

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

Spring programme - please keep for reference

Leconfield Hall meetings. Admission 35p. Raffle.

Wednesday, March 17th.

Donald Jackson: "A calligrapher's eye-view of the alphabet" - tracing the history of the alphabet with reference to the tools and materials of writing, old and illuminated manuscripts, scribes' mistakes, and the art of the modern calligrapher. Donald is scribe to the Crown Office at the House of Lords. This evening will begin at 7.30 and includes both a film and slides.

Friday, April 16th.

The Copper family from Peacehaven will sing the old Sussex farming songs in the traditional way and talk of the old agricultural customs. The Copper family will be familiar to most members from their work for the B.B.C. and from Bob. Copper's books, among them the best-selling "A song for every season". This evening will start at 7.30.

Tuesday, May 18th.

Annual General Meeting (7.30 p.m.) with, at about 8.10, slides of old Petworth.

Walks

Sunday, March 21st. "J"s Bulletin Walk (in this Bulletin). Leave The Square at 2.15 p.m. Grade B/C.

Monday, May 8th. Jumb's Stag Park Walk. Leave The Square at 6.15 p.m. Cars to Parkhurst. Grade B.

Visits

Sunday, April 25th. Visit to Cooke's House, West Burton by kind permission of Miss Courtauld. Cars leave The Square at 2.15 p.m.

Sunday, May 23rd. Return visit to Manor Farm, Selham. Cars leave The Square at 2.15 p.m.

An important subscription note from Mrs. Boss

We would like to remind our members that the new financial year starts on March 15th. 1982, when subscriptions will be due - £2 per person, Bulletin delivered; £3, Bulletin posted; £2.50 husband and wife membership, Bulletin delivered; £3 Bulletin posted. These increases have been explained in the Bulletin.

There are still about thirty members who have received Bulletins during the past year but have not paid their 1981/2 subscriptions. May we ask you:

(a) If you wish to remain a member, to be kind enough to send your subscription for the new year together with the outstanding fee for 1981/2.

(b) If you do not wish to continue as a member, to let us know of your decision together with your payment for 1981/2, so that we are not out of pocket.

A reminder slip will be with this Bulletin if you are one of the remaining thirty.

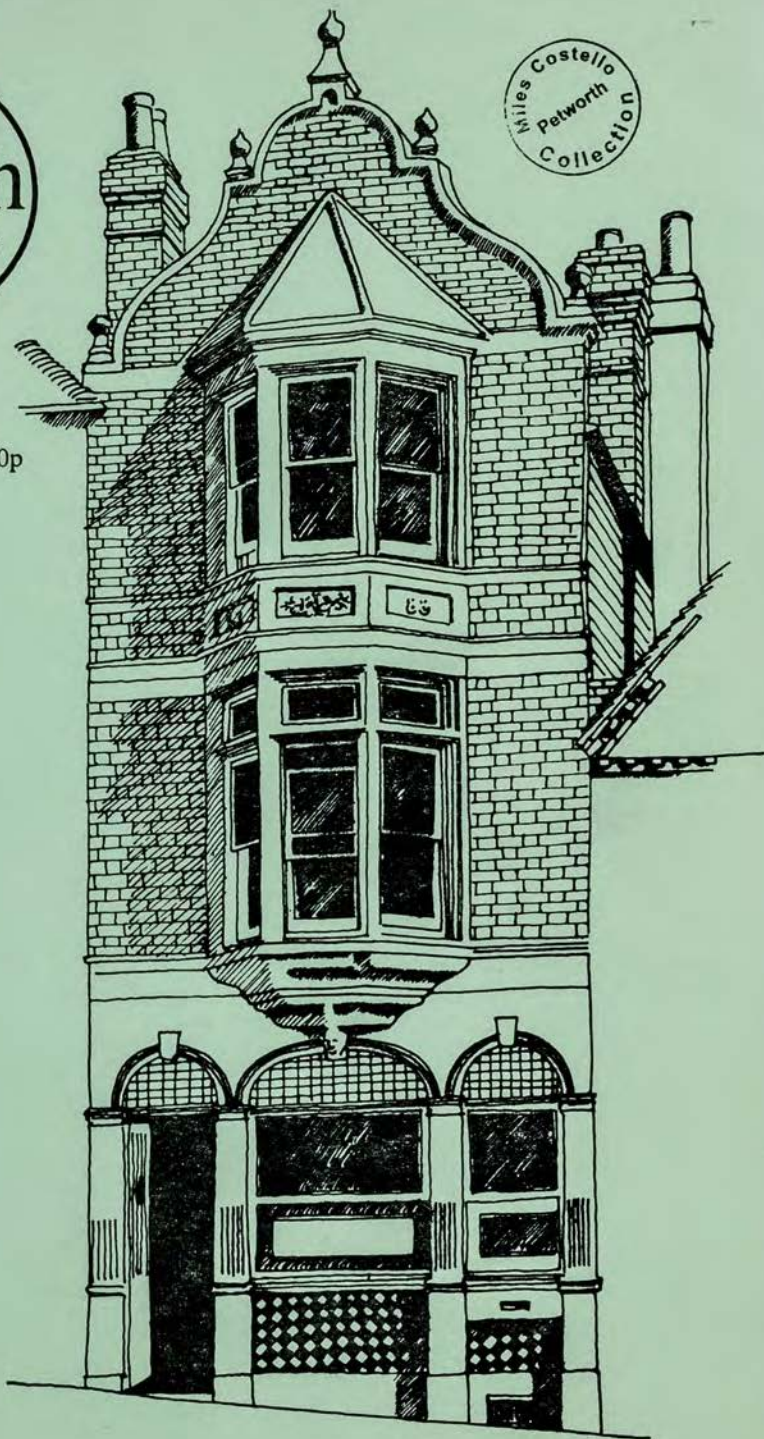
The Petworth Society

BULLETIN No. 27

MARCH 1982

Price for non-Members 50p

Miles Costello
Petworth
Collection



CONTENTS

	<u>Page</u>
Constitution and Officers of the Society	2
Chairman's Notes	3
Extracts from Petworth Churchwardens' Vestry Book 1804-1830	5
George Chant - a Garland "Character"	6
The Lore of the Ebernoe Commoners	8
An Old-time Grocer's Shop	12
The Recollections of Edwin Saunders (1)	15
A Bomb at Budham (4)	19
Thomas Cooke 1703-1756 a note	24
Petworth Roots	25
A Letter from Castleman Smith 1703	26
Reaping and Binding at Chillinghurst 1744	27
J's Bulletin Walk	28
Some Somerset Hospital Admission Petitions 1816-1846	29
The Third Earl's Postilion is Accused of Fraud 1801	30
New Members	32

* * * *

Cover design by Mr. J.M. Newdick drawn from a photograph by
Walter Kevis. -

* * * *

This Bulletin was printed by:-

MIDHURST AND PETWORTH PRINTERS

11 Rothermead,
PETWORTH. Tel. 42456

Duck Lane,
MIDHURST. Tel.6321

Published by:- The Petworth Society

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.

From March 15th the annual subscription is £2. Postal £3.00 (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

I hope you like the new cover drawn specially for the Society by Jonathan Newdick. It shows the old Post Office in Petworth Square in the 1880's. I hope too you will support the spring programme which is, I think, rather exceptional. On March 17th Donald Jackson the well-known calligrapher will talk about his art, illustrate the history of the alphabet from "cave painting to computer", show slides of famous manuscripts with their "illuminated" letterings and also samples of his own work as a scribe at the House of Lords. There will clearly be a large audience from outside Petworth as this is an unusual opportunity to hear an acknowledged expert on his chosen subject. Donald Jackson's book "The Story of Writing" has appeared recently and his Television film "Alphabet" - a series of four documentaries, has been networked by Independent Television.

No less unusual is the meeting on April 16th when three members of the Copper family from Peacehaven will talk about the old Sussex farming songs which they will sing unaccompanied i.e. in the traditional way while John Copper will also say something about the old farming methods and customs in the villages around Rottingdean and ceremonies like that for getting in the corn. The book by his father Bob Copper "A Song for every Season" will be well-known to many members. For the A.G.M. on May 18th I will show old slides of Petworth - a variation on the January evening that will allow those who were prevented from coming by the weather to see them. The A.G.M. will start at 7.30 p.m. and the slides at about 8.10. There is nothing to stop anyone coming either for the A.G.M. only or for the slides only. Please note the evenings with Donald Jackson and the Copper family will begin at 7.30 p.m.

The walks, while still to be finalised, should also be of great interest. There will certainly be an April visit to Manor Farm Selham, and at least one visit to Stag Park together with J's Bulletin Walk and probably one other. Jumb's Wakestone Lane walk in the middle of a December blizzard seems to have caught the popular imagination and taken on some of the character of a legend!

As you know at last year's A.G.M. the Committee took power to decide, at the January meeting, the next year's subscription in the light of the projected cost of the Bulletin for the coming

year. This we did and I will set out for you the facts we had somehow to reconcile and the decisions arrived at.

- 1) The Bulletin is extremely expensive but with an enormous membership (600 plus) for a town of Petworth's size and with the probability that many of these members have joined simply to receive the Bulletin it would not be acceptable either to stop producing it or drastically to reduce it.
- 2) Last year for every "single" member paying £1 the Society paid out for his/her Bulletins approximately £1.36 so that not only did that member make no contribution to funds but was in fact being subsidised from funds by some 36p. On the less numerous double membership (£2), the Society would however be some 64p in credit - the cost of Bulletins for a double membership being the same as that for a single.
- 3) A postal member paying the minimum £1.50 received 4 Bulletins at a cost to the Society of £1.36 - with postage (4 x 15½p) 62p and 4 large envelopes - a total sum of some £2.05 - requiring a subsidy of some 55p over the year. Postage rates are due to rise from the 1st February.

Now I would accept that the great strength of the Petworth Society is that it does not always function according to everyday mundane logic but I think you must agree that to persevere like this is neither rational nor responsible - or at least it is rational and responsible only in so far as the finances are able to stand subsidising the membership. For the coming year they will not - so that the subscriptions for 1982/3 will be as follows:-

Single £2.00
Double £2.50
Single Postal £3.00
Double Postal £3.00
Overseas £3.50 - this remains subsidised by the Society.

I hope these rises will not cause difficulty. If any members are in difficulty then they might perhaps simply buy the Bulletin at quarterly intervals and stagger the payments. If you disagree with the Committee and feel that for reasons of economy this Bulletin should revert to its old format then by all means let me know. For myself as I have said before the moral seems to be: come to the walks and monthly meetings and get the best value for your subscription. There is more to the Petworth Society than this Bulletin.

Mr. Lomas of Bacon's Cottage, Dragon's Green, Coolham is writing a book on horse-ploughing and is very anxious to talk to anyone who remembers the old art of horse-ploughing - please write, telephone Coolham 349 or simply get in touch with me.

P.A.J. 31st January 1982.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE PETWORTH CHURCHWARDENS' VESTRY BOOK 1804 - 1830

(The headings are not original).

Vandalism in the churchyard: 15th December 1807

"Several of the trees planted in the Church Yard having been late pulled up or destroyed by some evil disposed persons or persons, ordered that it be referred to the Rector and church wardens to adopt such measures for endeavouring to discover the offender or offenders by offering a reward for such discovery, or by employing persons to watch for the purpose of making such discovery or by both of the said means as they shall think advisable..."

11th January 1811

"Ordered that a reward of five guineas be paid by the Church wardens to any person who shall give information for the prosecuting to conviction the person or persons who has broken off the tops of the fir trees at the bottom of the new Churchyard"

Sparrows heads: 3rd September 1816

"At a vestry holden this day it is ordered that sixpence a dozen be paid by the church wardens for sparrows heads."

Mr. Sockett substitutes an evening winter service for the usual afternoon one: 6th August 1816

"The Rev^d Mr. Sockett attending this vestry and offering, for the accomodation of the inhabitants, to substitute an evening service, with a sermon, for the winter half year to commence at about six o'clock; instead of the accustomed afternoon service for the winter half year commencing at half past three, without a sermon; provided the parish will be at the expense of lighting the church."

Burial in the old churchyard: 20th October 1805

"The new burying ground (i.e. the Bartons) having been consecrated,

and being ready for use, it is found expedient to make a regulation that some consideration shall from this time be paid for the indulgence of being buried in the old churchyard, because if it is permitted to all who may wish it, the evil of a crowded burying ground will probably remain. In future therefore before any ground is broken in the old churchyard for any funeral the sum of one guinea must be paid to the Rector."

(The minute goes on to say that Charles Dunster the Rector and his successors would apply all monies so received "to some public parochial purpose.")

Irregular drinking hours: 2nd October 1815

"Mr. George Cox applying at this vestry for consent to a recommendation, as a fit person to obtain a licence for the White Hart Public house, in the room of Joseph Knight, to whom the justices have refused a renewal of his licence on the complaint of the churchwardens and other inhabitants of the irregularities permitted by him, resolved that the vestry consider the said George Cox to be a fit person for whom such certificate of recommendation may be signed."

2nd July 1816

"We ... request that a meeting be holden in the Town Hall, at six o'clock in the evening on Monday next to take into consideration, what would best be done to suppress the indecent irregular conduct of some disorderly and wicked persons infesting this town and the irregularity of public alehouses which suffer tipping at late hours and that printed notices be posted up about the town, to that effect.

A GARLAND "CHARACTER" GEORGE CHANT
"Lost on the Downs in the Winter of 1881"

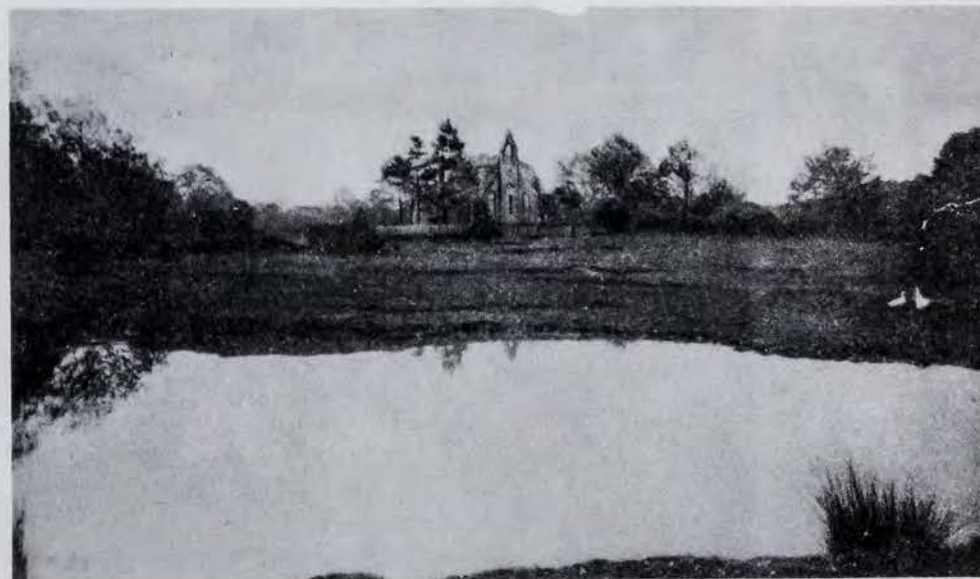
All day long gale force winds had been blowing and very cold at that. I suppose it was the winter 1914-15. My older brothers had joined the army and I was the eldest of the lower half of the family, we were a family of ten.

In the usual way my father George Chant would spend his evenings reading the West Sussex Gazette. It lasted him, for reading material for a week, for the paper was so big and thick.

However, this particular evening, he was sitting quietly in his chair, listening to the wind howling down this big old farmhouse



Messrs. Gordon Knight c 1912.
(Courtesy of Miss B. Knight)



Ebernoe Church seventy years ago showing the common as clear of undergrowth. (Courtesy of Mr. Ivan Wadey).



A Garland "Character". George Chant of Angmering in February 1934.

chimney. Then he said, "I mind the time when I was a young shepherd boy, just such a day as this. This particular morning father went west to his flock, while mine laid, about four miles east. I had not gone far, it was already blowing very hard, when I could smell snow in the air, and long before I reached my flock it was snowing very hard. After having done all I could for the sheep I decided I'd best make for home before it got too bad, but what a transformation scene before me, big snow drifts changed the landscape entirely. Battling against the wind and snow my dog and I walked on and on thinking we were homeward bound. Then suddenly I became aware that there was something wrong. Then I realised I had walked into a pond. I was fair mesmerized for I thought I knew every inch of those downs, but this pond was unknown to me. How big was it? How deep? Should I go on, or turn back? It was then that I missed the dog, he was not with me. On looking round, he was standing on the edge of pond, jumping up and barking in a frantic manner. I must get back to the dog, by his jumping up and down in such a frantic way he had beaten the snow into a solid mass so I was able to step out quite easily from the pond. It was then I realised we were lost. So I said to the dog, "Well boy I don't know where we are, we're lost, but we must put ourselves in the hands of the good lord, to get us safely home, or at least shelter for the night."

I was getting very cold, the weather didn't ease up at all, on and on we trudged, it was heavy going and now it was beginning to get dark, but some time later I thought I could see a glimmer of light. Yes someone had lighted a candle and stood it in the window. I said to my dog "Boy the lord has been good to us, he has found shelter for the night for us." Upon knocking at the door to ask for a night's shelter, to my surprise, my mother opened the door to me. She said, "Oh George we'd be that worried about you lad. Fathers come home, all the children are here from school, we be that glad to see thee lad." It seems that blizzard lasted three days and three nights, for my father said, "If it had not been for that little dog I would not have been here today."

My father lived the last four years of his life with me but the last winter he had to spend some time in bed. One day I had taken his dinner to him, when he turned to me and said, "Can you see him?" "What can you see dad?" "Why that little dog at the foot of the bed, his chin is on his front paws looking at me. Can't you see him?" However the next minute his eyes was following as he thought that little dog out of the room. "Look there he goes, he has slung his hook. He comes to see me everyday. Where he comes from, or

where he goes I don't know." I wondered if he had been thinking of his boyhood days and had been thinking of that terrible snow storm in 1881 and was that the same little dog that came to visit him. I shall never know. He died ten days before his eightyfourth birthday. He was born 1864 at Shrewton Hampshire.

From Mrs. Poile, 107 Connaught Avenue, Shoreham.

THE LORE OF THE EBERNOE COMMONERS (1)

At the beginning of this century the road verges round Balls Cross and the Commons of Ebernoe and Colhook were very different to what they are to day. The whole place was clear of all undergrowth. Squire Peachey is said to have stood in front of his house (Ebernoe House) and adjusted his watch by the Church clock. He was the last Lord of the Manor of Ebernoe. The Leconfield Estate owned Colhook Common and Mr. Tom Payne dominated Balls Cross. He lived at Upfolds and was the Postmaster. He also owned most of the cottages there and the Stag Inn. Pretty well all the people of Ebernoe and Colhook lived on the Commons and were known as 'The Commoners'. Mr. Tom Payne reckoned he owned all the Common Rights round Balls Cross. There were no 'hard' roads on either Colhook or Ebernoe Common before the 1950's but the paths were kept in such good trim that you could bicycle and push prams down any of them.

Those days the farmers and Commoners used the Commons for grazing their cattle, sheep, horses, goats and pigs. For instance, Mr. Luke Wadey of Shop Farm would turn out about 20 head of cattle, he could graze both Colhook and Ebernoe Commons. Old Mr. Brown, the Ebernoe Estate carpenter, had a flock of sheep on Ebernoe Common, Mr. David Baker of Golden Knob (now demolished) three or four mares and colts, as well as a cow or two and Mr. Harry Lunn of Little Bittlesham one or two cows and two or three heifers. Wil-land Farm (now demolished) could graze Ebernoe Common up to Streels Gate that hung across the road on the North Chapel/Kirdford parish boundary and Mr. Chitty of High Buildings farm could graze Ebernoe Common and so on. Some Commoners put cow-bells on their animals and others said they were useless as nine times out of ten the old cow would be lying down when you went to look for her. The Pound (now demolished) on the track from Colhook to Hortons Farm, where it enters Wet Wood, was still in use. It was an open, square, brickbuilt yard with a locked gate. The Pounder man was the North Chapel Bobby (or ex Bobby) and was known as 'The Bum-Bailie'.

He kept the key of the Pound and when strange animals were caught on Colhook Common, he was sent for to impound the strays. The owner had to pay a fine before he could get them back. The last Bum-Bailie remembered was Mr. Faith and the last animals to be impounded were Mr. Chitty's horses from High Buildings Farm.

You could get into trouble if your animals strayed onto the main Petworth/North Chapel road, so Commoners used to join together and hire someone to keep watch between Last Lodge and The Colhook Brickyard. Their job was to turn the animals back onto the Commons. The last 'tenderer' remembered was Miss Grinstead from Bittlesham (demolished). They say you hardly ever saw her but she did a good job, knitting all the time.

Nearly all the Colhook Commoners had one or two goats for everyday use and most a kid or two coming along. At times there would be 20 to 30 goats of all ages turned out on the Common. A lot of them had 'spreaders' to prevent them getting through hedges. Mr. Heather kept a billy goat. Goats were not allowed on Ebernoe Common because of the trees. It is said that Mr. Harry Lunn shot his 14 goats when he moved to Little Bittlesham from the other side of Petworth and Mr. George Wakeford says that his mother was told to get rid of hers when she and her husband moved into Palfreys in c. 1900.

Every Commoner kept pigs and store pigs and you'd often come across the odd sow with a litter roaming round the Commons. When the acorns and beech masts were about they used to like the pigs to clear them up to prevent the grazing animals getting blown. Mostly they kept two store pigs which were fattened up to 30 or 40 stone. One they killed for what they called indoor use and everyday use. The hams and forelegs were dried for bacon (indoor use) and the rest eaten fresh (everyday use). The hams were so big they could hardly get them up the chimney for smoking. As a rule those days, they used to act together and arrange to kill one pig at a time, sharing out the pieces and then having them back when the next pig was killed. That used to spread it out and keep it fresher. Mrs. Peter Holden kept a shop at Colhook and when they killed a pig she made sausages with her own home-grown herbs. If you eat more than two at a time you were lucky you were not ill, they were far too rich tho' very good. Mr. George Stemp of Roundabouts used to kill and dress out the pigs for the Commoners. The other store pig was sold to pay the rent.

All the Commoners had their own patch of fern which they were not

allowed to cut before the 1st August each year on account of the 'bleeding'. They used to say that if ferns were cut between 1st and 16th July for about four years, they'd die of the 'bleeding'. The cut fern was dried and used for bedding down the pigs and eventually for manuring the gardens.

Another source of income was the blackberry harvest. Children were set to picking blackberries. When they had enough to fill one of those old tin baths with handles, the men would hoist them onto their backs and walk to Petworth with them. There they were sold to a dye factory from the South Coast who bought them by the ton. The blackberries were put into great barrels and screwed down. The price paid was 1¼ to 1½d per pound and in a bad blackberry year, 2d per pound. One family of ten children reckoned to make enough money out of the blackberries to buy new shoes all round. They had to push an old pram full of blackberries the five miles into Petworth and were laughed at by the Petworth children.

Some Commoners used to catch adders in March. They hit them on the head with a stick to stun them, then cut off their heads because snakes don't die before sunset. Then they'd slit them down the middle to the tail and extract the lump of fat from between the kidneys. This was 'frizzled-up' in an old tin lid over the fire to render it down and then put into a jar. It was very strong and you used it sparingly by dipping in a match stick and just putting a tiny spot on your skin because it spread out so. It was a wonderful cure for all sorts of stings and skin troubles.

The Commoners were allowed to cut undergrowth up to 4" in diameter but never ash, beech or oak tillers. In Squire Peachey's time, his keeper, Mr. Turner, who lived in the cottage by the Ebernoe brickworks (now demolished) walked every path and track on the Common everyday. No one was allowed to touch the trees or fallen branches. If a Commoner wanted wood for repairs or a gate post etc., he went to Mr. Turner and Mr. Brown, the Ebernoe Estate carpenter and together they would pick out a suitable tree on the Common. The Commoner had to cut and cart the timber for himself.

On Colhook Common it was the same, nothing could be cut over 4" diameter and no fallen branches taken without permission from the Estate. The Head Forester was Mr. Wilcox who was driven round the Estate in a dog cart by a groom. He would alight here or there, you never knew where, and suddenly turn up to keep an eye on everyone and everything. There were also the Leconfield Keepers about, who had to report every fallen branch or tree they came

across. In the olden days they said the Estate changed the keepers around every three years or so to keep them from getting too friendly with the tenants, Commoners etc. The Commoners were allowed to cut the old furze bushes though, which grew very thick and made good firing.

No one can remember hearing about any real trouble either amongst the Commoners themselves or between the Commoners and the Estates. Once a 'Willand' Holden thought a 'Golden Knob' Baker was turning out too many animals on the Common but they soon sorted this out between them. Well, that Mr. Holden thought he'd like to just find out what rights he did have so he wrote up to Somerset House and was very surprised to find out that the rights were not at all what he'd expected. Willand Farm had rights over Peasmarsh, Birchwell (now demolished) had rights on Hoads Common, Sparks Farm had rights over at Milland and Golden Knob had rights over all the adjacent commons, and to graze the verges on the Petworth/North Chapel road. The late Mr. Hugh Kenyon of Kirdford tells us that around about the time of the Domesday Survey of 1086, this area was probably made up of forest outliers of at least nine manors, of which Pallingham and Slindon were the most important. Ebernoe Manor was detached from Pallingham Manor in 1541. So these 'rights' that Mr. Holden found out about might have been something to do with some of the other manors who were using Ebernoe Common for pasturage for their swine in c. 1086.

(To be continued)

Mrs. Katherine Walters of Streels Cott., Ebernoe (a great niece of Admiral Sir Herbert Heath, K.C.B., M.V.O., who lived at Ebernoe House for many years) compiled these Memories of the Old Commoners from conversations, photographs and information given to her by the present day Members of the only four families still living on and near the Commons, whose Ancestors were here in 1900. The Wadeys of Colhook, the Wadeys of Ebernoe, the Stemps of Colhook, the Holdens of Colhook and the Dunctons of Balls Cross.

As all the cottages on Ebernoe Common have been demolished, except for Siblands, there are no photographs about locally of any of them, except for one of Birchwells, taken by Mr. Jimmy Keen. If anyone has any in their possession or any photographs at all of old Ebernoe Mrs. Walters would be very pleased to hear from them.

AN OLD-TIME GROCER'S SHOP

My grandfather J. L. (James Loten) Knight founded the grocery business later to be known as Gordon Knight's. The building (now Quest), at the junction of East Street and New Street, belonged at that time to the Leconfield Estate and had not previously been a shop at all but I don't know what it looked like before my grandfather's time. My grandfather, who was not in fact a local man, lived in what is now New Street House and used one of the upstairs rooms for blending tea. By all accounts he was very good at it, packaging it all up himself and using the distinctive spouted teamaker's vessel. The shop next door (now Frith's Antiques) was then part of New Street House and the present shop part was my grandmother's kitchen. There was a long passageway in New Street House through which we children loved to run, turning sharp left at the end into my grandmother's kitchen. Knights were noted for bacon and my father and grandfather for a long time smoked bacon themselves in the back of what is now Friths. I can vaguely remember the carcasses hanging on hooks and the fire beneath. I can also remember my first fair-day and snow being on the ground and my father's sister taking us down there. It's strange how some things stick in the memory and others don't. On May Day the local children used to bring their garlands round to New Street House and show them to the family, as we sat in the window. Then as we sat in our own house in East Street, again in the window, we in turn had special packets of sweets that my parents had got ready for us to throw out of the window for the children to "scramble" for. Imagine trying to do that now with the traffic! I remember that my mother carefully took the house plants out of the window before we started.

My mother was a local woman whose parents had lived at Barngate Farm at Byworth - it could also be called Barnsgate. When my father was 17 he was learning to play the organ and being taught by the then organist at Petworth Church. As it happened Coates Church was at that time left without an organist. The dowager Duchess of Abercorn who then lived at Coates Castle asked him to come out and play for her, to see if he would be suitable for the vacancy. He played and she took him on and he would walk out to Coates on Sundays. He got to know the Dowager quite well and when she heard that he was getting married she called him in and said, "I hear, Mr. Knight, that you are going to be married and I will give you a special tea-pot". It was specially made in silver - a replica of the Dowager's own. It was very plain with very little tracery or ornament but with my father's initials on it. My mother was

as proud as proud of it. One day years later Peg Streeter brought me an article to read in the "Connoisseur". It said there were only three of these particular silver tea-pots in existence, one once in the possession of the Duchess of Abercorn. It didn't of course mention the Knight family copy! My niece now has it. The Dowager, a very elderly lady who lived in some state at Coates, and was cousin to Queen Victoria, said to my father one day, "Gordon, would you take this letter and post it in Petworth. It's for the Queen." At that time the Petworth Post Office was in the Square and when my father got home he said to my mother, "Flo, I've got something for you", and showed her the envelope addressed to Queen Victoria. Then he let her go down to the Square to post it.

My father died of diphtheria in 1907 when he was only 34 and my mother was left with the business and no very clear idea of what to do with it. She could perhaps have made ends meet by taking in lodgers but she had hitherto had little to do with the day to day running of the shop. Her brother-in-law encouraged her to keep the shop on: she'd have to do something after all and he would show her how to keep the books. She took on Mr. Simmons from the International Stores - a trained shop manager - and Mr. Comber to work behind the counter and she started to run the shop herself. There were several grocers in Petworth then, the International Stores, still in New Street at that time, Greens in Church Street, Otways where the International Stores are now and of course Olders (now Portobello). With so much competition, friendly as it was, we had to be quite price-conscious. We were noted for our provisions, especially bacon even if we no longer smoked it ourselves. Butter we kept in the cellar and like most things it had to be packaged by us from bulk. We would try to package up in advance, or at least do so much in advance and leave some loose, handy to package if we needed it. We ground our own coffee at this time and I still have a mahogany chest of drawers lined with blue paper that was used for storing sugar. How the wasps used to like that chest of drawers! We did some greengrocery too - there wasn't the variety we have now and some things like oranges were only then in season around Christmas. We sold the usual things like cabbages, carrots, cauliflowers and even celery, but for the last my mother would never use the shop celery but always send one of us children up to the Misses Pullen at Egdean. Their father was an expert grower of celery. There were already some meats like tongue which came in cans and dried vegetables, like butter beans which you would put into the bag with a small scoop. Mother got to know of a firm called S. and W. who did very

high quality tinned fruit, pears, peaches, even things like figs. I particularly remember their "long branch" pineapple which was cut in long rectangles. In those days a firm like S. and W. would only let one grocer in the town have their goods and our link with S. and W. gave us a definite advantage in this field. I don't know whether the tinned fruit was delivered direct or came up from the station - goods might come either way. Only the coming of the first war ended our link with S. and W.

The Audit Dinner at Petworth House was a major function and the order was carefully shared out among the various tradespeople. We always supplied the cheddar cheese. No ordinary cheddar though - we ordered it from Warren and Reynolds and the traveller would go and choose the cheese himself. What was left my mother sold in the shop and there was never any shortage of customers for it. It was agreed to be the best cheese ever seen in Petworth! Commercial travellers were more common then than now. I particularly remember Mr. Smith who used to come up from the station in the horse-bus and would help my brother Percy with arithmetic. When he first got a car to do his round, he gave us a ride. I can remember mother coming down to the Misses Austins' school at Boxgrove and saying, "Can you let Brenda off for the afternoon, she's got the chance to go out in a car."

My mother managed to pay for the two boys to go to the Grammar School and I went to the Misses Austins' school at Boxgrove in Pound Street. Then, when Madame Barry, a French lady, bought the school it moved to Glengariff in Lombard Street. Here I was a kind of pupil teacher: I learned some subjects and taught others and for my teaching I had some of the fees commuted. One thing I had to teach was scripture because Madame Barry was Roman Catholic. I remember dear old Mr. Beech, the rector of Burton, coming one Lent to examine my class in Scripture. Afterwards he said to me, "Did you know that in one of the lenten hymns it mentions a motor-bike?" When I looked bewildered he quoted the line "Sun-beamsscorching all the day". Finally Madame Barry became ill and left Petworth. I tried to keep the school up but the accommodation I proposed wasn't approved by the Schools Inspector.

Many troops were stationed at Petworth during the first war; among them the Rifle Brigade, the King's Royal Rifles and the Coldstream Guards. The latter had the use of the small back yard at Ernest Streeters shop in Church Street. The Rifle Brigade had their outdoor kitchens down in the grounds of the Hermitage in East Street and many of the troops were billeted in Stringers

Hall which happened to be empty at the time. The first winter they were there it was so cold that they pulled down and burned much of the woodwork simply to keep themselves warm. Soldiers were billeted all over the town but my mother, being a widow, was exempt. My brother Cecil was mad on trumpets; he got hold of a boy scout's bugle and used to go down to the Hermitage to play lights out and Reveille for the men down there.

The shop of course was short-staffed during the war and supplies were difficult. Jimmy Keen only returned to be roundsman when the war was over. We always had errand-boys - a boy leaving school would be only too pleased to be taken on as an errand-boy for his first job. If he looked a promising lad someone else might offer him a better job or he might be taken on eventually in a rather more exalted capacity. Jimmy Keen started off with a horse and cart and then had a van - there is a picture of him in the new book "Proud Petworth and Beyond". We had several big rounds and went as far as Bedham and Fittleworth and also sold glass and iron-ware. If the order was a very long way out the book for the next week would be collected when the delivery was made.

Brenda Knight was talking to the Editor.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF EDWIN SAUNDERS

The following extracts come from two hand-written note-books made early in 1966 by Edwin Saunders of Station Road when he was 82. The shorter book (35 pages) is for his daughter Mrs. Irene Pulham and the larger (105 pages) for his granddaughter. The present extracts come from the shorter book. Edwin Saunders was not a practised writer but obviously a very practical man and the books are of the greatest interest and in some ways reminiscent of the "Tales of old Petworth". I have not interfered with the original except for some minor alterations to spelling and the addition of the odd colon or hyphen where it seemed absolutely necessary.

The "hare" anecdote is a very familiar motif and found also in the "Tales" as also frequently elsewhere in Sussex folklore (see Jacqueline Simpson: The Folklore of Sussex (1973) page 69ff.).

There is a memoir of the Rev. J. T. Penrose by Fanny Skinner (1927) but this is now a rare book. It makes no mention of the Rector's absentmindedness but the story of posting the pipe is a very well-known one. Penrose was a very popular rector. Contrary to what

Edwin Saunders relates he in fact died rescuing a young girl not a man.

THE WORKHOUSE

I remember the tramps on the road used to call there for bed and breakfast. They had to do so much work to pay for it; the men had to break stones for the roads and sometimes they would not do it, so the master used to send for the police and they would get seven days in prison. It was just the same for women only they had to do housework, but there was always a place for tramps to go and they were always sent away clean and the tramps had their rounds, travel from workhouse to another and return again in a few months time.

THE FOX INN

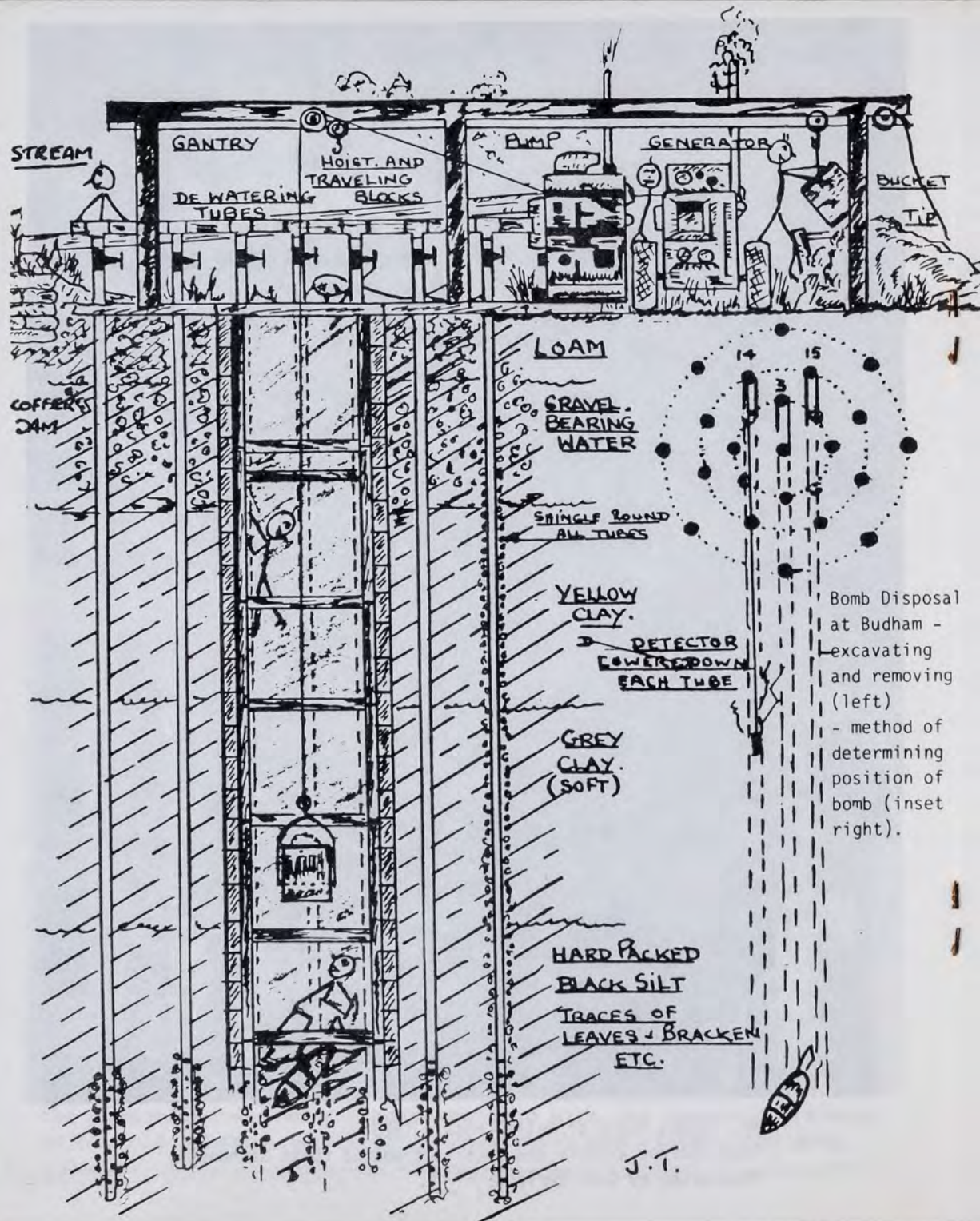
At Fox Hill there used to be a public house called the Fox and the man that used to keep it they called him a wizard. A man that used to work with me used to believe in wizards and witches and nothing would make him alter his mind and he always said it was true. I have had many a laugh at him. This is one of his tales - he could turn himself into a hare, so the inn-keeper went out one night and turned himself into an hare and ran across a meadow and a gamekeeper saw this hare and as he had his gun with him he shot at the hare and hit it in the hind-legs. The innkeeper turned himself to a man again but was very lame. The gamekeeper followed him and called at the Fox Inn and when he saw the innkeeper and saw how lame he was, the innkeeper said, "You nearly had me tonight, hit me in my legs." The man who worked with me swore it was true.

THE TURNPIKE GATE - TOM PAINE

The road leading to Kirdford used to be called a turn-pike road and along that road there was a gate across the road; they used to call it the turn-pike gate and it was always shut and the old people told me that one had to pay to pass through it. I well remember the gate - it had to be done away with on account of the motor-cars coming into use and I know of an old man that used to live along that road, his name was Tom Paine. He was well-known to everyone and he knew the rights and wrongs of the common rights. He would shoot a rabbit if he wanted one and graze his cattle on the common and was very fond of hunting with the hounds but always in his old clothes, and I don't know which was oldest, the pony



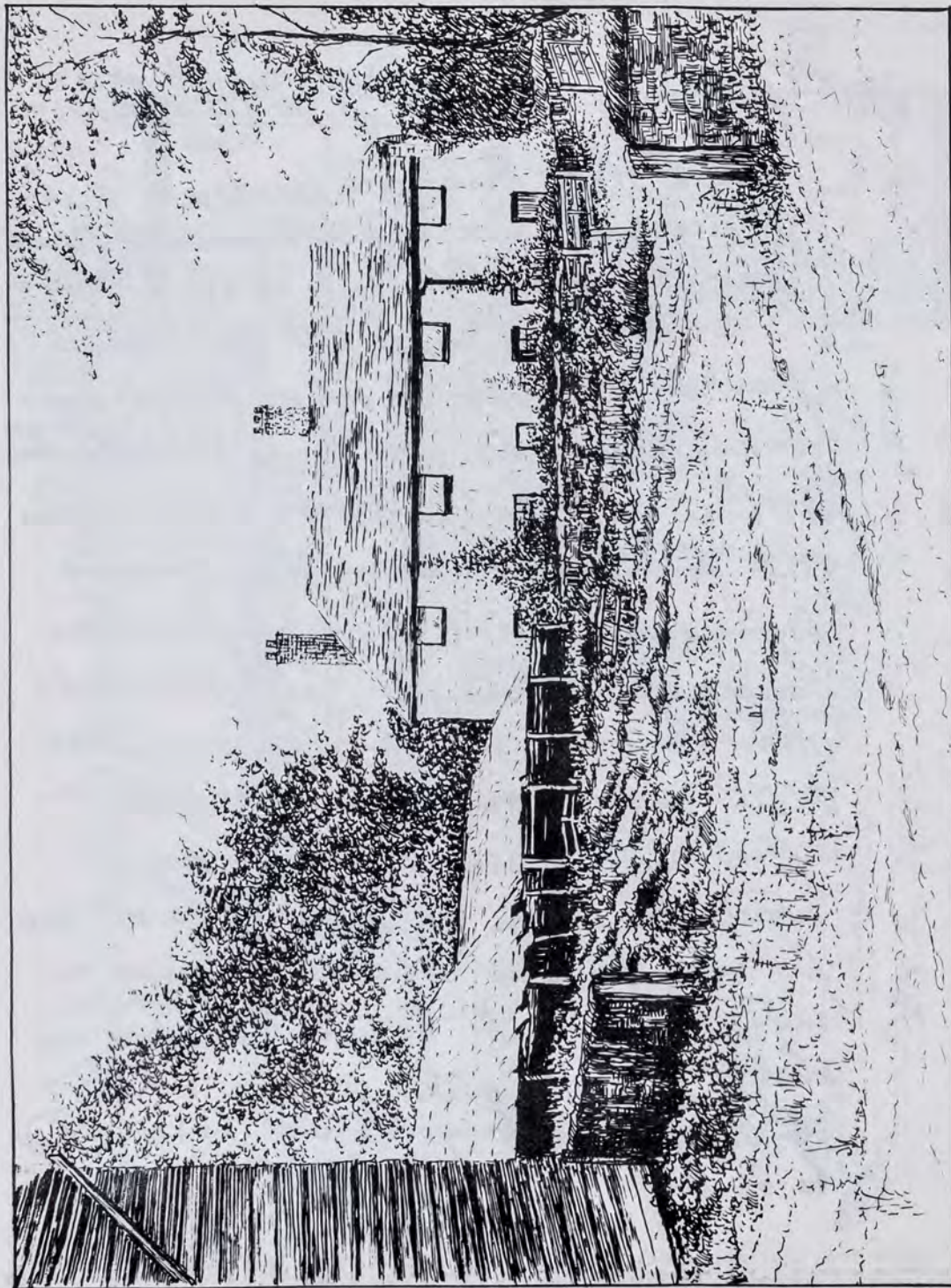
Mr. Thomas Payne of Balls Cross c 1925.
(See Ebernoe article and recollections of Edwin Saunders).
Photograph by G.G. Garland.



Mr Paylor London August 28:12; 1903

My D Would have you speake to nick Goodier to brew a whole brewing of small boar as soon as possible a whole brewing is 12: hoggs he must put the same quantity of malt as before but for hoggs & any thing else my leaves it intirely to him if there should be ocation for the family's drinkeing that brewing before my D comes there must be two hoggs of it save for my D to tast when he comes which will be as soon as the queen comes from yo bath: after nick Goodier has brewd my D would have you to speake to n^o 01m his man to brew a whole brewing & my D leaves it to him to order acc only to brew it with yo same malts if it be drinke you must order 2 hoggs to be save for my D which is all

Cast Smith



Chillinghurst in Stag Park.
An impression drawn by Rendle Diplock.

or the man. The master of the hounds liked him very much. I believe the old man Tom Paine hunted till he was over 90 years, he was a well-known figure.

AN OLD WITCH

There used to be an old woman that lived on the common and it was said she was an old witch, the man that worked with me swore she was. He told me she witched his sister for his sister was never well and the doctor could not cure her, so someone told his mother to put some pins and needles into a basin and boil them on the fire and that the pins would prick the old witch. Anyway the old witch called on them one day and told them not to boil pins again as they entered into the witch's body, and his sister started getting better from that very day. I will leave to you what you think of it but that was how it was told to me and he said it was true.

TWO PETWORTH RECTORS - MR. JONES AND MR. PENROSE

..... what a wonderful man Mr. Jones, the church was always overflowing - had to put chairs up the side of the church, some could not get in, had to go very early to get in. A wonderful preacher, he could draw people to church. What with a good preacher, good organ and good choir what could one wish for?.... He had a bible class 100 strong, they used to meet every Sunday afternoon and then he had meetings every week at the town hall, had different lectures every week and show slides - a most interesting evening out, the room was always full. Petworth didn't lack for much in this rector's time - sport and everything else he took an interest in. Women were provided for, they had their meetings, Mrs. Jones looked after them; but like all good things one day it came to an end. The rector was made the Bishop of Lewes and he had to leave us, a very sad day. He didn't live to be a very old man but died rather young. He over-worked himself

The new rector was another fine man, one of the best readers I have ever heard, a wonderful voice and a good singer but he had loss of memory and therefore could not preach very well, he could not think of what he was going to say, very sad for him. I will write a few things what he used to do - post his pipe for his letters and was fond of hunting and perhaps he would call on one of his flock, tie his horse up to something and walk home. Then a man would have to go and get it. Things like these he used to do but he had a wonderful heart. When the 1914 war was on he would

go round and if the wife's husband was at the war he would dig their garden up for them, he dug a good many gardens while the war was on, and I think he died as he wished to die - he was in Ireland and he saw a man in the sea drowning and he tried hard to save this man but I think it was too much for him; he got drowned himself and what a wonderful ending for such a wonderful man, for he was well over 70 years of age when he died.

THE NEW POST OFFICE AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

I remember very well when the new post office was built. It is built of stone. The stone came from Henley Common close to Easebourne and it was all brought by horse-cart. It is a very nice building, well-built.... On the road to Pulborough is the Catholic chapel. I remember it being built very well, a man called Mr. Dawes had it built and it cost about £40 - a lot of money in those days and the stones came from Henley Common near Easebourne and the stones were prepared for building by stone masons. There is no doubt it is a fine building and there are two houses built with the same kind of stone all in keeping with each other, and the timber is pitch pine and varnished over, no paint. This Mr. Dawes is buried in the chapel, one of the houses is for the priest and the other for nuns.

TWO PETWORTH BREWERS

In High Street there used to be a brewery. The man's name was Mr. Milton and beer used to be brewed there. That was done for a good many years. I used to have one of his gallon jars with his name on it. That was a big business years ago, and all delivered by horse and van, but it has been done away with today and nothing to take its place - it is just a private house. Now I get to Saddlers Row and there was a large brewery. The man's name was Mr. Pyecroft and he was noted for his beer. He used to supply a good many public houses and used to go a good many miles with his beer. He brewed beer in my time - I have seen the maltster turning the corn, getting it ready to be brewed and I have seen the steam coming from the coppers. The man's name was Mr. Puddick and he was the last man to brew the beer: it was all done away with. Mr. Pyecroft was also noted for his fine horses; he used to have a beautiful pair of grey horses and the vans were always well looked-after. It all looked very nice when they were on the road. Now I get to the hotel, this used to be a very noted hotel. It was named the Swan and I remember it being pulled down because it was not big enough and the Lord Leconfield had a new one built

much larger. This is brick built, a very nice building and they get a good many visitors - generally full up in the summer time and not too bad in the winter.... There used to be a pub close to the Swan called the Half Moon - this was for the lower class people and they had a livery stable where they let horses and carriages on hire. I have seen many carriages and horses come out of the yard. That has been finished for some time but it is still called the Half Moon Yard.

A BOMB AT BUDHAM (4)

Anyway, the hole in the corner of the field remained. It was inspected within a few days by the Bomb Disposal Squad and classified as a 250 kg bomb, but of no immediate danger. The hole gradually filled and floundered in.

During the ensuing years the war finally came to its close and with it came the realisation that there was to be a never-ending job in view - that of clearing all the unexploded objects buried deep and shallow all over the continent of Europe.

The Rotherbridge bomb was once more inspected in 1946, but after a few days digging it was abandoned as an unnecessary operation, its position and depth being regarded as safe. And so it remained, through the seasons of many years, forgotten by many but not by myself.

In 1968 it was decided to clean out the old carrier ditch which ran round Budham copse and under the river into Kilsham Farm and on to the river at the Station. This had become so sadly neglected and overgrown over the last forty years, being so choked with silt and weeds from floods, that the surrounding water meadows, once lush, green and sweet in pasture and often with mushrooms, had reverted to saturated boglands which were completely useless, fit only for wildfowl and vermin of unlimited variety and numbers. So a scheme was prepared to cleanse the ditch and gripes to try to recover the land and once more get it fit and lush as it was before.

The location of the old bomb on the edge of the main ditch presented a few possibilities -

- (a) that a machine might drag through the bottom of the ditch

- (b) that a machine might dig from that side and stand over the old shaft, and
- (c) that the vibration alone might trigger whatever type of fuse had been inset.

In view of these possible dangers, I again contacted the Bomb Disposal Squad at Chatham early in the month of March to ask them if their records confirmed my knowledge of the position of the unexploded bomb at Budham Wood on Rotherbridge Farm and made an appointment with Sgt. Major Hambrook, an experienced member of the Squad to meet at Rotherbridge.

He arrived there sometime before me and had looked around on his own. In the process, he had wandered across the main ditch into the old waterlogged meadow and found, to his dismay, that it was not just waterlogged but rather deep, going above his knees. When I arrived he was not too happy, being damp, muddy and not a little frustrated.

The sketch he had, showed all three bombs in a position near a wooden fence some 100 yards west of my position. I told him that the sketch was wrong, and with the aid of his metal detector, he checked out the position as stated on his sketch. All we found there were horseshoes, mole traps, wire and nails, so I took him back to the edge of the ditch pointing out the two re-filled craters and the old hole where I knew the bomb to be. I got the impression that, although the detectors recorded metal, he was not entirely convinced or impressed, either with me or my insistence. Anyway he left reasonably satisfied that an object was there and would need to be recovered, the process of recovery forming a useful exercise among other things, as well as a necessity.

But first the object had to be correctly located. He also required approval to undertake the operation. This he duly received and the Leconfield Estate, being owners, were officially informed of the intention to search and recover the bomb. This consent was given on 28th March 1969.

On Tuesday 29th April, the crew detailed to search arrived under the command of Sgt. MacAndrew. They brought the necessary equipment with them such as pumps, sandbags, timber, tubes, generators and detecting devices.

The method to be employed was to drill, using perforated steel tubes with a high pressure water jet within. This would force

material up outside the tube and, in its turn, was held in place by four crew members using the appropriate gear as it was persuaded into the ground. Twenty-one numbered holes in all were drilled over a circular area of 21 feet in diameter, each being 10' to 12' deep. Each hole bored formed part of a search pattern: those on the perimeter of the circle being dug first. Detecting equipment was then lowered down each and readings taken of the signal strength at every twelve inches of depth, these being plotted on a chart. This procedure resulted in three final holes, where the signal received was at its greatest, three feet apart and just off centre of the original circle, with one hole known to be directly over a large metal object some 14 feet down. MacAndrew and his crew left Petworth at 9 a.m. on 8th May, leaving their last three tubes in position. The rest of their equipment was stored in Petworth House stables until weather and ground conditions improved.

On 21st July they returned bringing other necessary equipment and spent most of the week setting up over the site. Timbers, pumps, rigs, gantry with bucket - the lot.

On 29th July they moved all the gear to the site in preparation for digging, the template first being laid out and timbers all ready for the shaft. 20 holes about 16 feet deep were drilled around and well clear of the shaft site. 1½ inch tubes with perforated bottoms were then lowered down and shingled around. All these pipes were connected to a 6 inch pump suction and formed a ring main around the shaft, (there being a very high water table here). This method is the only way whereby safe excavation may be undertaken in this type of ground. While not entirely foolproof, what does get through to the shaft can usually be dealt with by a small pump.

On Monday, 4th August they commenced digging. The huge 6" dewatering pump was started and would not stop until the work was completely finished. By 6 p.m. they were down 3 feet, through loam and gravel: the shaft, some 8 foot square, being well timbered and braced in a very professional manner, progressed at about 30" per day.

At 10.30 a.m. on 9th August the located part of the tail fins, dug around 18" more and recovered the whole of the fins which were still partially attached to the body of a 250 kg bomb. The bomb had penetrated some 14 feet and was resting on hard, black, silty rock clay. On first appearance it looked in perfect condition, even to the painted markings, manufacture and usual information, having been completely airtight for so long. But as air got to it, the damage it had sustained while gouging its way down to its

present bed became apparent when the explosive inside started to deteriorate from solid and began weeping through the back plate to form a sort of unstable glycerine which did little to assist the operation.

They then dug all around it to locate the fuse pocket, which proved to be of a clockwork type.

At 4.30 p.m. a Lt. Nichols arrived from Maidenhead to work with Sgt. Hambrook. Two holes were then drilled into the fuse pocket, a tube inserted in one hole and a strong saline solution injected till it ran out of Hole 2. While this solution was drying and thereby halting any possible movement of the clock, the two of them came across to the gate, some 250 yards from the site where the rest of the crew had been sent, for a quick drink. Some 45 minutes elapsed, after which the whole crew returned to the shaft to prepare for the removal of the base plate. This unscrewed very easily and steam injected under pressure was applied, partially melting the explosive which ran out into the bottom of the shaft to be scooped up, put into sandbags, carried some 200 yards away and burned. This proved to be a rather difficult job owing to the position of the bomb. It had to be raked out by hand by Sgt. Hambrook, a slow, tedious and messy operation, so slow in fact that it was not finished until midnight. I left about 1 a.m.

The empty shell was then hoisted to the surface where a trepanning operation was carried out to allow the removal of the complete fuse pocket. When this was done, the fuse was removed a short distance from the shaft and, with the aid of a small charge of gelignite, detonated with a dull thud in the still, warm, misty early hours of an August Sunday morning.

For Sgt. Hambrook it had been, no doubt as on other occasions, a long and tedious day. The whole disarming operation from the finding of the fins to the disposal of the fuse had taken over 18 hours non stop.

When I returned about 8 a.m. Sgt. Hambrook was alone on duty, rather wet, very hungry but more than satisfied. About 8.30 a.m. the rest of the crew arrived to remove all the plant, backfill and make good the hole. The shell of the bomb had been loaded onto the lorry and transported back to Aldershot to be disposed of. This would be done with many others - usually at sea in some old freighter loaded with other materials for dumping, the whole lot being scuttled.

On 10th August, after ten days continuous running, the big diesel pump was finally shut down. The silence in that little wooded corner suddenly seemed uncanny. A relic from the recent past had brought modern methods and machinery (with man's ingenuity) to raise it from its grave. It had been spawned in a foreign country for the purpose of destruction, transported across Europe, flown across the Channel and the Sussex countryside, and let loose on its final destructive descent, only at the moment of impact to fail. Although I suppose it did not entirely fail, for after lying silent for nearly 29 years, because of the uncertainty of what might or might not happen, it needed a full-scale operation to render it completely harmless.

Once again silence descends around that little corner of Budham Wood; the pheasants pick quietly over the newly turned earth, the wasps fight madly over the remains of the sickly sweet tasting explosive, getting stupidly drunk, angry and fighting mad in the process and flying in crazy circles not even knowing where they live, and some dropping to the ground to sleep it off.

The ditching was completed, the grass returned and all the scars disappeared in a few short months.

It is now, as it was 400 years ago, just a quiet corner near the woods in a little Sussex water meadow, but, for a few brief days at each end of a 28 year period from 1940 to 1969, it required and got all the attention that war and its progress had bestowed on many small corners of the earth. For a while they make news, then slide into the dim and distant past which we call history. Not all get recorded, at least not all as insignificant as this 250 kg bomb.

The pilot and crew of a German bomber, a herd of cows asleep under the corner of a wood, a few people in Petworth, the Bomb Disposal Squad, a unique crew with men like Sgt. MacAndrew and particularly Staff Sgt. Hambrook, Lt. Nichols and others - all contribute to this one little incident.

And Sgt. Hambrook went home for breakfast in Hove.

J.T. (Concluded)

THOMAS COOKE 1703 - 1756

With reference to the Poem by Mr. Cooke of London, on pp28-29 of Petworth Society Bulletin No. 26 (Dec. 1981), I think it is possible that the author may well be one, Thomas Cooke, who was born in Braintree, Essex in 1703, and was buried in the Churchyard of St. Mary's, Lambeth in 1756. He was a hack-writer and is known, principally, I believe, for his translation of Hesiod (the earliest didactic Poet of ancient Greece, flourishing in the 8th century B.C.)

I wonder, did this Thomas Cooke have some, so far, unknown links with Charles Seymour, 6th Duke of Somerset? In his opening line of the Poem, addressed to the Duke, he says

"From Town retir'd..." and a few lines later
"Where rise the hills and where the valley leads
To the wide stretching wood that skirts the Meads
Amidst them all fixed is my humble cell"... etc
and, a few lines later..

"Southward to Petworth's bow'rs she (the Muse) turns her eyes..."

I understand that there are still some old parts of buildings (? ruins) at Stag Park? These, I believe, would be to the North and were there in the 6th Duke's time - so, possibly, our Poet's "Cell" might have been in that part of the Estate and, from there, looking South, he would get a good view of Petworth House - would he not?

I am also wondering if there is, perhaps, a copy of Mr. Cooke's translation of Hesiod tucked away in Petworth House Library? Should it be a presentation copy from the author that would confirm that we have the right attribution for the Poem. Another thought - do Petworth House Archives have any reference in them to a Thomas Cooke - perhaps as a protege of the 6th Duke?

I have written to the Librarian of the Braintree Public Library to enlist his help, in the hope that he may have some information on one of his area's 18th century residents which might be of interest to us all.

From Mrs. M.H. Smart,
9 Gander Hill,
Haywards Heath, W. Sussex.

PETWORTH ROOTS

I had always known that my grandmother had been brought up at Petworth and nearby Lodsworth in the late 19th century, and even though she moved away in her mid-twenties, she left part of her heart there, and was always taking us as children back on visits, and telling us tales of her childhood there. She interested me so much that after she died I decided to find out just how deep my own roots through her and her family actually were, and found to my surprise that they were in fact much more deepset in the town than I had even begun to imagine - 200 years at least.....

I knew that her father, my great grandfather, Henry Milton had farmed at Lodsworth from about 1865 till he had to sell up the land in the 1890's - and went into partnership with his younger brother Manning Milton at the Stag Brewery in High St. then known as Back St. What I did not know, before I began to research was that Henry and Manning's father James Milton had been a brewer before them, and had converted some of what had been the White Hart Inn to make the brewery, hence the name 'Stag'.

James and Katherine his wife were born in Fittleworth and Petworth respectively in 1806 and 1809, and had six children.

More was to be found to surprise - for I now found that James was part owner of the White Hart with his three brothers in law, Henry Jupp and Thomas White, as their respective wives had inherited a third share of the old inn from their father George Knight who had handed it over to my great-grandfather James to manage when he himself had to retire in 1845 - I had now worked back through quite a lot of my forebears to the year of George Knight (my great-great-great-grandfather!) and his wife, Mary's, year of birth approx. 1773 and 1774. Mary I discovered was the daughter of a pork butcher in the town, namely John Lintott. I wonder if readers have any idea where some of the places mentioned in his will might have been - Athall otherwise Hallplace in East St., some cottages at Sowter Ditch - an orchard called King's Garden near Wakestone in the parish of Fittleworth.

For those who may have read my earlier account of my quest for Milton ancestors, I still have not found the father of "James of the White Hart from 1845-1875" and suspect he was not from Petworth. The three-storied house with plumbing - which as a correspondent pointed out was unlikely to have been the farmhouse at Lodsworth - may have been the White Hart after all? For a brewery they would

have had to have a goodly supply of water anyway.

For me there are many more roots and branches to dig out - I wonder if Susan Knight a widow who lived near Colhook Green in 1639, may be an ancestor of mine - time and study alone will tell.....

Mrs. M.K. Clarke,
23 Ernest Road,
Bedhampton, Hants.

A LETTER FROM CASTLEMAN SMITH (1703)

This is one of a series of 19 similar letters (P.H.A. 6335) from Castleman Smith, servant to the Duke of Somerset, to William Tyler his Grace's steward at Petworth. The letters (all from 1702-1704) vary little but are of particular interest in the insights they give into his Grace's catering arrangements - operating as he usually does at some considerable distance from his Petworth base. Other letters concern cider, venison and particularly the dispatch of provisions from the Petworth estate to his Grace at court. This is a typical letter chosen at random.

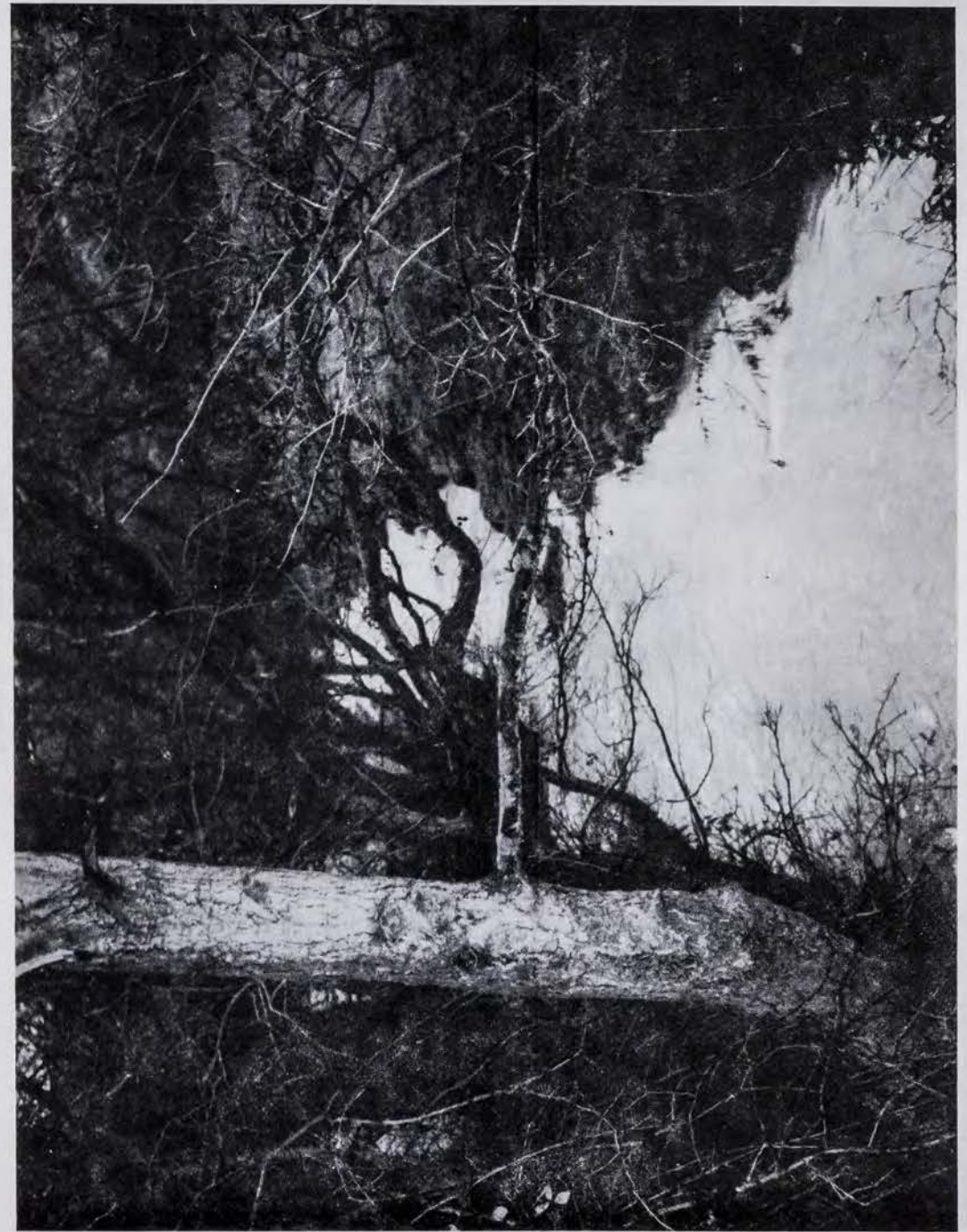
His Grace, being Queen Anne's Master of the Horse, is attending the Queen's return from taking the waters but wants to be able, when he returns to Petworth, to check the new brewing of small beer. Two hogsheads of each brewing are therefore to be retained for his Grace to taste.

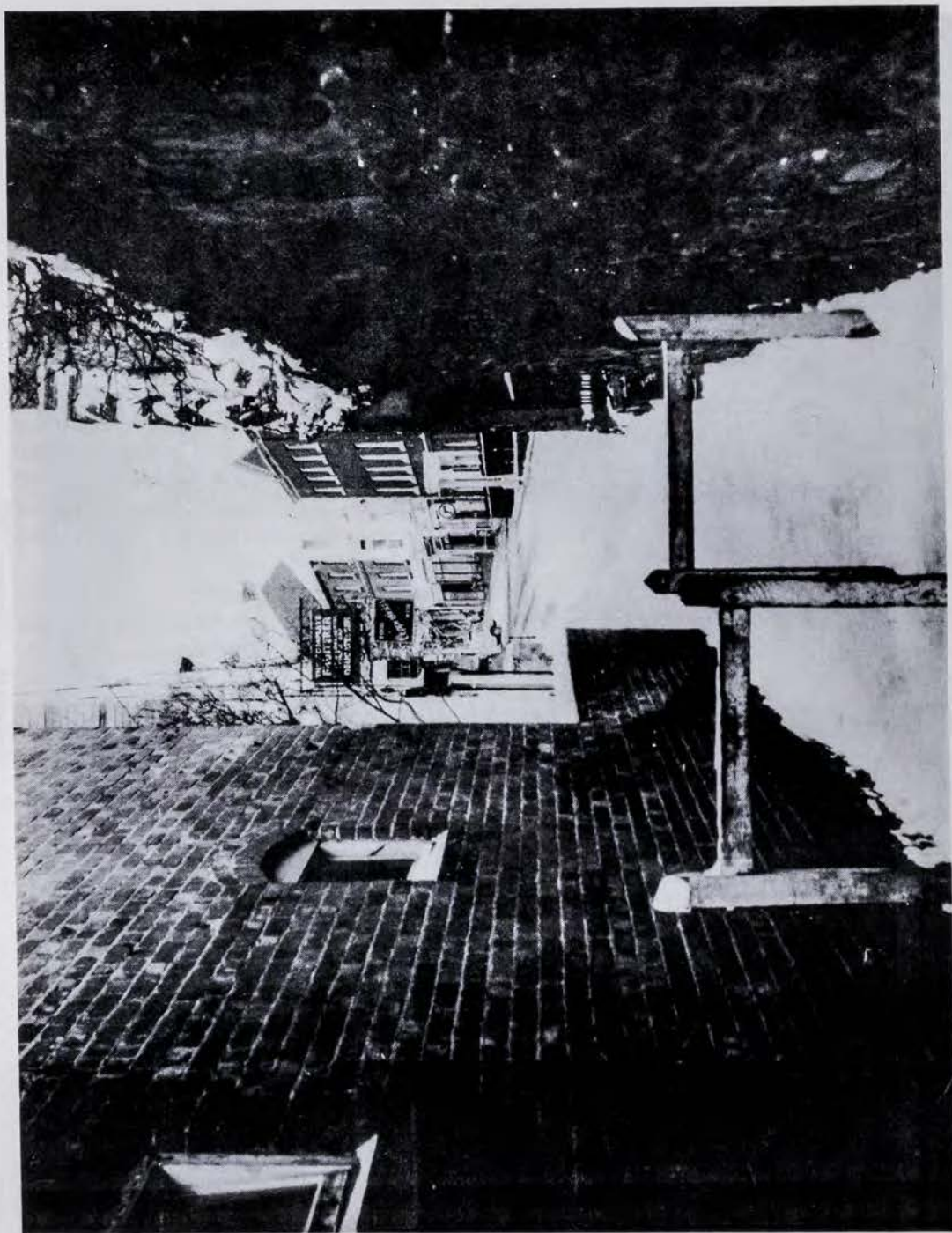
A hogshead was a large liquor cask holding usually some 50 gallons. "Small" beer is weak beer which would be drunk in some quantity by his Grace's family as an alternative to water.

London August ye 12: 1703

Mr. Taylor

My L(or)d would have you speake to Nick.Goodier to brew a whole brewing of small bear as soon as possible a whole brewing is 12 hogs(hea)ds he must put the same quantity of malt as before but for hops and any thing else my L(or)d leaves it intirely to him if there should be ocaation for the familys drinkeing that brewing before my L(or)d comes there must be toe hogs(hea)ds of it savd for my L(or)d to tast when he coms which will be as soon as the queen coms from ye bath: and after Nick. Goodier has brewd my L(or)d would have you to speake to Mr. Orm. his man to brew a whole brewing





Petworth - January 1982.

and my L(or)d leaves it to him to order all onely to brew it with
ye same malt it if be drinkd you must order 2 hogs(hea)ds to be
savd for my L(or)d which is all from yr humble servant to command.

Cast. Smith

REAPING AND BINDING AT CHILLINGHURST 1744

Transcription: "A bill for his Grace the Duke of Somerset for
reaping and binding wheat in the Bullins and cutting tares at
Chillinghurst by us, Anthony Boxall, Nathaniel Fullinger, Thomas
Barber, William Eade, William Pulling, Richard Hollist, John Kilhams
and John Keen Jnr. Ending August ye 22nd 1744.

	£.	s.	d.
for reaping and binding 29 acres and $\frac{1}{2}$ of wheat at 6s per acre	8.	17.	0
for cutting tares in the Homebush Piece at Chillinghurst 2 acres $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{8}$ at 2s per acre	0.	5.	9
Also a field of tares adjoyning to Mote Field 4 acres and $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{8}$ at 2s per acre	0.	9.	3
	<hr/>		
	£9.	12.	0 "
	<hr/>		

The christian names of the men are abbreviated in the original
bill - which also has a note outlining the receipt of the money
by the eight men and their names with their confirming marks.
None of them apparently sign their own name. The payment on the
Duke's behalf is made by John Wills October 24th 1744.

Chillinghurst lies off the road a quarter of a mile north of Whites
Green on the present Upperton to Lurgashall road but lay once on
the old Upperton to Northchapel road. It is shown on the 1610
map. The Bullins is some 600 yards inside the last Lodges gate
on the London Road going back towards Stag Park and just south
of Lodgefield Copse - here a hill and fields are still known by
this collective name. Homebush Piece is a small field adjoining
Chillinghurst and the Moat Field must mean a field adjoining the
moat which still survives in part at Chillinghurst. It did not
entirely dry up even in the hot summer of 1976. The house at Chil-
linghurst is very old but the original wattle and daub walls now

have a brick "skin". Chillinghurst is a familiar "stop" on the Petworth Society's walks through Stag Park but is not otherwise easily accessible. The impression of Chillinghurst specially drawn for this Bulletin has been put together by Rendle Diplock from two recent snapshots.

J'S BULLETIN WALK

This walk takes a little over 2 hours and is over fairly level ground a little muddy in places.

We leave Petworth Square by Lombard Street, up to the Church and turn right at the entrance to North Street we turn right into Barton's Lane, taking notice of the board on our right offering five shillings reward for reporting vandals. At the bottom of Barton's Lane we turn right onto the Hills and walk past the seats and the area that was landscaped and planted with shrubs and trees Jubilee year, at the end of this path we cross straight over onto the narrow path that runs along the top Withy Copse to the top of Shimmings Hill. Now cross over the road and slightly left into the lane that will take us out onto the top of the Sheep Downs, here we must take the path to the left of the gorse bush and down the hill straight on through the Virgin Mary Spring with it's constant flow of clear spring water and on over the small hunting bridge. Keeping the stream on our right we carry straight on and out onto the road at Haslingbourne, here we turn right and walk half way up the hill then take the lane to our left down to the cottages. Passing to the right of the cottages we keep in a straight line past the large oak tree and setting our sights on the hedge in the distance we walk to it and pass to the right of it along the side of the field until we reach Hoes Farm lane, here we turn right and walk along past the farm and out onto the Chichester road. Now we turn left and walk along the road past Coultershaw Mill and the Racehorse Pub (this used to be the Railway Inn and was once the home of George Garland) on our left may be seen the old Petworth Railway Station now a private dwelling and painted in a striking manner.

Just over the river bridge we turn right into Kilsham Lane and carry on down to Rotherbridge, here we should pause for a moment and compare the scene in front of us, apart from the bridge which used to float on barrels, nothing seems to have changed from the time of the very early photographs of this area. Now on we go up the lane keeping to the main lane and not Hungers' Lane which turns off to our left, until we come to two cottages on

our left, here we turn left and keep on this path across the field to Washington Copse. Directly we reach the copse there is a foot-path sign pointing straight across the field to our left, this is the path we take across to the Midhurst road then turning right make our way back into Petworth.

SOME SOMERSET HOSPITAL ADMISSION PETITIONS 1816-1846 (2)

Louise Horder writing in 1837 has at the age of 53 a constitution "much broken and enfeebled by frequent illness". For some six years she had rented part of a house in North Street from Mrs. Ireland and had kept a small shop and "a school for quite young children". Despite medical advice to give up the school, she had refused as this was her principal means of support. As Mrs. Ireland now required the house for relatives and had given notice to quit, Louise Horder feared that even if she could procure a place for a school in some distant part of the town "the children she has had the care of being most of them very young their parents would not like to send them," and is hence "much cast down in her mind".

Rebecca Hatfull, a third former schoolmistress, is an altogether unusual petitioner. She was the widow of one Edward Hatfull a one-time purser in the Royal Navy. He had first sailed with Capt. Bligh in the Providence in search of the mutineers from the Bounty and afterwards in the Vesuvius and during the mutiny at Spithead had served in the Latona under Capt. Legge helping "in bringing the men to their duty". He had later served with Capt. Duff in the Mars and had been with Duff when he was killed at Trafalgar in 1805.

Hatfull had retired on half-pay and set up as a Navy Agent but when his business failed in 1815 he had left his wife and gone to America. Mrs. Hatfull had kept a small school at Ringston near Portsmouth for some fifteen years but a nervous complaint that had its origin in excitement and anxiety had grown gradually worse until she became a helpless cripple. When her husband died in 1829 she received a naval pension of £30 a year and settled first at Haslemere and latterly at Northchapel. Being now obliged to keep a servant Mrs. Hatfull now finds her pension quite insufficient. One doubts whether Mrs. Hatfull had enough claim on the Estate to qualify her for the Hospital.

Quite different was Ann Peacock (60) of Northchapel who applies

for an outpension in the early 1840's. She was the aunt of Henry Peacock of Mitchell Park, Madgwicks and Frith Hill in Northchapel parish. When her father, the former tenant, had died she had sunk her interest in his estate into repairing the outhouses and barns and had herself lived in one of the farm-houses, with her brother David, joint tenant with Henry Peacock. Her brother David had become mentally ill and incapable of looking after the farm and was now under treatment at some considerable expense, with the likelihood of her nephew, now become the sole tenant, marrying, she was likely to find herself homeless and without resource.

Elizabeth Dale, 90 years old by the early 1840's, was the widow of William Dale formerly the Petworth miller and well-known from other sources. Dale had been seriously injured by a chain breaking at Ashington Mill and on the instructions of the late Earl had been taken to Bartholomew's Hospital. He remained there fifteen weeks and was discharged as incurable. He died a fortnight after returning home on May the 8th 1811 aged 53. Mrs. Dale was left with seven children, three quite young, and was forced to seek employment by ladies of the neighbourhood as a nurse. It was only of late that she had had to rely on the help of "a few ladies who retain a respect for their good old nurse".

Ann Knight's petition of 1846 for an in-pension is unusual in that it is clearly marked "granted". Like some of our earlier petitioners she too was the widow of a carpenter but "having learned and practised midwifery in the Hospital in Brownlow Street London for two years" had begun work in Petworth as a midwife in 1804 and had since that time attended some 4,800 women in Petworth and adjacent parishes with just five fatal cases in all that time. She could produce her book with name of each person, place of residence and date. Now being in her seventieth year she is no longer equal to the fatigue and anxiety of a midwife's lot. Mrs. Knight had earned well as a midwife but her husband had always claimed the money and spent it in some way unknown to her so that she had never benefitted from her work and despite her industrious life now found herself unprovided for. Ann Knight lived in the Hospital for some time being mentioned in the census returns form for 1851 and 1861.

P.A.J.

THE THIRD EARL'S POSTILION IS ACCUSED OF FRAUD (1801)

The file P.H.A 6312 (1801) "the King against Thomas Moss" covers a quarter-session prosecution for fraud undertaken by William Tyler

the third Earl's legal adviser against his lordship's erstwhile postilion. In this case as in the slightly later case involving Thomas Luff's "peculation" in 1802 (Bulletin No.21) there is the strong feeling that the prosecution is being brought as much to discourage others who might be similarly inclined as it is to exact retribution for the offence itself. As with Luff's case, P.H.A. 6312 also throws a sharp but narrow light on one small facet of the Earl's household at this time.

Thomas Moss had been for some years a groom in the Earl's stables but had latterly (for some two years) driven the Earl's carriage as first postilion. It was the custom that the first postilion should have charge of feeding the Earl's carriage horses on his lordship's journeyings. The postilion would in turn charge his outgoings for feed on his monthly account for board wages and be reimbursed. There was a predetermined allowance to cover hay, corn, and ostler's fees for every night's stay or bait when the horses were away from home. The combined charge had been 1/- but had recently in view of the "high price of provender" been increased to 1/6^d per horse. The system was clearly open to abuse in that an unscrupulous postilion might be tempted to charge the Earl with the standard allowance, stint the horse, simply pay the ostler, claim full money for feed which the horses had not in fact had, and keep the difference for himself. The Earl's more senior officers were clearly aware of the potential inadequacies of the system and hence had some time previously directed that all claims for reimbursement must be accompanied by the relevant inn ticket for the baits in question.

The prosecution's case was that at the Kings Arms at Godalming (at a distance of sixteen miles from Petworth the first (or last) stage on the Earl's route to (or from) London) and probably elsewhere along the road in the autumn of 1800, Moss, as the Earl's postilion, had either not fed the horses at all and given only a small gratuity to the ostler, or had fed them corn without hay. He had then claimed the allowance for full bait and pocketed the difference. The postilion's story to the ostler at the Kings Arms was that his lordship refused to make any allowance for the upkeep of his horses on these journeys. In fact, as we have seen, the Earl's standard allowance was 1/6^d per horse i.e. 6/- in all when he travelled with four carriage horses and no outrider - 7/6^d when he travelled with an outrider. The Inn of course would hardly look with favour on a continuing situation where their stables were used but they could make nothing from the sale of provender,

while the Earl would get the reputation of being something of a skinflint.

P.A.J. (to be continued)

NAMES & ADDRESSES OF NEW MEMBERS SINCE DECEMBER BULLETIN
AS AT JANUARY 31ST

Mrs. D. Allum, Barton Cottage, Rectory Gate, Petworth.
Mr. A. Battagel, Paddock Wood, Fittleworth.
Mr. A. Brown, 317 Damer's Bridge, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. W.J. Budd, 2 Linden Court, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. T.S. Collins, Carlton House, 173 Upper Brighton Road,
Worthing.
Mr. & Mrs. Cullen, Church Cottage, Egdean, Fittleworth.
Mr. & Mrs. F.C. Eldridge, "Ellington", Kirdford, Billingshurst.
Mr. L.W. Field, Gardener's Cottage, Staples Hill, Kirdford.
Mr. D. Gumbrell, 10 Grove Lane, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. J. Kirk, Finches Hollow, Melrose Place, Warminghurst
Lane, Storrington.
Mr. A.E. Marshall, 179 Ringinglow Road, Sheffield.
Viscount Richard Mersey, The Barn, Bignor Park, Nr. Pulborough.
Mrs. P. Nelson, Hindhead Brae Bungalow, Hindhead.
Mrs. M. Parry, Norman Place, East Street, Petworth.
Mr. E. Shute, 28 South Acre, South Harting, Petersfield.
Mr. R.C. Smith, Rindles, Selham Road.
Mrs. Smith, 48 Wyndham Road, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. L. Talman, 6 Willow Walk, Petworth.
Mr. J. Tilbury, "Foxhill", Houndean Rise, Lewes, Sussex.
Mr. & Mrs. M.H. Tunks, The Old Square Tavern, Market Square,
Petworth.
Mrs. P. Wall, The Bungalow, Downview Road, Barnham.
Mrs. Walters, "Birchwells", Ebernoe Common, Ebernoe.
Mrs. Whitcomb, Boxall Cottage, Hill Top, Tillington.
Mrs. Williams, Burton Mill House, Petworth.

* * * * *

