

THE
SYDNEY SMITH
ASSOCIATION



NEWSLETTER

Issue 24

Spring 2019

THE SYDNEY SMITH ASSOCIATION (Charity No. 1121599)

- To perpetuate the memory and achievements of Sydney Smith
- To cultivate appreciation of the principles for which he stood
- To support the churches connected with his career
- 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

Patrons

The Right Reverend and Right Honourable Lord Hope of Thornes; The Viscount Knutsford; The Honourable Simon Howard; The Honourable James Stourton

Officers

Chairman – Mr Colin Southall
mail: c_southall@yahoo.com

Hon. Treasurer - Prof. Arnold Arthurs

Hon. Secretary - Mrs Sydness Bones
Mail: sydie.bones@btopenworld.com

Membership Secretary - Mr Mark Wade
Mail: mwyork100@icloud.com

Editor of Newsletter - Mr Gerry Bradshaw
Mail : ggbradshaw@btinternet.com

Trustees

Chairman; Treasurer; Secretary; Mrs Peter Diggle; Mrs Deirdre Bryan-Brown; Mr Robin Price, Dr Jeremy Cunningham

Website – www.sydney-smith.org.uk

Stories, pictures or material for the Newsletter – Contact Gerry Bradshaw or Sydie Bones – e-mail addresses above

SYDNEY SMITH ASSOCIATION AGM 14th September 2019

At the general behest of members attending last year's AGM, we shall this year introduce a simplified format permitting those so disposed to attend on a day return ticket from Kings Cross or indeed other points of the compass. The date has been chosen to coincide with the York Book Fair which some had said they would welcome the opportunity of attending.

The Bedern Hall has been hired for the occasion. It is a 20 minute gentle stroll from the station.

Lunch will be a hot fork buffet consisting of a choice of 2 main courses and 2 desserts followed by coffee and including wine although should the weather prove to be unseasonably warm this will be changed to a cold buffet.

The cost will be £45.

11.00 Assemble at the Bedern Hall, York YO1 7AL
Coffee or tea

11.30 AGM
12.30 Lunch
14.15 Dr James Williams of the Department of English and Related Literature at York University will give a talk following which questions and observations will be welcomed.
15.45 Depart

Those intending to be present are requested to send the appropriate cheque in favour of 'The Sydney Smith Association' to: Mark Wade, 46 Shipton Road, York YO30 5RF

OUR CHAIRMAN WRITES.....

The Association's objectives are set out on the inside front cover of this newsletter. We continue to support the churches connected with Sydney Smith and have made available an online archive of writings and unpublished letters. In addition, there is an active programme of lunches and the annual AGM in September, this year in York.

The challenge the Association faces is to expand membership. For me, this is closely tied to supporting the first two objectives:

- Perpetuating the memory and achievements of Sydney Smith; and
- Cultivating appreciation of the principles for which he stood.

A wider knowledge and appreciation of Sydney Smith's writings and principles should lead to an increase in membership, which in turn would increase the Association's ability to raise awareness.

A good example of this is the plaque to Sydney Smith which was unveiled at the Catholic chaplaincy in Heslington in April. The chaplaincy is visited by many people; and seeing the plaque may prompt some of them to want to find out more.

For now, the main challenge is to find ways to raise awareness. There are many topics on which he wrote which resonate today – discrimination, depression and food, to name a few. His wit makes his writings accessible, as well as providing striking images to support his arguments, for example Mrs Partington's battle with the Atlantic Ocean.

An initial programme of social media posts is being devised to identify what might be effective channels and understand what is needed to sustain interest. This will be communicated to members when complete. In the meantime, I would ask members to email me any topics, quotes or comments which they feel would be suitable for use in such a campaign. I have already had a number of thoughtful suggestions and am keen to see what can be achieved in time for Sydney's 250th birthday in 2021.

Colin Southall

Mail: c_southall@yahoo.com

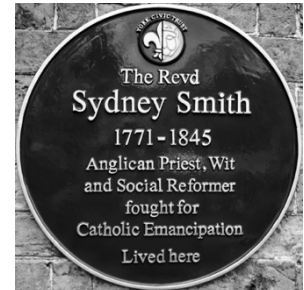
A MEMORIAL TO SYDNEY

On 10 April 2019 a plaque in memory of Sydney Smith was unveiled by the York Civic Trust at his former home in Heslington, now the Catholic Chaplaincy of York University.

Graham Parry, of the Association, and Emeritus Professor of English at York University spoke at the event about Sydney's Yorkshire links, and he has kindly made it available to us:



The Plaque and members at the unveiling



SYDNEY SMITH IN HESLINGTON

So, Sydney Smith is finally commemorated in Heslington, two hundred and ten years after he came to live here. He would have been gratified by this occasion, gratified that his reputation should survive so long, and that enough people should continue to admire his writings and his morality two centuries later. When he came here in 1807, he was well-known as a brilliant preacher in London - an example of that rare species, the seriously witty clergyman - and in intellectual circles he was known as one of the founders of and chief contributors to the *Edinburgh Review* - as an outstanding Whig journalist with a very sharp pen. But journalists in those days were anonymous, as far as the public was concerned. His natural setting was in the liberal groups of London that looked to Charles James Fox for leadership' or in the fashionable houses of the Whig aristocracy. As a preacher, he attracted large paying congregations to private chapels in the West End. He had rented a house in what he called 'the sacred parallelogram' - between Oxford Street, Piccadilly, Regent Street and Hyde Park, and had enjoyed fame as a society figure. When he had to find a living to support himself and his family on a long term basis, however, he had problems. Whig magnates were not notable patrons of church livings. All that his friends could find for him was the living of Foston-le-Clay, some twelve miles from York. A good income, but a place of desolation. Sydney was dismayed. He went to see the Archbishop of York at Bishopthorpe, who allowed him to continue living in London as long as he put a curate into Foston. This was a common practice of the good old Georgian Church. After three years, a new archbishop insisted that Sydney become resident - but he softened this sentence by permitting him to live on the edge of York, here at Heslington, while he built a proper rectory at Foston. After London, Heslington was exile for Sydney. He called this period his northern rustication.

He spent five years here, before moving out to live in his parish at Foston. It turned out to be a very happy time. He learnt to be a farmer, and to discourse on agricultural matters. He became accustomed to thumping the cushion in the Minster pulpit as a star preacher. His incurable sociability drew all manner of notable people to this house on what was then a rural lane. The Earl of Carlisle from Castle Howard came over in his coach, Earl Grey the leader of the Whigs visited from Northumberland, Lady Holland the fashionable hostess from London came several times, Francis Jeffrey the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* and John

Murray the publisher spent time here, as did Humphry Davy the chemist. When Sydney found the local gentry to be dull, he supplemented them with his own friends.

While he was in Heslington, his writing slowed down as a result of his unsettled circumstances. He came here just after the appearance of one of his most influential publications, Peter Plymley's Letters. These were a sequence of pamphlets expressing the injustice of the restrictions placed on Roman Catholics, limiting their freedom of worship and barring them from almost all public service in civil and military affairs. These were humorous yet profoundly serious letters professedly sent by a Mr. Plymley to his brother, a minister of the Church of England, reflecting on the completely unreasonable attitude of the Church and State in maintaining these restrictions. Showing no affection for the Catholic religion, but presenting the Church of England's attitude to Catholic disabilities as absurd, Sydney did more to discredit the Church's opposition to Catholic freedom than anyone, I would say. The Letters went into seventeen editions in a very short time - but they were published anonymously. He dared not reveal his authorship, for the conservative bishops would have destroyed him. Almost all the liberal causes of the early 19th century received support from the vigorous pen of Sydney Smith. The abolition of slavery, Catholic emancipation, the ending of children's labour, especially as chimney sweeps, and the abolition of the game laws. He wrote eloquently in favour of more humane treatment of the mentally disturbed, as a result of visiting The Retreat, the Quaker asylum just down the road. Samuel Tuke, the founder's grandson, had published a book recommending the regime of kindness that was practised there, and Sydney gave this local publication a national prominence by a long article in the Edinburgh Review, which launched a major movement for reform. The greatest cause that he gave his energies to in his later years was political: the great Reform Bill that was finally passed in 1832 by the administration of his friend Lord Grey. All these schemes were projects of disinterested benevolence, undertaken in a spirit of justice, fairness, reasonableness and compassion. Support for these causes was always against his own interests, for the bench of bishops was a bastion of reaction, and his reputation as a liberal meant that he himself would never be made a bishop. The neglect he was shown by his own Church has been amply offset by the admiration of posterity.

The main channel for the appreciation of Sydney's life and work in the last generation has been the Sydney Smith Association, that was founded here, at a meeting in the University of York, in 1995. The principal mover of the society was Major Peter Diggle, who lived in Sydney's parish of Thornton-le-Clay and who felt that Sydney deserved more recognition than he was commonly awarded. I'm particularly pleased to see Peter's widow, Sylvie Diggle, here this morning. Peter did more than anyone in the last century to highlight the many virtues of Sydney Smith, and to create an enduring forum for the appreciation of his works. I also see here a number of members of the Association attending this occasion, which marks the formal acknowledgement of Sydney as one of the luminaries of the City of York. He would have been astonished to learn that his place of rural exile is now the centre of a flourishing university, and he would have appreciated, I am sure, the twist of circumstance that has turned his house in Heslington into the Catholic chaplaincy at the University. It would have given him a certain wry pleasure, I feel.

Graham Parry

SYDNEY, THE APOTHECARY

A talk Robin Price gave to London lunchers in April 2018, largely inspired by Sydney's verse below

Sydney's 'Poetical Medicine Chest'

With store of powdered Rhubarb we begin.
To leave out powdered Rhubarb were a sin.
Pack mild magnesia deep within the chest:
 and glittering gum of Araby the blest,
And keep, Oh Lady, keep within thy reach
The slimey surgeon, blood-devouring leech.
Laurel-born camphor, opiate drugs prepare,
They banish pain and calm consuming care.
Glauber and Epsom salts their aid combine,
Translucent streams of castor-oil be thine,
 And gentle manna in thy bottles shine
 If morbid spot of septic sore invade,
By heaven-sent bark the morbid spot is stayed;
When with black bile hepatic regions swell,
 With subtle calomel the plague expel.
Anise and mint with strong Aeolian sway,
 Intestine storms of flatulence allay
 And ipecacuanha clears the way.

I know thee well, thou antimonial power
And to thee fly in that heart-rending hour,
When feverish patients heave their laden breath,
 And all is sickness, agony and death!

Soda and potash change with humours crude,
When hoven parsons swell with luscious food.
Spare not in eastern blasts when babies die
The wholesome vigour of the Spanish fly.

From timely torture seek thy infant's rest,
And spread the poison on his labouring breast.
And so, fair lady, when in evil hour,
Less prudent mothers mourn some faded flower,
Six Howards valiant and six Howards fair
Shall live and love thee, and reward thy care.

This typically ebullient effusion, rarely seen in full, was written for the Hon. Mrs Henry Holland, evidently a relation of the Earls of Carlisle, almost certainly from Sydney's new-built Rectory at Foston sometime between 1814 and 1829. He cheerfully predicts that the use of these remedies would ensure survival of her prospective six sons and six daughters. His recipient might have viewed the arduous prospect a little differently.

But his easy and charming couplets do indicate the vigour, cheerfulness and originality of Sydney's attitude and actions; his Christian practicality too. Few, if any, clergymen in this time of deep and delightful Anglican somnolence can have thought of dosing their parishioners, let alone their family and guests. But Sydney had early begun to prepare himself for life as a beneficed clergyman. At Oxford he had attended some medical lectures by Sir Christopher Pegge [1764/5-1822], Regius Professor of Physic from 1801. At Edinburgh he attended the clinical lectures at the Royal Infirmary given by the great James Gregory [1753-1821], the most distinguished clinician in Edinburgh of his day, later to become First Physician in Scotland to George III, and later to George IV. He was said to be 'a superb lecturer' and to have covered all aspects of medicine.

Sydney also attended the famous lectures on chemistry by Joseph Black [1728-99] who attracted huge audiences of some 200, few of whom had any intention of qualifying in medicine. Edinburgh was indeed an explorative place of universal learning. Sydney was a true Son of the Enlightenment.

His knowledge was put to good use, primarily at Foston in the 15 years he spent there. Annie Kay, presumably a maidservant whom he called, with genial humour, 'his apothecary's boy', made up the medicines (the ingredients for which, according to his widow, were all sent up from London) and knew his cheerful titles for his mixtures, e.g. 'the gentle jog, a pleasure to take it; the Bull-dog, for more serious cases; Peter's puke; Heart's-Delight, the comfort of all old women in the village; Rub-a-dub, a capital embrocation; Dead-stop, settles the matter at once; Up-with-it-then, needs no explanation,' and so on. He is quoted as saying 'Now, Annie Kay, give Mrs Spratt a bottle of Rub-a-dub; and to Mr Coles a dose of Dead-stop and twenty drops of laudanum.' Inimitably, he went on, 'This is the house to be ill in... indeed everybody who comes is expected to take a little something; I consider it a delicate compliment when my guests have a slight illness here.'

He enjoyed his role as amateur apothecary. One room on the ground floor at Foston was devoted to household necessities, and one wall of it was given over to a mass of medicaments, duly shelved and identified. According to his widow, he kept notes of all his patients and the remedies administered, all dated and filed for future use. It would be good to know whether the notes have survived, and their present location.

Sydney was assiduous in attending his parishioner-patients at home, in providing food and drugs; and he was especially active during the post-Napoleonic bad harvest year of 1816, a time in Foston of poor

nutrition and serious fevers, when three parishioners died. At times he ventured out in the cold and dark with his lantern to bring aid. At this difficult time, he followed only the expert advice of the apothecary in administering his drugs.

Sir Henry Holland, the eminent physician and husband of Saba, Sydney's daughter, recalled that 'his judgment and knowledge were very remarkable, and used with prudence and commonsense.' Sydney had indeed claimed to have saved the six-year old Saba from a critical attack of croup by diligent use of calomel; further, he had attended two of his children through a 'good stout fever of the typhus kind.'

His remedies were necessarily pre-scientific, pragmatic, traditional, often violent, and probably at times uncertain of operation. Many could well have been inactive, or inappropriate for their purpose, if useful as placebos. They are predominantly digestive in their different degrees, and many unsurprisingly are purges of differing strength and mode of action, e.g. (Chinese) rhubarb, magnesia, Glauber and Epsom salts, castor-oil, calomel, ipecacuanha (a vermifuge). Others ameliorated flatus, e.g. anise and mint, soda and potash, camphor. Others are what we might call antiseptic — to contemporaries, astringents, e.g. 'the bark' [cinchona], camphor. Yet others are mucilages, e.g. gum arabic, an emulsifying agent for lenitives and embrocations, &c. Also blistering agents, counter-irritants, rubefacients and vesicants, such as cantharides (Spanish fly), and again camphor.

These are simple remedies, many perhaps unconsciously derived from the ancient need to expel the peccant humours. The time for scientific medicine was just in sight, but not yet come to anything like full birth. That had to wait until the 1860s. Sydney, by contemporary lights, did extraordinarily and most generously (and joyfully) well; and as a clergyman he was outstanding in providing practical and considerable and generous self-funded help where it was most needed. One cannot help but feel that his expansive presence too must have done much to bring confidence, cheerfulness, comfort, and healing.

His own rhyme indicates something of his achievement:

I know all drugs, all simples, and all pills,
I cure diseases, and I send no bills.
The poor old women now no lameness know;
Rheumatics leave their hand, the gout their toe.
Fell atrophy has fled from Foston's Vale,
And health, and peace, and joy and love prevail.

GETTING THE BEST OUT OF LIFE

Ralph Rochester writes:-

"Life is to be fortified with many friendships. To love and be loved is the greatest happiness of existence," quoted the economist, Emma Duncan, at the conclusion of her "Comment" column in *The Times* of 25th July last year. The author of this beautiful, if not altogether original, epigram was Sydney Smith of happy memory. Emma Duncan wrote a bright, happy but serious article about Sydney with the title "Good advice on getting the best out of life". She reviewed the famous list of nineteen correctives to low spirits which Sydney sent to Lady Georgiana Morpeth in February 1820. Sydney's tips, she told *The Times* readers,

were well worth taking today. She wrote, something members of this Association already know, that the wit and wisdom of Sydney can help us cope with “the hectic pace of 21st-century lifestyles.” Included in her list were the precepts not to expect too much of human life, not to be too severe upon oneself, to keep good blazing fires and to make the room where you commonly sit gay and pleasant, Sydney once said, “I am an adviser by trade,” but one imagines he hardly expected that his advice to Georgiana Morpeth would be printed in the newspapers to help the low-spirited of the present troubled times.

The Sydney Smith Association is certainly not a Matchmaking Agency but if we were we could do no better than to use Sydney’s words at the head of this article for our motto. On the letters’ page of The Times following this article, under the heading Sydney Smith’s wit, a letter appeared from Doctor Nicky Price, a much-respected member, informing the world how her widowed father, the much missed Terry Price had gone to a meeting of the Sydney Smith Association to find out more about the life of the man who had been a great favourite of his late wife. “He found himself carefully seated,” writes Nicky, “next to a widowed lady on just the same mission, and subsequently they enjoyed seven very happy years together.” The widowed lady was of course our present honoured secretary, Sydie Bones. Many of us can bear witness to their seven years of happiness and togetherness. The letter to The Times concludes, “we think Sydney would have been pleased to have introduced them in this way.” Well, naturally he would; he rejoiced to see people getting the best out of life.

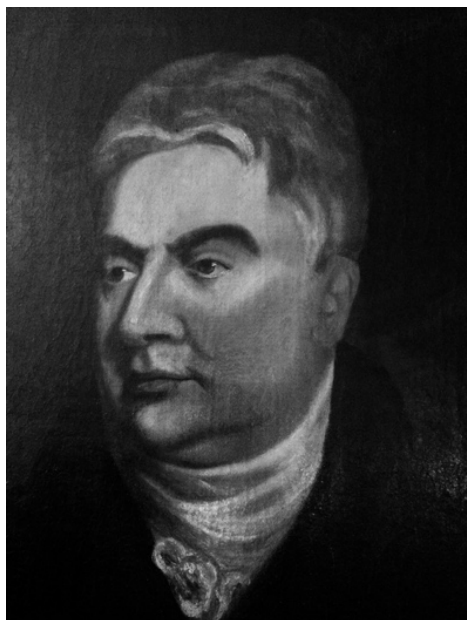
“AN OPEN ROAD TO HEAVEN”

There is now a timely paper on our website following the plaque on Sydney’s old home, now a Catholic Chaplaincy. It is ‘An Open Road to Heaven – John Lingard and Sydney Smith’ by Dr Leo Gooch. First published last year in the Northern Catholic History, it discusses the contribution of the two men (who never met) to Catholic emancipation. You can find it under the Publications tab

SYDNEY - JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

A talk by Peter Fox to a York lunch in April 2018

On 22nd January 1814 the Special Order Book for the General Sessions of the North Riding of Yorkshire records that at the Castle, York, in the courtroom which is now Court No. 1 of the Crown Court, Sydney “delivered his qualification to act as Justice of the Peace”, that he took the three oaths of Allegiance, Supremacy and Abjuration, and “subscribed the Declaration”. Those present who are or who have been magistrates will have taken two of those oaths but not that of asserting the Supremacy of the Crown over the Pope. We should recall that this was a time still long before Catholic emancipation for which Sydney was such a strong and persistent campaigner.



He was 42 years of age and was to serve as a magistrate of the County for the next 15 years, until he left Foston for Somerset. This is how he looked in 1825, just two thirds into that period of his life. The portrait is by George Marshall, painted in York for the purpose of the engraving and prints advertised in the *Edinburgh Review* before you. Prints and proofs, it was claimed "speedily will be published" with "subscriptions received" in London, Edinburgh and York. George Marshall carried out a number of such portraits of church dignitaries in Yorkshire for this purpose including that of Mr. White, the organist of Wakefield Parish Church, and Darley Waddilove, Dean of Ripon. The subscriptions in those instances were taken up. Alas, there was no, or no sufficient subscription in Sydney's case; the engraving was never done, prints never published and this painting gathered dust in Marshall's York studio.

And my own interest in the subject of Sydney J.P. and this portrait, emerging today from a minor committee room in County Hall, Northallerton, would never have occurred but for two members of this Association, also magistrates, lunching in County Hall during their midday adjournment and remarking upon the frame's inscription to which I shall return. Paddy Crossley and my wife Katie spotted it and so enabled a small copy to be made and presented to the late Auberon Waugh in thanks for hosting our AGM at Combe Florey in 1997. Some here may recall that occasion. My interest then lay dormant until recently. Yet before leaving this unsigned painting at least for the present we can ascribe and date it not only from the *Edinburgh Review*, its dimensions and style in comparison with other Ward engravings from Marshall portraits as well as from the only other portrait in oil by Marshall whose location is known, but also from a letter the young G.M. Macaulay wrote, as a young barrister attending his first York Assize, to his father in July 1826, that Sydney's hair had turned "snow-white". So not only is the painting of a much younger and far less corpulent man than that in the well-known Henry Perrot Brigg's portrait of the 1830's, now in the National Portrait Gallery London; but we also notice the start of what the young Macaulay found so remarkable.

Now for Sydney on the Bench. He moved from Heslington into his Foston Rectory just two months after his appointment. It was in the Hundred of Bulmer, that ancient Saxon administrative area, which defined his petty sessional division. He and his neighbouring fellow magistrate George Lowther Thompson together held court in the Lobster House, a pub in the nearby village of Claxton. They recorded their decisions and sent them to the Clerk of the Peace in Northallerton. This was true local justice and it is salutary to see from the archives how wide ranging were a magistrate's responsibilities in those days, and so remained until the County Council took many of them over a century later.

They supervised the improvement of roads and bridges; they licensed alehouses. At the General or Quarter Sessions they sat in large numbers not only trying criminal cases but in many other issues of social justice of which I will give you just a few examples from Sydney's own cases, which I have dug out of the archives. It was not uncommon for a cleric to be a magistrate because it was thought the Established Church should play a part in directing churchwardens of a particular parish to provide for destitute or abandoned women and children, and in the making of Bastardy Orders. So, on the Roll of county magistrates, he joined the Dean of York and the Vicars of Malton, Northallerton, Richmond and Stokesley. Yet for the most part the Bench was filled with landed aristocracy, safeguarding its own interests. The constitution of a typical bench is recorded in the Quarter Sessions Order Book for 14th March 1822 comprising the Rt. Hon. the Earl of

Tyrconnel, the Rt. Hon. Lord Feversham, the Rt. Hon. Lord Normanby, the Rt. Hon. Lord Morpeth, who was of course the eldest son of the Carlises at Castle Howard and a close friend of Sydney, the Rt. Hon. Lord Dundas, as well as those whose descendants still have a substantial stake in the County today: Cayley, Pulleyn, Armitage, Straubenzee, Challoner, Chaytor, Duncombe, Wombwell, Ramsden, Graham and Morritt – 16 on the Bench that day, and a formidable prospect to appear before.

Some might have raised an eyebrow at Sydney's appointment, for in the previous year he had published an article in the Edinburgh review entitled "The Cruel Treatment of Untried Prisoners", attacking the North Riding justices in particular for putting to work those on remand and awaiting trial, in effect drawing no distinction between them and a convicted prisoner - an issue that has rumbled on to the present. But as you know he was of a singularly independent mind and as High Sheriff's Chaplain preaching the October Assize Sermon in York Minster, before the serried ranks of the great and powerful, on one occasion he took as his text, "The judge that smites contrary to the law", and on another, "The lawyer that tempted Christ".

Nevertheless, having assumed the judicial mantle he took his own duties seriously and was no soft touch. In York his very first case was deciding whether to discharge 11 insolvent debtors who had been in gaol for the previous few months. Ten of them he did discharge but one, George Spaunton, had omitted to declare his furniture, a quantity of barley and other effects so he was sent down for a further three weeks. In the following year on 17th October 1815 we find Sydney in Northallerton dealing with a case of domestic violence. John Wainwright, the blacksmith of Great Smeaton had been knocking his wife, Frances about and Sydney bound him over to be of good behaviour. I am sorry to relate that Mr. Wainwright failed to heed Sydney's admonition and was made to forfeit his recognisances. In another case Sydney was called upon to adjudicate upon the enclosure of common and waste land at Kilburn. In yet another he was to order the churchwardens and overseers of the Poor of Askrigg and Richmond not to remove William Bradbury and his daughter Isabella but to continue providing for them out of parish funds. In fact, Sydney had many such cases, with the parishes of Thornton le Street, Barnard Castle and Reeth appearing in his bad books. On one occasion he made the churchwardens of Whitby, who had, in his judgment, unlawfully transferred William Whitfield to Northallerton, take him back. Years later Sydney wrote in his memoirs, "employing the poor, I took great pains about those matters when I was a magistrate".

Indeed, he was a man of detail as may be seen in my last example from his own parish. On 8th July 1822 he judged that the York to Malton road was "unfit for the reception of travellers", and that 627 yards of public highway from Foston to Foston Bridge and 970 yards from Foston to Spittle Bridge "should be diverted and turned so as to make the same nearer and more commodious to the public". You will recall that when having to transport the building materials from York for his own rectory at Foston he employed four oxen whom he named Tug and Lug and Haul and Crawl who got stuck in the mud and had to be replaced by draught horses.

Overall, I am left with the very strong impression that despite railing against such injustice as the Game Laws he was a highly conscientious and industrious magistrate, and that while he remained true to his liberal principles, he was a just man and a judicial figure of whom this county should be justly proud. That such, indeed, was his legacy is evidenced by the inscription on this portrait's frame which itself is of much later date than the painting. It reads, "Rev. Sydney Smith MA Oxtou JP Vicar of Foston-le-Clay 1814 - 1829 Born 1771- Died 1845 This Portrait Presented to the County of York by Fredk. J Munby, Clerk of Court of Gaol Sessions for Yorkshire". Now while the dates of his birth and death are accurate, those of his having the living of Foston are not. He was Vicar there for 20 years from 1809. These dates are those of his magistracy.

Of much greater interest is the fact that Frederick Munby retired from his Clerkship only in 1911 after 37 years' service. He was not born when Sydney departed from Yorkshire. So what is the connection? It lies in the fact that in addition to his post as Clerk of Sessions, Mr. Munby was also a solicitor practising in York as had been his father before him, and Munby Senior had been George Marshall's executor. This is hardly the stuff of "Fake or Fortune" but it is a neat story, nevertheless; and demonstrates the high regard in which Sydney was held locally, generations after his time on the Bench?

Yet I have kept you too long from your lunch, so let us be mindful of Sydney's adage that "digestion is the great secret of life"

OCTOBER LONDON LUNCH

Members attending the October luncheon at the Boisdale were privileged to enjoy a private performance from a well-known actor. Deirdre Bryan-Brown had written a script of excerpts from biographies of Sydney Smith with snippets from his letters and had invited Simon Jones to read them to those gathered round the table. Simon has an illustrious career in the theatre, from student days with 'Footlights' in Cambridge to the BBC and West End theatres, also memorable on TV as Lord Brideshead in 'Brideshead Revisited'. He remembered seeing The Smith of Smiths on his father's bookshelf and much enjoyed reading the selected items. Seated round the table in the photograph are Simon Jones, Deirdre Bryan-Brown, Sian Phillips, Nick Frankfort, Angela

Bryan-Brown, Nicholas Faith, Celia Moreton-Prichard, Robin Price, Helen Chamberlain, Colin Southall, Nancy Lewis and David Chamberlain.



SYDNEY SMITH IN BATH AND WELLS

A talk by Dr Robert Dunning at our Taunton AGM in 2017

The diocese of Bath and Wells was as traditional as any at the beginning of the 19th century. A survey carried out at the request of the Privy Council in 1815 found that nearly half the clergy were absentees, all

with approved excuses, leaving the parish duty to ill-paid men who were often obliged to gallop from church to church on Sundays. Bishop Richard Beadon, the diocesan since coming from Gloucester in 1802, looked after his own, making one son diocesan chancellor, another cathedral precentor, another cathedral chancellor. The last survived in post until 1879 at the age of 101. The dean of Wells was also until 1824 bishop of Gloucester and then bishop of Coventry and Lichfield.

As for the clergy, William Perkins, vicar of Kingsbury, had lived at Twyford (Bucks) for 40 years, Charles Neve of Kilmersdon and Ashwick at Brierly Hill (Staffs). William Tudor of Kingston Seymour was 'much too infirm to be capable of taking any duty'; the vicar of Burnham was also dean of Westminster and bishop of Rochester. Thomas Exon, rector of Exton, came down only in summer so long as his health permitted, because of 'old age, ill health, injur'd constitution by service in the Navy and gout'. He lived in London where he was secretary and librarian to the Hessian minister. Nicholas Spencer of Halse was resident chaplain to the Company of Merchants at St Petersburg. For most, lack of an adequate house or ill health were the principal causes of absence.

An edition of the Clerical Guide of 1836 recorded that Sydney Smith held Combe Florey (population 366, church room 375, net income £263 and house) and Halberton (pop. 1636, church room 900, income £517) and the prebend of Neasden in St Paul's with a house and unspecified income (would he not say?). Among his fellow clergy there were the dean, who was also an active bishop of Llandaff and author of pamphlets on education, currency and pauperism, and the prebendary of Finsbury who was also bishop of Carlisle and chancellor of Salisbury with a net income of £2213 and a mortgage of £10,000 to allow him to rebuild Rose Castle.

The annual survey of clergy for Bath and Wells in the same year found far fewer absentees than 1815, but they included Spencer Madan of Batheaston and St Catherine, who was canon residentiary at Lichfield; and John Wicher of Babcary, who lived at Petersfield, was aged 76 and suffered from 'illness and infirmity of body, blind in one eye and nearly so in the other'. The enquiry posed a number of questions of each incumbent as to whether or not he was an absentee, whether he served another church and by what legal right or for what reason he lived elsewhere. There followed a further series of questions about any employed curate. Sydney Smith declared he was resident in the glebe house (the date was 1 January 1836) that he served no other church, that services at Combe Florey were held once a Sunday and were duly performed. Questions about a curate were left unanswered. Was this not a little less than the whole truth? Cecil Smith of nearby Lydeard House, as the parish registers reveal, performed most of the duty and signed as 'officiating minister'; and Sydney obviously did not serve Halberton, although he should have admitted as much!

In 1840 Bishop Law began a series of 'Visitation Queries' addressed to the churchwardens of each parish. William Bond and William Miles of Combe Florey declared they were elected every Easter Monday and that all was in order. The parish Vestry meeting was held in the schoolroom, chaired by the minister 'when present', at which annual accounts were presented. The fabric of the church was in order; the belfry was used to store coal; the minister performed the duty (what duty was unspecified). To the question 'have you a resident incumbent or a curate?' they answered 'resident incumbent, curate occasionally'. The glebe house was occupied by the incumbent. Again not a full declaration of the truth.

William Bond made himself responsible for the annual accounts at least from the year when Sydney arrived. The annual costs of the church were less than £20, the largest items the salary and expenses of Mr Lovelace, the parish clerk (salary 3 guineas, washing church linen, filling up register forms, providing bread and wine

four times a year); sexton Newick's salary (1 guinea); the legal fees for visitations, briefs and special prayers and the wardens' expenses at visitations; and the costs of maintaining the bass viol replaced by a violoncello in 1844-5. In Sydney's first year there was a small item for making a 'sit' in the pulpit; in 1832-3 the roof of the church porch was replaced, four new hassocks were bought and 10 old ones repaired; in 1840 seats were repaired and a curtain made for the gallery. The annual accounts were never approved by Sydney because he was never there at Easter.

Ecclesiastical bureaucracy and Episcopal interference would not have been to Sydney's taste. His answers and those given on his behalf leave questions for the historians to ponder.

TRIBUTES

ALAN BELL

Alan Bell, who died in April 2018, aged 75, was one of the founding fathers of the Sydney Smith Association and its Chairman from its formation in 1996. Described in the Daily Telegraph obituary as 'a gentleman scholar', he brought his expertise and wisdom to the Association from the ivory towers of the London Library. In addition to his academic post as librarian, he was also a writer and editor and, like Sydney Smith, was a regular reviewer of books. His own works include books on Henry Cockburn and Evelyn Waugh, but he is best known to members as the author of the biography of Sydney Smith, published in 1980, long before the Association was formed. With Sydney Smith's letters in his possession for a future project, he was the ideal person to lead this fledgling society. In the 1970s Alan worked with Oxford University Press, preparing a revised and greatly enlarged edition of Sydney's letters. He had found more than 1000 unpublished letters and on the advice of OUP he drew on them for his 1980 biography. Unfortunately, the larger project fell through. Alan's influence on the Association was invaluable: he had contacts in the literary world, he was a source of all information about Sydney Smith, he masterminded gatherings of members in Edinburgh, and he was unfailingly generous with help and advice. In his final years, Alan bequeathed his collection of letters to the Association and gave his blessing to Jeremy Cunningham to publish them on the Association's website – a lasting legacy to the scholars of the future.

THE REVEREND NORMAN TAYLOR

Among the founding fathers of the Association was Norman Taylor, a scholarly cleric with an established interest in Sydney Smith. He served as its first Treasurer from 1996 and remained a trustee until he died in 2018. Together with Alan Hankinson, then editor of the newsletter, he co-authored the delightful book of selected writings of Sydney Smith, 'Twelve miles from a Lemon', published by The Lutterworth Press in 1996, which was described by Alexander Waugh as 'an enriching and invigorating book'. His sermon from the pulpit of Sydney's church, on the first occasion that the Association held its annual meeting in Combe Florey, took as its text 'He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast' which captured perfectly the spirit of our gatherings. Norman regularly joined members round tables in London and Somerset while living in Lyme Regis, and more recently in York where his gentle wisdom will be much missed

THE REVEREND TIMMY FORBES ADAM

The Rev. Sir Timothy Forbes Adam BT (known to everyone as Timmy) passed away in March 2019, aged 95. Timmy was one of our earliest members, whose company was enjoyed, indeed loved, by all who met him, and whose pre-luncheon graces were worthy of Sydney himself.

Born in India, he came to Yorkshire when his family returned home. After Eton and a short stay at Balliol College, he joined up in 1942 but his stay on active service was sadly curtailed when he was wounded by what was called Friendly Fire. After an unsettled year or two after the war he tried the stage (he was a very good actor). He won a scholarship to RADA which guaranteed a year's employment. He married Penelope, also on the stage, who bore him four lovely daughters. After two or three years he left the stage and came to Escrick to look after the Estate.

Then an extraordinary thing happened. He was struck (almost literally) by an over-whelming desire to join the Church. He lost interest in anything at all except to follow Christ, and this he did. He was ordained in 1957 and in due course he passed his Estate responsibilities to others in the family.

He built a house on the edge of the Estate and there he lived happily until he died. He spent a great deal of time taking services on behalf of neighbouring parish priests, but his favourite winter pastimes were hunting and shooting, so he should be remembered as one of the last of the Sporting Parsons.

GRACE FOR SYDNEY SMITH

Written and spoken by Canon John Simpson at the South West Region Annual Lunch - March 2019

Sydney Smith is a name we treasure', wisdom and wit in equal measure.
His liberal views began to flower and offended many of those in power.
At Bristol, on Catholic emancipation, he shocked the Mayor and Corporation,
who left the cathedral at a caper and didn't return until many years later.
His views on drink are clear to see his favourite drink was always tea.
He liked his wine, but then again, he stated coffee cleared the brain.
He looked to God in heaven above the source of friendship, life and love.
The after-life intrigued him most - like paté-de-fois-gras with the heavenly host.
As we know, this goes with crumpets. Sydney preferred the sound of trumpets.

O Lord we pray you'll bless our food and keep us in a joyful mood.
And when it comes, let's have a look, and if there's gravy, sack the cook!

Once again John Simpson heralded our annual lunch with a bespoke Grace, sparking the lively atmosphere in which animated conversation and discussion bounced round the table at Hornsbury Mill in Somerset. Colin Southall, recently elected Chairman of the Association, had driven from London to join us and, over post-prandial coffee, led a conversation on the direction the society might take to ensure its future survival. He reminded us of the important aspects of our existence: financial support of the churches associated with Sydney Smith, access by the wider public to the archives held on our website, and equally important the enjoyment of the company of fellow members. In the world of modern communications, we need to exploit Twitter and Whatsapp with regular and relevant posts of Sydney Smith's wisdom; and accept the reality that groups can exist electronically as well as physically. Ways of achieving publicity and thereby attracting new members were suggested and debated – podcasts of quotations read by famous people, lectures with

irresistible titles, even parties of paté and trumpeters. There was no shortage of either ideas or enthusiasm. Next year we will surely meet again, perhaps accompanied by a new member or two.

Sydie Bones

WINCHESTER AGM WEEKEND 2018

Harry Yoxall writes:-

Our start was inauspicious, with lashing rain and plunging temperatures that caught everyone off their guard, along with long traffic delays on all the access roads to Winchester. The mood improved after sandwiches and a cup of tea, and we set off for a guided walk around some of the notable features of the streets around the Close and the cathedral itself. William of Wykeham, the bishop (and former Chancellor of England) who started the rebuilding of the cathedral into its current form in 1394, had clearly been both a visionary leader and a very able administrator, for he died in 1404 one of the richest men in England despite having founded and endowed both Winchester College and New College Oxford.



We returned for the AGM, which duly proceeded with its usual decorum. The subsequent dinner, and our splendid guest lecturer, Sue de Salis, were considerably interrupted by the ceiling of the meeting room visibly distorting in time to the thumping music from a wedding party overhead, but nonetheless we learned something of the history and importance of the city and cathedral of Winchester. A series of pen portraits of eccentric clergymen of the period, left on the tables, provided respite when listening became too much of a struggle, and demonstrated

that Sydney was far from being the most extreme of the breed.

Sunday dawned wet but rapidly improved and the sun almost shone upon the members who made their way to Eucharist at the cathedral. The service was conducted entirely by women clergy and was made even more moving by the inclusion of the baptism of the daughter of one of the Lay Clerks. The music was, of course, exquisite.

The sun had grown a little more enthusiastic when we repaired to an upper room of the Wykeham Arms for a substantial roast dinner (one likes to think Sydney would have approved) before a fascinating tour of the College that concluded the weekend. It was striking how Winchester had retained many of the traditions that other Public Schools have abandoned in their rush to modernise. The College scholars, for example, still dine in a mediaeval upstairs hall and leap over the table to reach the benches on the far side. Some meals are still taken on square wooden trenchers. We were not able to see the tile – one amongst many from the period – that commemorates Sydney's time at the college but it was remarkable to see and walk in many of the buildings that are still much as he would have known them.

A chapter on Sydney in *All in the Same Place: A Portrait of 25 Famous Wykehamists* by Malcolm Burr notes that “he did not much enjoy Winchester.... He particularly disliked the way Greek was taught, the emphasis being on the language itself, not on what might be read in Greek. Nor did he enjoy games ‘in which the greatest blockheads commonly excel the most’. Worst of all he felt himself half-starved. His headmaster, Dr Warton, once admired a catapult he had made, not realising that its purpose was to kill one of the headmaster’s prize turkeys, so that he and the other boys might have a decent dinner.” Nonetheless, Sydney had some academic success at the College and there still exists his prize copy of the two volumes of Appolonius of Rhodes’ *Agronauticorum libri quator*, won in 1788 for an English prose essay. The well known comment in Saba’s 1855 *Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith* that he used “even in old age to shudder at the recollections of Winchester: the whole system was then, my father used to say, one of abuse, neglect and vice” was cast into some doubt in Arthur Leach’s *A History of Winchester College* published in 1899, but we can probably still say that his views of his school days were not entirely positive.

WINCHESTER IN 1800

Michael Ranson writes:

After dinner on 22nd Sept we were treated to an excellent talk by Sue de Salis, a Winchester Blue Badge Guide, on the subject of ‘The Winchester that Sydney Smith and Jane Austen Knew’. Sue very kindly agreed to our publishing a summary of her talk, which appears below.

Sydney Smith, born in 1771, attended Winchester College in the 1780s, so he would have known the city much as it was to become familiar to Jane Austen, born a few years later, who lived at nearby Chawton. At the end of the 18th century Winchester (the *Venta Belgarum* of the Romans), had a population of some 5000, down from an estimated peak of 11000 in the 13th Century. It was thus a place that had undergone very considerable decline. The Georgian city was a small place, with a semi-rural feel and characterized by gardens and orchards, but nevertheless with some fine houses, especially in the area of the Close. However, Winchester was an important regional centre, a focus for county society. Daniel Defoe described it thus in 1724:

‘Here is no manufacture...but there is a great deal of good company; and abundance of gentry being in the neighbourhood, it adds to the sociableness of the place; the clergy also here are, generally speaking, very rich and very numerous..’

In terms of ‘society’, to the clergy and the gentry could be added officers of the barracks there, and periodically barristers visiting for the Assizes. An Assembly Rooms had opened in 1769, where subscription balls took place during the season which ran from January to March. A theatre opened in the 1760s, and by the beginning of the 19th century there were two. There were regular concerts, Paganini played there in 1804. Events were often programmed to coincide with the full moon to aid travel. Such gatherings were described by Jane Austen in a letter to Cassandra thus: ‘imagine everything most profligate and shocking in the way of dancing and sitting down together.’ But there was behavior much worse than sitting down together. Such was the sad story of Mrs Powlett, caught in the ‘second best hotel’ with Lord Sackville, which led to a court case in which Lord Sackville was sued for compensation by Mr Powlett for ‘damage to his property’. Jane wrote to Cassandra of the matter:

‘There is sad story about Mrs Powlett. I should never have suspected her of such a thing. She took the sacrament I remember the last time you and I did.’

In the summer Winchester had races, which coincided with St Swithun's Day. These were seen by the staid of local society as a further source of moral danger. Jane Austen penned the following lines on the subject:

When Winchester races first took their beginning,
It is said that the people forgot their old saint
Not applying at all for the leave of St Swithun
And that William of Wykeham's approval was faint.
.. said the saint..
Henceforth I'll triumph in shewing my powers,
The curse upon Venta is July in showers.

An amusing memoir of Winchester society in the 1820s is to be found in a letter of Colonel Walker a veteran of Wellington's campaigns. He wrote in 1825:

'What with sitting to midnight over sloe juice, occasional suppers (kept up til morning), plays, balls, grand dinners, and in short one incessant round of company.... the little duty which I had to do was the only mental recreation which this sink of dissipation would afford.'

The clergy lived very well indeed. Winchester was the richest see, the Bishop's income in the early 19th century when Brownlow North was the incumbent, was £28000, a colossal sum for the period. The bishop was the son of the former Prime Minister Lord North. Nepotism and corruption flourished. Brownlow North appointed his son Master of the hospital at St Cross in 1808, where there was subsequently a great scandal. With just 13 poor men to support, the surplus income, pocketed by the Master, amounted to £300. Trollope, who attended Winchester College in the 1820s, no doubt based Hiram's Hospital in his novel 'The Warden' on St Cross. The delightful houses in the Close were generally unoccupied by the canons, for whom they were intended. Given the level of absenteeism, these were frequently lent or let. Very little of the wealth of the diocese went on the maintenance of the cathedral and its precincts, both of which were in a sorry state. The Hampshire Chronicle (1817) complained of the washing hung out to dry in the graveyard, and of the making of lime and construction of saw pits there. Divine worship was perfunctory and pastoral activity minimal. William Cobbett visited Winchester in the 1820s, and was profoundly unimpressed:

'There is a Dean and God knows how many prebends belonging to this immensely rich bishopric and chapter; and there were at this service two or three men and five or six boys in white surplices with a congregation of fifteen men and four women. Gracious God, it beggars one's feelings to attempt to find words on such a subject and such an occasion.'

This was of course the church in which Sydney Smith was to become a clergyman, having failed to persuade his father to support him in his first choice, the Law; and it has to be admitted that albeit in some ways a conscientious pastor, he was to remain a staunch defender of this unreformed Anglican establishment. Nor was becoming a clergyman very challenging; the requisite process being an Oxbridge degree, an interview with the Bishop, subscription to the Thirty Nine Articles of Religion, a year as a deacon and then an easy life – provided of course that one had access to a good living. If one had no such patronage, life as a perpetual curate or the like could be extremely grim, vide The Revd Quiverfull in Barchester Towers.

Winchester had a good hospital, rebuilt in 1758, and a reputation for advanced health care provision. Jane Austen came to Winchester to place herself under the care of the prestigious Dr Lydford, but sadly he was able to do nothing for her. Keats came to the city for his health in 1819, believing it to have good air and to be a cleanly place. He wrote his Ode to Autumn there. He described it thus in a letter to his brother George:

‘The side streets here are excessively maiden lady like, the door steps always being fresh from the flannel. The knockers have a very staid serious quietness.’

Sadly, Winchester did nothing to improve the poet’s health. Indeed, the record suggests that the city was becoming increasingly unhealthy as the population grew. The high-water table led to poor drainage, cess pits leaked into wells and waterways. Filth from the more fashionable upper town drained down to the lower town, where deaths from cholera were endemic. In the 1840s, when life expectancy nationally was 58, expectancy in the upper town was 50 and only 42 in the lower. Yet proposals for a proper drainage system were not universally supported, there would after all be a cost to rate payers. Those opposed were dubbed the Muckabites, and were celebrated in the contemporary rhyme:

‘Good health to all the Muckabites, Hey Ho , stink O
Our cesspools shall not be drained, Hey Ho stink O,
We mean to die from Muckabites, Hey Ho, stink O’

Eventually in 1875 a proper mains drainage system was installed, to the great benefit of public health in the town.

Unsurprisingly boys at Winchester College routinely drank the healthy alternative to local water, namely beer. Indeed, in 1710 they had mutinied over what they considered the inadequacy of the beer ration. Nor was this the only mutiny. In 1818, the great Winchester College rebellion occurred, during which the Warden was for some time held hostage by scholars armed with axes. Sydney Smith was there in the 1780s when Joseph Warton was the head. He hated his time there, and later described it as a rough cruel place. His brother Courtenay ran away twice, unable to bear it. The food was awful, and the older boys always got the best of it. Sydney recalled constructing a catapult with which to poach nearby poultry. Until the very end of the 18th century most boys (commoners extra collegium) either lodged with masters in their private houses, or lived in lodgings in the town, the latter thereby gaining easy access to every form of riot and debauchery. Relations between town and gown were often fraught. Around 1800 a new building was constructed and living in town was banned. However, the new building was quickly compared to a workhouse, and as it was built over an underground stream, epidemics of typhus and malaria were frequent. Only in the 1850s was a start made on constructing the first boarding houses headed by a housemaster. In an article which he published in the Edinburgh Review in 1810, and based substantially on his experience of Winchester, Sydney described a public school as ‘a place where every boy is alternatively a tyrant and a slave...a place of neglect, abuse and vice.’ He was a Prefect of Hall in his final year so saw the system from both sides. Many years later, in 1837, when the Archbishop of Canterbury was proposing legislation to curb the patronage of St Pauls, Sydney – a canon of that place and always a defender of the privileges and perquisites of the clergy, wrote as follows:

‘I was at school with the Archbishop of Canterbury; fifty-three years ago he knocked me down with the chess board for check-mating him – and now he is attempting to take away my patronage. I believe these are the only two acts of violence he ever committed in his life.’

What better way to end than with this characteristically amusing little memoir by Sydney, recalling his time at Winchester?

THE SYDNEY SMITH ASSOCIATION

MINUTES of the WINCHESTER AGM - 22nd September 2018

The Chairman welcomed 15 members to the Royal Winchester Hotel.

Apologies: Arnold and Elspeth Arthurs, Peter & Maureen Payan, Robin Price, Ralph Rochester, John & Anne Simpson, Martyn Thurston, Janet Unwin, Jane Urquhart, Dorothy & Ifan Williams.

The Chairman opened the meeting.

- Minutes of the 2017 AGM were accepted as a true record of the proceedings.
- Points arising: the Secretary reported that the donation to Combe Florey Church for 2017 was £1200; and the article from Encyclopaedia Britannica was printed in the 2018 Newsletter.
- The Treasurer's interim financial report (see below) was read out. Members agreed to a subsidy for the current AGM events to balance any shortfall due to late cancellations.
- Membership: Mark Wade explained that subscriptions continue to be paid somewhat haphazardly, and said numbers remained around 150 members, not all of whom pay subscriptions. The membership continues to need new blood under the age of 60. It was suggested that social media should be exploited to encourage new interest.
- Lunches: local organisers continue to arrange lunches during the year. In future, all members will be sent details of all lunches. The Secretary will send revised email addresses of members to those organising lunches.
 - London: Celia Moreton-Prichard hosts lunches with a speaker three times a year at the Boisdale Restaurant for on average a dozen members.
 - York: Mark Wade organises two lunches a year with a speaker at the Middlethorpe Hall. From a local membership of 55, around 30 attend regularly.
 - South-West members' lunch is organised by Sydnie Bones, with a member as speaker.
 - The Chairman thanked all three organisers.
- Newsletter: the Chairman recorded thanks to Editor Gerry Bradshaw. It was agreed that Celia Morton-Prichard should obtain estimates of an upgrade in paper quality.
- Website: thanks were also recorded to Alison Vickers.
- Election of Officers: Jeremy Cunningham expressed his wish to stand down as Chairman, having served six years, and proposed that Colin Southall, a long-standing member, should take up the reins. This was welcomed and unanimously agreed by all those present. Colin spoke of the challenges of membership and the way ahead. Jeremy will remain a Trustee.
- Trustees will now comprise: Chairman (Colin Southall), Treasurer (Arnold Arthurs), Secretary (Sydnie Bones), Jeremy Cunningham, Sylvie Diggle, Peter Payan, Deirdre Bryan-Brown and Robin Price. (The Rev. Norman Taylor had died during the year.)
- AGM 2019: After a lively discussion on the format of the AGM, it was proposed that a one-day event, focused on a luncheon meeting, would be held in York, proposed date September 14th 2019. A suggested Agenda will be prepared before a final decision on the format is made.
- Any Other Business: (a) An article on the relevance today of the wit and wisdom of Sydney Smith appeared recently in The Times. Jeremy Cunningham had contacted the author who was interested in becoming a member. (b) The use of social media was discussed, including the setting up of a Facebook page. Nicky Yoxall asked members to explore Sydney's letters on the website for suitable snippets.

Financial Report

I confirm that the final accounts for last year 2017 were submitted to the Charity Commission as required. The finances of the Association continue to be sound. Interim figures for the current year which runs to the end of 2018, show receipts of £1660 from subscriptions, donations and gift aid compared with £1801 for the whole of last year.

When expenses of the AGM are available, we shall be in a position to decide on our donations to churches associated with Sydney Smith.

Arnold Arthurs, Hon Treasurer, Sydney Smith Association.

5 September 2018

Material for the Newsletter

We aim to publish annually by May and our slightly flexible copy date is early March. But at any time of the year, if you have talks, anecdotes, pictures or comments, we will welcome them. Just e-mail them to the editor, Gerry Bradshaw at ggbradshaw@btinternet.com . Or call him on 01653 648328.

*I will fight you to the last drop
of my ink and dine with you to
the last drop of your claret.*

