

History of the life of Mr. T. J. Pointer

written by himself, October, 1912.

[The manuscript was loaned to me Alfred T Walker, by Mrs. D. M. Bird, of 31 Queen Bertha Avenue, Birchington, in April 1968.]

This book contains a short history of my life and its surroundings together with some items of the three Parishes in which I have lived, namely, Birchington, Margate, and St. Peters, the latter in which I have lived since 1858. It is not my intention to write anything that I have done either good or bad, for I feel that I have not done much that is worthy to be left on record and I know that there has been in my life much that has been wrong, much that is known only to God and myself for which I believe that God for Christ sake has forgiven me.

It is not my intention in writing this history to have it published, the object is that my children, should they survive me may have something to remember me after I have passed away. The History dates back to the year of Human Redemption 1837 to the year 1912.

In a cottage No. 2, Chapel Yard, at Birchington, on Friday February the 10th 1837, I first saw the light. It was the year which followed the terrific November gale which done so much damage on land and sea, and which was followed by one of the severest winters on record. It set in on Christmas Eve 1836, and lasted till the following March.

I was born of humble parents, true and sincere, Christians both of them, who strove by the help of God, both by their teaching and in their lives, to bring up their children in the fear of the Lord.

My father was the third son of the late Jarvis Pointer of Birchington who died when I was about four or five years of age. My Grandmother died in 1843. They had a large family to bring up and the times they lived in were very hard and provisions were very dear, even rough meal was a Guinea per bushel. I have heard my father say that to taste a piece of meat was almost a thing unknown. Just a plain dumpling and a few potatoes in the week and a red herring on Sunday and for supper, go and find a swede or turnip field, pull one up, peel it and eat it. The law was not so strict on that sort of thing then as it is now.

My dear mother was the eldest daughter of the late Thomas Hughes of Acol. His occupation was that of a shepherd and my dear mother who was his favourite daughter often went with him to tend the sheep.

My father was born on the 21st of March 1795, my mother April 28th 1800. They were married in the old church at Birchington in the year 1819 and never lived out of the village afterwards. My mother died October 8th 1852, my father April 22nd 1866. They rest in peace. They were both Wesleyans but very broadminded, they could worship in any other place of worship, Church included. Often when I was quite young my father would take me with him into the old church porch on Sunday mornings in the summer time and sit on the seat, (there used to be one each side) and listen to the sermon and if the door was shut he would listen through the keyhole.

My father was a quiet man in every way; he never made a noise of his religion. He was quiet in the home and as quiet at his work amongst his mates but he would always stand up for what was just and right in the sight of God and man. My dear mother was the same in every way.

They lived both quiet Christian lives and now without a doubt they are enjoying the rest that remains for the people of God. They had five children, three sons and two daughters. I am the only surviving one, how soon I shall be called to join them God alone knows.

My eldest brother was born on 1st September 1820 and was named Robert and lived to the age of 86. He married Mary Reynolds of Eastry by whom he had five children, one son and four daughters. My eldest sister was born on the 3rd of April 1822 and was named Elizabeth and lived to be just over 80. She married George Carter of Chislet where they lived all their married life. They had a family of twelve children 8 boys and 4 girls of whom 9 are living. My other brother was born the 27th February 1824 and was named Henry and lived to the age of 79. He married Rachel the eldest daughter of the late Edward Brockman of Brooksend in the Parish of Birchington. They also had a family of 12 children, 8 boys and 4 girls of whom 7 are living at the present.

My youngest sister was born on the 12th of January 1839 and was named Sarah Ann. She lived to be just over 4 years. She was afflicted from her birth, she could neither walk nor talk nor even sit down in a chair without being tied in. It was a happy release when God in his mercy took her to Himself. I can well remember her birth, although I was not quite two years old, something took place at the time which I have never forgotten. I was Baptised in the old church [All Saints] on Sunday April 9th 1837 by the Curate-in-charge, the Rev. Edward Green, and lived in the cottage in which I was born until I left it to go out into the world to earn my own living in October 1853. But although I had left the dear old home I could always go there until the year 1887 when it passed out of the family. Now I feel that I should like to go there once more and be left alone for one short hour and sit and think of the days gone by never to return. The scenes and memories of my childhood would come back to me with greater force than they could anywhere else. I can picture the dear old rooms, four in number, I seem to see the living room furnished as it was then every chair and table and the position in which they stood.

I can see my dear mother move about the house doing her work or sitting in her chair sewing especially on a winter's evening and my father the other side and myself in front of them on a stool reading, for they would never allow me to run the streets as the boys do now. I can see my father sitting in his chair enjoying a nap or perhaps he would be repairing his flail which he used in thrashing the corn. There were no thrashing machines in them days. I can picture myself standing at the window to watch for his coming home and often in the evenings I would climb on his knees before I was put to bed, and he would sing hymns to me. One of Dr. Watts hymns was a great favourite of his, "Come all harmonious tongues."

My father never went to the public house to spend his evenings; he was too fond of his home for that. I can see myself watching the snow coming gently down and at Christmas time listening to the old church bells as they rang out the joyous message of the Saviour's birth. And then again in the

Spring, I would watch the martins build their nests under the eaves of the roof of the Methodist Chapel window where they used to come every year, and as soon as they got their nest built the sparrows would come and turn them out. But the man that lived next door to us had a gun and he used to shoot at them and drive them away. Now I was always afraid of a gun and so when I found that he was about to fire it off I used to run to dear mother for protection. Dear mother, I can see her now with arms around me sheltering me and telling me not to be afraid. But the sparrows and the man with the gun are all gone and I am left.

School days

Now I must pass on to my school days. The first school I went to was kept by an old lady by the name of **Darby**, the widow of a smuggler and lived in a cottage at the west end of the churchyard. She used to take in children to keep them out of their mothers' way for a few hours. She could not learn them much for she did not know much herself. Then when I was old enough to learn to spell and read and write I went to a house, No. **2 Brunswick Row***, where a coastguard lived by the name of Davis whose wife kept a school, and there I learned to read and write and soon I made progress. I stayed there until I was old enough to go into the Village School. The Master's name was Thomas Sidders. His wife and daughter used to teach the girls. Here I remained until I left that school. My parents paid 6d per week for me until there was a vacancy for me in the **Charity School** which was in the same* building and conducted by the same master, who received his salary from the Trustees of the late Ann Gertrude Crispe of Quex Park who died March 23rd 1708. She was buried in the Quex Vault in the church and who left in her will provision for 12 boys and girls to be educated free for 3 years and one to receive a Bible when they left school. I do not seem to remember whether I stayed the whole three years, at all events I did not get a Bible.

The National School was built in the end of the forties [1849] but I did not go to it. It was built on the site of the old workhouse along the road leading to Quex Park at the far end of Brunswick Row. The first Schoolmaster's name was Paul Allard.

When I was old enough to commence work it was on the farm where my father worked for over forty years. It was **Brooksend Farm**, one of the* farms belonging to Canterbury Cathedral. The occupier was the late John Friend Esq., who died in July 1862 and was buried in the family vault in the west end of the church. At first I only worked on the farm in the Spring and Summer when there was weeding to do among the corn. There used to be quite a string of us with a man to look us and I can assure you we wanted looking after. It took all his time to keep order. Then there was haymaking in the fields and the marshes and then we were done until the next year. Then after a year or two I became a regular work boy and continued on the farm until I left home to go to service, on the 15th October 1853. My pay was 6d per day and from that day I have never set my foot on the dear old farm.

I should like to have a peep at it just as it was when I left it. I seem to remember every part of it, the barns and stables, the granaries, the cow sheds and pigsties and the pond around which grew high poplar trees, and the old pump which stood at the back of the farmhouse, and the wagon and cart lodges and several other sheds, which stood just outside the farm yard. But I could not see it as it was then, for most of the buildings were destroyed

by fire several years ago. In fact almost every farm in Thanet has been either totally or partly destroyed by fire within the last fifty years. Before I pass on to speak of my life after I left home I will give a short account of Birchington as it was when I lived in it.

I will begin with the **church**.¹ I can give no account of the date or the year when it was built, but in the church there is a slab in the pavement on the north side of the chancel on which is recorded the death of John Quex who died in October 1449. [This is now mounted on the north wall of the chapel] So it must be a very ancient building. I can remember the old high backed pews and the **three-decker pulpit** and the **sounding board** overhead and a gallery at the west end. In former years the living went with Monkton, where the Vicar lived and before he kept a Curate he used to have one service at each church on a Sunday. One week he would have morning service at Monkton and would come to Birchington for the afternoon service. The next Sunday he would come over to Birchington in the morning and go back to Monkton for the afternoon service. But that was before my time for as I mentioned in the early part of this history, it was the Curate who baptised me. The Curate who was there when I left home was the Rev Henry Whish, the son of the Vicar the Rev. Peter Whish, who was the last Vicar who held both livings. The Rev Alcock was the **first Vicar** after the livings were divided.

The Wesleyan Chapel was built in 1830. The ground and the Tower and the Clock were given by the late William Tomlin Esq., whose son is now one of the Guardians of the Poor.

There were 3 Public Houses, The Powell Arms, **The New Inn**², and The Acorn. Now there are 5. There were 2 grocers' shops, 2 butchers' shops, 2 carpenters' shops, and 2 blacksmiths' forges, a tailor's shop and a draper's shop, and 3 boot makers' shops, and one or two sweet shops.

There was no chemist or doctor living in the village. The nearest lived at Minster, 3 miles off, or Margate which is four miles. There was only one post in the day. The postman that brought the letters came from Margate reaching Birchington at eight in the morning, leave the letters at the Post Office and then go on to St. Nicholas, do the same there and then go on to Sarre, and remain there until the evening and then return to Birchington reaching there at half past six and pick up the letters and go on to Margate. If he had any letters from Sarre or St. Nicholas for Birchington he would take them on to Margate and bring them back the next morning.

The old village fair used to be held on Whit Monday and Tuesday when stalls for the sale of nuts and oranges and gingerbreads and other sorts of cakes and sweets used to be erected in front of the church wall, also coconut shies and other sports would take place. Dancing in the Public Houses would go on nearly the whole of the night, but these things have all passed away, and a very good thing too, for there was sure to be a row before it was over and very often a fight.

Birchington Square is one of the largest in Thanet. It used to be a green but that was before my time. It was there where we boys used to play our games such as bat ball, rounders, leap frog, marbles, and various other games. Cricket and football were not known then.

¹ Pointer's memories are of the church before the Victorians 'restored' it in 1863-5

² This became the Pewter Pot in Nov. 1961

There was not many gentry in the village. There was Mr. George Friend Esq., who had Brooksend Farm, who lived in a house opposite the chancel of the church where he died in 1862. And there were two maiden ladies by the name of Neame. John P. Powell Esq., lived at Quex Park and died in May 1849, and had a grand funeral. There were a great number of people, the street was crowded, in fact it was more like a fair than a funeral. There was oyster barrows, barrows with nuts and oranges, ginger beer at different parts of the street. It was a very large procession, all the working men from the different farms had a half day off to come and see it. I remember it well. It was a bitter cold day although it was in May. In front of the procession came a man carrying on his head a board covered with large black plumes, behind him walked a large number of men belonging to the Philanthropic Society. Then came the hearse drawn by 6 black horses. The top of the hearse was covered with black plumes. And then followed 9 or 11, I forget, of the old fashioned mourning coaches, some with four horses and some with two. Every horse had a black cloth on its back and a plume on its head. All the black horses from the farms were hired for the occasion, and whatever horse had a white mark was covered with some black composition. Then followed the Esquires' carriages. Then came the private carriages of the gentry round about the Island. When they took the coffin out of the drawing room at Quex Park a cannon fired as many times as he was old, 84. I did not go into the vault for there was too great a crowd of people but I can remember my mother taking me with her to look down into it a few years before when it was opened for Lady Powell who died at Fulham in the month of August. But I do not know the **date of the year**.

The vault is on the north side of the chancel and under the **Quex pew** which in my time at Birchington was a square platform several feet high with steps leading up to it. But the last time that I went into the church I found that it had been lowered to the level of the chancel floor [after 1863]. It is a very ancient vault as you will find it mentioned in the earlier part of this history. Several of the Cottons, late of the convent at Kingsgate are buried in it. After the death of the Squire, **Henry Cotton**, son of the late Captain Cotton of Kingsgate took possession of Quex with his wife and family. He was a very gay man and lived a reckless life and would have soon brought his wife and family to ruin had not his eldest son taken on the management of the estate in his own hands. His name was **Horace**. He came of age in January 1850. There were great festivities at Quex on that day. His brother George became his mother's coachman and after staying at the Park a few years the whole family went away and the old people never came back, at least I never heard that they did. The estate was then let to tenants until Horace came to it again and ended his days there, and was buried in the family vault and lay there for two years when his son the present Major Powell cotton of Quex returned from India and had a tomb built in the Park near the Bell Tower and having procured a Faculty, removed his father from the vault by night and placed him in the new tomb at Quex.

There were two windmills in Birchington in my childhood, both of which have disappeared. One was a flour mill between the village and Brooksend [Hudson's Mill at the end of Mill Row] and the other was a Seed Mill which stood between the L.C.D. [London, Chatham & Dover] Railway and the sea and opposite the station [where Rossetti Court flats now stand].

In the year 1850 a large whale was washed up off Margate and the skeleton was riveted together and a shed was erected on the Fort near the Pier where it was exhibited for a long time. The charge for admission was one penny. About the same time a large eagle was caught off Broadstairs by a man named Sandwich, who had a large cage made for it and he took it round from place to place for exhibition, the charge being one penny. I remember seeing it at Birchington in the Parish Lane [Park Lane].

On the **8th October 1852** the greatest misfortune happened to me that can happen to a lad at my age. I lost my precious mother who passed away at half past three in the afternoon. I was not present nor yet my father or sister but I think my two brothers were. Her sufferings were very great, caused by a bleeding cancer in her neck. She was buried on the 18th October in the old churchyard. My **father** was laid in the same grave on **April 28th 1866**. They lie between the path and the wall and opposite the chancel. My father and I lived alone until the next February when my brother Henry and his wife gave up their cottage and came to live with us. Then on the 15th of October 1853, I left the dear old home and went out in the world to earn my living.

When I left Birchington I went to live on a farm at **Garlinge** in the Parish of Margate, where I stayed two years. The farm belonged to Bridewell, one of the London hospitals. My master was the late John Paramour Esq., who died the 15th of July 1855, and was buried in the family vault in Minster churchyard, opposite the gates leading into the street. He was only 47 when he died. He ruined himself by fast living, although he had as nice a lady for a wife as any man could wish. He left a family of 6 children, 4 daughters and 2 sons. I well remember my first night on that farm.

I had to stay in the stables from 8 to 10 and then instead of a nice quiet bedroom to myself I had to share it with three more young men and to make it worse they brought a companion who was mad drunk. I did not get any sleep that night but I had to make the best of it. Oh, how I did miss my tea night and morning, nothing but beer to drink. I had my breakfast at five in the morning and then nothing more till two o'clock and then nothing more to eat till supper time which was at 20 minutes to 8. And if you was not there before eight there was no supper for you, for you had to be in the stable quite by 8 o'clock. But things on the farms are different now; they do not go so long without food now, nor yet stay so long in the stables. The horses thrive just as well and have more time to rest. Nothing much occurred while I lived at the farm for me to write about, but there are one or two things which I will jot down.

In the spring of 1854 there was a general fast day throughout the land on account of the Crimean War when all work was suspended and we all had to go to St. John's Church, Margate where a sermon was preached by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, a very aged man who wore a wig. His text was taken either from the First Book of Kings, or from the First Book of Chronicles. I forget which. The words occur in both and are these "And Satan stood up and tempted David to number Israel." In the evening, Divine Service was held in the National School at Garlinge, which had just been built. The preacher was the Rev Alexander, one of the Curates from St. John's. His text was taken from the First Epistle of St. Peter, Chapter 5, verse 6, "Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time."

From that time until St. James's Church was built which stands opposite Dent de Lion gates, Divine Service was held in the school on Sunday evenings only for a time, and afterwards mornings as well as evenings. The clergyman was the Rev Lewen Tugwell, Chaplain to the Royal Sea Bathing Infirmary, who married a Miss Cobb of Margate.

In the year 1854, the new jetty at Margate was built which consists of iron girders resting on iron pillars. The old wooden jetty which was underneath was built by Jarvis several years before and was used for landing of passengers from the steam boats at low water, when they could not land them at the pier head, but it was of no use at high water. I can remember my mate and myself took our horses and went down to help draw one of the girders from the Dane [Is that perhaps Dane Park?] where they were riveted together, down to the pier so I can say that I had a little to do with the building of the jetty. The jetty extension is of a later date.

The winter of 1855 was a very severe one; it had set in by the early part of January and lasted until sometime in March. There was not a great quantity of snow but the frost was very severe. A great quantity of wild fowl was caught, also conger eels washed in frozen along the sea shore. When the weather broke it was with a dense fog which froze so sharp that the roads were like a sheet of glass which made travelling very dangerous. Several people fell down and some had broken limbs.

The Homestead – Dent de Lion Lodge Gate

I pass on now to my next place to which I went on the 15th October 1855. The Homestead was close to Dent de Lion Lodge Gate. My master was the late William Solly who, with his wife, lie in St. John's Cemetery. He was a market gardener and also rented 6 acres of land opposite the house, on part of which St. James's Church now stands and here I spent 2 of the happiest years of my young life after I left home. I used to get up between 5 and 6, go to the stable and attend to the horse and cow and then help my master draw the water for the day from the well. **There were no waterworks in those days.** Then I went into breakfast. I sat at the same table with my master and mistress and the maid. It did seem nice to have tea and bread and butter again. Of course there was always meat for breakfast and supper also. Then we would go out in the garden or field until dinner time which was between 12 and 1, and then go to work till tea time which was about 5 in the winter. Then after tea we would go into the stable and my master would cut the chaff for the horse and cow and I would tend to them.

Then we would go in and sit and read till supper time which was soon after eight. Then I went out and fed the horse and the cow and my master would lock up the sheds and gates and then we went to work again until it grew dark in the summertime. In the strawberry time we used to get up at four in the morning to gather them and then again in the evening. It was work that I was very fond of. We often had to work late on a Saturday evening, because my master would never gather fruit on a Sunday, no matter who came and wanted any, they had to wait until Monday.

There is only one thing happened worth noticing while I lived there and that was a very sad one. On the 6th January 1857, the Northern Bell, a very large vessel was wrecked between Margate and North Foreland. When the Victory Ligger with nine men of Margate went out to the wreck it capsized

and all nine of the men were drowned. It was a fearful night. There was a special service at Holy Trinity Church on a Sunday evening shortly after, when a sermon was preached by the Rev H. Veness on the words found in the 29th Psalm, verse 3, "The voice of the Lord is on the waters". The sermon was published and I had a copy which I kept for several years.

ST PETER'S PARISH

The 15th October 1857 I left Mr Solly and after working for about three weeks at one or two places I came to the Parish of St. Peters where I have lived ever since. I had no regular work until the following Spring but I managed a few days work now and again at different places.

On Christmas Day 1857 I was married. My wife was the eldest daughter of the late John Woodward of Fair Field, St. Peters, who died March 31st 1861, and lies with his wife in the churchyard.

My wife was born on the 22nd August 1831, at Northdown and was baptised at St. John's Church, Margate. My wife's mother was the eldest daughter of the late Daniel Church Brazier of Upton Farm in the Parish of St. Peters who died in July 1831 and lies with his ancestors of several generations in the family vault at the south side of St. Peters Churchyard, just after you pass the church. It is a very ancient vault, I have been down into it twice.

We were married at the Wesleyan Church in Hawley Square, Margate, by the Rev Robert Dugdale, and for 46 years she was a faithful and loving wife, and a fond and affectionate mother. In February 1858 we rented a two roomed cottage at the back of Crofts place at the top of High Street, Broadstairs, for which we paid 2 shillings per week. Then on the 10th April in the same year we went to live in the cottage at Upton, where all my children were born. We remained in Upton until the 11th of October 1886 when we removed to St. Peters in the High Street, first at No 37 then at 39 where we remained until February 1899, when we removed to No 2 Ranelagh Cottages, Ranelagh Grove where we are still living.

I commenced to work on the Upton Farm on April 6th 1858, and continued to do so with the exception of once or twice through work being slack until the 23rd of November 1909 when I gave up work.

My master when I first started work was the late Stephen Goodson who died the 24th of November 1874, and was buried on the 30th in the family vault close along the north wall of the churchyard. The Goodson family is a very ancient family. There is an old vault at the east end of the Churchyard and close alongside the Chancel wall, which dates back nearly 200 years. When Stephen Goodson died, his nephew Edward Stephen Goodson took the farm and remains there still. He is J.P., and also Church Warden.

I have done all the different kinds of work there is to be done on a farm, with the exception of stacking and thatching, and drilling. I have received two prizes for servitude, £1 10s 0d each time. In October 1904 my master took me from the farm to do the house boy's work, cleaning the boots, seeing to the wood and coals, sweeping up the back yard and the paths, and looking after the poultry.

In 1907 I was made a pensioner of the Broadstairs and St. Peters Charity which is 6s per week which I still receive. When I commenced to have the pension I worked half a day instead of all day for which my master paid

me 1s per day which made my money 12s per week. Then when I gave up work I got the Old Age Pension which makes it 11s per week.

I will now write a little about my children. My first was a daughter who was still born, which happened on the 1st of October 1858. On December 29th 1859 my first son was born, whom we named Henry Thomas and who died on the 8th March 1860. On the 21st of August 1861 my second daughter was born whom we named Elizabeth Ann. When she was about six months old she commenced to have epileptic fits from which she has suffered right through her life. She has never been able to leave home to go out into the world to earn her living. In fact in her young days we have often thought we were going to lose her, but the Lord has spared her to us up to the present and a dear good girl she has been to us. She does what she can to help in the home and she would be dearly missed were she taken from us. God bless her.

On the 7th October 1863 my second son was born whom we named Henry Thomas after his brother who died. He is married to Ellen Petts of Ramsgate, and has a son and a daughter. He is doing business for himself in a small way as a coal merchant.

On the 17th January 1867 my third daughter was born whom we named Clara Ann. She has always been the light of the home and for over 20 years she has been housekeeper and the stay of the home. And right well has she fulfilled her mission. God bless her and may she be spared to close my eyes. On the 24th of November my wife gave birth to twins which lived until the 5th August 1870. Their names were Wallace John and Sarah Ann. They lie with their brother who died, in the old churchyard not far from the Braziers vault. On the 22nd of August 1871 my youngest son was born who is also named Wallace John. He was born on his mother's birthday, the day she was forty years old. He was always very fond of his mother and she of him. He is a doctor's coachman in Ramsgate and has been for a long time now. He married Ellen the third daughter of the late Stephen Gifford of Garlinge. His family consists of three daughters and one son. There was another son but he died very young.

This finishes the record of my own children.

In January 1850, my wife took in a nurse's child, a week old girl and not liking to part from her later on, we adopted her as our own child. She has always looked upon us as her parents. She grew up an honest respectable girl and married Frederick Padbury of Ramsgate, a fisherman. She has been a hard working woman all her life. She has a family of 13 children of whom 11 are living.

I will now write down a few of the events that have taken place during the time that I lived in the parish of St. Peters.

The summer of 1858 was dry and hot. The harvest was gathered in, in about three weeks and in the end of August and the greater part of September there was a comet which showed very plain from evening until morning. It was the largest I have seen. It had a very long tail. It showed the plainest the 18th September. I remember it well, it was the night we had out Harvest Supper at the George Inn at Broadstairs. On June the 6th 1869, there was a severe thunder storm which came on about 10 o'clock in the morning. The lightning

struck Dane Court Farm which belonged to the Tomlins, and burnt the farm buildings down but the house was saved. Some of us from Upton got up and went to it. I saw the horses, 4 of them lay in the stable roasted. It rained in torrents. The harvest that year lasted for six weeks.

In July 1860 the first great Agricultural Show was held at Canterbury. The farmers all gave their men a holiday and paid their expenses. Some went by train and some in wagons. The weather up to July had been fine and sunny and then it changed and right up to the end of August it was showery and gloomy with scarcely any sun. We did not commence wheat harvest until September.

Somewhere about the middle of July there was a total eclipse of the sun, the only one I have ever seen. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon and it was as dark as it is at that time of the day in December. But owing to the weather being so gloomy we could not see much of it. The Christmas Day of that year was a bitter cold one, it was freezing hard. Afterwards there came a heavy fall of snow which lasted several weeks.

On the 10th March 1863 our late King Edward was married when all the tenants and workmen on the Upton Farm with their wives and children had dinner in the barn adjoining the house, usually called the wheat barn. We all had white favours in our coats. Old Mrs. Goodson the grandmother of the present E. S. Goodson was living at that time and in her usual health, and on the Friday night in the same week at half past ten she passed away at the age of 85. She was buried in the family vault.

On September the 1st in the same year we had a harvest dinner in the old Braziers barn, which was burnt down in August 1901, and after dinner we had games and races in the old meadow. I won a shilling and a pocket handkerchief for running with my feet in a sack. I could not do it now, but the handkerchief is worn out and the shilling spent, but I am still spared.

On October the 5th 1863, the L.C. and D. Railway was opened from Ramsgate to London. It was on a Monday.

The 16th January 1867 was one of the roughest days that I have seen right through my life. There was a very heavy fall of snow. It began before daylight and kept on right through the day and the greater part of the night. The wind was north east and blew a perfect gale. A train coming from Margate in the evening was stuck in a snowdrift in the cutting between Northdown Bridge and Baird's Hill. The passengers had to get out and find their way home as best they could. The drivers and stokers remained with the engines throughout the night. The traffic was stopped altogether for several days and then they could only clear one line at a time. The frost did not break up until the middle of February. The other rough day was the 18th January 1881, just such a day as the one I have mentioned. The wind was south east.

In the spring of 1876 the small pox broke out in St. Peters which carried off several young strong men. The old Red Lion Inn which stood where the present one stands was used as a hospital. Afterwards it was pulled down.

In June 1887, the Jubilee of our beloved Queen Victoria was celebrated. There were two huge processions which traversed the different parts of the parish. The children from the church schools had tea in the vicarage grounds. The other Sunday schools went to Dumpton Park. The

weather was lovely although it was chilly in the evening, the wind being easterly. The church bells had been re-cast and re-hung and were rung for the first time. There was also a new clock.

In June 1897 we celebrated the Diamond Jubilee. There was one long procession of children and grown ups. We started from the church at 2 o'clock after having a short service conducted by the late Canon Whitehead who was then Vicar. We went down Vicarage Hill on to Rumfields, Bromstone, Fairfield, Upton, down Gladstone Road then straight along to the Church, down Church Street and along Albion Road and then on to the Convent, kindly lent by the late Thomas Brooks Esq. Here we had a splendid tea and entertainment. On leaving for home each child had a medal and a shilling.

On Tuesday evening January 22nd 1901 the solemn bell tolled out the sad news that our beloved Queen had passed away. There was a memorial service in the church on the day of the funeral. The church was crowded.

On the 10th of this same month just 12 days before the Queen's death my dear wife died at the age of 69 and was laid to rest on Monday the 14th in the new part of the churchyard along the path leading to Shallows and opposite the door leading into Dane Court Ground. Her children fondly cherish her memory.

At the coronation of King Edward the VII in August 1902 the children from the various schools and the grown up people over 60 years were entertained in the grounds of H. H. Marks Esq., M.P., at Callis Grange. Each one on leaving for home was presented with a coronation mug.

On Saturday morning May the 7th 1910 the sad news was proclaimed that we had lost our King. On the day of his funeral there was a service in the church which was full. There was an open air service in the unused part of the new burial ground for those who could not get in the church. It was on Friday the 20th. It was a very hot day.

At the coronation of our present King George the V there was not much in St. Peters and Broadstairs. The only thing to commemorate the event was a tea and entertainment for the children. Some went to Dane Court and some to Dumpton Park. A few days afterwards the grown up people over 60 were taken to the Grand Pavilion at Broadstairs to see the animated pictures. On leaving for home the women received a packet of tea and the men a packet of tobacco.

I shall now give a description of St. Peters and its surroundings as it was when I came to live in the parish in 1857. I shall begin with the grand old church. It was built somewhere about the middle of the 11th century. There are a great many vaults and memorials in the church; in fact the three aisles are full of them. There is an ancient brass bearing the name of Nicholas Smythe who died in September 1451. On April 6th the tower was damaged by the shock of an earthquake which left a large crack on the west side. It was filled up at the time of the Jubilee, in 1887. The first time that I was in the church was in the summer of 1855, it was in the time of the old fashioned high backed pews and three decker pulpit with a large sounding board over it which stood opposite to where the pulpit stands now. There was a gallery at the west end and the organ was up in it. The west entrance was not used in those days, only the south and north. The latter was closed up when the

church was restored. There was no porch at the south door - that has been built within the last fifty years.

In 1859 early in the spring, the restoration was commenced. The church was reopened for Divine Service on the 6th of September in the same year by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Rev Sanderson Robins was Vicar, the Churchwardens were G. E. Hannam Esq., and C. Mockett Esq. Divine Service during the time the church was closed was held in what is now the Boys' School in the High Street.

There have been eight Vicars since I came into the parish. The Rev John Hodgson who left in the autumn of 1857. He died somewhere near London in the early part of the seventies and was brought to St. Peters and buried with his first wife in the church opposite the north door. His was the last interment in the church. The next Vicar was the Rev S. Robins who left in 1863. Then came Canon T....., tutor to our last King Edward VII when he was Prince of Wales. Then came Canon Whitehead, who died in March 1898 having been in the parish for 25 years. He is buried in a brick grave in the new part of the churchyard. Then came the Rev Trench who only lived two years, he also lies in the new part. Following him came the Rev. Johnson. During his stay at St. Peters he lost his first wife, a dear Christian lady, who lies in the new ground. Then came Canon White Thompson from St. Georges, Ramsgate.

Our present Vicar is the Rev E. L. Ridge from St. Martins, Canterbury, a man no one can know without loving.

The churchyard is the finest in Thanet. There are a great many ancient vaults and graves, some of them date back several centuries. It is kept in splendid order, but fifty years ago the sheep were allowed to run over the graves. There were no flowers on the graves nor yet any fence along the path. The new part was taken in and consecrated in 1888. One thing more and I have finished with the church. When the new vestries were built in memory of the late Clifford Brooks Esq., the north doors were reopened and it is through them that the clergy and the choir come into the church.

I pass on now to the High Street. There was no chemist in the village. The Post Office was where Magor Clarke Boot Shop is now. Where Herbert Terrace stands was an old Malt House and at the back of it some old farm buildings. Nuckles Almshouses stand on the site of the old workhouse. There was a baker's shop where the Post Office is now. The old Wesleyan Chapel was where Pettman's Stores are. The new one was opened by the President of the Wesleyan Conference, September 6th 1871, and stands in the Grove where the refreshment booths were when the Ranelagh Tea Gardens were in full swing. Hildersham House has been built 21 years, at the corner turning to go up the Green Lane where there was a pond. Passing on to Sowell Street there was an old public house where the Albion Inn is kept by Thomas Wall who was one time Master of the Workhouse. After leaving Sowell Street there were no more buildings until you came to where the Railway Hotel stands. Between the hotel and the old Mill House which was pulled down a year or two ago there was an old post windmill which was taken away whole, as it was on a large trolley and conveyed to Canterbury on the 17th December 1858. There was another mill at the end of what is now King Edward Terrace which was taken down in 1910. They both belonged to the family of the Hodgmans. The Crampton Waterworks Tower was built in 1859.

I helped draw the chalk from the well, work on the farm being slack at the time. Previous to that time we had to draw our water in the old fashioned style. Nearly every house had its own well. And the water was much better than a great deal of it is now, but nearly all the old wells have been filled or stopped up. I only know of one that still remains open and that is at Baird's Hill. There may be more but that is the only one that I know of.

There were no gas lamps in the streets nor yet along the roads. Upton is not greatly altered. The two cottages that stand facing the road to Broadstairs were built in 1861. They stand on the Brazier's Farm. The old farm house which stood at the back was pulled down in the same year. It was in that house that my wife's mother was born and ancestors for centuries back. The whole of Upton with the exception of Upton Lodge belongs now the Goodson's. But when I first came there, Upton Lodge belonged to Bernard Hebler Esq., who with his wife and two of his daughters all now lie in a vault in St. Peter's churchyard. After you passed Upton Lodge there were no buildings right or left until you came to the bottom of the Lynches Road now named the Vale Road where there was a house on the left hand corner called Church Hill Corner, which was pulled down many years ago and new ones built.

I have worked on nearly all the ground leading from Upton right down to where the Grand Hotel stands. The ground on which the Yarrow Home stands used to belong to the Brazier Farm.

I will bring this humble history to a close by giving the names of the farmers in the parish when I came to it; Goodson at Upton, at Bromstone John Belsey had the one nearest to Dumpton. It was in an old barn on this farm where our late Queen Victoria took shelter from a thunder storm when she was a girl staying with her mother the late Duchess of Kent at Pierremont House. William Peake occupied the other farm. The late G. E. Hanam Esq., J.P., owned Bromstone House. W. Manser had the farm at Dumpton, E. Mascall at Northwood, Dilnot at Westwood, Smith at Sackets Hill. The ancient family Mockett on Hopeville at St. Peters. Andrews at Sowell Street, Thomas Sackett (a Wesleyan local preacher) at Callis Court, Francis Tims at Stone. This brings me to a close.

There is one more thing I want to say about this history and that is this is not fiction. I have written nothing but what I have felt certain is true. When I have felt doubtful about the dates I have not given them. I leave this history in the hands of my children. If at any future time they feel inclined to have it published they have my permission to do so, but no one else. Should they do so I wish them to have it printed just as it stands, nothing added, nothing omitted.

I close with the words of the Psalmist, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the House of the Lord for ever. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. Amen."

T. J. Pointer. Oct 16 1912.

Clara Ann Pointer, his daughter copied the original.