

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

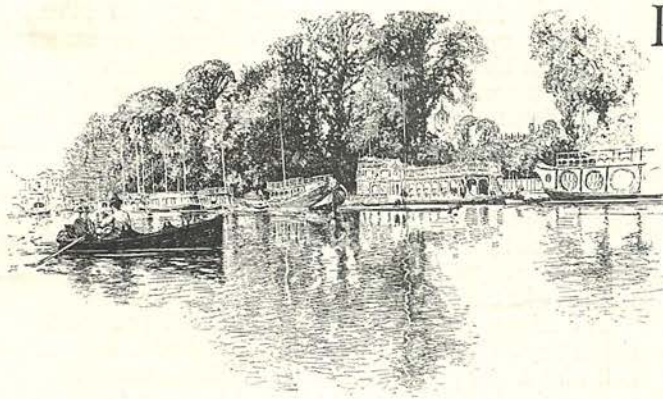
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THE STREAM OF PLEASURE.

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UNIVERSITY BARGES, OXFORD.

EVERY Englishman has done the Thames, and the time to do it, since everything in England must be done in its season, is the summer.

Oxford is the starting-point. The few track the shy Thames's shore "above the locks, above the boating throng"; the many come downward with the flood. Once we decided upon the course of the many we were urged to change it for that of the few. But we found that above the locks, which begin near Oxford, are dams,—or "weirs," as they are called on

the Thames,—not easy to pass; and we also learned that it is the boating throng which has made the Thames the rival of any water-way in the world and given it a character all its own.

On Wednesday, the 1st of August, we drove to Salter's landing-place, though it was pouring. It had been raining more or less steadily for two months, so there seemed no reason to wait for clear weather. Hitherto we had looked upon Oxford only as the university town, but now we came to know it as the Mecca of all river tourists. Were its colleges to disappear one by one, were Ruskin to be forgotten, so long as Salter's boat-house stands by Folly Bridge it will be the trysting-place for the oarsmen of England.

Our boat, which was new, had not yet been launched, but was still at the builder's. It was a pair-oared skiff, but shorter and broader than those generally seen on the Thames—"a family boat," an old river man called it with contempt. Its great feature was the green waterproof canvas cover which stretched over three iron hoops and converted it for all practical purposes into a small, a very small, house-boat. By a complicated arrangement of strings the canvas could be rolled up and fastened on top so as, theoretically, not to interfere with our view of the river banks on bright days; or it could be let down to cover the entire boat from stern to bow—an umbrella by day, a whole hotel by night.

Salter seemed surprised to see us; why, I do not know, for two or three parties started down the river before us. In one boat a girl in a bright pink mackintosh sat in the stern under an umbrella. The men in their clinging wet flannels looked as if they had just been taking headers in the stream. In the midst of a weak and damp hurrah from one ancient boatman, the *Rover* was at last pushed off its trestles, and, with a vigorous shove, sent clear across the Thames. There was no baptism with champagne; only the everlasting rain was poured

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upon it. On the landing-place we waited under our umbrellas. Two or three of Salter's men staid to see us crawl into the long, green tunnel and to give us a parting push. They probably regretted their bargain when they saw us come to a dead stop in mid-stream and swing round with the wind. I had never steered, J—— had scarcely ever rowed a boat. We thought there was a laugh on shore, and we were quite sure we heard some one say:

"If you're going down the Thames in that boat you'd better use the right sculls."

The river, after the long-continued rains, was very high. For two persons who knew nothing about boats and could not swim, the Thames journey with such a stream running was not promising. Somehow we got down to Iffley Lock, where we could hear the noise of the water tumbling over the dam, and could see the strong current of the mill-way sweeping in a swift rushing funnel ready to carry us with it. We were glad to find the lock gates open, so that there was no occasion to hang on to the muddy banks. J—— put his sculls in deep, giving strong but uncertain dabs, and pulled them out with a jerk: I cannot call his frantic efforts of those first days sculling. But the lock-keeper, as in the time of Tom Brown, was equal to the occasion. He came out, smoking his pipe with enviable indifference, seized our bow with his long boathook and pulled us into the lock. The great upper gates were slowly closed, he opened the lower sluices, and the water began to fall. At this point is run one of the dangers to be remembered on the river journey. You must not lose control of your boat, but you must be on the lookout to prevent bow or stern catching in the slippery beams or posts found in some locks, especially in old ones. If the boat were so caught, the water, rising or falling, would turn it over at once. It is very easy to upset in a lock, though there is no necessity to do so; it is as difficult to get out again. The fact that we never had trouble proves that with ordinary common sense and a little bit of prudence the danger is avoided.

While the water ran out the lock-keeper came and gave us our ticket. The Thames lock ticket is a curious literary production. It admits you through, by, or over the lock or weir for threepence. That is, I suppose, you can go through the lock in Christian fashion, drown under the weir, push and pull over the roller if there is one, or drag your boat round by the shore; but whether you come out dead or alive, for any of these privileges the Thames Conservancy will have its threepence.

The minute you get through Iffley Lock you see to its right Iffley Mill. It is only an old whitewashed, brown-roofed mill with a few poplars and near tumbling water, but the composition is the finest you will find between Oxford and London. We spent the afternoon there, dry under our cover, while J—— made his drawing and I read "Thyrsis" to him, and the rain pattered on the canvas. On the other

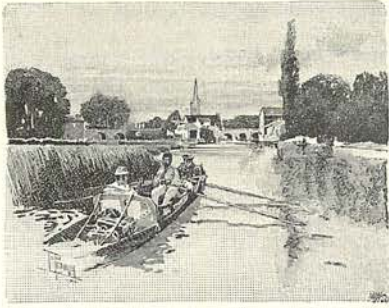


IFFLEY MILL.

side of the lock were three dripping tents; at their doors sat half a dozen wretched men. We vowed that unless every inn on the river were crowded we would not sleep out that night; for before we started we had talked a great deal of beautiful nights to be spent upon the river, when we would go to bed with the swans and rise up with the larks, cook our breakfast under the willows, and wash our dishes and ourselves in quiet, clean pools. Salter had supplied us with an ingenious stove, with kettles and frying-pans fitting into each other like the pieces of a Chinese puzzle, a lantern, cups and saucers and plates, forks and knives and spoons, a can of alcohol. He had even offered us a mattress large enough for a double bedstead. But as it was clear that if it went we must stay, we had decided to sleep on our rugs.

In the late afternoon we paddled slowly away, meeting no one, but seeing at every turn a picture to whose beauty nothing was wanting but sunlight; by Rose Island, where a dreary boatman waited in vain for us to come ashore, and by Sandford lasher, where we remembered Tom Brown, and left all the river between it and our boat. A lasher, which we had never understood, we found to be merely a place above the lock where the overflow of water falls to a lower level. The entire Thames, from London to its source, is a series of locks and lashers, which help to produce a uniform current.

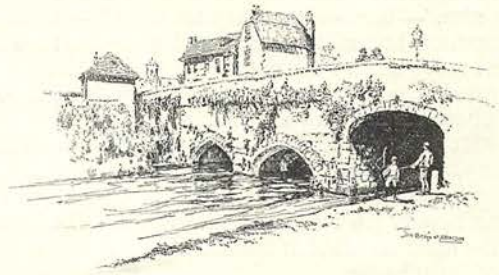
Just beyond was Sandford; from the river but an old church, a picturesque inn, a big barn, a mill, and a lock. When the inn came out of the rain we determined to stay in it, even before we saw how bright and fresh it was inside; and though we had made just three miles, we had the house to ourselves. The landlady was as blue as we were, telling



ABINGDON.

us no one had staid with her for a month; and we wondered if we should have to pay to make up for the crowd that had not come. For we had been warned that riverside inns are expensive; and this is, in a measure, true, since in the tiniest village inn you pay hotel prices—that is, about two or three dollars a day. You can camp for one-third of this. But then the inns are always as comfortable as tents are uncomfortable. We had also been warned that these inns were so crowded that a room must be secured a week beforehand. Probably in a good season this would be the case; but the summer of 1888 was so exceptionally wet that comparatively no one was in the upper reaches of the Thames.

The unexpected is always happening in English weather. We woke in the morning to find the sun shining in through the little leaded windows of our low-ceilinged room. We came down to an excellent breakfast, and soon got away after paying a moderate bill. Passing through Sandford Lock seemed an easy matter now that our green cover was caught up by its many strings. It hung, however, between the loops in tantalizing folds, an ugly blot in the scenery, a hindrance to my steering. We were all the morning—so often did we stop by the way—making the mile and a half to Nuneham, the place of the Harcourts, where there is a very ugly house which only shows for a minute, and a beautiful hill which grows wooded as you wind with the river towards it, and get nearer and nearer until you come to the pretty cottages at its foot. All afternoon we drifted slowly downstream or lay for hours among the reeds by the banks, watching the sail-boats hurrying before the wind, the canoes paddling slowly after, the camping parties with tents piled high in the stern, the occasional great barges gaudily painted and trailed by slow horses, the small boats towed for pleasure, and the swans which, in the most crowded and loneliest reaches, are ever at hand to group themselves into picturesque foregrounds. In the stillness we could hear far voices and even the sharpening of a scythe on shore, or the plashing of oars and the grinding of rowlocks long before the boats came in sight. And then a shrill whistle and a train rushing across the meadowland would remind us that this great quiet of the Thames is within easy reach of the noise of London.



BRIDGE AT ABINGDON.

Not long after Abingdon spire showed itself in the flat landscape, we pulled into Abingdon Lock, where there is a fall of several feet. Beyond the lock the channel is narrow and, owing to the deep fall, the stream is swift. It carried us quietly and quickly on, until all at once, as we watched the growth of the spire and the lovely arrangement of the town on the quaint old bridge, we were startled by the shouts of men on both banks. As we looked to find the cause of their excitement we crashed, broadside on, against a stone wall that juts out into the river and divides it suddenly into two rapid streams, which pass out of sight under the low arches of the bridge. Had not our boat been a broad-beamed, family tub, it would have turned us out; that the men on the banks expected this was evident from the way they rushed round with boathooks and life-preservers. But as there is nothing about the strong current in the many guidebooks and maps and charts of the Thames, we could not be prepared for what is unquestionably one of the few really dangerous places in the river.



SAILING.

How could we think of sleeping in our boat when the proprietor of the Nag's Head, who seemed certain he had saved us from a watery grave, literally dragged us into his inn? We had nothing to regret. We left the boat for another very old and rambling house, another good little dinner. Instead of being alone, as at Sandford, men in flannels like ourselves were in the coffee-room, at the bar, and in the garden. Every time we looked out on



WITTENHAM CLUMP, FROM DAY'S LOCK.

the river, from the inn windows or from the bridge, we saw a passing pleasure boat.

Abingdon is very picturesque, with its old gabled houses, its town hall by Inigo Jones, its abbey gateway and St. Helen's Church, whose graveyard is bounded by quaint old almshouses and whose spire is a landmark for the Thames traveler. But were I to begin to describe the endless beauty that lies near the Thames, and just hidden from it, I should never get back to the river again.

When we were ready to leave Abingdon, late the next day, our first care was to stow away the three hoops and the green cover at the bottom of our boat. Our next was to find out something about the current from the landlord. He told us there was no use of our attempting to go down the back way, and we were nervous about again passing and this time rounding the stone wall. It was in anything but a pleasant frame of mind we started, the landlord looking after us with evident uneasiness. J—— pulled slowly, apparently with tremendous effort, up above the island, which we cleared so successfully that we ran into the opposite mud bank. Here we made believe we had stopped to look at the view and J—— to smoke a pipe. As we pulled off again there came a moment of breathless suspense, and then the boat began to gather headway. The current here was so strong that earlier in the day it had taken all the available loafers of the town to pull a steam tug upstream against it. Now it caught us, and the first thing we knew we were on the other side of the bridge. It was only here at Abingdon we met with even the suggestion of an accident, so that in the simple tale of our voyage no one need look for Haggardian descriptions of shipwreck.

After the bridge it was easy going. By the time we had passed Culham Lock we began to take heart again, and actually braved the current of a mill-race in order to explore a little back-water. For one of the great charms of the Thames is the number of its "sedged tributaries,"—back-waters they are called,—which sometimes lead to and from mills and then are nothing but mill-streams, and sometimes are really the main river, which is left by the boats as they pass up the cut to the lock. But the most beautiful are those which seem to tire of running with the current, and turn from it to rest where lilies blow round long islands, or where cattle graze in quiet meadows.

It was near Clifton Lock we first saw Wittenham Clump, a hill with a group of trees on top, which is after this for many miles forever cropping up in the most unexpected places, now before you, now behind, giving a good idea of the many windings of the river. We had come too into the region of the tall clipped elms, which from here to London are one of the most beautiful, if familiar, features of the Thames.

There was no sleeping in the boat that night, for we expected two friends—a publisher and a parson—to meet us at the Barley Mow, a little roadside inn on the other side of the river from Clifton Hampden. It is a favorite stopping-place with river men, and the two days we spent there we never went into its low-paneled parlor without finding some one eating lunch or tea or dinner; on the road to the river flowed a never-ceasing stream of men in flannels and women in serges; at the landing-place, where the pretty girl was in charge, boats were always coming in and going out, and once in the midst of them we saw the *Minnehaha* and the *Hiawatha*, two real canoes.

On the other side of the bridge, almost under the shadow of the little church on the cliff, was a punt. Inside it were three chairs, and on the three chairs sat three solemn men fishing. They never stirred, except when one, still holding fast to his line with his left hand, with his right lifted a great brown jug from the bottom of the boat, drank long and deep and handed it to the next, and so it passed to the third. The sun shone, the rain fell, the shadows grew longer and longer and the jug lighter and lighter, but whenever I passed there they still sat.



THE BARLEY MOW.

All the near elm-lined roads and willowed back-waters lead to pretty villages — to Long Wittenham, which deserves its adjective with its one street straggling far on each side its old cross; to Little Wittenham, only a group of tiny houses just at the foot of Wittenham Clump; and to Dorchester, with its huge abbey, of all perhaps best worth a visit. But the beauty of Clifton Hampden is that which will not let itself be told; and he will never know it who does not feel the charm of peaceful country when the sunset burns into the water and the elms are black against the glory of the west, and little thatched cottages disappear into the darkness of the foliage—the charm of long walks through hedged-in lanes as the red fades into the gray twilight and a lone nightingale sings from the near hedge, and far church bells ring softly across the sleeping meadows.

Sunday afternoon we came home from church at Dorchester, just at the hour when kettles were boiling in every boat. On the river every one makes afternoon tea, just as every one wears flannels, and so of course we felt we must make it with the rest. We pulled up a little back-water and landed with our stove among the willows. The publisher went to the near lock for water, the parson filled the spirit-lamp, the trouble was great and the tea was bad. This was the only time during our month on the river that the stove was disturbed. From that time forward it rested from its labors in the box in which Salter had packed it.

When we left the Barley Mow on Monday morning, heavy rain was followed by soft showers and grayness. But it was bank holiday, and holiday makers in great numbers were on the river. Steam launches tossed us on their waves and washed the banks on each side. River fiends, they are popularly called, for in these narrow upper reaches, whenever they pass, the angler is aroused from contemplation, the camper interrupted in his dish-washing, the idler disturbed in his drifting, and sometimes the artist and his easel upset, and all for people who turn their backs on the beauty of the river and play "nap" and drink beer or champagne, as they might in the nearest public-house at home.

But the great business of the day was eating and drinking. The thin blue smoke of camp-fires rose above the reeds. In small boats kettles sung and hampers were unpacked. In the launches the cloth was never removed. We were but humans like the rest. After Shillingford, where the arches of the bridge framed in the river with its low island and the far blue hills, and where, near the Swan, 'Arry and 'Arriet were romping, or Phyllis sporting with Amaryllis in the shade, as the parson had it, Benson, a few red roofs straggling landward from a gray pinnacled church tower, came in sight, and to Benson we walked for lunch.

Our resting-place for the night was Wallingford, a town with much history and little to show for it. When we pulled ashore it was raining, and of course out of the question to sleep in the boat. We went instead to the gabled George, where we found a great crowd. It was the day on which the Galloway races, whatever they may be, had been held, and local excitement ran high. We ate our supper in company with a party of flanneled record makers who were in fine spirits because they had sculled twenty miles since morning. "Not bad for a first day out, by Jove, you know!"

"Twenty miles," said J—, not in the least impressed; "why, we may have come only eight by the map, but it was full twenty and a half by the parson's steering."

Later, when the landlady came in for orders, they called for beer for breakfast, but we asked for jam. "Jam by all means," said J—; "we're training to make our four miles a day," which was our average. After this they would have nothing to do with us, but drank whisky and wrote letters at one end of the table, while at the other we studied the visitors' book, and learned how many distinguished people, including our friend Mr. William Black, had been at the George before us.

Next morning the parson and the publisher took an early train to London, and we were again a crew of two. The champions we left over their beer and breakfast. But already, while we loaded our boat, campers sailed swiftly past and under the bridge, and punts leisurely hugged the opposite shore.

The punt is to the Thames what the gondola is to the canals of Venice. Wherever you go you see the long, straight boat with its passengers luxuriously outstretched on the cushions



"LOCK! LOCK!"



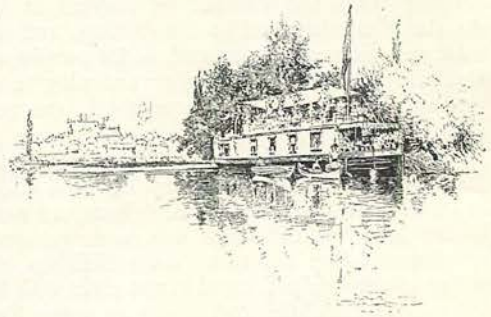
STREATLEY.

he can hope for ease and grace: first, that in which he abandons the pole and remains helpless in the punt; secondly, that in which, for reasons he will afterwards explain, he leaves the punt and clings to the inextricable pole; and thirdly, that of fearful suspense when he has not yet decided whether to cling to the pole or the punt.

By the shores beyond Wallingford here and there house-boats were moored. The typical Thames house-boat is so big and clumsy, with such a retinue of smaller boats, sometimes even with a kitchen attached, that it is not so easily moved as the big hotels we used to see wandering on wheels through the streets of Atlantic City. Indeed, because of the trouble of moving, it often remains stationary summer after summer. One we caught in the very act of being poled downstream; another we saw just after it had finished an enterprising journey; the rest looked as if nothing would tempt them from their moorings. They do not add much picturesqueness to the river. A square wooden box set on a scow is not and can not be made a thing of beauty. At Henley regatta the flat top always becomes gay with flowers and Japanese umbrellas and prettily dressed women, so that there color makes up in a measure for ugliness of form. But on many house-boats we passed that day from Wallingford buckets and brooms and life-preservers were the only visible armaments.

The inns, by the way, were a pleasant contrast. Nothing could be prettier than the little Beetle and Wedge, red and gabled, with a big landing-place almost at the front door; or the Swan at Streatley, with its tiny lawn where the afternoon tea-table was set, as in every other riverside garden we had passed above and below Cleve Lock.

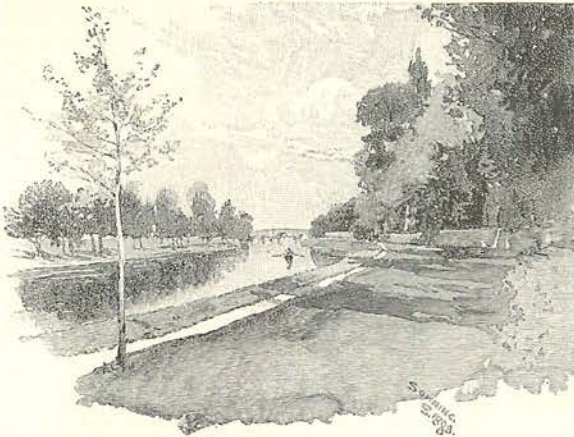
It would have been foolish indeed to put up for the night under our canvas when in Streatley a whole cottage was at our disposal once we could find it. We rang up the post-mistress, whose door was shut while she drank tea like the rest of the world. She directed us to a little brick cottage with jasmine over the door where lived a Mrs. Tidbury; and Mrs. Tidbury, armed with a key big enough to open all Streatley, led the way almost to the top of the hilly road, to a cottage with deep thatched roof and a gable where an angel, his golden wings outstretched, his hands folded, kept watch. *Nisi Dominus Frustra* was the legend, beaten in brass-headed nails, on the door which opened from the front garden into a low room with great rafters across the ceiling, and a huge fireplace, where every morning of our stay we saw our bacon broiled and our bread toasted. There were jugs and jars on the carved mantelshef; volumes of Balzac and Turgeneff, Walt Whitman and George Eliot, Carlyle



HOUSE-BOAT OFF READING.



PANGBOURN



SONNING BRIDGE.

village streets and the old bridge which joins them have been done to death; of Streatley Mill we have had our fill; Goring Church, with the deep red roof and gray Norman tower, so beautiful from the river, is almost as familiar in modern English art as the solitary cavalier once was in English fiction. The campers who pitch their tents on the reeded islands are armed with cameras, and on the decks of house-boats easels are set up. But

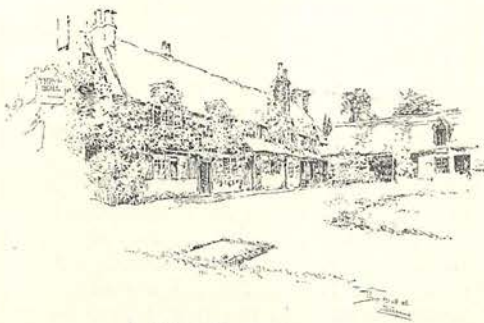
In Streatley you
Should mount the hill and see the view
And gaze and wonder, if you'd do
Its merits most completely.

It was the hour of sunset when we mounted and looked down on the valley, spread out like a map below, the river winding through it, a path of light between the open fields, a cold, dark shadow under the wooded banks. May the lazy minstrel another time wait to smoke and weave his lazy lay until he has climbed the hill, and then he will sing of something besides the Swan at Streatley!

The day we left the hot August sun had come at last. It was warm and close in the village, warm and fresh on the water. The *Golden Grasshopper*, the famous yellow and white house-boat of the last Henley regatta, had just anchored near the Swan, and its proprietor was tacking up awnings and renewing his flower frieze, which sadly needed the attention, but he monopolized the energy of the river. Boats lay at rest under the railway bridge below Streatley and under the trees of Hart's Woods. Anglers dozed in the sun.

O, Pangbourn is pleasant in sweet summer time,

with its old wooden bridge to Whitchurch over the river, and the lock with delicate birches



THE BULL AT SONNING.

and Thackeray, on the book-shelves; photographs from Florentine pictures on the walls; brass pots hanging from the rafters. A narrow flight of wooden steps led up to a bedroom with walls sloping under the thatch. Mrs. Tidbury gave the big key into our keeping; in the morning I bought meat from the butcher in Goring, and coaxed a cross old man into selling me green pease and berries from his own garden. We were at home, as we were bidden to be by the friend whose pleasure it is to share with others those good things which are his worldly portion.

“And Streatley and Goring are worthy of rhyme,” and of paint too, according to Mr. Leslie. The pretty



IN A LOCK.

on its island, and the mill and the weir and the gables and red roofs and tall elms. In all Thames villages the elements of picturesqueness are the same; in each they come together with new beauty. We had scarce left Pangbourn before we passed Hardwick House, red, gabled, and Elizabethan, and the more impressive because, as a rule, the big private houses on the Thames are ugly. And not far beyond was Mapledurham Mill, a fair rival to Iffley, and on the other side of the lock Mapledurham House, of whose beauty every one tells you. But you cannot see it from the river, and its owner will not let you land. His



SHIPLAKE.

From here to Caversham is the stupid stretch of which guide and other books give fair warning. But at the hour of sunset the ugliest country is glorified, and nowhere is the river really ugly. The "Dictionary of the Thames" for 1888 recommended as "snug and unpretentious" the White Hart Inn on the left bank by Caversham Bridge. Accordingly to the left bank we drew up, but behold! we found a large hotel, a steam launch bringing in its passengers, waiters in dress-coats, a remarkably good supper, and a very attentive Signor Bona to add the pleasure of an Italian kitchen to the clean comfort of the English inn.

The town of Reading,

'Mong other things so widely known
For biscuits, seeds, and sauce,

seldom has a good word said for it by those who write from the river point of view. And yet the stream of the Thames makes glad the city with its railways and big brick factories and tall chimneys, and it becomes, in its own way, as picturesque, though not as characteristic of the upper Thames, as the little villages and the old deserted market towns. It is not, however, the ideal place for a house-boat, and for this reason, I suppose, we found two or three within hearing of the ever-passing trains and within sight of the chimneys and the smoke. From them canoes were carrying young men and their luggage to the convenient station; in the small boats at their bows young ladies were lounging; in the sterns white-capped maids were busy with brooms and buckets.

Even if the much-abused banks, where the river the "cleere Kennet overtakes," were unattractive, it is not far to Holme Park and the shady riverside walk known as the Thames Parade, beyond which is Sonning Lock —

That's famed
For roses and for bees,

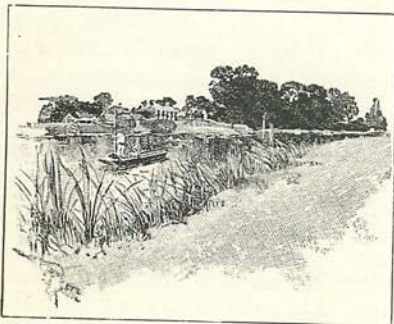
and for the lock-keeper who cared for them until his death, some three years ago, and whose poem called "Summer Recreations" is perhaps the simplest description ever written of the journey from Oxford to Windsor. Close to the lock is the village, "set on fair and commodious ground," with roses and sweet jasmine growing over every cottage door. It was at the cheery White Hart the lazy minstrel lunched

Off cuts of cold beef and a prime Cheddar cheese
And a tankard of bitter at Sonning.

We too might have had our tankard in its pretty garden, but there was no room for us; and so we walked from the river through the churchyard to the Bull, low and gabled, running round two sides of a square, with the third shut in by the churchyard wall and a row of limes. It would be a figure of speech, however, to say we staid at the Bull, where we ate our meals and paid our bill. But our rooms were



AT WARGRAVE.



WARGRAVE.



PUNT FISHING.

publisher and the parson thought the barmaid quite the nicest. But, to counterbalance these attractions, the weather was vile. All Sunday drenching mist fell. But, somehow, time did not hang very heavy. As we stood at the door we heard the famous church bells which a century ago carried off a two-handled silver cup for the "superior style in which they rang two hundred and eight bob-major," and for this we would much sooner have the word of the guidebook than hear for ourselves the way really beautiful bells can be misused in England. We sat in the church porch and listened to the hymns of the congregation. We walked to the bridge where men and women watched for clear weather, while on the near island campers pathetically huddled together under the trees. But just in the hour before dark the mist rose and the clouds rolled away to give fair promise for the morrow.

A gale was blowing but no rain fell when we pulled—for to-day there was no easy drifting—to Wargrave. The poplars looked cold and bare, the willows showed all their silver, and at Shiplake Lock, as J—— and the parson to the best of their ability gave the familiar Thames cry of "Lock! Lock!" and we waited for the gates to open, the wind swung our boat clear round, and it took a deal of manœuvring with the boathook to bring the bow in position again. A young man from a near tent ran up to play lock-keeper,—the favorite amusement of campers in the intervals between eating and cooking,—and hardly had we passed through when, a certain proof of the beauty of Wargrave, we suddenly saw Mr. Alfred Parsons sailing home from his work to the George and Dragon.

Wargrave bears an air of propriety, as befits the last resting-place of the creator of "Sandford and Merton." Carriages with liveried footmen roll by on the village street, upon which new Queen Anne houses open their doors. The artistic respectability of the George and Dragon is vouched for by its painted sign, the not very wonderful work of two R. A's. On each side the inn lawns slope down from private houses, and boats lie moored along the shore. And, as if to show they are not common folk, the boating men of Wargrave go so far as to make themselves ugly and wear a little soldier cap stuck on one side of their heads.

But little of the time we gave to Wargrave was spent in the village. We explored instead the

Loddon slow, with verdant alders crowned,

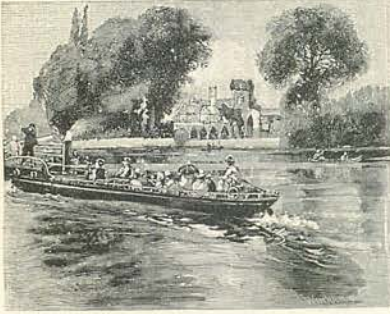
and the many near back-waters, with that indifference to the sign "Private water" which Mr. Leslie in "Our River" recommends. Indeed, no one seems to heed it. I have heard men read aloud "Private water," and add at once, "Oh, that's all right. Come on!" In Patrick Stream, as the only man who ever really painted English landscape told us, there are Corots at every step, and what more need we say? In Bolney back-water the trees meet above your head and in the water below, with here and there a glimpse beyond the willows of lovely poplars and old farmhouses and "wide meadows which the sunshine fills." Reeds and lilies and long trailing water plants in places choke the stream, so that sculls are put away for the paddle. May and



ANGEL AT HENLEY.



HENLEY.



MEDMENHAM ABBEY.

meadowland opposite, where villagers played cricket after their day's work.

From Wargrave, past the colony of house-boats within easy distance of Shiplake station, at the foot of a shady lane, where, if you land, a man suddenly appears and claims a penny (for what I hardly know); past Bolney with its ugly big house and pretty islands where the swans rest at noontide; past the ferry where the lazy minstrel sat and sang "Hey down derry!" until the young lady came to his rescue; past Park Place with its grotesque boat-house, niched and statued; through Marsh Lock, at whose gates during regatta week boats crowd and push and jostle, just as people do at the pit doors of a popular theater — 't is a short three-miles' journey to the Angel at Henley.

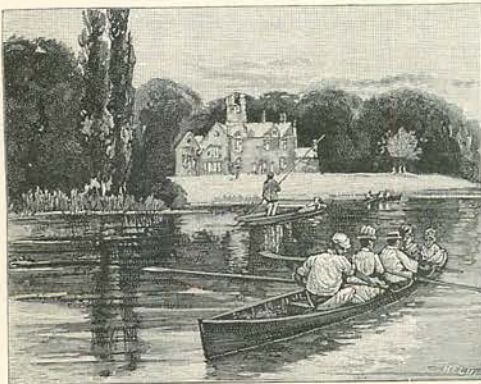
Henley seemed quiet by comparison with the July day when we came down from London and found the river a mass of boats and brilliant colors, and the banks crowded with people, and Gargantuan lunches spread at the Lion and the Angel and the Catherine Wheel. But that was during regatta week, when Englishmen masquerade in gay attire and Englishwomen become "symphonies in frills and lace," and together picnic in house-boats, launches, row-boats, canoes, punts, dinghies, and every kind of boat invented by man. It is true that now and then the course is cleared and a race rowed:

But if you find a luncheon nigh —
A mayonnaise, a toothsome pie —
You 'll soon forget about the race.

But whatever life there was at Henley we saw from the Angel. Across the way was the "finely toned, picturesque, sunshiny Lion," where Shenstone wrote his famous lines, too often quoted to be quoted again, and where the coach starts for Windsor. The pretty bow-window of our coffee-room opened upon the river, and, gray as were the three days, we waited in vain to see Henley in sunshine: pleasure parties were always starting from the landing-place, boats never stopped passing, swans floated by in threes, while boys forever hung over the open balustrade of the old gray bridge, where, now and then, we could see the long boats on Salter's van as it crept Oxford-ward.

A strong wind was blowing and there was quite a sea on when, late one afternoon, we down the regatta reach, wide and desolate without its July crowds; by the island with its little classic temple and its poplars set against a background of low hills — the starting-point of the race; past many houses, among others that of the Hon. W. H. Smith, an improvement on the usual Thames-side house; and then, like the "countless Thames toilers, now coming, now going," we took our pink ticket at Hambledon Lock, where there is a red lock-house covered with creepers, close to a great weir and a mill-stream, a white mill, and a little village full of yellow gables and big deserted barns, with grass growing on their old roofs and weeds choking their neglected yards.

We landed just below the lock, determined to make a record. For I fancy never before



BISHAM ABBEY.

has any one on the Thames journey succeeded in making but nine miles in a week! We put up at a brand-new, very ugly, but comfortable brick Flower Pot, where there was a landlord who had much to say about art and the Royal Academy. For Royal Academicians often lunch with him and Royal Academy pictures have been painted under the very shadow of his house, as well they might, for all the near country was as pretty as the inn was ugly. Elms, the loveliest in the whole length and breadth of England, met overhead in the narrow lanes, bordered the fields "with poppies all on fire," and shut in the old-fashioned gardens full of weary sunflowers waiting to count the steps of the sun that would not shine. Here and there through the elms we caught a glimpse of the river, and in the distance the tower of Medmenham Abbey.

We dropped down to the abbey towards noon the next day, just as the first picnic party was landing in the near meadows. For this place, where for centuries men worked in silence and knew not pleasure, is now but a popular picnicking ground. We too have lunched at Medmenham. We had been but a few weeks in England then, and I remember how we wondered at the energy of the young girls in fresh muslins who unpacked the hampers, laid the cloths, and washed the dishes; and how we thought nothing could be prettier than the old abbey, turned into a farmhouse, with its cloisters and ivy-grown ruined tower. That was four years ago, and in the interval we have seen much of England's loveliness. Now we were not so much impressed, though the abbey makes a pleasant enough picture with its gray, ivied arches and red roof and tall chimneys, and the beautiful trees on each side. Even the tower, if it be but a sham ruin, is effective.

At Lady Place, but little more than a mile below, men came together to save their country from the Stuarts. But in a boat under a blue sky, drifting past hay-scented meadows, sightseeing loses its charm, and it was a relief to be told by the lock-keeper that some of the family were now at home and so the gates of Lady Place were closed against the public. There was nothing to see anyway; just a few tablets stuck in the walls, and a cellar where a conspiracy went on once—he could n't exactly say just when.

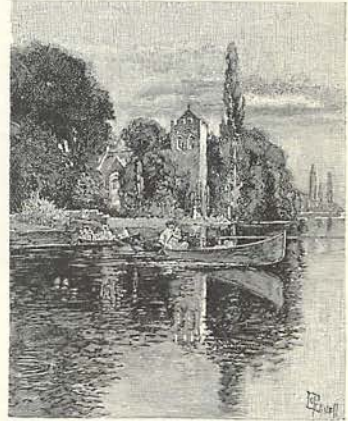
"O, Bisham banks are fresh and fair"; and Bisham Abbey stands where it cannot be hid from the river, and you need not leave your boat to see the old gray walls and gables or the weather-worn Norman tower of Bisham Church, past which Shelley so often drifted in his boat as he dreamed his dreams of justice.

Great Marlow was a disappointment. Only the street which leads to the river, where the ferry was of old, shows a few picturesque gabled houses. Gravel was heaped on the shores, where the girls stand in Fred Walker's picture, and instead of the ferry-boat, pleasure punts and canoes and skiffs lay beyond. The town was poor in Shelley's time. Now, to the outsider, it looks fairly well-to-do.

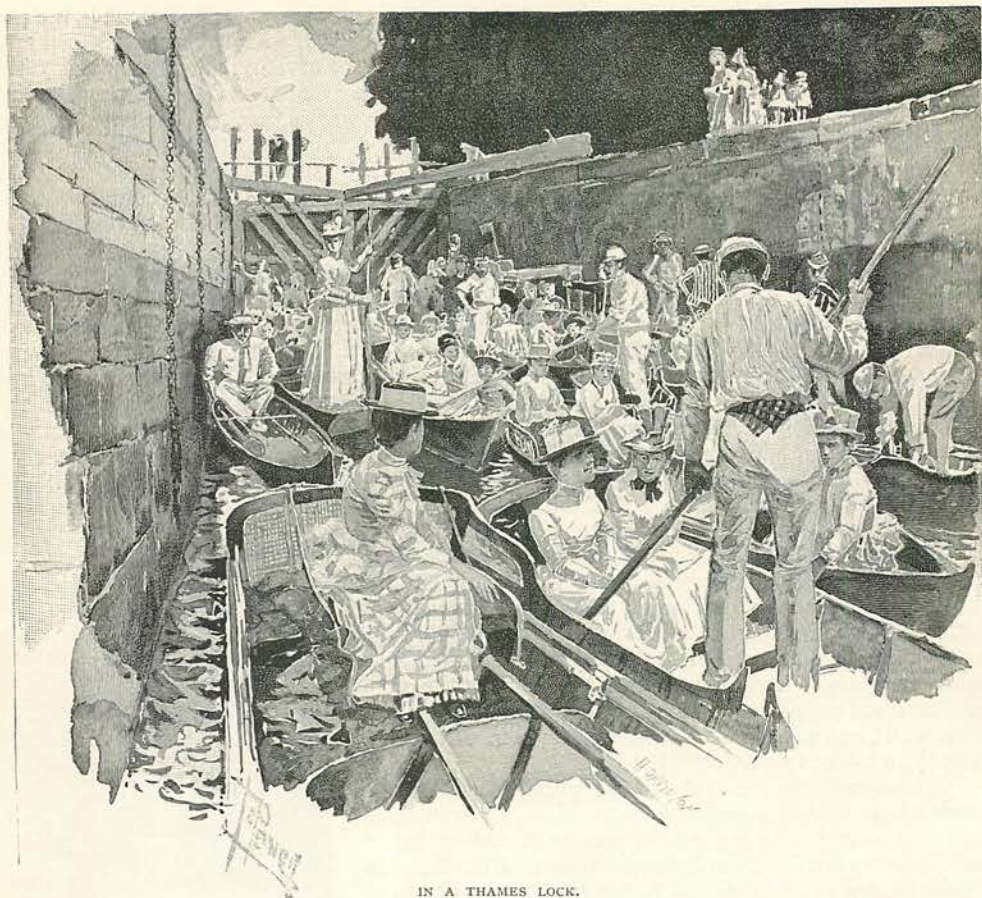
If you wake up early enough in "dear old Marlow town" you will see walking riverward all the men in flannels you yesterday met in boats, each with a towel over his arm. They are on their way "to headers take at early dawn." And presently, if it be Sunday morning, after the breakfast hour the procession reforms and divides, one half in top hats and conspicuous prayer books, the other still in flannels and carrying hampers instead of towels. For Sunday is the river day on the stretch between Marlow and Maidenhead.

When we came downstairs in the morning, an Oxford friend had just arrived to take a pair of sculls for the day, and it was in fine style we made our start. Dickens in his "Dictionary of the Thames" advises caution in passing Marlow Weir. Though, as a rule, he is as nervous as Taunt is easy-going, his nervousness here is not without reason. The weir, less protected than many, stretches to your right as you go towards Marlow Lock, and the angler-haunted current by the mill is on your left and you must keep straight in the middle, or what is the result? You go over, as so many have already gone, and, once over, you never come out again. But still, on the Thames, with moderate care there is no occasion for accidents so long as daylight lasts, for at every weir is the sign "Danger!" big enough to be read long before you come to it. After dark, however, even those who know the river best are not safe.

"And Quarry woods are green"; and at the foot of low hills, yellowing with the late harvest, is Bourne-End, a group of red roofs and a long line of poplars, and next Cookham



BISHAM CHURCH.



IN A THAMES LOCK.

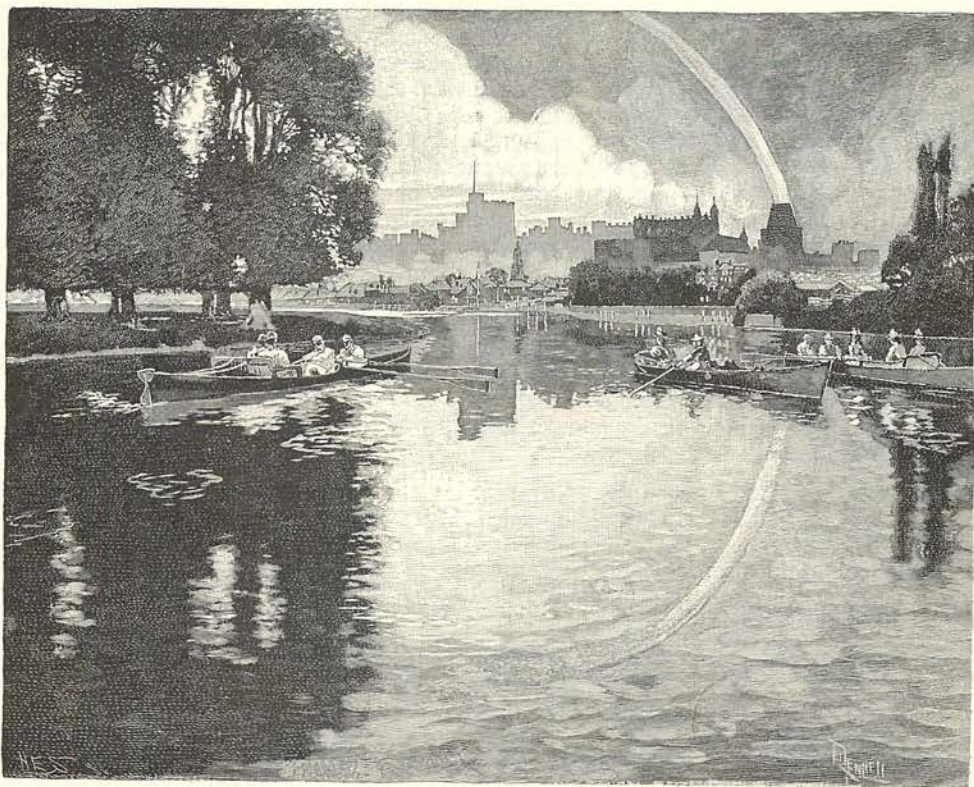
church tower comes in sight. Under its shadow Fred Walker lies buried near the river he loved in life. Within the church a tablet is set up in his honor in the west wall, and a laurel wreath hangs beneath. But over his grave only a gray stone, like those one sees in all English country graveyards, is erected to his memory, and that of his mother and brother.

At the Ferry Hotel at Cookham we unpacked our boat and ceased to be travelers, to become, with the many on the water, pleasure-seekers of a day. Anglers no longer slept on the banks, but were alert to order us out of their way if we drew too near. In every house-boat, in every steam launch, was a gay party. Along the beautiful stretch between Marlow and Cookham, beneath the steep wooded slopes of Cliefden,—where here and there the cedars and beeches leave a space to show the great house of the Duke of Westminster rising far above, its gray façade in fine perspective against the sky,—up the near back-waters winding between sedge and willow, one to a mill, another to a row of eel-bucks, the name of the smaller boats was legion. Among them was every possible kind of row-boat, and there were punts, some with one some with two at the pole, dinghies, sail-boats, even a gondola and two sandolas, and canoes with single paddle, canoes with double paddles, and one at least with an entire family on their knees paddling as if from the wilds of America or Africa. On the Thames it seems as if no man is too old, no child too young, to take a paddle, a pole, or a scull. In one boat you find a gray-haired grandfather perhaps, in the next a little girl in short frocks and big sun-bonnet.

The locks were more crowded than usual, and on



CLIEFDEN.



RAINBOW ON THE THAMES.

their banks men waited with baskets of fruit and flowers. In one we sunk to the bottom to the music of the "Brav' Général," and the musicians, when there was no escape, let down the lock-keeper's long boathook with a bag at the end for pennies.

But it was outside Boulter's Lock, on the way back to Cookham, that we found the greatest crowd. There was such a mass of boats one might have thought all

The men who haunt the waters,
Broad of breast and brown of hue,
All of Beauty's youngest daughters,
Perched in punt or crank canoe,

were waiting to pass through together. But presently the lock-keeper called out, "Keep back! There are a lot of boats coming!" and the lock gates slowly opened and out they came, pell-mell, pushing, paddling, poling, steaming, and there was great scrambling, and bumping, and meeting of friends, and cries of "How are you?" "Come to dinner at eight," "Look out where you 're going!" and brandishing of boathooks, and glaring of eyes, and savage shoutings, and frantic handshakings, and scrunching of boats, and scratching of paint, and somehow we all made our way into the lock as best we could, the lock-keeper helping the slower boats with his long boathook and fitting all in until there was not space for one to capsize if it would. But indeed in a crowded lock if you cannot manage your own boat some one else will manage it for you; and, for that matter, when there is no crowd you meet men whose only use of a boathook is to dig it into your boat as you are quietly making your way out. Both banks were lined with people looking on, for Boulter's Lock on Sunday afternoon is one of the sights of the Thames.

When the upper gates opened there was again pushing and scrambling, and it was not until we were out of the long cut and under the Cliefden heights that we could pull with care. The boats kept passing long after we had got back to Cookham and while we lingered in the hotel garden. Almost the last were the sandolas and the gondola, and as we watched them, with the white figures of the men at the oar outlined against the pale sky and bending in slow, rhythmic motion, we understood why these boats are so much more picturesque than the



RUNNYMEDE.

lighted their lamps and Japanese lanterns, making a bright illumination in one corner, and "when the evening mist clothed the riverside with poetry as with a veil" "all sensible people" turned their backs upon it and went in to dinner.

After Cookham there is history enough to be learned from the guidebook for those who care for it: scandalous as you pass under

Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and of love;

stirring about Maidenhead, where the conspiracy of Harley bore some of its good fruit; mainly ecclesiastical at Bray, where lived the famous Vicar, who never faltered in his faith unless the times required it:

And this is the law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

He showed his good taste. The village is as charming when you first see from the river the long lines of poplars and the church tower overlooking a row of eel-bucks as when you wander through the streets to the old brick almshouse with the quaintly clipped trees in front and the statue of the founder over the door. For the first time in our river experience there was not a room to be had in the village. At least so the landlady of the George on the river bank told us, while she struggled with her h's. She advised us to try the H-h-hind's H-h-head in the village. We did, but with no success. Now was the time to unfold our canvas and put up in our own hotel. Instead, we dropped downstream in search of an inn where we would not have to make our own beds and do our own cooking.

Between Bray and Boveney Locks is the swiftest stream on the river, and we saw only one boat being towed, and another sculled with apparently hard work up past Monkey Island, where the Duke of Marlborough's painted monkeys, which give the island its name, are said still to climb the walls of his pleasure house.

The river flowed in long reaches and curves between shores where there was little to note. But as we passed Queen's Island we saw, gradually coming into view on the horizon, the great gray mass of Windsor Castle. We lost sight of it when, with a turn of the stream, we came to Surly, where the Eton boys end their famous 4th of June, and to little Boveney Church, shut in by a square of trees much as a Normandy farm is inclosed. Just before the lock the castle was again in front of us, nearer now and more massive. But hardly had we seen it when it went behind the trees. Below the lock dozens of boats and many swans with them were on the water; not the crowd we had left at Maidenhead, however. Men sculled in stiff hats and shirt-sleeves. Parties were being pulled instead of pulling themselves. Soldiers, their little caps still stuck on their heads, but their elegance taken off with their coats, tumbled about in old tubs: once in the midst of them a crew of eight, spick and span as if for a parade and coached by an officer, passed in a long racing-boat.

The banks, where fishermen sat, grew higher and more commonplace; one or two little back-waters



THAMES EEL-BUCKS.

quietly joined the main stream. A long railway embankment stretched across the plain. The river carried us under a great archway, and just before us Windsor towered, grand and impressive, from its hill looking down upon river and town. The veil of soft smoke over the roofs at its foot seemed to lift it far above them, a symbol of that gulf fixed between royalty and the people.

Rain began to fall as we drew up to a hotel on the Eton side, just opposite to where the castle "stands on tiptoe to behold the fair and goodly Thames."

In the town we could forget the river, so seldom did we see the river uniform, so often did we meet tourists with red Baedekers. In the hotel we could as easily forget the town, for here we overlooked the water and the passing boats. Even when it was so dark that we could no longer see them, we could hear the whistle of the steam launches, the dipping in time of many sculls, and the cries of coxswains.

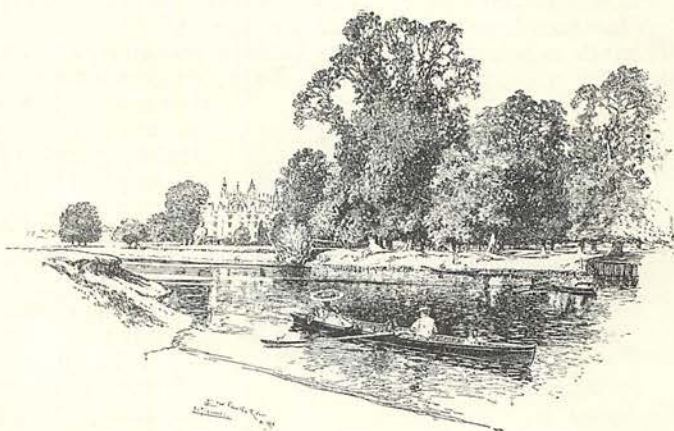
The morning we left Windsor was brilliant with sunshine. Near Romney Lock the red walls and gray chapel of Eton came in sight, and when we looked back it was to see a corner of Windsor Castle framed in by the trees that line the narrow cut. Beyond the lock were the beautiful Eton playing-fields, where crowds meet on the 4th of June; and next Datchet and Datchet Mead, where Falstaff was thrown for foul clothes into the river; and Windsor Park, where the sun went under the clouds and down came the rain in torrents. At the first drop all the boats disappeared. The minute before a girl had been poling downstream at our very side. Now she had gone as mysteriously as the Vanishing Lady. We, not understanding the trick, kept calmly on our way and were none the worse for our ducking. And when the sun shone again the boats all reappeared as suddenly. One cannot tell in words how the river, with the first bit of sunshine, like the Venetian lagoons, becomes filled with life.

At Old Windsor the weir seemed to us much the most dangerous we had come to, and the lock by far the most dilapidated. After we left the

lock we passed the yellow bow-windowed Bells of Ousely, an inn famous I hardly know for what, its sign hanging from one of the wide-branching elms that overshadow it; and Magna Charta Island, where the barons claimed the rights which they have kept all for themselves ever since, and where two or three pleasure parties were picnicking, and a private house stands on the spot so sacred to English liberty; opposite, those who to-day are its defenders were playing at making a pontoon-bridge, and the field was dotted with red coats and white tents. Below was Runnymede, a broad meadow at the foot of a beautiful hillside, where the great fight was fought.

At Bell Weir Lock the gates were closed. Too many barges had crowded in from the lower side, and the last had to back out, an operation which took much time and more talk. A boat-load of campers pulled up while we waited.

"Back water, Stroke!" cried the man at the bow, who had a glass screwed in one eye. "Easy now! Bring her in! Look out where you 're going!" And with his glass fixed upon Stroke, he quite forgot to look out where he was going himself, and bang went the bow into a post and over he tumbled into a heap of tents and bags at the bottom of the boat. When he got up the glass was still there, as it apparently had been for several weeks, for we had seen the party going upstream when we were at Sonning. They had probably been to the top of the Thames and were on their way back, but they had not yet learned to manage a boat. When the gates at last opened Stroke saw some young ladies on shore, and at once put his pipe in his mouth and his hands into the pockets of his blue and black blazer, and struck an attitude, and Bow gave orders in vain. The boat swung from one side of the lock to the other and still he posed. However, we had the worst of it in coming out. For in trying to clear the waiting barge we ran aground and stuck there ignominiously, while



ETON FROM THE RIVER.

all the boats that had been behind us in the lock went by. But it was not much work to push off again, and almost at once we were in Staines.

The town is thought to be the rival of Reading in ugliness, an eyesore on the Thames. We minded this but little, for we spent the evening sitting at a table in the garden of the Pack Horse, watching the never-ceasing procession of boats—the punt with the two small boys come to meet their father after his day in London; the racing punts; the long, black canoe, either the *Minnehaha* or the *Hiawatha* (we were too far to see its name); the picnic parties coming home with empty hampers; the sail-boats; the ferry punt, where now and then an energetic man in flannels took the pole from the ferryman and sent the punt zigzagging through the water, but somehow, and in the course of time, always got to the other side. And if an ugly railway bridge crossed the river just here, we could look under it to the still busier ferry, where the punt, crossing every minute, was so crowded with gay dresses and flannels that one might have thought all Staines had been for an outing. The sun set behind the dense trees on the opposite bank, its light shining between their trunks and the dark reflections; moonlight lay on the water, and still we sat there. We could understand our landlord when he told us that, though he had traveled far and wide, there was no place he cared for as he did for Staines. Like his wife and the pile of trunks at the head of the stairs, he had an unmistakable theatrical look. Later he went into the bar and played the violin, and people gathered about the tables while he gave now a Czardas, now the last London Music Hall song. The evening was the liveliest we spent upon the river.

A fine Scotch mist fell the next morning. Of the first part of the day's voyage there was not much to remember but gray banks, a gray river, and an occasional fishing-punt with umbrellas in a row. In our depression we forgot when we passed Laleham that the village

has become a place of pilgrimage. Matthew Arnold lies buried in its churchyard, and perhaps he, who hated the parade of death, would rather have the traveler pass his grave without heeding it than stop to drop a sentimental tear.

At Chertsey the mist rose and our spirits with it. We had arrived just in time for the Chertsey regatta, and when presently the sun struggled through the clouds, as if by magic the river was crowded with boats. The races were not worth seeing. The men sculled in their vests, poled in their suspenders. Punts at the start got so hopelessly entangled that spectators roared with laughter. But there was an attempt to do the thing as at Henley. Between the races, canoes and punts and skiffs went up and down the racecourse, and the



ROLLERS AT MOULSEY.

people in the two house-boats received their friends and tea was made. Among the lookers-on, at least, costumes were correct.

From the river, Chertsey was so pretty and gay, we did not go into the town, which Dickens says is dull and quiet, even to hunt for the humble nest where Cowley

'Scaped all the toils that life molest,
And its superfluous joys,

or the near mansion where Fox raised his turnips.

We neared Shepperton Lock as the sun was going down. Just below the long straggling village of Weybridge was hidden round a corner of the river at the mouth of the Wey. Close by another little stream and a canal join the Thames, and their waters meet in the weir pool, which was a broad sheet of light when we first saw it. At the landing-place of the Lincoln Arms lay the usual mass of boats, but almost all were marked with monograms repeated on every scull and paddle, and on the road above carriages with liveried footmen waited.

The little river Wey runs to Guildford and still farther through the fair county of Surrey, and on its banks, not far from Weybridge, lived the rollicking, frolicking, jolly old monks whose legend is said to drive away sentiment as suddenly as a north wind scatters sea-fog. But after all, if you turned from the Thames to explore every stream rich in story and in beauty, you would never get down to London. Besides, on the Wey there are locks every hour or less, and at almost all you must be your own lock-keeper and carry your tools with you, and there are those who say the pleasure is not worth the work.

From Weybridge to Walton is the neighborhood abounding with memories of olden time,

where Mr. Leland once went gipsying. First there is Shepperton, with its little Gothic church and many anglers, on your left; and then Halliford, a quaint old street facing the river, where we found an impudent young man sailing the *Shuttlecock*, as if the *Shuttlecock* were not the special property of the lazy minstrel; and next Cowey Stakes, where Cæsar is said to have crossed; and Walton with its relics of scolds and gallants and astrologers. For if there is a picture at every turn of the Thames, there is a story as well; and if you are not too lazy, you read it in your guidebook and are much edified thereby, but you go no further to prove it true.

The cut to Sunbury Lock, with its unpollarded willows and deep reflections, is like a bit of a French canal. At the lock there is one of the slides found only in the most crowded parts of the river. On them boats are pulled up an inclined plane over rollers and then let down another into the water above or below, as the case may be, and this in one-fifth of the time it takes to go through a lock, nor is there any long waiting for water to be let out or in.

And next came Hampton, where a large barge with red sail furled showed we were nearing London, and close by Garrick's Villa with its Temple of Shakspeare, and on the opposite shore Moulsey Hurst, where the costermongers' races are run in the month when gorse is in bloom, and where I was first introduced by the great Rye Leland to Mattie Cooper, the old gipsy whose name is an authority among scholars. And here the river divides into two streams to run round islands, which stretch, one after another, almost to Moulsey, so that as you pass down on either side the river seems no wider than it was many miles away at Oxford.

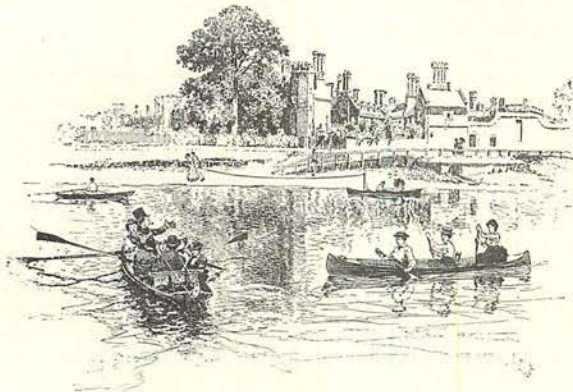
At Moulsey Lock on Saturday afternoon and on Sunday you find everything that goes to make a regatta but the races. It is the headquarters of that carnival on the river which begins with June, is at its height in midsummer, and ends only with October. Not even in the July fêtes on the Grand Canal in Venice is there livelier movement, more graceful grouping, or brighter color. There may be gayer voices and louder laughter, for the English take their pleasure quietly. But I do not believe, the world over, men in their every-day amusements can show a more beautiful pageant. The Venetian fêtes can be seen only once each summer. But though for that of the Thames you must go to Henley regatta, every week Boulter's or Moulsey Lock makes a no less brilliant picture. And, as Mr. Leland has said, "It is very strange to see this tendency of the age to unfold itself in new festival forms, when those who believe that there can never be any poetry or picturing in life but in the past are wailing over the banishing of Maypoles and all English sports."

It was still early Saturday afternoon when we reached Moulsey. At once we unloaded our boat and secured a room at the Castle Inn, close to the bridge and opposite that

Structure of majestic frame
Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.

The rest of the day and all the next we gave to the river between Hampton and the Court. In the lock the water never rose nor fell without carrying with it as many boats as could find a place upon its surface. At the slide, where there are two rollers for the boats going up and two for those coming down, there were always parties embarking and disembarking, men in flannels pulling and pushing canoes and skiffs. Far along the long cut boats were always waiting for the lock gates to open. And on the gates, and on both banks, and above the slide, sat rows of lookers-on, as if at a play; and the beautiful rich green of the trees, the white and colored dresses, the really pretty women and the strong, athletic men, all with their reflections in the water, made a picture

ever to be remembered. On the road were ragged men and boys, with ropes and horses, offering to "tow you up to Sunbury, Shepperton, Weybridge, Windsor," and still raggeder children chattering in Romany and turning somersaults for pennies. If we pulled up to Hampton it was to see the broad reach there "overspread with shoals of laboring oars," or with a fleet of sailing boats tacking from side to side — dangerous, it seemed to us, as the much hated steam launches. Below the weir were the anglers' punts. And up the little Mole, which "digs through earth the Thames to win," the luncheon cloth



HAMPTON COURT.

was spread and the tea-kettle sung under the willows. Through the long Sunday afternoon the numbers of boats and people never lessened, though the scene was ever varying. And when the sun sunk below Moulsey Hurst there was still the same crowd in the lock, there were still the rows of figures sitting on the banks, the men and horses on the road, the stray cyclist riding towards Thames Ditton—all now, however, but so many silhouettes cut out against the strong light.

Close by Moulsey Lock is Hampton Court, with its park and gardens, its galleries and courts, its bad pictures and fine tapestries, its fountains and terraces. What good American who has been in England does not love this most beautiful of English palaces? But of all those who come to it Sunday after Sunday, there is scarcely one who knows that within a ten-minutes' walk is another sight no less beautiful in its way—very different, but far more characteristic of the England of to-day.

At Moulsey we felt that our journey had really come to an end; but everybody who does the Thames is sure to go as far as the last lock at Teddington, and so for Teddington we set out early on Monday morning. There is no very fine view of Hampton Court from the river. One little corner crowned with many twisted and fluted chimney pots rises almost from the banks, and the wall of the park follows the towpath for a mile or more. On our left we passed Thames Ditton, where, in the Swan Inn, Theodore Hook, who to an abler bard singing of sweet Eden's blissful bowers would "Ditto say for Ditton," is as often quoted as is Shenstone at the Lion at Henley; and Kingston, with its pretty church tower, where the great coal barges of the lower Thames lay by the banks and a back-water we explored degenerated into a sewer; and then we were at Teddington with its group of tall poplars, where there is a large lock for the barges and steam tugs, and a smaller one and a slide as well for pleasure boats, and where the familiar smoky smell that always lingers over the Thames at Westminster or London Bridge greeted us.

The tide was going out or coming in,—it was so low we hardly knew which,—and on each side the river now were mud banks. But it was still early, and we decided to pull down and leave our boat at Richmond. After Teddington it was ho! for Twickenham Ferry, and the village of eighteenth-century memories. From the river we saw the villa where Pope patched up his constitution and his grotto, and the mansion where the princes of the house of Orleans lived in banishment. And in front of us from Richmond Hill, where Turner painted and many poets have sung, The Star and Garter, a certain dignity lent to it by the beautiful height upon which it stands and the knowledge that you will be bankrupt if you stop there, overlooked the Thames's "silver winding way."

In places the shores were as pastoral as in the upper narrow reaches, but again we came to the mud banks. From every landing-place men cried, "Keep your boat, sir?"—for Salter has agents on the river whose business it is to take care of boats left by river travelers until his van calls to carry them back to Oxford. Everybody expected us to stop; something of that great noise of London which has been likened to the roaring of the loom of Time seemed to reach us. We had left the Stream of Pleasure and were now on the river that runs through the world of work, as the big barges and the steam tugs told us. At Richmond we pulled up to shore for the last time, and intrusted the *Rover*, now with a good deal of its paint scratched off and bearing marks of long travels and good service, to the waiting boatman.



TWICKENHAM FERRY.



LANDING AT RICHMOND.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.