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A

# RAMBLE

ON THE

## COAST OF SUSSEX,

MORE THAN 100 YEARS AGO,

*By ANTHONY HIGHMORE.*

Now Printed from a M.S. recently found.

EDITED BY

CHARLES HINDLEY.

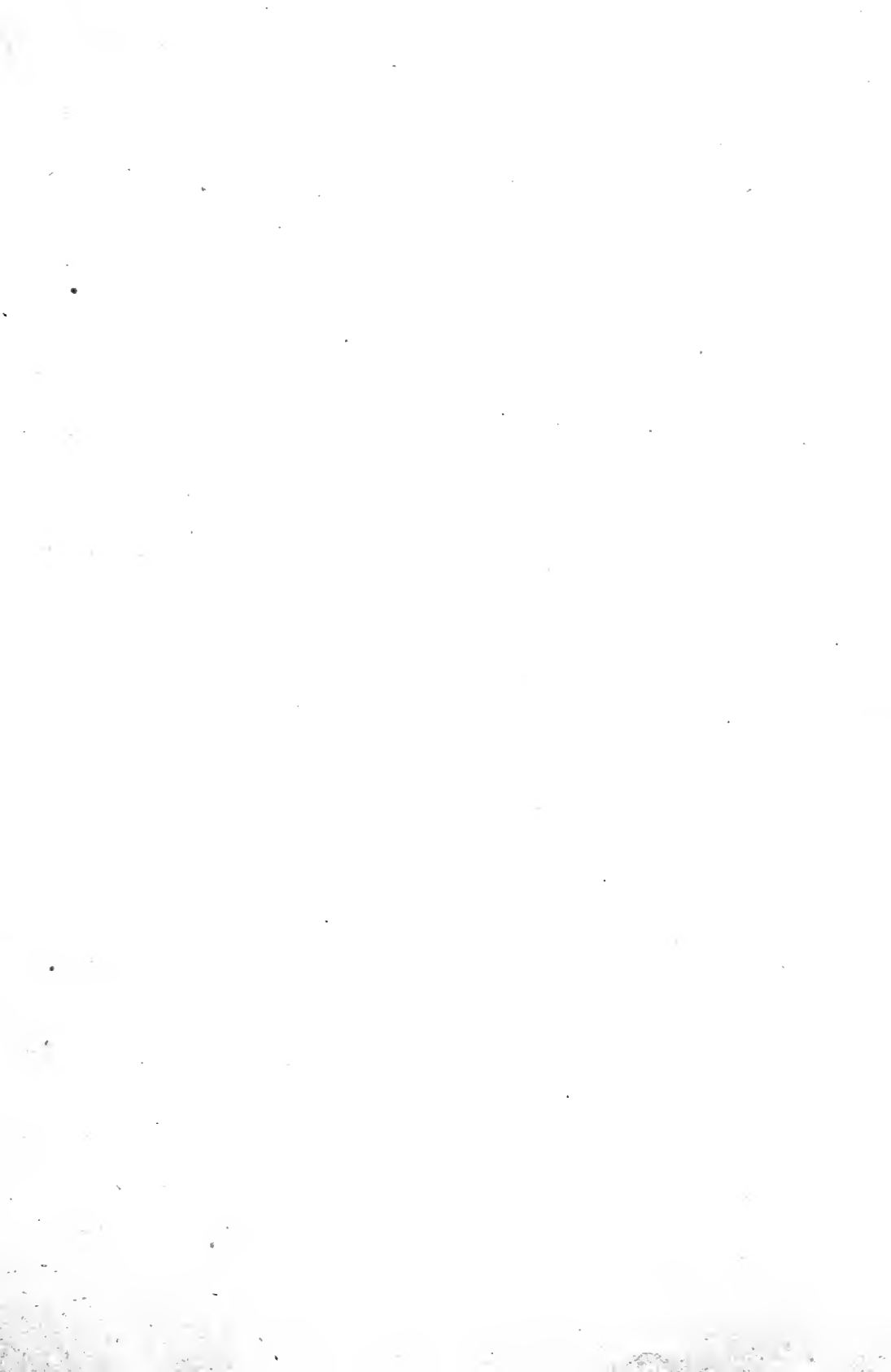
1873.

W. J. SMITH, 41, 42, 43 NORTH STREET, BRIGHTON.

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A R A M B L E

ON THE

COAST OF SUSSEX.







A

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ON THE

COAST OF SUSSEX.

[1782].

*By* ANTONY HIGHMORE.

EDITED BY

CHARLES HINDLEY.

LONDON AND WESTMINSTER:

REEVES & TURNER,

185, FLEET STREET, E.C., & 196, STRAND, W.C.



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## THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

**A** RAMBLE ON THE COAST OF SUSSEX is printed *verbatim* from a neatly written MS. by the late Mr. Antony Highmore, who was a solicitor and author of "The History of the Honourable Artillery Company, from its earliest Annals to the Peace of 1802—London, 8vo., 1804, Pietas Londinensis;" "The History, Design, and present state of the various Public Charities in and near London—1810;" a View of the Charitable Institutions established in and near London, chiefly during the last twelve years—1822;" and numerous other works on legal, political, and social subjects.

The MS. in question has lately fallen into my hands through the kindness of Messrs. Reeves and Turner, the enterprising booksellers of 196, Strand, W.C., and 185, Fleet Street, E.C., who, having purchased the library of the late Mr. Antony Highmore from the surviving relations, now residing at Tenby, a market town and borough of Wales, in Pembroke

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shire, and well knowing my *penchant* for all works relating in any way to Sussex in general, and Brighton in particular, kindly reserved this MS. for my inspection, which, upon a perusal, I found to contain a well-written and interesting description of men, manners, and travelling in the days—when George the Third was King, and “ Ere giant steam had spread its mighty hand, and with an iron cobweb girt our land,” in the shape of Railways.

The “Ramble” is written much after the style of Sterne, and might, as appropriately have been called, “A Sentimental Journey.”

The diction and punctuation of the original has been preserved throughout, so as to place the locally interesting *brochure* before the reader in print as it came into my hands in the MS.

CHARLES HINDLEY.

Rose Hill Terrace,  
Brighton.

January, 1873.



To  
My Worthy Friend and  
Agreeable Fellow Traveller,  
The following  
heterogeneous Jumble  
Is,  
With all due respect,  
and Esteem,  
dedicated and inscribed,  
by his humble, and  
obliged Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

10th Sept., }  
1782. }





## PROLEGOMENON.



I AM induced to tell my rambles, because I love to communicate the pleasures I receive. I have some observations to make on the manners of Men, and while I sit in my quiet corner and ruminare on the quaint whimsies of the World, let the Reader be assured, I do not forget my own.









## A RAMBLE ON THE COAST OF SUSSEX.

### A STAGE COACH.

**I**N the bleak summer of 1782, my friend Mr. N. proposed to me a ramble round the Coast of Sussex. Leisure and opportunity favoured the project, and we first took the stage to Horsham.

I have ever remarked it, as a characteristic of our country, that when many of us meet together in a compact circle, we are all silent for a long time; whether this may proceed from distrust or mere taciturnity, I cannot determine, but the truth of the plain remark is certain. Our company was six in number—a hubble-bubble Apothecary, half asleep—an old Lady, who seemed to shew no future signs of conversation—a pair of Lovers, who saw no other objects but themselves—my friend and myself, who

were left to judge in silence of the hopes of the day.

But my physiognomy was soon put out of countenance, by the old lady, who looked out of the coach window, and told us what we could not fail to see, that it was a wet morning; this opened a dissertation which lasted full half-an-hour, on the backwardness of the season, and each knew something very wonderful to relate, about the damage it occasioned to the hay and the corn—and in less time than one may read a common play bill of a Benefit Night—the whole Island was alternately washed away, and the people languishing under all the horrors of a famine.

This gave rise—for everybody found themselves interested in the general calamity, to a series of conversations, which never rested till we stopped to breakfast at Ashtead. We were all decently accommodated with coffee and tea, except the Apothecary, who sat at a side table, and eat very heartily of a hot beefsteak and cucumber. I was inclined to condemn so gross a breakfast, but habit, constitution, and prejudice, rendered him equally disdainful of my slip-slop, as mine of his beefsteak.

Our conversation had not turned upon any subject which could prove our young couple to be real lovers—but one incident which occurred on the road at a baiting-place sufficiently satisfied me—

the young man had been silent. I got out of the coach, and when I returned to it again, and found him in my place, taking the most eager advantage of the flying moment to tell her what had been so long withheld. She listened to his conversation, with the pleasure and attention which marks the young countenance a week *before* Marriage—he offered me my seat which I smiled and refused.

*Le sage entendu a demi mot*, none so quick at construction and conception as those in love—they both understood me ; and the difference of the sexes were conspicuous in the downcast gravity of the one, and the modest blush of the other. At breakfast two vacant chairs stood next the lady—I purposely avoided sitting down, to mark his politeness—he offered me that nearest to her, but he was full of apprehension lest I should accept it—when I declined he pressed me to take it—I rejoined, ‘that for the same reason I had given him my seat in the coach, I could not think of accepting the seat he offered.’

Oh! thou Tyrant of the human heart!—that softenest with thy silver wand the rudest object of the rustic wild; how did I recall with more than sainted rapture all the quick sensations that flew spontaneous, uncontrolled, to both the countenances of my fellow travellers!

I will not delay the reader—suffice it to say that we arrived at Horsham.

HORSHAM<sup>1</sup>

Is a Borough Town—and of some extent—but I shall not make it my business, to enquire or to tell the Reader, whether its—Burgesses are corrupt or free!

Our first business in this town was to procure a single-horse chaise. We were directed to a house at the corner of a lane, a few paces without the town. An old lady met us in the passage, and acquainted us that her chaise was not at home—we desired further recommendation—when the voice of a pretty woman from an inner room directed us to a

HORSHAM is a parliamentary borough, union, and market town, parish and polling place for the Western division of the county,  $37\frac{1}{2}$  miles from London by railway and  $35\frac{1}{2}$  by road, 22 north from Brighton, and 9 from the Three Bridges station, on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, in the Hundred of Singlecross; Rape of Bramber. Diocese and Archdeaconry of Chichester, and the rural deanery of Storrington. Benefice, a Vicarage, valued at £750; Patron, the Archbishop of Canterbury; Incumbent, Rev. John Fisher Hodgson, M.A., of Christ Church, Oxford, prebendary of Chichester Cathedral, and rural dean and surrogate; the Revs. J. Arthur, Henry Scott, M.A., of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, and Henry Thomas Waters, B.A., of Wadham College, Oxford, are the curates. Parish clerk, William Randell: date of earliest Parish Register, 1540; acreage, 10,770; gross estimated rental, £33,033; rateable value, £27,387; the population in 1811, 3,139; in 1871, 7,831. The principal landowners are Major Aldridge and Robert Henry Hurst, Esq., M.P. of Horsham Park and Goldsmith Building, Temple, E.C., 6. Ovington Gardens, S.W., Oxford and Cambridge and Reform Clubs, London, S.W. Seats—Denne Park, Charles Gilbert Eversfield, Esq.; Coolhurst, Charles Scrase Dickins, Esq., J.P.; Holbrook, Right Hon. Sir William Robert Seymour Vesey Fitz-Gerald, G.C.S.I., J.P.; Hewell's Manor-house, Henry Padwick, Esq.; Springfield Place, Hon. Mrs. Pelham; Wimbleshurst, John Braby, Esq.; Roughey Park, Thomas Sanctuary, Esq., J.P.

Mrs. Taylor—on turning towards the sound, through the opening of an oaken door, I saw what Nature ever prompts me to admire—unaffected beauty in complacent smiles—I entered the room, and found by her employment, that she was a *Belle*—Fashion will ever govern the sex. She was giving the last advantages to a Sunday cap, and had neglected the regular form of her evening head dress, which exposed to my view such a favourite lock of curling auburn, that once inspired the inflamed admirer of Belinda. It was a specimen of the faces I was afterwards to behold in the County of Sussex.

The women of Kent, have a life and vivacity, that sparkle with the additional attractions of black and piercing eyes—while those of Sussex, have a gentle delicacy that meliorates the passions, and gives peculiar influence to the sensibilities of Love.

Having engaged for our *Voiture* by the directions of this lady, we returned to our hotel, and slept well, after a hearty supper, a cheerful glass, and enlivening song.

On Sunday morning having quitted the Church, which is the remains of Saxon grandeur, we took the road to *Steyning* in our chaise.

The farmers here, use large quantities of burnt lime for manure—but whether it is from taste or accident, I know not, the kilns for burning it, are all built in an antique style; and standing in low

parts of the ground, under hedges, and overgrown with ivy and the leafy luxuriance of Nature, it might be no difficult project to puzzle some musty Antiquarian who was unacquainted of their use. In like manner, to the great diversion of my friend, I stopped to contemplate what I imagined to have discovered in an obscure corner :—it was built with white stone defaced by weather, and crusted with moss, an arch in the centre—a round window over it, and the corners turned to make room for two massy buttresses. ‘This must have been some place of Arms,’ said I—‘surely we are in the neighbourhood of some Roman station,—yonder is another like it ; thus at small distances they had relays of Arms.’— —‘Yonder ploughboy can give you the best history of them,’ returned my friend—I was surprised—‘Ask him, added he’—I scented a joke, but was resolved to enjoy it—‘That’s a lime kiln, Sir, said the country booby.’

I hope the Reader will laugh at me, as much as Mr. N——, for then he will be happy.

Thus it is that Ignorance when it presumes to know things beyond its latitude—and prejudice when it leads the mind astray amid the follies and caprices of fancy—often blunders upon an error,—which they might have avoided.

STEYNING.<sup>1</sup>

The road from Horsham to this place is as even as a floor; and the surrounding prospects, cannot fail to elate the heart, which carries out with it none of the toils and anxieties of business.

And this was our case.

I cannot stay to describe this Town; for I have other things in view—having praised our landlord's wine, at the Chequers,<sup>2</sup> and mended our tackle, we took the road to Brighton.

As we drew near this gay summit of Pleasure and Fashion, Mr. N. asked a few questions about dress—I was a traveller and could boast of no wardrobe—I had a round broad slouch, that covered half my face—a laced old waistcoat—an older dirty white coat—riding breeches, and a couple of boots on—this, besides a good store of linen, was

<sup>1</sup>STEYNING is a Parish and Market-Town in the Hundred and Union to which it gives name in the Rape of Bramber, distant about five miles north from Shoreham, having a Station on the Brighton, Shoreham, Steyning, Henfield and Horsham Railway, 53 miles from London. Benefice, a Vicarage, valued at £400, with residence and 31 acres of glebe, is the gift of Charles Lucas, Esq. Incumbent the Rev. Thomas Medland, B.D. of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Parish Clerk, John Cuckney. The register dates from the year 1565, but the records of the Churchwardens' accounts dates from 1519. Acreage 3,383, gross estimated rental £9,030, rateable value £7,713. The population in 1811, 1,210 in 1871, 1,820. The principal landowners are Rev. John Goring, Sir Charles Goring, Bart., the Right. Hon. H. B. W. Brand, Esq., J.P., and Mrs. Ingram.

<sup>2</sup>THE CHEQUERS INN still exists and is at present kept by Mr. Frederick Joyce.

all I could muster : My companion was dressed in a trim tail wig—somewhat dishevelled by the Sea breezes, and a *Leeshore*—a complete suit of deep mourning, and Bath beaver great coat ; with a pair of black silk stockings, by way of best bib and tucker.

He grew ashamed of me—he looked at our equipage—Our mare came forth from her team—long hairs hung round her fetlocks and heels—her main had been suffered to follow the wildness of Nature—and her tail, though originally docked, curled in ungain ringlets, that bespoke the company she was accustomed to keep. Our harness had never tasted the brush or the oil, and was spliced in several places—and the carriage itself, the neatest part of the whole, was rusty and torn by the wind and the sun ; and the lining, *quondam* green, had partaken of the same fate which befell its associates—Ingenuity is the mother of Invention. It is true Jockeyism said Mr. N., to pay no regard to your carriage when you *set behind* a good horse—take my scissors and crop those loose hairs, now, while nobody is passing the road, and we shall enter Brighton, in the dusk of the evening, with wondrous *eclat*.

I followed his advice,—the old *mare*, to be sure, was a good *horse*—and the genteel effect it produced by clipping the superfluous hair, seemed to make the



jade proud of her superiority. We fancied she would return to Horsham, like the Monkey who had seen the World. She trotted on so briskly that we came rattling into the town, as if we had been seated in a tandem or gig.

BRIGHTON.

We passed the Church on the left hand—the general lot of this building!

We were sent to three different Inns without any hopes of obtaining admittance; but at last we put in at the George, and went to seek for apartments—and found very satisfactory accommodation at a house in the New Buildings.<sup>2</sup> The following day was appointed for the Dress Ball, and this gave rise to the following

Consultation :—

Two Lawyers were met together, and each used his talent of reply and rejoinder.

*N.* I thought *you* would have desired to go every where.

*H.* I thought you would have desired to go no where.

<sup>1</sup>THE GEORGE INN, in West Street, now in the occupation of Mr. Henry Picknell.

<sup>2</sup>THE NEW BUILDINGS.—The first houses on the South Parade, the east side of the Steine south of St. James's Street, began to be erected in 1780-1, and in a few years the whole of them, as well as the extensive range of buildings which forms the North Parade and Marine Parade, were completed.

*N.* I imagined you would have come provided with the most fashionable dresses.

*H.* I considered ourselves as mere travellers, and came as I am.

*N.* We cannot go to the Ball to-morrow.

*H.* We may look at the room in the morning—and go to the play on Tuesday.

It is just so that the weak taciturnity of the English often forego their interests as well as pleasures, merely for want of a previous understanding, when a question would save the difference.

#### THE STEINE.

After bathing in a very rough sea, I went to the Steine—the wind and the morning, kept many at home.

The Steine is a broad grass plat where the company take the air, and the fishermen dry their nets—it is at the East end of the town, and is bounded by the Duke of Cumberland's white house towards the Sea<sup>1</sup>—a row of new buildings to the

<sup>1</sup>THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND'S WHITE HOUSE was situated at the Southern extremity of the Steine, near the spot on which the Royal Albion Hotel now stands. Here Dr. Russell—the Founder of Brighton—took up his residence from 1750-59, and the house was subsequently known as "Russell House." The worthy Doctor was succeeded by Drs. Kelhan and Awsiter. The house afterwards becoming the residence of the Duke of Cumberland, George, Prince of Wales, paid his first visit to Brighton, and became the

East—the South Downs to the North—and the Town and Shergold's<sup>1</sup> Rooms to the West.

I was yawning at Bowen's<sup>2</sup> over the first volume of Cecilia,<sup>3</sup> when in came a Lady whistling a cotillion,

illustrious guest of his uncle in 1782. The year after he repeated his visit, and took up his abode at a house belonging to the late Thomas Kemp, Esq., which visit led to his purchasing the place for the purpose of forming a marine residence by building the Pavilion, which was commenced in 1784 and completed in 1787; thus began the second epoch of Brighton's prosperity.

<sup>1</sup>SHERGOLD'S ROOMS were at the Castle Inn Tavern, which stood on the West side of the Steine. In the season from August to March, Assemblies were held every Monday. Miss F. Burney, in her Diary, writing under the date of Monday, Nov. 4th, 1782, has:—"The ball was half over, and all the company seated to tea. Mr. Wade [the master of the ceremonies] came to receive us all, as usual, and we had a table procured for us, and went to tea ourselves, for something to do. When this repast was over, the company returned to their recreation. The room was very thin, and almost half the ladies danced with one another, though there were men enough present, I believe, had they chosen such exertion; but the Meadowses at balls are in crowds. Some of the ladies were in riding habits, and they made admirable men. 'Tis *tonnish* to be so much undressed at the last ball."

<sup>2</sup>BOWEN'S LIBRARY was at the south end of the Steine. Mrs. Thrale, writing to Miss F. Burney—afterwards Madame D'Arblay—from Brighton on the 14th of July, 1780, says:—"I write now from Bowen's shop, where he has been settled about three days I think. And here comes in one man hopping, and asks for Russell on Sea-water; another tripping, and begs to have the last new novel sent him home to-night; one lady tumbles the ballads about, and fingers the harpsichord, which stands here at every blockhead's mercy; and another looks over the Lilliputian library, and purchases Polly Sugarcake for her long-legged missy."

<sup>3</sup>CECILIA or Memoirs of an Heiress, a novel in 5 vols., was written by Miss F. Burney, and published 1782, the year of our author's visit to Brighton; and, being but "just out," would be one of the last and most fashionable

and flanking her whip against her petticoat—she wore a purple habit lined with pink silk, and a hat which recalled to my mind the rich tiara of the great Tom Thumb.

“The town was very full,” she said, “but the ‘weather very unfavourable. The Duchess had ‘been confined to her room with a fever ever since ‘she had been there,”—and then looking at the raffles, but subscribing to none, tossing into confusion a whole counter of books, and asking the price of all without purchasing any—and calling Shergold a foolish fellow for having a *Dress Ball* in the Evening, though she knew he could not help it—turned swiftly round on one peg-heel, and whisked out of the shop with, *tol de rol, tum tum!*”

Such are the light liberties which women are permitted and choose to take, while the men,

novels of the day. Miss F. Burney, writing to Mrs. Phillips, February 25th, 1782, says:—“My work is too long in all conscience for the hurry of my people to have it produced. I have a thousand millions of fears for it. The mere copying, without revising and correcting, would take at least ten weeks, for I cannot do more than a volume in a fortnight, unless I scrawl short hand and rough hand, as badly as the original. Yet my dear father thinks it will be published in a month! Since you went I have copied one volume and a quarter—no more! Oh, I am sick to think of it! Yet not a little reviving is my father’s very high approbation of the first volume, which is all he has seen. I totally forget whether, in my last, I told you I had presented it to him? but I am sure you would never forget, for the pleasure you would have felt for me, had you seen or heard him reading any part of it. Would you ever believe, bigoted as he was to ‘*Evelina*,’ that he now says he thinks this a superior design and superior execution?”

like the boors of a Northern County, stand suspended in amaze and expectation of what next is to be the object of their caprice! Every eye followed this lady to the farthest corner of the Steine—now walking, now skipping, talking to the fishermen spreading their nets, and alternately singing to herself; then tripping away as if on some urgent business—till at last we lost sight of her as she turned up North Street.

O! Woman! Woman!

Every one of us who remained in the Library—as soon as she was out of sight, looked round at each other—had all sentiments we knew not how to express—and in the dead silence which reigned, we returned to our several readings.

AN INCIDENT.

After breakfast we set forwards in our dainty equipage for an airing — indeed it was justly so called for we found much difficulty to stand it—we passed along the verge of the Clift to Rottingdean—a neat village in a vale, and shaded by a very large number of trees — We drove through the village when not being acquainted with the road, we determined to ask of some people we saw at a little distance.

When we approached them we could discover that it was a family parting.

Some Colin of a neighbouring vale, had won the heart and hand of the fair villager of Rottingdean; they were both mounted on a white horse and were leaving the Father's house—silver locks that had weathered out the storms of many a Winter, were drooping together on the venerable heads of the Father and Mother. They looked with anxious tears to the darling of their hopes, and as she waved her hand from her husband's pillion—the old man, with trembling accents, wept and exclaimed—"God bless my children!"

Ah! you who flutter in the gay circle of pleasure, or who live unknown to every other sensation, but traffic and gain, little can ye conceive the benign satisfaction of these heartfelt pleasures, which result only from the Language of Nature! Pure and unsullied sincerity is the honour of manhood; and he who is most nearly touched with the edge of sensibility, is the most manly, because he proves himself to be the true Child of human Nature.

In contemplating this scene, we both forgot the question we had stopped to ask: but this was recalled by the old lady, who desired to know if we wanted the Squire. We told her our business—and we pursued her directions.

The above incident re-called to my mind the

following lines of the amiable and gentle Poet, Dr. Langhorne :—

“ O bliss beyond what lonely life can know,  
The soul-felt sympathy of Joy and Woe !  
That magic charm which makes e'en sorrow dear,  
And turns to pleasure the partaken Tear !  
Long, beauteous friend, to you may Heaven impart,  
The soft endearments of the social heart !  
Long to your lot may every blessing flow,  
That Sense, or Taste, or Virtue, can bestow !  
And, oh, forgive the zeal your peace inspires,  
To teach that prudence which itself admires !

Such were the sensations to which we found ourselves open. Such was the situation of our minds through the whole ramble, that we looked round for objects to enliven, to gratify, and to improve it.

Nature spoke to us in her most persuasive Language—she shewed us her W heatsheaf— and her Autumn Horn ;—she introduced us to all the rich productions of the earth—gave us new wonder and new delight at every different view—and taught us a Lesson of more “ Soul-felt ” Piety than all the force of precept, or the highest strains of philosophy could inspire ! Who is not devout in the wide expanse of Nature ? Who is not grateful, in the midst of her bounty—who is not amended by the sublime luxuriance with which Nature everywhere abounds ?

Yes—when yon lucid Orb is dark,  
 And darting from on high ;  
 My soul, a more celestial spark,  
 Shall keep her native sky.

Fann'd by the light—the lenient breeze,  
 My limbs refreshment find ;  
 And moral rhapsodies like these,  
 Give vigour to the mind !

[*Cunningham's* Contemplatist.

THE LIBRARY.

In the afternoon, while my friend was otherwise engaged at home, I went to Bowen's—where I accidentally saw the Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, written by himself. Its character had long given me a strong inclination to read it, and the present leisure favoured me.

It is a relic presented to the world by Mr. Horace Walpole. It is the life of a real Knight of La Mancha—if any Reader is fond of a series of the most romantic Adventures, or takes delight in true Quixotism, he will find in this book as true a son of Amadis de Gaul, as ever with renowned flame of valour encountered a windmill, or vented fury on a flock of sheep.

We know very well in what sense to take Cervantes' wit—but when we are gravely told in a formidable preface—that the whole history is no less



true than it is extraordinary—I confess, for my own part, I have compassion for the object of so much sensibility, so much sympathy, and so much heroism!

A FAMILY PARTY.

While my friend was catering for our evening repast, I took my hat in order to stroll, or rather, as it is the fashion, to *lounge* up one street and down another—when I accidentally overtook a homespun party, one of whose faces I had discovered, leaning back, at the window of the Brighton coach, and the servant maid in the basket—they thought, they should appear to have travelled in style, with their woman with them. The party consisted of the mother, her friend, two daughters, and the servant.

The older part of the train had passed the age of pleasures—and the eldest daughter had become prudent enough to teach her younger sister, who was just begun to grow round—the necessary walk of propriety.

The daughters led the way, in stiff silence, and the mother and her friend were engaged in conversation on the goodness of the one, her dutifulness and propriety—and the promising hopes they entertained of the other, who was rising into notice under the sisterly care of the former. Like the very essence of a family party, this seemed to have begun

just before." I came up with them, and having now concluded,—a solemn silence prevailed.

Of all things I shun a family party—each one knows the others tale, as it were,—each feels himself deadened by the idea that the other would not pay attention to his conversation—and therefore says nothing :—it is the same cause which places a man and his wife at different parts of the room in company—and when they walk out together with their neighbours, makes them divide alternately—that each may pick up something new for their evening chat. This is owing, in England, to a cold taciturnity—in foreign nations, perhaps, to something worse.

I walked slowly on the opposite side of the street, to observe them—they frequently turned in seeming search for somebody, or else to see who was admiring them—they were all females ;—at length, "there he is" said the youngest Miss — and was springing forwards to meet a young man who had just turned the corner of Middle Street—but her sister caught her by the sleeve and told her how rude it was to express any joy or surprise, and more especially to run!—then looking round to her mother and her aunt for approbation—they smiled upon her, and the mother said—"Clary is always so observant and so clever—oh, she was brought up at a very good school in town."

The young man having joined them, I could easily see that he was the hopes of the family, whom the younger part of it were taught to look up to as the repertory of all that is knowing.

I was interrupted in my further observance of them, by the clock striking seven, and I knew my friend would be waiting impatiently for his tea — so I took my leave of this party without much regret, and so will the reader ;—though I met them again the day following, walking on the Clift in the same marshalled parade somewhat embellished, by the young hopeful who led the van.

A PROCESSION.

In the days of chivalry, when the soul of valor animated every thought, when the field was marked with the sanguine streams of fatal feud— and female honor was entrusted to the Hero's care —then was the beauteous form of woman familiarized to noble deeds, and graced with her presence, and her smiles the feats of valiant Arms ;—such were my exclamations at a party which we met, near Preston, on the following day.

At a small distance, through the bushy trees, we could discover a lady mounted on a tall white palfrey, and ever and anon she nodded her lofty plumes, in confidence of full command — she preceded, in the pace of grandeur, a high phaeton, or

lofty char, which bore the semblance of a mighty lord, and two fair damsels of a courtly mien.

The effect which this procession had, moving in quick regularity through the chequered shade, could not fail to produce the ideas above described, and when they drew near, we were no less charmed with the extraordinary beauty of their fair leader, than we had already suffered in our imagination.

If such a sight produced this effect on us, it may be judged how it affected the villagers—"the hammer and the flail stood still"—the distaff forgot its order—and infancy stood aghast!

#### A BOOK.

As we come to the entrance of a forest, there were two gates very near together, which I got out of our chaise to open—having passed through one of them I was surprised at the rude appearance of a man tending a large herd of swine. I accosted him.

"What place d'ye call this ; honest friend ?"—he answered with a guttural sound—as if he did not understand me—I asked him a second time—and he bawled to his hogs.

There is such a difference in dialect that it may perhaps, thought I, be a reason why he should not understand me,—so attempting the rough ploughman.

What place is this?

Fors Fiel, answered he,—by seeing the adjacent forest, and looking round and finding we were in a field, I construed his lingo into “Forest Field.”

His countenance was a mixture of spleen, costive sourness, and rustic ignorance—no doubt he passed many and many a day without seeing or speaking to any human creature (for I am positive he could not be a husband) and had no other conversation or ideas, but those which were engaged by his brutal herd.

It afforded some entertainment to us, on our way, to fancy his uplifted hands at the gay procession we had just met.

I could not have supposed it possible to find such ignorance.

Our Excursion afforded us every rural satisfaction, and our ideas framed a suitable conversation to the pleasure we enjoyed.

#### THE REHEARSAL.

After our return while Mr. N. was engaged in ordering the dinner, and I had finished my duty as Groom of the Stable—I took a lounge into North Street, where the doors of the Theatre were open for a rehearsal. I penetrated behind the scenes—where I stood as long as my patience would permit, to hear Mr. B..... \* blunder over his part of.....in

\*Query?— Mr. Brunton, sen.

The Way to Keep Him—in a small room below stairs, there was a collection of Ladies and Gentlemen who were all equal in dramatic merit.

I perceived I was too late for a full rehearsal—but as I stood at the door, the following scene presented itself.

I think I could imitate Smith, in Richard, says a tall thin raw-boned Scotchman, whose shirt came slyly peeping through his ragged elbows.

“I think you could my dear,” says his fat wife, with her arms akimbo. “Come let’s see,” says a fiddler in the corner, who complained of a whitlow on his thumb.

A circle was made, and the great King came running forwards, brandishing a crabstick, and in a hoarse voice that betrayed his country.

“Ma hoorse, ma hoorse, ma kendom for ma hoorse.” You’re wrong says another, “Its a horse my kingdom for a horse.” The Scotchman defended his error, the quarrel rose high, for the other was a Genius and this was a Scot, till Mr. B. sent down word that he was not perfect in his part, and begged they would make no more noise to interrupt him.

Mrs. Baddeley was to have performed Mrs. Lovemore in *The Way to Keep Him*—her indisposition was to prevent her appearance, and Mrs. Wilmot was desired to try if she could not sing the song. Three times she began the first line—while

the fiddler without a thumb was only playing the symphony—once she was too low, then she was too high, then she was too hoarse—she was angry with herself, and declared “she would not sing it;”—a simple Strephon whose eyes had never beheld any other object, since I had been at the door, bent down upon one knee, and taking one of her hands—“Implored her to sing it, for she sung it so sweetly last night.” “Go you foolish dog,” said she, and gave him a swinging box of the ear; there was a general laugh, and the two lovers took themselves off. This produced a general break up, and I was not a little entertained to hear the large wife of the Scotsman declare she was now quite perfect in her part, and would play Ariel in the *Tempest* next Saturday.

#### THE THEATRE.<sup>1</sup>

In the evening we went to the play. The company consisted of a few smart women—a silk

<sup>1</sup>THE THEATRE at this period was in North Street, a remnant of which, until very recently, stood at the back of premises now occupied by Mr. Cunditt, jeweller, its erection dating back to 1774. But owing to the rapid increase of the population and visitors, another Theatre was erected in 1778 at the upper part of Duke Street, of which Mrs. Thrale, writing to Miss F. Burney from “Brighthelmstone, Wednesday, July 19, 1780,” says:—“The players this year are rather better than last; but the Theatre is no bigger than a band-box, which is a proper precaution, I think, as here are not folks to fill even that. The shops are almost all shut still, and a dearth of money complained of that is lamentable.” It must be borne in mind that even in 1780 July was early in the season, which did not commence until August. The town went on increasing in its importance that in 1807 the Duke Street “band-box” of Mrs.

man from Cheapside and his family, a couple of rakes, who had lost their money and their wits, in the Boxes—servants in the Gallery—and ourselves and other such in the Pit.

A Comedy at a Country Theatre always proves the worst entertainment—and the most sublime passages of Tragedy never fails to produce the most immoderate bursts of laughter—an *oh!* groan in Tragedy—or an *ah!* sigh in Comedy, certainly spring from the same source of pathos—and therefore have similar effects—to call Heaven and Earth to witness—by fetching down the Sun with the right hand, and raising Satan with the left—are energies of the tragic Muse that cannot fail to aid the cause of her younger sister; or to thunder out the vengeance of Fury, haste, and fear in the broad emphasis of provincial dialect—is a most noble source of the gay-sublime.

But my attention was wholly absorbed, during the Play and the Farce, of the latter of which I have totally forgot the name, upon a lady who sat near me, and whom I must introduce to the Reader.

THE THEATRE—*The Fair Inconnuè.*

Her complexion was as fair as delicacy might be—and agreeably accompanied with a dress of com-  
Thrale had to yield in its turn to another Theatre, and on a much more extensive scale, erected in the New Road in 1807 on the site of the present and fourth Brighton Theatre, the property of Mr. Henry Nye Chart.



plete white—her countenance was animated only by the meliorating tenderness of soft sorrow—her eyes spoke the language of a throbbing heart, and ever and anon, she pressed her hand with ardour to her bosom, as if to stifle by compression some infelt pang ; and whenever she could catch a soft note from the orchestra, or a tender expression from the stage—her cheek glowed like a fair lily tinged with roses.

The effects of sympathy are as certain as they are poignant—and to meet with another who seems to undergo our own sensations, always sets a value on the object, and constrains our esteem before we can be informed of its merit,—we fancy, or choose to see, a merit that is obscured to other eyes—and we pass into a chain of reflection, which while it softens the rude hardihood of man, ennobles and refines the heart.

I confessed that this was the first instance in which I had ever been charmed at first sight,—I felt a foolish pain, which, though I knew it was my duty to dispel, I was loath to part with, and anxious to encourage. My friend expressed his surprise that I was dull—‘I was only reflecting’ answered I—‘Reflect another time,’ said he—‘Here’s to Lord Rodney.’

THE BATHING.<sup>1</sup>

On the morning of the following day, I went down to the beach to bathe.

Another machine accompanied mine into the sea, and the doors of each were opened together—

<sup>1</sup>THE BATHING.—Sea-bathing may justly be said to have laid the foundation of Brighton's prosperity. It was the primary cause which induced so many distinguished visitors to resort here,—some for health, and some for pleasure,—and ultimately secured for it the honour of being chosen as a Royal residence. In the present day, when other elements of attraction exert their influence—our unrivalled marine drives and promenades, the unlimited accommodation obtainable in the palatial residences and magnificent hotels which adorn our sea frontage, the fashionable society always to be found here, &c.,—bathing, though indulged in as much as formerly, has become a subsidiary attraction, or, rather, it is merged in the general combination of local attractions, and has lost that prominence which formerly attached to it. Still, as connected with the “Past,” and being so intimately associated with the early history of the town, some particulars respecting it will not, perhaps, be deemed uninteresting.

It will be needless to go back to any primæval epoch to ascertain when Brighton was first resorted to as a bathing-place. The pretty fishing village had, doubtless, acquired a reputation, though necessarily a limited one, for its bathing facilities. There is every reason to believe that such was the case. In what other place would be found such a glorious sweep of sea, where the water is always clear, and, as an old writer says, “without any mixture of ooze, or of muddy fresh streams,” running into it. The shore, too, was deemed “most commodiously adapted for sea-bathing; the bottom is sandy; and as its descent is gradual, the tides do not rise so suddenly as to render bathing dangerous.”

These natural advantages were undoubtedly strong recommendations to Brighton as a resort for bathing; but they would probably have failed to secure for it that pre-eminence which it ultimately attained had it not been for Dr. Russell. To that justly esteemed and highly gifted man, Brighton is indebted for its position as the “Baix of England.” He had long before seen the great advantages resulting from sea bathing in scrofulous and other diseases, and his work, entitled “A Dissertation on the Use of Sea Water,” in which

when to my jocular surprise out jumped a man of extraordinary size, whose back which stood towards

numerous cures were cited, soon attracted the attention of the Faculty. Patients were accordingly sent here from all parts of England; and as the scanty accommodation which the town then afforded was soon absorbed, houses began to "increase and multiply," especially in proximity to the sea-front.

Among the visitors to Brighton at this period (1775-85) were Mr. and Mrs. Thrale and their family, who occupied the house (removed when the Grand Concert Hall was built) immediately opposite the King's Head, in West-street. It is interesting to learn that Mrs. Thrale and her daughters were ardent devotées to sea-bathing; it was, doubtless, the chief reason why they came to reside here. Among the papers, &c., disposed of at the sale of the effects in October, 1857, of the late Mrs. Mostyn (of Sillwood Lodge, Brighton, and the last surviving daughter of Mr. Thrale) was a letter from Mrs. Thrale to Dr. Johnson, in which she gives the "leviathan," who was ill at the time, a cordial invitation to come to Brighton, for the express purpose of sea-bathing. This very characteristic letter was as follows:—

"Brighton, 2nd October, 1777.

"Dear Sir,—Here we are, not very elegantly accommodated, but wishing sincerely for you to share either our pleasure, or our distresses. 'Tis fine bathing with rough breakers, and my Master longs to see you exhibit your strength in opposing them, and bids me press you to come, for he is tired of living so long without you; and Burney says if you don't come soon he shall be gone, and he does love you, or he is a vile ——. But one woman in the water-to-day.

" *Una et hæc audax*

"Was your most faithful and obliged,

"H. L. THRALE.

Johnson, it is well known, though he derived some pleasurable results from sea-bathing, did not like Brighton. He considered Mr. Thrale's house down here at "the world's end;" and as to the town itself and the Downs (over which, by the bye, he delighted to gallop, when his health permitted), he said it was a "country so truly desolate, that if one had a mind to hang one's self for desperation at being obliged to live there it would be difficult to find a tree on which to fasten the rope." Despite all his prejudices, however, the Doctor came to Brighton—it needed sterner stuff than even he was made of to resist Mrs. Thrale's charming invitation—though he came a month later than it was wished, and stayed here but three days.

Still stronger evidence of the pleasure which Mrs. Thrale and her daughters took in sea-bathing—a pleasure which was shared in by Francis

me was as broad as the machine he had just stepped out of—it was something like the dolphin and the sprat swimming together—he withstood every wave with the sturdy boldness of a first-rate.

‘Why don’t you go and bathe in the German Ocean,’ squeaked I—‘Why so,’ said he, in a voice which suited his muscles.

‘Because you want room *here.*’ He was a good natured man—and so we laughed at one another.

Burney herself—is afforded by the following letter, quoted from the “Diary and Letters of M<sup>d</sup>me. D’Arblay :”—

“Wednesday, Nov. 20th, [1782].—Mrs. and the three Miss Thrales and myself all arose at six o’clock in the morning, and “by the pale blink of the moon” we went to the sea-side, where we had bespoke the bathing-women to be ready for us, and into the ocean we plunged. It was cold, but pleasant. I have bathed so often as to lose my dread of the operation, which now gives me nothing but animation and vigour. We then returned home, and dressed by candle-light, and, as soon as we could get Dr. Johnson ready, we set out upon our journey in a coach and a chaise, and arrived in Argyll-street at dinner time.”

What a graphic picture of ladies bathing in the olden time does this interesting letter give us. Fancy Mrs. Thrale and her charming daughters, accompanied by their gifted guest, going down to bathe “by the pale blink of the moon” at six o’clock on a November morning, and returning home to dress by candle-light! How many ladies of 1872 are there to be found who would take pleasure in emulating the bathing tastes of their fair sisters of 1782!

P.S. We learn from Inspector Terry that at the present time there are in front of Brighton alone (irrespective of those at Hove) no less than 254 bathing machines: 145 ladies’, and 109 gentlemen’s. ∴ *Peep into the Past Brighton, from the Brighton Herald of June 29. 1872.*

BRIGHTON—*The Discovery*.<sup>1</sup>

It was the last ten minutes we could spare at this place. My friend met me at the corner of a

<sup>1</sup>THE DISCOVERY—of Froissart's Chronicles, there were two early editions published, each in two vols. folio, 1523-5. But as the "treasure" which our author rescued from "an old sugar hogshead" only weighed six pounds, the copy must have been very much mutilated, or he only obtained one volume, and that, as he admits "mutilated." The following from Lowndes' Bibliographer's Manual of English Literature, gives a description of Froissart, together with the prices realized for different copies that have been sold by Auction:—

FROISSART, Sir John. The Cronicles of Englande, Fraunce, Spayne, Portyngale, Scotlande, Bretayne, Flaunders: and other places adioynynge, translated out of Frenche into our maternall Englysshe Tonge, by John Bouchier Knight Lorde Berners. Lond. by Richard Pynson, 1523-5. folio. 2 vols.

Middleton's edition is frequently mistaken for the present one, and the latter part of Pynson's is often perfected by leaves of Middleton's impression. Constable, 574, date 1525, 22*l.* 10*s.* Alchorne, 102, two leaves reprinted 26*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* again, Sotheby, June 1856, 27*l.* Towneley, pt. i. 65*l.* 42*l.* Roxburghe, 7988, date 1525, morocco, 63*l.*—Hibbert, 3135, 32*l.* Puttick, June 1858, 40*l.* *Collation*.—Vol. I. comprises ccc. li chapters, and cccxii leaves, numbered besides title, preface of Lord Berners, and table, 10 leaves not numbered. On the recto of the last leaf is Pynson's colophon, and on the reverse a woodcut.—Vol. II. comprising the second and third books, ends at fol. ccxx. (paged wrong) ccxcix. At the commencement is the title, a preface by Lord Berners, and a table, 8 leaves.

FROISSART, Sir John. The Cronycles, &c. Lond. by W. Myddylton and R. Pynson, 1525. folio. 2 vols.

Jadis, 207, 12*l.* 12*s.* Steevens, 1698, 17*l.* Inglis, 797, 18*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* Dent, pt. i. 1314, russia, 20*l.* White Knights, 1583, morocco, by Roger Payne, 34*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* Stanley,—russia, by Roger Payne, 38*l.* 17*s.* resold Sir M. M. Skyes, pt. i. 1240, 42*l.* *Collation*.—Vol. i. Lond. by William Myddylton, fol. ccxcxii. besides title, preface and a table of the contents of CCCCLI chapters.—Voi. II. The third and fourth Book. Lond. by Richard Pynson, 1525, fol. ccxx (by mistake numbered ccxcix) beside title and a table

street, and directed me to a shop, where I should see a curious book.

I found a mutilated copy of the famed Chronicle of Froissart translated from the French by the order of Henry the 8th of England. It was condemned, with a large number of others of equal value, to be lugged awkwardly from the mouth of an old sugar hogshead, to the last slavery of folding up threads, tapes, sugar-plumbs, and rappee! I put on the Hero and resolved to rescue this victim from so merciless a fate—it had been purchased at the rate of two pence per pound. I ordered it to be instantly put into the scale, and upon its weighing only six pounds, carried off a treasure in triumph, on paying down One Shilling.

Oh! could the shades of great men look up from their peaceful fields, and see the hard lot which their labours share, they would tell a lesson to surviving Genius, that even daily example has not been able to teach it! There would the shade of Froissart reproach the barbarous hand of vulgar Ignorance—and here too would mighty Camden 'harrow up the Soul' pointing to his torn Britannia,

of the contents of the ccxlix chapters. There appears to have been three editions of Froissart's Chronicle, one by Pynson himself: another with Pynson's name, but supposed to be a pirated edition; and a third by W. Middleton. Copies are frequently found made up from the three editions. Mr. Utterson, in his reprint of Pynson's edition, says 'Middleton's impression is line for line with Pynson's.'

as it hung in piecemeal suspended on a nail, for the like or baser purposes!

WE TOOK THE ROAD TO ARUNDEL.

Leaving the villages of Tarring and Littlehampton, Goring, and others along the Coast, on the left hand; the first place we came to worthy of ours or the reader's notice, was

OLD SHOREHAM.<sup>1</sup>

The houses of this once famous Borough have been suffered to decay in ruins, since the inhabitants left it for their new City,—but the Church is still preserved and from its tower commands a delightful prospect;—I left my friend in the chaise at the Bridge Gate—while I prowled about the Church yard in search of something to amuse the reader—

<sup>1</sup>OLD SHOREHAM is a Parish of the Hundred of Fishersgate, Rape of Bramber, adjacent to New Shoreham, its Post-Town and Railway Station, 56 miles from London and about 6 west from Brighton. It is a Vicarage valued at £458 with residence, is the gift of Magdalen College, Oxford, and held by the Rev. James Bowling Mozley, B.D. Parish Clerk, James Kent. The register dates from the year 1565. Buckingham House and Park, the seat of H. Bridger, Esq., is a short distance north of the town. The Duke of Norfolk is lord of the Manor. The principal landowners are H. Bridger, Esq., and the Rev. R. P. Hooper. The area of Old Shoreham is 1,870 acres, gross estimated rental £3,167, ratable value £2,867. The population in 1811, 210 1861, 282.

and the first object was a Notice in form affixed on the Church door.

‘Old Shoreham, Sussex, Agust

15 day, 1782.

‘Pursons qulyfed to sarve on the

‘Jury at the Sises are as follows

‘Couluen<sup>1</sup> Eridger, Sq.,

Thamas Ellisian.’

.....<sup>2</sup>

On the North side of the Church, obscured and overgrown with ivy and wild ash, I discovered the ruins of an old Tower, which was supported by alternate arches with Saxon impost, which had formerly served for a porch—on one side, was a small aperture which led to a winding staircase—curiosity inclined me to ascend it—the top of it was open to the sky, and no platform remained to secure a standing—the danger of the situation made me the more expeditious in my view ;—I could discover no traces of any inscription, emblem, or date—and descended with caution :—there is, however, a satisfaction in poking about these remains of former grandeur, which rouse the feelings, and awaken recollection—it serves to teach us the moral of the passing hour—and to see the ruin of earthly projects!

<sup>1</sup>That is Colvill Bridger.

<sup>2</sup>Here, unfortunately, one other name has been cut away from the MS. by the binder.



A REMARK.

I confess it is now out of time, but in the business of our Brighton visit, I forgot to remark—That on the beach below that part of the clift where Alderman Bull's house<sup>1</sup> stands—there are the fallen ruins of an old Tower,<sup>2</sup> that stood in the Centre of the Town—I have mentioned this only to show how much the sea has encroached in this County as well as in that of Kent.

<sup>1</sup>ALDERMAN BULL'S HOUSE.—Mr. Bew in his "Diary" writes, Tuesday, September 7th, 1779 :—" Am viewing my worthy friend, Mr. Bull's house, or rather box, upon the Clift, between Ship Street and Black-lion Street.—He beckons me in, and shews it throughout. It is one pretty room to the height of three stories, with a semicircular window comprising most of the front, and on each floor overlooking the sea all ways, which makes the situation most delightful. The ground whereon it stands is copyhold—indeed the ground in and about Brighton is mostly so—measuring nearly eighteen fect square. The fine is both certain and small. About fifty years ago, this piece of land was sold for four pounds ; thirty years since, a purchaser gave eleven ; and about this time two years, the Alderman bought it for one hundred pounds to build upon." The premises here referred to are 35, King's-road, those in the occupation of Mr. Edmonds, boot and shoe maker. In the same Diary, date Monday, September 7th, 1778, he remarks : "Mr. Alderman Bull, of London, is building a house on the Clift ; a semi-circular window is in each story. Am told he meets with many obstacles in the execution of his design.—Surely it is to the interest of these people (meaning the inhabitants) to have such men become resident among them ; but he is denied a convenient entrance to his building. A cellar window to the adjoining house projects before his street door."

Mr. Bew afterwards lived in East-street and was dentist to George IV., and, in conjunction with Mr. Frederick Vining, became lessee of the Theatre Royal, Brighton.—*Erridge's History of BRIGHTHELMSTON.*

<sup>2</sup>AN OLD TOWER, *i.e.*, The old Block House, built by Queen Elizabeth.

We crossed the new bridge, at Shoreham ferry,<sup>1</sup> and with great difficulty dragged through a very bad road to Arundel.

#### ARUNDEL.<sup>2</sup>

This Town stands upon the rise of a very steep hill, with the Church on one side, and the Castle on the other, at the summit—it takes its name as I apprehend from the River Arun which runs at the foot of it—and the older houses which once formed the whole town standing in a dell or dale.

The Church is large and built in the Saxon style, in the form of a Cross. The adjoining cloisters have nothing remaining but the outward walls, and

<sup>1</sup>THE BRIDGE AT SHOREHAM FERRY was erected in 1781, at the cost of 5,000*l.*, the money raised by a tontine. The tolls payable at the bridge were considerable, but ceased on the expiration of the tontine, when the bridge reverted to the Duke of Norfolk.

<sup>2</sup>ARUNDEL, a parish, borough, and market town in the Hundred of Avisford and the Rape to which it gives name. It is a post-town, has a Railway Station, and is distant about ten miles East of Chichester. Union Arundel, population in 1811, 2,188; in 1871, 2,956. Benefice, a Vicarage, valued at 222*l.*; Patron, the Duke of Norfolk; Incumbent, Rev. G. A. F. Hart, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. Date of earliest Parish Register, 1560. Acreage, 1,968. Chief landowner, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord of Arundel Castle and Barony.

This ancient and grandly historical town is one of the most interesting on the Southern coast. It derives its name from its situation on the river Arun—"Arun, which doth name the beauteous Arundel." *Drayton's Polyolbion*. Its aspect is very noble and picturesque.—*M. A. Lower's Sussex*.

so we as a part of the Vicar's Stable Yard! I thought with Cunningham,—

“How solemn is the cell o'ergrown with moss,  
“That terminates the view, yon cloister'd way!  
“In the crush'd wall, a time corroded cross,  
“Religion like, stands mould'ring in decay!”

We were tracing the tombstones of many a 'departed Saint, and Mother Dear'—when we copied the following for the sake of its Poetry!

In memory of  
Elizabeth, Wife of  
NATHAN PLEAS,  
Who on the 10th of July 1769,  
Her Soul to God she did resign;  
With Illness long she was perplex'd,  
Until her age was Sixty-Six.

ARUNDEL—*The Castle.*<sup>1</sup>

In the afternoon we paid our visit at the Castle—an old rambling large house—with nothing worth

<sup>1</sup>THE CASTLE.—Of the origin of the Castle nothing is known. If we ask the question, who was its original founder?

“Oblivion laughs and says:  
The prey is mine.”

Domesday Book mentions the existence of a Castle here before the Conquest. The herring-bone masonry of its older walls has induced some antiquaries to believe that they are of Saxon work; but this is no safe criterion. The circumference of the building, not including the outworks, is oblong, 950

seeing, except a few bad pictures of the Fitz Allen's who were formerly the possessors of the estate ; an

feet long by 250 feet wide, and encloses  $5\frac{1}{2}$  acres. The walls are from five to twelve feet thick, and the ground plan resembles that of Windsor Castle. Its circular Keep is raised on a mound partly natural, but more artificial, in the style of many fortresses both in England and Normandy. The walls, which are strengthened with buttresses, are from eight to ten feet thick. Beneath it is a small subterraneous room, and above it formerly stood an oratory dedicated to St. Martin. This keep was flanked by an oblong tower, guarded by a portcullis, in which was the present entrance, approached by a long flight of steps. By these steps and a sallyport it is connected with the great gateway. It has a plain circular arch under a square tower, containing two chambers of state, in which the Empress Maude is traditionally said to have been received. The outward gateway was added in the reign of Edward I., and was fifty feet high. A full architectural description of this grand pile, as it anciently existed, would be beyond our scope. But we must mention, as a part of the legendary lore of Sussex, the tradition of the building known as Bevis' Tower having been occupied by that renowned giant when he consented to become warder to the Earls of Arundel. His weekly allowance of provisions consisted of an ox, two hogsheads of beer, and bread and mustard *ad libitum* !

"His steed, "Hirondelle," was thought to have given name to the town, the arms of which are still a swallow (Fr. *Hirondelle*, a swallow) ; and his great sword "Morglay" was long preserved in the armoury of the castle. A mound in the park was considered as the giant's grave. In the great hall which stood on the western side of the court, Henry Fitz-Alan, the last Earl, gave lordly banquets. This hall and the castle generally suffered so greatly from the siege of 1643, from artillery placed on the tower of the church, that the noble proprietors seldom resided here until about 1716, when Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, erected a brick house within the area. In 1806 the remaining walls of the hall were removed. The chapel of St. George, founded on the S.W. side of the castle before 1275, was forty feet long, and remained till the edifice was partly rebuilt in 1796. It was to have been an establishment for six priests, but the funds were afterwards appropriated to the College of the Holy Trinity hereafter referred to.

The military history of this renowned castle is minutely recorded in our chronicles. William Rufus, on his landing from Normandy, occupied it in 1097. There was a siege in 1102 by Henry I., when Robert de Belesme

old broad-iron-blade Sword of State ; and the *Chapel*.

Here we entered with due decorum and reverence—the Altar is very richly gilded, and from the ceiling, near to it hung a lamp. My friend asked the reason ‘of its being kept burning, when nobody was there?’

The Old Lady Abbess told him because ‘*They* believed that *He* himself was always there, in that

surrendered it to the King and retired into Normandy, but the fortress suffered no detriment. In 1139 the Empress Maude, with her illegitimate brother, Robert Earl of Gloucester, landed at Littlehampton, and was received at the castle with great courtesy by Queen Adeliza. King Stephen shortly after appeared with his forces before the castle, and demanded the person of the Empress, but after a time Maude was permitted to withdraw to Bristol. King Edward I. visited this grand abode in 1302. For 500 years the castle was left in comparative peace.

The second siege of Arundel Castle took place in December, 1643, by Sir William Waller, who, as Vicars says, “Finding the castle gate shut fast, set a petard to the gate and blew it open ; and so most resolutely entered the castle.” Details of this memorable siege appear in Vol. xx. of the “Sussex Collections,” and still fuller in Dallaway’s Rape of Arundel. See the account given in the former work, and the sad death of Sir Wm. Springett. Dugdale says that the castle was taken Dec. 9th, 1643, and retaken by Waller, January 6th, 1644.

It is beyond our scope to give full particulars of the great families of Montgomeri, D’Albini, Fitz-Alan, and Howard ; but they may be found in Dallaway’s elaborate History of the Rape of Arundel. He, anxious to do honour to his patron, Bernard-Edward, Duke of Norfolk, gives the minutest account of those families.

Arundel Castle abounds in family portraits and other pictures of more or less historical interest, but the one which will be sure to attract the observation of the visitor is that of Charles I., by Vandyke. It may be considered to be one of the finest works of that great master.—*M. A. Lower’s* Sussex.

very Tabernacle (pointing to it), and we cannot leave Him in the dark.”

I spent some time in looking over one of the Books of Service I found there—and was surprised to find it so peculiarly similar to our own ; but still differing in verbal interpolations and exclusions which shewed in every page the strong difference of Faith ; —but surely that profession is most suitable to the Divine Author of all good—which esteems all men acceptable who are all sincere. We have no right to condemn for prejudices !

#### THE RUINS.

We traversed these silent remains with more satisfaction.

Reader, figure to yourself the vestiges of a proud staircase leading to the apartments over the gate, and from them across a battlement to around Archer's Tower. In the centre was a staircase that led into a dark chamber—on the left hand, we ascended a winding staircase which opened to a platform that extended round the inside of the tower, for the archers to take their stand—near the narrow apertures, and niches for their place of arrows.

The antiquity of this building is its chief ornament :—but reflection is again called forth, when we see a company of harmless birds take shelter in

the former seat of warfare, and the timid rabbit sport harmless and undisturbed at its base! We discovered so large a break in one part of the wall, that we judged it could not stand the blasts of many winters, and it seemed that

“Time the hoar Tyrant, though not moved to spare,  
“Relented when he struck its finished pride;  
“And partly the rude ravage to repair,  
“The tottering towers with twisted ivy tied.”

On the next morning we pursued our way to Steyning.

#### THE WOOD.

Turning on the left, when we quitted Arundel and crossed the bridge, we took the road through Findon, and from thence through a long wood, which afforded us a morning repast of filberts that hung in clusters as we passed along a shady grove, turned off from the side of the road. I got out of the chaise to enjoy it.

I had not time to follow its unknown track—the leafy pathway did not seem to be the frequent traverse of human footsteps—all silence reigned save but the twittering of a single robin. I was open for the most romantic pleasures, and I fancied it lisped a name which ever rested tenderness in my breast—it flew away—and I had no other resource,

but to pursue its lesson; and on a soft ash just turning from the road, where no prying eyes of passengers would penetrate, save but of those, who having read this simple tale and 'there shall pass in future bye,' I graved that name, which silence best records

STEYNING.

Here we only stopped to dine—and then pursued our return to Horsham.

HORSHAM.

Having returned our chaise, I looked in at the Bookseller's—not more to see the books, than the smart female figure, which traversed the floor in very quick paces. She was dressed in a white gown tied with pink ribbons—could not boast much height, and what she wanted in beauty she made up with taste, fashion, and manner.

I found by her mode of speech, she was not unused to lively conversation.

The companion was a notable sort of a looking girl, and rather inclined to be pretty.

*The Conversation.*

“You have some well chosen books here Madam.”



“Yes, Sir, but I never read—I perceive you are a reader, and I have long wished to meet with, a person of judgment, who could put me into a course of reading, instructive and entertaining.”

“I should have supposed, Madam, from your choice of Language, that you had already seen the best Authors in the lines you mention.”

“No; I never met with a Man of Taste yet, Sir,—and as to the Woman, you know, —”

I spoke of Miss Seward, Mr. Hayley, and our modern Writers;—she was unacquainted with them all.

I mentioned Swift, and Sterne—she had heard their names, but knew nothing of their works. I recommended to her the *Sentimental Journey*—she readily took it down from the shelf. I observed she would find not only amusement but much *use* in reading Mr. Sterne.

She desired I would explain the word *use*—this at once proved she was not unacquainted with him.

I added that the chief use of all such writers is, that they have made us look more into Nature

[the Lady smiled.]

than could possibly be taught by the stiff writers of former times, who clouded their researches with the gloom of barbarous pedantry—

[the Lady looked grave.]

These shew us Nature in all her shapes and fancies—tell us what we are and what we feel—

[oh delightful! said the Lady.]

and prevent us from passing over the many effusions of sensibility which before them were never known. In the same class you may take Shenstone—Gay—and Cunningham—in Poetry—all these have their peculiar line of excellence, and should be preceded by the native warblings of Thomson.

At this moment we were interrupted by the entrance of an officer, who came to return the first volume of Cecilia.

It gave a new turn to our conversation.

“Are these all Novels, you have been recommending to me, Sir?”

“Am I so romantic in my ideas, Madam? and are the susceptibilities of Nature only to be found in Novels?”

“Surely not, Sir, though I know it is a common practice, if we ask any of you for a book, you always recommend a Romance—Women are supposed to know nothing else but the foolishness of Love.”

“Not so, Madam, though I confess—the Ladies are generally more versed in the Arts of Love and Address, than we are.”

“Sir?”

“When I say Arts, I do not mean so base a word as Artifice—for which I see you have mistaken

my meaning. It is certain that the power which always accompanies a woman, is exerted with more success over our's, than over her own sex; for excuse me, *they* know its source—and I see plainly that I need not tell *you*, that caprice, spirit, beauty, vivacity, and a quick resolve, will now and then shake the little basis of a man's happiness to the bottom—hence it is we become dupes to the form which expresses a noble sentiment—we view the object with a prejudice that blinds every Argument and all this time we forget the essentials of Temper, Situation, Character, or Fortune.”

“Fortune! Sir; is that a proper word to conclude your observation? I should have expected from *you* a contempt of *fortune*. Women do not marry for fortune, Sir.”

“I suppose,” returned I, “that such weak researches are equally rewarded in both parties—but they are not the causes of our early attentions.”

“I know not what opinions to gather from your conversation”—added the Lady—“whether you are an advocate for the *belle passion* as it's called, or not—for my own part I assure you, that if people love from sincerity, then it is by no means to be laughed at,—if they love from necessity, they deserve it.”

“I am happy to find you perfectly of my own mind,” Madam. “Everything that tends to enlarge the heart, should claim our warmest zeal. Had I

twenty children, I should wish them to form attachments the moment they became susceptible; this keeps young people out of harm's way—teaches them to open the hand and the heart together—teaches them to glow with philanthropy and emulation—and let's them know they were born for others more than for themselves—I assure you I am far from laughing at the trifles of love—they all tend to a good end—besides, there are many foolishnesses in love, which none but the parties themselves can enjoy, and therefore others cannot pretend to examine them; and these are naturally produced after a course of intimacy.

“And pray, Sir, thence, since we have engaged so deeply in the subject, what are your sentiments about attachments at first sight?”

“That they cannot be founded in esteem—that they have not true and pure affection for their basis, and that the same caprice which produced it may cause another, and so on. Nothing decays sooner than rapture—it is instantaneous. Affection is formed by a gradual progress—mere passion springs from a sudden emotion—and thus it is, that affection becomes more lasting.

“I think so, returned she, “but the intimacies you mention, are not proper to be admitted. Why so? Because a woman must not be seen too often in the company of the same man, lest she should

lose her character ;—and, besides, men are all so apt to catch at a chance expression a woman may drop in conversation, and make use of them.”

“Make use of them for what, Madam?”

“Oh! for the purposes of Human Nature, Sir, as you was saying just now.” She remained silent, and screwed herself up to aid her last argument.

“I should not mistake you for a prude, Madam ; and yet what you now say puts me on my guard. Indeed, our present conversation seems to give you a better character.”

“A better character, Sir! Can there be a better character than prudence?”

“Certainly not, but you mistake Prudery for Prudence—they are nearly allied, but not the same. I always rise into impatience at the name of Prude—Prudery is the offspring of a cold heart—that if it ever feels the impulses of Nature, curbs and stifles the emotion—and when their day is passed, the objects of it, give themselves up to the keenest pangs of spleen, dissatisfaction, and misanthropy.”

“A fine picture truly, Sir.”

“Such a one, Madam, as does not suit your face or figure.”

“I am sorry to have so long intruded upon you—but your conversation has led me into a rudeness for which my absence must excuse me.”

I returned to the Inn, where I found my worthy friend waiting for his supper.

He called my mind from its late rambles, to the dry office of settling our Current Account. We had spared few expenses — that would gratify our Journey, and we counted a balance only of four shillings.

Like Gil Blas, I counted the ducats into the crown of my hat, three times, but could not increase their number.

In the evening we called in the Landlady, and told her our Case. It was a piteous one—but we promised to repay to the coachman the amount of our expenses, when we arrived in London. She was rude and illiberal—and we dismissed her.

The chagrin of such a dishonour which she seemed inclined to put about through the Town, kept me awake for some time after I went to bed—but this was corrected in the morning.

While the horses were harnessing I walked to the Causey<sup>1</sup>—where I was surprised to see a door

CAUSEY, *i.e.*, Causeway, a way raised above the natural level of the ground—a pavement.

“ In a picturesque street called *The Causeway* is a building of the 16th century, for many generations the property of the Hurst family.

Horsham has been a Parliamentary Borough from 1295, but by the Reform Act it has lost one of its members. From very early times Horsham had a ‘merchant’s guild,’ which proves it to have been a place of some commercial importance.”—*Mark Anthony Lower’s History of Sussex.*

open, and a lady and little boy, taking leave of her family.

I accosted her at a few paces from her own house.

I presumed that she was going to Town; and said that myself and an older friend were to be her companions. She answered in the affirmative. I said I had a strange request to make to her, that necessity, and perfect necessity, obliged me to make—that we had taken a short tour round the Coast of Sussex, and spent more money at Brighton than we ought to have done—that our finances—

[Sir! said she, and retreated back]

were much reduced—the Woman of the Inn had behaved very illiberally, and I requested of her, as she was going to town, and I could there return her civility, to lend me one guinea, or half-a-guinea. She hesitated—thought it a strange request to a woman—and at that time of morning.

Her fears were natural—I gave her my address—she did not know me, but knew my neighbourhood. I said I felt myself in an awkward predicament—that it hurt me to think of leaving a town under a very unfavourable stigma—and that my name was well known and my character would bear her strictest scrutiny.

She said I did not carry an unfavourable appearance—but if she was wrong, she hoped I would

excuse her caution—and produced her half-guinea, not in a little stew whether she would ever see it again.

I assured her of its being safe, and giving her my politest thanks, I pass'd by my friend, and with some bustle in the house, called for change of half-a-guinea.

I narrowly paid the bill without granting a farthing over, tho' the half-pence were very few—and gave the servant half-a-crown, and the ostler as liberally in proportion. I deemed this politically right.

We got into the Coach and drove off.

THE UNDERSTANDING.

I introduced the lady to Mr. N. as the person to whom we were obliged—and we then entered into some discussion of our birth, parentage, life, character and behaviour—and had the satisfaction to find that she was acquainted with some of our most particular friends.

She made many apologies for her hesitation and fears, and had increased her confidence in us so much by the conversations which passed on the road, that at breakfast she press'd another guinea upon us, which my friend thought proper to accept.

After our arrival in London we had offered to set her down any where in our coach, which she accepted, but this was afterwards declined at the Inn, where her relations came to meet her.



In the afternoon I waited upon her, and returned her favours—she renewed her apologies. I expressed my desire to be of any service to her in Town—offered to conduct her, or to take care of her son, to any of the public places, or to introduce her to my own family, who would be happy to see her, from her civility to me—all which she politely declined.

CONCLUSION.

And thus ended our week's career—during which time no troubles arose to sully our enjoyment save those I have already mentioned—and I wish the honest Reader may never encounter worse. I will not say anything about friendship, because I have already proved its good temper. Accommodableness is the soul of travelling—particular people who *must* and *will* have their own way should stay at home. In this, as in all the other situations of life, if mankind would give up a little of their whims, they would receive a larger portion of interest in quietness and self-enjoyment, they would avoid the jostles which they meet with, and would see their friends blessed with a happy complacency.

Such was the case. Such was the principle we both established, and we entered upon our journey with hope, and pursued and finished it with satisfaction.

And thus in gratitude I make the following  
Inscription :—

To Mr. N.....

Thus hand in hand thro' life we'll go,  
Its chequer'd paths of Joy and Woe,  
With cautious Steps we'll tread ;  
Quit its vain Scenes without a tear,  
Without a trouble or a fear,  
And mingle with the dead.

While Conscience like a faithful friend,  
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,  
And cheer our dying breath ;  
Shall, when all other Comforts cease,  
Like a kind Angel, whisper peace,  
And Smooth the Bed of Death.

[Cotton.



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