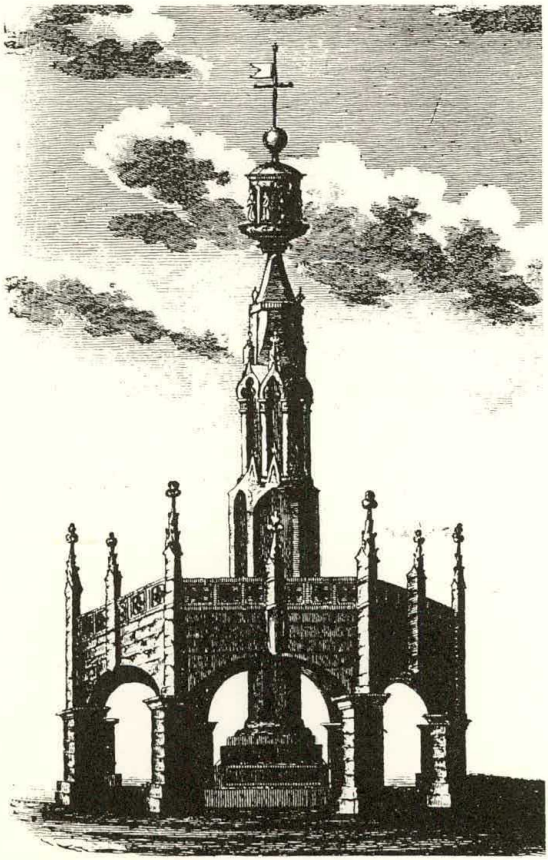
PARSON WOODFORDE SOCIETY

Quarterly Journal



THE MARKET CROSS, SHEPTON MALLET, SOMERSET

The Gentleman's Magazine, 51 (1781), 172

VOL. XXII, NO. 3 AUTUMN 1989

Brief Description of SHIPTON MALLET, on the Plan proposed by the Antiquarian Society, See Vol. XXV, p. 158

SHIPTON MALLET is a large market town in Somersetshire, on the hills, 4 miles South of Wells, 20 South of Bristol, and 120 from London. It contains near 1200 houses, and consists of one principal street, well built, but narrow. The church is a handsome building, and the chancel has a beautiful carved stone roof. In the N.W. windows lie the effigies of two knights, vulgarly called *Shepton* and *Mallet*, and pretended to be founders or builders of the church. On the West front of the steeple are two good figures of the Deity, with the crucifix between his knees, and on each side of him St. Peter and St. Paul, all well preserved. In the market-place stands a neat cross on steps surrounded by a hexagon building in arches, with a parapet of quatrefoils, and the pillars and pilasters terminating in purfled* finials. On the top of the cross on the East side are figures in niches, and above all a modern weathercock. To this market are brought every Monday out of the country near 400 loads of garden stuff. The town is well watered, and inhabited by some considerable clothiers. It is governed by a constable. The market is held on Fridays, and a fair August 8 for cattle and cheese. The church is dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul; it is a rectory, to which the Prince of Wales and Mr. Wyckham present alternately, is valued in the King's books at £133.12s, and is in the diocese of Bath and Wells, and archdeaconry of Wells. This town is not noticed by Camden, or in Bishop Gibson's Additions.

The drawing of the cross, here engraved, was made in 1741.

Gent. Mag. 51, April 1781, 172

* 'purfled' = 'ornamented'

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EDITORIAL

> July - 14 -
> Tuesday - [1789]
> I caught a very fine Trout this morning about a Pound and half - M[r]. Du Quesne was out with me a fishing but could not catch a Trout - . . .
> We had for Dinner a very fine Dish of Fish most of my Catching -

Thus Parson Woodforde on a day which has become historically famous, for in France this was "Bastille Day". If you go to Caernarvon, where even in ruin the high walls of the castle still have an air of menace, throwing the market place into near-permanent shadow, you may experience a faint impression of what the Bastille must have been like to the people who passed beneath its walls. The great mediaeval fortress, manned by trained soldiers and provisioned with gunpowder, was taken in a few hours by a disorderly mob, in a single act of violence which has come to shine down the years as a bright symbol of liberty, brotherhood, and the rest of the high-sounding ideals with which the Revolution had begun. In reality it made clear in the most brutal terms that the forces defending the social order were in so appallingly weak and irresolute a state that their eventual ruin was certain.

The actual taking of the Bastille was something of an anti-climax. It proved not to be filled with political prisoners and champions of freedom against the powers of oppression. It contained just seven inmates, of whom one was insane and the rest common criminals. By a sort of ghastly and macabre foretaste of atrocities so soon to come, the Governor of the Bastille, and six of his men, were murdered in the street after the surrender. His head was stuck on a pole and paraded about to reveal what the devotees of liberty and fraternity were capable of.

This year's celebration of the Revolution in France was centred on "Bastille Day", with fireworks and general jollity. Any country is entitled to fête what it considers to be important landmarks in its history. It is the attitude of publicists and the leaders of opinion in this country that I find more than a little surprising. We took very little notice, last year, of the tri-centenary of our own "Glorious Revolution". But that, to the

seekers after sensation, was a damp squib. No-one was killed, and the establishment of the kind of constitution that Parson Woodforde knew was effected with the least possible disturbance to the lives of ordinary people. Obviously it was not in the same league as the French Revolution for drama and excitement.

So we were instructed to celebrate the Revolution ourselves. The BBC provided a surfeit of French music, not all of very good quality. The dust was knocked off sundry old and terrible films with more or less revolutionary themes. *A Tale of Two Cities*, in so far as one may take its history seriously, which is indeed no great distance, is anti- rather than pro-Revolution; but it was felt appropriate to make a new version for showing on ITV. It was so awful that after ten minutes I hurled myself at the switch, yelling *"Ecrasez l'infâme!"*. On another plane we had academics debating the pros and cons of the Revolution, sometimes with real erudition and eloquence, occasionally with neither. As always with the more highly promoted anniversaries, a great deal of energy was used up in trying to create a wholly factitious interest.

This interest in, amounting in some instances almost to a reverence for, a past event in a foreign country would have astounded those who were living here at the time it took place. We fought a very expensive and bitter war, lasting for 22 years, precisely to keep the ideas of the Revolution out.

And if we ask what the French Revolution achieved, to compensate in any way for the misery it wantonly inflicted upon the people, it is difficult not to reach the conclusion, if one judges it impartially, that, first, many of the injustices of the *ancien régime* had been done away with before it even began; and, second, that everything the Revolution accomplished for the good of humanity was carried out in the first two years. After that, it became a prolonged orgy of power-struggle and mass-murder, culminating in its overthrow and replacement by a military dictatorship, as Burke had with great prescience foreseen.

All in all, if you compare our two parsons placidly tickling the waters of the little river Brue, as it ran through the garden of Cole Place, with the destructive labours of the heroes of the Bastille, I know which I think were the better employed.

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

It is necessary to begin these notes with a further apology to those members who have ordered – and paid for – a copy of the Society's latest publication, *The Oxford and Somerset Diary of James Woodforde.* I am still awaiting delivery from our printer who despite constant prodding has not yet produced the goods. Members may rest assured that I shall do all I can to expedite delivery – even as I write this the hope is with me that by the time it appears in print circumstances will have rendered it unnecessary.

In the previous issue of the Journal I mentioned that I had succeeded in obtaining some new copies of the Hargreaves-Mawdsley *Woodforde at Oxford.* A very few still remain but it you are interested in a copy it would be as well to move quickly. A note or a telephone call to me will reserve a copy. The volume is in hardback, bound in green cloth and consists of all Woodforde's diary entries during his period at the university from 1759 to 1776.

It is some months now since members were informed about a possible republication of Dorothy Heighes Woodforde's book *Woodforde Papers & Diaries*, first published in 1932. I am happy to report that sufficient interest was expressed to make the venture economically viable and arrangements for the publication are in hand. A new introduction will enhance greatly the value of the book to Woodfordeians and students alike and it is hoped that the appearance of the volume will not be long delayed. Those members who recorded their interest will be notified individually in due course.

Members may have seen in the press obituary notices about the death at 85 of Sir Christopher Chancellor of Ditcheat Priory, and those who attended the Frolic in Somerset in 1984 will recall our visit to the house and the courtesy of Sir Christopher and Lady Chancellor. It was a delightful visit to the fifteenth century house, so long the residence of the Leir family; one of whom, the third Thomas Leir, was at Winchester with James Woodforde. It was Sir Christopher himself who conducted us over the house and explained many of its architectural and historic features. The Society recalls the visit with much gratitude and extends condolences in her bereavement to Lady Chancellor and her family.

G. H. BUNTING
Chairman

"WE TRIMMED IT OF INDEED " - JOURNEYS BY STAGE COACH AND POST-CHAISE, 1782-1795

Part I, 1782 and 1786

In Vols. II-IV of *The Diary of a Country Parson,* so generous an amount of space has been given to James Woodforde's long trips by the public stage coaches that a superficial reader, who browses and skips rather than reading consecutively, may well be deceived into thinking that he was always ready to tear off to the West country at the drop of a hat, just as the length and detail of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* gives to some people the quite erroneous impression that the biographer and his subject were always together. In reality, in the 13 years covered by this survey, Woodforde made the trip just five times: in 1782, 1786, 1789, 1793 and 1795.

Before we look at these journeys in detail, it would be as well to ask a few questions about his motives for making them at all. They were long, tiring and expensive; and he was a man who, as he got older, became more and more responsive to the charms of staying at home and taking things easy.

We must discount first of all any notion that these periods of up to three months at a time spent away from his parish and his work were *holidays*, in the modern sense of the term. Unlike modern holidaymakers, he never sought variety by making a change of place to stay. For example, there was nothing to prevent his altering the routine by arranging to spend part of the summer in Oxford, but obviously he never thought of doing that. He derived no pleasure from the actual journeys themselves, except perhaps momentarily, from time to time, as expressed in our title. I should guess that he spent most of the time in the coach either sleeping or trying to sleep.

The most easily accepted reason for Woodforde's travels must be that he went to Somerset to see his relations and his friends there. It is true enough that once he got back to his old haunts, he managed to enjoy himself, even to the point of feeling "low" when he had to leave.

But his attitude towards his kin was in many ways an ambivalent one. Returning as a man of some means, with a well-endowed benefice of his own, he never forgot, never could forget, his disappointment over the Ansford living and the part

that some of them had taken in it. Nancy, writing to her sister in 1783, a year after one of the visits, has this to say about him:

> My Uncle has expended a deal of money here this Summer in building and repairs he seems to like Norfolk better than ever for my part I cannot say I do I should be glad if he would live in some part of Somersett I can't wish him to live at Ansford as I know that Place is extremely disagreeable to him.

Another time we find him declaring that in future he will correspond with none of his relations except the faithful Jenny. We also see him threatening to make use of the same kind of protocol that governed his meetings with friends in Norfolk: that is, he would not visit them unless they first visited him.

However, he did not carry this prohibition out, and he continued to make regular journeys into the West, although there was certainly little desire on the part of his relations to emulate him. Nephew Bill alone made several trips into Norfolk, and Sam came once. Brother John and his wife Melliora did the journey twice, but the first time was not until 1789 and the second journey came about only because of the Parson's serious illness in 1797. The Pounsetts came once, early on, but never again after that. Sister Clarke and her son likewise made one visit, but this was at least partly to act as chaperones for Nancy. No-one else came, even among those with whom he had been on the most friendly terms in his own Somerset days. No Heighes – perhaps he could never afford the coach fare. No James Clarke. And nobody among his once very close although unrelated friends: no Burges or Pews or Russes.

It would also appear that, perhaps because he had taken Nancy away from her home, such as it was, and constituted himself her benefactor, his relations in Somerset expected him to return from time to time and bring her with him. So far as Nancy was concerned, there was on her part anything rather than reluctance to make the journeys. She never really became acclimatized in Norfolk and, although grateful enough in the early years for the new and comfortable life her uncle was providing, she had later so much to say about the dull remoteness of Weston Longville that, without the distractions of a trip to

her old surroundings every few years, her complaints would have been even louder and more vehement than they were.

Perhaps, then, the Somerset trips were made at least partly out of a sense of obligation, rather than a source of personal pleasure. He was, after all, a man to whom the concept of family meant a great deal, however badly he may have got on with some of his relations; and he did quite seriously regard himself as the head of the family. Perhaps he felt it was his duty to keep in touch and return from time to time to see how they were progressing. For their part, at times of crisis, illness and death in the family, (Juliana 1788, Heighes 1789, Pounsett 1795), appeals for him to come to them went out. He did not always heed them, and would not on any account be stampeded into travelling until he was ready to make the journey.

*

If you could afford it, and wanted to choose your own route and avoid the delays unavoidable then as now with public transport vehicles, you hired a conveyance for all or part of your journey. But very frequently this mode of travel was combined with part of the journey by public stage-coach. A good example of this is Woodforde's inspection visit to his new parish in April 1775.

On this he was accompanied by his New College friend Washbourne Cooke, whose expenses he was paying, another college acquaintance Osborn Wight, whose father was chaplain of the original London bridewell, and Mrs. Prince, wife of the bookseller of New College Lane, whose brother was Mr. Strahan the King's Printer. They filled all four seats in what the Parson calls "Jones's Post-Coach", and in another place, "The Machine or Post-Coach". The journey to London from Oxford took 10 hours and the fare for Woodforde himself and Cooke came to £1.10, half of which had been paid in advance. The Post-Coach, which did the whole distance, was certainly a public service vehicle.

The second half of the outward journey was more complicated. In place of Osborn Wight they now had "M^{r}. Millard, who has a Brother at Norwich a Minor Canon". The vehicle with which they set off from London on 13 April was "a hired Post-Coach"

and capable, like the Oxford coach, of taking all four passengers. The first leg of the journey took them to "the bald faced Stagg Epping Forest", where they managed to find another four-seater coach to take them to Harlow. There they had to transfer to two chaises, as a post chaise held only two persons. The next stop and change was at Stanstead, still a blessed two centuries away from being made into an air terminal. Fresh chaises then took them on as far as Newmarket and they changed twice again, at Barton Mills and Thetford, before arriving in Norwich. Having started early in the morning, they reached the county town by 11 at night, after the city gates had been closed.

Most unusually, the diarist's account of his journey records nothing spent on food, except for "some Wine & Egg" consumed at Stanstead. So we must take it that Woodforde's half of the total expenses, amounting to £5 17. 0 for himself and Cooke, was virtually all spent on coach fare. This is, incidentally, more than he ever paid any of his long succession of maidservants for a whole year's work.

On 26 May 1778 the Pounsetts arrived unexpectedly at Weston Parsonage, having driven all the way, via London, in hired vehicles. By 1 July they were ready to leave, their departure possibly hastened by news that had just come in that Mr. Guppy, Pounsett's uncle, whose property he stood to inherit, "was very ill & all Cole friends but indifferent". The expenses of the outward journey must have blown a great hole in Mr. Pounsett's pocket, and he was obliged to look for a cheaper way to return. When the Parson saw his guests off from Norwich:

> My poor Sister shook like an Aspin Leave going away –
> She never went in a Stage Coach before in her Life –

This anecdote provides a neat and natural transition to the rest of my essay; for Woodforde himself was to use the stage-coach for all the journeys to Somerset he made with Nancy, reserving the chaises for the comparatively short trips at the beginning and end of each.

In the previous essay I advanced some reasons for the rapid improvement in the conditions of road travel by wheeled vehicles, from mid-century onwards. In particular the stage-

coaches benefited by all these, as it was made possible for the innkeepers, who through their ownership of both vehicles and horses controlled the stage coach business, to institute regular services which ran, more or less, at fixed times, as advertised in the newspapers of the day. It was really an adjunct of the catering trades. The coaches ran from and to particular inns. The passengers naturally took refreshment at the hostelries where their vehicles stopped and, on long journeys which necessitated an overnight stay, could in most cases put up there.

It is a popular myth that exact timing on journeys came in only with the railways and that the coaches ran in a cheerful haphazard manner which took little account of time. Nothing can be further from the truth. It was a matter of some difficulty to get coachmen to be punctual, since Greenwich Mean Time did not exist and local time often differed wildly from town to town. The Post Office, which imposed its standards on the proprietors of the mail coaches, solved this problem in a very ingenious way. Aware that the coachmen would blame any unpunctuality in arriving on the variations in local time, they saw to it that on setting out the guard was given a chronometer in a locked case, the key to which was held by the postmaster at the place of destination. This of course showed the time the journey had taken. A driver who was seriously late twice without adequate excuse was dismissed. I am not aware that the proprietors of ordinary stage coaches went to quite so much trouble as this, but in general they do not seem to have taken much longer to complete their journeys than advertised.

We take Norwich for our point of departure, because in reality this is just what our Parson did. In his days as a rider, he had been free to go across country as he wished. But the coaching map of England, like the railway map which succeeded it, was based on London and the roads running in and out of the capital.

There were three major routes between Norwich and London: one by Ipswich and Colchester, one via Newmarket and the third through Bury St. Edmunds. Woodforde never travelled on the Ipswich route, and of the five trips he made, starting from Norwich, four were on the Bury route, as well as most of his return trips, from London to Norwich.

After 1784, a mail coach ran on both the Ipswich and the Newmarket routes. These started from Woodforde's favourite *King's Head*, which would have been handy for him, if he had wanted to use the mails; but he never did. In any case he had only a few yards to walk to reach the *Angel* nearby. Merchant Baker, who occupied a shop in part of the inn building, is described as "Haberdasher", but he was also "Book-keeper to the London Coaches from the Angel Inn". It was from him that places in or on the coach could be reserved.

The first of Woodforde's journeys from Norwich to London was made in 1782. A year later, Chase the Norwich stationer published the first edition of his Directory. This includes a list of coaches, stage-waggons, etc., running out of the city. We can identify the particular coach the Parson took as "The POST COACH from the Angel in the Market-place, Norwich". It ran via Diss, Bury, Sudbury and Chelmsford. The fare was 15 shillings for inside passengers and 10 shillings for "outsides", who rode on the coach roof.

Nine years later, another and similar reference book appeared, the *Universal British Directory*. This account gives additional detail:

> A post-coach, by Bury, guarded and lighted, sets out from the Angel, Norwich, to the Two-necked Swan, Lad-lane, London, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, carries six insides at 25s. outsides at 20s.

And here is Woodforde, to go from the general to the particular, and breathe life into the dry facts of the reference books. The discrepancies between them are only minor ones, and may be sufficiently explained by the passing of time, in the case of the higher fare of 1792, and the difference between the time a coach was scheduled to go out and the time when it actually left. Woodforde differs from Chase, only a year later, in the cost of the fare for the inside places; and here, I think, the directory was most the more likely to be in error.

> Very busy all the Morning, packing our things for to go into the Country, as we set out in the Evening - M[r]. Du Quesne, who goes to London with us dined and spent the Afternoon with us - and about 5. o'clock this Evening Nancy and myself went in Lenewade Bridge

Chaise, and M^{r}. Du Quesne in his own Chaise - for Norwich - and there we drank Tea at the Angel where the London Coach puts up and in which we are to go in to Night - To the Driver of the Lenewade Chaise - gave - 0: 1: 6
Paid & gave at the Angel for eating &c. - 0: 2: 6
My Servant Will: Coleman went with us and is to go into the Country with us - We met M^{r}. Priest of Reepham and his Son S^{t}. John in Norwich - The Latter is going to Bury in the outside of the London Coach - No inside Place vacant - For 2. inside Places in the London Coach p^{d}. at Norwich - 1: 16: 0
For 1. outside Place in D^{o}. p^{d}. at D^{o}. - 0: 10: 0
For extraordinary weight of Luggage at 1½ per P^{d}. - 0: 1: 6
At 9. o'clock this Evening we all set of for London -

M.S. Diary, 29/5/1782

The next day's entry informs us that the coach held 6 people, and all the places were taken. They took breakfast at Sudbury, at what must surely have been an early hour in the morning, and then apparently had nothing else until the coach reached London at 2 in the afternoon, the journey having taken 17 hours. *The Swan with two Necks**, to which inn the coach ran, was actually a very famous hostelry, but Woodforde did not like the look of it and took a hackney coach for himself and Nancy to drive to the *Bell Savage* on Ludgate Hill.

After a day's sightseeing in London - the well-connected Mr. du Quesne had gone to stay with the Archbishop at Lambeth Palace - they took the Salisbury coach from the Bell Savage. The time of this journey was practically the same as that taken to travel from Norwich to London. Leaving at 10 p.m., they arrived in Salisbury "between 2. and 3. in the Afternoon" of the next day. It was as far as they could go on this route towards their destination at Cole, so recourse was had to the usual post-chaises: one from Salisbury to Hindon, a second on to Stourton and a third for the final leg. At each a horse had to be hired for the servant. They reached Cole at 10 o'clock at night.

We do not know how the travellers got back to Weston Longville, for nearly two months' entries of the diary are missing. Having come to the end of the current booklet on 6 August, the Parson very likely made these entries on loose sheets, which were eventually lost. The next booklet begins on 3 October.

* Actually "two nicks". Swans were royal property, and the nicks were notches made in the bill at the annual swan "upping", or counting.

Four years later Woodforde and Nancy set out with the intention "of spending a few Weeks with our Friends in Somersetshire . . .". He had made a formal arrangement with a young clergyman named Matthew Lane, of Hingham, to serve the church for him, taking him on for a quarter at the going rate for curates of £30 a year, "with all surplice Fees during that Time". The journey to London was a repetition of that taken in 1782. Woodforde could not remember where he had breakfast; no doubt he was half asleep. The coach ran from the *Angel* at 7 p.m., and arrived at 3 in the afternoon. Woodforde calls this the "heavy Coach"; another name, I think, for the 6-seater. Bill Woodforde, who had been staying at the Parsonage, was with them, and "three strange Women". The diarist adds: "It was very hot this Evening, especially with a Coach full".

Woodforde's account of his stay in London this year provides surely the most vivid of all possible impressions of the reality of eighteenth century hotel accommodation. Just as he had done in 1782, he drove to the *Bell Savage* and stayed thee, in spite of having been attacked throughout his previous stay by hordes of proliferating bed-bugs. Arriving now, he found them still in force. "Very much pestered and bit by the Buggs in the Night", he reported after his first night. The next was even worse: "I was bit so terribly by Buggs again this Night that I got up at 4. o'clock this Morning and took a long Walk by myself about the City till breakfast time". On the third night: "I did not pull of my Cloaths last Night but sat up in a great Chair all night with my Feet on the Bed and slept very well considering and not pestered with Buggs", a proceeding he repeated on the fourth and last night he spent there. (*M.S. Diary, 25-28/6/1786*). One wonders just what there was about the *Swan with two Necks* that could have been worse than this; and the implication of his comments is that all hotels were so liberally infested with bugs that their presence called for neither surprise nor resentment.

Woodforde continued the journey by the Bath route, in order to show the city to Nancy, who had never been there. Travellers are divided into those who are always ready long before they need to join the conveyance by which they are to travel, and those who dash up and hurl themselves aboard with seconds to spare. At 6.45 in the evening of 28 June Woodforde and

Nancy were sitting in the Bath coach, "and were just setting out, after some time waiting for Bill, when luckily he arrived, but", the Parson commented severely, "it was enough to make one very mad, he was at last obliged to leave some things behind him."-

This was a new and presumably improved coach:

> We had four of us in the Coach & Guard on top - It carried but 4. Insides, and is called the Baloon Coach, on Account of its travelling so fast, making it a point to be before the Mail Coach -
>
> *M.S. Diary, 28/6/1786*

There is no truth in the common idea that people living before the era of mechanical power applied to transport had no consciousness of speed. The sensation of fast movement is anyway a relative thing, and may be called into life merely by going a little faster than one is accustomed to. A famous contemporary of the Parson expressed a similar delight in speed in a much more idiosyncratic way:

> If (said he) I had no duties, and no reference to futurity, I would spend my life in driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman; but she should be one who could understand me, and would add something to the conversation.
>
> *— J. Boswell: Life of Johnson, Oxford ed., 845*

I do not know whether Nancy would ever have satisfied so exacting a demand; but Uncle James was no doubt much more accommodating, and they seem to have got along well enough in their travels together.

The rest of the journey was done by post chaise. One, from Bath, took the travellers to Shepton Mallet, 19 miles in 5 hours. After some "Rum and Water" at the *George*, they hired another chaise to take them to Cole, "driving pretty fast thro' Ansford, calling no where" and arriving about 7 o'clock in the evening. It had taken three hours to cover the 10 miles from Shepton.

On the return journey this year they once more took the Salisbury route, retracing the outward journey except that they changed horses first at Mere instead of Stourton. Hindon, their last stop before Salisbury, is an interesting place. Although it

was never any more than a village, many of the houses along its single street show traces of once having been coaching inns, for it was an important part of the road network. It was here that, as all good readers of the diary know, the Parson and his niece met, or at least caught a sight of, "M^{r}. Pitt the Prime Minister", held up like themselves because he could not get fresh horses to take him on to his country house at Burton Pynsent, bequeathed by a political admirer to his father. And all our travellers could do was to "bait the Horses" and persuade the chaise driver to take them on to Salisbury. This part of the journey took up the whole of one day and cost the large sum of £2. 0. 0, not including a further 3/6d. for turnpike fees "and some refreshment for ourselves".

Arriving in London, Woodforde must have decided to make a change in returning, and get back to Norwich by different routes and another coach. On 9 October he "walked into Bishopsgate-Street, to the black Bull, and there took 2. Places in the Norwich Expedition Coach which carries 4. Passengers, and sets of from London at 9. to Mor: Night. Paid there, for our half fare or rather part 1: 1: 0".

The Chase Directory identifies this coach for us. After giving the times of "The Old Norwich machine", a London-bound coach, which ran between the *Maid's Head* on Tombland and the *Bull* where we have just seen Woodforde reserving his seats, it continues:

> LONDON AND NORWICH EXPEDITION
>
> From the same inns; sets out from Norwich every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings at ten, and from London every Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday at the same time; carries four inside passengers, at 18s. each, outsides 10s. 6d. 14lb. luggage allowed, all above three-halfpence per pound. The above coaches carry game on the following terms, viz. a hare 6d. a brace of pheasants 6d. and brace of partridges 3d.

10 October, in the evening of which day our travellers set out from Bishopsgate Street, was a Tuesday, one of the days on which the *Angel* coach would have been making its return trip to Norwich, having come up the day before; so there was no question of their being forced to use the Expedition. It went via Newmarket, where they not only took breakfast but also had to

change vehicles. Here a very untoward discovery was made:

> Whilst we were at Newmarket and changing Coaches and Luggage, found that a small red Trunk of my Nieces was left behind in London, in which were all her principal Matters - It vexed her at first very much - but on my assuring her that I saw it safely lodged in the Warehouse, she was more composed - I would not pay the remaining part of our fare or for our luggage till the Trunk was forthcoming -
>
> *M.S. Diary, 11/10/1786*

Nancy, who had been intermittently ill during her holiday, attended by James Clarke and treated for "ague" - he sent her in a bill for half a guinea, which her uncle paid - was still not well on the journey back. Next day Woodforde commented, not perhaps with any great sympathy: "Nancy but indifferent and thinking too much on her Trunk, as no Trunk was brought by either of the Mail Coaches" -

There is no further word of Nancy's missing trunk, but she must eventually have got it back. On 1 June next year, in the course of a trip to Norwich in which the Parson had an interview with the bishop and succeeded in getting permission to be absent from a confirmation at Foulsham - "being near 10. Miles from Weston" - he records payment of a bill: "To M^{r}. Hughes for Coach and Luggage - p^{d}. - 1: 19: 6". I have been unable to identify the man to whom this payment was made, but the most likely supposition is that he was the Norwich agent for the Expedition coach.

— To be concluded

SCRIBBLE . . . SCRIBBLE . . . SCRIBBLE . . .

All but the first two of James Woodforde's diary notebooks are interleaved with sheets of blue paper. This would seem to be an early version of blotting paper, which was an "unsized" paper only slightly more absorbent than ordinary eighteenth century writing paper which was permeable by ink unless "pounced" to present a smooth surface for the pen. This would account for Woodforde's ability to use these blue sheets - which were

perhaps more use for protecting the written pages than for actually taking up ink – for continuing the diary entries and for his well-known "NBs" and pointing hands.

"Pouncing" a surface for writing in order to make it smooth and less absorbent was a custom from mediaeval times. A fine powder composed of cuttle-fish bone and sandarach, a resinous discharge from the African arar tree, was rubbed over the surface of vellum or parchment, a method still used by some modern scribes and illuminators. When paper was introduced, a different type of pounce was required, composed entirely of a resinous substance such as sandarach, which would prevent the ink from soaking in and spreading. The most general method of pouncing was to sprinkle the powder over the surface, using a box with a perforated top, and to rub it in afterwards with the fingers. These boxes were first known as sand dredgers, "sand" being a shortened form of sandarach.

Some early eighteenth century dredgers were made of steel, in a flat design resembling a cigar case, for carrying in the pocket,and many had perforations forming a motto or slogan or the owner's initials. They later came in all manner of materials: wood, porcelain, enamel, glass, and silver and other metals, and were usually cylindrical with wide, pierced saucer-shaped tops or upturned rims so that the surplus pounce could be returned to the container after use.

It was not until about 1810, when glazed writing paper that would not need pouncing was produced, that sandarach became obsolete. However, a new problem arose: on a glazed surface the ink remained wet for some time. Some absorbent material was needed that could be sprinkled over a freshly written surface to hasten the drying. The pounce box did not therefore go out of fashion but was filled with powdered chalk. Another early nineteenth century method was to dredge with a mixture of magnesium iron mica. When sprinkled over wet ink it clung and gave a sparkling effect to the writing, similar to the frosting on modern Christmas cards. However, in the 1840s, paper with a very high degree of absorbency was discovered by accident at John Slade's paper mill in Berkshire when the size was omitted from a quantity of glazed writing paper which accidentally came into contact with ink. This became a popular product of the mill as "blotting paper", thus ousting the

use of chalk or other materials for drying the written sheet. We do not know if the diary pages were pounced or not. Woodforde makes no reference to preparing them but he may have been content to let the ink soak into the paper and dry naturally, hence the smudged effect on some pages, which has been attributed to poor quality ink. Woodforde only mentions "sand" as an appurtenance of a *standish* bought in 1759 at Oxford.

Ornamental standishes came into use in the early sixteenth century and were plain square or oblong trays, standing flat, and holding ink-horn, pens, pen-knife, "pen dust" and sealing wax. In the eighteenth century the fashionable standish, usually of silver, took the form of a rectangular tray with deep recesses to take ink pot, pounce box, a shot container for cleaning pens with a trough or groove to take pens and the essential penknife, the whole standing on ornamental knobs or feet. In the interests of symmetry the pounce pot and the ink pot were made to match in size and shape. This resemblance led in many cases to the contents of the ink pot being shaken over the unfortunate writer! James Beresford, in 1806, is only one of several authors to complain of picking up the inkpot instead of the pounce pot and covering himself and his paper with ink. Nevertheless the pots continued to be duplicated.

Later inkstands, as they came to be called, carried refinements such as candlesticks or wax jacks for tapers and even a small bell to summon a servant to take the letter to the post. Wafers for sealing the letters were usually kept in a separate box. Some inkstands were truly magnificent examples of the silversmith's art, made for high-ranking noblemen and officials, such as the Fitzwilliam inkstand made in 1802 by John Parker, and that made by Paul de Lamerie in 1729 for Sir Robert Walpole, which was recently sold for the record sum of £770,000.

James Woodforde seems to have been an almost compulsive collector of writing tables, desks, and bureaux (*Journal XVIII, 2*), and so far at least twelve of differing descriptions can be found in the printed diary, the Society's texts, and the Parson's own inventories. So it was with keen anticipation that I searched for inkstands – after all, here was a man whose main occupation, apart from writing in his diary, was the filling in of

church registers, writing sermons, issuing Briefs and all the other writings required of a parish priest, let alone his correspondence with his family and friends. Surely he would have acquired a number of inkstands to adorn the desks - but no! The few references to standishes and inkstands can be counted on the fingers of one hand. On 8 October 1759, only days after he took up residence at New College, he notes: "Had of M^{r}. Prince the Bookseller in New College Lane a standish with Sand, Ink, Wafers and a half Hundred of pens". In his list of "Goods late M^{rs}. Parrs", made after her death in 1771, there appears a "Walnutt Ink Stand with a Candlestick", but since he valued this at only a shilling it seems unlikely that he would have treasured it. Among his "Goods at New College" listed in 1774, there is an "Inkstand with Glasses, Candlestick etc. - 0. 18. 6". On 18 May 1776, when he returned to Oxford with Nephew Bill, en route for Weston, he notes: "Gave Holmes my handsome Japan Inkstand and my gilt Leather Fire Screen both cost me 2. 2. 0". There is no other note during the Ansford-Oxford period of any purchase other than that of 1759, so it is likely that the two latter references were to one and the same article with different descriptions.

At infrequent intervals Woodforde bought paper, sermon books - and the diary notebooks, sealing wax, penknives and quantities of quill pens. An instruction for cutting pens is given in *The Young Man's Companion* of 1750: "Take the first, second, or third Quill in the wing of a Goose or Raven and form it into a pen by pointing and slitting the lower end of the barrel into two nibs." Paintings and portraits show the result as being quite short (although they were trimmed down as the point became worn) and thus very different from the large-feathered quill pens used perhaps for ceremonial occasions or to garnish memorials such as those of John Stow or Shakespeare.

Woodforde also acquired "a Glass pen to write with". (27/3/1769). I have what must be a similar pen, of Venetian glass with coloured canes twisted in the holder, ending in a grooved finial, similar to a pointed flower bud. Ink is retained in the grooves of the "bud" but it is doubtful if its capacity was greater than that of a quill.

Later in the eighteenth century ink was a thick liquid containing a large amount of gum arabic, hence the need for a regular

dip into the shot container, to keep the nib clean. In Somerset Woodforde bought his ink by the half-pint, pint, or even quart, from Painter Clarke. The price was about 8d. per pint.

Apart from the 1759 standish, no other inkstands appear in the O.U.P. volumes or are listed in the 1803 Parsonage sale, so it would seem that Woodforde abandoned their use – perhaps as a result of his unwittingly dousing himself at intervals with the contents of the inkpot!

THE SNOOKS OF SANDFORD ORCAS

The book entitled *Sandford Orcas, a Village History* by Sir Mervyn Medlycott, Bt., and G. Sugg, reviewed in the Winter 1988 Journal, contained much interesting and informative detail about the Snook family, to add to what I already knew about the family from their landlord, Parson Woodforde. Then Mr. Anthony Wilson, of Cambridge, a lineal descendant of the Sarah Snook mentioned with her sons in the diary, provided me with further valuable information and an admirably complete family tree. I should like to make it clear from the outset that everything I write here comes directly from the three sources given above. I stand indebted to them all, particularly to Mr. Wilson, having done no more than assemble the material placed at my disposal.

Woodforde's tenants at Sandford were three in number: Sarah, George and Willis Snook, respectively the wife and sons of Richard Snook. All I know about the last-named comes from a summary of title-deeds held by a family named Down, made in 1921 and used by Sir Mervyn Medlycott when researching his village history.

From this I learned that Richard Snook, not a native of Sandford, born "in the reign of Charles II" – that is, in or before 1685 – had settled there by 1707. He is described in one of the deeds as "tallowchandler", which may have been his trade before he came to Sandford. On 29 September 1707 he took out a 99-year lease on "the Water Grist Mill and Malt Mill" in the village from the owner, Sir Thomas Webster. The interesting part of this transaction is that the lease was to run

for the term of three lives, in addition to that of Richard himself.

This was a very common form of tenure in the West country at the time, and indeed a similar arrangement is used to further the development of the plot of Thomas Hardy's *Woodlanders.* It had some points of resemblance to the device called a "beneficial lease"* offered by the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, and by ecclesiastical estates. By it a considerable amount of money was exacted as a condition of granting the lease. Then, for a number of years the tenant paid only a "peppercorn" rent, of some trifling sum, or perhaps nothing at all, until at the end of the agreed term another large payment fell due. This was called a "fine".

The advantage to the tenant of the "lease for three lives" was that it could provide a long term of years, in which he and his heirs were left in undisturbed possession. At the same time it had a distinct element of mediaeval chance about it. In an era of high mortality rates, such as the eighteenth century still was, the time the lease took to run out could be drastically abridged.

Besides two daughters, both called Mary (the first lived only from April to May 1702 and the second was born in 1716), Richard Snook and his wife Sarah at the date he took out the lease had three sons: Richard born 1703, Nathanael born 1705/6 and George, all three of whom were put into the lease. We have no baptismal notice for George, a baby at the time. As we shall see later, the lease became non-operative when the mill passed into the outright possession of the family; but if it had not been for this it would have been valid until 1777, all of seventy years after the father had taken it out. The sum paid in 1707 was very large, amounting to £87. 10. 0, but this would have guaranteed possession without further outlay for five or seven years, making the annual rental value to the landlord somewhere between £13 and £15.

Richard Snook died in 1730/1, and was buried at Sandford on 19 March of that year. By this time the youngest son Willis,

* For an example of a New College "beneficial lease" see *Mr. Foster and the "College Land" in Journal X, 2 (Winter 1977), 532-60,* also as an appendix to *Another Parson: Notes on the Life of Thomas Jeans DD. Supplement to Journal No. 5, 1978.*

born in 1720 and therefore much younger than his brothers, made up the full tally of six children.

The next thing to happen was that on 14 February 1734/5 the landlord, Webster, sold the mill outright to Willis Snook for £122. He was aged 15, and there must have been some recondite legal reason why the three brothers named in the lease did not take part in the purchase. The source already mentioned (remember that this is secondary evidence and its reliabilaity cannot be proven) states that the mill was "formerly in possession of Robert Down an undertenant of Sir Thomas Webster and now in the possession of Sarah Snook, widow of Richard Snook". Two months later the eldest son, Richard, who by the terms of the lease was the titular tenant after his father, was buried at Sandford.

For some thirty years we have no news of the mill, except that Willis must have taken over the business as soon as he was old enough to run it. On 8 January 1748/9 Nathanael, the second son, was buried, and this accounts for the fact that when Parson Woodforde arrived on the scene to look over the little properties which his father had previously administered for him, there were only the two brothers, George and Willis, and their mother there. Willis was noted as "miller" by Samuel Woodforde under the year 1754, and as "Gamekeeper to Squire Seymour" by James in 1761.

Let us now turn our attention to Willis, who appears to be the most enterprising of the Snooks, although this may be only because we know more about him than about any of the others. He was twice married. He must have been very young when his first marriage was contracted, because the first wife, Elizabeth, was buried on 4 October 1742. Her death probably came about as a consequence of childbirth, since the baby was buried two days later. He then married a Sarah, and the couple had eight children - Sarah (1745/6): Willis (1747): Mary (1749): another Mary, Willis repeating the name here as his parents had done (1751): Elizabeth (1755): Richard (1756): Florella (1757): George (1760).

Sir Mervyn Medlycott observed of the Snooks that they were a typical labouring family. While this is no doubt correct if the Snooks of the later eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are considered, the term cannot properly be used to describe

Willis, a property owner for most of his lifetime. His importance in the parish is attested by the records, which show the official, and unpaid, posts he held. In 1750 he first became a churchwarden, and in 1755 he was an overseer, one of the two who usually served for half a year each. In 1758 he was churchwarden again, his signature appearing on apprenticeship documents for that year. In 1765, once more an overseer, he drew up his accounts for the second half-year, showing that he had paid out £20. 11. 4½d. in benefit, received £7. 12. 3 "in Stock" and had a balance in hand of £12. 18. 11½. In 1763, 1767 and 1777 he attended vestries at which he signed as "Willis Snook for the Mills". All his accounts and other writing are in a good and easily legible hand.

I should have imagined that the mill could hardly have failed to do well, in a place like Sandford where competition must have been minimal or even non-existent. Perhaps, though, Willis did not attend to the business as well as he might have done. Possibly, in view of his other avocation of gamekeeper, he preferred a more active and varied life to the humdrum pursuit of milling - although for that matter, there was long a romantic tradition that associated being a miller with gadding about. Perhaps Willis resembled the jolly Schubertian man who sang at the top of his voice *Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust*!

Be that as it may, we know that by the late 1760's he was in difficulties, for on 29 June 1767 he mortgaged the mill to somebody named Provis - this was the name assumed by the convict Magwitch in *Great Expectations* on returning to England. Three years later Provis transferred the mortgage to a Symonds; I was unable to read the first name. The amount for which the property was mortgaged is not given.

But this could have been only a temporary respite for Willis, for five years later, on 3 June 1775, he sold the mill to Thomas Down, who must have been a relative of the Robert Down mentioned as former subtenant of the mill, for £122. This would be about right if the annual value of the property was near to the sum I have calculated. By this time Willis had taken over his brother George's share of the Woodforde tenancies, but his rental payments on these were becoming irregular.

On 24 August 1777 George Snook was buried at Sandford. In spite of the evident poverty of his last years, no Poor Law benefit payments are listed as having been given to him. Either he had just enough of his own to live on, or Willis helped him out. Not that he was prospering, himself. In the same year Willis was appointed parish clerk, a lowly post which carried a small wage and which only a poor man would have looked at. He survived his brother for only some six months, and was buried at Sandford on 21 February 1778.

Of the eight children of Willis Snook and his wife Sarah already mentioned, the younger Sarah married Richard Axtens in 1766. The second Mary had a "base born" child, named Richard, in 1779. Elizabeth died, aged 15, in 1770. This was the time when Woodforde was most closely in touch with the Snooks, but this death is not recorded in the diary. Willis' son Richard married Betty Smith and had a family. He must have died after April 1841, since he was alive at the time of the census return for that year, when he must have been about 86. Like his father he was parish clerk, 1806-39, and was succeeded in the office by his son and grandson, both named George. The last-named died in 1907.

Another of Richard's sons, named Willis after his grandfather, was the first school teacher in Sandford from 1834. Before then, he appears to have had the responsibility for looking after the children in church and seeing that they behaved decorously. The churchwardens' accounts list the following items:

> 13 July 1828. Paid Willis Snook for attending the children to Yeovil to be confirmed 3s. 0d.
> 29 May 1833. Paid Willis Snook for going with the children to be confirmed - 3s. 0d.

He was the parish mole-catcher at £4 a year, appointed 1817. When not engaged in one or other of these extra tasks, he was an agricultural labourer.

I have purposely left until last the life-story of another George, the youngest of our Willis Snook's eight children, because it was so very different from that of the others. The Snooks may by his time have fallen from the status of independent cultivators to that of labouring men, and some may have been

paupers, but they kept on the right side of the law and were respectable examples of what the Victorians used to call "the deserving poor". George alone fell outside the pale of respectability. Here, briefly, is what happened to him:

He was born at Sandford in 1760, and married Mary Baker in 1786. Now she was very penurious, and when she applied for poor relief the overseers decided that, as she had not been born in the village, she did not "have settlement" there. They were on the very point of sending her forcibly back to Long Burton in Dorset, no doubt the place from which she had immediately come to Sandford, when George stepped in with his providential offer of marriage.

The timing of these events appears very strange and has perhaps a sinister significance. On 22 November the parish paid the costs of getting out an "Order of Removal" for Mary Baker to Long Burton. As there is no trace of her in the records of that parish, she evidently was not a native there. It is always possible that she did not know where she was born, a terrible situation to be in at the time of the Settlement Laws. The next day she and George Snook were married in the parish church of Sandford. Officials under the Old Poor Law were often accused of preventing the marriage of outsiders who might then turn out to be a liability to the parish, and there could have been a race between George and the overseers which he won by a whisker.

On the other hand, the overseers may have seen in Mary's union to a man of reasonably good reputation an alternative to sending her out of the parish. They may have put pressure on him to marry, by presenting this as the only way she would be allowed to stay. As a proof they meant business they got out the removal order ready for use. The odd thing is, whichever of these two conflicting speculations one chooses, the banns had been read in the usual way for three weeks before the wedding, which must therefore have been a planned affair, with nothing secret or clandestine about it.

Up to this point it is quite a romantic story, and if the marriage had been planned by the overseers, their strategem appears to have worked, for Mary was married to a man who was providing for her. For some years the couple lived on his earnings as a labourer, without recourse to the parish. They had five

children, born between 1788 and 1797. As his family grew, George became what we call a "moonlighter". He took on work as a leather dresser, evidently getting the material from the village tannery. Early in 1799 James Jeffrey prosecuted him for the theft of leather to the value of £3. 14. 0. Imprisoned in Taunton bridewell, he was tried on 28 March 1799 at the Assizes held in the Castle, convicted of "Grand Larceny" and sentenced to 7 years transportation.

For over two years George languished in a convict "hulk" off Portsmouth. If one can imagine conditions more awful than those of contemporary prisons, they must have been found in these contraptions, obsolete naval vessels taken out of service and with all their top-hamper removed. Old age and neglect made them leak constantly at every seam. The mortality in the hulks was very high, owing to damp and cold; but they were moored well offshore, very few among the labouring classes at this time were able to swim, and the hulks were regarded as practically impossible to escape from*. George's long stay in such uncongenial surroundings came about because far more offenders were being given sentences of transportation than the penal colonies could absorb. It was not until June 1801 that he was put aboard a ship called the *Minorca.* After the customary voyage of six months duration he arrived at Sydney in December.

George served five years of his sentence, and was then released as a "free bonded servant". He was self-employed as a shoemaker, in spite of the fact that leather had been his downfall, and listed as such until 1811. Another source adds that he then "left the colony", and no more appears to be known of him.

Sir Mervyn Medlycott remarked that his return to England was unlikely. As he had not served out his full term as a convict he could, on his return, have been rearrested and sent back to complete his sentence, this being a ploy of the authorities to ensure that released convicts stayed in Australia. This may well be so, but I should have thought that his chances of return

* A certain Huffum or "Huffy" White, a footpad, has earned himself a minuscule entry on the scroll of History by apparently being the only man to effect a successful escape from the hulks. - See Charles G. Harper: *Half Hours with the Highwaymen* (1908).

were practically non-existent, without the need for any such official subterfuge.

The arrest of her husband, the disappearance of the bread-winner, of course forced Mary Snook on to the parish, which now found itself obliged to look after her and her children. She was given the extraordinarily generous allowance of four shillings a week to keep six people alive. She must surely have depended upon the private charity of neighbours, or taken up some kind of paid work, but even with that she could not make ends meet, and fell into arrear with the rent, a debt which the overseers settled in October 1800. Her landlord was John Bowden, perhaps a son of Woodforde's one-time tenant; possibly even the same man although, if so, he must have been very old. In the same year she began to receive extra poor relief payments on account of illness. She did not long survive, and was buried as a pauper in April 1801, two months before her husband sailed for Australia. On 11 April an entry in the parish poor rate book records: "Samuel Bullen for the bell and greave [sic] for Mary Snook 2s. 6d.".

Her children, born in the village, likewise received parish benefit until they each attained the age of fourteen, after which time they were considered able to look after themselves. The youngest son Nathanael received three shillings a week until March 1811, when he became a labourer and leather-dresser in the village. He married Elizabeth Gander in 1824 and was later able to acquire a row of four cottages, built in the eighteenth century of the local stone. The Tithe Apportionment Book shows him there in 1837. Next door lived his sister Mary and her husband William Gander. The two remaining tenements were let to George Piddle who had married another Elizabeth Gander, a good example of the close family ties so often found in villages like Sandford Orcas.

Nathanael had presumably taken the cottages on mortgage. Eventually he found that he could not keep up the payments. He was obliged to move out in the 1840's and went to live in one of "the poor cottages on Haile". The census returns of 1841, 1851 and 1861 list him as "Ag. Labourer", and when he died in January 1884 of "Old Age" (he was 86), his former occupation was given on the certificate as "Farm Labourer".

The history of the nineteenth century Snooks well illustrates

the contemporary flight from the villages to the towns, from rural life and work to an economy that was industry-based. Nathanael's son George, born in 1839, moved to Charlton in Kent (South London). He was first a miller like his great-grandfather Willis Snook, then a master butcher, with his own shop. He had seventeen children, of whom eight survived, and died at Charlton in 1887.

His son William George, born in 1871, was married in the London church of St. Marylebone. He became a licensed victualler, and was the maternal great-grandfather of Mr. Wilson. *(ed.)*

APPENDIX: THE THREE SARAH SNOOKS

We have seen that both Willis Snook's mother and his second wife were named Sarah. The former was Woodforde's tenant as mentioned in the accounts and diary. The Sandford register records her burial on 16 April 1761. In September Woodforde, passing on her holding to her son George, noted that she had died "lately".

Another Sarah Snook was buried eight years later, on 15 October 1769. Now one might assume that George was unmarried, since no allusion to a wife or children is found in any of the sources. But consider this entry in Woodforde's diary:

> M^rs^. Snook wife of John Snook my
> Tenant at Sanford brought me a
> Hare this Morning -
>
> – *Ansford Diary II, 28/12/1764*

"John" here is clearly the diarist's mistake for "George". In any case, we know that George donated the hare, no doubt obtained from his brother as a perquisite of the gamekeeping job, because in the following spring the diarist handed back two shillings of his rent, commenting:

> N.B. I gave George Snook the more as he sent me
> a Hare in the last Winter, which I gave nothing for.
>
> – *Ibid. 15/4/1765*

So George must have had a wife, to act as messenger over the gift. If so, she was very likely to have been the Sarah Snook who died in 1769. At the same time, it is surely a remarkable coincidence that George and Willis, sons of Sarah, should *both* have married women with the same Christian name. Woodforde does not mention the death of a Snook wife in that year, but he was clearly much more interested in the Snooks as tenants and rent-payers occupying his land than he was in their personal and domestic affairs, and we should expect him to allude to such family details only when they affected the tenancies.

The third and last Sarah Snook in these records died in 1785. It is natural to assume that she was Willis' widow. If there is room for doubt here it can only be in consideration of her status.

In 1775 Willis had received £122 from the sale of the mill. He may of course have been heavily in debt and needed the money to settle his debts. Or he could have contrived to blue in all the cash during the next two years. Certainly this Sarah was in the very lowest depths of poverty and when she died had been in that state for some time. The overseer's accounts show that she had been receiving a small weekly sum, usually one shilling, at least since 1780.

There were two kinds of pauper relieved by the Old Poor Law system: the "in time of need" people who were given only short-term help to tide them over a period of illness or unemployment, and the long-term destitute who had no other means of support. Sarah Snook was certainly one of these last. The relief payments continued until the final one, of 1/6d. in March 1785. Sarah must have died immediately afterwards, as is shown by the following. First, the parish register:

> Sarah Snook widow was buried March y^e^ 25^th^
> A Pauper.

Then the overseer's account book completes the picture:

March y^e^ 26 Paid Samuel Bullen for y^e^	
Bell and Coffin for Sarah Snook -	0 - 10 - 0
Paid for y^e^ Shroud for Sara Snook -	0 - 4 - 0

If this was Willis Snook's relict, the wife of the one-time miller,

she really had come down in the world. She received the same sort of pauper funeral that was to be given to her daughter-in-law sixteen years later. Even the name "Samuel Bullen" appears in both. Possibly doubling the avocations of sexton and parish clerk, he provided in each case the final offices. *(ed.)*

TWO VIEWS OF GALHAMPTON

S. W. Miller: From Parson's Quarter to Purgatory: a history of North Cadbury, Woolston and Galhampton: Three villages, one parish. Castle Cary Press 1988.

Thought-provoking titles such as John Buchan's *Memory-Hold-the-Door* and Dr. Halliday Sutherland's *The Arches of the Years* undoubtedly attract readers and so it is with Mr. Miller's book on three of the villages which are part of the Team Ministry of nine parishes known as the "Camelot Parishes". It is an invaluable record of the residents of the villages particularly but not exclusively for the 150 years to 1950, and assuredly will be much sought after now and in the future by those wishing to establish family roots and connections. The book takes its title from a field name to be found, partly, in a tithe book of 1839, and it would have been interesting to learn if Parson's Quarter and Purgatory are referred to in the maps which were produced following the passing of the Tithe Commutation Act of 1836. The excellent selection of photographs must have proved difficult, especially when the exhibition of them at North Cadbury Court some years ago is recalled.

While the book does not claim to be a complete history of the three parishes, nevertheless more details concerning their origin would have been welcome. The district around Cadbury has been peopled for close on four thousand years successively by Celts, British, Romans, Anglo-Saxons and Normans, all of whom have left evidence of their occupation in the area. When the Norman scribes came to write the Domesday Book they, as former inhabitants of Gaul, had difficulty with the Anglo-Saxon language, and this resulted in *Cadanbyrig* becoming *Cadeberie*, the origin being Cada's fort. Woolston presented

even greater difficulty for prior to the Norman Conquest it was Wulf's or Wulfheah's tun or village. This became *Ufetone* and by the fourteenth century it was Wolston. Galhampton, although not recorded in the Domesday Book, was by the beginning of the fourteenth century *Galampton* but a hundred years earlier it was *Galmetom*: a village inhabited by rent-paying peasants.

Social histories of villages during the 200 years to 1950 are invaluable for the pictures they "paint" and the knowledge they impart and this book must take its place among the growing number without which we would be the poorer. Regrettably, however, there are some significant omissions which detract from its value. Although Parson Woodforde and his diary are mentioned there is no reference to the fact that while he lived in nearby Ansford he was frequently in the company of Counsellor Melliar, the owner of Galhampton Manor. Indeed, the diary begins on 21 July 1759 and by 4 September we have the first mention of the Counsellor.

Apart from the content of such books they are also invaluable for the notes which they contain, giving references and explanations which add to their interest. Sadly, none are given in this book.

William Woodforde at Home

Although the author of *From Parson's Quarter to Purgatory,* reviewed in this issue, has one incidental mention of Woodforde and his "now famous diary", his researches in that direction have taken him no farther than the index to the Beresford edition, for his single extract from the diary refers only to the Galhampton man Thomas Speed who made a disturbance in Castle Cary church and was arrested by the parish constable, on 15 July 1770.

Later on in the book Galhampton Place is mentioned. The crude drawing of the house which was first reproduced in the *Castle Cary Visitor* is shown, and the information added, which I did not know, that the original sketch was made by James Davidge of Ansford and is dated 1799. William Woodforde is

referred to in connection with the house, but there is nothing at all here to associate him with the "Parson Woodforde" who wrote the diary. Nor, in a chapter largely composed of unrelated facts, is there any attempt to piece these together into a cohesive narrative.

George Dukes is given a mention as the occupier of Galhampton Place in March 1775. In that year he offered a reward for the apprehension of a thief who had stolen some property from him. We are not told the name of his wife, only that it was his daughter Ann(e) who married William Woodforde.

In fact, Parson Woodforde knew them both well, the wife being one of his father's parishioners. It is possible that his brother-in-law Robert White was either related to or on close terms of friendship with her, since he signed the register as one of the witnesses to her marriage on 22 February 1770:

> M[r]. White breakfasted with us this morning at L. House - After breakfast I went with M[r]. White to Cary Church where I married George Dukes of Shepton Montague to Ann Moggs of Cary for which I rec[d]. being by Licence - 0-10-0

Just over a year later, on 15 March 1771, he entered in the diary:

> I walked to Gallhampton this morning and privately baptized a Child of M[rs]. Jukes, formerly Moggs - by name Anne -

The baptism is recorded in the parish register of North Cadbury. Then, on 9 April:

> I went to Cary Church this morning and churched M[rs]. Jukes of Gallhampton, being much desired -

These three passages exhaust what he has to tell us about the Dukes or Jukes couple. Seventeen years were to pass before their daughter received another mention in the diary, and that entry is indeed a very strange one, as we shall see.

So much is said about "Nephew Bill" in different parts of the diary, and so thoroughly has his career been covered in the Journal, that no more than a very brief summary of events up to the time of his marriage is required here.

He was born at Alhampton in the parish of Ditcheat, in his mother's ancestral house, on 4 May 1758 (*Family Book*). There is no baptismal entry for him in the Ditcheat register; nor is one

to be found at Cary or Ansford. Presumably at the time he was born his mother was visiting in some other parish, so far unidentified.

By the time he was old enough to "sit up and take notice", his parents were hopelessly at odds with one another. When the boy was 13 Heighes found himself unceremoniously thrown out of his wife's house. I suppose Bill lived mostly with his mother, but in the diary he is usually seen in his father's company.

Nothing is known about his education, but I should guess that it was at some local private school, and if the schoolmaster got any fees out of Heighes, all I can say is that he was lucky. It is clear that no sort of provision was made for his future. No-one ever suggested trying to get Bill on to the Foundation at Winchester, as Thomas Woodforde had done with his son Frank; and in fact it was in Bill's generation that the long-standing Wykehamist connection was allowed to lapse. Still less could Heighes afford to provide the funds for a business partnership such as Bill's uncle John had had with the Bristol ironmonger.

His brother Sam, five years his junior, was not slow to extricate himself from the poverty trap imprisoning all Heighes' children. At 14, he already displayed such ability in drawing and painting that it was soon to attract the attention of the Hoare family who became his patrons. He was "an uncommonly clever Youth", as Woodforde said of him. Bill possessed no such resources, and in 1776, when he was eighteen, he was still kicking his heels round Cary and Ansford, without prospects or any sign of knowing what to do with his life.

There then followed the disastrous episode of his sojourn in Norfolk as the companion of his uncle James (1776-8), and his leaving there in disgrace. Then, after much shilly-shallying and tergiversation, he joined the Navy, in late 1778 or early 1779, as a midshipman. He saw some active service and was "in an Engagement", as he remarked modestly. But the end of hostilities in 1783 led, as always, to an immediate run-down of the wartime fleet. Bill left in 1784 without having gained any promotion. A few years later Woodforde took to referring to his nephew as "Captain", but we must not be misled by this; it was a militia, not a naval rank. Bill says himself that he had gained

some money in "prizes", enemy vessels captured by his ship. How long this would have lasted him I do not know. Presumably he went back to live with his mother, as being the only one of his relations able to support him. In later years he spoke of her with contempt and dislike.*

All in all, it was Anne Dukes who saved him from a life of miserable and wretched poverty and allowed him to "strut and fret his hour upon the stage" as the squirelet of Galhampton and, in the fullness of time, as Lieutenant-Colonel and founder of the East Somerset Yeomanry. Much of the evidence is missing, and our knowledge of the story is very imperfect; but let us see how this piece of superlative good fortune came his way, and what effect it had on his life.

*

Elopements commonly took place either when an heiress was unprotected by legal settlement of her property and other assets, or where there was such strong opposition from parents or guardians that consent to a marriage was unlikely to be forthcoming. The classic presentation of the furious father, brandishing pistol or horsewhip as he chased the runaways who were making for the Scottish border, where once across it the English marriage laws did not apply, must have been enough to deter many a would-be suitor. Bill was very fortunate in this respect. At seventeen Anne Dukes was an orphan.

Somerset Record Office supplied me with the following basic information: "Ann wife of George Dukes, from Cary", was buried at North Cadbury 16 July 1777. Seven years later, on 9 October 1784, the widower was married to Hannah Comer of Butleigh. A son George was baptized on 18 July 1786, but lived less than a month and was buried on 10 August. Even at that, he just outlived his father, who had been buried at North Cadbury 20 July. Anne, therefore, had lost both parents but had a stepmother living in 1788, although she is never mentioned in Woodforde's diary and almost certainly was not resident at Galhampton Place after Anne's marriage.

The first Woodforde heard about his nephew's forthcoming marriage was in a letter, which reached him on 11 October.

* "His Mother he says is crazy and calls herself Lady Woodforde" - *M.S. Diary, 28/12/1790.*

1788, from Heighes, "who informs me that his Son Will[m]. is going to marry a Miss Jukes a Fortune of £5000". The reader is respectfully invited to take particular note of the term "*a* Miss Jukes". It was a long time since the diarist had seen or heard from any of the Dukes family, and the name clearly did not stir him into any feat of recollection of the fact that he had married her parents and christened herself.

The next message came from Sister Pounsett, on 15 November, "to let us know that Nancys Brother William was gone of with Miss Dukes to be married, and that they were at Portland Island".

That was actually the day before the wedding took place. Then just after Christmas, on 28 December, Nancy received a letter from William himself, "in which he mentions that he was married to Miss Anne Jukes the 16. of November last at Portland Chapel by a M[r]. Paine - Will[m]. was at M[r]. Pounsetts when he wrote with his Wife on a Visit for some Days –". Samuel Payne was rector of Portland 1776-1802.

Next summer Woodforde and Nancy were on their way to the West country. As they passed through London he bought "at a Fann shop in Tavistock Street . . . 2. Fanns 1. for Nancy's Sister in Law and 1. for my Niece Jane Pounsett", for a total amount of 11 shillings. He entered 5 shillings of this on the special account which he kept for his expenses on Nancy's behalf. In the diary, 11 June 1789, he wrote that she owed him the money. Anne's present, therefore, was not coming from him.

And on 26 June, when he finally met Anne on the road from Cole to Ansford, he still inexplicably fails to note that he remembered whom she was, or indeed, anything about her family. His account of their meeting is even more deadpan than usual. He calls her "Will[m]. Woodforde's Wife", and leaves it at that. Four days later he dined with William and Anne, but not at Galhampton. They must have been living in some temporary accommodation at Ansford. A crowd of relations had been invited to the meal and an elaborate spread served up.

The William Woodfordes were not in the party that was made up to go to Sherborne Park and gaze at the Royal Family on 4 August, but that was no doubt because Anne was by then in the last stages of pregnancy. She had a horribly long labour that

lasted for three days. Woodforde, concerned but impersonal, called or sent Briton to enquire about her several times, but in the end it was Will Coleman, his former servant, who rode over to Cole on 12 August with the news that "M^{rs}. Will^{m}. Woodforde was delivered of her Burden and had got a Daughter - It gave us all pleasure to hear it -". The baby was Juliana, named after Bill's favourite sister, who had died in the previous year, but always called Julia in her family.

Her parents seem to have moved into Galhampton Place some time in 1790. The Parson said of Bill's letter received in December, already mentioned, that "he talks in a very high Stile of his House and furniture and improvements he is still making". In February 1791 his second child, a son William, was born. His christening was deferred until the next year, when Anne came of age. Bill celebrated the double event in a very lavish way. The Parson, hearing about it in a letter from his sister Pounsett, showed a total lack of interest. His diary entry for 19 April 1792 records merely the receipt of the letter. Fortunately this was the single year in which Nancy kept a full diary, and she provided a vivid account of the festivities. There was, she writes, "no expence spared to make it agreeable to the company which consisted of near thirty people. Bells ringing, Music playing, Guns firing, and Flaggs Flying and the Evening concluded with a Ball".

It was not until the 1793 visit that the diarist had the opportunity of revisiting Galhampton Place, after 22 years that had elapsed since Anne's christening. He seems at this time not to have been on particularly friendly terms with William. He was not invited to a meal there, but "took a Walk between breakfast and Dinner" and "stayed about an hour & half there". Although he adds that "Will^{m}. & Wife behaved very friendly and kind", his verdict on Galhampton Place as improved by his nephew is immensely patronising: "Will^{m}. has made a very pretty place of his little Cottage". This was on 8 July.

Nearly two months later the Parson and Nancy gave a party at Cole. Mrs. Richard Clarke "sent us over this morning the middle part of a fine Salmon". Mrs. Pounsett, taking some time off from nursing her invalid husband, a task at which she was not, according to her censorious brother, very good - she "vexes him having so little patience" - made cheese cakes. And after all this

William, who had his brother Samuel the painter staying with him,

> . . . sent a note this
> Morning to Nancy to excuse their dining with us to
> day on account of the Weather - as it rained a little
> in the morning - a very poor excuse in my Opinion.
> . . . William Woodforde's Wife very goodnaturedly came over
> by herself in her one [horse] Chaise to Cole, and
> spent the afternoon with us - William & Sam very
> impolitely stayed at home - . . .
>
> - *M.S. Diary, 3/9/1793*

During his last visit, in 1795, relations with his nephew tended to improve. On 20 July the Parson and his brother walked over to Galhampton and "spent an hour with Will[m]. Woodforde and Wife - Saw the Hermitage which Will[m]. lately built in which he has shewn great Taste". Some time later he spent two nights there towards the end of August, and another two on 29 and 30 September. Unfortunately he says not a word about anything he found in the house and does not record any impression he might have had of his stay. He does not even go so far as to write, as he did after spending a night at Patty Clarke's house in Cary: "I had a very good room and bed and slept very sound all the whole Night". (15/8/1795). But he appears to have in general got on well with Anne, and had one or two walks about the neighbourhood in her company, although he persists in never calling her anything but William's wife.

After that last visit to Somerset, Woodforde never saw her again, but odd items of news continued to percolate down through the last years of the diary. There is an interesting reference to one of Anne's relations and a reminder of her maiden name, written at a time when Bill was actually staying at the Parsonage, on a visit to his uncle:

> We breakfasted, dined &c. again at home
> Andrew Spraggs brought a Box for me
> This morning to my House, which he brought
> Yesterday from Norwich, in which was
> a fine large Somersett Cheese, a present
> from my Nephew now with me, from a Re=
> =lation of his Wife's at Meer near Stourton
> by name - James Jukes, a great Dealer in Cheese

and employed for Government in that way
and is getting a good fortune by it.
It was a very kind present from my Nephew -
The Cheese was about a Q^{r}. of a Hundred W^{ht}
with the Kings Arms on the side of it -
The Cheese was made near Wells in Somersett -* . . .

M.S. Diary, 6/10/1799

The last direct reference to Anne in the diary also derives from this year, a time in the diarist's life when he was more often than not feeling ill. He shows, at least in this extract, more sympathy with the health and well-being of others than he had tended to display in his younger and more vigorous days:

I was very poorly all the day, heavy and dull -
Spirits very much depressed all the Day -
Nancy's Brother rec^{d}. a Letter from his Wife
when at Norwich to day, she is but poorly -
I hope she will soon get better and take
more care for the future in catching cold -
I think that she is & has been rather too
negligent of her health for a long time -

M.S. Diary, 15/11/1799

William was considerably more in evidence in this final period of the diarist's life. He made two visits, in 1797 after his uncle's serious illness, staying from 21 May to 10 July; and again in 1799/1800, from 25 September to 27 January. It was in 1799 that the Parson made his Will, in which he left, with the exception of £10 to the poor of the parish, all he possessed - it was not very much - to Nancy and William. He was not to return in his uncle's lifetime but went straight to Norfolk just after hearing he was dead.

*

If Woodforde can offer us only scattered glimpses of his nephew's way of life, once we leave the diary behind we have

* In the O.U.P. edition this entry is a lamentable mess, with two non-existent place-names and the eminent cheese-fancier (by the way, the source of his prosperity lay in contracts for the supply of cheese to the armed services) rendered as "Jules"! This kind of thing may have been good enough for the 1920's, but it is amazing to reflect that the edition has remained in print for 60 years without any attempt made to rectify it, although the book appears under the imprint of one of the great learned presses of Europe.

virtually nothing to guide us. The other sources of information, such as they are, turn out to be confusing rather than full of enlightenment. The exact tenure by which William held Galhampton Place is by no means easy to determine. The author of *Parson's Quarter to Purgatory*, Mr. Miller, suggests that he was the tenant not the owner of the house, but offers no direct proof of this. *Family Book* in one place implies and in another directly states that he owned the house, but adds that he became short of money and for that reason was forced to let it and take his family to live in a cottage at Lulworth. This is not borne out by the diaries of his two young daughters in the immediate post-Waterloo years. They show clearly that the family was then living alternately in both houses, and that the Lulworth cottage was being used as a holiday home. Eventually, I do not know when, William gave up Galhampton Place and moved to the Ansford Lower House where long before James Woodforde had lived and kept house.

Family Book says that William "was much interested in curios of all sorts", and long after his time numerous "fossils and old cannon" were lying about in the deserted garden of the Lower House. I suppose this means after 1892, when that house was burned down.

The sketch of Galhampton Place alluded to at the beginning of this essay certainly does not portray a "cottage", which we remember Woodforde called it. If it represents the appearance of the house in 1799, this may have been after William had enlarged and possibly even partly rebuilt it. The drawing shows a symmetrical Georgian building of two storeys, with five windows on the upper floor and four and a doorway and porch on the ground floor. At each side is a squarish, tower-like structure with toy battlements typically like those on a *Folly*. These were surely a part of the improvements placed there by William. I have an idea, although it is quite impossible to prove it, that when he was young and poor William spent some time traipsing round the gardens of Stourhead, and from the many romanticized erections there acquired the taste for doing something like it himself in the building way, although on a far more modest scale. There was the "Hermitage", seen and praised by Woodforde in 1793, which seems to fit into that category. No doubt this was one of the "ornamental buildings" mentioned

by Mr. Miller, along with the grottoes, terraces and fishponds. Apropos of this, I am reminded that the poet William Shenstone built a "ruinated priory" on his *ferme ornée* at the Leasowes, to obtain stones for which he vandalized the authentic thirteenth century Abbey ruins, and installed a resident hermit, who doubled as gardener. I would dearly love to think of William doing something spectacular like that. But I suspect that his "Hermitage" was no more than a kind of glorified summerhouse!

Anne Woodforde died in February 1829, the year before her sister-in-law Nancy. The diaries for that year of her two daughters, Julia and the younger Anne, have not survived. She was aged 57. In recording her age the burial entry in the Ansford register is a year out.

William was undoubtedly good-looking in youth, although why his brother should have chosen to paint him looking like a boy in 1804, when he was already between 40 and 50, is past my comprehension. He had a striking enough appearance as he aged. Dr. R. E. H. Woodforde spoke to old villagers who remembered him as "a handsome striking man, upright as an arrow to the end, with bright blue eyes".

William Woodforde died on 23 July 1844, aged 86.

*

There is one contrast in the history of the Woodforde family which, if the cases are put together and compared, either provokes laughter or is terribly sad, according to the temperament of the hearer and the way these things are looked at.

It is clear enough that in 1788 William encountered no opposition in his matrimonial plans. Anne's parents were dead, she had apparently no guardian authorised to look after her interests. He was 30 at the time of the elopement, getting on for double the age of Anne. There does not appear to have been any secrecy in the way he seized and carried off his heiress.

Some thirty years later, when his eldest daughter Julia imprudently fell in love with James Power*, William was to

*See *The Tale of the Runaway Monk: Juliana Woodforde and James Power,* in *Journal VIII, 1, 2-28.* The same story is told in Dorothy Heighes Woodforde: *Woodforde Diaries and Papers,* but in a way that totally fails to disentangle fact from fiction.

play a very different role. Even if he did connive at the escape of the renegade, and even if, throwing reason to the winds, we accept the utterly daft story that he started the romance off by allowing Julia to dress up in one of his uniforms (the midshipman's rig-out he had worn on the *Fortune* sloop of war, let us suppose, or the splendiferous toggery of a Lieutenant-Colonel in the East Somerset militia), so that she could sneak in for a look round the monastery, his patronage of James Power most certainly did not extend to making him one of the family. At first admitted to living on terms of friendship with the Woodfordes, he was soon shipped off to West Africa. When he reappeared in England William seems to have completely changed his attitude towards him. Even if he was not actually instrumental in getting Power back to Liberia, in spite of the young man's premonition, which turned out only too well-founded, that the place would be the death of him, it is clear that he did nothing at all to help provide him with a job in England. Banished from his former patron's house, Power was reduced to rather feeble attempts at clandestine correspondence with Julia, abetted by her sister Jane, who may have been in love with Power herself. And it was not long before the young man was on his way back to Africa, from which continent he was fated never to return.

In this ruthless way did our former eloping hero destroy his daughter's one chance of avoiding the long days of dreary spinsterhood that were her unenviable lot, and that of her sisters.

THE RICHMOND FAMILY

The number of diary characters found to have living descendants who have been able to trace their lines of descent continues to grow. I have recently made the acquaintance of Mrs. Sheila Richmond White, of Solihull in the West Midlands, the great-great-great granddaughter of William Richmond, familiar through his appearances in the diary. She has very kindly provided me with some first-hand information and a finely detailed family tree, thanks to which I am able to write this essay.

William Richmond was almost certainly not a native of Weston. He was born in 1749 or 1750, but the first notice of him in the local records is that of his marriage to Anne Dunnell on 28 April 1776.

Woodforde was soon to take up residence, but on that day he was still at Ansford. During the afternoon he told his nephew Bill that he "would take him with me into Norfolk, to which he agreed & is very glad to go with me". The wedding was celebrated by Mr. Howes, which is rather a pity, for as we know Woodforde's accounts of his various parochial duties often provide valuable information.

We are on firmer ground when we come to Mrs. Richmond. For the parentage and descent of Anne Dunnell I should direct a curious reader to my essay on the Dunnell family in Journal XIV, 4. (Winter 1981). She could, however, have been at most a distant collateral relative of Harry Dunnell, to whose immediate kin that piece was largely devoted.

Anne Dunnell, born in 1754, was the daughter of Christopher Dunnell and his wife, née Sarah Gath. He came from Hockering, but she was a Weston girl, born there in 1724. Like their daughter after them they were married in Weston church, in 1752. "Old Cutty Dunnell", as the diarist occasionally called him, was a poor man, as we can see by his appearance at the Christmas Day feasts in the Parsonage, from 1789, taking the place of "poor old Rich^{d}. Buck", who had gone to live at Witchingham. Christopher turned up regularly up to and including the year 1798, but then vanished from all records and is not heard of again.

Anne's baptismal notice puts her parents' name down as *Donning,* evidently through Mr. Howes' confusing their name with Downing. But there can be no doubt of her parentage. This register is full of misspellings, and the couple had four other children, their name appearing as "Dunnil" in 1753, "Dunhill" in 1756, and "Dunnell" in 1759 and 1764. I might add that the youngest of these children was that Sarah or Sally Dunnell who in 1784 was taken on as cook at the Parsonage - "a mighty strapping Wench" - but discharged as soon as it was discovered that she had no knowledge of cookery - "a goodnatured Girl but very ignorant".

It is not easy to determine the exact status of William Richmond. He was never present at the annual Tithe Audits throughout Woodforde's incumbency, which means that he was not one of the substantial farmers. He was never mentioned as having a trade of any sort, and I should imagine him to have been a smallholder or, as there is no record of his having paid tithe at all, a wage worker on one of the bigger farms, eking out his earnings with what he could gain from the cultivation of a little livestock.

He lived quite near to the Parsonage, as we know from a very interesting passage in the diary: "Sent to each of my neighbouring Families a two Bushel Basket of Apples (called Beefans) viz. to John Clarkes, Will Richmonds, J^{n}. Nortons, Rob^{t}. Downings, Rich^{d}. Bucks, Nath. Heavers and John Peachmans". - *M.S. Diary, 28/10/1788.* Woodforde clearly restricted his use of the word "neighbour" to those families living near to him. Today no trace remains of any of their dwellings.

Woodforde frequently bought livestock and farm produce from parishioners who we know were cultivators on a very small scale. An early reference suggests that he did not as yet know Richmond very well, when he wrote: "To one Richmond of my Parish for a small Pigg - rec^{d}. 0: 6: 0". Eleven years later, Woodforde noted: "To Neighbour Richmond for four Goslings six weeks old, at 15^{d}. apiece, paid her [sic] 0: 5: 0". It was no doubt one of these birds which became the subject of an entry reading: ". . . Richmonds Goose that we bought some Years ago brought forth 13. Goslings from 13. Eggs –". - *Norfolk Diary II, 1/5/1778: MS Diary 25/4/1789 & 3/4/1794.*

In the later diary years, Richmond appears more often to buy from the Parson than to sell to him, but the purchases are quite small and inexpensive - a small pig for 3/6d., on 15 January 1799, a bushel of barley for 5/3d. on 28 April 1801, and 19 shillings-worth of wheat on 8 February 1802; and, the last of all, "two small Pigs sold to Will Richmond only nine Weeks old at 13. Shillings apiece 1: 6: 0", on 7 May of that year.

An entry of a month before, however, made on 7 April, strikes quite a different note: "Sent to my poor Neighbour Will: Richmond to day a Bottle (and the last I had) of very old strong Beer 10. Y^{rs} old, he being dropsically inclined". Woodforde was very ill indeed by this time and no doubt felt some relief in imagin-

ing that others were also ill. But he must have been mistaken about the condition of Richmond, who would live another 25 years.

A different kind of link was forged between the households when Anne Richmond became one of the two washerwomen called in to help the regular servants in "Washing Week". That this was such an important part of the Parsonage routine may lead us to question the common belief that eighteenth century people were, by and large, indifferent to personal cleanliness. How clean would we be, I sometimes wonder, without the constantly running hot and cold water, the washing machines and toilet facilities that we now take entirely for granted? In Woodforde's day none of the ameliorations of life would be accomplished without a lot of hard work. That, as we have often seen, was what the servants were for.

Anne Richmond is first noted as carrying out the duty on 7 August 1797, but may have been doing the work for some time before. Her colleague Mrs. Downing had been so employed at the Parsonage since 1791.

Two years after Anne had begun her duties, on 10 June 1799, Woodforde obligingly furnishes us with one of those explanatory passages which stand out as doubly welcome, since they have a rare explicitness in detailing what to him must have been long familiar:

> Washing Week with us this Week - We wash
> every five Weeks. Our present Washerwomen
> are Anne Downing and Anne Richmond -
> Washing & Ironing generally takes us four Days
> The Washerwomen breakfast and dine the
> Monday and Tuesday, and have each one Shilling
> on their going away in the Evening of Tuesday.

It sounds a very thrifty arrangement, the two women clearly working all day for two days at sixpence a day; although we must remember that the average wage of a full-time male labourer was only about seven shillings a week. It is unlikely that any work available to women in their class would have paid any better than the sum earned by the Parsonage washerwomen. And the real attraction must have been the food, so much better and more abundant than they could have eaten at home.

When the Parson died, his household at once broke up. Nancy paid off and dismissed the servants, and a consequence must have been that the washing ladies lost their job. Once the diary comes to an end, we have nothing to fall back on except the scanty and impersonal details in the parish register, and from that source all we can glean is that Anne Richmond was buried on 25 February 1814, and William, surviving her by almost exactly thirteen years, on 15 February 1827.

They had a family of ten children. Two daughters, both named Mary, died in infancy. One of these lived only sixteen days and was buried by Woodforde on 2 February 1790. The eldest child and only surviving girl, Sarah, no doubt named after Anne's mother Sarah Gath, was baptised on 19 April 1778. There is one reference to her in the diary, under the date of 18 November 1794.

> . . . Sally Gunton, my new Maid, came to my House this Evening, and entered upon her new Service – Sarah Richmond went home to her Friends, having been here to help Betty, just a fortnight –

At sixteen, she was surely not thought too young for a permanent place in the household. Eight years later she turns up in the village of Freethorpe, where about September 1802 she was married to William Case, the elder brother of Robert the Parsonage yard-boy, around the time that Robert fell off the hay cart! William Case was a gardener at Freethorpe, where presumably he and Sarah continued to live; but when she died, in 1812, she was buried at Weston, in accordance with the prevailing custom.

Christopher, "Richmond's eldest Son", was christened on 13 February 1780. It was he who enlisted in the army, as a private in "the thirty-third Regiment of Foot", along with the "skip jack" Tim Tooley. This was in May 1796, the boys having been offered ten guineas to join up, this huge augmentation of the traditional "King's shilling" being a measure of the concern with which the authorities viewed the shortage of recruits, in this fourth year of the war. Seeing that Tooley had been forced to spend his last night in his employer's service hiding in the barn to avoid detection, we must wonder if Christopher's parents would have prevented his going, if they had been able to.

I have no information about William Richmond (1782), Thomas (1785), John (1787) or Edward (1799), but something must be said about James Richmond, born in 1793. He grew up in Weston and married an Elizabeth Bailey there. This is a family about whom I know nothing. The only Norfolk Bailey I can find in the diary is a man who attended the funeral of "poor old M^{rs}. Peachman", the farmer's mother, in 1788 - and he probably came from Norwich anyway. James and Elizabeth had eight children, all born at Weston. Then in 1836 the whole family emigrated to Canada.

If any labouring family left in this way during Woodforde's incumbency, he certainly did not record it in the diary. Emigration was certainly going on at that time, but what was happening in faraway places such as the Highlands of Scotland would have been unlikely to be known in Norfolk. It is hardly possible to imagine worse conditions than those which afflicted the villagers in some of the hard winters in the 1790's, but emigration scarcely seems to have existed as a practical possibility of escape.

Bad as things were for the poor then, they became even worse in the post-Waterloo years, "the bleak age" as the Hammonds called the period. In Woodforde's time the miseries of the poor were largely caused by the unequal distribution of wealth. That indeed is one of the economic lessons to be learned from a study of the diary. Then the crash of the inflated war-time prices, in spite of the 1815 Corn Law hurriedly passed in an attempt to hold them steady at rates profitable to farmers, started a prolonged agricultural slump, which lasted more or less until the 1840's. Industry, also affected by the adverse conditions, was not doing well enough to absorb the surplus of redundant land-workers, as happened in later and more prosperous times. At the same time shipping firms became much more aware of the profits to be made by transporting people to the New World. Unhampered by any sort of legislation or control, they provided cheap passages across the Atlantic, often in appalling conditions of overcrowding and lack of hygiene, but still within the reach of a poor family. Haunted by the spectre of Malthusian overpopulation, those in authority encouraged emigration, and schemes providing assisted passages to enable the very poor to leave were devised by the charitable, by Trade

Unions and Friendly Societies, even by some workhouses. So it came about that to many a family emigration, however dreaded as a prospect, with all its uncertainty and incidental hardships, offered the only chance to escape a lifetime of grinding poverty.

James and Elizabeth, then, went first to Nova Scotia and afterwards settled in the Napanee region. Their third child, and eldest daughter, Mary Ann Richmond, born at Weston in 1831, married in 1849 Daniel Jarmin, also born in England, and lived until 1915. Her great-granddaughter, Edith Lucille Jarmin (Mrs. Robert Couzynse), of Owosso, Michigan, provides a link between present-day America and the Weston Longville of Woodforde's time.

Mrs. Richmond White, with whom this essay began, is directly descended from William Richmond through the fifth son, Daniel, born on 27 January 1791 and privately baptized by Parson Woodforde at the Parsonage ("a Child of Richmond's") two days later. This might suggest that his survival was looked upon as problematical. However, he survived the perils and contingencies of an eighteenth century village childhood, and on 3 December 1815 married Anne Leeds at Weston.

So far as the diary is concerned, all we have of her is the entry referring to her baptism as the daughter of John Leeds on 23 April 1792, and the parallel line in the register.

In fact, Anne Leeds came from another local family, and one well known to us. I refer the reader here to Penny Taylor's article *Extra Mural Families,* printed in Journal XVII, 4. The first section, entitled *The Greaves Family of Weston and East Tuddenham,* gives a register entry for "Anne, Daughter of John and Susan Grave", baptized on 8 January 1758. She was the elder sister of Lizzy Greaves the Parsonage housemaid, and of Sukey Greaves, who died while in the employ of Squire Custance. The records show clear proof of the family's residence in both the villages. They are traceable at Weston in the 1750's and 1760's (in 1761 they were living in one of the "Tenements" owned by the parish, which paid for its repair in that year), and some of them were back soon after the death of the father in 1777. Anne Greaves, however, appears to have remained in Tuddenham. She was married in Mr. du Quesne's church to John Leeds of

that parish on 29 November 1781. Three children of the couple were baptized there before 1792, when the younger Anne, who was to marry Daniel Richmond, was born at Weston.

In strong contradiction to the career of his emigrant brother, Daniel stayed all his life in his native village, a long-term denizen of a Victorian Weston that was no doubt a very different place from that which Parson Woodforde had known in his time. Anne died in 1863 and Daniel survived her until 1871.

He had, like his parents, ten children. The second son, another Daniel, was born in 1820 and in 1850 married Mary Clements of Salle. This is another family which has living descendants. He died in 1885 and she in 1891. One of their sons, James, born at Weston in 1852, married Maud Grey of the same parish.

One or two odd details about the family of Grey or Gray, as it was sometimes written, are in the diary. "Old Grey the Butcher" turned up with a hare, sent by Press Custance, on 29 October 1801, and was rewarded by a shilling for his trouble. Then, in one of the last entries the diarist made (16 October 1802), written on the blotting paper which survived when the accompanying page was torn out, we find this:

> Eliz. Grey (an Infant) was buried this Afternoon
> by M^{r}. Maynard, aged 12. Years –
> Rather weaker & full of Pain all over me –

But the most interesting of the family was Rachael Gray. In the summer of 1790 she gave birth to a "spurious" Child, of whom the father was "Young Stephen Andrews", very young indeed, since he was only about nineteen. Six months later Rachael was married by banns to William Burnham, and had a daughter Sarah, who died immediately. In 1793 she had a third child, noted in the parish register as "William Spurious Son of Rachael Burnham". It was for obvious reasons extremely rare for a married woman to be named as the mother of an illegitimate child, and there is nothing in the records to show that William Burnham had either died or left her.

"Maud" is a name that owed its popularity entirely to the success of Tennyson's poem of that name, and tells us that we are now in the Victorian age. Maud Grey was born in 1873 and lived until 1961. Her husband James (1862-1942) was a resident

of Weston, now three generations after William Richmond. James and Maud were the grandparents of Mrs. Richmond White. *(ed.)*

"A Straunge & Terrible Wonder" - the story of the Black Dog of Bungay. Morrow & Co., Bungay.

Anyone who has heard or grown up with the numerous tales of phantom Black Dogs will find this book a mine of information about "appearances" and other phenomena, apart from the main subject. Bungay's legendary Black Dog who appeared in St. Mary's church in August 1577 at the height of a great storm - which some say he brought with him - killing two people and leaving great claw marks on the church door before vanishing.

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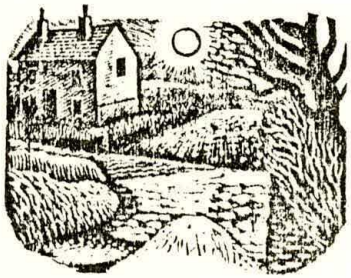
A Straunge & Terrible Wonder is published at a price of £4.95 post free or from local bookshops.

Penny Taylor



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