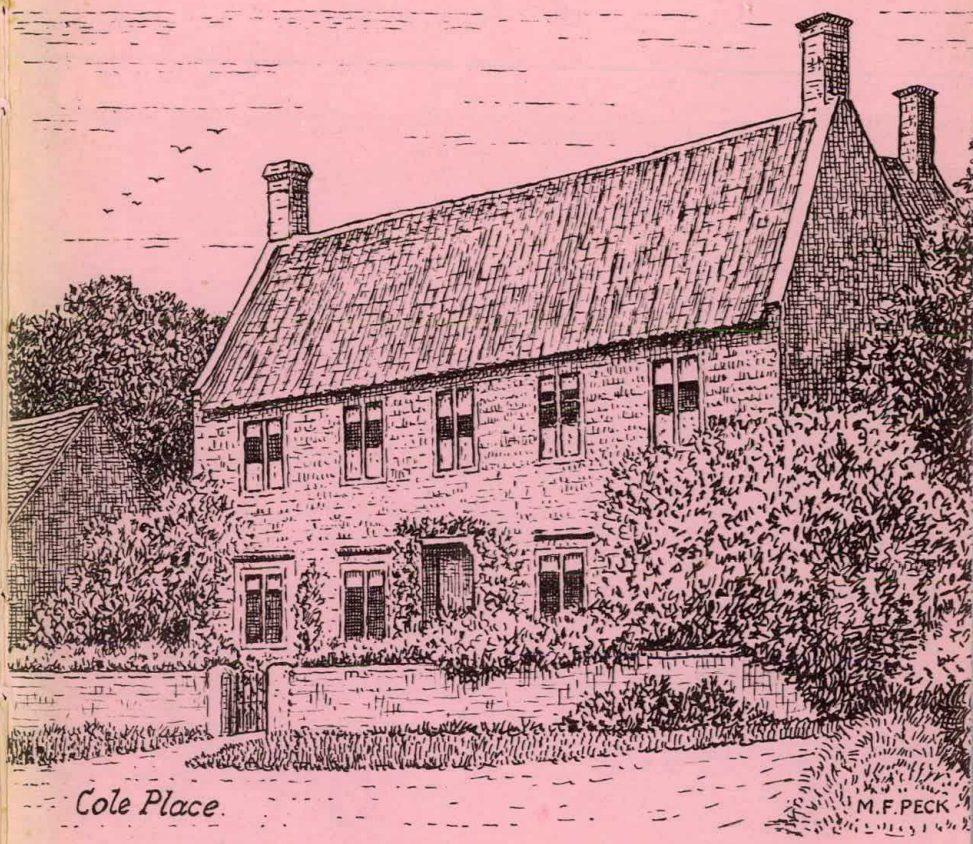
PARSON WOODFORDE SOCIETY JOURNAL



Drawn especially for the Parson Woodforde Society by Miss M.F. Peck, after an original sketch by Samuel Woodforde R.A.

VOLUME IV. No. 2. SUMMER 1971.

I doubt you have had poor weather with you as well as we have, a great deal of Rainy, & cold winter weather, & most uncomfortable. Your Clover was so lately Cut that I don't think it has been hurt but mine Cut long before it, is the much worse for it. They are all well & doing well as Ben tells me at W Parsonage, & All well also at W. House, which information I received from Mr. Martineau at Norwich yesterday, for Mr. C. has not called on me for a long time, & you know I have no Horse to call upon him; I borrowed one for Norwich yesterday. Poor J. Smith of Matishall, has been so ill lately, taken on his Road to London, That he was carried back to Cambridge, & there almost given over, But is now recovering. I have neither Time or paper but for

Adieu.

P.S. my Best & kindest wishes attend you All, at Cole, Ansford, & Carey, with good hopes of a happy meeting at Cole, Now, in a few days.

- Mr. Du Quesne to Parson Woodforde, 30/6/1789

ISSUED TO MEMBERS OF THE PARSON WOODFORDE SOCIETY

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SPECIAL NOTICE

THE FUTURE OF THE JOURNAL AND EDITORIAL POLICY

When the Journal was first issued by Canon Wilson to the members of the Parson Woodforde Society, it was printed as a Quarterly. The first numbers had an average of about 28 pages.

Since that time, two factors have considerably changed the situation. One is that, although new members continue to join the Society at a very gratifying rate of increase, the original subscription has never been raised, and our income is not expanding so fast as to cover the increased cost of printing and distribution. The second point is that the last four issues of the Journal have printed longer articles, and so the size of the issue has had to be enlarged. It was felt that in some of these cases (Mrs. Hill's article on the Custance family in the Winter 1970 Journal was a notable example) the work deserved to be printed in full, and would only be harmed if it had to be abridged or divided up among different issues.

A great deal of historical material, based on first-hand research and quoting from unpublished sources, is available for future printing in the Journal. In order to continue the presentation of this work in the same detail as before, and to retain the subscription at its old figure, it will be necessary in future to limit the number of issues to three. Final publication dates have not yet been affirmed, but it is likely that in 1972 the journal will appear in April, August and December.

EDITORIAL

The highlight of the Society's programme for this year has been the outing to Norwich and Weston Longville, held on Friday and Saturday, 4 and 5 June. This included a general meeting of members, and the election of a new committee. Owing to the postal strike and the consequent difficulty of making arrangements far in advance, it was not possible to mention this in the last Journal. The members had all to be contacted separately, which gave Mrs. Nunns a great deal of extra work. I should like to express my thanks to her, and to Canon Wilson, for all they did to make the two-day meeting a success.

*

A letter which I wrote on behalf of the Parson Woodforde Society about the proposed development of the Churchfields site at Ansford, and which was published in the "Daily Telegraph", had the incidental result of producing a considerable number of enquiries about the Society and its activities. Through this means, we have already gained several new members, and I should like to take this opportunity of welcoming them to the Society.

*

The long-deferred essay on Heighes Woodforde should be regarded as a pioneer study, a first step in the investigation of one particular facet of the family history. There are certain aspects of the story which tend to run counter to commonly accepted ideas about 18th. century social life: for example, the rights of a husband over property inherited by his wife. Obviously a great deal more knowledge remains to be uncovered, particularly at the Ditcheat end. I should, at all events, welcome criticism of this piece, both on matters of fact and interpretation.

*

Miss Catharine Symonds is hard at work on a study of village life in Weston, which will be read with great interest when it appears.

R.L.W.

BROTHER HEIGHES

'All happy families are alike, but an unhappy family is unhappy after its own fashion'.
- TOLSTOY: 'ANNA KARENIN'

John Beresford loved the pre-industrial past of England. To him, as to the early readers who so enthusiastically welcomed the diary, there must have been a particular charm about the record of those long golden holiday hours, full of the good sights and sounds of the country, when the Norfolk Parson was reunited with his relations and old Somerset friends. It must have been the ideal contrast to the distracted twenties, still reeling with the shock and slaughter of the Great War, and uneasily conscious that a world and its values had passed away for ever.

We are farther away still, spiritually as well as in the sense of the mere passing of years, from the 18th. Century. Indeed, the twenties are developing their own special nostalgia for some of us, so profound have the changes been. The destruction of the countryside, which our age has so triumphantly accomplished, was only just beginning when the diary was published. Weston Longville was in 1924 still very much the village that Woodforde had last looked upon in 1802. It is doubtful if he would recognise anything there now, except his church. So the 'escapist' element in the diary exercises an even stronger appeal now than when it first appeared.

I mention this because I had been reading it for many years before the fact dawned upon me, that the diary was more than simply the literature of escape. To me, writing a sonnet which must rank as one of the worst ever perpetrated in any language, the diary was "these chronicles of vanished peace", with which we "gain from our rabid age an hour's release". This was written in 1939, with the second World War fast approaching.

I see it in a very different light now. Apart from its importance as an historical source-book, the

diary offers us the spectacle of human nature at grips with a particular social environment. Like our own, this society could flatter and reward, or it could frustrate and wreck, according to how well the individual person could adapt himself to it. Heighes Woodforde adapted badly. He was what is sometimes called a "failure-type", a man who made a mess of his life. There is much humour in his story, some of it is broad slapstick comedy: but essentially it is a tragic career.

So there is more here than just the "friendly but impecunious Brother Heighes", who so agreeably ambles in and out of the tale of the Parson's summer vacations. His life, told here in due detail for the first time, may leave a less pleasant impression on the reader's mind than the earlier presentation of Heighes as a mere participant in his brother's life. Some may feel that I have dwelt overmuch on the more discreditable aspects of his character, unmindful of the charity enshrined in Johnson's words about his dead friend: "Sir, let not his faults be remembered..."
But in the end, I think, it is Heighes' misfortunes, rather than his human imperfections, that will stay longest in the memory.

Heighes, named after his grandfather the Vicar of Epsom, was the eldest son of the Rev. Samuel Woodforde and Jane Collins. He was born at the Parsonage, Ansford, on 6 July 1726, and baptized in Ansford church later the same month. (July 27th Heighes Son of Sam[l] and Jane Woodforde R[tor].) One of his godfathers was Robert Woodforde, his great-uncle, Rector of Yeovilton and Treasurer of Wells Cathedral. The other was Heighes' maternal grandfather James Collins, who died in the following year. Heighes' signature, scratched floridly with a diamond upon a window-pane at the Old Parsonage, appears together with the Woodforde arms and the date 1742. Three years later, when he was between eighteen and nineteen, he was indentured to an "attorney" named Mr. John Tilley, "of the Poultry,

London", almost certainly a relation of his mother's mother Jane Tilley. The articles of agreement are dated 1 February 1744/5. In consideration of the sum of £105, to be paid at once, and a further amount of £52.10.0., payable on 1 February 1749/50, the lawyer undertook to instruct Heighes "in the practice and proceedings of an attorney or solicitor", and to "provide him with sufficient meat, drink, and lodging", throughout the time of his indenture.

This choice of a profession for Heighes is significant. Assuming what is probably correct, that Samuel Woodforde could afford to give only one of his sons a "formal" education, it is natural to expect that privilege would have been granted to Heighes, especially since James, his next surviving brother, was fourteen years his junior. But in families such as the Woodfordes, public school and University were generally regarded as gateways to the clerical profession and Samuel must have decided quite early that Heighes would never make a satisfactory clergyman. So it was James who, when he was old enough, was sent to Winchester and Oxford, and finally took Holy Orders. As for the youngest brother, John, the best thing that could be done for him was to apprentice him to a Bristol merchant; and he seems, in fact, to have done little work of any sort throughout his life. The reader may be left to judge to what extent the unedifying lives of these two men could have been the product of a sense of injustice done to them.

In that beautiful house, the Old Parsonage, are two portraits representing Heighes and his wife. They were painted early in the married life of the couple by Symonds of Bath, a well-known portraitist of the time. I suppose they might be called the 18th. century equivalent of to-day's wedding photographs, except that they are far more interesting and evocative than any photograph. Heighes looks rather smug and pleased with himself: he is still young, not yet soured by poverty and failure. But the wife's portrait is more arresting. It is, technically,

the better of the two: in an exhibition of 18th. century portraits held at Bath in 1936 it was judged the best on view. Mrs. Heighes wears a low-cut dress with a stiff, boned bodice, rather like the top half of an Elizabethan gown. She is not beautiful: her dark hair appears rather scanty and her nose is too big and assertive. But she has well-cut, sensitive lips and a demure expression that is quite charming, however little it harmonizes with what we know of her life. She looks very intelligent, and more attractive than her daughter Nancy who, at about the same age, was already developing a puddingy, lymphatic expression that was to accentuate as she grew older.

The lady in the picture is Anne, daughter of the late Ralph Dorville of Alhampton, a hamlet in the parish of Ditcheat, not more than two miles away or so from Ansford. The Dorvilles had been at Alhampton a long time, since the 16th. century at least. They appear frequently in the parish records for the 17th and early 18th. centuries, and then begin to thin out markedly. In the easy-going way of their time, the various Rectors of Ditcheat provide a minimum of information about their parishioners; no monuments to the family have survived; the same Christian names recur constantly. So any reconstruction of Anne's line of descent must be partly conjectural. But in 1667 a "Ralph Son of Ralph Dorvill was born the 11th May and baptized June y^{e} 10th. of Allhampton". In 1684 "Ralph Dorvill Jun^{r}". was buried; but if he were the Ralph born in 1667, there must have been another contemporary Ralph, son of Ralph, who survived him, for in 1693 an entry runs "Ralph Son of Ralph Dorvill Jun^{r}. baptised the 2 Day of September born the 11 of August". Much later comes another "Ralph, Son of Ralph Dorvill", born in 1719. The name "Anne" appears in an entry of 1725, reading: "Anne wife of Ralph Dorville buried June the 5."

So far we have made little progress. Light begins to dawn only with the appearance of another baby who is authentically our Anne Dorville, in 1734. The entry reads: "Anne Daughter of Ralph and Hester Dorvill

born on October the 24th. bapt^{d} on November 7th. Day". There is no record of a marriage between Ralph and Hester, but other children were probably born to them. In 1738 there was "ffrancis Son of Mr. Ralph Dorvell born July 22^{d} Bap^{d} Aug y^{e} 5th". He died in the following February. In 1740 and 1741 are burial notices of two children, Mary and "Rachell", each described as "Daug^{r} of Mr. Ralph Dorvill". There is no trace of their baptism, but if they were Anne's full sisters their mother predeceased them, for she had died in 1739 - "Hester wife of Ralph Dorvill buried March y^{e} 15th". Under the year 1750 is a mysterious entry reading:" "Mary Daughter of y^{e} late Deceased Ralph Dorvill buried June y^{e} 30th Day". Though the word "late" might seem to indicate a very recent event, in fact it probably refers back to a burial entry made three years earlier: "Mr. Ralph Dorvell was buried July^{e} 11th. Day". Finally, another "Mr. Ralph Dorvell" was buried on 21 March 1755.

It is possible that these names and dates are capable of being arranged into some sort of comprehensible order. There must have been at least two people named Ralph Dorville at Alhampton early in the 18th. century. As the younger of the two would have been only nineteen in the year of her birth, it is probable that the older man, born in 1693, was Anne's father. Possibly the Ralph born in 1667 was his father, and the Anne who died in 1725 his mother. As for the date of his death, his will, which would have settled the problem, has disappeared, beyond all doubt a casualty of the disastrous air-raid on Exeter in 1942 which destroyed nearly all the wills for Bath and Wells along with those of Exeter diocese. A "Ralph Dorvill" signed the Ditcheat churchwardens' account book for the last time in 1746, and this may be connected with the Ralph who died in the following year; but I think that Anne's father survived until 1755. The "Rentall" of the Dorville estates, now in the possession of New College, Oxford, is mainly concerned with the land in the 1760's. But near the beginning of the book is a list of tenancy agreements, covering the years 1753, 1754

and 1755, in the handwriting of Heighes Woodforde. All begin with the words: "Let by Mr. Dorvoll to.." They are not in chronological order, and appear to represent a summary of various tenancies of which the landlord had made no written record. In conjunction with the Dorville burial entry for 1755, this could be taken as supporting the probability that Ralph Dorville died in March of that year.

Three months before, near the end of the previous year, Heighes Woodforde and Anne Dorville had eloped. They went to London, where they were married in the Savoy Chapel, on 17 December, the seventeenth couple to be married there on that day.

Now this date coincides with a most important change in the law relating to marriage in England. For many years responsible people had been troubled by the ease with which the activities of fortune-hunters could lead to clandestine marriages, adbuction and rape. It was to remedy these abuses that Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act was passed in 1753, to become operative in the following year. It laid down what may be called the pattern of church marriage which is still largely observed to-day. No marriage in England was valid "unless celebrated by an ordained priest according to the Anglican liturgy in a parish church or public chapel of the Established church. No ceremony could be performed, save by ... licence from the Archbishop, unless banns had previously been called for three successive Sundays". This eventually put an end to the scandal of irregular marriages. But, paradoxically, its immediate effect was a great increase in the number of such marriages. The Savoy Chapel had long been known for a place where runaway couples could be married quietly, with no awkward questions. This was now, as we have seen, illegal, but the Rector, John Wilkinson, (who in fact officiated at the wedding of Heighes and Anne, and signed the register afterwards) decided to go ahead and defy the authorities. As a result, marriages which had been running at an average of under 20 for years, suggesting that few couples had been lately taking advantage of the facilities offered,

now shot up to over 400 in 1754, Heighes' year, and nearly 1500 in 1755. But then the law caught up with Wilkinson. He was arrested, put on trial, convicted and sentenced to transportation for 14 years: but when the convict transport put into Plymouth before setting out on its long journey to the penal colony, he was seized by that typical 18th. century complaint, " a fit of the Gout", and died.

All this may be thought "a singular beginning to connubial felicity", as Boswell said of Johnson's wedding journey. When the news got back to Somerset there must have been some grave nodding of heads and portentous family conferences. However, no step was taken until in the summer of 1756 Anne became pregnant. The Rector of Ansford now insisted that the marriage be re-enacted, this time in the proper legal forms. So, on 22 January 1757, the pair were re-married in Anne's parish church at Ditcheat by its incumbent, the Rev. Mr. Leir, one of the extraordinary sequence of clerical Leirs whose aggregate of service spans 150 years of parish history: he was an old friend of Mr. Woodforde and his son, who succeeded him, was a schoolfellow of James Woodforde at Winchester. This was, in its way, as odd a ceremony as the Savoy wedding. It was again the depth of winter. The bride signed the register as "Ann Dorvill", and there was no-one present from either family, so that the parish clerk, a man named William Cornish, had to sign as witness to the marriage.

If the purpose of the second wedding had been to guarantee the inheritance-rights of the Woodfordes, an "indenture" which had been drawn up some weeks before created a life-interest in the estate for Anne herself. Besides the couple, Thomas Woodforde, Heighes' uncle, and his brother-in-law Mr. White on his side, and two people named William Penney and John Jennings on Anne's, signed the deed of settlement, by which "the Tenements Lands, Hereditaments & Premises therein particularly mentioned and described were granted and conveyd to the said Anne Woodforde for her Life as therein mentioned". In return, she promised to pay her husband"one Annuity

or clear Yearly Sum of Twenty Pounds". Another and similar deed of settlement was signed in 1761. This device of creating a separate estate for the married woman was common enough at the time, and it is important for our understanding of the story of Heighes and Anne. It explains why in later years she was able to live comfortably while he was in the depths of poverty.

Unlike most brides, Anne had not had to leave home upon her marriage. She went on living in her family house. In 1757 Heighes signed the Ditcheat churchwardens' book, clear proof that he was resident in the parish. Anna Maria, the famous "Nancy" of the diary, was born on 8 March 1757. It has always been assumed that her birthplace was Ansford, a natural enough guess in the circumstances. But her baptismal record is not there; it is at Ditcheat, where she appears as "Annamariah... Aprill ye 25th. Day". The same register also contains the notices of Jane Augusta Juliana (not "Julia", as the name has sometimes been written: the entry is unmistakably clear) who was born on 5 March and baptized 21 March 1760, and Samuel born on 29 March 1763. There is no corresponding entry for William, but the "Family Book" says that he was born on 8 May 1758.

The married life of Heighes and Anne, then, was spent at Alhampton: he did not leave there until the marriage itself was breaking up, and she never lived anywhere else. All this is corroborated fully in James Woodforde's diary, the beginning of which post-dated only slightly the second wedding ceremony. He began it, in the form of short, one-sentence notes which themselves grew out of the personal accounts he kept as an undergraduate, in July 1759. Just a year later comes his first reference to Heighes. * "... Brother Heighes supped and spent the Evening here". (26/7/1760). On the 30th. he records: * "Went to Allhampton with Sister Jenny to see Brother and his Wife at Allhampton". At this period, most of the diarist's time was of course being spent at Oxford, so allusions to Heighes and his other relations are not numerous. But in 1761 he made a numer of entries

of which two may be selected as representative: * "Septem: 8. Walked down this afternoon to my Brothers at Allhampton where I spent the afternoon with" a number of people, including "Old Mr. Goldfinch, a Relation (Great Uncle) to my Brothers Wife - Supp'd and spent the Evening there". The following day: * "...Brother Woodforde and his Wife of Allhampton dined and spent the Evening at Ansford Parsonage".

So far, we have heard nothing that might make us suspect that this marriage is anything but a normal, reasonably happy and stable partnership. That is still true in 1764. Indeed, the entry for 24 February of that year is so charming that it deserves to be quoted in full:

* "Took a walk this afternoon to my Brother Heighes's at Allhampton, where I spent the afternoon with Brother and his Wife.
They both look very well.
Brother Heighes went to show me his Cock Pheasant and he fled out of the House, away - but after looking for him some time, we gave him for lost, and went home - and lo ! a little Time after a Man brought him to my Brother and as I was the occasion of his being lost I gave the man for finding him - 0-0-6."

But marriage is certainly not one of the activities of which it can be said that the onlooker sees most of the game. One remembers the guileless Hans Andersen, after paying that visit which Dickens thought would never come to an end, writing lyrically about the ideal married happiness of his host and hostess - at the very time when Dickens was on the point of breaking up his household and ending the marriage. So perhaps Woodforde was as surprised as we are to receive this news: * "Nov: 1. Spent part of the afternoon at Uncle Toms with Aunt Tom, and Brother Heighes's Wife.
There have been sad Quarrels between Brother and his Wife".

A careful reading of the m.s. diary during 1765

reveals something that may be significant. While there are still entries showing the couple together as in earlier years, a much larger number record meetings with Anne in the absence of Heighes:

* "28 May: "... Parson Penny and Young Mr. Rodbard spent the afternoon with us - as did Brothers Wife".

* 26 June: "... Sister Woodforde of Allhampton supped and spent part of the Evening here".

* 30 July: "... Mrs. Woodforde of Allhampton spent the afternoon here, as did Aunt Parr".

* 26 August: "... Coming home I called on Brother Heighes at Allhampton, where I supped with Sister Woodforde only".

When it is remembered how the married couples in the diary are invariably seen together on social occasions, this may well seem to point to serious and continued disagreement between Anne and Heighes. But she was still on good terms with the Woodforde family, and could not yet have done anything to forfeit their regard. She was, it seems, staying at home like a dutiful wife, while Heighes now shows traces of that footloose quality that was to mark his later years.

Soon after, he began to turn up in Ansford and Cary with his eldest son, now a boy of eight or so. On 18 July 1766: * "Brother Heighes and his little Boy Billy" were in the audience when some strolling actors put on "The Provok'd Husband" (a title Heighes may have thought appropriate to himself) "at the Court House in C. Cary". The piece was a re-writing by Colley Cibber of the unfinished Vanbrugh play "A Journey to London", and it was to remain popular for the rest of the century. The evening was not very enjoyable, one fears, for "an insolent, saucy Mobb" stood outside the building and jeered at the playgoers.

In the following year we have the first clear evidence that Heighes had left his wife and was living apart from her. Woodforde wrote on

18 August 1767: * "... I sent Brother Heighes of C. Cary, he being ill, two Bottles of Port Wine this evening by Mary Dawe, he desiring some Port". Letters addressed to Heighes at a rather later period bear the superscription: Attorney, Castle Cary, Somerset.

This illness of Heighes appeared to be very serious. Two days later Woodforde was writing anxiously: * "... Mrs. White spent the Evening at Parsonage and brought a bad account of Brother Heighes, he being given over by Dr. Vigors, the Fever having fell upon his lungs. O Lord forgive him all that is past: and if it be thy good pleasure restore him to his former Health that he might serve thee more faithfully for the Future - but not my will but thine be done". If this prayer is compared with the well-known one which Woodforde wrote on the death of his brother 22 years later, (Beresford, II, 92-3) it will be seen that both contain the idea that Heighes was in a special way in need of pardon.

However, he appeared to recover quickly enough. By 30 August he was up and about again. * "... Brother Heighes and Son Billy drank Tea and Coffea with us this afternoon at the Lower House". Perhaps he tried to go back to his ordinary life before he was fit; for by 22 October he was once again on the sick-list. * "... I sent Brother Heighes who is very bad at C. Cary and confined to his Bed in the Rheumatism a Bottle of Mountain Wine". Even if Vigors had been aware that quantities of alcohol were not the best sort of remedy for rheumatic illness, he would no doubt not have ventured to suggest this to Heighes. Although we have seen him dignified with the honorific of "Dr." other entries show that he was a mere "apothecary", and doubtless much in awe of his patient.

At right angles to the entry just quoted are the words: * "My Maid Betty Crich sat up all night with Brother Heighes". On 25 October: * "... My Maid Betty Crich sat up with Brother Heighes again

all night at C. Cary". On 28 October: * "... Betty Crich sat up with Brother Heighes again this night as he continues very bad". On 31 October: * "... Betty Crich sat up with Brother Heighes again". This occurred as late as 25 November; after that Heighes must have recovered his health. But these entries are, of course, the clearest possible indication of a complete estrangement between Heighes and his wife.

There is silence in the diaries about Anne. But she must have been living quietly at Alhampton, looking after herself and the child she was carrying. We do not know the exact sequence of the next events; whether Heighes went back to Anne before or after the child's birth. He was born in the last days of the year, and named after Anne's father: "Ralph Dorvill Woodford". In the Ditcheat register his baptism is listed under the year 1767. But, if this is correct, there must have been a second christening; and, what is more, a christening party, to which Woodforde was evidently not invited, early in the new year.

* " I dined, supped, and spent the Evening at Parsonage.
Jack dined, supped & made a very late Evening of it at Brother Heighes's at Allhampton - He having a Child christened to Day there - Jack was Godfather to + Ralph". (on blotting paper opposite entry:+ (Boy's Name) I lent Brother Heighes my Man to wait ~~at Table~~". (19/1/1768).

A year later, Heighes was still living with his wife. An entry in the diary under the date 28 December 1768 shows them together at Alhampton. * "... I went with Sister White and Sister Jane in our Chaise down to Allhampton to dine with Sister Woodforde, where we dined and spent the afternoon with her, her husband, Brother John, & then returned". It will be noted here that Anne is officially designated as hostess, and Heighes

mentioned rather as though he were a guest in the house. In view of this fact, the expression used above, that Heighes "left" his wife, may well be inaccurate, if it implies volition on his part. Perhaps the real explanation for his absence from her home was that she had thrown him out.

However this may be, the reconciliation did not last much longer. The next time Anne is mentioned, she is handling her own business affairs, presumably without assistance from Heighes. Our opinion is also strengthened, that any dealings with her were ultimately disastrous to the Woodfordes. On 23 March 1769 John, who had gone over to Alhampton on quite a different errand, called on "Sister Woodforde", who promptly sold him a "Cart Mare", this being the period when he was farming his share of the paternal estate himself. It was a Sunday, and when Woodforde heard of the transaction he was shocked and angry. * "... It might have been done better to Morrow, instead of being so regardless of the great Day". A year later, this unfortunate mare was found to be "very bad in the folding way": indeed, unable to produce her foal at all. John and a number of helpful Ansford neighbours sat up all one night at the accouchement, but in vain. A "Farrier" brought in next day said (of course !) that he might have saved her if he had been called upon a day earlier, but as it was, she was "all mortified inside". The poor animal had finally to be "knocked in the Head". There is no evidence to suggest that Anne had known of any abnormality in her mare when she sold the beast, but the Woodforde family had by now very likely revised their once favourable opinion of her, and this would be another item chalked up against her lengthening account with them.

There is no absolute proof here that Heighes and Anne had separated again: but if they were living together in late March, they had ceased to do so by 5 May. On that day Woodforde, who was getting worried about the situation, either for his brother's sake or for its probable effect on the children, attempted a little family mediation, bringing in the highly-respected medical brother-in-law. * "... I took a walk with Dr. Clarke this afternoon to Allhampton, if possible to reconcile Brother Heighes with his Wife, but she would not by any means".

Although the furniture in the Dorville house, like the house itself, belonged absolutely to Anne for her lifetime, Heighes owned his own "Bedstead" there, presumably the connubial bed which he had taken from his parents' home and set up when he married. It is not clear whether this were literally all he possessed at Alhampton, or whether to remove your bed from your estranged wife's home represented some symbolic act of regaining your bachelor freedom.
However this may be, Heighes made what seems to be a definitive break with Anne on 25 September. On the blotting paper opposite his diary entry for that date, Woodforde wrote in unusually large characters: * "N.B. Brother Heighes had his Bedstead put up at Lower House and there he slept".

The final event of this eventful year was that on Christmas Day Anne gave birth to her sixth child who was registered as "Francis Dorvell Woodforde Son of Heighs Woodford Gent".

For the next two years all three Woodforde brothers lived together at the Lower House, although they seem to have gone back to the Parsonage for most of their meals. For James at least, it was an unhappy, uncomfortable arrangement. Both his brothers were furious, even compulsive drinkers: and although he uses in the diary such terms as "merry", "happy" and so on, to describe them when intoxicated, these

were euphemisms that bore no relation to the actual behaviour of the pair. John in particular was aggressive in drink, cursed and blasphemed, wanted to fight his companions. Heighes though less violent made up for it in the pertinacity with which he drank. In 1770 Woodforde listed eight successive nights when Heighes came home drunk, and he stopped then only because he had made himself ill. A deleted but legible passage reads: * "... Brother Heighes quite merry again to Night. 8. Night. He has got the bleeding Piles very bad to Night upon him; therefore I hope that he will not drink so much". At the same time John was showing "some bad Symptoms" of the "Stone", of which he had once been cured: this also Woodforde thought much aggravated by heavy drinking. When his brothers were on the razzle, it was quite common for him to be kept up for hours, or wakened in the middle of the night by the noise they made.

The pair were, in fact, leading an identical rackety bachelor existence, except that Heighes, not quite irresponsible, kept in touch with his children. In May of this year he had the four eldest inoculated; and we have a double record of this, a note by Heighes himself which was copied into the "Family Book", and the following diary entries:

* May 2: My Brother Heighes's four Children Nancy, Juliana, William and Sam[1]. were inoculated this Morning, and they are to be all the time at Dr. Clarke's new Hospital, they seem to be quite over there happy (sic), being from their Mother.

* May 5: I gave Brother Heighes this Evening for his Children - 0:5:0: to buy them some necessaries during their being under inoculation.

* May 22: I dined and spent the afternoon at Lower House. Brother Heighes and his four Children, Nancy, Juliana, Billy and Sam, who are under Inoculation and nearly out of it, dined and spent the afternoon with us. All the children are brave and have a pretty sprinkling of the Small-Pox - their Mother behaves quite unnatural to them. I supped

and spent the Evening at Parsonage".

The final climatic episode in the disintegration of Heighes' marriage took place six months later, near the end of 1770. Anne was pregnant again, for the last time: her son James was to be born in the next summer.

In December Heighes quarrelled violently with John and decided to go back to his wife. The bed, the value of which as a piece of furniture could not have been enhanced by the treatment it was getting, was thereupon dragged out of the Lower House and carted across to Alhampton, followed by the returning husband. Or, as Woodforde put it:

* Dec. 23... Brother Heighes went to Allhampton this Morning and had his Bed carried there by Mark Gristock and was there all Day and all Night - but how it is I do not know...

He very soon did know. On the next day, he for once omitted what Beresford calls his "pleasant formula" of "breakfasted, dined etc.", and went straight to the heart of the matter:

* Dec. 24 Terrible Works all last Night at Allhampton. Brothers Wife sent his Bed back to our House again this Morning....Brother Heighes slept again at L. House, but was merry quite so (sic).

Presumably this was regarded by Heighes as the final insult, and it seems to have put an end to the relationship for good. But why did the marriage break up in this irrevocable way ? They appear to have been a quarrelsome pair, certainly. But there are grounds for believing that the collapse of the marriage was brought about by something more serious than simple incompatibility of temperament.

Let us consider the three last children, born in 1767, 1769 and 1771. Heighes had been leaving Anne, and returning to her, over a period of several years, during which they might well have cohabited intermittently, so there is on the face of it no inherent improbability that all three were Heighes' children.

But against that must be set the possibly significant fact that the first real break and parting between the couple came soon after Ralph was conceived. We must also examine carefully the attitude of James Woodforde to the three youngest sons. Apart from the backhand reference to Ralph already quoted in the entry about the christening party, he ignores their birth. It is true that he also fails to mention the arrival of Juliana and Samuel: but in 1760 he was really only beginning as a diarist, and his record of events is very scrappy. Besides, it was his custom to write fully of what was going on around him, and in March 1763, when Samuel was born, he was at Oxford. In the September of the same year, which saw the birth of another nephew, James White, the event is written-up in some detail, the diarist being godfather to the new baby. By comparison, the silence with which Anne's three youngest children were greeted seems deliberate. On the day James was born, for example, Heighes came as so often to supper and spent the evening at the Parsonage. The only detail recorded by Woodforde is that he and Heighes "tossed up", and he lost a shilling. As the three grew up, his lack of interest in them is strange in a man normally so wrapped up in the affairs of his family. There can be little doubt that he rather more than suspected two of the three not to be his brother's children; while in the case of Ralph, he seems to have been quite sure of it.

The verbal forms he uses in the diary are worth studying, although we must first eliminate the commonest of all: "Nancy's brother", because he applied that term to William and Samuel also. Ralph is called "Ralph Dorville Woodforde" in full (11/2/1789) and once, quite explicitly: "Ralph of Bath, a - Son of Anne Dorville". (19/10/1799). There is one allusion to "Nancy's Mother and her Son Frank" (2/8/1793). The youngest son is mentioned in even more distant terms, as "one J^{S} Woodforde Ralph's Brother" (5/4/1788) and "J^{S} Woodforde, Son of Nancy's Mother" (22/10/1795). This last entry shows the young man being treated rather as a mere casual caller than as a near relation: he was not invited

to supper at Cole Place, although a Mr. Fooks of Shepton Mallet, "a very cheerful, merry Companion and full of good nature", stayed the night. Nowhere does Woodforde call any of the trio his nephew, as he so often calls Bill and Sam. It was as though he wished to emphasize, even in this private record, that they were no blood relations of his.

Heighes' attitude is congruent with his brother's. The three youngest sons are never associated with him in any way: never found in his company. He named as executors of his will his sons William and Samuel, who with Nancy were also the beneficiaries, and ignored the others. In that age of strong family ties, it is surely unthinkable that a man would totally disinherit three sons, because they had taken their mother's side in a marital quarrel. The conclusion seems obvious: Heighes, and the Woodforde family in general, did not accept them as his children. It may even be the case that, in the later years of the marriage, when Heighes continued to keep his bed in Anne's house, he was something more akin to a lodger than a husband. He may have known that the children could not be his.

We have seen Woodforde accusing his sister-in-law of neglecting her children, and saying that they were glad to be away from her. And indeed, all four escaped from her at the first possible moment. On the other hand, the three youngest not only lived with her as children, but stayed with her long after they were grown up. It may be that Anne came over the years to loathe Heighes, and that something of her hatred spilled over on to his children. Her very different attitude towards the three youngest sons may present us with the clue to what happened in this marriage.

However this may be, all seven were legally Heighes' children; and the only way he could avoid being made responsible for them was formally to hand some of them over to their mother. This seems to have been the reason for the deed of separation, of which a draft exists among the Woodforde papers at New College.

It is dated 21 September 1776, nearly six years after Heighes and Anne had ceased to live under one roof. Once again uncle Thomas and Mr. White are brought in as parties of "y^{e} 3rd. Part", the first two parties being of course the two principals. The deed recites the original settlements of 1757 and 1761, and goes on to state that "present unhappy dissensions" made it advisable for the couple to separate. Anne had evidently paid fewer than half the yearly payments of £20 which had fallen due since 1757, and now owed Heighes £200. He agreed to accept a lump sum of £150 in settlement of the debt, and to free Anne from the obligation to pay the annuity in future. Anne agreed that her own separate establishment should not cost Heighes anything, and that she should "take care of maintain and educate four of the s^{d} children (to wit) Jane, Ralph, Francis and James". Heighes accepted responsibility for the three other children:" (to wit) Anna Maria, Will^{m} and Sam^{l}". The odd one out here is Juliana. She was older than Samuel, and so far as I know there was no doubt about her paternity. But Heighes may have reasoned that she would cost more to maintain than Samuel who at thirteen was already developing into what in modern terms is expressively called a "whiz-kid". And indeed, all three left to his charge quickly became independent of him.

It is convenient to pause here, to see whether it is possible to estimate the extent of Heighes' resources, at least approximately and on paper. His own parents left him nothing. In 1766 his mother left her estate to James, John and the youngest sister Jane. Five years later, his father followed the same pattern of bequest. Of course, families tended to leave the bulk of their property to the unmarried children, the others having been provided for in their parents' lifetime. But so far from his benefiting financially by his father's death, he was a loser by it. In his diary for 22 July 1769 Woodforde had written: * "... My Father pays Brother Heighes £20 per Annum, which my Father settled upon him, as long as my Father lives".

By 1771, Heighes' affairs had been in a bad way for a long time, and he must have thought that his father would leave directions for the payment to be continued, or perhaps give him a sum in cash. He was disappointed.

* "... I was very ill this evening, being hurried greatly in my Spirits by Brother Heighes when I read my Father's Will to him and before Sister White, Sister Jane and Brother John - my Father not leaving him any thing, but he has the Sussex estate settled on him by marriage and which brings him Per. Ann. 46.0.0." (17/5/1771)

The term "by marriage" here means "upon his marriage", for the "Sussex estate" was a Woodforde possession, brought into the family by Mary Lamport, the Sussex-born wife of the elder Heighes. This must have been considered adequate provision in 1757, when the Dorville property was added.

There was also Heighes' legal practice, for what it may have been worth. People in the 18th. century were fonder of litigation than we tend to be, and even in a town so small as Castle Cary there was no doubt a reasonable amount of legal work available. But Heighes was no more successful as a man of business than he had been as a husband and a father. Some light is perhaps thrown on his questionable fitness for professional work by the very strange story of the Ansford stewardship. Uncle Thomas became Steward for the mainly absentee Lady of the Manor of Ansford, Ann Powell, who had been granted that title by a certain Rachel Etterick, Miss Powell having been that lady's companion. His predecessor in the office was Heighes. There is an extremely interesting passage in the diary written on 1 October 1766:

* "... I desired my Uncle as he is appointed Steward to Mrs. Powel and Mrs. Etterick, which he got by very shabby means, to let Brother Heighes have the Full Profits of the (word illegible) as he supplanted him in the Stewardship; and it was denied me. Nothing was ever more scandalous to be sure".

Plainly Heighes was no match for wily, determined old uncle Tom; but he must have been less than efficient, thus to let himself be "supplanted". There is further proof of this. The man whom Woodforde always calls "Justice Creed" was not, of course, a judge, but an ordinary country J.P. Heighes was employed as his clerk. But on 23 March 1768 the diarist wrote: * "... Brother Heighes was dismissed, that is, resigned his clerkship to Justice Creed - N.B. the Justice never behaved handsome towards him. Lord, make us all more diligent of our Duty to thee & then shall we have more Peace".

A careful study of the diary makes it clear that Heighes' law business could never have been more than minimal, and much of what there was, like the two posts described above which he failed to hold, had been put in his hands by members of his own family. So he was not affluent: but neither could it be said that he was without resources. Many people in his time managed well enough on far less. His normal expenses could not have been heavy. It is unlikely that he spent much on the three children, responsibility for whose upkeep he had accepted. Both he and his wife seem to have taken their parental duties lightly, and to have been more lavish with promises than with performance. In Woodforde's Norfolk diary is a passage dated 8 August 1778, when Bill was living with him at Weston Parsonage. This has been heavily blacked out by a later hand, but with some effort can be deciphered, and runs: * "... Bill had 2. Letters this Evening - 1. from his Father with half a Guinea in it - and 1. from his Mother to desire him to behave well to me and wait till she can do something for him".

But whatever his means were, Heighes could not make ends meet. The diary shows that he lived literally from hand to mouth. James was constantly lending him small sums, ranging from 2/6d. to a guinea, and these were never repaid until he received, as he did from time to time, a fairly substantial sum due to him. Thus, on 3 May 1773 the diary records: * "... Paid Brother Heighes his Rent this morning. 25:12:6". Here "rent" presumably denotes a return on some piece of land or other property owned by Heighes and let to James or some other tenant. On the other hand, there are two specific references, in 1762 and 1772, to [illegible]

sum of £5 which Heighes was unable to pay until his brother came to the rescue. I do not know what this was for. It is most unlikely that Heighes paid rent for the house, at which his wife and all the children were living at the time. On the second occasion, he was being dunned by a certain James Lucas, who came from Cary, not Alhampton. Perhaps Heighes kept an office at Cary, part of a house, from which he transacted such legal business as came his way.

Inconvenient bills were casually passed on to James. At twelve, Nancy had been "put" by her mother to the mantua-making business; but this evidently did not turn out a success, and when she was fourteen she was sent to a boarding school at Castle Cary kept by a Mrs. Astin. Woodforde who was beginning to take notice of her, and besides making her small presents had given her a general invitation to dinner at the Lower House every Sunday, thought she was "much improved" since she had been there. But he was not pleased when a Jenny Robin, connected with the school, appeared at the Parsonage with a bill for fifteen guineas "for Nancy's Board". For once Woodforde refused to pay; and the very polite creditor said that "she hoped I would not be affronted if she employed an Attorney to get it".

It is easy to see that a reputation for poverty and a habit of defaulting on cash obligations would not add to the popularity of Heighes, in an age which had such infinite respect for property and the ability to acquire and keep it. As Nancy once put it: "I do not like to hear any thing of Poverty it is the most disagreeable one can hear of". So Heighes' status in the family was understandably low. Perhaps it had never been high. It may be significant that, so early as 1761, he was unmentioned in the will of his godfather, the Treasurer, although James, and "Jack", and cousin Frank, were given legacies. Certainly, as we have seen, he appears in his brother's diary with all the ambiguous status of a poor relation. And from 1771, he entered on the final phase of his life, and nothing

was to change in the time left to him.

In that year his father died and James left the Lower House and went over to the Parsonage, the actual owner of which was now uncle Thomas, but he did not foreclose until his son was ready to live there. John remained at the Lower House, and was now its official tenant. The housekeeper at the Lower House was named Mary Crich: it was her daughter Betty whom we have seen nursing Heighes, back in 1767. When James moved out, an arrangement was made whereby he would pay John 3/- a week for Mary's room and board. Another 3/- was to be paid to defray the costs of Heighes' accommodation at the Lower House. In December 1771, settling accounts with John, the diarist wrote: * "... I paid him also as agreed on June 7, 1771, for keeping 2. People extraordinary at the L. House at 3/0 a week from the above date to Dec. 7 and to be kept there". But he immediately added a bracketed passage to the effect that in future, only one person would be concerned, * "... Brother Heighes being gone to Cary to live". The entry four days before tells us where he had gone. * "...Yesterday Brother Brother (sic) Heighes went from my Brother Johns from the Lower House to Cary to live in part of the great House that Mr. Russ lately built." He was presumably still there seven months later, when Woodforde reported: * "... To Brother Heighes at his House at Cary lent - 0:10: 6 "

For the next four years Heighes continued to come up to the Parsonage for meals, to be present on various social occasions in and around Ansford, and to borrow money. After Parson Woodforde went to live in Norfolk, his contact with the family was necessarily limited to the long holidays in the West Country which he took with Nancy every few years. But whenever Heighes reappears in the diary, he is unchanged. He is still poor, and more like a rootless widower or bachelor than the married man he really was.

The family division was complete. While the three last-born lived at Alhampton with their mother, the

four eldest were, by the early 1780's, grown up and scattering. Nancy lived with her uncle the Parson in Norfolk, Bill was in the Navy, Sam had acquired a patron, the wealthy banker Henry Hoare of Stourhead, and was soon to set up as a portrait painter in London. Alone of the children, it was Juliana, whom he had once handed over to her mother, who lived with Heighes and had become his companion.

If we only knew more about Juliana, we should be able to form some idea of their life together. But while Nancy, seen at very close quarters for over twenty years, is as real a figure as the 18th. century has to offer, Juliana is a wraith, hardly more substantial than the ghost that is said to haunt Ansford Parsonage. Only once is there a sudden stir of life about her, one of those rare moments that come to cheer the thankless task of the historical researcher. When Heighes and his wife parted, he must have retained possession of the Alhampton "Rentall", already mentioned. From time to time he used this as a sort of rough notebook, or what his contemporaries called a "Commonplace book", to scribble down lists of articles purchased and their price; and once to tell what he dignified with the title of "Anecdote", crude and Rebelaisian, about a Cambridge poet and the Master of Clare College. One day he was looking through some old tenancy agreements in the volume, and his eye must have caught a reference to "Church Moor Close", let for £10 in 1762. He seized a pen and scrawled beneath the item: "Juliana says that this is now let to Farmer Beddows of Balsbury for £18 per. Ann." For a moment we distinctly hear her telling him this. It is the nearest we shall ever come to her, now.

We do not know that she chose her life. It may be that after the elder daughter had taken off, the younger obediently assumed the task of looking after Heighes, because there was no-one else to do this. Therefore, it would be over-romanticizing to see her as a sort of Cordelia, the one dutiful child whose love and devotion shone out against the black deeds of the ingrates. We simply do not know enough to be able to make this assumption in confidence. But

it must have been happy for Juliana if her father did see her in that way: painful to think that this failed, bitter, disappointed man should work off his anger with the world on to her, because she was always there. Let us hope, at least, that he was always kind to her, although he does not seem to have been naturally a kind man.

He could be rough with Nancy, on occasion. At the end of 1781 or the beginning of 1782, when Nancy had been just two years at Weston Parsonage, he wrote a letter to her. Although this has not survived, its tenor may be accurately reconstructed from her answer. Heighes apparently wanted either to borrow £100 from his brother or, more likely, to persuade him to act as guarantor for a loan to be made by a third person. Nancy was obliged to relay the Parson's flat rejection of this. It is impossible not to sympathise with Nancy; her patent embarrassment at being made into a go-between is clearly to be read in her letter. At this time, she was still new enough to Weston to appreciate her freedom from the air of miserable penury surrounding Heighes. But he could not have been pleased to receive such a letter from his daughter; and recollection of it may well have rankled and played its part in creating the very nasty scene on 12 June 1782, at the house of Dr. James Clarke where they were both guests, when "after Dinner Brother Heighes spoke very angry to Nancy", spoiling what had otherwise been a "very happy day". It is no wonder that Nancy, writing to her mother in the following spring, commented ruefully, "He has not wrote to me since my return to Norfolk we did not agree very well the last time I saw him".

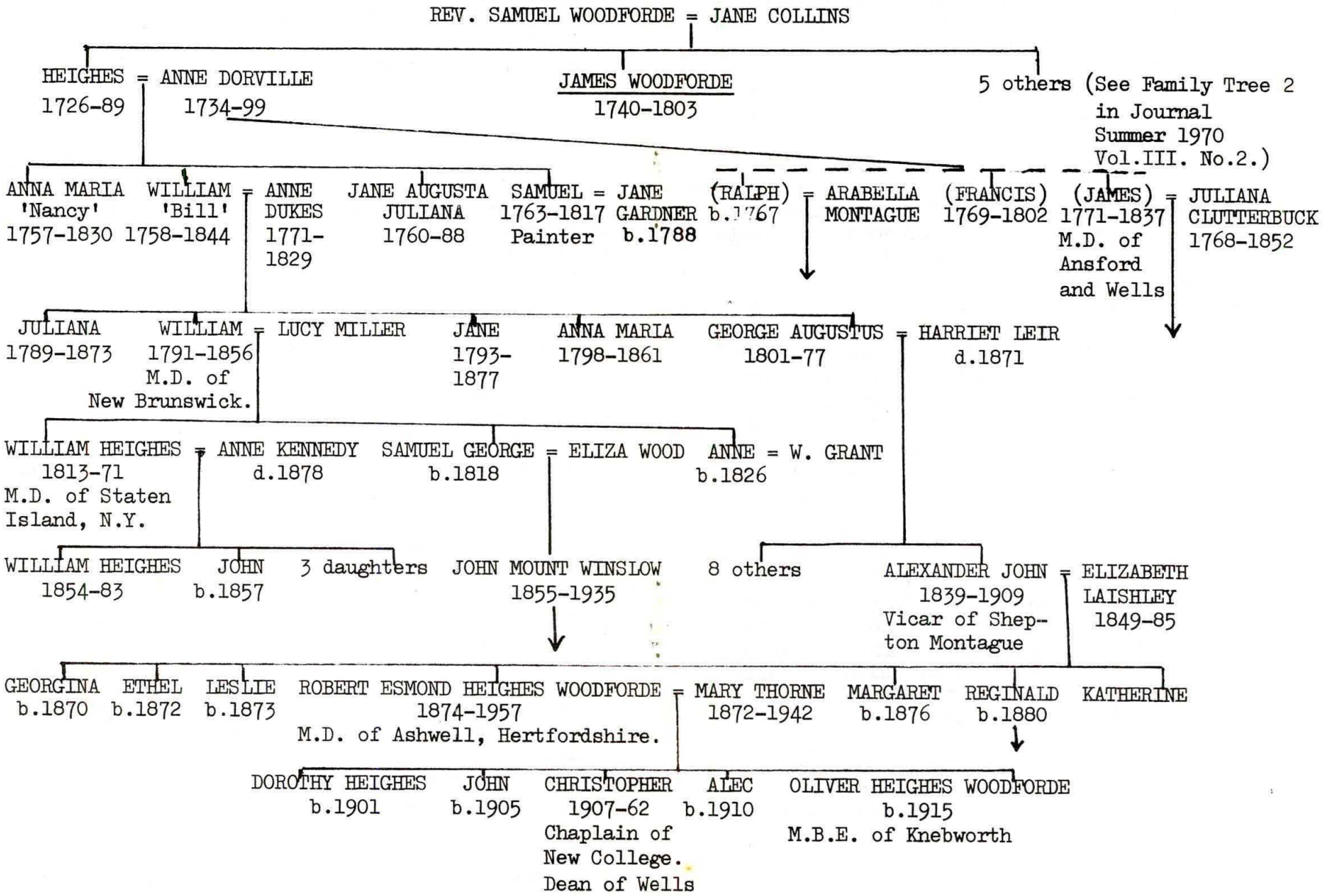
It was during the Somerset holiday of this year that we are once again told where Heighes was living. Soon after his arrival, Woodforde was taken to see "My Brother Heighes's House, alias Castle built by J^{S}. Clarke, and in which my Brother and his Daughter lives (sic.) It is a pretty place and well laid out". But they did not stay there long, for Nancy's letter to her mother quoted above has a passage which runs: "I suppose my Father has left the grand Castle before

this time he was to go to Goars House at Lady Day my Uncle James will let him live there for nothing".

Whenever Woodforde visited his relations in the West, there was a special round of entertaining, in which Heighes and Juliana of course took part. She is usually with him when he turns up as a guest at parties put on by his sisters Mrs. White and Mrs. Pounsett, the brothers James and Richard Clarke (after Richard died in 1784, his widow Patty continued to entertain regularly) and Brother John. Much luckier than Heighes, he had received his inheritance in his father's lifetime and in 1774 married charming and moderately well-off Melliora. But if it were not for one, possibly isolated occasion, we might have said that Heighes was never in a position to return the hospitality of others. The exception was on 15 August 1786, when he gave a large dinner party (eleven guests) which was to have been held out of doors, "under the Oaks had the weather been fair". But it poured with rain, as so often when optimists rashly plan alfresco parties in England. However, Parson Woodforde said : "We were very merry tho' a wet Day". There was a cook named Jane Herod and a man, Sam Dawe, to wait at table. It is impossible to tell whether they were regular servants or had been hired for this one special occasion. Woodforde gave them both a tip on leaving.

Maybe in later days back at Weston, the Parson sadly remembered Heighes' party, for it was never to be repeated. In spite of all the ailments so meticulously chronicled by her uncle, and the quantities of revolting medicine which she swallowed in the attempt to alleviate them, Nancy was tough, a long liver. Juliana was not tough, although for years there is no sign that she had anything wrong with her. Indeed, it was Nancy who was ill during a great part of the 1786 visit, and Juliana on one occasion was "very low" and "cried a good deal", because she was so worried about her sister. When the time came for the visitors to leave Somerset: "Nancys Sister talked so much to her this Evening about her parting with her soon - made her exceeding low". Here, Woodforde seems to be accusing his

FAMILY TREE OF THE WOODFORDE FAMILY OF ANSFORD, CO. SOMERSET (No. 3)



niece of giving in to fashionable sensibility. But Juliana may have had some premonition of what was soon to happen.

Next year, a letter from her which reached Nancy in March was normal enough: "All our Friends well but Mr. Pounsett who is confined almost to his bed in the gout". But just a year later again, Mrs. Pounsett wrote, the bearer of very serious news. Juliana, who was staying at Cole Place with the Pounsetts (possibly an indication that Heighes' establishment was unsuitable for nursing an invalid), "was, it is much feared, in a decline". This ominous word, expressive of increasing weakness and loss of weight, was at the time used more particularly to denote cases of pulmonary tuberculosis. Not for nearly a century was the actual cause of the disease, the bacillus, to be isolated and rational modes of treatment made possible. Meanwhile the doctors guessed wildly and made the best, or the worst, of it. Juliana's illness was attributed, surely with little probability, to "catching cold" after "having lately had the Measles which affected her Lungs". She had been "bled 7. Times". This drastic procedure, one of the most appalling of the 18th. century's many desperate remedies, could have served only to weaken still further the victim of a wasting disease.

Some days later, the Parson received a letter from Heighes, "in which he presses us much to come into the Country this Summer, his Daughter Juliana being very ill... and very desirous of seeing her Sister". Nancy, however, was in no state to make such a long journey, "being so lame and unable to walk without holding". So he contented himself with sending a prescription, or what he called "a Recipe from Dr. Buchan for Juliana Woodforde, Nancys Sister, for her bad Cough". On 22 March William, perhaps misled by an illusory rally, characteristic of this disease, wrote to tell Nancy that her "Sister was better, but was very desirous

of her coming to see her". His letter was so importunate that "it made her very uneasy - As her Strength is not at present able to undertake so long a Journey - It is wrong (I think) to press things so far (tho' most affectionately intended) as to be so earnest in their request, considering her weak State. It makes her uneasy and can be no good to her Sister". The reader may here be pardoned if he notes in this strangely contorted prose some evidence that Woodforde was uneasy himself. But he had evidently made up his mind not to travel into Somerset this year, whatever happened.

Juliana's improvement, if present at all, did not last. On 19 April the Parson received a very short letter from Heighes, "informing me that his Daughter Juliana is entirely given over by the Faculty - poor Girl". At the same time William wrote to Nancy, "a very melancholy Letter.... concerning Juliana, that she was at the last stage of Life, and to desire Nancy to come down immediately into Somersett... Nancy was half distracted almost on the account. She cried incessantly the whole evening. I sincerely pity her - no two Sisters could love one another more".

It is probable that there was some remorse mixed in with Nancy's tears. There is no previous indication in the diary that she had been particularly fond of Juliana, and certainly had never proposed changing places with her. Juliana was, in fact, one of a minority of close relations never to be invited for a visit to Weston. William made things even worse. With a selfish man's intolerance of imagined selfishness in others, he now wrote again to Nancy, "upbraiding her for not coming to see her Sister, who is still alive and that is all". This upset Nancy still more, and Woodforde rallied to his niece's support. "I am not pleased with Will^{m}. for writing such a Letter. Instead of condoling with her about her poor Sister and sorry for her not being able to go into the Country he rebukes her with want of humanity etc. It is quite cruel and unfeeling of him I think. His

Letter was composed of a great many fine Epithets and sentimental thoughts". It is possible, all the same, that he was doing William an injustice. The young man may have loved his sister; and his own first daughter, born on 22 August of the next year, was named Juliana in her memory.

Good Mr. Du Quesne was just back from a visit to Somerset, where he had been royally entertained by the Woodfordes and Clarkes. He described how Juliana, although dying, had insisted on going to her uncle John's house to meet the friend from Norfolk. Here, one would think, it was not so much to meet a man she had never in her life set eyes on, as to renew a last tenuous link with her sister:

> For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
> This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
> Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
> Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

We know from her uncle's diary how this affected Nancy. But she was a diarist herself, although with none of his gift for pithy expression; and something of her grief comes through to the reader in her own account, in spite of the stilted phrasing:

"Uncle and self called on Mr. Du Quesne and received by him a little purse with a half guinea and two Queen Anne sixpences which my much beloved sister sent me as a memento of her unalterable love and affection for me which I shall ever esteem as the most precious thing I ever had in my life". (Nancy's diary, 21 April 1788)

So Juliana, having given her little treasures to the sister she would never see again, died on 12 May. She was twenty-eight years old.

And with the death of the one child who had been his companion, perhaps something died in Heighes too. Early the next year, in March, Nancy received what Woodforde called "a disagreeable Letter from her Brother Will[m]", telling her that their father was

gravely ill. "His case is a violent Stranguary". Heighes would no doubt not have been consoled if he had been informed that, as a sufferer from this condition, he was in very distinguished company, no less a celebrity than Jean-Jacques Rousseau having been afflicted by it all his life, as he very feelingly recounts in his "Confessions". The diarist went on to comment: "If some remedy does not soon, very soon do good, it will terminate fatally". But that was really asking too much of 18th. century medical practice, and as soon as he saw the black-sealed letter from Somerset he must have guessed what had happened: "My dear Brother Heighes died on Sunday last the 22. instant about 11 o'clock in the morning from a violent Inflammation in the urinary passage which finally terminated in a Mortification in a very short time, pray Almighty God that he might be more happy in a future State than he has experienced in this, and all frailties in this Life foregiven". Back at Ansford, after the funeral, cousin Frank wrote in his register: "Mr. Heighs Woodford aged 62 years Mar. 26".

Anne, now a widow, continued to live at Alhampton. It is now, and here, that the one-sidedness of all these Woodforde records is most exasperating. We can only ask the question, knowing that there is no answer forthcoming - what was her reaction to the first death among her children (unlike nearly all 18th. century mothers, she lost none in childhood, which suggests that, however they may have been starved of love, she at least looked after them physically), followed so quickly by that of her husband ?

Some sort of reconciliation had evidently been patched up between her and the eldest children, as we see by Nancy's already quoted letter to her. It is a chatty, woman-to-woman affair, and certainly shows more affection than the letter to Heighes. Woodforde's references to Nancy's emotions over the death of her father are entirely perfunctory, quite

unlike his record of her anguish at Juliana's fatal illness, when her misery made his heart ache. For the final tragedy of Heighes seems to have been that no-one cared much when he died.

Fresh quarrels broke out over the disposal of Heighes' property, in which Anne had the same life-interest as she held in the Ditcheat estate.

If I am right in my conjecture that Heighes' income from his property was always anticipated before it came due, then by the same token Anne must have cleared off whatever debt encumbered it; for Nancy writing in 1792 to her brothers William and Samuel calculated that "our Mother" had made £300 out of it since Heighes' death, and "not had the goodness to allow us a single Shilling". In spite of pressure from the three to sell, Anne hung on to the property for the rest of her lifetime. It was finally disposed of after her death, when it brought in £3500.

From time to time we come across references to Anne in the diary; they are often disrespectful, as though the people who made the observations were uneasily conscious that this eccentric relation was no credit to the family. On 19 December 1790: "...Nancy received a letter from her Aunt Jo. Woodforde, giving her a bad Account of Nancys Mother, being quite deranged or crazy. Nancy lately dreamt much of her". On 28 December: "... Nancy had a letter this Evening from her Brother William.... All Friends tolerably well in the Country, his Mother he says is crazy and calls herself Lady Woodforde". In February 1793 he heard that Anne "was so ill, that it was thought, she would not live long". But she was still on her feet, although she looked "old and hagged", when he met her in the summer, and found her "very civil to me but very deaf". He says that he had not seen her for twenty years; and that the two Clarke sisters, Melliora and Patty, had never met her at all, in spite of the length of time they had been connected with the family, a very striking piece of evidence as to the completeness of the break, when one

considers how near to one another they lived. On 5 October he reported that all the people who had been at the August meeting in Patty's house, except himself, went to tea with Anne, and that she behaved "tolerably well". But he never saw her again. He made one more visit to the West, in 1795, but did not meet her during that time, although young James her son, "of Allhampton", is several times mentioned as being in his company.

The 18th. century was drawing to its end when Woodforde mentioned Anne again. On 16 March 1799 Nancy had a letter from Melliora at Bath, saying that her mother was "giving over and cannot last much longer". Doctors of the time, playing a losing hand nearly always in their fight against disease, often give the impression of being in a hurry to capitulate, like the hapless Vigors. But Anne did not, in fact, "last much longer". She died at Alhampton on the day after Nancy and her uncle received the letter. Woodforde who at the time was trying to convince himself that his health was on the mend and that he would "e'er long be able to take more exercise", and who besides was having trouble with his curate Mr. Cotman, "not liked at all by the Parish", received the news coolly. As with uncle Tom next year, he omitted any of his usual pious wishes.

And it was he who wrote her epitaph at last, on 27 April. Nancy had had "a letter from her Brother Sam[1]. in London, respecting my late Brother Heighes Woodforde Estate in Sussex which he gave to his Children Nancy, William & Samuel. On the Death of their late unnatural Mother, it now comes to them".

Nearly thirty years ago, he had used the same epithet about Anne; his opinion of her had never changed. For whatever the shortcomings of Heighes, she had mortally offended the Woodforde clan, who could not be expected to forgive.

The children lived on. Nancy reappeared in Somerset after her uncle's death, and lived with Patty at Castle Cary, in the house called "Cary Villa" at the top of the High Street. The high-protein dietary of Weston Parsonage had done its worst, and Nancy

was heavily overweight in early middle age, as appears by the seated portrait, one of her brother Samuel's rather ambitious efforts, which was reproduced in the first volume of Beresford's "Woodforde". I think she grew into an enormously fat, jolly old woman. William, who had been a rather unsatisfactory naval lieutenant, was a Yeomanry officer in the Napoleonic invasion scare period before Trafalgar put an end to those fears. He reached the courtesy rank of Colonel, and was painted in the Yeomanry uniform by his brother, who represented him as looking like a boy, although he was over forty. He had made the same kind of runaway marriage as his father, but more successfully, and through this became the squirelet of Galhampton. He survived until 1844, by which time Woodforde's age was only a memory. The bumptious Sam, the one strikingly successful Woodforde of his generation, would no doubt have been intensely annoyed, if he had been able to foresee that he is interesting to us now, chiefly because of his association with his dull old uncle. In 1806, probably after much prodding from Nancy and Bill, he produced the only known portrait of the diarist, that featureless and expressionless work, the Droeshout engraving of its time, which hangs now in Weston church. He died in 1817, leaving no children, but a callous and selfish will, in which his wife is given an annuity of £170 a year, to be immediately revoked if she married again, and two (!) of his paintings, carefully specified as "one portrait and one fancy picture". The diary has made all these people famous.

It is quite otherwise with Anne's three youngest. Any information about them must be gleaned piecemeal from scattered references in the diary and other not very abundant sources. First mentioned in 1782, when he was fifteen, as "a fine Lad", and "very like Sam", by the time he was nineteen Ralph was writing begging letters to Parson Woodforde, directly and through Nancy, quite in the style of his putative father. On 11 February 1789 he was the subject of a conversation Woodforde had with his friend Mr. Jeans, who "talked a great deal"

about him, "on his writing many things in the Salisbury Magazine, very strange stuff". On 9 October 1794 he married Arabella, daughter of James Montague, of Lackham House, Wiltshire, and had three children. He lived at Bath. Woodforde's most explicit comment on his status comes from late in the diary. On 19 October 1799, "my nephew William", with whom the diarist was at the time on excellent terms, was staying at Weston Parsonage, when he received some letters which Woodforde enumerated in his usual way until recollection of one threw him into a fit of sudden petulant rage - one must understand that by this time he was often ill and in pain: "... and one (a very impudent and abusive one) from Ralph of Bath, a - Son of Anne Dorville late of Allhampton". One may guess that the letter concerned her financial affairs. The last mention of Ralph comes in a letter from Sam to Nancy in 1801, giving her all the latest news from London: "that Ralph W. had a Commissioners Place belonging to the Hackney Coachman (sic) - £500 per Ann:". This sounds an incredibly large sum, given the currency values of the time.

There are only a few scattered references to Francis in the diary. He was present at the meeting of his mother and Parson Woodforde in 1793. Sam's letter quoted above in connection with Ralph continues with the words: "That Frank was engaged as a Day Labourer in the Custom House at s 2/0d per diem". The contrast in extremes is so startling that a reader can scarcely resist the suspicion that the whole thing was part of an elaborate joke. Was Sam, perhaps, engaged in pulling his sister's leg ? It is possible, but nothing we know about Samuel Woodforde, R.A., would suggest that he was a very humorous person. The "Family Book" says that Frank died unmarried in 1802, but without citing any authority for the statement.

James is a more substantial figure. He is mentioned in 1788 as being "apprenticed to an Apothecary" of Trowbridge; but was back at Alhampton by 1795: "Nancy had a letter from J^{s} Woodforde of Allhampton he lives with his Mother there" (19/12/1795) 'He

became a doctor, taking his M.D. in 1825 (surely rather late in life) and becoming F.L.S. in 1826. In 1814 he bought the property known as Ansford House, near Ansford Inn, which he pulled down, erecting the present building on the site, where he practised for many years. He published two works of a medical or quasi-scientific nature. In 1820 appeared "A Treatise on Dyspepsia", doubtless read with breathless interest by innumerable sufferers from the gargantuan meals of the period. The Bodleian Library has a copy of the second edition (1821) which I have read. For its time, it is an effective survey of what was then known about its subject. In the same year as this second edition, the doctor produced his second opus, attractively titled "A Peep into a Prison; or, the Inside of Ilchester Bastille". This work concerned an outbreak of typhus in the prison four years before, which he had helped to stamp out, afterwards appearing as one of the prosecution witnesses at the trial of the gaoler, charged with neglect.

By his marriage to Juliana Clutterbuck, a solicitor's daughter from Marazion, Cornwall, he had three children. Possibly old scandals had died down by the time he reached maturity. He seems to have been on friendly terms with Samuel Woodforde, R.A., for the names of his children appear as residuary legatees in the painter's will.

After he retired from medical practice, the doctor lived for a time at Wells, then returned to Cary, where he died in 1837, his widow surviving him until 1852. The mural tablet to his memory in the little church at Ansford says: In him were verified the words of Solomon, he who honours his Maker has mercy on the poor.

A few hours before William Hazlitt died, he astounded the people who sat round his bed by remarking: "Well, I've had a happy life !" They thought, as the reader of his biography thinks to-day, that his had been a life unusually full

of wretchedness. But each person can only be the judge of whether his or her own life has been worth living. I have taught people so severely handicapped that it made me wonder how they could endure such a mockery of normal human existence; yet I found them nearly all cheerful, equable, uncomplaining, and I am sure far less unhappy than thousands of the so-called "normal" men and women outside the walls of their institution who were eaten up with discontent and boredom.

And so with Heighes. We may ask what had he to show for sixty-two years in 18th. century rural England. Perhaps he had as much as most of us have to show for our lives. And no doubt he had his moments, as all of us have.

So, if we are looking for a note on which to end the study of Heighes' life, it need not be one of marital discord, or poverty, or disappointment. For the diary is full of little pictures of calm happiness. Let us select out of this great mass of material just one quiet scene.

It is near the end of May 1764, and Heighes, a married man with four children still living with his wife, has come over from Alhampton to see his parents and brother James. * "... Brother Heighes smoaked a Pipe with me in the Evening in my little Hutt in our Garden". We shall leave them together, in peace and brotherly friendship, the smoke from their pipes wreathing gently upwards into the still evening air.

----ooOoo----

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Very little of the source material for this essay is available in a printed form. It could not have been written without the willing co-operation of many institutions and people. I am indebted to all the following:

Bodley's Librarian and the staff of the Manuscripts room, Bodleian Library, Oxford, for assistance in

my study of the original m.s. diary.
The Warden and Scholars of New College, Oxford, for permission to examine, copy and quote from the Woodforde family papers in the possession of the College.
Prebendary Lionel E. Walsh, Rector of Ditcheat, Somerset, for permission to search and make quotations from the parish records kept in the church; and Mrs. Joan Mewes, for helping me to track down long-vanished Dorvilles.

My friend Miss Janet A.L. Chambers, M.A. found the entry of Heighes' first marriage ceremony, and the Rector of the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy, London, kindly allowed her to copy it.

The portraits of Heighes and Anne Woodforde are reproduced here by kind permission of the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Mewes, who also arranged for them to be photographed.

Among printed authorities consulted are the following:
W.J. Loftie: "Memorials of the Savoy" (1881)
O.R. Mc.Gregor: "Divorce in England" (1957)

Jackson's Oxford Journal

The diary, 31 December 1774. 'My being preferred was put in Jacksons Journal to Day'.
The entry in the Journal reads as follows:
'A few days ago the Revd. James Woodforde, Fellow of New College, was presented by the Warden and Scholars of that Society to the living of Weston Longville in the county of Norfolk, worth 300 l. per annum.

J.H. Busby.

THREE APPENDICES TO "MAIDSERVANTS AT THE PARSONAGE"

I. ELIZABETH CLAXTON AND THE CARY FAMILY

In the article, Elizabeth's story ended, as in a romantic Victorian novel, with church bells and a linen gown. But who was the "Charles Cary of this Parish" mentioned as her husband ? This is not altogether a simple question.

A "Mr. Cary" was the Weston carrier at the time Woodforde came to live in the parish. Associated with this business, very naturally because the carrier was in the best position to keep it stocked, was a village shop. Here the Parson used to buy tobacco and snuff; and the shop also sold groceries, bread, dress material and a variety of other small articles. We do not know nearly as much as we should like about the function of these village shops, at a time when many of the households were at least partly self-supporting. The dividing line between tradesman and consumer was not yet at all narrowly drawn. Occasionally we find Woodforde selling off surplus butter made by his own household to the shop. One way and another, the shop figures prominently in the diary. From internal evidence, we can locate it as having stood quite near to Weston Parsonage.

Now there was in Weston a "Thomas Cary", a farmer, who owned some property and had a family of four sons and two daughters. He is shown attending each successive Tithe Audit from 1776, Woodforde's first year, onwards. Already an elderly man when Woodforde arrived, he also attended the Christmas dinner for the old people in the Parson's house, from 1778. (Note this entry is not printed in Beresford but may be read in the m.s.) When, back in the Ansford days, Woodforde instituted this charitable custom, he had meant it primarily for poor people, whether old or not. At Weston, most of those attending year by year were poor as well as old. It is thus rather surprising to find the reasonably well-off Cary rubbing shoulders with old

Tom Cushion, old Tom Carr, Nathaniel Heavers and "J^{s}. Smith my Clerk"; and, no doubt, meekly accepting the Parson's shilling to "carry home" to his wife, as on one occasion he accepted "an old Wigg". It is tempting to suppose that two quite different people were concerned here, but the evidence makes it clear that they were one and the same. Not only that, but there is also little doubt that this Thomas Cary the farmer was also the carrier.

The last time Thomas Cary attended the two functions was in 1792. An entry in the diary for 28 March in the following year reads: "... At Cary's Shop for Tobacco and Snuff, pd. 1.6. Poor old Mr. Cary very bad in a kind of Flux". It was about him that Woodforde wrote the now notorious passage which, after Virginia Woolf had singled it out for sub-ironic comment, became chiefly responsible for the belief that he was an insensitive man. "... Found the old Gentleman almost at his last gasp. Totally senseless and with rattlings in his throat. Dinner to Day boiled Beef and Rabbitt rosted". Wrenched in this way out of its proper context, it sounds unfeeling enough. But in fact Woodforde made four allusions in the diary to the illness and death of Mr. Cary and on 8 April, directly after the funeral, "at the desire of some of the family", he went round and read the old man's very equitable will to them.

I think it is reasonably certain that the "Charles Cary" whom Elizabeth married was one of the four sons. In 1785, the year after the marriage, Woodforde for the first time mentioned "Charles Cary" as the shopkeeper. Perhaps he had been provided for in this way upon his marriage. Also, from 1793 the Tithe Audits were attended by a "Charles Cary", and at the same time the shop became "Betty Cary's". Plainly Charles took over the farm on his father's death, while Betty ran the shop. The carrier's business still continued, although perhaps in a depleted way, for Woodforde now wrote more often of Bidewell as the village carrier. But both Charles and Betty at different times brought the newspapers

and letters from Norwich. Once, when Ben was going into the town with the Parson's barley for the maltster, Betty went with him "to bring home some Shop goods in the Cart".

"Betty Cary" appears frequently in the later pages of the diary. She made a huge fuss ("great lamentation and work") when Woodforde's greyhound stole and ate her shoulder of mutton. She sold underweight bread in the cold spring of 1801, when bread prices were very high. The year before, he was annoyed because, although she had been in Norwich, she did not collect his letters and news, "she caring nothing abt. it". It all sounds very much like our old Parsonage Betty, a hard case if ever there were one.

She died in 1815, aged 75. The burial notice in the Weston records states that she had been lately domiciled at Lyng, but desired to be buried at Weston. Finally, if the "Charles Cary of Weston" who was buried there on 19 April 1820, aged 65, was her husband, he must have been some fifteen years her junior.

II. THE DADES OF MATTISHALL

This family may have been kin to the Weston Dades; and great caution has to be exercised when reading some diary entries where the name is mentioned, since it is all too easy to confuse the two. The Mattishall parish records, on the other hand, give a reasonably clear picture of the Dades. Between 1733 and 1752 children were born to couples named William and Mary Dade, and Charles and Susan Dade, and a Thomas Dade was buried in 1753. William and Mary were the grandparents of Betty and Molly, the Parsonage servants. Their son William was baptized on 8 August 1733, the eldest of seven children: the father probably died in 1744, the year of his youngest child's birth. In her baptismal record he is described as "deceased". William the son married young, in 1755. The entry in the register reads:

"WILLIAM DADE of this Parish (Single Man) and ELIZABETH GRAY of this Parish (Single Woman) were married in this church by banns this 27th November 1755. (Signed THOS. SHELFORD - Curate.) This marriage in the presence of Peter Harris and Henry Cooper".

Although Elizabeth Gray is described as "of this Parish", in fact she cannot be traced there before the date of her marriage. There is a fair number of "Gray" entries in the registers, and at least four people called "Elizabeth Gray": but none of them could have been the Elizabeth who married William Dade. The most likely explanation is that she did not come from Mattishall, but was perhaps in service somewhere outside her native village, and then domiciled in her future mother-in-law's house for the weeks during which the banns were called. William and Elizabeth had the following children: William b. 1756: Charles b. 1758: Henry b. 1759: Robert b. 1761 (but there is a mystery about him, for on the following page of the register another "Robert Dade" appears, born in 1762, and there is no trace of the burial of a "Robert Dade" about this time): Elizabeth baptized 23 December 1764: Mary baptized 25 November 1767: then a gap of nine years until the last child, another Henry, is born in 1776.

Except for William and, perhaps, Betty, none of these lived long. A Henry Dade died in 1777; if this was the infant born in the previous year, his namesake must have died earlier and been missed off the records. Robert died at the age of either twenty or twenty-one in 1782, and Charles at twenty-seven in 1785. He was a shoemaker and married to a "Jane" who surname is not known. Their daughter Susan (a Dade name) was buried on 27 September, and Charles himself only a week later, on 3 October. It will be recollected that Molly had died in the previous January: 1785 was a tragic year for the Dades. But in this same year a son was born to Charles and Jane, and christened "William" on 5

August He was the "Billy Dade" mentioned quite often in the later diary. Woodforde described him once as "a Lad who lives with Bettys Father and Mother". His own mother had married, the year after her husband's death, a "Joseph Gunton". It is plain that the boy was brought up by his grandparents. He also became a shoemaker, and named a child of his own after his aunt Betty: "Elizabeth Ellen, the Daught^{r}. of William Dade, Shoemaker, and Susan his Wife, late Gayper, Spinst^{r}. was bapt'd Oct. 17th. 1811".

The two male Dades about whom we can discover most are the two Williams, father and son. The elder Dade, father of Betty and Molly, was a weaver, and described as such in a number of parish documents. White's Norfolk Directory in 1845 says that "before the introduction of machinery, Mattishall was largely engaged in worsted manufacture" - although by the time those words were written, there was no more weaving at Mattishall, and no Dades left. The catastrophic decline of the East Anglian cloth industry did not, of course, begin until after the time of William Dade. He was probably a hard worker, and brought up his children in the same tradition. It is not easy to see any of the Dades accepting parish relief, or wasting their money in the alehouse. When Woodforde first engaged Molly, in July 1784, he said "Her Friends bear great Characters of Industry etc". (In this sense, "Friends" = family.) But it is possible that this solvency and independence were bought at a terrible price. If it is asked where Molly picked up her fatal disease, the answer surely is that domestic weaving was notoriously unhealthy, because of the fluff and microscopic fibrous particles always flying about in the air of weavers' cottages. This might account also for the early death of more than one of Molly's brothers.

Dade was undoubtedly aware of the advantages to be derived from having a daughter "in service" at the Parsonage. He certainly neglected no opportunity

to provide himself with a free meal there: the special circumstances of Molly's illness had given him an opening which he exploited for all he was worth. Eventually Woodforde got annoyed with this. On 4 September 1785 he wrote: "My Maids Father (Dade) dined here to Day. He makes rather too free and comes too often to see his Daughter - but he is that Man as report goes". By 4 March next year this habit precipitated an explosion which nearly blew poor Betty out of the Parsonage: "... My maid Betty Dades Father came here, just as we were going to dinner, and his too frequent visits here of late being far from agreeable to me, I went out into the Kitchen and told him that he had better have his Daughter home, and I also gave Betty notice to leave my House at Lady Day next, on his account".

There could, perhaps, have been another contributory reason for this outburst. At Mattishall, Dade was a neighbour of Mr.Smith, the Vicar, and of Mrs. Davy, in whom both Smith and Woodforde were interested. In the last few months he had often come to the Parsonage with messages from one or the other; and once he brought Mrs. Davy herself, "on Horseback". Now, only two weeks or so before, there had taken place the mysterious meeting in Weston Churchyard which, designed by Smith to set Woodforde against Mrs. Davy, started the process which was to wreck the friendship of the two clergymen. Ordering Mr. Smith's messenger out of the house may have been Woodforde's way of settling accounts with Smith.

However, it all blew over. When he had calmed down, the Parson probably realized that maids so efficient as Betty were anything but easily come by. The next allusion to her in the diary merely recounts that she and Jack went "to Mattishall Gaunt by my consent, their Friends living there". The unabashed Dade continued to turn up for dinner in the Parsonage kitchen for the remainder of Woodforde's life: in the last years of the diary he came regularly and frequently, an index of Betty's strong position in the household. Sometimes her mother came too.

Dade evidently prospered: by 1792 he was doing well enough to have become the possessor of "a little Curricle", in which he proudly drove his daughter "to St. Faith's Fair". Later he seems to have owned "a little market Cart". I can hear him, in the snug bar-parlour of "The Jolly Weavers", discussing the respective merits of curricles and market carts, just as other "cunning, long headed" men of his type argue about the performances of cars to-day. He died in 1809, aged 76, and his wife survived him until 1817, when she died, aged 85.

His eldest son and namesake, born as we have seen in 1756, moved to Dereham, where he became the Governor of the "House of Industry" there, a fact which seems to have impressed Woodforde, who mentions it more than once. The Poor Law provides one of the great controversial topics of English history. Whether the Old Poor Law were more or less inhuman than the rationalized system which replaced it in 1834 is a question never likely to be answered decisively. The truth seems to be that both Old and New Poor Law could spawn the grisliest horrors when there was corruption, or simple inefficiency, among the parish officials. The paid workhouse masters were a mixed lot, and the parishes, later the Guardians, seem to have recruited them by remarkably slapdash methods. Newspaper announcements are known, in which a vacancy for a workhouse master is advertised, and any person who feels he would like to try his hand at looking after paupers is invited to attend with his credentials, if any, in his hand.

Woodforde was shown over the Dereham "House of Industry" on 20 March 1781. His account has a sinister ring: "... we took a ride to the House of Industry about 2. miles West of Dereham and a very large building at present tho' there wants another Wing. About 380 Poor in it now, but they don't look either healthy or cheerful, a great Number die there, 27 have died since Christmas last". It is, however, very unlikely that the state of this work-

house in 1781 had anything to do with Dade, who was only twenty-six in that year and unlikely to have been appointed so young. The entries showing him as Governor at Dereham are much later, between 1796 and 1801. Twice Betty went to see her brother there, twice he called at the Parsonage. Unfortunately Woodforde gives no further details.

Dade, however, had left Mattishall for Dereham even before 1781. He and his family are easy to trace in the Dereham records, as they are the only Dades in the town. On 29 April 1779 he married Sarah Hammond, both being registered as single and both of Dereham parish; both could sign their own names. The couple had three daughters: Sarah (1780): Elizabeth Helen (1784) - the name recalls the "Elizabeth Ellen" born to the next generation of Dades: and Mary Ann (1791).

William Dade died in 1821, aged 64, and Sarah in 1828, aged 69. In the burial entry, William is entered as "Hosier". Either he had previously given up the workhouse appointment, or he combined the two avocations. Various forms of domestic textile work were often carried out in workhouses, and perhaps some of the paupers helped to defray the cost of their keep by producing stockings on the knitting frame. But again, this may be fanciful: by the end of the Napoleonic war the East Anglian textile industry was very much in decline.

III. SUKEY BOXLEY AND THE "BASTARDY DECLARATION"

Armed with a powerful magnifying glass kindly lent me by the staff of the manuscripts room at the Bodleian, I have been once again over the cancelled part of the m.s. diary entry for 26/8/1778. I have now probably recovered as much of this passage as is legible without chemical treatment. However, nothing of particular interest emerged, except for a statement made by Sukey, to the effect that she "had kept Company with many Men". It is difficult to see how in a community so small as Weston she

could have done this without making herself a by-word: and upon the whole, this part of the "confession" rather strengthens my conviction that she was trying to avert suspicion from Bill, even at the cost of destroying her own reputation.

I made an effort to trace the actual declaration made by Sukey, but without success. The formula used was, however, very much alike in all cases, and the following should give the reader an accurate enough notion of what Sukey's own sworn statement would have contained:

> The Voluntary Examination of Rose Cradock Spinster. This Examinant saith on her Oath that she was born in the Parish of St. Luke Chelsea in the County of Middlesex and that she is about seventeen years of age... This Examinant further saith that she never was married and that she is now pregnant of an illegitimate child or children unlawfully begotten on her body by one James Morris, an a Prentice to Mr. Price shoemaker in Chelsea aforsaid who had Carnal knowledge of her body several times at the house of Mr Sam Gilbert a fishmonger in Chelsea aforesaid - and that the said James Morris is the real and true father of the child or children she is now pregnant with, and no man else. And this Examinant further saith that she is about seven months advanced in her pregnancy and that the said Bastard child or children when born is or are likely to become chargable to the Parish of Chelsea aforesaid.
>
> her
>
> Rose + Cradock
>
> mark
>
> Sworn before me one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace on and for the County of Middlesex June 15: 1784 (signed)

A further note reads that the child "was delivered

in the workhouse on the 20th of August".

Greater London Record Office P74/LUK/123

(printed in Geoffrey Taylor: "The Problem of Poverty 1660-1834" - Seminar Studies in History. Longmans, 1969.)

Sir Thomas Durrant 2nd Bart.
(1775 - 1829).

In the interesting article 'The Custances and their family Circle' by L.H.M. Hill in the Winter 1970 number of the Journal it is stated on page 35 that none of the children of Sir Thomas was baptised at Scottow. The Baptismal Register of Harpenden co. Herts records the baptism of two of these children (a) 'Emily Mary Swinfen daughter of Sir Thomas Durrant and Sarah Crook his wife late Steinberger was baptised March 9th 1803' and (b) 'Thomas Henry Estridge Durrant, son of Sir Thomas Durrant, Baronet, and Sarah his wife was baptised publicly and received into the Church August 1st 1807'.

Amongst the Rothamstead Deeds in the Herts. County Record Office is a Contract for the Redemption of Land Tax dated 1803 which names Sir Thomas Durrant as then occupying a house called Bowers. This was the house, the residence of Ann Powell, the patron of the livings of Ansford and Castle Cary, who figures in the early pages of the Diary and here she was visited by the Diarist's father in 1767 and his uncle Tom in 1767 and 1773. (see my article in vol. 1 number 3. of the Journal). If the Diarist in his last years knew where Sir Thomas was living, it would have recalled memories of the days when he hoped to have succeeded his father in the Somerset livings.

J.H. Busby.

BOOK NOTICE

BERTA LAWRENCE: "COLERIDGE AND WORDSWORTH IN SOMERSET".

- David & Charles (1970)

There is, naturally, no direct mention of Woodforde here. The nearest the Parson ever came to the circle of the Lake poets was when he shared a chaise from Oxford with one of S.T.C.'s short-lived brothers. And Nether Stowey is a good way from Ansford, intellectually as well as in the sense of physical distance. Yet the world that emerges from this wholly delightful book is recognisably the world that we meet in the pages of the diary. Except that some of the names are famous, the social round at the cottage in Lime Street could not have been very different from that of Woodforde's two Parsonages.

In Nether Stowey lived Thomas Poole, a prosperous, self-educated tanner and farmer, "a stolid and serious young man". Like many men of great integrity he was unattractive to women, so that both the girls to whom he proposed turned him down without hesitation. Indeed, his friends the two Wedgwoods, brothers of the second girl, were incensed at what they called "Poole's witless presumption" in daring to ask her to marry him. It may be that the fact that his affections were not channelled in the ordinary way by a wife and family made him all the better a friend.

He fell under the unique spell of Coleridge almost on sight. Before he knew the poet well enough to be able to write his name correctly, he was addressing him, with exclamation mark, as "Coldridge, youth of various powers!" in a most endearingly bad poem. Later he wrote: "By you, I shall always stand, in sickness and in health, prosperity and misfortune". The difference between Poole and the common run of people who make this kind of remark is that he meant what he said. For the rest of Coleridge's life, Poole did indeed stand by him, al-

ways at hand with advice, practical aid, money. To derive the utmost advantage from the friendship of this good and simple man, Coleridge was never averse from using the methods of moral blackmail. When Poole wrote, sensibly detailing possible objections to Coleridge's cherished plan to settle in Stowey near him, he got an immediate reply beginning: "Poole, your letter has chilled my heart....". After that, it was not long before the poet was settled with his family in the village of his choice.

A considerable part of Mrs. Lawrence's book deals with the everyday life of the Coleridges in their cottage. As she writes: "It had three poky bedrooms with low ceilings, and sloping floors... Downstairs there was a small dark parlour on each side of the front door, and at the back a very primitive kitchen with cold flagged floor and a fire on the hearth without any oven. Over this fire Sara had to heat water for a big monthly washday.... When she wanted to provide a roast, the joint had to be carried to the Stowey bakehouse like the leg of pork and baked potatoes that Coleridge, in jovial verse written on the back of a lecture-prospectus, invited Tom Poole to dine on one day in January. The chimney of one parlour-grate smoked abominably and at times gave Coleridge an excuse for escaping... because the fumes set up inflammation in his eyes. And mice ran about unchecked because Coleridge pretended that it irked him to invite them hypocritically into a trap by offering them a bait of toasted cheese".

Mrs. Lawrence writes with sympathy and understanding of Coleridge, and with forbearance and tact of poor Sara, that "minnow among Tritons", who had a great deal to endure in what she always afterwards referred to as "a miserable little cottage". Among her troubles were two pregnancies, very close together, the company of Charles Lloyd, the crazy and spiteful son of the Birmingham banker, and the endless stream of guests, those intellectual friends of her husband with whom she was so hopelessly at a loss, arriving at short notice and expecting to be

put up and fed. It was no fault of hers that she possessed neither the "wild eyes" nor the taste for poetry and rambling that distinguished Dorothy Wordsworth, of whom she was understandably jealous. No wonder things sometimes went wrong. "Preparing meals for so many people in her primitive kitchen made her so flustered that she tipped a pan of scalding milk over Coleridge's foot, which deprived him of walking the hills with Lamb and the Wordsworths". We might well be grateful to her, for while his friends were away, Coleridge wrote the lovely poem "This Lime Tree Bower my Prison". A few years afterwards, the young and priggish Shelley met Sara and her sister Edith in the Lake district, and demolished them both at one stroke - "Mrs. Southey is very stupid: Mrs. Coleridge worse". Ever since, Sara's stock has been low on the biographical market. Mrs. Lawrence shows that she had an attractive side. Coleridge married her for all the wrong reasons, and she was no doubt an absurd life-companion for a man of genius; but she would have fitted nicely into the less exacting sodality of the Woodfordes.

It is generally agreed that the time at Stowey was Coleridge's great period as a poet. Wordsworth's stay in the West, on the other hand, is usually regarded as a mere prelude to the great creative epoch of Dove Cottage. But, as Mrs. Lawrence says: "where the influence of the Somerset environment is integral to the poetry Wordsworth wrote in 1798, in Coleridge's poems it is mainly incidental". Indeed Wordsworth's stay in the West was of vital importance to his development as a poet, for it gave to his work a new direction. It is in the "Alfoxden Journal" of his sister that we first see the very close relation between her descriptive prose and his poetry, so that her work often seems like the raw material of his.

Wordsworth at the time was better-off than Coleridge. The long-moribund Raisley Calvert had died at last, and left him the legacy which made all the difference between independence and servitude. So, while

Coleridge lived rather uncomfortably in the little cottage found by Poole, the Wordsworths rented a mansion, Alfoxton (or, to use the 18th. century spelling "Alfoxden") House. They took it over at what seems the incredibly cheap rate of £23 a year furnished. But they were there for only one year (1797-1798). This was the time when the French invasion scare was at its height; both Coleridge and Wordsworth were unpopular through their friendship with notorious radicals such as Thelwall, and what was believed to be their own subversive opinions; Poole's Tory relations detested them both. Inevitably they received the attentions of spies and informers who reported, with much nonsensical detail, on their supposed activity. Besides this, there must have been a good deal of vague, diffused scandal: the Wordsworths were believed to be "French emigrant people", suspected enemy agents, and he had no wife, "only a woman who passes as his sister". The grandmother of Alfoxton's child-owner refused to renew the lease, and the Wordsworths left Somerset for good.

Mrs. Lawrence's book has a double merit. It is a worthy contribution to the biography of Coleridge and Wordsworth, and both men live in its pages. But the topography of the book is also very good. Mrs. Lawrence has been over every step of the way once traversed by those famous walkers. (It is one of the minor mysteries about Coleridge that, although his portraits show that he was adenoidal and a mouth-breather, he managed to cover immense distances on foot, apparently without fatigue). She compares the countryside as the poets saw it and what we must see to-day. It is surely unnecessary to mention that these comparisons bestow little credit on the 20th century. Typical is the fate of Nether Stowey itself, as Mrs. Lawrence recounts it. The village became more and more choked with trippers' cars until the wretched inhabitants clamoured for a bypass, which they were eventually granted. Their rejoicing was somewhat tempered when they found that the line of the road sliced Nether Stowey

in two. "Unfortunately the lovely group of church and manor house has now been cut off from the rest of the village so that church-goers and others find their passage difficult and perilous". This triumph of planning and progress was celebrated in 1968.

MELLIORA AND MARTHA CLARKE

Melliora (whose name was also spelled "Melliar", "Melliara", "Meliora" and (her own signature in the Evercreech marriage register, "Melleora") was baptized on 23 July 1752, and her younger sister Martha on 10 March 1754. They were the daughters of Abraham and Sarah Clarke. An "Abraham Clark" kept the "Coach and Horses", now the "Bell" inn at Evercreech. According to the surviving Churchwardens' accounts, vestry meetings were held there: e.g. "Liquor for Vestry Meetings held at the Coach and Horses 4 pence".

James Woodforde was related to both sisters by marriage. The entry of Melliora's marriage to Brother John reads as follows: John Woodford of the parish of Ansford in the county of Somerset, and Meliora Clark of the parish of Evercreech in the said County were married in this Church by Licence this tenth day of October, 1774 by me. W. Rodbard, Vicar. Signed: John Woodforde. Melleora Clarke. Witnesses: Matthew Thomas. Dymock Shute. (Apparently Dymock Shute was Parish Clerk, for he features as a witness to a number of marriages contracted about this time.)

Three years later, Martha married Richard Clarke, the doctor's second son, whose mother was a half-sister of Woodforde's mother (Martha Collins b. 1725. d. 1751) This wedding took place at Ansford, and Martha is described as "of this Parish": presumably by 1777 both parents were dead and she had been living with her married sister. Richard died in 1784, and some thirteen years later Martha (or "Patty" as she was familiarly called) married John Jeans of Alhampton. Woodforde's morose comment on her betrothal is in the printed diary under date 10/6/1797.

(Based on information kindly supplied by the Rev. A.C.A. Sellick, Vicar of Evercreech.)

THE ANSFORD CHURCHFIELDS DEVELOPMENT PLAN

The following communication by Mrs. Joan Mewes was read out at the recent General Meeting of the Parson Woodforde Society in Norwich, and is here reproduced by her kind permission:

"Many of you know about the threat which is hanging over the Old Parsonage and the Church of Ansford - a threat that would be a fact by now, if it had not been for the willing co-operation of many members of the Society when, just two days after the 230th. birthday party for Parson Woodforde at the Old Parsonage, we discovered that the owners of the land, which lies between the Parsonage and the Church, and between that and the parish boundary of Castle Cary, had applied for outline planning permission for residential development.

But for the prompt action of many members to whom I wrote asking for assistance by objecting to the Area Planning Officer at Yeovil, the whole of this lovely area, so historically connected with the diary, would be well on the way to becoming just one more housing estate, joining Ansford to Castle Cary and destroying for ever what little is left of the separate identity of the village.

Because of the objections by members of the Society, together with some sixty signatures of local people and a strongly worded and reasoned letter from the Somerset Branch of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, outline planning permission was not granted automatically at the July Planning Committee, although this area had been placed, as suitable for residential development, upon a Policy Map, drawn up in 1767 and put on public display in Castle Cary in June and July, 1968. The villagers of Ansford knew nothing of the existence of this Policy Map, which was labelled 'Castle Cary' and apparently of no concern to Ansford.

Unfortunately, however, our difficulty has been, from the start, that unlike Stanstead and Cublington, we are not backed by our Parish Council. In

fact the Chairman, who is not resident in Ansford (nor does he now have his business there) is very much in favour of the development, but he refuses to say why, or to entertain any idea that it should not take place. Recently he and the Council, and indeed the County Council, have been sheltering behind the Minister for the Environment's directive that land should be made available to accommodate the increased population, but they fail to take note of the last part of that directive: "provided it is not detrimental to the environment". There is plenty of more suitable land for building in and around Castle Cary, to fulfil this need.

We have had two Public Meetings in the Parish, at each of which overwhelming majorities against the development were obtained. But the Area Planning Committee failed to uphold these findings, and in January this year issued an Outline Planning Certificate, with certain restrictions, because the development has been approved by the Parish Council and the Rural District Council. And so the bogey of compensation is also aligned against us. It would seem to us that the Planning authorities have deliberately placed themselves in this position.

Although the scheme received the outline Planning Certificate in January, after the postal strike began; just as you did not receive any notification of the decision until after the strike had ended, neither did we. There was, however, at that time a perfectly efficient service in operation which we ourselves used many times, whereby the local Councils ran a courier service between themselves and the County Council offices in Taunton. The telephone was also working efficiently. Our solicitor took pleasure in pointing this out to the Clerk of the County Council.

We had by now consulted a solicitor, one who is used to Council matters, being a Councillor himself, and a member of the planning committee, but in another part of the county. His advice: "Continue the fight, but take it above county level".

And so this brings us to the reason why we had to petition the Queen, asking Her Majesty to prevail upon the Minister for the Environment to hold an enquiry, only to be told that she cannot intervene in local affairs. We had at the beginning approached Mr. Peter Walker, the then Minister of Housing and Local Government, and we had always been told by his department: "The Minister does not interfere in local planning matters. Therefore you should approach your local government officials". We were back to the Parish Council Chairman in one or all of his official capacities - he also represents Ansford on the Rural District Council and Castle Cary on the Somerset County Council, as well as being a member of the Rural District Planning Committee and the Area Planning Committee.

It would appear from his recent speeches, both to the Council for the Preservation of Rural England at their Annual General Meeting, and again during the recent Conservative Party Political Broadcast that the Minister for the Environment intends "to save the country for the people and not from the people". This should give him an excellent starting point - to save this piece of beautiful and historical country from being turned into another overspill and thus being destroyed for all time.

Quite apart from the historical reason, the association with Parson Woodforde, there are many other grounds for opposing this scheme: the loss of a much-loved open space containing important rights - of-way; no local need; no local employment; no adequate transport to nearby towns other than by private care; overcrowded roads; dangerous access; inadequate medical facilities; sewage plant already heavily overloaded; local rivers polluted (no fish for the Parson) and the possibility of a very serious water shortage.

My husband and I have an apology to make: we have been so heavily involved in pushing ahead with our campaign to defend the Parson's old home, and with

moving house from Surrey to Somerset and starting a new business venture, that we have had no time in which to write individual letters to those members, in particular Mr. Oliver Woodforde, M.B.E., who were kind enough to help, to thank them personally - and we therefore take this opportunity of so doing. Nor, we regret, were we able to thank those who wrote to us saying that they had had an official letter from the Somerset County Council, informing them that official planning permission had been granted. Please do not be discouraged by this: we are still fighting, and with the assistance of our M.P., the Hon. Robert Boscawen and also, we hope, one of the largest of the Sunday newspapers, we should win. When this article appears, or before that, if you prefer, will you all please help by writing to the Editor of the Sunday Times, and to as many other editors as you have time to, expressing your horror at the prospect of one more historic village being wiped off the map by a flood of concrete, as surely as Etna has erased the villages clinging to her sides".
