PARSON WOODFORDE SOCIETY

Quarterly Journal

" THE LARGEST FISH WE CAUGHT WAS A PIKE..."
(16/5/1781)

VOL. XXXV NO. 1 SPRING 2002

After tossing and turning for two or three hours, I realised that I was ravenously hungry, and decided to go downstairs for sustenance. While some milk was heating on the stove, I collected an assortment of goodies on a tray. What, I thought, would a dietician make of a banana, a digestive biscuit and a spoonful of stewed plums? It should keep me going until breakfast time anyway . . .

I carried my bounty back to bed and enjoyed it whilst reading my ever-present bedside book, *The Diary of a Country Parson.* This good man of the eighteenth century never fails to amuse, teach and enchant me. I felt quite abstemious about my modest trayful as I read that for dinner on November 24, 1795, Parson Woodforde enjoyed 'Hashed Calf's Head, a boiled chicken and some bacon, a Leg of Mutton roasted, and a Norfolk batter-Pudding and drippings, after that we had a Duck roasted, Maccaroni and Tarts. By way of Desert, we had white Currants, Pears & Apples and Filberts.'

In February of the next year he gave 'to an old decayed Fisherman 0 1 0' . . . He goes on to remark:

'He was the Man that brought me once some very indifferent Spratts.'

This last entry made me laugh so much that I finished my snack, switched off my ever-blessed bedside lamp, and was asleep in ten minutes.

('Miss Read' – *Summer at Fairacre*)

ISSN 1365-327X

Issued to Members of the Parson Woodforde Society

Chairman
Dr Nigel Custance
1 Hillside Cottages
High Street, Fowlmere
Cambridgeshire
SG8 7SJ

Editor
Martin Brayne
Long Croft
Whitehough Head
Chinley, High Peak
SK23 6BX

Membership Secretary
Mrs Ann Elliott
22 Gaynor Close
Wymondham
Norfolk
NR18 0EA

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL 2

Cynthia Brown: 'A GOOD MANY SCOTCH BEASTS...' . . 4

David Case: THE HART AT WESTON LONGVILLE: Part II – THE NINETEENTH AND TWENTIETH CENTURIES 12

Adrian White: MEMOIRS OF THE REVD DR EDWARD NARES (cont.) 25

Malcolm Dale: THE REVD SAMUEL WOODFORDE DD, BA, FRS, AND HIS CONNECTION WITH ALLBROOK, HAMPSHIRE 34

Caroline Mosey: 1779 REVISITED 37

Professor Richard Wilson: BOOK REVIEW: THE DIARY OF JAMES WOODFORDE VOLUME 12 45

LETTERS 50

CHAIRMAN'S ENDPIECE 52

EDITORIAL

Comfortable as were the material lives of many clergymen in late-eighteenth century England, it must, at least for the more conscientious, have been difficult to cope with the kind of stereotypes presented by caricaturists such as Rowlandson and Cruickshank. While there was no such tradition of anticlericalism in England as there was in France, it is clear that among what nowadays would be known as the 'metropolitan elite' the clergy were often treated with good-humoured tolerance rather than with the kind of respect their position might have led them to expect. Today, among the ill-informed, James Woodforde is often thought to be representative of one of the most frequently lampooned types, the hedonistic trencherman. Was this, one wonders, a perception his parishioners had? Of course, young Elizabeth Girling's all too brief reference to the diarist – 'We have lost Mr Woodforde' – in a letter to her brother early in 1803, is the only example we have of the people commenting on the priest. The answer must very largely be inferred from what the Diary tells us. It is true that the farmers of the parish rarely seem to have spurned his generous hospitality on the occasion of the Tithe-Frolicks but when we look, as Dr Longmate has, at his sermons or, as Dr Case has, at his scrupulous avoidance of the alehouse, it is difficult to imagine that they saw him in such a light.

It has also been said, by friend as well as foe, that the 'Country Parson' had few interests, his family in Somerset excepted, that extended much beyond the circuit encompassed by the journey from one Rotation dinner to the next. As John Heighes mentioned in a recent article, however, he took three newspapers, the *Ipswich News* and two Norwich papers, and this was at a time when local newspapers were the principal means of broadcasting national and international news. In the recently published Volume 12 of the Diary we can see a hint of disapproval with the arrangements in this respect at Cole where he was staying in the Summer of 1789 when great events were breaking out in France:

> Very great Rebellion in France by the Papers –
> The Bath Paper (the only Paper taken in here) –
> comes every Friday Morning – (24/7/1789)

Woodforde may not have frequently commented in his Diary on the London news but fewer major events escaped his notice than we might initially suspect.

If we were to place English countryside writers on a scale from 'Deeply Prosaic' to 'Sublimely Poetic' some would be more easily located than others. W. H. Hudson, although writing in prose, would surely be found towards the poetic end of the spectrum. Wordsworth, however, although having a strong claim to the poetic pole position, is, not infrequently, bathetically banal. At the non-poetic end of the scale, although William Cobbett might want to claim pride of place, he would surely be easily beaten by that master of mangold and manure, Arthur Young. Where exactly James Woodforde lies along this rustic continuum I leave the reader to decide, although few will dispute that it will be several furlongs away from John Clare. Of the Scottish drovers, who annually trekked southwards with their herds, Clare, in *The Shepherd's Calendar*, wrote:

> Along the roads in passing crowds
> Followed by dust like smoaking clouds
> Scotch droves of beast a little breed
> In sweltered weary mood proceed
> A patient race from Scottish hills
> To fatten by our pasture rills

What Woodforde made of the Scottish drovers and their cattle we can read in an excellent article on the subject by Cynthia Brown. Did they, we wonder, as they converged upon St Faith's Fair, ever leave the main highway and pass through the middle of Weston parish and, if so, did they seek refreshment at the Hart, the concluding part of the history of which is told by David Case. Caroline Mosey offers us an alternative take on a year in Woodforde's life and issues a challenge which others might wish to take up, while Malcolm Dale adds to our gradually increasing knowledge of the Diarist's Hampshire antecedents. By now many members will have read Volume 12 of the Society's edition of the Diary which is reviewed here by Professor Richard Wilson of the University of East Anglia, himself a member since 1968. His piece, at once enthusiastic and scholarly, is a delight.

MARTIN BRAYNE

"A GOOD MANY SCOTCH BEASTS . . ."

If Parson Woodforde barely mentions a subject in which you have a particular interest you are, understandably, disappointed. Was it such a common occurrence that it was not worth recording? Or did the subject simply not impinge on his way of life? With the drovers it was probably a mixture of both. Apart from consistently noting the day of St Faith's Fair, the suitability of the weather for the event and if he gave his servants leave to go to the Fair, Woodforde is almost silent.

In the last quarter of the eighteenth century the droving industry, or lean cattle trade as it was termed, reached its peak. This was mainly due to the population of London which increased 218% between 1732 and 1832 and, because of the succession of wars, the Navy was purchasing vast numbers of fattened cattle for salting to furnish its victualling departments. Two of them, Chatham and Deptford, were east of London. Each year the Scots brought thousands of black cattle down to fairs in Norfolk and Suffolk, St Faith's being one of the major fairs in the country. It always commenced on 17 October, unless it fell on a Sunday, and continued for three weeks.

The united parishes of Horsham St Faith and Newton St Faith, commonly called 'St Faith's', were four miles north of Norwich. A Benedictine monastery had been founded in the former parish in 1105 and by the reign of Henry III it contained a flourishing fair. Initially it was intended for the sale of sheep but during the reign of Edward I it was noted that drovers were bringing cattle from Scotland and the North of England. During successive years the venue developed into a giant cattle fair. The industry further increased in the seventeenth century with the uniting of the Crowns of Scotland and England in 1603; export and import dues between the two countries were abolished in 1669 and a Royal Commission was formed in 1680 to encourage trade between them. By the time of the Union in 1707 it was estimated that the Scots were sending 30,000 head of cattle a year across the border.

The first day of St Faith's Fair was a social occasion: Woodforde was visiting Norwich during October 1777 and on the seventeenth he went to the Fair for the first time, accompanied by Mr Du Quesne, Bill and Will Coleman and was obviously impressed:

> ... going there
> the road all the way was crouded with People –

S^{t}. Faith is about 4. Miles north of Norwich –
It is a very large Fair for all things & lasts for
a fortnight – a great concourse of People there –
S^{r}. Harbord Harbord & S^{r}. W^{m}. Jernagan [sic] we saw
there – the latter is a very handsome young Man.
We rode about the fair till 2. o'clock & then
went of – We had some Oysters for wch. I p^{d}. – 0: 0: 6

Sir William Jerningham overtook them on their way home and rode with them for a while, 'he is mighty agreeable'. Woodforde, Bill and Will Coleman arrived back at Weston about 4 o'clock. Not a mention of the cattle.

Woodforde's account in 1783 is an improvement. He left home for St Faith's about 11 o'clock with Will. They rode there via Ringland, Taverham and Drayton – 'I cannot think it above 7 miles' – he stayed about two hours, bought cakes, oysters etc., and noted that he saw Lord Buckinghamshire's coach and six, Mr Custance's coach and four and Sir William Jerningham's &c. &c. and returned home about 4 o'clock. 'It was a most pleasant day for the Fair and People – A good many Scotch beasts and Scotch men with them there' (17/10/1783). François de la Rochefoucauld visited Norfolk in the summer of 1784. He noted that a great influx of people came from Scotland and other parts of the country to help with the harvest. The Scots travelled down on foot, worked well but loved to quarrel, 'they are easy to recognise by their clothes; they always wear jackets but no trousers, only a little cloth skirt down to their knees; their bonnets are well made.'*

The economy was balanced between the Scottish cattle breeder and the East Anglian farmer; until the improvement in agriculture in the early nineteenth century the Scots could not bring their cattle to a condition suitable for the wholesale butcher, while East Anglia was within reach of Smithfield market, had grazing, hay or straw and, by the eighteenth century, root crops to fatten the beasts who provided the valuable by-product of manure.

In the Highlands the farmers needed to reduce their stocks in the autumn to ease the problem of winter feeding and the cattle would be brought from the glens and islands to meet the dealers. The business revolved on credit: a price was agreed and if the cattle fetched more within a certain period the seller received more, but the reverse also applied and many a farmer suffered a loss. The

* François de la Rochefoucauld, *A Frenchman's Year in Suffolk*, 1784, edited and translated by Norman Scarfe, 1988, p. 178.

cattle might change hands again before reaching the Crieff tryst which, until the mid-eighteenth century, was the largest cattle market in Scotland. Crieff was considered the gateway to the Highlands and convenient for both buyer and seller but, after the rising of 1745, more and more English dealers were visiting the markets and Falkirk tryst, further south, replaced Crieff in importance. The Falkirk trysts were held in August, September and October. Droves would converge from the North, Eastern Highlands, Argyllshire and the larger islands. The cattle spread over a vast area and the scene was enlivened by pedlars, tents where you could buy refreshments and Bank booths for the financial transactions. When a deal was agreed tar brushes were brought out, the beasts marked and taken from the field. A further stream of cattle came from the South-West districts of Scotland with a similar pattern of small markets culminating in three autumn trysts on the Whitesands of Dumfries.

The term 'drover' covered a wide range of men. By an Act of Parliament of 1562 a drover had to be a married householder and at least thirty years old. This probably referred to the 'topsman', the man in charge of the drove. They earned a reputation for honesty and reliability and were often used as a banker; a drover was able to pay a client's bill in the south with money obtained from the sale of his beasts, reducing the risk of loss to the highwayman on the return journey.

In the early droving days the topsman would take beasts from several different farmers; he was paid per head of beast delivered to its destination and could refuse any animal he considered unfit to travel. During the second half of the eighteenth century there were cattle dealers who had developed into hard-headed business men. They rented farms to the extent of two or three thousand pounds annually, conducted transactions in cattle that amounted to over a hundred thousand pounds a year, kept a string of horses for riding thousands of miles between markets and arranged their own droves south. At least one of them was renowned for eschewing the dram.

The cattle were usually shod for the journey with thin metal plates called 'cues', two per foot. The front and back legs of the beast were tied together and the animal thrown on its back. An experienced man could shoe seventy beasts a day. A drove consisted of between two hundred and two thousand bullocks. The topsman was often the only man mounted and there would be a

further man to every 50 or 60 beasts. The topsman decided the final route depending on the weather, would ride ahead to warn oncoming traffic and hopefully secure a field for the animals for the night and accommodation for the men, although it was not uncommon for the latter to sleep in their plaids with the cattle. In the early nineteenth century a drover received 3/- to 4/- a day, twice that of the farm labourer, and 10/- for the return journey. The average speed was twelve miles a day and the Scots were known for their good husbandry. William Marshall in his book on the rural economy of Norfolk, printed in 1797, recounted that 'It is astonishing to see the state of the cattle as they look as fresh and sleek as if they had not travelled a mile from home'.

St Faith's, 17 October and Hempton Green, near Fakenham, were the principal fairs in the Dumfries droving calendar. Traditionally the St Faith's droves left Dumfries on 14 September for the 340 mile journey, travelling through Carlisle, across the Pennines to the Great North Road. During the height of the season there were days when Wetherby had continual droves passing through the town from dawn to dusk. South of the Wash they turned eastwards heading for Norfolk and Suffolk. The *Norfolk Chronicle* of 9 October 1790 held the following advertisement:

> To Scots Drovers The Scots Drovers are hereby desired not to drive their cattle over the Wooden bridge at Morton in this county, on their way to and from St Faith's fair, but to make them ford the river, it having been found that the railing and side planks of the said bridge have greatly suffered by the pressure of such a number of cattle being forced over the bridge at a time. A road is now made to the edge of the river, it is hoped the drovers will attend to this caution.

Morton bridge was just down the road from Weston Longville.

The cattle were small; there were Galloways, Kyloes – Highland black cattle, Irish which had been ferried to Portpatrick – and a few Welsh. A drover would hire a field, the farmer having kept 'a full bite of grass'. There was an art to selling lean beasts; they looked best on a gentle slope with a minimum of forty, sixty were better and eighty better still. Ten beasts, matched for quality, would be segregated in a corner in the hope of selling all together, in which case a discount would be given. The average price was £7-£10 and they might fetch £15-£17 at Smithfield when fattened. Galloways were much favoured and were preferably about four years old as they did not fatten easily below that age. They were an ancient breed

from the South-West of Scotland where they had adapted to the climate and conditions. Hardy, black or dun in colour, naturally polled and with a rugged appearance emphasised by their thick, rough coats. If they were given a little natural shelter and adequately fed, they could be outwintered in any part of the country. Above all, they were easily managed.

The buyers were 'Gentlemen Farmers, Graziers and Jobbers'; a contemporary dictionary defines 'Grazier' as one who fattens cattle for sale, and a 'Jobber' as one who buys or sells cattle for others. The latter might 'sell' to a small farmer for fattening and 'buy' back when ready for market, the farmer receiving the difference.

With several thousand head of cattle and an average of one man to fifty cattle, there were many Scotsmen in East Anglia during fair times and tempers sometimes flared. A violent fight took place between the Scotsmen and the locals at the Bell inn at Hempton in August 1791. Several people were injured, two seriously. The drovers then broke into a neighbouring public house where they attacked the people and swore they would defend themselves against the civil powers to the last drop of their blood. The next morning Lord Townsend arrived with his servants and tenants, surrounded the house and ordered them to surrender. The few who refused broke through the roof as evening approached and were caught nearby (NRO Col. 8/104/74/1). Not a word from Woodforde.

There were various methods of fattening beasts. Before the introduction of the field turnip the cattle were fed on barley straw over the winter and fattened on grass in the summer. The most popular method in the late eighteenth century was to buy in the autumn and put to rouen, a field of stubble with weeds and grass growing through, followed by turnips and straw in a yard. It took approximately twenty-five weeks to fatten a beast.

The price the drovers received for their beasts at St Faith's depended on the weather and the turnip crop; turnips had increased the potential of the droving trade, they thrived on deep sand but could fall prey to the fly, mildew or black canker and about once in five years succumbed to the frost and rotted. Almost worse, if there was a glut the price was risible as Woodforde discovered to his cost – 'As the Weather is so fine, must give away ... 3. Acres of Turnips – they being now worth little or nothing ... refused £5 for them in December' (03/04/1783) and in 1791:

There being such a Plenty of Turnips this year at Weston and in most parts of Norfolk, and likewise remarkably fine, and the Winter turning out, also so remarkably mild, that most of them are now given away only to feed them off, and many are even at a loss to find People to accept of that, I gave an Acre to Mr. Mann on his feeding them with sheep, which he accepted of.

(19/03/1791)

The sheep were folded over the land, an excellent preparation for barley the following year.

The varying soils of Norfolk determined the agriculture of a district. The differences were due to the surface geology, especially between the sands and gravels of the heath districts and loam and clay of East Norfolk. Weston was amid the heathlands where sheep and corn were compatible.* The North-East, with good loam, was excellent for outwintering cattle, and the marshlands, depending on drainage, fed large numbers of animals.

The drovers did not expect to sell all their beasts at St Faith's and held droves back in Lincolnshire while they assessed prices and rates of sale. There were a series of fairs in the county besides St Faith's, such as Setchey, Hempton Green, Harleston finishing with Hoxne in Suffolk in December where they often stayed a month. There was much criss-crossing of the county and accommodation was available as illustrated by an advertisement in the *Ipswich Journal*:

To Drovers, Graziers and others. 23 acres of remarkable good rawings to be sold, well fenced, in agreeable shifts, with 13 acres of stubbles for lodging of cattle in the night. Also several tons of well-made hard-land hay. (*I.J.*, 11/11/1786)

With this continual movement of cattle it is surprising that the occasional beast did not appear in the Rectory garden but Woodforde does not mention answering such adverts as

Lost last Bungay May Fair a spayed Scotch heifer marked with tar on the hip bone. Information at the White Swan Norwich, ½ gn reward above all reasonable charges.

(*N.M.*, 20/08/1791)

or the three Scotch runts that strayed from premises in old Newton, 'one black and white with a short tail, one black and the other black

* For more on the superficial geology of the parish of Weston Longville see ' *"Pitts", Ponds and Geology in Parson Woodforde's Diary*, Journal, XXIV, 4 (Ed.)

with a white face' (*B.N.P.*, 25/08/1802). Scotch cattle were small and commonly called 'runts'.

With the increased demand for fattened cattle, depending on the availability of turnips, drovers started coming down in the spring and selling the beasts in the forecourts of public houses. The inn keeper would advertise the sale and add that he would welcome customers to dine. One of the first was George Campbell who advertised in the *Ipswich Journal* on 2 January 1779 to the gentlemen Farmers and Graziers in Norfolk and Suffolk that he had on the road on its way to Harleston and Hoxne, 'a capital drove of Galloway Scots and heifers which he determined to sell upon the most reasonable terms'. The date of sale was to appear in a future issue. This was repeated weekly and finally it was announced that it was to start on the first of February, beginning at Harleston for three days, followed by three days at Hoxne and to alternate until all were sold. This was evidently successful as he was advertising again at the end of February and added a postscript due to the time the beasts were 'on the road' previously, hoping that 'his friends will not pay any regard to such idle reports spread before, purporting that he would not come etc.' (*I.J.*, 20/02/1779)

At the same time, during the spring many East Anglian drovers were taking the fattened beasts to Smithfield where there was a market for fat cattle on Mondays and Fridays,

> Thomas Davey and William Collins, Salesmen and Drovers solicit the favour of the Gentlemen Graziers, and trust, by their punctuality and regularity, to merit their encouragement. Those who choose to do them the honour may depend upon their bills of sale being sent every market day, and the amount duly paid, at the King's head in Diss, Norfolk, every other Friday. Careful drivers will be procured, and every possible care taken at 4/- a head. (*I.J.*, 01/01/1780)

The time and places of collection were given and the journey took a week to ten days depending on the starting point. If a drover had a servant who could be relied on to take a drove, there would be a weekly service during the season. The cattle from East Anglia were taken to layers at Stratford or Mile End where they would be met by licensed City of London drovers who, in the early morning, took them through the narrow London streets to the salesmen at Smithfield market. William Marshall described a settlement day at the Angel inn in Walsham, Norfolk in 1780. There was a roomful of graziers who had sent bullocks to Smithfield the previous week.

The drover sat at the table with his clients' accounts and two saddlebags of money. Each man went to the table in turn, sat at the drover's elbow, examined the bill, received his money and drank a glass or two of liquor, threw down sixpence for the reckoning and returned to the market.

Owing to the interdependent nature of the livestock trade between Scotland and East Anglia there is a tendency to overlook their movements nationwide. A more balanced outlook is arrived at by reading the treatise *Eighteenth Century Traffic in Livestock* by G. E. Fussell and C. Goodman in which they discuss the droving trade in other parts of the country, including Somerset. Cattle from Gloucestershire were sold in Bristol and fattened on the rich pastures of Somerset. Somerset was also a fattening ground for cattle from Devon and Cornwall. Probably St Faith's was not such a surprise for Woodforde, at its best providing a social occasion in his younger days and an annual outing for his servants. There remains the impression that it would have been unusual not to meet a drove when out for a day's enjoyment. By comparison it would be useful to know how many of today's diarists note the number of container lorries they have seen on the way to the supermarket!

By the mid-nineteenth century a way of life, familiar for centuries, had almost vanished. Improved methods of agriculture enabled the Scots to fatten their cattle, more land was being enclosed making it difficult for the drovers to avoid toll gates where cattle had to pass through singly at a penny a head. The final death knell was the growing railway system which served the mushrooming industrial towns. Cattle trucks were an early addition to trains. Life has certainly changed.

Abbreviations

B.N.P., Bury and Norwich Post; I.J., Ipswich Journal; N.C., Norfolk Chronicle; N.M., Norwich Mercury; N.R.O., Norfolk Record Office.

Bibliography

Brown, Cynthia: Drovers, Cattle and Dung: the long trail from Scotland to London, *Proceedings of the Suffolk Institute of Archaeology and History*, Volume CCCVIII, Part 4, 1996.

Cameron, David Kerr: *The English Fair*, 1998.

Fussell, G. E. and Goodman, C.: Eighteenth Century Traffic in Livestock, *Economic History Supplement, Econ. J.*, III, no. 11.

Wade-Martins, Peter (Ed.): *Historical Atlas of Norfolk*, 1994.

Young, Arthur: *View of the Agriculture of Norfolk*, 1804.

THE HART AT WESTON LONGVILLE: PART II
THE NINETEENTH AND TWENTIETH CENTURIES

Introduction

'The Old Hart' as we now know it, is today a private residence but was once the inn at Weston Longville, well-known to readers of the diary of James Woodforde as the focus for all manner of social activities in the parish. In the first part of this story I attempted to assemble the history of the Hart over the last quarter of the eighteenth century, based primarily of course on entries to be found in Woodforde's diary.[1] As we pass into the nineteenth century we no longer have the insights provided by Woodforde, but we move into an era in which people were listed and counted with Victorian thoroughness. A list of all the known innkeepers appears as Figure 1 and this may assist the reader with the sequence of events.

The Hardy Family

We know that James Hardy, innkeeper and mason, was at the Hart in 1801, the date of Woodforde's last reference to him, but there follows a period of two decades before we have new information. As described earlier, it was in this period, or to be more exact, between 1803 and 1825, when the name of the inn was changed to the 'Eagle'.[1] The reason for this name change remains obscure but it should be noted that both names will appear in this story.

In 1822, the Weston registers record the baptism of Ann daughter of George and Mary Hardy of Weston – Publican. George Hardy, born at Morton in 1794, was the son of the James Hardy of Woodforde's era and father and son were both masons.[2] The perplexing relationships in this family may become clearer from Figure 2. George Hardy married Mary Hardy ('of Ringland') at Weston in 1821 and they were probably cousins of some unknown degree. Their fathers were both named James Hardy and I am confident that George was the son of Woodforde's "Mason" as there was only one James Hardy at Weston in the 1801 census. Mary Hardy was undoubtedly the daughter of James Hardy and Mary (née Thirling) of Ringland.

George and Mary Hardy had at least seven children baptised at Weston and the baptism records indicate that their father was 'Publican' (1822, 1823, 1824, 1827), 'Mason' (1831) and 'Publican and Bricklayer' (1832, 1837). It would have been George

Dates	*Names*	*Sources*
1776-1777	Harry Andrews	Woodforde
1777-1782	Tom Thurston	Woodforde
1783-1784	Thurston or Reeves?	no reference in Woodforde
1785-1799	Johnny Reeves	Woodforde
1799-1801	James Hardy	Woodforde
1801-1822	James Hardy	changeover date
	followed by his son	not known
	George Hardy	
1822-1838	George Hardy	baptism of his child
	known to be the	George Hardy
	publican 1822	died 3.4.1838
1838-1870	Mary Hardy (widow	she died 26.5.1870
	(of George Hardy)	
	She was the innkeeper	
	1841, 1851, 1861	census
1870-1879?	George Hardy	
	(son of Mary Hardy)	
	He was the innkeeper	
	in 1871	census
	and 1875	Directory
1879?-1883	Henry Gray	
	He was the innkeeper	
	in 1879	Directory
	in 1881	census
	and 1883	Directory
1883-1910	Robert Bates	he died 24.8.1910
	(nephew of Henry Gray)	
	He was the innkeeper	
	in 1891	census
1910-1941?	Mrs Annie Bates	she died 19.4.1941
	(widow of Robert)	
	Known to be at the	
	Eagle in 1937	Directory
1941?-1956	Alfred W. G. Bowhill	
	Known to be at 'The	
	Eagle Inn' 1956	Register of Electors
1957-1964	Basil J. Stannard was	
	the last publican at	
	'The Eagle Inn'	Register of Electors
1964	Sold by the Brewery	Futter, M.
	and ceased to be a	
	Public House	

Figure 1: Innkeepers at The Hart 1776-1964

Hardy who would have entertained the Enclosure Commissioners when they held their meetings 'at the Public House called the Eagle situated in Weston' in about 1826.[1] In 1838, George Hardy died at the early age of 44.[3] His widow was the publican at the Eagle when the 1841 census was taken and she had probably operated in this capacity from the time of her husband's death. The widowed Mary Hardy appears in the 1841 census as follows:

Public House	Mary Hardy		45	Publican
	Emily	do	18	
	George	do	16	
	James	do	14	
	William	do	8	

The Tithe Apportionment of 1841 shows that the site of the Eagle, 'House Yards and Pightles' of 3 acres and 22 perches, was occupied by Mary Hardy and owned by H. T. Custance.[4] It is clear from the tithe map that this plot of over three acres included land to the north east of the inn. We may wonder whether the Tithe Commissioners and their surveyors may have paused here during their labours in the parish – it would seem very likely.

A James Hardy (aged '70') was living at Weston Green according to the 1841 census, and he may be the former landlord of the Hart and the father of George Hardy. As he was living alone, apart from one servant, there is no way of confirming his identity.[5] He is probably the James Hardy who was buried at Weston on 30 October 1850 aged 82 years.

A Directory for 1845 confirms that Mary Hardy was vict[ualler] at the 'Eagle' at that time and also indicates that a competitor had set up business in the village: Charles Baker 'joiner and beerhs' [beerhouse]. In the 1851 census he appears as 'Carpenter & Keeper of a Beer House' and the tithe documents show that his establishment was on the site of the public house later to be known as 'The Five Ringers' – and now known as 'The Parson Woodforde'. One can only speculate what Mary Hardy thought about the new competition – just a few hundred yards away from the 'Eagle'. However, from this time, there would clearly be *two* sources of refreshment in the parish.

In the 1851 census, Mary Hardy and her family appear as shown below, the last column indicating the places of birth of those listed:

Mary Hardy	Head	Widow	56	Innkeeper	Ringland
Anne do	Dau	Um	29		Weston

Charles do	Son	Um	22	Tailor	Weston
William do	Son	Um	18	Carpenter	Weston

In the space of ten years, three of Mary's children have left home, and two older children have returned. This census record confirms that Mary Hardy was born in Ringland as discussed above.

Ten years later, in 1861, the next census return shows that Mary Hardy was on her own apart from one servant:

Church Street:

Mary Hardy	Hd	Wid	66	Innkeeper	Ringland
Easter Nelson	Sv	Un	20	Housemaid	Hackford

Mary Hardy died in 1870 and her name was added to her husband's headstone at Weston:

> 'also Mary wife of the above [George Hardy] who died 26 May 1870 aged 75 years'

She had been the innkeeper at the Eagle since the death of her husband, a period of 32 years. She was followed by her son, another George Hardy and the circumstances of his arrival would no doubt be of some interest if we could know the details. He had left home at some time after 1841 and the birth places of his children show that he and his family had lived in Middlesex and Kent over a period of some ten years; this is all made clear by the census records for 1871 which, as usual, give the birthplaces in the last column:

Church Street:

George Hardy	Head mar	46	Innkeeper	Weston
Sarah A do	Wife mar	33	Innkeeper's Wife	Berkshire Reading
George do	Son	10	Scholar	Middlesex Chelsea
Mary A do	Daur	6	Scholar	Middlesex Pimlico
William H do	Son	3		Kent Stoke
Anne do	Daur	1		Middlesex Southall
Susan Jarvis	Servant	15	General Servant	Norfolk Sparham

The age (46) given for the innkeeper in this census return fits exactly with the age (16) of the young George Hardy appearing in the 1841 census. When the birth of his daughter 'Anna Maria' was registered in 1869 at Southall, George was described as a bricklayer, so he had followed in the same trade as his father and grandfather. Why he had moved so far from home remains a mystery.

We know that George Hardy was at the Eagle until at least 1875 (Kelly's Directory), but by 1879 (Kelly's Directory) we know he had been followed by Henry Gray.

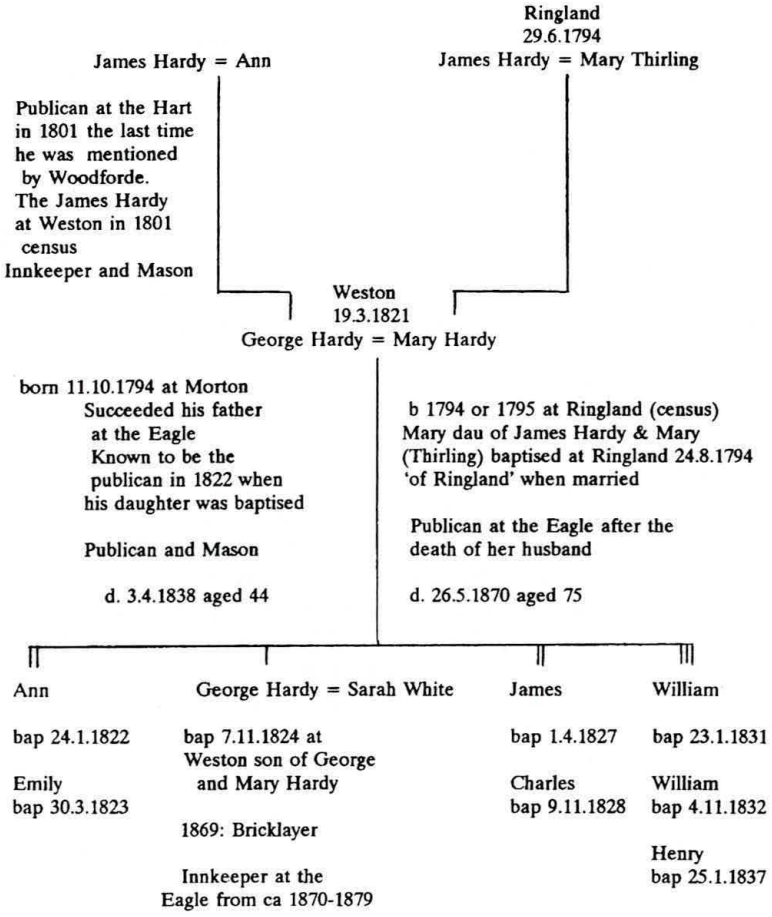

Figure 2: The Hardy Family – Three Generations of Innkeepers

Henry Gray and his Nephew Robert Bates

In 1871 Henry Gray was recorded in the census as a farmer living in Church Street, but it seems that he not only prospered as a farmer, with a larger acreage in 1881, but had also taken on the Eagle Inn. He appears there in the census for 1881:

Church Street: Eagle Inn					
Henry Gray	Head	M	51	Farmer of 160 acres Employing 3 Men & 2 Boys Publican	Weston Longville
Caroline Gray	Wife	M	47		Weston Longville
Emma Gray	Daur	U	23	Inn Servant	Weston Longville
Edward Gray	Son	U	19		Weston Longville
Adelaide Gray	Daur	U	15		Weston Longville
Alice Gray	Daur	U	8	Scholar	Weston Longville

Henry Gray was the son of William and Ann (née Elsey) and his various descendants would become associated with several of the farms at Weston. In addition, it may be noted that his brother William was sometime at the Lenwade King's Head, and that his daughter Emma (who appears in the above census return) would four years later marry Tom Richmond who would become the publican at 'The Five Ringers'.[6] However, it seems that Henry Gray was a successful farmer and his stay at the Eagle was to be comparatively short. We know, however, that he was still there in 1883 as White's Directory for Norfolk records 'Gray, Henry, vict. Eagle Inn & farmer'.

It appears that Henry Gray wanted his son, another Henry, to take over the Eagle 'but because he was unmarried it went to Henry's (senior) nephew Robert Bates'[6] (Figure 3). It is interesting to note this qualification – it seems that an innkeeper was seen to need a wife ... and so from about 1883, the Eagle was taken over by Robert Bates, the son of William Bates and Mary Ann (née Gray). In 1875 Robert Bates had married Anne Pratt whom I suspect was a descendant of Thomas Cary, the shopkeeper so frequently mentioned in Woodforde's diaries.[7] Anne was baptised at Weston on 17 March 1850, the daughter of Elijah (shoemaker of Weston) and Elizabeth Pratt. In 1871 she was living with her parents 'aged 20 School mistress'. She married in 1875 and in 1883 Kelly's Directory indicates that Mrs Ann Bates was at the 'day School' at Weston, but her teaching days were probably soon to be ended when she and her husband took on the Eagle inn at about this time.

In the 1891 census, we find the Bates household at the Eagle,

Church Street:

Robert Bates	Hd	Mar	43	Innkeeper, carpenter (estate)	Weston Longville
Anne do	Wf	do	39		do
Frederic Marler	Neph	Un	15	Gardener, Domestic Servant	Tunstead
Clare Frost	Sv	do	18	general servant	Lyng
John Doughty	boarder		50	Ag Lab	Drayton

Once again, it seems that the head of the household had a second occupation and it may be that he was a carpenter on the Custance estate. So we can surmise that Anne was left to run the Eagle inn with the help of the two 'servants' Frederic and Clare. We know no more about the era of Robert Bates except that Norfolk Directories of 1900, 1904 and 1908 confirm that he was at the 'Eagle P.H.' He died at Weston 24 August 1910 aged 63 years.

Anne Bates

Now we arrive at what appears to be a remarkable era in the history of the Eagle – when it was run by Robert's widow Anne, variously remembered as Mrs Anne Bates, Annie Bates or Nancy Bates, former school teacher and probably a descendant of Thomas Cary; perhaps she inherited some of his entrepreneurial energy? She lived to the great age of 91 and her headstone at Weston records that she died 19 April 1941. We know that she was at the Eagle in 1937 (Kelly's Directory) and it is possible that she remained there until her death in 1941. If so, she had been the innkeeper's wife for 27 years and then the innkeeper herself for a further 31 years.

Anne Bates would certainly have been the publican during the First World War when the inn sign gave offence: 'A large Prussian Eagle decorated the inn sign until the Great War, when a party of soldiers so heavily stoned the sign that it was removed ...'.[8] In Mrs Futter's book it is stated that 'the sign was so like the eagle on the German flag that, during the First World War, it was taken down so as not to offend the local population'.[9] These two reports may relate to the same incident. However, it should be noted that although the inn sign may have been taken down, it appears that the name of the Eagle was not actually changed at that time, as the entries in Norfolk Directories right up to 1937 refer to the 'Eagle Public House'.

We have now reached a period in time which is illuminated by the recollections of those still living and some of these memories may

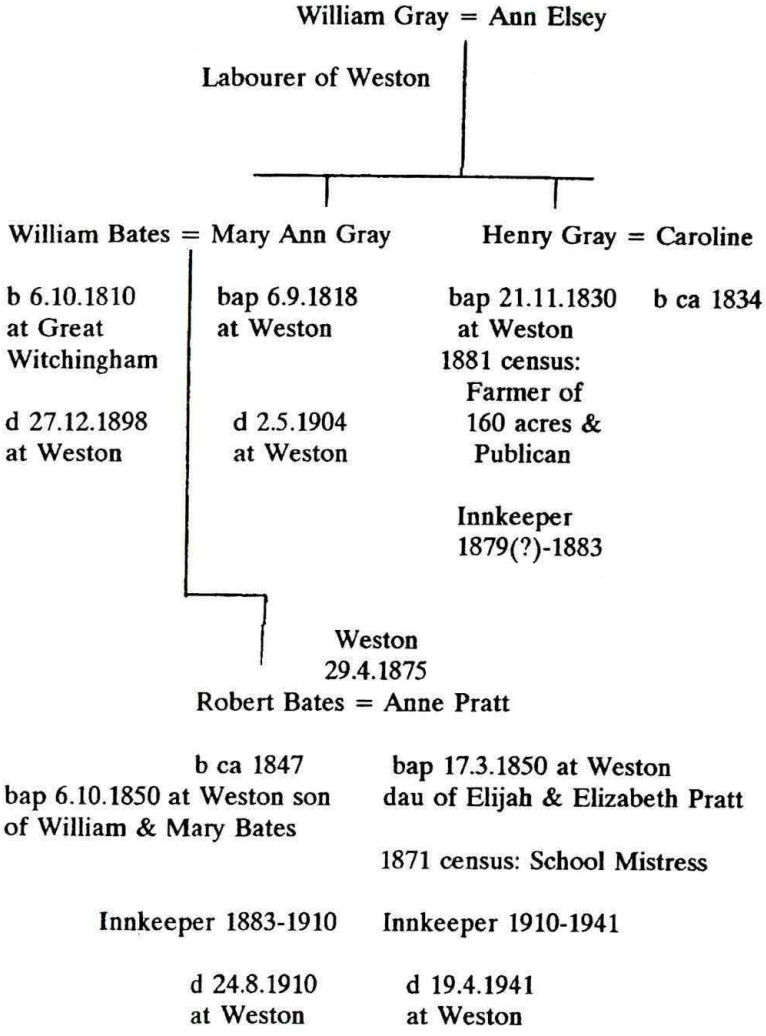

Figure 3: Gray and Bates

be found recorded in Marjorie Futter's book. However, those who wish to read in more detail about the Eagle in the time of Mrs Bates, in the early twentieth century, should seek out a copy of an article written by Ida Fenn, a lady who spent her childhood years in Weston.[10] She describes the inn in some detail with its Back House, Kitchen, and Parlour – 'with huge fires burning in all three rooms in Winter'. The kitchen, which was 'used by the workers', contained a polyphone and 'for a penny one could still enjoy the tinkling notes of Nelly Dean'. This must be the same device described elsewhere as a 'Musicon':

> In Annie's time there was an enormous "Musicon", a precursor of the juke-box, in one corner of the bar. This was a tall box, on which was placed, like a wheel, a big circular disc, presumably with pins inserted through it, which enabled tunes to be played, like a musical box. A penny in the slot would start the machine. It is said that on Sundays, the only music which Annie would allow to be played was Handel's "Messiah"![11]

The parlour, however, was for 'those who were superior to Kitchen and Back House folk'. We are told that Mrs Ann Bates 'was a short plump little person, shrewd in business, and her "Come you on in" was a welcome given to all alike'. I suspect that Mrs Bates had no children of her own and we are told by Ida Fenn that she was assisted by 'George and Clara'; without them 'Mrs Bates could never have carried on, they were her devoted and hard-working helpers, adopted by her from childhood'.[10] Could 'Clara' possibly be the Clare Frost who was with the Bates family in 1891? One of my correspondents, however, suggests that 'George' was one George Curson and that Clara was in fact the Clara Chambers whose inscription in Weston churchyard records that she died 29 September 1962 aged 89 years.[12]

In her article, Ida Fenn tells us about the school treats, gala nights and harvest frolics which took place in the Big Room, 'a large wooden building across the yard':

> Those harvest frolics! Trestle tables were loaded with joints of meat, given by the farmers, vegetables and Norfolk swimmers (dumplings) cooked by Mrs Bates and Clara, and after, when the tables were stacked away, dancing began ...[10]

She also tells us that

> ... trade at the Hart fell off of late years, but in my day it was jokingly known as the Money Box, or the Weston Bank, for the till must have been gigantic, especially on Saturday nights.

We should not overlook, at this juncture, that Beresford's first volume of selections from Woodforde's diary was published in 1924 – and mentions the Hart – we may therefore wonder if the very earliest Woodforde enthusiasts visited the Hart and met the redoubtable Mrs Bates. We may also wonder what the 'shrewd' Mrs Bates may have thought of the new interest in her establishment – and no doubt her thoughts were of a possible increase in her business rather than of the writings of an eighteenth century diarist.

A further article by Ida Fenn vividly describes the later years of Mrs Anne Bates and the three rooms in her establishment are described in more detail:

> The "regulars" congregated in ... "The Kitchen", a large sanded-floored place, furnished with hard oak settles ... Opposite was the "Parlour" ... into which the little old lady ushered "the gentry". Then there was the middle class, those who, feeling shy of "the gentry", still imagined themselves above "The Kitchen". They congregated in the "Little Back House" ... Some perched in a row upon the old dresser ... above them among the beams ... swung the many hams and plum puddings.[13]

The Parlour it seems was usually the domain of Puffer 'the huge collie which occupied all of the sofa' and a number of large cats. There was a piano here and a window-sill 'overflowing with geraniums, each plant with a history'. It was here that Mrs Bates would entertain 'the dear Colonel':

> In the later years, when she had begun to grow feeble, she would take the old gentleman's arm, and together they would stumble through into the parlour, there to arrange the business and finances of the next school treat ...[13,14]

The Eagle (often referred to as the 'Hart') is mentioned in the recollections of Weston in the 1930s which are to be found in Mrs Futter's book:

> Nancy Bates was at the Hart ... this was a Morgan's pub and the Five Ringers was a Young and Crawshay pub ...
> The Eagle public house, as it was known in those days, was also a favourite haunt of school children. We would go round to the back door, where Mrs Anne Bates would serve us with sweets. She would often be washing up in a large stone sink ...
> ... the farmers Mr Wharton, Mr Bunting and Ted Gray come to my mind driving up to Mrs Bates at the Hart for a midday drink. It has been said that the coachmen in the earlier years used to detour from their main routes for a meal as Ann Bates served a very good meal at the Hart ...[15]

Mrs Anne Bates was still apparently at the inn in 1937 (Kelly's Directory) although probably no longer her former self –

> ...came the day when the welcoming voice was now the voice of the trusty helper. The head of the establishment had at last taken to her fireside. She sat in the parlour, or peered out through her geraniums at the world as it passed by.[13]

Anne Bates, who died in April 1941, was presumably still there at the outbreak of the Second World War when 'The Home Guard was formed ... and met at the Hart Club room for training'.[16] She may have seen the work commencing on the new airfield during early 1941, but would not have seen it opened in June and fully operational in August 1941 as 'RAF Attlebridge'. From collections of memories published in Mrs Futter's book it is clear that the airmen frequented both the Hart and the Five Ringers and the 'Club rooms' at both establishments were used for dances for the servicemen.

The Last Years at the Hart

It appears that one Alfred Bowhill followed Anne Bates as the licensee during the war years and was presumably there when dances at the Club room were arranged to raise funds for the proposed new village hall, which was eventually built in 1950. Alfred W. G. Bowhill and Rosa Bowhill are found in the Register of Electors for 1956 at 'The Eagle Inn'.[17] When the Hart (still I believe known as the Eagle) finally closed its doors in 1964, it is thought that a Mr Stannard was the last publican there, and a Basil J. Stannard and Hannah Stannard appear in the Registers of Electors from 1957-1958 until 1964-1965.[17] When the brewery sold the building at this time –

> one of the conditions of the sale was that the property should not include the word Eagle in its name, and so it reverted to that by which it was known in the time of Parson Woodforde, the original name 'The Hart', or as it now is, 'The Old Hart'[9]

A lady by the name of Miss Stella Bradshaw purchased the Hart at some time after its closure, when it was in a somewhat dilapidated state. She came across the Hart by chance when visiting Norfolk and found 'this poor neglected-looking tiny house, asking to be saved'.

She put in hand a great deal of renovation work and effectively saved the building from possible demolition, although she never actually came to live there.[18] Miss Bradshaw let the property in the

1970s and the new occupants appear in the Register of Electors from 1975-1976 at 'Eagle Cottage'. This seems to confirm that the earlier exhortation that the name 'Eagle' should not be used after the closure in 1964 was overlooked at this time. The property was put up for sale in 1980 and both the previous occupants and the vendor were very concerned that a new owner might wish to redesign the interior and change its character.[19] The event was noted in our Journal:

> ... the old Hart, opposite the church, is in the market. It has long been converted into a residential accommodation and might well be attractive to a Woodforde enthusiast.[20]

Thankfully, the new owner preserved the original decor and character of the building. The property was advertised for sale again in 1989[21] and the Sale Particulars of 1989 are particularly interesting because they provide us with the room dimensions and describe the

> '... lounge (formerly the parlour) with inglenook fireplace in original Norfolk red bricks' ... and the dining room 'formerly the Public Bar in the days of The Eagle and prior to that the kitchen. The attractive open fireplace contains a Victorian Hob grate and original bread oven'[21]

Each of these rooms, once the crowded busy rooms of the inn, measure just 16½ by 13½ feet, and we can calculate that the 'Back Room', running along the back of the two front rooms, once measured about 29 by 7½ feet.

Today, the Old Hart is a private house, a Grade II Listed Building kept in immaculate condition by the present owners, Mr and Mrs R. le Grice, who are members of our Society. It is two and a quarter centuries since Parson Woodforde 'Paid Harry Andrews for Beer this Evening – 0: 1: 0' (Diary 20 July 1776) but, sadly, it may not be possible to learn about the earlier history of the building; any early deeds have long since been lost or destroyed.

Today, when one visits this venerable structure it is an evocative experience, as one recalls the extraordinary events which occurred here in the past: the parish meetings, the visit of Hannah Snell, the 'Merry doings' each May in the eighteenth century, the assembly of the parish to go beating the bounds, the meetings in 1798 'respecting a sudden Invasion from the French', the meetings of the Commissioners at enclosure in 1826, the stoning of the inn sign during the Great War, the Harvest Frolics of the early twentieth century, the meetings of the Home Guard in the Second World War,

and the dances arranged for the airmen. It is equally moving to recall the succession of families who have lived and worked here. The Hart, for many years later to be known as the Eagle, was clearly a focus for all manner of village activities over the centuries, and it comes as something of a surprise to find it such a quiet place today. The parish is fortunate to retain such a notable landmark of its social history.

Notes and References to Part II

1. Journal XXIV, 3, 4.
2. George 'son of James Hardy and Ann his wife late Crome [? partly illegible] Spinster was born October 11th 1794 Baptized privately October 12th 1794' at Morton. When James Hardy of Weston (bricklayer) voted in the 1802 election he did so by virtue of Freehold at Morton (Journal XXVII, 4, 19). It should be noted that a Susannah Hardy was born 8.12.1801 and baptised 10.12.1801 at Weston the daughter of James Hardy and *Sarah* (Crome); as there was only one James Hardy at Weston in the 1801 census I assume that the father of Susannah was probably also the father of George Hardy born 1794. During Woodforde's time at Weston, the above is the only Hardy baptism to be found in the registers there.
3. Monumental inscription at Weston: George Hardy who died 3 April 1838 aged 44 years also Mary wife of the above who died 26 May 1870 aged 75 years. The burial register gives George Hardy's age as 43.
4. Journal XXXIV, 1, 4.
5. Susan Hardy 'From Ringland, wife of James Hardy' was buried at Weston 6 February 1776. James Hardy of Ringland and Susannah Pegg of Weston were married at Weston 31.5.1773. These may have been the parents of James Hardy, landlord of the Hart.
6. Information kindly supplied by a descendant of this family.
7. Anne, the daughter of Elijah and Eliza Pratt of Weston, Shoemaker, was baptised at Weston 17 March 1850. The father, Elijah, is probably the 'Ledger', son of Thomas and Ann Pratt baptised at Weston 17 December 1814, a date which fits with his stated age at death and in two census records. Did his mother ask for him to be baptised "'lejah"? The above Thomas Pratt was the grandson of shopkeeper Thomas Cary.
8. John Gray, personal correspondence.
9. Futter M., *An Historical Walk Round Weston Longville*, Greensgate Publications (1997), p. 22.
10. Ida Fenn, article in the *Eastern Daily Press*, 10 July 1964. This was also published in *Tales of Norfolk* by the same author (Geo. Reeve Ltd, Wymondham, Norfolk, 1976).
11. Futter M., op. cit., 22. The development, manufacture and history of these strange devices are described in detail in *The Disc Musical Box Handbook* by Graham Webb (Faber & Faber, 1971).
12. In the Register of Electors for 1957-1958 it was noticed that Clara Chambers, George Curson and John W. Cubitt were at 'Holly Tree House', Post Office Lane, Weston.
13. Ida Fenn, item in *Norfolk Miscellany* (1991) from an article in *The Observer* (3 April 1951).

14. The 'dear Colonel' was probably Colonel Frederick Hambleton Custance who died 20 September 1925.
15. Futter M., op. cit., 42, 84, 85.
16. Futter M., op. cit., 87.
17. Register of Electors seen at the Local Studies Library, Norwich.
18. In the Register of Electors, Stella M. Bradshaw's name appears against 'The Former Eagle Inn' or (on one occasion) 'The Hart' from 1967-1968 to 1974-1975.
19. I am grateful to Miss Stella Bradshaw for these and other details. Miss Bradshaw was an early member of the PWS, her name appearing in the 1968 list of members.
20. Journal XIII, 2, 52.
21. Sale Particulars, Maimford and Partners of Dereham 1989. A short article about the Hart and a photograph appeared in the *Eastern Daily Press* of 3 March 1989. The vendors were Mr and Mrs A. M. Day.

THE MEMOIRS OF THE REVD. DR. NARES 1762-1841

The Pluralist

The Archbishop of Canterbury granted Dr Nares an interview in December 1826 at which His Grace explained why he had been unable to satisfy his desire to exchange his professorship for a church appointment that would be more compatible with his age and circumstances. It was with some surprise therefore that in January 1827 the Reverend Doctor received a letter from the Archbishop offering him another living. At first he was somewhat nonplussed, being ignorant of the value of the proffered living, also whether it was intended to be additional to, or in substitution for, Biddenden. Upon making enquiries he learnt that it was worth £800 a year, and His Grace assured him that this was to be an additional benefit. Before he was able to respond to this generous offer the Reverend Doctor received news from Oxford that the Margeret [sic] Professor of Divinity, Dr Collinson had died, and that two committees had been formed to promote his election for the vacancy, one at Christ Church, the other at Brazen Nose [sic]. The Revd. Nares was aware that he was pitted against a formidable adversary, namely Dr Faussett of Magdalen College, who had the backing of many graduates in divinity. Nevertheless, this was a position to which he had long aspired and an opportunity not to be missed. No time was to be lost.

> The snow was deep on the Ground and no Post Horses [were] to be had within 5 miles. I was therefore obliged to set off in my open Carriage for Maidstone, from whence I made what haste I could for Oxford, where Mrs. N. and myself arriv'd on the evening of the 26th. The bell was actually tolling for Dr. Collinson as we enter'd the University . . . I had but one day to make myself known as a Candidate and visit every College as an indispensable form, and take with me the head of my own College, supposing him to be (as in almost every other instance he would have been, a Graduate of Divinity). But the Head of Merton was a *Layman*, and besides that, absent at the time; I was to go alone therefore, but in every instance I was receiv'd with the greatest kindness & Courtesy.

Despite every effort the Revd. Nares was outvoted by Dr Faussett. Had he been successful he would have gained a stall (canonry) in Worcester Cathedral. He notes also, that in 1840 Dr Faussett became Canon of Christ Church. Another fellow candidate rose to be Bishop of Chichester!

On 30 January Nares hurried to London to see the Archbishop, with whom he dined on 1 February. The following day he was collated to the living of Newchurch. While appreciating the Archbishop's recognition, and the approbation of his brethren, Nares ruefully confesses that it was not the sort of help that he sought. It failed to bring him more into educated society, furthermore

> . . . neither did it tend to procure me any Exchange of my Oxford appointment for one more connected with my profession and where I might have had the benefit of something like a "Local habitation"; for a Houseless Professorship more than 100 miles distance from the place where I had constant ministerial duties to discharge, could only render me subject to a contrariness of responsibilities, sometimes extremely onerous & distressing.

The weary pastor was thus fated to continue his peregrinations. On the day following his collation to Newchurch he was obliged to return to Oxford in order to preach before the University on 4 February. On the 6th he read a Terminal Lecture, and on the 10th he arrived back at Biddenden. He took possession of Newchurch, which is on Romney Marsh, on 31 March 1827. Happily, Edward's eldest son was just of age to take Holy Orders. Edward Robert Nares was ordained by the Bishop of London on 19 June and, most felicitously, became his father's curate at Newchurch.

In the spring of 1828 the professor was at Oxford to read a course of lectures. While there no fewer than four opportunities for

preferment in the gift of the Crown became vacant. One of them was a stall at Canterbury Cathedral, which would have particularly suited him. Another was at Windsor and a third at Westminster, beside the Deanery of Worcester. He had already expressed his wish to exchange his professorship for a more suitable church appointment to Mr Peel, the Home Secretary, as far back as 1826. He now renewed his application, only to have his letter referred to the Prime Minister, the Duke of Wellington. The reply was a model of brevity:

> The Duke of Wellington presents his Compts. to Dr. Nares and begs leave to inform him that he can do no more at present than acknowledge receipt of his letter of the 5th. inst. London, 6th. March.

Edward Nares here gives way to a welter of self-pity. While acknowledging that his professorship would, for some, be a great acquisition,

> . . . to me it has become Ever more burthensome. I was getting too old to read Lectures to small classes of Undergraduates, and to do this, to live in Lodgings apart from my family, while in point of age, the Heads of almost all the Colleges were, by this time, my juniors, living in excellent Houses, and never in want of good society.

Invitations and courtesy he received in plenty, but without the means of returning them. For long he had been led to believe that his worth was appreciated and, if he would only be patient, it would in due course be recognised. With these feelings he headed for Kent, taking in London on the way. While there, he discussed his impasse with Archdeacon Robert Nares, his cousin, and the Dean of Chichester who happened to be with him. They both agreed that, being in London, he should call upon the Duke and Mr Peel. Accordingly, though not expecting or wishing to see either dignitary, he left his name with them both. Much to the Reverend Nares' consternation. the following reply was received from the Duke:

> The Duke of Wellington presents his Compts. to *Archdeacon* Nares, and begs leave to inform him that Mr Peel has sent to the Duke his letter of the 3rd. instant. The Duke will be most happy to have it in his power to forward the Archdeacons views but there is nothing vacant at present, and the Duke considers it quite inconsistent with his duty, to make promises for future vacancies,

but he will note the *Archdeacons* name, and consider his wishes with those of others, as opportunity may offer. London, March 27 1828.

This regrettable misunderstanding was speedily corrected, but it did nothing to advance the appellant's cause; rather the reverse. This was only the first of other confusions with his venerable cousin. Shortly after, the vacant stall at Canterbury Cathedral was given to Mr Peel's brother.

On 30 May 1828 Nares' son-in-law, Lord Henry Churchill died at Tunbridge Wells, aged 32, while staying with his mother, the Duchess of Marlborough. His health had always been delicate but, at the time of his marriage to Nares' daughter, appeared to be much improved. He was buried in the church at Pembury, near Tunbridge Wells.

There follows the revelation of an oversight arising from the late Duke's dispositions upon marriage, but overlooked at his death. Its correction would result in Edward Nares benefitting to the extent of some £10,000. It could have been even more had not he, and another similarly placed, agreed to some sacrifice to avoid a threatened Chancery suit.

Edward's cousin, and good friend, Archdeacon Robert Nares, died 23 March 1829, and on the 31st was buried in St George's, Bloomsbury. His grief was tinged with some relief that a source of continued confusion with his own self and works no longer existed. He describes at length and with some irritation occasions when his writings had been attributed to his cousin; but the reverse never happened!

I went to may Booksellers shops . . . asking for the work (his Life of Lord Burghley), inquired when it would be finished, and what had so long delayed the publication of the third volume? I was uniformly answered, "the death of the author", nor shall I easily forget the surprise express'd when I was able to convince them of the Contrary. At Rodwells in Bond Street the scene was most amusing . . . "Are you *sure* the Author is dead?" I asked. "Quite certain." "How long did you know him?" "There was no writer I knew better." Upon my hinting that I rather doubted that the Author of the Life of Lord Burghley was dead, he assured me that I might depend upon it. "Then," said I, "you are talking to a dead Man, for *I am the Author*." Explanations followed, but the mistake was almost incorrigible [sic].

In November 1829 Nares' son, having occasion to see the new

Archbishop of Canterbury about the Newchurch curacy, his father took the opportunity to write to His Grace, not to ask favours, but to recommend him to his notice in time to come. He graciously replied,

> In enter thus far into detail in consideration of the various claims which you have as a Divine and a Scholar, and a Churchman of long standing in the Diocese, as well as on account of our acquaintance at Oxford, which I always remember with pleasure ... at the same time I say with truth, that I was much pleased with your Sons conversation and manners when he called upon me and felt that his zeal in the discharge of his duties in an unwholesome Country did him much credit.
> I remain dear Sir, Your very faithfull Servt. W. Cantuar

In the year 1830 Nares appears to have been heavily engaged ('for a dead man!', he quips) in literary pursuits. Having published the second volume of his Life of Lord Burghley, the third volume of 518 pages was sent to the press, besides four thick volumes of a new edition of Burnet's History of the Reformation, and other works. On 7 June he was made happy by the marriage of his eldest son 'to a young lady of good family and fortune, the third daughter of David Denne Esq. of Lydd in Kent'. She was to earn his and Mrs Nares' praise and deep affection, not least for presenting them with three 'interesting' grandchildren.

On 26 June 1830 His Majesty King George IV died at Windsor Castle and was succeeded by his brother, the Duke of Clarence, as William the fourth. In July the Reverend Nares learned that the Archbishop of Canterbury proposed visiting his new diocese and to confirm in the vicinity of Biddenden. It was suggested that the Rector should invite him to his house. Aware that His Grace had already been invited to all the great houses in the neighbourhood, and that he travelled in great state (a large retinue, with six horses, and a bishop as chaplain), the country parson was persuaded reluctantly to overcome his misgivings. By return of post came the following reply:

> My dear Sir – I shall have great pleasure in accepting your kind hospitable offer when I confirm at Tenderden; and I promise myself much gratification from an Evening pass'd in your Society.
> I remain my dear Sir, Your faithful servt. Wm. Cantuar

The Rev. Dr Nares relates that on 26 July he had not only the honour, but also the pleasure of His Grace's company to dinner and

to sleep at his small rectory. He was accompanied by his chaplain and secretary, and appeared highly gratified with his visit, promising to present him to the King at the next meeting of the Parliamentary Convocation. Protocol demanded that notice of his proposed attendance should first be sent to the Lord Chamberlain's Office. Ever alert for an opportunity to advance his cause, Nares wrote appropriately to the King's Private Secretary, intimating also his search for an exchange of appointments. His letter was submitted to the King whose Secretary replied,

> . . . His Majesty wd. be glad if he could have encouraged you to hope for the accomplishment of the Exchange you are desirous of Effecting through his interference, but that he does not reserve to himself the disposal of Church preferment, and is unwilling to interfere with the patronage of those to whom its distribution is entrusted.

On 27 October Nares went to town. On the same day he attended the Assembling of the Convocation at St Paul's, and the King's levée. On 22 November a new ministry was formed with Earl Grey at the head. The Rector renewed his application for an exchange, merely to receive a routine acknowledgement of his letter. Meantime he attended another levée on 15 December and was graciously received, 'as so obscure a Man as myself could possibly expect to be in so great a crowd. I dined afterwards with the Bishop of London at his Palace at Fulham.' He let a year pass before renewing his application to Lord Grey, who replied, 16 September 1831:

> . . . am ready to acknowledge your merit as a distinguished member of the Church. I am sorry to be under the necessity of adding that I have not the means of Effecting the object of your application.

The Revd. Dr Nares then gives full rein to his frustration at the humiliation involved in such importuning, and the spurning of his advances. He, as well as friends in the church, felt that his seniority and accomplishments should have entitled him *at least* to a stall (canonry). At his age, instead of having to beg for favours, he should have been in a position to serve others. Moreover, living in benighted Biddenden, he and his family missed the company of educated and refined society. His professorship had become a burden to him, 'I was getting too old to read Lectures to Boys; and how many Boys? Perhaps not more than 5 or 6 – and those only

irregularly, from the Multiplicity of other Lectures, and much more urgent Exercises.' Also there was the travelling, lodging and other expenses involved – none of which would apply to a resident incumbent. And when there, he was scarcely known to the present college heads. Yet with his commitments, and the fall in value of his livings, he could not afford to resign the £300 per annum which the professorship brought him. He closes this unburdening with the determination to make no more applications for exchange.

The memoir goes forwarad to February 1833 when, being in town and learning that the Convocation was to address the King on the 22nd, Nares decided to attend, although unsure of the form. He was directed to the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster where he met many prelates and heard Latin prayers read by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Then on to St James's where,

> . . . the King receiv'd us in great State, sitting on the Throne and surrounded by his Ministers. After the Archbishop had read the address, I was called to the Foot of the Throne, and very audibly presented to kiss the King's hand as the Rev. Dr. Nares. His Majesty spoke to me, and in truth said more to me than I could well hear. As I represented the Clergy of the Arch-diocese of Canterbury I was the first of the Proctors to be received.

The following September the Archbishop again dined and slept at the Doctor's rectory in the course of his confirmation. From remarks made by his attendants it appeared that this might be an opportunity to advance the interests of his son. Being the holder of two livings in the Archbishop's patronage it occurred to the Rector that if he could afford to resign one, His Grace might be disposed to give the other to his son. Towards the end of the year 1833 therefore, he wrote to the Archbishop suggesting the advantages of such a course of action. Two considerations aided his cause; the current outcry against pluralities, and resentment at the poor remunderation of 'the working clergy'. The Archbishop had his own way of arranging such things, and his own way proved to be most handsome. He did not answer Nares' letter, and refrained from alluding to it, but some time later Nares was invited to dine with him.

> When I entered the Drawing room he just took me aside and said "I see no objection to you resigning the Living of Newchurch". On the Monday after, I called on his Secretary and found the instrument ready prepared, and was desired to send immediately for my Son. He arrived in Town on Monday the 3rd March. On

> Tuesday the 4th he was Collated, on the 5th dined with the Archbishop at Lambeth, and on Thursday 6th March 1834 returned into Kent – Rector and Vicar of Newchurch. Having failed by any applications to successive governments an Exchange of my Regius Professorship at Oxford for preferment in the *Church*, I hope I shall be excus'd these attempts to shew that every thing I have obtained in the Church . . . I owe to the kindness and good opinion of *three* successive Prelates.

The Professor next devotes several pages of his memoirs to a discourse on a contentious theological issue. The discoveries of geologists and comparative analysts, he writes, denote that the body of the Earth 'is of such an age as is wholly irreconcilable with the narrow and circumscribed limits assigned to it by Moses.' As, however, he continues, Moses was the first historian of our race, and as Christianity has its foundations in what he relates of the origin of man, whatever might be the age of the Earth, 'Man was *comparatively* of recent introduction. Our race, therefore, might still be no older than the Mosaic records proclaimed.' Nares was now aged 72, but seeing a need here to uphold the credit and authority of Holy writ, published a small book in May 1834, entitled, *Man, As Known to Us Theologically and Geologically*. It was little noticed, but 'was written with good intention, with Holy writ in danger of being much slighted, if not totally set at nought, by the admirers of the new Science of Geology.'

In June 1834 the Revd. Dr Nares was in Oxford to attend 'one of the most interesting solemnities I was ever in the way to witness.' He refers to the installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor of the University in the place of the late Lord Grenville. Never had he seen military glory so highly appreciated as by the young men of Oxford. Honours had been heaped upon the conqueror of Napoleon yet, as a statesman, the Duke was in a peculiar situation having been '. . . dismissed from the Premiership by a party too much disposed, under pretence of reform, to make concessions to the radicals.' His enthusiastic reception lay therefore not merely on his military prowess, but also on the unpopularity of the King's ministers. The Professor's place in the procession to the theatre was a minor one; nevertheless he was struck by an unusual timbre to the acclamations which heralded the Duke's entrance. He attributed this to the overwhelming preponderance of youth among the gathering. The following encomium received a particularly rapturous reception:

When on that Field, where last the Eagle soar'd
Wars mightier Master, wielded Britans Sword
And the dark Soul, a world cd. scarce subdue,
Bent to thy genius – Chief of Waterloo!*

At the mention of Waterloo the whole company rose, waving caps, hats, and handkerchiefs, amidst deafening shouts of applause. The scene was quite past description. The Duke alone remained seated. Around his chair stood some of the officers of his campaigns, particularly two of his aides de camp, Lord Fitzroy Somerset (who had lost an arm) and Lord Arthur Hill, both of whom were to receive University honours. Being one of the company invited to the Vice Chancellor's splendid dinner at University College, the Regius Professor had the opportunity of joining in the healths, and to hear speeches from the following eminent guests,

The Chancellor himself, the Duke of Wellington,
H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland, Chancellor of the University of Dublin, since King of Hanover,
The Archbishop of Canterbury, and
The Venerable Earl of Eldon, High Steward of the University.

Lord Eldon's name had been on the books of University College for the long space of 68 years. The portraits of himself, and of his brother, Lord Stowell, who had both risen to the peerage from humble origins, were to be seen on the walls of the very room in which they were speaking.

> The whole of the proceedings in short, on this memorable occasion, were judg'd to be so interesting both in an academical and National point of view, by all who were present, that as both an Eye and Ear witness of all that passed I could not help marking it as a Striking passage in my Life; and probably not far from the close of it.

This remarkable summer was capped by the remarriage of his eldest daughter, widow of her cousin, Lord Henry Churchill. Her bridegroom was,

---

* The installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor of the University was one of the great Oxford occasions. Nares' view was shared by a gentleman-commoner who wrote to his younger brother: 'The installation of the good old Duke was a most brilliant vision to me . . . There was a series of Odes, Latin and English, fired off in his honour from the Rostrums at different times . . . It was a couplet however in the Newdigate, which produced an explosion of enthusiasm and cheering, such as the old Sheldonian never heard before or since. It ran thus –

And that dark soul a world could scarce subdue
Bent to thy Genius, Chief of Waterloo!

(J. Morris (ed.) 'The Oxford Book of Oxford') (Ed.)

. . . a Gentleman at the Bar, William Whateley Esqr., in good practise, and of unexceptionable character. They were married by my Son on the 18th August 1834 at Biddenden. They are now living in great comfort, and on terms of intimacy with her Mother's (Lady Charlotte Spencer) family as well as my own, in George Street, Westminster; the very street in which my Father liv'd when I was a boy at Westminster School; so that to me, the beginning and end of my life seem thus to be brought together. And here, I might reasonably have terminated this rude Sketch of my Life, had I been able to get relieved from the responsibilities of my professorship at Oxford, but which I fear are likely to cause me no small anxiety for the short remainder of my days.

THE REVD SAMUEL WOODFORDE DD, BA, FRS, AND HIS CONNECTION WITH ALLBROOK, HAMPSHIRE

Parson Woodforde's great-grandfather, Samuel Woodforde, poet, FRS and rector of Hartley Mauditt in Hampshire, was widowed when his first wife, Alice Beale, died shortly after the birth of James' grandfather, Heighes. Samuel left his home at Binsted and went with his young family to stay in a farmhouse at Allbrook where he grieved for the loss of his wife and wrote a moving account of her death. Today Allbrook lies on the northern edge of the much-expanded town of Eastleigh and when Mr Malcolm Dale heard that the farmhouse was threatened by a proposed housing development he launched a press campaign to alert the public to the danger. Now, Eastleigh Borough Council plan to restore the semi-derelict farmhouse and grounds. Mr Dale explains the link between Allbrook and the Woodforde family. (Ed.)

Samuel, the eldest of Robert and Hannah Woodforde's 14 children, was born on 15 April 1636, and baptised in the church of All-Hallows-in-the-Wall, London. He was brought up by his grandparents far from the family's traditional Northamptonshire home, with its proximity to infection, disease and death. His own father died there of tuberculosis on 15 November 1684. His

grandfather's outlook was the opposite to that of his father, who was both a Puritan and a Parliamentarian. One day Samuel returned from school and found 'the good old man all in tears' after hearing the news of the beheading of King Charles I. Samuel maintains the grief caused by the 'Murder of our late Gracious Sovereign' shortened his life and he died in July 1649 'tho' had he not been thus broken his Constitution promised many more years.'

Samuel was the first Woodforde to attend a major public school – St Paul's – to which he was admitted in 1647. He also became the family pioneer at Oxford following matriculation as a commoner to Wadham College in July 1654, his dedicated study duly rewarded with a BA on 6 February 1657. Following his grandmother's funeral that same year he decided not to return to the University and opted to follow in the footsteps of his father and pursue a legal career. He was accordingly admitted, in 1658, as a student, to the Inner Temple and as a result became the chamber-fellow and life-long friend of Thomas Flatman, who was to become famous as a limner (miniaturist) and poet. Following a period of study he lodged with Charles and Mary Beale who, with their two young sons, occupied a spacious house in Hind Court off Fleet Street in London. On the death of his grandmother he had become heir to the family estate at Binsted near Alton, but this was still occupied by his great-uncle Heighes and a bitter legal dispute ensued.

During the summer of 1659 when Flatman first introduced Woodforde to the Beale family Samuel met Alice, a daughter of the Revd Theodore Beale, a maternal uncle of Charles. Their meeting gave Mary Beale 'expectations' of a continuing relationship, but despite their obvious attraction for one another neither Samuel nor Alice had much themselves with which they might set up home. It was not until 1661 that Samuel dared to mention to his relations that they wished to marry and, as a result, a predictable upset followed. Nevertheless, his uncle gradually came around and on 'the 15th of April following my birthday, the good old person of his own goodness, was pleased to relent and took me into favour again and continued increasing till his dyeing day'. Their marriage finally took place on 10 October 1661 with a future Archbishop of Canterbury, the Revd John Tillotson, officiating.

In 1662 the couple were blessed with the arrival of a daughter, Alice. However, their happiness was to be marred by tragedy. On

9 January 1663/4, while living at Binsted, their son Heighes was born but a few days later Alice died of 'post delivery sepsis' or, in the terms of the period 'child bed fever'. Samuel was heartbroken and his anguished outpourings, recorded in his Journal, still have the power to move the reader. He promptly left Binsted with his children and sought solace in the company of the Beales. When, on 26 June 1665, they left London he and his children travelled with them to Allbrook where he remained until he had recovered. During his stay he was introduced to Mary Norton, a sensitive and intelligent woman whose own diary deserves much greater recognition. In due course they decided to marry and took up residence at Binsted, Samuel's children initially remaining at Allbrook in the care of Mary Beale. It is recorded that Alice occasionally stayed at the Beale's Pall Mall studio subsequent to their move back to London in 1670.

Samuel took holy orders in January 1669 and during 1673 was presented by Sir Nicholas Stuart to the benefice of Hartley-Mauditt in Hampshire. Later, through the influence of the Bishop of Winchester, George Morley, he was appointed a prebendary (canon) of Chichester cathedral on 27 May 1676 and of Winchester cathedral on 8 November 1680, the degree of DD being presented to him by Archbishop Sancroft in 1677. Woodforde had begun his literary career in 1658 by contributing to the *Naps upon Parnassus* published by Samuel Austin and became noted in his own lifetime as the author of *Paraphrase of the Psalmes of David*, first published in 1667, possibly while he was still at Allbrook. He wrote many poems, including two works addressed to his friend Izaak Walton and an *Ode to the Memory of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester*. He died at Winchester on 11 January 1700/1 and was buried at Hartley-Maudit on the 14th of the same month. All four of his sons became clergymen, including Heighes who was initially appointed rector of Elvetham and later accepted the living of Epsom in Surrey.

Acknowledgement
A revised version of the original which includes information kindly supplied by John Heighes of Highcliffe, Dorset.

1779 REVISITED

Very often, we hear or read of something which happened during the magic sixty-three years of Woodforde's life. At these moments, surely all his devotees must immediately think – 'What was J.W. doing then?'

This question arose again and again when I was researching my family history. So I thought it might amuse the PWS members (and I hope that others may follow suit) to take a year from Woodforde's life and compare what he was doing then with what my ancestors were engaged in. None of them were famous, brilliant or wealthy, very good or very bad, or even of Woodforde's class. But in another way they were like him – ordinary English people.

January 1.
1779
This morning very early about 1. o'clock a most dreadful Storm of Wind with Hail and Snow happened here and the Wind did not quite abait till the Evening –
A little before 2. o'clock I got up, my bedsted rocking under me, and never in my Life that I know of, did I remember the Wind so high or of so long continuance . . . My Servants also perceived their Bedsteds to shake –

I have one line of Norfolk ancestors, who must have felt, even more than Woodforde, the impact of this tremendous storm. They were the George family of Winterton, to whom the sea was their life and their world. In normal times the men of Winterton were fishermen, but when ships were driven on to the treacherous sandbanks off that coast, then they were salvagemen. The boats were launched into those terrible seas, where hard bargains were driven with the shipmasters, to pull the vessels off the banks. For this work the fishermen formed themselves into 'Beach Companies'. William George, my great-great-great grandfather, was in one of these, probably buying his own boat with the profits made.

Winterton in 1779 was extremely isolated, the people very often intermarried, and both rough and tough owing to the bitterly hard life they led. William married his cousin Ann George. Woodforde mentions that the storm of January 1779 was from the north-west, so it is likely that, although ships were damaged, they would not have gone aground off Winterton. Disapppointing for William & Co. Nevertheless, a terrifying night for William and Ann in their low stone-built cottage, with such a wind tearing the sand off the

dunes in great clouds. Perhaps their bedstead, too, rocked under them.

February 6.
Mr. Smith, Mercer, I called on this morning . . . and then made choice of some cloth for a Coat and Waistcoat & some Velveteen for a pr. of Breeches likewise –

In 1779 Edmund Hopwood plied the trade of weaver in the village of Newchurch-in-Pendle in Lancashire. He was 23, so probably not long out of his apprenticeship, and courting Ann Dugdale of Whalley. They married the following year. The rest of Edmund's family were farmers in Clitheroe, but he had a restless streak, being perched on the slopes of Pendle Hill for the rest of his life was not for him. Accordingly, with his wife and two infants he set off to make his fortune in the big city – Leeds.

He didn't exactly make his fortune, but he did find a secure job and home. I was surprised to find his burial in 1824 in the Scarborough Parish Records, described as being 'soap boiler of Leeds'. His son Thomas, also it seems seeking fortune elsewhere, had set up as a clay tobacco pipemaker in Scarborough, and Edmund, on a visit, died.

Searching the Leeds records, I found the death of Ann Hopwood 'at Gibraltar'. There was no village of this name nearby, but the helpful archivist found a map showing the 'Gibraltar Soap Manufactury' by the Aire and Calder canal. Evidently Edmund had lived on the premises, possibly as a caretaker. So no cloth of his weaving would ever have reached the Mercer of Norwich.

March 25.
We breakfasted early this morning and afterwards went down with my Nets to the River a fishing . . .
I caught a great Quantity of Gudgeon with my Cast-Net.

Filey in the East Riding of Yorkshire is 'Fyla' in old documents. It was much like Winterton in many ways – a fishing village, small, isolated, somewhat inbred. Like Winterton the people used nicknames to differentiate the members of the numerous families of the same name.

George Anderson, like nearly every other man in Filey, was a fisherman from generations of fishermen, going back to a 'George Andersonn' baptised in 1580, and probably even earlier. He was a close contemporary of Woodforde, born in 1732 and dying in 1800.

His fishing was rather more arduous than Woodforde's. He hunted the shoals of herring, the 'silver darlings', in the North Sea from the Orkneys to Dover. The fishing boats were hauled into the sea and back by horses. There neither was, nor is, any harbour at Filey, only the protection of 'the Brigg'. This is a long spit of rock running out from the cliffs, on which a strong sea breaks with shattering force. The spray can be seen from Scarborough, far across the bay.

George and his wife Elizabeth Bridekirk had eleven children. In 1779 my great-great-grandmother Jane Anderson was five years old. She must have loved Filey. After being exiled in other East Riding villages during her marriage to Robert Varey, she and her husband returned to Filey. There her last child grew up and there she died. I can almost hear her saying, 'Robert, I want to go home'.

April 28.
Mr. Priest of Reepham made me a short morning Visit
I went and shewed him my Chancel, which he likes much.

While the Revd. Richard Priest of Reepham was visiting Woodforde, Mr John Priest of Scarborough was visiting his best girl at Whitby. She was Esther Leng, and their marriage took place at St Mary's, Whitby, that bleak church on the cliff looking across the North Sea. John Priest is described as 'Farmer' in the Parish Register; he was 35 at this time, so had probably waited until he was established in life before getting married. They had a daughter, Mary, it seems their only child. Much later on, when Mary Hurst as she then was, became a widow, she was quite affluent, owning land and houses in Scarborough. I suspect she had inherited this from her father, but so far I have not found his will.

May 5.
We
saw at Sea about 2. Leagues from us a Fleet of 28
sail going to London from the North –

It is quite possible that aboard one of the 28 ships which Woodforde saw from Cromer that day was a young man named Robert Moor, mariner, of Scarborough. At this stage, he would have been an apprentice, but he rose in his profession to become a shipmaster. Nine years after Woodforde's death, he was commanding the Transport *Selina*, ferrying soldiers to and from the Peninsula. It was May again, but in 1812, when between Rame Head and Penlee Point off the Cornish coast *Selina* was lost with all hands. All that was left was some wreckage together with the effects of an army

surgeon, washed up in Plymouth Sound. Seafaring was a very hazardous occupation in those days, wrecks being almost as common then as road accidents are now. Robert may have been lucky to reach the age of 50.

June 14.
To poor old Harry Perry gave this morning gave – 0: 1: 0

John Brown, who lived in the hamlet of Ruston near Wykeham in Yorkshire, would later in his life have been exactly the sort of person to whom Woodforde would have given sixpence or a shilling. He was one of that great cloud of ancestors known to family historians as 'ag-labs' – agricultural labourers. In 1779 he married Dinah Hoggard, for whom I feel most deeply sorry. She must have had a life of the hardest drudgery, on the subsistence level with the few shillings which her husband could earn. She died in childbirth at the age of 40 with her tenth child.

John lived on into old age. In 1817 he is listed in the accounts of the Overseers of the Poor as receiving £1. 18s. 7d. A shilling from the likes of Woodforde would certainly have been very welcome!

July 22.
Portland Isle is about 9. Miles in Circumference
and about 8. in Diameter – It seems to be one
entire Rock of Stone and prodigious fine Stone –
To some Stone Masons at work in the Island gave – 0: 0: 6

Joshua Lonsdale is described in the Leeds Marriage Register as 'Quarryman'. Not an occupation one instantly connects with Leeds. However, there was, and still is, an area known as Quarry Hill, so presumably there was a quarry there at one time.

Joshua had a brother called Joseph. Both of them had a daughter Elizabeth, and an Elizabeth Lonsdale in 1799 married Thomas Hopwood, the clay tobacco pipemaker. When I was doing research in Birmingham Library I only came across Joseph and his family. As the name Joseph Lonsdale has been handed down ever since (there is a Joseph Lonsdale Hopwood living in Australia at this moment) I took it for granted that he was my ancestor. Not so. (There is no substitute for research on the spot!)

In Leeds, there was consternation on finding in the burial records: 'Elizabeth, daughter of Joseph Lonsdale, aged 3. Fever.' However, also in the Leeds records, there was Joshua, with his Elizabeth. Actually, she fitted in much better, both in age at marriage and at

death. Joshua's death I didn't find. In 1788 he was still in Leeds, but maybe after that he went quarrying elsewhere.

August 23.

. . . I
took a ride & my Servant with me to Wells, we got there about 8. and there we breakfasted at the Goat kept by Robin Colemans Widow –

Ann Harper, of Killinghall near Ripley in Yorkshire, was born in 1770. Her father John was a Husbandman, which probably meant that he had a smallholding. Like Robin Coleman's widow, Ann too was destined to be a widow keeping an inn.

She married Thomas Mosey at Filey, described in the Register as 'of the Parish of St. Crookes in York'. I conjecture that Ann worked at an inn in York, where Thomas may have met her. The only foundation for this idea is that in later years she named one of her sons 'Hessay'. In the only remaining part of the church of St Crux there is a memorial tablet to 'Thomas Hessay, Innkeeper of this Parish'.

However that may be, Ann certainly assisted in running the 'Old King's Arms' by the harbour in Scarborough, both before and after her husband's death. Her strength must have been remarkable. In 17 years she had 15 children, though only six survived infancy. She died aged 77, having been a widow for 20 years.

September 22.
I breakfasted, dined, supped & slept again at home.

This day in Woodforde's life was a perfectly ordinary one. For many of my Yorkshire coast ancesters, however, it was one of the most exciting of their lives. They were close to an event of fame and importance, which would be talked of for many years to come.

This was the battle between the American Seaman John Paul Jones, commanding the *Bonhomme Richard*, an old East Indiaman, together with two frigates and a gun-brig; and two vessels of the British Navy. These were the frigate *Serapis* and the sloop-of-war *Countess of Scarborough*. They were escorting a convoy of 41 ships from the Baltic.

The Americans and the French were allies against England; one of Jones' frigates was French and his crews were largely made up of Frenchmen. During the American War of Independence Jones was harassing English shipping in the North Sea.

The *Serapis* engaged *Bonhomme Richard*, and the *Countess of Scarborough* took on Jones' French frigate *Pallas*. The battle lasted 3½ hours throughout a moonlight night off Filey Bay, watched by thousands of people lining the cliffs from Filey to Flamborough. The *Serapis* and *Bonhomme Richard* were grappled together, both ships having fires aboard, and eventually a grenade thrown into *Serapis'* powder magazine exploded, killing 54 men, with 75 wounded. Captain Pearson of the *Serapis* was obliged to surrender, but *Bonhomme Richard* was in even worse case. Next day she sank. The *Countess of Scarborough*, outgunned, also surrendered to *Pallas*. Jones and his crew abandoned their ship to go aboard *Serapis*, with which they limped over to Holland. Meanwhile the 41 ships of the convoy escaped safely to the Humber, so Captain Pearson's defeat had in fact fulfilled the purpose of protection.

I have no doubt that the Mosey's, Andersons and Bridekirks of Filey, the Flintons at Cayton, and the Moors, hursts and Priests of Scarborough must have been among the spectators. Unfortunately they left no eye-witness account. And Woodforde took no notice of it at all.

October 1.
Very busy this morning and afternoon in my Garden trimming up my Shrubbs and transplanting same –

Robert Varey was described as a 'Gardener' on his son's marriage certificate. Apart from this he is one of those exasperating ancestors who persistently elude one's grasp. He was born in Yorkshire, but I don't know where; nor have I ever found the record of his marriage to Jane Anderson of Filey, mentioned earlier. In 1779 he would have been a youth, probably born about 1765, going by his age at death. No doubt Robert too was delving away in one capacity or another, at the same time as Woodforde was transplanting his 'shrubbs'. (Did he do his own digging, I wonder, or was it the yard-boy?)

So Robert is really a most shadowy figure. He and Jane had ten children between 1794 and 1817. The youngest was my great-grandfather Thomas Bridekirk Varey. He did quite well, becoming master and owner of fishing boats in Scarborough, and later keeping an inn. I have a very good photo of him in old age, still keen-eyed and sturdy. Robert long out-lived Woodforde, dying aged 79. I wish I knew more about him.

November 30.
This being my Frolic I had about 20. Farmers that dined with me . . .

I gave them for Dinner a fine Rump of Beer . . .
There was drank 3. Bottles of Wine – Rum
5. Bottles – Lemons – 1 Dozen – Sugar – 2. Pound.

One wonders how much of this alcohol had paid duty, knowing as we do that Woodforde had dealings with smugglers.

On an ordnance survey map of the coast to the south of Scarborough is shown a small promontory called Knipe Point or Osgodby Point. It curls round at the tip in a very distinctive manner, and tucked in its lee is Johnny Flinton's Harbour. The Flinton family lived at Cayton, a village on the cliff above the harbour. They lived by fishing, and according to local legend, Johnny Flinton was a smuggler. To my regret, Johnny himself was not my direct ancestor, but his brother Thomas was. However, as romantic ancestors are in short supply, I like to think that Thomas, too, may have had a hand in the business. There was certainly a lot of smuggling going on in the area, as of course along all the coasts of England facing the Continent.

According to a locla maritime historian, the harbour (which is quite small) was favoured by smugglers because Knipe Point, owing to its unusual shape, was easy to find on a dark night. Also, landing places of any description are very few indeed along that grim line of cliffs down to Filey and Flamborough Head.

I only hope that Johnny Flinton, like Woodforde's Andrews, was an 'honest' smuggler.

December 2.
About 2. o'clock took a ride to Norwich with my
Man Will: Coleman – got there about 4. o'clock
and supped & slept at the Kings Head –

James Mosey of Filey was a close contemporary of Woodforde's. He was born in 1742 in Burton Agnes, where his father was a tenant farmer on the estate of the Boynton family of Burton Agnes Hall, and died in 1802 at Filey.

Something of an entrepreneur, he had several irons in the Filey fire. At his death he was described as 'Victualler'; actually he kept the Talbot Inn in Queen Street, main street of the old town. He was into building as well. Most readeers will know about the 'yards' of that time: dwellings built around a central courtyard for housing workers and artisans. Usually they were reached through a narrow opening off a main street. James had one of these constructed off both sides of Queen Street, known as Mosey's Yard.

He dabbled in shipowning, too. This may not have meant very much, as ship shares were in 64 parts. So he could have had 1/64th of the *Ark*, mentioned as part-owned by him in 1788. James' sons went in for this in a big way; two of them, James and William, became wealthy. Thomas, another innkeeper (who married Ann Harper and was my great-great-grandfather) didn't.

James had a brother Francis who ran the carrier service for Filey. Whether, like Mr Cary, he had a shop as well, I don't know. It seems possible.

If Woodforde had ever gone to Filey perhaps he would have stayed at the Talbot. I very much treasure an advertisement in the *York Chronicle* of Friday May 10th 1776, as follows –

TALBOT INN FILEY

James Mosey, at the Talbot Inn, Filey, begs leave to acquaint the public, that he has made several improvements to his house for the convenience of those Noblemen, Gentlemen, and others who please to favour him with their company, where they may depend upon meeting with genteel treatment and all favours gratefully acknowledged.

By their obedient humble servant,
JAMES MOSEY

J. Mosey has newly built a very considerable bathing house which his friends and the public may be accommodated with upon moderate terms.

After sampling these delights, I hope Woodforde's comment would have been – 'a good house, kept by very civil people'.

BOOK REVIEW

Peter Jameson, *The Diary of James Woodforde*, vol. 12: 1788-1790 (The Parson Woodforde Society, 2001) pp. 298. ISBN: 0953 0364 5 6.

The achievement of the Parson Woodforde Society in publishing in full the diaries of the Revd James Woodforde is extraordinary. It has been done on a shoestring in comparison with, for example, the great series of Horace Walpole's correspondence or the letters of Charles Dickens. In a sense this is fitting since Woodforde is known only through his diaries. He was never a part of the great world of riches and power; he never achieved even a token fifteen minutes of fame. He trod, with the exception of his Wykhamist education, an entirely provincial stage. Yet no other diarist brings his world so vividly to life. His daily, frequently mundane entries, made so conscientiously for over forty years, allows us to recreate it with extraordinary completeness. As has so often been remarked, the diaries in the Beresford edition have been the perfect escapist literature for more than seventy years. I remember one Christmas vacation, as a post-graduate student, taking the five volumes of the Beresford edition home. As soon as I put a volume down, my father, whose reading consisted almost entirely of thrillers and westerns, took them up. He was enthralled. But, of course, there is far more to the diaries than a route to some kind of Georgian rural fantasy, an Eden unsullied by heavy industry and rapid urban growth.

Volume twelve encompasses the middle period of Woodforde's twenty-nine years tenure of the Weston Longville living, the years 1788 to 1790. The excitement, the novelty, the effort of settling into a good living, 250 miles from his Somerset roots, is over, both for him and his niece-companion, Nancy. Always a man of routines, he has by the years this volume covers created his ordered, limited pattern of existence. With the aid of five well-supervised servants, his establishment is well run. It can cope with a rowdy tithe audit of a score of Norfolk farmers, understandably only too eager to consume his food and drink; it can provide in the great parlour a tea party for the neighbouring gentry, the Custances and Townsends and the widow of the Archbishop of Canterbury, together with their retinue of seven servants and a dozen horses. His similarly managed garden is a constant delight. Not only does it supply his own household, but he can share its produce around: apricots, soft fruit and salad stuff with the gentry and his fellow

clergy, apples with his poor neighbours. When he baptised the latest Custance child in July 1790 the gentlemen in the party walked from church to see 'my garden with the ship in the bason' before dining at Weston House. His farming enterprise of sixty or seventy acres was presumably overseen with the same care, although its running does not feature prominently in the diaries. It is difficult to know whether Woodforde kept abreast of the changes in agricultural practice going on around him. There is no indication that he ever read any of the burgeoning literature of agricultural improvement or that he discussed with Squire Custance or his clerical friends the new farming methods. Certainly, no hint of them emerges from his account of his tithe audits even before the punch and strong beer took hold. Moreover, the careful record of his expenditure includes no great capital outlay on farming equipment. But presumably the regular surplus of corn carted to Norwich market covered the costs of his farming man, Ben Leggett, his horse and cowkeep, his pigs and poultry, his malt and fuel.

The calendar of church services and ceremonies was easily fitted into this ordered way of life. Unlike later, Victorian incumbents he had neither to meet the competition of Methodism in its various forms nor introduce the reforms which at last swept the Anglican church. Services were held but once a week, holy communion administered only at the great festivals. There was no music, no choir to fall out with, no Sunday school to run. Nancy read her uncle a sermon on Sunday evenings, but she often, as did visitors, skipped church. But unlike many clergy, Du Quesne on his own doorstep for example, Woodforde was not a pluralist and by the standards of his day he was a conscientious-enough resident parish priest. Whether there was ever a word of God at the rotations and dinners with his fellow clergy, beyond a Latin grace, is unlikely. His was a quiet faith, understood and unstated.

Yet these years, as readers of the diary and the journal of the Society know well, were the most unsettling of any of his three decades in Norfolk. His ordered routines were shattered, his name sullied in the neighbourhood. In a sense he never quite recovered from the trauma. The story that emerges in the diary of the Davies and young Walker is a gripping one. It is at once the stuff of fiction and a revealing insight into eighteenth-century society and the role of women and youth in it. Mrs Davie had known Woodforde since his first arrival in Norfolk. She was an attractive young widow, competent and lively. As so many in her situation, she was hell-bent

on remarriage. Woodforde, always highly cautious, escaped, as eventually did the neighbouring vicar of Mattishall, and it seems did others. Mrs Davie lived a hand-to-mouth existence, hurried from lodging to lodging, finding any conveyance she could to make her visits, always struggling to maintain a semblance of gentility. Her upbringing of her two children, by the standards of the day, seems lax in the extreme. After boarding schools, her son was apprenticed with a Suffolk surgeon, her daughter, Betsy, exposed on the marriage market at sixteen. Woodforde, understanding her predicament, was extraordinarily kind. She stayed for weeks on end at the rectory. She introduced him to her feckless suitor, a trainee attorney of nineteen, Robert Walker. Woodforde at first accepted him. He dined, stayed over, played endless games of whist.

But the tensions grew. The peaceful world of the Weston parsonage was blasted apart. Walker, a regular follower of hounds, used it like an inn, treating the parson with less civility than he would a tavern keeper. The story ends in disaster. Walker accumulated debts of over £1500 (around five times the annual value of the Weston living); he gave Woodforde's and Custance's names to obtain credit in Norwich; he ruined Betsy Davie's reputation. But worst of all for Woodforde, Nancy allowed herself to become deeply implicated in their schemes – 'very wild, unsteady, and thoughtless work indeed', as he recorded two days before Christmas 1788. Their youth could be no excuse. He was excluded by them in his own house. Nancy's conduct quite alienated his affection and respect for her. Of course, the diarist won. In the end, Nancy was a guest, however long-term, without rights; she had to sever her connections with them. The trio was roundly denounced in the entry for 3 March 1790. Woodforde had been sorely deceived. Walker had 'prove(d) to be one of the most profligate, wicked, artful, ungrateful and deceiving Wretches I ever heard of.' Mother and daughter Davie escape censure more lightly – 'very cunning, close and not without much Art – I never wish to meet them again at my House none of the three'. Nor did he. Mrs Davie disappears from the diary; Walker, having just attained his majority, died of consumption the following month; Betsy Davie called only once many years later with her husband. But they did not dismount from their horses.

At the side of these events, Woodforde's deteriorating relations with the Jeans of Great Witchingham, paled. Warmly welcoming them on their coming to the neighbouring New College living three

years earlier, he was beginning to disapprove of them. Their style and affectation were too high for their station and his taste, the management of their household and table never met his exacting standards. In contrast the true friendship of the Custances and Mr Du Quesne shine through the pages of these years.

It is these details about Mrs Davie's brazenness, young Walker's recklessness, and the Jeans's pretensions which members of the Society, indeed all readers of the diaries, revel in. But the full edition, so bravely undertaken by the Parson Woodforde Society, allows us to go further, for indeed there was sufficient of both the Davie–Walker and Jeans's sagas in the old Beresford selections. This volume allows readers to compare directly the editorial methods of the Society, so firmly laid down by Roy Winstanley in the previous eleven volumes, and those John Beresford employed seventy years ago. For the original diary notebook, covering the period 6 March 1790 to 21 March 1791, edited by Beresford in 1931, had disappeared by the time the diaries were deposited in the Bodleian Library in 1959. This volume sensibly includes the Beresford selections for 6 March 1790 following. One immediately understands Roy Winstanley's constant castigation of the way Beresford selected and abbreviated entries. His methods never met academic standards, although he patently established the diary's popularity and value to historians. Indeed, through him it became an immediate classic.

The Society's full edition of the diary (presumably it has four more volumes to complete) has obvious merits over the Beresford selections. It is easy to appreciate why he omitted Woodforde's regular litany: 'I breakfasted, dined, &c. again at home. Nancy breakfasted, dined, &c. again at home' together with the entries of the weather made on blotting paper opposite. But the daily entries, however repetitious and at times uninformative, are essential to our understanding of Woodforde's existence. They underline how dull life at Weston could be (nephew Bill had bemoaned this more than a decade earlier). In winter, he and Nancy virtually hibernated, seeing no one but their servants for days on end. At times the sheer boredom is stated incidentally. On 25 November 1790 Nancy recited 'seventy two Verses taken Out of a Magazine of some of the King's of England from 1066 . . . till 1737 . . . She repeated them without missing one Word.' It is a task more usually associated with an early Victorian Sunday school pupil. Dull work indeed. No wonder Georgian society loved the diversions town life

constantly provided. London and Bath were obvious magnets, and similarly Norwich, with its perpetual calendar of entertainments, and Weston were worlds far further apart than the ten miles which separated them. Moreover, the daily entries allow the historian to reconstruct Woodforde's finances since he invariably seems to have included both items of income and expenditure. And they add to our knowledge of shopping, marketing and dress codes, all important sources for the social historian.

Yet even when we have the diary in full there are obvious gaps in our knowledge about daily life at Weston. The entries never really make clear what Woodforde did each day. He enjoyed coursing and, in Somerset, fishing. But most days did he simply supervise his servants in the house, garden and farm prior to taking a long formal dinner mid-afternoon before concluding the day with a game of cards or reading (Nancy suggests in her 1792 diary that their reading was more regular and extensive than her uncle discloses)? Did he dress formally in the morning or only when he made or received a series of calls? And why did he never buy a chaise? It would have made life far easier, especially for Nancy. When dressed to go out they were hostages to the weather, dependent on their hosts sending a carriage after them. Their little cart was no substitute except on a clement summer day.

This volume also underlines themes already well-established in previous ones. A long, triennial jaunt was made to Somerset; his relatives visited Weston in 1789-1790 for seven months on end. Brother John inevitably hit the bottle, sang at the tithe audit of 1789, vastly overplayed his hand at Loo. Do we conclude that social life in Somerset, with its easy conviviality, was much less formal than in Norfolk? Certainly Woodforde had virtually cut himself off from social intervourse with Weston's farming community. His social world revolved round the neighbouring gentry and clergy. Or was it simply that Ansford, Castle Cary and Cole were home? Whereas in Norfolk Woodforde was a newcomer, status-wise marooned, however charitable and unmercenary about his tithes.

Peter Jameson has continued the editorial policy and apparatus so firmly laid down by Roy Winstanley. He is to be warmly contragulated on the publication of his first solely-edited volume. A few typographical errors have crept in; footnotes would be preferable to endnotes. It is fitting, however, that the volume should be dedicated to Roy Winstanley's memory. His single-minded editorship of both the journal and the diaries was outstanding. He

toiled in the service of the Society for the last thirty years of his long life. Without his efforts and the Society's vision and support we would not have Woodforde's diary nor would we know so much of his life and connections, indeed of eighteenth-century society more generally. Moreover his *Parson Woodforde: The Life and Times of a Country Diarist* (1996) is an essential accompaniment to the diary. His achievement was remarkable. Woodforde would be amazed but also, I think, quietly gratified at the results.

LETTERS

Dear Sir,

Sealing Wax – A Compulsive Purchase?

On 31 July 1788 Woodforde visited a bookseller's shop at Bungay and purchased 'a large Stick of red sealing Wax' for 1s. There is nothing remarkable about this. But then we read that a year later he makes a further purchase in London on his way to the West country:

> To a Pound of Sealing Wax near Temple Bar p^{d}. 4: 6
> (Diary 10 June 1789)

Not content it seems with this fairly bulky sample, when in London again, on his return journey to Norwich:

> To a Pound of Sealing Wax also at another
> Shop ... 10 – very large Sticks – p^{d}. 4: 6
> (Diary 12 September 1789)

So, unless the first pound of wax had been lost en route, Woodforde returned to Weston with about two pounds of this material in his baggage. It would of course be used to seal letters, but as he and Nancy were not prolific letter writers, what use was to be made of all this wax? Was this perhaps what we would not call 'unfocussed shopping', nowadays associated with the other gender? Did Woodforde just *enjoy* purchasing ten 'very large Sticks' of sealing wax, when he may not have actually *needed* it? Perhaps someone would write an article for us on the source, manufacture and use of sealing wax in the 18th century? I think it was derived from an insect product?

The above events are all to be found in the recently published 'Volume 12' and on behalf of our members perhaps I could be

permitted to thank Peter Jameson for this volume – the transcription work, introduction, notes and index all his own work; congratulations on giving us another three years of Woodforde's diary.

David Case
Deal

Dear Sir,

As always I have enjoyed reading the PWS Quarterly Journal just received, and arising from it I wondered if you would kindly enlighten me regarding 'six walnut-tree F seat chairs' in the little parlour referred to in the article on page 17, of *A Sale this Day*. Again, on page 20, 'Six of the walnut F seat chairs stuffed, covered and cases'. Lower down on the same page there is reference to a 'walnut tree night chair'. I have referred to Journal XXIV, 3, but it does not refer to walnut-tree F seats and I wondered when you have a moment to spare if you would tell me what is or was 'a Walnut-tree F seat'?

I also noticed the reference on page 20 to 'a pair of Senex globes (one would be terrestrial, the other celestial)' and the note on page 21. I have in my small collection of antique maps one by Senex of Scotland on which it has the imprint 'New Map/Scotland/according to Gordon of Straloch/Revis'd & Improv'd by I Senex/1721'.

John Senex's date of birth is unknown but he died in 1740. He came to London from Shropshire and became established in Fleet Street, London about 1702 as a bookseller and later as a map maker and engraver. His wife subsequently issued a catalogue of his Globes and Maps. Senex, who was a FRS, was appointed Geographer to Queen Anne and was one of a number of map makers and engravers of the eighteenth century.

Roger Heaton
Galhampton

CHAIRMAN'S ENDPIECE

Spring cleaning? A time to sort out the bookshelves and place the Society's publications in order? Perhaps also a few other tidying up jobs around the house? Be warned – more publications are to follow. You should allow extra room for additional volumes. This was one aspect of the good news that flowed from our committee meeting held last month.

We had gathered in Wokingham where Ann and David Williams kindly hosted us. Coming from all parts of the country we needed to fit in as much work as possible. We had a working lunch, digesting both food and the Society's course. Progress continues to be excellent. We are extremely fortunate to have a core of dedicated members whose efforts bring us the Journal and the Newsletter. Having recognised their contribution and looked at ways of supporting them we looked at the forthcoming publications, our Frolic and finance. Particular interest was shown in our proposed web site. Due to come on line shortly, it will bring the Society's existence and activities to a wider, even international, audience. Designed to complement rather than replace our existing membership material, I am confident it will enable more people to be aware of Woodforde and our activities.

Publications continue to flow due to the overwhelming commitment of the Revd Peter Jameson. Martin Brayne and David Case somehow find time to cast an eye over the work before it goes for printing. This team looks like bringing two more volumes out in relatively short succession. Your committee felt that using our financial resources and making this material available to members earlier than intended was one way of celebrating 2003. (David, as treasurer, always ensures we do not overstretch ourselves financially; be assured finances remain sound.)

Jumping ahead to 2003, let me update you on the thinking for our Frolic. Comments were received following the publication of the Winter Journal and we are actively considering the suggestions made. My personal thanks go to those members who expressed a willingness to assist the committee. Early work is underway looking at the feasibility of one particularly exciting idea. More anon!

Our 2002 Frolic rightfully receives considerable attention in this edition of the Journal and Newsletter. Your committee felt it has become the celebration of the Parson's life and that we should view

this year's gathering in Norfolk as the tribute to his life and the contribution he has made to our appreciation of eighteenth century England. Ann has put the finishing touches to her organising; now all it needs is for us to complete the booking form and highlight the dates in our diaries.

NIGEL CUSTANCE

THE PARSON WOODFORDE SOCIETY

The Society was founded in 1968 by the Rev. Canon L. Rule Wilson and may be said to have two main aims: one, to extend and develop knowledge of James Woodforde's life and the society in which he lived, and the other, to provide opportunity for fellow enthusiasts to meet together from time to time in places associated with the diarist, and to exchange news and views.

Membership of the Parson Woodforde Society is open to any person of the age of 18 years and over upon successful application and upon payment of the subscription then in force, subject only to the power of the committee to limit membership to a prescribed number.

The Annual membership subscription of £12.50 (overseas members £25) becomes due on 1 January and should be forwarded to the Treasurer, Dr David Case, 25 Archery Square, Walmer, Deal, Kent CT14 7JA.

PARSON WOODFORDE SOCIETY COMMITTEE 2001/2002

George Bunting	*President*
Dr Nigel Custance	*Chairman*
Martin Brayne	*Vice-Chairman & Editor*
Dr David Case	*Treasurer*
Ann Williams	*Secretary*

Jenny Alderson, Professor Bruce Archer, Yvonne Bird, Suzanne Custance, Revd Peter Jameson, Mollie Matthews

The Parson Woodforde Society is a registered charity no. 1010807

DICKINS PRINTERS CASTLE CARY SOMERSET 01963 350110