PARSON WOODFORDE SOCIETY

Quarterly Journal

ANNA MARIA WOODFORDE ("NANCY")
Chalk drawing by Samuel Woodforde R.A.

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It is hardly surprising that undergraduates' high spirits, sometimes stimulated by drink and spurred on by boredom, occasionally erupted into violence with each other or with the townsfolk. Edmond Bolton of Brasenose was spending an evening in December 1725 at the room of one Wyndham Napier to drink punch. "Everyone at first design'd to get drunk soberly, and took their Glasses together very friendly: each drinking his right-hand man's good health over the right thumb". One of the party, Mr. Trogee, ill-content with drinking over the glass, swigged from the bowl, so arousing the anger of his comrades. "Now glasses clash'd with glasses, and pipes with pipes in terrible Confusion, and the punch ran in rapid streams down their throats". A brawl ensued. Trogee was "kick'd from the top of the stairs, and wou'd inevitably have broken his skull" had not "Alford catch'd him at the bottom" ... some hurt and some unhurt in the scuffle they went to bed themselves, and so very prettily concluded the Sunday night. Trogee is gone down into the Country and has carry'd with him a terrible black Eye and Bruis'd face". Even Woodforde engaged in fisticuffs with his friend Macock of Lincoln in the High on 2 November 1760. Two years later "Webber and myself had a Quarrell in the B C R and fought in the Garden, where he ... beat me unmercifully". When Woodforde was sub-warden in 1775 "there was a great Riot in College by the Junior People - who broke down Dawbenys Doors, and broke Jeffries's Windows". In 1729 Thomas Hilton and four others from Lincoln were charged with breaking into the college buttery and "by rioting and drunkenness first on the water and after in Colledge, where your company could scarce be dispersed by the Tutors and Officers of the Colledge".

– *The History of the University of Oxford Vol. V, The Eighteenth Century, ed. L. S. Sutherland and L. G. Mitchell (1986), 343/4.*

Issued to Members of the Parson Woodforde Society

Chairman
G. H. Bunting
Priddles Hill House
Hadspen
CASTLE CARY
Somerset

Editor
R. L. Winstanley
6 Corville Road
HALESOWEN
West Midlands

Secretary
Mrs. P. Stanley
76 Spencer Street
NORWICH
Norfolk

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EDITORIAL

As I write this I am literally surrounded, if not exactly like Mr. Venus the taxidermist with the trophies of his Art, at least with vast masses of papers, handwritten and typescript, which one day the printer's ordering touch will transform into another volume of James Woodforde's diary, in the Society's edition.

The importance of this section of the diary lies in the fact that with it our original project, to print the complete diary from its beginning in 1759 to 1781, will be complete. A reader, whether a member of the Parson Woodforde Society or not, will have available the whole of the diary of the Somerset and Oxford periods, and the first six years of his residence in Norfolk.

I confess that when I first began work on transcribing the diary I was quite uncertain whether our "Scheme", as the diarist would have termed it, would ever achieve completion; still less that this would be attained in a space of some ten years.

That this could have been so is attributable in the first place to the Society itself. It had to stay viable over the years, while many small literary and historical groups, such as we originally were, succumb to inanition after a very short time. Members had to be willing to stay with us, pay the subscriptions which are the life-blood of any independent Society, and maintain the interest which alone could guarantee the sale of the successive diary volumes as they appeared. We have also been greatly helped by the generosity of special benefactors. Without Mrs. Arisoy's noble gift of the microfilm,* it would not have been possible for me to have carried out the basic task of transcribing the diary. I could not

* This was written before I heard of the sad death of our patroness, a word which I use in the nicest possible sense. We remember how much she enjoyed being present at our "Gatherings", and hope that in making them attractive we were able to repay a little of her generosity to us.

even begin to list the great amount of practical help and advice I have received since my task began, or to enumerate the many kind and willing friends who have contributed to the success of our venture, and to the well-being of the Parson Woodforde Society itself.

To revert to our publication plans, the volume numbered as *Ansford Diary V,* covering the years 1772 and 1773, is ready for the printer and will be out as early as possible next year. It will be a very pleasant gesture if we are able to publish its successor, *Oxford and Somerset (1774-1775)* the year after (1989). For in that year we shall really be coming of age.

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

It is with very great regret that I have to report the death of Mrs. M. Kemal Arisoy, our American member, friend and benefactress. Mrs. Arisoy was a founder member, responding to the first overtures of our President when he formed the idea of establishing a Parson Woodforde Society in 1968. Mrs. Arisoy was a Woodforde enthusiast and, on no less than three occasions, made the journey from her home in New York to attend our annual "Frolic". Those members who recall meeting her will remember her as a lady who wore her years lightly, always keen to take part in every event of our Gathering. She had a lively mind and was very well informed about the diaries in particular and eighteenth century English life in general. She was always very generous to the Society and it is because of her benevolence that the publication of the Society's diary volumes has proceeded so rapidly. With the appearance of Volume III of *The Early Norfolk Years* the Society was able, as a mark of affection and gratitude, to dedicate the volume to her. I know that the gesture gave her very great pleasure and satisfaction. We shall miss greatly her enthusiasm for the Society and her great interest in our affairs and we shall remember her with real affection.

With the approach of autumn, your Committee will soon meet to plan the Somerset "Frolic" for 1988. The occasion will be special in that it will mark the 20th anniversary of our foundation. It is my great hope that our President and founder will be with us for the event. In a previous issue of the Journal I indicated that your Committee would welcome for consideration any suggestions members might have for marking the occasion in some special way. While I have not yet received any proposals, it is still not too late for your ideas. Please write to me as soon as possible if you do have thoughts on this. Although dates cannot yet be finalised, it is hoped that middle to late May will prove possible.

Regrettably, some subscriptions still remain outstanding, in spite of a number of reminders. If you have not already done so, please forward your dues for 1987.

G. H. BUNTING
Chairman

NANCY WOODFORDE AND THE PLIGHT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY WOMAN

I should like to dedicate this essay to the memory of Winifred Holtby (1898-1935), one of the most beautiful of all feminine natures, and the most amiable of feminists: novelist, journalist and lover of humanity, whose goodness and wisdom have gone with me through life as though she had been some real personal friend of my own.

Women make up approximately one-half of the human race. Biologically considered, females are very much more important than males, as any farmer will tell you. In some species, indeed, the course of evolution has reduced the male to a mere reproductory instrument. Women live longer than men, they are less susceptible to various crippling diseases; they have many qualities which the vast majority of men most signally lack. They are capable of much greater devotion, particularly to their children and those they love. They are far less prone to violence, law-breaking and crime. As a general rule it is the most stupid of men who resent, dislike, and essentially fear women. Conversely, the most intelligent men value them the most highly, "delighting in [their] company", as the lover expressed it in *Greensleeves*. Yet, throughout recorded history, down to the tiny fraction of historical time represented by the last hundred years or so, women have been treated not as the mate, the friend, the equal, the partner of men but as some inferior race, not fully admitted to the status of human beings. The church father Tertullian, for example, seriously doubted if women had souls, and though few have taken misogyny quite so far as this, the idea of the natural inferiority of women to men was something which at one time practically all men believed, and great numbers continue to believe it still, seeing that the acknowledgement of women's rights is virtually restricted to advanced western countries. Perhaps such a belief was necessary to provide a justification for treating women as slaves, chattels and beasts of burden.

I do not propose here to rehearse the gruesome horrors of the distant past. We are after all the Parson Woodforde Society, and if as always the Woodfordes are to be our theme

the period in time in which the Parson lived must impose its own chronological limitations. Let us therefore briefly look at the social position of women in the eighteenth century, not really very far away in time from our own epoch and a relatively civilised era.

We may say at once that although women had equal rights with men under the common law, against men they possessed no rights at all. Everyone knows they had no vote, and consequently no influence in politics and public life. A single woman could inherit money and keep it but if she married, unless provision was made to have her fortune settled on her, anything she possessed became the outright property of her husband. This made her in many cases a prisoner within marriage, and it is significant enough that once women acquired the ability and right to earn their livings, and so gain economic freedom, other freedoms soon followed. Divorce was immensely difficult for anyone to obtain; it required a special Act of Parliament, and was so expensive that it was open only to the very rich. But virtually all eighteenth century divorce actions were brought by husbands to repudiate their wives. A wife could not get a divorce on grounds of adultery alone but had to produce some extra charge, such as cruelty, against her husband; and even then had little chance of winning her case. In a few exceptionally rare cases a woman might succeed, without divorce, in breaking free from an intolerable marriage, but only at the cost of leaving her children behind.

The very defective, in some respects non-existent, system of education for girls ensured that there was very little paid work a woman could do. There were one or two tasks traditionally carried out by women. In places where cottage industries flourished, the whole family, father, mother and children, often worked together at home. Shopkeeping was also very much of a family occupation, and women are frequently seen in Woodforde's diary as innkeepers; but these were always widows and no single woman would ever have been granted a licence to keep an inn. Spinning was also considered to be woman's work, to such an extent that "spinster" was, and still is to this day, the legal definition of a single woman, just as "husband" once meant farmer. On

dairy farms a great deal of the work was done by milkmaids, like Hardy's Tess. The women of the labouring classes sometimes worked in the fields, but apart from some specialised tasks like gleaning after the harvest, field work for women in this country was unpopular and taken on only in times of real necessity.

Women in the middle classes had far fewer work opportunities. There were what might be called the lower middle class trades of dress-making and millinery, with all the associated occupations which followed a descending curve until the absolute bottom was reached with such sweated misery as that of the women who sewed buttons on shirts, hundreds of them for a few pence.*

From the ranks of more genteel poverty came the girls who took such posts as that of governess, or teacher in a private school, or companion to some rich lady. But virtually every girl of the leisured classes had her eyes firmly fixed on what was the one real feminine career, that of marriage. It is for that reason that girls, if they were taught anything at all, were taught "accomplishments", little more than tricks thought to be attractive to a man who might be looking for a wife. Playing musical instruments, doing pencil and watercolour sketches, and various kinds of fancy needlework were all typical of these skills. Girls were put to learn them early, as witness the samplers often worked by quite young children. But even the most dazzling displays of domestic virtuosity could be insufficient unless the girl were adequately dowered. Hence the appearance, in great numbers, of the single daughters, the maiden aunts, the old maids – in fact, the Nancy Woodfordes.

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As in *Tristram Shandy,* we begin some time before the birth of our heroine. Towards the end of the year 1754 the Parson's brother Heighes Woodforde borrowed thirty pounds from his father, no doubt tactfully withholding any explanation

* This abuse was still rife so late as the 1840's, when Thomas Hood wrote his powerful, haunting poem *The Song of the Shirt* (1843). A few years later the sewing machine, surely the most beneficial of human labour-saving inventions, came on to the market; but that did not prevent the continuing exploitation of women in their thousands by unscrupulous employers.

as to why he needed the money. In fact he utilized it to finance his elopement with Miss Anne Dorville of Alhampton, a hamlet in the parish of Ditcheat, not far from Ansford. On 17 December they were married in the Savoy Chapel in London, one of seventeen couples united there that day, by a clergyman who was soon afterwards tried and sentenced to transportation for carrying out this kind of clandestine marriage, illegal since the passing of Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act the year before. No doubt Heighes and Anne found good reason to lament their "o'er-hasty marriage", as the Queen put it in *Hamlet,* but from the Woodforde family's point of view it was by no means a bad match in financial and material terms, since Anne was a local heiress and succeeded to the family estate on the death of her father a few months later. By the way, if what I say about her position may appear to conflict with my earlier remarks concerning the plight of women in general, it should be remembered that she was one of the lucky ones. The marriage settlement gave Heighes no rights over her property, while she had a life interest in his. There must have been some doubt, however, whether a marriage contracted in the circumstances I have outlined above was legally viable. Nothing was done about it at first; but when in the second half of 1756 Anne became pregnant Mr. Woodforde senior insisted that the ceremony be repeated. This was done on 22 January 1757 at Anne's parish church of Ditcheat. Anna Maria Woodforde, their eldest child, our Nancy, was born at Alhampton on 8 March and baptised on 25 April.

Her parents appear to have lived together, at least outwardly, in harmony for some years. Three more children were born to them: William in 1758, Juliana in 1760 and Samuel, the painter and RA, in 1763. It was in the year following his birth that Woodforde first reported that there had been "sad Quarrels between Brother and his Wife".

Several years then went by, when for part of the time Heighes was living separately from Anne, and on the occasions when he is seen in her house he may have had the status rather of a lodger than a husband. Finally, she threw him out for good in 1771, having his bed dragged out of the house and sending it back to Ansford. As a form of gentle

hint that the marriage was at an end this seems to have worked, for there is no sign that Heighes and Anne ever had anything more to do with one another. In the draft Will preserved in the New College Woodforde archive, Heighes most emphatically and solemnly protests that he is not the father of Anne's three youngest sons, although in the parish register they were put down as Woodfordes.*

In 1776 a formal deed of separation was drawn up by which the responsibility for the maintenance of the children was shared between them. In this way Heighes became liable to provide for Nancy's upkeep; although there must be considerable doubt whether he was in a position to contribute anything towards this.

We can only speculate on the possible effects that all this marital bickering, and the breakdown of the marriage, had on the children. We do not know enough about the unfortunate Juliana to judge her character at all, but William and Samuel were both essentially selfish persons. Nancy was capable of grief, at least once, when her sister died, and perhaps even of love; but with her these emotions did not go very deep or last very long. All four obviously disliked their mother and escaped from her at the first opportunity. Some diary entries in 1770 describe the inoculation of the children and their stay at Doctor Clarke's new hospital. The diary says that "they are happy to be from [or as we should say *away from*] their mother". A few days later he reports: "The children are brave and have a pretty sprinkling of the smallpox. Their mother behaves quite unnatural to them." The diary contains a few allusions to Nancy Woodford in childhood; but the Parson had in general little interest in children and she is mentioned only incidentally, as when her name is included in a list of people present on some occasion. In any case she was not his favourite niece; that place was held by Jenny White, four years younger, until her death from diphtheria in 1771.

Nancy lived with her mother in Alhampton who, when she was about twelve, appears to have made some move towards having her apprenticed to a dressmaker or "mantua-maker",

* Ralph Dorville (1767): Francis (1769): James - afterwards M.D. - (1771).

as the trade was called at the time. I do not know why this came to nothing; possibly the Woodfordes objected, considering it to be a demeaning sort of trade for one of the family. When Nancy was fourteen she was sent to Mrs. Astin's boarding school at Castle Cary. Woodforde says that she was "much improved" since she had been attending the school, and gave her a general invitation to dinner at the Parsonage every Sunday; but Heighes, running true to form, failed to pay the school fees and Jenny Robin (a lovely name, like that of a character in a novel by Thomas Hardy) appeared at the Parsonage and tried to get the money from Woodforde. When he refused to pay the very polite creditor said that "she hoped I would not be affronted if she employed an Attorney to get it." If Nancy left school at this time, such formal education as she ever had was thereupon completed.

When the diarist was awarded his Norfolk living the question of a companion for him in that faraway place became pressing. There surely were discussions and plans of which the diary tells us nothing, but by about the summer of 1775 it must have been virtually settled that Nancy was to be that companion.

Now, however, an unexpected hitch arose, which totally upset their plans. Nancy, whose health had so far never been mentioned, was ill. Scrofula, which is not to be found under that name in modern medical books, was more often called by contemporaries "The King's Evil", since it had for centuries been thought, a belief not long abandoned, that the touch of the reigning sovereign could cure the ailment, the last monarch to take part in the healing ceremony being Queen Anne. It was a disease of tubercular origin, mainly characterized by swelling of the lymph glands in the neck. When I was young, it was quite common to see people whose necks bore scars, left after the tumour had been surgically removed. There is no allusion anywhere to this symptom ever being present in Nancy's case, and it is always possible that the diagnosis was mistaken, hardly a rare occurence in eighteenth century medicine. With her, it was her "elbow and hand" that were affected, and in later years the lesion shifted to one of her knees.

So on 20 March Heighes appeared at the Parsonage, the bringer of bad news. He said that "Nancy Woodforde would not be able to go with me to Norfolk", as "her Disorder was the King's Evil". A Dr. Buckland had diagnosed it and said he could "cure her in a twelvemonth".

Something of the magical nature of the disease and the atmosphere of legend and mystery surrounding it becomes clear when we are told of the man's qualifications. Although called "Doctor" he was in fact "a seventh son & is a grazier and Farmer". The next day Woodforde's friend Dr. Donne called and confirmed the diagnosis. He recommended in place of Buckland another strange candidate: "he knew a Person who was perfectly cured of such Disorder by a Man near Axbridge, a Gentleman Farmer but he had forgot his Name but that he would recollect & send me his name". He added handsomely that the patient had been cured in nine months and "has been well five years", although previously in his, Dr. Donne's, care and that of another famous surgeon, but that they could "do nothing for her". Perhaps as an afterthought, as he was leaving, he remarked that "Alford Well Water had done great things in Complaints of the Kings Evil, & very good for such Disorders".

The immediate result of this was that a few days later the diarist and Heighes went to look at the miraculous well. Accuse me of digressions if you will, but I cannot resist quoting this passage: "It is in an Outhouse of John Russ's who married Sampson Screese's Widow - we saw her and she behaved very civil to us & gave us some Cyder".

But Nancy's ailment and the prolonged treatment thought to be necessary for it had put paid to her chances of going to Norfolk with her uncle. We are told nothing about her reaction, but we might guess that she was keenly disappointed. At 19 such blows of Fate are hard to bear. As for Woodforde, on 20 April, and only some ten days before he was due to leave the West country for good, he selected Nancy's brother Bill to go with him, a decision he was later very much to regret. One must wonder why Juliana, 16 in this year, was not chosen; perhaps because she was thought to be too young, or because Heighes, whose favourite she appears to have been, was unwilling to let her go.

And with that the Parson and nephew vanish from their old haunts, and Nancy of course disappears from sight altogether. On 16 March 1777 Bill had a letter from his father which said that "his Sister Nancy [was] in a bad Way". Later on in this year the two expatriates were back in the West on holiday. On 10 July Woodforde saw his niece at Sister Clarke's and reported that she was "very bad indeed still", although she was apparently well enough to be present at one or two of the parties put on for him by his relations.

Once more we lose sight of Nancy. Bill meanwhile wore out his welcome at Weston Parsonage, and his uncle at last thankfully got rid of him. Then in 1779 the Parson once more took his long journey across England. Nancy now appears frequently in the accounts he gives of the various family festivities, and is clearly quite active. Nothing is said at all about her health. Perhaps Buckland, or the man near Axbridge, or even liberal potations of Alford Well Water had done the trick. It is far more likely, however, that the disease had simply gone into one of its phases of remission and the symptoms had temporarily cleared up.

Woodforde does not say when it was that he renewed his original offer to Nancy, but on 28 August he noted down: "I called at my Brother Johns & Sister Clarkes - Jack is very angry about Nancy's coming into Norfolk". I can explain this only by supposing that since her recovery Nancy had been living with John and Melliora, that she maybe did some sort of work in return for her keep and that Woodforde's brother did not want to lose her.

The diarist did not take his niece with him when he started back for Norfolk on 8 September with Will Coleman; presumably because he was riding on horseback. The previous evening he had called on his brother to say good-bye. The latter was still bearing him a grudge, for "he talked as usual very disagreeable".

As Nancy could not have been expected to take such a long journey by herself, it was clearly arranged that Sister Clarke and her eccentric son Sam, one year older than Nancy, should accompany her, as companions and chaperones. Back at Weston, the Parson heard on 9 October that the

travellers had already left Ansford and that "Two Boxes with their Cloaths were already sent". After staying three or four days in London, the visitors finally arrived in Norwich at 8 o'clock on the evening of 12 October, so tired that "they drank some Tea immediately and soon decamped to bed" at the *King's Head.* After a long and fairly inharmonious stay mother and son returned to Ansford, but Nancy remained.

Weston Parsonage was to be her home for nearly a quarter of a century, and she would be there for the rest of her uncle's lifetime. But Woodforde was a cautious man. If we look at his "pleasant formula" again, as he was phrasing it at this time, we see he always says that he "breakfasted" etc. "at home", while the same form of words in Nancy's case ends with "here". It was some years before he recognised that the Parsonage was rightfully her home as well as his.

When Nancy Woodforde arrived in Norfolk, she was just short of 23 years old. Two portraits of her exist, both by her brother Samuel. One, a chalk drawing, very delicately outlined, shows her as still a young girl, and was certainly made while she was living at Ansford. She was not a beauty, and if I were to prefer being truthful to being *galant*, I should have to confess that she had rather a puddingy face. Her best feature, at least according to this picture of her, was her very abundant, even luxuriant, hair. The other portrait, a full length in oils, shows her in early middle age, reclining on a garden seat. She wears a sort of turban and her hair is not particularly outstanding in this picture. She looks measurably overweight, the heavy protein meals of the Parsonage having done their worst to her figure. A counterpart to her, in our time, would no doubt be neurotic about what the bathroom scales revealed, would hastily join a Weightwatchers Club and exchange the roast beef and pig's face of the Parsonage dining table for carrot juice and muesli. People in the eighteenth century had usually no idea of how much they weighed and no doubt did not care, so long as they felt well. Although Woodforde, while detailing so many succulent meals in his diary, rarely tells us how much he ate of each course, he was less discreet where Nancy was concerned, and some of her gastronomic feats were no less than awe-

inspiring; guaranteed to make even William George Bunter, the fat boy of Greyfriars School, sound like an ascetic or someone on hunger strike. On 24 September 1790 she "eat for Dinner some boiled Beef, rather fat and salt, a good deal of a nice roast Duck, and plenty of boiled damson Pudding. After dinner by way of Desert she eat some greengage Plums, some Figs and Rasberries and Cream". It is no wonder that some time later she had such a jumbo attack of indigestion that she seemed to be "blown up as if poisoned". Her uncle's remedy was nothing short of heroic: "A good half Pint Glass of warm Rum and Water"; after which she was soon "a little better". Nancy's dietary splurges did her little harm in the long run, as she lived to be 73.

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The first supplement to the Journal offered by the Society back in 1971 was a selection of Nancy's letters to various relations. All but one are copies made by Nancy before sending the originals off in the post. She did not bother to date these, but they can be identified as belonging to her first years in Norfolk and are of great value to us here as they give us her own immediate impressions without the interposition, as is usual, of her uncle's personality. She sounds happy, full of gossip about clothes and parties, the charm and sophistication of her new Norfolk friends, the kindness of the squire's wife. She went to the Norwich music festival where Signora Storace "most divinely" sang *Angels ever bright and fair.* Miss Donne of Norwich came to the Parsonage with the Bodhams on a one-night visit; Nancy slept with her and they "laughed and talked till near 4 o'clock in the morning". She appears as a generous, friendly girl. To Bill, knowing the circumstances in which her brother had left the Parsonage, she wrote: "*Don't*" (and she underlined the word) "be afraid of my uncle's being angry with you for I will say as much as I can for you". When she heard of the elopement of her cousins Robert White and Sophia Clarke, she wrote to Melliora: "I can't imagine why her friends" [by which of course she means the Clarke family] "should be so much averse to the match, and it is by no means beneath herself. Pray tell them, if they are married, that I wish them all the joy and happiness in the world." And as we should expect,

she was lavish in her praise of the Parson whose bounty had given her this new and exciting life. To Juliana she wrote: "I like my uncle exceedingly; he is a very worthy and good kind of a man and I hope heaven will reward him for his goodness to me. We have not been above a week this summer without company or going out."

Of course there were some unpleasantnesses. Heighes, who had once employed her as a go-between when he was begging loans from his brother, was still trying to entangle her in his murky affairs. He applied to Nancy asking her to prevail on the Parson to act as guarantor for a loan he was trying to raise. Her embarrassment at having to reject the proposal was very obvious. And on the debit side there was still the question of her illness, which eventually became located in one of her knees where it came and went. When there was a flare-up of the condition, it made her so lame that she was unable to walk "without holding", as Woodforde said once. In the phases of remission the lameness disappeared, so that we find her rather naively bragging to Juliana: "I suppose you will be astonished to hear that I have rode nearly a hundred miles this summer. I have often rode twelve miles in a day and many times six miles before breakfast. All these miles on horseback, remember!" But in a previous letter written about a year before she had told her sister: "I use a great deal more exercise here than I did in Somerset in hopes of getting better of my lameness, but I am afraid I never shall be able to walk without the assistance of a stick." And in later years, when she had less to occupy her mind and use up her energies with, she would be reduced to walking round and round the garden and clocking up the mileage, a pursuit which might almost stand as a symbol of her life.

The early period at Weston was a golden age for her, and never again would her life be so happy, so carefree, so varied; and yet, however she may have enjoyed her life, as a contrast to the penny-pinching and squalor surrounding Heighes, she was still quite literally a slave. For the happiness she experienced depended upon the whims of another person, and if he were to change she would have to change too.

From Woodforde's own point of view the coming of Nancy into his household was a considerable benefit. He was a gregarious man and had felt desolate at the imminent departure in 1777 of even the unsatisfactory Bill, writing piteously in the diary: "When Bill goes I shall have no-one to converse with - quite without a Friend." Nancy was far more docile and amenable to his will than any young man could have been. He got on so well with her, the arrangement worked so smoothly, that he would not have wanted to see any change. If it had ever struck him that he was preparing for Nancy an inevitable life of barren celibacy which would extend many years beyond his own lifetime, he would no doubt have reflected that the society in which they lived was full of old maids! And was he not doing his duty by his niece? He had rescued her from poverty, fed her, clothed her, took her about whenever it suited him, and gave her a pig, or its cash equivalent, every Christmas. What had she to complain of? What more could she reasonably expect?

But she must have seen the situation in a very different light. She could scarcely have helped nursing a few very agreeable daydreams of some handsome young bachelor clergyman riding up to the Parsonage on purpose to ask for her hand in marriage. But time passed; Woodforde's clerical neighbours were either married already or elderly like Mr. du Quesne, impossible to think of as suitors. It was between eight and nine years since she had come to live at the Parsonage when a serious disagreement arose between the Parson and his niece, a contest in which she was, predictably, defeated, and which showed up all the weakness of her dependent position. And perhaps after it, things between them were never quite the same.

But he had himself provoked the situation. Betsy Davie had been a child of 10 when Nancy first knew her. However unsuitable as a companion for a young woman she might be thought, Nancy had been thrown a good deal into her company, because Woodforde had been at the time interested in Betsy's mother. Betsy was now eighteen and engaged to that initially fascinating young man, Mr. Robert George Walker. Nancy had now passed thirty and it was an epoch when women were held and indeed expected to age far more

quickly than they do now. By the standards of the time she was already bordering upon middle age and she had, through the circumstances of Woodforde's life, been much in the company of people older than herself. There must have been something particularly delightful in the friendship of the young betrothed pair, in whose company she could believe that she was herself still young, in spite of the passing years. Woodforde had always had a sort of avuncular affection for young Betsy and, whatever he was later to say against him, clearly liked Walker at first, appreciating his good humour and admiring his singing. Nor should we be at all surprised by this. Walker was a confidence trickster who depended for his living upon making a good impression.

In 1788 Betsy was staying at the Parsonage for days and even weeks at a time. As for Walker, his behaviour reminds us of young Marlow in the play of *She Stoops to Conquer,* who mistook his friend's house for an inn. Indeed, Woodforde at one point made use of the identical expression, after a day much plagued by casual visitors and Walker having brought a stranger with him: "My house was more like an Inn this evening than anything else." Rather like Bill when he was toying with the idea of joining the Navy, Walker kept going off as if to travel to London but always returned to the Parsonage with an excuse. But worse than this, Walker began to behave insolently to his host; perhaps he encouraged his fiancée to do the same, and they both influenced Nancy, who most unwisely abetted them. The two girls had secrets which they would not tell Woodforde about; in all probability they were trivial and harmless enough, but after all Nancy had been living with her uncle long enough to have realised, if she had thought about it at all, that he had a suspicious mind. But Nancy had by now forgotten how happy she had once been just to live at the Parsonage, and how gratefully she had once praised her uncle's generosity. He signified for her nothing but dull tedium, for years of which she was now getting her own back. It must have seemed delightfully bold and daring when Walker ordered dinner for three at the *King's Head* on Christmas Day and a chaise to take them and bring them back. Woodforde disgus-

tedly called this "Very wild, unsteady and thoughtless Work". But the young people took no notice of him. He was being reduced to a cipher in his own household, and did not enjoy the experience; but without violating the laws of hospitality, upon which all civilised and educated people of the time set such a high value, there was nothing he could immediately do about it. If he had been Nancy's father rather than just her uncle he could no doubt have invoked a traditional right and forbidden her friends the house. But he did not have the rights of a father where Nancy was concerned, and perhaps she had reminded him of that fact, at least implicitly. By 3 May next year, having received a note from Nancy, who was staying with the Bodhams, telling him, without asking his permission, that she was going on to the Thornes to meet Betsy and Walker, he wrote: "I am almost continually vexed and tormented by her Connection with the Davy's etc. They have almost alienated my regard for my Niece." Ominous words, if one joins them to what happened so soon afterwards.

The outcome was that events played straight into his hands. Early in 1790 Walker disappeared, and the long catalogue of his misdeeds came to light. It is clear enough that Woodforde blamed Nancy for much of what had happened. This can be seen in the way he brings her name into what had started as a denunciation of Walker. Entry for 3 March: "I have a long time given him up. His behaviour to me last winter made me despise him utterly. Nancy's encouraging him to come to my House after such Behaviour has greatly lessened my Esteem for her." I am also quite sure that he told her, as he told his diary, that her reputation had suffered by her involvement with Walker. Some commentators on Woodforde indeed, notably Mr. Bradby, have stated that this was so, and that without the moral support and countenance of Mrs. Custance she would have experienced actual social ostracism. But this is pure speculation, for which there is no tangible evidence.

What we can be sure of is that Woodforde issued his ultimatum in unmistakeable terms. "I wish now to break off every connection with M^rs^. Davie and her long train of acquaintance. I desired Nancy to drop her acquaintance by

all means which if she does not, as their Characters are so well known, she will disoblige me as much as she possibly can do, and so &c.". The sentence breaks off, confused, but the implied threat is crystal clear. Nancy submitted at once, as indeed she had no option but to do. She was a poor relation and her uncle represented her chief, indeed her only, prospect of a life in reasonable comfort. Woodforde's ban on the whole Davie set extended to include the harmless Dr. Thorne, who was Walker's uncle. In the only one of Nancy's letters of this period to have survived, addressed to Melliora and dated 17 January 1791, she wrote sadly: "We were lately invited to dine at Dr. Thorne's but uncle would not go or let me. He does not like them on account of the Davies. I am never to visit the Thornes again. This is between you and I. I never hear anything of Davies."

Nancy left behind twenty-six little booklets of the *Lady's Pocket Companion* type containing scattered diary material of a sort, but in 1792, having obtained a large notebook, she used it to write a real diary like that of her uncle and succeeded in keeping it up for the whole of that year, although it is true she flagged a little towards the end. This comes in most conveniently for our purposes here, for it shows her in the aftermath of the Davie imbroglio. We see that she was a resilient sort of girl, able to repair the strained but by no means broken relationship with her uncle. There is no evidence at all that Woodforde ever read any part of this diary and it is unlikely that she would have felt any need to include in it observations put in on purpose to please him. There are two references to the Davies and the tone of both is so unlike that of the passage in the letter to Melliora just cited that they may be taken either as showing that she had quite spontaneously come round to her uncle's point of view or, at least, that she was anxious not to put herself in the wrong again by annoying him. The first was written on 7 January: "Mr. Thorne called yesterday to invite me to meet Betsy Davie but that I shall not do. I have had trouble enough about her and her mother too." The second and last is part of a long entry for 12 April: "Mr. and Mrs. Thorne called whilst I was at Weston House but did not come in. They came to invite me to spend a few days with them. Betsy Davie being there my

uncle made some excuse for my not going. I wish they would never invite me to meet the Davies for I have had trouble enough about them."

Walker died just two weeks after this and Betsy was not seen again at the Parsonage until she unexpectedly turned up in Woodforde's last days with her husband and small child.

If Nancy's 1792 diary is collated with that of her uncle over the same period the result must surely be something unique in the history of diary-making. Here you have two people living under the same roof and sharing common experiences. Nevertheless, differences of emphasis and selection, governed by sex, age and temperament, are present. Unfortunately, considerations of space prevent my enlarging on this fascinating theme. We hope later to publish the greater part of Nancy's diary, edited by Penny Taylor, in another of our special supplements to the Journal. All I wish to do here is to look briefly at it for what it has to tell us of Nancy as a person.

She writes much of clothes, a subject in which her interest was obviously keen, both for smaller accessories of dress such as aprons and handkerchiefs and bonnets which she made herself, and the more basic articles of clothing bought from outside. It was the Parsonage custom for uncle and niece to take turns in reading to one another, but Nancy also spent a certain amount of time reading to herself and she mentions books about which the Parson was wholly silent. At different times she read *The History of England,* probably the same book that Woodforde had bought in separate parts as an undergraduate at Oxford over thirty years before, *Hogarth Illustrated* by John Fielding, Buffon's *Natural History,* a best-seller of the time, lent to her by Mr. du Quesne, and the memoirs of Baron Trenck, translated by the radical dramatist Thomas Holbrook. We can see that she responded to some at least of this literature with keen sympathy. After finishing the Baron's autobiography - he was imprisoned for ten years in the fortress of Magdeburg on the orders of Frederick the Great - she wrote: "His history shows him to be a great and noble-minded man who bore his dreadful misfortunes with the greatest fortitude." On the other hand the terse entry for 2 February: "Finished reading Shakes-

peare's plays" prompts the query: "What! all of them?" – and did she read them on the "one down, t'other come on!" principle?

While the 1792 diary does not show Nancy as moved to praise her uncle more than very occasionally and as it were casually, she seems to have been living at this time on quite good terms with him, and to have led a reasonably interesting and varied life, with one golden interlude, the visit of her brother Sam whom she had not seen since 1785, and who stayed at the Parsonage from 15 to 29 August. And there was also the constant friendship with Mrs. Custance whose slow recovery from her illness is chronicled in great detail by Nancy, although the happy relationship with the charming lady was broken when the Squire's family went to live in Bath in October, *"God knows when we shall see them again"*, Nancy wrote, and underlined the words in her diary.

It would have been happy for Nancy if she could have led the same life in later years. Woodforde reached the age of fifty in reasonably good health in spite of his imprudences in eating and drinking, but soon afterwards he was attacked by the first preliminary symptoms of what developed into severe circulatory problems. It was now that the vicious spiral set in which is familiar to all those who have read the last ten years or so of his diary with attention. He did not feel so well, he became more inactive, and so he took less and less exercise which meant that his system could no longer neutralise the effects of his intake of heavy food. As he became more preoccupied with his own physical state he cut down both on his own expeditions and the invitation of his friends to the Parsonage. Mr. du Quesne died and the Custances, as I have said, went to live in Bath. Others like the Jeans couple, looked upon as friends, turned out not to be friends at all, and we cannot forget that day when the Jeans' carriage dashed furiously past the Parsonage gate instead of stopping there as in earlier and happier times. And all this worked to make up the familiar picture of the last years at the Parsonage, with the diarist ill, interested in little beyond the physical manifestations of his malaise, and Nancy "pert", as he called her, bored and disagreeable – and by now he was referring to her constantly as "Miss Woodforde".

From this miserable situation when her uncle's death finally came to release her on New Year's Day 1803, she was 46 years old, an old maid indeed, with nearly thirty years still to live. After staying with the Custances and the Bodhams Nancy finally left Norfolk, which she seems never to have seen again, and went to live with brother Sam in London. One might have guessed that the capital and the company of the painter's artistic friends would have suited her much better than rural and remote and isolated Weston Longville about which she had so often and so bitterly complained. However, for what reason I do not know, in 1805 she left London and went back to Cary, where she lived for the rest of her days in the much-restored house which still stands near the top of Cary High Street, now called Cary Villa. She lived with Melliora and her sister Patty Jeanes, both widows. She now had something which had eluded her in her earlier life, a certain modicum of independence. Nancy and Bill had inherited equal shares in Parson Woodforde's property. The sale of his effects in April 1803 brought in just over £420 out of which about £250 worth of personal debt had to be deducted. There was the heavily mortgaged estate at Ansford and the small property at Sandford Orcas, provided that either or both of these had not been sold off in the Parson's lifetime, about which we have no knowledge. Very much more important than these was her inheritance of a third of "the Sussex estate". This had originally been the dowry of her great-grandmother, Mary Lamport. The profits from it had been given to Heighes on his marriage and he inherited it in his own right when his father died. In the 1760s it had brought in some £46 a year, but the steep rise in land values in the second half of the eighteenth century considerably increased its worth. The property was left to Nancy, Bill and Sam in 1789, but they drew no income from it for another ten years, the length of time their mother survived. When it was finally sold, Nancy's share amounted to about £1200. She thus had a useful little nest egg with which to return to Castle Cary. An inventory of her goods taken just after her death is one more of the Woodforde documents which I have to take on trust, never having seen it, but at least it proves that she was not, as she had been for most of her life, without possessions or income and dependent on others.

We know practically nothing about Nancy's long last period of close on a quarter of a century; so we may take our choice whether we depict her as gradually letting the Norfolk years slip out of her memory so that in the end she could hardly believe she had ever left Cary and Ansford or, conversely, retaining a most vivid remembrance of life with uncle and a fund of stories about the late Parson. We have only a few meagre crumbs of knowledge about her end. Two of her three nieces, William's daughters, kept diaries; but they were incurious girls whose interest was aroused to take them above a flat level of desperate triviality only when someone died, and not always then. Here are some entries from the diary of Nancy's namesake, the younger Anna Maria. Julia was her sister, George was her brother, and the uncle was either James Woodforde M.D. or a relation on her mother's side.

> 6 January 1830: "Papa and I went down to Mrs. Jeans directly after breakfast, and with Julia remained with my poor dear aunt till she expired at about half past twelve o'clock in the day. Julia and I returned home after dinner. George arrived from Bath.
> 8th: We all went down to Mrs. Jeans in the morning to hear my poor aunt's Will read by Mr. Milward. Met my uncle there. Found that she had left us the whole of her property.
> 9th: Julia and George went to Mrs. Jeans to make arrangements for my poor aunt's funeral. Mrs. Close came to measure us for our gowns.
> 12th: Mr. W. Leir called in the morning. Julia, George and I went down to Mr. Jeans. I wished to have another look at my poor aunt. Our new silk gowns brought.
> 13th: My poor aunt was this day buried."

A list of people who attended the funeral followed. In this way the wretched girl has succeeded in making even death sound trivial.

Although no monumental stone was ever raised we know approximately where Nancy was buried in Ansford churchyard, exactly a week after she died.

What must strike us forcibly after hearing the story of Nancy's life is a sense of waste, of unused potential. It is of course

quite useless to compare such a life with that of girls born into the same social class today. But even considered purely as a girl of her own time, as we have seen she was handicapped by being poor and without outstanding gifts of beauty or intelligence that might, in exceptionally fortunate circumstances, have made up for her lack of wealth. There are no more Nancy Woodfordes today. Instead, there are working women, professional women, women who have successfully broken into a man's world and can hold their own there.

I began by mentioning Winifred Holtby, a farmer's daughter herself, who was, one might say, an epitome of the generation of women who made the breakthrough on a large scale after the First World War. She once cried: "God forbid that I should live in the country and play bridge with colonels." Or, we could say, backgammon and cribbage with country parsons. But perhaps Nancy herself, who was no rebel at any time, might if we could call her back to answer our questions explain to us that such a life as hers had had its own compensations. And I hear her murmur "Really: Uncle James was always *very good* to me."

NOTE: This essay was originally in the form of a talk given at the last "Gathering", Saturday 23 May 1987. Unable to be present through pressure of work, I put it on to a tape. The need to ensure that it did not exceed the length of the tape led to some excisions being made. The cuts have all been restored to the present text.

[15 September 1770]
4. Japan Waiters for Bottles, Cups &c. 0. 4. 6. -
(Woodforde's 1774 inventory)

[8 October 1770]
Brother John won this Evening at a Rafle at Cary a fine Japan Straw-Colour Tea Waiter - valued at - 0: 15: 0
(Ansford Diary IV)

No - the last-named is no relation to the well-known eighteenth century negro page! The term "Japan Waiter", which seems to have puzzled some readers of *Ansford IV*, was used for small-to-medium sized lacquered trays for handing round cups and the refreshments offered with tea or coffee. Since guests usually took tea in the drawing room or parlour they would be handed their cups, which were placed on small tables wherever they were seated. Before they were superseded by complete tea tables, "Tea Boards", large wooden trays, usually round, and with galleried or "pie-crust" edging, were placed on the main table, at which the hostess presided over the tea-making ritual. Since the boards were usually laden with the cups and saucers, not to mention a capacious tea-kettle, they were hardly mobile, and so the cups were handed to the guests individually by means of small circular or square trays.

At the start of the eighteenth century these "waiters" would have been imported from Japan and China, decorated with hard enamel, usually black, with gold and brightly coloured ornamentation of flowers, fruit and exotic birds - the "japan" from which they took their name. The original enamels had been developed over the centuries in the east, and were applied chiefly to articles made of wood or compressed paper, baked so hard that it could be treated like wood: sawn, dovetailed, screwed, etc. The main oriental products were the lacquer cabinets of many drawers, imported from the east through Holland - but, no doubt, as the fashion for tea-drinking spread, small trays, dishes and containers followed.

English japanned ware based on paper was first successfully made by mixing paper pulp with glue, chalk and fine

sand, baked until hard and then enamelled with japan. The process was described by the Rev. C. T. Crowther in a book published in 1765: *The Complete Dictionary of the Arts.* Others were trying to perfect methods of making paperware articles with sheets of paper pasted together, and experiments to produce a hard varnish which was transparent and not liable to crack or chip resulted in what became known as "copal varnish", used by most firms for japanning. Incidentally, the term *papier mâché* was not used widely until 1806, when Jennens and Bettridge took over the Birmingham factory where the paperware was produced. It is interesting to find that, as he so frequently does, Woodforde predated the words more or less phonetically by 17 years in his inventory: 2 September 1770 "Two Pappa-mange Bottle stands - 0 - 5 - 0".

In addition to the paper and wood-based trays, waiters were also made of painted leather over wood, believed to have been produced by coachmakers using the same methods as for sedan chairs and other small vehicles, perhaps to keep them employed during slack periods for the trade. These trays usually had a black or brown background with gold and coloured decoration. Very few of them survive, since the leather was not resistant to water.

Woodforde's Somerset diary reveals a surprising number of japanned articles, purchased from 1766 onwards: bed candlesticks, waiters large and small, bread baskets and sugar tongs, quadrille dishes, presumably to hold "fish" counters or money, a coal box and a measure. It would appear, too, from Woodforde's own inventory of his goods, that the famous "spitting Basons" ordered from Millachip of Oxford, which arrived on 31 August 1767, were also japanned, which conjures up a very colourful article, quite different from anything we might have imagined. Woodforde himself was moved to record in the diary: "They far surpassed what I thought them to be - and only 2. shillings apiece" - one of his slight but not infrequent miscalculations!

However, it is probable that most of the japanned ware acquired by the diarist in Somerset, and the additional items

which figured in the Weston Parsonage sale in 1803, were created by the tinplate makers in Pontypool and Usk. The manufacture was developed in the 1730's by Edward Allgood (1681-1763), using thin sheets of iron measuring about 17" by 13", tinned and then painted with coloured japan enamel and fired in a charcoal oven. Clear varnish was then painted over the design and the articles were stoved for up to four weeks. Allgood boasted that his best ware was stoved 12 to 16 times, each layer of japan being polished with the bare hand to produce a silky-smooth lustre. Edward Allgood retired in the early 1760's, transferring the business to his three sons. As often happens, the brothers failed to agree on matters of policy, and in 1761 Edward II and John Allgood established japan workshops at Usk, seven miles from Pontypool, while Thomas retained the original business. The parting stimulated competition, with the result that styles and decorations improved. Archdeacon Coxe, the Monmouthshire historian, recorded that in 1799 the japan works at Pontypool were flourishing. Decline had set in, however, and after William Allgood, the great-grandson of the founder, died in 1813 the output was drastically reduced and manufacture at Pontypool had ceased by 1822. The Usk branch of the family continued to produce "Pontypool" japan until about 1860. Unfortunately, photographs of this colourful ware cannot be reproduced in the Journal, but examples can be found in illustrated books and in museums, notably the National Museum of Wales.

The fashion for similar articles persisted after the industrial revolution, when cheap reproductions were mass-produced in Birmingham and other manufacturing centres. The tin tea-tray has been an essential article of domestic equipment almost to the present day but has now given way to fibreglass, woven and compressed wood and anodised aluminium. However, the wheel has now come full circle, and modern versions of the original Japanese and Chinese imports can be found in gift shops, department stores and in the emporia of dealers in oriental goods. But it is advisable, to avoid misunderstanding, always to refer to them as *trays.*

A SHORT DISQUISITION UPON HISTORY, CRIME AND AN ESSAY THAT HAS NOT YET APPEARED

In the group with whom I read Modern History in my college at Oxford, there was one very self-possessed and super-confident young man, who always seemed to know the right answer to every sort of question before one had time to propound it. He was a Scholar or Exhibitioner of his school, and as such was entitled to wear the full-length Scholar's gown. I greatly envied this - the gown, not him. Newly released from a stint of five years' Hard Labour in the offices of an iron and steel firm in the Black Country, I was in a state of pristine ignorance when it came to academic affairs. I was in no position to make dispassionate judgements on the prowess of others, and took all displays of what appeared to be superior learning entirely at their face value. And when in the course of a discussion this Oxonian whizz-kid took it upon himself to say that my type of history was "antiquarianism", I felt duly deflated. Now, I hope I am no more addicted than the next man to what the Germans call *Schadenfreude*.. I would at no time agree to subscribe wholeheartedly to the notorious dictum of La Rochefoucauld, that in the misfortunes of others there is always something a little pleasing to ourselves. Like all generalisations, that one breaks down as soon as we think of a single example which contradicts it. All the same, when the results of the Finals were published, and I learned that the young polymath had done less well than myself, I could not altogether repress a snigger or two of satisfaction.

All the same, my young friend had a point, at least according to the ideas of his time. When I was at Oxford, in the 1950's, there was much argument over the nature and status and "meaning" of history. People agonised about such dilemmas as whether history were an art or a science, or both, or neither. I found this kind of thing to contain more frustration than stimulus, and always felt that I "came out by that same door as in I went", an unsatisfactory experience.

But there is an essential division which separates two wholly different concepts of history. The subject can deal with human beings and human affairs, and in that tradition all

the great narrative histories in our language have been written. This kind of history is under a cloud in our time, the last example of it to be published in English being Dame C. V. Wedgwood's fine study of the reign of Charles I – and that was never finished. Conversely, you can have history which does not set out to tell any kind of story, but presents the reader with a mass of often unrelated facts and statistics. This kind of history ought to be more impartial than the often grossly biassed work of the old historiographers. Unfortunately, it tends to be the very opposite. The vast heaps of facts, the columns of figures, are invariably marshalled in support of some theory or other. Go far enough along this path, and the product ceases to be recognisable as history. It becomes sociology, mere exercises in determinism in which the historical evidence, drawn from the lives and experience of real people, has no value or importance at all except in so far as it helps to contribute towards the establishment of some predetermined postulate.

In this controversy, there can be no doubt on which side I stand. I believe that the basic traits of human nature do not change, at least in historical as opposed to evolutionary time. Love, hate, fear, happiness, health, illness, joy, misery, have the same effects upon the mind of late-twentieth century man as upon the people of any other historical epoch we may name If we do not understand and accept this, if we have no cognition of the tie of brotherhood that binds us to the past, then surely there is no point at all in reading history.

I think the young man's charge of "antiquarianism" must have been made from observation of my interest in the individual person, even in the ordinary. As it says in *Tiger Rag*:

> I'm not a saint or hero,
> A Sexton Blake or Nero,
> I'm just an honest British working man . . .

And it is they who make up the backbone of history, and we ignore them only at the cost of turning history into an intellectual parlour-game of trends and movements.

Where the sweeping, overwhelming historical changes have occurred is not in human beings themselves, but in what one might call the devices for living which they re-invent or transform from one generation to another. It is here that the need for often deep and intensive study occurs. We have, as a species, a powerful capacity for forgetting institutions and customs, once they have ceased to be of service. Decimal coinage has been with us only since 1971, and we already have a generation of schoolchildren and young adults with no more knowledge of the old money values than they have of Roman currency. When examining 'O' level Economic History scripts this summer I noticed that the one or two candidates who had occasion to mention a *shilling* (the vast majority gave all money its modern terminology, just as when dealing with land-measurement they ludicrously counted it in "hectares"), the word was spelled in the German form, as "Schilling". We British have always possessed a strong tendency to murder our own past, and the hateful word "progress", which was everlastingly dinned in my ears when I was young, became a magic symbol that justified every sort of wanton destructiveness. A variant of the progress-myth can be seen in the cynical disillusionment of our times, which dismisses everything that past generations have done as failure and looks only to some ill-defined or undefinable future.

All this has meant that much of the past has been consigned to oblivion, sometimes deliberately and sometimes by sheer carelessness; so that to restore it often takes hours of patient effort. The professions, which are the guardians of their own past, still behave as they did when trade secrets were actually called "mysteries". Long-established legal firms will sit on huge masses of documentation, sometimes going back hundreds of years, and while not manifesting the least desire ever to examine it themselves are most unwilling to let anyone else see them. Doctors who, if they had lived in the diarist's time, would have cheerfully believed everything

comprised in the medical know-how of James Clarke – "flying gout", the miasmic theory that bad smells caused disease, the marvellous therapeutic value of incessant bleeding – now disclaim any knowledge of the barbarous stuff their profession has at last outgrown. And what can we say of those "caterpillars of the commonwealth", the bureaucrats who, having charge of public records of one kind or another, often become so imbued with an obsessional *us-and-them* complex that they are acutely unhappy to be called upon for information, for which the public is handsomely overcharged.

All these peculiar national characteristics ensure that the lot of the historian and researcher, like that of the Policeman in the song, "is not a happy one".

Now, somewhat belatedly no doubt, to my main point. It may be thought by some readers that writing about crime and criminals should have no place in a periodical devoted to Woodforde. He was of course an essentially law-abiding person himself. His only lapses from the path of perfect integrity appear to have been occasional dealing with smugglers and, once income tax had come in, underassessing his receipts. These were not only venial offences but, moreover, were committed probably by a majority of respectable householders like himself.

All the same, as I have more than once remarked, if we had restricted our enquiries into Woodforde's world to those happenings and adventures actually experienced by himself in person, we should greatly have reduced our field of activity. It would also have led to a perpetuation of the kind of imperfect and partial knowledge which is to be gleaned from the printed volumes, where a bright enough beam of light is focussed on the diarist himself, but practically everything else left in darkness.

Any of the people in the diary whose life-patterns were quite different from those of our ultra-respectable Parson were nevertheless linked in some way to him, either by kin, or ties of friendship, or because he employed them as servants or workmen or in some other way. And he found them interest-

ing enough, in the first place, to put them in the diary, which in itself scarcely gives us a licence to ignore them.

Tom Burge ofAnsford was one of these, and through the diary we learn some details of his career, mostly to his discredit. The parish register fills in his parentage, date of baptism, burial of his first wife, birth of children, and so on. He was older than the diarist, who must for practically all his life have seen him in and around Ansford, slouching through the village, dodging work, picking up what he could from the parish and generally behaving like the thoroughly disreputable character he was - until that day when he got into really serious trouble. The last words that Woodforde ever wrote about the man, on the day when Mr. Pounsett returning from the Assizes gave him the news, were these:

Tom Burge is to be transported.

The rest is silence? So far as Woodforde was concerned, that is so. Yet I was fairly sure that more was to be learned, if only I could come by the ways of acquiring the needed information.

It was a double problem: first, to trace this single case through whatever might be available of the court records; and second, to learn something about the legal system by which he was prosecuted and sent overseas.

Up to that time, I knew practically nothing about eighteenth century criminal law. The only cases I had studied in anything like depth were those of murder. Here at least the procedures were not difficult to understand, having survived more or less into modern times. For many other crimes the features of trial and penalty, the phraseology employed, and the grounds by which one sentence could be substituted for another, were far more remote. They were also of a tangled complexity which made further study a "must". I had to do a considerable amount of reading, both in contemporary law books such as Blackstone and in modern works on the subject, before I felt that I was qualified to write about the subject at all.

However, this was accomplished at last, and Tom Burge, certainly far from being the least interesting of the Ansford figures first brought to our notice by the diary, was ready to take his place in our Journal.

There was one rather irritating snag, however. If Tom Burge had considerately kept his hands from picking and stealing for a further 15 years, and then arranged to have himself shipped off to "Botany Bay", we should have had the advantage of the very full records kept from the first by the Australasian penal colonies. There would have been at least a chance of keeping track of his progress in the Antipodes, more particularly if he had happened to run into further trouble over there. As it was, he was sent to America. The available records, at least in this country, of transportation to the American colonies, have all along been no better than poverty-stricken.

Bowing to the inevitable, I finished off the essay with a purely generalized passage with which I was very dissatisfied, as it clashed so much with the careful detail in the rest of the piece.

Just then I heard that our old friends O.U.P. were planning to bring out a new book, the first of its kind and compiled from American sources, on American transportation. It was promised for July.

In some haste I withdrew Tom Burge from the summer Journal and substituted another essay. O.U.P. failed to keep their deadline and, as a result, he missed the present issue. The new book is now promised for October-November, and if it does come out by then, I in my turn promise that Tom Burge will appear in our next, embellished with whatever additional information I might have by then. (ed.)

Of course, they never had the opportunity to get to know one another. The German traveller arrived several years too late for him to have met Woodforde in Oxford, and his short pedestrian tour in 1782 did not take him anywhere near East Anglia. It is also most unlikely that our Parson, who read so little, would ever have seen the translation of Moritz' letters which appeared in 1795 and was reprinted two years later.

And even if we play the game of trying to imagine what might have occurred at an interview which in reality never took place, we cannot really expect that in any meeting between the two Moritz would have been greeted by an open-handed hospitality. Woodforde was suspicious by nature, and certainly did not take kindly to strangers arriving unannounced on his doorstep, as it were. We recollect that he had only to see two unknowns walking "slowly and demurely" across a field near to his Parsonage to take them immediately for members of a poaching gang in the neighbourhood who had lately murdered poor old Tom Twaites, Mr. Townshend's gamekeeper. I am much afraid that in spite of the German's status as a fellow-clergyman, and his ability to pronounce Latin in the *correct*, or English style, the diarist would very likely have concluded that he was up to no good, and wanted no more than to see him safely out of the parish at the earliest possible moment. There were, all the same, some interesting consonances between them.

The essay on Moritz' travels which appeared in the last number of the Journal was written at top speed to replace another which had been withdrawn almost at the final moment of going to press. It also had to fit into what the media people, in their remarkable terminology, would term a *slot,* which meant that its length had to be carefully monitored and the typescript sent to the printer with some passages marked for excision if necessary. As it was, I got away with the omission of two paragraphs. But these were what our readers might well have found the most interesting part of the essay, for they dealt with points of association between Woodforde and Moritz which for us add something to our German's artless story.

So, *if* had stayed longer in England, and *if* he had prolonged his tour so as to include a trip through Norfolk, and *if* he had got so far as the front door of Weston Parsonage, the parsons might have discovered to their mutual pleasure that they had three possible topics for discussion. These were *The Agreeable Surprize!,* Katerfelto and the Rev. Mr. Modd.

Between two and three years after Moritz had seen that musical piece as an "Entertainment" in London, on 18 January 1785, it was put on at the Norwich theatre. The theatrical fare for that evening attracted a large crowd; too large, indeed, for the diarist who "did not chuse to stay", and settled instead for an oyster supper at the *King's Head,* , and a pipe before bedtime. All the same, his refusal to go to the theatre was perhaps not unconnected with the fact that the pieces had been "bespoken" by Mr. Windham, one of the members for the city elected the previous year. He had been one of the few adherents of the unpopular Fox-North coalition to be elected in the year of Pitt's landslide victory, and the diarist would have regarded him as just as much a radical as on the day when Windham made his famous speech "with much Fluency and Oratory, but on the wrong Side". But, recollecting that Moritz had been so taken with one of the songs in *The Agreeable Surprize!* as to write part of it down, we must regret that the combined influences of the heat and Windham kept Woodforde away, as otherwise we might perhaps imagine him, quite enraptured, singing "Amo, amas, I love a lass" all the way back to the *King's Head.* Or perhaps not.

Now, only a little way along in his text from the place where Moritz discusses *The Agreeable Surprize!*, he goes out of his way to attack his fellow-countryman, the notorious conjurer and quack Gustavus Katerfelto, in these terms:

> Electricity is the favourite toy of the English. So, a certain Herr Katterfelto, who gives himself out for a Prussian hussar colonel, speaks bad English and in addition to the usual experiments in electricity and physics, can also do some conjuring tricks, by which, at least according to the newspapers, he keeps the whole public in admiration and astonishment. For, in nearly every page of the newspapers that appear are

poems about the great Katterfelto, that someone or other among his admirers are said to have written extempore.

Every sensible person considers this Katterfelto to be a braggart; all the same, the crowds run after him. He has demonstrated to people that influenza is caused by a kind of little insect, which poisons the air, and a remedy, which he says he has for it, is frantically bought up . . .

On 19 January, the day following his missed chance to see *The Agreeable Surprize!,* the Parson had the opportunity to have seen Katerfelto too. The magician was staying at the inn called the *Rampant Horse.* After a morning spent paying bills and settling accounts in Norwich, and an unsatisfactory dinner at the home of Mr. Francis the attorney - "We had nothing ... but an ordinary piece of boiled Beef and Norfolk Dumplins" - he went off in the evening "to see Dr. Katerfeltos Exhibitions, but meeting him on Top of the Stairs and his behaviour so exceedingly ungenteel, that I turned upon my Heel and went away". Moritz would certainly have applauded his decision.

But the real point of contact between the two must have been in their common acquaintance with Mr. Modd. This convivial Oxford character had the comparatively humble post of chaplain at Corpus (not Christ Church, as printed in the essay), although he was a graduate of that college. There are around 20 references to him in the index to *Woodforde at Oxford.*

The diarist, in fact, knew him quite well. He started off, like Moritz's translator, by calling him "Maud", but corrected this when he got to know the proper spelling of the name.

The first mention of Modd in the diary is in the entry for 2 October 1772. Woodforde was travelling to Oxford on horseback to vote in the election of a new Chancellor, when between Hungerford and Farnborough he overtook a number of Oxford men all bound on the same errand. He found that he and "Maud", along with another Corpus man, named Stockwell, favoured the same candidate, Lord Radnor. Arriving in Oxford, the three of them went off "to a meeting

of my Lord Radnor's Friends" in High Street, of which the Chairman was Warden Oglander of New College. Support for him was so weak, however, with no more than 73 votes to be counted on since the "Duke of Beauforts Friends" had deserted the candidate, that they decided "to drop all thoughts of L^{d}. Radnor" and let Lord North, the Prime Minister, be elected unopposed.

Woodforde joined the "Alfred Lodge" of the Freemasons on 21 April 1774: "very glad in being a Member of it". On 5 May he attended another Lodge meeting and was "promoted higher", paying a fee of a guinea for this. Modd is listed as being present. On St. John's Day, 24 June, "our grand day for choosing Officers and the like", the post of Secretary was given to "M^{r}. Maud". Later he was at most of the Lodge meetings attended by the diarist, and next year became Treasurer.

So far he had been nothing more than a name in the lists of Lodge meetings, and there is no sign at all that he had attracted Woodforde's notice in any way. But on 11 November Modd as Treasurer called an extraordinary meeting at which he was to present his accounts. Although by this time the diarist's head was full of his coming move into Norfolk, and he was soon to leave Oxford and Freemasonry for good, he took the trouble to attend, only to find that Modd himself failed to turn up, "as he dined with the Head of Corpus". Woodforde, who had put off a dinner with his own Warden in order to be at the meeting, noted aggrievedly: "Modds not coming therefore to the Lodge was using us all very ill I think, as he fixed the Day himself".

Woodforde attended only two more Lodge meetings, the last being on 8 February 1776, after which he never mentioned Freemasonry again. There is one more incidental notice of Modd which deserves mention here:

> I breakfasted, dined, supped & slept again at College - Cooke Sen^{r}. breakfasted with me this morning - A Convocation was held at 12. o'clock at which I was present as were many more, it was proposed that one hundred Guineas be given by the University towards

building a Church in Scotland - It was carried
in the affermative by all but M[r]. Modd of Corpus who
put in a non Placet, but it had no Effect ...

It is always difficult, if not actually impossible, to deduce motive from such anecdotes as this. The appearance of "Cooke Sen[r].", the diarist's friend Washbourne Cooke, may remind us that his was the sole dissentient voice to a proposal made by Warden Oglander at a meeting of the "Thirteen" at New College, that the owners of dogs found running round in the college should ben fined. Does this make him a dog-lover, or was he just on this occasion being awkward? Similarly, are we entitled to assume that Modd shared the prejudice against the Scots so common at the time?

I wish I knew.

NOTE

Mr. D. E. Wickham wrote to me after the appearance in the last Journal of the essay on Moritz, informing me that I was incorrect in saying that the contemporary translation by "a Lady" was the only English version of Moritz that had ever been published. A modern translation by Reginald Nettel was issued by Cape in 1965, and there is a paperback edition dated 1983. I discovered later that the Main Library of Birmingham University, the source of all my information about Moritz, have a copy of the book, but the card for it in the old-fashioned card-index which is still in use there had been misplaced, and I missed it. (ed.)

BOOK REVIEW

The Compton Census of 1676: A Critical Edition. Edited by Anne Whiteman, with the assistance of Mary Clapinson. – The British Academy: Records of Social and Economic History, New Series, X. (O.U.P., 1986).

A long time ago, when the world was young, I was an undergraduate, strolling about the Oxford streets in the abbreviated gown of a *Commoner*. (One of the subtler pleasures of graduation is to be able to discard that ignoble toga in favour of an academic garment of more seemly and dignified length.) Dr. Whiteman, of Lady Margaret Hall, who afterwards became Vice-Principal there, was my tutor for the period of European history which I had selected. At the time of tutorials I used to sit in the hall outside her room in *Old Hall*, a formerly detached house quite separate from the college itself. So far as I can remember, the only object in this hall besides myself was a large and formidable portrait of Miss Wordsworth, the poet's grand-niece and first Principal of L.M.H. To judge from her expression, she did not think much of me, and no doubt wondered what Oxford was coming to. In return, I used reprehensibly to invent the most scabrous details to add to an unwritten biography of the blameless and ultra-respectable lady; all the time half-expecting the picture to come to life and jump accusingly out of its frame, like the portraits in *Ruddigore*. But I see that I have somehow managed to digress before even starting, so must follow the excellent example of the ingenious Mr. William Somervile, author of *The Chace*; so doggedly (if you will forgive the pun) concerned with fox-hounds and their ways that whenever he chances to stray from this entrancing theme the poet at once drags himself back with some such injunction as:

Hence to the kennel, Muse, return:

And hence to my theme. I remember, about the time I was receiving Dr. Whiteman's tuition, reading a German book borrowed from the Taylorian Institute, about the immediate aftermath of the English Reformation. The author stated that when Elizabeth I became queen there were as many Catholics as Protestants in the country. In spite of their unpopularity,

provoked by her sister's short and unhappy reign, they were still a force to be reckoned with. However, the Counter-Reformation never got going in England, largely because Philip of Spain, who nourished ambitions to make a second English marriage, so inhibited papal action that it was not until 12 years later that the queen was formally excommunicated, and not until a further 18 years had passed did he send the Armada against England. Meanwhile the numbers of the recusants, as those Catholics who refused to accept the Anglican faith were called, were being constantly diminished through heavy fines, social discrimination, persecution of their missionaries and total exclusion from public life. By the middle of the seventeenth century any threat that the Catholics might have posed to the state had long passed.

This did not mean, all the same, that fear of Catholicism had abated. No-one knew how many Catholics there were, to what extent they may have been involved in plots to disrupt the kingdom, or how seriously they were to be taken as potential enemies. Lacking real knowledge, people tended as always to believe the worst. When the Great Fire of London, a pure accident if there ever was one, broke out in 1666 and consumed a great part of the old city, the disaster was automatically blamed on the Catholics, and the Monument with its inscription erected to prove the charge.* And, at the time the Compton Census was actually undertaken, the country writhed in that frenzied outburst of national paranoia known to history as the "Popish Plot".

The Anglican church was in that period no very stable or self-confident body. Formally abolished during the Interregnum, like the monarchy it served, it had been set up again in 1660 with its former ministers scattered, many of them dead, and some of its cathedrals and greater churches in ruin. It must have seemed to the more apprehensive of the church's adherents that it was a beleaguered institution., fighting a war on two fronts. And indeed it was in danger. For, while we know the great majority of English Catholics to have been intensely loyal

* Cf. Alexander Pope in the *Dunciad:*

Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies.

to the crown and the kingdom, the lately triumphant Protestant Dissenters constituted an ever-present threat, since many of them were the true descendants of Cromwell's "Roundheads".

Only one or two of the Nonconformist faiths are household words today. In the reign of Charles II there was a great number of sects, some of them fanatical. (Forty religions and only one sauce, as Voltaire said of England some time later.) If I may be allowed to quote from Dr. Whiteman's book before having dealt with it, I should like to mention the admirable rector of Frittenden, in the diocese of Canterbury, who summed up the religious life of his parish in these remarkable words:

> Professed Presbiterians wholly refusing society with the Church of England as to so much thereof as is established with us in Frittenden we have not above 2 or 3 obstinate dissenters:
>
> | | |
> |---|---|
> | Anabaptists or suspected we have | 31 |
> | Quakers | 2 |
> | Brownists | 2 |
> | Newtralists between Presbiterians and Conformists there are between | 30 & 40 |
> | Licentious or such as profess no kind of Religion | 11 or 12 |
>
> Other infrequent Resorters to their Parish Church we have between 40 and 50 living and residing in Frittenden.*

With so complex a picture as this, it is hardly surprising that both statesmen and church leaders should want as much reliable information about religious affairs as could possibly be gained. The king appears to have believed that the Dissenters were too numerous for any movement to suppress them, beyond the measures already taken in the *Conventicle Act* and the *Five Mile Act* †, to be anything but dangerous. On the other hand

* Brownists took their name from Robert Brown, who in 1581 devised the system of church government adopted by the Independents. Anabaptists, a sect which arose in the early sixteenth century, did not believe in the efficacy of infant baptism, but required the ceremony to be often performed; because of their bad reputation for violence and civil disorder, the name was often used to smear the Baptists. The "Newtralists" were those Dissenters who, by attending the parish church from time to time, kept on the right side of the law through the practice of "Occasional Conformity".

† The Conventicle Act (1664) forbade meetings of more than five people for religious worship, unless the Anglican Prayer Book were used. The Five Mile Act (1665) banned all ejected clergy from teaching in schools or being within five miles radius of any corporate town.

Lord Treasurer Danby, a great supporter of the established church, was anxious to show that most people in the country adhered to it. In order to have a statistical survey made, Danby approached the archbishop of Canterbury, Gilbert Sheldon, who gave his name to one of the most distinguished of all Oxford's academic buildings. He in turn instructed Henry Compton, bishop of London and Dean of the Province of Canterbury, an extreme Whig who later took a prominent part in the Revolution which replaced James II by William III, to carry it out. Sheldon also wrote to the archbishop of York, suggesting that the same enquiry be extended to cover the northern province.

Three questions were to be put to the bishop of each diocese, and through the archdeacons to be circulated at parish level. The form of words used in the various drafts is not identical, and this was to lead not only to some confusion and misunderstanding but also to actual differences of interpretation. The so-called "Lambeth form" officially distributed within the Province of Canterbury ran as follows:

1. What number of persons are there by common accompt and estimation inhabitting within each parish subject to your Jurisdiction

2ly What number of Popish Recusants or persons suspected for such Recusancy are there resident amongst the inhabitants aforesaid

3ly What number of other Dissenters are there in each parish (of what Sect soever) which either obstinately refuse or wholly absent themselves from the Communion of the Church of England at such times as by Law they are required

With the experience of operating a national census once every ten years for nearly two centuries behind us, we can afford to smile at the clumsiness of the enquiry, and the way in which potentially valuable sources of information were neglected. There was no guidance given relative to the age and sex of those to be counted. At least one bishop queried whether only males over the age of 16, "who are by Law in a Capacity to receive the Holy Communion", were to be placed on the list. It was finally made clear that women were to be included, but the question of

age was never satisfactorily cleared up, so that some of the clergy making the returns took it to mean those of an age to receive communion, and others restricted the count to those parishioners who had already taken the sacrament.

The third question in particular proved in many cases difficult to answer. As Dr. Whiteman points out, the "York form" of the questionnaire asked explicitly for a count of all those who took the sacrament, while the other version of the document was, as we have seen, not entirely clear on this point. The questions in any case were much too simplistic and narrow to give anything like an accurate picture of the true position. There were many persons who, without being Dissenters, altogether absented themselves from church. There were others who came regularly to church but never took communion. Those who, like the rector of Frittenden, deliberately took pains to present a detailed picture of religious life in their parishes were in a very small minority, and much among the variation of religious behaviour must have gone unrecorded.

As in all census returns, even those taken under modern conditions, precise accuracy in every detail is simply not possible to attain. It is likely enough, Dr. Whiteman says, that the gross figures for the inhabitants of the parishes were underestimated: vagrants, squatters, bargemen and sailors at sea were all examples of social groups which were easily overlooked. We do not know, either, if the people living in the mansions of the gentry were included, especially in cases where the house contained its own private chapel. And it appears that sometimes the parson forgot to put down his own household.

However, with all its faults and limitations, the Compton Census provides very important and valuable evidence, and takes its place among the primary records of Stuart England. It is true that the statistics themselves have from time to time been assaulted by criticism. For example, it has been argued that the authorities deliberately set out "to prove how few the dissenters were", although Dr. Whiteman can find no evidence to support this contention, beyond a single strictly contemporaneous remark which says that "some may have thought it inadvisable to set down the number of dissenters accurately,

since to do so might encourage the king to tolerate them". In general she would accept the figures as substantially correct, remarking in an admirable summary:

> Evidence that many of the census returns were based on a careful investigation is not surprising. Incumbents who received the enquiries cannot have been confronted by anything that would have seemed to them at all unusual; listing the inhabitants of a parish, village or town, or some part of them, was a common requirement in the seventeenth century. The Compton Census was a contemporary, so to speak, of the Hearth Tax and the Poll Tax. Manorial courts asked for lists of some categories in the population: visitation articles had for long requested the names of recusants and the dissenters. It is highly unlikely that making an accurate count of population was regarded with the superstitious dread which has sometimes been postulated. Men who liked taking counts and making lists, and were good at it, came to the task of answering the questions with a good deal of experience. Those less talented in this way still seem, with few exceptions, to have done their best.

Parts of the Compton Census have been published before, but this is the first complete and fully critical edition. To extrapolate such an immense mass of figures and make it possible for even such an essentially non-numerate person as myself to understand them is indeed a praiseworthy undertaking, and one which has been carried out with great skill.

As is only fitting, I looked for the position at Weston Longville, where our Parson's distant predecessor supplied the figures. He listed 140 "Conformists", and neither "Papists" nor "Dissenters". There had been the same number, but of actual communicants, in 1603, which might suggest that the population of the village was growing. But it is difficult to accept the number for either date, since we know that in 1801, after a very considerable growth in population which had been going on nationally for at least half a century, Woodforde counted only 365 as the *gross* total for his parish. The statistics of the Compton Census represent the Catholics as being very thin on the ground in Norfolk. In the whole deanery of Sparham there were no more than 16. Here and there I came across figures which seem frankly incredible. In Aylsham, for example, the

respective numbers are given as 800, 1 and 7. I note that Costessey already had 2 "Papists". No doubt the Jerninghams had already arrived.

Questionnaires asking for information about Catholics (no longer about any Protestant Dissenters) were still sent out in the following century, but in a far more modest way. A bishop would from time to time ask his clergy to report on the number of Catholics in their parishes. But there was no urgency about this, and the suspicion cannot be avoided that the practice of gathering such information was retained rather because it was traditional than for any real value that it could have had at this date.

I looked also for the figures in Woodforde's two Somerset parishes, but here the book gave me the dustiest of answers. The detailed returns for Bath and Wells have apparently not survived, and only the totals in the three categories for the entire diocese are extant. (ed.)

NOTES AND QUERIES

Costessey

In her article on the Claxtons and Jerninghams in Journal XIX, 3 (Autumn 1986), Mrs. Phyllis Whelan expressed her hope that a member living near Costessey would visit the churchyard to try and trace the headstone of Eleanor Claxton "... next her husband and several other old servants of the family".

Before travelling on to the "Gathering" at Beccles in May, two members braved the rain and found, on the west and south sides of the church, rows of very similar headstones which seemed likely to date from the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, but made of very soft stone. To their and our disappointment, not a single letter, let alone name, was legible.

– Phyllis Stanley

The Rood-Loft Stairs in Weston Church

A correspondent has written to enquire about a passage in the article entitled *Picture of a Place,* by Miss Lesley K. Chapman, in Journal XX, 1 (Spring 1987). What was "the reason for the tiny, winding staircase, ... carved out of stone and leading, apparently, nowhere?".

They are the steps, driven through the wall dividing nave and chancel, which once led to the roof-loft, a feature of mediaeval churches stretching across and in front of the chancel arch. One service was annually held up there, at Easter.

The rood-lofts were ruthlessly destroyed at the Reformation, presumably because each of them had a crucifix in its centre, facing down the nave, and this was condemned as "popish superstition" and idolatry, according to the ideas of the time. They survived only in a few very remote places in Wales and along the Welsh border, where the parishioners obviously kept very quiet about their presence, so that they escaped the attentions of the licensed vandals charged with their removal. Those known to me personally are all exquisite examples of mediaeval woodwork.

As for the stairs themselves, they were difficult to do away with unless the entire side of the wall were demolished and rebuilt and so, many of them remain to this day; often, as at Weston, with a door fixed across the upper end, to prevent any incautious sightseer from pitching head-first into the nave. No doubt their numbers were depleted by the "Gothicizing pillagers of the nineteenth century", as H. J. Massingham called the overzealous restorers of that era. But enough are there still for them to be quite frequently met with, mute reminders of a vanished world.

– Roy Winstanley

14 May 1769 (*Ansford Diary IV*), and see also Journal XIX, 2 (Autumn 1986):

I wore my Gown and Cassock for the first time this Year -

Clearly enough, the gown and cassock were worn upon formal occasions, such as weddings and funerals, and when the Parson and Mr. du Quesne were invited to meet the bishop of Norwich at Mr. Custance's table, both were so dressed. It is noticeable, all the same, that when he took the services in his own local church, he seems to have worn his gown and cassock only in the warmer months of the year. Often, as in the above quotation, he notes that he is doing so for the first time that year.

I believe the reason was a purely practical one. Churches of the time had no form of heating, and the enormously thick stone walls, and the stone flags used as flooring, must have been bitterly cold. Woodforde always disliked the cold, as we know from so many passages in the diary, and blamed it for the fainting fit he suffered in the pulpit on Christmas Day, 1794. He mentions a number of different gown materials, and some were no doubt warmer than others, but none could have retained body-warmth like the heavy broadcloth of which coats were made. I suggest that when he "read Prayers and Preached" at Weston, for about half the year he wore his ordinary layman's suits.

Enquiries to
Mrs. Ann Elliott
The Green Corner
Deopham Green
WYMONDHAM
Norfolk.

MEMBERSHIP LIST

Changes in the membership list, notified since the Spring 1987 issue of the Journal, are listed below. I shall be obliged if details of any errors which may have occurred, together with any further changes known to members, may be notified to me.

Mollie Matthews
South Cottage
Castle Cary, Somerset

Additions

BLISS, Revd. A. E. N.	The Vicarage, Upper Caldecote, Biggleswade, Beds. SG18 9BL.
BROOKES, Jean M.	Walton Manor, Walton-on-the-Hill, Tadworth, Surrey.
COTTON, Miss P. R.	Lower Farm, West Bradley, Glastonbury, Somerset.
CROCKER, Mr. K.	White Cottage, Lower Polborder, St. Mellion, Saltash, Cornwall, PL12 6RE.
CUSTANCE, Mr. T. N. L.	6 Deans Yard, Westminster, London SW1P 3NP.
EVERTON, Mrs. K.	11 Bellevue Close, Mid Warberry Road, Torquay, South Devon.
MACKENZIE, Dr. & Mrs. I. A. R.	Cocky Hoop, Peddar's Way, Hillington, King's Lynn, Norfolk PE31 6DS.
ONSLOW, Mrs. J. E.	2 The Walnuts, Branksome Road, Norwich, Norfolk.
PLATT, Mr. M.	20 Thornsett Road, Sheffield, S7 1NB
SPOONER, Miss E.	2nd Sun House, Highover Park, Amersham, Bucks. HP7 0BN
TURNER, Mrs. E.	Howe Hall, Brooke, Norwich, Norfolk.

Amendments

BOTTOMS, Mrs. G. A.	Upper Lydiatts, Luston, Nr. Leominster, Herefordshire.

BOARDMAN, Dr. & Mrs. H.	now at	49 Chatsworth Court, Pembroke Road, London W8.
HENDERSON, Miss E.	now at	51 Kilnside Road, Paisley, Renfrewshire.
HORNE, Dr. D. A.	now at	School Cottage West, The Street, Hempnall, Norwich, Norfolk NR15 2AD
JONES, Mr. M. B.	now at	40 Court Square, Windsor, VT 05089-1230, U.S.A.
LEAH, Mrs. M. M. (previously Chettleburgh)	now at	15 Woodland Rise, Tasburgh, Norwich NR15 1NF.
SMITH, Mrs. M. E.	now at	21 Tarbert Crescent, Meadow Vale Park, York.
WARNE, Mr. & & Mrs. T.	now at	5 Raymond Place, Bigola Plateau, New South Wales, Australia.

Resignations

BOREHAM, Lady Heather
CARR, Mr. & Mrs. F.
HAWKINS, Sir P.
LINTOTT, Mr. & Mrs. D. M.
WESBY, Mr. & Mrs. B.

Deceased

ARISOY, Mrs. A. M. K.
POWLETT, Mrs. E.

Deletions

ALLEN, Revd. G. R.
VOWLES, Mr. M.

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