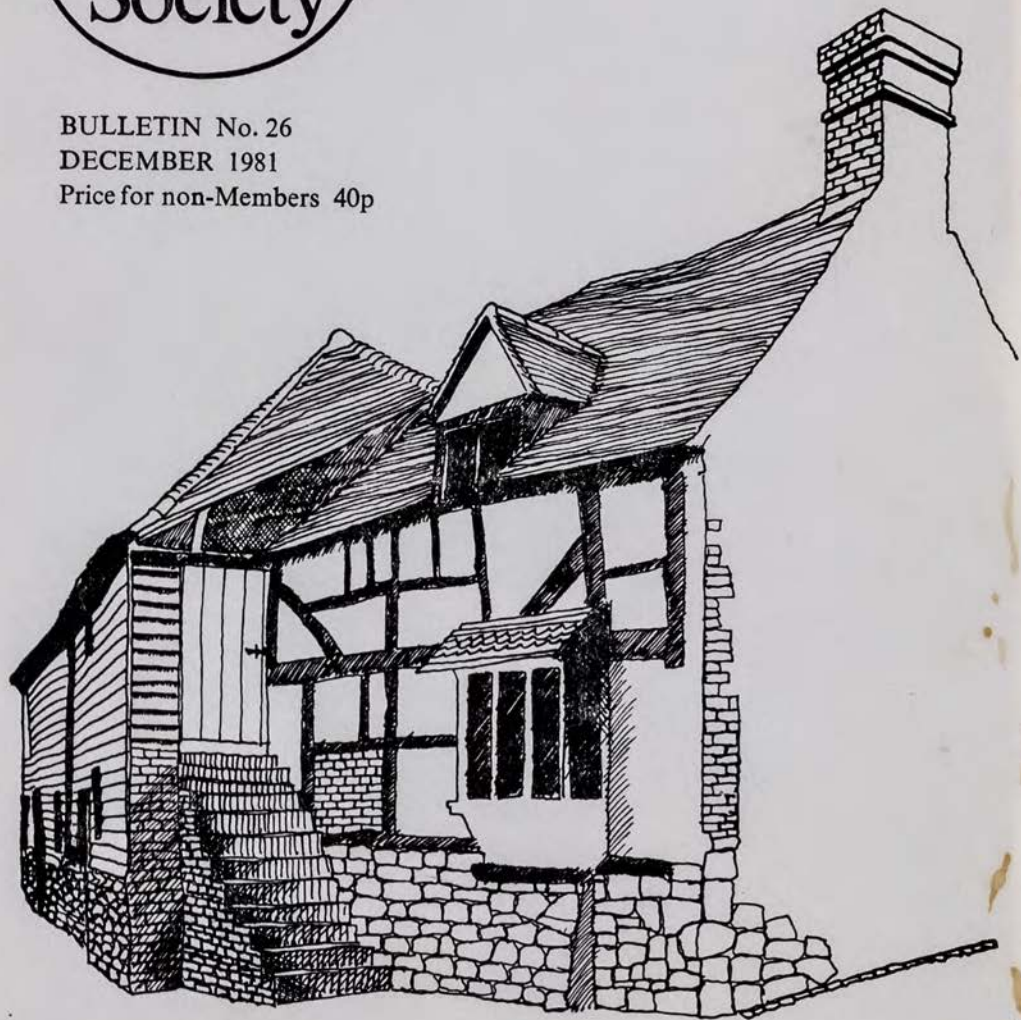


# The Petworth Society

Miles Costello  
Petworth  
Collection

BULLETIN No. 26  
DECEMBER 1981  
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Cover Design by Mr. J.M. Newdick - drawn from a photograph belonging to Mrs. Smith of Fittleworth. It shows the old house that used to stand in the Angel Shades - demolished in the 1930s.

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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.

Vice-Chairman - Mr. K.C. Thompson, 18 Rothermead, Petworth.

Hon. Secretary - Mrs. B.G. Johnson, Glebe Cottage, Bartons  
Lane, Petworth. (Tel. 42226)

Hon. Bulletin Sec. - Mrs. Margaret Hill, Whitelocks, Sheepdown  
Close, Petworth.

Hon. Treasurer - Mr. R.A. Sneller, 16 Littlecote,  
Petworth. (Tel. 42507)

Hon. Membership Sec. - Mrs. J. Boss, North Street, Petworth  
assisted by Miss B. Probin

Committee - Lord Egremont, Mrs. Audrey Grimwood,  
Mr. R. Pottington, Mrs. Sonia Rix,  
Mrs. Anne Simmons, Mr. D.S. Sneller,  
Mr. H.W. Speed, Mr. J. Taylor, Miss  
Julia Thompson, Mr. E. Vincent.

#### CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

This looks a good Bulletin to me and I have enjoyed putting it together. The Festival Exhibition was reasonably well-attended but suffered from poor publicity and from operating at times when the Square was quite empty. Despite this it was probably the best-balanced exhibition we have put on. The Tombola was its usual great success: takings were much the same as two years ago. The Committee and I would like to thank those members who gave so generously to the Tombola and also those who acted as stewards for the Exhibition.

The monthly meetings and the walks are clearly here to stay. Numbers were excellent both for Jumbo's Downland Walk and for Don Stewart-Tull's talk on China. Details of future walks and meetings are on the activities sheet. By December we will have had three consecutive speakers from outside the town and for the January and February meetings we will concentrate on Petworth matters with Petworth speakers. In January I will talk about the work of Walter Kevis, Petworth's resident photographer from 1875 to 1910. We are going to some trouble with this meeting both with the preliminary talk and with a completely new set of slides from Kevis pictures. These slides have been especially taken off for this meeting so I hope you will back us up. The February meeting will deal with Petworth documents rather along the lines of the successful "oldery" evening last year. Old postcards, newspapers, bills, programmes, deeds - anything like that will be most welcome. I suspect that at our January committee meeting we may have to raise the annual single subscription to £1-50, leaving the double at £2-00 as before. The reason for this of course is the cost of this Bulletin. Few I would think would wish to see it cut back for economy's sake. Perhaps the moral is "come to the walks and monthly meetings and get the best value for your subscription".

The Petworth Society plate, initially something of a venture on our part, already looks to have justified itself. We append an order form with this Bulletin. Any plate ordered by December 15th may be collected in good time for Christmas. Whether or not the full 300 are sold or not, the availability of the plate will cease after January 31st and any designs surplus to our requirements destroyed. This will have the obvious effect of making the plate artificially scarce but this is not our purpose. The simple truth is that we cannot expect Tulben Products to hold a stock of expensive plain plates over a prolonged period simply to suit our convenience.



No one can say that members will not by that time have had a reasonable chance to purchase the 1981 plate. All being well, the next in the series will be available in the autumn but the design is still to be decided.

Mrs. Margaret Hill has taken over the organisation of the Bulletin distribution from Mrs. Johnson with Mrs. Jean Hamilton and Mrs. M. Sadler helping her with the postal list. The Bulletin has become a very big operation indeed and a great deal of work goes into not only writing it but less obviously into making sure you get it promptly. To cope with the rapid increase in membership over recent years Mrs. Boss now has Miss Barbara Probin to help her with the considerable work-load such a large membership involves, and for this purpose Barbara has now been co-opted on to the Committee. Bulletin No.25 sold out completely and I am sorry I have no spare copies remaining of this issue.

Lastly I should point out that there is so much in this Bulletin that the second article on the duties of the portreeve or bailiff (see Bulletin 25) has had to be held over.

October 31st 1981.

P.A.J.

#### J's BULLETIN WALK

This walk is of about 2 hours duration and is a bit different from our usual walk as it is mainly through pine woods, but I thought this might make a nice change, the going is pretty easy although there can be some muddy patches, but with a little care these can be easily avoided. We do need a car to reach our starting point, and leave Petworth by Station Road past Coultershaw Mill and the old railway station, up the hill and turn right into the lane by the garage. Here it should be quite easy to find a parking place without causing any obstruction. Walk on up the lane past the sand pit on our left, but please heed the warning signs and don't be tempted to leave the path, the pit is very deep indeed.

Enter the woods and move on always following the bridleway signs not the footpath signs, this keeps us moving slightly to our right and this is the way we want to go, carry on until a thick hedge of rhododendron is reached, now be most careful, our path moves to the left through an arch in the rhododendron and then

straight away to the right again, it is clearly signposted so quite easy to make sure that we are still on the right path. Carry on down this path and it will be noticed that the large pine trees that we have been walking through have now changed to much younger spruce, on reaching the farm lane we turn left and follow it right along to the cross roads. There are two particular points of interest along the lane, one is a gap to our right which gives us a lovely view across to Bexley Hill taking in Lodsworth, River and Tillington, well worth a five minute stop to pick out land-marks, the second is the lovely house that we come to on our right. Until ten years ago this building was a square single storey building with a slate roof, built of iron stone which I am sure was dug from the ground only yards from the house, this can still be seen at the left end of the house and is now coloured white, the roof was taken off the tiny dwelling and the big house that is there today built onto it. Incidentally when the slate roof was removed from the cottage a colony of long eared bats were found, I hope they found somewhere to live. Back to our walk, we cross straight over the road towards Graffham and keep going until we reach a pink coloured house on our left called "The Potteries", we turn into the path to the right of the house and keep on past the camp site on our right, on crossing a rather lovely little rustic bridge we turn sharp left and follow the path, heeding not the first sign post to our right but taking the second one, carry on until we reach a wide track and turn left as indicated by the sign post, this will bring us once again to the hard road which we must cross straight over, our path now runs as straight as an arrow back to where we left our cars at Heath End.

This last part of the walk is Nightjar country and a very quiet visitor on a warm summer evening could well be rewarded by the sight of them catching insects over the heather just as it is getting dark, I have seen as many as three pairs this very summer. A point that I feel should be noted is that anyone wishing to smoke along this walk should be very careful as the fire risk is a very real one.

#### REMEMBERING PETWORTH WORKHOUSE

The interest in the interior of the Workhouse seems to have been already captured in the photograph in "Not Submitted Elsewhere" on pages 23-25. I was surprised that the building was so old and interested to know that the building on the right at the top of page 22 was at one time a 'toll house'. I knew it as a "Tramp Ward".



I remember the tramps (female and male) arriving during the evening. Their names, age etc. were entered into a book used for that purpose also where they had come from and next destination (usually East Preston where there was a Workhouse). Next they had a hot bath and a meal consisting of a mug of tea - bread and butter. There was always plenty of hot water which was heated in a tank situated at the entrance of the female casual ward.

The dormitories were comprised of wooden bunks in a row with a raised part at the top of each which served as a pillow. The bed clothes consisted of two blankets. At the foot of each bed was a rope pulley which enabled it to be raised off the floor for cleaning purposes.

Adjoining the building was a yard in which stood heaps of large stones. The men were given goggles and hammer. The stones which they broke up were I presume used by the Council for road building.

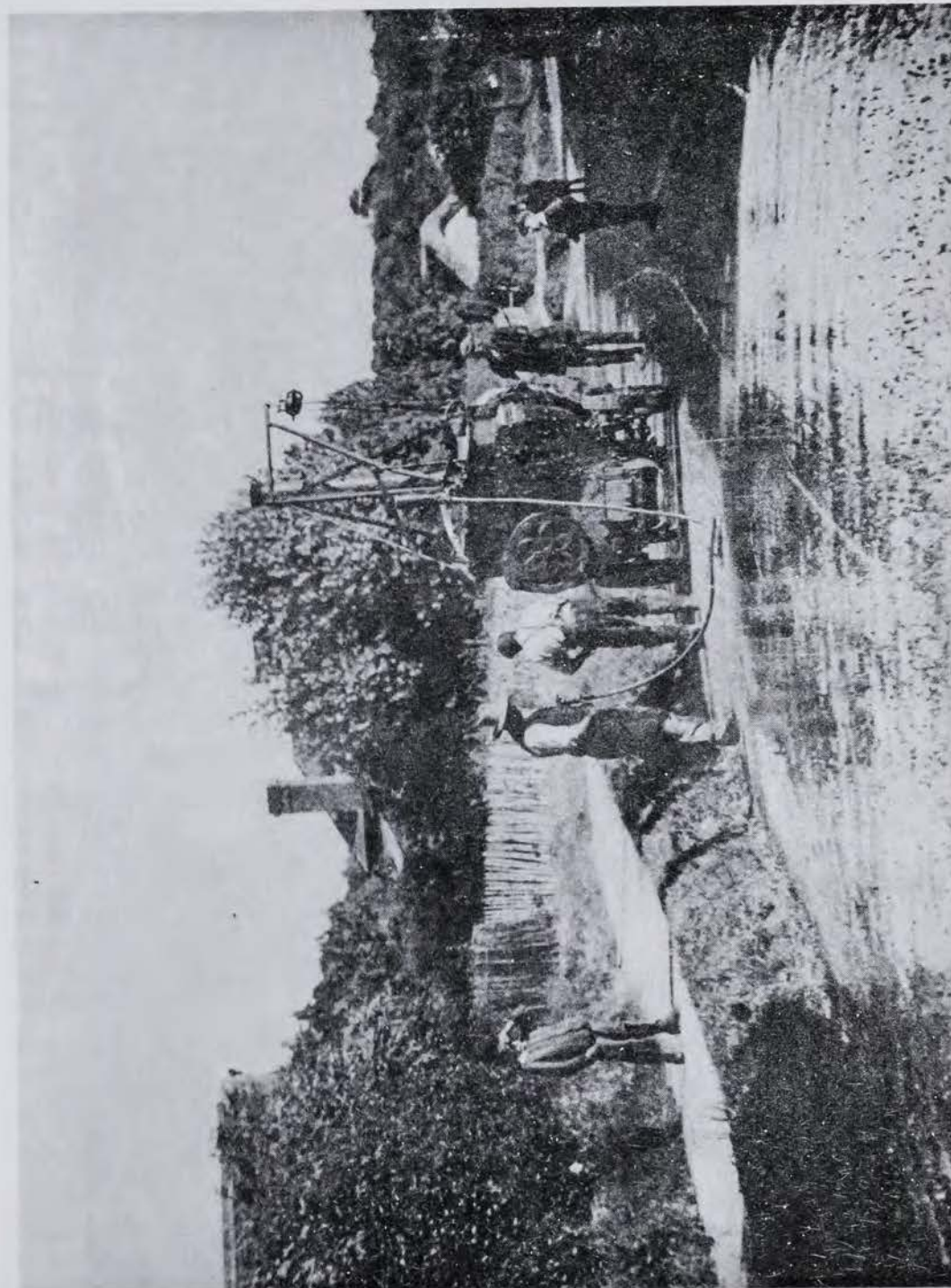
The female tramps had the task of "picking oakum" (tarred rope) which they unravelled. This was probably used for stuffing - not a very wholesome smell.

These tramps were usually very mild in their behaviour but occasionally one would cause a disturbance.

Among the inmates admitted to the Workhouse as well as sick old and infirm were children placed there 'In Care'. They attended the local school. There was a Maternity Ward. As a London hospital trained nurse my mother (Mrs. Jones) was a matron able to cope with every aspect of the work. She was devoted to her work - I believe much loved and respected.

The lower picture on Page 23 in "Not Submitted Elsewhere" shows the wash-house door on the left. In good weather the work was done outside in the yard. The tub was filled with hot water in which the clothes were put and a so called "Dolly" consisting of an upright piece of wood with three legs and a handle which turned the clothes from side to side with a similar action to that which the modern washing machine performs today.

The door on the right hand led into the ironing rooms. The inner one had shelves on which the finished garment was folded and laid. In the middle of the other room stood an iron four



Tarring at Fittleworth 1912 (cf. West Burton between the warts)  
Photograph by the late Mr. John Smith.





West Burton c1912 (cf. West Burton between the wars)  
Photograph by the late Mr. John Smith.

sided stone standing on four legs. On this the irons stood and to be used when hot. High up from the floor were rails on which the newly ironed clothes were hung. The rails were raised and lowered by pulleys. The floors were of red brick. There was always a warm and homely smell in these rooms after they had been used!

From Miss G.R. Jones, 8 The Anchorage, Mudeford, Dorset.

#### THE 7 GENTLEMEN OF PETWORTH

#### AND THE LADY ON THE TOP OF THE 'BUS

Lady wishes to thank the 7 gentlemen who kept the inside of the Petworth omnibus warm on Friday while she rode outside in the teeth of a gale.

She trusts that the unavoidable rigours of the journey have in no case resulted in a chill.

This advertisement appeared in the Agony column of the West Sussex Gazette.

Eager to discover whether the Chesterfieldian manners of Petworth had gone to the dogs I went down to this little Sussex town of 1,500 inhabitants.

I climbed to a seat in a two-horsed 'bus beside the driver, and found he had much to say about the lady and the seven gentlemen.

"If she grumbles about riding outside once," he said, "what about me doing it for 17 years, and in all weathers? As a matter of fact, she could have had a seat inside had she liked. One of the gentlemen was quite willing to go outside, but she did not seem very eager to take the opportunity."

#### DIVIDED CAMP.

Petworth, I found, was full of the incident. About half of the inhabitants sided with the lady, the others taking opposite views.

Mr. John Pitfield, the town's leading solicitor, who was one of the seven, corroborated the driver's story. "It was the 'bus for the three o'clock train," he said, "and we started from Petworth about 2.40."



"I was the last man to enter the 'bus; there was a lady inside and about six men. I did not see any other passengers inside and I got in and sat hard on Joe Vine, the Sussex cricketer.

"I heard afterward that there were some people waiting to get in, including a lady, and as it was starting to rain I offered to get out.

"The driver, however, said that a fly would follow, and I assumed that the lady was coming in it. I was surprised when we got to the station to see her descend from the 'bus.

"There was no gale, but there was an unpleasant drizzle, and the feathers on her hat were a bit damp.

"I am sure no discourtesy was intended. Any of us would willingly have gone outside had we known."

Meantime great readiness has been shown on the part of the men of Petworth to ride outside the 'bus this week. M.

This newspaper cutting from March 1919 has been given to the Society by Mr. Harold Cobby. It is probably from the West Sussex Gazette. Mr. Cobby thinks that the driver of the bus was his father Harry Cobby. Does anyone recall the incident or heard anyone talk of it?

#### WORKING FOR THE DOWAGER LADY LECONFIELD

It's silly but I don't remember now how I got my job as junior housemaid to Constance, the Dowager Lady Leconfield. I seem to think that I replied to an advertisement but I don't remember having an interview. I do know that at the time I was working for Mr. Musgrave at Sladelands and that I was sixteen when I went to London to work for Lady Leconfield. Perhaps Mr. Musgrave, being an old friend of the Leconfield family, had recommended me. I had previously worked at Newlands in Pound Street which a Mrs. Davidson was renting for the hunting season. On the first Sunday there wasn't much to do and I was allowed to go home for the day. My mother was horrified, thinking I'd run away so soon after going off with my carefully-packed trunk. After my time with the Dowager I worked for Dr. Kerr at Culvercroft in Pound Street. This time I can remember Mrs. Kerr interviewing me at a hotel in Pall Mall. From there I went to Mrs. Eardley Willmott and then worked for two sisters of hers at Byworth. I was married from

Byworth. I didn't usually apply to change position: the prospective employer often made the first move and reached agreement with my old employer. I would then agree. In those days after all you tended to fall in with what was suggested.

Constance Lady Leconfield was the mother of Charles Lord Leconfield and was an elderly lady even then in the late 1920's. When I worked for her she was already over eighty but very sprightly still and in possession of all her faculties. To someone as insignificant in the servants' order as I was she inevitably seemed rather distant and I didn't actually see her a lot. When I did meet her I would bow and address her as "your ladyship". It happened that my room was over the lady's maid's room and if I wasn't up by 6.30 that lady would bang smartly on the ceiling. I'd then bring her tea and clean her room. There was much to be done before the Dowager went off to Holy Communion at 8 o'clock in the morning. By that time her ladyship expected the front door step to be newly scrubbed, the brass done and the hall cleaned, and it was a rare morning when she did not leave for Holy Communion. Stanhope Street was just off Park Lane and her ladyship went to a nearby church.

I can't quite remember how many storeys the house had but there was a basement with kitchen, butler's pantry, servants' hall and housekeeper's sitting room; then a ground floor with dining room and drawing room, a first floor with the main bedrooms, a second floor where the staff, like the lady's maid, had their rooms and a third floor where the junior staff slept. I think I'm right in this. Basically her ladyship had some seven servants: the butler, lady's maid and housekeeper (a small lady with an enormous bunch of clanging keys) were quite elderly to my eyes and had clearly been some time in her ladyship's service. The more junior staff tended to move around more, you could often improve your position by a timely move.

As befitted a titled lady's establishment everything was far more formal at Stanhope Street than anything I had known before or would know afterwards. The entire domestic staff would sit down together in the servants' hall for lunch. No one was allowed to speak except for the butler saying grace and silence was strictly observed throughout the meat course. The footman would keep poking me under the table to make me laugh but I would have been in terrible trouble if I had. When the first course was over, the lady's maid, the butler and the housekeeper retired to the housekeeper's room for pudding and the enforced silence was over. Breakfast was similar: all sat



down together but none spoke. Among the junior servants there was a kitchen maid, a scullery maid, a footman and myself. I remember when the scullery-maid (who came from Wembley) was due to be interviewed for the position by her ladyship in person, she was warned always to say "your ladyship". She learned her lesson rather too well; on at least one occasion saying, "Oh ship me lady", but she still got the job. We were paid board wages; which meant you were paid to cover your food which you then had to buy yourself but this was only at spring cleaning time. We would give our food allowance to the kitchen maid and she did the catering for us. Every so often we would have a share-out of anything left in the kitty so we didn't do too badly out of the arrangement. If we wanted anything special we'd go to Selfridges and buy it. Although strictly speaking we were only allowed one afternoon and one evening off a week; in practice the weekends were easy because the dowager was so rarely there. On Saturday nights the scullery-maid and I would go to the Victoria Palace and for ninepence sit up in the "gods". All sorts of turns we saw like Gracie Fields or the Chocolate-coloured Coon. To stay out really late we needed special permission and then the front door would be opened specially for us by the butler.

Uniform was different for different times of day. In the morning I'd have a blue cotton dress with white apron and white cap, while in the afternoon I'd have a frilly apron, black dress and tiny white cap. This didn't vary much from house to house. At Stanhope Street there was a peculiar method of cleaning carpets which involved thoroughly wetting old newspaper, rubbing it in your hands and then throwing the pieces on the carpet. You'd pick them up with dustpan and brush. I hated it because the newsprint got into your hands and it was difficult to get it out again. In winter there were the fires to light - I was soon shown how to lay a fire so that it really got going when you lit it. The fire-places were massive and the ceilings very high in the rooms so that heating wasn't easy. Coal was brought in in large copper scuttles which had to be kept spotless - cleaned every day. That was certainly hard work. So too was cleaning the hundred stone steps that led from cellar to top storey. These had to be kept spotless by regular scrubbing. I would help the head house-maid do the beds, clean the rooms, bathrooms and toilets. Guests were usually from the family and every evening I would turn down the beds and fill the hot-water bottles. Spring-cleaning was a great annual event when we'd start at the

top of the house and work our way gradually downward. The ceilings had elaborate dados which needed scrubbing and we would have to do this standing on steps. The massive open fires too needed a deal of cleaning.

In summer her ladyship would usually go to Clovelly in Devon for about six weeks. All the London staff went with her and usually she would have one of her sons with his wife, children, valet and other servants. The Devon lads thought that we, being from London, were a cut above the local girls and we were never short of motor-bike rides. Often we had to slip in quite late hoping that the stairs wouldn't creak too much. The joke was that while the scullery-maid did come from Wembley, I came from Sussex and the kitchen-maid was Welsh!

Mrs. C.F. Baigent was talking to the Editor.

#### WEST BURTON BETWEEN THE WARS

The Turrell family originated from the West Grinstead area and my grandfather was a carter who worked originally for a farmer at Bury. Eventually he came to West Burton to help his uncle, Mr. Woolgar, farm Cross Street Farm some 40 or 50 acres. Woolgar was a tenant of Col. Fletcher's Slindon-based Dale Park Estate and West Burton lay right on the estate's edge. Cross Street was one of three or four small mixed West Burton farms which did a little of everything at that time - pigs, dairy and chicken. Sheep did tend to be left to the bigger farmers. Perhaps even at this time, and certainly later, it was difficult to get shepherds. It was a lonely life and people were increasingly unprepared to take it on. There was a great crisis when parts of Dale Park Estate were put up for sale in 1918 and we were among those tenants who had to buy up their farms or get out. My grandfather managed to buy Cross Street but he was hard put to it. I still have the sale catalogue from 1918. In the beginning I lived with my grandfather, my father having died just after the First War when I was only six. I went to Bury School and left when I was fourteen. We were some forty children in two different classrooms, one for infants up to 10, the other for the older children. The bell rang for school at 9 o'clock and we could walk home to lunch, although of course some just brought bread and cheese.

In the 1920's my grandfather employed four or five men but times were hard then and the 1930's even harder. By the time I took the



farm over in 1935 I was operating single-handed - the farm couldn't stand the 28/- a week that was the agricultural wage at that time. The old labourers tended either to go to the larger farms or drift to the towns in search of factory work. They would never return. I concentrated on milk, building up the dairy herd from around 9 or 10 to 50 or 60. The milk would go to the station twice a day in the pony and trap - in the morning from Fittleworth station to Croydon, and in the afternoon from Amberley down to the coast. On Sunday there was only one train and we had to be at Fittleworth at five past seven to catch it. At that time we would produce about twenty-five to thirty gallons a day - roughly two seventeen gallon churns. This was before the Milk Marketing Board came into being in the early 1930's and you had to find your own outlets.

I concentrated on farming and dairy produce in particular but my grandfather had all sorts of sidelines. He would take young ladies from the big houses round the village to balls at places like Petworth House or Goodwood House. I can remember them pinning up their skirts before climbing into his waggonette. There were three seats on each side, backing to the side of the vehicle and it would be pulled by one horse, usually a fairly heavy cob. At the big houses he would stable the horse and then all the carriers would have a meal together. He would then bring the girls back at about two o'clock in the morning. He also operated a taxi service with pony and cart and would go to Fittleworth station from the village for two shillings return.

Many other things my grandfather did - he would collect bricks from the yard at Pulborough or dig out sand by hand from the Bury Parish sandpit on the Petworth road and load up the cart. Anyone could fill up with sand there providing they were a parishioner of Bury. The cart would take 25 cwt but half way up Hale Hill coming into West Burton you would always pull the horses across to give them a blow. Again he would take three horses and a wagon and go into Houghton forest to dig leaf mould. He'd look for a dry boundary ditch where the leaves had congregated and dig them out. A load of leaf mould would fetch 25 shillings at one of the big houses - good money in those days. He would also draw faggots and pea-sticks from the forest. During the first war when there was a shortage of timber he would go into the forest to pull big timber - oak mainly - with horse and chain. That really was hard work, sometimes even ripping the harness to pieces. He would also break in cart-horses, get

the raw colts used to pulling a plough or drawing a cart behind them. My grandparents would take in paying guests who came for the summer, the same people year after year. Arthur Rackham the illustrator was one; he'd usually come for a month. Another of our guests worked for Harrods in London, while another family came up from Worthing. We'd supply a meal when they came in at night. They'd go out for the day with a packed lunch, often in the late 1920's with a motor-cycle and sidecar.

I didn't really know George Garland except by sight, most people knew him by sight at least, but looking at his photographs from this period makes me realize again how everything has changed. It's nice to remember the horses. They had to work terribly hard but they were nicer to work with. However efficient a tractor is, it's a dead thing compared with a horse. I had my first tractor in 1937 - a second-hand Fordson reconditioned by Rows of Chichester - which I bought for £140 and kept for over twenty years. Main water came to the village about 1937 and electricity at much the same time. People weren't convinced then of the benefits of electricity and were implored to go on. The electricity people offered three free lights and a power plug but it still cost £20 to £30 to put on supply and that was a great deal in those days. Certainly we couldn't run to it. There was some opposition too in the village to the poles going up to carry the supply. We at Cross Street didn't actually go on until the early years of the war. Long before main water was put in Dale Park Estate had put in a pump run by a petrol engine. This was supposed to pump the water to a reservoir from whence it would run back by gravity to the village. We paid ten shillings a year for this but it didn't work out in practice and we had to have a trough for rainwater. To water the cows we used often to take horse and water cart down to the stream to collect. Before electricity we would milk by paraffin lamp and then there were the hurricane lamps - many a time I have had the light blown out on me on a wet, dark, blustery night! In the house itself we had candles and paraffin lamps, while for hot water we had an old-fashioned boiler and in the shed a copper fuelled by faggots. The copper doubled also as a vat when it came to making parsnip wine. You'd cut the roots up and put them in the copper to get the juice off. Strong stuff that was and it used to be drunk in great mugs like cider. One old man who had clearly over-indulged was sitting amiably in a hedgerow when the vicar passed. "Drunk again!" said the vicar. "So be I", said the old man happily. In those days men would do an evening's haymaking without pay for a glass of cider and a good chunk of bread and cheese. Sometimes you could induce the tarring



gang to "do a bit inside my yard" and pay them in cider which they would consume straightaway. These were gangs of men doing the roads in those days and they would work quite slowly by modern mechanical standards - tarring about fifty yards a day. After one such "deal" with the tarring gang I can remember seeing two of them curled up in the bank fast asleep from the effect of the cider at 7 o'clock in the evening. Home-made wine and cider was all very well but it did give you a shocking head afterwards.

Farming was hard work then - if you began loading wheat sheaves at seven in the morning it would be easy enough until about 10 o'clock but after that they seemed to get heavier with every hour. Wheat was packed in sacks of over two hundred-weight and they were terribly hard work to move. The old-fashioned hay-presses were operated by travelling workmen - the machines had very long handles and the men who operated them always seemed rather short so that they jumped on the pole almost like monkeys. They would cut the hay from the rick with a hay-knife - if it was a compact rick it would cut easily but if not it would be very hard work. When these men were not doing this specialised job they would do hedging or ditching, they were, and they needed to be, "jack of all trades".

Threshing was another job done by outside men - we had Penfolds of Arundel, while Petworth farmers tended to have Lugg of Billingshurst. Penfolds would usually go to the several small West Burton farms, Cross Street, Lower House, Lea Bridge and Knapps in quick succession. It was the combine of course which finished threshing, but it did continue for a decade or so after the war. The chaffy end-product of threshing was called "cavings" and at one period in the 1930's we used to collect the "cavings" from Tuppens farm to use as bedding for the animals. We had to shift it with a "caving-fork" - a fork with four or five thin tines fairly close-set together so that it would pick the stuff up and not let it all sift through. We also on occasion used bracken - going up by the sandpit on the Petworth road with a tractor and mower.

The horses really did work hard as I look back. A nose-bag they would have at lunch but it was a hard life for them. I would give them oats for stamina. After ploughing, when the beasts were covered in mud, we used to take them down to the pond to clean them. A carter always thought a lot of his horses and would look after them. A good horse might last fifteen or twenty years - an average horse twelve to fifteen.

In 1940 the Bury dairyman stopped delivering and I took over and did Bury, West Burton and Watersfield. Previous to that we had re-tailed milk round the village and people had tended to collect it from the farm in jugs. I did the round myself for a time and then had land-girls to do it. Milk was rationed then of course - one and a half pints a week. Coupons had to be collected and sent to the Food Office at Petworth. What milk we had over after the round was collected and taken away in churns. Once I was brought before the magistrates at Petworth for giving an old lady an extra pint after her cat had knocked her first pint off the window-sill. I'd gone back with the bottle well hidden under my coat but someone had still seen it! There was something of a purge on at that time and most retailers of milk were prosecuted at this time for some reason or other. We were fined £10 or so, quite a lot in those days. Cream was something we weren't supposed to make but what little we did make we'd put in the back of the car with an old mackintosh to cover it. In an area spread out as West Burton we were likely to get to know of inspectors long before they arrived. One who tried to buy a dozen eggs went off happily with a dozen china eggs - but we never saw him again. Potatoes we grew during the war; we were directed to plough up pastureland for that - but it wasn't a crop we grew from choice. We didn't use milking machines until just after the war. Up until then if a man milked twelve to fifteen cows at a sitting it was considered a good stint.

Farm employment was difficult in the 1930's and it was then that West Burton began to change as the old labourers moved away to work on larger farms - or in the town factories - and new people came in to buy the old cottages. An old village character was George Dearling. He had a kind of sweet shop cum private house at Fogdens where his wife Alice sold striped "bullseyes", but he really carried on business as a carrier. He'd go twice a week to Petworth and twice a week to Arundel with his box cart with wooden wheels. When his donkey died he couldn't afford another one but pulled a hand-truck. He would collect eggs and butter from local farmers for his inward journey; he might take in forty or fifty dozen eggs. For the return he would buy goods for you in town and charge you a penny or two-pence commission on each parcel. This meant that many people never left the village at all despite the absence of shops! George Dearling's eyes were upside-down so that he would look upward to look at the ground and turn his watch upside-down in order to read it. Except for the house with the jar of striped sweets West Burton never had any shop in my day. Butchers came round, and a baker every day



of the week, either Allen's from Amberley or Hardings from Fittleworth. Grinsteads from Bury came round with groceries. I think there must have been a blacksmith's shop at West Burton once but it was before my time. Mr. Marshall's was the nearest at Bury but when he finished we went to Parfoot brothers at Fittleworth. I'd take two horses at once, riding one and leading one. Shoeing would take about an hour but you might have to wait and then there was the long walk back via Tripp Hill. Best part of a day gone! When the Parfoot brothers gave up about 1950 Mr. Crowhurst came round from Amberley. Scissor grinders I well remember in the village and I swear I once saw a man with a performing bear that danced on a chain - but no one ever believes me!

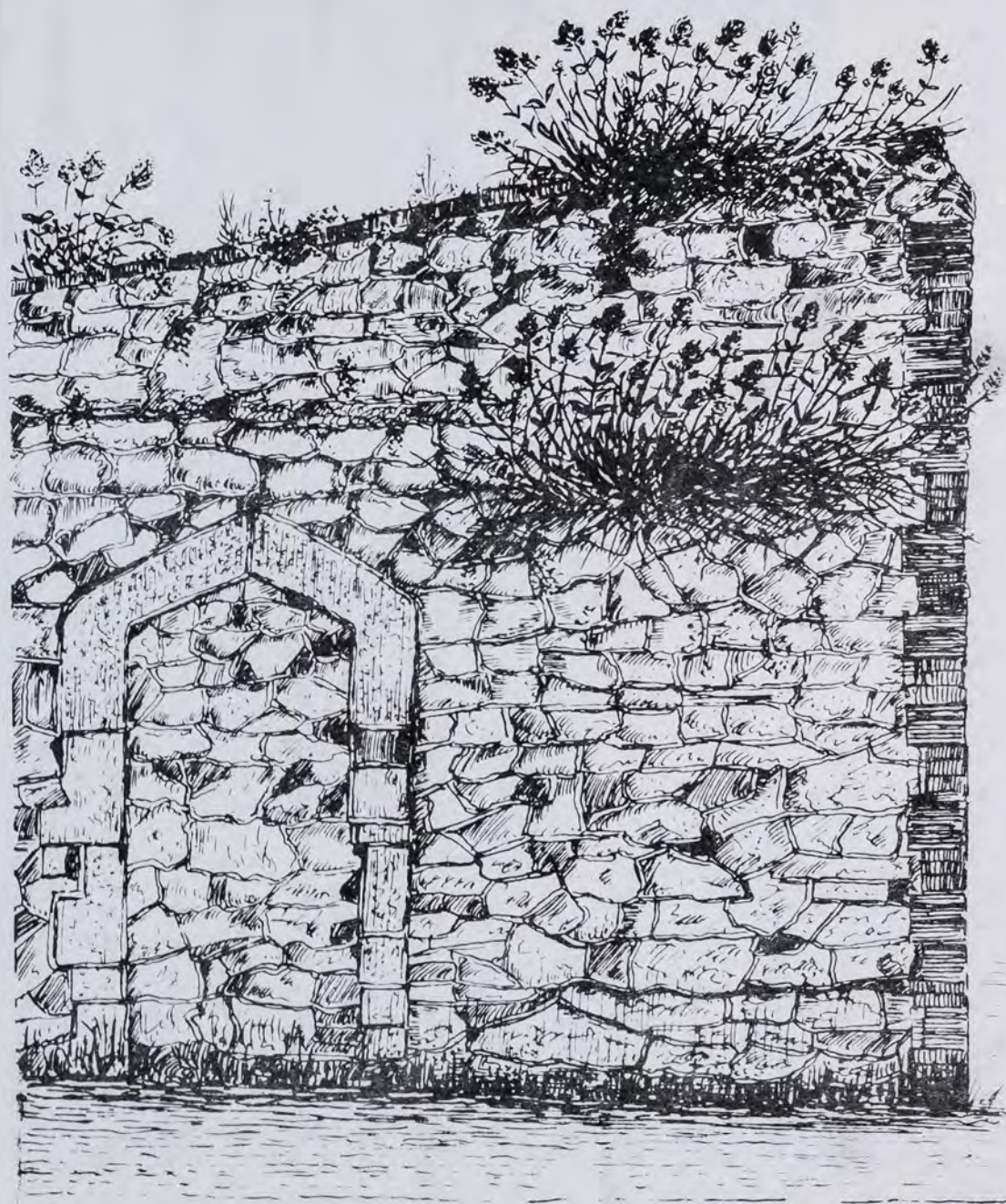
Miss Dakin who lived at Lillywhites was a great friend of Leonard Borwick, the famous musician who lived in the village. She had a Rolls Royce with an expensive dove-grey lining inside and a front compartment that was quite separate from the passenger compartment. The two were connected by an intercom. Once near Redhill the driver was slightly disconcerted by a succession of cars honking and flashing their lights at her. When she finally pulled up she found she had lost a wheel a mile back and was proceeding happily on three wheels! Sadly the Rolls was in later days consigned to a garage and finally sold at auction, greatly dilapidated, for £200. It was a rare 1924 model and I'm pleased to say it was bought by an enthusiast who has restored it to much of its old glory.

Mrs. Leslie and her daughter lived at West Burton House in the 1920's and she had three rubber-tyred traps for going about in. When later the house was sold we took the land and were persuaded also to buy some of the equipment as a lot. There was an old dungcart, a lot of milk buckets and the three traps. £32 the lot. We kept the traps in a barn for five or six years but they began to deteriorate and we eventually sold them to some travelling dealers for fifty shillings just to get rid of them.

Jim Turrell was talking to Peter Jerrome and Jonathan Newdick.

#### A DISCONCERTING INTERVIEW

"Now", thought the Chairman, "come that festive time when I the members entertain, give them some jocular piece, some yarn of Jumbo, William of Tillington or the Druid. 'Tis little doubt



Back Lane, Petworth. A door that now leads to nowhere and valerian growing in the wall. Some say this plant shows where the Romans went.  
(Drawn by Rendle Diplock)



To the Right Honble the Earl of Egremont, &c. &c. &c.

The Humble Petition of Mary Martin  
of Peterworth.

Sheweth

That your Petitioner is of the Age of 65 years and upwards,  
and that your Petitioner has resided in Peterworth from 7 years old.

That your Petitioner has followed the Employment of a  
Mantua Maker all her Life, but that your Petitioner's Connections  
(and consequently her business) have been so circumscribed,  
that she has only obtained a daily subsistence and has not had  
it in her power to provide for the support of old age -

That your Petitioner, being now fast approaching to that  
period of Life when, from defect in sight and from other  
infirmities attendant on old age, she will be precluded  
from continuing her employment, can only look forward  
to the parish workhouse for subsistence -

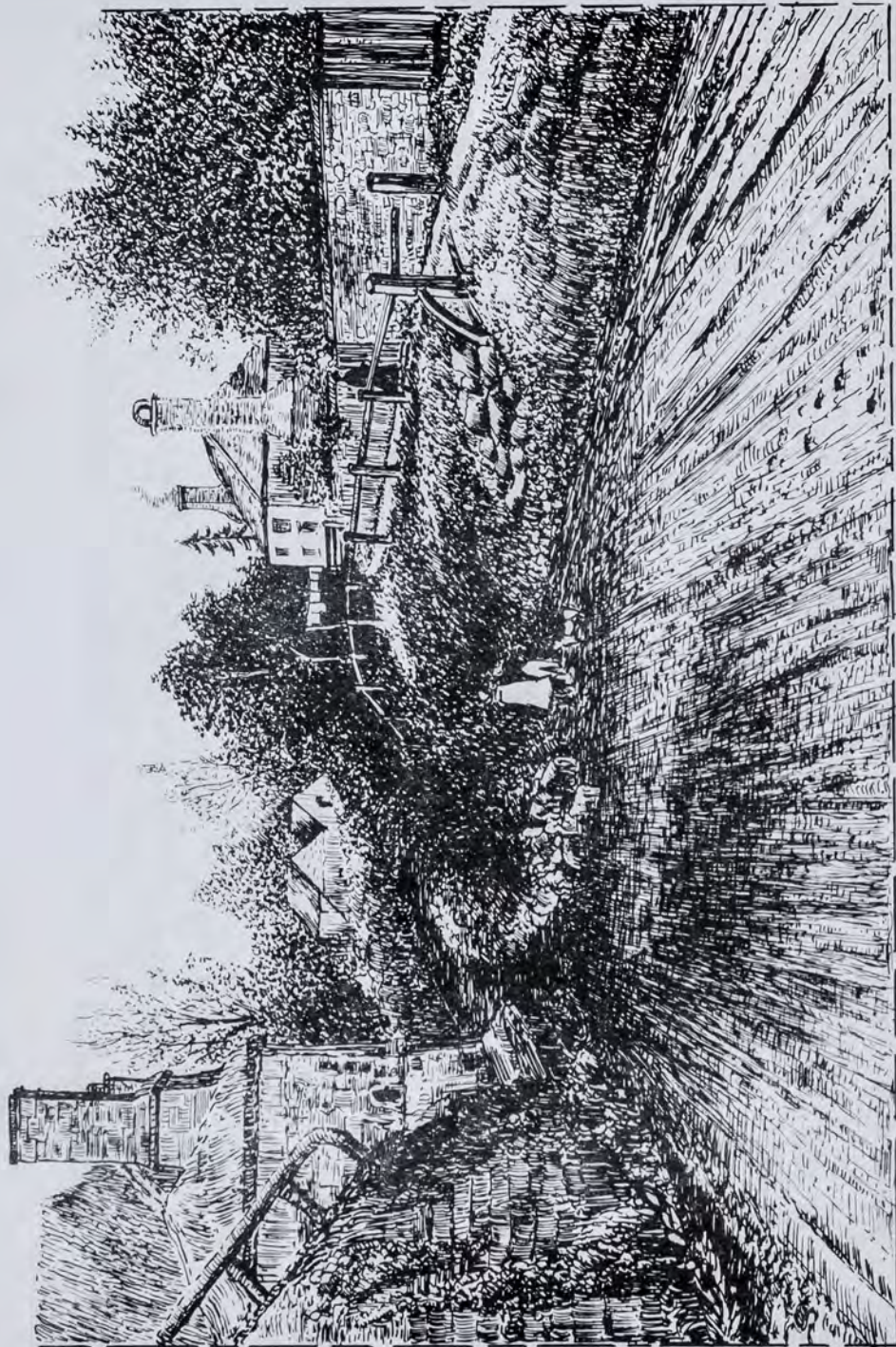
Your Petitioner therefore prays that your Lordship  
would take her case into consideration, and be pleased to  
nominate her to fill up the next or some future vacancy  
in the Upper Hospital, and your Petitioner feels satisfied  
that any enquiry your Lordship may desire to be instituted  
regarding her Character will be favorably answered -

Your Petitioner hopes your Lordship will excuse the  
Liberty she has thus taken, and to which nothing but necessity  
would have urged her, and if the prayer of her Petition should  
be complied with your Petitioner will be ever bound to pray &c.

Peterworth. 12<sup>th</sup> May, 1825.

Mary Martin





Upperton. Drawn by Rendle Diplock after an old print loaned by Mrs. Stillwell.

that all await this eagerly." "Thou dost mistake", came a voice beside him. "Thou art a noxious weed that spreads o'er all the fair garden of the Bulletin. Thou weariest young and old".

The Chairman looked round to see the wry figure of Malpractice the Druid's manservant at his side. "Who is the man that trusting in his own designs, fails to present himself before the Druid at the appointed hour?" said Malpractice sternly. "Would this have happened in good Hilton's time? Into what depths the congregation now descends. You'll come with me, o'er the sere parkland and attend my master's will beneath the aspen."

And so the Chairman came, Malpractice treading on his heels, over the fallen wood of autumn to stand where all his predecessors had once stood before. And behold the Druid stood before the fire and toasting-fork in hand!

"What's this upon my fork lad?" barked the Druid.

"'Tis a fish-finger my lord," replied the Chairman, afraid of upsetting the old man.

"Yea lad", said the Druid, "but where does it come from?"

"From darkest Ocean, he that holds more secrets e'en than Jumbo's attic", said the Chairman uneasily.

"Trifle not", roared the Druid, "what knowest thou of Jumbo's attic? Has any man beheld its secrets and returned to tell? Meddle not with wizardry such as this! Where does this come from?" He waved the fish-finger threateningly under the Chairman's nostril.

"My lord, thy secrets are beyond my mortal sense", stuttered the Chairman.

"I'll tell thee lad," shouted the Druid, "from ye catering pack. I buy more cheaply when in quantity. And you - learn ye a lesson from your master. Here is economy at work. And what economy hast thou? The book that all must read consumes thy substance yet thy people are not taxed enough. Thy rash expenditure shall not last".

"My lord I dread to tax my subjects more", replied the Chairman "for fear they do rise up and murmur 'gainst my throne."

"Tax them thou must", ordered the Druid sternly, "thou art expendable - if thou be overturned, comes Keith the Bold, one that more fitting wears the crown. Think on my words and then be gone!"

And with that the Druid himself vanished, leaving nothing but a faint smell of singed fish hanging on the autumn air.



A DISPUTE IN WAKESTONE LANE AND TWO OTHER DOCUMENTS RELATING TO  
OLD BEDHAM MANOR.

Oglethorpe and Anderson 6269 is an undated account of a dispute between William Stanley, lord of the manor of Bedham, and Charles Seymour, sixth Duke of Somerset and lord of the manor of Byworth, over the felling of beech trees growing right on the border of both manors in the lane called Wakestone Lane. This lane, still called by this name, is easily recognised today as the first turning on the right hand as one passes Beechfields on the A272 from Petworth, but before one reaches Battlehurst. Strood Green is another mile or so further along the road to Wisborough Green. From the handwriting this document would appear to come from about 1730 and is tacked on to the end of a bundle of later documents connected with Bedham Manor, almost, it seems, as an afterthought. Curiously, too, it seems to be written not from the standpoint of Bedham Manor but from that of the Duke of Somerset. In form it is a statement of the position as seen by various witnesses testifying in support of the Duke's position. Other similar documents are known from Petworth House Archives at this period - a good example is the evidence concerning the accidental firing of the Duke's stables in 1735. (See Bulletin 13).

The dispute rests on the evidence of one John Knight to the effect that William Stanley's bailiff, William Neale of Fittleworth, had marked to be felled eighteen trees growing in Wakestone Lane along the boundary between the two manors. Eleven had been felled and one almost felled when John Knight came on the scene. The trees were in fact boundary trees marking the boundary itself and standing at some 20 rod distance one from another and "against John Knight's house". John Knight's house and garden were situated about a mile south of the A272 just inside the Flexham Park boundary some  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile west of Bedham Farm. An isolated cottage is certainly marked in this position on seventeenth century estate maps; and although no building stands there now, the area is still known in the Leconfield Estate Woods Dept. as "Knights Piece".

Opposite the present horseshoe bend leading to Bedham and to the left of the gate that goes out of Flexham Park and into Bognor Common there was, said Knight, a boundstone known as "Wake Stone" and between Wake Stone and the hedge were two beech trees, one marked "W.S." (i.e. William Stanley) to stand. Sixteen other trees stood on the south side of the boundary stone of which five

had been marked to be felled and eleven already cut down "by the men who bought wood and timber of Mr. Stanley in the Menns." The other trees on the south side had been marked "W.S." to stand. John Gilbert, Mr. Stanley's steward had been in attendance when the trees were numbered and marked but when William Neale the bailiff was asked how he came to be selling his Grace's timber he replied that he thought the beeches belonged to Mr. Stanley and in this belief had so marked them. However, being a little doubtful of Mr. Stanley's right to them he had gone to enquire further. While he was away the trees were cut down. Mr. Stanley told him that if the Duke of Somerset claimed them he would not for ten thousand times the value dispute it with his Grace, but by this time the damage was done. John Knight charged Neale not to touch a stick of them and Neale promised he would not cut down any more nor meddle with those that were already cut.

There are boundary stones even today on the western verge of Wakestone Lane but these may have been put in position in the time of the 3rd Earl. They bear the inscription "Byworth" on one side and "Bedham" on the other. The "Wake Stone" mentioned in Knight's account clearly stood at the top of the lane on the right hand as the present road turns away left to Bedham. It has probably now been buried but its approximate position is clear enough. Why it had the name "Wake Stone" is not immediately obvious. Some very old beech trees growing on the bank are possibly survivors from the period in question. One that was entirely cut down last year after part of it had fallen across the road was thought to be well over 250 years old.

As regards proving that the trees were the property of the Duke of Somerset; William King, carpenter, of Fittleworth aged seventy-nine years and upward said that he had lived all his life in Fittleworth except for some four years and that he knew the bound trees and bound stone called Wake Stone and had known them for sixty years or more. They had always time out of mind been reputed to be the boundary between the manors of Byworth and Bedham. Some 28 years previously he had negotiated with Richard Styles, his Grace's then steward, to buy four beech trees which were standing to the south side of the stone and very near to it, and would have bought them had he been able to agree a price with the steward. The same was true of certain trees on the north side of the stone. Later when his son with Richard Cooper and Joseph Sturt bought the trees, cut them down, and took them away they were not challenged by Mr. Stanley. His Grace had always had a right to all timber within the



said bounds both north and south of the stone. The Earl's land lay north, south and west of the stone, Bedham to the east.

According to King, the boundary ran in a straight line from the Wake Stone northwards down to the far corner of Sellscombe Close at a freehold tenement rented by Thomas Overington from Mr. Boxall of Haslemere. Here it turns west following a large ditch (which also forms the Sellscombe boundary) for some six hundred yards. It then turns northward down to the main highway approximately halfway between Beechfield and the Wakestone Lane junction. All the trees cut down would be on the Flexham Park side. As a retrospect King says that Flexham Park was bought of the Gorings at Burton by Henry Earl of Northumberland when he was imprisoned in the Tower, "one Francis was then steward to his lordship". The bound trees and stone were traditionally supposed to have been put up after a long suit between the Gorings and the Lynes (formerly owners of Bedham Manor) over ownership.

Richard Barnes of Bognor Common testifies that he had cut fern about the disputed ground for twenty years but had always asked permission of the Duke's steward before doing so. By the growing of the trees in question they appeared to take their sustenance from the soil of Flexham Park and most of the roots went into the Park even if the boles grew out of the bank that lies against the Flexham Park fence.

William King's oral tradition appears to go back well over a century and so far as it can be corroborated, seems fairly reliable. Certainly Sir Edward Francis was the ninth Earl's steward at the time in question and certainly the Gorings at one time held much land in that area. Beyond that nothing is known of the outcome of the Wakestone Lane dispute, nor for that matter much about the history of Bedham Manor. However, two shafts of light on this do come from O. and A. 6382 and 6383 - the former being articles of agreement drawn up for the sale of the Manor in 1656 and the latter a list drawn up in 1748 of the names of the tenants of the Manor giving the names of their tenements and technical manorial details such as the value of quitrent and relief, heriots due and ancient precedent for them.

6382 names "Philip Percevall of Ringwood in the County of Southampton Gent." as vendor and "William Stanley of Southampton merchant" as purchaser. The manor is described as "lying and being in the parishes of Kirdford, Fittleworth and elsewhere in the County of

Sussex". The purchase price is seventeen hundred pounds, of which seven hundred shall be due on the sealing and delivery of the conveyance, five hundred after six months and five hundred after a further twelve. The manor would be mortgaged to Percevall as security over the two later payments unless they had been secured by some means agreeable to counsel for both parties.

In so far as Philip Percevall had already contracted with and sold to several persons parts of the manor being conveyed to William Stanley, the sums paid him by the tenants would be deducted from the initial payment. Percevall would also deliver up all writings, deeds, court rolls and other manorial documents in his possession. Percevall would however for the space of four years have the liberty to dig in the wastes of the manor for "mines of marble and iron" and would have liberty to carry the same away provided the value was not above a hundred pounds and no damage was done either to woods or tenants. Perhaps this concession reflects some previous capital investment by Percevall in mining.

A separate sheet gives the names of the tenants who had bought their land from Percevall and whose purchase money would be deducted from the total payment of £1,700:

George Johnson's copyhold of Hawkhurst	140.00.0
Thomas Leere's copyhold of Holts sold to Richard Curtis for	15.00.0
Richard Overington's copyhold called Clarks	10.00.0
Thomas Chapman's copyhold (not named)	20.00.0
Anthony Weeden's copyhold called Mason's Garden	19.00.0
Widow Goddard's copyhold (not named) sold to Richard Curtis to revert to him after her decease	10.00.0
	<hr/> <hr/>
	214.00.0

6383 is a list made in 1748 of the names of the tenants of Bedham Manor with their tenements and "the dues and services thereunto belonging". Some of the names like Idehurst, Hawkhurst or Crimborne find a ready echo today. Some like Chickens, Collyers, Hogshurst or St. John's can easily be explained with a map and a little thought; while some like Peter's Garden, Twiney Garden, Mason's Garden, Newtheall, Knowlso Lake, Scrubhouse, Clements Corner, Wild Garden Eastdyhouse or Hook's Golt may yield to a little effort or even have vanished altogether. This document has a colophon concerning the



custom of heriots basing it on "an extract of an antient record of the customs belonging to the monestry of Shaftesbury whereof the manor of Bedham was parcel". When this was is not known but it is probable that the old priory at Kirdford was somehow connected with Shaftesbury. Much remains unknown of the history of the Manor of Bedham, one of the most remote and mysterious of all the Sussex Manors, and the latter part of this article is not intended to do more than awaken interest in it by drawing attention to some of the gaps. Perhaps it will lead to a fuller discussion.

P.A.J./J.T.

### A BOMB AT BUDHAM (3)

Climbing away to the west then easing downriver, moonlight flooded the cockpit. The bomb aimer lined up quickly on the mill and railway but the turn was far too severe to be of use. Signalling to the pilot for another run they turned to port, back round the outside of the town. Glancing upwards, the pilot spotted the black shadow of a southbound 88 some 200 yards away. Exhausts flaming, he seemed in one hell of a hurry to get back. Maybe it was time he, too, made himself scarce. Subconsciously his hand was already easing both throttles forward to maximum power; tightening his turn round the town he glanced down over the port wing and noticed now that his own exhausts seemed to be flaming impatiently. Far down below, bathed in eerie moonlight, the kidney shape of the large pond glinted and the pale outline of the long windowed frontage of the big house looked ghostly. Just east of the pond the finger of the spire merged in with the rest of the shadows and moonlight over the old buildings of the little town. A few small fires were still flickering from the first of the scattered incendiaries. He was not sorry to see that no orange glow signalled some building afire - old farm buildings were of little consequence really, or army huts. But houses with people, ordinary people like himself or his parents, were another matter. He hoped that he would never feel glad that houses alone were to form deliberate targets. (His view on this was to change twice during the coming years.)

The vibration from his engines caused by his over-tight turn and a jab on the leg from the bomb aimer brought him out of the dream which he had almost slipped into. By now they were again coming round over the river and railway line. Cutting power and leveling slightly, nose up, he saw they were at least on track, the

river snaking out, twisting and turning its way to the sea. He saw among the heavily wooded land below, here and there the shadows of the railway cuttings, the glint of light on tracks and the unshielded light from a car. He supposed that some people did not really take fright or even mind that they might be taken apart at any time. He was often frightened, but only by what he did not know - so why should other people not be the same?

By now, they had lined up on the mill and railway station, but still half dreaming he allowed the nose to drop sharply at the precise moment that the bomb release was operated. Too late he knew then they would fall short. Not that they would have got the target anyway - there wasn't that much accuracy as yet. All too often, half a mile either way was as near as one got. Sometimes they did more damage by just unloading over open countryside to get rid of the bombs. Probably tonight was just such a night.

The gunner in the lower position came through on the intercom. Three HE 250 kg pounders had gone out but he had seen only two bursts and they were close together. Ah well, what matter? Someone would be rather surprised and shocked, or maybe both. They had all been fused, two impact and one clockwork, so it might be a long dig for someone and a tricky job to remove the fuse. That of course would not be his concern.

Following the winding trail of the river he, like the 88 some minutes before, wanted to get out and back across the Channel as quickly as he could. Wide awake now and sweating, yet with a cold prickly sensation from the back of his head down the middle of his spine, he found himself in a hasty panic, almost fear, that he might not get out this time.

But get home he must have done as no planes were brought down on the night of 29th September 1940. At least not on his route home. Indeed it may be that the pilot and crew of that night's sortie are still alive and well. They, and what they had done, did not frighten me or any others that night or on any that followed, just brought out a more inquisitive curiosity in us and caused our hearts to beat a lot faster. This was to draw us out every time they came and to every place they had been, bringing danger and the excitement of adventure, not knowing what one could find or what would happen. Also it brought on further the urge to get older quicker and get in on what was happening. Many of us did, and to most of us it gave the most eventful years of our lives. Years of adventure, danger,



excitement - the chance to make our own decisions to live life to the full. See how the other half lived and sometimes died, not just here, but all over the world. We also experienced our own sorrows and grief, knowing that maybe one day it could be our turn and yet not minding one little bit.

At any rate, for that particular Heinkel crew and the people on the ground over which they had passed, that, for the night of 29th September 1940, was that.

The Heinkel and its crew were hellbent for home, and the people on the ground who had been involved headed for home and bed. The 29th September 1940 was done and gone for ever.

There were people of course busy clearing up and damping down around spent incendiaries, and the few small fires, checking for damage to roofs and buildings and in all the concealed corners - just in case. They also sought buildings damaged by the H.E.s which had been scattered across miles of countryside.

The Relief Specials, Home Guard, ARP Wardens and Observer Corps all changed over. The Home Guard, two at a time on the north end of Petworth House in their little hut, another two at Red House. The Specials set off on their rounds with bicycles, patrolling the country lanes and streets. The Observer Corps went off to the hut and sandbags in the allotments up the Tillington Road near the Bungalow to scan the skies which were darkening a little now as the pale moon slipped away beyond the downs, leaving the cold stars winking from between the white flecks and streamers of cloud. The vapour trails from the night's raiders gradually widened and blended with the clouds and darkness. Soon, by the increasing light of the rising sun, another day would begin.

The night's work would then be in full view. But for now the ARP did their usual checks for lights. The sentries on all the army camps had changed, eager to get in to sleep, and silence took over the countryside as only it can in late September. Real stillness, broken only with the shrill yelp of a vixen calling her cubs, and the sigh of a soft breeze over the misty water meadows.

The 29th September had been quite an eventful day all over Britain. The evening and night had also. As the passing of daylight then had seen the virtual end of the daylight Battle of Britain, that

September night was a prelude to another battle that started with the sunset and ended a few hours before sunrise bringing a greater destruction and hate which was eventually to cause so great a devastation with totally unnecessary tactics from the skies over Germany and Britain, with ultimate loss of life to civilians and service people alike.

Petworth the next day was bright, sunny and warm as had been most of that long hot summer.

From first light, inspection of the night's possible damage had started. Many incendiaries were scattered over wide areas and marked in most cases by a burned patch in a field, a five inch steel flight almost in the centre, the shape about twelve to eighteen inches long, a snow-white burned-out shell in a whitened patch of grass. Many had simply not gone off and lay silver and shining, but ominous in the sunlight. To some, these were inviting and interesting. Some of the more curious could not resist the temptation to take them home. (One was found still live at Battlehurst in 1963). Another was found in the old conker tree just inside the East gate of the Churchyard, lodged in its lower branches. Some were in gutters and in roofs - quite a lot in fact, were simply scattered over the fields.

But overall, no real fires.

Well, so it was that during the afternoon of the following Monday, the 30th, Vic Carver and myself and a couple of friends set off in the direction of the flash we had seen the night before across the Frog Farm fields, through the yard by the river at Rotherbridge. There was no mistaking that we were on the right trail. Burned out incendiaries were evident like mushrooms all over the fields, and of all the luck, two live ones lay within 100 yards of each other. Picking them up, we moved on across the fields following what seemed to us a trail.

We took a long drink of cool water from the spring that pours from the gravel into the big carrier ditch and then went on towards Budham Wood. The north-east corner showed distinct signs of damage even from 500 yards away. Smashed branches hung limply from trees and scattered about the corner of the field were lumps of sandy clay and gravel. Among the lumps, which got larger as we got closer, the raised rims of two craters came into sight. At the same time, scraps of muck and bloodied bones and flesh appeared. The nearer



we got, the worse it was. The mid-section of a cow, both sets of bloodied ribs protruding through the skin, lay just clear of one crater. The stench of high explosive, scorched flesh and torn earth was everywhere.

We hunted round for the odd bits of shrapnel, then scoured the woods for other craters. Afterwards, we went back out of the hunting gate along the ditch towards home, almost stepping in a neat round hole about ten feet from the edge of the ditch, about two and a half feet across with water about four feet down, the sides were already beginning to crumble. It was obvious to us what lay below, but we did not know just how far down. A six feet stick did not touch the object on the bottom.

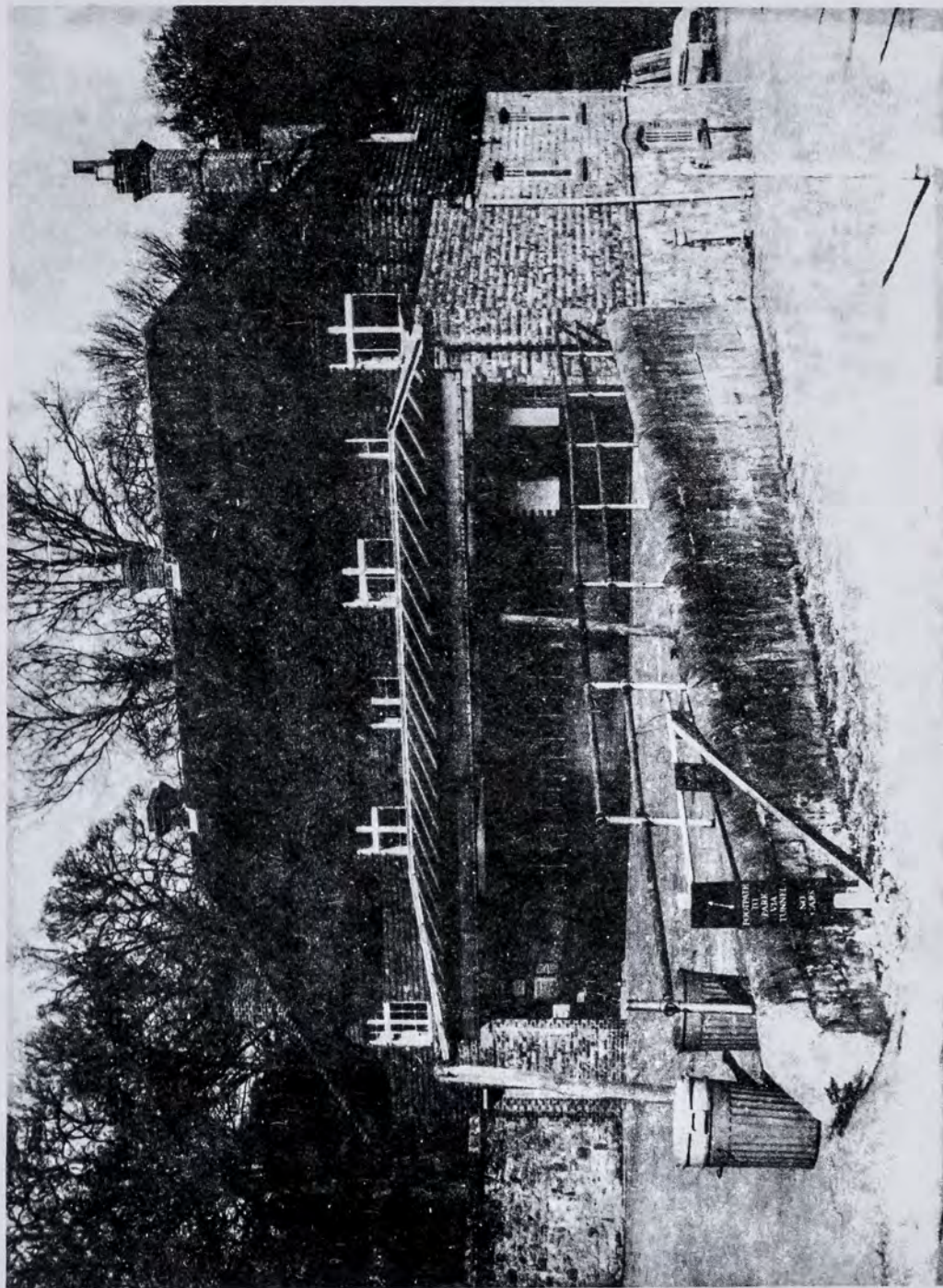
So for us, that was that. We'd really had no right to be there anyway, and were, as often, really asking for trouble.

We went back along the ditch to collect our incendiaries and take them home. Not wishing to alarm our parents we decided to hide them behind the gas meter in Vic Carver's coal shed which was just inside the small door by the building yard gates in Park Road where they stayed for a day or two. Somehow Fred Streeter, whom many will well remember as a rather "special" Special Constable, got to know and he really went to town. He got us all together and in no uncertain terms told us how lucky we were not to have injured ourselves, and then, strangely enough, made us promise to take them back. So take them back we did, on the Wednesday afternoon. Getting out into the field just through the yard at Rotherbridge we remembered having been told that water set them off. We put them in the wet grass, but they didn't go off. So we tossed them both in the river some 300 yards above Rotherbridge farm, where they may well still be to this day, lying in the mud of the river bed.

J.T. (to be continued)

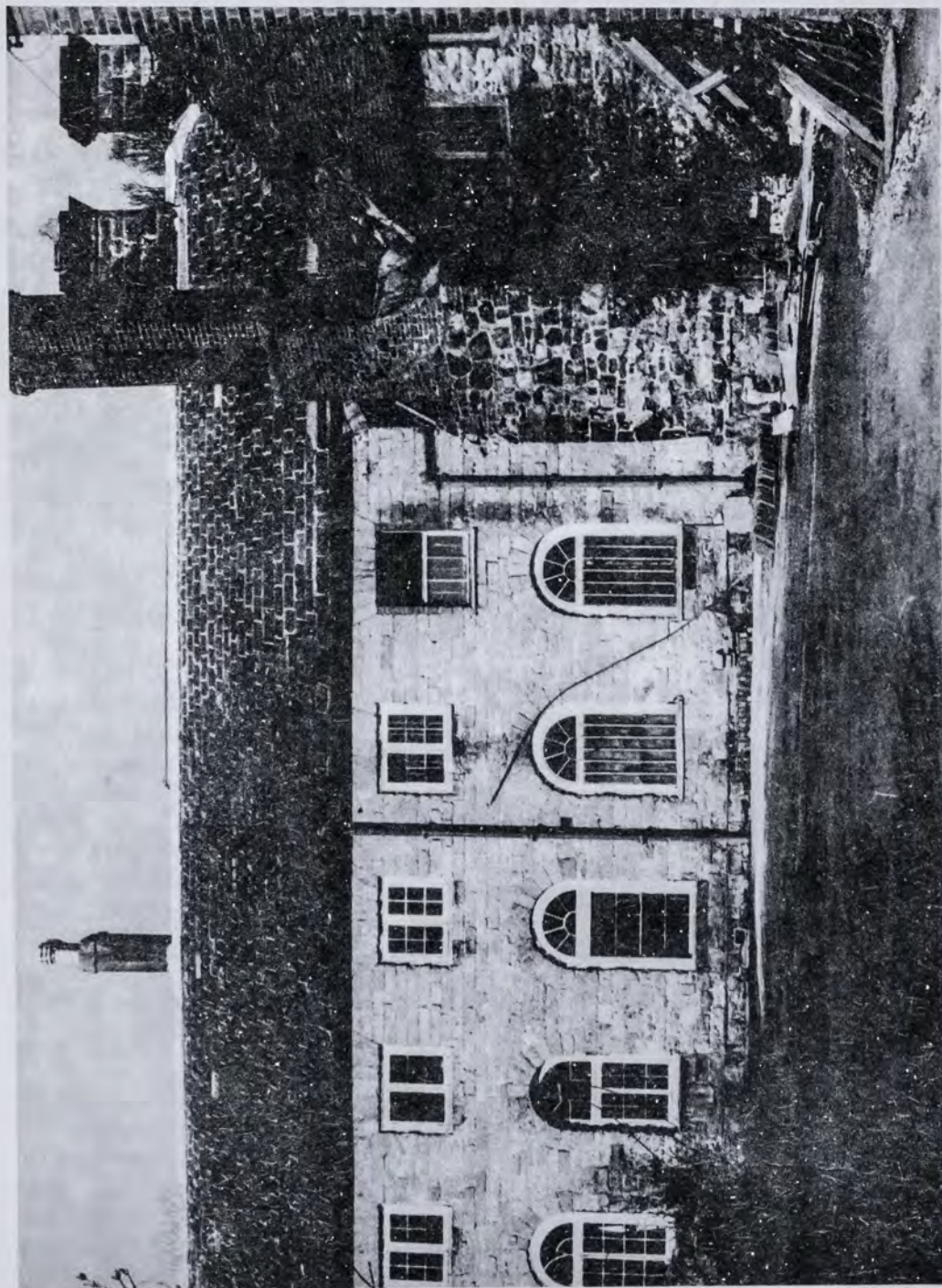
"PETWORTH" - A POEM TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SOMERSET

This is a small printed booklet from the Fuller Library at the West Sussex Record Office to which Mrs. Alison McCann has kindly drawn our attention. It contains a hitherto unknown poem in the Augustan style in rhyming couplets entitled "Petworth" - a poem to his Grace the Duke of Somerset" by Mr. Cooke. All that is at present known about the poem (printed in 1739) and about Mr. Cooke is what can be deduced from the poem itself. It seems a fairly



The "old" Petworth - Showing towpath under the tunnel and into Petworth Park.  
Photograph by John Mason.





The old domestic block at Petworth House, in the process of being restored by The National Trust.  
Photograph by John Mason.

competent piece of work with nothing particularly original in it. It is certainly not something to which one would turn for detailed information on eighteenth-century Petworth: in Mr. Cooke's hands Petworth becomes a timeless Arcady, a kind of pastoral paradise. The rather cloying praise of the Duke is in the idiom of the time and probably not to be taken too seriously by either poet or Duke. There is a definite suggestion that the Duke of Somerset was in some way Mr. Cooke's patron and that Cooke had enjoyed the Duke's hospitality at Petworth itself; but little or nothing is known at present of the Duke's activities as a patron of literature. While the style may initially deter the reader, the poem is not in fact difficult and well worth the trouble of following the argument. How many poems are there of this length and ambition with Petworth as their subject?

Argument: 1st Stanza: The poet leaves the city with its turmoil and seeks a peaceful country retreat in whose quiet he can indulge the Muse. Neva, Pomona and Ceres are the goddesses of flower, fruit and crops respectively.

2nd Stanza: When the Muse seeks to sing it is to Petworth that she turns for inspiration. Here at Petworth House is to be found "Order" - a classical elegance and control over nature that is epitomised by the newly-rebuilt Petworth House with its elaborate garden plots and terraces. (Lancelot "Capability" Brown would replace these with undulating parkland and a (still carefully ordered) "wild view".) But even this classical elegance pales into insignificance compared with the paragon who inhabits this sanctuary of "Order". Unselfish, statesmanlike and benefactor of the poor, Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset leaves the Muse with no alternative but to forsake Petworth House to sing its owner's praises! Architrave .... probably here "main beam". "Where pleasure is to ease the cares of need" - it was about this time that the Duke began the extensive renovation and conversion of the house that would later become Somerset Hospital but to what extent Mr. Cooke would be aware of all this is not clear.

3rd Stanza: All precious stones are of little value compared to wisdom and this is Seymour's greatest gift! He is a mirror of excellence for all noblemen and long may he continue to grace Petworth with his presence! Seymour was the Duke's family name.

4th Stanza: This is a small offering of gratitude from the Muse for your Grace's beneficence under which she flourishes!



PETWORTH: A POEM  
TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SOMERSET  
By Mr. Cooke  
London  
Printed in the YEAR MDCCXXXIX

From Town retir'd, where Vice and Folly reign,  
The Parents of Confusion and of Pain,  
To the fair Scenes where FLORA, richly dress'd,  
Wears her green Mantle, and her purple Vest,  
To whose Attire each Flow'r a Tribute brings,  
For whom the Rose, the Queen of Fragrance, springs,  
And where POMONA, withalavish Hand,  
Thick loads the Boughs, and CERES cloathes the Land,  
Where rise the Hills, and where the Valley leads  
To the wide-stretching Wood that skirts the Meads,  
Amidst them all fix'd is my humble Cell,  
Where Innocence and Meditation dwell:  
Here the sweet Breath of Morn, and Ev'ning fair,  
And solemn Stillness of the Noontide Air,  
Prove or to sacred Contemplation kind,  
Or to the Field of Fancy wake the Mind.

While round the wide Expanse the Muse surveys  
What first to sing, and where begin her Praise,  
Southward to PETWORTH'S Bow'rs she turns her Eyes,  
And of her Song beholds the Subjects rise.  
Here might I wanton in Description bold  
Of Architrave and Roofs of fretted Gold,  
Point out the Cornice elegant, and Freeze,  
And shew that Order never fails to please:

There Sculpture charms, the Hero or the Saint;  
And there surprises the projecting Paint;  
The Grove, the Gardens, there the Muse might range,  
And feast her Fancy with Delight of Change:  
But these she passes now unheeded by,  
Studious to feed the Mind, and not the Eye:  
Unsung she leaves the Temple, to declare  
What Virtues are enshrin'd in Person there:  
She the great Master views to Titles born,  
But to more Virtues, which his Rank adorn:  
His Soul is arm'd with Pride, the Heav'n-born Flame,  
The Source of noble Deeds, and Foe to Shame,

That from the Breast all Vice, all Meanness, flings,  
That pitys weak, and scorns inactive, Kings,  
The godlike Pride, all selfish Ends above,  
That Admiration gains, and endless Love:  
Unruly Riot never stains his Floor,  
Yet open stands the hospitable Door:  
As Like to Like inclines, his Judgement led  
Fair Charity in Person to his Bed;  
Whose Pleasure is to ease the Cares of Need,  
To cloath the naked, and the hungry feed;  
Whose Virtues, as they're exercis'd, afford  
Joy to herself, and equal to her Lord:  
Behold the Blessings of the good and wise!  
See from their Loves angelic Offsprings rise!

HAPPY are they, thrice happy they, who find  
Wisdom, the richest Jewel of the Mind.  
Could we each precious Stone, known and unknown,  
And ev'ry Gum, and Metal, call our own,  
Of the wide Earth could we the Surface sweep,  
And ransac ev'ry Corner of the Deep,  
Compar'd with Wisdom, yet their Price is small;  
In Worth intrinsic she exceeds them all:  
In her right Hand is a long Length of Days,  
And in her left Wealth and eternal Praise:  
These are of Wisdom, these the Gifts divine;  
And these, illustrious SEYMOUR, all are thine.

THRO Ages yet may England's Nobles see  
From you, my Lord, what Nobles ought to be:  
Long may you live the Grace of PETWORTH'S Bow'rs;  
And may your Consort share these happy Hours:  
Their Sex's Glory may your Offsprings rise,  
And bless with Angels, like themselves, your Eyes.

THESE the first Fruits of her Retreat, your Due,  
The Muse an Off'ring sends, my Lord, to you,  
To You beneath whose Smiles she plumes her Wings,  
And thus retires, and in Retirement sings.

August, 1739.

F I N I S.



SOME SOMERSET HOSPITAL ADMISSION PETITIONS 1816-1846

In Bulletin 18 (December 1979) I looked at a series of Somerset Hospital admission petitions from the last decades of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth to be found in PHA 6076-7, and propose here to look at some petitions from 6078 to 6085 which cover the following three decades. No petitions are at present known from after 1847 but they may well still exist somewhere at Petworth House. The agent at Petworth appears to have received on average some half-a-dozen such formal petitions in the course of a normal year and they tend to concentrate at times when a vacancy has occurred. Often however they are purely speculative and made in a time of particular distress. Some ask for a Hospital in pension; others for an out-pension - others simply as Sarah Austin in 1816 for a pension "either out of the House or in it, as your Lordship will be pleased to grant". As the nineteenth century advances, some petitions are probably written by the applicants themselves, a rare occurrence in the earlier ones, but the general run appear still to be written in a faultless copperplate by a practised hand. The "Upper Hospital" as it was called, to distinguish it from the almshouses at the bottom of North Street was indeed a haven for the helpless in a harsh age and the success or failure of a petition a matter of the greatest moment. The petitions are often relatively uninformative: the difficulties of the petitioner being couched in very general terms and one petition almost indistinguishable from another, but some stand out from the general run because of the personal details that they give. The earlier ones are of course addressed to the third Earl; the later to Colonel Wyndham. The later ones occasionally have scattered notes on the success or lack of it of the petition. All that the agent was told was not necessarily true and sometimes details are either verified, queried, or dismissed as inaccurate. The 1841 and 1851 census returns act as a kind of rough check but at the same time indicate that not all entrants to the Upper Hospital actually presented a formal written petition, nor do the census returns give any indication of out-pensioners.

Sarah Austin, seventy-nine years old in 1816 and widow of a carpenter on the Estate rents a cottage and small field at "Flaxham-park" in the parish of Egdean. Her only support comes from the cultivation of the field where she keeps a cow. Since her husband's death she has had to have a person to cultivate the field and her means have become considerably reduced. Her children are in no position to help (a common motif in these petitions) and

she solicits a Hospital pension "either out of the House or in it" as his Lordship would be pleased to grant. A second carpenter's widow is Elizabeth Dalgress who writes from Byworth in 1824. By this time her husband had been dead some fifteen years. She receives a pension of £5 a year and a parish allowance of two shillings a week from Wisborough Green, but after falling while working in a hayfield at Gohanna and seriously injuring her left arm, she is at 76 incapable of working and seeks a Hospital pension "within the House". Mary Martin's petition of 1825 is reproduced as centrepiece for the present Bulletin and is unusual because of her trade of mantua-maker. A mantua was a loose sleeveless cloak much worn by women of the time. With all these earlier petitions there is no indication as to whether they were successful or not.

Sarah Whitting writing in 1837 was the widow of Armigell Whitting, for seven years keeper of the Swan Inn at Petworth (mentioned in Pigot's 1826 directory) and afterward the Crown at Egdean for three years. Armigell Whitting however "from unavoidable circumstances was reduced to poverty which so preyed on my late husband's mind that brought him to a melancholy end". Sarah Whitting suffered from a bad leg and her general health was delicate. Obviously the letter presupposes some knowledge of the circumstances of Armigell Whitting's death but nothing is now known of this. Sarah Whitting was at the Upper Hospital when the census of 1841 was taken.

Susan Jupp had in 1826 been a widow some 32 years and had latterly suffered both with her legs and with a mental derangement from which she has since recovered. Her illness had however forced her to leave a very comfortable situation as housekeeper to Mr. John Puttick Snr. of Rotherbridge Farm. She is now so weak as to be wholly incapable of doing anything to procure a livelihood and consequently reduced to great distress.

Three petitioners had been schoolmistresses, each having run a small private school themselves. Susan Winter had succeeded to hers "which has hitherto enabled her by strict economy to support herself and a helpless sister now dead but in consequence of the increasing number of schools and her advancing age and infirmity her means of subsistence have failed. "Susannah Winter is mentioned in Figot's 1826 Directory as proprietress of a ladies boarding and day school in Petworth. It is not known where the establishment was located.

(to be continued)

P.A.J.



WE WELCOME THE FOLLOWING  
NEW MEMBERS SINCE OUR SEPTEMBER BULLETIN

Mrs. H. Atkins, 2 Montier Terrace, Petworth.  
Mr. A.R. Ball, 6 Highfield Close, Easebourne, Midhurst.  
Mr. & Mrs. Bunt, The Barn, Grove Lane, Petworth.  
Mrs. C. Butcher, Pound Street, Petworth.  
Mrs. M. Carter, 55 Wyndham Road, Petworth.  
Mr. P. Dallyn, 1 Old School House, Duncton.  
Mr. Dixon, 45 Carpenters, Billingshurst.  
Mrs. A. Egerton, Wiblings Farm, Graffham.  
Mrs. Howard, 15 Martlet Road, Petworth.  
Miss S. Rymer-Jones, April Cottage, Byworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. I. Jupp, "Penlan", 11 Rothermead, Petworth.  
Mrs. J. Marchant, April Cottage, Byworth.  
Mrs. L. Moulard, 18 Quebec Street, Brighton, Sussex.  
Mrs. M. Price, 296 Silverstone Drive, Unit 49, Roxdale, Ontario,  
Canada M9VBJ4.  
Mr. R. Rolls, Westlands, Fox Hill, Petworth.  
Mrs. E. Sadler, 55 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth.  
Mr. E. Shute, 28 South Acre, South Harting.  
Mr. H. Steyning, The Rosary, Lower Street, Petersfield.  
Miss D. Wakeford, 256 Limbo, London Road, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. F. Williams, "Magog", 48 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. B. Adsett, 35 Littlecote, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. M. A'Court, The Old Post House, Tillington.  
Mrs. Dickinson, 3 Linden Court, Park Rise, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. Flexman, "Downview", Duncton.  
Mrs. H. Wakeford-Gill, Angel House, Angel Street, Petworth.  
Mrs. E. Hall, Mount Pleasant, Angel Street, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. J. Hill, 2 The Harrows, Tillington.  
Mrs. W. Hollingdale, Holly Tree Cottage, Hill Top, Tillington.  
Mr. R. Huntley, C262 Manor Farm Cottage, Selham.  
Mrs. E. Page, Hoes Flat, Saddlers Row, Petworth.  
Mrs. P. Williams, 6 New Street, Petworth.

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Postscript: The caption to the photograph appearing last but one in this Bulletin should read,

The "Cowyard" Petworth - showing footpath under the tunnel and into Petworth Park. Photograph by John Mason."



