

CLARK'S
GUIDE AND HISTORY
of
RYE

TO WHICH IS ADDED its POLITICAL HISTORY
Interspersed with many pleasing & interesting incidents.

Printed at the National Printing Office,
By H. P. Clarke High Street, Rye, Sussex

1861

ABOUT THIS EDITION

H.P. Clark (1797-1883) is the most colourful of the Rye historians. He was a printer and radical reformer who came to Rye age 30 and set up business in the high street. He joined the “Men of Rye” group in opposition to longtime Lamb family control of the town’s politics. Though the Lambs prevailed in court, their monopoly was broken and then swept away by the Great Reform Act of 1832. Clark sincerely believed Rye’s local political struggles were instrumental in bringing the Act about.

Several earlier dates for Clark’s death circulate online. I’m confident of this one: I found his death certificate on the General Register Office website, though I wasn’t inclined to spend £8 for a copy of it. That gives his age at death as 85; perhaps surprising for a man forthright sometimes to the point of rudeness. The last census he appears in, in 1871, describes him as a lodger, which hints at reduced circumstances.

This document is derived from a very clean scan of the book from archive.org and a considerably less clean OCR of it from the same source. It is based on the second and last edition of 1865; Clark added new information after the original 1861 edition in an appendix without updating the title plate.

The numbers in brackets are the original page numbers. I have corrected the punctuation (the Victorians sometimes include spaces before some punctuation marks), but none of the eccentric spelling.

Though I have put effort into this edition, I can’t claim copyright - the text is in the public domain. I do have ownership of this specific layout. Do what you like with it, but please don’t use this as the basis for a commercial print-on-demand edition.

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PREFACE.

I have differed from authors generally, as they use the plural pronoun, we, instead of the singular pronoun, I; for it is written, Thou shall not yoke the ox with the ass; therefore, I mean to be one or the other.

I know full well if *I* get blamed or into trouble, by my writing, there will be no we to share a part in the one or to get me out of the other; and as to praise, I am in too humble a position, too plain in my remarks, to need any ice to share in that respect, having no decoration of stile, no profusion of ordinary display of talent, nor expansiveness of intellect to introduce me to particular notice, and my only consolation is in the following verse.

My works may often be admir'd,
When I am dead and rotten;
If so, 'twill be about the time
When Shakespeare's are forgotten.

H. P. C.

To the Public

Several of my friends have often expressed a wish that I should furnish the public with an outline of my journey, thus far, through life. To this I would reply that there may be more talent required than I possess; for, to give a tolerable account of one's self, may appear, to some, as egotism.

Well, notwithstanding all impediments, I will bestow a little information, gratis, on the public.

As I do not write for patronage, and as I do not study to please any one but myself, it will be useless for any one to find fault with my left-handed way, as some may term it, of expressing myself.

Those who wish to possess a little knowledge of my past life may obtain it by perusing the following pages; and those who are not so desirous had better proceed with my History of Rye.

I was born in Brighthelmston, in the Hundred of Wales-bone, in the County of Sussex, in September (4), in 1797.

At an early age I was sent to school. I soon made progress in my scholastic duties; so that within a very short period of time I could repeat the alphabet. After a few years I left my first school and went to, what I was then proud to call, a "man's school." Here I made as much progress as I had attention paid to me, which was none at all. I was then sent to a *superior* school, to finish my education.

Here I wrote two copies a week, and always had great praise, as they were generally free from blots, and this was all the praise, I believe, was due. In cyphering I exceeded my master's and parents' expectations. In this branch I was considered to be very clever. How I came to make such rapid strides was neither known to my master nor to my parents; but I knew. My master was in the habit of taking a glass of ale every day, at eleven, at an Inn, called the Seven Stars; and during that time I invariably copied my sums from a book which he had procured previous to his becoming a teacher of the rising generation. In reading, I knew nothing. My master always read every verse, and the whole of the class read after him in an audible voice; sometimes my book was the wrong way upwards; sometimes I did

not turn over a leaf when I should; sometimes I turned over two leaves instead of one, and all this did not cause any obstruction or delay, for I had arrived at that acme, in learning, that I could read as well without a book as with; for, as the hunter says, I was always in at the death (end).

At the age of fourteen I left my academical studies, being a genuine specimen of the *old school*.

My grandmother considered me to be a prodigy, as I [5] could tell exactly, through the assistance of Moore's, the day of the month, the length of the day, when a new or full moon would appear, and when an eclipse would take place; in fact I was called a clever boy, and a funny little fellow, for there was no crying or going to sleep where I was.

Soon after leaving school I was sent to a village, near Horsham, called Nuthurst, to a person who was a farmer and miller, he then being in want of a lad to keep his accounts, he being too ill to attend to business. Here my trials in life began: here I found that my learning was something like the soap and water bladders that I had so often blown, deficient of substance; however, I gave satisfaction. I was there nearly a year, during that time the farmer died. When I left, a present of a handsome watch and appendages was made me, for being, as was termed, a good boy.

When I returned home I worked with my Father, at the Turnery business. At the age of twenty-one my Father placed me in business, which I carried on for five years. I then left my native town for Rye, At the age of thirty I set up in business, in Rye, in my old trade. I then married one of the fair daughters of Eve, named, Ann Waters, a native of Rye. About two years after it popped into my head that I should like to turn Printer (although a stranger to that business), there being but one in the town, and he refused to print several things that were against the old corrupt system, carried on by the patron of the borough, Dr. Lamb.

I was recommended to a type founder in London. I was soon there, and with the person to whom I was recommended. I told him that I was about to open a small printing business, in the country; and that I wished him to furnish me with a list of materials that would be

required, and the price also; telling him that he might know better than I did, as it was sometime since that I had worked at the business; this I said to let him know that he had not a greenhorn to deal with.

The next morning I called, and after the usual formalities he produced a list, which he read, which was nearly as follows :—

You will want, said he, so much of Brevier, so much of Long Primer, so much of Pica, and so much of Fat-Face Pica. Here I was quite at a stand; Pica, I wondered what Pica meant. He still proceeded, so much of Great Primer, so much of Double Pica. What! more Pica, thinks I. How I wondered what this Pica was; but I dared not show ignorance, as having previously given him to understand that I had been in the trade. Well, he proceeded, you will want so much Canon, I nodded assent and was as wise as ever, so much of 4-line Pica, 6-line Pica, 8-line Pica, and 10-line Pica. This was a stunner and no mistake. There were two things that I was sure of, that I knew nothing what Pica was, and that I never should forget the name. Now, says he, you will want some furniture; but whatever furniture meant I knew not, it was equally as foreign as the rest; but there was no more “Pica.”

In the course of a week I was garreted in Rye; that was, I had my “Press, Pica, and Furniture,” safe in the garret, and no one knew any thing of my intention.

A few evenings after, I heard the crier announce that a special meeting of the members of the “Independent Association” would take place at the Red Lion Inn, and that it was particularly requested that every member would attend, at eight o’clock.

Here was a trying time, every thing went contrary; but, through great perseverance, I succeeded at last in producing a bill, announcing to the public that I had turned printer. I hastened to the said meeting, which was so full that I could not at first obtain admittance. I requested that my bill might be given to the chairman, who soon announced to the meeting that he had a notice, just put into his hands, that would tend to hasten their political redemption.

He said he would not keep them in suspense for a moment, but that

he would read a bill that he held in his hand, which was as follows: — “Rye Independent Press. H. P. Clark, Printer.” No more of the bill was read. The burst of joy and surprise being so great, as no one, in Rye, knew that I had [8] turned printer till that moment. The next morning I had the rules of the association to print, which I executed very well, considering; but out of them an argument arose, and I, being a printer, was referred to. The question was, does such a sentence require an article or does it not? My answer was, I do not know what an article is, but I suppose that it is something about grammar. Here was a pretty “article.” Here I felt a sting, and at the same time a determination that ignorance and I would part for ever, in this respect. I immediately purchased Cobbett’s Grammar, and in all my walks it was my companion, and daily it was my study, I soon after published a Grammar in prose and verse; after that my Songs and Recitations, then my Father’s Advice to his Sons, then my Ideas on Legislation, then my Consistency versus Inconsistency, then my Ideas on Free Trade, then my Rambling Thoughts, then How to Choose a Wife, and now my History of Rye. This is a brief sketch of the life of Henry Pocock Clark. [9]

DEDICATION.

Dedications are very general, and often prove beneficial, especially when they are by permission; and when that permission is by one who is pleased with adulation. A dedication often stamps a work with a favourable impression, and that in favour of the writer : but, myself, being deficient of a flexible mind, that would allow me to deal out praise to whom no praise is due, I, therefore, expect no favour whatever.

I shall now proceed in my usual way, without any comment, and dedicate this work to my sons and daughters, namely, Charles Clark, Cyrus Clark, Christopher Clark, Caleb Clark, Cornelius Clark, Catherine Clark, Charlotte Clark.

H.P.C.
Rye, 1861

[10]

INTRODUCTION.

History is a mirror of passing events and of by-gone times; the reflection of which, more or less, often proves imperfect.

In early times there was not the facility in printing as there is at the present, whereby numerous records of passing events were not so correctly chronicled as they are in this age; therefore, in many respects, where doubt or wonder may appear, reason must be exercised to give an impression of its authenticity.

Mankind, generally, feels a pleasure in reading or relating past events; and few there are who do not desire to perpetuate the same. I, therefore, flatter myself that this work will please in many respects, as it contains an interesting description of Rye and its environs, blended with many incidental circumstances intended to instruct and amuse.

H.P.C.

HISTORY OF RYE.



The origin of Rye must remain in obscurity, as it seems to be too remote to venture an opinion upon, for I might as well endeavour to affirm who will be its last inhabitants or who were its first, as to give a true account of its origin.

Rye, no doubt, occupied a far more conspicuous place in ancient history than in modern. It is situated about a mile and a half from the sea; it has an antiquated appearance, standing on a rock, peninsulated by the river Rother. It is a place of ancient date and once of great importance; but art and science, time and circumstances, the great improvers and the great removers, have left this once proud place far in the shade of modern improvements.

Its locality once would not allow of any addition to its magnitude, it being a walled town and surrounded with water; while other places, which in ancient times were [12] scarcely known, have since, like mushrooms, sprung into notoriety, and have outvied those towns which once were the pride and boast of the Sussex and Kentish coasts, and the bulwarks of old England, whose inhabitants, with their navies, were considered

“Great, Glorious, and Free,
The first flower of the earth,
And first gem of the sea.”

It appears that the origin of the Cinque Ports is so remote that no authentic account can be given, Lombard says. Whereas our villages of Rye and Winchelsea are and ever were ancient villages, and within the liberties of the Cinque Ports. Now, this “ever were ancient villages” goes to prove that which I have stated, that no definite period can be fixed. Other historians say, that the privileges of these ports were first granted by Edward.

Some say, the first ports which received privileges were Dover, Sandwich, and Romney, and Hastings and Hythe were added by William I, and that Rye and Winchelsea were annexed soon afterwards, before the reign of John. [13]

It appears to me that he who writes the least about the origin of the Cinque Ports will make the least errors, for in the reign of Elizabeth an allusion was made, respecting the missing charters, thus, "By length and tract off long time and many ages, or otherwise, are perished and utterly worn out, lost, or decayed." Allowing the above to be correct, it will then substantiate my previous assertions.

It is generally understood that Rye and Winchelsea received their charters from the Cinque Ports at a very early date. Two papers, respecting the same, bearing date 1194 and 1197, were preserved from the general destruction that took place in 1378 and 1448, by the French sacking and burning the town.

Bracton, who wrote, it is said, learnedly of the laws of the realm, in the reign off Henry III, gives two accounts respecting the Cinque Ports' navy.

The first is by Penchester of Dover, the other by Customal of Hythe, which is not considered to be so ancient a date as Peuchester's. [14]

The first says, The Port of Hastings ought to find	3 Ships.
The Lowie of Pevenshey	1
Bulverhithe and Petit Jahn	1
Bekisborne, Kent	7
Grench at Gillingham, Kent,	2 men and armour
The town of Rye	5
The town of Winchelsea	10
The Port of Rumney	4
Lydde	7
The Port of Hyde	5
The Port of Dover	19
The town of Folkestone	7
The town of Feversham	7
The Port of Sandwich with Stonor, Fordwich, Dale	5
Total	81

The second account says,

The services due by the Cinque Ports are that Hastings shall find 21 Ships and in every ship 21 men, and a Garcion, or boy, which is called a Gromet. To it pertain (as the members of one Town) the sea-shore in Seaford, Pevenshey, Hodoney, Wincbelsey, Rye, lhame, Bekesborne, Grence, Northie, Bulwerhethe.

Romenal 5
in every ship 21 men, and 2 Garcion. To it pertain, as members thereof,

Promhell, Ledes, {Eastwestone, Dengemarcys, old Rumney.

Hethe 5

as Romenal before. To it pertaineth the Weshethe.

Dover 21 ships

as Hastings before. To it pertain Folkstane, Feversham and St. Margarets, not concerning the land, but for the goods and catails.

Sandwich 5

as Romenal and Hethe before. To it pertain, Fordwich, Reculver, Serre, and Dele, not for the soil, but for the goods.

Later dates of the number of ships to be supplied, and by whom, run thus,

Hastings 5. Pevensea, *c*, Seaford, *c*, Bulverheith, Petit Iham, Hidney, Beakesbourn, and Grench.

Romney 5 Lydd, *c*, Promehill, Old Romney, Dengemarsh, and Oswaldstone.

Hithe 6. West Hithe.

Dover 21. Folkstone, *c*, Feversham, *c*, Margate, St. John's, Goresend, BurchingtonWood, or Wood church, St. Peter's, Kingsdown, and Ringwold.

Sandwich 5, Fordwich, *c*, Walmer, Deal, Ramsgate, Stoner, Starr, Brightlingsea.

Rye 5. Tenterden, *c*.

Winchelsea 10. Total 57.

Those that have a *c* are corporate towns.

[16] The Barons of those Ports provided those vessels and men for 15 days in a year at their own expense; after the expiration of that time they were, if the king choosed, compelled to serve longer, at his expense, as follows:—

The Master *6d.* by the day, the Constable *6d.* and each other mariner *3d.*

There are other accounts, varying a little in the number of vessels required from each port, which was changed as times and

circumstances required.

The pay of those vessels seems small, and I have no doubt but that it was, respecting the officers, for in those days aristocratic pride had not introduced that useless extravagancy which beggars the many to satisfy an ungovernable desire of the few.

The pay of those vessels, I should say was about equivalent to ten times now.

In former times this navy, no doubt, was considered very formidable, and now it would be but a Lilliputian one when compared to the late Baltic fleet; even the Wellington, 131 guns, could annihilate such a navy in a short space of time. [17]

It appears that the crews of this navy were not over scrupulous, for whilst they protected our coast and vessels from the enemy they plundered them themselves; and thus became, not only the terror of foreign mariners, but the dread of English as well.

In their piracies they acted with savage barbarity, by flinging overboard the crews of the ships which they plundered.

Old Winchelsea was the depot for their ill-gotten merchandize, as those in power shared in the booty, and connived at the enormities.

In 1266 Prince Edward put a stop to their cruelties; he attacked Winchelsea, took it by storm, and put to the sword all the principal inhabitants concerned in the inhuman practices of the times, and thus checked a rebellious spirit springing up in the Cinque Ports.

Up to the reign of Henry VII there was no state navy, and he was the first who built a man-of-war on account of the state, which was called the Great Harry.

The use of cannon was now introduced, consequently the navy of the Cinque Ports was no longer serviceable. [18]

Having given a summary of the origin and particulars of the Cinque Ports and the two Ancient Towns, Rye and Winchelsea, I shall proceed with my History of Rye.

That Rye was a walled town no one will deny; but to the particular extent of its boundary no one can affirm. Jeake, when speaking about the sea-side of the town says, some streets, the Badding's gate, and wall leading therefrom to the Land Gate, were washed away.

This is supposed to be, by some, the most accurate account of the demolition of that part of the town.

In my opinion, which amounts to nothing nowadays, as opinion carries but little weight unless it emanates from the wealthy, the words "some streets" carry with them an extent of magnitude, and would lead one to conjecture that the town stretched much farther towards the sea than it does at the present. I do not know what proof can be given to this assertion, neither do I suppose that Jeake would insert any thing which he considered to be incorrect; but conjectures are often treated as facts. He, like others, was [19] indebted to others, or he must ground his opinion on that of others, and thereby was liable to fall into error, as there might have been some "black crows" about at that time. It is allowed by all historians that Rye was once surrounded with water, and that it was washed by the flux and reflux of the tides; which would act more on the weak parts than the strong. Now, the Ypres Tower is on a rock, between there and Land Gate is a slippery soil, which would lead any one to suppose that no works much beyond the parallel of the projecting, rocks were ever built.

Mr. Holloway, to prove that the walled boundaries of the town extended as far as the Fish-market, says, Some large fragments of rocks are visible in the channel. This, I think, proves nothing, for at Pollard's Wharf, and farther up the river, large pieces of rock are often visible and even some were sent to the House of Commons, to prove that the bed of the river was composed of rocks and not of a boggy substance as was mentioned in that house, when the Ryers and Landholders were at a war of law. [20]

Again, the Ypres Tower was built as a place of defence, and to keep the enemy away. This leads me to think that it was near unto where an enemy could effect a landing, as at that time the bow was the musket and the arrow the bullet; therefore, if this Tower had been placed at a distance, the discharge of arrows could not have had the desired effect.

And further, to establish my idea that no wall extended beyond the line that I have previously alluded to. Mr. Holloway says, This tower having been erected on this spot as a tower of defence; and, if we recollect the peculiar locality of Rye at that period, we shall see that the spot was well chosen; standing on the edge of a steep rocky cliff, at the foot of which flowed the sea. Now, this being the case, it was not likely that any one would wall in the sea beyond the "steep rocky cliff," for at that time security was of greater consequence than an extension of boundary, as in those days of semi-barbarism there was no sparing of "Odessa," but devastation was the order of the day. [21]

Again, he says, The tower stands on the south-east angle of the town. Now, the word "angle" proves that that was the extreme point of two sides, being at the point where two lines intersect each other.

He then says, Any one standing at the outer side of Land Gate, and looking in a straight line under the centre of the arch, will perceive that the line runs south of the bathing house, and here, according to tradition, ran a street parallel with the eastern wall.

When this gate was built, most likely the cliff extended much farther than at present, as the said gate indicates; but to say that it was walled in to the Fish-market, is an idea, which appears to me, not connected in the least with any reasonable conjecture; for had it been defended by a massive stone wall, the same as on the opposite side, some remains of the same would, I think, be traceable.

The cliff, I should say, with the addition of a little earthwork, the same as Winchelsea was defended with, was the only defence on the sea-side. The wall, on the land-side, was built in consequence of the sea receding, leaving that part undefended. [22]

Opinions against facts are no more than shadows compared to substances; but, when facts are wanted opinions will rise, and, if argued consistently, will have more or less weight.

Mr. Holloway grounds his arguments, that the walled boundary extended to the Fish-market, upon Jeake's account, and Jeake upon traditionary accounts, thus opening a wide field of speculation and doubt.

I think it would not be inconsistent to admit that, on entering the Land Gate a road, on the left of the present one, bounded by the cliff, led to Badding's Gate (named after the ancestors of the representative, of Rye, in Parliament. This Gate, I have no doubt, was of no magnitude, and of no great solidity, but merely for convenience to that part of the town), then to the Ypres Tower; from thence the rocky cliffs to the Strand Gate defended the town; then a wall, on the land-side, reached to the Land Gate, whose height was twenty-eight feet, and five feet in thickness, with a deep and wide ditch.

The wall is still visible in many places, in which is a building, of a semicircular form, [23] facing the Ferry road, supposed to be part of a tower, having battlements.

Near the Strand two cottages were erected, in 1855, named the Town Wall Cottages, on the site of the Town Wall, which required the greatest exertion possible to remove it, from its long unmolested position, as the stones and mortar were so united. How very different now. Our modern builders have more consideration for posterity since "Contract" has been introduced, as there will be no trouble to remove, in future, any building now erected.

At the bottom of Jarrett's yard, in 1683, there were stairs over the wall by which persons ascended and descended. It appears those steps were superseded by a doorway being made in the said wall, through which, I have heard the old inhabitants say they have often passed.

At the bottom of Conduit Hill was a Postern Gate, which was removed in 1736; but, in 1690, there were two or more, for an order was issued, by the Chamberlain, to repair the "postern gates."

Now, admitting there was only one more, where did it stand? is [24] the question which naturally follows. Most probably it was facing the Ferry Road, near the semicircular building, as that was the entrance to Rye from Winchelsea and Udimore; and the other entrance from Peasmarsh was opposite the gate at Conduit Hill.

The walling commenced in 1194, as a grant from Richard I was obtained, which runs thus, "That the Barons, the Mayor, and

Commonalty of the town of Rye, have undertaken to inclose and strengthen our said town with a wall of stone and lime in all necessary places, within three years, under a penalty of one hundred pounds." Then, in the reign of Edward III and Richard II, walling and repairing were done.

The circumference of the town is, by Jeake's account, 4471½ feet.

Mr. Holloway's account is 4618½ feet, about seven furlongs.

The length, from Land Gate to where the Strand Gate stood, is about 630 yards.

Having described the boundaries of the town, I shall endeavour to describe its interior.

On entering the town, at the eastern part, [25] you pass through the ancient Gateway of the Land Gate Tower; which, in the reign of Henry VII, was called the "Royal Gate." It has a round tower on either side, nearly fifty feet in height. On the top are loopholes for the discharge of arrows, and towards the lower part are embrasures for cannon. It formerly had its portcullis, and its gates were studded with nails. The gates were removed in 1760. The interior is nearly demolished, yet it is worth the inspection of the curious.

On the right is Turkey Cock Lane, which, it is said, was named in consequence of a legendary tale; which tale is as true and as strange as any one similarly told.

The two leading characters are a Monk, named Cantator, and an amiable and accomplished damsel, named Amanda.

Cantator was a monk of the Monastery in Conduit Hill. Amanda was the daughter of one Mr. Marshe, then residing in, what is called, the Old House, within Land Gate; whose garden was a delightful spot, adjoining the Monastery. Here the flame of love was kindled! yet, it was a sin to love her, and a sin for her to love him. [26]

Cantator was young and of a fine stature, possessing a fine voice for singing; who sang, as it was said, "divinely," and who appeared to the maiden nearly divine himself. But there was one, who, no doubt, had

felt the pangs of restrained love, which a monk's vow forced upon him, who watched the lovesick pair.

On one summer's eve this loving couple absconded. A bloodhound was soon put on their track. The old monk, with the hound, pursued the fugitives and overtook them.

Cantator was doomed, by his inexorable judges (priests), to be buried alive, which decree was carried into execution, outside of the walls of the town. The love-sick maiden shortly after died, and was buried near to her lover.

At the ghost-seeing hours, when the pale moon-beams shed their dim light amongst the trees, the spot where she often listened to the heavenly strains of Cantator resounding in the sacred edifice, and dying amidst the trees in her father's garden, her ghost, it is said, was often seen; and the last visit, chronicled by haunted tradition, says, she was [27] seen passing down East Cliff, turning down Turkey Cock Lane, and then disappearing for ever.

Cantator's ghost was a turkey cock, whose singing was turned into the gobbling of this noted fowl, as a punishment for having broken his vow. This fowl was often seen in the lane, which runs from the Tower to the bottom of Conduit Hill, and from which circumstance it is called Turkey Cock Lane.

Where the burying place of the monk and maiden was, neither history nor tradition has ever pointed out.

When the railway excavations were in progress two skeletons were found but a few yards apart, near to the brick bridge; those skeletons are supposed, by some who are famous for supposing, to be the remains of those unfortunate lovers.

A short distance from Turkey Cock Lane, on the left, is the harbour, appearing like scenes in the display of dissolving views. There are trading vessels, fishing smacks, barges, and boats going up and down the same; the green and fertile marshes, stretching out on either side, studded with the [28] famous Romney Marsh sheep; the Harbour Church in the distance, together with the English channel, present a picturesque view of no small delight to the beholder.

You then pass up East Cliff, into High street, on the right is Conduit Hill, in which stands what is called the Old Chapel, which was built in some early date, for it was new roofed in 1524 and again in 1824. These dates will give some idea as to its antiquity. It is supposed that it was for the Friars, who were originally hermits, and was dissolved by Henry VIII, who hated the Pope for being consistent.

Within a century it has been metamorphosed into various uses. It has been used as a theatre, a malthouse, a barrack, a butter and cheese warehouse, and now a store for wool. The Archaeological meeting was held there in 1855.

In 1762 several skeletons were found interred in an upright position. If this was to represent that they lived uprightly, and if such custom prevailed now a-days, few, I think, would be found eligible for such an interment. In 1826 many more were dug up, [29] within the Chapel, in consequence of the floor being lowered several feet. Each skeleton appeared to be wrapped in woollen, and from each grave flowed a quantity of dark coloured water. The bones were indiscriminately thrown in a lump; and, with the exception of a skull or two, were buried near the building.

Returning to the High street on the left, is East street, passing on, along High street, on the left is Lion street, opposite to which is a Free School, a substantial brick built building erected in 1636, by Thomas Peacock, Esq., Jurat. It consists of a lower and upper room, over which is a Sun-dial, a gift of Colonel De Lacy Evans, when a member for Rye, with the following inscription:

That solar shadow, as measures life,
It life resembles too.

Passing on, on the right is Jarrett's Yard, in which the Cattle Market has been held for forty years; previous to this it was held at Peasmarsh. This market was closed on September 7th, 1859, and the new one opened on the 21st following. [30]

Continuing along the High street, on the left is Middle street. You now enter Mint street, so called in consequence of an office being there in which, it is said, money was coined, of which a specimen, about the size of a farthing, is now extant. It has on one side a ship under full sail, around which are "For ye Corporation." On the other

side the church, with these words and date, "Of Rye. 1663." It is made of mixed metals.

At the end of Mint street is the spot where Strand Gate once stood. About 1815 it was removed, being in a ruinous state, as only half of the arch remained.

—"The arch that long had stood
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base."

There is, in the adjoining wall, a carved stone, which was removed from the centre of the arch, bearing the Cinque Ports' Arms.

At this end, says Mr. Holloway, the wall, for about eighty feet up the street had several arches, and at the lower part several feet below the surface of the ground, are some, into which the sea must have flowed; but for what purpose they were for is not known. [31]

In 1854, a steam-mill was erected near this spot; and, in sinking a well, I was informed, a large stone post or column, with a half-round cap, was in the side of the well, nearly at the bottom, but the water flowing in prevented its removal. This is also misterious. For what purpose, and when it was put there, must, like the above, be very conjectural.

On the left is Mermaid street, generally called Strand Hill, which Mr. Holloway says, was formerly the principle street in the town, and continued, in a straight course, into Market street. No doubt but that it continued nearly in a straight course to Land Gate. The Rev. J. Wesley does not speak so flatteringly, he says, in his diary, the descent, going out of the town, was near as steep as the ridge of a house. A few years ago this street was lowered, and made accessible for horses and carts to go up and down.

On the right, going up, is the Baptist Chapel. On this site once stood the Quakers' Meeting-house, which was purchased by the Baptists, who erected the present chapel.

The Baptists, previous to the purchase of [32] the said Meeting-house, had formed a church or society, and the following are the

names of the ministers ordained from that time:

1750. The Rev. Charles Rogers.
1760. The Rev. Morgan Edwards.
1767. The Rev. Thomas Purdy.
1811. The Rev. James Rees.
1821. The Rev. Andrew Smith.
1852. The Rev. Thomas Wall.

Adjoining the chapel is a school, formerly an old building; purchased and altered by a few Christian friends, who voluntarily subscribed to defray the purchase and alteration thereof. Here the Rev. T. Wall teaches gratuitously; a man who has taken more pains to educate the children of the poor, than any person ever known in Rye. In the winter evenings he gives instruction to adults, with patience and kindness far surpassing any praise that can be described.

Opposite is an ancient building, called the Old Hospital, it being used for that purpose in the late war with France, which was once the residence of the Jeakeses, a family of note, and supposed to be at that time one of the finest houses in the town. [38]

Nearly at the top, on the left, is a passage called Mermaid Passage, the house above being once an Inn, named the Mermaid supposed to be the first ever opened in the town.

At the top is Middle street; on the right, in the corner facing towards the church, is a fine old house where King George I, and more particularly George II, who was entertained by James Lamb, Esq., Mayor. The rooms which were occupied by his Majesty, George II, are called after his name.

Passing on, you come to that stately edifice the church, one of the largest in England, and well worth the notice of any one. Jeake says, It is the godliest edifice of that kind in Kent and Sussex, the cathedrals excepted.

LARGE is the church, and ancient too,
To it how many do repair;
Small is the closet where prayer's made,
And few there are who enter there.

The date of this church is unknown, but it is generally admitted to be

in the twelfth century. It has three chancels; the south has been used as a factory, to employ the inmates of the old workhouse, then as a soup [34] kitchen, now as a school. In the north chancel the fire engines are kept; it is, also, used as a depot for lumber. In this chancel is a grave stone, on which were several brass figures representing a father and mother and seven children, all of whom, tradition says, died of the plague. The middle chancel is used for worship, in which is the communion table, made of mahogany, and exquisitely carved. It is said it was taken by one of the Rye privateers, from a Spanish vessel. Also, that it was taken in the Spanish Armada, and given by Queen Elizabeth to the church.

On the south side of the church is the vestry, which, in the reign of Elizabeth, was used as a powder magazine; after that it was converted into a repository for those who died belonging to the Lamb family.

On Saturday, July the 25th, 1775, the belfry was graced with eight new bells (the old ones were recast and two new ones added), and the expense of which was defrayed by Thomas Lamb, Esq. Around the lip of the bells are cast the following verses: [35]

1st. Bell. If you have a judicious ear,
You'll own my voice is sweet and clear.

2nd. If you have a judicious ear,
You'll own my voice is sweet and clear.

3rd. While thus we join in cheerful sound,
May love and loyalty abound.

4th. Such wondrous power to music's given,
It elevates the soul to heaven.

5th. Ye people all who hear me ring,
Be faithful to your God and king.

6th. Peace and good neighbourhood.

7th. Ye ringers all, who prize
Your health and happiness.
Be sober, merry, wise,
And you'll the same possess.

8th. In wedlock's band all ye who join,
With hands and hearts unite;

So shall our tuneful tongues combine
To laud the nuptial rite.

In the belfry are the following rules, in verse, respecting fines.

This is a belfry that is free
For all those men that civil be:
And if you please to chime or ring,
It is a very pleasing thing.
There is no music play'd or sung
Like unto bells when they're well rung
Then ring your bells well, if you can:
Silence is best for every man;
But if you ring in spur or hat,
Sixpence you pay (be sure of that);
And if a bell you overthrow,
Must pay a groat before you go.

[36]

The following verses were composed by Richard Fuller, an old ringer:

Farewell, ye ringers all, adieu!
I can enjoy no more of you:
My time is hasting fast away,
For I am going to decay:
And so are you, 'tis known full well,
For oft we hear the passing bell.
Then think of death, my friends, I say,
How soon we may be call'd away!
If unprepar'd— oh, dismal fate!
Let us repent ere 'tis too late;
And to the Lord for mercy call,
That he may save and bless us all.

The vicar is the Rev. Henry Cooper, a person far different from many of the clergy, not a tyrant, but a quiet and well disposed man.

It is somewhat curious as to the professions of the churchwardens. The parishioners have chosen, for their warden, a Pawn-broker; notwithstanding Ezekiel said, He that hath given forth upon usury, and have taken increase, shall not live.

The vicar has chosen, for his warden, a Lawyer; notwithstanding the denunciation of Christ who said, Woe unto ye lawyers! for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be [37] borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burden with one of your fingers.

Here are two callings or professions the most obnoxious and oppressive of all; one will ruin the poor, the other will plunder the rich.

But after all, the following remarks speak volumes. The parishioners' churchwarden W. H. Chaterton (Mayor), has been chosen twenty-two consecutive years.

Of the vicar's churchwarden (G. S. Butler), it can be said no lawyer can boast of being more honest than he is. The following epitaph might very appropriately be placed upon his tomb:

Say what you will, do what you can,
This Lawyer was an honest man.

What would the celebrated John Smeaton, the founder of Eddystone lighthouse, have said on seeing such an inscription? who begged of his father not to make him a lawyer; for, said he, I cannot think that they are, or can be, honest men.

In the church accounts are the following items: [38]

1548 Paid for 2 Bibles	£I	0s.	8d.
1549 Paid for 2 chains, 1 for the Bible	0	0 1	0

It appears in those days the Bible was chained up, so that persons might go into the church and read; and to prevent it being *borrowed* the above method was resorted to. How widely different in this enlightened age; no chain is required now, for Bibles, may be seen in grocers' shops as waste paper, in public houses as pipe lights.

Expended, for cleansing the church from Popery 1	13	4
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One more item would make it complete,

Cleansing the church from "Corruption."

The churchyard is nearly enclosed with, trees, which, in the summer, have a pleasing appearance. It is thickly studded with tomb stones and the dates and episodes inscribed thereon are, by the hand of time, fast approaching to indistinctness.

Facing Lion street is the Church Clock, supposed to be the oldest,

now going, in England. Its pendulum is eighteen feet in length, which is the longest in the kingdom.

It has two statues, one on each side of the dial, each with a hammer, called Quarter [39] Boys, who strike once each for a quarter past, two each for half-past, and three each for three-quarters-past every hour; but like all boys they are playful, and do not attend to their duty, for sometimes they deceive the public by giving a false announcement of the time.

It is said, that this clock was taken from the Spanish Armada, and presented to the town by Queen Elizabeth, but there is no record that gives the slightest proof of that ever having been the case.

Passing on, you arrive at the top of Lion street, on the right is Market street, in which stands the Court Hall, where justice is, sometimes, administered according to political circumstances or position in life, for a small amount of evidence from an influential person goes much farther than double the amount from one who is, unfortunately, poor; that is, different justice to different people.

Here law is plentiful, and that of the highest price.

Dear things are cheapest in the end,
At least so many say,
If you are summon'd to this court
Then you will dearly pay. [40]

Get drunk in town, kick up a row,
Five shillings, and no more;
But if you do the same in Rye,
You'll have to pay a score.

It was built in 1742, on the site of a former one. It is a neat and pretty looking building.

The lower part is used as a market for meat, vegetables, &c. The next story is where the Quarter and Petty Sessions, and County Court, and all Corporation meetings are held; also various public meetings. There is a small room above, in the roof, used by the Recorder to robe himself, and by the grand and petty juries. In this story is the skull of John Breeds, butcher, who murdered Mr. Grebble, on the 17th of March, 1742, supposing him to have been Mr. T. Lamb. It

appears that Mr. Lamb was expected to pass through the churchyard, on his way to the Fish-market, to see a few friends on board a craft ready for sea. Mr. Grebble, passing through the churchyard at the time, was, unfortunately for him, mistook for Mr. Lamb by Breeds, and stabbed. Breeds was soon afterwards taken, tried, convicted, and executed in Rye (hung in chains), and all that [41] remains of him is his skull, with part of the irons in which he was hung.

On the right is Pump street. The corner house on the left was formerly an Inn, the second one ever here, called the Old Flushing, a noted house, in noted times, for “noted people” (smugglers). On the right is the reservoir of water, forced into the same from the Pump-house, and is considered to be a fine piece of masonry.

Passing on, you come to what is called the Gun-garden, where it is supposed, stood the Church in olden times. Several skeletons, at different times, have been disinterred in its vicinity.

On the left, adjoining the Wesleyan Chapel, is a wall, facing Watchbell street, in which, Mr. Holloway says, stood Badding’s Gate.

The Wesleyan Chapel is a neat brick building, built in 1814, on the site of a former one, which was opened on Wednesday, January 28th, 1789, by the great apostle John Wesley.

In 1845 two school-rooms, adjoining the Chapel, were added. [42]

To give a correct list of the preachers from the commencement of Methodism in this town would be somewhat difficult, as they are continually coming and going; many of whom are not of the first class, for it is an old saying, “Any thing will do for Rye.” In fact, many of them show as great a desire for the “Loaves and Fishes,” and are as great tyrants, as any church minister. Methodism, now-a-days, is lost to its pristine state; like unto copper-plate engraving, it produces the best impression first. To substantiate my ideas, I quote the remarks of one of the leading men of the country, Lord John Russell, who, in a work recently published by him, says, “Could the Methodists indeed be invested, by some revolution, with the absolute power which Rome once possessed, there is reason to fear, that, unless checked by the genius of a more humane age, the Conference would equal Rome itself in the spirit of persecution.”

There were two belonging to this circuit deserving the highest esteem of all. The Rev. James Mole, though not an eloquent preacher, was kind hearted, and deserving of the [43] appellation of "Good" to be attached to his name. Also, the Rev. Thomas Twiddy, one who was different from mankind, generally, for he did not respect a man because he was rich, nor did he despise a man because he was poor. Rare character this.

Adjoining the chapel is the Gunner's barrack, built on a waste called the Old Church Yard. Near this spot several skeletons have been exhumed. Farther on, is the Ypres Tower, built by William de Ypres, Earl of Kent, in the reign of Stephen, between the years 1135 and 1154, and is in good preservation. It is a quadrangular building, with a round tower at each corner. There are two rooms, one above the other, about fifteen feet square.

There is a door in each tower, and formerly might have been stairs in each communicating with the room above; but now only a part is visible.

This tower was finally purchased by the Corporation of Rye, and used as a gaol. Previous to this the gaol was in the Watchbell street. [44]

In 1837 a new part was added to the above, as the former one was not in accordance with an Act of Parliament, which compelled all Corporated towns to provide safe custody for prisoners.

Facing, is the battery. In 1569 it was furnished with cannon. In 1649 it was a bowling-green, after that it was furnished again with cannon, and in 1819 it was stripped again; since then it has been let as garden ground. In 1855 Government took it and made great alterations. In 1859 it was furnished again with cannon, and, in 1861 they were fired, to commemorate the Duchess of Kent's funeral.

Opposite the chapel is Badding street, now called Watchbell street. This street ran the length of the churchyard, and nearly at the end is the gable end of the oldest house in the town; supposed to have been, originally, a place of worship, by its large stone arched window, and being built of stone, as, in ancient times houses were built of wood.

At the end of the churchyard commences Watchbell street. Here, in ancient times, a bell was rung, to arouse the inhabitants on [45] the approach of an enemy, or in case of emergency; through this, no doubt, it gained its present name.

On the right, you come to the Independent Chapel, small and commodious, built in 1817. The following are the names of the ministers ordained from time to time,

- 1817. The Rev. George Tod hunter.
- 1822. The Rev. Mark Noble.
- 1825. The Rev. John Wood.
- 1832. The Rev. John Thomas Willmore.
- 1843. The Rev. William Knight.
- 1846. The Rev. David Samuel Jenkins.
- 1851. The Rev. John Thomas Willmore.

This chapel was built in consequence of a schism, ordained or not ordained, which arose amongst the Baptists. There were the Purdyites and the Reesites, between each of whom existed more ill-feeling than Christian love. After the death of the Rev. Thos. Purdy this chapel was built, and the Independents formed into a collective body.

During the Rev. J. T. Willmore's ministry, a division amongst his flock took place, and he was dismissed. In 1844 a chapel was built for him at the foot of Rye Hill. After that, the chapel in Watchbell street was sold, and [46] the Rev. J. T. Willmore became the purchaser; and in 1851 he triumphantly mounted the Independent pulpit, an independent man, fearing not his *religious* foes.

At the end of this street is, what is called, the Green, once West Cliff, then Watchbell Hill. In former times there were two batteries of brass cannon here, which were removed about the year 1798, and five 24-pounders, which were taken at the battle of Camperdown, were placed in their stead. Three were on the left, and two on the right, a little lower down, where there is a one storey dwelling, formerly the Independent Sunday School.

From this point there is a splendid view. Here, the mind wandering back into ages past, presents to the imagination Camber Castle undemolished, and well garrisoned. The Cinque Ports' Navy riding

proudly in the Channel. Again, and you may imagine the mighty sea, in its tempestuous fury, swallowing up Old Winchelsea; which, history says, stood where the billows now unmolested roll. From this same point is a splendid view of the Harbour, of Dungeness Bay and [47] Lighthouse (lit by electricity), of the Martello Towers, the Military Canal, the town of Winchelsea, and a great expanse of country; and, as in advertising phraseology, the sights are “too numerous to mention;” or, as the poet says,

Ten thousand landscapes open to the view,
For ever pleasing and for ever new.

On the right is a narrow road called the Trader Passage; a short distance down, on the right, is the Baptist burial ground. This passage leads to the place where once stood Strand Gate.

There is one thing very remarkable in this town. In the Summer most of the streets are covered with grass, and many of the inhabitants are busily employed in salting and brining the same; so that a stranger might readily suppose the town was about to be pickled. But, after all,

Luxuriant the grass it does grow,
In the streets 'tis just like a mat;
And where is a town like old Rye,
In front of each house a grass plat?
E'en chickweed and groundsel for birds,
And thistles for rabbits as well,
In the streets of Rye may be found,
Where is there a town can excel? [48]
The gay dandelion is there,
Which children, when young, they all dread,
They think if they gather that flow'r
They surely shall water their bed.
The daisy, that fring'd pretty flow'r,
The buttercup too may be seen;
Although the grass grows in the streets
There's no town so neat and so clean.

For in dry weather the streets are not dusty, and in wet never dirty.

Thus ends my description of the interior of Rye, and begins that of the suburbs and places adjacent.

Opposite is the Strand Quay, and on the right you pass the Strand pump and reservoir; farther on, on the left, are two roads.

The first is to Winchelsea, a short distance on, on the left, is the Custom-house, and on the right is the Gas-house, then the Tillingham Sluice. About one hundred yards distance, nearly opposite the mill, in the centre of the river, is the spot where Breeds, the murderer, was gibbeted. In making a new cut the gibbet was taken down. Farther on is one, out of the many, of the Martello Towers, which stud this part of the Sussex Coast.

Enormous sums of money were expended on the construction of these Towers. They are [49] built of bricks, are from five to eight feet thick, their foundations are laid at a great depth, which are vaulted, with the convexity downward, forming a reservoir for water. In the centre is a pillar, from which springs an arch abutted by the outward wall, which is considered to be bomb-proof. On the top was a 21-pounder, mounted on a traversing carriage, capable of being pointed in any direction. This tower is encircled by a deep moat, over which is a drawbridge.

Here is one part of the Military Canal, sixty feet wide, of a zigzag course, with embrasures at angles for cannon, with a breastwork, reaching to Cliff-end, about seven miles westward.

Three miles onward is Winchelsea, which in former times the sea flowed up to and beyond, and the communication to it, from Rye, was over the Ferry leading to Udimore. It was built soon after the destruction of old Winchelsea; one hundred and fifty acres were assigned for it. It had thirty nine squares, called quarters, after the manner of old Winchelsea, with three Churches, St. Giles, St. Leonard, and St. Thomas the [50] Apostle. The latter is now used as the place of worship by the parishioners. It is a large and grand looking building, nearly covered with ivy, which gives it a solemn and majestic appearance. There is only one chapel (Wesleyan).

In the church are several monuments of Knights Templar, Monks, &c. The middle aisle is long and spacious, and is worth inspection.

At the corner of the churchyard, leading to the Friary, stood a square tower, detached from the church, supposed to have contained the

bells. Being dangerous, it was taken down some years ago, and used at the entrance of Rye harbour.

Some ruins of the Friary are still remaining. The choir of the chapel forms the greatest part of this ancient pile.

There were, according to tradition, fifteen churches and chapels. The gable ends and remains of several are discoverable.

This town, when in full population, must have been of some elegance and note; but through pestilence and war, the dissolution of the religious houses, and the sea retiring, [51] was the ruin of Winchelsea. The great importance by which it was held is lost, having, through a train of events, become of no importance at all; it has, therefore, dwindled down to a place of little note; but still its ancient grandeur is traceable in many places.

Queen Elizabeth, when on a visit, called it Little London; but the Rev. J. Wesley, in 1790, says, in his diary, I went over to that poor skeleton of ancient Winchelsea.

Winchelsea was a place of note,
A London to be sure;
But now 'tis but a skeleton,
A town once rich, now poor.
Its boasting days are now no more,
For time has changed the scene;
That skeleton of Winchelsea
Shows proudly what its been.

It is something like poor people, who having a desire to appear great, talk of their rich ancestors.

There was once but three approaches to the town, and each was fortified by a gate, and each gate-way is now standing. Pipewell, leading to Udimore; Newgate, leading to Pett, without stood the Holy Cross of Winchelsea; and Strand Gate, leading now to Rye. The road to Icklesham led only to a wharf or dock, at the bottom of the hill. [52] From the last mentioned gate is a splendid view, particularly of the bay, which presents a constantly moving panorama.

Some say, there was no other defence but the three gates, for as long as the surrounding level was overflowed by the sea they were all that

was required. There is not the smallest vestage of any wall discernable. Some say, that the wall is traceable. It is plain that there never was a wall of any magnitude or solidity such as that at Rye; but there might have been a wall of earth or of some other temporary material.

It has a Jail, and over it is the Town Hall, a building of no taste or design. There is no display of architectural science, in fact it is no ornament whatever.

About fifty-five yards from the corner of the churchyard, opposite the jail, on the Hastings road, stands the noted ash tree, under which Mr. Wesley preached his last outdoor sermon, on October the 7th, 1790.

It has two Inns, the Castle and New Inn; Richard Osborne was "Governor" of the said "Castle" nearly forty-five years, a man highly respected, who kept it up to 1861. [53]

There was formerly a Market for Cattle, kept on a spot known by the name of Monday's Market.

Many years since here was a manufactory of Cambrick, and afterwards of Crape, which occupied a great part of the first square, called Barrack Square, on the right, when passing through Strand Gate.

In ancient times ships were repaired here. Shipwrights were paid, at those times, from 4*d.* to 6*d.* per day, Sawyers 5*d.* , and Labourers 3*d.*

There is an Annual Fair, once for Stock, now nearly forsaken. It is a noted day to sow French beans.

There are two Benefit Societies; one at the Castle, established in 1839; the other at the New Inn, established in 1859.

It is noted for capacious cellars, where, in olden times, merchants stored wine, it being then a chief port for that commodity.

The Town Well is 112 feet deep, the expense of which was defrayed by the liberality of Thomas Dawes, Esq.

Winchelsea formerly sent two members to parliament, which right was first exercised [54] in the reign of Edward III, but the Reform Bill deprived it of that long unmolested privilege of sending members to parliament, and connected it with Rye in sending one only.

Although the Reform Bill disfranchised Winchelsea to a certain degree, it emancipated it as well; for, previous to the passing of this bill, Winchelsea was governed by one person, who had under his control three Freemen, exclusive of a small number of Jurats; and, with this triune, the Corporation was kept so low that the monopolizing power was safe in the hands of the patron.

The following is the list of Mayors since the passing of the Reform Bill.

1832. William Lipscomb, gent.
3. George Morant, gent.
4. Thomas Dawes, gent.
5. John Tilden, Farmer.
6. Joseph Hennah, Wine Merchant.
7. John Beaumont, gent.
8. Richard Stileman, gent.
9. Ditto.
1840. Thomas Dawes, gent.
1. Richard Stileman, gent.
2. Thomas Dawes, gent.
3. Richard Stileman, gent.
4. Joseph Hennah, gent.
5. Ditto.
6. Ditto. [55]
1847. Joseph Hennah, gent.
8. Ditto.
9. Ditto.
1850. William Sargent, Miller.
1. Ditto.
2. Robert Coker Nash Davis, Doctor
3. William Longley, Farmer.
4. Ditto.
5. Ditto.
6. Charles Robins, gent.
7. Ditto.
8. Robert Curteis Stileman, gent.
9. Ditto.
1860. Robert Vaile Skinner, Surgeon.
1. Charles Robins, gent.

One thing is remarkable in this town, when compared to other towns, and even villages, that is, there is no National or Free School, no Mechanic or Working Man's Institution, no Reading Room, no Library, nothing whatever to improve the mind of either old or young. It is called, by many, a dead-and-live place.

At Rye, opposite the Martello Tower, is a Sluice, over which arc two roads, the one on the right leading to Camber or Winchelsea Castle, built, in 1509, by Henry VIII, to protect the harbour, on a long narrow neck of land projecting from Fairlight Cliff. The distance from Rye to the Castle, by land, was upwards of six miles, as the road to it was [56] by a circuitous route to Winchelsea, and then another roundabout road back to the Castle.

It has five semicircular Towers and Curtains, with an inner Tower or Keep. In the outer area, that is between the inner Tower or Keep and outer walls, are the remains of several buildings of various constructions, but as to particulars history is silent. The inner Tower or Keep had an upper story, the staircase to the same is accessible, although in a worn-out state, the materials of which being of a very soft nature; the other, leading to the top, is more perfect, but very dangerous of access. Twice have I ascended the mossy summit of that ancient pile, and can vouch as to the danger in ascending and descending.

Around the outer side of the inner Tower or Keep is a vaulted passage, what many call subterraneous, its top being on a level with the sod, but that was not the case, as in the outer side of the passage are several apertures forming openings for doors and windows. I have seen several very small diamond shaped panes of glass with the window-lead attached. [57]

A tradition is handed down that a subterraneous passage extended from this Castle to Winchelsea, but not the slightest indication of the same has ever been visible.

This Castle, history says, cost £23,000, a small amount it appears when compared to what it would now cost, but the value of money was greater then than it is now; for the statute 24, Henry VIII, fixed the pound of beef and of pork at one half-penny.

Grose, an historian, says, this Castle was built on the ruins of a more ancient building; but the correctness or the probability of that assertion cannot be entertained.

To see the wanton destruction of this ornamental pile of antiquity must be grievous to many.

Near to the Castle, on the Winchelsea side, is the foundation of a stone building.

Many a gipsy fete and pic-nic party have been held here, and the Mayor, Jurats, Councilmen, and Burgesses join, annually, in a friendly game of cricket.

The following lines, which refer to Winchelsea, are from an unknown author, received orally from Mr. S. Lindridge, of Rye, [58] who learnt them, from a written copy, when a boy.

Dum vested twilight brings in low'ring night,
Damp exhalations creep along the dale;
The bat, deserted, wheels its lonesome flight,
And melancholy sighs in every gale.

Here on this spot where obscene birds of night
Nest'd and nod'd and screech'd alternate round;
Soft music floated once, when with delight
The distant sailor caught the joyful sound.

No more the war-like drum sounds o'er these plains,
Nor the shrill trumpets pierce the ambient air,
Where stood the sentinel, there silence reigns,
And desolation murmurs, "Who comes there!"

Perhaps, in ancient times where Rother's floods
Roll'd swift and dreadful by these ruins wild.
Here, on this very spot some parent stood
And wept with joy to see her long lost child;

Or, whilst the ship the swelling canvas prest,
And parted lovers faded on the view,
Here drop'd the tender tear, here heav'd the breast,
Here wav'd the hand, which gave the last adieu.

In days of yore, when first these walls arose,
Many a tender pair, from yonder town,
Did joyful trip this way at evening's close,

And by the river's verdant side sit down,

Conversing tender on their future weal,
 While the lov'd offspring kiss'd the heaving breast
 The tear maternal down the cheeks would steal,
 Like thine Eliza when misfortunes prest.

Yon grove deserted, ruinous, and wild,
 Whose brown top bows beneath the evening breeze.
 Is now the nurse of fancy's airy child,
 And seems to whisper who it once could please. [59]

Imaginative paints the flowery bed,
 The brown top'd brow, the soothing air above,
 Where some fond youth reclin'd his pensive head,
 And spent the hours betwixt the muse and love.

His shade, me thinks, now stalks majestic by,
 Behold! he glides beneath yon mouldering wall;
 His hand he waves, lo! now he seems to sigh,
 And thus imagination hears him call.

Dear youth, whose lovely feet these ruins trod,
 Whose downcast eyes let fall the generous tear,
 Regard not transient life which soon is fled,
 Reflect on heaven and all the glories there.

Blessings supreme, beyond the reach of thought,
 Attend the man who often thinks on death;
 Whose ev'ry ear is oft to judgment brought.
 By faithful conscience e'er he yields his breath.

Reflection cease, me thinks some voice replies,
 I, solemn thoughts and groaning number hate;
 Dejected walls and ruins I despise,
 Have me to banqueting and rooms of state.

In balls and banquets unmolested stray,
 Let me in peace my wayward path pursue,
 In viewing these I see my own decay,
 If walls thus perish I must perish too.

Rous'd by this thought, reflection sallies forth,
 Through all the paths of life she's trod before,
 Weighs every action, views it spring and growth,
 And what 'twill yield when time shall be no more.

At the Sluice is a branch of the Railroad, and between six and seven hundred yards down, on the right, nearly opposite the boundary-

stone, in the liberty of Winchelsea, is the spot where John White killed his [60] wife, in 1858; and about ten yards from the culvert he put her into the ditch where she remained, undiscovered, for three days. He was tried at the assizes, and the jury, taking a merciful and a just view of the case, gave a verdict of manslaughter. He was sentenced to be transported for life.

Farther down are two branches of the Railroad; the right leads to the new Ballast-hole; the left to the Rail-road Wharf.

At the Sluice, the road on the left leads to the Harbour. In your way thither you pass close by the Harbour Church (and a very pretty little one it is). The burying ground is thickly studded with flowers and shrubs. The first stone was laid on March the 29th, 1849, and the Church was opened on August the 29th, 1850. The Rev. H. B. W. Churton, of Icklesham, is Pastor; a man generally respected by the poor, and considered to be "worthy of that calling."

The next is a School, the first stone was laid on May the 13th, 1859, over which the Coast Guards fired several volleys in honour of those liberal and kind-hearted persons who had subscribed to so noble a cause. [61]

The ground on which these two buildings stand was given by W. D. Lucas-Shadwell, Esq. Thanks to him and to the Rev. H. B. W. Churton are due from all the inhabitants of that locality.

Opposite is a Brick-yard, opened in 1860, where bricks are made by steam, at the rate of eighteen per minute.

Farther on is a very commodious Reading Room, built by W. D. Lucas-Shadwell, Esq., in 1860.

At the extremity of this road is a manufactory for making Blocks of Beach-stones and Cement, weighing about four, six, and eight tons each, intended for Dover Harbour.

Just before the close of the last century, there was not a house at this spot. The only inhabitant was a man, whose name was John; and, that being the case, he was called John All-alone. He lived alone, went to sea alone, was drowned alone, picked up alone, and buried alone.

On the West side of the Harbour is one of those Martello Towers; and another once stood a little farther to the Eastward of the present one, which was taken down, in consequence of the encroachment of the sea. [62]

From the Pier-head projects a Stone-work, running nearly due south, about half-a-mile in length; which was begun about 1830, and has been heightened from time to time.

Opposite the Pier is a spot called the Point, on which stands a Telegraph and Flag-staff, intended to apprize those at sea of the depth of water in the Harbour.

The Telegraph is a frame-work of boarding, with two circular shutters, and when turned in a vertical position the whole appears dark; and when the shutters are canted horizontally they show two large circles of light, and are worked as follows:

When there are 8 feet of water, One Shutter is canted,
 9 feet, Both Shutters are canted.
 10 feet, a Flag is hoisted.
 11 feet, One Shutter is canted.
 12 feet, Both Shutters are canted.
 13 feet, One Flag half up.
 14 feet, One Flag quite up.
 15 feet, Two Flags half up.
 16 feet, Two Flags quite up.

History gives the following account of the Harbour —

In Oliver Cromwell's time a hundred sail of ships could ride in the Harbour, there being at the town fifteen feet of water. [63]

In Charles II's time a 64-gun ship could ride in the Harbour; now a ship of half that size could not obtain an entrance.

Again, a vessel drawing nine feet of water has unloaded at Blackwall, and one of 100 tons has loaded at Stone.

The entrance to the Harbour is very narrow, and extremely dangerous at times. In case of an invasion it is in an admirable condition; for, by sinking a couple of barges, it would be like Sebastopol, in the late war, which became impassable with its sunken

ships.

The management of the Harbour is vested in 49 Commissioners, who are chosen for life. 12 are from Householders, rated at £10; 12 from Ship-owners, possessing 20 tons; 12 from Land-owners; and the Mayor and 12 Jurats complete the number.

It is said, In the multitude of Councillors there is wisdom. This, I am sure, cannot apply to the multitude of Commissioners.

The Landholders have always been strenuous in opposing an uninterrupted of the tide, by erecting sluices, flood-gates, dams, and so on, which take away the strength of [64] the tides; impeding the influx and reflux of the water. In consequence of which the Harbour has been contracted; that is, its channel has been narrowed, and its bed has become shallow.

On the East side of the Harbour's mouth are a great number of sand hills, called Sand Banks. It is considered, by many, to be a lovely and secluded spot; much frequented by pic-nic parties. These banks were first formed by an occupier of the land, named Southerden, who brought from Holland a peculiar grass, called sea-reed or mat-weed, which, by continually growing, harbours the sand which drifts along the coast, and thus prevents the sea from overflowing the adjoining land.

These Banks are, at certain times, covered with various flowers and mosses, and are plentifully stocked with rabbits.

Here Historians say, immediately on the East side of the East pier, constituting the Camber Estate, which is in the parish of St. Thomas, Winchelsea, once stood Old Winchelsea; which, in 1287, the great inundation totally destroyed. [65]

To strengthen this account it is said, Old Winchelsea stood three miles to the southeast of the present Winchelsea. This would be about the spot alluded to above.

Tradition says, that the original site of Old Winchelsea lies on the sands which are never dry, a little to the south-west of Camber, and to the south-east of the present pierhead.

It is said, that Old Winchelsea contained 50 Inns and Taverns, and 700 Householders, and was somewhat similar to the present Winchelsea when it was first completed, having 39 squares or quarters.

Here 400 sail of the tallest ships of different nations, it is said, anchored in the Camber, near Rye, where sheep and cattle now feed.

In another account, it says, In the month of October, in the year 1250, the moon being in its prime, the sea passed her accustomed bounds, flowing twice without ebbing, and making so horrible a noise, that it was heard a great way inland. Besides this, at dark night, the sea seemed to be on fire and to burn, and the waves to beat with one [66] another, insomuch that it was past the mariners' skill to save their ships. And, to omit others, at a place called Hucheburn (ably East or Hither-Bourne) three noble and famous ships were swallowed up by the violent rising of the waves; and a certain haven, eastward, besides cottages for salt, fishermen's huts, bridges and mills, above three hundred houses were also destroyed by the rising of the waves.

This storm and inundation also destroyed Broomhill, a town near Old Winchelsea, where a vestige of the same still remains; and, also, made the river Rother turn its course from Romney to Rye.

It is very remarkable that in the same year corn was so plentiful throughout England, Scotland, and Wales, that a quarter of wheat was sold for two shillings.

The next road from Strand Gate, leads to Udimore and Brede. This was one, out of the only two roads leading out of Rye in the days of yore, called Taylor's Corner.

Here is the Pole Marsh, the Rail-road running through it. It was once a place where poles were fixed for fishermen to dry [67] their nets upon, and through that, no doubt, it gained its present name.

In 1833 and 4 a Fair was held here. It was anticipated, by its projectors, that it would be a great benefit to the town in general; but, like the mountain in labour, it proved to be a failure. This fair, similar to other fairs, closed in drunkenness and fighting, and all the et

cæteras that belong to dissipation.

It has, for many years, been used as a sporting field, where many a well-contested match of cricket has been decided.

Here the celebration of the happy and glorious peace of 1814 took place, which was conducted in the following order:

The Rye Band.

Two Serjeants with Maces.

The Mayor, Town Clerk, and the Members of the Town on Horseback.

Jurats and Freemen of the Corporation.

Gentlemen and Townsmen.

Proceeded to the accustomed places and proclaimed Peace, the Band playing the National Anthem after each Proclamation. [68]

The Dinner consisted of 1800 lbs. of Beef, 1200 lbs. of Plumpudding, 1200 lbs. of Potatoes, 1600 penny Loaves, 288 gallons of Table Beer, and 384 gallons of Strong Beer.

There were 32 Tables, each affording accommodation for 50 persons, placed in a circular form, and the Band in the centre played during the repast.

On the evening following a grand display of fireworks took place here also.

From Taylor's Corner commences the Old Rope-walk, and a short distance farther on the left, is the Rail-road Station.

Opposite the Old Cattle Market, next to the Horse and Groom Inn, behind the house now standing, was the Theatre; it was taken down about 1845, and if not it might have fallen down in 1846.

Farther on, on the left, is the New Ropewalk, formerly the other

entrance into Rye.

Queen Elizabeth entered the town by this route, and passed through the Postern Gate, at the bottom of Conduit Hill; and, being well pleased with the respect shown to her she called it "Rye Royal." At the end of this road is Queen Elizabeth's Well; from [69] this Well, it is said, she drank, and ever since has been called by her name.

This Well is now walled in, and like many other places which were public, has become private. This, formerly, was everybody's, it therefore became nobody's, and eventually became somebody's.

On the left is Love Lane, adjoining are the Butt Marshes, which, before the use of firearms, were used for the practice of archery.

Richard II compelled, by an Act, all servants to shoot on Sundays and holidays.

A bank of earth covered with turf was called the butt.

Passing on from the Old Rope-walk is Tower street, the corner house, on the top, was once an Inn, called the Galley.

On the left is Land Gate, a street of shops.

On the left is a Draper's, Huckster's Grocer's, Fishmonger's, Tinman's, Green Grocer, Clothier's, Toy Dealer's, Milliner's, Corn Dealer's, HairDresser Fishmonger's

On the right is a Grocer's, Public-house, Baker's, Saddler's, Public-house, Butcher's, Grocer's, Baker's, FrameMaker, Blacksmith's, Grocer's

There is not a private house in the street.

At the end of this street is the Rail-road Bridge, on the site thereof stood twelve [70] houses, two of which were Almshouses, and one was the Lamb Inn. The said houses formed one half of King street; the other half are those which face the side of the bridge.

In 1851 a Chapel was added to this row built by Miss Jemima Hilder. The Rev. David Samuel Jenkins is the pastor, of whom no one speaks ill.

On the right of the bridge are the Town Salts, which were, in 1834, walled in, and, by a large meeting of Freemen, were given to the town *for ever* as a sporting field.

In 1859 there was an end to *for ever*, for the Council let part of the public's right for building.

Previously to the Town Salts being walled in they were covered with water at high tides, and so were the marshes on either side of the harbour. On the east side the water flowed from the Harbour's mouth to Guldeford, and beyond Scot's Float Sluice over the turnpike leading to the Marsh, and on the west side to the wall, near to the Rail-road.

This overflow, at particular times, such as. the equinoctial tides, presented a vast ocean in miniature. Boats of every description, and [71] even vessels of light draught, were seen making direct courses.

The Town Salts were once the resort of donkies, usually denominated the "Land Gate Band," which used to feed amongst the purslain, which grew luxuriously upon it, covering every part. Rapid tides would often overflow the same before the instinct of the royal animals could be awakened to make an escape. In cases like this they would be seen huddling together, and as the water increased that donkeyfied manner of keeping heads down forsook them, and without the aid of bearing-reins their heads became erect, like so many volunteers at drill. On some occasions the tides have been so high that "heads up" has been of no use, for sink or swim was the only alternative, which often raised the risibility of numerous spectators.

Near the Fish-market are Baths, built in 1817, by shareholders. In 1855 they were raised one story, and turned into dwellings.

At the Fish-market are two Ferries, the one on the right leads to the west side of the entrance of the harbour, the left to the other side and to Guildford, a small place, named [72] after the family of Guildfords, for in Elizabeth's reign a Thomas Guildford resided at Rolvenden, possessing large property at East Guildford, and who had the honour of Knighthood conferred upon him by the Queen, then on a journey to Rye, stopping at his house.

Guildford is famous for agues, produced, no doubt, by the surrounding marshes. This village contains six houses only. It has a small Church, built in the beginning of the sixteenth century, which is remarkably cool in the summer, and cold in the winter.

Here smugglers, like sailors, have found the old adage verified, "Any port in a storm."

About fifty years since, early one Sunday morning a large cargo of contraband spirits was landed about four miles east of the harbour, the Custom-house officers were on the alert, and supposing that they would be conveyed to Rye, watched every road by which they most probably would pass. The smugglers on arriving at Guildford, finding any attempt to proceed dangerous, and as day was about to dawn, it became necessary to stow away their cargo; accordingly the key [73] of the church was procured, and the goods safely deposited within its walls. But, it is often said, "Troubles never come alone," for Divine Service was to be performed that morning. After a long consultation it was deemed adviseable that the Clerk should have a little discourse about it with the Minister, and that he was to promise him a couple of tubs, to blind or silence him. This offer produced a smile from the worthy divine, and it was proclaimed throughout the village and neighbourhood that no duty would be performed on that day at church, in consequence of indisposition of the Minister.

On the Monday evening following, the cargo was safely conveyed into Rye, except two for the Minister and two for the Clerk.

Spirits are strong and flesh is weak,
Oh! man how strange and odd,
To think these spirits should nave power
To blind this man of God.

Over the Rail-road Bridge at Rye are two roads; the one up the hill is the London road, at the foot of which is Mountsfield House and Grove, once the residence of the Lamb family; now the residence of J. F. Plomley, Esq. At the upper part is Dead Man's [74] lane. Tradition says, a battle was fought in the field above, between the armies of two Kings, which is called King's field, and that the slain were thrown into the lane and buried there. To the latter little or no credence is given.

Opposite this lane is Gallow's bank, the place of execution, in the days of yore, so stories go. The bank is now enclosed and a cottage is built thereon.

In the Customals of Rye it says, When any man was condemned to death he was to be executed upon the Saltness, on the east side of the town, behind the salt water of the same. This bank is on the east side of the town and beyond the salt water of the same; but whether it ever was a place of execution or not no one can say. An old man, named Dengate, hung himself there nearly thirty years since.

Above, on the left, was an Hospital, for the support of decayed Freemen and their wives, dedicated to St. Bartholomew, but not a vestige of it remains, for long since it has crumbled into dust, and its benefits lost in the vortex of time. [75]

On the right is a cistern, the water is conveyed from a well, now covered over, on the other side of the road (which it is supposed belonged to the hospital), not far from the boundary stone of the corporation, which was closed, some years since, in consequence of a Negro being found dead in it.

Passing on, on the left, is the King's Head field where a fair was held formerly, called Beggar's Bush fair; but, latterly, Beggar's Hill fair, which was held on the first Tuesday after Romney Lamb fair.

In former times a Bull was baited here, the last was nearly sixty years ago; the ring, to which he was fastened, remains there.

In 1858 this fair terminated, and thus the scenes of dissipation and blackguardism dropped, and most probabJy never to rise a gain.

On the left is the Cemetery, which was opened in 1855. The foundation stone of the Church was laid on September the 7th, 1854 by E. H. S. Banks, Esq., Mayor.

Above is the Union Workhouse, the poor man's Prison, built in 1844. [76]

On the right is a lane leading to Salt Coat, now called New England, the end of which was the ferry to Guldeford.

Farther on is Playden Church, opposite to which is a narrow road. Formerly on each side were Barracks; on the right for Infantry, on the left for Calvery. In 1818 they were sold and removed. This road leads to Leasam House, the residence of Edward Barret Curteis, Esq. It is here

Where the hungry are fed,
The naked are clothed,
And no one sent empty away.

The good qualities of his wife have endeared her to the hearts of every one; and let her go wherever she may, that woman's kindness will make forgetfulness a crime. The following pathetic lines of the poet could never apply to any two more than to the above.

Whene'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

Below Playden Church on the left, is Springfield House, the residence of Mr. Jeremiah Smith.

At the Pay-gate are three roads; the one on the right was the original road to the [77] Marsh from Rye. The middle one leads to Iden, Wittersham, and Tenterden. The one on the left is the London road, nearly two miles of which is in the parish of Rye. On the right, on this road, is a neat little edifice, the residence of Thomas Smith Pix, Esq.

To return to the foot of Rye Hill. On the right of the Marsh road, is Bethel Chapel, a neat and commodious building. The doctrine preached there is high Calvin. Mr. Boxer was formerly the respected pastor.

This Chapel belongs to Mrs. Smith of Springfield, who is very desirous of doing good to her fellow creatures, in a religious point of view.

There many folks on Sundays meet,
With motives widely odd;
Some go to worship Mrs. Smith,
And some to worship God.

On the left is a cliff, presenting a very picturesque sight; its sloping banks studded with trees and bushes, resort of the feathered songsters, and mingled with the simple notes of the Cuckoo, intermingled with a fugue from the dark plumigerous choristers of the neighbouring grove, producing a feeling of delight. And, in the eventide, the fitful [78] flights of Bats, and the sweet cadences of the Nightingale make the spot still more endearing to reflecting minds. A spot rarely to be met with contiguous to a town.

Farther on are three Almshouses, built by the South Eastern Railway Company, in lieu of two small ones, which were taken down with several other houses, to make room for the Rail-road Bridge. This liberal act is worthy of recording; for every benevolent deed has a double existence; that is, it produces pleasure to the donors as long as they exist, and then remains as a monument to their memories, and an example worthy for others to follow.

Close by is Pollard's Wharf, made by the Corporation, and named after the Chamberlain. Here Rye ends and Guldeford begins.

On the right, near this wharf, is the Railroad Iron Bridge, which works on a pivot, and is opened by two men to allow vessels to pass.

A mile farther is Scot's Float Sluice. The one previous was built in 1736, and destroyed in 1830 by the public, in consequence of a Decree of the Court of Chancery, the time specified having passed. [79]

From here to Hythe runs a breast-work, protected by a quickset hedge.

About a mile farther is the Military Lock and Canal, made for defence in case of invasion. This Canal runs the whole length of the breast-work. Here are four houses, two of which are Public houses (Ordnance Arms, and the Queen and Constitution).

Half-a-mile farther is the boundary of the County. The Officers of the Staff erected a Column at this junction, in 1806.

Here once the sea unmolested rolled, many feet in depth, extending

from Fairlight to Hythe, washing the foot of the hills, which are now many miles inland.

The forest of Anderida is supposed to have been situated in this neighbourhood, the Marsh abounding in the remains of trees called moor-logs, which some think were thrown down by gales of wind; others, that they were washed away by seas or floods and deposited in various parts of this bay of the sea, and have long since been covered by the alluvial deposit which has now become one of the finest tracts of pasture and arable land in the kingdom. [80]

In 1859, in sinking an artesian well at the Eagle Brewery, Land Gate, a tree or a piece of wood was bored through, about twelve feet from the surface. And when the earth was cleared away for the foundation of the Bridge, there was coppice wood, very perfect, at the bottom. This proves that the water was once deep round the rock on which Rye stands, and that the land must have increased very much.

The well above alluded to, after going to the depth of 375 feet was discontinued, in consequence of the boring implements breaking in the well; and all endeavors to remove them were unavailing.

Thus ends my brief historical associations of Rye and its environs.

[81] A GUIDE or CAUTION

For the Pedestrian and Equestrian who may visit the Town of Rye.

On entering the Town, through Land Gate Tower, the Pedestrian may feel himself somewhat annoyed, as the road is paved with boulders; and, as many have expressed themselves, with the "hard ends" upwards.

But, Dr. Johnson said, A pebble that paves the street is in itself more useful than the diamond upon a lady's finger.

Then hobble on and never mind,
For what's the use of talking,
Hurt or not hurt, why, only think,
On Diamonds you are walking.

A short distance onwards is a gravelled footpath, which has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. Great care is required here, as there are often very large holes caused by the ground slipping away, so that any person might, without the least difficulty, sprain an ankle or break a leg. Oftentimes a rail is missing, which not only appears dangerous, but is so in reality, as any one might fall over and perform as many summersets, before arriving at the bottom, as any performer ever [82] did at Astley's. In rainy weather this path is full of puddles; therefore, it is not advisable to walk therein, but far preferable to hobble on the diamonds.

At the upper end of this Esplanade commences the pavement, here due caution is also required. Visitors are respectfully cautioned to keep their eyes open, to prevent falling or stumbling over the steps projecting on the said pavement. Besides these impediments, there are a great number of cellar doors opening in the pavement, many of which are left open and unguarded.

In rainy weather it is far preferable to walk in the middle of the streets, it being, drier and cleaner, as the pavement contains an innumerable number of puddles, whilst the dripping of the eaves of houses pours copiously upon those who venture beneath.

The Equestrian must beware of the many carts, trucks, wheelbarrows, packages, &c, which are permitted to occupy a large

space of the main street; and he will find it quite necessary to drive steady, keep in the middle, look both sides at once, and not squint.
[83]

MISCELLANEOUS.

I now introduce a few subjects which I consider would have been a digression had I introduced them before, and which would have served more to confuse than otherwise; but to omit them altogether would not complete the History that I intend to publish.

There were, in ancient times, six Wards in which the town was divided; viz.,

Watchbell and Wish Ward.
Badding's Ward,
Middle Street Ward.
Market Ward.
Land Gate Ward.
Strand Gate Ward.

Watchbell and Wish Ward commenced at the south-west corner of the Churchyard, a long Watchbell street towards the Green, and from the foot thereof, without the walls, to the Water-house at the bottom of Conduit Hill.

Badding's Ward commenced at the southwest corner of the Churchyard, along Badding's street (now called Watchbell street) [84] to Badding's Gate, close by the Wesleyan Chapel.

Middle Street Ward included Mermaid street and Middle street.

Market Ward included East street, Market street, Lion street, and Church street.

Land Gate Ward included Land Gate without and within, as far as Jarrett's Yard on the one side, and Middle street on the other.

Strand Gate Ward extended up the Mint to Middle street on the one side, and Jarrett's Yard on the other.

This method of forming the town into districts is of ancient date; it

was instituted for the purpose of keeping "Watch and Ward," for in those days there was no garrison here, no rapid intercourse by Electric Telegraph to send for aid, no Rail-road to expedite the conveyance of troops, in consequence of which it was necessary that a system for guarding the town should be adopted.

There were four Constables to the six Wards, whose duties were to summon a Company of twelve persons, every night, to [85] watch. There were seventeen Companies, and a Captain to each Company, making a total of 221 individuals.

Every inhabitant, man or woman, was compelled to watch in turn, armed with musket, sword, powdery and bullet, or find an efficient substitute.

It appears, that Rye has had visits of Royalty in former days; viz.,

Edward III and his Queen Philippa in 1360

Henry VII in 1487. Elizabeth, 1573.

Charles, II, in 1673.

George I, in 1725 George II in 1736.

Rye had a Tumbrel or Docking; Stool for punishing scolding or brawling women and other transgressors. How thankful many of the fair daughters of Eve ought to be that they are so highly favoured above those in the days of yore, to think that they may scold or brawl without being made the laughing-stock of hundreds. This stool was placed in shallow water, and the lady who occupied that "exalted" but unenvied station was sure to receive a sound ducking.

In 1378 and 1448 Rye was destroyed by the French. [96]

In 1563 a plague broke out in Rye, and in three months nearly 600 persons died. This was a great loss, but a few years afterwards upwards of 1500 refugees, in consequence of a massacre and other troubles having taken place in France, fled to Rye for safety, thus the inhabitants again increased.

Now, where's the true bred Englishman?

In Rye can he be found?

If not, then they are mongrels,

The natives of this town.

It suffered severely by another plague in 1596, and in 1625. The small-pox raged in 1634, and '35, and in 1654 and '55.

Mr. Holloway has a curious paragraph in page 508, where he says, "In 1656, two soldiers on guard at Strand Gate, broke open a cellar, and drank so much strong waters as made six men dead drunk." Glorious times for water-drinkers.

In 1756 the ditch leading from Land Gate to Strand Gate was let on a lease for 1,000 years, at 2*l.* 12*s.* 3*d.* per annum. I know not the expense of that lease, but in this great reforming age the charge for a seven years' lease is about 7*l.* If charged after this rate, [87] they, like others now, might justly say, "from Lawyers good Lord deliver us."

Fishermen were once called Rippers, for in the Burial Register is written, "1760, Richard Fowle, a Ripper." Butchers were called Fleshers.

In 1778 the first Coach started from Rye to London, named "The Diligence," going up one day and returning the next! I have been informed that in 1790 a Coach started from, the Red Lion Inn Yard. It was of an unusual size, with a long wicker-worked place behind, for passengers and parcels, called the Basket. It was drawn by three horses named Peacock, Black, and Robin.

They were driven unicorn fashion; Peacock, though lame, took the lead. It left at five o'clock in the morning, affording a fine treat in the snowy season to outside passengers; changed passengers at Tonbridge and returned at nine o'clock at night, but sometimes much later. I wonder what prejudice would say in favour of this mode of travelling, when compared to the present.

About the year 1786, opposite Jarrett's Yard, lived a person named Qusted, who [88] had a Horse and Chaise, and on his signs were the following lines;

A Horse and Chaise,
To go always,
Whether they're good or bad
Besides, I've here,
I do declare,
A very careful Lad.

I have a sign, which has caused many to stop and ponder, it is as follows, H . P. CLARK, RENOITATS & RETNIRP.

In the last and the beginning of the present century the Crier inflicted corporeal punishment to the juvenile offenders who were ordered by the Mayor so to be punished; and I may justly say.

His strokes, sometimes, were very light,
Sometimes he made them tell;
And thus the Crier of the town
Made others cry as well.

About this time the Crier was pilot and coal-meter; the maritime interest not being on so large a scale as it is now, there being only four small coal vessels. To hear this functionary fulfil his mission of crier would often produce a smile from by-standers, for his cry was something of a poetical nature, which ran thus, [89]

“O yes! O yes! O yes!
To be sold at the market-house,
Soles, plaice, and dabs,
Rate, skate, and crabs.
God save the King !”

This loyal way of finishing his cry is now discontinued, and much of that bowing and courtesying to superiors has fallen into disuse. But Rye is noted for dubbing any one as “Esq.,” even down to Lawyer’s Clerks this dignified title is conferred.

Well, little things, I often find,
Are pleasing to the little mind;
And any who don’t here reside,
And who would wish to keep up pride,
And if a title should require,
Why, come to Rye, and be a Squire.

In the early part of the present century a few of the inhabitants of Land Gate, who by the Corporation were designated “Jacobins,” what now would be termed Radical Reformers, by way of derision elected a Mayor for that part of the town, and so they continue yearly; but not in the same spirit which induced them at first. Here is an election unsullied; here is purity; no bidding or obeying; no pleasing or offending; no favours bestowed or withheld; no shackling or [90] unshackling; for every voter is as free as the air he breathes,

and "Friendship" is their Motto, and Measures, not men, their maxim.

The Mayor of this honourable constituency is a worthy son of St. Crispin, W. Pain, Esq., who has held this high station for many years.

In 1820 there were but four public houses in Rye, the George, Red Lion, London Trader, and the Queen's Head, now there are twenty-three, beside eight Retailers of Beer and one of Spirits, and scarcely any increase of inhabitants. They are as follows,

(Within the walls.)

Dolphin, Mint.
Swan, do.
Old Bell, do.
George, High street.
Union, East street.
Red Lion, Lion street.
Ypres Castle, Gun-garden.
Jolly Sailor, Watchbell st.
Hope & Anchor, Green.
London Trader, Trader Pas.

(Without the walls.)

Ship, Strand Quay
Pipe Maker's Arms, Wish
Greyhound, do.
Crown, Ferry Road.
Queen Adelaide, do.
Ferry Boat, do.
William the 4th, Rope-wlk
Horse & Groom, do.
Cinque Ports' Arms, do.
Tower, Land Gate.
Queen's Head, do.
Bedford Arms, Bedford pl.
Globe, Marsh Road.

(Foreign of Rye.)

King's Head.
Hare & Hounds.

[91]

In days of yore
There were but four,

Where you could slake your thirst;
Now, only think
The increase of drink,
Which drink must prove a curse,

For now you see
We've twenty-three,
Best times when four would do;
Now two Police,
And crimes increase,
The Jail made larger too.

In ancient times
Few were the crimes,
All happy, by the by,
The Jail was small,
Too large for all,
And no Police in Rye.

On November the 29, 1836, a tremendous gale of wind raged with the greatest violence ever known here, particularly from about eleven o'clock in the morning till two in the afternoon. Chimney-pots and chimneys were blown down, tiles flew in all directions, and those who were out looked as hares in March are said to look. Upwards of a dozen large trees were blown down in the Grove, and the country around shared the same fate.

In the same year there was the deepest snow ever seen here; it began on the 24th of [92] December, and on the 26th the roads were impassable; no post for three days, and no coach for a week. For five days seventy men were employed to remove the snow.

One sight above all was grand, and those who saw it can bear testimony to the same. From the foot of Rye Hill to the top, on the right, the snow had drifted amazingly high, nearly perpendicular, and in such folds, in such taste and in such freaks as to outvie all the ingenuity of man; in fact, the scene was sublime, far surpassing any chaste sculptile ever yet designed.

Thousands of sheep were lost in the snow and many were taken out alive, after being under the snow upwards of a fortnight.

The Mayor formerly used to try prisoners at the Quarter Sessions. The last held here before the Mayor was on October 21, 1835, after

which they were held at Lewes.

In 1837 the Sessions were held here again, and presided over by a Barrister, called a Recorder, as follows, with a salary of 40*l.* per annum,

1837, Charles Austin, Esq., Q.C.
1839, Edmund Clark, Esq.

[93]

1842, William Wakefield Attree, Esq.
1862, Robert Henry Hurst, Esq.

The Clerk of the Peace, with a salary of £8 8*s.* per annum, is Mr. G. S. Butler.

The following is a list of Mayors since the passing of the Municipal Corporation Reform Bill.

1832, William Philip Lamb, gent.
3, William Ramsden, Surgeon.
4, Charles Hicks, Grocer.
5, Stanes Brocket Brocket, gent.
6, Charles Hicks, Grocer.
7, David Manser, Lawyer.
8, Jeremiah Smith, Farmer.
9, John Vidler, Merchant.
1840, Jeremiah Smith, Farmer.
1, Ditto.
2, Charles Hicks, Grocer.
3, Ditto.
4, Jeremiah Smith, Farmer.
5, John Vidler, Merchant.
6, Charles Hicks, Grocer.
7, Ditto.
8, Jeremiah Smith, Farmer.
9, Ditto.
1850, John Vidler, Merchant.
1, Edward Henry Sladen Banks, Surgeon.
2, James Foulis Plomley, Chemist.
3, Jeremiah Smith, Farmer.
4, George Edwards, Draper.
5, Stanes Brocket Brocket, gent.
6, William Daniel Hoad, Shipwright.

A man whom pride, that mighty lever, could not move, as it had

others before him. He never forgot, [94] or even forsook, his former associate; although he had greater honours conferred upon him than any one ever had in that Municipal body. Three times he was elected Councilman, and each time at the head of the poll; then Alderman; and then immediately afterwards Mayor; and amidst it all, he was the same today as yesterday.

7, William MacDiarmid, Tailor.
8, Ditto.

Has Rye got a Mayor?
I can't understand,
Can a Tailor be one?
The ninth part of a man?
If so, then we have one,
A case very rare,
That "a Tailor good Lord,"
Should ever be Mayor.

9, George Edwards, Draper.
1860, William Holt Chatterton, Pawnbroker.
1, Ditto.

The Reform Bill deprived Rye of one of its Members, and increased its Electoral District, by adding Winchelsea, Icklesham, Udimore, part of Brede, Peasmarsh, Iden, Playden, East Guldeford, and part of Broomhill. This raised the number of votes to 379, which were as under :

Rye 217	Winchelsea 40	Icklesham 29
Udimore 9	Brede 6	Peasmarsh 32
Iden 25	Playden 15	East Guldeford 6

In 1838 and 1839 two Steam Packets ran between here and Boulogne, but the disadvantages [95] were more numerical than the advantages, and the project, therefore, failed.

These boats were named Windsor Castle and Edinburgh Castle, the latter was hired by one who was anxious to prevent an insurrection in England, and to raise one in France.

About the year 1839 gas was first used in Rye, a circumstance here occurred, showing how little stability belongs to some.

The gas consumers considered that they were charged too high, and, therefore, employed a person to intercede for them, who ultimately proved successful; and for which a handsome present was made. Soon after this he was employed by the gas proprietor, and then a circular was issued by him that the price of gas would be raised. This was considered as an imposition on the part of the proprietor, and base ingratitude on the part of their former friend; the town, in consequence, came to a determination to erect a gas-house, in shares. To prevent this, the gas-house was offered to the town at a price and was accepted; and the man whom they considered could blow "hot and cold," [96] in so short a time, was removed from office, without a vote of thanks.

In 1845 a iron fence was placed at the upper part of the East Cliff, close to the steps leading down the same.

On May the 23rd, 1850, the Lord Mayor of London, Thomas Farncomb, Esq., visited Rye in state. A Procession was formed at Springfield, the residence of Jeremiah Smith, Esq., which proceeded through the town to the Strand, returning by Jarrett's Yard, Middle street, round the Churchyard, down East street to the George Hotel, where the Lord Mayor, with his friends, partook of a sumptuous banquet provided for the occasion.

The Procession was one of the gaudiest ever displayed in the ancient Borough of Rye. It was in the following order,

Two Councillors on Horseback,
 Silver Maces
 Two large Ensigns,
 The Band.
 A large Silk Banner.
 Carriage with Three Aldermen.
 Two Carriages with Councillors
 Officers of the Borough.
 Borough Flags. [97]
 Two Mace Bearers.
 Carriage with the Mayor and Town Clerk.
 City Flag,
 The Lord Mayor

in his State Carriage, drawn by four beautiful horses richly caparisoned.
 His Coachman and four Footmen dressed in all the tawdry imaginable.

Carriage with the Lord Mayor's suite.
 Carriage with the Lord Mayor's Friends.

Carriage with the Member for Rye.
Carriage with the Recorder, Clerk of the Peace, and Chaplain.
Carriage with Members for the County.
Two Councillors on Horseback.
Two Union Jacks.
Gentlemen of town and neighbourhood on Horseback.
Carriages of various descriptions containing Friends.
Four Fancy Flags.
A Galley on Wheels, with a crew in Striped dresses.
Display of Flags.

The following programme I prepared for the occasion, with no intention to offend.

Strange things apper, as time rolls on,
In this enlighten'd age,
To think that pride, with all its pomp,
Should many minds engage.

We see it oft, and are to see
Folly display'd in style;
At which some folks will almost blush,
Whilst others they will smile.

The Mayor of London he will come
To dine with some at Rye;
To show respect to one and all,
But that is all my eye.

We'll let it be as folks may like,
It matters not, I say,
For my programme it now contains
The order of the day.

His Worshipful and Councilmen,
And many too beside,
This great phalanx, this Civic band,
Will march in marshal pride.

The first to swell the Civic train
a Will be our Uncle Bill;
With his well-known and pompous gait
He'll stately pace Rye Hill.

b His two to one he will display,
At least so people say;
c And Duberly's large tin cock'd hat
He'll wear on that grand day.

The next to follow in the train
 Will be a knight of fame,
d Aspiring stitch of office proud,
 His great delight and aim.

Batcheler's dray horse, with back so broad,
 Poor stitch he is to ride;
 And he will sit upon the same
 Cross leg'd if he can't stride.

[100]

e Then brother Mac, sedate, will march,
Caution! how great the bump;
 He's wide awake, and soon will learn
 Which way the cat will jump.

f Three Drapers then; in scarlet robes,
 The next that will be seen,
 With yards for wands, rosettes so fine,
 Of yellow, blue, and *green*.

g Then worthy Tom, a good old man,
 Will look as large as life;
 He'll march in state, and for a sword
 Will have his butter knife.

b Two men of law, with swords and scales,
 An emblematic sign
 Of that which is so very rare,
 So rare, that few can find,

Will follow next. Then after them
 Will be our worthy Mayor,
i Accompanied by our M.P.,
 His presence, Oh, how rare!

His voting friends how it will please,
 M.P., that cheerful sound,
 Many will say, "the dead's alive,"
 Others "the lost is found."

The dormant Lion rous'd is at last,
 Though young he may seem shy;
 Yet he'll protect, so it is said,
 The worthy men of Rye.

The next to follow after these
 Will be our Jurats then;
 And next the Burgesses of Rye,

All good and faithful men.

j Then Geor-ge next, and Fisher too
 A place for them we'll find,
 Kind-hearted men, a pattern they
 Shall be to all mankind.

[100]

Then *twenty* widows all in weeds,
 On whom no man can lower;
 Each one will wear, pinn'd on her breast,
 A pretty passion flower.

Then twenty maidens all in white,
 With posy in each hand;
 Me thinks his Lordship then will say,
 "Why, this is Fairy Land."

Of all the Mayors of London Town,
 This one he is the rarest:
 He has no wife that he can call
 His dearest Lady Mayoress.

For married life he careth not,
 Not e'en a straw or rush;
 But yet those maiden's flowery gifts, *
 Will surely make him blush.

If he don't choose from them a wife,
 From those fair Eves of Rye,
 Then let him go his headstrong way,
 A batch'lor let him die.

Now my programme contains no more,
 It's just come to an end;
 I hope my jokes, they are but jokes,
 Will not one soul offend.

* Batchelor's Buttons.

Explanation of the above verses.

a "Uncle Bill," Mr. W. H. Chatterton, Pawnbroker, very pompous in appearance.

b "Two to one," Three Balls, a Pawnbroker's sign.

c "Duberly's tin cock'd hat" a Hatter's sign.

d “Aspiring Stitch,” Mr. Charles Thomas, Tailor, Organist, Foreman of the Fire Engines, Chamberlain, Gas-Rate Collector, Inspector of Nuisances, and Agent to the M.P. of Rye, a man very useful, willing to assist any one, and generally respected. [101]

e “Brother Mac,” Mr. William McDiarmid, Tailor, a wide-awake Scotchman, a Methodist Preacher, a Radical by profession, yet can vote for a Tory or remain neutral, according as it proves most beneficial to trade, without any regard to consistency; who is always looking Southward somewhat like the Vicar of Bray, who held the Vicarage in the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth, and was always of the religion of the sovereign for the time being. First, a Papist, then a Protestant, afterwards a Papist, and then again a Protestant; yet he would by no means admit that he was a turncoat. “No,” said he, “I have always stuck to my principle, which is this, to live and die the Vicar of Bray.”

The following parody, is applicable to the above:

This is law till my dying day,
The same I will maintain, Sir,
Whene’er I vote, no turning coat,
I always vote for gain, Sir.

f “Three Drapers,” Messrs. Thorpe, Edwards, and Fuller.

g “Worthy Tom,” Mr. Thomas Vennall, Grocer.

h “Two men of Law,” Messrs. Taylor and Paine, Lawyer’s Clerks.

i “M.P.,” Herbert Mascall Curties, Esq., who, like all other members for the Borough, is seldom or never seen from one election to another.

j “Geor-ge and Fisher,” Messrs. George Collins, Painter, and Fisher Clark, Baker, two men highly respected.

The above are all members of the Corporation.

In 1853, at a public dinner on the Town Salts, at which upwards of 400 persons assembled, a handsome Service of Plate was presented to Jeremiah Smith, Esq. as a tribute [102] of respect, on which was

engraved the following inscription:

This Salver, with four Side Dishes and a Soup Tureen, was presented to Jeremiah Smith, Esq., of Springfield Lodge, at a Public Dinner holden at Rye, on Thursday, the 18th day of August, 1853, by the friends and supporters of the Liberal Cause, and other admirers of Mr. Smith, as a tribute of respect, esteem, and regard for his faithful and consistent adherence to the Principles of Civil, Religious, and Commercial Freedom, his private worth, his independent character, and his unwearying attention to local interests.

I am for giving every man his due, and am willing to praise every man according to his merits; but lauding any one to the skies I do not approve of. I think there is a little too much alloy in the inscription, tending to depreciate its intrinsic value. There may be men that no one can speak ill of, yet, of such, too much may be said. It is something like a person writing the virtues of others who never possessed any himself; and so with the oscillating politician, or the spiritless religionist, who knows no more about principles than a blind person knows about colours, or a deaf person about sounds. I say again, there may be men that no one can speak ill of, yet, of such, too much may be said. [108]

The Chair was ably filled by S. B. Brocket, Esq., and well supported by many influential gentlemen of London and Rye and its vicinity.

In the evening, a display of fireworks took place, which closed a day of as friendly and happy feeling as was ever witnessed in Rye.

In 1853 a Steam-tug, "Erin" was first used here to tow vessels in and out of the harbour.

In 1855, three Mortar Boats were built here, for Government, one at each ship-yard.

These were, no doubt, the first war-vessels ever built here, for in the time of the Cinque Ports' Navy, Rye, being walled in, had no convenience for such work. In ancient times, ships were built at Small Hythe and at Appledore, as the sea flowed up to and beyond those places.

In the same year trees were planted along the town-side of the Town Salts. On the opposite side, east of the footpath, 30 willow poles were planted, cut from the trees at the bottom of the cliff.

In the same year a drain was made from the Gun-garden Steps towards Pollard's [104] Wharf, into which the Salts are drained.

On May the 1st, 1856, the treaty of Peace with Russia was made known to the inhabitants by the Crier. Not a bell, except one tolling, was heard, not a flag hoisted, not a gun was fired, not even a solitary cheer was given, on so momentous an occasion.

On the 29th of May, this Peace was commemorated. The Corporation Flag was hoisted on the Tower, and a few old electioneering colours were displayed, all shops were closed, and it seemed more like a day of sadness than of rejoicing. The day was ushered in by the ringing of bells, which seemed to say,

What a humbugging go for Rye,
Rejoicing it is all my eye,
To draw the purse the rich are shy,
Spend money! No, they'd sooner die,
No one will laugh, no one will cry,
No one rejoice, no one will sigh.

And thus, at intervals throughout the day, similar doleful peals were rung.

On October the 29th, 1857, a Meeting of the "Brotherhood and Guestling" was held at New Romney. The one previous to this was held in 1829. [105]

These meetings, in ancient times, were of great importance, there being no parliament but this.

The Brotherhood is an assembly of the Cinque Ports and the two Ancient Towns, each sending their Mayor, two Barons, and two Combarons.

The Guestling is an assembly of the above, together with the Mayors, Bailiffs, and a fixed number as above, from the limbs or members of the Ports, not being Barons thereof. This was the only parliament in early times.

When cannon came into use, the State provided a Navy, and that of the Cinque Ports became of little importance, till at last it became extinct; and it appears that this Brotherhood and Guestling also became extinct, having little or no business to do. And if there should ever be another called, it will be a Brotherhood and Guzzling, as it would be useless and absurd to call again this antiquated assembly.

The one recently held was nearly as follows.

The Speaker (Mayor of Hastings), his Chaplain and the Recorder.
[106] Then his Deputies, two Barons (Jurats), and Two Combarons
(Councillors).
Preceded by two Macebearers.

Then followed the Mayors and their Deputies, and Macebearers, of the other four Ports and two Ancient Towns.

Then the Mayors or Bailiffs, and their Deputies, and Macebearers, of the eight Limbs or Members of the above, all in order.

The procession proceeded to Church, which had been fitted up expressly for the occasion, with a large table in the chancel, covered with red baize; around which sat the Mayors and Bailiffs, with their Maces lying before them. The Barons and Combarons in pews near their respective Mayors and Bailiffs.

After Divine Service, the Mayors of the Ports and Ancient Towns held a meeting at the Town Hall, called a Brotherhood; after which the whole of the Mayors, Bailiffs, and Deputies returned to the Church and held a Meeting, called a Brotherhood and Guestling.

Some few were absent on this occasion, which curtailed the procession; but in ancient times, when pageantry was the order [107] of the day, an assembly like this, no doubt was very imposing.

In 1857, Richard Curteis Pomfret, Esq., was appointed High Sheriff for Sussex; the first person in Rye who ever had this high honour conferred upon him.

In 1859, the Corporation allowed buildings to be erected on the

Town Salts (Lucknow Place), which, in 1834, the Corporation gave to the town for a sporting field for *ever*.

Had the Members of the Old Corporation acted so meanly, the heaviest missiles of rhetorical thunder would have been hurled at them, by the present Corporation, for sanctioning such a grant; and I may say they would have richly deserved it.

In 1859, the houses were numbered, and the names of the streets were foolishly altered; as events in history often give the names to streets. For instance, Strand Gate Ward, which history says, ran up the Mint to Jarrett's Yard on one side, and Middle street on the other. The Mint was so named in consequence of money being coined there.

Jarrett's Yard, after the owner's name. Middle street, being in the middle of the town? [108]

But now, the Mint is named High street. Jarrett's Yard, Market Road; Middle street. West street. Here is confusion without benefit or good result. Call Shakespeare's Cliff Palmerston's Height, and it loses its attraction. The same here. Antiquity is all that Rye can boast of. Then why rob it of that?

Now, there are some upon this globe,
We call them Yankee Doodles;
But, you won't find beneath the sun
A place like Rye for Noodles.

Whenever the rulers of the town are aroused from their somnolency, they will not know the names of the streets they live in.

There is a saying, true it is,
Which no one can deny;
It matters not what it may be,
"That's near enough for Rye."

In 1859 a Rifle Corps was formed, and each member "pledged on his honour as a gentleman" to stand by each other in case of invasion. This pledge, I have no doubt, would be as binding as the withes and cords that bound Samson, if the "Philistines" should appear. Like Sir John Falstaff, who considered honour of no account when life was in danger; and if England should ever become the theatre of war, the

major part of [109] these dashing sons of Mars would prefer the back seats, so as to be out of sight and hearing of the performers; yet, when Burns says,

“Who so base as be a slave?
Who would fill a coward’s grave?”

Then the loquacious heroes would answer.

Not one of us, we men of Rye,
We’ll conquer, or we’ll nobly die.

THE RIFLE CORPS OF RYE.

Now Englishmen, brave Englishmen,
The nation of “True Blue,”
If e’er the French should dare to land
That moment they will rue.
For when they see our Rifle Corps,
That noble, fearless band,
Men not afraid to meet a foe,
Like Britons they will stand.

Now, if the French should ever land,
“Peccavi” they will cry,
Soon as they see that noble band,
The Rifle Corps of Rye.

Just see them in their uniform,
Parade on practice night,
The ladies one and all declare
It is a charming sight.

The sweethearts, wives, and grandmamas
United they declare
There’s not a corps beneath the sun
That can with Rye compare.

[110]

Some think this corps will never stand
In battle’s fierce array,
Some think that they, before they’d fight,
Would sooner run away.

Some think this corps of little use,
Others no use at all,
Some think it cannot long remain,

Through pride, they say, 'twill fall.

Now, folks may say whate'er they please,
Make game of them or fun,
For now I say, and no one nay,
Not one of them would run.

Our Rifles they would shoulder arms,
March quickly to the scene,
And then they'd fight with all their might,
For England and her Queen.

A battery we have you know,
And that's without a gun;
But never mind, my worthy friends,
At Hastings there is one.

But by-the-by that one is spik'd,
The French we still defy;
A battery without a gun
"Is near enough for Rye."

I do not vouch for the authenticity of these valorous encomiums which my verses contain; as I am fully convinced that the vain display of uniform and the playing at soldiers are the greatest attraction, far more than that of national importance.

In December, 1859, the battery was again furnished with cannon.

In 1861 the Rye Rifle Corps became defunct, and thus ended the short lived military glory of Rye.

DEATH OF THE GREAT BABY OF RYE.

'Twas in May, fifty-nine,
Now, that was just the time,
A baby was born, by-the-by;
The parents were so proud,
They named him aloud,
The Third Cinque Ports Rifles of Rye.

Now, this dear little son
Was a wonderful one,
A wonderful baby was he;
He made his parents stare,
For soon he did declare
A soldier, a soldier he'd be.

He very soon was seen,
 In a new suit of green,
 With a sword dangling close by his side;
 A rifle then they bought him,
 And marching too they taught him,
 And thus he was nurtured in pride.

For subscriptions they sent,
 And to many they went,
 To whom they thought silly or proud;
 This baby you must know
 Would have it all just so,
 Or else he would bellow out loud.

Of this poor little thing I have heard many sing,
 They call'd him their dear and their pet;
 He squandered away, At last he could not pay,
 So he died as he liv'd, in debt.

[112]

For this poor darling babe,
 When he goes to his grave,
 Drop a tear or heave him a sigh:
 Although nurtur'd in pride,
 May you never deride,
 The Third Cinque Ports Rifles of Rye.

On Wednesday, August 28th, 1861, a Court of Shepway was held at Dover, to install Viscount Palmerston, as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

A procession of the Civic and Municipal authorities of the Cinque Ports and the Ancient Towns was formed at the Keep Yard of Dover Castle, in the following order:

F. Ticehurst, Esq.,	Mayor of Hastings.
G. A. Hill, Esq.,	„ Sandwich.
J. Birmingham, Esq.,	„ Dover.
J. Russell, Esq.,	„ New Romney.
P. Money Penny, Esq.,	„ Hythe.
W. H. Chatterton, Esq.,	„ Rye.
C. Robins, Esq.,	„ Winchelsea.
H. Simmonds, Esq.,	Bailiff, Seaford.
T. Arcoll, Esq.,	„ Pevensy.
W. Wightwick, Esq.,	Mayor Folkstone.
S. Johnson, Esq.,	„ Faversham.
E. Cox, Esq.,	Bailiff Lydd.

V. Pomfret, Esq.,
 C. Chaplain, Esq.,
 J. Standing, Esq.,

Mayor Tenterden.
 „ Deal.
 „ Margate.

Outside the Castle were stationed the Cinque Ports Artillery, Marine Artillery [113] and Rifles, who joined in the Procession, which was nearly a mile in length. From the Castle to the Drop Redoubt (the place of Installation), the streets were lined with soldiers.

The last public Installation was that of the Duke of Dorset, in 1765.

It appears that this Court was in existence in the reign of Henry III, when it was a kind of assize. Formerly a Justice or Judge presided over this Court, to settle various law suits belonging to the Cinque Ports. After that, it was presided over by the Lord Warden, who was assisted by the Mayors, Bailiffs, and Jurats of the Ports; and against their decision there was but one appeal, and that was to the Crown.

In ancient times, the Lord Warden was intrusted with the custody of the Castle, which was considered to be the lock and key of the Kingdom, and the other Ports, the Wards thereof, and the two Ancient Towns, made it “patent.”

The Livery worn by the Lord Warden consisted of a blue dress coat with scarlet collar and cuffs. [114]

A great portion of this office is become virtually defunct, for the ancient “liberties, usages, and customs” of the Cinque Ports are, by the great innovator, time, become almost obsolete.

In 1861, a Marine Artillery Corps was formed.

Witchcraft, but a few years ago, was believed in by many here; and, up to the present time, it is so by some. To substantiate their belief, they prove by Scripture that there was witchcraft in the days of Inspiration, and why not in these days of adulterated religion. In Huckstep’s Row a horseshoe is placed over the front-door of one of the houses, and one of the inhabitants of the Row, a shoemaker, who could not readily procure a horseshoe, nailed two shoe-clips on the sill of his front-door, to prevent being bewitched. There are several other instances of this occult power; but unbelief has removed many of those, supposed, powerful signs. It appears that those witches are

of the aristocratic race, as they never attempt an entrance only at the front-door. Even amongst ship-owners and masters of vessels [115] there remains to this day a superstitious notion. They will not allow a vessel to be launched on a Friday on any account whatever, it being considered an unlucky day. Like Lord Byron and Napoleon, who both objected to commence a journey or enter upon any serious affair on a Friday.

On Election days, when the old Tory dynasty reigned unmolested, Silver Garlands, composed of plate borrowed of the inhabitants, were displayed in the following order; Six Garlands of various devices, each carried by four young women, two on each side, dressed in white gowns and caps, and on each side walked a young man, dressed in nankeen trousers and a white plaited shirt, bareheaded, each with a wand, acting as guards. They started from the Court Hall down Lion street, and up to Mountsfield, escorted by two or three musicians.

Water was, on those days, turned into wine; that is, wine ran from the pump.

On the Sabbath all shops are closed, this is showing a great respect for the day, which would lead many to the conclusion that the inhabitants were strictly religious but experience tells a different tale. [116]

“Do as you would have others do”
Ah! that is all my eye.
Now, that may do for other towns,
’Twill never do for Rye.

For many of the inhabitants deem it

“Far worse to whistle on a Sunday,
Than cheat their neighbours on a Monday.”
Of hypocrites plenty we have,
Of God-fearing people not so;
And God-loving people, I think,
Not far in the units will go.

Rye, with about 5000 inhabitants, for sterling intellect, or great men, is as bare as trees are of foliage in winter. It has but one (Mr. Holloway), who is the only star of any magnitude shining in its

hemisphere, whom Rye is proud of; a man who has been, and still is, one of the most consistent men of Rye; and his honest and straightforward intentions have caused many base men to strive to defame his character; but they have striven in vain. His harangues are in a mild tone, with a certain degree of candour, conscientiousness, and patriotism; and as the poet says,

“’Tis he whose every thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves,
Whose gen’rous tongue disdains to speak
The things his heart disproves.”

It is somewhat curious to relate that almost every merchant, tradesman, farmer, and the pa and ma gentry, sprang from humble parentage. And yet, any one now in the same humble circumstances would, by the above, be considered to mean to be noticed, being of “low origin.”

Pride, pride it is a silly thing,
Yet, here ’tis carried high;
Few are the towns, in this respect,
I think, can vie with Rye.

The humbler and higher classes, generally, would not do for trainers of morality; and as for their wisdom it is not very attractive.

Rye has a biography of three men, the rarest occurrence on record, whose profession was more lawful than honourable; for few who follow that profession are truly respected; even in the days of Christ they were held in detestation.

Mr. Holloway, in his history, says, Mr. Woollett, a lawyer, was deservedly esteemed for his charity, benevolence, and liberality.

In 1840 Mr. Thomas Proctor, lawyer, died, having filled the office of Town Clerk for many years under the old and new Corporation. [118] His name will long remain memorable through his humane and generous conduct. No bullying, no browbeating, no “hungering or thirsting” after fees.

In 1852: Mr. John Lardner, a retired lawyer, died. He set as little value on money as anyone; and his whole life, from manhood, was spent in carrying out the poet’s affirmation.

“Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
He is a fool, his whole life long.”

He was an enemy to those who abused dumb animals, and the only one who possessed moral courage enough to show his disapprobation, by bringing them before a magistrate.

Mr. Lardner often, in a jocose mood, said, he was not rogue enough to be a lawyer; he, therefore, left it to his partner to carry out that principle of which he was deficient.

There is a saying oft we hear,
’Tis true unto the letter,
When e’er the old one he is gone,
There seldom comes a better.

The above is an eventful paragraph; perhaps never met with before, and never to occur again. [119]

Exceptions to a general rule
I find them now and then;
Here’s one, three Lawyers liv’d and died
All good and honest men.

Those who knew the latter two will bear me out when I say here is no fulsome adulations lavished upon the dead, in hopes to please the living.

About twenty years since there resided here one William Wood, a person sharp in his remarks, which were not always pleasing to some, there being a little too much of truth in them. His wife had a great antipathy to the degrading manner of announcing the death of a poor person, by the tolling of the little bell and whenever she heard that tinkling sound she would request her William not to have it whenever she should die.

William, to convince her that she might rest perfectly satisfied in that respect, used to say, No, Bet, you shall have all eight; and in consequence of which he composed the following lines.

The little bell became the knell
To some departed soul,
Poor Bet was sick and like to die.
Was griev’d to hear it toll.

[120]

Says Bet, to Will, come listen now,
If death should on me wait,
Don't let me have the little bell,
Says Will, you shall have eight.

Poor Betty very often made to free with "Johnny Barleycorn," which prudence considered to be very disgraceful in a lady; and many of William's friends would often suggest plans in this case. William's reply was, Every body knows what to do with a drunken wife, except those who have one.

Here lies poor old W. W.
Who'll never more trouble you, trouble you.

ANECDOTES.

The following anecdote is often told, and when told by a good mimic, generally raises the risibility of those who hear it.

Mr. Jeremiah Curteis, grandfather of Major Curteis, was a lawyer, who had a very queer squeaking voice, which is generally imitated by those who relate the following story.

A countryman, and a green looking one too, went to the aforesaid lawyer for "a little advice." After he had received the same he inquired what the charge was. The reply was, you being a labouring man I shall charge you only half price. Thank you, Sir, said the applicant, making a very low awkward bow, at the same time inquiring how much that was, 3*s.* 4*d.* says the lawyer, Well, Sir, I suppose you will have no objection to throwing off the odd money, says the green looking one. No, not in the least, exclaims the lawyer. He then fumbles over his money in his breeches-pocket, and at last put on the desk 4*d.* and thanked the lawyer, who first seemed at a loss; but finding [122] out his error, squeaked out, "Done by a countryman, by God."

The Verger of Rye Church, Wm. Apps, sen., used often to tell the following story, which, in his dry and droll manner of relating it, produced convulsive laughter. He said, once I was requested to attend a confirmation at Winchelsea. I proceeded in my sacerdotal dress, which was just presented to me by the Parish of Rye. It was a splendid black cloak, fringed all over, and a large three cornered ornamented hat with two amazing large tassels, suspended at two of the corners, dangling about like the great dolls used as a sign at rag and bottle shops.

Being thus fully equipped, I marched to my destination, accompanied by the Parish Clerk. When I arrived at Winchelsea Gateway, a great number of people was waiting, for by the help of a spyglass I was observed long before I arrived. Several conjectures were afloat who or what I could be. I was not the Bishop, no, but I was considered to be some great personage. On my arrival at the entrance of the town I was received with every mark of respect, what some might be [123]

justified in terming “humbug;” that is, the men and boys bowed, and the women and girls courtesied. As I passed through the town, I was saluted by all who met me. I proceeded to the Clerk’s residence, here I was received by the Mistress of the house with a very low courtesy and ushered into the parlour to wait for her husband. I asked for the loan of a *brish* to remove the dust from my shoes. It was soon brought, but the kind lady would not allow me to do it; she placed a chair in the middle of the room, and requested me to place my foot thereon, whilst she brisked off the dust. What a kind Mary.

After this I went to the Inn here I was introduced, by the Landlord into the best room, with a deal of bowing and scraping, with “yes, Sir,” and “no, Sir,” for he, like others, considered me some one of importance, and that no one but himself was qualified to wait on so honourable and dignified a guest At last, having satisfied the inward man, I was about to retire, when the Landlord went through all the bowing and scraping evolutions of politeness as he did on my entry. [124]

Having carried out the appearance of being some official of high dignity, I said to the complacent Landlord, don’t you know me? No, Sir, was the reply. Don’t you know Apps who works at Meryon’s brewhouse at Rye? Yes, Sir, said he. I smiled at Boniface, and said, well, I am he. He gazed with astonishment, and seeing it was correct, bawls out in a very undignified tone and temper, so it is.

CHARITIES.

Peacock's School was endowed with an annuity of £4 annually, arising out of the Mermaid Inn, which annuity, in 1758, was redeemed for the sum of £50 and the same was lent (?) to the Trustees of Saunders's School. Here, no doubt, was a little sleight of hand, "change," and £30 were gone for ever. There is also a rent-charge of £32 issuing out of lands called Uplands, Clifflands, Rye Marshes, Gateborough, and Cadborough, in the parish of Rye, for the maintenance of a Schoolmaster.

Saunders's School is endowed with a Farm situated in Rye and Udimore, containing 50 acres, on which remains a mortgage of £250 at 4 per cent, and 12 acres of land in the wet level, Wittersham; but no School-room is provided.

Whilst these Charities were in the power of the Lambs, justice had no control over them. To go into details would fill many pages; but one illustration out of many will suffice to prove the above assertion, that those Charities have been sadly abused. [126]

The above Farm was let to a Freeman for £50 a year, subject to a reduction, for repairs, of about £25 a year, whilst, at the same time, eligible tenants, who were not Freeman, could be found who would give £100 to £130 clear of all deductions. The consequence was those Charities became nearly useless, as for many years the number of scholars did not exceed twenty, notwithstanding Peacock's School was to have fifty and Saunders's seventy. Thus those in valuable institutions became almost suppressed. When redress was sought for, in the Court of Chancery, by Capt. Thomas Clark, a native of Rye, to whom many thanks are due. Eight years elapsed before Chancery gave a decision, and then £900 expenses were to be paid out of the rent of the Farm, at £30 a year for thirty years.

Here is a triumph of Law over Justice,
I think I may justly say,
If Lawyers should to heaven e'er go,
Then this I know full well,
There's not a man, woman, or child
Will ever go to hell.

[127]

In 1721, Mr. John Bradley bequeathed £51 9s. the interest, 5s., to be distributed yearly upon Good-Friday, to the poor of Rye, in bread, as the Minister and Overseers think proper.

In 1730, the Rev. Edward Wilson gave £5, the interest 5s., is disposed off as the above.

Now, both of these Charities, Mr. Thomas Clark, in a work on Rye Charities, insinuates are £5 each yearly, and not 5s. If so, the "Lamb" took a Lion's share.

In 1769, Margaret Horsfield bequeathed £100, the interest to be distributed to sixteen industrious poor of Rye, who should not receive relief from the Parish.

This is paid every, Christmas by the Corporation.

Lady Gower bequeathed £100, the interest to be given to educate children of the poor in Rye.

Alexander Wells gave, by deed, in 1550, a piece of land to the Corporation, without Land Gate, on condition that they erect a certain house and closes, and make a garden adjoining to the said house for ever, for the use of the decaying, the sick, the diseased, the feeble, and the infirm, to be constituted as a [128] place of relief and a hospital for ever, to which the Corporation acquiesced.

The house was built, and in 1784 was pulled down, and two cottages built thereupon for poor widows to reside in rent free.

In front of the cottages was inscribed "Rebuilt by the Corporation, A.D. 1784. Thomas Lamb, Esq., Mayor, on ground given by Alexander Wells, Jurat, 1550."

It appears that this ground, originally, was as much more by measurement as it was when the two cottages were built; thus like unto Charities in olden times, it "diminished."

In former times, the land now belonging to Mountsfield was a place

where fishermen usually dried their nets; and it was supposed that it was given by Alexander Wells, as certain lands were given by him for the benefit of the sick and infirmed poor, but the Corporation would not state where they were, as they produced no rent.

This is the nature of most men,
Whether they're low or high;
And he who acts an honest part
Most likely poor will die.

[129]

BENEFIT SOCIETIES.

The first Benefit Society held in Rye, of which any account can be ascertained, was in the last century; for in the Church accounts it says, "The Churchwardens borrowed, in 1762, of the Benefit Society of Rye, £80 and paid it back in 1764."

The oldest now is the Freemasons (Wellington). It was opened in 1811, at the London Trader Inn. It has about 12 contributing members, and is now held at the Cinque Ports' Arms Hotel.

The Ancient Order of Odd Fellows (Phoenix) was opened in 1823, at the Cinque Ports' Arms Hotel. It has about 170 members, and is now held at the Red Lion Inn.

The Ancient Towns' Benefit Society was established in 1828, at the London Trader Inn. It has been twice dissolved and shared out, and again formed into a Society under the same name. It has about 135 members, and is now held at the Cinque Ports' Arms Hotel.

The Albion Benefit Society has about 20 members, and the Triennial Benefit Society has about 15 members. These societies were [130] formerly but one, called the Albion, was established in 1837, at the Queen Adelaide Inn. The Albion is now held at the Bedford Arms Inn, and the Triennial at the Crown Inn.

The Mechanic's Benefit Society was established in 1838, at the Horse and Groom Inn. It has about 40 members, and is now held at the Queen's Head Inn. This Society will not have honorary members. The Manchester Order of Odd Fellows (Prince of Wales) was opened in

1842, at the London Trader Inn. It has about 115 members, and is now held at the Red Lion Inn. *

*A few remarks, by way of caution, to those who do not understand the working of this society. I joined this Order in 1822, in Brighton. I belonged to this Lodge, and after a few years was expelled; and that without having any notice that I had committed myself in any way whatever. I was neither allowed to hear the charge nor to defend it.

The Mariners' Benefit Society was established in 1843 at the Hope and Anchor Inn. It has about 30 members, and is now held at the Crown Inn. [131]

The Hastings Branch Benefit Society was established in 1855, at the Hope and Anchor Inn. It has about 20 members, and is now held at the Bedford Arms Inn.

The Foresters (Friars) was opened in 1855, at the New Inn, Winchelsea. It has about 80 members, and is now held at the Cinque Ports' Arms Hotel.

The Foresters (Harold) was opened in 1855, at the London Trader Inn. It has about 115 members, and is now held at the Red Lion Inn.

The Economical Benefit Society was established in 1853, at the Baptist Chapel, and is held at the same place. It has about 30 members.

The Unity Benefit Society was established in 1859, at the London Trader Inn, and is held at the same place. It has about 35 members. Making a total of above 800 members.

On the 24th of June, 1858, a grand demonstration of unity was displayed, which never occurred in Rye before.

The Manchester Unity and the Ancient Order of Odd Fellows, the Ancient Order of Foresters, and the Mechanics Benefit Society [132] united in one grand and pleasing Procession in the following order.

The Manchester Unity, the members in full regalia, preceded by their splendid banner. Then the Ancient Order of Foresters, Court Harold and Court Friars, in full regalia, not gaudy but particularly neat, also

displaying a very handsome banner. Then the Ancient Order of Odd Fellows, wearing the ensignia of the various offices obtained. Then the Mechanics' Benefit Society.

Several flags and banners were carried in the Procession, giving it a gay and cheerful appearance. The Wittersham Band, with its enlivening strains, led the way, whilst the drums and fifes rattled in the rear.

The following is the programme of the route taken by the procession, after starting from the Red Lion Inn.

Down Lion Street, along High Street, up Middle Street, down Mermaid Street, up the Trader Passage, a long Watchbell Street, Pump Street, Market Street, East Street, through the Tower to the Spring Shrubbery, back down Tower Street, along the Rope-walk to the Ferry Inn, back by Alma Place to the Strand, up Mint Street, High Street, and East Street to the Red Lion Inn. [133]

The members of the different Orders, with their friends, dined in the Bowling-green at the Red Lion Inn. President, Mr. Henry Edwards Paine, P.P.G.M. of the 3M.U. Vice P resident, Mr. Joseph Judge, A.O.F.

Here they had "PAINE," yet pleasures found,
This ev'ry one could see;
The Vice declar'd it to be so,
A better "JUDGE" could'nt be.

For a more friendly meeting never was held. Every one seemed happy to see others so; and if there was one real convivial day that Rye can boast of this was the one. Not an unpleasant word escaped the lips, or an evil thought crossed the mind of any one; in fact, it was a feast of friendship, worthy to be recorded and handed down to posterity as an epoch in the history of Rye.

The bells anon, throughout the day,
Sweet sounds they did impart;
Whilst friendship flow'd, without restraint,
In ev'ry brother's heart.

The shops were generally closed, which gave the appearance of a day of mourning rather than a day of rejoicing. The country ladies

seemed much disappointed, having nothing to admire and no one to admire them, [134] as the town, after the Procession, seemed quite deserted.

The meaning of the above cabalistic letter is as follows :

PP.G.M- is Past Provincial Grand Master
M.U. is Manchester Unity.
A.O.F. is Ancient Order of Foresters.

This annual gathering, continues, and each year outvies the past.

May friendship here this day
Be liken'd to the vine,
With tendrils sweet with love
A round each heart entwine.

May friendship like that cloud;
Once small as any hand,
Its genial showers send forth
Over this happy band.

May friendship long exist,
Each passing year outvie,
'Tis like a tender plant,
Which seldom thrives in Rye.

For politics run high,
The wise become insane,
The heart no friendship knows.
'Tis like a sterile plain.

THE
POLITICAL HISTORY
OF RYE



I love to see the man who does disdain
To be a sycophant, or be a slave.
I love to see the man in Freedom's cause
Firm as a rock! that braves each dashing wave!

Previous to the passing of the Reform Bill, Rye was denominated a Pocket Borough; or, what the Reform Bill termed, a Rotten Borough.

The political power of Rye was for many years, fast in the grasp of the Lamb family; and this eventually excited in some an inveterate feeling against them.

Dr. Lamb, up to the passing of the Reform Bill, was patron of the Borough; for which he was well qualified, having a great share of talent, which he used in a mild and pleasing manner; and, as the poet says,

“Not soon provoked, however stung and teased,
And, if perchance made angry, soon appeased.”

It is almost impossible to contemplate his character without a feeling of admiration. He [136] had a good command over a powerful mind; and the amazing influence which he exercised over those who wavered, was great. He possessed a superior intellect, capable of commanding the attachment of his partisans, and of directing their energy to his views.

His eloquence was not to be equalled in this locality, for few men were possessed of more oratorical abilities than he was. In politics, he could paint the Tories almost as angels, and the oppositionists quite the reverse. In his holy calling, he could soften the hardest heart, for his words were so effective, that

“Like feather'd snow,
They melted as they fell.”

He has been reviled and abused by men far less staunch than he was, for he never swerved from what he professed. Although many cannot admire his politics, yet, they cannot despise him. In fact, he is too good to be a Tory.

The smaller the place the hotter the politics, is a saying, the truth of which is apparently confirmed in the Town of Rye. [137]

In 1825 the struggle for political liberty began, and was carried out by Messrs. John Meryon, W. Prosser, and C. Thompson, freemen, and Messrs. W. Holloway, C. Hicks, W. Chatterton, W. Brazier, J. Ellenden, W. Blackman, and several others: some of whom, no doubt, were actuated by the purest motives, that of emancipating their fellow-townsmen, and others, by a desire to appear great and mighty in power.

To oppose the old Tory dynasty of this Borough was dangerous, for law was ever ready to impede justice and involve great expenses on the above-named gentlemen.

Now, those men did not point out the danger to others, but nobly faced it themselves. So They did not say, there and there are the bounds of justice; no, they fearlessly trod on the margin thereof, viewing with abhorrence the corrupt system by which the Town had long been governed.

Their endeavours to overturn the old and corrupt system were compared, by many, to the mouse in the fable, setting free the lion.

Amidst threats on one hand and obstacles on the other those unflinching advocates for [188] freedom pursued their cause; and the noble and patriotic spirit that existed within those men would not brook the deliberate insults that were constantly offered to them whenever they solicited their just and legal rights.

“Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.”

Dr. Lamb turned a deaf ear to the solicitations of his fellow-townsmen; he refused to redress their grievances, though sworn to

“to do justice and maintain truth.” Thus the cause became a desperate one, and adequate means were indispensably necessary to be called into action; for the just indignation of the people became aroused; discontent and confusion spread throughout the town, and the universal feeling which had for ages existed through a fear of offending, was now no more; as all sensible and reflecting men saw that a Corporation reform was necessary. Public and private meetings of the inhabitants often took place, at which various plans were suggested to regain lost privileges, and to overthrow the corrupt system that existed in the Corporate body. [139]

According to the Customal Law, the Mayor was chosen on the first Sunday after the Feast of St. Bartholomew, at the Cross in the Churchyard, near the porch on the South side; and there Mr. John Meryon was, by the householders, elected Mayor according to ancient usage.

On the following Monday, Mr. Meryon, with a host of friends, proceeded to the Court Hall to be sworn in, but that request was refused. The Corporate body elected, as Mayor, a relative of Dr. Lamb, the Rev. W. Dodson, from Lincolnshire, I say, “elected,” it might be called so; but it was only a farce.

Men long in office or in power often lose that energetic spirit which they feel on first entering into office. So with the major part of the old freemen, who fell into a state of apathy, by being put into places of emolument or favour; thus they were easily wheedled to support any measure, or give weight to any scheme of their reverend leader; bartering, or not valuing, their independence, and becoming less likely to rebel.

Now came the tug of war. Cabinet councils were held, plans were submitted, and [140] schemes were suggested. At length they resolved to storm the strong-hold, the Court Hall.

On the 18th of October, 1825, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the friends of Mr. Meryon, the advocates of reform, met at the Red Lion Inn, where the plan of attack was duly arranged. Mr. John Waters, Gunsmith, was appointed to pick the lock of the iron gate, leading into the market; this was soon accomplished, without causing any suspicion.

Mr. Charles Laurence, Painter, was next dispatched with his “scaling” ladder to the back part of the Court Hall, to remove a pane of glass, then to open the window and enter, and then to unbolt the upper and lower doors; this, also, was done. The word was given to all assembled to proceed and take possession of the Court Hall. It was immediately done, and the record-chest ransacked.

Here, documents doomed to everlasting security were exposed and copied. One of which was as follows:

“A written agreement was entered into on the 22nd of November, 1758, whereby James Lambe, Chiswell Slade, William Davis, Thomas Lambe, and Needlen [141] Chamberlain Watson, of the Corporation of Rye, agreed with each other to exert themselves for the benefit of each other, for the good and advantage of the Corporation in general; not to make application to Government for any place without the privity and consent of all; not to make interest, or vote for any Member to represent them in Parliament without the knowledge and approbation of all; each of them, when Mayor, to consult with the others as to whom he should call to his assistance as jurats, and nominate as freemen; to oppose any person being elected freeman who was not approved by all; to use their best endeavours to make the said C. Slade the next Mayor, the said T. Lambe the next, the said W. Davis the next, the said J. Lambe the next, and the said N. C. Watson the next; that when either Lambes was Mayor, to appoint one of the other three Deputy-Mayor. The said J. Lambe and C. Slade to divide all profits to arise from the Collector of the Customs having any of their warehouses, storehouses, ships, lighters, boats or vessels, a fifth part being allowed to the owners for the rent or the usual hire for the same; and in case either of them, the said C. Slade and J. Lambe, should agree to do any work or find any materials for the Corporation or the Commissioners of Rye Harbour, the other might have liberty to do half the work; and all breaches of this item to be submitted to a majority of the subscribing parties; and, lastly, as to all the items and agreements, that they should be secret, and neither of them should divulge, disclose, or make it known to any person.”

Lord Elden’s words would be very applicable as an appendage to this precious document, [142] who, when speaking of a Corporation said, “It has neither a body to be kicked, nor a soul to be saved.”

The whole town was in a state of uproar, no one seemed to believe what he heard, and scarcely what he saw.

The Town Clerk, Mr. Thomas Procter, soon arrived, and requested Mr. Meryon and his supporters, in the most friendly manner, to retire, and give up possession, for fear of consequences; they smiled

and thanked him for his friendly advice.

Rye now began to merge from "utter darkness into marvellous light." It was no longer as a candle "hid under a bushel," but as a "city set upon a hill." Its unheard boldness and bravery was heralded throughout the kingdom; for in every journal "Rye" occupied a considerable space.

The noble spirit of the men of Rye invigorated the spirits of others. The foundation of the rotten boroughs began to shake, and a desire for reforming the boroughmongering system universally prevailed.

The next day was the general gaol delivery. At the usual time of opening the Court, [143] the Mayor and Jurats, chosen by the Town, clad in robes of scarlet, occupied the Bench, ready to administer justice to all.

The following persons composed the New Corporation.

Mayor.

Mr. John Meryon.

Jurats.

Mr. Stains Brocket Chamberlain (now Brocket),
Mr. William Holloway, Mr. Charles Hicks, Mr. George Thompson, Mr.
William Prosser, Mr. William Chatterton, Mr. William Brazier, Mr. James
Ellenden, Mr. William Blackman.
Town Clerk.— Mr. James Miller.
Chamberlain.— Mr. James Blake.

Sergeants at Mace.

Messrs. Edward Barnes and James Thomas.

Crier, — Mr. James King.

The old party also attended, headed by Dr. Lamb, followed by their reverend Mayor, demanding of those in scarlet by what authority they sat there, and that the Bench might be given up to them. The answer not being satisfactory, Dr. Lamb announced that they should adjourn to Mountsfield, where any one having any magisterial business was to attend.

Rye had, during six weeks, two Mayors

Here justice and law
Were extinct for a times

[144]

As no one was known
To commit the least crime.
No Policemen had we,
No trials nor cares,
Oh! that was the time
When we had our two Mayors.

One inquest was held by the Mayor of the reforming party, on the body of a man who hung himself.

The Old Corporation regained by law their old and corrupt station; and, when given up, Mr. Holloway assured them that every document was safely replaced, and that not one was lost or destroyed by fire, alluding to a number of writings being previously burnt by order of the Chamberlain.

After this the townsfolks formed themselves into a Society, denominated the "Independent Association," held at the Red Lion Inn; and their motto was

"Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not,
Who would be free, himself must strike the blow?"

And their favourite toast was,

A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together.

Petitions were sent, from this Association, to the King, Lords, and Commons, beseeching them to take into consideration the injustice of any man to be legally allowed to barter [145] the rights and privileges of the inhabitants of Rye, and seeking for redress of grievances.

Many resolutions were passed in this Association; and one, I here insert, will show how little stability there is in man.

At a meeting of the Rye Independent Association, it was agreed by *every* member to wear, as a symbol, ribbons of scarlet and blue in the buttonhole of the coat, until the day of reform, when every man

should enjoy his rights and privileges. On the following day every member displayed his scarlet and blue, and an enemy might as well have endeavoured to remove the proud colours from the topmast of a British man-of-war, as have attempted to remove the "Scarlet and Blue" from the buttonhole of any member of the Independent Association. This went on for a time; at length, many grew cold in the cause, or interest clashed, so out came the colours, till at last it was worn by one only and that was myself, who wore it till Reform was obtained.

Soon after the formation of this Association a General Election took place. The Candidates [146] were Messrs. Richard Arkwright and Henry Bonham, for the Corporation, and Messrs. Benjamin Smith and Stanes Brocket Chamberlain, for the Town. The former two were returned, as the votes of householders were rejected.

The two Members, of the Town's choice, carried their cause into the King's Bench, and were defeated.

In the early part of 1830, one of the Members died, and a new writ was issued, when Colonel De Lacy Evans, without fame or influence in this forlorn hope, offered himself to the Town; and Mr. Philip Pusey to the Corporation. Mr. Pusey was returned, as the votes given to Colonel Evans were rejected.

The return of Mr. Pusey was petitioned against, and in May following Colonel Evans took his seat in Parliament.

This triumph of justice produced the greatest joy conceivable amongst the men of Rye, and I may add amongst the ladies too as well.

On the 16th of June following, Colonel Evans made his triumphant entry into Rye. It was a day on purpose, as several previous ones were ushered in by torrents of rain; but [147] on the morning of that day nature seemed to smile; the clouds dispersed, the sun, in all its splendour, shone throughout the day; and what was more remarkable it was for that day only.

Here four handsome grey horses were attached to his carriage, the postillions having blue jackets and caps. A band of music and colours

in profusion, with appropriate devices inscribed thereon, added life to the proceedings. [148]

The cavalcade, headed by a man in armour, moved slowly on, amidst one continued round of cheering; and when opposite Mountsfield, the residence of Dr. Lamb, the cheering of triumph became deafening. Land Gate, opposite the Square, a splendid triumphal arch was erected, of evergreens and flowers; on the top was an alcove, in which sat a pretty, interesting looking little girl (Mary Ann Gasson) who delivered the following rhyming address to Colonel Evans.

“Long we’ve worn these galling shackles,
 Long our rights they took away,
 Till brave Evans came amongst us,
 Broke our chains and set us free.
 Let the sons of Slavery wear them,
 We disdain to put them on;
 Now, we’re free! my honest townsmen,
 See! our shackles broke and gone.”

Then dropping into his carriage a resemblance of chains, broken, intending to convey to the welcome visitor that he had set free the men of Rye.

On passing through the Tower, a great number of fowlingpieces, not sparingly loaded, were discharged. The procession paraded the town, which seemed nearly covered with blue, for

In every street throughout the town,
 There hung the favourite hue;
 A cross the streets most proudly wav’d
 The favourite colour “Blue.”

The ladies were bedecked with blue, yet no one looked blue except the adherents of Dr. Lamb. After parading the town they proceeded to the Pole Marsh, where a sumptuous entertainment was provided, to celebrate the triumphant return of Colonel Evans to Parliament.

The bells sent forth their stirring peals,
 Joy beam’d in ev’ry eye,
 Throughout the day they seem’d to say,
 Evans! and victory!

And, to sum up the whole, it was a happy day.

The Sluice at Scot's Float was a beam in the eyes of the inhabitants of Rye; and to remove this evil was the determination of many, as a late Act of Parliament for the accomplishment of certain alterations had not been performed.

In the evening of the 26th of April, 1830; the Town Band proceeded to the Sluice, and a small number of the inhabitants accompanied the musical detachment. Here "Johnny Barleycorn," with his volubility, and his [150] mighty and unrivalled power, induced a few to attack the Sluice. A despatch was sent to Rye for implements of destruction, and soon a great supply of saws, axes, and crow-bars, with a reinforcement of "Sappers and Miners" arrived, when the work of demolition commenced. By the morning, all the upper works were entirely destroyed, and soon afterwards the bridge. Numbers now proceeded to the scene of action, and several volunteered their services, when the Gates were soon removed, and the beams sawn asunder.

Men, women, and children were, through the agency of Mr. Barleycorn, engaged in this scene.

For three nights and days the Sluice was in possession of the merciless enemy. About noon on the 28th, Herbert Curteis, Esq., M.P., a County Magistrate, proceeded to the spot, and tried to prevail on the populace to desist and to return home, but to no effect; he then read the Riot Act, and this had about the same effect as the Church Liturgy would on a sleepy congregation.

In the evening, Mr. Curteis returned with an armed force of Blockade, and several [151] Landowners on horseback, who took their stand on the broken Bridge. The Riot Act was read again, without having any effect on the tumultuous assembly.

Nearly one thousand people had assembled, many of whom began to arm themselves and prepared for an attack. Things now began to assume a serious aspect, as neither party would withdraw. The Blockade were drawn up, two deep, on part of the broken Bridge, one yard behind them was the water rushing through the Sluice. The people drew up before them, armed with various weapons. Order was now given to foe, by Mr. Curteis. Here ensued a "Bull run," a scene of confusion, men, women, and children running in various

directions, for most of them came to the conclusion, that discretion was the better part of valour, so that any person would suppose they were attempting to verify the old adage,

’Tis he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.

But the order, “fire,” was fortunately not obeyed, and the Blockade retired.

The next day a great number of Blockade [152] proceeded again to the scene of action, whose force was greatly increased by fresh arrivals. In the evenings detachment of Foot Soldiers, from Hythe, arrived; and in the night two troops of horse Soldiers; with this overwhelming force, the populace deemed it prudent to retire.

Several of the leading and most active men were indicted, and compelled to find bail for their appearance at the Assizes at Lewes. The case was removed to the Assizes at Kingston, where they were honourably acquitted.

The above may be considered a war between the Landholders and the Town; but, in those days, the Harbour was every thing and no Candidate for the Borough would think of issuing an address without mentioning the “Harbour,” endeavouring to make people believe that our quays might be lined with ships of all nations and of all sizes; that we should have more business than we could do, and more money than we could spend. Colonel Evans being considered as greatly in favour of improving the Harbour, and using his influence in behalf of those prosecuted [153] for demolishing the Sluice, is the cause of my introducing it amongst the politics of Rye.

In August of the same year, a Dissolutions of Parliament took place, when Messrs. Hugh Duncan Bailie and Francis Robert Bonham were Candidates for the Corporation, and Colonel Evans and Mr. Benjamin Smith for the Town. The former polled 12 freemen (?), the latter upwards of 200 householders. In spite of the late decision of Parliament, the Corporation returned their men.

In 1831 another Dissolution took place, when Messrs. Thomas Pemberton and Philip Pusey offered themselves for the Corporation.

Colonel Evans and Mr. Benjamin Smith had given up all hopes of success; but the Colonel, being very desirous of obtaining a Seat in Parliament, was trying the feelings of the voters of Preston. A few of the "Men of Rye" had not lost sight of him, and being determined that he should be nominated again, proceeded to Preston, by chaise, a distance of 280 miles.

At five o'clock, in the morning, on the day of nomination, a chaise, covered with mud [154] dashed through the ancient gateway, rattled a long the street to the George Hotel, when Colonel Evans made his appearance. The Town was soon in a stir, and a popular excitement in his favour was visible. This induced Dr. Lamb to send for a small detachment of Coast-Guards, to be stationed at Mountsfield. This being the day of nomination, the Court Hall was early besieged. In the course of the morning, a Coast-Guardsman placed himself in front of the Hall, close by the steps facing Lion street, armed; he was immediately seized, and roughly too, taken into the Lion Inn, and afterwards conducted out of town.

The sight of this Coast-Guard, together with the knowledge of there being a party at Mountsfield, and that several members of the Pugilistic fraternity were introduced by the Reverend Patron, raised the ire of the men of Rye, and produced the wildest uproar imaginable.

Here was a picture in a Christian land, produced by Dr. Lamb, who rejected the votes of the scot and lot householder, which Parliament had previously sanctioned; for, [155] when Colonel Evans unseated Mr. Pusey, the Committee of the House of Commons resolved, "That all men residing in the Town of Rye, being householders, paying scot and lot, are free," and by that decision, he, Colonel Evans, took the seat of Mr. Pusey, having the greatest number of votes. But the Doctor treated this decision with contempt, as well as the men of Rye.

Usage like this, and from a Reverend personage, was like adding fuel to fire; and Colonel Evans, wide awake, was not behind in fanning the flame.

The people became very turbulent, and enthusiasm for liberty was raging to madness; and so vehement were they in the expression of

their sentiments, that no one dared to speak evil of Colonel Evans, or in praise of Doctor Lamb.

False rumours were daily circulated, vindictive feelings were kept alive, and animosity created, by the Colonel's party, principally through the medium of the press.

The iron railings of the Court Hall were demolished, and men armed themselves with the same; the stones at the bottom of East [156] Street were pulled up to form a Barricade, and for ammunition too as well; but as the Mayor and his friends approached unguarded, they were allowed to proceed to the Court Hall, the place of nomination, without the least molestation.

This Election was to be by freemen alone; and, be it remembered, that Colonel Evans had only three freemen on his side.

The nomination was one of confusion, and as Dr. Lamb seemed immovable and invulnerable to all attacks, the case became desperate in the extreme. A whirlwind was now sown and a storm was about to be reaped; for in the night, the windows, frames, and shutters of the Bank, the Mayor's, the Town Clerk's, and others, of the old Tory party, were completely smashed.

Fear now appeared visible in several of the old Corporate body, who considered it not safe to venture to the poll. In consequence of which Dr. Lamb's power failed, as the freemen refused to vote, considering it not safe, as the Town seemed determined to have Colonel Evans returned. It was, therefore, about noon that the old party made [157] overtures of peace. Plenipotentiaries were sent, by Colonel Evan's party, to negotiate, which ended in the withdrawal of Mr. Pusey, and the admission of Colonel Evans. But often it will follow

“That these violent delights have violent ends;
And in their triumphs die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume.”

Rye now resounded throughout the country; it became the all absorbing topic of the day; its reformers were toasted in every Town, and in almost every Society, and their daring conduct was greatly admired, and their achievements were hailed with joy by thousands.

Reform was universally discussed and universally demanded, whilst the rotten-borough system shook to its foundation. Petitions were sent to the King, Lords, and Commons, from all quarters, calling loudly for reform. At last the desire of the millions was complied with; but not until Lord Brougham, on his bended knee, beseeched the despotic Lords to sanction the bill so nobly carried in the Commons.

In 1832, this bill became the law of the [158] land, and Dr. Lamb, thereby, became like Samson, who, when he lost his locks lost his power. Although it deprived Rye of one of its members, it added to it an Electoral District, consisting of Winchelsea, Icklesham, Udimore, part of Brede, Peasmarsh, Iden, Playden, East Guldeford, and Broomhill on the Sussex side.

The first list of voters was as follows:—

Rye 217	Udimore 9	Playden 15
Winchelsea 40	Peasmarsh 32	Guldeford 6
Icklesham 29	Iden 16	Part of Brede 6
		Total 369

In December following a general election took place. The polling was in the Cattle Market; and it seemed impossible that any man but Colonel Evans could be returned; and particularly one of the Curteis family, who, with the Ryers, stood not in very high repute.

The Old Corporation being now shorn of its usurpation, it was anticipated that freedom would become universal throughout the Electoral District, but its radiancy soon became dim; the voters, like the chameleon, changed their colours; being more or less loaded with the shackles of dependency. [159]

Here began the turmoil of political convulsion.

Mr. Jeremiah Smith was strongly solicited to take the lead in this forlorn cause, and at last he consented. He then pursued a strict election course; that was, “He took all the good for himself, and left all the harm for his opponents.”

Whilst many on the frenzied height
Of Freedom could not stay;

Reluctantly retrac'd their steps,
Forc'd by compulsion's sway.

At the first registration, Mr. Smith was not inactive in the cause in which he had embarked. In each Parish in the Electoral District he formed a Committee, and was continually holding conferences with them, using his high pressure influence wherever it was required. Hence liberty began to be strangled, and enthusiasm stifled.

The Colonel had unfortunately made a division amongst his old and firm supporters; he, therefore, not only lost their support but their interest also. In fact, it was a suicidal attempt, on his part, to discard his well-trying friends, hoping thereby to gain the Tory support. I should think, if in his military tactics [160] he were not more cute than he was in his political camp, he never ought to meet with promotion in the army.

The Tories did not like the Colonel, and would not vote for him on any account whatever; whilst, on the other hand, the Curteis family possessed extensive property, great influence, and many friends in the neighbourhood. The Bank influence was very great, and very strict, as no one dared to vote for Colonel Evans who was receiving favours from that source. I, no doubt, shall offend, when I say his Committee was formed of men of little or no influence; composed of light weight friends.

I say this without any disparagement of them; it being visible to all that the rich will always be the possessors of power.

Colonel Evans was opposed by Captain Edward Barrett Curteis; whereby a great excitement was produced, by having him forced on an exasperated constituency.

The Captain opened all the public houses, except two, in the District, for many days previously to the election; and every voter and friend of his were unsparingly regaled. [161]

This drew many lovers of the belly from the principle that they professed; and, looking into the "*golden kaleidoscope*" they became bewildered with the different changes, and felt desirous of being changed themselves; and thus, many became degenerated; and, perhaps, as the poet says,

“At Gold’s bewitching charms the franchise flies,
The meaner sell it, and the rich man buys.”

But there was one, although poor in pocket, was rich in principle, who never swerved from supporting and advocating reform and free trade; in this he stood second to none. Few, if any, ran through a series of years of trial like unto this man, Edward Easton, Saddler.

On each day of the election there were about 300 special constables, some to protect one side and some the other. From those protectors of the peace much alarm was anticipated, each one being arrived with a large bat; and when in marching order, they appeared to be more for war than for peace.

Great numbers of eggs were thrown at and amongst the friends of Captain Curteis; and, like the way of the world, he who has plenty [162] of this world’s goods will have the most given to him. This was the case with Mr. Smith, the Wellington of the day, who had more than his share; but many thought, no more than he deserved; for he had rendered himself particularly obnoxious by his zeal in the cause of Captain Curteis.

Over the door of the School, opposite Lion Street, an opening was made and a platform erected for Colonel Evans to address his friends from, and to bully those who opposed him. Now, this was more of a bounce than otherwise, for the Captain was not to be frightened into obedience, nor bullied into submission. The Borough was open and free to be contended for by any one. If Colonel Evans was to hold it by intimidation, it might as well have remained as heretofore.

After two days’ strenuous efforts, on both sides, the result of the poll was, for Colonel Evans 128. Captain Curteis 162.

Majority for the Captain 34. But had the ballot been introduced, the Colonel would have been triumphantly elected; without which, elections are a negative and a mockery. Liberty, in a certain sense, is only theoretical [163] producing practically an extinction of an Englishman’s rights.

When shall man be independent?
Ah! when shall man be always free?

Give him only once the Ballot!
Then, there's an end to tyranny.

Threats and promises shall vanish,
Coercion then shall be no more,
Then shall man be free for ever,
A blessing never known before.

Then, and not till then, will darkness pass a way, and the rule of right be better understood.

At the close of the poll the confusion became very great. The Poll-book was destroyed, and fear was anticipated that it might end in some serious result. Here the old adage was fully verified, and very much to the satisfaction of the "peaceable" assembly that, "after a storm comes a calm." Colonel Evans soon retired from the conflicting scene, discarding every friend as well as foe. The fact is, disguise it as any one may, he was a popularity-hunting man. He inflated the people of Rye with his fiery speeches, inflaming their passions, and perverting their reason; causing them to soar above the height of prudence, and extend beyond the bounds of reason, [164] then rejecting them, by saying they had used him ill. This was Irish gratitude for English fidelity.

Both Candidates were considered to be Liberals, but neither of them had any more claim to liberalism than an hypocrite has to piety. Colonel Evans, when he first offered himself as a Candidate for the Borough, was a nondescript, neither Tory, Whig, nor Radical. As for Captain Curteis, he, like many others, started under false colours, and has long since proved himself to be an inveterate political tyrant. He has outlived his reputation, and cancelled all political confidence.

Both Tories and Whigs suspect him, as no one can place reliance in such an oscillating politician.

Some may be desirous to know if I had a vote, and for whom I voted? To the first question, yes; to the second, Colonel Evans.

As the amelioration of mankind is at all times satisfactory, so the opening of the Borough was considered just. It assumed the form of a benefit conferred, by removing many obstacles, and granting a right which the inhabitants heretofore never enjoyed. It [165] brought the

mind and disposition of many out in full relieve, as the dawn of morning presents to view objects which had heretofore been concealed in utter darkness. So with the men of Rye, the rank Tory became a Whig to gain office : the Radical soon lost his fierceness, and became docile as a "Lamb."

There were anxious feelings displayed by many, to displace one set of men from power and to place another in their stead; and since, like the frogs in the fable, have desired that those whom they once rejected might reign over them again.

The Reform Bill created an active sensation in the minds of many; it gave them a vote without a power to exercise it; it held out many promises which could never be realized; it created several grades of officers, calculated for two purposes, first, to place those pleased with office into office, and, second, to give power to those in power; it created a number of voters, denominated Burgesses, who vote for a smaller number termed Councillors, men, who in return, by way of a compliment, present annually a Borough Rate. These men elect the Mayor and Aldermen, [109] shake them by the hand, converse with them freely, and are invited to all festivals.

These honours are so enchanting, so overpowering, that they forget the time when they declared that "Lambs were Lions," and that the "Family Compact" should be broken. Mr. Smith, after the triumph over Colonel Evans, was not remiss, in the cause he had undertaken; and, to make it firm, he turned his attention to the Municipal Government of the Borough. He had now fixed his whole soul, mind, and thought on it, so that nothing could detach him from it, or deter him. The Reform Bill destroyed the Family Compact, and he used every means in his power to establish another; and, in this he succeeded.

He raised up persons, without ability to the highest pinnacle of power, and placed persons in office to suit his purpose.

Now, soon as full power was attained, the old system began to revive, serving to show the true nature of man, particularly so in the reforming party; that is, in selecting, through favouritism, exclusiveness, and selfishness men of little minds or who had no minds at all; men easily turned, easily gained to support [167] a

system once denounced by them as unjust; which was, to confine the power and privileges amongst the chosen few.

Although Mr. Smith had not the absolute power of the Reverend exnominee, he had a power by which what he willed was performed; for he seemed to acquire an uncontrollable influence over the Voters, Burgesses, Councilmen, and *sometimes* the Mayor; and, as Mr. Holloway expressed himself, respecting Mr. Procter, the Mayor under the old dynasty, "He certainly occupied the throne, but, as is often the case, there was a power behind greater than that on the throne," for almost every Overseer, Guardian, Harbour Commissioner, Councillor, or Mayor was chosen or elected as he desired; for he, like a Colossus, bestrode the Borough, and the road to honour and office was within his stride.

At times some one would appear to be a *little* independent, but a jerk of the rein, or a snap of the whip, set the unruly animal right a gain.

Many of those who were once supposed to be honest partisans, might have been likened [168] to a man in a crowd, who wishing to get forward, shouts out, "Push along." But when he arrives at his destination, or obtains his object, he peremptorily demands, "What are you pushing about? eh!"

They're like the bees, they cease their hums,
When in the flow'r the honey comes.

The fact is, most men talk too much when out of office, and do too little when in; for

Man is but a selfish creature,
In pow'r 'tis daily shown;
When out, he's for the many.
When in, for self alone.

There seems to be an invisible influence acting upon the mind of man, which fills him with ambitious motives and desires, causing him to be ever ready to acquiesce and bow to the will of any dictator, so that office may be obtained; or, as the Poet says,

Pleas'd to the last he crops his flow'ry food,
And fawns upon the hand that takes his blood.

I have seen many men, heart and hand in the cause of freedom, now

degraded by their ambitious leaders, who, soon as they had obtained ambition's height, kicked away the ladder, not caring on whom it fell.

Swift said, "Party was the madness of the many [169] for the benefit of the few." How rightly was this assertion verified by many who opposed the old Corporation and supported the new; and who have suffered oppression under the

"Proud man's contumely,"

which has often made them feel the full weight of the Poet's ideas, when he said,

Better to bear the ills we have
Than fly to others that we wot not of.

But still, it is the duty of all to assist in a good cause.

Mr. Smith was now considered to be the patron of the Borough and king of the Electoral District; and though he has had many rebels and traitors to contend with, he still proudly maintains his high position.

In 1834, an election took place, when Capt. Curteis was opposed by Capt. Money Penny. In this contest Capt. Curteis was returned.

In 1837, another election took place, when H. B. Curteis offered himself in room of his brother, and was opposed by Capt. Money Penny, and Mr. Farncomb, of London.

This election was somewhat like the Fable of the Lion, Tiger, and Fox; whilst the [170] two former were disagreeing about their prey, the Fox seized the booty. Mr. Curteis and Mr. Smith differed about some financial affairs; in consequence of which Mr. Farncomb was introduced, when Captain Money Penny came forward and was honourably elected.

Many supposed that Mr. Smith was making this a Pocket Borough, as it was before the passing of the Reform Bill; but, if the balance sheet was inspected, it would, no doubt, prove to the contrary.

Many a knotty piece of string

He had to match and join;
 And for his pains, no doubt, he got
 By far more kicks than coin.

In 1842, an election took place, when H. B. Curteis and C. H. Frewen, were candidates. In this contest H. B. Curteis was successful.

In 1847, H. B. Curteis was opposed by Mr. Williams, and returned by a large majority.

In 1849, Mr. Curteis died, and his son, H. M. Curteis, succeeded him.

In 1852, Mr. Smith was busily engaged in returning Mr. W. A. Mackinnon, junior, to [171] Parliament, against Mr. R.C. Pomfret, which he did by a majority of 34.

I shall, without apologizing for making a digression, endeavour to describe a scene which occurred during the canvass and election of Mr. Mackinnon. Public-houses were opened free to all, and the scenes of dissipation were disgraceful; yet the Candidate, like all others, declared that he was a Protestant and a supporter of religion. There were men and women, boys and girls, drunk.

Some were brawling drunk, some crying drunk, some singing drunk, some fighting drunk, some stupid drunk, some cunning drunk, some crazy drunk, and some dead drunk. But the strangest part of this story is, that those who profess to be “not as other men are” should sanction such proceedings; and many now will say, as treating is not sanctioned, that the “good old times” have passed away.

Many, no doubt, who may not know Mr. Smith, would wish to; therefore, a slight sketch of his character may be somewhat interesting. He was born at Cadboro’ Farm, in the Parish of Rye, and was a Farmer and [172] Grazier, and has been the greatest hop and wool grower in the kingdom. He was a thorough business man. His political foes painted him in very dark colours, endeavouring to show him full of faults. His friends were also on the extreme, showing him out in the brightest tints, and making him almost immaculate. Both parties revel in misrepresentations; therefore, truth never fairly appears.

He had his faults, bear that in mind,

If not, how diff'rent from mankind.

He is not free from specks or stains; still, his character will stand the test with friend or foe.

In his Magisterial capacity he acted as leader, dispensing justice sparingly, a too common occurrence in small jurisdictions like Rye. Seeking justice, is, generally, synonymous to the saying of "seeking a needle in a load of hay," resembling the "Wolf and Lamb" justice so frequently practised here.

The system of the "Wolf and Lamb"
Is very prevalent here;
And if by chance you justice get,
You'll have to pay most dear.

In politics he was as Gulliver was amongst the Lilliputians, he carried all before him. His will seemed to be almost omnipotent; as rich and poor bent to his sway. In his efforts to gain an object he excited the admiration of his party, and in all his proceedings commanded respect. In difficulties n ever daunted, and in carrying out his well-planned schemes he used a manly energy.

A more energetic and enterprising man is seldom found.

Once Mr. Smith was, in the estimation of the Tories, a hero; and now they would degrade him to the lowest degree. Once he was considered, by them, to be every thing that a man could be, and now, every thing that a man should not be. His good qualities they show up by the flickering rushlight of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, and his bad ones through a multiplying and magnifying optic in the bright light of noon day, yet, amidst all their puny attacks, he still remained invulnerable.

When he defeated Mr. Pomfret he became the object of Tory hatred. Reviled by this ever persecuting body, who endeavoured by [174] every means, by malice and artfulness, by attacking his public character and his fortune, to compel him to retire and leave the Liberal party without a leader. They would have been pleased to have driven him to desperation and even unto death.

Here is "Loving your neighbour as yourself."

There is a law, and old it is
 And yet not obsolete,
 And to obey what it requires
 With law you'll ever meet.

“Love thy neighbour as thyself.”

But, yet in Rye 'tis very strange
 With those who have the votes,
 Each party they have just that love
 They'd cut each other's throats.

The defeat of Mr. Pomfret became, amongst the Tories, mortifying in the extreme; stung almost to madness, and sunk into despair, they were determined to be avenged, for the inveteracy of their malice became no longer endurable, and, therefore, cried aloud for vengeance.

Here wrathful and deadly enmity sprung up, and, like a volcanic eruption, belched forth with fiery indignation and ungovernable rage; removing the landmarks of friendship amongst the political party. Here [175] the demon of tyranny appeared, and the extent of his evil inclination knew no bounds.

The first step taken by the Tory party, was to petition Parliament against the return of Mr. Mackinnon, who in consequence vacated his seat.

The next, stung by its Scorpion-tail, was to delineate the true spirit of the “Dog in the manger,” for not being able to disarm Mr. Smith of his power, they were determined, as they could not return Mr. Pomfret, that no one else should be returned. In this spirit they petitioned Parliament to disfranchise the Borough, and the following persons signed the Petition.

Rye.
 R. C. Pomfret, Banker
 T. S. Pix, Banker
 J. Bellingham, Banker
 J. Daniel, Grocer
 J. Lord, Grocer
 W. Hembrey, Grocer
 R. Alee, Auctioneer
 W. Smith, Ship-owner
 H. Whitmarsh, Lawyer

G. Hilder, Ironmonger
 J. E. Newby, Ironmonger
 H. E. Paine,
 W. Atkins, Fellmonger
 G. Walker, Saddler
 J. Sellman, Farmer
 G. Smith, Carpenter
 W. Mills, Carpenter
 I. Parsons, Bookseller
 C. Stewart, Chaplain R.U.
 J. Hayward, Butcher
 R. Lancaster, Pipe Maker
 C. Elliss, Confectioner
 J. Newbery, Tailor
 C. Thomas, Senior, Tailor
 E. Featherstone, Baker
 E. J. Heath
 J. Adamson, Surgeon
 W. Golden, Draper

[176]

Plavden.
 S. Elliott, Farmer

Guldeford.
 S. H. Chapman, Brewer

Udimore.
 W. Fuller, Farmer
 J. Woodhams, Farmer
 P.D. Stonham, Miller

J. Christmas, Innkeeper
 G. Skinner
 R. Chester
 C. Cuff
 E. B. Curteis
 Winchelsea.
 W. Longley, Farmer
 H. Hoad, Farmer
 C. Hill
 R. Paine, Blacksmith
 R. C. Stileman
 G. Blackman, Grocer
 T. Dawes
 J. Claise
 W. G. Marley, Innkeeper

Iden.
 G. A. Lamb, D.D.
 S. Pix, Farmer
 J. Body, Farmer
 J. Catt, Butcher
 J. Hembrey, Miller
 J. Mortimer

Icklesham.
 J. Simmons, Farmer
 J. T. Jenner, Farmer
 H. Farncombe, Farmer

Peasmarsh.
 R. Horton, Farmer
 T. Howard, Farmer
 S. Lawrence

Base men, of Rye, little minded,
 Shame be for ever to each name,
 Once herald over all the world,
 Emblazon'd on the Scroll of Fame.
 Degenerated Sons of Freedom,
 Where will you hide yourselves from shame ?
 Once the boast of bold Reformers,
 Now! a disgrace to that proud name.

At this stage of political improvement it requires progression, and greater development, not retrograding, into slavish fear and tyrannical bondage; but an advancement in reform. Not to disfranchise, but enfranchise [177] in every possible means, and no relaxing till every man can sing, with joy and glee

“Britons never shall be slaves,”

which chorus the above can never appreciate.

This Petition stated that greivous bribery had prevailed not only at the last election, but at all preceding elections. This, to the honour of Rye, is as false as to say that “black is white,” for the majority in favour of the Liberal cause was so great, that bribery could be of no avail, unless on the Tory side. Some of the elections were not even contested; consequently there could be no bribery. This assertion was absolutely ridiculous, only serving to illustrate the frantic despair of drowning men catching at unavailing straws.

“A base, despotic band,
Who, to the utmost of their power,
Oppress their native land.”

There was coercion, intimidation, and political intrigues, to an unlimited extent, practised by both parties, which no one can reasonably deny; and there always will be, more or less, in the absence of the ballot.

This Petition was presented by Mr. Bass, who said, “All he desired was to give notice [178] that he should ask leave to introduce a Bill” for the Disfranchisement of the Borough of Rye.

In this unprincipled course of policy Mr. Pomfret stands at the head of the Petition.

And Mr. R. Alee, who was formerly “Orator Puff” soon as Reform was obtained, became as changeable as the wind, who with others, graced this ever memorable memento of everlasting infamy with their signatures.

Here the phial of wrath began pouring on the head of Mr. Smith, as the above proving a failure, they immediately commenced a secret prosecution, to eke out their spite against him; and in that dastardly attempt succeeded.

At the ensuing election, in 1853, Mr. Pomfret again contested the Borough against Mr. Mackinnon, father of the late member.

Mr. Pomfret, at his first nomination, was introduced as a thorough

“Protectionist,” at the next, a “Free Trader.”

This shows what mean tricks man will adopt to gain, what is deemed, honour.

This is somewhat like the Chesapeake that fought the Shannon in the American war. [179] which had a flag with the inscription “Free Trade,” in hopes that it might paralyze the efforts or damp the energy of the Shannon’s crew.

The above introduction of Mr. Pomfret, like the Chesapeake’s flag, had no effect, for, at the close of the poll, a majority of “34” again stared him full in the face; and thus Mr. Smith maintained, his proud pre-eminence over Tory influence.

In this election it was faction, not principle that influenced many of the voters. It is sometimes said, “Men of little minds,” but in this it was “men of no minds.” First vote for a “Protectionist,” then for a “Free Trader,” and for a man who would deprive them of their votes.

Now, if Mr. Pomfret was as liberal in politics as he is in dispensing justice it would have been a disgrace to Rye in rejecting him; for, with the exception of Mr. H. B. Curteis, no Candidate, since the passing of the Reform-Bill, has been so able to represent the Borough as he.

There is an old saying, “Both tarred with one brush,” which applies very forcibly to [180] the above two Candidates, as both were opposed to the Reform Bill. Mr. Mackinnon voted against it in the Commons, and Mr. Pomfret opposed it out.

No one would have dared to predict, when Rye was so strenuous in obtaining reform, that two Candidates of the above description would be so bold as to offer themselves to represent this Borough in Parliament, and that the men of Rye would be so base as the vote for them. Not a Wellington would have been bold enough, or a Nelson daring enough, for Lynch Law would probably have been the result.

In March, 1854, Mr. Smith was convicted, at the Central Criminal Court, of wilful and corrupt perjury, and sentenced to one year’s imprisonment within Newgate Gaol.

The Recorder, in passing sentence, said, That in all probability, if it had not been for your voluntary statement, upon that second occasion, this circumstance never would have been disclosed, or have come to light, and that the real truth never would have been ascertained.

During his confinement, memorials were [181] sent to Her Majesty, praying for a release from confinement, signed by a vast number of Members of Parliament, Merchants, and almost every influential person in the City.

His prison was, in fact, a Court, and Levees were held there daily, as he was visited by throngs of sympathising friends, whose presence proved that

“Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.”

The impression made on the minds of the public was, that Mr. Smith was severely and unjustly treated, and, in a certain sense illegally convicted, as he committed the offence before a Committee of the House of Commons, and acknowledged the same before the Committee, and that that Committee did not see it necessary or just to prosecute; and then that a masked prosecutor, a villanous scoundrel, a black hearted vindictive wretch, a “Judas,” who loved darkness rather than light, a being who had no character to lose, or, as Mr. H. M. Curteis said, on Mr. Smith’s trial, “some sneaking coward, who is afraid of his own name,” backed by a moneyed and avenging enemy, should be allowed [182] to veil himself by using the name of the Queen versus Smith. Now, if this be law, it is a disgraceful law, and he who takes advantage of it is a disgrace to that proud name “English-man.”

Ah, there’s many a one, in ages to come,
Will think of this Judas, the vilest of scum.

Yet the supporters of this prosecution are opposed to the ballot, it looks, they say, unEnglish; they prefer seeing men come forward boldly. Where was their “boldness” then? I think that every noble minded person must be lost for words to express his indignation at this vile proceeding of those cowardly nimrods.

The Tories, to perpetuate this diabolical act, intend that the following epitaph shall be placed on a black marble monument over this "Judas's" grave:

"Here lies the vilest dust of the sinfulest wretch
That ever the devil delayed to fetch;
But the reader will grant it was needless he should,
When he saw he was coming as fast as he could."

Previous to this trial, Major Curteis had obtained from Mr. Smith's confidential Clerk (a strict Wesleyan) a copy of his master's books and papers. This, I should think, was [183] one of the meanest actions on record, especially when his (Mr. Curteis's) wealth and position are considered. Yet, this man is allowed to hold the office of Magistrate, and to pass sentence on those who would shrink from such base and perfidious conduct as the above.

On Thursday, July 27, 1854, a telegram reached Rye, which flew throughout the town; with amazing rapidity. It was as follows:

"Mr. Jeremiah Smith is liberated, by order of Her Majesty. Every member of the jury previously signed a certificate of belief in his innocency."

This news was hailed with a warmth of joy, which no description can give an adequate idea of. The bells rang a joyful peal, verifying the following lines,

"Its noisy belfry
Sends up a salutation to the sky,
As if an army smote their brazen shields,
And shouted victory!"

On the Landgate Tower waved in triumph the British flag. The ships in the harbour, as well as every flag-staff, were decorated with colours. Joy beamed in the countenance of young and old, rich and poor, except a few [184] whose rueful countenances bespoke sadness.

The following is a copy of Her Majesty's Pardon:

Whereas, Jeremiah Smith was, at a Sessions of the Central Criminal Court, holden in March, 1854, convicted of Wilful and Corrupt Perjury, and sentenced to twelve month's imprisonment for the same. We, in

consideration of some circumstances, humbly represented unto Us, are graciously pleased to extend Our grace and mercy unto him, and to grant him Our Free Pardon for the crime of which he stands convicted. Our Will and Pleasure therefore is, that you cause him, the said Jeremiah Smith, to be forthwith discharged out of custody, and for so doing this shall be your warrant.

Given at Our Court, at St. James's, the 26th day of July, 1854, in the eighteenth year of Our reign.

By Her Majesty's Command.
Palmerston.

To Our trusty and well beloved, the Governor of the Gaol of Newgate, and all others whom it may concern.

The Tories, fired with indignation at Justice's gracious act in the liberation of Mr. Smith, the victim of Tory spleen, inquired, in the House of Commons, through a Tory member, if the jury had signed as above, Lord Palmerston's reply was, that he had received, from the jury, the document to which the honourable gentleman referred.

The Lord Chief Baron, in 1861, on the [185] trial of the Rev. Mr. Hatch, said, "A Royal Pardon was a most authoritative declaration that the party had been wrongly convicted, and that he was an innocent man."

There are a few irrational beings, who with their donkeyfied disposition, will not allow that Mr. Smith is a free man. The above, I think, must be a silencer to inveterate obstinacy.

Wednesday, August 9, 1854, a day never to be forgotten, a proud day in the epoch of history, was ushered in by the "Merry fife and drum" and the ringing of bells. It was the day on which Mr. Smith made his entry into Rye, after his release from prison.

Previous to the arrival of the train by which Mr. Smith was expected, the influx of people was very great, as every, surrounding town, village, and hamlet contributed to the number assembled, for the sole purpose of giving him a hearty welcome, in order to evince their detestation of the unmerited punishment he had undergone. With joy they met to welcome him to that home from which he had been so cruelly and unjustly separated. [186]

A splendid Triumphal Arch was erected at the entrance of the

Railroad Station, and an immense number of Flags and Banners were displayed throughout the town. From window to window were stretched many "Welcomes." The ships in the harbour displayed every available inch of bunting, adding to the gaiety of the scene.

On the train's arrival, Mr. Smith was warmly received by the Corporation, who presented an address to him on the occasion. After the ceremony was over he proceeded to his carriage, when the feeling of joy seemed to vibrate at his presence, for no sooner was he seated, than a simultaneous burst of applause ensued, which seemed to rend the air.

Louder and louder grew the thundering din,
Those should bespoke the pleasure felt within.

In fact, I cannot give an adequate conception of the joyous feelings that existed on that occasion.

I wish that all his enemies had been present, as they would then have seen in that reception a direct contradiction to the base calumnies that they had of late so industriously circulated against him. [187]

A Procession being formed, headed by a band playing "Cheer Boys, Cheer," slowly moved towards the Strand, then up the Mint, through the Town to Springfield, the residence of Mr. Smith. Throughout the route the cheering never ceased! In the Procession was a large and handsome Banner, on which was emblazoned a figure treading on a serpent, writhing with pain, representing Justice trampling upon Malice.

If any man ever received an eager and hearty welcome, Mr. Smith did; and if not the proudest day in his lifetime, it was one of the proudest. A day of triumph, accompanied with a spontaneous offering of love and respect, from a vast concourse of warmhearted, sympathizing friends. He not only silenced his enemies, but triumphed over them as well, whilst no stigma can ever be left upon his memory. And that "there is a soul of goodness in things evil," was fully verified, in so much that the triumph was greater than the defeat. So after all, Tory malice only served to gloss over that character which it endeavoured to tarnish. [188]

In time to come there may be an inquiry for what Mr. Smith was

incarcerated. His political enemies say, for perjury; his friends, say, for committing and correcting an error. To the above, Truth gives the following version, and Reason draws the inference.

A dinner was given on the retirement of Mr. Curteis from Parliament, about the payment of which there was much equivocating; so much, that the truth was never fairly revealed, for fear of injuring the return of Mr. Mackinnon as Member for Rye. The dinner was ordered by Mr. Curteis, and he ordered Mr. Smith to pay for it, being his Agent.

Mr. Smith says he never received a shilling from Mr. Mackinnon for it. Mr. Mackinnon says, he did not pay any one for it, but placed the money under a cushion on a sofa, when another person finds it and gives it to Mr. Smith, with which he pays for the dinner, and afterwards acknowledges it. This is a simple explanation of facts, which have been misrepresented by malice and ignorance.

This election was conducted in a thoughtless manner, which over-confidence inspires. [189]

There is an inherent weakness, more or less in all men, and perhaps never shown more than it was in this case. Mr. Smith, like a victorious general, having defeated his enemies in many engagements, seemed quite secure. He, therefore, invited enemies into his political circle to be his guests, and to partake of the hospitality prepared for them, who, in return, communicated to his direful woes the proceedings of his unguarded moments; the result was, Newgate. I know it is written, "Love your enemies," but to love a political enemy, is something like caressing a lion.

In 1857 an Election took place, but widely different from that of Colonel Evans's. In that there was Irish recklessness; in this Scotch calculation, for Mr Mackinnon was returned without opposition.

He, like a sly mouse in a fine Stilton cheese,
Who humbugged the Cats, then sat at his ease.
He can calculate well, a Scotchman is he,
He cajol'd all his foes, and made himself free.

In 1859 Mr. Mackinnon was again returned without opposition.

That patriotic fire, which did each heart inspire,
 No longer burns:
 [190] Amid the toil and strife in this short span of life,
 How many turns.

In 1862 Mr. Smith. became involved in pecuniary difficulties, in consequence of which his long-standing popularity, respecting his political and municipal power, like a dissolving view, began to disappear: so, at last the sceptre, which he had so long swayed, departed from him, and his name appeared no more on the electoral register of voters, to the joy of his enemies and to the regret of his friends.

And whilst in the height of his glory,
 His name was emblazon'd afar,
 Alas! the sceptre departed,
 He fell like a bright shooting star..
 By his friends, lamented he was,
 His foes to rejoicing were led,
 And envy, and hatred, and malice,
 May reign for a while in his stead.

I have endeavoured to produce a history, that is truthful, and free from ambiguity; yet errors and inaccuracies may appear, but, I think there will not be found any of importance.

One thing I would have the reader observe; which is, although I have not spared the Tories collectively, yet, individually there are [191] good and worthy men amongst them, men who have hearts that can feel for another; for I do not believe that all Tories are bad no more than I believe that all Whigs and Radicals are good.

It is said, that we live in an “enlightened age,” but when men give way to rancorous feelings, as they did at the recent contested elections, it is no proof that such is the case. To convince, I select as evidence, a few of the spleenful letter-press stimulants, issued by both parties, which envy named, and to which malice stood sponsor.

Mr. Smith,	King Jeremiah.
Mr. Pomfret,	Poor Richard.
M r. C. Hicks,	Old Charley.
Mr. Whitmarsh.,	Lanky Shark.
Mr. T. H. Payne,	Long Stockings.
Mr. G. Walker,	Laughing Hyaena.

Mr. J. Judge,	Bouncing Joe,
Mr. H. E. Paine,	Brass Knocker.
Mr. J. Christmas,	Jack Holly, or the Fretful Porcupine
Mr. I. Parsons,	Judas.
Mr. J. E. Hunter,	Nimrod (King of the Demons)
Mr. J. Hemmings,	Soapy.
Mr. E. B. Curteis,	Mad Major.

Now, if these two parties were to rival each other only in kindness instead of hatred how much it would prevail to their reciprocal Interest. [192]

I mention this, without intending any personal disrespect, nor to create an unpleasant feeling, but merely to show to future generations' the littleness of men's minds in this "enlightened age."

Slander it is some's delight,
With temper full of ire;
Whose tongues are like a flaming sword,
Whose words are words of fire.

APPENDIX.

1838, October 17, Gas was first introduced.

1862, September 23, the Rev. H. Cooper died. A man who had the respect, of the inhabitants by his gentlemanlike demeanour and non-interference in lay matters, and, I can say, that not a blot can be found on his escutcheon.

His, character I can depict,
In words, and that a few;
He lov'd his neighbour and his God,
And lov'd his belly too.

1862, November 30, the Rev. S. B. Wright entered on his duties. He seems determined to make himself "worthy of his high calling."

He likes to see his parishoners enjoy themselves in mirthful and consistent recreation. [193]

A Game he never did swallow,
And, one thing as pleasing as that,
He never was known, so I've been told,

Not even to strain at a Gnat.

The Prince of Wales's Marriage was celebrated by a royal salute from the Battery, Donkey Racing, Foot Racing, Jumping in Sacks, Climbing Greasy Pole, &c, on the Town Salts, concluding with Fireworks and a Bonfire. Yet, amidst all this Loyalty, Radicalism was, by the Tories, considered to be a crime. No, not for *one* day, and such a day as that, could the bitter feelings of the enemy of all good be allayed.

On such a day, I'm bold to say,
Such conduct ne'er should be;
The Tyrant then should lose his power,
The Slave should then be free.

1863, A Patent Slip-way at the Fishmarket was made.

1863, June 2, A Clock was placed on the Land Gate Tower, At 6 o'clock p.m., it made its first announcement to the public that "time is flying."

Continuation of the list of Mayors, from page 63.

1862, Alexander Bishop Vidler,	Merchant.
1863, George Edwards,	Draper.
1864, Peter Broad,	Tallowchandler

[194]

Continuation of the list of Mayors from page 55.

1862, Robert Curteis Stileman, gent.
1863, Ditto.
1864, Ditto.
1865, Charles Robins, gent.

1865, April 24, A Brotherhood and Guestling was held at New Romney, to appoint a Solicitor for the Cinque Ports.

These lines in truthfulness I've penn'd,
From the beginning to the end.
I know that some will jeer and say,
"I could write better any day;
For who is Clark, who makes this fuss?
We know him well, he's one of us;
In fact, for him this work is well,
But schoolboys now can him excel.

His book, no doubt, if read, you'll find
'Twill only please the little mind;
With little learning, little sense,
Having a share of great pretence :
His writings he may think them clever,
And others too, but we sha'nt never.
Observe.

If I were rich, or were not known,
How diff'rent then would be their tone.
There's prejudice in this bright age,
At it I'll laugh, though it may rage.
For prejudice, now, what care I,
If you kind friends my books will buy.

H. P. CLARK.
June, 1865.

[195]

On July 12th, 1865, terminated the turmoil of a contested election, at which base and unmanly conduct were resorted to; each party condemning the other for such perfidious conduct; but, had either party more influence, more would have been used.

At the close of the poll the numbers were for Capt. Mackinnon	180.
for Col. Macdonald	172.
Majority for Capt. Mackinnon.	8

H. P. CLARK, PRINTER, RYE