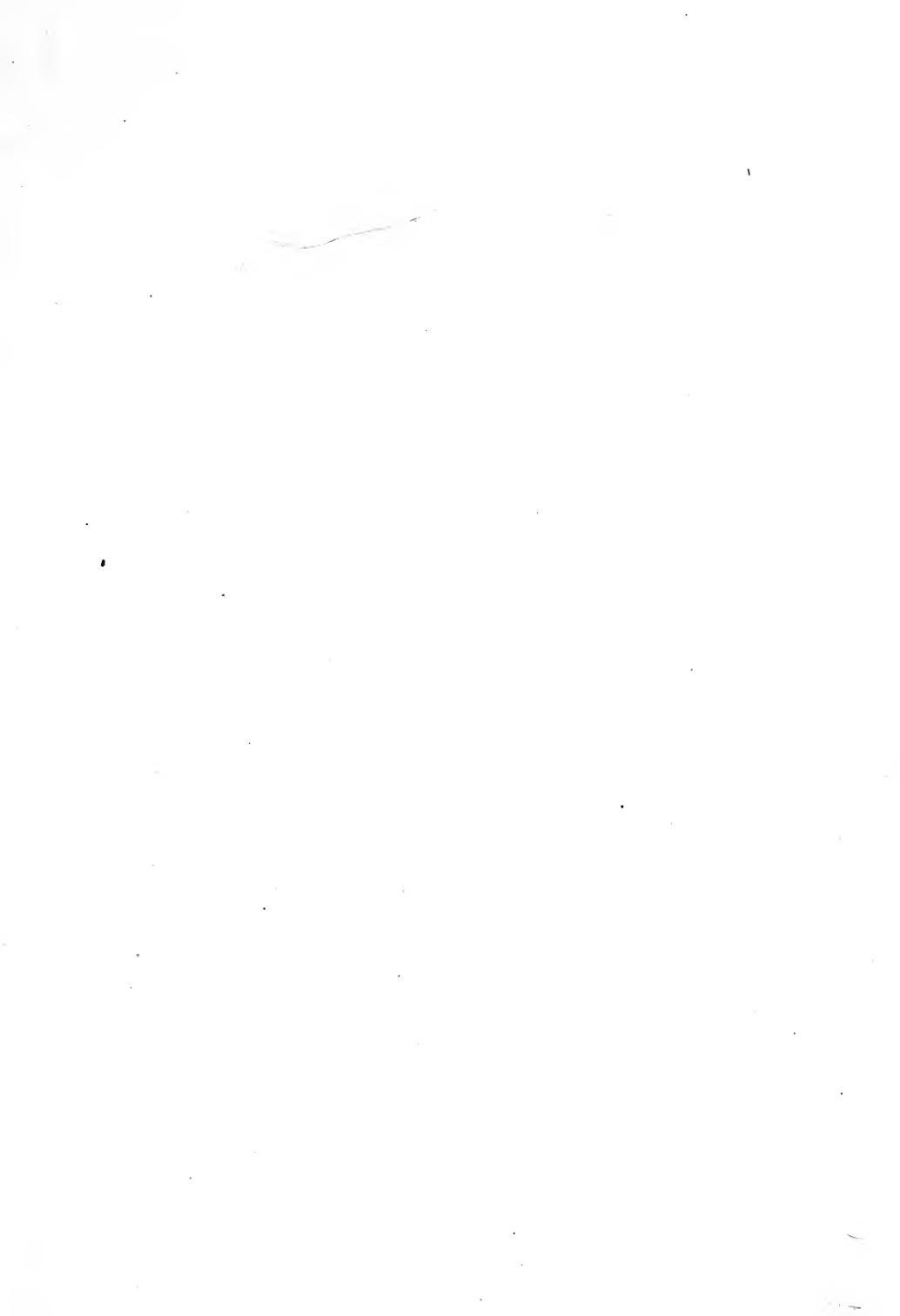


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FOLKESTONE HARBOUR FROM EASTCLIFFE

Down by the harbour we have a glimpse of old Folkestone, a hint of what it was in bygone "free trade" days.

FOLKESTONE AND DOVER

Described by Walter Jerrold
Painted by E. W. Haslehust



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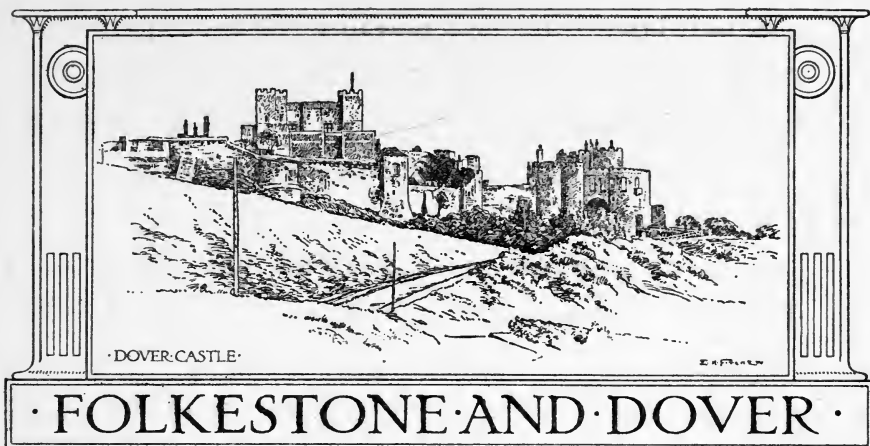
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I

“At no season does Folkestone cease to be charming.” Thus did a much-travelled American some years ago pay tribute to one of the chief of the south of England watering-places, a town which, if it has little that is old to show and no very striking history to tell, thoroughly serves its purpose as a watering-place and healthful holiday resort. Many thousands of visitors from London and other parts of England every year make Folkestone the spot in which they seek change from the year’s work in healthful rest and play, and find—in its striking situation, its beautiful air—that which they seek. “I always go to Folkestone”, I have more than once heard from people when the perennial topic of the annual holiday has come up, and the words are an eloquent tribute to the attractions of the place.

Many of our 'cross-Channel neighbours, too, have found its cliffs and shores, inland villages and diversified countryside an attractive contrast to the low coast, the sand dunes, and the broad flat stretches of sand of their own Pas de Calais.

During the autumn of 1914, when the outbreak of the Great War led to the devastating of Belgium and parts of north-eastern France by the troops of Germany, Folkestone became the landing-place and temporary asylum of thousands of refugees driven from their homes. Many of these, it may well be believed, after peace has restored them to those homes, will come again in kindlier times to the pleasant coast on which they found a welcome in the time of their agony and terror.

Where the chalk cliffs—the white walls of Albion—of south-eastern Kent fall somewhat abruptly and begin sloping gradually down to the level of Romney Marsh, some two or three miles to the west, there was for centuries an old-time village, that took the place possibly of a Roman settlement, that had in turn been erected where earlier inhabitants had their dwellings between the sea and the higher downs. The early importance of the place had long passed away, and it was but a fishing village—and, if all the tales are to be believed, a lively centre of the “free trade” of the smuggling fraternity—when the coming of the



FISHERMEN'S QUARTER, FOLKESTONE

The immediate neighbourhood of the harbour, its narrow ways running along the cliff-face and connected by flights of steps, is the Fishermen's Quarter, the old Folkestone of pre-railway days.

railway in the 'forties brought about a rapid change; and decade by decade the fishing village grew until it is to-day one of the most populous of our southern seaside towns and one of the most popular of our holiday resorts—"the pretty town or midsummer city" of Folkestone.

Topographers and philologists are by no means in agreement as to the derivation of the name of the place that is to-day familiar to all as Folkestone. It has been suggested that the name signifies Folks' stone—or the stone of the little people or fairies—and that origin has taken on a new meaning now that each year countless numbers of human little people are brought hither for their holidays, to disport themselves on the beach, to ramble about the fascinating maze of walks through the greenery of the Leas, or to make excursions to the inviting hills at the back of the town and other inland places, to the perennially wonderful wilderness of the Warren, or to the fascinations of Romney Marsh away to the west.

To-day in the fishermen's quarter down by the harbour, and up the steep narrow High Street, we have a glimpse of old Folkestone, a hint of what it was in bygone "free-trade" days, when it consisted of but "three irregular streets", built about the sides of the small valley through which the little stream of the Foord found its way to the sea. Now, whether

we approach by steamer or by the railway, we see that the small village has developed into a large town. In the former case we see the massy tower of the old church on its high cliff, and large houses stretching westward towards Sandgate along the top of the Leas, and this, it must be admitted, is a more inviting approach than is that by train; for from the Central Station the bare hills on one side and the houses with predominating slate roofs do not strike a cheerful or a picturesque note. The town is scattered about the hills which lie between the sea and the higher downs, and the more or less flat appearance from the station or from the viaduct, as we journey on to Dover, is soon seen to be nothing but appearance and far removed from reality, when we begin to wander about the hilly streets; as a humorist, with that licence which he shares with the poet, has said: "Rome stood on seven hills—Folkestone seems to have been built on seventy".

The railway approach to any town is generally the least attractive, and Folkestone is certainly not an exception to the rule. Most pleasant it is to come in from the sea and watch the growing town as our steamer nears the pier, where the low hills to the westward are seen crowned with houses, and the high cliffs stretch away to the eastward to the bold declivity known as Shakespeare's Cliff, which at once neighbours Dover and cuts it off from view. Pleasant, too, are the high-

way approaches to Folkestone—whether we come down the steep old Dover road on the east side of the town, where the top of Folkestone Hill, about a mile from the town, rises between five and six hundred feet above sea-level, affording a splendid view; whether we come by way of the Canterbury road from the north, between the bare, rounded hills, or by the more varied way along the coast from Hythe and Sandgate.

It is, however, by rail that most visitors reach Folkestone, and if the first impression from the high Central Station is one of austerity, owing to the bare downs on the one hand and the slate roofs on the other, this impression is soon forgotten on a close acquaintance with the town and its immediate and greatly diversified surroundings. For the holiday-maker it is the “front” of a seaside place which has the first and strongest appeal, and roomy motor-buses run through the steep streets from the Central Station to the harbour, at the eastern end of the front, where there is another station, mainly for the use of those arriving or departing by the Channel boats.

The immediate neighbourhood of the harbour, its narrow ways running along the cliff-face and connected by flights of steps, is the fishermen’s quarter—the old Folkestone of pre-railway days before the growth of the “seaside resort” of which it has become but the quainter portion. On the quayside is a

small fish market, and from the vessels in the harbour the fisher-folk may be seen bringing up in baskets and boxes the "harvest of the sea". At the back of the market are picturesque old houses up the side of the cliff, some of them wooden and quaintly shaped, with projecting upper floors and bulging sides, in striking contrast with the more modern brick buildings. These afford a glimpse of the Folkestone of the past and form an appropriate background to the harbour with its many fishing-boats.

In the fishermen's quarter we may pause to recall the gossip in which Frank Buckland indulged on the subject of "Folkestone beef"—a food which may not be familiar to many people under that name. In his entertaining collection of *Curiosities of Natural History*, the popular naturalist says: "Most of the fishermen's houses in Folkestone harbour are adorned with festoons of fish hung out to dry; some of these look like gigantic whiting. There was no head, tail, or fins to them, and I could not make out their nature without close examination. The rough skin on their reverse side told me at once that they were a species of dog-fish. I asked what they were? 'Folkestone beef', was the reply. What sort of fish is this? 'That's a Rig'; and this? 'That's a Huss'; and this other? 'That's a Bull Huss'; this bit of fin? 'That's a Fiddler'; and this bone? 'That's a jaw of Uncle Orol', &c." Taking down



THE FISHING HARBOUR, FOLKESTONE

On the quay-side is a small fish-market; beyond the market are picturesque old houses up the side of the cliff, forming an appropriate background to the harbour with its many fishing-boats.

to the harbour-side an illustrated work on British fishes, Buckland succeeded in getting the local names attached to the various kinds by the amused fishermen, and thus established what he had believed, that "Folkestone beef" was but a euphemism for the flesh of various kinds of dog-fish. The heads, fins, and tails of these shark-like fish were removed, owing to the prejudice against the dog-fish as food with many people. I fancy that under other euphemistic aliases it reaches the London fish-dealers. I do not know whether "Folkestone beef" at times still festoons the houses of the fishermen's quarter—it has not on my visits; possibly it finds its way directly to the markets without that preliminary drying and salting which was said to convert it into a food that when broiled was "like veal chops".

Here on the sea front of the fishermen's quarter the town stops abruptly eastward, the new extensions above being built farther inland, and the turfy summit of the cliff remaining as a breezy pleasaunce affording a bird's-eye view of the harbour. Passing up a flight of narrow steps to the grassy top of the low cliff we get a delightful view of the old town and harbour—assuredly the most picturesque view of it to be had. Looking over the jumble of old houses and across the dip in the land about which the town was first built—with wisps of smoke rising from the houses

between—we see the massive tower of the church amid trees on the opposite height, while below to the left is the pier, whence one of the large passenger steamers is rapidly steaming for Boulogne, some five-and-twenty miles away “across the ruffled strip of salt”.

Returning to the fishermen's quarter we may pass through it and visit the steep, winding, and narrow High Street, another good “bit”, and one which contrasts strongly with the newer commercial thoroughfares and shopping centres of the watering-place. Following it upwards and turning to the left we come to what is considered by some the site of the ancient castle, and to the church, which may be regarded as the most appropriate spot at which to pause and consider the past of Folkestone. An old church is as it were the focal point of the history of a place, but the history of this town tells us that the church which was originally founded here by St. Eanswith, worker of many miracles, disappeared centuries ago owing to the constant denudation of the coast at this point.

Leland's brief account of Folkestone, as it was seen by him when gathering materials for the wonderful *Itinerary* in which some time during the first half of the sixteenth century he jotted down all manner of lore about places, may be quoted as giving some idea of the way in which it had by then fallen from its one-time

importance. He begins: "Folchestan ys v. miles fro Dover, and be al gesse stondeth very directly apon Boleyn" (i.e. opposite Boulogne). To modernize his spelling in the rest of the passage is not to destroy the quaintness of his style to modern taste: "The Lord Clinton is lord of the town of Folkestone. There cometh to the town a pretty small rivulet that riseth in Folkestone park, belonging to Lord Clinton, or not far beyond it. The town shore by all likelihood is marvellously sore wasted with the violence of the sea. Hard upon the shore is a place called the Castle Yard, the which on the one side is dyked, and therein be great ruins of a solemn old nunnery, in the walls whereof in divers places appear great and long Briton bricks; and on the right hand of the choir a grave 'trunche' of squared stone. The castle yard hath been a place of great burial; insomuch as where the sea hath worn on the bank bones appear half sticking out. The parish church is thereby, made also of some newer work of an abbey. There is St. Eanswide buried, and of late thereby was a visage of a priory. Toward a quarter of a mile out of the town is a chapel of St. Botolph, on a likelihood of further building some time. In the town there is a 'maire'; and this Lord Clinton's grandfather had there of a poor man a boot almost full of antiquities of pure gold and silver."

A little west the sea has retreated, depriving Hythe

of its one-time position as a port, and leaving in the neighbouring county of Sussex the ancient ports of Rye and Winchelsea high and dry inland. It is believed that at Folkestone nearly half a mile of the coast-line has been washed into the Channel in the last thousand years, so that all vestiges of the church founded on the cliff by St. Eanswith, granddaughter to King Ethelbert, have long since passed away. Lambarde, the ancient historian of Kent, says: "Lest you should think that St. Peter's Parish Church to have been void of all reverence, I must let you know out of *Nova Legenda Angliæ*, that lest the sea should have devoured all, the reliques of St. Eanswith, the first prioress of the place, were translated thither".

This suggests that there had been a sudden landslide which made it possible to rescue the "reliques" and place them in the new edifice; but it may be that the sea was only threatening to take such ruins as the ravaging Danes had left of St. Eanswith's fair priory, for the records put the damage now on the sea and now on the Danes. Probably they proved equally destructive.

St. Eanswith's story is much bound up with the early history of Folkestone, and her name will be noticed again and again by a visitor strolling through the town. She was the daughter of Eadbald, "in order of succession the sixth King of Kent". Dur-

ing the first half of the seventh century he founded a nunnery here, and his daughter was made first prioress, duly becoming celebrated as a worker of miracles. Lambarde, writing with the incredulity proper to 1570, at a time when Folkestone Priory had been recently suppressed, said that many wonders were reported of this woman: "as that she lengthened the beam of a building three foot when the carpenters (missing in their measure) had made it so much too short; that she haled and drew water over the hills and rocks against nature from Swecton, a mile off, to her oratory at the seaside; that she forbad certain ravenous birds the country, which before did much harm thereabouts; that she restored the blind, cast out devils, and healed innumerable folks of their infirmities". The small pond known as Bail-pond, somewhat to the east of the present church, is pointed out as lasting evidence of St. Eanswith's miraculous engineering, for it is said to be fed with water from the spring which she brought from a distance, Lambarde says from a mile off, but some authorities declare from Lyminge, which is four or five miles away. Though her priory, and a subsequent priory dedicated to her with the castle to which it was attached, disappeared long ago, the body of the saint, as has been seen, was saved to put in a new church, which was erected on the site of the present

one in the early part of the twelfth century. Seven hundred and fifty years passed, and in 1885 a leaden reliquary containing human bones was found in the north wall of the chancel, and this has, perhaps not unreasonably, been taken to be the casket containing "the reliques of St. Eanswith". It should be added, however, that a stone coffin discovered in the wall of the south aisle about the middle of the seventeenth century was also thought to have been the saint's tomb. The fact that the leaden reliquary was recognized as of twelfth-century workmanship makes it appear probable that the later ascription was more likely to be the correct one.

If, however, within the embowered church, with its fine flint tower and its creeper-clad transept, no authentic memorial of the local saint to whom it is in part dedicated is to be seen, there are many features of interest for those who take a particular delight in ecclesiology, features which, however, do not call for extended mention here, though a memorial to the mother of a famous son must be noted. This is a brass to the memory of "a charitable, quiet neighbour", one Joan Harvey, who died in 1605, when her son William was a man of twenty-seven, he having been born in Folkestone on 1st April, 1578, and eleven years before he delivered the lectures in which he announced his great discovery of the circulation of



PARISH CHURCH, FOLKESTONE

On the cliff-top stands the massive old church with its fine flint tower. In its neatly kept churchyard, near the northern entrance, is an old stone cross.

the blood. On the Leas is to be seen a bronze statue of Harvey himself, erected as a tercentenary memorial. In the church Harvey is further commemorated by an aisle erected forty years ago, and by a window which was subscribed for by a large number of the members of the medical profession.

There is also a memorial to a former "perpetual curate" of Folkestone, who, though his poetry has long since passed into limbo, deserves our grateful memory as one of the brothers who gave us the standard translation of Plutarch's *Lives*; this was the Rev. William Langhorne, who died in 1772.

A quaint seventeenth-century epitaph in the churchyard, on one Rebecca Rogers, is worth noting:

"A House she hath: it's made of such good fashion
The tenant ne'er shall pay for reparation;
Nor will her landlord ever raise her rent,
Or turn her out of doors for non-payment.
From Chimney Money, too, this Cell is free—
Of such a house who would not tenant be."

In the neatly kept tree-grown churchyard there is to be seen near the north entrance a stone cross on an ancient base inscribed, "At this Cross in ages past, according to an old Charter (1st Edward III) preserved among the muniments of this town, the Mayor was annually elected on the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady". The election cross was restored as recently

as 1897, but already its inscription is wearing away.

During the second half of the nineteenth century the growth of modern Folkestone was marked by much alteration and restoration of the church, old covered portions being revealed and considerable additions made both structurally and decoratively.

The castle of Folkestone, which was erected in the seventh century by King Eadbald, father of St. Eanswith, stood on the cliff to the south of the present church, and is supposed to have been on the site of an old Roman pharos, such as that which still remains at Dover. The coast marauders and the sea destroyed Eadbald's castle, and another one was built shortly after the Conquest, but this too has entirely disappeared. A present link with it is to be found in the name of the Bail—the irregular group of houses near the church, doubtless built on the ground which formed the Bailey or outer court of the castle—and the Bailpond.

From the hillside near the church at the back of a row of houses is to be had a pleasing view over the tiled roofs of old Folkestone, in the narrow dip where it was originally built about its little stream. To the right are the harbour and the Channel, and to the left is seen the lofty railway viaduct spanning the wider valley. This is a far more attractive over-roof view than is the one from the railway.

Of the town itself, spreading far over the hilly ground in a populous multiplication of streets, little need be said except that it is a typical, flourishing, south-coast watering-place, where everything needful is planned for the comfort and entertainment of many thousands of health-seeking holiday-makers, who return again and again to the salubrious climate where bracing air may be breathed on the cliff-top parts of the town, and genial shelter and softer airs may be found along the cliff-foot road. An enthusiastic American visitor has written of "the pretty town and mid-summer city" of Folkestone, and has declared that it is in some aspects a British "double" of his own Atlantic City, resort of New York's strenuous holiday crowd. "There is a solidarity of gay intent and of like devotion to brief alien pleasures in which I find the two places inseparable in my mind," says Mr. W. D. Howells, who picks out Folkestone as one of *Certain Delightful English Towns*. Even those who find little beauty in Folkestone town itself find it doubly happy in that mile or so of front washed by the waters of the English Channel. On the cliff-top is that "lawny level of interasphalted green" known as the Leas, with large boarding-houses and hotels standing well back from the edge, broad promenades and grassy stretches lying between. The Leas stretches from close by the church to near Sandgate, and the more or less abrupt

cliff face is closely grown with shrubs and trees through which are many walks, while at the foot is the lower road which keeps more or less closely along the shore to Sandgate, a couple of miles to the west. Along the Leas we may walk seeing little but the view to seaward, with its ever-varying panorama of shipping, from the pleasure boats of holiday-makers near the shore to the great ocean liners.

If we look over the railings we do so down a bank of close-grown trees and shrubs to the shore promenade and the beach, thronged in the season with its thousands of holiday people. Away to our left is the harbour pier; before us is the long pleasure pier, skating rink, switchback, and other attractions in which children, and those who have the happy faculty of becoming as children again in season of holiday, find varied attraction. It is as though Folkestone had been so arranged as to suit the most diverse tastes of those who seek for healthful recreation by the side of the sea. On the Leas is a quiet promenade, stretching the greater part of the length of the town front, where on the level height the sea air may be enjoyed without any noise or disturbance from those who take their holiday more strenuously; and at two points along the cliff there are lifts—mountain railways in miniature as it were—by which in one place in a few minutes may be effected the change from the prom-



EM. HASELHUST.

THE LEAS, FOLKESTONE

The Leas that "lawny level of inter-asphalted green"—stretch westward towards Sandgate, and command the whole curving coast-line and the ever-varying panorama of shipping.



enade of the Leas to "all the fun of the fair" on the sea front and pier. And for those who like to combine quiet and shelter the paths among the cliff-side greenery afford something like a maze of walks along the front to the old toll-house, beyond which we soon reach the beginnings of Sandgate, where it is extending itself Folkestonewards. The larger place on the top of the cliff and the smaller place westward are rapidly linking up. From the western end of the Leas a beautiful view is to be had over the sloping greenery to Sandgate and beyond to Hythe, while farther west is the low line of curving coast bordering Romney Marsh and extending to the point of Dungeness—that cape which, coming between the striking headlands of Shakespeare's Cliff and Beachy Head, is strikingly in contrast with them, being an extensive triangle of shingle but little above sea-level.

A very pleasant inland promenade and pleasure-ground is afforded in the sophisticated rusticity of Radnor Park—twenty acres in extent—immediately to the north of the Central Railway Station. Here there are attractive walks, many trees, and running water, while in the higher part of the park are level spaces where cricket, tennis, and other games are played. In the matter of cricket-grounds, it may be mentioned, Folkestone is particularly fortunate, as is fitting in so popular and so populous a centre of a county long

famous for the part which it has played in the history of the national game.

“The Montpellier of England”, the travelled William Harvey dubbed his native place centuries before its south-fronting, sheltering cliffs had won it a reputation as a health resort. Long afterwards it was said to be a place “which its maligners call a fishing town and its well-wishers a watering-place”. Now, the “fishing town” is but a small portion of the far-spreading “watering-place”, which has extended westward over the cliff to Sandgate and inland over the hills, and has come to be one of the most popular of our south-coast resorts.

“It seems to me more French than English,” a Continental friend once said to me after a stay at Folkestone, and the words indicate that as Boulogne has long drawn British visitors, so has Folkestone in recent years drawn our friends from across the Channel—the *entente* of politicians being thus best ratified and made perfect by the peoples.

II

Within easy reach of Folkestone—either by walking, driving, cycling, or train—are so many and such diversified attractions that it is a delightful centre for a well-nigh inexhaustible number of “excursions”;

while for those who "dote upon the sea", and that not only from the beach, there are in a peaceful summer-time frequent opportunities of brief trips across to Boulogne, or, by way of Dover, to Calais. Other sea trips along the coast may be made during the holiday season to Dover and Deal or the Isle of Thanet, returning thence by rail. Within five miles to the west lie Sandgate, Shorncliffe, Hythe, and Saltwood—each a centre for visitors.

Sandgate, which is a most attractive village, is in effect a western extension of Folkestone. A "front" of but three miles divides the harbour station of Folkestone from Sandgate station, and a very pleasant three miles it is to those who like the combination of a beautiful shore with well-ordered arrangements for the comfort and entertainment of visitors; while for those who prefer a "wild coast", such is within easy reach of either of the two terminal points named. A local enthusiast has declared that Sandgate is "one of the prettiest villages upon the coast—not of Kent only, but of all England". It may be conceded the position as far as Kent is concerned, but the exaggeration of enthusiasm will be recognized by those who think of some spots on the Dorset, Devon, and Cornish coasts, and in other parts of seaside England. Still, it is a charming place, and the remains of its old Tudor castle—part of the defences planned by the

eighth Henry—will be visited with interest. To the west of Sandgate, too, we are reminded of another old-time defence, for between here and Hythe is the eastern end of the Royal Military Canal, which was cut hence to the Rother near Rye—enislanding the whole of Romney Marsh, and the low-lying spit of the coast which terminates in Dungeness—at the time of many wars and the rumours of war a century or so ago.

Close to Sandgate is Shorncliffe camp, which was first formed at the beginning of last century, when Sir John Moore trained there troops that were to give a good account of themselves in the Peninsular Campaign. Half a century later, the camp was used for the accommodation of the Foreign Legion enrolled for service in the Crimea, and since then it has become established as a regular camp. Situated on a kind of low plateau, it affords capital views of the Channel and of the surrounding country. A sight that is generally attractive to summer visitors to Folkestone is the Church Parade of the troops on Sunday mornings at this beautifully situated camp. With the outbreak of the great European War in 1914 it became an important point for the concentration of troops in training, though it was then but one of a whole string of such along the southern coast.

About three miles west of Sandgate is Hythe,

which is easily reached from Folkestone by motor and other conveyance. This is one of the old Cinque Ports, which has met with a fate differing from that of Folkestone. While the sea has taken away the cliff of Folkestone, it has receded at Hythe, so that the old port is now about half a mile from the water side; though it has a pleasant modern sea front along which tramcars run to Sandgate. The old town is a picturesque place at the foot of and up the slope of the hills which here slant away inland from the coast-line, and its situation is such that the many trees about make it more "countrified" than most sea-side places, and so help to impart to it a very special charm of its own. Built largely on the hill-side, a characteristic of Hythe is to be found in the steep ways and steps that communicate from street to street and lead up to the dominating church, which draws the more visitors owing to its possession of a gruesome "sight" in its serried ranks of innumerable skulls on many shelves and its stack of other human remains. These relics are supposed to be the grim memorial of a great battle fought hereabouts between the Britons and Saxons nearly fifteen hundred years ago, though another account states that they represent some of the 30,000 men slain in a terrific fight between the Britons and Danes in the year 843. It has also been suggested that

the bones are those collected from the old churches, of which there are said to have been four in the olden days when Hythe was of such size and importance that it extended along the shore for two miles.

Less than half that distance to the north of Hythe, to be reached by very pleasant walks, is Saltwood, with the ruins of an ancient castle, where the murderers of Thomas à Becket completed their plans—in darkness, that they might not see each other's faces, says tradition—and whence they set out on their tragic journey to Canterbury.

A couple of miles to the north of Folkestone the hills invite pedestrians to many pleasant excursions by road or footpath for the splendid views, the variety of scenery, and the interests, traditional and other, which these hills afford. Cæsar's Camp—which owes its name to legend rather than history—rises to a height of four hundred feet, and from its summit a grand view of the surrounding country may be gained, over the valley to the town of Folkestone on its lower hills, and across the town to the sea, east to the downs that roll Doverwards, and west to the wooded country about Saltwood and Hythe. The steep turf-grown hillside suggests that the camp that was of old situated here must have been an impregnable position in primitive wartime conditions. Those interested in following out the lines of ancient

fortifications will find here, says an antiquarian, "three lines of entrenchments, of which the first encloses a very considerable space of a long oval form. In the south end, seaward, is a second entrenchment, rising immediately within the former, but leaving a large open area within the outer entrenchment to the north. Within the inner entrenchment again, on the highest point of the hill, is another circular entrenchment closely resembling (though not so large) that which encloses the pharos at Dover. In fact, after examining Dover Castle closely, its original entrenchments seem to me to have borne so close a resemblance to the so-called Cæsar's Camp on the hill I am describing, that I am inclined to believe that this latter also was the site of a Roman pharos that served as a guide to the sailors approaching the coast."

It may be said that Roman relics have been unearthed on this hill, showing that if Cæsar himself did not have a camp, assuredly his compatriot successors had a station here. Ancient relics, Roman, Saxon, and other, have indeed been found all about the neighbourhood, indicating something of the past importance of Folkestone in successive periods. Only a few years ago, for instance, an Anglo-Saxon burial-ground was discovered on the hill leading Doverwards; while an earlier discovery of a like nature had been

made in the Bail, near Folkestone church, which an antiquarian writer pointed out was "one of many proofs that the Christian missionaries established their churches not unfrequently near the places of burial of the unconverted Saxons". The hill on which Cæsar's Camp is situated is, it may be added, sometimes called Castle Hill, though it is possible that that name really belonged to another height, for Lambarde, in the sixteenth century, spoke of Castle Hill as "being somewhat nearer to Hythe than Sandgate is", which cannot by any means be said to be true of Cæsar's Camp. On Castle Hill, according to the country-people of Lambarde's time, Ethelbert, "the first godly king of this shire", built a castle which fell into neglect, when meeter places for that purpose "were built at Saltwood and Folkestone on each side of it". East of Cæsar's Camp is the more conical Sugar-Loaf Hill, at the foot of which is a spring known as St. Thomas's Well—sometimes as Holy Well—picturesquely situated among much greenery; east of this again is Windgate Hill, from which may be reached Folkestone Hill and the highest part of the road between Folkestone and Dover. From each of these high places—the last-mentioned point is 546 feet above sea-level—are to be had grand and grandly-varied views.

From near the inn at the top of this height a path may be followed down into the Warren, which is to the



THE WARREN, FOLKESTONE

The Warren—a great extent of undercliff, a wild tangle of greenery and tumbled chalk—is the most fascinating place in the district to the flower-hunter and the geologist.

flower-hunter and the geologist the most fascinating place in the immediate neighbourhood of Folkestone. The Warren is the name given to the great extent of undercliff, the wild tangle of greenery and tumbled chalk which extends to the east of Folkestone for some distance along the shore of East Wear Bay. Those who travel to Dover by the train, which passes along a cutting through this undercliff, get but an inadequate idea of the fascinations of the Warren, amid the irregularities of which large numbers of people can picnic without in any way interfering with each other. Those who walk to it will find the beginning but half a mile or so over the cliffs from the harbour, in the neighbourhood of the most easterly of those martello-towers which Pitt erected along the southern coast when Napoleon threatened invasion; while for those who prefer it there is a railway "halt", at which they can descend into the very middle of the Warren and can wander about as they will, can climb the steep path that leads up the cliff, and can go downwards to the shore, can wander in search of the orchises and other botanical specimens in which the sheltered tract is rich, or can seek among the chalky banks and spires to identify the "Little Switzerland" which has been so happily named.

From certain points half-way down to the beach the cliff and broken masses of chalk, without any-

thing to establish a standard of size, certainly do give all the effects of a Swiss view—especially when rendered in photography. The whole of the Warren extends for nearly two miles along the cliff-front of the bay, and is of varying depth. It has been formed by great landslips from the cliff face, and affords a place for endless “explorings” and “fossil hunts” by juvenile visitors. Those whose interest runs to botany, entomology, or geology will find a constant succession of things to claim their attention, while those who have no special hobby for plants, insects, or stones will find much to delight them in the infinite variety of the walks among the maze of paths that lead through the dips, over the rises, of this fascinating wilderness. At the eastern end of the Warren, where it nears the steep bare face of the cliff, a pathway of steps leads up to the Dover road, but most people who have felt the charm of the place will prefer—having got the view from the steps—to return down them and retrace their way through the Warren, which can only be properly appreciated by those who have wandered hither and yon about it.

DOVER

“The Sea is calm to-night,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the Straits;—on the French coast, the light
Gleams, and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the ebb meets the moon-blanch'd sand,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.”

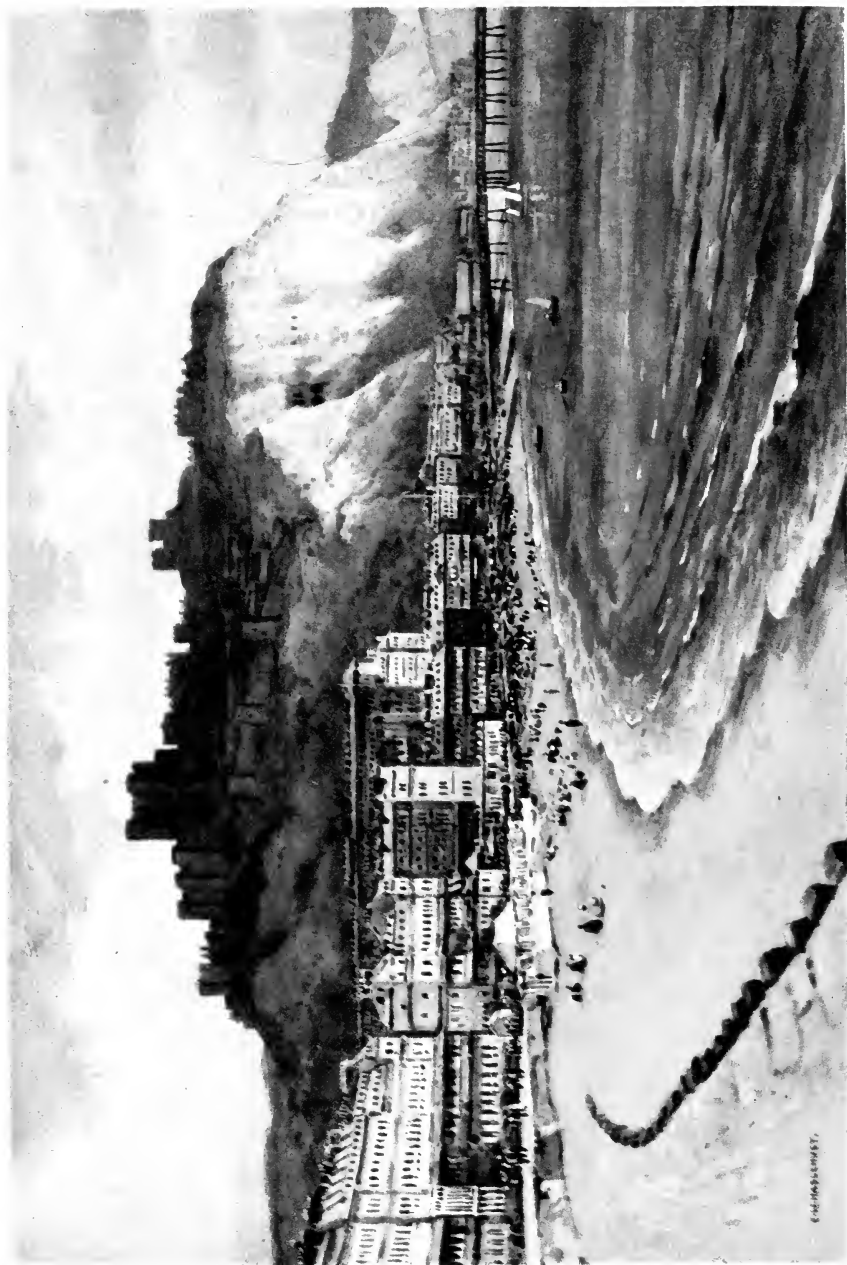
—*Matthew Arnold: “Dover Beach”.*

I

“Upon a hill, or rather rock, which on its right side is almost everywhere a precipice, a very extensive castle rises to a surprising height, in size like a little city, extremely well fortified, and thick-set with towers, and seems to threaten the sea beneath.” Thus, more than three hundred years ago, wrote a foreign visitor on arriving at Dover, when Queen Elizabeth ruled in England. Though to-day we may regard Paul Hentzner’s words as slightly hyperbolic, the extensive castle still dominates the ancient Cinque Port—the point at which the coast of Britain and

the Continent most nearly converge—is still one of the most notable features which first impress those who come across the narrowed Channel between Calais and Dover. It has so long been regarded as the “door” of England, to use the old chronicler’s figure—which was probably intended as a play upon the word Dour—that comparatively few of those who pass through it, as they make their exits and their entrances, pause long enough to get more than arrival and departure glimpses from railway carriage and steamer deck. Yet an increasing number of people are coming to find that, while a busy port and a notable naval and military station, Dover is also a very attractive watering-place and holiday centre; one which combines healthful climate with historic interests, and one which is not only a centre for many greatly varied excursions by road and rail, but which has itself an ever-changing panorama of attractions in its great naval harbour, its position where the constant traffic of the sea “turns the corner” from the east to the south of England, on its way to the vaster deeps beyond.

By way of proof of the salubrity of this happily situated place as a health resort two “authentic instances” were given a few years ago in a London newspaper: “A gentleman, who had been bitterly held by the enemy (influenza), was, when in a fit state to travel, sent abroad to a southern watering-place. Here,



DOVER CASTLE AND MARINE PARADE

The castle forms the most striking feature, dominating the town on its great cliff "more like a fortified city than a fortress".

ENGELHART

however, he got worse again, and having expressed a wish 'to die at home', was conveyed to England with all conceivable comfort and care. But at Dover, he was too ill to continue his journey to the north of England, and had, perforce, to take up his quarters there. His relations and friends augured the worst; but, nevertheless, in three weeks' time he was completely restored to health, and finally returned to his roof-tree a hale and hearty man, swearing—with no approach to profanity—by the air which had brought him round. In the other instance, a young London lady, whose life was well-nigh despaired of during a severe attack of pleuro-pneumonia, was persuaded to try the curative powers of Dover, she being utterly unable to endure the fatigue of crossing the sea. She went, it should be recorded, an utter unbeliever; she returned an ardent convert to the virtues of this climate, for she was healed. Dover is bracing, but not therefore cold. An authority, Dr. Parsons, says that on an average it is ten degrees warmer than London in winter, and in summer ten degrees cooler. Probably that mighty barrier, the South Foreland eastward, the ramparts of chalk to the north, and Shakespeare Cliff westward, have much to do with these climatic favours." Judging by the two instances cited it would seem that Dover might justly claim to share with Brighton the title of "Doctor".

If in Folkestone we found that the historical associations of the place took us as it were into the byways, in Dover we find ourselves on a historical highway that may be said to extend from the time when Julius Cæsar brought his legions over from Gaul up to the present and the Great War; to follow that highway is to touch at some of the most notable episodes of the history of the country. Here it is only possible to indicate some of the events with which the town has been associated.

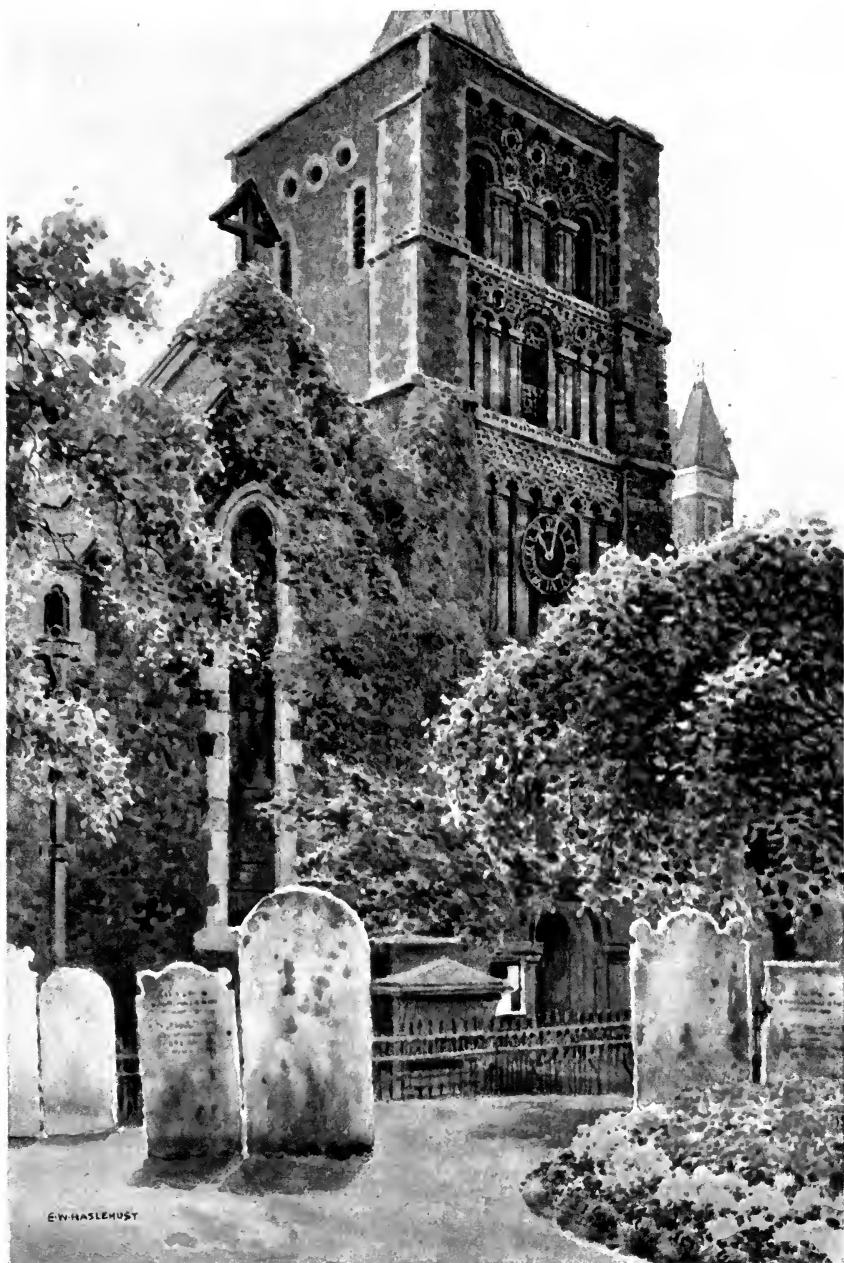
In "the commentaries Cæsar writ" Kent was described as the civilest place in all the isle, yet the Britons of Dover made so formidable a demonstration that the Roman leader did not venture to land where the river Dour reached the sea between the high cliffs, but passed on, it is believed, to the more promising shore of what is now Deal, eight or nine miles farther north. When they had established themselves in Britain the Romans naturally made an important station at Dover (Portus Dubria), and, as we see on visiting the neighbourhood of the Castle, their "bricks are alive at this day to testify, therefore deny it not". Indeed the Romans are believed to have had a fortress on the height on which the Castle now stands, and their fortress may well have taken the place of a yet earlier outlook over the narrow seas.

In the two thousand years that have elapsed since

Cæsar came across from Boulogne there can be little doubt that there has been a considerable change in the coast-line owing to denudation—landslips within comparatively recent record suggest as much—yet we may see here something of the position as it must have been when the Britons' villages were probably built up the slopes of the hills on either side of the narrow valley through which the Dour found its way. For a river which has given its lasting name to a place such as Dover, the Dour must surely be a "record" one, for its course is but about four or five miles from its source at Watersend near Ewell to the sea. It is along the east end of the valley of this little stream that Dover has grown up, for though its sea-front extension has been limited by the steep hills on either side, it extends inland for a couple of miles to the old village of Buckland.

Though it is the front with its Marine Parade, its piers whence the cross-Channel steamers start with their daily animation, its harbour in which ever-fascinating war-ships are generally to be seen, that naturally draw the visitor in holiday mood, there is much in the town to vary the attractions of the beach or of the arrivals and departures from the Pier. There is, for example, the old Maison Dieu, which was erected in the reign of King John as a hospital for French pilgrims bound for the shrine of Thomas à Becket at

Canterbury. This fine hall, which was built by that Hubert de Burgh into whose charge King John placed the hapless Prince Arthur, continued to serve the purpose for which it was erected until 1536, when it was suppressed by Henry VIII. Afterwards the hospital became successively a naval victualling store, a brew-house, and a bakehouse, until, just upon three hundred years after its suppression, the Maison Dieu was bought by the public-spirited Corporation of Dover—the Corporation plate and Guildhall being mortgaged to supply the funds!—and was utilized as a nucleus of the Municipal Buildings. The architect who drew up the plans for the restoration, it is interesting to recall, was Ambrose Poynter, the father of Sir Edward J. Poynter, by whom the stained-glass windows of the Maison Dieu hall were designed. These represent the relief of Dover Castle in 1216, the granting of the Charter of the Maison Dieu by Henry III to De Burgh, such famous embarkations and debarkations at this point of remarkable incomings and outgoings as the setting out of Edward III for Flanders in 1359, the starting of Henry VIII for the Field of the Cloth of Gold in 1520, the landing of the Emperor Sigismund in 1416, and the landing of Charles II on his Restoration in the year 1660. The fine hall contains various trophies of armour, and a series of paintings representing many notable men connected



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, DOVER

The church of St. Mary is not only the oldest of Dover churches, but one of the oldest in the kingdom. Part of the fine tower is of Saxon date, while other portions of the building are Norman.



with Dover, including some famous Lord Wardens of the Cinque Ports.

The church of St. Mary, near to the Market Place, is not only the oldest of Dover churches, but is said to be one of the oldest in the kingdom. Part of the fine tower is of Saxon date, while other portions of the building are Norman, and though there have been many changes, alterations, and restorations, the picturesque old edifice is well worth a visit. Here is a memorial inscription to Samuel Foote, the eighteenth-century actor, dramatist and droll, who died at Dover but was buried in Westminster Abbey. Another eighteenth-century worthy associated in death with this town was Charles Churchill, satirist, who died at Boulogne in 1764, and was brought for interment to the burial-ground of St. Martin's Church—an edifice of which but scraps remain—his tombstone being inscribed with his own words, "Life to the last enjoyed, here Churchill lies". Half a century later another and far greater satirist was moved to render literally, as he put it, an incident concerning a visit to this tomb, when Byron wrote his "Churchill's Grave", with opening and closing lines which have come to belong to the general stock of familiar quotations:

"I stood beside the grave of him who blazed
The comet of a season, and I saw
The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed

DOVER

With not the less of sorrow and of awe
 On that neglected turf and quiet stone,
 With name no clearer than the names unknown,
 Which lay unread around it; and I asked

The Gardener of that ground, why it might be
 That for this plant strangers his memory tasked,
 Through the thick deaths of half a century?

And thus he answered—'Well, I do not know
 Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so;
 He died before my day of Sextonship,

And I had not the digging of this grave'.
 And is this all? I thought—and do we rip

The veil of Immortality, and crave
 I know not what of honour and of light
 Through unborn ages, to endure this blight,
 So soon, and so successful? As I said,
 The Architect of all on which we tread,
 For Earth is but a tombstone, did essay
 To extricate remembrance from the clay,
 Whose minglings might confuse a Newton's thought,

Were it not that all life must end in one,
 Of which we are but dreamers;—as he caught,

As 'twere the twilight of a former Sun,
 Thus spoke he,—'I believe the man of whom
 You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,
 Was a most famous writer in his day,
 And therefore travellers step from out their way
 To pay him honour,—and myself whate'er

Your honour pleases:'—then most pleased I shook
 From out my pocket's avaricious nook

Some certain coins of silver, which as 'twere
 Perforce I gave this man, though I could spare
 So much but inconveniently:—Ye smile,
 I see ye, ye profane ones! all the while,
 Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.
 You are the fools, not I—for I did dwell
 With a deep thought, and with a softened eye,
 On that old Sexton's natural homily,

In which there was Obscurity and Fame—
The Glory and the Nothing of a Name.”

Another ancient ecclesiastical foundation which calls for mention is St. Martin's Priory, the handsome remains of which now form part of Dover College. An engraving published less than a century ago shows the old gatehouse and refectory standing in bare fields beside a rough unfenced lane; now that lane has become a road of comfortable villa residences leading to the Priory railway station, and the restored buildings of the priory that was founded in the early part of the twelfth century are set amid sophisticated surroundings. The refectory in which the mediæval Benedictines refreshed the inner man is to-day—after having served during an interval as a barn—a college classroom in which the rising generation learns to make use of the feast of reason. At St. Martin's Priory on 25th October, 1154, King Stephen died, and his tempestuous reign of eighteen years came to an end. Though some local writers affirm that a lead coffin found during restorations at St. Mary's in the middle of the nineteenth century was probably Stephen's, there seems little doubt that he was actually buried at the abbey which he had founded at Faversham.

The Museum in the Market Square is well worth visiting—for though it has something of an “old curio-

sity shop" air in part, it has also many items of special local interest such as a visitor may well wish to see. It would, indeed, be well if more of our provincial museums would specialize in things connected with the town and locality in which they are set. A small collection of local documents, fauna, minerals, coins, implements, &c., is far more valuable than a heterogeneous accumulation of odd things from all parts of the world—it is at once more interesting and more useful, and helps to present history in a way that should encourage that civic pride which is the best preparation for the larger patriotism.

Returning to the "front" we may visit the Harbour, with its coming and going of many vessels, and the Admiralty Pier whence the Channel steamers start, where ocean liners come alongside, and where a great station is being built. The upper promenade portion of the pier extends eastward for nearly three-quarters of a mile, and in fine weather affords splendid views: back over the town dominated by the hill-top castle—particularly impressive about sunset—to the bold headland of Shakespeare's Cliff, and beyond it to Folkestone, or to the cliffs and lighthouses of the South Foreland. In the Channel are many craft, from the smallest pleasure boat to the lordly liner, and away beyond with a favourable light may be seen the coast of France.



DOVER HARBOUR FROM THE CASTLE

The harbour, in which ever-fascinating warships are generally to be seen, whence the Channel steamers start, and where ocean liners come alongside.

This Admiralty Pier, begun as long ago as 1847, is now, greatly extended, utilized as the western arm of the great enclosing works which wall in upwards of six hundred acres of water forming the Admiralty Harbour—one of the finest harbours of refuge in the world. Beyond the Castle Cliff runs out the new Eastern Pier, and between the extreme ends of these two, with passage-way through which the greatest monsters of naval construction can safely pass, is a breakwater over 4000 feet in length. The two piers and the breakwater together have a length of over two miles. The “front” and Marine Parade look out on the harbour, and thus though the Channel may be rough there is always a comparatively smooth sea along the beach here.

As Dover was the first place in England put under martial law during the Great War, and was an important naval base during the North Sea operations, it may be recalled that the ancient port has seen some momentous sea-fighting. On 21st August, 1217, was fought the Battle of Dover. Reinforcements had been sent over from France to aid the disaffected barons in England, in a large flotilla commanded by a man known as Eustace the Monk, a picturesque figure in whom many legends centre. Hubert de Burgh, Regent for Henry III, collected such a naval force as the Cinque Ports of the day could muster,

sailed out and gave battle to "the Monk", sinking many of his ships and effectually scattering the rest. Eustace himself was captured, and with the prompt decision of the time dispatched. The battle decisively settled the case of the barons and the Dauphin whom they had called to their assistance, and firmly fixed the youthful King Henry on his throne. More than three and a half centuries later, in July, 1588, watchers on the Dover cliffs—and we may be sure they were many—saw something of the great Spanish Armada as it made for Calais, and of the pursuing English ships. As John Lothrop Motley put it, "Never, since England was England, had such a sight been seen as now revealed itself in those narrow straits between Dover and Calais. Along the low sandy shore, and quite within the range of the Calais fortifications, 130 Spanish ships—the greater number the largest and most heavily armed in the world—lay face to face and scarcely out of cannon-shot, with 150 English sloops and frigates, the strongest and swiftest that the island could furnish, and commanded by men whose exploits had rung through the world." On that momentous Sunday night the watchers at Dover must have seen the glare of the fire-ships that spread dismay and destruction amid the "invincible" Armada, and began that crushing overthrow which harrying ships and mighty storms were to consummate.

Of a more peaceable excitement at Dover we learn in the diary of that prince among gossipers, Samuel Pepys. He had been among those who journeyed to Holland in May, 1660, to bring in the restored Charles II, sailed back with His Merry Majesty to Dover, and wrote in his diary under the date of 25th May: "By the morning we were come close to the land and everybody made ready to get on shore. The King and the two Dukes did eat their breakfast before they went; and there being set some ship's diet before them, only to show them the manner of the ship's diet, they eat of nothing else but pease and pork and boiled beef." About noon they set out from the ship for the shore. "I went, and Mr. Mansell, and one of the King's footmen, and a dog that the King loved, in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land at Dover. Infinite the crowd of people and the gallantry of the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts. The Mayor of the town come and give him his white staff, the badge of his place, which the King did give him again. The Mayor also presented him from the town a very rich Bible, which he took, and said that it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked awhile with General Monk

and others, and so into a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the town towards Canterbury, without making any stay in Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination." Another account says that the gold-embossed Bible was presented to the King by the Rev. John Reading of St. Mary's parish, who had been a chaplain to Charles I. The King's return compliment to the town which had been the first to welcome him home was to present it with a mace inscribed "Carolus Secundus hic posuit vestigia prima 1660".

It has been said that Dover has been the place at which many celebrated settings-out and comings-in have been made, but if it has been the background for historical pageantry, it has also been associated with other goings and comings, some of them perhaps more significant. On 7th January, 1785, the aeronauts Blanchard and Jefferies set off in their balloon from the Northfall meadows on the cliff near Dover Castle and duly alighted at Calais—being the first balloonists to cross the Channel. At a spot near to that from which Blanchard and his companion had set out, the intrepid aviator Louis Blériot landed on 25th July, 1909, being the first man to cross the Channel in an aeroplane; and the fact is appropriately marked by a memorial which was unveiled by Lord Brassey as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. Less than a year after Blériot's exploit,

on 2nd June, 1910, the Hon. C. S. Rolls crossed the Channel to the French coast and returned in a single flight, establishing a new and significant record. An effective bronze statue of the aviator is to be seen here on the Marine Parade. Assuredly Dover may be proud of its association with the "conquest of the air". At Dover, too, one of the German airmen who invaded England in the early months of the Great War dropped a bomb—but without doing any damage.

Another statue on the Marine Parade reminds us that Dover has many times been the starting place from which attempts have been made to swim across the Channel, and that it was as long ago as 24th August, 1875, that Captain Matthew Webb achieved that wonderful feat of endurance, when he swam from Dover to Calais. The monument to Webb was erected by public subscription a few years ago, when the aeroplane flights of Blériot and Rolls had added new "records" to the chronicle of events associated with the oldest of the Cinque Ports.

A few details from the old history of Dover may serve to indicate some of the fluctuations in its fortunes since the threatening attitude of its defenders nearly two thousand years ago made Julius Cæsar deem it advisable to pass farther up the coast to a less formidable landing. Though marking but particular points in the history of the town, a knowledge of them adds

fresh interest to a ramble about the place as it exists to-day. Dover is believed to have been enclosed within walls during the Roman occupation. During the next few centuries there must have been considerable change in the place, possibly owing to coast erosion and the silting up of the haven; for when, about the year 700, Widrid, King of Kent, built the church of St. Martin in the town it is said to have been erected on ground "where ships used to ride at anchor". Widrid is also credited with having finished many works begun by his ancestors, and, that the people of Dover might live in greater security and be better able to defend themselves against enemies in time of war, he caused a wall to be erected on the side towards the sea. This appears to be a further indication that the haven had already become filled up.

Dover, notwithstanding its walls, probably suffered from the attentions of the ravaging Danes, though the extent to which it did so does not appear to be chronicled. In the reign of Edward the Confessor all citizens of Dover were made free of the highway tolls throughout England owing to the generous way in which they had performed their service to the King. The town at about that period furnished the King with twenty ships of war, and the forgiveness of tolls and other privileges and immunities were among the rewards the citizens enjoyed. About the time of the

Norman Conquest—whether as an episode in the struggle or not does not seem to be known—a fire destroyed the town of Dover, leaving but twenty-nine houses standing.

Dover was the first of the Cinque Ports to be incorporated—the others were Hastings, Romney, Hythe, and Sandwich—and in the year 1272 Edward I granted the town a special charter conferring all its ancient privileges. Though they had many privileges—under the engaging classification of *soc and sac, tol and team, blodwit and fledwit, infangentheof and outfangentheof, mundbryce, &c.*—they had also duties, the chief of which was supplying ships and men for the King's service; and that they performed such creditably is seen from such episodes as that of 1293, when a pitched battle was fought in mid-Channel “between the fleet of the Cinque Ports and the enemy, in which the English were victorious and took 240 sail of vessels with which they returned triumphantly to their own ports”.

In 1339 Edward III enacted that all merchants, travellers, and pilgrims going to the Continent should embark at Dover, while before the close of the same century the price of the passage across the Channel was established by law as sixpence for each person and one shilling for each horse during the summer, and double those amounts in the winter.

Anciently, as has been suggested, the haven of Dover flowed in between the hills, but at some uncertain date it became silted up, either by denudation from the land or by sand and beach thrown up by the sea. Many attempts appear to have been made to establish the time and cause of this filling up, and it is recorded that in 1826, when a well was sunk in Dolphin Lane, at a depth of 26 feet a layer of mud was found which for 3 feet was intermixed with the bones of animals, leaves, and fibres of roots, and was assumed to mark the bed of the ancient haven—"the surface of the ground where the well was dug is only a few feet above the level of the sea at spring tides, and should the valley be cleared of its accumulated soil to the depth of this layer of mud it would at the present day form a haven between the hills as it did nearly 1900 years ago, when the writer of the *Commentaries* saw the armed inhabitants of the island marshalled on its sides". It is suggested that the filling up of the haven was caused by a change in the movement of the beach towards its mouth, forming a bar, diverting the river's outlet and holding up the earth brought down from the hills. For centuries the harbour works which the filling up of the haven made necessary were a source of constant attention and called for considerable expenditure, until in the nineteenth century the great Admiralty Harbour was formed on a scale un-

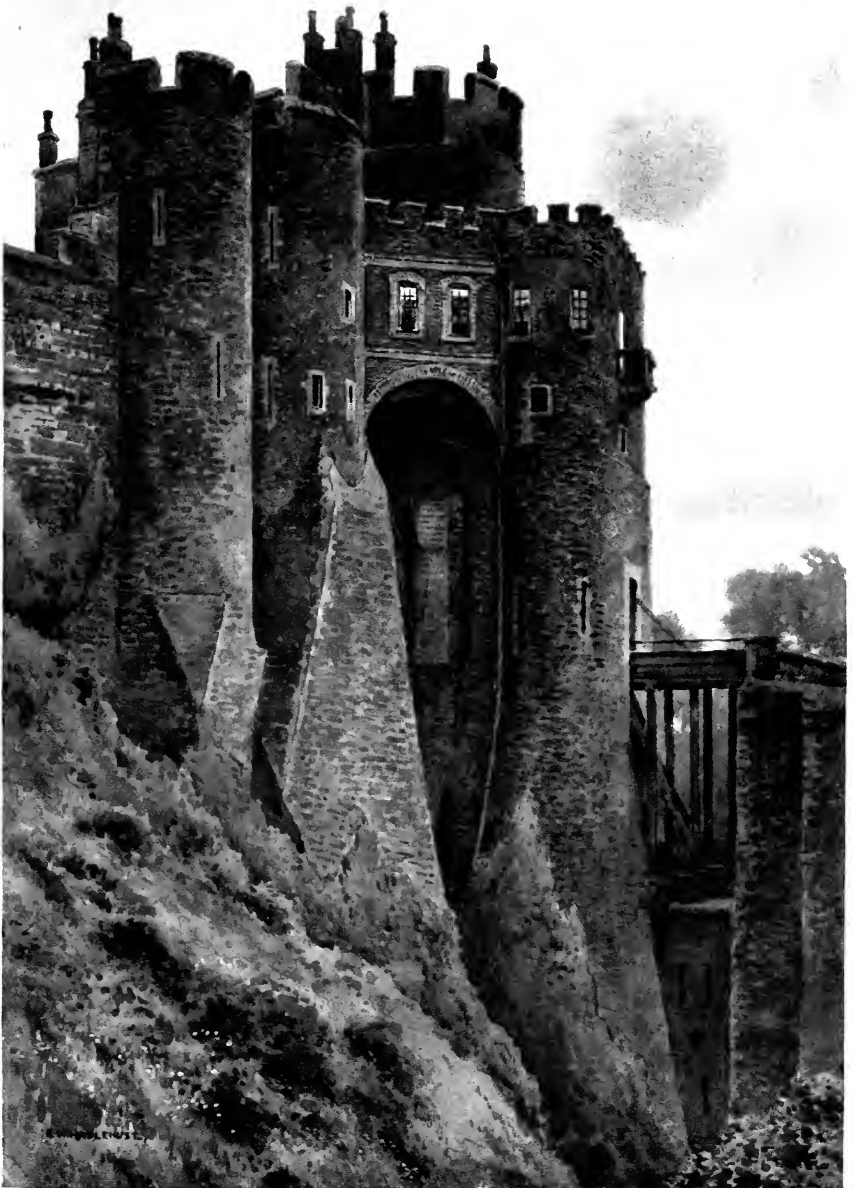
dreamed of by the earlier commissioners and engineers responsible for maintaining in a workable state the "door of England". In the time of Henry VIII, £63,000, it is recorded, was spent on a "mighty pier" here, yet in Elizabeth's reign the important harbour was in such a state that the Queen granted a number of privileges to the town to allow of its raising the large sums necessary for its maintenance.

II

It has been said that Dover appears dominated by the great cliff-side castle—"more like a fortified city than a fortress", as an old writer declared. It is so whether we reach the town by sea or by railway, and in most of the characteristic views of the town that we get, from the harbour, the pier, or the Western Heights, it is the Castle that forms the most striking feature, with its fine keep, its gates, towers and walls rising above the many trees that clothe the hillside between the town and the storied stones and the bold escarpment of the chalk cliff to the extreme right. Perhaps the most attractive way of reaching the Castle is through Connaught Park, a beautiful public pleasure-ground which stretches up to within an easy reach of one of the most picturesque of the guardian towers that defend and diversify the encircling walls. This

is the Constable's Tower—sometimes also known as Newgate or Fiene's Tower—long the residence of the Lord Warden when at Dover in his capacity as Constable of the Castle. Whether we approach by this roundabout method, or go more directly up the Castle Hill and by short-cut slopes and steps attain the keep entrance, there is much that is impressive both in the great mass of buildings ahead of us and in the town and harbour as we look back.

Fully to describe Dover Castle or to tell its long history in any detail would require a large volume; here we can but glance at some of the many things to be seen and at some incidents in a story which begins in the dim antiquity of legend. It is said that a castle was first built here by one Androgeus (or Mandubratius), the son of King Lud, and that it was built by the direction of Julius Cæsar for the protection of the port of Dubris in the valley below. It is probable that there was yet earlier the nucleus out of which was to grow the great Castle, for the position, overlooking the narrow waters and the harbour nearest to the Continent, was little likely to be neglected by the most primitive defenders of their land. Whether the son of King Lud did or did not erect a fortress in accordance with Roman dictates cannot now be determined, but during the Roman occupation there was certainly something of the



THE CONSTABLE'S TOWER, DOVER CASTLE

One of the most picturesque of the guardian towers that defend the encircling walls is The Constable's Tower.



kind here, near-neighbouring by a lighthouse for the guidance of galleys crossing the Channel. At the eastern end of the ancient castle church, in the yet more ancient Pharos, we have an actual link with those far-distant times when Rome was mistress of the world and Britain but an insignificant corner of her vast domain. According to one account this Pharos "was built with a stalactical composition, instead of stone, and intermixed with courses of Roman tiles, seven courses of the composition, and then three courses of the tiles alternately." It is somewhat disquieting to find that this wonderful relic is undergoing a process of "restoration"—and the more disquieting to those who shudder at the monstrous manner in which the neighbouring church has been uglified by restoration. On the Western Heights, on the other side of the Dour valley, the Romans had another Pharos, the remains of which were destroyed during the process of making fortifications at the beginning of last century. Across the Channel at Boulogne stood another, which fell into the sea in 1844; while there was probably yet another, as we have seen, in the neighbourhood of Folkestone. Their number suggests that there must have been a good deal of cross-Channel navigation at night in Roman times, but it seems likely that the towers were erected as landmarks and observation points as well as light-

houses. The Dover Pharos is octagonal outside and square within, with walls 10 feet thick.

The church—St. Mary's in Castro—adjoining the Pharos is traditionally said to date back to within little more than a hundred years of the lighthouse and to be one of the oldest places of Christian worship in our island. It was built by Lucius, who died in the year 202. In the fifth century came the Saxons, and a giving over of the country to raiding, warfare, and paganism. When St. Augustine re-brought Christianity to England at the close of the sixth century he is said to have dedicated this Church anew, and services were continued in it up to the end of the seventeenth century, when its state of dilapidation was such that they were abandoned, some of the monuments were removed, and the communion plate was handed over to another Dover church. It was not until the second half of the nineteenth century that the ruins were taken in hand and restored—in execrable taste. A building in which experts find trace of Early British, Roman, Saxon, and Norman work is scarcely improved by having its walls covered with "art tiles", while the massive tower of stone bombasted out with red brick looks more like a water tank than a church tower.

Roman, Briton, Saxon, Norman, all are associated with the great Dover Castle, and though it is not easy to disentangle the thread of fact from among the



ROMAN PHAROS, DOVER CASTLE

The ancient Pharos —an actual link with those far-distant times when Rome was mistress of the world, and Britain but an insignificant corner of her domain.

many threads of legend and tradition concerning the earlier periods, there is ample material in the story for the lover of romance. The name of King Arthur is attached to some parts of the Castle, and he is supposed at one time to have held his court here, and to have been here attended by his Round Table Knights. Arthur himself is something of a myth, but Dover can at least claim that the fact of his name and that of his Queen Guenevere having long been attached to gates and towers of the Castle is at least respectable evidence; and if the West claims chief associations with the knightly King, and if Winchester can even show the Round Table, Dover may at least consider as its own some part in the story of King Arthur. One old guide-book definitely states that Arthur improved the fortifications of the Castle, and that the battle with his usurping cousin Mordred took place a few miles to the north, at Sandwich.

Successive generations—as we pass from legendary chronicles to the chronicles of history—are seen to have added greatly to the extent and strength of the fortress, until the area enclosed by its many-towered walls is now about thirty-five acres. Some of the old towers and gateways have gone, several were destroyed when the Castle was newly prepared for defence in the threatening days of the Napoleonic wars, but

enough remain to give an idea of the strength of the place in the olden time when artillery was unknown or but in its infancy. The centre of interest for most visitors is naturally the massive keep, with its angles in line with the cardinal points of the compass. This huge edifice is rather more than a hundred feet along each of two sides and 123 feet along the others, and its foundation walls are generally said to be 24 feet in thickness, in some places considerably more, moving one visitor to exclaim, "We know not whether to characterize this building as a solid mass of masonry, with occasional cavities left in it, or as a few rooms and passages separated by thick walls and these enclosed by thicker ones". At the entrance to the keep is a small Royal Chapel, with interesting Saxon arches, and inscriptions cut by French prisoners, many of whom were kept in the Castle in the days of Marlborough's wars. Here it is not necessary to tell in any detail of the rooms, or of the armoury—for the visitor has to go round in company of an attendant, who draws attention to the salient features with the usual volubility of his kind and with a persistent drollery that is rare. Seeing that a charge is made for admission to the keep, it would assuredly be better to make that charge cover the purchase of a cheap guide to the place, and allow visitors to see it in leisurely fashion by themselves, instead of being hustled

round as members of a party with a guide as pace-maker.

From the openings in the wall as we ascend the keep, we get fine views of the surrounding country and out over the Channel; from one there is a glimpse of the memorial marking the spot where Blériot's aeroplane came safely to earth after his sensational flight across from France. In a dark corner we are shown the mouth of a well which may in a very special sense be regarded as historical, with a light glimmering some way down to make darkness visible and suggest the great depth to which the shaft descends. This well, it is said, had its part in bringing about the Norman Conquest, for Harold promised that on the death of King Edward the well should be handed over to William of Normandy, a promise which, of course, he did not fulfil. It is supposed that the well was within the Roman Prætorium, and that when the keep came to be built about eighty years after the Battle of Hastings, the site was selected that the enclosing of the well and keeping access to it through the walls might ensure to the defenders in time of siege a supply of one of the first necessities.

With its various gates and towers, its keep, its church, and its wonderful underground passages, Dover Castle has much to show that would repay leisurely inspection. And this Castle, it must be recalled, is a

live fortress, one that must surely stand almost alone for its lengthy history as such. Though it is long since it has had to stand a siege, it was put into a complete state of defence when Napoleon's triumphant career led to seeming likelihood of invasion. Even the long underground passages leading from the fortress out into the country were restored and lengthened to provide means of communication in case the Castle was hard beset. The fortunate visitor who goes down to those deep passages in the chalk—for they are not among the portions of the place open to the public—is shown some of the fearsome traps for those temerarious folks who might have penetrated, including a rat-trap entrance left invitingly open, with a hidden observer who, by a single movement, could instantly close the entrance and imprison the intruder; a circular floor which could be tilted at a move, throwing those on it on to spikes below, where boiling lead could be cast on them; and a passage the unfortunate intruder into which had to cross a shaft of light giving a hidden defender the chance of shooting him. Some of these ingenious devices seem to belong to a long past, though we are informed that they were made newly workable during the wars of a century or so ago. It is said to have been through these underground passages that succour sometimes reached the garrison when hard beset.

On the bank above us as we approach the Keep is the old gun which has long been known as "Queen Elizabeth's pocket pistol", though it is said to have been presented to that imperious lady's father by the Emperor Charles V. The cannon is much decorated and bears a jingling inscription in Low Dutch, which has been rendered in English as:

"O'er hill and dale I throw my ball,
Breaker my name of mound and wall".

Another verse sometimes applied to the same piece of ordnance runs somewhat thus:

"Polish me well and keep me clean
And I'll carry a ball to Calais green".

The "pocket pistol"—nicknamed of course on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle—is 23 feet in length. It was cast at Utrecht in 1544.

One of the most notable sieges that Dover Castle has been called upon to withstand was in the early part of the thirteenth century, when the French Dauphin Louis had been invited to assist the disaffected barons in their fighting against King John. Louis is said to have arrived off Thanet with a fleet of 680 sail, when the whole of Kent submitted to him with the exception of Dover Castle. Having received word from his father the French King that "unless he had taken Dover Castle he had not gained a foot of land in England", the Dauphin invested the place in the

end of June, 1216, and besieged it unsuccessfully until the following winter, when he gave the attempt up as hopeless, though he had raised a bank to cover the approach of his men from the river to near the Constable's Tower. While that work was in progress, the gallant Hubert de Burgh and his small garrison received, unknown to the French, reinforcements of 400 horsemen with fresh arms, and after the sea-fight already mentioned the Dauphin at length gave up any attempt on Dover Castle, the defenders of which might have addressed to him the words spoken to a later heir to the French throne:

"Submission, Dauphin! 't is a mere French word,
We English warriors wot not what it means".

Attacked many times in stormy days of civil strife, on one occasion Dover Castle was captured with what seems ridiculous ease for the Parliamentarians, when in 1642 a merchant of the town named Dawkes, having got together ten courageous and adventurous companions, they all climbed the sea cliff and succeeded in getting into the Castle, and threatened the porter with instant death if he did not give up the keys; having secured which they let in ambushed companions, and the Royalist garrison, unaware of the strength of the attackers, either surrendered or fled. Never, surely, was so formidably situated a fortress so easily captured; and having got possession the

Parliamentarians successfully held it, even withstanding the strong attempts of the Kentish Royalists to retake the Castle six years later.

After a period of neglect, during which Dover Castle as a fortress was allowed to fall into a state of serious disrepair, it was, towards the close of the eighteenth century, rehabilitated and strengthened, and the work was continued up to the downfall of Napoleon, a sum of £50,000 having been devoted to the purpose. It was then that the cliff between the Castle and the sea was honeycombed with lodgings for troops and magazines for stores. On the Western Heights, on the farther side of the valley in which Dover lies, other important forts and defence works both above the ground and in the solid chalk were also made. So abruptly do these heights rise that from one street in the town a shaft with a special staircase has been erected up the steep cliff, affording a military "short cut" to the forts above. On these heights stood old another Roman pharos, and also the Templar's Church, in which King John did homage to the Pope's legate.

Beyond those heights, with the old cliff road to Folkestone in the dip between, is one other, that most famous mass of chalk, Shakespeare's Cliff,

"whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confinèd deep",

from which the unhappy blinded Gloucester intended to throw himself and end his life; that cliff to which his guiding son pretends to direct his steps, and by a kindly cheat, while still in the level field, makes the old man believe that he is at the very edge of the precipice down which he can attain peace.

“Come on, sir; here’s the place: stand still. How fearful
And dizzy ’t is to cast one’s eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce as gross as beetles: halfway down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes
Cannot be heard so high. I’ll look no more,
Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong. . . .
Give me your hand: you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.”

It may be doubted whether Shakespeare had any particular cliff in his mind which he made Edgar thus imaginatively describe, but tradition has made the description apply to this cliff, a mile to the south-west of Dover, and the name Shakespeare’s Cliff seems likely to be retained as long as Shakespeare is read—marking it as our great poet’s most enduring monument.



SHAKESPEARE'S CLIFF, DOVER

The famous mass of chalk, known as Shakespeare's Cliff, commands a magnificent view across the waters of the harbour and over to the coast of France.

Shakespeare's Cliff may be reached from the old Folkestone road by following the turf footpath past the coast-guard station to "the dread summit of this chalky bourn", while along the shore at low tide we may get to the base and

"Look up a-height; the shrill gorged lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard".

From the shore a zigzag path goes up the cliff near the high twin arches of the railway tunnel mouth. Whether attained from the beach or by the simpler and more generally attractive road route, the climb to the summit is one that is well worth taking for the magnificent view afforded up and down Channel, across the sun-sparkled waters of the great harbour and over to the French coast, where the cliffs in favourable atmosphere show clearly white.

III

The neighbourhood of Dover offers many and diversified attractions alike to the lover of country walks and to the visitor with a taste for old churches and other links with past history, while along its three railway lines within easy reach are many interesting places. Westward a few miles on the coast lies Folkestone; northward at about the same distance are Walmer and Deal, with the fascinating little St.

Margaret's Bay less than half-way; inland within the implied radius are other pleasant spots that will repay visits scattered about the hills and valleys that lie between here and Barfreston. The roads and lanes through this extreme south-eastern corner of England are full of delight to the lover of flowers and trees, while infinite variety is offered, ranging from the short turfed downs near the sea on either side of the town of Dover to the narrow flowery lanes by which we may reach the little-known beauty spot of Alkham, four or five miles away. About half-way between Dover and Alkham are to be seen the remains, largely incorporated into farm buildings, of St. Radegund's Abbey, a twelfth-century establishment of the Premonstratensian monks, for which the founders lighted on a delightful site affording beautiful views.

Along the short Dour valley by way of Buckland, which is now in effect part of Dover, are the villages of Ewell and Lydden on the main road, with more picturesque places a little off the highway—notably the village of River, which lies along the Dour before Ewell is reached, and from which a pleasant road may be followed up the hill to St. Radegund's Abbey.

Lydden gives its name to "Lydden Spout", a small fall of water which comes from the cliff between Dover and Folkestone, and is supposed to flow underground from the village to which it owes its name.

The little church at Barfreston—said to be one of the most remarkable Norman buildings remaining in England—notable for its elaborate carvings and its beautiful rose window, should be seen by all who make a stay in Dover, and are prepared to journey seven or eight miles afield. Coldred, a mile or two nearer Dover, has also a small church which should be visited, one situated within the limits of an ancient camp, supposed to be Roman, and according to tradition owing its name to the Mercian King Ceoldred, who came to assist the men of Kent against the West Saxons in 715. The church is at the western corner of the beautiful and extensive Waldershare Park. There are many such noble parks, as well as an almost inexhaustible variety of roads and lanes through upland fields and along chalky hills waiting to be explored from Dover in inland directions. Northward, at a distance of between two and three miles, are twin lighthouses on the bold head of the South Foreland. There is a footpath along the cliff that may be followed up to them, and beyond for another mile and a half to St. Margaret's Bay. The lighthouses are open to inspection during the daytime and will repay a visit. The view thence to the Downs is a very fine one. A mile and a half beyond is the beautifully sheltered little bay, with its cluster of houses set amid a greenery of trees and shrubs that contrasts with the bareness

of the Downs on either side. St. Margaret's Bay has become a favourite spot with many people in search of health-restoring quiet. The older village is some way up the steep cliff-side, and the nearest railway station, Martin Mill, is about a couple of miles away.

One new aspect of the countryside must be touched upon. On my latest visit to Dover, I was struck by a window-notice near the harbour, "Kent coal sold here". That for years there had been an attempt to mine coal near the west side of Shakespeare's Cliff was a familiar fact, but inquiry elicited that the coal which was being sold was taken from newer inland mines, which were in working order and bringing to the surface hundreds of tons a day. A few miles north and west of Dover, at Snowdown and Tilmanstone, collieries are briskly at work, and the likelihood of the garden of England becoming a new "Black Country" is appreciably advanced, though at present at Snowdown the miners' cage descends from the midst of a smiling Kentish landscape to the grimy workings a couple of thousand feet below—as effective a contrast as can be afforded surely at any colliery.



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