiot. "She means 'Our Father' explained the stepmother. 'She has been wanting to see the clergyman, the gentleman that says 'Our Father'". Prissy detailed to me the story of an illness she had suffered, illustrated by a dramatic performance by the idiot as a running accompaniment. Occasionally in addition to acting the details of the illness, the bursting of a blood vessel, the holding of the head of the invalid, and yelling to the neighbours for help, the idiot roared out an affirmative or negative according to the requirements of the tale. "The blood spouted up", said Prissy. "Yes", thundered the idiot. "She held my head" explained Prissy. "Yes", roared the idiot. "There was no one here but her", said Prissy, "No", shouted the idiot. "They say that Mr. Davies heard her crying for help as far as Fine Street", declared Prissy. "Yes", asseverated the idiot with a roar of pride and satisfaction. "She had to run into the deep snow", said the stepmother. The idiot stepdaughter measured the depth of the snow upon her thigh.

Later Kilvert was asked to read the Testament and pray.

The reading was accompanied by a running fire of ejaculations and devout utterances from Prissy. She put a mat on the floor for me to kneel on and knelt down herself with some pain and difficulty, having sprained her knee. I begged her to be seated. "No", she said, "I will kneel. I must punish the body. Kneel down my dear", she said reprovingly to the idiot. The idiot knelt humbly

down in front of the fire with her head almost in the ashes.

Even more moving is the conclusion of the story of the poor stepdaughter, a passage which Mr. Pritchett could easily have gone on to add. Kilvert visited the family some months later, in June.

At Priscilla Price's the idiot made signs that she was very ill and going to die. She pressed her hand on her side and said, "Puff, Puff". Priscilla interpreted for her, "That means 'die'", she said, "Bom, Bom", said the idiot. "That means the great bell will toll over the grave", said Priscilla. The idiot rose and curtsied profoundly. "That is", said Priscilla, "that after she is dead she will rise and curtsy to everyone who has been good to her". "Yes, yes", said the idiot. "She is not willing for me to die before her", said Priscilla. "No, no!" exclaimed the idiot. "Poor Prissy". "The will of the Lord be done", said Priscilla. "Amen", said the idiot.

Here, I think, we encounter the best of Kilvert - a restrained but authentic compassion for the two humble, fated women, a sincere sense of their essential dignity, and instinctive unmoralising understanding of their untutored goodness and unselfishness, a complete identification with their plight and their stoical even grateful response to the worst that the world can do to them - and a powerful evocation in worlds of superb strength and vigour of a moving scene. All who think of Kilvert as a Tennysonian painter of sweet idyllic rural scenes ought to read again these deeply moving passages.

The assurance and force of this writing are all the more remarkable since Kilvert worked almost entirely without encouragement, without reward or recognition, and without models. He was one of those artists whose destiny it is to work alone, like Van Gogh, who never sold a picture in his life and never knew the encouragement of a public exhibition. Perhaps the nearest analogy to Kilvert is his contemporary, Gerard Manley Hopkins; but Hopkins had at least three enlightened readers. As far as we can tell Kilvert showed his diary to one man only - his friend Anthony Mayhew - and even then he let Mayhew read only one of the less private sections of his diary. It is a measure of Kilvert's artistic integrity that he took so much pains with his writing, though there was no-one to see the finished product but himself.

It is unlikely that he knew nothing of Pepys or Evelyn, but the curious thing is that he makes no mention of them or of any other Diarist except Dorothy Wordsworth, and even then he cannot have read her Grasmere Journal - a diary which in mood and content greatly resembles his - since it was not published until long after his death. The book he received from his mother on his birthday in 1874 was probably Dorothy's 'Recollections of a Tour Made in Scotland'. He seems to have been guided in his writing by the same kind of intuition that governed the lives of the people among whom he lived; the spontaneous grace of their lives is reflected in the spontaneous grace and natural eloquence of his prose.

I have left the second of my contentions - that Kilvert is not only a genius but a neglected genius - very late in my talk, but not because I am in any way uncertain of my ground. The facts are, I think, indisputable.

An account of the life and work of Francis Kilvert the older can be found in the Dictionary of National Biography, but we will look in vain for any information on his more gifted nephew. We know that Dr. Plomer has drawn attention to this oversight, and suggested to the editor that it ought to be remedied. Francis Kilvert the elder was a fine scholar but his fame is surely local only. Francis Kilvert, the diarist, enjoys an international reputation. No action has, however, been taken by the editor, and as far as we know no information has been called for, although a short paragraph by Dr. Plomer has appeared in the last edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

Nor is there any information on Kilvert in the massive Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature. There is a section on Minor Victorian Prose, but Kilvert's name is not there. No Kilvert bibliography exists. There is no guidance for the serious student other than the publications of the Kilvert Society. Some serious and responsible critics have made valuable assessments of the diary - among them are V.S. Pritchett, A.L. Rowse, and Humphrey House - but the Kilvert student has to scratch around before he can find these notices. Perhaps one valuable service we can do, as a Society, for Kilvert students, is the compilation of a list of notices.

But to me the most disappointing feature of studying Kilvert is that we are still, by and large, condemned to read him in extracts only, in spite of the fact that three

of the famous twenty-two notebooks are still in existence. I know that there are great difficulties in the way of publication - difficulties of permission, of copyright and finance, and of course in one case the difficulty of tracking the missing MS. I feel that Dr. Plomer was completely justified in submitting to the public in the first case selections only. No one could foretell the public reaction to the diary. But Kilvert is established now. In spite of the academic neglect of him his diary is a classic, a unique and irreplaceable record, and I am sure that many feel that they would like as much of it as is still in existence. Mrs. Essex Hope describes in her article in the Occult Review Kilvert's tantalizing account of the famous ceremony of the Mari Lwyd - the Blessed Mary - which he presumably saw in Clyro. It was called the 'Feast of the Ass', and was said to be a jumble of three events in Scripture history, each connected with an ass - the journey to Balaam, the Flight into Egypt, and the Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem.

"It was between the Christmasses, and at eight o'clock I was sitting with some other people around the fire, when we heard tramping outside, and a loud knocking on the door, which was locked. There was the sound of a flute a moment later, and a man began singing - I could not distinguish the words - then a few minutes later another man, inside the room, went to the door and sang what was apparently an answer to the song without. Then the door was thrown open, and in walked about a dozen people, headed by a most extraordinary apparition, an animal covered with a flowing sheet, and surmounted by a horse's skull to which a bridle was attached. This apparition, I saw a moment later, was really a man covered with a sheet; his head was bowed down and a skull had been fastened on it..."

What an extraordinary ritual and what a fascinating account! One longs to know more, to be able to read on, to come upon other treasures.

Some time ago Dr. A.L. Rowse, reviewing one of the volumes of the diary in Country Life ended his little essay, as I wish to end my talk, with these words.

"We want every word of Kilvert that we can get". Today that statement is probably more true than ever.

THE REV. CHARLES BRADLEY OF GLASBURY by Jerry Friar (Gloucs).

I read with interest in the February newsletter the Rev. Reed's article about 'Rev. Alford's Wye Vicarage', especially the passing reference to Charles Bradley, the incumbent of Glasbury, who installed Samuel Alford as his curate in residence, whilst he lived in comparative comfort elsewhere. As the writer points out, there seems to have been an evident injustice served on poor Alford and his household of 14, who had to endure living in the cold, damp vicarage for nearly 25 years.

I am able to throw a little light on this matter, as Charles Bradley was the paternal grandfather of A.G. Bradley the travel writer, best known perhaps for his contributions to the Highways and Byways series early this century. For Kilvert enthusiasts, his superb offering 'In the March and Borderland of Wales' should be essential reading, and 'The Romance of Wales' also contains an excellent chapter on Radnorshire. A.G. Bradley writes at length about his grandfather in the autobiographical 'Other Days', and it is possible to piece together some interesting background information about the man who let Kilvert's good friends live in such squalor for so long.

If readers were horrified by the thought of the Alford entourage of 14 souls struggling against the elements in a building that would without doubt be condemned today, then spare a thought for the Rev. Charles Bradley. This gentleman fathered no less than 21 children by two marriages. He was 59 years of age when he installed Samuel Alford at Glasbury in 1848, and I think we can assume that all or most of his copious offspring had been born by then. No wonder, therefore, that Tom Williams had declared the vicarage 'inadequate in size for the reception of the incumbent and his family'.

With one exception, all his sons went to public school and then to Oxford, while nearly all his daughters married. Many of the sons were to attain positions of high distinction in life. One became Dean of Westminster, another a renowned writer on philosophy, and yet another a Professor of Poetry at Oxford. There is no doubting that this was a talented family. The remarkable time spanned by one generation is well illustrated by the fact that Charles Bradley began to send his sons away to school in the 1820's but even in 1869 his youngest was still at Cheltenham College,

and playing cricket against Marlborough College, from which the headmaster, one of his elder half-brothers, was just retiring! With typical restraint, A.G. Bradley remarks only on the 'sustained vitality therein implied'!

Charles Bradley held the incumbency at Glasbury for a total of 47 years, from 1824 until he died in 1871, at the age of 82, when of course the Alford's were required to leave. He achieved considerable fame in his lifetime as a scholar, and as a publisher of many volumes of sermons, which ran to dozens of editions and appeared in Welsh and English. They were widely preached by young clerics throughout the Kingdom, 'in the security of remote country churches'. Indeed it was following the acclaim that accompanied the publication of 'Bradley's Sermons', whilst he was curate in charge at High Wycombe, that preferment came in the form of the living at Glasbury in 1824, when he was 35 years old.

'The Vicarage', says A.G. Bradley, 'was a picturesque little edifice against whose very walls the waters of the Wye flung themselves in all moods. It was quickly condemned as a place of abode by the new incumbent'. Instead he took up residence in the nearby Tudor manor house of Dderw, then owned by Lord Tredegar, and reputed to be one of the finest and oldest farmhouses in Wales. However, 'three or four years of Glasbury was enough for my grandfather. Not that he didn't suit Glasbury, but it certainly didn't suit him, and the sense that his talents were in great part thrown away upon sheep farmers and peasants, must have been overwhelming'. He was opportunely offered the living at St. James, Clapham, with a congregation ready to 'open their arms wide', and it was here that he prospered until he retired to Cheltenham in 1852.

He retained the living at Glasbury however, and 'put in a resident curate of standing and ability'. Elsewhere Alford is referred to as 'a gentleman and a scholar', and there is no doubt that he was held in high esteem by his senior partner.

A.G. Bradley is keen to emphasize that his grandfather was 'no ordinary pluralist. 'As a matter of fact, he spent more on the parish than he ever took out of it'. In addition the curate Alford 'drew the full vicarial stipend'. It is apparent that the Rev. Bradley would descend on the parish annually, usually staying at the Three Cocks Inn, and personally visit all his parishioners, bearing gifts from his wealthy Clapham congregation to be distributed among the poor. It would be interesting to discover whether his curate was also a recipient of these hand-outs!

At any suggestion of Charles Bradley relinquishing his incumbency, the people of Glasbury were adamant we are told. He was 'begged by his parishioners not to do so'. They were 'very proud of him, and his wide reputation'. He preached at Glasbury every year until near the end, and was affectionately remembered as a man 'who made an impression not easily forgotten'.

+ + + + +

HASTINGS' FIRST FISH - 1879 - 1880

(The following passage from Hastings Smith's diary has been sent by his granddaughter Mrs. S. Hooper, to whom we are much indebted for allowing us to print it. This was obviously at the time of Kilvert's marriage).

This was the year of my first rod. It was bought in Worcester and was meant for a very elementary sportsman, for it was shaped like, and could be used as, a walking-stick. Near the handle was a hole in the bamboo; one blew smartly into this hole, and the rod shot out to its full length of three joints. A Japanese production which cost one shilling. It was Sam Cowper-Coles who took me and the rod down to the river under the Scar. (Sam had been a pupil of Uncle Frank's at Bredwardine). There were little schools of chub and dace in the shallow pools under the red gravel stone. After Sam had caught one or two, I, acting under his instructions, caught a small chub. It was my first fish. Sam, who was staying with us at Monnington for the summer holidays, was then nearly fourteen, and to me, a very small boy, he was one of the gods, for he could catch trout with a fly rod and shoot with a full-sized gun. When I next remember Sam, we were both grown-up and he had become agent for Lord Glanusk's property at Hay and also for the Duke of Beaufort's property. He was then married to Lord Glanusk's daughter.

KILVERT MEDLEY
by Sidney Ball (Swindon)

HAY-ON-WYE

With the Autumn Service due at Hay, members should read again Edward West's useful essay in the June 1985 Newsletter, where our Hon. Secretary gives us entries from Mary Bevan's diary for 1870. This shows that Francis Kilvert visited Hay Castle more often than we know from Kilvert's Diary. It shows also that in 1870 Kilvert took the services frequently in the church where the Autumn Service will be held - St. Mary, Hay.

TEDDY BEVAN

Of the numerous Bevans, Teddy was a boy of nine when we first read of him, he having called at Ashbrook House to give F.K. a message (Vol. 1. p. 372). Born at Weymouth in 1861, and educated privately and at Hertford College, Oxford, Edward Latham Bevan was ordained deacon 1886, priest 1887. He was Curate of Holy Trinity, Weymouth, 1886 - 1891, then for six years Chaplain of the Gordon Boys Home, Woking. (The Chairman of the Committee of this Home was Gen. Sir George Higginson, son of Lady Frances Higginson in Kilvert). Teddy Bevan's subsequent career: Vicar of St. John and perp. Curate of St. Mary, Brecon 1897 - 1921; Rural Dean, Brecon 1897 - 1915; Archdeacon of Brecon 1907 - 1923; Consecrated Bishop of Swansea (Suffragan) 29 September 1915; enthroned first Bishop of Swansea and Brecon 14 September 1923. He was also Dean of Brecon and Chaplain to the Territorials. He was MA, Oxford, and also D.D. from 1915.

Members will see from the foregoing that the boy Kilvert knew so well grew up a very busy churchman. But he was, I think, a jovial bishop. He was much amused at some of the odd ways he was addressed in correspondence. I have seen a copy of a letter he wrote to The Times in 1931 about this. He wrote that he hoped that other folk holding official positions were also oddly addressed as "we must be grateful for anything adding to the gaiety of the nation". What a sense of humour this Bishop of Swansea and Brecon had! His letter ended "The Chief Inspector of Taxes in London has introduced a delightful variation, as I find myself addressed as 'MESSRS. SWANSEA and BRECON'".

KILVERT AND THE PRINCE OF WALES

Our diarist wrote much about Edward, Prince of Wales, but never mentioned him in connection with Oxford (in our published diary). Yet they were there at the same time. I don't recall it mentioned before, but Kilvert and the Prince of Wales "went up" to Oxford the same year - 1859 - F.K. to Wadham and the Prince to Christ Church. They were not likely to meet, for during his short time at Oxford, the Prince was closely guarded and forced to keep aloof.

I do know that Lewis Carroll - C.L. Dodgson - met the Prince of Wales. But then Dodgson was a Tutor at Christ Church and met and spoke to the Prince at a gathering at Dean Liddell's home (Alice's father).

On Tuesday, 27th. February 1872, Thanksgiving Services were held throughout Britain, when the Prince of Wales had recovered from a desperate illness. Again, we think of Hay-on-Wye, for Kilvert tells us that on that Thanksgiving day he attended a service at Whitney, then returned by train to Hay and "at 6 o'clock we all went together to Church, except Mary Bevan who had a terrible cold". (Vol. 2. p. 143).

HIGGINSON

We have been told several times in Newsletters that Lady Frances Higginson was the wife of General Sir George Higginson. But he was her son: her husband was also General George Higginson, but not knighted (he died in 1866). Lady Frances's title was a 'courtesy' as daughter of an Earl. Had the 'Lady' been from her husband, Francis Kilvert would have called her 'Lady Higginson' without her christian name. Our diarist knew the niceties of titles! I have checked all the titled folk in Kilvert and Francis seems always correct.

Dr. Mark Doughty wrote to me of an interesting book he found in his Montreal library; this book was written in 1916 by Gen. Sir George Higginson when he was 90. Mark Doughty found this book in Canada, but I could not find a copy in England until eventually my local library got me a copy on loan from the English Reserve Stock Library. The book deals much with the Crimean War, when Sir George Higginson was a Captain in the Guards. Higginson wrote of the terrible privations in the Crimea; he said that the awful green coffee beans gave the men stomach ache. Now read Kilvert's Diary, Vol. 2. p. 42! John Gough, the ex-soldier of Langley, telling Kilvert of the

suffering in the Crimea said "... the coffee served out green to be roasted as the men could over their miserable fires in fragments of shell ... just something to flavour the water". Confirmation from two so different soldiers!

WHY WAS AUNT MARY AT SOUTH CERNEY?

This Aunt Mary was Kilvert's father's only sister, widow of the Rev. John Matthews. We read of her only in the year that she died, 1870, (Vol. 1, pages 45, 61 and 243). But I think that she had been at South Cerney for a long time, as she had been a widow since 1853. To know why Aunt Mary lived at South Cerney, we must know about a benevolent lady of that village a few miles from Cirencester, Glos. This lady was Ann Edwards.

Ann Edwards (nee Hayward) married the curate of South Cerney, the Rev. Isaac Edwards, in 1802. They were poor until 1815, when eleven relatives died and left Ann and Isaac big legacies. Isaac died in 1819, and Ann, a wealthy widow, devoted her life to charitable causes. She helped the Church and the poor and paid for a school and a master's house. She died in 1834, leaving her remaining fortune for the relief of widows and orphans of clergymen in the diocese of Gloucester. Some fine almshouses were built in South Cerney and named "Edwards College". One of the clergy widows who found a haven there was Kilvert's Aunt Mary.

Edwards College still functions in South Cerney - another tangible link with Francis Kilvert and his kin.

THE ZOETROPE

When Francis Kilvert went to help at a children's party at Wye Cliff, he found the house full of children, (Vol. 2. p. 121). "They were looking through a Zoetrope". An advertisement I have seen in an old newspaper described the toy as "The Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life - the Greatest Wonder of the Age. A marvellous optical top, complete with 12 strips of figures, price five shillings". The advertisers, H.G. Clarke & Co. of 2, Garrick Street, Covent Garden, would send the Zoetrope for seven shillings and sixpence, including carriage.

BLISSET

We have two entries under Blisset and one under Blissett in the Index to Vol.3. These should all be under one. "Young Blisset" who came to Cabalva for the salmon netting (Vol. 1. pages 333-335) is the same person as "Freeman Blisset", a Trustee of the Jarvis Charity at Bredwardine (Vol. 3. p. 404). Blissett (farmer) with two t's (Vol. 3. p. 437) is really the Rev. Henry Blisset with one t of Letton Court, Rector of Letton cum Willersley. He was the father of Freeman Blisset.

The Rev. Henry's parents were Joseph Blisset and Elizabeth Freeman. Joseph got the Letton estates through his marriage, and when he died in 1838 these went to his son, the Rev. Henry (1808-93). Henry and his wife Jemima (Hope) called their son John Freeman Blisset, who was born in 1845, but died in 1880 aged only 35. When the Rev. Henry Blisset died in 1893 his estates went to his daughter Margaret and to her husband Tom Millet Dew of Milton Hill, Wiltshire. Margaret and Tom lived at Letton Court, but Margaret died in 1901. Six years later Tom Dew married again. His second wife was Alice Mary Sisum, daughter of Charles Sisum of Garsdon Manor, Wilts. Tom Dew died in 1931 and his widow long outlived him, living at Letton Court. I knew this lady's family, the Sisums of Garsdon Manor, through business connections, but I did not know that one of the family lived at Letton, which I would read about years later in Kilvert's Diary.

CARTER SEEDSMAN

From Bredwardine Vicarage Kilvert wrote on 28 Jan 1878 "Sent Carter a cheque for £1. 8. 1d. for garden seeds", (Vol. 3. p. 363). This, I should think, was the firm of Carter of 237 and 238 High Holborn, London. Seedsman of note, the firm held the Royal Warrant. Their illustrated catalogue was sent to many parts of Britain and abroad. They had stock boxes of vegetable seeds which they would send priced from 5/- to 5 guineas. Kilvert's £1. 8. 1d. would have bought a lot of seeds for the Bredwardine Vicarage garden.

[illegible]

DORA'S WEDDING

Victorian wedding photographs often have a charmingly haphazard look and the one taken when Dora Kilvert married James Pitcairn in July 1879* is no exception. The bride and groom are not even the focal point of the picture but stand slightly to one side. Dora is trim and smiling in her going-away outfit, her husband solemn and

boyish-looking, behind a big moustache.

Of course, one looks straightaway for the Diarist and there he is, stalwart and handsome, standing in the back row, a flower in his buttonhole. Immediately in front of him sits his fiancée, Elizabeth Rowland, not a dashing brunette like Ettie, nor a demure blonde like Daisy but a pleasant, sensible-looking young woman with high cheekbones.

Her future parents-in-law sit nearby; unfortunately Mrs. Kilvert's face is very blurred - perhaps she moved at just the wrong moment. Even so, it is possible to tell that Francis had more of a resemblance to her than to his father. Mr. Kilvert's oval face and slight build are, however, reproduced in his third daughter, Fanny. She is sitting with her back to the bridal couple, looking rather anxious, a small niece or nephew on her lap. Her plumper sister, Emmie, is seen in profile, standing next to Francis. Evidently her husband, the Surgeon-General, was unable to attend.

The eldest sister, Thersie, seems to be hiding away. She is right at the back, in the house-porch, not looking towards the bride and groom, nor the camera, but staring at the ground. Her husband, on the other hand, is well to the fore, standing next to Fanny.

Not surprisingly, the most elegant and fashionable of the lady guests are Squire Ashe's three pretty daughters, Thersie, Syddie and Lucy. Their parents were also present, as were the bridegroom's mother, brother and young sister. She was a bridesmaid, together with Thersie's daughter Florence, and Emmie's Katie, Annie ('the Monk') and Mayndie, all sitting on the ground, wearing large hats.

Also among the guests, according to the report in a local newspaper, were the bride's younger brother, Teddy, and his wife, who was another sister of the bridegroom - but where are they? There is in the photograph an unidentified young woman, who looks not unlike the other Pitcairns. Is she Teddy's wife - and is Teddy himself behind the camera? From what we know of him in the Diary, it is quite easy to imagine him becoming an enthusiastic amateur photographer!

* Reproduced in 'Kilvert's Langley Burrell', by Kenneth R. Clew.

"KILVERT WEEKENDS"

Mrs. H. Nicholls of New House Farm, Bryngwyn, writes as follows:-

"We are offering an informal weekend break in comfortable accommodation in the heart of Kilvert country. The weekend starts with dinner on Friday night at a 14th Century Farmhouse - Great House - next to Newchurch Church where "Emmeline" is buried. After dinner, the Rev. Ralph Bowman will be the guest speaker.

On the Saturday morning a walk is planned following Kilvert's footsteps to Colva Church via The Harbour, fording the Arrow, Dan y Ralt and Pentwyn. Ploughman's lunch at Dyke House, Gladestry - a former Victorian Rectory. The afternoon will be a visit to Llanbedr Church and the site of Parson Price's hut, also Fairy Rocks. The evening meal will be at the Maesllwch Arms, Painscastle.

On Sunday, guests can either attend morning service at Bryngwyn Church or enjoy a stroll on Little Mountain and back to New House Farm for lunch. New House Farm is an old farmhouse near Rhos Goch.

Guests will be accommodated at Great House, New House Farm and Dyke House. The cost of the weekend is £55.

Dates: Friday, 15th. May, 1987. Friday, 19th. June, 1987.
Friday, 25th. September, 1987.

Enquiries: Gladestry 275 - Mrs. Tutt.
Gladestry 257 - Mrs. Lloyd.
Painscastle 671 - Mrs. Nicholls. "
