

have a little flour added to it to thicken it. Put the pan on one side of the fire ; then make some good suet crust, allowing four ounces of suet to one pound of flour, put in a little baking-powder, and mix it tolerably stiff ; roll it out an inch thick, and cut out a piece the size of the top of your pan, so as to exactly fit it, lay it over the meat and vegetables, cover the pan, and boil all together for three-quarters of an hour, or an hour. This is a very economical dish, as so little meat is required.

The "Trifle" is made in this way :—Scald six large

apples, peel and pulp them ; boil one pound of pumpkin for an hour ; rub it through a colander, and mix it thoroughly with the pulped apple ; sweeten it well, and grate the rind of a lemon over ; then place this pulp in a deep glass dish, about half filling it ; scald half a pint of milk, half a pint of cream, and the yolks of two eggs over the fire, stirring it all the time till it boils ; add a little sugar ; let it stand till cold ; then pour it over the apples and pumpkin ; and, last of all, make a little whip, either with cream or white of egg, and lay it over the whole.

A HOLIDAY TRIP FROM KEW TO MEDMENHAM.



WHERE is perhaps no part of England that possesses interest so great or so varied as that lying along the course of the river Thames, and which withal to the ordinary holiday-maker is so little known. Its very proximity to the metropolis has, indeed, been sometimes adduced as a reason why Londoners appear so oblivious of its charms,

and so seldom avail themselves, in their short intervals of respite from busy toil, of the refreshment to both body and mind which its calm quietude affords. And yet this beautiful stream has been, not unjustly, called "the King of Island Rivers ;" and we have authority for affirming that, though it may not possess the grandeur and sublimity of the Rhine or the Moselle, the Rhone or the Danube, it still remains unsurpassed in its richness of pictorial beauty by any river on the Continent.

It is between Maidenhead and Hedsor that what has been pronounced to be "the perfection of natural beauty" reaches its highest point. Here the hills rise steeply from the banks on either side, and are covered with every variety of luxuriant foliage, to the wealth of which, especially at Cliefden, all climes and countries seem to have contributed.

Overhanging rocks and chalky cliffs, wooded heights and richly cultivated fields, with everywhere a delightful intermingling of wood and water, combine to present in swift succession an infinite variety of fairy-like scenes, whose grace and loveliness it would be impossible to exaggerate.

But it is to its manifold associations of all kinds—literary, historical, and histrionic—no less than to its natural charms, that the peculiarly fascinating power which the Thames exercises upon our imagination is to a great extent due.

It would require volumes rather than a few pages to enable us to touch even briefly upon the many memories which every moment crowd upon us.

To those fond of natural history the Thames offers a wide and interesting field of instruction. To say nothing of those vast botanical treasures gathered from every clime, and stored

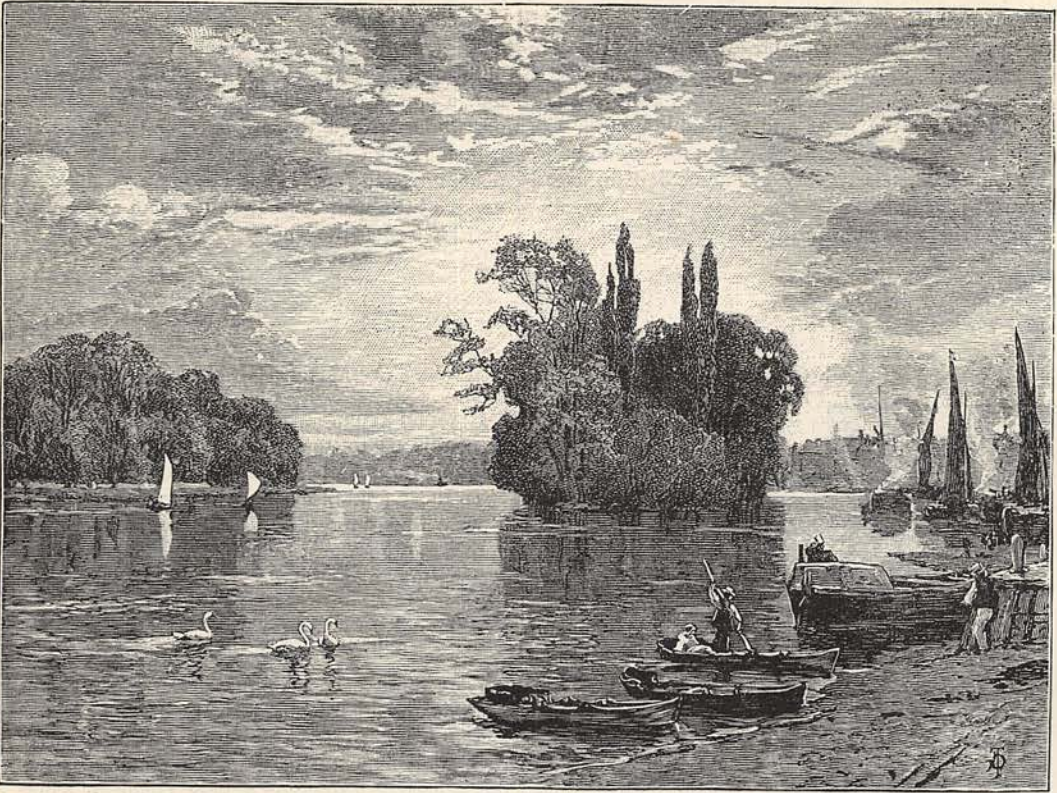
"Where sits enthroned, in vegetable pride,
Imperial Kew by Thames's glittering side,"

it everywhere, except in the more populous districts towards the metropolis, presents both on its surface and on its banks a wealth and a luxuriance of vegetation almost lavish. The entomologist will find this waterside vegetation a very favourite haunt of a large number of interesting species, including a great variety of butterflies and moths. To the angler the Thames has ever been a "joy of joys" from the time of Izaak Walton downwards. The close beds of rushes, the drooping osiers, and the pretty "aits" with which the stream is thickly studded, are good nurseries for fish, of which there has consequently been always a good supply. Richmond, Staines, Penton-Hook, and Marlow may be mentioned as among the most favourite angling resorts ; to which many will add "Romney Island" and Thames Ditton.

In giving a more detailed account of the interesting points of the river between Kew and Medmenham, we need only say of the former that the foundation of its famous botanical gardens was laid at the beginning of the present century, when Kew was the favourite suburban residence of the Royal Family. The Palace still stands where gathered the great and good of that generation, and where Queen Charlotte died. In the churchyard a plain stone marks the resting-place of Gainsborough.

Floating westwards we soon reach the picturesque Railshead Ferry leading to Isleworth. At the latter place there is little to attract attention beyond the ivy-covered tower of the church, and the graceful pavilion at Sion House.

Richmond, our next landing-place, has ever been a favourite residence of the rich and great ; to its Palace, of which only a few fragments now remain, "the former kings of this land, being wearied of the citie,"



ON THE THAMES AT KEW.

used customarily to resort to;" and here Edward III., Henry VII., and Elizabeth died. Thomson, author of "The Seasons," and Brady, the versifier of the Psalms, both lived and died here. The scene, as viewed from Richmond Hill—

"Of hills and dales, and woods and lawns and spires,
And glittering towns and gilded streams,"

has often been described as one of surpassing loveliness.

Gliding slowly by the lake-like expanse known as the Broadwater, and passing Ham House—once the residence of the famous Duchess of Lauderdale—and Eel-pie Island on our way, we at length reach the church of Twickenham, which is almost concealed from view by the prettily wooded "ait" just opposite. In the nave is a monument to the memory of Pope, who "sleeps" beneath, bearing a medallion of the poet, and an inscription written by himself. For his once well-known villa, which formerly stood further up the stream, we shall now look in vain; and only a portion of the famous grotto exists. Further on is Strawberry Hill, for many years the residence of Horace Walpole.

At Teddington we come to the first lock on the Thames; and from the tide, therefore, being supposed to *end* here, the name was long thought to be a cor-

ruption of Tide-end Town, though in all ancient documents it is generally given as Totyngton. Teddington was once famous for its lampern fishery, large quantities being supplied annually to Holland. Our course now lies between low banks until we reach the bridge at Kingston, which occupies the site of one believed to have been built here by the Romans. Kingston ranks amongst the oldest of our English towns; and Speed mentions the names of nine Saxon monarchs as having been crowned here. The "King's Stone," on which the sacred rite is said to have been performed, is still to be seen in the market-place.

From hence we thread our way among the pretty willow-covered "aits" which now begin to crowd the stream, and along by the low banks fringed with rushes, until we come to Ditton. We have already referred to this as a favourite fishing station; and the "Swan" close by is one of the many river-side inns dotted along the banks of the river where anglers love to congregate. There is another well-known resort at Staines bearing the same name; and this reminds us that the swans, as pictured in our views, form one of the most attractive features of the Thames. They are to be met with in almost every part of the river.

Making our way through a perfect flotilla of punts, we continue our onward course past the Home Park,

Hampton Palace Gardens, and the famous horse-chestnuts and thorns of Bushey Park, till we arrive opposite the entrance to Hampton Court. How much of English history is embraced in that one word from the days of Wolsey downwards! Its memories still haunt us as, passing under the bridge, we sail slowly along, in the midst of English scenery of the highest perfection, towards Moulsey Lock. Beyond this, the villa of Garrick is observed standing back a little from the stream, and close by, near the water's edge, the well-known rotunda with its Grecian portico is still a conspicuous object. Between Hampton and Oatlands a flat expanse of meadow-land stretches away on the Surrey side, and the distant view is for several miles intercepted by the tall osiers that skirt the stream. The village of Walton is about half a mile inland from the bridge of that name, and, in the house once occupied by the President Bradshaw, tradition asserts that the famous death-warrant of Charles I. was signed.

On our way to Chertsey Bridge we pass Lower Halliford, Shepperton, and the pleasantly wooded heights of Woburn. In the High Street of Chertsey is the Porch House, once the residence of Cowley the poet, and where he died in 1667. Between the church and the Thames are some old stone walls, comprising all that remains of the once powerful and wealthy Chertsey Abbey. At St. Anne's Hill, from which a charming view is obtained, are the scenes so long associated with the memory of Charles James Fox.

We sail on past the Ferry at Laleham—the scene of Arnold's earliest labours—and through the ancient artificial way at Penton-Hook, where nothing tends to break the solitude and silence save the occasional appearance of a fishing-punt, or the rustling of the numerous water-fowl among the reeds. Our course now lies between low banks until we come to Staines. The Roman road to the West crossed the Thames at this point, and the adjoining station is mentioned in the Itinerary of Antoninus under the

name of *Pontes*, showing that a bridge existed here at that early time. Indeed, the name of Staines, formerly written *Stanes* (*i.e.*, Stones), is supposed to have reference to the stone piers on which the wooden superstructure rested.

On one of the "aits" a little further on, is the ancient London "Boundary Stone," marking the limit of the City jurisdiction ere its rights and privileges as regarded the Thames were transferred to a commission.

We now approach a singularly interesting part of the river. On the right bank rises the famous Cooper's



AT MEDMENHAM.

Hill, with which the name of Denham has been so long and so closely associated; and at its foot is immortal Runnimeade ("Meadow of Council") where the Barons assembled in 1215. Midway in the opposite stream is Magna Charta Island, on which stands a little cottage containing the very stone on which it is said the Great Charter was laid when King John reluctantly affixed his royal signature.

Passing on to Romney Island, the favourite resort of "gentle Izaak" and his angling friends, we find the river crowded with youthful Etonians—

"Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arms thy glassy wave,"

and with difficulty make our way through to Boveney Lock, passing Eton on the one side and Windsor on the other.

Wellington, Pitt, Camden, Fielding, Fox, and a host of other undying names are associated with Eton; while from the Round Tower of Windsor Castle the eye looks down upon the scenes rendered sacred by the genius of the Herschels, Gray, Milton, Waller, and Burke. Indeed the memories which the place and the locality suggest are legion.

The village of Cookham, the woods of Hedsor, Shade Oak Ferry, and the tall trees of Quarry Wood, are one by one left behind, as we approach Marlow and enter at length into "the very Paradise of the

Thames angler." But its charms, though great, must yield to our resisting cry, "Excelsior!" for the goal of our ambition is not quite reached. Bisham Church and Abbey, Temple Hall, and the pretty village of Hurley pass slowly before our eyes as we proceed gently onwards. At the latter place we pause to visit the site of what, till its removal in 1837, was known as Lady Place, and where, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, the secret meetings were held which eventually resulted in the acceptance of the English crown by William, Prince of Orange.

From this point the windings of the river are both frequent and long, and traverse one of the richest and most fertile of all the Thames valleys. Following their course we are brought within sight, at length, of the dark green woods and emerald fields of Medmenham; the ruins of the ancient Abbey peeping out from amongst the trees, and the river, with its picturesque ferry, flowing close by. It is a lovely spot, and it seems hard to believe that it could have been selected as the scene of those infamous orgies said to have been practised here by Sir Francis Dashwood and his "Franciscans" a century ago. But the principles of that society are sufficiently indicated in the heathenish motto, *Fay ce que voudras*, which still appears, as it was then inscribed, above the doorway of Medmenham Abbey.

W. MAURICE ADAMS, F.A.S.

CO - HEIRS.

A CORNISH STORY.

By JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "Lady Flavia," "The Tenth Earl," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

PAY-DAY.



HEY'RE slow to-night, mortal slow, in there at the pay-place, it seems," said a strong man, one of a group that waited impatiently in the crowded, littered yard of the porcelain works of Kirkman Brothers, at Gweltmouth, in the county of Cornwall. There was

no Kirkman now in the famous old firm, but still the old name, which had brought in much profit for many a year, was kept up.

"It's Glubbs's fault."

"No, it's not; grand pay-day, remember, mates—fourth Saturday in the month—and that's always a tough reckoning for Glubbs, as for the lot of us."

"Ah, weel!" gently put in another speaker, whose

nationality it was easy to guess, "I wish they wadna keep us clavering here sae long after hours, Saturday at e'en."

The knot of men who stood thus conversing apart from the other groups constituted, as it were, the aristocracy of the works—a set of steady, thoughtful-eyed artisans, respectably clad, and with a certain dignity of bearing, such as becomes the skilled workman, who knows that his labour is worth its market price. Very different was the aspect of the majority of those who waited clustered together in the yard—women mostly, ill-fed lads, and a few men. All of these were poorly attired, pallid, and spiritless of demeanour. Some of them were handsome, but haggard and dejected. All had a timid air as they glanced upwards, first at the fading rose and gold of the evening sky, and then at the dingy brick-built office, over the mean door of which appeared the words, "Pay-Place."

"It ain't so bad for us, anyhow, as it is for those poor Cornish beggars," compassionately remarked one of the skilled workmen, as he eyed the meek crowd beyond. "We could get our wages where we came from in the Midlands, or up North, and the master treats us according, as men who barter work for money. But them he regards as his negro slaves."

And indeed the labourers, male and female, waiting