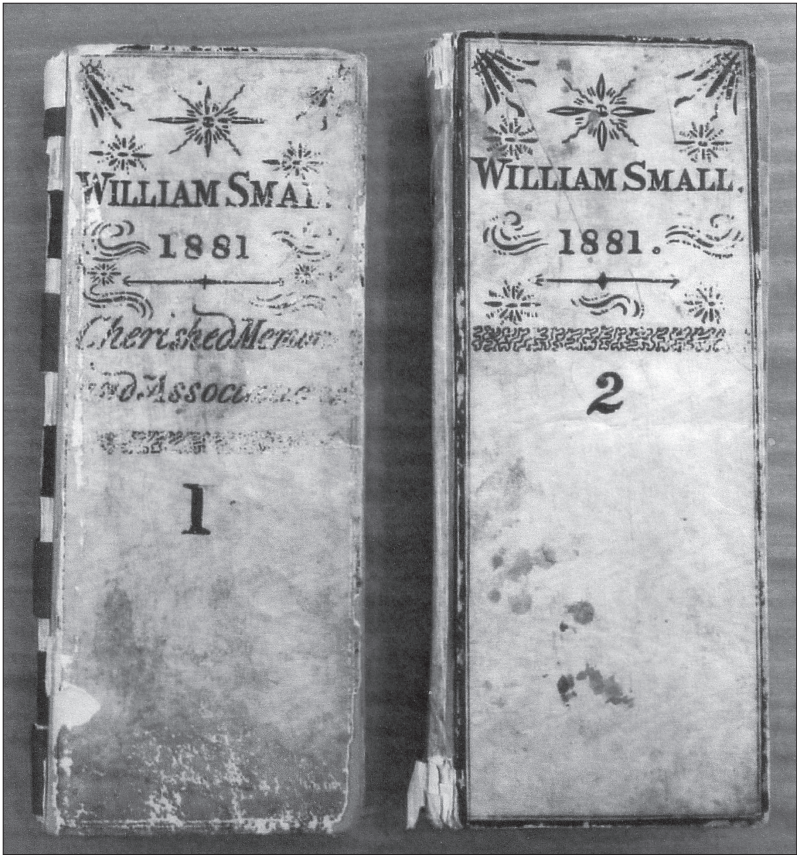


Wiltshire Record Society

(formerly the Records Branch of the Wiltshire
Archaeological and Natural History Society)

VOLUME 64



The front covers of the two volumes of Small's memories. Bound in vellum, they are 32.5 cms by 14 cms by 4 cms, and each contains 368 pages of lined paper ruled as cash ledgers.

WILLIAM SMALL'S
CHERISHED MEMORIES
AND ASSOCIATIONS

edited by

JANE HOWELLS

and

RUTH NEWMAN

CHIPPENHAM

2011

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Jane Howells and Ruth Newman

INTRODUCTION

CONTENT AND CONTEXT

William Small (1820 –1890) was a painter and glazier in Salisbury. He spent his whole life in the area, working with his brothers in the family firm that had been established when his father, also William, set up on his own.

William Small stated clearly that *'the principal object I had in view when I began this Book'* was *'to say a little about my Dear & Honoured father & Mother'* (I,40). Although much of it could be thought of as a personal memoir, he emphasised his recognition that the record he was keeping might be read by other people: *'may those that reads this before or after my decease'* (II,118); *'others in time to come, may read this'* (II,212).

Through Volume One the narrative does indeed focus on William Small senior, his wife Maria, and their children, William and his siblings, with briefer references to other members of the family. The structure, however, is not consistent, and the entries cover many other elements directly or indirectly relating to their lives. This introductory essay will demonstrate how the material provides valuable information about the political, social, and commercial life of Victorian Salisbury. William was well aware that he goes off the point from time to time. Sometimes this was deliberate: *'I must now digress again and say a word or two about ...'* (I,63) and at other times he seems to have been diverted unintentionally but returned to his subject saying *'I have digress'd for a long time, now I will rally round My dear home again & dearest parents, brother & sister'* (I,99).

In addition to the family, Volume One contains descriptions of the places where the Smalls lived, and biographical portraits of neighbours, friends and employers. Compliments are paid to those who provided regular work and settled their bills promptly: for example Mrs Ambrose Hussey *'has been one of our best supporters ... she was a good lady for every trade'* (I,168). Compare this with the criticism in William's description of Mr Maton: *'we did work for him, a running account for more than 30 years, and for his sister Mrs Shorto, but never could get any settlement'* (I,223). Exceptionally there are one or two references to the time when he was writing, suggesting that much of the text was composed over a limited period: *'And now I will give a little description of what have occurred in Wiltshire & New Sarum of late, 1881'* (I,83) and *'The Rev Sub Dean Eyre . . . now as I am writing just over 80 years of age'* (I,158).¹

Volume Two contains more poetry and more copied material, but also has valuable lists of dates of death for citizens known to the Small family, sometimes with additional comments whereby, for example, he notes that Rebecca Taylor died in December 1868 and was buried in Abney Park Cemetery,² and George Bowns died in June 1877 *'accidentally drowned by falling headlong into a Cask of Beer'* (II,49).

Strange stages in life.
Strange that I should have been born
in a lowly cottage at East Harnham.
Strange that I should have been taken
from there in 1823, when 3 years of age,
Strange that I should live on the Bridge
for 17 years, and there lose a Grand-
mother, 3 brother's and sister's in Infancy,
and a sister 11 years of age, and an
Apprentice, Strange that I should leave
the Bridge in 1840, and live in Exeter St
for 2 or 3 years, and live in a house
that was built on purpose for us,
Strange that I should then go to Queen
Street, and have the late Mr Randall's
business, Strange that Mr De Hark

Sample of Small's handwriting, beginning his 'Strange stages in Life' (II,279)

There is a curious section with the subheading 'Strange stages in Life' which presents a concise summary of William's life story, and brings to the fore again other important people to the family, like Mr Brownjohn,³ but each phrase is begun with the word 'strange' thus: 'Strange that I should have been born in a lowly cottage at East Harnham' (II,279) 'Strange that my Dear Father, Mother and Sister, should die in New St, in one Room and one Bed' (II,280). After three pages like this he comments 'But to pursue this any longer would be tedious, and perhaps nonsense to some, but It is the greatest pleasure to me' (II,282).

From May 1881 William increasingly used the notebook as a diary, which is not a feature of the first volume. He described both the minutiae of his daily life, including his regular weekly visits to Britford churchyard,⁴ the changing seasons, anniversaries of significant family dates, his concern over making ends meet, and also events such as the fireworks in the Market Place at the end of the Royal Counties Agricultural Show in June (II,193-4).

William's language is educated with an extensive vocabulary, probably acquired both during his schooling and subsequent personal reading. At times his choice of words, phrases and quotations reveals the influence of his knowledge of the Bible and Methodist hymns (II,174). His descriptions can be beautifully lyrical, for example on 22 May he 'paints' the countryside of his walk to Britford: 'The enamelled meadows, were magnificently grand to behold, the Hawthorn hedges & trees were clothed in a snow white mantle, and the fragrance

perfumed the air' (II,79). From time to time there are clichés that might be considered of modern origin; '*as fresh as pain*' (II,380) is a particularly apposite saying for someone in their trade, used by William to describe a lively elderly man. '*[O]ut of the Frying pan into the Fire*' (II,226) reinforces the difficulties he is having finding money to pay his rent. However, even quite late, occasional flashes of humour enliven a text that becomes increasingly morbid as the pages progress (blackberries joke II,242). By the end of the second volume, the author was expressing his misery at the condition of his life in every entry, and the words and phrases used emphasise his state of mind. He referred to his '*wounded and sensitive feelings*' (II,108), another day he was '*very lonely and low spirited because of my heavy trials*' (II,161). But William did say he found solace in the process of committing his ideas to paper: '*no pleasure for me today except in writing a few words, and serious thought, and I must say I prize it*' (II,137).

Descriptions and references to the business, including relations with employers, fellow tradesmen, payments received and debts owed are likely to have been recorded with a degree of accuracy, either from surviving account books or from William's own knowledge and long involvement with the family firm. There might however be occasions when his views were coloured by later experiences when trade had deteriorated. It has been possible to identify the sources of some of the copied material, for example William Small read the *Salisbury Journal* and *Salisbury Times*, and was familiar with Hatcher's *History of Old and New Sarum*. There were a number of other antiquarian publications in circulation, and other local newspapers covering regional affairs.

William Small's 'Cherished Memories and Associations' does not fit neatly into one genre, containing as it does elements of autobiography, biography and diary. Nevertheless it has a special place within the extant writings of nineteenth-century working people, providing a level of detail on both the workings of the family business and the social and political context of a small provincial cathedral city rarely found elsewhere. If comparisons are made with autobiographies such as those studied by David Vincent and John Burnett⁵ there are common characteristics such as unreliability over dates but great accuracy in recollection, the central place of the family and the significance of what is *not* said. But there are also differences; although William lived in several different houses he never moved far, and he was never in a position to share his enthusiasm for literature with likeminded people. The major national assemblage of working class autobiographies, in the Special Collections at Brunel University Library, has very few covering as early a period as William's, and most are either from industrial or larger urban areas, or from rural agricultural communities.⁶

William Small's first hand accounts, and his personal reflections on his life and associates, add significantly to our knowledge of Victorian Salisbury. They also make a unique and valuable contribution to our understanding of the industry in which he worked. Painters and glaziers working on large houses and commercial establishments are already well documented;⁷ Smalls' family business served small and medium employers, and its concerns were those of the ordinary working craftsman of the time.

LIFE, CHARACTER AND FAMILY

William Small was born on 16 May 1820 at East Harnham, on the outskirts of Salisbury, the eldest child of William and Maria Small. The biographical details of his parents, beloved sister Henrietta and his own childhood provide an insight into the life of a respectable working family in the nineteenth century. He appears to have enjoyed a happy, stable background although it is probable that in committing his thoughts to paper he idealised his parents. *'I turn my thoughts back to my childhood, and remember the happy season of Dear Parents, Pretty garden, & Boat's . . . I am still alone, and sad'* (II,137). He took enormous pleasure in thinking about his blood relations, particularly those who had pre-deceased him. In the midst of his depression in late May 1881, he was shown the Britford parish registers that recorded his parents' marriage and his baptism; his joy is evident at this *'greatest delight'*. . . *I went home with a treasure, more dear to me, than all this perishing can afford.'* (II,115-117).

Of William and Maria's eight children, Charles, Maria Louise and Frederick died in infancy, Elizabeth reached the age of eleven, and the others, William, John, Henrietta and George, survived to adulthood, the men living into old age (I,66, II,279). Bereavement was commonplace among the British working classes, and high infant mortality at the time did not mean that parents grieved less or had a weaker emotional attachment to their children. Elizabeth, who was six years younger than William, died quite suddenly in December 1837. *'My father & mother was greatly affected at her death, [he] sat up with her for several nights following & said afterwards that he never felt so near another world as then'* (I,70-71).

William's paternal grandmother Lydia was widowed when her husband Charles died (c 1792) in Hindon *'in the small pox, when that disease (sic) was raging there'*, and she moved to East Harnham in the early 1790s with her three sons, Charles, James, and William who was considerably younger than his brothers. James disappeared to the West Indies. Charles, as a bricklayer, helped to build the new Assembly Rooms⁸ in the High Street; *'he did the principal work to the 2 Fronts & all the arches . . . just before the new rooms was completed, he went as a soldier, a substitute for a gentleman'*, left Salisbury and died *'honourably in the defence of his country'* at the Battle of Talevera, Spain (I,41-2).⁹

There is no information about the occupations of William's grandparents, but the reason given for Lydia moving to Salisbury was to be nearer to her family. Her brother James Davis was a verger of the Cathedral in the late eighteenth century, proprietor of a school at No 27 the Close, later the home of Alderman Fawcett.¹⁰ Her brother in law, James Millett was a schoolmaster in Fisherton and William senior was apprenticed to his son, James, a painter and glazier (I,47-8). Thus in 1804 or 1805 William senior began working at the trade in which his three sons would follow him for over eighty years. Meanwhile he had courted Maria Alsford of Fisherton whom he married at Britford church in the autumn of 1819 (I,53).

In 1823 the family moved from a cottage in East Harnham, (near to Mr Brownjohn's cottage, now Harnham Lodge, on the corner of Ayleswade Road and Britford Lane West) to Harnham Bridge, within the Liberty of



Postcard of Harnham village
 © with kind permission of Salisbury & South Wiltshire Museum

the Close. There they lived in the southern house of the pair on the western side of the road until June 1840.¹¹ William ‘passed many happy hours’ growing up in the house on the bridge, fishing in the Avon and enjoying his garden ‘paradise’ (I,63–4). It must also have been a period of sadness, because in those 17 years he lost ‘a Grand-Mother, 3 brother’s and sister’s in Infancy, and a sister 11 years of age, and an apprentice’. All were buried in one grave in Britford churchyard (II,279).

The Smalls then moved into Salisbury to a new property in Exeter Street, owned by Thomas and John Cave (I,128, II,279), before transferring their business in February 1844 to the centre of the city in Queen Street taking over a share of the business of the late William Randall (I,138–9). Just under eight years later, November 1851, the family moved to 1 New Street, the house where William senior, Maria and Henrietta were to die.¹²

By 1861 the two older sons had left home and were married, William in 1852 to the thirty-year old Elizabeth Sutton, living first in Exeter Street and then Brown Street.¹³ Their only son, another William, died aged 17 in 1870. After his wife’s death in 1875 he moved back to the family home and was still there when he wrote his ‘Memories’ (II,280).

There are no known likenesses of William, although he recounted that Miss Froome, of the Close ‘took my portrait once when very young’ (I,189) and only glimpses in his writings of physical characteristics. Inoculated against smallpox from his contemporary Alfred Miell at just two years old, ‘I by some means caught it . . . all thought I should not get over it. . . . But it very much disfigured me’ (II,46). While generally enjoying ‘excellent health’, he referred to himself as ‘not very light’ when he fell while working at Codford in 1847 (II,31, I,229). Conversely, as late as 1867, he climbed to the top of the Cathedral spire, displaying considerable agility and nerve (I,162–4). In a revealing paragraph, in the depths of depression, he described himself as being ‘despised, because I

am a poor & homely man, not following the fashions of this vain, false, deceptive age, but dressing in an homely garb . . . forsaken by the very people whom I depended upon (II,213).

In the period when Britain was regarded as 'the workshop of the world' William Small did not outwardly share in the excitement of the Victorian Age. Many local and national events are ignored: the Great Exhibition of 1851 followed by Salisbury's own exhibition, the coming of the railways, the Crimean War and the celebrations in the Market Place following the fall of Sebastopol. Even the severe cholera epidemic of 1849 is only mentioned with regard to its effect on trade; *'I wrote between 50 & 60 coffin plate's for him [Mr Hale, builder, of Castle Street] for people that died in the Cholera in 1849'* (I,204). This is the period, from the mid century until the 1860s and 1870s, when there is a dearth of information in his memoirs, coinciding with his married life. He never moved from Salisbury but was certainly aware, in his reading, of the wider world. This was, after all, the age of newspapers as well as railways. His knowledge and historical/antiquarian interests were extensive and he recorded his findings, particularly in his later life, of important national and international events eg the death and funeral of Disraeli (II,15-29).

He was never a radical; deeply conservative in his outlook and politics he maintained a tradesman's subservience, enjoying spending, with his family, *'an evening with the servants, at Christmastime* (I,164) at the Benson family home in the Close.¹⁴ His Methodism appears to have been orthodox Wesleyan and there is no hint of support for the more socially aware Primitives, but as a tradesman loyalty was a paramount quality in his dealings with others, both with fellow craftsmen and employers. Decent and honest, proud of his skill as a young man and of his educational achievements (I,38, I,68-9), he was happiest when writing about his childhood and when working with his father.



St Peter's church, Britford. John Buckler 1805

A shy man who admitted to real fear when, at 20, he was assaulted by a labourer (I,130-131), the occasional glimpses of humour and his astute observations of his fellows reveal him as sensitive and perceptive, such as his words on Mr Weeks, a Roman Catholic in Brown Street (I,146). Real friends such as the Wooffs were described affectionately (I,154), but he could also employ sarcasm as an effective writing tool (I,141, I,150). In an amusing section he recounts the embarrassing occasion of finding Miss Hetley, of the Close, unexpectedly, still in bed, '*I was turned all over, & I shall never forget it*' (I,187). He was deeply affected by acts of simple humanity; when Miss Hill, Mrs Morres's sister, stopped to talk to him at Britford rectory, he came away and '*shed tears. . . for this act of unbounded kindness*' (II,200-2, II,115-8).¹⁵

In later years he became a melancholy depressive, living alone with his dog Fanny (II,217), increasingly introspective, in debt and bitter especially about the relatives who offered him no support. A complex character, he remained sentimentally tied to his parents, referring to himself and Henrietta as being left '*orphans complete*' when his mother died. While George set up for himself William, conversely, hoped for '*a little work, & the lodgings, my sister could attend to, we should get on quietly, and we should have done so, no doubt, if her life had been spared*' (II,163 - 4). When Henrietta died he felt isolated and visited almost weekly the family graves at Britford, keeping alive the memories of his '*three best earthly friends*' (II,79). The graves became shrines providing consolation, and the churchyard a site of remembrance (II,181, II,209).

By 1881 William was clearly facing financial difficulties. Industrial change was accelerating. Did he lack ambition in an increasingly cut-throat, competitive environment or was he simply becoming too slow or expensive? He complained of a '*vain . . . deceptive age*' and that '*Jobs of work, that I have been expecting for the last two years, has been done by others*' (II,213, II,132-3). Still paying the '*cruel robbery*' of income tax, he may have been affected by falling prices as a result of the economic downturn from 1879 (II,31, II,132, II,211). We do know that he was finding it impossible to make ends meet by mid 1881 and his 'diary' from June to September was filled with problems and desperate anxieties, interspersed with copied jokes, snippets of local, national and international news, and poems (II,344-367). Increasingly his faith played an important role in providing support and many of his entries end with a simple prayer (II,174-5, II,343). The overwhelming impression, however, is of a man close to complete breakdown '*nearly two years Rent not paid . . . writing in Tears, and nearly broken hearted*' (II,210, II,174). Compelled to write for a loan of £25 from the Rev Canon Morrice,¹⁶ he records his hurt pride and humiliation when his request was gently rejected (II,210-11). He received warnings from Lee and Powning's¹⁷ office that his rent was long overdue; eventually '*by the providence of God I was enabled to pay it and my brother's [John's] wages*' (II,226), and still later, '*not a pound in the House, and no work to do. Oblig'd to pledge my sister's watch for to pay my brother*' (II,355).¹⁸ The 'memories' end with a short, possibly significant poem (II,368).

William Small senior was respected as a person of integrity and as a reliable tradesman, '*always contented & cheerful. . . enduring all things*' (I,53, I,155). He was greatly admired by his son who expressed pride in naming his father's supporters or '*friends . . . [in] the Close alone*', including some of the

prominent figures, the Wyndhams and the Bensons, who were the Smalls' employers (I,131-2), while George Townsend of Mompesson House was a 'good friend to my father' (I,156).¹⁹

Immersed in city life, his father was both a member of the Old Volunteers²⁰ and 'attended the Quarter Sessions, in his turn, as one of the Grand Jury' (I,156).²¹ He was also an overseer of the poor for St Martin's parish for a year from June 1842. As a Methodist he might have had grounds to refuse an onerous position which by this time had little kudos. The work proved difficult and troublesome and William expressed sympathy for his father's trials but the job possibly offered status to someone looking to further establish himself in the local community (I,128-30).²² His strong views are revealed by his abstention in the May 1843 election which elicited both wrath from his fellow Methodists and ostracism in his trade (I,134-138). Following an injury to his leg he was nursed devotedly by Henrietta but died in 1863, aged 74 (I,112-3).

William had enormous affection and respect for his mother Maria, a strong independent woman. Not afraid to speak her mind, she confronted Thomas Miell, tailor of New Canal, who accused her husband of betraying his party by abstaining in the election. She spoke out firmly about the right of 'a free man'. As William remarked, 'My Mother could not stand her toes trod upon so tightly, for tread on a worm & it will turn' (I,137-8).

Her faith and membership of the Methodist church were central to her existence, keeping up family prayers while trying to instil the same fervour in her husband and children. 'The name of Jesus was a household word with her all through life' and her death in New Street in June 1877 at 83 years, following 'one or two seizures', illustrates the typical Victorian deathbed scene, a focal point for families, where last words were valued (I,106-9, I,114, II,161-164).

William adored his beloved younger sister, Henrietta, 'a delicate & sensitive child, and in after life the same, but a more devoted sister, a man could never have' (I,109). After leaving school she was trained and worked as a milliner. In common with many unmarried women in the nineteenth century, Henrietta's life in independent employment came to an end when 'her mother wanted her, for home duties' (I,110).²³ Like her mother she was a committed Methodist and a Sunday School teacher. William hinted at a romantic liaison with a local preacher, but 'it was broken off. and a good thing too' (I,112). Henrietta was a caring daughter, nursing both her father briefly, but her mother for nearly five years (I,112-5). At Maria's funeral (18 June 1877) she possibly tried to play a conciliatory role; 'my Sister commenced quite a sermon to us three [brothers] . . . She began in a very earnest manner. . . but I for one shall never forget it, coming as it did from one that was going to depart before the end of the year' (II,163). For the following months, to provide extra income, William and Henrietta took in lodgers (I,115, I,123-5). Her own death, on Christmas Day, 1877, aged 49, was a great shock to William from which he never recovered. Henrietta's death and the preceding hours are recounted several times in the memoirs with some sentimentality but also a real sense of grief (I,115-125, II,280).

George (1834-1896) was the youngest son, 14 years younger than William. In 1861 he was still living with his parents and Henrietta in New Street. He married Louisa Spratt in 1870 and in the following year was living

at 91, Milford Hill. By 1881 he and Louisa had four young children at 45 St Ann Street, opposite Salisbury Museum, from where he ran his painting and decorating business, and by 1890 he had moved to 3 St Ann Terrace. George clearly had initiative and *'started for himself, soon after Mother's death'* 13 June 1877 (I,14). There is an implication in Maria's will²⁴ that George was possibly the favoured younger son. In 1891 he is described as 'painter and decorator' but left Salisbury sometime between then and his death in Christchurch in 1896, aged 62. His wife Louisa also died in Christchurch, in 1898 aged 56.

Relatively little is known about John (1824–1888), just four years younger than William and in the same trade. Companions when young (I,71–2), he was perhaps the brother who was closest to William. An example of John's handwriting is included in an endpaper and John's wedding anniversary and birthday were recorded, the latter in 1886, when William was a resident in Trinity Hospital (II,181, I,2).²⁵

John married Eliza Alice Cox (born 1836) in St Thomas's Church, Salisbury in June 1860; she outlived him, not dying until 1909 and is recorded in the 1901 census as the manager of a servants' registry office. It was she who was with Maria when she died and was summoned to attend Henrietta on her death bed (II,161, I,119). In 1861 John and Eliza were living in Trinity Street, but from 1866 until 1881 rent was paid to the Methodist Church for 28, St Edmund's Church Street.²⁶ By 1881 they had five children, all 'scholars', four boys and one girl, Henrietta Maria. By this time John was working for William and was dependent on him (II,226, II,244, II,343, II,355).

WILLIAM SMALL AND THE SUTTONS

One of the most frustrating and mysterious omissions in William Small's memoirs is the complete lack of detail about his married life compared to his portrayal of blood relations. It is not until Volume Two that we learn that he did indeed have a wife and child. Given the lengthy, emotional deathbed scenes of his mother and sister, the paucity of information on his wife, Elizabeth and son, William, is striking and raises several questions.

In the early pages of Volume Two there is a copy of the will and codicil of Richard Sutton, the latter dated 1st September, 1859, five weeks before his death. This stated that, *'I give and bequeath to each of my Daughters, namely Caroline, the Wife of George Cox, Harriet Cooper, Widow, and Elizabeth the Wife of William Small, the sum of Twenty five pounds each'* (II,11–12). This is followed by the bare facts that *'William only and beloved Child of Wm. and Elizabeth Small, died Augt. 2nd 1870 in his Eighteenth Year. Elizabeth Small, died Augst. 26th, 1875 Aged – 55 Years'* (II,13).

Following these revelations, there are just a few scant references to his wife and child. In August 1881 he commented that *'Last Teusday 2nd my 'dear Child had been dead six years, how the time flies.'* In fact his son had died eleven years earlier, his wife, six (II,222). And in the bizarre but important section, *'Strange stages in Life. . . Strange that I should get married, and live in Exeter St, and Brown St, for nearly 20 years, Strange that I should lose my Wife and only child in Brown St, Strange that my Sister wished me to come and live in New St with them, after their deaths, above named'* (II,280).

William, by marrying one of Richard Sutton's daughters, Elizabeth, joined a complex family. Richard Sutton was a prosperous baker in Trinity Street, who in 1842-3 owned eight cottages in that street.²⁷ His first wife, Elizabeth, had died in February 1824, aged 35, leaving 'a lovely family of eight children,' including Elizabeth (later Small), the youngest daughter, only four years old. Richard Sutton remarried in 1826; his second wife, Ann, dying in May 1852 and Emma Mary was the daughter of this union. She inherited the majority of her father's estate and was the sole executrix of his will (II,13-15).

Two of Elizabeth's sisters committed suicide. Clarissa, the oldest daughter, died on May 31 1852, William writing that '*she ended her days, by cutting her throat in Laverstock, and was buried there*'. Her death was less than a month after her third marriage, to Elias Targett '*a comparative stranger, and Bailiff for Mr Cooper*' (II,14). The *Salisbury Journal* recorded the inquest in dramatic detail, including an account of her death. 'Shortly after her marriage she exhibited signs of partial derangement, after giving up two of her children to one of her former husband's relatives'. The inquest returned a verdict of 'Died during a fit of insanity'.²⁸

Twenty years later in July 1872 (not 1874 as in the memoirs) another sister, Martha, married to Joseph Courtenay, bootmaker of High Street, Salisbury, committed suicide in an identical manner. The 'Distressing Suicide' and the results of the inquest were again reported in full. In Martha's case there was evidence of mental instability over a lengthy period. Mr WD Wilkes, surgeon, referring to the suicide of her sister Clarissa, stated that the 'poor woman [Martha] was suffering from all kinds of complaints . . . [which] did not amount to actual insanity, but was on the verge of it . . . the sudden impulse was so strong upon her that she was unable to resist it. She had carried it out in the most determined manner.' The verdict was temporary insanity (II,15).²⁹

For many Victorians suicide was regarded with abhorrence, as a sin against God, and stigma was attached to such a death. William simply noted the suicides of his sisters-in-law with no attempt to disguise the truth but without details. Juries often interpreted the law mercifully, for the sake of surviving relatives, by recording verdicts of 'temporary insanity' rather than the 'crime' of '*felo de se*'. This occurred in both the above instances.

Given these two suicides it is unsurprising that when Elizabeth Small died suddenly in August 1875 there should be an inquest. William appeared as a witness but unfortunately very few clues can be read into the nature of their relationship, except that he gave no outward evidence of grief. Her illness was described as 'shortness of breath', and questions were asked about the efficacy of her medicine. His comments were factual, describing how he found her on the bedroom floor; the surgeon John Winzar certifying her as dead but with no signs of 'struggling'. One interesting comment made by William was that he had left her alone when unwell, 'as she had a great objection to have anyone in the house', possibly suggesting a strained liaison. The reality of the situation will remain elusive but the contrast with his anguish over Henrietta is pronounced. In the event John Winzar considered that Elizabeth suffered from 'chest disease, and I have no doubt that death resulted from natural causes', a verdict with which the jury concurred.³⁰

An unhappy marriage might explain the omissions more than a writer so overcome with grief that he cannot bear to mention those whom he loved most. The dates of his marriage and the birth of his son give us a possible clue to the silence in his memoirs. The boy was born on 21 September 1852, he married Elizabeth at St Martin’s Church, Salisbury, on 23 October, and young William’s birth was registered on 30 October, over five weeks later, presumably to give his son the necessary legitimacy. We know almost nothing about the son’s short life. In the 1861 census, he is described as a ‘scholar’ aged eight years, but unlike his father and grandfather, does not appear in Methodist Sunday School attendance book records.

His death certificate of 2 August 1870 is unusual in that it is recorded under the name William Small Sutton. Causes of death were given as ‘Strumous disease of knee joint 7 months. Confluent Small pox – 17 days’.³¹ The St Martin’s parish magazine for September 1870 recorded the burial of William Small Sutton and in the following November issue noted that ‘our readers are well aware how much sickness there has been in our parish amongst the poor for some months past.’ The numbers of deaths recorded include large numbers of young people. Smallpox, despite compulsory vaccination from 1853, lingered on and sources suggest that efforts to enforce the act varied.³²

Further evidence of William’s feelings towards his in-laws is tenuous. In Volume I there is a list of tradesmen who were in debt to the Smalls including Richard Sutton, William Small’s father-in-law, although the relationship is not mentioned. There appears to be no love lost between them. ‘we did his work for several years, but never could come to a settlement. We had part of our bread of him. The Bill was sent (to the Suttons) the last time on the 7th January 1864 . . . leaving a balance to us of 13 £ 6 7½’ (I,223).

In his depressed state in the summer of 1881 William felt resentment at the lack of support from his relations. ‘One would think that I should have almost enough work to support me from my relations alone, as some of them have property, but I scarcely ever earn a shilling of any of them, which is what I cannot understand.’ Later he again dwells on the fact that his relatives ‘which are many and have property’ offer no financial help, nor even ‘come into my dwellings’ (II,109, II,174, II,280).

William Small’s final years have been partially traced, from September 1881 when he was still writing his ‘memories’ in New Street until his death in 1890. There is no evidence of him being evicted for non-payment of rent, but between April and July 1882 he moved to one of several properties in Trinity Street belonging to Emma Mary Sutton. Was this a compassionate gesture by

Columns--	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
No.	When and where died	Name and surname	Sex	Age	Occupation	Cause of death	Signature, description and residence of informant	When registered	Signature of registrar
136	Small 1890 Trinity Hospital Salisbury 11.30	William Small	Male	40	Painter and Decor.	Smallpox contracted by Dr. H. George W. J.	George Small Rother St. Pauls Church Salisbury	Small September 1890	William G. Roxford Registrar

Death Certificate of William Small. 12 September 1890, Trinity Hospital, Salisbury

his half sister-in-law after the indifference shown by other members of her family? Described in the 1861–1891 censuses successively as a ‘gentlewoman’, ‘annuitant’ and ‘living on own means’, she may simply have owned a very small cottage available to rent. William lived in 16 Trinity Street until early 1885 before moving into Trinity Hospital where he died on 12 September 1890.³³ He was buried on 15 September at the London Road Cemetery, Salisbury.³⁴

It is not possible to reach definite conclusions about William Small’s bond with the Suttons or even with his own son. There is never any hint of warmth or emotion towards his relations by marriage; indeed given the importance which they must have played in his life, their absence here is the ‘strangest’ aspect.

EDUCATION

In numerous ways these volumes of William’s *Cherished Memories and Associations* indicate the importance of schooling to the Small family, and the benefits William gained from his experiences of Salisbury schools in the 1820s. Nineteenth-century educational provision varied from place to place and depended both on wealth and religious affiliation. Overall a characteristic was the growth of supply and consumption of schooling by ordinary people, reaching universal provision and compulsory attendance at elementary level by the end of the century.

Children of poorer families often began attending classes at Sunday schools. Salisbury’s Wesleyan Sunday School was catering for 100 children in 1805. Its aim was mainly evangelistic, but attendance gave many children basic skills. Before long each of the three parishes had a Church of England Sunday School, and by 1833 over 1,200 children were attending across the city. The National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church opened the first voluntary day school in Salisbury in 1811 adjacent to St Martin’s Church, and others followed. The first Salisbury British School was opened in 1829 for nonconformist children in Scots Lane. From 1833 an annual parliamentary grant was paid to schools through the two voluntary societies. By the middle of the century there were eight public day schools in Salisbury catering for over 900 children, almost all those between the ages of five and ten in the population.

As well as these schools there were smaller private ‘venture’ establishments, some little more than child-minders, some very short-lived, some for only girls or only boys, some run alongside other businesses. Many of these had no pretensions to high academic levels, but supplied a service demanded by their local community; ‘throughout Britain large numbers of private day schools were provided by the working classes for the working classes’.³⁵ In Salisbury there were, for example, a dozen listed in Pigot’s Commercial Directory of 1822 though there were others whose proprietors did not take the opportunity to advertise in such publications. In addition the city had a free grammar school, originally founded in 1569, but ‘in its death-throes’ by the 1830s, and the choir school which too declined in prosperity in the early decades of the century.³⁶ The *Abstract of Education Returns* of 1833 also

mentions the school endowed by the Godolphins and another ‘founded by Rev Talman’, plus various additional establishments in total providing places for over 70 girls and nearly 200 boys.³⁷

Education features strongly, if sometimes very briefly, in surviving working class autobiographies and diaries, and the powerful effect of this experience is a common thread. In the first half of the century, with which we are concerned for the Small family, working parents had the freedom to choose to send their children to school or not, and to choose which school for which child. Schooling was a commodity that was purchased by hard-earned family wages, it was therefore valued, but might also have to be sacrificed to other pressing needs in the household economy.³⁸

The close attachment to nonconformity in the family will be demonstrated elsewhere. There was a vigorous tradition of support for education amongst nonconformists, through both Sunday Schools and British Schools, and the resulting emphasis on communication, both written and oral, that was exploited in those communities.³⁹

William Small’s grandmother Lydia attended a Methodist Sunday School (I,48) and her brother James, a verger at the Cathedral, ran a school in the Close, described by William as ‘*I should think an evening school ... a very plain school*’ (I,47). This is to be imagined as equipping ‘*a few lads*’ with rudimentary literacy. Lydia’s sister Ann’s husband James Millett ‘*was the School master of Fisherton*’ (I,48) and father of the James Millett to whom William Small senior was apprenticed. Contrary to the evidence found elsewhere,⁴⁰ we should not be surprised, therefore, that Maria Small took a keen interest in the education of her children.

William recalled in detail the decisions that were made about where each of the children (except John) should go to school. He reports that he himself went to school ‘*as early as I could walk*’ (I,66) to Betsy Biddlecombe’s at East Harnham, then Old Mr Burch’s on the Nap⁴¹ and Mrs Lucas’s in Exeter St.⁴² William stayed only a short time at these schools, presumably acquiring some basic knowledge and skills. When he was aged six, his mother proposed he go to school in Fisherton, and offered him the choice between ‘Dredges’ and ‘Berrys’. Mr Dredge advertised his establishment as a ‘Commercial Academy’⁴³ so might have been providing a curriculum particularly relevant to a small business family. However, William chose to go to Mr Berry’s school. Berry had begun his working life as a gardener, and had known William senior when the latter had repaired glass at Mr Geary’s nursery in Castle St where Berry was employed.⁴⁴ Mr Berry had a brother who was a schoolmaster in Andover and his daughter Maria ran a school for girls (I,67).

William clearly enjoyed his time at Berry’s school, and was proud of his achievements, recording the annual ‘character’ written by the master in his ciphering book, in 1830 for example ‘*Thomas Berry is happy to say. Master Small is a good lad, & merits commendation*’, and reporting that Berry would say ‘*there is little Williams ... and little Small, the two best boys amongst them all*’ though he added modestly ‘*but perhaps he went too far*’ (I,69). William left school at the age of 11, to go to work with his father. Berry had moved in 1828 from Fisherton ‘*to the City Grammer (sic) School*’ in Castle St (I,68).

Friends made in his youth remained valuable to William in later life. He listed over a dozen of *'my Dear Schoolfellows'*, including three girls (I,68), and remembered them in old age; referring for example to Charles Brown *'my schoolmate'* (I,161) and to William Wooff *'a favourite of mine knowing him almost from his very birth'* (I,153).

William named the schools attended by his siblings; George went to Ann Naish's school at the Rose & Crown, Miss Lanes', Mr Dawkins'⁴⁵ in the High Street and Mr Sopp's in New Street (I,72), and it is likely that John had a similar experience. William's writing is of particular value for the detail it provides about his sisters' educational experience. It is hard to generalise about girls' schooling in the early Victorian period, but evidence suggests higher levels of literacy, and longer years of school attendance for boys compared with girls, though this differed between rural and urban communities, areas with higher or lower employment opportunities, and parental occupation.⁴⁶ Elizabeth Small began her schooling with Mrs Lucas in Exeter St where William had gone before his move to Mr Berry. She then attended Miss Ann Naish's school at the Rose & Crown in Harnham, where she was still a pupil when she died in 1837. Samuel Naish was the publican, and he was succeeded by Charlotte Naish, probably his widow.⁴⁷ One of their daughters was Ann, so it is possible that the schoolmistress was Samuel's sister, taking advantage of the well-known location and spacious premises available at the Rose & Crown. They were almost neighbours of the Smalls when the family lived on Harnham Bridge. Henrietta, William's beloved sister, *'went with her sister Elizabeth & George, to Miss Naish's school at the Rose & Crown, Then to Mrs Lucas's in Exeter St, then to Miss Lane & May's in Exeter St, and finally to Mrs Kingdons, in upper Church St'* (I,109). So the family tended to be loyal to the same teachers for their children's formative years, and the girls had a similar education to the boys.

William, George and John followed their father into the painting and glazing trade. Henrietta was the only girl to survive to adulthood, and William notes that *'after leaving school she went to Mrs Griffin's, on the New Canal, to learn the trade of a Milliner'* (I,110). Interestingly there she worked with Miss Naish who had been her schoolmistress. There is no information about the pattern Ann Naish's career took, but this fits with the two points made above, that working people provided schools, and that they were sometimes run in association with another occupation. Later Henrietta was able to support other young women pursuing a career by providing lodgings for student teachers attending examinations at the Diocesan Training College,⁴⁸ in one of the pieces of unwitting testimony provided by William in his reminiscences (I,115).

Throughout these writings William Small, though working as a tradesman, demonstrates the skills he acquired in school and the interests that were developed through his youth and maintained into old age. Firstly, to the great advantage of the editors, his handwriting is well formed and practised, and almost always clearly legible, even when making minute inserts above a line of text. He uses an extensive and at times sophisticated vocabulary, and telling turns of phrase. An example will suffice: *'Winter has made a strong effort to stand its ground in the presence of the advancing sunshine'* (I,3).

Secondly, his education provided William with the necessary basic skills of literacy and numeracy that he put into daily use working first with his father and then for himself. His abilities earned him compliments, such as when Col Baker⁴⁹ said ‘your son, Mr Small is a very Clever young man’ (I, 140). ‘I did as a rule write all my fathers letters’ (I, 136) William stated firmly, a comment that was made when Mr Gregory used it as a criticism of William senior that he did not write his own. Accurate calculating was critical to the success of a business such as Smalls; William prepared the bills for each job they did, and wrote at length describing the employers who were either prompt or dilatory payers. As, through the mid decades of the century, there was likely to have been competition between the painting and glazing firms in the city, estimating costs, issuing bills, and communicating in writing with suppliers and clients became increasingly important. William, George and John Small all acquired the education that enabled them to contribute to the continuity of the family business.

The breadth of William’s reading and reporting suggest a trained mind making the most of the methods that dominated teaching at that time, reflected too in his memorised poetry. He took great pride in his ability to remember numerous poems that he wrote out in these volumes ‘from memory alone’. Most of them fit the stereotypical characteristics of ‘plain easy rhythms, uncomplicated heroics, and unabashed pathos’⁵⁰ of Victorian ‘parlour poetry’. Learning by rote was a skill common to much nineteenth-century education for working-class children, providing a disciplined approach for history, geography and arithmetic as well as literature.⁵¹ It is possible that William’s knowledge of the work of Milton (II, 56), Gray (I, 260), Goldsmith (I, 193) and Pope (II, 159) stemmed from his school days, from collections or anthologies on his teachers’ bookshelves. Amongst other poets quoted by William, several had published collected works in the later eighteenth century, including Allan Cunningham (II, 157) and Mark Akenside (II, 198). Ebenezer Elliott’s collected works appeared in 1846; much of his poetry railed against poverty and oppression, perhaps somewhat radical for the taste of William Small, who learnt ‘The Dying Boy to the Sloe Blossom’ (II, 190). Felicia Hemans (1793–1835) was ‘a precocious and copious poet of intermittent but often considerable skill’⁵² whose work was enormously popular, appearing in annual volumes for most of her adult life. William reproduced ‘The Flower Dial’ twice (I, 159, II, 95) as well as ‘The Better Land’. Eliza Cook was another favourite of his (I, 56, I, 69, I, 97). She contributed regularly to the *Weekly Dispatch* ‘poems characterised by an unaffected domestic sentiment which appealed strictly to popular uncultured tastes’.⁵³

William’s choice of poetry reflected the themes that run throughout ‘memories and associations’ – family, weather, seasons, gardens, death. His final selection was a hymn based on a poem by Anne Steele (1716 – 1778) ‘Desiring Resignation and Thankfulness’, that concludes tellingly ‘... And crown my journey’s end’ (II, 368).

William continued to read widely and record his interest in many events and issues into his later years. This suggests he valued knowledge for its own sake consistent with the spirit of self-improvement that was a powerful Victorian ideology. History (II, 254 on Elizabeth I), geography and natural

history (II,202 on comets, II,71 on walnut tree wood), curiosities (II,32 on writing materials through the ages) appear, as well as many pages of local interest on Stonehenge, Salisbury Cathedral and Old Sarum. His declaration early in the first volume explains: *I am a man very fond of reading especially any thing that relates to my native place, and its surroundings* (I,5). He used Henry Hatcher's book *Old and New Sarum* (1843) as a source of information as well as to copy sections. He cites Stukely, Smith and Charleton as his sources on Stonehenge. Widely available during the later decades of his life would also have been guide-books to the city, cathedral, Old Sarum and Stonehenge. Brown's *Strangers' Handbooks*, for example, were illustrated, detailed and quote notable authorities like Hatcher, Britton, Stukely and Leland.

Given the extensive evidence that William continued to seek knowledge throughout his life, there is nothing to tell us directly how this was achieved. Did he buy copies of the *Salisbury Journal* and *Salisbury Times* from which reports of local events were copied? Did he read books from subscription libraries, the very short-lived Mechanics Institute, a Sunday School lending library? Amongst the commercial libraries and booksellers in Salisbury, George Brown ran 'Brown's Public & Subscription Library' that took over from the Salisbury and Wiltshire Library & Reading Society, and charged 2d or 3d per book, or 10/6 for an annual subscription.⁵⁴ The former rate would have been accessible to a skilled tradesman if his business was prospering and he chose to spend his money that way. Purchasing books of poetry would have been beyond the normal resources of a working man, but it is likely that both poetry and antiquarian volumes were held in the private libraries of many of his employers, and so possible that patrons such as Benson, Eyre, Wyndham or Townsend allowed William access to their collections. The same circumstances could apply to periodicals such as literary magazines that flourished throughout this time and provided poets, novelists, essayists and other writers with outlets for their work. William would have had plenty of opportunities to meet his need for reading matter in pursuit of knowledge and information.

As well as creating the foundation for a life of enquiry and curiosity, and equipping him with basic skills for work, William acknowledged how his education gave him pleasure that he sought in the garden *a delightful retreat for reading & meditation, which I did enjoy* (I,64), and also provided solace in his loneliness.

THE TRADE OF A PAINTER AND GLAZIER

William Small was a member of a family firm which was operating in Salisbury for much of the nineteenth century. The city was experiencing a period of change, though less dramatic than elsewhere in Britain at this time. New houses were built and older ones were updated and renovated, all making demands on the services and skills of building tradesmen.

Painters and glaziers, or plumbers and glaziers, or firms covering all three trades were common. As William Boggins wrote in *The Plumber Painter & Glazier* published in London in 1838 'It is not easy to determine why such very different substances as lead, glass and paint should form the materials

on which one workman is engaged, nor why one master tradesman should undertake to supply those materials for the building or repairing of a house. Yet such is the fact.' The Smalls did indeed work in these very varied materials, and undertook a strikingly wide range of tasks.

The firm began when William Small senior set up on his own following his disappointment at not succeeding to the business of the cousin with whom he served his apprenticeship, James Millet (I,55-60). After completing his training, he was employed by Millett for a number of years and was clearly highly thought of as a workman; as his son put it '*... he was called the cleanest painter in Salisbury, both in his clothes and in his work, where he did go once, he was sure to be wanted again*' (I,53). Diligence and commitment were other characteristics; these stood him in good stead when he was establishing his own business which appears to have been successful.

William Small '*left school only 11 years of age, to go to work, as my father wanted me very much*' (I,68). There is no mention of a formal apprenticeship for any of the brothers, so it must be assumed that they were trained by their father in the many skills required for them to be taken into the business. William notes several times that '*I used to go with Father when a boy to help him*'. On that particular occasion they were working for Charles Meaden, wheelwright of Coombe Bissett; '*My Father painted Waggons & Carts for him & Marked them*'. Mr Meaden's cider was considered '*most excellent*' and William enjoyed the '*good things to eat and drink*' provided by Mrs Meaden and her '*lovely*' daughter Elizabeth (I,207).

When Mr Randall, another local painter, died and his business fell into the hands of creditors, Smalls took over part of his trade in the 1840s. In the 1851 census William senior was described as 'Painter etc (5 men)' with all three of his sons as 'Plumbers & Glazier's Asst'. Apprentices were taken on, and although William felt some concern about this '*I knew full well that there would be an amount of responsibility with them & to bear with their several dispositions*' (I,155) it was another reflection of the standing and reputation of the firm. Despite his misgivings, he described the apprentices fondly. One was his close friend William Wooff; another, Leonard Talbot, was '*a Harnham lad & a very good apprentice*'. Mark Einton, however, brought disgrace as he '*committed himself with a Nursemaid of Mr J Hussey of the Close when she was walking in the Britford fields one dinner time...*' (I,154-5). It must be assumed that a particularly close bond was formed with one apprentice Edward Major, perhaps he was the first to be trained by William senior? He died in 1833, aged 19, and shares the Small family tombstone.⁵⁵

When William Small senior died in 1863, the business was continued by his wife and sons. Maria placed an advertisement in the *Salisbury Journal*, as was common practice for widows in commerce, thanking customers for 'the liberal support conferred on her late husband for the last 36 years' and informing them that

the BUSINESS OF PAINTER, PLUMBER, GLAZIER, PAPER HANGER & C & C, will be carried on in all its Branches under the Superintendance (sic) of her Sons, as heretofore, for the benefit of herself and family, trusting by employing steady

and experienced Workmen, combined with genuine Materials and moderate Charges, to merit a continuance of the same.⁵⁶

Although William wrote little on this period in the memoir, it would seem that the trade was maintained. Maria Small was listed in local trades directories in 1867 and 1875. On his death certificate William's son was given the occupation 'House Painter', suggesting that the training and skills had continued to the

NO. 1, NEW-STREET, SALISBURY.

MARIA SMALL, Widow of the late William Small, PAINTER, &c., of this City, for more than 50 years, returns her grateful thanks to the Nobility, Gentry, Clergy, and the inhabitants of Salisbury and its Neighbourhood generally, for their kind support to her since his decease, and begs to inform that the Business of Painting, Plumbing, Glazing, Graining, Water Fitting, Paper Hanging, &c., is still carried on with the assistance of her sons, who are experienced workmen.

GENUINE MATERIALS AND MODERATE CHARGES.
Sign, Waggon Licence Beards, and all other kinds of Writing on the Shortest Notice

Orders of every description from the country will be carefully and punctually attended to. [8633]

Maria Small's advertisement. Salisbury & Winchester Journal. 18 February 1871, showing her continued reference to her husband eight years after his death

next generation. When Maria died in 1877, her youngest son George, advertised that he was 'succeeding to the Old-established Business so successfully carried on by his late Father and Mother, which he has had the superintendence of for many years'.⁵⁷ The latter part of this declaration implied a separation from his other brothers William and John; William and

George were listed separately in the Kelly's Directory of 1880, and all three brothers had an appropriate occupational description in the 1881 census. By that time, however, William was clearly finding it very difficult to earn sufficient income to keep himself and John: '*At this present time I have not a stroke of work to do . . . and a brother and his family partly depending on me. Such a state of things I never experienced before, & what the end will be God only knows. I am sadly behind with my rent which almost crushes me . . .*' (II,108).

The impression given by the memoir is that the Smalls' business was at its most prosperous under William senior. He appeared to have established a personal reputation amongst his employers that assured the firm of a steady trade and therefore continuing source of income. In his youth William too recalled receiving compliments for his work: '*I made a job of it to his great satisfaction*' (Colonel Baker's staircase I,139), '*that will do young man, go on*' (graining shutters for John Cother Esq I,140). He was employed by some large firms, and at well-known properties in the city.

It should not be surprising that prosperity fluctuated. As Powell has written 'the life of small firms could be precarious... tradesmen with various skills subsisting on repairs, maintenance and small works ... likely to slip in and out of self-employment and, indeed, the industry quite frequently'.⁵⁸ Rising or falling demand for their services would come from variations in wealth in the area, changes in taste and style of buildings, alterations in by-laws relating to windows, the availability of building land, the interest of speculative builders, amongst other variables. In the short-term weather conditions had an impact on work outdoors. Although William's fascination was with the melodrama of floods and snow storms, he cannot have been unaware of the

restriction placed on painting and glazing activity at the time when '*Business has almost entirely been suspended*' (I,89), or the opportunities offered to building craftsmen by the '*no less than 47 houses destroyed in the various villages*' (I,82). He reported that his father '*Always preferred the Winter for painting when the weather was at all suitable because he said the sun was not so powerful, & the paint dried more gradual*' (I,141-2).

There were at least a dozen firms in this line of business in Salisbury throughout most of the century. The largest total listed in Kelly's directory is 19, including both William Small and George Small, in 1880. Firms always varied in size,⁵⁹ and came and went according to family and economic circumstances. Randall's demise has been mentioned above. In the same issue of the *Salisbury Journal* that carried George's advertisement that he was 'succeeding to the old-established business', Curtis announced that he had taken his two sons into partnership; Henry Neale publicised his succession to his late father Mr Harry Neale; and J M Jenkins proclaimed 'painters wanted immediately'. There is no evidence that increased competition was an especial problem for the Smalls, although they were aware of the other firms in the city. By the time William was writing he was perhaps unable to respond to either relative prosperity in the 1870s or cope with the subsequent downturn, resulting in the commercial difficulties so poignantly described.

Over the years, relationships between firms seem to have been generally cordial. William, for example, was lent for a week in 1847 to Mr Norton of Codford where he helped with graining the inside of the New Chapel '*& sundry jobs*'. (I,228) All did not go smoothly, however, as he used old pew doors to make a platform to reach the pulpit and one of the panels gave way; the pot of graining colour '*upset splashing me all over, but especially about my hair, my face & shirt front & sleeves. And stained the new floor very much, I daresay it is to be seen to this day*' (I,229). Co-operation between different tradesmen, painters and glaziers, carpenters and others was essential. William Small named those they worked with regularly, and on occasion referred to a builder overseeing the project, particularly if it was a new building. In the 1840s The King's House in the Close, was occupied by Mr Coope. He had improvements made, including some of the windows replaced: '*All the glazing, plumbing, painting executed by us. Mr Fisher [carpenter] and Mr Porter [bricklayer] were the other tradesmen, they did a lot of work there, our Bill was 82£*'. (I,35). The relationship could work both ways: '*Mr Richard Read, Builder, was one of My Father's friends for a number of years ... we used to do a great deal of work for him, & he for us*' (I,201).

Word of mouth, local knowledge, an established reputation for reliability and quality of work, as well as political and religious connections, and the process that today would be known as 'networking', were all important for getting employment. As William put it '*one did recommend my father to another*' (I,133). At an early stage in the business, Mr Kelsey, steward to the Earl of Radnor was reported to say '*Mr Small you appear to be an industrious man with a young family, I will give you a share of my Lord's country work*' (I,29) and while Kelsey continued in the Earl's employ, so did the Smalls. Respectable, loyal tradesmen, they were frequently used by employers for upwards of twenty years. Looking back from the troubled times he was facing in 1881, he lamented

the death of people who had previously provided work: *'Most of my Fathers & Mothers, old friends & supporters, and mine, are gone never to return any more'* (II, 108-9). And he was saddened to see others taking jobs done by the Smalls in earlier years, without offering the reader any explanation.

The process of charging for tasks performed seems to modern readers somewhat haphazard and unbusinesslike. Advice was available from published manuals such as Bennett's 1838 *Pocket Directory for Painters etc* where it was observed that 'such prices as are evidently just and fair, reasonable and consistent . . . will be the means of promoting and continuing a friendly intercourse', though this optimistic view did not always come to fruition. Detailed lists of prices were provided, from a single cornice painted in two oils at 2d per foot run, to a 7 inch wide enriched frieze in 5 oils, picked and finished in two rich colours, at 8d per foot run, plus recipes for cement and putty, calculations for wallpaper and the capacity of cisterns, and much more useful information. There is no way of knowing if Smalls ever made reference to such books; perhaps estimating was one of the skills passed down the generations, and a facility with mental arithmetic an essential qualification for the trade.

In Salisbury institutional work was put out to tender, although the choice was not always made simply on commercial criteria. For example, tenders for external painting of the Council House⁶⁰ were published in the *Salisbury Journal*. Smalls calculated £9 for *'reputtying and painting all the sashes and frames, skylights, Doors, Cases, Iron Railings etc all round 2 coats. A most moderate sum, & if we had it there would not been a sixpence got by it'* (I, 225). However, someone else offered to do the work for half that price, to William's undisguised disgust. Verbal orders for private work were sometimes misunderstood and caused difficulties. They painted a house in New Street owned by one person and leased by another, assuming that one would pay for the outside and the other the internal work. The unfortunate result *'left my father with his young family simply go without payment . . . about 6 or 7 £ at the very least'* (I, 150).

William Small commented at length on the reliability or otherwise of payment received from employers. A considerable section of Volume I of the memoir was devoted to describing people for whom they had worked, divided into those with a good reputation, and those who delayed and prevaricated over their bills. On *'Mr Toovey & his respected family'* William commented *'A better paymaster could not exist, never wanting to know the price of anything, & never finding fault with his bill, & constantly having work done. The Miss Toovey's are the same, kind generous ladie's often having work done & it is a great pleasure to work for them'* (I, 185).

Their relationship with Mr John Finch, Hatter of the Corner of Queen St & the Canal, was probably a common one amongst tradesmen, though not many would have let the situation continue so long. Smalls worked for him for years without receiving payment. At the same time they had hats and caps from Finch, similarly running up an account. Eventually a meeting was arranged to settle: *'So my father & myself went & he was waiting to receive us. He had all the 30 or 31 years bills, pinn'd together in a long string, & remarked that he must give me great credit, in being so accurate with 30 years Bills, & as he could see, without a single mistake. But it proved to be a mountain in labour & out ran a mouse.*

Instead of taking several pounds as we expected, the Ballance was only one solitary half Sovereign in our favour (I,227). William's phrase about the mountain and the mouse was one of the very occasional light touches in his otherwise sombre style of expression.

As employment (or lack of it) featured so prominently in William Small's life, *Memories and Associations* included a detailed, if fragmented, picture of the daily work of a painter and glazier. Of course, much of this involved windows: sashes were repaired, re-glazed and replaced; and frames and shutters painted, varnished or grained. The nineteenth century was a period of transition in glass manufacture. Several different types were available for different uses, still produced by hand, though on an increasing scale, until machine processes became predominant after the turn of the twentieth century. Crown glass dates from the seventeenth century and remained popular; as quality improved this became the preferred choice for window glass. English polished plate was more expensive as it required more capital equipment. Improved cylinder sheet glass using a German process appeared from the 1830s, was used to glaze the Crystal Palace, and gradually took over for windows from the mid-nineteenth century. Much larger sheets were possible, exploited by architects for superior buildings and shop fronts. For smaller domestic buildings cheaper glass, and the changing needs and desires of occupants, were more influential than the repeal of the window tax, often quoted as responsible for increased number and size of windows to be seen. In the 1850s small panes of crown glass cost between 8s. (40p.) and 13s. 5d. (67p.) per square metre, and polished plate could be had for around £2 10s. (£2.50) per sq m. Some 40 years later polished plate was down to a half or two-thirds of its earlier price, and crown glass had been superseded by superior sheet glass costing between 4s. (20p) and 18s. (90p) per sq m. While glass was still made in disks, it was a challenge to producers and suppliers to maximise the number of rectangular panes that could be cut from a circular shape. Boggins' advice book mentioned above included tables and diagrams for minimising waste in the cutting, as well as descriptions of different styles of glass – frosted, fluted etc, and recipes for putty.⁶¹

Smalls used both crown and plate glass. Handmade glass was liable to imperfections that could cause problems. In Miss Benson's house in the Close there was a new window: *'Glaz'd with best plate Glass of larger dimensions of any in the House, there was a flaw nearly in the centre of one of the panes, that 99 out of an Hundred of the most particular people living would have passed, but Dr Tatam her medical man objected to it, & of course she did. The flaw was a mere scratch about the size of a gnat's wing. The pane was worth 6 or 7 £. It was taken out, & we sent to London for another, our Glass Merchant, would allow us half for it, & no more, saying he never heard tell of such a thing before'* (I,165). More cheerfully, William described a job they did for Mr Brownjohn which gave him particular pride: *'all the sashes were glaz'd on Harnham Bridge by me, with best Crown Glass, Crown Glass was 11£ a Crate at that time, the sashes were all taken to the New buildings and put into a Room to dry, for to receive the second coat before they were hung. Mr Mackrell said to Mr Brownjohn, one day, who Glazd those sashes, he said young Small, at Harnham, and he said I never saw better glazing in my life'* (I,38). Transporting glass, and windows, could be difficult, and some ingenuity was

needed: *'we glaz'd the lights & took them in our Boat, to the meadow opposite, & then into the road, because we could not get them up the stairs on Harnham Bridge'* (I,167). Other jobs included work on shop fronts (I,105-6), greenhouses in gardens and nurseries (I,39), and cleaning windows (I,142). Occasional comments suggest the elements of design involved: *'one day there was wanted a Coloured Pane of Glass for a sky light'*, (I,143); and William's delight in the result of their efforts literally shines through: at the Benson's *'the front of the old House was glaz'd by us with best plate Glass, the old lead window lights taken out of the stone frames & the plate glass put into the stone frames. It gave an additional beauty to the old front, & reflected a transparency never seen before'* (I,164).

The significance of glass in William's life seemed to go beyond the routine of his work. He wrote at some length on the removal of stained glass windows from the Cathedral (I,25-26). In 1837 his eleven year old sister Elizabeth *'had the misfortune to break a pane of glass'* at her school *'she appeared very much frightened, she came home about a fortnight before Christmas & was quite lost, & went to bed the next day in the brain fever, remained partly insensible nearly the whole of the time, and died on the 27 Decr'* (I,70). When his beloved sister Henrietta died in 1877, William *'put a piece of very stout plate glass, in my Sister's coffin, & wrote an inscription on it, with my diamont, which will last for ages, under ground, or in the sea ...'* (I,121).

Internal and external painting was the Smalls' second main activity, not only of window frames and shutters but also walls, railings, boats, and much more besides. There were many indications that reveal them to have been skilled craftsmen employed for delicate, intricate work, as well as routine tasks such as whitewashing ceilings. At Mompesson House in the Close William described colours, and intricate designs: *'the elegant panell'd walls of the Stair case, with their beautiful plaster work, were painted pea green & picked out a rich cream colour'* (I,157). They worked on clocks: *'resilver a dial & trace the figures'* (I,139), signwriting (I,230), names at the Races (I,185), Chapel seat numbers (I,160) and numerous coffin plates.

In contrast to the glazing, the reader learns relatively little of the 'technical' side of these painting activities, and almost nothing about the materials used. When Smalls' and Randalls' business merged, William mentioned King, Long & Co, Colour & Glass Merchants of Southampton as having an interest. There were possible suppliers nearer to hand, such as Robert Vickery 'oil & colour man' of Winchester Street or perhaps some of the 'chemist & druggists', or ironmongers.

William Small's description of the tasks they carried out for the Jervoise family at The Moat, Britford, provides a valuable summary of the varied activities of the business: *'in 1848 we painted the front entrance, part of the staircase & a room, & mended some windows. ... In 1874 the present F M Jervoise Esq Employed us to Paint & paper the small drawing Room, to Regild the two large looking Glasses, & to stain & varnish Floors etc. The Bill was 26£ 9 6d. in 1875 we painted the whole of the Front Hall, staircase, passages, landings etc etc & Picking out Mouldings & whitewashing ceilings. Glazing New Sashes to Dining room, with best Plate & flattened Crown Glass etc etc And painting the Gardeners house at the Corner, inside & out. 40.18.6 ... In 1877 the last Bill 31£ 6 9d for Glazing with Plate & Crown Glass, Painting & papering Large Drawing room complete, Taking*



Signwriters at work, from A J Lewery 1989 Signwritten Art

down looking glasses ...part Gilding, whitewashing ceiling & picking out cornice Black & White' (I,231).

Plumbing was seldom mentioned in William's reminiscences; it may be that it formed only a minor part of their business, or that William himself specialised in the glazing and painting. Lead would have been used to join small panes in glazing when constructing intricate window patterns. Smalls worked for organist Arthur Corfe⁶² when he had a leak in a flat roof: *'he had it recovered with stout Zinc by us, upon the copper. I do not think he was aware that it was a copper roof, or perhaps he would have had it taken off, for it was valuable, but*

there is now for someone else' (I,183). They made lead coffins (I,140) and dealt in old lead from Mr Hale the builder: *'sometimes as much as 30 cwt & we sent it to London'* (I,204).

Danger was ever-present in the life of men working in building trades, and they suffered from a variety of ill-health and injuries. Warnings were to be found in the manuals published for tradesmen, with advice to 'lay by a provision for the time of trouble or sickness' '[t]his duty is particularly incumbent upon a plumber, painter and glazier'. In particular 'so unhealthy is the employment of a painter, that he is generally incapacitated, before old age comes upon him, from pursuing his business' with the consequence that a Benefit Society will not admit a painter.⁶³ The Small family suffered from the adverse effects of their calling. William Small senior *'injured his leg by the slipping off of a heavy ladder, in our passage, the ladder resting upon another & fell off just as he was passing, & injured the front of his leg severely'* (I,112-3). He died a few months later and his son was convinced the injury was the cause of his death. William was unable to attend his father's funeral as *'I had a swelling in my knee, a pain I had felt there for a long time, caused I believe by my kneeling so much, in my painting work'* (I,113). His own son's death certificate shows he had been suffering from 'strumous disease of the knee joint' for some months before his final illness. It is likely that pressure on the knees when working as a painter exacerbated his tubercular condition. William clearly understood the risks, grateful in 1881 enough *'to thank God for his preserving care for 50 years, at least that I have been engaged in very hazardous work, with ladders etc never met with a serious accident, never had a bone broken ...'* (II,31). However, because there was so little work he was forced to take what he could get at that time: *'the early part of the week I had a very dangerous & awkward job, I was oblig'd to get on a 50 round ladder, to do some painting at my time of life 61 years of age'* (II,210). From his laments over his inability to pay his brother, his rent or his tax bill, it would seem that the Smalls, and particularly William, had no savings (or insurance) to tide them over difficult times and into old age.

Apart from the other Salisbury tradesmen involved in similar and related industries, William Small's commentary of the people they worked for, or lived near, or otherwise interacted with, shows the variety of trades to be found in a provincial city. His references can be seen as putting flesh on the bare bones of the lists to be found in contemporary commercial directories.⁶⁴ Most of the production, processing, and service industries were mentioned; some, such as horse-hair manufacturing⁶⁵ (I,147) and cutlery (I,49) were on the wane, others would continue to flourish in an urban centre that attracted customers from a wide agricultural hinterland. Tailors (I,74) bootmakers (I,75), milliners (I,110), linen drapers (I,226), carriers (I,91), wheelwrights (I,28), millers (I,135), curriers (I,191), chimney sweeps (I,193), grocers (I,225), along with sieve makers, saddlers (I,224), rope and twine makers (I,213) all supplied the needs of the citizens of Salisbury and the neighbouring villages.

These volumes provide a rich if erratic picture of one specialised trade within its local context.

POLITICS AND RELIGION

In the lives of the Small family, politics, religion and commerce overlapped and sometimes came into conflict with each other.

William Small was a youthful observer of the Reform ‘riots’ of October 1831 when he described helping his father reglaze the windows of the Eyres’ house, the Hungerford Chantry, on Choristers’ Green, broken by a mob ‘*that paraded the streets, & about 60 or 70 Sash Squares were smashed at Mr D Eyre’s, front windows*’ (I,158). There were many in the city who strongly supported reform but there was little violence compared with Bristol (II,281).⁶⁶ Despite establishment opposition within Salisbury there was great rejoicing when the bill eventually became law in June 1832.

As Methodists (William Small normally described his family as Wesleyan, but uses both terms), the Smalls might be expected to vote Liberal/Whig, but as tradesmen the majority of their employers in Salisbury were Anglicans and Tories and this posed a dilemma to William Small senior which had far reaching implications in an age before the secret ballot was introduced in 1872, meaning additional pressure as elections approached. ‘*We received the greater portion of our support from the Church of England men, Clergy & laity & even Roman Catholic’s . . . the work my father did for dissenters, were as nothing compared to what he did for the other party. So you can plainly see what a harassing state my father was placed in*’ (I,132–133).

William Small depicted the ‘*exciting*’ Salisbury election between Hussey and Bouverie with vivid accounts of the activities of the Anti Corn Law League (I,132–3).⁶⁷ His emotions and feelings may well describe the turbulent times but unfortunately his memory and historical accuracy fail him. The date of the election is given as 1842; this is incorrect but there were two Salisbury by-elections the following year, in May and November 1843. In May the two contestants were indeed Hussey (Conservative) and Bouverie (Liberal), with the former emerging as the elected representative. Many liberals appeared to have abstained and the *Journal* commented that ‘the absence of the ballot is the only reasonable excuse which they give’.⁶⁸ The ‘*harassing state*’ of William Small senior became clear on election day. ‘*My father’s motto was, & let every man do just as he thinks proper, in this free country*’ and consequently ‘*My Father & Mother thought they would take a ride into the Country on the day in Question . . . & never should I have the audacity to question him about it*’ (I,131–3).

The *Salisbury Journal* made no mention of the League during the May election, but in an eventful year a further by-election took place in November 1843 following the death of Wadham Wyndham, the sitting member since 1835. The election was between the Conservative John Campbell, nephew of Wyndham, and the free trade candidate the Hon Edward Pleydell-Bouverie, backed by very active League members. Despite William Small’s understandable confusion over the dates and the exact election his account of the Anti Corn Law League in Salisbury corresponded with that given by the *Salisbury Journal*. William wrote ‘*We had the League in Salisbury for a week or two previous. [to the election] business almost suspended, there was Richard Cobden, John Bright, [R R R] Moore & others holding tea Meetings, Lecturing*

in the open Air . . . at 2 or 3 large Malt Houses etc'.⁶⁹ Similarly the local paper referred to the 'great bustle and activity' and 'crowded audiences', the tea parties and meetings all over the city where lectures were delivered 'in favour of free trade'. William Small went further: '*the excitement increased almost to a public riot . . . streets were blockaded . . . it was quiet (sic) dangerous to walk abroad*' (I,132).⁷⁰

The Conservative candidate, Campbell, won the election to the great disappointment of the League which had invested its considerable organisational powers behind the free trade candidate in Salisbury. William wrote of a '*total defeat of the League*', but his father's abstention in May was significant for the future of the Smalls' business in a way which reveals much about small town politics. '*This little incident was magnified into a mountain by the defeated party, & there was as many lies said over it, as I would take years of prayers to erase*'. To illustrate this point, in a rare example of humour, William related the story of a roasting pig filled with sovereigns (I,134-5).

More seriously William Small senior lost work from Dissenters as a result of his political views. One of several examples, Mr Gregory, the Chapel or Circuit Steward seemed to have '*fished out what my fathers political opinions where*'(sic) and failed to give the Smalls work which they had been expecting. '*My Father & Myself was puzzled to think what was the cause of this mysterious conduct, my Father having attended the Chapel & School ever since 1798 or 1799*' . . . but Mr Gregory, '*After the Election, although my Father did not vote, never more one job of work for him, for Mills, Dwelling House, Chapel, Schools*'. 'So', commented William bitterly, '*my father was under the Gun of the Fowler, like the poor Bird. "Doomed"*' (I,135-7). The whole family suffered as a result of this 'betrayal', not just in the downturn in trade but in personal humiliation as well. When Maria Small visited Thomas Miell, the tailor on New Canal, she was met with hostility, being told that her husband had brought disgrace '*upon himself*

& family, by acting in that scandalous way, at the last Election, he would loose(sic) his trade, for they were going to have exclusive dealings with the Wesleyans, & he would loose his reputation from every quarter'(I,137).

It is perhaps unsurprising, that having lost his dissenting trade, William Small senior then came off the fence and declared his support publicly for the Tory candidate in November 1843, while a further nineteenth-century Salisbury poll book shows that he again voted Conservative in

Short, Robert, Gentleman, The Canal	N	C. B.
Shorto, Henry, Gentleman, Rollestone street		
Shorto, James Thurston, Miller, The Close		
Shuker, William, Innkeeper, Blue-boar-row		
Simmonds, William, Cabinet maker, Catherine street		
Simper, Thomas, Innkeeper, Fisherton		
Skeate, John Ralph, Builder, Bedwin street		
Skilton, Edward, Broker, Butcher row		
Skutt, James, Bricklayer, St. Edmund's church street		
Sleat, William, Surveyor, Beast market		
Sleat, Robert, Carver and Gilder, Beast Market	N	
Small, William, Painter and Glazier, Exeter street		
Smith, Samuel, Butcher. Fisherton street		
Smith, Simon, Butcher, Butcher row		
Smith, Abraham, Shopkeeper, High street		
Smith, William, Banker, (burgess) High street		
Smith, Joseph, Waiter, Gigant street		
Smith, Walter, Cheesefactor, St. Thomas Churchyard		
Smith, Thomas, Chinaman, Catherine street		
Smith, Thomas, Cheesefactor, St. Thomas Church yard		

Poll Book November 1843 election, entry of William Small senior voting for Campbell.

1852. Everything about his eldest son suggests the small town Tory tradesman, and after the Reform Act of 1867 William and his brother John followed their father by voting Conservative in 1869, the last election before the secret ballot.

WILLIAM SMALL AND METHODISM

John Wesley (1703–91) first visited Salisbury in 1738 to see his widowed mother whose son-in-law, Westley Hall, was a curate at Fisherton Anger. He preached in the city over 40 times until 1790 and saw Methodism firmly established. A loyal group first met above a shop in Greencroft Street, but by 1759 they had bought a plot of land in St Edmund's Church Street and there built a small chapel/meeting house which John Wesley described as 'the most complete in England'. William Small's mother, Maria attended '*the first old Chapel, when the entrance was through the cottages adjoining*' (I,48). William himself remembered walking '*under the Cottages in front, & Methodist Chapel was painted on the woodwork of the head way*' (I,148).⁷¹

This building was demolished and rebuilt in 1810–11 '*by a man named Thick*' (I,148) in classical style with a singing gallery where William's mother sang (I,202, I,30). In 1835 the church was enlarged and extended west '*and brought nearer the street*' (I,148) and became essentially the same structure as today. The memoirs contain considerable detail on the extensive rebuilding, the '*principal actor*' behind the renovations being a very popular Wesleyan minister, the Rev James Ackerman.⁷² '*There was a fine porch on Pillars in front, & 2 vestrys at the entrance, on each side, with glass sashes all round . . . The Galleries extended to the Back wall & the Pulpit was fixed to it, between the two windows*', with a '*new singing Gallery. . . & 2 new vestry's built on the North side*' (I,148–9). William Small saw further changes to the church in 1870 when it underwent '*a thorough repair, . . . the front entrance newly paved*', with the painting, glazing and gilding '*executed by us, the numbers on the seats that I did in 1835, was fresh done & extra work Gratis amounting to 5or 6£.*' (I,160). Five years later he saw a new organ installed providing painting work for him which he again seems to have provided free of charge (I,161).

Nationally the 1840s and 1850s were difficult years for the Wesleyan Methodists and the Salisbury circuit suffered severely from a division within its ranks leading to a breakaway 'Reform' group building a new chapel in Milford Street in 1852, supported by local tradesmen (rebuilt in 1897 and currently, 2011, the Chapel nightclub). The Wesleyan Reform Movement dated back to 1849 when three ministers, the Revs Griffith, Dunn and Everett (I,199) were expelled from the church following a long period of agitation for change. Accused of writing anonymous letters known as 'fly sheets', they were critical of what was seen as excessive centralisation within the ministry.

In Salisbury the Wesleyan Reform Movement met in the Methodist School Room in Salt Lane in 1851 and agreed to '*diffuse information among Wesleyans . . . and to employ all its energies in correcting and removing the many abuses . . . in the present system*'.⁷³ Two central figures at this and subsequent meetings were Mr Gregory of Fisherton Mills and Thomas

Miell, tailor, both of whom had refused to trade with William Small senior following his abstention in the May 1843 by-election (I,135-7).

The national leader of the Reform Movement, the Rev William Griffith, a radical in politics as well as religion, was due to address a Salisbury meeting advocating reform, chaired by Thomas Miell. The *Salisbury Journal* reported that 400 'partook of tea' but were 'greatly disappointed' that, owing to a double booking, Griffith was unable to come.⁷⁴ He did eventually speak at the largest Reform meeting in the city and by December, rival tea meetings 'with vocal and instrumental music' were held simultaneously, the Conference ('orthodox') party at the chapel in Church Street and the Reform party at the School Room in Salt Lane.⁷⁵

William Small provides us with a personal description of the acrimonious rift in the movement, referring to Mr Gregory of Fisherton Mills, from whom he also lost business, as being the '*principal leader of the party*'. As might be expected, William remained strongly on the side of orthodox Methodism but was aware of '*party feeling running very high and any amount of Slander going on*'. He recounted with some feeling what he saw as the unchristian effects of the division (I,199-200). Large numbers deserted the Church Street Methodists. A financial report of 1852 refers to a 'great calamity. . . We have lost more than half our society and two parts out of three of our congregation so that our seat rents do not produce half what they used to do'.⁷⁶

On the other hand William's interest in education showed him as progressive in his support for the teaching of writing in Sunday Schools, rather than simple knowledge of the bible. The Wesleyan Methodist Conference of 1827 had asserted that Sunday Schools 'should be strictly and entirely religious institutions . . . for the Christian instruction and education of the children of the poor'.⁷⁷ Reading the bible was one thing; writing was quite another matter. '*One party [in the city] wanted to do away with the writing on Sundays*' but his own thirst for knowledge led him to give whole hearted support for '*Mr Sangers party, in the old Barracks in Church St to continue learning the boys & girls to write, hundreds . . . had to thank sunday schools for learning to write, or they never would have had it.*' (I,203).⁷⁸

William Small provides glimpses of the difficulties that Methodists endured in the early nineteenth century and the courage shown in the face of considerable harassment. His grandmother, Lydia, '*was a godly woman*' and she and others were taunted by mobs who '*would follow them up from Harnham with tin pots, kettles & frying pans & back again from the Chapel, [in St Edmund's Church St] & no one to interfere, no policemen, no order, no nothing. . . the majority of the Harnham people was strongly against the Methodists.*'⁷⁹ He continues to record the physical problems endured by his father and friends, who when listening to the Sunday preaching in Harnham '*in a field down the old lane*' had to suffer the indignity of '*a booth erected there, for drinking & smoking & any sorts of Games to annoy them & . . . drive them away*', even threatening to shoot their '*dam'd Methodist hen*'. Undeterred by the antagonism the '*band of Godly young men*' continued to hold their prayer meetings '*in their Houses & Singing & Godly exhortations, instead of drinking & dancing*' (I,48-50).⁸⁰

Despite receiving most commissions of work from Church of England employers, the Small family remained staunch Methodists. William's father

attended Sunday School from 1798/1799 'first in Gigant St. Secondly at a large room adjoining the Pheasant Inn, & lastly in Salt Lane' (I,49).⁸¹

The Salisbury Methodist Sunday School Attendance Books show the registration of William Small senior, as a teacher, from June 1809 until April 1822 on both Sunday mornings and afternoons, with the attendances and absences of his pupils. From October 1834, a William Small is again registered as a teacher but it is impossible to know whether this is the teenage William helping out, or his father. By 1838 the numbers attending are tiny and the register ceases.⁸²

Class tickets appear to be a significant part of the Smalls' membership of the Methodist Church. First introduced in Bristol in 1741 they were issued every quarter to those who attended weekly class prayer meetings. They were collected and highly valued, in some instances even placed in members' coffins. William's grandmother, Lydia, had class tickets dating back to the late eighteenth century. These 'are lost and gone, but I have tickets by me now of her's, for the years (from 1801- 1815), nearly everyone complete' (I,48). He also kept his father's, mother's and sister's tickets. His mother began life as a Baptist at the old chapel in Brown St⁸³ (1804-5), only joining the Wesleyan Methodist church several years later. There she attended class meetings, sang in the choir and enjoyed the preaching of the Revs Thomas Ashton, James Ackerman and James Radford 'affectionate & zealous preachers' (I,106-107).

Henrietta, William's 'dear' sister, was a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Society from 1847 until her death in 1877. She clearly treasured her class tickets, writing religious sentiments on the reverse, and was sufficiently well regarded to be accepted as a Sunday school teacher and class leader 'especially to the young. . . and was . . . much beloved'. In a rather obscure passage William hints at opposition and 'uncharitable words' from within the church towards his sister, so that when she left her duties after 25 years because her mother needed her at home 'not one of the officials of the school ever said a word about her long service for God or thanked her . . . for her. . . self sacrifice. I think she felt this sharply' (I,110-112)

The chapel was central to William's upbringing although the splits in the church and 'religious pretenders' (I,199-200, I,34) may have helped to determine a certain cynicism in his outlook. Also as previously mentioned the conflict between Methodism and the Smalls' wealthy employers may well have tempered his religious zeal. Surprisingly too, given that Methodism identified itself with the temperance movement in the nineteenth century, neither William nor his father, nor brother John, were teetotal. On one occasion working at Broad Chalke, the farmer brewed his own beer 'and real good stuff it was, I have drank out of Silver cups there, many times, & my Father also' (I,206, see also I,134-5, I,146, I,99, I,207, I,225, II,31).

During his deep depression in 1881 his faith did not desert him although his commitment to the Methodist Church was possibly less convincing than that of his mother and sister. In early September 1881 he expressed his bitterness with the chapel community; 'I dont feel inclined to go. I might say that I dont . . . have a friend there, although I have attended there from my earliest years. Scarcely ever one of them ever supports me, . . . and yet they must know my loneliness and sorrow, and how I stand in need of a little kind support and sympathy'

(II,251). However, in one of his last entries on 26 September 1881 he wrote; *'I shall go if please God go (sic) to the Chapel tonight'* (II,356).

In the nineteenth century Nonconformists had the right to be buried in parish graveyards and William's grandmother, parents, and siblings were buried together in Britford church yard, with Henrietta in an adjoining grave (II,78). In 1857 the London Road cemetery had opened and this offered a further, cheaper option as William noted: *'My brothers asked me the next day, [following Henrietta's death], where she had better be buried, at the Cemetery they proposed, as it would be extra fees at Britford. I said Britford she will be buried, for it was her desire'* (I,121). Henrietta was buried, as was her mother, by the Rev Arthur Morres (II,118). It was, however, possible for Methodist preachers to hold funeral sermons and this occurred on 20 January 1878, despite William's apprehension. *'The Chapel people seem'd determined to have a funeral sermon for her, although it was not my desire . . . The sermon was preached on Sunday night . . . by the Rev J Blackely (sic) to a crowded congregation . . . & it was a very impressive discourse, although I was not there'* (I,125). William's eleven year old sister Elizabeth died in 1837 and was given a walking funeral; *'six young men carried her [from East Harnham to Britford church] and myself, father [and two others] followed her'* (I,70-71).

The Smalls were employed as tradesmen on a regular basis by St Edmund's Methodist Church eg 1852 'Mr Small Painter [William senior] as per acct £2. 8. 6'. After her husband's death, Maria continued the connection, in 1866 presenting an account for two years' work for £16. 8. 3. From 1877 her name was replaced by 'Mr Small', presumably William, because Mr J Small also occurred in the transactions. William received the substantial sum of £22. 3. 6. in 1877 and the last account recorded was on July 9 1881 for £3. 7. 6, during the depths of his despair when he was endeavouring to make ends meet (II,210, II,226). From 1866 - 1881 the church also received receipts from John Small for a cottage in St Edmund's Church Street; 1879 'Cottage rent Jno Small £9. 2. 0'.⁸⁴

For the Wesleyan historian these 'Memories' provide considerable information on the church buildings, the ministers and the divisions within Methodism in Salisbury.

NATURE AND SEASONS

William Small was very aware of the natural surroundings he encountered in his daily life. Plants and animals, particularly birds, feature throughout these volumes, and his interest and close observation provide a fascinating record for the modern reader. The agricultural area surrounding the city impinged on Salisbury in many ways, farmers came weekly to the market, rural products were processed in urban workshops, and people living on the outskirts had occupations as farm labourers.⁸⁵

Describing the Close some fifty years earlier, William Small showed both his eye for detail and the way the area had changed: *'The Close was quite different then from what it is now, Wild thorn & elder hedges in a wild state, a great many large trees about. . . the Grass was laid up for Hay & Farmer Drake*

of Netherhampton, used to bring his Waggon in, & cart it away. in 1836 or 1837 there was a very high wind in January I think, & blew down all the stately Elm trees on one side of the walk (called lovers walk) but one, prostrate across the field, then the same year the present young ones were planted' (I,161-2).

William's regular walks from his home in New Street to Britford churchyard provided him with the opportunity to reflect on the passing seasons, the impact of weather on farming, and the progress of the growing crops: *'The Wheat looked well, some carried, & some in sheaf, and some not cut. The barley looked magnificent and nearly ripe, looking almost like a level lawn, with scarcely a weed, or beaten down. The turnips looking pretty well also'*. On that same occasion he noticed the livestock: *'The Cows were coming along the bank of the river opposite, to the Dairy ...'* (II,223).

An important characteristic of the area between Harnham and Britford, as well as elsewhere around Salisbury, was the system of floated water meadows that provided irrigation for an early crop of grass for grazing.⁸⁶ William Small was acquainted with the skilled workmen – drowners – employed to maintain the channels and banks (I,101). He appreciated the importance of control of water to prevent flooding, and commented on the use made by Richard Jervoise of Britford of the water meadows and the former Avon Navigation to this end: *'being sensible of the great improvements to be made upon meadow lands, by drowning them at proper seasons, took the advantage of the bays and locks, which were erected for the use of the navigation and still left standing, for making a cut quite through his estate, ... enabled to turn the whole river as he pleased into the new cut he had made, and there with it overflow his meadow at convenient seasons. And [it became] perfectly clear from the influence of former inundations'* (I,12)

Familiarity with these water systems was important on the sad occasions when searches had to be made for people who had fallen into the river or jumped from Harnham Bridge: *'the water was drawn off, as much as possible, & the streams dragged but without success. ... one clear frosty morning My father Myself & our apprentice went down the stream in our Boat in search, the stream was low & very clear; just as we approached the division of the water, the original stream and the New Cut, at the point of the Island facing Harnham Bridge; The drowner for Mr Jervoise, named Broad, was in a flat bottom boat, with another man, in search also ... suddenly he called out here he is''*. *We went with our Boat to the spot & saw the body lying in a deep hole, at the angle of the Island'* (I,103).

By the nature of their business, the Smalls were involved with the market gardeners and nurserymen in the city (I,67). Panes of glass needed replacing from time to time, and it could be important to their business that this was done promptly. Allotments were available for people who wanted to grow their own food; after recording the building of Harnham House for Mr W Brownjohn, William recalled *'the other portion of the field was let out in allotments for the use of the inhabitants of Harnham, & so it is at this day, and new oak pegs that divided the allotments at each side of the centre path was painted white & numbered by my Father'* (I,32).

William was very proud of the gardens on the Bridge. Both the Smalls and their neighbours in the adjoining house had productive and attractive grounds. Mr Hill *'was a good gardener, had plenty out of his garden for their use, Good potatoes, Cabbage, Onion, lettuce etc & plenty of fruit, he had a splendid*



Salisbury, Harnham Bridge 1928, showing Smalls' house and garden.
80937. © The Francis Frith Collection

Harbour Interwoven with White roses & honeysuckles facing that beautiful meadow on the other side of the stream' (I,77). William said of their garden 'One might call it a little paradise'. It was certainly generously provided with fruit: 'The waters edge was, well planted with black currant trees, which were generally loaded with fruit, and we had to pick a great portion of them in a Boat'. They also had flowers: 'especially White Roses & Gillyflowers, we had a show of splendid double Gillyflowers, one year in particular, quite a grand sight from the Bridge for 1 or 1ft 6 inches in length, and filling the air with delicious perfume' (I,63-4).

Many different varieties of wild flowers grew in fields and along footpaths, and William Small was a meticulous observer as he walked around the area. There was a meadow beyond their garden on the Bridge 'studied with, daisies, kingcups, cuckoo flowers, batchelors buttons etc, and had the appearance of belonging to the garden almost, which the garden & meadow, & rich scenery beyond from the Bridge, appeared enchanting' (I,63). One day the churchyard at Britford 'was luxuriant, beautifully enamell'd with wild flowers splendid in colour' (II,181).

Amongst the flowers and trees William recorded numerous wild birds. 'The aged thorn trees, that stood in different parts of this beautiful meadow ... are now perfectly loaded with berries, ripening in this warm sun for the poor birds in winter'. 'The Kingfisher ... disturbed from the bank, fly down the stream chattering ... With its beautiful verdigris green on its sides & Red breast' (II,224). 'I heard the thrushes singing away, as I was getting up' (I,83). 'The cuckoo was singing, the swallow was flying over the silver stream' (II,79). It should not be forgotten that this was a time when shooting birds for sport or food was a common activity: 'he used

to bring down young rooks' (I,61); 'we were just about to fire at a thrush in one of his trees' (I,23).

Fishing was a popular pastime and it was important for success that the fishermen understood the varieties available, their habits and behaviour. Chalk streams in the area were famous for trout, and William also mentions grayling amongst his catches. Eels too were a significant source of food. As well as being a skilled gardener, Mr Hill 'did purchase a large Eel pot or Holly, every year & have a rope attached to it, and bait it with snails, & throw it into the water by the side of his garden in different places, & always have plenty of Eels' (I,75-6).

Flowers played an important symbolic role in Williams's life, closely associated with his mother, and especially with his sister. He described taking flowers from the garden to place on Henrietta's grave ('the dear spot' as he frequently called it), sometimes 'a nosegay' (II,114), sometimes 'the Boquet' (II,181); more often 'a flower' (II,209) or even 'a small flower' (II,218). When his mother died in 1877 he had 'pluck'd all the Best flowers in the Garden, especially double Gillyflowers, and put into the Coffin'. On the anniversary of her death four years later, he 'pluck'd the best flowers in the Garden, and put them in a vase on her Pillow for the day' (II,180). Amongst his choice of poetry, flowers, nature, and the seasons were common themes. Perhaps of particular significance was 'My Sister's Garden' (I, 127).

A consistent topic in William's commentary was the weather and the seasons: 'the weather is proverbially the topic of conversation in these islands, and a never failing source of interest' (II,219). He often intertwined it with the wildlife he saw, as well as with agriculture.: 'The Month of December 1880, was unusually mild, a yellow butterfly was caught, by a gardener in Salisbury, & I myself saw a beautiful crimson spotted butterfly in the window of a House where I was at work, near the middle of Decr.' (I,83). But his interest again ranged far and wide: 1881 was an exceptional year for extremes of temperature, 'passing from Siberia in January into India in July' (II,219-20). He gives details of other years of exceptional summer heat in the USA and Europe (II,227) and in the second volume he records on a weekly and sometimes almost daily basis, descriptions of weather conditions, covering local observations to national and indeed international catastrophes. We find concerns about the harvest and the mundane need for an umbrella in September 'to shade me from the fierce rays of the sun' to comments on 'clouds of flying ants' in Manitoba (II,223, II,244, II,251, II,356, II,363).

His longest sections refer to specific and well-documented local disasters: the 1841 floods in the Shrewton and Tilshead area when the River Till caused devastation, and the 'great blizzard' of 1881. These calamities are both noted meticulously and in the case of the 1881 snow storm, copied verbatim from the *Salisbury Times*.⁸⁷ 'Salisbury, we would assure our readers, is not situate in the Arctic regions. . . the Sarumite is a brave man in theory. . . but before the stern reality of snow & sleet – he is a sorry coward' (I,84-97).

His comments on the 1841 floods were related to his own personal experiences: 'we & Mr Hill had left the 2 houses on the Bridge. . . & a good job for us that we did, about 5or 6 months and both houses were unoccupied at the time of the flood, or some of us no doubt would have been drowned. . . it was on Saturday just about dusk on the 16 January 1841, that the waters came down, the whole of the

Close was flooded, & men pushed about in boats. He also referred to the flooding of Fisherton, Exeter St, East and West Harnham. (I,77). The essence of his description of the 1841 Shrewton district floods corresponds to the *Salisbury Journal*' account, both giving dramatic commentaries of the disasters affecting the Blewden and Fullford families but William's is significantly different in detail (I,77-83).⁸⁸

William Small was a keen observer of the environment in which he lived and worked. His commentary demonstrates his awareness of how patterns and variations had an impact on his state of mind and his activities.

LEISURE AND RECREATION

For the self employed working man there was probably not a great deal of time left for leisure and recreation and this appears to be the case for the Small family. Holidays of more than a day's duration were exceptional: *'my father never used to think of having any holiday & it was one of the rarest things if ever he did'* (I, 52). Moreover work commitments might mean missing public celebrations, such as those in May 1814, following Napoleon's abdication and banishment to the island of Elba. *'His master did go out sometimes [when William Small senior was an apprentice to his cousin, James Millett] but my father was oblig'd to be there, to take orders & mind the house. . . When the ox was roasted in the Market Place . . . in 1814 he had to stay at his master's til 10. oclock at night, to attend to the candles etc. . . & when he went home to Harnham it was pretty well all over'* (I,52).⁸⁹

As the son of a skilled craftsman, the young William Small probably enjoyed a reasonable standard of living. He spent many happy hours both as a child and as a youth enjoying country pursuits, rowing his boat on the Avon, being *'very fond of fishing'* (I,130). He inherited his love of fishing from his father who *'I have heard him say, caught a very fine Grayling once at Harnham when a little boy when fishing for minnows, with a crook'd pin'* (I,99-100). William, as a lad, was sent home to the 'Bridge' to get some paint for his father, *'but my mind was more on fishing than on work, it was a splendid morning in May, & the Trout were then in their beauty'*. He went into his garden and *'in less than five minutes had a beautiful Trout on my hook . . .and I was away again to my father, all done in less than Half an Hour'* (I,27).

There were equally fond memories of times in his boat: with Mr and Mrs Bowns and a picnic of *'Beer, Tobacco & Bread & Cheese, & we used to take the Gun & shoot the rats etc'* (I,214), and with Henrietta *'when she was very young down the stream in our Boat . . . [catching] a very fine Grayling or Umber'* (I,71).

William Small senior also used the opportunity to make a little extra cash from hiring out boats at East Harnham: *'[my father] thought he would get a Boat or two to let out by the hour, or by the day, for pleasure or fishing. . . The young gentlemen from the Close & town soon paid visits'* (the Eyres, Wyndhams, Bouveries, Husseys among others). General Wyndham (brother of Wadham Wyndham MP) came *'nearly every afternoon . . . for to sail up & down the river . . . even Noblemen used to come in the May month, for Trout Fishing . . . The Honbl Mr St John, one of the Bolingbroke family . . . Used to come every year. . . I often used to attend him & land his fish, he was very kind to me & used to give me*

five shillings . . . besides Hooks, Gut, sometimes a good line etc'. Apart from the not insubstantial payment, William shared the generous hamper sent from the White Hart (I,61-2). It was not only the Salisbury gentry who made use of the boats but also '*Most of the Methodist club*' (I,73). The success of the boats had a profitable spin-off for his father's trade as '*these young Gentlemen, spoke a word for him at home & he soon began to work for their parents*' (I,63).

Older forms of sport and rustic pursuits survived into the first half of the nineteenth century as William notes. Before the house 'Harnham Cliff' was built in 1825, '*the Cliff . . . was a wild, romantic, uncultivated place, a large chalk pit . . .*', and according to his father '*a secluded place, for all sorts of games, such as fighting . . . cock fighting, badger baiting, Mountebanks, Snapping at treacle loaves, a camping place for Gipseys*' (I,31-2, I,100).⁹⁰

The Salisbury fair, which should have brought colour into William's life is not mentioned, only the Whitsun fair in the Close '*held in the field, at the Back, where was Booths, shows, Punch & Judy. . . Curds sold under the trees, standing all up the High St, Beer sold under the Cathedral Walls, & the Horse fair, in the Road by the Deanery*' (I,189). He refers to the Bank Holiday⁹¹ of 1 September 1881 when discussing the poor weather prospects; '*two fetes will be held in Pinckneys & Rigden's grounds*' (II,219).⁹²

On a rare outing, his parents, with their apprentice, visited Weyhill fair, near Andover, travelling in a fly with friends Mr & Mrs Bowns '*for a little pleasure*'. Unfortunately the apprentice acted recklessly, falling for a cheating game, thus losing '*the little money he had saved. some 10 or 12 Shillings at pricking the garter*' (I,214).⁹³

The Royal Counties' Agricultural Show in the Butts, '*top of Castle St*' took place in June 1881. William assiduously recorded details of the numbers, the takings, the intense heat and especially the amazing '*pyrotechnic display*' in the Market Place including '*saucissons, . . . "the falls of Niagra", myriads of stars*' (II,193-6).⁹⁴

William occasionally found time for more unexpected activities. Twice he showed remarkable initiative in climbing the cathedral tower and spire, once to the 'weather door' and the second time to the very top. In one of his most vivid accounts he describes his ascents, revealing a strong head for heights. '*In August 1867. About ¼ to 6 in the morning I went down to ascend the Spire again . . . So on we went together up the stone steps sometimes in total darkness, got to the Eight Doors, under the Rooffs, then up the perpendicular ladders in the Spire, then Out of the Weather Door, & up the Handles very quickly, it required some degree of strength & nerve to accomplish it, the most difficult part was in getting over the cap stone. . . we stood on the very summit & even on the Vane held on to the Cross. . . (for) ten minutes at least. . . The view was a magnificent one, you could see. . . nearly 20 Miles. . . so we got down safely thank God for all his mercies*' (I,163-4).⁹⁵

The principal place of recreation for the urban working classes in the nineteenth century was the pub, its only rival being the Nonconformist chapel. William Small did visit local inns regularly, but his memoirs do not give the impression of the pub being central to his social life. Equally, although his family was deeply involved in the local Methodist Church, there are only occasional references to tea meetings and visiting speakers (II,341-2) and William appears to distance himself from the Wesleyan community.

In the early years recalled in this Memoir, the Smalls had moments of enjoyment amidst the pressures of work. In later years, William's main leisure activities were writing his memoirs and walking to Britford on Sunday.

TRANSPORT

The coming of the railways brought new leisure opportunities for the working classes from the late 1840s. But this revolution seems largely to have bypassed William Small. Steam trains were the symbol of a new age and touched the popular imagination, but writing in 1881 he accepted them as a normal part of life which needed little additional comment.

The only rail journey he reported was to Bath, travelling with his father and Mr Richard Read, builder. They went via Box tunnel, '*& on our return we were detained there for some considerable time. I was very much frightened . . . but the cause of the delay I never heard. we did not get to Salisbury until 1 in the Morning*' (I,201).⁹⁶

This incident may have deterred him from further rail travel, but William was certainly aware of the decline in stage coaches. He reminisced on the dangers and difficulties of coach travel in the '*old*' days, the coaches travelling over Salisbury Plain, with its flocks of bustards, in snowy weather and where, even on fine days '*the traveller might lose his way*'. With transport improvements from the mid eighteenth century, '*broadly marked roads began to traverse the Plain in all directions and are now equal to most of the country roads we meet with*'. In a somewhat sentimental account he records particulars of the coachmen and their coaches: '*The last of the coaches. . . that ran from the doors of the "3 Swans" was the "Avon", driven by its owner, William Dore. . . But the railway spoilt its trade and William started a coach from Salisbury to Ringwood and back; it was taken off the road 15 years ago*'. He concludes his account of the coaching era with the well-known story of the attack by the escaped lioness on the Exeter to London mail coach in October 1816 at the 'Winterslow Hut' (II,35-39). He also copied a long list of '*coaches, Waggons, & carriers, to & from Salisbury*' in 1786. This is almost identical to that given in '*The Salisbury Guide*' for 1790 and reflects little more than his love of documenting facts (I,273-9).

Writing during the 1881 January snow storms he reports the disruption: '*Traffic almost impossible . . . Salisbury almost isolated*' (I,89).⁹⁷ The details provide a vivid description of the city during a temporary standstill with considerable economic implications. The South-Western line was blocked, traffic on the GWR suspended and no mail carts could leave the Post Office (I,87-89).⁹⁸ Carriers' carts coming to market on the Tuesday were unable to risk the journey home (I, 85). William also recounted the tragic story of the deaths in the blizzard of Mr Farr, head carter, his small son, and the under carter, travelling on the road between Marlborough and Devizes with a team of five horses (I,94-97).⁹⁹

Equally, traffic accidents within the city were widely reported, as in local newspapers today. '*A shocking fatal accident*' occurred on Whit Monday, 6 June 1881. Visitors arriving by train from Gosport and Southampton, hired a horse and wagonette from Mr Goddard's stables to travel to Wilton. On the return journey the horse was first frightened by a train, but then, further

disturbed by 'a gaudily painted milk cart', bolted down Fisherton Street with the occupants being thrown out of the wagonette at the corner of High Street. Although taken by carriage just round the corner to the Infirmary, the oldest member of the party, Henry Kelsey, died the next day from his injuries (II,164-5).¹⁰⁰ The graphic details of this tragedy and the loss of life in the 1881 snowstorm serve as reminders of the continuing dangers of travel by horse in the late nineteenth century.

Apart from his expedition to Bath, William's journeys were limited. There is no mention of visiting London, Bristol or even Southampton. The cost of coach travel was beyond the means of most working men but his apparent rejection of the train is perhaps more surprising given the popularity of cheap day excursions in the second half of the century. Generally he walked to work; to paint the new school at Bishopstone, 'I & our man went the race plain way. . . & I never was out in such a fog before' (I,230). An earlier incident referred to walking home with his father from Coombe Bissett 'on a Dark December Saturday night . . . & when we came to Coombe turnpike by the light of the oil lamp, he took his money out, & put it into his watch pocket, saying that the robbers would not find it. For the roads at that time were not by any means safe.' (I,207-8). Just occasionally he went further afield and needed horse transport; a coach to Codford (for which he paid) to work on the new chapel, with the return journey from Wylde in a trap belonging to an acquaintance (I,228-9). These, however, were rare occurrences; normally, carrying the tools of his trade, he simply tramped the streets of Salisbury.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY SALISBURY¹⁰¹

During the nineteenth century England changed from a largely rural country to an urbanised, industrial society with its wealth based on coal and iron. The textbook 'industrial revolution' was a long way from Salisbury, and for much of the century the community would have remained recognisable to citizens of previous eras. This provincial market city had medieval buildings alongside fine Georgian houses, and attracted artists like Constable and Turner to paint the cathedral surrounded by tranquil water meadows. But the population grew, the city boundaries expanded with the availability of building land and demand for housing, and the economy diversified. In 1801 Salisbury's population was 7,668; by 1851 it had risen to over 11,500 including Fisherton and Milford, and to over 17,000 for the municipal borough in 1901.¹⁰²

By mid-century the medieval chequers were filled with buildings, and Fisherton, Harnham and Milford were no longer separate settlements. The new railway provided employment opportunities and changed the topography of Salisbury as workers' housing was constructed in Fisherton, Milford, and Bemerton. An area of land on the north-east side of the city became available for speculative building in the 1870s and the resulting increase in population put pressure on services.

As the local woollen textile industry had not benefited from the improvements that had affected West Wiltshire and Yorkshire, Salisbury became a service centre for a widespread agricultural hinterland; professional people, traders and craftworkers responded to the demands of an increasingly

prosperous market. Enterprises which produced inputs for commercial agriculture and those which used agricultural raw materials were important at this time.

Although smaller in area than in medieval times, the Market Place continued to play a vital role in the city's life, attracting people from neighbouring towns and villages to the twice-weekly market, and to the annual cycle of fairs. It was also the ideal location for special events such as a bonfire to celebrate the fall of Sebastopol. Citizens and visitors had increasing choice for their purchases, as the number and variety of shops grew. Local craftsmen and women offered a wide selection of items, from clothing to cutlery, books, picture frames, musical instruments and fishing tackle, as well as all manner of food and drink. Gradually larger establishments appeared, particularly in drapery such as Style & Large in Blue Boar Row, successors to the long-established business Coopers (I, 141-2). As the style of shop buildings changed, larger windows to attract customers with displays of goods provided opportunities for glazing firms such as Smalls.

The first railway line to reach Salisbury was the London and South Western Railway's line from Southampton early in 1847, an occasion that was celebrated with a banquet marking a new era in the city's history when some hoped that it would become the 'Manchester of the South'. The broad gauge line from Warminster was completed in 1856; the following year a direct route linking Salisbury with London via Andover was completed, and finally the Salisbury and Yeovil Railway opened in 1859, later extended to Exeter. By the end of that decade Salisbury was the focus of a busy network; the two stations at Milford and Fisherton were considered too distant from the city centre, so a short branch line was built into a splendid covered market house, the facade of which was preserved as part of the city library.

Throughout the Victorian period the city's institutions evolved to take account of the expansion of the population, changing ideas about the solution of social problems, and the national legislative framework within which they operated.

In the first half of the century Salisbury experienced religious and political agitation, agricultural riots, and cholera. Following the end of the long wars against France, problems of unemployment, and poor relief became acute. After the 1834 Poor Law Amendment Act, the three city parishes remained as a 'union' with their workhouse in Crane Street, and a new Alderbury Union workhouse was built in 1836 at the junction of the Blandford and Odstock roads just outside the city to accommodate paupers from the Close and twenty-one other local parishes. The two unions amalgamated in 1867 and an enlarged building was constructed on the Alderbury Union workhouse site. Conditions gradually became more humane, but fear of the workhouse remained until the system was abolished in 1929.

The year 1830 was particularly troubled, as the movement for political change gained strength. The traditionally lethargic agricultural workers rebelled first as the Swing Riots swept through south and southeast England in the autumn of 1830, with the Salisbury area at the heart of the unrest. At the same time the movement for parliamentary reform was gathering pace. Members of the House of Commons came from only a tiny fraction of the

population; the rural south was over-represented and the new industrial cities had no MPs between them while Old Sarum was the rottenest of rotten boroughs. In the city itself the campaign for reform was led by the respectable middle classes who were denied a vote in this 'corporation borough' where only councillors were enfranchised, and who therefore reacted jubilantly to the 1832 Reform Act. In the elections that followed there were 578 electors instead of 58, and the constituency was extended to include Milford and Fisherton. The two pro-reform candidates were returned. Mid-nineteenth century political movements were thereafter followed closely in Salisbury, including the Anti-Corn Law League and Chartism. Renewed interest in parliamentary reform in the 1860s saw William Gladstone presenting his ideas to a packed meeting in the city, but it was his great rival Disraeli who passed a far more radical bill the next year. Following the 1867 Reform Act, there was a doubling of the electorate but not until 1872 did the secret ballot remove the difficulty of public voting. In 1884 another change further increased the city's electorate, and reduced the city's representation at Westminster to one MP.

The charter of 1612 remained the basis of local government in Salisbury until the Municipal Corporations Act of 1835. This established a council with a mayor, six aldermen and 18 councillors, equally representing the three wards. Councillors were elected by the ratepayers, and the mayor and aldermen chosen by the council. Their responsibilities included the city's property, the market and fairs, law and order, and the municipal charities. The mayor and aldermen acted as Justices of the Peace and presided at the city's Quarter Sessions which had both judicial and administrative functions. The borough electorate also gradually increased, including the critical change in 1867 when unmarried women ratepayers could vote in municipal elections.

Salisbury Infirmary, founded in 1767, continued to pursue its motto of 'the sick and needy shall not always be forgotten', and both the buildings and the health care provided were expanding. Advances in surgery, increased understanding of disease, progress in nursing techniques and improved hospital organisation all contributed to the service provided by the infirmary staff to the citizens. A medical specialism in which Salisbury held a uniquely enlightened position was the care of the mentally ill. Two private asylums meant there were more psychiatric patients here in the first half of the nineteenth century than anywhere in the country outside London.

Despite improvements in the late eighteenth century, the sixteenth-century Fisherton gaol, just outside the original city boundary, became increasingly squalid and over-crowded. A new county gaol was completed in 1822 near the present day St Paul's roundabout. Public executions took place at the neighbouring gallows until 1855, the same year that saw the disappearance of the stocks in the Market Place.

A new police force was established in 1836 with wider powers than the watchmen who had previously patrolled the streets at night. Salisbury was unique in Wiltshire in that its force remained entirely separate from the county constabulary until 1946. From 1884 the Salisbury Municipal Fire Brigade was supplemented by the Salisbury Volunteer Fire Brigade whose members left their many occupations in the city when called to attend a fire.¹⁰³ Five years

later the two groups were merged, and were described as ‘one of the most useful institutions in the city’.

The city was more densely populated than many large industrial centres, with a poor reputation for health. Tuberculosis continued to be the greatest killer, and smallpox persisted. In 1849 Salisbury suffered a cholera epidemic; by the mid-century Salisbury’s water channels were little better than open sewers, just right to allow the epidemic to spread like wildfire. Nearly 200 people, one in 45 of the inhabitants, died in just under two months. No other town in England suffered to the same extent. Following a Board of Health enquiry, a new water and sewerage system was constructed, greatly improving public health in the city.

In other ways too Salisbury was becoming a safer and healthier place. A gas company was established in 1832, and by the next year Fisherton was enjoying six gas lamps with other parts of the city following rapidly. Fears of suffocation, poisoning or explosion were overcome and the Salisbury Gas Company became a prosperous concern. By the end of the century the Salisbury Electric Light and Supply Company was generating electricity in the Town Mill.

The city witnessed religious intolerance succeeded by a growing acceptance of faiths outside the Church of England. By the early nineteenth century the Nonconformists were well established. Internal splits and disagreements threatened their organisations, but they survived without overt persecution although William Small has revealed pockets of local opposition to Methodists.

Considerable hostility was experienced by the small group of Roman Catholics in this Anglican cathedral city. The Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829 led to aggressive petitions and concern for the ‘Protestant ascendancy’. These fears proved unfounded, toleration grew, and St Osmund’s RC church was opened for worship in 1848, John Lambert¹⁰⁴ providing much of the funding for the building designed by Augustus Pugin. Despite sporadic discontent in the early 1850s, the Catholic community was by then well integrated in city life.

From the late eighteenth century the appearance of the cathedral changed dramatically. Disputed at the time, James Wyatt’s ‘restoration’ of 1789–1792 meant that much of the stained glass and medieval colour disappeared, while Gilbert Scott in the 1860s and 1870s attempted to redress the balance, reversing some of the most controversial ‘improvements’. Services altered too, increasing in number and in the degree of participation of the congregation, Bishop Hamilton preaching in the nave for the first time.

The 1851 religious census revealed the variety of different services available to Salisbury residents: five Anglican including the cathedral, three Methodist, two Independent /Congregational, the Baptist chapel in Brown Street as well as the new Catholic church in Exeter Street. There was opposition initially to the Salvation Army, whose first band was formed in Salisbury in 1878, but just nine years later it was playing at Queen Victoria’s jubilee celebrations and the century ended with the consecration of a new Anglican church, St Mark’s, to meet the demands of the expanding population on the north east side of the city.

Salisbury in the nineteenth century was a provincial cathedral city with an increasingly diverse economy and a varied social structure. Along the streets were to be found a mixture of households, and a wide range of trades people supplying the needs of the citizens and those from neighbouring villages and small towns. William Small and his family were part of the commercial, political and social networks that formed this society.

EDITORIAL NOTE

These two handwritten volumes were discovered by Henry Bristow of Ringwood, an antiquarian bookseller in Hampshire, and acquired by Wiltshire & Swindon Archives in 2003 thanks to a grant from the Friends of the National Libraries. The author died in 1890 in Trinity Hospital, an almshouse in Trinity Street, Salisbury and the subsequent history of these books is not known. Possible fates that can be surmised are that the volumes with other personal possessions were returned to a member of the family on William's death, or that they were stored in Trinity Hospital itself and then put into the market when their archives were being sorted or dispersed. It is most fortunate that the two volumes were kept together, and that they survived, so their historical importance can be appreciated by modern readers. There is no internal evidence that any more volumes ever existed. It appears that Volume I was written between January and April 1881, with Vol II continuing into September.¹⁰⁵ Two later entries were added in March 1886 when William was already living in Trinity Hospital (I,2).

Both books are 32.5 cms by 14 cms by 4 cms, and each contains 368 pages of lined paper ruled as cash ledgers. They are bound in vellum and the front covers are decorated with line patterns, and inscribed

WILLIAM SMALL

1881

Cherished Memories and Associations

The condition of the second volume is considerably more sound than volume 1. On the endpapers in both volumes William Small has stuck cuttings and examples of other people's handwriting, particularly his parents, and written explanatory captions. Apart from these scraps, the books are completed in William's neat and generally very legible handwriting. A page has unfortunately been removed from the first book between pages 57 and 58, at a crucial point in his father's history.

The text has been transcribed and edited to provide the maximum material of interest to the local historian. Although the original has no page numbers, these have been added (with permission) by the editors to assist with indexing and locating personal and place names within the volumes. Notes have been provided to the transcription only if the item had not already been mentioned in the introduction, where an explanatory endnote will be found.

William was very proud of his recall of poetry, but the many examples he reproduces have not been included. The titles and poets (where known)

have been given in the correct position, and in many cases these are available in currently published collections of Victorian poetry.

The other main omission from this transcription is most of the large amount of copied historical descriptive material. Some of this relates to the locality – Stonehenge, Old Sarum and Salisbury Cathedral for example, – and the rest wanders far both geographically and chronologically.

William's use of numerals, ampersands, abbreviations, spelling and grammatical peculiarities has been retained, with occasional alterations of punctuation for clarity of meaning. He is almost consistent in misspelling 'Teusday', 'allways' and 'enough'. Readers who visit the Wiltshire & Swindon History Centre to share our enjoyment of William Small's original writings will also notice his curious use of what appears to be a single bracket at the end of numerous lines of the text. These have not been included in this transcription.

NOTES TO INTRODUCTION

- 1 Hussey and Eyre: See List of Prominent Citizens and Houses.
- 2 Abney Park Cemetery, Stoke Newington, London. A unique non-denominational garden cemetery, established 1840. Its centrepiece Abney Park Chapel was designed to be a landmark to religious toleration.
- 3 Brownjohn: See List of Prominent Citizens and Houses.
- 4 Britford church: St Peter's minster church in Britford is Saxon in origin; much of the nave, and elaborate decorative carving on a doorway, from that date can still be seen. The present chancel and crossing were added in the 14th century, and in 1764-5 the 2nd Viscount Folkestone (later 1st Earl of Radnor) of Longford Castle paid for extensive repairs and further remodelling that created the building drawn by Buckler in 1805, where William's parents were married in 1819. Except for the tower (which was reconstructed in 1903), the appearance of the building changed again in 1872-3 under G E Street, to become the church William himself visited so regularly. The windows were returned to medieval style, the entrance to the nave was returned to the re-opened Saxon doorway, and nearly all the furnishings were renewed. RCHME. 1987. *Churches of South-East Wiltshire*. London: H.M.S.O., 112-5.
- 5 Vincent, D. 1981. *Bread, Knowledge & Freedom: a study of Nineteenth Century Working Class Autobiography*, London: Methuen. Burnett, J. 1984. *Destiny Obscure: Autobiographies of Childhood, Education and Family from the 1820s to the 1920s*. Harmondsworth: Penguin.
- 6 <http://www.brunel.ac.uk/life/study/library/resources/collection#Burnett>.
- 7 see for example Louw, H. 1991. Window-Glass Making in Britain c1660 – c 1860 and its Architectural Impact. *Construction History* 7, 47-68.
- 8 Assembly Rooms: built on the corner of High Street and New Canal, dates from 1802. RCHME. 1980. *Ancient and historical monuments in the city of Salisbury*. London: H.M.S.O., 100.
- 9 'a substitute': following an Act of 1757 (and subsequent amendments) men were selected by ballot to serve in the county militia. There were numerous exemptions, and those chosen could pay for someone to go in their place, either officially or as a private arrangement. In time of war the regular army was supplemented from the militia; this could have happened to Charles Small for him to have been at the Battle of Talavera (27 – 28 July 1809, Peninsular War, England and Spain against

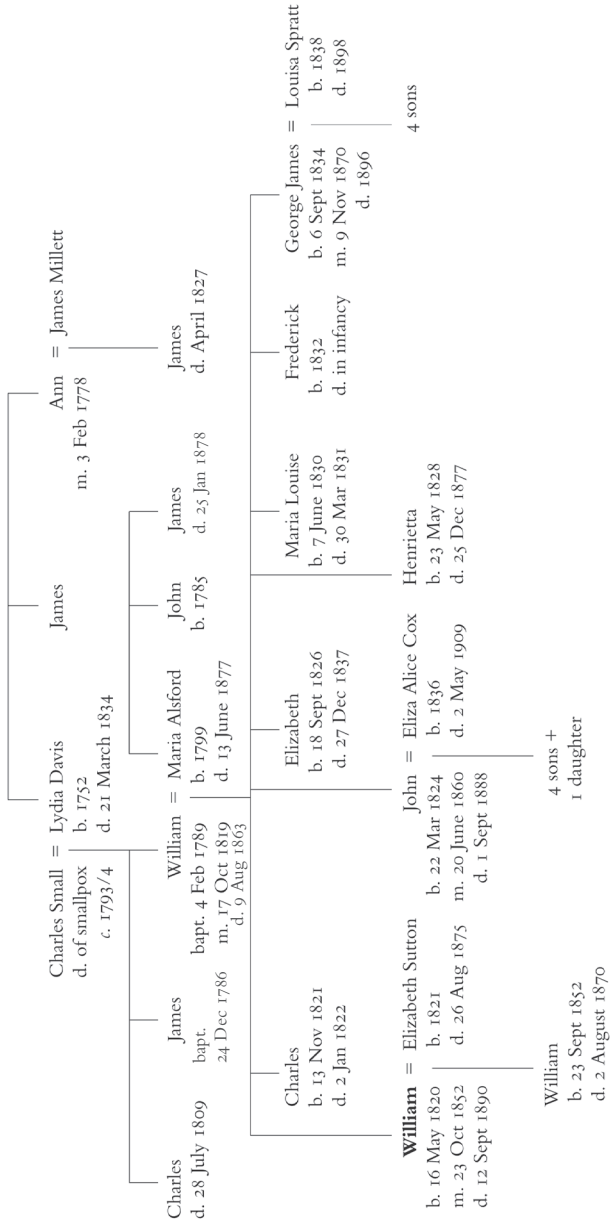
- France) as militia regiments did not serve overseas. An alternative possibility is that he joined the 'Army of Reserve' that was created in the face of the serious threat of invasion in 1803, also partially raised by ballot.
- 10 Fawcett: See List of Prominent Citizens and Houses.
- 11 18 St Nicholas Rd. Described as 'cottages', numbers 16 and 18 were originally one house on Harnham Bridge. Built in the late 16th or early 17th century, the embankment of the bridge means that the entrance is on first floor level. RCHME. 1980, 331.
- 12 WSA 1899/202; 1900/208. 1 New Street was rented by the Smalls from the Husseys from 1851 to 1882. The northern range is early 16th century, the stairs and SW wing were added in the 17th century. RCHME. 1980, 117. William Small described it as '*one of the oldest in the street ... it would be one of my greatest treats to have a history of the house*' (II, 282). Currently (2011) it is a public house, *The Wig & Quill*.
- 13 WSA G23/501/2.
- 14 Benson: see List of Prominent Citizens and Houses.
- 15 Hetley, Morres, Hill: see List of Prominent Citizens and Houses.
- 16 Rev David Morrice: Vicar of St Thomas's church from 1874 and Rural Dean of Wilton from 1880–1885. He was responsible for the restoration of the Doom painting above the chancel arch in St Thomas's church in 1882. He died in 1898. In 1875 he is listed in Kelly's *Directory of Wiltshire* as living in New Street. Wheeler, W.A. 1889 *Sarum Chronology*, 47.
- 17 Lee and Powning: firm of Salisbury solicitors of Chipper Lane, forerunners of Parker Bullen. In 1881 Charles Marsh Lee and William Charles Powning of New Street were the two partners.
- 18 At this time there were two pawnbrokers in Salisbury, George Quinton in Endless Street and William Sewell in Milford Street (1880 *Directory of Wiltshire*) but it is possible that other traders offered a similar service to known customers.
- 19 Wyndham, Benson, and Townsend: see List of Prominent Citizens and Houses.
- 20 Old Volunteers: Volunteer infantry units of citizens were formed in response to need, such as during the Napoleonic wars, and at the time of the Swing Riots. The Sarum Armed Association was established in 1793, and assembled on several occasions in succeeding years under the command of Captain William Boucher, Alderman.
- Salisbury Volunteer Infantry was refounded in 1831 by Lieutenant-Colonel William Bird Brodie, and disbanded in 1841. Respectable inhabitants served as part-time soldiers, as an armed police force patrolling the streets to prevent crime, and also did ceremonial duties, for example, by firing a salute in the Market Place to mark the coronation of William IV in September 1831.
- 21 Grand Jury: the role of the grand jury was to decide which cases had sufficient evidence to merit putting the defendant on trial. All jurors had to meet a property qualification and generally came from the 'middling ranks' of society including tradesmen. Members of the grand jury tended to be wealthier than trial jurors but this was not invariably the case. England abandoned grand juries in 1933.
- 22 WSA 1899/202 St Martin's Poor Rate.
- 23 For example 'needed at home' is given frequently as the reason why nurses at Salisbury Infirmary left their job, or gave up their training.
- 24 Maria's will: see Appendix 1.
- 25 Trinity Hospital: The Hospital of the Holy Trinity was founded in the late 14th century to accommodate twelve poor citizens. Rebuilt entirely in 1702, it is still, following further renovation, an attractive city almshouse providing sheltered housing for older people.

- 26 WSA 1150/153 Salisbury Methodist Church St Trust Accounts 1842-1934.
- 27 WSA 1899/202 St Martins Poor Rate.
- 28 *Salisbury & Winchester Journal* June 5 1852.
- 29 *Salisbury & Winchester Journal* July 27 1872. See Appendix 2.
- 30 *Salisbury Times* August 28 1875. See Appendix 3.
- 31 strumous disease: Strumous refers to disease in which there is severe inflammation of the joints. It is symptomatic of tubercular infection, very common in the 19th century and then commonly found in the bones. As well as necrosis of the bone and abscesses, it caused general debilitation, compromising the immune system, and making the person more susceptible to other diseases, in this case small pox. It is likely that pressure on the knees when working as a painter exacerbated his tubercular condition. Thanks to Dr Sue Hawkins, Historic Hospital Admission Records Project, Centre for Local History Studies, Kingston University.
- 32 WSA 2746/1; VCH Wilts 5, 323-4.
- 33 WSA Rate Books 1899/206; WSA 1446 / box 23 Salisbury Charities - Trinity Hospital.
- 34 London Rd Cemetery: By the early 1850s additional burial space was needed for the city. The Devizes Road Cemetery opened in 1856, and London Road a year later. Johnson, S. 2001. Fisherton Anger (Salisbury Devizes Road) Cemetery. *Sarum Chronicle* 1, 44 - 52.
- 35 Stephens, W. B. 1998 *Education in Britain 1750-1914* 1.
- 36 WRS Vol 47 1991 54; Chandler, J. 1983. *Endless Street*, Salisbury: Hobnob Press, 182; Robertson, D. 1938. *Sarum Close*. London: Jonathan Cape, 258.
- 37 VCH Wilts 6. 161 fn 42: *Educ. Enq. Abstract*, H.C. 27, 1046 (1835), xliii.
- 38 Vincent. 1981, 96, 101, 103.
- 39 See for example Reeves, M. 1997. *Pursuing the Muses: Female Education and Nonconformist Culture 1700-1900*. London: Leicester University Press for another Wiltshire family.
- 40 'Another theme which emerges clearly from the autobiographies is the ... little interest which many working-class parents took in the education of their offspring'. Burnett. 1982, 155.
- 41 Nap: an early name for Winchester Terrace, now in Rampart Rd, adjoining the Winchester Gate public house.
- 42 Betsy Biddlecombe has not been identified conclusively. Elizabeth Anne Biddlecombe, a spinster, occupied a house in East Harnham that was certified as a meeting house in 1827, so she would have been a fellow member of the nonconformist community there. At the time of the 1841 census she was aged 65 and described as a sempstress, perhaps continuing with her 'dame school'. Alternatively James Biddlecombe (also II,46), who ran a school in the Close (advertising in the *Salisbury & Winchester Journal* 3 January 1830) might have had a female relative sharing his premises for teaching very young children. Miss Mary Lucas was the teacher at Gigant St Infants' School in 1842 (Pigot, WRS vol 47, 131) and as the role often ran in families, it is likely that she followed in her mother's footsteps and instead of running a small private school, became an elementary school teacher..
- 43 *Salisbury & Winchester Journal* 9 July 1827. See also Ensor, D. 2009. *250 years of Methodism in Salisbury*. Salisbury: Ensor, 8-10.
- 44 WRS Vol 47, 1991, 91.
- 45 Mr Dawkins in the High Street was described in the 1851 census as 'law stationer and writer, accountant and general commission agent'. Did George learn business skills from him, as a form of apprenticeship?
- 46 Stephens, 1998, 35 - 39; Burnett, 1982, 140.

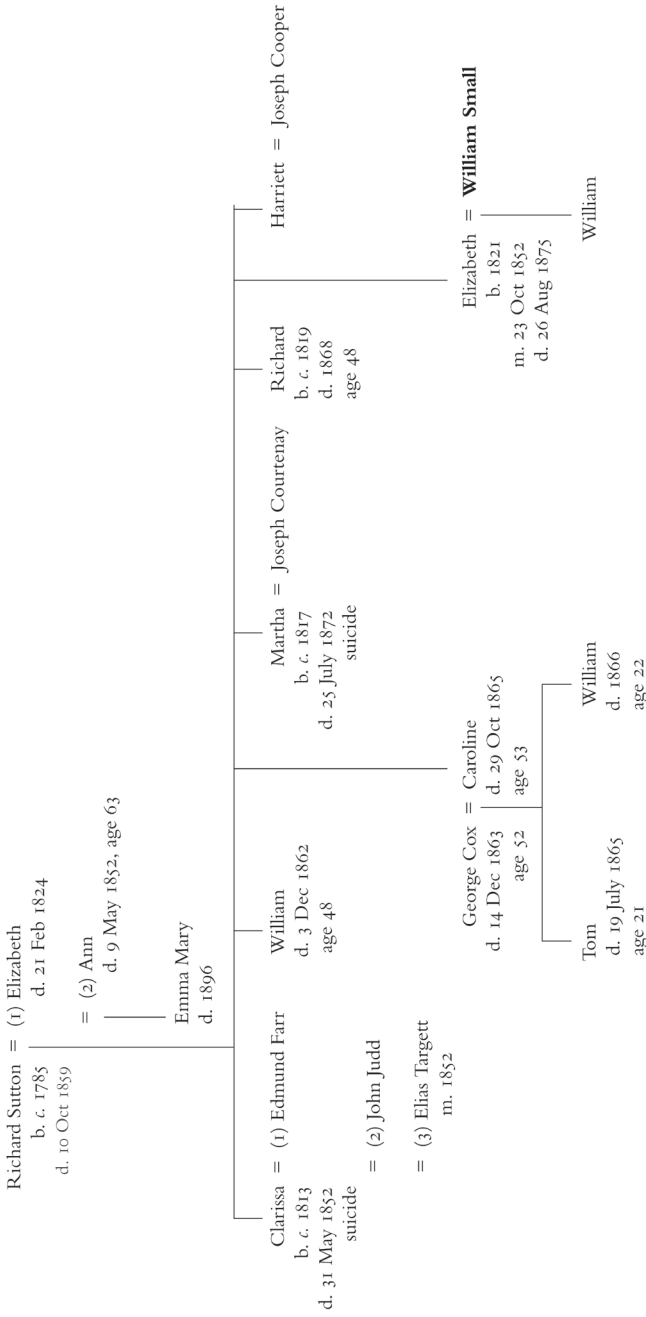
- 47 WRS Vol 47, 1991, 90, 137.
- 48 Diocesan Training College: opened in 1841 in the Close to train women as elementary teachers in church schools of the diocese. Located in the Kings House from 1845 until its closure in 1978.
- 49 Baker: see List of Prominent Citizens and Houses.
- 50 Turner, M. (ed) 1969. *Victorian Parlour Poetry: An Annotated Anthology*. New York: Dover, v.
- 51 This is still considered of value; the comment by Daisy Goodwin on the BBC competition for primary schools learning poetry Dec 2008, could as well apply to William Small: 'They own it. Learnt young, poems will stay in the head for life, adding lustre to the good moments and illumination in the bad'.
- 52 Drabble, M. (ed). 1998. *Oxford Companion to English Literature*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 449.
- 53 This patronising comment is from Drabble, 1998, 224.
- 54 Little M A *History of Libraries in Salisbury 1850-1922*, 1981 unpublished MPhil thesis Polytechnic of North London.
- 55 Tombstone: the Small family tomb at Britford was made by the firm of Osmond. William Osmond (1791-1875) was head mason at the cathedral for 50 years and responsible for numerous monuments. His workshop may still be seen in St John's Street in Salisbury.
- 56 *Salisbury & Winchester Journal* 29 August 1863.
- 57 *Salisbury & Winchester Journal* 29 September 1877.
- 58 Powell, C. 1996. *The British Building Industry since 1800: an economic history*. London: Spon, 34.
- 59 In 1851, for example, when William Small senior employed 5 men, Lawrence had 4, Neale 8, and others were working alone.
- 60 Council House: see Campbell in List of Prominent Citizens and Houses.
- 61 Louw 1991; Powell 1996; www.londoncrownnglass.co.uk/History.html.
- 62 Corfe: see List of Prominent Citizens and Houses.
- 63 Boggins, W. 1838. *The Plumber, Painter & Glazier*. London: Houlston and Stoneman, 81-3.
- 64 WRS Vol 47, 1991; www.historicaldirectories.org.
- 65 Horsehair manufacturing: fabric of hair from mane and tail woven on cotton, linen or silk warp, used for upholstery, luggage and similar. Butler and Gardner were Salisbury firms, employing numerous people in the range of tasks involved – weavers, drawers, curlers, tippers, pickers, servers.
- 66 Bristol riots: 29-31 October 1831, following the Lords' rejection of the Whig Reform Bill. These were the most serious riots during the tumultuous period of the Reform Crisis 1830-1832. For two days Bristol was in the hands of the mob and twelve men were killed. In Salisbury, anti-reformers Wadham Wyndham and Daniel Eyre had windows smashed.
- 67 The Anti-Corn Law League was established in 1838 with the sole aim of repealing the Corn Laws which were blamed for keeping food prices high. The League targeted Salisbury in the November 1843 election, sending its leading speakers Richard Cobden, John Bright, and RRR Moore to persuade the city of the advantages of Free Trade.
- 68 *Salisbury & Winchester Journal* 6 May 1843.
- 69 Malt houses: in the 1840s there were malt houses and breweries attached to inns throughout the city, eg in Crane Bridge Road, all built to the same rectangular design. The large malt houses built by Charles and Alfred Williams were not constructed until the 1860s on a site to the north-east of Fisherton Street, the area now known as The Maltings.

- 70 *Salisbury & Winchester Journal*, 18 November 1843, 25 November 1843.
- 71 It is probable that the chapel was built in a yard behind domestic buildings and that the congregation would have walked through an arch to reach the meeting house. Early non-conformist chapels were sometimes built behind the street frontage. Information kindly supplied by John Chandler.
- 72 Rev James Ackerman was Wesleyan minister at the Church Street Methodist church from 1833 to 1835. He was a popular preacher and one of Maria Small's 'especial favourites', visiting the Smalls at East Harnham (I,107, I,148-9). Hill, W. 1838, *An Alphabetical Arrangement of all the Wesleyan Methodist Preachers and Missionaries*. . . John Ryland's Library Special Collections, University of Manchester.
- 73 *Salisbury & Winchester Journal*, 1 February 1851.
- 74 *Salisbury & Winchester Journal*, 31 May 1851.
- 75 *Salisbury Journal*, 1 November, 20 December 1851.
- 76 WSA, 1150/158.
- 77 Dictionary of Methodism. <http://dnbi.wesleyhistoricalsociety.org.uk/>.
- 78 Joseph Sanger ran a school in cottages adjoining the chapel, known as the Barracks. Information kindly supplied by David Ensor.
- 79 'tin pots, kettles etc': William Small's description is similar to a 'skimmington' or rough music, a noisy procession usually aimed at ridiculing an unfaithful husband or wife.
- 80 WRS 40 1985 *Wiltshire Dissenters: Meeting House Certificates and Registrations 1689-1852*. Chandler J. Ref 509 meeting house in East Harnham, 1798, mentions Richard Wooff and James Maine.
- 81 William Small may have been wrong about the order of the early Sunday schools in Salisbury. In 1810 there was a meeting house certificate for 'a building called the school room and the premises adjoining the property of William Sanger junior situated in Gigant Street'. An unauthenticated source written to commemorate the renewal of the Salisbury Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School in 1882 suggests that the Sunday school met first in the hall adjoining the *Pheasant Inn*, in 1799. Rooms in Salt Lane were bought from the Presbyterians in 1815. The Salvation Army purchased them in 1883 and continues to meet there. VCH Wilts 6, 159, 160; WRS 40 1985, Ref 693.
- 82 WSA, 1150/181, 182.
- 83 Brown Street Baptist: As early as 1719 the Salisbury Baptists had a chapel on the present site in Brown Street which Maria Small would have attended. This was rebuilt in 1829, with further changes in the 1880s and 1935. VCH Wilts 6, 157, 158.
- 84 WSA 1150/153 *Salisbury Methodist Church Street Trust Accounts 1842-1934*.
- 85 In the 1851 census there were six agricultural labourers or similar in Barnards Chequer.
- 86 Cook, H. & Williamson, T. (eds) 2006. *Water Meadows: History, Ecology and Conservation*. Oxford: Windgather Press.
- 87 *Salisbury Times* 22 and 29 January 1881.
- 88 *Salisbury & Winchester Journal* 25 January 1841.
- 89 Benson, R. & Hatcher, H. 1843 *The History of Old & New Sarum*. London: Nicholls, 560.
- 90 Harnham Cliff off Old Blandford Rd, demolished 1972. Described as 'Cliff House . . . erected in 1825 as a substantial suburban mansion'. In military use in 20th century, known as Government House (RCHME 1980, 170). The house was built by *the present Mr Kelsey's Grand Father in 1825, steward to the Earl of Radnor, for a term of lives, . . . all the doors inside, are made of solid Walnut* (I, 28). Mrs Denison, mother of Bishop Denison lived at The Cliff, and the Smalls did work

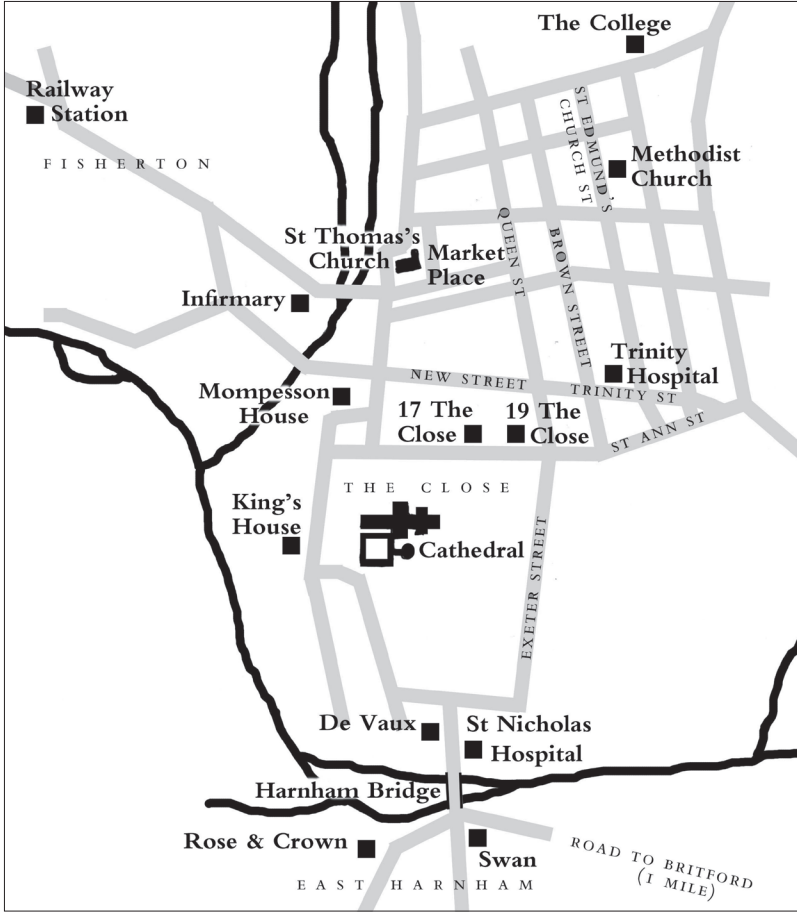
- for her (I, 143). A later occupant was Edward Everett, judge who, with his wife, founded East Harnham Junior School on land adjoining the churchyard (VCH Wilts 6, 167).
- 91 Mountebanks: hawkers of quack medicines who attracted customers with stories, jokes or tricks. ‘Snapping at treacle loaves’: similar to apple bobbing, slices of bread were dipped in treacle, smothered in flour, suspended from a bar, and had to be eaten without using the hands. Snapping at treacle loaves was recorded at the opening of Victoria Park in Salisbury in 1887.
- 92 First introduced by the Bank Holidays Act of 1871, promoted by Sir John Lubbock. Read, D. 1979. *England 1868-1914*. London: Longman, 107-8.
- 92 William Pinckney, banker, lived at Milford Hall, the present Youth Hostel; Richard Rigden, magistrate and land agent’s home was ‘Bellevue’, Endless Street. *Salisbury Times* 6 September 1881.
- 93 Pricking the garter: later called ‘fast and loose’, this was a cheating game often found at fairs between the 16th and 19th centuries where a garter or belt was rolled up to create a puzzle. The victim, as with the Smalls’ apprentice, was normally confident that he could unravel the mystery and so was fleeced of his money.
- 94 Fireworks: saucissons were fireworks made from a tube of paper or cloth packed with gunpowder (sausage-shaped, hence ‘banger’ as colloquial term for sausage). Brock’s fireworks factory began in the early 18th century, and became world famous for displays for the enjoyment of the public. It was renamed C T Brock & Co’s ‘Crystal Palace Fireworks’ in 1865 from close association with entertainments held there until its destruction in 1936. *Salisbury Times* 25 June 1881.
- 95 The ‘eight doors’ level is at the point where the tower and spire meet, so called because there are two doors in each of the main faces. The ‘weather door’ is a small opening on the north face of the spire, 40 ft (12 m) below the capstone. From this point the climb to the top is on the outside.
- 96 This particular trip is of interest because of the route taken which means that it can be accurately dated to the second half of 1856. A broad gauge line was opened from Warminster to Salisbury in June 1856, as an extension of the GWR, but after Warminster the Smalls’ party would have travelled to Westbury and on to Chippenham, then back to Bath through Box tunnel. By February 1857 the missing link between Westbury and Bath via Trowbridge and Bradford on Avon had been completed, so after this date they would have used the route we know today VCH Wilts 4, 281.
- 97 *Salisbury Times* 22 January 1881.
- 98 The Post Office was in New Canal, site now occupied by Marks & Spencer.
- 99 *Salisbury & Winchester Journal* 29 January 1881.
- 100 *Salisbury Times* 11 June 1881.
- 101 This section contributes additional background information on the society in which William Small was living; see relevant sections in this Introduction for more details on commerce, education, non-conformity, politics and leisure.
- 102 VCH Wilts 4 356; Wheeler, W. 1889 *Sanum Chronology*. Salisbury: Brown & Co.
- 103 Insurance company fire fighters with horse-drawn engines remained at the forefront of fire fighting for much of the 19th century (I,105).
- 104 Lambert see List of Prominent Citizens and Houses.
- 105 John Toovey was ill (I,184) then died in May 1881 (II,29).



William Small family tree



Sutton family tree



Map of Salisbury and Harnham showing the principal locations referred to by William Small

PROMINENT CITIZENS AND HOUSES

William Small provides a fascinating glimpse into the privileged world of residents and their houses in Salisbury Cathedral Close. His attitude towards wealthy clientele tells us a great deal about his subservient nature and lack of radicalism but also about his work ethos and quiet determination to succeed as a reliable tradesman. The memoirs also contain useful information about substantial houses, some now demolished, and their occupants in East Harnham and the city.

William Brownjohn (c1782-1852), auctioneer and valuer, died in October 1852 at his villa, Harnham Lodge, at East Harnham. He was elected mayor of Salisbury in November 1845 and was a great supporter of the Smalls. With large auction rooms in Rolleston Street he had lived in New Street, initially at No 1, which later became the Smalls' house. William remembered working there as a boy, with his father and described how in 1837 Brownjohn pulled down the two old cottages adjoining No 1 and built '2 large houses'; Mrs Brownjohn died in one of these in 1842 (II,281-2).

He built as a property investment **Harnham House**, demolished in 1970, in Britford Lane West. Constructed in 1831 '*on a part of a field to the left, as you ascend the lower Harnham Hill, leading to Downton ... it was built by Mr Weavings, of Exeter St. and my father did the Painting*' (I,32, RCHME 1980, 170).

Residents of Harnham House included Mrs Taunton, a clergyman's widow from Stratford Tony who '*took the house full 6 or 8 months, before it was finished... about ... 1832 or 1833. She became engaged, to the Rev GL Benson of the Close, & Married, in the year 1834, she had a son.*' William's mother was wet-nurse to the Bensons' child but it died shortly after. There is a monument in Salisbury Cathedral Cloisters (East walk) to Edmund Earle Benson, born 17 Oct 1834, died 24 Oct 1834. He was the son of George and Sarah Benson, born shortly after George Small, and must have been the child who Maria Small suckled although he lived only a week, not '*a few months*' (I,33). The emotional ties persisted and the Bensons, even after they moved to No 17 the Close, continued to provide work for the Smalls.

Later alterations were made to the house in about 1840 for the Rev Coope (see below). Two new bow windows were added, '*Mr Wentworth made the sashes etc and we glazd them, and the rooms were very much improved*' (I,32-5, I,40, II,282).

Adjacent to Harnham House William Brownjohn rebuilt the cottage, Harnham Lodge, with its cob walls and thatched roofs (RCHME 1980, 170) and as a widower moved from New Street and '*passed his Mayoralty there in 1845 ... [he] lived in this cottage until 1852*' (I,37-8, II,281-2). George and Eliza Mill lived next door in the large house, Eliza having been brought up by the Brownjohns (I,39-40).

The Benson family, No 17 (RCHME 1993, 105-8) **and 31 The Close** (RCHME 1993, 141-4). The Rev George Lewes Benson (1791-1862) moved in 1835 on the death of his father, the Rev Edmund Benson, from Harnham House to the family home at No 17 The Close, previously the residence of Daubeny Turberville, seventeenth-century eye surgeon. The artist, John Constable, when staying in the Close with his friends the Fishers, met Edmund Benson, 'that really good man', and in 1823 painted the elderly cleric wearing an overlarge medieval chasuble. His son George was 40 years a vicar choral at the Cathedral (I,33).

William Small gives details of considerable alterations to No 17. '*About 1860*', the lead window lights were removed and '*best plate Glass*' inserted (I,164). This corresponds with the record of a member of the Benson family who 'carefully refaced the front of the house' (RCHME, 1993, 108).

After George Benson's death in November 1862, his son Edmund George, had his father's house '*completely renovated, old ceilings received*' the Smalls doing the painting. William Small described the house with its '*excellent Oil paintings, & some from the pencil of Miss Fanny Benson, especially the Three Mary's... The front Drawing room, occupied the width of the whole front, with the old panelling, & Rich Moulded Ceiling*' (I,165-6).

The Smalls also worked for two siblings of George at No 31, '*The old House adjoining Mr Biddelcombe's in the Close, belonging to Miss Fanny [Frances] Benson & Robert her brother the Recorder (1797-1844). after their deaths, it was painted all through & let to Miss Brook's*'. When Miss Mary Brook died, Sarah Anne Benson (1836-1864), George Benson's daughter, lived at No 31 for a short while and the Smalls undertook extensive renovations for her (I,164-5). Robert Benson was elected Recorder of Salisbury in 1836 and claimed the right of joint-authorship of the 1843 *History of Salisbury*. In fact Henry Hatcher executed the bulk of the research and writing, and the citation led to a bitter controversy between the two men.

The King's House, (currently the Salisbury and South Wiltshire Museum, RCHME, 1993, 215-225). The Rev Coope from Harnham House converted to Catholicism and moved '*about 1843 or 1844*' to the King's House in the Close, '*& here he began to pull down & alter everything ... Mr Coope in 1846 had a gathering there and public speeches made in the Front to the great annoyance of the people in the Close, ... he gave a sumptuous repast, all the Catholics in Salisbury attended ... They marched all round the long garden singing, ... then returned into the spacious back room & did justice to the Roast Beef, Plumb Pudding, ... wine & beer ... I remember a splendid song Mr John Lambert sung, the fine old English Gentleman, but soon after this Mr Coope vanished like a morning dream, and left some of the tradesmen in the lurch*'. (I, 35-36).

His property was sold by auction at the Assembly Rooms on 7 August 1850, including a '*splendid collection of oil paintings*'. (*Salisbury & Winchester Journal*, 3 and 10 August, 1850).

John Lambert (1815 – 1892) (I,36, ODNB)

A prominent local Catholic, musician and solicitor, he was the driving force behind the building of Pugin's Roman Catholic church of St Osmund's. In

1853 he became Salisbury's first Catholic mayor since the Reformation. He lived in Milford Hall, once part of the manor of Milford, a large eighteenth-century house, currently (2011) a hotel in Castle Street Salisbury (I, 52).

Lambert was active in local politics but received national recognition when he moved to London becoming a distinguished government advisor. He provided statistics for Disraeli for the Second Reform Bill of 1867, was a member of the sanitary commission and became permanent secretary from 1871 to 1882 of the new Local Government Board. He was made a KCB in 1879 and on his death was buried at St Osmond's Church in Salisbury.

Richard and Francis Attwood of No 16 The Close (RCHME 1993, 103-105). The Smalls worked for the wealthy Attwood family, land agents and surveyors. William refers to Francis Attwood senior, Mrs Attwood (Elizabeth) and Mr Attwood his son, but Richard Attwood was the father and Francis, his son; *'they lived next door to the Benson family, on property belonging to Lord Malmesbury'*, 16 The Close. Richard Attwood is described as subtenant from about 1817 until after 1837. A general restoration made in about 1820 is probably that depicted by William Small in 1829 and 1839. In 1829 William's father was given the job of painting the inside of the house while in 1839 a major renovation involved many local craftsmen including William Osmond (stone mason) and Mr Weavings, the carpenter. *'When the work was completed Mr Attwood gave all the men a good supper... at the Old Bird in Hand Corner of Trinity Street & Love Lane.'* (I, 166-7) In 1841 Richard Attwood, his wife and son Francis were still living at 16 The Close but shortly after this *'Mr Attwood [Richard] retired... to a house in the Close, just round the Corner, going towards the Bishop's'* (part of 7, Bishop's Walk). Both he and his wife died there. In 1851 Francis Attwood, aged 53, land agent and surveyor, lived at No. 20 The Close, with his wife Caroline (50) and Richard Rigden (36), brother-in-law, land agent and surveyor (I, 167, RCHME 1993, 113-119). Francis Attwood, in 1863, founded St Paul's Home in Fisherton, for six poor Anglican gentlewomen over fifty (VCH, vol 6, p184; Johnson, S, 2011, 'St Paul's Home, Fisherton Anger and its founder', in *Sarum Chronicle* 11, forthcoming).

No 19 The Close (RCHME 1993, 110-113), later the Theological College and currently Sarum College, was the home of *'The Miss Wyndham's of the Close'*. Henrietta (1777-1860) and Charlotte (1779-1859) were the unmarried daughters of William Wyndham and Elizabeth Heathcote of Dinton. Charlotte bought the lease in 1828 and work was carried out on the house probably by William's father, when first occupied by the sisters. In the 1851 census, Henrietta (74) and Charlotte (72), were living there as 'fundholders' with three servants.

William Small has some delightful details of *'these two excellent ladies'*, including their fear of thunderstorms! *'we had the pleasure of working for [them] until their death, a period of about 20 years... Miss Henrietta was the Mistress... & gave all orders, Miss Charlotte was ... very reserved and was seldom seen ... Miss Henrietta had an excellent taste for Matching colours, & knew all the tints that composed them. and as free in conversation as possible, often even joking* (I, 181-2). The house was acquired by Bishop Kerr Hamilton in 1860 to found a theological college. There is a memorial to each Miss Wyndham in Dinton Church.

Mr A Corfe lived at No 5 The Close, the organist's house (RCHME 1993, 73-4). In 1861 when 87 years old, he was still Cathedral organist, living with three unmarried daughters and two servants. Having succeeded his father in 1804, he continued as organist until his death in 1863. The Corfes were noted singers and organists from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries mainly at the cathedrals of Salisbury and Winchester.

The Smalls worked for Arthur Corfe for 20 years until his death, describing him as one of *'the good old sort, that are no more.'* William even includes a poem *'on the late A Corfe Esq.'* *'He was a very precise, particular & nervous man, but very mild & kind. & one of the best paymasters in the Close... he kept his house in thorough good repair inside & out... His large and beautiful garden extended to the old wall in Exeter St. & he often used stand & look over for pastime'* (I,182-4, I,74).

The Husseys were another well known Salisbury family.

Ambrose Hussey of The Hall, New Street (RCHME 1980, 105-6). In 1861 Ambrose Hussey was 25, unmarried and living with his 55 year old widowed mother, Barbara. Ten years later he had moved to The Hall, Hannington (Highworth). He was deputy lieutenant of Wiltshire and from 1863 known as Ambrose Hussey Freke.

Mrs Barbara Hussey owned the Smalls' house in New Street, first rented to William's father in 1851. She was the widow of Ambrose Hussey, MP for Salisbury 1843-6, who lived in The Hall, one of the finest 18th century buildings in the city. He was the great nephew of William Hussey MP for Salisbury (1774-1813) for whom the house was built.

The Smalls worked regularly for Mrs Hussey after 1843; *'she has been one of our best supporters, by living so near & having property surrounding, & we always almost had something to do... she had great alterations in her garden ... & the Blank ends of Houses in Catherine St, facing her Lawn, filled in with lead blank windows Glaz'd by me, a copy from the old link Glazing at the joiner's Hall'*. (I,167-8)

James Hussey of the Close. In 1861, James Hussey, 52, barrister not in practice, magistrate & alderman was living with his wife Henrietta and four children at The Wardrobe, 58 The Close (RCHME 1993,181-8). The house remained in the family until James's daughter Margaret died, aged 90, in 1941. The Smalls worked for James Hussey for about 35 years; he died in France in 1879 and was buried there. William Small admired him for his *'integrity . . . always paying his bills himself & with the greatest punctuality'* (I,167-8).

Mompesson House, 53 The Close (RCHME 1993, 161-167), home of George Barnard Townsend (1811-70), *'a good, kind & even tempered Gentleman'*, solicitor, cricketer and yachtsman. *'a good friend to my father, he married one of the late Daniel Eyre's daughters of the Close'*. He employed William's father from 1842/3 and then William himself (I,156-7).

George Townsend moved into Mompesson House when the last of the three Portman sisters died in 1846. Barbara Townsend, the second of his four children, lived on in the house until her death, aged 96, in 1939. George Townsend's wife, Elizabeth Georgina Eyre, died young and a doorway was

cut between Mompesson and the Hungerford Chantry, 54 the Close, (I,58) so that Gertrude Eyre could help to bring up her nephew and nieces. In the 1861 census Daniel Eyre, Sub dean aged 58 and brother-in-law to Townsend was living with his sister, Gertrude (41), and Barbara Townsend (18) is described as a 'visitor'. (RCHME 1993, 167-8). By 1881 Sub Dean Eyre is described by William Small as '*very feeble, & at times quite deranged*' (I,158) and he died early the following year.

Mompesson '*is the handsomest house in the Close*'. William recalls in some detail the interior decoration, carried out by the Smalls. '*The elegant Entrance Hall, Stair Case & Landings we grained, dark Oak Cob & varnished, which had a very rich & grand effect*'. Townsend died suddenly at Mudeford aged 57 and William was a bearer, one of eight who carried the coffin from Mompesson to the Cathedral for his funeral. '*There was a choral service & a great Number of Relations & visitors, & he was buried in the Cloisters*'. (I,156-8). He is commemorated in the Cathedral by the Burne-Jones, William Morris windows in the South-choir aisle.

The Smalls worked for the Eyres for 50 years, replacing windows broken by the mob in the Reform 'riots' of October 1831 and have '*worked for them ever since*' (I,158).

Richard Hetley, Esq, magistrate and alderman of Salisbury.

'A more perfect Gentleman never existed, he was very unassuming & kind, the true picture of a well bred man ... & he always employed My Father, of whom he was very fond'. As steward of the cricket club on the Race Plain he provided additional work for the Smalls.

According to William, Hetley lived in the Close from 1846 until 1862, having moved from the Moat, Britford. In 1861 he was living with his daughter Caroline Mary on the south side of Choristers' Green at 34/35 The Close (RCHME 1993,146-7), where G B Townsend lived before he moved to Mompesson House. His daughter married into the Pleydell-Bouverie family and by 1890 she had become Caroline Mary Pleydell Bouverie-Campbell-Wyndham (I,186-7).

Rev John Greenly lived at the Sub-Deanery, 18 The Close, from 1848-62 (RCHME 1993, 108-10). William Small noted that he lodged at No 1 New St '*when he first came to Salisbury, at the beginning of this century*' (II,282). He served as naval chaplain on the *Revenge* in November 1805 and gave a first hand account of the Battle of Trafalgar.

He was a Vicar Choral from 1812 until his death in 1862, vicar of St Thomas's church, headmaster of the Choristers' School and Cathedral Librarian. Salisbury Cathedral Cloisters (North walk) has a monument to him, together with his wife and four young granddaughters who died of scarlet fever in the space of a month and predeceased him. Memorial windows were also erected in Laverstock Church where his son, John Prosser Greenly, was the rector.

William Fawcett 27 The Close from 1862

William's grandmother Lydia had a brother James Davis who was a verger

at the Cathedral in the late eighteenth century ‘*and he lived in the very house, where Alderman Fawcett now resides*’ (I,47).

William Fawcett came to Salisbury as a young man to work in the drapery trade; he married Mary Cooper, the daughter of a solicitor with strong Liberal opinions and became involved in city politics. His mayoral year included the Great Reform Act in 1832. Mr and Mrs Fawcett both died in their house in the Close in the late 1880s, and their daughter continued to live there until her death in 1923. One of their sons was Henry Fawcett, the blind Postmaster General in Gladstone’s government of 1880, whose statute can be seen in the Market Place.

The College, Bourne Hill, now the Council House (RCHME 1980, 48–9).

J H Campbell (d 1868) Tory MP for Salisbury 1843–1847, the nephew of Wadham Wyndham (d 1843), took the name of John Campbell Wyndham, and lived at the College only during the summer months.

‘This gentleman occupied the college after Wadham Wyndham’s death, we did a little work there... We used to clean all the Windows, every quarter, stop in a few squares occasionally, Painted the front Railing & Repd the Lamps. Mr Robert Mackrell, ‘Plumber of the Blue Boar Row, where the Wilts & Dorset Bank is now situate’ ‘stole’ the Smalls’ work at the College (I,142–3).

Built on the site of the thirteenth-century St Edmund’s College, hence its name, this house became the finest in Salisbury outside the Close, a country mansion with a 40 acre park on the edge of the city. Essentially a late sixteenth-century building, it was considerably enlarged in the eighteenth century and was the home of the Wyndham family for over 200 years from 1660. The city council bought the building in 1926 for their offices. Between 2006 and 2010 this historic house was restored, incorporating a striking modern extension.

Colonel Edward Baker (1774–1862) lived in the house in St Ann Street, partly demolished in 1862/4 to make way for the Salisbury & South Wilts Museum (RCHME 1980, 124).

The remarkable circular room, the Rotunda, was built by him in about 1812 and survived the demolition, becoming a gallery in the original museum. The room appears to be one of three built by prominent citizens in the early nineteenth century as part of a Regency bet to see who could build the most beautiful dining room. A drawing of a fountain designed for him by AWN Pugin still exists.

‘we worked for him until his death, & a more perfect Gentleman I never witnessed, every thing that was done for him, he seemed perfectly satisfied with ... I met him in the Close ... & (he) said Mind my Stair case window to morrow. I obeyed & made a job of it to his great Satisfaction’ (I,139–40, I,205).

Twice MP for Wilton, between 1823–1830, and the sole conservative MP from 1837–1841, he was also a magistrate for Wiltshire, a substantial landowner in Laverstock, honorary colonel of the Wiltshire Yeomanry Cavalry and served as an aide-de-camp to William IV and Queen Victoria. His parents have monuments in St Martin’s Church. He died, aged 87 at his residence in Mornington Crescent, London and was buried in London Road cemetery, Salisbury.

Morres and Hill families

The rector of St Peter's, Britford, from 1868 to 1894 was Rev Arthur Philip Morres. His grandfather, Rev Robert Morres had given long service to the parish from 1796 to 1841 (1,53), and between them the post was held by Rev Richard Humphrey Hill who arrived as a curate in 1840. One of Rev Hill's daughters, Mary Ann, married Arthur Morres, becoming the Mrs Morres who took a kindly interest in William (Robson, J. 'The Hills of Britford', *Wiltshire Family History Society Newsletter*, July 2008, 25-7).



Rev A P Morres, private collection Janet Robson



Mary Ann Hill (Mrs A P Morres), private collection Janet Robson

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No 1

**William Small,
January 1st 1881.
1, New St Salisbury.**

**Cherished Memories,
& Associations [corrected from Assosciations]**

(I p 1)
Warminster.

The Hon. Shute Barrington, Bishop of Salisbury [1782-1791], in 1782, on a journey through Warminster . . . noticed a boy busy at work in the streets making baskets . . .

[the boy joined Bishop Barrington's household. When translated to Durham, Barrington took the boy with him, eventually promoting him to his Lordship's private secretary, with the management of the See of Durham]

(I p 2)
Mr George Wombwell, afterwards Sir George Wombwell, commenced by travelling the country with a small box containing a couple of snakes, which he used to exhibit for a penny; but he died a very wealthy man, and the proprietor of three large menageries.¹

[piece of paper stuck in] Mr Goddard, Broadchalke Rectory Thursday next [William Small - hereafter WS - has added] Dear Sister's writing

[another piece of paper] From Mr Reads 4 new brushes and 6 new tools o 11 8 the 23 of April 1863

[WS has added] Dear Father's last writing, I believe. 3 months & 17 day's, before his death.

George Goddard.² Died at Romsey in March 1886, aged 82 years. George Bouverie Goddard, his son, the famous animal painter died the same day as his father, aged 53 years. The father was a native of Salisbury & the son. He

1 George Wombwell 1777-1850 established a travelling menagerie, as master of publicity he developed this popular form of entertainment ODNB (no mention of title). Appearance of Wombwell's menagerie in Salisbury Market Place advertised in *Salisbury Journal* 2 July 1853

2 George Bouverie Goddard 1832-1886 sporting and animal painter, first exhibited at Royal Academy in 1856. ODNB

went to see his father who was very ill, & returning to London, caught a cold & died from the effects. Those who knew him best are well acquainted with his marvellous knowledge of animal anatomy. He exhibited at the Academy for over 30 years and his works are very valuable. In him this city loses one of its clever sons, & we speak of extreme regret at his demise. There is always a good lesson to be learnt from the life & death of such a man as Goddard, and the one which strikes me now, is that of "improving each moment, as it flies," as Johnson said, always remembering that "life's a short summer – man a flower – he dies – alas! how soon he dies."

I knew his father, his uncles, & his aunts, they were all natives of Salisbury, but they are all gone now. The eldest of the family his aunt Elizabeth, in the first leaf back, was a dear friend of my Father's and Mothers, & I wrote her coffin plate.

W.Small. 22nd March 1886. my brother John's birthday, 62 years old

[NB written after 1881. See front end papers]

(I p 3)

A Memorandum.

April 2nd 1881. Winter has made a strong effort to stand its ground in the presence of the advancing sunshine. Snow in October, snow in January, snow at Lady-day, here are times which stand for three distinct quarters of the year, wherein winter has held sway in the temperate zone.

[comments that climate getting colder]

A Remarkable Bible. [WS describes a 16th century bible with added commentaries by Martin Luther amongst others, soon to arrive in this country from Germany].

(I p 4)

A few words respecting East-Harnham and its surroundings. East Harnham is a village of great antiquity, until within 30 years ago was in the parish of Britford, there having been a new church built there. (at East Harnham.) there was never one before. The Bridges were built by Bishop Bingham in 1245, in consequence of which Wilton with its fourteen churches, began to decline, the reason was, its being the nearest way to the west.

about 26 or 27 years ago, there was an ancient cemetery, accidentally found in the highest ground of the low field under the harnham hill, and part of it being examined, was found skeletons, rings, gold, and silver, beads, all colours, a few implements of warfare, ancient tools, knives, forks, and several things which I now forget, it was placed in glass cases, and was exhibited at the Council Chamber,¹ and then sent to the British Museum, it being explained,

1 *Salisbury Journal* 8 Oct 1853, and *WANHS Magazine* Vol 1 p 196-208

that it was the resting place of the inhabitants of East Harnham, as far back as the seventh Century. West Harnham is also very ancient, the Church, with Fisherton, was standing before New Sarum, was

(I p 5)

built, Harnham bridges were widen'd on the west side in 1774. I will call attention now to the North Bridge, I had noticed it from my boyhood, why the two Bridges did not correspond, I used to think, and say, what a pity it was, that there was not any recesses in the south bridge, as well as on the North, what a place of safety, it would be at any time from divers accidents, but no one could tell me, or give me any information concerning it, although I was born, and bred up there, I dont think there was a man in Harnham then, or now, could explain to me, why those 2 recesses were made in the north bridge. I am a man very fond of reading especially any thing that relates to my native place, and its surroundings and by pure accident found what I was exceedingly anxious to know. The late Rev. E. Duke¹, in his first volume of the Halle of John Halle on the Ditch, New Canal, and there never was a second, that volume costing 400£, besides all his time.

“John Taylor, the Water Poet”, was born at Gloucester about 1580,² [waterman on Thames, called the Water Poet, wrote in reign of Elizabeth I and James I. He made a voyage in 1623 from London to Christchurch, then up the River Avon to Salisbury, quotes at length]

(I p 10)

celebrated “Salisbury Ballad” [two verses]

[WS comments on the Salisbury navigation, quotes Francis Price 1753 ‘Observations on the Cathedral Church of Sarum’ and *his* comments p 11 on the navigation. WS then talks about problems of flooding in Close].

(I p 12)

And at that time the then Richard Jervoise, Esqr; being sensible of the great improvements to be made upon meadow lands, by drowning them at proper seasons, took the advantage of the bays and locks, which were erected for the use of the navigation, and still left standing, for making a cut quite through his estate, beginning a little above the bay, usually called the Tumbling Bay, he was by means of the said bay enabled to turn the whole river as he pleased into the new cut he had made, and there with to overflow his meadows at convenient seasons, And as the Church is now, and has been ever since that time, perfectly clear from the influence of former inundations, I can impute that good effect to no other cause than that new cut made, by Mr Jervoise, which became then, and continues to be, an effectual drain for all the water,

1 Rev Edward Duke 1779 – 1852 antiquary of Lake House, Wilsford, Salisbury, author of *The Hall of John Halle*. Excavated with Colt Hoare. ODNB

2 John Taylor: 17th century navigator, explorer, topographer, see J Chandler *Travels through Stuart Britain* 1999

which before had affected the Church and neighbourhood, and although it is in the power of Mr Jervoise by his sluices etc, to raise the water to any height he pleases

(I p 13)

all the purposes of improvements to his lands are answered, without causing it to rise high enough to influence the Church; though any neglect of his works has been observed to bring some inconveniences, by causing the water to rise in some particular parts of the Close.

[WS makes more comments on bridges at Harnham]

(I p 14)

I was naturally led to inspect the two Bridges, when, to my great surprise, I found a pavement under the south Bridge, at first sight, as though the Bridge had been built upon it, but by repeated observations, I found the pavement had been laid there since the Bridge was erected,

[continues to examine bridges, drawing own conclusions that north bridge was altered to accommodate barges approaching Crane Bridge, p 15, refers to Leland¹]

(I p 15)

The Hospital of St Nicholas² etc

[early history of St Nicholas, also commenting on situation in early 19th century]

(I p 16)

[history of Ayleswade (Harnham) bridge, Thomas de Bowyer bequest, bow maker of Salisbury, for repair of bridge]

(I p 17)

[returns to St Nicholas] [another account of Harnham bridge, Bingham] over the Willey (*sic*)

(I p 18)

[refers to building of bridge, repetitive, St John's Isle]

I remember perfectly well this identical Chapel, kept by the owner in my time, as Stores, for Old Irons, old Buckles, Rags, Bones & all sorts of things,

1 John Leland: 16th century English topographer, see J Chandler *John Leland's itinerary, travels in Tudor England* 1993

2 St Nicholas Hospital, St John's Chapel, Ayleswade (Harnham) Bridge: the origins of the hospital of St Nicholas are unclear, but its foundation is associated with Bishop Poore in the early 13th century, Bishop Bingham in the 1230s and 1240s made extensive alterations along with his construction of nearby Ayleswade (Harnham) Bridge and St John's chapel. The three institutions were brought under common patronage with a warden and officers responsible for their upkeep. The building in 1244 of the great stone bridge, with its chapel, was of enormous importance to Salisbury's prosperity. The hospital of St Nicholas continues to function as an almshouse today.

it was a very spacious place, in 1841 he pulled it down, not daring to destroy the foundation, which was of great thickness, & building thereon a modern dwelling house, it is called now by the present proprietor, St John's Isle, a name that I never heard of in my time, nor in my Fathers, but no doubt correct.

(I p 19)

[history of De Vaux College¹, financed by Morton, Hungerford]

(I p 21)

[WS commenting on ruins of De Vaux College]

I remember very well the old ruins etc and a large garden, and a thick old wall of flint etc surrounding it in my early days, The late Mr Peniston² in 1827, Built some New Houses on the site, and named them De Vaux place and the meadows still belong to it.

(I p 22)

The Rev Hugh Stevens, Chaplain of St Nicholas

Rev Hugh Stevens, was living in New Street, Salisbury, in the year 1804 and kept a school, as I have seen by an advertisement in the Salisbury & Winchester Journal for that year. in the house adjoining the New Inn New Street, now the dwelling & property of Mr. W. Stokes, And his manservant was a Mr Cross, while he lived there, and the Rev Hugh Stevens & him, planted some apple trees, which are there at the present time, for I have seen them. Afterwards he removed to St Nicholas, and Mr Cross his servant with him, he was a very easy going man. I knew him well, and was very eccentric, his lady I also knew, her dress caught fire, & she died from its effects, he came across to the Bridge, by the desire of My Mother to christen a baby just before it died in convulsions. He used allways to stop converse & joke with me, & also with others, he said once that the Devil was the best friend the parsons had got, if it was not for him, they would have nothing to do. I went into his house once in particular, & he showed me his Writing & CIPHERING books that he did

(I p 23)

when at school, & I never saw anything to equal it since; that was years before the steel pen was invented, the school work & figures of Birds, Beasts etc was elegant. I seem to see it now, I removed some weeds for him that was lodged in the middle of the stream on the shallow when I was passing in my Boat, & when I saw him afterwards on the Bridge, he asked me what my charge was, & I told him what he pleased, & he gave me one shilling, he

1 De Vaux College: founded by Bishop Giles de Bridport in 1261-2 for 20 poor, needy, honourable and teachable scholars' who had left Oxford following a series of arguments and outbreaks of sickness. It appeared that a university might develop in Salisbury; degrees were issued in law and theology but the college was never a rival to Oxford or Cambridge and was finally dissolved in 1542.

2 Peniston: The Penistons were a Salisbury family of Catholic architects. See M. Cowan WRS Vol 50 1996 *Letters of John Peniston*

asked me if I was satisfied & I told him I was, because he said if you are not, give me the shilling again & I will give you sixpence. There were some very fine Firs & Poplars on his ground beside the stream, but some of the Firs are blown down since then & all the poplars, my brother John, & William Wentworth, a friend, had been down the water in our Boat with a Gun, it was the winter time & it was not till then that I saw the Rev. gentleman's temper, his countenance was quite changed, we had discharged the Gun once or twice, within his hearing, & we were just about to fire at a thrush in one of his trees, and he made his appearance

(I p 24)

suddenly from between the shrubs, at the waters brink, with a double-barrell'd pistol in each hand, & capp'd for we could see them, & he said he would shoot us for destroying his singing birds, we were not far from the Bridge, & we were up very quickly & under the Bridge, frightened enough. He lived at St Nicholas till about the year 1840 when the Rev W Mayo succeeded him, he removed to a house next the Close Gate high St, where he died, very old, Mr Cross his faithful servant, being with him. Mr Cross lived in Salisbury years after that, and died in Salisbury at a great age.

Mr John Berry, Glazier etc of the Close

Mr Berry was the Plumber & Glazier, to the Cathedral, my Father knew him well, and conversed with him many times, he lived on the site where Mr Nodder now resides, the present House having been built between 60 & 70 years, the original house where Mr Berry lived, was a low house, to correspond with the Houses adjoining on each side, and the part nearest the close gate, was his plumbing & Glazing shops, where Mr Rambridge the Boot Maker now resides, his daughters I knew myself, 3 of them were spinsters and lived at Harnham,

(I p 25)

getting their living as laundresses, but they were all elderly women, when I knew them, but that is many years ago, Mr Peter Berry is still living in Salisbury retired, between 70 & 80 years of age, one of his descendents.

Atrocious destruction of Old Stain'd & Painted Glass. Oct 1879 (*sic*)

[WS writes out letter from John Berry to editor of *Salisbury Journal* concerning destruction of stained glass at cathedral]

(I p 26)

[WS comments about Barrington and Wyatt 1789-92, Cathedral closed, services held at St Thomas's under Bishop Barrington] when Wyatt was let loose to do almost as he pleased with the church, when the costly stain'd Glass windows, were taken out & beat to pieces, for the lead to be recast for new leading the modern plain Glass (Quarries) in its stead, quantities of choice stain'd Glass was thrown into the City ditch; All

the fine Medallions & other paintings was obscured by a stone colour Wash, The ancient Tombs taken from their original positions, and placed on the Platform between the Pillars and the Nave. Etc. etc. 1787. 1788. 1789. WS.¹

J. Jebboul, Painter & Glazier of the New Canal, Built Mr Nodders house, Originally J Berry's, the late J. Cooe, Esqr purchased it of Mr Jebboul, Mrs Cooe told me that Mr Jebboul a long time

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after they had purchased the property used to come, and see them, & walk into the pretty long garden, under the Bishop's Wall, and fancy it was his own still, and they used to allow it, and not tell him any thing different. for he got a little deranged, Mr Cooe, & Mrs Cooe, respected Neighbours, used to employ my Father, I remember once in particular, when I was a lad, working with him there, I was sent home on the Bridge to get some more paint, but my mind was more on fishing than on my work, it was a splendid morning in May, & the Trout were then in their beauty, (as the poet says in their Speckled Pride².) I got upon the Old Place at the Bottom of the Garden, because I could have a better view down the stream and in less than five minutes had a beautiful Trout on my hook, & in my Hurry fell off the Place & let the rod go, but the fish was got out all right, and I was away again to My Father, all done in less than Half an Hour, Mr Cooe a skilful man in flowers & fruit he had a choice collection of fruit & flowers, in that narrow long Garden, that old south stone wall had the choicest Grape, Pears, Peaches, Apricots, Plumbs etc, hanging on it, & the White Roses, Trained on Poles.

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Mr & Mrs Cooe, are interred at Britford, with a Host of their family, for two centuries Mrs Cooe, dying as late as 1875, at Winchester, at her Daughter's. Aged 87.

Harnham Cliffs

The house called Harnham Cliff, was built by the present Mr Kelseys Grand Father in 1825, Steward to the Earl of Radnor, for a term of lives, I remember when in my fifth year, going with my Father there, before the floors were laid, and walking on the joists, all the Doors inside, are made of solid Walnut, the late Robert Mackrell Plumber, of Salisbury, had an hair breadth escape of his life there, there was a very deep well dug, & Mr Mackrell must have fallen in to it, had not Christopher Wentworth saved him, by laying hold of

1 Wyatt at cathedral - Controversial 'restoration' of Cathedral by James Wyatt 1789-1792: included removing stained glass, demolishing Beauchamp and Hungerford chantry chapels, limewashing out vault paintings and replacing 13th century quire screen. He also drained and cleared the churchyard providing the superb setting of the Cathedral Close.

2 trout: quotation is from *Ode to Leven Water* by Tobias Smollet 1721 - 1771 'the springing trout in speckled pride'

his Clothes, at a risk of his own life, how it transpired I know not, but I have heard the late Mr Wentworth relate it.

Mr Wentworth was a Carpenter & Wheelwright, at the Foot of the Hill, for many years. I will here say a word of grateful thankfulness, to the memory of the late Mr Kelsey, soon after My Father started in Business for himself, Mr Kelsey passed by our house

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on the Bridge, I think it was in the year 1828, and my Father was at the Door, & he said to him without any solicitation, Mr Small you appear to be an industrious man, with a young family, I will give you a share of my Lord's country work, my father returned him many thank's for his kind consideration, and he began to work for him almost at once, the first job was to repair some windows at the late Mr Pile's, for he and his family lived at Harnham at that time, my father was there at work, I was too young to assist him, James Maine, hearing I suppose that my Father, was got into Mr Kelsey's favour, passed by accidentally or intentionally, and let him have some strong abusive language, so much that Mr Pile & the Neighbours was quite shocked, and he did not advance his reputation by it, my Father was ever a very mild man, & he well knew the saying of the wise man, that a soft answer turneth away wrath, he calmly told him to mind his own business, he would find that was quite enough for him to do. Mr Maine, for nearly 20 years, never spoke to Father, and they met nearly every day, somewhere or other, Mr Maine did go

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to the Methodist Chapel, was a Member, used to sit the last man in the north Gallery, in the Front Seat, at the end, against the Wall, before the Singing Gallery was built, so one day in the Close they met, and no one near, Mr Maine said to Father, I dont think it is worth while to bear malice any longer, let us make it up and held out his hand, My Father said to him, Mr. Maine I never had the slightest malice or animosity against you from first to last, you know you was the aggressor, and he said he was, & then they were friends, but he did not live many years after. we had a good share of the work in the Country & at Harnham till Mr Kelsey gave up his Stewardship, & went to Lavington as Steward for Lord Churchill, George & William Jenkins, used to work for their Grandfather, William Jenkins especially was my friend, we took a seat in the North Gallery together with Edward Barnett our apprentice after the Chapel was enlarged, & sat together for several years, till Edward Barnett was out of his time & went to London, & William Jenkins, went to America that is 40 years ago. William Jenkins, came to Salisbury

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twice since he went away, and brought his wife with him the last time about 10 years ago, for 2 or 3 weeks, I gave him a pane of Glass, that I had by me, with a beautiful hymn written on it, with a Diamond, by James Maine & he was highly pleased with it, and said he should prize it for his sake & mine, the last words he said to me was, how are you getting on in the good way, I said I was afraid I had not much to boast of, well then put your whole trust

in Jesus for the time to come, & I said how are you getting on, Oh he said Jesus is my only hope & trust. He is dead long since then.

One thing I have omitted in the above, regarding the Cliff, the Place, before the house was built, was a wild, romantic, uncultivated place, a large chalk pit, surrounded with thorns, brambles etc etc, and people could go right through it, and come out at the foot of the other hill, leading to Downton, according as I remember my Father's account of it, it had been in his time & for generations before a secluded place, for all sorts of games, such as fighting to any amount, cock fighting, badger baiting, Mountebanks. Snapping at treacle loaves, a camping

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place for Gipseys etc Mr Kelsey had a great deal to do, in preparation, in levelling etc etc, causing a large amount of labour, before he could begin to Build.

Harnham House¹

Built by W Brownjohn, Esqr. auctioneer, of New Street, Salisbury. This House was built in the year 1831, on a part of a field to the left, as you ascend the lower Harnham Hill, leading to Downton, etc. which Mr Brownjohn made with Lord Radnor, an exchange with some other property, Mr Brownjohn had some where else, adjoining his Lordships, as the story went at the time, his Lordship allowing him to put some lives into it, it was built by Mr Weavings, of Exeter St and my father did the Painting, the other portion of the field, was let out in allotments, for the use of the inhabitants of Harnham, and it is so at this day, and the new oak pegs, that divided the allotments on each side of the centre path, was painted white & numbered by my Father, this was a cornfield long since my remembrance, some fine white bearded wheat, used to grow there & barley too, it was a field that I saw a fight, between a man

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of Harnham and a Downton man, on a Teusday for more than an hour, & I think that this was not the only time, this was before the House was built, Mrs Taunton of Stratford Toney, near Coombe Bissett, a Clergyman's widow, took the house full 6 or 8 months, before it was finished, and sent her Gardener, a trusty young man, to plan out things with Mr Brownjohn, and he took up his lodgings at the Swan Inn, his name was John Smith, about the years 1832 or 1833. she became engaged, to the Rev G. L Benson of the Close, & Married, in the year 1834, she had a son; that was the year that my Mother, had her youngest son, my brother George, James, Dr Sampson of Castle Street, recommended to her, my Mother to suckle it, but in a few months it died, to their great disappointment, after that occurrence, the Bensons, became particularly attached to us, giving us their work, we not only worked, for Mr & Mrs Benson, but for Miss Fanny, Miss Ann, & Mr Robert the Recorder of

1 Harnham House: see Brownjohn in List of Prominent Citizens and Houses

Sarum, in the course of a few years, Mr Benson's Father died in the Close, in the Family House, & Mr & Mrs Benson, left Harnham & took possession of it. Their other children were born here. Mrs Benson most amiable, kind and gentle lady, several of their children died in this House, besides Mr Benson, herself and her beloved eldest daughter.

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After Mr Benson & Mrs left this house, it was occupied by Mr Robert Short & his sister, for a few years, Mr Short had a smart young man, as you would wish to see, for his groom, my going there to work sometimes, he became very attached to me, he was a very Godly young man, & used to attend the Methodist Chapel, where I went, & he seemed very anxious for my spiritual welfare, he used to get me to come to his stable often with him & used to pray for me, very devoutly, my Father & Mother approving of it, but by degrees he got tired & his zeal burnt out, and I saw but little of him, at last I was told he had left his place & had become quite a reprobate, which gave me a surfeit of mixing much, with religious pretenders again, in fact he did me a serious injury.

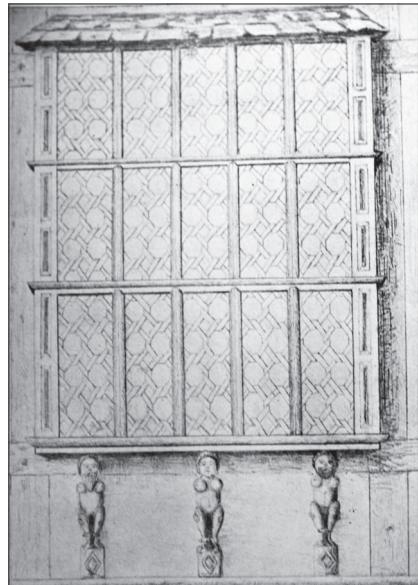
About the year 1840, The Rev Mr Coope & 1 or two of his brothers took the House, they were very Zealous Church men, especially the Rev Mr Coope, and owing to our being at work there for Mr Brownjohn, he began to know us, the first thing he did, was to alter the front of the house, by introducing 2 New Bow Windows, for the 2 lower Rooms in front, Mr Wentworth made the Sashes etc and we Glazed them, and

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the rooms were very much improved, he kept a lot of Dog's, & Servants, and was very liberal, at Christmas time, he invited the poor of Harnham, to a sumptuous repast, in the Coach house, fitted up for the occasion, My Father, Mr Wentworth, Mr Viney the Blacksmith & others to superintend it, and after the repast, to march in the Evening to St Thomas's Church, with boughs etc

About 1843 or 1844, he left Harnham, having turned Roman Catholic, and occupied the House in the Close called the King's House, & the house adjoining, where the celebrated Mr Porter lived once, &

here he began to Pull down & alter every thing, he had the old lead Window lights taken out of the stone frames, & Plate Glass introduced into some of





Window (opposite page) at seventeenth-century Joiners' Hall, illustrated in Peter Hall's Picturesque Memorials, copied by William Small for new window (above) at the rear of The King's House, now Salisbury & South Wiltshire Museum. Photo Joe Newman

them. others new leaded with part stain'd Glass in the form of a Cross, others, especially the fine window at the Back, consisting of 18 Compartments, New leaded with the link Glazing, copy'd from the old Joiner's Hall, in St Anns St. all the Glazing, Plumbing, & Painting executed by us, Mr Fisher, & Mr Parker were the other tradesmen, they did a lot of work there, our Bill was 82℄, and theirs much higher, Mr Coope in 1846 had a Gathering there, and Public Speeches made in the Front, to the great annoyance of the people in the Close, about this

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time, or a little before, he gave a sumptuous repast, all the Catholicks in Salisbury attended, & other influential persons away, they marched all round the long garden singing, to the waters brink, several times, then retired into the spacious back room, & did justice to the Roast Beef, Plumb Pudding, Grogs, Wines & Beer, it was kept up until rather a late hour, some good songs, being sung, recitations & toasts, I remember a splendid song, Mr John Lambert¹ sung, the fine old English Gentleman, but soon after this Mr Coope, vanished like a morning dream. & left some of the tradesmen in the lurch.

1 John Lambert : see List of Prominent Citizens and Houses

The old Cottage that was in existence for generations, before this house was thought about, stood on the site, where Mr Brownjohn built the present Cottage, now occupied by Mr Wilton, The Cross, family, occupied it in My Father's time & mine, the old man, was a Sieve Maker, & had a numerous family, he was very fond of the fiddle & a little moisture, but when a storm of thunder came on, he would run to Harnham, to my Grandmother, for her to read the Bible to him, until the storm was over, & then he was himself again. I do not recollect him, but his Wife lived for several

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years, in my time, there was an old well in the front of the Cottage, by the road side, Mr Brownjohn wanted it, for to rebuild it, for it belonged to him, with the other property, but the tenant thought that it was their own, after living there so many years, & they refused to go, Mr Brownjohn offering them a certain sum of money to leave, but they refused, and they were obliged to turn out without any thing, Mr Brownjohn rebuilt this Cottage, & retired from New St and passed his Mayoralty there. in 1845, Mrs Brownjohn dying in New St in 1842, suddenly after an evening party at Christmas, Mr Brownjohn lived in this cottage until 1852, the Municipal Election near at hand and he had to be reelected, he was very anxious about his success he called at our passage in New St where he used to live, and said to me at dinner time, where's your father, I said he was not at home, you tell him not to forget me, I reply'd that will be all right Sir, that was on 29 Oct. & on the night of the 31st, he died rather suddenly in his Cottage at Harnham.

The late Mr Brownjohn, I think, above all others, I ought to speak a word or two for him, He was an

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Auctioneer & Appraiser of New St Salisbury, in the very House, that I occupy, 1881, & we have lived here since 1851, he lived here a number of years, that I cannot say exactly, long before W Hussey MP Esq died in 1813, and up to 1837, when he pulled down some old Cottages adjoining, & built 2 Good modern houses, Mr R. Read St Anns St, was the builder & Lacey of Fisherton, the bricklayer, a good workman, & we did the Painting & Glazing of them, & Mr Mackrell the plumbing work, that was 3 years before we left Harnham Bridge, I used to come from there, to the very house where I now live, for the Key, to go in, and do the painting, there was an opening in the wall made to pass through, for the time being, My Father took a Bill of Mr Brownjohn, for the work over 100£, all the sashes were Glaz'd on Harnham Bridge by me, with best Crown Glass, Crown Glass was 11£ a Crate, at that time, the sashes were all taken to the New buildings, & put into a Room to dry, for to receive the second coat before they were hung. Mr Mackrell said to Mr Brownjohn, one day, who Glazd those sashes, he said young Small, at Harnham, and he said I never saw better glazing in my life , Mr Brownjohn told me so himself.

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Mr Brownjohn was a great support to my Dear Father, for a number of years, until his death, & we missed him very much, he was likewise steward, to several Gentlemen, & he could often help us to a job, the Pinckney's, Powells, Sir Benjamin Brodie etc etc, his two maiden sisters, used to live in Exeter St Betsy & Sarah, I knew them well, & Mr Charles Millett of Hindon, married another sister, the property after his sisters death he sold, to Mr Perman, tin man of Castle St, who built 3 Modern houses in 1842, I remember very well in 1831, or 1832, when the riots at Bristol were going on, going to Mr Brownjohn in New St. to reglaze his Greenhouse, with odd piece's of Glass, with my Father. Miss Bell, afterwards Mrs G Mill, was brought up in New St, with Mr Brownjohn & his Wife, they having no children, until her Marriage with Mr. Mill, Mr Mill & his brother John, became proprietors of the Antelope Hotel, property in Catherine St, & carried it on for a time, there were 2 Large carved Antilopes, (*sic*) fixed upon the top of the Houses, on both sides, with their feet upraised projecting over the Road, executed by a Carver & Gilder, that lived next door to the Crown, High St, After that Mr G Mill, opened one part of it, as a Chemist & Druggist,

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he & his Wife, & 1 or 2 children went to Harnham House, to retire, and liv'd there, til the death of Mr Brownjohn, and after that left the Neighbourhood, Mrs Mill, the mother of Mr G Mill lived in lodgings for years, at the foot of the bridge /Wooffs [added above]/ at Harnham, and I believe died there, she was a Clergyman's Widow.

Father, Mother & Grandmother

I think it is high time now to say a little about my Dear & Honoured Father & Mother, which was the principal object, I had in view, when I began this Book, I trust I shall give a faithful & correct account of them, as far as my memory will allow me, of what I have heard my Father & Mother say from my earliest years until their death, without any exaggeration on the one hand, or going behind the door on the other. I will now begin with his youth, and early manhood, until his 30th Year, when he was married. likewise some account of his Mother & 2 elder brothers. Lydia Small, was born near Hindon, in Wilts, in 1752. history tells me that 2 years after that 1754, three parts of the houses in Hindon, was burnt down she used to say, the year she was born, was when

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the old style,¹ date & Calender, was altered, that was in 1752, she was a poor widow, her husband I never heard my Father say, but I suppose in some honest

1 Hindon fire: 2 July 1754 fire destroyed two-thirds of the town.

Old Style calendar: until 1752 the legal year, by the Julian calendar, began on Lady Day 25 March, which commemorates the Annunciation. In 1751 an Act of Parliament decreed that England should adopt the Gregorian or New Style calendar in line with most countries on the Continent and that 1752 should start on 1 January.

& humble calling. this I have heard him say, that he died in the small pox, when that disease (*sic*) was raging there, he passing along the street, and saw a man looking out of his bed room window, a shocking spectacle. it turn'd his blood instantly, & he went home, sickened & died in it. about the year 1793 or 1794, she left Hindon & came to Salisbury, & settled at East Harnham, with 3 sons, my Father being the youngest, he was baptized at Barick [Berwick St Leonard] Church 8 Febry. 1789, consequently he was very young, 4 or 5 years of age, I think my Father said, he could hardly remember his Father, his 2 other brothers Charles & James, were much older than him, James when not quite out of his teens, went to the west Indies, & never was heard of after, Charles was a very fine young man over 6 ft high, he was the eldest, apprenticed to a Mr Jennings in Salisbury, a Bricklayer, & when the New Rooms were built in High St, now called the assembly rooms in 1803, he was the first bricklayer there, being just out of his time, he did the principle work to the 2 Fronts, & all the arches, the late Mr Parker, the Bricklayer, knew him well, he used

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often to talk about him, when we used to be at work together, and that was frequently, Mr Parker being at work at the new rooms, at the very time 1803. at this very time, just before the new rooms was completed, he went as a soldier, a substitute for a gentleman in Salisbury & he gave him 40£. so he left his widowed mother, the same as the other brother, & left her to the mercy & his younger brother of this cold world. many tears, prayers, & sighs, came from her eyes & her heart, on their behalf, for she was a strict God fearing woman. (If I am bereft of my Children, I am bereft) he went away never to return more, but he was a brave soldier, & was soon promoted to the rank of Colour Serjeant Small, he lost his life in the famous Battle of Talevera in Spain being mortally wounded with a bullet in the breast, so he died honourably in the defence of his country. Samuel Naish of the Rose & Crown Inn at East Harnham was in the same regiment, and was with him when he died, but he did not come home for years after wards, not until about the years 1814 or 15 when he Married, & lived in Exeter St, where Samuel Naish his eldest son was born, then about the year 1820, he took the Swan at East

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Harnham, & improved the front very much, by putting in those Bow windows although the House, did not belong to him, he lived there about 3 or 4 years and removed to the Rose & Crown & died there in May 1833, and was buried at Britford, on a beautiful sunday morning I went & saw it, it was a walking funeral My Father being one of the Pall Bearers, His stone underneath is engraved this beautiful verse,

Sacred to the Memory of Samuel Naish who died May 23 1833 aged 49 years

[six line verse follows]

Mr Naish was a particular friend of My Fathers, & my Father him, he used

frequently to talk to my Grandmother about her son Serjeant Small, who gloriously fell, in the defence of his country, but I am wandering away from my subject a little, The reason why my Fathers Mother, came into this part of the County was, she had a Brother living in the Close & a Brother in law and Nephew in Fisherton, & as she seem'd alone there after her Husband's death, she came here to be near them.

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but I must digress a little again, before I proceed further, about this time . . . a New Neighbour came to live next door to her, placed there, I think, I heard by Mr John Snook, an old inhabitant of Harnham, & his father before him, because he thought she would have a good neighbour, in my Grandmother, for Mr Snook was a kind of a guardian to her, her Name was (Madam Bower), had ample means, & was a little deranged in her mind, but quite capable then & for a long time to live by herself, . . . this was in the year 1802 or 1803, and she lived there some few years, she came from Dorset, and had Brother's there well to do, which often came to see her, she allways called my grandmother Mary, although she told her name was Lydia, It seems that she had a wild brother, & one that she did not like, . . . and she called him Jack Bower, she had long Bolts put on the inside of all her doors to keep Jack Bower out, she was very fond of My Father, for when she went out, especially on a Market day, he was to walk before her with a long walking stick, to keep the Cattle away from her,

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and that was very necessary, especially in those rude days, but my Father once nearly lost his life, going over Harnham Bridge with her, a Wild Cow tossed him within an hairs breadth, almost over the Bridge, there was a pastry Cook's shop in those days, between the White Hart & King's Arm's, and she did allways go in there to rest, when my Father did eat as much pastry as he liked, and boys generally are very fond of pastry and she did eat some herself, & a paper full to take home to Mary, allways dressed elegantly in silk. Then go into the Market & get what she wanted & return my father walking before her back again, she allways kept her Doors front & back, securely bolted, . . . lest Jack Bower might be near, if ever my Father had a Cold or Mary, she would bring in the riches (*sic*) soups, & sometimes Medicine, for she understood those things, for she was an educated woman, she brought at one time in particular 2 or 3 lbs of fresh butter of a Dairy man, and did not like it after she had it, and she flung it on to the outside of her Door, & shut it, the Dairy man happening to see her do it, stole back and began to take it off, and the bolts went back and opened the Door, & she asked what he meant by that, Oh Madam I thought

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it was such a pity to let such good butter as that run away in the sun, What's that to thee she said, didn't I pay thee for it, so she went in to Mary to come and take away the Butter, for she could not eat it, for she thought, Jack Bower, had been tampering with it, she had pistols & powder in her house, for she

would fire up the chimney once, or twice a day for to shoot Jack Bower for she said . . . Jack Bower was so artful he might come down the chimney. . .
 .. My Father in particular once had a very sore throat, and she made him up, some especial broth, with a little physic in it & oyster sauce, she brought it in & said, Now Mary make him drink all this, & what he wont drink, fling over him it will do him just the same good, . . .

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Madam Bower, she got a great deal worse at last, & her Brother's came & took her away, but she was always perfectly harmless & well conducted. My Father was very fond of talking about her to us children, and when we used to have a few friends, he would be sure to bring it up, and cause a general laughter, the late Mr Wooff Senr & several others knew her well.
 but to proceed again after this long digression, my Grandmother had a Brother in the Close, by the name of Davis,. . . he was a verger of the Cathedral, in the latter part of the last century, & lived in the very house, where Alderman Fawcett now resides, near rosemary Lane. & he kept either a day, or evening school I am not positive which, but I should think an evening school, because his time in the day would be occupied at the Church, it was only a very plain school, for schools of this sort in those days were very rare, a few lads from

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Harnham attended, a few from the Close, and a few from the town, one in particular was a lad, that my Father did always call Fred. Fisher, this was no other than Money Fisher's son, afterwards the Builder in Crane St. & Clerk of the works at the Cathedral. About this time Mr Millett, the Painter & Glazier of Fisherton, my Fathers first cousin invited him to come and learn the trade if he had a liking to it. Mr Milletts father was living & was the School master of Fisherton, & my Fathers Uncle, this was about in the year 1804 or 1805, my Father gladly accepted the offer & was bound apprentice to him. I must digress a little again here, my Fathers Mother as I said before was a godly woman, I have seen Class Ticket's of her's in my boyish days, as a member of the Methodist Society, as far back as the last Century, but I am sorry to say they are lost and gone, but I have tickets by me now of her's, for the years 1801, 1802, 1803, 1804 , 1805, 1806, 1807, 1808, 1809, 1810, 1811, 1812, 1813, 1814, 1815, nearly everyone complete, she attended the first old Chapel, when the entrance, was through the cottages adjoining, & long after the New Chapel was built in 1810, when they had to take up the cross in those days, the ungodly men & boys & sometimes women, would

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follow them up from Harnham with old tin pots, kettles & frying pans & back again from the Chapel, & no one to interfere, no police men, no order, no nothing, & yet nothing daunted she & others would go, she would even have a prayer meeting once or twice a Week in her house, regardless of the great annoyances, she & they used to receive, My Father, Mr W. Naish the Baker, the Eldest Brother of all the family & Mr Richard Wooff, went to the Sunday School, when it was first Established in 1798 or 1799 first in

Gigant St. Secondly at a large room adjoining the Pheasant Inn, & lastly in Salt Lane, I have two tickets by me of my Fathers for the years 1810 & 1811, and tickets after 1834, up till his death, the majority of the Harnham people was strongly against the Methodists, Old Beach, the father of Mr Beach, Sen. the Cutler, was a bitter enemy to them, they used to have preaching on a Sunday, in a field down the old lane, & he used to have a booth erected there, for drinking & smoking & any sorts of Games, to annoy them & sometimes entirely drive them away. Mr Richard Wooffs Father, the very old man of all, I can but faintly remember him, but I can remember, that he used to wear leather breeches, & was a shoe maker,

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he used to keep a Fowl or two, so I have heard My Father say & Mr Wooff too his son, that the fowls would get through the Hedge into Beach's Garden, he used to keep the Swan in those days, he used to say to his Ostler, go and get the gun, that I may shoot that dam'd Methodist hen, he died long since my time at the St Nichola's Hospital. he failed at the Swan, and went by a certain nick name, the boy's did torment him nearly to the last, when he could get about, Our apprentice, with others, call'd him names, & he knew our apprentice, & he came to our house on the Bridge & swore that he would serve him out with that large staff, whenever he could get at him, my Father told him that he did not allow his apprentice, or his own children to call any one names, oh, he said he had only got his base word for that, you are a dam'd Methodist lot altogether.

There was a band of Godly young men after all at Harnham & Britford, the Hardings, all of them nearly, the Wooffs the Miells, my Father & many more that I dont just now remember, My Father was present at Mr D. Hardings, Marriage & at Mr Wooffs, and they had, prayer meetings in their Houses & Singing & Godly exhortations, instead of drinking & dancing.

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But to proceed, My Father went to Mr Milletts, and commenced his new occupation, with a determination & zeal, which he faithfully carried out, until his, Mr Millett, death in 1827. Mr Millett, Mr Noble, & Mr Jebboul, were at that time the only 3 principal tradesmen in that line, Mr Mackrell & Mr Lawrence, were principally (*sic*) Plumbers, my father was his favourite, and they used to work together in great harmony, Mr Millett was a Man that always had the apron on, & was always at work, not like the Master men now a day, walking about almost full dress't & rings on their hand, merely to look on & see others do the work, but I think the greatest honour that a tradesman can have is to become a skilful workman himself and not afraid, or ashamed to use the paintbrush, or trowel. Mr Millett scarcely employ'd anyone else, except when very busy, I have heard my Father say, that Mr Milletts father should say to him, almost at the first onset, now you do your best for James, & he will reward you, for no one else is likely to have the business when he dies but you, and his master himself allways said so, they used to go into the country & carry loads, sometimes rather too much, and even ladders, my father on one or two occasions, when they went

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into the country, and the water was knee deep, in the roads, to take the loads they had, through first, and then return & carry his master over, & the same when they returned, my father never used to think of having any holiday & it was one of the rarest things if ever he did, his master did go out sometimes but My father was oblig'd to be there, to take orders & mind the house, for he had no particular servant, only a little girl sometimes.

When the ox was roasted in the Market place, & the general rejoicings going on, in 1814, he had to stay at his Masters till 10. o'clock at night, to attend to the candles etc at the illumination, & when he went home to Harnham, it was pretty well all over.

Nearly the first place he went to work at, . . . was the new house, now called Milford Hall.¹ top of Castle Street I think, & lately purchased by Mr Marlow, (Mr Geary, the Nurseryman built that house), years after it was Geary & Moody. where Mr J. Keynes, afterwards occupied.

My Father still lived with his Mother at Harnham, a long journey to meals all weathers, from Fisherton 2nd bridge, he never lost no time, and was never absent from

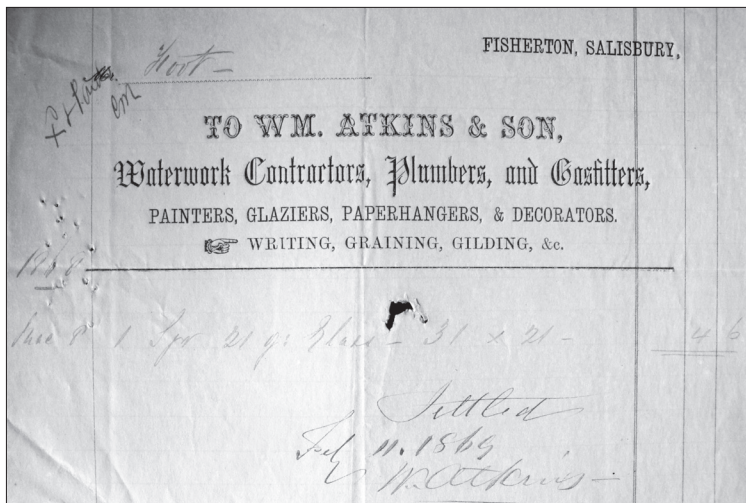
(I p 53)

his post. He was well received everywhere, and he was called the cleanest painter in Salisbury, both in his clothes, and in [h]is work, where he did go once, he was sure to be wanted again. if Mr Millett was busy. people would wait for him to come, rather than have any one else, he never had a day's illness, till his last, and always had the rose of health in his countenance, always contented & cheerful, never put out of temper much, bearing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things, thus passed his time away, until a very important crices (*sic*) came. I must digress again for a time, he was now in his 30th year, and he thought it was time to take unto himself a Wife. he courted a Miss Alsford, of Fisherton for some little time, & was married in the Autumn of 1819, at Britford Church, by the Rev. R. Morres, Grandfather of the present Mr Morres, John Wooff & Elizabeth his Wife going with them. His master living a bachelor's life, & was in middle manhood, my father never suspecting that he was about altering his mind, to contemplate marriage, some woman from the country, about his own age was in the habit of calling there occasionally, whether with butter & eggs, or what I cannot exactly say, but I think, she was either a Farmer's or Dairyman's daughter, he fell in love

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with & Married her, he was then in his 46 or 47th year, and she as old or older, this made my Father easier in his mind, as there would not likely be any children, for it put him out a little to have a Mistress as well as a Master, so unexpectedly, It happened about this time, they were very busy, and wanted [an] extra hand or two, Mr Atkins, a son of the drowner of the old lane by the

1 Milford Hall: see Lambert in List of Prominent Citizens and Houses



Billhead for William Atkins's business © Salisbury & South Wiltshire Museum

Swan, and whom my Father had known from his boyhood, he being out of work at the time, this Mr Atkins had been apprenticed to T, Major, a painter & Glazier on the Bridge, and was a clever young man at his trade, . . . he went on for Mr Millett, and was there for some considerable time, in fact until his Milletts death, now this alteration in his masters former life by marrying, did not in the least alter his fondness for my Father. but every thing went on as before, & Atkins & my Father were allways on good terms, living near each other at Harnham, Generally had each others company in going & coming. Atkin's being a very smart man & young, Mrs Millett allways seem'd very partial to him. but death is every where by night and day, in ambush for his

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victims. Mr Millett did not enjoy the marriage state very long, and he became very ill one day, the next he took to his bed. but Oh he had not made his will, he thought there would be plenty of time for that, at a future time, he became delerious (*sic*) at times and this artful woman, had call'd in a certain lawyer, & would not allow my Father to see him, first nor last, he did sit up in his bed & call in a partly incoherent voice, William, William William, the Nurse says it is William Small he wants, no it is not said she, it is William Atkins, if it is anybody, then he would call out again & again William, William, William and more, his fingers, in a writing position, as if he had the pen in his hand, so this artful lawyer, or her, put the pen into his hand, and with their assistance guiding his hand, or actually writing with it, made over the whole of his money & the large freehold house & shops to herself, a sum of not much less than 2,000£ and so the poor man passed away. It was supposed her intentions was to Marry Atkins, the Nurse a most respectable woman in this town . . . declared that a more scandalous affair, never was,

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She said the poor man was in agonies of mind, about his dear cousin William Small, & it was the principal topic of conversation for a long time. thus died poor James Millett of Fisherton Anger, painter etc. in April. 1827, in his 48th year.

My father at this time had 3 children & Wife of course, & it was an afflicting time for them, my father knowing not what to do or where to go . . . My Mother & Grandmother was deeply vexed, for Mr Millett was very fond of his Aunt & my Mother too. . . . I dont think my father was invited to the funeral, or if he was he would not go. so Atkins had some friends, and he got the business, so, soon after the funeral, he went & saw her, & he had a long conversation with her, and he said to her what am I to do, with my young family. Oh she said in an imperious manner you had better go into partnership with Atkins, that I said I would not do, after being used in such a scandalous & disgraceful manner.

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it was the town talk about my Father how unjustly he had been used. so he told her to her face, she was an artful & bad woman, that the money & property she had got, what my father & Mr Millett, had worked for, would be a curse upon her, and that she would not be believed, be suffered to live, . . . , so just that day 4 months, she was preparing some vegetables etc at the Pump for dinner, she was seized, with a fit or seizure, was carried to her bed & died the same day, or the next, thus died this infamous woman. & her family came into possession of everything, money & land, that did not even know Mr Millett perhaps, so everything went clean away from Father & Atkins too. . . .(Verily there is a God that judgeth in the Earth). My poor Father & Mother almost broken hearted & Grandmother too, he did not knowing what to do, or which way to stir. . . Mother wishing him to start for himself, but how was he
[two pages missing]

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House of D. Eyre Esq. & My Father mended them, & other Houses in the Close suffered as well. this, apprentice of ours did go every night to hear the state of the Poll,¹ & bring home to Father what it was, he came home one of those nights rather frighten'd & alarmed he said as he was standing waiting for

1 This extract appears to refer to the Dorsetshire by-election of September/October 1831. In a period of political crisis large crowds gathered at the White Hart to wait for the mail coach from the west bringing the result of the daily poll. At the same time the House of Lords rejected the second Reform Bill in early October by 41 votes, with many of the bishops voting against the measure. This caused particular anger which boiled over into unrest in cathedral cities like Salisbury. The *Salisbury and Winchester Journal*, October 10 1831, reported that 'a large party of persons entered the Close, made a most wanton attack on the house of Mr Eyre and broke several of his windows'. (see also I,158)

the coach to arrive, he saw a perfect Skeleton, on the opposite stone Embattled wall, coming in & out of those apertures on the top, it is Lord Malmsburys Property & Mrs Salisbury resided in the House at that time. he went out on a dark still night to dip up some water, from the river, to wash himself, and there was a largish filbert tree, growing close to the dipping step, and he came in frightened very much, for there was scarcely a wag of air, & he said the filbert tree shook, as if a strong man had got hold of it, & shaking it with all his might, this was about a month before he died.

[story related by a bricklayer 5 or 6 years ago, about the late Mrs Salisbury's summer house, which is still there, he found a skeleton on the bed in a room in the roof, with a drinking horn beside it, the bones fell to powder when touched, Mr Morris in the house at the time, took away all the items. WS recalls apprentice's story of ghosts, 47 years before¹]

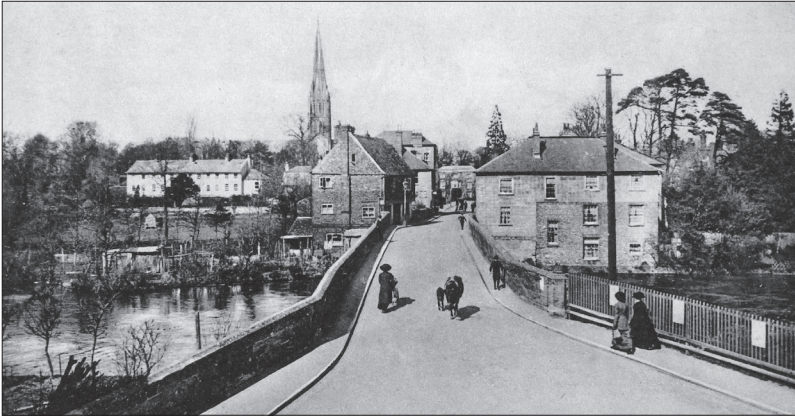
(I p 61)

(but now again to my Dear Fathers history,) well after my father commenced business for himself he had generally plenty of work when it was about, he thought he would get a Boat or two, to let out by the hour, or by the day, for pleasure or fishing, and when he was out at work, my Mother could attend to that. the young gentlemen from the Close & town soon paid her visits, the Eyres, Macdonalds, Tatums, Dowdings, Atwood, Rigden, Youngs, Cheapue, Tom Wyndham, Bouveries, Husseys, Marshes, Reads, Charles Wyndham & his Brother. etc etc but not let them out on a Sunday, whilst others did, & had a roaring trade on that day. but that money never prospered. Mr Jones junr of the White Hart Hotel, & General Wyndham, younger brother of Wadham Wyndham. M.P. used to have boats of their own & keep them there. General Wyndham used to have his Boat Painted Buff inside, & Blue & Black out, he used to be very fond of his little boat, and come nearly every afternoon when the weather was suitable, for to sail up and down the river. he was a very genial man and kind, used to give us children lots of things, he used to bring down young rooks, or a little game

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some times, he used to say he was a very poor man, & he wished he had been driving plough, or any thing, when his Brother Wad was born, in a jocular way. he used to have the Boat taken to Milford where he lived, Dry'd & painted for the spring again. Gentlemen & even Noblemen used to come in the May month, for Trout Fishing and have a Boat, sometimes for several

1 Malmesbury House: 15 the Close: (RCHME 1993,102) house sublet by Earl of Malmesbury, first to Francis Webb and in 1815 to Webb's daughter, Frances Salisbury. In 1851 she was living there, aged 75, with two adult daughters and three servants. There is a well-known legend of a 17th century ghost in the room once occupied by Handel. During 19th century restoration work, a 17th century horn tumbler, a mattress, and blue velvet pillow were found in the summer house (orangery) in a hiding place under the roof.



Postcard of Harnham Bridge

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days, & take it down the stream for Miles, The Honbl Mr St John, one of the Bolingbroke family, a splendid fine man, used to come every year, and continued to do so for years fishing, he used to kill the fine trout, with the Minnow from Harnham Bridge & in the Meadows adjoining, & I often used to attend him, & land his fish, he was very kind to me and used to give me as much as 5 shillings, at a time, besides Hooks, Gut, sometimes a good line, etc. he used to stay at the White Hart, & have an Hamper sent from there, with all the good things of this life, & he gave me as much of it as he eat himself. owing to these boats my fathers trade daily increased for these young Gentlemen, spoke a word for him at home, and he

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soon began to work for their parents. I must now digress again and say a word or two about the Garden & its surroundings, from the year 1823, until June 21st, 1840, when we left for the town. One might call it a little paradise, of course in the Winter months, it was like what nature is, everywhere else, at that season of the year, and some winters exposed to the Floods, I shall endeavour to speak of the Great Flood, in 1841, a few months after we left the place as I proceed. there were 2 houses on the Bridge, that side, the path went down the Centre & divided the gardens, our side was the south, & our respected neighbours on the north, but more about our neighbours as I proceed, the Gardens where (*sic*) in an Island, divided by a Narrow stream at the back, & over the narrow stream, a beautiful Meadow in an Island, studied with, daisies, kingcups, cuckoo flowers, batchelors buttons, etc, and had the appearance of belonging to the garden almost, which the garden & meadow, & rich scenery beyond, from the Bridge, appeared enchanting. the Waters edge was, well planted with black currant trees, which were generally loaded with fruit, and we had to pick a great portion of them in a Boat.

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The apple trees, one or two or them hanging over the stream, looking pretty from the bridge, the old russet tree at the entrance of the Garden almost which had been standing there for generations, 200 Years at least, bearing splendid fine fruit, my mother putting them away in a large hamper for the winter, and then they were delicious, as many as five or six beautiful Cherry Trees, Planted by me when young, where a Golfinch (*sic*) every year would build. a Nice Harbour at the angle of the Garden at the bottom, Perfectly private from being seen through from the Bridge, with a beautiful view up the stream, and the enamelled meadow. the place where I passed many happy hours in beholding the fish sport & take the May flies, and the sparrows & chaffinches on the tall grass, a delightful retreat for reading & meditation, which I did enjoy with my dear friends. The Garden was well stocked with flowers, especially White Roses & Gillyflowers, we had a show of splendid double Gillyflowers, one year in particular. quite a grand sight from the Bridge from 1ft to 1ft 6 inches in length, & filling the air with delicious perfume. A grape tree ran all over the old south wall, bearing a good crop of black Grapes. I will now give a bit of poetry

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by Eliza Cook [1812-1889] from memory alone

The Stranger on the Sill
 Between broad fields of wheat & corn,
 Was the lowly home where I was born:
 The peach tree leans against the wall
 And the woodbine wanders over all
 There is the shaded doorway still,
 But the strangers foot has crossed the sill [six verses in total]

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William Small the writer of this book and other's was born at East Harnham. Wilts. 16th May 1820. Charles Small, was born at East Harnham also, Nov 13th 1821, died January 2nd 1822. John Small was born, March 22nd 1824, on the Bridge in the borough of New Sarum, & in the Liberty of the Close. Elizabeth Small was born Sepr 18, 1826. died 27th Decr, 1837, on the Bridge do. Henrietta Small. was born, May 23rd 1828, died Christmas day 1877 at No. 1. New St. Maria Louisa Small, was born, 7th June 1830, died March 30th 1831 do. Frederick Small, Born in 1832 and died in Infancy. George James Small was born Sepr 6 1834.

I William Small, the eldest son, the only son living, born at East Harnham all the rest was born on the Bridge. I went to School at East Harnham as early as I could walk, I should think. to Betsy Biddlecombes, Old Mr Burch'es on the Nap, do. & at Mrs Lucas's in Exeter St,

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then my Mother asked me which school in Fisherton I should prefer Dredges, or Berrys, I said Berrys. Mr Berry was Gardener, when a young man &

worked in Mr Geary's Nursery, top of Castle St. with my Father, when he used to Repair the Glass there. and soon afterwards, started a School in Fisherton, he was a most excellent scholar, and he had a Brother at Andover, a schoolmaster. My Mother took me to school in 1826, so I was only in my 7th year, Maria Berry, his daughter, kept also a school for girls. Mr Berry also had the Fisherton Blue School, I hardly knew my way home at first, so George North & Seth North, at Britford showed me the way, at Christmas we broke up, I had a bag full of stone Marbles in my Pocket, & I was showing them to the boy that sat by my side, & Mr Berry saw it, he told me to come up to the desk, he asked me what I had got in my pocket, I said Marbles, he said give them to me, & he put them into his desk, this was 2 or 3 weeks before Christmas which very much pained me. I wrote a Christmas piece, Entitled Adam & Eve, in the Garden of Eden.

I will give one of the 2 Pieces, that was written in it, although I have never seen it since that time 1827 53 years ago.

'Emulation'

(I p 68) . . . as an Eagle in the firmament of Heaven, he soareth aloft . . .

this Christmas piece I took home, very proud of it, and my Marbles was given to me. Mr C Brown Stone Mason, lived at the bottom of the Close at that time. Mrs Woodyear & her daughter in the next, & Mrs Truckle. in the Cottage on the left hand, going through the large Gate. Mr Browns son Charles, my friend, went to school with me, so as we went home with our Christmas pieces, so his two lovely sisters, Henrietta & Jane. both dead years ago, & Charles too, looked at them under the large Elm tree, that used to grow close to the House, and admired them.

I went to Mr Berry's until 1831, & then I left school only 11 years of age, to go to work, as my father wanted me very much. Mr Berry left Fisherton in 1828 and went to Castle St. to the City Grammer (*sic*) School, some of My Dear Schoolfellows, were, C Brown, J Hibberd J Uphill. I Parker, R Yarham, E Simper, S. Naish, W. Naish. Ann Naish. H. Pile G Waterman 2 Miss Lewis's, Martha Woodyear etc etc

Mr Berry. always gave me a good Character, in 1828. he wrote in my Ciphering book, at Christmas. Thomas Berry, is happy to say W Small is a good lad.

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In 1829, he said in my Book, Thomas Berry is happy to say, W Small, maintains his last years Character, in 1830, he wrote Thomas Berry is happy to say. Master Small is a good lad, & merits commendation. all this was very pleasing to My Father & Mother. he used to say frequently there is little Williams, (the present, Joseph Williams at Browns on the Canal,) and little Small, the two best boys amongst them all, but perhaps he went too far. the other boys did not like it of course.

I will now give the old Green Lane
by Eliza Cook, purely from Memory.

Tw'as the very merry summer time. . . [three verses]

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Elizabeth Small, my dear sister died 27 Decr, 1837, aged 11 Years, she went to Mrs Lucas' School, in exeter St & afterwards to Miss Ann Naishe's at the Rose & Crown, Harnham, she was a nice girl, the very picture of Health. She had the misfortune to break a pane of Glass at Naishe's, & she appeared very much frightened, she came home about a fortnight before Christmas & was quite lost, & went to bed the next day in the brain fever, remained partly insensible nearly the whole of the time, and died on the 27 Decr. My father & mother was greatly affected

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at her death, My father sat up with her for several nights following & said afterwards, that he never felt so near another world as then, Mr Coates attended her, he was but lately married to Miss Kelsey & lived in St Ann St. She was buried at Britford, 6 young men carried her & myself, father, Mrs Wentworth, the builder's Wife, at the foot of Harnham Hill & Louisa Goddard, our neighbour, followed her.

there was only one daughter left, my Dear Sister Henrietta, the reason why her name was Henrietta was, that Father & Mother was very much acquainted with the Davis's in Castle St, and because Mrs Davis & her daughter was both of that name. I took Henrietta when she was very young down the stream in our Boat, & anchored it, & caught some Fish, one of them a very fine Grayling or Umber, another time took her for a Walk, in the Britford fields, & she fell into a deep ditch full of Nettles, but more about her anon. My father was in the old Volunteers in Captain Bouctiers [Boucher] time & afterwards in Colonel Brodies, My father used to Shoot the Trout from the Bridge occasionally and he left the Gun, with the charge but partly drawn, My Brother John & myself one day, when father & mother was away, brought the Gun into the room where Grandmother was sitting, to frighten her children like, full of mischief, and pointing the Gun at her face, snapped

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it several times and frightened her, then we took the Gun back where we found it, & my Brother says I will see it strike fire once more, it was a flintlock, so he snapped it again & the gun exploded & blew down a lot of the Ceiling, I once found a packet of Powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb at least of My Father's & shook a little bit out of the paper into the fire, there being no one at home & the whole exploded in my hand & made the old house shake, my hand & face was black, I only felt a slight shock & frightened more than hurt, but it was a miracle that my hand was not blown off at least, the explosion went up the Chimney, instead of towards me, in 1833 we had a New apprentice, in the room of Edward Major, a nephew of Henry Barnett, the old Plumber at Lawrence's in Castle St. he left us in 1839, & went to London, since dead. Maria Louisa

Small, died in 1831, aged about nine months. 6 young women carried her to Britford dress't in white. in March 1834, my Father's mother died, aged 82 years. full of faith & hope, my Father call'd us to her bedside to see her die.

in Sept 1834, George James Small was born, he went to Ann Naishes School at the Rose & Crown, Miss Lanes, Mr I Dawkins's in High Street, & Mr John Sopps in New St, he was a very pretty

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boy, Ann Naish did scarcely ever go into the town, but what she took him with her. He is still living 1881.

John Small was born March 22nd 1824, and is still living. friends often used to pay us a visit, at our pleasant place at Harnham, & have a cup of Tea in the pretty harbour, & have a ride in the pleasure boat. at Whitsuntide & other holidays we were very busy, Great many used to patronise us, most of the Methodist club used to go into the boats, there was a very fine Elm Tree, growing out of the bank of the river, opposite to us, which gave a pretty effect, to the view of the river from the Bridge, in 1828. William Hill jnr died next door to us, the son of W. Hill senr aged 28 years, In 1831. Mrs Hill his mother died, as nice a woman as could be, and kind, she gave my father a large Book, to keep for her sake...

I will give now a few words respecting Mr Hill & the Miss Goddards' that lived with him until he died. Miss Goddard the Eldest of the Goddards, in Salisbury & sister to the present E. Goddard of Milford St. was W Hills intended & at his death, she came & lived with Mr Hill his father & her youngest sister Louisa, Elizabeth Goddard was a very kind motherly woman & very fond

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of us, she was a very valuable friend for having time, she rendered my Mother & her family great service, when any thing was the Matter, she was about the same age as Mother. and an Excellent for curing all manner of Complaints, Elizabeth Goddard & her sister lived with Mr Hill until he died. Mr Hill had a young person by the name of Mary Ann Goss, to live with them & be her guardian, she was put to Mr Hill, by the late Mr A Corfe, the Organist of the Cathedral, she was a little deranged in her mind, but very cheerful & pleasant, I knew her, and lived neighbour to them. she died about 1830. she was related to the late Dr Goss, organist of St Pauls. London. Mr & Mrs Hill had 16 s pr Week for keeping her. Mrs Hill died before her, & after her death, Mr Hill had the 16 shillings pr week for the remainder of his life a good thing for him.

Mr Hill our much respected Neighbour, was born about the year 1753, at Downton, & was apprenticed from that parish, to a Tailor, on the Bridge at East Harnham. that must have been about the year 1767. when the Infirmary was built. his master dying before he left him, he had the little business, his first wife dying in 1786. her death was caused by eating Cherries, His second wife I have

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spoken about, he lived there were (*sic*) he was, till about 7 or 8 months before his death which took place at Mr Wooffs. Boot Maker, the other end of the Bridge, having lived there 74 Years, he was there when the Bridges were widen'd in 1774. the reason why he & the Miss Goddards left, was because we went into the town to live in June 1840. and they would not stay there because we were gone. and Elizabeth Goddard had what he possessed, Mr Wentworth made his coffin, he was a fine old man & died at the age of 88. My Father & myself, followed him to Britford Church, the 2 Messrs Cave, Samuel Naish, & John Witt farmer at Britford, he had a large grave stone, with all the names on it, Executed by the Messrs Cave, cost 10 Guineas. he was a remarkable man ... when he was an apprentice his master was a strict man, he used to call him at 4 O'clock in Summer, & if he did not come, he would call again, & after that bring up the horse whip, he was a good Gardener, had plenty out of his garden for their use, Good potatoes, Cabbage, Onions, lettuce, etc & plenty of fruit, he had a splendid Harbour Interwoven with White roses & honeysuckles facing that beautiful meadow the other side of the stream, facing the College of De vaux that Sir Robert Hungerford gave to it in 1396. he did purchase a large Eel pot or Holly, every year &

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have a rope attached to it, and bait it with snails, & throw it into the water by the side of his garden in different places, & allways have plenty of Eels. I caught a very large size Grayling, by the side of his Garden. when only in my 7th year. he was a man that scarcely ever attended any place of worship, but a very moral man. My Dear Mother, used to talk with him, about the concerns of his soul, and in his last illness at Mr Wooffs, often go & pray with him & so she did, to many neighbours in Harnham that was ill & sit up with them all night, My Mother began family prayers in our house as long as I can remember & after some time, induced father to take it up which he did, till the end of his life. Miss [Elizabeth]) Goddard went into the town to live, & Louisa her sister got married, since dead. Miss Goddard was not at home in the Town, & came back to the very house where we used to live, the other was occupied, & lived there a few years. My Mother & dear sister did visit her, at the old house at Home, her Brother came to see her from Shaftesbury, was taken ill and died there, and soon after she died there 27 Novr 1851. Aged 57 years.

I will now say a few words upon

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the great flood of 1841, we & Mr Hill, had left the 2 Houses on the Bridge where we used to reside & a good job for us, that we did about 5 or 6 months and both houses were unoccupied, at the time of the flood, or some of us no doubt would have been drowned. Mr Hill declared that the whole 74 years he lived there, there was never a flood anything equal to it. There was some very severe frosts, and the Ground was very hard, a heavy fall of snow come on, & then such a sudden thaw, perhaps was scarcely ever known, it

was on Saturday just about dusk on the 16 January 1841, that the waters came down, the whole of the Close was flooded, & men pushed about in Boats. the water was up in Fisherton very high, and bread was put into their Bed room windows from Carts, the springs in different parts of the town, burst up for 3 or 4 ft in the Hard roads, the greater parts of Exeter St was flooded, also at East & West Harnham. Now I will say a word or two concerning the great flood at Shrewton & other Villages.

Several of the Villages situated in the narrow vallies of the Salisbury plain have severely suffered, are Tilshead, the two Orchestons, Winterbourne Stoke, Shrewton, and Maddington, especially

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the two last. the number of Cottages destroyed in these several villages, is 47. besides many houses more or less injured, and the number of persons rendered homeless, is about 200. This awful work of devastation occurred on the 16 January 1841. Saturday, occasioned by the rapid thaw of the large quantity of snow which had fallen two days before. about 5. O'Clock in the evening, the waters, flowing from the hills, began to rush in a torrent, several feet deep, down the vale of Tilshead, carrying along, by its resistless force, soil & shrubs, and farming produce, and parts of buildings; and gradually increasing in depth and strength of current, as it rushed rapidly along towards the villages below, This happened just before night fall, so that the inhabitants became aware of their danger, Had the flood come 2 or 3 hours later, after they had gone to rest, it is impossible to say how many would have perished. But so sudden & unexpected was the rising of the waters, that some few of the families were not aware of the danger; and had at an early hour retired to bed, without the least foresight of the horrors that awaited them. Among these was the family of a poor labourer, named Blewden. He himself had not returned home from his work, when the waters rushed down

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and surrounded his mud built cottage, in which were his wife and 5 small children. It was impossible for any of them to escape; so deep were the waters, so violent the stream. One end of the cottage fell in about 7 O'Clock, Many persons, observing their perilous position, were anxious to rescue them; but rescue seemed impossible. All attempts to get to the cottage failed, and, separated (*sic*) by a deep gulf, the spectators witnessed, at a distance of 100 Yards, the heart rending scene. The night was dark, the rain beat heavily, the wind howled, and the waters roared as the (*sic*) rushed impetuously along. By means of a light at a Casement window, the Mother, and her 5 Children were clearly seen, she held an infant in one arm, and with the other supported a cradle containing another young child; The rest of her children clung in terror to her knees. At this moment the father returned from his work, and hearing the agonizing cries of his Wife & children, he dashed into the torrent to save them; but he soon found it hard to save himself, and if some one had not rushed in immediately to his assistance, he would have perished in the

unavailing attempt For more than an hour the poor woman & her children were seen at the window, & from time to time their

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piteous cries for help were heard amidst the howlings of the wind. Suddenly a loud crash was heard, the light was out, all was for a few moments silent. A part of the side wall had fallen. It was feared the wife & her 5 children, had all been overwhelmed in the ruin. It was not so: but one of the children had been killed – the little boy in the cradle. the others were soon heard renewing their cries, and piercing was the shriek of the Mother on perceiving the death of her little one. After two hours more of intense anxiety, and suffering, another crash took place, the rest of the cottage had fallen in, and the mother & her children were thrown upon the ruins. To these they clung, half dead, Meanwhile the most resolute and persevering efforts were made to save them. Men on horseback endeavoured again & again, to stem the cold rushing torrent, & though continually carried off their feet by the force of the waters, they would not give over their noble efforts till they had succeeded in carrying off both woman & children to a place of safety. The woman was taken from under a heap of rubbish, and the infant which she clasped in her arms, was found unhurt: preserved by the mercy of that compassionate Saviour, to whom little children was dear & precious. A girl, 3 years old, was next taken out; next her

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brother 7 years old, whose thigh was broken, & who is otherwise severely injured by the falling ruins. Then another was found and extricated. Last of all, the Mother was removed, and immediately put to bed in an adjoining house; and it is said to be very doubtful whether she can recover from the effects of the cold, & wet, and terror of that terrible night. In another cottage 2 lives were lost. A man named Fullford, and his little daughter, both perished: he by the falling of the house, she by the force of the torrent which she was trying to wade through. Fearful were the screams and cries of that poor girl to a neighbour on the opposite side of the stream, who tried in vain to save her. For a time she stood in the cold water, clinging to some rails; then trying to reach the other side, she was hurried away by the stream. Soon her cries were hushed, and nothing was heard in the darkness, but the noise of the wind & waters. Next day her dead body was dug out of some ruins, about 200 yards from the spot, In another cottage was a woman nearly 70 years of age. The water came into her house between 5 & 6 in the evening; and soon afterwards some of the walls gave way. She took refuge up stairs; & being wet wrapped herself in a blanket. Other parts of the cottage soon fell, until at length nothing

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was left standing but the chimney, to which she clung, exposed almost naked to the beating rain and the cold wind, & every moment in danger of death. In this state she continued for nearly 7 hours, without any one being able to come to her help. What could she do: Nothing. Yes, she could do something;

& that was the best thing that could possibly be done. She could pray; & she did pray. "I did not forget (says this aged woman to pray to God, I prayed till I was exhausted. I revived, & then I prayed again." The wind was loud, & the night dark; but there was One near her who could see amidst the darkness, and hear in the storm: . . . By Him her prayers were heard. At midnight she was extricated from her dangerous position, without having sustained the slightest injury. I have mentioned but a few cases of danger & distress. Many more might be mentioned, indeed when we bear in mind that there were no less than 47 houses destroyed, in the different villages, & that too in a few hours, without any warning, & during the darkness of the night, we may well imagine the terror & alarm of the inhabitants, the hurry and

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confusion that must have prevailed, the shouts of the men & the shrieking (*sic*) of the women, which must have been heard on every side. Certainly it must have been a scene of consternation never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. and when the next morning Sunday dawned, what a sight did they behold. Many cottages had been swept clean away, as if they never had been: nor a trace or sign of them left. Others with their roofs fallen in, one or two walls and a Chimney standing. Large barns levelled, and nothing left but the foundation stones that supported them; walls & fences of every kind thrown down: rafters & thatch of houses, floating & eddying in the torrent.

And now I will give a little description, of what have occurred in Wiltshire & New Sarum of late. 1881.

The Month of December 1880, was unusually mild, a yellow butterfly was caught, by a Gardener in Salisbury. & I myself saw a beautiful Crimson Spotted butterfly in the window of a House, where I was at work, near the middle of Decr. I heard the thrushes singing away, as I was getting up. my bed room window, facing the Close. on Christmas Morning & ... on New Years morning. but we very soon had the other extreme.

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The Snow Storms.

The experience in Salisbury & Neighbourhood

Salisbury, we would assure our readers, is not situate in the Arctic regions, or within, "measurable distance of the North Pole, . . . The Sarumite is a brave man in theory, . . . But before the stern reality of snow & sleet - the effects of which are accelerated by a piercing wind from the North East - he is a sorry coward . . . he shuffles along, tears dropping from his eyes, aye, and rude as it may sound, with the intensity of the air, from a far more prominent organ of sensibility. With what glad hopes did our worthy citizens - fond of the healthiness of skating - seek their couches on Monday night. The wind was again veering to the north, and visions of smooth ice & gallant sport enlivened the nocturnal rest . . .

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Snow, sleet & wind - execrable torments met his exasperated gaze. The sight

was better than the experience. The appearance of the thin flakes . . . was picturesque, indeed to an artist, charming, But to face it was another matter. The heavy hearted pedestrian might well shiver & grunt. Like Artemis Ward, “the muchness of it nearly killed him.” With the severity of the wind he was literally flung in every direction . . . Locomotion, too, . . . was nearly impossible . . . vehicles could proceed but with difficulty. And as time progressed, matters, instead of abating, increased snow . . . lay thick in the streets, but before night came it had become more than a Foot deep, whilst, at some places, . . . it had drifted, to an extent of several feet in depth. On Teusday night, exit or entrance to Salisbury was regarded as almost Quixotic event in the idea. Carriers coming into the market wisely refused to retrace their steps, and reports arriving in the city confirmed them in their determination. Shrewton

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and Maddington were but an oasis of refuge, in the desert of isolating whiteness. Amesbury was not approachable and indeed, all felt that it was more than reckless to venture out. A gentleman arrived late at one of the Hotels of the City cold & numbed, his carriage had been imbedded. Several sturdy fellows were dispatched – amid piercing snow and wind – to endeavour to regain several packages of valuable luggage. A promise of hearty reward stimulated their endeavours, & they return’d successful. The carriage however & another with it, still remained in the snow, unfortunately this was not the worst experienced, early in the morning, a man named Henry Card, in the employ of Mr Lovibond¹, proceeded on a journey in connection with his business, He was returning home towards the evening, when the effect of the accumulation of the snow, caused him to abandon his vehicle, A few steps further on, his Horse had also to be left. Then at the cutting above the Alderbury Union, he himself sank deep into the snow. His endeavours at extrication proved unavailable – he only sank the deeper. His cries fortunately, brought assistance and, he was rescued, from what might have proved an untimely grave. In the nick of time – when indeed –

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his energy and senses had almost departed. Exhausted, numbed and half dead he was removed to his home. After a time, sensibility returned; but though decidedly better, The poor fellow has been unable yet to resume his work.

For a brief space of time on Tuesday evening there was a break in the fall . . . [but] During the night snow fell in heavier flakes & with increasing force. In the morning bad had developed into worse. Trains of armed men – armed with the spade as a weapon of defence – attacked the accumulation in the streets; & thus a passage through the principal thoroughfares was secured. Vehicles

1 Joseph Lovibond came to Salisbury in 1869 to open a branch of his father’s brewery. He developed a system of measuring the quality of the beer using coloured glass discs which became ‘The Tintometer’, now an internationally known method of industrial colorimetry.

carted, as expeditiously as possible, the snow into the neighbouring river; . . . But so fierce again raged the storm during the day that several shopkeepers in the City and Fisherton were obliged to close their Establishments – a precaution absolutely necessary; whilst at the Post Office the authorities deemed it advisable to repeat the example of Tuesday to despatch no mail carts, a course which had been repeated on the two following days. Wednesday was a decided improvement on Tuesday; & Thursday was of a similar character. Still, the wind was cold & the air uncomfortable. Availing

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themselves of the improvements, the authorities of the South-Western, managed during Thursday to clear the blocks at Alderbury, Whitchurch, Porton, Semley, Gillingham & other places; & thus hoped to be able to keep to a better extent their time. The snow in the streets did not decrease ... it lay still there an uncomfortable companion. Again traffic on the Great Western was suspended. During the day, one butcher of the city found that upwards of 20 sheep had become snowed up in their field – or, rather they had sought a heap for shelter and been entirely covered with the drift. Fortunately, they were shortly after recovered without the loss, indeed, of a single animal. In Castle St, for a portion of it, discomfort was heaped – or, rather, poured, for this time it came in a fluid – upon discomfort. From some cause or other, we believe the forgetfulness to rise the flood hatches, necessary from the increase of flow into the river – the water flowed into the street, adapting as a course the site of the Brewery, which was on one occasion, was under water to the extent of 3 or 4 Feet . . .

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The inhabitants of Castle St are to be commiserated. A combination of semi-ice & snow in one's cellar is sufficient to try the patience of Job . . . Prominently deceiving was the weather on Thursday. During the day, the signs were propitious, but towards the last hours of the night snow fell. Friday morning revealed the result. The roads were again submerged . . . The South Western line was again blocked at many important points; we fear it is bad as ever", we are informed at the station. Now, as we write, the sun is smiling cheerfully; but the snow is impenetrable and impervious. . . . The Glories of an English winter "indeed, Magnificent in anticipation but most discomforting in appearance. The result of the present attack is inestimable. Business, has almost entirely been suspended; . . . a state of stagnancy. Traffic almost impossible; communication almost cut off; Salisbury almost isolated. But Sarumites see not desponding; they

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accept fate with the imperturbability of the Saxon. . . . Fisherton however is in fear, supposing the snow should suddenly dissolve; then would it be at the mercy of a flood? 18 Janry 1881

The Severe Weather.

Local Experience.

The Artic experience . . . has gone – leaving it's indelible impression on our

minds. The thaw has set in . . . and vigorous hopes are now entertained that Salisbury & Fisherton will both escape the disaster of a flood. The Weather, whilst it lasted, eradicated & surpassed all former ideas of severity . . . locally . . . The wiltshire downs have proved the grave of many a brave fellow – no less than 40 having, . . . lost their lives there. But on Wednesday, a report came to hand, of a man, a woman

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and their children, being found in the snow; . . . and the poor woman was near her confinement. We believe that the bodies have been recognised as having, in the life, been a family of Bohemians, known both to the local police - & the citizens - Frankham by name. Nearer Salisbury – coming from the north to the south of the county – fortunately casualties and fatalities, . . . have not resulted. We hear, as we write, of the body of a man having been discovered at Shrewton, where he had proceeded in the performance of his duty to his employer, Mr Hussey, of Netheravon. But whilst this is, we believe, a solitary case, escapes, hairbreadth in their character, have been experienced, without number. First, is the case of Mrs Vincent - whose death rumour only has, we are informed, encompassed. This old lady, who is the carrier between the city & Coombe and the neighbouring Villages, persisted in going to Damerham on “that Teusday night,” Notwithstanding earnest inducements to remain, she set out with her vehicle. At Coombe the cart was immoveable. At last it was absolutely covered; & the sturdy old carrier was only rescued at the last moment. other cases we hear - of Postmen being brought back to

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the office numbed & almost lifeless; . . . The visit unwelcomed & uncongenial, will live long in the mind of the citizens. The snow, . . . presented a sight unique and grand. Hedge rows; in instances, entirely disappeared; & the landscape was but one far stretched scene of smooth snow. Hundreds of inquisitive citizens, on Sunday, visited the road leading to Stratford. There the snow reached a height of, in the extreme, eight or nine feet; the state of this road was but a repetition of that in others. In the city, the comparatively slight inconvenience experienced by the thaw is due, principally, to the expedition with which the snow has been carted away. During the week, over 200 men have been employed in this manner – and, in this judicious way, much anticipated distress has been obviated. Distress in the city has of course, existed during the severe weather.

District.

The Great Snow Storm.

At Norton Bavant a sheperd (*sic*) in the employ of Mr Rogers, of Norton Farm, was found dead in the snow. He had evidently lost his way.

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He was lying on his face, with his arms folded under him. A pensioner named John Strange, residing at Beverstone, a village about 3 miles from Tetbury, and who had come into the latter town on Teusday week to receive his pension,

was found dead on Sunday morning with his face firmly frozen in the ice. . . A lad named Scarlett was found buried on a farm near Hungerford, with only his hand protruding through the snow. He was stiff & apparently dead, but afterwards partially recovered. A lot of gipsies, about 12 in number, had a narrow escape from suffocation in the snow on Saturday, whilst encamped at Lopen, near Crewkerne . . . On Tuesday an old man named Edmund Butler, aged 70. a labourer of Highworth, drove his mistress, Mrs Pegley, to Shrivenham station, and was afterwards found frozen to death seated in the conveyance, which was embedded in the snowdrift, . . .

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Mr Ward, of Nettleton, near Chippenham, sustained a very serious loss on Wednesday last, when 9 valuable yearling heifers, got upon a pond that was frozen over, & the ice giving way, the whole of them was drowned. Mr Geddings of Horton lost not less than 35 sheep in the snow storm. . . One of the most dreadful calamities of the snow storm was that which occurred on the road between Devizes & Marlborough on Tuesday. It appears that the head carter to Mr J Lavington, of Fyfield House, near Marlborough, a determined powerful man named Farr, & his under carter, a young man named William Lockwood, aged about 19 started for Devizes with a team of 5 Horses on Teusday morning at 3 O'Clock, They accomplished the out journey safely, Taking with them the carter's little boy, who wished to see his Aunt at Devizes. Not withstanding the weather they endeavoured to return, & were seen by P. C. Troke, at Beckhampton, the under carter riding on the fore horse, and the head carter walking beside his team, Troke endeavoured

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to dissuade them from continuing their journey, but without avail. Farr had great confidence in his horses, they could take him anywhere he said, and seems to have continued the journey to Kennett. Here they took the horses out, for the waggon was found near Mr Butler's, embedded in the snow. and instead of crossing the hill before them, they avoided it by going round towards East Kennett, They passed over the bridge, but the stretch of down leading into the road again, was fatal. (The agony of the strong man in his endeavours to cross the road cannot be realised.) but his senseless body was found beside 4 of his horses upon the grass in a water meadow adjacent One horse having broken loose and strayed on to Mr Glass's down, where it was found under a hedge towards East Kennett, some 400 yards from the high road. The poor fellow was but a short distance from the Bell Inn. The bodies of the under carter & the boy could no where be seen. It was hoped that Farr's child had been left at Devizes, but there can be no doubt as to his fate, as he was in the waggon at Beckhampton, where Mr Woolcott gave him some hot beer. His father was not found till Wednesday evening, when Mr Whitchurches man, from Lockeridge

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House, seeking for the Overton & Kennett postman, who was supposed to be lost, discovered the horses in Mr Glass's watermeadows, and the body of Farr lying down beside 4 of them. They took him to the Bell Inn, at

Overton, and every effort was used to restore animation, but without avail; he was unconscious though alive, & expired in a few minutes. The bodies of the under carter (who is a native of great bedwyn) and the boy has not been seen up to Wednesday morning, although every effort has been made to recover them. The horses are recovering, but had they not received careful attention, and been in excellent condition, they would undoubtedly have succumbed, as they have allways been accustomed to lay in at night. . . . a sheperd at East Kennett heard cries for "help" about six O'Clock, but neither stirred to give assistance or to inform others of the fact. Farr is a married man with a family, & his wife is expecting her confinement He was a fine man 6ft 3inches high, and his master, Mr Lavington, telegraphed direct orders for them not to return, but unfortunately

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they had started an hour before the telegraph arrived, leaving Devizes at Eleven O'Clock on a journey which was fated to be their last, & which took all night to accomplish, Mr Lavington was Proud of Farr & of his splendid team, which was valued at 400£.

[Poem]

'England', by Eliza Cook.

from Memory alone

[five verses]

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I have digress'd for a long time, now I will rally round My dear home again & dearest parents, brothers & sister. My Father I have heard him say, caught a very fine Grayling once at Harnham, where used to live when

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a little boy when fishing for Minnows, with a crook'd pin, & pull'd him out, but had a very great difficulty to save him, from going into the water again, because it fell from the line. My Fathers Play mates, were W. Beach Senr cutler of Catherine St, R. Wooff Senr, East Harnham, John Gillingham & Richard Gillingham, natives of Harnham, but died in Salisbury, Henry, Charles & Francis Brown of East Harnham etc etc all boys together before the year 1810. The Gillinghams lived & kept a little shop, at the corner Cottage, as you pass the Swan, on the left hand, they kept a little gunpowder in the shop, hung near the Ceiling, they once accidentally brought the candle too near in serving a customer & it exploded, the little shop front, sashes & goods, went out into the road, But as I heard father say, no one was injured. The Rose & Crown, at East Harnham, was the property of the Brown's, (stonemasons) for generations, & one of them was living there in the year 1803. I saw an advertisement in the Salisbury & Winchester Journal, for that year, which stated there would be cock fighting, Badger baiting etc etc during the 3 days of the Salisbury races. there was a field or two belong'd to them also, adjoining, they afterwards sold it to the Earl of Radnor. The Browns were a very ancient family in East Harnham.

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there are stones in Britford Church yard 200 years back, and it appears that they were stone Masons then. The Baileys are an old family also, My father could remember before that brick wall was built, that separates (*sic*) St Nicholas's Hospital, from the road, & he told me that there was 2 or 3 old Cottages, standing where those trees are just inside wall, & the Bailey's occupied one of them. The Brown's built the Houses at the bottom of Exeter St. where the Catholick schools are, & the Bow window house in the year 1800. 1801, it was their property. Mr Atkins the drowner was a tall, powerful man, & could use his fists, in the year 1828 on a Saturday the Cottages on Britford road, were all in flames, they were built of thatch, & nearly the whole of them destroyed, in a very short time, the wind being high, belonging to Mr Jervoise. Atkins went there with others to render assistance, he got into one of the Houses, but could not get out again, without passing through the flames, I was a lad, I saw him led over Harnham Bridge, with his face & other parts of his body, burnt in a shocking manner, as he passed along to the Infirmary. his face afterwards was so frightfully disfigured, all in seams, you could hardly

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recognise him ever afterwards.

on Decr 27. 1827, about half past 8 O'Clock in the Morning, a woman came from the Town, she had a boy with her. she mounted the bridge & sat on the Parapet with her legs facing the stream, it was flood time & very mild I was at play near, at the time, but do not remember seeing her on the bridge. she was quickly over, for a man within an hair's breadth almost was in time to save her, Old Taylor Hill, that lived on the Bridge, saw the woman sitting on the Bridge, but before he could get near her, she was gone. I perfectly remember standing on one of the stepping stones of the bridge, & seeing her go down the flood, her hands up & then her feet, crying God save me, Lord have mercy upon me etc, the Bridge & Harnham too, was quickly crowded with people from the Town. There was nothing seen of her for months, until by accident the haymakers in a Meadow, in the occupation of the late Mrs Judd, Butcher of Catherine St. saw the foot & part of the leg of a person sticking up between the mud & weeds beside the stream, & it proved to be her, she was in a dreadful state, she was taken to a shed near, in Mr Osmond's, stone yard, at the bottom of Exeter St. the inquest held & buried in the Cloisters of the Cathedral.¹

1 This tragic suicide was reported in the *Salisbury and Winchester Journal*, December 31 1827 when the body had not yet been found. Mary Anne Williamson, aged about 21, had argued with her father, a journeyman brushmaker, who 'struck her twice with his open hand' whereupon she left the house in Rolleston Street, making for Harnham Bridge. She had recently been in service, possibly in the Close. Her body was not found for several months, as reported by William Small, and she was then buried in the Cloisters on May 19. Described as 'a pauper', the ceremony was performed by the Rev John Greenly. Information kindly supplied by Suzanne Eward, Librarian and Keeper of the Muniments, Salisbury Cathedral.

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About the years 1835 or 1836, on a Teusday evening, in the winter time, A neighbour came over the road to My father, his name was John Luke, a Carpenter, on the Bridge. & he said it was about 10 O'Clock, (Mr.Small,) there is I am sure, some one gone over the bridge, and it was near my house, for I heard the splash in the water, My father went with him to the Bridge, and fancied he heard groans (Mr. Luke) said he heard them distinctly before he came across. Well afterwards it was ascertained, that a young apprentice of Mr Hayes in Castle St Grocer etc, was missing, the water was drawn off, as much as possible, & the streams dragged but without success. About 7 or 8 days, or it may be 9, one clear frosty morning My Father, Myself & our Apprentice went down the stream in our Boat in search, the stream was low, & very clear; Just as we approached the division of the water, the original stream & the New Cut, at the point of the Island facing Harnham Bridge; The drowner for Mr Jervoise, named Broad, was in a flat bottom boat, with another man, in search also. We were very near him, when suddenly he called out here he is." We went with our Boat to the spot, & saw the body lying in a deep hole, at the angle of the Island, with the head down

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the stream, The drowner lifted the body to the surface, & we assisted in Getting it into the Boat, We took it over the stream to a field or meadow, called round-about, & obtained an Hurdle or two, carried it to the Swan Inn, at East Harnham, & had some refreshment. The young man had on a light fustan¹ Coat, & he had the appearance of health on his countenance, But I am rather in an Hurry, previous to that, an Old man, that had been previously been a soldier named Nat Whitmore a noted character, gathering watercresses for his subsistence, a man that stood Considerably over 6 ft in height. My father, called to us lads, for we were in Bed, it was a Beautiful summer evening about 11 O'Clock, that some one had jump't over the Bridge. I immediately got out of Bed, & looked from the window, & could see the waves, in agitation coming up in front of the Bridge. The next day his body was taken out by a young man, named Thring, a clerk at Mr Kelsey's at the Cliff, about an 100 Yards, below the Bridge, The water was very low; and the blow he received from the Pavement of the Bridge, was alone sufficient to cause death. There was a great fire broke out at Mr Newman's, at Britford, on Saturday Night in 1836, in a field adjoining

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Britford road, & about 9. or 10 large Hay ricks, were all in a blaze together. it was nearly 12 O'Clock at Night. The Old Fire engine, went from Salisbury, with their attendants, & on the Road, just before the Britford fair ground, a man by name Stone, a Horse hair weaver, in the employ of Mr Gardener, in Castle St, lost his life, by falling from the Engine, in their journey towards the

1 'fustan coat': fustian was a coarse twilled cotton cloth with short pile

fire, The ricks were all consumed. but his body was taken back to the Swan Inn, at Harnham. I saw him, His head was completely crushed, Mr Penny, a native of Harnham, & a Godly man, worked at the same place & told my Father, that about the time that Stone was killed, there was something in his bed room, like a great bird, flapping his wings, which quite frightened him, & he allways said afterwards, that it was a sure token to him of poor Stone's death. Mr Richard Wooff Senr came up from a Cottage at Harnham to live at the foot of the Bridge in 1830. or 1829. A Mr Taunton a retired Coachman, lived there previously. Mr Wooff had the front altered & a new Shop Window, put in, which remains to this day, I remember well, going down the old lane to the New Cut to get into the water, on a Saturday afternoon, when my father, was Glazing

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the Shop Sash. in 1845. Mr Murcell afterwards, the Dean's Gardener, was in Charge of a Horse, while the court leet, or perambulation, was going on in the boundaries. & the horse threw him over the front Pails (at Mr Wooffs) clean through, this shop window, head foremost, breaking away, Glass & wood work of sash, to the inside of the Shop, where Mr Wooff, was at work. Without the slightest injury to him. more than the fright, he happened to have his hat on, & that saved his head. There was an iron Bar, about 6 or 9 inches to the right, & the Bridge, and the water, on the left, close at hand. so he had a most miraculous escape.

My Dear Mother.

I will now say a few words concerning her, before I leave the concern's of Harnham. My Mother was fond of her Saviour, from her youth. she used to say she came out of Fisherton to the old Baptist Chapel, in Brown St. when quite a girl, to the morning prayer meetings & school, there was the Butler at Member Hussey's, of the Hall New St, a very Godly man & was a leading man there at that time, Mother used to say his name, but I forget, he especially used, to notice her regularity & attendance & used to be very kind to her, & instruct her. she had no one that cared for religion,

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at her home, she said that a laundress & washer people, lived in this house, where I live now & where she died aged 83 yrs - that was about the years 1804 & 1805 & perhaps Earlier, I have class ticketts of hers, from the Methodists, for the years, 1813. 1814. 1815. 1816. 1817.1818. so she joined the Wesleyans afterwards, about this time she was very much acquainted with Miss Burrough, afterwards Mrs Read. The[y] used to sing together in the Choir, It was in the days of the Rev George Gellard, & others, The Rev G Gellard, was such a favourite with the people, The singers used to sing him into the Chapel & sing him out again. this was blessed days, George Gellard, many years afterwards, when on his death bed, alluded to Salisbury, he said Oh Salisbury, Oh Happy days, Oh Salisbury.

After her marriage, she met in Miss Brown's Class, a very Godly woman, a

Sister to the late Mr Brown's in Castle St, this was before, and in the days, of the Rev Thomas Ashton, Rev James Ackerman, Rev James Radford & others, very affectionate & Zealous preachers, These 3 men were my mothers especial favourites & so they were of others also. They used often to visit us at Harnham. My Mother kept up family prayer, before my father did, & she prevailed upon him after a time, & said it was his duty. & he did ever afterwards, until the

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very last. she had many friends, at Harnham & in the town. Mrs Davis of Castle St, Miss Brown, of Castle St, Mrs Ackerman & the Miss Ackermans, Mrs Brown of Harnham, Mrs Read, St Anns St. Miss Burch, St Martin's St. Mrs Wooff, Harnham, Mrs Wentworth Do [ditto]. Miss Goddard do, Mrs J Harding and Miss Button. Etc Etc she used to say these were her happiest days, when her children was young. she still continued a Member of the Wesleyan Society, up till her very death in 1877. The name of Jesus, was a household word with her all through life, she had great faith & assurance in her dear saviour. My dear sister have told me unknown to her, that she used to make it a rule's, when she did make up the beds in the morning, to kneel down by the side of each bed, and pray for us by name & seperately (*sic*). the last few years of her life, she was a little strange sometimes, owing to one or two seizures she had, but Jesus was her choice word . . . & on her death Bed, she found him as good as his word, I will never leave thee I will never forsake thee, and when the last few hours arrived, she was

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apparently unconscious, but on a sudden She said with a loud clear voice, "Glory to God". "Jesus reigns". & soon after fell on sleep, verifying the verse what She was so fond of, & used often to repeat [this is the second verse of the hymn 'This God is the God we adore', written by Joseph Hart 1712-1768].
Tis Jesus the first and the last,
Whose spirit, shall guide us safe home.
We will praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

She died 13th June, on Teusday, 1877. in New St } Aged 83 Years } Salisbury

My Dear, & Beloved Sister.
Henrietta

My dear sister was born, on the 23.rd May, 1828. on Harnham Bridge. she was from her infancy a very delicate & sensitive child, & in after life the same. but a more devoted sister, a man could never have. she was unlike all the rest of the family in appearance, the rest of the family had the glow of health & strength in their faces & body. she was pale in general & very delicate in person & feelings. she went with her sister Elizabeth & George, to Miss Naish's school at the Rose & Crown, Then to Mrs Lucas's in Exeter St, then to Miss Lane & May's in Exeter St, & finally to Mrs Kingdons, in the upper

Church St. a few of her friends at school, were Miss Seymour, Miss Kendel, Miss Ainsworth, Miss

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Cleeve, Miss Maton, Miss Potto, Miss Rogers, Miss Edmonds. (Landford) Miss Buckland afterwards Mrs Atkins etc etc. After leaving school she went to Mrs Griffins, on the New Canal, to learn the trade of a Milliner & was highly esteemed, especially with her Mistress. and Miss Naish, being there, her former friend & school mistress, she was quite at home, she staid there for years, until her mother wanted her, for home duties. which she performed, in an exemplary manner, doing work for friends at intervals. she became a member of the Methodist society Decr. 1st 1847, in dear brother Joseph Harding's class. the Rev J Wevill, being Minister. and continued to do so, until her almost sudden death, on Christmas day, 1877. about the year 1850 she writes, on the back of her class ticket, A Glorious meeting we had when I received this ticket, truly the Lord was with us, and that to bless us. on another for 1851 . . . [religious sentiments, and similarly for further tickets for 1851, 1852]. . . her last Ticket was given

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her by Mr Beadon on Sunday afternoon, Decr 9.th 1877, the last sunday but one that she was ever out. she became a class leader especially to the young, in Mr Ray's time, much more than a quarter of a Century ago. and was well received & much beloved by her class. she had opposition sometimes from a quarter, that one would little think, and sometimes, uncharitable words, but she kept all this, in her own breast, (only once or twice, she hinted it to me, and the names, with great caution, as a secret.) but it provoked me sharp, but I never said a word, . . . to the very last, she kept all insults, locked up in her own breast, knowing it would wound me if she did, but I verily believe she had some – sometimes & cutting ones too. I said at the commencement, some, pages back, that I would endeavour to keep within the Marginal line. rather than step over, and on the other hand, not to go behind the door with any thing. she was a zealous Teacher in the sunday school, for more than a quarter of a century, when she left because her mother was requiring her aid. not one of the officials of the school ever said a word about her long service for God.

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or thanked her publicly, or privately for her disinterestedness & self sacrifice, I think she felt this sharply. On the other hand she was insulted there . . . A certain young man used to come to the house in New St. where she resided, almost every sunday afternoon, a well disposed & Godly young man, & I think (a local preacher) she was fond of him I believe. But on 2 or 3 Occasions, he wanted to blast her reputation. therefore it was broken off. and a good thing too. She continued her labours for God in spite of everything. And when her Mother was such an invalid, that she could scarcely go to the Chapel, Morning or Evening, for nearly 5 Years, deprived thus of the means of Grace in a great measure. she was sure to be at her class, on the Sunday afternoon.

. . . I staid at home for her some times. On the 9th of August, 1863, her dear Father died, in his 74 year, having injured his leg by the slipping off of a heavy ladder, in our passage, the ladder was resting upon

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another & fell off just as he was passing, & injured the front of his leg rather severely, which disabled him from getting about much, for 2 or 3 Months, all this time she was most devoted to him, & her love was not lost, for her Father priz'd her, as his only darling daughter. That blow in the legs, was I believe the cause of his death & that alone. After 1 or 2 & twenty Pounds, Paid to Mr Tatum. she did dress it every day, and attend to him night & day like a gentle nurse, O may I have some dear friend, to smooth my passage to the tomb. My father died, & she was every thing at the funeral. Mr Hale, Builder, attended the funeral & Mr John Hibberd, my worthy school mate. Unfortunately, I had a swelling in my knee, a pain I had felt there for a long time, caused I believe by my kneeling so much, in my painting work. & this lasted for quite a Month, commencing just one week, before my Father's death. so I could not be there, & the very sunday he died Mr Wilkes came & lanced it. So you may imagine in a small degree my feeling's, My Brother's & her, went to Britford Church, the next Sunday morning, & she was so ill on the road, she could scarcely get along. She went into a dear friends house,

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Advertisement for George Small's business. Salisbury & Winchester Journal 29 September 1877

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Mr Yorath at Britford & rested & was refreshed, and that dear friends daughter, accompanied her to the Church, my Brother's having gone on. that young lady, died years before her, & they both lie sleeping, in Britford Church yard, until the resurrection of the just.

[verse 4 lines]

Her dear Mother's end drawing near, her attention was entirely devoted to her, she took to her bed, about a month before she died, and sister waited upon her night & day, without the slightest murmur or complaint, when she did go into her bed room, she would say, here comes my angel daughter. My Mother died about one in the morning & she called me at the foot of the stairs, of my Attic bed room. William, William I said what's the matter," Mothers just gone to Glory. I got up & went to the Carpenter for to come, & while I was gone, she offered up such a fervent prayer for herself, & those left behind orphan's in this cold world. George my youngest Brother had started for himself, soon after Mother's death, & my sister & myself, was going

to try & do a little to support ourselves, & no doubt we should have done well, if she had been spared.

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but the Lord's will be done, he thought fit in his infinite wisdom,. . .to take away My dearest friend & beloved sister, I thought my poor heart would break now, . . . but the Lord did Mercifully support me, or I must have sunk in the deep waters of sorrow. There was a man & woman came & took the lodgings for a little while, perfect strangers to us as man & wife, rather young people. The man was away for days together sometimes which rather created our suspicions, whether they were genuine persons. Then the principal of the Training School in the Close, came for My sister to take 4 young ladies, for their Examination there, before the Christmas holidays. she having no assistance, which made her have a great deal to do, to wait upon them, & get their meals, they left on the 21st of Decr. Friday, but one staid for the Evening Train to Southampton, she went with her to the Station & staid there some little time waiting, & having taken a Cold, as it was a frosty night. Mr Henly came about 4 OClock the same day, to invite her to a meeting at the Chapel, but owing to these young ladies she could not go. on the Saturday she felt poorly, Sunday 23 she did not go out, she was worse, Monday 24th, She got up & boiled two eggs

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I did always light the fire for her, we sat down together to breakfast, but she attempted to eat the Egg, but could not she felt so sick, she put out her tongue, & said to me look at it, & it was very white, she had managed to make 1 or two figged puddings, for Christmas but never to taste them. she kept about on Monday 24th, until about 4 OClock, & then the lodger, went to Dr Coates¹ Junr Near at Hand, & he ordered her to bed at once, saying to her, Miss Small, you ought to have sent for me before, she passed the Night rather restless, but not remarkably so, the female lodger sleeping near, did visit her & assist – she wanted to sleep with her, but she would not allow that, she was very anxious for the morning, which was Christmas day, I came down to her room about half past seven, & she was so overjoyed to see me, and I got her what she required, not imagining for a moment she was so near her end, I went down & lit the fire & waited upon her, & went for My Brothers Wife to come, as she desired, but she said it is Christmas day & she will be wanted with her family, the evening will be soon enough, & then she can sleep with me. Mr Coates came in the morning & found her in a very dangerous state, but the lodger was very kind & did anything for her. She talked

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about her Blessed Saviour, how good he was to her, & how comfortable she felt in him, I said to her My Dear Sister, I am greatly pained about you, you lie very heavy on my heart, she said quickly, dont vex, I shall be better by

1 Dr Coates, senior and junior, well known doctors in 19th century Salisbury

and by & we will make things right. I went out a little way for a Walk in the morning afterwards, & when I came home, she was very cheerful, she always showed the bright side of things to me, she saw I looked pained, she said now go down, & have a good dinner, the lodger has roasted a nice bit of Beef & there is some nice figged pudding & make yourself comfortable, but I could not eat nor drink, but I did not tell her so. Mr Coats (*sic*) came then, & said she was in a very serious state, & she must be kept very quiet, & if she can get a little sleep. she & me had proposed going to the Cathedral a day or two previous, to hear that beautiful Anthem "The Shepherd. but she was about to hear the Celestial Choir, I went & heard it alone, bow'd down with grief as I was, Christmas day also, she had promised Mrs Turner & her children to take tea with them & wishing me to go, the children saying how they should like Mr Small to come & at 5 OClock, one of the little dears came over to know the reason why Miss Small, did not come as they had been waiting some time,

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& when the little dear went into her bed room . . . not long before her death, she was astonished, my Sister kissing her several times, & telling her to inform her mother, she was very ill & could not come. I saw Mr Skutt the sexton at the Chapel, in the Close & told him, how ill Sister was in the afternoon & told him I thought she was going to die, & he seemed quite alarmed, & so did every one else. no one knowing scarcely that she was ill. I gave him 2s/ for my sister & a shilling for myself, because I knew she would not be able to do it, I went home after I came out of Church, & went up to her & staid there till nearly her last. she was glad I was come back to stay with her, & she was very anxious for My Brother Johns Wife to come, and she expected her every minute. I told her I had seen Mr Skutt & paid him his Christmas box, and she was so pleased and took the purse from her Pillow & opened it with all the agility of health & strenght (*sic*), & paid me the money again Now at this time 5 OClock I never had the least Idea, that her end was so near, not for days, or weeks, or perhaps not at all, for she seemed perfectly free from pain only weak, she conversed with me as reasonable as ever she did in her life. I read to her, out of a Book she named, & I said

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do you hear dear, & she said yes all of it, I read on & one (*sic*). . . I said, if I have ever vexed you my dear, I am very sorry, and she said quite sharp, dont talk about that. Now she drank a great deal of milk by the Doctor's order's & we were Waiting for the Milkman to come, presently I heard a cart stop, . . . she said, go down & take me up a great cup full, that is the last words, I ever heard my dearest sister say. Immediately there was a gentle knock at the bed room door, I opened it & it was the lodger & Dr Coate's, I went out into the garden to weep. I had not been gone 2 minutes when the lodger came running down saying Mr Coates wishes to speak to you, and he was in the front Hall, Oh Mr Small he said, do you know that your sister is so near her last, & I said in astonishment & fright (No) he said go quickly & call your brothers & whoever you want to see her, for her pulse is nearly gone, I went immediately up to My brothers in Church St, & apprised them of it,

& his wife was just putting on her things to come for the night, not having the least idea, that she was so near death, they both came back with me at once, & my other brother & his

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Wife was there, having heard of it from some other quarter, but when we arrived about half past seven, she was gone or almost, Dr Coates held her hand & she said she felt better, the lodger said to her, Miss Small you are going to die, are you happy, she said Oh" yes, Are you going to see Jesus, Oh Yes, she said and all his blessed angels. And she passed away without a Sigh or a groan, on the Dear bosom of her Lord, whom she had served, truly & faithfully for many years on Christmas day 1877, in her 50th year

Only about 6 months after her dear Mother, She said to me one morning about a month before she died, as I was lacing up my boots, William where should you like to be buried when you die, . . . we dont know how soon, It quite astonished me as we had not been talking about any thing of that sort, I said I think I should like to be buried at Britford with Dear Father & Mother, . . . she said I should like to be buried there too. Now I verily believe she had a presentiment of her death, for some time, and she kept hidden from me, knowing I could not bear it, if she mentioned it, she bought me 2 New neck Handkerchiefs, 1 front, 2 New aprons, & other little things, & made them for me, without my asking for them,

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perfectly knowing in her own mind that she was going to leave her poor distressed brother William, . . . My brothers asked me the next day, where she had better be buried, at the Cemetery they proposed, as it would be extra fees at Britford. I said Britford she will be buried, for it was her desire & I went to Britford, that very morning, & saw the Rev Mr Morres, concerning it & looked out the spot, & made a Mark in the ground, where it was to be, I saw his Wife also, & they sympathized with me, for my heart, was ready to break - to think of my affliction, loosing Mother & only Sister, in the short space of 6 months, I knew Mrs Morres from a Child & all the family, of the Hills, I and father, used to go there & mend the windows 40 years ago, & I told her so, & she said, she had known me & my family all her life. It was the Rev Robert Morres, the Rector of Britford, that Married My Father & Mother, in the year 1819. Grandfather of the present rector. I put a piece of very stout plate Glass, in my Sister's coffin, & wrote an inscription on it, with my diamont, which will last for ages, under ground, or in the sea, and who ever finds it

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in future generations, which no doubt some one will, They will find the writing as clear & fresh as ever, I shall not say what I put there but I know. She was buried on the Sunday following on the 30th Decr. 1877. being a very wet day & very dirty. or else there would have been several friends present, I know, Mr Buckell intended to have gone, The Rev Canon Morrice, came over on Christmas day had only just heard of it, & comforted her with his

spiritual advice, & Mrs Morrice, asked me in the afternoon concerning her, & he brought her over some good things which he thought she might fancy. but she could eat nothing, every thing was so sudden no one knew any thing about it. Mr Waterhouse kindly came the next day I think, & saw her, & had a conversation with me, & seemed deeply affected, . . . The late Mrs Parson's two daughters' – formerly Miss Wentworth, came to see her a day or two after she died, & to take a cup of tea with her, but to their great surprise & astonishment, only to see her in her winding sheet. Letters came from several friends, wishing her, a Merry Christmas & an happy new

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year, & one or two of the young ladies, that staid with her, for nearly a week sent kind letters, saying that they arrived home safely, & thanking for her great kindness to them, which they never experienced any where else in their lives, . . . Little thinking that she was at the very same time lying in her Coffin. Mr Waterhouse intended to preach her funeral sermon [but was called away by a family death] . . . Mr Blakely . . . will I believe preach the sermon this evening [WS quoting letter from Susan Waterhouse].

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A few more words respecting My dear Sister, from the lodger, when she came home from the station, Friday night, she complained of Cold, & she came up to my room, & said she felt sickly. & I gave her a drop of brandy. Saturday she felt sickly all day, & was put out because the woman did not come to clean up. She did not go out all day Sunday, & I gave her a mild aperient hoping it would carry off her uncomfortable symptoms. I her brother went out on Monday to work, & when I returned I saw her standing in the Kitchen with the lodger . . . she said she was worse, I went out to get shaved, & when I returned the lodger was with her, had sent for Dr Coates Junr. she laid her on the sofa up stairs, & washed her face & Hands & brushd her hair, took her things off, & put her to bed, on Christmas day in the Evening, Mr Coates came into the room, he asked her how she was & she said very much better, Give me your hand Miss Small said the Doctor, why your pulse is gone Miss Small, Give her some brandy 2 or 3 times & she said the last time, that is enough Dear to the lodger, she said Oh" Miss Small I am afraid you are going to die, she was looking at me, towards the Window,

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I said to her, do you feel prepared to meet Jesus, and the answer she gave me was Oh Yes, & all his Blessed Angels. Do you really mean it Miss Small, & she answered firmly, 'yes' I do. I said to her Oh' how sorry I am do tak (*sic*) a little more brandy, it may be the making of you, . . . then Dr Coates Sen.r Came. The Chapel people seem'd determined to have a funeral sermon for her, although it was not my desire, Father & Mother, never wished it, & therefore it was not done. The sermon was preached on Sunday night Janry 20th, 1878, by the Rev J. Blackely [*sic*] to a crowded congregation, from 12th Chap Jeremiah, . . . & It was a very impressive discourse, although I was not there. My Dear Mothers Brother James, Stone Mason of Blandford – Died

Jan'y 25th, 1878. . . . Aged about 70 or 71 yrs her youngest Brother, so within a short space of a few months, 3 Happy souls were landed safely, I make no doubt, on Caanan's happy shore.

I will now give a piece of Poetry by Fletcher [?Giles Fletcher 1588 – 1623]. Purely from Memory.

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'The Daisy'

[36 lines, not divided into verses]

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Part of another,
purely from Memory
'My sisters Garden'

[six verses]

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Now I will endeavour faithfully, to give a portion of my Dear Father's history. After he left Harnham Bridge on June 21st. 1840, until his Death, August 9.th 1863.

Two Brothers having some property in Exeter St, They understood my Father was going to leave the Bridge, Offered to build him a new house there. Which was very kind on their part, And my Father agreed to have it as soon as finished, & did some of the work, as painting, Plumbing & Glazing (Gratis) we were got there & settled. But a New life almost commenced at once, to what we had experienced before. My Father was chosen Overseer of the Parish of St Martin, with Robert Williams the Baker, in 1842. about 18 Months after he got there, and the gift of the Britford fair money in August, annoyed him for there were so many applicants for the 5£, he scarcely knew what to do, for he knew a great many deserving poor persons, There was a very old man living close by a Shoemaker, named

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Coombs, The father of George & Guy Coombs. Both shoe Makers, of Salisbury. he promised this old man the Money, But an artful fellow living in the yard near, Newman by name & a shoe maker also, with a very Numerous family, all young entreated Father so many times to let him have it, Father said he had promised it to Mr Coombs, but this man said it could be divided between him & Coombs, that he should be ever thankful to him as long as he lived, Father made this known to Mr Coombs, & after a while he consented to divide it. My Father was nearly to the rules, Only one was to go to the Church on the stated day with my Father. The two Overseers had 5£ each to give away & the Churchwardens & Rector something considerable more, So this man Newman was called, & the 5£ was out into his hands, And my father fully expecting that he would be as good as his word, asked him about it afterwards, . . . but his not calling upon Father, he went to him &

he was quite insulting, he said the money was given to him & he should stick to every farthing of it. So my Father was sadly put out about it, & Mr Coombs, the most

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deserving man got disappointed too, Mr Williams managed his a great deal better, for he gave it to his son, I think. About 6 Months or less, after we left the Bridge, one or two neighbours at Harnham offered me to come into their gardens & fish, whenever I thought proper, I never asked them. I was very fond of fishing, . . . I went there & I had just caught a small Grayling hardly worth saving, & just at that nick of time, A blustering sort of man, (Wallen by name) a Labourer & had something to do with the Water, at times, coming over the Bridge & saw me catch this fish, he was partly intoxicated, he rushed into the garden through another house, in all the fury imaginable, snatching the Rod out of my hand, & it was a very Good one - Reel & line also, & a quantity of gut used for fly fishing, & Broke it into 6 or 7 Pieces line & all, this was all done while you could talk about it & I did not know whether he would not strike me as well. It was a very old man whose garden I was in, & not at home, If he had he could not have rendered assistance. several of the Harnham people was exasperated about it, One man said I wish I had been there, he should have

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gone into the Water, another said he knew his victim, he would not attempted it upon any other person, for he is the greatest coward in the Village. It gave me great pain for a long time & fright, because it was so unawares, he offered me sometime afterwards, to fish whenever I liked. but I never fished afterwards. I saw the same man . . . afterwards insult a Farmer as he was going home on his horse on Harnham Bridge. He pulled the farmer from his Horse 2 or 3 times, . . . but the farmer was glad to get away & Pocket the gross insult. it had been an election day & the farmer was a conservative, that was the reason why he insulted him. It was day light too, but there did not happen anyone was going by of importance, or he would have had to pay dearly for it. There was an exciting election going on in Salisbury soon after & My Father was with some Gentlemen of the town, walking along & this fellow, was with some more roughs, he rushed at Father, & had it not been for the friends that were with him, he would have been sadly handled no doubt. . . . But to proceed. My Father at this time 1842 had many friends

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& likewise years before, but they increased, I will name the Close alone, Rev G Benson, Rev C King. Rev John Greenly. Rev. Mr Hodgson, D. J. Eyre Esqr, G. B. Townsend Esq, H Arney Esqr. The Misses Wyndham, the Misses Benson, F Attwood Esq., Senr & 2 Junr. Mrs Salisbury. Mr Winzar [deleted] Windsor, Close Gate. Etc. Now soon after this, a very exciting [election] came on for everybody, especially I think for My Father the Election, between Ambrose Dennis Hussey Esq & the Honble Mr Bouverie, a younger brother of the Earl of Radnor, (then Vicount Folkstone) We had the League in Salisbury

for a week or two previous. business almost suspended, there was Richard Cobden, John Bright, [R R R] Moore & others, holding tea Meetings, Lecturing in the open Air, in Green Croft, in a field at Harnham, at 2 or 3 Large Malt Houses etc etc. the excitement increased almost to a public riot night & day, streets were blockaded, almost fighting, quarrelling, & the most hideous noises, but it was quiet (*sic*) dangerous to walk abroad. M[y] Father had repeated calls from the party, but would not give them an answer, for his mind, & the mind of his sons went in another direction. We received the greater portion of our support from the Church of England men, Clergy & laity & even Roman Catholic's.

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and the whole of I believe or nearly insolicited (*sic*), A very strange thing, but no more strange than true, One did recommend my father to another. Although my father seldom went to Church, & yet they all knew that he was a dissenter, therefore I consider they manifested at all times, a most christian & Charitable spirit. The work my father did for dissenters, were as nothing compared to what he did for the other party. so you can plainly see what a harrasing state my father was placed in, He had not the slightest animosity to any of the liberal party, & never asked or dictated to a man, on neither side how he was going to act in the Matter. My Fathers motto was, & let every man do just as he thinks proper, in this free country, & if he cannot do that, it is not a free country. The eventful day of the Election arrives, with a total defeat of the League. My Father & Mother thought they would take a ride into the Country on the day in Question, & who on earth had a greater right to do so, without being asked why they did so, The private affairs of any man whether he rides or walks, or whether he stays at home, is not the slightest business of mine. & never should I have the audacity to question him about it. But

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this little incident, was magnified into a Mountain by the defeated party. and there was as many lies said over it, as I would take years of prayers to erase. & I should think some of them let go, what little religion they had. Some said my Father had a roasting pig sent him, filled with Sovereigns. and some very Christian dissenters in their charitable way, I say Mr Small, how about the roasting pig & the Sovereign's, & they would say the same to his sons, My Brother was in company with a few friends, having a glass, & one man in the Company, a rigid dissenter, & certainly that was not his place, he being a leading Member of a certain religious denomination, asked my brother abruptly, how his Father . . . relish'd the roasting pig. Oh he said capital, we never tasted such a delicious tender creature in our lives, we had it roasted, & was oblig'd to sew up his belly to keep the sovereigns in. There was roars of laughter all round the room & the fellow soon departed chagrin'd enough. Now he could not stand it like my Father, he used to smile at it like a man, & never put out of temper because he had the inward conviction his hands were clean. But there was truth about the roasting pig after all, It was I that brought home the

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Pig, that I won at the King's Arms'. & hence you see the magnified story. My Father did work for years at the Fisherton Mill's, for Bell & Sutton & nice men they were. & Afterwards for Mr Stephen Bell. before Mr Gregory became Master, he being only a journeyman at that time. My father did work for him also, we used generally to keep 2 pigs, one to sell & one for use. & we had our meal of Mr Gregory, as we did of Mr Bell previous, things went on very well until a little time before this identical election, Mr Gregory was Chapel or Circuit Steward. First he wanted an Estimate without being asked, for Painting the Preachers House inside & out, in Salt Lane, the Estimate was about 12£, we never heard from him, until someone else was doing it, & that is how we got hold of it. Secondly a little time after, Fisherton Chapel (the old Chapel) was to be painted inside & out & Cottage, My Father was ordered by him to give an Estimate for that. I & my father went & measured it. & the Estimate was about 18£, That we never had, although fully expected it. Thirdly, he wanted some Cottages opposite the Lamb Inn, painted & there was an Estimate for that. but we never had it. Fourthly, and there was even another Estimate required, but I

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wont say where, for I cannot exactly remember it being about 39 or 40 years ago. but I think it was at Salt Lane School Room. That we never had. Now my Father & Myself was puzzled to think what was the cause of this mysterious conduct, my Father having attended the Chapel & School, ever since 1798 or 1799. & did not know but what he was on the best of terms with Mr Gregory. But there does not seem that there was any reason why my father was not patronized with the order for these estimates than this, he was rather partial to Mr Jenkins, for there is no question but what Mr Jenkins Estimates were as much or even more than ours, for we put it down at the lowest figure, because no one else should have it. Well it quite astounded Father & myself likewise. I could not stand this, but Father could. For he was one of the mildest men in Salisbury. so I said I certainly would write to him concerning it, & his reply was, which was no reply at all, you should write your own letters, & not trust it to boys. I was then 21 or 22 years of age & not exactly a boy, & more I did as a rule write all my Fathers letters, & so that is all the Explanation we could get from him. But there was something underlying all this deeper still, probably he had fished out what my fathers political opinions where (*sic*), for my father had never

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as yet given a vote. Therefore he began in time, with a high hand, what he intended to carry out for ever. After the Election, although my Father did not vote, never more one job of work for him, for Mills, Dwelling House, Chapel Schools, & no where that came within his sanction. So my Father was under the Gun of the Fowler, like the poor Bird. "Doomed". My Mother went & Paid Mr Miell, the Tailor, on the Canal, for some clothes the boys had, some 7 or 8 pounds, some little time after the Election little dreaming what was going to occur, or she would not have gone for any money. & if it

had never been paid, he would not been paid out half enough. After he had received the money & given a receipt, Mother fancied there was some thing up with him, because he seem'd so reserved when she asked for his family. So he said in a very authoritative (*sic*) way What a disgrace Mr Small had brought upon himself & family, by acting in that scandalous way, at the last Election. he would loose (*sic*), his trade, for they were going to have exclusive dealings amongst the Wesleyans, & he would loose his reputation from every quarter, going away from his principles in that way. he was proceeding, when she stopped him by replying. She was in a state of surprise & excitement, never dreaming that any thing wrong had been done,

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any more, than her Husband doing like a free man, what He thought proper. Having recovered her self a little she said to him Mr Miell you ought to have seen my Husband, and not act so unmanly with a Woman. Instead of thanking her for what she had brought. In the first place, as regards exclusive dealing, you are the first sample, for we have dealt with you, even since the boys were old enough to wear Jackett's, up til now & My Husband likewise, & you gave us in return nothing, or nearly so, A few shillings perhaps all those years, for a pane of Glass or two, Other work of more importance other people did. As regards this personal charge against my Husband's character. You remember when you lived at East Harnham I suppose, "Yes", You remember when we lived there also. "Yes", you left Harnham some years before us "Yes". but when we left Harnham we did not go away, & put the Key under the "Door". My Mother could not stand her toes trod upon so tightly, for tread on a worm & it will turn. "Good" Morning Mr "Miell". Work still increcing (*sic*) about the end of 1843, King, Long & Co, Colour & Glass Merchants of Southampton, having the late Mr Randalls business in their hands, afterwards carried on by Mrs Randall, of the Market place, as Creditors, offered it to my

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Father, he having been such a good customer of theirs for so many years & he accepted it. The principal inducement of My Father's taking it was, The good lodger that was there, & very fond of the lodgings named Mrs de Starke. & she was ready & Willing to remain with us, until she died not a twelvemonth before we left. her money just paid the rent. we were there about 8 years. Now I will proceed again; The trade of Mrs Randall went in different directions, . . . but a share of it remained for My Father: Col Baker was one, we worked for him until his death, & a more perfect Gentleman



Billhead for William Randall's business © Salisbury & South Wiltshire Museum

I never witnessed, every thing that was done for him, he seemed perfectly satisfied with. The first thing that we did for him was a rather difficult job, He wanted his stair case window, fresh done, That was the old painted ornamentation taken off, & repainted, which caused me a little uneasiness, because I was a very timid young man, On a Sunday I met him in the Close, with another Gentleman, & he recognised me, & said Mind my Stair case window to morrow. I obeyed & made a job of it to his great Satisfaction, The next job, for him was a to resilver a Dial, & trace the figures, which I did in his house, because he would not have it taken away, that gave great satisfaction.

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& so on, until the End of his days, the Garden work, rested with the gardener Mr Dodd. Mr Atkins did that. He said to my father on one occasion, your son, Mr Small, is a very Clever young man. John Cother Esqr another new employer, wanted the outside of his House painted in 1845. A perfect gentleman he was & we worked for him til his death. he wanted one of his Shutter's Grain'd first, for him to look at . he came & look'd at it & said that will do young man, go on. The Rev Hugh Price of Newton Toney, was the next that patronized us, The property in Barnard's Cross formerly the birthplace of the Ernly family. (Major Ernly in after years whom we worked for in the Close . . .) Mrs Boscowan was living there at that time & kept a Ladies seminary, we painted it until his death, & made his lead coffin, then we painted it for his widow, Mrs Price, & she died in the Close of Sarum & we made her lead coffin. Then it fell into the hands of Mr Fowler of Shute Lodge, nr. Andover & now it is in the possession of Mrs Everett of St Anns St his Sister & Mr Wilson is about to leave it having painted these

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premises, for the space of 35 years. H. W. Arney Esq of the Close. My father worked for his Mother before he came, for several years, she died. Now W. Arney Esq the Eldest son, was not quite up to the mark as he ought to have been, seeing he had such a chance he in 1834 or 1835 kept a long cutter boat at our place at Harnham, & we used to paint it for him, but could not get any money. (& never got it) H W Arney when he took on in the Close, called upon my Father on Harnham Bridge & said, I will give you some work, my brother I hear has never paid you, for work you did for him. & as you worked for My Mother, I will give you something to do. without any solicitation how different from the kindness of Mr Gregory & others. He said I am Steward for the Cooper family in London, & for Robert Cooper Esq a Lunatic, The property in the Blue Boar Row, want painting, & the Chipper Lane property as well, the property extends all through, & Mr Burrough's, adjoining afterwards Bates the Shoe Maker, but I forgot to Mention the names. Style & Large had just succeeded Mr Sparshatt if you can begin it at once. This was in the Month of November, he always preferred the Winter for painting in when the weather was at all suitable

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because he said the sun was not so powerful, & the paint dried more gradual.

The Cooper family were great Woollen Draper's & Silk Mercers, on these premises about the Middle of the last Century, & it belongs to the family at this present time 1881. The Rev C. W. Baker a Clergyman in Somersetshire is the owner, but of a great age. Getting on for 100 years. we have painted it ever since 1836 every 3 or 4 years without intermission & likewise did Mr Arney's private work in the Close until he was made a Counciller (*sic*) & he left. Mr Ottaway his successor allways employed us for this work ever since & so recently as 1878. since my Father's Mother's & sisters death, I have painted the Chipper Lane property, the property in the Blue Boar Row being now, & has been for some years under the orders of Mr Style.

J. H. Campbell Esq the College.

This Gentleman occupied the College after Wadham Wyndham's death, we did a little work there, & very little was done there in their time. We used to clean all the Windows, every quarter, stop in a few Squares occasionally, Painted the front Railing & Repd the Lamps. Reglazed & painted the Cottages on the Nap Facing Winchester St & the Green Dragon Inn, In the occupation at that time, by Matthew James,

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Clerk. But Mr Robert Mackrell Plumber, of the Blue Boar Row, where the Wilts & Dorset Bank is now situate; envied our little work at the College he insinuated himself in by some means not that would bear a scrutiny I guess. For when we went one morning to clean the windows, as before, his men were there at it. We did work for Mrs Denison, the late Bishop Denisons Mother, at the Cliff. East Harnham for several years. One day there was wanted a Coloured Pane of Glass for a sky light, of a Peculiar Shape, I went to Mr. Mackrell with the Pattern to get it cut out, It was done, & I went & Put it in, & I saw Mr Mackrell dogging my footsteps, some distance behind me. That was the last time that we did any work for Mrs Denison. About this time this Robert Mackrell, went to London, & his son went to Bathe at the 20 Hatches, & lost his life there, about one or two. OClock, the body was soon taken out, from the Pavement of the Hatches & carried to the Swan Inn, at East Harnham to await the Inquest.

Mr Mackrell was a very envious man & wanted every thing, We used to deal with him for lead etc for the extent of 20 or 30 pounds a year at the same time. I went to him once, to ask him to lend us

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his Pump Nossle Mould, & he said he could not do that, "It's a wonder your father dont ask me, to lend him my "Wife". Although I used to oblige him when he wanted anything done. he drove me to Woodford once, to paint & Gild a Boat. but Eneough of Mr Mackrell

I think it is time now for a Bit of Poetry. [Aesop fable]

The Country Man & his Ass.

From Memory Alone.

[7 verses to p 145 with moral of poem then explained]

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Mr. Weeks Senr. Mrs. Weeks his Wife & Miss Weeks, living in Brown St in Houses & Cottages, adjoining each other, were Roman Catholick's & as generous & good, as any man could wish to work for. Mr Week's sent for My Father & told him he wanted some painting done, now my Father was never acquainted with the family, but always knew them. this was about the time of Brodie's & Ashley's election [1841] , when Brodie was returned, ever since that time, til all their deaths, did we do their work, & their payments were nearly or quite ready money. The old Gentleman was very jocular, he used to say he never had any butcher's meat in his house, (because it was his own, for he had paid for it.) Once my father put him off for a week or so, because he was so busy, when father met him he apologised, & said he was very much drove, and the weather last week, was not very favorable (*sic*) for Outside Work, & he laughed, & said, "The Devil found fault with the water when he found he could not swim. He used to keep some good beer in his house & was very liberal with it, he used to say to me, now mind & do what most painters forget, That is paint the top's of the shutters. The late Mayor Mr Hick's has built a dwelling house, where Mr Week's 2 cottages stood.

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Draper Gardner Esqr of Castle Street, recently occupied by Messrs Thornton & Conduit, Builders, was his House & he Built it. He carried on the Horse hair trade on a very large scale, he was a staunch Wesleyan, he was a very generous & useful man, & a great benefactor to the Chapel & School, I remember the Old Gentleman perfectly well, he used to come to the sunday school, when I was a boy & open it with Singing & prayer etc he was a tall fine old man, with his Grey locks hanging down his back. he was very partial to my father, & used to support him, he had considerable property in Salisbury & East Harnham. he Rebuilt some houses at Harnham, for his men & their families & for the looms, to do their work & likewise at his shops, in Castle St. when he enlarged his shops in Castle St. he was oblig'd to take in a portion of his garden and he gave my Father, some choice gooseberry & currant trees, Father was to send him a plate or two of the fruit, every year when it was ripe and I used to take it, & generally have a reward. he died in 1831 . . . Francis Gardner his son, carried on the Business in London & visited Salisbury very often, & carried his fathers business

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in this town, & at the same place. My Father continued to work for him at his property at Salisbury & Harnham. But at last, the trade I think began to decline, some of his men emigrated. & Mr Francis Gardner after all, was 12 or 13 pounds in my Fathers debt, and which he never had, Mr Harrison, his foreman & his father's foreman likewise, a very steady man, had a little property in Salisbury also, but at last Mr Harrison, left My Father in debt, very near the sum his Master did, & which my father never had.

Rev James Ackerman, Wesleyan Minister, was a very popular preacher in Salisbury in 1833. 1834, 1835. in 1835 Church St Chapel was enlarged in the



Early nineteenth-century drawing of St Edmunds Church Street Methodist church opened June 1811

front part, brought nearer the street. It was built in 1810, by a man named Thick, & I can just remember him. Mr Ackerman, was the principal actor in this affair, & it was his suggestion I think. we used to walk under the Cottages in front, & Methodist Chapel was painted on the wood work of the head way. there was a fine porch on Pillars in front, & 2 Vestrys at the entrance, on each side, with Glass sashes all round, & only the large vestry & the one over it were all. The Galleries extended to the Back wall & the Pulpit was fixed to it, between the two Windows. There was a new

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Gallery erected at this time & join'd with a sweep at each angle to the old Gallery on each side & called the new singing Gallery, the former one was in the Front. the pulpit was brought forward & placed in the Front, & 2 new Vestry's built on the North side. When Mr Ackerman & family left Salisbury, My Mother knew that they would pass over Harnham Bridge & the Coach pulled up, & gave them a hearty shake of the hand, & showered a large basket full of Codlin Apples & others, fresh pluck'd from the trees, into the Coach. they were a nice family & often used to visit us on the Bridge, John the son was very fond of the Boat & fishing. he Married one of Mr Bracher's daughters, & Mr Wallace a Minister the other. Mr Bracher was an Ironmonger & lived where Mr Wilton lived afterwards & succeeded him, at the corner of the Poultry Cross. in 1835. Mr Bracher was a very zealous man, both at the Chapel & School, in fact he was the very foremost man there (for a time only.) he was too hot to last long, for afterwards he joined other

religious denomination's in this Town & soon left Salisbury altogether. (he was a rigid abstainer also) . . . a circumstance . . . occurred when he took the house in New St in 1835. belonging to the Tatum family. In fact. G. R. Tatum Esqr told me he was born

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there. Now 1881. Occupied by Mr Tiffin¹ the Artist He said that he respected my Father, & that he would give him some work, The house was under going Repairs, & the Tatum family would put the whole of the outside in thorough repair, & he, if he wanted any thing done inside, must be at the expense of it, he accordingly told my father to paint the inside at his expense without any thing more than a verbal order. We painted the house Accordingly, with the understanding that the landlord should paint the outside & Mr Bracher should paint the inside. The work was proceeded with & completed. & then this zealous . . . man thought proper to shift, as he had been in the habit of doing before, In almost every thing he undertook, he plainly denied that he had given any positive order's. the Tatum family would pay nothing more than they ordered. (namely the Outside work) this generous Charitable man, left my Father with his young family simply go without payment for the whole of inside work about 6 or 7£, at the very least. My Father sought no redress & took it as his portion to go without. & the Good man soon after left Salisbury.

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Now for a bit of Poetry.
 'The Cottage.' (A Tale.)
 –very old.–
 From Memory Alone
 [six verses]

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William Wooff Junr the son of Richard Wooff, at the foot of the Harnham Bridge & his Grandfather still living then, was apprenticed to us, His father was shopman to Mr Woodlands in High St, afterwards at the corner of the Market place, as he was going home from the former place, on a winter evening a mad dog met him on Harnham Bridge, & commenced an attack upon him, he having no weapon in his hand, made it the more dangerous, but he escaped with only 2 or 3 fingers

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injured, which he was oblig'd to have amputated at once. the Dog bit several others, but was finally found & shot. Richard Wooff, died before his Father in 1859 Aged 52. Years, My Father & Mr Fullford followed to his grave at Britford. William Wooff his son, was a very good young man all through his apprenticeship, & was a favourite of mine, knowing him almost from his very Birth. he is still living in Salisbury, Married & got a large family. when he

1 Walter F Tiffin 1817 – 1890, local artist, author and collector

was out of his time, we went to his father's house, at the Bottom of Exeter St. & had a nice supper. My Father, Mother, Sister, Myself, John, George, Mr Wooff Senr etc but they nearly all have passed away since. Reminding us of the text, (for here we have no continuing city.)

Leonard Talbot.

Another apprentice, he was a Harnham lad, & a very good apprentice also. after he was out of his time, he went to Southampton, & soon got a foreman's place, was married & doing well, but death steep in & took him away.

Mark Eminton.

This lad was from Harnham, he never staid with us long, he was a very careless & wild lad, what made him more so, was perhaps, an uncle in London left him a little money, & that was a curse to him, rather than a blessing, he committed himself with

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A Nursemaid of Mr J Hussey of the Close, when she was walking in the Britford fields, one dinner time & the children told of it. Mr Hussey came to the shop & Enquired if Eminton was there, but he disapeared (*sic*) from Salisbury at once, & never was seen here again. A very good job for my father, for he would have had a great deal of trouble with him.

Joseph Rawlings.

Another apprentice, his Father was servant to Canon Bowles of the Close,¹ & afterwards to Lady Williams, he wished my Father to take his son as an apprentice. Now I myself never had anything to do in selecting apprentices & was rather sorry than glad, when they came, because I knew full well, that there would be an amount of responsibility with them, & to bear with their several dispositions, he was a tolerably good lad, but very self willed, he went away two or 3 times, to leave the town At last he left me in the middle of a job at Mr Husseys New St, when I could not do without him, & never returned, he is since dead.

My Father had plenty to contend with but he was a very contented & mild man, often praising God for his preserving & guardian care of him & his family, he used to say how Good the Lord was to him, preserving him for so

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many years, without a single days illness. He attended the Quarter Sessions, in his turn, as one of the Grand Jury for the peace of the City. But Mrs De Starke dying, & he had an offer of a house that was then empty,

1 William Lisle Bowles 1762-1850. A popular literary figure, he was considered by many to be the father of the Romantic poets. He lived at Aula-le-Stage on the north walk of Salisbury Cathedral Close where he was a canon residentiary. (Robert Moody, 2009, *The life and letters of William Lisle Bowles: Poet and Parson 1762-1850*. Hobnob Press)



Mompesson House. R Grundy Heape 1934

in New St. by G. B. Townsend Esq. the house belonging to Mrs Hussey, and not so expensive as the other, he took it on a 7 years lease, & in two 7 years leases more, & it is still occupied by me 1881 now the 30th year of our residing there. And in this house, my dear father ended his days likewise mother & sister, as I have stated before.

George Barnard Townsend Esq; of the Close, was a good friend to my father, he married one of the late Daniel Eyre's daughter's of the Close & had a family. Mr Townsend employed my father first I think about 1842 or 1843 until his lamented death in 1870. we worked for him first, when he took the house now occupied by Mrs Marsh in the Close and he made great alterations there. rebuilding a portion of it, Then when the Miss Portman's died, Major Colt his brother in law, purchased it, & Mr Townsend went and resided there, It is the handsomest house in the Close, or perhaps in the town. It was built by the Mompessons. In 1850. Mr Townsend had the greater portion of the inside painted.

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The elegant Entrance Hall. Stair Case & Landings we grained, dark Oak Cob & varnished, which had a very rich & grand effect. The elegant Panell'd walls of the Stair Case, with their beautiful plaster work, were painted pea green & picked out a rich cream colour. When the autumn manouevers (*sic*) was held in this Neighbourhood, we had a rich assemblage of dignified persons in Salisbury, & neighbourhood. The Duke of Cambridge¹ had this house

¹ The Duke of Cambridge sent Barbara Townsend 'a trifle' in 'remembrance of the agreeable stay'. This silver inkstand in the shape of a helmet is on display in Mompesson House together with the Duke's letter and a special pass permitting 'the carriage of the Misses Townsends' to view the manouevres from Beacon Hill.

for this head Quarters, & on Sunday at that time the prince of Wales, & others dined with the Duke at this house. Mr Townsend was a good, kind & even tempered Gentleman, he did my father a large amount of Good, by his kindness in supporting him. In 1870 he went to Mudeford to his favourite place, with his family as usual, but before he went he called upon us in New St. & told me to get on with some work in the house. that he had ordered. The Stabling was to be done as well, but the order for that he said he would give, when he came back on a visit. But "alas", he never came back again alive, he was struck down as he was fishing, not by lightening, but by apoplexy, a more sudden death could not possibly be, he was dead before he fell. he was a fine Man Aged 57 Yrs & the picture of health. . . . the body was coffin'd

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in lead & oak, & brought to his residence in the Close, & I was chosen one of the Bearers from Mudeford, before the body arrived. It was a walking funeral, to the Cathedral, from his house, 8 of us stood under the Coffin which was a great weight. There was a choral service, & a great Number of Relations & visitors, & he was buried in the Cloisters, A beautiful hymn was sung over his Grave, by the Cathedral Choir & was very impressive

The Rev Sub Dean Eyre, his brother in law, now as I am writing just over 80 Years of age, is very feeble, & at times quite deranged, he lives next door to the Miss Townsend's, in the Close & I believe born there, his father Daniel Eyre Esqr. & his mother I perfectly remember & worked for them. in 1831 or 1832. the Windows in the Town & Close were broken by the mob, that paraded the streets, & about 60 or 70 Sash Squares were smashed at Mr D Eyre's, front windows My Father & myself though a lad, put them all in again & worked for them ever since up till now, when I am writing.

The very Rev the Dean of Salisbury.¹ We have done the Dean's painting & Glazing ever since 1851 soon after he came to Salisbury, by the recommendation of the late Mrs Benson, a lady possessing every quality of kindness & good nature.

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without any solicitation on My Father's part, we worked for him until my Father's death in 1863. & even up to the year 1877. when my Mother & sister both died. & when he was not far from his own death. he was a good annual employer whom you could fully depend upon. every year, & almost ready money as well. In fact he was the greatest help we ever had. & we sorely miss'd it. & his good Lady, Mrs Hamilton was equally kind.

1 The Dean of Salisbury Henry Parr Hamilton 1850-1880. He had ecumenical leanings and was a mathematician with progressive views on education, especially for girls. He lived in the old Deanery, No 62 west side of the Close (the Deanery moved to No 7 in 1922). ODNB

Poetry

'The flower dial,' by Mrs Hemans [Felicia Hemans 1793-1835]

Purely from Memory

[seven verses]

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Wesleyan Chapel, Church St.

In 1870, This Chapel went through a thorough repair, under the superintendance of Mr John Harding. Surveyor, & the late respected Mr Charles Harding, Silver St. This latter, spent any amount of his time in attending to this work, without any remuneration & I fear little Gratitude, for all his labour & attention, to every part. he above all others took a particular interest in the good work. The chapel was newly Ceiled complete, with wood & Plaster, all the walls, washed. stopt & Coloured, The front New Plastered, the front entrance newly paved, & the Painting & Glazing throughout & the Gilding executed by us, the numbers on the seats that I did in 1835, was fresh done & extra work Gratis amounting to 5 or 6ℒ.

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in 1875. The new Organ was built & the Gallery prepared for its reception. New Iron pillars etc & painting Extra work done then & money towards the organ, about 5ℒ more Gratis.

Mrs Truckle. Mrs Woodyear & Mr Charles Brown, 50 years ago & before, used to live in the three houses at the bottom of the Close, near the Gate. My father used to do jobs for them all. Mrs Truckle used to travel the country with Haberdashery etc. she had a grey poney & trap. The poney used to feed in the Close by the side of the Road, she had 3 Daughter's, one Married Mr Beach, the Cutler, the Other married Mr Chinn the upholsterer & Dinah the youngest was unmarried, Mr Charles Brown had 3 sons, Charles my schoolmate, Alfred & Henry, 3 daughters. Henrietta, Jane & Harriett all nice children, all gone now, Mrs Woodyear & her daughter Martha lived in the Corner house under a stately Elm tree, that grew there, but long since cut down. she used to keep a Nightingale in a Cage. Outside her front Door.

The Close was quite different then from what it is now, Wild thorn & elder hedges in a wild state, a great many large trees about, from what there is now. The Grass was laid up for Hay & farmer

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Drake of Netherhampton, used to bring his Waggon in, & cart it away. in 1836 or 1837 there was a very high wind in January I think, & blew down all the stately Elm trees on one side of the walk (called lovers walk) but one, prostrate across the field, then the same year the present young ones were planted, & likewise those on the right hand of the road, going towards the Cathedral. I have often seen fish when a boy in the small stream that used to run down under Close gate. I caught a trout once there with my hand, more than a pound, there was a trout caught nearly opposite the White Hart, in the Channell that used to run down Exeter St. on the 16th May 1851, weighing 9 ¼ lbs & I saw the fish. When the new Catholick chapel was opened in

Exeter St. I went up to the weather door of the Spire & Silvey the painter, I stepped out on the scaffold outside, & handed Silvey out, he shook like a leaf, & said only let me get down safe. I stood outside sometime & Cut my name in full, on the stone. there were dozen's of names all about there & some old dates. I saw my father pass up Exeter St. as I was standing on the scaffold, he had on a White Coat that he used to wear in Summer time, & he looked like a little boy. but I am sure it was him for I asked him about it afterwards. I never went higher this time. In August 1867. About $\frac{1}{4}$ to six in the morning I went down to ascend the Spire again.

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I saw the foreman there by appointment & he said to me, do you think you can go up, & I said yes. Now just at that moment a young Man, named Conway. made his appearance & he wanted to go up also. so on we went together up the stone steps sometimes in total darkness, got to the Eight Doors, under the Rooffs. then up the perpendicular ladders in the Spire, then Out of the Weather Door, & up the Handles, very quickly, it required some degree of strength & nerve to accomplish it, the most difficult part was in getting over the cap stone, as it projected very much but there was plenty of Iron work to lay hold on, we stood on the very summit & even on the Vane & held on to the Cross, we were on the summit ten minutes at least, there are numberless names cut in the stone all about there, the Vane is 7 ft 6 in length, & weighs $\frac{3}{4}$ of a Hundred, there is a date cut right through it, but I forget, but not very old. in stepping over the cap stone in coming down, was more difficult than in ascending, because you had to feel with your feet, for the Handles, because you could not see them. The view was a magnificent one, you could see over all the surrounding hills, & I should think a distance nearly 20 Miles, it was a beautiful clear morning, I recognised one man again, as I did at the Weather door

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some years before, & that one of the men at the Church Samuel Henbest. coming down the walk, towards the Cathedral. I am sure it was him & he looked like a little dwarf. you have a splendid view of the whole City, it seems almost under you, so we got down safely thank God for all his mercies.

The Benson family Continued.

About 1860, the front of the old House was glaz'd by us with best plate Glass, the old lead window lights taken out of the stone frames, & the plate glass put into the stone frames. It gave an additional beauty to the old front, & reflected a transparency never seen before. My Dear Father, Mother, Sister & myself went there on 1 or two occasions, to spend an evening with the servants, at Christmas time, & everything was had in abundance of the good things of this life. The old House, adjoining Mr Biddlecombe's in the Close, belonging to Miss Fanny Benson, & Robert her brother the Recorder. after their deaths, it was painted all through & let to Miss Brook's. she lived there until her death. And then Miss Benson, had the House perfectly restored,

as she was going to live there herself. every thing in the interior was new & most all the exterior also. It was painted all throughout, & new plate Glass Sashes fitted to every window, & she was

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about quickly to remove there, from the Old House, as her brother was going to occupy that. The Carpets & Furniture was all ready bought all new. In Miss Bensons bedroom at the Back, there was a very large new Window, with a pair of New Sashes, looking over the Roofs – Glaz'd with best plate Glass of larger dimensions of any in the House, there was a flaw nearly in the centre of one of the panes, that 99 out of an Hundred of the most particular people living, would have passed. but Dr Tatum her medical man objected to it, & of course she did. the flaw was a mere scratch, about the size of a gnat's wing. The pane was worth 6 or 7 £. It was taken out, & we sent to London for another, our Glass Merchant, would allow us half for it, and no more, saying that he never heard tell of such a thing before. But Death stept in & took poor Miss Benson away. There is no respect of persons in him, or a small flaw in a pane of Glass. & so the House & every thing else, was afterwards occupied by another. In 1867. Mr Benson the only son, had the old House of his Father's, completely renovated, old ceilings receiled, great alterations in every part nearly. Fisher doing the wood work, & us the painting. There was in this venerable old house, some excellent Oil paintings, & some from the Pencil of Miss Fanny Benson, especially the

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Three Mary's. A very rich collection of China, & vases, Antiquities without number almost. The front Drawing room, occupied the width of the whole front, with the old panelling, & Rich moulded Ceiling. There was a picture there that occupied nearly one end of the Room. in a Massive carved frame, made expressly for it, & to fit the Room. It was an exquisite flower piece, with Bird's & the choisest (*sic*) fruit, & vases. Valued at 1,000 Guineas. However not many years after he married greatly below his station, sold every thing off House & all, & left Salisbury, all together.

Francis Attwood Senr Mrs Attwood his wife, & Mr Attwood his son
They lived next door to the Benson family, on property belonging to Lord Malmesbury. In the year 1829. Mr Attwood senr gave My Father the job to paint the inside of the House. He was a very particular man, & so was Mrs Attwood. nearly the whole of the ceilings were painted as well as the wall's etc Mrs Atwood (*sic*) getting up at 5 in the morning, to watch the workmen in. There used to be a G.house in front on the lawn, which had a very good effect, as it partly hid the old wall's behind. we reglaz'd this house with new Glass, & the lap between the glass on the Roof, was to be only 1/8 th. by Mr. Henry Coat's recommendation.

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we glaz'd the lights & took them in our Boat, to the meadow opposite, & then into the road, because we could not get them up the stairs on Harnham

Bridge. In 1839. just 10 years after Mr Attwood. had the whole of the house painted again the Greenhouse was removed then or soon after, a New Iron Verandah put up. all the paths etc newly paved by Mr Osmond, a New Glass Sash Door to front office, & 1 New Door to front in the wall, & the Door that was there shifted to the side entrance because the other was decayed, when the work was completed Mr Attwood gave all the men a good supper, Mr Weavings the Carpenter, had the principal management the supper was had at Mr John Clark's at the old Bird in Hand, Corner of Trinity St & Love Lane. There were Mr Osmonds men & the Lane's Mr Weaving's Son's & men, Mr Pike's men, Bricklayer of Fisherton etc etc and very enjoyable time it was, not forgetting the Punch ladle. Mr. Attwood retired soon after & his wife, to a house in the Close, just round the Corner, going towards the Bishop's, & both died there. Mr F Attwood his son carrying on the Business, with Mr Rigden.

James Hussey Esqr

We worked for this Gentleman for 5 or 6 & 30 Years until his lamented death in France 1879 last year, wither he had gone for the benifit (*sic*) of his health, and

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buried there. He was a man of very few words, & of the strictest integrity, never finding fault with anything, allways paying his bills himself & with the greatest punctuality, he called since My Mother's & Sister's death to pay a Bill, & he alluded to them (saying) you have lost your Mother & sister in one year. (I said yes Sir) & he seemed to feel for me.

Mrs Ambrose Hussey.

The Hall, New St.

We have worked for this Estimable Lady ever since 1843. & she has been one of our best supporters, by living so near & having property surrounding, & we allways almost had something to do, she was a good Lady for every trade, & a splendid taste & judgement for every kind of work, she had great alterations in her garden & lawn, & the Blank ends of Houses in Catherine St, facing her Lawn, filled in with lead blank windows Glazd by me, a copy from the old link Glazing at the joiner's Hall. St Anns St. she has left Salisbury some years now, but is still alive. her Eldest son & heir is Ambrose Dennis Hussey Freke, Esq of Hannington Hall, Highworth, Wilts.

Now for a Bit more poetry.

Purely from memory alone.

The Winds.

[seven verses]

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John Wesley [views on marriage, and his 'unfortunate' choice of wife, Vizelle, widow, details of her jealousy and behaviour, she left him]

(I p 172)

Mob Violence to John Wesley. [not Wiltshire, mentions Bristol, London, Staffordshire, Newcastle, Birmingham]

(I p 175)

[an account concerning Mr Fletcher. Mr Charles Wesley, Mr Thomas Walsh, Mr James Morgan, resulting in destruction of Mr Walsh's reputation and his subsequent death; not Wiltshire]

(I p 180)

Poetry

The Sunbeam; purely from Memory. [Felicia Hemans]

[nine verses]

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The Miss Wyndham's of the Close.

These two excellent ladies, we had the pleasure of working for until their death, a period of about 20 years, My dear Father was employ'd first by W. Wyndham Wyndham Esqr of the Close, the father of Mr C Wyndham of Wimborne now without any solicitation. & soon after we were employ'd by the Miss Wyndham's, their house is now standing, and used as the Theological College. Miss Henrietta was the Mistress of the Establishment, & gave all orders, Miss Charlotte was a nice lady, but very reserved and was seldom seen. It was a good

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house for Masters, & workmen, always plenty of Home Brew'd beer, & Bread & Meat often, Miss Henrietta had an excellent taste for Matching Colours, & knew all the tints that composed them. and as free in conversation as possible, often even joking. She would often say to us, when we left at 6 O'clock, Now come at 8 & have some supper with my servants, & it was the best of everything. I was there one afternoon in July, & there was a very severe storm of thunder & lightning, they both came into the bed room where I was at work, they were much alarmed at thunder & lightning, & so Miss Charlotte, went into a dark ward robe & shut the door, & Miss Henrietta went behind the bed curtain's close to the wall, untill the storm was abated. They were very charitable to the poor & gave a great many Christmas Boxes.

Arthur Corfe Esqr, Organist
of the Cathedral.

This estimable old Gentleman we worked for 20 years & up to his death, which was sudden, he was a very precise, particular & Nervous man, but very mild & kind. & one of the best paymasters in the Close, he was always best pleased, when something was going on, & he kept his house in thorough good repair, inside & out. there was a large copper flat, at the side of the House that covered a Bedroom, the rain came in occasionally, & he had it recovered

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with stout Zinc by us, upon the copper. I do not think he was aware that it was a copper roof, or perhaps he would have had it taken off, for it was valuable, but there it is now for someone else. His large & beautiful garden extended to the old wall in Exeter St. & he used often stand & look over for pastime. My Father happening to pass by once as he was standing there and he said Mr Small, just look at that House of mine opposite (Meaning the house now adjoining the Catholick Church. & where the minister resides now) but it was then in the occupation of Mr Osmond, My Father looked at it, & said to him of course Yes sir it does want painting very badly, & so it did, then he said you do it as soon as you like, & make a good job of it. Not a word about what will you do it for, that was not very often the question put by the good old sort, that are no more.

Poetry

On the late A Corfe Esq

From the Salisbury & Winchester Journal for 1862.

Purely from Memory, having only read it once or twice.

The good old man we held so dear,
Went calmly to his bed,
The winter of his ninetieth year,
Yet passing o're his head

. . . v 5

The Music that he made below,
Is hush'd upon our ear's,
To him is given above to know,
The music of the spheres.

Mr Toovey & his respected family.¹

We have worked for Mr Toovey, ever since 1844, up to the very present time 1881. And a good man he has been & likewise Mrs Toovey, now deceased. Mr Toovey, is at the present time, confined to his bed, having lost the use of one side, . . . My poor mother used to say Mr Toovey

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was one of her best friends, for when he used to call for the rates, he was very considerate, & usually did when she was very short, pay them himself & deduct it out of our Bill. A better paymaster could not exist, never wanting to know the price of any thing, & never finding fault with his bill. & constantly

1 John Toovey c.1800 – 1881, accountant and collector of rates and taxes was William Small's 'dear supporter and friend'(II,29). His wife Marianna (Mary) ran a small private school in Castle Street later continued by her daughters in Endless Street. Four of the five daughters became teachers, and when he died in Rollestone Street John Toovey was living with his youngest daughter, a governess in Amesbury, and being cared for by a trained nurse after what appears to have been a stroke.

having work done. The Miss Toovey's are the same kind generous ladie's, often having work done & it is a great pleasure to work for them.

Mr Henry Figes¹, Swans. [Three Swans Hotel Winchester Street]
 We have worked for Mr Figes, ever since we took the late Mrs Randall's business, before he was Married. up till 1877, when my dear Mother & sister died, when affairs was finally settled, our dealing with Mr Figes in turn. Mr Figes was rather hasty some times, & wanted work done in a Moment but a better man to work for, we could not wish to have. & we never lost anything by him, He was an excellent man for trade, allways having something or other done. I went to the Races for him to Paint the names etc for 10 years in succession, & he allways paid me well. Mrs Figes was a very kind hearted lady, but she has been dead some years.

Richard Hetley, Esqr
 of the Moat Britford, & the Close.

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we used to do his garden work before he left the Moat, at Britford, He took the House in the Close, late in the Occupation of Miss Froome & afterwards G B Townsend Esqr. before he removed to the Miss Portman's house. Mr Hetly had it painted all through in 1846, when he came there & we continued to work for him till 1862. when his lease was expired & Mrs G Marsh took on. Mr Hetly lived for a few months in Canon Fisher's house, till Canon Fisher wanted it. Then he came to live at the Corner House in New St & St John St, with the Honble Captain Bouverie & his Daughter, whom he Married. Mr Hetley died there about Christmas time. He had the house in the Close put into good repair when he left it, Painted etc all through out. & the Honble Captain Bouverie, came & paid the Bill soon after his death. A more perfect Gentleman never existed, he was very unassuming & kind, the true picture of a well bred man. He was steward of the Trinity Hospital & the Trinity Land, nearly or quite, until his death, & he allways employed My Father, of whom he was very fond. & there was nearly allways something to do. He was likewise Steward of the Cricket Club on the Race plain, & that caused some work for us. One little thing I will mention about Miss Hetley, a young lady most amiable & kind, she came home in the Close rather unexpected, for a night or two, on a Saturday evening, when the House

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was all 6s & 7s, as the saying is, nothing prepared for. Mr Hetley was away. so the servant had to get things ready for her in a great hurry. On the Monday morning I went to my work as usual, & I think one of my brother's with me. Or a man, the servant did not happen to tell me that Miss Hetley was in the house, or I did not see the servant perhaps, so I went boldly in to this very

1 Henry Figes: formerly and ironmonger in Blue Boar Row, he was threatened by the Swing Rioters in November 1830.

room where Miss Hetley was in bed, after a pair of steps, that I left there on the Saturday. The door was not fastened & Miss Hetley, was in Bed, looking at me with a smile on her countenance. I was turned all over, & I shall never forget it, I hastily left the Room saying, I humbly beg your pardon Miss Hetley, I did not know you were in the House. I told the servant of it at once. but I never heard a word about it after.

Poetry, a keeping up a Christmas, purely from Memory.
[AD 1674 in Wiltshire dialect,¹ 3 verses]

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Miss Froome the Close.

The Miss Froome's, for there was 2 or three of them. They were the daughter's of the late Dr Froome, of the Close. I do not remember much about them but one. . . . they lived in the front House, at the bottom of Rosemary Lane, late in the occupation of Mr Broderick. I remember when I was about 9 or 10 years of age, going there with my father to assist him a little. But the other ladies either died or went a way, & Miss Froome the Lady that I knew well, until her death, & we worked for her till that time

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removed from Rosemary Lane in 1830, & went to live where Mr Hetley lived afterwards. I assisted with the furniture when she was removing, the house went through a repair then, My Father doing the painting & old Mr Perrin a Carpenter of High St. did the repairs, her valued servant Miss Loxley was a very kind hearted person, did often give my father & me a cup of tea etc. & she died an old independent woman in St Martin's Church St, not 20 years ago & left my Father 20 £. & Mr Humby senr the Baker of High St, I think the same sum. I was ever a favourite of Miss Froomes's from a child, she took my portrait once when very young. She used often to give me a sixpence or a shilling, & if ever she wanted any particular work done. I was always sent for. A Mr Young lived with her, a Nephew, he was very intimate with the Eyre's, Macdonalds, Marshes, etc etc & used to be good customers with our Boat's, at Harnham, he married one of the late Dr Andrew's daughters, There was a high stout brick wall, with a stone coping, go along the whole front where the Paleing now is, & Whitsun fair was held in the field, at the Back, where was Booths, shows, Punch & Judy, which the Choristers occupied now. Curds sold under the trees, standing all up the High St. Beer sold under the Cathedral Walls, & the Horse fair, in the Road by the Deanery.

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Miss Froome lived for a few years at one of Mr Peniston's house, in De Vaux

1 Wiltshire dialect: in the 19th century the Wiltshire dialect was still pronounced. Edward Slow's dialect verse, including a classic retelling of the Wiltshire moonrakers' story, was essentially for the 'leabourin volk'.

Place, & we used to do a little for her there, but whether she died there I am not certain, or whether she went away, but she was very old.

Rev. Mr Hodgson. the Close

Mr Hodgson was one of My Fathers earliest supporters. He used to live in the Close, the house was rather low, & nearly opposite Benson's, there was very often something to be done in painting Glazing etc. He was the principal man that got the Infirmary job for My Father. in 1830. the whole of that Building, Front & Back & work adjoining was painted 2 Coats, I was 10 years of age at that time & I can remember assisting a little. Mr Hodgson had 3 Sons I think, & several daughters, his sons used to be fond of the Boats & often used to be there with us, & they often wanted little jobs of painting done. I remember once all the attic rooms, they had cleared out & all the furniture we had at Harnham, to repaint & line, all the old walls & ceilings (whitewash'd before) now painted 4 coats & well, stopt with Putty, & the Floors, because Bugs made their appearance. The Rev C King, married the youngest daughter I think. He came first with his father & lived next the Gate, at the bottom of the Close, & had the old lead window lights taken out

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New Sashes put in, This added greatly to the appearance of the Front, Mr King went some years afterwards to Stratford, & has remained there ever since.

Mr William Woodlands

Mr Woodlands lived in High St, for years where Mr Pearcey the greengrocer now lives. as a Currier etc & Mr Richard Wooff junr was his shopman. In 1849, he removed to the corner of the Market Place, late Wolferstan's. and he had inconsequence some work done, he was never asked by My Father for any work, but it was through the recommendation of Mr Wooff he being a friend of his fathers, The Bill was £24.7.10 sent in the beginning of the new Year, & went he settled, he did just as he thought fit, & took off a considerable portion of the Bill, which astonished my father & myself, the Bill was very moderate, & there ought not to have been anything taken off. From that time I never had a very great opinion of him. however we continued to work for him off & on nearly up to his death. But I verily believe we might as well been without any of it, he was such a cutter. I am sure some of it we were out of pocket by. There was one thing to be said, he paid very often soon after the work was done. The last job that we did for him was in October 1877. he wanted the Outside

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of the House in Endless St. Opposite the Wool Pack Inn painted & a portion of the Inside. I gave him an Estimate for it. & then he said . . . that it frighten'd him, & he would give so much & no more, something considerably less. The whole of the inside of this large house he let another do, & the difficult & dangerous part we were to do, at his price. we did it. he said the tenant that left told him that there was about 15 broken panes. I agreed to put them in for 15/- but they were worth 1/6 each at the very least. but instead of 15 broken

panes, there was 31 or 32 broken panes, & as the season was advancing & we wanted to get on quickly with the Sashes while there was a fine day or two, & he happened to be away for a day, or two, I put them in, thinking that he would not object to it, no reasonable man would. The Bill was made out, as he wanted to pay. My Dear sister that Died very soon after, took the Bill to him & he was very angry because I charged for the whole of the squares that was put in, My Sister said to him, you do Sir, your will & pleasure, in the matter. he said my will & pleasure is that I wont pay for it, "It is an imposition. (I could take an Oath over it.) That was the last job that was ever done for him & I told my Sister, if he ever wanted any thing else done, I would not do it. I never heard the sound of his voice afterwards, & he died suddenly on a Sunday morning in Nov 1879.

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at Milford, The servant going in at Breakfast time & he was dead, near the fire.

Mr John Hibberd ¹

This old respected friend & schoolmate was born in the same year as myself in 1820. in New St. almost next door, to where I now live. His father was a Chimney sweeper & in good circumstances, John Hibberd was his only son, & he gave him a good education. there used to be several men & boys work for him & they were well treated, they boarded, & slept on the Premises, & on a Saturday at dinner time, they left work, & it was a pleasure to see them dressed in Blue Clothes and their flesh very clean. I went & spent a day once in particular I remember at his house in New St. with him & his parents & had plenty of good things, that is 52 or 53 years ago. but his father died when he was very young, & his Mother & him carried it on until her death, years afterwards. John Hibberd was a pattern of civility & good nature & had many friends, for some years he kept the Queen's Arms publick house, & died there, we worked for his Mother & for him, he was executor to my Father & attended his funeral. I think he died rather embarras'd he often did things for my Father & Mother, he was considerably in our debt.

Poetry 'Edwin & Angelina' By Goldsmith [Oliver Goldsmith 1730-1774, poem 'The Hermit'], Purely from Memory alone.

[39 verses]

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Milford St Chapel etc.

This Chapel was built about 25 or 26 years ago. when the division was between the two parties that attended Church St Chapel, Messrs Dunn, Everett & Griffiths, came here and set them all together by the ears, party feeling running very high & any amount of Slander going on. Mr Gregory

1 John Alcock Hibberd, Queens Arms Inn, was an important friend, He was executor to William Small senior and Maria Small (though he died before Maria did), and Eleanor Hibberd registered the death of William Small junior.

being the principal leader of the party. I was at Mr Higgins at St Anns St. having a Glass of Beer at this time & there was nearly a room full, when a certain tradesman said, old

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Danl Harding had burnt all the Books, so that people should not see how they had been plundering the people for so many years. And I took it up and asked him from what authority, and he said that Gregory told him so. I told him plainly before all the company that I did not believe a word of it, especially were [sic] it came from. Mr Wentworth the Carpenter at Harnham had also left the old Chapel and his family, he said to me what a state of things had been going on there. and it was time that it was stopped. He said look at the Harding's, why when they lived at Harnham some years ago, they had nothing & was very poor, & now look at them. insinuating that they got on from the management of the Chapel. This very much annoyed me & I said to him I believe that the Hardings, all of them, were very upright men, and had got on in the world by their industry & fair dealing, & I had any amount of confidence in them. a little boy of Mr Wentworths told Mr Richard Wooff that he was an old fool. for going to that Chapel in Church St, and that he did not know what he was got about. In 1857 we painted the outside of Mr Harding's house in Winchester Street and he told me how he had been vilified, and his name & others cast out as evil, and that is was almost as much as he could bear.

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Mr Joseph Harding.

Was one of the best of men, he used to take great interest in me, He came to Harnham on purpose to invite me to his Class, he sent his Nephew after me, to go with him, but owing to my shynes's I did not go, & he Mr J. Harding invited me to his house to take tea with his class. He was a most sincere & Godly man. I wrote his Coffin Plate. and I make no doubt that he is gone to the rest, that remaineth for the people of God.

Mr Richard Read, Builder.

Was one of My Father's friends for a number of years until his death in 1862, just one year before My Fathers. we used to do a great deal of work for him, and he for us. He built the New houses in New St. for Mr Brownjohn now made into one by Mr Buckell in 1837, & we did the painting & Glazing. Mr Read, My father & Myself went to Bath by Rail together, & the day turned out very wet, so that we were disappointed in a measure. we went through the Box tunnell, & on our return we were detained there for some considerable time. I was very much frightened & so were all of the people, but the cause of the delay I never heard. we did not get to Salisbury until 1 in the Morning. Mrs Read, formerly Miss Burrough, was acquainted with My Mother,

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from girlhood, they used to sing together in the old singing gallery at Church St Chapel, as far back as 1812. Mrs Read was a very Godly woman, & my

mother met in her class for years. I have a Small Almanack by me, a present from Miss Burrough to my Mother for the year 1815, & Miss Burrough's name & date on the cover, she died in 1872. . . . she came & visited me 2 or 3 times when I was ill, & prayed with me. I said to her, I was very fond of the late Mr Read & she said, and he was very fond of you.

Mr Henry Hayden

This exemplary man for Piety, died in 1867. & Buried at St Edmunds church yard, & a great company of Mourners from the Chapel followed him, including Mr Fisher his Master & Mrs Joseph Harding next the coffin. He was one of the brightest christian characters, Salisbury ever produced.

Mr Joseph Sanger

He died in 1846 aged 65 years, I wrote his Coffin Plate. he also was buried at St Edmund's. He was a tall stout man, & very energetic especially with the sunday school, he had means & time to devote to it. There

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was some disagreement between the teachers, one party wanted to do away with the writing on Sundays. While Mr Sanger as the principal & others maintained it. The consequence was, there were two seperate (*sic*) schools on the Sunday, one party at Salt Lane & Mr Sangers party, in the old Barracks in Church St. to continue learning the boys & girls to write, hundreds of boys & girls had to thank sunday schools for learning to write, or they never would have had it. The singers at the Chapel too, could not agree, for there was two parties in that affair, it gives us to see how frail men are sometimes, that profess so much. Mr Sanger was very fond of the scholars, he would go round and talk to each seperately as opportunity offered, he used to say to me, I hope thee dost say thy prayers every day, for God sees thee, thou must pray or perish, and other plain words, of the like sort.

Miss Charlotte & Sarah Hallett.

Dress Makers of Salt Lane, near the School very zealous women, both in the Sunday School & at the Chapel & also class leaders. they did a vast amount of good. both died happy in the Lord, & funeral sermons preached for them.

Mr William Glead.

A very eccentric batchelor man. he lodged with Mr Hayden & his Wife

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in Church Street, he did a vast amount of good, as he had a little independency. he used to travel far & near with tracts etc a man very punctual at every means of grace. & did allways take the lead at prayer meetings, he was not a Native of Salisbury. he died at Mr Hayden's & was taken away from Salisbury too (*sic*) his native place.

Mr Hale, Builder, Castle St.

We worked for Mr Hale very soon after he commenced business in Bedwin

St. & afterwards in Castle St, until his death, he was a good man for trade & we often did some good job's for him. I wrote between 50 & 60 coffin plate's for him for people that died in the Cholera in 1849. we used to have old lead of him to help outset. sometimes as much as 30 cwt. and we sent it to London. he was allways very honourable in his payments, & I was sorry for his untimely end, when he was in the very midst of business.

Mrs Munday, & Son's¹.

We were tenants of these nice people for 7 or 8 years. and we did their painting etc Mrs Munday was a rare woman for trade, continually having something done. the dear lady died in the Cholera in 1849. Mr Munday the eldest son, was a Churchwarden & we did a great deal

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of work at St Edmund's Church, inside & out, we have continued to work for the family ever since, but some of them are gone. Mr Munday the eldest son fell dead in the Street, some 4 or 5 years ago. Mr Edwin died very recently on a visit to Salisbury rather sudden.

George Sutton Esqr. (son of the late Alderman Sutton)
Mayor & Clerk of the Peace.

we worked for him for years, and he had a lot of work done, because he had so many houses in Salisbury. his dwelling house was in St Ann's St with 2 Cottages adjoining. Edward Baker Esqr. having property surrounding it on 3 sides, I have heard say, wanted this property to throw it into his own, he told Mr Sutton to have it valued by any man that he liked, & then he would give him as much again for it. but Mr Sutton declined, he was a good natured kind man, & allways kept his payments up pretty well. until within a few years of his death, when he got reduced. we lost 22 or 23£ with him at last.

St Edmund's Church.

Our estimate was accepted for work to the interior of the Church, the Chancel Walls wer[e] flatted, the wainscoating etc Grain'd dark Oak Colr large Beams & the whole of Gallerie's, Doors, Cases etc etc

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Varnished, & all the Hatchments, clean'd & varnished, & the Commandments. 1850

Mr John Selfe. Knighton Farm Broadchalk, Wilts

This kindhearted & wealthy farmer, the occasion of our working for him was owing to our taking the late Mr Randall's business from 1844, until his

1 The Smalls lived in Queen St from 1844 until November 1851 in property owned by the Mundays. In 1841 Mary Munday was 50, her sons Alfred and Edwin recorded as tailors. Mary Munday appears to be one of three people who died of cholera in Queen St in 1849. WSA 1900/208

lamented death, in 1851 we did his work, his Father before him I have heard lived at Dog Dean Farm Mr Jervoise's property. For hospitallity (*sic*) & good pay, there was not his superior in Wilts. The best of every thing to eat. & Drink, a good bed in the House, & the Bill never found fault with. he used to kill his own Sheep, & Brew his own Beer, & real good stuff it was, I have drank out of Silver cups there, many times, & my Father also, he was a very good judge of land & Cattle, used to get prizes of considerable amount for sheep etc but his energies seem'd to fail him, ere he had attained his 50th year. he troubled nothing about his farm or his cattle, but gave way to private drink, & soon hastened his end. His only son John was a very worthy young man, who survived him, and likewise his Mother, we worked for them for years afterwards, & things went on the same as before, but they are both dead now.

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Mr Charles Meaden. Wheelwright etc, of Coombe Bissett. Wilts.

About the year 1829 or 1830, My Father became acquainted with him & he used to say he wished he had known him before, he could have done him a great deal of good, My Father painted Waggon & Carts for him & Marked them, Mrs Meaden was a kind woman & her only beloved daughter Elizabeth was taken away from them in the year 1837, aged about 19 or 20 yrs, which was a great blow to them, I used to go with Father when a boy to help him, and have good things to eat & drink, they were very homely people & the property was their own. Mr Meaden's Cider was most Excellent, and to see my Father & him having a pipe, & the 2 Handled cup sometimes, & in pleasant conversation & Mrs Meaden & her lovely daughter, sitting there too, it was a sight precious to memory, for they are all gone but me. Mr & Mrs Meaden was not long apart. about the years 1850 or 1851 they died. Mr Spicer, a worthy man that worked for them a number of years, had the business. Mr Meaden paid my Father a Bill once in Spade Guineas¹ 3 or 4 of them, it was a Dark December Saturday night, about half past seven O'clock, and when we came to Coombe turnpike by the light of the oil lamp, he took his money out, & put it into his watch pocket, saying that the robbers would not find it.

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For the roads at that time were not by any means safe. I was very much alarmed & was thankful when we reached the old House at Home, on Harnham Bridge, again in safety.

Robert Squarey Esq of the Blue Boar Roe, Chemist & Druggist.

This worthy man Married in 1801 or 1802 a Miss Beale of Salisbury, & opened a Chemist & Druggists Shop, in the Blue Boar Row, late the Parade Coffee House. He was the first man that my Father ever dealt with, & continued to deal with him & his sons after him for a number of years, paying them at least between 20 & 30 £ a year. He Mr Squarey had some property at Coombe

1 'spade guineas': gold coin (21 shillings or £1.05p) of a pattern made 1787-1800 so called from form of escutcheon on the reverse

Bisset on the Right of the Turnpike Gate on the Bishopstone Road, this House underwent a Thorough repair in 1830, & my father & his apprentice walked to Coombe & back, every day, during the greatest part of the winter, even up to the 24th of Decr. Mr Squarey finding his own Materials. (I wrote his Coffin Plate).

Mr Benjamin Williams, of Bedwin St Salisbury. My Father did some painting & Glazing for him in 1831, to a house there & the Bill between 5 & 6 £. Mr William's by some means, or other was not able to pay, My Father never pressed him for it, & they were always good friends.

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He used to say the respect that he had for my Father was very great, and some day he must have some money, if he should survive his sister. He did so, & paid my Father the Bill, with interest. & used to employ him afterwards, & when he died left him 20£.

(Poetry) 'Absalom' .

Purely from memory alone

[91 lines not divided into verses]

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Captain Pettitt.

Captain Pettitt of Exeter St, adjoining the almshouses, was a member of the Wilts Yeomanry Cavalry. ever since it's first formation until his death in 1836. He was buried at Britford with his Wife, in a vault railed round, we used to paint it. And his house in Exeter St. His coach house & Stable was adjoining Witt's blacksmith's shop in Exeter St, near the Bell Inn, now rebuilt by modern houses. A very eccentric old gentleman, but a genuine one. His old Coachman & his Wife, are still living at East Harnham, his wife also being a servant of his.

Mrs Thomas

This lady lived where Mr Peniston now reside. (in my boyhood.) She was a little deranged in her mind, She died about the year 1829 or 1830. But was not buried at Britford. She went away & died. There is a Monument in Britford Church Yard. & used to be rail'd round, but the railing has been taken away for some years. My father used to keep the key & paint if very often. The monument is a Handsome one. To the memory of her beloved daughter by Mr. Osmond she died in 1822, Aged 22 years.

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James Saunders.

Mr Saunders carried on the business of Twine, Rope & Sacking Manufacturer. For many years, & his ancestors before him. He lived at the end facing the road of St Nicholas Hospital. In fact it was a portion of that ancient place, which was pulled down & rebuilt in 1862. Mr Saunders had a rope walk on Harnham Bridge, the whole length of the Centre of the long garden there.

& likewise in the large garden where he resided. I knew a Brother of his named William, also in the same profession, he was so hoarse that he could only whisper all through life. the principal part of the family are buried at Britford. He was in the Cavalry. His brother Joseph had the twine yard etc in Exeter St, & his dwelling & show shop, was in St Anns St.

John Snook.

He was a tall fine batchelor man & lived at the old shop & premises, just before the north bridge, & his Father before him, he died about 30 years ago & was buried in the Cloisters. He died at Mr Saunder's house where he resided, in a good old Age. Mr Abraham Newham

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took Mr Snooks business, in 1827 & lived there till about the year 1839. When Mr Ivywell took on, & was married there, to Mr Andrews daughter, Grocer etc of Winchester St about 1843 or 1844 he removed to Catherine St, where he built a New house & Shop. and carried on a good business, as a pork & Bacon Factor. He is still living & is a clergyman of the Church of England. a most worthy, amiable man. I have a starling that Mr Ivywell shot on the old House where we used to live & he gave it to us. And we did a great deal of work for him.

Mr Bowns. Senr

A good natured affable man, he kept the Swan Inn, at East Harnham, from 1827 until his death in 1850. He was very fond of my father. Mr Bowns & Mrs did go down the river in our Boat, with us sometimes & take some Beer, Tobacco & Bread & Cheese, & we used to take the Gun & Shoot the rats etc. My Father & Mother & Mr & Mrs Bowns went to Weyhill Fair once in a fly, for a little pleasure, & our apprentice went with them, & sat with the driver. He had not been in the fair long, before he was eased of the little money he had saved. some 10 or 12 Shillings at pricking the garter

The Salisbury Infirmary.

The text of A sermon preached in the Cathedral . . . before the President, Governors & other encouragers of the General

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Infirmary, on their first Anniversary, Thursday, Sept 17th 1767. By Thomas Greene D.D. Dean of Sarum.

[full text of sermon, and of prayer given by Rev. Dr. Dodwell on laying foundation stone; also list of names of benefactors and amounts of subscriptions given to the Infirmary September 1766 –September 1767, totalling £4,020 9s od]

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One thing I should like to notice here. I do not know if I have mentioned it before. I have an iron tobacco box by me, with an engraved inscription

on it, on both sides. It relates to a man that was murdered near the chalk pit, on East Harnham Hill. J. Curtis hung in chains near Sarum, March 14th 1767. There is on the Box an engraving of a man & a horse. The Gibbett & the man hanging in chains. The direction of the Shaston & Blandford roads. An engraving of the cathedral etc. What I am going to relate now is from memory alone. It seems that on 27th of Decr 1767. This Curtis waylaid or met a man, by the name of Wolf Myers a travelling Jew, or Pedlar, robbed him & murdered him. & Cast the body into the chalk pit, & a heavy fall of snow coming on the same night, obscured the body for 3 or 4 Weeks, until it was found by Mr Talk's hounds. This Mr Talk was a huntsman & lived in the Market place of Salisbury. It seems there was a desperate encounter between the two men, in which the Jew was overcome. Curtis was badly wounded & lacerated, & hurried to Salisbury to the New Infirmary that was then in progress. And he being nearly one of the first patients. He said he had

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been rob'd & severely handled in fighting for his life, on Harnham Hill, by a man whom he knew not. He had his wounds dressed & bandaged, & taken care of. But the man was very uneasy, & wanted to be gone before he was half cured. So they gave him some ointments & plaisters, & he went away in to Hampshire I think, When the murder came to light, the man was gone. He was taken some time after & some of the property of the murdered man found upon him. He was brought to Salisbury Gaol, on Fisherton Bridge & received his trial at the Lent Assizes, & was sentenced to death, His body was taken in a Cart, to the spot of the Murder & he was then hung in chains on the Hill, his gibbett remaining there for years.¹

Poem on 'Labour' from
Memory alone [five verses].

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Mr S Maton, China Man etc.

Mr Maton lived our next neighbour for several years, where Pinckney's New Bank is built. We did work for him, a running account for more than 30 years, and for his sister Mrs Shorto, but never could get any settlement. And there it remains until this day. I think that he is still living, but an old man, And he is considerably in our debt.

Mr Richard Sutton

Mr Sutton, baker, of Trinity St, we did his work for years, but never could come to a settlement, We had part of our bread of him. The Bill was sent the last time on the 7th January 1864, 35£ 15 7 ½ . Mr Suttons Bill against us 22£. 9. 0. leaving a ballance to us of 13£ 6 7 ½ .

1 This notorious murder and the initial deception by John Curtis were reported in full: *Salisbury Journal*, January 8, February 1, March 14, 1768

Mr James Sutton¹

Mr Sutton, is a clerk at Lee's & Co's in Chipper Lane. We did work for him on Milford Hill, & when he lived in Catherine St, and nothing settled. There is at least 10£ due to us. He is still living.

Mr Farr. Coach Builder

Mr Charles Farr, we used to do work for him at different times, & for years. But he still owe something like 6 or 7£, which is all past and gone.

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Mr Watts, Surveyor.

Mr Watts, of Britford, and afterwards of the Southampton road. We worked for him, during his stay at Britford. And painting & Glazing done for him there. And afterwards, A lot of work done at the house inside and out on the Southampton Road. We used to do a little work for the turnpike Trust, through his agency, and that was always paid. But his own private acctt Never a shilling was paid about 11 or 12£.

Mr Weavings, Builder.

We used to do some considerable work for Mr Weavings Senr, and he did work for us. But finally we were the losers of 6 or 7£.

Mr Thomas Richardson

Mr Richardson, Saddler & Harness Maker, of Catherine St. This gentleman was one of My dear Father's first employers in 1827. He put up an entire New front to his house, & my father glaz'd it, & painted it all through inside & out. Mr Paffery was the Carpenter. Mr Richardson was a batchelor, and a very precise & particular man. A great advocate for painted walls. His old servants Mr Goddard & Mr. Miles, work'd there, from boys till they became old men, & died, & never left the old work shop.

Mr John Richardson.

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Mr John Richardson was a Grocer of Catherine St. Nearly opposite his brother Thomas. We worked for him for several years. He was a man that never found fault with the work that was done, in fact he always liked it. But for ever finding fault with the Bills. A constant failing of his. Almost every item he would dispute, which made things very uncomfortable, & which was only a fancy of his. His cottage on Harcourt Bridge, was enlarged, Glaz'd & painted inside & out. He used to take my Brother John & myself, every day up the back lane, to the Old Waggon & Horses on the Bridge, kept by a Mrs Lawrence, and give us a glass of beer each, and have one himself, saying

1 James Sutton was the cashier in Lee and Powning solicitors' office, working for the firm for 37 years, but he was dismissed in 1882, apparently for alcohol-related problems. WSA 776/1200

it was the best beer in the town, & certainly it was very good. He gave up his garden in Exeter St and my Father had it of him for some time. But our final separation (*sic*) was concerning the painting the exterior of the Council House, which was tendered for by the painters of Salisbury. The tenders were published (*sic*) in the Journal. My Fathers being nearly the highest, which was 9£, for reputtying & painting all the Sashes & frames, sky lights, Doors, Cases, Iron Railing, etc all round 2 Coats. A most moderate sum, and if we had it, there would not been a sixpence got by it. But a certain painter in Salisbury, offered to do it for 4£ 10 0. This caught Mr Richardsons eye, and he

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ubraided (*sic*) Father about it. My Father told him a word or two plain & straight. Which I suppose the Gentleman did not like, and that ended the job. But he did not live long after.

Mr George Richardson.

Mr Richardson was a linen draper of High St. He was a Batchelor man, and his two spinster sister's lived with him. And very nice people they were, but very particular, they were very fond of My Father & we worked for them for years, until Mr Richardsons death. There was often something wanted in the painting & Glazing way. He was no fault finder & good pay. The last of the sisters died a few years ago, I think in the Close.

Mr Larkham, of Bodenham.

This gentleman was a retired Corn merchant of Salisbury, from the Oatmeal Row. He either took a House on a lease, or bought it, I cannot remember which. He had it all done up inside & out & employed My Father. This was about the year 1836. He was one of the kindest & best of men. For he lived in the house most of the time and cooked Mutton Chops for Dinner himself and good Strong beer. He was good pay and lived there for years in ease & comfort. But his charity was unbounded, & he was got over by some that borrowed deeply of him, but never paid, and so ruined him. And in his very old years he came

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back to Salisbury, & had a small charity in money, and died in Church St I think.

Mr John Finch

Mr Finch, Hatter, of the Corner of Queen St. & the Canal. And at his dwelling house in Winchestr St, we did work for him & at Cottages, & at the house at the corner of Endless St & Scot's Lane, In the occupation of Mr. Smith, Mr Davies, Mr Cole etc etc There was no Settlement with this gentleman for more than 30 years. We having hats & caps of him, when wanted. My father at last was anxious to have it Settled. & Mr Finch was willing, and said he would find the Bills, and stated a day for us to come. So my father & myself went & he was waiting to receive us. He had all the 30 or 31 years bills, pinn'd together in a long string, & remarked that he must give me great credit, in being so accurate with 30 years Bills, and as he could see, without a

single mistake. But it proved to be a mountain in labour and out ran a mouse. Instead of taking several pounds as we expected, the Ballance was only one solitary half Sovereign in our favour.

Mr Norton, Plumber & Glazier.

Mr Norton of Codford, called upon my Father in Queen St, and asked him if

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he would oblige him, in letting his son come to Codford for a week, to do some particular work for him. . . . I said I was willing to go. Although it was in our busy time. for I thought the change would do me good. So I rode there on Mr Clench's Coach on the Monday morning & Paid him. The work to be done was to grain the inside of a New Chapel, & the outside doors etc. To Write 2 or 3 signs & sundry jobs. I had my meals at his house, & he got me lodgings at Mr Brin's at the George Inn. They were very nice kind people Mr & Mrs Brin both, Mrs Brin was Mr Clench's sister in law. I had a very comfortable bed, in a room where Mr Brin's 2 sons did sleep. . . . I had my meals at Mr Nortons house. I accomplished all I had to do by Saturday dinner time and walked to the Bell Inn at Wylee. & stayed 3 or 4 hours for a young man whom I knew, at Styles & Larges in Salisbury

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that was coming by, & he kindly drove me home in his trap. I never asked Mr Norton for any money, I thought he might want something else done in the course of the year, and he could have the bill at Christmas, or before if he required it, I had great confidence in him. But 2 or 3 months after that the good man failed, and we never had a sixpence. The Bill was nearly 4£. The first job I did after dinner on the Monday was to grain the Pulpit etc. There was a space in front of the Pulpit, and I formed a standing place round with some of the old pew doors. I got on very well with my work, and was pleased with the colour & moving about rather quickly, and I was not very light. One of the Pannells of the pew doors gave way & let me through in a moment, and I went down straight on my feet, and shook myself very much. The pot was more than half full of Graining Colour & upset splashing me all over, but especially about my hair, my face, & shirt front, & sleeves. And stained the new floor very much, I daresay it is to be seen til this day – 1881. This was in the summer of 1847. So what with the accident & what with having nothing for all my work, was poor encouragement, to do a kind service in the country again.

Mr William Coombs, Bower Chalk.

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Mr Coombs was a carpenter & wheelwright (*sic*), and we became acquainted with him by taking to Mrs Randalls business. Mrs Randall was his Aunt. I used to go to his house, sometimes for a Week. Mr Coombs & his Wife, were very kind people, I used to bed and board at their house, and with them. I marked waggons for him, worked at Mr Rixsens at Bower Chalk, at

Mr Bennetts at Ebbesbourne, at Mr Randalls, at Broad Chalk, at Mr John Stevens at Toy'd Farm, Bishopstone at Mr Rowden's do. Glaz'd & painted the new School at Bishopstone I and our man went the race plain way one morning to the new School, and I never was out in such a fog before, I dont think you could scarcely see 2 or 3 yards before you. And we lost our way, and should not got to our destination, if the fog had not cleared away a little. . . . We glaz'd the New School room at Ebbesbourne for him. And he was very good pay, but not quick. He is dead not very long ago, an Oldish man. Mr Pontifex took on his business, after Mr Coombs took a farm. We did work for him, and new Glaz'd the work shops, did work to the dwelling house, & jobs about the country, however he did not stay there many

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years, for he failed & we lost 8 or 9£ by him.

F. M. Jervoise, Esqr. the Moat. Britford.

My Father went with the late Mr Roe Cabinet Maker, of Salisbury, to see the late Mr Jervoise, now recently dead at Herriard House, in his 70th year 1881. This was in 1848. We painted the front entrance, part of the Stair Case & a Room, & mended some windows. We did nothing there again for some years. In 1874 the present F. M. Jervoise Esqr. Employed us to Paint & paper the Small drawing Room, To Regild the two large looking Glasses, & to stain & varnish Floors etc. The Bill was, 26£ 9 6d. In 1875, we painted the whole of Front Hall, Stair Case, Passages, Landings etc etc & Picking out Mouldings & whitewashing Ceilings. Glazing New Sashes to Dining room, with best Plate. & flatted Crown Glass etc etc. And painting the Gardeners house at the Corner, inside & out The Bill was 40 . 18. 6 . In 1876, the bill was 2£ 5s od. In 1877, . . . was the last Bill. 31£ 6 9d for Glazing with Plate & Crown Glass, Painting & papering Large Drawing room complete, Taking down looking glasses do, Repd & part Gilding whitewashing ceiling, & picking out cornice Black & white. The three pairs of Sashes to the dining room were glazed by me, between my mothers & sisters death. The pair facing the Cathedral was glazed with best plate, & the other 2 pair

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with best crown glass. I often think of this house, and ancient family, with pleasure. Its being so near the resting place of my dear friends. The Jervoise family has held the manor of Britford, for more than 3 Centuries.

Mr Lawrence, of Rollestone St.

Mr Lawrence was an old retired Lawyer. He lived in the same house as Mr Calkin does now. His garden adjoined Salt Lane, School room. I and an apprentice in the year 1833, was at work at the School room, painting the outsides of the windows etc. We carelessly boys like, got out of one of the windows into his garden, to paint the outside, without asking his permission. And I suppose we were not so careful as we ought with the shrubs etc. I dont think he knew we were there for sometime, because we did go out the school room way. When he found we were there, he came up to us with a horsewhip

in his hand, and in a rage. He was a very stern looking man, and threatened to flog us both, for coming there without permission, and damaging his trees & flowers. We were very humble & very much frightened, & begged his pardon. And as we were lowering a heavy stout ladder as big on the top as at the bottom we let it fall, & it just missed a choice

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Shrub, for it was very near crushing it. And this enraged him again. However we were very humble, and he looked it all over, and gave us some of his own home brew'd ale, And so we got away & was very thankful too, that we did not get a horsewhipping. The Rev Thomas Ashton's house, the Wesleyan Minister, was painted at the same time, in the School yard.

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A few words on Salisbury Cathedral,
From an Ancient Manuscript.

[extensive copied material; one manuscript source was pre-Wyatt, as for example WS writes as if the Hungerford and Beauchamp chapels are still there. Another source is critical of the 'restoration' of Bishop Barrington and James Wyatt. WS seems unaware of the changes made by George Gilbert Scott in the 1860s and 70s.]

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Poetry, from Memory alone. [a popular subject, possibly Letitia Landon 1802-1838]

'The Unknown Grave'

[ten verses]

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A few lines, on Stone-henge.

The astonishing assemblage of stones which compose the monument of antiquity thus denominated, is situated on Salisbury Plain, in the lordship of little Amesbury, nearly 2 miles from Amesbury, & 7 miles north of Salisbury. [WS is copying an article that discusses various theories about Stonehenge, he mentions Smith, Stukeley, Charleton]

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Poetry

A portion of Gray's Elegy, from Memory alone. [Thomas Gray 1716-1771]

[16 verses]

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January 1st 1737

[miscellaneous reports copied]

7th Salisbury & Blandford coaches robbed near Hartford Bridge, by 4 footpads. They took from the passengers 20£ in cash; also his silver buckles, and a

silver dram bottle, from Mr James Hayter, of Salisbury, holding pistols to his head and breast.

10th. Lewis's Bristol comedians performed the Tragedy of Theodosius, at Langley's theatre in Winchester Street, Salisbury.

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[February] 11th Three men robbed a woman at Barford, of Brandy, while she was driving an ass laden with it, and drank themselves speechless. One died, and the other recovered with difficulty.

12th The fish ponds of Henry Wyndham Esq. of Salisbury, robbed of Carp.

[March] 9th Assizes at Sarum, when Edward Pellin received sentence of death, for poisoning his wife and child.

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25th The Plume of Feathers Inn, Salisbury, robbed of various goods, the property of people attending the fair.

26th Edward Pellin, executed at Fisherton gallows . . . he asserted his innocence to the last.

[May] 2nd Hampworth woods, in the parish of Downton, were set on fire, and 20 acres of wood destroyed.

12th A load of wheat, the property of Farmer Waters, of Burford, was stopped near Whiteparish by about 60 people; they knocked down the fore horse, cut the wagon & wheels in pieces, and strewed about the corn, and threatened like treatment to all persons attempting to export corn.

23rd The same mob as stopped Farmer Waters' corn, stopped a load of malt belonging to Mr Case, of Salisbury, in Downton Street, going to Redbridge, and though offered a hogshead of beer, compelled the driver to sell it at their own price the day following, They also stopped a load of wheat, and carried a great part of it away, first destroying the wagon.

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[June] 16th the famous Mrs Drummond, from London, held forth in the Quaker's Meeting, Salisbury, to a very large assembly.

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[July] The assizes . . . William Hobbs was sentenced to die, for setting fire to Mr Batton's barn, at Troup [Throope Farm, Stratford Tony]. Also John Elloway was convicted of selling beer on the Lord's Day, fined a mark, & imprisoned for three months.

1738

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[April] 22nd Lately caught in the town ditch, Sarum, a trout, being more than two feet in length, sixteen inches in girth & weighing 6 pounds 14 ounces.

[May] 19th This day one Whitehead, belonging to Fisherton workhouse, was found hanging in the Kitchen chimney there, Coroner's verdict, lunacy.

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11 Augst Died, Mr Henry Long, an eminent linen draper in Salisbury.
20th Last night some villains broke into the house of Mr Stone, dyer, in Castle St Sarum, and stole from thence near 8 pounds in money & a gold ring.

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Oct 2. Died, Mr Edward Dance, an eminent ironmonger, and one of the aldermen of the City of Salisbury.

[November] 15th John Baker, Esq. Sworn into the office of Mayor of Salisbury, and gave a grand entertainment . . . The first course consisted of 7 dishes of roasted turkies, eight do. [ditto] of hams & chickens, six do. of orange & lemon puddings, four do. of stewed carp, six do. of roasted pigs. Eight do. of haunches of venison, seven do. of cod, plaise etc, seven do. of mined pies . . .
22nd Died, John Mintern, a pauper of Salisbury, aged 104, about 3 years before his wife died, aged 101.

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22. The stable's of the King's Arm's Inn, Salisbury, burnt down with a quantity of straw, hay, oats, etc by the negligence of a servant with his candle.

1739

[February] The new organ at St Thomas' Church, Salisbury, opened, and a sermon preached upon the occasion by the Rev. Mr. Wishaw.

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April 2. Executed at Fisherton gallows, John Crabb, John Beyear [Bezear], & Richard Rowd, for a riot at Melksham, & John Andrws, a boy, 15 years, for house-breaking. A troop of horse, & also a troop of foot, attended at the gallows, to prevent a rescue, but none was attempted.

14th June. A trout caught in Sarum town ditch, 2 Feet 4 inches long, seventeen inches on girth, and weight nine pounds, thirteen ounces.

20th. Died Mr John Hussey, clothier, & Alderman of Sarum, aged 56 years.

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list of coaches, Waggon, & carriers, to & from Salisbury. 1786.

[almost identical wording to list in *Salisbury Guide* of 1790, WS has omitted some places]

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Poetry, from Memory alone

'The large Brave Heart'

[four verses]

[I pages 280 – 83 have bottom corner torn off]

A few word's on Old Sarum.

[a detailed account of the history of Old Sarum and translation to New Sarum, apparently using several sources such as Stukely, Leland and other commentators, including extensive poem of 84 verses 'Old & New Sarum']

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Leland

This learned, and interesting, antiquary justly demands remembrance.

[WS gives details of his life and work]

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I think, it is time to say a few word's, on New Sarum.

[detailed history of New Sarum almost all closely based on, and at times, copied from, Henry Hatcher, to end of Vol 1 p 368]

[cutting on Wesley's marriage stuck on end papers at back of Vol 1]

VOL 2

[Inside front cover: two examples of his father's handwriting, 1810 and 1817.

And 1 May 1863 'last time father ever wrote'.

Opposite 'my dear mother's favourite picture']

(II p 1) No. 2

**Cherished Memories,
& Associations
W Small, 1 New. St. Sarum.
1881**

(II p 2)

The Rev. W. Morley Punshon¹

in Salisbury, 1854.

On Wednesday last, the Rev. W. M. Punshon, one of the most able ministers of the Wesleyan connection, and one of the most popular preachers in the metropolis, delivered two sermons at the Wesleyan Chapel, Church Street, on behalf of the funds for defraying the expenses incurred in altering and improving the Day School Room, in Salt Lane, in this city.

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[description of texts of sermons, and money collected]

1 Rev Morely Punshon 1824-1881. Punshon's 'refinement and eloquence gained him the reputation as one of the greatest pulpit orators of his age'. He delivered with a 'powerful voice, animated action and rich rhetoric to ... delighted audiences in the provinces'. (ODNB)

The Rev. Morely Punshon, L.L.D., the celebrated Wesleyan minister, died, on Thursday morning, at Brixton, from bronchitis . . . [Details of funeral, glass funeral car and 16 mourning coaches, to South Metropolitan Cemetery, Lower Northwood (*sic*, i.e. Norwood), tributes]

(II p 10)

Mr William Buckell, of New Street, Salisbury, my respected neighbour, came home as usual on Saturday morning last, and felt very unwell, was taken in a seizure, and carried to bed. he was speechless, and powerless on Sunday next, and died Monday 25 April, 1881. about 7. O.Clock, in the

(II p 11)

morning, in his 65 Year. He was buried at the Cemetery, on Friday April 29. He was a good neighbour for 30 Years. I hope he is gone to be with 'Christ; which is far better.'

Copy

Will and Codicil of Mr Richard Sutton [WS's father-in-law].

Will dated 7th Febr'y 1859, Codicil dated 1.st of Septr. 1859. Died 10.th Octr. 1859. (Proved.)

This is the last Will and Testament of me Richard Sutton, of Trinity Street, in the City of Salisbury, Baker. I devise, and bequeath all the real & personal Estate, to which I shall be entitled at the time of my decease, subject to the payment of my debts, and funeral, and testamentary expenses. unto my daughter, Emma Mary Sutton. Her Heir's, Executor's, administrators and assigns. Absolutely . . . all estate vested in me, upon trust or by way of Mortgage, subject to the equities affecting the same respectively. And I appoint the said Emma Mary Sutton, sole executrix of this my Will, hereby revoking all other Testamentary writings. In Witness whereof I have hereunder set my hand, this seventh day of February. One thousand, Eight

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Hundred, and Fifty Nine.

Signed and declared by the said Richard Sutton . . .

Witnesses Cha.s Marsh Lee, Solr. Salisbury,

Wm. Marshall, Solr. Salisbury.

This is a Codicil . . . I give and bequeath to each of my Daughters, namely Caroline, the Wife of George Cox, Harriet Cooper, Widow, and Elizabeth the Wife of William Small, the sum of Twenty five pounds each. Also I give and bequeath to My Daughter Martha, the Sum of one Hundred & Fifty pounds. I direct that the legacies of such of them . . . as at the time of the actual payment thereof, respectively, shall be married women. To be paid into their respective proper hands, in order that the same may be enjoyed, and disposed of as their separate property, free from

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marital control. . . I desire that all money, due to me from any or either of

Columns--	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
No.	When and where died	Name and surname	Sex	Age	Occupation	Cause of death	Signature, description and residence of informant	When registered	Signature of registrar
26	Second August 1870 Barnes Road	William Small Sutton	Male	17	Son of Elizabeth Sutton and the only child of William Small Newnham	Thymus disease Epithelioid form of tonsil 7 months of age inflamed tonsils 27 days (Died)	X The mother of Cleani Middleton Wife of the deceased Barnes Road Salisbury	Second August 1870	H. P. Pearce Deputy Registrar

Death certificate of William Small Sutton. 2 August 1870, aged 17

the said Legatees, or their Husbands, shall be forgiven them. And I hereby discharge them from all liability to pay the same, and in all other respects I confirm my said Will . . . This first day of September, one Thousand Eight hundred and Fifty and nine. Signed . . . witnesses H. P. Blackmore, M.D. Cha.s Marsh Lee, Solr. Salisbury.
[WS has drawn light wavy line here]

William only and beloved Child of Wm. and Elizabeth Small, died Aust. 2nd 1870 in his Eighteenth Year. [WS's son]
Elizabeth Small, died Augst. 26th, 1875 [WS's wife]
Aged - 55 Years.
Elizabeth Sutton.[WS's mother-in-law] Died on Sunday, Febr'y. 21. 1824, to the inexpressible regret of all who knew her, leaving behind her to lament her loss a most affectionate husband, and lovely family of eight children, Elizabeth Sutton, wife of Mr. R. Sutton, of Trinity Street, at

(II p 14)
the early age of 35 Years.
It was but yesterday, says our correspondent, that I saw her, and spoke to her. Length of days was prolonged on her countenance, no storm appeared to blast the bloom of her existence, and the opening tomb, though the last, seemed to be the most distant point to which we could extend our speculation, life in its best estate and of the longest duration is all together vanity, it is but a winter's day, short at the longest, at the clearest dark, and its severity is allied to tempest, it is but a vapour vanishing, while viewed it is like the painted cloud which the night renders invisible, or as dew from the womb of the morning which the day destroys.
From the Salisbury & Winchester Journal Febr'y. 1824.

May 31st 1852, Clarissa Targett, eldest daughter, of Richard & Elizabeth Sutton, ended her days, by cutting her throat at Laverstock, and was buried there. Her first Husbands name was Edmund. Farr, Herald Painter, of Catherine Street. Her second Husband, was a Mr Judd of Winterslow. and her third was a Mr Targett, a comparative stranger and Bailiff for Mr. Cooper. William Sutton, eldest brother of the above, Died Decr. 3.rd 1862. Aged 48 Yrs. Mrs Sutton, 2nd Wife of Richard Sutton and Mother of the present Emma Mary

(II p 15)

Sutton, of Trinity Street, Baker. died May 9.th 1852. Aged 63 years.
 Died. Decr 14. 1863. George Cox, son in law of Richard Sutton, aged 52 years.
 Died, July 19. 1865, Tom Cox, his son Aged 21.
 Died, Octr 29. 1865. Mrs Caroline Cox, widow of George Cox, Aged 53.
 and daughter of Richard Sutton.
 Died in 1866. William Cox do. aged 22.
 Died in 1868. Richard Sutton, son of Richard Sutton, of Trinity Street aged 48.
 Died, in 1874. Mrs Courtenay, [nee Martha Sutton, WS's sister-in-law],
 Wife of Joseph David Courtenay, of High Street. by cutting her throat.¹ And
 daughter of the late Richard Sutton, of Trinity St.

Death of the Earl of Beaconsfield.

Lord Beaconsfield [Benjamin Disraeli] died at his house in Curzon Street at
 halfpast four O'Clock on Tuesday morning, 19th April, 1881.
 [details of last hours, bulletins issued, death, and funeral service in Westminster
 Abbey]

(II p 29)

Mr. Toovey.
 My dear supporter and friend, passed away at his residence in Rolleston St.
 Salisbury, after a long and painful suffering. Aged 82 Years. He will be buried
 to morrow, my Birth day, 16th May 1881, at the London Road Cemetery, by
 the side of his dear wife who died a few years ago.

Monday 16th 1881

William Small, the writer of things in this book, was born May 16th 1820.
 at half past eight in the morning. At East Harnham, Wilts. The eldest

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son of eight children, 5 of whom are gone from this mortal life. I am 61
 years of age to day. Birth day's are as a rule day's of rejoicing, but it is not so
 in my case. I lost my dear Mother 13th of June 1877, and in the same year,
 on Christmas day, I lost my only beloved Sister. And I have been alone ever
 since, 3 1/2 years, without a single person to do any thing for me, or offer to
 do so. Not a single friend to tell of my anxieties, or forebodings, never had
 a friend to call and comfort me during that time. Had to do every thing for
 my self except washing, had to attend to my little work, I had to do, almost
 single handed, and with great discouragements and inconveniencies, lost all
 the friends that used to support us. This day is going to be laid in his quiet
 resting place, Dear Mr Toovey, I might say the last of my earthly friends, for
 he was a supporter for 38 Years. But why go on in this strain any longer, this
 is the language of flesh and blood? 'have I nothing to be thankful for.' Nothing

1 See Appendix 2 for report of inquest

to thank God for. For his preserving and guardian care for 61 years. For dear and tender parents, who watch'd my infant years, and riper age. who was ever anxious for my temporal and spiritual welfare. Although many times put them to grief. But I bless God always had a tender and deep rooted love for them. I visit the sacred spot now

(II p 31)

on every Sunday if possible, where their ashes rest, although it is four miles to go and come. 'Nothing', to thank God for his preserving care, for 50 years, at least that I have been engaged in very hazardous work, with ladder's etc. never met with a serious accident, never had a bone broken, never wanted til this day, in excellent health this morning, had an homely breakfast. and enjoyed it, as much as the Queen of England, or any other high Personage. Still my spirits are very much depressed. I have had for the last year and an half very trying times, 2 severe winters, which has made trade, such as I never knew it before. But now with old memories rich in the past, concerning old friends that are gone, and the goodness of my Saviour for sparing me for so many years. 'I will raise my Ebenezer [tankard] in spite of all my doubts and fears. . . . I know not what I shall have to endure before my natal day return's again. If thou art about to call me to resign this fleeting breath this year, "Blessed Saviour" prepare me to see thy blessed face, with joy, and not

(II p 32)

with grief. I here declare on this day, I forgive all enemies, if I have any, and willing to shake true hands, with any that have wronged, slighted, misrepresented, slandered or otherwise injured me. Bless my brother's John, and George, their Wife's, and families. . . . through Jesus Christ our Lord. "Amen. William Small.

Writing Materials

[writing materials through the ages]

The only Joker of the Party

Last year . . . [about hunt in Germany]

(II p 33)

Sudden Death in the Close

On Monday morning, 11th April 1881.

(II p 34)

Mr William Young,¹ was discovered dead in his bed. The information of the sad event was received with much regret, for Mr. Young, who had been for a considerable period clerk in the probate office, was held in great esteem and respect by a large number of friends. The inquest on the body was held

1 William Young 1842-1881 was chief clerk at the Diocesan Registry, his monument is in Salisbury cathedral cloisters, East walk.

by Mr. G. Smith (city coroner) and a jury, at the “White Hart” Hotel, on Teusday afternoon. The first witness examined was Dr. F. W. Coates, who stated that at about half past seven on the previous morning he was sent for to see the deceased. On arriving at his house in the Close, he discovered him to be dead. He had not visited him previously. From enquiries, he was able to form an opinion as to the cause of death, he should say, resulted either from disease (*sic*) of the heart or of the large artery close to the heart. Mrs Young was warned by her medical advisor that he might die at any moment. Mr Young had an aneurism behind the left orbit of the left eye, which indicated that he suffered from degeneration of the arteries generally. This condition was often associated with disease of the large blood vessels close to the heart. The symptoms immediately before death were severe pain in the left side, followed by syncope. James Kellow,

(II p 35)

the Close porter . . . saw him last alive on Sunday evening . . . when he held a short conversation with him . . . He appeared then in his ordinary state of health, but during their talk he said he was not very well and suffered from a severe pain in his stomach . . . His age was 39 years last January. The coroner [returned verdict] “Death from heart Disease”.

The “T[h]ree Swans Hotel”.

There is a veritable smack of the old coaching days in the name of Salisbury, and the Arctic – like winter we have just passed through, and even the bitterly cold wind we are now having, gives us

(II p 36)

a surmise – not to say a regular shiver when we calculate what travellers in the past must have endured outside a coach going over the great Salisbury Plain; which was the chief road for all the coaches journeying from London through Hampshire, Wiltshire & Dorsetshire, as well as Somersetshire, to the West and South West of England. There are many people now living who can well remember the terrors of a night on the Plain, where, in snowy weather, it was not unfrequently necessary to seek the aid of the shepherds and labourers from the adjoining hamlets to come to the rescue of the passengers and dig the coach out of its snow-bound bed. Now, a drive over the breezy downs in summer weather is all very well enough, and many tourists, with antiquarian proclivities, make journeys (for which they are amply repaid) to the interesting locality of the world renowned Stonehenge, and other features of our early history, when Romans and Saxons fought for supremacy, and left traces of their barbarous warfare behind them. It would be impossible for us to describe the wild beauty of the Wiltshire downs, with their ridges and hills, valleys and dales, where a little over a century ago, scarcely one touch of cultivation was visible, and where to use the words of Drayton, flocks of sheep in the summer, and flocks of

(II p 37)

bustards¹ in the winter, were the only “burgesses of the heath”, and a journey across which rendered it extremely probable (even) (on fine days) that the traveller might lose his way. However as civilisation increased things changed in this respect, and broadly marked roads began to traverse the Plain in all directions, and are now equal to most of the country roads we meet with. Much of the land has been tilled and encroached on by the landholders of the valley farms; still the vast outline of the old Plain is easily to be seen by the various landmarks. The old coaches that ran from this house, with Tom Robinson as whip; and passengers had to be “quick with their silver” and gold too, if they wanted to secure a seat on it, as it was a general favourite with the A. I. division of travellers. James Small, a capital coachman, used to take the coach from Southampton to Bath. We forget its name but it was generally called the Bath Coach”. Then there was the Salisbury light Coach to London daily. It was rather a swell affair, and was driven by Mr Faulkener as far as Whitchurch (or Overton) and back, whilst two well known drivers did duty the remainder of the journey to town; they were called Jim Hennessey and Tom Tedder. Tom Robinsons father used to drive the “Old Salisbury”. This was a night coach,

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and used to carry 6 inside passengers.

George Carey, a rare old sort who is alive now (although in his 78th year) and as fresh as paint, used to drive the “Celerity” from Bristol to Bath, Warminster, Salisbury and Southampton; whilst the extremely natty William Stevens used to drive the “Aurora” (in the latter days of coaching) from Devizes to Salisbury and back daily. The last of the coaches, however, that ran from the doors of the “Three Swans” was the Avon”, driven by its owner, William Dore, whose father formerly kept the “King’s Head” at Egham. . . . But the railway spoils its trade and William started a coach from Salisbury to Ringwood and back; it was taken off the road 15 years ago, and soon after poor Bill Dore became as dead as the proverbial “door nail”. We have heard of him spoken of as a downright good fellow, but having failed “to make hay while the sun shines” he died so to speak in harness. Before we had done with the Salisbury coaching days, we would like to repeat a singular circumstance which occurred to the “London and Exeter old Mail”. [WS repeats inaccurate version of well-known story about attack by escaped lioness from a travelling zoo on mail coach at Winterslow Hut just outside Salisbury in October 1816]

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Mr Robert Harris was the Coachman, I knew him well and used to paint his house in Exeter St. he lived for years there retired, and he used often to talk about it.

The Development of Intellect.

[comments on early deaths of poets Chatterton, Burns, Byron, and artists]

1 bustards: (*otis tarda*) are the heaviest flying birds; they have been extinct in UK since the 1840s, and have recently been successfully reintroduced to Salisbury Plain



Trinity Hospital, photo John Chandler

(II p 40)
Wood Engravings.

(II p 41)
Reflections on Earthquakes
[1755 quake at Lisbon described at length]

(II p 45)
Alfred Miell, Died, March 14th, 1866.
Aged 45 Years.

(II p 46)

There was a fortnight difference in Alfred Miell's age and mine. He was born one side of Harnham Bridge, and I was the other, when we were 2 years old the small pox was raging, and I was inoculated from him, and had it very lightly, and my parents thought I was allright, but soon after I by some means caught it, and as my mother said was blind in it for days, which caused me a very narrow escape, all thought I should not get over it. It was just before my remembrance. But it very much disfigured me.

Henry Witcombe, died July 29.th 1868. Aged 66 Years.¹

Mary Ann Simmonds, died Decr. 8th 1868. Aged 64 Years.

James Dorcey Major, died May 16th 1869. Aged 34 years, and was interred at Britford.

James Thomas Biddlecombe of the Close. Died Octr 27th 1869, Aged 89 years.

Sarah Henstridge, died Janry 5th 1870. Aged 64 years.

Thomas Miell, Father of Alfred Miell, Died Janry 25th 1866. Aged 69 years.

Isaac Fletcher, died in the Trinity, 11th May 1879. Aged 92 years.

James Hockley, died July 12.th 1870 Aged 64.

He was the faithful servant of Mr Grove at Odstock and his brother of the Hall New St.

(II p 47)

and died there. I was one of his bearers, and he was buried at Nunton.

Mrs Sarah Mill, mother of G Mill Esq died at her lodging at Mrs Wooffs, East Harnham, April 21 1865 aged 83 years

Mary Pierce Died Febry 23 1870. Aged 56 years. The faithful servant of Mrs Grove the Close and was buried at her native Place. Britford. Her maiden name was Witt.

Thomas Gaiger died April 12th. 1870. Aged 45 yrs. He was the faithful coachman of Lady Rivers,

John Hibberd of the Queens Arms Inn my respected friend and school mate, Died Febry 12 1871. Aged 51 years.

James Naish, Bricklayer, Died in Castle St April 19 1871. Aged 77 years.

Sarah Wooff second wife of Richard Woof of East Harnham, Died Aprl 22 1870. Aged 80

Hannah Polley of St Nichola's Hospital, an old friend, Died Novr 17. 1871. Aged 85. Her Husband was Coachman to Mrs Salisbury of the Close. Natives of Bodenham.

Sarah Wooff, Widow of Richard Wooff Junr Died Novr 2.1871. Aged 64 yrs

John Rolls, of the Coach and Horses Inn, Born March 26th. 1800. Died in his 72 Year.

Mark Downer, Died Janry 7th, 1872. Aged 52 years, Buried at Britford.

1 pp 46 - 50 list of deaths: many of these local tradesmen can be identified in WRS Vol 47 *Early Trade Directories of Wiltshire* 1992

Prudence Pitcher, Died March 13th 1872. Aged 77 years. Her husband is still living in New Street at the age of 88 Years.

Matilda Witcombe, Died April 20th. 1872, Aged 68 years.

(II p 48)

William Turner. Bricklayer of East Harnham, Died June 2 1872, Aged 75 yrs.

Ann Kellow, Died Octr 21st Aged 75

Hannah Winkworth of the almshouse in Exeter Street, an old friend, Died 8 Janry 1878. Aged 81 years.

Sarah Shillard of Fisherton, Baker, Died 3rd Decr. 1878. Aged 73 years.

John Webb, Baker, Died Sept 21. 1879. Aged 70 years.

William Haskell, Died July 6th. 1858. Aged 74 years.

Ann Maria Burrough, Died Octr 27th. 1860, in her 70th Year

John Bailey, Butcher. Died Octr 23rd. 1864. Aged 62 years.

James Bench, Hair Dresser of Castle St. Died Feby 27th. 1864. Aged 50 years.

George Sawkins, Bricklayer. Died Novr 4th. 1865. Aged 45 years.

Simon Stephen Smith, Died Decr 22nd 1857. Aged 49 years. Butcher of the Butcher Row.

James Akhurst, Died Oct 23rd. 1864. Aged 60 yrs, Coachman at the Hall.

Robert Rhoades, Gun Maker of Catherine Street, Died June 6th, 1865. Aged 36 years.

William Simmonds, Cabinet Maker, Died Feby 20. 1858. Aged 50 years.

Henrietta Davis. Died March 25th. 1869. Aged 81 years, and was interred at St Edmund's Churchyard, Salisbury.

John Alford, Died Sept 17, 1874. Aged 78.

Jane Relict of Mr Joseph Harding.

(II p 49)

(my dear Mother's leader) Died April 16th. 1868. Aged 81 years.

Thomas Yorath, of East Harnham Bridge (late of her Majesty's revenue) Died Jan 15th. 1876. In his 88th year, and was interred at Britford.

Henry Hayden of Church St Salisbury. a devoted Godly man, Died February 24th 1868. Aged 75 years, and was interred in St Edmunds Church yard, Salisbury.

Rebecca Tayler, mother of Miss S Tayler, Died Decr 14th 1868. Aged 85 Years and was interred at Abney Park. Cemetery.

George Bowns, Junr. of the Swan Inn, East Harnham, accidentally drowned by falling headlong into a Cask of Beer, by over reaching himself, and was not found for 2 or 3 Hours. 7th. June 1877. Aged 35 years.

Catherine Eliza Read, My dear Mother's leader, & sister in Jesus, all through life from their earliest years. Died May 24th. 1872. Aged 77 Years and was interred in the Salisbury Cemetery.

Alice wife of Samuel Burch, Died Dec 3. 1873, interred in the Salisbury Cemetery.

Miss Lydia Burch my Mother's friend. Died the early part of this year 1881. Aged I think 89 years.

Mary Jane Wooff, Died Novr 10th. 1856, Aged 16 years, and was interred at Britford.

John Wooff. Died February 9th. 1856. Aged 21 Years, her brother, and was interred at Britford.

Matilda, Wife of J. A. Sutton. Died March 6th. 1866. Aged 47 Years.

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Rev William Tranter, Wesleyan Minister Born May 1st 1778; Died February 9th 1879. In his one hundredth & first year. he was interred at West Harnham.

Mrs Sarah Knapman, late Mrs Tubbs, my Dear Mother's friend all through life, Died May 8th. 1872. Aged 80 years and was interred at Abney Park Cemetery.

Sarah, Wife of Robert Yarham of the Close, Salisbury Died June 14th. 1868.

Robert Tayler father of Miss S Tayler, Died April 20th. 1860. Aged 92 years. He is gone to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in, in his season.

[Poems]

'The Autumn Evening' [William Bourne Oliver Peabody, 1799-1847]

[6 verses]

(II p 51)

The Vernal Month of May

'The Swallow' ['To a Swallow' published in *Sacred Harmony*, 1841]

[14 verses]

(II p 55)

'The Nightingale' [Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 1772-1834]

[48 lines without divisions]

(II p 56)

"Another", very Old.

[quote from John Milton 1608-1674]

Sometimes in my evening walk, I have heard this charming songster.

[WS quotes from Hervey on nightingales]

(II p 57)

'The Nightingale' "Again"

[five verses]

(II p 58)

'The Cuckoo' [Michael Bruce, 1746-1788]

[five verses]

[followed by nightingales, swallow and cowslips]

(II p 60)

'The tears of Old May Day' [John Logan, 1748-1788]

[three verses]

(II p 61)

'The May Fly' [published in the *Penny Magazine*, 12 May 1832]

[five verses]

(II p 62)

The 23rd of May will be next Monday 1881. My dear sister's birth day. She would be 53 Years of age. I hope when that day arrives, if I am spared, I shall devote it to serious thoughts, and meditations. W. Small.

Copy of

A note from Mrs Buckell, New St.

11.th May 1881.

Mrs Buckell & family return thanks for the favor (*sic*) of Mr Small's kind enquiries and Sympathy. Salisbury.

Copy of

A note from Miss Toovey, Endless St.

10. Endless Street,

Salisbury.

May 19.th 1881.

Mr. Small,

Dear Sir,

I must thank you very much myself, and my sister's, for your kind letter of sympathy, on the death of my dear Father. Your expressions of respect, to him, were very pleasing to us. And we value them much, coming as they do, from one who had known him so long.

Believe me, Yours,

Faithfully. Eliza Toovey.

(II p 63)

[Poem]

'Stanzas written in a Cathedral' [Thomas K Hervey 1799-1859]

[about death and memorials, not specifically about Salisbury]

[seven verses]

(II p 64)

[Poem]

'Mother what is Death'

[nine verses]

(II p 66)

Anecdote Of the Celebrated Mr Hogarth .

[about drawing the 'Tail-Piece', just before he died]

(II p 68) Epitaph

On William Hogarth Esq.r in Chiswick Church-yard. [apparently by David

Garrick, Hogarth died 26th October, 1764, Aged 67. WS comments on Reynolds, Hogarth, Wilson, Gainsborough, all contemporaries . . .]

(II p 69)

The three best Pictures, in the World.

1.st The communion of St. Jerome by Domenichino.

2.nd The Transfiguration, by Raphael.

3.rd The Descent from the Cross, by Volterra.

In 1710, London, 500,000 inhabitants. [more on 1710, nothing local]

(II p 70)

The wealth left by the late Baron Rothschild. 1857.

(II p 71)

Saturday May 21.st 1881. A most glorious day, after a long desired fine rain. Was buried at the London Road, Cemetery, aged 77 yrs. Miss Goodfellow. A class leader of the Wesleyan's for a number of years. She lived with a Miss Lydia Burch, her Aunt. Miss Lydia Burch died in January last. Both friends of My Mother and Sister. May they rest in peace!

Mr Thomas Bushell of Netherhampton, Wilts. Stud Groom to Lord Radnor for a number of years. Died, May 10.th 1881. Aged 62 years. He and his Wife & family were friends of ours for many years. My Mother & Sister, used to go to Longford for a few days, every year. But those days are passed and gone! with the dear friends, never to return more.

[short poem of four lines on death]

Of Walnut-Tree Wood.

Modern refinement has substituted mahogany instead of walnut timber, for the purposes of furniture in the houses of the rich, and even of the middling orders of the people. . . .

(II p 72)

[walnut trees planted in abundance for furniture for gentry before discovery of America while oak & other woods supplied similar wants of rest of people etc]

Salisbury Cathedral, Sunday morning, May 15.th 1881.

Will our readers kindly pardon any unwonted dreariness in our columns. Alas! we have suffered; alas! the cathedral authorities have suffered. We have been wounded in the most

(II p 73)

susceptible portion of our appreciative anatomy. [story of succentor¹ due to

1 Rev Storer Marshall Lakin, Succentor of Sarum, Vicar of the Close and Cathedral Librarian at this time.



Tombstones (above and opposite page) of the Small family in Britford churchyard. Henrietta's (right) is inscribed 'It is sown in dishonour and raised in glory' I Corinthians 15:43.

Photos Joe Newman

preach not aware of his duty, had left his sermon at home. Apologised to congregation. Verger made collection anyway

(II p 75)

much mirth still prevails. Report suggests cathedral keeps stock of sermons to hand]

[Poem]
 'The Widow of Nain'
 [34 lines]

(II p 77)
 [Poem]
 'Wonders & Murmurs'. [Samuel C Hall 1800-1889]
 [five verses]

(II p 78)
 The 22.nd day of May, 1881. Sunday. The Eve of my dear Sisters birth day, She was born on the 23rd May 1828, at half past one in the morning. I have been this afternoon to her quiet resting place at Britford, and likewise to the quiet resting places of My Father, Mother, & Sister Elizth. and three who died in infancy, My Grandmother & a faithful apprentice. It was a glorious afternoon, the sun was shining in splendour, and the earth was

(II p 79)
 teeming with life and beauty. We have had a fine rain previous. The enamelled meadows, were magnificently grand to behold, the Hawthorn hedges & trees, were clothed in a snow white mantle, and the fragrance perfumed the air. The cuckoo was singing, the swallow was flying over the silver stream, and the Trout in speckled pride, playful from its bosom springs. And my thought's were such as I cannot describe. Alone, when I left my empty house, save my faithful



dog Fanny, and to return to it again, alone and empty. This is a trial for a man to endure, and requires more than human support. There is a melancholy grandeur in it, that I cannot describe. My three best earthly friends, taken away from me one after the other. I took down a nose gay, as I generally do on a Sunday, to put on my Dear Sister's grave. I went into the pretty restored Church & rested, as I frequently do, as there is no service in the summer afternoons.

I will now write my favourite piece of Poetry, touching upon my lot.
 'Tis night and in darkness;
 the visions of youth,

Lit solemn and slow in the eye of the mind . . .'

[10 verses]

(II p 81)

[Poem]

Another

'Silence of Nature'

[five verses]

(II p 82)

[Poem]

Another

'The song at Twilight' [Lucretia Maria Davidson, 1808-1825]

[six verses]

(II p 83)

The Britons & Romans [1]

[WS copied at length, in eight sections, detailed account of Britons and Romans, source unknown]

(II p 93)

I shall digress a leaf or two now.

Mr Thomas Bushell. Stud groom to the Earl Radnor.

In Affectionate Remembrance of Thomas Bushell, who died, May. 10.th

(II p 94)

1881, Aged 62 Years.

[verse of five lines]

Copy of a Letter, from Miss Bushell.

Netherhampton, Wilts.

Wednesday 25.th May 1881.

Dear Mr Small,

In answer to your kind and Sympathising letter, my Dear Father died . . .

[death bed details, reference to Henrietta, all to meet again in future in Heaven]

(II p 95)

This is a most affectionate letter. I shall never forget it. W Small.

[Poems]

'The Flower Dial'.

Mrs Hemans

[7 verses]

(II p 96)

'Regard due To the Feeling's of Others'. [?Wordsworth 'Prelude']

[six verses]

(II p 97)

'Song of the Stars' [William C Bryant 1794-1878]

[seven verses]

(II p 98)

'The Treasures of the Deep' [Felicia Hemans]

[six verses]

(II p 100)

The Britons & the Romans [2]

(II p 107)

Saturday, May. 28.th 1881. W Small.

This my Natal month, has nearly passed away, as before, and leaves me another Month Older. Of all the other May months, I think this has been the Grandest as far as Nature is concerned. She has put on her grandest and richest livery.

(II p 108)

My Dear Sisters birth day, was on the 23, and the Queen's on the 24.th and Dear Mr. Bushell Died on 10th: The blossom on the Thorn, has been most abundant and gorgeous to behold, on the hedges, and standards, pink & white interwoven. The fruit Trees also, nearly of every description has had a remarkable blossom. Currants and goose berrys are plentiful as yet. The Swallow has returned, with the arrival of the Nightingale. and Cuckoo, to make the sylvan scene complete. But I must say it has been the most sorrowful, and melancholy month, I ever witnessed inwardly. At this present time, I have not a stroke of work to do, and living in an expensive house, and a brother and his family partly depending upon me. Such a state of things, I never experienced before. and what the end will be God only knows. I am sadly behind with my rent which almost crushes me, have not done a stroke for my Landlord for two years, and used sometimes to outset the Rent in work. and so did my Dear Father and Mother, for a long period of years. I may truly say I have not a friend in the world that I could go to, and reveal my wounded and sensitive feelings, or ask for sympathy, or advice. I am willing to work my fingers to the bone almost, if I could get work. and pay my way, for I cannot live in debt, it is unbearable to me. Most of my fathers and Mothers, old friends, and supporters, and mine, are gone.

(II p 109)

never to return any more. It seems very hard and vexing, to see all the Houses we used to work at, Painted by others, and that by strangers too. " which entirely puts the old hands out. People as a rule are fond, and will support them, while the old friends, and natives, are slighted, and not respected as they ought. But this is what the cold world will do. one would think that I should have almost enough work to support me from my relations alone, as some of them have property, but I scarcely ever earn a shilling of any of

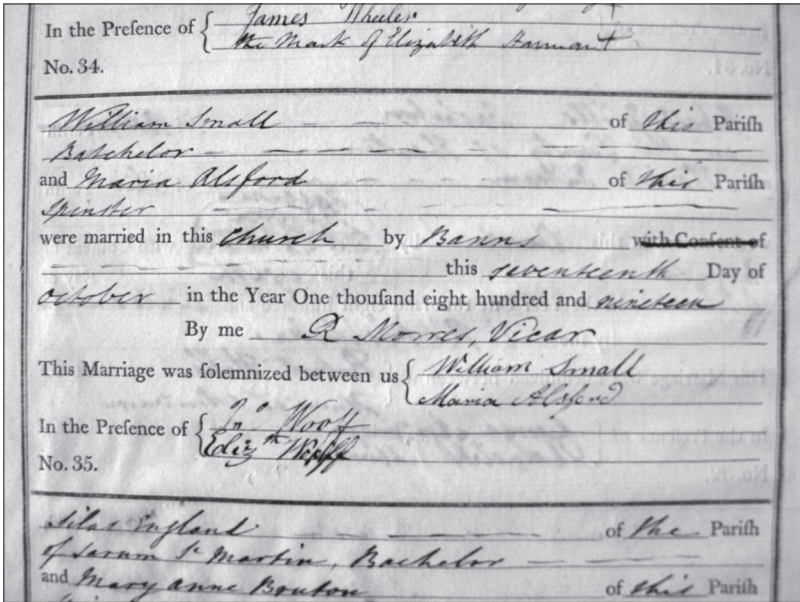
them, which is what I cannot understand. I am in the hands of my Blessed Saviour, and he will support and strengthen me. And in his own good time, if it is his blessed will, make my path plain before me. But if not, if He sees best to keep me in the furnace, I am sure it will be all for my eternal good. . . . And if I never see another natal month, may He of his infinite mercy wash me from all my sins, in 'his' precious blood, and prepare me to see his face with joy, and to meet my dear friends that have gone

(II p 110)
before. Through his infinite merits. Amen.

[Poem].
'Power of Maternal Piety' [Lydia H H Sigourney 1791-1865]
[16 verses]

(II p 112)
The Britons & the Romans [3]

(II p 114)
Sunday, 29.th May 1881. I went to Britford Church yard as usual, to place a nosegay on my Dear Sisters Grave. It was a charming time. The May bloom on the Hawthorn, was still luxuriant. The Rev. Mr. Morres & his Wife were on the lawn in front of their house, and saw me pass by. He has got a delightful dwelling Place, and the young trees in the front of his house, look grand,



Parish register entry for the marriage of William Small's parents, Britford church 1819.
WSA 1868/2

there are two very dark copper beeches, and a tree composed of white leaves between the two, which form a splendid contrast, then there are two young trees about the same size as the others, in full bloom with the scarlet May. A minute or two after I passed by, and had put the flowers on my Dear Sisters grave, I sat down on a tombstone for a little serious meditation, there was not a single person about for a wonder. Mr. Morres, came into the Church Yard on purpose I make no doubt to have a little conversation, with me, as he has done before, and also his Wife. His conversation turned upon the glorious scenery before us, and that that surrounded us, and upon some of the grave stones. I thought I had a very favourable opportunity of asking him a favour, not expecting it at once. I told him

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that I should be very much gratified some day to see the Register of My Father's & Mother's Marriage, in 1819. etc etc he immediately said, go with me Mr Small and we will find it at once. I passed out of the Church yard with him, and went in at the right hand Plate Glass bow window. Mrs. Morres was on the lawn and spoke very kindly to me, and went in also. He said now have a look at my cases of stuff'd Birds. etc, while I go after the Books. And it was a great treat to me, for it was a splendid collection. But the greatest delight to me was to come. He came with 3 Books in his hands, & put them on the Table, he told me to take a seat by him, at the Table, & Mrs Morres sat opposite in great delight I could see, and Mr. Morres was very much interested in it, and extremely kind. The three books were not very large, but the one that belonged to the present Century, had in it, all that I desired, and wish'd to know. I told him to look for the fall of the year 1819. He found it very quickly, and there it was as clear as a sunbeam. William Small, Bachelor & Maria Alford, Spinster, both of East Harnham in this Parish, were Married by banns. In the Presence of Jn.o Wooff & Eliz.th Wooff.

R. Morres, Vicar.

There was my Dear Fathers & Mothers signatures. I could swear to them if required. This Rev R. Morres, was the

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Grandfather of the present worthy Clergyman, Then I told him to look for my Baptism in 1820. He quickly found it and presented it to me. William Small, . . . was baptised 30.th July. 1820. consequently I was 2 Months and 14 days old. The Rev R. Morres, that Married my Father & Mother, performed this ceremony also. Then I asked him to look into the year 1822, for the next son, that lived 7 weeks. He quickly found it. Charles Henry Small, was baptised etc by a Clergyman. I think his name was Walker. Then I told him to look into the year 1824. for the Baptism of My brother John, that is still alive, and works with me. He quickly found it . . . The Clergymans name I think was Woodcock. Then I told him to look into the year 1826. for the Baptism of my sister Elizabeth, that died in her 12th year. . . . Then the last that was Baptised there, was my late Dear Sister Henrietta. . . .1828. R. H. Hill, Vicar. This affected Mrs Morres, as it was her dear Father that did it. . . . Mr Morres said to her, that must have been soon after your father

came here, and she said he came in 1827. I could not tell how to express my gratitude and thankfulness

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for their unbounded kindness to me. I went home with a treasure, more dear to me, than all this perishing world can afford, something that I wanted to see & know for years, especially after their deaths. [WS examined another 2 vols, parchment, oldest entry seen dating to 1572,] . . . I should dearly like to have those 3 books in my possession for a month . . . I should not be surprised if there were not older dates even than 1572. if it was carefully examined, but Parish registers were not kept many years before this date. . . .

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One word more on those cherished memories, and Associations. The Grandfather of the present Rev Mr. Morres, Married my Father & Mother at Britford Church 17th Octr. 1819. The same Baptis'd me at Britford Church 30th July 1820. The Rev. R. H. Hill, the Father of the present Mrs. Morres, Baptis'd my dear Sister in 1828. The same also I believe buried My Grandmother in 1834, also my Sister Elizabeth in 1837. and 2 Children who died in infancy. The Rev R. H. Hill, also buried my Dear Father 9th Aug.st 1863. the present Rev Mr. Morres buried my dear Mother on Sunday June 18th 1877, and also my Dear Sister 30.th Decr. 1877. I have now performed a delightful task, which I shall never regret, the little while longer the Lord spares me. And may those that reads this before, or after, my decease, have similar feelings that prompted me. . . . Amen.

The 1.st day of June, my native vernal month, has just passed away, once more. It has been a glorious month as regards the weather, but it has been a sad pleasing month to me. I have not had scarce any work during that time, nor any this fine Morning.

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My dear friends stand at a distance from me, and are cold, especially one whom I highly esteem, and sincerely love, and has given me great pain for all my affection, and love. But the Lord sitteth above the Water flood. . . . My dear Mother used to say to me, put your trust in Jesus William. . . . My dear Parents, and my beloved sister, little thought that on 29th of May 1881, when just passed my 61st year, to be invited kindly into Mr Morres house at Britford to see the register of my Fathers & mothers marriage [etc etc] . . . O may I profit by it. and continue to trust in him for Life and Death.

Death of the Rev. W. Tranter.¹

1 Rev W Tranter 1778-1879 died aged 100 on 9 February 1879. 76 years a Wesleyan preacher, he retired to Salisbury in 1846 but continued to preach in the local circuit chapels and 'became the oldest Wesleyan Minister in the world' (*Salisbury Times* 22 February 1879). The life of William Tranter is commemorated in a stained glass window erected in 1889 in Salisbury Methodist Church, St Edmunds Church Street.

[the oldest Wesleyan Minister in the world, aged 100]

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[Prose]

'Dawn' [Nathaniel Parker Willis, 1806-1867]

[35 lines]

(II p 124)

[Poem]

'A Poet's Noblest Theme'

[7 verses]

(II p 126)

The Britons & Romans [4]

(II p 132)

Friday, June 3rd 1881.

A most splendid morning, after several days of excessive hot Weather. And a very hot night, but we have had a little refreshing rain, but we want a great deal more, and no doubt we shall have it in good time. There is one or two roses just opening in my Garden. The very trees, that my Dear Sister has pluck'd of them before, sweet and refreshing is the memory. I heard the note of that sweet bird, this morning, as I was in my house, 'the Cuckoo'. I am still sad, and desponding, because of the difficulties and obstructions, that beset my path. The income tax paper has arrived again. I have paid it for two years, and it is a cruel robbery of a poor man, because it is an unjust demand upon me, and have not any work to do. One or two nice Jobs of

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work, that I have been expecting for the last two years, has been done by others. But never mind, the Lord's will be done. . . . in the Haven of Eternal Rest. WS.

[Poems]

'Showers in Spring'. (Thomson) [?James Thomson 1700-1748]

[36 lines]

(II p 134)

'To the Evening or Tree Primrose'. (Barton) [Bernard Barton 1784-1849]

[eight verses]

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'Art'.

[five verses]

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The Britons & the Romans [5]

Whit Monday, June 5th 1881.

It was a very wet day yesterday, it was a splendid rain, and must have done a vast amount of good. The week previous was unusually hot for May, therefore the rain was very acceptable. I could not go to Britford, as usual owing to the weather, but my best earthly thoughts was there. I am spared by the Providence of God to see another Whit Monday, and it is a fine morning after the rain. I turn my thoughts back to my childhood, and remember the happy season of Dear Parents, Pretty garden, & Boat's. My Dear Father was in the Wesleyan Club, at Wilton. It was first Established there, before it was held at Salisbury. One Whitmonday as he was going to Wilton, it Snow'd all the way. I am still alone, and sad, no pleasure for me today except in writing a few words, and serious thought, and I must say I prize it. My prospects to day are dark, not a single job of work to do, & my brother depending on me. Sometimes I am almost beside myself. But I will hope and trust

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in the goodness & forbearance of my Heavenly Father. . . .

I have lost another of our oldest supporters, the Rev Sub Dean Eyre of the Close, He is not dead, but very infirm, and deranged. His last old servant died a few weeks ago. He is going to give up Housekeeping, and every thing is to be sold this week. For more than 50 years he & his family have supported us. But the Lord's will be done . . . In the afternoon thunder & Hail as large as pea's [added in tiny writing] WS.

The Britons & the Romans [6]

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The Lord Mayor's of London.

Anno 1189 to 1808 [list of names with dates]

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[Poems]

'Nature' (Cunningham) [Allan Cunningham 1784-1842]

[57 lines]

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'The Dying Christian to His Soul' (Pope) [Alexander Pope 1688-1744]

[three verses]

'My last Wish' (Anon)

[33 lines]

(II p 161)

Sunday Evening, June 12th 1881.

¼ to ten OClock. at Night. Four years ago to morrow morning the 13th at 1 OClock, my Dear Mother passed away, with her last words, "Glory to God, Jesus Reigns". My late Dear Sister, called me soon after, saying "William, Mother is just gone to Glory", get up and go for the Carpenter, I did so,

with much grief. My Brother John's Wife was with her, and they went for the Nurse to come in. My Dear Sister knel't down and made a sorrowful prayer, almost broken hearted . . . I have been to the dear spot at Britford this Afternoon, a most lovely day, heard the Cuckoo, but the beauty of the thorn trees are vanished, since I was in the Rev Mr Morres's house, a fortnight ago.

This evening I am very lonely and low spirited, because of my heavy trials. I dont see any prospect of work, but I will still trust in the Lord for the future. He will direct my paths if I trust in him. Bless his Holy name for all his mercies to me a poor sinful man.

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Monday Morning, June 13.th

I take my pen again this sacred morning, having been mercifully preserved through the night. But am still full of trouble and anxiety, concerning the future. It is not many hours ago, that I dropt the pen last evening. But I will endeavour to leave the future concerning me, in his blessed hands. . . . This is the first morning 4 years ago, that we were left orphans, which my dear sister said in her prayer, just after dear Mother's death. I will endeavour now to begin, and give a brief account after my Mothers death. This morning 4 years ago, we had 3 new pair of Sashes to Glaze for Mr Jervoise's Dining room [at Britford *another handwriting*], 1 Pair facing the Cathedral with best plate, and the other 2 pair with best Crown. These sashes I prim'd on that day, as I did not like to go out if I could possibly help it. We had just finished the Outside of Mrs Marshe's, in the Close the day before, and my Brothers John & George went to the Deanery. The next day we all were oblig'd to begin Horder's Front of house in Queen St. belonging to Mr. Munday as it had been promised some time before, but it went against me to do it as my poor mother was lying dead. What I felt then I cannot explain, to enter round the corner of New St. and see the dear

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Old House, but the principal object lying in the cold embrace of death. I felt every time I came to meals, something that I cannot describe, it seem'd that every prop was removed, and that we were orphans complete. Sunday arrived the 18th of June, when the funeral took place. My Dear Sister, myself and my two Brothers went, and it was a very solemn time. It was a hot beautiful day. The Rev Mr Morres officiated on the occasion. When we returned home, after we had got up the lane, into the Britford Road, my Sister commenced quite a sermon to us three. She thought no doubt that she would never have a more suitable time, blended with the mournful circumstances. She began in a very earnest manner, . . . [no mention of content] . . . And I for one shall never forget it, coming as it did from one, that was going to depart before the end of the year. Mr Kelsey had the management of Paying & receiving Bills. And my brother George started for himself in September the same year. I thought if we could get a little work, & the lodgings, my sister could attend to, we should get on quietly, and we should have done so, no doubt, if her life had

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 been spared . . .

Shocking Fatal Accident at Salisbury.

A shocking accident, unfortunately attended with fatal results, occur'd in this city on Whit Monday 6th June. A party of excursionists – some of whom were visitors from Gosport & Southampton on pleasure bound, procured a horse and waggonette from Mr. Goddard's stables and proceeded to Wilton. All went well, until, on the return journey, they arrived at Fisherton railway bridge, when the animal became restive – a state the driver believed produced by the fear of railway trains. The alarm was scarcely quieted, when a gaudily painted milk cart passed them with its extraordinary noise. The animal this time more seriously frightened, bolted off at a furious pace down the street; and, at the corner leading into High Street, the carriage, catching presumably on the edge of the Kerb, came with a crash to the ground, all its occupants being thrown violently out on the pavement. Assistance, was immediately forthcoming, and – thanks to

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 the kindness of Mr Harris, of the London Road – the injured, and they included almost the whole of the party, were removed in a carriage to the Infirmary. There it was immediately discovered that Henry Kelsey, aged 67, who had come from Gosport on a visit to his relatives, Elizabeth Peddell his niece, and who resides with her husband, Edward Peddell in Endless St. and Eliza Peddell, of Southampton, were the most seriously injured. These were oblig'd to remain in the Infirmary; and notwithstanding every effort, the old gentleman (Kelsey) died from the effects of the accident on the following morning. Curious to relate, the adult occupants of the trap all sustained injuries – though not all of a serious nature, whilst two children of Mr Peddell's escaped comparatively scathless. In one instance, this was due to the self sacrifice of the mother, who observing the danger of the position, held the child up in her arms, while she herself was flung violently onto her back. The other occupants of the trap who were at once attended to at the Infirmary.

The Rev. G. Short on the New Testament Revision.

On Sunday evening, the Rev G. Short, during the course of the service at Brown St Chapel, alluded to the revision of the New Testament. That

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 revision was, he said, much debated; and various opinions had been express'd . . .

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 . . . he hoped his friends would avail themselves of an opportunity to procure a copy, and so make it no dumb show if occasionally (*sic*) a chapter was read, in their service, from this revised edition.

[Poems]

‘The Hour for deep Devotion’ [*Stanzas on Prayer* by David Vedder, 1790–1854]
[four verses]

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‘On seeing a Deceased Infant’ (Peabody) [William B O Peabody 1799–1847]
[seven verses]

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The Britons & the Romans [7]

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Thursday Morning, 16th June. 1881.

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I take my pen this morning, to write a few lines again. I am like a Cottage in a wilderness, or as a Sparrow alone, on the House top. I should like to say the words of the poet “Calm on Tumults wheel I sit, midst busy multitudes alone. [”]

I do feel my loneliness more and more every day. But I get some relief by committing my feelings to paper, that others that may read this, in some future day, may find, if they have the like painful trials, to pass through, they will see, that I have passed through them before. On Saturday next the 18.th 4 years ago My dear Mother was buried at Britford, on a Sunday. I have had a very serious time, not a friend to comfort me, or console, every one seems to stand at a distance from me, even my very relatives do not support me, or come into my dwelling. No work to do, just in the very season for it. Nearly two years Rent not paid, nor I dont see any chance of doing so. My Landlord used to support me, but for the last two years nearly, I have not done a single job for him. “What am I to do,” in this heavy providence, for surely the Lord is leading me in a way I know not. . . . I am now while I am writing in Tears, and nearly broken hearted. May I from this trying time, have a greater

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confidence in Him. . . . [prayer] through Jesus Christ our Lord Amen. [tiny writing] from a poor lonely man. W Small.

[Poems]

‘The Remonstrance’ [?Mark Akenside 1721–1770]
[four verses]

‘Poverty of the Saviour’ Russell [?Thomas Russell 1762 – 1788]
[seven verses]

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‘God’s First Temples’ Bryant
[115 lines]

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Saturday, June 18th 1881. W Small

The day of the Month has arrived, that my Dear Mother was buried 4 years ago. It has been a very serious day to me. I pluck'd all the Best flowers in the Garden, especially double Gillyflowers, and put into her Coffin. This day I offered up a prayer in her Bedroom. And pluck'd the best flowers in the Garden, and put them in a vase, on her Pillow for the day. If I am spared till to Morrow I shall go to Britford, with the flower.

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June 19.th Sunday.

I went to Britford as usual. & put the Boquet on my Sister's grave. It was a beautiful day, the grass on the grave, and in the Church yard, was luxuriant, beautifully enamell'd with wild flowers splendid in colour. I had it nearly all to myself, very few people about, which made it a treat to me. I am always in very good company when alone.

Monday 20.th

My Brother John's, Wedding anniversary. He was married at the Church of St Thomas, Salisbury, 20th, June. 1860. My dear Father, went with them, being then in his 72nd Year.

[Poems]

'Mortality and Immortality' (Osborne)

[four verses]

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'Death'.

From the Spanish

[eight verses]

(II p 185)

'An Evening Walk in Bengal' (Heber) [Reginald Heber 1783-1826]

[46 lines]

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This is not a finish of this sublime piece, Unfortunately it is gone. But I remember reading of it many times when it was perfect, and the best is lost.

The Britons & the Romans [8]

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[Poem]

'The Dying Boy to the Sloe Blossom' (Elliot) [Ebenezer Elliott 1781-1849]

[17 verses]

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'Royal Counties' Agricultural Show.

in the Butts', top of Castle St.

The Attendance.

June 21.st 22.nd 23rd & 24.th 1881.

The show has been an undoubted success. The first day presaged what has followed. Then the takings at the stiles were actually £220 – an increase of no less than £130 upon the takings at Portsmouth. On the second day, the numbers greatly increased; but the great attendance was on Thursday. Visitors then absolutely flowed into the city in one continuous stream, Trains disgorged thousands, vans, phaetons, and carts disembarked their tens. The turnstiles were, indeed, unable to respond to the demands for admission, but an extraordinary was soon provided. Not far short of 20,000 could have entered the yard – 16,000 is, we believe, the estimated number. Hundreds and even thousands indulged in frolicsome sport on the outside. All was enthusiasm and enjoyment, the glories of the sun

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intense in its heat – bathing the scene in refulgent illumination. The beautiful music of the Marine Artillery Band pure and sweet, added to the pleasure. It was a most enjoyable day – a fitting culmination being attained in the subsequent Artistic display of fireworks. To day (Friday) with weather as fine, the attendance is nothing like so numerous. Still there is a continuous convergence towards the yard. To be exactly correct we will give the exact numbers admitted. On Teusday, there were 1,585; on Wednesday, 2,809; on Thursday, 16,696; today (Friday) up to two O'clock, 2,254.

Fire works in the Market Place.

The advantages of an energetic local committee has been demonstrated in yet another direction: a pyrotechnic display, on Thursday evening, in the Market place, of a quality scarcely ever, if ever before appreciated in Salisbury. Mr Brock, of Crystal palace renown, exerted his artistic and popular efforts to, adopting an auctioneer's phrase, the utmost advantage. The market place presented a curious and almost unprecedented appearance. Spiral columns supporting a series of scientific incomprehensibilities: long, lanky poles adorned by incongruous branches. A single rocket trailing its firey course through the air to burst in a thousand sparks of gold, silver and amber – presaged the

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display. It continued for an hour with scarce uninterrupted zeal. Rockets pirouetted with resplendent vivacity through the air, culminating in showers of shimmering variegation; firey tadpoles spluttered and hissed their existence out; silver tourbillons, [sic] with "their umbrellas of fire," fell in endless variety among the delighted spectators; saucissons discharged in firey fury among the multitude. Roman candles illuminated the scene with violet distinctness; twinkling stars descended, midst resonant applause, on the heads of the observers; "splush, bang and crash" – up it goes, down it comes; jewels, diamonds, emeralds, rubies, fall gently to mother earth; disappointing (*sic*) excited vanity by speedy decease; representing "the falls of Niagara," myriads

of stars fall in artistic symmetry to the ground; . . . the culmination of art being reached in the special and beautifully developed design - . . . “Success to the Hants and Berks Agricultural Society” – a sentiment confirmed by the acclaim of a thousand throats. . . . the scene is bathed in one flood of golden light, then the strains of “The National

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Anthem” breaking on the astonished darkness, the display is over. A cheer is raised for Mr Brock – a tribute to artistic mechanism, and the large square is emptied of its thousands. The crowd recalled the memories of the past: the manoeuvres demonstration and the excited myriads of the peace celebration. Practically, the old saying “able to walk on their heads” was realised. Every advantageous foot was occupied; citizens were increased in numbers by country accessions; cart, van and trap deposited their occupants in the square, till the vast, huge assembly was complete.

[Poems]

‘Summer & Winter Evenings’ (Sharp)

[nine verses]

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‘Taste’ (Akenside) [Mark Akenside]

[52 lines]

(II p 200)

Sunday Evening July 2.nd

I went to Britford the Sunday previous to this, to visit the dear spot, with a bunch of flowers. But as I was going through the Close, a young man in service at the Rev Subdean Eyre, came up to me and said he was going to Britford, to visit his Father’s grave. I said I was going there too. And we went together, but I had been pleased more if I had been alone, although he was very good company. In the Church yard were two Ladies, walking about, and they looked at me very much, but I did not know them. When we left the Ladies were on the lawn in front of the Rev Mr. Morres’s house, and they were looking, then it struck me that one of them was Mrs. Morres and I immediately made my obeisance which was returned. I was sorry that I did not know who they were. Mrs Morres was in a different dress, than when I last saw her a few Sundays ago. This following Sunday I went again, all alone, & put some flowers on my dear Sisters grave, it was the hottest day we have had this year, the perspiration dropped from my face, and my handkerchief was quite saturated. I heard the Cuckoo very distinctly several times. When I came out of the Church yard, for I sat there

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nearly half an hour to rest, and cool myself, Mrs. Morres, and this Lady that I saw the Sunday previous, was in the front of the house, and the Lady that I did not know, came quickly out into the road to me. This Lady was Miss Hill, Mrs. Morres’s Sister. She shook me by the hand, and was quite

overjoy'd to see me. She said she knew me well, when I used to mend the windows at her Fathers the late Rev Mr Hill. We had conversation together, I should think for a quarter of an hour. She said how constant I always came to Britford on a Sunday ever since she could remember. She said my dear Father used to come out sometimes and talk with you, I said he did. I told her the dear Church yard & place was a sacred place to me, as all my dearest earthly friends rest there. She was very much affected with my conversation. I asked her where she was living, and she said at Bath, but was on a visit to her Sister Mrs. Morres. She said she was born there at Britford in 1844. I told her I came there to mend windows etc years before that, and she was much delighted. Mrs. Morres was waiting for her inside of the railing and other subjects were talked about concerning her family etc & she would have said more, but I did not like to intrude too long. I shook hands with her again & wish'd her good afternoon, and God bless you, and give my respects of your

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Sister Mrs Morres. She said if I am here next Sunday, and you pay a visit again, I shall certainly come out to you. I went away, and shed tears going to Salisbury, for this act of unbounded kindness, from that estimable Lady. And I shall never forget it until my dying day. I met the Rev Mr. Morres as I was going to Britford, & when I returned, as I generally do, and he was very kind to me. I bless God all my friends are not gone. I was not aware that I was going to receive this kindness. I am still very low, and desponding, as I am behind, owing to scarcely any work to do for a long time, and my forebodings is great. But I bless God there is a little work now. I hope he will give me health and strength to do it, and to his blessed name shall be all the praise.

The Recent Comet Observed in Salisbury.

[Comets in general refers to 'the annexed article . . .']

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The present comet is called Comet B-1881 and in all likelihood has not been seen before, and may be one of those that take 122,683 years to describe its orbit. It . . .

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formed a new sensation, and reminded the gazers there were other subjects to talk about besides the Eastern Question, the Irish Land Bill, the affairs of Tunis, and the possibility of future troubles in the Transvaal.

Sunday July 10.th

I went to Britford as usual, with a flower to deposit on the dear spot. It was a glorious day, the sun shining in its strength. When I arrived near the Church, the bell was tolling and I was told by a child a funeral was going to take place. I went into the Church Yard, and close to my Sisters grave not more than 3 feet, was an open grave. I had just time to deposit my flower, when I turned round, and saw the Rev Mr. Morres, come from the Church to meet the funeral, and I saw the procession walk into the Church. It was

the funeral of a Mrs Waters, between 60 & 70 years of age, who lived at Bake Farm, Dogdean. They had brought the body in a Cart, to the Entrance of Britford, then carried it to the Church. I went home before the procession came to the grave, as it was rather late. During the week since, up till this present Sunday morning July 17.th I have had one of the most trying times, that I ever experienced. I am so cast down & dejected, that I cannot go to the house of God, as I was wont, but am writing these lines. When I see almost

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every body happy and cheerful, it makes such an extreme contrast, between my state & theirs, it makes me faint almost. A poor lonely man as I am, whose only desire [desire] is to pay every body their own, and cannot at present see any chance of doing it. The early part of the week I had a very dangerous & awkward job, I was oblig'd to get on a 50 round ladder, to do some painting at my time of life 61 Years of age. Not only the dangerous & hard work that I had to do, to earn an honest shilling, but the overwhelming cares I had inwardly, crush'd my fainting spirits, that I would almost chose [sic] death, rather than life. And the weather being continually so excessively hot, that there has not been the like for 23 years, and even then not so continual. On thursday evening when I came home from my work, almost fainting with the heat, and longing for a cup of refreshing tea, if the fire was not gone out, who should I see, but the Clerk at Mr Lee's, at my Door, waiting to see me. It turned me very much, and the thought of the tea vanished. I told him that I was not prepared then, but I must see my friends & call soon, he was not very well pleased & told me I had better come and see Mr Lee to Morrow about 12 myself, that would be on the Friday. I that very evening thought upon several things. I thought of my relations, some of them could help me if they had a will, but as none of them support me

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in my work, or give me any thing to do, I thought I would write a line to the Rev. Canon Morrice, opposite, and state to him my circumstances. I thought he would be a likely man to relieve me, as he was ever so kind, and charitable to all. I left the note at his house, asking him for the loan of 25£. I had my misgivings, and wishing afterwards, that I had not sent it, but my case was so urgent, and it was done. I had very little rest that night owing to it, & the extreme heat, and my daily work to do in the following day, I want to know what man could sleep, under such distressing trials. The next morning came, as it was sure to do, About 9 oClock The Rev Canon Morrice, stept quickly up the passage, to the work shop, I was upstairs he called out Mr. Small, I immediately came down, and he brought the little bill in his hand, and 5 Shillings, and told me to receipt it anytime, and send it. He was extremely kind as usual, but a little agitated, and so was I. He asked me how much rent, I told him a year and an half, and he said Oh Dear. I had told him in the note, of the 2 bad winters, I had experienced etc. He said I will give you a sovereign Mr Small, towards it, but I do not lend money, & you must arrange it as well as you can. I was almost broken hearted as he could

see, but still thankful for his kindness, he wishes me good morning. & I said good morning Sir, and

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God bless you! All this was done in the work shop in the course of a minute or two, and I was very thankful, there was no one about. Neither I think will be ever be known what then occurred. and I am very much pleased to think it was so secret. But then my feelings, what I could do just then I knew not, I decided upon not seeing Mr Lee this week, and the Blessed Sabbath, near at hand, I should have a little rest, and write this, & unburthen my mind a little, that others in time to come, may read this, will see that I am a man of great anxiety and trouble. This so depressed my spirits that my work went heavily on, and I seemed to have no encouragement or dependence upon any one. I turned my thoughts often to the Lord . . . Amen

If my dear Father Mother & beloved Sister, had known, that I should have been left alone, for 3 years & 6 months, and never scarcely a friend to call

(II p 213)

and see me . . . no one to do the slightest thing for me, seem to be spurn'd, and made sport of, and despised, because I am poor & homely man, not following the fashions of this vain, false, deceptive age, but dressing in an homely garb, despised & forsaken by the very people whom I depended upon, & relied for work, and their giving it to any one, even strangers, trodden under foot, & overrun by almost every one, requires no small amount of fortitude & resignation to stand against. The crisis seems entirely come, and I hope if it is going to burst upon me in all its fury, it will speedily come . . .

[Poems]

'Remembrance'

[five verses]

(II p 215)

'The Morning Cometh, and also the Night'.

[two verses]

Sunday July 17th. A most glorious day & very hot, could not go to Britford, very much cast down. WS

(II p 216)

Thursday Evening, July 21.st

I am tired of the 4 days that are gone since Sunday, the heat has been excessive, had to work in it. A heavy cloud hangs upon me, and blackens every day, and I hope the crisis will come soon, one way or the other. Never had such a trial before, always endeavoured to pay my way, and my Dear Parents before me. I have only tried one, that I thought would favor me, and that failed. I am very shy of trying another! But my trust is still in the power that hath the hearts of all men in his hands . . .

[Poem commenting on God two verses]

(II p 217)

My Pretty Dog, "Fanny".

I dont think I have said a word about my favourite dog Fanny. The most loving, faithful creature, that ever a man could have. It was my dear Mother's & Sister's dog, they were especially fond of it. Therefore I prize it the more, it is nine or ten years old. It will never go out for a walk with me, any farther than a few yards from the door, as it was never used to do so. She knows my footsteps night and day, and never barks. I do not know what the poor thing would do, if I were taken away, I often think anxiously about it. I never gave her an unkind word, therefore that is the reason why she is so loving.

(II p 218)

Saturday 23.rd July.

A young lady brought a Mourning Card this evening. I opened it on Sunday Morning, and it contained these words.

In Loving Remembrance

Phoebe, relict of George Langley Young

Who fell peacefully asleep in Jesus

July 19.th 1881.

Aged 70 Years.

Deeply lamented by all her Friends.

[poem on death, one verse]

Mr Young her late Husband died in April 1879. He was a Builder of Milford hill, a very kind hearted man. And Mrs Young, was a good Christian woman. I have known them all my life, and they are gone to be I trust with Jesus, which is far better.

I went to Britford this afternoon 24.th July, and put a small flower on Dear sisters grave. It was all that the garden could produce. It was a pleasant afternoon, a fine breeze, and a shaded sky. The wheat looks nearly ready for the sickle. I never saw less people about, since I have been in the habit of going there, I might say I had it all to myself.

(II p 219)

Saturday July 30.th 1881

Just 61 years ago today, that I was baptised at Britford Church. By the Rev Robert Morris.

Sunday 31.st

A very wet rough day, a splendid rain which was very much needed. But a poor prospect for to Morrow, as regards the Bank Holiday. When two fetes will be held in Pinckney's & Rigden's grounds.

The weather is proverbially the topic of conversation in these islands, and a

never failing source of interest . . . We passed from Siberia in January into India in July . . .

(II p 220)

But in England our houses, and to a great extent our apparel are the same whether the thermometer be at zero or at 90 in the shade. Hence the manifold discomforts either of a blast of bitter cold, or of a firey wave of equatorial heat.

Bemerton

[description of Bemerton, George Herbert,¹ the Rectory, dedication of new church 1860, restoration of Herbert's own church]

(II p 222)

Sunday Augst. 6.th 1881.

Last Teusday 2nd my dear Child had been dead six years [but it was 11, he died 1870] how the time flies". Went to Britford this afternoon. It was a splendid day, after

(II p 223)

the fine showers and sunshine we had in the week. The Wheat looked well, some carried, & some in sheaf, and some not cut. The barley looked magnificent and nearly ripe, looking almost like a level lawn, with scarcely a weed, or beaten down. The turnips looking pretty well also. I endeavoured to cultivate a thankful frame of mind if possible for all God's mercies, but mine seems almost an isolated case at present. No encouragement from any quarter, and great anxiety for the future. . . . trust in Lord . . .

I put a small flower on my dear Sisters grave as usual, the only one in the garden. I got over the railing and walked down the beautiful meadow adjoining, by the side of the murmuring stream. The Cows were coming along on the bank of the river opposite, to the Dairy, the bank was some two or three feet above the stream, and the shadow of them reflected in the stream, as they walked along, some white, some black and white, and some brown, was truly magnificent, and I never seen such a perfect shadow before, the serene sky below, and the cows walking upside down,

(II p 224)

in bold relief, not any thing to come in contact with their just proportions. I thought what a splendid opportunity for an artist, to see such an exquisite shadow. The Kingfisher, I also saw at the same time, disturbed from the

1 George Herbert 1593-1633, distinguished scholar, devotional poet and author of hymns was rector of Bemerton, just outside Salisbury, from 1630 until his death just three years later. There is a memorial window to him in the North choir aisle of Salisbury Cathedral and he is also commemorated by a statue installed on the West Front in 2003. St. Andrew's Church, Bemerton, a tiny village church dates back to at least the 14th Century. George Herbert lived in the rectory opposite the church which was restored by Herbert in 1630. It was extensively repaired in 1776, and there were two further restorations in the 19th Century.

bank, fly down the stream, chattering, as if it did not like disturbing. With its beautiful verdigris green on its sides & Red breast. The aged thorn trees, that stood in different parts of this beautiful meadow, how unlike when I saw them in the spring, as I have mentioned before, instead in being clothed in white, they are now perfectly loaded with berries, ripening in this warm sun for the poor birds in winter, thus comes and goes the seasons.

[comments on family deaths while looking at graves]

Nearly 10. o'clock. I am tired, & am going to bed. May the Lord grant me refreshing sleep in the midst of my lonely solitude . . . Amen.

August 11th 1881.

I have something to write, but am very tired to night, & I will postpone it, until the morrow.

(II p 225)

Monday in last week was wet, could no [sic] do much outside. In the afternoon a note came from Lee & Powning's office, warning me to come on the Wednesday following at 10 or 12 o'clock, to pay my rent. Stating that they had been expecting me every day, since Sutton last called a month ago. My brother was with me, and it quite turn'd me, and made me wretched & miserable because I was not prepared to see them. By the over ruling Providence of God, I have done a little work, of a very hazardous sort. but a ready money one, although very cheap 12£. That was all I had to pay with, except 2£ I had in the house, and I was oblig'd to face them with that. What I have done to the Exterior & Interior of the House I live in is worth honestly 25£ or a years rent. I charged them 10£ for all that was done, and about 3£ for work done since for pipes bursting, Repr Roof of House etc etc I expected to have had a little left out of the 14£ in my pocket. But after much consultation, and almost abuse, they condescended to allow me 10£, and I was to pay 15£. I put down the 14 Sovereigns (*sic*) all I had in my pocket, or in the house, and asked them if they would take that, as they had taken off 3£. No they would not, but I was to bring them the other Sovereign the same day. I could not do it, nor the day after. I wrote to a Clergyman that owed me 2.16.6. The work had not been done scarcely a month, Stating to him exactly

(II p 226)

how I was situated, and asked him for the money. He kindly sent me a cheque on the Saturday morning. On the Friday however Mr Sutton called and wanted to know how it was I did not call yesterday or to day. I told him that I not got it, and could not make a Sovereign, but on Saturday I would endeavour to do it. He says we must have it before 12 o'clock as we are going to sent all accounts to Mr Hussey Freake, by that time. So by the providence of God I was enabled to pay it and my brother's wages, and there was a load removed at once. I had been dreadfully oppressed for a long time, especially this week. I thought I should go distracted, I could not sleep, or scarcely

work. There will be another years rent due in Sep.tr next, so it is only out of the Frying pan into the Fire. . . . I asked the man that I earned the 12£ of, if he could let me have a little money, just before I went to pay my rent, and he said immediately No: he had given up money lending for a long time, but if he had not, I should be the first, for he said he believed I should pay him again. So there was another disappointment, and I felt it sharply.

To Be Continued.

(II p 227) Hot Summers

“Referring to the great heat of the present summer in certain parts of the United States and of Europe, especially in England and France, a local newspaper draws attention to a statement, presented to the French Academy in 1811 . . . [quotes other years remarkable for summer heat]

(II p 228)

The Archaeologists of Wiltshire.

The study of “antiquities” has during the past week again engaged the united attention of the members of the Wiltshire Archaeological Society.¹ [note about Bradford upon Avon, and four day meeting there of WANHS]

(II p 231)

Eminent Ladies of Wiltshire History.

The Rev. Canon Jackson contributed to the recent meeting of the Wiltshire Archaeological Society at Devizes an amusing paper on this subject. [Abbess of Wilton, the monastery for Ladies at Amesbury, Lacock, Hinton, Maiden Bradley etc]

(II p 237)

The Restoration of Stonehenge. August 1881.

The tyrannous force of the Land Bill which has kept many large measures waiting has once more prevented Sir John Lubbock from carrying or even from bringing in his Ancient Monuments Bill . . . [comments on restoration of Stonehenge, arguing against . . . but compares with condition of Avebury, not letting it decay further]

(II p 242)

A Double Bull. – Two gentlemen, passing a black-berry bush, when the first fruit was unripe, one said it was ridiculous to call them blackberries when they were red. “Don’t you know,” said his friend, “that blackberries are always red when they are green.”

Died, August 24th 1881. at Phoenix Cottage, Fisherton, Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Thomas Leach, aged 52 years.

1 J H Thomas (ed), 2003, *Wiltshire Archaeological and Natural History Society: The first 150 years*. WANHS Devizes

(II p 243)

Death of Mr John Woodlands.

Like the death of his brother – Mr Alderman Woodlands, the demise of Mr John Woodlands, of Downton, has been sudden and unexpected. Mr Woodlands – who was an octogenarian – was walking in his garden on Sunday morning, August 21st 1881. when he suddenly fell to the ground and immediately expired. . . .

Mr Woodlands was well known – with a knowledge which had given birth to to (*sic*) respect – to the citizens of Salisbury. For many years, he, with his brother, carried on the business of curriers in Endless Street, to which they were succeeded by Messrs, Ware, Bros. When he retired from that position, he was not entirely disassociated from the city . . . his last public act was to perform a service to the city, and, at the same time, to carry out the unrecorded desire of his brother, the Alderman. In presenting the property in Endless Street, which Mr William Woodlands

(II p 244)

formerly occupied, to the city for purely municipal service, the deceased gentlemen showed a kindly thoughtfulness, and a generous appreciation of his dead brothers . . . the circumstances of Mr Woodland's death was communicated to the county coroner (Mr R. M Wilson), but, a medical gentleman having certified as to the cause of death, an inquest was unnecessary. It is a coincidence worth noting that the late Alderman also suddenly expired on a Sunday morning.

Monday evening, Augst. 29.th

A very wet miserable day, no work to do. A continuation of wet weather, and the Harvest bids fair to be a failure or nearly so. Bread up 2d a Gallon¹, and the morrow expected to rise again. What will be done this Winter the Lord only knows, no prospect for me & my brother depending upon me. In a great state of suspense not a friend to give me any encouragement everything looks dark, and cheerless, as regards any hope. I could not get sufficient money, to pay all my brother's wages, went to a man that owed me

(II p 245)

a little, several times, he promised me but has not done it yet. Last week I went to Harnham & Grain'd the Door inside to the front Room, at the Dear old house on the Bridge, the door that I Grain'd 43 or 44 years ago. I told him I would do it for nothing with great pleasure, in remembrance to my dear Parents etc. likewise Varnished his Clock & side board Gratis, “ had a few of the Apples from the old trees, that stand in the dear old Garden that my Dear Father planted. It was a great pleasure and satisfaction to me, and pleasant and comforting to think about, in my lonely solitude. I am now

1 Gallon loaf. A gallon loaf weighed 8lbs 11oz (3.94kg). The price of bread remained an important indicator of living standards throughout the 19th century.

going to rest ¼ to 10. May the Lord of his infinite mercy give me a good night's rest . . . Amen.

Death of a Friend of Shelley & Byron.

Mr Edward John Trelawny, died on the 13th August, 1881.[details of his life]

(II p 248)

Byron's Grave. [in the floor of the chancel in the parish church Hucknall Torkard, Nottinghamshire]

(II p 249)

(From Moonshine)

[one verse, joke about church bells]

Foundering of the Mail Steamer Teuton.

Loss of 200 lives. A terrible disaster has befallen the Royal mail steamer Teuton,¹ belonging to the Union Company's Line of steamships, running between England & the Cape and Natal. . . .

(II p 251)

Sunday Morning, Sepr 4th 1881.

We have had good harvest weather, ever since Augst 29.th when I wrote about the continual wet weather. That monday was a fearful day with wind, and continued heavy rain. That day seemed the climax of the wet weather, for it has been dry ever since. . . . prayers has been offered up in all Churche's & Chapel's for fine Weather, and the Lord has answered prayer.

This Sunday morning is splendid with sunshine. I am still solitary and alone, took a little Bill of £3 -12s- od which is the last Bill I have to take, and that cannot last long. No prospect of work for the morrow as yet, But the Lord he can raise me up friends where I should never expect, as he has done before. I should have starved, if I had been depending upon my relatives, for support long since. This is the day that the new Superintendent Minister, preaches the Sunday School sermons at the Wesleyan Chapel Church St. The Rev. C. Roberts. from Zulu Land. I have so much upon my mind, and am so much cast down that I dont feel inclined to go. I might say that I dont know that I have a friend there, although I have attended there from my earliest years. Scarcely ever one of them ever supports me, any one would hardly believe it, and yet they must know

(II p 252)

my loneliness and sorrow, and how I stand in need of a little kind support

1 Ship RMS Teuton 30 August 1881, 200 lives lost, only 34 passengers and crew survived

and sympathy. I am going to Britford this afternoon, and then I will write a few more lines. I went to Britford this afternoon, it was a splendid day, I was oblig'd to put up my umbrella, the rays of the sun was so powerful. Nearly all the Barley in, they cut and carry at once, the Weather is so fine. I put a few flowers, all that were in the garden, upon my dear sister's grave. I pluck'd a few wild grasses etc of different shades, that grew in the Church yard, and brought them home, and they looked very pretty.

Description of the Person of our Saviour. –

The following was taken from a manuscript now in the possession of Lord Kelly . . .

(II p 253)

Monday Septr. 5.th

Very low and desponding this morning. no work in prospect, no one to do any thing for me. I have to mend my own apparel this morning. But I will trust

(II p 254)

in my Blessed Saviour, I must trust in his mercy. . . . Amen

Description of the Court and Person of Queen Elizabeth.

(II p 258)

Ladie's of Elizabeth's Court.

(II p 259)

Epitaph in West Grimstead Church Yard. . . .

Epitaph

Andrew Thomson lyeth here,
Who had a mouth from ear to ear;
Reader, tread lightly on his sod,
For if he gape, you're gone by -!

[short miscellaneous pieces follow, none of local interest, interspersed with poems]

Comment by Montesquieu

(II p 260)

[Poem]

'The Better Land'

by Mrs Hemans

[four verses]

(II p 261)

On Sudden Elevation

[Poem]
 'Retirement'
 [23 lines]

(II p 262)
 Epitaph
 [four lines]

Haydn.
 The great musician . . .
 [brief points on home life, not music]

(II p 263)
 [Poem]
 'Youthful Memories'
 [14 lines]

Epitaph.
 [four lines]

(II p 264)
 Stanzas.
 [four verses]

[Poem]
 'Farewell'
 [three verses]

(II p 265)
 Pericles.
 [short paragraph on character]

[Story: about window of cottage near Plymstock]

The counterpane which covered the Bed of Charles I the night before his execution . . .

(II p 266)
 [Poem]
 'Autumnal Sonnet.
 Boyhood Thoughts' [William Allingham 1824-1889]

Old Wrinkle Boots, the Antiquary.

(II p 268)
 Memorabilia.
 [the first eclipse on record is of the moon . . . Library at Alexandria . . .

playing cards. . . Random thoughts . . . gooseberries and artichokes under Henry 8th . . .]

(II p 272)
Epitaph
[eight lines]

Frederick the Great.

(II p 273)
Longevity . . .in Russia. . . .

Julius Ceasar, (*sic*) B.C. 44.

Epitaph on Margaret Scot, who died at Dalkeith, Feb. 9th 1738.
[16 lines]

(II p 274)
“Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill [story of the song]

(II p 275)
Romantic Highwayman.
[story of Mr Clavell, 17th century highwayman]

Monumental Inscription by Sir F. Burdett,¹ Bart.

(II p 276)
The following lines by Sir Francis Burdett Bart, to the memory of a much beloved sister. Being informed of her declining state of health, he hastened, . . . to Ramsbury in the county of Wilts, where she had been residing. [she died before he arrived] he wrote the following verses, in which he feelingly deplores his own loss, and draws an interesting and amiable character of his deceased sister.

Lines on a monument in the chancel of Ramsbury church, written to the memory of Miss Eleanora Burdett, who died Nov 27.th 1797, aged 26 years, by her dear brother . . . [poem follows, five verses]

(II p 277)
O’Brien, the Irish Giant.

(II p 278)
The Chinese Wall.

An Ancient Epitaph upon a Virgin.
[six lines]

1 Sir Francis Burdett 1770–1844 radical politician ODNB

Giving Warning. [joke]

(II p 279)

The First Book.

[some famous early books]

Strange stages in Life.

Strange that I should have been born in a lowly cottage at East Harnham. Strange that I should have been taken from there in 1823, when 3 years of age, Strange that I should live on the Bridge for 17 years, and there lose a Grand-Mother, 3 brother's and sister's in Infancy, and a sister 11 years of age, and an apprentice, Strange that I should leave the Bridge in 1840, and live in Exeter St for 2 or 3 years, and live in a house that was built on purpose for us, Strange that I should then go to Queen Street, and have the late Mr Randalls business, Strange that Mrs De Stark

(II p 280)

should lodge with us there, Strange that Sir Frederick Slade, should have our lodgings for the assizes, the 8 years we lived there, Strange that we should remove to New St, Strange that we should Build work shops there, Strange that Mrs De Stark, should die in the house in New St, about a few months before we came, and made her lead coffin & carried her to the grave, Strange that Sir Frederick Slade, should come to us in New St for the assizes, for the last time before his death, Strange that I should get married, and live in Exeter St, and Brown St, for nearly 20 years, Strange that I should lose my Wife and only child in Brown St, Strange that my Sister wished me to come and live in New St with them, after their deaths, above named, Strange that my Dear Father, Mother & Sister, should die in New St, in one Room, and one Bed, Strange that I should be left lonely and desolate, in the House by myself, Strange that I have to do every thing for myself, no kind friend to advise, sympathise, or comfort me, Strange for me at my time of Life, in my 62 year, Strange that nearly all my work should be taken away by others, and even strangers, Strange that nearly all my supporters have forsaken me, Strange that all my relations, that which are many and have property, should never employ me,

(II p 281)

Strange that at the present time 8 Sept^r not 6d of work to do. Strange that it should be so, as I understand my trade, and am anxious and willing to do any thing for any body, and allways attend to every thing punctually. Strange that I should be placed in this trying, and almost overwhelming position full of suspense, and forebodings. Strange, that when a boy 10 or 11 years of age, I came from Harnham, with my dear Father, when the riots of Bristol, was going on 1831, to help him mend, & Repair the Greenhouse, for several days at the late Mr. Brownjohn's, in New St, the very house I occupy now, Strange, that I did go there occasionally with my Father to work, Strange that in 1837, Mr Brownjohn pulled down old Cottages, adjoining the House in New St,



1 New Street. Salisbury Guide Book 1969/70. Wiltshire Buildings Record B2938

that he lived in, & where we have lived for nearly 30 years, Strange that he should build 2 large houses, Strange that he should give us the Painting & Glazing, more than 100£, Strange that I should come up every day nearly with my Father & others, and very often by myself, for Mr Brownjohn was very partial to me, & so was Mrs Brownjohn, Strange that I should come up the old passage, and into the very Kitchen when I am writing now, for the key of the New Buildings, Strange that old Sally the servant should be so kind to me, when I asked for the key, Strange that I can see the place in the party wall, where I used to go through with the key to the New houses to do my work, Strange that the identical place in the wall is still plain and, visible before me now,

(II p 282) Strange that Mr Brownjohn should be such a friend to us, until the end of his days, Strange that Miss Bell, a young person that Mr & Mrs Brownjohn bred up in this very house, where I am writing now, and afterwards she Married Well, to Mr G. Mill a man of great property in Salisbury, Strange that they should be such great friends to us, in giving us plenty of work, Strange that Mrs Brownjohn should die almost suddenly in 1842. at their new house, next door to us, Strange that Mr Brownjohn, should go to his

little cottage, at the foot of the Hill at East Harnham, & pass his Mayoralty there & for a few years afterwards, and die there, near the spot where I was born. But to pursue this any longer would be tedious, and perhaps nonsense to some, but it is the greatest pleasure to me. This identical Old house, is one of the oldest in the Street, or, even in the town, think of the generations that have lived in it since it was built 400 years at least. It would be one of my greatest treats to have an history of the house, who built it, every separate family, that occupied in in [sic] succession, every death that happened in the house, and where buried, and of other old houses in Salisbury as well, but especially this house. The late Rev John Greenly, told my Father, or Mother, when he came to pay a Bill, that this was the very house he lodged at, when he first came to Salisbury, at the very beginning of this century. My Mother remembered when she was a girl 76 or 77 years ago, so I have

(II p 283)

heard her say, was occupied by a person that was a laundress, etc and took in washing. My future destiny is in the hands of the Lord, whether I shall be privileged to end my days here or not, the will of the Lord be done, but I should wish it to be so. As the dear old house is a sacred place to me.

Sheridan & the Boots [joke]

Sheridan & Lord Guildford.

Just after Sheridan had taken a new house, he met Lord Guildford, to whom he said, "Well, all will now go on like clock work." "Aye," said his lordship, "tick, tick."

The Speech of that piously resolved Hugh Grove of Chisenbury, in the parish of Enford and County of Wilts Esquire, beheaded the 16. day of May. 1655. in the Castle at Exon.

[speech from scaffold]

(II p 284)

The Tryal and Illegal Proceedings against the Honourable Col. John Penruddock¹, before the Commissioners of Oyer and Terminer, In the Castle

(II p 285)

Of Exon. April 19.th 1655.

Also the letters betwixt him and his Wife, during the time of his suffering. Together with the true Copy of his Speech on the Scaffold before he was beheaded in the Castle of Exon. the 16.th day of May 1655.

Published by his friends, from his own Papers.

[description of trial, page and half cut out but no loss of text between 287 and 288, . . . quotations from letters]

1 Colonel John Penruddock in 1665 led a disastrous Royalist rising against the Commonwealth. He was executed in Exeter for high treason.

(II p 302)

The Last Moments of King Charles. 1.st

(II p 312)

My Dear Mother's favourite Hymn.

When thou, my righteous judge, shall come,

To fetch thy ransom'd people home,

Shall I among them stand? . . .

[four verses]

(II p 313)

[executions, dates 1649-1658, descriptions, speeches on scaffold etc Sir Henry Slingsby, Rev Dr John Hewyt DD, Col John Gerhard, the Rt Hon James Earl of Derby, Sir Henry Hide (*sic*), Col Eusebius Andrews, Col William Sybbald, Marquess of Montross, Cornet Michael Blackburn, Col John Morris, Arthur Lord Capel, Henry Lord Rich, Earl of Holland, Duke Hamilton]

(II p 327)

'Poetry'

[two verses]

[Poem]

'Mutual Hearts'

[three verses]

(II p 328)

On Fixed Stars . . .

(II p 341)

An Extensive Wardrobe.

The wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth ... [description of her clothes]

Thursday 22nd Sept.

Last Sunday the 18.th Mr. Moody preached at Church St Chapel, in the morning. It was the Anniversary Sermons at the Wesleyan Chapel Fisherton. when the New Minister Mr Roberts, preached twice. I saw Mr Yarham & Miss Baker in the Close, and talked to them, and they were very kind. Mr Yarham had been suffering for some time from indigestion, which made him giddy

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and he told me he could not go to Chapel owing to it, but he said he was much better, and the pain was removed. In the afternoon, I took my usual walk to the dear spot at Britford, and put a small flower on my dear sisters Grave. It was a beautiful day. Met Rev Mr Morres in going, and coming back, and he spake to me very kindly both times. On the Monday following I went to Britford again to mend some windows at Mr Barne's, at the very lower end of the Village. I have been to Britford many times, but never in

my life do I remember going there before, but once, and that was with a friend from harnham, with some boots. between 40 and 50 years ago. But I remember nothing about it, as it was after dark, but I thought it was a long way. Last evening the 21.st I went to Fisherton new School room, there had been a tea meeting previous, and it was a very good meeting afterwards. The Rev Samuel Wesley, from Winchester, was the Star of the evening, and he made a most excellent speech, tho' an oldish man, a decendant of John Wesley. This morning the 22. The Infirmary Patients, with the President. Lord Radnor, Governors, Corporation etc etc will attend at Divine Service at the Cathedral, at 11 oClock. Now I must say a word or two more. I have no work to do, trade seems clean gone, Old friends, and supporters are dead, and the others employ some one else, or have nothing done. I have no prospect for the coming winter.

(II p 343)

I weep when I go to bed, and when I get up. No one to cheer, speak to, or to encourage, when I awake in the night, very anxious to go to sleep again to forget all my anxieties, and fears, Then I am harassed with dreams very often, about work that I cannot do, or other things which is not very comforting. I know not where to get money to pay my brother on Saturday. I must dispose of some of my goods, which I dread to do. The 25£ rent will be due in 2 or 3 days time, and I have not a penny towards it. I am oblig'd to commit a few lines to paper, it relieves me a little, as I have not a friend to speak to, or advise me. But blessed be God I have a friend in him . . . [4 line verse] Amen

A valuable Fresco, has recently been discovered . . . [not local]

(II p 344)

[another joke]

[comment on stability of Church of England, and unity of Church of England and Nonconformism]

Intense Heat in the United States . . .

(II p 347)

[Poem]

'Edwin & Emma'¹. By David Mallett, Esqr. [1705-1765]

[24 verses]

(II p 350)

[comment on God fortifying soul]

1 Edwin & Emma: the poem is available on Googlebooks.

Curiosities of Great Britain. England and Wales Delineated, Historical, Entertaining and Commercial. Alphabetically arranged. Thomas Dugdale 1846. p 247 Bowes, Yorkshire. 'In this village took place the melancholy occurrence which gave rise to the touching and beautiful ballad written by Mallet entitled "*Edwin and Emma*".

(II p 351)

Edwin & Emma, by David Mallett Esqr, is a true story. (Bowes.)
[WS writes out story that led to the ballad – above – 1714-15]

(II p 352)

I am very thankful, that I came across this information, purely by accident, in the History of England & Wales delineated. I allways admired the touching poetry, and can nearly say it from memory.
[signed] W Small 23. Sept. 1881.

(II p 353)

Dr Dodd.
[description of life, trial and death 27 June 1777]

(II p 355)

Saturday 24.th Sep.
Not a pound in the House, and no work to do, obligd to pledge my sister's watch for to pay my brother. Had a difficult job to get a sovereign on it, although it is worth 5. what I shall do next week, is a mystery to me, but by the help of the Lord I shall be brought

(II p 356)

through it. Sunday 24.th Went to Britford as usual, with a flower to the dear family spot, in the Old Church Yard. It was a glorious day, 3 Sundays following. Obligd to put up the umbrella, to shade me, from the fierce rays of the sun, on 2 Sundays following, which is an unusual thing at this season of the year. As I was going down in the third field, a young couple passed by me, and almost touched me, In the same direction as I was going. I did not know who they were, until they had passed by, then I knew the young man. He never spoke to me, but the young woman I will excuse, for I do not know her. But the young man's conduct I cannot forget, for he must have known me, seeing me before him so long. It gave me pain to be used so. I have not the slightest ill will to any person living, I thank God, but would get up any hour of the night to do any one a kindness. I wish I was not so sensitive. It would save me a great deal of pain. For I am constituted so, as to feel pain almost continually in this cold and selfish world. I met Mr & Mrs Morres, the clergyman & his Wife, close against their house, coming from the Church, and they spoke to me very kindly.

Monday 25th, Met Mrs Fullford, Mr Fife & his Wife I think, Mrs Fullford, in her usual kind manner, spoke to me, which gave me comfort.

Tuesday 26. I shall go if please God go [sic] to the Chapel to night. O may I trust in the Lord for ever . . . Amen.

(II p 357)

Winchester.
The last event of importance in the history of this City, was the trial and

execution of Mrs Alicia Lisle, widow of the famous John Lisle, Esqr . . . She was beheaded in September 1685.

Stonehenge.

Sir Edmund Antrobus, Bart, of, Amesbury, has written a letter in regard to the restoration of Stonehenge in which he says . . . [several letters copied out]

(II p 361)

The Country was fully prepared for the news of President Garfield's death. . . .26th Sept 1881 [died 11 weeks after being shot]

Local News.

Salisbury Infirmary. - the Treasurer of this institution announces new subscriptions to the amount of 17£ 17s , . . .donations include a 5£ note from Mr Martin, of Melbourne, in recognition of kindness shown to his uncle.

(II p 362)

Mrs Fowler's legacy¹ of 12,685£. 12s. 11d. has been received from the executors of the Estate, and 100£ from Rev. Geo. Baker's executors.

The Rev. Cannon Millar, vicar of Cirencester, hasn't done at all a bad thing . . . [formerly vicar of living 8,000 population, worth £488] the rev gentleman has been appointed to the rectory of Christian Malford, in this county, a position affording a great deterioration in point of population . . . 800 souls, but possessing a plump living of 800 a year, besides 116 acres of glebe and a rectory house. A pound a year for each inhabitant, beside pleasant quarters and little work! Not bad!

Cremation.

The furnace put up at Gotha in 1878 . . .[details of cremations there]

The collection at Highbury Congregational Chapel, Bristol, . . . £704. 13s

(II p 363)

"Clouds of flying ants" [in Manitoba]

[New York bachelor suggested that thrifty women could make fortune by opening shop for mending]

The Ecumenical Methodist Conference has passed a resolution declaring the manufacture and sale of opium to be a serious drawback to the spread of Christianity in China . . .

1 Mrs Fowler's legacy to Salisbury Infirmary was important for the nursing staff, improving salaries and contributing to their Superannuation Fund

Notes on Widowhood, from the New York correspondent [names of widows who survived their husbands by 40 – 50 years]

(II p 364)

[joke] No doing things by Halves.

Waste Lands.

The waste lands of the United Kingdom cover 31,861,000 acres . . .

(II p 365)

The Population of India.

Blackberries.

. . . [folklore]

(II p 366)

There is also a popular notion, that, when the blossoms of the blackberry are seen at the commencement of June, an early harvest may be expected.

[Poem]

Horace. [Jan 5 1810 T.R. Odes Book II.14]

[5 verses]

(II p 367)

[comment on looking at an image and still seeing it after looking away]

(II p 368)

[Lady painter drew her husband after his death]

[Poem] [hymn by Anne Steele 1716-1778]

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss

Thy sov'reign will denies,

Accepted at the throne of grace,

Let this petition rise:

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,

From every murmur free;

The blessings of thy grace impart,

And make me live to thee.

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine

My life and death attend;

Thy presence thro' my journey shine,

And crown my journey's end.

APPENDIX 1
MARIA SMALL'S WILL

This is the last Will and Testament of me Maria Small of New Street Salisbury in the County of Wilts widow. I appoint my daughter Henrietta Small and my friend John Hibberd of Salisbury Publican Executrix and Executor of this my will and direct that they do as soon as conveniently may be after my decease get in all monies owing to me and thereout pay all my just debts, funeral and testamentary expenses and should there be any proceeds then I give the same together with all my real and personal estate (except my wearing apparel and all my books which I hereby give to my said daughter for her own use) unto my said Executrix and Executor Upon trust that they apply the same in continuing the business of a Plumber, Painter and Glazier which I now carry on for the term of twelve calendar months from the time of my decease for the mutual benefit of my children who shall survive me. But should it so happen that at any time during that period my children should disagree and my said Executor find it unpleasant or impracticable to continue the business then and in that case I give full power to him my said Executor to bring the same to a close and immediately thereafter to dispose of the whole of my real and personal estate in any way he shall think best and to divide the proceeds after paying unto my son George a legacy of Five pounds in addition to his share of my residuary estate and all necessary expenses equally between such of my said children living at the time of such division to and for their own use.

And my particular wish is that during the time my business shall be continued as aforesaid that my said daughter shall be permitted to reside in the house I now occupy rent free and have the use of the whole of the articles and furniture therein without interruption in any way by either of her brothers and in addition to such permission shall be allowed out of the profits of the said business for her own use a weekly allowance of four shillings independent of her share of my residuary estate to which she will be entitled.

I revoke all former wills.

In witness whereof I the said Maria Small have hereunto set my hand this twenty-third day of February one thousand eight hundred and sixty six.

Signed 23 February 1866

Maria Small died 13 June 1877

Will proved 11 August 1877 on oath of Henrietta Small daughter surviving executrix to whom administration was granted. Estate under £300.

[WSA P31/1/20, 1877/212: Will of Maria Small]

APPENDIX 2

INQUEST ON DEATH OF MARTHA COURTENAY

DISTRESSING SUICIDE – an inquest was heard yesterday (Friday) at the council Chamber, before Dr. Young, city coroner, on the body of Martha Courtenay, wife of Mr. J. D. Courtenay, of High-street, in this city. The deceased, who was 55 years of age, had been away for some weeks for a change of air, and had not returned many days before she committed suicide. According to the evidence of Miss Rebecca Ellen Courtenay, sister-in-law of the deceased, it appeared that she partook of her tea as usual on Thursday evening about ten minutes to six o'clock, with the rest of the household, and there was nothing in her appearance to lead to the suspicion that she was about to commit suicide. After tea she left the table, and went, as witness thought, into the sitting-room, with Mr. Courtenay's mother. This, however, was not the case, for shortly afterwards witness having occasion to see her on some domestic business, and not finding her in the sitting-room, called for her several times at the bottom of the staircase. Receiving no reply, she went up to her bedroom, where she found deceased lying on the floor in a pool of blood, her throat being cut from ear to ear. She had often heard her complain of a burning pain in the chest, sometimes in the head, but never knew her to be in a depressed state of mind.

Mr. W. D. Wilkes, surgeon, stated that he had attended the deceased occasionally during the past five years. When first he visited her she was suffering from nervous asthma. He had attended her in March during the present year, at which time, she complained of an unpleasant taste in her mouth, which she attributed to her teeth, and wished him to extract them. This he refused to do as the greater part of them were sound, and he merely extracted a few stumps. Subsequently she complained of a great difficulty in swallowing, and he found there was no stoppage whatever. He was of opinion that the poor woman was hypochondriacal, and full of fancies that she was suffering from all kinds of complaints, whereas there was no cause whatever for such a feeling. He had not seen her since the 18th of May, when she left Salisbury on a visit to her niece. He had told Mr. Courtenay, some months' since, his opinion of the state of his wife's mind, and cautioned him not to leave her too much by herself. Her complaint did not amount to actual insanity, but was on the verge of it. He believed the sudden impulse was so strong upon her that she was unable to resist it. She had carried it out in the most determined manner. He informed the jury that deceased's sister had committed suicide some twenty years ago, a fact which many of them seemed to remember. One of the jurymen said he had worked at deceased's house for some months, and had had opportunities of witnessing her manner. She had

been often heard to say that her husband's mother and sister should never be allowed at her house, and he was afraid that the sudden excitement might have arisen from their being present. The first witness was, he believed, a person who had never been on very intimate terms with the deceased. The Coroner was most anxious that the jury should exercise great care before coming to their verdict. In his opinion, the most important evidence to guide them was that of Mr. Wilkes, which certainly pointed in the direction of insanity . . . the jury shortly afterwards returned a verdict of "Temporary insanity." The jury, of whom Mr. George Sydenham was foreman, gave their fees to the Salisbury Infirmary . . . , the razor with which the deed was committed was handed to Superintendent White, in order that it might be destroyed.

[*Salisbury Journal* 27 July 1872]

APPENDIX 3

INQUEST ON DEATH OF ELIZABETH SMALL

SMALL. – Aug. 26, at 23, Brown-street, Elizabeth Small, youngest daughter of the late Richard Sutton, of Trinity-street, aged 55.

[*Salisbury Times* 28 August 1875]

SUDDEN DEATH

Yesterday (Friday) afternoon at the Council House an inquest was held on the body of Elizabeth Small, aged 55, who died at her residence, 23, Brown-street, on the preceding evening. Mr. Dare was chosen foreman of the jury, and Mr. G Smith was the coroner. After the jury had viewed the body, the following evidence was adduced.

William Small said: The deceased was my wife and she was 55 years old last April. I last saw her alive on Thursday evening at ten minutes to five o'clock. She was then in bed; she had been very poorly all the week. She had not been attended by any medical man although she had complained for some time of shortness of breath when she was going up stairs or when she was excited. She had had some medicine from Mr. Buckland, chemist, Catherine-street; it was the same sort she had had before. The medicine produced was the remains of that supplied. I left my wife alone as she had a great objection to have anyone in the house. I returned at about half-past seven o'clock and then I found the front door fastened as she had asked me before I went out. I found the water in the closet was running.

On entering the house I said according to my usual habit, "Well my dear, how do you feel now?" And receiving no reply I went upstairs. I looked on the bed first thing, expecting to see her there, but she was lying on her back on the floor; I felt her and she was warm. I went immediately to my sister in New-street, and she came with me quickly. I then went to Mr. Winzar, surgeon, and returned with him.

The Coroner: Can you tell us whether she took any of this medicine in your absence?

Witness: I can't tell that. She would often have a drop of it. She would drink a great deal; she was very thirsty.

Mr. John Winzar, surgeon, said: I was called just before eight o'clock by the last witness to visit the deceased and I found her on the floor. She had no raiment on excepting her chemise. The body was slightly warm, but she was quite dead; her countenance was quite placid showing that there had been no struggling. On examining the body I found no marks of violence. I have since then had a conversation with members of the family with respect to

her health and previous habits. I find that she has suffered from chest disease and I have no doubt that death resulted from natural causes.

The Coroner in addressing the jury said there was only one point which was not perfectly clear and that was in reference to the medicine. They might have it analysed if they liked, or they could call Mr. Buckland.

Mr. Winzar said that he had no doubt from the smell that it would be a proper medicine to give the deceased for the complaint under which she suffered.

The jury then returned a verdict to the effect that death had resulted from natural causes.

[*Salisbury Times* 28 August 1875]

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