

Reaching at length the ancient town and port of Rye, I at once sought out its most interesting objects, and obtained all the information respecting them, which my very limited time would permit. The town itself is built upon a hill, the base of which was formerly washed by the sea, which has now receded at least three miles. Rye is a parliamentary borough, and a member of the Cinque Ports; it was once a place of considerable commercial importance, when such towns as Liverpool were mere fishing villages. It has a difficult and shallow harbor, and its trade is principally confined to Agricultural produce, coal, lime, timber, &c. Ships of small tonnage are built here, and considerable fishing is carried on. Rye is supposed by the learned to be the *Novus Portus* of Ptolemy, and its modern name is thought to be derived from the Saxon *Rhee*—a ford; the former position of the town favoring this opinion. In A. D. 893, the Danes, under the pirate Hastings, effected a landing near this town, and afterwards took Appledon, which was in those days a considerable place, about six miles distant, but now a mere village. On entering from the north, I passed under a magnificent old gateway, the only one of five now remaining; it is a handsome gothic arch, flanked on each side by a round tower. To the right may be seen a tower or castle in a good state of preservation, erected in the reign of Stephen, and afterwards strengthened as a means of defence. The parish church, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, is a large and ancient edifice, having at the east end of the choir an elegant ornamental window, and a tastefully carved altar in solid mahogany. The sacred edifice, however, in common with too many old gothic churches, has been so patched and attired in the course of ages, as to materially mar its general expression and effect.

Rye, occupying an eminence, commands a great many picturesque and extensive views, pleasing alike to the artist and the agriculturist. Let me digress a little. Standing on the eastern slope of the hill, the view before me was extremely interesting,—the Rother, forming here the harbor, was gently meandering to the ocean at my feet, beyond which, to the east, is stretched out in one unbroken view the vast plain of Romney Marsh, literally dotted over by innumerable cattle and sheep; the latter looking like mere white points in the distance, contrasting beautifully with the bright green surface. The whole sweep of the English Channel, from Folkestone on the east, to Fairlight Down, behind Hastings, to the west, was distinctly visible, with a fleet of merchant ships sailing proudly on its bosom. The view from the western side of the eminence embraces the ancient town of Winchelsea, and in the distance Fairlight hill, with its holy edifice standing on its brow, a conspicuous object for some sixty or seventy miles around. Immediately below my feet commences the Bride Level, noted for its scenery and rich pasturage, treading several miles westward, between the gentle hills which form its northern and southern boundary covered with wood, arable, hop, and pasture land, gradually sloping into the vale below, and calmly blending the whole—hill and dale—into one soft, wide-spread scene of perfect beauty. To an agricultural eye the whole appeared like a paradise. Stately mansions, and such farm-houses and cottages, occupied by an industrious, healthy, and united people, with, every few miles, the spire of a Christian temple embosomed in the shade of green trees and fields, directing man's grovelling thoughts from earth to heaven, form not only the most pleasing characteristics of an English landscape, but to their moral force we must chiefly look for an exposition of England's strength, freedom, and happiness.

Ascending to the northern and highest portion of Rye-hill, the view becomes still more commanding, forming in fact a complete panorama. On the south the blue waters of the English Channel are spread out before, with occasional glimpses, in clear weather, of the opposite coast of France. To the north and east the distant chalk hills of Kent bound the horizon, bringing into view a succession of ridges and valleys, resting on different geological formations, that present, I should think, a greater variety of soils and different systems of farming, within so limited an area, than are to be found in any other portion of this much diversified country, or, perhaps, in the whole world.—For instance, how different is the system of sheep farming between the chalk downs of Kent and Sussex, and the low alluvial lands of Romney Marsh! On the former, you see nothing but the fine short-woolled Southdown, fed chiefly on turnips in the field, by folding. In the latter, you find only the large, coarse, long-woolled Kentish sheep, which have to depend in great measure on the pasture of these rich lowlands during even the winter, as I find that no artificial food is given them except when the ground is covered with snow, a circumstance that only occurs occasionally for a short time.—These sheep are coarser and heavier than the improved Leicester, and not, I think, so handsome and symmetrical as the Cotswolds. They shear a heavy fleece of long sta-