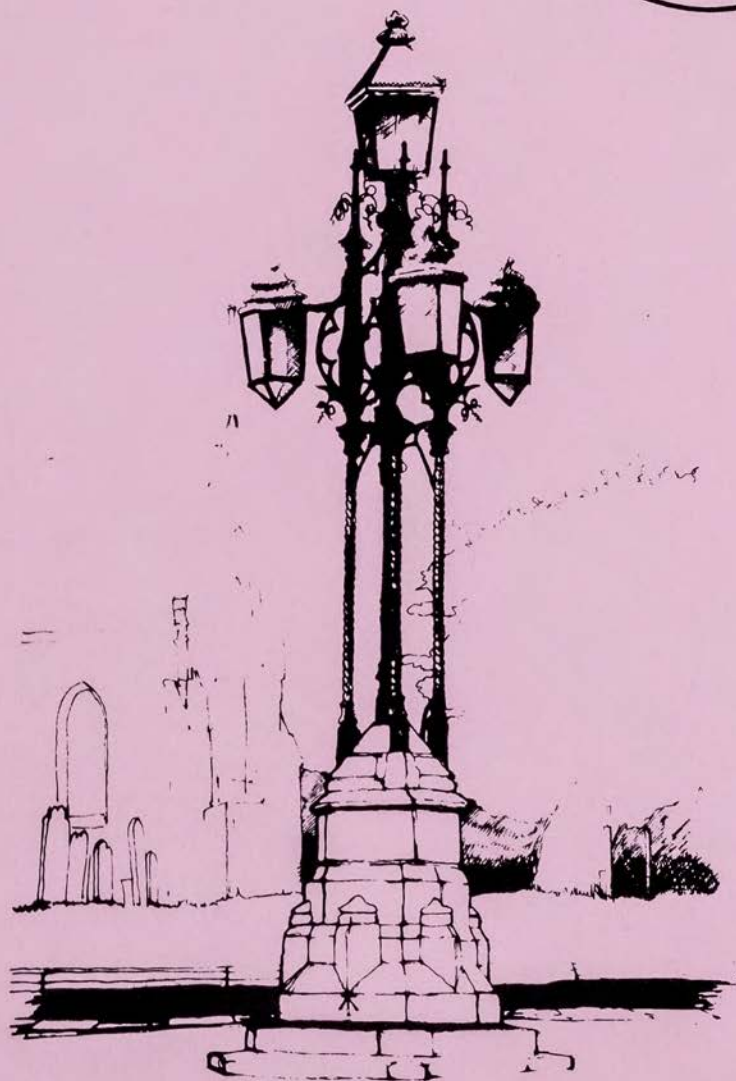


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Miles Costello  
Petworth  
Collection

# The Petworth Society



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Cover Design by Mr. J.M. Newdick

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

#### CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

This is a very full Bulletin and I am keeping the Chairman's notes to a minimum to allow space for other things. A new feature is the Petworth walk by "J" - I hope the first of many. While we have nothing from the W.I. book in this issue, I know that the articles in No.19 caused considerable interest. More may appear in later Bulletins. This quarter however we reprint from the Parish Magazine of 1939 the obituary of the Dowager Lady Leconfield - still remembered by so many and an integral part of that Petworth which the W.I. articles so vividly recalled.

The monthly meetings at the Leconfield Hall are over until October but we have a very good programme lined up for next winter. I would like to draw particular attention to the summer programme. This, like the winter programme, is an experiment, and I hope it will be as successful. You will find it appended on a separate sheet. Please keep the sheet for reference. While we may put reminders in the Society noticeboards we shall not issue separate notices of these events.

Finally a word about the Colonel Maude memorial fund. Although it is difficult to be precise about figures until the cost of the church seat is ascertained, the Rector tells me that the seat should soon be paid for. The possibility may then arise of a proper cabinet for storing parochial records - a subject very near the Colonel's heart. It depends on the cost and on what money is available. There is still good time to make your contribution.

P.A.J.

#### A PETWORTH CHILDHOOD (2)

##### Wood and Water

The two things that loomed large every day, the necessity of, and the getting of them.

We had two wells in the middle meadow - one had a windlass and the other had not. The water in the top well was the purer water, but because of the difficulty in drawing it up we used the lower. It too, was good water, but mother preferred the flavour of the upper. What a labour it was - water for cattle, water for washing

- people and clothes, water for cooking, water for brewing, water for cleaning - the need seemed to be endless, and always there was the cry "Don't waste the water." We grew up having to be careful about every drop of water used, and the habit became ingrained; even now I am careful with water.

Because father was usually with the cattle, until we were big enough to do it, and whilst we were at school, it usually fell to mother to draw the water, and in the winter when the downhill path was slippery on the claggy clay soil, it was doubly hard trying to keep one's feet and carry two buckets of water.

It was not, I think, until the beginning of the last war that water was piped from one of the wells to the house, and we had a cold water tap in the scullery, and what a relief that was. Even then there was no drainage for it to run away, and the waste water had to be carried out again to be thrown away. On a hot summer day an occasional visitor might think that it was romantic to draw up a bucket of cold water from a deep cool well, but to have to do so day after day, year in year out, is quite another story.

#### Wood

When we moved to Grinsteeds there was an old kitchen range just stuck into the open fireplace, and it was hopeless both for cooking and heating the room, so we had it out. We then had dogs on the hearth with iron bars across, and a jack up the chimney. You could see the sky if you stood on the hearth and looked up the chimney. On this primitive arrangement mother cooked for years, and a very good cook she was. Slow roasting of meat in an iron saucepan, and a large oval iron pot in which all the vegetables were cooked - we nearly always had three. Not just thrown in; in those days flour came in linen bags and these were kept, the vegetables put separately into them, and then they were put into the pot. Delicious. We also had a brick oven for baking bread in the scullery beside the copper. I only remember mother using it once - it ate up too much fuel.

But of course you cannot cook without heat, and wood was our sole source of heat (we could not afford coal) apart from an oil oven, used usually at week-ends for making a cake and pies. So, every day wood had to be chopped and brought into the house.



PALM SUNDAY 1980 (Photograph by Mr. John Mason)



PALM SUNDAY 1980 (Photograph by Mr. John Mason)

Somehow the getting of wood was more interesting than drawing water. Perhaps the different sorts of wood, and the smells of them had something to do with it, and besides it was a dry job unless it was raining - when it still had to be got.

Each of us, I think, as we grew old enough, had to get the morning's wood chopped the night before, enough to light the fire and to keep it going until after breakfast. We had to have a variety of thicknesses, thin and frithy for the actual lighting, thicker for keeping the fire going. This was very important.

Of course, in the evening we had large logs laid across the dogs, and these father would see to. Sometimes we had to help him on the cross cut saw.

Father would buy part of a copse somewhere and thin it out, and then there would be a large faggot stack to go at. In the summer we would go 'wooding', mother would come sometimes. Collecting the dry furze on the common, which, whilst rather prickly, made marvellous firewood, hot and fierce, but it didn't last. Ash and oak were our favourite woods. I remember soon after we went to Grinsteeds, the timber throwers came and felled one or two of our oak trees. It was bitter weather and mother had them all indoors to sit around the fire for a warm, and she heated some home brewed beer in a saucepan and gave it to them hot with a little sugar.

Poor mother - she often said "I should think I was in Heaven if I had running water and a gas stove". She had the one, but she never did have the other.

But the hard work seemed worth it when we all sat around the lovely blaze in the evenings, all reading. Mother knitted and read at the same time. Or sometimes father would play his melodeon and we would all sing together, mostly old songs. Sometimes we might be asked to sing a song that we had learned at school.

On other evenings we would sit around the table and play whist or cribbage. The dog and cat would be sitting on top of one another on the hearth rug, the lamp would send out a warm glow, and, just occasionally, I would consciously and gratefully realise that this was "home".

W.W.

## A PETWORTH WALK

It has been suggested that members might like to know about some of the delightful walks around Petworth.

The following walk takes about 1 hour and takes in some wonderful views across the Shimmings Valley and of the South Downs, fairly stout shoes are needed as the going can be a little rugged in places. Dogs should enjoy it but must be kept under control as there are sometimes sheep in the meadows.

Leave the town by Angel Street and take the lane in front of the Roman Catholic Church, at the bottom of this lane is the famous view across the valley to the Gog.

Turn right and move along the path which will bring you out at the top of Shimmings Hill, a busy road this so cross carefully and take the lane to your left which moves off at an angle to the road, follow this lane for about two hundred yards and then through a small gate to your right and out onto the top of the Sheep Downs. Keep to the path along the top of the Downs and cross the stile by the cattle trough, the path now runs straight across this field following the line of the electric light poles to Bushy Leith Copse (this copse is known locally as bluebell copse with good reason). Cross the stile to the right and move along the field on the right edge of the copse and over the fence at the bottom.

The footpath now takes you straight across this field still following the line of the poles and through the gate by the cottage. You now come once again to a busy road, turn left for about 40 yards and move back into the meadow again. Keep to the lower path and follow the brook until you reach a small hunting bridge, this stretch can be a bit boggy in places but you might be rewarded by the flash of a kingfisher along the stream. Cross the bridge and carry on until you meet the brook again by some tall gorse bushes, keep to the brook and pass by the ever running Virgin Mary Spring. About 30 yards on climb over a large stile, the path now forks, take the left fork up the hill and straight through the kissing gate in front of you.

Follow this path and it will bring you out into Grove Street with the rather imposing building of New Grove house to

your left with its beautiful grove of beech trees and enormous lime tree by the main gate. Turn right back into the town.

"J"

## RIDING IN THE 20's

Boxing Day Meet on 'The Gog' - Everybody turned out on four legs or on two! There were few cars then but hundreds of people. A hunt groom with spade strapped across his back rode the Whip's second horse, he also carried the terriers in saddlebags. We used to laugh at the eager, bright-eyed little heads poking out from the bags.

Such crowds! Dear old 'Lordy' swore if anyone rode too close to hounds, he knew every hound by name and they loved him.

Many ladies rode side-saddle then. I particularly admired the Vet's wife, Mrs. Spurgeon, who always looked superb on her black mare. She was beautifully turned out in navy habit, bowler and veil, and with a buttonhole of violets.

Horses crowding through gateways, an occasional buck, a muttered oath, then at last out into the open, hounds running, mud flying. Everyone in festive mood, and what did it matter if you got smothered in mud or lost hounds for a while if you had a hunk of Christmas pudding in your pocket?

But long before Christmas there were the glorious September mornings of 'cubbing'. Up before five to feed and groom. Riding to the 'meet' through the mist, watching the sun rise while the young hounds were put into the copse for their first 'draw'.

Apart from the Hunt stables at Petworth House, Walter Dawtrey's were the largest in Petworth. He lived at Lancaster House in Golden Square and his livery stables were next door. (Now used as a store). He also had a dozen loose boxes and stalls in 'Back Yard', (or Rosemary's Yard) off High Street; these were always busy.

I was lucky in being allowed to help exercise the horses at seven each morning under the supervision of Walter Dawtrey's groom, Mr. Morrissey. He taught me so much.

"Sit tight; she'll stop at the gate," he shouted one morning when a lively black pony had bolted with me, careering between the harvest stooks. She did stop, I almost did not!

"That'll take the tickle out of her feet," he remarked, as he rode up leading two other hunters. They had all been 'clipped out' the previous day in readiness for the season.

Walter Dawtrey liked to hunt with the Cowdray hounds too - they always kept South of the Rother. Invariably with them we finished up on the Downs where the going was fast and furious.

Sometimes the clouds would come down unexpectedly and blot everything out. Once up on Teglease near Charlton Forest even Walter was baffled. Several of us had kept with him, knowing his competence in finding short ways home. At last he said, "Drop your reins on his neck and let him take you down, he'll get you home." He did, although it was a bit frightening not to see the way.

A couple of years later we lived near Fox Hill, and there were two helpful neighbours I could follow to the Meets. Very few people boxed their horses in the 20's.

Cyril Springett kept a livery stable nearby and he and his head groom, Sam Speed, knew all the short cuts and were always helpful with advice.

"Put that curb-chain right, Sam. She's got it twisted," and later, "Don't get near that new chestnut mare of young Lerwills, she kicks." All these things a grateful teenager remembered. The long walk home when the pony had an "overreach" in the Balls Cross mud, and was bleeding quite badly. Sam helped me walk him home and advised me how to treat it.

There were several blacksmiths working then, at Petworth and at Fittleworth. A set of shoes cost sixteen shillings, (now £8-£10) and the shoeing done while one waited; the sounds and smells of a smithy are rarely found today, mores the pity.

To look after one's own horse or pony involved a lot of hard work as well as the enjoyment. Every trace of mud had to be brushed off before bedding down for the night, making sure

that the pony was cool, but warm enough. Not to mention the cleaning of tack and one's own clothes, which might be left until the next morning; and after a hunt across the clay land of Balls Cross and Kirdford the job could take hours.

Riding in the summer was more leisurely, one could ride in the Bedham Woods or in Flexham Park all day and not meet a soul.

A summer Show of cattle together with a Gymkhana was usually held in Petworth Park and this drew hundreds of people. The Petworth Town Band attended and there were sideshows and amusements.

There were no Pony Clubs in the 20's to help young people, and fewer 'horse-mad' girls. But there were the good things too - very little traffic on the roads, and no danger to a girl riding alone across country, where today, unfortunately, parents in some places are fearful of allowing a youngster to ride out far on her own.

P.C.

#### THE DOWAGER LADY LECONFIELD

"O Love that will not let me go,

. . . . .

I give Thee back the life I owe,  
That in Thine ocean depths its flow  
May richer, fuller be."

From St. Mary's, Petworth, to the strains of this favourite hymn from her native Scotland, there passed to her last resting place the Dowager Lady Leconfield, in the ninety-fourth year of her life.

To the end of her days, the country of her birth and early upbringing held a place in her heart that she yielded to none. Nevertheless, Petworth was her home for twenty-nine years and it is here that the memory of her lovable personality and lively sense of humour will never fade.

Born on May 1st, 1846, the second daughter of Archibald, Lord Dalmeny, and his wife Wilhelmina, daughter of the fourth Earl of Stanhope, Constance Evelyne Primrose passed the early years of her

life at a time when, to use her own words: "No one sat on committees, no one went to listen to speeches or, still less, made them, the telephone bell never rang, the hoot of the motor was not heard, the National Service League was not, and no one felt a moment's anxiety about the Navy." After her marriage to the Hon. Henry Wyndham in 1867 she and her husband spent their honeymoon at Uppark, Petersfield, and made their first home at Coates House, Fittleworth, where the older members of their large family were born.

On the death of her father-in-law, George, Lord Leconfield, they moved with their children to Petworth and her long association with the people of the town and the estate began. Her spirit of complete selflessness, her passionate interest in the lives of others, combined with the desire to know and understand all their difficulties; and the never-failing help that accompanied her boundless sympathy, will be remembered by all who knew her. On hearing that a child was ill and unable to attend the Tenant's Christmas Party, she would personally deliver the gift at the bedside on the following day. Nor was her interest short lived, those who served her remained vivid personalities in her mind to the end of her life, and she visited them regularly when staying at Petworth for Christmas. About ten years ago she wrote down some of her recollections, including an account of Petworth when she came to it in 1867. In it we are reminded of Mrs. Smith, the housekeeper, "upon whom virtually all dependence was placed. Every rule she made was strictly observed, no maid was allowed to go into the town . . . their dress was severely regulated . . . their attendance at church strictly enforced." She goes on to tell us of: "Barnes, Knight, Dilloway and Hoad, the cabinet makers of the yard; Hoad being an expert carver who also did up the mattresses. Pannel was house carpenter, Tanner was lampman, Mitchell was under the direction of the housemaids and Reuben Hill worked in the laundry." She wrote a description of the town in this magazine in May, 1931, but no one is left to-day who knew it as she knew it in those earlier years of Queen Victoria's reign.

"Victorian and unashamed" is the title of a trenchant article she once wrote, in which she recalls wearing a crinoline as a girl and thinking it very comfortable for running in. Yet, when her family grew into the third and fourth generation, and the home of her widowhood in London became the focal point where

her descendants and relations congregated; she encouraged many modern social practices that had been denied to her as a girl. That all who surrounded her should be happy, and that she should contribute towards their happiness was the desire to which she devoted her whole thought and energy; and those upon whom her generosity was lavished were powerless to dissuade her from giving, and still giving.

She was a devoted daughter of the Church of England and in 1921, when writing of the criticisms levelled at the Church, reminds us that "The Laity, and not only the Clergy, make up the Catholic Church, and have themselves to blame for the failings they detect."

The end came peacefully and painlessly on June 27th after a short illness, and those who are left know in certain hope that

"From the ground there blossoms red  
Life that shall endless be."

V.C.M.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following recipe is from a list of Workhouse Recipes in Petworth House Archives - Early nineteenth century.

RECEIPT I

Take Half a Pound of Beef, Mutton, or Pork; cut it into small Pieces; half a Pint of Peas, three sliced Turnips, and three Potatoes cut very small; an Onion or two, or a few Leeks; put to them three Quarts and one Pint of Water. Let it boil gently on a slow Fire about two Hours and a Half, then thicken it with a Quarter of a Pound of Ground Rice, and Half a Quarter of a Pound of Oatmeal (or a Quarter of a Pound of Oatmeal and no Rice.) Boil it for a Quarter of an Hour after the Thickening is put in, stirring it all the Time; then season it with Salt, Pepper, or pounded Ginger, to the Taste.

\*If Turnips or Potatoes are not to be had, Carrots, Parsnips, or Jerusalem Artichokes, or any Garden Stuff, will do. - This well boiled is pleasant, and very nourishing. As a Pint only will be wanted in the Boiling, it will be a Meal for three or four Persons, without Bread or Drink; nor will it cost above Four-pence.



PETWORTH CLOCKMAKERS

Stedman of Petworth

Stedman of Petworth, there were a whole family of Stedmans who were clockmakers,

1. Mrs. Ann Stedman & Son. Challen has her working in Petworth from 1858-1866. Kelly's Directory of 1862 places her in North Street.
2. George Stedman of Petworth. Born in 1798 at Petworth. His wife Ann was born at Graffham in 1799. He died between 1851 and 1858. His shop was at North Street as appears from Pigot's Directories of 1823, 1826, 1827, 1828, 1832 and 1835 and Kelly's of 1845, 1851 and 1855.
3. James Waller Stedman is listed by Challen at North Street, Petworth between 1870 and 1890.
4. John Smith Stedman is listed by Challen at North Street, Petworth in 1858.
5. Mrs. Mary Stedman is listed by Challen Directory at North Street, Petworth in 1859.

Other Stedmans, probably members of the same family, worked as clockmakers in Sussex, including Benjamin Stedman who was working at 35 Western Road, in Brighton in 1845; Charles Stedman who was listed by Challen Directory as working in Steyning between 1862 and 1870; Charles A. Stedman who was working at Rumbolds Hill Midhurst in 1938; James Stedman who though born in Petworth in 1809 is recorded by Kelly's Directories as working at Storrington from 1845 to 1862; and Mrs. Jone Stedman whom Kelly's list at Rumbolds Hill, Midhurst, in 1862.

The following is a list of Petworth Clockmakers

Benjamin Arnold	c. 1832
Allen Ayling	c. 1878 (Pound Place)
William Cragg	c. 1911
James Dewtreay	c. 1735
Donnington	c. 1750
John Easton	c. 1755-1829

George Herrington	c. 1858
Abel Hill	c. 1730
William Holt	c. 1782-1839
John Johnson	c. 1791
Henry Lee	c. 1845 (Market Place)
Jonas Levi	1791-1851
Levi Marks	1855
P. Osder	1851
James Pearson	1745-1810
George Scardifield	c. 1858
Ann Stedman	1858-1866
George Stedman	1798-1858
James Waller Stedman	1870-1879
John Smith Stedman	c. 1858
Mary Stedman	c. 1859
Ernest Streeter	1888-1951
John Taylor	c. 1760
William Taylor	c. 1788
Daniel Tribe	1717-
George Tribe	1714-1752
John Tribe	1703-1747 (Firm now in Dorset)
John Tribe	1706-1777
William Weeks	1858-1878

The history of each clockmaker will be researched in turn and printed in the Bulletin.

Mr. James Alleston  
(Lecturer in Mediaeval & Antiquarian  
Horological Studies)

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SPADDERDASHERS - A NOTE SEE BULLETIN NO. 19

more correctly spelt  
Spatterdashes or  
Spatteldashes  
otherwise Spats.

Short leather gaiters not reaching much above the ankle.

E. Goatcher.

### SOME RAILWAY REMINISCENCES

My first real connection with Petworth Railway Station was in 1937 when I commenced school at Midhurst Grammar School.

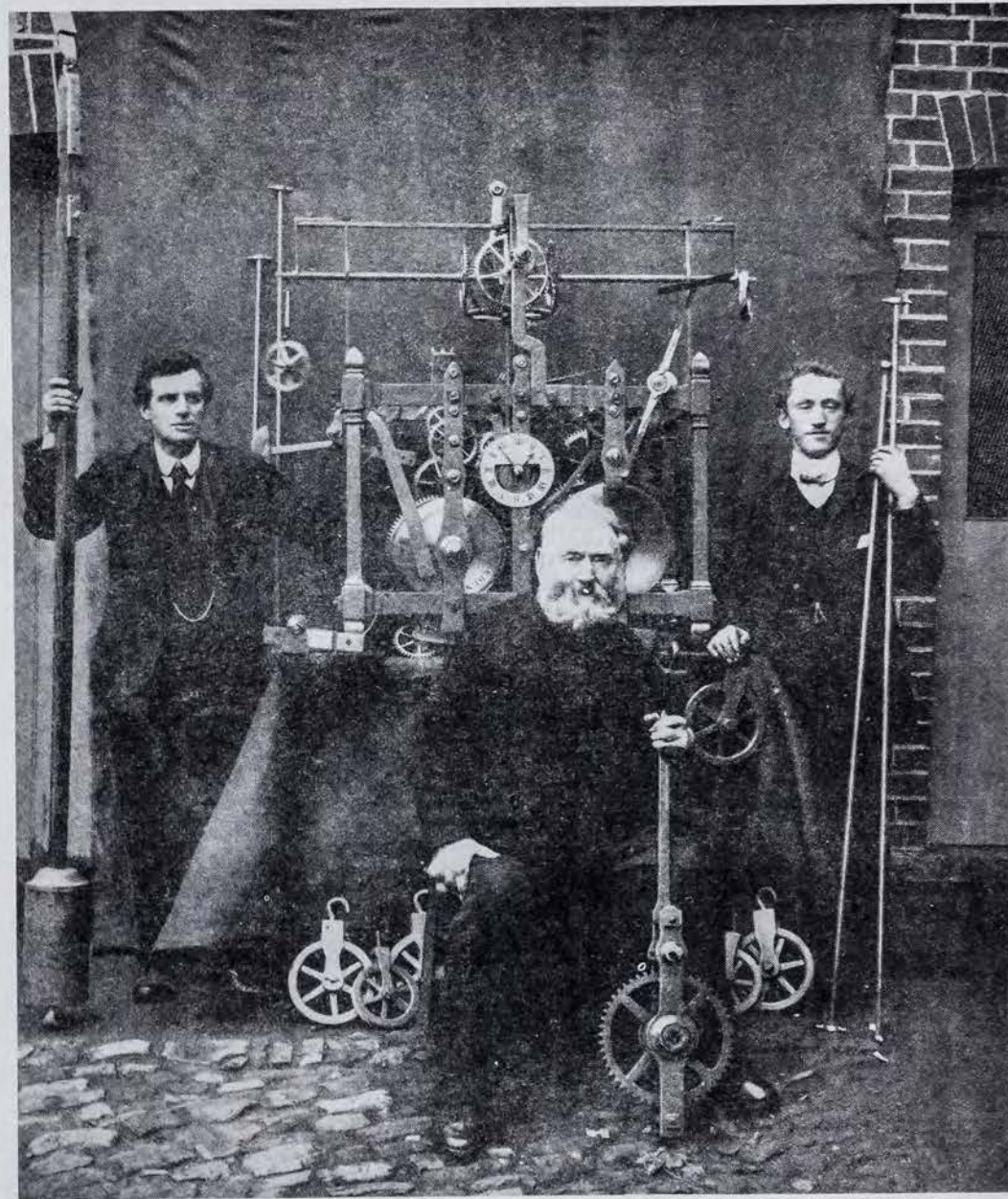
It was the practice to cycle to the station, leave cycles in the Railway Inn (now the Racehorse), and catch the 8.28 for Midhurst, at which end there was a walk of a mile to school. This gave full scope for "creeping like a snail....." This was also assisted, particularly in winter, by delays to the main line electric trains through Pulborough, for which the branch line train waited. In those days boys came from as far afield as Billingshurst to go to Midhurst Grammar School.

There was one classic occasion when due to fog and ice the train was very late and a record, unfortunately now gone from mind, was set up for the length of time that it took to walk from station to school - I think we did make it for mid morning break.

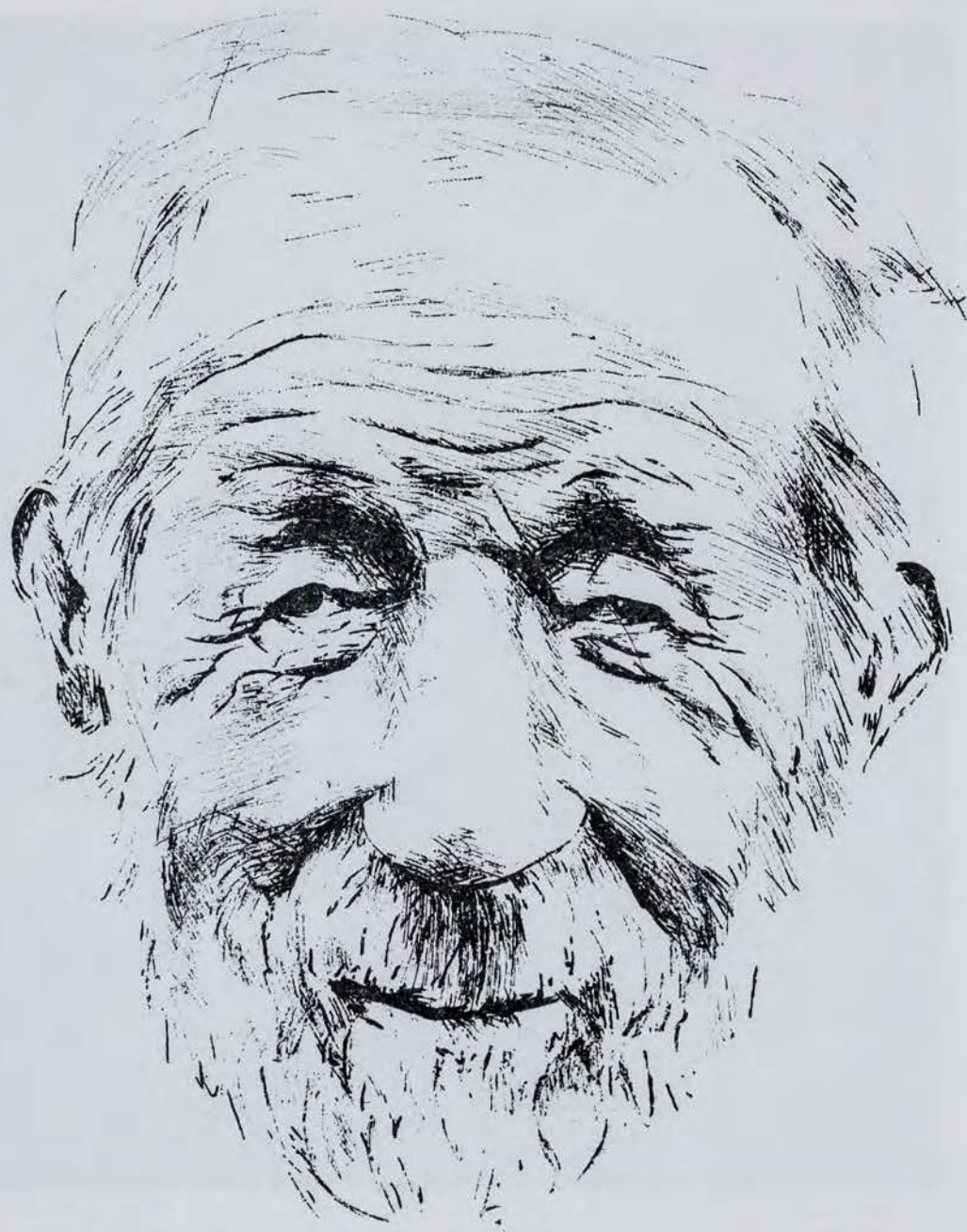
The time-table on this branch was most peculiar as there was an earlier train at - I think - eight minutes past eight which could have been caught, but needless to say never was.

The general pastime on the train was the playing of solo whist, and as soon as the train was boarded, suitcases were across knees and cards out. I am afraid that the waiting room at Midhurst also saw many a game of solo, luckily we were never apprehended for gambling, not that we had any money for such a pastime. Other than that, I suppose we were little worse than other boys in general who travel to school on trains. There were also a few girls who attended the Convent, and with all due respect to the fair sex, I think we were all much of a muchness and probably the despair of the guards. This was particularly so at end of term and on Guy Fawkes day. Once a number of children, fed up with waiting, walked through Midhurst tunnel and on to Selham, not popular when found out.

Rolling stock was varied but always old. One coach regularly in use was an open saloon with swing back seats, but non corridor stock was also used. There was at least one occasion when one boy went along the outside of the coach while the train was in motion for a penny bet!



REPAIRING THE CHURCH CLOCK 1905  
Mr. John Stedman - centre, Mr. Ernest Streeter to his right  
(Photograph by W. Kevis)



Two Sussex gentlemen of the 1920s drawn by Mr. Charles Orr-Ewing from original photographs by G.G.Garland.  
MR. VOICE of ADVERSANE MR. RODGERS of LODSWORTH



A BLACKSMITH WORKING OUTSIDE THE WHITE HART IN 1939  
(Photograph by G.G. Garland)

During the war the author returned to Petworth Station as one of the staff.....

Petworth was an odd station as far as buildings were concerned, having a wooden station building of most elaborate design as can be seen even now. A small signal box stood opposite the station, a large house on top of the hill above the station with a magnificent view. A row of three wooden built cottages which were minute in size at the foot of the hill. Across the station yard were two pairs of brick built houses, fully equipped with bakehouse ovens, whose gardens ran down to the river. At the end of the yard by the points to the loop was another house, wooden built and similar to the station, high ceilings and large sash windows. In addition there were the remains of a small loco shed and a pump house. The goods shed in the yard was small but boasted a crane and there was a further hand crane in the yard. In addition there was a wagon weighbridge together, of course, with a loading dock for horse boxes.

The tracks included a passing loop which could never be practicably used as the points at the far end were controlled from a ground frame not from the signal box. The staff sections operated from Hardham Junction to Petworth and from Petworth to Midhurst, and staffs were of the large stick type with keys on the end to operate the points at Fittleworth and Selham.

The Station staff consisted of a clerk, two signal men and a porter/signalman. The signal man issued tickets when the clerk was off duty. I was added to this staff at the time that work was increasing. Military camps were being set up in Petworth Park and train loads of rubble were brought in from London - the aftermath of bomb raids. During the summer months the Canadians used the woods above the station for a camp for an artillery regiment - so passenger traffic was increasing. They never did seem to master the pronunciation of Arundel!

A peculiarity of Petworth was horse boxes. At that time there was a large breeding stud at Lavington Park, in fact I think it is still there. It was quite normal practice to send horses all over England and even to Ireland. They used to be walked in early in the morning, and the stable lads would travel in the compartment at the end of the coach. There was, of course, all the bother of hitching on the horse box to the passenger train and consequent

delay, which whilst of no real matter on the branch, could affect the main line connection at Pulborough.

The other claim to fame - the weighbridge - also had its problems as wagons would be routed from all sorts of places to be weighed. There was at this time a considerable traffic in timber and whilst pit props in four wheel wagons were no trouble, long poles on bogies had to be weighed twice. Then if the timber loaded was over a certain size, it was necessary to calculate the cubic size and apply the weight by cube scale, and the weighbridge weight was ignored.

On - a normal day - early morning goods coming in from Horsham might include a wagon from Bricklayers Arms, with groceries for the International Stores probably the main contents. Usually it was hauled by a 0-6-0 tender - which collected a coach at Midhurst and returned to make the 7.35 (I think) to Pulborough. The pull and push set left Pulborough and entered the section at Hardham as soon as this train had cleared the Junction. The goods engine and coach then came back into the branch, to be at Petworth for 8.28. It then reverted to goods working for the rest of the day whilst the pull and push set did just that, backwards and forwards until it left the branch at night. Water could only be taken at Pulborough, Petworth and Midhurst. At least that is how some forty years and many trains later memories come back.

(to be continued)

P.K.H.  
Limbe,  
MALAWI.

---

(This and subsequent items of news from the 17th Century printed in this Bulletin are taken from Petworth House Archives 682 correspondence of George Thornton, and reproduced by kind permission of Lord Egremont)

News from London: 4th May 1686

On Saturday morning some companies of foot marched for Newhall in Essex and on Sunday morning a party of the Life Guards of Horse to be in readiness to attend his majesty there.

(ii) The Nineteenth Century

Little further is known of the conduit supply until 1842 when in a letter dated 4th June Mr. H. Upton writes to Mr. Upton, the steward. Talking of the conduit supply he observes that the fountain head is a large cistern in the old Star Hollow in the Paddocks, whence the water flows to the bath-house and stews (beside the Upper Lake in Petworth Park). A branch goes off to serve the Kennels; while the main stream passes to three conduits in the town itself. One is near Mr. Phillip's library, one in the Market Place while a third used to be outside Mr. Halliday's house in the street near the Church but it had been removed because the arched dome of the conduit had been considered a nuisance. Mr. H. Upton had intended renewing the pipes to this conduit at his own expense but Mr. Tyler, the then steward, had stopped him. The letter does not say how long ago this incident had taken place.

Mr. Upton continues, "I do not think the Townspeople have done anything to the 2 first conduits for some years past except that about 10 years ago they put a new cock to the lower conduit near the Market". He observes that there were now no wardens of the conduits and that the new cock had in fact been put on by a few individuals acting on their initiative.

The ancient conduit supply had been supplemented without being superseded when in 1782 George, 3rd Earl of Egremont had installed a pump at Coultershaw Mill on the river Rother about a mile south of the town. According to Mr. H. Upton in an appendix to the same letter of 1842, the river turned an undershot wooden wheel which in its turn worked a large pump with three barrels forcing the water along a main pipe of some three inches inside bore. This fed two reservoirs at Petworth - one on Lawn Hill in Petworth Park overlooking the Upper Lake and one to the west of Percy Row near the Gaol (now demolished) (opposite the present courthouse), and on the site of the present British Legion Hut. Connection to this supply required his Lordship's approval which as Mr. Upton observes, was less freely given than formerly on account of a number of illicit connections having been made by the townspeople. It is imperative to note that this system, serving seven public cocks and 150 private ones in 1842, was intended for washing and for the watering of cattle. It was not and had never been intended for domestic purposes.

It was an untreated river water supply but never drinking water.

In fact by 1874 serious difficulties in respect of Petworth's water supply had become apparent and Charles Kelly M.D. submitted to the Petworth Rural Sanitary Authority a commissioned report. Kelly observes that the town's sewage is conveyed to fields to the south and is then allowed to flow along an open dyke before entering the Rother about half a mile upstream from Coultershaw and above the point where water is drawn for the purpose of being pumped into the town. He distinguishes two sources of supply. One of these the old spring supply through the Park known as the "conduit water" is very good and two taps are set up in the streets for those who wish to carry it away in buckets. However, "the quantity of water flowing daily is limited and is not sufficient for other domestic purposes".

The second source, the river supply pumped from Coultershaw, was much less satisfactory. It was distributed from the reservoir near the Gaol and was unfiltered and unfit to drink. Very few houses had water laid on and the usual situation was that a single tap would supply some four or six adjacent cottages. Hence, despite the unhealthy condition of the water "many people who will not fetch the conduit water (either from neglect or illness or from bad weather) drink this dirty water from the river". Nor, added Dr. Kelly, was this to be wondered at when some houses were a good quarter of a mile distant from the conduit supply. The river supply was tainted with sewage and the reservoir adjoining the Gaol was itself badly constructed and in dirty condition. Dr. Kelly concludes his short but succinct report by advocating the use of three other fresh springs in the neighbourhood - the so-called Byworth Spout, the Virgin Mary Spring and another powerful unnamed spring near Rother Bridge Farm, for a new water system for the town. He warns that under the prevailing system if cholera or typhoid fever were to occur in the town, the drinking of untreated water tainted by sewage and pumped back into the town from Coultershaw would soon produce an epidemic. At least the sewage should be prevented from flowing into the Rother.

A letter to Lord Leconfield from Mr. Robert Downing, obviously from the contents a Petworth resident, takes exception to some of Dr. Kelly's conclusions. In particular he queries Kelly's

assumption that water is only fetched from the conduit taps in buckets. On the contrary "Many people fetch the water from the conduits in barrels on wheels kept for the purpose so as to keep a good day's supply at their houses". Some houses notably in Pound Street are already supplied with spring water and a spring water tap stands in the Swan Yard. He disputes Dr. Kelly's categorisation of the river supply as "dirty and unwholesome" - many residents had drunk it for years and Mr. Downing himself had done so for five without suffering any ill effects. A filtering tank near the reservoir would do all that was needed for cleansing the water. According to Mr. Downing the misguided insistence of the Inspectorate on substituting water closets for the old-fashioned privies was leading to increased pressure on a sewage system which had not been built for the purpose, and this changeover was aggravating the situation.

Despite Mr. Downing's reservations, changes were on the way. Brick barrel drains were installed in the streets although, curiously, they were still allowed to discharge at Rotherbridge. The reservoir adjoining the Gaol had a large filter installed consisting of a chalk and gravel filled pit through which the water passed before entering the town pipes. A firm of civil engineers was engaged by Lord Leconfield to investigate, survey and prepare a report listing various springs in the vicinity which might be utilised as a basis to provide a good clean supply. Those chosen by Messrs. Richard Hassard were a series near the brook below and west of Gore Hill at Haslingbourne. From these springs the recommendation was to install a series of five inch pipes to carry water to a reservoir near the Cottage Hospital on high ground a mile to the east of the town with a further series of five inch pipes coming from the reservoir that would enter the town via Shimmings and Angel Street. This remained the system until quite recent times.

J. Taylor.

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News from London: 4th May 1686

On Sunday many people againe assembled in a tumultuos manner in and about Lime Street. But the like care being taken by the Lord Mayor as was on ye Sunday before thirty or forty only were seized and the rest dispersed by ye trainebands yet I am told not many of those 30 or 40 were detained in prison all night.

## SCENTS OF SPRING

One of my greatest pleasures in spring has been in the rich scent of some of the plants we grow. Perhaps the strongest of all has been the white Jasmine, *J. polyanthum*, a species from Western China, hardy only in the warmest gardens of this country, but which grows and flowers freely in a cool greenhouse. The buds are a delightful pale pearly pink and borne in large clusters while the flowers open like big white stars cascading down the wall.

Now that it is just over we have the equally sweet scent of the Lilies of the Valley, lovely in their snowy whiteness and providing a useful succession of flowers for picking since we grow some in full sun under a south wall and others in shade in a cooler place. The Wistaria also has a very rich aromatic scent, strongest when the sun is hot upon it.

*Daphne odora* and *Daphne japonica* are very closely related to each other and both have tight clusters of white flowers, flushed purple on the outside and with a scent as strong as that of the Jasmine. The variety *aureo-marginata* of *D. odora*, with the golden edge to the leaf, is probably the hardiest and in a warm and sheltered position begins flowering very early in the year. It grows very easily from cuttings and it is always well to have a few in reserve since all *Daphnes* are fickle plants. After this we have the beautiful garland flower *Daphne cneorum*, also with a rich scent in its round clusters of deep pink stars, falling over the rocks of a small bank.

At this season also the Azaleas are scenting part of the garden and strongest of all is the old yellow Azalea from the Caucasus which in some parts has almost naturalized itself with the purple *Rhododendron ponticum*. One of the finest garden sights I saw recently was a great bank of Azaleas and *Rhododendrons* facing the terrace of an old castle in Cumberland and dominated by this Azalea mingled with purple, white and red *Rhododendrons*.

The ordinary Wallflower has a very rich scent which is especially apparent in a vase indoors, while the Poeticus Narcissus, latest flowering of all the Narcissi, is nearly as sweet scented as the earliest Tazetta 'Soleil d'Or' or 'Scilly Isles White' of the depths of winter and far more so than the large trumpet Daffodils.

The Iris border has a delicate fragrance that keeps up the procession into June when Wistaria and lilac are going over.

Among the sweet scented shrubs the genus *Viburnum* will always rank very high, beginning with the winter flowering *V. ferreri* in December and January and continuing to the early spring flowering *V. leucarlesii* perhaps still more lovely than any of its hybrids although unfortunately it does not last long, for us at any rate, in water. The hybrid *V. leuccephalum*, is also very fragrant, more like honey but a little less sweet. It has even larger and more globose heads of flowers, but it lacks the pink flushing in the buds of *V. leucarlesii* and the clusters are so tightly packed that they lose some of the form of the individual flower.

Another very sweetly scented shrub is the evergreen *Osmanthus leucavayi*, which in spring is covered with small white flowers as if sprinkled with snow. It is quite hardy and to see a large specimen or group is to realize that it is among China's best gifts to our gardens.

Nor should we forget the more homely Rosemary and Bay and Thyme and even the double Stock. The narrow-leaved Rosemaries with the nearly blue flowers are the most strongly scented, but unfortunately they are also the most tender and except in very warm situations the prostrate azure blue form, often known as *R. corsicus*, will not survive long.

Of the Honeysuckles it is by no means those with the most conspicuous flowers that are the strongest scented, but rather the homely ones found in hedgerows or old cottage gardens or the Japanese species. The most fragrant of all, however, is rarely grown because its flowers are so inconspicuous. It is *L. syringantha*, a loose growing shrub with small lilac flowers and red fruits, the kind of plant to be grown in an odd, warm corner and forgotten till the late spring and summer evenings when the hyacinth-like scent diffuses on the air.

PATRICK M. SYNGE.

## WASHINGTON COPSE (FROG FARM)

Since my last report the area has been tidied, fenced to stop dumping and had a number of trees planted.

We are very grateful to the Leconfield Estate for providing various trees and for their help in general - especially the fencing.

So far these trees are looking good and have escaped the hands of vandals.

Only native or naturalised species have been planted including oak, lime and horse chestnut and it is hoped that these will provide beauty on the edge of the town for future generations.

David Sneller.

#### THE EARLIER HISTORY OF EGDEAN CHURCH

The history of Egdean is not well-documented although one may be fairly certain that the opinion, often uncritically repeated, that Egdean was once a larger more important place than Petworth, cannot be sustained. Probably Egdean has never in historical times been of any great size and it may be that it is dim memories of Egdean Fair that have tended to give a contrary impression. Most of us can recall hearing of Plum Pudding Corner and the fair-stall that once stood there, but documentary evidence of Egdean Fair is even harder to find than similar evidence of Petworth Fair. I have however seen a draft poster announcing the removal of the Egdean fairs of 1st May and 4th September to Fairfield, Petworth from 1839. This move was considered to the benefit of both buyers and sellers of sheep.

The compact, unpretentious church of St. Bartholomew's, sitting on its slight eminence and a few hundred yards from the busy A283 is known to most local people, but fewer perhaps know that, by Petworth standards, St. Bartholomew's is a relative newcomer to the landscape, having been built in 1623. Recent documents found at Petworth House throw a flickering and uncertain light on the circumstances of its building and offer too a tantalising glimpse of a faraway time when there had been another different church building at Egdean. The documents also introduce us to the old name for Egdean, "Bletham", and in these papers the parish is almost invariably referred to as "Bletham als Egden", i.e. Bletham or Egdean. As so often, the information has to be disentangled from the debris of a long and apparently acrimonious Chancery suit. In this particular case not all the relevant documents have survived but enough probably to make the

general outline of events reasonably clear.

The main surviving documents are a complaint by Ralph Blinston, clerk in holy orders, made to the Lord Keeper and dated 28th June 1622. This is fourteen pages long, probably slightly mutilated and certainly somewhat ravaged by time. It is also far and away the most informative document. There are two short petitions by Ralph Blinston and his legal opponent, John Dee, yeoman, of Egden, a reply to Blinston by Henry, Earl of Northumberland, and two documents from a later stage in the case, i.e. a set of interrogatories to be administered to witnesses on behalf of John Dee and Henry, Earl of Northumberland, and a petition to the Lord Keeper from Ralph Blinston complaining of delaying tactics by the Earl, and seeking a Chancery commission in the country to examine witnesses on his own behalf. Of actual evidence by witnesses there is at present no trace. Blinston however appears in turn to have been taken to court by Henry, Earl of Northumberland and John Dee, his tenant at Egdean.

In his complaint to the Lord Keeper Ralph Blinston, clerk, claims to be parson of Bletham als Egden, an ancient parish for which records show that until the first year of the reign of Edward VI (1547-8) the parson and rector had always had the parsonage house with twenty acres of land, eleven of meadow and five of pasture, together with various rents, issues, and profits. However, when the last incumbent of Egdean had died in 1547-8 the parsonage had then been assessed in the rate book of values as worth a mere 29/2d. and considered of so small a yearly value that no one had troubled to present a clerk to the vacant parish church. Within a few years the church buildings had become ruinous and they were then converted by the lord of the manor to secular uses and let out, together with the old glebe, to lay persons. The bells, too, had been converted to the use of the lord of the manor. Eventually even the ruinous old church building itself was pulled down and its materials put to lay use. The ecclesiastical title to the land was concealed and the land popularly supposed to belong to Sir Henry Goring of Burton. This situation had continued for many years until, about 1620, Ralph Blinston being "destitute of all spirituall preferment" had at some cost and charge discovered the alleged concealment and sought to challenge it on his own behalf.

After making the appropriate submission to the Lord Keeper, Blinston had been duly presented as clerk to the parish of Bletham. His



problems were however only just beginning; for even after his presentment he was "with force and stronge hand kept out of the said parsonage and glebe", and hence had been forced again to seek redress from the Lord Keeper, asking to be given quiet and peaceable possession of the parsonage house and glebe. Acting on the Lord Keeper's instructions the sheriff of the county had finally put him in possession. Blinston had also received licence from the king to gather and "collect alms and benevolences from subjects living in divers several counties and citities for the speedy perfectinge and finishinge of a parish church". This Blinston had done, but one John Dee dissented violently, claiming that the Earl of Northumberland held title to the parsonage house and glebe land by conveyance from Sir Henry Goring and that the Earl had given him a lease on the old parsonage and glebe. Dee, "aware of the long vacancy and concealment of the said rectory", had made various entries on to the disputed land and brought a King's Bench action against Blinston for trespass.

What Blinston needed to do was to produce witnesses to establish his position but here he ran into serious difficulties. How many surviving inhabitants could remember the old church under its last rector? It was seventy-five years or more since the old church had been in use. Blinston rightly points out that anyone who could give first-hand testimony would have to be over eighty and could not be expected to travel to give evidence "without greate hazarde and danger of their lives". Their evidence could only be elicited by a commission in the country hearing evidence locally. Time too was of the essence for, if the commission did not sit quickly, such witnesses might die and "the same mighte trench to the losse of the said glebe and disherison of the said church". It appears that such witnesses did in fact exist unless we are to assume that Blinston was playing a rather dangerous game of bluff.

The complaint gives a clear enough view of the situation as seen from Ralph Blinston's point of view. As to how far he was concerned with seeking a living for himself and how far he had the spiritual welfare of the villagers of Egdean at heart, these legal documents can give us no real information. In any case the two motives do not necessarily contradict one another.

Three of the other documents can be briefly disposed of. The short petition of John Dee, yeoman, protests to the Lord Keeper



EGDEAN CHURCH c1953 (Photograph by G.G.Garland)



STROOD AND EGDEAN UNITED. DATE UNKNOWN. DOES ANYONE RECOGNIZE ANY OF THE FOOTBALLERS?

that he has been put out of his lawful possession by the sheriff, while another summary petition by Ralph Blinston complains that although he has been lawfully instituted and inducted, the parsonage house and glebe lands are "being detayned from him contrary to all lawe and equitie". The reply of Henry, Earl of Northumberland denies that there is any rector or even any parish of Bletham. The Earl had purchased the land from Sir Henry Goring and Sir Henry, like his father and grandfather before him, had quietly enjoyed them without any claim being made. John Dee was thus the lawful tenant when the sheriff ejected him. Neither Sir Henry Goring nor his ancestors, farmers, or tenants had ever paid "tenthes" either to Bishop or Archdeacon.

In a rehearsal of the progress of the case, Blinston tells how he had been advised by his Counsel to call the Earl of Northumberland to answer his bill, as the latter claimed the inheritance of the glebe. He had had letters sent to the Earl by the Lord Keeper. The Earl had appeared and had answered "but not upon his oath or upon his honour". The Earl then delayed putting in his formal reply until the law term was well past and Blinston had left London. It was the next term before he even found out about the Earl's reply. Blinston again asks for a commission in the country to examine witnesses. It seems that he was granted such a commission, for there survives a list of interrogatories to be put to witnesses on behalf, not of Blinston, but of the Earl and John Dee. These interrogatories certainly reflect a late stage of the case when Dee had already been forcibly dispossessed by the sheriff, acting on the instructions of the Lord Keeper - but they do give some information not to be found elsewhere. The questions can be summarised as follows:

1. Do you know or have you heard that Henry, Earl of Northumberland purchased of Sir Henry Goring the messuage and lands in question, formerly in the occupation of Ffrye and Roper and then the widow Stone? Did not Sir Henry Goring and his ancestor quietly and peaceably enjoy the said messuage and lands for some fourscore years?
2. Do you know or have your heard that one Skinner had any lease or leases for some years on the land in question - and for what term? Had not one Stone the lease after Skinner's lease ended? What term did old Skinner's widow have? What speeches was she used to make to Sir William Goring when she made suit to renew her lease?

3. Were you present when the Sheriff's bailiff delivered the premises to the complainant? Were not the inhabitants dwelling there in peace? Were not they or some of them violently dragged or pulled out of the possession of the said houses? What threats or speeches did the complainant or bailiff use to them at that time?
4. Were you not born at, about, or near Egdean and how long have you known Egdean? Have you heard that the messuage and lands in question are parcel of the glebe of Egdean? Have you not heard that the lands in question were reputed parcel of Byworth manor, sometime Sir Henry Goring's?
5. Did you ever know the ancient church or chapel of Egdean? Did you know of divine service being celebrated in it? Had the minister any benefit from the offerings there? Had anyone celebrated the services in the period between the death of the last incumbent and the coming of Ralph Blinston?
6. Have you known any parson of Egdean to dwell in the messuage in question? Did the incumbent occupy all the lands in question or some of them only?

Were these interrogatories ever put into use? If they were, then there were once corresponding books of replies. None have so far come to light. If they are still extant they would have much to tell of sixteenth and early seventeenth century Egdean. The result of the case cannot be doubted. Egdean church still stands as a symbol of Ralph Blinston's victory and of his determination to put to good use what must once have appeared a highly unpromising situation.

P.A.J.

TWO EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY RECIPES  
(from the back of a book of copy wills  
at the West Sussex Record Office.)

1. Ffor ye colyk and ye flem

Ramssons saxafrag menth camper benepodds posett. Styll eche be them selfe and then take of all theys waters equall portions and put therto so muche malsey and styll all to gyther and when you wold drynke warme yt and scrape therto a lytyll whygt gynger. Probatum est.

(Modernised).

For colic and phlegm

Take ramsons, saxifrage, mint, camphor and posset of beanpods. Distil each separately and then take equal parts of each solution and add the same quantity of malmsey wine. Distil these and when you want to drink it, warm it up and shred a little white ginger into it. It's been tried!

2. For making salad oil. (Modernised and slightly condensed).

Take a gallon of rape oil, a handful each of marjoram, pennyroyal, rosemary, thyme, bayleaves, tansy, fennel, hyssop, prick-madam and violet leaves. Pound the herbs and strain them, then add a little vial of rosewater and a pennyworth of cloves and ground mace. Put the rape oil into a china kettle and set it over the fire. When you see the cream of the oil gone, take the oil off the fire. Take some brown toast, a handful of bay salt and three or four fern roots. Take off the outer rind of the roots and put the toast, the salt and the roots all into the oil together. Then take the fermentation of the herbs and put it into the oil but very gradually. Then when the oil is cold, strain it through a clean cloth into a basin. Let it stand like this all night and the next day put it into a clean bottle (stone or glass) and stop it firmly up.

Readers of the Bulletin are welcome to try out these recipes but the Society cannot accept any responsibility for the consequences - nor I imagine will the West Sussex Record Office!

NEW MEMBERS  
UP TO 20TH APRIL, 1980.

We welcome the following new members.

Mr. R. Allden, Little Limbourne, Fittleworth.  
Mr. G. Baxter, 11 Lund House, Petworth.  
Mrs. C. Belcham, Coombe Cottage, The Fleet, Fittleworth.  
Miss O. Boss, Virginia Cottage, Lombard Street, Petworth.  
Mrs. Cooke, 3 Angel Cottages, Petworth.  
The Lady Egremont, Petworth House.  
Mrs. Harper, Crimbourne, 7 Littlecote, Petworth.

Mrs. E. Miles, Badger's Cottage, Graffham, Petworth.  
Mrs. S. Mills, 11 Park Rise, Petworth.  
Mr. W. Moulard, c/o Petworth Fisheries, Pound Street, Petworth.  
Mr. J. Murray, c/o Messrs. Cubitt & West, Market Square, Petworth.  
Mrs. J. O'Leary, The Old Rectory, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. L. Wakely, 19 Grove Lane, Petworth.  
Mrs. B. Webb, Magnolia Cottage, Pound Street, Petworth.  
Mrs. K. Will, 7 New Street, Petworth.

and the following Members joined since March issue

Mrs. D. Bryder, 34 Russell Close, East Preston, Sussex.  
Mr. P.B. Dudeney, 89 Redhill Road, Hitchin, Herts.  
Mrs. F. Roberts, Oak Leys, Westside, Tillington.  
Mr. R. Taylor, 10 Pound Close, Petworth.  
Mrs. G. Thayre, Manton House, Arundel Street, Fratton,  
Portsmouth.  
Mr. B. Webb-Wale, Stoberry Cottage, Graffham, Sussex.  
Miss M. Ashby, Rectory Gate Cottage, Petworth.  
Mr. P. Baigent, 11 Herringbroom, Graffham Road, Petworth.  
Mrs. A. Boakes, 9 Oakwood Court, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. J. Christie, 4 Rosemary Close, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. R. Dandy, 1 Thompson's Hospital, Petworth.  
Mr. W. Ede, 14 Lund House, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. D. Fisher, Highgate Cottage, Ball's Cross, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. E. Forrest, 22 Pound Street, Petworth.  
Mr. G. Goodyer, Flat 54, Wyndham Road, Petworth.  
Mr. D. Hill, c/o Cubitt & West, Old Bank House, Petworth.  
Mr. J. Holden, Colhook, Northchapel, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. J. Humphry, The Wall House, Pound Street, Petworth.  
Mr. J. Moase, Fircot, Burton Common, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. T. Plummer, 7 Rosemary Close, Petworth.  
Mr. L. Potter, Uphams Cottage, Upper Easebourne, Midhurst.  
Mrs. Pottington, 11 Station Road, Petworth.  
Mrs. F. Sherston, Dove Cottage, Tillington.  
Mrs. M. Whitcomb, The Welldiggers Arms, Petworth.  
Mr. F. Speed, 1 Rosemary Close, Petworth.  
Mrs. M. Sadler, "Shambles", 19 Rothermead, Petworth.

