The Aims of the Sabine Baring-Gould Appreciation Society

The aims of the Society are to enable those interested in the man and his work to share their enthusiasm and spread the interest among others. These aims are to be achieved by means of Newsletters, a membership list, website, Annual Gathering at venues with some association with Sabine Baring-Gould, and publication of the Transactions.

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SABINE BARING-GOULD was born on 28th January 1834 in Exeter and died on 2nd January 1924 at Lewtrenchard

• Hugely influential collector of folksongs at a time when such songs were being rapidly forgotten.
• Prolific novelist. Among the ten best of his time?
• Folklorist. Magpie collector of anecdotes, practices, beliefs.
• Archaeologist. Pioneer of over 60 excavations on Dartmoor.
• Loved and respected pastor to a widespread Devonshire community
• Reconstructor of buildings - he made enormous changes to both house and church at Lewtrenchard.
• Wrote or translated well known hymns and carols.

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Front cover

A portrait of Grace Baring-Gould, thought to be in her early twenties that hangs in Lewtrenchard House (thanks to Ron Wawman for supplying this image).

Rear cover

A portrait of John Copinger (b. 1723, Cork) who Sabine identified as Cruel Copinger (see p. 15). This is believed to be the portrait referred to in Sabine’s 1892 article which was at that time in the possession of Mr W.S. Copinger of the Priory, Manchester.
Centenary of Grace’s death

Grace Baring-Gould 27 March 1850 – 8 April 1916

Ten years before Grace’s death, she became more and more the victim of arthritis. Racked with pain, as she was, she never lost her beauty, her sense of humour, or her sense of proportion. Her end was peaceful, and she leaves the story of Sabine as humbly and as quietly as she had entered it, as the little mill girl of Horbury. Her influence upon his life was total; she gave him peace and the security which any man needs for the fulfilment of himself; she was he great and the only love of his life. She bore him many children and was his companion for more than half a century. On the granite cross in the churchyard of Lewtrenchard is the inscription Grace Baring-Gould, aged 66, Fell Asleep in Christ April 8 1916.

She had been the true Gold or Gould, which had never lost its brilliance. The heart-braking words he had inscribed on her tombstone reveal to the world his deepest feelings: Dimidium Animae Meae. For the second time in his life, he publicly bared his soul. The Latin inscription is sometimes translated as Half My Life, but it is an inadequate translation. The word Animae can mean a number of things in different contexts, but is best translated here as Half My Soul. It is a quotation from one of Horace’s Odes. He might have chosen another quotation from Horace, Meae Pars Animae – Part of my Soul, but that too was inadequate to express the depth of their relationship. He had lost his Alter Ego, his second self. Her epitaph speaks of the intermingling of body, mind and spirit, the deepest level of all human relationships. It was a complete union. Theirs is one of the great love stories of all time.

It was only after her death that the full force of his monumental loss smote him. Writing to Susan (Grace’s sister) on 19 April 1916, Sabine said:

After forty-eight years of travelling together on Life’s journey in great union of heart and soul, I feel utterly as if I had no more to care for in the world.

No better way to end this Centenary tribute.

Ray Scott
How Exeter inspired Dracula.

Hazel Harvey sent me a cutting from the Express and Echo, Feb. 4th 2016, p.14 with the above title. The following are various quotations from the article.

It has long been known that Stoker used the city’s Cathedral Green for part of his original Dracula story. It is the place where the young solicitor Jonathan Harker leaves to go to Transylvania.

Stoker got virtually all of his information for Count Dracula’s features from a book on Lycanthropy: the Study of Werewolves [actually, The Book of Were-wolves. The same man who wrote this book was also the author of a vampire story titled Margery of Quether which was published within a few months of Stoker’s first notes on his novel Dracula. Both books were written by the same man Sabine Baring-Gould, who also wrote the famous hymn Onward Christian Soldiers in 1865.

In a newspaper interview given the month after Dracula was published, Stoker thanked the author of ‘The book of werewolves’ for what he had learned.

The above is due to be presented by Andy Struthers at the World Dracula Congress later this year. Mr Struthers is currently writing a book Dracula Incarnate: unearthing the definitive Dracula.

This illustration is the frontispiece of the first edition of The Book of Were-wolves

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SB-G References in print

David Shacklock

Sailing Tours Pt.I. The Coasts of Essex & Suffolk- Frank Cooper – Ashford Press 1985 (rpt. from 1892) – p. 77 Mehalah
Carols Old & New comp.Malcolm Archer & Alan Ridout – Kevin Mayhew ©1991 – 8 a&b Sing Lullaby (4 vs); 59 a&b The Angel Gabriel (4 vs)
On & Offshore – Dick Durham – Ashford Pr 1969 – p. 60 Mehalah/ Mersea
Rambles in Surrey – JC Cox – Methuen 1910 – p. 32 The Broom Squire
A Companion to the Folklore, Myths & Customs of Britain – Marc Alexander – Sutton 2002 (rpt) – ref. under ‘York’s Trinity Ghosts’
When the Riviera Was Ours – Patrick Howarth – RKP 1927 – pp. 54-6 – qu. A Book of the Riviera re Monaco &c
Forever Gould

Derek Rolvsbakken has dealt with a few collections of books and records over the years, but one of his more unusual finds, when examining the collection of a well-known sports writer in Denver, was behind a wooden panel, concealed by a large desk. It was a first edition of *A Book of Were-wolves*, in a nice half leather binding. He got in touch with me recently to ask if I could help explain a letter written by Sabine Baring-Gould that he had found inside the book. It reads as follows:

(Lew Trenchard Logo)

16 Dec. 1883

Dear Mr Green
Thanks for the lines. I do not however make out the last “For miser’s gold …… forever Gould”. I think the lines good but is there not a betterment?

Gold makes not Gould, nor any loss
Turneth good Gould to sorry dross.
Silver that’s gilded is not gold.
‘Gold Bydeth bright however old
Trust not in gold, but Gould is true
Gold is right good, but bettered is by U

Who is the Mr Gould to whom the lines were addressed? Not Ed. Gould of Colnbrook who has the Everard pictures?

I remain
Yours Tly
S. Baring Gould


At first glance this looked like an impossible challenge — until I looked at Ron Wawman’s transcription of Baring-Gould’s diary. The entry for 1 Dec 1883 reads:

“Gold taketh not a true Gould
Loss makes not Gould dross
Gilded silver makes not gold
Gould bideth bright however old
I trust not in gold but in Gould
For misers gold get friends Gould”

*Sent me by Everard Green, whence he got it I do not know.
It is capable of improvement:*

“Gold makes not Gould nor any loss
turneth fine Gould to sorry dross
Silver that’s gilded is not gold
Gold bydeth bright however old
Trust not in gold, but Gould is true
Gold is right good but bettered is by U”

The diary entry identifies the addressee as Everard Green, and I found an obituary for him in the *Times* (23 June 1926). He was an important Roman Catholic scholar and antiquarian who was ‘Rogue Dragon Pursuant of Arms in the College of Herald’, and Somerset Herald from 1911 until the time of his death. He wrote a number of articles about her
aldry. He is exactly the sort of man whom Baring-Gould would have been in contact with about heraldic matters and in his pursuit of family history.

I cannot answer Baring-Gould’s questions about the Mr Gould to whom the lines were addressed, as Green’s letter in response has not (yet?) been discovered. Neither have I been able to identify the Doctor Tebay who was given the letter by Mr Green. But Derek is pleased to have found out a bit more about his letter and its writer. He has expanded his collection of Baring-Gould’s books but, understandably, *The Book of Were-wolves* is a star in his library.

Martin Graebe
February 2016

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Betjeman and St Enodoc church

Ray Scott sent me a newspaper cutting that he found in his 1892 copy of *In the Roar of the Sea*. It is an article by Simon Jenkins on John Betjeman’s link to the Cornish village of Trebetherick and St Enodoc church. Unfortunately, the name of the newspaper is not on the cutting, neither is the date, but it appears to be from May 1996.

Jenkins, with a passing reference to SB-G’s *In the Roar of the Sea*, writes: Betjeman came to Trebetherick as a boy before the Great War. Here he experienced the childhood joys and torments recalled in Summoned by Bells [1960]. As a boy, he loved the local flowers, the toad-flax, periwinkle, bladder-wrack, great hemlock and bedstraw. He adored St Enodoc and gave its architecture plaudits he would have denied to so modest a work elsewhere. His father is commemorated in the nave and he buried his mother by the churchyard fence.

Betjeman died May 19th 1984 at his home, Treen, in Daymer Lane, Trebetherick and he is buried in the churchyard of St Enodoc, a place he commemorated in his poem *Sunday Afternoon Service* thus:

> So grows the tinny tenor faint or loud
> All things draw toward St Enodoc

His grave is marked by a slate tombstone.
The programme for the Bude Gathering is now in place, and comprises a good mixture of familiar faces and new ones in the line-up of speakers. They will all be very well worth hearing. We also have short outings to Hawker’s house, and his famous hut, perched on the cliff. Plus, of course, smuggling songs from the Graebes, and – we hope – a typical Hawker church service. For anyone who has never been to Bude, this is a chance not to be missed. Its setting, character and history are all fascinating.

Much of the weekend will be spent looking at *The Vicar of Morwenstow*, which was SB-G’s only venture into contemporary biography. But while we’re on the wild Cornish coast, we will also want to experience the thrills of smuggling, as seen through the pages of *In the Roar of the Sea*, which is one of Sabine’s most atmospheric novels.

Copies of both these books can easily be found, and I have a few of each available here for the price of the postage. Please ask.

There is – for good measure – a fair chance, that early copies of my own long-overdue biography of SBG will be available (see p. 20). I started it some twelve years ago (or maybe more), and finally added the last few chapters at the start of this year. *Sabine Baring-Gould: The Man Who Told a Thousand Stories* is the title. More detail elsewhere from the publisher.

The following is a short extract from the book, pertinent to our Gathering:

In August 1875, the Reverend Stephen Hawker of Morwenstow died at the age of seventy. Sabine undertook the task of writing a full biography – a new challenge, which interrupted *The Lives of the Saints* – to be pub-

lished in 1876. The book has been severely criticised as inaccurate and rushed, and it is evident that there are dangers in writing a life so soon after it has ended. Piers Brendon, in his 2002 biography of Hawker gives Sabine very short shrift. But Baring-Gould’s *Vicar of Morwenstow* is lively, affectionate and more thorough than its critics acknowledge. Even Brendon admits that it is ‘full of zest’. It opens with a collection of entertaining, if inaccurate, anecdotes from Hawker’s boyhood, portraying a solitary child left very much to himself to perform many acts of mischief. An atmosphere of eccentricity and liberal attitudes imbues the pages.

Before he was twenty, Hawker had married Charlotte I’ans, who was forty-one and, claims Sabine (later to be refuted), his godmother. He had known her almost all his life. Her money enabled him to complete his degree at Oxford. He wrote ballads and played countless tricks on people. He disguised himself as a ghost and a mermaid and owned a pet Berkshire pig and two large stags. Or so the biography tells us. Accusations of shameless embroidery have followed this book ever since it first appeared.

The book strays into lengthy passages about Morwenstow itself, and other parts of Cornwall. Hawker’s second parish of Wellcome (or Welcome, as it more often appears) clearly attracted Sabine’s interest. Being so immersed in the *Lives of the Saints*, he was in a good position to give every known detail about St Morwenna, for example, and he argued fiercely with Hawker in his lifetime about her. Hawker ended the discussion by asserting that he had supernatural sources for his information. As far as the accuracy of Sabine’s biography is concerned, its author himself sometimes indicates where he has doubts about the truth of an anecdote. He finishes the book with an assertion that he has ‘written truthfully the life of this most remarkable man.’ But in a review in the *Atheneum*, Hawker’s friend Maskell damns the whole book as ‘partly a romance, partly a jestbook.’ There was even a threatened action of libel, leading to a revised edition, which was no better liked by those who
knew Hawker. Piers Brendon quotes a dismissive paragraph from Bickford Dickinson’s biography of Sabine to demonstrate his poor grasp of history. Quite what this has to do with a book about a contemporary is unclear. The fact was that Sabine created a semi-mythical figure in a book that ran to twelve editions, up to 1949. Without his book, there is every chance that Hawker would have been forgotten even before the twentieth century began.

Sabine quotes from letters and from people who knew Hawker. He visited the vicarage and church in November 1875 for his researches, and probed into his subject’s habits of dress, political views and social circles. He plunges headlong into a comprehensive account of the north Cornwall wreckers which have long been associated with the vicar of Morwenstow, who had often to bury drowned sailors. During Sabine’s November visit there was a double wreck further along the coast. He describes it in some detail, plainly rather shocked at the reality of the disaster unfolding close by. The crew of one of the ships all perished.

Another piece of self-indulgence on Sabine’s part comprises a digression concerning witchcraft, involving Bratton Clovelly, which has no direct link to Hawker whatsoever. It does, though, previson Baring-Gould’s novel Red Spider. It also provides him with a vehicle to expiate on superstition in general – always a favourite topic.

Hawker was also responsible for Wellcombe, a remote but pious Cornish community, which received him rather more kindly than did Morwenstow. Fortunately for Sabine, a former curate of Wellcombe had moved to Essex, where Sabine was then living, and supplied letters and memories for the biography. Baring-Gould and Hawker were acquainted, though Sabine was the junior by thirty years. He makes little of this in the book, speaking only of a disagreement over the stone to be used in the repair of Hawker’s church and a meeting with the first Mrs Hawker who died in 1863. Hawker had sincerely loved his wife; they had been married for forty years, and he sank into a profound state of grief at her loss. But less than two years later, he married a Polish gov-erness of good family, amidst wholesale approval. He was sixty and in declining health. She was forty years his junior. This second marriage produced three daughters, but he found it difficult to enjoy his belated family, for worries over their fate after he died.

It is claimed that Hawker originated the practice of harvest thanksgiving services in 1843 – a highly successful innovation which persists strongly to this day.

So – one and all, please make your way to join us in October. Accommodation does exist, but rooms will get very booked up quite soon now. For help and advice on this, please contact Helen English, details below. When you have got your room booked, then do please complete the form enclosed with this Newsletter, and send it to Helen, so that we can ensure you have a chair to sit on, and some food to eat when you arrive. We will also contact everybody who has done this, during September, with instructions for where to be on the Friday evening and Saturday morning.

Becky Smith. 01873 890695. rebeccatope@btinternet.com – for copies of the books

Helen English 01747 853472 hvenglish@yahoo.co.uk - for the Booking Form, and accommodation help.

Address for the form – Helen English, 13 Pound Lane, Shaftesbury, Dorset. SP7 8RZ
**Sybil Tope—A retrospective memory**

It is sad to think that Sybil is no longer with us. She was quite a character, very independent, and kind and hospitable. At each SBGAS Gathering in Devon that I managed to get to, she offered me a room in her amazing old farmhouse. On the first occasion, my late husband, Mike, was with me too, and I remember we were startled by a bat that flew out of the bedroom when Sybil first opened the door to show us where we’d be sleeping. I’m so glad she was able to stay in her own home until almost the end of her life at the remarkable age of 95.

Helen English

**SB-G on paper, radio and television**

Colin & Susan White read, heard and saw the following three items recently:

*From Daisy Fay and the Miracle Man* by Fannie Flagg. 1981. Describing the initiation into the Order of the Rainbow Girls in southern Mississippi c.1950 and apparently part of the Masonic fellowship. They sang Onward Christian Soldiers and marched us round the room.

*From Amish Expects* (US television movie 2014) A few minutes in, the pastor announces "turn to page ....... In our hymnals" and all sing Onward Christian Soldiers

In episode 2 of season 1 of "In Loving Memory" (first broadcast in 1969), Thora Hird plays Onward Christian Soldiers on the organ in her funeral parlour.

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**Cruel Coppinger**

Roger Bristow

Cruel Coppinger features prominently in two Baring-Gould publications: as the villain in *In the Roar of the Sea*, and as a chapter in this biography of R. S. Hawker, *The Vicar of Morwenstow*. Both these books are part of the programme for our 2016 gathering at Bude (see p. 10). The reason for writing this article is because there are conflicting stories concerning the nationality and identity of Cruel Coppinger. In doing so, I have been helped tremendously by discussions with Norman Wallwork and Ray Scott; Ray has kindly provided me with photocopies of Hawker material.

One of the earliest mentions of Cruel Coppinger, as a ‘legend of local renown’ is by Hawker (1866). This was included in Hawker’s 1870 book *Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall* (pp. 123-138). In this book, Hawker sets the date of Coppinger in Devon and Cornwall as ‘middle and latter years’ of the 18th C. He is described as a Dane and was shipwrecked somewhere near Welcome. There he met Dinah Hamlyn and eventually married her.

Baring-Gould (1892), however, identifies a completely different person as ‘Cruel’ Coppinger. This John Copinger [note spelling with only one ‘p’] (see portrait on back cover) born in 1723 was of Irish descent and had property at Roscoff, Brittany, and Trewiddle, near St Austell, Cornwall. John Copinger married Mary McGegan. Sabine gives no evidence to link this John Copinger to the Coppinger referred to by Hawker, other than to suggest that Dinah Hamlyn was probably [Sabine’s] John Coppinger’s mistress. This same genealogy is incorporated as a footnote (p. 113) in the 1899 ‘New and revised edition’ of the *Vicar of Morwenstow* by Methuen & Co. [this was Methuen’s first edition of this book] and was followed in *A Book of Cornwall* (1899, p. 273).
A number of appendices were added to the 1903 edition of Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall, of which Appendix F (pp. 301-304) by R. Pearse Chope ‘provides the historical basis for Hawkers account of Cruel Coppinger’ [reproduced in full below]. Chope points out that Sabine’s Coppinger and Hawker’s Coppinger are two different people. In Methuen’s 2nd edtn. (1903, p. 111) of the Vicar of Morwenstow, the footnote is changed and Sabine admits that he is wrong. He does however add some additional biographical details about Ann (not Dinah) Hamlyn. Here, like Sabine, I digress and point out that Hartland was misspelt [Hastland] four times in this footnote and was never corrected in subsequent editions (on p. 89 of most later editions).

Pearse Chope concludes that ‘it is interesting to note that Coppinger has “entered fiction” through the pages of Mr. Baring-Gould’s In the Roar of the Sea.’ In this book, first published in 1892, it is not clear which Coppinger genealogy Sabine follows (not that it affects the story), but as he refers to Coppinger as a ‘Dane’, it appears to be Hawker’s Coppinger.

References


Hawker, R.S. 1866. Cruel Coppinger. All the Year Round, Vol. xvi, pp. 537-540.


APPENDIX F (pp. 301-304) of Footprints of Former men in Far Cornwall by R.S. Hawker (1903)

CRUEL COPPINGER

By R. PEARSE CHOPE

The real Coppinger, around whose name Mr. Hawker has woven such a fascinating legend, has been identified by the Rev. S. Baring Gould, in a footnote to his account of The Vicar of Morwenstow (edit. 1899, p. 113), with an Irishman of that name, having a wife at Trewhiddle, near St. Austell, by whom he had a daughter, who married a son of Lord Clinton. However, there can be little doubt that the Coppinger Mr. Hawker had in his mind lived nearer at hand, in the adjoining parish of Hartland, where several of these tales, together with others of a similar nature, are still told about him. His name was Daniel Herbert Coppinger or Coppinger, and he was wrecked, probably at Welcombe Mouth, the end of the romantic glen which separates Welcombe from Hartland, on December 23rd, 1792. He was hospitably received and entertained, not by Mr. Hamlyn, but by Mr. William Arthur, another yeoman farmer, at Golden Park in Hartland. While there he scratched the following inscription on a window-pane, which was preserved for many years, but has now disappeared: — "D. H. Coppinger, shipwrecked December 23rd, 1792; kindly received by Mr. Wm. Arthur."
In the following year he married Ann Hamlyn, the elder of the two
daughters of Mr. Ackland Hamlyn, of Galsham, and his wife Ann, who
was one of the last of the ancient and gentle family of Velly of Velly, a
family which had held a prominent position in the parish for at least five
hundred years. The marriage is thus entered in the parish register —
‘Daniel Herbert Coppinger of the King’s Royal Navy and Ann Hamlyn
mard. (by licence) 3 Aug. [1793]’

Far from being ‘a young damsel’, the bride was of the mature age of
forty-two. Two years later her sister, Mary, was married to William
Randal, but there is no record or local tradition of any issue from either
marriage. What rank Coppinger held in the Navy is not known, but his
name does not appear in the lists of commissioned officers.

For about two years he carried on his nefarious business of smuggling,
and stories are still told of the various methods he adopted of outwitting
the gauger. His chief cave was in the cliff at Sandhole, but another is
pointed out in Henstridge Wood, a couple of miles inland. On one occa-
sion, perhaps after Coppinger’s time, the caves were watched so closely
that the kegs of brandy which had been landed were deposited at the bot-
tom of the zess as the pile of sheaves in a barn is called, of an accommo-
dating farmer. The gauger, who had his suspicions, wished to search the
zess, but the farmer was so willing to help him in turning over the
sheaves that his suspicions were allayed, and he went away without find-
ing any of the incriminating articles. On another occasion the result was
not so satisfactory for the farmer. On the arrival of the gauger, he pro-
duced some empty kegs in order to give his wife an opportunity of hid-
ing a supply of valuable silks which had been left in their care. The saf-
est place she could think of, in her hurry was the oven, but she forgot that
it had been heated for baking a batch of bread. The result was that, al-
though the gauger failed to find them, they were burnt to ashes.

Mrs. Coppinger’s mother went to live with her other daughter and son-in
-law at Cross House in Harton. She was the owner of Galsham, and re-
tained possession of her husband’s money, and the tale runs that, in order
to obtain money from her, Coppinger, having been refused admission,
had been known to stand, with a pistol in each hand, on the stepping
‘Stocky’ or horse-block, in front of the house and threaten to shoot any
person who appeared at the door or any of the windows unless the re-
quired sum was produced. It is even said that once, as he was passing the
house, he saw his brother-in-law, Randal, at the window, and fired at
him without provocation, but luckily missed his aim.

Mrs. Ann Hamlyn was buried on September 7th, 1800, after which date
the house became the property of Mrs. Coppinger. Coppinger spent what
he could, but apparently became bankrupt, for in October, 1802, he was
a prisoner in the King’s Bench, in company with a Richard Copinger,
who is stated to have been a merchant in the island of Martinique. What
became of him afterwards does not seem to be known, but it is said that
he lived for many years at Barnstable, in receipt of an allowance from
his wife. She herself went there to live out her days, and died there on August 31st, 1833, at the age of eighty-two. She was buried in the chancel of Hartland Church, in the grave of her friend, Alice Western, and by the side of her mother. Coppinger's name can still be seen, inscribed in bold characters "D. H. Coppinger" on a window-pane at Galsham. Galsham is now the property of Major Kirkwood of Yeo Vale.

Writing to his brother-in-law, Mr. J. Sommers James, in September, 1866, Mr. Hawker asks him, 'Do you remember Bold Coppinger the Marsland Pirate? He died eighty-seven (?) years ago. I am collecting materials for his Life for All the Year Round in ??? and again in November of the same year [actually published in December]. Hadn't you an Aunt called Coppinger?"

**Sabine Baring-Gould – the man who told a thousand stories**

Becky Smith’s long-awaited biography, ‘*Sabine Baring-Gould – the man who told a thousand stories,*’ will be published later this year by Society member Bob Mann’s Longmarsh Press, Totnes. It is hoped that it will be available by the AGM.

Written under her professional name of Rebecca Tope, the book is the result of at least twelve years’ work. It will be a high-quality hardback, and members will have the opportunity to order copies in advance of publication. More details will be announced very soon, and will be sent to everyone via email, or will be found at http://www.longmarshpress.co.uk/.

Bob Mann said ‘*I am delighted to be publishing this, it is thoroughly researched, and displays Rebecca Tope’s own masterly skills as a storyteller.*’

**BARING-GOULD TITLES CURRENTLY AVAILABLE**

*This list is constantly expanding, and older titles are gradually being left out, to save space. Almost certainly there are omissions. Bossiney Books and Llanerch are regularly producing books by or including SB-G. By far one of the biggest publishers of SB-G material is Kessinger Publishing (www.kessingerpub.com) – over 62 titles are currently available, although some of the ‘titles’ are in fact chapters from some of SB-G’s books. If anyone knows of additional titles, please let the Editor know.*

- "Five Devon Seafarers”, Taken from SB-G’s *Devonshire Characters*. Bossiney Books. 2000. £2.99.
- "A Book of Folklore” Paperback. Praxis Books 1993. £5.00
- "Red Spider” Paperback. Praxis Books 1993 £5.00
- "Court Royal” Paperback. Praxis Books. April 2005. £10.00
- "Neb the Nailer” Papaperback, Praxis Books, 2014
- "Iceand its Scenes and Sagas”. Signal Books. £12.99
- "Queen of Love” Gloucester: Nonsuch Publishing. £6.