

# ANTIQUARIAN RAMBLES

through

# RYE

By W. Holloway, esq.

THE above, being a reprint of the interesting series of papers which have appeared in the South-Eastern Advertiser under the same title, will shortly be published in crown 8vo., about 80 pages, price 2s.

As only a limited number of copies will be printed, subscribers should forward their names without delay to—

I. Parsons, Printer and Publisher, 87, High Street, Rye; or  
Moore & Son, Central Arcade, Hastings.

Holloway's *Rambles* were first serialised weekly in the *South-Eastern Advertiser* from November of 1862 to February 1863, then published as a book later that year by Isaac Parsons of Rye. The title and subtitle on the page above are from the first advertisement for this volume in July of 1863.

A subsequent edition was published in 1866 by Benjamin Burkitt Stuchbery, another Rye high street print shop. A bookseller's description says the articles had previously been published in the *Rye Telegram*. While this paper existed (and Stuchbery was also its printer), there isn't much information available and no digitised versions are to be found online. It seems odd that the series should appear in two different Rye newspapers three years apart.

The 1866 version was later reprinted throughout the year of 1932 in the *Sussex County Magazine*, Volume 6. Those are the pages I have scanned for this version. The editor describes them as reprinted from the *South-Eastern Advertiser*. Until such time as the *Rye Telegram* comes online, we won't know for certain if the columns appeared in both.

Though the 1866 version is described as a second series, it is fundamentally identical to the 1863 edition. In cases where my scan was clipped or unreadable, I turned to the British Newspaper Archive to fill in the gaps. Minor differences in punctuation were the most I found.

I have not altered any spelling or punctuation, though I have added breaks to some of the more Victorian paragraphs.

SWCooper  
July 2026

## RAMBLES IN RYE (1866)

## RAMBLE I—THE OLD CHURCH.

THE first building of which we have any authentic record, as having existed in Rye, is that of a church which, there are strong reasons to believe, stood in the Gun-garden, for Jeake, the author of the Charters of the Cinque Ports, who lived during the greater part of the seventeenth century, tells us, that this spot, in his time, was called the “Old Church-yard,” and by this name also it has been known to some persons still living; while as a further proof of this having been the site of the church, we may mention the fact that human skeletons have been dug up in this locality.

Having thus established the situation of the sacred edifice in question, we will proceed to show at what period it was in existence, which was the middle of the eleventh century, for Edward the Confessor, who reigned from A.D. 1041 to A.D. 1066, gave the patronage of the church to the Abbot and Monks of Fiscamp, in Normandy, and who retained it in their hands till the year 1247, when, by a Deed, dated May 15th, in that year, Henry 3rd resumed it into his own hands, assigning as a reason, that the Abbot and Monks were not allowed to fight against the enemies of the kingdom with material weapons, and that therefore it might entail irreparable damage on him, and his heirs, in time of war, provided the town (which with the church was given to them) should remain in their hands; while, in return for this surrender into his hands, the king conferred on the Abbot the Manors of Chilcenham (Cheltenham) and Scloutre in Gloucestershire, and which original grant is now in the hands of the High Bailiff of Cheltenham.

Thus the patronage of the church of Rye remained in the hands of the Abbot of Fiscamp for about two centuries; but when we say this, we do not mean to imply, that it was the patronage of the old church, because, as writers, much better versed in ecclesiastical architecture than we are, assert that the present church was built before the close of the twelfth century, and as the deed, before alluded to, bears the date of 1247, the patronage of the Abbot must, at that time, have been over the new and not over the old church.

Having thus far cleared up the history of the old church, we will

endeavour to show what was the nature of the power vested in the Abbot and his Monks by the patronage of it. This grant then, we suppose, authorised them to receive all the revenues of the church, whether arising from tithes or offerings, out of which they had to provide the necessary funds for the due performance of public worship in the church, when the balance went into the coffers of the Abbey. It was a very usual custom in those early times to confer the patronage of individual churches on some great abbey; for the mitred Abbot of that day was equal in power to the monarch, and the Pope far superior.

Whether Henry 3rd retained the patronage in his own hands, we are unable to say, but some time between this reign, and that of Henry 8th, it passed into those of the Abbot of Stanley, in Wiltshire, who retained it till the Reformation, when it was conferred on the Bishop of Winchester, who still retains it.

Originally, as we have said, the whole revenues of the church passed through the hands of the Abbot of Fiscamp; but, after the resumption by Henry 3rd, it remained in his hands for nearly fifty years, for A.D. 1295, William of Echingham, Lord of the Manor of Brede, became the patron, and from this period may be dated, in all probability, the present financial arrangements of the revenues of the church, whereby the great tithes were vested in the Abbot of Stanley, and afterwards in the Bishop of Winchester, and by this arrangement, moreover, the chief officiating minister assumed the title of vicar and had the small tithes, and which title and which revenue has been retained ever since.

At the same time, we must notice another change, to the effect that the vicar was not appointed by the Abbot of Stanley, but by William of Echingham, in virtue of his being the Lord of the Manor of Brede, and in the respective Lords of this Manor the patronage continued, in consequence, we suppose, of the Abbot of Fiscamp having been Lord of this same Manor, previously to the resumption of Henry 3rd, until A.D. 1247, when the late Thomas Cooper Langford, Esq., of Udimore, purchased the Manor of Brede, but not the advowson of Rye church; and hence a connection which had existed for 800 years, was severed, and the Duke of Devonshire is now the patron of the living, but not the Lord of the Manor of Brede; and the heir of Mr Langford is Lord of Brede, but not patron of Rye.

For many years, during the early period of the establishment of the vicarage, the income of the vicar must have been very small; for, as the great tithes were those on corn and hay, on lambs and wool, the residue could not have been very great; but when hops began to be cultivated and it was decided that they came under the denomination of small tithes, the latter became more valuable than the former, and hence, when the tithe commutation took place on March 8th, 1839, the Bishop of Winchester was allowed only £315 per annum, while the vicar of Rye had £410 allotted to him, besides the extraordinary tithe of twenty shillings per acre on hops, rendering his income much superior to that of the bishop.

From the foregoing remarks it will appear that we have written, but not material, records of our old church; whether it was built of wood, and so at some time, destroyed by fire, or whether of more durable materials, which were employed in the construction of the new, we cannot say, but since our great dramatist Shakespeare tells us,

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
And even the round globe itself shall dissolve,  
we need not be surprised that an object, so comparatively mean as  
our old church, should be dissolved,

And like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Leave not a wreck behind.

## RAMBLE II—ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

In the document to which reference has been made in the former ramble, by virtue of which Henry 3rd, A.D. 1247, resumed not only the patronage of the church of Rye, but also the jurisdiction of the town, which had both been conferred on the Abbot and Monks of Fiscamp by Edward the Confessor, mention is made of the hospital of Saint Bartholomew, and of the locality in which it was situated, and which will be better understood by the following extract, which relates to the bounds of Rye, which are said to be these, viz:

“As the sea flows from the entrance of the Mill-stream to the property of James Northey, so that all the water on either side belongs to the said town of Rye, and thence, as the King's highway runs, as far as the steps, which are on the property of Brice Palmar, and from the said steps, by a certain footpath, to the land of the hospital of Saint Bartholomew, and from thence towards the west through the whole

length of the land of the said hospital to Dodeswell.”

Here by the steps of Brice Palmar, which led out of the King’s highway, at the foot of Rye hill, into what is now Mountsfield, we arrive at the eastern extremity of the path, which would conduct us to the western end of the same, at which was situated Dodeswell, now called Queen Elizabeth’s Well, hence as this path (the present Dead Man’s Lane) ran through the whole length of the lands of this hospital, of course, we must look for the site of the building on the north side of the same.

Now having this idea to guide us, and knowing there was a well in the meadow, belonging to Mr Brocket, on the west side of Rye hill, supposing at the same time, that a well would not be sunk unless there were some human beings near to drink of its waters, and, never having heard of any houses standing in that quarter, there seemed good ground for conjecture that here must have stood Saint Bartholomew’s hospital, and this conjecture has since ripened into certainty, for in November, 1847 (by a curious coincidence, just 600 years after the date of the document from which our first knowledge of the hospital has been derived) at the south east corner of this meadow were discovered several foundation stones, evidencing almost beyond a doubt that such was the case.

Having thus established the site of the hospital, let us endeavour to trace out the date of its existence; and here some difficulty occurs at the commencement, for we do not know whether the bounds of Rye, here marked out, were those in the time of Henry 3rd, or those in that of Edward the Confessor. In the former case, the hospital, we are sure, must have been standing in the beginning of the 13th century, whereas in that of the latter, it would have existed in the eleventh; still notwithstanding this uncertainty, it is by no means improbable that it did exist in the latter; for in the 59th article of the customal of Rye we read:

“The Mayor of Rye and Jurats, forthwith the commonalty, shall have the nomination of the chaplain, which is called the custos of the hospital of Saint Bartholomew, besides Rye, which said chaplain, his name, in time of peace, shall be sent unto the Abbot of Fiscamp, and, in time of war, unto the Lord Chancellor of England, and by one of them he shall be presented to

the Bishop of Chichester, and by him shall have institution; and also the Mayor of Rye shall take account of the said hospital four times in the year, if he will. And in the same hospital be both brothers and sistern, sometimes more, sometimes less; but nevertheless, neither brothers nor sistern shall be admitted into this hospital without it be by assent of the Mayors and the Commons. And also the rules and statutes of the said hospital be read before the brethren and sistern, which shall be accepted and received before he be received."

By this article it appears that the Abbot of Fiscamp had some authority over the appointment of the chaplain, and which authority, we imagine, he must have received from Edward the Confessor; because, though William and Henry, kings of England, confirmed Edward's gift, it does not appear that they conferred any additional gift, and therefore (all these things considered) we conclude that the hospital did exist in the eleventh century.

The situation and date of this edifice having now been pretty clearly shown, we proceed to inquire into its character, which does not seem to have been that of a hospital in the strict sense of the word, that is for providing for the sick and diseased but it was rather what we should call an alms-house for the reception of persons in decayed circumstances, and in declining years.

It must have been an asylum of considerable importance, and probably of considerable extent and means; otherwise it is not probable such great pains would have been bestowed on the appointment of the chaplain, who must have had the double duty of attending both to the spiritual and temporal wants of the inmates; and, when we reflect on all these things, it seems extraordinary, that no trace of the property once belonging to it should remain, which evidently must have included the meadow in which it stood, and the one to the south between that and Mountsfield.

But, though the property cannot be fully identified, two land-marks remain in the two wells, one near the site of the hospital, which was open in the last century, until it was closed in consequence of the body of a black man having been found in it, when, for some time, it assumed the name of Black Man's Well, and which still supplies, at the present day, the cistern on the opposite side of the road, which

was erected for the purpose of supplying horses and cattle going up and down Rye hill, with water. Dodeswell is still recognised under the name of that of Queen Elizabeth's, while the trees growing on either side of the lane, leading thereto, may be the offsprings of those which once ornamented the lands of Saint Bartholomew's hospital, for, being elms, they may be said to be everlasting, young ones continually springing up from the roots of the old ones ready to supply their places, when age has brought them to decay.

Should some of our readers think that the inquest we have held over the defunct hospital has been too protracted, to them, parodying those well-known lines of Gray:—

From objects, most minute and mean,  
The virtuous mind may morals glean—

we would say:—

From mould'ring relics, howsoever mean,  
The antiquarian doth instruction glean.

### RAMBLE III.—YPRES TOWER.

WILLIAM d'Ypres, who erected, and gave his name to, this tower, as many conclude from his name, was of French or Norman extraction, Ypres being a city of note in Flanders. For the same reason also, it is very probable, that some ancestor of his came over with William the Conqueror, though his name does not appear in the Roll of Battle Abbey, in which were inscribed the names of those Chiefs who came over with him and took part in the Battle of Hastings in which Harold having been slain, William mounted the vacant throne. Yet still in spite of this absence of the name of Ypres from the Roll in question, we can but consider that he, or some ancestor, must have come to England soon after the Conquest, otherwise this same William d'Ypres would not have been created Earl of Kent, and appointed to the joint Shrievalty of the counties of Sussex and Kent so early as the reign of King Stephen, which commenced A.D. 1135, only seventy years after the arrival of William.

Stephen having made him an earl, and, at the same time, a sheriff, shows that he was a man of note and weight, for this eighth office was then one of much greater importance and responsibility than it is now, since to him was entrusted not only the preservation of the internal peace of the county or counties over which his jurisdiction

extended, but also the protection of the same from the invasion of foreign foes, and as the south and south-eastern coasts of Kent and Sussex were particularly exposed to the piratical inroads of the French on the opposite side of the Channel, we see at once not only the propriety, but the actual necessity of some place of defence on this side; and considering that Rye was one of the outposts of the nation, standing on an eminence too—the only one to be found between Fairlight on the west and Hythe on the east—no spot could have been found more eligible for the purpose, more particularly, too, as it stands on the south-east angle of this eminence, enabling the warder on the top of the tower to survey the wide expanse of water, which was spread around him from Fairlight on the west, to Dover cliffs on the east, and even to the heights of Boulogne in the south-east; and from this watch-tower, no sooner did he descry the approach of an enemy, than, without doubt, he conveyed the information immediately to his brother warder who had charge of the watch-bell, which was suspended within a certain building on the west cliff, and from which circumstance the adjoining street has derived its name; the latter then would sound the tocsin, when the inhabitants would rush to arms, and hasten to repel the invasion of the enemy.

When we speak of Ypres Tower we must warn our younger readers and the stranger that the huge excrescence on its eastern side has no historical connection with it, though it has a material one. Our Ypres Tower is a quadrangular building with a round tower at each angle, each tower being about twenty-five feet in exterior circumference. There is a door at every corner in each apartment—for there are two floors—communicating with the several towers, but at present there are only stairs in the north-east tower, and even these do not reach the top. Several narrow lancet windows are visible, through which the garrison within-side might discharge their arrows on the besiegers. The walls are four feet thick, and each tower forty feet high.

Such then is Ypres Tower, offering but little defence against a Whitworth or Armstrong gun of our day, but strong enough to withstand the weapons of the day when it was first erected, and for many years afterwards, which consisted of bows and arrows, of spears and javelins, and accordingly though the town was often attacked, sacked and burned, we have never seen any written record nor heard any traditional report of its capture; hence it stands, after a period of 700 years, a virgin fortress uncontaminated by the foot of

a foreign foe.

Here perhaps we ought to close our history; but there is something so very peculiar in the fact that our tower has had numerous possessors, and has been applied to various purposes, that a more minute inquiry into this portion of its history seems to be called for. In the first place, there seems to have been three modes by which the necessary means might be found to meet the expense of erecting this tower. Firstly, the Earl of Kent may have built it, at his own expense. Secondly, a tax might have been levied on the inhabitants of Kent and Sussex; or, thirdly, the town itself may have found the money, and which probably was the mode adopted, for we shall see in our next ramble, that the Town Wall, erected a few years afterwards, was so erected at the expense of the town alone, and this opinion may receive further corroboration from the circumstance that although we know nothing about the real possessor of the tower until 300 years after its erection, yet we do then find that it was in possession of the Corporation. Perhaps we may fairly assume that on its first erection, and some years afterwards, it was under the control of the Sheriff, who garrisoned it with the men of Rye, and from him it passed to the former body, and so continued until A.D. 1430, when William Broughton, Mayor of Rye, Jurats, and Commonalty, conveyed it to John de Yprys, reserving to themselves the right of entering it in time of war.

A.D. 1451. John de Iprys and Elizabeth, his wife, sold it to Thomas Stoughton.

A.D. 1473. It has passed from Thomas Stoughton to James Hyde, from whom it came to his daughter Joan, and she sold it this year to Lord Stanley.

A.D. 1485. Lord Stanley exchanges the Tower with John Newbery, for certain lands in Cheshire.

A.D. 1494. The Corporation re-purchased it from John Newbery, and in their hands it has remained ever since.

We are utterly at a loss to imagine what motive could induce the Mayor of Rye to sell the Tower, or the purchasers to buy it; there certainly seem some gardens, lands, etc., accompanying it, but what profit could be made of the Tower itself we cannot surmise, and thus finding this matter in obscurity, in obscurity we must leave it, and proceed to notice the various purposes to which it has been applied. For the first 300 years there seems no doubt that the Tower

was used for military purposes alone, but to what purpose it was applied during the 64 years it was out of the hands of the Corporation it is impossible to say, but, from this time it was occupied as a Court House until about the year 1654, when the old house of correction was abandoned, and which stood in the Watchbell Street, on the north side at a short distance to the westward of Mr G. S. Butler's house after which the Ypres Tower was converted into a gaol and so remains at the present day.

And now through the long period of 700 years, in spite of all the vicissitudes of time, there stands our Tower, in all the venerability of antiquity, mossed and browned with winter age; yet still in each returning spring, when the wall-flowers, rooted in the joints of the stones, deck it with their bright yellow blossoms, it seems to enjoy a rejuvenescence, which on earth at least is denied to its founder, and all its numerous proprietors. Firm and majestic has it stood through all this long period; firm and majestic may it yet stand for ages to come:—

A noble relic of times, long gone by,  
Casting its halo o'er the past of Rye.

#### RAMBLE IV.—THE EAST WALL AND BADDING'S GATE.

Wrapped in deep meditation, oftentimes the mind loves to cast a retrospective glance through the long vista of bygone ages, to which the memory of man reacheth not; of which history leaves no record, and even the ever busy tongue of tradition is silent; and then among those scenes, long since forgotten by memory, history and tradition, the imagination loves to revel, and in her discursive flights, to paint such images of the past as may please the wild vagaries of her fancy. Thus, then, indulging our own imagination, we paint the rock on which our ancient town stands, and which, compared with that ancient rock, dwarfs into insignificance, for here stood this rock thousands of years ago, rude, barren and uninhabited, continually beaten upon all around by the tumultuous waves of those wide waters which encompassed its base. Then we see some few fishermen, more adventurous than their brethren, come over from the mainland and establish themselves here for the purpose of exercising their perilous calling. These prospering others joined them, and Rye became a flourishing fishing station. Wealth increased accordingly, and the fishing boat was exchanged for a small vessel, in

which the owner traded with the neighbouring ports, and thus the fisherman became a master-mariner. Next there sprang up a large village, in which substantial tradesmen established their shops, while opulent merchants carried on commercial operations with the ports of France, from which country they imported large quantities of wine; and so, step by step, we have traced the history of our town down to the twelfth century, at which period it had increased so much in private wealth and in public importance as to render it deserving of some artificial defence, the natural ones having become inefficient, hence William d'Ypres, as we observed in our last ramble, erected the tower bearing his name.

Nor was this long sufficient of itself, for, before the close of that same century in which it was built the Barons of Rye petitioned Richard 1st to grant them permission to inclose and strengthen the town with a wall of stone and lime.

To this petition this monarch was graciously pleased to accede and, on March 28th, 1194, granted the following charter, the substance of which we will lay before our readers presently, first claiming the enjoyment which every antiquary will appreciate, of expatiating on the value of this document, which, being a little piece of parchment, only 12 inches long, and 3 inches wide, and still existing through the extended period of nearly 700 years in a perfect state, testifies to the care which the various municipal officers, who presided over the affairs of this town all that time, have bestowed on its ancient muniments; and these reflections lead to the probability that for many years, during which the town was harassed by foreign enemies the archives were kept in the Ypres Tower, which we have never heard of having been captured by an enemy. To these remarks we must add one more, which is this: that few towns in England, we apprehend, can produce so old a document as this, and, at the same time in such excellent preservation.

At the period to which the preceding discussion relates, the language in England was of a very inferior and peculiar character. The Saxons (who formed the great body of the people) only spake their own vernacular tongue; the Normans, the nobility and gentry, Norman-French; while the Ecclesiastics, the learned men of the day, performed divine worship in Latin, and composed all their writings in this tongue; and hence this Charter is nominally written in Latin though not in a very pure style. Nevertheless the contents (or rather

the essence of them) may be understood by the following free translation of them, which runs as follows, viz.:—

“That the Barons, the Mayor, and Commonalty of Rye, having undertaken sufficiently to inclose and strengthen the town with a wall of stone and lime, in all necessary places, within three years (under a penalty of £100) and, considering the inclosure and fortification of the said town, situate on the sea shore, in front of his enemies, to be the greatest security, which in those parts could be made for the safety and defence of the kingdom, or for the public benefit, the King grants permission to the Mayor and Commonalty to build the necessary defences, and, to assist them in defraying the expenses of the undertaking he grants to them the Bailiwick and custody of the town for 13 years; and this Bailiwick enabled the Mayor to levy certain taxes, which heretofore had been paid to the King, but were now applied to supply the means requisite for the work which the town had undertaken.”

Such then was the Charter clear enough, but, beside which, we can gather little information as to our Wall, for both Camden and Jeake, the only authors who say anything on the subject, are provokingly brief in their remarks, the former merely saying that “King Edward 3rd walled Rye where the cliffs defended it not,” leading one to suppose that no wall existed previously to that time, whereas this of Richard 1st was erected 200 years before; while Edward built only the Landgate Tower with the north and west wall; while the latter (Jeake) merely informs us, “on the east and north-east sides, by the flux and reflux of the tides, have been washed away some streets, the Badding’s Gate and wall leading therefrom to the Landgate.”

All then that we gather from these scanty remarks is the fact that this wall ran along on the east side in a line from the cliff, which extended to the north-east of Landgate Tower to the bathing house, at some considerable distance from the foot of the steps leading up to the Gungarden, and hence adding greatly to the present area of the town on that side, and leaving room for the streets, mentioned by Jeake.

From the above data we will proceed to show the internal state of Rye as respects her streets, of which there were three running in a transverse line to one, which probably ran in a parallel line with the

wall, and which, by way of distinction, we will call the eastern. The first of the three was the upper one commencing at the west cliff (then the green cliff) and which ran through Watchbell Street, hence along the south side of Church Square, through the ground now occupied by the Wesleyan chapel, and so on to the eastern, opposite Badding's gate. The second was, from its relative position to the two, called Middle Street, and commenced at the foot of Mermaid Street, and, running the whole length of the same, proceeded onwards through what was called Vicarage Lane into Market Street and so straight forward until it also entered Eastern Street. The third cross street also took its name, like the second, from its situation, being called the Lower, and now the High, street.

This ran from the entrance in the Strand in a winding course to the east cliff, when, instead of turning abruptly to the north, as at present, it kept straight on to join the same street, which the other two had done. Thus far, perhaps, our conjectures may be correct, but there arise other questions as: What was the height of the east wall? What was its thickness? Was Badding's Gate a small postern, or was it a larger one leading to the water, and through which vessels anchoring without-side, might deliver their cargoes into the town, and ship cargoes therefrom? We ask the questions, but we cannot answer them. Had the waters on this side been those of Lethe they could not more completely have washed out all remembrance of this wall. On the banks of the Tigris may still be found traces of ancient Nineveh; on those of the Euphrates may be found here and there a brick, indicating the spot on which stood the mighty Babylon, but in vain we search the banks of the Rother to find a single vestige of the east wall of Rye—not one stone, not one single bit of mortar—for when it fell, it fell like Lucifer—

*Never to rise again!*

#### RAMBLE V.—THE CHURCH OF ST MARY.

IN the very centre of the town, on the summit of the hill on which it stands, was erected, in the twelfth century, the church of St Mary which is still standing there. In the days of her prime, she sat like a queen, in the midst of her obedient subjects; for at that time all her sons worshipped at her altars, the great majority from love, and some from fear; for any worshipper who ventured to wander from beneath her roof did so at the fearful risk of being consigned to the

dungeons of the Inquisition, or to the condign punishment of death, amid blazing fagots at the stake. Many of her children since those tolerant times have wandered from the power of her sceptre and formed new colonies under various denominations, as Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, and Wesleyans, betokening a happy deliverance from the yoke of Rome, and though differing in ceremonials, all agreeing in the essentials of religion; so that we may join with the pious Quaker who observed that though we had chosen different paths to walk in, he trusted we should all meet at last in one place, and that place—Heaven.

Solid and massive stands the huge pile, offering little either in its exterior or interior to constitute it a church of wonderful beauty, which Stowe, who wrote about 300 years ago, pronounced it to be, and whose description is borne out by the impression of the great seal of the town, which is that of the church 200 years before Stowe's time; and from this impression, we will afford our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves, when we have described it. Over the entrance of the north door (for this is the side represented) stands an image of the Virgin Mary (to whom the church is dedicated) with the infant Jesus on her left arm, and a palm branch in her right hand; over her head arise three pointed arches reaching to the top of the tower, whence springs a spire, slighter and higher than the present, having a cross at its apex, while each angle is ornamented with a lofty and elegant pinnacle, and the roof both at its eastern and western extremity is surmounted by a cross. The body of the church is represented as standing within a sort of low ornamental wall, or boat.

The earliest impression of this seal is in 1392, two hundred years before Stowe wrote! But having reason to believe that the church was seriously injured by the invasion of the French, A.D. 1448, we hardly know from what source Stowe drew his opinion of the church's wonderful beauty one hundred years after this event, and, unless we had been informed that he travelled the country examining many cathedrals and churches for himself, we should have concluded that he had borrowed his opinion from some preceding writer, or from the inspection of the seal itself; but if he gave this opinion after his own survey, it could not have been so much dilapidated as we have been led to believe. However, laying aside all these useless conjectures we may safely say that the exterior (judging from the seal) was very beautiful and, by and by, when we come to examine the

interior, we shall find this, in its original state, to have been equally so. We have omitted to state that round the seal is a motto in Latin which may be Englished thus:—"Hail, Mary! The Grace of God be with you! Blessed art thou among women," while on the east side of the spire are the figures of the sun and seven stars; and on the west, the moon in her crescent, also with seven stars. These representations of the heavenly bodies may be simply intended as ornaments of the seal; or they may have had a symbolical meaning, which requires a little explanation. When the Christian religion was first promulgated the priests, by way of attracting the heathen idolators to the new worship, often converted the gods of the latter into saints; and thus we are told, that by substituting in the hand of the image of Jupiter at Rome, the keys for the thunderbolt, he became St Peter. Now Diana, among the heathen, was the Queen of Heaven; and the Virgin Mary has been designated by the Romish Church by the same title. The symbol of Diana was a crescent, and here over the head of the Virgin we see the crescent also. May we not imagine then that these celestial figures were symbolical of the worship paid to the Queen of Heaven by the whole Host of Heaven in Heaven?

But enough of the exterior. Let us now turn our attention to the interior; but, before doing so, let us call the attention of our readers to two or three objects connected with the former, the first of which is the beautiful flying buttress at the east end of the church, so extremely light, and so elegantly finished, as to be well deserving of our admiration. The second is that of the clock on the north front of the tower, which tradition had long falsely reported to have been taken in the Spanish Armada of 1588, but which, we now know, existed some years before that period. Faulkner, in his history of Hammersmith, says: "The clock at Hampton Court, which was set up in 1545, is said to be the first fabricated in this country." Whether our clock was fabricated in this country, we cannot undertake to assert; but if the existence of chimes indicates that of a clock then we had one in 1513, for in the churchwardens' account of that year is this item: "Paid the cooper, for a barrel for the chime"; while in 1515 we have the following: "For working upon the frame of the clock and dial in the steeple," fully establishing the fact of a clock then in the church steeple or tower.

Some few years ago Mr Octavius Morgan, M.P. for Monmouthshire, an amateur in horology, came to Rye on purpose to examine it, when

he gave it as his opinion that ours was the oldest clock now going in England. And here, with the remark that our church is cruciform in plan, having a transept, we will proceed to the interior.

Judging from its present uncouth appearance, we never could have supposed St Mary's Church to have been one of wonderful beauty; nor does the present state of the interior bear out such an idea; but as an inspection of the town seal has altered our judgment on that head, so perhaps a similar examination of the interior, as it was in its original state, may reverse an opinion of this also.

To view the interior of cathedrals and churches to the greatest advantage, they should be entered by the western door; and here a defect at once occurs, for the ground has so increased in height on this side of the church as to elevate it two feet above the level of the floor, so that we enter by a descent of three steps, which at once diminishes the effect of its height; then, having entered, we find the floor encumbered with pews, and sides with galleries, while the lofty arches, which originally connected the wings of the choir with the centre, are closed with lath and plaster.

Such is the interior at the present day; let us endeavour to show what it was 600 years ago. Let us imagine ourselves entering the west door on a level with the floor, then unencumbered with pews, and carry our eyes through the whole length of the edifice, extending from west to east 159 feet beneath the lofty pointed arches, separating the nave and choir from the transept, to the eastern extremity of the chancel, which is lighted with a large window, while the two wings (the northern called the chapel of St Clare, and the southern that of St Nicholas), then connected with it, were further lighted, each with one large window at the east end, and each by three double lancet ones, three on the south and three on the north side. The nave on either side was divided from the aisles by a stately row of massive pillars surmounted by Norman arches, not then disfigured by unseemly galleries. We say nothing of the various altars, images, crucifixes, lamps and candles, the accompaniments of a religion which was addressed more to the imagination than to the reason.

Viewing the interior by the light which we have thus endeavoured to throw upon it, we may agree with Stowe that it was then, at all events, "a church of a wonderful beauty." And so we leave it to the contemplation of our readers and, with a very few further remarks,

will close this long ramble. We have already stated that the extreme length of the church from west to east is 159 ft.

|                           |        |
|---------------------------|--------|
| The body of the church    | 72 ft. |
| Width of transept         | 18 ft. |
| Length of chancel         | 69 ft. |
| 159 ft.                   |        |
| The transept is in length | 75 ft. |
| Ditto in breadth          | 18 ft. |

Churches in general are built due east and west, but ours is not so, the true bearings by compass being east  $\frac{1}{2}$  south, and west  $\frac{1}{2}$  north. Such variations as this indicate the quarter of the heavens in which the sun rose on the day on which the foundation stone of the respective church was laid; hence, if any of our readers can tell us on what day in the year the sun rises east  $\frac{1}{2}$  south we shall know the exact day when our church was founded.

Since writing the above I have consulted Captain James Crowhurst, an old native of this town, who is well-versed in navigation, having been a teacher in that branch of science, and who, after a careful consideration of the subject, has come to the conclusion that the church was founded on March 21st, the day of the Spring Equinox, but in what exact year, of course, cannot be fully explained, beyond the conjecture that it must have fallen on some one towards the close of the twelfth century.

The churchyard being encumbered with the mouldering remains of the defunct inhabitants of Rye for 600 years, it was ordered in 1854 that a new burial ground should be substituted for it, and which was formed about half a mile from the town, and the old one was left gradually to decay, and should any future antiquary be anxious to recall the names of former generations lying here, they have only to consult the record of them by our friend, Mr G. S. Butler. And here we leave the dead in peace, among whom

Oft the sad mourner sheds the bitter tear  
O'er some loved friend whose body's mould'ring here.

#### RAMBLE VI.—LANDGATE—NORTH AND WEST WALLS.

Some authors (to use a literary phrase) rush at once *in medias res*, that is, they commence immediately to discuss the subject they have in

hand, without any previous introduction, or any preliminary observations, and such may have been our own case heretofore, and may be again hereafter, but at present we deem it necessary, for the better elucidation of our subject, to offer some previous remarks, and these at some length, even at the risk of our present prescript, occupying, like a lady's postscript, the greater part of our paper.

To further the object we have in view, we must request our readers to accompany us in this ramble round the town to ascertain, as best we may, what was the original extent of the hill on which it stands.

In the first place then let us proceed to the South Cliff and, examining this closely, we shall very soon be convinced that it must have, in former ages, run out many rods further towards the south than it does at present, which assertion may be further strengthened by the justifiable inference that William d'Ypres would not have erected his tower so near to its edge, more particularly as the ground at the foot in this part is frequently in a dangerous state, a considerable land-slip having occurred within the last two years, which, had it not been stopped, would certainly have undermined the battery, and, eventually, the tower itself; however, the fall has been arrested, and now, without pretending to decide how far exactly the South Cliff did extend beyond its present base, we will hasten to examine the S.S.E. and N.E. sides of the town, where we shall be enabled more clearly to define the boundaries of the rock in question, which is of a sandstone formation, friable of itself, with loose earth between the individual masses continually liable to crumble away of itself and, of course, much faster when exposed to the continual beating of the waves of the sea, which has been the case with regard to our cliffs.

Beginning then at the S.E. angle, we shall find that the sand-rocks extended out as far as the fish market, full 300 feet from the foot of the Gun-garden steps, and, in the channel facing the ferry house, rocks were visible a very few years ago, but which are now covered by the deposit made by the tide; of the existence of rocks near the Gun-garden we have the following proof, viz.:— "June 10th, 1698. It is ordered that John King do attend the ferrying place for the carrying of foot-people from the Gun-garden rocks to the Camber." This is an extract from the Corporation books. We now pass on to the N.E. and here we shall see abundant evidence of the rocky cliff on this part, from what is still standing, while, in the memory of aged

men in the town, many isolated rocks were standing in the midst of the water which at that time flowed up there, and at this day we can trace one sand-stone at a distance of 85 yards from the Landgate. Thus far we can discover proofs of rock which originally formed the base of our hill, and, though we can find no rocks between the N.E. and S.E. points, still there was a cliff between the two on which the East Wall had been erected 200 years before, and which was standing at this time; but the absence of rocks to protect it will account for the sea having made greater inroads here than in other parts. Having thus completed our survey of the S.S.E., E. and N.E. quarters, let us next proceed to the north and west, both of which sides were formerly surrounded by deep water; but now, towards the end of the 14th century, of which we are speaking, the sea had, particularly on the north side, already begun to retire, for we have it on record that some of the marshes on this side had been inclosed, and also that there was a road leading from the foot of Rye hill into the town, though liable at times to be overflowed by the tide. Such being the case, and there being no cliffs on the north or west, except at the S.W. side, Rye, consequently, on these parts, was completely undefended; and this will account for the building of the Land-Gate and of the N. and W. wall, the preliminaries to which are thus set forth :—

“March 3rd, 1369. The King to all persons, to whom these presents shall come greeting :—

“The Mayor and Commonalty of the town of La Rye, have petitioned us, etc.

“We assenting to their petition in this particular, have granted and given license, on behalf of ourselves, and our heirs, as much as in us lies, to the aforesaid Mayor and Commonalty, that they may, with a wall of stone and lime enclose, fortify, and krenellate the said town of La Rye, and may hold the same, so enclosed, fortified, and krenellated for themselves, their heirs, and successors, of us and our heirs, by the services due, and accustomed thereon for ever.”

Having concluded a peace with France, Edward 3rd, with his Queen Phillipa, crossed the channel, and landed at Rye, A.D. 1360, when he must have had an opportunity of seeing the unprotected state of

the town, and hence it has been a matter of surprise to us that this grant should have been so long delayed. The reader being thus made acquainted with the exterior state of the town, bearing in mind that the East Wall was still standing, we will lose no further time in describing the structures, which form the subject of this ramble.

At the S.W. angle of the town the cliffs from thence to S.E. were considered a sufficient defence on those sides, while from the S.E. to the N.E. the East Wall formed its protection, and at this latter angle was erected King Edward's Gateway which is flanked on either side with a massive round tower, rising to the height of 47 ft., and leaving an internal diameter of 15 feet. In the Western Tower were stairs leading to the summit of it, on which was a small watch-tower (restored some few years ago by our late friend Mr Charles Hicks), which is about 8½ feet above the principal ones. The width of the gateway is about 12 feet, over which was a portcullis, which was taken down in 1734, after having retained its original position nearly 400 years.

The north wall was further strengthened by a ditch of 50 feet wide and 6 feet deep, but the tide still flowing to a considerable depth on the west side, the wall here did not require this addition. The walls were 28 feet high, and the S.W. extremity of them was terminated by a gateway without any flanking towers, and which from its contiguity to the Strand, derived its name therefrom.

From the preceding history of the town at the period specified, we may safely infer that it had then reached the zenith of its prosperity, completely fortified with walls by land, and, by their local navy of five ships of war, by sea, while internally the inhabitants had much wealth, proofs of which were existing in the East Wall, Ypres Tower and St Mary's Church, all probably erected at the expense of the town either in its corporate character, or by its inhabitants individually; added to which the town possessed a mercantile navy, the profits of which were divisible among the several barons. And here let us pause a moment, and ponder over these things. Man in his individual, and also in his corporate character, is virtually the same being, possessing the same passions, the same feelings, the same hopes, and the same fears.

The individual man in his youth, indulges all his wildest fancies, all his loftiest inspirations. Hope is his guiding star, painting the future

in brighter hues than are ever realised. In the prime of life, immersed in the constant whirl of worldly affairs, he has little time to bestow either on the future or the past, and therefore he then lives in the present; but when old age comes on, and he is no longer able or willing to take part in the business of the world, he lives in the past; memory conjuring up the scenes of his early life and presenting them in more glowing colours than ever decked them in their reality.

Happy the man who, in the winter of his life, and in the winter of the year, can sit by his fireside, and luxuriate in the scenes of his past life unembittered by remorse, and with no pangs of conscience upbraiding him with the sins of a mis-spent youth or prime. These observations let us now apply to the inhabitants of Rye in their aggregate character. Such as were living in the 12th century, and witnessed the erection of Ypres Tower, the East Wall, and the Church, might well indulge in this, the youth of the town, in exhilarating hopes of her future greatness; those who lived in the 14th century, the prime of her life, must have luxuriated in the contemplation of the prosperity to which she had attained, while we who are living in the old age of Rye, finding but little to rejoice our hearts in the present, and nothing to look forward to in the future, must be content with reminiscences of the past, proud to remember we have three such noble monuments of former times in the massive Tower of William of Ypres, in the Church of St Mary, and the beautiful Gateway of Edward 3rd, the latter of which originally both the defence and ornament of the town, now the latter only, which indeed it is—at once

So lofty, so magnificent, so grand,  
The glory of the town; long may it stand!

#### RAMBLE VII —THE CHAPELS OF THE AUGUSTINE AND CARMELITE FRIARS.

Saint Augustine, who was founder of the Friars, who bore his name, was born in Numidia, in Africa, on November 13th, A.D. 354, but at what period a body of this Order was settled in Rye may be uncertain, therefore waiving all idle discussion on this point, and confining ourselves to the records of history, we shall content ourselves with stating that, a Priory of this Order existed here at all events, in the 15th century, for A.D. 1432, Thomas Sackville, Knt., gave by his will, dated in December of this year, to the House of Friars Augustine, of Rye, the sum of six shillings and eight pence,

while John Bewley, of Rye, in his will dated March 12th, 1517, gave them eight shillings.

This Priary is still standing on the east side of Conduit Hill; though sadly dilapidated, sufficient remains are to be seen to convince us that in its original state, it possessed much architectural beauty, the interior consisting of one large room 68 ft. long and 26 ft. wide, with a height of 22 ft., having one large elegant window both at the east and west end, while the south side was lighted, and ornamented at the same time, with gothic arched windows decorated with rich stone tracery. Dormitories and other offices were attached to the main building on the north side.

Such was this edifice at the time of its foundation, and such probably it remained until the commencement of the 16th century, when the roof had become so decayed that one William Marshe, a husbandman, A.D. 1524, added a new one to it, while in this improved state it continued but a very short time, for in A.D. 1535, Henry VIII dissolved it, in consequence of its revenues having been under £200 a year. After this desecration its beauty gradually faded away; in 1572 it became a place of refuge for the French Huguenots, who came over in that year to avoid persecution in their own country; from this benevolent use it became a theatre, then a barrack for soldiers, next a malt house, and finally degraded to be the receptacle of butter, cheese and bacon, but is now used as a wool warehouse by Messrs. T. Legg & Son.

The Carmelites took their name from Mount Carmel in the Holy Land, from which spot, after they were first established, some of the fraternity, about the middle of the 13th century, emigrated into England, where, at a very early period of their arrival, they established a Monastery of their Order at Newenden, in Kent, the existence of which many traces remain to this day in the names of fields, clearly borrowed from their connection therewith.

This Monastery having thus been established within some miles of Rye, it is very probable that the Chapel in this town was an affiliation of the former, and this probability may receive some confirmation from the fact that the same Thomas Sackville, who gave six shillings and eight pence to the Augustines, gave a similar sum to the Carmelites, and that the same benefactor married a daughter of Sir Edward Dalyngrigge, of Bodiam Castle, which stands in the parish

of Bodiam, the adjoining one to that of Newenden, which would make him acquainted with it.

The Chapel of the Carmelites was situated on the south side of Church Square, with its gable end facing the north, on which is still visible the arch of what was originally a handsome Gothic window, such as was peculiar to religious edifices of that day, and hence marks this as having been one. It is built of stone, another proof of its antiquity, as all the dwelling houses in those days were composed of wood. It was a very small building, only  $28\frac{3}{4}$  feet in length, which is from north to south; and 19 ft. in width from west to east; on the north-east corner there seems to have been a small lancet-shaped window.

Such then were the only two religious houses in this ancient town of Rye; specimens of those monastic institutions which were useful in their day, as we may fairly presume all institutions to be, and have been, because they never would be founded were they not required to satisfy the wants of the age in which they are founded.

Before we can fully appreciate the great value of these institutions, we must endeavour to place to ourselves the state of this country from the 11th to the 15th century, and this we may ascertain pretty well by a careful perusal of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, written in the 14th century, in which are portrayed at once the moral, the physical, and the material character of England.

The company, which left the Tabard Inn, in the borough of Southwark, were about to perform one of the most religious acts of the day, that of going on a pilgrimage to Canterbury to worship and make their offerings at the shrine of Thomas à Becket, and, while on their journey, they beguiled the weariness of the way by recounting tales, which gave the name to the poem, the contents of which bespeak such a low and degraded state of morals, as no one could conceive if he had not read them. These pilgrims performed their journey on horseback and in a numerous body, because there were then no carriages, and had there been, the roads were too rough and miry to admit of them, while the country was so infested with thieves and outlaws as to render it unsafe for the traveller to go alone.

The great barons, residing within the walls of their fortified castles, only passed beyond the bounds of them to partake of the pleasures of the chase, or to make inroads on the unguarded lands of some

neighbouring chief, committing all manner of ravages and then returning to their strongholds where, being utterly ignorant, they had no resource but to pass their time in feasting and rioting, and in the indulgence of low sensual vices; hence it is clear, as law and justice could scarcely be said to exist, and might overcome right, the monasteries became the only refuge for the really pious man, for the man of peace, and the man of letters. Here alone could the first perform his acts of devotion; the second cultivate the arts of peace; and the latter keep alive that little spark of knowledge, which was all that remained of that once brilliant flame which had illumined the Greeks and Romans of old. And not only did the monks preserve a remnant of religion, of art, and of learning within the walls of these sacred edifices, but they, at the same time, were the best agriculturists, and the best horticulturists of their day; their farms were the best tilled of any in the country, and their orchards and gardens the best cultivated, while to them we are indebted for the introduction of many fruits and vegetables, which were not indigenous to this realm.

Such were the advantages derived from the monasteries in their infancy and their prime, but the decrepitude of age came upon them, and they knew it not. Towards the close of the 15th century a great change came over the scene: Henry of Lancaster married Elizabeth of York, and put an end to the civil war, which had desolated England through the preceding part of it. Luther had begun to preach the Reformation, awakening the minds of men out of a deep sleep of ages; Columbus discovered America, and Vasco de Gama, the Portuguese admiral, was the first to pilot the voyage to India round the Cape of Good Hope. With such a blaze of light breaking thus suddenly upon the world, the lesser lights of the monasteries were dimmed, and their utility began to be questioned; thus we find that in all the great revolutions that have taken place in Europe in the course of the last 300 years, these monastic institutions have been, more or less, broken up. When Henry VIII quarrelled with the Pope, his first step was to suppress these religious bodies, these two in Rye being the first from their comparative insignificance, though eventually all the larger ones, even of Battle, of Croyland, and of Woburn, met with the same fate.

Again, when the French Revolution broke out towards the end of the last century, the monasteries and nunneries were the first to feel its influence. And now, even Spain and Portugal, the two most

bigoted of all Roman Catholic countries, have seized much of the Church property, and disposed of it for the benefit of the State, while at this moment, Victor Emmanuel has commenced the same operations in Italy, opposed by the Pope alone. Thus two great antagonistic principles are at work—the dark, narrow bigotry of the 12th and the enlightenment of the 19th century. Victor Emmanuel stands face to face with Pius the Ninth; the unification of Italy and the infallibility of Rome. The wise statesman and the enlightened man of the world exclaim, “*Tempora mutantur; mutamur ab illis*” (“Times are changed and we change with them”).

But the priesthood of Rome say, “*Nullum tempus ecclesiae*” (“No time can lessen the power and dignity of the Church; such as it was, such it is now, and such it ever will be”). The stream of time ever flows on towards the ocean of eternity, each succeeding wave more or less effacing the impression left by the former; the stream never flows back to its source—a truth the Pope seems not to understand; and so, blindly attempts to oppose its onward progress. It is easier, they say, to raise a spirit than to lay it again.

The Emperor of France has raised the spirit of liberty in Italy and it is in vain that he attempts to stay its progress; he ever vacillates; now raises his hand to strike, while his ultramontane clergy restrain the blow; his ambassador at Rome cries “*Volumus*,” “We are willing to smooth the downfall of the Pope;” but the cardinal replies, “*Non possumus!*”—“We cannot;” and of course the Pope cannot; for if he acceded to any proposal entrenching on his temporal or spiritual power, he would acknowledge himself to be a fallible man; and as the original fabric of Popery was based on the corner stone of infallibility, were this stone removed, the fabric must fall, and fall it will; but the time is not yet, though it cannot be long delayed, for the owls and the bats that fluttered and flapped their wings so joyfully in the darkness of the middle ages, unable to bear the effulgence of the present, must eventually hide themselves in the caves and clefts of the rocks; but at present, it is all an entangled knot which all the subtle diplomacy and all the despotic power of Louis Napoleon are incompetent to unravel; and if he really wishes to loosen it, he must, like Alexander, draw his sword, and cut it in twain, leaving the King to manage the temporalities, and the Pope the spiritualities of the kingdom of Italy; and to this complexion it must come at last. Rome must be—Rome will be—the capital of Italy. The decree has gone

forth—the Fates have willed it; and—

Who can turn the stream of destiny,  
Or break the chain of strong necessity,  
Which fast is tied to Jove's eternal seat?

### RAMBLE VIII.—OLD HOUSES.

Old Houses! What can be written about old houses, worth the reading? What is the use of peeping and poking into and poring over these old places amidst dust and dirt, and spiders, and their webs? How can anything amusing, much less interesting or instructive be said on so barren a subject? Such are the ejaculations which we fancy some of our readers may utter, and, should it be so, we beg to reply that we think there is much not only amusing and interesting, but also instructive, as we flatter ourselves we shall be able to prove to their satisfaction before we come to the end of this ramble.

Should the reader, who thus gives utterance to his thoughts, be a landsman, we would simply ask him whether he has not, while travelling on the turnpike road to any given place thereon, beguiled the way, and thus found amusement, in counting each succeeding milestone, as he came to it, interested in ascertaining how far he had travelled towards his journey's end; and deriving instruction, as to the distance he has travelled and at what rate of speed, several facts, which he could not have acquired a knowledge of with the same certainty, had he ridden over cross roads, with no milestone whereby to mark the progress he made towards the designated termination of his journey?

Or, on the other hand, should the questioner be a seaman, we would ask him, whether or not on his voyage out or home he had not watched with intense interest each headland and promontory by day, and each lighthouse by night, anxiously measuring the progress he had thereby made towards his wished-for haven? And the amusement, the interest, and the instruction, which the landsman derives from counting the milestones; and the seaman from watching the headlands, promontories, and lighthouses; the same are experienced by the antiquary in his inspection of old houses, which are, by their various styles of architecture, so many age-marks on the road of time, by which he ascertains what progress he has made down the passage of ages, each particular style frequently exhibiting proof of a particular century.

When we concluded our sixth ramble, we rejoiced in the prosperity, to which our ancient town had attained, delighted with the reflection that the inhabitants had much internal wealth, which seemed to be safely defended from foreign foes by their fortifications on land, and by their fleet at sea. But vain and empty are all the boasts of man; weak and fragile all his expectations; all his works unstable, as a house erected on the sand, which, when the winds arise and the seas roar, and beat against it, crumbles at once before the fury of the storm; and of these melancholy truths Rye was at this time an exemplification, for scarcely had the mortal life of Edward III come to a close, than the prosperity of the town came to a close also.

Edward expired in 1377, and in the following year 1378, being the first of Richard II, Stowe tells us that “the French came over and within five hours brought the town of Rye wholly into ashes conveying away four of the richest of the town prisoners and slaying 66, left not above eight in the town; 42 hogsheads of wine they carried thence to their ships with the rest of their booty and left the town desolate.” This desolation and the cause of it are set forth in a petition to Richard II in 1379, which states that the municipal authorities had repaired the walls on the land side, but, on account of their poverty have been unable to repair those on the side and hence the town was liable to be taken, wherefore they pray that aid may be afforded them towards the repairs of the said walls.

Again in A.D. 1448, being the 26th Henry VI, the town seems to have suffered another invasion, and consequent devastation, in consequence of which this monarch, in the following year, incorporated Tenterden with Rye, explaining it to have been done from the fact of the town having fallen into devastation, destruction, waste, and impoverishment not only of lands and tenements, but also of inhabitants. By the petition to Richard II it appears that the town had been frequently taken previously to his reign, and hence we come to the conclusion that there is some intermixture and consequent confusion in the narration of these disasters, and that the devastation begun in 1378 was consummated in 1448, and in the latter year the inhabitants being deprived of their dwellings were under the necessity of erecting new ones, and it is from this we shall start on our inquiry into the history of the old houses, the first of which, in point of age, we take to be the one situated in West-street, on the west side of the same, the property of Mr Charles Thomas, our worthy letter-carrier, to whom and to his father before him, every

antiquary is deeply indebted for the admirable manner in which he has preserved its original character.

This house, standing about half-way between High-street and Mermaid-street, appears pretty clearly to us to be only a portion of one, originally of much larger dimensions, the characteristic features of which are a front to the eastward, composed of upright timbers with plaster between them, having several small windows, while in the centre are two projecting ones, much larger, each longitudinally divided, with five compartments in each division; while between these two windows—that is above the top of the lower, and beneath the sill of the upper—are seen three rude diamonds of wood with the centre of each filled up with plaster, and each diamond divided from the other by a vertical piece of timber. Such are the simple outlines of this dwelling, a remarkable instance of one full 400 years old, still in good repair, habitable and inhabited.

The next house, to which we will introduce the reader, is one that formerly stood on the south side of Mermaid-street, adjoining to the west side of that now occupied by Mr Hicks, the property of Mr Cooper Procter, of Lydd, who inherited it from his late grandfather, Mr Thomas Procter, for many years the town clerk, who pulled down the house in question about 50 or 60 years ago, for the sake of throwing the site of it into his garden. Fortunately we have in our possession a drawing of this dwelling from an original by the late Mr Henry Bourn, a watchmaker in the town, and from this we are enabled to give the following description, as it now lies before us.

In its prime, we consider, it must have had a handsome exterior. It has a slightly arched doorway, with a very slight projection of the first floor over the ground one, and above which is seen one projecting window over the doorway, but close under the roof, while on the right hand of this window are two others, one above the other, each divided horizontally as those in Mr Thomas's, and having in each seven compartments severally filled in with very small diamond shaped panes of glass; these windows are surmounted by a gable roof, as also is the other, to which if we add that it has an ornamental chimney, and that it was evidently in its earlier days much larger, we think we shall be borne out in our opinion, already expressed, of its having been a handsome structure.

The third specimen of this style of architecture was standing some

twenty years ago, and the ruins of which may be still seen in Lion-street, on the west side immediately joining to the north end of the George Hotel, these ruins evidencing that it has fallen a victim to the law of Gavel-kind, Rye being one of the few places in which this law prevails out of the county of Kent. The essence of this old Saxon law is, that on the death of the owner of freehold property, without a will, it becomes the joint inheritance of all the male heirs; and as in this instance one of the heirs emigrated some years ago there has been a difficulty in making out a title; and thus has this house fallen into its present dilapidated state, from which it might have been rescued, had the 58th article of the Customal of Rye been capable of being put into action, which empowered the Mayor to take charge of orphans and their property, when under age and take care of them till they were of proper age to have it delivered into their hands.

The last house of this series according to age, stood (till the year 1854, when it was pulled down) in East-street on the west side, and on the site of which Mr Atkins, auctioneer and broker, built two brick tenements. This building had long ceased to be a dwelling house, being only used as an old store, but retained just enough to show such a projecting window as to entitle it to a place in this list.

All the houses here enumerated belong, we believe, to the 15th century, and were erected some time between A.D. 1448 and A.D. 1485; and for fixing their erection within these two periods, we shall hope in our next ramble to be able to assign a sufficient reason.

Here, then, we close this ramble with a motto, affixed instead of being prefixed, claiming this privilege of deviating from established custom as a poetical license, and now herewith indite it accordingly—

These are the dwellings of the men of old;  
Their history now, by th' antiquary told;  
Whose mission is fond memories to save,  
E'er lost for ever in oblivion's grave.

#### RAMBLE IX.—OLD HOUSES (CONTINUED).

On August 1, 1485, was fought the battle of Bosworth Field, between Richard III and Henry of Richmond, when, the former having been killed, Lord Stanley, the ancestor of the present Earl of Derby, took the crown from the head of Richard and placed it on that of Henry, who ascended the throne, by the title of the seventh

of that name; and, shortly after, having married Elizabeth of York (he being of the House of Lancaster) these hitherto rival factions were united and the civil wars ended. Henry was known under three appellations: he was Henry of Richmond, as possessing the Earldom of that name; Henry of Lancaster, as the descendant of Henry the Fourth, the founder of that dynasty; and of the House of Tudor, from having some of the blood of this Welsh family in his veins; hence it is that some houses built during the reign of this family, which commenced in Henry VII, 1485, and ended in that of his granddaughter, Elizabeth, in 1603, are said to be of the Tudor style.

Every student in history is well aware that at the contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, each party took a rose for its emblem—one a white, and the other a red—and thus when the marriage of Henry and Elizabeth formed a real union of the two houses, at the same time, symbolically, united the two roses. Hence many houses, erected about and after the period when that union took place, frequently bear somewhere about them the figure of a rose; and the existence of this emblem, together with other differences, shows that the edifices we are about to describe in this ramble, belong to a somewhat later period than those contained in the preceding one. And now, after a review of these preliminary observations, the reader will be better prepared to enter into the examination of these, and to which we now hasten to address ourselves; for which purpose we must request him to accompany us, while we endeavour to give some description of that old house standing at the bottom of West-street on the west side, abutting at the north end against High-street, with a very long eastern front into West-street.

If we examine that rude old door at the lower end facing West-street, we shall see, carved at each upper angle of the door-posts, a rose embedded in leaves, out of which runs a long slender pointed piece of wood, nearly meeting over the centre of the lintel, signifying the union of the two; around one of these is a scroll, while the other either never had one, or it has been denuded of it. This house has a front composed of upright timbers and plaster between, similar to those in the previous ramble, but without any projecting windows; but has instead a projection of the first floor over the ground one of about 18 inches, and which projection forms a characteristic in others of the houses now about to be described. Furthermore this projection is supported by one single beam, 36 feet in length;

moreover there is at the north end a wing with a lofty gable, and presuming that a similar one must have originally existed on the south side, each 15 feet in length, then this residence must have presented an eastern front of not less than sixty-six feet.

We will now walk up West-street and turn down into Mermaid-street, where nearly half way down on the north side we shall see a house having a frontage to the south of sixty feet; but as this part has been modernised, we can recognise only one mark of its coming under this head, which mark is the projection of the first over the ground floor, as in the preceding case. However, as the back of the house remains in its primitive state, we can there discover further proofs of its connection with the present series in the upright timbers and plaster, and the absence of projecting windows, while there also may be seen the projection of the first floor, supported by a beam 25 feet long.

This house has a depth, as well as a length, of 60 feet. Such is the exterior, which having examined, let us enter the interior, where we shall find much to amuse and instruct us; such an extensive habitation, with such a labyrinth of rooms requiring a guide to point them out, as they seem to be formed in such strange, out of the way nooks and corners; and then such a forest of timber in the roofs and attics underneath, extensive enough to accommodate a whole regiment of soldiers, and indeed many may have occupied them in times past, for it was once an inn, known by the sign of the Mermaid, which gave its name to this street, superseding its former one of Middle-street. The antiquarian gem of the house is an old room ornamented with a well-carved wainscot, and having a chimney piece of Caen stone with a profusion of roses engraven thereon, indicative of its Tudor age, while barely visible to the naked eye, is a date in Roman numerals indicating it to have been put up some time in the early part of the 16th century.

Dr Rawlinson, a celebrated antiquary, who died A.D. 1755, speaking of the Mermaid Inn, at Rye, says that he saw on hangings in this house these lines:—

Tis Concord keeps a realme in stable stays,  
But Discorde bryngs all kyngdoms to decaye,  
Since God is just, whose stroke delayed lounge,  
Doth light at last, wyth payne more sharp and strong.

Tyme never was, nor never, I think shall be,  
That truth, unshent,<sup>1</sup> might speake in all thyngs free.  
Spend not more thy time in idleness,  
But fly unto good voyages.

<sup>1</sup> Unshent means unblamed.

In the olden times such inscriptions were often written round the cornices of rooms in private houses, instances of which, we believe, were to be found in several parts of Sussex, indicating, as we should suppose, that they were the property of families of some consequence, and hence we conclude that the house, of which we are speaking, was originally a private one, but at what particular period it was converted into an inn, or ceased to be one, we cannot pretend to determine; however, this much we do know, that it was an inn A.D. 1636, for, when Mr Thomas Peacock built and endowed the grammar school of Rye, the income of the master was partly provided for by an annuity of four pounds secured on the Mermaid, which annuity was afterwards redeemed for the sum of fifty pounds; and from this we may conclude that the Mermaid, at that time, belonged to Mr Peacock.

As to the exact period at which it ceased to be an inn, we know it was not one when it was purchased by Mr Thomas Bourn, of Rye, A.D. 1784; neither was it an inn A.D. 1758, because in the poor rate for this last year the following five inns are mentioned, viz., Bull, George, Fortune, Dolphin and Lyon, but not the Mermaid.

We were informed some years ago by a gentleman, who was born in Rye in the year 1740, that he remembered when the Hawkhurst gang of smugglers were in the height of their pride and insolence, to have seen them (after having successfully run a cargo of goods on the sea ashore) seated at the windows of this house, carousing and smoking their pipes, with their loaded pistols lying on the table before them, no magistrate daring to interfere with them. Thus we have discovered two limits of time between which this house must have ceased to be an inn, which must have been some time between A.D. 1740 in which our informant was born, and 1758, when we have seen that this house was no longer a public one.

We hope our friends will not entertain any unjust suspicions as to our sobriety, when, after spending so much time at the Mermaid, we ask them to accompany us to the Flushing, which was another extensive

hostelry at the same time as the former, and which probably owed its name to the fact of the smugglers importing from this town abundance of Schiedam, but we can most sincerely assure our readers, that, though we pried into all the corners of the Mermaid, we never found a single bottle of Cognac, nor in the Flushing one solitary tub of gin.

The old residence stands at the north-west angle of Market-street and South-row, having a frontage of 26 feet into the former, and 36 feet into the latter. It now consists of two dwellings, the front of the eastern one being so beplastered as entirely to have effaced its original features; but happily for the antiquary, the west front and the north also of the western-most house still retain all their original character, for on the west we find two old doors, slightly arched, with a rose carved at each of the upper corners of the posts, and over these the characteristic projection of the upper storey over the lower ones; added to which, both on the north and west are seen the upright timbers and the plaster, leaving us in no difficulty as to placing it in this catalogue.

When this house became an inn we cannot say, but can pretty nearly define the period when it ceased to be one; for in the Poor Book of 1744 we find the following entry among the expenses, viz., "A German Staymaker, who was sick at the Flushing Inn—2s. 6d."; while in 1758 the name does not appear in the list of inns, noticed in the preceding part of this ramble.

As tradition has mixed up the name of Breeds, who murdered Mr Grebble in 1742, with the Flushing, we will mention what we have heard in this matter, without vouching for its accuracy. In the first place it is said that this house at the time of his execution belonged to him, but this we believe to be incorrect, as is also, we have now reason to believe, the report mentioned in this Ramble, when originally published, that the house belonging to Mr Henry Paine, at the south-east corner of Church-square, belonged to Breeds at the time of his death; for, on examining the Corporation books, we find that shortly after this event, an inquisition was taken of his property, which seems to have amounted to very little, and in which no mention is made of a house.

The second story is that Breeds kept the inn at that time; this is probably an error, as he was a butcher at that time carrying on

business in the north-west corner of Church-square; the property of the Rev. G. A. Lamb, D.D. The third and last story is, that on his way from the gaol to the place of execution, Breeds stopped here and partook of some refreshment, and this we think may be true, because it is mentioned by several writers, that when a culprit was taken from gaol in London, to be carried in a cart to Tyburn, to be hanged, it was customary to allow him to stop by the way at some public house to refresh himself.

Having thus brought poor Breeds to the Flushing, and having seen him drain his last cup, let us accompany him to the place of execution; and as we walk down High-street, we may cast a glance into the blacksmith's shop, in which his chains were forged, and which is the identical shop now owned and occupied by Mr Cooper. From hence we must proceed to the Strand, and so on to a marsh then existing between Tillingham sluice and the windmill on the north side of it (the channel which now conducts the waters of the Tillingham to the Strand not having then been cut); here then Breeds was hanged, and then gibbeted though this was not the old accustomed spot appointed for the execution of criminals, for, in the 13th article of the Customal, we find it says, if a man be condemned to death, "he must be hanged upon the Salt Ness, on the east side of the town," and which Salt Ness was the cliff, on which now stands Thorncliff Cottage, and which in our own time, forty years ago, was called Gallows Bank from this circumstance.

In A.D. 1786 the first Tillingham Sluice was erected and then it was that the new channel was made, necessitating the removal of the gibbet, by which time the flesh having all fallen from the bones of the skeleton, with some of the latter also, the remainder, with the skull, being bleached in the wind, these, with the chains, were carried to the Court Hall, where they still remain, objects of wonder and curiosity to all those who happily were not born till after these barbarous customs had ceased; but which had not ceased in our early days, for we once witnessed a similar melancholy spectacle, and we could tell of many a gibbet in the county of Sussex standing in those days, and the names of those who suffered thereon; but this would be rambling out of Rye, instead of in, and therefore we drop the curtain over these sad scenes, concluding as usual with a few lines referable to the old houses which form the title of this very long ramble.

In these Old Houses we may somewhat find  
Worthy remembrance by the thoughtful mind;  
E'en those vast Beams, they show in time of yore,  
What mighty Oaks the neighbring forest bore;  
These Roses too so rudely graven here,  
Sad tales may tell of many a bloody year;  
The white Rose crimsoned with man's heart-blood shed,  
The crimson blushing with a deeper red;  
While there their Union carv'd on that old door,  
Speaks Peace restor'd—the bloody conflict o'er.

#### RAMBLE X.—OLD HOUSES.

Our last ramble ended at the Flushing Inn; hence we proceed to Church-square, on the west side of which at its southern extremity, we shall find the remains of a large house, abutting to Watchbell-street on the south and facing the churchyard on the east; all that now remains to tell us that it belongs to this class, is the projection of the first floor over the ground one, supported by a beam 32 feet in length, with a slightly ornamented bracket at the south end. This is the property of Mrs Ruble. [a contemporary pencil annotation corrects this to Rubie – SWC]

We will now turn back and pursue our way to the lower end of Lion-street, where, on the west side, we shall discover on the eastern side of the George Hotel, a very fine specimen of the style of architecture we are here investigating, in the usual projection, with a beam of support full 40 feet long; while moreover we may notice, that the street in this part falling rapidly; while the beam is laid in horizontally, though the northernmost end is nine feet from the ground, the southern is only about five feet. And the peculiarity in this part of the George is, that though, like the other houses it is formed of timber and plaster, these timbers are not upright like those in them, but are formed into squares; and it still has one or more of the original diminutive windows.

The five houses above described, that is, three in the last, and two in this ramble, are the only ones possessing the characteristics of the Tudor Rose and the projecting floor, or one of them; but there are other residences to be noticed, which bear more or less the marks of the 16th century; the first of which is No. 24, High-street, in which the author of these rambles himself resides, and of which the

adjoining house of Mr Banks on the west side of it originally formed part, some portion of the latter overlapping the former, and these two together present a united frontage towards the south of 64 feet and a depth from south to north of 44 feet. In our own dwelling are many features of antiquity; in the first place we have (though now concealed by more modern ones) three chimney pieces of Caen stone, having sculptured on them, the Tudor Rose and also the Portcullis, which was borne in the arms of this family. In this house is a vast mass of timber, most rudely finished, seemingly only rough hewed by an axe, and over which no plane has ever passed, and which is now too hard for chisel to cut. Our house and the old Mermaid are the only two we have met with, as having an open quadrangle in the centre, the which, in our case, was covered over some 50 or 60 years ago, while in the latter it is still open to the sky.

We will here give a specimen of one room in our house, serving to show what style prevailed in the 16th century. This apartment is wainscotted, but in the course of three centuries, as might be reasonably expected, has been sadly disfigured; but still enough remains to show that in many parts it was handsomely carved. From the open quadrangle, we suppose, from the inferior appearance of the wainscot in that part, at the present time; the room was entered by two folding doors of great loftiness, reaching within two feet of the top which is 10 feet high; immediately facing this entrance was one very large window with small panes, looking towards the north, while pretty near the upper corner of this, on either side, was a very small one, still in existence, though concealed by plaster on the outside, and by a square of wainscot within. On the right as you entered was one of those massy chimney pieces, which we have already mentioned; on the west side is a solid plate running the whole length of 16 feet which is the square of the room, projecting a few inches from the perpendicular of the wainscot, which is so hard no tool can cut it.

There are yet two other houses which we shall add to this catalogue, though they have neither of the characteristics of the Tudor Rose, nor of the projection so often alluded to. It is from their size alone that we thus add them. The first of these stands on the north-west corner of Lion-street, consisting of two residences at the present time, one belonging to Mr Alce, the auctioneer, which is the western one, partly facing into Lion, and partly into High-street, while the eastern one belongs to Mr John Tolhurst Mittell, the butcher, and

faces into the latter street; these were originally one extensive mansion, as is evident from the fact that part of one chamber in Mr. Alce's house runs over Mr. Mittell's shop. The west front of these premises measures 45 feet from north to south, and the north from west to east, 50 feet. We have no anecdotal reminiscences to record of these houses, and therefore shall proceed to the other, which may perhaps prove rather more interesting.

The latter edifice formerly (for it has been pulled down many years, though in the memory of some living) occupied, together with stables, a frontage of about 130 feet, extending from the north end of the house, occupied by Mr. Adamson to the west end of two others, which run round the south-west angle of West-street, where it faces into the Church-yard. The stables occupied the ground on which Mr. Adamson's house now stands, and the dwelling house the remaining portion. This residence was of importance from two circumstances, the first its size, and the other its having been inhabited by the Grebble family, which held the patronage of the borough of Rye, previously to its falling into the hands of that of the Lambs, by the marriage of Mr. James Lamb in 1717 to Martha Grebble. Besides which it was in this same house, that Mr. Allen Grebble lived, who was murdered by Breeds in 1742, and who was just able, after receiving the fatal wound, to reach his home, in which he soon after expired, and which melancholy event is thus recorded on a flat stone, lying over his grave in Saint Clare's chapel in these words:—

“Here lyeth the body of ALLEN GREBBELL, Esquire,”

Who, after having served the office of Mayor of this town for ten years, with the greatest honour and integrity, fell by the cruel stab of a sanguinary butcher, on March 17th, 1742, aged 50 years.

This gentleman was nearly the last male representative of a family, for a long period settled in this town; the first time we meet with the name being as far back as 1582, when a daughter of Allen Grebbell was baptized, while on Oct. 4th, 1613, an Allen Grebbell was made a freeman of the Corporation, and one member of this family was admitted as late as 1754; after which time we do not meet with it and therefore we conclude this was the last, but though the male line thus died out soon after, yet in the female line, is still represented by the Lambs to this day, and, as Mr. William Lamb's name is entitled to be

inserted in the list of freemen provided he is duly rated to the poor, and is thus entitled to vote for the member of Rye, we have the extraordinary fact of one family having had one or more of their members on the list of freemen of the town, for the long period of 271 years, during a large portion of which time this property has been in the family and is likely to continue as there are scions of the old stock, of which it may be fairly calculated that some will be in existence 20 years hence, that is to say A.D. 1882, when they may celebrate their third centenary.

The last building we shall mention is not a private, but a public one, of a charitable description, which seems to call for some few introductory remarks. Some four or five centuries back and more, England was subject to several grievous diseases, from which it is now happily exempt. Of these the two principal were the plague and leprosy; both of which being contagious, it became necessary to separate the infected from the healthy, and hence it is that we see in the outskirts of so many of our towns and cities certain buildings erected for this specific purpose, and which were therefore called Leper-houses, and it is of a house, somewhat of this nature, we are now about to speak, the particulars of which will be more clearly understood by the perusal of an extract from a grant, made by Alexander Welles on April 10, 1551, the essence of which is this, viz.,

“That he granted to the Mayor, Jurats, and Commonalty of the town of Rye, one piece of waste land lying without the Gate, called Land Gate, to the King’s highway, there towards the east, containing on this part 32 feet; on the south 60 feet; on the west 21 feet; bounded on the north by the common lands of the town, on condition that they, the Mayor, etc., before the feast of the Nativity of Saint John (June 24) shall erect a certain house and closes, and make a garden adjoining to the said house for ever, and these they shall maintain for ever, to the use of the poor of the said town, viz.: of the decaying, sick, diseased, feeble, and infirm, to be constituted as a hospital for ever.”

This house was duly erected, and has been described to us as a wooden structure, two stories high, an ascent to the upper one having been by a flight of wooden steps on the outside, and in this form it remained until it fell into a state of dilapidation, was pulled

down and two small dwellings built instead, and which event was thus recorded in an inscription placed in front of them, viz., "Rebuilt by the Corporation..."

A.D. 1784, Thomas Lamb, Esq., Mayor, on ground given by Alexander Welles, Jurat, 1550."

These two humble dwellings were inhabited by two poor widows, who were placed there by the Corporation. These Alms Houses, as they were now called, being situated at the northern extremity of King's-street, Landgate, the site of them was required to make room for the railway bridge, on obtaining which, the directors of the South Eastern Company very generously erected three others on the south side of the road leading into the Marsh, at the very eastern extremity of the parish of Rye where it joins to that of Playden. To the grant of Alexander Welles is appended a wax seal bearing his initials, "A.W.," and we were fortunate enough to get a facsimile of this seal sculptured on a stone and placed over the door of the centre dwelling, while on the gable walls of the other two, facing the road, are respectively engraved on a large stone the following inscriptions, viz.:—

"A.D. MDCCCXXIX. The South Eastern Railway Company pulled down the Cottages, and erected these Alms Houses instead thereof, for the use of the poor aged, sick, and infirm persons, to be selected by the Town Council of Rye."—East Side.

"A.D. MD. Alexander Welles gave a piece of vacant ground without Landgate, to the Corporation of Rye, to build a house, for the use of the poor, aged, sick, and infirm persons, which was afterwards converted into Cottages."—West Side.

The three different phases, which this charity has undergone, are very indicative of the character of the three periods, at which they were respectively assumed. Thus the age in which it was founded (the 16th century) was a charitable one, as many noble institutions of that sort can testify. The 18th century, in which the original was pulled down, and the two small almshouses substituted, was very far from being a charitable age; for not only few, or no, charitable establishments were then founded; but those already in existence were neglected, and in many instances despoiled; of which this charity is an example, having

been robbed of half the original garden attached to it. And now the erection of the present almshouses evidence the improved spirit of the present times, in which the S.E. Company have most liberally erected these three residences in every way superior to the preceding ones; handsome in their exterior and comfortable in their interior, reflecting at one and the same time, credit alike on the Town Council, who have thus guarded the interest of Welles' charity, on the liberality of the Company, and on the skill of the architect, Mr Charles Smith, a native of Rye. And here we see an admirable representative of the original charity formed three hundred years ago, and which may probably last for another similar period, when some future antiquary may take up the thread of its history where we have dropped it.

Man in all ages, in all countries, has been anxious to lift the curtain, and gain some insight into the world of spirits, and, among the ideas hence arising, is that of a belief that the souls of the departed may live to revisit the scenes, which were dear to them while on earth.

Thus may the poet by his fancy led, See (hov'ring o'er) the spirits of the dead, Soft music, floating on the air, may hear, In soothing cadence, fall upon his ear, Till high imaginings, beyond controul, In thrilling transports lift aloft his soul, Thro' regions, brighter than the earth to roam, And gain an insight of her future home; Where all is happiness, unmingled bliss, The glorious contrast of a world like this.

#### RAMBLE XI.—OLD HOUSES AGAIN.

When we concluded our last survey, we fancied we had arrived at the conclusion of the sixteenth century, but, on further examination, we must candidly confess, that we must have been mistaken; for on looking rather more attentively at No. 43, High-street, on the west side thereof, we are convinced that this must have been a house of very ancient date; probably as ancient as any whose history we have heretofore recorded. It has a front ornamented with two quatrefoils of wood, such as we have not observed in any other; there is also a slightly projecting beam over the ground floor, rather handsomely carved, indicating a residence of some importance; while the timbers withinside are all in a very rude state, offering further evidence of its antiquity. Such is No. 43, while Nos. 40, 41, and 42, immediately preceding the former, bear marks of age, but not so lengthened as the first. The peculiarity of these latter is that they all present gable fronts to the street, the two upper ones, that is 40 and 41, seem to

have been originally only one house, and the other a separate one; and, if from these dwellings we descend High-street, we shall there find also that the last on the south-west side has two very pretty gable fronts, which seem to have undergone a complete reparation with plaster in the year 1727, as is shown by a stone let into the front, on which is engraved the following inscription, viz.:—

1727 P N 1

Having thus reached the south-western extremity of High-street, let us ascend Mermaid-street, in which towards the lower end, on the north side, on the steep declivity of the hill, we cannot fail to observe a huge, lofty, massive, pile of building, with its heavy gables threatening to fall in one vast heap of ruins into the street below, such is its dilapidated state.

When we look at this mansion, strange sensations come over us, which we scarcely know how to describe. We fancy we saw it yesterday in all its beauty; and to-day in all its deformity. We take up the diary of Samuel Jeake, the son of the author of the *Charters of the Cinque Ports*, and there we read that, on his marriage with Elizabeth Hartshorn, he received as part of her dowry this house which he describes as having been one of the best in the town, and which marriage took place on March 1st, 1681. We lay down the book, impressed with the idea of its excellence at that period, and on casting our eyes thereon, we behold nothing but an unsightly pile of wood and plaster, and which, instead of being a suitable residence for one of the first families in Rye, is even too dilapidated to allow the lowest to find shelter beneath its roof.

Whether this mansion was erected at the close of the sixteenth or the commencement of the seventeenth century we cannot say, but probably at the former period; for it appears that the house was the property of the mother, and not of the father of Jeake's wife, and hence we must infer that she must have inherited it from her father; and as Mrs Hartshorn was the master (most probably the first) of Peacock's school, which was opened in 1638, this circumstance carries us back towards the beginning of the seventeenth century, rendering it probable, as we have said, that this house was erected towards the close of the preceding one, though it has none of those decided characteristics which we found in our previous ramble. Here we see a large mansion with a centre and two wings at its original

foundation, though one of these is no longer in existence. Another singularity is that the body is smaller than each distinct wing, the former being only fifteen feet in length, while the latter are each twenty-one feet, besides which, if we are right in our conjecture about the wings, they each present a double gabled front, and the centre a single one.

The body and wings both show large projecting windows, horizontally divided into seven compartments each, glazed with very small panes. The single gable of the centre shows a similar one on the north side or back. The house is plastered, but we do not see the upright timbers of an earlier date; in the interior, likewise, we see a chimney piece of Caen stone, but with no rose or other ornament upon it. The reason why we come to the conclusion that the single gable formed the centre is, that on the east side, where no gable is now seen is a house of similar extent in front with that of the west wing; and which did belong to the same proprietor, and which was converted into a Presbyterian chapel, in 1703, by Samuel Jeake's widow; but then it is said she had purchased it of one Robert Hamblenden and Mary his wife, and this militates against any conjecture about this having been the east wing; and thus as there does not seem to have been any connection between Jeake's house and that immediately adjoining on the west, we are driven to the necessity of concluding that the present front is the original one; and if so, a very curious one it is, a sort of pig with one ear.

If we are correct in our conjecture that this house originally belonged to the father of Mrs Hartshorn, then we trace it by family descent through six generations; from Mrs Hartshorn's father it descended to her, and from her to her daughter, who first married Jeake, and after his death, a Mr Tucker by whom she had a daughter, Philadelphia, who married Mr Frewen, a surgeon in Rye, and inherited the property from her mother, and afterwards transmitted it to her daughter, also named Philadelphia, who settled at Northiam, where she died some few years ago, at the advanced age of ninety years, when she left it to her nephew Mr Morton Frewen, who is the present possessor of it.

Men and women, though they perish as old houses, leave offspring behind them to perpetuate their race; but the latter are incapable of producing new ones, and hence if these are neglected, they decay and leave no memorial behind them, and, seeing that this mansion is fast

descending into the gulf of forgetfulness, we are happy in the hope that we may have been enabled to catch a parting glimpse of it, and present this picture (however imperfect) to a future generation, when this pile shall have fallen, and its place be no more seen.

At the upper end of this same street, at the north-east corner of it, some thirty years ago, was standing an old house partly facing into West-street, the site of which is now occupied by the house in which Miss Batchelor resides and keeps a school, and by another which is occupied by Mr George Paine, glazier. This house was one very large room, with the back having a large projecting window, similar to those in the preceding one; but whether connected with that in age we will not say, but as it is connected with the former in some measure by the circumstance indicative of the state of religion feeling in the seventeenth century not only in Rye, but elsewhere, we have here introduced it.

When the civil war commenced A.D. 1640, Presbyterian was the established religion in Scotland, and the professors of the same creed were likewise numerous and powerful in England, and had great influence, until this was in some means overshadowed by the Independents under Oliver Cromwell, but, nevertheless, still enjoyed freedom of worship until the restoration of Charles II, A.D. 1660, after which they were severely persecuted, so much so, that they were not only forbidden to have any public conventicles, but were not even allowed to meet in private.

The elder Jeake was the chief among this sect in Rye, to which also belonged Thomas Tournay (sometime Mayor), Thomas Miller, Samuel Jeake, the younger, and Thomas Markwick. Believing this to have been the dwelling of Thomas Miller, it was in the large room before alluded to that the Presbyterians were assembled privately on Sunday, March 18, 1683, when they were disturbed by Mr Radcliffe, the Mayor, accompanied by the jurats and others, and because they refused to open the doors they broke them open in the night, and took their names, and afterwards fined Mr Martin £20 for preaching and Mr Miller £20 for having a conventicle in his house. Happily these sad days of persecution have passed away and now every man may worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

On the south side of Watchbell-street may be seen a house, bearing marks of antiquity, running back towards the south, a considerable

length, with small windows, low and plastered, with a porch in the front, almost the only remaining specimen of an appendage, formerly very common in Rye, and in which our ancestors used to sit of a summer evening, ready for a gossip with any passing stranger or friend. This house is the property of Mr George Slade Butler, who inherited the name of Slade, and the house also, from a family which had been settled for the last one hundred and fifty years in this town, and during the greater part, if not the whole of this long period, the house was the chief property and residence at the same time.

From the land of conjecture we will pass into that of certainty, and introduce our readers to the grammar school situated on the north side of High-street, just opposite to Lion-street, founded by Thomas Peacock, a jurat of the Corporation, A.D. 1636, and in which we see the earliest specimen of an edifice with a brick front, which is of a handsome appearance having slightly projecting pilasters from base to parapet, with square windows, surmounted with curiously cut brick arches, having originally stone mullions and which may still be seen in the upper ones; but the tower, unfortunately requiring repair in that most anti-architectural age, the eighteenth century, have had wood substituted for stone; the summit of the front is decorated with three windows under as many brick arches, the centre one of which is at present sadly disfigured by a sun-dial, which we hoped when the restoration of the front was completed, would have been removed, so that the building might have done credit to the town, as well as to the trustees, and justice would at the same time have been done to the memory of the benevolent founder.

We have said that this school had a brick front, but it has a back of stone in which may be seen a portion of a chimney. Mr Peacock, having intended to erect on this side a residence for the master, but which intention was frustrated by the breaking out of the civil war soon after; but had it been accomplished, the master would not only have been provided with a house, but also with a good garden, and thus have increased his emoluments, which are a very inadequate compensation for the admirable manner in which Mr Easton performs the duties of his laborious office.

Having just previously introduced our readers to the first brick-fronted edifice, we will next introduce them to the first stone one erected for a private purpose; there are several stone structures in the town, as Ypres Tower, the Church, the Augustine and Carmelite

Friaries, but these are all of a public character. The building here alluded to stands on the south side of Mermaid-street towards the lower end of it.

It has a gable front, between the angles of which were carved three serpents with their tails in their mouth, emblematic at once of the Holy Trinity, and of their co-equal eternity; but these ornaments are now no longer visible, and we are pleased to remember that we have given a view of them in our History of Rye, so as to preserve their memorial. This building was intended for a store-house, Samuel Jeake the younger, the founder of it, having been a dealer in wool; it was entered by a flight of stone steps through a door in the centre, on either side of which, though somewhat higher up, was a square stone sunk in the wall, on the western-most of which is no inscription, but on the eastern is a very curious one, to the full understanding of which, it must be explained, that Jeake was a great believer in astrology, and hence on the outer edges of this stone is engraved a horoscope of the heavens, at the precise moment when the foundation stone was laid, while within the horoscope is an inscription in Latin, the English of which is this, viz.:—

“On June 13, 1689, at noon, the foundation of this store-house was laid, the position of heaven being as here described.”

The second Jeake, who built this store, as we have said, was a staunch believer in astrology, and an equally staunch believer in Christianity, very religious and very superstitious, holding, or rather endeavouring to hold, two incompatible creeds, and this perplexed state of mind is pretty clear from the following remark made by himself, when the foundation of this building was laid. “This time,” he says, “was elected only for experiment sake, and not out of any confidence I had that the influence of heaven signified anything to artificials.” Then we may fairly ask, why did he elect that particular time? Evidently he believed it propitious; but was ashamed to acknowledge his weakness.

As private erections of stone are very scarce, we may be excused for mentioning a very humble one on the north side of West-street, where it leads into the churchyard; it has a very narrow front, and is entered by a flight of stone steps, which do not protrude into the street, and altogether it bears marks of antiquity; while, turning from

hence into the west side of Church-square, we shall see immediately facing us, situated at the extreme east end of Watchbell-street, on the south side of Church-square, but not in a regular line with it, an old and rather low dwelling, with a gable front, with a very small window towards its upper angle. This house possesses a pretty large old-fashioned paved apartment, with a large open fireplace, while the joists are laid in very thickly overhead, and all without any ceiling; indicating a distant period of erection.

With one more edifice, we will close this ramble, which brings us down to the close of the seventeenth century; and which (with the exception of Welles' charity) is the only one we have noticed without the walls of the town as coming under the denomination of old fabrics, for this is not a dwelling house, but a warehouse, the property of Mr Thomas Legg, who is a woodporter, and uses it for the purpose of carrying on this business within its walls. This store, which is very extensive, stands on the west side of the road leading from King-street, Landgate, under the east cliff to the Bathing-house, at the northern extremity of this road, opposite Bedford-place. On a piece of timber let into the front wall, is cut in rude letters the following inscription:—

Built By Thomas and Rebeckai Tutt, Anno Domini, 1674.

With the following poetical reflections we bring this ramble to an end:

Why loves the mind so fondly thus to stray  
Thro' distant scenes, so long since pass'd away?  
'Tis time that o'er these scenes a halo throws  
More brilliant far than e'er the present knows;  
A dream! Perchance a very idle dream,  
These wandering fancies may to many seem,  
And well indeed it may a dream appear,  
For 'tis a dream, to th' antiquary dear,  
By time more hallowed each succeeding year.

## RAMBLE XII.—BUILDINGS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Having arrived at the very threshold of the eighteenth century, we feel some doubt whether we ought to cross it, as it comes so near to modern times, as almost to preclude it from the scroll of antiquity. However, on further reflection, and recollecting that one hundred

and sixty-two years have elapsed, since that time, we have entered into it, in the hope of picking up some few objects worthy of being included in these, our very discursive rambles.

From the commencement of the civil war in A.D. 1640, to the restoration of Charles the second in 1660, the ecclesiastical affairs of the country were in a very unsettled state, of which Rye partook in common with many other parishes; thus we see that in A.D. 1650, the vicar, the Rev. Robert Russell, resigned the living into the hands of the patroness, Sarah, the wife of Mr Charles Tufton, and in 1653 John Allen was inducted while in 1662 he was ejected, having refused to sign the Act of Uniformity.

It was from the cause above stated, probably, that, when the Rev. Edward Wilson was inducted A.D. 1700, he found the vicarage house in such a dilapidated state, as to render it necessary for him to erect a new one in the following year, and which is that still standing on the north side of the church-yard, rather towards the western extremity of it, a plain, unpretending dwelling, typical of the humility of the pastor of a flock, and which has been, though small, sufficient to satisfy not only Mr Wilson himself, but also the seven several vicars who succeeded him, ending with our last late highly esteemed friend the Rev. Henry Cooper.

Anyone entering the town of Rye through the Land Gate, cannot fail to observe the sad wreck of a house, with broken windows, and bearing every distressing feature of ruin and decay, while a piece of waste land, immediately adjoining, completes the picture of misery. This mansion stands just on your right hand after passing through the gate, and was for many years an elegant structure, handsomely furnished, and embellished with an excellent garden kept up in neat and orderly style, having many fruit trees, and above all, some lofty birches at the east end of the Augustine Chapel, quietly shading, and throwing over it, that sombre appearance, so congenial to our old monastic edifices, but these have all fallen by the ruthless hand of the destroyer; and thus we will leave it for the present while we endeavour to trace the history of the place.

During a great part of the eighteenth century this house was occupied by Mr Thomas Owens and his wife, being the joint property of the latter and her sister Elizabeth, who married Mr Weller who resided in the house, now the property and residence of

Mr Edwin Dawes, Town Clerk, whose father purchased it of the Wellers; but though Mrs Owens lived in this house, it was, as we have said, the joint property of the two sisters, as will be pretty evident, from the following inscription on two bricks in the garden wall, just where it turned into Tower Lane, viz.:— “1765, C.O.—E.W. 1765,” signifying Catherine Owens and Elizabeth Weller.

We have already said that the house and garden were both kept up in admirable style, and among the furniture may be mentioned two articles of curiosity in those days, viz., a paper hanging of Chinese pattern, and two handsome ivory pagodas which latter are still in the possession of Mr Pomfret of Rye.

On the death of these two ladies, Elizabeth in 1781 and Catherine in 1797, in her 90th year; neither having any children, the property descended to Mr John Bradbury, who, on taking the property, assumed at the same time the name of Norton, but in what relationship he stood to those ladies, we are unable to say; however, he took up his residence in this house and continued therein till the beginning of this century, when he sold it to Mr George Thompson, a native of Dover, who had some short time previously established himself in Rye, as a wool-sorter, and who, for the convenience of his business, added another story to the Augustine Chapel; thus deteriorating its outward appearance, but Mr Thompson, being a prudent man, wisely preferred substantial utilitarianism to ideal beauty, but as regards the house and garden, these were always kept up in high style until his death, which occurred in 1825, a few years after which it was purchased by Mr Jeremiah Smith, who unfortunately stripped the place of all its beauty, and then sold it to Mr Charles Hay Frewen, in whose hands it still remains, but to whom we are sorry to say we cannot award the praise of improving its appearance, and hence it presents to our view the unsightly skeleton of a once elegant figure.

We will next invite our readers' attention to the Court Hall, which stands in Market-street, the original one being of an earlier date than we have hitherto considered it to have been, several small properties having been afterwards purchased to form the site on which the present one stands, as will appear from the following extracts, namely:

1529. Nov. 26, Robert Oxenbridge sells to the Mayor and Corporation a piece of ground, with a certain house, called the

High Crosse, in the Flesh Market.

1572. Sept. 6th, Robert Jackson sells a Tenement called the Court-House to the Corporations.

1619. May 27th, Joan Harvey, widow, sells the same body, for the sum of £80, one shop in "Le Butchery."

To understand all this more fully it must be remembered that Market-street was formerly called the Butchery, from the flesh market being held here. The High Crosse was probably a sort of covered shambles in which meat was hung for sale. Le Butchery serves to show how from many French settling here, this name was introduced.

The above-mentioned purchases having been completed, we conclude the Corporation at that time built a new Court House which continued in use until A.D. 1742, when the present very handsome Hall was erected, and, to enable the corporation to perform this work, Sir John Norris and Philip Gibbon, Esq. (who were the representatives of the borough) lent each of them the sum of £450 at 3 per cent. Per annum, and which two sums were paid off in 1749 by the Duke of Newcastle, on the election of Thomas Pelham, Esq., of Stanmer Park, near Lewes, his relative, in the room of Sir John Norris, who died in this year.

The Court-hall is indeed a very elegant structure, 54 ft. long by 24 ft. wide, the first floor being supported by five massive arches of stone. The ground floor is paved with flag-stones, while around are benches at the side, which with the floor were formerly occupied as a market for meat, poultry, butter, eggs, &c., but this market has now dwindled away to nothing.

Over the five arches are five windows surrounded by stone, with a parapet above, surmounted in the centre with a large stone, on which are engraved the arms of the town; while on the top of the roof is a cupola beneath which is suspended a bell which is now only rung on the morning of the sessions to summon the jury to attend, whereas in the olden times the bell (which was sold some years ago to Mrs Bishop, of Lossenham House, Newenden, where it was hung to serve as an alarm in case of nightly depredators) used always to be sounded to call the Freemen to their assemblies. Let us now pass through these double doors and ascend the stairs which lead into the outer hall, and passing from this through another pair of folding

doors enter the inner and larger one, at the farther or eastern end of which is the mayor's seat, surmounted by the royal arms. This is as pretty a hall, for its size, as any in England, and is in excellent repair, thanks to the several mayors, who have expended their salaries in the beautifying of it.

Leaving this hall we will ascend the upper storey, in which are two apartments, rich in antiquarian lore, such as the Charter of Richard I, 1st, A.D. 1194; a copy of the original (in Latin) of the Resumption of the Towns of Rye and Winchelsea A.D. 1247.

Carefully arranged in old-fashioned book cases are the town records, commencing in A.D. 1444, and (considering the lengthened period since) continuing to the present time, with few interruptions. To these may be added many other documents, highly valuable to the antiquary, and so we will leave them for their further examination by some future lover of antiquity.

Houses, in the estimation of the antiquary, may receive their value from several causes; from their antiquity; from some remarkable circumstances connected with them; or from having been the residence of some person of note, and it is from the latter cause we are induced to speak of the one that now follows, which is that of Mountsfield, erected some ninety years ago by the late Mr Thomas Phillips Lamb, who was for many years the patron of the borough of Rye, which gave him importance, as influencing the political character of the town.

Originally the exterior of the mansion was less striking, we have been led to believe, than it is at present, having had the present white brick front added to it some time at the beginning of the century. In this house the founder of it resided till the time of his death, which occurred in 1820, and his widow for some years after him, when, having been vacated by her, it remained untenanted for many years, except by some one to look after it, during all which time it paid no parochial taxes.

On the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, the late Mr Herbert Barrett Curteis, being desirous of increasing his interest and influence in the borough of Rye, purchased this house and grounds, but which still remained untenanted except in the way already mentioned.

In 1850 the railway to Rye was opened, when the Company requiring a small portion of this property to complete their work, and Mr Curteis refusing to sell a part, they were compelled to buy the whole, yet still the place remained in the same desolate state; the fences broken down, and no one to protect it from the inroad of all who chose to enter the grounds. From this ruinous condition it is our pleasing task to record that Mr Plomley has rescued it, since his purchase of it in 1858, having restored the fences, cut down old trees, and planted young ones, with ornamental belts of shrubs, drained the wet pasture and thus has converted a waste, which was a disgrace to the town, into a very pleasing landscape, which is equally an ornament to it, and for which renovation the inhabitants of Rye owe Mr Plomley a debt of gratitude, and which we, on our own part, are happy to pay him.

Fond as we are of the habitations of men, we have almost an equal fondness for those of birds, and this leads us to speak of the rookery, which has existed for a great number of years at this spot, but which, shortly before Mr Plomley becoming proprietor of Mountsfield, was well-nigh annihilated, being reduced to only four nests, in consequence chiefly of the annoyance the birds received from being shot at and otherwise molested, but now since Mr Plomley has restored Mountsfield to its pristine quietude, the rooks have returned in such numbers as, in the spring of 1862, to have established a colony of not less than forty families. All things now being as they should be, our earnest wish is that the rooks may long enjoy in peace their aerial abodes, and the present proprietor his earthly one.

The Custom House of Rye has undergone several transmutations; as thus in a deed, bearing the date of October 15th, 1602, we find that the Mayor and Corporation of Rye, granted to Martha, Christian, and Margery Ireland one tenement, called the Customs House of Rye, with two chambers or lofts therein, situate at the Strand, abutting to the Key there, and unto the channel towards the south and west.

Here we see that this building was situated on the Strand, and at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was sold by the Corporation; but how soon after this period the Customs House on the former west side of Church-square succeeded the former one we cannot say, but that it stood for a great part of the eighteenth century seems pretty certain, and furthermore we know that this last Customs

House was sold in 1855, September 19th, when it was purchased by the late Mr David Honeysett in whose family it still remains, and previous to this purchase, a new Custom House had been erected on the Strand, a rather picturesque building in the Dutch style of architecture. Thus has the Custom House been once more restored to its original situation.

Sometime in the eighteenth century, somewhere about 1790, when the bank was established by Mr Jeremiah Curteis, who had previously been a solicitor in the town, and was town clerk from 1756 to 1800, that substantial, handsome, and commodious edifice, brick-fronted, under the roof of which are the very convenient offices, respectively occupied by the bank of Messrs. Pomfret and Co., and by Mr Edwin Dawes, solicitor, was erected by the same Mr Curteis, who lived in the house opposite; and is now the property of his grandson, Mr H. Curteis of Windmill Hill.

The last house of which we shall speak in this century, in this ramble, or in any other, is a very large one situated in the south-west angle of West-street and which was the residence of Mr James Lamb, the first progenitor of this family settled in Rye, and in which in the year 1754 he had the honour of entertaining George the Second, and a bedroom in this house still goes by the name of the King's bed-chamber.

Mr Thomas Lamb, who succeeded his father in this house, seems to have new-fronted it, or made some alterations, a record of which is preserved in the following inscription on a stone in the east front.

T.L. 1789 70

Fast drawing to a close my pleasing task, One simple question I  
would gladly ask, Has ought instructive, ought amusing, been In  
these wild Rambles by the Reader seen? Happy indeed, thrice happy,  
could we know That these wild Rambles have indeed been so.  
Soothing the thought, and great indeed the gain, To feel our life has  
not been spent in vain.

### RAMBLE XIII.—BY SEA AND BY LAND.

If any of our readers have paid us the compliment of preserving our former rambles, on reference to the sixth, they will see, that we then stated it to be our opinion, on taking a survey of the eminence, on

which Rye stands, that the sea had encroached on the south cliff, while on the eastern stood the east wall, at a sufficient distance from the present base to allow of the existence of some streets in the intermediate space, and on the north and west the sea was receding, so much as to render it necessary for the safety of the town to erect walls on these sides.

At what exact period the east wall fell a prey to the encroachment of the sea, we will not pretend to say; but shall be able to trace some of the progress of its decay, which we fancy must have commenced as early as A.D. 1379; in which year the inhabitants, in a petition presented to Richard the Second, setting forth the injuries the town had received by the invasion of the French in the previous year, state that the Municipal Authorities had repaired the walls on the land side, but on account of their poverty, were unable further to repair the walls, wherefore the town on the sea-side was liable to be taken by the enemy.

Now the sea wall we take to be the one on the east side, and, as the French are said to have been only in the town for a few hours, it is not very likely that they pulled down the walls, or that they had any cannon to batter them down, hence, we conclude, it follows, that the sea must have already begun to operate at the base of the cliff, on which it was erected, and in a manuscript we have in our possession, we find the following entry, without any date:—

“Badding’s Gate, together with a portion of the town wall, connecting it with the north gate, and also some houses, is said to have been destroyed by the falling of the cliff, on which it stood, owing to an extraordinary irruption of the sea.”

Supposing then our opinion to be correct, that this destruction commenced as early as 1379, we can show within what period it had been completed.

In Horsfield’s History of Sussex is an engraving from an original picture in the possession of Mr Curteis, of Windmill Hill, purporting to be a view of Rye in the fifteenth century, but which is evidently a mistake, as we see Camber Castle depicted in it, though this was not erected till 1540, hence we may consider it to be of the sixteenth, and as the eastern cliff resembles its present state, we can state with certainty, that in the space of 200 years, that is, between the latter end

of the fourteenth and that of the sixteenth century, the destruction of the wall was complete, and the dominion, which the sea then usurped over the land, was maintained till 1833, when, by virtue of the Rye Harbour Act of that date, it was embanked and once more restored to the town. This same picture, which shows the then state of the east cliff, shows also that the sea had left the north side, fields being there shown, inclosed and separated by hedges.

The sea, like time, is ever in motion, and consequently, effecting great changes; receding here, and gaining there, and, what we have seen enacted at the base of our cliff on a small scale, is carried on upon a large one in other parts of the world; and to the discussion of which we shall now turn our attention, though, in the first place, it may lead us far away from Rye, our justification for which is that Rye (to use a military phrase) is the base of our operations, and to which we shall eventually return to complete our survey.

This terraqueous globe of ours may have existed as a planet for tens of thousands, perhaps millions of years; but as fitted for the habitation of man, probably not more than seven or eight thousand, and when it thus becomes a habitation for human beings, it is reasonable to suppose, that the due proportions of land and water on its surface were properly adjusted, and that the relative proportions, then established, have been ever since maintained, though their relative position to each may have been, and indeed have been, changed.

Such then is the theory, which we are now about to endeavour to work out; and we begin by stating, that according to some geologists, the vast plain of Tartary, extending from the Wall of China to the eastern boundary of the sea of Azof, was once one vast ocean, of which perhaps, seeing that their waters are salt, the lakes of Aral and the Caspian Sea may be the remains. In the course of ages this ocean broke down its western boundary, forced a way into the sea of Azof, and thence into the Black Sea, and thence again dug out a channel, which, dividing Europe from Asia, is known in different parts by the different names of the Bosphorus, the sea of Marmora, and the Dardanelles, from the northern extremity of which it debouched into the Archipelago, where washing away all the looser portions of earth, it left only those rocky islands, which stand so thickly in that part of the sea, and after winding its irig[u]ous way through these, scooped out the basin of the Mediterranean, and then, by its accumulated

powers, forced its further way through the straits of Gibraltar, and finally blended its waters with those of the Atlantic.

But let us come nearer home, and here we shall find that the Goodwin Sands were dry land towards the close of the 11th century, having been the property of the great Earl Godwin, from whom they acquired their name; but when some years afterwards these sands were submerged, the land now constituting the kingdom of Holland, emerged from the sea, and, by the industry of the neighbouring inhabitants, was, and still is, preserved from inundation.

We move another step, and we come back to our own doors, where we shall find that between the eastern foot of Fairlight cliff and Hythe, the sea has been gradually receding for the last 2,000 years, and is still receding, and this is the point to which we more particularly wish to draw the attention of our readers. When we say that this secession has been going on for so lengthened a period, it is quite unnecessary to add, that it has been very gradual indeed, in proof of which we will adduce some few instances.

When the Romans arrived in Britain 55 B.C. this vast superficies, generally known by the name of Romney Marsh, was described as being "*Mare velivolum*;" a sea over which vessels might sail. Nine hundred years after there was sufficient water to enable the Danes to sail up to Appledore, with 250 ships, when Alfred the Great met them A.D. 893, and signally defeated them.

There is a tradition, that King John sailed up to Udimore, and which event must have happened some time between A.D. 1199 and A.D. 1216, during which his reign lasted. That a good understanding existed between this monarch and the Cinque Ports is very clear from the fact, that in A.D. 1215, King John in his retirement in the Isle of Wight, was almost forsaken of all his kingdom, save the ships and mariners of the Cinque Ports with which he secured himself, till he recovered all again, and hence, if this visit to Rye was before 1216, the Cinque Ports to show their gratitude for the honour thus done them, attended him in his adversity; or, on the other hand, if the visit was subsequent to this period, then John may have come to show his gratitude.

In A.D. 1384 we find James de Echingham complaining that, by the erection of a dam below Newenden, such ships and boats, which had used to pass with victual and other things from divers places into his

Manor of Echingham through this channel were hindered, and his market in the town of Salehurst was destroyed thereby.

A.D. 1590 a license was granted by Archbishop Wareham for the inhabitants to repair and establish at Small Hythe a chapel, in which power is given for the burial in the chapel yard of the bodies of such as should be cast by shipwreck on the shore under the town of Small Hythe.

In 1540 Henry 8th built Camber, or more properly Chamber Castle, as it was for the purpose of protecting the entrance into the joint chambers, as harbours were then called, of Rye and Winchelsea, the sea flowing round the west side of the former and thence as far as the latter.

Another instance of the slow departure of the water from the land will be seen in the following extract from a book of charts, kindly sent us by Mr Anson, late of Winchelsea, and for which we here thank him.

“To sail into the Chamber of Rye coming from the W. Ward you must keep Beachy without the Point of Farlee and so run in within two cables length of Ness Point then edge up to the W. Ward and leave the Beacons on the Starboard side, until you come before Chamber Castle that stands upon the Shingle; there you may anchor in 4 and 5 fathoms. From thence to the town of Rye the shore is all set with Beacons, that along the E. Shingle to the Dairis, which at low water fall all dry. In Sailing into Rye you must leave all the Beacons on the Starboard side and run indifferent close along by them.

“Or, when you are before the Bar you will see two white Beacons on the East side of the beach, run in with them until you bring on the leading mark, then run in and when you are in you will have 15 or 16 feet at low water,”

“To the Rt. Honble Edward Russell Admiral of their Maties. Most Honble Privy Council and Treasurer of Ye Navy, &c. This is most humbly dedicated and Presented by Captn. Greenville Collins.”

This Admiral Russell commanded the English Fleet in the year 1692,

when it sailed from this very spot in search of the French Fleet, which he fell in with off Cape La Hogue and signally defeated on May 19th of that year. Thus at the then mouth of Rye Harbour the navigable waters found a resting place, but which now they have ceased to occupy.

Having thus, through a long period, traced the recession of the sea, our next task is to discover to your ascertainment where these waters finally found a resting place, which it is incumbent on us to do, by way of carrying out the theory we have adopted, of the necessity of the maintenance of a due equilibrium of sea and land; and for our guides in this research we shall take the Map of Sussex, published by Richard Budgen in 1724, and Horsfield's History of Sussex, published in 1835.

To begin then at the beginning, we shall quote what Horsfield says about Fairlight, for it is between the western foot of the cliff of this name and Chichester harbour inclusive, we shall seek a new home for the dispossessed waters; this author says, "In 6 Henry 6th (A.D. 1428) at an inquest taken at Battle, the Jurors said that there were three Knights' fees and a half in Fairlight, submerged by the sea." Now, if a Knight's fee contained 480 acres, the parish must have lost 1680 acres, which is pretty nearly as many as it now contains. Budgen shows in his map rocks lying at the foot of the cliff, which has been crumbling down ever since.

Let us pass from Fairlight to Hastings, where we shall find a tradition that the original town was situated far to the south, on a site which for centuries has been covered by the sea; but however this may have been it is certain, that the sea has made considerable inroads here, during the last 800 years, of which we have ocular demonstration in the ruins of the castle, which, since its foundation by William of Normandy, has fallen in consequence of the cliff on which it stands having been undermined and thrown down, and, as we may fairly imagine, it was not built on the very verge of the hill, the encroachment has probably been much greater than is shown by the fragment of the castle which has fallen.

Travelling westward we come to Beachy Head, and here Horsfield tells us great inroads have been effected by this ever-restless element. Formerly, he says, there were seven high masses of rock resembling towers, standing separately on the top of the cliff; these, however,

have been undermined by the tide, and scarce left a wreck behind.

On reaching Brighton, we find that here also the sea has made a prey of some of the land, and would in all likelihood continue to do so on the east side, had not that strong and lofty facing of stone been given to the cliff just in front of Kemp Town.

Four miles west of this last town we come to Aldrington, of which, our author informs us, "Such have been the encroachments of the sea within this parish, that not a building of any kind, except the church, is now left. It is said to have lost 40 acres of land." And Budgen tells us "It appears by an inscription at Hove parsonage, that since 1699, the sea has gained at this point six perches;" and, as six perches are very nearly 200 feet and Budgen's map was published in 1724, just 25 years after 1699, it results that the sea would gain, in the course of a century, 800 feet.

Crossing the Shoreham river, we come to Worthing, where the ocean must have encroached considerably, if, as we are assured, an extensive common once lay between the town and it. The adjoining parish to Worthing on the west is Goring, next to which lies Ferring, both which, to our knowledge, are defended from the approaches of the water by strong groins, indicative of apprehended danger.

Passing over the Arun, we come to a very interesting portion of our survey, for here, coming to the parish of Middleton, we are informed that "as early as A.D. 1340, forty acres of land had been altogether swallowed by the sea." Budgen, A.D. 1724, has this memorandum: "The south wall of Middleton church stands about 60 feet from the full." In the middle of the last century Mrs Charlotte Smith wrote a sonnet in this church, which is so sweetly pensive, so soothingly melancholy, we cannot forego the gratification of inserting it here, more particularly as the authoress was a native of Sussex, and the sonnet has some reference to the subject we are discussing—

Pressed by the moon, mute arbitress of tides,  
While the loud equinox its power combines,  
The sea, no more its swelling surge confines,  
But o'er the shrinking land sublimely rides.  
The wild blast, rising from the western cave,  
Drives the huge billows from their heaving bed,  
Tears from their grassy tombs the village dead,  
And breaks the silent Sabbath of the grave,

With shells and seaweed, mingled on the shore,  
Lo! Their bones whiten in the frequent wave;  
But vain to them the winds and waters rave,  
They hear the warring elements no more,  
While I am doomed, by life's long storm oppressed,  
To gaze with envy on their gloomy rest.

Thus, we observe that the sea had now invaded the churchyard, while, when we visited the spot in 1851, the church was completely gone, and a new one built in its stead.

Our next visit is to Selsey, where immense depredations have been committed by the ocean, but which we shall pass by for the present, leaving a more minute inquiry for a future period.

From a very early period down to the present time the sea has been encroaching on the shores of East and West Wittering, and now, round the western point of the latter, we will enter into Chichester harbour, and examine some of its circumjacencies.

All historians and all antiquarians are agreed, that Chichester occupies the site of Regnum, which was built by the Romans. Soon after the departure of that people from Britain towards the close of the fifth century of our era, Cissa, the Saxon, landed in this part, with many followers, whom he brought from Germany, defeated the Britons and established the kingdom of the South Saxons, a memorial of which is still preserved in Sussex, the name of our county, and, having thus founded a new kingdom, Cissa chose Regnum for his capital, and gave his own name to it—Cissa-ceaster, the city of Cissa, now changed to Chichester.

A.D. 680 the first Sussex bishopric was founded at Selsey, where it remained till A.D. 1070, when the Conqueror had it removed to Chichester; but here at Selsey for nearly 400 years stood the Cathedral, the bishop's palace, and his park; but between this latter period and the close of the sixteenth century these were all washed away, while a remembrance of the park is still retained in this name being applied to a place of anchorage for fishermen's boats, at the distance of a mile or more from the present shore.

Having now shown the various encroachments that have taken place along the whole coast of Sussex, from Fairlight to West Wittering, let us once more enter Chichester harbour, in the centre of which we

shall see an island, called Thorney, in which during our childhood and youth, we spent many happy days. In the middle of this island there was frequently pointed out to us an old ditch or ravine overgrown with bushes and brambles, which, according to the tradition of the islanders, had formed part of the road, leading in olden times from Chichester to Portsmouth, in which direction it certainly ran, while the distance by this route would not be more than ten or twelve miles, whereas the present one by Emsworth and Havant is eighteen.

Tradition commits many errors, nay, may tell many lies; yet still, amidst all these, some scruples of truth may be found, in the same way, as, by closely sifting a bushel of chaff, the chances are we shall discover some few sound grains of corn.

Assuming then as a fact that this harbour was once dry-land, we come to the conclusion, that, in the course of centuries, the waters of the channel, having been considerably raised by the retirement of those of Romney Marsh, forced an entry into the land, on either side of Hayling Island, forming thereby the joint harbours of Langstone and Emsworth in Hampshire, and of Chichester in Sussex, and that thus, at last, in this estuary the waters of Romney Marsh found a compensating resting place.

Thus o'er the sea have we wandered far,  
Where the great works of the great God are,  
And wandered we have far o'er the land,  
Where the frail dwellings of mortals stand;  
Have seen how the sea has robbed the shore,  
And how, in return, has given back more.  
Thus, in the scales, he holds in his hand,  
God equally weighs the sea and land;  
And (were his ways by man understood)  
Equally weighs the evil and good;  
Allotting to each a more equal share  
Of hopes and of fears, of joy and of care,  
Than ignorant man is ever aware.

#### RAMBLE XIV.—WAIFS AND STRAYS (Continued.)

Before proceeding farther I am anxious to endeavour to rectify a certain inaccuracy which had escaped my detection, in the tenth, in

which I state that Welles' Grant is dated April 10th, 1550, and that the Almshouses records it as given on the same date. Allow me now to show how I arrived at this decision and how I corrected the date.

The day on which the King ascends the throne commences the first of his regnal years and continues until the end of twelve months following, though a year of a different date may intervene. Thus, when the sixth began his reign on January 28th, 1547, the seventh on January 28th, 1548, in that second; April 10th in that year would be in the first year of Edward the Sixth. April 10th, 1549, in the third; April 10th, 1550, in the fourth; and April 10th, 1551, in the fifth, which last date in which the grant is stated to have been made. So I leave the matter and proceed on my way.

In all ages, and in all countries of the world, good and evil are so intermixed with each other, and sometimes virtues of such atrocious character are committed, and crimes of so benevolent a nature, as to shake the confidence of some in the existence of an overruling Providence, but should, unfortunately, any of these doubts arise in the minds of my readers, let me beseech them to suspend their judgment together, until they shall hear what may be said to remove the objection.

Of the whole scheme of Providence in this world, vice as well as virtue forms an essential part, for man is placed here in a probationary state, where both virtues and vices are put to the probation, as were there no vices there could be no virtues, as these latter owe their existence to those former. This paradoxical and startling fact shows a bold front unabashed by the observance of others, while virtue keeps on the noiseless tenor of her way, quietly, and therefore often unobserved. It is not by vice alone here and there that we, in our blindness, may consider a defect, but by examining the whole scheme, that we can come to anything like a just conception of all. As Pope says,—

“Whatever is, is right.”

The first Almshouse, the oldest building of our town, when, though the old gateway and there a stone crumbled away by the hand of Time, yet we still can but acknowledge the other as a magnificent and beautiful piece of architecture. The earth sometimes quakes fearfully, overturning stately halls, and swallow up whole towns and villages; Vesuvius pours forth her cataracts of fire, now burying a Pompeii

beneath her lava; now a Herculaneum beneath her ashes; another while the ocean bursts its bounds and spreads an inundation over the adjoining plains, sweeping away the flocks and herds, and though fierce tornadoes and hurricanes have furiously toppled down towers and spires, tearing up the largest trees by their roots; still notwithstanding the earthquake, the inundation and the tornado, this great work of the Almighty continues, and storm and tempest, no one can deny that this is the best of all possible worlds in which we inhabit; and which few, if any, have expressed more beautifully than Gray so pathetically says, in his *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*:—

This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned, Left the warm precincts  
of the cheerful day, Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind.

Having, above, looked at the world physically, let us examine it, as connected with man morally, and then, not irreligiously, taking for an example our own country.

England is said to be, and is, a rich nation. Her income may be a million of pounds per day, and yet there is a pauper in her midst. Though England is a prosperous nation, though half a million of her citizens are thrown out of employment from want of labour, while another million desire to be, and is, a moral nation, though her jails may be full of criminals. England is, finally, said to be a religious nation, though thousands of her children never enter a place of worship.

Viewed in this light, and which I believe to be the true light, and I agree with Pope that the task is easy,

And hence we cannot fail to come, as he does,  
To justify the ways of God to man,  
to this one conclusion, which is, that,  
In spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,  
One truth is clear; whatever is—is right.

But, though we have said that vice is a necessary ingredient in the component parts of this world, still it is a paramount duty of men in authority to enact such laws, as they may deem best suited to restrain crime within due bounds, lest, like a noxious disease, it infect the whole people with a moral leprosy. And now, after this preamble, which many may consider tedious and wearisome, I come to the consideration of some of the punishments awarded to crimes,

committed in the town of Rye, for it must be borne in mind that each Cinque Port framed many of its own laws, and put them in execution, and that they did not owe their origin, as those do in the present day, to one central power, such as is now vested in parliament, will be clear from the fact that the same punishment was not assigned to the same crime in each individual port, and hence this consideration seems not only justifiable, but necessary, and I commence it with the 19th article of the Customal, which is as follows, being entitled:—

### OF CUTTING A PURSE.

“When anyone is found cutting a purse or taking and picking silver or any other money out of any purse in the market place, or any other place, at the suit of the Appellant, it is accustomed that the said cut-purse, or pick-purse shall have one of his ears cut off from his head, and then he shall be led into the town’s end, and there to swear and to abjure never to come within the town again, upon pain of losing his other ear; and to abjure the town upon pain of losing his life, and if he be found the third time, whether he were before marked, within the town or without, he shall suffer judgment,” which signifies, I suppose, that he would be hanged.

For the better understanding of this offence, it must be stated that the wealthy citizen of those days wore a long robe or gown, reaching down to his ankles, and fastened round his waist with a girdle, from which was suspended a purse, offering a tempting prize to the thief whose adroitness consisted in being able to cut it off and appropriate its contents without being detected, while, if detected, a fearful punishment awaited him.

The 21st article enacts that, if the Mayor be stricken by hand, or by weapon, he that striketh him shall lose the hand that he striketh with, if the Mayor will.

One vice of earlier days I would fain hope is now extinct, as no punishment is specially in use for its repression, or prevention, whereas then there were two modes of punishment enacted, so that, in case of the failure of one, the other might be called in.

The delinquent, for whom these modes of punishment were provided, was called a scold, being a female, who, abusing the natural eloquence of her sex, used bitter and vituperative language towards

her neighbour.

The first apparatus consisted of an iron collar fastened to a post in the Market Place, and which, being attached to a hinge at one end, opened on the other, so as to allow of its being placed round the neck of the lady, somewhat like a necklace, when, being closed again, it was secured at that end by a padlock; and thus, in durance vile, she was compelled to stand her allotted time, listening to the bitter revilings of those, for the reviling of whom she had been consigned to this disgraceful position.

Should the collar not have cooled the culprit's choler the remaining punishment was resorted to, the apparatus for the carrying of which into execution was placed near the pool or pond of water, on the Strand, and was as follows: An upright post was erected near a pool, having a transverse, moveable beam, at one extremity of which was hung a seat, called a ducking stool, in which the woman was placed, when some men held the other end by means of a rope, raising or lowering the stool, which was suspended over the water, first lowering it, so as to enable the delinquent to enjoy a cool plunging bath, then again elevating her, and again repeating the plunge until such time as it was thought the remedy might have effected the cure of the patient.

On the Strand also, which in the earlier days of our town's history, was a very busy place, stood, immediately on your left hand, as you enter it from the High Street, the stocks, a very ancient mode of punishment indeed; but whether existing in Egypt 1700 years before Christ, I cannot undertake to say, although David in his 105th Psalm, speaking of the sufferings which Joseph had undergone in that country, says:—

“Whose feet they hurt in the stocks.”

However this may have been, they were of very ancient date in England, but as there are not many standing now, I will endeavour to describe them.

At one end was an upright post about six feet high, to the lower part of which were attached two pieces of wood, the under one fixed, the upper fastened by a hinge to the post, and therefore moveable. In the lower half two semicircular holes were cut, and two similar ones in the upper, immediately above the former, so that, when they were

shut down together, they formed two circular apertures. When the culprit condemned to this punishment was brought to the spot, he was placed on a low bench, the upper half of the stocks was raised, his ankles were laid in the lower, and the upper shut down over them, and fastened so that he could not extricate them. This was a very humane sort of chastisement, for, as the delinquent was generally a drunkard, during the hour he was confined, he had the opportunity of recovering his sobriety and of repenting of the evil of his ways.

There was yet another punishment connected with the framework of the stocks, part of which consisted of an upright post, on either side of which was a piece of iron about five feet or so from the ground, having a circular bow in the centre fastened at one end to the post by a hinge, which being lifted up allowed the culprit who had been condemned to be flogged, to place one hand on either side of the post, upon the iron having been shut down and fastened, he could not extricate them, while the common crier inflicted on his bare back and shoulders the flagellation, to which the culprit had been condemned.

Hard by the stocks was to be seen the cage, a small enclosed place of confinement, taking its name from its having some iron grating in front, through which the culprit could see, and be seen. It was only a place of temporary detention, for a prisoner, until he could be taken before a magistrate to be examined.

Ascending in our scale of punishments, I come to the house of correction, which stood on the north side of Watchbell Street, just to the westward of Mr Butler's residence, previously to the year 1654, at which period it had been pulled down, and Ypres Tower succeeded as the jail, and has so continued ever since. The latter was formerly, in cruel irony, called the "Little Ease," from a cruel punishment then in use, which was this: A buskin of parchment, being thoroughly moistened, was put on the leg of the prisoner, who was then brought near a fire, by the influence of which the parchment shrank, as a matter of course, and in shrinking, caused great pain.

The final mode of punishment was that of hanging, and which, according to the Customal, was to be carried out upon the Salt Ness, on the east side of the town, behind the salt water of the said town,

and which was the cliff whereon Prospect Cottage now stands, and which spot, till within these few years, was always known by the name of "Gallows Bank." The word Ness is derived from Nese, Saxon, a nose, that is a projection, applicable in this sense to a promontory, or headland as it is also to Dungeness, each equally forming a projection from the mainland.

With one more extract from the Customal, bearing on our present subject, I shall close this very long, and very rambling Ramble. The 18th article is headed as under, viz.:—

#### OF TAKING SANCTUARY.

"When any man taketh the degree of the holy church, the Mayor (as Coroner) shall go unto him to enquire the cause, why he runneth to Holy church, and, if he will acknowledge his felony, let it be recorded, and immediately he loseth all his goods and chattels; as forfeited, of the which the Mayor shall answer unto the town, and if he will, he may remain in the church and church-yard by the space of forty days; and at the end of forty days he shall forsake the land. And he, sitting upon the church-yard stile, before the Mayor, shall his own self choose his port of passage, and, in case he will make his abjuration within forty days, he shall be accepted, and, anon, the abjuration done, he shall take cross, and the Mayor shall do to be proclaimed in the King's name, that no man, upon the pain of life and member, shall do him harm or molestation, all the while he keepeth the King's highway, towards the port that he hath chosen for his passage."

Having spoken at some length of the crimes prevalent in former times, and the punishments awarded to them, it seems no more than common justice, that I should speak of some of the sports of our ancestors, among the most prominent of which was that of bull-baiting, a very cruel one in the eyes of their descendants at this time, but not so in theirs; as it was made compulsory to bait a bull, before a butcher was allowed to offer its flesh for sale, from the false notion that this rendered it more tender. The post and ring to which the bull was fastened is still to be seen in the meadow, adjoining the King's Head Inn, on Rye Hill.

May-day was once a day of great rejoicing in all parts of England, in

the celebration of which even our kings took part. Three hundred years ago, or more, the day was ushered in at Rye by the fixing of large branches or boughs of trees with the young leaf-buds, the harbingers of Spring, just bursting forth, in the front of the greater part of the houses, a custom which was not entirely abandoned till within the last twenty years. The last, which I remember to have seen, was affixed near the door of No. 91, High-street.

I have read in the Corporation records, that there were certain woods belonging to that body, called common woods, in which, by cutting these May-boughs, such havoc was committed as to render it necessary to prohibit the doing it.

Where these common woods were, I cannot decidedly say, but I venture to think they were in the parish of Playden, near to Boon's Hill, a spot some few years ago covered with trees and underwood, and still known by the name of the Common, and, though the fact of this Common being in Playden, and not in Rye, may appear to some an insuperable objection to my supposition, perhaps if I can show that a certain connection formerly existed between these two parishes, the objection may be removed.

In the first part of this ramble it will be seen that Saint Bartholomew's Hospital is described of Playden, nigh Rye. If I am not mistaken, the fishing boats of Playden paid a portion of their fish to Rye church, while the stone path up Rye Hill, and the road hence to New England, were maintained jointly by the two parishes, showing a close connection between them.

Thus having, in the course of many long Rambles, led my readers through all the highways and by-ways of the parish of Rye, through all the streets and alleys of the town, and peeped into all its crooks and corners; having likewise gathered with my sickle and bound up many sheaves, yet, such is the rich harvest field, which our ancient town offers to the antiquary, that the patient gleaner may still pick up many a full ear of corn; and though I have often and earnestly examined and searched the records of the town of Rye, yet so abundant are these, that a persevering antiquary may still find employment for his pen; but as far as I myself am concerned, I here lay down my sickle and my pen, for the present, at all events, perhaps for ever, and so I bid all my readers heartily—Farewell.

Farewell, loved relics of the days of yore,  
My mission's ended, and my task is o'er;  
Fondly I've roam'd through many centuries pass'd,  
O'er which old Time a soft'ning shade has cast,  
Anxious to snatch from stern oblivion's grasp,  
Some victims, e'er their last expiring gasp;  
And, in a holy, contemplative calm,  
These relics, for a future age embalm;  
And, tho' some antiquary hence arise  
These scenes, with clearer mind, to analyse,  
With readier pen, and with a keener eye;  
Yet none, with purer love, shall e'er sing of Rye,  
Thus when my pilgrimage on earth is o'er,  
And I these scenes shall ne'er re-visit more,  
If haply thou should'st stray thro' holy Clare,  
And read my epitaph engraven there,  
Drop o'er my grave one sweet memorial tear,  
And pray, God rest the soul of him who sleepeth here.

## FAREWELL.

From the *South-Eastern Advertiser*, May 28th, 1870

William Holloway, the historian of Rye and Romney Marsh, the learned local antiquarian, the earnest friend of education, the respected of all who knew him, has passed away full of years to rest. We are not in a position to furnish any lengthened record of the deceased's public life. The details at present at our command are few and meagre. We know but very little of one who knew so much of others. Mr. Holloway, as we understand, was born in West Sussex, but we are unable to fix the exact locality. The greater part of his life has been passed in Rye, and he from an early age took an active part in politics. He was a most active and earnest student in our local history, and his productions, especially his histories of Rye and Romney Marsh, are quoted as of high authority. Within the past few years he contributed several valuable papers to this journal, under the title of "Rambles through Rye." He was also the author of "A Dictionary of Provincialisms." He for many years took great interest in Peacock's grammar school, of which he was one of the trustees, and was generally examiner of the children. The deceased, we believe, is the last person who will be buried in the parish church, he having obtained the privilege of being interred therein at the time of the closing of intra-mural burial grounds.