FRAM

The Journal of The Framlingham & District Local History & Preservation Society

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Heir of Antiquity! - fair castle Town,
Rare spot of beauty, grandeur, and renown,
Seat of East-Anglian kings! - proud child of fame,
Hallowed by time, illustrious Framlinghame!

From: *Framlingham: a Narrative of the Castle,*
by James Bird (1831)

CONTENTS

We were saddened to lose as our President, after only one year, The Earl of Cranbrook. However, he had indicated to us that with his many other commitments, both in London and in Suffolk, he hardly felt able to give the time commitment to the Society that he felt that it had a right to expect (Your Editor, wearing one of his other hats, is only too well aware of the Earl of Cranbrook's close and continuing work in the museums' domain – long may it continue!)

As his successor, we welcome Canon David Pitcher, elected at the Society's Annual General Meeting on 20th October. As well as being an inspiring and deeply pastoral incumbent of our very own St. Michael's, Framlingham, for fifteen years, from 1976 to 1991, David has clearly demonstrated over that time, and since, his strong commitment to being a hands-on local historian. His book *All Change for Framlingham* – an account of our railway branch and its impact on the town – is still available from local outlets; he has also produced an invaluable synopsis of the contents of our local newspaper, *The Framlingham Weekly News*, a copy of which is available for consultation at the Lanman Museum at the Castle; and, not least, he has examined and sorted records at Church and Rectory relating to both Parish and Church.

We are deeply privileged to have him with us, as President and as a member of the Society's Executive Committee.

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Editor : M. V. Roberts, 43 College Road, Framlingham

Chemistry and biology are about facts, physics and mathematics are about theorems, politics is about presumptions, history is about conjectures.

Who said that?

Two issues ago, I referred in a footnote to that fascinating article by our Trustee Tony Martin, entitled "Bombs in College Road", to the local myth that that German bomber pilot who attacked Framlingham in 1940 was in fact a former student at Framlingham College, who was attempting to destroy the place where he had suffered as a schoolboy!

Several years ago, in an occasional series that I wrote for *Fram* 3rd Series, "Popular Legends", I looked at the tradition that the railway from Campsea Ashe to Framlingham was originally intended to be the first part of a much grander scheme going westward to Laxfield and beyond.

In a second item, I questioned whether the Assembly Hall in Church Street, Framlingham had really been built (as had been claimed by, among others, an eminent local historian) to accommodate troops returning from the Western Front in the First World War.

Looking back to my youth in my own home town, Waltham Abbey, there is in the Abbey Fields there, an ancient stone bridge over a little river that has been referred to by countless generations of local people as Harold's Bridge, even though it is an established fact, on the basis of physical evidence, that the bridge was built several hundred years after King Harold caught it in the eye at the Battle of Hastings.

All this is emphatically *not* to belittle the value and relevance to us as historians and students of history of popular myth and legend, but rather to assert the contrary, that those "folk memories" have immense value and relevance in the history of a community, as a part of its collective consciousness as a perception of its past.

In contrast to this, the historical researcher (particularly, until quite recently, the academic researcher) may at times have been rather too credulous, even precious, as to the definitive value of *primary* documentary evidence, that is, data derived from archives generated at the time that events, discussions, decisions occurred. It is all too easy to go on from this, to assume that "facts" derived from sources such as these are the only valid working materials for serious historical research.

In this context, it can be all too easy to forget that that "primary source material" would itself have been created by an individual person – recorder, observer, etc. – and thus its contents and import might well have been coloured (corrupted?) by that person's own individual perceptions, loyalties, and prejudices. A decade or two ago, surprise was expressed by researchers about the figures quoted in certain UK Census Statistical Tables for a certain geographical area, in relation to the number of households stated to have indoor toilets. (The figure had certainly shot up in comparison with that given ten years before!). It transpired that an over-zealous Census enumerator had decided that the information provided to him by local inhabitants could hardly have been true – "obviously they misunderstood the question", he would have said – so he conscientiously doctored the figures accordingly. Much more recently, questions have been

raised about the accuracy of figures generated by our latest UK Census: other local factors may have corrupted these in certain geographical areas. In my own sphere of interest, the history of the City of London, I have significant doubts about factual details given in certain Livery Company and Ward Club minutes from years long past. In each case the minute-taker had his own pre-conceptions and prejudices – he wrote down what he wished to believe had been said, and when those same minutes were considered in draft, amended and approved by other members of the Company or Club, a further, collective, agenda came into play.

All this meditation is not intended to denigrate the written testimony that has come down to us, or, indeed, historical evidence as a whole, as a vehicle to our understanding of what happened and why it happened in the past; merely to suggest that that understanding should of necessity be derived from many sources, verbal and written, all with their own validity, their own parameters (defined or implicit), and their own limitations. None are pronouncements *ex cathedra*, but all have value to historian and student. And by no means the least of these inputs, are the beliefs/legends of individuals and communities, "true" or false. Pontius Pilate asked "what is Truth?". If we are exploring the evolution of a community over time, what were its driving forces, what did it feel like to live within it, we become immersed in a process of assimilating, combining, and second-guessing from so many disparate sources – a process of "conjecture".

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And another thing. I was waiting to meet somebody in a pub in Worcester a few weeks ago, when a large framed photograph hung on the wall there caught my eye. Said to depict Worcester's City centre in 1912, it had been enlarged to A2 size, with hardly any loss in contrast and detail (it even challenged comparison with the digitized images received via the Internet today). And what a revelation, as one examined each part of that photograph. There were those incredibly ugly awnings over most of the shops. The signboards for public houses and shops were faded and shabby (*see* in this context the introduction to Andrew Lovejoy's article on Framlingham in 1900, in our Millennium issue). Everyone, male and female, young and old, was wearing headgear. There were, of course, crowds of people, but very few vehicles, horsedrawn or otherwise.

But what really impressed me was what a wealth of contextual information that that photograph conveyed, the gut-feeling as to what life was about in a medium-sized urban community just before the Great War. To take only one delicious example, in the foreground of the photograph, there is a small swarthy police officer, standing to attention as he is urbanely interrogated about who knows what by a large well-dressed elderly gentleman – the photograph is in black and white, but one can almost detect the old boy's pink plump features. Such an awareness of a whole social ambience could barely have been gleaned in part and with difficulty from written documentary records generated at that time.

THE LAST OF THE KILDERBEES

By C. W. Seely

Someone said to me recently "What was a Kilderbee?" – imagining it to be an extinct species of some kind. The unusual surname, not now, I think, surviving, made me want to find out more about a family which, as it turned out, was of importance in Framlingham from about the sixteen-sixties to the end of the eighteenth century. One member of it became celebrated, not to say notorious, a lot later, but in a very different setting.[1]

There are at least five Kilderbee "remains" which anyone can see at the present day. The first of these is the wood, about a mile east of Framlingham, still marked on the larger scale O.S. maps as Kilderbee's Grove (and it was so marked in 1783)[2]. Next is the memorial to Samuel Kilderbee on the north wall of the chancel of Great Glemham Church. Then the tombstone of John Kilderbee, the only Kilderbee stone now clearly legible, under the East window of St. Michael's church here in Framlingham. Then Great Glemham House. And lastly, the most important memorial of the family, the Mansion House on Market Hill, Framlingham.

As to the main sources for this article, they are David Elisha Davy, the antiquarian of Grove Park, Yoxford, who died in 1851 and whose memorial can be seen in Yoxford Church[3], John Cordy Jeaffreson (born 1831)[4], son of the famous Framlingham surgeon of that name; and Joseph Hodskinson, whose map of Suffolk was published in 1783.[5]

As regards the early Kilderbees, Jeaffreson tells how a young Londoner called Francis Kilderbee came to Framlingham in the summer of 1667, and attempted to set up in business as a woollen-draper, but was indicted at Woodbridge Sessions in October of that year for having set up in business without having first served an apprenticeship, was fined, and then set up instead at Wickham Market[6]. Davy, however, shows that at least one generation of Kilderbees was already established in Framlingham[7], and the church registers bear him out[8]. There are, in fact, no less than fifty-eight Kilderbee entries in the registers of St. Michael's Church, Framlingham. There is also a Robert Kilderby, recorded in Holbrook in 1524[9]. However, the relationships earlier than Francis (born 1667) are conjectural rather than fact.

Francis Kilderbee (1630-1696) was the founder of the family fortunes. The building on the Market Hill which we call the Mansion House is at heart an early timber and plaster structure, refaced with tiles to simulate brick at a date which Pevsner gives as 1660-70[10]. (This alone would serve to disprove Jeaffreson's account). I would have put the facing a bit later, even to 1690. There is a reference to Francis in Hawes/Loder, in 1686, where he is given the suffix gen. (generosus = gentleman)[11], and in the same year his name appears in a conveyance of what is now Regency House, as being the owner of a "messuage" to the West of it. The Mansion House was Simon Pulham's in 1564, and it then passed to the Alexanders, who sold it to Francis Kilderbee in 1674. The interesting point is that Thomas Alexander (died 1664) was the first Steward of the Manors of Framlingham and Saxtead, to Sir Robert Hitcham, Knight, and the Master, Fellows and Scholars of Pembroke-Hall[12]. So it looks as if the most important building on the Market Hill was, anciently, the Steward's House.

The story of the Kilderbees from then on is that of wealthy mercers, marrying well in each generation, and making enough money out of their business to buy land, and so gradually becoming a landed family. Francis Kilderbee, who was born in 1667, married Elizabeth, the daughter and heiress of the Ipswich apothecary, Samuel Dover, who was probably the brother of Thomas, the inventor of Dover's Powder (ipecacuanha/opium)[13]. After his marriage, Francis quartered the arms of Dover with his own.

The information which as modern historians we would most like to have had is about the day-to-day running of the family business. I think they lived "over the shop", as the doorway into the churchyard has a heading over it of (apparently) the same date as the refronting, and its rather splendid style

seems to indicate the large family proceeding to, and returning from, church. Mercers did get rich: Sir Thomas Kytson, the builder of splendid Hengrave Hall, was a mercer.[14]

Francis Kilderbee is mentioned in two important places in Hawes/Loder: in Thomas Mills' Will of 8th January 1703, he is named second, (after Jasper Goodwyn) and as "mercer"[15], and in 1708 he is listed second (after John Coggeshall, to whom he was related, by marriage) as a subscriber to the erection of the Pembroke organ.[16]

Francis Kilderbee died in 1728, possessed of land in and around Framlingham, which may be identified in Hawes/Loder[17]. Of his large family, Samuel, born in 1703, was the one who succeeded to his father's property. Samuel (the first) also married well: his wife Alethea was the daughter of Robert Sparrow of Kettleburgh (whose name appears across Kettleburgh on Hodskinson as principal landowner)[18]. Mrs. Samuel claimed to remember, in her old age, how in 1745, when Prince Charles Edward's Highlanders were as far south as Derby, and King George II had the royal yacht in readiness on the Thames for instant departure, the inhabitants of Framlingham opened the vault under the Surrey tomb and there buried their valuables, which were retrieved later.[19]

Samuel died in 1777, and in his will, made in that year, he made special provision for his niece Alethea Brereton. But the interest of his will lies more in the specification of "my House in Framlingham in my own occupation – the Farm and lands in Framlingham aforesaid – and in Cransford and Parham."[20]

Samuel the second went into the Law. After his early training, he built up a successful practice in Ipswich, becoming Town Clerk in 1755 when he was only thirty years of age, and holding the position until 1767.[21] His chambers were in Queen Street in 1778 and "St. Nicholas" in 1884.[22]

Samuel became an intimate friend of Thomas Gainsborough, who had a studio in Foundation Street, Ipswich, from 1752 to 1759.[23] During this period Gainsborough was painting many of the most distinguished people in Suffolk and in the whole country: Admiral Edward Vernon, the Hon. Richard Savage Kilderbee and his wife Mary. Mary Wayth, as she was before her marriage, was the daughter of Daniel Wayth of Great Glemham (then called North Glemham), and his name appears across the village on Hodskinson's map as "principal landowner".

In those days the Ancient House in Ipswich (Sparrowe's House) was an inn,[24] and the Ipswich Music Club used to meet there regularly. Gainsborough painted a fine picture of the Club (now lost) and this is said to have included Samuel.

Their friendship was kept up during the rest of Gainsborough's life. When he visited Ipswich in later years he stayed with the Kilderbees, and in 1783 the two men went on a sketching tour of the Lake District.[25] In the same year he painted The Mall in St. James' Park, a picture which Samuel eventually bought. Samuel's admiration for Gainsborough's work was very real, and he possessed many more of his paintings. When Thomas Gainsborough died in 1788, Samuel was his executor. Gainsborough's letters to Samuel Kilderbee had survived at the time when his first biography was written, but were later destroyed:

> ... According to a contemporary account they were "brilliant but eccentric and too licentious to be published" ...[26]

Samuel's industry (he worked in his legal practice till he was seventy) made him very rich. He became Steward of the Manors of Framlingham and Saxtead in 1776 and held the dignity until his death in 1813 – the longest serving Steward since 1635.[27] In 1787 he bought the manor of Great Glemham.

There was another side to Samuel Kilderbee, and it may be that some of this wealth was ill-gotten. In those days Ipswich was not entirely a place of straight dealing. Lilian Redstone, writing about the 1750s:

> The next 100 years saw Ipswich struggling with apathy, decay and corruption.[28]

Samuel Kilderbee's plans at Great Glemham appear to have been ambitious and far-reaching.[29] In 1795 he is said to have built The Grove (Mr. Close-Brooks' house), and at some time before 1813 to have obtained Acts of Parliament for the alteration of the road from Sweffling to Great Glemham. The old road is shown on Hodskinson (1783), and a very winding lane it is. The new road runs dead straight for exactly half a mile, then sweeps round to the east after a slight change of direction west. There are traces of the old road still to be seen in Lord Cranbrook's woods. Had Samuel Kilderbee lived longer he might have found ways to straighten out the Framlingham-Saxmundham road (the B1119), which must be one of the most tortuous roads in the county!

His aim was, of course, to find room to create a park in which to set Great Glemham House.[30] Accounts of the building of the house are very contradictory. George Crabbe jun., writing the life of his father, the poet, states categorically that "in the lowest ground stood the commodious mansion" [the old Great Glemham Hall], which the owner, Mr. Dudley North (of Glemham Hall proper) had let to his father at a specially low rental. The Crabbes removed to this house in 1796 and stayed four or five years. And in a note after referring to this house being now levelled to the ground, he adds:

> A new and elegant mansion has been built on the hill, by Dr. Kilderbe [*sic i.e.* Kilderbee], who bought the estate.[31]

Yet at the back of the house, high up in a prominent position, appears the stone shewing the date of the earlier house, 1708, and underneath "Rebuilt 1814. On this site S.K.". It depends upon the stress given to the word "this".[32]

I have involved Samuel Kilderbee II in the planning and construction of Great Glemham House because, despite his advanced age – he was 87 when he died in 1813 – he was the one who would have known how to get the road diverted, which surely must have preceded the building work. In addition, foundations for a building of this size were commonly left to settle for six months at least. So I think the work was at least begun in his lifetime.

When Samuel Kilderbee I died in 1777, his property devolved upon his two surviving sons (his second son Dover had died in 1759[33]). His third son John thus inherited the Framlingham business, but the eldest son Samuel had some share in the Mansion House, for it is said that the two brothers detested each other, and even built a wall down the middle of the garden so that they would not have to see each other, having first divided the house into two sections.[34]

I had been given the impression that all the Kilderbees had been mightily prosperous,[35] so I was surprised when I tracked down John's humble little gravestone, in the ground under the East window of St. Michael's. I had expected a florid eighteenth-century altar-tomb at the least.

John Kilderbee's will, made in December 1788,[36] gives some indication of what had happened to cause this. He was bankrupt by this time, and had been unable to pay his creditors more than two shillings and sixpence in the pound. The shop property must still have been his, as he refers in a general way to "Lands, Houses, Shops". There is an indication that his creditors were too hard on him in his intention not to allow them any interest on the debts, also that there was money owing to him which might yet be paid.

It seems strange that his elder brother did not come forward with help. Or he may have offered help which John was too proud to accept. At any rate, the first of John's bequests is

> I give to my nephew the Reverend Samuel Kildberbee of Campsey Ash my Black Fiddle and my Red Fiddle ...

Jasper Peirson was one of the witnesses to this will. John died in 1794, and long after, Peirson became the owner of the Mansion House property, in 1816.

Samuel II had two children only, in contrast to the large families of his forebears. His daughter Rebecca Mary is mentioned in John's will. But there is much more to say about his son ...

Samuel Kilderbee D.D., always referred to as The Reverend Dr. Kilderbee, was born about 1758. He took Orders as a young man, and was rector of Campsea-Ash 1784-1817, Easton 1817-1847, and of

Trimley in 1787.[37] He married Caroline, widow of George Waddington, an army officer, and daughter of Samuel Horsey of Bury St. Edmunds. He had one son, who was christened Spencer Horsey Kilderbee.[38]

Jeaffreson's description of Dr. Kilderbee is a very full one; but it cannot be denied that there is a definite animus shown towards the social rise of the family.

> A clever, well-looking, well-bred, fairly beneficed and very amusing clergyman, the Reverend Samuel Kilderbee, D.D. was a rich man, who for many years made the people of the Suffolk Woodland imagine him a far wealthier man than he really was.[39]

Jeaffreson refers to a man intimate with the noble families of Suffolk, who was not too proud to acknowledge his family's trade background in Framlingham; he then goes on to say:

> Popular with the chiefs of his native county, with the small landowners, whether they bore arms or had no heraldic cognizances, the amiable and amusing clergyman had no serious failing, apart from the vanity that impelled him to build and live so much beyond his means, that he would have fallen into indigence in his old age, had he not been preserved from so hard a fate by his wife's jointure, which enabled him to pass his closing years in comfortable, albeit straitened, circumstances at West Cowes in the Isle of Wight, where he died in September 1847, in the eighty-ninth year of his age.

But while he was still at Great Glemham, or as Jeaffreson rather spitefully puts it "while he was still in the enjoyment of his transient glory",[40] his son married, in February 1824, Lady Louisa Rous, daughter of Lord Stradbroke. The young couple soon after went to live in London: their first child, a daughter, being born in December 1824, and their two sons in 1826 and 1827.

At some time in the next few years, the Rev. Samuel must have experienced some financial disaster. In 1829, the house and park was sold to a Mr. John Moseley. What is worse, a great deal of Samuel's personal property seems to have come under the hammer also.[41]

In Clarke's *History of Ipswich*, the name of Kilderbee does not appear in the index, but under Gainsborough a note adds:

> Many of his early productions are scattered over the county, several of which were lately sold at the sale of the Rev. Dr. Kilderbee's effects.

The word "effects" seems to imply death or disappearance.[42] However, the land remained in the family much longer. White's 1844 directory, with careful choice of word, says that Spencer is "considered" lord of the manor, and that he is owner of the Hall and "Poads" [*sic i.e.* Pound] Farms.[43] The land in the parish of Parham is also his in the late 1850s. The tradition is that Little Lonely Farm was the last piece of property in Suffolk which he owned.[44]

Spencer does not actually seem to have been short of money, so I would hazard a guess that old Samuel left property to him directly on his death in 1813, and that as a result he was not immediately affected by his father's financial collapse. He may, personally, have felt that he had more in common with his mother's family than his father's. He may also have felt that, now that the Framlingham business was no more, it was time to forget about the generations of worthy drapers on Market Hill. The most likely supposition is that there was a conditional bequest from his grandfather Samuel Horsey, who held the position of Bath King of Arms in the Heralds' Office, who was a genealogist, and who could trace his family back a very long way indeed. Whatever the reasons, he did, on 20th April 1832, receive the Royal licence and authority

> that he the said S. H. Kilderbee and his issue may take the surname of De Horsey, in lieu of that of Kilderbee, and bear the arms of Horsey".[45]

With that event we might think that the story of the Kilderbees had come to an end, but as Spencer and Lady Louisa's three children were approximately five, six and seven years old at the time of the change of surname, and as their only daughter and eldest child lived until March 1915, I believe I am justified in calling *her* "the last of the Kilderbees". With their two sons, Algernon and William, I do not mean to deal, except to say that the De Horseys now living are descended from either or both of the two brothers, and that both had long and honourable careers in the Services as

Admiral Sir Algernon De Horsey[46] and Lieutenant Colonel William De Horsey respectively.[47] They, therefore, cannot be the object of Jeaffreson's parting shot, "I forbear to say more of the social story of the De Horseys".[48]

I have read those last words many times during the past twenty years, without in the least understanding of their significance. Now, of course, it is clear to me that he was referring to Adeline De Horsey. At the same time, I think he was very wise to pursue the matter no further, especially as he was foolish enough to spell out his address: 134 Portsdown Mansions, Portsdown Road, Maida Vale, in his book.[49] (The Countess, as she then was (twice over) was quite capable of sending round some of her friends to his residence and making things very unpleasant for him).

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The story of the last of the Kilderbees begins in the London of the eighteen-thirties. It must be understood that the young Kilderbees, or De Horseys as they were after 1832, were very definitely in the smart set, living in Mayfair, first in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, and then at 8 Upper Grosvenor Street.[50]

Adeline Louisa Maria was born on 24th December 1824, in the reign of George IV. One of her early memories was that of attending a children's party at St. James' Palace, which King William IV and Queen Adelaide gave for their niece Princess Victoria. Being sleepy towards the end of the evening, and longing for "her cosey bed at home", she found a large gilt chair, upholstered in red brocade, climbed up into it and was soon fast asleep. Fortunately His Majesty was greatly amused when the little girl was discovered occupying his own chair.[51]

Adeline was presented at Court in February 1842, and shortly after that she attended the Queen and Prince Albert's fancy-dress ball where her mama received many compliments on her appearance.

By all accounts, Spencer and Lady Louisa were very affectionate parents, and much more natural with their children than was usual at that time. Lady Louisa was remembered as being the stronger character of the two, and supplying a determination which the good-natured Spencer lacked. Her early death, in March 1843, of scarlet fever, was a blow from which the family never recovered.

After her mother's death, Adeline kept house for the family at Upper Grosvenor Street. When her two brothers went away to begin their Army and Navy careers, she found the time occasionally hung heavy on her hands, and

> I welcomed any excitement as a break in the monotony ... One day my maid told me about a fortune-teller who had a wonderful gift for predicting the future. I was very much interested ... My maid attempted to dissuade me, saying that the woman lived in Bridge Street, Westminster, which was not at all a nice neighbourhood.
> I have always had my own way and, disguised in a borrowed cloak, bonnet and thick veil, and accompanied by a protesting servant, I started off to Bridge Street late one November afternoon. It was dusk when we reached Westminster and found Bridge Street, badly lighted and evil-smelling. We knocked at the door ... and we were ushered through a dark passage into a dirty room reeking of tobacco.
> The fortune-teller was a wrinkled old woman who was smoking a short clay pipe with evident enjoyment. When I told her what I had come for, she produced a greasy pack of cards, and after I had "crossed her palm" she commenced to tell my future.
> Ah, said she at last ... my pretty young lady, fate holds a great deal in store for you. You will not marry for several years, but when you do it will be to a widower – a man in a high position. You will suffer much unkindness before you experience real happiness, you will obtain much and lose much, you will marry again after your husband's death, and you will live to a great age.
> I was a little disappointed, for like most girls I had my day-dreams of a young husband, and the prospect of a widower was thus rather depressing.

Writing half a century later, she lists seven widowers with children, who she claims to have proposed to her: Lord Sherborne, the Duke of Leeds, Christopher Maunsell Talbot, Prince Soltykoff, the Duke of St. Albans, Harry Howard, and Benjamin Disraeli. (Letters have survived, however, to prove that it was

she who pursued Disraeli).

The painful truth is that young ladies were supposed to get married earlier in life rather than later. After twenty-five years of age, you ran the risk of being referred to as "on the shelf". In addition, the number of eligible young members of the nobility was finite, that is to say those who were not dying of drink or of nameless diseases.

It was said that in a Victorian lady's drawing room two large books occupied a prominent position on a chenille-covered table. One was, of course, the Bible. The other was the *Complete Peerage.* Only, it was never quite clear which of the two was the more important!

In 1849 Miss De Horsey's engagement was announced in the *Morning Post,* to Carlos Luis Fernando de Bourbon, Count de Montemolin, the eldest son of the first Don Carlos, the legitimate claimant to the Spanish throne on the death of his brother Fernando VII in 1833. In 1845, his father had abdicated his claim to his eldest son, who came to England in 1848 and attempted to obtain support for a Carlist rising in Spain. He met Miss De Horsey: they fell violently in love and their engagement was announced. Old Lord Brougham went down on his knees to her saying "Let me be the first to kneel to the future Queen of Spain". It did seem for a short while, as though the former Miss Kilderbee might have come to sit one day on the Spanish throne.

(Curiously enough, Adeline was rather Spanish in appearance. She could also play the guitar, and sing most beautifully. She spoke French, German, Italian and Spanish. She was an excellent horsewoman. And finally, she was ravishingly beautiful).

But the Spanish marriage never came off. Spencer De Horsey, finding that the marriage would not be valid or legal under Spanish law, wrote to the Count, on his daughter's behalf, with her consent, to decline the proposal. Shortly after this, a deputation consisting of Lord Stradbroke, Lord Combermere and Don Francisco Merry brought Miss De Horsey a document to sign, in their presence, in which she resigned all idea of marrying the Count. They also required her to give up all his love-letters. But one of them was not given up ...

Years later, in January 1857, Spencer De Horsey and his daughter Adeline formed part of a house-party at Deene Park, Northamptonshire, the family seat of that Lord Cardigan who had been the hero heading the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava in October 1854.

> ... He entered the army in 1824, and as lieutenant colonel ... made himself one of the most unpopular officers in the army. Within two years he held 105 courts-martial, and made more than 700 arrests ... in 1840 he fought a duel with one of his own officers ... In 1854 ... [he] was appointed to the command of the light cavalry brigade ...[52]

It is difficult to sum up Cardigan's character, and his conduct at Balaclava is still in dispute.[53] He was undoubtedly a martinet, arrogant and domineering beyond belief, and possessed of a violent temper, but fearless, courageous and determined that his regiment also should be the finest in the British Army.

His private life was unhappy. He had married in 1826 Mrs Johnstone (born Elizabeth Tollemache) – she had eloped with him and her husband had divorced her. They were separated in 1845 on account of her affair with Lord Colville, but both had been unfaithful. She was now a very sick woman.

In 1857 Lord Cardigan was 60. Miss Adeline De Horsey was 33. Though he had formerly visited her parents' house, and known her as a child, he now saw her beauty for the first time, and fell passionately in love with her. When the De Horseys returned to London, Lord Cardigan followed them. He rode with Miss De Horsey in the Park every day. With her constantly, people began to talk. Her easy-going father realised that things had gone much too far. At a family meeting he threatened to close the London house and take Adeline to live in the country. Her brothers also accused her of making herself notorious. Things were said that were never to be forgotten or forgiven. Adeline then left Upper Grosvenor Street for ever, and took the lease of a small house in Norfolk Street, Park Lane. By her own account, she induced her father's valet, Matthews, to come with three other servants ("I had my own income"). She was now free to see Lord Cardigan as often as she liked. It was widely supposed that they were living together. Adeline did not care what people thought: she defied the unwritten rules of

Society; but she found out the hard way that these things did matter.

> On the morning of July 12, 1858, I was awakened by a loud knocking at the front door – it was not yet seven o'clock. It was Lord Cardigan.
>
> "My dearest, she's dead – let's get married at once"
>
> But I refused to marry Cardigan until some time had elapsed.

It was thought inappropriate that the wedding should take place in England, so they sailed in Lord Cardigan's yacht to Gibraltar, where the ceremony was performed in the Military Chapel.[54] A leisurely wedding tour of Spain and Italy followed: the Holy Father received them in the Vatican and gave them a signed photograph of himself; and they had a pleasant stay in Paris before returning home to England. They reached Northamptonshire on December 14th 1858, and six hundred of Lord Cardigan's tenants, on horseback, escorted their carriage from the railway station to Deene Park.

Lord Cardigan's property was very large. In 1863 it consisted of 7210 acres in Northants, 2931 in Leicestershire and 5583 in the West Riding of Yorkshire, total 15,724 acres, worth then £35,357 a year.[55]

He did everything that he could to make her happy. He bought a house in Scotland for her, and built a ballroom at Deene seventy feet long. But the one thing he could not give her was social recognition.

Queen Victoria was the first to show her displeasure. A painting, by James Sant, showing Lord Cardigan explaining to the Royal Family the course of the Balaclava Charge, has a gap in the middle, formerly occupied by a portrait of Her Majesty. The Queen ordered her figure to be painted out, as she did not wish to be painted in the same picture with a person of immoral life. Large numbers of Society and county people followed this lead, and many grand houses were closed to the Cardigans. Applications from Lord Cardigan for the Lord-Lieutenancy of the county of Northampton were routinely dismissed. Cardigan was reduced to writing pathetic letters to his relations: "Do please visit my wife – she has been a very good little wife to me". One of his sisters, Lady Charlotte Stuart (I think) wrote back with the peculiar callousness of evangelical Christians "My dear Cardigan, you should be thinking of the hereafter".

It is difficult to say whether the ten years of their married life were happy, Cecil Woodham Smith obviously does not think so:

> The second Lady Cardigan turned out to be a very strange person indeed. She filled Deene Park with a certain kind of racing society. The County was scandalised by her daring clothes, by her Spanish dancing and the freedom of her conversation; and one at least of Lord Cardigan's sisters was forbidden by her husband to enter Deene Park. "It is an infamous house" he said ...
>
> Lord Cardigan ... was extremely jealous, and for years refused to allow his wife to be taken down to dinner by any other man. She was equally jealous, and especially detested the memory of the first Lady Cardigan. One day she was seen to snatch a miniature of her predecessor from a table and grind it to powder beneath her heel. The servants at Deene said the old man was frightened of her and that, when in a rage, she threw plates at him.[56]

And yet Violet Powell, writing about her, says that she and Lord Cardigan were both temperamental people who were very well suited to each other, and that if he had met her earlier, his whole life would have been different.

It was a great sadness to the Cardigans that they could not have children. When the villagers at Deene, one Christmas, put up in the church the text "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given", he is supposed to have shouted: "Take that down at once: it is an insult to Her Ladyship".

Cardigan died, in March 1868, after a fall from his horse.

> For three dreadful days and nights he lay quite unconscious, gasping for breath. But mercifully his suffering was not prolonged.

Lady Cardigan says, not quite correctly:

> When the will was read, it was found that he had left everything to me.

It was actually left in trust.

There is an ugly picture of Lady Ailesbury, Cardigan's former mistress and Adeline's deadly enemy, on a visit to Deene after the Earl's death:

> One day when I returned from riding, I found her in the library ransacking my husband's papers. I asked her what she was doing, and she replied: "I am looking for Cardigan's will, for I am sure he made a later one to benefit my dear boy".

More than five years after Cardigan's death, Adeline married again. Her new husband was a Portuguese nobleman, the Count de Lancastre. Adeline promptly affixed his title to her own, and became Countess of Cardigan and Lancastre, which is not quite correct by English usage, and had the added advantage of treading heavily on Queen Victoria's toes, since Lancaster is as much a Royal title as Cornwall is.

In the early years of their marriage, poor Lancastre brought his Portuguese friends to shoot at Deene, but after the first day's sport (where dogs, keepers and beaters were shot!), the Countess gave orders that their cartridges should be filled with bran, which was not conducive to an enjoyable time for the guests.

The Count suffered dreadfully from bronchitis, which his wife could not understand – she was never ill – and the English winters were too much for him; so after some years they separated, and he went to live in Paris, where in 1898 he died.

The Victorian Age was drawing to a close. In January 1901, the Queen died; the reign of King Edward VII began. It was a new age with different standards.

> The Court is broader-minded now than it has been for years, and the King does not exhibit those sometimes rather unkind and inconsistent peculiarities shown by his mother.

It must be admitted that in her later years Lady Cardigan became rather eccentric. She loved to dress up in Lord Cardigan's scarlet uniform trousers, or in white robes, when she pretended to be the Phantom Nun of Deene. But she loved the place most sincerely.

> For fifty years I have been the chatelaine of Deene, and there is no place in the world which I love so much.

She kept her coffin in the Great Hall, and from time to time would ring for her old butler, Knighton, to help her into it to see if it was comfortable. She loved to sit down at her piano and sing, and had the remains of a very beautiful voice. Indeed, when she spoke it was with the utterly mellifluous upper-class voice of the eighteen-forties, now almost impossible even to imitate. She is described by people who remembered her as wearing a blond curling wig, with a red rose to one side, and heavily made up, but still possessing an attraction of her own. One of her admirers described her as a reincarnation of Helen of Troy and Cleopatra, with a dash of Nell Gwynne and Madame du Barry.

After her second husband's death she was by no means disinclined to marry again – she was then only seventy-four! Her bedroom at Deene is still kept very much as it was in her time. On a small table near the bed are the two volumes of the *Almanach de Gotha*, bound in green leather – useful for looking up unattached members of the European aristocracy – just in case.

She had very little to do with her Northamptonshire tenants, but they remembered her with gratitude for the careless generosity of her gifts, and awe at the coarseness of her language when displeased.

But there were indeed some old scores still to be paid off.

In September 1909, the publication of *My Recollections,* by the Countess of Cardigan and Lancastre, caused a sensation. Lady Cardigan was nearly eighty-five years old, had buried two husbands and outlived most of her contemporaries, and was now concentrating on outliving her heir, which she duly accomplished. (Robert won't have to wait long, someone had said in 1858). She had not, however, outlived the humiliation of being ostracised socially by those whom she considered to be no better than herself, but merely more hypocritical. With great good humour, the book takes the lid off Victorian Society: the wives with their lovers, the husbands with their mistresses. The editor of *The Complete Peerage*, Vicary Gibbs, calls it "a scandalous and valueless book".[57] It was thought particularly tasteless to include the account of Lord and Lady Ward's unhappy marriage, and the description of her father and

General Cavendish at the theatre with their mistresses was felt to be most unsuitable, as were the goings-on at the "Parrot Club". A certain Mrs. Ffoulkes, who assisted Lady Cardigan with the book, prevailed upon her to omit some of the more outrageous things: the peeress's black baby had to come out, as did the reference to the lady who was advised "to choose lovers more like her husband, so that the children would match better". But the story about putting down straw on all four sides of the square stayed in:

> Why are you putting down all that straw my man, is there a very bad case of illness? Well, sir, the lady at No. 14 has just had a child, and as four gentlemen have sent straw I thought better to put it all down so as to favour nobody.

A few old enemies come for a trouncing: Maria Marchioness of Aylesbury is described as "overdressed – too scraggy – a reckless gambler – worldly to her fingertips"; Louisa, Duchess of Manchester – "then in the height of her somewhat opulent German beauty – we have always disliked each other"; "The Empress Elizabeth of Austria was indeed a queenly figure, and indeed I think her only personal defects were her hands and feet, which were large and ungainly".

I am sorry to say that some of the claims which Lady Cardigan made for herself in the book are not quite true; as where she congratulates herself on having paid off large mortgages on the estates by prudent management, whereas in fact "she brought the bailiffs into Deene and the estate into Chancery". She was always a lavish spender, and economies of any kind were abhorrent to her.

The book was a huge success, and went into eleven impressions. It was a source of great satisfaction to her. Somebody remarked that her epitaph was not likely to be "Sorry I spoke" but more probably "Sorry *they* spoke".

She died in the spring of 1915, in her ninety-first year. Mr. Pelham, the long-suffering agent to the Cardigan estates, had to get leave from the 11th Hussars to come home to arrange her funeral, when he was faced with dispersing a crowd of thousands where only hundreds had been expected. That would have pleased her.

Now she lies in the Brudenell Chapel in St. Peter's Church at Deene, and above her is the marble memorial, which Boehm sculpted. It represents her as a young woman, turning in her sleep towards her husband, a wonderful and touching, if idealised, figure.

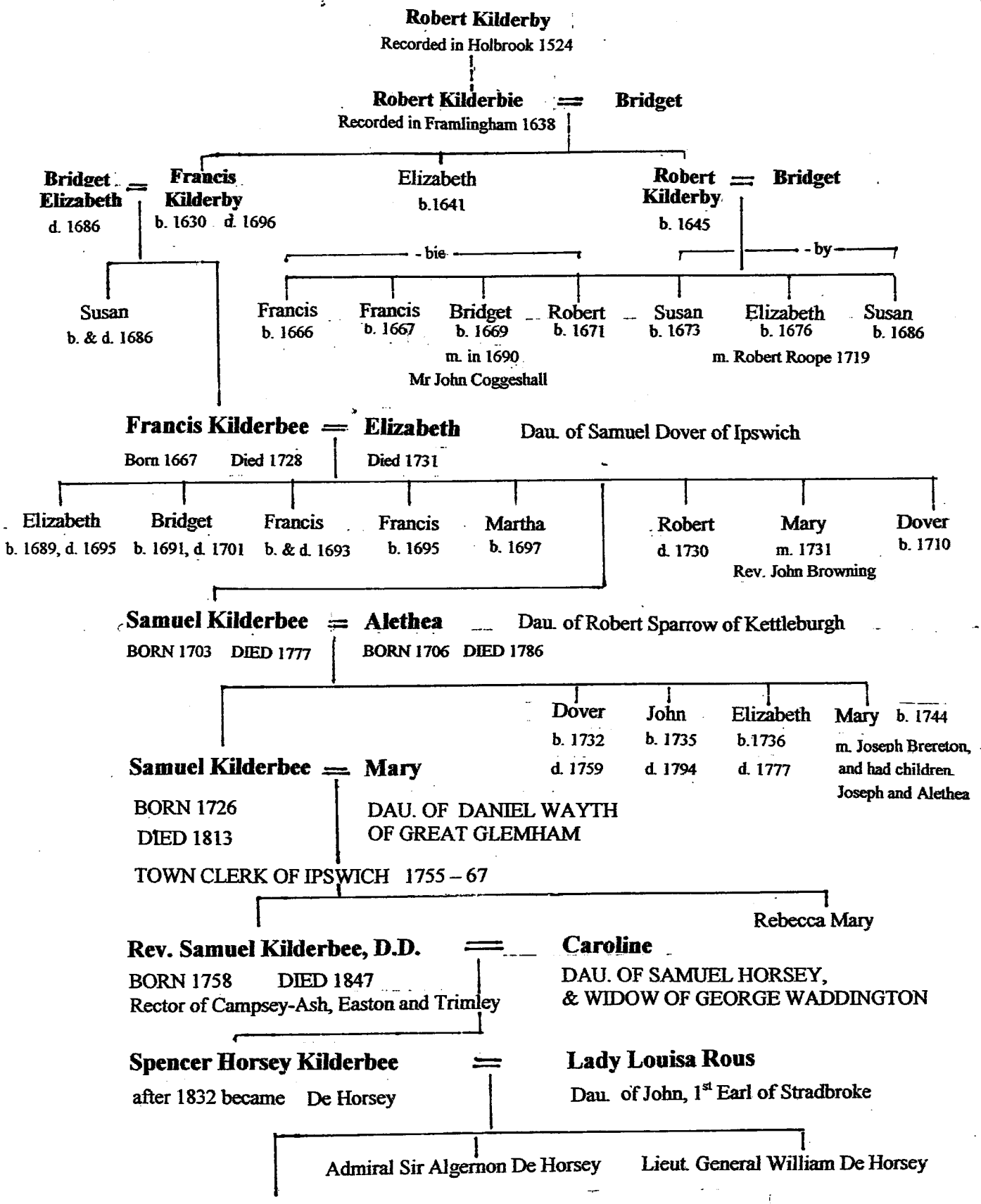
The last words must come from a contemporary of hers, told to me by a descendant: "She was great fun".

Editor's Notes

1 This article is an edited version of the paper delivered by Charles Seely at the Society's meeting of 17 November 1999. The Editor gratefully acknowledges the assistance provided by staff at Bishopsgate Reference Library and Guildhall Library, to prepare the paper for publication.
2 Trig. Ref: 310636 Ordnance Survey Pathfinder 986 (1988).
3 D E Davy's researches and outputs were truly awe-inspiring. They are listed *passim* in A V Steward, *A Suffolk Bibliography* (1979) (Suffolk Record Society XX). See especially his "Suffolk collections", British Library Additional MS 19172, *East Anglian* new series 8 (1899/1900) pp. 373-6; 9 (1901/2) pp. 9-12, 21-3, 56-8, 70-2, 88-9.
4 J. C. Jeaffreson, *A Book of Recollections* (1894) vol. 2.
5 J. Hodskinson, *County of Suffolk, surveyed ...* (1783) (Suffolk Record Society XV).
6 Jeaffreson, *op. cit.*
7 Davy, *op. cit.*
8 Ipswich. Suffolk Record Office, for the original registers, many of which have been transcribed and indexed by Suffolk Family History Society; see also the SFHS Website at www.suffolkfhs.co.uk.
9 Davy, *op. cit.*
10 N.B.L. Pevsner, *Suffolk* 2nd edit. (1974) p. 220.
11 R. Hawes, *History of Framlingham ...* (1798) p. 347.
12 *Ibid.* p. 395.
13 Jeaffreson, *op. cit.; Oxford English Dictionary* 2nd edit. (1989) vol. IV p. 990.
14 Pevsner, *op. cit.* p. 262 (see also footnote 35 below).
15 Hawes, *op. cit.* p. 431 (see also footnote 35 below).
16 *Ibid.* p. 294.
17 *Ibid.* pp. 318-352 *passim.*
18 Hodskinson, *op. cit.*
19 *i.e.* the tomb in St. Michael's church, Framlingham – a popular legend that one would like to see authenticated in a primary source.

20 There are three Kilderbee wills in Suffolk Record Office, Ipswich: Martha Kilderbee, Wickham Market, 1712; Samuel Kilderbee, Framlingham, 1777; John Kilderbee, Framlingham, 1788.
21 L. J. Redstone, *Ipswich through the ages* (1969) p. 16.
22 J. Pennington, *A Map of the Town of Ipswich* ... (1778); *Bailey's British Directory ... 1784* (1784) p. 834.
23 Redstone, *op. cit.* p. 117.
24 *Ibid.* plate 7 facing p. 32 for an image of The Ancient House at this period.
25 *Ibid.* p. 16.
26 Thomas Gainsborough, *Letters* ...; edited by M. Woodall (1963) p. 12.
27 R. Green, *History of Framlingham and Saxsted* ... (1834) p. 174. (An interleaved copy of this book in the library of the Lanman Museum includes MS annotations (undated) signed SK, which are ascribed in a note (contemporary but in another hand) to be by Samuel Kilderbee. However, bearing in mind the divergence of dates between Samuel's death and the book's publication, these may have been by Samuel Kilderbee II, or by Spencer Kilderbee, or have been an insert extracted from an earlier MS. Or indeed, SK might have been an entirely different individual.)
28 Redstone, *op. cit.* p. 118.
29 G. C. and C. C., "Survival of an early 19th century garden ..." (unpublished, 2002), p. 1.
30 A. J. Martin, "Lord Cranbrook's wall at Great Glemham" *in Fram*, 4th series, no. 6 (April 2003) pp. 18-22.
31 G. Crabbe, *Poetical works of the Rev. George Crabbe, with his letters and journals, and his life* ... (1834) vol. 1, pp. 156-7.
32 G. C. and C. C., *art. cit.*, p. 1.
33 J. Venn and J. A. Venn, *Alumni Cantabrigienses ... Part 1 ... vol. III* ... (rp: 1974) p. 16.
34 The western portion of the property was destroyed by fire in 1958. The garden itself has a transverse wall of some antiquity, but this cannot positively be identified with the dividing wall referred to here.
35 The trade of "mercer", although originally associated specifically with textiles, increasingly became a generic term for "merchant", a person trading in various commodities on a large scale (*i.e.* a wholesaler; significantly the Worshipful Company of Mercers has always been the premier living company of the City of London).
36 Ipswich. Suffolk Record Office, IC/AA1/215/1 (ii).
37 J. Fisher, *Alumni Oxonienses* ... (rp. 1968) vol. 1, p. 793.
38 *Ibid.* for basic details of Spencer's career.
39 Jeaffreson, *op. cit.*
40 *Ibid.*
41 Sale particulars: Ipswich. Suffolk Record Office HA 34: 50/21/6.1.
42 G. R. Clarke, *History and description of ... Ipswich* ... (1830) p. 464.
43 W. White, *History, gazetteer and directory of Suffolk* ... (1844) p. 163. "Poads" Farm is correctly identified as Pound Farm in White's ... *Directory* ... (1855) p. 513.
44 The editor has failed to verify this from contemporary directories. The farm itself is at Trig. Ref. 311643 OS 986 (1988).
45 Foster, *op. cit.*, vol. 1, p. 793.
46 W. A. Shaw, *The Knights of England* ... (1971) vol. 1, p. 276.
47 *A List of the officers of the Army ... 1861-62* (1861) p. 317.
48 Jeaffreson, *op. cit.*
49 *Ibid.*
50 They consistently appear in the Court section of *Kelly's Post Office London Directory* at this time.
51 Much of what follows in this article is derived from the Countess's memoir, A. L. M. de Horsey, *My Recollections* ... (1909).
52 *The Encyclopaedia Britannica* 14th edit. (1936) vol. 4, p. 852.
53 Most recently, the historian Hugh Small suggests that *amour propre* of the individual Brigade members was as potent a force in the Charge as dynastic emnities (*Guardian* 25.10.04 p. 5)
54 Holy Trinity Cathedral, Gibraltar. Registers (Retained by the Cathedral authorities, Cathedral Square, Main Street, Gibraltar).
55 *The Complete Peerage* (1913) vol. 3, p. 18.
56 C. Woodham-Smith, *The Reason Why* (1953). For a detailed and highly readable account of Adeline de Horsey and her chequered relationship with Lord Cardigan, see J. Wake, *The Brudenells of Deene* (1953) pp. 430-469. Lord Cardigan's own later years with Adeline (but not her own later social career) are depicted, rather more informally, in S. David, *The Homicidal Earl: the Life of Lord Cardigan* (1977) pp. 349-373.
57 *The Complete Peerage* (1913) vol. 3, p. 17.

THE KILDERBEES



SIR HENRY THOMPSON, 1820-1904

By Michael Youngman

(The Society is having a commemorative plaque placed on a property on the south side of the Market Hill, Framlingham, that was closely associated with the eminent nineteenth century surgeon, man of letters, and bon viveur *Sir Henry Thompson. Our sister Charity, The Lanman Museum, is mounting a small temporary exhibition there, in association with this initiative. Your Editor has therefore been asked to reprint an article on Sir Henry Thompson, which orginally appeared in our April 2002 issue. His author, Doctor Michael Youngman, died tragically before its original publication. A long-time inhabitant of the Framlingham area, he and his wife Anne (also deceased) are still greatly missed by friends in this Society, and in the Probus Club).*

Sir Henry Thompson was perhaps Framlingham's most distinguished Victorian. He was born at the chandlers and general store run by his father on the south side of the Market Hill. His mother was the daughter of Samuel Medley, who was a well-known painter who exhibited regularly at the Royal Academy and perhaps contributed to his grandson's artistic abilities. He was brought up in a strict religious atmosphere, was instructed in Latin from the age of five onwards, and subsequently Greek from the age of nine. When five years old, he was sent to live with the Reverend Andrew Ritchie of Wrentham to continue his education with their children.

From the age of three he had been taken to London by stagecoach every summer to see his grandfather, who was a member of the Stock Exchange. His father was opposed to any study for the professions, and was all in favour of preparing his son to take over the family business in Framlingham.

About 1846, Henry developed poor health and was advised to move for three months to Southwold, where he made friends with a Doctor Wake, who gave him lesser jobs in the surgery and stimulated his interest in matters medical.

This all led to Mr. Thompson senior's deciding to relent and allow his son to study medicine. In 1847, he began an apprenticeship with a Doctor Bottomley of Croydon; he entered University College and Hospital. Father at this time gave Henry a cheque to cover all medical college fees.

Thompson was a hard-working student and obtained prizes in surgery, anatomy and chemistry, qualifying M.B.B.S. of the University of London with Honours in surgery and anatomy. He worked with names such as Liston, Lister, Jenner, Syme and Erichsen.

In 1851, after qualifying, Thompson married Miss Kate Loder, an accomplished pianist, who, apart from giving recitals, also taught the piano, which helped the young couple in their early days. He had taken a lease on 16 Wimpole Street[1], where he affixed his nameplate, but patients were slow to come initially. On their honeymoon at Oxford and Bath due to bad weather they returned to Wimpole Street; there Thompson started his studies in preparation for the Jacksonian Prize of the Royal College of Surgeons on urethral stricture: this involved much travel and research, but was rewarded by his winning the Prize.

At about this time he acquired the FRCS qualification, the procedure for which is described in his novel, *Charley Kingston's Aunt*, and established his main interest and reputation as a genito-urinary specialist. He studied under Civiale of Paris, and perfected the art of Lithotrity, the crushing and removal of stones of the bladder. This all led to his treatment of King Leopold of

the Belgians, which did much for his reputation, and he was knighted in 1867, subsequently receiving a baronetcy in 1899.

He was appointed to the staff of University College Hospital and became Professor of Surgery in 1866, resigning this appointment in 1884 to become Professor of Surgery at the Royal College of Surgeons. This enabled him to travel on the Continent, where he was in considerable demand for his skill in Lithotrity and diseases of the urethra and prostate.

His interests were by no means limited to surgery: he published a treatise on nutrition, wrote two novels *Charley Kingston's Aunt* (1885) and *All But ...* (1886), which is an intriguing story of Victorian life in a community with a wicked stepfather, local squire, and romance with the local beauty. This book he illustrated with twenty pictures, the originals being in the Lanman Museum, Framlingham. He called the community Laxenford which with local knowledge almost certainly describes Yoxford.

He exhibited at the Royal Academy and the Paris Salon, and collected the blue and white pottery of Nanking, some of which is also in the Lanman Museum. He conducted a campaign to legalize cremation, becoming the first President of the Cremation Society: there is a fine bust of him in the entrance hall of the crematorium at Golders Green.

He had a country house at Molesey, from where he had delivered to Wimpole Street two new-laid eggs each morning, with an adequacy of poultry for the table available. His collection of telescopes was also kept there until the final one with twenty-two feet focal length was constructed in Dublin and subsequently moved to Greenwich Observatory.

Another claim to fame of Sir Henry's were his Octaves, which were dinners he held at his house in Wimpole Street, where eight people of fame from architecture, medicine and science (including the Prince of Wales) were entertained to dinner with eight courses and eight different wines. The last of these was only one week before he died.

After the death of his father in 1872 he paid for the installation of the chimes in the church clock at St. Michael's, Framlingham, and also arranged for money to be vested with the District Council for their management and care, which was carried out by the clockmakers family of King who, father and son, have cared for them ever since: they are an interesting set of chimes which are motivated by clockwork and electricity to this day[2].

Motoring, a newish activity in the early 1900s, was another of his pastimes, and he wrote a book on how to drive a motor-car: he was an advocate of raising the maximum speed-limit to twelve miles per hour.[3]

Truly a man of many parts.

Editor's Notes:

1. Post Office London Directories indicate that the Thompsons moved from 16 Wimpole Street to 35 Wimpole Street in the early 1860s. The collocation of names in the street directory makes it clear that this was indeed a move to different premises, rather than a re-numbering of houses in the street.

2. See also p. 26 of Mrs. Whitehead's article in this issue of *Fram.* [*i.e.* the April 2002 issue].

3. Thompson's interest in the motor-car is mentioned in numerous secondary sources, and a few of them refer to this book, but none provide bibliographical details of the work.

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS

Exactly thirty-six years have elapsed, since the very first issue of *Fram* rolled off the wax skin of the spirit duplicator in December 1968. Since that time, the journal has gone through (almost) four series, and grown considerably. For the benefit of any bibliophiles and retired librarians among our membership, here is a brief summary of its early years.

The first series ran from December 1968 to June 1973, and was edited by E. C. Shanks. Issues appeared roughly every three months, though the month of publication varied marginally. The first issue comprised just two sides of foolscap (as the paper size then was called, I think); the later issues, four sides of foolscap, stapled together, but each issue on different pastel coloured sheets of paper.

There was then a brief pause, before number one of the "new series" appeared in April 1974. This comprised just two sides of foolscap on plain paper, and was edited by G. Willett Cooper. Only that issue, and the one for October 1974, were published in the new series.

The Third Series reared its head, under my editorship, in August 1997, and all issues of *Fram* since then have appeared in April, August and December of each year. Contents have varied from thirteen pages (in that first issue) to forty in our Millennium Issue, December 1999, with an average length of twenty-four pages. The Fourth Series commenced in August 2001, and continues now.

Most importantly, acknowledgement has to be made to British Energy Generation plc, for its assistance in the production of all issues in both the Third and Fourth Series. Without that Company's support, the journal could not have been revived in 1997, and the Society owes a great debt to Committee member Mike Churchill, who has been at the sharp end, in taking this forward. The black and white vignette on the front cover of all issues of the Third Series, and also the colour image on the front cover of the Fourth Series, (both by L. R. Squirrell) were reproduced from originals owned by trustee A. J. Martin.

What follows is a facsimile of the very first issue of *Fram*. The change of format from foolscap to A4 means that the print-size is somewhat reduced – I only hope it remains legible. From time to time in the past, extracts have been published in *Fram* from early issues of the journal: here is the first one entire!

MVR

No. 1.
December
1968

Fram

This is the first issue of a newsletter intended as a means of maintaining contact between members of the Framlingham & District Local History and Preservation Society. Its success will however, be dependent on a flow of contributions from members on matters of local interest. See address at end.

* * *

"FRAM" - that handy contraction of the longish Framlingham - is not exclusive to us. In this country it is the brand name of a motor oil cleaner and also of a cosmetic. The Fram Group is a firm of civil engineers. The ship of the polar explorer, Amundsen, was the FRAM, Norwegian for "Forward!" There is even a football team in Iceland of that name. Directly derived from the town name is 'Fram Eggs', and many exiles all over the country must have had their hearts gladdened by the striking 'Fram' on egg boxes, cartons and lorries. A special type of low bias bowl used in a variation of crown green bowls was termed a Fram - it is thought because it was made at Framlingham.

Has anyone any knowledge of this?

* * *

The wind of change hits Framlingham: Wicks's canopy - feature of Market Hill for about a century - has at last gone ..... a big improvement. The new owners - antique dealers - have given the building a facelift in excellent taste. It was formerly the Guildhall.

* * *

So the Queen's Head public house next the 'rathole' has finally closed. What happened to the inn-sign?

* * *

415 years ago, on a day in 1553, Market Hill must have been choc-a-bloc with soldiery, collected there by the Duke of Norfolk pending the proclamation of Mary as Queen in spite of the previous proclamation of Lady Jane Grey. How many, if any, of today's buildings would have been standing then? At a guess, Potter's, Steggall's and parts of The Crown. Has anybody any ideas?

* * *

Treasure in your garden: keep a watchful eye when earth is turned over because very many relics of earlier inhabitants must still be there awaiting finding. Members of the Society would gladly assist in identifying any unusual object. From one Dennington garden the following have been found in the last few years:

a cannonball, 17th century, damaged, possibly through contact with a tough East Anglian skull;
candle snuffer, unpretentious, of iron;
eel spritch, for spearing eels;
1810 halfpenny;
puddingstone, brought by glaciers during the Ice Age;
several fossil sea urchins;
an ammonite, fossil seashell.

The Ipswich Museum most helpfully identified and discussed these objects. Of the last two one was said to be 180 million years old, but the other was a comparative youngster of 90 million. With regard to that cannonball, has anyone any theory as to how it got there? Is Maypole Green within cannon range of the Castle? Is there any record of a local gun battle?

* * *

Framlinghamians have settled all over the world. Nevertheless only one daughter town is known and even that, Framingham, Massachusetts, has dropped the 'L'. Does anyone know of another Framlingham? Are there other features named after us? There is, of course, Framlingham Court (flats) on the outskirts of Ipswich, and a Framlingham Crescent in the Eltham area of London. Any more? In this country there are places with similar names, such as Framingham Earl in Norfolk and Framlington, Northumberland. Framfield, Sussex, is a town of similar size and character to our Fram.

* * *

TALL STORIES: During the 14-18 War, army horses were stabled where the Fairfield is now on Badingham Road. It was said that the cause of a local Zeppelin bomb was that the crew (thousands of feet up) had heard the jingle of the harness.

Another one: After nearly every well in our village had been condemned as unfit, piped water came. A year later, heads were being shaken .... "A lot of illness; it's that piped water."

* * *

NEW MEMBERS WANTED: Every day, new residents are moving into our district. Many of these would probably like to know more about their new district and are possible members. People are usually pleasantly surprised by a direct welcome. Please invite any new residents to join our Society, or just give us their names and addresses and we will make the contact. Longer-time residents also react favourably to a direct and personal invitation to join.

* * *

APPROPRIATE NAMES: We have a noteheading of an actual firm of solicitors in Northern Ireland named 'Argue & Phibbs'. It is doubted however, whether Ticks & Adam, accountants, is veracious. Fram, until recently, had in Double Street a sign 'A.C.PLANT - Electrician'. (Did he have a brother 'D.C'?)

* * *

How many know that Fram has its own crinkle-crankle wall? (behind Steggall's) Opinions differ as to the reason for building in this way, but knowing our thrifty habits, we plump for it being the cheapest, *i.e.* one brick thick instead of the normal two. Other crinkle-crankles are at Easton and Bramfield.

* * *

PROBABLY APOCRYPHAL: During the '39-'45 War, troops near Fram had difficulty in attracting girls to their weekly dances until the Sergeant-Major and a chemist in his unit thought up the idea of giving each girl an attractive carton of face powder, then in short supply. Unfortunately the chemist, a European refugee, was not sufficiently in command of the English language when ordering the ingredients and the face powder set like concrete. By this time however, the Sergeant-Major had awoken to the real possibilities of having a chemist under him. Copper piping etc. was discreetly acquired and soon poteen was being produced in woods not a million miles from Fram. Sounds too good a story to be true, but our informant was the Sergeant-Major himself - in a remote Welsh town. What happened to the still? Did it go with the outgoing troops as essential baggage? Or did it remain as a local fitment? Or did the enterprise, by any chance, develop, acquiring respectability on the way, into one of today's giants in that industry?

* * *

They say that the real characters have died out - until the horrible thought strikes us that we are today's characters. There must however, still be memories of interesting characters and thumbnail sketches would be welcomed for Fram. Here, for example, is one. Willie Cattermole died a few years ago, in his late 80's, after a generous Christmas Day meal at his sister's home at Peppers Wash and a wintry stroll home to Sweffling. He had served his time overseas in the regular army, followed by a period running his own poultry farm in the Argentine. Later he became gardener to Rudyard Kipling at Burwash in Sussex. What tales he might have told but he was by nature quiet and reserved.

* * *

Suffolkers tend to disguise interesting personalities beneath homespun exteriors. Many cottages give little evidence of their real age or interest, especially as a hundred or so years ago there was a craze for covering the traditional stud and plaster with a one-brick skin of red brick. Marke Shrimpton mentioned a local cottage of almost banal appearance as being, in fact, about 400 years old, *i.e.* truly Tudor.

* * *

LOCAL SAYINGS (more, please): The Lord sends the food, the Devil the cooks. You don't need to be a good farmer in Suffolk, you can just look over the hedge.

* * *

Contributions for FRAM are welcomed and should be sent to:

E.C. SHANKS, 64 Waddington Way, London, S.E.19.

* * *

FOOD AND DRINK
(A Salutary Tale of Now and Then and Maybe)

By A. J. Martin

I sometimes think we take for granted a steady supply of good food all the year round. Certain items still have a seasonality, while others, because they can be supplied from foreign parts, enable us to have strawberries at Christmas and winter food in June. The speed of modern transport gets stuff shifted round the globe continuously, and perhaps we don't think sufficiently about the logistics of that, and the cost to the environment in satisfying our modern expectations.

Not so long ago, strawberries lasted for a day or two longer than Wimbledon Week and turkey – even chicken – was a treat for Christmas only. Forty years ago, my father came home with tears in his eyes because he had one day spoken to an old man just before Christmas, who said that he and his wife had a treat in store as she had managed to get a rabbit for their feast.

Now, if something is not readily available in the supermarket, we complain to the manager. We do not grow enough for ourselves in our own gardens (and keep fit by the effort), and there is, quite rightly, a wish for unadulterated, chemical-free food. But we still want it cheap and plenty of it!

The key to all this is, of course, transport and the availability of power to drive it. Yet recently, I read an article deploring the loss of good agricultural land on which to grow our own sustenance. The writer pointed out that we are still an island with a finite croppable acreage. Those acres are sufficient to feed 45 million people, but there are 65 million living here. In other words, if food doesn't come up the Channel Tunnel, through the air or over the water, we all have to reduce our intake by one third or else twenty million people go hungry. It is worth mentioning, perhaps, that currently 16,000 acres are removed from food production in this country every year to meet the demands of roads, housing and industry. With the rise of the suicide bomber, the terrorist, a fuel strike, a power-breakdown, ultra-accurate weapons from a hostile power, is it not uncomfortably feasible to see ourselves in a worse position than that in which Hitler placed us sixty-odd years ago?

But this is a historical journal and all progress in society should be tempered by the lessons of the past. In the old days in the country, the basis of all home economy was the pig. It was said that all parts of it were used except the squeal. Acorns were gathered to feed it. Corn was gleaned and every household scrap went to feed it. Pig-killing day was one of great excitement (and some sorrow, no doubt, if it was a friendly pig). But afterwards, there was the comfort of plentiful food.

People farmed their gardens, dug allotments, and grew stuff in the corners of odd pieces of ground. They gathered their wood and brewed their own beer. They bought their flour from the miller and made their own bread. For the old and infirm, unable to do these things, there was the "Parish Relief", and for the dispossessed there was the workhouse. There were benevolent lords of the manor who kept an eye on their tenants, and there were some titled ladies not above going to the cottagers with soup. There was hardship and hunger. There must have been bone-weariness from the constant struggle to stay alive and reasonably fed. In the cities it must have been worse. Dickens' literary pictures of the slums are as shocking as some of the viciousness now endured in some of our inner cities. But I doubt if today people go as hungry.

What there was, in the "old days", I think, was an awareness of the fragility of supply, and a profound gratitude when there was a good year with a satisfactory harvest. In a lean year, people must have gone into the winter with some apprehension as to whether their hard-won supplies would last until the spring. Then, when the days became warmer and the green leaves came again, hope rose and the planting began all over again with hope, indeed, but also a knowledge that success was never certain. The onus of supply was on the people themselves: no supermarkets, no foreign food other than at enormous expense, and no-one to blame but God if it all went wrong. There must have been genuine joy and thanksgiving at Harvest Festival and relieved feelings of well-being at Harvest Suppers, when the people rewarded themselves for their labours brought to fruition over the year.

I have an old manuscript book of doggerel poems which was started in 1741. Amongst the others are two poems where the writer (not necessarily the owner of the book) recognises the frailty of the rural economy, and records, in couplets beside longer works, his observations of the weather which affected the supplies. The poet is clearly appreciative of the bounty which grew out of the soil and the sea and the livestock which people reared. Here are the poems with the spelling and punctuation unmodernised.

IT IS RECORDED in the Sacred story
Of all the Nations Canaan was the Glory
Great blessings Heaven did'on it bestow
With Milk and honey it did Overflow.
Old England with the same May well compare
Ffor proffit, pleasure and for healthfull Aires
Though we'v no pearls, nor Silver, Golden Mines
No Aromatick drugs nor Choice of wines
And yet we doe abound most plentiful
In Corn and Cheese, and Butter Meats and wooll
And with the products of Our fruitfull Land
The choicest treasurers in the world we doe command
We'v choice of Leather what you please to chuse
No need to go to Ffrance for wooden shooes
Nor thither, nor to Spain to dine and eat
A peck of hearbs to but a pound of Meat
We have the best of Meats for Our Relief
Ffat Mutton and thick pork good veal good beef
And when a Mind to feast Our Selves and friends
We have fat Geese and Turkeys Ducks and Henns

OUR OCEAN, Yields a plenteous store of ffish
Whitings and Cods and plaise to fill the dish
Thornbacks and Maids & Skates and pleasant Soals
With Herrings red to broyl upon the coals
Lobstars and Crawling Crabs and Oysters fine
(Tis good to drink with them a Glass of wine)
With many other ffishes great and small
At present writing could not think of all.

BUT where's the drink, that should our spirits cheer
It man't be sprightly wine for that's too dear
That's for the Rich and wealthy Ones assign'd
Whose purses are with Gold and Silver lin'd
Not many can afford to buy good wine

1741 { In this year 41, tis said ....
{ But little syder will be made ....

The fruits for Syder and for wines, this year we see they fail }
The want of which will make us drink, the more of knaping ale. } 1741

But we have Barly Liquor super fine
With which we do get merry now and then
And 'tis the best of drink for English Men.

WE have good apple trees which do produce
Ffine tasted fruit which yield rare syder juyce
Gooseberries also, yielding wine Most Rare
As fine as that of Grapes but scarce and dear
Some are for Sprightly wine, and some do long
For Nancy Brandy and for waters strong

ALL VERY GOOD, if we could be so wise
To know what Mod'rate portion would suffice
But still the best of drink for English use
TO be continu'd is good Barly Juyce
'Tis good with moderation to be us'd
Ten thousand pitties tis so much abus'd
All things are good Kind Heaven 'on us bestow
If they prove ill tis we that make them so.

... ...

UPON YE PLENTY OF CORN – 1741

Some things are dear, but now we have
of wheat a plenteous store
Off which we make good bread and cake
'tis good luck for the poor.

Fine crops of Barly for good malt
good malt will make good beer
And I do think, if we'v good drink
it will Our Spirits cheer.

Good Crops of pease, also we have
which may give good Relief
And as you please you may eat pease
with pork or powder'd beef.

Oats, good we have, of them you may, Make Oatmeal of ye best
Good broth to thick for well or sick, let Horses eat ye rest.

With gentle show'rs Kind Heaven did
the parched earth renew
The earth has been born, plenty of corn
for which great thanks are due.

PROVISION have been dear of late
Sold at a high Excessive Rate
The price of Beef this 41
Was almost 60 pence a Ston
So dear pork Mutton veal and lamb
As put the Buyers to a stam

The Rich have been but barely serv'd
The poor affraid they should been starv'd
Our Mother Earth was parch'd and dry
That was the Cause of Scarcety
So scanty was our dayly store
But Other Nations suffer'd more

BUT NOW a blessed change is seen, Dame Flora's clad in charming green
Befriended by Celistial pow'rs, with pearly dews Refreshing show'rs.
Which doe Renew the earth and bring, all plenty forth of Ev'rything
For which we are Obliged to Raise
To Heav'n Our humble thanks and praise.

... ...

From the penultimate verse of this poem, it is obvious that 1741 was a very dry year. Cattle and sheep did not fatten on the grass, and perhaps the effect on veal was because milking cows gave a lower yield. The fact that "little syder will be made" indicates, perhaps, that late frosts in a dry spring destroyed the blossoms. Had they set, one would imagine that the hot, dry summer was good for ripening apples and grapes. I do not know what is meant by "knaping ales".

I wonder if the very last verse was actually written in the spring of 1742. One would hardly expect "Dame Flora to be clad in charming green" with the onset of autumn, and although grass does grow nearly as much in the autumn as in the spring, there is not the goodness in it, and it certainly does not fatten stock or produce a flush of milk.

It is also curious how history repeated itself 262 years later. Last year farmers in this part of the country generally had a good harvest with much firmer prices. But "Other Nations" in Europe "suff'rd more", especially France and Germany where "Mother Earth was parch'd and dry", and so a higher price for wheat in the 2003 harvest and forward prices for the harvest of 2004 are good because there is, in fact, a shortage. Or, as the market men exhort us: "Buy now while stocks last".

Departure Point

...Perhaps insufficient attention has been paid to the part played by the market place in setting the local history agenda. This is of particular relevance in terms of the history book, as opposed to the journal article, for books are expensive to produce and the publisher expects a return ... Almost by definition, the market for a local history book is going to be mainly a local one: and the work is unlikely to sell unless it is written in such a way as to appeal to its potential readership. "Popular" need not mean "lacking academic rigour", of course, but it inevitably involves some compromises. Bad local history is still being published, and will certainly sell locally, providing it has lots of old photos and tells some good anecdotes. On the other hand, the academically acceptable but inaccessible book may not sell at all: indeed, may not even find a publisher.

From: B. Shannon, "Producers and consumers: the market for local history" in *The Local Historian* volume 34, no. 3 (August 2004) p. 151

"History is five minutes ago"

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