

But it is of another member of the family, Robert Doubleday, uncle of the poet-politician, that the present brief article is intended to treat. This public-spirited citizen was born in 1753, the eldest son of a wholesale grocer in a large way of business in Newcastle, whose shop, situated at the Head of the Side, is said to have been the first in the town to be fitted with glazed windows. Mackenzie, in one of those useful notes to his "History of Newcastle" which form a happy hunting ground for local biographers, states that, like his relatives at Jarrow and Alnwick, he was brought up in the principles of the Society of Friends, to which community his parents belonged. At school he made "considerable proficiency in the classics and acquired a taste for poetic composition," and as he grew up "the attentive study of morals and metaphysics imparted



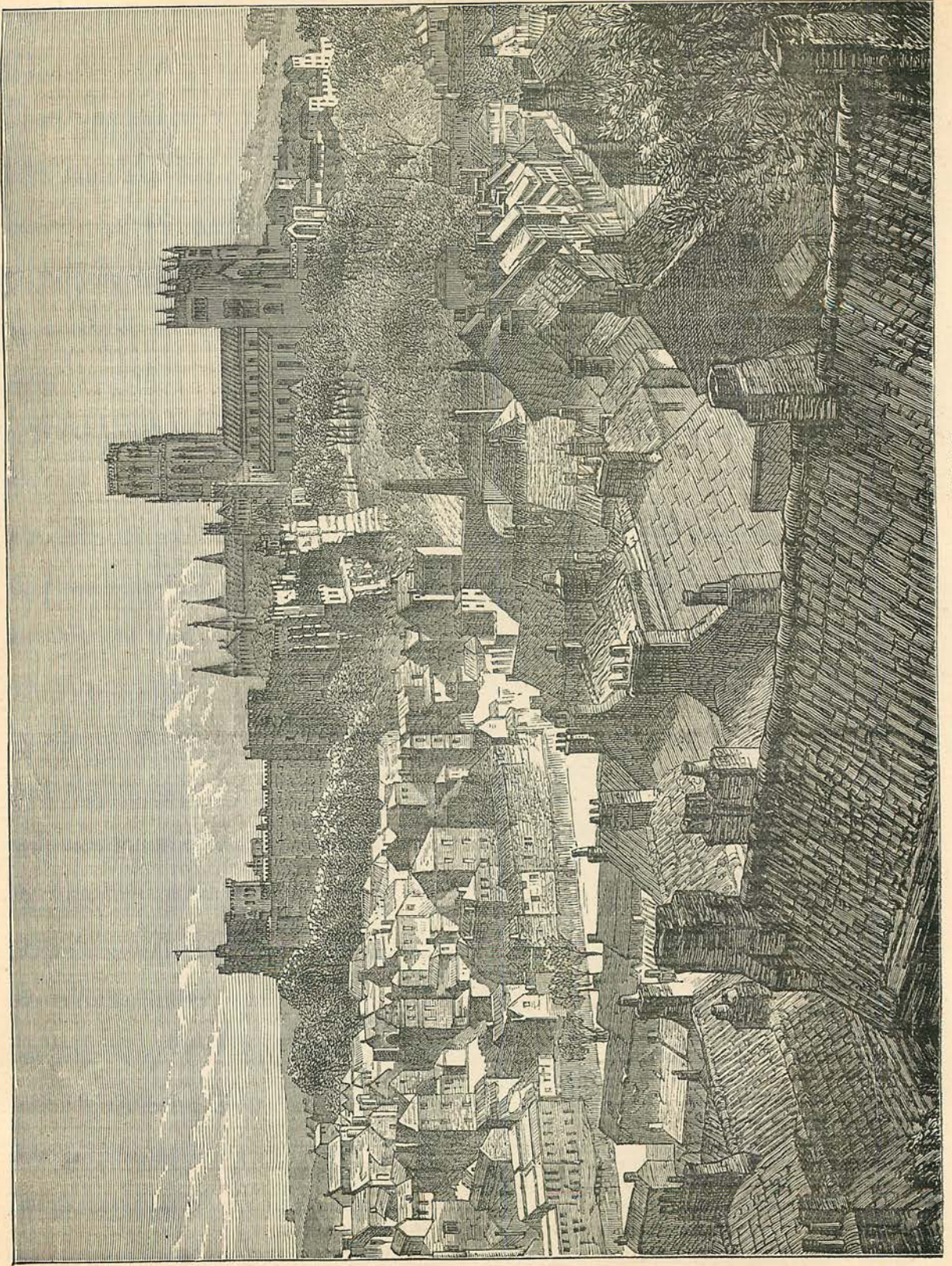
to him a mental perspicuity and a logical acuteness of intellect" which gave him a preponderating influence among his fellow-townsmen. His political and literary views were broad and liberal, yet "his unassuming manners, gentle disposition, and cheerful temper caused his friendship to be generally courted." Being a practical philanthropist, he promoted the formation of several valuable local institutions, nor did he shrink from occupying any office in which he could advance their interests. For forty-six years he was secretary to the Newcastle Dispensary, and acted in the same capacity

to the Lying-in Hospital and the Fever Hospital. His name appears among the members of the first Committee of Management of the Royal Jubilee School, and at the second annual meeting of the institution, over which he presided, he was elected, with Mr. James Losh, one of its vice-presidents. He was also one of the founders and directors of the Newcastle Savings Bank. But the institution with which his name was most closely identified was the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society. At the meeting held in the Groat Market Assembly Rooms on the 24th January, 1793, at which the expediency of forming such a society was affirmed, he was one of a committee of fifteen appointed to formulate rules for the guidance of the members, and as soon as the institution was fairly organised he was appointed to act with the Rev. William Turner, the founder, as joint secretary. Shortly afterwards he was elected one of the vice-presidents, and in that capacity presided for twenty-six years as chairman of the monthly meetings of the society.

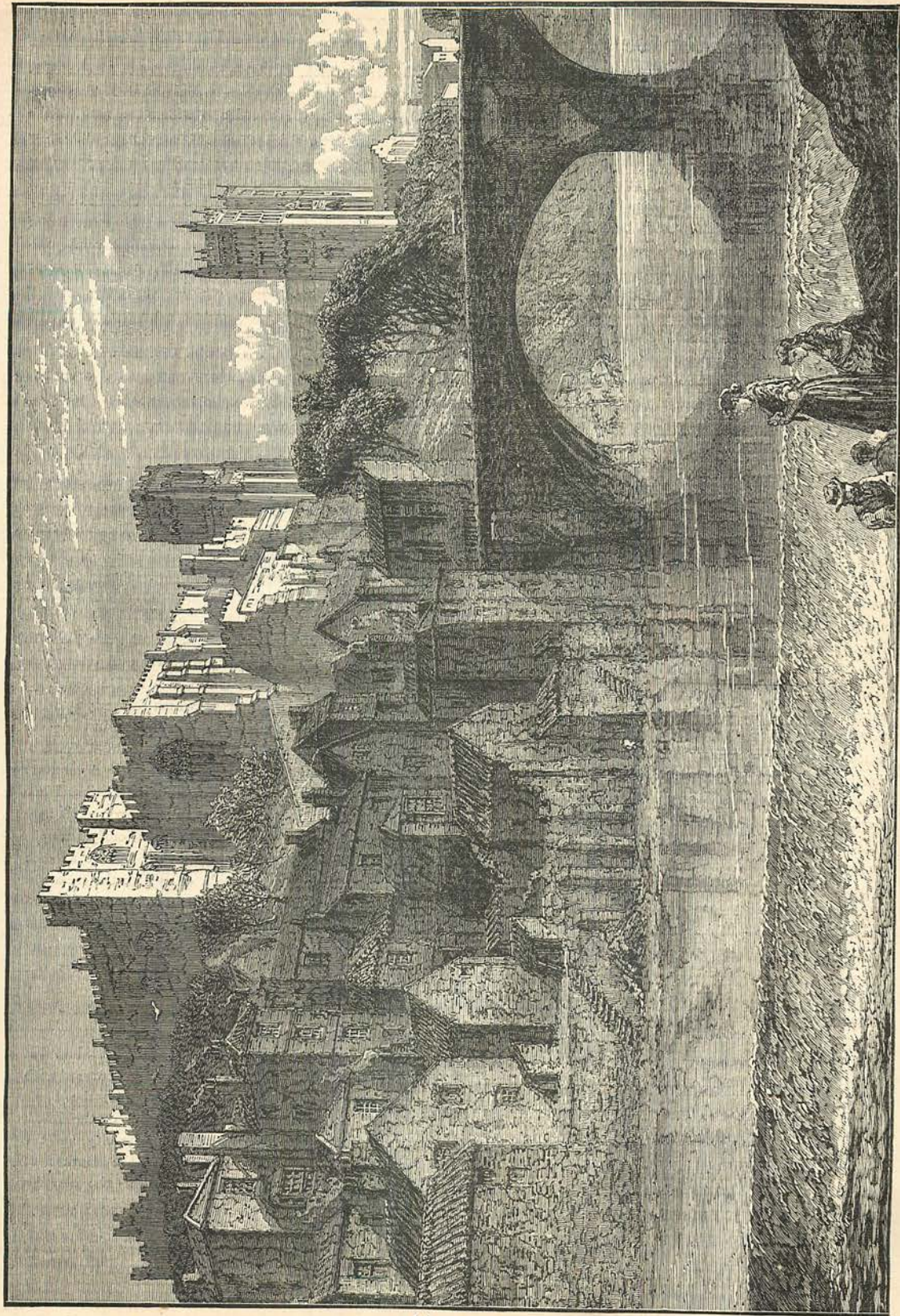
Mr. Doubleday lived for many years in the Bigg Market, but sometime previous to his decease he removed to Gateshead Fell, where he died on the 11th January, 1823, in the 70th year of his age. In the annual report of the Literary and Philosophical Society for that year is a glowing tribute to his character and accomplishments.

The City of Durham.

RICHARD CAVENDISH, writing in the early years of Queen Elizabeth, describes Durham as "a city whilom fine and fair, none like her in this land." And he was right. It would scarcely be possible to find, throughout the length and breadth of England, a position of greater natural beauty and strength. The story of the origin of Durham has been told in our paper on the Cathedral, and the way in which the city was fortified by Flambard and succeeding bishops has been related in our paper on the Castle. Durham was a walled city as early as the end of the tenth century. The wooden palisades, which, no doubt, constituted the first walls, gave place in time to structures of stone. These remained until the necessity for their existence had passed away. But in the early part of the seventeenth century the walls existed in a comparatively perfect state. Speed's map, which belongs to about the year 1610, shows them encircling the Cathedral, the Castle, and the principal parts of the city. As every one is aware who has observed the contour of the ground which Durham occupies, the most important parts of the city, including the Cathedral and the Castle, are built on a hill, the sides of which are everywhere steep, and in many places almost precipitous. This hill



VIEW OF THE CITY OF DURHAM, FROM THE RAILWAY.



THE CASTLE AND CATHEDRAL, FROM BELOW FRAMWELGATE BRIDGE, DURHAM.

is almost encircled by a deep valley, through which winds the river Wear. The ancient walls ran along the crest of the hill from the north-west corner of the Castle buildings, past the west end of the Cathedral, and, enclosing the College and the South and North Baileys, joined the east walls of the Castle at the gateway rebuilt by Bishop Langley. The space thus enclosed constituted what Leland says "lonely may be called the walled town of Duresme." Into this Close access could only be gained through Langley's gateway and by two posterns, one near the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, and the other, called the Water Gate, or the *Porte du Bayle*, at the south end of the Bailey, and at the head of the road which leads down the banks to the Prebends' Bridge.

But the Close was not the only walled part of Durham. From the east or city end of Framwellgate Bridge another wall ran along the river bank northwards, to a point a little beyond St. Nicholas' Church, where it turned eastward, spanned Claypath by an archway called Claypath Gate, and, assuming a southern course, ran forward to the head of Elvet Bridge. By this second wall the Market Place, St. Nicholas' Church, and the neighbouring streets were enclosed, and the narrow neck of land between Elvet and Framwellgate Bridges was protected. Save for this isthmus, "the length of an arrow-shot," the hill of Durham would be an island, and there is a tradition that "of ancient time Wear ran from the place where now Elvet Bridge is, straight down by St. Nicholas', now standing on a hill, and that the other course [which the river now takes], part for policy and part by digging of stones for building of the town and minster, was made a valley, and so the watercourse was conveyed that way." Leland, who records the legend, is careful to tell us that it did not gain his credence, and we must unhesitatingly relegate it to the region of fable.

Durham was formerly entered from the north by the quaint old street known as Framwellgate, a now sadly degenerated thoroughfare. The North Road was formed a little more than fifty years ago. The name of Framwellgate describes, not only a street, but a whole township, or rather a borough, which includes the entire western suburb of the city. In old documents it is styled the Old Borough, *Vetus Burgus*, in distinction from the New Borough of Elvet. From the foot of Framwellgate Street, a short thoroughfare called Millburngate leads to Framwellgate Bridge, a structure which owes its foundation to Bishop Ralph Flambard, who died in 1128. It was, however, rebuilt in the fifteenth century by Bishop Langley, and the north side of the bridge is of this date. From this noble bridge a most charming view may be obtained of the Castle and the Cathedral, with the wooded banks and the river beneath. The bridge itself is best seen from the west bank of the river, a little to the north, and below the weir.

The city side of Framwellgate Bridge was formerly guarded by a gateway, surmounted by a tower, on the

south side of which, and where now a flight of steps leads down to the river bank, there was a postern. The gateway was taken down, in order to widen the road, in the year 1760. From the bridge, Silver Street winds up to the head of the Market Place. This thoroughfare is supposed to have had its name from the mint of the bishops having been established in it. A more probable derivation may be suggested. In former times considerable quantities of plate were made in Durham, and a company of goldsmiths was established before 1532, in which year Bishop Tunstall confirmed their incorporation. There was formerly a picturesque mansion on the north side of Silver Street, which had a pointed wooden porch, on the jambs of which the arms of the Nevilles were carved. The fine old seventeenth century house, once the residence of the renowned Sir John Duck, with its massive oak staircase, but with its front entirely modernized, still remains. It was long used as an inn, and bore the sign of the Black Lion.

The Market Place possesses scarcely a single evidence of antiquity. Great are the changes it has witnessed since the time when the heads of King Duncan's foot-soldiers were mounted upon posts therein. One of its chief features in ancient times was the Toll Booth, which is mentioned, during the time of Bishop Tunstall (1530-1553), as "a work of stone," and was given by that prelate to the citizens. It soon, however, gave place to another structure. Whilst Tunstall was still bishop, we are told by one of the Latin chroniclers of Durham, that "a very beautiful marble cross, which formerly stood in the highest part of the street of Gilligate, in the place called Maid's Arbour, was given to William Wright, of Durham, merchant, on his petition, by Sir Armstrong Scot, lord of Kepier, to be erected in the Market Place of Durham. Which, when it was taken down, at its base eight images of stone were discovered, curiously wrought in stone and sumptuously gilded; that is, two at each corner, supporting the aforesaid cross; for the cross was four-square." Thomas Spark, the suffragan Bishop of Berwick, Master of Holy Island, and Keeper and Master of Greatham Hospital, spent £8 in removing and re-erecting the cross, "in the place," says our chronicler, "in which stood the Old Toll Booth." The old cross disappeared long ago. We have not even a record of the period of its removal, but its images probably suffered in the days of the Reformation. It was superseded in 1617 by a market cross, covered with lead, and supported by twelve stone pillars; the whole erected at the cost of Thomas Emerson, of the Black Friars, London, "for the ornament of the city, and the commodity of the people frequenting the market of Durham." Emerson had been steward to the Nevilles of Raby, and on the centre of each arch of his cross he placed the Neville arms. This later cross was taken down in 1780, when an open piazza was erected in front of St. Nicholas' Church. This has also been removed.

Near the old Market Cross was a pant or fountain, which, till within living memory, afforded the principal water supply for the city. In 1450, Thomas Billingham, of Crook Hall, near Durham, granted to the city a spring of water in his manor of Sidgate, with liberty to convey the same by pipes to a reservoir in the Market Place, for the public use, on payment of a rent of 13d. a year. The grant was confirmed by the bishop, who gave permission to break his soil for the construction of aqueducts. At this early period the fountain was designated "The Paunt." In 1729 a new octagonal fountain was erected,

surmounted by a figure of Neptune, the latter the gift of George Bowes. The octagon, "old, unsightly, yet venerable," was removed in 1863, when the present fountain was built, on the summit of which the figure of Neptune may still be seen.

From the north-west corner of the Market Place a flight of steps leads past the site of the city residence of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, to the Back Lane, and so to the river bank. This stairway was once the scene of a memorable flight. In the year 1283, died Bishop Robert de Insula, and, following his death, oc-



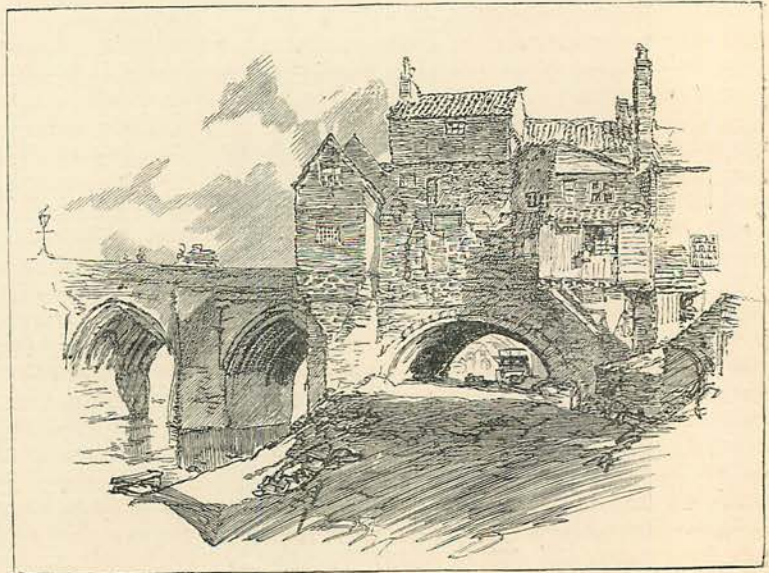
SILVER STREET, DURHAM.

curred one of the by no means unfrequent disputes between the Archbishop of York on the one hand, and the Prior and Convent of Durham on the other, as to the right of jurisdiction within the vacant bishopric. The Archbishop came to Durham for the purpose of holding a visitation, but the prior and monks refused him admission to the Cathedral; whereupon he betook himself to the Church of St. Nicholas, where he preached, and was about to pronounce the excommunication of the prior and the whole convent, when the behaviour of the young men of the city assumed a threatening character. The archbishop became alarmed, ran out of the church, and made his escape down the just-mentioned stairway to the river side, and so to the Hospital of Kepier.

From the south-east corner of the Market Place we turn into Fleshergate, which half a century ago was chiefly occupied by shambles. Hutchinson, writing near the end of last century, mentions what he justly calls the "brutal spectacle," then constantly witnessed, of slaughtering animals in the open street. From Fleshergate, which leads down to Elvet Bridge, Sadler Street branches off on our right, at the head whereof, and at the point where stood the great gateway of the Castle, we enter the North Bailey. The whole Bailey, North and South, was within the outer walls of the Castle, and was, says Surtees, "gradually occupied by the houses of military tenants, bound to contribute to the defence of the Castle"; and, he adds, "many of the chief families of the county were anxious to provide for their families and movable wealth a safe asylum in time of war and Scottish inroad." Mickleton states that "all the houses, or the greater part of them, were anciently held of the Bishops of Durham *in capite*, by ward of his Castle, by the tenures or services of finding archers to defend the Castle in times of war; some were held by the service of watching the North Gate in company with the bishop's janitor; some by services and suits at the Castle court, and finding pot-herbs and vegetables for the bishop's kitchen." In 1416, John Killinghall held nine messuages in the Bailey by castleward, viz., by finding one archer for the defence of King's Gate (now Dun Cow Lane) in time of war; and in 1349 one Hugh Wittonstall paid a yearly rent of six shillings to Jordan de Dalden for a tenement in the Bailey, with the further stipulation that he should find house-room and stabling for the said Jordan

and his men, in time of war. Amongst the notable families who, in olden time, had houses in the Bailey were those of Claxton, Hansard, Darcy, Hedworth, and Bowes. A mansion known in the times of Bek and Hatfield as Lightfoot Hall and Sheriff House, belonged to the princely family of De la Pole. Just within the North Gate was a great hostelry or inn, which Surtees conjectures "was probably resorted to by the pilgrims proceeding to the shrine of St. Cuthbert, or on business to the Castle or Convent."

So soon as we enter the Bailey, we find ourselves at the foot of a short street which leads to Palace Green. It was formerly called Owensgate, then Hoovinsgate, and now, by a process of corruption, bears the name of Queen Street. Proceeding forward we reach, opposite the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, a second street on our right, now known as Dun Cow Lane. This was formerly part of a road from the Palace Green, which, crossing the Bailey, passed beneath an archway in the old tower of St. Mary's, and then traversed the churchyard to a postern in the outer walls. Over this road Bishop Neville claimed for himself and his servants a right of way, which Prior Forcer denied. In 1450 the bishop made presentment that one Richard Daniel of Durham, yeoman and *bookbinder*, "with force and arms, with stocks, sewell wood and many other trees," had stopped "the gate within the said steeple" and the way thither. Daniel's answer was that the gate in the steeple and the land before it belonged to the Prior of Durham, whose servant he was, and by whose order he had acted. The bishop soon found evidence of the justice of the prior's claim, and withdrew his plea.



ELVET BRIDGE, DURHAM.

Proceeding along the Bailey, and passing the modest church of St. Mary-the-Less, we soon arrive at the site of the Water Gate. One of the complaints made in 1305 against Bishop Anthony Bek was that he had closed this portal against pilgrims proceeding to and from the shrine of St. Cuthbert. In the agreement by which the suit was terminated it was provided that the Water Gate should only be closed in time of war, when the safety of the Castle necessitated this precaution. In 1449 Bishop Neville gave the famed Robert Rhodes liberty to annex this gate to his adjoining mansion, and to open and close it at his pleasure. The Water Gate remained till about 1780, used only as a foot-road and bridal-way, and closed at night.

From the end of the Bailey a road descends swiftly to the Prebends' Bridge, which was built by the Dean and Chapter in the years 1772 to 1777, in place of a narrow foot-bridge, a little higher up the river, which was washed down by the memorable flood of 1771. From the Prebends' Bridge we gain one of the most delightful views of the west end of the Cathedral, with the wooded banks of the river and the picturesque old Abbey Mill below.

We may now retrace our steps, along the Bailey, towards the Market Place. On reaching the foot of Sadler Street we turn into Fleshergate on our right, which quickly leads down to Elvet Bridge. This interesting and picturesque structure was originally built by Bishop Pudsey. It was extensively repaired in the time of Bishop Fox, who, in 1495, granted an indulgence of forty days to all who should contribute towards the cost of its repair. It was seriously injured by the great flood in 1771, when three of the arches were carried away. These were immediately afterwards rebuilt, and in 1804 and 1805 the bridge was widened to double its original breadth. Whilst the city retained its fortifications Elvet Bridge was guarded by a turret. It was near this turret that the Mayor of Durham awaited the arrival of King James the First, on the eve of Easter Day in the year 1617. On Elvet Bridge, before the Reformation, were two chantry chapels. One of these, dedicated to St. James, was founded at some unknown period by Lewen, a burgess of the city. The second chapel, on the south end of the bridge, was dedicated to St. Andrew, and was founded by William, the son of Absalom, during the time of Bishop Robert de Insula (1274—1283). Of the three bridges of Durham, Elvet is certainly by far the most picturesque. Its many arches, and the quaint old houses by which its south end is surmounted, make it a favourite subject with the artist. It deserves to be mentioned that, before the year 1400, shops and houses existed on both ends of the bridge, and that one of the buildings which still remain at the south end occupies the site of the chapel of St. Andrew.

Having crossed the bridge, we are within the ancient borough of Elvet. From an early period the barony of

Elvet belonged to the Convent of Durham. The borough, which is not co-extensive with the barony, but of more limited territory, was created prior to the time of Bishop Pudsey. That prelate granted a charter to the monks, confirming to them their rights within the borough of Elvethalgh. Following this comes a charter from Prior Bertram, who describes the privileges of the inhabitants. "Our burgesses inhabiting our New Borough of Elvethalgh . . . shall peaceably and justly enjoy their hereditary lands within the borough, paying our reserved rent in equal moieties at the two feasts of St. Cuthbert, in Lent and in September: the burgesses shall grind at our manor-mill, paying the eighteenth part [of the corn] as multure: and if we shall hereafter, by the grace and favour of our Lord Bishop, obtain a market-place or market in our borough, we reserve to ourselves all the rights pertaining to the same."

From the foot of Elvet Bridge, the aristocratic street called Old Elvet stretches before us towards the racecourse, and towards the pleasant paths that lead up to the high grounds of the Maiden Bower. Resisting the manifold attractions of this inviting road, we turn on our right into the plebeian street of New Elvet. After going a little way, and noticing the quaint aspect of some of the houses, including an extremely picturesque old inn—the Cock—we come to the point at which the road divides, the branch on our left being the high road to Stockton, and that on our right the great South road, the highway to Darlington and wherever you will beyond. The Stockton road begins with the name of Hallgarth Street, a name derived from the site of the Prior's Hall. The road to Darlington commences under the name of Church Street, a designation acquired from its proximity to the Church of St. Oswald. From Church Street a public pathway leads across the churchyard to the river banks. This is the route which any one wishful to make a pleasant perambulation of the suburbs of Durham would do well to take. After leaving the churchyard, we pass two fields, the first of which is called the Anchorage Close, a name which preserves the memory of some otherwise totally forgotten recluse. The next field is the Palmer's Close, wherein, so tradition says, it was in ancient time the practice of pilgrims or palmers who came to the shrine of St. Cuthbert to leave their horses grazing, whilst themselves went forward to the goal of their devotions. A little further we reach a tiny rivulet which forms the boundary between the parishes of St. Oswald and St. Margaret. As the little stream comes babbling and splashing down its rocky bed towards the great river wherein it is lost, it forms by no means the least beautiful amongst the many charming sights which render the sylvan shaded banks of the Wear at Durham a never-failing scene of pleasure and delight to those who frequent them. Surtees describes this "slender streamlet" pursuing its way "thro' a fine yawning ravine of shelving rock, shaggy with moss and lichens and twisted roots, and often

in winter glittering like a fairy palace with the long fantastic icicles formed by the frozen waters of the little torrent." The present writer has verified the truth of this description within recent years, when, too, every branch and twig of the overhanging trees was covered with frozen crystals, glittering like myriads of diamonds in the cold clear sunshine.

Continuing on our way, and passing the end of the Prebends' Bridge, the path begins rapidly to ascend, and we emerge into South Street, from whence we have one of the finest views of the Castle and Cathedral which can possibly be obtained. The late Canon Ornsby described this view as "unequaled in dignity and grandeur." Descending South Street, we pass the church of St. Margaret on our left, and immediately reach the foot of Crossgate. A few yards further, and we are once more at Framwellgate Bridge.

Once again let us wend our way to the Market Place. From the north-east corner we enter the street called Claypath, or, as in ancient documents, Clayport. Near the further corner of the church the roadway was formerly spanned by the Claypath Gate, "a weak, single arch of common stone and rubble," taken down in 1791. Claypath continues to near the summit of the first hill, and here the name of the road becomes Gilligate, or, as the old people will have it, Gilligate. At the same point stood formerly a leaden cross, which is mentioned as early as 1454. Here, too, we leave the parish of St. Nicholas and enter the parish and borough of St. Giles. The street, under its changed name, stretches forward to the junction of the Sunderland and Sherburn roads. The junction is the site of the Maid's Arbour, whence came the fair cross which once adorned the Market Place, and here also, in bygone times, the traveller, leaving the city, entered on the green expanse of Gilligate Moor, formerly the well-known muster-ground of local militiamen and volunteers. The old account books of more than one neighbouring parish record the cost of carrying "the town's armour to Gilligate Moor."

In this rambling survey of Durham we have not travelled beyond the city and its immediate suburbs. Let it not be supposed that its more distant and rural surroundings lack interest. Many are the delightful field-paths and lanes and bye-ways round Durham. They lead, through scenes that charm every true lover of nature, to sites rich in historic associations and in the romance and mystery of bygone centuries. Such sites include Old Durham and Maiden Castle, KEPHIR and Finchale, Neville's Cross and Bearpark, Sherburn and Brancepeth. I have only space to mention these favourite resorts. The reader who will take the trouble to learn their history and legends, and will then make such pilgrimages to them as he has opportunity to accomplish, will, I am sure, be amply repaid.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

Cutty Soams.

PROBABLY the most dismal place in the universal world is the "goaf," the sooty, cavernous void left in a coal mine after the removal of the coal. The actual terrors of this gloomy cavity, with its sinking, cracked roof and upheaving or "creeping" floor, huge fragments of shale or "following stone" overhead, quivering ready to fall, and "blind passages that lead to nothing" and nowhere, save death to the hapless being who chances to stray into them in the dark and loses his way, as in the Catacombs. These terrors formerly had superadded to them others of a yet more appalling nature, in the shape of grim goblins that haunted the wastes deserted by busy men, and either lured the unwary wanderer into them to certain destruction, or issued from them to play mischievous pranks in the workings, tampering with the brattices so as to divert or stop the air-currents, hiding the men's gear, blunting the hewers' picks, frightening the putters with dismal groans and growls, exhibiting deceptive blue lights, and every now and then choking scores of men and boys with deadly gases.

One of the spectres of the mine—now, like all his brethren, only a traditionary as well as a shadowy being—used to be known by the name of Cutty Soams. Belonging, of course, to the genus boggle, he partook of the special nature of the brownie. His disposition was purely mischievous, yet he condescended sometimes to do good in an indirect way. Thus he would occasionally pounce upon and thrash soundly some unpopular overman or deputy-viewer, and would often gratify his petty malignity at the expense of shabby owners, causing them vexatious outlay for which there would otherwise have been no need; but his special business and delight was to cut the ropes, or "soams," by which the poor little assistant putters (sometimes girls) used then to be yoked to the wooden trams for drawing the corves of coal from the face of the workings out to the cranes. It was no uncommon thing in the mornings, when the men went down to work, for them to find that Cutty Soams had been busy during the night, and that every pair of rope traces in the colliery had been cut to pieces. But no one ever, by any chance, saw the foul fiend. By many he was supposed to be the ghost of some of the poor fellows who had been killed in the pit at one time or other, and who came to warn his old marrows of some misfortune that was going to happen, so that they might put on their clothes and go home. Pits were laid idle many a day in the olden times through this cause alone. Cool-headed sceptics, who maintained that the cutting of the soams, instead of being the work of an evil spirit whom nobody had ever seen or could see, was that of some designing scoundrel.

As these mysterious soam-cuttings, at a particular pit