

Sabine Baring-Gould Appreciation Society

Newsletter 1990-91

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SBGAS Newsletter, No 4.

The Churchman

For two-thirds of his life Sabine Baring-Gould not only held the status of ordination, but was fully engaged in the work of a parish clergyman. That fact strongly colours this issue of the Newsletter. I hope that other aspects of SBG's many faceted life will come to the fore in the following issues.

A friend and former colleague of mine recently sent me a copy of the July issue of 'By The Way', which contains the summary of a sermon by the author of that publication, Norman Hillyer, my friend's predecessor as Rector of Hatherleigh. Mr. Hillyer then kindly forwarded the full notes of the original sermon preached in Hatherleigh on 7th September, 1980, one of a series on 'texts of famous Christians', and has consented to its use in the Newsletter.

Prices of SBG's books vary enormously. Some huge sums are reported as passing hands at auctions; indeed, one correspondent has seen in a bookshop a copy of the not too rare 'Devonshire Characters' (admittedly with SBG bookplate and a letter from the author to the purchaser included) priced at £60. I hope you will find the books offered in the Newsletter reasonable value ... however, I have included some higher-priced items this time.

For reference purposes, part one of a 'hymnology chart' appears - please write in if you know of other books on hymns mentioning SBG and his work. Anthologies do not usually constitute primary sources of information, but offer another sideline for collectors.

Members of the Baring-Gould family have been most helpful in various ways, and I am delighted to be able to reproduce extracts from recent letters.

One of the most interesting items to come my way lately has been a copy of my own church magazine for March 1924 containing the 'Home Words' insert, which included a full-length article on SBG by the Revd. John T. Salisbury. It has had to be reduced in size to fit the Newsletter and is, inevitably, not as clear as a typescript would be, but the original flavour seemed too good to miss.

(unfortunately now held over for next issue)

David Shacklock.

Ps 16:7 (Prayer Book Version) - Sabine Baring-Gould's Text

(Sermon preached at Hatherleigh, Devon, 7th September 1980, Norman Hillyer)

Before the old Hatherleigh vicarage was sold, a number of would-be buyers came to view it. One day a lady arrived. 'I'm looking on behalf of a friend up north since I already live in an old rectory myself and know what it's like.' And where was this? 'Lew Trenchard. Do you know it?' I knew who lived there - Baring-Gould. 'That's right. Such a beautiful house'.

One lovely Sunday evening many years ago, Sabine Baring-Gould stood in the porch of the house he had built; gazed across the woods he had planted and beautified with flowering shrubs - to form the setting of a great lake he had created - and turned to his eldest daughter and quoted words from Ps 16: 'The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground; I have a goodly heritage.'

Sabine Baring-Gould was born in 1834. He died in 1924 at the age of 90. They were 90 years of vast changes.

He was born into a slow-moving world. The horse and the sailing ship were the regular means of transport. Steam was hardly thought of.

1834 was the year of the first workhouse; the year when slavery was abolished in the British Empire; the year when the Sweeps Act forbade boys of 10 being sent up chimneys; the year the Tolpuddle Martyrs (6 Dorset farm workers) were transported for trying to set up Trades Unions.

In 1924, when Baring-Gould died, Ramsay MacDonald formed the first Labour Government.

By that year the Atlantic had been crossed in an aeroplane; the motor car was replacing the carriage horse and challenging the railways; the care of children, the sick and the destitute - once left to private charity - was now recognised as the moral responsibility of the community.

Sabine Baring-Gould was born into the old privileged landowning class. As the eldest son, he inherited Lew House estate (already in the family for 300 years).

His father had an insatiable appetite for travel, so Sabine had under 2 years formal schooling in England. But wandering around Europe made Sabine fluent in 5 languages at 15.

'Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow' is a hymn he translated from Danish.

'The Saga of Grettir the Strong' he translated from Icelandic chapter by chapter to read to boys he taught while a schoolmaster at Hurstpierpoint.

'I have a goodly heritage'. Sabine could thank his father's wanderlust for the opportunity to develop his remarkable gift for languages.

From his mother he inherited something even more precious - a love for folk less well placed.

Their family travels over Europe took them not only to famous cities, but to out-of-the-way towns and villages. His mother - just as naturally as she would have done in England - took a basket of good things on her arm and systematically visited all the poor she came across in those foreign parts.

When Sabine eventually took over Lew Trenchard he just as naturally took over the care and support of all the folk on the estate.

When he rebuilt farms, cottages and houses he engaged local craftsmen; when he needed ornate gates he quietly approached a young blacksmith who had only ever shod horses,

showed him some fine hammered ironwork, drew him a design of the gates he wanted, and left him to gasp at the creative gifts that young man never knew he possessed.

Sabine was for ever seeking to open the eyes of others to the inheritance they had entered upon, and then to develop and beautify that inheritance to pass down to others.

The lot had indeed fallen unto him in a fair ground, but others too had a goodly heritage.

Sabine brought to Lew House a wife whose own story was as remarkable as his, though in a very different way.

Some years before inheriting the estate Sabine was curate at Horbury Brig, Yorkshire. The Parish consisted of canal boatmen, colliers and mill workers who fought, gambled and drank prodigiously. Every man had his whippet for rabbit coursing or his game-cock for cockfighting. Most were illiterate. Few took any interest in religion.

His earlier years of schoolmastering had taught Sabine the value of story-telling. He rented a cottage, opened the ground floor as a night school, made a bedroom into a chapel and offered a hungry parish the 3 R's. The place was soon swamped with eager young people who quickly learnt not to let their teacher close the class before he had told them a story.

Sabine (over 30) noticed a beautiful unsophisticated girl of 16 in that class, fell in love with her and decided to marry her. The way he went about it he revealed in his first novel (one of 40 he wrote - they paid for the work on Lew estate and kept him solvent). That first novel told of the love of a clergyman's son for a poor mill girl. The girl was sent away to a woman relative of the vicar, and educated and trained for her future life.

Needless to say, not one member of either family would attend the wedding which took place two years later after Matins before two witnesses drawn from the congregation.

Grace Baring-Gould emerged as a quiet, self-possessed clergyman's wife, the much-loved mother of an ever increasing family (in all, the couple had 15 children, 14 survived), and finally as the gentle dignified Lady of the Manor of Lew Trenchard.

And what a treasure she proved - running a household of 30 souls and keeping Sabine from his impulsive nature and scathing pen. If he impetuously dashed off a biting letter, she read it and advised him not to post it at all.

While still a boy, and knowing that one day he would inherit the estate, Sabine had resolved to attempt three things:

1. reform the spiritual and moral life of the parish
2. restore the church
3. improve and make comfortable all farms, cottages and houses on the estate.

In 1882 (age 48) he at last entered into his inheritance. By the time he died at 90 he had achieved all three aims.

Church life at Lew Trenchard could hardly be described as a goodly heritage. At his first Easter as rector, there were nine communicants all told, including those from the rectory. He wrote in the Parish Register: 'Behold your house is left unto you desolate until ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord'.

On Sabine's tombstone in Lew churchyard are inscribed the Latin words: Paravi lucernam Christo meo, ('I have prepared a lantern for my Christ'). The words refer to his restoration of Lew Trenchard church.

Sabine's grandfather in 1832 (i.e. 50 years before Sabine took over) had (as he considered) 'tidied up' the church for his youngest son about to be instituted as rector.

"Grandfather swept away all the ancient oak pews and magnificent rood screen, and installed deal horsebox pews and a new deal pulpit - all painted bright mustard to heighten the effect - and provided a communion table with blue hangings fringed with yellow. Colours had no liturgical significance but were intended to remind worshippers of God what were the correct tinctures of the BaringGould coat of arms."

Boy though he was, when he first saw it Sabine was disgusted and shocked. On his many trips abroad he ransacked Europe to embellish his restoration. Today, the stained-glass windows, paintings, eagle lectern of gilded wood and magnificent brass chandelier give a subtly un-English atmosphere to a church now recognised as a jewel.

Sabine had prepared a lantern for his Christ, and a goodly heritage for those who, in future, would worship in that church.

With so many years to live, so much energy to expend, so great talents to employ, Sabine Baring-Gould did not restrict himself to the local estate and parish.

Ever more widely he recognised the 'goodly heritage'. Ever more strenuously he laboured to preserve it, develop it and pass it on to others.

Boyhood travels on the continent gave him a love for the past. Great was his joy when he accidentally discovered a Roman pavement in France; great was his disgust when squabbles among the French local authorities led to the find being destroyed.

It is no surprise that he carried on his researches into by-gone days in his own country - mapping, measuring and musing on the past.

He was the first man systematically to explore Dartmoor's ancient treasures. With two enthusiastic friends he walked and rode hundreds of miles to persuade the old Singing Men (his biographer names over sixty he tracked down) to sing almost-forgotten Devon songs while he noted the words (even if sometimes he did edit out the more bawdy bits). On occasions he sang the tune all the way home so that he could record the folk-melodies with the aid of a piano.

'Songs of the West', ed. by Cecil Sharp, a frequent visitor to Lew Trenchard, owes much to Sabine's labours in preserving these ancient echoes of our past.

Small wonder that Sabine gazed with satisfaction at the beautiful estate around him in later years and shared the delighted sentiments of the Psalmist: 'The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground; I have a goodly heritage'.

He knew it to be an inheritance he owed to those who had gone before him, but an inheritance which brought with it responsibility - responsibility to enhance that inheritance according to the talents God had given him, in order to pass it on to others.

For he never overlooked the fact that the hand behind the inheritance was the good hand of his God, and that it was He who had given him all things richly to enjoy.

At his funeral service they sang his hymns: 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' to which the children of Horbury Brig had marched on Whit Monday 1865; 'On the Resurrection Morning' which comforted Queen Victoria when she lost her husband; and 'Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow'. Then at the graveside where they laid him beside Grace who had passed on eight years before, they sang his children's hymn, 'Now the Day is Over'.

His day was indeed over. The old social order into which he had been born was rapidly disintegrating, its decay much accelerated by the Great War. The old estates were breaking up, manors closing, and traditional values were in the melting pot.

Many of the things to which Sabine had dedicated his life and for which he had fought so hard had become objects of mistrust and ridicule. It was indeed time for him to be gone, to

leave a generation that no longer held in reverence the things he knew and loved. His day was over - in this world. But a new day greeted him in the next and he went joyfully forward to receive an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for all who have been born anew to a lively hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

A CHART OF BOOKS ABOUT HYMNS

| Title | Author, publisher | Hymn Focussed; others | Comments |
|--------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| POPULAR HYMNS their authors and teaching | Canon Duncan Skeffington 1910 | Onward, Christian Soldiers Now The Day Is Over Through The Night Of Doubt On The Resurrection Morning Daily ... Praises | Chapter 31. Titles and dates unreliable e.g. `Christians of All Sorts'; mentions title 'Ecclesiastical Art' 1873 - can anyone corroborate? Pop. of Lew Trenchard (1910) 266; nett income £117; 'Daily, daily, Sing to Jesus' sung by 2 Ugandan boys while slowly burned to death after torture and dismemberment at time of Bp. Hannington's murder. OCS written 1865 - published in Church Times with 6 verses; A&M 1904 ed. `we are not divided' = 'though divisions harass'; recommended for Confirmation and Church Festivals. |
| POPULAR HYMNS and their writers | Norman Mable Independent Press Dec. 1951 (2nd rev.ed). (1st ed. Oct. 1945) | Onward, Christian Soldiers Now The Day Is Over Through The Night Of Doubt | Section of 2 pages. Day before Whitsunday 1865 wrote fresh words to Haydn's tune 'sitting up far into the night'; now sung to Sullivan's tune St. Gertrude. Lew Trenchard said to be in North Devon. |
| A HYMN COMPANION Insight into 300 Christian hymns | Frank Colquhoun Hodder 1985 | Through The Night Of Doubt Onward, Christian Soldiers | Danish original by Prof. Gerhard Ingemann, also author of historical romances and poems. Improves version A&M 1875. Current tune 'Marching' written 1915 by Martin Shaw. Quotes SBG - source to be established. |
| HYMNS WE LOVE Stories of the 100 most popular humns | Arthur Temple Lutterworth 1954 (2nd imp.1958) | Onward, Christian Soldiers Now The Day Is Over | Describes Horbury Brig night school Chosen by Churchill for church parade on battleship Prince of Wales off Newfoundland Aug.10 1941 (signing of the Atlantic Charter) and referred to in his subsequent speech. |
| GREAT HYMNS and their stories | W.J. Limmer Sheppard Lutterworth 1923 (new imp. 1974) | Onward, Christian Soldiers | 1 page. tune `Haydn' no. 622 in Church Hymns tune `St. Alban' no. 359 in Hymnal Companion |
| SING THEM AGAIN Stories of famous hymns | M. Guthrie Clark Henry E. Walter 1955 (rpt. 1968) | Now The Day Is Over On The Resurrection Morning Through The Night Of Doubt Onward Christian Soldiers (Daily ... Praises) | Eudoxia, Lyndhurst SBG at Lew Trenchard `until his retirement! Quotes SBG on his `secret' of work (p.139) 1 page |
| THE LION BOOK OF FAVOURITE HYMNS | compiled by Christopher Idle Lion 1980 | Onward, Christian Soldiers | 1 page |

Grand-P - Some frank and fascinating excerpts from recent letters by SBG's granddaughters, with their kind permission.

From Mrs. Cicely (Image) Briggs, Osteopath:

" ...I feel that Sabine, for all his magpie-like personality, does not hold any charms for me!! (I never met him, I was four when he died, and I was in India). I admired his wife for putting up with him!! A very emotional man - he was no superman in the confines of his own home. He treated his sons atrociously and ignored many of his daughters. His wife was always at her wits' end for money - he was forever spending his `book' earnings on beautifying the old home. It is a masterpiece, a collection of the work of the local professional trades. He gave them the chance to express their arts in his home. It is a museum almost. But it was at a huge cost for his family, and their welfare was non-existent!

"Grace, his wife, was a saint. One day I would like to write a tribute to her! She told my mother in her old age (not very old, in her 60s, but worn out with sixteen pregnancies and rheumatism) that she never had the chance to enjoy any of her babies, they were whisked away because another was on the way. Awful life!

" ... There is so much nonsense written about SBG!!

"I am trying to raise funds for Lew Trenchard Church, SBG's most treasured and beloved Home Church. We are faced with huge repair bills for tower, roof and what is much more tragic, the screen - which SBG had created and carved by two Victorian ladies in about 1890 - is under attack by death-watch beetle and cannot be saved unless we get the screen down quickly to have it treated. The total sum estimated is somewhere in the region of £75,000.

"The church was the entire recreation by SBG when his Uncle Charles died having been the `slumbering incumbent' for over thirty years (SBG's own quotation!!) SBG then applied to the Bishop of Exeter to have the living of his own church and, as you know, he got it!"

And from her cousin, Miss Mollie Priestley, T.D.:

" ... I do have a few memories of my Grandfather SBG as my two sisters and I, with our nanny and my mother's greyhound Fawn, spent some time at Lew in the early part of the First World War so, as I was born at the end of 1913, I was very young at the time.

"However, he was a somewhat fearsome figure to me as I thought he was GOD.

"Funnily enough, when I returned with my mother after the last war to see Lew and discussed with her my childhood memories there, she told me that she, as a small child, had also thought he was God!

"In spite of that, he did not meet with my approval as he had put my teddy bear on the top of the fountain, which to me seemed higher than Nelson's Column, and my teddy bear was unrecoverable to my indignation and, no doubt, screaming wrath.

" ... trips with my `Grand P' (as we called him) on his parish `rounds' in the dog-cart with me lying on my back in great discomfort looking at the sky, while my sister Diana sat beside him in front. He obviously approved of her but NOT me!"

SBGAS Newsletter, No 5.

Declaring his Interests

There never seems to be an end to the descriptive titles accorded to SBG. John Appleby introduces two more in this issue's opening article, which he has kindly allowed to be reproduced from his Presidential piece in the December number of Essex Archaeology & History News. He also gave a fifteen minute broadcast that month about 'our man' on BBC Essex.

Our main feature this time is Sybil Tope's article written 25 years ago under another name and title, while farming at Chimsworthy. In her covering letter she self-deprecatingly says, "I'm sure it is too long and not of sufficient general interest to use." I hope you'll disagree! She also mentions that SBG is said to have preached his last sermon in the sitting room of her present home at Lewdown, where monthly services used to be held.

Yet further angles on SBG are the interest of the most recently joined member of the society: his ability as a linguist, his translations of Danish hymns, and his connection with the Woodard schools.

The article from Home Words, mentioned in the October editorial, makes it into this issue. The author is given as the Revd. John T. Salisbury. However, research in Crockford's only reveals a John Harrison Salisbury of the right vintage. If JHS is the right man, he was Vicar of Healey & Slaley, south-east of Hexham, when he wrote this contribution. He subsequently moved west of Hexham to Haydon Bridge. After spending the war years in the Lake District he must have found life in post-war urban Newcastle a shock to the system, since he only stayed there two years. Perhaps he became ill, since there is a two-year gap in his 'CV' before his final two year rural appointment. Retirement brought him back to the Lake District. Anyway, whether JTS or JHS, the controversial origins of the famous hymn have another airing.

One of SBG's grand-daughters, Mollie Priestley, who contributed to the last issue, shares a further delightful reminiscence, coupled with a discreet illustration.

Next month we shall print one of SBG's letters to the press concerning the social changes of his times.

David Shacklock

Travel Guide Editor & Conservationist

John Appleby

In September while on holiday in Devon, using the ancient 'town' of Lydford as a base, I travelled into Essex/Devon country to Lew Trenchard, the family seat of the Baring-Gould family. The Revd. Sabine Baring-Gould, (1836-1924), may be known to you as the composer of several hymns including 'Onward Christian Soldiers' and 'Now the Day is Over' both of which were composed for children's use; or perhaps you will remember him as the author of Mehalah - a tale of the Essex Marshes, once described as being 'as good as Wuthering Heights', and which he wrote when he was rector of East Mersea, 1871-1881.

His magnum opus was his Book of Dartmoor, first published by Methuen in 1900 and in the preface he writes - "I have wandered over Europe, have rambled to Iceland, climbed the Alps, been for some years lodged among the marshes of Essex - yet nothing that I have seen has quenched in me the longing after the fresh air and the love of the wild scenery of Dartmoor".

Sabine Baring-Gould returned to Lew Trenchard in 1881 as both squire and rector, the 'squarson', and because the parish was a constant drain on his meagre resources depended even more on his writing. His first novel was entitled Through Flood and Flame published in 1868, a semi-fictional account of his romance with Grace Taylor, a fifteen year old mill girl in his parish in Horbury, Yorkshire, whom he married on 15th May, 1868, against the family's wishes, and who bore him 15 children. She died in 1915 and Sabine's physical and mental energy declined from then on. In 70 years his total published output was 130 volumes, including Devonshire and Strange Events, Cornish Characters, Yorkshire Oddities, the pirates of Lundy Island, the Princetown Massacre, Bideford Witches and even candlesnuffers. He reckoned that his collection of West Country folk songs was the most important achievement of his life.

Sabine was recorded as a member of our Society in the lists published for 1873, 4 and 5 (EAST vol.v.pt.iv Old Series and vol.i.pts. i and ii New Series).

'Baring-Gould, Rev. S., M.A., East Mersea Rectory, Colchester.'

This novelist, travel guide editor, church historian, hymn writer and conservationist, being also an amateur archaeologist and prehistorian was among the first to recognise and then publish his account of Dartmoor's antiquities which he declared were the remains of the Bronze Age people of Dartmoor and which he was determined should be protected along with the landscape. He went to great lengths to preserve the relics of Devon's past.

The parish church of St. Peter at Lew Trenchard speaks of Sabine's love and care, although a well-known writer in a recent publication uses the words - "woodwork over-restored".

I noted that the Triptych by a 15th century Flemish artist was presented to the church in 1881 by an un-named Colchester lady. Who was this donor? Was it an Essex Gould or Sperling?

Sabine was in advance of his time and was really the fore-runner in the teaching of The Christian Stewardship of Money; his parishioners raised the whole amount needed to erect a new rood screen between 1835 and 1915 except for one gift from a Miss Helen Gould. No bazaars were ever held, no begging letters were ever sent out. Unhappily, today there is an appeal being made for donations to the Rood Screen Restoration and Preservation Fund and this is brought to your notice. I can give you more details if you are interested.

The pulpit, like the rood screen, was the work of the Misses Pinwell and the gift of Mr. H.M. Sperling whom the locals remember as 'The Maister'.

So as the year draws towards its close I look back over 1990 and all that has been accomplished with the concerted efforts of Council, Officers and Members and remember the words chosen by Sabine Baring-Gould to be carved on his tombstone -

Paravi lucernam Christo Meo - I have prepared a lantern for my Christ.

From Essex Archaeology and History News, Dec 1990

Red Spider Country - 25 Years Ago

To read through some of the books of Sabine Baring-Gould is to get a detailed picture of a variety of localities in Devon and in other parts of the country.

In "In the Roar of the Sea" he takes us to the Wadebridge and North Cornish coast; "Mehalah" to the Essex mudflats, "The Pennycomequicks" to Yorkshire, and "Margery of Quether" to the Brentor district.

A detailed picture of Bratton Clovelly and an insight into the daily life of the villagers around 1840-45 is given in "The Red Spider".

The title has a double meaning, being the nickname of the heroine who wore red stockings, and the popular superstition of the little money-spider, which had the power of putting money in the pocket of he who secured it.

This book was first published in 1887, and into it are woven early memories of Baring-Gould, for he spent some years in Bratton Clovelly as a boy.

The people of the village do not consider themselves to be Dartmoor folk, as indeed they are not, for the Moor is some miles away, and the ever-present view of it delights all who live there.

It is an interesting fact that all the flowers mentioned in "Red Spider" are those which are now listed as belonging to Dartmoor ... "The countless springs issue from emerald patches of bog, where bloom the purple butterwort, the white grass of Parnassus, the yellow asphodel, and the blood-tipped sundew."

In the first chapter of "Dartmoor" by Harvey and Gordon, we read: "Asphodel and cotton grass brighten the bogs, and to the seeking eye, the paler delicacies of sundew,

butterwort and bog pimpernel display their exquisiteness." According to that similarity, the area had characteristics which we now attribute only to the Moor.

STILL STANDING

The farms of Langworthy, Swaddledown and Chimsworthy figure prominently in "Red Spider", as does the cottage where Honor Luxmoor, the heroine, lives. These houses are all still standing four-square as they did then. There have been changes in acreage, and the modernising of some on quite a large scale, but by some of the descriptions parts are much the same, though modern methods of farming have vastly improved the land.

It is Chimsworthy, where the hero, Hillary Nanspian, lives, which has the most detailed description. It is interesting to compare it as it is now.

"An avenue of contorted, stunted limes led to the entrance gates of granite, topped with stone balls; and the gates gave admission to a yard deep in dung." The limes today, far from being stunted, are tall and lofty, meeting overhead to form in spring a long, leafy arch buzzing with bees.

Two of the trees have been removed, uprooted unceremoniously by a bulldozer, and dumped on the other side of the avenue to make way for a silage pit. One of the stone balls has come off one of the gateposts and lies on a low wall beside, awaiting replacement.

The yard is not, as a rule, deep in dung, but in wet weather it gets its share of the mud carried in on the wheels of modern vehicles and on the feet of the pedigree Jersey herd of cows now kept there. The gate-posts had been supporters of a prehistoric dolman or cromlech. "At the back of the house rose the lofty bank of Broadbury, the highest ridge between Dartmoor and the Atlantic. The rain that fell on the down above oozed through the shale about Chimsworthy, so that the lane and yards were perpetually wet and compelled all who lived there to walk in wading boots".

FARM UNCHANGED

Basically, that is all true. It is still death to decent shoes to venture far from the house and rubber boots are the order of the day.

The situation of the farm has not changed, of course. "In shape Broadbury was a crescent, with the horns east and west, and the lap of the half moon lies to the south. In this lap, the nursery of countless streams, lies Chimsworthy."... and again: "Chimsworthy had no prospect from its windows; but it stood at the source of an affluent of the Tamar, and beyond its granite gates across the lane that led to Broadbury was a stile and beyond the stile a slope with view down the valley to the setting sun and the purple range of Cornish tors above Caradon, Boarrah, Kilmar, and Trevartha."

Whether it is owing to the felling of trees, or whether more bedroom windows have been added to the east side, from the upstairs windows on that side there is a good view of

Dartmoor. From a window on the west side one can get a glimpse through the trees to St. Michael's, Brentor, perched up on the hill.

Although the stile has now gone to make way for a wider gateway to allow tractors and combines to pass, there is still the wonderful view to the Cornish Tors and the television mast on Caradon Hill. Chimsworthy boasted good apple orchards in the last century: "Hillary had an orchard of the best sorts of apples grown in the West, and he had a nursery of apples, of grafts and of seedlings. When he ate an apple he collected the pips for sowing, put them in a paper cornet, and wrote thereon, 'This here apple was a-eated of I on ... (such and such a day) and cruel good it was, too.'"

There are two orchards now, head-high with nettles in the summer, and overrun with brambles. In one is a good deep litter house and a pig ark, and in the other a small hen-house. Probably these orchards are the only things which have taken a backward step during the intervening years.

The oak woods for which the farm was well known are still there, but much wood has been taken for sheds, for gateposts and for general repairs and construction around the farm.

"Adjoining the house was a good oak wood covering the slope to the brook that flowed in the bottom. Fine sticks of timber had been cut thence, time out of mind.

The rafters of the old house, the beams of the cattle sheds, the posts of the gates, the very rails, the flooring, all were of oak, hard as iron; and all came out of Chimsworthy Wood."

Up in the roof of the house, in the loft and granary, the huge oak beams can still be seen and outside one can detect a line along the cob wall where the roof has been raised at some time.

"The house was low, part of it cob, part of it stone laid in clay, not in lime. In the cob walls plastered white, were oak windows, in the stone walls were granite windows.

THATCHED ROOF

"The house was shaped like a letter 'T', of which the top stroke represents the stone portion, containing parlour and the best bedroom over it, and the stairs. The roof was thatched. There was more roof than wall to Chimsworthy which covered almost into the ground."

The roof is now covered with lichen-covered slates, which probably replaced the thatch when the roof was raised. The impression is not now of such a low house.

In the story there is much rivalry between Hillary Nanspian and his brother-in-law, Taverner Langford, who nags him about the way Chimsworthy is farmed. Langford never wastes an opportunity to gibe about the thistles, docks and rushes which apparently abounded at that time, and about derelict buildings and choked drains.

Today, the ditcher has been and done its work, and the water all runs merrily away to the stream in the bottom, causing no flooding. The old buildings have been repaired and

modernised with drinking water and electricity, and a new milking parlour erected on the site of a derelict shed.

There is rivalry too, because Hillary is a Cornishman and Taverner a Devonian. "Here we live on the rose of a watering-can, pillowed among bogs," says Hillary to Taverner, who replies: "It is wet in Devon, it is wetter in Cornwall". "Wetter! That is not possible", shouts Hillary. Bratton Clovelly is a village about which one seldom hears much. Some persist in mixing it up with Clovelly. In "Red Spider" it emerges as rather a dull place, and very wet.

Returning from the Army, Oliver Luxmoor, Honor's brother, says: "I had no wish to be buried alive in Bratton Clovelly", when asked why he had stayed away so long.

ROUGH ROADS

The roads were certainly bad. "The road was very rough, he could not descend fast because of loose stones. In rainy weather the way was a water course, and the water broke up the shale rock that formed the floor and scattered it in angular fragments over the road." And again we are told... "puddles are common on the roads of Bratton Clovelly." In the recent wet weather, that would be something of an understatement, for not far down the road from Chimsworthy gate was a flood deep enough to stop the traffic.

"The rivulets become rills and swell to brooks which have scooped themselves coombs in the hill slope, and the coombs as they descend deepen into valleys, whose sides are rich with oak coppice, and the bottoms are rank with cotton grass, fleecy and flickering as the white clouds that drift overhead."

A hundred and twentyfive years ago there was dancing in the barn after harvesting at Chimsworthy. "The barn ... decorated with green boughs. There were no windows, only the great barn door, consequently the sides were dark; but here four lanterns had been hung diffusing a dull yellow light. The threshing floor was in the middle, planked; on either side the barn was slated so that dancing was to be in the middle. Forms were placed on the slate flooring for those who rested or looked on."

Nowadays the barn has a window and two doors besides the original great door, but the floor is still partly planked and partly slated. In one corner stands the grinder, near it a hole in the cob wall for the belt to reach a tractor outside.

The automatic time switch for pumping the water from the bore-hole and the electric fusebox adorn the wall, things almost unheard of in the days of Nanspian.

Rabbits are no longer seen there, but long ago they were a menace at Langford's farm and he swore they came from Chimsworthy plantation.

THROUGH THE FLAMES

In spring now we see the fires up on the Moor caused by swaling, but over 100 years ago on Broadbury, "when the gorse is swaled, the cattle are driven through the flames. They plunge and resist, but a ring of men and dogs enclose them, armed with sharp

stakes, and goad them forward, and at last, with desperation, lowing, kicking, leaping, angry and terrified, they plunge through the flames." Why were they made to do this?

In 1779 a murderer was hung in chains on Broadbury Down. As was the custom, candles were thrown to him on which, it was supposed, he fed.

The church of St. Mary, Bratton Clovelly, is said by Dr. Hoskins in "Devon", to be one of the noblest in the county, but when BaringGould remembered it, "The air was chill and damp and smelt of decay. The dry rot was in the pews. The slates were speckled, showing the church roof was the haunt of bats who flew in flights when darkness set in."

A modern electrical heating system has cured the chill and damp, and it certainly no longer smells of decay, and it is bright with flowers throughout the year.

The detail in all Baring-Gould's books makes fascinating reading, particularly to residents of the locality concerned.

There is a marked contrast between them and James Bond, the television, the Beatles, the traffic problem and the rat race to who knows where? Some things have changed for the better, some for the worse, but at least we can be sure that the weather was just as bad!

Sybil Tope

Onward, Christian Soldiers - The Story Of a great Hymn and its Author.

Sixty years ago the late Rev. Sabine Baring-Could, veteran hymn-writer and brilliant novelist and antiquarian - one of the grand old men of the Church - began his work as curate at Horbury Bridge, where, in due time, " Onward, Christian Soldiers" was written. It was not an inspiring district, for with the exception of occasional cottage meetings no religious provision for the needs of the people had been made.

Baring-Gould took a cottage, and, in the downstairs room, instituted a school for every winter evening. It was attended by men as well as boys and girls, and it afforded all the education some of them were able to get. He himself superintended the school and was there practically every night. Often he would go down visiting in the afternoon and stay for tea with the cottagers, who took it in turns to invite him: Sometimes, indeed; especially in wild weather, he would stay all night, instead of returning to his rooms at the vicarage. He had a bed-chair at the school, and slept there many a winter night.

His aim, however, was not only to educate and civilize the people, but also to Christianize them. He held religious services in the room over the night school.

Says one of-our-informants : "I was in St. Peter's choir in 1864. It was a good walk from Horbury Bridge for a little chap. One day the Vicar, the Rev. John Sharp said to me, 'There's a Mr, Baring-Gould coming to start a mission at Horbury Bridge: -it's only right 'that you should help him, although I shall be sorry for you to leave the parish church.' I agreed. We got a little-choir together and soon had the place full of people upstairs, and

the steps all crowded, and -the house downstairs and out into 'the street. We had Church service Sunday morning and. evening and school in the afternoon. Every Thursday night we had a little service and then a practice.

The old gentleman continues: "When he was preaching once-in the upper room, you could have heard a pin drop: everybody was so quiet ; -we all had our mouths open, listening: So anxiously was I catching every word that Baring-Gould looked down at me; he seemed to fix me with his eyes as long as he could, and then, as if he- could not help it, his face beamed with such a smile as, I can never forget. But little did we boys think, in those days, that, he would become such a noted man, although we admired and loved him far more , than I can tell you."

"After practice on a Thursday:night he would say, 'Now then I'll tell you a tale,' upon which we -ran about the room fetching the forms and arranging them as near to. him as we could get. He used to say, 'Little bear!, where are you 'Come here!' He gave me that name because of the shaggy brown cape I always used to wear, wet or fine, and so I always took my place at his right side, and he put his arm round me and began his story. Sometimes the story would be very exciting. His voice would sink to a whisper, especially if the story was intended to frighten us a bit. We crouched down almost scared to death, and then, all at once, he would give a shout that made us nearly jump out of our skins."

Says our good friend : "A little while ago I sent my photograph to Mr. Baring-Gould, In replying he said, in reference to my rather tall figure and;white hair, that he could no longer call me his little brown bear: he would have to call me his big polar bear."

Baring-Gonld's work at Horbury Bridge succeeded beyond expectations, and a substantial Mission Chapel was erected. All kinds of people helped-the building fund, one individual donating ten shillings. from a prize-fight !' -

An especially valuable helper was Mr. Fred Knowles, organist, Sunday-school superintendent - and quarry-owner. He generously gave and carted all the stone required. Related, by the by, to Mr. Thomas Knowlea, the famous alto soloist at -the Chapel Royal, Mr. Knowles lived in a large house overlooking Calder Valley. Baring-Gould occasionally took his boys from the Mission for games in his beautiful grounds.

For the mill-workers' worship in the Mission Chapel Baring-Gould composed some of his.beautiful hcmns. It has been stated that his "most perfect" hymn-" On the Resurrection Morning "-was written under these circumstances. Really, it was written before he came to Horbury, a few months before his mother died of cancer. Apparently-the- hymn was written to comfort himself and his dear ones when enteriug the shadow of that great bereavement. In the early years of her widowhood, Qneen Victoria derived much solace from this hymn. Baring-Gould's.sweet little evening hymn, ."Now the day is over,' has been associated with the Mission Chapel, and we have the best evidence that his most popular hymn was inspired by an emergency in the lives of the Mission scholars.

It is a singular reflection that while the fruit of long researches still lies unpublished in Exeter and York Cathedral Libraries - in the latter; his "Legendary History of Northumbria," and, in the former; his "History of Religion in England " (on which he

spent fifteen years} - the stirring Christian hymn, which has made his name famous throughout the English-speaking world, was struck off, for a passing, occasion, within fifteen minutes

It was the custom for the St. Peter's scholars to celebrate their Feast on Whit-Tuesday. The Vicar 'decided that the Bridge Mission scholars should join them. Baring-Gould was asked to conduct them to St. Peter's. It was a steep gradient for over a mile. The little ones would straggle all over the place and tire themselves out. Why not sing a hymn pleasantly to beguile them up the hill? But what was there suitable in the hymnal? Should he abandon the idea? No; he had already written hymns, he would write another!

Through the courtesy of Canon J. B. Hill, we are in possession of Baring-Gould's own account: "The hymn, - 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' - was written on Whitsun Eve, 1865. I had been resolved that the Brig children should come up, to the parish church on Whitsun Tuesday: Mr. Fred Knowles came to me at the vicarage and asked what they should sing on the day of the long walk. We discussed one thing and then another. I said, 'I'll write a processional.' - Mr. Knowles replied, 'You must be sharp about it, as this is Saturday: there will shortly be no printing done. So, I sat down and wrote the hymn. It was printed, practised on the Sunday afternoon at school. and it was sung to the tune by Haydn on the Tuesday. One of our informants connects the first rehearsal with the vestry of the Mission Chapel: "Now then, boys," said Baring-Gould, 'we're going to learn a new hymn that I've written'; and he began singing it himself. Mr. Knowles couldn't sing, he was a player."

But the Mission Chapel was only opened on St. Catherine's Day (November), 1865 - six months after the hymn was first sung. What our good friend remembers in the vestry would be the second year's rehearsal, or, possibly, the first rehearsal of some other hymn from the same facile pen.

The Horbury people cherish a pretty story which is probably true. As Whitsuntide was approaching, Mr. Baring-Gould, calling upon one of the poorest families in his flock, found a young girl much disappointed because she could not attend the "Feast."

"And why not?" he inquired. It transpired that she hadn't a new hat! "Never mind," said he, "you'll look quite as nice in your old hat as the other people in their new ones." And she did! One wonders if the curate walked by her side up Quarry Hill. At any rate he often seemed to call at the house, and Grace, for that was her name, taught a class in the Mission Chapel. A charming little creature, if she did work at the mill! Baring-Gould fell in love with her, had her educated, and, in 1868, married her. And splendidly did she uphold the family prestige - at Dalton Vicarage, East Mersea Rectory, and in the Baring-Goulds' ancestral home at Lew Trenchard.

We left the Brig children ascending Quarry Hill, carrying their flags to the admiration of their parents lining the route: - To these were addressed the invitations of the closing stanza.

*"Onward-then, Ye people,
Join our happy throng,*

*Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song."*

One can see them respond, by falling into the ranks. The procession continued over the railway bridge, past Mr. Knowles' quarry and up the hill.

It has been asserted that the Flockton Band led the way. The reply is, "In later years, doubtless; but not in 1865. Inaccurate; too, is the claim that the new processional was an instantaneous success. One who was there, a leading church-worker today, confesses: "A sorry mess; we made of it!"

Striking the Ossett-Wakefield road the children waited, under Charlesworth's wall, for the St.-Peter's children as they approached along Ellaby Lane. (named after "old Billy Ellaby, who used to go round with a bell selling yeast"). The united column then poured along Wakefield Road, (sometimes Clintergate and Northfield Lane), and then up New Row, and in at the gate and up the wide steps under the pleasant trees to the south door of St. Peter's

The Vicar, the Rev. John, afterwards Canon; Sharp is admirably described by Baring-Gould in his novels, *Through Flood and Flame* and *The Penny-come-quicks*. The latter too speaks of the vicarage as "old-fashioned . . . with the door opening on the church-yard.

Here the children had their "Feast." An old St. Peter's scholar tells us: "I remember the children coming up from the Brig. We were a bit spiteful, pushing them to one side, as they didn't belong to us."

An old Brig Scholar says: "Baring-Gould used to get five or six of us boys in his room at the vicarage on a winter night for practice, and then tell us ghost stories. But first, he would lower the gas! During the story we durstn't so much as look round, and when we got out of the door we scurried home like frightened rabbits, and Baring-Gould must have been laughing in his sleeve all the time."

We still picture him where he used to say " Good-bye" to so many - at the Vicarage door just under his bedroom window.

And as we sing his glorious hymns in future days, we shall think of the widely travelled man who was inspired for his outstanding contribution to Christian song by the needs of factory children. In his hymn is the simple directness that one might show who leaned upon an arm of-flesh; but the mystical undertone is there as well : they are " horses and chariots of fire " with which the mountain is full. Despising extravagance in religion and full of mistrust for any loud voicing of religious experience, Baring-Gould grasped and triumphantly expressed the underlying spiritual conditions of our lives. This -ultra-shrewd and-virile nature- "hitched his wagon to the stars."

Rev. John T. Salisbury, *Home Words* – no date given

Low Revisited - The Holy Of Holilys

I can well remember seeing my Grandfather morning after morning, stooped forward with hands clasped behind him, going with measured tread to the small towered building

at the far end of the house and disappearing into it, but I can never remember seeing him come out again.

I was filled with curiosity and wanted to know what it was, what he did there and why. All my childish queries to my Nanny, Florrie, were met with stern warnings that this was my Grandfather's and for NO-ONE ELSE and that any attempt by me to try and discover more would be met with serious trouble and punishment I would not like.

I was duly impressed and thought that it must be some very secret mystery that no-one, other than my Grandfather, knew and it filled me with "the fear of God" whom I thought he WAS!

On revisiting "Lew" with my Mother shortly after World War II, I spotted the mystery building and rushed off to satisfy my long pent-up curiosity, to my Mother's consternation and shouts to me to know what I was doing and my return shouts of "I MUST Mummy".

With difficulty I pulled open the aged, creaking door and was greeted with the damp, musty smell of a long-disused, small, dingy stone-flagged room and there saw the most ancient W.C. - the type surrounded by a wooden enclosure with a "pull up" plug to hand - and my curiosity was satisfied !!!

I went out roaring with laughter - much to my Mother's bewilderment, and then had to explain what it was all about! She had a very lively sense of humour and we had a good laugh over it all.

I wonder if it is still there and, if so, it must be a worthy object for a visit by Lucinda Lambton, the TV presenter making a programme about ancient loos she has visited - perhaps a future TV programme?

Molly Priestly, T. D.

SBGAS Newsletter, No 6.

Editorial

Hardly a month passes by without fresh evidence that there is far more interest in SBG around the country than readily meets the eye. A letter has just come to light from a Surrey author who has researched the Hindhead Murder of 1786 - the background to SBG's novel *The Broom-Squire*. Investigation produced numerous testimonies to the "truth" of that book.

John Herring is another example of his fiction containing frequent passages in the narrative which are to say the least educational, and not merely descriptive supports for the storyline. This issue features a delightful glimpse of Sunday at Lew Trenchard in SBG's time, provided by Irene Widdicombe, the daughter of his halfbrother Arthur. In her 94th year (you would not have guessed it:) she made the journey from Middlesex to be at the Summer Gathering. A further treat from the same pen, or rather typewriter, is in store for Newsletter No. 7. A report of the gathering appears on page 11, and page 2 shows the cover of the order of service held on that occasion. Also this issue contains a chart and brief description of SBG's biographical writings, and a couple of interesting letters.

I have arranged a visit shortly to Hurstpierpoint College, where SBG taught for 8 years before he was ordained. Besides seeing his 2 murals which are still extant, I hope to unearth a considerable amount of material which he wrote for the school magazine. It may be possible to share this later with members through an occasional "supplement". We might also reproduce his pamphlets on Sheepstor, no longer available at the church, and Shaugh Prior. Finally a warm welcome to the 16 new members who have joined since the list was published in January and of course to the Society's Committee.

David Shacklock

Lew Church

Since there are now so few people, and soon there will be no-one, who remembers Lew Church as it was in the old days, I must put on record my memories of how it was in the early part of the century. A few years ago I visited the church for the Sunday morning service, and felt very sad. There were just seven people there – the Rector and his daughter, the organist, we three visitors and one other. What a contrast from the days of my childhood, when the church on a Sunday morning would be quite full. All of us in our Sunday best – Granny and Aunt Grace still dressed in the way of Victorian ladies, voluminous black clothes and little black bonnets a'top. What would they think of us now - even nonagenarians garbed like anyone else! So, on Sunday mornings, Granny arrived in state in her brougham, driven by Tom Lang, her gardener-coachman, and drawn by Ruby, fat old Ruby, who looked far more at home harnessed to the cart and setting forth to fetch the coal for the house, from Coryton station. In summer-time this

equipage was full. Granny in her abounding hospitality kept the house full to capacity all through the summer. Those for whom there was no room in the brougham, scrambled down Ragged Lane – Ragged Lane which in far earlier times had been the main coach road into Cornwall.

How things have changed. Though not really so long ago, the snobbishness of those days is almost impossible to believe; yet, at the time, we took it all in our stride and as the normal and proper way to live!

So, the way we sat in church was very strictly adhered to. In the front seat centre sat Lew House – any overflow having to retire to the pews on the left. Row two was reserved for Mr. and Mrs. Sperling. They sat in solitary state as they had no children and I never remember seeing any visitors with them. Row three was cut in half by a pillar and the two seats beside it were for Granny. There was always competition between us as to who should have the privilege of sitting beside her, the others having to use the pews on the left.

Next in status was Mrs. Arundel and young Roger, the Curate's wife and son, and seat five was for the schoolmaster and his family, the Dawes. After this came the hoy poloy. The right-hand pews followed the same pattern. They were for the servants of the big houses. So, of course, the first two housed the Lew House lot, then the Sperling's and in the fourth, usually Florrie sat alone. Selina being in the choir took her place by the organ. Lang, when Dora and I tried to persuade him to sit in what we considered his rightful place, invariably answered - "Well, Missie, I don't reckon I be any better than anybody else in this here village, so I sits at the back to make sure!" What an old darling he was. We haven't finished yet. Those very important members of the community - the farmers - their place was sideways on to the sanctuary. When it came to Communion time, the right order was, of course, strictly maintained. I can always see Cicely dashing from-the back where she played the organ, so that she was in her correct place in the family, and all those in the seats on the left followed suit. I can't now remember where in the hierarchy the farmers came, whether before or after the schoolmaster's family.

The sermon was the the highlight of the service, especially when Uncle Sabine preached, never longer than five minutes and always very pithy. The other remarkable part of the service was the singing of the psalms. These were sung verse by verse in turn by Uncle Sabine in his lovely tenor voice and the coarse Devon voices of the choir topped by the unmusical and strident Selina. What a pity all this happened before the days of tapes or records, so the memory of it all is lost.

After the service came the parliament, as we all forgathered outside for a good "Tell" as they say in Devon. This was eventually broken up when Lang reappeared with the equipage to transport us back to Ardoch and the huge Sunday lunch. How we ate in those days!

Irene Widdicombe, March 1991.

Biographical Works Of SBG

A summary check-list, chart of The Lives of the Saints, and brief notes on some of the titles.

| | |
|---------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1865 | Post-medieval Preachers (15th, 16th & 17th centuries). |
| 1867 | (Dickinson; other sources suggest 1854 or 1857) The Path of the Just. Tales of Holy Men & Children. |
| 1871 | Lives of Old Testament Characters. |
| 1872-7 | The Lives of the Saints (15 vols). |
| 1897-8 | (16 vols) |
| 1914 | (new 16 vol. ed) |
| 1907-13 | Lives of the British Saints (4 vols. W. John Fisher). |
| 1876 | The Vicar of Morwenstow. |
| 1890 | Grettir the Outlaw. |
| 1892 | The Tragedy of the Caesars (2 vols); 1895 1 vol.ed. |
| 1897 | A Study of St. Paul. |
| 1897 | The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte; 1908 abridged ed. |
| 1900 | Virgin Saints & Martyrs. |
| 1905 | A Memorial of Horatio Nelson. |
| 1907 | Nero |
| 1924-5 | Reminiscences & Further Reminiscences |

References: WP= William Purcell/Onward Christian Soldiers: BHCD= Bickford Dickinson/Sabine Baring-Gould; FR= Further Reminiscences

Lives of the Saints

"I had accepted an offer to compile a work on the lives of the Saints, which might supersede that of Alban Butler, which had been composed for the purpose of edification and with little regard to historic truth". In addition to Butler, his main authorities were The Golden Legend (13th century) and the Bollandists' collection (57 volumes from the 17th to the 19th century). The agreed rate of writing was one volume every 6 months.

He took a holiday before starting - which must have been 1871, not 1873 (FR p.55, 62). The Preface to the 1st edition is dated Feb. 10th 1872 (2nd ed. Ash Wednesday 1872; 3rd ed. Easter 1877).

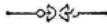
In it he writes, " ... to diminish the number of lives, and present them to the reader in greater fulness, and with some colour ... I have omitted no saint of great historial interest". That interest was stretched to a total of 3600, arranged according to traditional saints' days. "I have used my best endeavours to be accurate", he claimed; much of his research was done in London (Not Hurstpierpoint WP p. 91).

He was disappointed with its reception. BHCD: "In later years it was remembered with loathing by children of high church clergy, who had suffered throughout life because they had been named after obscure and curiously labelled saints unearthed by their fathers from BaringGould's Lives".

The maximum reward for the author was to be £50 per volume, but Hodges went bankrupt during the course of publication. There were other uncertainties about the work. The original plan was almost certainly to include a supplementary volume containing an index and other notices, mentioned in the preface as vol. 13; the verso of the half-title page shows the intention to publish 12 volumes. As the work progressed, and three months were given to two volumes each, the total became 15 with an intended 16th supplementary volume. (Hence the confusion WP p. 91, 111).

The fascinating publisher's leaflet tipped into the April volume, and here reproduced somewhat enlarged, reveals the rather complex arrangements for purchase by subscription - not to mention problems with the postal service! And what about that 'beautiful photographic portrait' of SBG? Can anyone identify it?

LIVES OF THE SAINTS.



THE First Issue of Four Vols. is now complete. Vol. 5, being the first of the Second Issue, is in the press and will be Published shortly. Subscriptions should be sent at once to the publisher, or through any Bookseiler. When not paid in advance the charge will be £1 4s.

As many of the former Vols. were lost in transit through the Post, the Publisher will feel obliged if Subscribers will let him know of the safe arrival of Vol. 4 by post-card or otherwise.

1873.

MR. HODGES,

I shall be obliged by your entering my name as a Subscriber to the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's Lives of the Saints, for which I enclose £ : :

| | | | |
|-----------------------------------|----|---|---|
| <i>The First Issue of 4 Vols.</i> | £1 | 4 | 0 |
| „ <i>Second</i> „ 4 „ | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| „ <i>Third</i> „ 4 „ | 1 | 1 | 0 |

(Signed) _____

* * Two Shillings must be added to each year if to be sent *per post*; if Three Guineas are paid *in advance*, the whole will be delivered as Published.

A beautiful Photographic Portrait of the Rev. S. Baring-Gould has just been taken, and may be had post free for 1s.

The Vicar of Morwenstow

The life of Robert Stephen Hawker, parson & poet ('And shall Trelawney die?') "A careless little masterpiece" (BHCD p. 149), and "sufficiently inaccurate to cause a demand by the relatives for its withdrawal. It was so withdrawn, was re-issued, and

became a highly successful book" (WP p.23). A full-length article on this title will be required to deal with this controversial but collectable work.

| HODGES | | | | | NIMMO | | |
|-----------------------------------------------|--------|-----------|-------|-------------|-------------------------------|--------------|---------------|
| 1873 | Jan. | 472 | 170 | | 1897 | 480pp | 45 ills. |
| | | pages | lives | | | | |
| | Feb. | 456 | 174 | | | 456 | 29 |
| | Mar. | 518 | 187 | +2pp ads | | 518 | 42 |
| | Apr. | 382 | 140 | + 2pp | | 382 | 24 |
| 1874 | May | 430 | 152 | +16 | | 476 | 26 |
| | Jun. | 500 | 200 | | | 500 | 40 |
| | Jul.** | (408) 788 | 223 | +16 | 1898 | (398) 788 | 16+20 |
| 1875 | Aug. | 404 | 215 | +16 | | 404 | 44 |
| | Sep. | 464 | 220 | +24 | | 464 | 36 |
| 1877 | Oct** | (368) 732 | 253 | +16 | | (356) 732 | 19+16 |
| | Nov.** | (368) 675 | 184 | +32 | | (370) 675 | 24+27 |
| | Dec. | 425 | 138 | +32 | | 425 | 22 |
| | | | | | Supp. | 411 | 3 + 6 maps |
| Suppl. adv. in Dec. vol. but not publ. | | | | | cont Index of Saints; subject | | |
| Bought singly the cost was to be 7s. or 1 gn. | | | | | index; essays: Celtic & | | |
| for 4 vols - but see reproduction of leaflet | | | | | Breton Saints; Pedigrees of | | |
| Feb. volume admits frontispiece not ready | | | | | saintly families; Celtic & | | |
| would be included in next | | | | | English Calendar of Saints; | | |
| | | | | | errata; appendix. | | |

The Tragedy of the Caesars

"One of the most interesting and certainly one of the most revealing" of his books (BHCD p.152), it contains over 300,000 words and 117 illustrations. Two editions were produced in a two volume format the third edition of 1895 appeared as one volume; there were 8 editions in all (WP p. 175). Dedicated to his wife for their silver wedding, it was the result of two winters in Italy for health reasons (1889, 1&90). Here we find "the scholarly master-journalist ... the man with a thousand interests and the uncanny knack

of awakening a similar interest in others' (BHCD p. 153). There are two appendices: The Constitution of the early Prindpate, and Taatus and Tiberius.

A Study of St Paul

In the Preface he evaluates other studies and claims to present his material through the eyes of a novelist 'I have been sparing of references that encumber the foot of a page, like barnacles on the keel of a vessel, and delay progress', though he permits himself some addenda, from short paragraphs to mufti-page notes to comment further on "the apostolate, circumcision, Pauline anomia etc".

The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte

The Preface (dated 28 Oct 1896) reveals that the work was asked for by the publishers, but limited by the author to the `character and opinions' of his subject New material had become available in 1895 on Napoleon's youth. Not for the first time he acknowledges the Rev. Robert Gwynne, Vicar of SL Mary, Charing Cross Road, as proofreader. Again there are two appendices: the Will of the ex-Emperor Napoleon, and some specimens of Napoleon's handwriting.

The Dickinson Biography

This letter found among the papers of the recently deceased Dr. A.G. Lough, formerly Rector of Hennock, near Newton Abbott, throws some light on the publication of the book. It was written from Bude on December 10th 1969.

Dear Father,

Many thanks for your letter, which I only received yesterday. We have at last got possession of our little bungalow here and are very happy in it.

My book on Sabine Baring-Gould hung fire at the last moment. It had been accepted, and we had even reached the stage of discussing royalties, when the new taxation last year made the publishers nervous about the cost of production.

I have however now found another firm who are very interested, but consider it rather too long, and I am going to interview them this week and discuss the matter with them.

With best wishes for Christmas,

Yours Sincerely,

Bickford Dickinson

Ed: Does anyone know who the original publishers were; whether the David & Charles version (1970) was shorter than Dickinson's prepared manuscript; and if so, whether the additional material is still extant somewhere?

Summer Gathering at Lew Trenchard

A fine early summer morning brought 100 people, from the sub-teens to the over-nineties, together in the deep Devon countryside to celebrate the memory of Sabine Baring-Gould and his wife Grace. It was 123 years and one day after their own wedding, although that occasion took place in distant Yorkshire, with only two witnesses present. Those 100 people consisted of members of the family - bearing a number of other names in the second and third generation, members of the Appreciation Society, friends and parishioners.

The day's events began with a church service, conducted by a Reader from Plymouth, Peter Binschedler. Four of SBG's hymns were sung, four Bible passages were read by members of the family, and the Editor of the Newsletter had the privilege of the pulpit. After the service, and the issue of smart name tags, the company was treated to nine or ten of SBG's collection of folksongs in the vicinity of Sabine's and Grace's grave in the churchyard, splendidly rendered with fascinating commentary by Mr. John Hobbs. SBG's grandson Warwick gave a spirited rendering of Widecombe Fair to conclude this part of the proceedings.

Then everyone moved to the field near the Manor for a picnic lunch with strawberries and cream, and the opportunity for meeting and mixing. The new Rector explained the needs of the church building, which SBG had spent so much time and expense restoring and improving, and the current appeal for £75,000. After that there was time for perusing and purchasing copies of SBG's books.

The first general meeting of the Society then took place, as a result of which we now have a Committee! Dr. Merriol Almond (great-granddaughter) graciously agreed to be President; Hon. Sec. is Mr. Patrick Hutton, bookseller, of Launceston; Hon. Treasurer is Mr. Julian Mattock, a Life Assurance Consultant, of Taunton; and David Shacklock continues as Newsletter Editor. These appointments are for three years, reviewable annually. It is intended that a member from the next "host" region will be co-opted for the year concerned. Working arrangements have yet to be fully worked out between the members of the Committee, but some further points about this appear under "Membership Notes" on page 15.

The day concluded with tours of Lew Trenchard Manor, conducted most ably by Mrs. Sue Murray, who together with her husband James now runs the Hotel. A video of the day's proceedings is being made and will be available shortly.

Mrs. Image Briggs and her many helpers in the family and parish deserve the warmest thanks and congratulations for all their hard work and effort to make such a full and enjoyable day for all concerned.

The New Rich - An Opportunity To Win Confidence, Rewards Of Personal Influence

To The Editor of The Times

Sir,

You kindly admitted a letter of mine on the theme of the New Rich, upon August 7 last. May I be allowed to supplement it?

An opportunity presents itself to the supplanters of the old squirearchy to acquire confidence and regard. "A great gain has been and will be further won by the breaking up of the large farms into small holdings. The small-holder, however, is subject to difficulties through the uncertainty of our climate, and too often, as has been the case this year with the hay, his crop has been spoiled through inability to cut, turn, and save his hay in the intervals of fine weather.

If the New Rich would provide a stock of agricultural machinery which they would lend to these small-holders, to enable them to cut, turn, and save their hay and to reap, bind and stack their corn, at propitious moments, they would not only win for themselves regard, gratitude, and affection, but they would obviate great losses. This summer has shown us whole fields of ruined hay, that with a little help, through loan of machinery, might have been saved.

But the population of England of the lower class consists not only of agriculturists, but of artisans as well in our manufacturing towns, who have never undergone the humanizing and softening effects of intercourse with the old squirearchy; whence spring prejudice and class animosity. How is this to be broken down? Much depends upon our clergy, if they will adopt the right method of appeal.

This will not be by the multiplication of religious services which may be grateful to the leisured, but to them alone; least of all by the adoption of Roman expedients which the robust common sense of our people will never accept, nor by turning of the churches into cinema shows.

The plain Prayer-book offices are satisfying to the intelligence and to spiritual cravings, when reverently rendered, and lightened with hymns. Nor have I much faith in organization where the energies of the clergy are devoted to, and their time and strength are exhausted by, clubs, social gatherings, mothers' meetings, and the like: useful maybe, but not by any means producing a result adequate to the labour and thought expended on them.

But that which gains regard and affection is personal influence, through visiting, showing sympathy in troubles, giving advice in perplexities, and administering comfort in afflictions. Personal influence this, when the heart speaks. And just as, when a note on a violin is sounded, every other stringed instrument in the chamber vibrates in response, so it is with human hearts. Such work is not showy, it is not recorded in newspapers, is not applauded by superiors, but it is not evanescent and perishable. *Crede experto.*

Yours truly,

S. BARING-GOULD.