

**THE
SYDNEY SMITH
ASSOCIATION**



NEWSLETTER

Issue 19

June 2014



Holland House before its destruction



Holland House as it appears today

**The 2014 Annual General Meeting weekend will be held
in London September 20th and 21st.
On the Sunday we plan to visit Holland House, where
Sydney Smith was a frequent guest.**

FOSTON BI-CENTENARY ISSUE

This issue of the newsletter coincides with the 200th anniversary of Sydney Smith's move from Heslington to Foston, a small village north east of York, or as Sydney put it 'Twelve miles from a lemon'. Two articles mark this event: a review of a sparkling entertainment, and an interview with the present owner of the rectory built by Sydney. As usual there is a report of last year's AGM and information about the forthcoming one in London in September. We are aiming to hold the 2015 AGM in Paris, so members' views and advice would be very welcome. We know that Sydney returned from France with a huge respect for French cuisine.



Lunches are organised in London, York and in the South West, all areas strongly associated with Sydney Smith. The texts of these talks have provided invaluable contents for this newsletter, and the Association is grateful to all contributors, as well as to those who organise the events.

AGM BRISTOL WEEKEND

Celia Moreton-Prichard

To start with, it didn't rain ONCE! Thinking about it all on the train home, it dawned on me just what a difference that made – all our visits (apart from a taxi-ride to the splendid SS Great Britain) were within walking distance of the hotel where we were based, and it would have been dreary sloshing about in wet weather.

The whole thing was meticulously planned by Sydie Bones and went without a hitch. We had a wonderful visit to the Great Britain (last seen by me the year after she came home in a very sorry state and now looking very much as she did in her prime); the light lunch in a private room aboard was a lovely touch, enhanced by excellent hot home-made soup and a most interesting talk about her history. I loved the ferry-journey back to the hotel where we gathered ourselves for visits to two more nearby landmarks – the Lord Mayor's Chapel and the Georgian House. During both these outings we learned a bit more about the complicated history of Bristol as a commercial hub and the stand-offs between Corporation and Church over the centuries. I was particularly taken by domestic articles on show in the kitchens of the Georgian House (recognising many of them from my own childhood) such as brass cream-skimmers and ladles, copper pans and tiny moulds – not to mention flat and goffering-irons.

The AGM and dinner were delightfully easy and pleasant that evening, as was our charming speaker Canon John Rogan, who had occupied Sydney's Cathedral stall; when someone knows their subject and loves it, the result is riveting. As always with the SSA, the company during both days was highly enlivening and conversational buzz never ceased for one second; new friends were made and faces put to names only known hitherto on e-mails. Nice.

On Sunday we gathered in the Cathedral for morning service; this was of particular interest to me, having been a chorister in the Royal Naval College Chapel at Greenwich for over 30 years, so music was definitely on my wish-list. What a splendid organ – and the motet didn't disappoint. Two of our number were detailed off to be part of the ceremonial, bringing up the Communion elements in procession; the SSA's presence was

mentioned on the service sheet which was pleasing. The Cathedral, explored by us afterwards, is an interesting hybrid; extremely old sections sympathetically incorporated into more recent additions such as the nave.

We wound up with a delicious lunch of roast beef and trimmings at a waterside restaurant where we were joined by the President of the Anchor Society which had installed a very handsome and apposite memorial plaque to Sydney in the Cathedral, which we had all admired.

It was a wonderfully varied and interesting weekend; well done Sydnie for shepherding your flock so skilfully and devising such pleasurable diversions with such care and forethought.



SSA secretary Sydnie Bones dwarfed by SS Great Britain

MINUTES of the BRISTOL AGM

21st September 2013

The Chairman, Jeremy Cunningham, welcomed members to the Annual General Meeting held in the Marriott Royal Hotel, Bristol. Twenty-nine members were present.

- Apologies had been received from Mark Bate, Mary Beaumont, Alan Bell, Chris Bones, Graham Bradshaw, Don Brierley, Janet Fearnough, Barbara Hawkesworth, Robert Latter, James Milligan, Graham Parry, Robin Price, Tessa Reitman, Hilary Rittner, Norman Taylor, Henry Vivian-Neal, Eddie York and Mary Younger.
- The Chairman opened the meeting by thanking those involved with running the affairs of the Association: Sydie Bones, secretary; Arnold Arthurs, treasurer; Mark Wade, membership secretary.
 - Minutes of the 2012 AGM were accepted as a true record of the proceedings. Proposed by R. Vigne; seconded by T. Forbes Adam.
 - The Treasurer confirmed that the final accounts for the year 2012 were submitted to the Charity Commission as required. Finances for the Association continue to be healthy.
 - Interim figures for the current year, which runs to the end of 2013, show receipts from subscriptions, gift aid and donations of £1939 compared with £2105 for the whole of the previous year. With the production and postage of the Newsletter outstanding, and expenses of the AGM as yet unknown, projected end of year balance is impossible to estimate, but could be in the region of £3,000 from which donations to Foston, Combe Florey and a Bristol connection can be made.
 - The Treasurer was thanked for his Report.
 - Membership remains nominally steady at 200, of whom only about 130 pay their subscription regularly (N.B. £15 single, £20 double). The non-appearance of the Newsletter this year may account for some late payment. It was agreed that the Secretary and Membership Secretary should devise a procedure for addressing this problem, perhaps by offering honorary membership with an electronic Newsletter to those who would wish to enjoy complimentary membership.

- Lunches: the Chairman invited local organisers to comment on lunches held during the year.
 - London: Celia Moreton-Prichard hosts lunches four times a year at the Boisdale Restaurant, with an attendance varying between six and 18, usually with a speaker and invariably with lively conversation.
 - York: Mary-Rose Blacker has moved the three York lunches to the Middlethorpe Hall, a historic house hotel which attracts a regular group of members, often in excess of 20. York is fortunate to be able to draw on a choice of speakers of the highest quality.
 - South-West group holds one lunch gathering in springtime where the absence of a speaker is compensated by the diversity of conversation.
- Newsletter: the Chairman expressed the Association's appreciation of Charlie Charters' dedicated service to the Newsletter and regretted that, due to a year of unforeseen adversity, Charlie had reluctantly resigned the editorship. Randolph Vigne's offer to gather this year's articles and put together a last-minute Newsletter was gratefully accepted.
- Website is kept up to date, but could be more active. Offers to take over responsibility for the website were invited.
- AGM in 2014 will be held on 20th September in London; help with organisation was offered by Celia Moreton-Prichard, Deirdre Bryan-Brown and Peter Payan. Plans will go ahead for AGM in Paris for 2015.
- Trustees: all existing trustees have agreed to stand for re-election: Chairman, Treasurer, Secretary, Alan Bell, Sylvie Diggle, Graham Parry, Peter Payan, Norman Taylor, Randolph Vigne. It was agreed to vote for the trustees *en bloc*: proposed by Celia Moreton-Prichard and seconded by Timmy Forbes Adam. All were elected *nem con*.
- Any Other Business
 - New Publication: flyers were distributed for a new publication 'The Wry Romance of the Literary Rectory' by Deborah Alun-Jones, which includes a chapter on Sydney Smith. A copy donated by the publisher was raffled at the AGM dinner.

- Gift of Books: Mark Wade had received from a retiring book-seller a gift of ten books from Sydney Smith's own library, with his Green Street book-plate, plus a donation of £50 towards the cost of restoration. Most of the books need at least partial rebinding. It was agreed that it was worth obtaining estimates for rebinding and that, if at all possible, the books should be kept by the Association. Michael Ranson and Ralph Rochester will liaise with Mark Wade over their repair. The donor will be invited to a York lunch in recognition of his gift.

The meeting closed at 7.20 p.m.

MUSIC IN BRISTOL CATHEDRAL

John Simpson

I think it is fair to say that half the people living in Bristol do not know that there is a Cathedral, and, of the other half, many think St. Mary Redcliffe is the Cathedral. Yet, Bristol Cathedral, built around the Abbey of St Augustine, founded in 1140, is a remarkable building, full of outstanding architecture, although the original nave was demolished before the dissolution of the monasteries. Bristol, together with Chester, Gloucester, Oxford and Peterborough, was one of the dioceses founded in 1541/42. The Cathedrals had similar provisions for choirs and organists. In 1610 the choir at Bristol consisted of four choristers, six vicars choral and six minor canons or priest vicars.

On 17th August 1758, John Wesley attended a performance of *Messiah* in the Cathedral – the first time in any church in England apart from the chapel of the Foundling Hospital.

When Sydney Smith was a Canon of Bristol (1828 – 1831) matters at the Cathedral were in a pretty parlous state – with absent clergy and Canons not fulfilling their residencies. This was the situation facing Archdeacon

Norris when he joined the Chapter in the 1850s and prevented the sale of the freehold of the nave site. He then appealed to the City for money, which enabled the nave to be rebuilt between 1867 -77.

In 1875 eighteen choristers received free education at Bristol Cathedral College. In 1904 a specification for a new organ was drawn up. J W Walker was unanimously accepted as the builder, but the money was not raised until 1907, when the magnificent ‘Edwardian’ organ was opened with a series of inaugural recitals over five days.

By 1987 it was obvious that the Cathedral organ needed restoration. The work was placed in the hands of Manders and completed in 1990. It is acknowledged as one of the great ‘romantic’ instruments in the country, with wonderful richness of sound and tonal blend.

In 1993 Bristol was the third Cathedral to form a Girls’ Choir from scratch. Unlike Salisbury and Wells, Bristol, at that time, did not have young girls in the Cathedral School. The Choir was formed as a voluntary choir (SSA) for girls aged 11 – 18 from schools all over Bristol. It was a great success and has been copied by other Cathedrals in large cities.

Since then there have been major developments at Bristol Cathedral School, first in having girls in the sixth form and then by going co-ed. This enabled girl choristers to be selected from the School in the same way as boy choristers. The most important development has been the change from Independent to Academy status in 2008.

The great tradition of Cathedral music is maintained in Bristol. Choral Evensong is sung daily during term time. At present the Cathedral Choir consists of 28 choristers (14 boys and 14 girls), six lay clerks and four choral scholars. The Cathedral is also a centre of music in the City, as it was in the past, and has links with the universities and schools. There are many talented musicians and choirs in Bristol. The Cathedral is a place where all are welcome to make music to glorify God, sharing all that the Cathedral has to offer, in the same way that the Abbey and Cathedral have resounded to the strains of music through the centuries.

The full version of Canon Simpson’s article is available on the Association’s website.

A TASTE FOR BOOKS

Ralph Rochester

A talk given to the Association's south-west spring luncheon, March 2014

In the seventeen-seventies, if we are to accept his own account, the great Sydney Smith of happy memory was a very serious, remarkably fat little boy. He and his beloved brother Bobus were growing up under a mother's fond care and had the freedom of a house full of books. The infant Sydney, we are told, was neglectful of games and seized every hour of leisure for study.

The two older boys, Sydney and Bobus, were often to be found, and this before they were sent away to their different public schools, 'lying on the floor, stretched over their books, discussing with loud voice and most vehement gesticulation, every point that arose - often subjects beyond their years - and arguing upon them with a warmth and fierceness of manner as if life and death hung upon the issue'. The other two, younger, Smith brothers seem to have shared this precocious love of books and seem also to have shared a lasting love of letters. Sydney was later to comment that this uncommonly early intellectualism was 'to make us the most intolerable and overbearing set of boys that can well be imagined, till later in life we found our level in the world'.

At Winchester, Sydney was a swotter, though a respected one. His daughter and first biographer, Saba, Lady Holland, tells us how 'a man of considerable eminence, whose name I cannot recall, found my father reading Virgil under a tree, when all his schoolfellows were at play. He took the book out of his hand, looked at it, patted the boy's head, gave him a shilling and said, "Clever boy! Clever boy! That is the way to conquer the world." This produced a strong impression on the young Sydney'.

Certainly Sydney's love of books lasted a lifetime. His was of course an age when every gentleman must have his library and very many men professed a great love of books but Sydney's taste for books was extraordinary. He not only saw books as the fount of all knowledge and therefore of all power but he also saw them as a source of great pleasure. He loved the feel and fabric of them, the smell and the touch of

them and above all the sight of them, bravely arrayed upon the shelf. He was having fun but not joking when he famously said: ‘No furniture so charming as books, even if you never open them or read a single word’.

Did Sydney read widely? Well, surely he did. We know from his writings and from his conversation that he was a very Christmas goose, stuffed full of good things. He was not the man to limit himself to ‘serious’ literature however much he might protest that he preferred the serious to the witty. He read very widely indeed although he shies at admitting to reading ‘popular works’ and the fragrant Saba, writing of her father, even more so.

It would not have done for a clergyman of those days, certainly not for one with ambition, to admit spending too much time with the poets and the novelists. It was one of the affectations of the age to despise ‘trashy fiction’ and Sydney necessarily shared some of the prejudices of his day. He gave much time and effort to devising lists of what he considered to be fit reading for young people, particularly what was fit for young girls to read, and he was prone to snatching unsuitable books out of the hands of his own offspring. We know, however, that Sydney had many popular books in his library and that among his friends he counted Maria Edgeworth and Walter Scott.

His serious-minded contemporaries – who were often very much surprised at his wit, his humour, his ready turn of phrase and who could not think whence it came – thought his to be an inspired voice, a truly original humour. But something of his style came from his much reading and, when we read his writings or the records of his conversation, it is hard to believe he was not well acquainted with Cervantes and Rabelais and Sterne to name but these.

There is the story of the country squire who told Sydney he had been reading *The Arabian Night’s Entertainments*: ‘I have just got it, and I advise you to read it. I assure you Mr Smith, you will find it a most amusing book’. Sydney writes, ‘I thanked him, cordially agreed with him but ventured to suggest that the book was not unknown to me’.

And we learn some small thing of the reading that young Sydney took with him on a visit from Edinburgh to Burntisland in the summer of 1802. He

writes in a letter to the wife of his patron, Mrs Beach, of his books being ‘in the corner cupboard with the yellow pickles; and all sorts of articles for the brain and the stomach, hard and soft, sweet and sour, corruptible and incorruptible, are huddled together’. It would seem that he read, and no doubt ate and drank, the soft with the hard, the sweet with the sour, the corruptible with the incorruptible, widely as well as deeply.

At Netheravon he was ‘too poor to command books’. In Edinburgh he found it his duty to instil into his pupils a ‘taste for books’ and thus he began to acquire them for himself. At Foston his books ‘humbly occupied only the end of his little dining room’. But at Combe Florey he created, from a pantry, a passage and a shoe-hole, a library about twenty-eight feet long and eight foot high and he set out to fill it. When he became a Canon Residentiary at Saint Paul’s, Sydney found the library there cold and damp and the books urgently in need of binding. He soon installed an American stove to make the library comfortable and he saw to it that where necessary the bindings were repaired.

But to return – as Sydney did as often as he decently could – to the library at Combe Florey. We find him there at breakfast ‘surrounded on three sides with books ... not brown, dark, dull-looking volumes but all in the brightest bindings; for he carried his system of furnishing for gaiety’, says Saba, ‘even to the dress of his books’. And we also find him there with a five year old granddaughter on his knee ‘with maps, dictionary and books piled around him, he explaining and she listening with apparently equal pleasure’.

Again we read, ‘it was his custom to stroll about the room in which we were sitting, and which was lined with books, taking down one lot after another, sometimes reading or quoting aloud, sometimes discussing any subject that arose’. And from another source, ‘He then left us, and might be seen in his pretty library; sometimes in his arm-chair, seated with books of different kinds piled round him, some grave, some gay, as his humour varied from hour to hour’. Saba lovingly recalls how, ‘when a present of books arrived ... he was almost child-like in his delight, particularly if the binding was gay; and I have often been summoned ... to arrange and re-arrange them on the shelves, in order to place them in the most conspicuous situation’.

He also loved, how could he not? his own published works. He oversaw their publication with care and rejoiced in sending them to his many friends. Some of them went into a second edition in his lifetime and no doubt, like most writers, his ‘child-like delight’ extended to that of seeing his own name in print.

It hardly comes as a surprise, then, but it is surely worth noting, that whatever else the great Sydney Smith was: wit, tutor, reviewer, reformer, mild Whig, tolerating Churchman, writer of polemics, journalist, family man, he was also quite decidedly, throughout his happy life, a true lover of books.

SYDNEY’S COMMON PLACE BOOK

Sam Taylor writes:

The York branch of the Association is the temporary steward of a large leather-bound volume inscribed The Common Place Book of Rev. Sydney Smith. It is the property of Sir James Cropper, a descendant of Sydney’s, who has kindly loaned it to Mark Wade, at York. Although the book runs to 372 pages, most of the pages, alas, remain blank. Nevertheless, where one can decipher Sydney’s spidery hand and where the ink has not faded to a pale sepia, the entries make interesting reading. There is, for example, a list of sermons ‘in my possession’, with titles which range from ‘Riches’ to ‘Revenge’ and ‘Seduction’ to ‘Suicide’, most of them dated (in pencil) indicating presumably when Sydney delivered them. Other pages list ‘Books I should like to read’. These are very eclectic, including Adam Smith and Machiavelli, Francis Bacon and Roger Bacon, Bishop Berkeley and Tom Paine. The last entry in the book is headed ‘Weight’ and describes in great detail how ‘finding myself threatened with great corpulency I began a plan of Reduction’. This entails ‘leaving off wine’, limiting himself to four cups of tea a day, omitting lunch, reducing his meat intake – all of which results in a loss of two pounds over an eight month period (during his last year at Foston).

The Common Place Book may provide the material for a pre-prandial ten-minute talk at a York lunch sometime in 2015.

SYDNEY SMITH ASSOCIATION AGM ADDRESS 2013

Sydney Smith in Bristol – Canon John Rogan

First of all, I must thank you for your kind invitation to be present at your dinner and your courage in asking me to make a speech at the end of it. It may not be the best hour for an oration, but as a preacher in the same trade as Sydney Smith, we both have watched sleep drift from pew to pew. Furthermore, he said: Take a short view of life: look no further than the day's end. I have ordered a taxi for a reasonable time – your nocturnal routine is secure.

Smith's time in Bristol was short: early 1828 until towards the end of 1831. As a result, it's often treated as no more than a launching pad for St Paul's, but it was important for him – and for Bristol. First, his appointment was the first recognition he had in the Church. A life-long Whig, he lived through the decades of Tory rule, so patronage did not come his way. George III said he was a fine fellow but would never be a bishop. He suffered not only for his politics but also on account of his wit – like W.S. Gilbert. A sense of humour may be appreciated in principle, but not in use. Gravitas is required of public figures, otherwise they may not be taken seriously. 'Now we shall be able to do something for Sydney Smith', said Lyndhurst, a politician who disagreed with Smith but perceived his merits. Bristol was the result.

Once appointed he resolved to write no more for the Edinburgh Review; he was a dignitary now. Next he was entitled to exchange Foston for a benefice in the Gift of the Dean and Chapter. He chose Combe Florey, a place he much enjoyed. At last he had some financial security.

His colleagues at Bristol were men of capacity and status. The Dean, Henry Beke, may have been small: 'as small as the Bishop they say'. The Archbishop of York, Smith said, had to kneel down when he spoke to the Bishop, 'as an elephant kneels to receive its rider' - humour from the juxtaposition of unusual images. The Dean was also a Fellow of Oriiel College, Professor of History and an expert on the newly introduced Income Tax. Canon Henry John Ridley was a relative of Lord Elson; Canon Francis Randolph was related to the Duke of Bedford – typical specimens of the men who became Residentiary Canons. Socially he

would be comfortable with them: politically they may have been poles apart.

Smith inherited a fine Prebendal House. He wrote that it was extremely comfortable with seven stabling stalls and room for four carriages. It faced south and from his window he could see the masts of the great West Indiamen in the harbour. The Cathedral was less grand. It had no nave. Before the Reformation it had been demolished as part of a rebuilding programme which was not completed until the last quarter of the 19th century. Smith's Cathedral was no more than the Eastern Lady Chapel, the chancel and the two transepts, all of which were well-maintained. Since he was known as an excellent preacher – even though he read his manuscripts, doing no more than occasionally punching the cushion - people queued up to hear him.

Away from Bristol, Combe Florey refreshed him: 'This is a beautiful place, a country most beautiful and fertile'. However, he resolved to winter in Bristol. Of course, he needed a curate to discharge parochial duties. He was fortunate to have the services of the Bristolian John Eagles who was a notable art critic and littérateur. You will see his monument in the Cathedral when you visit.

Now we come to the critical part of his time in Bristol. Until 1859 the Book of Common Prayer had an Order of Service for the deliverance of the country from Gunpowder Treason and Plot (1605) and in celebration of the Glorious Revolution (1688). It fell to Smith to preach the sermon on 5th November 1828. The Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Councillors attended in state. Now I must pause to tell you that the relationship between the Corporation and Cathedral was fragile. Over the years there had been a number of disputes: where, when and how the Sword of State should be carried; when should the service begin – at the stated time or when the civic party arrived; when they did arrive, should the preacher go straight into the pulpit to preach; where should wives be seated ... They all seem so trivial but we all know that protocol and status are central to political and ecclesiastical etiquette.

More significant, perhaps, was the political outlook of the city. In earlier years there had been a clash with Edmund Burke, their MP. Bristol had been foremost in opposing the Abolition of the Slave Trade, and was an

ardent opponent of the Emancipation of Roman Catholics. As Smith said, it was the most Protestant corporation in England. The civic authorities knew what the sermon of 5th November should be about: it should applaud deliverance from the Roman James II by the Protestant William; and it should celebrate the failure of the Roman plot to blow up the royal family and all the members of Parliament. However, by the beginning of the 19th century, there were political considerations which showed that Roman Catholics should be relieved of their disabilities and be able to take part in public life.

The problem was more Irish than English. In response to French efforts to invade Ireland, some action was needed to protect it. The result was the incorporation of Ireland into Great Britain (1801) but that was complicated by the refusal of George III to support Pitt's plans for Catholic Emancipation. Ireland was overwhelmingly Roman Catholic, but public and political life was utterly in the hands of Protestants. Could Protestant MPs really represent a Catholic nation? Many people, however, thought that emancipation would alter the constitution as set up in 1689. Would it not also undermine the status of the Established Church?

Smith answered No to both questions. He preached from Colossians ch.3, vv 12-13: *Put on, as the elect of God, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, and long-suffering, forbearing one another, and forgiving one another.* He congratulated the Mayor and Corporation for their observance of this particular celebration. Then, launching into his theme, stated how glad he was that we had emancipated ourselves from the Roman Catholic priesthood's dominance over human judgement. Protestantism was superior to Roman Catholicism. So far so good. Now he turned to a consideration of toleration and charity. He hoped that he should not be mistaken for anyone who would approve of any laws that disqualified any class of men from civil offices on account of their religious opinion. A condemnation of theological errors should not be construed as approval of discriminatory laws. The Rubicon has been crossed: he has declared himself, resting on the foundation of Christian charity – toleration follows from this general principle.

Differences of opinion are to be expected. But it would be the height of arrogance to impose his views on others. He merely states his general principles. 'What particular questions are, and can be, no concern of

mine.’ But the views of enemies should be heard as well as those of friends. ‘I am here to tell the truth and do good.’ The argument is clear but the tone of the sermon is both charitable and moderate. There are no fireworks, no striking phrases, let alone witty thrusts. None the less, Smith had intended to provoke. He wrote to a friend: ‘All sorts of bad theology are preached at the Cathedral on that day – 5th November – and all sorts of bad toasts are drunk at the Mansion House. I will do neither one nor the other’. The civic authorities had not come to hear this. However he might put it, they had in fact been challenged. Afterwards he reported: ‘They stared at me with all their eyes. Several of them could not keep their turtle on their stomachs’. He wrote to Littleton, ‘I told you I would make a splash in Bristol ... I let off in the Minster no ordinary collection of squibs, crackers and Roman candles ... In short I gave the Mayor and Corporation such a dose of toleration as will last them for many a year’.

It was more than enough. Cathleen Crowe declared he was more wondered at than liked. They understood neither his character nor his talents. What they did know, however, was they did not in the least like what they heard from that Canon in that pulpit. The Mayor and Corporation resolved that they would not go again to Bristol Cathedral for such a service. They would attend St Mary Redcliffe instead. The damage had been done. Relations between the Corporation and the cathedral were fractured. The pity is that it was, in a sense, a sermon delivered too late; for in the previous May the government had already repealed the Test Act – requiring people to take the Oath of Royal Supremacy and renounce the doctrine of Transubstantiation. In the same month as Smith preached, the Bill emancipating Roman Catholics went through Parliament.

Good as his other sermons were, they did not abide in the memory of Bristol. This one did. The move to Redcliffe betokened the broken relationship. Smith was soon on his way. His colleagues were left to mend the fences. The fact is Smith was right; the Corporation was wrong; but that did not make relations any easier. However, the spat was soon overtaken by a disaster. Devastating riots in which both the Mansion House and the Cathedral were badly damaged helped reconciliation in a fellowship of suffering. Then Bristolians could look back appreciatively that Bristol and Smith had met; it was an interesting brief encounter.

HESKETH PEARSON

Robin Price - at a London lunch

At our Boisdale luncheon in October, Robin Price spoke on Hesketh Pearson (1887 – 1964), possibly the best known of Sydney Smith's biographers and almost certainly the one which begins our delight in Sydneyan humanity and cheerful wit.

One supposes, therefore, that there must be some consonance in character between biographer and subject, though given the lapse of 100 years the temporal details of their lives were inevitably very different. Hesketh Pearson's life was wonderfully picaresque. Born into the well-endowed Worcestershire squirearchy, the family moved to Bedford before the Great War, at whose Grammar School he acquired some education and an understandable dislike of algebra. Sent by family influence into a City shipping firm whose two years he regarded as a 'tedious interruption in the real business of life', he developed a love for drama and for acting. Fulfilling his dream, he moved to the London stage under Granville-Barker, Beerbohm Tree and George Alexander, appearing in plays by Molière, Ibsen, Galsworthy, Maeterlinck and Masefield.

After earning an un-trumpeted wartime MC in Mesopotamia he returned to acting until, in the early 1930s, he turned to biography as his real *métier*. His *Dr. (Erasmus) Darwin* (1930) though good, was poorly received by critics and public, but his *Smith of Smiths* (1934) was his first success and has hardly since been out of print. Cheerful, lively, enthusiastic, entertaining, graphic, it is a wonderfully accessible journey through the life of a lover of humankind and of active goodness, even of a perception of the greater Good, a perception which Sydney chose to keep hidden. Curiously, the publishers to whom it was originally shewn thought that it had far too many quotations, had no love interest, and who anyway could possibly be interested in an obscure clergyman? How wrong they were.

Hesketh Pearson went on to publish no fewer than 24 full length biographies and six volumes of collected shorter biographies, achieving his greatest success with *Bernard Shaw* (1942). As an actor - and as instructed by Beerbohm Tree - he sought to 'get inside' his characters so that their thoughts and actions became his own on the stage. So too with his biographies and through the reality of *The Smith of Smiths* and indeed of

many of his later subjects, he sought original and lively characters of wit and imagination, among them *Gilbert and Sullivan* (1935), *Labby* (1936), *Tom Paine* (1937), *The Swan of Lichfield (Anna Seward)* 1936, *Conan Doyle* (1943), *Oscar Wilde* (1946), *Dickens* (1949), *Shakespeare* (1949), *Dizzy* (1951). Perhaps his last one of acclaim was *Johnson and Boswell* (1958), finishing in a rallentando with the delightful posthumous *Hesketh Pearson by Himself* (1965).

He let his characters speak for themselves by numerous quotations, with real feeling for quality and character. Not a man for institutions (was this not *au fond* Sydneyan?) he believed that ‘Christianity was made for man and not man for Christianity’, and sought in his subjects ‘Good nature, good humour, good sense, good nonsense’. His books remain lively, full of fun and interest, vivid with personality and love of living, as indeed befits one who so rightly loathed algebra.

**Letter of thanks from the Friends of Combe Florey Church,
October 2013**

Dear Mrs Bones

On behalf of the members of the Friends of Combe Florey Church may I thank the trustees of the Sydney Smith Association for their kind donation of £500 towards the upkeep of the Church. It is the outstanding feature of the village, and the money will go towards its repair and maintenance for the future.

With our grateful thanks once again

Yours sincerely
(signed) R.S. Brown
(Hon. Treasurer)

SYDNEY SMITH MEMORIALS

Peter Payan

Once, in the course of a London meeting, we sat in sunshine outside the Dissenters Chapel in Kensal Green Cemetery enjoying an excellent picnic lunch prepared by a lady Friend of the Cemetery. Our guide Henry Vivian-Neal, Chairman of the Friends and member of our Association, then took us to Sydney's memorial to see its bad state of repair. The lettering had deteriorated to an alarming degree in the past century and a half. We decided to take action before the inscription became illegible.

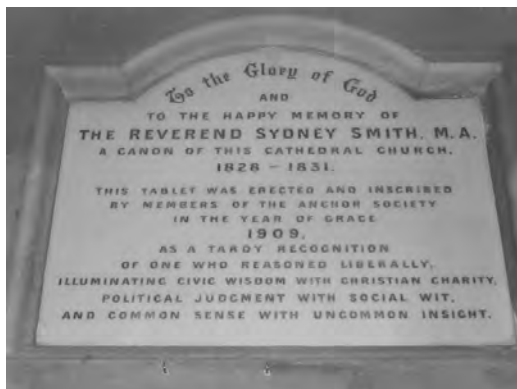
Henry's help was invaluable, and costs were defrayed by The Gemini Foundation and other generous donors, but the work took longer than expected. We foregathered on 12th May 2007 for a short service of dedication to be conducted by the Revd Canon John White, Prebendary of St George's Chapel, Windsor, assisted by the Revd Norman Taylor and the Revd Sir Timmy Forbes Adam.

Sharper eyes then detected errors, necessitating further visits by the technician concerned. I met him on several occasions on site because it seemed difficult to get everything right at once. Expensive manual re-carving was thankfully unnecessary because the panel of marble-like substance could be computer-engraved. No charge was made for corrections.

I have recently compared the text given by Stuart J. Reid in his 'Life and Times of Sydney Smith' dedicated to John Ruskin and presented to the Earl of Durham in 1884. This is reproduced on the last page of our Newsletter number 4 of May 1999. There is no significant deviation in our restored memorial, and the spelling of 'contemporaries' is correct.

The other long side, corresponding to Sydney's, devoted to 'Catherine Amelia Smith, widow of the late ...' and their first son Douglas is barely readable, the lower part obscured by green mould. It is just possible to see that Douglas lived from 1805 to 1829, that 'his life was blameless' and that 'his death was the first sorrow he ever occasioned his parents'.

This in contrast to the troublesome Windham, 'died 1871 aged 58', on one of the end panels, the other being empty.



Memorial in Bristol Cathedral

Sydney's Other Memorial

Not all, possibly few members of the SSA have heard of, let alone seen on the north wall of the north transept of Bristol Cathedral, a memorial to Sydney erected by Members of the Bristol Anchor Society in 1909. Canon John Rogan tells us that that this society was formed in 1769 'to alleviate loneliness'; it still works with other local organisations and charities to help and support the elderly, lonely and vulnerable.

The implications of these two testimonials clearly overlap, depicting a singular man of energy and intellect deserving our esteem and affection, to say nothing of the gratitude of his parishioners, and the delight of fellow guests at dinner. But their emphases are interestingly different. They are complementary: that engraved in the cemetery refers to a lover of truth who has done his best to promote happiness among his fellows upon earth. We who have studied him know of the multiple roles he played in the lives of his parishioners and of the love he inspired. The Anchor Society skilfully identifies Sydney's awareness of the role a truly good man can play in civic matters, in helping to bring about a civilised society.

A PORTRAIT OF SYDNEY?

Jeremy Cunningham

Towards the end of December 2013, Dorothy Williams forwarded this advertisement on e-bay to Sydie Bones, Secretary to the Sydney Smith Association. Sydie forwarded it to several interested members.

JOSEPH SLATER SIGNED ORIGINAL GEORGIAN SYDNEY SMITH PASTEL PORTRAIT 19th CENTURY



Our former Chairman Randolph Vigne wrote: 'A great find! Joseph Slater was employed by Grillion's Club to draw the members (from the club's

foundation in 1812) and I was excited by the prospect of finding that Sydney had been a member. All the members until 19something are listed on the internet but alas! Sydney isn't among them. Or was he a member who was not recorded as such? Alan (Bell) will know'. Alan Bell (Sydney's biographer) thought that Sydney was not a member of that club.

The price seemed rather steep, and I wondered if some Sydney Smith enthusiast would bid for it, starting with a lower offer. Joseph Slater submitted works to the Royal Academy between 1805 and 1833. Most are referred to as sketches. The sitters are aristocrats, politicians, clergy and military men – and many children, singly or in groups. The following notables appear by name: Charles Wesley, Tom Moore, George Pelham - Bishop of Exeter, William Wilberforce, Right Hon. John Russell.

Could he have submitted a picture of Sydney Smith in 1820 or thereabouts? The evidence is somewhat slim. In 1820 he exhibited six pictures, and five in 1821. None of them is titled Sydney Smith – although Smith was famous by then. None of them is even titled 'a gentleman' or 'a clergyman'.

The dealer accepted a reduced offer and the picture arrived soon afterwards. It was clearly a genuine pencil and pastel portrait signed J. Slater and dated 1820. However to my great disappointment there was no evidence that this was of Sydney Smith. There was no signature, nor even a title. On asking the seller why he had made the attribution, he wrote that someone who came into his shop thought it was Sydney Smith, and that comparing his features with other portraits, he was sure it was him.

There then ensued a vigorous debate in my family over whether to keep the picture or to return it (as rightly offered by the vendor). My daughter and brother thought it could be Sydney, and that the artist may have flattered him hoping for a bigger commission. His characteristic Roman nose is not evident.

I read Saba's memoir to check Sydney's movements, and discovered that he was in London in the spring of that year. He could have been drawn at that time. However there was no corroborating evidence, such as a letter to his wife saying that he had sat for a portrait. Sydney was not well off at that time, and surely he would not have been vain enough to pay for his own

portrait. After all, the pictures on his walls at Foston were not even framed! My wife was against my keeping it. 'Why spend that money on a portrait if it is not Sydney – it is not even a particularly attractive portrait.' My uncle voted against it too, on grounds of the obviously receding hairline. 'Sydney had a good head of hair into his old age.'

I thought 'The best people to judge this are Sydney Smith enthusiasts!' So, I took the picture to show the Association members at one of the London Boisdale lunches. Passing round many other engravings of Sydney at about this time and later, and reading out some selections from the memoirs, I asked the members to give their view: 'Is this Sydney Smith, aged about 40?'

One quite significant factor was the expression of the sitter: in the Slater portrait it is aloof and cold, while several of the other portraits show an alert expression and a bright dark eye. There is some evidence from Saba's 'Memoir' of a calm dignified appearance:

'The expression of my father's face when at rest was that of sense and dignity; and this was the picture of his mind in the calmer and graver hours of life: but when he met (as we sometimes do) with a passage that bore the stamp of immortality, his countenance in an instant changed and lighted up, and a sublime thought, sight, or action struck on his soul at once, and found a kindred spark within it.'

However there is also evidence of his mercurial side:

'He was at this time stout-made, his face handsome, with that pale embonpoint which always distinguished him, and his remarkable deep dark eye, which I think retained its character even to the last; indeed, I should say, never was the external appearance of any man less altered by *years* than his. When speaking of the impression made by his manner and appearance, his delightful laugh must not be forgotten,- so genuine, so full of hearty enjoyment, that it was a source of gaiety only to hear it.'



Henry Perronet Briggs



R. Westmacott



William Sharp



J. Wright

Mr SMITH GOES TO FOSTON

Dorothy Williams

On the 21st March 1814, when Rev Sydney Smith and his family moved from Heslington to their newly built rectory at Foston, it was, so his daughter Saba tells us, a cold bright day with a biting east wind. On March 26th 2014, as members of the Association made their way to Skipwith Hall to mark the bicentenary of that move, the darkening skies were heavy with rain but, like Saba, 'O, the shout of joy as we entered'. Our invitation had promised refreshments but the warm welcome that awaited us, the glasses of wine and the delicious succession of canapés, all made by Sylvie Diggle and helpers that afternoon, surpassed all our expectations and made a splendid start to the evening.

Summoned to make the move outdoors to the theatre, we took our seats for an entertainment based on the writings of Sydney and Saba that had been devised by Sam Taylor, local historian, former history master at Queen Margaret's school in nearby Escrick and a member of the Association well known to readers of this newsletter. The performance was given by brothers Timothy Forbes Adam (narrator) and Nigel (Sydney) with Cal Stockbridge (Mrs Sydney and Saba), musical interludes to be provided by A Garland of Flutes led by Louisa Creed.

The Forbes Adam family are the descendants of the Thompsons of Escrick Park (now a school) who became lifelong friends of the Smiths when they moved to Yorkshire. It was to Mrs Thompson that Sydney in 1829 wrote the very touching letter telling her of his son Douglas's death. To the two Forbes Adams on stage and to Charlie (son of Nigel) the Association is enormously grateful for their continuing support, to Charlie and his wife Rosalind for hosting the event and to the two actors for willingly taking on the roles they so admirably performed.

Before the performance began Sam Taylor gave a helpful account of the historical background. Then those already familiar with Sydney's life settled comfortably to the pleasure of hearing again the course that it had taken, being reminded of his campaigns against cruelty and injustice and of some of his best jokes. All was conveyed in so lively, clear and spirited a

manner that those meeting him for the first time must have resolved to make his further acquaintance.

The contemporary flute music played as we assembled and during the two interludes was very much appreciated, the piece by William Shield being of particular interest as he was a protégé of Richard Thompson (of Escrick Park) and a prolific composer now unjustly neglected.

Sydney was himself fond of versifying, but part of the verse composed by Lady Carlisle on his departure from Foston is here adapted to describe our evening:

Yes, there the joyous laugh was raised
And converse held with social grace
Sydney by wits and sages praised
Was there before us in that place.

All proceeds from the evening go to church funds at Foston. Thank you Sam for devising and organising such an enjoyable event.

Sydney wrote:

‘Was advised to make my own bricks of my own clay; of course when the kiln was opened, all bad; mounted my horse again, and in twenty four hours had brought thousands of bricks and tons of timber. Was advised by neighbouring gentlemen to employ oxen: bought four, - Tug and Lug, Haul and Crawl; but Tug and Lug took to fainting and required buckets of salvolatile, and Haul and Crawl to lie down in the mud. So I did as I ought to have done at first, - took the advice of the farmer instead of the gentleman; sold my oxen, bought a team of horses, and at last, in spite of a frost which delayed me six weeks, in spite of walls running down with wet, in spite of the advice and remonstrances of friends who predicted our death, in spite of an infant of six months old, who had never been out of the house, I landed my family in my new house nine months after laying the first stone; and performed my promise to the Archbishop, by issuing forth at midnight with a lantern to meet the last cart with the cook and the cat, which had stuck in the mud, and fairly established them before twelve o’clock at night in the parsonage house; a feat, taking ignorance, inexperience, and poverty into consideration, requiring I assure you, no small degree of energy’.

THE OLD RECTORY, FOSTON

The audience at the above event was very kindly invited by the current owner of Foston Rectory, Mrs Sarah Walsh, to coffee and a view of the house on the following morning. We greatly appreciate her continuation of the interest and support given to the Association by the family before the death of her husband Jim. Sarah is interviewed here:

In 2002, the Old Rectory, Foston, went on to the open market for the first time since it was built by Sydney Smith. Mr and Mrs Wormald had rented it from the Church, and later bought it. Mrs Wormald who stayed there on her own after the death of her husband had lived there for 40 years. The house had been largely rebuilt in 1964 after a serious fire. The Wormalds received a grant for the restoration work, and in return they had to open the house to the public for six weeks a year.



The Old Rectory, Foston

It was bought in November 2002 by Jim and Sarah Walsh. Sarah Walsh told me:

'It was a dream of Jim's. We were quite innocent, thinking that everything was basically in good order and that it would just need a lick of paint. However nearly everything needed changing except the roof, for example there was no damp proof course. We had to restore the house from the original plans — and we moved in in June 2003. At that stage we knew nothing about the Sydney Smith connection. Although his name was mentioned in the prospectus, we did not follow it up then'. Sadly, after less than ten years in the house, Jim died in 2011.

When the Walshes arrived, the Sydney Smith Association was already up and running. *'Peter Diggle quickly introduced himself, to find out if the Association could continue its connection. The reason it was important to us was the money raised by the Association was to help the church.'*

From time to time, Sarah Walsh kindly opens the house to the Association, as on the day after the recent entertainment 'Mr Smith Goes to Foston'. One item of great interest is the architect's plan. Sarah says: *'It was fortunate that after trustees emptied the house, there were several papers left behind, including the plans. It seems that the house was built largely according to these drawings. The plans are as the house is, the layout, the kitchen garden and so on.'*

Sydney claimed that he rejected the architect's ideas – 'You build for glory sir; I for use' – and his wife Catherine reports how Sydney proposed taking out ruler and compasses and 'so arrange these by a scale that we may do without this great man'. Yet if Sydney and Catherine made any drawings of their own they have been lost. We know he paid the architect for the plans. The wording on the house plans is as follows:-

Plan of the principal floor of a house proposed to be built at Foston for the Rev. Sydney Smith arranged under his Direction and drawn by Peter Atkinson of the City of York architect. Sept. 21 1812.

Stamped Diocesan Registry York R.W.F 1812/30

Plan of the chamber floor is stamped Diocesan Registry York R.W.F
1812/36

Sarah Walsh notes:

'No doubt there will be some other interpretation of the above. But it does indicate that Sydney Smith had more input than paper, pen, ruler and Mrs Sydney Smith.'

Sarah believes that the alterations may be more to do with the elevation than the plan. The roof is conspicuously shallow and the upper windows are not symmetrical or in proportion with the lower windows. *'When we refurbished the house, we researched Georgian interiors and replaced the plain fireplace in the drawing room with a more elaborate one. Once we found out about SS, we learnt about the differences between what we did and the original interiors.'* Sydney could not afford a cornice, and used a horizontal band at the top of the wall paper. The fireplace in the dining room is plain Portland stone as commissioned by Sydney. What is particularly noticeable is the very attractive light provided by the three large sash windows at the end of the drawing room, and the larger than normal sash window in the dining room.

One famous feature of Sydney's rectory was his use of 'shadrachs' - pipes that brought fresh air to the fireplaces, which were designed with iron backing plates to reflect the heat back into the room. Although the Rectory was described as 'the ugliest house in Yorkshire', it was also known to be the warmest. The shadrachs in the drawing room and dining room were destroyed in the fire. The one to the Rector's meeting room still exists, but the chimney has been blocked up. However there are still working fireplaces upstairs which have shadrachs. Presumably the pipes bringing in the air were incorporated into the brickwork.

The Walsh family has inherited Sydney's love of a warm and light house. They use biomass for heating and take every opportunity to insulate from the inside, as the brick skin of the house is very thin. As technology develops, there will be new solutions for insulating the windows. They retain 70 of the original 100 acres of the Glebe farm, leasing them for arable and grazing.



The Drawing Room at The Old Rectory, Foston

‘But oh, the shout of joy as we entered and took possession! It was the first time in our lives that we had inhabited a house of our own. How we admired it, ugly as it was! With what pride my dear father welcomed us and took us from room to room; old Molly Mills, the milk-woman, who had had charge of the house, grinning with delight in the background. We thought it a palace: yet the drawing room had no door, the bare plaster walls ran down with wet, the windows were like ground glass from the moisture which had to be wiped up several times a day by the housemaid. No carpets, no chairs, nothing unpacked; rough men bringing in rougher packages at every moment. But then was the time to behold my father! Amid the confusions, he thought for everybody, cared for everybody, encouraged everybody, kept everybody in good humour. How he exerted himself! His loud rich voice might be heard in all directions, ordering, arranging, explaining, till the household storm gradually subsided! Each half hour improved our condition; fires blazed in every room. At last we sat down to tea, spread by ourselves on a huge package before the drawing room fire, sitting on boxes round it; and retired to sleep on beds placed upon the floor; - the happiest, merriest and busiest family in Christendom.’
From ‘Memoir’ by Saba, Lady Holland

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SYDNEY SMITH

Alan Bell

I suppose that, like most members of the Sydney Smith Association, my first introduction to Sydney was through Hesketh Pearson's biography, 1933, which I bought as a blue-covered Penguin paperback that I still have. I read it as a schoolboy and later on, as a young archivist, I went back to it having noticed some additional documents which seemed unfamiliar. They turned out to be available in the collected edition of Sydney's letters by Nowell C Smith (OUP 1953), a two-volume gathering that Smith had made many years before, and had been the principal source of Pearson's biography. Before long I gathered information which made hundreds of additions to Nowell Smith's Oxford text. There was clearly sufficient new material for a comprehensive review of these novel documents.

Both of Sydney's daughters had married members of two Hertfordshire families, now named Holland-Hibbert, who still lived at Munden, a house near Watford, the seat of the then fourth Viscount Knutsford. David Holland, a cousin of his, whom I knew professionally as Librarian of the House of Commons, wrote to him and arranged for us both to make a preliminary visit to his elderly relation. Lord Knutsford, whom I had discovered was a famous judge of fox-hound puppies, seemed delighted by my interest, and gave me a lot of encouragement, as did his son Julian, later fifth Viscount, prominent in post-war disabled ex-servicemen's affairs, and daughter Diana, who also lived at Munden. They were all very helpful indeed. (Their cousin, the sixth Viscount Knutsford, is one of our Association's Patrons).

As copyright in the unpublished letters I was finding was clearly the property of Lord Knutsford, it was essential to secure legal authority from him. This produced a fine letter. 'No objection at all. Good of you to ask. Sydney Smith's Wit & Wisdom would not get him very far these days... However, we are pleased to have had an ancestor who is thought worthy of study'. This rather dashing reply simplified my negotiations with many archivists and librarians.

The other group of people I had to meet were the officials of the Oxford University Press, who had taken a helpful interest in my researches, though

the sheer bulk of my discoveries of new and improved material would add greatly to the 850 or so pages of Nowell Smith's text. Dan Davin, the Academic Publisher (second-in-command of the OUP), was exceedingly kind. He even arranged for a small research grant to help with the expenses of my quest. Before long he had come up with the suggestion that a new biography of Sydney Smith might prove more acceptable to his Delegates (the managing committee of the Press). The necessary documents were soon approved. They recognised that the complete work would not be available immediately but it came out in autumn 1980 as a 'Clarendon Press' publication. (It has been out of print for some years now.) It was aimed at a general readership and I was proud of the fact that the text is fully referenced, but has not a single discursive footnote, which must be a record in Clarendon Press publication!

West Country Spring Luncheon, 21 March 2014

Fourteen members residing in the south-west gathered on the first day of spring in the sunlit restaurant of The Mount Somerset Hotel outside Taunton for our annual feast in honour of the Reverend Sydney Smith. This was our twelfth reunion, old friendships were reinforced and good conversation flowed. After an excellent meal, Ralph Rochester spoke to us about Sydney and Books, revealing the wide range of topics on the shelves in the libraries at Foston and Combe Florey. Sydney, he said, was indeed a lover of books. He added that the more he looked into Sydney's reading the more he was convinced that one of the Reverend's most distinctive qualities was his 'open mind'. He felt sure that his open mind was the reason why we were all attracted to him, and his writings, and why we were all here on this day.

A full account of Ralph's musings on Sydney and Books can be found on pages 8-11.

Sydie Bones

AGM WEEKEND IN LONDON, 20/21 SEPTEMBER 2014

An interesting programme has been planned for the annual gathering of the Association which masquerades as the Annual General Meeting. With a great deal of help from London based members, Celia Moreton-Prichard and Peter Payan, the weekend has been planned around two places central to Sydney Smith's enjoyment of London – St Paul's Cathedral and Holland House.

On the Saturday morning, Michael Horowitz and Gillian Darley, SSA members and owners of the Smiths' first London house, 14 Doughty Street, have most kindly agreed to invite us into their home to see the rooms and garden where Sydney moved to with his wife, and daughter Saba, in 1803. It was while living here that he attracted large audiences to the lectures on Moral Philosophy delivered at the Royal Institution, which were so successful that within a couple of years he was able to take and furnish a house in Orchard Street, off Portman Square. Those members who visited Doughty Street with the Association in 2002 may wish to enjoy alternative glimpses of Georgian London: Sir John Soane's Museum, 13 Lincoln's Inn Fields, is the architect's own house, rebuilt by him between 1808 and 1812. The house with his collection of architectural casts and models was preserved by Act of Parliament for the benefit of 'amateurs and students'.

St Paul's Cathedral is our destination after lunch. The Librarian, Jo Wisdom, has arranged for members to hold their AGM in the Wren Suite, a notable privilege as the Cathedral has its Open House Weekend on the same day. After the meeting, for the fit among our number there will be an opportunity to climb the 90 steps to the triforium which houses the Library where a maximum of 15 people is allowed at any one time. Among the treasures is the St Paul's memorial to Sydney Smith, a marble bust by Westmacott. By 4.45 p.m. we need to be seated in reserved seats in the Quire for Choral Evensong, a rare treat for those of us living twelve miles and more from a Cathedral. To the West End for dinner, at the Royal Over-Seas League, Park Place off St James's Street, where our after dinner speaker will be Linda Kelly, established author and biographer, fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, whose recent publication *Holland House, a History of London's Most Celebrated Salon* paints 'a sparkling picture of Whig society', in which Sydney Smith was one of the stars. Mrs Kelly has

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entitled her talk ‘Sydney Smith and Holland House’ and will be happy to sign copies of her books that members may wish to bring. Overnight accommodation has been negotiated at Imperial College, London, for the nights of 19th, 20th and 21st September, details on the booking form.

There is a change from the traditional Sunday itinerary, with the focus shifting from the clerical to the social spheres of Sydney Smith’s London life. Although final details of the morning have yet to be arranged, our interest will be centred on what remains of Holland House, built in 1605 and largely destroyed by enemy action in 1940. A walk around the ruins of the ground floor and a visit to the surviving Grade I listed East Wing, used as a youth hostel since 1959, is planned for the morning. Sunday luncheon has been arranged at the Belvedere Restaurant, located in the original Summer Ballroom adjacent to the Orangery, where a separate area in the restaurant has been booked from 12 noon to 2 p.m. for a maximum of 20 people.



Belvedere Restaurant, Holland Park

SYDNEY SMITH ASSOCIATION

Annual General Meeting
St Paul's Cathedral, London,
Saturday 20th September 2014

AGENDA

1. Apologies
2. Minutes of 2013 AGM
3. Points Arising
4. Financial Report by Hon.Treasurer
5. Membership
6. Lunches
7. (a) Newsletter
(b) Website
8. Chairman's Items including
(a) 2015 AGM weekend
(b) Election of officers and trustees
9. Any Other Business

SUBSCRIPTIONS 2014 It will be generally realised that the bulk of the monies raised from subscriptions together with any accompanying Gift Aid is spent in support of the fabric of those churches associated with Sydney. There are a number of people who choose not to subscribe yearly but who send along a cheque as the spirit moves them. Amongst these are some from whom nothing has been heard for a number of years. In keeping with the obligations laid down by the Charity Commissioners, it is felt that we should no longer go to the expense of sending the newsletter, or any other communication, to anyone from whom we have not heard for over three years.

Standing Orders Would members who pay by bank Standing Order please check that they are paying the current membership rate: Single £15, Joint £20.

The Sydney Smith Association

Objects

- To advance the education of the public in the life and works of Sydney Smith.
To advance the Christian religion by the preservation and upkeep of churches connected with Sydney Smith, in particular but not exclusively, the parish churches of Foston in North Yorkshire and Combe Florey in Somerset.
To help in the preservation of manuscripts and memorabilia relating to him and his family.
To arrange periodic events, receptions and services in keeping with his inclinations.

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The Rt Revd and Rt Hon. Lord Hope of Thornes
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The Hon. Simon Howard
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The Revd Norman Taylor, Randolph Vigne, Esq.

*'I never read a book before
reviewing it; it prejudices a
man so'*

