

the variations of prices and seasons. The Commutation Act allowed for variations in price, but assumed an uniform production; and this is the best evidence that the only satisfactory arrangement is for the landlord to exonerate his tenant from liability to pay the rent-charge, and to allow for this exemption in adjusting the rent.

By way of summing up the foregoing remarks, the following questions may be asked of those whose incomes are affected by the Bill. Is the present position of tithe-owners satisfactory? If not, is it likely to be improved without legislation? If not, from what party or Government is there the most remote probability of tithe-owners receiving more favourable treatment than from the present Cabinet?

A. M. DEANE.



ART. VI.—A DAY WITH THE KENT ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WHY is it that we have all been reading with such deep interest the account of the recent unrolling of the mummies of Rameses II. and his father, by Professor Maspero, at Cairo? And why have we looked with still deeper interest upon the portraits of these mummied Pharaohs which the illustrated papers have given us? Simply because it is impossible to gaze upon the very form and features of men who acted a great part in the history of the human family thirty-three centuries ago without the most profound interest. We see in each not merely the copy of a portrait, however faithful, but the *vera effigies* of the very man himself and the expression of his countenance, his very lineaments and the character reflected in them.

And it is a modified form of the same mental tendency which invests the venerable architectural remains of former ages, whether ecclesiastical or domestic, with so much interest. The ancient castles and country houses, the cathedrals and churches, which fill the land, are simply the expression in stone of the thoughts which once filled the busy brains of men who passed across the stage in years gone by, and have long since disappeared to join the great army of the dead with Rameses and all the Pharaohs. To preserve these venerable monuments by creating an intelligent interest in them is the object of the various archæological societies which exist in many of the counties of England. The practical mode in

which this design is sought to be carried out is by an annual "Perambulation," usually extending over two days, in some district in which remains of historical interest abound. I am not aware of the routine adopted in other counties, but in Kent it is skilfully and pleasantly arranged that on the first day a central point of interest is selected, from which the Society and its friends can reach a number of attractive spots on foot, and on the second day the party drive to more distant places. This makes an agreeable change in the proceedings, and enables the visitors to cover a more extensive field.

It had been decided by the Kentish Society that Rochester, with its ancient cathedral and wonderfully-preserved Norman castle, should this year form the central point, whence the perambulation should extend itself on the second day to more distant regions. With such a pleasant prospect I gladly accepted the invitation of a friend to accompany him to the meeting of the Society. The weather was propitious, and the interest of the proceedings was sustained to the close.

I do not propose to go over the whole ground traversed by the Association, and to give a kind of guide-book account of every point we visited, although there was not one which did not possess features of great interest. I do not know any more attractive reading than a guide-book to one intending to travel in a strange land, but it is not likely that at any other time it would possess many attractions for him. I will, therefore, confine my reminiscences to the more salient and interesting points of the excursion.

It is one of the strange anomalies of the human mind that very often fictitious scenes possess a deeper interest for us than actual occurrences. The stirring events, the conflicts so vividly described, the trials, the victories of "Pilgrim's Progress," hold the imagination of every schoolboy with a grasp with which the history of Rome or Greece cannot compete. And as he advances in years, the adventures of "Don Quixote" and "Sancho Panza," the attack on the windmill, the delightful delusion of the knight as he describes the flocks of sheep as serried hosts of armed men arrayed under their respective commanders, the inimitable conversations of the knight and squire, possess a charm which eclipses the attractions of Hume or Hallam, and rivals even the pages of Alison or Macaulay in his affections.

The long flight of time exerts the same magic in its effects upon our minds when we look upon the material monuments of the past. The stones and mortar, the arches and columns, are not very different from those of to-day, but through the unconscious exercise of our powers of imagination they are invested with a halo of historical associations, which then

become as real to us as the pilgrimage of Christian or the adventures of Don Quixote. Thus, as we gazed on the morning of a lovely summer day last July upon the rounded arches of the earlier portions of Rochester Cathedral, we were irresistibly carried back to the days when the Normans lorded it over the conquered Saxons and impressed their laws and customs, and even their style of architecture, upon the vanquished. The conquerors, however, did not rest their supremacy solely upon moral grounds, or upon their superiority in art and literature; they took the precaution to let the subjugated race know that a material force lay behind the moral power. Bishop Gundulf, who built the cathedral about the year 1080, was also the builder of the oldest portion of the castle, thus silently reminding any refractory members of his flock that his ecclesiastical admonitions might, on an emergency, be enforced by the temporal power of the castle.

This immense ruin, still in a remarkable state of preservation, stands not far from the cathedral, and doubtless in former ages dominated the surrounding country, practically even as it now does from an artistic point of view. As one approaches Rochester, this noble pile, whose towers rise to the height of 125 feet, forms the most striking feature of the landscape, irresistibly suggesting the supremacy of a power of commanding influence in days gone by. One remarkable arrangement in the interior of the great keep brings forcibly to our minds a sense of the community of wants and feelings between the men of the present day and those of the eleventh century. A castle, however impregnable to open assault, might be surrounded by a besieging force; the supply of water might be cut off—and then stone walls and battlements had no more value as defences. To avert this danger, a deep well was sunk in the centre of the keep, which to this day is filled with water; a stone wall five and a half feet thick divides the keep into two distinct portions; this wall is pierced by a pipe nearly three feet in diameter passing vertically through the core of the wall from the well to the top of the keep; on each floor a small arched door opens into this pipe, so that water could be drawn up to each without descending to the well. Doubtless in the days of King John when the castle was besieged, the value of this ingenious provision was found by the defenders, and although the castle was captured, it does not appear to have been reduced by starvation, but by undermining the south-eastern turret of the keep.

The cathedral and the castle, however, although the grandest and most important relics of the past in Rochester, by no means exhausted the list of objects of historical interest still existing in the ancient town: portions of the old wall by

which the city was once surrounded remains in a wonderful state of preservation; one embattled fragment of which terminates in a very perfect bastion. The wall, as nearly as I could estimate, was thirty-five or forty feet in height, and I was much struck with the very perfect condition of the masonry after the lapse of so many centuries.

It was the contemplation of the venerable ruins of Iona that inspired one of the most beautiful passages in the writings of Dr. Johnson, in which he avowed his belief that whatever tends to make the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, elevates us in the dignity of thinking beings. If these words express a recognised truth, we all ought to have received an upward lift during our visit to Rochester, for it was impossible to gaze upon these venerable witnesses of the life of a bygone age, still lifting up their heads amid the rush and hurry of the nineteenth century, without being compelled to reflect on the ephemeral nature of man's life in comparison with the works of his own hands which outlive himself by periods so vast.

Inferior in point of antiquity, yet deeply interesting, was Restoration House, which the owner, Mr. Stephen Aveling, kindly threw open to the Society. The name is derived from the fact that at the time of his restoration to the throne, Charles II. passed the night here on his way from Dover to London. It was then owned by Sir Joseph Clarke, the Recorder of Rochester, who was knighted by the King in recognition of his loyalty. Quaint and rambling in its arrangements, according to modern ideas of the convenient, it nevertheless possessed much interest, and it required no great powers of imagination again to people the rooms and the grand staircase with the figures of the restored King and his courtiers.

The first day closed with a *conversazione* given by the hospitable Mayor of Rochester, Mr. Lewis Levy, to the members of the Society and their friends, at which papers were read on "Shakespeare at Rochester," and other subjects of a similar character, and thus was brought to a close the first day, the only fault of which was that we suffered from a plethora of good things.

The next day dawned bright and fair, and the party assembled at 10.30 o'clock and drove—a goodly procession of twenty-three drags and waggonettes—first to Gillingham Church. This church dates from the thirteenth century, and portions of it from the fourteenth. It bears traces of Norman architecture, and indeed has many Roman tiles built in with the walls; but the most curious and interesting feature of the edifice is the "Lepers' window," of which I believe very few

examples exist. The parish church of Bidborough, near Tunbridge Wells, which dates from the time of the Conquest, possesses one, of which the existence was not known until a few years since, having been filled up with cement or mortar. These are the only examples of which I am aware, though doubtless there are others.

As some readers of *THE CHURCHMAN* may not know precisely what is meant by a Lepers' window, I may mention that lepers, or supposed lepers, appear to have existed in some parts of England in former ages, and that they were not permitted, through fear of contagion, to enter the churches with the general congregations. A window was therefore provided especially for their benefit, through which, by ascending a ladder placed against the wall outside, or from a separate chamber, they were enabled to witness all that took place within.

From ecclesiastical we turned to domestic architecture, and by the kindness of Mr. Stuart, we were permitted to examine the ancient portions of his house, Bloor's Place, the earlier part of which was built in the reign of Henry VII., and a later portion in that of Henry VIII. A bedroom with oak paneling, in very perfect condition, afforded a most interesting example of carving of the Tudor age.

Then more ecclesiastical edifices; but if I were to attempt to describe all the ancient churches which we visited and of which the features of greatest interest were pointed out to us, either by competent local authorities or by Canon Scott Robertson who accompanied us, I should be in danger of falling into the error to which I have adverted of writing a guide-book. I cannot, however, omit to notice the remarkable parish church of Upchurch, the general characteristics of which are Early English of the fourteenth century, while the foundations appear to be Norman. What interested me, however, more than the date or style of the building, was the fact that the father of Sir Francis Drake was for some time Vicar of Upchurch, and that the future hero to whose gallant repulse of the Armada England owes so much, must often, as a boy, have attended the services within these walls.

Many persons are commemorated in these days by the erection of monuments, whose claims to the distinction are somewhat dubious; but viewed in the light of the vast benefits conferred by Drake on his country, none of her illustrious sons have a higher claim to be gratefully remembered. It was somewhat late to render this tribute to the memory of the great Admiral, but all Englishmen must be gratified that it has at length been done, and that two noble statues have been erected to him within the last few years.

One more church before we arrive at the final gathering, and that, like Upchurch, rather for an incidental circumstance than for its antiquity or historical associations. Hartlip Church is probably Early English, but its date is not known; it contains, however, an epitaph which, as Canon Scott Robertson, who explained the architecture and history of the church said, was probably unique. The inscription which is found on a stone in the floor of the middle aisle records the sorrow of a bereaved widower, and is in the following words:

I coo and pine and ne'er shall be at rest,
Until I come to thee, dear, sweetest, blest.

This to my mind was full of touching pathos, and my thoughts carried me back to the day long past when the disconsolate parishioner sought to give permanent expression to his grief in the quaint language of the epitaph. A young lady, however, to whom I expressed this unsophisticated view appeared to be sceptical, and even suggested the probability that the disconsolate widower had sought consolation for the loss of number one by inviting number two to fill her place.

From Hartlip Church we drove to the Lawn of Hartlip Place, where Mrs. Godfrey-Faussett-Osborne had hospitably invited the Society to five o'clock tea. No conclusion of an interesting day could have been more fitting or more welcome. The brilliant sky, the picturesque groups of noble trees under whose shadow we rested, with the lovely distant view, all combined to leave on our memories a bright and pleasant impression of our perambulation with the Kent Archæological Society.

I cannot close my reminiscences without expressing my sense of the deep obligations we were under to Canon Scott Robertson, the Honorary Secretary of the Society, and to Mr. George Payne, F.S.A., for the admirable arrangements which conduced so largely to the pleasure and interest of the day.

P. CARTERET HILL.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *Jan.*, 1887.

