

No.199. June 2025

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
magazine

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A man-made rainbow under a crop sprayer at Frog Farm in late March this year.

FRONT AND BACK COVERS

Cattle grazing beside the Rother near Fittleworth. This was the site of 'the famous punt story' mentioned but not explained by Bertram Shore in 'We had seldom felt so delighted with any place' beginning on page 22.

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

CONSTITUTION AND OFFICERS

The Petworth Society was founded in 1974 'to preserve the character and amenities of the town and parish of Petworth including Byworth and the parish of Egdean; 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, anywhere and the annual subscription is £20.00 for UK addresses and £30.00 for overseas addresses. Further information may be obtained from any of the following.

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CONTENTS

	The Petworth Society	2
	Chairman's notes	4
	Editorial	5
	Correspondence	6
Andrew Howard	The Wyndham Memorial Tablet in St Mary's Becket Chapel	7
Jean Barnes	My first experience of chilblains	
	Working at Fox's and the Co-op in the mid-twentieth century	14
George Adolphus Storey	As innocent as the bleating of lambs	
	An overlooked mid-Victorian visitor to Petworth	18
Bertram Shore	We had seldom felt so delighted with any place	
	A voyage by canoe down the River Rother in 1923	22
		
Andrew Loukes	Picture note	
	J. M. W. Turner. <i>Landscape at Petworth</i> , 1827 or 1828	30
	Two early nineteenth-century notices	34
		
Ian Yonge	Winter 2025 talks at the Leconfield Hall	36
Robert Stedall	A 'neo-classical idyll' revived	
	A short history of Pitshill House	38
Andrew Loukes	Light and power	
	The redevelopment of the Cowyard at Petworth House in the early 1900s	42

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Mike Mulcahy

What glorious weather we are having in late April, it feels like summer has arrived with very little sign of spring, but early days! The Society's AGM was on Friday April 25, and compared to last year's acceptance of the new constitution it was rather straightforward with only the news that we have deposited the new constitution with The Charity Commission. The AGM itself was followed an informative and entertaining talk on the history of the Park by Ian Yonge, accompanied with drinks and canapes.

Events have been so well attended over the last three months thanks to Ian's excellent programme. The publicity was helped by the e-mails now regularly sent to full members (only if we have your e-mail address) and the enormous group of Facebook members (618) who get frequent updates via the Facebook site.

We are now moving into our summer programme of various walks. Details will be included in the monthly e-mails and on Facebook, but we have a history walk, another tunnel walk and an archaeology walk among others planned. There is also the possibility of a tour of Pitshill House (see page 38).

The next book sale is on June 14, so mark that in your diaries. I know Mike and Sarah Singleton and Ron Parsons are desperate for more help on these days and if you feel you could help then please let us know.

The Magazine goes from strength to strength with its mix of articles and wonderful images. Tales, reports and memories of old Petworth are welcomed, so if there are any budding contributors then do let us know. Thanks to Andy Loukes our excellent, knowledgeable editor, and also to our designer Jonathan Newdick for his enthusiasm and artwork.

Finally, I have to report that our financial lead (Honorary Treasurer) Phil Stephens intends to retire before the end of this year, so if anyone can help by filling this vital role we would be grateful. It comes with a position on the Management Committee and carries Trustee status. Phil has promised to help and support any prospective candidates through the initial months.

Enjoy your summer!

EDITORIAL

Andrew Loukes

As a former resident of North Street, I remember often wishing for a few shops closer to home. Not so long ago of course there would have been, and Jean Barnes's wonderful memories remind us of two examples from the mid-twentieth century in Fox's and Thayres's by the entrance to Rectory Lane. In the same piece we are additionally treated to reflections on some of the town's other long-gone outlets, as well as earlier days for the Co-op (in its original location) and the community of Hampers Green in the 1950s.

Remaining on North Street, the Cowyard saw substantial changes in the early years of the last century and I was excited to come across a group of previously unpublished photographs illustrating aspects of its lost layout, which are here shared for the first time. Over the wall, in St Mary's Church, Andrew Howard explores the memorial tablet in the St Thomas Chapel, summarising the often-touching stories behind some of those it records as buried in the Wyndham family vault at Bartons Lane cemetery.

Further down Bartons Lane, the landscape of the Shimmings valley clearly caught the imagination of the Victorian artist George Storey, who took time out of his commissioned researches into the earlier painter J.M.W. Turner to enjoy it repeatedly, as we discover from his rarely considered written account. The topography of Turner's own painted view of the Shimmings forms the subject of this issue's Picture Note.

Elsewhere, Jonathan Newdick celebrates Bertram Shore's odyssey down the Rother and Arun from the inter-war age of innocent countryside enjoyment, much embellished by a group of his own recent drawings. To the east of the river, the story of the enigmatic neoclassical gem of Pitshill is neatly traced by Robert Stedall.

We start, however, with correspondence from Andrew Brooke, who brings his legal expertise to bear on questions regarding the Sopp family's estate in the eighteenth century raised by Yvette Cook's article in *PSM* 198. Andrew also shares an interesting footnote to articles in that issue regarding name changes to the pub now called 'Badgers'.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Andrew,
Although I have no knowledge of the Sopp/Brown promissory note case over and above what I have read in Yvette Cook's article (*PSM* 198), I think I can make a reasonable conjecture as to what happened. My guess is that on the death of Thomas Sopp, his son did not obtain probate because he simply did not see the need. These days, when someone dies, you normally have to get probate in order to access their bank accounts &c, but if Sopp's estate consisted entirely of cash and movables, why would anyone go to the trouble and expense of obtaining probate? James Brown's problem was that you cannot sue a dead person; you can only sue the executor of the will, or the administrator of the estate. We have no reason to suppose that Brown knew whether there was a will or not, or what it said. For this reason he went to the church court to issue the 'citation' requiring production of the will. Had Robert Sopp not obtained probate of the will himself (in the nick of time) then I believe Brown would have been entitled to an order that he should be allowed to administer the estate himself, and thereby help himself to assets to the value of the money he was owed. Robert Sopp,

having obtained probate, presumably felt that he had done most of what the church court had ordered and didn't need to bother producing an inventory (if there was one) but, as the article says, there wasn't much that could be done about that, as the means of punishing him by way of excommunication had lapsed. If Robert Sopp could afford to pay the debt and didn't, my guess is that there was some dispute over whether it had already been repaid. One can easily envisage a situation where, for example, Thomas Sopp had provided goods to James Brown on the understanding that the debt would be written off, but that there was no proof of this. If the case did not end up in the civil courts, then I assume it must have been settled out of court.

Incidentally, apropos of the Railway Inn, I happened to be attending the justices' licensing sessions in 1983 on the day that the licence of The Racehorse was transferred. I recall the solicitor concerned explaining that the new owners wished to rename the pub 'The Badger & Honeyjar' and the bench being unhappy about this. Their clerk explained to them that they had no right to prevent the change of name, but they made it very clear that they did not like 'historic' pub names being altered. I can only assume that they didn't realise that the pub had only been known as 'The Racehorse' for as little as 30 years.
Yours sincerely,
Andrew Brooke, Pulborough.

The Wyndham Memorial Tablet in St Mary's Becket Chapel

Andrew Howard

I have long been fascinated by this tablet which records some of those interred in lead coffins in the Egremont private vault in Bartons Lane cemetery. The cemetery opened around 1820 when churchyard burials finished and was the town's cemetery until around 1862, when the Horsham Road cemetery opened. Aside from the third Earl of Egremont and his three brothers, the names are predominantly those of family members who had died young, sometimes in infancy. Delving into the histories of these names reveals fascinating insights into their lives and times.

Mary Wyndham (1816–23) was the infant daughter of Col. George Wyndham (1787–1869), son of the third Earl of Egremont and Elizabeth Ilive, and Mary née Blunt (1791–1863). They lived at The Drove, Singleton. Col. Wyndham was later created first Baron Leconfield. After her death aged seven a small posthumous portrait of Mary was painted by Charles Robert Leslie, one of the third Earl's favourite artists and a frequent visitor to Petworth.

William Frederick Wyndham (1763–1828) was a son of the second Earl of Egremont and Alicia Maria née Carpenter (1726–94), sometime Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Charlotte, and was the youngest brother of the third Earl of Egremont. His son, George Francis Wyndham, became the fourth Earl of Egremont and inherited the family's Orchard Wyndham estate in Somerset. From 1794 to 1814, W. F. Wyndham was appointed the English Ambassador to Tuscany. Lady Holland recorded surprise at the appointment:

I went to supper at Lord Elgin's. Nobody would credit that W. Wyndham was appointed Minister to Florence; 'Comment done, ce petit polisson (rascal), ce petit Jacobin.' He passed last winter here, and belonged to the Jacobin Club at Paris, and was very much slighted here. Lord Elgin frankly told me he doubted my story, it was impossible that such a man could be employed. W. Wyndham's appointment is not much relished, as the Court want a steady, reasonable man, disposed to soothe matters, and, God knows, poor Wyndham is not capable of filling that post.

W. F. Wyndham died at the third Earl's Brighton house, East Lodge (now

OPPOSITE The Wyndham Memorial Tablet on which some names and place names are mis-spelled.

demolished), leaving large debts which were settled by Egremont.

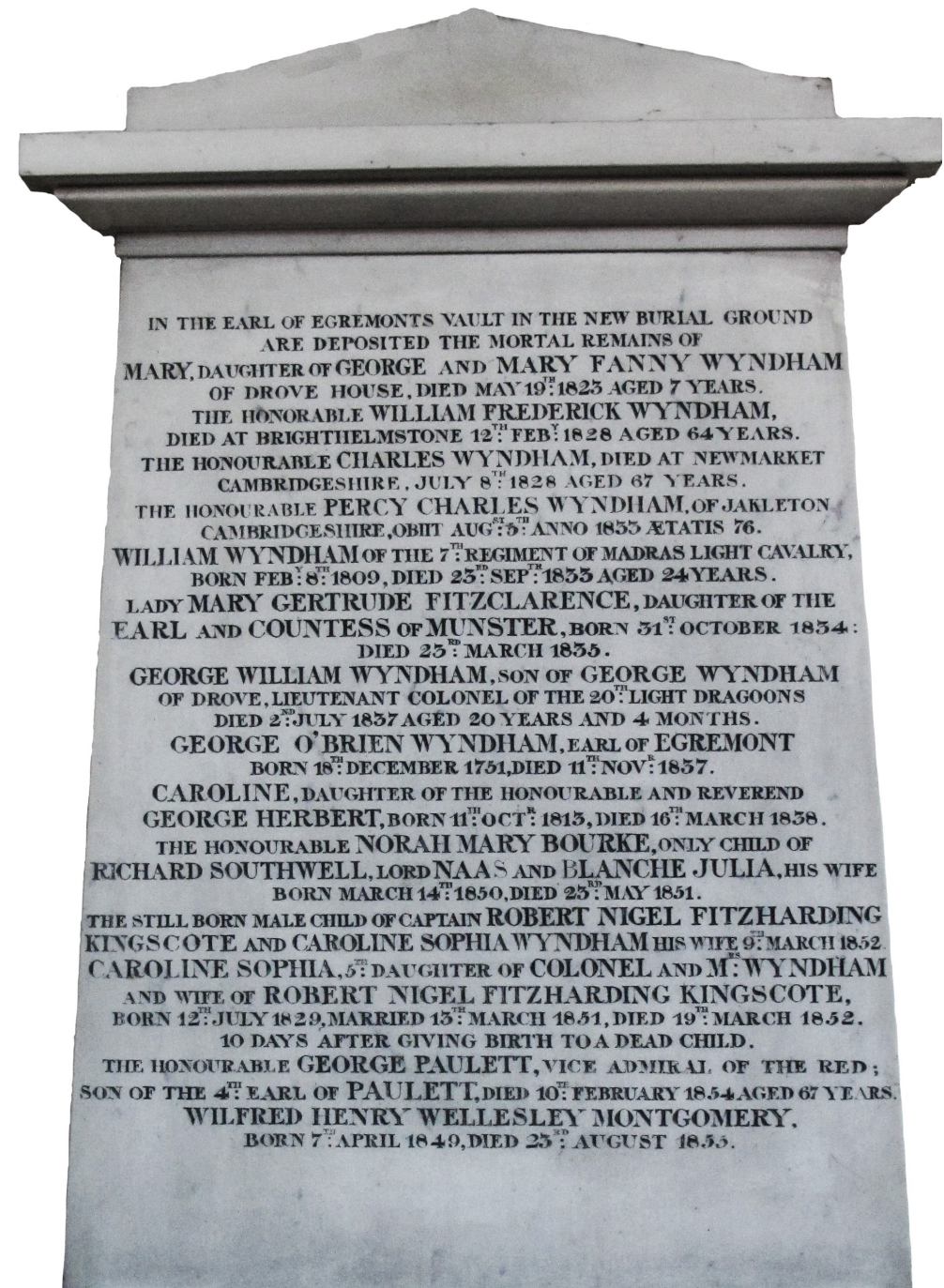
Charles William Wyndham (1760–1828) was another of the third Earl's brothers. In 1790 he and their brother Percy (below) were returned to Parliament for Midhurst in 1795, a pocket borough controlled by the third Earl. A great man of the turf, he was involved in a notorious 'criminal conversation' (adultery) case in 1791.

Percy Charles Wyndham (1757–1833) was the second son of the second Earl. He was given the East Anglian estates of the Earl of Thomond by his older brother the third Earl of Egremont who had inherited them from their uncle. Percy lived unmarried at Ickleton, Cambridgeshire (incorrectly spelt on the Petworth memorial tablet).

William Wyndham (1809–33) of the Seventh Regiment of Madras Light Cavalry. This Indian regiment was commanded by British officers. The Seventh Native Cavalry was raised in 1800 and became the Seventh Madras Light in 1819. The regiment was disbanded in 1860. I can find no record of his service and death and it is unclear as to from whom this Wyndham is descended – not apparently from any the third Earl's brothers or sons.

Lady Mary Gertrude Fitzclarence (1834–35) was a daughter of the Earl and Countess of Munster. The Earl, George Fitzclarence (1794–1842), was the son of the Prince Regent and his mistress Dorothea Jordan. He was created Earl of Munster, Viscount Fitzclarence, and Baron Tewkesbury in 1831. He had served as an officer in the Peninsular War and reached the rank of Major General, becoming aide-de-camp to William IV, and later Queen Victoria, and attended her coronation in 1838. He committed suicide in 1842, his family already concerned at his deteriorating mental health. He may have had porphyria inherited from his father's family. Lady Mary's mother, his Countess, was Mary Wyndham (1792–1842), daughter of the third Earl and Elizabeth Fox. Mary Wyndham had been raised at Petworth alongside the third Earl's children by Elizabeth Ilive.

George William Wyndham (1817–37) was the eldest son of Col. George Wyndham of Drove, later first Baron Leconfield. Had he lived



he would have become the second Baron Leconfield rather than his brother Henry, who is buried in the Horsham Road cemetery. G. W. Wyndham was a Lieutenant Colonel in the Twentieth Light Dragoon Guards but I cannot trace any activity by that regiment during his service.

George O'Brien Wyndham, third Earl of Egremont (1751–1837) who presided over a 'golden age' at Petworth. Among the hundreds of mourners at his funeral were J. M. W. Turner and other artists he had patronized.

Caroline Herbert (1813–38) was a daughter of one of the third Earl's nephews, the Revd Hon. George Herbert (1789–1825), vicar of Tibenham, Norfolk.

Norah Mary Bourke (1850–51) whose mother was Blanche Julia Wyndham (1826–1918), a daughter of the first Baron Leconfield, son the third Earl of Egremont. Her father was Richard Bourke, sixth Earl of Mayo, sometimes styled as Lord Naas. He had a distinguished career in British politics, being Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1852, 1858–59 and 1866–68. He was an M.P. from 1852 until 1868, latterly sitting for Cockermouth. In 1869 he was appointed fourth Viceroy of India. He reorganised the country's finances, promoted various valuable public works, and set up boards to solve local problems. He was visiting the convict settlement in the Andaman Islands when he was assassinated by Alfridi, an Afghani, in 1872, to avenge the latter's suffering. Lord Mayo was buried in Johnstown, County Kildare and is commemorated by monumental statues in Cockermouth, St Paul's Cathedral, the Mayo Hospital at Lahore, Pakistan, and the Albert Hall Museum in Jaipur. This last statue had been buried to prevent it being damaged at the Independence of India in 1947. It was excavated and re-erected at the Mayo College in Ajmer.

After her husband's death, Lady Mayo served as Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Victoria. Noah was the first of their seven children. The other six lived full lives and the last remaining child, Lady Florence Blanche Bourke, died in 1953.

The still-born child of Captain Robert Nigel Fitzhardinge Kingscote (another incorrect spelling on the memorial tablet) and Caroline Sophia née Wyndham, his wife. Caroline Sophia Kingscote (1829–52) was a daughter of Col. George Wyndham, first Baron Leconfield. She died ten days after giving birth to a dead child. She had married Captain Kingscote on March 13, 1851 in Petworth Church. Her funeral was conducted by the Revd Thomas Sockett on March 26, 1852.

Captain Fitzhardinge Kingscote was commissioned into the Scots Fusilier

BELOW Richard Bourke, the sixth Earl of Mayo in the regalia of the Viceroy of India. Photograph by Bourne & Shepherd who were one of the oldest established photographic studios in the world, founded in 1863 and finally closing in 2016.



Guards through the influence of his maternal great uncle Lord Raglan and served under him in the Crimean War. He accompanied the latter's remains home. He was elected a Liberal M.P. in 1852 and held the Gloucestershire seat for 37 years. He had close links with both Queen Victoria and Edward VII, occupying various posts at Court. He left the army to pursue a distinguished career in agriculture on the large estate that he had inherited from his father in 1861.

The Honorable George Paulett, Vice Admiral of the Red (1787–1854) is recorded at Petworth House in the 1851 census as a friend of Col. Wyndham. He must be distinguished from the eponymous Admiral George Paulett who gained notoriety for the unauthorized annexation of Hawaii for the British crown, a procedure that had to be rescinded. The Paulett family were very much a naval family over many decades.

Wilfred Henry Wellesley Montgomery (1849–55) was the infant son of Alfred Montgomery (1814–96), Commissioner for the Inland Revenue, and Fanny Charlotte, née Wyndham (1820–93), novelist and daughter of Col. George Wyndham, later first Baron Leconfield. Wilfred's elder sister Sibyl was the mother of Lord Alfred Douglas, whose scandalous involvement with Oscar Wilde led to the latter's imprisonment for two years in 1895.

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

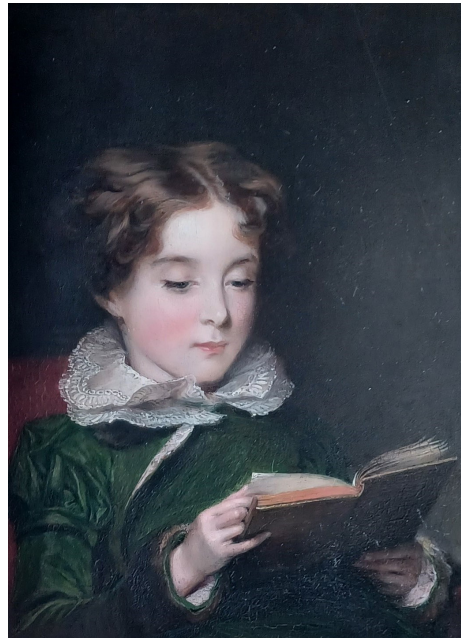
C. R Leslie, *Posthumous portrait of Mary Wyndham*, oil on panel, Lord Egremont. (detail).

Captain Robert Nigel Fitzhardinge Kingscote. A caricature by 'Spy' (Sir Leslie Ward) published in *Vanity Fair* in 1880. (detail).

John Wood, *George William Wyndham and Fanny Charlotte Wyndham*, oil on canvas, Lord Egremont. (detail).

BELOW

The record of the solemnisation of the marriage of Captain Kingscote and Caroline Sophia Wyndham at Petworth in 1851 signed by the rector Thomas Sockett who, only a year later, would officiate at Caroline Sophia's funeral.



Page 116.

1851. Marriage solemnized at the Church in the Parish of Petworth in the County of Sussex

No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the Time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
231	March 13	Robert Nigel Fitzhardinge Kingscote	off full age	Bachelor	Lieutenant and Captain Scots Fusilier Guards	Kingscote Park Gloucestershire Petworth House	Thomas Henry Kingscote Esquire	Esquire and Colonel Ret Gloucester Militia Esquire
		Caroline Sophia Wyndham	off full age	Spinster			George Wyndham	

Married in the Church according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church by Licence by me, Thomas Sockett Rector

This Marriage was solemnized between us, Robert Nigel Fitzhardinge Kingscote and Caroline Sophia Wyndham in the Presence of us, George Wyndham and Thomas Henry Kingscote

My first experience of chilblains

Jean Barnes, née Brimson was talking to Miles Costello

I was born in 1932 at Frome in Somerset, so I guess that while I am a west country girl by birth, I have lived the greater part of my life in West Sussex. My father Ted Brimson was a carpenter and cabinet maker by trade though sadly he passed away when I was just ten years old. Mum Louisa was left a widow with six children, Ron the eldest followed by Muriel, Ted, May, Phillip and me being the youngest.

We remained in Frome for a few years after Dad died but in 1946 Mum got to hear about a job vacancy for a housekeeper at Petworth. She applied for the position and before too long Mum and I, the others having already left home, arrived at Petworth. Actually, it was just outside of the town at Hampers Green where we moved into number 17 with Mr Shane, a divorcee. The Shanes had lost their son Robert in the boys school bombing of 1942. By coincidence when we were still in Somerset, we had heard a radio announcer reporting that a school had been bombed with many young casualties. Mum had cursed 'the devils' who had done it, but of course, we couldn't have known at that time that it was the Petworth school which had been hit.

After some time, Mr Shane decided to return to his hometown of Newcastle and very conveniently Mum was able to carry on the tenancy of number 17. I don't know what Hampers Green is like today but in those post-war years it was very much a close community and even after seventy years I can still recall many of the families who lived on the Green, and I sometimes wonder if any of their descendants still live locally. There were of course the Withers and Carvers whose sons Reg and Peter miraculously survived the boys' school bombing. Then there were the Bushby, Hamilton, Scutt, Hill, Baigent, Salter, Pottington, Duncton, Sadler, Townsend and Madgwick families. Given a little more time I could probably name every one of them on the Green in those days.

I was just fourteen when we arrived in Petworth and as it was then the leaving age I never returned to school. My first job was at Fox's at the top of North Street opposite the church. I was passing the shop shortly after moving to Hampers Green when I saw a notice advertising the position of

assistant. I immediately applied and got the job. Mr Colin Fox was a good employer and a real gentleman. Alongside Mr Fox, there were Mrs Marjorie Alix and me, with Joyce Stoner who worked in the shoe department which was next door but one to the clothes and drapery shop, and of course, there was Brian Standing the Saturday boy. Joyce, who also lived at Hampers Green, would later emigrate with her family to Canada. One of my abiding memories of Fox's was of my first experience of chilblains. You see, the shop had a cellar with a trapdoor entrance behind the counter and also an iron grating on the pavement outside which was open to the weather. Well, it was the awful winter of 1947, and the wind would blow through the grating, into the cellar and up through the gaps in the trapdoor. It was bitterly cold and hence the chilblains.

Weekday closing time at Fox's was six o'clock in the winter and 6.30 in the summer. Saturdays were six all year round. You see, most local men were paid on a Saturday and their wives would come into the town to do their shopping, so it made sense to stay open a bit longer.

Next door to Fox's was Mrs Thayres' little shop where she sold sweets and biscuits and a few fancy goods. The Thayres lived above the premises and like the Shanes they had lost their son in the school bombing. Behind their shop was a courtyard with a stable where their son Paul had kept a little pony. After he died, they didn't have the heart to get rid of the pony and so it remained there for several years. Mrs Thayre was a lovely lady and when it snowed or got particularly cold, she would bring round mugs of piping hot ginger which we readily accepted.

There were lots of small shops in the town in those days and you didn't really need to leave Petworth to do your shopping. There was the Miss Ricketts' little tea-room on the corner of Saddlers Row by what is now the entrance to the car park while at the other end of the Row was the Gas Office; in between were Harpers the tobacconist and hairdresser and Seth Holden the butcher. Round the corner in Pound Street was Mr Brash with his fish shop and Mr Caine who sold bicycles. In High Street there were Cards the electricians, Speeds butchers, Deans wet fish and Wethams and Hazelmans who were both provisioners of one fashion or another. If you wanted to go around the rest of the town it would be possible to add another dozen or so shops to those I have mentioned. I recall going into town with Mum shortly after moving to Petworth and while she went into Weavers the newsagent, I was sent up to Knight's bakery further up Lombard Street to get a tin loaf. On asking for one, Mrs Knight said that they didn't sell them. I returned to Mum



Rectory Lane, Petworth photographed from the tower of St Mary's Church in 1954. Fox's is the building with decorative barge boards and two white awnings in the foreground. Photographer unknown.

with the news, and she followed me back to the bakery where she pointed out a tin loaf in the window. Mrs Knight replied, 'That is a sandwich loaf not a tin loaf', and so began my introduction to the differences between certain items in Somerset and Sussex.

I left Fox's when I was eighteen and went to Midhurst as a senior assistant at Hendersons the very smart gentleman's and ladies' outfitters. I enjoyed it there but Mum had become really quite ill and I felt that I should be closer to home and so I came back to Petworth to work at the Co-op. The shop was in Golden Square where Hennings the off-licence is now. Mr Herman Hodgson was the manager and he lived with his family above the shop. Compared to Fox's it had quite a large staff or so it seemed. There was Stan Sopp who was in charge of the butter and bacon counter, Peggy Pottington who was the cashier – you see serving staff didn't handle money as it wasn't considered hygienic, Audrey Whittington, Glad Winter who married Mr Card who had the electrical shop just up the road in High Street and of course me. Oh, I forgot, there was also Bill Grimwood who did the deliveries. Besides serving in the shop Audrey and I would make up orders for delivery. Shop opening hours were eight o'clock to 5.30 weekdays except Wednesday when we closed at noon. On Saturdays we closed at 6 p.m. The Co-op was a good employer, and we usually closed half an hour earlier than many of the other local provisioners. There was still rationing, and we would spend a good deal of time checking ration cards and coupons. Mr Hodgson, the manager, had a reciprocal arrangement with Mrs Talbot who had the provisioners on the junction of East and New Streets where, if we were short of an item, I would be sent up to get something from there and vice versa if required. I think that sort of arrangement wasn't uncommon in Petworth.

I was 21 and still at the Co-op when my husband and I were married by the Revd Godwin at Petworth. Ted lived with his family at Flathurst on the Horsham Road and worked at Kirdford Growers which he would cycle to and from every day. I guess that we probably met at a dance in the old Iron Room in Market Square. Enjoyment for young people at Petworth in those days following the war very much revolved around the Iron Room and the cinema in Tillington Road where my brother, who had moved to join us, was the projectionist.

Following our marriage, we moved away and I never returned to live in the town. It is seventy years but I still look back with fond memories of those seemingly brief seven years at Petworth.

As innocent as the bleating of lambs

George Adolphus Storey, an overlooked mid-Victorian visitor to Petworth.
Introduction by the Editor

The first biography of J. M. W. Turner was written by the Victorian journalist Walter Thornbury and published in 1862, eleven years after the artist's death. The full title of the two-volume work is *The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R. A. – Founded on Letters and Papers Furnished by his Friends and Fellow Academicians*. The first chapter of Volume II is given over to Petworth and was largely contributed by George Adolphus Storey (1834–1919). Storey was an up-and-coming painter of wistful portraits and sentimental narrative scenes who would become a Royal Academician in 1914. At the time of his visit to Petworth he was a protégé of Charles Robert Leslie R. A., who had been a frequent guest of the third Earl of Egremont at Petworth House where his work is well represented.

Storey gives a fulsome account of the house, park and art collection – particularly, of course, the Turners, on which his mid-nineteenth-century observations are valuable. Also embedded within his chapter, however, is a rapturous appreciation of the town and its surrounding landscape which has hitherto been largely overlooked and is here reprinted at length.

Storey is most likely to have stayed at the old Swan Inn (could the blacksmith's work he heard have emanated from Saddlers Row, or even Petworth House stable-yard?) and he was clearly much taken with the Shimmings valley and brook, and the adjacent Bartons Lane cemetery, a landscape captured by the principal subject of his essay, J. M. W. Turner (see pages 30 to 33). Storey himself left no known visual record of his visit but there are perhaps echoes of the town's 'picturesque roofs of the old time' in one of his best-known oil paintings, *Grandmamma's Christmas Visitors*, reproduced opposite.

Petworth is a very quiet, pretty old place, and, as a thorough contrast to the din and smoke of London, is most delightful. You wake in the morning to the sound of the blacksmith's forge and the singing of birds; you look out upon the blue sky, on picturesque roofs of the old time with richly coloured tiles, a fresh little green garden, and fine massive stone walls of a venerable grey. You come down to breakfast at the inn, roused by the pleasant smell of ham and



G. A. Storey, *Grandmamma's Christmas Visitors*, oil on canvas, 1873. (Sheffield Museums).

eggs; and while they are getting ready, you take a little ramble to look at the valley that sinks away, like an enormous green wave, from the Petworth-house side of the town.

The church clock sometimes tells me that I am rather lazy. I am most fortunate in the weather – it is beautiful, and the sun shines in through the red curtains, giving a cheerful aspect to the clean breakfast-table that makes the coffee and the shining dish-covers look still more enjoyable. We have houses here of the most picturesque period, and judging from the smallness of some of the windows, I should say they belong certainly to the dear old dark ages.

We artists take great pleasure in gable-ends, overhanging upper stories faced with quaint and curious tiles, and doors just big enough for one small man to get through. The town is remarkably clean, and the inhabitants, to all appearance, most orderly and respectable. The boys about here have not learnt the art of rudeness. I thought I was in the last century when I saw some of them in their little grey knee-breeches, white stockings, tail coats, shiny buttons, and round caps, playing at marbles, their pleasant voices seeming almost as innocent as the bleating of lambs.

I took a most delightful walk with a very pleasant guide, who led me over a common, through woods ringing with the music of birds, and bright with countless primroses. We were greeted by the hoarse crow of the pheasant, and by the always distant cuckoo. At every turn some fresh picture opened upon us – now a far outlying view going miles and miles away; now a quaint old cottage, or a farm with its tumble-down barns and moss-covered walls. Almost every variety of picturesqueness peculiar to Old England seems to abound unmolested either by the artist or the model farmer; indeed, so delighted was I with all I saw, so fresh and hopeful at this early spring time, that I thought of taking up my abode here for awhile, in order to study the great beauty that Nature, left to herself, can bestow upon the meanest object, not only by the delicate working of her moss-spreading fingers, her infinite variety of lovely leaf and flower industry, but by the various lights that sun or moon, night or day, cloud or blue sky, cast, altering into a thousand pictures one modest valley.

BELOW G. A. Storey, *The Judgement of Paris*, oil on canvas, 1877. (Glasgow Museums Resource Centre).

To-night I sauntered almost sadly, and in a somewhat sentimental mood, to that valley where in the morning I had seen the little boys of the last century playing at marbles. The calm moon shone down on the graveyard through the black firs, casting their long shadows down the dusky slope, flowing away in subdued mystery over the wide view beyond, sending down another gentle but ample stream behind an outstanding hill; behind it, dark delicate trees, swimming away over to the distant hills, and so softening them with light that they almost mingled with the sky, the glittering sky. There was no sound but that of the little brook, rising clear and constant in the distance; the only inhabitant of that vast and still scene was a little bat, monarch of all he surveyed, and an old horse, that one might have taken for a ghost of one of the departed, sauntering slowly in the grass.



We had seldom felt so delighted with any place

A voyage by canoe down the River Rother in 1923.

Bertram Shore, edited, introduced and illustrated by Jonathan Newdick



If, a hundred years ago, you were keen on hiking, camping and health-giving outdoor pursuits you might have subscribed to *Open Air* magazine which styled itself as 'the magazine for lovers of nature and outdoor life'. It was a sort of wholesome version of *Health and Efficiency* – but without the coy nudes. Articles in the August 1923 issue (left) include 'How to win at tennis' 'Family camping', 'How to keep fit' and 'Snapshooting away from home', this facing an advertisement for the Ernemann Miniature Focal Plane Camera which suggests that readers were prepared to forget The Great War, at least if it meant acquiring what the advertisement claimed was 'the most perfect camera of its type extant.' There

is also this following article titled 'From Midhurst to Shoreham', an account by Bertram Shore of a voyage in a canoe called Chlotilde from Midhurst to Littlehampton (despite the title), most of which is devoted to his time spent on the Rother. It is reproduced here in edited form.

We looked out over the Rother valley under a westering sun and saw how lovely and how varied it lay; how delicate the leafage was and how the central greensand ridge stood out against the bright blue downs. Then we decided that we would launch Chlotilde at Midhurst and that we would, against all obstacles, navigate her down to Hardham, where Rother falls into Arun, drawing or photographing all those mills, ruined locks and buildings which sleep beside the river. Mostly they are castles of sleeping beauty – if you may force yourself through the wild roses and teasles that embower them, you

will see a vision of the past that has lost all material grossness and retains only the beauty of the spirit.

The place where their owners used to keep the barges at Midhurst was a backwater when the river was still navigable and, some years before the war, skiffs could be hired there; but now we carried Chlotilde past an empty waste of nettles and an old stone bridge which led to nowhere. We placed her upon the river at the mouth of the creek.

Soon after leaving modern Cowdray the character of the banks changed and we passed through grassland of a rough and broken nature, with bits of oak woods. Then we came to a weir and an overgrown cutting, which we knew must lead to the lock: so we tied up and had some lunch, though the water was by no means clear and pleasant.

After pushing up this canal for some two hundred yards – with considerable difficulty, for we had to break away many branches and pass ourselves along foot by foot – we came to the remains of Todham Lock. It was after the portage here that our first real difficulties commenced. Neglect must have made the stream alter its course hereabouts since the river traffic was killed. We found ourselves hurrying along on a stream of no more than a few feet wide and winding almost incredibly between steep cliff-like banks. Suddenly, among a tangle of trees, we came upon a place where the bank had fallen in, forming an island, and where it was necessary to climb on to a branch while we guided Chlotilde over the shallows with our feet. We had no sooner passed this than we found ourselves in something of a cage, for the banks were miniature cliffs and thick with woody growth. Just ahead a mature oak had been carefully and neatly felled across the river so that it lay right across, with the under side of its trunk some six inches above the surface of the water. For some moments we hung on to the tree, perplexed. Happily, the river was wider here, and, with great care least Chlotilde should scratch herself, we brought her through the branches under the bank.

After this the river became clear and wide again, and we dropped down easily past South Ambersham bridge which is of that considerate type which was built with a towpath under it.

Meanwhile the current had become very rapid, so that we knew we must be approaching a lock. We rushed along a cut and saw the masonry ahead. We held up a few yards from the upper end. It was clearly impossible to shoot it, though nearly the whole volume of the river was flowing through, for the drop was very considerable – some eight feet; so we landed and drew

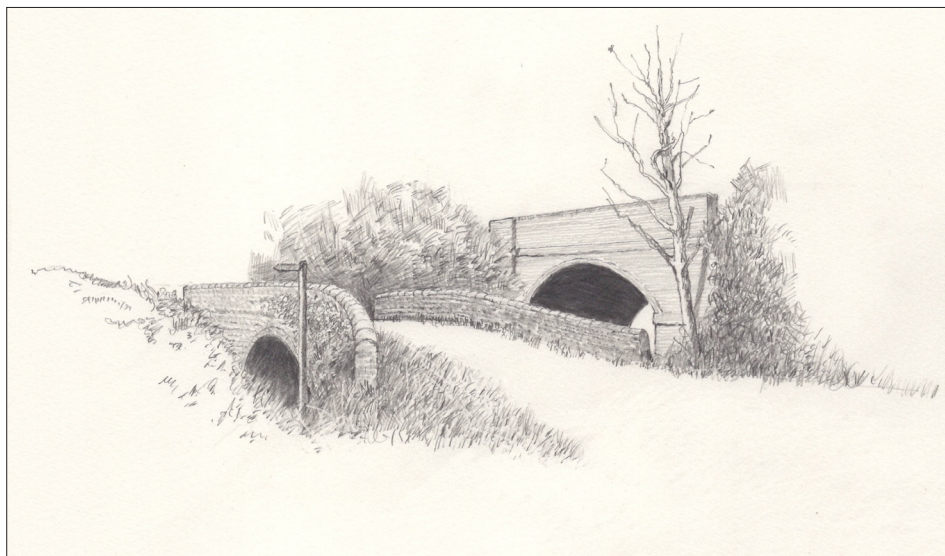


PAGES 24 AND 25 Stopham Bridge, a Grade 1 listed building dating, probably, from about 1422-23, with a plan of its parapets. This and the drawing below are pencil and graphite powder on paper.

BELOW The little bridge approaching Petworth Station and, beyond it the bridge carrying the main A285 road.

Chlotilde on to the smooth turfy left bank. We have seldom felt so delighted with any place. There was that combination of airy openness and geniality which can ake one feel at one with Nature. All around are the rough, tufty fields, with the broad valley falling away, ever so slightly, to the south, where the horizon is all bounded by the blue and rolling South Downs, whose outlines are as subtle as the lines of the human figure. Across the tufts to the north is Moorland Farm, with its box hedges and careless flowers. It is empty, and, in the south-west angle, it has the friendliest little lawn I know: raised and dry and sloping south to its little terrace.

Half a mile below Moorland Lock we came to another canal, and on to Selham Lock. It is extraordinary how attractive these Rother locks are when approached by the river. One cannot exactly explain what it is about them that fascinates. Anyway, we came along into this one, which was built of squared stones, like the rest, but quite full of water, for the miller had made a sluice gate at the lower end. It does not sound as though it would be thrilling

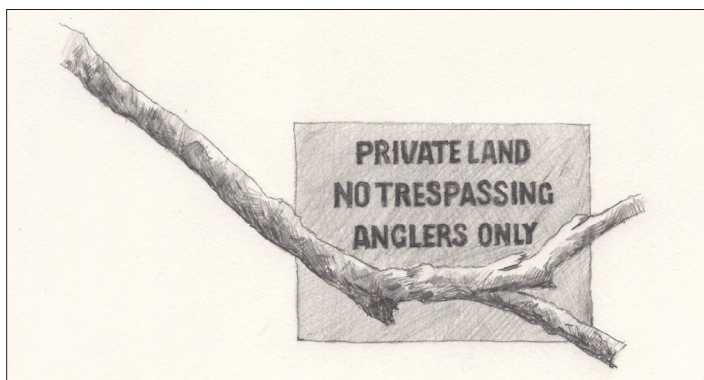


even when one mentions that one came to it suddenly in the twilight. It is a pity one cannot explain.

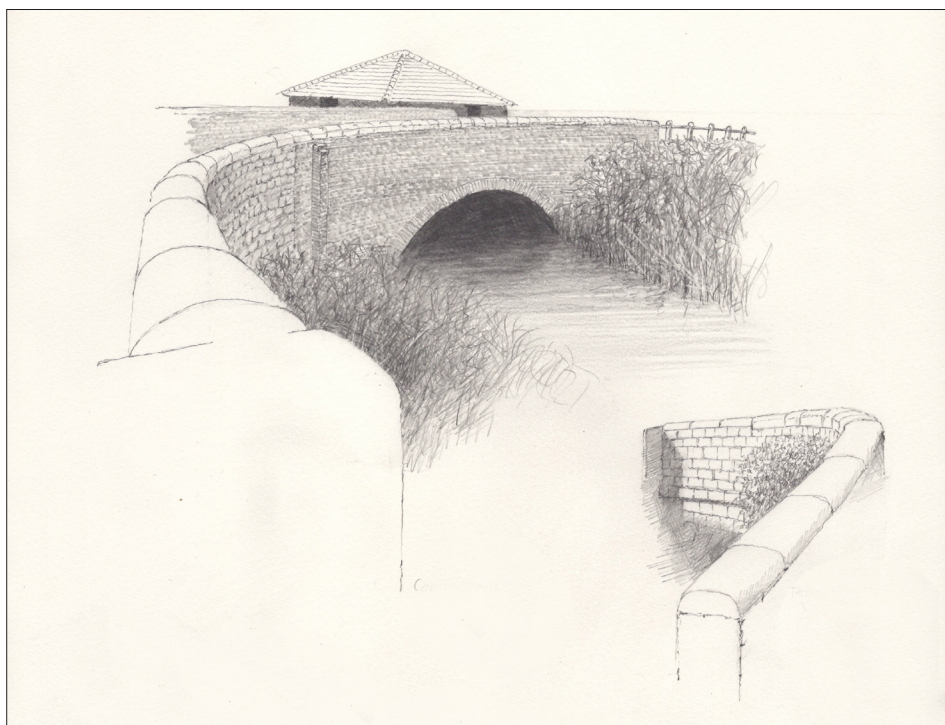
We left Chlotilde moored to a platform and went past the little old mill to the houses, where we had tea with a very cheery friend of ours who sings well and drives a lorry. From Selham Mill we dropped down and in a shimmer of moonlight on a broad and open river, swinging southward close beneath the greensand ridge at Duncton Common, then northward to a group of homesteads on either side of the river, with a wooden footbridge which had collapsed, but which was kept afloat in a precarious manner. We placed Chlotilde inside a barn.

The next morning was like March in the fields, with a clear air, white clouds and a strong wind. It was but a mile through the open fields to Coultershaw Bridge, which is two miles south of Petworth. The lady miller, the miller and the lorry man helped us over the portage. The excellent kindness and virtue of these people help to keep these parts an oasis in a legal and infuriating world. We placed Chlotilde in the pool, out of which we had some difficulty in finding our way, for the water eddied round in an apparently aimless mad way and we could not for some time see a narrow winding passage through the reeds. Of the journey down through the branches there is little to be said: the river was closely arched and overgrown with trees and very beautiful, but our attention was much given to handling Chlotilde, whose head was very high and which, when the wind burst through the gaps in the undergrowth, became difficult to manage. Presently the current once more became very strong and we shot through a ruined lock, in the sides of which trees were growing, before coming out into open water under Shopham Bridge. Here we were able to rig a small sail and drove down easily and in a restful spirit to Fittleworth Mill, where we ended our second day on the Rother, accepting of delightful hospitality.

The lock canal by Fittleworth Mill is filled with reeds which stand to the level of the top of the sides, so that, in looking at it from the bridge, one merely gets an impression of a band of darker verdure in the meadows, and the old lock, which used to show so clearly, has sunk into a deep oblivion, wrapped about by growths. We placed Chlotilde upon the mill pool and dropped down under the bridge and through the meadows, past the pools where one had bathed in those far-off days before the war; past the scene of the famous punt story,¹ the ripples of which had spread and grown despite the modest cause; and so to a lovely little wood where two gentle weirs pour on to either side of an island, covered with a growth of trees and built about with good ashlar masonry. There was a place like



LEFT
At Stopham Bridge.
BELOW
The bridge carrying the main A285 road at Coultershaw and one of the parapets of the little bridge approaching Petworth Station.
Both drawings are pencil and graphite powder on paper.



a tiny quay, but what it had been we could not tell. From this spot a mile of straight canal led to the Arun, just below Stopham Bridge. Its course is still plain to be seen, but it is partly filled in now and all grown over, so we floated Chlotilde over the shallow weir and continued our easy journey round the great bend to Hardham Mill, passing the entrance to the old Arun Canal, which, passing under the Roman camp through a tunnel half a mile long, cut off the great bend the Arun makes by Pulborough. It is dry below Hardham now, so we dropped down the last few yards of the Rother, saw a junction ahead, and floated out on to the Arun, whose tidal waters, some twenty miles, by its winding course, from the sea, were still just moving up the grand and beautiful old Stopham Bridge.

The river under Stopham Bridge is broad and possessed of a certain majesty. It is far greater here than it is above or just below, and, as we came up under the trees, we noticed how the whole place is held in a solemn, ancient stillness under the declining sun. Any breezes that may be stirring in the outside world do not disturb the contemplation of the waiting leaves. It is an extraordinarily beautiful bridge, a massive stone causeway with round-arched waterways and the parapet line broken by cut-water buttresses.

From Stopham Bertram Shore and Chlotilde continue down the Arun until:

In the late afternoon we passed under Littlehampton Swing Bridge and into the water which was, as we had pictured, so steely blue and sparkly. We ran out to the mouth of the river. We shot out into the sea. We had reached our goal.

And, despite the title of the article, Shore seems content to end his voyage at Littlehampton and, perhaps wisely, did not attempt a sea voyage to Shoreham.

As part of the Petworth Summer Festival, Kevis House Gallery in Petworth will be hosting 'The Resilient River', an exhibition of watercolours, oils, graphite, fine pencil drawings, ink drawings and wood engravings which will include some of the drawings accompanying this article. There will also be an illustrated talk 'A Life on the Western Rother' by Andrew Thompson, Leconfield Estates River Bailiff. For details of both the exhibition and the talk see www.petworthfestival.org.uk

Bertram Shore was a watercolourist and architect, who worked mainly on churches in southern England in the 1930s.

1 It is unclear what is meant by 'the famous punt story'.

PICTURE NOTE

Andrew Loukes

Landscape at Petworth by Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851)

1827 or 1828. Gouache and watercolour on paper 13.8 x 19cms.

Lord Egremont.

This view of the Shimmings valley from the north was one of around 150 small watercolour sketches on blue paper which Turner made at Petworth during his visits to the house in the late 1820s. Not intended for sale or exhibition these appear to have been done primarily for the artist's own enjoyment and the vast majority of them were among the many thousands of drawings found in his studio following his death, eventually coming to the nation as part of the Turner Bequest which today is largely kept at Tate Britain.

This example is one of only a handful from the Petworth group which left the artist's possession, having been given by Turner himself to Julia Wyndham, one of the third Earl of Egremont's nieces, while they were both staying in the house. It is recorded on the reverse of the picture in a later hand that the gift was to make up for Turner's spillage of cream over Miss Wyndham's new blue dress at breakfast in the White and Gold Room. Another sketch was also given which actually records the incident and likewise has an explanatory note on the back.

The Shimmings view is one of Turner's typical confections of topographical features that had registered in his mind but which cannot be seen collectively from anywhere on the spot. Beyond the Round-the-Hills footpath he delineates Sheepdown Cottages in the distance with the newly built Orchard House gleaming white in the middle, then closest to the viewer and on the right-hand side are the Rectory and St Mary's Church. In the foreground is presumably one of the ponds which can be seen in the field faintly marked as 'Pond Meadow' on James Crow's survey of 1779 (PHA 3606) but which no longer survive. The narrative detail of cows drinking and a man fishing may have been embellishments added for the sake of the gift to Julia Wyndham; there are two related watercolour sketches of this landscape which remain in the Turner Bequest but are not quite so fully developed.

All of the sketches in the Petworth group were done on a brand of newly developed tinted watercolour paper manufactured by the London

BELOW J. M. W. Turner. *Landscape at Petworth* with Sheepdown Cottages in the distance and the newly built Orchard House gleaming white in the middle, with a contemporary photograph of the same scene in which the same buildings can be clearly seen. The watercolour may be seen this year in the National Trust's exhibition 'Turner's Vision at Petworth' (June 21 – November 16), one of many nationwide events commemorating the 250th anniversary of the artist's birth.



OPPOSITE ABOVE A detail of James Crow's survey map of 1779 with Pond Meadow in the white rectangle. The town of Petworth begins in the area of the white quarter-circle.

OPPOSITE BELOW J. M. W. Turner, '*Spilt milk*', the watercolour which Turner gave to Julia Wyndham to make up for his spillage of cream over her new blue dress at breakfast in the White and Gold Room.

maker George Steart from the early 1820s. Turner was very fond of this and used it extensively on his European tours as well as at Petworth and elsewhere in Britain. He bought it in large sheets which were divided into eight or (in the case of the Petworth pictures) sixteen smaller pieces which were suitable for travelling with. The paper enabled Turner to make use of the blue as a tone within each sketch but it meant that in order to introduce whites or stronger colours he had to use gouache, sometimes also known as bodycolour, which is watercolour paint with the addition of a special pigment to render it opaque rather than see-through.

There has been a general consensus in recent times to date all of Turner's Petworth sketches on blue paper to 1827 as the contemporaneous construction of Charles Barry's spire of St Mary's can be seen in progress in one of them and the artist is known to have been at the house in October of that year. The pictures given to Miss Wyndham, however, do not corroborate this view as her family is not recorded in the housekeeping records as being present then; they had been guests earlier in the year, between April 14 and 24, but this would not have coincided with Turner's visit.

Another possibility is that the two drawings were done in the following year, as perhaps were others in the group, following the death in February 1828 of Miss Wyndham's father, the third Earl's brother William Frederick Wyndham, after which his daughter became resident at Petworth until her marriage to Richard Hasler of Aldingbourne. When the politician and diarist Thomas Creevey visited in 1828 he was initially received by Julia whom he found 'very nicely dressed, and with very pretty manners.' Born in 1811, she would have been either sixteen or seventeen around this time, when also the cream was spilt and the compensatory pictures were given. The landscape remained in the Hasler family until the late nineteenth century when, most probably after Julia's death in 1893, it was bought by Henry, second Lord Leconfield. The drawing known traditionally as '*Spilt Milk*' returned to Petworth some years later when Lady Violet Leconfield purchased it as a Christmas present for her husband Charles, third Lord Leconfield in 1922.



Two early nineteenth-century notices

Sussex.

To be Let,

And entered upon at

Michaelmas next;

A GOOD FARM-HOUSE, another HOUSE, and a COTTAGE, with convenient FARM BUILDINGS; and a FARM called *GUNTERS BRIDGE*, *Burrells and Osiers*, containing 376 Acres Statute Measure, (whereabout 317 Acres are Arable, about 44 Acres are Meadow and Pasture, and about 10 Acres are Wood;) situate in the Parish of PETWORTH, and now in the Occupation of the *Executors of the late Mr. William Elliott*.

PROPOSALS of Rent to be sent, in Writing, before 25th. March next, to Mr. TYLER, Petworth; from whom further Particulars may be known.

28th. February, 1823.

Phillips, Printer, Petworth.

HOUSEBREAKING.

In the night of Monday, the 18th of October instant, the Dwellinghouse of *Mrs. Jane Daintrey*, in *Petworth*, was broken open; and the following Articles were stolen:

A Silver Tea Pot, — large, — oval, — sides swelling, — with engraved Edges, — Shield for a Cypher on both sides, — top nearly flat, — knob to the lid green, — handle black but worn.

One Silver Table Spoon, *old fashioned*, supposed to be marked with the Letters *CA*.

Two Silver Table Spoons; one supposed to be marked with W L, the other plain.

Four Silver Tea Spoons; Plain, *old fashioned* and good sized.

Four Silver Tea Spoons; small and *old fashioned*, marked *T.R.*

Two Silver Tea Spoons; *gadaroon* Edged, good sized.

Two Silver Salt Spoons, not marked.

Whoever may be able to give information respecting any of these Articles, is requested to apply to *Mr. Daintrey*, Attorney, Petworth, Sussex.

Petworth,
October, 19th 1813.

Goldring, Printer, Petworth.

WINTER 2025 TALKS AT THE LECONFIELD HALL

A round-up by Ian Yonge

A capacity audience attended an amusing and informative talk by Miles Costello on January 22, the first of the Society's 2025 talks. This was 'Petworth Beyond Memory – a tour of the town in old photographs'. Showing mainly the work of unknown Victorian and Edwardian photographers, Miles started off in the Market Square and then led us along the streets of the historic town centre – a Petworth remarkably free of traffic!

In response to Miles' question, some of the audience 'admitted' that they were born in the 1930s but even for them the images were beyond memory. For everyone in the audience the photographs offered a fascinating glimpse of a time when Petworth was an important county town, with many of the buildings remaining recognisable to this day.

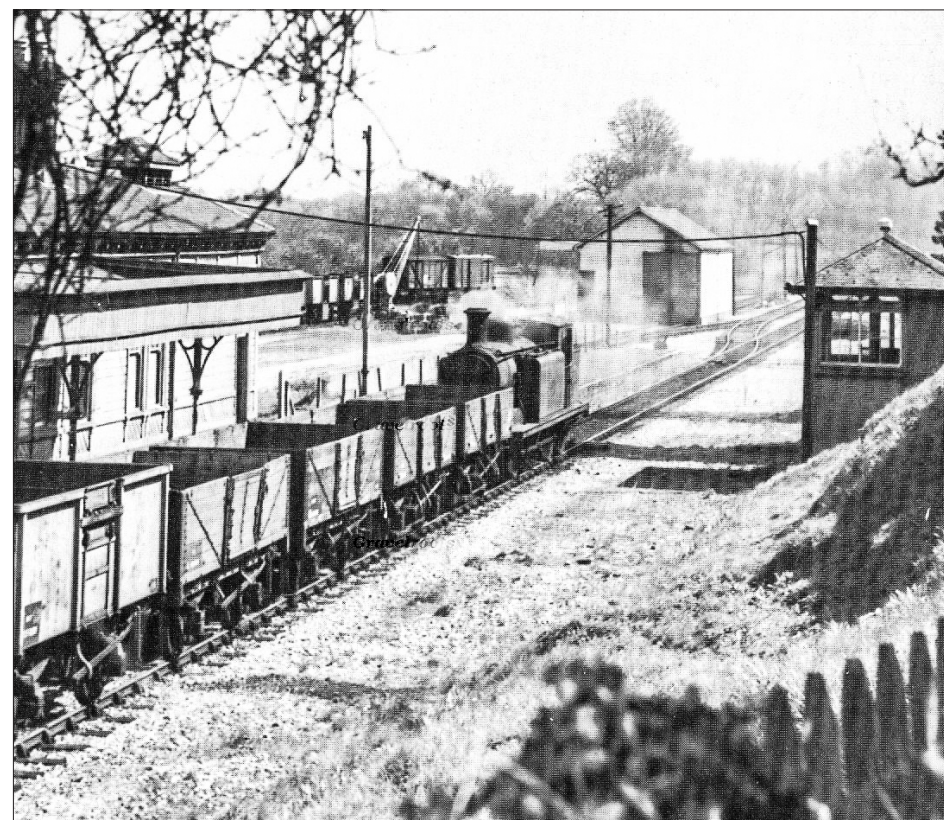
The talk ran well over the allotted time but judging by the enthusiastic questions and observations of the audience both during and at the end of the talk no one minded and we could all have gone on longer. Our thanks to Miles, and hopefully one day he will do a sequel from his large library of images.

Despite inclement weather a large audience was also present for our second talk, which was engagingly delivered by Jock Gardner on February 21 and entitled 'Petworth Railway – lost but not forgotten'. Jock started by reminding us that this year we are celebrating through the nationwide programme of 'Railway 200' the birth of railways in England two centuries ago. Our railway, however, started somewhat later and ended earlier!

Jock introduced his story by reminding us that transport in our area before the eighteenth century was predominantly by road, then canal, then the railway, then in our time back to road again. The story began in 1859 with the establishment of the Mid-Sussex Railway which ran from Pulborough to Petworth. In 1866 the line was extended to Midhurst. By then the railway had been taken over by the London Brighton and South Coast Railway, subsequently the Southern Railway in 1923, then British Railways in 1948. On February 5, 1955, almost exactly seventy years ago and well before the infamous Dr. Beeching, the last passenger train left Petworth. Over ten years later, the last freight train ran, ending just over a century of service.

BELOW A goods train leaves Petworth Station towards Pulborough in the mid-twentieth century. Photographer unknown.

Jock explained that the Pulborough-Petworth-Midhurst branch line was always a backwater and indeed probably never made a profit. The talk was fully illustrated with some very evocative photographs and was followed by lively questions and interesting reminiscences from the audience. The story of the Act of Parliament to establish the railway, the role of the Leconfield family and why the railway took the route it did would form enough material for another talk and we hope that, like Miles Costello, Jock might be persuaded to speak again on the subject.



A 'neo-classical idyll' revived

A short history of Pitshill House. Robert Stedall

Pitshill on its rolling lawns to the west of Upperton is perhaps the finest neo-classical house in Sussex.

The house was begun in 1790 by William Mitford (1748–1824), whose father had lived at an earlier property on the same site. (The family which came originally from Northumberland is remotely connected to the Redesdale Viscountcy with its famous literary daughters). Mitford's initial plan was to add on a classical front to be designed by Sir John Soane, but ultimately began building from scratch to a design that he developed with assistance from the Petworth House surveyor, John Upton. It remained unfinished on Mitford's death in 1824 but was completed by his son Charles (1785–1831) who had married Margaret Townley in 1813. Charles's grandson, Colonel William Kenyon Mitford CMG, CVO, DL, JP (1857–1943) became a Gentleman at Arms to George V, and, in 1886, married Cicely Maud Slade and they continued to live with their family at Pitshill. In 1941, her brother, Windham Slade, left Montys Court, his estate in Somerset, to their second son, Cecil Townley Mitford, conditional on him changing his name to Mitford-Slade. To compound this confusion, in 2005 Cecil's grandson James Mitford-Slade inherited the Manor of Dean at Tillington from his cousin, Sophie Mitford, conditional on him changing his name to Mitford, although his father, Patrick, remains Mitford-Slade!

During the 1950s, Pitshill was sold by the Mitfords to Sir Colville and Lady Barclay. He was the wealthy fourteenth Baronet, who had served in commando operations in the Royal Navy during World War II, but latterly focused on his talent as an artist with his paintings being exhibited at the Royal Academy and purchased by public galleries. He was also interested in botany, making contributions to guidebooks on the flowers of Greece and the Balkans. Meanwhile, Pitshill slowly fell into a state of disrepair and was sold in a dilapidated state in 1997.

The shining knight who came to Pitshill's rescue was Charles Pearson, the second son of the third Viscount Cowdray, who had been brought up at Cowdray Park from where he had visited Pitshill as a young man as a friend of the Barclays' son, Edwin. He was determined to restore it as 'a neo-classical

idyll'. He had inherited the Pearson estates in Scotland centred on Dunecht in Aberdeenshire, but in 2012 he sold the Castle with its surrounding estate, while retaining a further 53,000 acres in Aberdeenshire and Kincardineshire.

In 1998 Charles and his wife Benedicte employed the architect, Christopher Smallwood, who had worked on Goodwood House, and the interior designer Edward Bulmer. Restoring Pitshill was no mean undertaking. They had to take down its eastern façade but were able to reuse 80 per cent of its original stonework in rebuilding it. They created a domed ceiling over the hallway designed by Giles Quarme and Archie Walls and created a pillared porch over the front door. In 2009, the family won a twelve-year battle against the Ramblers' Association and West Sussex County Council to enable them to divert a right of way so that they could create a formal garden in keeping with the house and its interior. The result is what *House & Garden* described as 'an elegant, comfortable and convenient family house'.

BELOW Pitshill's early-nineteenth-century Shell House, now restored, which is decorated inside with hundreds of shells, and with stained glass and convex mirrors.





OPPOSITE Pitshill House from the south-east, the geometric yews on the lawn giving the impression they might move around at night, like chess pieces, or Daleks.

BELOW The House and the Shell House before restoration.



Light and power

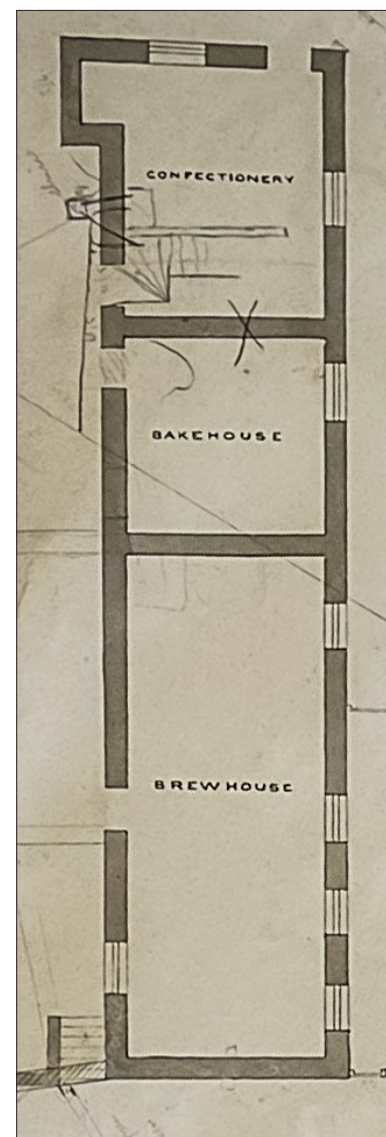
The redevelopment of the Cowyard at Petworth House in the early 1900s.
Andrew Loukes

Entrance to Petworth Park via the Cowyard is greatly enjoyed by many locals and visitors today but it is easy to forget that the area was a working yard used by the Leconfield Estate well into the 1980s with no public access until the 1960s (see Gail Huggett, *PSM* 146). A ground-plan from over a hundred years earlier, drawn before the Servants' Quarters building was extended north after a major fire in 1872, clearly shows the mid-nineteenth century layout of the Cowyard, with entry at all from North Street (Petworth House Archive 9766).

In the uncatalogued material in the Petworth House Archive is a remarkable group of photographs from about 1905 which document that a gate to North Street had been added by this date, indeed an entrance to the perimeter wall is earlier shown in this position on the 1882 Manorial Survey. The photographs



OPPOSITE AND BELOW Part of the nineteenth-century plan of the Cowyard with a detail of the Confectionery, Bakehouse and Brewhouse.



also show the old Brewhouse, clearly marked on the nineteenth-century plan, just prior to its redevelopment into the electricity generating Battery House in 1906. In the Estate accounts for this year, the entry for February 28 includes 'stripping and taking down old Brewery & making good roof and wall' and there are further 'electric light' works recorded throughout 1906 (PHA 2603).

A slightly later picture, taken by the great Petworth photographer Walter Kevis, documents the newly built Battery House in 1907 with the slender flues for its initial gas engines, soon to be replaced by more powerful diesel ones in 1923. Their installation and maintenance necessitated further alterations to the building including the construction of the large doors that remain today.

As evidenced by the survival at Petworth House of literature such as *Light and Power – A Treatise on the Application of Electric Current to Every Phase of Country House and Estate Requirements* (Drake and Gorham Ltd., 1904) full consideration was given to how electricity could be best used. Similar arrangements to those shown at Chatsworth and elsewhere in this publication were adapted at Petworth, with enough surplus electricity to supply parts of the town. This new technology was some years ahead of the National Grid, which arrived at Petworth in

the early 1930s (see Jumbo Taylor, *Petworth and the World*, 2022, page 32). A wall running behind the old Dairy building which is clearly marked on the nineteenth-century plan can still be seen in one of the earlier photographs. This has been reduced to rubble as part of the Battery House redevelopment seen in the later view. Also visible on the extreme right is the chimney on the Dairy which connected to a kitchen range shown on the nineteenth-century plan. An entry in the workmen's books for March 4, 1907 under 'Dairy and Cowyard' includes 'sweeping flues Dairy'. The chimney and kitchen would be removed a few years later when the building was converted to a fire station, for which the Shand Mason fire-escape ladder (now displayed in its original position) was purchased in 1912. Also introduced around this time was the new Garage Block and adjacent gate to the Pleasure Grounds, both built in 1912 (see PHA 12742).



LEFT

One of the anattributed photographs of the Cowyard from about 1905 showing the east side of the Brewhouse from North Street.

OPPOSITE

The newly built Battery House in 1907 showing the slender flues for its initial gas engines. Photograph by Walter Kevis.

PAGES 46 AND 47

Four further photographs from about 1905, one with a glimpse of North Street beyond the man (cowman?) with his broom in front of the Brewhouse. Also a cattle-trough in front of the wall demolished in 1906. Those on page 47 show the Brewhouse from the south with its prominent roof ventilator.

The sixteenth-century Bakehouse which connected to the west of the Brewhouse was demolished by the National Trust in 1984, as Leconfield activities in the Cowyard migrated to the Estate Yard. The demolition of the entire Battery House was also considered around this time so that the Cowyard and adjacent Woodyard could be turned into a car park, with widened gates leading onto North Street to enable coaches to enter. The arrival of the National Trust car park opposite Hampers Green in 1988 meant this further demolition was no longer necessary. Prior to this, National Trust visitors by car had entered via the private drive to Petworth House and parked in the Stable Yard before entering the site through the Church Lodge door.

George Garland's account and photograph of the decommissioning of the Battery House in 1953 can be found in *PSM* 96 (June 1999), while there is more on the Brewhouse and Bakehouse by Janet Austin in *PSM* 149 (September 2012).





The front cover and a typical page of Drake and Gorham Ltd's 1904 catalogue *Light and Power – A Treatise on the Application of Electric Current to Every Phase of Country House and Estate Requirements*. (One shilling and sixpence).

