entertained me with a very pretty song: So now, farewell', and he left the church.

Things were finally settled, however. It was agreed that the young man should do most of the work and that Old Rev should be paid £15 a quarter and allowed to officiate from time to time, because everybody was fond of him and did not want to hurt him. He was content. He had countless friends and few enemies. He spent nothing on clothes and little on food, and many a family always had, and still would, give him a meal at any time. Moreover, in those days £15 a quarter would buy a great deal of uncustomed liquor and convivial company in the snug little "Light of the Son", or at the busy "Flying Horse Inn" in Flying Horse Lane, or for special occasions there was always the "York Hotel", and the "Ship Inn", or "Wrights", down at the harbour.

Old Rev. continued to enjoy life among his people, sharing their joy and their grief, until he died, to be buried in St. Mary's churchyard on 13th January 1733, mourned by the whole town. When he was appointed, it was to a community divided into many hostile warring factions, bitterly at odds with each other, and when he died he was mourned by everybody. The social crisis of the town had been resolved, and the many old, deep wounds inflicted in the Stuart reigns had been healed.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST

Some snippets of Dover History

SEA PIRATES

contributed by Margaret Robson with material from an article by David Grant

YOU may recall a reference in the Dover Society Newsletter of April 2000 by Peter Pascall to the skill of the Cinque Port pilots, of whom it was said that they knew the Channel and the waters up to the Port of London that they could tell where they were in the deepest of fogs by dropping a greased lead down to the sea floor, drawing it up and observing and tasting a sample. Was it fanciful? Who knows? - but by one of those extraordinary coincidences an old 'Daily Telegraph' supplement of October 1969, saved originally for an article by Bertrand Russell, came to light. Thumbing through its yellowing pages I discovered a far more interesting one, 'Pirates by Charter', by David Grant.

Here it is in paraphrase:

One March day in 1293 a Norman ship came bounding along the Kent coast flaunting an obscene signal to her enemies in the Cinque Ports. From Sandwich she rounded the Dover cliffs and on to the heights of Hastings. Twelve dead dogs and twelve murdered English mariners swung from her yard arm. King Edward I, occupied more in wars with Scotland and Wales, made a strong protest to King Philip of France and then let the matter drop. Not so the men of the Cinque Ports. In days the Channel coasts were ablaze. Still neither French nor English king acted and so the pirate admirals of England and Normandy declared their own war. The English fleet disguised as traders assembled at Portsmouth to deflect suspicion from the Cinque Ports. The French massed 200 towering warships, each flying a red streamer signifying 'Death without Quarter'. An empty marker ship had already been placed outside St. Mahe off Brittany where battle was to commence.

The English set sail and, in the teeth of a gale, reached the marker ship first and dropped anchor. As soon as the French appeared they weighed anchor and scattered. The French sailed on. As they sailed past the English ships closed in.

Before sunset the battle was over. As a result of this engagement the French king annexed some of Edward's castles in Aquitaine and so began the Hundred Years War.

Edward, angry at the situation now forced upon him, demanded an explanation, to which the men of the Cinque Ports reminded him that he, the King, was sworn to see them righted according to the laws, customs and franchise which he and his ancestors had granted. And so this small body of men lived a charmed life in outlawry from the time of the Danelaw until the Battle of Agincourt. English seamen, right up to the time of Drake and Hawkins, were noted for their nautical genius, which came from a life, barefoot in all weathers, with neither compass, chart or rudder and only one square sail. Their tubby boats, not like Viking long boats, could rocket out of the blue and vanish in a pall of smoke. When it came to dodging the currents of the deadly Goodwins, your Kentish cog could turn on a cockleshell.

After 500 years a-roving, the Cinque Ports were, one by one, locked in their harbours by the movements of the Channel tide, their only acknowledged master. Their final burst of glory came in the reign of Henry IV when a Henry Pay from Faversham ('Arripay' as the Spaniards called him) captured a French squadron and roped in no less than 120 ships, laden with iron, salt and wine! But such deeds were already anachronisms, for the ports of Southampton, Plymouth and Bristol could each send greater tonnage to the wars than all the Cinque Ports together.

Footnote: David Grant's first book 'Waes', set in the Cinque Ports, was published by Allen & Unwin in 1968.

ROYAL SECRET REVEALED AT DOVER

contributed by Terry Sutton

THE visit to Dover by Queen Elizabeth I in the autumn of 1573 is well documented. But not so well known is her second visit to Dover in August 1601 when, two years before her death, for the first time in history the term 'Great Britain' was heard. Queen Elizabeth I, then 67, travelled in some secrecy to Dover in 1601 for the sole purpose of trying to persuade Henry IV, King of France, to cross the Channel to talk about the balance of power in Europe. For 42 years she had ruled the kingdom and won respect throughout Europe as a ruler. Age was beginning to tell on her physical powers but she was determined to reshape the map of Europe. And she knew her views were shared by the king of France. But, to her annoyance, she failed to persuade Henry to cross the Channel from Calais to Dover. He, in turn, suggested she board a ship and meet him in Calais. It was not to be and she wrote him, in her own hand, regretting that because of their royal positions neither could be seen to meet in the others' lands. She added that there was something of importance she wished to reveal but dare not commit the subject to paper. Of course this captured Henry's curiosity and he sent over, in secret, his minister Rosney (afterwards the Duc de Sully) who was swiftly unmasked on arrival at Dover, arrested and taken before Elizabeth at Dover Castle. She was not too annoyed at his secrecy and drawing him aside, out of the earshot of others, explained her proposals for keeping a counter balance to Austria by forming the Low Countries into an independent republic.

Rosney, in his memoirs, recalled that Elizabeth spoke about the future of linking England and Scotland. For the first time she revealed she wanted to make James VI of Scotland her heir. "One day the King of Scotland will become the King of Great Britain," predicted the great Queen during her meeting with the French minister in Dover Castle. And so it came to pass. It was only on her deathbed, suffering from blood poisoning, that Elizabeth revealed to her ministers the decision about which she had secretly told the French minister in the ancient walls of Dover Castle.