



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



3 3433 07135860 4

COB
(Plymouth)

Eldred Digitized by Google

Plymouth
(Eldred)

One of 300 Copies

1/1

15/1

300 Copies only of this work have been printed.

class
C

**"STREETS OF OLD PLYMOUTH." BY CHARLES
E. ELDRED, R. N., AND W. H. K. WRIGHT,
F. R. Hist. Soc.**

47³⁹

1

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

5

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
304532A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1927 L

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

HISTORIC PLYMOUTH.

TWO characteristic forces of the times which go hand in hand are the destruction of the picturesque and the creation of the hideous. This sweeping assertion is made under great provocation. The few traces of the past which stand upon the ground whereon old Plymouth stood are getting fewer day by day. As one by one the old gabled houses vanish so the ghosts which haunt them are laid, and the legendary or historic associations of a spot become forgotten when a factory smoke-stack marks the site. These however are signs which denote a town's increasing prosperity.

Unhappily the old streets where once the wealthy merchants of the town resided have degenerated into a region of courts and alleys and decaying tenements given over to squalor and poverty. From crazy casements peer unwholesome faces,—too often of women,—slovenly, bloated, and unkempt. The sky-line of the roof-ridge suggests a wave of the sea. The plaster is falling from the walls in flakes. The windows lean awry in every direction, and the whole tottering structure is only saved from falling like a pack of cards by a stout warehouse at its side, against which it leans incapable of self-support.

A lamentable state of things, truly; but observe the remedy.

The old houses disappear, to be replaced by a red brick foundry or factory. From the confines of the town there shoot forth endless rows of hastily built dwellings in unsightly and monotonous sequence. They stretch and multiply like the limbs of some foul hydra, poisoning what they cannot devour of field and hedgerow. And here you shall in time see multiplied counterparts of the faces which thronged the courts and alleys of the old town.

If you would raise the ghosts which haunt them, walk through these narrow streets at dusk. The time-worn corbels supporting the projecting window-frames or gables will come to life as grotesque carvings. The craftsmen who chiselled them may have worked on board the ships of Drake or Hawkins and found inspiration in stories from the lips of the first men to sail round the globe.

It is but a step down to the wharves of Sutton Pool, where on one side the tawny-sailed fishing boats cluster thick as bees, and on the other grimy colliers are discharging coal with a rattle of winches in a cloud of exhaust steam. The little Anglo-Saxon fishing settlement which the Normans discovered

upon the shores of this well-sheltered natural harbour they registered as Sutone—South Town—which has come to us as Sutton. Its importance as a harbour slowly but surely increased, until in 1298 we find it contributing a ship to the King's Fleet. The town's history as a naval port may be considered to commence from this time.

Sutton Pool was the centre about which Plymouth grew, and from the margin of which the main thoroughfares radiated more or less irregularly. The most convenient landing place was probably near the end of Southside Street, for no quays or wharves were built till the days of Drake.

The earliest days of the 14th century witnessed the introduction of the ducking-stool. The one last in use, and which had its place in this neighbourhood, is still preserved in the Municipal Offices of the town.

We may picture the stocks as being somewhere hard by, and can even feel a certain amount of envy for an occupant as we imagine the scenes he was privileged to witness. He sees parties of pious pilgrims embarking to journey to the shrines of France and Italy. They are met, and rudely jostled by the rough mariners swarming ashore from the ships of war, and riotously disappearing into the narrow streets. Towards nightfall the sound of their roystering and singing in the taverns is drowned by the shouts and clamour of an approaching crowd. The cries and exclamations tell of a conflict at close quarters. He hears the surging mass stumbling over the thwarts of boats. As the splash of oars dies away it does not need the voices of excited women to inform him that Sir Reginald Cobham's press-gang has made a successful raid. He counts himself fortunate that he escaped observation, else would the gang have made little ado in adding him, stocks and all, to the tale of captives.

These were days, too, when brave pageants fringed the shore, and with one consent the folk kept universal holiday. As when fresh from the victory of Poitiers, the Black Prince landed with a company of royal prisoners, chief among them King John of France himself.

As yet the town maintained no regular garrison, but lay open to the attacks of marauding French, who, whenever they effected a landing, spread terror through the district, burning and pillaging houses and taking prisoners to be held for ransom. An unusually audacious raid provoked one William Wilford, then in command of the Western Navy, to fall upon their fleet with such effect that he captured forty ships laden with wine, oil, soap and iron. Yet not content with this he landed on their coasts, burning and laying waste many towns and villages. These attacks resulted in a fortified wall being built about the town, the money being raised by the sale of indulgences granted by Bishop Stafford. The inhabitants next petitioned Henry VI. to grant a Charter of Incorporation. It embodied a request that the Mayor and commonalty might

lawfully and without punishment strengthen the walls and fortify and embattle the towers. This petition was acceded to upon the Prior of Plympton agreeing to relinquish the ancient rights he held over the town for an annual equivalent in money.

Sutton Pool was at one time part of the Duchy of Cornwall, and was in 1617 let by Prince Charles of Wales and Duke of Cornwall, for twenty-one years, at an annual rental of £13 6s. 8d. to be paid in good and lawful money of England. It entitled the holders, John Hawker and John Howell, to some curious profits, viz. :—

“Anchorage, keyladge, measuradge or busheladge, fines of fisher boats and pottage due.”

But the most excellent Prince reserved a few perquisites to himself, such as “prisadge, butteradge, goods of pyrates” and a few other such items.

The name of Plymouth's first Mayor is perpetuated in the saying, “As big as Ketherich's pie.” This “great Pye,” to which fish, flesh and fowl all contributed, was made for the feast of the Mayor's installation, and was of so huge a size that an oven had to be built for its baking.

A few years later a feast took place which must have outdone Ketherich's. Thomas Greyle, on being a second time chosen Mayor, gave a great banquet and held a tournament on the Hoe. A brave gathering attended this, of Knights, Lords and Ladies, of noble family from far and near, who were accommodated in a gay pavilion erected at the Mayor's expense.

While Columbus was opening the way to the New World and the Spaniards, conquering Mexico and Peru, ranged unchallenged lords of the seas, most of the vessels sailing out of Plymouth were small merchant ships trading with France, Spain, and Portugal.

Under the direct influence and encouragement of Henry VIII., the seamen of Plymouth went further afield. One of these, a Captain William Hawkins, came especially under the King's notice. He undertook a voyage down the Coast of Guinea, where he loaded with gold and ivory. Then crossing to Brazil, he established friendly relations with the natives, bringing home the King as a willing guest.

Another Plymouth captain, Robert Thorne, set out in the *Dominus Vobiscum*, in a search for the North-West Passage. There was never a lack of volunteers to man ships for these expeditions, some influenced only by the spirit of adventure, others by a hope of making their fortunes. Yet whatever their hopes and motives, the last act of a crew before embarking was to go in a body to St. Andrew's Church and there take the Sacrament together. With their hopes realised or shattered and their numbers lessened, their first errand on landing was to repair to the same Church to give thanks for their safe return.

In Looe Street and St. Andrew's Street are houses still standing that may have sheltered sailors who worked the *Great Harry*, that wonder of her day, manned by a crew of seven hundred men. This ship, and the fleet which surrounded her, gathered together by Henry VIII. after the Pope's sentence of excommunication, so drained the seaport of mariners, that for a long time the fishing-boats went in and out of Sutton Pool worked by the women.

Then merchant ships returning from abroad brought strange stories of how men of their crew had been seized by the officers of the Inquisition and thrown into Spanish dungeons or burnt. To avenge these, vessels were built and equipped at the risk and expense of private individuals, and that system of privateering commenced which developed into piracy and buccaneering and culminated in the exploits of Drake.

Though men of Plymouth pined in the cruel captivity of Spain, yet the town lived the life of the times. The May-pole was set up in its season, and holiday kept, while mummers and morris-dancers performed their antics. Upon St. John's Day, a company of players performed miracle plays in the Church. Archery was practised as a sport in the open spaces outside the walls or on the Hoe. Beggars were kept out of town,—beaten out,—by a man who received ten shillings yearly for the duty.

Down by the water-side were shops for the sale of astrolabes and cross-staves, those clumsy implements from which the sextant has been evolved. Here the earliest problems of scientific navigation were discussed by the pilots. What heated arguments there must have been concerning the wonderful new method of rigging vessels which Mr. Fletcher, of Rye, invented, which enabled them to sail to windward by setting sails fore and aft.

The name of Drake was not well known,—although tradition says he lived in Looe Street,—till the *Judith* in sorry plight arrived at Plymouth with the story of the loss of the *Jesus*, at San Juan de Ulloa, with her rich cargo of treasure, the proceeds of a slaving expedition. But when he returned from his voyage in the *Dragon*, his ship coming into harbour on a Sunday morning, the news spread, and quickly reached his family, who were at service in St. Andrew's Church. And the story goes that the people passed out of Church, leaving the preacher to follow, and streaming down the narrow streets, gathered to await his landing upon the new quay which had been built under the Castle.

If stones could speak, the unrevealed secrets of the *Dragon's* mysterious expedition might be divulged by some of the old houses still standing in Looe Street or New Street. In the trawlers and fishermen who inhabit these to-day we see the lineal descendants of men who sailed with Drake.

Plymouth sailors took a part in all the romantic incidents of the *Pelican's* voyage, witnessed the execution of Doughty, weathered the fierce gales of the

Magellan Straits, and captured the great Spanish treasure ship *Cacafuego* with her cargo of pearls, emeralds and diamonds.

The honours showered upon him did not wean his heart from the town he had made his home, for soon after his return he was elected Mayor of Plymouth.

The sea claimed him again after his year of office, and his first exploit was the singeing of the King of Spain's beard, by the burning of the Spanish shipping in Cadiz harbour.

Days of suspense followed when rumours of the overwhelming strength of the Armada reached the seaports at a time when most of the Queen's ships were paid off and laid up. The strength of Drake's fleet lying in Plymouth Sound depended mainly on private enterprise. They were ill-fitted to encounter an enemy, their crews thinned by sickness through bad and scanty provisions, their stores and ammunition even being short. Their daily hope was for the approach of the Spanish fleet. When Fleming the Scottish pirate and outlaw interrupted the historic game of bowls upon the Hoe he was a welcome messenger. As the news spread through the town, the men ashore thronged down to the quay to make their way off to their ships. There was no misinterpreting the meaning of the beacon fires that flared on tower and hill-top as darkness set in. Against a contrary wind the vessels had to be laboriously warped out of the Sound. By daylight a motley crowd was streaming up through the Hoe Gate,—tradesmen and apprentices, women and children, merchants whose money had equipped the fleet,—all these mingling on the Hoe with rustics coming in from the surrounding country, armed with clubs, bills and pitchforks.

The fleet stood down Channel, for the Armada was not yet in sight, and the town was left to endure a night of suspense. The morrow was Sunday, when an anxious-faced crowd thronged the Hoe. For there within sight were the great ships of the invaders in actual conflict with the few little vessels in which they all had sons, brothers, husbands or friends. And so with a thunder of far-away cannonading they passed up Channel.

So long as water continues to run down-hill, so long at least will one undertaking of Drake's remain of lasting benefit to Plymouth. This was the making of the leat by which an abundant water supply was brought from Dartmoor into the town. This alone would preserve his name, though all his exploits on the seas should be forgotten. An annual ceremony called the *Fyshinge Feast* still survives, upon which occasion the Mayor and Corporation drive out to the Head Weir and there with due solemnity drink in water from the stream,—“To the pious memory of Sir Francis Drake,” and subsequently in wine,—“May the descendants of him who gave us water never want wine.”

The scene of this ceremony has been very materially altered by the construction of a great storage reservoir, and the conveying of the water through underground pipes instead of the open leat. Yet the Fyshinge Feast and its toasts survive, and are not likely to be allowed to lapse. Drake himself, says tradition, on the day the water ran before his door dipped his scarlet gown therein for joy that he had accomplished his great desire.

There were other seamen besides Drake who filled the position of Mayor. Sir Richard Hawkins, after being kept a prisoner for eight years by the Spaniards, was elected for the office on his release.

Hawkins was succeeded by one Matthews who had formerly been his servant. Also Matthews's wife had been maid to Lady Hawkins. It fell out at a civic banquet that a scuffle occurred between these two ladies in a struggle to sit in the highest place. Lady Hawkins, losing her temper, struck the Mayoress a box on the ear. The ferment it occasioned was not allayed until Sir Richard had given the town a house in Market Street. At about the same time Matthews built a conduit near "the great tree at Brittain Side" at his own expense.

Of the many expeditions which set out with the mission of colonising Virginia, one of the most memorable was that which sailed from Plymouth under the command of Admiral Sir George Somers. His ship the *Sea Venture*, being separated from the rest of the fleet by a violent gale, was driven in the last extremity of a sinking condition upon the dreaded shores of the Bermudas. Somers and his company were virtually the first colonisers of these Islands, which for some time bore his name.

The only known portrait of him, as well as an old lodestone and sea-chest, remain to this day in the possession of descendants of his in Plymouth.

Not every voyage finished with the clash of bells and the flare of bonfires.

The unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh returned with a single ship, the *Destiny*, the only remnant of a fleet of fourteen which had sailed from Plymouth the previous year. Some had deserted him, some had been captured, and some were parted from him by storms. Mischance had pursued him throughout. Sir Lewis Stukeley, Vice-Admiral of Devon, being sent to Plymouth to arrest him, busied himself in disposing of the tobacco and cargo of the *Destiny* to his own advantage. During this time Raleigh had every opportunity of escaping, and persuaded by the earnest entreaties of his wife, was actually upon the point of doing so. At midnight he put off to embark in a vessel which had been hired to take him to France. He put back before reaching her, to be conveyed a prisoner to the Tower, passing in sight of his estate and home at Sherborne.

Three events which pressed hardly on the town in succession were the plague, the press-gang, and a visit from King Charles. The plague, it is said,

carried off two thousand victims. The press-gang showed no mercy to the survivors. And the Mayor was called upon to pay the wages of the King's retinue, from the jester to the gentlemen ushers.

During the protracted and unsuccessful siege of Plymouth by the Royalist forces the town received its supply of provisions by sea, and there is a story of a miraculous shoal of pilchards finding its way into Sutton Pool in such quantities that they could be taken out in baskets.

Few traces of the fighting remain. Occasionally, a rusty cannon ball used to be turned up in the fields about Plympton, Plymstock or St. Budeaux. For all the skirmishing took place outside the town, upon the heights which are now covered by streets and houses. The only recorded damage was to a windmill upon the Hoe, which had one of its sails shot away.

A windmill on the Hoe! What marks its site now? Was it swept away by the solid citadel which was built shortly after the siege? Or is it a bandstand, or the shaft of an electric lamp, or the pedestal supporting the bronze statue of Drake that now occupies the spot?

We can trace no record of the disappearance of the windmill, though it is within the memory of living inhabitants that the Hoe was a rough waste where rabbits burrowed amongst the furze and bramble bushes.

The rough cliff pathway is now a carriage-drive. The traditional scene of Drake's bowling-green is an asphalt-paved promenade, and the moat round the Citadel walls has been filled in and planted with trim evergreen shrubs.

Yet still the fishermen in their generations bring their tanned nets up the narrow alleys from the Barbican quays, to hang them in festoons over iron railings which have taken the place of a rough wooden fence round the moat that their fathers used.

1901.

CHARLES E. ELDRED.

“ STREETS OF OLD PLYMOUTH.”

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ST. ANDREW'S STREET, THE TURK'S HEAD AND THE ABBEY.

ST. ANDREW'S STREET.

ST. ANDREW'S Street may certainly be called one of the oldest streets of Old Plymouth. Taking its name from the church which stands at the top, it was, until recently, full of old-world interest. Within living memory it contained some good specimens of Tudor architecture, and some of the best examples in the town. With their high gabled roofs, and projecting upper stories, these old houses formed a picturesque feature in the street architecture of Plymouth. Modern improvements and sanitary considerations, have, however, swept away nearly all that is picturesque, and one looks in vain for the ancient streets which were formerly in evidence. One side of this fine old street has been entirely removed, but on the other, or west side, are still to be found some notable examples of ancient buildings, the one depicted being the best example. A short time since an old building was removed to make room for a modern factory, and when the site was cleared there was disclosed an entirely unknown aspect of this fine old mansion, its quaint windows and massive chimney stacks revealing the fact that it was in old times a building of considerable importance. Higher up the street, several good specimens of ancient architecture still remain.



ST ANDREW'S STREET

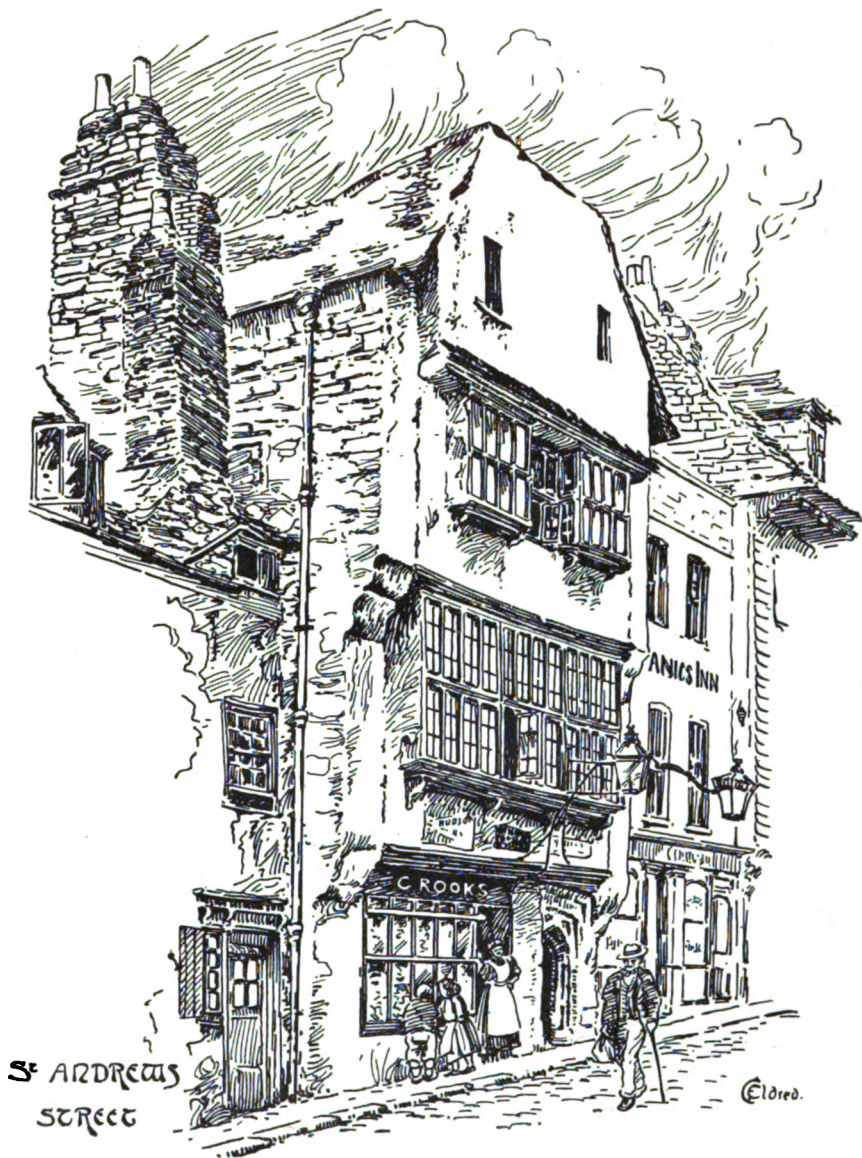
THE "TURK'S HEAD," OR "ABBOT'S HOUSE."

LONG since demolished, this picturesque building stood at the top of St. Andrew's Street, and was reputed to be the oldest house in Plymouth, dating, according to the best authorities, from the fourteenth century. Its site is now occupied by the Abbey Hotel, a painfully modern structure as compared with the fine old building which preceded it and forms the subject of our sketch.

Could we trust the name, we might say that the Turk's Head Inn was a relic of the later crusading days, but we fear that we must not indulge in the romantic visions which that fancied connexion shadows forth. How long the building did duty as an inn we do not know, possibly from the latter part of the sixteenth or early part of the seventeenth century. We find it entered as the Turk's Head in the "Picture of Plymouth" (1812) and we can trace no earlier record. But Harris, in his MS. notes on Old Plymouth, written at various times during the earlier part of the nineteenth century, calls it the Abbot's House, and says :—

"This house is now a publick house at the north west corner of Higher Lane known by the sign of the Turk's Head. It is always called the oldest house in Plymouth, and there can hardly be a doubt that it is coeval with the Old Church to which it has always belonged, and the land to the north east corner of St. Andrew's Street by the Church door and behind the houses on the southern side of the Market Place, being held on leases paying and yielding certain hie rent to respective vicars, seems as much as to say it was the garden ground or backlet attached to it and the higher side of Higher Lane, and I am of opinion that the three lanes were all built on out of the garden from their being parallel to each other. It is but a small house, the door-way is of antient Gothic make, the stone composing the arch is the same as that building in New Street, and there is very great similarity between this house and the house in Market Street, by the conduit, ye projection and elevation being the same."

Were we inclined to indulge in a fanciful vein, we might quote from a



ST ANDREWS
STREET

© Idred.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

lengthy article which appeared in a local paper about the date of the demolition of the Turk's Head. It allows the old house to tell its own story, and commences as follows :—



THE TURK'S HEAD INN.

“ I was designed and put upon my foundations rather more than 400 years ago, and have to thank the Crusaders, who beat the Infidels in the Holy War, for my name. In my youthful days the good town I'm about to quit for ever hadn't as many hundreds as it now has thousands of people, but it had more friars of orders grey, black, and white, than there are parsons of every shade in all modern Plymouth. Some of them were early

patrons of mine, and ever and anon gave me a call, liking well my sign, but better still my sack and my jovial company. A church, a monastery, and a town cross were my near neighbours, and I thrived well in their company ; and of my surrounding contemporaries (solid, gabled, and mullioned, and put together much as I am), there was hardly one that kept its head (or tiles) much higher than mine, for the tall and overhanging timbered houses, like my old friend in Notte Street, had not yet been thought of.”

THE ABBEY.

THE ancient building which still stands close to the old Church of St. Andrew, at the top of Finewell Street, although locally known as The Abbey, has really no right to that title, for it was never an abbey or monastic house, but merely the “ prysten ” or clergy house attached to the Church. Although shorn of much of its old-time dignity and converted into base uses (it is now a wholesale grocery store), it has yet much to

commend it to the notice of the curious. It is reckoned as the oldest ecclesiastical building in Plymouth, but it is difficult to give even an approximate date for its erection. It is however clear that rent was paid to the Corporation for the "prysten house" in the reign of Henry VII.; and at a much later date, early in the sixteenth century, there is a record of a grant by the Corporation to Sir Thomas Flyte, chantry priest of the "prysten house," for life, in consideration of his outlay in repairing the kitchen.

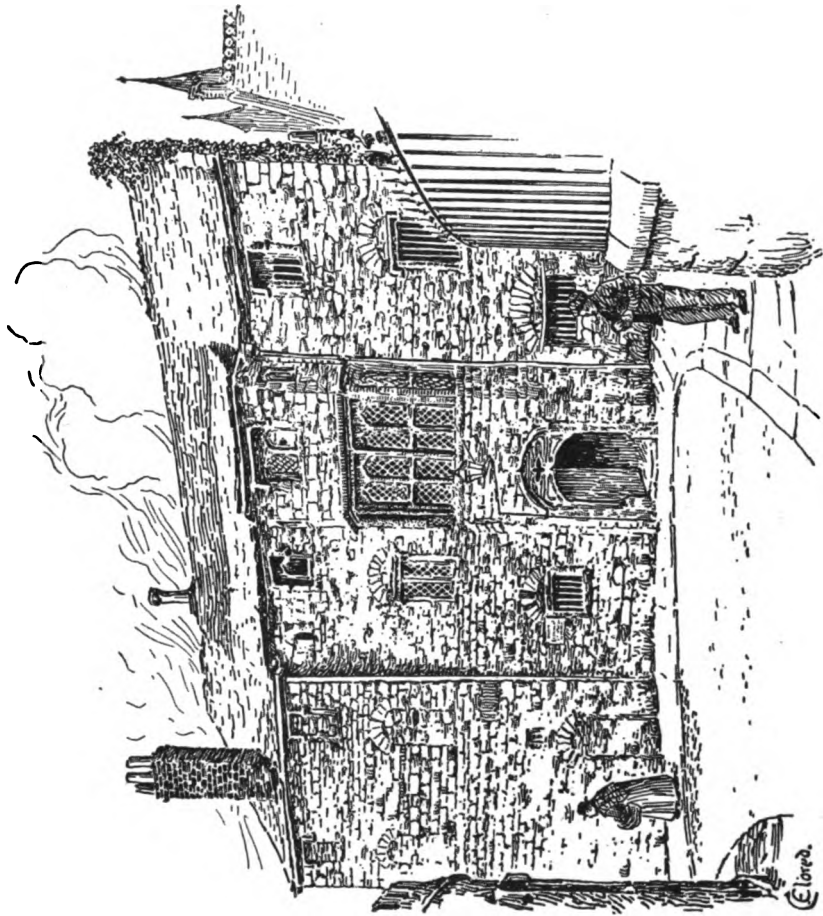
Mr. J. Brooking Rowe, in his "Ecclesiastical History of Old Plymouth," is somewhat doubtful as to the exact character of the building, for he says:—

"Of all the remains of Old Plymouth, St. Andrew's Church excepted, none is so perfect as its neighbour, the so-called Abbey. I will not weary you with repeating all the conjectures that have been made as to its origin. I cannot help thinking with most other persons, that it was in some way connected with St. Andrew's; but there is not the slightest clue, and any opinion is the purest conjecture, and I have nothing new to say."

Mr. James Hine, another authority on the ancient architecture of Plymouth, in an excellent paper read before the members of the Plymouth Institution in 1860, speaks of this fine old building thus:—

"On the south side of St. Andrew's Church are the remains—in a very perfect state—of doubtless another religious edifice of a much later period—(he had been speaking previously of the various monasteries in the town),—probably of the latter part of the fifteenth century. I am sorry I have been unable to obtain anything like a satisfactory clue to its history. It goes by the name of 'The Abbey,' and is said to be connected with the crypt under the chancel of St. Andrew's Church, by a subterranean passage, now, I presume, blocked up. It is a bold example of late perpendicular work. The stone carving, as in all our old buildings here, is of a rude character, partly owing, no doubt, to the hardness and brittleness of the material, granite."

We regret that this is all we can say in respect to this fine old house which is still in evidence at the top of Finewell Street.



TOK ABBEY

© 1892

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ACTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION



ENTRANCE TO OLD WORKHOUSE

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH; THE OLD WORKHOUSE, OR HOSPITAL OF POOR'S PORTION, ETC.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

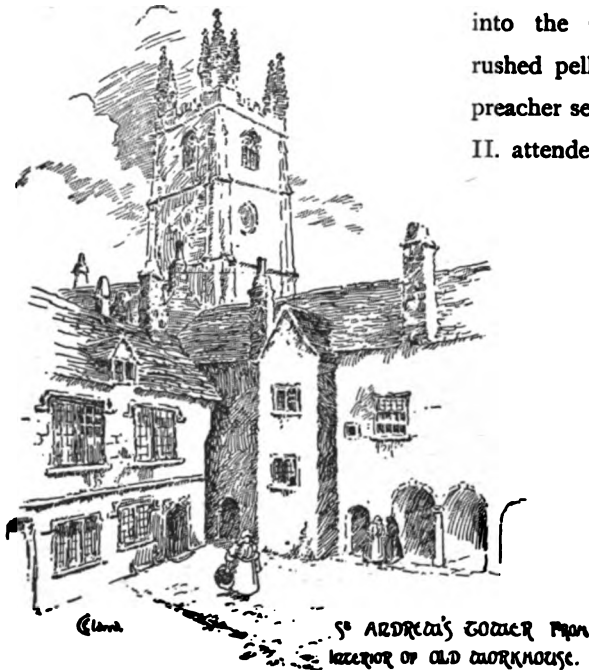
TO give an adequate account of the venerable Church of St. Andrew would require more space than it is proposed to devote to this entire work, consequently our readers must be content with a few primary facts.

Of the early history of the Church we know but little. There was a vicar here in 1087 named Ealphege. Between that date and 1260 the names of five vicars only are known. From 1260 down to the present time the list of vicars is fairly complete, and includes some noteworthy names. From this it will appear that the Church of St. Andrew was old even in the days of Elizabeth ; old, when the news of Drake's return from over seas being brought

into the Church, all the congregation rushed pell mell to the Hoe, leaving the preacher severely alone ; old, when Charles II. attended service here and touched a

number of persons suffering from the King's Evil ; and old, when the Pilgrim Fathers reverently passed its sacred portals to their lodging in the Hospital adjoining.

The building, as we know it, consists of nave and north and south aisles, all three of equal length, north and south chapels,



with a tower of three stages, buttressed, and with rich crocketed pinnacles. It is almost entirely of the fifteenth century. In 1385, a south aisle was built, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and about 1440, a north aisle, dedicated to St. John the Baptist. The tower dates from 1460, a rich merchant of the town, named Yogge, "finding the stuffe." About the same time the north chapel was erected, and by the end of the fifteenth century the whole building was completed. The style of architecture is late perpendicular. Except the shell and arcades, little of the ancient building remains. Alterations took place in 1826, but these alterations were very unsightly, and were cleared away in 1874-5, when the Church was thoroughly restored by the late Sir Gilbert Scott at a cost of £7,000.

The Church is 185 feet in length, and 96 feet wide in its widest part. It will accommodate nearly two thousand persons. The tower is 134 feet high. The appointments of the church are entirely new and are in excellent taste. Most of the coloured windows are modern, but there are many ancient monuments.

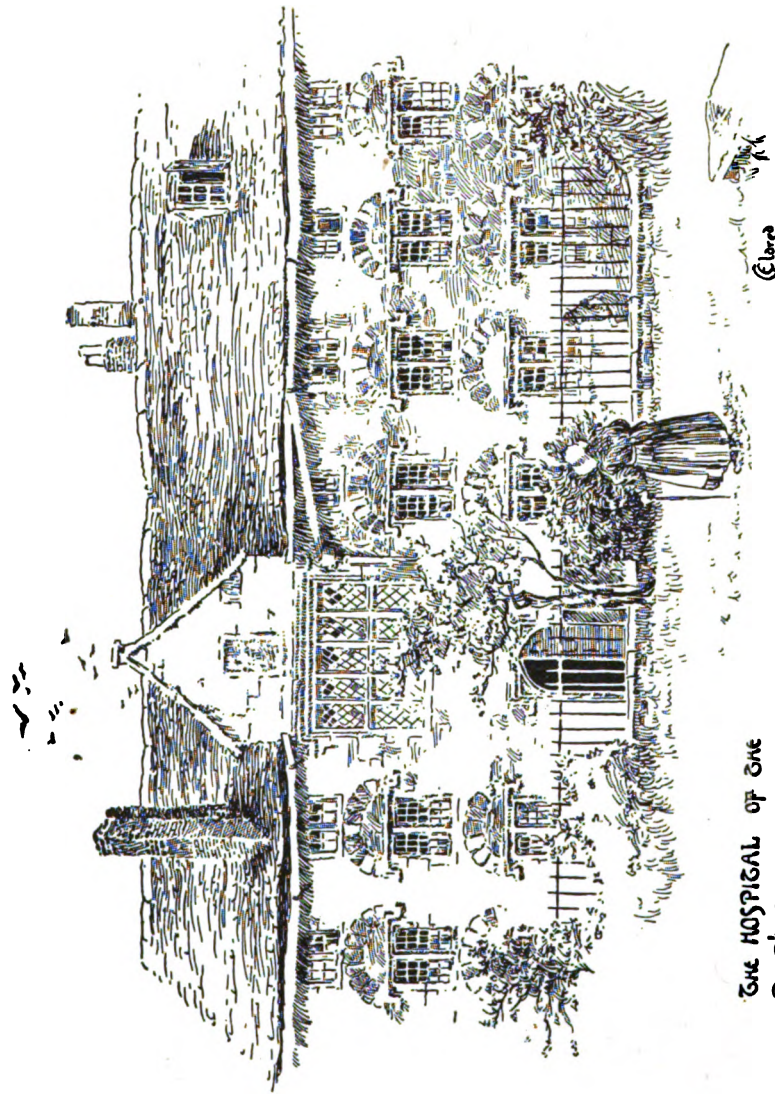
There is an excellent organ, and the service is carried out by a large surpliced choir.

Being the ancient parish church, a large number of strangers are drawn to it, the broad and hearty services being highly appreciated.

OLD WORKHOUSE.

THE Old Workhouse, or Hospital of Poor's Portion, was situated in Catherine Street, at one time called Workhouse Lane, and occupied the site upon which now stands the Police Court and Police Station. It was founded in 1615, its management being vested in the Mayor and Corporation. In 1708, the control passed to the Guardians, a body then newly created. In 1858, a new workhouse was erected at the top of Hill Park Crescent, in the north part of the town, the old site being a few years later utilized for the erection of the Guildhall.

The Old Workhouse was a picturesque structure, consisting of a low



THE HOSPITAL OF ONE
POOR'S RESIDENCE.

© 1862

W. H. P. K.

11111

11111

11111

11111

11111

11111

11111

11111

11111

11111

11111

11111

11111

11111

11111

11111

11111

range of buildings occupying four sides of a quadrangle, and it extended through into Westwell Street. The Entrance Gateway, the subject of one of our illustrations, was a striking feature. It bore a date and an inscription, "By God's help through Christ."

An adjoining building was the Hospital of Orphans' Aid, or Green School, established in the seventeenth century by Thomas and Nicholas Sherwell, well-known Plymouth Merchants.

There were at one time four such hospitals, in which poor children were clothed, fed and taught, these were named respectively, the green, blue, red and grey schools; the children wearing distinctive garb. Some of the schools still exist, but the distinctive clothing has been dispensed with, and some old and interesting customs connected with the foundations have passed into desuetude.

The archives of the Plymouth Corporation record that in 1572 "The Free School of Plymouth was built." This was known in later years as the Corporation Grammar School. At this time a grant was made by Queen Elizabeth to the Corporation on condition of their maintaining the Grammar School. The master was paid what would at that time have been considered a liberal salary of £20 per annum.

A century ago the Rev. Dr. Bidlake was the head master—some of whose peculiar characteristics have been preserved for us in the autobiography of Benjamin Robert Haydon, the painter.

"Finding," says "Haydon, that I had a taste for art, he always took me with another boy from our studies to attend his caprices in painting. Here his odd and peculiar figure, for his back was bent from fever, induced us to play him tricks. As he was obliged to turn round and walk away to study the effect of his touches, we would rub out what he had done before he returned, when his perplexity and simplicity were delightful to mischievous boys."

As it is only some thirty years since the old school building was demolished in company with its near neighbour the Workhouse, many reminiscences connected with it still linger amongst old Plymouthians who passed beneath its carved stone archway as schoolboys.

304532A

OLD HOUSES IN NOTTE STREET.

NOTTE Street, or Nut Street as it was sometimes called, was formerly, like all the old Plymouth streets, very narrow and not particularly straight. It was, however, graced with several fine old houses, not the least pretentious being the grand old Elizabethan mansion shown in the accompanying sketch. This was one of the finest specimens of Tudor architecture that the town possessed, and was a worthy specimen of the many ancient domestic buildings which existed up to a few years ago to show what a picturesque old town Plymouth must have been. What is the history of this old mansion no one can tell; tradition says that it was the residence of Sir Walter Raleigh, but that is doubtful, and there is no evidence to prove it.

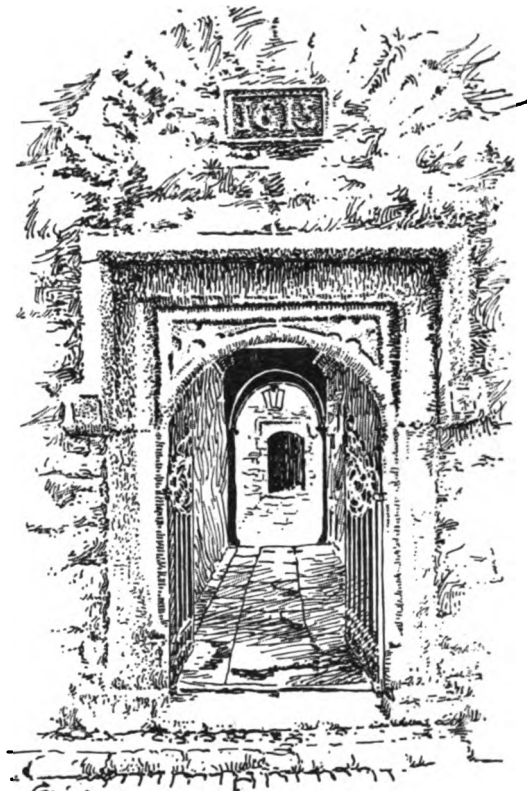
The present structure is a very careful restoration of the original building from which in fact a considerable portion of the actual woodwork has been retained. That of the principal window and some of the brackets, as well as the door and the ornamental doorway, were all portions of the old house which the architect has successfully incorporated with the new structure.

This house may claim one distinction as being the solitary attempt to preserve the ancient and picturesque character of the old streets, and its success only makes it the more to be regretted that further effort had not been made in this direction.

Over the main entrance to the modern block will be noticed an elaborate coat of arms, representing the present owners, Messrs. Harris and Bulteel, the proprietors of the Naval Bank.

Not far from these houses stood another even more worthy of preservation, if possible, but which has disappeared completely. There are yet a few others retaining nothing but their carved doors and door posts to tell of their former state.

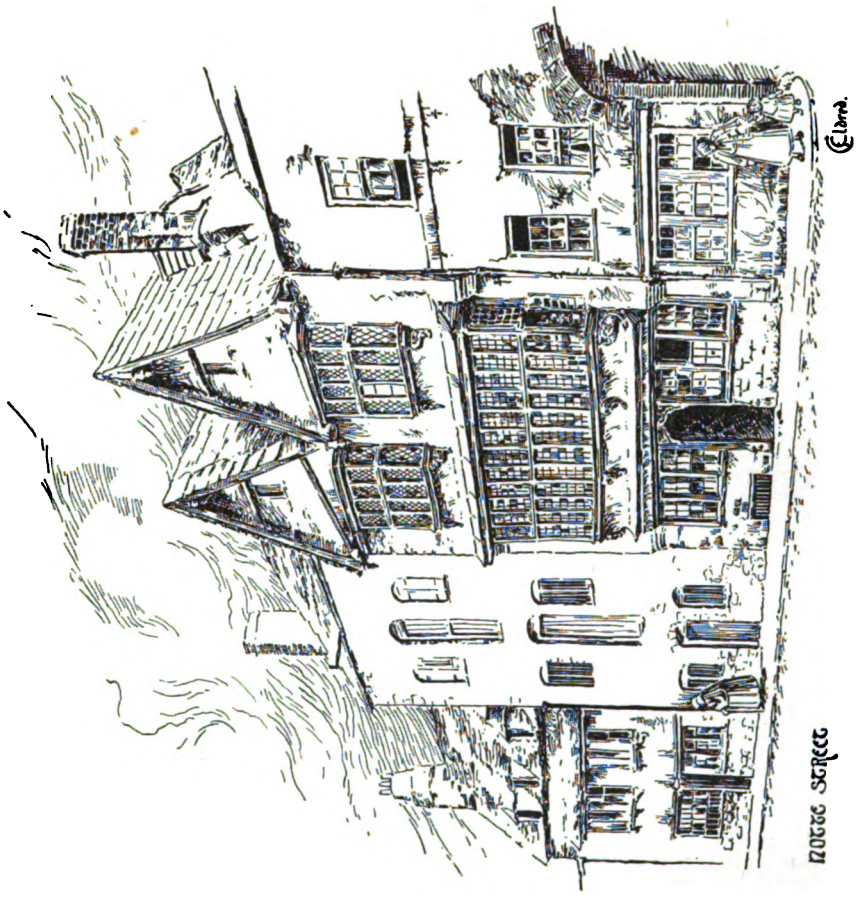
Another stone-fronted house now re-built on the other side of the street was known as the house of Cookworthy, the founder of the Plymouth China industry, and at the angle formed by Notte Street and Southside Street stood the Monastery of the Dominicans or Black Friars.



©lörd.

ENTRANCE TO OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL

1947
1948
1949
1950
1951
1952
1953
1954
1955
1956
1957
1958
1959
1960
1961
1962
1963
1964
1965
1966
1967
1968
1969
1970
1971
1972
1973
1974
1975
1976
1977
1978
1979
1980
1981
1982
1983
1984
1985
1986
1987
1988
1989
1990
1991
1992
1993
1994
1995
1996
1997
1998
1999
2000
2001
2002
2003
2004
2005
2006
2007
2008
2009
2010
2011
2012
2013
2014
2015
2016
2017
2018
2019
2020
2021
2022
2023
2024
2025



Clarendon

NOTICE SEE PAGE

D

Y. P.
LIBRARY
LE ROX
FOUNDATION

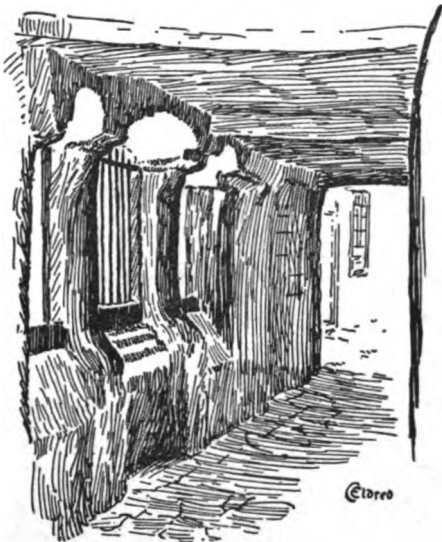
HIGH STREET, NICHOLL'S COURT AND OLD GUILDHALL.

FEW people, perhaps, who pass down High Street towards the quays realise that for centuries this old thoroughfare was the principal street of Plymouth. Long before George Street or Bedford Street were known, centuries before Union Street emerged from the marshes, the High Street of Plymouth was the very heart and centre of the famous old town. Up and down this street the brave men who helped to make the history of Elizabethan days passed and repassed, exchanging greetings with friends and comrades, and perchance, holding revel in one or other of the taverns or houses of call with which the neighbourhood abounded.

Little do the dwellers in the now squalid tenements and crowded courts imagine that generations of fair women and brave men lived and loved in what were in those olden days mansions, and are now the mere backwaters

of the prosperous life of the modern progressive town. Here in what are now designated the slums, lived the merchant princes and the men of light and leading of their day, and there were many prosperous traders who carried on their avocations in Plymouth's High Street.

One of our dramatists, Sir William Davenant, poet laureate in the reign of Charles II., once wrote and published a play entitled "Newes from Plymouth," in which the following passage occurs, highly illuminative to the students of Plymouth in the reign of the Stuarts. He puts this speech into the mouth of Cable, a sea-captain, who is explaining to his crew on



NICHOLL'S COURT

board ship what they will experience when they have leave to go ashore.

“This town is dearer than Jerusalem
After a year’s siege ; for they would make you pay
For daylight, if they know to measure
The sun-beames by the yard. Nay, sell the very
Aire too, if they could serve it out in fine
China Bottles. If you walk but three turnes
In the High Street, they will ask you mony
For wearing out the Pebles.”

And this is the street of which we are speaking. It is even now picturesque, but squalor goes hand in hand with the signs of ancient dignity, and decay is visible everywhere. Nevertheless it is still High Street, and to those who are interested in it for old time’s sake, it is still reminiscent of those olden Elizabethan days. For a time its name was changed, and it was known as Market Street, the market, or a portion of it, being carried on beneath the Old Guildhall which stood at the top ; its successor, in fact, stands there still as a witness and landmark of past generations, although its character is altered.

In dealing with such a subject as this, one feels that ordinary prosaic language is not sufficiently expressive ; romance is in the very air, the whole neighbourhood teems with suggestions of ancient days ; of the vanished glory and dignity of this old street, and of those who frequented it in the by-gone ages. We can picture to ourselves Drake the intrepid, whose town house was not far away, the courtly and chivalrous Raleigh, who, on his visits to Plymouth, is supposed to have lodged in Notte Street, the bluff old sea-dog Hawkins who probably had a house in this very street ; and all the other great sea captains of a wondrous age, swaggering up and down “wearing out the Pebles,” as Davenant puts it.

It may also be remembered that close to High Street, but really in Stillman Street, was the fine old building called Palace Court, where Katherine of Arragon was lodged and entertained by Richard Paynter, a wealthy merchant of the town. Its glory has departed, the old street has been relegated to the background of social life, yet still in the quaint old-world houses, the stone archways, and the signs of departed grandeur, we have the traces of wealth and dignity, which it will take long for the finger of time to erase.



HIGH STREET.

Y. K.
LIBRARY
EX
1011

One of the relics of the past which will attract the antiquarian student who ventures to penetrate into one of the arched recesses on the right side of the street, going down towards the quays, is what is known as Nicholl's Court. Here will be found a series of stone arches (shewn in the sketch) which evidently indicate the entrance to some fine old mansion, whose, or even of what particular period there is no evidence to determine.

At the top of the street stands the Old Guildhall, old only because there is a newer one, but, as a building, not by any means ancient. It was erected in 1800, and stands on the site of at least two previous Guildhalls.

This building is now used as a Public Library, and though small and inconvenient for that purpose, for three quarters of a century it sufficed for the needs of the town as the head quarters of our municipal government.

As we have said, the Old Guildhall, of which we give an illustration, was erected in 1800, and superseded a much more picturesque building which dated

from the reign of James II. This building stood upon columns of moor stone; these stone pillars were afterwards used in the construction of the market and are now to be found in the colonnade at Drake's Place. The building consisted of a large Hall, a Council Room on the next floor, but not over the Hall, the staircase of the Council Room was in the Hall, and this led also to the Debtors' Prisons. The Market was under the Hall and the Green Market, &c., below to the south. The Prisons



THE OLD GUILDHALL

were attached on the east side. There was also a dungeon that came out under the street on the north. The building taken altogether presented a venerable appearance, especially from the west. Mr. Whitefield painted both the east and west views in oil for John Arthur, Esq.; he also had two views

etched on a small scale, but these were not quite correct ; a superior drawing was done by Mr. Payne, the original being in the Plymouth Bank ; this faithfully preserves the eastern view of the Hall, Prisons, &c. The above is chiefly from the Harris MS., but it may be added that an excellent copy of Payne's picture is in the Public Library, executed by Miss Johns, daughter of a well known Plymouth artist.

A few words must suffice for a description of the existing building. It has little or nothing to commend itself to the notice of the antiquary or the lover of the picturesque. It was erected after the designs of a Mr. Eveleigh, of Bath, and cost £7,000. For ugliness it certainly could not be surpassed, and so men said from the first. It contains a Hall, where public business was carried on and justice dispensed for three quarters of a century ; a Council Chamber, very poor in contrast with that in which the meetings of our municipal parliament are now held ; various offices, and the cells ; the "Clink" being at the rear. Whatever may be said of the structure itself, it was the centre of Plymouth's municipal life, and in the large hall many historical and other interesting gatherings have been held, not the least interesting being the occasion when the Freedom of the Town was presented to George Canning, Secretary of State, in 1823. At a later date the same honour was conferred upon Earl Russell, and from that time to the year 1874 when the building was vacated for the new Guildhall, many interesting ceremonies have taken place in this hall. Since 1876 it has been the home of our Municipal Library.



NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

"MITRE" TAVERN AND PALACE COURT.

THE "MITRE" TAVERN.

THE Mitre Tavern stood in Winchelsea Street, now Woolster Street, and is believed to have formed part of the monastery of the Grey Friars. It was at one time considered to be one of the best inns in the town, and a long description is given of it in the Harris MS. In common with all other ancient buildings in Plymouth, its later years were spent amidst scenes of penury and dirt; its numerous rooms being let as

tenements to very poor persons. The buildings extended from Woolster Street in the front to Seven Stars Lane (now Stillman Street) at the back, and were undoubtedly very extensive. It had an inner court with cloisters, and colonnades; an ancient chapel, the appointments of which were remarkably fine. Some very remarkable pieces of carved work and mediæval paintings adorned this chapel. Early in the year 1812 the present Exchange was projected,



THE MITRE TAVERN

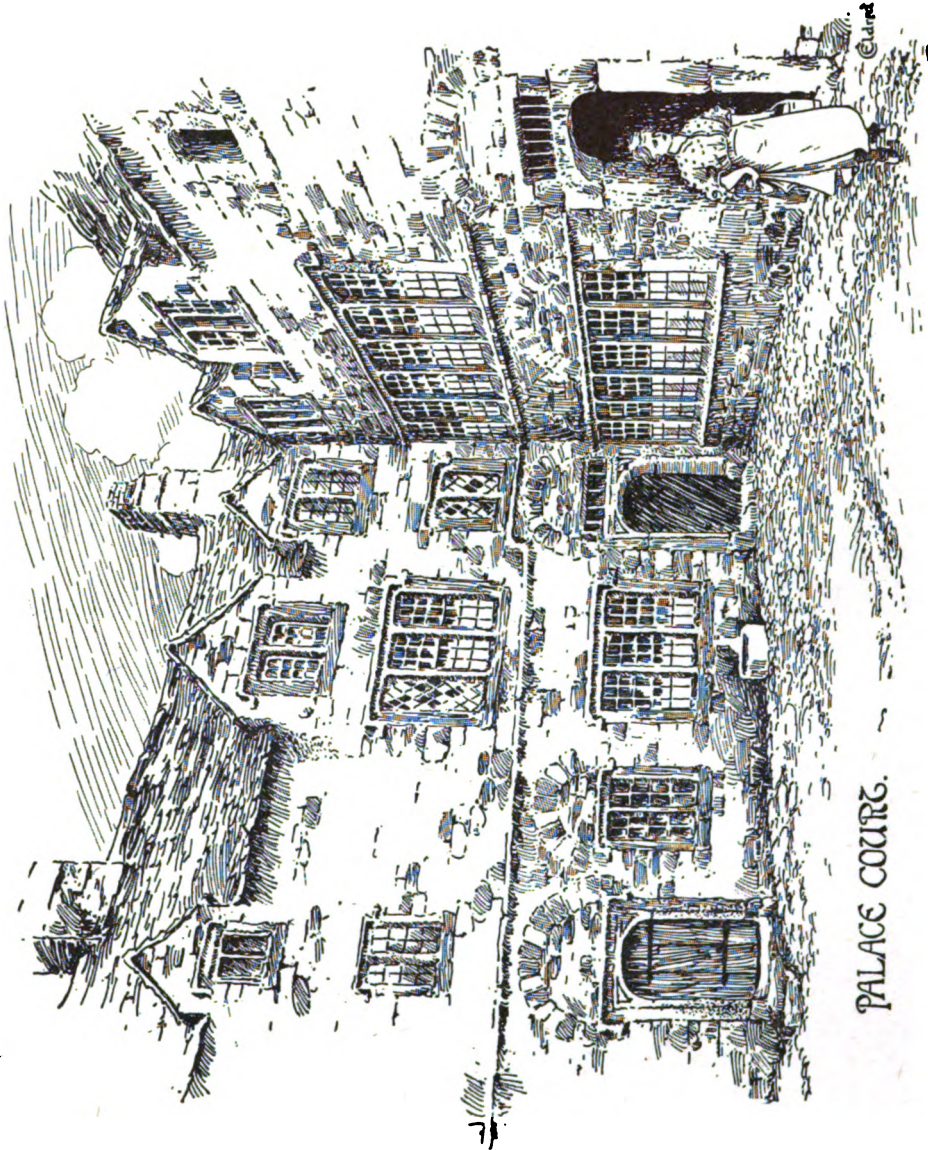
and the promoters purchased the site of the old tavern, and removed the greater portion of the buildings. A small portion, with an arched entrance was however left, but this has since disappeared, and no relics of either the monastery or the Mitre Tavern now remain. The paintings and other decorations have disappeared, and this sketch, taken from an old drawing is all the evidence left to us of what must have been a remarkably fine building.

PALACE COURT.

WE have it, on the authority of the well-known antiquary and traveller Leland, that this house was the abode of a rich merchant named Paynter, who built "a goodly house towards the haven," and here he entertained, in right royal style, that illustrious princess Katharine of Arragon, who landed at Plymouth in 1501, and after some vicissitudes of fortune, became one of the ill-fated wives of that Royal Blue-Beard Henry VIII.

This picturesque old building stood in Catte Street, now a part of Stillman Street, its site being now occupied by a Board School, which, to keep up the traditions of the past, is named the Palace Court Board School.

Tradition also avers that Charles II., at a much later date, lodged in this same old mansion; and certainly no more fitting residence could have been found for a Royal visitor. We well remember it, but, of course, its glory had departed; it had fallen upon evil times; but, as the illustration will prove, it was, even to the end, a place of considerable pretensions to dignity. Entering through an arched doorway at the High Street end of Stillman Street, the visitor found himself in a spacious quadrangle, with quaint buildings on every side. Arched doorways gave entrance to the various portions of the building, and even, when most dilapidated, there were to be found in the staircases, the windows, and the rooms, fine old carvings and charming wood panellings. Despite the squalor of the surroundings and the general air of dirt and dilapidation, the old building retained to the last, signs of its former grandeur, both externally and internally. A portion of this fine old house is faithfully reproduced in one of the Guildhall windows. The incident chosen is the reception of Katharine by Paynter. The Princess is attended by several Spanish grandees, and is evidently well pleased with the offers of hospitality extended to her. Two prominent figures are Lord Willoughby de Broke and the Duchess of Norfolk. Behind Richard Paynter is William Boyle, Mayor of Plymouth, who is, however, taking a subordinate place in the reception of the illustrious lady.



PALACE COURTY.

E

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE OLD CASTLE, THE HOE GATE AND THE CITADEL GATE.

CASTLE QUADRATE.

AT the foot of Lambhay Street is still to be seen a small but very substantial building, which is all that is left of the Plymouth Castle, which was built on the rocky spur at the eastern end of the Hoe, immediately overlooking and commanding the entrance of Sutton Pool, somewhere in the reign of Henry IV.

When Leland visited Plymouth he found the entrance to Sutton Pool defended by a blockhouse on the south-west, and on a rocky hill hard by "a strong castle quadrate, having at each corner a great round tower."

Risdon also speaks of it. From this old "castle quadrate" the town takes its arms, a saltire between four castles. This interesting relic is now used as a dwelling-house.



THE HOE GATE.

UNTIL the year 1863 this fine old gateway stood at the top of Hoe-gate Street, and was one of the ornaments of the town as a relic of by-gone days. It was built in the sixteenth century, and was the last of the ancient town gates. About the middle of the seventeenth century it was rebuilt, and in 1657 it was leased by the Corporation, but eventually passed into the possession of the late Thomas Were Fox, who caused its demolition at the date named above. There was no adequate cause for its removal; as a

structure it was highly ornamental, the thoroughfare was but little used, and the sum realised by its sale was little more than the value of the material. Moreover, it was the only relic of the town defences, save the gatehouse in Lambhay Street, and recalled the time when Plymouth was a walled town, with gates at convenient intervals. Needless to say the removal of this old landmark evoked strong expressions of disapproval. It is a pity that the Corporation did not purchase the structure and so preserve it, but the Corporation at that time had little or no reverence for antiquities, and certainly none for the æsthetic features of our streets.

It may not be inappropriate if we here give a brief list of the old town gates with their approximate dates and the positions they formerly occupied.

OLD TOWN GATE, rebuilt 1759, removed 1809. This gate stood at the junction of Old Town Street, just below its junction with Drake Street.

WEST GATE, or FRANKFORT GATE, removed 1783. Until recently a tablet was to be seen over the arched gateway leading into the yard of the Globe Hotel, with the following inscription:—"Near this place formerly stood Frankfort Gate, which, with others, formed the principal entrance into the Town, then enclosed by a wall erected for the greater protection thereof by the Mayor and Commonalty under the authority of the Charter of Henry VI. But in course of years this mode of defence ceasing to be of any effect, the gate was taken down in 1783, and the street and avenues adjoining considerably widened and improved. This tablet was put up by order of the Mayor and Commonalty, 4th June, 1813."

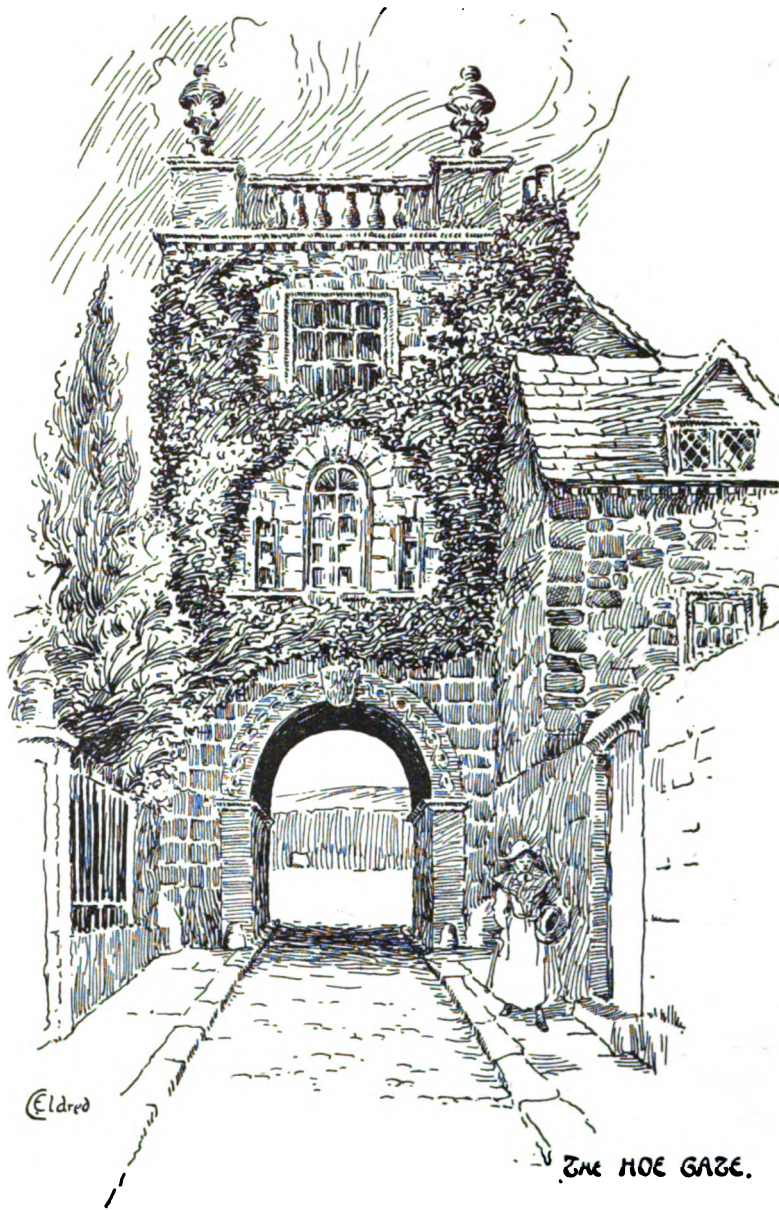
SOUTH GATE, at Barbican, built 1602, removed 1831.

FRIARY GATE, near where is now the Friary Station of the London and South Western Railway. It was removed in 1763.

EAST GATE, at Coxside, built 1589.


MARTIN'S GATE, removed 1789. This was at the bottom of Green Street, in Bilbury Street (now Treville Street) and stood across that part known as Breton Side. It had two arches, one leading up Green Street the other up Bilbury Street. This gate was very low and inconvenient, and coaches could scarcely pass through it. There were two or three rooms over the gateway.

NORTH GATE, at the head of Gasking Street, removed in 1768. There is



Eldred

THE HOE GAZE.

 THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

also a tablet concerning this gate still to be seen on or near its site. "Near this spot stood a gate called Gascoyne's Gate, and which for the purpose of its being open and widening the street was taken down in the year 1768 and thrown into the site of the street adjoining. By order of the Mayor and Commonalty, 4th June, 1813."

Four of the above gates were built in 1593.

THE CITADEL GATE.

A VERY striking entrance to the Citadel is this elaborate archway. It was erected in 1670, the main portion of the fortification which it adorns having been erected between the years 1666 and 1670. Until the extensive alterations made by the Corporation of Plymouth a few years since, this fine gateway was reached by a drawbridge, through an outer smaller gate, now rebuilt at the western sally port. This, the principal gateway is a very fine piece of stonework with elaborate ornamentation. On either side the entrance archway are sculptured trophies between the pilasters, the arch being surmounted by the arms of Grenville, Earl of Bath, who was governor of the Citadel, and consequently military governor of Plymouth when the Citadel was erected. In the centre of the next stage over the archway is a niche with a semi-circular head, which once contained a figure of Charles II., now replaced by a pile of cannon balls. On each side are warlike trophies, and the entablature and cornice are supported on Corinthian pillars, the whole surmounted by the Royal Arms, within an arch, over which is a globe between two crowns, while the lion and unicorn, each supporting a shield of the St. George's Cross, stand out clear above the building. The Citadel, as a fortification, is obsolete, although it has a few guns mounted on different batteries which are used chiefly for drill and saluting purposes. A large sum of money has lately been spent in providing new buildings for barrack accommodation, the fortress being now the head quarters of the Royal Artillery, attached to the Western District.

The Citadel was built by command of Charles II., on the site of an old fort, which had long existed on the spot, and which doubtless, comprised the "platforms" so often referred to in the Corporation Records as having been repaired.

Thus we have in the year 1591, the entry:—"The platforms on the Haw new timbered."

And, again, under the same year, 1591:—"About this time divers platforms on the Haw began to be methodized into a fortification regular, which was afterwards made the fort of Plymouth."

And again in 1593:—"The fort built on the Haw Cliffs."

The Citadel was visited and inspected by Charles II., attended by the Dukes of York and Monmouth and a large retinue, on the 17th of July, 1670, but since that time many additions and enlargements have been made. Nothing now is left but the inner fort or keep, the outworks having been removed when the Corporation regained some portion of the site and laid out the slopes and glacis, utilizing the trench or moat as a fine drive or promenade. Below the Citadel, near the Lambhay Point may still be seen a portion of the old fortification which is anterior to the erection of the present structure.



THE CITADEL
GATE.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

SOUTHSIDE STREET, PINS LANE, NEW STREET.

SOUTHSIDE STREET.

SOUTHSIDE, or Southside Street, is the street leading to the Barbican, and although much modernized it is still full of unique interest. Its chief attraction is undoubtedly the remains of the house of the Black Friars, now converted into a distillery. These premises may confidently be described as the oldest existing in the town.

When the Archæological Society were at Plymouth, in 1882, they visited the Distillery, and through the courtesy of the Proprietors, the visitors were shown the remains of the refectory, which is so perfect structurally that though it has been divided it could be restored to its pristine condition without difficulty. One part of it is used as a private office and the other as a store. Mr. R. N. Worth, the historian of Plymouth, who chaperoned the party, stated, "That there could be no doubt that they were gathered within the walls of the house of the Black Friars of Plymouth (the only habitable remnant of their religious houses). After the Dominicans were ejected it came into the hands of the Corporation, who long used it as the town Marshalsea. In 1672, it became the first meeting-place of the Plymouth Nonconformists, after Bartholomew, under Nicholas Sherwill; and later it was occupied by a congregation of Huguenots, and for the last century it has been a distillery."

In Southside Street there stood until recently another most noticeable building. It occupied a position fronting



COURT OF SOUTHSIDE STREET.

Southside Street, at the corner of Pins Lane. The entrance from the street was

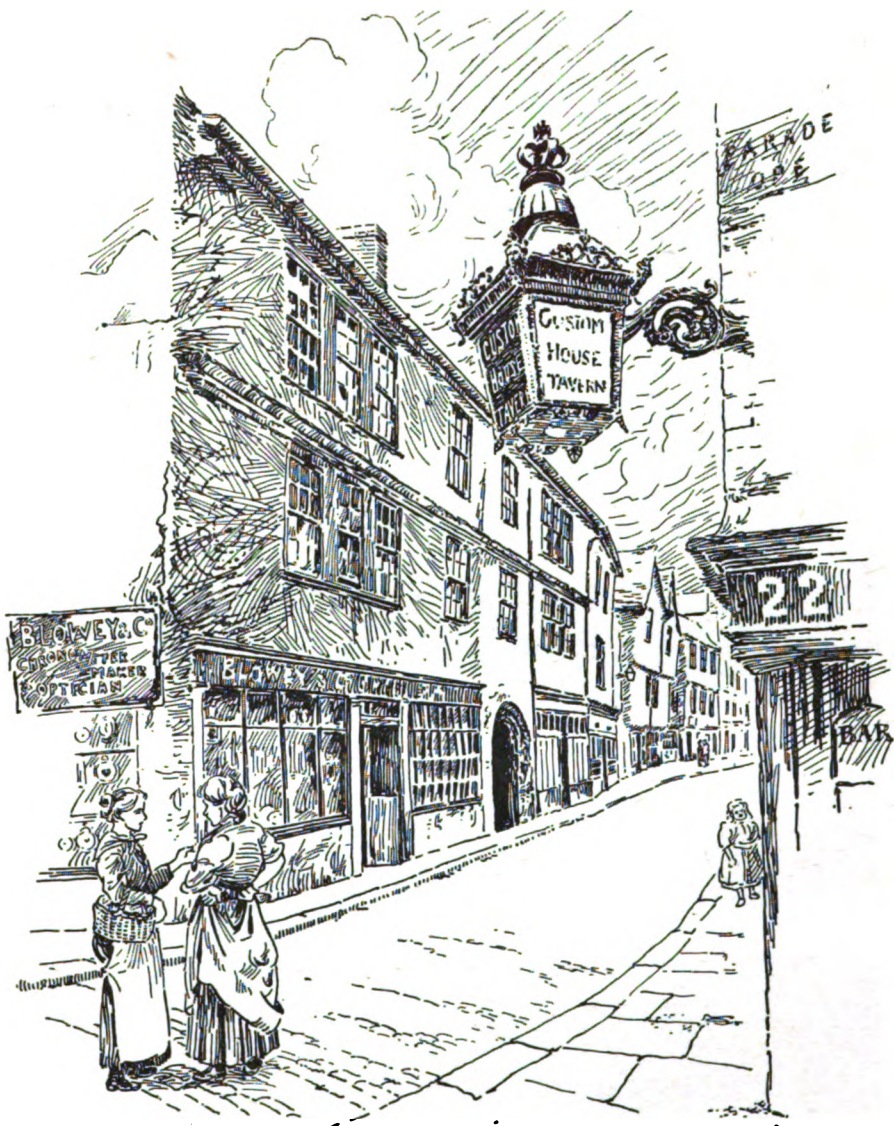
by a large stone gateway, and over the inner entrance were the arms of the Cockes of Plymouth, viz., "Argent a chevron engrailed between 3 cocks' heads erased sable, on a canton argent an anchor or." It is traditionally stated to have been the residence of Capt. Cocke, who did good service, in 1588, against the Spanish Armada, and was the only English officer of note to lose his life in the action. The building must have been a large one, as it extended into New Street, and therefore occupied the whole length of Pins Lane, which connects the two streets.

In Pins Lane formerly stood the quaint little houses shewn in the sketch, having outside staircases and old diamond-paned windows. They had become very dilapidated and were very insanitary, consequently their removal was necessary. Nevertheless, one cannot but regret that so picturesque a bit of old Plymouth could not have been preserved.

NEW STREET.

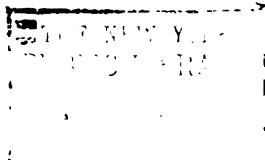
NEW Street has been already mentioned, we need, therefore, only add a few words more. Although called New Street, it is one of the oldest streets in the town, and was, in the eighteenth century, the residential quarter of some of the principal merchants and people of standing in the town. It had, however, very much deteriorated in the early part of the nineteenth century and has gradually gone lower in the social scale of its inhabitants, as well as in the rickety character of its buildings. Two houses, already mentioned as near the Barbican, with fine overhanging gables and carved corbels and doorposts, are solitary specimens of what Plymouth houses used to be, and even they are doomed.





SOUTHSIDE STREET

Eldred.





PINE LANE

Eldred.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
1952

THE BARBICAN OR SOUTH GATE.

FOR many years the Barbican has been the wholesale fish market of Plymouth, and was at one time known as Southside, the South Gate having been near by. As its name implies, the Barbican formed a part, and an important part, of the fortifications of Plymouth, the Castle standing on the higher ground immediately at the rear of the buildings which then, as now, clustered near the waterside. Although nearly all the ancient buildings have been swept away, yet a few remain, either on the Barbican itself or in the streets immediately adjoining, notably New Street. In fact, two of the most picturesque houses in the old town may be discovered by turning out of the Barbican and walking a few steps into New Street. But with these we deal elsewhere. Interesting as is the Barbican, because of its great antiquity and its immediate connection with the most memorable events of Plymouth history, it is also full of interest from a modern and commercial standpoint.

The early visitor to the Barbican will find himself in the midst of a busy, bustling scene; sturdy fishermen, loud-voiced fish salesmen, costermongers, fish women and the usual hangers-on of a great industry jostling one at every turn. The Plymouth fisheries form a not inconsiderable factor in the industrial life of Plymouth, and here may daily be seen hundreds of fishing boats belonging to Plymouth, besides many



THE BARBICAN OR SOUTH GATE

others from distant ports, discharging their catches, which are being sold, packed and despatched to London or elsewhere by the early or, perhaps, by special trains. In addition to the ordinary fishing smacks and trawlers, may also be seen two or more steam trawlers, these vessels venturing much farther afield than the sailing craft, and it is nothing uncommon for these steam trawlers to go as far as the Bay of Biscay for fish. Taking it altogether, there is no more stirring and busy scene in the town of Plymouth than may be witnessed upon the Barbican in the early hours of the day, not only during the fishing season, but at almost any time throughout the year.

Turning for a moment to the historical associations connected with the Barbican, it may be said briefly that from the earliest times it has been the witness of stirring scenes. The departure of the *Black Prince*, as portrayed in the Guildhall window; his return from his victories in France; the raids of the Bretons, who burnt a great portion of the town; the landing of Katharine of Arragon; the coming of the Armada and the preparations for defence; the departure of the Pilgrim Fathers, the exciting incidents of the Siege during the Civil War; the arrest of Sir Walter Raleigh; and a host of other events of more or less historical importance must be associated with this old quay, or rather with the place itself, for the quay as it now stands is a modern structure, the whole place having been recently improved at a large expense by the Corporation of Plymouth.

On the Pier, at the end of the Barbican, is a stone with the simple word "Mayflower, 1620," as well as a tablet let into the wall recording some particulars of the sailing of the Pilgrims. This is a spot venerated by Americans.



OLD HOUSE OR THE
BARBICAN.

E. Dred.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

OLD CUSTOM HOUSE AND THE PARADE.

ON the Parade stands a quaint old building, now used as a store, everything but its substantial walls being in a state of decay. The numerous bricked-up arches indicate that it originally presented a very different appearance. There remain on the level of the street two handsome doorways with lintels and posts of carved granite. This was the Custom House of Plymouth in the seventeenth century, and the immediate predecessor of the building on the opposite side of the Parade, the latter building having been erected in 1820, at a cost of £8,000. We are, however, informed that the Corporation paid for work on a Custom House so long ago as 1586. From this, and from other evidence, it appears that the official business of the Customs has been carried on in the vicinity of Sutton Pool for centuries.

The mediæval merchants did not always get on well with the authorities, and in 1450, they obtained an Act of Parliament to relieve them from the extortionate demands of the water bailiff.

It is recorded that Henry Harfam, "custemer of Plymouth," was executed at Tyburn in 1537, but the nature of his offence is not disclosed.

When this old building was erected, what is now known as the Parade, was a creek with private houses and warehouses lining both sides of the way, the water flowing almost to the bottom of High Street.

At what date the New Quay was erected we have not been able to discover, but it is shown in a plan of the Barbican made in 1677, now in the British Museum, and in a later plan (that of Benjamin Donn, published in 1765), the place is plainly marked New Quay, and in the centre stands one of the town conduits, one of many such structures erected in the town during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to be superseded during the nineteenth century by the more efficient water supply, which the inhabitants now enjoy.

One authority suggests that in olden time the Old Custom House, here portrayed, was used as a barracks for artillery, and that the men used to parade on the open space in front, hence the name. But however that may be it is certain that the large open space from High Street to the Barbican,

reclaimed from the sea, has been at various times the rallying ground of the inhabitants and the centre of excitement in troublous times as well as in the more peaceful excitements of modern elections.

One of our most noted Plymouth artists, Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy, was born, it is said, in one of the houses on the north side of the Parade. The house has recently been replaced by a more modern structure, and we would suggest that some steps should be taken to perpetuate the memory of our great and notable townsmen. The only instance we know of this being done in the town is in the case of the birthplace of Dr. John Kitto, in Seven Stars Lane, now Stillman Street, where the present proprietors of the site have affixed to their malt-house or store, a tablet bearing an inscription to the effect that Kitto was born in a house which formerly stood there.



THE OLD CUSTOM HOUSE

© Lord

THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

LOOE STREET.

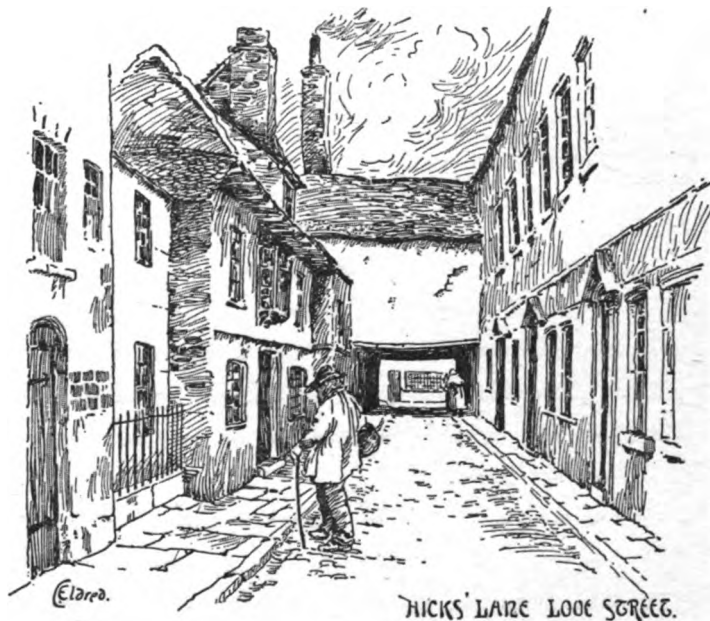
LOOE Street, at one time called Pike Street, is now almost a thing of the past ; one side has been entirely demolished, and many of the old houses which in former days made the narrow thoroughfare so picturesque have been modernized and there is little or nothing now to attract visitors, save and except two or three quaint relics of Tudor architecture.

Tradition has it that the town residence of Sir Francis Drake was at the top of this street, close to the Old Guildhall, and other magnates occupied houses in the immediate vicinity.

An architectural freak which went by the name of Hicks' Lane formed a thoroughfare between Looe Street and How Street.

In this street also, within living memory, was the publishing house of the *Plymouth Herald*, a weekly paper, which had a good circulation.

The "Pope's Head," in Looe Street, was probably for centuries the chief house of entertainment in the town, where most of the grandees, who came hither from all parts of the world, put up. In fact, before the erection of the Royal Hotel, in 1813, it was considered the head hotel, and its landlord became the first lessee of the Royal. Of course, the "King's Arms," in Briton Side,



was also a noted house, for, being on the main road to Exeter, the coaches made that their house of call.

Cyrus Redding, in his "Fifty Years' Recollections—Literary and Personal," has many interesting stories to tell of Old Plymouth people, places and things. Here is one which relates to the "Pope's Head" Inn:—"Once, on Incledon's coming down, some naval men agreed to invite him to dinner at the 'Pope's Head' Inn. We had an admiral in the chair. I joined the party. The object was to hear his sea songs, which no one ever sung like him. He was a coarse man, fond of eating and drinking. The bottle circulated freely. He gave some of his best songs in excellent style. I had heard that the passage in Samson Agonistes, beginning 'Total eclipse,' was admirably given by him. He began it, but in a few minutes his head sank on his breast and he ceased to articulate, becoming totally eclipsed himself. It appeared he had been dining out daily for a week before. It is probable that his dinings out, and sacrifices to the bottle which followed, and which he could not resist, aided to shorten his days."

At the bottom of Looe Street formerly stood a picturesque old house of ancient pattern, the chief feature being that the front was slated; the slates being of curious shapes. It was almost identical with other houses in different parts of the town, viz., Kinterbury Street, formerly Colmer's Lane; Southside Street and Treville Street. But the most interesting feature of the old house in Looe Street was a sign with a grotesque carving of a lion fondling a lamb, and the quaint couplet:—

"The time will be
A Lyon and Lamb will agree."

Looe Street had many other interesting features, but these must suffice.

In coaching days it was probably a more important street than at any other time, and possibly it is destined to become again an important thoroughfare, the Corporation having widened it and purchased the whole site between How Street and the Old Guildhall for the purpose of erecting blocks of workmen's dwellings thereon.

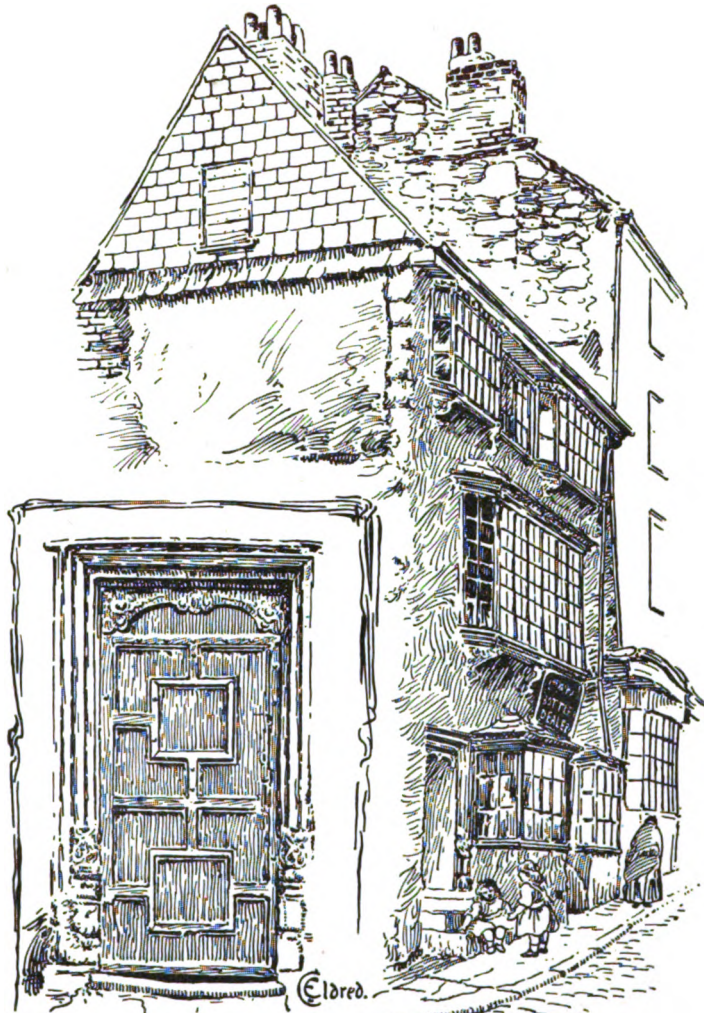
Batter Street, at one time known as Pomeroy Conduit Street, which leads to the Parade, was the scene of the accident which caused the life-long deafness of Dr. John Kitto, and his birthplace was in Stillman Street, which runs parallel with Looe Street, as stated elsewhere.



Looe Street

E. Dore.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION



Door &
House
12 Looe Street

OLD TOWN STREET.

“**O**LD Town,” modernized into “Old Town Street,” has been termed the germ of ancient Plymouth. It was for centuries a most important part of the town, and is frequently mentioned in old documents. One of the oldest wards of the town was termed Old Town Ward. Of course, the designation was not confined to what is now known as Old Town Street, one of the chief thoroughfares leading out of the town to the Tavistock Road. In 1653-4, the sum of £6 14s. 6d. was spent on building the “Yarn Market” in Old Town, and in 1656, shambles were built in the middle of Old Town, a long narrow range of buildings 200-feet by 12-feet, with the Leather Hall above, extending about a third of the length, and costing £177 10s. 9d. Other portions of the market were in Whimble Street, the Fish Shambles being constructed in 1693, and eventually removed to the Guildhall. A Fish Market was made in 1601-2 against the churchyard wall.

This old street contained several old inns, two of which are shown in the accompanying sketches, viz., the “Old



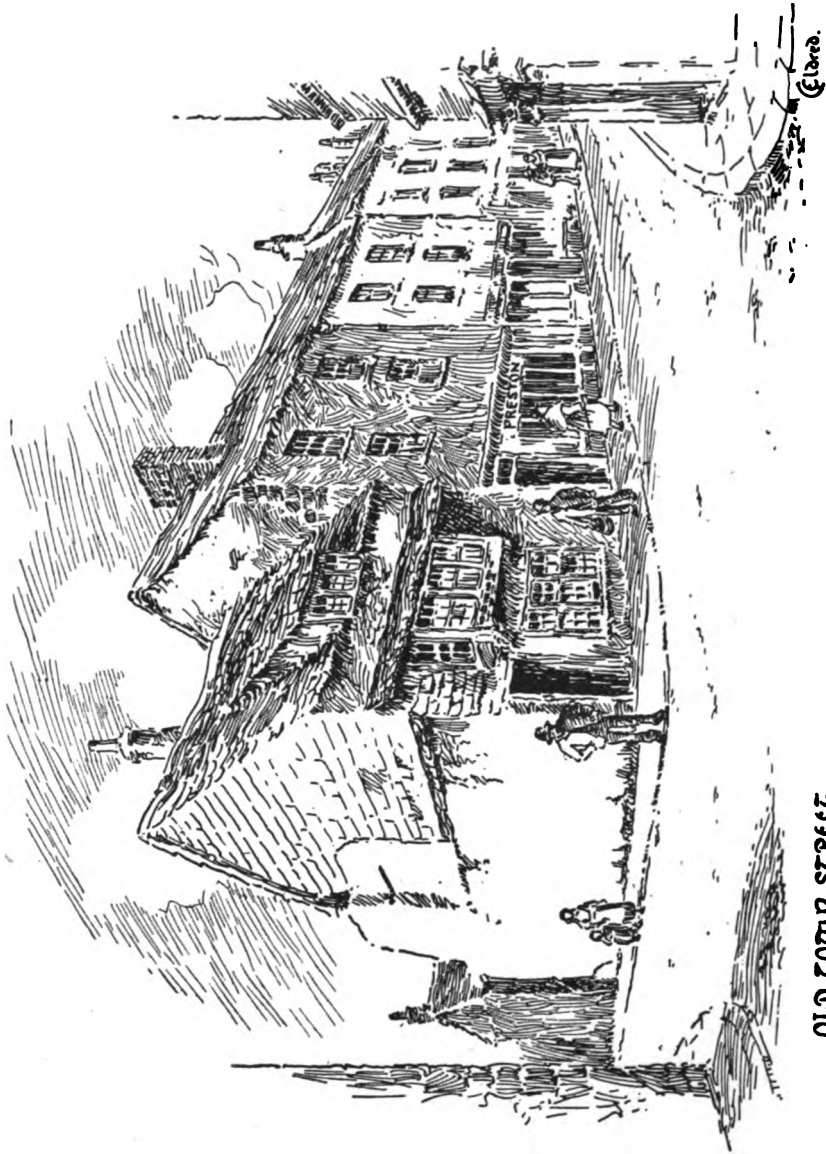
Four Castles" and the "Rose and Crown." There were also the "White Hart" and the "Ring of Bells," the "Cornish Inn," the "Bedford Inn," the "Noah's Ark," the "Golden Lion," and others which need not be particularized.



THE OLD FOUR CASTLES INN.

In the "Rose and Crown," one of the oldest Plymouth hostels, we seem to have a survival of the Wars of the Roses, and certainly the appearance of the old inn, as shown in the sketch, points it out as having dated from very early times. "Chubb's" Hotel is but the successor of the modest Commercial Inn.

In glancing over the list of names given in an old Directory of Plymouth (1812) one meets with a lot of names of traders and others resident in Old Town Street, in addition to which we find the names of others of the private and professional classes who resided either in the street itself or in Old Town Without, which meant without the gate, for there was at that time a gate at the junction of Old Town Street and Drake Street, and just beyond was one of the conduits, now to be seen in the ornamental grounds surrounding the Drake's Place Reservoir. This old street has now been thoroughly transformed. Once a narrow thoroughfare with low buildings, it is now a broad and handsome street, and will be still more so when the Corporation have carried out the great designs which they have in hand, which promises to be a costly enterprise, and will take some years to complete.



Clared.

OLD COMAR STREETS.

H

UNIVERSITY OF
MICHIGAN LIBRARY
A SERVICE OF
THE LEON FOUNDATION

HIGHER STREET, BRETON SIDE, FRIARY GREEN AND PASSAGE HOUSE INN.

HIGHER STREET.

IT is not long since, that in Higher Street on the north side of Exeter Street, and Lower Street on the south side of the same street there could be seen numerous picturesque houses such as are shown in the accompanying sketch. In common, with nearly all the old streets of Plymouth, the hand of the destroyer has been busy, and these fine gabled houses have been demolished to give place to newer and less picturesque dwellings. In this way old Plymouth is vanishing, and new Plymouth is arising in all the glory of new bricks and ugly stucco to the disgust of lovers of the picturesque on the one hand, but to the joy of the utilitarian on the other.

Not only are the old houses, which form links with the remote past disappearing, but even the street names become obliterated as years go by, and the march of improvement spreads. It is the duty therefore of those who venerate the past to do their best to preserve the memorials of old Plymouth—the Plymouth as known to our fathers and grandfathers. In old maps we note many street names which are no longer in existence; thus, in the immediate neighbourhood of which we are treating, Higher Street was named Hawk Street (in 1765), and Lower Street does not appear at all. Briton Side has lost its individuality and has been merged into Treville Street, and Jubilee Lane now forms part of Exeter Street; Seven Stars Street (which is of more than ordinary interest as the birthplace of Kitto) has been amalgamated with Stillman Street; Duck's Lane is now Week Street; Butcher's Lane has regained its older appellation of Treville Street (from an old family name); Colmer's Lane is now known as Kinterbury Street; Pomeroy Conduit Street would scarcely be known as Batter Street; and Buckwell Street, which, between 1812 and 1821, was known as Higher Broad Street, has returned to its allegiance to the still older name of Buckwell Street; its sister, Bilbury Street, for a time known as Lower Broad Street, being now merged with Treville Street. The name Exeter Street appears

to have been given to a portion of Briton Side (qy. Bitton Side) as late as 1793, and Friars Lane, now Beaumont Road, once rejoiced in the appellation of Denham's Lane. Green Street was for a short time known as Little Church Lane ; then as New Church Lane, and of late years it also has returned to its older patronymic. Many other changes in our street nomenclature might be mentioned, but these must suffice to show that the town authorities have at various times played fast and loose with our town's traditions, with little or no veneration for the men, the events, or the days of the past.

We have nothing particular to say concerning these houses in themselves, they are merely taken as types of the old architecture of the town, similar to those already noted as existing in New Street, Notte Street, Southside Street, High Street, and elsewhere.

BRETON SIDE.

BRITON, or Breton, Side is the name still associated with a portion of the main road leading to Exeter, which now forms part of Treville Street. As noted above, many of the old street names have been obliterated by the present generation ; in some instances they had immediate connection with town affairs, and, in a few cases, they recorded important historical events or distinguished men and families. Many instances might be cited where old names having a significance have been abolished in favour of new names having little or no significance. Briton Side is one of the most notable of these examples, and commemorates repeated attacks made upon the town by the French, or natives of Brittany. These raids extended over nearly a century, the most notable occurring in 1339, 1377, 1399, 1403 and 1404-5. In this latter year the invaders destroyed the greater portion of the town, about 600 houses having been burned. But the brave seamen of Plymouth were not inactive, they did not allow the foreigners to have it all their own way ; again and again they sailed across the channel, and harried the towns on the other side, such reprisals, in a measure, paying off old scores. These events, and others having more national and political importance, led to the expedition of Edward the Black Prince, who sailed from this port with a large fleet and a



BRETON SIDE.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
AS. C. P. LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

strong army, and beat the French on their own ground, thereby achieving great honour to himself and much spoils of war to this country, including many illustrious prisoners.

Thus does the name Briton Side become indissolubly linked with the early history of our old town, but the name is now as much a memory as the events it commemorates.

The two events narrated above, viz., the Departure of the Black Prince in 1355, and the Descent of the Bretons in 1403-5, are well portrayed in the Guildhall Windows to which we have already alluded in connection with other historical incidents.

FRIARY GREEN.

OF course, this place takes its name from the Friary, or Monastery of the White Friars, whose establishment occupied the ground now covered by the Friary Station of the London and South Western Railway.

The Carmelites, or White Friars, settled down here in 1313. They had extensive buildings, including a stately church with a tall steeple, and here, in 1387, the Commissioners in the Scrope and Grosvenor controversy, touching the right to the arms "Azure a bend or," held a sitting. John of Gaunt was one of the witnesses, and declared for Scrope. At the Dissolution, the property passed into private hands, and eventually through the Molesworths and Clarkes to the Beweses. The steeple was still standing in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, so that it was not the steeple burnt with the "town's evydence" by the Western rebels. The buildings were used as a hospital for sick soldiers in the year 1794, and portions were used, as now, as dwellings for the poorer portion of the community.

Mr. J. Brooking Rowe, in his "Ecclesiastical History of Old Plymouth" traces the history of the Carmelite or Mendicant Friars, from their establishment on Mount Carmel, where their monasteries were first situated. He goes on to say:—"As was usual with the mendicant orders, they made things very lively in the town and uncomfortable for the quiet, steady-going clergy of the parish, who

did their work in their old-fashioned way. The advent of a party of preaching Friars in the neighbourhood gave rise to much opposition, ill-feeling and party spirit We thus find the Carmelites firmly established in Plymouth. They proceeded with their buildings, which extended far east, and on the north to what we now call Tothill Lane (Beaumont Road), hard by where now another convent stands, and where a church, but not of so imposing an appearance as the old one of the White Friars, has recently been erected Almost the only knowledge we have of the structure is from the map or chart supposed to have been drawn in the reign of Henry VIII. The Church with its chancel, indicated by the cross over it, is very conspicuous. The tower and spire must have been very handsome, and apparently not inferior to that of St. Andrew. The buildings were very extensive."

Friary Green is a green no longer, but within the recollection of the writer the tide washed up into the open space now railed in at the junction of Exeter Street with Sutton Road.

PASSAGE HOUSE INN.

THIS Old Inn still stands at Cattedown, and doubtless was, in olden times, a place of considerable importance, as before the erection of the Laira Bridge, and the introduction of steamboats plying across the Cattewater, the little village of Cattedown was the chief connecting link between Plymouth and the villages on the other side of the water. In fact, long after the erection of the Laira Bridge, foot passengers journeyed to Cattedown to take the ferry for Oreston, Turnchapel, Plymstock and elsewhere.

We have nothing particular to say about this old inn. It has no history so far as we can discover. It was merely, as its name implies, the house of call for persons crossing the Cattewater at this point.

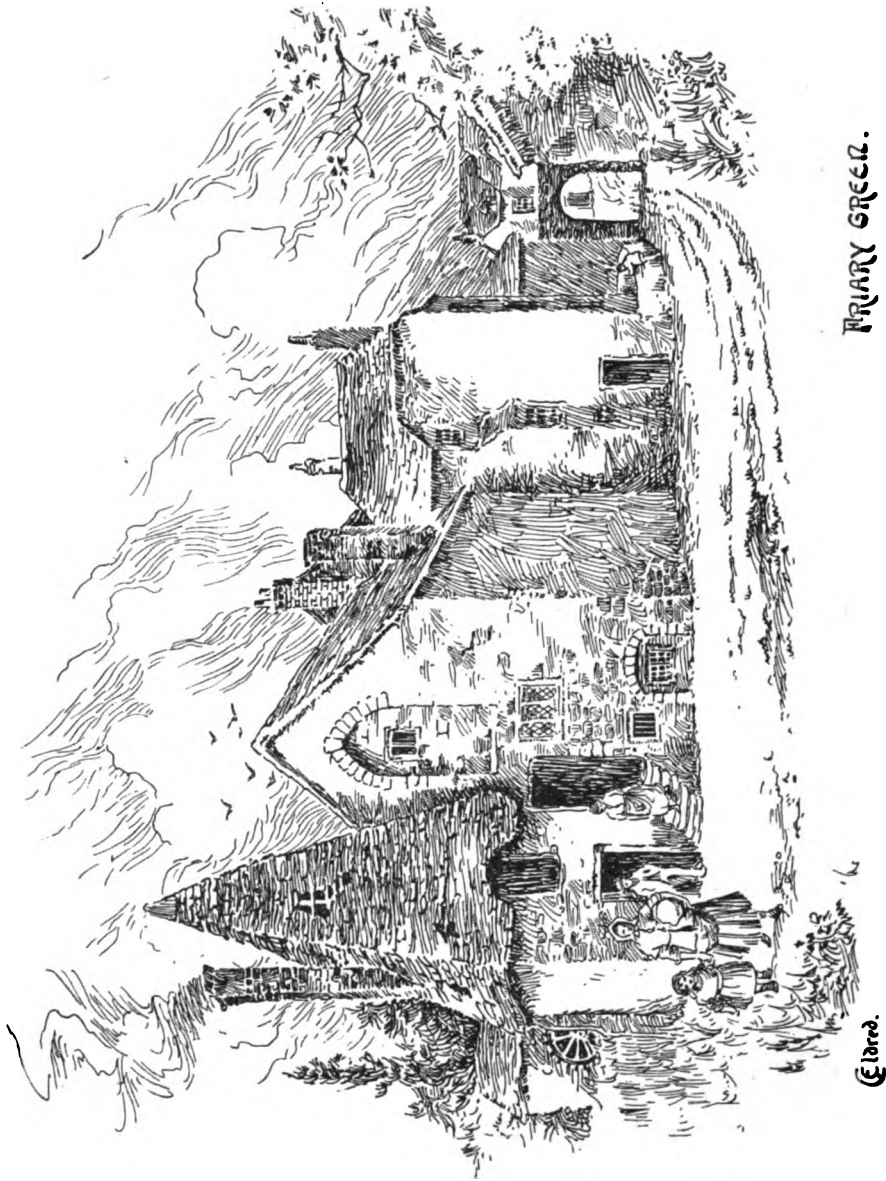
Picturesque it is to a certain extent, and there were several other picturesque houses at Cattedown, but these are all gone and have made room for the wharves and manufactories which form at the present time the chief characteristics of the village on the Cattewater.



Eldred.

HIGHER STREET

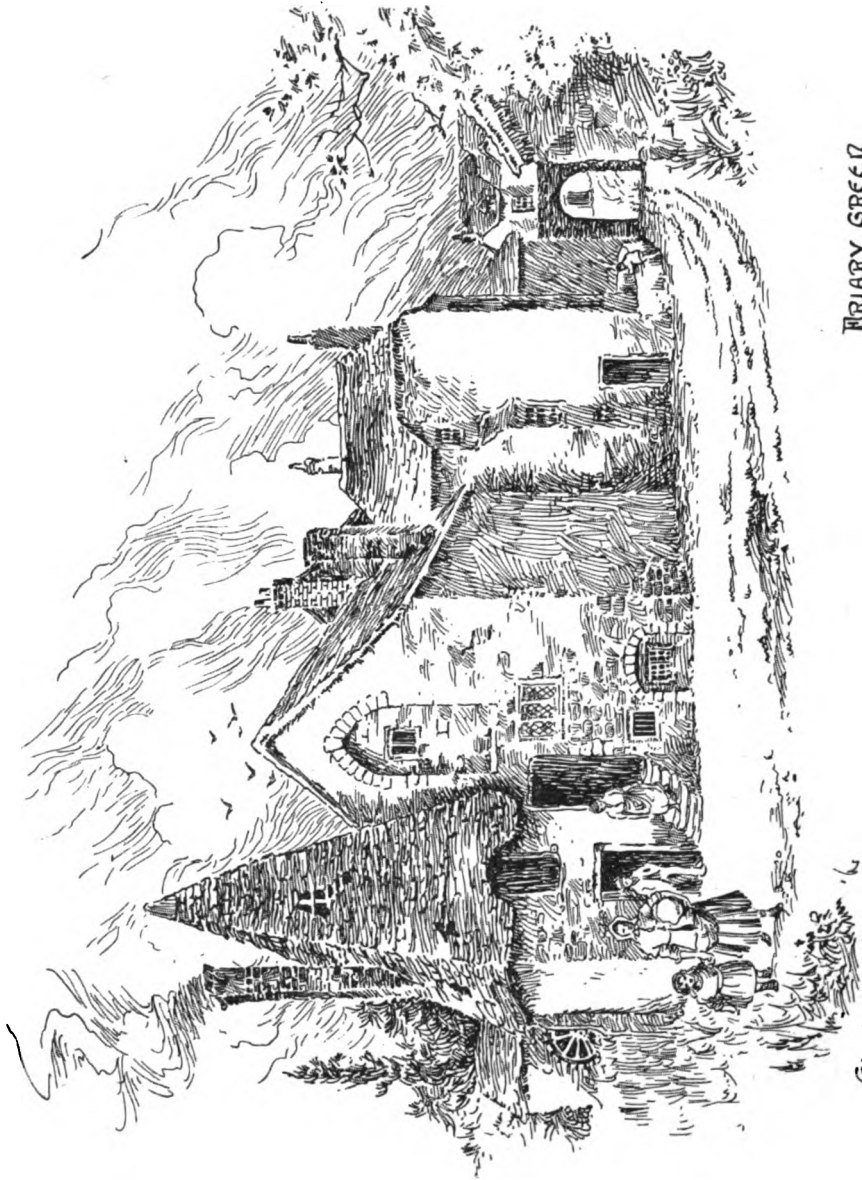
THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION



PRIORY GREEN.

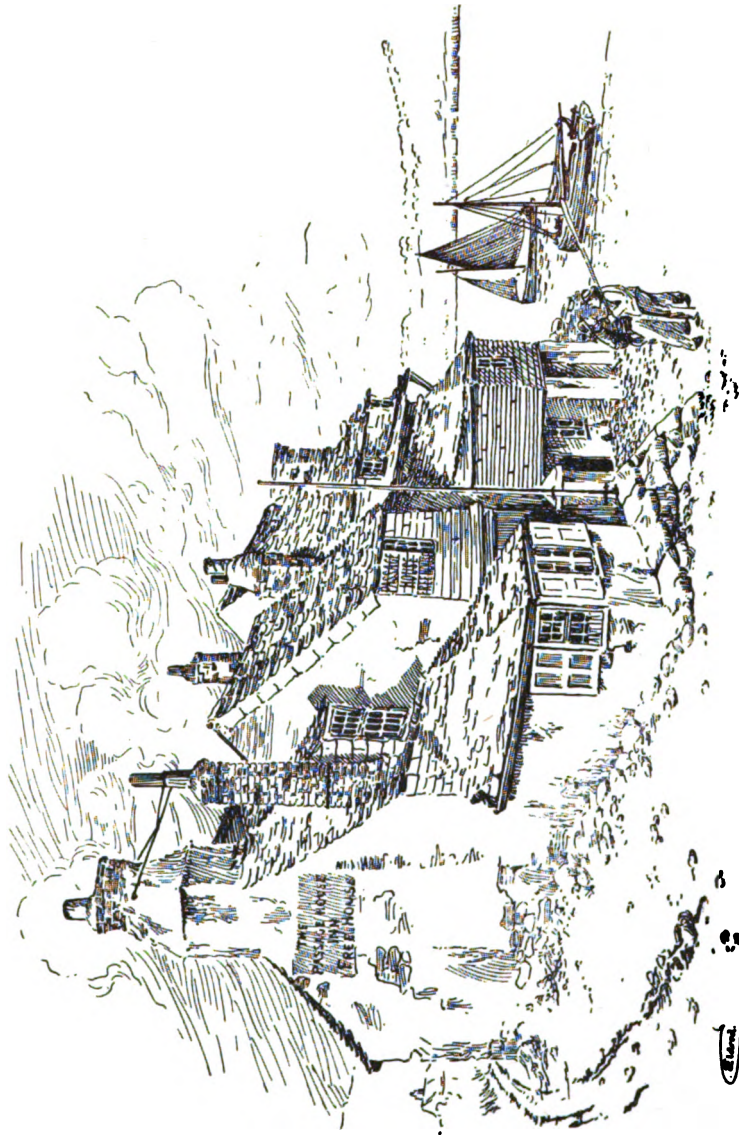
E. Dore.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION



PRIORY GREEN.

E. Green.



PASSAGE HOUSE 1212

Small illegible text or signature

MARK
BERRY
X
LONDON

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

ADAMS, JOHN	4, George Street, Plymouth.	
ADAMS, WM.	13, Princess Square, Plymouth.	[2 copies
AGNEW, THOS., Fleet Engineer, R.N.	19, St. Hilary Ter., Devonport.	[2 copies
ALDRIDGE, CHARLES, M.D.	Belle Vue House, Plympton.	[2 copies
ALDRIDGE, Miss A.	Belle Vue, Plympton.	[2 copies
ALEXANDER, A. SPEIRS, M.D.	6, Sussex Terrace, Plymouth.	
ALLEN, EDWARD	Stowford Lodge, Ivybridge.	
ANDERSON, Mrs.	Uplands, St. Julian's Rd., Streatham, S.W.	
ARROWSMITH, Mrs. J. W.	6, Upper Belgrave Road, Clifton.	
ARTHUR, R. F.	Wellsbourne, Compton Gifford, Plymouth.	
BAINBRIDGE, Rear-Admiral J. H.	Elfordleigh, Plympton, South Devon.	
BARHAM, A. J.	48, Headland Park, Plymouth.	
BAYLY, ROBERT	Torr, Plymouth.	[2 copies
BELLAMY, E. W.	12, Seymour Terrace, Lipson, Plymouth.	
BELLAMY, G. D., C.E.	Coombeside, Plympton.	
BELLAMY, JOHN HENRY DE C.	Temperley, Oakhill Park, Liverpool.	
BEWES, CECIL E.	Hillside, Plympton.	[3 copies
BIRDWOOD, Sir GEORGE	India Office, Whitehall, S.W.	[4 copies
BIRDWOOD, H. M., C.S.I., LL.D.	Dalkeith House, Cambridge Park, Twickenham.	
BLOYE, W. H., F.R.C.V.S.	Ebrington Street, Plymouth.	
BLUNDELL, C. W.		
BOND, J. KINTON	13, The Crescent, Plymouth.	
BOND, J. T.	Plymouth.	[2 copies
BRIGGS, Lt.-Col.	Fursdon, Crownhill.	
BROAD, S.	Maristow Avenue, Ford, Devonport.	
BROWN, J. P.	2, Houndiscombe Villas, Plymouth.	
BURNARD, CHARLES F., J.P., F.C.S.	Chatsworth Lodge, Plymouth.	
BYASS, J. S. N.	89, The Drive Mansions, Fulham.	
CALEY, Rev. W. B. RUSSELL, M.A.	10, Argyle Terrace, Plymouth.	
CARNE, Mrs. A. B.	Hillside, Milton Combe, Yelverton.	
CHADWELL, CHARLES	Mervyn, Blackburn.	
CHALKE, RAYMOND A.	5, Coryton Terrace, Plymouth.	
CHARLESWORTH, H. H.	78a, Fulham Road, London, S.W.	
CLARK, Mrs.	20, Gatestone Road, Norwood, S.E.	
COLLINS, ARTHUR E., M. INST. C.E.	City Engineer and Surveyor, Norwich.	
COLLINS, GEORGE	8, Windsor Terrace, Plymouth.	
COLLINS, Miss ARTHURINE TRELAWNY	Ham, Devonport.	[2 copies
COMMINS, JAMES G.	230, High Street, Exeter.	
CORNISH, J. W.	Radnor House, Plymouth.	
CROFT, Sir ALFRED, K.C.I.E.	Rumleigh, Bere Alston.	
CROSS, J. H.	148, New Kent Road, London.	
CUMMINGS, S.	9, Werter Road, Putney, S.W.	
DAVEY, C. O.	18, Endsleigh Place, Plymouth.	
DAVY, A. J.	Abbeyfield, Torquay.	
DOIDGE & Co.	170, Union Street, Plymouth.	
DOWN, JOHN	8, Limerick Place, Plymouth.	
DRAKE, H. H.	43, St. George's Avenue, Tuffnell Park, N.	
DUDLEY, EDGAR	Bedford House, Plymouth.	

DUKE, H. E.	1, Paper Buildings, Temple, E.C. [4 copies
ELDRED, EDGAR	The Limes, London Road, Spring Grove, Middlesex.
ELDRED, EDGAR	The Gables, Petersfield, Hants.
ELDRED, EDWARD	Castle Dyke, Newton Abbot. [2 copies
ELDRED, Miss F. E.	20, Gatestone Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.
ELDRED, HENRY	The Court House, Shrewsbury.
ELDRED, WILLINGTON	The Drive Mansions, Fulham.
EMDIN, ARCHIE R., Chief Engineer, R.N., Controller's Department, Admiralty	8, Foyle Road, Blackheath.
EYRE, Miss E.	Landford, Salisbury.
EYRE, Lieut. W. H., R.N.	Inverness. [2 copies
FOSTER, RICHARD, M.A.	Lanwithan, Lostwithiel.
FOWLER, F. S.	Plymleigh, near Plymouth.
FOX, CHARLES A.	Battisboro' House, Holbeton, Ivybridge.
FREAN, M.	2, Elizabeth Place, Plymouth. [2 copies
GAMESON, JOHN HERBERT.	Bodmin.
GILES, Lieut.-Col. G. M., I.M.S., Retired	Byfield, Mannamead.
GOODRICH, Captain CLIFFORD	Garreglwyd, Holyhead.
GRAHAM, CHARLES (Rt. Rev. Bishop), D.D.	Bishop's House, Plymouth.
GREEN, WARWICK A.	Sea View, Holyhead. [2 copies
GREGORY, Miss	6, Barton Terrace, Dawlish.
GREY, Mrs.	Mt. Stone, Stonehouse, Plymouth. [2 copies
GUY, MARK	Bodmin.
HADDY, Mrs. E. M.	2, North Devon Place, Plymouth.
HALL, Mrs. H. D.	Croydon.
HAND, THOMAS W., R.M.L.	Public Free Libraries, Leeds.
HARRIS, ANDREW SAUNDERS	3, Park View Villas, Thorn Park, Plymouth.
HARVEY, T. H.	Blackhook, Fareham, Hants. [6 copies
HEADER, HENRY POLLINGTON	26, Westwell Street, Plymouth.
HEADER, WILLIAM, F.S.A.	198, Union Street, Plymouth.
HIGHTON, FRANCIS W., R.N.	12, The Terrace, Devonport Dockyard.
HINE, JAMES, F.R.I.B.A.	Lockyer Street, Plymouth.
HINGSTON, Dr C. A.	3, Sussex Terrace, Plymouth.
HINGSTON, The Misses	7, Lockyer Street, Plymouth. [2 copies
HOBGEN, Mrs. G.	194, Lewisham High Road, St. John's, London, S.E. [3 copies
HOYTE, P. S.	Mona House, Cosside, Plymouth.
HUNT, E. A.	46, The Drive, Fulham, S.W.
JACKSON, GEORGE	10, Portland Villas, Plymouth. [2 copies
JAGO-TRELAWNY, Major-General	Coldrenick, Liskeard, Cornwall.
JEFFERY, ARTH. W., F.R. MET. SOC., &c.	Board of Trade Office, Glasgow.
JOHNSON, Miss A.	Bronala, 11, Queen's Rd., Criccieth. [2 copies
JONES, G. H.	Hamilton House, Tothill Road, Plymouth.
KEILY, MICHAEL DOMINIC	16, Caprera Terrace, Plymouth.
KERSWELL, SAML.	The Hollies, Mannamead, Plymouth.
LANE, F. CECIL	8, West Hoe Terrace, Plymouth.
LAYLAND-BARRATT, FRANCIS, M.P.	68, Cadogan Square, London, S.W.
LEES, ROBT. JAS.	6, Alton Terrace, Plymouth.
LEMANN, FREDK. C.	Black Friars House, Plymouth.
LETHBRIDGE, A. E., C.C., MEM. SOC. ARTS., &c.	8, Westwell Street, Plymouth.
LEWARNE, Rev. N. N.	St. Catherine's Parsonage, Plymouth.
LONNON, W., Fleet Engineer, R.N.	9, Queen's Gate Terrace, Plymouth.

LUKE, CHARLES	8, Bedford Street, Plymouth.
MAY, WILLIAM H.	10, Princess Square, Plymouth.
MEAD, Mrs.	Totnes.
MERRIFIELD, W. V.	5, Green Bk., Waterloo, Liverpool. [2 copies
MICKLEWOOD, E. H.	5, St. Michael's Ter., Plymouth. [2 copies
MITCHELL LIBRARY, The	21, Miller Street, Glasgow.
MOORE, Dr. D.	Cheriton, Cockington, Torquay. [4 copies
MORCOM, JOSEPH	51, Manor Road, Brockley, London, S.E.
MORRIS, EDWARD	7, Windsor Place, Plymouth.
MORRIS, Mrs.	North Friary House, Plymouth.
MOUNT EDGCUMBE, The Rt. Hon. the Earl of	Mount Edgcumbe House, Plymouth.
NORTHEY, E. A.	Union Street, Plymouth.
PEARCE, PERCY T.	16, Princess Square, Plymouth.
PETHYBRIDGE, H. M.	12, Courtenay Street, Plymouth.
PHILLIPS, N. (Messrs. Turner & Phillips)	Plymouth. [2 copies
PHILLIPS, N.	37, Huddleston Road, Tufnell Park, N.
PHILLIPS, R. J.	40, St. George's Avenue, Tufnell Park, N.
PHILLPOTTS, EDEN	Torquay.
PICKEN, G. A.	Briar Tor, Yelverton, S. Devon.
PICKEN, Rev. Wm. S.	190, Rua da Cerca, Foz do Douro, Portugal. [4 copies
PICKEN, Mrs.	12, Hill Pk. Crescent, Plymouth. [6 copies
PICKEN, Miss	Reservoir House, Plymouth. [4 copies
PINSENT, HUME C.	Lordswood, Harborne, Birmingham.
PINSENT, Mrs.	29, Bedford Court Mansions, W.C.
PINSENT, ROSS	16, Maresfield Gardens, London, N.W.
PIPER, FREDK. JOHN	Merivale, Yelverton.
PITTS, Mrs. STANLEY T.	2, Gleneagle Road, Plymouth.
PLYMOUTH FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY	Whimble Street, Plymouth.
PLYMOUTH PROPRIETARY LIBRARY	Cornwall Street, Plymouth.
PONSONBY, The Reverend GORDON, M.A.	The Rectory, Stoke Damerel, Devonport.
POPHAM, RADFORD & CO'S. LIBRARY	Bedford Street, Plymouth.
POPPLESTONE, RICHD. W.	18, Portland Villas, Plymouth.
POPPLESTONE, W. GILBERT	2, The Esplanade, Plymouth.
RADFORD, A. J. V.	Vacye, North Tamerton, Holsworthy.
RADFORD, CHARLES H.	2, Queen's Gate Villas, Plymouth. [4 copies
RADFORD, GEORGE H.	Chiswick House, Ditton Hill.
RADFORD, JOHN H.	Uppaton, Buckland Monachorum, S. Devon. [6 copies
RADFORD, Miss	Sea House, Leigham Street, Plymouth.
REED, W. CASH, M.D.	15, Prince's Avenue, Liverpool. [3 copies
RICHARDS, W. J.	Riversdale, Torquay. [2 copies
ROGERS, G. PORTER	} 1, Warleigh Villas, Ford Park, Plymouth.
ROGERS, V. P.	
ROWE, J. BROOKING	Castle Barbican, Plympton.
ROY, DAVID	5, Windsor Villas, Plymouth.
ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB	The Hoe, Plymouth.
ST. AUBYN, EDWARD	Glynn, Bodmin, Cornwall.
SANDEMAN, H. D.	4, Elliot Terrace, Plymouth.
SAUNDERS, A. E.	Ibanistall House, Southchurch, Essex.
SEELEY, E. L.	The Library, Torquay.
SEXTON, L. E.	17, Collings Park, Plymouth.
SLYMAN, Mrs.	26, Caversham Road, London, N.W.
SNELL, HENRY JOHN	11, The Crescent, Plymouth.
SOPER, J. HAWKER	13, Windsor Terrace, Plymouth.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

SPEARMAN, Col. W. T.	Briar Tor, Yelverton.
SPOONER, STANLEY	Evelyn House, Plymouth.
SQUARE, E. ELLIOT	10, Princess Square, Plymouth. [2 copies
SQUARE, J. ELLIOT	22, Portland Square, Plymouth.
STANLAKE, R.	Staddon View, Salisbury Road, Plymouth.
STEVENS, EDGCOMBE	11, Courtenay Street, Plymouth.
SYDENHAM, LEWIS JOHN	} 4, Portland Villas, Plymouth.
SYDENHAM, E. D., R.N.	
SYDENHAM, F. W., R.N.	
SYDENHAM, L. G.	
TEED, SAMUEL	188, Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.
THOMSON, EUSTACE B., M.D.	Norbiton House, Albany Place, Plymouth.
TRACEY, Mrs.	1, Anglesey Villas, Ford Park, Plymouth.
TRELEAVEN, G. F.	13, Gordon Terrace, Mutley, Plymouth.
TRIBE, W. K.	Victoria Chambers, Plymouth. [2 copies
TUCKER, H. SCOTT	23, Westwell Street, Plymouth.
TURNBULL, Miss	Plymouth High School.
TURNER, G. W.	Glenthorne, Portishead.
USSHER, BEVERLEY G.	Education Department, Whitehall, S.W.
VALLACK, EDMUND	5, St. Michael's Ter., Devonport. [2 copies
VICKERY, WM. J.	38, Whiteford Road, Plymouth.
VOSPER, Mrs.	Merafield, Plympton. [2 copies
WARD, Dr. J. P. STEPHENS	10, Tothill Avenue, Plymouth.
WARREN, D.	25, Elm Road, Mannamead, Plymouth.
WATERFIELD, W. J.	5, South Lipson Terrace, Plymouth.
WATERMAN, WM.	St. Stephen's Mount, Saltash.
WELLS, H. E.	105, The Drive Mansions, Fulham, S.W.
WESTAWAY, A. E. L.	12, Portland Villas, Plymouth.
WHITE, WM. PRESWELL	5, Saltram Place, Plymouth.
WHITESIDE, Miss	88, Elgin Cres., Kensington Pk. [4 copies
WHITFIELD, H.	20, Torrington Place, Plymouth.
WHITMARSH, ALFRED, R.N.	Athenæum Street, Plymouth.
WIDLAKE, ALFRED	41, Whimble Street, Plymouth.
WILLIAMS, Fleet-Surgeon J. O'B., M.D., R.N.	Royal Marine Infirmery, Plymouth.
WILLIAMS, THOMAS H.	1, Gibbons Street, Plymouth.
WINDEATT, EDWARD	Bridgetown, Totnes.
WOODS, W. HERBERT	44, Torrington Place, Plymouth.
WOOLLCOMBE, JAMES YONGE	6, Queen's Gate, Plymouth.
WORTH, R. HANSFORD	4, Seaton Avenue, Plymouth.

声
出

1901.
Printed by **JAMES H. KEYS,**
at 7, Whimble Street, Plymouth.



SEP 23 1968

