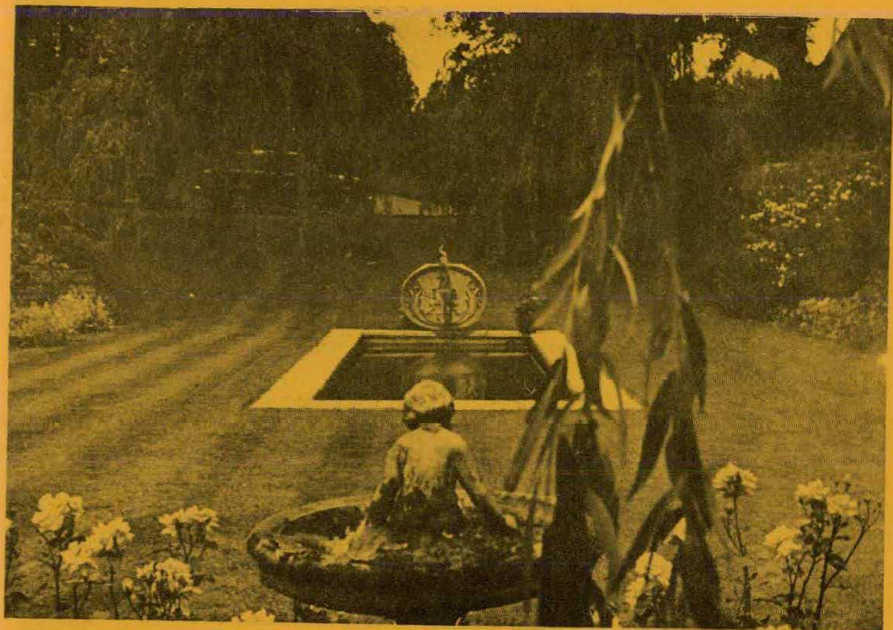


PARSON WOODFORDE SOCIETY JOURNAL



SUNKEN GARDEN, WESTON OLD HALL,
NORFOLK

— from a photograph taken by
Mr. J. L. Ashford

Oh, God! me thinkes it were a happy life,
To be no better then a homely Swaine
So Minutes, Houres, Dayes, Monthes, and Yeares,
Past over to the end they were created,
Would bring white haires, unto a Quiet grave.
Ah! what a life were this? How sweet? How lovely?

Gives not the Hawthorne bush a sweeter shade
To Shepheards, looking on their silly Sheepe,
Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopie
To Kings, that feare their Subjects treacherie?

- THE THIRD PART OF HENRY THE SIXT

(Nonesuch text)

Act. II. Scene 5.

My Nephew was very dull this Evening - does not
like my House at all, he says, its a very melancholy
Place and would not be obliged to live there for
three times the value of the Living.

..... (8/10/1777)

Nancy very discontented of late, and runs out
against living in such a dull place.

..... (17/3/1789)

- JAMES WOODFORDE: 'DIARY'

ISSUED TO MEMBERS OF THE PARSON WOODFORDE SOCIETY

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EDITORIAL

A good many things have happened since the publication of the last journal.

On Friday, 29 June, the Annual General Meeting of members of the Parson Woodforde Society was held at the 'George' Hotel, Castle Cary, a few hours after a meeting of the Committee had taken place at the Old Parsonage, by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Mewes.

At both these meetings, the question of finance was predominant. Our running costs are not, in general, heavy, and we have only one large item of expenditure: the printing and other expenses incurred in publishing the Journal. The current inflation is causing these to rise constantly. At the same time, the Journal is more ambitious than it was when the Society was formed. The separate essays and articles tend to be longer as more research is done on various aspects of Parson Woodforde's life and times and more knowledge becomes available. It should be remembered, too, that the Journal has been the means of giving to members what is already a considerable amount of diary material never before known.

In addition, this year our expenses will be particularly heavy, as we are committed to the publication of a new, up-to-date list of members (with this issue) and the abridged version of Miss Mary Barham Johnson's index to the Journal, (with the final issue for 1973). In the light of this, it was felt that the Committee had really only two possible courses of action. Either the Journal could be made smaller, or reduced to two issues a year, and the supplements discontinued: or the subscription should be raised.

After much debate, the Committee decided to recommend that a slight increase to the ordinary members' subscription be made. This was later put to the

General Meeting and carried unanimously. I need hardly say that this decision was arrived at with great reluctance, as by far the lesser of two necessary evils. My own opinion is that, in our Society, keen and interested members are unlikely to be frightened off by a very small additional outlay: conversely, those who have decided not to review their subscriptions will hardly be induced to change their minds by the inducement of pegging the subscription rates. In the case of pensioners, who may find the increased payment a burden, I am sure that a special concession may allow them to continue at the old rate.

The rest of the news is more cheerful. At both meetings I brought up the very important question of providing a micro-film of the whole diary. There are two pressing reasons for this. One of them is, of course, the relatively inaccessible nature of the m.s. diary, as the Bodleian Library which possesses it allows access only to members of Oxford University, and my own researches were therefore made possible only by the accident of my being an Oxford graduate. Other members who have studied the diary have done so only by having photo-copies made of odd pages. Owing to the age and condition of the diaries, the Bodleian authorities were not very happy about photo-copies, and this could not be done to any extensive part of the diary material.

The General Meeting voted to proceed with the task of providing a micro-film, and I was asked to open negotiations with the Bodleian Library, a rough estimate of the cost having already been made. This, of course, brought us back to the question of finances again, and suggestions were invited as to the best way of raising the money. Here we had two strokes of good fortune. First Mrs. Arisoy, formerly Mrs. Nuhn, made a most generous and munificent gesture, by handing our Secretary no less than a 100-dollar bill. Then Mr. T.D. Rogers, of the Manuscripts Department of the Bodleian Library, to whom

I had written saying that we had this amount of money, generously agreed to accept this as a single total payment, although the actual cost of making the micro-film is considerably higher. The position is that the Bodleian Library will make the micro-films as part of their own service, and then sell us a copy.

Of course, some kind of equipment will have to be either bought or hired in order to use the micro-film; but we can cross that bridge when we come to it. The all-important fact is that the m.s. diary in its entirety will be available to any serious student.

I have left myself only enough space to comment briefly on the present issue of the Journal. I think it presents a considerable variety of Woodfordeian material. Mr. Lamb writes very interestingly of the diarist's various "Schemes" to Yarmouth, and what he might have seen there. Apart from its interest as "an European view" of Woodforde, Frau Mez-Mangold's article deals authoritatively with the extraordinary medicines and cures of his period. Finally, my own piece really begins a detailed study of Woodforde as a member of his own sacred profession, something that is too often left out of our estimate of the man and the age in which he lived.

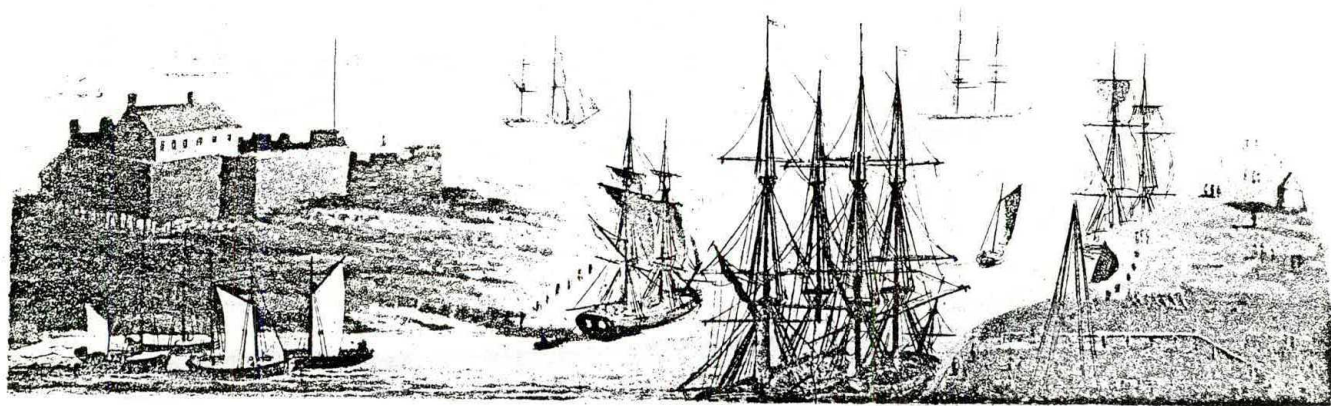
R.L.W.

The increased subscriptions referred to in the Editorial, will be as follows:-

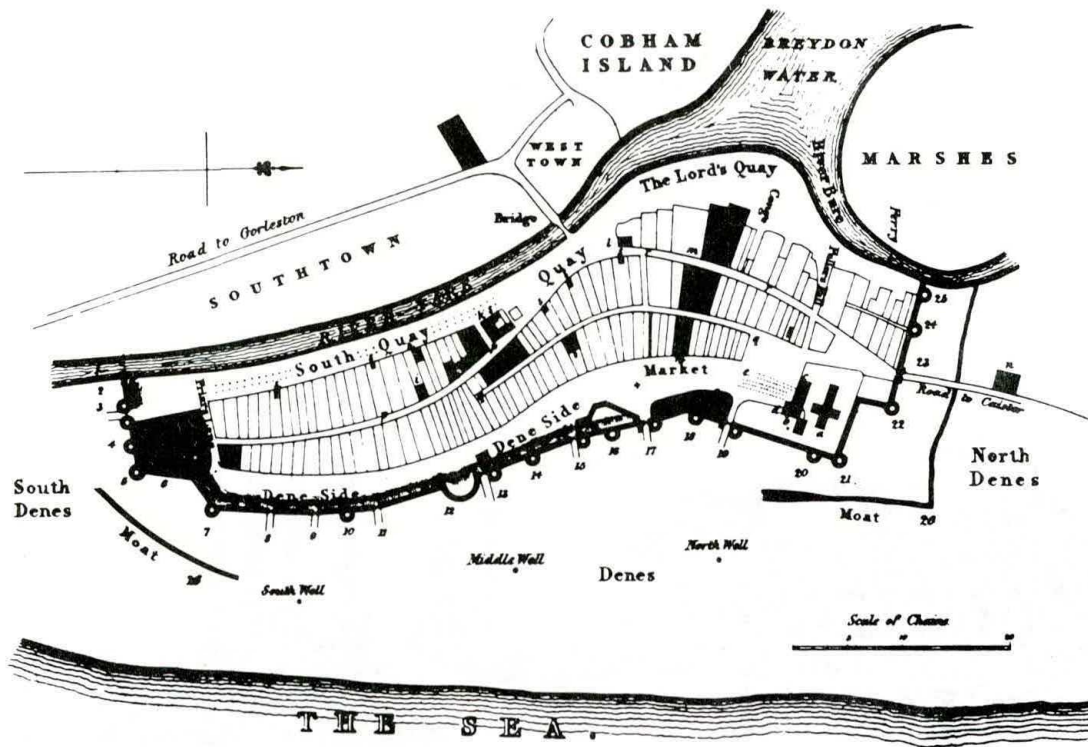
Single Subscription£3.00	per annum
Double	do.	£3.50 " "

(payable by 14 January 1974)

THE FORT IS ON THE LEFT AT THE MOUTH OF THE YARE



- 1 Boom across the river
- 2 South Mount
- 3 South Gate
- 4 First Tower
- 5 Friars Tower
- 6 Ravelins
- 7 South-east Tower
- 8 Second gate
- 9 Third gate
- 10 Fourth Tower
- 11 Little Mount gate
- 12 A walled-up gate
- 13 Fifth gate
- 14 Sixth Tower
- 15 Sixth gate
- 16 Guard Tower
- 17 Market gate
- 18 Hospital Tower
- 19 Pudding Gate
- 20 Twelfth Tower
- 21 King Henry's Tower
- 22 Fourteenth Tower
- 23 North Gate
- 24 Fifteenth Tower
- 25 North West Tower
- 26 The Moat



GREAT YARMOUTH WITHIN THE WALLS

PARSON WOODFORDE AND YARMOUTH - "A SWEET TOWN"

Woodforde's first visit to Yarmouth took place just a fortnight after his arrival in Norfolk. On 27 April 1775 he got up early, and took the Yarmouth coach which left Norwich at 7 a.m. and arrived at 11. a.m., taking four hours for a journey of twenty-three miles. As early as 1725 coaches were running between Yarmouth and Norwich every Tuesday and Friday. The fare was 3s., so there was no great increase in price fifty years later, since the Parson paid 8s. for the return journey. By 1775 the coaches had improved. In 1764 a new 'Flying Post Coach' on steel springs, carrying six inside passengers, had been introduced, drawn by four horses. We can get an excellent idea of the coach, and the way in which Woodforde travelled, together with his first glimpse of Yarmouth, from a charming aquatint in Preston's 'Picture of Yarmouth', published in 1819. This shows a coach and four entering the old North Gate of the town. No less than nine passengers are sitting on top of the coach.

The Parson and his friend Cooke spent the afternoon at the Wrestlers Inn near the market place. This celebrated inn was at the end of Row 19 on Church Plain and had had the name of the Wrestlers since 1691. The inn sign, a copy of which is above the public house which now stands on the site, shows 'Job Smith at the Three Wrestlers'. The landlord who entertained Woodforde was John Orton who had come there in 1772. However, the inn's most famous day was yet to come. On 6 November 1800, Nelson, fresh from his victory at Aboukir, (the 'Battle of the Nile') stood at the upper window of the Wrestlers before an enthusiastic crowd. "I am myself a Norfolk man", he said; "and I glory in being so". The landlady was Sarah Suckling, who claimed to be a relative of Nelson, whose mother was Catherine Suckling. She asked his permission for the inn to be renamed 'The Nelson Arms'. Nelson, whose wit never deserted him, replied: "That would be absurd, seeing that I have but one!" However, the landlady persisted, and the inn became 'Nelson's Hotel', but survived only to 1817. It has now reverted to its ancient name.

The town of Yarmouth in those days was not by the sea, but enclosed within its walls by the river, about a mile from the 'German Ocean'. Visitors wishing to look at the sea usually rode there in one of the famous Yarmouth coaches. These coaches were an adaption of the troll carts which had been especially designed to negotiate the one hundred and forty-five narrow Rows of the town. Until these Rows were almost completely destroyed by German bombers during the last war, Yarmouth must have been the strangest town in England. One of these troll carts is still preserved in the Toll House Museum. They are first mentioned in an ordinance of Henry VIII, where they are described as "newly devised". Most visitors thought they were fun, but Defoe contemptuously described them as "only a wheelbarrow with a horse in them".

During the 18th. century no visit to Yarmouth was considered complete until the three wonders of the town had been seen and admired. These were: the Quay, the church organ, and Mr. Ramey's parlour furnished with drawings executed by a red-hot poker. Woodforde visited the first two wonders on this 'Scheme', and saw the third on a later visit.

"The Organ", he remarks, "was the finest I ever did hear". It was played by Mr. Chichely, "stone-blind". This organ was reputed to be inferior only to one in Haarlem, built in 1738 and considered the finest organ in the world. The Yarmouth organ was installed in 1733, the Rev. Thomas Macro preaching a splendid sermon for the occasion in the text 'Eph. v. 19' - Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord". Later, wild stories arose about the organ's origin. Some said that it came from a Spanish galleon wrecked on the beach, others that it had been confiscated in some war on the Continent, others again that it was found in the wreck of a Dutch ship. But in fact the organ was built by Abraham Jordon, of the London firm of Jordon, Bridge and Byfield, at a cost of £900.

It was constantly repaired, rebuilt, enlarged and moved, until it was finally destroyed with the rest of the church in the air-raid on the night of 24 June 1942. When the church of St. Nicholas was restored after the war, a magnificent old organ was bought from St. Mary-le-Boltons in London, and installed after rebuilding by the John Compton Organ Co. Whether it is the equal of the old one I do not know, but the organ case, coloured in the style of the 15th. century, is worth coming from a long way to see.

The quay of Yarmouth has always attracted artists and a profusion of paintings and prints give us a very good idea of what it was like in the 18th. century. No river front in Europe, with the exception of Seville, could equal it. Corbridge's 'West Prospect of the Town', a huge print five feet long, shows the noble facade of splendid houses which lined the quay. During his second visit in September 1776 Woodforde took his nephew Bill along the quay to see about seventy Dutch vessels which had just arrived for the herring season. The Parson found the spectacle very picturesque, and his impressions are illustrated by an eye-witness account of the scene in 1785. These Dutch boats usually arrived a few days before 21 September when they began fishing, or as it was said, "wet their nets". The scene is described as follows: "With the afternoon's tide the Dutchmen began to enter the harbour's mouth; and it was pleasing to see them proceed one after another, up the river to the town, a distance of about two miles, all open to the view. They moored along a quay, just without the South Gate, in a regular line, with their heads to the shore and their sides touching each other. These schuyts are small decked vessels with a single mast and a running bow-sprit; they are flat-bottomed with lee-boards and extremely broad heads and sterns, which are adorned with paintings. Their sails have a yellow dye, which is thought to preserve them, and

certainly has a gay appearance; they have all striped pendants. The crews usually consist of eight men and boys. Of these vessels about fifty came up this year. All of them arrived in the course of Thursday evening; and at night I took a walk to view them by moonlight. The long line of masts exactly uniform, the yards and furled sails disposed in a regular row, the crews sitting on deck with their pipes, calmly enjoying their repose, and conversing in a strange tongue, impressed the imagination in a forcible but pleasing manner; the quiet and order which reigned among such a large number was much to be admired. On Saturday the streets were sprinkled with parties of Dutchmen, easily distinguished by their round caps, short jackets, and most capacious breeches. They went about making purchases, consisting principally of coarse beef and a few common utensils. On the ensuing Sunday, called 'Dutch Sunday', all the country round as far as Norwich flocked to see the show. The Dutch did honour to their visitors, by decorating their schuyts with flags, in the gayest manner they were able. The whole length of the quay was crowded by people of all ranks, in their best apparel. On the denes were scattered various walking and riding parties, especially many of the vehicles called Yarmouth Carts; the Dutch vessels formed a gay line in front; whilst in the rear might be seen a large fleet of vessels majestically sailing through the roads. It was a view equally striking and singular, and not to be matched in any part of the kingdom". These Dutch boats continued to visit Yarmouth for the herring season until about 1880.

On 19 September Bill and the Parson went on a troll cart to the fort. This had been built right at the mouth of the harbour in 1653, and was demolished in 1834. In 1819 the armament consisted of six twenty-four-pounders and four six-pounders. There is a good picture of it in Preston. With a high

wind, as Woodforde saw it, the view of the entrance to the harbour is dramatic. Nowadays, all the year round, serried ranks of cars at week-ends stand on the site of the fort to watch ships entering and leaving the harbour. There is a magnificent engraving by Stark, one of the Norwich School of painters, of this scene at the mouth of the Yare, in his 'Scenery of the Rivers of Norfolk', published in 1834.

Woodforde visited a Sunderland collier in the harbour. These boats were a familiar sight at this time, sailing in huge fleets on their way to the Thames, or sheltering in Yarmouth roads during bad weather. Just six years previously, in 1770, thirty vessels and two hundred men were lost off Yarmouth.

The Parson came to the town again, with Bill and Mr. and Mrs. Pounsett and Will his servant, on 2 June 1778, staying as before at the Wrestlers. They visited a shop, well-known at this time, situated in the market place. This was owned by Daniel Boulter, who in addition to selling seaside trinkets to visitors, had a remarkable collection of curiosities which he called the 'Museum Boulteranum', and of which a catalogue was published. This collection was dispersed on his death in 1802. No less famous than the museum were 'Boulter's Rusks'.

Woodforde mentioned that the Cambridgeshire Militia were in the town on this occasion. This regiment was stationed in Yarmouth more than once, and unlike some other regiments was apparently well-liked. When the soldiers left after a visit in 1809 the Mayor sent a letter of congratulation to their commander-in-chief, saying that during their stay of two years in the town "not a single instance of irregularity had occurred".

The next 'Scheme' took place between 26 and 30 October 1779, when Sister Clarke, Sam Clarke and

Nancy accompanied the Parson. Beresford only summarized the entries, but our editor Mr. Winstanley has very kindly made a full transcript from the m.s. which is given here. On 26 October the party travelled to Norwich "in a Chaise from Lenewade Bridge", and spent the night at the Kings Head.

- * Octob: 27 We all got up this morning about 7. o' clock, took a Hackney Coach and were carried to the black Horse on Tomb-land in it, and there got into the Yarmouth Coach & at 8. set forth for Yarmouth - p^d. for the Hackney Coach at 6P. Per head - 0: 2: 0. My Servant Man Will rode on the top of the Yarmouth C. A Man & Woman were with us in the Coach - We all breakfasted at Accle together about $\frac{1}{2}$ way - I paid for our breakfasts at Accle - 0: 2: 8. We got to Yarmouth about 1. o'clock safe & well. and we dined, supped & slept at the Angel in the Market Place, kept by one Darke - very civil. and obliging People especially the Landlady - After Dinner we took two of the Yarmouth Coaches and drove down to the Fort where we drank Tea and were civilly entertained by the Master Gunner and his Wife, whose names are Johnson - - We stayed there till it was almost dark - Sister Clarke, Nancy & Sam, were highly delighted with the Sea, having never seen it before - For Tea &c. at the Fort p^d and gave ab^t. 0: 5: 0 For the Yarmouth Coaches - I paid - 0: 4: 0. Sister Clarke & Nancy, rather afraid of the Coaches - We got home to Yarmouth about 7. o'clock- The Fort is near 2. Miles from Yarmouth.

* Oct: 28 We breakfasted, supped & slept again at the Angel - After breakfast we had two Yarmouth Coaches again and drove on the Northern Coast, and were caught in a heavy Rain which made us all wet thro' before we could get to Shelter, which at last we did at a House on the Coast & near Yarmouth, at the Sign of the Ship where we stayed for above an Hour, drying our Cloaths - Sister Clarke & Nancy dropping wet. They however drank a dram apiece as did we. I paid and gave at the Ship - ab^t, - 0: 2: 6. From thence we drove down to the Fort and there dined & spent the afternoon.

Woodforde's weather note covering this disastrous day, on the blotting paper opposite the entry just quoted, says:

Morn' mostly Rain & wind high - W
Afternoon tolerably fair - W

On 29 October the party went back to Norwich and on the following day returned to Weston. The diary entry for 30 October ends: * "We all seemed very glad of our getting home".

Acle, eight miles from Yarmouth, is a village which sees thousands of cars and motor-coaches pass through in summer, while other visitors come there to start their holiday on the Broads. On this occasion Woodforde did not stay at the Wrestlers, but at an even more famous inn, the Angel in the market place. The Angel was one of the oldest inns in the town and features in Corbridge's map of 1725. Amelia Darke, the innkeeper's wife, was well-known in the town and beyond. John Sayers, himself a native of the town, wrote this epigram on her:

At the Angel at Yarmouth, a singular Inn,
There's a shadow without, and substance within;
This paradox proving, in punning's despite,
That an Angel though Dark, is an Angel of Light!

Amelia was admired by everyone who met her, and it is pleasant to find that the Parson found her agreeable too. A contemporary account of her tells us that "to an excellent understanding she added the pleasing manners of a gentlewoman with the charity of a Christian. Her situation introduced her to the great; an intercourse she cultivated, not from vanity, but that she might through them promote the favourite object of life, to administer comfort to the destitute.....She was beloved by the poor, esteemed by her friends and respected by all who had the pleasure of knowing her". Her husband Abraham died a year after his wife, in 1792, it was said of grief at her loss. The Woodforde ladies' fear of the Yarmouth Coaches is borne out by the writer of the 'Norfolk Tour' (1795). "The horses used here are remarkably good trotters, but from the uncouth construction of the carriage, they seem to go thundering and blundering down the narrow rows, which the carts exactly fit so as not to be overturned, and along the streets in a very disagreeable manner". The party had a very unpleasant time next day on account of the bad weather. But what visitor to the seaside has not been caught in a sudden shower! It is pleasant to note that the Parson found everyone "very civil". Perhaps we may guess that his own courteous and civil manner was returned in kind.

A short stop was made at Yarmouth on 5 April, but it was not until May 1790 that another full-scale visit was made. Mr. Du Quesne was invited to accompany the party, but he refused in a somewhat terse manner. This seems to have annoyed Woodforde, who got his own back later by refusing in an equally terse way to go with Du Quesne to Bath. It

is a pity that Du Quesne did not make the Yarmouth visit, because he knew the town well and, what was more important, knew many of the residents there. No doubt that is what Woodforde wanted, an introduction to the Society of the town which was brilliant at this time when Yarmouth was at its height of popularity. Perhaps this is why he never visited the place again. He did not want just to be a day-tripper.

It is astonishing that even in the permissive days of the 18th. century a clergyman could go round visiting public-houses in the way Woodforde did, and drinking with "Jolly Tars". Somehow I can't imagine Mr. Du Quesne doing this.

The Parson visited St. Nicholas' church and was shown round by the parish clerk, Mr. Pitt. The clerk's father, who had been mayor of the town in 1776, is buried in the church with his wife and no less than sixteen of his children.

St. George's Chapel, which Woodforde calls the "New Chapel", is one of the few Renaissance churches in East Anglia, and is a fine building. It was built in 1712 as a chapel-of-ease for the southern part of the town. Now, unhappily, it is closed, abandoned and neglected, after public worship ceased there on 8 March 1969. Its interior is said to resemble that of St. Clement Danes in London. It is to be hoped that the plans for its preservation materialize.

On this last occasion Woodforde visited the third wonder of Yarmouth, Mr. Ramey's poker drawings. His house was situated at the south-west corner of row 67. John Ramey, a local lawyer who rose to wealth and fame, was an amazing character. Locally he was known as 'The King of Flegg', this being the name of the hundred in which Yarmouth is situated. His daughter Abigail married

Alexander, ninth earl of Home. The poker-work was executed by his wife. The 'Norfolk Tour' of 1772, a popular guide-book, which no doubt Woodforde knew, enthuses over these pictures. "You will find nothing in the place so much worthy of your notice, as the very elegant and extraordinary performances at Mr. Ramey's house on the quay; who has furnished a Parlour with drawings of Mrs. Ramey's execution with a red-hot poker. There are several pieces of ruins, after Panini, Gisolfi &c, a Dutch scating-piece and some landscapes. The neatness, and minute accuracy with which they are done are wonderful. There is frequently a spirit in the strokes superior to the original prints". Mrs. Ramey lived in the house until her death in 1799, but what became of the poker drawings is not known.

The old town of Yarmouth within the walls that Woodforde knew is now lost amid the holiday amusements of the Blackpool of the East Coast. German bombers destroyed much of the town, but modern planners have destroyed much more. But it is possible to make a perambulation of the old walls, to visit the restored church, to see the market place, the quay, and many things the Parson saw and enjoyed. Every reader of the diary would enjoy a 'Scheme' there, and can still ride as Woodforde did to the mouth of the Yare in a horse-drawn carriage which is much safer than the old coach.

18TH. CENTURY MEDICAL PRACTICE AND TREATMENTS IN
WOODFORDE'S DIARY - A EUROPEAN VIEW

(ed. note: The author of this article, Mrs. Lydia Mez-Mangold, is the Curator of the Swiss Museum for the History of Pharmacy in Basle, Switzerland. It was originally written for an issue of the Hoffmann-LaRoche house magazine 'Image', but circumstances prevented its publication in that form, and the essay is entirely original and previously unpublished work. It was written in German: the translation is my own.)

The Bodleian Library, Oxford, possesses a manuscript, dating from the second half of the 18th. century, which is of considerable value for the study of cultural history. Part of it was published between 1924 and 1931 in a five-volume work entitled 'The Diary of a Country Parson'. The writer of these interesting diaries, James Woodforde, was born on 27 June (N.S.) 1740, the son of a country clergyman, Samuel Woodforde. His grandfather and great-grandfather, as well as various other members of the family, were also Anglican pastors. In July 1758 Woodforde began his studies at Oxford, and in September 1764 took Priest's Orders at Wells. On 15 December 1774 he obtained the living of Weston Longville, Norfolk, which was in the gift of New College, Oxford. Woodforde took up residence there on 24 May 1776. He stayed for the rest of his life in that humble country parish. James Woodforde was a bachelor. He did indeed once make a proposal of marriage (1), to a Miss Betsy White; but the young lady jilted him, to marry a wealthy landowner from Devonshire. Woodforde mentions this painful experience only in passing. In 1779 his niece Nancy came to Weston to keep house for him. She lived with him until his death on New Year's Day 1803. Over the years James Woodforde grew into the part of the bachelor uncle, a role which was sheer joy to him. One of his many nephews became a painter and was a member of the Royal Academy. We are indebted to him for a number of family portraits.

Woodforde's diaries contain a mass of details about the daily life of his time. The first entries date from autumn 1758, when he was an Oxford undergraduate. He kept a careful account of various purchases, which are not without charm for the reader of to-day. Between October 1758 and July 1759 he bought "A pair of Curling Tongs", "Two Logick Books", two bottles of port wine, a bag of coal, a new wig, two white waistcoats, a "superfine blue suit of cloathes, very good cloth" and one of a chocolate brown colour which, however, he did not like very much.

During his life-span of sixty-two years, England went through many severe political crises. The Seven Years' War demanded great sacrifices; then the American colonists seceded from the mother country, and later the nation was threatened by the Wars of the French Revolution and Napoleon's expansionist policy. World events were carefully noted by Woodforde, but politics were not his affair. What emerges from the pages of his diary is 'Rural England', which had not yet seen an Industrial Revolution. Woodforde had the gift of bringing, in a few words, persons and things close to us; his entries are like sharply outlined sketches. A lively interest in his surroundings, and a great humanity and kindness are the keynotes of his character. He was not an ambitious person, and not at all a 'do-gooder': he helped others according to his ability and his knowledge of them, although he did not have many illusions about his fellow-men. His diaries tell us about the lives of his friends and servants, about scarcity, harvest-failure and rising prices, and about the illnesses of men and animals. Class-differences were accepted as though willed by God; yet Woodforde was not a snob in his own behaviour. He had a sincere friendship with the neighbouring landowner, Squire Custance. But his parishioners, their hardships and

pleasures, were his real concern. Attached to the Weston living was a little farm, run by himself and his servants. He loved company, and so far as his modest means allowed, he was a generous and hospitable host.

For readers interested in medical history, the diaries contain a great deal of evidence about the state of health of the people in Woodforde's parish, as well as illnesses and their manner of treatment in the late 18th. century. The diarist was particularly concerned with the measures against smallpox. Although Edward Jenner did not introduce his method of vaccination until 1796, people were no longer the helpless victims of the disease, as they had been in former centuries. In the East it had been recognised that recovery from smallpox conferred immunity against further attacks. There were severe and mild epidemics, and so it was of the utmost importance to become infected during a mild epidemic, so as to be protected for the rest of one's life. This originated the search for a way to provoke an attack of the illness artificially. To this end, in India children were wrapped in the clothes of smallpox patients, and in China encrusted pocks were crushed and blown through a tube into the nostrils! Experience also taught that pus lost its toxicity when kept. In Central Asia this was introduced into the bodies of healthy people through pricking with a needle. In Constantinople the wife of the British Ambassador, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, an original, energetic lady, learned of this so-called 'variolation' method. She made it known in England. In his entry for 3 November 1776 Woodforde describes in the most detailed way the procedure of a variolation:

In the German text the full entry follows. This was printed verbatim in Journal Vol. II, No. 3. (Autumn 1969) and entitled: 'A Full Entry from the Reverend James Woodforde's Diary'. p.p. 2-5. To save space it has been omitted here, and the reader is referred to the above Journal issue.

Entries dealing with outbreaks of smallpox, or with measures taken against the disease are too numerous in the diary for us to mention them even briefly, but we have extracted this passage on the subject:

Mar. 7. Monday ... Washing Week at our House and a fine Day. The small-Pox spreads much in the Parish. Abigail Roberts's Husband was very bad in it in the natural way, who was supposed to have had it before, and which he thought also. His children are inoculated by Johnny Reeve, as are also Richmonds Children near me. It is a pity that all the poor in the Parish were not inoculated also. I am entirely for it.

Mar. 8. Tuesday ... Gave poor Roberts one of my old Shirts to put on in the small-Pox - His, poor Fellow, being so extremely coarse and rough, that his having the small-Pox so very full, his coarse Shirt makes it very painful to him. I sent his Family a Basket of Apples and some black Currant Robb. There are many, many People in the Parish yet (who) have never had the small-Pox. Pray God all may do well that have it or shall have it. Went this Afternoon and saw poor old John Peachman Who is very lame, found him unable to walk and having no relief from the Parish gave him money. Called also at Tom Carys Shop and left some money for Roberts's Familys Use for such useful things as they might want and they have ...

Roberts died some days later.

It is impossible to ascertain from the diary how far tuberculosis was widespread at the time, because Woodforde uses terms that could signify

other diseases as well as tuberculosis. But, after smallpox, it must have been the greatest scourge of the population. In the case of Molly Dade, a young maidservant in Woodforde's house, tuberculosis may be diagnosed with a fair degree of certainty. In his diary entry for 28 September 1784 he mentioned her hard cough and expressed the fear that she had 'consumption'. On 19 October he sent her home for a cure, hoping that a change of air would help her. Nancy and he were very sorry for the young girl. They sent her all manner of dainties and hoped for good news. On 25 January 1785 Woodforde wrote that Molly Dade had died during the previous night at her parents' home.

Less tragic is the description of the contemporary treatment for a sty:

Mar. 11. Friday ... Mem. The Stiony on my right Eye-lid still swelled and inflamed very much. As it is commonly said that the Eye-lid being rubbed by the tail of a black Cat would do it much good if not entirely cure it, and having a black Cat, a little before dinner I made trial of it, and very soon after Dinner I found my Eye-lid much abated of the swelling and almost free from Pain. I cannot therefore but conclude it to be of the greatest service to a Stiony on the Eye-lid. Any other Cats Tail may have the above effect in all probability - but I did my Eye-lid with my own black Tom Cat's Tail

Unfortunately, we learn from later entries that the cat-miracle cure really failed to work.

They were not over-delicate in their treatment of toothache. When neither poultices nor laudanum helped, the aching tooth was wrenched out. Woodforde describes such a procedure for us:

Oct. 24 ... The Tooth-Ach so very bad all night and the same this Morn' that I sent for John Reeves the Farrier who lives at the Hart and often draws Teeth for People, to draw one for me. He returned with my Man about 11. o' clock this Morning and he pulled it out for me at the first Pull, but it was a monstrous Crash and more so, being one of the Eye Teeth, it had but one Fang but that was very long. I gave Johnny Reeves for drawing it
O. 2. 6. A great pain in the Jaw Bone continued all Day and Night but nothing so bad as the Tooth Ach...

It is clear from the diary that the area around Weston in Woodforde's time was very marshy. An unhappy consequence of this was the frequent appearance of malaria. Full information about the treatment of this disease is given in an entry for 13 March 1784:

Mar. 13 ... Nancy brave to day (tho' this Day is the Day for the intermitting Fever to visit her) but the Bark has prevented its return - continued brave all day. Dr. Thorne and Betsy Davy with him on a little Hobby called on us this morning... Dr. Thorne's Method of treating the Ague and Fever or intermitting Fever is thus - To take a Vomit in the Evening not to drink more than 3. half Pints of Warm Water after it as it operates. The Morn' following a Rhubarb Draught - and then as soon as the Fever has left the Patient about an Hour or more, begin with the Bark taking it every two Hours till you have taken 12. Papers which contains one Ounce... The next oz. &c. you take it 6. Powders on the ensuing Day, 5 Powders the Day after, 4. Ditto the Day after, then 3. Powders the Day after that till the

3rd oz is all taken, then 2. Powders the Day till the 4th oz. is all taken and then leave of. If at the beginning of taking the Bark it should happen to purge, put ten Dropps of Laudanum into the Bark you take next, if that dont stop it put 10. drops more of Do. in the next Bark you take - then 5. drops in the next, then 4., then 3., then 2., then 1. and so leave of by degrees. Nancy continued brave but seemed Light in her head. The Bark at first taking it, rather purged her and she took 10. drops of Laudanum which stopped it.

At the end of August in the previous year Woodforde had remarked on a general outbreak of malaria in the neighbourhood: the entire household, except himself, fell ill with it. (2) He added that the doctors were calling the disease 'Whirligigousticon'. A 'whirligig' was a child's toy, similar to a musical spinning-top. The unusual term probably referred to the sensation of vertigo accompanying attacks of the fever.

Woodforde made use of a most drastic remedy for a shivering fit. "22. May (1779)... My Boy Jack had another touch of the Ague about noon. I gave him a dram of gin at the beginning of the fit and pushed him headlong into one of my Ponds and ordered him to bed immediately and he was better after it and had nothing of the cold fit after, but was very hot ...

The editor of the diaries, John Beresford, wrote: "The use of Peruvian bark (i.e. quinine) in medicine was greatly extended by that eminent physician, botanist, collector of manuscripts and objets d'art, and godfather of the London streets, Sir Hans Sloane (1660-1753)... Sir Hans Sloane succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as President of the Royal Society in 1727." As well as the bark, camphor was taken, in powder form.

In the diaries there is occasional mention of scrofula, which was called 'The King's Evil'. According to very ancient beliefs, the kings, the Lord's anointed, had the power to cure diseases, in particular scrofula, through the touch of their hands. In Woodforde's time this practice was no longer carried out, but the name of the disease still kept it in memory. (4) Another old custom was the 'churching' of women after childbirth, when they were received back into the parish community. Woodforde carried out this ceremony very often.

On 15 February 1802 his niece Nancy was taken ill. Woodforde describes her malady as "blind Piles". She took first a mixture of "brimstone & treacle", but this remedy did not help her at all. Dr. Thorne treated her a long time for an "internal Complaint". Her uncle noted on 25 February 1802: "Nancy goes on with her new Medicine the Cicuta or Hemlock and does not at all as yet disagree with her - what it will be God only knows, I hope it will be for the best". He continued on 2 March 1802: "Nancy seems rather better, but still does not go near so well as I could wish to see her. She hath entirely left taking the Cicuta or Hemlock Pills - having no effect whatever. I hope that what she hath taken of them will not injure her at any future time - as I look upon it as a very hazardous Medicine". To her uncle's great joy Nancy regained her health.

Treatment with mercury enjoyed a great vogue with the doctors of that time. Woodforde himself had a certain mistrust of it. He tells of ill-effects, as appear from an entry dated 16 February 1791: "Gave John Norton to carry home to his Wife (who is very ill by taking Mercury after the small-Pox) a very fine fat Chicken ready trussed". After infectious disease, the doctors often prescribed a so-called 'salivation' with mercury, and the above entry must have referred to one of these cases.

Drunkenness was very widespread. People mostly drank home-brewed beer, but smuggled gin and rum were highly popular. Woodforde himself was a moderate drinker, but it is to be understood from several cryptic entries that he also was a buyer of smuggled brandy. The kegs with the merchandise, the so-called 'Moonshine', were left at night outside his door. Once he came within an ace of getting into difficulties with the authorities, but he managed by a fluke to escape without penalty. Gin, rum and port were used in his household and considered as of first-rate importance as medicines and tonics. His favourite drink was home-produced mead, on the brewing of which he tells us on 20 October 1794:

... Busy most part of the Afternoon in making some Mead Wine, to fourteen Pound of Honey, I put four Gallons of Water, boiled it more than an hour with Ginger and two handfulls of dried Elder-Flowers in it, and skimmed it well. Then put it into a small Tubb to cool, and when almost cold I put in a large gravey-Spoon full of fresh Yeast, keeping it in a warm place, the Kitchen during night...

Many of the so-called household remedies were home-made. There is a note about this: "Dec. 21, Saturday ... Nancy with me was busy great part of the Morn' in making some Pills, made of Castile Soap, Rhubarb grated and Oil of Marsh-Mallows which are reckoned very good for bilious complaints ..."

Next to various poultices and electuaries, aperient medicines played a great part. There was also an unsparing use made of emetics. Stomach and intestinal upsets occurred frequently, not surprising in view of the abundant meals. The consumption of meat was also enormous by our standards.

Onions were utilized against all manner of human and animal complaints. In April 1781 Woodforde was suffering from an abcess in one of his ears, which burst at night. The pain, however, was not appreciably lessened, so the next night the patient put a roasted onion into the painful acoustic duct, which seemingly brought him relief.

His niece Nancy attempted to cure an undefined 'weakness of the knee' (3) with external applications of liver oil. Later Dr. Thorne ordered her to bathe it in cold water; but unfortunately this did not work the miracle either.

Johnny Reeves, the tooth-breaker and horse-doctor of the village, provided for household purposes yellow basilicum ointment, which Woodforde applied to his sore leg, together with "red Precipitate" of mercury. One of the servant girls suffered from epilepsy, for which Woodforde gave her assafoetida drops. He wrote later that the fits had stopped because of this.

The diarist looked after his household animals with care and love. He tells us on 26/10/1768 about an operation which he carried out:

I had a poor little cat, that had one of her ribs broke and that laid across her belly, and we could not tell what it was, and she was in great pain. I therefore with a small pen knife this morning, opened one side of her and took it out, and performed the operation very well, and afterwards sewed it up, and put Friars Balsam to it, and she was much better after, the incision was half an inch. It grieved me much to see the poor creature in such pain before, and therefore made me undertake the above, which I hope will preserve the life of the poor creature.

From many other entries about the health of his animals one in particular is mentioned here, which shows Woodforde's unselfish kindness: "The old

Gander is very weak and lame and miserable. I brought him into the garden to day and gave him plenty of Barley".

On 17 September 1790 he was involved in an unusual occurrence:

... The young Woman Spincks (who lately had a Bastard Child by one Garthorn of Norwich) called on me this morning to acquaint me that her Child is dead, died last night, owing it is supposed to her (having) given him a Sleeping Pill which she had of her Neighbour Nobbs whose Husband is very ill and had some composing Pills from M^r. Thornes, one of which Nobbs Wife advised her to give the Child to put him to sleep while she was out. The Child slept for about 5. hours, then waked and fell into convulsion fits wch. continued for 4. Hours and half and then died in great Agonies. If the Child died owing to the effects of the Pill, I believe it not intentionally given to destroy the Child as she always had taken particular care of him and looked remarkably healthy. I advised her to make herself easy on that respect ...

The Coroner from Norwich held an inquest on 19 September and the verdict was: "not intentionally given by the Mother to the Child".

Stones in the kidney and bladder are often mentioned. A particularly sensational **case** was noted on 2 April 1789: Woodforde saw in the Norwich hospital a stone which from its shape, colour and size was called the 'Mulberry Stone'. Dr. Donne of Norwich had removed it, and Woodforde remarks that the patient had survived the operation and was on his feet once more.

When Woodforde himself had an attack of gout, his own family doctor prescribed 'alterative pills', of which he was to take four each night. Woodforde wrote on this occasion: "Although they contain Mercury, he said they would do me good. But I can not say I like the idea". However, he took the prescribed dose, and the next day he had dreadful stomach-ache and violent diarrhoea. Dr. Thorne then reduced the dose to one or two pills, but the patient was still unenthusiastic about the remedy.

An account of all the diseases and methods of cure noted in the diary would not be possible within the limits of this article. Much has had to be left out: tales about quinsy, difficult births, infantile mortality, mental diseases and so on - or even about the baby with two heads whose own father kept it preserved in alcohol to show for money as a curiosity.

The last section deals exclusively with James Woodforde himself. The diaries of the last years show a slight tendency towards hypochondria. Each trifling illness was carefully noted in detail. Woodforde began also to suffer from loneliness, now many of his friends were dead. He began to suffer repeatedly from severe attacks of gout, and felt himself growing perceptibly weaker. But it was an abomination to him, to become dependent upon others: he was not addicted to any kind of self-pity. The extremely cold winter of 1794/5 tried him severely. In May 1797 he fell seriously ill, his servants had to sit up with him at night, because he was extremely weak and often unconscious. He says nothing about the nature of his illness and mentions only that he had had "a Blister" put between his shoulders, which drew out a great deal of liquid, whereby he felt some relief. In the last years he suffered from dropsy, and Dr. Thorne, his friend and family doctor of long standing, cared for him to the last.

The diaries come to an end on 17 October 1802. The entry begins with the words:

...Very weak this Morning, scarce able to put on my Cloaths and with great difficulty, get down Stairs with help....

James Woodforde died on New Year's Day, 1803.

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- (1) It is more likely that there was no formal proposal, but a sort of tacit understanding between himself and Betsy. We do not know enough of the story to be able to decide which one of the pair was the more at fault for what happened.
- (2) One of the maids, Elizabeth Claxton, was unaffected; and Nancy herself did not develop symptoms of the disease until the following spring. There is a fuller account of this epidemic in the essay: 'Maidservants at the Parsonage', in Journal Vol. IV No. 1 (incorrectly numbered on the issue as III, 5), Spring 1971.
- (3) Undoubtedly she had a tuberculous knee-joint, diagnosed as 'scrofula', which afflicted her as a girl and delayed her arrival in Norfolk by about three years. The diary shows that it was an intermittent condition, and between attacks she was capable of walking considerable distances without moving beyond the Parsonage garden.
- (4) The last sovereign to carry out the ceremony had been Queen Anne, and Samuel Johnson, who must have been one of the last people in England to be touched, lived until 1784. Marc Bloch's famous work 'Les Rois Thaumaturges', the standard book on this subject, has just been translated into English.

- Translator's Notes.

THE WOODFORDE GATHERING, 29 AND 30 JUNE AND 1 JULY,
1973

This provided a most enjoyable week-end for those members, between 40 and 50 in number, who attended. The weather, that incalculable factor in English life, was more than kind to us. Saturday and Sunday were both bright and sunny days, warm but with a breeze that prevented oppressiveness and fatigue. The countryside looked at its best, and the gardens of the houses we visited were gay with flowers.

The gathering, as in other years, began on the Friday night when, after the members had assembled for a buffet supper at the 'George' Hotel at Castle Cary, the Annual General Meeting of the Parson Woodforde Society was held. Some account of this year's General Meeting is to be found in the Editorial.

Next morning, bright and early, "as brisk as bees", like the Pickwick Club going on its travels, we met at Ansford churchyard. After being greeted by the Vicar of Castle Cary, the Rev. Frank Hall, and the Curate-in-Charge at Ansford, the Rev. Ronald Hebditch, looking round the pleasant though rebuilt little church, and admiring the restoration of the monument to Woodforde's parents by Mrs. Joy Barnes, we set off. Most of our journey was through narrow, winding lanes, beautiful at this time of year, and refreshing to the spirit with their reminder that Britain is not yet all motorway and industrial conurbation.

Our first stop was at Cole, so important to our diarist in his later years, for it was his main link with the scenes of his youth. There we were invited inside the house by its hospitable owners. We walked round the garden, seeing how the river rue actually skirts it, so that the diarist and Mr. Du Quesne did not have to walk for a day's fishing. On the way back, we called in at the beautiful little house at Honeywick, and again were invited in to look round.

Then we went on to Compton Pauncefoot, an untouched fragment of our rural past, dreaming gently in the sun, as though nothing at all had happened since Woodforde's time. Mr. King's house, where he went to school, could not be identified; but Canon Wilson made the interesting suggestion that the schoolmaster was perhaps the village curate. These ill-paid but often cultured and scholarly men sometimes augmented their poor incomes by taking pupils.

Next we drove to Sandford Orcas, just over the border into Dorset, the most southerly point on our route, and saw the place where Woodforde's estate used to be. At the village hall, a very good cold lunch was put on, provided by two local young ladies who have recently built up a very good business this way. After lunch we strolled round the lanes and went into the interesting church, which contains the Knollys monument, commemorating the squire of Elizabethan times, and his two wives.

We now came back by a different route, at one point being escorted by the police over a busy main road. Finally we came to Babcary, where James Woodforde had once been curate for nearly two years. Members speculated about such topics as where the original Babcary Rectory had stood, and the precise wall of the church against which his party had once played 'fives'. We then all returned to the Old Parsonage for tea. Once again Mr. and Mrs. Mewes threw open their home to members, who wandered about the house and garden as they pleased.

Next day a rather smaller party met, some members who lived a long distance from Somerset having had to travel back on Saturday night. We were all sorry that the Sunday arrangements at the two churches did not permit us to hear Canon Wilson preach, although we were all eagerly looking forward to this, remembering last year at Weston Longville. In the afternoon we went by arrangement to Stourhead. This is a very famous place, which requires no description

here. A Sunday afternoon at the height of the tourist season is not, perhaps, the ideal time to look at pictures: but those who had not seen them before had the opportunity to look at the paintings of Samuel Woodforde and many others. The gardens are always delightful; but I never walk through them without thinking that the superb landscape planning of foliage and grass and water really needs to be set off by more flowers, more colour. No doubt it was so "in old Mr. Hoare's time", as Woodforde once said.

Finally, in the cool of the evening, we dispersed and went to our respective homes. I am sure that everyone felt the gathering had been an enjoyable treat, and well worth all the trouble and expense it had involved.

As always, our grateful thanks must go to Mr. and Mrs. Mewes. The Old Parsonage was the centre of the entire expedition, and without their help and willing co-operation none of it would have been possible. Mrs. Mewes herself worked out the detailed itinerary, and made many of the arrangements. We are also indebted to Canon Wilson, and to our Secretary Mrs. Nunns, for much necessary work in relation to this, perhaps the happiest of our gatherings to date.

R.L.W.

Would any member who is interested in obtaining both Volumes I and II of the Diary - 1st. edition - (to be sold in one lot only) - please contact

The Rev. P.S. Raby
2 Church Close,
HUNSTANTON,
Norfolk.

THREE ADDENDA TO "BROTHER HEIGHES"

(1) HEIGHES AND HIS FATHER - FINANCIAL DEALINGS

My original essay contained only sparse information about the early life of Heighes Woodforde. For example, I had no knowledge of what he was doing from the time he was indentured to the London lawyer Mr. Tilley in February 1744/5 until his marriage between nine and ten years later. I assumed that Heighes would have served out the full term of his indentures and that his stay in London must have lasted until 1750. Evidence provided in the account book of the Rev. Samuel Woodforde, Heighes' father, has shown the incorrectness of that surmise.

At the back of the account book, which was described fully in a previous issue, are three closely written pages of sums, all devoted to Heighes. A close study of these items throws considerable light on what have hitherto been very dark places in the story. Samuel was a meticulous man, and the diarist's orderly and tidy mind, loving to make neat tabulated lists of income and expenditure, if not directly inherited, at the very least must have been influenced by his father's example in these matters. In this very detailed list, as in Woodforde's diary from one end to another, the most trivial amounts are recorded. There is never any question of saving time by allowing a nominal round sum for a number of minuscule amounts and labelling the lot "sundries": each tiny item has to be listed and priced separately. So we see here 8/- for "an hatt": 3/6d. "for mending and altering Cloathes": 1/3d paid "for mending Shoes". We see, also as in the diary, that the people who provided 'goods and services' often had to wait a long time for their money: i.e. "paid Andrews for a wig and half a year's shaving", one guinea; and "paid Jane Jewel for half a year's washing", 18/-. I

would give much to know of what nature were the "sundry Jobbs" which Stephen Bennet carried out on behalf of Heighes for the modest sum of 3/6d all in: he seems not to have priced his labour over-highly. At the same time, and in contrast to all this, some large and important sums also appear.

The account book is crammed with fascinating detail, and might easily be published as it stands. But we are here concerned with it only as it tells us about Heighes' movements at the time his father was keeping the record. Our first discovery is that, although the indentures bound Heighes to stay five years with Tilley, and should not have been up until 1 February 1750, Heighes in fact spent only half the allotted time in London. At the top of the first page is written: "An Account of moneis (sic) laid out for Heighes since he came from Mr. Tilly's". Directly underneath come the first entries:

	£	s	d
Imprimis July 21st. 1747 To			
bring him home	2	0	0
For bringing his portmantua			
down		2	10

But on another page, divided from all the other accounts by a line drawn below it, is the total sum of Heighes' London venture:

To Mr. Tilly in London	105	0	0
For Cloaths at his going			
thither	10	0	0
For 2 years & $\frac{1}{2}$ allowance whilst			
there at £20 pr. an.	50	0	0
for Doctors Fees, nurses &c in			
his Illness there	10	0	0

This is explicit enough. Heighes was bound to the attorney for five years, but half-way through the period he fell ill and his father brought him and the "portmantua" home. As the Woodfordes, not the lawyer, had broken the indentures, Samuel had to pay the full sum of £105 promised in the agreement. It may be added that the £10 for doctors fees and nursing expenses did not cover the costs of Heighes' illness, for some time afterwards his father settled two bills: one for £7. 4. 0. and a second and final account for £1. 4. 0. which money was owed to a London apothecary named Lowther.

Heighes, then, arrived home on 21 July 1747. He stayed at Ansford no longer than a fortnight. Above the sum of expenses just mentioned is written: "NB Sent Heighes to Mr. Kings Aug: 7: 1747". This gentleman was almost certainly another attorney, and lived at Wincanton. It must be no more than coincidence that the school to which James Woodforde was sent at the age of eight was kept by a Mr. King. Heighes was twenty-one in 1747, and much too old for any kind of school. When he went off to make a fresh start in the little Somerset town, his father gave him the eight shilling "hatt", a "pair of Doe-Skin Breeches" worth thirteen shillings, a waistcoat which had been "turned" at a cost of six shillings, and ten shillings in cash.

The costs of Heighes' resumed legal training at Wincanton were not so heavy as the London solicitor had charged. All the same, some quite considerable payments were recorded: ten guineas on 2 June 1748, and £42 on 8 October of the same year. But most of the items were for Heighes' day-to-day expenses - new clothes, washing and mending, journeys to assize towns, and such miscellaneous items as the 5/6d. "for a Book of Short-hand", which Samuel paid

for on 23/12/1747. Heighes may have spent extravagantly in London and his father been determined to keep him on a tight rein, for in addition to the various payments for his maintenance, he seems at first to have received as pocket money no more than 5/- a month. Even in 18th. century Wincanton, it is impossible to visualize Heighes leading a roystering life on that sort of money. But Samuel, a kindly man where his children were concerned, relented from time to time, on one occasion pushed up the allowance to 7/6d., and quite often threw in an extra 5/-. On 1 April 1749 Samuel noted: "augmented his allowance and gave him - 0:10:0". There were also various presents, such as the "New Years Gift" of 5/- in 1749. Once, after spending £2.2.6. on a "great Coat" for Heighes Samuel added: "gave him when it was sent to Wincanton 0: 3: 0". Perhaps the Rector slipped the money into one of the pockets of the coat, as a surprise for his son. It is such little evidences of affection that make the account book touching to read.

On 22 April: "paid Mr. Hoddinot for a Beaurough - 2: 2: 6". O.E.D. does not recognize this spelling, but the modern form "bureau", defined as "a writing-desk with drawers for papers, etc". is not recorded until 1742, so the form of the word may still have been unfixed seven years later. On the 29th. of this month, in addition to his 10/- "for the ensuing month", Heighes' father sent him £2. 5. 0. to pay for a new wig, cover his bill for shaving up to the last Lady Day, and provide a hat and two pairs of shoes. This seems to have been the last payment made to Heighes while he was at Wincanton, and his father added up all the expenses incurred since he left Mr. Tilley, and found that they came to £106. 4. 11. Even this was not quite all. It was quite unrealistic to have expected a young man of Heighes' temperament

to confine his spending to 5/- or even 10/- a month doled out by his father. He ran up debts in Wincanton to the tune of £4.10.0., which his father afterwards settled.

Heighes must have left Wincanton on some date between 22 April and 23 June 1749. On the latter date a new list of expenses was begun. Samuel gave his son the large sum of £4.10.0 "for a "superfine-cloth Coat" for him. On 6 April of the next year: "gave him on going to London to be admitted - £20.1.0." This and the item for 4 September - "paid for Law-Books to Mr. Goldsborough 11.0.0." - probably indicate that Heighes now set up as an attorney on his own. On 1 April 1751 the Rector of Ansford worked out another sum, finding that since leaving Wincanton Heighes had cost him £97.14.6.

The final table of accounts extends over five years. a much longer period than the others, and the sum actually paid is a far smaller average per year. The separate items are much fewer, and some of them appear to be loans rather than gifts: for example - "Aug: 8. Let him have more money upon his Note of hand - 20. 0. 0." Heighes was now receiving from his father an allowance of £5 a quarter, and out of this he presumably paid part of his own expenses, the rest being found out of his own earnings. If all the sums are added together, a grand total of £555. 4. 0. was paid by Samuel to and on behalf of Heighes in eleven years. This works out at not much less than £1 a week, an amount which would have been considered quite considerable in mid-eighteenth century.

One of the latest items is both significant and amusing. On 12 December 1754 Samuel entered in his account book: "Gave Heighes for his journey to

London - 30. 0. 0." We do not know what pretext Heighes alleged, when he applied for funds to make this journey; but his father could scarcely have known that, when Heighes went off on the jaunt, with his £30 securely buttoned up in his pocket, he would surreptitiously take along with him Miss Dorville of Alhampton.

Just five days later the eloping pair approached the altar of the Savoy Chapel, a step which they would both live to regret.

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NOTE: It is probably characteristic of our time that I have never heard, even in academic circles which might be expected to concern themselves about such matters, any speculation about the increased difficulties of studying and teaching social history certain to arise because of the introduction of decimal currency. In a very few years now, children will be passing through the schools who do not know that twelve pence used to make a shilling, twenty shillings a pound. Eventually, and sooner than anyone, perhaps, expects, the money-values expressed in the above essay will be totally incomprehensible.

As it is, one of the historian's most difficult tasks is to express the value of money for any past epoch. This again has been intensified in our time, when the progress of inflation quickly makes nonsense of the figures for only a few years back, as anyone can tell by reading a novel published more than about five years ago.

Even the most cursory reader will see here at a glance that the purchasing power of money was greater than it is to-day; but by how much greater? Clothes in general seem to be about ten times

dearer to-day (1973) than in the middle of the 18th century, and some articles are more expensive still. On the other hand, 4/- for a pair of stockings (entry for 22/4/1749) is a high price: presumably they were of silk: and the "Green Waistcoat" which cost £1. 11. 0. must have been a sumptuous garment. Furniture (the "beaurough" for £2. 2. 6. on 1/4/1749) went for what appear to us almost incredibly cheap prices: but both materials and labour would have been local.

(2) MORE ABOUT THE DORVILLES

A second flying visit to Ditchat provided more information from the parish records; but these are of quite exceptional completeness, and I have done no more than scratch the surface and retrieve some easily available data. A more thorough search than I have been able to undertake would undoubtedly increase our knowledge very greatly.

In the essay I drew attention to a possible connection between the burial of "Ralph Dorvill" in 1747 and the fact that the name appears as one of the auditors of the churchwardens' accounts for the last time in 1746. I am now sure that this conjecture was mistaken, and that my final assumption, that Anne Dorville's father lived until 1755, was the correct one. Although Ralph seems not to have carried out that particular duty after 1746, the same signature continues on other parish documents until 1754.

The person who wrote these signatures was of considerable importance in the parish and very prominent in local affairs. In turn he served on all the parish bodies under the vestry system: he was churchwarden, overseer of the poor, and overseer of the highways, or 'Waywarden', for the tithing or

subdivision of Alhampton. He also acted at different times, as we have seen, as auditor of the various accounts, and as one of the householders who selected the parish officers. For example, a roughly written notice in the 'Highways Accounts' ledger reads:

December 26: 1752

We whose names are hereunto subscribed to Present the following persons whose names are under written as fitt persons to Serve the office of Surveyors of the Highways for the Tything of Allhampton for the Year Ensuing

and Mr. Ralph Dorvell } For Late Jennings
 Mr. John Jennings }

Mr. John Hayes for the Lower Estate

Four signatures are appended, made by the people who had selected these officers. There is another date: "January the 3rd. 1753", presumably denoting the start of their term of service. The whole is concluded by the words: "Seen and confirm (sic) by us", with the signatures of the two J.P.'s, "Tho. Coward" and "W. Rodbard".

Under the date 13/12/1754 is a similar notice, but now the roles are reversed, and "Ralph Dorvell" signs as one of two people who approve the choice of the next year's surveyors. This, by the way, is the latest signature of Ralph that I have been able to recover. Always assuming that the same man is mentioned every time the name appears, his service in the parish went back to 1722, when he was "Waywarden" (this comes from a list evidently drawn up much later, for it shows that he fulfilled the same duties in 1741 and again in 1745.) All this would be consistent with his having been born in 1693.

If one consults the books containing the accounts of the churchwardens and overseers of the poor, the same picture emerges, that of an active and public-spirited man and one of the leaders in all parish matters. The other 'Ralph' mentioned in the essay I believe to have been younger, and although he too appears as 'Mr.' in the church register was of less account in the parish and a man probably in a small way of life. This Ralph was married to a Mary (it will be remembered that Anne Dorville's mother was named 'Hester') and they had a daughter also named Mary, in August or September 1744. Apparently this daughter died while still a baby and was buried on 1 November. On 6 October the following year another child named Mary was born, seemingly to the same couple. It is possible that the entry in 1750 reading "Mary Daug^r of y^e late deceased Ralph Dorvell buried June y^e 30th Day", to which I drew attention in the essay, refers to this second 'Mary'.

In 1760, a "Mary Dorvel" was living as a householder in Alhampton: possibly she was Ralph's widow. In the Poor Law rating account books she was assessed for poor rate at 1½d., one of the very smallest sums recorded, and to be compared with the 3/3d. levied on Heighes Woodforde's property in the same year.

To recapitulate, then, it is possible that in addition to Anne's father, who evidently did not remarry after his wife's death in 1739 and had no other living children when he himself died in 1755, there was a much less prosperous and important man of the same name, who lived from 1719 to 1747, who was married to a Mary and who had two daughters also named Mary, one of whom survived him by three years; and possibly also a third daughter, Rachel, who died in 1751.

Further than this we cannot go, in the present state of our knowledge.

(3) HEIGHES WOODFORDE AT ALHAMPTON

Heighes' family must have reckoned him a fortunate man when he secured the Dorville heiress, particularly after the second wedding in 1757 had regularized the marriage. He inherited not only a fairly extensive farming estate, with land extending over parts of "Ditchheat Great Field" and "Alhampton Great Field" as well as enclosed land in the parish, but also a very prominent place in local affairs. As we have seen, his father-in-law had been extremely active in parish matters over many years. Heighes' position in the little hamlet was already established.

All the information we have suggests that he tried to take the place of Mr. Dorville in his first years at Alhampton. There is no trace of him there before 1757. It was in this year that his energetic but short career of public service began. Just as his father-in-law had done before him, Heighes signed the Highways accounts, in 1757, 1758 and 1760. In 1758 he became a churchwarden and served a three years' stint, until 1761. Three sets of churchwardens' accounts exist, covering this term: the last set were written out by Heighes himself, in a very careful hand. Heighes wrote almost as neatly as his brother the Parson. This last set of accounts, covering the previous year, opens with the words: "The Account of Heighes Woodforde Churchwarden of the Parish of Ditchheat for the Year of our Lord One Thousand and Seven hundred and sixty". Below the accounts is written, also in Heighes' most careful handwriting, the words: "At a vestry held in the Parish Church of Ditchheat on Thursday the Sixteenth Day of April 1761 (pursuant to Notice

given up on the Sunday before for settling the Churchwardens Accounts.) The preceding Accounts of Heighes Woodforde and Philip Welchman Churchwardens of the sd. Parish for the Three Years last past were examined.

Allow'd by me.." (then follow ten signatures, the last being "William Cornish", Clerk of the Parish who had witnessed Heighes' marriage in 1757)

The Highway accounts show some interesting deals between Heighes as a private citizen and the vestry. The Highway rate he was paying was one of the largest in the parish: in 1758 and 1759 a year's rate came to 7/3d for each year, in 1760 he paid 18/1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d, and in 1761 £1. 1. 9. Heighes chose to pay these sums by providing Alhampton with road metal. In the Highways ledger is this, under the year 1758:

Memorandum.

Mr. Heighes Woodford haveing this year laid (by the Approbation of the Inhabitants) thirty load of Stones in the Highways which is not charg'd on this account it is agreed that the value of the said Stones shall be discounted out of his rates to the Highways for the ensuing year. untill the whole is paid The Tything Deb^t to Mr. Woodford for the above stone £3. 0. 0.

In 1760 Heighes was still providing stone. One item in an account of payments brackets two dates, "Aug 5" and "Sept 20" and runs: "Paid Mr. Heighes Woodford for 59 load of home (?) Stones at 2d a Load, including Carriage... £5. 18. 0."

Having so much to do with road repairs, I suppose Heighes would have been more than human if he had not diverted some of the stone supplied by himself to repairing the road near his own residence. In an account headed "Day Labourers" for this year, I came across:

June 7. Paid Cha: Biggins and John Batt 4 Days work about the Road between High Bridge Gate and Mr. Woodford's House 0. 8. 0.

But highway affairs did not of course exhaust Heighes' interest in the affairs of the tithing. The following notice in one of the books takes us straight back to the spirit of the Middle Ages: indeed, I have read similar notices in the proceedings of manorial courts. Except that it is no longer written in Latin, the terminology is the same:

"We the under Named Inhabitants of the Tything of Alhampton do agree that John But do take care of the Cornfields by impounding any Cattle or Sheep that do any trespass therein and to take two pence for his trouble of driveing any thing to the pound at Alhampton as a Hayward.

A list of signatures and marks follows: "H. Woodforde" is the third.

Another proof of Heighes' fixed residence in Alhampton is provided by the fact that in 1758 he took a parish apprentice into his house. Considerable pressure must have been put on the wealthier residents to take pauper children off the hands of the parish by ensuring that they would be looked after and taught a trade. The boy's name was William James, and it was set down "that the said H. Woodforde the said Apprentice in Husbandry shall teach and instruct or cause to be taught and instructed". Heighes, however, thriftily struck out of the printed form the clause which recited that "at the end of the said Term, in this case until William James shall reach the full age of Twenty Four Years (the master) shall and will provide, allow and deliver unto the said Apprentice double Apparel of all sorts, good and new (that is to say) a good New Suit for the Holydays, and another for Working Days..."

So between 1757 and 1760 or early 1761 there is plenty of evidence that Heighes was active in the parish. But then there was a change. The especial care with which Heighes made out his last churchwardens' account was perhaps due to the fact that he was giving up the office. This was normal enough; but Heighes did not go on to some other official job within the parochial structure. He dropped out altogether. After April 1761, when he ceased to be churchwarden, there is no further trace of him in any official capacity at Alhampton or Ditchheat.

Was this because he had begun openly to fall out with his wife ? I think not, since the evidence of Woodforde's diary is clear enough that they were on at least outwardly good terms until so late as 1764. I suggest, for what it is worth, that the sequence worked the other way round: that Heighes lost interest in parish affairs, possibly began to drink and to absent himself in the way he certainly did later; and that this was one of the basic causes of the later marital disagreements. If the arguments of husband and wife became heavily spiced on her side with invidious comparisons between Heighes and the late Mr. Dorville, this would understandably make the rift wider. We know little enough of Anne Woodforde, but what we do know suggests that she was a hard woman. Perhaps she simply nagged the marriage to its end.

NOTES AND QUERIES

THE CHANGING USE OF WORDS

So far as I can discover the Parson never used the word 'big' in any of its modern connotations, always 'great' or 'large'. I suppose this must have been the use of the day.

June 13. 1795, Vol: 1V. 'Sent Ben early this morning to Norwich with my great Cart to carry my great Trunk to Norwich'.

When he does use the term, it is with the sense of the biblical expression 'Big with Child': i.e:

Oct. 26. 1794, 'We are afraid that our Maid, Molly, is with child she looks so big, but she denies it very positively.'

My wife and I are also interested in the one or two phrases which are now regarded as "Irish" English, such as the word 'after' on June 5, 1798, Vol V. page 120 "Our bees about Noon were after swarming (meaning: 'The bees had just swarmed') upon the top of the study chimney - was obliged to drive them away by lighting a fire in the study, and the chamber over it."

Another word he used that has an 'Irish' English flavour is 'eat' where we normally use 'ate'. Many people in Ireland still do the same thing and pronounce it 'eet' even though used in the past tense. I wonder how the Parson pronounced it. Perhaps this is the remnants of 18th Century English lying dormant in Ireland?

Mr. A.S. Jeffares.

THE USE OF FRENCH WORDS IN ENGLAND

Invalide. Woodforde diary under date 1/2/1799. (Beresford, V. 164) By much the coldest & most severe cold Day, we have had as yet during the Winter - very distressing to a poor Invalide.

'Invalide' is noted in Shorter Oxford Eng. Dict. as first met with in 1642 and is marked 'also - ide'. Presumably it was pronounced as in French. However, the word used in the meaning which Woodforde attached to it above, is glossed 'An infirm or sickly person 1709'. See also K.C. Phillips: 'Jane Austen's English' (1970), quoting the late fragment 'Sanditon' (1817) "She prefers the rare French spelling invalides for invalids to describe the hypochondriacal Parker family".

If this is correct, and assuming that Woodforde did not simply make a slip of the pen in writing (elsewhere he uses the form 'invalid') he was using a form which by 1799 had become rare. It should be pointed out that, although he "began to learn French" on 8 September 1760 (See Supplement No. 2 to Journal, 1972, p.vi.) there is no evidence in the diary or anywhere else that he knew the language at all.

Bye-debt "Bill's little grey Stallion, by name Neptune or bye-debt, was knocked up - fell down in the road."

Diary; 1785. 26 Nov.

Here 'Neptune' was the horse's personal name, obviously; but I could never make any sense or meaning out of 'bye-debt' until, after having transcribed this passage from the diary for use in my essay on Sam, it quite suddenly occurred to me that this must be a heavily anglicised pronunciation of "bidet". Although to modern readers this suggests an item of sanitary equipment, its original meaning was 'a small horse, a pony'. BIDEt. Un petit cheval de selle -

Nouveau Petit Larousse. 1961.

Lambskinnett.

5/4/1763 ... Had my Supper at Dyers Rooms,
& there I supp'd & spent the
Evening with Dyer and George Weller
of C.C.C. We three played at Cards
the whole evening, at Lambskinnett.
I lost at that game 0. 3. 2...

6/4/1763 At Lambskinnett at Dyers this Morning,
with Dyer & Weller lost 0. 4.

- 'Woodforde at Oxford' p.118.

The editor glosses this word as 'Lansquinet, a German card game of a military character'. The term 'Lansquenet', however, was French, not German, and its primary meaning was 'a mercenary soldier'. In fact it was a corrupt form of the German 'Landsknecht' (i.e. 'servant of the country'): with the 'd' sound dropping out in pronunciation, it was thought to have something to do with Fr. 'lance' - there is an English form of the word: 'lance-knight'. 'Lambskinnett' is thus a corruption of a corruption.

- From the Editor who would be pleased to be reminded of further French words in the Diaries.
-

Woodforde's life as Rector of Weston Longville is better known, perhaps, than that of any other clergyman of his time. Thanks to the printed diary selections, we know a great deal about church affairs at Weston Longville: how often services were held, the time of day they began, the frequency of Communion, the seating arrangements in the church, and so on. We are also given a considerable amount of scattered information about the celebration of baptisms, marriages and funerals. We hear a lot about the curates he employed in his later years: Mr. Cotman who did not get on well with the parishioners, Mr. Maynard who was once observed by the diarist to be "bosky", Mr. Corbould the son of a rich Norwich hatter, and others. On the other hand, virtually nothing has ever been published concerning Woodforde's own early days in the church, beyond the commentary appended by Mr. Beresford to the scanty number of selections from the Ansford diary which appear in his first volume. It is hoped that this essay about his experiences as a curate in the 1760's, and in particular his life at Thurloxton and Babcary, will go some way towards satisfying curiosity in this respect.

It would never be claimed that the Anglican church in the diarist's time was going through one of its more brilliant and inspiring phases. Church historians have not found it a rewarding epoch to write about. It is rather significant that the volume covering the period in the new A. & C. Black series of church histories has not yet appeared; while such older books, as Abbey and Overton's 'The English Church in the 18th. Century' have a heavy, pedestrian glumness about them which suggests that their writers were not at ease in the epoch they were discussing. The potted outline histories, which cover the whole immense tract of time and changing standards of civilisation between St. Augustine and Dr. Ramsey in some 200 pages, have little to say on the period. After a few paragraphs on Wesley and the Methodists,

the authors fill the space they must cover before arriving at the revival movements of the early 19th. century, with vague noises of disapproval.

In many ways, what happened to the church in that age was a reflection of what had happened to society itself. The great constitutional questions of the 17th. century, fought out partly in Parliament and partly on the battlefield, had been settled. The Revolution settlement of 1689, followed by the establishment of the Hanoverian dynasty in 1715, decreed the pattern which society would take. People in the 18th. century could safely leave politics to the politicians, and get on with the far more interesting and rewarding task of cultivating their own gardens, in Voltaire's phrase. By the second half of the century it was possible for Dr. Johnson to write:

How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part that kings or laws can cause or cure.

In the same way, the great wave of religious emotion, which had had its excellent side and an aspect less admirable, had ebbed away. It is difficult to imagine a George Herbert, a George Fox, a Titus Oates, a Henry Sacheverell, in Woodforde's placid society as it is to think of a dinosaur kept as a household pet. The Parson's 17th century forbears, with their piety and puritanism, would have been totally at a loss in his time, although they would have recognised in the following century a spiritual climate much more akin to their own.

There is another point - John Locke, easily the most influential of all writers on social questions of that time, had laid it down, in his second 'Treatise of Civill Government', that the reason and motive for the foundation of society was the preservation of property and ownership. Woodforde's age agreed with that, whole-heartedly. There can have been few times when a more radical social division was made between what we call the 'haves' and the 'have-nots'.

The Church was a property, like any other. It was also a property which was very unevenly and inequitably distributed. Some bishoprics were much wealthier than others. At least in England, for there were few rich livings in the poverty-stricken Welsh sees, each diocese had a few particularly splendid benefices, called in the jargon of the time 'plums' and kept for especially favoured claimants. Many others ensured a comfortable enough life for their incumbents. Some, however, were miserably poor livings which provided a starvation pittance which the incumbent had to supplement in the best way he could. Below even these, at the bottom of the ecclesiastical pyramid, were the unbeneficed clergy. There were always too many of them, thanks to the official policy of licensing far more ordinands than there were livings for them to fill.

The most fortunate were those who, like Dr. Bathurst, could depend on the influence of a great family; or, like Mr. Du Quesne, had a powerful patron to advance his claims for him. Pluralism, an integral part of the system, was a natural consequence of the competition for livings, but this of course made the position much worse, for the more successfully the pluralist piled up his number of benefices, the fewer there were left to go round. So, many clergymen worked hard with the total responsibility for parish affairs for the whole of their lives without ever rising above the status of an ill-paid curate. One might compare the Navy, with its eighteen year old captains and sixty year old midshipmen, or the Army, in which promotion depended upon the officer's ability to buy a commission in each succeeding rank. The higher up the service ladder, and the more fashionable the regiment, the greater the outlay in cash.

Now our Country Parson was essentially a man of his own time. It was perhaps easier to be a man of one's time than it is now, when the eyes and the ears are endlessly bombarded with social criticism and each

day brings its new scandal or exposure. Woodforde fitted perfectly into his particular environment: that is the reason why he seems, by and large, to have been a happy man. But what sort of clergyman did he make?

I think there is no doubt that he carried out his duties as a parish priest conscientiously enough, until physical ill-health and a growing habit of laziness slowed him up. He was fortunate in that in his time the church demanded less of its servants than perhaps any other epoch. He was lucky too in that most of his working life was spent in sleepy country villages, far from the sources of power, far also from the influences making for change and question. His lack of real intellectual interests would have put him at a grave disadvantage in a company of intellectuals, and I cannot see him shining if he had been put to defend Christianity against the attacks of Hume, Gibbon and Voltaire. In the small rural communities that were his social background such deficiencies and shortcomings did him no harm. If they thought of it at all, the parishioners of Weston Longville were probably glad enough to realize that their pastor was an ordinary man like themselves. It would not have worried them that he scarcely ever read a book, that his heavily classical education at Winchester and Oxford left him at the end of his life with no more than a few schoolboy tags, that his sermons were almost literal copies of those published by Tillotson half a century before, and that he seems to have been quite literally incapable of preaching extempore. If his flock had known of such things, they would have seemed all the better proof of his essential common humanity with them.

Still, we are not here concerned with the Rector of Weston Longville, but with a much younger man, at the outset of his career. In 1763 Woodforde was twenty-three years old and had already taken his first steps towards the Church. On 28 May of that year, he wrote in his diary:

... Went to Dr. Hunts of Christ-Church, with Nicholls, Geree and Pitters, and subscribed to the 39. Articles before the Bishop. We paid Pope Beavor for our Letters of Orders, which we receive Monday next, in Doctor Hunts Rooms: each of us 0: 10: 0.

On the following day he wrote:

... At nine o'clock this Morning, went to Christ Church with Hooke & Pitters, to be ordained Deacon; and was ordained Deacon there by Hume Bishop of Oxford. There were 25 ordained Deacons, and 13 Priests - we all received the H. Sacrament.

History is virtually silent about Thomas Nicolls or Nicholls, five years older than Woodforde and like him originally a matriculand from Oriel, and about Robert Pitters, first recorded in the Oxford diary as playing billiards with Woodforde in 1760. John Geree, of Newbury, Berks, was the diarist's exact contemporary and one of his closest friends. He was to become a Fellow of Winchester College, dying young in January 1774. Dr. Thomas Hunt was a Somerset man, who held the appointments of Laudian Professor of Arabic and Regius Professor of Hebrew. He also died in 1774. Pope Beavor is described as the "publick Notary", and Woodforde had paid him 3/6d. "for swearing me", at the time of his election to a New College Fellowship in 1761. The Bishop was John Hume, D.D. He had been bishop of Bristol (1756-8) and was to be translated to Salisbury in 1766, where he remained until his death in 1782. John Hook or Hooke, one year senior to the diarist at New College, would frustrate his hopes, at the time of his courtship of Betsy White, by obtaining in 1773 the Mastership of Bedford School, which Woodforde had been angling for. In the following year he was to come back and, although some of the Fellows objected, opposed Woodforde's candidature for Weston Rectory, obtaining 15 votes to the diarist's 21.

Now a Deacon, Woodforde had two possible courses of future action. He could have done what he later was to do, after his return to New College in 1773: stayed there as a Fellow, while he waited for one of the tied College livings, or some other piece of preferment in the gift of the College, to become vacant. He could have continued to live the easy, somnolent Oxford life of his time, with so little to do that it might almost be said that the serious business of life was merely to enjoy one's self.

From Woodforde's viewpoint, there could have been only one snag about this. He was a home-loving young man, very fond of his parents, and the College livings were scattered about England. He could have felt very little enthusiasm for the prospect of pulling up his West country roots and going to make a new life for himself in unimaginably distant Norfolk or Essex. Unconscious of the future, if he knew anything about a place called Weston Longville, it would have been merely as one of those remote benefices, land belonging originally to an alien priory which had been escheated to the Crown in the reign of Henry V, and then presented to William of Wykeham's comparatively recent foundation.

His interests lay much nearer home. At this time and for years later, he must have been reasonably confident that one, if not both, of his father's livings would descend to him. Also his father, although still active, was growing old, and Woodforde probably foresaw a time when his help would be needed. All in all, it probably seemed to him more important to establish himself in the West country than to take his chance, not very great while he was still young and with most of the Fellows ahead of him on seniority, of a College living. It would appear to have been considerations of that kind which took him to Thurloxton and to Babcary.

But we must not anticipate. Woodforde's first curacy was not Thurloxton, was nowhere in Somerset at all. It was at a place called Newton Purcell, north-east

of Oxford, beyond Bicester and towards the county boundary of Northamptonshire. This was undoubtedly the nearest he ever went to the original home of the Woodforde family. Newton Purcell was a New College living, and the appointment was held by a New College Fellow, George James Sale, who was one of the Bursars. On 13 April Sale had become a Proctor, and the diary contains an interesting account of the proctorial profession to the Schools in which Woodforde took part: the occasion was marred, for "There was a sad Riot in the Schools this afternoon". Unable to look after Newton Purcell while he was officiating as Proctor, Sale offered the curacy as a temporary post to Woodforde. On 2 May the diarist wrote:

... Sale spoke to me this Morning concerning the Curacy of Newton Purcell, which I have now promised him to take and serve the Sunday after Trinity Sunday; it is about 20 Miles from Oxford; and I am to receive Per annum for serving it, besides Surplice fees 28. 0. 0. I am only to serve it during M^r. Sale's Proctorship ...

It was here, on 5 June, that he took his first service and preached his first sermon. Strange it may be, but it is typical of the disorganised manner in which research into Woodforde's life has been carried on, that this has totally dropped out of the record.

For the next three weeks he rode over each Sunday to take the service at Newton Purcell, and on the fourth (3 July) he was offered an exchange of churches, and went to "Ardington by Wantage in Berks". This was attended by some excitement for "My Horse fell down on a Trot as I was going, and threw me over his Head, but (I thank God Almighty) I received no hurt..." On 24 July he made a calculation: "I have served exactly eight Sunday's for which Sale owes me 4. 4. 0." Then for five successive Sundays, ending on 28 August, he officiated at another Oxfordshire village church,

Chesterton. We hear no more about Newton Purcell, so Mr. Sale must have made other arrangements. Instead, on 2 September: "M^r. Orthman desired me to serve the Church of Draton (about two Miles from Abington) for which I should have 0. 10. 6 a good Dinner & a Stable for my Horse which, as I am at present out of duty, have engaged to serve it for the two next Sundays, but no longer". With the carrying out of those services, the short period of his temporary curacies came to an end. He had obtained something which at least appeared to be more permanent, and in his own country.

On 11 May, little more than a week after coming to the arrangement with Mr. Sale, he had written in his diary:

... I was offer'd this afternoon by Fitch of Queens Coll: a Curacy worth £40 Per annum, and to be enter'd upon at Michaelmas - It is in Somerset, near Taunton, the name of the place is Thurloxton, in the Gift of Fitch's Father. I shall write to my Father concerning it to Morrow Morning; I have got to the 20th of this Month to consider on it. Fitch supp'd and spent the Evening with me at my room, and so did Dyer ...

He must have made up his mind within the stipulated time limit, for on 6 June he noted: "... Had a Letter from Fitch, with a Promise from his Father of my taking the Curacy of his, at Thurloxton near Taunton at old Michaelmas next". The next time the name is mentioned, he had left Oxford, and it is now necessary to resort to the m.s. in order to carry on the story:

* "... Whilst I was at Sherborne I sent a Letter to the Rev^d. M^r. Fitch at High Hall near Winborne - Dorsett... to be informed by him when I am to enter upon his Curacy -

It is from this entry that we see that Mr. Fitch was not only the patron of the living but also its nominal incumbent. He may be identified by this entry in Foster's 'Alumni Oxonienses':

FITCH, Henry, s. William, of Wimborne,
Dorset, arm. QUEEN'S COLL., matric.,
11 June, 1724, aged 16: B.A., 1728,
B.C.L., 1731.

The reference, indeed, does not positively identify him as a clergyman, but the 'Alumni Oxonienses' is a University record book: when its compiler knew or could discover the later careers of his Oxonians he added them, but often he did not know. The attribution however is made practically certain by the notices of Fitch's two sons, both of whom matriculated in their turn from Queen's. Both sons are noted as "s. Henry, of High Hall, Dorset, cler.", which would appear conclusive.

On 29 September Woodforde wrote:

* ... Had a Letter this Morning from the Rev^d.
M^r. Fitch of High Hall, Dorsett, to give me
Notice of my being his Curate at Thurloxtton
near Taunton at Sunday sennight - Mama paid
for the Carriage of the above Letter from
M^r. Fitch - - 0 - 0 - 6

If he had been asked his opinion of the Thurloxtton curacy, he would doubtless have answered that it was too far from his home to be convenient. It must have been annoying, therefore, that no sooner had he definitely accepted the appointment than another curacy, much nearer to Ansford, turned up:

* Octob: 4 - - ... Had a Letter this Evening
(by Harry the Cole Carrier of
this Parish) from M^r. Toogood
the Shopman of Sherborne, in-
forming me of a Curacy that I

might have had near Wincaunton at a place called Hington Magna, the Rector (whose name is Hill of Sherborne) being very ill - but I am engaged - N.B. I take it very kind of M^r. Toogood in mentioning it to me, as I am not acquainted with M^r. Toogood.

But in spite of his regrets, he had given his word and must keep it. Three days later he was on his way:

- * Octob: 7. ... Went this Morning after Breakfast for Thurloxton to my Curacy - Dined and supped altogether at the Globe Inn in Bridgewater, kept there by one Dosson by the Bridge -

He spent the evening with two strangers, one of whom "laid" in his room at the inn. The next day's adventures must be given in full because no kind of paraphrase can possibly do justice to the vividness of the entry:

- * Octob: 8. ... Breakfasted at the Globe with the Gentleman that laid in my Room, upon Tea & Coffea - I set out a little after Breakfast for Thurloxton, which is about six Miles in the Taunton Road from Bridgewater, and got there by twelve. I put up my Horse at the Green Dragon in Thurloxton kept by one Weetch - For going thro' one turnpike - - p^d - 0 - 0 - 1. For my eating, and drinking in Bridgewater at the Globe, and for my Horse - - p^d - 0 - 3 - 9 Gave the Chamber Maid there - - 0 - 0 - 6 Gave the Hostler there - - 0 - 0 - 6

Dined at the Green Dragon in
Thurloxton and for my Dinner,
Horse, and Beer - - p^d 0 - 1 - 6
Gave the Servant Maid there - -
0 - 1 - 6.

Went after Dinner and enquired
for one Widow Nowel, whom M^r.
Fitch recommended me to Board,
but found upon my enquiry that
she has been dead this Year -
I then desired M^r. and M^{rs}.
Nowel (her Son & Daughter) to
take me in, but they could not
engage to take me these two
Months - I then sent M^r. Weetch
the Landlord of the Green Dragon
to one Farmer Harrison upon his
Recommendation, but his Wife
being not at Home, he could not
engage - - I afterwards went
myself to the Esquire of the
Parish whose name is Cross, and
he took me at the very first Word,
and likewise my Horse; which I
ordered down immediately to his
House, and there I supped, spent
the Evening and laid in the Best
Room - M^r. Cross and myself
agreed together concerning the
Terms upon which he is to take
me - - The Terms we agreed upon
this Evening were these: That I
should live as he does, (which
is very well I am sure) that I
should have my Linnen washed by
him, and that he should keep my
Horse (corn excepted) 21 - 0 - 0
and that for every day that I
was absent, I should be allowed
for each Day 0 - 1 - 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
which per Year is - - 21 - 0 - 0

M^r. Cross is married and has three Children all young and has another coming; M^{rs}. Cross is a very good natured Woman, and very much like M^{rs}. Clarke my Sister.

Thurloxton, three miles out of Taunton on the Bridgewater road, is reached from the A.34, a hell of roaring traffic no less abominable than any other modern arterial road. But the three-quarters of a mile which separate the village from the road takes the visitor into a different world. Thurloxton is very small, very peaceful. It still has its village inn, although it is no longer called the 'Green Dragon'. Thurloxton church is a very delightful little building, with a Carolinian screen and pulpit, dated 1632, and a carved table serving as the altar which is probably Elizabethan. The Victorians built an aisle on to the church in 1869, supported on brick pillars, but without, for once, seriously damaging the proportions of the structure. Woodforde, like most of his generation, was totally indifferent to the aesthetic appeal of mediæval churches, but if he did not appreciate the charm of the building, at least he was enjoying the novelty of his position, and the diary entries of the next week or so have quite a proprietary air, as he writes of "My Church", "My Clerk", "My Parish". He also considered himself very comfortably lodged, and the entry for the day after his arrival ends with these words:

* M^r. Cross has a most noble House, good enough for any Nobleman...

By this time, some questions may have arisen unbidden in the reader's mind. How does one place M^r. Cross, who lived in a house good enough for any nobleman and yet took in a lodger and was not above bargaining about the rent? The answer is that he was not really the Squire, although he was perhaps the nearest thing to it that Thurloxton possessed. The actual Lord of

the Manor was Viscount Portman, who belonged to a family of permanent absentees, so far as Thurloxtton was concerned; and Cross' house, so much admired by the diarist, was not the actual Manor House, but what was known as the Manor Farm House. Cross and his wife were named John and Elizabeth; a namesake of his had been Rector, and signed his name: "Johannes Crosse" at the beginning of one of the register books in 1698. Woodforde's acquaintance was born in 1726: "John Son of M^r. Thomas Crosse and Elizabeth his Wife was bapt. April 6th."

Woodforde wrote his handsome tribute to Cross and his house on the Sunday evening. The next day he mounted his horse and rode off to Ansford, remaining there until Friday, when, after paying "Painter Clarke" fourpence for "half a pint of Ink", he went back in time to take the church service on the next Sunday. He also carried out another clerical task which had fallen in his way:

- * Octob: 16 Breakfasted, dined, supped and laid at M^r. Cross's - Preached and read Prayers this Morning at Thurloxtton Church - I read two Briefs there, and gave - - 0 - 0 - 6.
Preached and read prayers this Af-
=ternoon at Newton Chapel, about a Mile and half from Thurloxtton, & which Chapel I hope I shall serve - I shall send to Morrow a Letter to Sir Thomas Acland, concerning my serving the Chapel at Newton as it in his gift; and as there is no one to serve it besides myself, I am in hopes of getting it - -

The incumbent there was a Mr. Abraham, another absentee, and the patron Sir Thomas Acland a member of the famous West country family of that name. On

the next day Woodforde went to the Archdeacon's Visitation at Bridgwater, although there were only three clergymen present, including himself, * "on account of there being no notice given". He gave five shillings * "for the support of Clergymen's Widows", and paid one and sixpence for his dinner and a shilling for * "our drinking afterwards". In the evening he busied himself in writing a letter to the patron of Newton Chapel.

Woodforde was always a man of routine, and the pattern he now slipped into was this: he left Mr. Cross soon after breakfast on Monday morning, spent most of the week at his home, and returned only in time to take the two services. On 30 October he again served Thurloxtton in the morning and Newton Chapel in the afternoon, adding to his account of this a note to the effect that * "I shall not serve Newton any more if I don't hear from M^r. Abraham concerning the conditions of serving it, as he has not relinquished it, and has not given me any Notice of my serving it for him". He was by now complaining of the distance between the two places: he had been told it was only a mile, but was sure it must be more. The following day he went home, and stayed until next Thursday, took the service at Thurloxtton on the Sunday and again set out on the following day.

We hear much to-day about the breakdown of the parochial system, and clergymen who have no social connection with the villages nominally in their charge zooming round from church to church on motor-scooters. We forget that the ideal situation of one resident pastor to each parish was always an ideal, far from the reality of things. The recital of the virtues of Chaucer's 'Poor Persoun of a Toun' was a backhanded way of telling the reader how differently most real-life parsons behaved in his day. Two excellent books, Mrs. Bowker's 'Secular Priests in the Diocese of Lincoln' and Mr. Green's 'English Parish Clergy on the Eve of the Reformation' reveal irregularities enough - simony, pluralism,

non-residence, sale of benefices by their incumbents. In the 17th. century Milton wrote: "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed". In 1827 a survey of the English church revealed that fewer than half of the clergy were resident in their own parishes. And in Woodforde's day all over the country, parishes were being served by the sort of slapdash arrangement which prevailed at Thurloxton: a curate there two or three days a week, and a rector who never turned up at all.

Woodforde was happy enough, evidently, for the short time he stayed at Thurloxton. He and his host discovered they had a common interest in coursing, and when he found himself unable to keep up with Mr. Cross as a drinker, he could always go off to his own room and leave the company, as we see him doing on 6 November, the day of the marathon drinking party, after Woodforde had christened the latest arrival into the Cross family. But in spite of all the incidental benefits, the situation was not really satisfactory for him. He could not have enjoyed all the travelling, in the depth of winter and on roads, the bad condition of which he mentions more than once. He was, therefore, probably glad enough to hear of another curacy vacant, much nearer to his home. At Babcary, only six miles from Ansford, the Rector Mr. Hite (not 'Hill', as Mr. Beresford prints the name) was no longer able through infirmity to carry out his parish duties. This is not surprising, when his age is considered. He was so old that to find his academic career it was necessary to look in Volume I of Foster, not Volume II which contains the record of so many of Woodforde's clerical acquaintances.

HYTE, William (Hite). s. William, of Goathurst, Somerset, cler. WADHAM COLL., Matric. 28 March, 1705, aged 18., B.A. 1708. M.A. from EMANUEL COLL., Cambridge, 1722, Vicar of Knowlestone and Molland, Devon, 1719, Rector of Lympston, Devon, 1733, and of Babcary, Somerset, 1735.

I do not think that Mr. Hite was a pluralist, rather that he had exchanged one living for another throughout his career. But he was at Babcary five years before Woodforde was born. Now, feeling his age, he had left the parish to its own devices, and gone to live with a cousin, Mr. Blake of Padnoller Farm. Meanwhile Mr. Bower, a farmer who was evidently one of the leading parishioners of Babcary, was getting worried about church affairs in the village and anxious to find someone to stand in for the absent rector. Woodforde acted at once. From his home he rode over to Babcary. It was unlucky when he arrived that Bower had gone "to Yeovil market", but to his relief he found that the curacy

- * ... was not disposed of yet; and in my return, Monday, from Thurloxton to Ansforde, I promised to call upon Mr. Bower, and to talk with him about Babcary ...

By 14 November, he had managed to see Bower, and events seemed to be moving in his favour:

- * ... I believe I shall have it; but I must call upon him next Wednesday sennight and then I shall have a definite Answer ...

But the favourable decision to which Mr. Bower eventually came had to be ratified by the absent rector. Padnoller Farm was out to the west of Bridgwater, and so he could make the visit there on his way to Thurloxton. His diary entry for 28 November shows the progress of the negotiations:

- * Nov: 28 - After Breakfast I set forth for Padnoller to call upon Mr. Hite at one Farmer Blake's there, about the Curacy of Babcary & the Conditions - - About two o' clock this Afternoon I got to Padnoller, and I stopt at Mr. Blakes about of two Hours,

and talked with M^r. Hite about the Curacy of Babcary; It then being to late to go to Thurloxtton I went to the next Town which is about two Miles from Padnoller, called nether Stowey, and there I stopped, spent the Evening, & laid at the Globe there, kept by one Poles and his wife - I eat some bread and Cheese at M^r. Blakes and M^r. Blake behaved very civil to me - M^r. Hite (a very infirm and aged Man) and I could not agree this Afternoon about the conditions of the Curacy at Babcary; but I promised to call upon him again to Morrow Morning in my road to Thurloxtton.

It may be of interest to mention here that the landlord of the inn at Nether Stowey was almost certainly related to Thomas Poole the tanner who, over thirty years later, was to provide a home for S.T. Coleridge and his family. (See Berta Lawrence: 'Coleridge and Wordsworth in Somerset', and my review of this book in Journal, Vol. IV., No. 2)

The next day Woodforde rode back to Padnoller, and this time succeeded in coming to an agreement about the curacy with the aged rector. The terms finally decided on are of great interest, but really belong to the second part of this essay, where they will be discussed. From this time on, Woodforde presumably considered himself as curate of Babcary, and was keen enough to be rid of his Thurloxtton obligations.

He took his time, however. Curates were usually hired by the quarter, which explains the term 'quarterage' to describe their stipend, although with his own assistant clergy in the later Weston days Woodforde seems to have preferred a half-yearly agreement. Very few things were ever done in a hurry in the 18th. century, and for a time he continued to live his usual unexacting life.

2 December was the night of the great storm, when he felt his bed "rocking like a Cradle" with the force of the wind. I regret that in a previous essay I mistakenly attributed this event to the Babcary period: it was, of course, Cross and his wife who got up in alarm while the curate, less timorous than he was to be in some later storms, stayed in bed. On 3 December all he records are the laconic words: * "At M^r. Cross's". Next day he read prayers and preached in the morning, and read prayers again in the afternoon. On the Monday he was "ordered Home" by his father, because letters had arrived soliciting his vote for the vacant Wardenship of Winchester College. In order to attend the election, he set out for Oxford on 7 December, and did not return until the 16th. of the month, not the 14th. as Mr. Beresford stated: that was the date he left Oxford on the return journey.

* Dec: 18 - Breakfasted at M^r. Cross's with him & his Wife - I did duty this Morning at Newton Chapel and I intend always to serve it in the Morning during the Winter Season - Whilst I was at Newton this Morning I received a Letter from M^r. Abraham at Stoodley near Bampton Devon - who belongs to the Chapel of Newton, desiring me to serve it and for 8 - 0 - 0 Per annum, therefore shall serve it no longer than I shall
Thurloxton - - I shall send a Letter very soon to M^r. Fitch, and I will send one at the Same Time to M^r. Abraham, in answer to his.
Dined, supped, & laid at M^r. Cross's - - Read Prayers, & Preached this Afternoon at Thurloxton Church -
M^r. Sandford a neighbouring

Clergyman was so kind as to serve Thurloxtton for me last Sunday, and he left word with my Clerke, that he would be glad to see me over at his House which is about a Mile from here, therefore I shall call upon him soon to thank him for his kindness -
For breaking a Chamber Pot while Captain Rooke laid with me I paid M^r. Cross's Maid this Evening 0 - 0 - 6
M^r. Cross supped and spent the Evening at one M^r. Lovats a neighbouring Farmer.

Part of this entry is written with less than the diarist's usual lucidity. Perhaps Mr. Cross, in Pecksniffian terms, did not "spare the bottle", and the potations had been deep. The terms offered by Abrahams for the service of Newton Chapel seem derisory even by the modest standards of the time, and Woodforde might here almost be saying that, if he had been presented with a more generous offer, he would have considered retaining the chapel after having given up Thurloxtton. But, in view of the distance from his new curacy, it is unlikely that he really meant to imply this.

When he paid his fellow-cleric the courtesy visit, on 23 December, he pronounced him * "a very good-natured and sensible Man". This Mr. Sandford, or Sanford, was the Vicar of nearby Walford, and remarkable for the great size of his family. On another occasion Woodforde wrote of being with him and "about ten of his Children", as though they were really too many to count. The two clergymen found that they had common acquaintance, for that day he met Sanford's son-in-law, a Mr. Musgrave, "lately a Gent: Comm: of New-College", while one of his sons was at Winchester.

Leaving his colleague's house, in spite of the fact that Mr. Sanford "pressed very much" for him to stay to dinner, Woodforde then went on to Taunton, where he put up at the New Inn. There he spent the next few hours writing letters:

- * ... one to M^r. Fitch, in answer to one I received from him the other Day - one to M^r. Abrahams in answer to his Letter I had from him - and one to John Gere of New-Coll: to tell him how I got to my Curacy after I left him.

His cousin Tom lived in Taunton, where he was apprenticed to an apothecary; so after writing the letters:

- * ... I sent for Cousin Tom from M^r. Manly's to spend half an Hour with me, but he was gone out; and a little before I went he came to me - I desired him that if he could hear of a Curate that wanted a Curacy, he would let me know it -

There was a reason for this request. A few days before, Woodforde had been thinking of the best way to break the news to Mr. Cross that he would be leaving early in the new year. However, it turned out that Cross was having second thoughts about his charges for the curate's accommodation. After supper on 20 December he had broached the subject himself, saying that * "he could not afford boarding me and my Horse, any longer than this Quarter, for the money we agreed on - being £21 per Ann:" As Woodforde commented next day:

- * ... It was very lucky that M^r. Cross mentioned what he did last Night, as I must go away from him soon, viz., as soon as another Curate is got ...

It is perfectly clear from this that in such cases, the departing curate was under something of an obligation to supply his replacement. Hence the meeting with Tom who, as the pharmacist's assistant in the market town, might well hear of any unattached clergyman in search of a place. On Christmas Day Woodforde wrote that he had received "a Note" from Tom to say that

- * ... he had spoke to a Clergyman in Taunton whose Name is Boon, and that he would accept my Curacy of Thurloxton when I pleased.

It says much for Woodforde's determination to be free of all his commitments at Thurloxton that the very next day he went in search of Boon. The result is one of those perfect cameos of the life of his time which makes Woodforde's diary unique, and which, even at this early period, he was fully capable of writing:

- * Dec: 26 - Breakfasted, supped, &c. at M^r. Cross's - After Breakfast, I went upon Cream to Taunton, to speak with M^r. Boon; where I dined, smoaked a Pipe of African Tobacco; and spent part of the Afternoon, with Cousin Tom Woodforde, at M^r. Boon's Father's, with Old M^r. Boon and his Wife, and his Son the Clergyman, and his Daughter; I talked with M^r. Boon the Clergyman about the Curacy of Thurloxton, and likewise the Chapel of Newton; both which he promised to take care of and enter upon the 15th of next Month and till then I should officiate at them - I took my Leave of M^r. Boon's Family and afterwards went to the New-Inn,

where my Horse was, and then I
 wrote two Letters, one to M^r. Fitch,
 and one to M^r. Abraham, to let them
 know, that I had got a Clergyman to
 undertake both Places, at the
 Expiration of my Quarter which will
 be the ninth of next Month; & then
 I drank, with Cousin Tom, one Pint
 of Port, and afterwards went home
 to Thurloxton - For the Pint of
 Port and my Horse: p^d 0 - 1 - 2
 For having two Straps to my Boots
 to pull them up at Taunton - p^d 0 - 0 - 6
 Gave the Hostler there - p^d 0 - 0 - 2
 When I sent my Letter to the Post
 Office this Afternoon, I desired the
 Landlady of the New-Inn, whom I sent,
 to enquire for any Letters that might
 be there for M^r. Cross, which I
 received, and for which I paid - 0 - 0 - 3
 M^r. Cross owes me now 0 - 0 - 5
 for going through one Turnpike - 0 - 0 - 1
 M^r. Boon the Clergyman who is to
 succeed me in my Curacy, is but very
 lately arrived from Senegal in
 Africa, where he was Chaplain to
 the 86 Regiment, which was there and
 is now broke, so that he is now upon
 half Pay, for which he receives per
 Annum clear, for doing nothing 56 - 0 - 0
 While he was at Senegal he lost his
 left Arm, in shooting of an Eagle,
 the Gun bursting in his Hand, which
 carried away all but his little Finger
 It was very agreeable to hear him give
 an Account of that Island - He brought
 some very curious things from Africa,
 among which was some African tobacco,
 and two gold Rings which he gave to
 his Father & Mother. Two of M^r. Cross's
 Tenants (one a Farmer and the other a
 Taylor & Miller) from Ash-Priors about

8 Mile from here, supped, &
spent the Evening with us - they
lay at M^r. Cross's this Night.

(At right angles, in the box containing the date:)

Old M^r. Boon is a Cor=
=oner, and lives near the
New-Inn in Taunton.

So ended the first of Woodforde's Somerset curacies. Apart from the weekly journeys to and from his home, it could not be said to have been a very demanding job. Thurloxtton was a tiny parish, and even if he had been there seven days a week, there must have been little enough for him to do. As it was, he was only there to take the church services once a week.

Indeed, one might say that the greatest service which he did for Thurloxtton was to leave just at the time he did, when Boon was willing to succeed him. Boon (or Boone - in fact he spelled his name with an 'e') did not only take the diarist's place at Thurloxtton, but stayed there, without ever advancing beyond the status of curate, for the immense span of forty-four years! Fitch died in 1768, but in so minute a parish there would never have been a need for two ministers, so presumably the succeeding rectors were all non-resident.

Woodforde and Mr. Cross remained on good terms. In the summer of 1764 the 'Squire' of Thurloxtton paid him a visit. One of the delectable things about this society was the way in which everyone knew everybody else, and Cross' companion on this visit was a Captain Hill Dawe of Ditchheat, a relation, perhaps brother, of the 'Holly Dawe' who later married James Clarke. But the visitors "did not stay long", and I have not come across any further mention of Mr. Cross in the diary. He died in April 1803, a few months after Woodforde.

- to be concluded.

