

## A GOOD INNINGS

I don't suppose there are many of you around who can boast of having recognised in a childhood chum early on signs of the greatness achieved by that child when grown up. For one thing, talent does not as a rule manifest itself in early life. In reality, what happens is that you read about somebody who's become famous when an adult and you say to yourself: "Well, I never. I knew him when he was a useless little bugger. Who'd have thought...?" and so on.

Well, I had a 12-year-old chum when I was a kid and I didn't think she had much ability for anything. What I liked about her was that, like me, she was mad on cricket.

My meeting up with her came about when my father died suddenly, aged 51. My mother thought it would be better if I were to be billeted with a neighbour while the funeral arrangements were being made, and she asked a friend to take me in for a while. We lived in Sandgate, near Folkestone, and my chum's mother in Devonshire Terrace, only a few hundred yards away. The mother used to breed Cairn terriers and I have memories of them running all over the house, yapping away and getting under one's feet. She was a very kind person to put up with me!

There were quite a few tea parties, with lots of cakes and ice-creams, that helped me to keep my mind off thinking about the tragedy at home. But the best thing of all was that the daughter of the house and I got on like a house on fire. And the cricket season was upon us!

Throughout the next few summers we were inseparable. We travelled by bus to the Cheriton ground in Folkestone and sat on the boundary grass together during the famous Festival. We were filled with wonderment at the sight of Bradman playing havoc with the MCC bowling. We went to Dover by train in 1938 and were there to see Woolley's last innings for Kent aged 51— a very moving scene. We were also at the Crabble ground the year before to witness the amazing win over Gloucestershire by Kent who scored 217 runs in 71 minutes (in 23 overs) with 24 minutes to spare. Often friends took us to the St. Lawrence Ground at Canterbury by motor-car where we saw the emergence of some great players, Les Ames among them. We'd linger there late into the evening and made ourselves useful by fielding while Kent players practised in the nets.

And then my mother left the area, the war broke out and I lost touch with my cricket-mad friend.

Some 50 years later my wife came across an article in a woman's magazine and said it sounded as though the person featured in it was my childhood pal. I grabbed the magazine and read. Sure enough it was, no doubt about it. She attended Folkestone County School for Girls and remembered that pupils at her brother school, the Harvey Grammar School, used to get the day off whenever Les Ames, an Old Boy, scored a century. A Life Membership of the Kent County Club given by her husband as a wedding present, the article ran, she could when asked name the team. So I got in touch with her and she invited me to her seaside home in Hythe on more than one occasion, and we revived cricket memories.

On December 30<sup>th</sup> last she died, aged 83. Apart from having been a staunch supporter of Kent cricket since the 30s she had, in the meantime, become Professor Dame Sheila Sherlock, the world's most famous liver doctor

Derek St.Clair-Stannard

#### 50/50 COMPETITION 2002

The target membership for 2002 has been set at 300 subscribers bearing in mind at the date of this publication last years 200 has already been reached. Initially we set the cut off date for membership at 31 January but extended it to 31 January to meet demand. This year Tony Clark will take entries up to 30 April. The first draw will be made during the tea interval at Tunbridge Wells on Sunday 2 June and subsequent draws will be during the tea interval at Maidstone on 7 July and Canterbury on 11 August with the final bumper draw at the Christmas Party.

Net proceeds of the competition after allocating 50% to prizes will be allocated to assisting the coaching of youth cricketers, as in 2001 when two video cameras were purchased to be used by Coaches around the County.

## USE YOUR LIBRARY

*"The members' library in the Cornwallis Room is now open for those who wish to take out or return books."*

That is a regular match day announcement from the mellifluous tones of David Goodban with which members and supporters of Kent Cricket will be familiar. But what may not be known is that this facility came about as a result of the initiative and generosity of the Supporters' Club, which in the early 1990s provided an attractive bookcase to house the growing number of books which were being donated to the Club.

It is a facility which is much appreciated by enthusiasts not just in the season but through the long winter months.

Since its inception a library of more than 500 books has been built up and a growing number of supporters make regular visits during the course of the season to take out on loan a wide variety of works written by players past and present, journalists and other enthusiasts of the game. Biographies, autobiographies, accounts of home and overseas test series, works on the game's history, reference and statistical books, all go to make up a selection which appeals to readers young and not so young.

The library has been built up through donations of books by members and supporters, and as the result of two recent bequests, from Alan Priest and Harold Atkins it is now going to be possible to make a start on the introduction of a reference library for members to use. Once more we are indebted to the Supporters' Club who have most generously donated a further bookcase which will house the recently acquired reference works and those which have formed part of the existing library.

Since its inception it has generally been staffed during the lunch intervals by members of the Supporters' Club and I am pleased to say that we have had additional volunteers whose help will be needed and welcome if we are to make a success of the reference section. I also hope that we may be able to have extended opening times, possibly before the start of play and maybe when bad weather interrupts play.

I would like to hear from anyone who might have books they would like to donate, or who feels they can help in other ways. I can be contacted through the Club Office or on 01304 612876.

David Robertson  
Hon Curator.

Parish Church of St Peter & St Paul, Godalming



Service of Thanksgiving  
for the life of

**Derek St Clair-Stannard**

**MBE (Mil), Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur**

16<sup>th</sup> August 1919 - 5<sup>th</sup> January 2013

Tuesday 29<sup>th</sup> January 2013



### **At Former Devonshire Terrace**

**1918 – 2001**

**9. Dame Sheila Sherlock** who died aged 83, was the world's leading liver specialist

Aggressive, ambitious and audacious, Sheila Sherlock was a small bundle of energy, and her output - written, clinical, research, and teaching - was phenomenal. She was the first woman in Britain to be appointed a Professor of Medicine and the first to become vice-president of the Royal College of Physicians.

She wrote the first serious modern textbook on her subject, *Diseases of the Liver and Biliary System*, in 1954; it ran to 11 editions and was translated into at least six languages.

In the 1950s, no one knew much about liver disease, but her clinical research and teaching soon improved diagnosis and treatment.

She popularised needle biopsies, making an exact diagnosis possible. In 1966 she helped to create what is now a standard test in diagnosing primary cirrhosis of the liver.

Sheila Patricia Violet Sherlock was born on March 31 1918. From Folkestone Grammar School she was rejected by several medical schools, who had few places for women, and went to Edinburgh University, graduating top in Medicine in 1941.

Prevented from holding a house job because she was female, she became clinical assistant to James Learmonth, Professor of Surgery. After a Rockefeller Fellowship at Yale University and a further year at the Hammersmith, she was appointed Lecturer and Honorary Consultant Physician. She was still only 30. By the time she was 35, she and her liver unit were internationally known.

She received many awards and honours, and was appointed DBE in 1978. In 2001, she was made a Fellow of the Royal Society. She married, in 1951, Dr Geraint James with whom she had two daughters.

## 1. At 22 Radnor Cliff

Jocelyn Brooke

1908 - 1966

**Brooke, (Bernard) Jocelyn** (1908–1966), writer and naturalist, was born on 30 November 1908 at 9 Radnor Cliff, Sandgate, Folkestone, Kent, the third child of Henry Brooke, wine merchant, and his wife, May, *née* Turner.

When the Second World War began he enlisted in the Royal Army Medical Corps (RAMC) and became one of the pox wallahs, those working to treat venereal disease. He was decorated for bravery. Brooke wrote poetry and prose from his schooldays onwards

He was a botanophile from early childhood:

*'Not content with the English names [of flowers], I memorised many of the Latin and Greek ones as well. Some of these (at the age of 8) I conceitedly incorporated in a school essay. ... The Headmaster read the essay aloud to the school (no wonder I was unpopular). (Brooke, The Orchid Trilogy, 23)'*



## 11. Hattie Jacques

1922 – 1980

At 125 Sandgate High Street



Hattie Jacques was born Josephine Edwina Jaques in Sandgate, Kent, in 1922, the daughter of Robin and Mary Jaques. Her father was an RAF pilot and footballer was killed in an aeroplane crash 18 months after her birth.

Educated at the Godolphin and Latymer School, she served as a nurse in the VAD during the Second World War, and worked as a welder in a factory in North London

At the age of 20, she made her theatrical début at the Players' Theatre in London. Almost immediately, she became a regular performer with the company, appearing in music hall revues and playing The Fairy Queen in their Victorian-style pantomimes

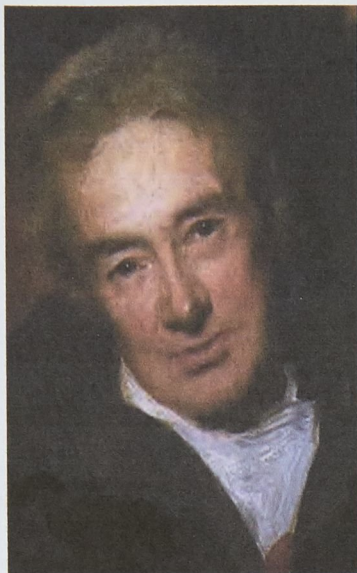
After achieving success in radio, television and film, she returned to the Players' regularly as a performer, writer and director. It was during her time at the Players' that she acquired the nickname

"Hattie" – appearing in a minstrel show called *Coal Black Mammies for Dixie*. Thereafter the name stuck.

Hattie Jacques was married to actor John Le Mesurier from 1949 to 1965 when they divorced. Jacques had been having an affair with John Schofield, a younger man.

Schofield ran off with an Italian heiress. Jacques, who had had a weight problem since her teens[ began eating "comfort food" and her weight ballooned to nearly 127 kg (20st).

Jacques was a near chain smoker. In her later years she was plagued by health problems. She died of a heart attack on 6 October 1980, at the age of 58 and was cremated at Putney Vale Crematorium, where her ashes were also scattered.



## **8. At the Chichester Memorial Hall North Road**

### **William Wilberforce 1759 – 1833**

“It is the true duty of everyman to promote the happiness of his fellow creatures to the utmost of his power”. So said William Wilberforce who lived his life by this code and was responsible for the foundation of Sandgate Primary School in 1814.

Wilberforce (b.1759 d.1833) was a Yorkshire MP who served in the House of Commons from 1780 to 1825. He is most famous for his tireless effort to achieve the 1807 Act “Abolition of the Slave Trade”, and Britain's involvement in capturing and shipping slaves from Africa to the Americas. He then helped secure the Slavery Abolition Act of 1833 (passed a month after

his death), to give freedom to all slaves working in the British Empire.

He was a national activist, driven by his Christian beliefs, and very

influential, gaining the title “Renewer of Society”. Senior politicians and Prime Ministers ranked amongst his influence and he was a close personal friend of William Pitt the Younger

Wilberforce was an active member of the School Society, and he also worked on legislation for the Relief of Boy Chimney Sweeps!

Wilberforce suffered from ill health and became an annual Summer long resident of our community. A local house and road have been named after him.

Wilberforce retired from politics in 1825 and died on 29 July 1833, shortly after the act to free slaves in the British empire passed through the House of Commons. He was buried near his friend Pitt in Westminster Abbey.

## 10. John Gough

1817 - 1886

At The Masonic Hall Gough Road . In 1879 he laid the Foundation Stone of The Coffee Tavern, now the Masonic Hall for soldiers visiting the village from Shorncliffe camp



He was born at Sandgate, Kent, England, and was educated by his mother, a schoolmistress. At the age of twelve, after his father died, he was sent to the United States to seek his fortune. He arrived in New York City in August 1829, and went to live for two years with family friends on a farm in Oneida County, New York in the western part of the state

There in 1833 his mother and sister joined him, but after her death in 1835 he fell in with dissolute companions, and became a confirmed drunkard.

He married in 1839, and became a bookbinder on his own account. The effort to do his work without giving up his nightly dissipations so

affected him that he was on the verge of delirium tremens. He lost his wife and child, and was reduced to the utmost misery.

In October 1842, a little kindness shown him by a Quaker induced him to attend a temperance meeting, and to sign a temperance pledge. After several lapses and a terrific struggle, he determined to devote his life to lecturing on behalf of temperance reform.

In the first year of his travels, he spoke 386 times, and thenceforward for seventeen years he dealt only with temperance. During that period he addressed over 5,000 audiences.

He visited England in 1853, by invitation of the London Temperance League. In 1857 he made another journey to England, and lectured for three years.

He continued his work until the end of his life. He died at his work, being stricken with apoplexy on the lecture platform in the 1st Presbyterian Church of Frankford, Pennsylvania, where he died two days later.

## JAMES FIELD

(C)

We now turn to another interesting character, James Field, who acquired a considerable chunk of Sandgate from Lord Radnor in 1839. Along with Henry Dawkins of Encombe and Lord Darnley of the Enbrook Estate, Field could be said to be the third largest landowner, until his death in 1888. He too, became entangled with the Royal Board of Ordnance whose presence was everywhere in Sandgate.

Field's name features high in most of the local charity lists. And here is the extent of his domain which we know as Castle Road and the Riviera. SLIDE

Field, born in 1800, was a competent London architect. In 1833 the Governors of the ancient grammar school of St Olaves had ~~xxx~~ elected him surveyor, and he planned the layout and modernisation of the school in the Tudor style similar to Cardinal Wolsey's at Hampton Court. He was obviously an early proponent of central heating and recommended that the School be warmed by water instead of stoves. Two new wings for St. Thomas's hospital were among other notable commissions that came his way. However, in 1850, his design for some city corporation failed in competition. In disgust, he decided to emigrate with his wife Elizabeth and two sons in the Canterbury in 1851, to New Zealand. On the strength of his claim that he was a farmer of Sandgate Kent, whose farm overlooked the chalk cliffs of Dover, he was awarded Govt. land grants -- eight cattle runs, each of 50 acres and other building land in Christchurch in the province of Canterbury, New Zealand. Hence Canterbury Cottage. His first will was made in 1858, before embarking on the long, hazardous return journey to England. His last Will of 1887 describes him as of Christchurch New Zealand, but late of Audley Cottage, Castle Road.

The Hermitage, deceptively Tudor in style, has always been the subject of speculation. I can now establish that it stands on the site of an earlier house, built by Fabian Clayton Wilson, the shipbuilder, who left Sandgate around 1813 when shipbuilding was on the decline. One can guess that there was a <sup>good</sup> supply of surplus or abandoned ragstone ~~nearby~~ <sup>adjacent</sup> and Field -- who rather favoured Tudor -- decided to blend with the Castle. SLIDES

In 1846, it was clear that sea was making inroads and the Board Of Ordnance were concerned to protect the foundations of Sandgate Castle by the only possible means of laying down groynes in front.

It was also one of Field's main concerns to keep the sea from his property. But as is usual in Sandgate with all its rights of way, encroachments and boundary disputes, there had been a bit of a muck-up as to who owned what.

In 1845, we find his brother Benjamin, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, writing to the Board of Ordnance... 'Mr James Field in the assured belief that the property was his up to the Castle has built a substantial seawall along the whole line fronting the sea and he would be greatly disappointed to find he had not title to the piece of ground mentioned'. It was NO GO. The Ordnance Storekeeper at Dover finally unearthed the original lease of 1798 from Lord Radnor to Fabian Clayton Wilson who subsequently assigned the remainder of his 45 year lease to the Board of Ordnance. From this it was clear that land to the westward of the Hermitage was waste or beachy ground belonging to Lord Radnor.

No wonder Field was concerned to mark his territory! SLIDE  
Here we have evidence in a gagstone wall between Castle Glen and 20 Castle Road (later known as Arnold House) asserting his ownership. A more eroded sign is sealed in the wall between No 20 and No 18, and who knows there may be more to discover?

## At 10 Radnor Cliff

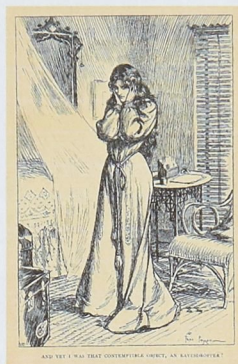
### 2. B.M. Croker (1847-1920)



Bithia Mary Croker (née Sheppard) was born in Warrenpoint, Ireland on 28th May 1847. She was educated in England and France. In 1871 she married Lt. Col. John Stokes Croker (1844 - 1911), an officer of the Royal Scots Fusiliers and Royal Munster Fusiliers. They travelled to Madras in India in 1877 and lived in India and Bengal for 14 years. On Colonel Croker's retirement in 1892 they lived briefly in Bray, Co. Wicklow before moving to Radnor Cliff, Sandgate where they lived for 11 years between 1897 and 1908.

She wrote more than 50 novels and short stories, dating from her first *Proper Pride* in 1882 to her last *The House of Rest* (published after her death), in 1921. Her Victorian novels have been described as witty & fast moving and such was their popularity that several were serialised in 'The Times'. Perhaps the most famous of these was *The Road to Mandalay* published in 1917.

Whilst she was living in Sandgate she wrote sixteen books including *Beyond the Pale* (1897), *Infatuation* (1899), *The Cat's Paw* (1902), and *Nine Day's Wonder* (1905).



An illustration from *The Cat's Paw* 1902

Her books were extensively reprinted and some have been translated into French, Spanish and German. More recently some have been translated and printed in Eastern Europe, (20 of her books have been translated into Hungarian) and a number have also been reprinted in the USA & Japan, both in hard copy & as e-books.

She died there on 20th. October 1920 and is buried in Cheriton Road Cemetery

## 11. Hattie Jacques

1922 – 1980

At 125 Sandgate High Street



Hattie Jacques was born Josephine Edwina Jaques in Sandgate, Kent, in 1922, the daughter of Robin and Mary Jaques. Her father was an RAF pilot and footballer was killed in an aeroplane crash 18 months after her birth.

Educated at the Godolphin and Latymer School, she served as a nurse in the VAD during the Second World War, and worked as a welder in a factory in North London

At the age of 20, she made her theatrical début at the Players' Theatre in London. Almost immediately, she became a regular performer with the company, appearing in music hall revues and playing The Fairy Queen in their Victorian-style pantomimes

After achieving success in radio, television and film, she returned to the Players' regularly as a performer, writer and director. It was during her time at the Players' that she acquired the nickname

"Hattie" – appearing in a minstrel show called *Coal Black Mammies for Dixie*. Thereafter the name stuck.

Hattie Jacques was married to actor John Le Mesurier from 1949 to 1965 when they divorced. Jacques had been having an affair with John Schofield, a younger man.

Schofield ran off with an Italian heiress. Jacques, who had had a weight problem since her teens[ began eating "comfort food" and her weight ballooned to nearly 127 kg (20st).

Jacques was a near chain smoker. In her later years she was plagued by health problems. She died of a heart attack on 6 October 1980, at the age of 58 and was cremated at Putney Vale Crematorium, where her ashes were also scattered.



**1918 – 2001**

**At Former Devonshire Terrace**

**DAME SHEILA SHERLOCK**, who has died aged 83, was the world's leading liver specialist.

Aggressive, ambitious and audacious, Sheila Sherlock was a small bundle of energy, and her output - written, clinical, research, and teaching - was phenomenal. She was the first woman in Britain to be appointed a Professor of Medicine and the first to become vice-president of the Royal College of Physicians.

She wrote the first serious modern textbook on her subject, *Diseases of the Liver and Biliary System*, in 1954; it ran to 11 editions and was translated into at least six languages.

In the 1950s, no one knew much about liver disease, but her clinical research and teaching soon improved diagnosis and treatment. Previously, the only way to take a

sample of a person's liver was by using open surgery, often impossible as many patients with liver disease are unfit to receive a general anaesthetic.

She popularised needle biopsies, making an exact diagnosis possible. In 1966 she helped to create what is now a standard test in diagnosing primary cirrhosis of the liver.

Sheila Patricia Violet Sherlock was born on March 31 1918. From Folkestone Grammar School she was rejected by several medical schools, who had few places for women, and went to Edinburgh University, graduating top in Medicine in 1941.

Prevented from holding a house job because she was female, she became clinical assistant to James Learmonth, Professor of Surgery. After a Rockefeller Fellowship at Yale University and a further year at the Hammersmith, she was appointed Lecturer and Honorary Consultant Physician. She was still only 30. By the time she was 35, she and her liver unit were internationally known.

She received many awards and honours, and was appointed DBE in 1978. In 2001, she was made a Fellow of the Royal Society. Sheila Sherlock let her hair down at parties, played tennis competitively, could name the Kent county cricket team, understood rugby football and supported Arsenal. She married, in 1951, Dr Geraint James, who survives her together with their two daughters.

PHILIP THICKNESSE (1719-1792)

One of the more endearing aspects of Sandgate, I often think, is that there is room for all kinds and sorts, no matter how eccentric. It was with a certain glee that I discovered Dr Viper, the earliest settler of note that I could trace, and also the first of Sandgate's eccentrics.

In reality he is Philip Thicknesse, formerly Governor General of Landguard Fort near Harwich, a position he had purchased with part of a £ 5000 dowry brought him by the first of his three wives. He had in remarkable degree the faculty of lessening the number of his friends and increasing the number of his enemies for, like Private Eye he relished scandal of any sort or kind.

They say I'm a quarrelsome fellow  
God rot it, why how can that be  
For I never quarrel with any  
But all the world quarrels with me

Gainsborough had painted his third wife, the beautiful Ann Ford who was literary and musical with a voice that equalled Billington's. Ann adored him.

In Ann's words he was extremely handsome, his conversation entertaining, his talents undisputed, his manner elegant and fascinating possessed of a keen and biting satire -- and someone who successfully defended his honour by the sword.

Thicknesse had a knack for discovering derelict cottages and transforming them. Apparently settled for life, his long-suffering wife noted his incurable urge to move on. Passing through Sandgate in 1789 he was smitten by a deserted barn in full view of France -- a country he loved. ~~According to Mrs Thicknesse~~ The intended abode according to Mrs Thicknesse: is nothing better than a tobacco warehouse ( or was it a customs shed) unshapely in point of form and appearance, which had been abandoned by the manufacturer and might be purchased for a trifle. From it could be seen a fine view of the French coast and on a clear day the steeples of Boulogne might be discovered by a good glass, while the hills round it were discoverable to the eye of every common observer.

Thicknesse was determined to try his creative genius upon it. <sup>On gaining</sup> ~~once~~ <sup>possession</sup> the owner he lost no time.

A large glass window was inserted into the gable end facing the sea, which opened a prospect at once noble and sublime. Partitions converted it into separate apartments, one a parlour adorned with my drawings and a suit of bed chambers were produced as if by enchantment. To crown it

all, a gilded crescent on the roof gave an appearance of taste and whimsicality to the whole.

But the daily sight of the Continent soon became infectious — don't we know it — and notwithstanding the outbreak of the French Revolution of they went to Paris. In his contradictory way, his sympathies were both for the peasants whose liberties had been stolen and with the French nobles whose properties were now being seized or destroyed.

No sooner home again, he desired to see Italy. Shortly after leaving Boulogne in November 1792, Thicknesse had a seizure in his carriage and died in his wife's arms at the age of 74.

For me, it was a fine surprise <sup>as</sup> when <sup>he discovered</sup> ~~he discovered~~ his gravestone in the town Museum in Boulogne. It had been erected by his widow in the Protestant Cemetery and bore Ann's tribute to her ever honoured and beloved husband as the last mark she can give of her gratitude and unbounded love to the memory of a man with whom she lived thirty years in perfect felicity.

MRS SARAH SIDDONS (1755-1831)

Sarah Siddons is the next visitor we hear of, at a time when Sandgate as a watering place is hardly on the map. Known as the Queen of Tragedy, Mrs Siddons (1755-1831) is one of the foremost actresses of the day -- the idol of the Royal Theatre Bath and Drury Lane, London. She is adored for her grace, ~~and~~ beauty and artistry and Reynolds has signed his portrait of her, on the hem of her robe. Towards the end of 1789, poor health and difficulties with her manager oblige her to rest up. With her husband and friends, she makes a tour on the Continent. Then, following a visit to her daughters Sally and Marian at finishing school in Calais, she reaches these shores.

She writes to Lady Harcourt from Sandgate near Folkestone, Kent August 2nd (1790):

We were nearly twenty hours on the sea on our return, and arrived at Dover fatigued and sick to death. Dr Wynn was obliged to make the best of his way to London on account of a sermon he was engaged to preach, and took his charming sister with him. We made haste here, and it is the most agreeable sea-place, excepting those on the Devonshire coast, I ever saw. Perhaps agreeable is a bad word for the country is much more sublime than beautiful. We have tremendous cliffs overhanging and frowning on the foaming sea, which is often so saucy and tempestuous as to deserve frowning on; from whence, when the weather is clear, we see the land of France, and the vessels cross from the Downs to Calais. Sometimes, while you stand there, it is amazing with what velocity they skim along. Here are little neat lodging, and good wholesome provisions. Perhaps they would not suit a great Countess, as our friend Mr Mason (~~poet and lyrical dramatist~~) has it; but a little great actress is more easily accommodated. I'm afraid it will grow larger though, and then adieu to the comforts of retirement. At present the place cannot contain above twenty to thirty strangers I should think. I have bathed four times, and believe I shall persevere, for Sir Lucas Pepys says my disease is entirely nervous. I believe I am better, but I get on so slowly, that I cannot speak as yet with much certainty.

Sir Lucas Pepys, by the way, was Physician Extraordinary to George III and a highly fashionable society doctor. And seabathing, of course, was now the fashionable cure for almost everything -- from nervous disorders, general debility, to scrofulous affections. But Mrs Siddon's complaint, it seems, was none of these. Her great friend Mrs Piozzi (friend of Dr Johnson) who simply thrived on social and literary gossip later exclaimed to her diary 'and so poor Mrs Siddons Disorder that we have all been at such a stand about turns upon close inspection to be neither more nor less than the P-----, given her by her Husband. What a world it is!

The same day, the actress writes to other close friends in London:

I wish you could see our opposite neighbours who are extremely fine people indeed who dress I believe three times a day powder pomatum and essence go about for lodgings with powdering rooms and Servants Halls and who seem to look down with Sovereign contempt on all us poor little people their obscure neighbours; we bear it as well as we can, but indeed they are most amazingly fine folks. The people of the place are going to put a Booth upon the Beach but if they should go into it I don't know whether we, any of us plebeians may presume to approach I think they call themselves Sherwell and when at home live somewhere near Canterbury....

Her reference to the Booth on the Beach is revealing for Sandgate is obviously aware of the need to provide amenities for visitors. By 1818, twenty five years later, Fussell in his Journey round the Coast of Kent shows how well Sandgate is succeeding.

The inhabitants have not been inattentive to the opportunity which a union of so many advantages, in point of situation has given them of rendering this little bathing place in every respect worthy of public patronage and encouragement. With a laudable spirit they have increased the facilities of bathing, by the establishment of machines, and construction of hot and cold baths; and if civil demeanour and reasonable charges are any recommendation, the increasing fame of Sandgate will reward them for their judicious arrangements and commendable exertions.

It is true that here is no theatre; but the scenery which nature presents on all sides is grand, romantic, and delightful; here are neither balls nor concerts; but it is not the less fit for valetudinarians.

The diversified beauties of the country around will afford ample amusement amidst the tranquility which soothes the mind and invigorates the body....

However, we mustn't hurry on, for during the intervening years England and France have been at war, almost without cease. As usual, England was totally unprepared and realized, nearly too late, that Napoleon like Hitler in our own time, had visions of triumphal entry into London.

In 1803, General Dundas, Colonels Cartwright and Twiss are scurrying round the coast from Deal to Rye -- fortifications and defences are hastily built (we see them around us to this day) and Sandgate has become a little stronghold fronting the enemy.

5

William Pitt, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports is in charge of raising the Volunteer Corps, and Lt.Gen Moore arrives in June to command Shorncliffe Camp. To Pitt's query where the Volunteers should be positioned, Moore points to Shorncliffe Camp:

Do you see that hill? You and yours shall be drawn up upon it, where you will make a most formidable appearance to the enemy, while I with the soldiers will be fighting on the beach.

Moore was kept busy as his letter headed Sandgate, Oct 2 1803 shows:

My dear Mother,

I am glad you arrived safe, and found everything so comfortable. The day you left here, we had an alarm which I am glad you escaped. The signal officer at Folkestone mistook a signal, which was, that enemy's boats were out of Calais; and hoisted one which signified that the enemy's ships and transports from Ostend were steering west; which as the wind was, would have brought them to us in a few hours.

All was bustle, and an express with the above information and that the brigade was under arms -- found me at Dungeness Point.

My horse suffered; I galloped him the whole way back. The Volunteers, the Sea Fencibles, and all, were turned out, and very cheerful -- not at all dismayed at the prospect of meeting the French; as for the brigade, they were in high spirits. By the time I reached Camp the mistake was discovered.

Government are, however, much more apprehensive of the invasion than they were some time ago; I am glad, therefore, you are at home. Three more regiments are coming to me on Tuesday. Sir David Dundas <sup>has</sup> this instant <sup>his</sup> come to me; I must therefore conclude. Love to <sup>sister</sup> Jane (his sister) &c. I am quite well.

Yours ever, my dear Mother, affectionately

John Moore

Winter came on, the sea became too rough for invasion -- the troops left their wet and bleak tents on Shorncliffe Heights and went into Barracks. Moore himself, was renting Sir John Shaw's house for 3 gns a week. (site of Coastguard terrace). There he settled down to a quiet winter, no prospect of society -- just his books for company -- and a special SOS to Mum 'send me your receipt for minced pies -- yours, to my taste, are the best I meet with.

Moore, whose gentle handsome face we see daily as we pass along the Esplanade, was loved and respected by all who knew him, down to the last trooper.

Writing to a friend in April 1803, Thomas Creevey M.P. says of Moore:

I have barely time to say that of all the Men I have ever seen, your countryman General Moore is the greatest prodigy. I thank my good fortune to have seen so much of him -- such a combination of acknowledged fame, of devotion from all who have served under him -- of the most touching simplicity and yet most accomplished manners -- of the most capital understanding, captivating conversation and sentiments of honour as exalted as his practice ...

By 1804, invasion fever is at its height. Above Boulogne, Napoleon is encamped in splendour, surrounded by his Grande Armée. From Ushant to Gris Nez - forts, batteries, quays and jetties have been built and 175,000 men lie in wait to invade. Two thousand shallops, bombships and boats mounted with cannon are anchored off Boulogne. Napoleon glances through his giant telescope towards the English coast and mutters 'Yes --- a favourable wind and thirty six hours'

From Shorncliffe Camp, Lt Gen Moore commands the S.E. Region and his troops are in a constant state of alert. Moore writes to Creevey on 27 August 1804, discrediting the rumours which are rife:

...We understand that Government have positive information that we are about to be invaded, and I am told Pitt believes it. The experience of the last twelve months has taught me to place little confidence in the information or belief of Ministers, and as the undertaking seems to me too arduous, and offering so little prospect of success, I cannot persuade myself that Buonaparte will be mad enough to attempt it. He will continue to threaten, by which means alone he can do us harm. The invasion would, I am confident, end in our glory and in his disgrace. The newspapers continue to mention secret expeditions, and have sometimes named me as one of the generals to be employed. I put these on a par with the invasion. We have at present no disposable force, and, if we had, I see no object worthy upon which to risk it. Thus, without belief in invasion or foreign expeditions, my situation here becomes daily more irksome, and I am almost reduced to wish for peace. I am tired of confinement, without the occupation of war.

The monotony, however, is broken by the arrival of the Duke of York who, as Commander in Chief of the British Army, comes down to review the troops. Apart from a splendid turn-out on Barham Downs, Moore stages a spectacle on ground to the west of the Camp in the direction of St Martin's Church. The Duke was much impressed and the ladies and military connoisseurs joined in the applause. 'In short' wrote Moore 'we came off with flying colours'.

Knowing the royal appetite, Moore planned his table with as much forethought as the parades. He sent off a large shopping list to Dover, and left it to his competent housekeeper to prepare 3 hams, 6 tongues, 2 Wiltshire cheeses, 2 Gruyere cheeses, 6 pounds of vermicelli and goodness knows what else.

Three years running the Duke visited Sandgate, and enjoyed Moore's company and hospitality to the full. It is possible that York Cottage in Castle Road was the scene of one of his visits, during which his thoughts turned from military matters to his dearest love. On 24 August 1804 he writes from Sandgate:

How can I sufficiently express to you my darling Love my thanks for her dear dear letter, of the delight which the assurance of her love gives me! Oh! my angel! do me justice, and be convinced that there never was a woman as adored as you are. Every day, every hour convinces me more and more, that my whole happiness depends on you alone. What a time it appears to be since we parted, and with what impatience do I look forward to the day after to-morrow; there are still however two whole nights before I shall clasp my darling in my arms! (he continues)

Nothing could be more satisfactory than the tour I have made, and the state in which I have found everything. The whole day before yesterday was employed in visiting the works at Dover; reviewing the troops there, and examining the coast as far as this place. From Folkestone I had a very good view of those of the French camp.

Yesterday I first reviewed the Camp here (the 43rd and 52nd at Shorncliffe), and afterwards the 14th Light Dragoons, who are certainly in very fine order; and from thence proceeded to Brabourne Lees, to see four regiments of militia; which altogether took me up near thirteen hours. I am now setting off immediately to ride along the coast to Hastings, reviewing the different corps as I pass, which will take me as least as long. Adieu, therefore my sweetest, dearest Love, till the day after to-morrow and be assured that to my last hour I shall remain your's and your's alone.

Who was this 'dearest Love' you may wonder? Well, one has to remember that the whole Continent was at war, and there was also an acute shortage of marriageable Protestant princesses for the six sons of George III. 'Oh Lord upon us' remarked Princess Charlotte. 'what would you have? The Dukes cannot marry, they must love somebody'.

And so it was. The Prince of Wales lived with Mrs. FitzHerbert; the Duke of Clarence was devoted to Mrs Jordan; the Duke of Kent loved Mme de St. Laurent, and the Duke of Sussex entered upon a doubtful form of marriage with Lady Augusta Murray. All were charming, devoted and well-bred women. But the Duke of York was enamoured of another ilk, the captivating, contriving Mrs Mary Anne Clarke. Not only was she daring, amusing and brilliant by all accounts, but as it later transpired, she was an 'influence peddler' as well. The scandal broke in 1809, when Mary Anne was proved to have taken bribes to influence the granting of commissions in the Army. The House of Commons absolved the Duke, who decently resigned his post as Commander in Chief of the Army. A jeering mob hauled Mary Anne Clarke's carriage through the streets of London.

- - - - -

To return to the Wars, it is impossible for Napoleon to launch an invasion without control of the Channel. His warships elude the British blockade of the French ports but after many chases and naval engagements, Nelson and his admirals finally break the power of the French fleet. The Battle of Trafalgar in October 1805 proves the great turning point, just as the Battle of Britain in our day. Napoleon, like Hitler, abandons the idea of invading England, makes an abrupt about-turn and marches his troops towards Russia.

Between the departure of Sir John Moore in 1806, and the arrival of William Wilberforce in 1812 Sandgate is buzzing with military and social activity. At Shorncliffe, crack infantry regiments are being trained for Wellington's campaigns in Spain and Portugal -- while below, on the heels of the army, come families of rank and consequence and marriageable daughters, seeking in Sandgate comfortable quarters, pleasant diversions and gallant excorts. Sandgate is truly on the map.

9

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE (1756-1833)

William Wilberforce MP reached Sandgate in July 1812, together with his wife Barbara, six children aged 5-14 years old, and tutors. It was to be the first of four long Summers in Sandgate, the last in 1825.

Wilberforce, as everyone knows, devoted much of life to the abolition of the Slave Trade and then slavery itself. He was leader of the Evangelical movement in Parliament, a deeply pious man yet, as Mme de Steel found him -- the wittiest man in England.

He had just resigned his Yorkshire seat after 32 years in Parliament before taking up his seat for the pocket borough of Bramber in Sussex. In Sandgate he was seeking quiet to restore his health, time to devote to his growing children, leisure for reading, writing and the enjoyment of nature. He was a prolific letter-writer and the state of Sandgate, the military defences and the beauties of the countryside around are vividly revealed in his letters.

To Lord Muncester, in Westmoreland, he writes in August 1812:

Perhaps you may not have heard of this little hamlet, I did not think there had been such a one on the Kentish or Sussex shore. The coast for three or four miles fronts full south, and the ground is thrown about in a quite a fanciful way. In your country (Westmoreland) indeed you would not dignify our elevations with the name of mountains, but where everything is on a scale their appearance is very respectable; and in the crevices between them are pretty villages, and woods climbing up the slopes, which for the sea coast, generally so barren, are quite picturesque. From our chamber windows we can see the French cliffs quite plain, and the sight, when the mind begins to ruminate on the utter contrariety which there is between two countries separated from each other by such a little strait, gives much matter for interesting and I am sure thankful consideration.

From what I can gather, he was renting Knoll House, on the site of 'Setara' with a carriageway down to the stables at the bottom of the Crescent. We are sitting not two hundred yards away from where his letter was penned.

To a friend, James Osborne, he writes: <sup>Stephen</sup> :

Mrs Wilberforce and my children had been waiting for summer at this place, and here I hurried the moment we were released from our parliamentary attendance. Sandgate is one of the creations of modern English opulence. A number of very comfortable houses for warm or even moderate weather,

with a library, a warm bath, and other appendages. The country by far the most picturesque of any <sup>sea</sup> coast I have seen in the south of England ..

Near us, there are also indications of our opulence which are not quite so indicative of our understanding. About a mile from us begins a canal which was formed when the alarm concerning invasion was the most generally prevalent. It runs parallel with the shore for about twenty-five miles; but I never yet talked with any military man, who conceived that it would oppose any serious obstacle to an enemy, who, besides with the ease with which it might be crossed by portable bridges, might tap it without difficulty. Certainly its merits are far too deep to be discerned by unmilitary eyes. Seriously, I am told that two millions sterling must have been expended in fortifying this part of the coast. And yet-I firmly believe all has been done with good intentions...

Wilberforce <sup>now focuses</sup> continues on Sandgate's defence works which surround us. The number of Martello towers is very great; but unfortunately, instead of being composed of such massy blocks of stone or marble, as defied our attack and returned the fire of our ships with interest in Corsica, for that was our model, they are built of brick, and I am assured the first cannon shot would beat a hole in them, and the centre being broken down or weakened, the twenty-four pounder would fall through with its own weight, and would bury itself in the ruins.

I did not mean to give you this long history of our precautions against the landing of the enemy. Really the French coast appears so near, that I can scarcely wonder at our being somewhat excessive in our preparations to receive an enemy who was said to have 100,000 men within four hours sail of us.

To this day, we still gaze across that narrow Strait with the same sense of wonder and relief that England has been spared from invasion. The radical William Cobbett however, was appalled at the waste of money and manpower that went into the defence works (he hated Pitt anyway) 'all had been erected' Cobbett groaned 'to keep out the Jacobin Franch lest they should come and assist the Jacobin English'. Wilberforce who strove to uphold the rights of man against the horrors of the Slave Trade was, of course, anything but a Jacobin. Against the radical and irreligious forces of the age, material defences were of little use. Wilberforce found Sandgate sadly godless and vulnerable.

It is grievous to see this place -- hot and cold sea baths, library billiard table, ponies, donkeys, everything but a church, or chapel or anything of the kind, though it is a sort of preserve of the Archbishop's. There is not even a Sunday school. We are trying to get something of the kind set on foot.

To Wilberforce we owe the start of literacy among the poor of Sandgate. And he managed to prevail upon the Earls of Darnley and Radnor, two great landowners in Sandgate, to bring their extensive charitable works closer to home. The following Summer 1813, a charity school starts up in Folkestone on the Lancastrian system, open to all sects, and another in Sandgate at a penny a week on Dr Bell's system. At that time, Marianne Francis, a niece of Fanny Burney, is staying with the Wilberforce's, as amanuensis and piano tutor to his children. Marianne shares his zeal for religious observance and schooling.

Mr W. is endeavouring to establish an Adult school here, and is so kind as to employ me in hunting out scholars. Mr W is as usual overwhelmed with business ... Mr William Spooner (Mrs Wilberforce's younger brother) has preached here twice most admirably, which is a great comfort for all the clergymen hereabouts are miserable and this, considering under whose immediate jurisdiction they are, is a very affecting consideration.

Later Marianne writes:

...the adult school was established just before we left Sandgate, teaching and a room provided, & all left in good train. Dear Mr W. went himself -- read them instances from Poles History of Adult Schools, a book you ought to see -- made them a little speech, saying how much he respected their good sense for coming, and fairly seated himself by their side, in good earnest, and begun hearing them say their letters. This was beautiful in him, and highly useful and encouraging in effects upon the institution...

Marianne Francis is also <sup>an</sup> ardent correspondent with Mrs Piozzi -- the witty old Bluestocking friend of Dr Johnson, 50 years her senior. From Sandgate near Folkestone she writes on 23 September 1814:

I have had many adventures since I left Streatham Park (Mrs Piozzi's abode) & have spent a fortnight with the Henry Thornton's on Clapham Common. But they have all terminated in bringing me at last under Mr Wilberforce's wing, in whose hospitable mansion I am to spend about 6 weeks in Sandgate, 8 miles from Dover, by the seaside. This place is admirably sheltered from the wind; good bathing, delightful walks, a fine sea, and the Franch cliffs on the opposite shore visible to the naked eye. I long to ferry over. If ever you want a quiet sea-place dear Mrs Piozzi, do think of Sandgate. I now hear the waves beating on the shore; and Martello Towers are stationed all round for fear of invasion. Marianne continues: I miss the Streatham Poor House with my friend Sally. There is nothing at Sandgate but the most

11 A  
hopeless school I ever beheld. I asked one of the children this morning who it was that promised 3 things in her name --- (catechism) 'The Devil Ma'am ' said the child.

This must have been the school instigated at Wilberforce's behest. Whether the children were in a state of utter ignorance, or whether they delighted in 'cheeking' the grand visitors, is anyone's guess. But the devil was everywhere in those hard times.

Sandgate seemed to Wilberforce like a little St. Helena in the midst of a roaring ocean. What mercies, he exclaimed, we do enjoy in this land of peace and liberty.

By contrast, tyranny still reigned on the opposite shore, but Wilberforce, in his journal, foretold its slow collapse. Austria has joined, he wrote in September 1813 'Bonaparte crippled on both flanks and I hope centre too -- St Sebastien taken but with a terrible loss of men.'

Visitors and locals gathered at William Purday's elegant Reading Room and Library to glean the latest news and rumour. Among the notables, were members of the family of the great Dr Burney, organist and music historian. His grand-daughter Charlotte had come to sebathe with her elderly husband Henry Barrett, and their children. Dr Burney's son, Charles Burney DD, classical scholar and Chaplain to George III, was there with his wife Rosette. His letter to his son the Rev. Charles Parr Burney betrays how much he loved to hob-nob with the great and what a glutton for food he was. Most importantly, he announces the arrival of Fanny Burney d'Arbly. After 10 years she has recently made her escape from France, but leaving her husband General d'Arbly still detained. Wilberforce has intimated his desire to meet her.

#### Sandgate September 19, 1813

... Mme d'Arbly arrived on Friday evening. I sent over my Chaise to Canterbury; and she performed her journey well. She has too much cough about her -- and must nurse. The weather is delicious.

The Archbishop has been for some days at Bishopsbourn; but Croft (his son-in-law and Vicar of Saltwood) wrote me word that he was full of business, respecting Ordination and advised me not to take a fatiguing journey to wait on him -- I obeyed and hope to meet him at Ramsgate. Here, a Mr Kennedy read prayers and preached -- a rather careless but not insensible rough and hasty reader --- who preaches <sup>if</sup> as he was in earnest.

Sarah and I left Mme. d'Arbly in bed -- but up got she, and away marched she, and after the service, out of Church came she at one door while we went out at the other. She walks home with the Wilbers and Berretts. WRITE, he says in a PS: Tell me in your letter what day our Oratorio at St Paul's is to take place. Send me word also, what you wish to have done with your half side of Venison. Mine will go to Lambeth.

Fanny, in a delightful letter to her ageing father, now takes up the tale:

FANNY BURNEY (1752-1840)

Sandgate Sept 1813 to her dearest Padre:

... Charles recovers slowly, but resumes the visiting system which cheers and does him good -- and not least in the list to exhilarate his spirits stands his Grace the Archbishop with whom he has twice dined this last week. I have kept myself in the background, wanting both time and disposition, and one thing too mean to name -- for visiting. I have therefore avoided going to the Library the general rendezvous of the social or upon the Pier, which I shall forbear parading till just before my departure.

Fanny continues:

Let me steal a moment to relate a singular gratification and, in truth, a real and great Honour I have had to rejoice in. You know, my Padre, probably that Marian Francis was commissioned by Mr Wilberforce to bring about an acquaintance with your Fanny, and that though highly susceptible to such a desire, my usual shyness -- or rather consciousness of inability to merit the expectations that must have made him seek me, induced my declining an interview.

Eh bien -- at Church at Sandgate, the day after my arrival I saw this justly celebrated man and was introduced to him in the churchyard, after service, by Charles.

The Ramparts and Martellos around us became naturally our theme and Mr Wilberforce proposed showing them to me. I readily accepted the offer and Charles and Sarah and Mrs Wilberforce and Mrs Barrett went away in their several carriages while Mr Barrett alone remained, and Mr Wilberforce gave me his arm -- and, in short we walked the round from one to five o'clock! Four hours of the best conversation I have nearly ever enjoyed.

He was anxious for a full and true account of Paris, and particularly of Religion and Infidelity and of Buonaparte and the Wars and of all and everything that had occurred during my Ten years seclusion in France; and I had so much to communicate and his drawing me out, and comments and episodes, were all so judicious, so spirited, so full of information yet so unassuming, that my shyness all flew away, and I felt to be his confidential friend, opening to him upon every occurrence, and every sentiment, with the frankness that is usually won by years of intercourse.

I desire nothing more than to renew the acquaintance, and cultivate it to intimacy. But, hélas, he was going away next Morning. That his discourse should be edifying could not, certainly, surprize me; I expected from him all that was elevated in instruction; and there was an instance of simplicity and vivacity in his manner that I had not expected, and found really captivating. In contemplating the opposite and alas

14

hostile shore which to our Fanny's Eye, at least, was visible I could not forbear wafting over to it a partial blessing (i.e. for her husband) nor refuse myself beseeching one from Mr Wilberforce, and the smiling benevolence with which he complied has won my heart for ever, Encore.

Addio, Padre Mio

#### WARREN HASTINGS (1732-1818)

Word of Sandgate's delightful situation and health-giving properties had already spread before Tiffen published his attractive and comprehensive Guide to Sandgate, Folkestone and Hythe in 1816.

Just a year before, Warren Hastings, former Governor General of India and his wife Marian, both in their declining years, reached Sandgate in October. They rarely ventured far from home in Daylesford Woods, for the loss of which, he wrote, no watering place with all its appliances and means to boot, could make compensation.

However, they find themselves not ill-lodged on the further side of the High Street opposite the sea beach for 30/- a month. Their landlord is Valentine Harris, a local tailor.

His diary jottings reveal little except for fluctuating state of health, and the sort of squally weather we all know, followed by days of calm. On Sunday 15 October he notes the ladies had gone to Folkestone Church and that Napoleon 'arrived at St Helena on ye Northern (?) In a letter to a friend he recalls having set foot in Bengal on the 8th October 1750, 65 years ago. Clement Francis, Marienne's father had been his surgeon and secretary, before their return to England, in 1788.

#### HENRY DAWKINS, (1764-1852) of Encombe

The trees which clothe the slopes to Snorcliffe Camp and form a lovely backdrop to the village are the legacy of two large landowners, John 4th Earl of Darnley of the Enbrook Estate and Henry Dawkins of Encombe. From 1810 to 1832, Henry Dawkins was one of his Majesty's Commissioners for Woods, Forests, Parks and Chases and his love of trees became evident.

Henry Dawkins came of a family that had acquired immense wealth in Jamaica. In 1788, he married Augusta the daughter of General Sir Henry Clinton, one time Commander in Chief of the Forces in North America during the War of Independence. Her two brothers were both distinguished Generals, Henry having been an intimate friend of Sir John Moore during the Peninsula Campaigns.

It is unclear when Dawkins and Augusta and their family first set foot in Sandgate. A memorial tablet in St Martin's Church (Horn Street) <sup>reveals</sup> shows that his youngest daughter Harriet Susanna died at Sandgate of a typhus fever October 26th 1818, aged 21 years. This links with Sir Henry Clinton's letter to his brother William, dated 29 October 1818:

I am very glad that you propose going to Sandgate. I think your being there if only for a couple of days would be of service at this sad afflicting moment -- poor Augusta will I fear feel this blow very severely. Not only were they quite unprepared for any such melancholy event but two days before the poor thing was in danger, they were enjoying an excursion of pleasure. .... I have a letter from poor Dawkins this day. As the funeral is to take place near Sandgate, I suppose they will not come to town at present and I think it will be better if Dawkins can remain with them for some little time, that Augusta should not leave Sandgate. She likes the place and sea bathing is now likely to be necessary to her health...'

By March 1822, Henry Clinton reports from Sandgate that his brother-in-law, Henry Dawkins has gained possession of a farm not far from where he hoped to build his residence, but obviously was having great difficulty in securing land from the Board of Ordnance who intended putting their surplus land up for auction.

'These irregular and illbred proceedings of the Ordnance seem to worry Augusta -- they are very vexatious, for such consequence is the possession of the spot in dispute, that Dawkins may not go on with his operations further than putting in of trees, until the possession is secured to him'.

In 1823, Tiffen's local Guide shows that Dawkins had succeeded:

'Henry Dawkins has erected a handsome house for his own residence, which he is embellishing, at considerable expense, by a number of plantations laid out with much taste, and which when grown, will add not only to the beauty of the mansion but likewise to that of the village'.

This was indeed <sup>this was</sup> the case until the former Folkestone Council allowed the Encombe developpers to destroy so many of those mature and beautiful trees which also helped to bond the hillside.

Besides owning vast estates in Ireland and the family seat at Cobham Hall, John 4th Earl of Darnley had built a delightful marine residence, around 1806. It was called Belle Vue, before it was entirely rebuilt for Sir John Duncan Bligh around 1850. Many remember it as a Richmond Star and Garter Home, then a Police Training College before SAGA holidays first settled there in 1977.

The Darnley family loved trees as much as Dawkins, both for their beauty and no doubt protection from the seawinds. The 4th earl, whose

plantation included many exotic trees from N. America as well as *quercus* Ilex and lovely camellia -- enjoyed planting and landscaping as his daughter-in-law reports in September 1828. Papa is very busy cutting and sawing -- we think too much so -- as he opens views of the Martello Tower etc as well as the Castle.'

The 4th Earl was a Whig and a patron of many charitable institutions. When Wilberforce lamented the lack of a Chapel in Sandgate, Darnley took the hint. Emma, his lovely wife had strong evangelical convictions and took an interest in the poor and sick of Sandgate. From her letter of August 1828, we glimpse the other side of Sandgate life:

'I went down toute seule to the village yesterday after dinner and paid a visit to Susan Hogben and her mother, whom I found in her bed, and very much pleased to have a visitor. Had I known of the poor old woman's situation before, I should not, I think have remained so long without going to see her. However it did me no good in a bodily way, as the daughters room having a fire heated me very much, and I felt chilled in her mother's room which was comparatively cold and airy, and to this chill I attributed a pretty severe fit of face-ache during the evening. I also went down on the beach after visiting the Hogbens, but did not enjoy it ... and on my return home I met to my dismay a fierce looking mastiff and a drunken man as I thought...'

Mrs Hogben, by the way, kept the greengrocer's shop. She was 'Granny Hogben' who waved John Gough, a poor Sandgate boy, farewell with bull's eyes, cakes and candles when he emigrated with another Sandgate family, the Mannerings, to America in 1829 at the tender age of 12. Two years later in April 1831, his mother Jane Gough, village teacher and lacemaker, is writing to her only child at Sandgate Farm Westmorland, in NY State, where he was an apprentice.

I hope, my dear, you are well in health and spirits. I do assure you we all of us remember you with unabating affection; and the ninth of every month brings forcibly to my mind the time when I parted from you; and I hope, if it be the Lord's will, that we shall meet again in this world, if our lives be spared. You have been gone now nearly two years, and the time will wear away.

Your father was pleased that you had taken pains to write your last letter so well. He wishes you to practice your writing whenever you have an opportunity; and also your ciphering; as it may be of great use to you in your future life.

After many pious exhortations, Jane Gough closes:

'Adieu my dear boy. May the Lord bless, keep and preserve you, and keep you in all His ways -- is the prayer of your ever affectionate mother.  
Jane Gough.

John Gough's life, and triumph in adversity, is well-known to us all. At Sandgate Farm he felt exploited, ran away to New York, fell on evil times, took to drink, before becoming a reformed alcoholic, and a world-famous Temperance Orator, who never forgot his birthplace in Sandgate and the sights and scenes he loved as a child.

We come now to 1832, the year of the Great Reform Act and the cholera epidemic which had reached England and was ravaging rich and poor alike. And we come to the last of our correspondents for tonight. She is Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, best remembered as widow of the poet drowned off Spezia in 1822 and as author of Frankenstein among her many writings.

Highly intelligent, she was now a solitary woman of ~~great~~<sup>deep</sup> inner resources and mood-swings, finding solace in writing and study, and under constant pressure to supplement a meagre allowance from Sir Timothy, her disapproving father-in-law. Ostensibly to escape the cholera, she took lodgings in Sandgate for 3 months, June to late September, together with her 12yr old son, Percy Florence. He was the sole surviving child of her five ~~pregnancies~~<sup>infants</sup> and especially precious to her.

Mary was also landed with a not-so-welcome guest, Julia, the 18 year old daughter of her dearly beloved but elusive friend, Edward Trelawney. He had asked Mary to lodge Julia for a month in the hope her influence would be beneficial till Julia's departure to the Continent, a month later. Sandgate 24 August 1832 to an Italian Countess friend, <sup>once a mistress</sup> of Byron:

Here I am still -- Trelawney & his daughter are still with me -- thank God he remains -- for I do not know how I should be able to support her frivolity but for the aid of his more amusing company. She is amiable lively and polite, but so unidea'd -- so silly in her gaiety -- so childish yet overgrown in her merriment, that it is hard to bear -- never was there such an opposite to her father...

In the course of this letter, Trelawney <sup>is perceived</sup> appears as radical in the extreme and with a penchant for a pretty face. Mary continues:

If you have any very pretty girl among your acquaintances, enchant him by shewing her to him -- he is sadly off here -- I never found so great a dearth of female beauty as at Sandgate.  
(Maidens of grace and beauty obviously favoured more fashionable resorts).

My Percy has gone back to school -- I love the dear fellow more and more every day -- he is my sole delight and comfort.... I cannot tell ~~how~~ how much cleverer and more companionable he was than my present companion.

We have had a good deal of rain and eternal wind; this one day has risen cloudless and breezeless upon us -- There is a want of wood here -- but the sea is open -- and the hills the most singular in the world -- They are so precipitous, that they look mountains -- yet three steps leads you to their summits -- and when you get up one rather higher

than the rest -- you see them sprinkled about, in conical shapes, each distinct, with ravines between -- but so low that you could almost step from one to the other -- They are verdant, and covered with sheep and cattle. I am reading a little Greek -- and amusing myself as well as I can -- but I am very stupid -- and not at all in an energetic mood -- though not so languid as when I was in town. -- I am here, wishing for nothing but an exemption from pecuniary annoyances, both for myself and my father....

In September, Mary writes to John Gregson, lawyer for the Shelley estate:

I have safely received the cheque for £100 and am much obliged to you -- I think this place the healthiest in the world (though a little windy and cold) Percy learnt to swim and I sent him up to town quite robust and stout. He is a good boy and the greatest possible comfort to me.

I am dear Sir, Yrs obligedly M.W.Shelley

Alas, we could say, if only the poet Shelley had learnt to swim

- - - - -

In spanning these few momentous decades, we've had a glimpse of both the humble, the not-so-humble and the great whose lives have <sup>briefly</sup> touched <sup>on</sup> Sandgate. Though much has changed since then, we still enjoy the sights and sounds they knew so well. And as we go about our daily rounds, we are equally aware of our lovely but endangered surroundings -- all the more precious amid the traffic and the urban sprawl.

Their experiences have helped us chart the rise and progress of a village and are woven into ours. This is, perhaps, what local history is about.

In 1812, Wilberforce arrived with his family for the first of four summer visits to Sandgate. His letters are most revealing about the lack of religion in the village and especially about the military defences that met the eye as he gazes from his hillside window.

Turning west, his eye follows the line of Martello Towers along Dungeness Bay and the silvery streak of the Royal Military Canal starting at Seabrook across the Marshes to Rye. Wilberforce writes:

'Near us there are also indications of our opulence (i.e. the local amenities) which are not so indicative of our understanding. About a mile from us begins a canal which was formed when the alarm concerning invasion was the most generally prevalent. It runs parallel with the shore for about twenty miles; but I never yet talked with any military man, who conceived that it would oppose any serious obstacle to an enemy, who, besides the ease with which it might be crossed by portable bridges, might tap it without difficulty. Certainly its merits are far too deep to be discerned by unmilitary eyes. *And yet - I firmly believe all has been done with good intentions.*

Seriously, I am told that two millions sterling must have been expended in fortifying this part of the coast.'

He continues: 'The number of Martello towers is very great; but, unfortunately, instead of being composed of such massy blocks of stone or marble, as defied our attack and returned the fire of our ships with interest, in Corsica, for that was our model - they are built of brick, and I am assured the first cannon shot would beat a hole in them ... the centre being broken down or weakened, the twenty-four pounder would fall through with its own weight, and would bury itself in the ruins.'

'Really', he exclaims, 'the French coast appears so near, that I can scarcely wonder at our being somewhat excessive in our preparations to receive an enemy who was said to have 100,000 men within four hour's sail of us.'

## [THE EARL OF DROGHEDA]

To achieve that, we must cherish them. That means first and foremost cherishing them in architectural and environmental terms.

8.1 p.m.

**Lord Moyinhan:** My Lords, my home in Sandgate in Kent resonates to a unique cacophony of sounds: the spirited holidaymakers, the seasonal bustle, the celebration of children and, for those of us whose first love is the sea, the privilege of living within earshot of the mighty sounds of the storms and gentle lapping on the shores.

Yet that privilege along the Kentish coast which I know best has become beset by challenges unique to our area. On the local front, special sensitivities are essential in the face of serious drug problems and social deprivation. Local councils are responding with local communities and the private sector with initiatives to tackle the litany of challenges from many of my noble friends.

In the village where I live, the outstanding work of the Sandgate Society has been based on vigilance, expertise and consultation. Modern architects have, on the whole, responded well. Behind us in Sandgate is the gloriously designed pavilion built on rare firm ground in our landslipped village. Light materials and design greet the sea views and provide young children with an innovative company crèche in a setting second to none.

Yet in the towns along our coastline which covers Dover, Folkestone and Hythe, despite good local authority leadership, especially in Folkestone, supported by a well articulated press campaign led by the *Harald's* editor, Nick Hudson, the asylum crisis poses a serious problem which requires more immediate and comprehensive government intervention than we have witnessed to date. Had the Home Secretary implemented the 1996 Act and associated benefit changes, after which the number of applicants for asylum fell by 40 per cent, the problem would not have been anything like as severe. Your Lordships will recall that the courts then intervened on benefit changes, an issue which the Government could have corrected. The reality is that Michael Howard's intervention, both as Home Secretary and as a well liked, conscientious local MP, would have tackled the issue to great effect.

Shepway District Council rightly feels that it is being left to carry the can for the Government, while they pursue their soft touch approach. The council is trying to attract some European Union money for the problem of asylum seekers, but this is still at a very early stage.

I now turn to the "Believing in Folkestone" initiative. I praise Shepway District Council's efforts to achieve single regeneration budget status, again thanks to the initiative taken by Michael Howard as Secretary of State for the Environment and continued by the Government today. We need to help to regenerate infrastructure and the coastal environment.

The immediate post and pre-war two-week bucket and spade holidays are gone. Our coastal resorts have to sell themselves in today's market.

So a mixture of private, public and voluntary associations have been working together under the auspices of the "Believing in Folkestone" initiative. Much headway has been made towards the holistic regeneration of the town. Childcare schemes have been developed and attempts have been made to tackle social exclusion and crime and drugs problems—not least by the police and Victim Support, one of whose local leaders, Judith Lansdell, this year was rightly awarded an MBE.

Practical economic measures have been taken with a focus on training and the provision of jobs. The council rightly feels that this has very much been a result of its own efforts and certainly not something that has been handed to it on a plate by the Government.

Against that background of the Government, who have come forward with some imaginative or well rehearsed lines about the importance of supporting our coastal resorts, I turn to the application of Lympne Industrial Park for a selective assistance grant. Link Park in Lympne has been trying for some time to apply for a grant under Section 13 of the 1982 Industrial Development Act. This attempt has been frustrated time after time, due to the lack of action on the part of the Government and agencies of government.

Collectively 35 different approaches have now been made, both to GOSE and to the Department of the Environment, Transport and the Regions. There has still been no adequate response. Yet this industrial site should be part of the local economy which is in desperate need of a boost.

I turn to the Minister, whose reputation for hard work and delivery of results is exceptionally high. I seek tonight simply his undertaking that he will intervene on the issue. Seaside resorts must change and adapt to the new climate of competitively priced foreign travel. This will not change and the Government must play their part in the process of renewal and regeneration in what is a national treasure. We live on an island, with a coastline among the most beautiful in the world. This is a priceless asset which has in every sense been allowed to decline. We must end that decline. We have a duty to protect and nurture this legacy for future generations. Just as I grew up by the beach in Dymchurch, I want my children and one day their children to be enriched with the same memories of the sound of the sea, in all its moods and at all hours of day and night, as they sleep a stone's throw from the beach.

That is why it is so important that priority be given to the tranquillity and unique historic beauty of Sandgate and our seaside towns that can be handed down to future generations.

8.7 p.m.

**Viscount Thurso:** My Lords, I begin by offering my congratulations from these Benches to the noble Lord,

## Famous Residents & Visitors

Romford's (1805-6) the earliest of Pocket Guides to the area, is eloquent... Sandgate can claim at least an equal degree of admiration to any watering place in England.

In 1816, W. Tiffen invites the invalid to 'shun the rank city' and seek the purer air of this peaceful shore. But Sandgate's very 'smallness' breeds a genteel informality and Thomas Purday's elegant Library and Reading Room (c.1800) becomes the hub of social life. At all times, Sandgate has a quality which endears it to writers, artists and 'eccentrics' among others. The list below is not exhaustive but perhaps gives a flavour of the interest that Sandgate inspired.



1789 **Philip Thicknesse** (1729-92) polemicist and 'private eye' known as Dr. Viper is perhaps the first eccentric to settle in Sandgate towards the end of his querulous life.

1790 **Sarah Siddons** (1755-1831) foremost tragic actress of the day, returns from a visit to France where her daughters are at school. After a rough crossing to Dover, she makes haste to Sandgate. She writes... *it is the most agreeable seaplace, excepting those on the Devonshire coast, I ever saw... At present the place cannot contain above twenty or thirty strangers, I should think, I have bathed four times, and I believe I shall persevere on. Sir Lucas Pepys says my disease is entirely nervous.*

1794 **Ann Radcliffe** (1764-1823) novelist passes through pristine Sandgate: *the white, new village straggling along the beach on each side of the wide road, wide free and pleasant...*

1804 **Lt. Gen. John Moore** writes... *My situation here becomes daily more irksome, and I am almost reduced to wish for peace. I am tired of confinement, without the occupation of war.*  
<http://www.sandgate-kent.org.uk/sirjohn/index.html>

1806 **John 4th Earl of Darnley** (1767-1831) - is an active promoter of Catholic Emancipation and Electoral Reform. He purchases an extensive tract of hillside just north of the Post-road and builds Belle Vue, his marine village (rebuilt 1852 as Enbrook House) In 1830, **HRH Prince Leopold** (soon to be King of the Belgians) pays him a visit

1812 **William Wilberforce MP** (1756-1833) has just resigned his Yorkshire seat after 32 years in parliament, before becoming Member for the pocket borough of Bramber. He brings his wife Barbara and five children in search of quiet to restore his health, and time for reading, writing and the enjoyment of nature.

1813 **MME. D'Arblay** (Fanny Burney) in September, after ten years seclusion, finally escapes from France. On a visit to her brother Charles and family in Sandgate, she is introduced to [William Wilberforce](#) coming out of Folkestone Church.

1832 **Mary Shelley** (1797-1851) Author of Frankenstein etc. takes up lodgings to avoid the cholera epidemic now menacing London.

1852 **The Duke of Wellington** (1769-1852) takes the train to Folkestone and sets out on foot to visit his old friend, **John Wilson Croker** (politician and essayist)

1874 **Empress Eugenie** visits General Hankey at Cliff House

1893 **Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg** with their children are staying at the Undercliffe. *They have won golden opinions from the inhabitants of Sandgate with whom they mingle quite freely.*

1896-1910 **H.G. Wells** (1866-1946) visiting New Romney as a sick man, chances upon Sandgate. Late in 1898, he rents Beach Cottage on Granville Parade. In March 1899, Wells takes a 3 year lease on Arnold House (20 Castle Road) while, as a man far ahead of his times, he commissions C.F.A. Voysey to design Spade House on one of the finest sites in Sandgate. Renewed in health and spirit, Wells raises a family and produces 17 novels, and other stories and studies during his 12 year stay. They include Kipps, Ann Veronica and The Sea Lady, a fantasy on Sandgate's fish-tailed temptress.

If Sandgate is good for Wells, so Wells is good for Sandgate. England's literary lights are at his door - **George Gissing**, **Arnold Bennett**, **Anthony Hope**, **Sir James Barrie**, **G.K. Chesterton**, **A.E.W. Mason**, **John Galsworthy**, **Hilaire Belloc** - and Fabians such as **Hubert Bland**, **the Webbs**, **Graham Wallas** and **Bernard Shaw**.

1908 **Jocelyn Brooke**, born in 1908 on the south coast and lived in Sandgate, is known for his many books - *The Military Orchid* (1948) provided the opportunity to buy himself out of the Army. He then settled down to write, publishing some fifteen titles between 1948 and 1955. Partly though recollection, partly by fictional narrative, Jocelyn Brooke explores, in *The Military Orchid*, his two worlds - the one bound by his own experience and the other a magical and, as yet unknown landscape which lies beyond the 'frontier'. A sensitive and intelligent child, Brooke perceived himself as an outcast from society, but introspection proved fruitful and enabled him to create this lyrical and witty portrait of his own past and also evoke that tradition of Englishness which is now lost for ever. Brooke died in 1966.

1918 **Professor Dame Sheila Sherlock** (1918-2001) worlds leading liver specialist and considered Sandgate's first FRS. Born in Dublin Sheila grew up in No. 7 Devonshire Terrace, attending the Country School for Girls in Folkestone before a scholarship took her to Edinburgh Medical School, and the start of a brilliant career and phenomenal output - written, clinical, research and teaching. Describing herself as an unrepentant career woman Sheila, indefatigable, demanding, warm-hearted, had a tough uphill path in the medical world. In 1959 she was the first woman to hold the Chair of a Dept. at the Royal Free Hospital which pioneered medical education for women in Britain. The Education Centre there, is named in her honour.

Ancient Renown Cottage (later burnt down) in Wilberforce Road, close to the bottling plant in the disused Methodist Chapel (1816) provided a weekend retreat for Sheila and husband Gerry James, a distinguished physician. Always loyal to Sandgate, Sheila readily agreed to become a patron of the Sandgate Heritage Trust set up in 1983/4 to save the Old Fire Station for the Community.

1924 **Harrie Jacques** (Josephine Edwina Jacques) (1924-1980) better known by the stage name **Hattie Jacques**, was a comedy actress. **Hattie Jacques**, born in Sandgate and lived in Sandgate High Street, best remembered for her numerous appearances in *Banck's Half Hour* and the *Carry On* films, and for her long-running TV partnership with [Eric Morecambe](#).  
Mesurier.  
Email: [John.Cobbie@btinternet.com](mailto:John.Cobbie@btinternet.com)

Email Here to receive the Kent Email: [Gerry.Cobbie@btinternet.com](mailto:Gerry.Cobbie@btinternet.com)

