

THE
Journal
OF
THE KILVERT SOCIETY



THE KILVERT SOCIETY

*Founded in 1948 to foster an interest in the Reverend Francis Kilvert,
his work, his Diary and the countryside he loved*

Registered Charity No. 1103815

www.thekilvertsociety.org.uk

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The Treasurer would like to thank all who responded to his appeal to change their standing-orders to the new subscription rates. However, there are still a few members yet to make the change.

Dates for your diary

All teas and pub lunches must be pre booked with the Secretary by post or email (jeanbrimson@hotmail.com)

Saturday 26 September

12.30pm Meet at church of St James, Kinnersley, for a picnic lunch, followed by a conducted tour of Kinnersley Castle. Tea provided by the castle, £7.50.

Sunday 27 September

3pm Commemorative Service at St James' Church, Kinnersley, followed by tea and croquet on the lawn at the Rectory, by kind invitation of Major and Mrs James Greenfield. £4.50 per person.

Tea on both days must be booked with the Secretary by Friday 18 September.

2016

Wednesday 2 March

Visit to St Barnabas' Church at the lower end of Great Clarendon Street, Jericho, Oxford OX2 6BG.
Details will be sent in the new year to those who indicate they want to go.

If you are on email please help us to cut postage costs by sending your e-address to the Secretary at jeanbrimson@hotmail.com

Front cover The portrait of the Rev Sir George Cornewall (1833-1908), the Rector of Moccas, is reproduced courtesy of Francis and Anthea Chester-Master. See David Machin on Sir George and the later history of the Moccas estate on p356

Back cover Top, the Rev Anand Sodadasi, Vicar, blesses and dedicates the replacement Kilvert Memorial Gates at Bredwardine churchyard donated by the Society. Below, Jeff Marshall, who organised the commissioning of the gates on behalf of the committee, watches the man who made and installed them, local carpenter Philip Minton, attach a brass commemorative plaque. Before the ceremony the screws for the plaque were accidentally dropped, prompting a hunt on the lane leading to St Andrew's. On the left is St Leonard's, Keevil, visited by the Society in June. Relaxing beside the Kennet and Avon Canal before tea at Mike and Sue Rose's on that visit are Colin Dixon and Richard Weston and his brother Charles, whose report can be found on p354

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From the Chairman, David Elvins

Recently I mentioned to a friend that I was a member of the Kilvert Society. He said that he had used the *Diary* as a reference, along with other contemporary accounts, regarding weather reports. Part of his job was to gather information on the weather in order to gain a better understanding of climate trends over the last hundred and fifty years.

As a nation we are supposed to be obsessed by the weather. The 1st July this year was the hottest July day on record. Kilvert reports a similar hot spell in 1874. On 9 June he leaves Chippenham for a holiday on the Isle of Wight:

The heat was intense especially at Bishopstoke where the train stood out on the blazing rails at the junction in the burning sun and we could not alight nor get any shelter. . . . The Wiltshire downs and Salisbury Plain were white and glaring with drought and chalk and dust in the scorching blinding sun. Everything seemed parched and dried up by the 2 months' drought except some brilliant patches of crimson sainfoin which lighted up the white hot downs and burning Plain with the purple bloom and splendours of heather.

He arrives with his companions on the Isle of Wight and on 11 June he plays football and cricket with some of the children from the local Sunday School:

The heat was intolerable and I drank some 20 cups of tea.

I have not read better descriptions of the weather than in the pages of the *Diary*.



From the Secretary, Alan Brimson

The arrangements for the September weekend are as follows:

Saturday 26 September, 12.30pm.

Meet at the Church of St James, Kinnersley, for a picnic lunch and then a visit to Kinnersley Castle where we will have a conducted tour, following which tea will be provided by the Castle at £7.50 per person.

Sunday 27 September, 3pm.

Once again meet at St James', Kinnersley, for a commemorative service, followed by tea at the Rectory opposite, at £4.50 per person, after which croquet

can be played on the lawn in true Kilvertian fashion.

Teas for both days must be pre-ordered by returning the enclosed order form to the Secretary by 18 September at the absolute latest please.

For our winter event we intend to revisit Oxford on Wednesday 2 March 2016. On this occasion we will visit the church of St Barnabas in the area known as Jericho, the scene of Kilvert's diary entry of Holy Thursday 25 May 1870 (vol 111, p315-320). We should also be able to take in other locations where Kilvert joined his old friend Mayhew to revisit their old haunts from their student days.

Please return the expression of interest slip enclosed to the Secretary. Further details of the event will then be sent to you in the New Year.

I do hope you will make every effort to support these events. Further plans for 2016 are being finalised and details will follow in the March 2016 edition of the *Journal*.



From the Editor, Charles Boase

I am sorry to say that this, my eleventh *Journal*, will be my last as Editor.

I will explain my reasons for relinquishing the editorship in a later, separate mailing.

Editing the *Journal* has been a most rewarding and enjoyable experience. Right from the start, with the friendly encouragement I had from Jeff Marshall when I took over from him as Editor, I have felt myself to be among friends and have made many new ones. Crucial to my survival in the early days was help I had from the Dixons, that fount of knowledge of all things Kilvert, our archivist Colin, and Val, who was always willing to undertake typing (and photography) for me. Many thanks to them.

I am also very grateful to all the writers and photographers who have so generously contributed their time and brilliant talents to the *Journal*. They have made the *Journal* what it is. Thank you very much to them for their support. It has been a pleasure to be trusted with their copy.

As every editor knows, having enough copy opens the door to editorial happiness. In fact, this current edition is overflowing with good things and some material has had to be held over.

But at least that means I will be able to leave material to my successor, whoever that is; I hope contributors will continue to give them their full support. The *Journal*, as I am sure all would agree, is vital to the existence and purpose of this fine society of ours.



How Robert Kilvert's first curacy was good in parts

Our summer outing was to the now-gentrified Wiltshire villages where the Diarist's father Robert said the years of his first curacy had 'generally' had been times of great happiness, writes CHARLES WESTON

As we were sitting in the dining-room this evening, my father suddenly remembered and told us that he had been in Orders exactly 45 years, and that on this day he had preached his first sermon in Keevil Church.
Diary, Sunday 22 September 1872

PRIEST-in-charge Maureen Allchin was clearly delighted to see us as we trooped into the nave of St Leonard's at Bulkington, Wiltshire, on a sunny Saturday morning in June. 'It almost feels as if I should be conducting a service at this point!' she exclaimed, before expertly introducing us to the history of the church and the social conditions in the village in 1827-32 when the Diarist's father was curate.

It transpired that the building in which we were sitting did not exist during Robert Kilvert's five-year tenure; it was not built until 1860 and Robert would have made the almost two-mile trek on foot to make the occasional home visit for Holy Communion, christenings, pastoral visits etc in parishioners' homes.

Bulkington in those days was an agricultural village – a small straggling extension of Keevil – where the familiar sight was of men working in the fields and the horse was king. Villagers (mostly of a lower social order than those in Keevil) walked to the Keevil church for their worship.

Preliminaries completed, our party of 20 moved into the churchyard to socialise and mingle before the first feasting of the day at the local pub – The Well – just along the main village street from the church. It was difficult to tell if The Well – a modern postwar building – stood on the site of the original village pub which, according to the village guide, 'brewed a particularly strong ale' in Robert's time. The real ales on offer to us (Timothy Taylor et al) were probably just as strong but the lunches served on wooden platters were an upmarket version of traditional ploughman's fare, with fish goujons, ciabatta rolls and melted goat's cheese and pesto on offer.

Sufficiently refreshed, it was time for us to travel on in convoy to Keevil, the village where Robert was based as curate.

The church in Keevil was of a much older origin than its sister church in Bulkington. Dating back to the 14th century it has the traditional architectural features of that time – crenellated tower and early Gothic windows; cruciform in plan with two small chapels at the crossing. Adjoining the church is the Rectory, built in later Victorian times and replacing the original one in which Robert lived (long since sold off as a private dwelling by the ecclesiastical authorities).



Once we were seated in the church (pictured below) Alan Brimson gave us a potted history of Robert's earlier life prior to his arrival in Keevil. It was illuminating to hear that the early part of his life is documented in his self-penned *Memoirs of the Reverend Robert Kilvert* (copies available from the Society's archivist; it is contained in the publication, *More Chapters from the Kilvert Saga*). Alan trotted through the chronology of his early life in Bath from his birth in 1803, through the period of family penury and bereavements in his teenage years and up to the period of his

own ill health in the summer of 1822. In October of that year, as the result of help and assistance by Uncle Frank 'The Antiquarian' and the Provost of Oriel College, he commenced his Oxford law studies and Classics courses at Oriel.

In 1827 came his 'launch upon the wide, wide world [answering] the call to take a country curacy'. He moved to Keevil (a parish which at that time was vicarless) for the princely sum of £70 per year with a rent-free vicarage provided. His *Memoirs* offer a summarised account of the layout of the village with its 'long irregular street of straggling cottages'. His main interest in the *Memoirs*, however, rested not on the

houses of the poor but rather on those of the elite of the village, the Hicks-Beach family, the local Lords of the Manor whose 'fine old Elizabethan manor house [was a] neglected property', and the Chamberlains, 'another house of less size . . . also non resident'. He described his own vicarage house as 'much humbler in every way than the other two'.

At this point John Toman, our prolific Kilvert researcher and author, made some scholarly reflections on Robert's life and the impact of the Keevil experience. His main contention was that the *Memoirs* masked Robert's true feelings as regards his first curacy.

Robert had stated that he had spent his five years at Keevil 'in great happiness generally'. How, Toman questioned, could one accept such a statement at face value when the social conditions in the Wiltshire countryside were so turbulent in the period of his tenure? Did his use of the word 'generally' hide the anxieties of his life at that time – having to live amongst the impoverished rural underclass? Did the period of his tenure at Keevil affect his health adversely and result in a later breakdown in 1832 after making his next move to the curacy in Melksham?

The questions were posed, backed up by facts and figures given in his book *The Homeless Heart*. Cobbett's *Rural Rides* had spo-

ken of the 'human wretchedness' of the Wiltshire labourer at this time. Toman elaborated on this wretchedness, which resulted in the Swing Riots by discontented and starving labourers. These riots swept the countryside in the 1830s and resulted in savage sentences imposed by the Wiltshire judiciary. As a pillar of the Establishment how was it possible for Robert to work in a parish which was at the epicentre of such turmoil without being abused either physically or verbally by discontented locals?

The *Memoirs* acknowledge the abuse going on around him in other parishes. He writes: 'Broken windows at the Vicarage were reported to me, and the need of fire-arms hinted.' It was Toman's view that Robert suffered inner turmoil and did not respond well to stress; hence his extended illness in his final term at Oriel where, 'to [his] great disappointment and mortification', he only gained a Third Class degree in both Classics and Mathematics. Some five years later his move to a more desirable curacy at Melksham in 1832 lasted only three months, cut short as a result of the stresses and strains of his experiences in the Keevil parish. His health collapsed, at which point his *Memoirs* end abruptly.

The church at Keevil has an interesting feel to it and questions regarding Robert's period as curate to an absentee vicar remain unanswered.

According to church records one William Dann Harrison was the vicar during his period of curacy. Was he the Canon of Winchester who was mentioned by Robert as the incumbent? Were the Beach family ever in residence during his stay in the vicarage or were they permanent absentees, perhaps preferring to stay elsewhere (London perhaps?) away from the unpleasantness of Wiltshire in this period? Certainly, the Beach family's connections with the church were historic and are apparent to this day. The North Chapel is referred to in the church guide as



'The Beach Chapel'. It has its own private entrance to the squire's pew and on the chapel walls are memorials to the family – Lords of the Manor from the late 17th century until the family sold up in 1911. William Beach's memorial records his birth as 24 July 1783 and his death as 22 November 1856, dates which mean that he would have been at least in the land of the living during the period of Robert's curacy.

On leaving the church an amble down the main street seemed an appropriate way to conclude our visit to Keevil. The Hicks-Beach manor house was secreted away behind a high brick wall but the gate through which family members would have emerged to make their way to the nearby church remained. The farmhouses described by Robert as 'of second or third class' have long since been transformed into des-res properties by the upwardly mobile. The street was deserted; where were the 'rude lot' of people that Robert had been warned about when he first moved to the village? Long since departed into the shadows of History.

The final event of the day was a real treat. Again in convoy we left the village of Keevil to travel the short distance to the restored medieval barn at the home of fellow Kilvertians, Sue and Mike Rose.

In the warm June sunshine we were greeted by the sight of a magnificent feast of sandwiches, pies, cakes and strawberries and cream.

Whilst the tea was brewing there was a chance to look around the site. At the rear of the barn lay the Kennet and Avon Canal. This created great interest amongst members, particularly when a passing barge caused our dynamic Secretary to spring into action and display his skills as a lock-keeper.

A most illuminating and pleasurable way to spend a summer's day. Many thanks to Alan and Jean Brimson and to Sue and Mike Rose for organising events.

No wonder everyone went 'Ahh' (twice) on our visit to Cwmgwannon

THE Society's visit to Lower Cwmgwannon in March was in some ways a homecoming for Eva Morgan. 'Father always said we came from Cwmgwannon,' she said (her father's mother lived there; it is a subject she explored in fascinating detail in *Journal* 35). Yet a visit to Cwmgwannon is, for her, etched with sadness at the plight of the mad woman Francis Kilvert visited at the house, for she was her great great grandmother, writes *Charles Boase*.

Alan Brimson, reading the passages about poor Mrs Watkins, (vol 1, p372 and vol 11, p24) reflected that they must be among the sadder pieces in the *Diary*.

The second reading was also heart-rending, a story of murder, but in this case the victims were trees. We listened in the conservatory overlooking the dingle where Kilvert's *old friends of seven years*, the subject of his poem, 'Dingle of Cwm', met their fate. As the drizzle



swept our view (this March had no *warm south wind blowing sweet from the Black Mountains*) we were transported by the *Diary's* picture of beeches and oaks lying *below on both banks of the brook prostrate and mutilated, a mournful scene of havoc, the road almost impassable for the limbs of the fallen giants*. No wonder everyone went 'Ahh' at the end.

Our hosts, Joan and Tony Carter, had put maps and the photograph of the farmhouse in 1965 (see *Journal* 35) on display in the little room beyond the *broad oak staircase*. They also set out a generous tea in their lovely kitchen, all of a piece with the warmth of their welcome.

And there we took Eva by surprise (*pictured by Ann Dean*) by bursting into Happy Birthday for her. And everyone went 'Ahh!' again, but with joy. That lifted all our spirits, because although the Cwmgwannon accounts are beautiful they are also desperately sad.

The Cornewalls and other ‘old men’ of Moccas

Francis Kilvert loved Moccas, even to the extent of his wonderful flight of fancy that his Ashe forebears might once have owned it. Here DAVID MACHIN dips into research he has done into his own family connexions with the estate

THE parish and village of Moccas are next-door neighbours to Bredwardine, on the same side of the Wye. The *Diary* contains at least six references to them.

During Kilvert’s time in Clyro and Bredwardine the Rector of Moccas, the Reverend Sir George Cornwall, was also the owner of the surrounding estate. The Cornewalls traced their descent from Richard, Earl of Cornwall, son of King John and brother of Henry III. The story goes that one Edward, a younger son of the family then living at Berrington, was caught poaching in Moccas Park and was brought before Frances Vaughan, the widow and heiress of Henry Vaughan of Bredwardine Castle, who promptly fell in love with him. Whatever the truth, they were married in 1651 and in due course the Cornewalls acquired the rest of the Vaughan properties, including Moccas.

Over the next hundred years the Cornewalls played their part in local and national life, including the House of Commons, but when the male line failed in the late eighteenth century, the sole heiress was Catherine Cornwall. At the age of nineteen she married Sir George Amyand. He came from a family of Huguenot refugees who had prospered to the extent that they had risen to the heights of London society and amassed property in Surrey, Berkshire and Bedfordshire as well as plantations in Grenada. To these were now added Catherine’s considerable estate of over 3,000 acres. Sir George followed the terms of her father’s will and changed his name to Cornwall, though he also managed to retain the style of the Amyand baronetcy.

By this time the Cornewalls had already moved their principal residence from Bredwardine to Moccas. The newly married couple soon decided that the old house there was not fit for their purpose and embarked on building a new one high on the bank of the Wye with a view upstream to the red cliff of Brobury Scar. Drawings were commissioned from Robert Adam but the work was carried out by the local architect-builder Anthony Keck. They moved into the new house in 1784 and from then till his death in 1819 Sir George was constantly buying furniture and pictures for the house and improving and modernising the surrounding landscape and farms, taking advice first from Capability Brown but then from the Herefordshire pioneers of the picturesque movement, Richard Payne Knight and Sir Uvedale Price, as well as John Nash and Humphrey Repton.

Sir George kept up the Cornwall tradition by serving as MP for Hereford County, but with his son and successor, another George, the family began to concentrate more exclusively on local responsibilities. There may have been some decline in their finances, partly following the abolition of slavery

and crop failures in the Grenada property. But they remained comfortably off and throughout the nineteenth century Moccas Court was the hospitable setting for house parties and dances, with shooting, fishing, hunting and boating on the estate. (A nineteenth-century game book preserved by the family confirms Kilvert’s mention of hearing the *rattle of guns* all day from a Cornwall shooting party.) Diaries kept by members of the family give an impression of a large and on the whole happy household. This Sir George was succeeded in 1835 by his eldest son, Velters, who was still a minor. He never married and when he died in 1868 he was succeeded by his younger brother, the clergyman George whom Kilvert knew.

Although in ecclesiastical terms Kilvert and Sir George were on an equal footing and not that far apart in age, Sir George, born in 1833, educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge, and married to Louisa Bayley, daughter of a judge, was a large landowner in the parish of Bredwardine (though not the patron of the living),

and the strict social hierarchy of the Victorian countryside would have inhibited any close intimacy between them. Kilvert clearly felt himself more on a level with Mr Bishop, the curate whom Sir George employed at Moccas, just as his brother-in-law, William Smith, married to Kilvert’s sister Thersie, and Rector of Monnington on the opposite bank of the Wye, had to acknowledge Sir George as his patron as well as a fellow priest.

However, Kilvert’s first, rather charming mention of Sir George portrays him as a fellow-member of a picnic tea party in Moccas Park where *he made himself useful by cutting bread and butter* (vol II, p253). And on 9 April 1875 (vol III, p165, when Sir George had finished playing the organ, he *courteously shewed me round the beautiful little Norman Church* at Moccas.

In addition to the organ in the church there was one in the entrance hall of the Court. There was already a strong musical tradition in the previous generation of the family. When Sir Velters died, the *Court Journal* wrote: “At the country seat of the Cornewalls the most eminent musical professors in the early part of the century were accustomed to meet: Cervetto, Cimador, Dragonetti and their contemporaries. It was the boast of the Dowager Lady Cornwall that she had five daughters the best linguists and musicians in England – viz: Viscountess Hereford, Mrs Peplow, Lady Frankland Lewis, Lady Duff Gordon and one unmarried daughter”. A note written by Lady Duff Gordon in her old age suggests that Lady Hereford was taught by, amongst others, the famous Italian castrato Venanzio Rauzzini, who settled in Bath and became responsible for the principal concerts there and where he was visited by Haydn.

On 4 July 1878 Kilvert records that there was the first of two



Moccas Court in about 1914



The Old Rectory, Moccas (pictured courtesy of Mr and Mrs O Whittall). Sir George’s study was in the lower left corner

charity concerts on successive days in the Bredwardine school-room; *the music was very good, almost too good for the audience*. Sir George was amongst the singers. After the second concert *Sir George, Mr Arkwright, Everett, Bishop and 2 Miss de Wintons and Miss Master went down to Moccas by water in 2 boats moored off the Vicarage garden singing glees and catches very sweetly. 'A boat, a boat, a boat, haste to the ferry', and 'Drink to me only with thine eyes'*.

The Reverend Sir George died in 1908 and was succeeded by his eldest son, Geoffrey. Neither he nor his younger brother, William, married. The baronetcy became extinct on William's death in 1962. During the bachelor brothers' long reign the estate does not seem to have prospered, and they moved into a Victorian dower house and let the Court to tenants who did nothing to keep it in good repair. Many of the contents and furnishings of the house were auctioned off.

In 1840 one of the Cornwall daughters, Catherine, had married Thomas Master of The Abbey, Cirencester. The Masters had been substantial landowners in Gloucestershire since the sixteenth century. They and the Cornwalls would have already known each other socially and had many overlapping interests for a long time, including representing West Country constituencies in Parliament, acting as Stewards of the Three Choirs Festival and so on. At the beginning of the twentieth century the Masters formally hyphenated Chester in their surname in recognition of their inheritance in the previous century of the estate of the Chester family of Almondsbury, near Bristol. And so it was that Sir William Cornwall left Moccas to Colonel William Chester-Master, the great grandson of Thomas and Catherine.

Colonel William died at an early age in 1963. His son Richard became responsible for two tranches of estate duty and a mansion in dire need of repair and maintenance. Many people would have decided that the challenge was too great. But Richard Chester-Master and his wife, Priscilla, set about seeing how they could salvage the situation. Land had to be sold, including Monnington. They did not move to Moccas permanently because they had an established home and thriving antiques business at Cirencester. But they formed a flat on the first floor of the Court which was regularly used by the extended family, the principal rooms on the ground floor were gradually refurbished and opened to the public during the summer, and a retired naval officer and his wife moved into a flat on the top floor as caretakers.

The management of the estate was put into professional hands. Particular care was taken to reclaim and ensure the future of the deer park, one of the oldest in the country and of interest to a variety of naturalists. In 1978 a management agreement was reached with the Nature Conservancy Council (now part of English Nature) which made Moccas the first parkland National Nature Reserve. Extensive replanting was undertaken, and the interests of grazing stock and of conserving the habitat interwoven.

Following Richard Chester-Master's death in 1994, the estate was divided between two of his sons. The Court became a small country house hotel, which won many awards. During the annual Hay Festival it was the base for several well-known visitors, including a former President of the United States. But recently the Trustees decided to sell the house and its immediate surroundings. The purchasers are members of the Harley family who coincidentally succeeded Cornwalls as owners of Berlington Hall (now a National Trust property).

However, a substantial part of the remaining estate has stayed in Chester-Master ownership. And happily one can be confident that the landscape Kilvert loved and wrote about so movingly is still easily recognisable and in safe hands.

Waiting and watching

Kilvert's graphic account of Moccas Park is now essential reading for naturalists, says the leading ecologist and woodlands consultant **GEORGE PETERKEN**



I fear those grey old men of Moccas, those grey, gnarled, low-browed, knock-kneed, bent, huge, strange, long-armed, deformed, hunch-backed, misshapen oak men that stand waiting and watching century after century, biding God's time with both feet in the grave, yet tiring down and seeing out generation after generation, with such tales to tell, as when they whisper them to each other in the midsummer nights, make the silver birches weep and the poplars and aspens shiver and the long ears of the hares and rabbits stand on end. No human hand set those oaks. They are 'the trees which the Lord hath planted'. They look as if they had been at the beginning and making of the world, and they will probably see its end. (vol III, p263)

Francis Kilvert is famous amongst ecologists for writing arguably the most evocative descriptions of ancient wood-pastures. Indeed, in recent years, quoting Kilvert has become almost essential in the world of veteran trees, ancient woodland, nature conservation and landscape history. For once, a hundred words are better than a picture in conveying the feelings that Moccas and other ancient parklands generate in visitors – what it is like to walk around these woods and the sense that the distant past remains with us and will survive for our successors.

But ecologists also try to be objective. Was Kilvert right about the oaks' natural origin and apparent immortality? Is there any sense in which the birch, aspens and poplars stand in awe of them? And what do we have to do to ensure that they endure?

Most of what ecologists and naturalists know about the park was brought together by Paul Harding and Tom Wall in *Moccas: an English deer park* (English Nature, 2000). Whilst it looks like a typical medieval park attached to a small castle running up from the low ground in the Wye Valley to the ridge, its origins are actually quite uncertain. Most is not in Moccas parish, but Dorstone, a village over the hill in the Golden Valley. The parish boundary separates the castle from the park. There is no medieval record of a park in Moccas, yet parks were recorded in neighbouring parishes, including Dorstone. The answer may be indicated by the former extent of Moccas Park: until about 1772, it extended over the hill and down into the Golden Valley, where Dorstone parish is extended to take in most of the former park area. Given all these features, the suggestion that Moccas Park originated as Dorstone park, but survived as part of the property attached to Moccas Court seems entirely reasonable.

The trees themselves have long inspired awe and curiosity. Many were named and illustrated in classic books, such as Strutt's *Sylva Britannica* (1822) and Loudon's *Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum* (1838). The dominant species is oak, but there have been (and in some cases still are) huge ash and a cluster of Britain's rarest major tree, the large-leaved lime. Spec-



John Wilks can just be spotted in the middle of this crowd of members on a sweltering day in 2003 telling them about Moccas Park, on a memorable visit organised by Ann Dean



ulations on the age and origins of the oaks have recently been approached analytically by measuring the girths of a wide range of specimens of different sizes and comparing them with earlier measurements, from which it is clear that many of the oldest and most gnarled oaks date from before the first record of the existence of Moccas Park in the 17th century. At least one of the old trees that Kilvert would have seen must have originated in the 11th century, or thereabouts, and several others go back almost as far. Their shapes show that many have been pollarded, a form of utilisation that involves lopping the branches at a height beyond the reach of cattle and deer. By doing that, repeated crops of foliage for hay and branch wood for heating were taken and the tree steadily developed a large and eventually hollow trunk. Pollarding eventually ceased, the branches then developed into heavy limbs, and in due course their sheer weight became too much for the hollow trunks to support. The birches, aspens and poplars, incidentally, rarely live for a hundred years, usually much less, so perhaps Kilvert was right in thinking they stood in awe of the oaks.

Moccas, with other parks and wood-pastures, is not just an historical curiosity and a pleasant feature in the landscape. The long survival of an ancient habitat has enabled some of Britain's rarest insects to survive in and on the ancient trees. Indeed, one species is known only from one tree in Moccas Park. They survive because the dead and rotting timber they utilised in the original, natural forests has always been present somewhere on this ground and is still there in sufficient quantity to support populations that have been viable so far. The key point about these species is that they evolved without any need to colonise far and quickly, with the result that they cannot hop over to another wood-pasture many miles distant, but are in effect trapped within the parks they now occupy.

For much the same reason, Moccas park is also famous for its fungi. Indeed, it was one of the targets of the first fungus forays, a term actually invented in Herefordshire by the Woolhope Club. These enthusiasts sallied forth from Hereford in their carriages, explored Moccas, Holme Lacy park and other places, collected specimens to identify, and then repaired to the Green Dragon or some other hostelry to eat those they identified as tasty. They

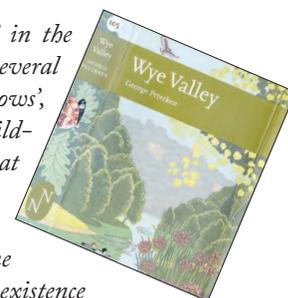
started in 1868 and first visited Moccas in 1873, so it is not entirely fanciful that they would have met Francis Kilvert on one of his rambles. The fungi that he and they saw included not just the odd and sometimes spectacular growths on the old trees, but also numerous quite different fungi in the pasture, including the wax-caps and fairy clubs.

Moccas, like any other park, is never static. Since 1976 at least 5 per cent of the stock of trees has died or has been removed. The trees that were planted amongst the medieval trees had grown into fine timber, but many were felled and sold. The lower park is an important part of the pasture available to the estate, and inevitably it has been fertilised to increase productivity and cleared of much of the fallen dead wood.

The question now is how to maintain and perpetuate the park. It's not just a matter of biodiversity and several species hanging on by their finger-tips, but also a matter of history and landscape, of perpetuating our ability to connect with Kilvert and others who knew and formed the landscape. Even oaks will not live forever, but we must find a way to maintain the habitats they offer indefinitely. This involves maintaining the ancient trees for as long as they will live; keeping the dead and rotting wood they contain and let fall; ensuring that new oaks are available to replace the old oaks eventually; and maintaining the pasturage in a way that makes it useful to the owners without destroying the herbage and soil that supports the fungi and other species of heath and native grassland. The park will change and one day all the trees that Kilvert and the Woolhope Club pioneers saw will die, but with skill and co-operation they will last many generations yet.

Dr Peterken is the author of 'Wye Valley' in the Collins New Naturalist Library (it has several references to Francis Kilvert) and of 'Meadows', the second publication of the British Wildlife Collection. He is an associate professor at Nottingham University.

By a curious coincidence Dr Peterken's first visit to Moccas was on 21 May 1972, the same day as a visit by the Kilvert Society (whose existence until then he had been unaware).





The Thomases of Powys really knew what's in a name

The dauntless ROB GRAVES takes a scholar's scalpel to disentangle the many branches of a family tree with claimed roots in Saxon times that loomed so large over Francis Kilvert's time in Radnorshire and which he once nurtured dreams of joining. This article is based on Rob's address to the Society at Presteigne last April

WHAT'S in a name? It is a more complex question than might initially be supposed. There are, initially, two historical names which have become linked with the Thomas story. The first of these, and the figure from whom the family claims descent, is Elystan Glodrydd (957–1010AD), ruler or prince of a land called Pferllys, a territory known from the Welsh description of its location as: 'Rhwng Gwy a Hafren', often poetically translated as 'Twixt Wye and Severn', considerable parts of which would today lie in England. Elystan, the Welsh rendering of the Saxon name Athelstan, was by some accounts the godson of King Athelstan, King of the Anglo-Saxons and later of the English, though Athelstan himself died in 939, eighteen years before Elystan's birth. It seems more likely that Elystan was named by his father Cuhelyn in memory of or in honour of Athelstan, to whom the Welsh princes of the period pledged allegiance, but this is merely speculation. It is known, however that Athelstan was brought up in the Mercian court of his aunt Aethelflaed, 'the Lady of the Mercians', and Mercia's proximity to the Welsh borderlands would have made contacts between Mercia and the Welsh rulers of that region easy and probably necessary. As for the additional name Glodrydd, this is merely an epithet meaning 'praiseworthy' or 'famed'. It seems entirely understandable that, particularly in an age when pedigree was of paramount importance and many prominent families prided themselves on being able to trace their ancestry back to the Norman Conquest that the Thomases of Powys should have taken a special pride in a line extending even further back in time.

Though perhaps somewhat misty in historical terms, the Elystan Glodrydd connexion continues to crop up at various times in Thomas forenames right up into the twentieth century. In our context it first surfaces through Owen, who features as a young and rather naughty child at the beginning of Kilvert's *Diary* where, in January 1870, we find Kilvert staying with the Thomases of Mitcham. In later life, having by then acquired the surname Evan-Thomas, Owen named his two sons, both born in Vancouver, with characteristic unconventionality Elystan and Glodrydd. In due course Elystan became an actor and went to California where, between 1913 and 1955, he had mostly uncredited roles in 56 films, sometimes under the name of Peter Evan-Thomas. He died in 1982, aged 90, having been twice married. His brother Glodrydd led a less colourful life, living with his mother Bessie, divorced from Owen in 1908 (Owen and Bessie had, incidentally, been married by the Rev Richard Lister Venables), until her death in 1925. Glodrydd died in 1933, leaving a reasonably substantial estate of £11,648 9s 11d. Neither of the brothers had children.

A further reminder of the Elystan Glodrydd link comes through a nephew of Kilvert's Rev William Jones Thomas, vicar of Llanigon. This nephew, another William Thomas, was a member of the Brecon branch of the family and brother of the Edward Dumaresq Thomas who played a key part in restoring Llanthomas House following the death of Colonel William in 1909. This Brecon William also led a colourful life, joining with

his Llanthomas cousins Lechmere and Walter, Daisy's brothers, in establishing coffee and then tea plantations in Ceylon, and later moving to California to become a rancher at Santa Cruz. He named one of his sons Ferlys after the Welsh principality of the first Elystan. Whether either this Ferlys or his father William ever encountered the actor Elystan in California is not recorded.

Even in more modern times the old link resurfaces. Melville Thomas, whom some members will have known, had a brother called Elystan, who went out to live in New Zealand with his son, rather more appropriately named Bruce. Bearing in mind the distances covered by the bearers of these names during their lives one is tempted to wonder if there is anything in the connexion which positively encourages migration. Incidentally, the Thomases share their claim of descent from Elystan Glodrydd with, among others, Sophie Countess of Wessex, a Rhys-Jones by birth.

The second historical name to be connected to the Thomas family, particularly the 'Llanthomas', is that of yet another William Thomas, this one a Tudor William who lived from 1524 until his execution in 1554. From a grant of arms dated 1 February 1552 to William Thomas of Llanthomas, gentleman, he is known to have been a 16th century owner of Llanthomas (though it would have been a very different and far more modest house than that familiar to Kilvert). Richard Thomas, the author of the family history *Y Dduw bo'r Diolch*,¹ makes a valiant effort to connect him to the 17th and 18th century Thomases of Abergwesyn, who laid the foundations of the great Thomas dynasties of Llwynmadoc and Welfield/Cefndryys with their offshoots at Pencerrig, Caerwnnon and Llanthomas, but there seems little evidence to support such a link. His story is the most colourful of all, however, and is worth telling for that reason alone. It appears that, in 1545, at the age of twenty-one, this William Thomas was being pursued on the Continent for having made away with a sum of money belonging to his employer, Sir Anthony Browne. Arriving in Venice, he was imprisoned and subsequently released on the return of a bill of exchange to Sir Anthony Browne which he had obtained with Sir Anthony's money. This unhappy episode was followed by three years of exile in Italy, which Thomas put to practical use by writing a political defence of Henry VIII entitled the 'Peregryne', presumably in an effort to ingratiate himself with the king, and a book on Italian grammar. In 1548, a year after Henry's death in 1547, he was able to return to England where he published *The Historie of Italie*. By 1550 his fortunes appear to have radically transformed, for in that year he was appointed a clerk of the Privy Council. He was also around this time MP for Old Sarum. He was mentor to the young King Edward VI and during the early 1550s he became an extremely wealthy man and a considerable landowner. Fortune, however, was to prove decidedly fickle, for after Edward VI's death in 1553 William Thomas became embroiled in a plot led by Sir Thomas Wyatt to prevent the marriage of Queen Mary to King Philip of Spain. How deeply he was involved in actually plotting against

the Queen's life is not clear, but this was certainly the charge he was arraigned with. In February 1554 he was arrested and sent to the Tower. He was tried on 9 May, convicted and on 18 May dragged from the Tower to Tyburn where he was hanged and dismembered, his head being set on London Bridge and three of his quarters over Cripplegate near the house where he was said to have plotted. Just how proud the nineteenth century Thomases might have been of any connection with this potential regicide is perhaps questionable, but certainly the Reverend William Jones Thomas with his known interest in genealogy would have been aware of him, and Richard Thomas in his family history states that the later Thomas coat of arms (still to be seen on the stone gateposts flanking the driveway to Welfield/Cefndyrys, *pictured right*) was based on that of this Tudor William. It seems highly improbable, however, that any actual family link exists between the Tudor and the Victorian owners of Llanthomas.



The earliest reliable record of Thomas ancestors directly traceable to the branches of the family that were to come to full flowering in the 19th century begins with Evan Thomas ap Meredith, an Abergwesyn farmer – Abergwesyn is now little more than a scattered hamlet a few miles north of Llwynmadoc and Eglwys Oen Duw, though it was once of importance in lying on one of the main drovers' routes through Wales. Born in 1610, Evan Thomas ap Meredith died in 1676. It was his second son, Thomas ap Evan (sometimes confusingly referred to as Thomas Bevan), who purchased Llwynmadoc from his wife's childless uncle, David Arthur, almost certainly making use of his wife's dowry to do so (Thomas ap Evan's wife, Anne Meredith, was of gentry stock, and would have been a considerable catch for the son of a yeoman farmer. It seems reasonable to conclude that Thomas must have had something out of the ordinary about him to make him an eligible match for a gentleman's daughter. It was certainly this marriage which provided the foundation for all the family's future prosperity). Having added more land to the estate by further purchases, Thomas ap Evan was able to pass it on to his son, Edward, who, as Edward Thomas stabilised the family name in its anglicised form. It was this Edward, the forerunner of a great many Edward Thomases and the first of the family to claim the rank of gentleman, who established the first recognisable 'mansion' on the estate, converting the pre-existing early building into a gentleman's house with kitchen, withdrawing room and upstairs bedrooms. Edward died in 1742, but it was his elder son, Evan (another name to feature prominently in the Thomas story), born in 1702, whose thrustful dynamism would ensure the full blossoming of the family fortunes. Evan came into the Llwynmadoc estate as part of his marriage settlement with his first wife Elizabeth in 1731, eleven years before his father Edward's death. He did not, however, reside at Llwynmadoc, but chose instead to live in London, becoming factotum to Lord Clarendon and in due course chief agent to the Marquess of Bath. By dint of his business skills, his connexions and the fact that his two wives were both landed heiresses he managed to acquire over the years vast areas of land in South Wales to add to the Llwynmadoc estate. According to Richard Thomas, Evan added a total of seventy-five estates, amounting to seven thousand acres, to his Llwynmadoc holdings during his most active period. Being permanently in London, he gave the management of Llwynmadoc to his younger brother Edward, who was eventually succeeded as agent by his son, also Edward, though this latter Edward was ultimately to take out a lease on the estate, making him the de

facto landowner. It was this second Edward's younger brother, David, Esquire to Lord Keith and Deputy Paymaster to the Forces during the American War of Independence, who would purchase land at Cefndyrys, Llanellwedd, close to Builth, on which in the late 1780s he would build Welfield House, a house still to be seen today overlooking the Royal Welsh showground. Kilvert mentions Welfield's *pretty grounds* in a *Diary* entry of 15 April 1875.² The house reverted to its older name of Cefndyrys

in the 1920s in what would seem a deliberate move by the then occupier, Edward Aubrey Thomas, to reaffirm his own Welsh roots.

Evan, meanwhile, was still in London and still adding land to the Llwynmadoc estate in his last years. He finally died in 1790 and was buried at Abergwesyn (the church of Eglwys Oen Duw, close to Llwynmadoc, had not yet been built). His son, Henry – there is a succes-

sion of Evans and Henrys on the Llwynmadoc side of the family at this stage – seems not to have possessed his father's dynamism. He too remained in London, becoming Clerk to the Exchequer, essentially a well-paid sinecure, and then, like his father, agent to the Marquess of Bath. It was Henry's son, Evan, who married Alicia Ranken, daughter of Belfast shipowner Charles Ranken, who finally returned to South Wales in about 1815. He bought an estate in Sully, Glamorgan, and lived there, serving as chairman of the Glamorgan Quarter Sessions, until his death in 1832. His will, dated 1817, together with a codicil added in 1832, both show his residence as Sully House, Glamorgan. It appears that during at least part of his lifetime Llwynmadoc was let out to tenants (local historian Ruth Bidgood³ writes that the house was used as a shooting box in this period). Evan's elder son Henry was, however, to settle at Llwynmadoc, the Sully estate having been sold in the wake of Evan's death.

Henry became a magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for Breconshire, though he too continued to maintain interests in Glamorgan and the South Wales coast, serving like his father on the bench of the Glamorgan Quarter Sessions. Ruth Bidgood⁴ states that he travelled to Glamorgan nine times a year to hold adjourned sessions before the Assizes in order to lighten the judges' workload. Henry would also make additions and improvements of his own to Llwynmadoc house, and he too would marry an heiress, in his case Clara Thomas, the daughter of Thomas Thomas – he was not related! – of Pencerrig (an estate close to Llandrindod), and of the estates of Llanbradach and Ystrad Mynach in Glamorgan. It was a marriage that, on Thomas Thomas' death in 1859, would bring all these estates fully into the control of the Thomases of Llwynmadoc. Not only that, but the development of coal-mining at Llanbradach and Ystrad Mynach during the latter part of the nineteenth century would make the sole surviving child of this marriage, the great and extremely beautiful Miss Clara Thomas, one of the wealthiest women in Wales.

Evan's second son, Henry's brother Charles, later known as Charles of the Gnoll after the estate purchased by him in Neath in the 1860s, would in due course change his family name to Evan-Thomas, having with impressive foresight provided each of his ten children, including his three daughters, with the middle name Evan at birth. These were the Thomases with whom Kilvert was staying at Mitcham in January 1870, and three of whose young sons, Llewelyn, Owen and Hugh, he mentions by name. These three were to follow contrasting courses in life: Llewelyn became a shipping agent, living with his own family for some years in Antwerp; Owen, whom we have already met, displayed



Charles Evan-Thomas of The Gnoll and his wife Cara, sister to R L Venables' second wife, Agnes Minna, Henrietta Westhorp and Emily Cowper-Coles. Bottom right, The Gnoll in Neath, and below, the 'footprint' of The Gnoll today *Archive photos courtesy of Martin Bourdillon*

a less conventional streak than his siblings – perhaps already evident in his character as a child – by becoming an antiques dealer, a divorcee and father to Elystan and Glodrydd; while Hugh chose a career as a naval officer and through a succession of promotions went on to command the Fifth Battle Squadron as a Rear Admiral at Jutland in 1916.

Exactly why Charles chose to style himself and his family Evan-Thomas is not known for certain. It was a move clearly intended to make a point. Perhaps, as Richard Thomas suggests,⁵ it reflects a desire to stand out from the rest of the family, in particular from his niece Clara with her vast inherited wealth, and to make his own mark in the world. If this was the case he was entirely successful. He died in 1902 an extremely rich man, with his own estate, a London residence and a career as an eminent parliamentary barrister behind him. His wife Cara (sister to Mr Venables' second wife Agnes Minna, as well as to Henrietta Westhorp of Ilston and Emily Cowper-Coles of Newstead, Isle of Wight), continued to use the Gnoll estate as a residence until her death in 1909. For all his personal success, however, and



despite the fact that six of his seven sons reached adulthood and married, the Evan-Thomas name was to die out within two further generations. The Gnoll estate was ultimately purchased by Neath Corporation to serve as a public park, a role which it still fulfills, though Gnoll House itself, having suffered the indignity of being used for target practice by the Home Guard during World War II, was demolished in 1957.

Of all the representatives of the Llwynmadoc branch of the family, however, it is Miss Clara Thomas who stands out most strikingly. The daughter of Henry and Clara, and the niece of Charles of the Gnoll, the young Clara's life was touched early on by tragedy. When she was only twenty-two her father Henry died of a heart condition at Dover on Christmas Eve 1863. Two months later, on 23 February 1864, her elder brother Evan Llewelyn died in Paris four days before his twenty-fifth birthday (another brother, Evan Thomas Gwynne Thomas had earlier died as a thirteen-month-old infant, two months before Evan Llewelyn's birth). It has been suggested that Henry may have been on his way to Paris to be with his son when he was himself struck

down. This double blow left the young Clara not only an exceptionally rich heiress but also the subject of some speculation as to the precise impact the loss of her father and brother had on her. Despite being both wealthy and very beautiful, as attested by Kilvert in his *Diary* entry of 11 February 1870 where he describes her at a dinner gathering as *looking very pretty and nice in blue silk high dress*,⁶ she never married, and a theory persists that she suffered all her life from guilt at not going to Paris in her father's place to be with her brother. Richard Thomas⁷ asserts that her remaining single thus constituted a sort of 'self-imposed penance'. The fact is we shall never know why Clara chose to remain unmarried. A second theory, according to which she refrained from marrying to avoid passing on the illness which killed her mother, does not seem to stand medical scrutiny (scrutiny based on the family death records) and ought properly to be dismissed as apocryphal. Herbert Vaughan, who knew Clara personally, writes in his book *The South Wales Squires*⁸ that although it was commonly reported that the Lady of Llwynmadoc (one of the many unofficial titles bestowed on Clara) had a fear of being drawn into marriage for the sake of her money, he himself had never met any man worthy of her. She did have one known suitor, Henry William Harper, who spent two separate periods of his life in New Zealand

before returning to this country as an archdeacon. He is said to have been at her bedside when she died at Baileys Hotel in London in June 1914, and his grave lies in the churchyard of Eglwys Oen Duw in Beulah, directly in front of her own.

Whatever the case, Clara's life was one of supreme Christian charity. Though she did purchase one more estate to add to her holdings, Caerwnnon close to Builth Wells, the vast bulk of her wealth was used throughout her life in charitable gifts. She built or restored several vicarages and churches, including Llanfihangel Abergwesyn church which was demolished in the 1960s due to its dangerous condition; she donated considerable sums to hospitals and convalescent homes as well as to educational establishments – the school at Beulah, founded by her parents, was greatly supported by her donations; and she gave financial support to such causes as the Llanbradach Workmen's Institute along with a great variety of others. She is said to have considered herself merely a custodian of her immense wealth, and she held assiduously to this belief. According to the *Brecon County Times* report on the contents of her will in November 1914, out of an annual income of £40,000 – a colossal sum in those days (equivalent to about two million pounds today) – she gave away £35,000 each year to different causes. One church in whose construction she did not have a hand was the beautiful little church of Eglwys Oen Duw itself. This was built by her mother – its west window, the gift of the younger Clara's grandmother Ali-



Eglwys Oen Duw near Beulah was built by Clara's grandmother. A window is dedicated to Henry and Evan Llewelyn Thomas



cia, is dedicated to Henry and Evan Llewelyn Thomas – and the church served originally as a chapel of ease under a succession of curates. Interestingly, the first vicar to be appointed when it did become the church for the new parish of Beulah in 1875 was the Rev M E Welby, known to Kilvert during his time at Clyro.

On Clara's death her estates passed to various cousins, Llwynmadoc to Henry Algernon Evan-Thomas (known as 'Algy'), the grandson of her uncle Charles, while Pencerrig, Llanbradach and Ystrad

Mynach all reverted to descendants of the Rev George Thomas, the younger brother of her maternal grandfather Thomas Thomas. Pencerrig, which fell into a state of gradual neglect under its new owners, the Lindsays, was later purchased by Llewelyn Evan-Thomas (the brother of Owen and Hugh) and used by him as a family home. Caerwnnon, which had served as the family home of her uncle Charles' eldest son Algernon, remained with the Evan-Thomases. On the death of Henry ('Algy') Evan-Thomas in 1939 Llwynmadoc passed to his brother Charles Marmaduke, and from Charles Marmaduke in 1953 to Mervyn Bourdillon, whose mother Cara was Charles Marmaduke's sister. On Mervyn's death in 2002 the estate passed to the present occupiers, Patrick Bourdillon and his wife Miranda. So it is now under the ownership of a family of French Huguenot

descent, though since Patrick and Miranda have only daughters it seems inevitable that the estate will at some future point pass on to an owner with yet another name and background. Over the course of some 340 years Llwynmadoc has gone from Thomases to Evan-Thomases to Bourdillons – we might well wonder: where next?

And what, meanwhile, was happening at Welfield while all this was going on? – I shall continue for the moment to use the name Welfield for the Welfield/Cefndyrys estate since this was the name by which Kilvert knew it. We have seen how David Thomas, the younger son and brother of the two Edwards who acted as agents for the Llwynmadoc estate, had amassed enough of a fortune from his time as Deputy Paymaster to the Forces to purchase land at Cefndyrys, Llanelwedd (he actually bought it from a cousin, Evan Lloyd of Weobley) and to establish an estate based upon Welfield House, which he built between 1785 and 1790. At his death in 1814, since he was unmarried, this estate was left to his nephew, another David, his brother Edward's son. Richard Thomas⁹ suggests that because the elder David spent most of his time at his London home, it is probable that the younger David was already in residence with his family at Welfield some time before his uncle's death. In 1807 the younger David had married Catherine Jones of Ystrad Walter in Carmarthenshire, with family connexions to the newly founded Black Ox Bank (the ringing of cash registers can be

heard across the centuries), and from this marriage sprang three daughters and four sons. One of the daughters, Catherine, who would marry the Rev Essex Holcombe of Cocheston, Pembrokeshire, is a subject of the 'three little girls at school' story (the story of Annabette Pateshall, Arabella Gowland and Catherine Thomas herself) which is told by Richard Thomas¹⁰ and which highlights in particular Annabette's ingenuity in getting herself sent home to Allensmore from her Bath school ostensibly to rest, but with the real intention of attending a succession of balls at Stoke Edith. However, it is the sons who are of particular interest to us here. The eldest, Edward, would succeed his father David to the Welfield estate, becoming the first of a line of Edwards – Kilvert specifically refers to the owners of Welfield as the Edward Thomases¹¹ – and also, incidentally, the husband of Arabella Gowland. The second son, David, would establish a law firm in Brecon and acquire an estate of his own at Henllys in Carmarthenshire, though he would never actually live there; the third son, William Jones (who was in fact christened with the middle name Jones and did not, as is frequently stated, adopt this name at his marriage) would become the owner of Llanthomas and the father of Frances Eleanor Jane, Kilvert's Daisy and her ten brothers and sisters; while the fourth brother, Evan, would marry Anne Elizabeth Pateshall (none other than Annabette herself, or 'Aunt Evan' as she came to be known in later life) and as a consequence of this union would in 1855 adopt the name and arms of the Pateshalls, thereby inheriting the estate of Allensmore some four miles south-west of Hereford.

And here we need to make a detour in our story from the Thomases to the Pateshalls of Allensmore Court. It is a detour that will throw a particularly clear light on the significance of family name within the nineteenth century squirearchy. These Pateshalls were an ancient family, tracing their origins in a direct line to the Norman Conquest. It should be pointed out that the Rev William Jones Thomas, Daisy's father, was also related to them by marriage, his wife, another Anne Elizabeth, being the daughter of the Rev John Jones of Hereford and Anne Pateshall, thus making her the cousin of Annabette. It was not by chance that William chose to give five of his eleven children (though not Daisy) Pateshall, or Pateshall-associated, middle names. So we find Edith Burnam, Edward Lechmere, Nicholas Charles Scudamore, Walter Sandys and of course Henry Evan Pateshall, all names resonant with Pateshall heritage. Their father clearly had from an early stage the possibility of future inheritance in mind. It is evident that the Pateshalls of Allensmore, at least during the late eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries, were having problems with the crucial task of producing male heirs. Their solution, not uncommon at the time, was to select an heir from among the available supply of male relatives by marriage and bring the chosen individual under the umbrella of the family name through the expedient of a grant of arms. This procedure had already been adopted in an earlier instance, when Edmund Lechmere, the descendant of a family with a pedigree at least as long as that of the Pateshalls, assumed the Pateshall name on the death of his maternal uncle, John Pateshall in 1772. The son of this Edmund, another Edmund, who would take the additional name of Burnam (his mother's maiden name) in 1820, succeeded to the Allensmore estate at his father's death in 1790. It was his lack of issue which, on his death, led to Evan Thomas' succession to the estate in 1855. Edmund Burnam Pateshall's widow, the rather curiously named Millborough, died in 1868, leaving Evan with his wife Annabette in full possession of Allensmore Court and its estate. The story now develops along fairly predictable lines. Sadly, the marriage of Evan and Annabette too proved

unfruitful. Evan himself did not lack for personal success in life, becoming Mayor of Brecon in 1851 at the age of thirty-four and MP for Hereford in 1874, but he clearly failed in his duty to furnish his adoptive family with a successor. He died in April 1885, a year before the death of his brother William at Llanthomas and only six weeks before that of his brother David of Brecon and Henllys.

Evan's death marked yet another crisis for the survival of the Pateshall name. Annabette, who appears to have been as doughty a figure in old age as she had been as a schoolgirl, lived on at Allensmore to the ripe old age of ninety-five. She finally died in January 1910. Under the terms of Edmund Burnam Pateshall's will it now fell to the sons of William Jones Thomas and his wife Ann Elizabeth (her mother's maiden name, we recall, was Pateshall) to inherit the Allensmore estate, though by this stage only two of the six Llanthomas sons were still alive, Charlie, Lechmere, Walter and Colonel William all having by now passed on (William in 1909, a year before Annabette and only two months after his sister Grace – William and Grace are buried in a single plot in Llanigon cemetery.)

Of the two living candidates for the Pateshall estate, the elder, John (Kilvert's Captain John Thomas), was now (and had been since January 1890) an inmate in a private lunatic asylum at West Malling in Kent (see *Journal* 37). His situation, nevertheless, does not seem to have disbarred him from the Pateshall inheritance. On 19 August 1910 a notice was placed in the *London Gazette* enabling him 'to take upon himself and use the surname of Pateshall in lieu of that of Thomas, and to bear the arms of Pateshall'. He died, still at West Malling, a little over eight months later, on 2 May 1911. It was now the turn of John's younger brother Henry, sole surviving son of the Rev William Jones Thomas, to assume the Pateshall name. His grant of arms, preserved at the Herefordshire County Record Office, was issued on 25 September 1911, and it allowed him to style himself rather curiously (though not too curiously to prevent him from passing on the same name to his son) Henry Evan Pateshall Pateshall. Unfortunately Henry died of influenza on 19 March 1912. His son Henry, or Harry as he was better known, the heir to the Allensmore estate, died in 1948. The only child of his marriage, a son, died young, and with this death, as Richard Thomas puts it, 'the fire seems to have gone out of the Pateshall line'.¹²

On the death of Harry's widow, Ruth, in 1960, the estate passed to his sister Alice who had married Windsor Duncan Parker, a member of a Suffolk landowning family. Having little interest in Allensmore Court, Alice sold it to Herefordshire District Council who, finding they had no use for the house, had it pulled down and sold for scrap. It thus shared the same ultimate fate as Llanthomas, also demolished following the migration in 1950 to Southern Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) of its last occupier, Ifor Sandys-Thomas (Walter's second son) and a failed attempt by Ifor's sister Eileen Garnons-Williams to establish a market garden business in the grounds.

There is one further recorded example within the Thomas family of the practice of exchanging surnames for inheritance purposes. In 1906 Evan Meredyth Thomas, of the Welfield/Cefndyrys branch of the Thomases, took his mother's maiden name Rocke in order to succeed to the Clungunford estate in Shropshire and to Clungunford House, a particularly grand and stately pile. The house, like Cefndyrys, still survives as a Grade II listed building, but it passed from the Rocke family into other private ownership in the 1960s.

And this brings us firmly back to the Thomases and to one other aspect of their adaptation of family names. I am referring

here specifically to the adoption of the double-barrelled surname. Charles Evan-Thomas was surely the most far-sighted exponent of this practice, his decision to change his family name to Evan-Thomas having quite possibly been germinating in embryo along with his first child Algernon, born in 1852. The appeal of the double-barrelled surname does, however, surface from time to time elsewhere within the Thomas family. On a revealingly accidental level it emerges in those casual written references (usually newspaper reports) to both the Rev William Jones Thomas and his eldest son, Col William Jones Thomas, in which the two latter elements are hyphenated as though their family name were in fact Jones-Thomas. It was possibly this that gave rise to the erroneous assumption that Mr Thomas took the name Jones on his marriage. It seems reasonable to suppose that neither of the two would have objected over-much to this practice. For a genuine and wholly intentional instance of double-barrelling, however, we must look to the use made by Violet, the widow of the youngest Llanthomas son, Walter, of her husband's middle name Sandys. It is not certain exactly when she did so, but probably at some point around Walter's death in 1901 Violet chose to style herself Mrs. Sandys-Thomas, a version of the name subsequently used by her three children, Walter (who was killed in the Great War), Charles Ifor (who joined the Royal Flying Corps, was taken prisoner by the Germans in 1916 and who later in life emigrated to Southern Rhodesia) and Eileen (who married Roger Garnons-Williams and attempted in vain to forestall the inevitable destruction of Llanthomas). Again we cannot say for certain precisely why Violet chose this adaptation, but her decision was plainly taken for personal reasons and may best be put down to a combination of sentiment and vanity. No-one can deny that 'Sandys-Thomas' has a more distinguished and distinctive air than a rather commonplace 'Thomas', and, as a Cross-Buchanan by birth, it may be that she simply missed the extra kudos, that little edge of exclusivity, lent by a double-barrelled surname.

The same phenomenon emerges again in the case of another Thomas widow, Nina (not Mira, as mistranscribed in vol III, p238), who married Daisy's brother Lechmere. Nina, or Annina, to give her name in full, was the daughter of Archdeacon de Winton of Boughrood Rectory, and from a family that had itself changed its surname from Wilkins to the old Norman form of de Winton in the 1830s. She and Lechmere were married in April 1877. Less than 18 months later Lechmere was dead of cholera in Ceylon. In 1881 Nina remarried. Her second husband was Lechmere's cousin, Edward Dumaresq Thomas, who had participated in the running of the family Ceylonese tea plantations and who also gave valuable financial support to the surviving Thomas sisters with the aim of restoring Llanthomas to a habitable condition following Colonel Thomas' death in 1909. Again at some point following Edward Dumaresq Thomas' death in March 1911 Nina chose to style herself Mrs. Dumaresq-Thomas, attaching her second husband's middle name to the simple 'Thomas' which had stuck with her through two marriages. This is the name

that appears on her gravestone in Llanigon churchyard. Vanity doubtless played a role here too – the name Dumaresq certainly has a ring to it. Or then again, bearing in mind that Lechmere's first name was also Edward, and recalling all the other Edward Thomases in the family, it might perhaps be suggested in a more flippant vein that her choice was prompted by a desire to remind the world which of these Edwards she was in fact married to in the end. (Interestingly, both Nina and Violet acted as 'minders' to the somewhat unworldly Thomas sisters during their later lives at Llanthomas.)



The memorial to Henry Thomas and Evan Llewelyn Thomas (the father and brother respectively of Miss Clara Thomas) in the churchyard of St Michael's, Abergwesyn. The church itself, built on the site of an earlier structure by Miss Clara Thomas, was demolished in 1964 for reasons of safety, though the graveyard continues to be used. The memorial is impressively tall though badly weathered, the dates on its sides being almost indecipherable

As for the 'Llanthomas' themselves, it is a sad truth that the great majority of them had no more success in producing heirs than the Pateshalls of Allensmore. As is well known, the five sisters remained unmarried all their lives, whether through the Reverend William Jones Thomas' over-developed sense of protectiveness or, as is more likely, as a result of his spending the bulk of his wife's fortune (he had, be it noted, followed in the Thomas tradition of marrying an heiress) in acquiring and improving Llanthomas House. The evidence for this is clear enough in references to the financial difficulties faced by his children on his death in 1886 – difficulties presumably resulting in the main from death duties – and by the enforced neglect of the family home which continued throughout Colonel William's twenty-three year regime as owner of Llanthomas. Mr Thomas' rejection of Kilvert himself as a potential suitor for Daisy is in the light of this particularly understandable. The mere thought of having as son-in-law a penniless curate without apparent ambition, without clear prospects and with no wealthy family of his own to fall back on would have been unconscionable to him. If, as has been widely reported, others of the Llanthomas sisters suffered the same fate as Daisy in having aspiring suitors turned away, this

merely supports the hypothesis that Mr Thomas was indeed rather too short of the ready himself to provide for the marriage of his daughters to any but a suitably wealthy and – with respect to marriage settlements – suitably accommodating husband.

Only three of the six Llanthomas sons married: Lechmere, Henry and Walter. Nina gave Lechmere a son, born in 1878, the year of Lechmere's death, but this son, named, after his father, Edward Lechmere, died of a brain tumour at the age of fourteen and is buried at Llanigon. Henry married and, as we have seen, had a son and a daughter, both Pateshalls. Harry Pateshall's son, Henry's grandson, died young. Henry's daughter became a Parker on marriage and had three children. Only Walter succeeded in producing a line of Thomas, or rather Sandys-Thomas, descendants. His younger son, Charles Ifor Sandys-Thomas had two sons of his own when he emigrated to Southern Rhodesia, Michael and John. Michael died childless, but John had a family of two boys and a girl. A trawl through Google today will reveal a surprising number of Sandys-Thomases, several of these still with interests in Southern Africa. The family seems to have flourished, and, by all appearances, is flourishing still.

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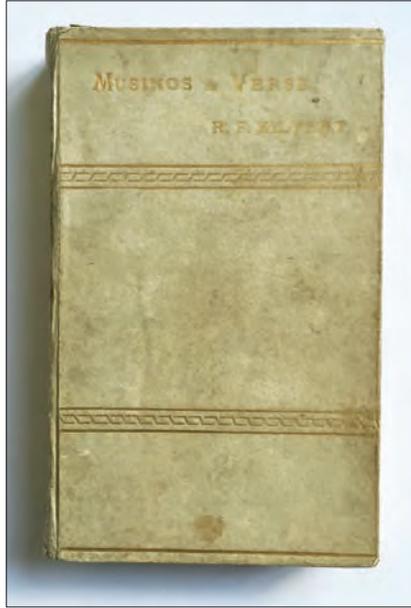


‘... from dearest Lizzy – 1882’

Three years after Francis Kilvert died his family privately published a volume of his poems. Now, by an extraordinary piece of luck, one of those copies has come briefly into the hands of MARGARET COLLINS. It has an astonishing handwritten dedication giving us new insight into how the family mourned for him

DURING an evening at the home of friends last April, my daughter mentioned that I was at the Kilvert Society AGM weekend. On hearing this her host fetched a small book from his library for her to see. It was an original copy of *Musings in Verse*, the volume of Francis Kilvert’s poetry published privately by Edward C Alden of Oxford in 1882, three years after he died in 1879.

A few days later I met the owner who showed me the book and kindly allowed me to borrow it. I had seen a copy many years ago in a small display of Kilvert memorabilia downstairs at Ashbrook House and recognised the whitish-grey cover with its gold lettering and decoration on the front and spine. Gold-leaf edges the pages of what must have been a very attractive little book when it was first printed over 130 years ago. Having written about Elizabeth,



Kilvert’s widow, for the *Journal* in the recent past I was astonished to see the handwritten dedication on the flyleaf which read:

*Thermuthis Kilvert
from
dearest Lizzy –
1882.*

Clearly this copy had been given by Elizabeth Kilvert to her sister-in-law Thermuthis Smith and Thersie had recorded this fact at the front of the book, using her maiden name to emphasise the family connection. My daughter’s friend was himself interested in Kilvert and recognised the significance of this seemingly unremarkable little volume when he saw it in a box with other books at a sale in Chiswick. It is roughly the size of the average hymn book, measuring 4in x (just under) 6½in and is almost an inch thick. The front endpaper is a neatly pat-

continued from facing page

In all its surviving forms, the Thomas family has in the modern age had to move with the times and democratise. With the demise of the squirearchy and the decline or disappearance of the great houses it is far from the power it was in the nineteenth century, though Thomases and Bourdillons have held eminent honorary posts in relatively recent years: Mervyn Bourdillon as High Sheriff of Breconshire (1970) and Lord Lieutenant of Powys (1986-99); Rosalind Thomas of Cefndyrys (wife of Edward Llewelyn Thomas, the last of the Edward Thomases of Welfield/Cefndyrys) as High Sheriff of Powys (1987-88), and Mervyn’s wife Penelope Bourdillon as High Sheriff of Powys (2003-04).

Curiously, it is the Brecon branch of the family, the one springing from the Rev William Jones Thomas’ elder brother David, which has proved the most productive of offspring. This is the branch to which Melville and Richard Thomas both belong, and it has always been the least thrusting and hence the least documented branch of the family. Richard Thomas¹³ estimated that in 1983, the year he published his family history, Thomas descendants, mostly through the female line and many spread all over the globe, were to be counted in the hundreds and that the descendants of his own Brecon family branch numbered at least one hundred. It is to be assumed that these figures will undoubtedly have increased still further in the intervening thirty odd years.

Today we are less concerned with the survival of our family names than in the past. For the vast majority of us it is what we are rather than what we call ourselves that counts, so if there are Bourdillons living now at Llwynmadoc, and if today’s owner of Cefndyrys is no longer an Edward Thomas but a Mr Carlos Laborde does it really matter? Probably not.

To return to my original question: What’s in a name? – If

somehow it were possible to put that question to the Rev William Jones Thomas he would almost certainly reply, doubtless with an air of haughty disapproval of the question: ‘A very great deal, for a gentleman!’ But the world has altered in ways he could never have imagined. How many of us nowadays would go to a father to ask for his daughter’s hand in marriage? Very few, I believe. The world has moved on and we no longer live by the old rules or the old traditions. We must all swim with the current of our times. The Thomases are still with us, as are the Pateshalls too in other guises. If they survive and flourish under different names, that does not diminish them as individuals.

I shall end with a Latin quotation, though it comes from an Englishman, the Tudor cleric William Harrison, who famously wrote in his *Description of Britain* in 1577: ‘Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis’ (times are changed and we are changed in them). And which of us can argue with that?

REFERENCES

- 1 Richard Thomas, *Y Dduw bo’r Diolch, a History of a Family of Mid-Wales Landowners*, Signet Press 1983, pp23 & 24
- 2 *Diary*, vol II, p171
- 3 Ruth Bidgood, *Eglwys Oen Duw Church and Parish, a Guide*, p13
- 4 Ruth Bidgood, *Churches and Gentry in the Abergwesyn Area, Brycheiniog Vol 21* (1984/85), p41
- 5 Richard Thomas, *Y Dduw bo’r Diolch*, p59
- 6 *Diary*, vol I, p33
- 7 Richard Thomas, *Y Dduw bo’r Diolch*, p58
- 8 Herbert M Vaughan, *The South Wales Squires*, Golden Grove, 1988; Chapter 13: The Lady of Llwynmadoc, p169
- 9 Richard Thomas, *Y Dduw bo’r Diolch*, p53
- 10 *Ibid*, p54
- 11 *Diary*, vol I, p33
- 12 Richard Thomas, *Y Dduw bo’r Diolch*, p78
- 13 *Ibid*, p86

terned dark green, the second page having three small white patches where the green pattern has torn, indicating that there may once have been an ex libris label.

There are four tiny narrow miniature bookmarks made of extremely thin paper, which look as though they could be home-made. One, a faded strip of plain paper, is inserted at the poem 'The Highest of Women'. Another similar strip of faded green marks the poem 'Little Things'. A third is of faded plain light-brown paper. It is slightly wider and seems to be a 'dagger' shape with a cutout centre which is alongside. It appears to have had what looks like a simple heart shaped cutout pattern at the top. This is between pages 168/9 and is so delicate that I hardly dared touch it so could not examine it closely. It has stained both pages and marks the poem 'The Church Path Langley Burrell' and has obviously not been moved for a very long time which makes me think that maybe this poem, so redolent of home, was a favourite. The fourth marker appears later near the end of the book.

A lightly pencilled very small cross is placed to the left of the heading of several poems, the significance of which we cannot know. The poems thus marked are: 'Forgive and Forget', 'The Highest of Women', 'The Pilgrimage', 'Undivided', 'Dulas Water', 'The Prodigal Son', 'To some Little Friends at Aberystwyth', 'The Tanybwllch Beach' and 'The Welcome Home'. We also learn from the printed text that 'The Skylark' was written at Ilston Rectory in 1872.

The book also contains two minor corrections added in handwriting. One is to the last line of the first verse of the poem 'Life's Weather'; the word 'lands' has been crossed through in pencil and 'lauds' has been neatly pencilled in the margin, so the line reads 'High lauds are ringing'. The second correction occurs beneath the title of 'The Welcome Home'. Here the text states: 'At Bredwardine the chime of three bells after a funeral is called "The Welcome Home".' The word 'after' has been crossed through in ink and amended in small handwriting to 'before'.

Of great interest are two handwritten slips of paper inserted in the pages. One is between pages 64/65 at the poem 'Holy Land'. It reads: 'Up to page 64 which begins ordinary poems, the subjects were chosen from the Harrow Weald Poetical Society which had many members & the poems were sent round monthly to be marked by all. My brother's were often marked "Best".' This directly corroborates the *Diary* entry for 11 December 1874 (vol III, p120): *This morning came the H.W.P.S. (Harrow Weald Poetical Society) Portfolio containing the poems for October, on the subject of 'Friendship'. There were thirteen contributions. Mine was marked 'Best' oftenest of all, five times.*

The other handwritten slip, along with a further tiny purple plain bookmark, is at page 181 marking the poem 'To some Little Friends at Aberystwyth'. At the end of this poem is the date 'Rhyader, July, 1877'. The note reads: 'These two little poems came out in the *Aberystwyth Gazette* after my brother and I had spent a fortnight there seeing the children every day.'

The second poem is 'The Tanybwllch Beach' with the date 'Aberystwyth, July 30th, 1878'.

At first I was puzzled as I understood from my reading of the *Diary* that it was Dora who accompanied Kilvert and their parents to Aberystwyth, yet this was Thersie's book. Thersie was married with a family – had they gone there too? Then, on comparing the handwriting of the dedication with the handwriting of these two notes it seemed the style, though similar, was slightly different. Even allowing for the fact that a person's handwriting evolves over time, the notes seemed to be in a larger more flowing hand compared with the smaller, neat writing of the dedication; the T of 'Thermuthis' and that of the note beginning 'These

two little poems...' were markedly different. I think therefore that the content of these two notes would suggest that either the book passed to Dora who then wrote the notes, or Dora added them for Thersie to keep in her copy. In any event, their purpose was to add a personal remembrance for anyone reading the poems.

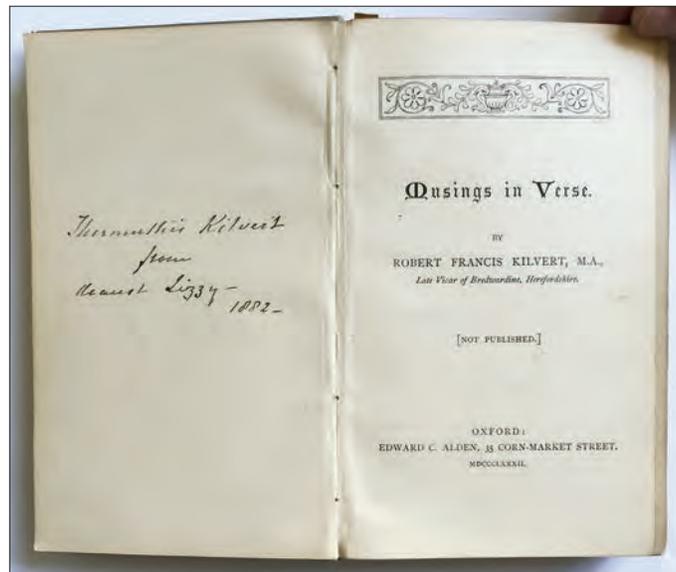
At the AGM, out of interest and by sheer chance, for I had no inkling of the surprise that awaited me on my return from Hereford, I bought from the book table a secondhand copy of a seven-page booklet. Published in 1982, it was entitled *Two Kilvert Notes, Kilvert at Aberystwyth* by Dafydd Ifans and *Two Kilvert Letters* by Kathleen Hughes. In addition to the title on the front there is a note at the bottom which reads: '(Reprinted from *The National Library of Wales Journal*, vol XXII, No 2, Winter 1981)'.

'To some Little Friends at Aberystwyth' was written in July 1877 at Rhyader which we know was during the 18-month gap in the *Diary* which began after the entry for 27 June 1876. However, Dafydd Ifans tells us that the visitors' lists in the *Aberystwyth Observer* for Saturday, 30 June 1877 state that '...Rev Robert and Mrs Kilvert, Miss D Kilvert, Langley Burrell Rectory, Chippenham; Rev R F Kilvert, Rhyader...' stayed with a Mrs Lloyd at 38 Marine Terrace.

This was most interesting, for I had always assumed that these poems 'To some Little Friends at Aberystwyth' and 'The Tanybwllch Beach' referred to children Kilvert had met on his own while on the beach. However, *Diary* references to the holidays certainly indicate that Kilvert went to Aberystwyth with his sister Dora and their parents. The family obviously enjoyed the holiday because they plan another visit the following year, for on 19 July 1878 Kilvert, now vicar of Bredwardine, writes: *To-day we settled that we should all four go to Aberystwyth next Monday.*

Unfortunately William Plomer does not record the details of this holiday as the *Diary* resumes on 4 August with the heading: (*Kilvert has returned from a holiday at Aberystwyth*).

Dora's note tells us that she and her brother met the children referred to in the two poems every day, although Dafydd Ifans points out that the visitors' list for 1877 does not include Kilvert's name for the second week of the fortnight 'suggesting that he had returned to his parochial duties while his parents and sister remained at the seaside for an extra week'. Maybe by the time Dora came to write the notes (which to me seem to be in the handwriting of an older person rather than that of a young woman, but that is a personal view) she had conflated the two holi-



days in her mind. Also, in the *Diary* we read (vol III, p448) that 'The Tanybwllch Beach' was printed in the *Aberystwyth Observer*, not the *Gazette* as the note states, which raises the possibility that the note may indeed have been written some while later. It is nice to think of Kilvert and Dora playing with the children every day. Perhaps the children were known to their landlady or maybe they were with another family the Kilverts had met on the beach.

It is sad to read the hopeful entry for Tuesday, 18 February 1879 (vol III, p454) when a third holiday to Aberystwyth is planned: *My Father and Mother left us this afternoon for Monnington promising to come again in June and go to Aberystwyth if all is well.* So much was to change for the little quartet of holidaymakers during 1879. After only four further entries the published *Diary* comes to an abrupt end on 13 March. Following a proposal of marriage received in a letter on 12 March, Dora married James Pitcairn on 31 July and on 20 August Kilvert married Elizabeth Rowland. Catastrophe was to follow close on the family's rejoicing, for Kilvert died suddenly five weeks after his wedding. No more would he play with those children on 'Aberystwyth Hill' and the lines 'There are green hills in Heaven where yet we may meet, And my children may still gather there at my feet...' are rendered unutterably poignant in the light of what was to befall him.

The poems in the book obviously follow the same order as the KS publication *Collected Verse by the Reverend Francis Kilvert* and finish with 'The Harbour'. It is to be noted that 'Forgive and Forget' is a single poem; on p8 of the KS booklet it is, rather oddly, divided into two, which I noticed some years ago.

On the page facing the preface is a verse by Wordsworth:

'The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley he has viewed;
And impulse of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude'

The unattributed preface is dated 1881. It is reproduced at the back of the KS booklet *Collected Verse*, which contains these same poems (plus an additional four at the end that were published in the *Hereford Times*). This preface is quoted by William Plomer in his introduction to *Collected Verse*. A comment is also made by KS members who say 'how we would like to know who wrote it; for it is evident that it was someone who knew Francis Kilvert very well indeed, so that what they say about him is therefore all the more valuable'.

My own view is that the preface was probably written by Kilvert's father the Rev Robert Kilvert. There is a clue in the second sentence of the opening paragraph:

'This little volume would most probably never have seen the light in its present form but for a desire expressed by the author, shortly before his death, to make at some future time a selection from his poems for publication. Removed, as he was, after an illness of only a few days, it was found

that no pieces had been especially set apart by him for that purpose; and those which now appear had not received such correction as further and more mature thought might have suggested to him.'

The sentiment expressed brings to mind Kilvert's talk with his father after the visit he made to the poet William Barnes. Kilvert broaches the subject of *the advisability of publishing a book of my own poems. I wish to do so. He rather discourages the idea* (vol II, p444). It appears that his father had some reservations about his son's poetry which are gently echoed in this preface, and to me this suggests that Robert Kilvert was the author. That the preface is anonymous also seems to be in keeping with Robert's retiring nature and a wish not to impose anything of himself on his son's memorial as it spoke for the whole family.

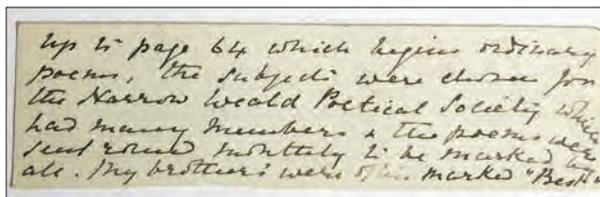
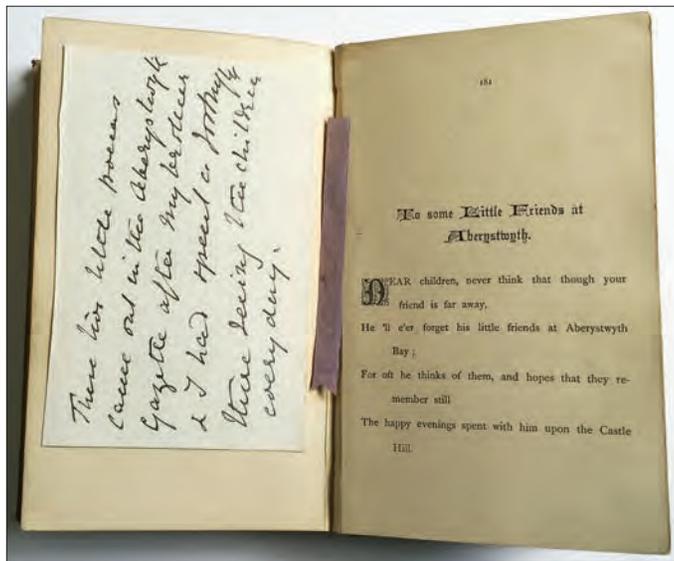
My guess is that Robert Kilvert and Dora compiled the anthology with help from Elizabeth and Kilvert's sister Fanny. In his biography *Francis Kilvert*, p158, David Lockwood quotes from Fanny's letter to Mrs Venables in which she struggles to come to terms with her brother's death: 'Poor Lizzie's letters are so sad and heartbreaking. Every

day seems to make her feel her great loss. I like her and love her more than I can say...' The sisters and Elizabeth were united in grief. Dora, who was her brother's housekeeper at Bredwardine, would have been very familiar with his poetrywriting and knew at firsthand how much it mattered to him. Kilvert's family surely found solace in creating such a memorial for a beloved son, brother and husband whose untimely and sudden

death took him from them, shattering their world and changing it for ever. A book like this, which Kilvert could only dream of in life, became his family's tribute to him in death. Dora would have recalled how delighted Kilvert was when *Burney and Evans of Shrewsbury have at last sent me 5 copies of 'Selections from our Poetical Portfolio'. No names given, and many mistakes and misprints in the poems. I gave a copy to Miss Newton.* (vol III, p369). Two days later another of his precious 5 copies was sent to Mrs Venables.

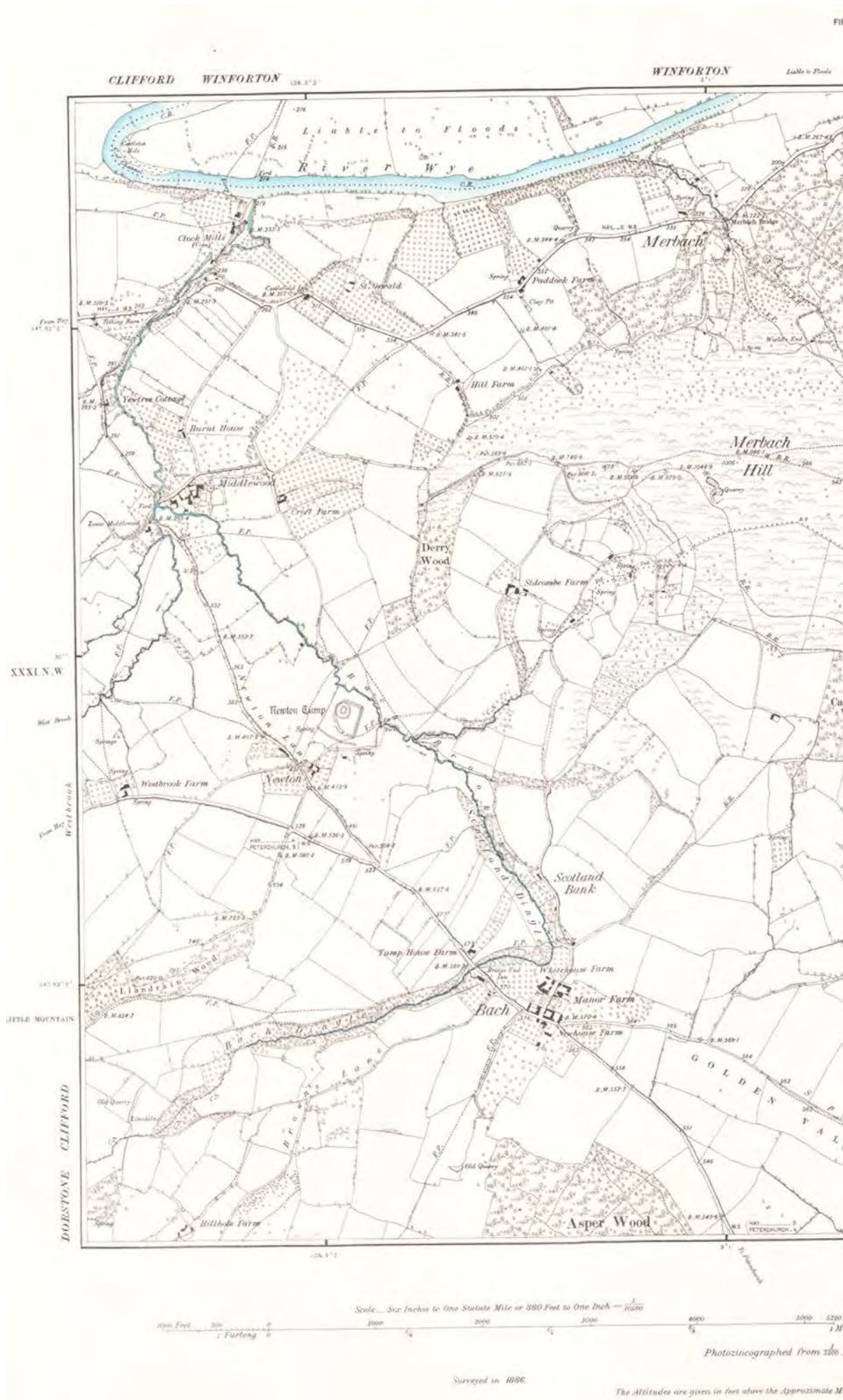
I am still amazed at the coincidence whereby this unique book briefly but happily came into my possession just after the AGM weekend. Also, that at the AGM I had found a secondhand copy of *Kilvert at Aberystwyth* to add to my Kilvert booklet collection to read at a later date. We know that Thersie and Dora both outlived their sister-in-law Elizabeth, who died in 1911, and that both were beneficiaries under the terms of her will (article KS *Journal* 34, p139).

Whether Thersie's book was passed on during her lifetime we cannot know. And what of its whereabouts for so many decades before it turned up in a sale? Furthermore, it is remarkable that this very personal copy of *Musings in Verse* escaped the reported perverse destruction of Kilvert material by Thersie's daughter Essex Hope. It is another Kilvert mystery, which leads us to wonder what else may one day be discovered.



This map of most of Francis Kilvert's parish between the Wye and the Golden Valley is thick with names that meant so much to him – Old Weston, Arthur's Stone, Crafta Webb and Merbach Hill, Bodcote, Bottrell Farm, Benfield, New Farm and many more – all linked by a dense network of highways and byways the Diarist must have got to know so well. We can only regret all the more the probable loss of so many pages from the *Diary* dating from his time as Vicar of Bredwardine.

The map is reproduced courtesy of the Syndics of Cambridge University Library.





XXXI. S.E.

Scale — Six Inches to One Statute Mile or 830 Feet to One Inch — $\frac{1}{10560}$



Plans and Published at the Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton.

1886

Sheet XXXI.

N.W.	S.E.
S.W.	N.E.

Indicate Mean Water at Liverpool, those indicated thus (B.M. 54.7) refer to Marks made on Buildings, Walls, &c.



'I was deeply touched by all that I saw and heard'

The story of immoral tenants and the concubine-made-good shows Francis Kilvert appears to be a man unafraid to rearrange his prejudices when the facts changed. Caroline Wright charmed him and spoke to his heart, says DAVE HEPWORTH

IN May 1870, Kilvert was indignant.

He was much exercised about the *sad doings at Cwmpelved Green*. On Sunday 15 May he noted that he had spoken to Wall about the desirability of trying to get James Allen to dislodge his immoral tenants at Cwmpelved Green.

What was going on? Edward Morgan, who lived at Cwmpelved Green, was a young unmarried man whose domestic arrangements outraged Kilvert. The census of the following year records that Edward had a housekeeper. He was 26, she 17, and Kilvert was not fooled. He would have known that Wall was likely to be a good ally. When Wall was showing Kilvert round his new farm-house, Kilvert noted (28 June 1871) *Wall pointed out to me with satisfaction the door with a lock which separated the sleeping rooms of the servant boys and girls.*

Wall was unlikely to be approving of Edward Morgan's domestic arrangements at Cwmpelved Green.

And Edward Morgan had form.

In September 1870, there was an *unsuccessful attempt by Samuel Evans' daughter and wife of the Bird's Nest to father the daughter's base child upon Edward Morgan of Cwmpelved Green.*

On this occasion Kilvert reserved his indignation for Emily Evans' mother, who had *been shameless enough to let the young man sit up at night with Emily after she and her husband had gone to bed.*

He was clear in his own mind that *Such conduct ought to be strongly marked and disapproved.*

Emily Evans' illegitimate son, Henry Evans, was baptised at Clyro on 14 August 1870. She was 20 years old, and if Edward Morgan was the father, the case against him was not proved.

But the story does not end here, and becomes one of the most charming vignettes in the *Diary*. It says much about Kilvert and his attitudes, and leaves us with a strong impression of a man who was not afraid to rearrange his prejudices when the facts changed.

On 5 July 1871 *Edward Morgan of Cwmpelved Green brought his concubine to Church and married her. She was a girl of 19, rather nice looking and seemed quiet and modest. She had a pretty bridesmaid and they were both nicely prettily dressed in lilac and white.*

Here you can sense a change of mood. The immoral tenants were trying to make things right, and Kilvert was mollified. Pretty faces tended to charm him easily. A fortnight later, Kilvert went to visit the newly married couple. What he found was quite different from what he had expected:

At Cwmpelved Green the low garden wall was flaming with nasturtiums which had clambered over it from the garden and which were now swinging their rude lusty arms and hands about feeling for some support to take hold of. Their luxuriant growth had almost smothered the gooseberry trees under the wall. Along the narrow garden border nodded a brilliant row of gigantic sweet williams.

Within the cottage sat old Richard Clark, and the pretty girl lately Edward Morgan's concubine, now happily his wife. I had thought Edward Morgan had a comfortless, miserable home. I was never more mistaken or surprised. The cottage was exquisitely clean and neat, with a bright blue cheerful paper and almost prettily furnished. A vase of bright fresh flowers stood upon each table and I could have eaten my dinner off every stone of the floor. The girl said no one ever came near the house to see it, and she kept it as clean and neat

and pretty as she could for her own satisfaction. The oven door was screened from view by a little curtain and everything was made the most and best of. I don't wonder Edward Morgan married the girl. It was not her fault that they were not married before. She begged and prayed her lover to marry her before he seduced her and afterwards. She was very staunch and faithful to him when she was his mistress and I believe she will make him a good wife. She was ironing when I came in and when I began to read to old Clark she took her work and sat down quietly to sew. When I had done reading she had me into the garden and shewed me her flowers with which she had taken some pains for she was very fond of them. No one ever came to see her garden or her flowers she said. The only people she ever saw passing were people from the farm (the Upper Bettws where her husband works). They come on Market days along a footpath through the field before the house. The girl spoke quietly and rather mournfully and there was a shade of gentle melancholy in her voice and manner. I was deeply touched by all that I saw and heard. With a kind carefulness she put me into the footpath to the Upper Bettws farm.....

Kilvert was so clearly deeply touched. The warmth of his detailed observation says it all. The burgeoning garden seems to be a symbol of the wholesome relationship which Kilvert hoped would blossom.

But who were the immoral tenants who do not appear elsewhere in the diary? And how did their story end?

Edward Morgan was born in Brillley in 1845, the second son of Jane Morgan who remained unmarried. His father is not easy to locate. Edward Morgan took his mother's surname, and his father is invisible as far as the records are concerned. Or almost invisible. The record of Edward's marriage (I am very grateful to John Palmer who let me see it) shows that his father was Edward Watkins, a farmer.

For obvious reasons there can be no certainty here, but a likely candidate as Edward's father is the Edward Watkins who was born in Clyro around 1815. Just a little older than Jane Morgan, he was around 30 when Edward Morgan was born. And in 1851 he and his wife were living with his mother who was farming 32 acres at Caenoyadd.

An irrelevant but irresistible aside here is that on 3 April 1872 Kilvert visited *James Pitt with the wooden leg*. He had recently moved from Oxford to Caenoyadd. *He flitted at Candlemas and on Good Friday his old house fell down.* The amusement here lies in the fact that moving from Oxford to Caenoyadd involved merely moving chattels from one house into next door. Caenoyadd and Oxford were adjacent.

By 1861 Edward Morgan was a carter for a farmer, and by 1871, when his behaviour was irritating Kilvert, he was employed as a farm labourer. His life was on the land.

Richard Clark, who was boarding with him, died late in 1871, aged 83 or 84.

Edward Morgan's housekeeper and future wife was Caroline Wright. She was born in 1854, the daughter of George Wright and Martha Harris. Her grandfather William Harris was a miller, whose son, also William, followed in his footsteps. William junior is easy to track through the census as he became deaf at the age of 30, and this is recorded on subsequent censuses.

Edward and Caroline had eight children, three of whom had

1871. Marriage solemnized in the Parish Church in the Parish of Clyro in the County of Hereford								
No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the Time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
179	July 5 th 1871	Edward Morgan Caroline Wright	26 19	Bachelor Spinster	Labourer —	Cwmpelved Green Cwmpelved Green	Edward Watkins George Wright	Farmer Shroton
Married in the Parish Church according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church of this Diocese by me, R. F. Kilvert, Curate								
This Marriage was solemnized between us, <i>The next of</i> Edward Morgan & Caroline Wright			in the Presence of us, <i>The next of</i> Rehearsal of Beawane & Catherine Rice					

The original certificate of the marriage on 5 July 1871 at Clyro between Edward Morgan and Caroline Wright, signed by Francis Kilvert

died by 1911, whether in infancy or later we do not know. Their five surviving children were

Edward James Morgan 1871 – 1938
 Martha Jane Morgan 1874 –
 Sarah Ann Morgan 1877 –
 Lewis Morgan 1879 –
 Alfred Morgan 1883 –

In 1899, Edward the now aging Lothario died, leaving his wife and children to fend for themselves. In 1901 we find her in service at Yew Tree Cottage, Clifford.

Ten years later, she is living at 15 Prospect Cottages, Hereford Road, Leominster, where she kept boarders, and where her granddaughter lived with her. There cannot have been room for many boarders as the house had only four rooms, and in 1911,

an elderly lady was the only resident boarder.

It is hard to be certain when Caroline died, but a likely date is 1935, when a Caroline Morgan died in Leominster in the third quarter of the year.

Kilvert thought that Caroline, staunchly loyal, clean, house-proud, modest and somewhat melancholy, would make Edward Morgan a good wife. We do not know, and cannot tell. But the marriage certainly lasted until his death, enduring nearly thirty years. And five children grew to adulthood under her care.

Kilvert was ever the romantic, and in the domestic idyll he describes at Cwmpelved Green he clearly saw something that he liked, maybe something that he himself longed for. He sensed some magic, and put it down to Caroline. Whether his predictions were right we will never know.

JOHN PALMER, the great-grandson of Edward and Caroline and an honorary life member of the Society, recalls his grandmother, Martha, the second child of their near thirty-year marriage

FINDING the original marriage certificate entry signed by Francis Kilvert is a lesson on how the digital world has changed research so much in the past two decades, writes Charles Boase. Sometimes, good old-fashioned luck still turns up treasures and insights – as witnessed by Margaret Collins' article in this *Journal* – but increasingly it is easy access to records that lifts the curtain for us.

John Palmer, who lives at Wellington, Hereford told me:

I hold our village archive of photos and have been helping a lady who is determined to get a relative of everyone on our war memorial to a service in November. I have been tweaking badly faded and crumpled photos of dead servicemen for her and, one day, I was talking to her about how she was tracing the relatives. I mentioned Edward Morgan's marriage certificate and the fact that what you get is not the original entry. She asked to borrow the certificate and said she would ask around.

Within four hours I received an email from her with the original attached.

She was as surprised as I was as she had only asked some friend in the Hereford History Society for some advice and he came up with the goods, saying that he owed her a good turn.

John went on to talk about the life of Edward Morgan's daughter Martha, his grandmother – it is always fascinating to know what happened to families in the *Diary*.

Martha was in service in Cusop in the late 1880s with another girl called Martha Pritchard. In 1892 my grandmother (Martha Palmer née Morgan) moved to a position in London while

Martha Pritchard obtained a post with the Humphreys family at a place called Cannington Manor, Assiniboia, North West Territories, Canada (now in Saskatchewan). It was some 40 miles from Moosomin (not the town named Assiniboia today).

Cannington Manor was built up by English settlers and collapsed in a relatively short time due to the railway passing south of them rather than through the settlement. The site was lost for many years, but has now been opened up and is within what is known as the Cannington Manor Provincial Park.

Their correspondence began in May 1892 upon Martha Pritchard's arrival at Cannington Manor. I have copies of the letters written by Martha Pritchard to Gran between May 1892 and October 1893. The last letter shows that Martha had completed her year of service and had moved to the home of her uncle – Thomas Greenow (her mother's brother) – in New York State. She was then looking for another position in that area, and we have no idea what became of her after that.

The letters make fascinating reading. They talk about life in service in Cusop, London and, of course, in Canada. The originals are in the Canadian National Archives but I transcribed them all and they are now available on the web at: <http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~cansk/letters/>

John also has photographs of Martha Palmer.

There is surely a delicious justice in that John Palmer is an honorary life member of the Society created in honour of the man who once disapproved so strongly of his great-grandfather. We are proud to honour Kilvert's (revised) judgment.



‘A lady of a most kindly disposition’

Who was the wealthy Frances Maria Kilvert whose will aroused strong feelings of injustice in the Diarist? DIANA CLUTTERBUCK presents a view from Worcester on the life and times of Francis Maria’s father the Rev Richard Kilvert and his family

READERS of the *Diary* will remember Francis Kilvert’s vivid account of Frances Maria Kilvert’s funeral in Worcester and the strong feelings of injustice her will aroused in him. So who was this wealthy lady?

Frances Maria Kilvert was the only child of Rev Richard Kilvert and his wife Maria. She was born in 1789 and baptised the following year at Knightwick, where her father was Rector, the parish being in the gift of the then Bishop of Worcester, Richard Hurd. Close to Malvern, Knightwick was a small parish combined with nearby Doddenham. At that time, the church was very old and tiny, half timbered with a wooden porch, but the Rectory was a large recently built Georgian house.

Although Frances Maria was known as Maria in her family, I’ll continue to refer to her as Frances Maria, to distinguish her from her mother.

Richard Kilvert was fortunate, as his father (Thomas)

was first cousin to Richard Hurd whose patronage assisted his career in the Church. After Shrewsbury School, he went up to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, becoming a Fellow in 1779 and MA in 1780. Hurd, then Bishop of Coventry & Lichfield, ordained him the same year. When Hurd became Bishop of Worcester in 1781, he appointed Kilvert his domestic chaplain.

1786 was an important year, as Hurd presented Kilvert (then aged 30) to the living of Knightwick & Doddenham. At the same time, he was also appointed Canon and 4th Prebendary of Worcester Cathedral (a Royal Gift procured for him by Hurd). This office not only gave Kilvert a stall in the Chancel, but a house in College Green (not the one where Mrs Kilvert and Frances Maria subsequently lived) adjoining the Cathedral and Old Guesten Hall. This quite probably enabled him in 1787 to marry Maria Green, daughter of John (an eminent Greenwich physician) and his wife Johanna Green, as Kilvert was not from a wealthy family. The marriage took place (by Licence) on 23 November 1787 at St Michael’s church, which was just in front of the Cathedral. One of the witnesses was John Green (Maria’s brother who had been ordained by Bishop Hurd in 21 September 1783), as her father had died in 1778.

In early 1788 George III was taking the waters in Cheltenham for his gout. Whilst there the King, with Queen Charlotte, the Duke of York, the Princess Royal (Charlotte) and Princesses Augusta & Elizabeth drove over on Saturday 2 August to visit his old friend Bishop Hurd and to see the newly built Library (1782) at Hartlebury. Here they took a late breakfast, waited upon by the Bishop himself. News had got around and crowds converged on the Castle to see the Royal Party walking in the garden. Mar-

tha Butt, aged 13, (the Rector of Kidderminster’s daughter) reports in her diary her annoyance that the newly married Mrs Kilvert and her friend Miss Carver (daughter of the Hartlebury Rector), were so eager to see the Royal Party they left the Butt children far behind walking from Rectory. The King expressed a wish to attend the triennial Music Meeting at Worcester, if it could be brought forward a few weeks (6-9 August). He offered the services of his

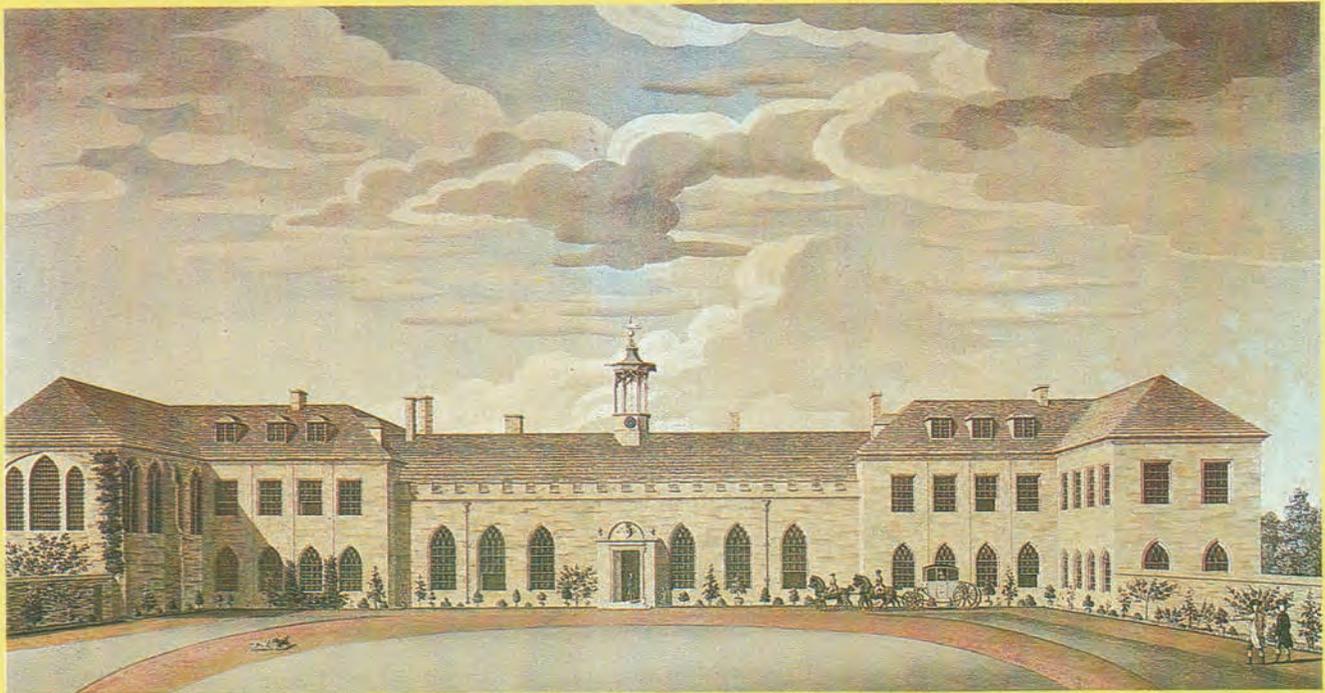
own private band to augment the musicians. You can imagine what a flurry of letters and rearrangements had to be made, particularly for well-known musicians and singers who may have had other engagements here or on the Continent.

The Royal Party stayed over a week at the Palace in Worcester to enable them to attend the Music Meeting. Unlike today, with VIPs surrounded by security men, the King and Queen, who were early risers, often walked freely around the city attended by only a few people.

On 6 August, the King held a levee at the Palace at 10 o’clock, followed by the Music Meeting in the Cathedral at 11 where 900 persons were present. A gallery was provided for the Royal Family under the great west window, lined with Worcester carpet, and faced with crimson silk. Music Meetings were greatly supported by the three bishops and clergy, and Kilvert and his wife would have attended. Other galleries were provided for Worcester Corporation, and tiered seating for notables. Special sermons were preached, and collections made for charitable purposes, particularly for clergy widows and orphans. Other musical events, balls and horse racing at Pitchcroft also took place during the festival.



A watercolour by Thos Rickards of Knightwick Church in about 1810, as it was when the Rev Richard Kilvert would have known it. It still exists in a substantially Victorianised form, but has been sold for conversion into a dwelling Courtesy of The Society of Antiquaries



East view of Hartlebury Castle, by John Smith 1784

*This east view of Hartlebury Castle by John A Smith in 1784 shows a servant in Bishop Hurd's blue livery in the open central doorway. The lawn enclosed by the carriage sweep was used as a bowling green at the time. The fig tree is still growing on the wall of the chapel in 2015
Hurd Library. Reproduced by kind permission of the Bishop of Worcester and The Church Commissioners*

Later in the week, the Royal Party again walked in the streets, causing a fever of excitement and large crowds, talking to people and popping in and out of shops. They attended a performance of Handel's *Messiah* at the Guildhall and the next day visited Flight's Porcelain Manufactory (later to become Royal Worcester Porcelain), where Queen Charlotte placed a large order, the King conferred the Royal title on the company and suggested they opened a London showroom.

Further preferments came Richard Kilvert's way. In 1792, he was appointed to Grimley and Hallow, closely followed by the parishes of Alvechurch, Kempsey, Harvington and Cropthorne. Several of these parishes seem to have been held at the same time, so it is likely Kilvert had curates to take care of some of his multiple parishes.

We do know that Richard Kilvert was present at another momentous occasion, the opening of King John's tomb in Worcester Cathedral. A local engraver and antiquary, Valentine Green, had long been keen to have a proper investigation made. Also, as it was in an inconvenient spot in the middle of the choir, the Dean and Chapter wanted to move the tomb, if it was found there were no remains in it.

An account written by Mr Jeal, the sexton, records that after the tomb was broken open on Tuesday 26 November 1797, and the skeleton of the King revealed, the Dean and Chapter were advised and one of the select few to view it that day was Dr Kilvert. One wonders if he told his wife and daughter (aged 8 at the time) about it or whether he felt it was not a suitable subject for females, although Georgians were nothing like as squeamish as Victorians.

The tomb was left open for some time after this and many people flocked to view the King's remains. Anyone who visits the Cathedral Library these days can see fragments of King John's clothing and shoe and one of his thumb bones.

In 1801, Kilvert became Rector of Hartlebury, where he was again close to his patron, Bishop Hurd. Kilvert shared Hurd's love of books and donated several to the Library at Hartlebury, including two very beautifully hand-illustrated books of wild flowers and plants in the environs of London, annotated in Richard Hurd's own hand 'two vols given to me by Rev Richard Kilvert August 24 1802'.

Hurd was old and infirm in later years, but was obviously fond of Kilvert and his family and it is said never failed at the end of morning service to halt at the Rectory pew to enquire after members of the household. Hurd died at the Castle in 1808 and is buried in St James' churchyard, Hartlebury. (Richard Kilvert witnessed Hurd's will made 23 September 1797.)

Hurd's successor, Bishop Cornwall, appointed Kilvert to be one of the Proctors to represent the Diocese in Convocation in 1812 and the following year appointed him his domestic chaplain. Although he still retained the house in College Green, Kilvert continued to spend some time in the handsome late 17c Rectory at Hartlebury, dying there in 1817, aged 61. (Old Rectory still stands today in Inn Lane, although now surrounded by houses in its former grounds).

Dr Kilvert was buried in Worcester Cathedral Cloister Green, and his will shows his confidence in making his wife Executor. He could not have resented his nephew the Rev Francis Kilvert of Bath as he left £500 to him in his will and made him co-trustee of his estate on behalf of Maria and Frances Maria with Bishop Hurd's own nephew, Richard Hurd junior.

Frances Maria, then aged 27, and her mother Maria, would have had to give up both the Rectory and the Prebendal house in College Green, which must have been quite an upheaval.

Lewis's 1820 Directory of Worcester reveals they were in The Tything, then an upmarket part of the parish of Claines north of Worcester. However, by about 1825 mother and daughter were



Hartlebury Rectory then and now. The watercolour dates from about 1802 and is by Bishop Hurd's great niece Louisa F Lucas

Painting courtesy of the Hurd Library. Reproduced by kind permission of the Bishop of Worcester and The Church Commissioners

living in a house near the Watergate at the far end of College Green. Interestingly the lease is in the name of Frances Maria (aged 36) not her mother. The house (built c1700) was then known as 'The Ovens' and included part of the old monastic bakehouse. It is now No 10 College Green and used as The Deanery).

The Kilvert ladies were comfortably off and at that time Worcester was regarded as one of the foremost provincial capitals. The Prince of Wales and his brothers were frequent visitors, and there was a mini-building boom of elegant brick houses, and promenades and walks were laid out. Shopping facilities were regarded as 'better than York', and amazingly Lewis' directory records 60 booksellers and stationers. Quarter Sessions and the Assizes brought all the local nobility and gentry to their town houses, as did winter social events.

That indefatigable traveller William Cobbett pronounced Worcester to be 'one of the cleanest, neatest and handsomest towns he had ever seen' when he visited it in 1826.

Music of course was very important, not only for the Music Meetings, but London and Continental stars came for subscription concerts on a regular basis. Celebrated actors and actresses appeared at the theatre, such as Mrs Siddons (who as Sarah Kemble had spent her schooldays and indeed made her stage debut in Worcester) and Edmund Kean. The Athenaeum in Foregate offered a Public Lecture Room, Library and Museum (founded by Sir Charles Hastings 1833). In 1835, five paintings by John Constable were exhibited, but only one sold.

In early 1832, among other grateful citizens, Mrs Kilvert gave a guinea towards a suite of superb silver, weighing 400 ounces, for the Mayor, Henry Clifton. This was in recognition of the Mayor's 'vigilance, energy and decision' which had stopped the disturbances aroused by the Reform Bill. Worse unrest had happened in Bristol, and people were very uneasy. Special Constables were sworn in. The Mayor was struck on the head by a stone while trying to read the Riot Act, and the 7th Hussars who were based at Droitwich were called in to restore order.

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The *Worcester Herald* of 15 December 1832 reports Mrs Kilvert was present at 'an elegant Hunt Ball and supper at the Guildhall, attended by all the principal families. This started at 11 o'clock with dancing till 12 noon, when the party partook of every delicacy of the season and the most choice wines.' Dancing resumed after supper and everyone sensibly went home at 5pm. Frances Maria (now 43) did not attend, so perhaps her mother was chaperoning someone else or just enjoying herself with friends.

At the time of the 1841 Census, Mrs Kilvert was staying with her widowed friend Ann Welch at Hawford (a hamlet on the main road to Kidderminster), but Frances Maria was at home, supported by a middle aged servant, Ann Stevens and two young girls, Jane Shaw and Sarah Smith. Ann Stevens later married (1849) the Mayor's officer, Mr William Saunders, the local newspaper report feeling it important to say that she had been housekeeper for many years to Mrs Kilvert of College Green.

The two ladies must have seen many changes in College Green during their time, as the numbers of Prebendary Canons were reduced from 10 to 4 a considerable amount of alterations took place. These included the levelling of the old Castle mound close to their home, and demolition of some of the old buildings nearest the Cathedral, including the Old Guesten Hall. (the Guesten Hall roof is now at Avoncroft Museum of Buildings at Bromsgrove). In 1841 the 4th Prebend's house where they had lived when Richard Kilvert was alive was demolished. This house was not rebuilt and a space remains where it stood.

There are many references in Worcester newspapers to the Kilverts' support of various charities. It is said Mrs Kilvert held a collection plate in the Cathedral, after a sermon preached for the Cholera Fund, when a total of £101 4s 10d was raised. When Henry Pepys became Bishop in 1844, his wife Maria and the Dean's wife (Mrs Peel) were very active in charitable fund raising and recruited clergy widows and daughters like the Kilverts to make and sell items at the bazaars which were popular all over the county. At a Worcester dinner in 1849, a London business-



10 College Green where Frances Maria Kilvert and her mother Maria lived from about 1825. It is now The Deanery

man, James Capel, replying to kind remarks expressed towards him in connection with schools he had built in Kempsey (his native village), gave a tribute to Richard Kilvert's kindness to him. It seems that Capel's father was a poor schoolmaster and Kilvert, then Vicar of Kempsey, sent Capel to the College School in Worcester at his own expense. This education enabled him eventually to become a partner in his business and to support the cause of education in his turn.

The 1851 Census shows Maria Kilvert as Head, aged 86, Fundholder and House Proprietor, born Greenwich, Kent. Frances Maria dau unmn 61 born College Green, plus 4 unmarried middle-aged female servants.

Mrs Kilvert died in 1859 in the 95th year of her age, leaving Frances Maria possessed of her estate amounting to nearly £14,000. After her mother's death, Frances Maria became a regular subscriber to the New Infirmary. When originally founded by the efforts of Dr John Wall only men could become subscribers, but the Infirmary Committee later on must have realised they were missing out on substantial funds in the hands of charitable widows and spinster ladies. This must have been close to Frances Maria's heart as her father had been a supporter of the original Infirmary and preached a sermon appealing for funds in 1791. She also gave liberally to the Cathedral Restoration Fund and for a new clock and bells.

The *Worcester Chronicle* of 7 December 1870 reported 'Frances Maria Kilvert only dau of Prebendary Kilvert died at her house in College Green after a few days illness.'

As Francis Kilvert says in his diary, when the will was read there were legacies to all her servants at the time of her death, apart from the cook. She did leave the bulk of her fortune (probate under £35,000) to charitable causes and to Worcester Cathedral, which was undergoing a large publicly subscribed restoration project, headed by Lord Lyttelton (George Lyttelton, brother-in-law of William Gladstone), Lord Dudley and other local notables. However, as we know, she did not forget those of her remaining relatives on her father's brother Francis' side of the family, including Rev Robert who – the Diarist says – would be likely to receive approx £7,000. This was a considerable sum in those days.

One wonders what happened to it. Maybe Robert Kilvert settled some of it on his daughter Dora at her marriage to James Pitcairn, or he felt it would be needed to support his widow Therthis and spinster daughter Fanny after his death. Certainly it does not seem to have come Francis Kilvert's way, although of course it might have done had not he died so suddenly before his father. Interestingly Robert's probate in 1882 shows his personal estate as £2,594 0s 7d and at Therthis' death in 1889, she left only £632 10s 4d to her daughter Frances Henrietta. Maybe this forced her to become a Clewer Sister?

Whilst the mourners were assembling at the house in College Green, Francis Kilvert mentions two portraits in the dining room – *one a little funny old-world picture of two children playing together, one of them being old Mrs Kilvert* (this must be Maria and her brother Rev John Green). The other *over the mantelpiece hung*

a nice portrait of old Doctor Green, Chancellor of the Diocese, in his scarlet DD robes, old Mrs Kilvert's father, or brother. (I believe this to be Rev Dr Richard Green DD, Maria's maternal grandfather, who had been Rector of St Nicholas – a handsome Georgian church in central Worcester – a JP and Commissary to the Bishop of Worcester). Did a member of the Kilvert family take these? Certainly Rev John Green had already died in 1837, and Frances Maria did not leave a legacy to his family.

Berrows Worcester Journal reported the funeral in some detail, although not so dramatically as Kilvert. It says 'the deceased lady was of a most kindly disposition, and gave of her wealth with an unsparing hand. To the Cathedral Restoration Fund she contributed £600; to the Clock and Bells Fund £300 and to many other objects of public utility and charity she gave most liberal support.' The Peal of Bells heard by Francis Kilvert was 'proposed by the ringers themselves, even though the appliances for ringing were not yet fully completed, as a special tribute to Miss Kilvert whose great munificence to the scheme was so fully appreciated.'

Miss Kilvert's Executors appointed Worcester auctioneers, Messrs Hobbs, to sell her effects by auction and this took place at the end of January 1871. I would love to have seen the catalogues.

On the first day lots comprised 'massive plate, plated goods and wine', notably some pictures advertised in the *Worcester Chronicle* as 'believed to be genuine specimens of

Canaletto, Vandyke' and others. Books included Shakespeare's plays, 28 volumes of Walter Scott's Waverley novels, histories and illustrated views.

The second day's sale included china, glass, engravings and contents of the best rooms in the house and the third day items from servants rooms, kitchen, cellar, storerooms and garden.

The engravings and etchings bequeathed by Frances Maria to the Bishops of Worcester in perpetuity seem have been split up to some extent. Originally, Messrs Hobbs' Inventory listed 19 in the Drawing Room. According to the *Kilvert Society Newsletter* of April 1965, kindly sent to me by Colin Dixon, five engravings were sent to Clyro Church in the 1960s by the then Bishop of Worcester (Mervyn Charles-Edwards) and were returned to Hartlebury Castle because of damp at Clyro more recently – I'm told possibly in the time of Bishop Philip Goodrich (1982-96). Those identified as Miss Kilvert's bequest were removed to Worcester by the current Bishop (Inge) when he moved there permanently, although I hear from the Hurd Librarian that they have very recently come back to Hartlebury, but will require conservation.

Miss Kilvert is still remembered at Worcester Cathedral as I found when visiting as part of my researches. Chatting to one of the Cathedral guides a couple of years ago, I mentioned I had just photographed the Kilvert grave in the Cloisters. She told me that although the Bells were recast in 1923, the Clock paid for by Miss Kilvert could still be seen. The only bell from her time 'the bourdon' of 1868 is a non swinging bell and is used to power the Clock mechanism to strike the hours. She showed me where the Clock was placed, high on the wall at the crossing.



The Clock at Worcester Cathedral associated with Frances Maria



Home of the wild sweet sad Bournemouth memories

Members may well know Ettie's grand family home, Nonsuch, near Chippenham, but what of The Pines, where the Meredith-Browns resided in Bournemouth? RICHARD PARKER, armed with Victorian maps and photos, goes in quest of clues

FRANCIS KILVERT'S brief and ill fated romance with Ettie Meredith-Brown seemingly reached an emotional peak in December 1875 but sadly, by the 7th of the same month, the relationship was effectively over. At the time Ettie was residing at her parents' Bournemouth residence, known as The Pines. Anyone familiar with the family is aware of their Wiltshire home, Nonsuch, near the village of Bromham, just south of Chippenham, but what is known of The Pines?

Two maps are required to pinpoint the location. The lower map



The Lansdowne seen from Bath Road (formerly Christchurch Road) in about 1875 Photograph courtesy of Bournemouth Libraries

shows The Pines on Christchurch Road (the name of this road was changed to Bath Road sometime between 1871 and 1881), not far from The Lansdowne, the junction of six roads. The property is clearly identified on a 1:500 scale 1871 town plan.

As can be seen from the upper map, The Pines was one of several spacious villas in the area and was built in the late 1860s along with most of the nearby properties. Its first appearance in the National Census was in 1871, when Mr & Mrs Brown are recorded as being present on 2 April, along with the five unmarried daughters (including Ettie) and half a dozen servants.

The Rev Meredith Brown apparently relinquished his ministry early at Chittoe, Wiltshire, and moved to Bournemouth, as evidenced by a newspaper deed poll Notice of 11 March 1872 which describes the Reverend as 'late of Nonsuch & now residing in Bournemouth'. Incidentally, the deed poll in question records the change of surname of Brown to Meredith-Brown on behalf of all the sons and unmarried daughters.

For the 1881 Census at The Pines (now Bath Road) the family are down to three unmarried daughters but unexpectedly, Ettie's and her husband's names appear. By this time, Ettie was living in India, having married William Henry Wright on 31 October 1878 in India. Her husband was employed at a Bombay college. The Census duly records Mr Wright's occupation as 'Professor in Government College India'. What were they doing here? Possibly they had been informed that Ettie's mother was in poor

health, as she died the following year (June 1882) at The Pines.

Also noteworthy in the 1881 Census, is the name of Eleanor Wright, aged 10 and grand-daughter of Ettie's father, until one notes the child's birthplace of Appleby, Northamptonshire, which guides us to recognise that she is the daughter of the Rev Arthur Wright and Fanny Majendie, Ettie's sister. Eleanor's parents are not listed in the Census. In passing it is mentioned that their other daughter, Agnes Wright, appears on the 1891 Census for Nonsuch, again without her parents.

It was the death of his wife that surely prompted Mr Meredith-Brown to move out of The Pines and back to Nonsuch, between 1882 and 1890 because the 1891 Census shows a William Rooper in residence. An address of 24 Bath Road appears now in place of The Pines and the same designation continues in 1901 when the occupancy has changed to a Lawrence Bell, 'boarding house proprietor' and his family. The same occupancy reappears on the 1911 Census but the house has been renamed Pine Grange. This name apparently continued until the house was demolished between 1932 and 1938 to make way for a 7-storey apartment block, which still exists and which bears an echo of its past, as it continues to be called Pine Grange.

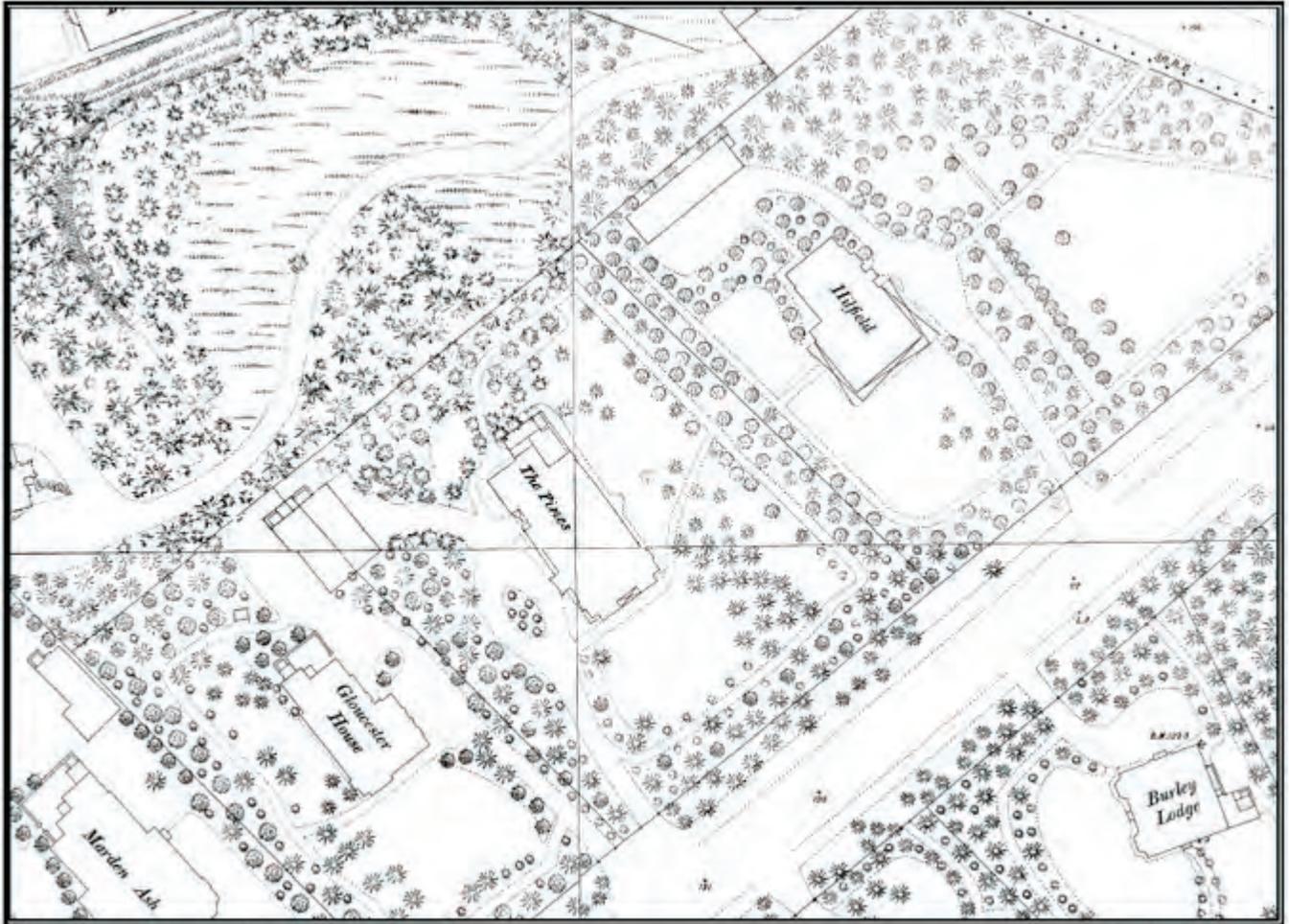
A note needs to be added here to explain the apparent assumption that The Pines is the same as the property described as 24 Bath Road. As confirmation of the correct interpretation, apart from oblique evidence in the various Census records, most conclusive of all is the 1945-47 OS 1:1250 map, which shows the existing Pine Grange apartment block numbered 24 and situated within the land boundary of The Pines. Today's building is actually just outside the footprint of the former house, which lies within the residents' car park.

What would Kilvert recognise here today? Nothing probably, as anyone familiar with Bournemouth knows, the location is part



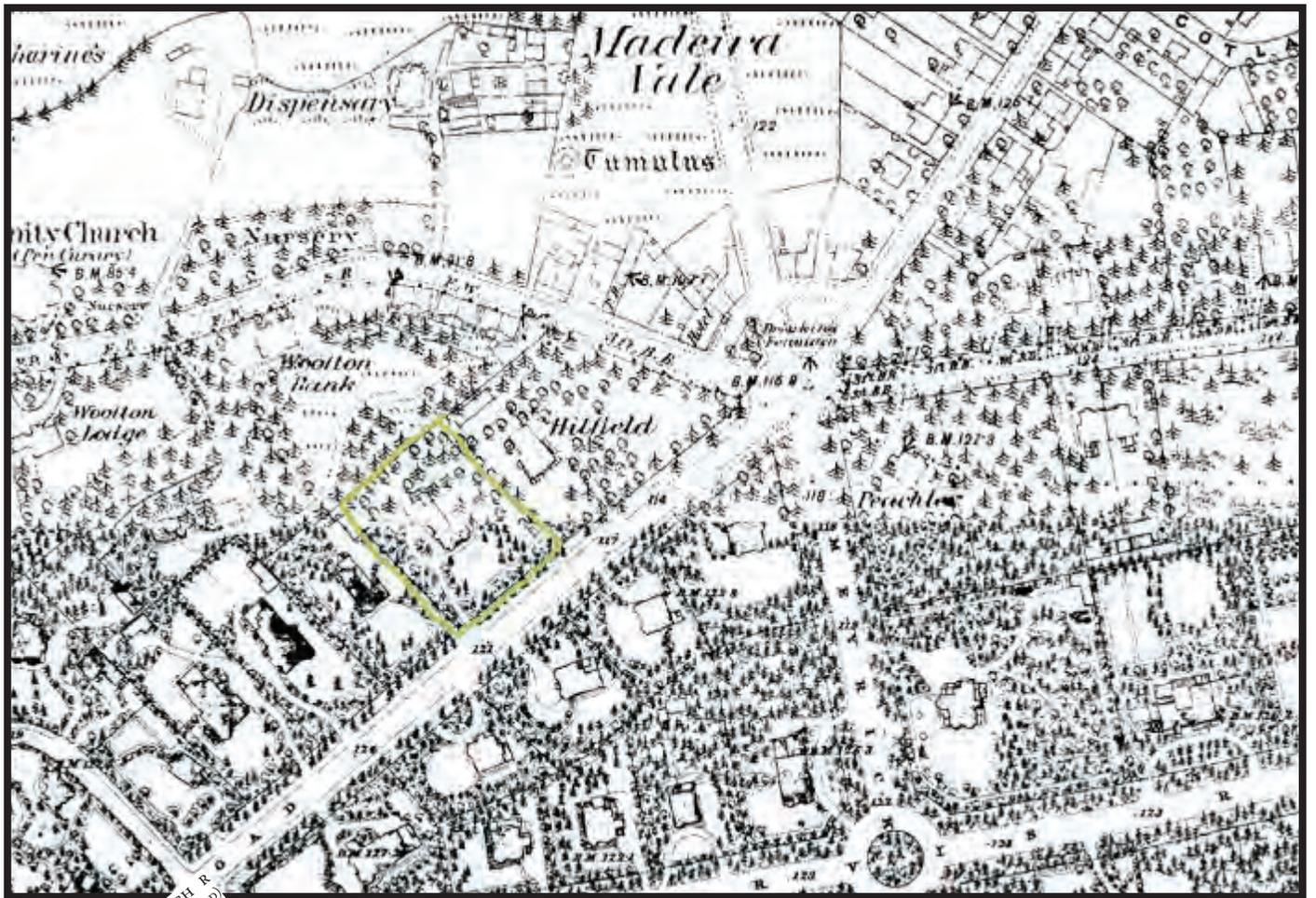
The Pines (photograph reproduced under Creative Commons from the Alwyn Ladell Flickr website). The property lies at the intersection of the grid lines on the upper map and is outlined in green on the lower

of the modern town centre and the tranquil scene of the photographs reproduced here has disappeared under concrete, glass and tarmac – only the road layout and some scattered pine trees offer the vaguest hint of what was once here.



Plan showing an isolated situation they could not do right around. They were not to be separated into separate blocks.

By the way, the architect, BENTLEY & BENTLEY 1907



CHRISTCHURCH R
(LATER BATH ROAD)



'Contagious enthusiasm' and Kilvert's American admirers

It is an amazing fact that of the 650 libraries across the world stocking editions of the Diary 430 of them are in the United States. Harvard's ALAN SEABURG reflects on why Americans find Kilvert so captivating, and recalls the visit our former President David Lockwood and his wife Willy made to Boston in 1992

AS so many wonderful things do in America, Kilvert in America began with free public, college, and university libraries. For it was through those beautiful places that Francis Kilvert, the Victorian parson of the Established Church in Great Britain, and his *Diary*, and later the books, studies, and articles spun from his words, images, and thoughts, first came to the attention of American readers seeking knowledge and the lovely.

Many probably just stumbled by chance on his *Diary* as they browsed through their library's stacks of magical books. Some of those who did no doubt merely glanced at the volume, and then passed on to other titles. Fortunately, however, there were those who investigated the three volumes of the *Diary*, or the one volume condensation, for this allowed them to taste and be captivated by the text therein. The result was the beginning of their enduringly rich relationship with the Reverend Francis Kilvert and the Radnorshire countryside and its people that he described so very well in his *Diary*.

Now there is also a second way, a way not unfamiliar to members of the Kilvert Society, that Kilvert became known in America. It can be expressed in two words: contagious enthusiasm. For those who bond with the *Diary* find it utterly impossible to keep to themselves their discovery and enjoyment. One example will suffice to illustrate this truth for us in the States,

In September 1992 the Reverend David Lockwood, and his wife Wilhelmina, made a visit to America. At the time Lockwood was President of the Kilvert Society, the author of the first full length Kilvert biography, for now at least, and an editor then of a forthcoming new edition of the *Diary*. Their first stop was to be Boston and Cambridge [where Harvard is].

Once word became public about their visit it seemed only right to some of us Eastern American Kilvertians that a gathering should be arranged to properly welcome them to the other Cambridge, and to the institution where the first English settlers to 'New' England established a place 'to advance learning, and perpetuate it'.

That 'welcome' took place at the Harvard Faculty Club on the evening of 20 September. And it was then and there that three individuals, only recently introduced to Kilvert through the enthusiasm of Carl Seaburg, joined the Kilvert Society. They were the Reverend Dr Eugene Widrick and his wife Trudi, and the Reverend Dr Eugene McAfee.

Widrick was then the minister of the First Religious Society (Unitarian Universalist) in nearby Carlisle, and a former minister for several years of the Unitarian Church of Cape Town, South Africa. He is now retired and living in Billerica, or – as Edward West would have it – Billericay. McAfee at that time was studying at Harvard Divinity School for his Doctorate in the Old Testament, and was also deeply involved in the work and ministry of Harvard's Memorial Church. Peter J Gomes (*pictured right*), its minister, who was an honorary member of the Kilvert Society, soon became both his friend and one of his min-



isterial mentors. Peter's death was noted in *Journal* 35. Today McAfee is the pastor of Faith United Church of Christ, Richmond Heights, Ohio.¹

One of the reasons that I included information on the three above members is to make sure that it is understood that Kilvert's America presence exists from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific coast. Two specific examples in 1992 of that scope would include Peter Turgeon of Long Island, New York, who first learned of Kilvert when he was acting in the musical *Brigadoon* in Australia in 1951, and an Episcopalian minister then in California who sent a bottle of good wine for us all to enjoy at the gathering for the Lockwoods. Kilvert appreciation, then, is clearly not limited to, as some Bostonians would put it, to God's Own Country – Greater Boston.

Nor were American converts to the *Diary* and to the Society limited to the final decade of the 20th century. Many had met him much earlier. For example, the Kilvert Society *Newsletter* for April 1960 reported that during the previous year 'a number of visitors from the USA have at different times been escorted round some parts of 'Kilvert country' by various members [and] several of them joined the Society,' and the *Newsletter* for September 1971 related that American members Dr and Mrs F R Hurlbutt from Honolulu attended the July Commemoration Service at Hay-on-Wye. Of particular interest was the fact that Mrs Hurlbutt, formerly Mary Morris of Pennsylvania, was 'a grand-daughter of Kilvert's Bredwardine parishioner Mary Powell'.

A final example is from the *Newsletter* of May 1981 where the then Hon Secretary E J C West wrote: 'Rev D R King of Elizabeth, NJ, USA. has sent me a copy of the *Historical Magazine of the Episcopal Church* in which appears an article on Kilvert written by him. It seems to me a most able, wonderfully well researched piece of work. I shall hope it may be possible to publish extracts in a later newsletter.' King had previously taken part in the 1979 Langley Burrell service marking the centenary of Kilvert's death in 1879.

Now for Francis Kilvert himself visiting the United States, well that possibility was not, to use a current expression, ever on his 'bucket list.' He certainly must have known of the colony but I do not recall any mention of it in the *Diary*, although my current OAP mind could partially be to blame if I missed a men-

tion of it. The indexes to the various editions of the *Diary*, biographies, and studies, also do not include any references to 'America the Beautiful.' (That I can perhaps understand, but just how Kilvert was able to ignore 'Fair Harvard' is quite impossible for my mind to grasp.)

Just when Kilvert's *Diary* arrived in America is easy to determine. Indeed, the date is also the same as when it publically arrived in Great Britain. For while he worked and wrote his diary during the 1870s few individuals, except for family members, friends and congregants, knew about him or the diary. That only changed about 75 years ago when

the publishing firm Jonathan Cape in 1938, 1939, and 1940 issued William Plomer's three volume transcriptions of a small part of his diary.

When published in England its success, David Lockwood declared, 'was astounding.' So what about its reception in America? While that is not easy to determine book reviews in American newspapers and journals are available to help us understand how critics, at least, responded to the *Diary*. As an example, here is the conclusion of the *New York Times* review of the 1947 edition of the *Diary* as authored by Orville Prescott, its main book reviewer for 24 years. The *Diary*, he wrote, 'is an original document, filled with interesting nuggets and flashes of beauty. Like all diaries, it is choppy, uneven and occasionally quite dull. It is a delightful book to dip into, a poor one to read in a rush. The fragmentary form of diaries cannot be fitted by even the most adroit editing into a pattern of sustained interest. But if the diarist himself is interesting in his own right, as a person, a diary can be engaging fare. Kilvert, because of his literary gifts and his admirable character, is decidedly worth meeting.'

While there have been over the decades a number of editions of the *Diary* – one report says that there are 67 – there are only two credited to American publishers. And they were, of course, basic reprints of editions first published in the United Kingdom. The first edition with an American imprint came out in 1947, just about a decade after William Plomer's first volume of the *Diary* came out in 1938.

It was issued by Macmillan and is clearly a copy of the one that Plomer put out in 1944. The chief difference would be the pagination of the two editions, the 1944 one having 350 pages and the 1947 having 407 pages.

The title page of the America edition reads as follows: 'Kilvert's Diary 1870-1879 Selections from the Diary of The Rev Francis Kilvert Chosen, Edited & Introduced by William Plomer Special Introduction by A L Rowse The Macmillan Company New York 1947.' On the reverse of the title page it is stated that the book was 'Printed in the United States of America by the Vail-Ballou Press, Inc, Binghamton, NY.' It further noted that this edition had had at least two printings. Probably helpful in selling it was that Macmillan advertised in the *New York Times*.

So clearly the first American edition of the *Diary* met with positive success.²

David R Godine, a Boston publishing firm, printed a second American edition of the *Diary* in 1986. This is one of the most deluxe editions of the *Diary* that one can read. It is profusely illustrated with appropriate paintings, drawings, photographs of 'pressed flower arrangements,' and maps. It needs to be clearly stated that this second American *Diary* edition is not original to the States but really a printing of the edition published by the London firm of Century-Hutchinson that same year. Nevertheless, it is wonderful to have it easily secured on this side of the Atlantic, and because of that fact more apt to be purchased by those newly acquainted here with Kilvert.

One should add a word about the publisher David R Godine. He started his firm in 1970 and from its first publication it has been recognized, and praised, for the high quality and excellence of its book production. As the *New York Times* has written: 'David Godine is a remarkable publisher . . . He is determined

to prove that the day of elegant books has not vanished.' Kilvert would be pleased to know that such care had been give to the publication of the *Diary* he so faithfully kept.

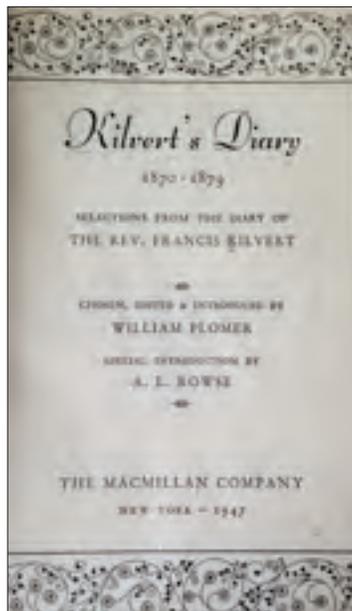
Over the decades Kilvert's *Diary* has sold well in the United States, and a review of the libraries purchasing and hold copies of it as listed in the World Catalog supports this conclusion. That catalog, which claims to be both a global catalog and also the world's largest catalog, reports that 650 libraries from throughout the world have in their collection the Kilvert *Diary*. Of that total 430 of the various editions can be found in American libraries, which is a most remarkable – and amazing – fact.

A sample of who these libraries are includes the New York Public, Harvard University, MIT, Brandeis University, Boston University, Lexington, Massachusetts Public Library, Tufts University, University of Rhode Island, Yale University, US Coast Guard Academy, Columbia University, Yeshiva University, City College of New York, Syracuse University, Princeton University, University of Delaware, College of William & Mary, Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, Athenaeum of Philadelphia, Norfolk Public Library, Library of Congress, Dallas Public Library, University of Michigan, Allen County Public Library, Chicago Public Library, University of Colorado, Public Library of Cincinnati, County of Los Angeles Public Library, University of California, Graduate Theological Union, Reed College, University of Oregon, and Stanford Universities Libraries. I have tried in this listing, while keeping it short, to also reveal that that the *Diary* is available both in college/university libraries and in public libraries, although it is mostly to be found in the more scholarly libraries.

It needs to be further stated that these libraries are to be found in almost every state of the American union. This is rather remarkable, and certainly for readers, a fortunate development. Further, with today's more generous book loans between all libraries in America, it translates to the fact that if someone hears about the *Diary* and desires to read it, they probably can fairly easily obtain a copy through either major bookstore chains, local independent bookstores, second hand bookstores, the internet, or via interlibrary loan through their home library.

Finally on this matter of American *Diary* publications, it needs to be pointed out that in addition to the editions discussed that is not the complete account of Kilvert's *Diary* publications in America. This is because there also exists a pamphlet, with selections from the *Diary* that are centered on his stories about the River Wye. It was prepared and printed by an adhoc committee of American Members and Friends of the Kilvert Society for that group's Golden Jubilee Celebration in June 1998.

Of it David Lockwood wrote in his review: 'This is an attractively produced and well assembled collection of excerpts from Kilvert's diary relating to the River Wye. My first reaction was, I must confess, one of arrogance. I said to myself, surely it is not necessary to lift these entries from the *Diary*. As I read, my attitude changed, for I was charmed and found myself appreciating these pictures of the Wye. I was savouring each entry, I was reading in a much more leisurely, but also more concentrated fashion. It was akin to reading an anthology of verse, here were gems that I had missed in the three volumes, but unlike an anthology by one man.'



A further way to gage Kilvert in America is to see if the *Diary* has produced much American scholarly interest. We know that it has in the United Kingdom. Much of that has been centered in the Kilvert Society through its various publications especially its *Newsletter* and, since 2000, its *Journal*, which are stocked with countless article and notes about Kilvert the man, his *Diary*, and what has come to be called 'Kilvert country.' To which can be added various separately published pamphlets and monographs such as *Kilvert and the Wordsworth Circle*, *Twenty-Four Walks in the Kilvert Country* by M M Morgan, and Eugene Fisk's *Chyro*. Then there are the book length studies, often produced by those who joined the Society and became leaders in its various programmes. Two examples are Frederick Grice's *Francis Kilvert and his World* and David Lockwood's biography *Francis Kilvert*.

In the States such scholarly interest and writing has not been – yet – a part of our involvement with the *Diary*. That is not to say that no scholarly attention has been paid to Kilvert. David R King, mentioned earlier, wrote, as Edward West noted in the *Journal*, 'Francis Kilvert: The Faith of a Rural, Victorian Pastor' for the *Historical Magazine of the Protestant Episcopal Church*, (March, 1981), and Charlotte Fairlie from Wilmington College, Ohio, reviewed John Toman's Kilvert's *Diary and Landscape* for the 2010 Victorians Institute *Journal*. And, of course, in 1974 the *Michigan Quarterly Review* published a thoughtful article by J Adlard entitled 'The failure of Francis Kilvert.' But if that publication was American the author was English. So for American scholarship on Kilvert, that's about it.

While there is then no significant American scholarship yet on Kilvert compared to what had been produced in the United Kingdom, there are still some bright Kilvert moments shining here. Such as this statement from E B White, author of *Charlotte's Web* and regular contributor to *The New Yorker*. Asked about the journals he wrote himself he replied: 'Occasionally, they manage to report something in exquisite honesty and accuracy. This is why I have refrained from burning them. But usually, after reading a couple of pages, I put them aside in disgust and pick up Reverend Robert Francis Kilvert, to see what a good diarist can do.'

Or this from Robert Creeley, one of America's best known and influential twentieth century poets. One of his last poems was entitled 'Old Story: from The Diary of Francis Kilvert.' It is based on this Kilvert diary entry: *One bell did not ring loud enough to satisfy the people so they took an axe up to the bell and beat the bell with the axe till they beat it all to pieces*. Using this image Creeley ends his poem: 'You got a song, man, sing it./ You got a bell, man, ring it.' Which, of course, is what so many readers of the *Diary* have done.

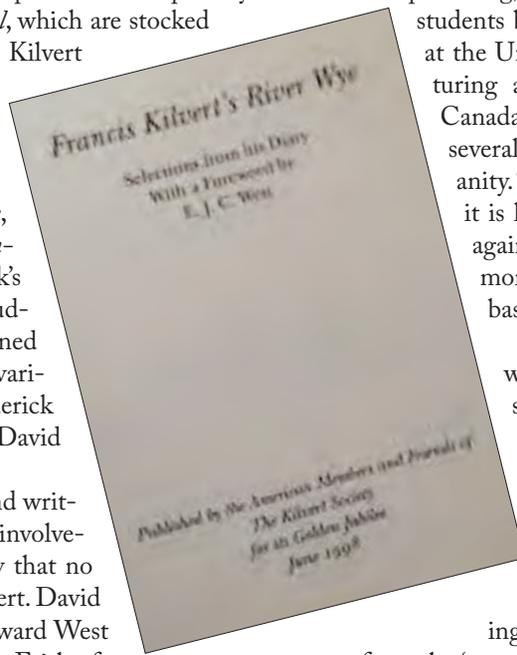
In conclusion this is what we have discovered about Kilvert in America – that his *Diary* has been, and still is, largely a volume that is first enjoyed as a good read. But, in addition, that it has also proven to have for many readers a deeper value, which simply is that what he came to share with his readers about his world helps each of us to keep positively plugging away in our own individual worlds. A story about the late Peter J Gomes, an honorary member of the Kilvert Society, illustrates what this has meant for Kilvertians everywhere.

For most of his adult life Gomes was the Plummer Professor of Christian Morals and Pusey Minister in The Memorial Church, Harvard University. His schedule there involved preaching, related ministerial duties, and teaching students both at the Harvard Divinity School and at the University. To this task he added guest lecturing and sermonizing especially in America, Canada, the United Kingdom, and the writing of several best selling volumes on Biblical Christianity. 'Being me,' he wrote, 'is a full-time job, and it is hard work defending and defining myself against the expectations of others. What helps more than anything is a strong sense of self, based on place, faith, and race.'

His 'parsonage' at Harvard, Sparks House, which was close to Memorial Church, served as his home, and just as importantly, as a very public meeting place. But that was not the case with his bedroom suite on the second floor. There he was able to nourish 'being me.' His adjoining bath was a striking black marble space, and its bathtub had a folding rack for reading material. Here, he told me, he could relax

from the 'expectations of others' and find again 'a strong sense of self'. And, pertinent to this essay, reading the *Diary* and the *Journal* of the Kilvert Society there were two of his sources for doing so.³

Let me, if I may, put this conclusion even more pointedly: Francis Kilvert's *Diary* has been for a goodly number of us on the North American continent, in the words of my late brother Carl, one of our ways to 'sustain and forward the human venture – in gentleness, in service, and in thought'.



FOOTNOTES

- 1 For a full account of the Lockwood reception see Carl Seaburg, 'The Kilvert Evening at Harvard,' *Kilvert Newsletter*, (March, 1993) 2-4.
- 2 By a Kilvertian kind of experience, the 1947 volume I examined was borrowed by my local library, quite by chance, from the library of Tufts University. It had been given to Tufts by Doris Kirk Holmes, from the book collection of her late husband, John Holmes. It also had his signature on the half-title page. Holmes was a well know poet who had taught at Tufts for almost thirty years. Now it so happens that I hold two Tufts degrees, knew Holmes, and was working as Bibliographer for the Tufts Library when Holmes died and his private library was donated. More than that, I later prepared 'John Holmes: A Bibliography,' for the *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, (May 1967). All in all, a pleasing Kilvertian surprise.
- 3 Eugene McAfee, Gomes' friend mentioned previously, when asked where he would re-read the *Diary* today replied: '1) in our local pocket park (just across the street from my back door), 2) in the Euclid Creek Reservation (0.8 miles from my back door), 3) under the awning (a.k.a. the Green Monster) on my back deck on a lovely spring, summer, or autumn day.' Clearly we all have our special private retreats where we go to be nourished.



Alan Seaburg is emeritus curator of manuscripts at the Harvard Divinity School Library.

At Harvard Alan has established a collection of material relating to the Kilvert Society. It includes most of Edward West's correspondence with the Seaburg brothers, papers and related material on the Society, its programmes and activities, and photographs, waiting for perhaps one day a student to stumble upon it and write a PhD thesis on Francis Kilvert.



R C B Oliver: a memoir of a true friend of the Society

Even though it is more than 20 years since he died, the long hand of one of the best members the Kilvert Society never had still generously reaches out to help us. TERESA WILLIAMS describes how she still relies on his research

IN my article in *Journal 40* on the published *Diary's* 'Long Gap' of 1876-1877, I listed 'sightings' of Kilvert found in contemporary newspapers during research at The Newspaper Library. I also mentioned how a correspondent of mine, Mr R C B Oliver of the Radnorshire Society, had helped me (living near London as I do) by sending entries from diaries and letters in the Llysdinam (Venables) collection which he obtained during visits to the National Library of Wales. He also obtained and sent me information on St Harmon's Church and School records. Subsequent to the publication of my article, the Editor asked if I would like to tell the Society more about this remarkable man, Mr Oliver. It is a pleasure for me to expand on the unstinting, generous, knowledgeable and enthusiastic help he gave me over the years.

Mr Reginald C B Oliver was a long-time and much valued member of the Radnorshire Society, (founded 1930) being elected to their Executive Committee in 1948 and becoming Treasurer in 1959, a position he held for 27 years. He was the author of many carefully researched and beautifully presented articles, each involving much dedicated investigation. His work was not only published in the *Transactions*, (the annual journal of the Radnorshire Society) but also in many significant chronicles to great esteem and worthy praise, and some international acclaim.

Although born in Newtown, Montgomeryshire, his interest in the county of Radnorshire, its people, buildings and places was far-reaching. His teaching career began after obtaining an Honours degree in Geography at the University College of Wales in 1930. After three years at a post in Surrey, he was appointed Geography Master at Llandrindod Wells County School. In 1941 he became a naval officer stationed in various places including a year off the south coast of Ceylon (now Sri Lanka). After being demobbed from the Navy, he returned to his position at Llandrindod Wells County School, retiring in 1968 aged 60 years. More details on his career may be read in an Obituary and a Memoir published in the 1993 Radnorshire Society *Transactions*. Suffice to say he was greatly respected and is still remembered with much affection by former pupils for his inspirational methods of teaching the subject of Geography.

I joined the Radnorshire Society in 1972, and sometime later wrote to them asking for information on the parish of Bryngwyn in which I was interested, it being from where some of my late mother-in-law's maternal family originated. A helpful letter was received from the Society and my enquiry about Tithe Maps for the same parish, brought a reply from Mr Oliver. Upon his recommendation I later purchased the 1973 reprint of Mr W H Howse's book entitled *Radnorshire* originally published

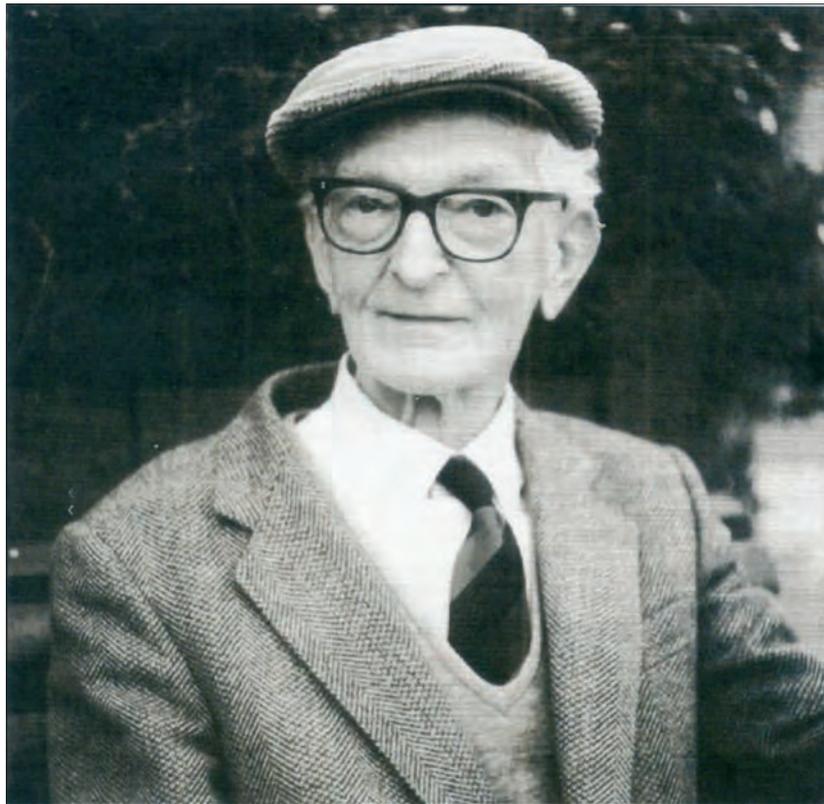
in 1949 by E J Thurston of Hereford. This book contained a wealth of information relevant to many places and people mentioned in the published *Diary* and when in 1979 I joined the Kilvert Society and started researching the life of the Diarist at the Newspaper Library at Colindale, NW London, I found the references very useful.

My correspondence with Mr Oliver became frequent in the early 1980s, when I sent details of events held in Radnorshire in the 19th century. He would respond by sending me extra information on the subject. To my knowledge he was never a member of the Kilvert Society, but he was always interested in any

'sightings' of the Diarist, either pre-1870 or when the published *Diary* did not record an entry. Kilvert was no stranger to the Radnorshire Society as a number of members were also members of the Kilvert Society, and articles about the Diarist have appeared in a number of the *Transactions* over the years.

In April 1983 I wrote to Mr Oliver thanking him for his kind remarks about my finding the Diarist's 1876 'farewell' speech at Langley Burrell, and sent him a photostat copy of *The Radnorshire Standard* for Saturday 4 July 1908. This paper reported in great detail the re-opening ceremony of St Harmon's Church, held after a lengthy restoration.

Society members will know that Kilvert's successor to the living of St Harmon's was the Reverend Daniel Williams. In 1905, when a Building committee was formed to organise the restoration, he was very frail and had been in failing health for some time. This had necessitated the appointment of a curate-in-charge (the Reverend R Bevan), who became responsible for the success of the venture. Mr Oliver's letter dated 18 May 1983 spoke about the contractor for the restoration, a Mr S Arthur Bounds,



R C B Oliver, 1908-1993

Photo courtesy of the Transactions of the Radnorshire Society

saying: 'He lived in Llandrindod Wells at that time and indeed built many of its residences in red Ruabon brick. I think he was over ambitious and later had financial problems. A few years ago a grand-daughter of his turned up here on a visit from her then home in some island just south of Newfoundland, wanting to see where her grandfather was buried. I'm pleased to be able to say that we did manage to find his gravestone in our Cemetery, but, oddly, it had no name, except that of the stone mason, on it!'

Mr Oliver also returned with the same letter a photostat copy of *The Hereford Times* dated Saturday 17 November 1866, reporting the opening of the new church at Abbey Cwm Hir on the previous Wednesday. The whole cost of the church building was borne by 'Miss Phillips of Hazlehurst, Walford, Ross, sister to the 'Squire,' Mr G H Phillips.' The report continued that:

'The old Church of Abbey Cwm Hir being totally unfit for its purpose and very uncomfortable for worshippers, induced a noble-hearted lady to come forward and defray the entire cost.... white-washed walls and horsebox pews are not now considered as necessary aids to devotion nor are stained glass windows and open benches and ornamental carvings regarded as superstitious and superfluous in a church.' The weather on the day of the consecration was 'very cold and stormy' but the church 'was literally crammed, every available standing place occupied, the aisle so crowded as to cause no little inconvenience. The great wonder is where all the people could have come from, and some must have walked long distances to be present. Others, including females, were seen several miles away either walking or on horseback, all wending their way to the point of attraction....' with a 'stolid indifference to the wind and rain, our Welsh friends gathered together.... The new church could accommodate 200 worshippers with all seating being free at the present time.' Miss Phillips had also provided each seat with a Bible, prayer book and hymn book, bringing the total cost of the whole enterprise to a sum in excess of £2,000.

As mentioned above, Mr Oliver always liked to send extra information on persons mentioned in these newspaper reports, and on this occasion he said: 'I noticed the list of clergy and laity present at the ceremony mentioned a Mr Lomax of Cross Gates. He was in fact Dr Lomax – the only one in between Rhayader and Kington and between Newtown and Builth Wells then. Of course there was virtually no Llandrindod Wells in 1866 – it was just starting to become an 'urban' area with the advent of the railways. Dr Lomax was not from the county of Radnorshire, but was a Herefordshire man of Weobley origin.'

In addition to these comments he also said in the same letter, 'I went to Aber (sic) today by local coach which means I don't get to NLW [the National Library of Wales] till 11.30am, and having to be down in the Town by 5pm [to return], it means a rather short "day" at the Library. However, I did manage to look through several sets of Parish Church Registers for any RFK signatures. There were none at all for Nantmel or Rhayader, but for Llowes I found six occasions when RFK was "Officiating Minister".' The results were: Two Baptisms on 8 April 1869 and on 11 May 1871: One Marriage on 15 April 1868: and Three Burials on 18 May 1866, 30 July 1867 and 14 October 1867.

(NOTE: It is worth noting that there is no entry in the pub-

lished *Diary* for Thursday 11 May 1871, the date of the second Baptism, making the occasion a Kilvert 'sighting'.)

Mr Oliver and I exchanged a wide range of information in our letters. Occasionally, I helped him with research queries at Colindale, and once when thanking me in an earlier letter dated 21 April 1983 he said: "The extracts from and the copies of local newspapers are all very interesting and those relating to Rhayader and district are being used by me as a kind of "quid pro quo" in exchange for information from various friends of mine in libraries.'

He told me about one 'source' of his in a letter dated 30 May 1983: 'One evening last week the Manager of the Midland Bank, East Street, Rhayader, called on me. He is Mr D G Jones, a member of the Radnorshire Society. He told me that the Bank still has very old account books going back, I think, to when the Bank

first opened officially in the early 1860s, but there is no account, alas, in the name of the Reverend R F Kilvert.' In the same letter Mr Oliver confirmed he had 'checked the St David's Diocesan Records for any request to the Bishop by K for "non-residence" in St Harmon's, but found nothing. Of course, the Bishop was probably aware of the particular circumstances in St Harmon's, ie, that the Vicarage was not available for the incumbent so there would have been no need for any "non-residence" application.'

Another item which he checked during the same visit to the Library was for any mention of Kilvert in the 1876-1877 Registers of Voters for St Harmon or Rhayader, with the result: 'His name was not listed but I did find him at Bredwardine in the Rhulen List for 1879 (year 31st December 1878 and 1st January 1880). The "Nature of Qualification" was "Freehold Lands" situated at Cwmcych.

I found the place on my map a little way s-e of Gilfach. It is spelt "Cwmcych" which makes more sense since sych is Welsh for "dry." The best map to look at is the 1:25,000 Painscastle map, No.501.'

I enclosed with a letter to Mr Oliver, dated 31 May 1983, a newspaper copy of the marriage ceremony between Edward Lechmere Thomas and Annina Margaret de Winton celebrated on 3 April 1877, (*The Hereford Times*, 17 April 1877). In his reply of 15 June, Mr Oliver spoke of the de Winton marriage and family:

"They certainly "went to town" when reporting local gentry marriages. It is of interest to me because the Reverend Frederic de Winton, who assisted at the marriage ceremony, was the bride's second eldest brother who became an Archdeacon in Colombo. Oddly enough he earlier had been incumbent of a church in the south of Ceylon near where I was stationed for a year as a naval officer in the last war; but then I was quite unaware of F de Winton's career in Ceylon! Her eldest brother, Walter, who had had a career in engineering in Madras, eventually retired (I think) to Llandrindod Wells, and many years afterwards, was the bride's executor.'

The Reverend Frederic Henry de Winton was a Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, becoming Chaplain to the Bishop of Colombo from 1879 to 1884 whilst also being the incumbent of St Mark's Church in Badulla. His other incumbency was of St John's Church, Kalutara, both places in southern Ceylon. In 1902 he became Archdeacon of Colombo, retiring in the 1920s.

I had told Mr Oliver in my letter of the 31 May 1983 about

His enthusiasm for anything connected with Radnorshire, his love of research and acquiring knowledge was remarkable and it was a privilege to have been able to correspond with him

Lechmere Thomas's career as a tea planter in Ceylon with the necessary switch to raising coffee crops after a wind-borne blight destroyed the tea plants. His tragically sudden death from cholera in September 1878 left Annina, widowed with a baby son, far from home. She returned to England and in the 1881 Census is listed with her three year old son, [also named Edward Lechmere Thomas] staying at Whitburn, South Shields with an aunt, Mrs Sophia Harrison. The household was large, being comprised of eleven female residents, with Edward Lechmere Thomas junior, plus ten female servants and two male servants. Annina remarried that year, the ceremony taking place on 7 May 1881 at Llanigon Church, her second husband being Mr Edward Dumaresq Thomas of Brecon.

A marriage notice which appeared in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, Tuesday 10 May 1881, gives the bridegroom's address as Colombo [Ceylon] and an obituary in *The Brecon & Radnor Express*, Thursday 9 March 1911, confirms that 'For many years Mr Dumaresq Thomas was a tea planter in Ceylon.' He died at Ross in Herefordshire on 1 March 1911 aged 66, his address in Brecon being given as Llandefaelog House, although he 'lived the latter part of his life at Llanthomas House near Hay, the residence of his late relative, Colonel Jones Thomas.'

The 1891 Census shows Annina and Edward living with her son, Edward Lechmere Thomas aged 13 years at Shaw Dean Farm, near Newbury in Berkshire; Edward giving his occupation as 'farmer.' There were no children born of this second marriage, and very sadly, Annina suffered another tragic bereavement when her son Edward Lechmere died on 16 December 1892 at the age of 14 years. Annina Margaret Dumaresq Thomas of Arundel, Sussex died on 19 February 1932 in a nursing home at Worthing, aged 75 years. Probate was granted at Llandaff in May 1932 to her sister, Frances Isabel de Winton, and her eldest brother, Walter.

I had been interested in the story of Annina for a long time as in the 1960s, I inherited a small leather bound book with gilt edged pages, entitled:

Holy Communion, Preparation and
Companion,
By the Right Rev W. Walsham How, DD,
Bishop of Wakefield.
Together with the Collects, Epistles and
Gospels.
(Published by SPCK, London, 1896)

The flyleaf bears Annina's signature with the date of 26 January 1897. The book was given to 'Eva Meredith' [a member of my late mother-in-law's family] before her Confirmation.

Members will know the name of The Right Reverend W Walsham How, DD, who in June 1878 as Canon Walsham How, made an offer, through the Reverend C Palmer of Eardisley, to the Diarist of a permanent Chaplaincy in Cannes. The position which might have been beneficial to his health was declined on Thursday 27 June 1878, after seeking the opinion of Miss Cornwall and Dr Giles and *corresponding and thinking with some perplexity about the offer...* (vol III, p397-399).

The letters Mr Oliver and I exchanged during the summer and autumn of 1983, were mostly handwritten, so some are now badly faded. I kept shorthand notes of mine, and see that on 22 June that year I sent him copies of the correspondence, published in *The Hereford Times* in the summer of 1870, about the appalling state of Bryngwyn church. Some details of these letters were given in my article in *Journal* 40 on 'Sightings of Kilvert during the Long Gap.'

On 10 August 10 Mr Oliver sent me some notes on diary extracts from the Llysdinam (Venables) Collection at the

National Library of Wales. He had checked the Richard Lister Venables Diaries for 1866-1868 inclusive, and seen that RLV paid the Reverend David Vaughan, Rector of Bryngwyn for taking services for him, eg, 'In 1868, on May 3rd, 10th and 17th, at One Guinea each, the sum of £3 3s od.' Mr Oliver said: 'It is interesting to see what RLV paid him for doing duty - I think that sum seems rather generous and it's a pity it doesn't identify the church involved, but I suspect Bettws Clyro (perhaps when FK was not able to take them).' On referring to Mr Laurence Le Quesne's article on the diaries of Richard Lister Venables in *The Oswin Prosser Memorial Booklet*, page 52, we find the month of May 1868 has only two entries, ie, 'Kilvert dined, 23rd, 24th.'

Mr Oliver's letter also contained some extracts from letters in the Llysdinam Collection at the Library. The Venables diaries are prefixed 'A' and the correspondence 'B.'

Letter No B 1419 dated 1 June 1869 from RLV to his brother, George Stovin Venables, appeared to confirm RLV's practice of 1868 in paying other clergy to take services for him, and as Mr Oliver commented, 'He was reassuring his brother that he could manage to arrange for services' when he says: '... if I have to be away from a Monday to a Saturday even when Kilvert is absent.'

One other extract enclosed was from letter No B 1964 dated 19 November 1864 from George Stovin Venables to RLV. It speaks of Kilvert's interview at Clyro: 'I am glad to hear of your curate [Kilvert]. I suppose the Baskerville girls will fall in love with him as he is tall and has a beard.'

Mr Oliver said he found difficulty in deciphering the handwriting of the Venables brothers in their diaries and letters. On subsequent visits to the National Library of Wales, however, he managed to transcribe all the mentions of Kilvert which he found in the 1864 and 1866-72 RLV diary Collection. The list, written in pencil and now after 30 years, rather faded, appears to match the entries listed in Mr Le Quesne's article in *The Oswin Prosser Memorial Booklet*.

In his letter of 6 September 1983, Mr Oliver commented on the recently held annual excursion of the Radnorshire Society when they visited Chirk Castle, saying: 'We were able to eat a picnic lunch sitting on the grass! The same evening, however, we had a big thunderstorm and very heavy, but welcome, rain. Today I managed a visit [to the Library] in lovely weather both ways, but felt that Autumn is now in the air.' Then speaking of the visit: 'After looking at the RLV diaries again, and all the times RLV said: "Kilvert dined," I think that he "used" Kilvert to help conversation along when he, RLV, had guests. Kilvert certainly seemed like a good "mixer" with friends of the local gentry or even the London gentry.'

Mr Oliver did obtain information, as promised, from friends in the Radnorshire Society, eg, the late Mr John Stratton, resulting in my receiving copies of the St Harmon's School Log and a list of burials at St Harmon's during Kilvert's incumbency. The late Mr Kenneth Clew, (a Kilvert Society member), for whom I did a lot of research at Colindale to help with his 1980s series of mini-guides of churches associated with the Diarist, also obtained a copy of these documents. Mr Oliver and I continued corresponding into October 1983, but then had a break of several months owing to my late husband's severe illness and lengthy convalescence.

Mr Oliver's next letter dated 14 February 1984 said: 'After a gap of more than three months, and by courtesy of friend John Stratton, I was able, at the Library today, to start checking the diaries or journals of G S Venables. [Ref Numbers A128 and A129]. It's a pity he used so many abbreviations and capital letters to denote surnames and tried to cram so much on to a page! Luckily, nei-

ther RLV nor GSV ever shortened Kilvert's name (perhaps to avoid any mistaking for 'Katey' in the years after 1870!) I looked at GSV's Journal for 1865 (in view of there being no RLV diary for that year) and at first thought there were going to be no references at all to Kilvert – GSV appeared to have spent most of the year anywhere but in Radnorshire, but in September he gets to Wales.' Mr Oliver found five entries, the first for Monday 9 October 1865. 'The funeral [at Clyro of Mary A D Venables, the first wife of RLV], Ll (?)J Rowland came from Llysdinam. There were also Lord Hereford, Admiral Devereux, Roderick Dew, Master of The Rolls, Baskerville, Lyde, Kilvert and Bevan who performed the service. L [Lister] much distressed and unwell.' The second mention is on Tuesday 24 October 1865: 'At Hereford saw J Dew, W Thomas, (?)Burworth who told me he is going to marry David Thomas's daughter. At Three Cocks saw Mrs de Winton. 40 minutes stopped at Builth and changed. (?Mr) L and Kilvert here.' On Sunday 12 November, GSV records: 'Church. Met L [Lister] coming from Chapel. Kilvert dined.' On Tuesday 14 November, GSV wrote: 'Kilvert again for dinner,' and the final entry on Sunday 19 November 1865 read: 'Kilvert dined.'

Mr Oliver also sent me details of other letters in the Collection, some of which have been published or commented upon in books about the Diarist, or in the Kilvert Society *Journals*. An example is a comment made by Sophia Venables, (the mother of RLV) in a letter (No B2799) from Clyro dated 12 May 1868. It is written to her son, George Stovin, and says in part: 'I never see anybody except at Church on Sundays which is no grief to me. Mr Kilvert comes to give me his arm to go to Church, I could not walk alone.'

In the 1980s it was not possible to access documents online, and research was often difficult and frustrating when records were kept in so many different places. When collecting the 'Long Gap sightings' of Kilvert, in addition to my research at Colindale, I was able to read online the synopsis of letters in the Venables Collection. I had always made a habit of checking in a newspaper beyond the date of an event, especially if that event occurred fairly late in any year, in case of any additional reporting. Although 1879 was not in the 'Long Gap,' I was also keen to make sure no mention of Kilvert, his widow or family appeared in letters written after his death. On checking the year 1880 in the Collection I found letter No 1524 dated 4 May 1880, about Katy discovering an unopened letter dated October 17 1877 concerning the living of Bredwardine. The letter was down the back of a hall sofa, remaining there for nearly three years. The relevant part of the letter written by RLV to his brother George was quoted in my article in *Journal* No 40.

In March 1984 Mr Oliver sent me a copy of an article published in *The National Library of Wales Journal* – xxii, by Kathleen Hughes. The article gave the text of the two known letters from Kilvert to his Vicar, Mr Venables. Dated 'Clyro, Dec. 1868' and from '13 Raby Place, Bath, 22. December 1871.' In both of these letters Kilvert was thanking RLV for his generous gift at Christmas time. Again, the text of the two letters has been published in books and articles.

Mr Oliver and I continued our correspondence for several more years, with a mutual exchange of information on many subjects. He was most generous in sharing details of research and always willing to help with queries. He was always appreciative of any copy I sent and, as already stated, would reply telling me more about the people mentioned in articles and letters. His enthusiasm for anything connected with Radnorshire, his love of research and acquiring knowledge was remarkable and it was a privilege to have been able to correspond with him.

Welcome to new members

The Society warmly welcomes the following new members

David & Lucy Fench, of Clyro

Mr Richard and Mrs Siobhan Parker, of Croxley Green, Rickmansworth

Mrs Jenny Sanders, of Perrystone Hill, Herefordshire

Notes

St Peter's Church at Langley Burrell is having to raise £106,000 to repair its roof. The Society has given £500 to the appeal. Members who would like to contribute further to the preservation of this church which is so central to the Kilvert story are asked to get in touch with the church treasurer, Howard Morland, at morland@hotmail.com.



Dorset member Georgina Doyle showed the last *Journal*, with Rob Graves' article about Admiral Sir Hugh Evan-Thomas and Jutland, to Admiral Sir William O'Brien. Bill, as he is known, who will be 99 in November, commented in a letter to Georgina on 'What a sad, haunted face' was on the cover of the *Journal* 40. He wrote: 'I found the article very interesting, particularly since it confirmed my longheld belief that, while everyone involved made mistakes, those that contributed most to the debacle were made by Beatty.'



Correspondence in *The Daily Telegraph* about the christening of Princess Charlotte in specially sterilised water from the River Jordan included this one from Keith Hill, of Rochester in Kent:

SIR – An entry in the delightful Diary of the Rev Francis Kilvert in 1874 recounts a story by the Vicar of Fordington in Dorset who 'told us of the state of things in his parish when he moved there 50 years earlier'.

For his first christening there was no water in the font, and he was assured: 'The last parson never used no water. He spit into his hand.'

People come to the *Diary* in all sorts of ways. Little snippets like this can only do good in spreading the word.



The Old Rectory at Hardenhuish, where Francis Kilvert was born, has been on the market again. This time it apparently fetched a whisker under a million pounds.



The entire run of *Newsletters* (with very few now missing) and *Journals* from 1960 onwards have all now been scanned – at no charge to the Society – and can be read on our website, thekilvertsociety.org.uk (there is no password).

It is with regret that we record the death of **Mr James Hastings Ball**, of Thursby, near Carlisle. He had been a Member since 1965 and Life Member from April 1993. We send our condolences to his family and friends.

Kilvert books and publications

Three-Volume Diary, packed in slip case, available to members at £60 plus £10.50 p&cp.

The Lost Photo Album: A Kilvert Family Story, by John Toman (SECOND EDITION, expanded). Copies from the Publications Manager (address below). £12

Who's Who in Kilvert's Diary
A fully comprehensive Who's Who with over 400 biographies and 22 family trees, compiled by the late Tony O'Brien. £13 including p&cp.

More Chapters from the Kilvert Saga (reprinted)
Contents: The Memoirs of the Rev Robert Kilvert (the Diarist's father) and Recollections of Emily Wyndowe (the Diarist's sister); also extracts from Augustus Hare's account of the school at Hardenhuish Rectory. £5.

Jubilee Praise. The Tom Palmer Memorial Booklet, compiled to celebrate the Society's Jubilee in June 1998. This new publication, edited by our former Chairman, Michael Sharp, is a selection from the Newsletters of the last thirty years. £5.50.

Francis Kilvert Priest & Diarist, by Frederick Grice. A reprint of the 1975 original. £5.50.

Collected Verse Contains the 55 poems of Francis Kilvert printed privately in 1881. £4.50.

The Frederick Grice Memorial Booklet Contents: The Missing Year – Kilvert & 'Kathleen Mavourneen'

by Laurence Le Quesne; two hitherto unpublished articles on Kilvert by Frederick Grice; several articles, also by Frederick Grice, reprinted from various newsletters. £5

Kilvert's 'Kathleen Mavourneen', by Eva Farmery and R.B. Taylor. The publication records the painstaking research, extending over some 35 years, into the Heanley family of Croft, Lincolnshire, and the related Cholmeley family, who were related by marriage to the Kilvert Family. Particularly interesting is the section dealing with Katharine Heanley ('Kathleen Mavourneen'), her relationship with the Diarist and her tragic death. £5.

A Kilvert Symposium. Eight contributions from members who read papers at the Kilvert Conference held at Attingham Park in 1975. £4.50.

Kilvert and the Wordsworth Circle, by R.I. Morgan
The author summarises his researches into the Wordsworth – Monkhouse – Dew connection, in which Kilvert was so interested. £4.50.

Looking Backwards. References to Kilvert's wife, their marriage and honeymoon; accounts of their home-coming to Bredwardine and of Kilvert's death and funeral; extracts from the diary of Hastings Smith (Kilvert's nephew) relating to his enquiries into his uncle's year at St Harmon, etc. £4.50

Miscellany Two: The Oswin Prosser Memorial Booklet. Contents: The Solitary of Llanbedr by the Rev D Edmondson-Owen; Radnorshire Legends and Superstitions by Mrs Essex Hope; Honeymoon Journal by Dora Pitcairn; The Venables Diaries by A L Le Quesne; Memories of the Monk by Ann Mallinson. £4.50.

Kilvert's Poetry: A Study, by Bernard Jones. £4.

The Other Francis Kilvert. Francis Kilvert of Claverton (1803-1863), by Teresa Williams and Frederick Grice. The authors, after diligent research, have produced an extremely interesting account of the life and work of the Diarist's Uncle Francis. £2.

The Books Kilvert Read, by John Toman. £2

Index of Journal/Newsletters 1956-2000, by the late Rev Dr Nigel Rowe. £2.

The Bevan-Dew Extracts. Entries from the original Diary relating to the Bevan and Dew families which were omitted from the published Diary. £2.

Kilvert and the Visual Arts, by Rosalind Billingham. A transcript of the authoritative lecture given by Miss Billingham at the 1979 Annual General Meeting. £1.50.

Vicar of this Parish, by John Betjeman. £2

Children of the Rectory, by Essex Hope. £1.50

Newsletter/Journals. Back

numbers of some Newsletters and Journals. £2.50.

The following books can be purchased from booksellers or on the internet:

Francis Kilvert, by David Lockwood. Seren Books, 1990. ISBN 1-85411-033-0 paperback.

Kilvert The Victorian, by David Lockwood. Seren Books, 1992. ISBN 1-85411-077-2.

After Kilvert, by A.L. Le Quesne. OUP, 1978. ISBN 0-19-211748-3.

Francis Kilvert and His World, by Frederick Grice. Caliban Books, 1980. Hardback ISBN 0-904573-52-4; Paperback ISBN 0-904573-78-8.

Kilvert The Homeless Heart, by John Toman. Logaston Press, 2001. ISBN 1-873827-37-7.

Growing up in Kilvert Country, by Mona Morgan. Gomer, 1990. ISBN 0-86383-680-1.

Exploring Kilvert Country, by Chris Barber. Blorenge Books, 2003. ISBN 1-872730-24-8.

Moods of Kilvert Country, by Nick Jenkins and Kevin Thomas. Halsgrove, 2006. ISBN 1-84114-525-4 / 978-1-84114-525-9.

John Toman's *Kilvert's Diary and Landscape*, £27.50, and *Kilvert's World of Wonders – Growing up in mid-Victorian England*, £25, both published by The Lutterworth Press, PO Box 60 Cambridge

CB1 2NT. Tel 01223 350865, email publishing@lutterworth.com

The three books below are copies of Kilvert's original Diaries and are complete – the only surviving examples of his work.

The Diary of Francis Kilvert, April-June 1870 edited by Kathleen Hughes and Dafydd Ifans. National Library of Wales, 1982. ISBN 0-9077158-02-1.

The Diary of Francis Kilvert, June-July 1870 edited by Dafydd Ifans. National Library of Wales, 1989. ISBN 0-907158-02-1.

Kilvert's Cornish Diary, edited by Richard Maber and Angela Tregoning. Alison Hodge (Cornwall), 1989. ISBN 0-906720-19-2.

PUBLICATIONS MANAGER, Colin Dixon, Tregothnan, Pentrosfa Crescent, Llandrindod Wells, Powys LD1 5NW (tel 01597 822062).

Prices include UK postage and packing, unless noted. For overseas orders, please see below. If postage prices change, the price list may have to be amended.

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Overseas members kindly note most items can be sent by surface mail at printed paper rate for an additional charge of £6. For airmail rates please enquire from the Publications Manager.

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