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Collection

The Petworth Society



CONTENTS

	<u>Page</u>
Constitution and Officers of the Society	2
Chairman's Notes	3
Winter	3
Petworth in 1604-7	5,7,32
J's Bulletin Walk	6
It Changeth Not!	7
A Petworth Childhood (4)	8
An Old Petworth Farming Family	10
The Meachen Family of Petworth	12
Letters from Van Diemensland	13
The Row Family - a note	16
The Venns Family - a note	16
Military Remains in the Pheasant Copse	16
Attempted Arson on Petworth Fair Day 1830	20
Benjamin Arnold, Clockmaker, Petworth.	25
The 10th Earl's Equestrian Expenses for 1651	26
New Members	31

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The Petworth Society was founded in 1974 "to preserve the character and amenities of the town and parish of Petworth, including Byworth; to encourage interest in the history of the district, and to foster a community spirit". It is non-political, non-sectarian, and non-profit-making.

Membership is open to anyone, irrespective of place or residence, who is interested in furthering the objects of the Society.

The annual subscription is £1 (minimum). Postal £1.50 (minimum). Further information may be obtained from any of the following:-

Chairman - Mr. P.A. Jerrome, Trowels, Pound Street,
Petworth.

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Mrs. Anne Simmons, Mr. D.S. Sneller,
Mr. J. Taylor, Mrs. D. Thorpe.

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Once more this is a very full Bulletin so I am keeping these notes to a bare minimum. The early spring activities are as usual on a separate sheet. The various autumn activities have clearly been to the liking of members and membership is growing very quickly indeed. One consequence of this is that spare issues of this present Bulletin will be very hard to come by. This is because we order a set number of printed covers for the whole year, the same for each quarter and have to estimate possible demand. By now however the number of members must roughly equal the number of covers printed for this, the last quarter.

While we never have any trouble finding material for the Bulletin, remember that if you do have something to say about Petworth, we'll squeeze it in somewhere. As I have observed before this is your Bulletin and what interests you about Petworth will probably interest others.

No luck with the Petworth Echo so far but there's a full-scale search on. Don't miss the January meeting on Petworth articles of yesteryear and don't forget to bring something yourself.

P.A.J.

WINTER

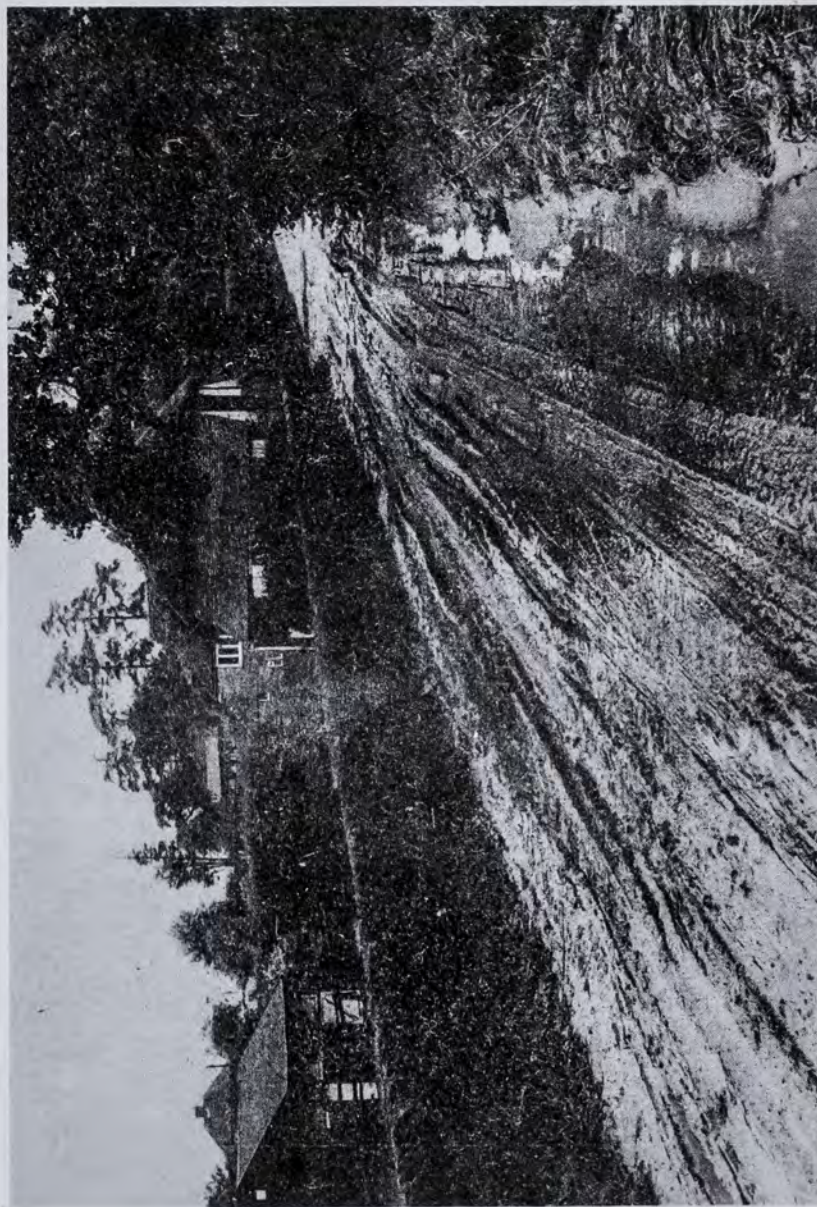
Winter is the last of four seasons in the year's cycle. It does not exist for enjoyment but rather must be endured with resourceful patience; it is a period of hardship and discomfort, of drudgery, drabness and grey colours. There was a time not that long ago when winter was glamorous and had excitement, and was in every sense a festive time. More recently it has become an unwanted interlude in nature's other warmer sequence. The first icy blasts that numb ears and finger tips herald more than just a passing spell of inclement weather. They warn of weeks and months to come, maybe 100 days or more, of privations and trials; in a way it is an annual package deal to test survival.

Each year it is the same; by creeping up deliberately with stealth, winter catches us complacent and unprepared. One day a distant best forgotten forecast, the next a three dimensional reality. October is the guilty month within whose confines the vitality of

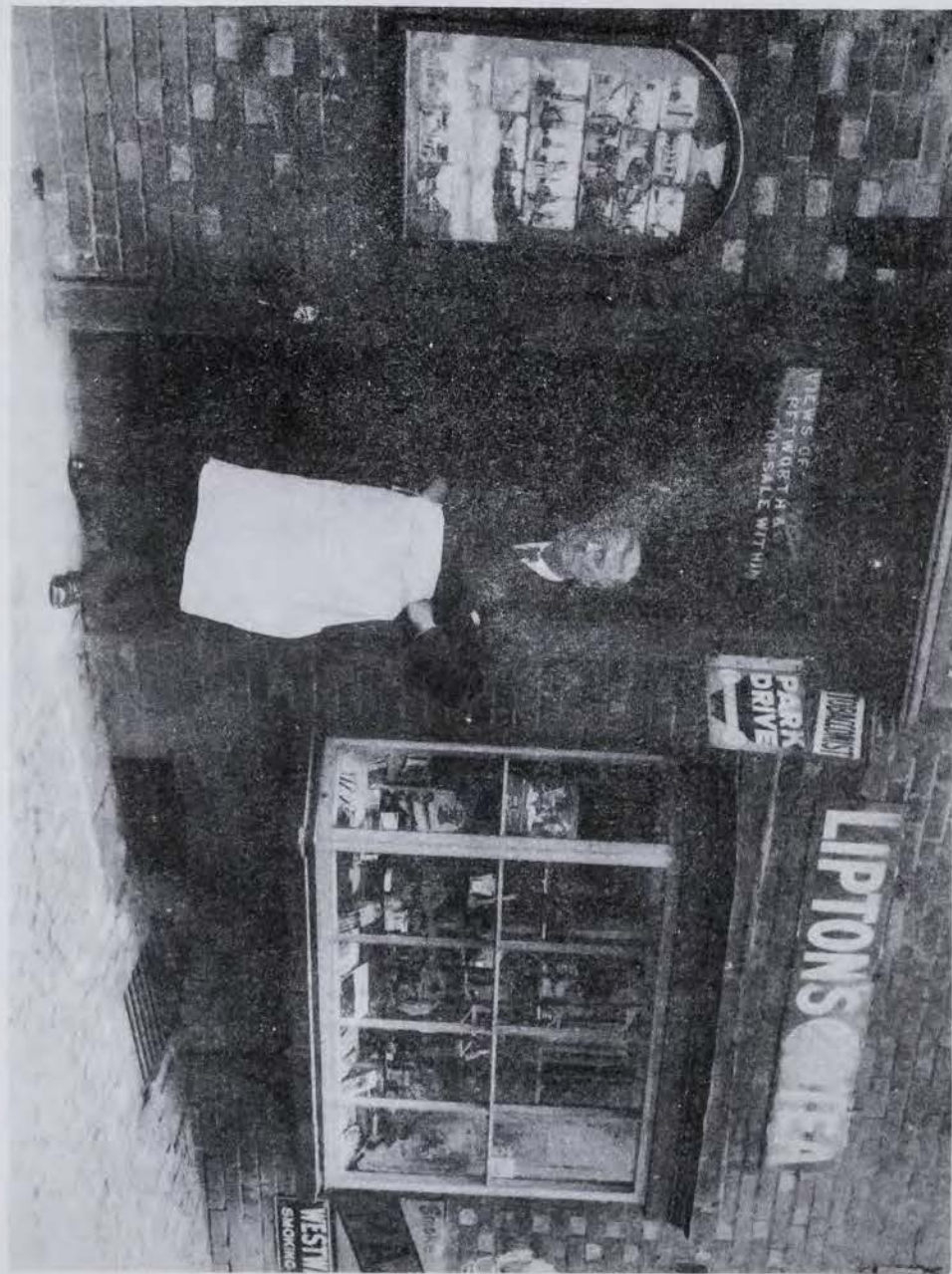
summer is first sapped. The process starts discretely with a slow stripping of trees. Quietly so as not to attract attention, in ones and twos leaves loose their hold and sink to earth. The winds from whatever compass point they blow, vigorously and with glee assist this strategy. They hurry busily from place to place eager and grasping - purposeful is their destruction. There is no great drama in this activity but its progress is un-stoppable and relentless.

In a few short weeks it is done. Almost overnight it seems lawns, concrete slabs and flowerbeds alike, become submerged by a mass of fallen foliage. Damp shifting layers of variegated brown lie discarded, cast off to rot like so much rubbish on a council tip. Decay they will in time, but first are destined to anger gardeners awhile and block drains. Thus the trees divested of their summer decency must face the coming cold, naked and unprotected. Skyward they point, sentinel-like, their stark plucked branches shaping a lattice work of gaunt silhouettes. Here and there a stubborn solitary leaf retains its grip; it will not last for long.

The countryside is now committed and is obliged to sit out the unfriendly chill for the duration; must fight the winds which know no privacy: resist the driving hail, the clinging snow. It has to bide its time and await spring's warmer life-giving and altogether more solicitous attentions. Soon the infiltrator frost descends. It seems as wary in approach as the season whose agent it is. Subtle and devious are its visitations, but it is not selective. It neglects no nook or cranny and seeks out the most sacrosanct retreats to make its mark. The landscape becomes clothed in a brittle whitish crust. The earth hardens, apparently fossilised. Small ruts, hoofprints and all other anonymous shapes are petrified and must remain that way until a thaw relieves them of their frigid form. There is little movement; nothing stirs. It is as if with the lowering of the temperature a curfew had been imposed. Beside a copse a rootling game bird is disturbed. Pigeons migrate from one hopeful feeding ground to another. Hawks here and there can be seen watchful as never before for any morsel of sustenance. Herds of cattle too exist in sheltered corners, breathing together in huddles keeping warm.



Early Autumn on the Bedham Road. A recent photograph by John Mason.



Then one night the snow comes; unseen at first and unannounced, with deceptively timid beginnings. Renowned as an opportunist it is quick to seize the advantage of surprise and in no time at all its thick blanket has enveloped the land. In the name of 'protection' it has blotted out the details of the rustic scene - no more is there sharpness or definition. The shapes so recently immortalised by frosts' icy finger as clear lines and angles are mellowed, becoming more subdued as curves. Snow, like death, is an impartial leveller.

In a landscape of snow every transitory pedestrian leaves notice of his travel, in print so to speak. Poachers, keepers, hunting animal or hunted, all must make their mark; unseemly violations really of the virgin tracts of white. A new fall or drifting action will hide tracks, but only a thaw can erase them for ever. And the thaw of course is ages coming. Winter passes at a snail's pace where a cheetah's would be preferred. Each day drags lethargically from one hour to the next as if the effort of over-hauling minutes is an onerous and wearisome task. Gradually though with undisguised reluctance spring draws nearer, apparently loath to compete with winter for control. But compete it must, and win, for thus it was ordained in the charter of the seasons that spring shall follow winter, greys give way to greens, drabness surrender and life return to lifeless lands.

C. Orr-Ewing.

Petworth in 1604-7

These and subsequent short entries are taken from PHA 582 and 583 - accounts of Edward Francis, steward to the 9th Earl and covering the years 1604-5 and 1607-8. They are reproduced here by kind permission of Lord Egremont.

Gyven to the poore of Pettworth for the releif of such as were visited with the plauge. June 1st £5.

Pd. to Morley for vi dayes gathering Emmat eggs for ye phesants and baking horsbread for the stallions. 20th June iv s.

Pd. to Hall and caryer for caryeing lamprey pies to London and other things per bill. iiis ivd.

J'S BULLETIN WALK

This walk takes about 1½ hrs and is over fairly easy going, but a little muddy in places.

Leave the town by Angel Street and on reaching the top of Shimmings Hill take the lane to your right, carry on for about 200 yards and pass through the gate on your right and so onto the top of the Sheepdowns. Now take the path down the hill, cross the large stile and cross the bridge to your left. Keep to the path straight ahead along the left edge of the field, through the gate at the top and out onto the road. Turn left and after a few yards you will reach the main road, cross this and turn right along the pavement for about 200 yards and you will come to a gate on your left with a rather overgrown footpath sign. Keep to the left of this field for a while and you will come to an opening in the fence enabling you to pass through into the field on your left, now keep to the right of this field along by the hedge. On reaching the farm lane you will see a large mound. This is one of our covered reservoirs, keep to the right of this and follow the path to the left of the farm buildings, on across the field and into the woods. On our right are more covered reservoirs and on our left the Goanah or Gog lodges. Turn right along the road leading from the lodges and after a short while you will come to a footpath sign, now turn sharp left almost back along the way you have come, keep to this path and you will come to a small and rather muddy lane down which you must walk. The local name for this lane is Lovers' Lane so one must suppose that all the "lovers" had wellington boots. On reaching the meadows at the end of the lane you will find no well defined path but move forward and slightly to the left and you will soon be able to set your sights on Petworth Church.

This is a wonderful view of the North end and East side of Petworth and always make me remember our lovely Church spire that used to set it off so beautifully, what a pity it had to come down and never be replaced. Follow the path along the fields with the hedge on your right, over the bridge and straight on up the hill, entering the town by Bartons' Lane. A good walk this to create a healthy appetite and tire out the dogs.

The Petworth Society will walk this walk on Sunday December 14th. Leave from Square at 2.00. No cars.

IT CHANGETH NOT!

The following report on a visit to Petworth by a medieval ambassador has by devious means come into the Society's possession and we reproduce it here in its entirety:

"My Lord:

This is a place like none other I have seen, there are high walls that shelter many bazaars and streets so patched and darned they would disgrace the veriest tramp, and thoroughfares that echo with a noise perpetual. There dwells within these walls a sect whose strange deeds all men wonder at. A spiritual leader have they, named the Druid, never seen, who dwells beneath a sacred aspen and little doth but mutter threats and imprecations dark. All temporal power resideth in the Chairman and his council. The former an eccentric merchant, who plies his trade for all the world as if the sect were no concern of his at all. A book they have that all must read, or claim to read for fear of lashing from the Chairman's tongue, and strange indeed, this book that is their guide doth change with each succeeding quarter, yea both contents and its colour! And 'tis a saying 'mongst them that "the book doth ever change but ne'er the Chairman's jokes". The council, called with every passing moon, survey with awestruck horror what's to come, and whey-faced contemplate what hath already passed. And general congregation too they hold, when they strange scenes of old enact in darkened rooms and then replete with vol-au-vent and tea retire well-pleased. The purpose I could not establish for your lordship: all say this custom hath been handed down before the coming of recorded time. And then one Jumbo, much revered by all, doth on appointed days lead young and old by rugged ways, by hillock, vale and stream, a Pied Piper with a difference he, for while all follow when he calls, yet strange to say, he leadeth them a circuitous way but always back again."

Petworth in 1604-7

Pd. to ffound for mawing of fferne in the parke June xxth per bill. And for moving xiii acres of meadowe in Millne Meade Wyde Meade and Budham per bill livs iid.

Family

When my eldest brother was born my father was in Petworth Cottage Hospital recovering from an accident that he had had while breaking in a horse. He had been flung against the stable door and had to have twenty stitches in his head. (If he had not had a very thick skull he would have been killed). The news that he had a son being brought to him, the next thing that Matron knew was that father was putting on his clothes and evidently preparing to leave. Being questioned he informed her that he had a SON and was going home to see him. (He already had four daughters!) Matron told him a, "Not to be silly". b, "That he would be nothing but a nuisance in his state". c, "Who would look after him? as, once having discharged himself from the hospital he would not be allowed back". Father was adamant, the district nurse who was visiting mother could look after his head, and nothing would change his mind. "I've got a son"! and home he went in the carriers cart. I think that we lived at Selham at that time.

It was rather a different story when we (the twins) were born. I was given this information about twenty-five years ago in Lodsworth where I was visiting one day. I went into the Hollist Arms and there was an elderly man whom I recognised, though I had not seen him since I was a small girl. I said, "You're Mr. Tooth and you used to have a cuckoo clock", he replied, "I be, and I still got 'em". "Be you one of they twins?" I said that I was and he went on, "I remember when you was born, I had to see your Dad about some'at and there was your Mother in bed with you twins and your Dad in bed with flu and your Dad said to me, "This is a pretty carry on". We lived at Bexleyhill then. I suspect that my father was disappointed that we were not both boys!

There never was a more caring and patient man with animals than father. Where they were concerned nothing was too much trouble. Pulborough Market was the market he most used - I can see him now, ready to go, in cap, breeches and leather gaitors. He and mother would decide what money he would need and just as he was going she would ask, "Have you got a clean hanky?" He used a red spotted one during the week and a white one for market. We

always knew when he was coming home from market because our dog, Nap, would stand at the door and as soon as she heard Duke's hoof-beats she would be off and come racing back with father's cap in her mouth sometime before he would actually appear.

Mother always said that she would not have minded if all her children had been girls. Because? "Girls can do more for themselves than boys and help more in the house". Mother was what I call a quiet feminist, and she had the courage of her convictions. I once heard her say to a farmer who had called at the house, "Would you mind not swearing in front of my children Mr. --. My husband doesn't swear indoors and neither do I and I should be glad if you would not". Said very gently, and no one could have taken offence, poor man, I doubt if he realised that he had been swearing. Mother was never a prude but she liked and expected good manners and she did have standards. One of her descriptive adjectives was "wholesome". If anything or anyone was "wholesome" then they were sound. It was what mother was, "wholesome".

Shopping

Apart from money!, shopping was not really a problem. The baker called twice a week. We had the Northchapel Stores. Lovely, long, crusty, oven-baked loaves, brought by Mr. Smith. He was always given a cup of tea. He would also bring groceries, taking the order for the following week. Mother also had a stamp book in which a stamp worth 1/- was stuck every week and this was kept for the extra things at Christmas. Always there was a gallon of paraffin in the weekly order.

Meat we got in Petworth, 1/- worth of pieces from the butcher in Lombard Street. I forget his name but was so pleased to see the ox is still in the tiles on the front of the house! Shoes from Mr. Bishop further down Lombard Street, I can still smell the leather in his shop. One oz. of "Nutbrown" tobacco from the tobacconist opposite. That was a dark, mysterious shop, run by Mr. Earle, he had all sorts of tins and boxes with strange names. Eagers in the Market Square for materials, Mr. Dean in Middle Street, for fish. He was something of a ventriloquist and would puzzle us children by throwing his voice up into the ceiling. Then, before the 'bus service, we had the long walk home. Mother always had a walking stick and, going home, we would sling the heavy baskets along the stick and carry them between us. As I have said before, we had little or

no pocket money, but every week mother would buy a quarter of a pound of "blackbobs", striped black and white peppermints, and we would each have one before going to bed. Of course, mother made all the jam and marmalade and father grew our vegetables and would also supplement our diet by shooting a rabbit or pigeons and we had the chickens for eggs. So, with our own butter, we were pretty self-sufficient and had good, plain, healthy food.

W.W.

AN OLD PETWORTH FARMING FAMILY

Hoes Farm, near Coultershaw, Petworth, has approximately 300 acres and is the property of the Leconfield Estate.

In September 1884 John Moase and his family moved from a farm at West Chiltington to take over the tenancy. Two years later the head of the family died, and his son Albert carried on at Hoes Farm.

Here were born two daughters, Blanche in 1890 and Dorrie in 1892, followed nine years later by one brother, John.

Albert Moase's great love was for his horses, and he specialised in heavy and carriage horses. He and Walter Dawtreay supplied most of the horses in the area at that time, Walter keeping hunters and hacks.

Hardly a day passed without one or the other men visiting each other's stables, and as young John grew up he too came to love horses and helped groom and exercise the animals at both stables.

The two daughters went to school at Miss Austins in Pound Street, Petworth. John also went to this school until he was old enough to attend the Midhurst Grammar School, to which he travelled by train along with many other boys from Petworth.

Mr. Moase grew corn, kept sheep and several dairy cows. Milk was taken across to Petworth Station in churns once a day. Mrs. Moase supervised the butter making in the dairy, helped by two servants. This was sold locally, and Miss Blanche says she still remembers clearly how the two 'girls' were allowed one half-pound of butter each week. Blanche too had to help on the farm with the chicken and ducks.

John remembers how his father used to brew the beer in the copper, and how he had to help pour it into the waiting barrels when ready. "The stink and steam was something awful", he says. For a young boy it was unpleasant work.

In 1916 Albert Moase died. John was still at school but almost ready to manage the farm with the help of his Uncle Harry Skinner, who lived at Strood Farm nearby at Byworth.

By the end of 1916, Lord Leconfield, always good to his tenants, allowed the family to move to Coultershaw Farm which was smaller, and he asked not a penny for dilapidations.

Walter Dawtreay took over Hoes Farm. The first World War was taking place and all farmers were doing their best to help with food shortages.

Just as soon as he was old enough in 1917, John joined up. His mother continued to manage Coultershaw Farm with the help of her brother, Harry Skinner and her daughter Blanche. (The younger daughter was now working in London). Edward Cooper was one of the most able hands on the farm and when he finally retired he had completed 62 years with the Moase family.

At last the War ended. John came home and things settled down to a busy but peaceful life. There was the occasional day's hunting, or a day at Goodwood races. There were Farmers' Dances and other amusements.

On the night of April 23rd 1923, the family were all awakened by the terrible fire at Coultershaw Mill opposite; so near in fact that they were all up and dressed and moving some of the animals to safety in case the fire leapt across the road.

By morning the firemen were still there, but the old stone mill mentioned in Domesday Book was nothing but a shell.

When John married in 1932 his mother and sister moved into one of the Leconfield cottages nearby, and it is here that Blanche still lives, quite alone. She sees her brother often and loves old friends to visit her. She will celebrate her 90'th birthday this year. John, or Jack as most people know him, at 81, is still very active and lives at Burton. When I last saw him we talked of the old days and old friends and of the good times we had between the wars. P.C.

THE MEACHEN FAMILY OF PETWORTH

When I first began researching my family's past little did I know where it would take me. My great grandfather Arthur Mark MEACHEN (Born 3/1/1870 at Petworth) moved considerably around the West Sussex area whilst employed as a 'farm carter' and the relatively large number of children that he had were hence born in different towns. I was therefore surprised to discover that my branch of the MEACHEN family had in fact remained in Petworth for many years.

It was from searching many genealogical records that I found over one hundred references to my surname in Petworth, including its spelling variations of MEACHAM, MECHIN, MACHEN, MACHIN, and MACHCIN. Those people, most of whom I know to be related, had varied occupations such as - shoemaker, tailor, groom, colt-breaker, blacksmith, porter and servants to the Earl of Egremont, turnpike keeper, postboy, ostler at the 'Half Moon Tap' public house, brewer, gardener, painter, labourers (agricultural and otherwise), etc. They lived all over the town and here follows a brief outline of one family who were dependent upon quite different livelihoods and which gives us an insight into the standard of living in old Petworth during those times. The following facts are true to the best of my knowledge.

Excluding his daughters, my Gt. Gt. Gt. Gt. Grandfather Robert MEACHEN (bapt. 18.6.1768 in Petworth) and his wife Lucy, had five sons, William (born 1796), Charles (born 1804), Robert (born 1806), George (born 1811) and James (born 1813). The 1841 Census shows that his sons were all living at different addresses in North Street, with William at Red Lion Yard. Other documents show that on 14.5.1839 both William and Charles were renting two separate tenements with gardens, part of freehold premises owned by their father in North Street and backing onto Petworth Glebe, later purchased by Col. George WYNDHAM for £350. Father Robert was, I understand, a lodgekeeper at Petworth House and an ex-porter to the Earl of Egremont prior to his death on the 6th March, 1829. Charles, a groom, subsequently married twice and with his second wife Jane (nee BURER) and the children of his first marriage, it is believed, emigrated in 1844 to Canada under the auspices of the Petworth Emigration Committee. William, another groom, married Mary PANNELL and had six children, one named Mark from whom I am descended. Robert (1806) was turnpike keeper and lived with his family in North Street at The Turnpike Toll House at

least from 1849 to 1851. Almost opposite that address another relative occupied a cottage which I believe now forms the northern part of the 'Masons Arms' Public House. George was a blacksmith who similarly lived in North Street and with his wife Ann (nee PULLING). Unfortunately he died in 1865, I believe without issue. The last son James (1813) was a tailor who married Abigail ENTICKNAP in 1836 and had a considerable number of children by her. His trade passed to at least one son, another James (born 1847) who was living at 'Wheatsheaf', North Street, unmarried, with the PULLEN family according to the 1871 Census.

It is somewhat disappointing to think that with so many ancestors in the town over such a long period that more information, other than the cold hearted facts that standard records provide, has not survived. I would therefore be grateful to learn of the existence of any literature or photographs concerning my relatives and would be more than happy to correspond with any reader who can provide local knowledge, information or advice, however small.

MR. G. MEACHEN,
"SWALLOW COTTAGE",
4, BLENHEIM COURT,
ROBERTSBRIDGE,
EAST SUSSEX. TN32 5BQ.

LETTERS FROM VAN DIEMENSLAND

A Local History Group Note

While most readers of this Bulletin will know something of the Petworth House Archives, and some readers will know of the extensive Petworth material held by the West Sussex Record Office, the "Oglethorpe and Anderson" collection is by comparison too little known. This important and extensive gathering of solicitors' material, going back many centuries, comprises bonds, deeds, letters, stock certificates - in fact a great miscellany of different and historic documents, now deposited in the West Sussex Record Office on permanent loan. A rough outline of the contents exists but the collection is still to be definitively catalogued.

The following brief notes deal with three of a series of letters written by James Row, formerly of Petworth, to his mother. Row had emigrated and after a brief period in New South Wales had gone to

Tasmania, then known as Van Diemensland. These letters form a very small part of an extensive collection of documents relating to the Row family, braziers by trade, who had once had premises in Trumper's Alley, and were probably distant forerunners of the present-day Austens. By the mid-1830's Mrs. Row had moved to East Sussex but the letters are forwarded by a married daughter apparently still living in Petworth. They are of course unstamped and were brought back by sailors returning to England - a rather haphazard arrangement but one that seems to have worked quite well. The difficulty was that Row could never be certain that any one particular letter had in fact reached home - unless that is he eventually received a reply. The handwriting is not always easy and Row's habit of writing across and down the same sheet of paper can cause problems. Often too they are obviously written in haste with the bearer waiting to go on board ship. We may conjecture that these letters (along with other papers), were deposited with the solicitors on Mrs. Row's death - possibly at some time in the period 1840-1860.

James, apparently the eldest of the Row children and a cabinet-maker by trade, had emigrated, leaving England probably towards the close of the year 1830, and the first, brief, letter dated 28th May 1831 is written almost certainly from the Cape of Good Hope. Row, probably working his passage, writes that he expects to be detained some two or three weeks to take on fresh cargo and to allow for a law suit between the Captain and the Mate. He finds the Cape cheap and gives some examples of prices. Beef and mutton were to be had at 2¹/₂d a pound, wine at 4¹/₂d a bottle and brandy at 1/6d. Fruit was cheap but vegetables rather dear.

A second, far longer letter, (3427), written from Launceston, Tasmania is dated 12th July 1833, and comes via an apprentice on board the ship 'Mary' and a native of Littlehampton. Row has been some eight weeks in Launceston and finds trade very bad. He had found that a Mr. Thomas Henty, an acquaintance of Mrs. Row, had a residence a few miles out of town and that his two sons had a very large establishment. However when he had called on them they took little or no notice of him. "I should have been glad to have work'd for them, they keeping articles in my trade for sale but they stated that the times were so very bad they could not think to give me a job..." Row was presently working with a man he found not at all pleasant and was looking to leave, but wages were low and provisions expensive. Had he sufficient capital to pay for his passage back to the Cape he would leave Tasmania forthwith.

Certainly there would be a much better prospect for business at the Cape and the inhabitants there more free and respectable "for here I am amongst a complete den of thieves". The climate is similar to England's but hotter in summer and not near so cold in winter "having little or no frost, not the least particle of ice to be seen or snow except what remains on the tops of the most high hills where snow remains all the year round". There is fruit in abundance of every description but particularly peaches. In a postscript he adds: "I was eight days travelling from Hobart Town to Launceston, a distance of 122 miles, and a dreadful journey I assure you it was, having frequently to sleep in what is called the Bush with my gun under my head for a pillow, expecting every moment I might be attacked by the Aborigines, who if they had found me would have taken my life without any ceremony, they being yet hostile to white people, but he who protects us all protect'd me safe through my journey, to whom I shall ever feel most grateful..."

Mrs. Row probably did not find the letter very cheering and 5828, dated 30th March 1834 from Launceston is little more sanguine. Times were still bad for James Row. Mrs. Row is not to believe tales about fortunes being made in two years, the truth is "that no honest man can live here can assure you there are many beside myself here would be glad to get an opportunity of getting back to old England if it layd in our power as we see those that were convicts doing well and looking upon us as poor miserable devils". Unless someone can come out with some 500 sovereigns he may as well stay where he is. The colony is in a most miserable state with only the merchants prospering. Row had been ill when he first went out to New South Wales, the climate being far too hot for him and the doctor strongly advised him to leave. Once in Tasmania, though still unwell, he lodged with a cabinet-maker in Hobart and worked for him, but had to struggle to find even his weekly rent. He then lost £10 and another man for whom he worked sold up and left him unpaid. The Hentys proved unreceptive but not before Row had sold his chest of tools to travel out to them. When he returned, the man he had left with his money had bolted. He is still working for the same man as in the previous letter "a sly deceitful rascal". Row has written home four times to Mr. Tooth, a kinsman, but has received no answer.

While the letters no doubt worried old Mrs. Row - powerless as she was to do anything to help her son - they do throw a great deal of light on the hard life of one Petworth inhabitant in a very new

world. Space permitting, it may be possible in a future Bulletin, to write more of James Row's adventures in Tasmania in so far as they can be established. By chance, Mrs. Smart of Haywards Heath, who contributes the following note on the Row family, is a direct descendant from the Petworth Rows and the Row documents are obviously of the greatest interest to her.

THE ROW FAMILY - a note

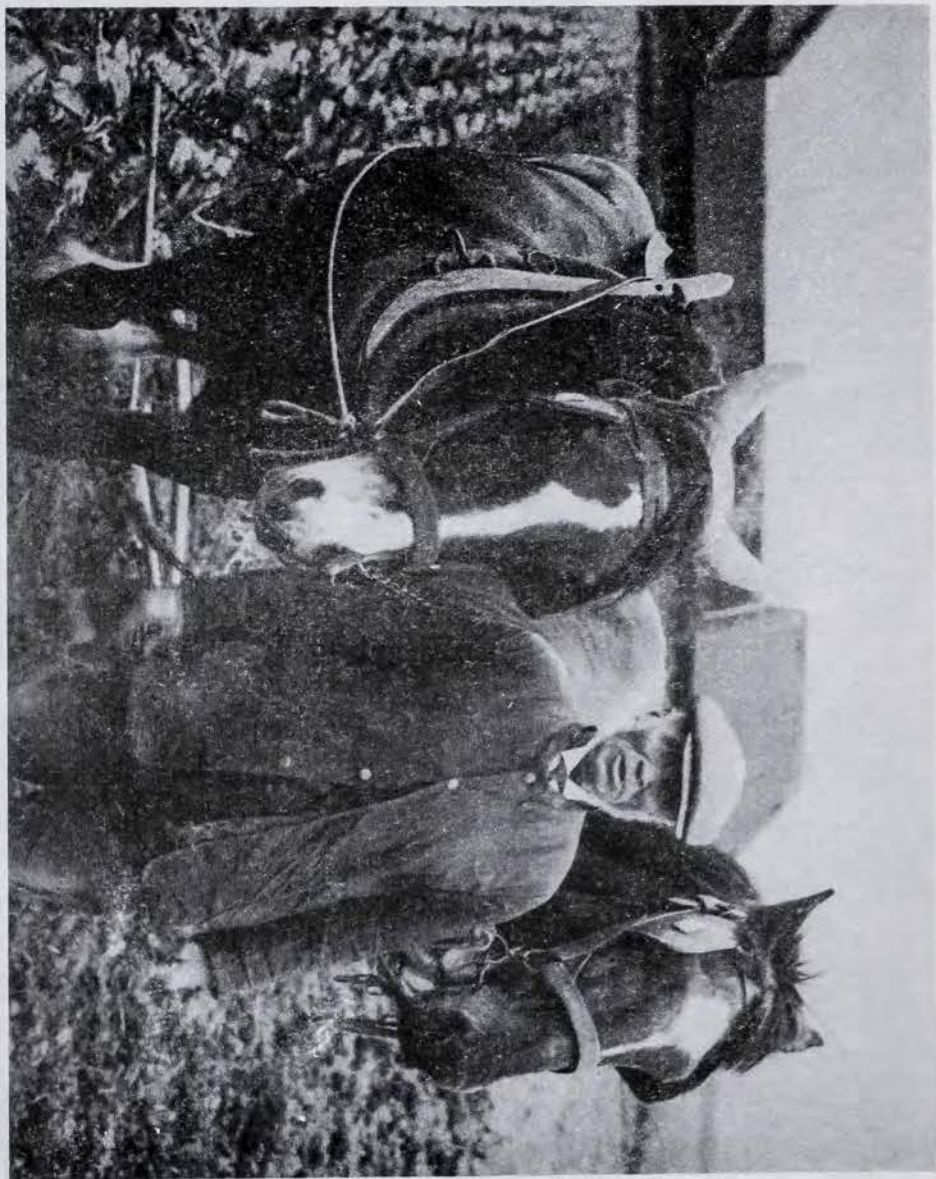
"Mrs. M.H. Smart (nee Row) of 9, Gander Hill, Haywards Heath, a new member, would be most interested to hear of any anecdotes of - or references to - the ROW FAMILY who were living in Petworth in the late 18th and early 19th centuries and had a shop there. Mrs. Smart is descended from James Row who married Susanna Petar (whose mother was a TOOTH) on December 30, 1791. Her grandfather, JOHN, was their son, born in Petworth in 1805. He married three times and Mrs. Smart is the daughter of his last son by his third marriage! She was very interested to learn from Mr. Jerrome, when she visited him in September, that Trowels was once the home of the Petar family."

THE VENNS FAMILY - a note

Mr. Chapman writes from London to enquire about one George Venns born in 1852. Does anyone know where the Venns family lived in Petworth or anything at all about them. S. Rix would be most pleased to hear from anyone able to help with this enquiry.

SOME MILITARY REMAINS IN THE PHEASANT COPSE

The Pheasant Copse forms part of the old "Outwood" annexed by Henry 9th Earl of Northumberland towards the end of the sixteenth century. Outwood, a technical name for an unenclosed wood, had belonged to the lord of the manor, but the tenants retained the right to use it for grazing. According to the Earl, the tenants had given up their rights in Outwood in return for similar rights at Middlecarr (Colhook) but this was bitterly disputed from the tenants' side. From that time, this area, never very productive land, was part of the Earl's "emparking". We have spoken in previous Bulletins of the decline and decay of the several stews or stock-ponds in the Pheasant Copse and of their present-day reinstatement, and in this article would like to draw attention to another chapter in the history of this piece of land - its wartime use as a base for troops and the remains from that occupation that



Edward Cooper in the 1920's. Photograph by G. G. Garland. (see 'An old Petworth farming family')

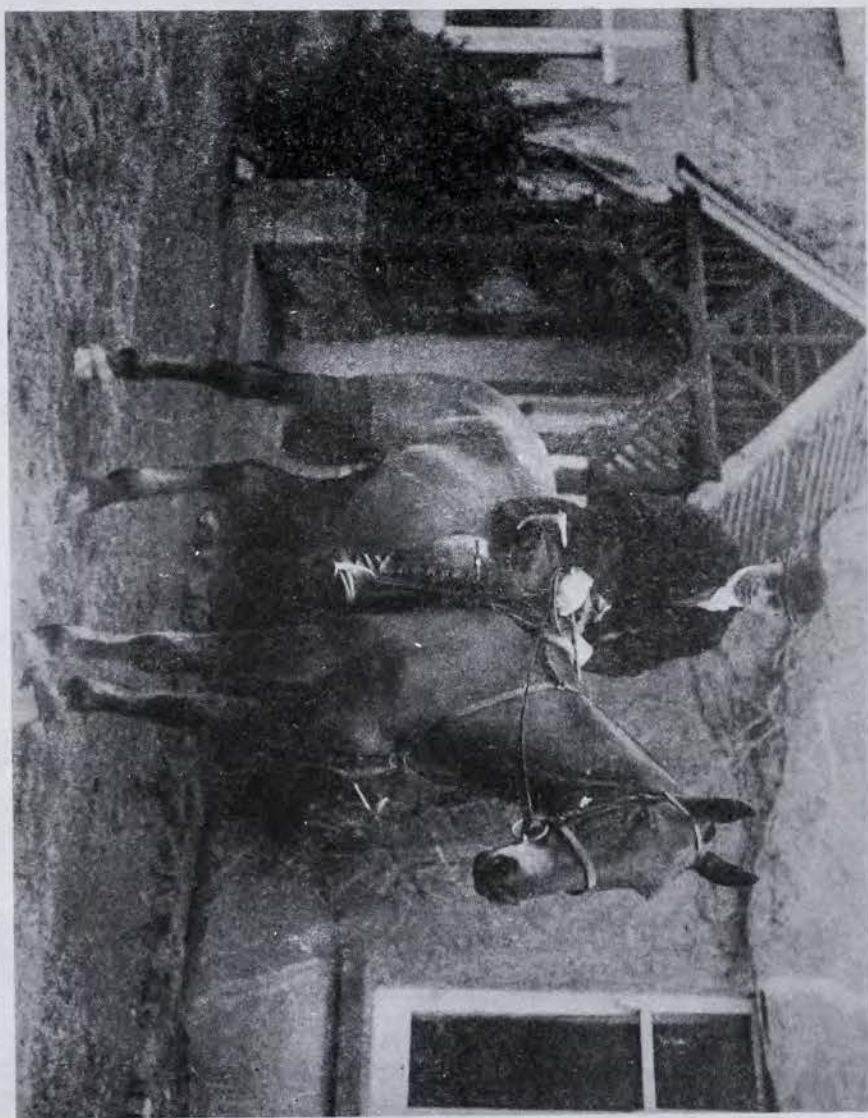


Old M.T. Workshops in Pheasant Copse. Now no longer standing. (see article by J. Taylor)



Water-tanks in Pheasant Copse. (see article by J. Taylor)

Jack Moase c1925. The photograph may be by George Garland (see 'An old Petworth farming family.')



still survive at this day. The Pheasant Copse was commandeered by the Ministry of Defence in mid-1940. A tented camp for 800 men was the first occupation, then in 1941 came the construction of semi-permanent huts, roads, water supplies etc. A good starting point would be the gate almost opposite Parkhurst Farm on the road from Upperton to Lurgashall. This gate was made for the military and had a guard post with a sentry on either side and guard huts to the rear. The concrete platforms for these huts still survive although the huts themselves have long since gone. The other entrances to the encampment were similarly guarded and there is a famous story of Lord Leconfield going into the encampment during the war, being challenged by an American sentry, and being unable to prove his identity. His lordship was confined to the guardroom until his identity could be established. Far from being angry Lord Leconfield commended the efficiency of the security arrangements.

On either side of the track from the Parkhurst entrance there stretched lines of huts, nissen or precast concrete slab huts. These have all gone now and the woodland has reverted to something like its old form. Yet, over forty years later, the outline of huts and paths can still be made out, particularly in winter when the undergrowth has dried off and decayed. The whole camp was surrounded on the perimeter by the normal barbed wire entanglements. The number of Troops varied. At its lowest there were some 3,500 men and at its highest perhaps almost 10,000. Such land as was not occupied by huts was given over to vehicle parks and ammunition and fuel dumps. The most obvious survivals of this activity, are now the two concrete water storage tanks standing on higher ground in the Pheasant Copse and long since disused. When connected to the town mains supply they provided storage for water throughout the camp. The control valve pits also remain. One of the huge concrete tanks is clearly visible over the Park wall from the London Road. They are a good 20 feet high, built on 6 great pillars of reinforced concrete. They had a surface area of some 30 feet by 20 feet with a depth of 6 feet, giving a cubic capacity of some 3,600 cubic feet and holding approximately 20,000 gallons. The more westerly tank stands on the left of the track just inside the Parkhurst entrance among older trees, many visibly and invisibly scarred with telephone wires, telephone cups, bullets and shrapnel, now long since worked into the very tissues of each tree. This admixture makes the timber of rather uncertain value, while the new growth timber has of course escaped these relics. The sewage treatment plant for the Pheasant Copse Camp was greater than the corresponding Petworth one and some

pits still remain in Parkhurst Farm fields on the west side of the road to Lurgashall.

Great Spring and Little Spring Ponds, now lately reinstated, were, when the encampment was flourishing, simply a wilderness. The remains of an old dug-out constructed with 4 gallon disposable petrol cans filled with soil were found in the woods adjacent to Little Spring when the pond was excavated a year or two ago, as were also storage pits dug into the ground. The Pheasant Copse was raided several times by enemy aircraft and in 1941 a string of 250 kg. bombs fell along the main track through the encampment at 8 o'clock one February evening. The bombs hit a line of parked trucks at the side of the track and demolished part of an avenue of tulip trees planted by Lady Leconfield some years before. The avenue was replanted later and the difference in the age of the trees is clearly noticeable. One of the bombs fell into Luff's Pond and the crater could still be traced when the pond was reinstated some thirty-five years later. During the war the Canadians had pulled out the penstock at Luffs and emptied the pond, intending to use it as a training ground for tank warfare in swamp conditions. In fact the scheme was too successful - the bed of the pond turned out to be so swampy that the tanks simply stuck in the mud! Luffs then lay empty for some eighteen months until it was clayed up again by the Leconfield Estate and refilled. When the Pond was comprehensively drained in 1978 for reinstatement it was soon evident that the bed was littered with a miscellany of service debris - shells, army-issue horn-rimmed glasses, anti-tank rifles, pistols, ammunition of all kinds, chemicals in phials, haversacks full of bayonets, and ammunition boxes, some with cats and dogs, some with spent and live ammunition - in all a very considerable amount of ammunition and general ordnance.

A searchlight post had been stationed adjoining the lodge opposite the "Nook" on the London Road in the field just inside the wall - a Befors anti-aircraft gun sometimes operated from there.

It has not been unusual, when walking or working in the Pheasant Copse, to stumble upon or unearth items of a personal nature wrapped in a groundsheet or greatcoat once buried by those who had taken part in raids on occupied France and who had not returned. For instance in tracing an old water pipe hard up against the Park wall, a bundle was found consisting of an old greatcoat with a few personal letters and oddments. Items of cutlery with "Canadian

Armed Forces", "NAAFI" or hotel insignia stamped on them were commonplace. It was, and to some extent still is, quite possible to become entangled in the remnants of barbed wire, either in coils or heaps, lying on the surface of the ground amongst the undergrowth - or to stumble into rubbish pits covered with leaves, or uncovered manholes and sump holes. Just inside Limbo Lodge is the last surviving hut once hut No.79, bought for £22.00 (in 1946) and now used as a forestry store and workshop. It is a typical example of a prefabricated concrete slab hut (i.e. maycrete) with a timber and felt box roof. Some of the windows are original.

Pheasant Copse was not, of course, the only encampment for troops but it was probably the largest locally. Troops were also stationed under canvas in the Gog Woods; it was they who put up the familiar headstone to Zeke, one of their mascots - the grave being tended even now. Another wood much used during the war was Holland Wood 43 acres here. Troops stationed locally would often co-operate with local units of the Home Guard in manoeuvres. As old (or young old) members have cause well to remember. Don't they! There were many acres of farm land and houses given over as training grounds.

The Pheasant Copse has probably not changed much since it was annexed by the 9th Earl hundreds of years ago. It is not good agricultural land being very damp. It may be that the swathe of trees cut through the Copse for the erection and passage of the 400 kv overhead cable from Lovedean in Hampshire on into East Sussex, put up in 1968, is the most drastic change in the scenery for centuries and it has certainly had a more pronounced effect on the present landscape picture even than the events of the last war.

The army groups which were encamped were many and varied and probably better known to others than myself. From the construction period onwards it was mainly Canadian and American troops. The Toronto Scottish being as well known as any. They left Pheasant Copse to participate in the Dieppe Raid suffering very heavy casualties in the process. As usual not all troops went home after the war. Some married local girls and stayed, while many more married local girls and disappeared over the Western Horizon. But many tales can be remembered and told of events concerning Pheasant Copse.

Following the end of the war, or maybe a little before. As the camps became disused. Many millions of persons displaced from their homelands and herded into the camps throughout Europe during the war

had managed to survive and suddenly found themselves, although free, homeless, stateless and abandoned.

To Pheasant Copse as other camps came many of these homeless or displaced persons. Here they were mostly of Polish origin moving into empty huts in another foreign land to try and piece together the remnants of one life so rudely torn apart. To rebuild with help, but mainly by their own efforts a completely new life yet based where possible on the old. Having known them by sight and occasional contact it was not difficult to appreciate their problem. But in the space of time those that didn't move on were gradually housed within the district and have long since been accepted as local residents and yet retained their national characteristics.

So Pheasant Copse has, or did during one of its brief periods in history produce something far more precious than it is ever likely to do again.

From its first inhabitants, the English, Canadian and American armies to its last the remnants of a war torn land in Europe all in turn spent a brief period of their lives in Pheasant Copse. All I've no doubt have never, nor ever will, forget its presence. They all left something there. The memories of their stay remain, even those who died from there, among the misty hollows and the trees and rides. The echoes remain to be collected by the imagination of those of us who knew them as we walk among their haunts.

J. TAYLOR

ATTEMPTED ARSON ON PETWORTH FAIR DAY 20th NOVEMBER 1830

The specific labourers' movement which historians now call the Swing Riots was a sporadic uprising of people, mainly engaged in agricultural work, which had been smouldering for some time. Farm labourers were living on the bread line, since enclosures had eroded what little subsistence common rights and smallholding-husbandry might have provided. In the corn growing areas of the South and in the Eastern Counties of England their standard of living, even when fully employed, was particularly low. At the end of the Napoleonic wars, when returning soldiers swelled the ranks of workmen, conditions became even more depressed. The general level of wages dropped from 12 to 15 shillings a week in 1814 to between 9 and 10 shillings in 1822, and often to less

during the winter months. It became impossible to feed one's family on such an income, even if receiving relief from the parish. Farm labourers became increasingly depressed, and to Cobbett, who travelled around the South in the spring of 1830, the signs of approaching revolt were evident. When he spoke to a widower, the father of three children, he heard that the pay this man received for digging stone for roads as parish work was eight pence a day. Since morning the man had had nothing to eat but bread and water; and he told him that he could not pay for anything else, but for the three pounds of bread a day he and his children ate. "Just such was the state of things in France at the eve of the Revolution," Mr. Cobbett observed - and he had first hand knowledge of that event.

In the summer of 1830 the peoples' grievances welled up. In June the firing of hayricks and barns had started in East Kent; and the first one of those new fangled things, that eliminator of winter wages the threshing machine, was destroyed there. Some incidents of people assembling to demand better wages were also reported; but not until after the harvest, which had previously been the best time of the year for country people, did these disturbances really take hold of the agricultural scene in the South of England. They spread north and west from Kent. But it was not until the third of November that the first incident is reported from Sussex. It began with a fire at Icklesham near Hastings. On the sixth, there was one near Battle. On the eighth of November 1830 the Sussex Weekly Advertiser prints a letter from a "respectable correspondent of that town", telling how the paupers of Battle had informed the overseer of their demand for more money during the previous week; but their request was answered with a summons for the ringleader to appear before the magistrate. About 100 men went with their spokesman and demanded that he should not be detained, and so he had been set free! But in spite of this the paper reports more fires in East Sussex. The general belief was though, that this was the work of travelling incendiaries, and not of local people, who were praised in the same article for their help in the quenching of the blazes.

Around the same time a number of anonymous "letters of evil tendency" were received in several places in West Sussex. There seems to have been growing concern in government circles, in so far as the Secretary of State sent "two able police officers" to deal with the matter. The editor of the Sussex Weekly Advertiser hoped that, in his next issue, he would be able to tell his readers that the well-known parties who were authors of these letters, had been brought

to justice. But in the following issues of his paper no more is said about these Swing letter-writers. There are plenty of notices of more fires further west in Sussex, particularly around Arundel and in Coldwaltham.

In Petworth on the twelfth of November 1830 a Swing letter was found in the porch of the house of a local banker. It read as follows, "Gentlemen, take care of your cattle and yourselves for we are resolved to burn down the house of Mr. S. and perhaps the whole of Petworth for when we begin God knows what the end may be, for we think Petworth have had it rain long enough, so prepare yourselves for we certainly are coming and before same week is at an end, so prepare yourself". The day after this letter was found, the thirteenth of November, there was a riot in the workhouse in the town.

On the 29th of November there appeared amongst more notices about fires a small report of other destructive activity, including the breaking up of threshing machines. Details of this can still be read in the Petworth Court Calendars of the Christmas Quarter Sessions January 1831, where a number of people, mainly coming from places South of the Downs like Bosham, Funtington and Hampnett, were tried and convicted for having smashed to pieces these enemies of their winter employment.

Amongst the people who appeared before the magistrates on this 3rd January 1831 was also a young girl from Petworth. She was the anonymous letter writer from the 12th of November. In her statement given to Lord Egremont, a Justice of the Peace, Sarah Mitchell, who was the daughter of a bricklayer from West Chiltington, tells an extraordinary story: A tall dark stranger had approached her in the town one day at the beginning of November with the request to write this letter, and he had also told her how to formulate it. She was to use the threat of burning the house down, and that they should take care. This man, whom she had met on several occasions and knew as John Morley from London, had also asked her to set fire to her employer's house and had offered her money for doing so. He had given her an incendiary device in the form of a small ball. As Sarah herself described in her statement, "He took out of his pocket a piece of blue paper in which were some flat round pieces or balls, not quite so large as half a crown but thicker. He gave me one and desired me to break it and wet it and put it anywhere about the house and it would begin burning about an hour after I had put it. He told me to write a letter and what words to say and to make use

of the word 'we' because there were so many of them, and to put the letter where Mr. Stoveld might see it. A little after I wrote the letter, now produced, and put it in the front court".

She met the man again, this time when walking along the Back Street, whereas their first encounter had been in the New Street, halfway between Mr. Johnson the woolsorter and Mr. Johnson the chemist. This time he was more persistent and asked her if she had set the house afire, but Sarah said that she had never agreed to do that. But when, shortly before Petworth Fair Day, Mrs. Stoveld scolded her, she took the opportunity of the Fair to start the fire. She says, "On Petworth Fair Day about five in the afternoon I broke the ball with my fingers and went part of the way up the ladder leading to the loft over the stable in which were some hoop-chips and I tossed the ball into the loft. But I did not go near the place afterwards till after the fire was out; I got some water to assist in putting it out, the chips only caught fire. The reason of my using the ball that day was owing to the dispute I had with my mistress."

Now we know from the "Tales of Old Petworth" that a banker named Stoveld lived in what is now East Street, somewhere near or in the premises of the old dairy, from where he moved across the road into what is now Daintrey House. John Andrews, who described himself as servant to Mr. John Stoveld says, "On that day, Petworth Fair Day, the door leading from the street to the yard was kept locked from about eleven o'clock in the day; the yard leads from the kitchen door to the street, and persons passing from the kitchen of Mr. Stoveld's dwellinghouse to the street pass through that yard". He then proceeds to tell how he discovered the fire in the loft of the stable which was adjoining the dwellinghouse of Mr. William Stoveld. It took his quick action and several buckets of water to see that nothing but a little pile of woodchips had been devoured by the flames. John Andrews was in possession of the key to the yard door, and it had been locked all day, and he said that no persons other than those belonging to the Stovelds' household could have come into that yard.

The other servant, Mary Lawrence, tells how she and Sarah had spent the afternoon of that fateful Petworth Fair Day of 1830. Sarah had gone out on her own first but Mary, whom they addressed as Jane in the house, followed on a little later. When the two of them met up in New Street Jane decided that she had better go back for her

"pattens" because the Market was so dirty. It was late afternoon and Sarah, who had not returned to the Fair, stayed in the house. When Jane finally returned, she was let into the house by the front door by Sarah, who carried a candle. It was then a quarter to six. The latter asked Jane to take her bonnet up into her room, but Jane went straight into the kitchen and that was when she recognised the light of the fire. At the same time she heard John Andrews shouting "Fire!" Then they helped John to put out the flames in the loft over the stable. But according to Jane, Sarah had done very little to help. Later on that evening Sarah had asked her about the Fair, and told her of a tall well-dressed young man who had invited her to go into the show with him.

Sarah had also inquired about a box which "would light a match without striking"; she told her that she would like to see one. But Jane also said that she too had been accosted by a stranger, on two occasions before that letter was found, who had also asked her if she was a servant to Stoveld, the banker, and which his house was.

The other witness, John Stoveld, was living with his uncle in the same house. He had confronted Sarah as the author of this mysterious letter and also as the originator of the fire. Sarah had confessed to writing the letter, but maintained that she must have accidentally lit the wood in the loft when she collected chippings for boiling the water for tea. The idea of these mysterious "fire-balls" lingered, and she was constantly asked about them. John Stoveld said in his statement that he had especially asked her about them, and in a final statement to the magistrate she admits to the use of them again.

When Sarah Mitchell was asked if she had anything to say further or wished to correct anything in her previous statement she detailed another, fourth, meeting with the mysterious John Morley - this time on a Sunday afternoon. She had met him by the Angel and walked with him "as far as the White Rails at the commencement of the new road near Byworth". (i.e. The new road via Shimmings, replacing the old one past Orchard House.) She had spent half an hour with him and the only witnesses were a woman and little child. The man had asked if she could keep a secret but when she demurred he did not tell her anything. He again asked her about Mr. Stoveld, her employer, and again said he was John Morley from London. She had not reported the conversation because she ought to have been at Church and was afraid her mistress might scold her.

There remains considerable doubt whether one should believe Sarah's statement. Her story coincides very much with assumptions widely spread about at the time. Her employers seem to have had similar doubts as to the seriousness of their servant. They did not press charges against her, but for writing this letter, to which she also admitted in court, she was condemned to one year's hard labour.

Of the people charged with breaking the threshing machines and other misdemeanours, like asking for better pay, 42 had sentences passed on them during the Petworth Quarter Sessions on that 3rd of January 1831, ranging from 14 years transportation for eleven of them, to others who "only" got one year's hard labour for people who were said to be of good character.

The documents used in this article were Quarter Sessions documents from the West Sussex Record Office. The stable and loft referred to may well be the buildings on the right of the present Daintrey House as one looks at it from Trump Alley.

T. FOLEY

BENJAMIN ARNOLD, CLOCKMAKER, PETWORTH.

According to Osborne's list of clockmakers, he was listed in Pigot's Directory of 1832, but he does not appear in the 1839 Directory. Osbourne quotes Challen as saying that an early 19th century clock by him is in Ontario, Canada. It is possible that Benjamin Arnold was connected with a man of the same name who married in 1794 Harriet Bartelot of Petworth. He was then described as being of Portsea, Hants., a Hairdresser. A man of the same name is described as of Petworth, Musician, in 1796 (Sussex Record Society, Vols. 32 and 35, Marriage Licences).

I have restored three of his clocks, one was a very good quality Longcase clock, brass dial, oak case, for which the movement was manufactured in Birmingham, which at that late period most of the country movements were, the retailer's name was painted on the dial.

It was the early clock movements that were made by the Master craftsman himself, the period to which I am referring to 1665-1740, which was considered the best example of English period clockmaking in the world.

Of course clocks date back even further than mentioned above, which I shall deal with this at a later article in the Bulletin.

If any readers do have further information on this maker, I would be most pleased to receive details.

J.A.

THE 10th EARL'S EQUESTRIAN EXPENSES FOR 1651

In the last Bulletin I outlined the 10th Earl of Northumberland's household expenses for the year 1650, and in this article take a look at the Earl's equestrian expenses for 1651 as revealed by PHA 5846, with a sideways look at the equivalent rolls for the two previous years 1649 and 1650 (PHA 5828 and 5837 respectively). These are the first three in a series of yearly equestrian accounting rolls running through without a break to 1667. They cover expenditure over the year (usually ending in January) for the Earl's horses, coaches and stables and are shorter than the household rolls, being on average some six feet in length when unrolled. They have too a somewhat more uniform format than the household rolls, the same entries recurring each year with only minor changes, the same tasks performed, and the same names appearing. The Earls of Northumberland had residences at this time both at Syon House near Brentford and Northumberland House in London itself, and some entries reflect travel on the Thames up and down from Brentford. The expenses cover the stables both at Syon and Petworth without normally distinguishing one from the other.

5846 makes the usual formal beginning: "The Declaration of the Accompte of Charles Kirke gent. servante to the right hon^{ble} Algernon Earle of Northumberland Gent. of his Lordship's horse and payer and disburser of sondrie fforeyne payments..." The account runs for a whole year ending the 17th of January 1652 and hence covers basically the year 1651. Kirke begins with a statement of balance in hand, some £27 from the previous year, and has £866 by imprest from his Lordship's coffers and some £107 from the sale of horses. Disbursements now follow, beginning as these rolls invariably do with payments to skilled craftsmen. Nicholas Houlton, bit-maker, receives £11.4.0. "for new Bitts snaffles stirrups and tining (i.e. repairing) others". Houlton appears in the two preceding rolls and in both previous years had also supplied "cavisons" now usually cavessons - a kind of nose-band used to curb unmanageable horses. Coachmaker's work is the next item, some 115 shillings in

all, of which £4 goes to John Shettlewood for repairing and mending coaches and 35/- to Phillipp Willard for a set of new wheels. Shettlewood (or Shettleworth) appears in the two previous rolls and a Robert Willard in 1649.

£8 is paid to George Taylbie, harnessmaker, "for a sute of new raines and for oyling and mending the harnesses this yeare". Taylbie appears in the two previous accounts including in 1650 "a paire of large bootes to the velvett traveling coach with 5 yards of kersey to line them". A "boot" was an uncovered space on or by the coach steps on either side of the vehicle where the attendants sat facing sideways. Kersey was a kind of coarse ribbed cloth. Coppersmith's work, the next entry, occurs only for 1651, Joseph Parrett receiving 45/- for "burnishing and refreshing the nailes and buckles of the rich coaches". How many coaches there were and what distinguished the "rich" coaches from the others does not appear.

Saddler's work is more extensive and the amounts are larger. Aron Smith is paid £18 for "horsecloths bridles girths collers and several other necessaries for the stables and mending sadles and other things". Richard Jordan is paid £35 "for lace and fring for my Lord Percy's sadle", new saddles, horsecloths and other stable requisites. A "fring" is obviously an ornamental bordering for a saddle. John Francis receives £4.19.0. for a pad-saddle for his Lordship, i.e. a saddle without a "tree" or wooden framework, and Nicholas Suckett 76 shillings for "2 new sadles a dozen of bridles and a dozen of hedstalls and raines". Henry Dammer had been paid 12/6 for a malepillion, panelling a saddle and other small things, while Widdow Vaughan receives £2.17.6. for mending "sadles bridles collers and other things at Syon". A panel could either be a kind of rough saddle, or a piece of cloth placed under the saddle to prevent galling. Probably the word is used here in its latter meaning. The entry concludes with 52/- paid to John Bingley for currier combs at 4/- each. The two preceding rolls have similar expenses and Smith, Suckett and Jordan figure in all three rolls, while Henry Dammer, certainly of Petworth, does some minor work in 1650 in connection with "4 dragooners". Rathern Vaughan, mentioned as mending saddles for the stables at Syon in 1649 had apparently died by 1651. Richard Jordan was sending "furniture" to Petworth in 1649 and he too probably worked at Syon.

Smith and farrier's work is another important item. £41 goes to John Holliard, his Lordship's "late farrier" and £12.10.0. to

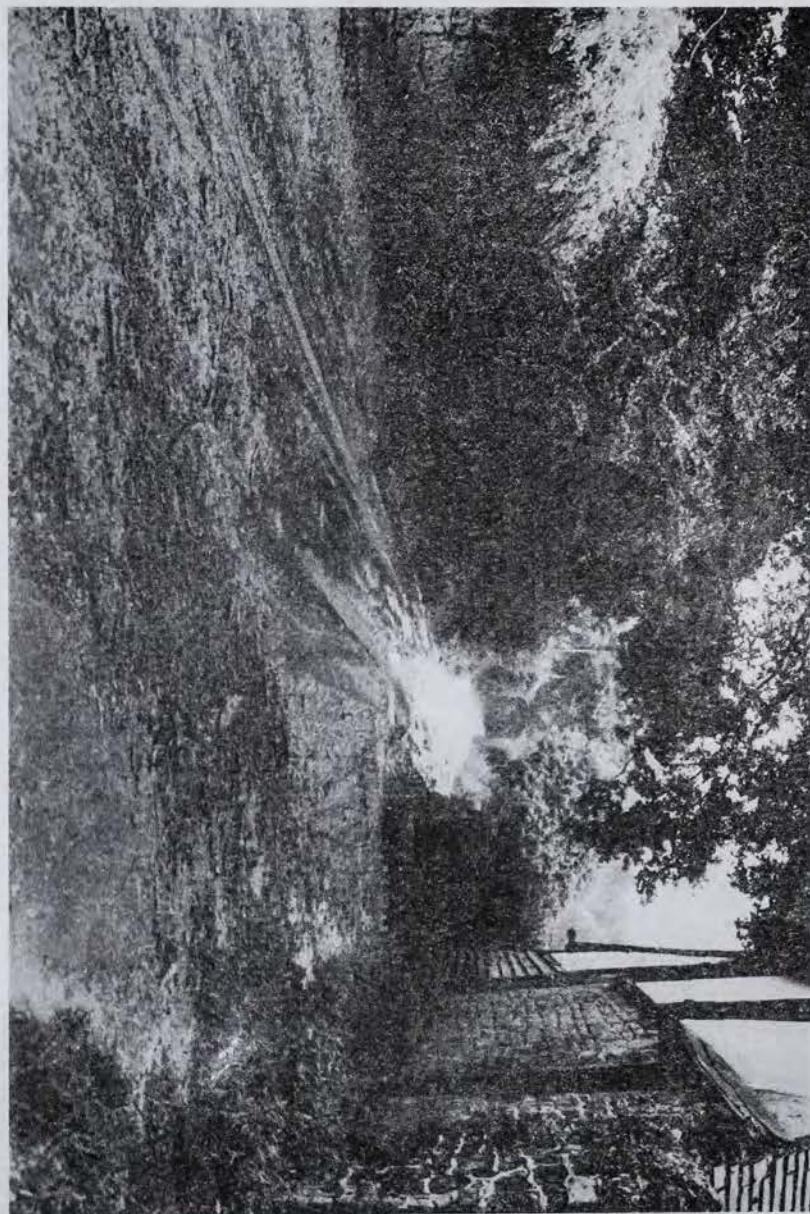
George Pitman, his successor over the last quarter of the year. Perhaps Holliard had died in the autumn of 1651. Richard Chapman was paid 8/8d. at Syon for shoeing and drenching horses that were to be sold. "Drenching" a horse meant to administer medicine to him. Richard Allen received £8.4.2. for work done about coaches and waggons and for mending and cleansing pistols and "carrabins" (carbines). Smith and farrier's work for the year totals £62.2.10. Richard Allen has a similar entry for the two previous years and Chapman was paid £1.8.6. in 1649 for shoeing and blinding (?) horses at Syon. Holliard, the late farrier, appears of course in both previous rolls.

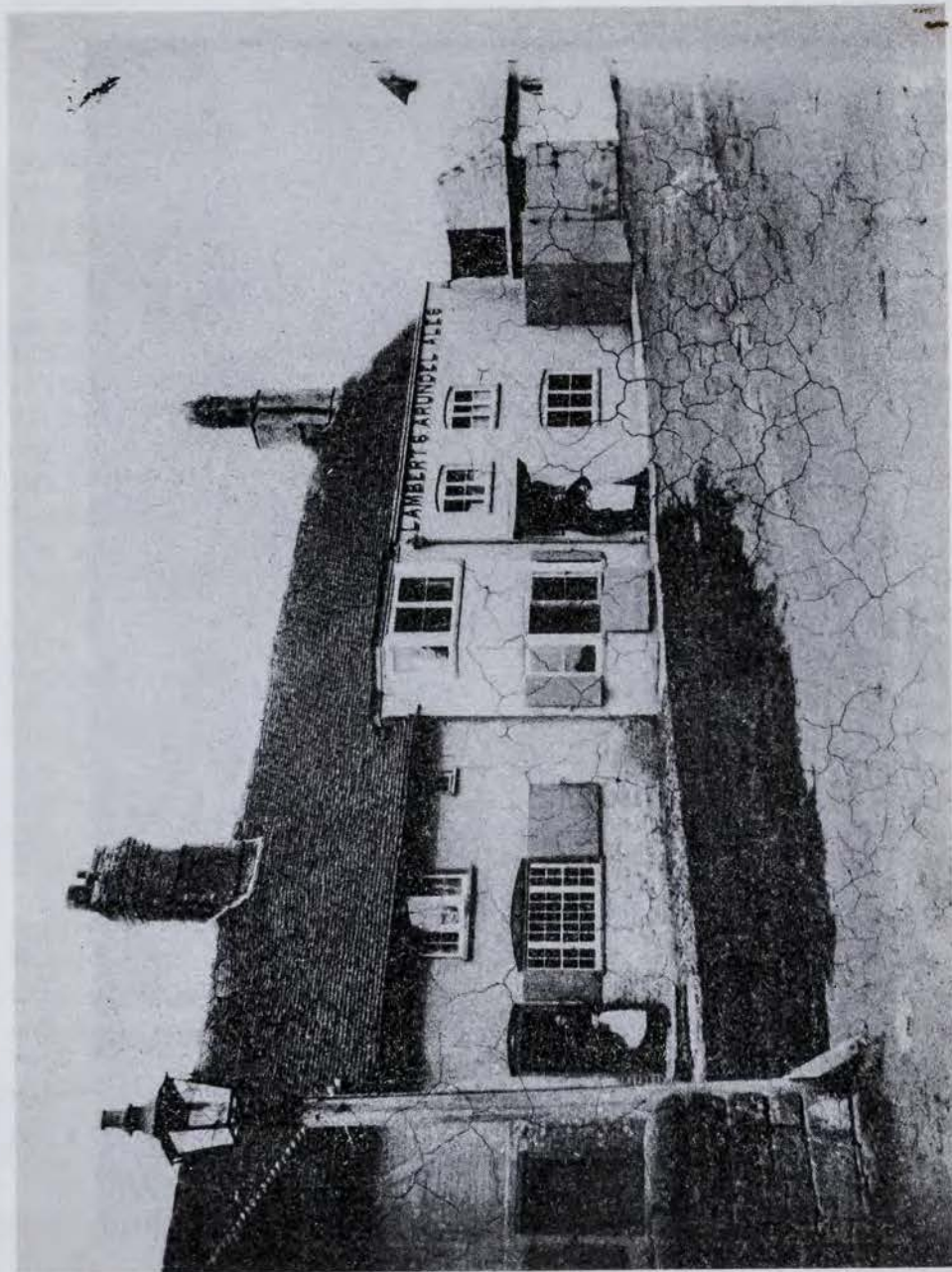
Horsemeat is the next entry, sharing a common subtotal with the skilled craftsmen and predictably the largest single expense. The price of oatshd varied with the season but 440 quarters had gone to Petworth and some 90 to Syon - an outlay of £460 in all. This would suggest, what one would in any case expect, that the Earl's real equestrian base was at Petworth rather than Syon. Beans at Petworth and Syon amounted to some £9.14.6., again more at Petworth (49 quarters 7 bushel) than at Syon (19 quarters 4 bushel). 6½ bushel of malt and a peck and a half of hempseed for sick horses cost 23/2d. A little bran had been used for the colts at a shilling a bushel and 7 loads of straw had been bought at Petworth as opposed to 14 at Syon. Perhaps at Petworth there was a need to buy in straw only occasionally. The whole item horsemeat comes to £490.17.8. The 1649 account is similar, has no hempseed but adds 7/- for chaff for the cart-horses. Oats were 448 quarters at Petworth, 47 at Syon and 7 at London. 1650 is similar too but adds 240 todd of hay at Petworth and two loads of old hay. A todd was a bulk measure of no very exact proportion.

Sundry necessities follow for the stables at Petworth and Syon: "shovells sives mopps broomes switches sizers prings hempen halters and such like..." a sum of £7.17.11. This is a standard item and appears almost unchanged in the two preceding rolls. The first main section of the roll closes here giving a total so far for disbursements of £655.9.5. made up as follows:

Bitmaker's work	11. 4. 0
Coachmaker's work	5.15. 0
Harnessmaker's work	8. 0. 0
Coppersmith's work	2. 5. 0
	<hr/>
Carried Forward	27. 4. 0

Early Autumn on the Bedham Road (2) Another recent photograph by John Mason.





The Masons Arms a hundred years ago. Photograph by Walter Kevis. (see 'The Meachen Family of Petworth.') The patterning on the photograph is caused by cracking on the negative coating.

Brought Forward ..	27. 4. 0
Saddler's work	67.17. 0
Smith's and farrier's work	62. 2.10
Horsemeat	490.17. 8
Sundry necessaries ..	7. 7.11

£655. 9. 5

A separate item with a main account heading of its own is "Apparrell and necessaries for his Lordshipp's ffootmen coachmen groomes and postillians with £3.3.0 for severall neccs for my Lord Percy's boy the some of £155.18.0." This is another entry that varies little from roll to roll.

Some mention of horses sold had been made at the beginning of the roll but 5846 has no entry for horses bought - a prominent item in the two preceding years. This entry (some £140 in 1649 and some £100 in 1650) has its own subtotal and comes after sundry necessaries for the stables. £12.5.0 had been laid out in 1649 for a brown bay gelding bought for the Achatower (i.e. Achatour), or purchaser of provisions, probably a member of the royal household in this, the year of the King's execution, an act that would deeply trouble the Earl, Lord High Admiral of England and Parliamentarian as he was. Another gelding, black this time and bought in Smithfield that same year for the Achatour, had cost some £12.10.0. Two grey mares worth £15 and one black (£9) and one grey gelding (£11) had been purchased for troopers. No horses were purchased either for the Achatour or for troopers in 1650, just one dun nag for a dragoon.

"Sondry other payments", the next item is a ragbag of oddments - everything in fact that did not fit conveniently into the entries already mentioned, and the two preceding rolls have an equally miscellaneous collection of disbursements. Items in 5846 include glazing the windows about the stables and granaries, oiling and blacking the wagon, ribbon for the horses, a launce for my Lord Percy, colouring the coach wheels, and "standing" i.e. garaging of the "imbrodered" and the "cloth" coaches. A brass kettle for the stable had cost 10/-, weeding the causeways 49/3d. and washing horse-cloths 16/9d. There follow entries for medical treatment for stable servants and expenses of 49/2d. connected with sending a horse named Butler into Holland. Boathire of Stephen Swayle on several occasions came to 5/4d. and charges for two horses that strayed out of the

pastures at Petworth 7/1d. Other disbursements covered help in the stables at Petworth and Syon and cutting grass for the horses "at scyle", i.e. being fed on fresh green fodder - possibly to purge them. 279 pounds of candles had been bought for the stables at a cost of £6.19.0 and boathire for his lordship, the countess, Lord Percy and their attendants at London and Syon was 52/- with a further 7/- for carriage of goods by water. The entry closes with fees paid to men to look out for horses, to grooms for selling four different horses, and boardwages, firing and writing materials for the accountant. The whole subtotal comes to £61.9.3., no great sum for such a varied entry.

The "sundry other" entry for 1649 is just as miscellaneous but has several payments to unnamed troopers, including 5/- to two troopers "when they were disbanded" perhaps reflecting the dying embers of the Civil War. 5/- was paid for curing the postillion's head, being hurt with a horse at Syon. In 1650 comes mention again of troopers and of £6.6.2d. paid to Richard Barnes for the carriage of several provisions for the stables.

The penultimate entry for 1651 - riding and travelling charges - comes to some £60.16.0. and includes £24.10.0 for "coachire upon removes" and charges for his Lordship's footmen being sent abroad upon sundry errands. The 1649 and 1650 entries under this heading vary little.

"Gifts and rewards", the final item, includes payments to George Pitman (his Lordship's new farrier) for coming from London to Syon to the roan horse, 4/- to the fishermen at Osterley Park (near Syon), 12/- to the gamekeeper at Hounslow when Lord Percy was there and payments to Doctor Dyke and Lord Montague's coachman, with a further 9/- given to Lord Percy and his company at the Bearegarden, and 10/- to my Lord of Leicester's coachman. 5/- went to the miller at Coultershaw Mill and 2/- to Mr. Hall's huntsman. Mr. Hall is at present unknown. James Trewhitt and John Orpin had received "extraordinary wages" for differing lengths of time and the entry closes with "To the Sadlers Bittmakers and Farriers men to their boxes xv^s". £12.6.0 is the final subtotal. There is no entry under this heading for 1650 but that for 1649 is similar to the one detailed above, describing various equestrian transactions and expenses. Two unusual items are "to one Mr. Henry Howard a traveler in distresse xl^s to Richard Brough for his journey to Petworth at Mr. Taylor's death x^s."

Kirke's total disbursements for the year are £945.18.8 made up as follows:

Craft work and animal feed ..	655. 9. 5.
Apparel and necessaries for footmen	155.18. 0.
Sundry payments	61. 9. 3.
Riding and travelling charges ..	60.16. 0.
Gifts and rewards	12. 6. 0.
	<hr/>
Total	£945.18. 8.
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Some £22 remains to hand.

These rolls were not written for their intrinsic interest but of course for a strictly utilitarian purpose. They are, as such documents almost inevitably are, repetitive, and in a way arid, the fleshless bones of history. Yet from them rises once more a dense if desiccated world, bitmakers, sadlers, harness-makers and farriers, long-forgotten names like Nicholas Houlton or George Taylbie, or more familiar names like that of Richard Barnes, the Petworth carrier. Here too are long-forgotten articles like cavessons, coach-boots or pan-saddles. Perhaps the rolls are at their most tantalising when they give a glimpse and then fail us. Who was Mr. Henry Howard 'a traveler in distresse'? And what had happened to him? Why did the Earl purchase horses for the Achatour? What were the various coaches like and how many were there? And what stories might the troopers have had of battle and violent death or even of the stagnant routine of garrison life?

P.A.J.

We welcome the following New Members who have joined the Society since our September Bulletin (up to end of October only)

Mrs. E.M. Anderson, 7 The Spinney, Pulborough.
 Mr. G.C. Ashwood, c/o 7 Linden Court, Park Rise, Petworth.
 Mrs. E.J. Baker, 7 Linden Court, Park Rise, Petworth.
 Mrs. S.M. Ball, "Breakwaters", 96 Sea Road, Angmering-on-Sea.
 Mr. Stephen Boakes, 64 Wyndham Road, Petworth.
 Mrs. K. Bojanowski, 55 Hampers Green, Petworth.
 Mr. K. Bowles, 23 Silverdale, Cold Waltham, Pulborough.
 Mrs. S. Brooker, 3, Archway House, Petworth.
 The Revd. & Mrs. A. Bucknall, Tillington Rectory, Petworth.

Miss R. Callingham, 11 Grove Lane, Petworth.
Mrs. E. Cant, 5 Oakwood Court, Park Rise, Petworth.
Mrs. M. Carter, 8 Linden Court, Park Rise, Petworth.
Mr. R. Challen, Hillside, Graffham, Nr. Petworth.
Mrs. G. Connor, 19 Wyndham Road, Petworth.
Mrs. Creswick, Byhill Cottage, Egdean, Pulborough.
Mrs. M.J. Dormer, 17 Martlet Road, Petworth.
(Mr. K. Etherington, 6 The Fleet, Fittleworth.
(Mrs. V. Etherington, 6 The Fleet, Fittleworth.
Mrs. L. Etherington, Bushey Cottage, South Lane, Tillington.
Mr. J.D. Exall, 23 Grove Lane, Petworth.
Dr. & Mrs. A. Field, Fir Cottage, Abinger Common, Surrey.
Mrs. E.L. Fogden, Kipson Bank, Halfway Bridge, Lodsworth, Petworth.
Mr. C. Gaut, 6 Meadow Way, Rothermead, Petworth.
Mrs. I. Murray, The Garden Flat, Bagend, Farnham Lane, Haslemere.
Mrs. S. Nicholls, Brownings, Kirdford, Nr. Billingshurst.
Mrs. J.E. O'Leary, 10 Downview Road, Petworth.
Mr. L. Osborn, Orchard Way, Lodsworth, Petworth.
Mrs. A. Page, 16 Winchester Road, Rustington, West Sussex.
Mrs. M. Peckett, 2 Oakwood Court, Petworth.
Mrs. M. Purser, 68 Wyndham Road, Petworth.
Mrs. M. Smart, 9 Gander Hill, Haywards Heath, West Sussex.
Mr. J. Standing, Regent Cottage, Grove Street, Petworth.
Mrs. G. Smith, Rindles, Selham Road, Lodsworth.
Mr. R. Talbot, 7 Granville Road, Hove, Sussex.
Mr. R.M. "Dickie" Taylor, 42 The Flats, Wyndham Road, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. P. Wadey, 15 Wyndham Road, Petworth.
Mr. D. Warner, Lower Ham Mead, Halfway Bridge, Petworth.
Mrs. J. Wallis, 16 Rothermead, Petworth.
Mrs. Wright, 40 Wyndham Road, Petworth.

In case of difficulty (e.g. not receiving your Bulletin) please contact Mrs. Johnson - the Hon. Secretary.

Petworth in 1604-7

Pd. to Dawtrey the shingler for layeing 21 thousand of shingles at vii s the m (thousand) £vii-vii s and other worke ii s December the xth per bill £vii-ix s.

Pd. to Anthony Gardener for work donne at Arbor Hill and for plashing the trees and other work in ye great garden Nov. xviith ber bill £iiii-xiis-viid.

