

An Itinerary of Nottingham.

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*Being information as to the history of the Streets, Buildings, etc.,
of the City collected from many sources by*

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ONE hardly recognises Narrow Marsh under its modern name of Red Lion Street which was bestowed upon it in an access of zeal in 1905. I think the authorities must have come to the conclusion that the cup of wickedness of Narrow Marsh was full, and that the very name had something unholy about it and so they thought that by changing the name they could change the character of the inhabitants. Well, their intentions no doubt are very praiseworthy, but in attempting to get rid of the name of Narrow Marsh they have attempted to destroy an extremely interesting relic of the past, and in spite of the official and very prominent notice board displaying the brand new name of Red Lion Street, the name of Narrow Marsh holds its own pretty firmly to-day, and this is not to be wondered at. It is the natural name of the thoroughfare situated between the river Leen and the foot of St. Mary's cliff, and it has been called Narrow Marsh with an astonishing variety of spelling ever since 1315, or the year after the battle of Bannockburn. In those far off days it was called "Parvus Mariscus," "The little marsh," and rather dignified it looks in its cloak of Latin. It was part of the route from south to north, thrust aside by the fortifications of Edward the Elder's burgh and also perhaps is one of the oldest thoroughfares in Nottingham. Its age is very great and it must have existed for centuries before its debut into history in

1315. Its physical features are, of course, the great 70ft. precipice which overhangs it on the north, and the river Leen which alas! has now vanished, on the south. It was of extreme importance as a business thoroughfare during the earlier part of the middle ages, and in fact, right down to the general introduction of wheeled traffic in the 17th century it was the main commercial street of Nottingham. Traffic passed along it and up Drury Hill, through the Postern Gate into Bridlesmith Gate and so onward to the north. We get corroborative evidence of this importance of Narrow Marsh as late as 1523. In that year a subsidy was called for, a sort of tax to which practically everybody had to contribute, and the roll has come down to our own days wherein is inscribed the different amounts which had to be raised by each street in Nottingham. The total sum collected for the whole town was £50 6s. 8d., which would probably be worth somewhere near a thousand pounds nowadays. Of this sum Low Pavement was assessed for £9 5s. 0d. the highest amount apportioned to any street. Narrow Marsh was assessed as the next most important street and had to bear £7 13s. 2d. I need not trouble you by giving you the full list of the streets of Nottingham, but it is interesting to notice that Long Row, which we should consider by far the most important street in Nottingham only had to contribute £2 9s. 6d. in those far off days.

As Narrow Marsh was so busy and important a thoroughfare the frontage to it became exceedingly valuable, the result is that it is laid out in long narrow strips, with their narrow ends towards the busy thoroughfare. These narrow strips of course had to have a back lane to admit of access to their rear and this lane has come down to us as Leenside, while the narrow strips

are represented by the curious courts and alleys which join up these two roads. This type of lay-out is always regarded as extremely early and it is paralleled in only one other place in Nottingham, and that is upon Long Row which presents the same phenomena of narrow frontage, long, thin strips represented by courts and alleys which join up into the back road which is nowadays called Parliament Street. These courts and alleys are reminiscent of the Wynds of Edinburgh, the Rows of Yarmouth, and other similar passage-ways in ancient towns. The late Mr. W. Stevenson was of the opinion that Narrow Marsh was considerably older in date than Long Row and he went so far as to advance the theory that it represented a pre-Conquest estate belonging to the priest of Nottingham. Domesday Book refers to the fact that "In the croft of the priest there were sixty five houses," etc., which the king retained in his own hand, and Mr. Stevenson thought that these sixty-five houses are probably represented by the scores of houses in and about Narrow Marsh nowadays. It could never have been a very pleasant place of residence in spite of its extraordinary prosperity. A horrible miasma arising from the swamps of the Leen must, one would have thought, have been conducive to ague and rheumatism and other unpleasant diseases. Moreover, we know that it was constantly being flooded: for example, in 1795 and again in 1809, flood water reached it and rendered it difficult for traffic to pass. But in spite of it all it has always been a populous district and, curiously enough, as if to comment upon hygienic science and research, there are even to-day, half-a-dozen fig trees blossoming and fruiting on the filthy cliff which overhangs the chimneys of the houses below it. It is an interesting fact to remember that the last thatched

house in Nottingham stood somewhere in Narrow Marsh. I cannot place the exact site but in 1854, it belonged to the Rev. James Hine.

Narrow Marsh formed, together with its back land and the street accommodating those lands, the southern outskirt of Nottingham before the enclosure of the last generation. The streets south of Leenside were not formed until after 1751, when the country had begun to settle down again after the alarm caused by the Jacobite rebellion of 1745.

Let us now make a tour through Narrow Marsh and see what we can find to interest us and to tell us of its extraordinary past. The first street we come to on the southern side is Pemberton Street which is largely composed of houses built in 1848 by the Plumtree Trust. On their facade is the Plumtree Arms "Argent, a chevron between two mullets pierced in chief and an annulet in base sable" below which is the motto "Sufficit Meruisse." A few yards beyond this street is the inn called the "King's Head." Now, this "King's Head" has attached to it a most entertaining history, for it was a resort of the romantic Dick Turpin. What we know about Dick Turpin and his dealings with Nottingham is contained in a little pamphlet published in 1924 by Mr. Louis Mellard. It is a series of extracts from a diary kept by a Lincolnshire farmer, whose name is suppressed but who goes under the title of "Tobias 'K'". Tobias appears to have been much occupied in living a double life. He was a respectable farmer doing rather well somewhere near Lincoln, but part of his time seems to have been occupied in acting as a purchaser of stolen goods from Turpin and other "horsemen" as they were euphemistically called in those days. The "dramatis personæ" of the comedy staged in

Nottingham consisted of Tobias and Turpin himself and a gentleman called Alfred Coney who appears to have been a man with pretension to some good birth but an out and out bad lot. He acted as an agent for many highwaymen and succeeded in disposing of their ill-gotten gains for them. Coney lived at the "Loggerheads," an inn on the other side of Narrow Marsh to the "King's Head," a little further west, and his companion was a lady of the name of Martha who is described as "once a good looking wench, too good for that ugly, fascinating devil Coney." I think she must have been his wife and loved him in spite of his terrible record for there are many instances of her faithfulness to him. Martha and Coney had amongst their numerous circle of friends, a couple who lived just behind the "Loggerheads" who went by the delightful titles of "Bouncing Bella" and "Lanky Dobbs." "Lanky Dobbs" was ostensibly a chimney sweep by profession, but in reality he was a most excellent and useful spy, for in pursuing his respectable occupation he had numberless opportunities of discovering where the "stuff" lay and how to get at it. Coney himself was not a burglar, but he had at his beck and call numberless gentlemen who were prepared to act for him. He appears to have reduced the whole thing to a science of whistling. A certain note meant that a burglar was wanted, another note that a pick-pocket was required and so forth, and one can imagine that a shrill whistle from the windows of the "Loggerheads" in the middle of the 18th century would produce quite a lot of candidates for whatever job might be on hand. It is worth remembering that a gentleman called "Slimmy" seems to have been regarded by his confreres as the most expert and accomplished burglar of Nottingham in those days.

But we have travelled far from the "King's Head," for it was the historic spot upon which Tobias and Turpin first met in 1726. Tobias had come to Nottingham upon his lawful occasions. As a matter of fact, I think he was selling sheep and he stopped at the "Cock" which Mr. Mellard says was on High Pavement, probably the "Cock and Hoop," which stood where the County Police Station now stands, is the inn referred to, anyway it does not much matter where it was, at any rate Tobias was stopping there. In the course of the evening the landlord introduced Coney to Tobias, and after compliments which of course included the necessary number of drinks, Coney offered certain valuable trinkets for sale to Tobias, but Tobias had not yet fallen, and indignantly refused to purchase, for he says in his diary the origin of these matters was suspicious. However, Coney seems to have made some impression upon Tobias for five years later in 1731, Tobias was stopping at the "Blackamore's Head" and we find Coney calling for him and taking him down to be introduced to Turpin in person at "The King's Head" in Narrow Marsh. He did this late at night, and the comment in the diary, like Lord Burleigh's nod, speaks volumes, for Tobias records that he met Turpin late at night "for the horseman was to mount at dawn." They seem to have passed a convivial time together and they did not lack feminine company for Tobias goes on to remark "Bella was saucy and none too guarded in her overtures to me." Apart from any business transactions Tobias seems to have conceived a real affection for Turpin, for all through the published part of his diary we keep coming across accounts of difficulties and dangers undertaken and overcome by Tobias in his services to Turpin. This leads to all sorts of amusing

adventures most of which are too long to quote here. Upon one occasion for example Turpin was hard pressed and wounded and took refuge in a secret place near Arnold. He got word to Coney of his trouble and Coney visited him and was instructed to get funds to assist in Turpin's escape from Tobias. Almost exhausted Coney crept into "The Eagle and Child" now Messrs. Hickling's Vaults in Chapel Bar, where he effected a change and disguise in his clothing and crept as quietly as he could to his den at the "Loggerheads," hoping against hope that he had escaped observation. However, it was not so. He was seen by what passed for the police in those days, and they decided to interrogate him and followed him down to the Marsh. Exhausted he had flung himself down in a heap in the upper story of the building when the messenger of the law knocked at the door. Martha answered the call and to give Coney time to escape she entered into a noisy altercation with the policeman and when they insisted upon entering she gave the final danger-signal by dropping a frying pan which she held in her hand *twice*. Warned by this urgent signal Coney crept out on to the roof and by a series of mysterious passages got away on to the neighbouring property and so eventually escaped and got word to Tobias. It is an amusing commentary upon the hygienic conditions in which this underworld dwelt that upon one occasion when Tobias purposed visiting "The Loggerheads" he sent a boy down an hour before his proposed visit with instructions that all the windows upon the ground floor were to be opened wide. We shall be continually coming across this disreputable gang in our walks through Nottingham, but it is perhaps a suitable place here to conclude the story of Bella. Tobias' wife

died in 1733, six years before Turpin was hanged, and Tobias sent a message to Bella making her an offer to act as his housekeeper with six shillings a week pocket money, but the reply came through "Bella is now sickening of palsy and will be below ground soon."

It is a merciful provision of providence that the antidote grows near the bane, that there never is a bed of nettles without a bank of dock-leaves being close at hand to ease the poison. And here in Narrow Marsh the same wise provision prevailed for close to the "King's Head" with all its amusing, but degrading associations with the underworld of two-hundred years ago, is Crossland Place, which has from that date other memories and associations. It is a squalid place nowadays as, in fact is the whole of the Marsh area, but in 1757 Crossland Place was illuminated by a very great light, for it was here that John Wesley established one of the first permanent Methodist preaching stations in Nottingham. It was a humble beginning, but from it has sprung the enormous tree of Wesleyan Methodism throughout Nottingham. In July, 1757 there lived in Crossland Place a certain man called Matthew Bagshaw, apparently his house was merely a cottage, and a two-roomed cottage at that. On the 29th of July, John Wesley preached in the lower room of this house to so great a congregation that the people far more than filled the humble accommodation which the room could offer. In order that more folk could hear the great evangelist they were accommodated in the upper chamber and a hole was knocked through the floor in order that those situated upstairs should be able to see and hear Mr. Wesley as he stood and preached on the floor below. This humble accommodation remained

as head-quarters of Wesleyanism in Nottingham until the erection of a chapel at the top of Pepper Street on the site which afterwards was occupied by Zion Chapel and which remained in use until the Octagon Chapel was erected in 1762. The Octagon stood about where No. 1 platform of the Victoria Station stands nowadays. Eventually the Wesleyans removed to Hockley Chapel, about 1782, and it was in that chapel in the year 1788 that Mr. Wesley preached his last sermon in Nottingham. It is interesting to notice that at the opening service of this chapel in 1783 both Mr. Wesley and Dr. Coke officiated. They both wore the robes of the ordinary Church of England clergymen and Dr. Coke read Matins in the morning and Evensong in the evening, while Mr. Wesley preached at both services. Wesley Chapel was not built until 1838.

Upon the split in the Wesleyan connection which commenced in the formation of the Primitive Methodists in 1741, and culminated in Nottingham in 1791 the Wesleyans were deprived of Hockley Chapel through the action of Rev. J. Moon. They made great efforts to establish another place of worship and met for some time in Beck Street. Subsequently they used the Octagon at such times as it was not being occupied by the Baptists who had bought it upon the erection of Hockley Chapel, and eventually through the great exertion of Mr. Tatham who traversed the whole country in search of subscriptions, they erected, about 1798, a place of worship in Halifax Place, which I believe is now the school room of the Wesleyan Chapel in Halifax Place.

The early history of the Wesleyan movement in Nottingham is full of adventure and of romance and Narrow Marsh is associated with a visit from the great

John Nelson in 1745. John Nelson's autobiography is an astounding volume giving accounts of most terrible persecutions, and almost hair-breadth escapes from death and imprisonment, and it is difficult to understand how it was that the Methodist Ministers and preachers were so unpopular both with the officials, and with the multitude.

John Nelson came to Nottingham several times, but particularly in 1745, and I cannot do better than quote the actual words of Mr. Nelson himself, for they come hot from the man who actually suffered the things which he records. "When I got to Nottingham," says Nelson, "I preached to a peaceable congregation. About half-an-hour after I had done, as I and four or five more were sitting by the fire, the constable, with a mob at his heels, came rushing into the house, and said, 'Where is the preacher?' I said, 'I am he, sir,' He replied, 'You must go with me before the Mayor.' I said, 'Where is your warrant?' He replied, 'My staff is my warrant. Come lads, help me, for I will make him go before the Mayor.' I said, 'I am not afraid to go before him; but it is your business to take up that swearer; you hear there is another that swears, and if you do not take them up, it is in my power to make you pay forty shillings for not doing your duty.' He regarded not what I said, but haled me away. When we had got almost to the Mayor's house, a gentleman-like man said, 'Constable, where are you going with him?' He said, 'To the Mayor.' He replied, 'Pray don't, for the Mayor is their friend, and says that he will put any one that disturbs them into the house of correction; therefore carry him before Alderman Hornbuckle and he will do him.' 'Then we must turn another way,' said he. But I said, 'I

insist upon going before the Mayor.' But he replied, 'I'll make you go where I please.' I said, 'You told me you must carry me before the Mayor. I find you are a strange officer, to encourage swearing, and tell lies yourself.' Then the mob shouted and cried, 'Help us to guard the Methodist preacher to the house of correction.'

By the time we got to the Alderman's house, there were several hundreds gathered together and when we came there, he said, 'Whom have you brought, constable?' To me he said, 'I wonder you cannot stay in your own places; you might be convinced by this time that the mob of Nottingham will never let you preach quietly in this town.' I replied, 'I beg pardon, sir, I did not know before now that this town was governed by a mob, for most towns are governed by magistrates.' He blushed, and said, 'Do you think that we will protect Wesley and a pack of you? No, I believe you are the cause of all the commotions that have been in the land.' I replied, 'Sir, can you prove that one man that is joined to us did assist the Pretender with either men, money, or arms?' He said, 'It hath been observed that there was always such a preaching, bawling people, before any judgment came upon the land.' I replied, 'That it is the goodness of God towards the people for sending his messengers to warn them to repent.' The constable said, 'Do you think we will take warning by such a fellow as you?' I said, 'If you will not you must feel the blow; for if there is not a reformation in the land, God will pour out his judgment upon man and beast; therefore I warn you all to look to the rod, for it is appointed to them that disobey the gospel.' Then the Alderman said, 'So, so, you must not preach here; I verily believe you are a

good man.' Then he said, 'Constable, I will not send this man to the house of correction. I think, as you keep a public-house, you may let him lie there to-night, for he is on his journey.' The constable said, 'I beg that he may not be at my house.' 'Well then,' said he, 'he may go to Mary White's, where he came from.' I spoke a few more words to him, and wished him good-night. He said, 'Mr. Nelson, I wish you well, wherever you go.'"

The Alderman Hornbuckle who is mentioned in this account lived in a house in Narrow Marsh whose site is now occupied by one of the railway arches, and he was really quite an important and useful man in the town.

In Kirke's Yard, off Byron Yard, remains one of the oldest houses in Nottingham which is very well known as "The Marsh Farm." It is a half-timbered construction, that is to say that in accordance with the times in which it was erected a frame-work of timber, outlining, as it were, the house was first constructed and the interstices were filled in with wattle and daub. The filling being perishable was replaced as time went on with brick, but the old timber work still remains. The wood framing is composed of timbers about six inches square, and the frame morticed and tenoned and secured with oak trenails. Originally the roof would be covered by thatch but it is now replaced by dreary slates. There is a little projecting annex which is spoken of as the "dairy" which is even to-day covered with ancient red tiles which must be amongst the oldest left in Nottingham. The frontage of the building facing Narrow Marsh has been refaced about a hundred-and-fifty years ago, but its rear portion still remains more or less as it was first constructed. There is no evidence

to show by whom it was erected or what its purpose was, but it appears to have been known as the Marsh Farm for a very great number of years, and it is interesting to notice that its floor level is several feet below the modern street level which shows that the accumulation of a Town's refuse will eventually bury all traces of occupation, the greatest example of which is of course the Forum in Rome.

There is nothing particularly interesting about this house as a half-timbered house, for half-timbered houses abound in rural districts, but they are not very common in great industrial centres such as Nottingham, and we ought to cherish the four or five examples which still remain to us. Wood was the general building material of our forefathers, particularly in a district such as Nottingham where it was easily procured from Sherwood Forest, but we must always remember that while timber was plentiful, planks were scarce, for the process of sawing out planks from tree trunks in the old days of saw-pits, before the invention of the circular saw, must have been an extremely laborious and costly one. I think that the first type of wooden house would have its walls constructed by the mere piling on of one log upon another until a sufficient height was reached just as log cabins were constructed in the early days of the United States. A variation of this method was to saw the tree trunks down the middle thus forming two logs with flat faces and semi-circular outsides. These were placed in an upright position side by side and so formed a rather more convenient dwelling than the log-hut type of building. As a matter of fact one such building has come down to our own days for the church of Greenstead in Essex, which was built just before the Conquest, was constructed on this plan.

These upright baulks, as the time went on were tenoned, top and bottom into a retaining frame and in this frame we get the embryo of half-timbered construction. While wood was plentiful it was freely used and little filling was needed to close the apertures between the logs, but as timber got scarcer through trees being used either for building purposes or for fuel the logs were placed further and further apart and more and more filling came into use. As the amount of timber used in the buildings became less and less, the stability of the houses had to be ensured by the introduction of slanting cross-pieces which maintained the rectangle just as the cross-pieces in an ordinary field gate ensure its shape nowadays. These cross-pieces, as time went on and as artistic feeling developed, were carved and shaped into delightful forms and the " barge boards," as the timbers which protected the thatch at the gabled ends were called, were often carved with most beautiful designs. It was also found that the contrast between the colour of the wooden framing and the filling, whether that filling were of wattle and daub or of brick, was very pleasing and the greatest height to which this half-timbered construction soared was obtained just at the close of the middle ages, when we get the wood-work emphasized by its dark colour contrasted against the carefully plastered filling. This plaster was often coloured and had stencilled upon it most beautiful designs, but the more elaborate houses had this plaster work wrought into most beautiful embossed patterns and figures. This is called " par-getting " and there is an example in the Castle Museum of a piece of pargetting rescued from an old house pulled down on the Long Row just opposite to the end of Mount Street. Perhaps the finest example in the

whole of England of this type of craftsmanship occurs in the well known Ancient House at Ipswich. At any rate one can get a useful idea of the age of a half-timbered building by observing the amount of wood used in its construction and whether it has cross-pieces or not. The late Mr. Harry Gill, who made a very careful examination of the Marsh Farm, attributed it to the 15th century. I, of course, bow to his authority, but without his guidance I should have placed it a hundred years later than that, but even upon my modest estimate of its age it must still be one of the oldest buildings within the confines of the city.

Knob Yard and Vat Yard remind us that Narrow Marsh was at one time the tanners' quarters of Nottingham, for the "knobs" mentioned in this peculiar name are the knobs or pieces of refuse which were cut from the hides and burnt, while the vats were of course the tan-pits. The history of the tanners in Nottingham is rather complicated. They must have been early attracted to the city for the proximity of Sherwood with its many oaks would give them a plentiful supply of the oak bark so necessary for their trade. Barker Gate, which is merely another way of saying Tanners' Street, for the ancient name for a tanner was a barker, is one of the oldest streets of Nottingham and it is believed that the tanners settled there in very early times in order to be near the water of the little river Beck which has now disappeared underground. Eventually the waters of the Beck were insufficient for their purpose, and so the centre of the trade migrated into Narrow Marsh, but it was not entirely confined to Narrow Marsh, for there were tan pits at the east end of St. Peter's Churchyard, and a great house at the corner of Pepper Street and St. Peter's Church Walk is

built upon the site of one such tannery. In 1667 there were a hundred master tanners in Nottingham, but a hundred years later, in 1767, the number had sunk to only three, and eventually in 1810 the fellmongers' vats in Narrow Marsh were destroyed as a public nuisance. The Tanners Company of Nottingham appears to have been a wealthy and influential one, providing upon several occasions the chief magistrate of the town. For some extraordinary reason in 1546 the corporation commenced an annual grant of forty shillings to this Tanners Company. Blackner thinks that this grant was in order that the tanners might have an annual dinner and so be encouraged to settle in the town, but that seems rather unlikely as even allowing for the difference of value in money the amount would be too trifling to induce hard headed business men to settle in a district, but it is interesting to notice that when the number of master tanners had diminished the grant diminished with it, and eventually it was refused in 1744, but after negotiations it was once more paid but only twenty shillings per annum was forthcoming.

The advent of the Great Central Railway and the consequent alteration of the run of the railway lines through Nottingham did a great deal of good, but in their passage through the terrible area about Narrow Marsh they destroyed Tanners Hall Court. It was a courtyard leading off Maltmill Lane, and in it was situated a strange old building of unknown antiquity which was called Tanners Hall. Apparently it belonged to the tanners and they used it as their guildhall. Eventually it seems to have been taken over by the Corporation, and it may be that the grant from the corporation was made as an acknowledgment for this building, but the whole question is complicated by the fact

that although the tanners were receiving the quit rent they appear to have occupied the building. During the plague which visited Nottingham about 1667 Tanners Hall was used for Assize purposes, for it was found that the stench and effluvia arising from the tanning process was an excellent disinfectant and the whole of the Marsh area seems to have been free from plague which was raging in the other parts of the town. So marked was this, that the more opulent citizens eagerly purchased or rented houses within the area in order to escape the terrible visitation which was going on elsewhere. The effect of the tanning processes upon the actual soil of the district must have been most extraordinary, for when the Great Central and Great Northern viaducts were built, and it was necessary to get out deep foundations, it was found that the whole earth in this district was impregnated with decayed animal matter which gave it a black appearance and which might have rendered it useful as manure. The Tanners Company had of course, rules and regulations and officers and their main concern seems to have been to promote intimacy and smooth working between themselves and the butchers. They had inspectors whose duty it was to see that the hides which the butchers brought to the Market Place for sale were not unduly gashed and these inspectors together with similar officers appointed by the butchers appear to have appraised the value of such hides.

Close by Tanners Hall, but now vanished, was an open space called Butlers Court, so called because a certain Mistress Butler lived there about 1769, and died at the age of ninety-two. She had spent the whole of her long life in the court which had belonged to her family for sometime previous to her arrival upon the scene.

Foundry Yard was the place where in 1610 was cast by Oldfield that magnificent bell "Great Tom of Lincoln." It was re-cast in 1828 and its size was augmented by the addition of a second ring of bells which Lincoln Cathedral then boasted. In its modern form it weighs 5 tons, 8 cwt., its height is 6ft. and $\frac{3}{4}$ in., its circumference is 21ft. 6in. at the lip and its note is A, while the hour hammer which strikes it weighs 224 lbs. It is the fourth largest bell in England, being exceeded by those at St. Paul's, London, Exeter Cathedral, and Christchurch, Oxford. Bell founding was one of the great mediaeval trades of Nottingham and the names and marks of Mellors, Oldfield and Hedderley will be found upon many bells throughout England to-day.

Maltmill Lane is so called because it led down to one of the ancient mills of the town of which we shall hear more when we consider Leenside, but just opposite to it is a great brick wall which acts as a rivet to the huge precipice overhanging Narrow Marsh. Picked out in brick upon this wall, which is over a yard thick, is the date 1833, and it is the boundary wall of the ancient prisons underneath the Shire Hall. It is spoken of locally as the "Lovers Leap," but I have never been able to track the legend associated with that name so cannot say whether it was the swain or his lady-love who undertook the perilous journey down this precipice. From the prison several escapes have been made. In 1764 an unsuccessful attempt was made by a gang of prisoners condemned to death for burglary but reprieved for transportation. They were interrupted but confessed that their intention was to lower themselves down into Narrow Marsh by means of the well ropes. In 1786 five prisoners managed to escape from the prison and letting themselves down this precipice by means of a

rope, they got clear away. But the most dramatic escape took place in 1831, when a young woman called Joanna Ledwich, under sentence of transportation for participating in a robbery near Newark managed to get away. She cut up the sheet belonging to her bed and tied the strips together and attached the whole to an old clothes line. She fastened the end to the stanchion of a window and proceeded to descend into Narrow Marsh, a distance of some 70ft. After sliding for some distance the whole thing broke, and she was precipitated into a yard at the foot of the cliff, She was bruised, but not seriously hurt, and it is an extraordinary thing to record that although her escape had been observed yet by the assistance of a friend she got clear away.

The whole of the Marsh precipice seems to have given our forefathers trouble, for it had a nasty habit of falling down and several hairbreadth escapes are recorded. Great sections of it above "The Loggerheads" and elsewhere have fallen down, but curiously enough nobody seems to have been hurt. There is rather an amusing story told of one of these land slides. A boy was trespassing after flowers on the top of the cliff and to his horror he found the ground underneath him giving way, and he knew that he was about to be precipitated into space, and if he escaped with a broken leg he would be lucky. In his extremity glancing down into the Marsh below he was aware that two men directly under him were carrying a "sow" a great open tub full of ale. In sheer desperation he jumped for it and by a miracle he landed right in the middle of this ale and so saved his bones at the expense of the enormous astonishment of the two men.

"The Ten Bells," which is now used as a mission room, was a public house with rather shady

customers. It was the resort of another of the Dick Turpin gang, a gentleman called Captain Daniel Mead. He appears to have been a smuggler running in and out of the port of Boston. At any rate in 1732 and probably upon other occasions also he proceeded to Nottingham to spend some of his illgotten gains. Tobias' diary gives an account of one such visit which Mead made to Nottingham in company with Tobias himself, and they seem to have had quite a cheerful time and also a profitable one for they succeeded in disposing of certain property which had been mysteriously acquired. In the course of their stay in Nottingham "Dinah" another member of the underworld turns up and at once vanishes again into limbo.

At the corner of Narrow Marsh and Middle Marsh stood in ancient days the hospital of St. Leonard. Very little is known about it and of course nothing remains above ground. It is shown on Speed's map, dated 1610, but its use even in that far off time was so far forgotten that it is not indicated in any way. Blackner writing in 1815, speaks of it as "the church-like building which has been removed in part and partly re-occupied with new buildings during the last fifteen years." It was an establishment for the refuge of lepers and I think that its age is guaranteed by the curious twist in the line of thoroughfare through the town, for Broad Marsh does not align with Narrow Marsh, but is joined by a short street which we call Middle Marsh, and I think that this curious kink in the run of the roads was probably to get round St. Leonard's Hospital. I only know of two ancient records connected with it. In 1226 the inmates were allowed to gather dead wood in the forest of Nottingham, and in 1358, they held half an acre of land in a place called

Oswell, which is described as being near the hermitage though where that is I have been unable to trace. St. Leonard was a very favourite patron of hospitals and particularly for leper hospitals, and his invocation occurs all over England.

The old "Red Lion" public house from which presumably the name of Red Lion Street springs is neither an interesting building nor has it any romantic story to tell us. The only thing that I have been able to find out about it is that in 1786 it was kept by a man called Spencer, who was instrumental in bringing a sheep stealer called John Lister to the gallows. The story is rather sordid, but it is interesting as it shows us the legal outlook of the times and we learn from it how very little evidence was sufficient to satisfy our forefathers and to condemn a man to death. It appears that Spencer had missed some malt which he suspected had been taken from a stock on his premises by a young man aged twenty-one, called John Lister. Without more ado he proceeded to search Lister's premises in Woolpack Lane, but he did not find any malt; however, he found a portion of the carcasses of two sheep and these carcasses were sworn to as being part of sheep that had been stolen from the flock of a certain Mr. Deverill, at Wilford. It seems to me that one sheep is very much like another sheep, particularly when turned into mutton, but at any rate Mr. Deverill swore to these carcasses and the judge and jury accepted his evidence which was sufficient to hang the wretched Lister. The missing malt was eventually run to earth in a stable rented by Lister elsewhere. It is difficult to believe that such a tragic event as this occurred only a hundred-and-fifty years ago.

Long Stairs are extremely picturesque to-day, and

they are of the very highest antiquity. They probably began life as a covered way from the summit of St. Mary's rock. The rise is from right to left which shows that they were constructed at a time when the upper part of the cliff was defended and their history is connected with Malin Hill. In 1531 a certain Edward Chamberlayne paid 2s. 8d. for a little house and a pinfold on Long Stairs, though I have not the remotest idea what he wanted it for unless it was to use it as a pig sty. There were two other pinfolds in Nottingham, one was somewhere near Plumtre Square, and the other one was on the Sand Fields about where the modern Woodborough Road joins Mansfield Road. There was a well at the foot of Long Stairs which must have been very conveniently situated for collecting the drainage that came down the precipice, and also the outflow from the horrible tanners yards. At any rate, we are not surprised to find that in 1632 the Mickleton jury whose business it was to keep their eyes on nuisances and encroachments presented this well in the quaint language of the times as being "exceedingly annoyed and harmful," and one is rather glad to find that it was filled up and folk were prevented from poisoning themselves by drinking its waters.

And now we come to Malin Hill and its tributary Short Stairs which latter is a short cut to the summit of the cliff. Malin Hill was a bridle road all through the middle ages and seems to connect up with Stoney Street though how it managed to join on to Stoney Street it is difficult to explain, particularly when one knows the later history of Stoney Street. There is no doubt that Malin Hill is a primeval track which has come down to our days. Like Long Stairs it ascended the precipice from right to left thus exposing the sword side and

rendering the shield useless. It led straight into the heart of the Saxon fortress which probably replaced the older British enclosure and the still more ancient prehistoric village and it connected this settlement with the trackway across the Marsh which led to the ford or later bridge over the Trent.

It comes by its name because in 1303 there lived in it a certain George Malin or Malyne. Beyond his name nothing is known but he must have been of considerable importance in his generation to have so impressed his name upon this thoroughfare.

Like most other ancient mediaeval roads it has its ghastly tragedy. In 1800 a certain George Caunt who is described as a "respectable hairdresser," living in St. James's Street, was accused of having stolen a set of window curtains. Whether the accusation was true or false I do not know, but if he were condemned it would have been a hanging matter or at the best transportation, which meant virtual slavery. He escaped from the constable who arrested him and took refuge in the house of a friend living on Malin Hill. The police of those days did not proceed to arrest him at this house, but instead, patrolled both ends of the street and for some days Caunt remained a prisoner. At last getting sick of imprisonment he armed himself with a great horse-pistol, and issuing forth from his sanctuary declared that he would defend himself if molested. Immediately upon his appearance he was accosted by a constable called George Bell, who got shot by the refugee for his pains. In the excitement Caunt slipped away and took refuge at Alfreton, where he was afterwards arrested, but not before he had had time to swallow a dose of poison. The Coroner's jury returned a verdict of "felo de se" upon him and his body was

buried without Christian rites in the usual burial place of suicides at the top of Derby Road. However, it was recovered by his friends and re-interred in the general Baptist burial ground, Stoney Street, the graveyard which we know as St. Mary's.

Narrow Marsh has had quite a number of interesting and eccentric inhabitants in addition to those whom we have already considered. For example, there was David Lowe about whom the adage arose "Don't be like David Lowe and get into prison for dreaming." It appears that in 1757 David Lowe had a neighbour who was called Wilson, and Wilson while away on a business journey had the misfortune to have his house broken into and robbed. Upon his return he of course told his neighbours of his misfortune and they sympathised with him. A few days afterwards Lowe came to him and said that he had had an extraordinary and vivid dream in the course of which he had seen Wilson's silver hidden in a neighbouring pig-stye. Wilson and Lowe immediately adjourned to the pig-stye and there they found the missing treasure. Wilson immediately suspected Lowe of the theft and had him arrested, and he was imprisoned, but there was no real evidence against him and as he was a man of thoroughly upright character he was discharged without a stain upon his character and his contemporaries quite believed that his story of the dream was perfectly true, but the whole thing was so entertaining that it gave birth to the proverb.

And then there is James Hutchinson, who died in 1813, aged ninety-three. I think he must have held the record for sheer immobility. He was a frame-work knitter and for seventy-six years he worked the same

frame. For twenty years this frame was never moved, nor was Hutchinson's seat, which was just by a window. During the whole of his long life he had never been more than seven miles from Nottingham, and he never drank a cup of tea as long as he lived, and more extraordinary than that considering the times, for fourteen years he never tasted a drop of ale. His food was most extraordinary. For thirty years he lived upon nothing but milk, which he liked sour and clotted. He used to keep fourteen pennyworths of milk in separate vessels in a row and always attacked the oldest so that he could get it as sour and curdled as possible. Occasionally he used to boil it when it became thick and clotty and this he used to call "cheesecake." When this extraordinary man died he left more than thirty descendants alive.

Mrs. Gilbert says that Huntingdon Shaw, that marvellous smith, was born in Narrow Marsh. It is rather difficult to believe this for we know that he was baptised in St. Peter's Church in 1660. He died at Hampton in 1710, but if he was born in Narrow Marsh why should he be baptised in St. Peter's Church which was not his parish church? Possibly the explanation may be found that during the Puritan regime the parochial system was not very rigorously enforced.

We may leave Red Lion Street, I think, with a note about the Barley Mow Inn which has now disappeared. In 1794 it was a great recruiting depot for the navy, and as the men who were there recruited would fight nine years later at Trafalgar clad in garments made of hosiery wrought upon the Nottingham hosiery frames it will be interesting to copy one of the recruiting bills which was showered broadcast through the town. "God save the King and success to the Navy! Rouse! Rouse! Rouse! To Arms! To Arms! Conquest leads

the way ! All bold and daring Robin Hood's men, who are known to be brave and true, have an unexampled opportunity to make their fortunes with prize money ; also the honour of enrolling themselves with the bravest seamen in the world, the British Tars of Old England. A bounty of twelve guineas to each dashing hero to serve in His Majesty's Royal Navy which rides triumphant on the seas and dares the Gallic foe to combat.

As Robin Hood's men are known to be good marksmen, brave and true, the admiral may appoint them all to serve in Frigates, when they are bound to make their fortunes to a man. Now or never as only a few are wanted—no time is to be lost at this glorious opportunity or they will lose it for ever.

As a further encouragement every gentleman volunteer will receive a handsome Royal undress navy uniform, hat, jacket, trowsers, etc. All able bodied men who wish to enter this noble service immediate application may be made to Mr. Shackleton, Barley Mow, Narrow Marsh where each loyal hero will be honourably received, kindly entertained and enter into present pay and full allowance."

DRURY HILL. This very picturesque and narrow thoroughfare is part of the old mediaeval business thoroughfare through Nottingham which, as we have seen came down Narrow Marsh and passed north along Bridlesmith Gate. Although very steep, the gradient of Drury Hill is comparatively slack when compared with either Long Stairs, Malin Hill or the Hollowstone of its day. It must have been of very great importance, for when the town was fortified in Henry II's. time provision for a gateway, which Thoroton refers to as a postern, was made on the summit. I don't think that this postern is a postern in the ordinary acceptance of the term as

just a mere undefended opening in the wall. It is shown in Speed's map as a little, square tower through which the road passed and it was probably defended by gates and a portcullis. It appears to have been pulled down in 1735, but a portion of it was left standing, for Deering in 1745, refers to it as being partially standing in his day. It was protected by a gatehouse which was on the site later occupied by the Postern Gate Inn, or the Bull's Head as it was earlier called. In making alterations to this inn in 1875 a portion of the old gatehouse was exposed and when the inn was pulled down in 1910 a sharp look-out was kept and the ground plan of the ancient building was recovered and details of it were published by Mr. Dobson in the *Transactions* of the Thoroton Society for 1912. It appears to have been a roughly squared building 17ft. by 19ft.

The old name for Drury Hill was Vault Lane, which became Parkyn Lane, probably after some member of the Parkyn family of Bunny who lived there, and eventually it was changed into Drury Hill, about 1620. There was an orchard at the foot of the hill just where it joins Middle Marsh which was occupied in 1645 by one, William Bayley, but the Drury to which the name refers was a certain Alderman Drury, who was something of a figure in Nottingham in the days of King Charles I. He bought the house which faced Low Pavement and which occupied the site of numbers 2 and 4 Low Pavement and under which are enormous rock hewn cellars or vaults with a fascinating history. which gave the name of " Vault " to the Lane. Of a forebear of this Alderman Drury we have a glimpse in the year 1590. Evidently he was in deep distress through the action of his son. What the story is we do not know but reading between the lines of the

following quotation, which is taken from the proceedings of the Nottingham magistrates, for on that date, we can realise that young Drury had been up to no good and the sum of £20 which was probably worth £1,000 or more nowadays shows the seriousness of his offence, " Thomas Drury of Nottingham, cordwainer and Fabian Drury of the same cordwainer to be bound to our Lady the Queen in £20 that the same Fabian shall not shoot with any piece at anything living."

It is obvious why Alderman Drury as a cordwainer or shoe manufacturer should be anxious to obtain a house on Drury Hill which would be so close and so handy for the premises of the tanners in Narrow Marsh.

MIDDLE HILL which used to be called Mont Hall Hill is of course, derived from Mont Hall, " The Hall upon the Hill," which was the name by which our forefathers knew their Guildhall, a queer old building which stood at the top of the hill in Weekday Cross till the end of the last century.

It is interesting to notice that in 1825 a man called Bamford lived upon Middle Hill and he was one of the last men in Nottingham who kept a Sedan Chair for hire.

GARNER'S HILL with its steps is a branch of the same thoroughfare which forms Middle Hill. It was formerly called Brightmore's Hill, apparently after a certain William Brightmore who in the early part of the 17th century was something of a divine and wrote a paraphrase of the " Book of Revelation." I have never come across this book. Just opposite the third step in the second flight from the top of Garner's Hill will be noticed a stone which has been retooled in modern times and which forms the base of a modern brick wall on the eastern side of the thoroughfare. This is a

piece of the old town wall which is still remaining *in situ* although of course it has had to be cut down to prevent its interference with traffic. The usual tragedy of old streets is associated with Garner's Hill for it was upon it in 1844 that a very serious accident occurred. In that year a wretch called Saville was publicly executed for the murder of his wife and children in Saville's coppice, Colwick Wood. The graves of the victims can be seen in Colwick Churchyard to this day. A huge crowd had assembled to witness the execution and they became somewhat unruly. After Saville was dead a panic seemed to seize the crowd, the members of which made tremendous efforts to get away. People were pushed over and trampled underfoot and many were thrown down the steps of Garner's Hill. When order was at last restored it was found that no less than thirteen people had been killed and over twenty seriously injured during the disorders.

SUSSEX STREET is part of the ancient trackway which formed a short cut from bridge or earlier ford over the Trent about where Trent Bridge now stands. This trackway has come down to our day as that curious and little known thoroughfare called Trent Bridge Footway. It crosses the Midland Railway by the bridge over the station and is continued through Parkinson Street over the canal, Trent Street, Sussex Street and then divides into Garner's Hill and Middle Hill, ancient trackways which led respectively to the east and west end of the original market place of Nottingham. This trackway had a western branch which crossing the Meadows eventually arriving at Wilford Ferry and this western branch has come down to us as Queen's Walk. Turncalf Alley the ancient name of Sussex Street which latter name was given to it only as early as 1784 looks

very like a colloquialism and is probably a corruption of the words "Town Wharf" Alley for the town wharfs were situated near Trent Bridge and this would be the most direct route between them and the town and "Turncalf," otherwise is absolutely meaningless, for the butchers section of the town was not in this neighbourhood. For a very long time the trackway had no name at all, thus in 1665 it is referred to as "a way leading to a passage or foot bridge called Leen Bridge or Dye House Bridge," and it is a curious thing that although it is spoken of with some freedom as Turncalf Alley I have never been able to find a reference to it under the name of Town Wharf Alley. Anyway it became Sussex Street sometime about 1830. Under the year 1822 there is reference in Sutton's date book to the fact that His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex visited Nottingham and was presented with the freedom of the borough. This was the occasion of considerable ceremony and rejoicing and I think that it is very probable that the name of Sussex Street was adopted in honour of this Prince and to commemorate his visit.

Although Sussex Street itself is not a particularly salubrious thoroughfare yet there are one or two objects of very great interest in it. But before considering them it is worth while just pausing to look at Marsden Court on its eastern side. It consists of two rows of houses running east and west fronted with quite considerable gardens which in the summertime bring an unexpected and very welcome air of rusticity into this very sombre neighbourhood. The houses themselves appear to have been built sometime in the 17th or 18th century. They have dormer windows which pleasantly break the sky line. They are constructed of narrow bricks showing their antiquity and the whole terrace is bound together

by two well marked string courses which give sense of cohesion to the whole block while the hosiery windows in their upper stories tell of the use to which the houses have been put in times past.

The curious names of the next four streets on the eastern side, Peach Street, Pear Street, Plum Street and Current Street tell of gardens which occupied the ground years ago. These gardens belonged to the Gregory family and the houses were erected upon them late in the 18th century by Mr. Gregory, father of the Rev. Robert Gregory, Dean of St. Paul's who was born at a house in Canal Street. It is rather nice to record the action of the good Dean with regard to these houses. His father died when he was young and they were neglected during his minority so that when he came into possession of them they caused him a good deal of expense but better than that he became much perturbed and anxious about the provision of good houses for poor people. The result was that he built in Stewart Place, Alfred Street about fifty medium sized houses each having a garden in front and an enclosed back yard. They were erected according to prize plans adopted by the Corporation of Nottingham and are approached through an avenue of trees and let at small rents so that Dean Gregory's name ought to be honoured amongst us as the pioneer of good model houses for the working classes.

At the corner of Plum Street stands the recently closed inn called the "Rancliffe Arms." These arms refer to the great family of Parkyns of Bunny the most celebrated member of which was Sir Thomas Parkyns, the eccentric baronet who lived from 1663 to 1741. He was a man who was so extraordinarily fond of wrestling that he did all sorts of things to promote its popularity,

but in addition to this he did very much to ameliorate the conditions of his tenants in the village of Bunny and had much to do with the erection of the beautiful school house in that charming place. His grandson Colonel T. B. Parkyns was raised to the Irish Peerage in 1795 under the title of Lord Rancliffe but the title became extinct upon the death of the second Lord Rancliffe in 1850. In this house lived John Blackner the local historian who was born in 1769 and died in 1816. He was born at Ilkeston and early apprenticed to a stockinger. His education was utterly neglected and he appears to have had little or no schooling but he was a man of the greatest perseverance and force of character and somehow or other, here a little and there a little, he gradually accumulated knowledge and became first a contributor to, and finally the editor of, the "Nottingham Review." He garnered facts concerning Nottingham's history and topography and in 1815, the year of the battle of Waterloo he published his "History of Nottingham." This is a book not without its value, but it is sadly marred and defaced by the expression of Blackner's violent political opinions and by his dislike of his predecessors in the field of local history.

On the other side of the road above the doorway of the shop numbered 36, will be seen a diamond-shaped date-stone with the inscription

L
W.P. 1656.

This represents a certain William Lealand who was a dyer and who, on May 28th, 1632, married Phoebe Smith. In 1655 Lealand bought five acres of land from one Anthony Malin. This land was a portion of the estate formerly held by the Grey Friars and upon it at the close of the following year Lealand erected the house which is still standing. Its subsequent history is interesting. Upon

William's death he left it, described as " a capital messuage together with the dye house and little close attached to it " to his third son William. This William sold it to his brother John and it passed from John to a third brother Samuel. Samuel died and his son sold it in 1717 to Edmund Wildbore one of the well known family of Nottingham dyers. We know that the dye-houses of the town were situated in Lister Gate and that the dyers used the waters of the Leen for their trade and it is very interesting to find documentary evidence that the dyeing industry was carried on by the Leenside as far south as this house. The ancient house has been much altered and its walls much masked by stucco but it is still in the main, the old house which was built by William and Phoebe Lealand.

BROAD MARSH is an extremely dull looking street, but in spite of its dullness a good deal of interest still clings to it if one takes the trouble to find out its history. Its situation is on part of the site of the establishment of the Grey Friars, being in fact in all probability its northern boundary just as the line of Canal Street was its southern boundary. These Grey Friars were the followers of the great St. Francis of Assisi. The order arrived in England about 1224 and I am not sure of the date at which they established themselves in the low swampy and foul land by the marshy banks of the river Leen outside the town walls of Nottingham. It was however, sometime in the 13th century or about the time that Simon De Montfort was struggling to establish the first parliament. There is very little recorded of their movements and all we know for certain is that their premises were surrounded by a stone wall and that they had a great cross which would probably be used as a preaching cross. They were

suppressed in 1539 two years after the Pilgrimage of Grace and their estates were granted in 1548 to Thomas Heneage. In 1511 the Corporation took down the wall and took up the foundations of their Cross and so except for the name of Grey Friar Gate there passes out of Nottingham's history the story of the work so nobly begun and so poorly ended by this great order of the Grey Friars.

Broad Marsh is so called in contradistinction to Narrow Marsh, for here the land between the river Leen and the foot of the cliff was more extensive than it was further east. In it have lived several remarkable people and firstly by way of showing the change of social status which takes place in a town during a hundred and fifty years, let us consider the case of two ladies Mesdames Elizabeth and Casandra Willoughby. These two ladies were the daughters of Francis Willoughby, Esq., of Cossall and were relatives of Lord Middleton, the owner of Wollaton Hall and the head of the great Willoughby family. They were also connections of Rothwell Willoughby, Esq., who built the magnificent Willoughby House on Low Pavement. They were staunch Roman Catholics as was their father and it is interesting to remember that Francis Willoughby of Cossall was one of the few Roman Catholics who was made High Sheriff of Nottingham before modern conditions obtained. He was created High Sheriff in the reign of James II. which speaks very highly for the esteem in which the family was held, or on the other hand it may be taken as an indication of the Catholic tendencies of King James II. which eventually led to the loss of his throne. These two ladies lived in the house now numbered 9 to 11 and used as the Black's Head public house. It has a modern coat of rough-cast

towards Broad Marsh but the rear of the premises still show interesting 18th century remains and when the two good ladies were alive their gardens probably joined those of Willoughby House which extended right down the slope of the cliff. It is recorded that they paid 10s. a year to the Corporation for the use of a stable in Broad Marsh, the position of which I have never been able to trace. Mistress Casandra Willoughby died in 1774. Both she and her sister appear to have been exceedingly charitable and kindly souls and although strict Catholics to have extended their ministrations to anybody whom they might serve. Her sister Elizabeth survived her until 1780 and at her funeral at Cossall an incident took place which illustrates the ignorance and superstition of the times. When the family vault was opened a glowing light was observed to be proceeding from the far and dark corner of the vault which so alarmed the undertakers that for a little while nobody could be found to enter the tomb, for they feared that they had to deal with a veritable ghost. However, upon investigation it was discovered that the light emanated from certain bones which were giving off a phosphorescent glow. This "Black's Head" has further claims upon our notice for it was the residence of Captain George Cartwright, second son of W. Cartwright, Esq., of Marnham after his return from Labrador in 1786. "Old Labrador" had spent six years as a hunter and trapper in the wilds of Labrador and he is interesting as being the last person in Nottingham to pursue the ancient pastime of Hawking. Eventually he retired to Mansfield where he died in 1819.

There was a cotton mill in Broad Marsh late in the 18th century which belonged to Messrs. Killingley and Green which must have been one of the earliest of

cotton mills but it was burnt down in 1792 and its site is lost.

Later in 1847 a very curious old miser called Thomas Darker was living in a yard off Broad Marsh which was called Darker's Court after him. Although really a wealthy man he became mentally deranged and secluded himself in a miserable apartment in an upper storey in this court. He deprived himself of almost every one of the comforts and most of the necessities of life and he kept his door closed and refused to see anybody. After nightfall he issued forth and would obtain water for his necessities from a neighbouring well. Apart from that excursion into the outer air he never seems to have left his voluntary prison. Upon one occasion his brother forced an entry into the room, but was met by black looks and threats and was told that he was in grave danger of being shot for his intrusion. At last old Darker died, the cause of his death being a fever into which he was thrown by the mental excitement caused by the Corporation insisting upon his spending money in covering up an old disused and dangerous well and after his death considerable quantities of gold and silver coins were found in his chamber. Another interesting person who was connected with Broad Marsh although I do not think that she lived there was Margaret Doubleday. She was a washerwoman and by care and hard work she accumulated a fortune of £100 a very considerable sum in her day. She gave a bell, number seven in the present ring of St. Peter's Church in the year 1544. This bell was inscribed "Ave Maria of your Charitie for to pray for the sole of Margere Dubleday." It has been recast several times and its present inscription is "I was given by Margery Doubleday about the year 1544 and recast with the

other bells in 1771, Pack & Chapman F.O. London, fecit, recast in 1902 the year of the Coronation of King Edward VII. by John Taylor & Co. Loughborough." The diameter of the bell is forty-five inches and the weight of the bell 15 cwt., 2 qrs., 1 lb.

Margaret Doubleday also gave a close of land in the south side of Broad Marsh to provide a fee of 20s. per annum to the Sexton of St. Peter's in order that he should ring her bell at four o'clock each morning in order to call the washerwomen of the town to their useful avocations and further than this she gave another close of land to provide fees for prayers to be said for the rest of her soul. As these gifts were made about 1544 five years after the suppression of the greater monasteries and four years before the issue of Edward VI's. book of Common Prayer, they formed an interesting contemporary comment on the spread of the Reformation and of the tenacity of the belief in the Old Faith. It seems probable that the two closes which Margaret Doubleday left are the site upon which St. Peter's School and workhouse afterwards stood. This site is represented to-day by the ground upon which St. Peter's School stands, the burial ground at the rear and the open space in front of Canaan Street Chapel together with the ground upon which that chapel stands.

This poor house of St. Peter's was the home of Benjamin Mayo better known as the "Old General." He was born sometime about 1779 and he died in 1843. He was a half-wit but a great character in the town. He must have been rather an attractive character for when St. Peter's poor house was dissolved Mr. Hudson the master took him into his own house and provided for him for a number of years rather than let him go to the new Union Workhouse in York Street, which speaks

volumes both for Mr. Hudson's charity and for Old General's popularity. Eventually Mr. Hudson left the town and Old General went to St. Mary's workhouse. After a time he had a fall, from the effects of which he died and he was buried in Broad Marsh burial ground. There is however, an epitaph to him in the top walk of the General Cemetery close to the permanantly closed gateway which leads into Clarendon Street which reads " Benjamin Mayo commonly known by the name of " The Old General " died in Nottingham Union Workhouse 12th January 1843, aged sixty-four years. A few inhabitants of this town associating his peculiarities and eccentricities with reminiscences of their early boyhood have erected this tablet to his memory." In stature Old General was of medium height but very much bent. One of his legs was badly deformed so that his progress, which was generally a jog-trot, was very peculiar. His clothing was of the usual pauper grey but towards the end of his career he obtained a red coat which he wore with great pride. He wore no hat to cover his closely cropped head until he reached the age of about sixty when he adopted a military cap. He regarded himself as second only to the Mayor in importance within the confines of Nottingham. His great day was on Mickleton Monday. The Mickleton jury were accustomed to beat the bounds of the town on the first Thursday in September and the following Monday they proceeded through the streets of the town to take note of any obstruction or irregularities and that was when Old General was at the height of his glory. Followed by all the school children of the town whom he marshalled in some sort of military array and over whom he acted as general, he followed the jury prepared to remove any offending obstacle immediately. Did a

doorstep project into the thoroughfare it was immediately turned up by Old General's followers acting under his instructions, or did a sign not meet with the approval of the Mickleton Jury Old General and his troops made short work of it. It was a great day for the school children, they demanded a holiday and most of them got it. Some few school masters however, held out against Old General and refused to liberate their pupils, when sieges were undertaken and mud and stones plentifully thrown. Old General however, was open to bribery and twopence would usually buy him off. The proceedings terminated by the army demanding admission to the Castle which was of course always refused but as compensation sweetmeats were thrown over the gateway for the children to scramble for.

Like most half-wits Old General had a keen sense of humour which is well displayed by the following two stories. He used to be fond of drilling boys in the Market Place and upon one occasion he was so engaged when a party of officers from the barracks on the top of the Park came up and watched his proceedings. One of Old General's recruits was particularly dull and stupid and was constantly making mistakes in his drill. Laughingly an officer said to Old General "What will you do with him, he is too stupid for a soldier?" Old General said nothing to the officer but called the boy out of the ranks and standing him in an appropriate place said, "There lad you'll never make a soldier you are too stupid so I'll make an officer of you." Upon another occasion he went running through the town calling out "Speech by the Prince of Wales, full account of what his Royal Highness said yesterday." A customer purchased one of these speeches and found he was presented with a blank sheet of paper. Protesting against

the imposition he received the reply "Quite correct Sir, 'is Royal 'ighness never said now't.'" Well, peace be to his ashes; judging from his face which appears in a picture in the Castle Museum he must have been a rather lovable old character.

Canaan Street Chapel was built about 1883 but there was an older chapel on the site, the foundations of which were laid in 1823. It belongs to the Primitive Methodist connection, a secession from the great mother church of Methodism which commenced in Tunstall in 1811. For a long time the connection was confined to Staffordshire, Lancashire and Derbyshire but it gradually made headway and is now a very important religious community. It is interesting to remember that in 1814 this body was first nick-named the "Ranters" and this name which has been accepted into our vocabulary originated in the Derbyshire town of Belper.

Deering's map of Nottingham shows that there were lead works at the corner of Broad Marsh and Grey Friar Gate, for in considering Broad Marsh's history we must remember that Carrington Street is quite a modern thoroughfare, only constructed about 1829, and that anciently Broad Marsh extended right across the site now occupied by Carrington Street. These lead works have completely disappeared and I can find no traces whatever of their history, but the building seems to have occupied the site of the modern Collins Almshouses.

CANAL STREET which extends all the way from the junction of Wilford Road with Castle Boulevard to Leenside, into which it runs opposite Lees Yard, is not a particularly old thoroughfare. It was formed in the

year 1796 and previous to that all the land to the south until one reached the river Trent was open country. Its run is more or less along the southern boundary of the property of the Grey Friars which, as we have seen was situated outside the fortifications of the mediaeval town. The river Leen flowed along here until 1829 when it was arched over. There was a bridge which was called Dyehouse Bridge over the Leen just opposite the end of Sussex Street and the roadway up to this point was along the south bank of the river. The Leen here took a turn in a southerly direction and the road proceeded along its northern bank until Leen Side and eventually London Road was reached. The modern Canal Street was formed in 1880 and has proved an exceedingly valuable artery for traffic.

There is not much history connected with this street which is rather surprising as there were a number of wharfs leading from the canal abutting on to it and in one of these wharfs a really serious catastrophe occurred in 1818. The wharf belonged to the Nottingham Boat Company and its site was adjoining what is now the Canal Street Bridge probably about where the Bridge Buildings are at present situated. A boat-load of gun powder was in transit from Gainsborough for use in the Derbyshire mines and had paused in Nottingham and was drawn up underneath the warehouse of the company. The cargo consisted of twenty-one barrels of powder each barrel containing over 100 lbs. The head of one of these barrels appears to have been faulty and some of the powder fell out and remained scattered about the wharf edge. This somehow or other became ignited and a terrible explosion occurred in which no fewer than sixteen people were killed and a vast amount of damage was done to property.

Just beyond Sussex Street is a good old-fashioned red brick house standing back a few yards from the roadway and fronted by a courtyard surrounded by a palisade. Its number is 73. In this house in the year 1819 was born Dean Gregory a most interesting and philanthropic character. His father was a leading Wesleyan associated with Halifax Place Chapel and engaged in the business of cotton doubling and dealing. Robert Gregory who was afterwards to become Dean of St. Paul's commenced his life by being apprenticed to a firm of merchants in Liverpool with whom he was thoroughly grounded in the principals of business routine and in the science of management and organisation. In 1850 he was ordained after a somewhat brilliant career at Oxford. He became a widower and took up work as curate of St. Mary's Church, Lambeth where he remained for two years. He afterwards became vicar of the desperately poor parish of St. Mary the Less, Lambeth, where he laboured with great success for twenty years. So important was the work that he did and so valuable were his services to the community at large through his work upon various external committees, that Mr. Gladstone placed his son, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, with him as his curate. Robert Gregory was made a Canon of St. Paul's in 1868 and was made Dean in 1894 and the period of his office will always be remembered for it was during that time that the services of the Cathedral were re-organised and a start was made with beautifying Wren's masterpiece. He died in 1911 leaving behind him the memory of a long and well spent life.

LEENSIDE is a continuation of Canal Street, but of course is a much older road, for we have found it to be the back road which gave access to the long strips of

land at the back of the Narrow Marsh houses. In it, just about its juncture with Canal Street was situated one of the town mills which was called the Malt Mill. This was one of several of the mills upon the river Leen. The flow of this river is interesting. It rises near Newstead Abbey and it used to join the Trent near the end of the modern Trent Lane, in fact some traces of its ancient bed may still be discovered in the fields by the side of that lane. At some early period, probably before the Conquest, this flow was diverted in order to bring the Leen to Nottingham so that its power might be used to turn the town mills. The new course ran close along the cliff to the south of the Park until it reached the Hermitage where was settled a body of Religious of such importance that the flow of the river was turned to the south to avoid disturbing them. Up to this point only one bank was necessary but for the rest of its distance a double bank was needed as it had to leave the foot of the cliff. It passed directly under the Castle rock and was used as we shall see in later times by the occupants of the Castle and it turned a mill somewhere about the foot of the Castle rock. It then flowed along Canal Street and Leenside and eventually turning in a southerly direction reached the Trent a couple of miles away from its ancient mouth. The mill in Leenside which we are considering was placed astride of the stream which shows that it was contemporary with the diversion of the current thus proving its age. The church of St. John the Baptist was founded in 1843. The foundation stone was laid by Earl Manvers and an address was delivered to the onlookers by Archdeacon Wilkins. It was completed in 1844 and the architects were Messrs. Scott & Moffat. It has been very much admired by some and said to be typical of Sir Gilbert Scott's revived

Gothic, but its surroundings are such that it is extremely difficult to get a view of it and to form any architectural judgment upon it.

Speaking of views, one of the most striking views in the whole of Nottingham may be obtained from the junction of Bridge Street, and Leenside. Here, if one looks up on the magnificent tower of St. Mary's perched upon its cliff with the wilderness of city roofs round it and glimpses here and there of strange old dwellings and warehouses, one is forcibly reminded of the view from Durham Bridge, and I always wish that there could be some notice put up hereabouts to call attention to the truly magnificent prospect.

Plumtree Hospital which is situated at the eastern side of Plumtree Square was founded in 1392 while Richard II. was on the throne, by John de Plumtree, who was sometime Mayor of Nottingham and who lived in a house whose site is now occupied by the Flying Horse Hotel, the gardens of which stretched right down to St. Peter's Gate. John de Plumtree dedicated his hospital to the Blessed Virgin Mary and decreed that it was for the sustenance of "thirteen poor widows broken down of age and depressed by poverty." It was rebuilt in 1560, two years after Queen Elizabeth came to the throne, by Huntingdon Plumtree, and was enlarged in 1753. The present buildings were erected in 1823. Nottingham may be justly proud of this hospital for it is one of the very few of the ancient charities which escaped the great pillage under Edward VI. in 1547, whereby the endowments of nearly all charities were swept away. The trustees under Plumtree's will and their successors must have been extremely efficient for so well were they managing their hospital that even Edward's Commis-

sioners, who were on the look out for every possible excuse for confiscation, could find no reason for taking possession of their estates.

There is nothing particularly interesting about the present buildings, but the grassy courtyard at the rear of the hospital is a very pleasant oasis in the midst of the roaring traffic of the neighbourhood.

POPLAR STREET was so called in 1905 and it is rather an unfortunate modern name replacing the older one of Butcher Street, which was quite a modern street formed across Butchers Close in 1800. This Butchers Close was a small tract of land which was used by the butchers for grazing purposes and over which they attempted to establish absolute rights by means of a law suit in 1779. By good fortune, owing to a technical error, the Corporation were able to maintain their rights and the butchers lost their case. The chief interest in this street lies in the fact that it was the site of the first gas works in Nottingham. I am not quite sure where they were situated but I think that they were at the corner of Poplar Street and a little unnamed street at its western end, which up to the sixties of last century was called Gas Street. The gas works were established in a disused mill belonging to John Hawkesley in 1819 and they cannot have been very extensive for at first they were only called upon to supply ten public lights.

The history of public lighting in Nottingham is not without interest. The earliest public lighting in England occurs in London where, in the reign of Charles II. a patent was granted to hang an oil lamp in the front of every twelfth house. In 1762 power was taken by the Nottingham authorities to provide public lights. This lighting was procured by means of whale oil and stand-

ards were set up here and there throughout the town bearing thick globular-shaped lanterns of glass partially filled with oil upon which a wick floated. Two of these lamp holders have come down to our own days. One, a somewhat elaborate one at the foot of the steps at the south east corner of St. Mary's Churchyard and the other a very simple one at the corner of Kaye's Walk and St. Mary's Gate. These were set up in 1807 and can only have been in use for about a dozen years. The supply of whale oil was kept under the steps of the old Guildhall in Weekday Cross and it is recorded that upon one occasion the cold was so severe that it froze up. It must have been an unpleasant and evil smelling neighbour for the district. The oil was procured from the skippers of the whaling ships which used Whitby and other north eastern ports and these mariners from time to time brought home portions of the gigantic skeletons of their victims and they distributed them either as curios or as advertisements. In Yorkshire, particularly in the district behind the whaling ports, field gates made from jaw bones of whales and other relics of the trade are of quite common occurrence, but further south their numbers diminish and they are very scarce indeed in our county. We are fortunate in having one such reminder within the city. It is a shoulder blade of a whale and is used as a sign board for the "Royal Children" at the corner of St. Nicholas Street and Castle Gate.

In 1814 there was a brass foundry at the corner of Bridlesmith Gate and St. Peter's Gate. It has of course all disappeared and its site is absorbed under the modern roadway, but it belonged to a Mr. Taylor, and during the winter of that year he illuminated his work shops by means of gas which he made on the premises and this was the first recorded use of gas in Nottingham.

In 1819 as we have seen a public gas supply was inaugurated and the streets were first illuminated on April 13th. Ten gas lamps only were lighted, one at the top of Hollowstone, one at the top of Drury Hill, five in Bridlesmith Gate and three in front of the Exchange. Crowds flocked from far and near to witness the miracle of a flame burning without a wick but these crowds were terrified lest the pipes conveying the gas to the burners should explode and blow them up. In the following year 1820 a meeting was held to consider the question of extending the gas supply, but somehow or other it got mixed up with a question of policing the town and considerable opposition was manifested. However, eventually it was decided to extend the gas works and they continued to grow until 1874 when they were taken over by the Corporation.

It is interesting to remember that electricity was first used for illuminating purposes in Nottingham on November 4th, 1878, while the Corporation first supplied electricity to light the Market Place in 1894.

FISHER GATE is curious inasmuch as it has little or no history, which seems very strange when one realises how close to the hub and centre of mediaeval Nottingham it is. It must be an old thoroughfare, its name guarantees that and it was the habitation of the fishermen who exercised their trade in the waters of the Trent and the Leen and their overflows. This fishery was very important and extensive and a very valued privilege down to the Conquest, but after the advent of the Normans the native Englishmen were deprived of their right to fish in the Trent which gave rise to much dissatisfaction and disputation.

In 1585 the south side of Fisher Gate is referred to as the "Holmes" and in it was placed one of the

butts of which there were several on the outskirts of the town. This butt was spoken of as "The Marks in the Meadows," and the district was called "Buttgreen." This is a little-known fact, but it accounts for the name of Arrow Terrace which leads out of the south side of Fisher Gate. The only interesting house that I have been able to discover in the length of the street may be well seen from Percy Place. It is a fine double-gabled brick-built house of the 18th century facing south and presenting quite a picturesque appearance with its mass of creepers. It looks as if it ought to have a story, but so far I have found nothing whatever about it.

In olden days Fisher Gate led into a somewhat narrow thoroughfare called Willoughby Row and this in turn led into Pennyfoot Row or Style as it was often called. Both these streets have been absorbed in the modern Fisher Gate, which is now a wide busy street with a great open space on its northern side, which is shortly to be absorbed for municipal and other purposes, but I mentioned them because "Pennyfoot" is about the hardest philological puzzle that I know of. If I might venture a suggestion as to its meaning I would suggest that it is really Panny Foot Stye; "Stye" we know to equate with "Stye" and to mean a pathway as in the well known Sty Head Pass in the Lake District. "Panny" contains the root "pan" which means "to connect" or "to associate." We have it in the ancient proverb:—

"Weal and woman never pan

But woe and woman ever can"

and I think that the full meaning of the name is "the footpath which connects Nottingham with Sneinton" which accords well with its history, for it did indeed join

Nottingham with Sneinton Hermitage by means of a foot bridge over the river Beck.

Running out of the north of Fisher Gate is CARTER GATE which is first mentioned in 1583 and which is obviously late as its name proves. It is a breach through the old defences of Nottingham which shows that they must have become worthless before it was made and it is associated I think with Coalpit Lane and that route of traffic by which the coal from Wollaton was conveyed to the Trent Side. We first hear of these pits about 1580 which accords well with the first reference to Carter Gate in 1583. It terminated in Sneinton Street which was formerly called Newark Lane and has an easterly branch which we call Southwell Road but which was originally called Glass-House Street.

Buck's view of Nottingham of 1743 shows glass works in this neighbourhood and they belonged soon after this view was produced to a certain Italian, Count Palavicini or Paravicini who used them for the manufacture of both glass and pot and whose name has come down to our day in Count Street which runs parallel to Fisher Gate.

St. Mary's Burial ground, the entrance to which is on the western side of Carter Gate, has a story associated with body-snatching which we shall understand better when we come to consider the other graveyards of St. Mary's, but there is a pathetic story to tell of the weighing machine which stood until the last month or so just at the junction of Machine Street, which has now disappeared in the alterations consequent upon the construction of the new arterial road, and Carter Gate. This machine was erected in 1838 and deep foundations were dug for its accommodation. A dog fell into this excavation in the course of one night and its cries at-

tracted the attention of a Police Inspector called Isaac Phelps. He procured a ladder and went down into the hole to rescue the dog, but to his horror found that the dog was mad and before he could escape he was badly bitten. He received the best contemporary medical assistance but it was unavailing. He developed hydrophobia and died miserably.

To be continued.

