

THE EARLY HISTORY OF SUSSEX.¹

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Called once more, as I find myself, to the chair of the Historical Section of this Institute, it becomes my duty, as in other years, to open its proceedings with some words as to the general historical position of the borough and the land in which we are met. And surely, among all the historic lands and sites which many of us have trodden together through so many years, we have never yet made our way into a land whose contributions to the general history of England are greater and richer than those of the land in which we now find ourselves. The kingdom of the South-Saxons lies between a great and historic shire on one side, and a kingdom more ancient and famous than itself on the other. To the left—I speak as one whose eyes are fixed northward—lies the land which holds the ancient capital, to the right lies the land which holds the still abiding metropolis, of the English folk. It might be rash to match the seat of earls at Arundel, the seat of bishops at Chichester, against the seat of kings at Winchester, the seat of patriarchs at Canterbury. And yet the land of the South-Saxons may hold its own in historic interest, even against that oldest Wessex which has taken its shire-name from the southern Hampton, even against the first conquest of the Teutonic vanguard, the land which was won for our folk by the warfare of Hengest and for our faith by the teaching of Augustine. Between the land of the Gewisses and the land of the Cantwaru, the Suthseaxe hold their place on at least equal terms. If I carry the comparison into lands further afield, I have, in other years, led many of you to the historic sites which look out on the Taff, the Exe, the Colne, and the

¹Read at the Annual Meeting of the Archaeological Institute at Lewes, July 31st, 1883, at the Opening of the Historical Section.

Eden. Cardiff can tell its tale of the older folk of the land, conquered indeed but neither cut off nor brought to bondage. Exeter stands as the one great city of the Briton which passed as a great city into the hands of the Englishmen. Colchester can tell its long tale of fights and sieges from the days of Boadicea to the days of Fairfax. Carlisle, alone keeping its unaltered British name, stands as the bulwark which the Norman reared to guard the land which he added to the English realm. All these spots have long and stirring memories; all, be it marked, keep speaking memories of the Briton that was before us. But I cannot hold that any one of them outdoes the tale of this land, a land which may boast itself as more truly English than them all, a land where the only memory of the Briton is the memory of one day of victory and slaughter, when not a Briton was left alive to tell the tale. Another year I weighed in the balance the historic merits of my own *gû* of the Sumorsætan and the great and historic *shire* of the northern Hampton. Stirring is the tale of the land of Cenwealh and of Ælfred, the land that has within it Avalon and Athelney, King Ine's Taunton and Count Robert's Montacute. Stirring too is the tale of the shire where Thomas fought with beasts at Northampton, where Anselm endured rather than strove at Rockingham, the shire which saw the beheading at Fotheringhay and the crowning mercy of Naseby. Yet not even lands like these, not even, as I before said, the land which beheld our two beginnings, the land which saw the two landings at Ebbsfleet, can outdo the historic glories of the South-Saxon land. It might be enough to say that it is the land which holds the hill of Senlac and the hill of Lewes, the spot where England fell with Harold and the spot where she rose again with Simon. If Kent has done more than any other English land for the Making of England, her *Unmaking* and her *Again-making* are the special heirloom of Sussex. And yet the hill of Senlac and the hill of Lewes do but stand forth as historic peaks rising above heights, lower indeed, but which any land might be proud to hold within its borders. Along the endless length of the South-Saxon coast, from Selsey hard by the Jutish island to Rye hard by the Jutish mainland, historic sites

press upon us at every step. Bosham, Chichester, Arundel, Hastings, Winchelsea—the time would fail to tell of all. But here is one spot which may well claim to stand by the side of Lewes, which might almost claim to stand by the side of Senlac. There is the spot which was in sad truth the Norman's path to Senlac, but which we may, in a figure, call the Englishman's path to Lewes. There is perhaps no spot in England of deeper and more varied interest than what is left us of Anderida, than the memories that are called up by all that has happened on that spot since English Pevensey, English West Ham, arose at either end of the forsaken chester. Of that spot I have often written, I have often spoken, on either side of Ocean. But to some the spot itself may be new. To those who know it not, let me tell them that there they will see the history of Britain in a short compass. There, before you make your way to Hastings or to Battle, you will see the landing place of William, the would-be landing place, not of Robert, but of his fleet. It is the spot where one Norman Conquest began and where another Norman Conquest was hindered. But you will see signs of older days than these. There are the abiding memorials of every folk save one that has dwelled or ruled in the land since the beginnings of recorded history. There are the empty walls of the Roman chester; there are the no less empty walls of the Norman castle. There too are the still abiding and not empty homes of Englishmen, the English village, the English borough. The Englishman is there to speak for himself; the Roman and the Norman have left their works to speak for them. The Briton alone gives no sign. There at least he has left no works to speak for him; and Ælle and Cissa took care that he himself should not abide to tell his tale or what they so truly made the Saxon Shore.

Pevensey, Hastings, Battle, Lewes; these are indeed names to hear of, these are indeed spots to see, within the few days that are allowed us to go to and fro in our present gathering. But let us go back to the very beginning, to the first stage of that making of Sussex which was the second stage of the Making of England. Here is a long strip of coast parted off from the inland regions by a vast wooded region, the *Andredes leah*. On the descriptive

province of two whom we have lost, of Dr. Guest and Mr. Green, I will not intrude. I wish only to point out in the most general way that the land which became Sussex was well fitted by its physical structure to become a distinct realm. There was in truth no more truly distinct realm in Britain than this first prize of Saxon conquest. Call up to your thoughts how such a land stood sixty-seven years after the legions had sailed away from Britain. Dim indeed is the picture; but, as I have often tried to show, it is its very dimness which teaches us. One state of things had passed away; another state of things had not begun; the threescore and seven years that lie between them have found no chronicler. But that they have found no chronicler is the surest of all proofs that Teutonic conquest in Britain was quite another thing from Teutonic conquest in Gaul and Spain. When the second band of Saxon invaders, the first band of Saxon conquerors, steered their keels to the shores of Britain, there must still have been aged men who, in their childhood, even in their youth, had been subjects of the Roman Augustus. When the first band of Saxons came, Rome and her Augustus were still a living presence; when the second band came, they had shrunk into a shadowy memory. The first band found a Theodosius to bar their path and to drive them back from the Roman shore. Then

Madueruant Saxone fuso
Orcades.¹

When the second band came, we know not whom it was that they found to bar their path; but they found none to drive them back, and it was with the bodies not of slaughtered Saxons, but of slaughtered Britons that the Saxon Shore was heaped.

The tale of South-Saxon settlement is not hard to tell. It is a drama in three acts; a drama handed down in national songs, lost fellows of the songs of Brunanburh and Maldon, some echoes of which reach us in the prose English of our Chronicles and in the half poetic Latin of Henry of Huntingdon. In 477 the conquest of Kent was over; the busy life of Hengest was near its end. But Kent stood alone in Britain; the long coast of the

¹ Claudian, IV Cons. Honor. 31. See Norman Conquest, i, 11.

Regni was untouched ; no Teutonic keel had made its way into the waters which beheld the birth of two of the three Saxon kingdoms. In three ships—the number, like most numbers, may be mythical, but the fact is not—came Ælle and his three sons. Some part of the haven of Chichester, some spot on the peninsula of Selsey, saw this the first Saxon landing, and from one of the sons of Ælle that spot took the name of Cymenes-ora. The Saxon invader came on an errand of conquest ; but it was no easy conquest. So many ingenious men have of late risen up to teach again the old wives' fables that we have cast aside, to tell us once more that we are not ourselves but some other folk, that I must again call on you to weigh the matter in the truest of balances, to compare what we know of the Teutonic conquest of Britain, in its circumstances and in its results, with what we know of the circumstances and the results of Teutonic conquest in the more strictly Roman lands. The Briton was not as the Gaul or the Spaniard ; the Jute, the Saxon, and the Angle, were not as the Goth and the Frank. In Gaul and Spain the tongue, the laws, the creed, of the Roman all lived on ; in Britain they all vanished. The most ingenious champions of the revived theory do not profess to show us in Teutonic Britain more than scraps and survivals of Roman or Celtic Britain. In Gaul and Spain the unbroken Roman life lived on, to form in the end an equal element in a mixed life, neither wholly Teutonic nor wholly Roman. In Roman Gaul the Teutonic invader, already half Christianized, half Romanized, passed step by step into the Christian and Roman land, as much a disciple as a conqueror. He found provincials well-used to the yoke, men who looked to Cæsar's legions to protect them, and who, if Cæsar's legions were not able to protect them, had no thought of striking a blow to protect themselves. There was no temptation to slaughter and destroy in a land which was won so easily. And so Gaul, Celtic and Roman, became part of the Teutonic realm of the Frank without ceasing to be Celtic and Roman. Far otherwise was it in Britain ; far otherwise was it in this part of Britain of whose conquest we have so vivid a picture. The Jute, the Saxon, the Angle, came here by sea, from lands which knew not the law or the faith of

Rome ; they came as unchanged heathens, in the language of the subjects of the Empire, unchanged barbarians. They found, not provincials guarded by foreign swords, but men fighting for their own hearths and disputing every inch of ground against the invader. Circumstances so different led to widely different results ; slaughter and destruction, needless to the Frank in Gaul, were needful to the very being of the Saxon in Britain. He could advance only by slaying or driving out at every step the men who were not fighting for an absent sovereign but for themselves. Therefore, by the very necessity of the case, the Roman cities lived on in Gaul ; they perished in Britain ; the speech of the land, Roman and British, the Roman creed, the Roman or British law, all perished with the folk who, I repeat, were not simply conquered but displaced. Gregory of Tours has to tell of a land in which the Christian Franks settled and ruled among a folk Christian and Roman. Bæda has to tell of a land where the heathen Angles and Saxons slew or drove out the Christian folk in whose land they could settle on no other terms. Ingenious theory, based commonly on examination of one land only, passes away like the Briton before the sword of Ælle, when it is tested by the witness of the most common and everyday facts, as they look by the light of the general history of the world. The Englishman still speaks English ; the Briton still speaks Welsh ; but the man of Gaul speaks the Latin of his earlier conquerors, with no small infusion of the Teutonic of his later conquerors. We, heathen destroyers that we were, needed Augustine and Birinus to lead us to the faith that we had rooted out. The Frank needed not that any missionary should come, years after his settlement, to convert him. It was in the act of conquest that the Frank learned to burn what he had worshipped, to worship what he had burned. Christian worship, Roman speech, never ceased for a moment at Rheims, at Tours, or at Paris. They died out, and had to be called to life again, in Canterbury and in London, at Regnum and at Anderida.

Such are the plain facts, the plain arguments, which have been gone over already a thousand and one times by myself and by others ; but which must be gone over yet

again as often as we are told that the English folk is not the English folk. And never surely does the tale speak for itself more plainly than on the great day of Cymenes-ora, the birthday of Saxon settlement in Britain. On that day Ælle and his sons, Cissa and Wlencing and Cymen, had to do a work such as never fell to the lot of Hlodwig in the land of the Gaul or of Ataulf in the land of the Iberian. The Saxon Ealdorman—it was only on the conquered soil that the leaders of our folk grew into kings—and his sons had to strive on the day of his landing at Cymenes-ora, as the Norman duke had not to strive on the day of his landing at Pevensey. The Briton fought well for his home, but the discipline of Rome had passed away with her legions. The skill of the warrior was now on the side of the barbarian invader. The Saxons, so said the song, holding firm together, were too strong for the greater numbers of the Britons, who came against them rashly and in scattered parties. The end was, as the Chronicler tells us, that the new comers slew many Welsh, and some they drove in flight to the wood that is called Andredes-leah.¹ An English settlement was thus made; part of the coast was occupied and passed away for ever from its British holders, who in that western part of the land which that day's fight began to make Sussex were driven to the shelter of the great wood. Regnum must, as Dr. Guest suggests, have fallen in this first storm, to rise again it would seem, in the days of Ælle's son, as the chester of Cissa.

The work was begun, and it went speedily on; but with steps how different from those with which, in other

¹ Chron. 477. "Her com Ælle on Bretenlond & his iii suna, Cymen & Wlencing & Cissa mid iii scipum on þa stowe þe is nemned Cymenes ora & þær of slogon monige Wealas & sume on fleame bedrifon on þone wudu þe is genemned Andredes leage." The ballad preserved by Henry of Huntingdon (ii, 7, 8), is brought in immediately after an extract from Bæda, which accounts for the turn given to the first words, which are doubtless the Archdeacon's own. "Immisit ergo Deus, ex partibus Germaniæ, duces plures ferocissimos per successiones temporum, qui gentem Deo invisam delebant; et in primis dux Aelle venit et tres filii sui,

Cymen et Wlencing et Cissa. Igitur dux Aelle cum filiis suis et classe militaribus copiis instructissima, in Britannia ad Cymenesore appulerunt. Egrementibus autem Saxonibus de mari, Britanni clamorem excitarunt, et a circumadacentibus locis innumeri convolarunt, et statim bellum initum est. Saxones vero statura et vigore maximi, impudenter eos recipiebant; illi vero imprudenter veniebant; nam sparsim et per intervalla venientes a conglomeratis interficiebantur, et ut quique attoniti veniebant, rumores sinistros ex improvise sentiebant. Fugati sunt igitur Britanni usque ad proximum nemus quod vocatur Andredesleige."

lands, the Teutonic conqueror won for himself a kingdom in a day. For nine years the Saxons and their Ealdormen went on advancing inch by inch, but only inch by inch. Every British village was doubtless fought for; so, we may believe, was every Roman villa that was still dwelled in by some British leader. It was not till the ninth year that the invaders risked a raid at any distance from their first settlement, and then the daring attempt was not favoured by fortune. In 485, at Mercredesburn, something like a pitched battle was fought.¹ The site is unknown. It must lie somewhere between Chichester and Pevensey; if local inquiry has found any signs to fix that fight to any particular spot, say to Arundel or Lewes, we shall welcome this gain to our knowledge. The Britons had learned experience from their day of overthrow at the first landing. It was no longer the irregular attack of scattered and desultory bands; divers kings and tyrants had come together—our gleemen knew not or cared not to hand on their names—and Ælle and his sons, if not defeated, were not victorious. But for an invader, seeking new lands to occupy, not to be victorious is to be defeated. Each host, weakened by heavy losses, went back to its own dwellings. That is to say, the Saxon advance received a check; the attempt to win a large territory by a pitched battle had failed. For six years more, if the Teutonic settlement grew at all, it was only inch by inch, as before.

It was in truth only by a second settlement from the Old-Saxon land that the first Saxon kingdom in Britain was really brought into being. By the year 491, in the reign of the Emperor Anastasius, as our Latin informant takes care to tell us, three years after the death of Hengest in Kent, Ælle found himself at the head of so great a force that he took on him the kingly title. His followers had grown from a tribe into a folk; it was fitting that his

¹ Chron., 485. "Her Ælle gefeaht wiþ Walas neah Mearcraedes burnan staeðe." The tale is given more fully in Henry of Huntingdon: "Saxones autem occuparunt littora maris Sudsexe, magis magisque sibi regionis spatia capessentes usque ad nomum annum adventus eorum. Tunc vero cum audacius regionem in lon-

ginqum capesserent, convenerunt reges et tyranni Brittonum apud Mercredesburne, et pugnauerunt contra Aelle et filios suos, et fere dubia fuit victoria: uterque enim exercitus valde laesus et minoratus, alterius congressum devovens, ad propria remearunt. Misit igitur Aelle ad compatriotas suos auxilium flagitans."

land should grow from a *gá* into a kingdom.¹ And now King Ælle indeed went forth conquering and to conquer. Now comes that famous entry which stirred Gibbon's heart to unusual feeling, and which tells us better than any other record what the English Conquest of Britain really was. "Now Ælle and Cissa beset"—I fear to keep the far more speaking *umset*—"Andredes-ceaster, and slew all that therein dwelled, and henceforth was there not one Bret left."² But we are not forbidden to go beyond these few and pithy words. We have at least the echo of the ancient war-song. Is it too daring to strive to call up something like the lay which the Archdeacon of Huntingdon did into Latin? If my attempt does nothing else, it may at least stir up somebody else to a better.

Forth went Ælle King;
 Mickle was his following;
 Sought he the strong borough,
 Andredes-ceaster.
 Fast the Brets gathered
 Like bees around.
 Snares laid they daily,
 Sallies made they nightly.
 Not a day dawned,
 Not a night followed,
 But fresh bodes and dread
 Stirred the Saxons' hearts.
 Stouter grew their mood,
 Thicker grew the fighting;
 All around the port
 Ne'er the storm halted.
 But while they ever
 Fought against the borough,
 Came the Brets behind,
 Bowmen shooting arrows,
 Slingers with the thong
 Darting their javelins.

¹ The taking of the kingly title by Ælle is not mentioned in the Chronicle, as it is in the case of Hengest in 455, and Cerdic in 519. Henry of Huntingdon dates it minutely. "Regnum Sudsexe incipit, quod Aelle diu et potentissime tenuit: venerant enim ei auxiliares a

patria sua anno tertio post mortem Hengisti, tempore Anastasii imperatoris Romani, qui regnavit xxviii annis."

² Chron. 491. Her Ælle and Cissa ymbsætan Andredes ceaster, and ofslogan ealle þa ðe þær inne wæran, þæt þær ne wearþ furbum an Bryt to lafe.

Then the Saxon fighters
 Turned from the borough;
 Strode they with their weapons
 'Gainst them that teased them.
 Then the swift Brets,
 Fleeter than Saxons,
 Ran to the mickle wood;
 But when the warriors
 Sought again the borough,
 Came they swiftly
 Once more behind them.
 Weary then the fight was,
 Cringed many warriors,
 Till in two bands
 Man todealed the host.
 One band fought
 To storm the borough;
 One band ytrimmed
 Stood in rank behind,
 To meet the Brets
 As they came onwards.
 And now the portmen,
 Worn with long hunger,
 Could no more thole
 The weight of storming.
 With the sword's edge
 All were smitten,
 Wives eke and bairns,
 Not one was left.
 And for that mickle toil
 Men from beyond sea
 There had tholed,
 Harried they the borough,
 That it ne'er again
 To port was timbered.
 Men walk by and see
 Where once stood
 That mickle borough,
 A stow forsaken.¹

¹ Hen. Hunt., ii, 10. "Fretus igitur copiis ingentibus, obsedit Andredecester urbem munitissimam. Congregati sunt igitur Britanni quasi apes, et die expug-

nabant obsidentes insidiis et nocte incur-sibus. Nulla dies erat, nulla nox erat, quibus sinistri et recentes nuntii Saxo-num animos non acerbarent; inde tamen

I certainly find it hard to believe that a tale which falls so readily into the shape of an Old-English war-song had really, as some recent critics would have us think, no being at all till it was set down in the Latin of Henry of Huntingdon in the twelfth century. The traces of ancient ballads are, to my mind, far too clear to be mistaken both in his writings and those of William of Malmesbury. The poem has doubtless lost a good deal in the act of being turned into Latin prose ; but its essence is there. So is the essence of the song of Brunanburh ; though here, where we can compare the original with the translation, we can see that the Archdeacon has stumbled now and then in his renderings. Some perhaps will say that the whole passage in Henry has been somehow evolved out of the few words of the Chronicles ; to me it seems far more likely that Henry has given us the Latin version of the whole, or of a large part of an ancient poem of which the Chronicles have preserved to us a few words in the original.

But whatever was the shape of its earliest record, there is no doubt that the taking of Anderida was a great event in the history of the English folk, the greatest of all events in the history of the South-Saxon folk. It was the crowning of the work which had been begun fourteen years before at the first landing. The first Saxon kingdom in Britain was firmly established. We may be sure that Ælle and Cissa were able to win the land between Pevensey and Rye far more speedily than they had won the land between Chichester and Pevensey. They had now only to gather in the spoils. How long any Brets may have lingered in the great wood which gave them so lucky a shelter during the siege, it were vain to guess ; but we cannot doubt that, before the end of the fifth century, the whole coast, from the border of Kent to the border of the

ardentiores effecti, continuis insultibus urbem infestabant. Semper vero dum assilirent, instabant eis Britones a tergo cum viris sagittariis et amentatis telorum missilibus. Dimissis igitur moenibus, gressus et arma dirigebant in eos Pagani. Tunc Brittones eis celeritate præstantiores, silvas cursu petebant : tendentibusque ad moenia rursum a tergo aderant. Hac arte Saxones diu fatigati sunt et innumera strages eorum fiebat, donec in duas partes exercitum dividerunt ; ut dum una

pars urbem expugnaret, esset eis a tergo contra Brittonum excursus bellatorum acies ordinata. Tunc vero cives diuturna fame contriti, cum jam pondus infestantium perferre nequirent, omnes ore gladii devorati sunt cum mulieribus et parvulis, ita quod nec unus solus evasit : et quia tot ibi damna toleraverant extranei, ita urbem destruxerunt quod nunquam postea reædificata est, locus tantum, quasi nobilissimæ urbis, transeuntibus ostenditur desolatus."

second Saxon settlement which had by that time come into being, had altogether passed from British into English lands.

In a space then, we will say, of less than twenty years, this most south-western part of the Saxon Shore became a Saxon Shore in another sense, the earliest of Saxon kingdoms. As the Old-Saxons in their own land had no kings, Ælle must have been the first man of the Saxon stock who took on himself the kingly name. A Teutonic state was fully formed. It may be that, in a state which was formed so soon, there was less room than in some other parts of Britain for that gradual process by which marks grew together into hundreds, hundreds into *gās* or shires, and *gās* or shires into kingdoms. But in Sussex we have the hundred, and we have the *gá* under another name. At some stage which must have been an early one, the land was, according to a common ancient usage, dealt out by the rope, and the rope has left its name to the groupings of the South-Saxon hundreds. *Rape*, a name unknown in England out of Sussex, is, I need not say, simply the old measuring-rope, keeping nearer both to the ancient sound and the ancient spelling, than the other form of the word.¹

The first conqueror Ælle, first Ealdorman, then King, lived on, we are told, for nearly forty years after his first settlement. All the conquerors seem to be long-lived, and there is nothing wonderful in the fact. The leaders of these dangerous voyages were likely to be vigorous, and as young as the fathers of fighting sons well could be. If no untimely British arrow cut short their course, they might go on conquering and reigning for many years. But as Ælle had grown into something greater than Ealdorman, so he grew into something greater than King. Bæda places him first on his list of seven mighty princes who bore rule beyond the bounds of their own kingdoms. To that list the Chronicler adds an eighth in the person of West-Saxon Ecgberht, and gives him the

¹ So I wrote, following the explanation which I believe has been commonly received; but, on turning to Mr. Skeat's Dictionary, I find that he does not seem

to acknowledge any connexion between the rope (See William Rufus, i, 68, ii, 564), and the rapes of Sussex.

special title of Bretwalda or Brytenwælda.¹ As to the history and force of that title, I have said my say long ago,² and I cannot go again through every fact and every argument this evening. I only ask you to grant that the words of Bæda mean something, that he was not talking at random, that his list is a list of princes who really did hold some special preeminence, and that whatever that preeminence consisted in, a King of the South-Saxons was the first to enjoy it. And, though I would not take upon me to deny that Ælle may, on British ground, have learned something of those Cæsars of Rome to whom Britain had been so lately subject, yet I would ask you further not to admit the theory of one of the most learned and ingenious of men, that he who left not a Bret alive in Anderida was chosen by the kings and tyrants of Britain as successor of Aurelius Ambrosius in the Imperial dignity.³ There is really nothing wonderful if, after Hengest was no more, Ælle, now the oldest of the first group of conquerors, was honoured as the chief of their race, if he was even chosen as leader in joint expeditions against the enemy, alike by the younger rulers of Kent and by the newer comers in what we may now call Wessex. Bæda's words might imply a supremacy stretching far wider, and that is possible also. We must remember that, while we know the history of the Kentish, South-Saxon, and West-Saxon settlements, there were other settlements of which we do not know the history. We know when Hengest, when Ælle, and when Cerdic, landed, and we know when they took the kingly title. We know when Ida of Bernicia, when Crida of Mercia, when Offa of East-Anglia, when Eorcenwine of Essex, began to be kings; we know not when any of them landed, and assuredly some of them never landed at all. Those kingdoms were not formed, like Kent, Sussex, and Wessex, by conquerors who founded a considerable power within a single generation. They grew by the union under a single head of various small settlements, of whose beginnings we have no record. Some of these small settlements may have already been in being, and their

¹ Chron. 827. This implies the kingship of Ælle, though it is not directly recorded in the Chronicles.

² See Norman Conquest i. Appendix B.

³ Palgrave, English Commonwealth, i. 398.

ealdormen may have been perfectly willing to acknowledge a certain outward supremacy in the great king who had smitten Anderida. As yet there was only fighting against the Briton; it was not till more than fifty years after the death of Ælle that Wibbandūn saw Englishmen for the first time, as far as our records go, draw their swords against one another within the isle of Britain.

Thus the South-Saxon kingdom was founded and grew, and gained, for a moment, the first place in Britain. But it was only for a moment. The geographical position both of the first and second English kingdoms hindered them from growing like those which were founded after them. Sussex was pent in between Wessex, Kent, and its own Andredesweald. Its boundaries were fixed for ever. It seems never to have outstripped them, unless we count the short space during which the South-Saxon Æthelwealh held the western possessions of the Jutes by a grant from Wulfhere of Mercia. Then the South-Saxon king reigned over Wight and over the land of the Mea-warū on the mainland.¹ But what Mercian Wulfhere gave West-Saxon Ceadwalla won back, and we hear of no other enlargement of the South-Saxon realm. The kingdom of Ælle, almost, it would seem, from the moment of Ælle's death, fell into a secondary position among the powers of Britain. At last it passed with the rest under the West-Saxon supremacy, and for some generations it formed part of the subordinate kingdom which served as an appanage for a West-Saxon Ætheling. There is a marked contrast between the splendid beginnings of Kentish and South-Saxon history and the secondary position which the Kentish and South-Saxon kingdoms came to hold in a few generations. They stand opposed in a marked way to the history of the Northumbrian and Mercian realms, which rose to such greatness, though we can say nothing as to their beginnings. It is Wessex alone whose foundation is clearly recorded as that of Kent or Sussex, while in the end it grew to a yet higher pitch of greatness than Northumberland or Mercia.

The birth-place then of the South-Saxon settlement was at Cymenes-ora. The birth-place of the South-Saxon kingdom we may fairly place at Anderida. But it was a

¹ Bede, iv, 13. Chron., 661. It was a god-parent's gift.

birth-place whose abiding witnesses were mainly witnesses of death. Fallen Regnum indeed rose again. If it rose again during the life-time of the second South-Saxon king, we have an unique instance of an English city which can not only point to a personal founder, but which took the name of its founder as its own abiding name. The Lady of the Mercians did not give her name to the restored City of the Legions, nor did the Red King give his to the city which he called into a fresh being to guard the frontier of northern England. Chester is Chester; Carlisle is Carlisle; Chichester alone is Chichester, Cissanceaster, the chester of Cissa. But truth will not allow me to flatter a South-Saxon audience by putting the place of Chichester in English history on a level with the place of Chester or of Carlisle. That at the time of the Norman Conquest Chichester was one of the chief towns of Sussex is shown by its being chosen as the seat of the bishopric. The city must have grown again into some importance in the days before the Norman Conquest. The Jew in Richard of the Devizes sneers at both Rochester and Chichester as mere villages, which had no claim to be called cities, except that they were the seats of bishops¹. Still there is the fact that, when bishoprics were ordered to be moved from villages to cities, a removal to Chichester was looked on as satisfying the order. Yet one thing is certain, that in the days before the Norman Conquest the name of Chichester is found but once in our national Chronicles, and that simply to record the harryings done by Danish invaders in its neighbourhood.

But if Regnum rose from its ruins, Anderida never rose. Ever since the day when not a Bret was left alive within it, it has remained as the gleeman of the siege has painted it. Ælle and Cissa left it a waste chester; it was a waste chester when William landed beneath its walls; it is as a waste chester that we shall presently see it on our pilgrimage thither. The utter desolation of Anderida itself is forced upon us all the more strongly by the fact that English settlements arose so near to the walls, and yet not within them. One of these names

¹ Ric. Div., 81. "Rovecestria et Cices-
tria viculi sunt, et cur civitates dici
debeant præter sedes flaminum nihil
obtendunt."

speaks for itself. I need not comment on West Ham. But who was Peofen, from whom the borough at the other end has taken its name? Whoever he was, he called the land after his own name; and we should be well pleased to think that he called it so as early as the days of the first conquest. And one thought cannot but come home to us. What treasures must lurk underground within those empty walls. When will the day come when the spade shall be plied as vigorously within the walls of Anderida as it has been plied within the walls of Calleva?

I spoke of the isolation of the South-Saxon kingdom and of its falling off from its momentary greatness under the first Bretwalda. This character of the land comes out nowhere more strongly than in its religious history. Sussex, one of the first English conquests, one of the lands which seems most easy of approach from the European mainland, was, of all parts of the British mainland, that which remained longest in the darkness of heathendom. No Paullinus found his way thither from the Kentish neighbourland: no Birinus found his way thither from the Gaulish land beyond the channel. As we all know, the apostle of Sussex was that same Wilfrith who, among so many other characters, was also the apostle of Friesland. Prelate and builder at York and Ripon, preacher and counsellor in Mercia, pilgrim and suitor at Rome, it fell also to his lot, as it fell to the lot of no other man, to plant the first seeds of the Gospel in two independent lands of the Nether-Dutch folk, in the elder English land and in the newer. You have, I know, among you a local inquirer who has given special heed to the South-Saxon part of Wilfrith's career. I will leave him to tell of that first strange glimpse of the land which the future apostle had when he was so nearly the prey of heathen wreckers.¹ He may enlarge on the

¹ I refer to Mr. Sawyer's paper on Saint Wilfrith's Life in Sussex, reprinted in the *Sussex Archaeological Collections*, vol. xxxiii. I had not noticed the story in Eddius (cap. 13, p. 57, Gale, *Raine Historians of the Church of York*, i, 19). Fridegoda's verses (*Raine*, i, 121) are very fine indeed, and attribute to the South-Saxon wreckers

an unexpected knowledge of Greek mythology:

"Stans volucres augur solitus servare sinistras,

Despumat tumidis oracula sacra labellis.

Eumenides furias vocitat sub murmure Parcas,

Manibus infernis ut fortis mandat Erinis."

details, curious and somewhat puzzling, of the picture which sets before us the Christian king and queen reigning over heathen folk.¹ He may explain further what has always puzzled me, how it was that the fisher of men needed to teach the men whom he drew to his net how they might become themselves fishers of fish.² The dealings of Wilfrith with Ceadwalla and with the men of Wight I claim as part of West-Saxon history. I have said something about them in past times in their place as bearing on the history of the founder of Taunton. But the little brotherhood of monks at Bosham, who had settled on South-Saxon ground but to whom no South-Saxon listened, them I claim as the tie that binds these earlier times to a later stage of South-Saxon history which concerns me more. And I will make one remark as to the bishopric. In one respect the South-Saxon bishopric is the most English of all bishoprics. It claved more steadily than any other to the insular fashion of describing a see. Some other bishoprics always or nearly always bear, according to continental usage, the name of the city which held the bishopstool. Others fluctuate between the name of the city and the name of the land, or rather of the tribe. But the South-Saxon bishopric is ever the South-Saxon bishopric, and nothing else. The bishopsettle was at Selsey; but, as far as I can see, no one was ever called Bishop of Selsey. "Bishop of the South-Saxons" is the invariable style, both in Latin and English, till the bishopsettle was moved to Chichester. Then, in Norman fashion, the name of the city supplanting the name of the folk of the land in the description of their chief shepherd.

I spoke just now of Bosham. The name of that place with its venerable church at once leads us to the greatest group of events which the history of the South-Saxon land contains. It suggests the names of Godwine and Harold. It leads us to the rich contributions which, from the eleventh century to the thirteenth, Sussex makes to

¹ Bæda, iv, 13.

² *Ib.* Fredegoda (Raine, i, 142) has another poetical portrait of the South-Saxons; but he has nothing to say about Wilfrith teaching them to fish:

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"Gens igitur quædam, scopulosis indita
terrīs,
Saltibus incultis et densis consita dumis
Non facilem proprius aditum præbebat in
arvis."

the general history of England. For it is no longer in strictly local history, but in contributions to general English history, that the historical importance of Sussex now consists. I pointed out the difference when I compared the history of the *gā* of the Sumorsætan with that of the shire of Northampton. Somerset, I then said, besides its contributions to general history, has a strictly local history of its own, a history of its own making. And, even in later times, its contributions to local history keep something of a local impress. Northamptonshire, on the other hand, has not, and hardly could have, any strictly local history, but its contributions to general history, at least in later times, are decidedly richer than those of Somerset. And the great events which happened in Northamptonshire are not specially Northamptonshire events. The famous councils of Rockingham and Northampton might just as well have been summoned to some other part of the kingdom; the battles of Northampton and Naseby might just as well have been fought in some other shire. Now how stands Sussex in this matter, as compared with the other two lands that I have just spoken of? Sussex, like Somerset, has a local history; it has a tale of its own making, and that tale I have just now tried to tell. But when the kingdom and the bishopric are made, that tale is over. For some of the most important centuries in our history, from the eleventh to the thirteenth, the contributions of Sussex to general history surpass those of any other land or shire in the kingdom. But, just as in the case of Northamptonshire, the events which happened on South-Saxon ground are not in any strictness South-Saxon events. The Conqueror, who did land, like Ælle, in Sussex, might have landed, like Hengest, in Kent, or, like Cerdic, in Hampshire. If Robert made his first attempt at South Saxon Pevensey, he made his second attempt at West-Saxon Portchester. There was no reason in the nature of things why the fight that gave England political freedom should have been fought on the downs of Lewes rather than on any other of the downs or plains in our island. The events must have happened somewhere, and they did happen in Sussex. But they are not South-Saxon events in the same sense as the landing at Cymenes-ora, the taking of

Anderida, the coming of Wilfrith. They are not strictly the history of Sussex ; they are that part of the history of England which took place in Sussex. But I do not hesitate to say that, in such contributions to its general history, the land which, as I said, contains the hill of Senlac and the hill of Lewes stands forth before every other land or shire in the kingdom.

And now I am brought to the history of that great house whose history has made so great a part of the work of my life, the house of Godwine the son of Wulfnoth. I know not whether any here will remember that it was just thirty years ago, not indeed in this town but in this shire, at the meeting of the Institute at Chichester, that I first began, publicly at least, to make any minute inquiries into those matters. And some points which I left unsettled then, I must, after thirty years, leave unsettled still. Was the great Earl of the West-Saxons a born son of the South-Saxon land? Was he the son of "Wulfnoth the South-Saxon child," whatever may be meant by that description? or was he the son of quite another Wulfnoth, a churl on the borders of Gloucestershire and Wiltshire? I have elsewhere argued the point at great length ; and I have brought together every scrap of evidence that I could find in the searchings of many years.¹ And the main result now, as it was thirty back, is that there is much to be said on both sides. But if any one else has lighted on some other scrap of evidence unknown to me which will settle the matter either way or in some third way, if he will be good enough to bring it forward when I have done, I shall heartily thank him. I hope it is not going too far in the way of confession or self-quotation to refer you to my last minute examination of the matter. I said there, six years back, that, though I would not take on myself to decide the question, yet, whereas I had once been more inclined to accept the version which made Godwine the son of the churl near Sherstone, I was then more inclined to accept that which made him the son of the South-Saxon child. I should not therefore greatly shrink from giving, for the time at least, the land in which we are met the benefit of the doubt, and,

¹ Norman Conquest, i, Appendix ZZ.

at all events for the purposes of the present meeting, looking on Godwine and Harold as South-Saxon worthies. In any case, they come nearer to you—I speak to my South-Saxon hearers—than the other great worthy of the present work. Earl Godwine and Earl Harold have more to do with the land than Earl Simon has. The Earl of Leicester is the hero of one of the most memorable spots of South-Saxon ground; yet we cannot call him a local hero. His birthplace was in another kingdom; his home was in a distant shire. He came into Sussex to do great deeds; but he was in no sense of Sussex. It is otherwise with the only two men who ever bore the style of Earl of West Saxons. Whether Godwine and Harold were of South-Saxon descent or not, whether either of them was or was not of actual South-Saxon birth, they were at least owners of no small amount of South-Saxon soil, and they were thoroughly at home in the South-Saxon land. And among their many holdings, one specially stands forth, one whose name I have already spoken. Next after the two or three great historic sites of the land, there is no spot of deeper interest than the lordship which stands at the head of the South Saxon Domesday, that lordship of Bosham which had once been held by Earl Godwine, which was then held by King William. The outward and visible interest gathers mainly around the church of the place; the church of which the earliest stage of the Bayeux tapestry might have given us a true likeness, but of which we have to put up with a mere conventional sketch. The monks of Wilfrith's day had then long passed away. The church of Bosham was, at the time of the Survey, as it had been in the days of King Eadwerd, served by secular clerks under the patronage of Osbern the brother of Earl William of Hereford, who had meanwhile risen to the see of Exeter.¹ Did he, the English-minded Norman, who, when the other minsters of England were falling and rising around him, forbore to make any change in his own church of Exeter, build, in native style, the parts that are now oldest in that memorable church? Or may we carry back the tower of Bosham to some earlier date, bearing in

¹ Domesday, 16, 17. "Osbernus episcopus tenet de rege ecclesiam de Boscham et de rege Edwardo tenuit." The college

remained in the patronage of the Bishops of Exeter. Of Bishop Osbern see more Norman Conquest, iv, 378.

mind that Wilfrith himself was no mean builder? In either case, we can hardly doubt that that tower was standing when Harold and his comrades went into Bosham church to pray before he set out on that voyage which, wittingly or unwittingly, became a voyage to Normandy. Bosham too, and Pevensey also, both play an important part in the earlier days of Eadward's reign, when Godwine still lived, when Swegen sinned and repented. But the haven from which Harold sailed does not come within the range of our journeyings, and if it were, it could hardly enter the lists against the haven where William landed. Had he landed in some other spot, and not under the empty walls of Anderida, his landing alone would have made that spot memorable for ever. But far more thrilling is the interest when the first step in what, for a while, seemed to be the Unmaking of England was taken on a spot which had played so great a part in its Making.¹

"Duke William in a great fleet crossed the sea and came to Pevensey." *Peofenesea* had not then lost the force of its last syllable. The sea then covered the whole flat, and it bore the fleet of William where no fleet can come now, to the very foot of the forsaken walls. The English settlements at either end of it were of long standing; Pevensey itself at the eastern end had grown into what, according to the standard of those days, was a considerable borough, an estate from which it has now sadly fallen. But the invaders met with no resistance; the hosts of England were far away with her King, resting for a moment after the toil of the great northern march, after the day of slaughter and victory at Stamfordbridge. What the invaders did at Pevensey and at Hastings you will best see in the tapestry. The landing, the feast, the burning house, the sad figures of the woman and her child coming forth from the burning, the swift ride to Hastings, the digging of the trench, the building of the wooden castle, all live in the stitch-work. But we must not forget that the landing of October 28, 1056, was not the last landing attempted at Pevensey by or on behalf of a Norman duke. There was indeed some difference between the duke by whom the first landing was made and the duke

¹ Bayeux Tapestry, Plate 9. *Willelmo venit ad Pevenesea. dux in magno navigio mare transivit et*

on whose behalf the second landing was only attempted. By the spring of 1088 things had changed a good deal at Pevensey since the Michaelmas of 1066. The English borough had now a Norman lord, the insatiable half-brother of William, that Count Robert of Mortain who reared his castle as well on the height of Montacute as on the shore of Pevensey. For the ancient walls, which had been left bare of indwellers through the coming of the Saxon, had been to some small extent repeopled through the coming of the Norman. In one corner of the forsaken chester Count Robert had thrown up his mound and reared his fortress, a fortress which was to give way in after times to a castle of a later type, and to become in later times still as forsaken as the rest of the space within the Roman wall. Of the second Norman invasion when that castle was yet new I have told the tale, no less than the tale of the earliest Norman invasion before it was in being. I now only, as I have asked you to carry on your thoughts from Ælle and Cissa to the first William, ask you to carry them on further from the first William to the Second. The throne of the Conqueror is now filled by a Norman king, but a king who is kept on his throne by the loyalty of Englishmen in teeth of the rebellion of the foremost Normans of the land. The Duke of the Normans himself, Robert the Conqueror's eldest born, is coming to assert those fancied rights of elder birth which in English ears were meaningless. But this time at least the coast of Sussex is well kept. The invader from Normandy is not indeed the only enemy that had to be striven against, but now the most dangerous of enemies are not far away in Yorkshire, but on the very shore of Pevensey itself. The two brothers of the Conqueror, the two who had fought beside him on Senlac, Robert and Odo, Count and Bishop, are leaders of the revolt, defending the new-built castle within the Roman wall against the King of the English at the head of his faithful people. For truly, wherever the warrior-prelate of Bayeux had fixed himself, there it most behoved king and people to be ready for the keenest warfare. By land men besiege the castle ; by sea they watch for the coming of the Norman duke. At last the Norman fleet comes, but no duke is in it. The sluggish Robert claims a kingdom ; but he

comes not to be the first man to tread the soil which he deems his own, and to take seizin of his kingdom with his own hands. And his brother—as to him a strange duty is laid upon me. Last year I had to hold up the Red King to the men of Carlisle as one who in their city at least was entitled to the honours of a founder. This year I have to hold him up to the men of Sussex in the yet stranger light of a defender of their shores against Norman invasion. Yet so it was; on that day William King of the English stood forth the head of the English people. The men of Sussex, the men of England, fought on that day for the Red King, the king of their own choice, as the elder among them had fought for Harold, as the younger of them were to fight for Henry. And well they fought on both the elements which were needed for a fight by Pevensey. The invading navy was driven back; the castle which it came to help was driven to surrender; and the Red King and his people marched on to end at Rochester the work which they had begun at Tunbridge, and which they had so well gone on with at Pevensey.¹

I need not tell any one that the character of an English king, fighting for England at the head of the English people, is one in which William Rufus did not show himself for a much longer time than a few months of a single year. And yet even later than this, warfare within his own realm is the side of him in which we find least to blame; and the strife of Tunbridge, of Pevensey, and of Rochester, was a strife that was not waged in vain. Pevensey indeed has still its own tale to tell; but it is hardly at Pevensey that we again learn any great lesson. We see Pevensey again in the days of anarchy, when King Stephen shrank from attacking the castle raised on a most lofty mound, defended on every side with a most ancient wall, and fenced in against all attacks by the waves of the sea that washed it.² We see it again in Earl Simon's day, when the defeated barons found shelter within its walls, and when the younger Simon in vain besieged the ancient fortress.³ But it was not at Pevensey that men

¹ See History of William Rufus, i, 52-87.

² Gesta Stephani, 127. "Est quidem Penevesel castellum editissimo aggere sublatum, muro venustissimo undique præmunitum, gurgite marino ablunte

inexpugnabiliter vallatum, loci difficultate pene inaccessum."

³ The Osney Annalist, in recording this, (Ann. Mon., iv, 164), gets wrong in his geography: "Eodem tempore dominus

learned the needful supplement to the teaching of the days of Rufus. In the spring of 1088 men learned the lesson that king and people together were stronger than a foreign baronage. In the spring of 1264, when that foreign baronage had changed into the front rank of the English people, men learned that the people united in all its ranks, barons, churchmen, commons, was stronger than a foreign-hearted king. The earlier teaching is the lesson of Pevensey; the later is the lesson of Lewes.

It is hard to follow at once the laws of geography and of chronology. I have tarried at Pevensey to speak of the third of the events which make the spot memorable, though I grant that the discomfiture of Bishop Odo and Count Robert does not rank either with the landing of their brother or with the elder siege of the fifth century. And we must not for a moment forget that between the great and the small Norman invasions came that great day of all which alone made a second Norman invasion possible. The second invasion began and ended beneath the walls of Pevensey; the first indeed made there its beginning, but only its beginning. The work that began at Pevensey was not ended four years later, at Chester; we should be hardly wrong if we said that it was not fully ended till five years later at Ely. But the way in which it was to end was decided in a few weeks on another spot of South-Saxon ground, a spot the most memorable of all. From the landing-place at Pevensey we must make our way to the camp at Hastings, and from the camp at Hastings we must make our way to the place of slaughter on the hill of Senlac.

To that hill I trust before long to guide you, and to show to many on the spot the still abiding witnesses of the most awful day in the history of our land. As we trace out what is still left of the abbey of the Place of Battle, some one may ask why that roofless building, borne aloft upon the tallest of undercrofts, overhangs the slope of that memorable hill. It is because the will of the Conqueror, a will unbending in this matter as in others, bade that the memorial of his victory should

Symon filius Symonis obsedit castrum de Penneseye in *Kantia* super mare situm, in qua obsidione multum laborabat; sed

parum vel nihil in expugnando proficiebat."

mark the very site on which his victory was won, and that the high altar of Saint Martin's abbey should arise on the very spot where the King of the English had stood between the Dragon and the Standard. That spot could not be swerved from, and, that spot kept to, there was no room on the narrow peninsula of Senlac for the endless buildings of a great monastery, unless some of them were in this way driven to stand as it were between earth and heaven.¹ We thus know the very spot which was the central point of that day's struggle, the spot where Harold fought and Harold fell. Thither would I lead you, and bid you from thence to call up before your minds the long ebb and flow of those nine hours of slaughter. You will stand within the camp of England, within the defences by which the skill of Harold had made the hill into a castle, a castle which could not be taken by dint of arrow or spear or destrier. You will look forth, and see the hosts of the invader marshalling on the hill of Telham, the hill where William made his vow, and where the hauberk, turned about by chance, was deemed an omen that the duke who wore it was about to be turned into a king. You may call up the march of archers and horsemen across the low ground between the hills, the banner of the Apostle floating over the point in that armed gathering where Duke William rode with his brothers at his side. But on the hill-top is another household group to meet them; where William, Odo, and Robert are hasting to attack, Harold, Gyrth, and Leofwine are standing ready to defend. You may see with the eye of fancy the first attack, heralded by the bold jugglery of Taillefer, the first thunderstorm of arrows, the Norman footmen, the Norman chivalry, each forcing their way in turn to the firm barricade, raising in vain the cry of "God help us," as they were driven back or smitten down by the axes of English amid the shouts of "Holy Rood" and "God Almighty." Look to your right, and mark that small outlying hill, a fort thrown out in front of the main castle. Once, perhaps twice, that small hill—its likeness lives in the stitch-work—played no small part in that day's strike. Call up to

¹ See Norman Conquest, iv, 404.

your minds the first real flight, the second pretended flight, of the invaders, when the English right was so rash as to leave its vantage-ground, and when that little knoll became a rallying-point for the over-daring.¹ And yet more, call up the fiercest strife of all, the strife that came between those two baleful sallies, the strife where—the great undercroft must nearly mark the place—the Duke himself fought hand to hand at the barricades, where the spear of Gyrth brought him to the ground, where his mace crushed the man who had overthrown them, where Leofwine died by his brother's side, and where the King stood alone without his brethren. Later on, as the sun turns to westward, we may see by the waning light the last stage of the battle, when the device of the feigned flight had done its work, when the barricade was left defenceless, when the Normans were on the hill, and when each inch of ground was striven for in single combat after single combat. And most of all, at the hour of twilight, we may stand by the same spot where we stood in the freshness of morning; the ranks which then stood so firm are broken and scattered; the dead and dying are heaped around the ensigns of England; but the fight goes on as long as the King's axe is still wielded to cut down horse and rider that come within its sweep. At last comes the fatal shower of shafts from heaven, and that most fatal shaft of all, which came charged with the destiny of England, and laid Harold helpless at the foot of the Standard of the Fighting Men. Yet there is another spot to look on before we leave the hill of Senlac. Behind us, hidden by Battle church and street, is the deep ravine of the Malfosse, where the remnant of the vanquished took, under cover of the darkness, no small vengeance on those who had won the day. The last blow is struck. But we may still call up the return to the hill, the midnight feast among the dead, the sunrise on the place of slaughter, the search among the dead, the mangled body of the hero of England borne to its first unhallowed resting-place on the rocks of Hastings. And we may even let our

¹ My notion as to the part played by the small detached hill, now almost hidden by trees, is founded on a comparison

between the words of William of Malmesbury and the representation in the tapestry. See Norman Conquest, iii, 489, 770.

thoughts leap over a space of eight-and-twenty winters. The hill of the hoar appletree is no longer a wilderness, no longer a place of slaughter. The minster of Saint Martin, with its massive columns, its arches broad and round, stands ready for its hallowing. Another William is abiding at Hastings, not waiting for an English enemy, but, by the opposite fate to his father at the Dive, waiting for a wind to bear him from the South-Saxon shore to make prize of his native Normandy. And by his side is a prelate, a stranger indeed in England, but a stranger of another stamp from Odo of Bayeux and Geoffrey of Coutances. By the side of the fiercest and foulest of sinners stands the meekest and most enduring of saints. In that constrained stay at Hastings, a council is held but a synod is forbidden; bishops are consecrated and deprived; the king is rebuked for his sins by the holy man who will not stoop to buy his favour with gold gathered by oppression. But on one day the two are seen as fellow-workers. On the hill of Senlac, on another Saturday less fearful than the day of Saint Calixtus, we may see the second William kneeling on the spot where the first William had won his crowning victory; we may hear Anselm of Aosta singing the mass of dedication on the spot where English Harold had fought and fallen.¹

To all outward seeming England had fallen with her King. Her freedom, her national being, all that the Angle and the Saxon had brought with them from the older English land, all that Ælle and Cissa had stamped in letters of blood on the soil of Regnum and Anderida, seemed to be trampled and crushed for ever under the heel of the Romance-speaking invader. On one South-Saxon hill the life of England might seem to have been cut off for ever. Yet so it was not. Never was martyrs' blood more truly the seed of the cause for which their blood was shed, than when the blood of Harold and Gyrth and Leofwine was poured out for England on the hill of slaughter. It is to the coming of the Norman that we owe the true and abiding life of all that the Norman seemed to overthrow; it is through that momentary

¹ See William Rufus, i, 442-445.

bondage to the stranger that we have been able to keep up a more unbroken connexion with the elder day than any other Teutonic people. It is in a word because we were overcome by the stranger that England is now more truly a Teutonic land than lands like Germany and Denmark which no stranger ever overcame. And it was on another South-Saxon hill that the proud truth was proclaimed to the world that England was England once again. It was fit indeed that the same land should see the fall of England and her second making, that the shire which saw the overthrow of Harold should see also the victory of Simon. On the heights above us the freedom of England was won for ever. Truly we may say for ever; what was won at Lewes was not lost at Evesham; the slaughtered uncle did but hand on the torch to the nephew who overthrew him. You have seen the spot; you have heard the tale; you have heard somewhat of that wonderful monument of the wisdom of that great age, that setting-forth of the principles of freedom so truly and so clearly that no later age can go beyond it. It is from the heights of Lewes that the voice has gone forth into all lands, teaching that first truth on which is founded every free constitution from the Euxine westward to the Pacific:—

“*Igitur communitas regni consulatur,
Et quid universitas sentiat sciatur.*”¹

The cycle had come round; the wergild of Senlac had been paid; the old freedom of our fathers arose again in a newer and more abiding shape. In a word, on the height above us was born the Parliament of England.

I have spoken of the three great sites, the scene of the three great events which, beyond all others, give the the South-Saxon land its historic place among the lands and shires of England. Yet Sussex contains also many sites full of many memories, memories often striking and precious in themselves, howbeit they attain not unto the first three. Many such we are to see in the course of this

¹ See the great platform of the patriotic party in Wright's *Political Songs*, Camden Society, p. 110. Every word of this precious document deserves study, and

the vigorous Latin rimes have the true ring of the Saturnians interchanged between Nævius and the Metelli.

busy week ; some we have seen already. This Lewes where we are met has something to tell us in its two-horned castle, in the third mound of its Calvary, in the site of its ruined priory. Your William of Warren, neighbour and lord, but earl in another land, made him a name on both sides of the channel. Of his personality there is no doubt ; but what shall we say of his wife :—

“*Stirps Gundrada ducum, decus ævi, nobile germen ?*”

I will take upon me to say thus much, that the dukes of the epitaph were not dukes of the Normans ; I trust that before we part we may have it well sifted and settled what duchy it was that they ruled over.¹ And I would ask another question How many dwellers in this borough, when they buy and sell within its bounds, remember that there was a time when men were sold in Lewes market, and when the toll on the sale of a man was fixed by the same rule and in the same sentence which fixed the toll on the sale of an ox ? Here to be sure there was nothing peculiar to Lewes ; the evil custom against which Wulfstan preached and against which Anselm legislated was but the common custom of England and of the world ; only I do not remember any other entry in the great Survey which brings the prevalence of slavery before us in such a living way as its record of the slave-market of Lewes.² Arundel too has its tale—Arundel, one of the few spots of English ground which boasted, if boast it was, of a castle before King William came into England³—Arundel, with its mound, its keep, the seat of Earl Roger of Montgomery, and, till the Lion of Justice and the English people smote him down, the seat, the prison-house, the torture-chamber, of the more terrible Robert of Bellême⁴—Arundel, the landing-place of the Empress⁵—Arundel, with its long line of earls, whose ancient earldom is, I trust, not forgotten beneath a loftier but more modern title—Arundel, with

¹ A paper on this subject by Mr. E. C. Waters was read later in the meeting. It may be remembered that some controversy arose on the subject earlier in the year in the pages of the Academy. I await conviction one way or another.

² Domesday, 26. “*Qui in burgo vendit equum dat præposito nummum, et que emit alium de bove obolum, de homini*

i. l. i. i. denarios quocumque loco emat infra rapum.”

³ Domesday, 23.

⁴ See William Rufus, i, 58 ; ii, 428. For the general picture of his doings, whether at Arundel or anywhere else see Orderic, 675, C.D ; 707, C.D.

⁵ See Gesta Stephani, p. 56.

its church of many destinies, type of a class which so many fail to understand, but whose nature, it is to be hoped, the law has at last made clear to them. And while we speak of Earls of Arundel, let me throw out, as a question for our discussion, a point once raised by an honoured local antiquary of Arundel, whether of a truth the title of Earl of Arundel, like that of Earl Warren, is anything more than a familiar misnomer, and whether the holder of that first of earldoms is not in very truth the direct successor in name and office of the ancient ealdormen of the South-Saxons.¹ Then there is Hastings, second only to Pevensey and Senlac in the tale of William's coming. Hastings, of which I have already spoken as holding its place in the tale of the second William—Hastings, whose own tale begins long before the first William and goes on long after the second. I trust that no patriotic inhabitant of Hastings believes, as the author and reviewer of a book noticed in the *Edinburgh Review* believed no long time back, that the Conqueror's landing was made at Hastings, and the exploits of Taillefer were wrought on the shore the moment after his landing. But I will throw out a point for a Hastings antiquary. How is it that in the *Chronicles* for the year 1011, the year that records the martyrdom of Ælfheah, Hastings appears in a list of shires as a shire distinct from Sussex?² I do not see Bramber and Steyning on our list; but I see Rye and Winchelsey, Broadwater and Sompington and Shoreham. These last are chiefly memorable for their churches. In Sompington tower, though it can tell no such tale as that of Bosham, we have, as a matter of building, more than its fellow. We have no other tower of the Primitive Romanesque at once so elaborate in its detail and still keeping the ancient finish, the four-gabled spire, a finish common in Germany, but which has so universally vanished in England. And will some one, in the course of this meeting, solve for us the problem of New

¹ This point was raised long ago by Mr. Tinney of Arundel. I cannot help thinking that "Earl of Arundel" was simply a colloquial way of speaking of the Earl of the South-Saxons whose seat was at Arundel, just as the Earls of Surrey were more commonly called Earls Warren.

² *Chron.*, 1011. In the list of shires harried by the Danes we find: "Be sudan Temese ealle Centingas and Sudseaxe and Hastings and Sudrige and Bearrocsire and Hamtunsire and micel on Wiltunscire."

Shoreham? How is it that a parish church comes to show all the main features of a minster, and that a minster of one special type? For I cannot find that the church of New Shoreham ever was anything but a parish church; I cannot find that it was ever the church of any monastic or collegiate body. I need hardly say that the foundation of a priory of Carmelite friars by a certain Sir John Mowbray as late as 1368 has nothing whatever to do with this far older building. But for a parish church to show all the features of a considerable minster is in England a thing altogether unique, or one that has its parallel only in the church of Saint Mary Redcliff at Bristol. In France it would be less wonderful; there parish churches, some of them on a much smaller scale than New Shoreham, not uncommonly take the shape of miniature minsters. And not only this, but any one who looks at New Shoreham in its present state would be tempted to say that its story must be the same as the story of Boxgrove. And the story of Boxgrove, different as the appearances are, is, when rightly understood, only another version of the story of Arundel. One cannot doubt that Boxgrove was a divided church; the parishioners by some means obtained possession of the monastic church, and then forsook their most likely humbler parish church to the west of it. But this cannot be at New Shoreham, unless some one can show that it was the church of some unknown monastery or college of which the industry of Dugdale was not able to find a single trace in records or chronicles.

We reach Rye, our furthest point, and here I have another question to ask, another point to suggest for local enquiry. There seems no reason to doubt that whatever happened between King John and the subdeacon Pandulf in the first half of 1213—I speak warily, so as not to confound what was done with Pandulf with what was done with the Legate Nicolas later in the year—happened, as Roger of Wendover tells us, at Dover. But one chronicle, the Annals of Winchester, places the dealings between the king and the subdeacon at Rye.¹ The Winchester Annals are often marked rather by the oddness of their

¹ Ann. Mon. ii, 82. "Johannes rex Angliæ fuit apud Rie cum exercitu Angliæ,

et tradidit coronam suam ibi Pandulfo, et fecit se tributarium Romanæ ecclesiæ."

entries than by their accuracy; but there must be some cause for this statement. Something, one would think, must have happened at Rye at some stage of the story which the annalist confounded with the greater event which happened at Dover. Let the antiquaries of Rye find out what that something was; the main event, the beginning of the surrender of the crown, they may not be anxious to claim; that they may be willing to leave to Dover. And, as one never searches into any thing without lighting on something else, it is worth noticing that in the proclamation which John had just before put forth, the stigma of "*culvertagium*" exactly answers to the hateful name of *Niding* in the proclamation which William Rufus put forth, either while still at Pevensey or on his march from Pevensey to Rochester.¹ And let us mark again that in John's deed of surrender, while the genuine copy in Rymer makes the King become the Pope's "*feudatarius*," the printed text of Roger of Wendover, following some of his manuscripts, makes him become the pope's "*secundarius*." "*Feudatarius*" is of course the right word; but he who wrote "*secundarius*" must surely have been reading his Asser and thinking of Ælfred.²

I will end, as our journey of to-morrow is to end, with Winchelsey. There the tale of Lewes, the tale of Evesham, the tale of Kenilworth, goes on. The men of the Cinque Ports, the men of Winchelsey preeminently among them, clave to the cause of the martyred Earl when to cleave to it was perhaps no longer to do ought for it. When the Lord Edward smote the so-called pirates of Winchelsey in fight on their own sea,³ they knew not, perhaps he knew not, that it was on him that the mantle

¹ The proclamation of John in Roger of Wendover, iii, 245, is wonderfully like that of William Rufus in 1088. The words "*quod nullus remaneat, qui arma portare possit, sub nomine culvertagii et perpetuæ servitutis*," answer exactly to those of the Chronicle "*Se cyng . . . sende ofer eall Englande and bead þat ælc man be were unniðing sceolde cuman to him, Frencisce and Englisce, of porte and of uppelande*." Or as William of Malmesbury (*Gest. Reg. iv. 306*) has it, "*Anglos suos appellat; jubet ut compatriotas advocent ad obsidionem venire, nisi si qui velint sub nomine Niðing, quod nequam sonat, remanere.* *Angli*

qui nihil miserius putarent quam hujusce vocabuli dedecore aduri, catervatim ad regem conflunt, et invincibilum exercitum faciunt." The words in Italics in this story exactly answer to the saying about "*culvertagium*" in the other.

² See Roger of Wendover, iv, 253, and Sir Thomas Hardy's note. Compare Rymer, iii. For Ælfred as "*secundarius*" see Asser, MHB. 476 D. 477 C.

³ In the Winchester Annals, Ann. Mon. ii, 104, we read only "*facta est congressio inter piratas et quosdam milites domini Edwardi apud Wynchelsee*." In Waverley (*Ann. Mon. ii, 369*) this becomes more definitely "*conflictum habuit*

of Earl Simon had in truth fallen. But if Lord Edward showed himself to the men of Winchelsey as an enemy and a conqueror. King Edward presently showed himself to them as a founder. The later Winchelsey, the Winchelsey that is, even if we must not rather speak of the second Winchelsey also as the Winchelsey that was, is his work, no less than his greater and more abiding work by the Hull and the Humber. Tomorrow I trust to see again a site which I have not seen for thirty years. I remember well the walls, like the walls of Bourg-le-roi, of Autun, of Soest, of Rome itself, fencing in fields and gardens and detached houses. I remember the lines of streets where now no streets are; I remember the fragment of the stately church, a fragment like New Shoreham or Boxgrove or Merton chapel or Hexham or Milton, or Bristol cathedral as it stood a few years back. I look to local knowledge to tell us how much of all this is simply unfinished, how much has been and has been destroyed. Were those streets simply traced out and never built, or were they once lined with houses which have been swept away? Was that church never more than a fragment? Was its nave simply designed like that of Merton chapel, or has it perished like that of Hexham abbey?¹ And of such destruction as has been, I would ask how much is due to an event chronicled in the Annals of Bermondsey with which I may well end my story. I read there in 1359, three years after the fight of Poitiers, when King Edward and Prince Edward were gone into Burgundy, "*Normanni eo tempore destruxerunt Winchilsee.*" This was by no means the last time that our shores have been visited and harried by invaders from the other side of the Channel. But I do not remember that in any later harrying the doers of it are in this way distinctly spoken of as Normans. After telling of the landing at Pevensey, the march to Hastings, the fight on Senlac, the second would-be landing at Pevensey, it is almost with a smile that I wind up my story with this last survival of Norman Conquest.

cum cribus de Winchelse, in eadem villa ubi multi ex eis corruerunt et plurimi in fugam versus mare conversi miserabiliter submersi sunt, et eorum principalis captus est, nomine Henricus Pehun, quem dominus Edwardus statim voluit suspendere." Lord Edward had already (ib. p. 367), hanged some men at Winchelsey, but

Gilbert of Clare begged this one off.

¹ From my remembrance of thirty years back I had fancied that the church of Winchelsey was unfinished, like Merton chapel; but it is plain that the nave has been destroyed, as at Bristol and Shoreham.