

THE KILVERT SOCIETY

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

President:

The Lady Delia Venables-Llewelyn

Chairman: Revd. D.N. Lockwood, Church Row, Llowes, Hereford HR3 5JB

Hon. Treasurer: Harley Dance, 11 Green Lane Crescent, Yarpole, Leominster, Herefordshire.
Telephone 056-885 675

Subscriptions Treasurer: L.F. Jackson, Little Orchard, 10A Manor Rd., Sherborne St. John,
Basingstoke, RG24 9JJ

Publications Manager: C.J. Marshall, 169 Holly Walk, Leamington Spa, Warwicks.

Hon. Archivist: Revd. B. Price, 37 Chartwell Rd., Hereford.

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

SEPTEMBER 1993

Dear Member,

First, I must apologise for the binding error in the last newsletter, I had failed to number the pages! And in connection with the packing and dispatch of the newsletter, I would wish to record my gratitude to Mrs. Dixon for producing gummed addressed labels and the Misses Wheeldon for providing a room - and most welcome beverage - and assisting our Chairman and myself in carrying out the work. What had come to take me 2 or 3 days was achieved in 3 hours!

At the recent Committee meeting some criticism was made regarding the Walks, and a special sub-committee was appointed, led by Mr. R. Watts, to plan and arrange these in future. It was unfortunate that on the last Walk (June 26th) arrangements had to be changed at the last moment, for the second time this year. Once again Mr. R.I. Morgan undertook to lead the walkers. I am most grateful to him, and would like to put on record that I have owed as much to him and to Mrs. Morgan as to any member during my 16 years of secretaryship.

June 26th saw some thirty members and friends assembled at Clyro in pleasant sunshine, though there were clouds too. The picnic took place on the high moorland with Painscastle and Llandeilo hill to the North, also the accompaniment of grey skies and a sharp wind! Undeterred, the party set out for the Begwyns, the highest point of which is the Roundabout, nearly 1300 ft above sea level. The view was impressive, if somewhat sombre. For many of the party the afternoon was concluded by an excellent tea and happy conversation at the Burnt House near Bredwardine.

The weather the following day was all that could be desired. The coach party picnicked on the banks of the Wye at Builth in warm sunshine, noted the memorial to Prince Llewellyn, and walked across a field to visit Llanleonfel church, secluded by trees on a hilltop. Very carefully restored and beautifully kept, it contained reference to Charles Wesley's wedding there as well as a copy of the engraving done by Miss Sarah van Niekerk for the Gregynog edition of the Diary ("a place for owls to dwell in and satyrs to dance in"). The brief detour afforded members much pleasure.

The little church of Eglwys Oen Duw was pretty well filled for the service. This was conducted by the vicar, Revd. I. Bessant, and the lessons read by our President, Lady Delia Venables-Llewelyn, and Mr. M. Bourdillon, a member of the Society and - I'd failed to register this - the Lord Lieutenant of Powys. The organist was Mrs. Maureen Bowen, and the choir of Clyro Primary School both led the singing and sang an anthem under their conductor, Mr. Eric Merriman. The address was given by our old friend, Canon D.T.W. Price. It is featured elsewhere in this issue, and contains a tribute to Mr. Merriman and his young choir, a tribute which I warmly endorse!

The service over, in brilliant sunshine the adults chatted in groups, inspected the family graves, and the children in an unused part of the churchyard romped innocently in the new mown hay. It was almost a Kilvertian scene! However, refreshments at Llwyn Madoc awaited the company. And what refreshments, and what a most cordial reception there from Mr. and Mrs. Bourdillon and their helpers! In the drawing room laid out for inspection were portraits, photographs and other memorabilia concerned with the family. I particularly admired the portrait of Miss Clara Thomas herself, "very pretty," as Kilvert noted.

Part of the fund-raising of the afternoon was to pay for the new guide book to the church, written by

Mrs. Ruth Bidgood, well known in the Principality for her poetry, a few examples of which she read to an appreciative audience.

"What a wonderful afternoon!" exclaimed an overseas visitor on leaving the coach. It was a sentiment I shared, for of all the commemoration services I've attended it was definitely the best and most memorable. In recording the Society's debt to the vicar, the organist, Mr. Merriman, our President, Canon Price and above all Mr. and Mrs. Bourdillon. I must include our Committee member, Mr. Colin Dujon and his wife. It was they who had suggested Eglwys Oen Duw as a venue, one never considered in over 40 years of commemoration!

SEPTEMBER 18th - 19th

Saturday, 18th - Walk. This will be the tour of the village originally planned for June 26th, led by our Chairman. Meet opposite the Baskerville Arms, Clyro at 12.15 p.m. Picnic lunch.

Sunday, 19th - Service at St. Harmon Church (by kind permission of the Vicar, Revd. Hurley) at 3 p.m. The address will be given by the Rt. Revd. D. Bridges, Bishop of Swansea and Brecon. A coach will leave Hereford, opposite the Town Hall, at 11.00 a.m., proceeding via Hay and Builth. Bookings to me, please.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Heather Tanner (Kington Langley, Wilts). A life member since 1966, together with her late husband, Mr. Robin Tanner, the famous etcher. (The Society's greetings card of Bredwardine Church is his work). Her death drew full obituaries from the leading dailies, all paying tribute to her share of their collaborations in books on the countryside, and Wiltshire in particular, the county in which they were born and lived their lives. They acquired the "Old Chapel Field", containing the mausoleum of Kilvert's great-grandfather, and within the last two years she consulted the Society on its future. Mr. Tanner's autobiography "Double Harness" (Impact Press) gives a most impressive account of their work together.

Miss J.M. Scrimshaw (Old Hatfield). A member since 1990.



This photograph was taken by Mr. Eric Merriman after the service at Eglwys Oen Duw. It shows our President, the Lady Delia Venables-Llewelyn, Mr. M. Bourdillon, Lord Lieutenant of Powys, our Chairman and myself with some members of Clyro Primary School Choir. As one member remarked to me, some of the children might well be descendants of Kilvert's parishioners.

E.J.C.W.

The Address at Eglwys Oen Duw (Rev. Canon D.T.W. Price)

We've come, for the first time as a Society, to one of the most beautiful valleys in Wales, and to what is in my opinion one of the most attractive churches in Wales. (And I've seen every one.) It was built by John Norton in an Early English style. The coloured bands of brick and tile on the floor and the red brick walls are memorable. Note the mosaic reredos behind the altar, the splendid glass by Clayton and Bell and by Burlison and Grylls, the carved choir stalls, the brass corona candelabrum, the altar candelabra, and the candle sconces in the form of water lily leaves with frogs. As Richard Haslam wrote in the Powys volume of the Buildings of Wales, from which I have taken all the architectural details which I've so far mentioned - 'In all a thoughtful and lavish Victorian interior'. And at the west end are no fewer than three fonts, one designed for this church, one from the ancient church of Llanddewi Abergwesyn, demolished in 1886, and one from the church of Llanfihangel Abergwesyn, demolished in 1964. This is a most attractive setting in which to worship the Lord of beauty, especially on this National Music Day, and we thank the choir of Clyro Primary School and Mr. Merriman for their memorable contribution today, not only in singing a delightful anthem but also in leading so enthusiastically our hymns, psalm, and canticles.

This church recalls a remarkable woman, Miss Clara Thomas. On 11 February 1870 Kilvert drove out for dinner. The Diary does not say where, but it has been suggested that it was at Llysdinam, not far from here, or perhaps it was at Hay Castle. He wrote 'Mrs. and Miss Thomas of Llwyn Madoc staying in the house. They came in last and we went into dinner immediately. Miss Thomas looking very pretty and nice in [a] blue silk high dress, sat opposite me at dinner and afterwards when we came into the drawing-room she came up and shook hands cordially and kindly, talked to me about Cranmers, Llewellyn, Owen, Hugh, Llwyn Madoc & c. till Baskerville's carriage was announced. It was a very happy evening'. There's almost a touch of royalty in that description - came in last, straight into dinner, shook hands cordially, and talked about this and that.

Cranmers was, of course, the house in Mitcham where Kilvert was staying on holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Evan Thomas when the published Diary begins. Mr. Charles Thomas was the brother of Miss Thomas's father, Mr. Henry Thomas, and Mrs. Thomas was the eldest sister of Mrs. Venables of Clyro. According to Mr. Sidney Ball, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas had six sons (Algernon, Edmund, Llewellyn, Owen, Hugh, and Henry) and three daughters (Emily Lilian, Catherine Alicia and Cara Mary), cousins of Miss Clara Thomas. Some members of that large family are buried here, and there is a tablet in this church to Vice-Admiral Sir Hugh Thomas, Kilvert's 'little Hughie', who achieved distinction in the Battle of Jutland in the First World War.

Theophilus Jones, author of The History of Brecknockshire, published early in the nineteenth century, thought this part of the world 'the wildest, most uncultivated, and uninhabitable part of Brecknockshire... Man seems doomed here to surrender these regions to the sheep, and to those of his own race only who are accustomed to collect the produce, watch the habits, and occasionally protect these useful and profitable little animals from the perils of the storm or snow'. He did not linger long in describing the area: 'the country chills us, and we therefore hasten from it with all convenient despatch'.

A couple of generations later Miss Clara Thomas certainly did not appear to wish to hasten from here. I'm much indebted to an article in The Radnorshire Transactions for 1969 by Mr. R.C.B. Oliver for information on the family, which also included the Thomases of Llanthomas. In 1835 Mr. Henry Thomas of Llwyn Madoc married Miss Clara Thomas of Pencerrig in Radnorshire. Two children died in infancy, but one son, Evan Llewellyn, born in 1839, and one daughter, Clara, born in 1842 survived. Mr. Henry Thomas died in 1863, and Evan succeeded him. But in 1864 he died tragically in Paris at the age of 24. Miss Clara Thomas then came into an immense fortune at the age of 21. Not only did she own the estates of Llwyn Madoc and Pencerrig, 14,000 acres, but she was also incredibly rich from her ownership of profitable coal mines under her estates in Llanbradach and Pontypridd. Her mother died in 1877.

Miss Clara Thomas never married, in spite of her good looks, and Mr. Oliver suggests that this was out of concern that she might transmit the disease which killed her brother. It is said that the Revd. Henry William Harper, later an Archdeacon in New Zealand, wanted to marry her. There might be something in this, because at his own request he was buried near her. Of course she could never have stooped to marry the Curate of Clyro, although he was 29 and she was 27 or 28 when they dined together in 1870. Clearly he was socially much her inferior. And yet if she married him she would have gained international posthumous fame as Mrs. Kilvert - if, of course, he had continued to write his diary and if it had eventually been published, rather big ifs!

She preferred Llwyn Madoc to Pencerrig, and around here she devoted much of her great wealth, at least £5,000 per year, to improving the quality of life of the parishioners. At Abergwesyn there were two decayed churches, facing each other across the river. She replaced them with one new church, now itself demolished. She built the striking church at Cwmbach-Llechryd, contributed £1,000 to the restoration of Builth church, also the work of John Norton the architect, and she provided the funds for at least one other church, in Mid-Glamorgan. She gave £4,500 to build this beautiful Church of Eglwys Oen Duw, and presumably she heard Francis Kilvert preach here at one Harvest Festival. He recorded on 4 October 1871 at Newchurch that he was preaching a Harvest sermon for the fourth time, having already used it for the edification of the inhabitants of Eglwys Oen Duw, Llowes, and Whitney. The sermon was on Ruth and Boaz, which is the sole reason for my choice of the first lesson this afternoon.

One of my favourite books is Herbert Vaughan's The South Wales Squires, published by Methuen in 1926. I commend it to you. There is a whole chapter, chapter 13, on 'The Lady of Llwyn Madoc', Miss Clara Thomas, whom Herbert Vaughan knew for 14 years. He stayed every summer at Llwyn Madoc and every January at Pencerrig. They met too every spring in Italy. He gives a lovely description of life at Llwyn Madoc, a self-contained community in pre-motor days, with two dozen in the household, and its old-fashioned religious practices, like family prayers. He writes of Miss Thomas's great philanthropy and interesting-

ly he mentions that she spoke Welsh, not that common among the gentry then. Mr. Vaughan clearly considered Llwyn Madoc to be a sort of Welsh Shangri La, except for one thing: 'The one drawback to the place was the climate, for Llwyn Madoc must surely be one of the wettest spots in all Wales, and often for days on end it would pour with rain, and the mist would come rolling down from the bleak hills - "the grey mare is whisking her tail down the valley," as the country-folk around would describe it'. We're clearly lucky today.

Miss Clara Thomas died in London on 12 June 1914, after a long illness, just before the whole world entered the Great War, which was to destroy the world she knew. Mr. Vaughan wrote, in a Kilvertian sort of style, but without the colours: 'The coffin was brought down th Llwyn Madoc, and her funeral took place on a glorious afternoon in mid-June, with the birds singing and the falls of the Cammarch murmuring gently in the warm air. From the ferny slope of the Erw, where she and I had so often walked and talked, I watched the funeral procession from the great house move slowly to the sound of singing down the winding drive with its great larches, through the oak wood and finally to the churchyard of Eglwys Oen Duw... Girls and children carrying wreaths of fresh summer flowers, farmers from the Llwyn Madoc and Pencerrig estates, colliers from distant Llanbradach, and hosts of friends had attended to pay their last tribute of gratitude and affection to the gracious Lady of Llwyn Madoc'. Mr. Vaughan spoke to the Vicar of Eglwys Oen Duw, a Lampeter graduate I think, of the inevitable changes which would follow Miss Thomas's death: ' "Yes, Mr. Vaughan, it is all over!" he replied briefly, as he pointed to the valley, to the school, to the church, to the pretty cottages around... A long reign of beneficence and practical piety had come to an end.' Francis Kilvert would have been 73 had he survived.

Miss Clara Thomas also built and endowed the school, she endowed the benefice, and she bought a house, Abermell, to serve as the Vicarage. The first Vicar of Eglwys Oen Duw was the Revd. Montague Earle Welby, who also appears in Kilvert's Diary, notably in the hilarious episode of decanting the cider when he was undertaking a locum at Clyro Vicarage. I wish that I had more time so that I could speak of this engaging clergyman, a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and one of the most fashionable preachers in Swansea, before he took to the rural life. Perhaps he was unique in being the first vicar of two different parishes - first Eglwys Oen Duw and then Cwmbach-Llechryd, both in the gift of Miss Thomas. Clearly she approved of Mr. Welby, who was after all socially top-drawer - the great-grandson of a bishop, the grandson of a baronet, the uncle of an earl, the husband of an MP's daughter, and so on - and I wish that I could have been present at worship here in his time when the Lady of Llwyn Madoc and her parson were both in residence. But time marches on, and I must refer you to my article on Mr. Welby in a past Newsletter. He died on the last day of 1910.

Their world, in essence Kilvert's world too, has gone. It is a foreign country; they did things differently there. We tend now to hold the gentry in low esteem, seeing them as tyrants over an insecure tenantry, and certainly there were bad squires, even Miss Thomas had her blindspots. It is said that she hired a gang of Irish navvies to clean the lake just as Lloyd George's Unemployment Insurance Act was passed. She so disapproved of Lloyd George that she sent the navvies packing and the lake was never cleaned. But there was much to be said for a good squire.

I was reading about three weeks ago in The Church of Ireland Gazette a tribute to the landed gentry of Ireland, now virtually extinct, and of all that they had done for the Anglican Church in their country. It seems that in great areas of the Republic the Church of Ireland is reaching the end of the road, partly because the gentry have disappeared or can no longer afford to contribute much to the needs of the Church. In my own parish of Betws Bledrws, near Lampeter, the present church was built in 1887 by th local squire, Mr. Inglis-Jones of Derru Ormond, entirely at his own expense. And for as long as the family was resident, until the 1950s, there were no collections in the church; the squire paid all the bills. So, doubtless, here. We should record our thanks to these local landowners for all that was good that they did in their time, not least the Lady of Llwyn Madoc who lived according to what our Honourary Secretary calls 'the gentleman's psalm' (perhaps gentleperson's these days), psalm 15, which we sang this afternoon.

This has been a rambling lecture on squires and parsons, probably inaccurate in parts so I look forward to reading the truth in the new publication on the history of the area, and I've left myself two minutes to convert a lecture into an address from a Christian pulpit. The best way might be to consider the name of this church, Eglwys Oen Duw, the Church of the Lamb of God (three words in Welsh, seven words in English!). I know of no other church with this dedication, but it is fitting in an area dominated by sheep, 'these useful and profitable little animals' in Theophilus Jones's words. Thinking of sheep can take us in the direction of shepherds, of the Good Shepherd himself, and of the ministers of the Church as shepherds. I have preached on many occasions to this Society (and this is my ninth sermon at a Commemoration Service) on the parson as shepherd, with especial reference to Francis Kilvert. The story of the lost sheep is the Gospel for today in the Church in Wales, and I note that on 27 June 1870 Kilvert wrote in his diary (in the Harvey notebook (of the problems facing the hill farmers with wandering sheep).

Or we can think of the mysterious image of the Lamb of God, and perhaps of the forerunner, St. John the Baptist, whose feast was last Thursday, who proclaimed 'Behold the Lamb of God', or of that remarkable image stressed in our second lesson this afternoon from the Book of Revelation, the worship of the Lamb in heaven, echoed in our first hymn. Here is the faith, shared by Francis Kilvert, by Clara Thomas, by Montague Welby, and by us. The God of the ages has not suddenly become redundant in our time, and we rejoice that in his good time he will wipe away all tears from our eyes and we shall be made perfect, we shall become what he has from all eternity wanted us to be. Blessed be God in his angels and in his saints.

A VISIT TO KILVERT'S GREAT NIECE **by Revd. D.N. Lockwood, Society Chairman**

On Easter Monday my wife and I attended the wedding of a nephew in the beautiful church of Dennington in Suffolk which is very close to the exceptionally pretty little town of Framlingham. This town has a truly magnificent church with many monuments to the Howard family who held the castle of Framlingham. It was here that Mary Tudor became Queen of England and it was here that Philip of Spain came when he visited

her with a vast retinue. However, wedding aside, my interests in the past were of more recent date for Miss Muriel Kilvert, one of our Vice-Presidents and a great-niece of the diarist lives nearby. I wrote to her telling her that we should be close by and she very kindly asked us both to lunch.

Miss Kilvert lives in a Regency cottage in a small village set in the gently undulating Suffolk countryside. She gave us most precise directions which hinged upon turning left at Saxtead Post Mill. We came upon this superb windmill built of wood and all a glory with its fresh paint. I was so impressed that I failed to recognise the windmill as the mill where I had to turn; so used am I to mills being watermills, I failed to recognise it as a mill at all! This slight difficulty resolved we drove on our way and there was the spacious brick cottage behind the metal gates.

Miss Kilvert came out and instantly I recognised her as a Kilvert, bearing a striking resemblance to Emily Wyndowe, I said so and the reply was, "Ah, yes, Great Aunt Emmie." We were taken in and led through the dining room with its large modern windows and upstairs to a fine drawing room where a very welcoming fire burned in the grate and we were regaled with excellent home-made wine. There was much to talk about and very soon I encountered a characteristic of the diarist, possibly of the family, a tremendous energy directed into interest in many things. Miss Kilvert paints, writes, is researching into the history of Framlingham and ferrets out her family's genealogy and does excellent carpentry. I was mute with admiration at her prowess for so many of the features and facilities of her house are of her own design and making. I linked it in my mind with Kilvert who spent some winter evenings making nets for the kitchen garden at Langley. I have a shrewd suspicion that had he lived he would have become a keen gardener.

After a very good lunch I saw the ebony writing box which opened into a "slope" and the brass plate proclaimed that it was given to Miss Kilvert by the Choir of Langley Burrell Church in 1879. That was, of course, Kilvert's sister Fanny who played the harmonium which caused disturbances on a Richterian scale in the parish. She was given it when her father retired to Bath after the death of his son Francis. Family history seemed wreathed around that box and the diarist, though, dead when it was presented, was in a convoluted way the cause of the gift, had he lived Kilvert senior might well have lingered on in Langley.

Over lunch Miss Kilvert talked of Perceval Smith who kept and read his uncle's diaries for many years. Perhaps I should have known, but I did not, that he was, at one time, the curate of Abbey Dore. Perceval, son of William and Thersie Smith, was given a strange and fascinating character. He "Fell out" with St. Paul, gave up his Orders and went to live in a remote part of Dorset some twelve miles from Sherborne. There he became increasingly reclusive: he rose at dawn and walked the fields and countryside when nobody else was astir. He was exceptionally observant of natural life which is another Kilvert characteristic, notably in Perch. His intellectual pursuits were in no way curtailed by his lack of contact with people. He was an omnivorous reader and in many languages, books in French, German and Italian all took their place amongst the English books on his shelves, as well as Latin, Greek and Hebrew.

Miss Kilvert's mother and her brother had visited Percy, as he was called, but it was when Miss Kover was stationed as a "Wren" at a Royal Naval hospital in Sherborne that she suddenly resolved to visit her eccentric cousin. She bicycled out to King's Stag and found his cottage across two fields and confronted by her spirit and charm of youth the crust of his defenses against the world were broken. She visited him three or four times and she was even granted the very rare privilege of entering into his study where the diaries stood on the shelf. As Percy took her in he paused and said,

"You are the first person, other than myself, to have entered this room for twenty-five years."

The study was bare with a bench for his wood carving and an ancient arm-chair rigged to hold two open books on rests and he held a third in his hand for comparative reading. There was an old kitchen range and a cupboard. It was totally unlike the Solitary's clutter and everything was tidy and as clean as a new pin. His false teeth sat on a shelf!

Percy's garden was full of rare plants and was visited by members of Kew.

As I was told all this my eye fell upon a beautiful pair of carved wooden hares that had been made by Percy, they had supported his pipe-stand. These, with other things Percy left to his venturesome niece. Other interesting bequeathed items were his manuscripts of chess puzzles he had supplied to the Times and his botany book in which he had coloured the pictures as he saw the flowers. With the money he left her the handsome pale green Wilton carpet in the drawing room was purchased.

I also saw a large photograph of the wedding of Miss Kilvert's parents in 1911. The bridal mothers in imposingly large hats and carrying bouquets almost outrivalling the bride's made a very firm impression on me. Unfortunately Miss Kilvert's grandfather, Edward (Perch) was not present. He had attended the wedding but he was nearly blind and very ill. He died later that year. Of him I learned much too and the picture of our Kilvert paints of his naturalist brother was extended. He became a well-known authority on reptiles and when some snakes were found in a warehouse in London it was he who was sent for to identify them. He had his own collection of snakes and one story tells much of his gentle but determined nature. Edward had a member of his staff in his office who was troublesome and Edward was loth to upbraid him so, one day, he put one of his pet snakes in his pocket and at the office took it out and placed it on his desk where it slept the day peacefully away. However, it struck terror into the hearts of the staff and especially the awkward fellow and there was no further trouble from him.

As we said goodbye I noticed a beautiful fritillaria in her garden and Miss Kilvert marking my interest told me that she had friends who had a whole field of them at their farm a few miles away. So, once more, following excellent directions, passing again the splendid mill, we came upon the farm. We paid our entrance fee to a charity and walked down to the shallow valley where the wonderfully precisely chequered flowers grew in masses. There was a purple and pink haze against the green meadow that stirred faintly in the air's movement. This was for me the realisation of a dream that I have long had and I thought it was a symbolic

way in which to close a signally successful visit to a member of the Kilvert family. I felt that I had been in contact, not just with Miss Muriel Kilvert but the family and that their energy, their interests, their liveliness and appreciation of life, so much a part of the diarist, was still much alive.

A VILLAGE CELEBRATION by Mrs. Teresa Williams (North Wembly)

On the 10th March 1873, the published Diary records:

"On this day ten years ago the Prince and Princess of Wales were married and we had the dinner in the Bowling Green at Langley under a great tent and sent up fireworks and planted memorial oaks." (Volume 2, page 334).

This comment is a good example of several retrospective remarks by Kilvert from which we can learn of events in his life before he commenced his Diary, or, came to Clyro as curate to Mr. Venables. Most of such Diary entries are brief as they were probably (although we cannot now know for certain) edited by William Plomer before publication. Everyday events and ordinary family occasions cannot be researched in newspapers, but this village celebration of a Royal marriage was reported.

The Wiltshire Independent for Thursday, 19th March 1863 published the following account of the festivities at Langley Burrell on Tuesday 10th March 1863. It is pleasant to see the Rev. R.M. ASHE, the squire of Langley Burrell, given praise for his hospitality, which far exceeded that given in many other villages.

" LANGLEY BURRELL

The village of Langley Burrell held at a prominent place in the loyal demonstrations on Tuesday last, and the memorable 10th March was celebrated with the greatest enthusiasm. By the kind liberality of the Reverend R.M. Ashe, and the contributions of the principal inhabitants of the place, a sufficient sum was raised to give a good dinner to every person in the parish. For this purpose a large tent was erected, capable of holding between two and three hundred persons. It was beautifully and tastefully decorated with flags and evergreens; and lighted up in the evening with coloured lamps. At an early hour on Tuesday morning the church bells took the lead of the adjoining parishes, in giving out a merry peal, announcing the universal holiday.

At 12 o'clock the school children assembled at the schoolhouse where Mrs. Ashe presented each child with a rosette, a three-penny bun, an orange, gingerbread, nuts, and a sixpenny piece. At half-past two o'clock all the inhabitants of the parish assembled in front of Mr. Ashe's house, where each person was presented with a favour. A procession was then formed, the band leading the way; then followed two carts with two fine young oak trees, 20 foot in height; these were succeeded by four labourers carrying spades; after which all the parishioners followed, two by two, making a goodly progress till the spot was reached, which had been selected for the ceremony of planting the trees. This was duly performed with many cheers for the Prince and Princess, after which 'God Save the Queen' was sung by the assembled spectators.

At four o'clock a most abundant dinner was spread in the tent, consisting of roast beef, plum-pudding, bread, cheese and beer. The provisions were excellent of their kind, and excellently cooked, for no pains or trouble were spared on the occasion. The young ladies of the parish volunteered their services as waitresses, and we need scarcely say that their duties, which were admirably performed, gave great satisfaction. After dinner Mr. Ashe made an excellent and appropriate speech, and then the following toasts were given, and most enthusiastically received and cheered: 'The Queen', 'the Prince and Princess', 'Mr. and Mrs. Ashe', the 'Rector', the 'Farmers and Churchwardens of Langley', the 'Labourers of Langley', etc. The evening was enlivened by a good display of fireworks, the conclusion of which was the signal for dispersion. 'God save the Queen' was again sung with much feeling, and after some hearty cheers the happy party separated in perfectly good order.

The festivities of the day did not end here, for Mr. Ashe with his accustomed liberality and kindness, had provided an entertainment for those who had on this, and many previous days, spent so much time and labour in making such excellent arrangements for the enjoyment of their poorer neighbours. A most substantial and elegant supper was spread at Langley House, to which all the farmers with their wives and families, amounting to more than 40 members, were invited. After supper the health of the Prince and Princess with other toasts were drunk in champagne, and the party separated, very grateful to their kind landlord and entertainer for the thoroughly liberal and hospitable manner in which they had been received."

A STUDY IN CONTRASTS REV. FRANCIS KILVERT AN FATHER IGNATIUS OF LLANTHONY A lecture given in The Hay Festival Fringe, 5th June 1993 by Mr. K.R. Showler (Hay-on-Wye)

I should like to start with the Prayer of Ignatius Loyola in which I am certain both Ignatius of Llanthony and Francis Kilvert would have united.

Dearest Lord, teach me to be generous
Teach me to serve thee as thou deservest,
To give and not to count the cost,
To fight and not to heed the wounds,
To toil and not to seek for rest,
To labour and not to seek reward,
Save that of knowing that I do thy will.

Hay-on-Wye famous today as the international centre for the used book trade has another claim to literary and historical fame, it is a town that featured in the much read diaries of Francis Kilvert. It is also within reach of the ruins of Father Ignatius' Abbey at Capel-y-Ffin over the pass to the south in the Vale of Ewyas.

In his own lifetime Father Ignatius was hailed by High Church Anglo-Catholics and by Dissenters as the Second Wesley for his quality as a preacher. On the otherhand Francis Kilvert was always a hardworking and outwardly uncomplicated rural clergyman who turned down a preferment to the socially upmarket Chaplaincy at Cannes.

Yet it is an irony of history that it is now Kilvert who is read and known today when most of Ignatius' Abbey is in ruins and his writings forgotten and unobtainable.

But it is true that Ignatius was a catalyst in the adoption of the monastic or religious community life in Britain. Of which it has been estimated over 100 exist today.

Born in December 1837 Joseph Leycester Lyne was exactly 3 years older than Francis Kilvert yet he survived him by a further 30 years. Kilvert died in 1879 unknown except in his own circle. It was not until 1938 on the publication of the sadly truncated and edited "Kilvert's Diary" did he attain posthumous literary recognition. on the otherhand Joseph Lyne, self styled Father Ignatius, spent all his adult life in the public eye, a shooting star of Anglicanism earning considerable sums as a preacher of a unique montage of both evangelical and High Church doctrines under the banner "Jesus Only".

Ignatius mixed with Bishops, Archbishops and indeed visited the Pope in Rome always seeking what was impossible for them to grant, a Church discipline of his own making. Ignatius looked back to the 12th Century, possibly through rose tinted glasses to a time when there were an estimated 340 religious houses and 15000 men and women in the Orders. Both men were born into families with sufficient money to pay for them to have a good education and where the prospect of considerable wealth hovered at some distance but from which neither were to benefit directly. In Kilvert's case his great Aunt after endowing Clergy Charities left his father in 1870 in excess of £7000, its arrival is not recorded nor does it seem to have influenced Kilvert's himself, we have no record that he received monetary gifts from his father. Ignatius "fortune" started off when his great grandfather gave an education to an bright impecunious boy Lewis Stevens. The latter made very, very, good indeed, then each of his brother did too but as they died the Lynes whom they in turn befriended became adoptive and benefitting "Stevens". At last after many vicissitudes what would have been Ignatius' 1/93 residual share [about £2000], was dissipated in legal proceedings by his father.

Both Ignatius and Francis had a private primary education, Ignatius going forward to St. Paul's London and Kilvert to an interesting liberal education at his Uncle "Gaffer" Kilvert's in Bath. Kilvert proceeded to Oxford earning a law degree, from there he entered the Church of England by the then orthodox route Deacon and Priest, Curate and Rector dieing in 1879 parish priest of Bredwardine, in the Diocese of Hereford. Ignatius studied at Trinity College, Glenalmond, Perthshire, and then in a manner that typified the rest of his life he acted as an unqualified minister in Scotland until he received Deacons orders in 1860. Unwilling to remain on the proper path to Priesthood he continued in Deacons Orders a further 38 years only getting Priesthood late in life at the hands of a wandering French American Episcopi vagans of very dubious background "Archbishop Mar Timotheos". Failure to get preasted did not prevent him, on leaving Scotland from taking for himself monastic vows and the title Abbott Ignatius. Through all his many and varied adventures including involvement in the Welsh National Eisteddfod, Father Ignatius remained within the Church of England, getting as near to Rome as possible, but remaining outside the Roman fold as his 'Reception' would have required submission to a discipline the Church of England was unable to exert. Ignatius, self-professed Anglican Benedictine, after three attempts to establish a monastic house came to Llanthony in 1870, unable to buy the ruin of the original Priory he bought 32 acres further up the secluded Vale of Ewyas at Capel-y-Ffin. It was here that Kilvert recorded scenes from the opening two years of the Abbey, which was th remain a functional House for a further 30 years, finally amalgamating, after Ignatius death, with the Anglican Benedictines of Caldy before they in turn submitted to Rome.

Let us look at Ignatius in his prime, in his immediate post Kilvert years, I have been fortunate in having access to, in the Richard Booth Library a copy of his Mission Sermons given in Westminster Town Hall in 1885. and edited by J.V. Smedley. Ignatius covered a range of then controversial topics for example anglican monasticism and the Blessed Virgin Mary which were certainly more of interest to Victorians then they are to us today. But we must remember that British Society was then deeply divided over such issues and that it was possible to get a disorderly mob together to attack and destroy "Romish" chapels and preachers.

In reading the sermons I can see that Ignatius would come over well to the generation to which they were addressed. They are carefully structured leading form the things with which people agree to the new and unfamiliar.

Let us therefore dip into one of the more controversial sermons that on the Blessed Virgin Mary. We find Ignatius moving from what Protestants could in those days accept, Mary as Jesus' Mother, then slowly we find the Roman view expounded but its mid way before we get a mention of those offensive words "The Blessed Virgin" and after more careful argument the idea that it is to "the Lords Mother" prayers of intercession cane be addressed. Ignatius recognises that many will stamp their feet and leave the room when they hear of Mary, yet she is in the New Testament and is the Mother whom Jesus respected and therefore if Jesus is revered, his respect for her must be acknowledged.

Let me now read the opening and closing sections of a major exposition so you can hear for yourself the voice of Ignatius:

"The Lords Mother"
An address to Christians
"Mary the mother of Jesus" - Acts 1.14

Well! These few words go right to our hearts, because we are the people of God. Let me say them over again, because there is such a wonderful charm and such a wonderful power in them.

"Mary the Mother of Jesus"

What! do you believe, and do I believe, that Jesus had a Mother?
Do you believe and do I believe, that Jesus has a Mother now! at this very moment?
Do we believe there is such a being in existence, at this very moment, as the Mother of Jesus?

It seems a blasphemy, at first sight, to say Jesus had a mother, and has a Mother.

But we do believe it, and, at this very moment, whilst our Blessed Lord Jesus is in our midst, and while we are enjoying a sense of His presence, we believe he had a Mother.

And I ask you, before I conclude, Does my love to the Blessed Virgin hinder me from enjoying Christ in His fulness?

Do I mix up the mystery of the Virgin with the message of the Gospel to sinners?
Certainly not.

And I think that the more I love and reverence the Lord's Mother, the more I realise what her Son is, and the more I long to proclaim what He is to a world that is "dead in trespasses and sins" [Ephes. ii 1]

And now, let Kilvert give us, through his inimitable thumbnail sketches a picture of Llanthony, Father Ignatius, his parents and brother and sister and his new Abbey at Capel-y-Ffin. Kilvert is at this time the Rev. Venables Curate at Clyro, just north of Hay.

It is interesting that Kilvert a man who was familiar with terrible poverty and cruelty casts, as we shall see, the most vituperation on British Tourists. Maybe he saw them as a modern luxury and that ill use of children, of women, of animals was part of normal human failure from the divine order.

On 5th April 1870 Kilvert left Clyro with Morrell, in Morrell's carriage, to pick up Capt. Bridge at Hay and then they went on to Llanigon. After sending the carriage back the three young men walk via Cilonw Farm over the Gospel pass to Capel-y-Ffin. On the way they pass the time of day with various people coming out of the Vale of Ewyas into the Wye Valley. They descend the other side, own the steep winding lane that skirts a mountain rill the source of the Honddu brook. On the way they see the dreadful dingle where a house was overwhelmed by an avalanche that killed all the people meeting there for a dance. One young man from Llanthony survived because his greyhound would not go up the lane to the house.

"I had not seen Capel-y-Ffin for 4 years, it is just 4 years, it is just 4 years ago this month that I was there. But I remember the place perfectly, the old chapel short and stout and boxy with its little bell turret, the whole building reminded me of an owl, the quite peaceful chapel yard shaded by seven great solemn yews, the Chapel House, a farm house over the way, the Great Honddu brook crossing the road and crossed in turn by a stone foot bridge with its narrow gangway. Before the chapel house door by the brookside a buxom comely wholesome girl with fair hair, rosy face, blue eyes and fair clear skin stood washing at a tub in the sunshine, up to the elbows of her round white lusty arms in soapsuds. We asked her how far it was to the place where the monks were building their monastery.

"Oh, none just. Please go over the brook and up the lane".
Two tramps lounging against the Honddu bridge lighting their pipes:
"They are only going to see the monks"
Not wishing to intrude on the monks the three men talk to the masons.

"Two black figures were working in a sloping patch of ground laid out as a garden, one digging and the other wheeling earth to him in a barrow. They were dressed in long black habits girt round the waist with scourge cords knotted at the ends and dangling almost to the ground. The black hoods or cowls were drawn over their heads leaving their faces bare, their naked feet were thrust into sandals with which they went slip slop along as with slippers down at heel. Father Philip was digging and Brother Serene or Cyrene was wheeling earth from the foundations to him. Brother Serene seemed very much oppressed by his heavy black dress, for the sun was hot, for he stopped when he had wheeled his empty barrow back to the heap, and stood to rest, and wipe his streaming brow. They both seemed studiously unconscious of our presence, but I saw Brother Serene glancing furtively at us from under his cowl when he thought he was under cover of the heap of earth."

The two Masons working on the footings speak with respect and some awe of the monks and answer questions civilly saying that Father Ignatius had been down three weeks before to lay the foundation stone of the Abbey. Few people came. The Masons say there are only two monks in residence and they have one servant a young man who was also wheeling earth. They lodge in farmhouse close by and live a good deal on milk. They allow no women to come near them and do their own washing. Probably, however, there is little of that to do. They may wear linen but they don't show any and perhaps they did not take off their habits when at work because they have nothing under. "They looked very much like old women at work in the garden". Kilvert, himself, thinks they have chosen a pretty and pleasant place on a fine slope at the foot of the mountain where there was good soil plenty of good water, a trout stream, and sand for mortar. However he contrasts the impracticality of their garb with that of the masons or the

hearty healthy girl washing at the Chapel House living naturally in the world taking their share of its work, cares and pleasures. "Theirs is a morbid unnatural life that goes back to the errors of the dark ages; shutting themselves up from the world to pray for the world". The three friends walk on to Llanthony Priory which even then incorporated an inn in its ruins. here they buy photographs and little books about the Abbey and the Black Mountain. Kilvert, who in fact travelled quite regularly looking at "The sights" in Britain and Europe, often carrying his old Swiss knapsack, expresses disgust on finding: "two tourists complete with staves and shoulder belts postured among the ruins, one pointing with his stick to items of interest to his gaping companion. There is one thing more hateful than another is being told what to admire and having objects pointed to one with a stick. Of all noxious animals too the most noxious is a tourist. And of all tourists the most vulgar, illbred, offensive and loathsome is a British tourist. No wonder dogs fly at them and consider them vermin to be exterminated." Kilvert and his two friends order beer, ham, bread and cheese, for 2/- [10p] each, but to Kilvert's horror, they cannot get lunch at once as the tourists had already ordered their dinner. Kilvert and his party had to wait an hour so they did not start till 3.50. To make matters worse a British tourist had cut out half a year of entries from the Visitors Book (October 1865 to May 1866) including: "my last entry".

On 24th, June 1870 Kilvert with his brother Perch, Morrell and several friends leave Clyro at 7.30 to walk to the ruins of Llanthony Priory; they experience swift changes of sunlight and shade in wind driven showers. At Capel-y-Ffin they turn aside up the stream and lane to see the new monastery which had reached a considerable height but had no roof. The contractor had quarrelled with his employer so the work had been in deadlock for some time. The house was a thin one with a long front, the material red and grey sandstone picked out with Forest of Dean Stone.

They see a neatly laid out garden arranged so that the walks form a great Latin Cross. The monks had worked to some purpose for everything was in beautiful order own to a pretty bank of flowers.

After this diversion, the walkers get to Llanthony in time for a lunch but it is Mr Arnold Savage Landor's Rent Day, with a dinner at the Inn so they can only get 18 boiled eggs and a proportionate amount of bread, cheese, butter and beer.

They wait till 3 before returning so that Captain Johnson can fulfil a vow to his affiance that he walk to the lip of a neighbouring hill to see the view or she would never see him again. Captain Johnson catches them up at the pass. The friends watch the waiting tenants "like hungry Welsh wolves lashing their tails growling and snuffing up the scent of food as a savoury reek pervades the place."

The dinner with Landor's agent is served in a tent and eaten in a remarkable short time. Then two carriages of tourists from Abergavenny drove up. "One party is composed entirely of women, who saluted each other as 'Ma'am', one of the women, a long legged one, strode off up the valley incontinently to see the monks and monastery, she made such good play with her long legs that though we started soon afterwards we did not overtake her". Kilvert describes the walk home in considerable detail; the shepherd lad who leaves his hat when it blows off; drinking sherry in the shelter of a rock at the head of the pass as they wait for Captain Johnson, he in turn in a temper, walks about in some mowing grass because he fell over a bough put there to keep people off it.

On 29th June 1870 Kilvert on going to Clyro school meets two strange looking people, a girl and a young man dressed entirely in white flannel edged with black and wearing a straw hat. The man looked like a sailor. The couple hesitated a moment at the Churchyard gate, then turned in and walked across the Churchyard. He saw them no more that day.

On 4th July Kilvert visits the Rev. Bevan's family at Hay Castle and in conversation learns who the visitors were: "It seems the young gentleman in flannels and the young lady whom I saw walking through Clyro village last Wednesday are young Lyne [21 year old Clavering] and his sister [25 year old Harriet Jemima]. They are staying at the Swan at Hay with their Father and Mother. Their brother Ignatius is soon expected down too look after his monastery in the Black Mountains. They seem to be very odd people. The two young people came to Hay Church on Sunday afternoon and when Kilvert's Mother went up to the Church door she had to run the gauntlet between them as they sat on tombstones opposite each other kicking their heels." Kilvert gives a short list of illconsidered, mannered and over-polite behaviour by Clavering Lyne at a Hay Castle Croquet party. Clearly he had doubts about Clavering and his sister Harriet Jemima. The Lyne family attended evening service at Hay. A week later Kilvert now has had a change of heart over Harriet Jemima; he notes that her mother is a gentlewoman and a very nice person. She was an heiress, a Miss Leicester. They are staying at the Swan at Hay.

"Miss Lyne is a very nice sensible unaffected girl, rather pretty, with dark curls, grey eyes and a rich colour, and pretty little white hands. She is rather short. Her brother Clavering goes in for being comic and ends in being a bit of a buffoon. He has four dogs at the Swan now. His usual compliment is thirteen. Miss Lyne told me a good deal about Father Ignatius and his monastery which she called 'his place' at Capel-y-Ffin. He has to keep on preaching to support the monastery and the building operations as everything depends on him. His average collection after each sermon is £20. Father Philip, one of the monks in residence at Capel-y-Ffin now, was a baker by trade. The other, Brother Cyrene, was a gardener and a very drunken man. He came to Father Ignatius and asked him to take him and reclaim him. He has been with Father Ignatius a year now and is an altered man".

Friday. St. Swithin's Day [15 July 1870] "Familiar as this place is to me I am always noticing some fresh beauty or combinations of beauties, light or shade, or a view from a particular point, where I have never been before at some particular hour and under some particular circumstances. To Hay Church at 6.30. Afterwards I went to the castle and found Mrs. Bevan sitting in the drawingroom in full chat with Miss Wybrow. We had tea and then I went down to the Swan with Fanny and Nelly Bevan to

fetch Miss Lyne and her brother to play croquet. They were out and we went into the saloon to wait for them. Presently Miss Lyne passed the window with her quick decided step and we went out into the hall to meet her. She came forward and held out her hand so pleasantly, the beautiful little hand just what a lady's hand ought to be, 'small, soft, white, warm and dry'. Then we all tramped up into the town together and walked about with her while she went round the shops paying their bills as they leave the Swan and Hay tomorrow for Hereford. I am very sorry they are going, at least that she is going. It is so provoking that just as I have become acquainted with her and like her so much, and just as her shyness and reserve were beginning to wear off, and she had become so friendly and cordial, she goes away and perhaps I shall never see her again. [no other meeting is recorded] After she had done her shopping we went down again to the Swan to see if we could find her brother. We looked into the backyard to see if he was feeding his dogs, but he was nowhere visible. Just as we emerged from the yard he passed, followed by a magnificent Skye terrier called Skye..."

Clavering walks back with Kilvert into Hay to get dog's meat and then goes on to the Castle where Kilvert is to play croquet. On the way Clavering talks about Ignatius' extraordinary visions, putting out an unearthly fire in his chapel in Norwich by throwing himself over it and making the sign of the Cross. Clavering had ridden over to Capel-y-Ffin and found the work going forward badly, his brother had paid the workmen in advance. Kilvert asks Miss Lyne permission to visit Ignatius when he is next in Capel-y-Ffin and receives a cordial clasp from the pretty white hand. Kilvert confesses in his diary that he longed to kiss "that beautiful white little hand, even at the imminent risk that it would instantly administer a stinging slap on the face of its admirer".

Friday, 2nd September "at 10.45 started across the fields to walk to Capel-y-Ffin. I came in sight of the little Capel-y-Ffin squatting like a stout grey owl among its seven great black yews. I hastened on, and in front of the Capel House farm there was the sunny haired girl washing at a tub, as usual, by the brook side.

'Is Father Ignatius here?

Yes, at least he was here this morning'

I asked the mason at work upon the building if Father Ignatius was there.

'There he is, with his brother'

A black robed and cowed monk was walking fast along the bottom of the field towards a barn with Clavering Lyne. Clavering came up and took me to his father and mother, who were sitting on a garden seat under a tree in a pretty little dingle. They had just arrived unexpectedly from Pontrilas having been driven up the valley as I came down. It was curious our meeting thus, as it were by chance. Mr. and Mrs. Lyne came up out of their dingle and Mrs. Lyne brought up Father Ignatius and introduced us. He struck me as a man of gentle simple kind manners, excitable, and entirely possessed of one idea... His head and brow are very fine, the forehead beautifully rounded and highly imaginative. The face is a very saintly one and the eyes extremely beautiful, earnest and expressive, a dark soft brown. When excited they seem absolutely to flame. He wears the Greek or early British tonsure all round the temples leaving the hair of the crown untouched. His manner gives you the impression of great earnestness and singlemindedness. The voice and manner were like Clavering's and it was with difficulty that I could tell which of them was speaking if I did not see them. Father Ignatius wore the black Benedictine habit with the two loose wings or pieces falling in front and behind, two violet tassels behind, the knotted scourge girdle, a silver cross on the breast, and a brazen or golden cross hanging from the rosary of black beads under the left arm". Ignatius insisted on calling Kilvert "Father" and Mr. Venables Kilvert's own Rector, he addressed his father and mother as 'papa and mama'. Kilvert with Mr and Mrs Lyne walk round the place and climb a steep bank to get a better view as the monks emerge from a barn where they had engaged for an hour or so 'in an examination of conscience'. "One of the monks was gazing at us. He had conceived an irrepressible desire to see Mrs. Lyne again. He did not wish to intrude upon her approach or address her. He simply wanted to see her at a respectful distance and admire her afar off.

Mr. Lyne said the monk was a man of few and simple wants, content with a little and thankful for small mercies. Because the monk had said that if he could see Mrs. Lyne he would be perfectly happy".

Mrs Lyne had little faith in the monks' larder or the resources of the monastery, especially as it was Friday so she had wisely taken the precaution of bringing hers with her: "an honest leg of mutton and two bottles of wine. The monasterial garden provided potatoes and French beans, very good. We had luncheon under a tree in the dingle, waited on by the novices also cowed and robed in black like the monks. They addressed Father Ignatius as 'dear Father' whenever they spoke to him, and bent the knee whenever they approached or passed him. Whilst we were at luncheon we heard voices close to us proceeding from the bottom of a deep watercourse or lane, on the other side of the hedge. Then a man looked over the hedge and asked his way to Capel-y-Ffin.

A year later at a supper party Kilvert learned that the visitors looking through the hedge were the vicar of Glasbury and his son Willie. "Father Ignatius had been sitting talking freely and at ease with his head uncovered, and his cowl lying back on his shoulders. But directly he heard the strange voices and saw the strange face peering over the hedge he dashed the cowl over his head and face and bolted up the bank among the shrubs like a rabbit. I never saw a man so quick on his legs or so sudden in movement. He was gone like a flash of lightning. He has been much intruded on and persecuted and dreads seeing strangers about the place. Last night some men came up from Llanthony Abbey and rung the monastery bells violently and were rude and insolent. However he treated them kindly and they apologised for their conduct and went away conquered. After luncheon we went up to the monastery again and Mr. and Mrs. Lyne, Clavering and I each laid a stone in the wall. We had to go up a ladder onto the scaffolding and hoarding. Each of us 'walled' our stone for the benefit of the

masons. I laid a stone at the particular request of Father Ignatius. The building that the masons are at work on now is the west cloister which is to be fitted up temporarily for the accommodation of the monks. However the work was much behind...Ignatius had been much imposed upon, cheated and robbed right and left...." The party then saw the Cloister, and the Oratory where there was the Superalter or Tabernacle in which Ignatius said in a low voice was "the Blessed Sacrament" ...the expensive altar lace came from France and above it a beautiful but broken Crucifix from Spain...there was a couch in the room on which Father Ignatius slept. Father Ignatius apologised for Mr. Lyne's not kneeling at the altar as his father did not believe in the Real Presence. Ignatius knelt, but Kilvert does not say if he knelt himself. On the Lynes' departure for Pontrilas Kilvert remained talking with Ignatius, Lord Bute a very wealthy coal shipper and busy then building Cardiff and restoring its Castle, came to see him and the monastery and to make enquiries. He hopes he will help him and send him money. Ignatius professed the Order was worth £60. He got £1000 per year for preaching, favoured by the Low Church rather than the High and best of all with Dissenters who call him a second Wesley. He allows that a man must be of a very rare and peculiar temperament to become and remain a monk...Monkery had a strong tendency to drive people mad and out of 50 novices he found only three would make monks.

[In the Black Mountain Tales series by Ignatius, Placidus featured in Brother Placidus].

Discussing monastic clothing Ignatius reported how the Bishop of Gloucester & Bristol asked why he did not give it up. For Ignatius everything he wore had a meaning but the Bishops foolish and meaningless dress was far more irrational. The Bishop agreed there was a good deal in this. Ignatius thinks the Bishops are coming round to his side.

We shook hands and departed.

"Goodbye Father and thank you for your good wish. You must come and see us again when we have our guest house ready".

In the lane, on parting, as the roads diverged Ignatius called out through a half screen of hazel hedge:

'Father, will you remember us next time you celebrate Holy Communion?'

'Yes' I replied 'I will'.

That should have been the end of the story but it's not quite. Kilvert made notes about Ignatius, such as his visit to Bath recorded by Dora on 21st March 1872 where Ignatius and a fellow Monk caused a sensation when stopping at a grand house where there were some pretty, fashionable, girls and the unfortunate monk was bound by his vows not to look at a woman. They lived on vegetables and dates entirely in Lent looked very ill. On Sunday they came into Bathwick Church for Communion and looked so odd coming very fast up the aisle against the stream of people just pouring out of Church. All the young ladies' eyes were on them but the monk's were never raised from the ground.

Kilvert also recorded visit one more visit to the Monastery as part of a long cross country walk.

On Wednesday, 10th July 1872.

Kilvert, Pope and Arthur Jones went by Train to Abergavenny and walked back to Clyro over the Black Mountain; on their way they were resting on the flat stone that bridges the stream that divides Monmouthshire (then part of England) from Breconshire or nowadays Gwent (now Wales) from Powys. They saw a figure coming down the valley. "It was a young monk about 19 who was carrying a letter from the Monastery to a Mr. Jones. Father Ignatius was not in residence but had gone to Birmingham enroute to Brighton. The Monk was able to speak as he was not yet professed for otherwise he would have passed head down and his eye bent to the ground. He said, there were seven people of all sorts living at the monastery, monks, novices and lay brothers. They had matins at 2 a.m. and he must be back to vespers by 5.30. They offered the monk wine but he refused so Kilvert gave to him their tin cup full of stream water adding a biblical reference:

"you cannot refuse 'a cup of cold water' " (Matthew 10.42)

Their conversation was interrupted by a carriage with some men and women in it churning and jolting down the lane. They had been to see the new monastery but would not have been admitted as it was closed to visitors. There was now a sign in large letters:

'Peace to the wayfarers by the Blood of Jesus'

In conclusion let me give you one of Kilvert's later fine pen pictures, it also shows us his broad Churchmanship and his dislike of ritualism. We must also recall that in the Diary's edited text he did not enter or share with Dissenter's worship.

On Tuesday, 23 May 1876. Kilvert goes on a visit to his beloved Oxford, meets up with his old College friend A.L. Mayhew and seems to have had a jolly good time on land and on the river. Naturally he attended various Church Services:

"at Magdalen Chapel Scarcely were we seated in the stalls than we heard the rustle of footsteps and white wings and the angel choir, newlighted on this earthly shore, came in and took their places. Then followed the praying of the sweet solitary voice answered by the chorus of angels and the splendid storm of the anthem as we 'heard once more in college fanes the storm their high-built organs make, and shake the prophets blazoned in the panes'

He heard High Prayers at New College Chapel where there was a magnificent tempest of an Anthem and a superb voluntary.

Two days later, Holy Thursday, Kilvert and Mayhew after a day on the river with a jolly party went to hear preach at St. Barnabas the great Anglo-Catholic evangelist Father Stanton (1839-1913) who was a year older than Kilvert. He was a contemporary at Oxford, was a curate at St. Albans Holborn for 50 years, where his faith and personal attractiveness won the confidence of thousands in the roughest parts of London. However he met with much opposition at the hands of the official elements in the church.

"The service at St. Barnabas was at 8 o'clock and the evening light was setting behind the lofty Campanile as we entered. The large Church was almost full, the great congregation singing like one man. The Clergy and choir entered with a procession, incense bearers and a great gilt cross,thurifers and acolytes being in short white surplices over scarlet cassocks and the last priest in the procession wearing a biretta and chasuble stiff with gold. The Magnificat seemed to be the central point in the service and at the words: 'For behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed', the black biretta and golden chasuble (named Shuttleworth) advanced, was 'censed' by the thurifer, then took the censer from him, and censed the cross, the banners, the lights, and the altar, till the Church was al a fume. I myself could not see exactly what was done though I knew some ceremony was going on. It appeared to me to be pure Mariolatry. Father Stanton took as his text: 'He is altogether lovely' [Canticles ii] The matter was not original or interesting, the manner was theatrical and overdone. I should think every eye in that great congregation was quite dry. The text was repeated constantly in a very low die-away tone. The Sermon came after the Third Collect. I was disappointed in it and so I think were many more. after the service there was an offertory and a processional hymn. And round came the procession down the South aisle and up the nave in the following order: First the thurifer in a short white surplice and scarlet cassock swinging a chained censer high in the air and bringing it back with a sudden check and a violent jerk which brought the incense out in a stifling cloud. Next an acolyte in a similar dress bearing aloft a great gilt cross. Then three banners waving and moving above the heads of the people in a weird strange ghostly march as the banner bearers steered them clear of the gaslights. After them came two wand-bearers preceding the Clergy, Father Stanton walking in the midst and looking exhausted. The rear of the procession being brought up by the hideous figure of the emaciated ghost in the black biretta and golden chasuble.

"As we came out of Church Mayhew said to me
'Well, did you ever see such a function as that?'

'No, I never did and I don't care if I never do again.'

This was the grand function of the Ascension at St. Barnabas, Oxford. The poor humble Roman Church hard by is quite plain, simple and Low Church in its ritual compared with St. Barnabas in its festal dress on high days and holidays."

FROM THE SECRETARY'S CORRESPONDENCE

On September 4th the village of Laysters is holding an Open Day, and members of the Kilvert Society are welcome to play croquet on the very lawn that Kilvert did on October 25th 1871. (Kilvert writes the name of the village as "Laycesters") The organiser has suggested a team might be raised! If members are intending to go, and would like to stay to tea, would they please let me know beforehand? The village of Laysters is approximately halfway between Leominster and Tenbury Wells.

An appeal has been launched to raise funds for the maintenance of Monnington church, where Kilvert's brother in law, William Smith was vicar, and where he is buried. The Diary contains many references to the parish; apart from Bredwardine, no Herefordshire village has so many Kilvert associations. Such was the generous response to an appeal I made some years ago for Capel-y-Ffyn church, that I am emboldened to plead for Monnington's more or less complete 17th Century church,, which like Capel-y-Ffin serves a thinly populated area. Cheques made payable to Monnington-on-Wye P.C.C. should be sent to Lieut. Colonel E.C. Phillips, Chase House, Monnington-on-Wye, Hereford.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 1994

Members are reminded that, following the change in the subscription year, **all** subscriptions for 1994 become due on on the 1st of January 1994.

Rule 8 has been amended to allow members six months to pay their subscriptions so, if you normally pay at the AGM, you may continue to do so.

A large number of members have already kindly paid their 1994 subscriptions in advance, so should ignore this notice.

If you paid a full-year subscription for 1993, you may wish to reduce your 1994 payment to take account of your anniversary date of joining the Society. A table of the pro-rata subscription rate appeared in the March 1993 Newsletter.

L. Jackson (Subs. Treasurer)