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negative evidence of his account. He gives prominence, as we have seen, to their common race, circumstances, and trade. By these, as he intimates, they were brought together. Is it conceivable that if by the single word "disciple" he could have indicated a far stronger reason for the intimacy that sprang up between them, that one word would have been withheld? What a thrill of joy would have shot through his heart, and through theirs, if the Apostle of Christ had lighted on brethren in the Lord when first he set foot, lonely and dejected, in that vast heathen city! How worthy the fact to be recorded! How obvious the consequence that they should live and work together! How inexplicable that this reason should be passed over, while other less cogent reasons for their friendship are mentioned! But if this be so—if St. Paul did not find, but made Aquila and Priscilla converts to the faith of Christ—how forcibly are we taught the lesson that not the business only, but what we call the chance associations of life—the interlacings and points of contact between the paths that seem to cross one another at random, like the endless mazes of a labyrinth, are all traced by the never-failing Providence that ordereth all things both in heaven and earth; may all be consecrated to noblest ends and conduct to highest issues. Our natural affections may "be grafted into the tree of Christ's everlasting love, and so partake of its eternity." Our human relationships may issue in the salvation of ourselves and others.

T. T. PEROWNE.

ART. III.—SUSSEX—NOTES OF SCENERY ARCHÆOLOGY AND HISTORY.

PART I.

I SHOULD be happy if any suggestions of mine could have the result of leading the readers of the *CHURCHMAN* to take a keener and more instructed interest in the fair scenes and rich historical remains of one of the most favoured counties in England.

I will begin this paper by a very brief description of the more prominent natural features which are combined with political arrangements to constitute the map of Sussex. From east to west the natural divisions are four; but the four divisions are not equal in length nor uniform in direction. Their lines do not follow the parallels of latitude, but trend rather from the south-east to the north-west. First, the forest ridge, on the Hastings sand, extends from Hastings to East Grinstead, and connects itself on the west with the remains of the Forests of

Ashdown, Tilgate, and St. Leonard's, by Horsham. Next, the weald stretches along the clays from the broad seaward opening of the bay at Pevensey, as far as Petersfield, in Hampshire—a scene of rich and varied beauty. Most visitors to Sussex have surveyed it from the Dyke, with its picturesque alternations of field and wood, the gold of the cornlands and the verdure of the meadows broken here and there by the red roofs and pointed spires of villages or the gables of some ancient hall. Thirdly come the South Downs—our own familiar South Downs; that “chain of majestic mountains,” as Gilbert White too grandly called them; the chalk hills which stretch away, with their rolling succession of calm beauties, from Beachy Head along Sussex, and across Hampshire, to find their western termination in the uplands of Salisbury Plain and the Marlborough Downs. The fourth division reaches from Brighton to the south-west corner of the county, and consists in the gravel of the Sussex level by the sea.

Let us bear in mind these four great lateral divisions to begin with—the forest, the weald, the South Downs, and the shore. Across these slanting lines, from north to south, come the longitudinal divisions of the Rapes of Sussex, an arrangement of political origin, but sufficiently connected with the natural features of our river-system to claim mention here in the forefront of our subject. It has been often stated that this division was introduced, or more probably adopted and utilized by the Norman Conqueror,¹ who may be imagined to have planned out his first conquest into rapes by ropes, as mechanically as you could twice trisect a piece of bride-cake, and with the same desire, to secure to each rape as completely as he could a specimen of every part of what he was dividing—the forest, the clay-level, the chalk-hills, and the plain. He bridled his rapes by six strong castles—those of Hastings and Pevensey, of Lewes and Bramber, of Arundel and Chichester. And he took care that every rape should have its own river, such as it was (for their rivers are not exactly the possessions of which Sussex men are proudest). They furnished, however, sufficient harbours for the light ships of that age, so that the lord of each rape could keep an open eye towards the Norman land beyond the sea. These rivers were the Eastern

¹ So Sir F. Palgrave and others. But the division itself was probably older than the Conquest; and “may represent,” says Bishop Stubbs, “the undershires of the Heptarchic kingdom” (“Constit. Hist.,” i. 100). The Conqueror may have utilized an older civil division for military purposes. “It is probable that the Rapes of Sussex were military districts for the supply of the castles which existed in each” (“Glossary to Sussex Domesday Book,” s.v.) “*Hrepp* is still a territorial division in Iceland” (*Ibid*).

Rother, the Cuckmere, the Ouse, the Adur, the Arun, and the Lavant. I will leave the reader to complete the picture for himself, by finding names for the six old forests on the north and for the ancient ports along the shore,¹ the coast-line of which has been a good deal altered since the days of the Conquest.

I have begun with these divisions, four by six, to bring out as clear a picture as I can of the general shape and outline of the land we have to deal with. But before we pass from scenery to history I had better interpose a brief summary of the chronology, to the sequence of which I shall not be able to confine myself in what follows. The nineteen centuries of our history since the birth of Christ may be broadly divided into three great periods. The first four centuries and a half belong to the Britons and the Romans. The next six centuries belong to the time of the Saxons and other kindred races—our true English forefathers—and may be subdivided according as they were heathen or Christian. The remaining eight centuries and a fraction continue the history of England from the Conquest to the present time. More exactly; 477 A.D. is the date accepted for the landing in the future Sussex of the Saxon Ella and his sons. The Norman William landed in the September of 1066, and the great battle was fought on the 14th of October in that year.

It is possible, as I have said, to assign the division by rapes, or, at all events, their complete military equipment, to the time immediately succeeding the Conquest; but we know something of the state of the land for many centuries before the Normans came. The white cliffs which guard the shores have remained unaltered since the days of the earliest record, though the coast beneath them has here and there advanced or retreated. In all other respects the county has undergone great changes. Few traces are now left of the great dim forest of the Andredswald, that trackless land with no inhabitants, which cut off the people of these borders from all intercourse with the people on the north. That natural barrier was a huge "wedge of forest and scrub,"² which stretched westward for about 120 miles by 30, from the opening of the

¹ "This whole county," says Camden, "as to its civil partitions, is divided into six parts, which by a peculiar term they call Rapes; . . . every one of which, besides their hundreds, has a castle, river, and forest of its own" ("Britannia," by Gibson, i. 197). The details are worked out by Mr. M. A. Lower, in "Sussex Archæol. Coll.," xv. 150, in connection with the river-system; a paper continued in xvi. 247.

² Green, "Making of England," 11. So in "History of the English People," i. 24:—"a vast sheet of scrub, woodland, and waste." See the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," s.a. 893.

weald at Pevensey. It had a great deal to answer for in the early history of Sussex. Its fringes gave shelter to a hardy British population of charcoal-burners and iron-smelters as far back as the days of the Roman tenure. When the Romans had departed and the Saxons had fought their blood-stained way from Chichester, through Seaford, to Pevensey, and had slain the British defenders of that ancient fortress with so complete a destruction that not one of them was left,¹ we cannot doubt that their great forest was a main instrument for keeping them so long in heathen darkness. The men of Sussex continued to worship Woden for three generations after most part of the land had again received the light of the gospel, which had been extinguished for above a century elsewhere, and for nearly two centuries in Sussex, after the earlier British churches had been destroyed.

Again to interpose a chronological notice: Ella landed, as I said before, in A.D. 477; St. Augustine came to Kent in 597; St. Wilfrid's first visit to Sussex was in 666, exactly four centuries before the Norman Conquest; and in 681 he returned and founded the South Saxon Bishopric at Selsey. From the invasion by the Saxon to its conquest by the Norman—*i.e.*, from the fifth to the eleventh century—was the obscure time during which our England was a-making; but in which Milton could see nothing but mere skirmishes of kites and crows. It is one of the most noteworthy features of Sussex that the legacies of all the successive races are blended in our heritage; from the British barrows on the hills, which were adapted to their own purposes by both Roman and Saxon, and the Roman remains which we admire in the pavements of Bignor and the strong outer walls of Pevensey, onward through Saxon churches at Worth and Sompting and elsewhere, to the statelier work of Norman builders and the successive gifts of every age.

The land we live in is a book,
 In which is written much to read. . . .
 Here you may trace a Roman's hand,
 Here the rude Saxon work, and there
 How Norman skill did once repair
 The ruined churches of the land.²

Or we may look at the matter politically, in regard to these successive but amalgamated races. Let us take for guidance, for instance, the Poet Laureate's "Harold." You will find that in setting forth this truth of history, he makes the voices

¹ "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," s.a. 491.

² Walford's *Antiquarian Magazine*, August, 1884, p. 52.

of both leaders blend. Says Harold the Englishman, quoting an old English worthy—

and yet he held that Dane,
Jute, Angle, Saxon, were or should be, all
One England.

And again:

Knut, who coming Dane,
Died English. !

There is exactly the same ring in the voice of Duke William the Norman. He offers to come, to

rule according to your laws,
And make your ever-jarring earldoms move
To music and in order—Angle, Jute,
Dane, Saxon, Norman, help to, build a throne
Out-towering hers of France.

And finally, when he had conquered :

of one self-stock at first,
Make them again one people—Norman, English ;
And English, Norman.¹

And so it came to pass in the wise Providence of God.

And now I am embarrassed by the profusion of our riches. It is not easy to select the fittest material for the remainder of this paper. I need not dwell on the traces of those who preceded the Saxons ; the footprints remaining of the Briton and the Roman ; except, perhaps, to suggest that the visitor to Sussex may exercise his ingenuity in making out which is which if he can. I need not dwell now on the industries of Sussex, a subject on which much information can be gathered from books that have been recently published. But I may remark in passing, that the most important of our older industries tended to waste, and not increase, our inheritance. The unthrifty proceedings of the old Saxon iron-masters left the country almost bankrupt in some districts, in the matter of the forest-timber, which they used to cast into their furnaces. So Drayton makes the wood-nymphs of Sussex complain :

Jove's oak, the warlike ash, veined elm, the softer beech,
Short hazel, maple plain, light asp, the bending wych,
Tough holly, and smooth birch, must altogether burn ;
What should the builder serve supplies the forgers' turn.²

“These iron times,” they cried, “breed none that mind posterity.” And not only the industries, but the geology, the scenery, the field-walks, the folk-lore, the dialect, the ancient families and mansions of Sussex have recently received a very large share of attention from competent writers.³ I may

¹ Tennyson's "Harold," pp. 102, 117, 70, 161.

² Drayton's "Polyolbion" Song xvii., ad fin.

³ e.g. "Dictionary of the Sussex Dialect," by W. D. Parish ; "Field Paths and Green Lanes, being Country Walks, chiefly in Surrey and Sussex," by

especially mention two volumes, full of interesting information, which Mr. Charles Fleet has published under the title of "Glimpses of our Sussex Ancestors." The subject is large and space is limited. What more I have to offer now shall be confined to a few of the old buildings of Sussex, and I will defer to another paper the more full consideration of events that have made the county famous in the history of England.

There are two ancient buildings prominent among the rest ; the Castle of Pevensey, and the group that crowns the grand historic site of Battle.

It would be difficult to find a spot in England which combines in one centre more memories than Pevensey, the old Roman fortress of Anderida, surrounded by massive walls which cannot be younger than 1600 years. Those ruined ramparts were 800 years old when they met the eye of the Norman William on his landing: for the Conquest itself is scarcely half as old as Pevensey. Within those walls, towards the beginning of that long period, occurred, as I have said before, the most ruthless of all the massacres of the Saxon invasion. Before those walls, at the close of that time, the Norman Conqueror stumbled as he landed from his ship, and took *seizin* of the soil of England. Within their mighty cincture there soon arose a Norman castle. It was used sometimes as a residence, sometimes as a royal prison ; but it was always a fortress, withstanding many a siege. One of these occasions had a special interest for men of Sussex. It was defended by the Lady Pelham of the time ; and a letter which she wrote to her lord from the Castle of Pevensey is said to be one of the earliest existing specimens of English correspondence.¹

The importance of Battle, instead of ranging over centuries like that of Pevensey, is mainly concentrated on a single day.

L. J. Jennings ; a set of interesting little books published at Lewes, on "Quaint Industries and Interesting Places in Sussex," on "Sussex Industries," and on "Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways," the last by Mr. J. C. Egerton. Of larger works I may refer to the "Castles, Mansions, and Manors of Western Sussex," by D. G. C. Elwes and Rev. C. J. Robinson ; to the noble quarto on the "Geology of Sussex," by Dixon and Jones, 1878 ; and to the inexhaustible treasury of the 34 volumes of the "Sussex Archaeological Collections," crowned by the stately folio of the "Domesday Book of Sussex," edited by Mr. Chancellor Parish.

¹ Hallam, "Literature of Europe," i. 53, note. "Till any other shall prefer a claim, it may pass for the oldest private letter in the English language." The date is A.D. 1399. It concludes (the spelling modernized), "Farewell, my dear lord ; the Holy Trinity you keep from your enemies, and ever send me good tidings of you. Written at Pevensey in the Castle, on St. Jacob day last past, by your own poor J. PELHAM."

But that day was the turning-point in the history of England, the day when

fancy hears the ring
Of harness, and that deathful arrow sing,
And Saxon battleaxe clang on Norman helm.¹

I would earnestly recommend the visitor to Sussex, when he has the opportunity, to study three things carefully upon the spot; (1) the ruins of the abbey, as they can be traced beneath and amidst the domestic additions of the later buildings; (2), the sites of all the stages of the battle, which a succession of accomplished historians, crowned by Mr. Freeman, has worked out in every deeply interesting detail; and (3), the well-restored parish church of St. Mary's at Battle, which enables us to connect our own prayers and praises with a grateful memory of God's Providence throughout the past.

From Battle we pass by an easy transition to a building only second in interest to those of which we have been speaking—the Great House of Cowdray, at the west end of the county. Sir Anthony Browne, K.G., to whom Battle Abbey, with a great deal more forfeited Church property was granted—who converted the Abbot's Lodge into his own private residence, while he pulled down the Great Abbey Church to be the site of his garden—Sir Anthony Browne, the Master of the Horse to King Henry, sleeps under his great tomb in the parish church of Battle. But his name is connected also with the splendid mansion of Cowdray, one of the greatest houses, says Mr. Freeman, of the best house-building time, now so lovely in the decay of its ivy-clustered ruins. We may read the whole story of Cowdray and its owners in the charming volume of Mrs. Charles Roundell, "The History of a Great English House." It was said that the curse of fire and water was denounced against the destroyers of Battle and Easebourne, by a monk of the ruined abbey in the one case, by the Sub-Prioress of Easebourne in the other. It was nearly two centuries and a half before that curse took effect; and this fact strengthens our disinclination to read such judgments as our Lord condemns, in the misfortunes which befell the remote and innocent descendants of the spoiler. But it cannot be denied that the doom, when it came, was dramatic and appalling.

In the autumn of 1793, and within the space of a few days, the stately house was burnt at Cowdray, and its last owner in the direct ancient line was drowned in the rushing waters of the Rhine at Laufenburg, between Bâle and Schaffhausen. It is said that the two messengers of evil tidings met each other

¹ Tennyson, sonnet prefixed to "Harold."

on the road. I fear that meeting rests on no historical authority. But we can imagine the scene, as though it were the encounter of two heralds of woe in some tragedy of old—the English courier crying, when he sees his friend, “Behold! I bring you sad tidings of sorrow. The curse of fire has descended, and the great house of Cowdray is a heap of ruin!” and his returning colleague answers in despair, “Tidings for tidings, and sorrow for sorrow! The curse of water also has prevailed at last, and the Lord of Cowdray lies drowned beneath the rapids of the Rhine!” There is a strange, sad sequel to this woeful history. Only a few years later, two little boys on whom the inheritance would have descended in the female line were drowned in open daylight on the beach at Bognor—drowned by the upsetting of a pleasure-boat on a calm summer’s day, before the very eyes of their parents and their sisters. Which of us would like to say that the poor lads perished as victims of a slow-footed curse, pronounced long centuries before by lips of woman or of man? If we must write their epitaph, let us rather recollect the old Greek proverb, that those whom the gods love die young, and think that perhaps those innocent children were snatched by their Heavenly Father from the evil to come.

But space would fail me if I tried to carry out a longer programme. How could I write, within any reasonable limits, of the ruins of Bodiam and Hurstmonceaux, or of the still flourishing houses, with their treasures, of Goodwood, and Parham, and Ashburnham, and Petworth, and Wiston? How guide the reader to the birthplaces of Collins and Shelley, or to the graves of Wilberforce, and Hare, and Gibbon? The churches of Sussex would require a whole long paper to themselves, so full are they of antiquarian interest; so rich in every stage of architectural construction—from the great Norman nave of the cathedral, or the noble fragments at Winchelsea, and Shoreham, and Boxgrove, down to the purest examples of the simplest Early English churches, nestling in their quiet combs among the Downs. We could devote a whole series of papers to such topics as the conversion of Sussex by the great northern Bishop, St. Wilfrid; or the gradual moulding into unity of the successive races I have mentioned; or the vast issues which grew out of the Norman Conquest; or the seed of freedom which was planted by the victory of the barons on the heights above Lewes. In fact the history of Sussex is as full of interest as its scenery or its archæology; and it is our duty to acknowledge with gratitude the great inheritance of political and civil progress, which has been partly won on the South-Saxon hills and shores.

JOHN HANNAH.