GLYNDE,

SUSSEX.

WHEN English counties first took metes and bounds, none had a fairer strip of England than Sussex. Glynde is in the midst of this delectable county, well placed, within three miles of the old county town of Lewes. Nowadays it is, perhaps, more to the point to note it as on the road over the hills between Brighton and Eastbourne, upstart fishing ports that have outpaced the Sussex capital.

Among those pleasant chalk hills, the bare green downs ringed with trees, that give the wanderers coming home by Newhaven a sight of dear and familiar things, is this village of Glynde, notable as the first breeding-place of the perfect Southdown sheep. Below it is the Glynde Reach, flowing to the Ouse, a brackish stream on which at high water a boat of some draught may swim. Local tradition makes much of this ritch or reach, and would have you know that the King of France's fleet has sailed here in the old time before us. The Caburn Hill which tops Glynde has a truer story of a still dimmer time, before France was or her kings. For the Caburn, whether it be "Caer Bryn" or no, is an ancient British earthwork and hill-fort; and where the ground has been trenched the spade cuts the walls of wicker beehive huts and turns the ashes of the hearths of Glynde's first wild parishioners.



THE WAY IN.

Glynde manor was held of the Archbishop's manor of Malling, a fact which makes the antiquary's task no easier when he comes

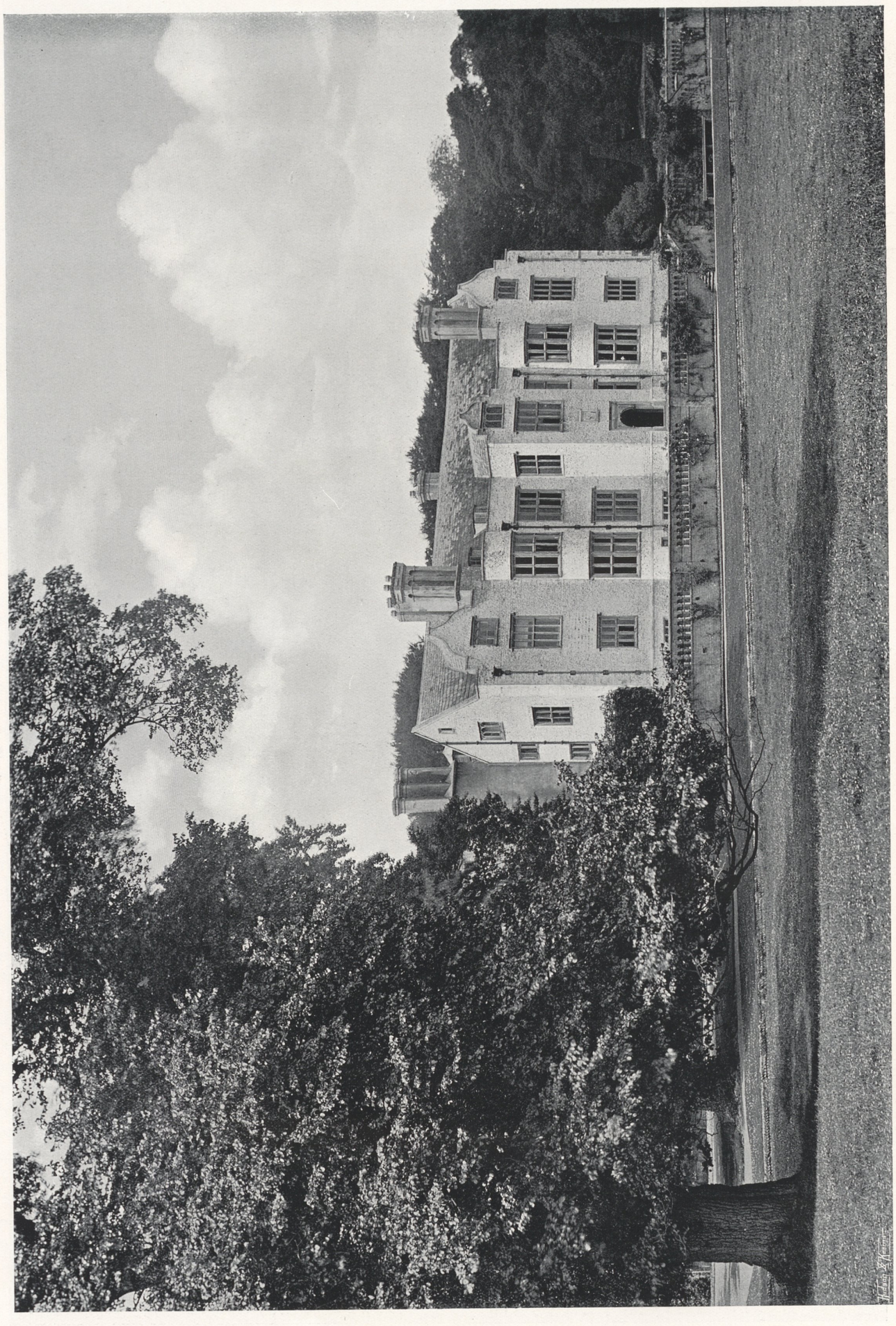
to seek out its separate history. Its old manorial lords were a race named Waleys—strangers, for Waleys signifies an outlandish man—and the pedigree made for the Morleys, their descendants, at a time when pedigree-making was an imaginative and untrammelled business, gives them for a first ancestor one Sir Richard Waleys, husband of "Dionysia heiress of the Lord Glynde," from which marriage came a son, another Sir Richard Waleys, Knight, who had issue Sir Godfrey Waleys, and so on for three more knightly generations, until one of the daughters of a last Sir John Waleys carries the manor to her husband Nicholas Morley. A genuine document before us, a "fine" of the eleventh year of King John, shows the true beginning of the Waleys family in Glynde, and, somewhat to our surprise, the facts are not far from those of the old pedigree. The parchment gives us the final concord of a suit between Godfrey Waleys and Ralph of Arderne concerning the Sussex manors of "Glinde," "Teringe" and "Pascinges," and the Kentish manors of "Tainton" and "Newendun." Godfrey, it appears, has sought judgment in the King's Court whether the right in the said manors is with him, as heir of his dead mother Denise, or with the said Ralph of Arderne, who had married her in her widowhood, having a new gift of them from the hands of Hubert Walter, the Archbishop and overlord. Since Ralph now recognises the right of Godfrey, his stepson gives him 100 marks and the Pascinges manor to hold for his life.

Thus we can begin the history of Glynde with the fact that one Denise, evidently the heir of the Archbishop's Glynde tenant, married a Waleys, and that their son Godfrey inherited from his mother. Our next document, a deed enrolled in the Court of King's Bench in 1454, shows that John Waleys, a squire and no knight, son of Sir William and grandson of Sir John Waleys, had four daughters for his co-heirs, of whom Joan, then wife of Nicholas Morley, esquire, joined with her sisters in giving possession—temporary possession as it would seem—of their manor of Glynde to their cousins William and John Waleys. Thus a new family had its foot in Glynde, a Lancashire stock, cadets of Morley of Morley. Settling here, the Morleys had Glynde in their share of the Waleys' inheritance and made it their chief seat, Robert Morley, son of Nicholas Morley by Joan Waleys, asking in his will of 1513 for burial here, and ordering a house and lands in London to be sold for founding in Glynde church a chantry that soon suffered the fate of all English chantries. For eight generations they were here, a family of Sussex squires who married twice with the Pelhams, and gave their daughters in marriage to Darells, Stapleys, Boords and Fagges. During their time the present manor house rose on the site of an older and now forgotten one. Also they bred the most notable man of whom we have any record at Glynde, Colonel Harbert Morley. Born in 1616, he had his learning beside John Evelyn the diarist at Lewes school; but their pathways in life soon divided. Evelyn was for the Church and the Court, although he came very slowly to the King's host in his new foreign armour and was glad to have his quittance and ride home again. But Harbert Morley was the true picture of a stout and upright republican. Member for Lewes when the troubles came, he was one of the first to draw sword for the Parliament, one of the last to forsake the vision of a commonwealth for which England was unripe. In 1642, he volunteered to raise the well-affected men of Sussex, no light task in the county of Sackvilles and Ashburnhams, babe-eating Lunsfords and wild Gorings. But more than one Sussex gentleman's name is on the King's death warrant, and though Arundel was in Royalist hands when Harbert Morley rode down to the country on his mission, Chichester and Morley's own borough of Lewes were for Parliament. Morley and his neighbours, Anthony Stapley, Sir Thomas Pelham and Sir Thomas Parker, being deputy-lieutenants, were to put their county into posture of defence and to disarm all who would not join them. It does not appear that he was with Waller and Browne when they turned aside from their march towards Chichester to blow in the castle gate of Arundel with a petard and seize the malignants therein. But before they attacked the weak walls of Chichester, where a party of cavaliers had assembled, Colonel Morley rode up with "three troops of horses and two companies of dragoneers." The result broke down all cavalier resistance in Sussex for a year to come, and Harbert Morley, busied with shipping off unhappy Royalist prisoners to the Indies, had the thanks of the Parliament for his zeal.

Another occupation, which must have made many a Sussex manor house ring with curses on him, was Harbert Morley's work as a sequestrator of Royalist estates. There was more fighting for him the next year, for Hopton, who carried Winchester and Cowdray and retook Arundel by surprise, advanced on Lewes, only to be beaten back by the vigilant Morley. When Arundel, a very shuttlecock of a castle, was again flying the Parliament's banner, Morley was joint captain of that hold looking down on a deserted town, the windows all broken by gun-shot. By this time all Royalists in the county knew Morley, "the crooked rebel of Sussex," for their most obstinate foe, and a roughly-handled clergy complained bitterly of his hard dealings with them. It is with some surprise that we find Harbert Morley's name missing from those who signed the King's death warrant. He was, indeed, named as a judge, and for three days he watched the trial in Westminster Hall, but neither signed nor sealed, a fact which years afterwards saved Glynde to the Morleys. After 1653 he lived privately at



WEST ENTRANCE IN QUADRANGLE.



GLYNDE.



TO THE WEST GARDEN.



THE GALLERY.

Glynde. He could not abide even such kingship as Cromwell's Protectorate showed him, and allowed the gout to be his excuse for not taking his seat when elected for Rye. But when Oliver was dead, the county and Lewes borough both elected the Colonel, who came up to London to join Richard Cromwell's council and hear unwelcome talk about the advantages of a monarchy. Parliament, he found, had grown lax in its manners during his absence. Harbert Morley was ready like an old soldier to stand for discipline; and even the Speaker, who had interrupted a member by moving for candles to be brought in, drew the rebuke of the squire of Glynde, and was told that, "while another speaks, you ought to sit down, Mr. Speaker." All the tales of him, and there are many, show a man dauntless in his duty. When General Lambert and the Army marched on the Parliament it was Harbert Morley whom the hectoring general had to face in Palace Yard, Morley with a pistol in hand and swearing to put a bullet in Master Lambert if he came a step further. The better part of valour came upon the general, who answered curtly, "Colonel Morley, I will go another way, though if I please I could pass this."

In the last days of the Commonwealth, for which he had fought, Colonel Morley was Lieutenant of the Tower, and with a more pliant spirit might have taken the wind out of Monk's sails and made a duke's seat of Glynde. His old schoolfellow Evelyn was keen to see the part Morley might play, pressing him to act without Monk, "and have all the honour." But he remained doubtful, having, perchance, his own value for a turncoat's honour. A letter of approval under Evelyn's hand shows that even that obstinate, although timid, cavalier could see Morley "free and incontaminate, well-borne and abhorring to dishonour or enrich yourselfe with the spoyles which by others have been ravish't from our miserable yet dearest country." So Monk had his chance and took it, and the Lieutenant of the Tower—"O the sottish omission of this gentleman," wailed Evelyn—bought a pardon at a cost of £1,000 and retired to Glynde, where "the Baron of Sussex" died in his bed some seven years after the Restoration. His only son did not long survive him, and at his death Glynde passed to the Trevors. Thus the long line of succession was at last broken, for the Trevors had no Morley blood. William Morley, the last squire of his race, had married Elizabeth Clarke, who at his death became wife of John Trevor, to whom she brought the Glynde lands. Like that of every other gentle family of Wales, the family tree of Trevor soars into the clouds like Jack's beanstalk, and a body climbing it to the top might find himself in Eden garden. But the first Trevors with whose doings the world outside the marches of Wales may concern itself were among the five sons of a John Trevor buried, the year after the Armada, in St. Bride's, Fleet Street. Four of these sons came to the honour of knighthood. The third son, Sir Sackville Trevor, whose portrait in his commander's scarf now hangs on the wall at Glynde, was a sea captain in the fleet that sailed to bring Prince Charles and the Spanish Lady from Santander, and from his ship, the Defiance, was thrown out the rope

that saved a prince whose boat was drifting out to sea the night of a stiff gale. Commanding a squadron in the North Sea, he took the St. Esprit out of the Texel in 1627, which, if we may trust a complimentary letter of James Howell, was "one of the best exploits ever performed." The youngest son was Sir Thomas Trevor, who, although one of the twelve judges giving judgment for the Crown in Hampden's ship-money case, yet refused the King's summons to come to his Oxford Court, emphasising his refusal by hanging one of the Royal messengers for a spy. This stern judge's brother, Sir John Trevor of Trevalyn, was a leading Parliament man under the Commonwealth, as was his son, Sir John the younger, both of them hedging in time in the Restoration year. John the younger bought a secretaryship of State under the restored monarchy. Strangely enough, his wife Ruth was daughter of John Hampden of Hampden, against whom his father had made his famous decision. By her he was father of the John Trevor whose marriage settled him at Glynde on the estate of his wife's first husband, William Morley.

John Morley Trevor, eldest son of William Morley's widow, begat a round dozen of children. But only one son survived him, a John Trevor, Lord of the Admiralty and member for Lewes, the last of the "Squire Trevors" who were at once lords of Glynde and of the Welsh lands. Hot Welsh blood had been inherited with the lands, for when Squire Trevor was carried to the Glynde vault, in 1743, the sword wounds of a duel were in his body. At his death the Welsh estate was parted among eight sisters, and his second cousin once removed, Richard Trevor, Bishop of Durham, had Glynde with an injunction, faithfully obeyed, to have a care of the Miss Trevors. They figure in Horace Walpole's letters, and with their cousin, the bishop, escape well through that ordeal. The bishop himself loved Glynde, where traditions of his open housekeeping and his life as a generous Sussex landlord remained long after his day. The bequest may have tempted my lord from his Northern flock, for the bishop seems to have lived most of his year at Glynde, where he pulled down the old church, with the delighted acquiescence of its patrons, the Dean and Chapter of Windsor, rebuilding it with neat hideousness and setting his arms on the new pediment. "Elegance and comfort," says the delighted topographer Horsfield, "are happily combined. The greatest contrast prevails between this elegant structure and most of the Sussex churches." In one of this elegant building's vaults the bishop was laid in 1771. His elder brother, the fourth Lord Trevor, was his heir here, Horace Walpole's correspondent, who on the death of the last Hampden of Hampden had that estate also and became Viscount Hampden. Two sons succeeded in turn, and then Glynde passed to the Brands, who come from Hertfordshire, where many households of this family had dwelt time out of mind in the parish of Great Hormead. By reason of the marriage of Thomas Brand of the Hoo with Gertrude Roper, daughter of a younger son of the Teynham Ropers by a daughter of John Morley Trevor of Glynde, the Brands had Glynde in



ENTRANCE HALL.

1824 by bequest of the third Viscount Hampden of the Trevor family. Thomas Brand, eldest son of this marriage, succeeded as twentieth Lord Dacre to a very ancient barony by writ. But the good public service of a Brand revived for this family the Viscounty of Hampden. Henry Bouverie William Brand, younger brother of the twenty-second Lord Dacre, was member for Cambridgeshire and senior Liberal Whip when he was elected without opposition to succeed Speaker Denison, and for twelve years he ruled the House, suave and firm as a Speaker should be. Irish opposition made some of those years stormy ones, organised obstruction perfecting itself until Speaker Brand brought Parliamentary procedure to a crisis in 1881 by refusing, after a sitting of forty-one hours, to hear more speeches. A limit was set to obstruction by his bold action, and legislation followed giving new powers to the Speaker. During those troublesome days Glynde was the refuge in which the Speaker could forget, as landlord and farmer, the vexations of Westminster, and preserve that imperturbable temper for the sake of which Gladstone held him the best Speaker of his century. On leaving the chair he was created Viscount Hampden of Glynde, a title which over-shadowed the old barony of Dacre to which he succeeded on his brother's death in 1890. His grandson, the third viscount, has his seat at the Hoo, and Rear-Admiral Brand, the Speaker's second son, is lord of Glynde and the Sussex manors.

Glynde Place, as we have it to-day, remains, in spite of many changes, a characteristic Sussex manor house of the Elizabethan age, roofed in with Horsham stone. William Morley was its builder, grandfather of Colonel Harbert, the republican. Its front, however, looking bleakly down rolling ground towards the east, is the work of Richard Trevor, the Bishop of Durham. Seeing that this prelate made a clean sweep of the Gothic walls of Glynde church, a portico and pediment might be looked for in the new house front. Yet here the bishop showed a taste rare enough in his day, and his eighteenth century work, with its three ogival gables, its bold bays and mullioned windows, at least does not affront the older pile behind it. By the bishop's porch we gain the wide entrance hall, whose columns and busts show where his lordship at last loosed his classical fancy. Behind this lies the inner court. Over the western entrance to the quadrangle we look up at the builder's arms. Below are the initials and date, W . 1569 . M, and on the frieze above the pilasters framing the shield is William Morley's Italian "word" of SPERANZA MI DA LA VITA. Many changes have been made within the thick walls, flint-faced over chalk, of William Morley's building, and it is hard to say where was his main hall; but two rooms remain with the Elizabethan stonework of their fireplaces showing arms and badges of Morley and Waleys. The gallery with its large post-Restoration panels is now the chief room at Glynde, and is full of portraits, mainly of those Trevors who had their chief seat here.



THE WEST SIDE