

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART XIII.



AVING the bridge that connects Windsor with Eton,—the Castle to the right, in Berkshire, and the College to the left, in Buckinghamshire,—we pass a long and narrow and prettily wooded ait, Romney Island, so well known to Etonians, and dear also to brethren of the angle,—for here good old Izaak passed many pleasant days of spring and summer with his beloved friends, Cotton, Donne, and that great and excellent man, Sir Henry Wotton, appointed by James I. Provost of Eton, “as the fittest place to nourish holy thoughts, and afford rest to his body and mind,” after his busy life as an ambassador. We may fancy the four high and pure souls luxuriating under the shadows of refreshing trees, their simple enjoyments augmented by rare converse concerning Nature and her works: kindly, and loving, and gentle hearts; all in their decline (for Sir Henry was sixty when he took orders and office there), yet fresh and green, and young in age; each illustrating that passage which he who was “chiefest” among them so sweetly and so truly wrote:—

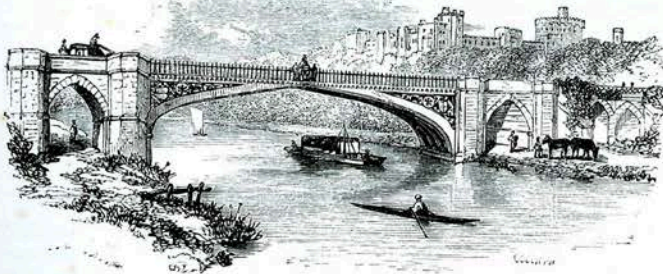
“This man is free from servile bands,
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of land—
And having nothing, yet hath all.”

We soon pass through WINDSOR LOCK, still lonely and retired although so much of business and bustle is close at hand.*



WINDSOR LOCK.

Under the railway bridge of the Great Western we then row, between another ait—“Blackpott’s”—and “the Home Park,” until we arrive at VICTORIA BRIDGE, a new and exceedingly graceful structure, which connects Windsor with the pretty and picturesque village of Datchet.



VICTORIA BRIDGE.

The bridge, which has its companion a mile or so lower down the stream—the Albert Bridge—was built in 1851, from the design of Thomas Page, Esq., civil

* For the sketch we engrave we are indebted to Commander King, the gallant son of one of “the military knights,” who, by the gracious kindness of his sovereign, “reposes” here in happy tranquillity, after a long life of honourable and active labour. Captain King is well known to, and highly respected by, all artists and lovers of Art. He was for many years a regular contributor to the walls of the Royal Academy; and his copies of Claude are among the best that have been made from the pictures of that great master.

engineer, the acting engineer of the Thames Tunnel, and the engineer for Westminster Bridge. Passing other pleasant places, and some graceful islets, which give their charms to the river scenery, we arrive at Old Windsor.

Old Windsor—as the village is still called, although Windsor proper has gradually lost its prefix of “New,” by which it is distinguished in all earlier documents, and by which it is indeed even now “officially” described—was formerly a place “of consequence.” At the Conquest it contained a hundred houses, “twenty-two of which were exempt from taxes—out of the rest there went thirty shillings.” It was a manor belonging to the Saxon kings, and they are conjectured to have had a Palace here from a very early period. It is certain that Edward the Confessor sometime kept his court here, and it was that sovereign who presented the manor to the Abbot of Westminster, to increase the wealth of the monastery he had there founded. When the Conqueror was firmly fixed upon the throne, he obtained the land from the monastery in exchange, and “set about” building the Castle of Windsor on the elevation in the vicinity so peculiarly adapted for the site of a castle, according to the established rule of these defences. But the palace at Old Windsor was not deserted by royalty until long after the castle was built. The probability is, that this castle was a simple military defence, and had no conveniency for residence until Henry I. completed, in 1110, additional buildings, and royally opened his home at Whitsuntide; after which we hear little of Old Windsor, except that the manor passed into a variety of hands, by whom it was held from the king by the service of finding a man with lance and dart to attend the royal army. Since the fourteenth century it has been held on lease under the crown.

Perhaps there are not so many dwellings in Old Windsor now as there were when the Norman took possession of England: and naturally and rationally preferring the height to the dell—to overlook the Thames rather than submit to its occasional inundations—commenced the fortress that has endured for eight centuries and a half, without having encountered any of those “battles, sieges, fortunes,” to which so many other “strong places” have succumbed. Yet in Old Windsor there is nothing old; we search in vain for any indications of antiquity; there is no “bit of ruin” to carry association back: a new road from Windsor leads partly through the Long Walk, beside the model farm of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, and a turn to the left conducts to the venerable church. It is a by-road, rarely trodden except by those who worship; a group of noble trees, and some yews of great age, completely



OLD WINDSOR CHURCH.

surround and almost hide the sacred edifice. It is not, however, of very early date, and is rather picturesque than beautiful.

In the church-yard was buried that unhappy lady—fair and frail—who, as an actress and an author, obtained some share of notoriety at the close of the past century, and who was celebrated by the wits of her time under the name of “Perdita.” A tomb covers her remains, but it is overgrown with nettles; there have been none, for half a century and more, to care for the last resting-place of unhappy “Mary Robinson.” An unpretending grave-stone, near at hand, honours the memory of another who is there buried—one who was neither more nor less than a simple shepherd.

A sensation, difficult to describe, oppressed us when, after a lapse of many years, we found ourselves in the ever green church-yard of Old Windsor; we felt a loneliness that was not tranquillity—an undefined longing it was for perpetual repose: all around us was so still that even the song of the robin, and the footfall of the little wren upon the crisped leaves, disturbed our musing. It was a bright, glowing, autumn day: there was no wind, no breeze, not enough to send another brown leaf from the oak: hardly any air to breathe; a very bright day for England, for the soft vapours, so thin and gauze-like, which here and there veiled the azure firmament, could hardly be called “clouds”—a cloudless autumn day: yet no shine of sun could penetrate the matted branches of the grand outspread yews. It flooded them with light; their luscious berries were of more than coral brightness. It was wonderful to stand off at a little distance from these resolute, unyielding trees, presenting the same outline, the same tone of colour, to one century after another, and note how their uppermost platforms—tier after tier of firm-set boughs—rejoiced in that great sunlight, while beneath reposed the dark ground, carpeted by accumulated spines of countless years. “Old Windsor!” fallen from its ancient state, and but a suburb to the glorious pile beyond it! So “old” it is,

that every vestige of its antiquity has mouldered into dust—the sacred dust that cherishes the roots of grand old trees, and yields nourishment to the very grass wherein we tread!

There was a change: the fitful autumn had called up a dark, heavy sweep of clouds, so suddenly, that we knew not whence they came: yet there they were, hanging like a mighty pall across the hemisphere, obscuring the full-faced glory of mid-day, and casting a grey, filmy hue over all the landscape. But we were compensated for the loss of light by the variety of shadows that passed over the church and trees, and we sat on a tombstone to watch their progress. All the tombs in this quiet field of graves have a green-grey tone of colour, caused, perhaps, by age or damp, or a mingling of both; they are in wonderful harmony. Upon some of them are time-honoured names; some are railed in, but the iron has lost its hard and exclusive character—it is either enwreathed by ivy or overgrown by moss. You would rather not believe that those who desired to preserve those particular graves were cold, *defiant* people, who wished to protect what belonged to them from the contamination of vulgar dust and ashes, but loving, tender folk, who "honoured their dead" with fervour in simplicity. How we cling to the desire of being remembered *here*, as if we doubted how we should be recognised hereafter! yet how few are the bright names that endure even ten years after their owners have removed into the narrow house—how few of the many swept away by the surges of "TIME," obtain an immortality derived from Heaven!

"It be a goin' to rain," said an old labourer, who had wheeled a barrow, heavily laden with autumn prunings, up the broad gravel walk, close to where we sat: until he spoke we were unconscious of his presence. We looked up, not knowing whether the words were addressed to us or muttered to himself. Although he had that neglected look we too often observe in aged peasants, as if circumstance ignored the poet's notion of "a brave peasantry, their country's pride," his wrinkled skin was fair, and the red tint of the winter apple was on his cheek; there was unextinguished fire in his light blue eye; the face and form were alike Saxon. In his youth the old man must have been conspicuous for strength and beauty. He had withdrawn his hands from the barrow, and wiped his furrowed brow with the remnant of a spotted handkerchief. "It be a goin' to rain," he repeated, in answer to our look of inquiry, "though the clouds are drifting towards the Castle, and may break over there: but there's no telling at this time o' year—they're here one minute, and gone the next. There's not much in the church-yard to please you, only maybe, like the rest of the gentry, you want to see what we used to call the tomb of the fair shepherdess. Lor! when that tomb was put up first, what numbers came to see it! but there's nothing changes its object so much as curiosity—what people think so much of to-day, they don't care about to-morrow. I've seen such loads of lords and gentlemen gazin' at that tomb—but not so many ladies. She was a play-actor once, and they called her the Fair Perdita, which is shepherdess, you understand, the fair shepherdess—but to see how one may go from bad to worse! They say a king's love fell upon her like a mildew, and, for all her beauty, withered her up; and then she died, poor thing,—bad enough off too. And her daughter,—she has been to see her mother's tomb often, as I know well, for I have been on the spot, and opened the gate to her: and she'd bow and smile like a real lady: but always—and I minded it well—always she came either at early morning or in the gloom before night. She'd hang over the railing, even in winter, like a wreath of snow: it always seemed as though she loved, yet was ashamed of her; and she died just eighteen years after her mother. She could not have been more than five years old when the poor foolish mother died. I can tell over the inscription to you—I learnt it all by heart years and years ago, to repeat to the poor who could not read, and the rich who could not see; but, lor!" he added in a somewhat peevish tone, "everybody reads and sees now.—'Mrs. Mary Robinson,—that's the Perdita,—'Mrs. Mary Robinson, author of poems, and other literary works: died on the 26th of December, 1800, at Englefield Cottage, in Surrey, aged 43 years.' And then the daughter—not married, you understand—'Maria Elizabeth Robinson, daughter of Mary Robinson, of literary fame, who died at Englefield Cottage, January the 4th, 1818, in the 23rd year of her age.'—Two young deaths, and that's the end on't. Why, you'll hardly believe it, *now*, when the gentry come and ask which is 'Perdita's' tomb, and I tell 'em, maybe they'll hardly damp their shoes to look at it; and ask each other what poems 'twas she wrote, and no one knows—not one can tell! But, some fifty years ago, I've seen some, and from the Castle too, who would tell them all over plain enough."

We sought to divert the old man's attention from a painful theme by remarking that there was another tomb in the church-yard of such natural and simple interest that we should be glad to know if "Thomas Pope," whose grave was close to the church door, had been one of his friends.

The expression of his face changed in a moment: we felt at once that we had fallen in his esteem. "Tom Pope," he said, in an indignant tone, "was only a common shepherd—just as *he* himself was; only a day labourer—nothing more than that! Those who put up the stone needn't have faced it right by the church door, in the very eyes of the congregation: for his part, he didn't know what the gentry could see in such a headstone, to stand gazing at it, as they often did, on the Sabbath—exalting one poor man above another."

We told him we thought he ought to feel proud of such a distinction for one of his own class, and that we honoured the memory of the *real* shepherd far more highly than that of the make-believe shepherdess: the one had left an unsullied name, and an example worthy of imitation; the other—poor, fluttering butterfly!—no woman could look on *her* grave without a blush and a tear. Could he repeat the epitaph on Thomas Pope?

"Ah, ah, ah!"—what a cackling, bitter laugh it was! so contemptuous—"No—ah, ah! the gentry who liked might read *that* for themselves. He had nothing to say against Tom Pope!—Tom never had a coat on his back in all his life; nothing but a smock-frock,—and, ah, ah! to put a tomb over *him*! 'Faithful and honest,'—why, to be sure, many as 'faithful' were left under smooth grass: to think of *his* being exalted on a tombstone!"

We were so foolish as to persist—though the old man had resumed his barrow—in the attempt to reason him out of his nature,—a nature by no means peculiar to a Berkshire labourer. "Surely he ought to feel proud of a distinction conferred upon one of his own people."

Alas, alas! Tom Pope was none of *his* people: *his* father died at ninety-two—no one put a tomb over *him*. He himself would be eighty come Easter; and full sure he was no one would put a tomb over *him*. It was evident he considered the record of Thomas Pope's virtues an insult. He found no fault with the homage rendered to the gaudy imitation; the mock shepherdess had his sympathy,—she did not belong to his race: the real shepherd had his contempt. "Why should he have a tomb, *when no one would put a tomb over him?*" The old peasant wheeled away his load without further parley.

This is the touching inscription on the headstone to the memory of a *real* shepherd, conferring distinction and honour on the church-yard of Old Windsor—

THOMAS POPE,

SHEPHERD,
WHO DIED JULY THE 20TH, 1822,
AGED 96 YEARS.

CHEERFULLY LABORIOUS TO AN ADVANCED AGE,
HE WAS MUCH ESTEEMED BY ALL CLASSES OF HIS NEIGHBOURS,
SOME OF WHOM HAVE PAID THIS TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO THE MEMORY
OF A FAITHFUL, INDUSTRIOUS, AND CONTENTED
PEASANT.

ALSO,
PHOEBE, WIFE OF THE ABOVE,
WHO DIED MARCH 2ND, 1843,
AGED 90 YEARS.

A passage through the church-yard leads to the Thames, and just at the corner is a quaint old house, which the artist thought it worth his while to copy, less for the mansion, however, than for the scenery about it.



AT OLD WINDSOR.

A mile or so from Old Windsor and we enter the county of Surrey, on the right bank—Buckinghamshire remaining with us some way further on its left; the two great metropolitan counties then continuing on either side until, east of London, they meet the shires of Essex and Kent. The first object that arrests the eye of the tourist is the spire of the church at Egham; but his attention is soon directed to an object of even greater interest—COOPER'S HILL. The hill is indebted for much of its fame to the poem of "majestic Denham;" it has other, and earlier, claims to distinction: although little more than "a steep," its slopes are gradual and ever green; it is beautifully planted—perhaps was always so—in parts; and is now crowned by charming villas, lawns, and gardens: it was, however, altogether a poetical fancy which thus pictured it—

"His shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows;
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat—
The common fate of all that's high and great."

Denham, although born in Dublin, where his father was some time Chief Baron of the Exchequer, was "native" to this neighbourhood: here his ancestors lived and were buried. At Egham Church there are several monuments to their memory: his own dust reposes in Westminster Abbey. If he bestowed celebrity on Cooper's Hill, he derived hence the greater portion of his fame: the poem was published at Oxford in 1643, during the war between the King and the Parliament; its popularity was rapid, and has endured to our own time. Dryden described it as "the exact standard of good writing;" and "Denham's strength" was lauded by Pope.

But Cooper's Hill has an advantage greater even than that it derives from the poem—

"The eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays;"

for at its foot is immortal Runnymede, and midway in its stream is the little island on which, it is said, John, the king, yielded to the barons, who there dictated to the tyrant terms that asserted and secured the liberties of their country. Runnymede is still a plain level field, unbroken by either house or barn, or wall or hedge. We know not if by any tenure it has the right to be ever green; but we have always seen it during many years as a fair pasture—upon which to-day, as seven centuries ago, an army might assemble.

The small ait or island—MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND—is situate midway between Runnymede and Ankerwyke—now a modern mansion of the Harcourts, but once a nunnery, founded by Sir Gilbert de Montfichet and his son, in the reign of Henry II. Even the walls are all gone; but some ancient trees remain, under one of which tradition states the Eighth Henry met and wooed the beautiful and unfortunate Anna Boleyn.

It is a mooted point whether the barons held the island, or the king selected it as the place where the eventful meeting was to take place. It is certain that John “took refuge in Windsor Castle in 1215, as a place of security against the growing power of the barons;” nor did he quit the protection its walls afforded him, until after the signing of Magna Charta, which took place on the 15th of June of that year. The barons had refused to obey the king’s summons to attend him in his own castle; and a convenient place, sufficiently distant from, yet near to, Windsor, was appointed as the spot on which to hold a meeting, the result of which is one of the events in the world’s history. Hence, as Hume but coldly writes, “very important liberties and privileges were either granted or secured to every order of men in the kingdom: to the clergy, to the barons, and to the people.”

Magna Charta may be considered as a general condensation of the laws for the proper guidance of the kingdom, and the liberty of its subjects, which had descended from the time of Edward the Confessor, and had been confirmed by other kings, particularly the Conqueror. The severe forest laws, and other obnoxious introductions of Norman usage, were always distasteful to English-

laved, or in any way destroyed; nor will we condemn him, nor will we commit him to prison, excepting by the legal judgment of his peers, or by the laws of the land.* By this important clause the liberty and property of the subject were preserved until after open trial.

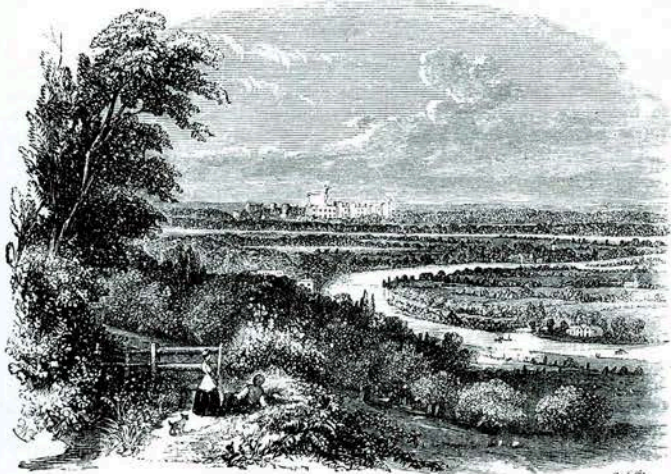
There is another fair copy of this document in the Cotton Library. The Record Commissioners, however, seem to attach most importance to that preserved in Lincoln Cathedral, which is supposed to be the one sent by Hugh, then Bishop of Lincoln, to be placed among the archives there. This is very carefully written, and contains all the words and sentences noted for insertion in the body of that preserved in the British Museum. There is another among the archives of Salisbury Cathedral, which is thought to be the one entrusted to Herbert Poore, the Bishop, or William Longespee, the Earl, of Salisbury, for preservation there, in accordance with the old custom of placing copies of such

Nullus liber homo capiatur, vel imprisonetur, aut dissasiatur, aut utlagetur, aut exuletur, aut aliquo modo destruetur, nec super eam ibimus, nec super eam mittimus, nisi per legale iudicium parium suorum, ut per legem terre.

A CLAUSE OF MAGNA CHARTA.

important documents in the great clerical depositories. These are the only ancient examples of this great grant; but there are many early entries of it in old legal collections, reciting the whole of its clauses, and verifying their accuracy. These were confirmed by other English sovereigns; and the Great Charter was thus the foundation of English liberty.

It is to be regretted that no monument marks the spot, at Runnymede, where the rights and liberties of the people of England were maintained and secured, although several attempts have been made to raise one here. The very name, however, is a memory imperishable: the ait and meadow are places



VIEW FROM COOPER'S HILL.

men; and on the accession of Henry I. the celebrated Charter of liberties abolished many vexatious enactments, and placed the right of the subject on a clearer basis. Stephen and Henry II. both confirmed these laws; but the troublesome days which succeeded supplied excuses for their infringement, and the gradual encroachment of the crown on the general privileges of the subject, induced the barons and people to demand from John a clear and full declaration of their rights, to be solemnly confirmed for ever.

There has long been preserved in our British Museum, an ancient Charter which purports to be that which John signed at Runnymede. It is part of the manuscript treasures so industriously collected by Sir Robert Cotton; there is a somewhat curious history of its discovery by Sir Robert at his tailor’s, just when he was about to cut it into strips for measures. The story is related by Paul Colomies, who long resided in England; but the indefatigable historian of Magna Charta, Mr. Richard Thomson, inclines to doubt the truth of the anecdote, and prints a letter from Sir Edward Dering, at Dover Castle, in 1630, to Sir Robert Cotton, in which he states that he possesses the document, and is about to send it to him. This famous parchment was much injured by the fire that took place at Westminster in 1731, and destroyed the building containing the Cottonian Library; it is greatly shrivelled and mutilated, and the seal reduced to a shapeless mass. Mr. Thomson is of opinion, that though this famous copy “has been considered of inferior authority to some others brought forward by the Record Commission, on account of its deficiency in certain words and sentences, which are added for insertion beneath the instrument, yet the same circumstance may very probably be a proof of its superior antiquity, as having been the first which was actually drawn into form and sealed at Runnymede; the original whence all the most perfect copies were taken.”* It was fortunately engraved in facsimile by Pine, before the fire had injured it; and one of the most important clauses is given in our woodcut; it is that which provides for the free and immediate dispensation of justice to all, in the words:—“No freeman shall be seized or imprisoned, or dispossessed, or out-



MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND.

of pilgrimage to all who boast the Anglo-Saxon blood; and few are they who cross the Atlantic to visit Fatherland, without offering homage to their great ancestors in this meadow of eternal fame—repeating, with raised and hearty voice, the lines of the poet:—

“This is the place
Where England’s ancient barons, clad in arms,
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king,
(Then render’d tame), did challenge and secure
The Charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
Till thou hast bless’d their memory, and paid
Those thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue.”

* The Charter purports to be given “under our hand at Runnymede between Windsor and Staines.” The signature of the king was in all probability “his mark,” as was usual with the uneducated nobles of his era. It is a curious fact that no sign-manual of a British sovereign is known to exist before that of King Richard II. The usual sign-manual was a rude cross placed before the name written by some “learned clerk.”

* The original abbreviated Latin would read in full thus:—“Nullus liber homo capiatur, vel imprisonetur, aut dissasiatur, aut utlagetur, aut exuletur, aut aliquo modo destruetur, nec super eam ibimus, nec super eam mittimus, nisi per legale iudicium, parium suorum, vel per legem terre.”

In the island which forms so charming a feature in the landscape, the Harcourts have built a small Gothic cottage—an altar-house so to call it. It contains a large rough stone, which tradition, or fancy, describes as that on which the parchment rested when the king and the barons affixed their signatures to "the Charter." It has the following inscription: "Be it remembered that on this island, in June, 1215, King John of England signed the Magna Charta, and in the year 1834, this building was erected in commemoration of that great event by George Simon Harcourt, Esq., Lord of the Manor, and then High Sheriff of the County."

A little below Ankerwyke, the Coln, which divides the counties of Buckingham and Middlesex, joins the Thames. The river rises near the small market town of Chesham, Bucks, and passing by Cherreys, waters the town of Rickmansworth, Herts, reaches Uxbridge, flows by the once famous village of Iver, refreshes the villages of Drayton and Harmondsworth, and, gathering strength, "goeth," to borrow from old Leland, "through goodly meadows to Colnbrook, and so to the Thames."

There is little to interest the voyager after he leaves this interesting neighbourhood, gradually losing sight of Cooper's Hill, until he approaches Staines; we have leisure, therefore, once again to admire the rich foliage of the river—that which ornaments its surface or decorates its banks. We direct the reader's attention to some of the objects that here gratify and instruct.

A pretty little weed that decks the still recesses of the river is the amphibious *Persicaria* (*Polygonum amphibium*), a plant that seems to thrive equally well on land or water; in the former situation being one of the most troublesome of weeds to the river-side farmer, but when it takes to the water forming one of its greatest ornaments; the green and red shaded leaves floating on the surface, above which rise the bright pink flower-spikes in groups, that wave



PERSICARIA.

and dance with every ripple of the water, are always pleasant and cheerful.

In no place do we remember to have met with that most elegant of plants, the Forget-me-not (*Myosotis palustris*), in such beauty and luxuriance as in some of the fresh grassy nooks that we every now and then come upon in the course of our voyage. This is the true



FORGET-ME-NOT.

Forget-me-not, the *Vergiss-mein-nicht* of the Germans, with whom originated, if we mistake not, the romantic knight and lady story to which it owes its name—a name that is often given erroneously to other commoner and less beautiful species with small blue flowers. The glossy green foliage and thick waxen flowers of the true flower sufficiently distinguish it from others, independent of the scientific distinctions. In all European countries, but more especially in this country, the forget-me-not has been a favoured theme of the poets. There is hardly one of them who has not made it a subject upon which to build some sweet theory of remembered friendship or love. It is attractive, not alone for its own peculiar grace and

delicacy, but because it is found everywhere in England; there is no flower more "common," yet there are few more beautiful and none more suggestive. The tall, rosy-flowered plant that makes such a show among the river-side herbage, is the Large-flowered Willow Herb (*Epilobium hirsutum*), called by the country folks "Codlings and Cream," from a supposed resemblance to those luxuries in the smell of the young foliage of this herb. As cattle are fond of eating it, it has been recommended for cultivation as fodder in wet places where other useful plants will not grow, and where the willow herb flourishes luxuriantly.



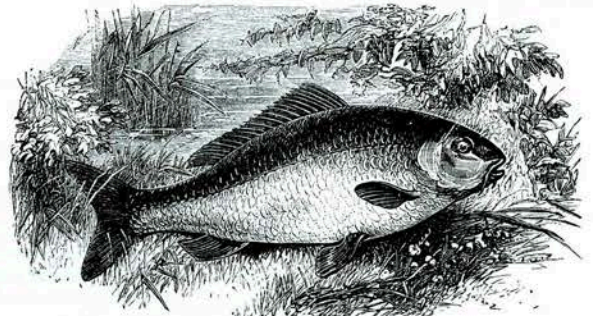
LARGE-FLOWERED WILLOW HERB.

This is one of those conspicuous plants for form and colour that tell with such charming effect when introduced in the foreground of river pictures, in company with the dock-reeds, loosestrife, meadow-sweet, the yellow flag, and other water-nymphs so dear to the landscape-painter of the school of nature. Happily that school is increasing in numbers and in strength: happily too, there is a growing disposition to avoid those evils which arise from a willingness to copy deformities rather than to seek and find

beauty in combination with truth. We cannot too frequently impress on the artist the exceeding value of the charming and graceful "bits" he will continually encounter on the banks of the Thames.

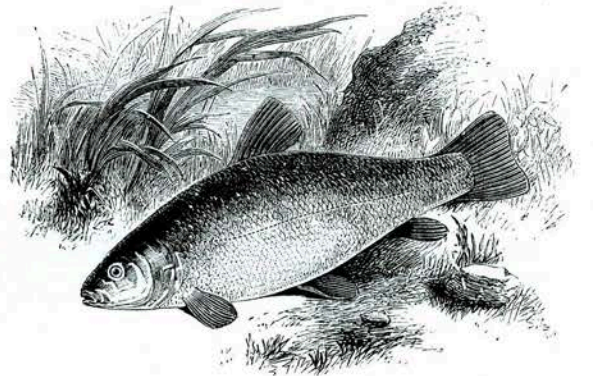
While revelling among historic sites, and enjoying the rare banquet of foliage, of which Father Thames is so profusely lavish "hereabouts," we may not,

however, forget that we have yet much to say of the fish that abound in his waters. The Carp and Tench are of his produce, although they are not found in quantities sufficient to tempt the angler, and do not often come to his bait. We describe them nevertheless, for they belong to our river. The common Carp (*Cyprinus carpio*) inhabits most of the ponds, lakes, and rivers of England, always preferring muddy to clear bottoms; it is very tenacious of life, and grows to an enormous size, sometimes weighing between fifteen and twenty pounds. The mouth is small, and has "no apparent teeth;" the body is covered with large scales; the general colour is a golden-olive brown, "head darkest;" the fins dark brown; the belly a yellowish white. In the "Boke of St. Abans," by Dame Juliana Berners, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1496, the carp is mentioned as a "deyntous fische;" and in the privy purse expenses of Henry VIII., in 1582, various entries are made of rewards to persons for bringing "carpes to the king." Is it, however, not a native, although the period of its introduction to England is not ascertained. The



CARP.

Prussian carp is much smaller than the common carp. The carp with which we are most familiar is the "golden carp;" of late years it has become, so to speak, domesticated, and adds essentially to our home enjoyments in vases and drawing-room tanks, where it is usually associated with minnows and other "small fry" of the river, being kept in health by water plants, which grow freely in comparative confinement. The date of the first introduction of "gold and silver fish" into England is "differently stated by authors," as 1611, 1691, and 1728. Yarrell does not attempt to fix the period. There is no doubt that they were first imported from China. In Portugal, and, indeed, elsewhere, they are completely naturalised, inhabiting many of the streams and rivers; it is probable they will be so ere long in England, for they breed freely in many of our ponds, and seem to require no especial care, either in winter or summer. "The extreme elegance of the form of the golden carp, the splendour of their scaly covering, the ease and agility of their movements, and the facility with which they are kept alive in small vessels, place them among the most pleasing and desirable of our pets." They become exceedingly tame, frequently taking food from the hand, and appearing to distinguish clearly between an acquaintance and a stranger.



TENCH.

The Tench (*Tinca vulgaris*) differs essentially in character from the carp, although its habits are similar, frequenting the same localities, and delighting in muddy bottoms; its origin is also foreign; and it is exceedingly tenacious of life. The scales of the tench are exceedingly small; the head is rather large and "blunt;" the general colour of the body is a greenish-olive gold, "lightest along the whole line of the under surface; the fins darker brown;" it grows sometimes to a large size, not unfrequently weighing from five to seven pounds. The angler finds it very difficult to make prey of this fish; they are usually shy, and "take to the mud" when alarmed; occasionally they bite freely. We have ourselves taken out of a pond five or six dozen in a day, each of the average weight of three pounds; finding on that occasion a small pellet of new bread the most effective bait. Yarrell, however, states that "the best bait for them is the dark red meadow worm," and that the time when they are most readily taken is "early morning." They are not numerous in the Thames, and are there never fished for expressly, although every now and then one will make acquaintance with an angler's hook. The Thames, however, as we have often said, has other fish besides the carp and tench to tempt the brethren of the gentle craft.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART XIV.



WE are now approaching the ancient town of Staines; its bridge and its church-steeple are in sight; but before we reach them there is an object standing on one of the aits that claims our especial attention. We must step ashore to examine it, for it is THE BOUNDARY STONE of the City of London; and here its jurisdiction ends—or did end, we should rather say, for by a recent enactment all its rights and privileges, as regard the river Thames, were transferred to “a commission.”

The conservancy of the river Thames was vested in the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London by long prescription, confirmed by various charters and acts of parliament. Apart from the Courts of Conservancy, which were held by the Lord Mayor in person, attended by the Recorder and other officers, with much state, most of the administrative duties of Conservator of the Thames have long been performed by a committee of the corporation, known as the “Navigation and Port of London Committee,” consisting of twelve Aldermen and twenty-nine Common Councilmen. Their jurisdiction extended from Staines, in Middlesex, to Yantlet, in Kent. Their



THE BOUNDARY STONE.

duties were to prevent encroachments on the bed and soil of the river, or anything being done on its banks to impede navigation; to regulate the moorings of vessels in the port, deepen the channel, erect and maintain public stairs, keep in repair the locks, weirs, and towing-paths, regulate the fisheries, and seize unlawful nets, &c. In the performance of these duties they were aided by four harbour-masters, an engineer, water-bailiff, and other officials appointed by the corporation.

The revenue arose principally from two sources, viz., the tonnage dues on ships frequenting the port, and the tolls paid by vessels passing through the locks, or using the landing-piers. The corporation also received, not as conservators of the river, but as owners of its bed and soil, rents for wharfs, piers, and landing-places, which they granted licenses to erect. The produce of the tonnage dues was about £18,000 per annum, a sum more than sufficient to cover the expenses charged upon them, as the corporation were in possession of a surplus of about £90,000; but as the application of these dues was, by act of parliament, strictly limited to the river below London Bridge, no benefit could be derived from the possession of such surplus to the upper portion of the river, where the amount received from tolls was small, and, in consequence of the great competition of the railways with the carrying trade of the river, had latterly become so much diminished, as to fall far short of the annual expense.

Notwithstanding the difficulty in which the corporation were placed, with a surplus below bridge, which they were unable to appropriate, and a deficiency above bridge, which they had no means of making good but by pledging their corporate estates—they have shown no hesitation in the performance of the duty cast upon them. Meanwhile circumstances had arisen to prevent that efficient management of the Thames which it has ever been the constant object of the corporation to secure. A claim was set up by the crown to the *bed and soil* of the river. The right to the conservancy of the Thames had been contested in the time of Queen Elizabeth, by the then Lord High Admiral, and decided in favour of the city; but the right to the bed and soil of the sea-shore, and of navigable rivers, between high and low-water mark, is comparatively a recent claim on the part of the crown. A bill was filed against the corporation to enforce this claim, and requiring them to show their

title; and after protracted proceedings, extending over a period of thirteen years, a compromise was effected. The city, with a view to the interests of the public, consented to acknowledge the title of the crown to the bed and soil of the river, and the crown consented to grant a title to the corporation, stipulating, at the same time, that a scheme, suggested by Government for the future management of the river, should be adopted and embodied in an act of Parliament, which act has recently come into operation.

The Thames Conservancy Act, 1857, places the authority over the river Thames—within the limits of the ancient jurisdiction of the city—in a board consisting of twelve persons, viz., the Lord Mayor for the time being, two Aldermen, and four Common Councilmen, elected by the Court of Common Council, the Deputy-master of the Trinity House, two persons chosen by the Admiralty, one by the Board of Trade, and one by the Trinity House. The members are severally to remain in office for five years, unless otherwise removed, and will be eligible for re-election. The revenue arising from the tonnage dues below bridge, and the tolls and other receipts above bridge, are, together, to form one fund for the management and improvement of the navigation of the river; and of the receipts arising from embankments, or other appropriation of the bed and soil, one-third is to be paid to the crown, and the remaining two-thirds to be added to the general fund above mentioned.

Thus has an almost regal authority, enjoyed for ages by the citizens of London, and exercised by their chief magistrate and corporation in a spirit of munificent liberality that did honour to their administration, been quietly supplanted and absorbed by the greater power of the crown. Our hope is, that public interest may not suffer by the change. Those who have visited the Thames *above* “the city stone,” cannot fail to lament that the whole of the river has not been under their jurisdiction: between Staines and London all matters have been admirably and liberally managed; from Staines upwards they have been shamefully neglected. There are numerous “Boards of Conservancy” from Cricklade downwards, not one of which seems to have the least idea of cleansing the river, repairing its banks, or facilitating its navigation and traffic. If we are to judge of other “reforms” which the corporation of the metropolis is doomed to undergo, by this reformation of the conservancy of the Thames, we fear we may not anticipate a change that will be advantageous.

It is to be hoped that the “improving” spirit of the age will not proceed so far as to remove this ancient boundary mark; but that the inscription it still retains—“God preserve the City of London”—will be uttered as a fervent prayer by generations yet to come: for, of a truth, upon the prosperity of the metropolis of England, depends the welfare of the kingdom.

STAINES—or, as it is written in old records, Stanes—is on the Middlesex side of the river,—a busy and populous town, with a venerable and picturesque



STAINES BRIDGE.

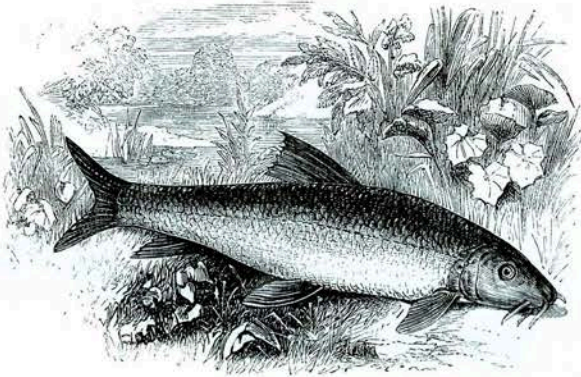
church. A handsome bridge connects it with the county of Surrey, from whence there are direct roads to Windsor, Egham, and Chertsey. This bridge was erected in 1832, George Rennie being the engineer. It was opened in state by His Majesty King William IV. and Queen Adelaide. “The bridge consists principally of three extremely flat, segmental arches of granite, the middle arch being of seventy-four feet span, and the lateral ones sixty-six feet each: there are also two adjoining semi-circular arches, each ten feet in the span, for towing paths. Besides these, there are six brick arches of twenty feet in the span, two on the Surrey side and four in Middlesex, to admit the water to flow off during land-floods.” Our engraving is taken from “above bridge,” and underneath one of the arches is seen the comfortable little inn, “The Swan,” well known to all brethren of the craft, and especially those who frequent “Staines Deep,”* where, during the autumn months, abundance of large roach will usually reward the pleasant toil of the punt-fisher.

* “Deep” are portions of the river staked and otherwise protected, in order to prevent the use of nets, and so to facilitate the sport of the angler, for whose especial benefit they are formed. Usually, old boats are sunk in these deeps; the fish collect about them, and cannot be removed by any “coarse” process. The deeps between Staines and Richmond have all been formed at the expense of the Corporation of London: to them, there-

The river proceeds hence between low banks, which are frequently inundated during winter, until we reach the lock at "Penty-Hook"—Penton-Hook—an artificial passage by which boats are enabled to avoid a "long round" of a mile or so. But he who voyages for pleasure will find this ancient passage very desirable: it is generally an entire solitude; water-birds revel here; and butterflies are always numerous; the Thames trout is seldom absent from its tiny breaks and waterfalls; and the Abbey river is one of its tributaries, suggestive of memories when the monks of Chertsey had here their productive fisheries, which kept their ponds and preserves continually full. This retired and tranquil branch of our dear river is in high favour with the angler; and perhaps there is no single nook of the Thames, from its rise to its fall, where he can receive so large a recompense of quiet pleasure. Does he "scrape" for gudgeon?—here he will find a dozen "pitches," each of which yields enough for a day. Will he try his skill among the roach and dace, baiting with a single gentle a No. 12 hook mounted on a single hair and a somewhat heavy float—for the stream hereabouts is deep and rapid?—he is either a poor craftsman or will be singularly unfortunate, if he do not basket his ten dozen before he issues from the bend into the main current. Does he covet the "big" chub?—let him throw his mimic grub under any one of those overhanging willows, and the chances are he will hook one of more than three pounds' weight. But, especially—is he a barbel fisher, and has the luck to have Galloway aiding and assisting his sport?—he is sure to catch more than he will like to carry home, if he has to walk from the bank to the railway. Galloway, who lives close to Chertsey—or, as he will tell you, "Chersy"—bridge, is one of the best fishermen on the Thames, and if any day in his company be not a good day, the fault will not be his; for he knows not only every pitch, but every stone of the river between his own immediate locality and a few miles above it and below it. He is not only an experienced and intelligent, but a most obliging and "pains-taking" guide and counsellor; and seems always to consider that ample sport is ever a part of his contract,—so, as we have said, if the evening bring disappointment, the cause has been beyond his control. But if a neophyte visit the Thames in search of sport, whose line is strong enough, and hook big enough, to snare and land a Severn salmon,—if his shot are swan-shot, and his float a pretty toy, and his rod bends like a reed in a storm, or is as stiff and straight as a "poplar tree"—what then can Galloway do?—what but shrug his shoulders, gently hint that the water is too clear or too thick for sport, and grumble "under breath" a wish that such brutal tackle were in "Norroway." And to this heavy affliction he is often doomed; while the "angler" seeks the train with a light load, and growls his discontent against the liberality of the bountiful Father, who has only refused reward to a bungler in the art.

Let the true angler, who knows his art and loves it, spend a day with Galloway at Penty-Hook, and we assure him of a day's enjoyment such as he will rarely find elsewhere, or in other company; for Galloway is full of anecdote such as the fisherman likes to hear and tell. The barbel loves quiet; in this locality he always finds it, and Galloway knows his haunts and his habits well.

The Barbel (*Barbus vulgaris*) is said to be so called from the barbs or wattles attached to its mouth. It feeds on slugs, worms, and small fish, and is therefore always found at the bottom. It is a poor fish "for the table," and no



THE BARBEL.

mode of "dressing" that we have ever heard of can make it tolerable as a dish; yet large quantities are sold in the London markets, principally (why we could never ascertain) to the Jews. In the Thames, and also in other rivers, they grow to a large size, sometimes weighing as much as fifteen or sixteen pounds; and when they are "on the feed," which is usually during the autumn months, when the weed begins to rot, it is no uncommon thing for the angler to catch upwards of a hundredweight in the course of a day. We have ourselves achieved this feat several times; and once, under Teddington Weir, killed two fish, each of which weighed ten pounds and a half: for confirmation of this fact we refer any sceptic to James Kemp—one of the Kemps of Teddington, to whom we shall make reference in due course.

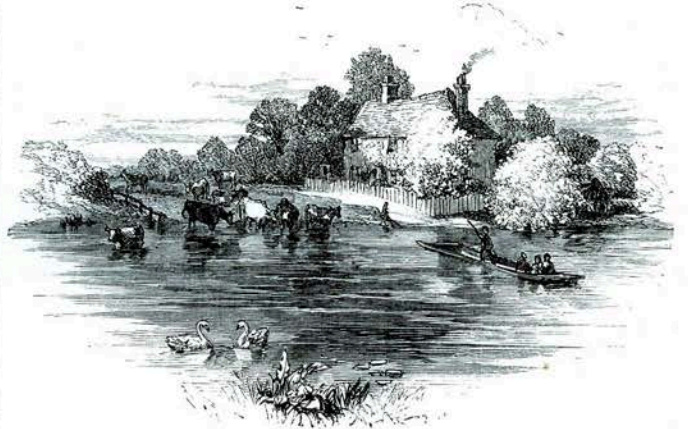
The usual practice is to fish for barbel with "the ledger;" it is, however, "a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance,"—for it gives the angler nothing to do except to watch the running out of his reel, and to "haul in," as if a stone were fastened to his line. By this mode, a large piece of lead is attached to the line within about two feet from the hook; the hook being baited with a large lob-worm, it is then thrown in, and the barbel "runs away" with it, literally hooking himself, for the weight acts as a check. This is, how-

fore, Thames anglers have long been, and will long be, largely indebted. To the angler, at all events, the transfer of power from the Lord Mayor to the Commission is a subject of regret; and he is a recreant brother, who, obtaining a day's sport in any of the "deeps," will fail to repeat the prayer of the boundary stone—"God preserve the City of London."

ever, coarse and clumsy fishing, for a fish worth little or nothing when it is caught. Far otherwise is it when the barbel is hooked with a very small hook, mounted on fine gut, or it may be the single hair of roach tackle: then the strong fellow gives ample "play," and probably half an hour will necessarily pass before the landing-net is in requisition, and he is safely deposited in the well of the punt—especially when the water is deep and the current strong.

To us, our days of barbel fishing are pleasant and very healthful memories—the trust luxuries of an active and busy life; and although we have killed trout in the rivers and lochs of Ireland and of Scotland, and salmon under the beautiful fall of Doonas, on the mighty Shannon, we recur with greater pleasure to those hours of repose and relaxation we have passed at Penty-Hook, when winding up and letting out a line, to the end of which was attached a stout and strong barbel of some seven pounds—our assured property from the moment the hook entered his leathern mouth.

From Penty-Hook there is nothing to interest the voyager until he reaches the pretty FERRY AT LALEHAM. He may, if he pleases, step ashore at the clean and neat ferry-house here pictured, and either dine on the bank, or



LALEHAM FERRY.

in one of the small rooms, to which access is readily obtained. In any case, he will do well to look about him. The steeple of a church adds its eloquent grace to a pleasing although flat landscape: it is the church at Laleham. On the opposite side is the square tower of Chertsey Church. Cattle are feeding on the luxuriant grass in Chertsey mead, or cooling themselves in the shallow stream; the ferry-boat is conveying foot passengers only, for the river here is not deep, and a mounted traveller may cross it, swimming merely the small "bit" that forms the channel of the barges. Rising just above him is St. Anne's Hill—so long the happy and quiet home of Charles James Fox, and now the property of his descendant, Lord Holland. Looking eastward, he has in view the wooded rise of Woburn, and farther on that of Otlands. Immediately beside the banks, however, there is nothing to claim



CHERTSEY BRIDGE.

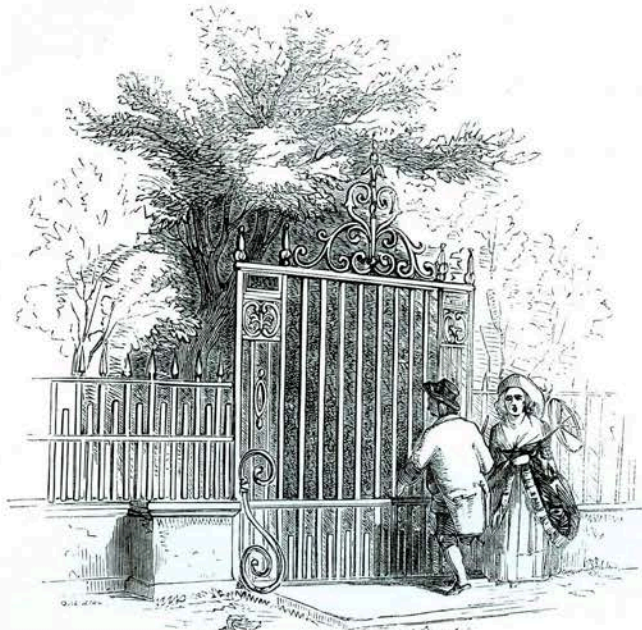
attention until he arrives at Chertsey Lock, right under which, apparently, (for there is here a fall of some magnitude) is CHERTSEY BRIDGE.

Let us step ashore, and, having refreshed ourselves at "The Chequers,"—the inn pictured in our print,—walk a mile or so to visit Chertsey town.

We are arriving at Chertsey, in the evening, after a pleasant day at Penty-Hook: it is eight o'clock; we hear the chimes of the curfew, heard very rarely in England now-a-days, but in the quiet little town, of small traffic and no manufacture, the ancient custom is still maintained, the curfew tolling so many times to denote the day of the month—once for the first, and thirty times for the thirtieth.* We pass the church, part ancient, and part new: if we enter

* The ringing of the curfew is one of the oldest of English customs; though popularly believed to have been introduced by William the Conqueror, it was more probably an

it, it will be to see a beautiful bas-relief by Flaxman of the raising of Jairus's daughter. It is behind the church—between it and the river—we shall find the remains of once and long-famous Chertsey Abbey. These remains consist of a few stone walls, the grave-yard, now a rich garden, and the fish-ponds, which even to-day hold water, by which cattle of the adjacent farm are refreshed. The abbey was founded A.D. 666, and held almost imperial rule



GATEWAY TO FOX'S HOUSE.

over numerous villages, extending its "paternal sway" into Middlesex, and even so far as London, where its mitred abbot had a "fair lodging." It was of the Benedictine order, its foundation being almost coeval with the conversion of the Saxons by Erchenwald, first abbot of Chertsey, and afterwards Bishop of London. Gradually it grew to be one of the wealthiest and most powerful abbeys of the kingdom, fostered and endowed by nearly all English monarchs, from the Conqueror down, until the eighth Henry dissolved it, and gave its rich possessions to the Abbey of Bisham, which, having enjoyed them for a time, relinquished



ST. ANNE'S WELL.

them in turn to various "civilians and laymen." Chertsey Abbey received the remains of the pious but unhappy Henry VI.—

"Poor key-cold figure of a holy king,
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!"—

ancient usage as a precaution against fire, in remote days of defective local rule, when houses were chiefly built of wood, and fires were frequent. The curlew or *couvre-feu* itself was a metal case, which closed over the wood ashes and extinguished them. Eight o'clock was the hour at which all persons were enjoined to put out fires and lights, and retire to bed: upon the continent the custom was general.

subsequently interred at Windsor. Its glory extended far and near; its jurisdiction in Surrey was almost unlimited; its wealth was prodigious; its abbot ranked with princes—and ruled them. It is now difficult to trace its site; of the enormous and very beautiful pile, scarcely one stone remains upon another. Those who delve the adjacent ground rarely do so without disinterring long-buried bones: indications of its ancient glories now and then present themselves—broken capitals, stone coffins, encaustic tiles, and fragments of painted glass; but Chertsey Abbey is little more than an historic memory.

If the visitor has time, he will stroll through the town to visit St. Anne's Hill; and do pilgrimage to the home, and lawns, and gardens, and quaint summer-houses, and lonely walks so closely associated with the memory of Charles James Fox. On his way he will pass "the Golden Grove," where lives one to whom many owe a debt for large enjoyment and much instruction—Sir George Smart. Directly fronting his plain and simple house is the famous oak-tree, which no doubt the monks planted near to one of their out-dwellings, which still bears the name of Monk's Grove. Let him pause awhile at the gate of wrought iron, at the entrance to the dwelling of Charles James Fox, and walk to the summit of the hill, from which, on a clear day, he may obtain a view of St. Paul's—although distant twenty miles and more. The view is indeed glorious and beautiful from this charming height—Windsor on the one side, London on the other. A slight descent leads him into a close and thick wood, at the bottom of which is a picturesque "bit"—St. Anne's Well, a relic of the chapel that once existed here, and was probably erected when the abbey was founded, twelve centuries ago.



COWLEY'S HOUSE.

We return to Chertsey, and passing up its main street, stand before a quaint old building, where a good and benevolent clergyman now resides: it is the Porch House, in which the poet Cowley lived and died—

"Here the last accents flow'd from Cowley's tongue."

He died on the 28th July, 1667. He was interred in Westminster Abbey; his body having been conveyed along the side of the Thames he loved so well—

"What tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led!"

A throng of nobles followed him to his grave; and the worthless king he had served, and by whom he had been deserted, is reported to have said that he had not left a better man behind him in England. Although "the Porch"—from



SHEPPERTON CHURCH.

whence it received its name—"the Porch House"—was long ago removed, Cowley's house retains much of its original character. The room in which he died is still intact, and a group of trees—Cowley's seat—flourish in vigorous age.

We may not extend our visit, although a drive through the pretty village of Addlestone—joining the railroad there—would be a worthy finish to a long summer's day of pleasure:* we return to Chertsey Bridge, and resume

* The whole of this district has been fully described by Mrs. S. C. Hall, in "Pilgrimages to English Shrines;" and the reader who desires to know more concerning it, is referred to the *Art-Journal* for 1851. We have introduced two of the prints from that volume as essential to us on this occasion, in order to make more clear our details concerning St. Anne's Hill and the residence of Charles James Fox.

our voyage downward, admiring, as we pass, the pleasant woods and wooded heights of Woburn, and welcoming another of the river's many tributaries—the Wey, which joins the Thames a mile or so below the bridge at Chertsey. Let us first, however, glance at Chertsey mead, where it is said grows the best hay in England; and where, during a large part of the year, there is right of commonage, of which the neighbouring farmers avail themselves to fatten cows that supply London with pure milk.

The Wey enters the Thames at a mill in a curve of the stream, but the ordinary way for boats is to the lock at Shepperton. The woody grounds of Otlands now begin to rise on the right, and a short distance to the left is SHEPPERTON CHURCH and village. Close to the river are the house and grounds of W. S. Lindsay, Esq., M.P.: some fine trees hang over his boat-house. These grounds are, perhaps, the most beautiful to be met with all along the river-banks; those who have taste as well as riches, have always the power to give to others a large share of the luxuries they themselves obtain from wealth. The distance to Shepperton by water from Chertsey Bridge is about four miles; but the direct way by land is not more than a mile and a quarter. Another turn of the river brings us to Lower Halliford. The river is now free of any striking feature until we approach the long bridge at Walton; the village is half a mile inland, and hidden from view. At a sharp turn of the river before we reach the bridge is COWAY STAKES. Our view is sketched



COWAY STAKES.

from the bridge, looking back toward Weybridge Church, its tall spire and the high land of Otlands Park being the chief features of the view. The small arch in the foreground is a waterway; between this point and the two dark trees of the middle distance, still lie under the Thames all that remain of the stakes which, tradition says, are those that impeded Cæsar. When the water is low and clear, some of the fragments, it is said, may still be seen imbedded in the clay; others have been taken from the river, black with age, but still sound.

Cæsar has left a circumstantial account of his battle here with the British tribes. It occurred B.C. 64, on his second visit to our island, when, satisfied of the insincerity of submission of the natives to Roman rule, he resolved to penetrate farther than he had hitherto done, and quell opponents under the command of Cassivellaunus. He narrates the sort of guerilla warfare the Britons carried on against his forces, by continually harassing them in small parties, "so that one squadron relieved another," he says, "and our men, who had been contending against those who were exhausted, suddenly found themselves engaged with a fresh body who had taken their place." He accordingly determined to come to a general engagement, and invade the territory of Cassivellaunus. He describes leading his army towards the Thames to ford the river, which he says could only be passed on foot in one place, and that with difficulty. He had gained intelligence from prisoners and deserters that his passage was here to be disputed: when he arrived at the river, he perceived a large force on the opposite bank drawn up to oppose him; "the bank moreover, was planted with sharp stakes, and others of the same kind were fixed in the bed of the river, beneath the water." But nothing could restrain the impetuosity of his legionaries, who dashed into the river, and drove off the Britons.

The venerable Bede notes that these stakes "are seen to this day, about the thickness of a man's thigh, stuck immovable, being driven hard into the bottom of the river;" and Camden, in his "Britannia," says of Otlands, "It is a proper house of the king's, and offreth itself to be scene within a park; neer unto which Cæsar passed over Thames." He then narrates the event, concluding by saying, "In this thing I cannot be deceived, considering that the river here is scarce six foot deep: the place at this day of these stakes is called Coway Stakes, and Cæsar maketh the borders of Cassivellaunus, where he setteth down his passage over the river, to be about fourscore Italian miles from the sea which beateth upon the east coast of Kent, where he landed, and at the very same distance is this passage of ours."

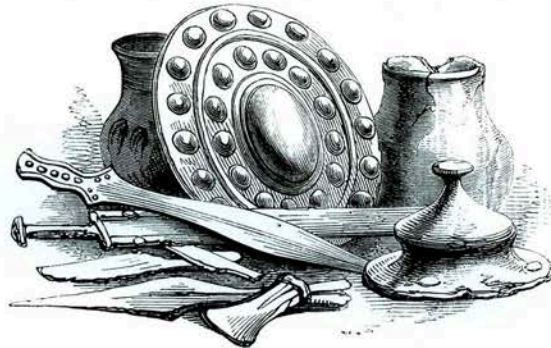
In the time of Cæsar there can be no doubt that the whole of the low land about here was a swamp, and the Britons secured themselves in the rude earth-works they had constructed in the woody land which overlooked the river. There are intrenchments of this sort on St. George's Hill at Weybridge, and also on St. Anne's Hill, Chertsey. There are traces of others at Wimbledon, proving that this range of elevations was made use of for defence. We have mentioned the old hill camp which formed one of the defences of the Cotswold Hills; and here we may properly devote a brief space to a consideration of the early inhabitants of the banks of the Thames.

When Cæsar visited Britain the old Celtic population was considerably intermixed with the Belgæ, who had taken possession of the richest parts of South Britain, and kept up a close alliance with the Gaulish traders, to whom the people of the Kentish coast greatly assimilated. Strabo slightly describes the personal appearance of the old Britons, in their long dark garments fastened round the waist, and long hair and beards. Herodotus and Pliny speak of their puncturing and staining their bodies with the juice of herbs, as a mark of

noble descent. Cæsar notes that they were "clad with skins; all the Britons stain themselves with woad, which gives a blue colour, and imparts a ferocious aspect in battle; they have long flowing hair, and do not shave the upper lip."*

The river Thames has preserved, as if in a museum, some relics of its ancient masters. Our engraving exhibits a group of antiquities found in the stream, and upon its banks. Of these the early British shield of bronze, with its great central boss, and double row of smaller ones, was dredged up from the river between Little Wittenheim and Dorchester, a neighbourhood that formed the site of several hostile engagements.† The leaf-shaped, bronze sword was found also in the river near Vauxhall, and is remarkable for its similarity to the early Greek weapons found at Pompeii. The other antiquities of the group belong to the Saxon period, and the banks of the Thames are rich in such memorials.

The other objects in our group were discovered in tumuli on the high land at Long Whittenham, in Oxfordshire. The umbo or boss at the right corner of the group, was originally fixed on the large wooden shield adopted by the Saxons. At Dorchester, many remarkable antiquities have been found, among the rest a large brooch, richly decorated. The more ordinary decorations



ANTIQUITIES FROM THE THAMES.

for the person usually found in Saxon tumuli are exhibited in our second group, consisting of brooches and hair-pins found at Fairford and Long Whittenham. Three varieties of the former have been selected; they are all of bronze, the central one being of the most ordinary form. That to the left is cup-shaped, the surface decorated with raised ornament, which has been strongly gilt. That to the right is formed of white metal, decorated with incised ornament, and washed with silver; a pin behind assisted in securing them to the dress. The hair-pins crossed at the back of the central brooch are also of bronze, having pendent rings attached to the upper part of each, one being slightly ornamented. With them were found finger-rings, consisting of a flat coil of bronze, beads of clay in variegated colours, and a variety of smaller articles for personal decoration, showing some considerable amount of refinement in the wearers. The inhabitants of Middlesex and Kent appear, however, to have been always in advance of the Saxons of the inland counties, which may be ascribed to their connection with the continental traders and their superior wealth. The contents of their tumuli indicate a higher refinement,



SAXON PERSONAL ORNAMENTS.

and a different taste in decoration. Antiquaries are now beginning to classify the Saxon tribes in England with much certainty, by the data afforded by these relics from their last resting-places.

Such were the people—destined progenitors of a race which should establish the name and customs of Anglo-Saxons over the whole world. In thus tracing them to their source, we find much that is worthy of study in their life on the banks of the Thames "in the old time before us." Scattered in their graves are instructive points in their history not to be found in the pages of the chronicler, but worthy of note; and in our descent of the stream we shall yet have to note the relics of their brethren, which also testify to their history as clearly as do the more enduring monuments of stone to the histories of classic nations.

* Of the various native tribes noted by Ptolemy, the Doluni occupied Gloucestershire and Oxfordshire; the Belgæ, Wiltshire and Hampshire; the Attrebates, Berkshire; and the Trinobantes, the greater part of Middlesex and Essex. Kent was held by the Cantii, a large and influential tribe which, as early as the time of Cæsar, was subdivided among four ruling chieftains.

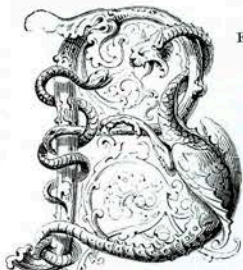
† At the junction of the rivers here, still remain the intrenchments of the early Britons.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART XV.



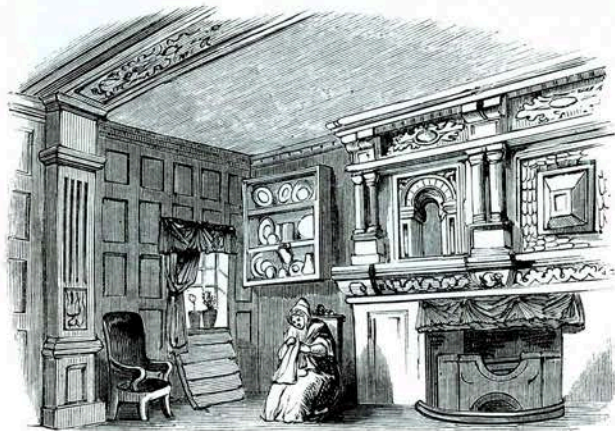
BEFORE we pass under the bridge at Walton, we are called upon to leave the boat, and walk a brief distance to visit the village and the church: both are full of interest. In the village is the house of the President Bradshaw; at Ashley Park, not far distant, the Protector is said to have some time resided; at Hershams, in the vicinity, lived William Lilly, the astrologer,—

“A cunning man, hyght Sidrophel,
That deals in Destiny's dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the moon sells,—

and his remains lie in Walton Church. On St. George's Hill is an ancient encampment of considerable size, which, although of date anterior to the Romans, was probably occupied by Cæsar when preparing for his struggle with the Britons, under Cassivellaunus; and it may safely be conjectured that his legions passed from this height into the valley to cross the Thames at Coway Stakes—“*ea celeritate atque impetu.*” From the summit of this hill is obtained one of the most striking and magnificent views to be found anywhere in England, extending

not only over Middlesex and Surrey, but into Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire, Essex, Kent, and even Sussex.

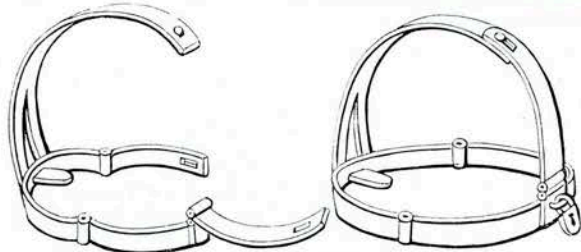
Bradshaw's house is now in a dilapidated state, inhabited by poor persons, but it retains several indications of its ancient grandeur; a chimney-piece is shown in the appended engraving; it is one of the remaining ornaments of a



INTERIOR OF BRADSHAW'S HOUSE.

wainscoted chamber, in which, no doubt, “the regicides” often sate in council; indeed, there is a tradition that here the signatures were affixed to the death-warrant of the king.

We must enter the church, and—having examined a gorgeously-sculptured tomb, of much artistic value, from the chisel of Roubiliac, to the memory of Viscount Shannon—“the fair black marble stone” that records the name of “the astrologer”—the white tablet that marks the grave of Henry Skene, the tourist—the singular monument to John Selwyn, whose heroic achievement of killing a stag after having leaped upon his back, in the presence of Queen Elizabeth, is commemorated in “a brass,” now let into the wall—Chantry's beautiful statue of a mourner leaning on a sarcophagus, to the memory of “Christopher D'Oyley”—we may criticise an object no less interesting as a record of the olden time—



SCOLD'S BRIDLE.

it is “the scold's bridle,” one of the few “examples” yet remaining in England. It bears the date 1633, and the following inscription,—

“Chester presents Walton with a bridle,
To curb women's tongues when they are idle,—

and was presented to the parish by the person whose name it bears, because he had lost an estate “through the instrumentality of a gossiping, lying woman.” Its construction and mode of fastening are shown in the engraving; when locked, a

flat piece of iron projects into the mouth, and effectually keeps down the “unruly member.” The venerable church has, therefore, several objects of interest,—we can name but few of them; yet we may not forget that in the adjacent grave-yard was interred, some eighteen or twenty years ago, one

“Who blazed
The comet of a season,”

an eloquent writer, a brilliant wit, a man of large knowledge and extensive learning; his grave is without a mark; we had difficulty to find the secluded spot in which he lies: yet there are many who remember “William Magin,”



WALTON CHURCH.

perhaps with more of admiration than respect, and who will grieve that no stone distinguishes the place in which he rests “after life's fever.”

We again make our way to the Thames, and join our boat, passing under the long, narrow, and picturesque bridge here pictured, from a sketch by an excellent artist, Mr. W. E. Bates. “It is, in fact, a sort of double bridge, a second set of arches being carried over a low tract of ground, south of the principal bridge which crosses the river.” From this bridge there is a plea-

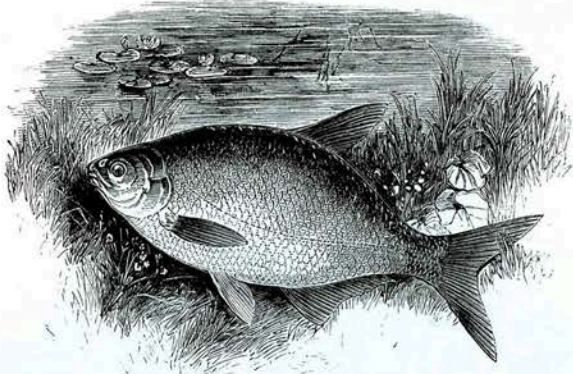


WALTON BRIDGE.

sant view of the Thames, above and below, Coway Stakes being immediately beneath us, and the new “villa-planted” demesne of “Oatlands” rising gracefully from its banks.* We must pause awhile in “the deep” immediately under it, for it is famous fishing ground; and here, perhaps more than in any other part of the Thames, the angler finds the Bream abundant.

* Oatlands is now “a village” of handsome houses, many of them with charming gardens and grounds. A large hotel is in process of erection, and the place yields in attraction to none, distant fifteen miles by railway (the South Western) from London. The palace at Oatlands, in which dwelt Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, the Consort of James I., the Queen of Charles I., and the Queen of Charles II., has long since disappeared; its site being occupied by a modern mansion, which became the property of the Duke of York, was at his death purchased by Mr. Ball Hughes, known as “the Golden Ball,” and, having passed through “various hands,” has been divided into “building lots.” The famous grotto still remains; it was constructed at great cost for the Duke during several years, by three persons—a father and two sons—who were employed in the work during several years. It consists of five chambers, the sides and roofs of which are encrusted with spars, ores, shells, and crystals. In a little dell adjacent are several stones, numbering, perhaps, sixty or seventy: they are the grave-stones of pet dogs,—the pets of her Royal Highness the Duchess of York,—and many of them have appropriate inscriptions. The Duchess died at Oatlands, in 1820, and was interred at Weybridge Church, where a monument was erected to her memory, with a beautifully sculptured figure by Chantry. That old church has been taken down, and a new and very graceful structure built a few yards from its site. Chantry's monument has been re-erected in the new church: but the vault originally in the transept, is now in the church-yard. The tall spire of Weybridge Church is seen from all parts of the adjacent country.

The Bream (*abramis Brama*) inhabits most of the lakes and rivers of England, but appears to be found in the Thames only in special localities: often as we have fished in the glorious river, we have never yet caught one except in that part of it which we are now describing. The bream is often killed in large numbers, and frequently of weight between two and four pounds; sometimes much heavier. It is, however, a poor fish—a degree worse than the barbel, as food; although Izaak quotes, in reference to it, a French proverb, to the effect



THE BREAM.

that "he who hath bream in his pond is able to bid his friend welcome;" and Chaucer considers it worthy of note, as among the preparations for a feast:—

"Full many a fair partrich hadde he in mewe,
And many a bream and many a luce in stewe."

The fish is flat and broad; the tail being long and "deeply forked." The colour is of yellowish white.*

Passing between low lauds for the distance of about two miles, we arrive at Sunbury†—a pretty village on the Middlesex side. There is a wear of considerable length, and lower down a lock: the lock has been recently constructed on "scientific principles"—the water being raised and lowered by machinery, but the effect of the "improvement" is to embarrass and delay the voyager.



SUNBURY.

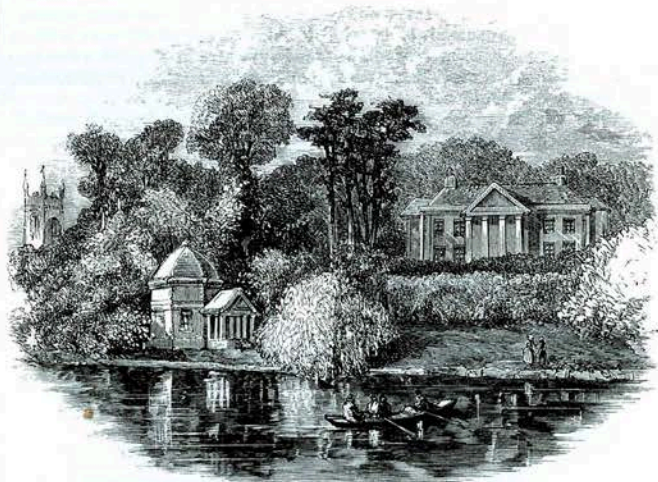
Flat and uninteresting are the meadows that stretch away from the Surrey bank of the Thames, as we voyage below Sunbury. Tall osiers, for the most part, shut out all distant views from the water. The villages of West and East Moulsey succeed in their turn. Between the former village and the river lies the low open tract, or common, known as Moulsey Hurst, and memorable chiefly in the annals of pugilistic encounters and horse-racing. East Moulsey has very rapidly increased during the last few years. Fine trees have disappeared, and rows of genuine suburban residences have sprung up in their places. A new church of an agreeable aspect has been added to the group, near the Hurst; and opposite to the Palace of Hampton Court, the terminus of the railway and a cluster of hotels have established themselves. The old church of East Moulsey is small, and belongs altogether to a period in which Moulsey itself was simply a country village, and had not yet risen to the dignity of a metropolitan railway station.

Situated on the Middlesex side of the Thames, the village of Hampton rises from the river's edge, and its long series of villas, with their orderly looking trees and well-kept gardens, with here and there a fishing cottage peering from

* There is a good and experienced, as well as a very civil and ever-ready fisherman here—J. ROCEAN—whose cottage adjoins the bridge, and whose punts are moored at the adjacent bank. Besides the bream which abound in this locality, there is a good barbel pitch close at hand, and the roach and dace are plentiful enough to give assurance of a day's sport. The inns at Walton are "comfortable" for anglers; and the distance is not more than fifteen miles from London.

† In ancient records, this place is called Sunnabyri, Sunneberic, Suneberic, &c. Sunnabyri is composed of two Saxon words—*sunna*, the sun, and *byri*, a town—and may be supposed to denote a place exposed to the sun, or with a southern aspect.—*Lysons*.

beneath thick masses of overhanging foliage, skirt the stream. At the entrance into Hampton from Sunbury there are several good houses, that stand back at some little distance from the Thames; and in front of them the water-towers and other buildings of the London and Hampton works for the supply of the metropolis with water, have been recently erected. An attempt has been made to impart an architectural character to these edifices, but they present a very questionable appearance after all. The passage across the water from Moulsey Hurst is effected by means of a truly primitive ferry-boat. Immediately adjoining the landing-place stands Hampton Church, occupying a commanding position on rising ground. To the edifice, however, unhappily may be assigned a "bad pre-eminence," as being among the very worst examples of the church-building of thirty years since. At that period the old church was pulled down, and the present wretched affair was erected at great cost. The village extends for some distance from the river towards the north; and at about a mile from the church in that direction it has very recently expanded into a second village, which bears the name of New Hampton. From the New Hampton road Bushy Park extends to Kingston and Teddington, and for the space of half a mile it reaches almost to the river's side, below the Hampton Villas. Of these residences the most striking is "Garrick's Villa," once the property and the favourite residence of the great master of histrionic art. The garden, like its neighbours, abuts upon the river; but the house stands beyond the road, and, consequently, it is separated from the water-side part of its grounds: a communication, however, suggested by Dr. Johnson, exists in the form of a very picturesque short tunnel under the road. Here, beneath a weeping willow that droops gracefully into the water, stands "the Grecian rotunda, with an Ionic



GARRICK'S VILLA.

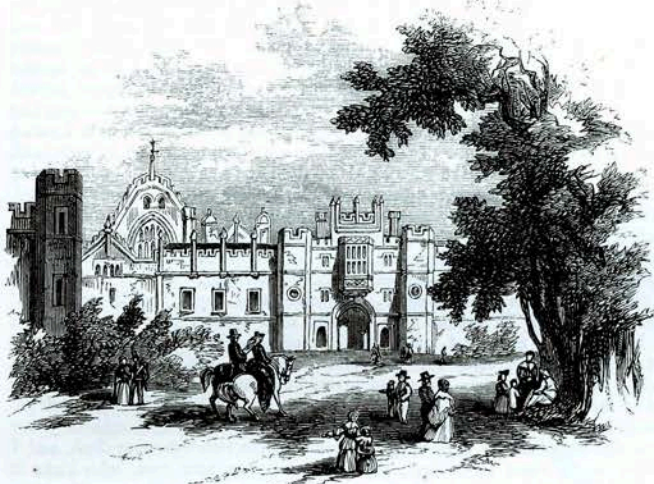
portico" (it is really a little octagonal water-side summer-house), which in Garrick's time gave shelter to Roubiliac's statue of Shakspeare, that has been since promoted to the Hall of the British Museum.*

The river bends slightly towards the south as it flows eastward, before it changes its course below Hampton Court for a northerly direction. More than one small island divides the stream at Hampton, and many are the fishing-rods that may be here seen patiently extended over the beautiful forget-me-nots, and other flowering plants which are grouped with the thick rushes and bending willows. As we advance, we approach a second series of water-side residences,—the murmuring sound of the "overshot," or weir, of the lock, becomes more distinct,—and our boat enters and passes through "Moulsey Lock," the last but one on the Thames. The present lock has been newly built within the last three years. Hampton Court has the memorable fame of possessing the ugliest and the most inconvenient bridge on the Thames, although a toll is still demanded from passengers. It is of wood, and was built in 1778, "by a builder at Weybridge." Close to it, in Surrey, is the terminus of the South Western Railway; and near it is a neat little country inn, "the Castle," with small but comfortable rooms overlooking the river. We float under this bridge, and in another minute we have landed close to the principal entrance to the Palace of Hampton Court. From the bridge itself, the view both up and down the stream exhibits English scenery in its highest perfection. But we hasten on to the Palace, passing a row of shops, hotels, and dwelling-houses. "Hampton Green" opens out before us, stretching away to our left, where it is bounded by a small cavalry barrack. In front of us are more houses, and immediately beyond them appear the noble hawthorns and horse-chestnuts of Bushy Park. This "Green" in the olden time was the tiling ground; it is now the scene of much holiday merry-making during summer months. The palace stables stand between the Green and the river. Here also are a few tolerable houses, of which more than one promises the best of "entertainment," "provided at the shortest notice" for visitors of all classes and of every taste.

* The "Temple of Shakspeare," as Garrick called this building, was constructed expressly for Roubiliac's statue, a commission from the actor to the artist, who did his utmost to produce a good work—to his own loss; for Garrick, with his usual tact at driving a bargain, gave little more than would pay for the model and the marble. The artist was also subjected to the meddlesome taste of the actor, whose vanity was unbounded, and who threw himself into the affected posture of poetic inspiration, which he insisted the statue should exhibit. When the work was finished, the sculptor executed a new head, as Garrick demurred at a faint vein of colour in the marble. The only portrait of Roubiliac we possess, represents him working enthusiastically on this statue, which he certainly desired to make his *chef-d'œuvre*. It passed to the National Museum, by Garrick's desire, on the death of his widow.

The "Toy," so long the recognised chief of the Hampton Court hotels, has ceased to exist in its former capacity, the building having been altered to form a group of private residences. A rapid "decline" preceded this "fall" of the "Toy." In the days of Dutch William, who spent much time at Hampton Court, many were the rump-steak dinners given by the monarch himself at the "Toy" to his courtiers: and on these occasions, dense without doubt were the clouds of tobacco-smoke that enveloped both the guests and their royal host. The present "Toy," however, is an excellent hotel.

The palace itself is shut off from the green by a long and massive wall of dark-red bricks, having in front of it a broad walk, now deeply shadowed with noble elms and chestnuts, leading from the river to Bushy Park. This was a favourite promenade with Mary, the consort of William III.; and here, also, the Low Country maids of honour and other ladies, who in those days graced with their presence the English court, might continually be seen. Hence the place obtained the popular name of the "Frau Walk," which has since degenerated into the "Frog Walk," by which it is now known.



ENTRANCE TO HAMPTON COURT.

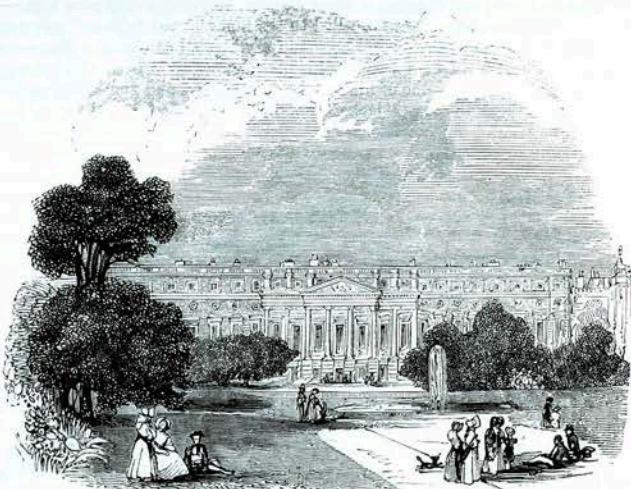
At the entrance to the palace precincts, on either side, a lion and a unicorn discharge their patriotic duty of "supporting" the royal arms. We enter. On our right are some porter's-lodge-looking buildings, with a single good red-brick house—a family residence. On the opposite side, stretching away towards Wolsey's noble gateway-tower, is a long range of cavalry barracks with their guard-house, stables, canteen, and other accessories. Our barracks are generally successful specimens of the art of unsightly and inconvenient building; and here, where something better might have been expected, this unworthy art has achieved its climax. The associations of "Royal Hampton's pile," however, which throng thickly upon our minds, are not interwoven with deeds of chivalrous valour or of military renown,—except, indeed, such as are inseparable from the present purposes to which the palace is so happily applied. "The o'er-great cardinal" and his unscrupulous master rise before us; then come visions of the unfortunate Charles, of phlegmatic William, of decorous "Anne," and of the first George with his broken English. Rich, indeed, is the palace of Hampton Court in materials for a domestic history of almost unparalleled interest. We can but glance at the more salient points in the sketch for such a history.

In the time of Henry III. the manor of Hampton ("Hamntone" it is written in the Domesday Survey) was held by the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, and from them Wolsey obtained a lease for the purpose of building on the site of the old manor-house his stately palace. The works were commenced about the year 1515, and they were urged on with such rapidity that the cardinal shortly after made Hampton his residence, or, as Skelton would have it, he held his "court" there. The splendours of Hampton Court when in the hands of Wolsey speedily produced that dangerous "envy" which in 1526 induced him to present his palace with all its sumptuous furniture to the king. Henry VIII. accepted the gift without hesitation; and, in return, graciously "licensed the lord cardinal to lie in his royal manor at Richmond at his pleasure;" also permitting him occasionally to occupy Hampton Court itself. In 1527 Montmorency, the French ambassador, was received at Hampton Court in such a style that the Frenchmen did "not only wonder at it here, but also make a glorious report of it in their own country."

The great hall was built by Henry VIII., after the palace had come into his possession, and he added other buildings to the pile, "till it became more like a small city than a house." With his characteristic selfishness, he also afforested the country around, converting a wide tract of the adjoining lands into a chase, which he stocked with deer. Henry spent much of his time at Hampton Court. There Edward VI. was born, and there Jane Seymour died. With Edward himself Hampton Court was a favourite residence, and so it continued to be during several succeeding reigns. James I. held there the "conference" of 1604. Many of both his happier and his most anxious days were spent there by Charles I. In 1656 Cromwell purchased it, and made it

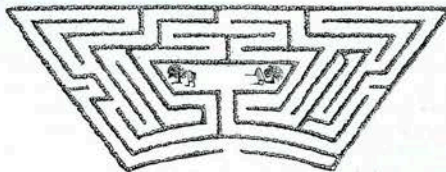
his principal abode. It was in equal favour with Charles II. after the Restoration; James II. resided there less habitually; William III. and Anne may be said to have made it their home. The first and second Georges followed in the steps of their predecessors in so far as Hampton Court is concerned. But since their time a change has come upon what Lord Hervey (Pope's "Lord Fanny") was pleased to call the "unchanging circle of Hampton Court." The state apartments and the hall are thrown open freely to the public daily, with the exception of Fridays only; and the rest of the palace is arranged to form a series of residences for families who may be considered to have claims upon their Sovereign and their country. Her Majesty the Queen is known to feel a warm interest in Hampton Court, and the appointments to the residences in the palace are made expressly by the royal command. Recent circumstances have greatly enhanced the interest which attaches to this royal house, thus converted into a palace of the people. In place of persons of high rank but narrow means, Hampton Court now has become, for the most part, the residence of the widows and orphan families of officers who have fallen in the Sikh war, and in the Crimea; and we may feel assured that many of those families who mourn the lost heroes of the present fierce struggle in India—our Havelocks and Neills—will here find an honourable and a honoured home.

The palace originally consisted of five principal quadrangular courts, but of these three only now remain. To these, however, must be added a variety of offices, and many ranges of subordinate buildings. The first and second courts are for the most part remains of the original palace, with the exception of very questionable classic additions in the second court and the great hall of Henry VIII. The third court is the work of Sir Christopher Wren, and is a dull and heavy affair. The hall has lately undergone a complete restoration, which has been thoroughly well done: the grand open-timber roof, the finely-proportioned windows with their brilliant new heraldic glazing by Willement, the showy array of banners, the groups of armour, and the quaint and still bright-hued tapestry, all combine to realise the most romantic vision of a palatial hall. Adjoining the hall is a truly appropriate withdrawing room.



HAMPTON COURT, GARDEN FRONT.

To the state apartments we ascend by the "king's staircase" at an angle of the second court. A series of wretched allegories cover the walls and ceilings of this staircase; they are the work of Verrio.* We first enter the "guard-chamber," where there are some curious weapons of by-gone days. Here commences the miscellaneous collection of pictures, some originals, others copies, many curious and valuable, and more equally uninteresting and worthless, which cover the walls of the long range of noble rooms. There are a few relics of the state furniture also here, and a considerable quantity of fine china. The cartoons demand a far more detailed notice than our space will



THE MAZE.

admit; we content ourselves, therefore, with a few brief words of ardent admiration, and a strong expression of hope that these most precious of our national "Art-treasures" may be removed from the sombre gallery to which

* Verrio was one of the most famed of a school of artists, who, in accordance with a taste generated at the court of Louis XIV., covered the walls and ceilings of English mansions with enormous allegorical pictures. He has been immortalised by Pope in the lines descriptive of "Timon Villa":—

"On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre."

* Much speculation has arisen with reference to the singular title—the "Toy": it may, however, be derived from the *tois* or *toils*—movable fence—of net-work that were used as barriers in many of the games, once played daily on the adjoining green—the tilting-ground, or (as it is styled in a survey of the year 1653) the toying-place of the Tudors and Stuarts.

they are now consigned, in order to their taking their rightful place in a worthy "National Gallery" in London.*

The garden is well worthy a visit. It affords some fine views of the palace, and it also contains the famed "vine," which fills its ample hot-house, and displays such a collection of clusters as it is probable never elsewhere hung upon a single tree.† We return to the open gardens, and walk past the palace. Leaving behind us a newly-built tower, we enter the "wilderness," a thickly planted space to the north of the main edifice, where some of the finest trees in England are grouped together.‡ At the extremity of this wilderness is the "Maze."§ We need no guide to lead us to the entrance that tempts all visitors to explore the intricacies within; for more than one of the pleasure-seekers of the day is there before us, and their laughter is by no means kept within the hedges of the maze, though it does not transgress beyond the bounds of moderation. And this remark leads us to observe that the great boon of free public access to Hampton Court Palace and Gardens, is thoroughly appreciated by the public. Rarely, indeed, is an individual to be seen, who needs to be reminded that he is acting with impropriety. Thousands and tens of thousands of persons of all classes avail themselves of the opportunity so liberally afforded them of enjoying this beautiful place; and yet the few police who are on duty find their office almost a sinecure. This is as it should be.

The reader will permit us to vary these comparatively dry details of facts, by introducing a sketch of one of those "characters" so frequently encountered on or about the river.

During our later visits to Hampton Court, we have felt disappointment that we did not meet at the old landing a man who had been long associated with our memories of the neighbourhood. He was known by the *soubriquet* of "Fresh-Water Jack." We missed the blithe rosy face, the bright eyes, the broad joyous smile of the young Irishman, who was accustomed to assure us he knew of our approaching visit to "the Court" by a "drame" he had. He was lame; and we remember once endeavouring to obtain for him a situation where he might earn his "crust" on dry land, believing he might lose altogether the use of his limbs, from being so continually in and about the water; but Jack said he couldn't bear the thought of quitting the beautiful "ould river" that he knew, and that knew him: besides, so many would miss him,—his friends—God bless them!—who called to see him and the "Court" anyway once a-year. "A fresh-water Jack," he would say, "is all as one as a king—he never dies." So there'd be another in his place before he'd been a mile away from Hampton: and sure some of his own beautiful ladies and gentlemen might be murdered by them thieving "jacks," and the sin o' that would be on his soul to the end of his days, and may be afther." No; as long as he had one leg to stand on, and two hands to help, he'd keep his ground in the "wather."

Poor Jack! when he declared his tongue was loosely hung he said the truth; he told us the first day of our acquaintance all he had, or rather all he chose, to tell—for Irishmen, however voluble, have their reserves. He professed great love and admiration for the Thames; but it was evident that, no matter what his worldly interests might be, his heart was in a perpetual state of transit between Cork and Kerry. He had plenty of information about the river, and was an excellent fisherman "when not on duty;" knew where to get gudgeons, and where the barbel lay, and would keep a keen eye and a steady hand to his work; but say a word of "the Lee" or "the Shannon"—just name Killarney—down would go the rod, the pole might float where it pleased, in an ecstasy he would pitch all the ground-bait over at once, and, with sparkling eyes and fluent tongue—if he had not done so previously—inform you that "in troth" he was an Irishman himself, and what was better still, a Cork man—and what was twice as good as that, a boy from Clonakilty! "Sure, then, I'll never turn the back of my hand on ould Ireland. People says to me 'Why do you say you're Irish, Jack, when you have such beautiful English on the top of yer tongue?' but I'd scorn to be an imposture. No, if Ireland hadn't a rag to her back, or a string to her harp, every blade of her grass would be dearer to Jack O'Conner than all the timber on the Thames,—and that's a bould word, for well I know the forests it floats all over the world, and I've nothip' to say against them; but for all that, I'd rather this minute have a blade of the grass that grows on my mother's grave than the whole of 'em."

We remember inquiring, if Jack loved his country so tenderly, why he had left it. Jack twisted his shoulders and said "the reason?" Why, betwixt the famine and the sickness, there was nothing left for him to love but the bare sod; but he added, "Even with all the sickness and the hunger, I'd have stuck to that sod if it wasn't for the hurt I got in mee knee (saving yer presence); but if boys with the use of their four bones couldn't get more than the wet potatoe and the sup of wather, how could such a bocher ¶ as meeself get through?—and all mee people either dead or gone to the Far West! If I had the luck to take the pledge, and keep it, it's not here I'd be, anyway. I got my wound through being overtaken* during the full of the May moon, at the corner, as you turn from the Lake to go up to the blessed Church of Aghadoe. I thought I wasn't quite right in meeself, and I knew my neighbours—the GOOD PEOPLE**—from the skirl of the pipes coming through the air, just like the song of a bird through the leaves of a forest; and I felt the drowsiness coming over me,—'Keep up, John Conner,' I says, 'and don't be taking the breadth of the road instead of the length of it; but go on.' Well, I tried hard, but I couldn't foot a straight line; and I heard them coming closer and closer; and I had sense enough to be ashamed of meeself one minute, and glad the next because the only

girl I cared for wasn't there to see. 'And it's a purty pass I'm come to,' I says, 'when I don't wish you—darlint of my heart!—to be near me!' and yet I wasn't so overtaken intirely but I knew where I was; and I saw the leaves dancing in circles on the road, and the dust wheeling, and every now and agin a buz in my ear, and I tuk off my hat, not to be wantin' in manners, as they passed, though I wished meeself far enough away; and then of a sudden I minded there was a slip of a rowan-tree growing over the gripe of the ditch, and I knew if I could catch a houl't of one of its dawshly boughs, or even get under its shade, I'd be as safe as if I was in the holy cardinal's hall up there, and his holiness himself *to the fore*;* so here goes, I says, and I made a spring, thinking to clear the gripe—for in them times I was free and firm of foot as the finest deer on Glena; but as ill luck would have it, mee head was light, and mee feet heavy wid the brogues,—for it was a holiday, so I had 'em on,—and into the gripe I went: if there was wather in it, I'd have been drowned like a blind puppy, but as it was, I lay like a turtle, and the moon looking mee full in the face like a Christian. I roared and cried; but sure I knew no one could hear me that would give me a taste of help; and I wanted to think of mee prayers, and if I could have got at one, I'd ha' been safe enough; but I was bothered between the goin' and the comin' of the good people's pipes, and the song she had sung for me, and me only, not two hours gone,—the song warbled round mee heart, and the pipes, as I said, bothered mee ears, and I knew by the prayers keepin' their distance that there was somethin' goin' to happen beyant the common; and sure enough, it wasn't long 'till they gathered round me, like a swarm of bees round a Maybush, first peepin' and pryin' at me, as if I was a grate curocity, and not one of 'em the length of mee hand, and titherin' and sniggerin', all as one as the young girls of flesh and blood are so fond of doing when they set their comethers on some unfortunate boy without sense, or, indeed, with sense—for one sort is just as 'asy made nothin' of as the other. Then they made a ball-room of mee chest, footin' and patherin' over me; and the young ones made a horse of mee nose, and the king and queen had high tea on mee forehead, and a game of hide-and-seek through mee hair. I knew that as long as the good people liked to divert themselves that way, I should say nothin' against it, though if I could have thought of a prayer, they'd have had it; so I lay as still as a dead lamb until one, all over in a shine of silver, cried out they must have some shooting, and then there was grate serimigin' and racing, and trying their bows and arras, and they set to pulling the hair out of mee head for bow-strings, and I bearing it all like a Christian, and yet couldn't think of a Christian prayer! Oh! my grief! Well, though they war little, the high heels of their dawshly shoes ran like iron into mee flesh, and I desired to ax them to go 'asy, particular those on mee nose, who kickt it crooked, and left it so—as yer honor may see, if you pay me the compliment to look straight in mee face." And certainly Jack's nose leaned considerably more to one side than to the other—this gave him a quaint, roguish expression. He continued, "Well, I dun know how it was, but I began to think of mee poor mother; and though she wasn't a prayer, she was the next thing to it,—she taught me all she knew that way, as well as every other way; and surely, the more I thought of her, the lighter grew the little iron heels, and somehow, the dawshly craythurs themselves seemed as if the light shone through them; but still they kep' on at their new play, shootin' their little arras, which sparkled for all the world like stivers of diamonds, so bright and swift—made out of dew and moonlight, and the webs that glitter on the hedges of a summer morning—so that I was fairly bothered watching them, now thinkin' this and now thinkin' that; and my mother seemed a grate ould picture in the thick of it. At last I spied up at the sky, and sure enough I thought I saw the first stroke of day, like an angel's smile in the heavens, and with that I said asy to myself, 'Oh, Holy Mary!' That done it—and me too! Skirl—whirl—wish—e!—all round me. But one, a little spiteful devil, with a hooked nose, and a red feather in his cap, came out of the mob, and taking his stand on the top of a bouchlawn, draws his bow, and looking at me as a judge looks at a prisoner, 'Take that, John O'Conner,' he says, 'for findin' fault with the heels of mee boots, that war made before the Flood,' he says, 'and are better than new now!' and with that he lets fly at me, and the arra hot me in the knee. I thought the life would lave me that very minute; but life is tough, and hearts are tougher. I sat up, and sure enough when I did the heavens were all in a glow o' pink like a bride's blushes, and an innocent rabbit was staring me full in the face. I might have taken the priest's word for it, and believed it nothin' but a drame, only for the lameness and the arra, which I drew out with this hand (*that's so honoured as to haul ye safe ashore, mee noble lady*): and mee poor mother kep it for a corker* for many a day to fasten her shawl. One Sunday she forgot a warnin' she had, and took it to Mass, and she never saw it afther."

Poor Jack! his place, to our fancy, can never be efficiently filled. We inquired for him, and, to our astonishment, heard that, fascinated by the blandishments of a recruiting sergeant, he had exchanged the Thames for the "Connaught Rangers."

"But his knee—his lameness!" we exclaimed.

"Please, my lady," said the new "Jack," "his knee was bosh, and his lameness bosh. He made a good thing of it here—all blarney: he got shillings where I get pence. He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth."

"How? has any one heard of him lately?"

"Oh, yes; he was in the Crimea, and distinguished himself, they said: led a something, which I don't believe—all bosh!—lost a leg and an arm (I should not wonder if they grew again, like the lobster's)—was made a sergeant, and got a pension, and a lot of medals at his button-hole, and a Queen's handkerchief in his pocket. Pity he doesn't come back to his old place—he should have it cheap."

What a grumbling water-rat! We were more than proud of our old acquaintance; but we hoped he had not fooled us so entirely, and are more than willing to believe his lameness *was* real, and that time had removed the impediment to preferment.

* Some strange caprice has brought down to Hampton Court, and placed in the principal state room, the wretched paraphernalia which was considered to have done honour to the "Great Duke" on the occasion of his remains lying in state.

† This vine produces the grape called the Black Hamburg; it spreads over a surface of 110 feet, and in some seasons it has yielded more than 2500 bunches of grapes.

‡ This wilderness was planted by King William III., with a view to hide the irregularities of the north side of the palace, where the old domestic offices were situated.

§ This is a curious relic of the ancient taste in gardening, and was planted in the reign of William III. It consists of narrow walks between tall clipped bushes, which wind intricately to the open space in the centre; there is only one way by which it may be reached, and any deviation leads to a stoppage and a necessity for retracing the path.

¶ Lame man.

* Topsy.

** Fairies.

* Present.

† A corker—strong pin.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART XVI.



FROM the "Maze," at Hampton Court, we cross over the Kingston Road into Bushy Park, passing through a cluster of hotels, lodging-houses, and private residences. Famous are the horse-chestnuts and thorn-trees of Bushy, but their fame has done them no more than justice.

The thorns are supposed to have given its name to the park. The fern here is picturesque, and the deer abound on every side. Some of them are very tame; so much so, that they will even eat from the hands of visitors who, in the summer season, assemble for a sylvan repast beneath the trees. There is a public drive across the park to Teddington, and more than one

foot-path promises a delightful walk to the pedestrian. Opposite the principal entrance, in the great avenue, is the "Diana" fountain, which stands in the midst of a large circular piece of water, and exercises its vocation after a very agreeable manner. The lodge and the stables of Bushy are separate buildings, and though rather extensive, they do not claim any special notice,—except, indeed, to state that the former was the favourite residence of William IV. and good Queen Adelaide.

Bushy Park must be regarded as forming an integral part of the royal domain of Hampton Court. Having traversed its pathways, and rested in the shade of its trees, we retrace our steps to the palace, and returning through its courts to the river where our boat awaits us, we set forth on our voyage downward. The first object that attracts our notice is the junction of the "silent Mole" with the waters of the Thames. This tributary itself produced by the union of a numerous series of small streams and brooks, some of which rise in Sussex and others in Surrey, assumes the importance of a river near Reigate, in the latter county, from whence its course lies in a north-westerly direction. Winding amidst the lovely scenery of central Surrey, the Mole flows on past Dorking, Leatherhead, and Cobham; and then, taking its leave of bold hills and rich woods and ancestral mansions, it hastens through the flat region of the Moulseys towards the Thames. Much has been written, both in poetry and prose, upon the Mole, and many are the landscapes that other artists besides Witherington have painted near its tranquil waters. As late as the times of the lordly builder of Hampton Court known as the "Emley," this river has both changed its name and acquired its celebrity, from the singular circumstances that attend its career in the neighbourhood of Box Hill and Norbury Park. Here the bed of the stream is composed of a very porous earth, in which, at some little depth below the surface, many cavernous hollows are supposed to have been formed. In ordinary seasons the supply of water is sufficient, as well to fill these hidden recesses as to maintain the stream itself at its ordinary level: not so, however, in any time of drought; then the stream fails, and for some distance the channel is dry, with the exception of here and there a standing pool. Near the bridge at Thorncroft the ground again becomes solid, and here accordingly the exhausted river rises in a strong spring, and resumes its original condition. As it will be readily supposed, this singular interruption to the course of the Mole gave rise, at early periods, to a variety of marvellous legends. Old Camden does not fail to give his version of the wonder, and, according to him, the Mole at Box Hill absolutely leaves the surface of the earth for a while in order to traverse a dark and subterranean channel, arched over for its reception, and for some hidden purpose, by the great engineer, Nature. We may add, that at Wey-pool, in the "porous" region, the river has hollowed out a basin about thirty feet in diameter, in which the curious process of its absorption may be observed.

Having passed the confluence of the Mole with the Thames, our boat sweeps by the palace gardens, and we glide swiftly along between the Home Park and the pretty village of Thames Ditton. Once again we find ourselves amidst a flotilla of punts, and great is the amount of serious fishing that we observe to be going on. On our right some small willow-bearing islands attract our notice, and we learn that these are spots famous in the history of Thames picnic parties—so famous, indeed, that during the summer season they vie with Bushy Park itself as the scene of much happy and harmless enjoyment of this description. We pass the islands, and land on the Surrey bank of the river, with the view of improving our acquaintance with Ditton. In the Domesday Book it is stated that "Wardard holds of the Bishop (of Bayeux) Ditone, in the hundred of Kingstone;" and it included the rich manors of Cleygate and Weston—the former belonging to the abbots of Westminster, the latter to the nuns of Barking. The church is "of remote origin, but has been greatly altered at different times, and enlarged by additional erections." It contains some remarkable tombs and brasses, most of them of a late period. Our print exhibits the long famous inn, "THE SWAN;" the stately mansion—"Boyle Farm"—being the residence of Lord St. Leonards. "The Swan" is, as we have said, "famous," but only in the records of the angler: time out of mind, Thames Ditton has been in favour with the punt-fisher, not alone because sport was always abundant there,—its pretty aits, close beds of rushes, and overhanging osiers being nurseries of fish,—but because the river is especially charming "hercabouts," and there are many associations connected with the fair scenery that greatly augment its interest to those who enjoy the recreation of the "contemplative man." All anglers, therefore, are familiar with the pleasures to be found in this quiet and attractive nook of the Thames. Our own

memory recalls to us a day we cannot soon forget: it was passed in a punt with Theodore Hook—a lover of the gentle art, as many have been to whom "society" and the gaieties of life were necessities. Hook was in strong health at that time—it was in the year 1834; the fountain of his wit was in full and uninterrupted flow; it is not difficult to imagine, therefore, the stores of incident and humour, that were opened up between the first cast of the plummet into the stream, and the winding up of the reel when the declining light gave notice that refreshment was provided at "the Swan."*

As a fishing station, Ditton has lost some of its ancient fame; and the inn had fallen also from its "high estate:" latterly, however, it has been considerably "brushed up;" the landlord and landlady seem very attentive to



THE SWAN AT DITTON.

their guests; the rooms are remarkably clean and neatly furnished, and anglers may again enjoy there the quiet comfort which ought to succeed a day of pleasant toil.† Moreover, there are several good and experienced fishermen at Ditton; and punts as well as row-boats may be generally obtained.

There is little to attract the voyager between Ditton and Kingston; the banks of the river are on both sides low, generally bordered with rushes, with occasional aits, on which grow the "sallys" which supply so many of the basket-makers of London. We have therefore leisure here to consider some of the wild flowers of the water, of which we shall soon lose sight, for we are approaching the "roads," from which they have been driven by the "higher state of cultivation."

* On that occasion Mr. Hook produced some lines, which we believe are little known, and were not published with his name; we therefore reprint them from the *New Monthly Magazine* (then edited by Mr. S. C. Hall) for July, 1834, in which they were printed. They were composed in the punt, and afterwards written down: it is needless to refer to Mr. Hook's wonderful facility in improvising verse.

"When sultry suns and dusty streets
Proclaim town's winter season,
And rural scenes and cool retreats
Sound something like high treason—
I steal away to shades serene,
Which yet no barl has hit on,
And change the bustling, heartless scene
For quietude and DITTON.

"Here lawyers, free from legal toils,
And peers, released from duty,
Enjoy at once kind Nature's smiles,
And eke the smiles of beauty;
Beauteous with talent brightly graced,
Whose name must not be written,
The idol of the fane, is placed
Within the shades of DITTON.

"Let lofty mansions great men keep—
I have no wish to rob 'em—
Not courtly Claremont, Esher's steep,
Nor Squire Combe's at Cobham.
Sir Hobhouse has a mansion rare,
A large red house, at Whitton,
But Cam with Thames I can't compare,
Nor Whitton class with DITTON.

"I'd rather live, like General Moore,
In one of the pavilions
Which stand upon the other shore,
Than be the king of millions;

For though no subjects might arise
To exercise my wit on,
From morn till night I'd feast my eyes
By gazing at sweet DITTON.

"The mighty queen whom Cydnus bore,
In gold and purple floated,
But happier I, when near this shore,
Although more humbly boated.
Give me a punt, a rod, a line,
A snug arm-chair to sit on,
Some well-iced punch, and weather fine,
And let me fish at DITTON.

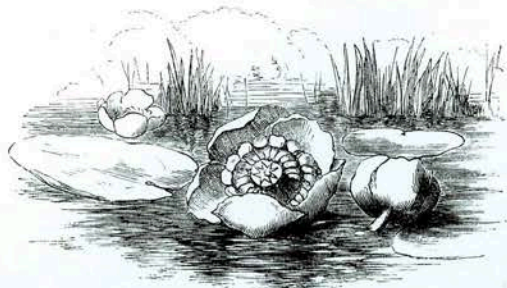
"The 'Swan,' snug inn, good fare affords
As table 'er was put on,
And worthier quite of loftier boards
Its poultry, fish, and mutton:
And while sound wine mine host supplies,
With beer of Meux or Tritton,
Mine hostess, with her bright blue eyes,
Invites to stay at DITTON.

"Here, in a placid waking dream,
I'm free from worldly troubles,
Calm as the rippling silver stream
That in the sunshine bubbles;
And when sweet Eden's blissful bowers
Some abler bard has writ on,
Despairing to transcend his powers,
I'll ditto say for DITTON."

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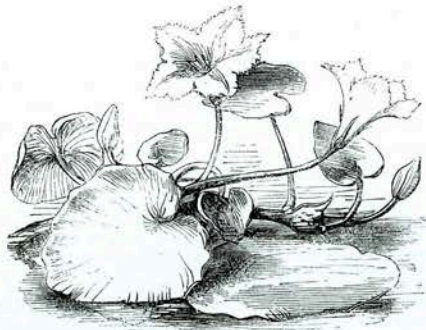
† Esher is about two miles from Thames Ditton; but those who voyage the Thames will surely pay a visit to this village, charming for its scenery, and deeply interesting from its associations. It was anciently named *Aissele* (so in Domesday), *Aissele*, and *Ashal*. William Waynflete, who held the see of Winchester from 1447 to 1462, built a stately mansion of red brick on the borders of the Mole, and it became the episcopal residence. It was repaired and partially rebuilt by Cardinal Wolsey; and of this erection the gatehouse yet remains, a striking object on the banks of the pleasant river. In this neighbourhood is also Claremont, so sadly connected with the brief history of the Princess Charlotte, who died here on the 6th November, 1817. It is now the property of his Majesty the King of the Belgians. Here too resided the unhappy Lord Clive, of whom parliament pronounced that he rendered "great and important service to his country." The house is plain, but the grounds are exceedingly beautiful, and are kept with much care. In the church at Esher are interred Anna Maria Porter and her mother, who resided many years in a small cottage in the village. At Thames Ditton, too, William and Mary Howitt lived in one of the many pretty and graceful "home-dwellings" that abound in this vicinity.

The neighbourhood from Staines to Twickenham is rich in aquatic vegetation, both as regards the number of species and the prodigal luxuriance of their growth: in one small still pool, a few yards in extent, intercepted from the stream by a narrow strip of beach, we found in flower at one time specimens of the noble White and the Yellow Water-lilies, the beautiful Fringed Villarsia, or Yellow Buckbean, the delicate Frogbit, the Arrow-head in fine blossom, the Purple and the Yellow Loosestrife; and on the bank the fine bold foliage of the Water-dock, Wild Teasel, Reeds, and many of the minor or less remarkable species that create the wealth of a river Flora. It was delightful to the eye and mind of the poet, painter, botanist, or the simple lover of nature. Several of these plants we have already pictured as they have occurred in the course of our tour; we may here describe two or three not hitherto noticed.



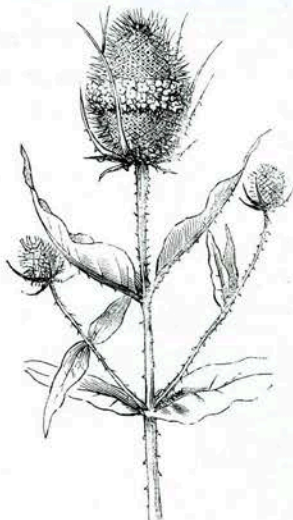
YELLOW WATER-LILY.

The Yellow Water-lily (*Nuphar lutea*), which is so constantly found in company with its fairer sister, the White Lily, though indeed it cannot rival the latter in size and beauty, produces by its contrast of colour a charming effect. These two together stud the river with silver and gold, giving an almost tropical luxuriance to the still nooks which are their favourite haunts, and where they develop themselves in full glory. The structure of the Yellow Lily is extremely curious on a close examination, which shows a very complicated and ornamental arrangement of the interior parts round a central object, the seed-vessel, which in shape bears a resemblance to a flagon or bottle; and this circumstance, in conjunction with the flower emitting a decidedly spirituous odour, has given rise to its having received, in the provinces, the Bacchanalian cognomen of "Brandy-bottle."



YELLOW BUCKBEAN.

There is another yellow flower that, at a little distance, bears a close resemblance to the last, but, on a nearer inspection, is found to be very distinct; this is the *Villarsia nymphoides*, or Yellow Buckbean, generally spoken of by botanists as a great rarity: it may probably be so in most localities, for we have never met with it excepting in the Thames from Windsor downwards, where in some parts we found it growing in rich profusion. The leaves are very like those of the Water-lily in shape and texture, though smaller; and they float in a similar way on the surface of the water, above which rise the bright yellow blossoms, of a graceful contour; the petals being edged with a delicately-cut fringe, which gives to the flower a peculiar elegance. This is one of the numerous native "aquatics" that are worthy of cultivation by every possessor of an ornamental water; or it might be easily grown within the limits of an indoor tank or aquarium, the culture being extremely easy.



WILD TEASEL.

What a striking appearance the Wild Teasel (*Dipsacus sylvestris*) makes, rearing its erect form above the humbler herbage, and crowned with those curious bristling heads which, in the early part of the year, are clothed with diminutive lilac flowers, and later in the season form the receptacle of the seeds. This handsome plant is interesting also as

being closely allied to the Fuller's Teasel, so largely employed in the preparation of woollen cloths,—if, indeed, the two plants are not, as some botanists suppose, varieties of the same species modified by cultivation and difference of soil, which in one develops the delicate hooks to which the Fuller's Teasel owes its efficacy, and for which no artificial substitute has yet been found. It appears the heads are fixed on to the circumference of a large broad wheel, which is set in motion, and the cloth is held against them till the action of the crooked awns has sufficiently raised the nap. The Teasel is of sufficient commercial importance to be cultivated in fields as a regular crop in the west of England, and also in some parts of Essex, but especially in Yorkshire—that county having of late years taken the lead in the manufacture of woollen cloths.

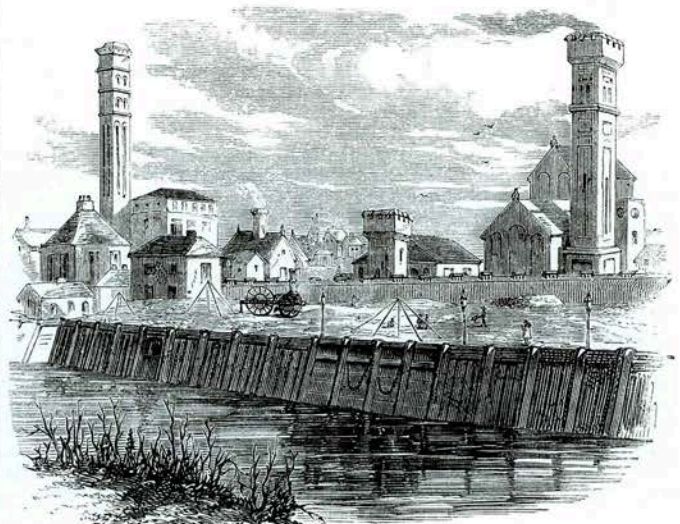
Among the insect tribes, too, we meet with a variety of interesting objects, the water-side vegetation being a favourite haunt of numerous species, who there find abundance of food and shelter: many have presented themselves to our notice during our rambles; but want of space has prevented our figuring or describing more than a very small proportion of them. Here, on a burdock leaf, its usual habitation, we found that curious and pretty little insect, the Green Tortoise-beetle (*Cassida equestris*). In appearance it really very much resembles a miniature tortoise, the upper part of the body being expanded into a shield which conceals the feet and head. But it is in the grub state that its habits are most singular, the tail being provided with a forked appendage, upon which the creature heaps a mass of extraneous matter, so that it carries about with it an artificial canopy that answers the purpose of defence and concealment.



GREEN TORTOISE BEETLE.

These pauses in voyaging the Thames are always full of interest; instructive also, no matter what may be the object for which we "step ashore."

As we approach Kingston, we pass the new buildings of the company which supplies with water the Surrey side of London. The edifices themselves are by no means picturesque; nevertheless, as objects that cannot fail to attract the eye of all voyagers, we have thought it well to engrave them. The locality



WATER-WORKS: SEETHING WELLS.

in which they are placed is called "Seething Wells;" and they are "The Chelsea and Lambeth Water-works."*

For the following detailed analysis of the Thames water, at Kingston, we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Henry Witt, F. C. S., Assistant Chemist to the Government School of Mines:—

	Grains in the Imperial Gallon.
Sulphate of Lime	4.500
Carbonate of Lime	9.616
Carbonate of Magnesia	0.970
Chloride of Sodium (common salt)	1.661
Chloride of Potassium	trace
Carbonate of Soda	1.950
Organic matter	1.631
Suspended clay	3.603
Carbonate of Ammonia	0.0034
Total	22.9404

But the composition of the water varies at different seasons of the year. The following represents the average composition at Kingston, as deduced

* "The hot spring at Seething Wells was once thought an almost infallible remedy in certain cases of ophthalmia."

from a large number of analyses, made by Mr. Witt, throughout the year 1856:—

	Grains in the Gallon.		
	Maximum.	Minimum.	Mean.
Total impurity	28·148	18·37	23·488
Suspended matter	4·41	1·17	3·034
Organic matter	1·63	0·55	1·050
Dissolved Salt	23·108	16·65	19·404
Common Salt	3·87	2·065	2·633
Lime	10·91	6·487	7·884

These analyses show how excellent in quality is the water now supplied to London from Kingston, or rather Thames Ditton, by the Chelsea and Lambeth Water Companies.

The shallow wells of London cannot but be condemned as drinking waters, on account of their almost invariable contamination with sewage. The deep wells which sink into the chalk are inconveniently hard, but the Thames water at Kingston is sufficiently free from organic matter to be perfectly wholesome as a beverage, and sufficiently soft not to give rise to serious inconvenience on that account.

The water is pumped into large subsiding reservoirs; whence, after remaining about six hours, it passes on to the filters. These are large beds of sand, gravel, &c., through which the water passes at the rate of about 6½ gallons per square foot per hour.

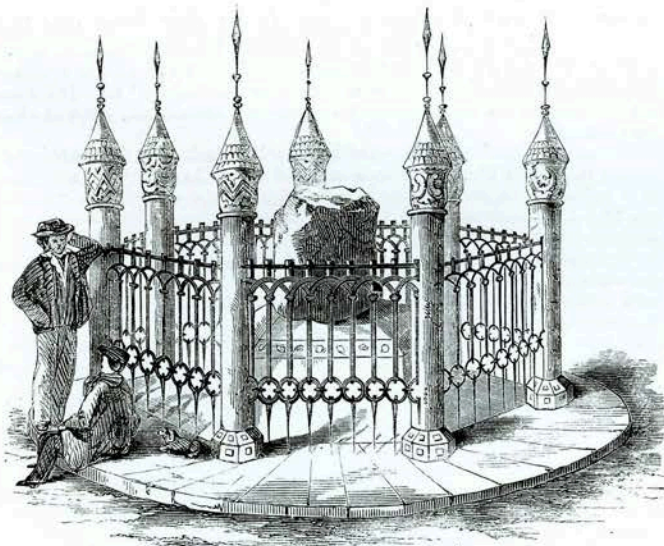
The filters are composed of the following strata in a descending order:—

No.		Feet.	Inches.
1.	Fine sand	2	6
2.	Coarser ditto	1	0
3.	Shells	0	6
4.	Fine gravel	0	3
5.	Coarse gravel	3	3

After complete filtration, the purified water is pumped up to a covered reservoir on Putney Heath, whence it descends by gravitation to London, passing over the river in two iron tubes, supported by a new bridge, recently erected for the purpose, between Putney and Fulham.

The two new subsiding reservoirs comprise an area of three acres, and are each capable of containing ten million gallons of water. The two filter-beds adjoining comprise an area of two acres, and are each capable of filtering ten million gallons in twenty-four hours. The two high level covered reservoirs on Putney Heath, are two and a-half acres in extent, and hold twenty feet deep of water. They command a service of 170 feet above Trinity high-water. The aggregate nominal engine power, employed in pumping, is 700 horses. The average quantity of water pumped daily is about 6,900,000 gallons.

Kingston is among the oldest of English towns; and is said to have been "the metropolis of the Anglo-Saxon kings:" certainly it was a famous place when the Romans found and conquered the Britons in this locality: there are indeed arguments for believing that the "ford" which Caesar crossed was here, and not at Walton; and indications of barrows, fosses, and ramparts of Roman origin, are to be found in many places in the neighbourhood. It is more than probable that a bridge was constructed by the Romans here, and that a fortress was erected for its protection. The Saxons followed in due course, and here they had many contests with their enemies the Danes; but A.D. 838, Egbert convened at Kingston an assembly of ecclesiastics and nobles in council,* and here, undoubtedly, many of the Saxon kings were crowned:



THE KING'S STONE.

"The townish men," says Leland, "have certain knowledge that a few kings were crowned there afore the Conquest." Its first charter was from King John, and many succeeding sovereigns accorded to it various grants and immunities. During the war between Charles I. and the Parliament, Kingston was

* "This record, in which the town is called 'Kningestun, famosa illa locus,' destroys the supposition that it did not receive that appellation till the reign of King Athelstan; and proves that it was a royal residence, or at least a royal demesne, as early as the union of the Saxon heptarchy."—*Lysons*.

the scene of several "fights," being always on the side of the king. The town is now populous and flourishing, although without manufactures of any kind. Since the establishment of a railway, villa residences have largely increased in the neighbourhood; and the two suburbs, Surbiton and Norbiton, are pretty and densely crowded villages of good houses. The church has suffered much from mutilation and restoration; it is a spacious structure, and was erected about the middle of the fourteenth century, on the site of an earlier edifice. Amongst the monuments is a fine brass, to a civilian and his wife, of the year 1437.* Of existing antiquities there are but few: county historians, however, point out the sites of the ancient Saxon palace, "the castle," the Jews' quarter, and the Roman town, Tamesa; and the game of "foot-ball," it is said, is still practised by the inhabitants on Shrove Tuesday, in commemoration of one of the feats of their ancestors, by whom the head of a king-assassin was "kicked" about the Saxon town. But perhaps the most interesting object now to be found in Kingstone is "THE KING'S STONE." It had long remained neglected, though not unknown, among disregarded heaps of *débris* in "the new court-yard," when it occurred to some zealous and intelligent antiquaries that so venerable a relic of remote ages was entitled to some show of respect. It was consequently removed from its degraded position, planted in the centre of the town, and enclosed by a "suitable" iron railing. It is now, therefore, duly and properly honoured, as may be seen by the engraving.†



KINGSTON BRIDGE.

KINGSTON BRIDGE, to which we now conduct the tourist, is a convenient and graceful structure, erected from the design of M. Lapidge, and opened, in 1828, by the Earl of Liverpool, then high steward of the borough. It took the place of an ancient wooden bridge, the successor, it is said, of one which the Saxons built to replace that which the Romans had constructed.

And so we leave Kingston, looking back upon the pleasant and prosperous town, pursuing our course downward between low banks, with here and there a mansion of note, but meeting nothing for comment until we approach Teddington; its "lock" being the last—or, more properly, the *first*—lock on the Thames.

Before we visit Teddington, however, we ask the reader's permission to introduce one of those sketches, with which we seek to vary our descriptive details.

When Gilbert Golding—who was considered at that time as "smart a lad" as ever dipped oar in the waters of the Thames—married Fanny Meadows, every one said he had caught a Tartar—that is, every one who did not incline to the other belief, that a Tartar had caught him! At all events, they were married

* It is to the memory of Robert Skerne, of Kingston, and Joan, his wife; she was the daughter of the celebrated Alice Pierce or Ferrers, mistress to Edward III., and afterwards wife to Sir William de Wyndesore. This brass abounds with beautiful details of costume, and records the day and year of Robert's death:—

"May he in heaven rejoice who lived on earth sincere,
Who died upon the fourth of April, in the year
Of Christ, one thousand twenty score and thirty-seven."

† The stone formerly used to stand near the church door, and was from time immemorial regarded as that upon which the Saxon Kings of Wessex were inaugurated according to the old Teutonic custom,—a custom long prevalent in Germany and the northern nations, and still adopted in the coronation of the sovereigns of England, the old sacred stone of Scone, on which the Scottish kings were inaugurated, having been brought from thence by Edward I., in 1296, and placed beneath the seat where it still remains. Kingston is expressly mentioned, in a charter of King Edred, A.D. 946, as the royal town where consecration is accustomed to be performed. Speed records the coronation of nine sovereigns here, the first was Athelstan, by Aldhelm, Archbishop of Canterbury, A.D. 924, followed by his brothers Edmund and Edred; then came Edgar, Edward the Martyr, his brother Ethelred II. and Edmund II., in A.D. 1016. Two intervening kings, Edward the Elder, and Edwy, are stated by the same author to have been also crowned here, but this is more conjectural than strictly historic. Some writers have deduced the name of the town from the stone, thus—King's-stone; but the proper derivation is from "the Royal Town"—the King's Town of the Saxons.

Athelstan, the first of the Saxon kings crowned at Kingston, was the first of the race who placed on their coins the title of King of all England. The various kingdoms of the heptarchy had by this time been consolidated, but he never actually possessed the whole kingdom. We engrave two specimens of his silver pennies, on one of which he is styled "Athelstan Rex Saxonum," and on the other, "Athelstan Rex totius Britannie;" both inscriptions are in an abbreviated form.



in the church of Teddington: Gilbert a tall, lithe, graceful youth of twenty-one; Fanny, a short, strong, thick-armed woman of thirty. Gilbert, fresh and fair, looked younger than he was; Fanny, dark and sallow, seemed older. Gilbert had a soft, low voice, that went whispering amongst the reeds and water-plants, like the breath of a south-wind: Fanny's voice was keen and sharp as a north-wester. Gilbert was a "beau" in his way; his braces, embroidered after a criss-cross, quaint fashion, in scarlet worsted, were bright on his striped shirt: he was very particular, poor fellow, as to the width of the stripes. The broad black riband round his throat was tied in a jaunty bow; and on Sundays he had always a sprig of myrtle, a rose, a carnation, or some pretty cottage flower, in the button-hole of his smart blue jacket.

Fanny was anything but a "belle": her plain straw cottage bonnet was tied firmly on her head, tight down at the sides, by a broad, thick, blue riband, that had been dyed at least three times, and would "come out in black" as good as new in winter. During the week she dressed in cotton, of some dark obscure pattern, chiefly of a chocolate hue; and her broad, strong feet, and stout ankles, were cased in blue stockings and hob-nailed shoes. On Sundays she went faithfully and reverently to church in a miraculously thick silk, which, according to the tradition of Thames Ditton, had been given her mother, who was lady's-maid to a grand old Lady Thornbury—who never would have hooks put in her wardrobe, because her dresses could stand by themselves.

Fanny's Sunday bonnet differed little from that worn during the week; but it was tied down with a broad white riband, and there was a peculiar bow at the side—the position of the bow had not varied the eighth of an inch for ten years.

Gilbert was considered the handsomest lad at Teddington. The best that could be said of Fanny was that she was always clean and respectable. Why were they married? Gilbert had neither family nor friends; but he had one ambition—he wanted to scull his own wherry. Fanny told him she had saved as much money as would purchase two. They were married.

Fanny never wanted to be thought of, or what is called "petted," by her handsome husband; but she took care of him and of his earnings, and, in process of time, of his three boys. All her sharpness would not have made Gilbert careful, so she managed to be care-taker to the whole family, and her petty acts of wilfulness seldom roused his easy nature even to remonstrate: if he was suddenly called upon to act, by some contradiction, or little feminine rebellion, he soon gave in, lounging off to his boat, and returning with a bright smile, all for the sake of "peace and quietness." She was as particular as he could be as to the breadth of his stripes and the trimness of his dress, and cultivated the flowers he loved best. She ministered with the unconsciousness of a strong love to all his little weaknesses, and so had her way in important matters. Many of the pretty girls of Teddington—aye, and in the sleepy, but well-to-do town of Kingston—did not hesitate to say that the handsome boatman was thrown away on an ugly old wife: older than him she was to a certainty; but Gilbert Golding was evidently happy and prosperous under the trial: and her desire to please her husband, whom she loved with the strength and determination of her perhaps coarse, but fervent nature, was so great, that at his request she altered the bow of her bonnet, and permitted him to choose her a new dress!

How the girls of Teddington did stare and flout! but Fanny went steadily to church with her little lads, stiff and sturdy as ever—apparently unconscious of her finery: still, it must be confessed, it was impossible not to wish that Fanny had been Gilbert, and Gilbert Fanny. Both Gilbert and his wife were in much favour at "The Anglers," and the landlord never failed to recommend the handsome waterman and his boat to what he called "nice customers." Fanny considered his boat her fourth child: she cherished, and dried, and re-covered the cushions, and had a summer and a winter set. There was no boat could vie with Gilbert's: she bought striped awnings, and contrived quite a picturesque and pretty canopy, that kept off rain or sunshine. She always "helped" her husband to paint "The Forget-me-not," as the boat was modestly called: and Fanny's help in this, as well as in other matters, consisted in "doing it all herself." Her voice was sometimes raised beyond its usual pitch; but, on the whole, as Fanny's duties multiplied, so did her temper and manners soften.

One light evening in June, Gilbert wafted the gentleman he had been rowing about all day home to "The Anglers," moored his boat, eat his supper, kissed his boys, and his wife, told her he would wash the boat himself, and prepare her for the next day. He only stopped in his little garden to gather a carnation, and proceeded to the boat, which he unmoored, and sculled into the shadow of one of the distant aits.

The evening closed in, the moon rose; it was a soft, balmy evening, a delicious evening,—not a ripple on the water. Gilbert did not return to supper—no one at "The Anglers" had seen him since he disappeared behind the ait—most likely he had been called by some one who wanted a moonlight row—nothing more likely. Fanny prided herself, amongst other strong-minded notions, on never being anxious or uneasy about anything—"It would all come right; and if it did not, what odds?"

However, when "the neighbours" were asleep, and the moon was gone down, and the church clock "gone one," Fanny might have been seen peering through the half-darkness, rustling among the boats, and after unmooring one, rowing from ait to ait—down one channel, up another, frightening the water-fowl, and calling, in a suppressed voice—even there ashamed of her anxiety—"Gilbert!—husband!—Gilbert!"

No one heard her shriek of terror when, right across a creek, she discovered "The Forget-me-not" alone, unmoved by breeze or ripple! In a moment she sprang on board. Where were the oars?—one lying across the seats, another floated within reach of her hand.

"Gilbert!—husband!—Gilbert!" She was unanswered, unechoed, in the stillness of the lonely night.

She hastened to the village, and shouted loudly and strongly from house to house, that they were to get up and seek and find, for that Gilbert's boat was

drifting beside the bank—but where was Gilbert Golding? They must wake up and find her husband. And so they all did—that is, they arose and sought; and during the remnant of that night, and all the following day, they dragged the Thames, and hunted, and took council together, and dragged the waters in every creek and willow bay, for him they did not find.

Fanny looked for neither sympathy nor kindness—she rather repelled both, yet seemed endowed with almost supernatural strength, and worked as seldom a woman was known to work before. She kept the boat in repair, and twice each year repainted with her own hand her husband's name upon it; she would not sell it, but let it out, and always saw to its mooring and cleaning. As her boys grew up, she steadily refused to let them take to the water: she said "their father would not like it." All her words and deeds proved that she did not, or would not, consider him dead: and during moonlight nights, no one was surprised to hear Fanny unmoor a boat and paddle it beside the banks, and among the reeds and willows—now in, now out of the moonshine—always returning to her widowed bed before dawn of day. There were no three finer lads in Surrey than the three Goldings—good, steady boys, constant and attentive at school, and afterwards constant and attentive to their work. We came upon those three lads quite unexpectedly one sultry summer afternoon: we were sauntering through a friend's grounds (you may see the top of the house above the trees) along a pathway which led to an unprotected foot-bridge that crossed a small arm of the Thames, half pool, half rivulet, sometimes more than half empty—at times like a water-garden, at others a little mimic sea. We knew by the rapid tinkling of the sheep-bells, and the bleating from a pen which skirted the pathway, that something particular was going forward among the sheep. Upon the bank stood Edward Golding, in vigorous yet kind contention with a strong-minded young ram, that objected to being washed; while William, the second lad, waist high in the water, stretched out his arms to receive the obstinate animal, and the youngest was occupied with a little lamb, which soon ran bleating and dripping to its mother. The lads enjoyed the work, and the worthy farmer assured us he would rather have the Golding lads to help at his sheep-washing than any three men in the parish,



SHEEP WASHING.

for "Ye see," he said, "they are both strong and tender." Fanny must have been proud of her boys, but she did not say so. She toiled on, thought and worked, silent and reserved even to her own children; and though considerably aged, still passed more than one sleepless night during each full moon rowing amongst the sedges between the aits—up one channel, down another. Poor Fanny!

The very night of the sheep-washing the lads took their homeward way, singing one of the Christmas carols in joyful tune. As they drew near home their voices fell, for though their humble cottage home abounded in comforts, and they knew their tea would be ready, the cake baked, and their shoes and stockings warm on the hearth, still there was always something about their mother that forbade merriment: they could tell her all their little troubles, and she would give them good advice, and something like sympathy in her own hard fashion; but she had neither ears nor smiles for their joys. They saw the door was open—their mother met them on the threshold—a strange awe crept over them, and they stood round the little table without speaking, looking from one to the other. The cake was cut, and two persons had evidently been sitting there. Fanny pointed this out to them, but did not speak.

"What is —?" The inquiry was arrested by their mother's impatient, almost imperious gesture. Silently she glided towards her little bed-room; the check curtains of the bed were drawn. She seized the arm of her eldest son, and croaked, rather than whispered—

"I knew he would come back, alive or dead—I knew he would come back: he is now between the living and the dead. Remember, he is not to be questioned why he went, or where he has been; he is my husband,—your father, boys. He is come home—home—six years gone—eight years gone—but he is home! Hush! Let us pray, and thank God!"

Silently they knelt down—silently they prayed—silently the incense of thanksgiving rose and passed to Heaven. Nor did they see their father until morning; and then, instead of Fanny, a grey-headed, weather-beaten man unmoored the "Forget-me-not."

When his wife was not present, his neighbours did not hesitate to question him as to the cause of his disappearance, and where he had been.

"He wanted to see the world," he said, "and had done so; and was not a little glad to get home again."

And that was all!

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART XVII.



T is a popular fallacy to derive the name of Teddington from Tide-end town, from an idea that the first lock on the river being here, here the "tide" may be supposed to "end." In old records it is called Todington and Totyngton.* The manor is supposed to have been given to Westminster Abbey by Sebert, the first Christian king of the East Saxons. The church is of common-place character; we have engraved it, nevertheless, for it contains several remarkable and interesting memorials,—among others a monument to "Pez Woffington,"†—and also because it is so familiar a friend to "brethren of the angle," who have long regarded the Deep under the weir at Teddington as among the pleasantest of all their river memories. These memories are in truth very pleasant, for although it has "fallen from its high estate," and is by no means as productive of sport as it used to be, there is still plenty to be had in several "pitches,"

where abound all the various denizens of the populous river; while enjoyment is ever enhanced by associations with the past, which are suggested at every spot of ground beside which the punt is pushed or moored. The fishermen here are "the Kemps;" they have followed that vocation from father to



TEDDINGTON CHURCH.

son for more than a century and a half; and although some of them have been occasionally in bad repute as preferring the occupation of the poacher to that of the angler, others of the family have made and established good names, which they continue to preserve "to this day." The best of them is James Kemp, whose cottage stands in a small row by the water side, while the senior of the race keeps the neat and clean "Angler's Inn," through which there is a passage to the boats. James is the oldest of our river allies; we fished with him when his strength was insufficient to moor a punt, and for more than twenty years he was our companion on that "glorious first of June," to which the angler looks forward with intense anxiety, for on that day the Thames is open to labourers with the rod and line.‡

The Lamprey (*Petromyzon marinus*) and the Lampern (*Petromyzon fluviatilis*) are both obtained at Teddington; the former occasionally, the latter periodically during winter in large quantities. "These fishes are, in reference to their skeleton, and in some other respects, the lowest on the scale of organization among vertebrated animals;" they are cartilaginous, and live by suction, their mouth being so formed as to induce a very powerful contact with the object to which they are attached, whether to stones, to prevent them being swept away by currents, or to the prey to which they adhere, "their small, numerous, rasp-like teeth eating away the soft parts down to the bone." The

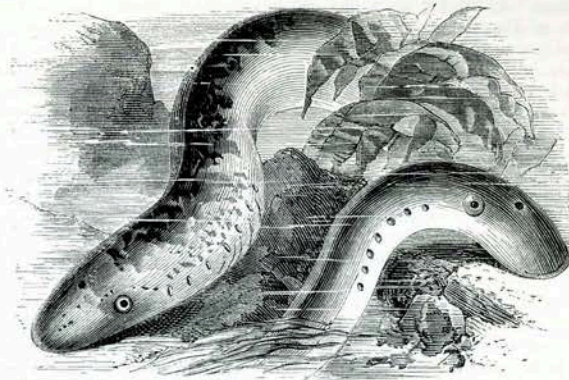
* "There can be no other objection to this etymology than that the place is called Totyngton in all records for several centuries after the name first occurs."—*Lysons*.

† The tomb of "Mrs. Margaret Woffington, Spinster," as she is termed upon it, is a plain oval medallion. She died aged 39, in the year 1760, and had achieved great popularity as an actress, particularly for the impersonation of male characters of the foppish type; her most celebrated part being that of Sir Harry Wildair, in Farquhar's play of "The Constant Couple." She was seized with the indisposition which proved fatal to her, when speaking an epilogue at Covent Garden Theatre.

‡ Teddington Lock is now a new lock, the venerable and picturesque having given way before the march of "improvement." It is, as we have stated, the first lock on the Thames. It may interest the reader here to enumerate the several locks between Oxford and Teddington: for this list we are indebted to the Town Clerk of Oxford:—

Ifley.	Dorchester.	Maple Durham.	Temple.	Bell Weir.
Sandford.	Benson.	Caversham.	Marlow.	Chertsey.
Abingdon.	Wallingford.	Sonning.	Cookham.	Shepperton.
Sutton.	Cleeve.	Shipplake.	Boulter's.	Sunbury.
Cleifden.	Goring.	Marsh.	Romney.	Hampton.
Wittenham.	Whitchurch.	Hambleton.	Old Windsor.	Teddington.

lampern is rarely received as food, but the fishery at Teddington furnishes a large supply to Holland, where they are used as bait for cod and turbot. "Formerly the Thames alone supplied from one million to twelve hundred thousand annually to the Dutch;" but of late years the fish have become comparatively scarce. They are caught in eel-baskets, and are remarkably tenacious of life. When attached to any object, "the water obtains access and



LAMPREY AND LAMPERN.

egress by seven small apertures on each side of the neck; hence its popular name of "seven eyes." They are of a dusky colour, not unlike the eel, which they resemble in other particulars.*

Those who visit Teddington will do well to walk up the village and examine some ancient houses, with some of which enduring memories are associated; especially they will ascend a small hillock to visit STRAWBERRY HILL. Of late years it has undergone many alterations; we have preferred to picture it in its zenith, when in the full enjoyment of its fame—such as that fame was.

Strawberry Hill, the favourite residence of Horace Walpole, was built by him in 1747; but he was long afterwards employed in enlarging and improving it, as his collections of *vertu* increased. It was originally a small cottage built by a nobleman's coachman for a lodging-house, and tenanted by a toy-woman, named Chevenix: so Walpole, in one of his letters, declares his house to be "a little plaything house I got out of Mrs. Chevenix's shop." The style of architecture he adopted was the florid Gothic, and to him the merit is certainly due

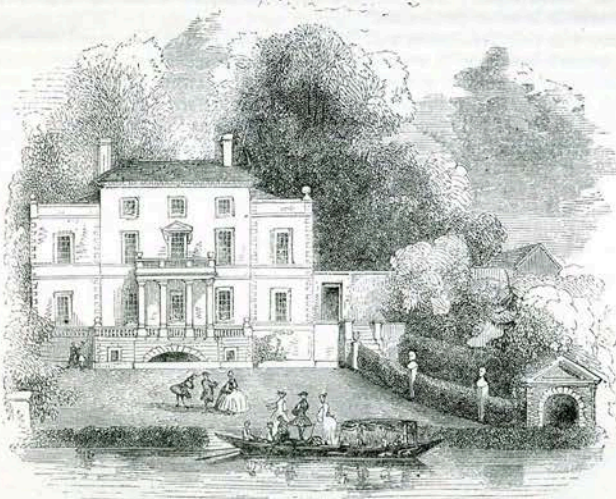


STRAWBERRY HILL.

of directing attention again to its merits. However questionable we might now consider the taste that constructed a fire-place after the fashion of the tomb of Aylmer de Valence, in Westminster Abbey, it must be remembered that the true principles of mediæval architecture had to be resuscitated; and that this study of original authorities was a step in the right direction, and infinitely better than the pseudo-Gothic of greater architects than Walpole. He succeeded in imparting a very picturesque character to his mansion, and it soon became "a show-house," so that its owner was besieged with visitors, and looked upon a wet day as his only chance of peaceably possessing it. In it he wrote his famous "Castle of Otranto," and his more famous Letters; and in the grounds he established a printing-press, amusing himself by producing therefrom luxurious editions of his own works, and those of his friends. The mansion was very slightly built, being little more than lath and plaster; Walpole himself declared "he had outlived three sets of battlements;" and on the occasion of the great sale here, in 1842, a temporary building was erected in

* The generic character is thus given by Yarrell:—"Body smooth, elongated, cylindrical, like that of an eel; the head rounded; the mouth circular, armed with hard, tooth-like processes, the lip forming a continuous circle round the mouth; seven apertures on each side of the neck, leading to seven bronchial cells; no pectoral or ventral fins; the skin, towards the tail, extending in a fold from the body both above and below."

the garden, as the long gallery in which it was originally intended to be held, was believed to be too fragile to be filled with people. The extensive character of the collection he left may be gathered from the fact of twenty-four days being devoted to selling it. The lots averaged one hundred and fifty per day, consisting of books, prints, coins, and medals, paintings, and drawings of all ages and styles; and a vast collection which may be classed under the general name of "curiosities," embracing arms and armour, Roman pottery, Raffaele-ware, porcelain of Dresden and Sèvres, furniture of an ancient and curious kind, antique rings, snuff-boxes, and historic relics of much general interest—comprising, in fact, the combined results of a taste that seldom is found in one individual—partaking of the educated scholar, the curious bookworm, the lover of Art, the antiquary, and the collector of "nic-naes;" for the house contained a variety that might suit the taste of all such persons. Walpole, at his death, bequeathed it to the Hon. Mrs. Damer, the lady sculptor, whose works on Henley Bridge we have already engraved. To her he bequeathed also the sum of £2000, for keeping it in repair; the reversion of the house to pass on her death to the Countess Dowager of Waldegrave: but Mrs. Damer gave it up to the latter lady before her own death. Walpole had managed, by entails and jointures, to secure his collections from being scattered through several generations; but, all legal obstacles being removed, the renowned George Robins scattered them in April and May, 1842. The greatest interest was excited, as the collection comprised very rare things, which had been comparatively unknown for the previous half century, and large prices were realised for the various lots. The present Countess of Waldegrave is, however, anxiously replacing in the old house such articles as she can recover; and though it will be hopeless to expect to restore a title of its original contents, every item regained will add to the general interest of the whole.



POPE'S VILLA.

Pope's Villa is the next remarkable residence after Strawberry Hill is passed, from which it is distant but a very short walk. Pope had died before Horace Walpole had completed his purchase; but the house remained in the condition in which the former had left it. Our cut is copied from an engraving exhibiting it as in Pope's era. He purchased this house in 1715, and removed to it with his parents from Binfield. The high road from Twickenham to Teddington passed in front of the house, and the small piece of ground at the back, toward the Thames, was all the garden Pope could command without crossing the road, where the large garden was situated; he accordingly formed a tunnel beneath the road, and decorating it with spars, it became "the grotto," so celebrated by his friends, and so ably described by himself, and immortalised by the verse he wrote on it. He had little care for money, and as he made more than he wanted for necessity, he spent it in continually improving his house and garden. Speaking of this once to Spence, he said, "I never save anything, unless I meet with such a pressing case as is an absolute demand upon me; then I retrench fifty pounds or so from my own expenses. As, for instance, had such a thing happened this year, then I would not have built my two summer-houses." His half-sister, Mrs. Racket, once said to the same person, "It is most certain that nobody ever loved money so little as my brother." He died at Twickenham in 1744, and was buried in the church, with his father and mother. After his death the house was sold to Sir William Stanhope, who added new wings to it, enlarged the gardens, and formed a second subterranean passage. His daughter marrying the Right Hon. Welbore Ellis (afterwards Lord Mendip), the estate passed into his hands, and he guarded with jealous care every relic of Pope. At his death Sir John Briscoe succeeded to the ownership, and when he died it was unfortunately purchased by the Baroness Howe, in 1807, who at once ordered it to be destroyed, and erected a new mansion at the distance of a hundred yards from the site.

Villas, many of them very fanciful in construction, now line the Middlesex bank of the river—few, however, being on the Surrey side—until we reach the populous village of Twickenham.

In the days of Pope and Walpole, Twickenham seemed likely to realise the prediction of the latter, "that it would become as celebrated as Baiae or Tivoli." It was the fashion to construct residences on the Thames banks, and to make the village a retiring place for the celebrities of London. Hudson, the painter, and the early instructor of Sir Joshua Reynolds, erected a dwelling near Pope's

Villa, and in close contiguity to one built by Scott, "the English Canaletti," as he was termed, and the friend of Hogarth. Sir Godfrey Kneller—"Kneller, by heaven, and not a master, taught"—also retired to Twickenham to spend the latter years of his life.* On a stone inserted in the church wall, noting a grant of space to increase the limits of the church-yard by the Duke of Somerset, in 1713, Sir Godfrey is named as one of the churchwardens.†



TWICKENHAM CHURCH.

The parish church is situated upon the edge of the river, but it is almost hidden from view by a large island, sacred to picnic parties, and known as Eel-pie Island, from the most popular refreshment provided there. It is of considerable length, and has a house for the entertainment of water-parties, the whole of this "ait" being devoted to their use. A narrow arm of the Thames divides it from the village of Twickenham, and nearly opposite the middle of the island stands the church, in front of which is the old vicarage and its gardens. The church tower is an old stone fabric, apparently of the time of Henry VII.; the body of the church was rebuilt in 1715; it had fallen to the ground on the night of the 9th of April, 1713, owing to neglect. It is chiefly



POPE'S MONUMENT.

remarkable as the mausoleum of Pope and his family. They are buried in a vault in front of the communion rails. Pope erected to the memory of his parents a tablet in the east wall of the north gallery; and upon the north wall

* He resided at Whitton, a hamlet of the parish; he built a substantial brick mansion there; the hall and staircase were painted by Laguerre, under his superintendence, and it is said exhibits some of Sir Godfrey's own handiwork.

† He also officiated as a justice of peace for the county, and several amusing anecdotes are given of his adjudications in what he considered equity; in some instances quite opposed to the letter of the law. Thus, on one occasion, a soldier was brought before him for stealing a joint of meat, but having pleaded that it was the butcher's fault for putting such a temptation in his way: Sir Godfrey took his view of the case, and discharged the man, giving the astonished butcher a severe reprimand! Pope has alluded to the decision in his lines—

"I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit,
Who sent the thief (that stole the cash) away,
And punished him that put it in his way."

a monument was erected to the poet himself, by Bishop Warburton.* It is of pyramidal form, of dark grey marble, with a medallion of the poet, as if suspended upon it, above which is a laurel wreath.† On the outer wall of the church, on the same side, is the tablet Pope placed to the memory of Mary Beach, "in gratitude to a faithful old servant," who had been his nurse and constantly attended him for thirty-eight years. Near it is another tablet to the memory of Mrs. Clive—the "Kitty Clive" of Garrick's era; it bears a long rhyming inscription, commencing:—

"Clive's blameless life this tablet shall proclaim,
Her moral virtues and her well-earned fame."

After making a competency by her exertions as a comic actress, she retired to Twickenham, and resided at a house on the site of Marble Hill Cottage. Mrs. Pritchard, the great tragic actress, on whom Garrick principally depended in his great plays, also lived at Raymons Castle close by.

On the right bank of the river, the long line of Petersham Meadows terminates at the grounds of Ham House, which is almost hidden in a mass of noble trees, and stands nearly opposite the extremity of Twickenham Ait. This noble old mansion was built in 1610 (as appears by a date over the principal entrance) by Sir Thomas Vavasour, who was appointed, with Sir Francis Bacon, one of the judges of the Marshal's Court in the year ensuing. It was sold to the Earl of Dysart in the reign of James I., "whose widow, Katherine, on the 22nd of May, 1651, surrendered it to the use of Sir Lionel Tollemache, and Elizabeth his wife, her daughter, who in the year following, surrendered it to the use of Sir Lionel's will."‡ This daughter, by her second marriage, became Duchess of Lauderdale, and was remarkable for the political power she possessed, being one of the busiest women of a busy age. Burnet describes her as "a woman of great beauty, but of far greater parts. She had a wonderful quickness of apprehension, and an amazing vivacity in conversation. She had



HAM HOUSE.

studied not only divinity and history, but mathematics and philosophy. She was violent in everything she set about; a violent friend, but a much more violent enemy." After the Restoration she became the chief politician; "she took upon her to determine everything; she sold all places; and was wanting in no methods that could bring her money, which she lavished out in a most profuse vanity." The small dull chamber in which she is traditionally reported to have received the king and courtiers, is still preserved intact; and her favourite chair still remains there, with her reading-desk and walking-cane beside it. The interior of the mansion is an excellent specimen of the noble houses of that era; the ceilings are painted by Verrio, and the ornaments and furniture display the massive magnificence of decoration then in fashion; the bellows and brushes in some of the apartments are encased in silver ornament, and the several drawing-rooms contain valuable and interesting relics in profusion; few mansions in England are more crowded with pictures and objects of *virtu* than this. The long gallery is hung with portraits of the principal statesmen of the courts of the Stuarts.§

On the left bank a pleasant field-path leads to Richmond, over fertile meadows, studded with noble mansions. The first of importance after passing the ait, is Orleans House, a noble mansion of red brick with white quoins. Here resided Queen Anne while she was Princess of Denmark. The young prince, her son, used to amuse himself by exercising a troop of boy soldiers on

* It is the one nearest the spectator in our engraving. That at the extremity of the gallery, to which the female figure points, is that which the poet placed to the memory of his parents.

† Beneath are the lines:—

POETA LOQUITUR.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"Heroes and kings your distance keep,
In peace let our poor poet sleep;
Who never flattered folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too."

Pope expressly directed, in his will, that he should be buried "near his dear parents," and that he should be "carried to the grave by six of the poorest men of the parish, to each of whom I order a suit of grey coarse cloth as mourning."

‡ Manning and Bray's *History of Surrey*.

§ In a small room adjacent, the famous opposition ministry to Clarendon, known as the "Cabal" (from the initials of the names of the five noblemen who formed it), was wont to meet. It is still called "The Cabal Chamber." A full description of this interesting house, with many illustrations, may be found in "The Baronial Halls" (vol. ii.), edited by S. C. Hall, F.S.A.

the ait we have spoken of. Caroline, Queen of George II., was once entertained here by the then proprietor of the mansion, who on that occasion built the octagon room, which forms so conspicuous a feature in the view. It bears the name of Orleans House, from having been rented by the Duke of Orleans at the commencement of the present century; and here Louis Philippe, afterwards King of the French, passed some of the happiest years of a life of unusual adventure. Next is Marble Hill; it was designed, and the building superintended, by Henry, Earl of Pembroke, the estate having been purchased, and the house erected, by King George II., for the Countess of Suffolk.



ORLEANS HOUSE.

A very pleasant walk from Ham leads to the pretty and retired village of Petersham, on the high road between Richmond and Kingston. It was famous in times long gone by, but is now chiefly remarkable for the renowned establishment of Dr. Ellis—Sudbrook Park—renowned for its "water cure," by which many have obtained happiness with health. We believe there is no place of the kind throughout the kingdom better conducted; the principle adopted with so much success is no doubt greatly aided by the pure air, the tranquillity of umbrageous walks, the close vicinity to Richmond Park, and that retirement from thought and labour which are the best ministers to disease, either of body or mind.

Petersham is very closely associated with our earliest and pleasantest memories of the Thames: many years have passed since we occupied a small cottage in that quiet village; and with it not a few of our happiest associations are connected. We ask leave of our readers, therefore, to introduce to them one of these "memories;" desiring to make them acquainted with a character who cannot yet have been entirely forgotten in that quiet and comparatively unaltered neighbourhood.

Peter Petersham—we knew him a long time ago in the pretty village of Petersham; his name was Peter, and so we always called him Peter Petersham, or Petersham Peter, it did not matter which. He was then a stalwart green-eyed man—indeed we fancied he had a green-toned skin—and his hair looked more like a tangle of green water-plants than human hair, it was so damp and clinging. We seldom strolled without meeting him in the lane that led from the corner of our cottage garden to the noble avenues and quaint imaginings of Ham House, where old Lady Dysart then resided, and used to drive out of those stately gates (which seemed intended to send forth only stately carriages with six portly horses—the carriages containing only big wigs and high heads) in a tiny carriage, drawn by a pony, who seemed to think his life depended on his swiftness; a wonderful old lady she was—nearly ninety—quite blind, highly rouged, and wearing a round black hat, and a cloth something, that seemed an ancient riding-habit. It was pleasant to see the "turn-out" bowling along the avenue. As we have said, we seldom reached the superb trees without encountering Petersham Peter, looking as if he was the river god, who kept his cold guard in the midst of the stately "pleasance"—all walled in so grim and green—and had been suddenly seized with a desire for roving, to ascertain if the world was going as it did in the days of old Lady Lauderdale. Peter was very erect, and looked as if his figure were draped for effect; his garments hung loosely about him, and he carried a dangling fishing-net on a pole, with several eel baskets and indescribable things he used for Thames fishing, or poaching, or anything "handy." Sometimes you came upon him stretched at his full length upon a bank sloping to the Thames; however sleepy or heavy he might look, be sure he was watching a kingfisher, or noting if any particular "jack," or miraculous eel, made their water-home in his immediate neighbourhood. Sometimes while rowing round an "ait," or crossing to Twickenham, Peter was seen rising from among the reeds or rushes, or leaning in one of his most picturesque attitudes by the hollow trunk of an aged willow. Sometimes you met him in Richmond Park, and he knew every dell and tree, and could tell you where the "liveliest snakes," and greenest lizards, and best flies for fly-fishing, were to be found. He called bottom fishing "mud-grubbing," and always said that whoever was fond of catching fish in an unnatural, "unlegitimate" way, deserved hanging. What Peter's unnatural and illegitimate way of catching fish was is more than we believe was known: he had his own ideas on the subject, and very quaint and original they doubtless were; but our own opinion was, that Peter caught fish, or aught else, when and how he could, without reference to any standard of right or wrong. We have said that a long pole, with a landing-net dangling from one end, rested on his shoulder; he also carried no end of rods, and lines, and traps for moles or beetles—queer implements only comprehended by himself. He was a good practical entomologist, though he made rare mistakes with the scientific names, which he always attempted; and whenever he had a rare specimen to show, he would suddenly drop all his paraphernalia on the grass, and

beckoning to you in a peculiarly mysterious manner, exclaim, "Ah! ah! now for a sight; he be a wonder! I never did see—there he be! I got un!—in *vulgaris* a genu-ine mole cricket, but proper *Grigollot tallapa vulgaris*. Ah! ah! ah! Let un alone, miss—you do be always wanting to touch un; you'll get bitten some time. You'd pull a snake by the tail, you would; or a *toa-ad* out on his hole—never did see sich a young lady. 'Taint fem-enine to have no fear. Young ladies as I know come down from Lon'un for a day's pleasure; they go hootin' and screamin' and faintin', they do, at their own shadder—pretty little innocent dears they be. But, loak! they got no sense—no, not a bit o' sense; fear'd o' frogs—don't know a frog from a *toa-ad*; fear'd o' earwigs, scream into next week at a spider, and don't know an eel from a sarpint—that's edication! They cum to me, and they say, 'Mister—what's yer name?' An' I say, 'Peter.' An' they say, 'I want a nightingale, Mr. Peter.' An' I say, 'Do 'ee?' An' they say, 'Yes; I want a nightingale to take to town this evening; and you must engage it to live and to sing—only it mustn't sing too loud; and it must be quite tame, and eat out on my hand.' Them's the sort o' knowledge they have, t'expect the bird that's born to freedom and fresh air, that the hand o' man was never intended to rest on, to be tame, and to be sure to live, like one of them dirty sparras! I knew a chap once—he was a rare one—well, he sold one of them wise young uns a sparra for a nightingale; he pulled some feathers out of it to make it look slim. The innocent look of the young un when she said,—'Oh, it's a brown bird!'

"Yes, miss," he says.

"I wish you would make it sing just a little now for me to hear it."

"I can't, miss; it's a nightingale, not a dayingale."

"Ye'r sure it's a nightingale?"

"Honour bright as the Thames in sunshine."

"Then," we exclaimed with one voice, "Peter, it was *you* who sold the young lady a sparrow as a nightingale—for you always, when you tell a great story or commit a great fraud, say 'honour bright as the Thames!'"

"Do I, miss? Well, maybe it was me—maybe I was taken in meeself—maybe I didn't find the differ until it was sold," and Peter laughed. "Ah! ah! the fun was, one of the company said it was as like a sparra as one pea is like another; how I did laugh to myself, for she grew quite offended like, and insisted that this was a light brown bird, but that a sparra was next to *black*. She had Lunnun sparras in her eye, pretty dear!"

Petersham Peter would cheat you whenever and wherever he could; he had a supreme contempt for all who were not as conversant with country concerns as himself: and, if possible, he entertained a still greater contempt for those who did not render due homage to the river Thames. Peter did not deny that there were other rivers in the world, but he was indifferent, quite indifferent about them; they might be longer, and broader, and deeper—but they were not the Thames!

"Lookee," Peter would say, when, from a mere love of mischief, we drew depreciating comparisons between the Thames and other rivers—I mean when we depreciated the Thames—"Lookee, it's all very well to say there be finer rivers, and I say, Show un, and they never do show un; so why should I believe un?"

"You wont go and see them, Peter."

"Why should I? Ain't I well here? Can't I see every cloud that passes in that clear water, without the trouble of lookin' up? Doesn't the Lord Mayor, and the kings of all the nations of the yearth, stand on Richmon' Hill—the band playin' and the barges goin'—and bless the 'lmighty Father for their eyesight to show un sich a river? Likely they'd come *here* to look at un, if she wasn't the finest upon yearth; the birds o' y'air sing sweeter upon her banks than they do in Windsor forest—it's a fact. An' as to fish! match me Thames eels in Europe, that's all. Doesn't the king of the French send for 'em? Finer rivers is there? I say, Show un. The Thames is my fayther and mother too; I never knowed any other—I don't own any other. Wasn't I found in a clump o' withies, a roaring agin' a March wind? And Mathey Prongs, the ould angler, didn't he first think I was a fish, and threw his rod at me over the bed o' yellow water-lilies? and when the hook struck me, I stopt roarin', and laughed. Ah! ah! So he knew I was a Briton, and worth the rareing, and brought me home rowled up in his landin' net. And didn't the dame—Dame Prongs—(my mammy I calls her)—didn't she feed me up on roach, and dace, and gudgeons, and eels? And when was I, from the time I could go alone, a day out of the waters o' the Thames? It wouldn't drown me, or gi'e me cold; it was mother's milk to me. Didn't I play with the eygnets until the swans thought me of their own brood? The water-coot wouldn't leave her eggs while I counted them; and though I'm not a reg'lar anything—not boatman or fisherman—I makes a good livin' at times out on its waters, at times out on its banks. Sure I've a right to speak o' my own Thames! There isn't a rower, a punter, or a barger from Oxford to Kew that doesn't give me good morra or good night by land or water."

Years came and went—they are ever coming and going—all of mingled sunshine and shadows; the sunshine very bright, the shadows, thank Him who orders both, seldom deepening into gloom. Sometimes we spent our summers abroad, sometimes among our own islands, amid its hills and valleys, its palaces and cottages, enjoying its rivers and its lakes—enjoying, and not unfrequently agreeing with Peter, that there *might* be finer rivers than the Thames—only "show un."

The few persons we knew at Petersham had quitted it, or added to the mounds in its church-yard. We seldom went to Richmond without inquiring about Peter; but we never heard of him; he was nowhere seen; his haunts knew him no more: his name even seemed forgotten.

Lately we have been mightily taken with aquaria; there is great fascination in our mimic lakes, whether of fresh or salt water, in their glass enclosures. We like to see our fish sporting amid forests of valisnaria, and the zoophytes clinging literally to their native rocks. One of our practical friends, whose vivarium is our admiration (perhaps that same admiration is mingled with a little envy), in a most generous and disinterested manner offered

to send us his wise man—not of the woods, but of the rivers—a most wonderful old man, who knew every water-plant, every insect, every fish and creeping thing to be found near, or in, the waters of the Thames. It was very generous thus to open the flood-gate of his own knowledge to us; we could not help sighing when we thought of poor Petersham Peter—what a treasure he would be to us now—what plants, and water insects, and fish we should have! And then we might "out-Herod Herod;" we might introduce *our* wise man to our friend, and between the two wise men we should rival Mr. Mitchell and his acres of vivaria in the Zoological Gardens. But Peter must have long GONE HOME; he was an old man thirty years ago.

Our friend's wise man came: at a distance he looked like a doubled-up fishing-rod, with its loose case hanging about it. He was stooping over a very dirty, rusty tin can. We could not at first see his face—when we did, it was so tangled and matted over with grizzled hair, that except for the rapid movement of his very restless but human eyes, it might have been the face of an enlarged Skye terrier—it was literally all hair. We asked what he had brought, and the contents of the can, whose names, as he poured them out, would have formed *addenda* to Yarrell's British Fishes; many of them were new to us, perhaps it was from the manner in which the old fisherman pronounced their names. He was certainly *very* old—the veins and muscles of his hands were lined and netted under the horny skin like fret-work—surely warm, gushing, life-sustaining blood could not creep, much less flow, through these ossified veins! He had by a restless movement of his head thrown back his hair from a high, narrow forehead, and there the skin seemed literally pleated—furrow after furrow of bronzed skin—fold upon fold. He would have been more interesting, though probably less picturesque, if he had been something cleaner; but *that* was hardly to be expected. Still he was a picture Rembrandt would have copied; had he been dressed for effect, the effect probably would not have been so good,—there was marvellous relief to the blue jacket and loose trowsers in the deep red waistcoat, and bright (dirty bright) folds of what looked like an Indian scarf wound round his throat, one end tossed over his shoulder, the other descending below his waist; the wonderful folds and shadows of his hair and beard,—the strange markings, such iron-pen markings, on his brow and hands,—his wrists rugged and gnarled as the "crouch oak" at Adlestone, that has numbered five hundred years,—his back bowed,—his marvellous leanness, and the deep booming of his voice, echoing as if from an empty cask suddenly inspired by vitality,—his eyes, too, blinked and glittered when he stooped over the large can; we saw their reflection in the water like twin balls of fire. He was a strange old man—so strange and unlike any creature we had ever seen, that while he bent and bowed over his can, drawing up first one, and then another little sparkling, sloudering fish out of the water, we gave no heed to his words, but simply looked at him; at last, dropping one of those abominable loaches—they are always making believe to die, yet they never do die, and are so greedy—well, dropping a panting loach into the can, he exclaimed—"What 'ill un buy? will un buy nothing?—there's no more suitable fish for vivarrumms to be had,—all as tame as silky lambs,—cum when ye whistle, wag their tails, eat out of un hands. Bless 'ee, I've got lizards would follee un over the house like dogs, and wont drink Lunnun water—there! I'm tellin' no lie, HONOUR BRIGHT AS THE THAMES IN 'SHINE!"

"And you," we said, "you are Petersham Peter!"

The old man drew himself up as erect as he could, and looking strangely about, exclaimed in a low, husky voice, "Who said that? say un agin."

"You are Petersham Peter!"

He advanced slowly towards us, shading his bewildered eyes with his hand, peering awfully into our face, examining its feature by feature. At first his eyes gleamed brightly, then they became dark and dull, and heaving a heavy sigh, he turned away—"I don't know 'ee—I never saw un before."

"Yes, Peter, you did,—years ago, when we were young,—and we recalled such little incidents as had made impressions on our own minds."

"Ah! ah! mole-crickets, and nightingales, an' pleasant meadows, sweet hay, eygnets. Ah! and the ould little grand lady in her flying carriage, she went to dust sooner than Peter. Ah! You never know'd harm of ould Peter, did ye? *Did ye?*" he repeated almost fiercely.

"No, Peter!"

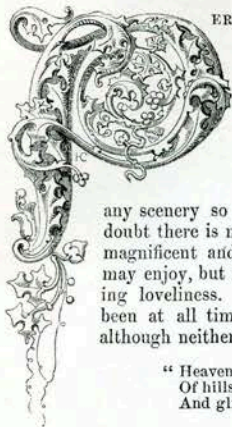
"I wouldn't ha' wronged the noble river of a can of water! I loved it,—you know I loved it! My own river! I always said when they talked of finer rivers, 'Show un,' but they never did, though they sent me to seek un, away—away over the sea. It was no great harm I done, to send an old man out of his country; they thought I'd never live to cum back, but I did, ye see: but I'm not Petersham Peter now. I've never been that side o' Lunnun since"—he paused, and then smoothing his hair down, he made a sort of bow, assuming a low, querulous tone, "I'm a very old man, lady, and no clear in y'n brain, or y'n eye; I'm broken all-the-gather. I keeps Greenwich way, and gets me little live stock out of rain-fall streams, and green-jacketed pools, I does,"—he looked round stealthily, and added, "they don't know me Greenwich way—they never did. Some night I'll try to watch for moonshine, and just ha' one look over the hill, before I die, at the gay river. Only when I cum agin, don't call me *that* name. May be, if ye did, some one, unawares, might ask for my ticket o' leave, and, hush! *I got none*; but I'm not worth sendin' out o' the country agin. I'm not clear y'n brain, or y'n eye!" He paused, shook his head, and while mechanically dipping up his fish in the miniature landing-net, he soliloquised, glancing dreamily at us—"It cum so stumm'n, yet so sweet it cum over me—so queer, 'Petersham Peter,'—just like a boat hail from tother world. I wish I knew rightly who you be! You can't be she; she was slim as rod osier, and wonderful fond of lettin' all my fish go out of the well o' the boat right into the river. Ah! ah! Turn all the eels out of the pots, if she could, and wouldn't spit an emperor of Morocco—*vulgaris*. Ah, dear! I forget it. She was as bright a young un as the Thames in sunshine! No, no! why, you'd make two o' she! an' yet, how be it? Petersham Peter!"

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART XVIII.



PERHAPS in England there is no single view so beautiful as that obtained from the summit of Richmond Hill; nay, it is scarcely too much to say there is nothing more charming in the world. Such is the opinion of many foreigners who have beheld the landscape attractions of all lands, and such is surely that of those who, having travelled long and far, return to their own country with a confirmed conviction that Englishmen find nowhere any scenery so delicious as that they possess "at home." No doubt there is much that is wider, and broader, and grander—more magnificent and more comprehensive—which voyagers elsewhere may enjoy, but none within the same limits so gifted with surpassing loveliness. The scene from Richmond Hill has, therefore, been at all times a fertile theme of the poet and the painter, although neither Art nor language can render it sufficient justice.

"Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around
Of hills and dales, and woods and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams!"

Such was the exclamation of one of the many poets who have offered homage to "the Hill;" we may quote another:—

"Where Thames along the daisy'd meads
His wave in lucid mazes leads—
Silent, slow, serenely flowing,
Wealth on either side bestowing."

But in fact, there are few whom the Muse has not stirred into life when gazing from either of the adjacent heights upon a scene so entirely beautiful—at once so gentle and so grand, so graceful and so rich.



VIEW FROM RICHMOND HILL.

As we approach Richmond from Twickenham, and pass a slight projection at Ham, we come in sight of "the Hill." From the river the rise appears very slight: on the summit are several good and "tall" houses, the most conspicuous of which is the far-famed "Star and Garter" inn; and here all visitors will linger, entering either its prettily arranged grounds or its stately chambers for refreshment, and gazing from one of its windows over the thick and apparently dense foliage that seems to cover the whole valley underneath, through which the all-glorious father meanders "silent, slow," the source of that green fertility which makes the landscape "beautiful exceedingly."* "The eye, descending from the hill," marks the tortuous course of the river, above and below, glances among "the palace homes of England," and watches the gay boats, of "all sorts and sizes," that float upon the surface, issue from tiny creeks, or continue moored beside lawn-slopes: gaze where we will, there is ever something to stir the heart, and justify that love and pride of country which rivals or foes attribute to Englishmen as a vice!

The distant views from any of the heights are as fair and beautiful as those immediately around and underneath. Looking over Richmond Park we behold stately Windsor; further off, the hills of Buckinghamshire—the historic Chilterns; and nearer, those over Runnymede and Chertsey. Turning eastward, we

* So close are the trees, and so little can be seen of the intervening meadows and gardens, that a story is told of an American from the Far West, whose eye, having been accustomed to endless and trackless forests, saw the beauty as a blemish, and declared it to be his opinion that "the valley wanted clearing."

look on many of the steeps that, rising above the Lower Thames, fling their shadows on the sails of a hundred nations, thronging that part of the great



RICHMOND HILL.

highway of the world which lies between the Nore and London Bridge. Surely the tourist may exclaim, and justly,—

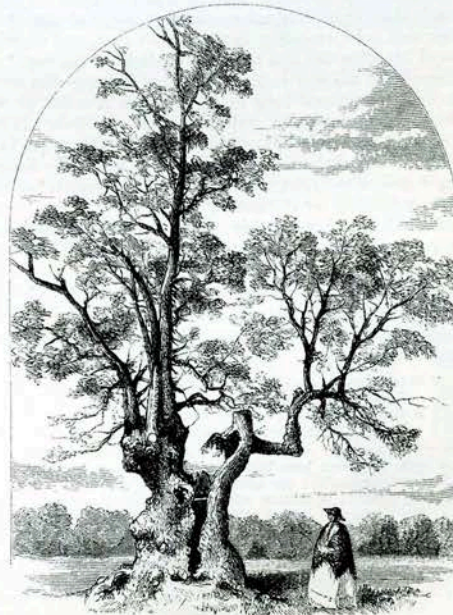
"Earth hath not anything to show more fair,"

challenging the wide world to produce a scene which so happily combines the grand and the beautiful—

"In wondrous perspective displayed,
A landscape more august than happiest skill
Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade:
An intermingled pomp of vale and hill,
City and naval stream, suburban grove,
And stately forest where the wild deer rove;
Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky towns,
And scattered rural farms of aspect bright."

A gate on the summit of the hill leads into Richmond Park. The public enjoy a right of entrance, and it is pleasant to know that the right is rarely or never abused. The park was first enclosed by Charles I.; but there were certain neighbouring owners who "could not be prevailed upon to alienate their property upon any terms." His majesty, however, seems to have convinced those "village Hampdens," notwithstanding that the affair "made a great clamour, and the outcry was that he was about to take away his subjects' estates at his own pleasure." Jerome, Earl of Portland, was made the first ranger, in the year 1638. In 1649 the park was given "to the City of London, and to their successors for ever." At the Restoration it found its way back to the crown, of which it is now a mere appanage of comparatively little value, although Her Majesty has sought to make it practically useful by presenting some of its residences to men who are, or have been, benefactors of their country.

At that end of the park where a gate leads to Mortlake, and near a cottage in which resides one of the most estimable gentlemen of the age—Professor Owen—there still lives and flourishes a tree that has been famous for many ages: it is the Shrew-ash. It is interesting to note how little odds and



THE SHREW-ASH.

ends of superstitions are rooted, like wild primroses, in out of the way wilds—the nooks and corners of our intellectual country. It is so difficult to define where faith ends, and superstition begins, that sometimes we lose sight of

irrationality, in sympathy with the sentiment that is blended with the superstition. The shrew-ash is only a few yards beyond the pond which almost skirts the Professor's lawn—where herds of dappled deer come fearlessly from the high ground of the park to drink at early morning, and again, while the sky is yet glowing with the tints of the setting sun. This venerable and celebrated tree stands on rising ground.

White, in his "Natural History of Selbourne," describes a "shrew-ash" as "an ash whose twigs or branches, when gently applied to the limbs of cattle, will immediately relieve the pains which a beast suffers from the running of a shrew-mouse over the part affected—for it is supposed that a shrew-mouse is of so baneful and deleterious a nature that wherever it creeps over a beast, be it horse, cow, or sheep, the suffering animal is afflicted with cruel anguish, and threatened with the loss of the use of the limb. Against this evil, to which they were continually liable, our provident forefathers always kept a shrew-ash at hand, which when once medicated would maintain its virtues for ever. A SHREW-ASH was made thus: into the body of the tree a deep hole was bored with an augur, and a poor devoted shrew-mouse was thrust in alive, and plugged in, no doubt, with several quaint incantations long since forgotten. As the ceremonies necessary for such a consecration are no longer understood, all succession is at an end." The shrew-ash in Richmond Park is, therefore, amongst the few legacies of the kind bequeathed to their country by the wisdom of our ancestors. We once knew a queer, spiteful, old Kentish gardener, who suggested, in open defiance of legendary lore, that it would be far wiser to bury a shrew *wife* under an ash, than stop up a poor innocent shrew-mouse in it. He laughed to scorn all superstitions; and many of his old neighbours believed he would live and die a "cast away," he was so fond of holding everything connected with "good old times" in utter contempt.

Our readers will perceive that across the hollow of the tree near the top there is a little bar of wood: the legend runs that were this bar removed every night, it would be replaced in the same spot every morning! How? Who can tell how? The legend calls the fact "established," and so we are bound to believe it. The superstition now is, that if a child, afflicted with what the people in the neighbourhood call "decline," or whooping-cough, or any infantine disease, is passed nine times up the hollow of that tree, and over the bar, while the sun is rising, it will recover. If the charm fail to produce the desired effect, the old women believe the sun was too far up, or not up enough, or the "verse" (for we have been told there is a spoken charm) not properly repeated. If the child recovers, of course, the fame of the tree is whispered about—for the oldest crone would hardly dilate on such a subject in her usual voice at mid-day; there is an Irish saying that "every whisper has four wings," and thus the tale spreads. There is a sort of shrew mother to every shrew-ash—the veriest ancient in the parish; withered and bent, with lean arms and long fingers, that clutch her staff, her picturesque scarlet cloak giving that life to the landscape, of which painters never tire: she acts as guide and teacher to any young mother, who has an afflicted child and faith in the charm; and the two may be seen in the grey light of morning—the little creeping crone, and the tall girl enveloped in a cloak or large shawl, beneath whose folds is cherished her precious burthen. She follows through the long dewy grass, and heeds nor deer nor cattle; but she fears the chill air will make her darling worse, though she dare not say so, for she must not anger the aged crone even if she handle the child roughly, as she thrusts it up and passes it over, under and over, until the accomplishment of the mystic nine. The child wails, of course, but that is not heeded by the sybil: it is speedily pressed to the warm bosom of its mother, and they creep away stealthily, half ashamed or afraid to be seen by their neighbours.

The shrew-ash in Richmond Park is still used and still firmly believed in, the superstition having by no means entirely lost its force. The friend who communicates this fact to us, has more than once seen at daybreak a young mother, with her sick babe, resorting to the ash for cure, and eagerly watching under its withered branches the first streak of sunlight in the east.*

We must descend the hill and enter the ancient village—the now populous town of Richmond. We cannot long delay, although it is full of associations, any one of which might demand a chapter instead of a line. It is, however, essential that we visit the church, and then stroll to the green, in order that we may stand on the site of the ancient palace, "to which the former kings of this land, being wearied of the citie, used customarily to resorte, as to a place of pleasure, and serving highly for recreation."

At Richmond resided Nicholas Brady, and here he translated and versified the Psalms; here lived, and in the church is buried, James Thomson: † here he

"Sung the seasons and their change;"

and many memories of him are preserved in the house where he resided, "in unaffected cheerfulness, and general, though simple elegance." There are few who walk through the fair town, or row along the waters that lave its banks, who will not recall the graceful tribute of a brother poet—

"Remembrance oft shall haunt this shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid thy gentle spirit rest!"

* Superstitions regarding trees have been rife in every age and country; and may be referred to the "sacred groves" of the ancient idolaters, or the custom of consecrating trees to particular divinities; tinged with the prevailing superstition of the more modern nations of the north, and tinged with a darker belief in mysticism. Hence the witch-hazel is believed to be as efficacious as the horseshoe, in preventing the incursions of a witch for evil purposes, if a branch be fastened over a door. But for charms in disease, no tree has been so much used as the ash, which, in addition to the power it is supposed to possess, as narrated above, was also believed to cure other diseases. If the wound made in the tree was bound with packthread: the child recovered as the tree recovered, but the life of the patient depended so entirely on that of the tree, that if it was willfully destroyed the disease returned and terminated in death.

† Thomson lived in a small cottage in Kew Lane. It has been enlarged and altered since his time. There was no monument to his memory in the church, until the Earl of Buchan placed, in 1792, a brass plate in the north aisle to denote the spot where he was buried, June 29, 1748, "for the satisfaction of his admirers," as the inscription states, "unwilling that so good a man and sweet a poet should be without a memorial."

Richmond Church has few old features, and the most remarkable monuments are on the exterior. At the south-west angle is a marble tablet, executed by E. W. Wyon, to the memory of Barbara Holland, authoress of "The Son of a



RICHMOND CHURCH.

Genius," &c. She was born at Sheffield, in 1770, and died at Richmond, November 9, 1844. "She endeavoured," says the inscription, "with Christian humility, to recommend, by her valuable example, the lessons inculcated in her writings." We knew her long and well, and to know her was a privilege. After a life of active and useful labour, and the calm and patient endurance of many trials, she rests amid the scenery she loved so well, and near the places she cherished most in her warm and tender heart. The world owes her much; she was one of its best teachers. Her works will endure longer even than the monument that records her name, for they are the experience of her own naturally devout mind, her generous sympathies, and her womanly wisdom. Here, in later times, died and was buried the great actor, Edmund Kean: to his memory a simple monument has been erected by his accomplished son,* who, inheriting much of the father's genius, has avoided the "perilous pleasures" that led to death at the comparatively early age of forty-eight. There is no gentleman more thoroughly respected, or more entirely entitled to respect, than the younger Kean. If the stage owed a large debt to the acting of the father, it has contracted a larger to the son, for his judicious and liberal "management," and especially for having made its "means and appliances" sources of instruction as well as of delight. Many other great men and women have left their names as perpetual memories in this neighbourhood: it is full of associations, and these, added to the charms of beautiful scenery, must ever keep for Richmond a fame unsurpassed by that of any other locality in the kingdom.



REMAINS OF RICHMOND PALACE.

On Richmond Green is all that now remains of the Old Palace of Sheen, consisting of a stone gateway, and a smaller postern gate beside it: above the large gate is sculptured the arms of England, supported by the dragon and greyhound, indicating its erection in the time of Henry VII. Beside it may

* It consists of a medallion portrait, surrounded by drapery, and was erected by his son, in 1839. Kean died in the house adjoining Richmond Theatre, in May, 1833. This theatre was built under the superintendence of Garrick, and was frequently patronised by George III., when living at Kew. Many great actors have played there; it was here the accomplished actress and excellent lady, Helen Faucit, made her *début*.

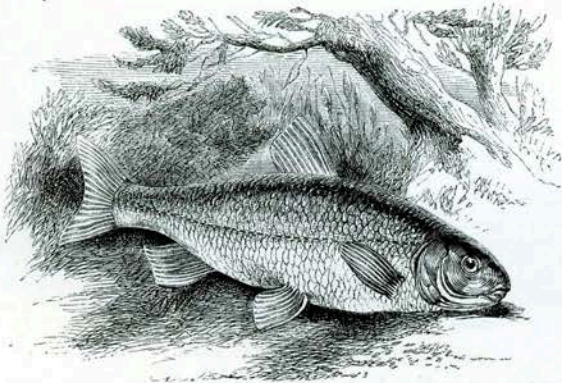
be traced a few portions of the old brickwork of the palatial buildings, with the characteristic reticulated pattern which gave diversity to the walls. It is believed to have been the entrance to the wardrobe court.*

The ancient name of Richmond was Sheen, signifying *beautiful* (from the German word which still bears the meaning); it was considered as part of the Manor of Kingston, in the Domesday survey, when it was crown property. Edward III. died in the mansion of Shene, at which time it was a pleasant retirement for the English sovereigns. Henry V. rebuilt the palace, with "curious and costly workmanship," which was destroyed by fire in 1498. Henry VII. immediately gave orders for the rebuilding of the palace, and ordained that it should be named *Richmond*, after his own title, before he had achieved the sovereignty of England on Bosworth field.† King Henry VII., and his son, Henry VIII., took much pleasure in the palace here, and frequently held tournaments and festivals at Richmond. Henry VII. died in the palace; Katherine, the first queen of the eighth Harry, was confined here of a son, and the Emperor Charles V. lodged here on his visit to England in 1552. The manor was afterwards granted to Anne of Cleves, on her voluntary divorce from Henry VIII.; and Queen Mary and her husband, Philip of Spain, frequently resided in the palace, which was also a favourite with her successor, Elizabeth, who entertained the King of Sweden within its walls, when he visited England to make her a proposal of marriage. She died here on March 24, 1603. The sons of James I., Henry and Charles, both held the manor, and here the latter laid the foundations of his important Art-collections; in 1627 the manor was settled on his queen, Henrietta Maria. After the execution of Charles, the parliament sold the manor. Hollar has published a view of it as it appeared in the reign of Charles I. It was a picturesque edifice, abounding with towers and pinnacles. On the Restoration the king restored it to the queen-mother; and it was leased to Sir Edward Villiers. It was much dilapidated, and was soon afterwards pulled down.

The many attractions of Richmond, and its proximity to the metropolis—from which it is distant eight miles—have always made the neighbourhood a favourite of the high-born and the wealthy; a long list might be given of "great people" who have had their dwellings on the hill or on the river banks; Buccleuch Lodge is among the most conspicuous and the most beautiful as we reach its slope, just after passing the bridge, voyaging westward.

There yet remain some of the fish of the Thames to which attention should be directed; and as we are approaching that part of the river where the sport of the angler terminates, we may describe two—although neither of them are found in abundance so low down. Richmond, however, has been always in favour with professors of the rod and line, and it is rarely we pass the banks of Buccleuch Lodge without encountering half a dozen punts; for during autumn the roach is numerous here, and of small barbel there is usually a plenty.

The Chub is a shy fish, and although sometimes taken with the worm or gentle when bottom-fishing, it is more frequently caught on the surface with a mimic fly or cockchafer; and then under overhanging trees, where skill is



THE CHUB.

requisite. They often grow to a large size in our river; we have more than once hooked a fish weighing five pounds. In its general aspect the chub resembles the dace, but is somewhat more taper; it is of little value as food, the flesh being poor and "waterish;" nevertheless old Isaac gives an elaborate recipe for "dressing him"—for drying up his "fluid watery humour"—and for giving him such a sauce as may "recompense the labour."

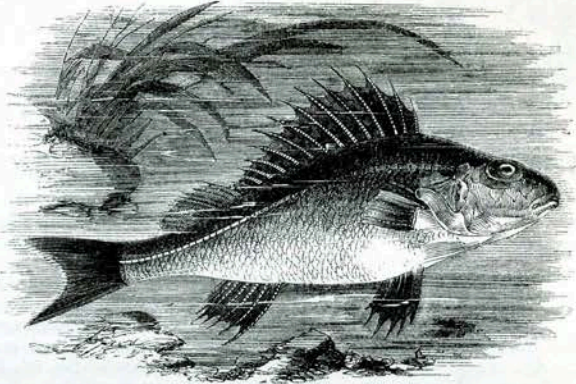
The Pope, or "ruffe," is found in great abundance in many parts of the river; it bites greedily, and it is a common practice to take ladies to a "pope pitch," inasmuch as there is sure to be plenty of sport, the pope biting like

* "It is well known that this place received its present name by royal command in the reign of Henry VII., who was Earl of Richmond in Yorkshire. In Domesday it is not mentioned; a record of nearly the same antiquity calls it Syenes: the name was afterwards spelt Schenes, Schene, and Sheen. Some writers, founding their conjectures upon the latter word, which signifies bright or splendid, have supposed it to be expressive of the magnificence of the ancient palace."—*Lysons*.

† The arms over the great gate, though much decayed, are still clearly to be distinguished as those of King Henry VII., who was Earl of Richmond before he achieved the sovereignty of England on Bosworth Field. The supporters of the royal arms of Henry are unlike those of any other English monarch: the shield is supported by the red dragon of the House of Cadwallader, the last king of the Britons, from whom Henry claimed his descent; and the white greyhound of the House of York, as represented in our cut. Henry VIII. retained the dragon, but adopted the lion of England, instead of the greyhound, for his other supporter.



the perch, and with a certainty of being hooked by a very small effort of skill. It resembles the perch, too, in other particulars, the fins being sharp and somewhat perilous to delicate fingers. It is small in size, seldom exceeding in length five or six inches. An idea prevails that the pope is a fish between the perch and gudgeon, but there is no foundation for it, other than its general likeness to the one, and its habitat being the gravelly bottoms frequented by the other.



THE POPE.

We cannot part from this branch of our subject—the pleasures supplied to anglers by the all-bountiful river—without a word or two of comment on "the Thames Angling Preservation Society"—a society by which much has been done to preserve the river from illegal nets and to punish the poacher. Its formal meetings are held once a year at Richmond—in July. Its report is published annually: the excellent secretary, Henry Farnell, Esq., is indefatigable in his efforts to advance its purposes; every angler is bound to support a society which does so much to enable him to enjoy a day's ample sport in any of "the deeps," which it materially aids to preserve and to "furnish."



RICHMOND BRIDGE.

We resume our voyage, setting out from Richmond Bridge, first turning with pleasure to the pretty and well-known ait, and looking back every now and then for a charming view of the town and the surrounding scenery.

As, however, we shall not again have occasion to step on shore and examine the treasures of the river Flora, we may delay the reader awhile in order to present to him another bouquet of the wild flowers that grow so luxuriantly, and at the same time submit to his scrutiny a few of the insects concerning which his curiosity will be continually excited as he rows or wanders along its banks.

On the leaves of the Willow-herb we found feeding a grotesque-looking creature, which at first sight appeared to be staring malignantly at us from his perch: but, on a nearer examination, these sinister eyes, as they appeared to be, proved to be mere painted resemblances of those organs; and, to carry out the illusion, these spots are situated on an enlarged portion of the body representing a head, from which proceeds an apparent proboscis somewhat like an elephant's trunk, whence the creature has been named the Elephant Hawk-moth (*Cherocampa Elpenor*), of which this is the caterpillar state. It is of a dusky colour, and on the sides are several of the curious eye-like spots; but when seen from the front, with only the two larger spots visible, the appearance of the thing is really somewhat startling: the true head and eyes



THE HAWK-MOTH.

are comparatively minute, and situated at the end of the proboscis-like portion of the body. The moth into which this "creature" is eventually transformed, presents a decided contrast to the weird aspect of the caterpillar form it bore in its earlier existence, being a soft, elegant creature, beautifully painted with rose-colour and olive-brown: it may be not unfrequently met with in the same situations as its caterpillar, either flying rapidly in the twilight, or at morning reposing inactive in some shaded and retired spot.



CHINA-MARK MOTH.

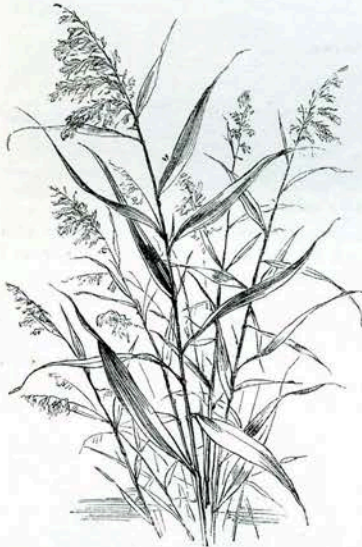
There is a very charming little moth, called by collectors the China-mark Moth, constantly met with in moist, reedy places, and, of course, found abundantly by the banks of the Thames. This pretty species has white wings, elegantly marked with brown and grey. Its caterpillar makes itself a curious habitation by cutting out portions of a leaf, and then attaching them together into a kind of portable tent, which accompanies the little animal in all its wanderings.

The botany of the river-side, as we have intimated, becomes far more scanty as we approach the more populous districts lying on either side, almost uninterruptedly until we reach London: and we cannot without regret take leave of the fair Flora that has afforded us such unfailling pleasure and interest, from the very cradle of the infant stream in Gloucestershire, through its whole course down to our present position, whence, for a time, objects of more immediately human interest must occupy our attention. We may notice one more favourite, which we have hitherto omitted to mention, but which forms a very striking and beautiful feature in most of those flowery groups that ornament the old locks, and conduce so much to their picturesque effect. We allude to the Meadow Cranesbill (*Geranium pratense*), a plant with elegantly cut foliage, and clusters of large bright purple flowers.



MEADOW CRANES-BILL.

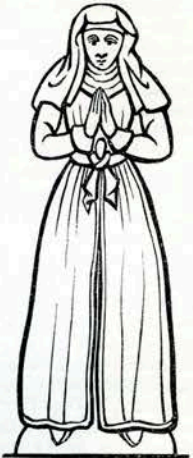
The Reed (*Arundo Phragmites*) must be familiar to every voyager on the Thames, whose banks are almost constantly edged with deep beds of this common though graceful plant. The presence of these reed-beds is a powerful aid in the picturesque effect of the "bits" for which this river is so famous; witness the good service they render in the foreground of pictures by Boddington and other painters, to whom the Thames scenery is so dear: though, after all, in the best painted picture, we must still lose the peculiar charm of the reed—its graceful motion as it rocks and waves its feathery crest in the wind. But besides playing its ornamental part so well, the reed is not without some pretensions to the useful, both in its natural position, where it serves to protect embankments and dykes for preventing the encroachment of the sea; and also, when cut, for thatching, and various purposes of building and gardening. Then the flower-heads will dye wool green, and the roots are said to be useful as a medicine in bilious complaints; but for the accuracy of this crowning recommendation we cannot vouch from our own experience, for the tourist amid these charming scenes will have little need of a remedy "against the bile," and so we contented ourselves with admiring the "effect" of our friends, the reeds, *in situ*. We have more than once directed the attention of the ornamental designer to the lessons he may receive from Nature on the banks of the river Thames.



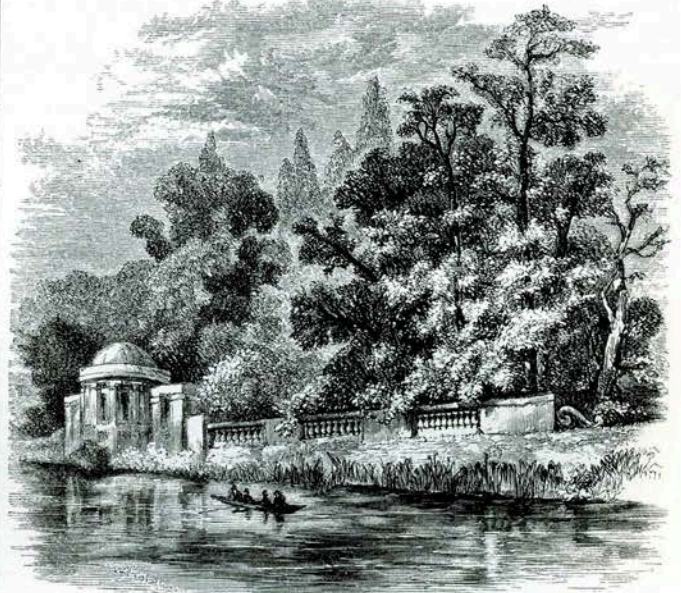
THE REED.

Passing under the railway bridge, which crosses the Thames at the eastern boundary of Kew Gardens, we have them on our right hand for more than two miles. The left bank affords more diversity, and to that we direct special attention. The first object which attracts the eye is a palatial building, now appropriated to the Female Naval Orphan Asylum. It was commenced by Lord Kilmurry as a residence; but has been greatly enlarged, and is now devoted to a high purpose—as one of those noble institutions which do honour to England, rendering memorable over the world the words—"Supported by Voluntary Contributions." A short half mile brings us to Isleworth Church, with its ancient ivy-covered tower. The body of the church is of red brick, and was constructed in 1705. It contains a few of the monumental brasses

which were in the older edifice; one of them represents a knight in armour of the fifteenth century; but the most curious is affixed withinside the Duke of Northumberland's pew, and is here copied: it preserves the figure of one of the last of the English nuns, being to the memory of "Margaret Dely, a syster professed in Syon, who decessed the vii of October, Anno, 1561,"—during the short while the nunnery was restored to the old faith by Queen Mary. The village of Isleworth is chiefly devoted to garden-ground, and from thence London is constantly supplied. Though never occupying a position in history, it is always noted in our most ancient surveys. Simon de Montfort encamped here with the refractory barons, in 1263; and Fairfax fixed his head-quarters here in 1647. It is a straggling, unpicturesque village, not offering inducements to delay the tourist.



Sion House, which occupies the site of the ancient religious foundation, is close beside the church; it was originally granted to a convent of Bridgetine nuns, by Henry V., in the year 1414: they seem to have led a quiet life of much prosperity; upon its dissolution, in the reign of Henry VIII., the revenues of the Convent of Sion was valued at the very large sum of £1731 8s. 4½d. per annum. The king retained the desecrated buildings, and here imprisoned his unfortunate queen, Katherine Howard, while arranging her judicial murder. The body of the same king rested here on the road to his mausoleum at Windsor. Edward VI., in the first year of his reign, gave the building and site to the Protector Seymour, Duke of Somerset. On his attainder it was granted to the Duke of Northumberland, in whose family it has since remained, except during the short period when it reverted to the crown during the reign of Mary—the forfeiture being occasioned by the ambition of the duke, whose son married the Lady



WATER PAVILION AT SION HOUSE.

Jane Grey: it was in Sion House she accepted the crown, having been conducted thence as queen to the Tower of London, so soon afterwards to die on a scaffold within its walls.

Queen Mary was induced to restore the nunnery at Sion, and endow it with the manor and demesnes of Isleworth; it was dissolved by Elizabeth, who, however, retained the lands until 1604, when they were again given to the Dukes of Northumberland. The present house was constructed soon afterwards, and has some rich interior details; the exterior is singularly plain, a mere quadrangle of heavy stonework. It contains some fine pictures. One of the prettiest and pleasantest *points* on the river, is the graceful pavilion we have here introduced.

Brentford commences at the end of the walls of the park at Sion; but the greater part of the town is happily hidden by a long island thickly covered with trees. It is one of the most unpicturesque towns on the river, abounding in gas-works, factories, and distilleries; its streets presenting an appearance of dirt and neglect, heightened by alleys, the abodes of squalid poverty. A large part of the population are employed in the extensive market-gardens which abound here, and chiefly supply London with vegetables. The town takes its name from the small river Brent, which here flows into the Thames, rising in the adjoining county of Hertfordshire, and pursuing a tortuous course through the centre of Middlesex. It is a small stream, but its junction with the Thames at an important locality led to the foundation, in very early times, of a village here, the establishment of a large nunnery on the opposite side of the ford materially aiding its growth.

And so we arrive in sight of Kew Bridge, but before we row under it, we must step ashore to visit some of the attractions of this ancient and renowned village.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART XIX.



EW—"the situation of which near the water-side might induce one to seek for its etymology from the word key or quay"—has been variously written at various times, "Kayhough, Kayhoo, Keyhowe, Keye, Kayo, and Kewe." Lysons, half a century back, describes its greenhouse as famous, being 140 feet in length; and Darwin, about the same period, pictured its garden as "a crowning glory:"—

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

The historian and the poet, could they rise from their graves, would see with wonder and delight the greenhouse and the garden of to-day, filled with the floral beauties of a hundred lands—miles of walks among flowers under glass.

Inasmuch as there is an admirable and cheap guide-book for the use of visitors, compiled by the accomplished Curator, Sir William Hooker, we are relieved from the necessity of details descriptive of these beautiful gardens and conservatories; it will suffice to say that, although still the property of the Crown, and in charge of the Board of Works, the public are freely admitted every day, under a few needful restrictions; that the privilege is enjoyed by very large numbers *daily*; and that the result fully bears out the belief, that where advantages are given to "the people," they are neither lost nor abused by carelessness or cupidity. Cases of impropriety are rare, while it is certain that health, instruction, and gratification, have been derived from the means thus generously placed at the disposal of all.

Between Richmond and Kew there is no bridge; there are, however, three ferries, one of which we have pictured as a very picturesque "bit." It is that which leads to Isleworth, and is called the Rails-head Ferry, a name it obtained



RAILS-HEAD FERRY.

before the introduction of those iron ways which now conduct tourists from London to the far-famed "Hill," and thence to "regal Windsor."

Although we do not delay the voyager by describing the gardens, we ask him to visit the ancient and venerable palace, famous during

"Good King George's reign;"

and interesting now, although it is lonely and without inhabitant—standing as a striking and somewhat gloomy monument to record the liberality of the sovereign and his successors, who gave the adjacent grounds to the people. It was once the property of Sir Hugh Portman, "the rich gentleman who was knighted by Queen Elizabeth at Kew," and was built during the reign of James I., although it retains very little of the style of architecture of that period, being of red brick, but exceedingly plain and without ornament. In 1781 it was purchased by George III.; his queen, Charlotte, died there, and during many years it was the favourite suburban residence of the royal family.

Under the superintendance of her Majesty, the grounds were "ornamented with various picturesque objects and temples, designed by Sir William Chambers; among which is one called the Pagoda, in imitation of a Chinese building, 49 feet in diameter at the base, and 163 feet in height." No doubt this was a marvel at the time of its erection: it is still a conspicuous object from all adjacent parts, and the temples are attractions judiciously distributed.

It is more than delightful to escape at this season from the turmoil of the hot, dusty, London world, to the peculiar serenity and beauty of Kew: the gardens are so full of interest, so varied, so suggestive, and so instructive, that a much larger space than we can devote to the subject would fail to convey

an idea of the treasures they contain; we are willing, therefore, to let fancy go back to the time of Queen Charlotte, whose love of nature laid the foundation of that which now yields—sometimes to thousands in a day—so much of health, pleasure, and information. The square red "palace"—which her Majesty loved sufficiently well to select as a residence, above all others, after the death of her beloved husband—seems lonely and silent in the midst of that fragrant paradise, where trees are bursting into bloom, and birds are pouring forth the rejoicings that specially belong to the "sweet month of May;" but there is no difficulty in peopling it with "the great" of the past, and seeing, by the light of history, the beautiful and brilliant family that once held court

"Beside the Thames at Kew."

In those days the "gardens" were, like the palace, the exclusive property of the Crown: but when the former ceased to be a "royal residence," our Queen, desiring to enlarge the circle commenced by Queen Charlotte, devoted the whole of the estate to the fruits of botanical research: and it was finally determined that the public should be admitted daily. Thus the "gardens at Kew" may be ranked amongst the great teachers, as well as the healthful luxuries, of the people.



KEW PALACE.

It is delightful to see how truly this privilege is enjoyed by the various classes who visit Kew: the humble, but well-dressed artizan and his family are generally "taken" with the beauty of the grounds and the marvels of the "House of Palms;" brilliant ladies, whose dresses rival the flowers in variety of tone and colour, linger in the houses, or enjoy the charming promenades under shadows of lofty trees; the botanical student pores over the "specimens," both in the beds and in the houses—too often, while alive to what is rare or curious, forgetting the *beauty* of the "wonderful works of the Creator." Long after the mere pleasure-seeker has returned to London by the rail or the river, you may observe two classes of persons lingering in Kew Gardens, the mere botanical student, and the artist, sketching for popular botanical publications that add so much to the interest and the information of our drawing-rooms. Foreigners are especially delighted with Kew Gardens; the vegetation, the absolute *green*—so vigorous and fresh with us, is never so bright on the Continent as it is in England; and however rare and wonderful the collections are in foreign lands, there is usually a slovenliness in their display, which no English gardener could endure: our lawns excite the especial admiration of strangers, who are lavish of praise of our "good order" and "arrangement." To thoroughly appreciate "Kew Gardens," they should be repeatedly visited; the changing seasons vary the character of their loveliness; there is always something fresh to admire, something new to learn; and though the "new museum" is so totally devoid of architectural excellence as to be a blot where it might have been a beauty, yet its contents are of the greatest value and interest, and such as lead from the threshold of science by paths which the research and learning of great botanists render comparatively smooth and easy.

"Kew Green" is one of the most " quaint " and peculiar "bits" of scenery within ten miles of the metropolis. The church may be taken as the principal feature—a clean, bright, stately English church, neither new nor old, flanked by noble trees, and a broad and somewhat deep pond, set in the brightest grass, intersected by gravel walks—all looking as if the foot of man had never pressed the one or trodden down the other. This "green" is irregularly "flanked" by houses of all heights and qualities; some trellised, some bare and stately, others hid away in the bright foliage which climbs their walls; some standing boldly forward, others receding modestly behind trees.

The church stands on the west side of the green; it is not an old building; its grave-yard contains the graves of several remarkable men, among whom may be named Gainsborough and Zoffany. Gainsborough was never a resident here: he resided for many years at Schomburg House, Pall Mall; it was at his own request that he was buried at Kew, beside the grave of his old friend, Kirby: but Zoffany lived in the little hamlet called Strand-on-the-green, which adjoins the bridge on the Middlesex side of the river.

The bridge at Kew is a comparatively modern structure. Looking eastward a pleasant air fortunately takes away from Kew and its river walks the view of "Brentford's tedious town:" hence, in Middlesex, there is little to claim attention until we approach Chiswick, while, on the Surrey side, we pass along by the side of osier beds, with nothing worthy of notice until Mortlake is reached.

"The name of this place has been generally supposed to be derived from *mortuus lacus*, or the dead lake;" in Domesday it is called "Mortlage." Cromwell House, one of its attractions, has been recently pulled down: it is erroneously described as a residence of the Protector; but Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, informs us that in the collection there are several letters



KEW BRIDGE.

dated thence by the Lord Henry Cromwell, of the reign of Henry VIII. The famous Dr. Dee, the astrologer, was born and resided here, and here he once received a visit from Queen Elizabeth;* here also was the first tapestry manufacture in England; it was established in 1619, by Sir Francis Crane; to this circumstance we are probably indebted for the possession of the famous cartoons of Raphael, purchased as copies for the artizan. Leading from Mortlake are byways to Richmond and to Kew, through low and ill-drained grounds, principally market gardens: here and there, however, we meet some valuable manor-house, seated in solitary and aristocratic grandeur, amid groups of ancient and wide-spreading cedars.



MORTLAKE CHURCH.

Mortlake Church is in part a very ancient edifice, dating so far back as 1348, although the earliest date on the building is 1543:† the outward door of the belfry is, however, said to be the only remaining part of the original structure. It is full of interesting monuments.

That portion of Barnes which is called the Terrace immediately succeeds Mortlake; it is a pretty and pleasant row of houses, chiefly let as lodgings,

* He records the incident in his very curious diary. The queen, who believed in his powers of judicial astrology, was desirous of seeing for herself the spirits he conjured in his magic crystal; she came from the palace, at Richmond, to Dr. Dee's house, which stood to the west of the church, but the funeral of the astrologer's wife had not been performed two hours before, so her majesty would not enter the house, but alighted from her coach, assisted by the Earl of Leicester, and stood beside the church wall while Dee discoursed to her.

† This date is on a stone over the belfrey door, inscribed "Vivat R. H. 8."

the place being much in favour during the summer months. The village lies further back from the river—a straggling village, with a cluster of houses surrounding a pond. Some parts of the church are said to be as old as the time of Richard I.* The old "house,"—Barne-Elms,—in which Queen Elizabeth visited Sir Francis Walsingham, where lived Sir Henry Wyatt, and where some time resided the poet Cowley, is one of the famous points of the district.

Until we arrive at Putney, there is nothing to detain the tourist after he leaves Barnes, unless he desire a peep at several "cozy" houses, called the Castelnau Villas; we must, therefore, conduct him into Middlesex, and ask him to land at Chiswick, proceeding thence to the hamlet of Hammersmith.

There are few localities in the vicinity of London so interesting as the pretty and pleasant village of Chiswick; its principal attraction is the charming and very beautifully decorated mansion of the Duke of Devonshire, with its delicious grounds and gardens. "The house was designed and erected by Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, whose skill in architecture has been proved by his works, and whose encouragement of his favourite science greatly promoted the progress of that taste which has since produced so many fine architectural examples in this country." The model which the architect generally followed is that of the Villa Capra, near Vicenza, the designer of which was the famous Palladio. It is magnificently furnished, and contains a collection of rare and valuable pictures. Here Charles Fox died, on the 13th September, 1806; and here George Canning "put on immortality," on the 8th of August, 1827.

The interest of Chiswick House is, however, surpassed by the church and church-yard of the village. In the former the architect, Kent, the associate of Lord Burlington in the adornment of the house and grounds, reposes in the vault of his patron; and here there is a fitting monument to Charles Whittingham, the printer, whose skill and taste gave to the Chiswick press a fame



HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.

that "went over the world." The grave-yard contains the ashes of many persons of note: the imperious Duchess of Cleveland here mingles with common clay; here "repose the remains" of Cromwell's daughter Mary; here Holland, the actor, Garrick's friend, exchanged his motley for a winding sheet; here Lord Macartney, the pioneer to China, rests from his labours; here calmly sleeps a man of marvellous genius, the exile Ugo Foscolo; here lies the painter Louthenberg; and here, still speaking from his sculptured tomb, reposes the great artist, William Hogarth. The monument was erected by a subscription among his friends; and contains the epitaph by Garrick:—

"Farewell! great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.
If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here."

At Chiswick, Hogarth lived, died, and was buried; and his house—in which his predecessor was Sir James Thornhill, and his successor the excellent and accomplished clergyman, Cary, the translator of Dante—still stands, a place of pilgrimage, as his home, who, "while he faithfully followed Nature through all her varieties, and exposed with inimitable skill the infinite follies and vices of the world, was in himself an example of many virtues." †

* Mrs. Ann Baynard was buried here on the 10th June, 1697: we read in Lysons that "she was so fond of the study of divinity that she learned Greek to read St. Chrysostom in the original; besides which she had numberless other accomplishments, on which, as she possessed them in common with many young ladies both of that and of the present age, I shall not enlarge." There is not now the least trace of her monument, which was at the east end of the church-yard. The inscription is copied from Aubrey:—

"Here lies that happy maiden who, often said
That no man is happy until he is dead;
That the business of life is but playing the fool,
Which hath no relation to saving the soul;
For of all the transactions that's under the sun,
Is doing of nothing—if that he not done,
All wisdom and knowledge doth lie in this one."

† Vide "Pilgrimages to English Shrines:—the Tomb of Hogarth." By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Also "Tombs of English Artists:—Hogarth," by F. W. Fairholt, *Art-Journal*, April, 1858. As these papers are fully illustrated, we do not give engravings here.

We might linger long, and with advantage, in this the most interesting of the many grave-yards of England, in which repose the ashes of the great; but we must resume our voyage, glancing at "the Water-works," one of the metropolitan supplies of "pure water," and landing at the graceful suspension bridge which crosses the Thames and conducts to Hammersmith.*

The name of Hammersmith is not found in any record prior to the reign of Elizabeth, yet it is now a populous suburb of the metropolis; for, although distant some five miles from Hyde Park Corner, there is scarcely any interruption to the line of streets that leads to it through Knightsbridge and Kensington. Its



HAMMERSMITH CHURCH.

pretty and picturesque church dates no further back than the reign of Charles I. It was built at the cost of Sir Nicholas Crispe, merchant of London, a loyal adherent of the monarchy during the contest between the Crown and the Parliament. His history is touchingly told in an inscription placed under an effigy of Charles I., at the base of which is a pedestal surmounted by an urn.

"Within this urn is entombed the heart of Sir Nicholas Crispe, Knight and Baronet, a loyal sharer in the sufferings of his late and present Majesty. He first settled the trade of gold from Guinea, and there built the castle of Cormantine. Died the 28th July, 1665, aged 67 years."

In the church-yard are many monuments with foreign names, servants in the household of the Margravine of Anspach, who once inhabited Brandenburgh House—a house which became famous as the residence of Queen Caroline, the wife of George IV. It was razed to the ground very soon after her death.

We resume our voyage, and passing between banks on which are several graceful villas, although generally the land is low and cannot be healthy, we come in sight of the ugly structure—ungainly piles of decaying wood—which, crossing the Thames, unites the villages of Putney and Fulham. Both these villages are famous in history, and we must delay the tourist while we visit them. Let us land at Putney, first noticing that group of houses, in the centre of which is one that is familiar to all the "oarsmen" of the river, the well-



THE STAR AND GARTER, PUTNEY BRIDGE.

known "Star and Garter," the head-quarters of several aquatic clubs. The illustration has been sketched to include one of the most conspicuous, though not the most picturesque, objects in this part of our course—the club-house of the London Rowing Club, the largest association of amateurs that has ever existed on the Thames in connection with this healthful recreation. It has been recently erected at considerable cost; and if the popularity of this club continues to increase as it has done during the last two years, it will, we imagine, soon be found too small for the accommodation of its members.

* The bridge was constructed in 1828, from the designs, and under the superintendence, of William Tierney Clarke.

"Putney," according to Lysons, "is in Domesday called Putelei; in subsequent records it is spelt Pattenheth, or Pottenheth." The village leads up-hill, through a street of good villa houses, to Wimbledon and Roehampton. It has an old church, and is famous as the birth-place of three remarkable men: West, Bishop of Ely, the son of a baker here; Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, whose father was a blacksmith in the town; and Gibbon, the historian.

The tourist will derive greater interest, however, from a visit to the Middlesex side of the river, and that interest will continue almost unbroken until he reaches London; along its Surrey banks are to be seen only objects that blot the landscape, however much they may add to the solid wealth of the country; for, excepting a group of very ugly and cheerless, though costly, domiciles, that have replaced as many quaint old dwellings of a by-gone time, and which skirt the river immediately after leaving Putney, there is but a succession of factories and small cottage houses, which serve to shelter labourers and artisans; unwholesome-looking swamps divide the space with yards, and quays, and waggon-sheds, auxiliaries to manufactories of gin, soap, starch, silk, paper,



OLD SUMMER-HOUSE AT BATTERSEA.

candles, beer, and vitriol—the first-named and the last being no doubt mutually dependant for aid and assistance. Such is the only picture to be contemplated all the way; it includes long, straggling Wandsworth, and longer and still more straggling Battersea, both with modern and ugly churches, that of Battersea being especially odious, inasmuch as it is thrust forward almost into the current, and it is impossible to avoid looking at an object, in producing which, the architect seems to have studied how far it was in his power to render it repugnant: we, therefore, pass rapidly over the Surrey side of the Thames between the bridges at Putney and Battersea, a distance of perhaps three miles, preserving, however, an old "bit" of the scenery, which may serve to show its peculiar character—a mingling of the antique with the grotesque, relics of old grandeur in combination with squalid poverty—picturesque only in pictures.

We breathe more freely as we cross the bridge and enter the village of Fulham; resting awhile, it may be, at the venerable and still comfortable inn, which was there "beyond the time of legal memory," to enjoy a chat, perhaps, with Phelps, the veteran waterman, who still plies his "trim-built wherry," and is even to-day a good specimen of what his class were long ago, before the application of steam and the omnibus deprived them of their fare rights, and made mockeries of the privileges of—"jolly young watermen." Voyaging down stream, however, there are a few houses upon the banks which may not be passed without a word of comment. The first is Craven Cottage, once the residence of Walsh Porter, and in later times of Sir Bulwer Lytton; we



FULHAM CHURCH.

recall the days we have passed there with more than mere pleasure. The Bishop's Palace succeeds—from which one good man has recently been removed to a vault in the neighbouring church, to be succeeded by another who has already made the country his grateful debtor; the house that has "a gothic

look" is Prior's Bank; we know not who dwells there now, but not many years ago it was the residence of "a pair of friends," who made it renowned, not alone for genuine and liberal hospitality, but for refined elegance, and as a new birth-place of the graces, the whims, the amusements, and the "teachings" of that "olden time" of which the mansion externally and internally professed to be a copy. The place is hallowed in the memories of many men of letters, of art, and of wit, who had, and gave, enjoyment there: Prior's Bank will find a place in the biographies of not a few "celebrities" of the nineteenth century. In a little group of small cottage houses close beside, lived Theodore Hook during the greater part of his life; a history of this small dwelling might fill a volume; it has been removed to make way for a hideous bridge (uglier, if possible, than its neighbour), by which a water-company carries supplies to London; while the Yorick of so many "tables" sleeps among a crowd of right reverend prelates, in a retired nook of the church-yard close at hand. The church and church-yard will largely repay a visit; in the latter repose the ashes of forty bishops, so at least says the cicerone of the place; but the series may begin with Irkenwald, that bishop under "Sigibert, king of the West



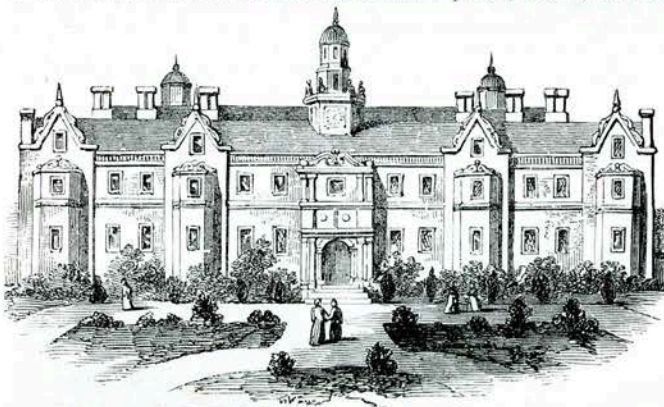
CHELSEA CHURCH.

Saxons, and Conrad, king of the Mercians," to whom Fulham—then called Fullenhanne or Fullenholme, which signifies *coluerum domus*, "the habitacle of birds or the place of fowles,"—was originally given. Be they forty, more or less, however, among these pillars of the English church are men of whom the British nation will be for ever proud; men of learning, virtue, and piety; honour to their memories; he must be of a cold heart and of a dead imagination who can stand unmoved in this small area of tombs, where sleep in death Sherlock and Lowth, and many others, "whose works live after them," and to whose graves tens of thousands yet to come will bow in grateful homage.

Between Fulham and Chelsea, to which we now hasten, passing by several graceful villas, we arrive at "Cremorne," a popular place of amusement that has taken the place of old Vauxhall; but an object of far higher interest soon greets the voyager; it is the hospital in which the old and worn soldiers who have served their country, repose after their toils. We have first, however, to row under Battersea Bridge: like that of Putney, it is coarse and unseemly and inconvenient in character; all its defects being brought into strong relief by the beautiful structure which now crosses the river a little lower down.

We must step ashore at Chelsea; for this locality is fertile of useful suggestions and interesting associations.

Lyndsay House is seen on the left, and its old history is full of interest, enhanced by the records of later residents: here the painter, Martin, lived and



SIR THOMAS MORE'S HOUSE.

worked; and near it, the great artist, Turner, died—ungracefully, to say the least. But associations multiply as we pass London-ward. A narrow lane, such as we still see sometimes at port towns, leads to the venerable church. The monument to the memory of Sir Hans Sloane occupies the east corner of the church-yard. The church and many neighbouring localities derive interest from associations with the history of that great and good statesman, Sir Thomas More. At his house, in Chelsea,* the eighth Harry frequently visited

* The house stood some distance from the river, at the back of Lyndsay House, where now stands the Moravian burial-ground. The gardens reached to the Thames, and from their water-gate More stepped into the barge that carried him to the Tower.

his "beloved Chancellor,"—"a house neither mean nor subject to envy, yet magnificent and commodious enough," with gardens "wonderfully charming," with "green meadows and woody eminences all around." Here the Abbot of Westminster took him into custody for refusing to "take the king as head of his church;" and for denying the king's supremacy he was beheaded on Tower Hill. He had anticipated his death: and had caused his tomb to be made in the church at Chelsea; whether his body was interred there is doubtful; but the place is full of memories of him of whom it was quaintly said:—

"When MORE some time had chancellor been,
No MORE suits did remain;
The same shall never MORE be seen,
Till MORE be there again."

A few yards farther—leaving to the right the pretty pier at which steam-boats



CHEYNE WALK.

ply every ten minutes, and where a few of the old watermen still linger—we reach that famous row of "good houses," known as Cheyne Walk*—one of the most memorable "bits" that skirt the river-side from its rise to its fall.

A few steps onward, if we are foot passengers, "a row" of a hundred yards if we are voyagers—passing on the left the old "Physic Garden," bequeathed, in the year 1673, by Charles Cheyne, Esq., Lord of the Manor of Chelsea, to the company of Apothecaries for a term of years, and afterwards purchased and presented to them by Sir Hans Sloane—and we reach the long-renowned



CHELSEA HOSPITAL: SIDE VIEW.

Hospital of Chelsea. We picture the side view, as it is seen on ascending or descending the river. Assuredly there are few who cross the Thames to visit either the railway station at Battersea, or Battersea Park, who will not have their attention directed to this deeply interesting monument of an age which is unhappily suggestive less of pride than of humiliation: but of which this home for battle-tryed and weather-beaten soldiers is one of the redeeming points; where for two centuries the brave men who receive grateful proofs of a nation's gratitude tell—

"How fields were won."

* Our view of Cheyne Walk is taken from the centre, looking towards London. The first house on the left, with the old sign-board in front of it, is "Don Saltero's Coffee-house," a place much renowned in the days of Queen Anne, and celebrated by Steele, in his *Tatler*. Himself and other wits of the day patronised its proprietor, James Salter, whom they christened "Don Saltero;" he had been servant to Sir Hans Sloane, and opened this house in 1695, with a collection of curiosities, the refuse of Sir Hans Sloane's collection, calling his house "the Museum Coffee-house." It was greatly added to by continued gifts, and this "eminent barber and antiquary," as Steele styles him, became famous for his "curiosities." The walls were covered with glass cases, stuffed alligators hung from the ceiling, and a "catalogue of the rarities to be seen," published, "price twopenny;" it is a singular specimen of what were popular curiosities a century ago:—"A piece of Solomon's Temple;" "Job's tears which grew on a tree, wherewith they make anodyne necklaces;" "a giant's tooth;" "a young frog in a tobacco-stopper;" and "a flea-trap,"—are among the "curiosities;" with which, however, were mixed really curious things. Pennant mentions having been taken there when a boy, and that his father saw there Richard Cromwell, "a little and very neat old man, with a most placid countenance."

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

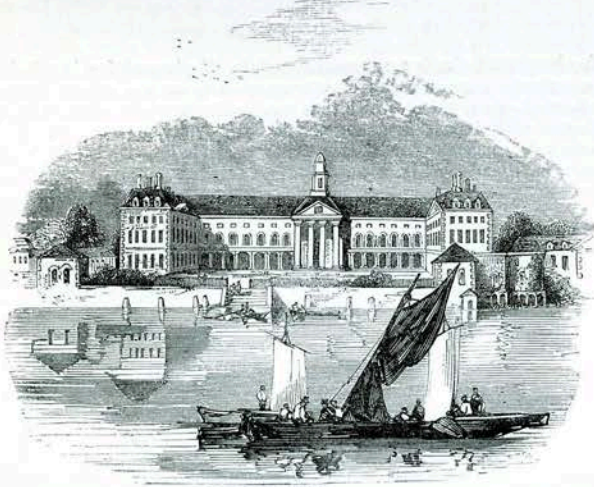
PART XX.

OF Chelsea Hospital the front view is the most striking; for, though it does not possess any very remarkable architectural feature, it has a certain "nobility of look," and all its associations are of great interest. The foundation of the hospital—or, as its inmates prefer to call it, "the college"—is known to have been one of the few good deeds of the voluptuary Charles II.—a king who proved an exception to the rule as regarded the sovereign

"Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."



There is a tradition, but it is without proof, that "the merry monarch" was influenced to this merciful act by his mistress, Nell Gwynne. Be it as it may, it was a fortunate circumstance for the country. Many a battle has been won for these kingdoms by the knowledge that the maimed soldier can never be a deserted beggar—by the certainty that honourable scars will be healed by other ointment than that of mere pity—by the assurance that shelter and comfort are prepared for the wounded or aged, of whom a nation becomes the guardian and protector.



CHELSEA HOSPITAL: FRONT VIEW.

Battersea Park has been laid out only within the last two or three years, it is therefore in its infancy—the shrubs are miniatures; but to the next generation it will be one of the chief adornments of the metropolitan suburbs.



BATTERSEA BRIDGE.

From it we look upon the old wooden bridge, and the Dutch-looking church and village of Chelsea. Beyond the hospital is the new bridge, constructed by Thomas Page, Esq.; it is a toll bridge, and it has been pleasantly said that, "Government gave a park to the people, and placed a toll-bar at the gate to

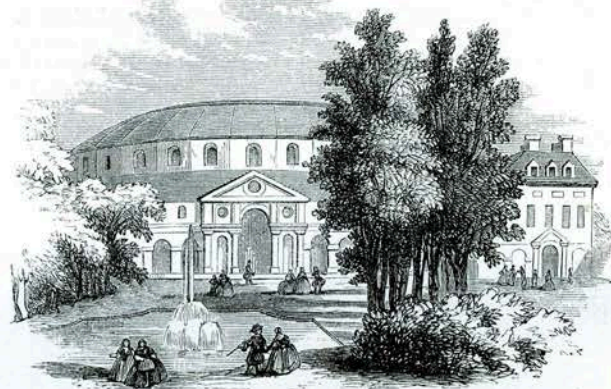
keep them out of it." The bridge is the most beautiful of the many that cross the Thames between its source and its fall into the sea; and its value is much enhanced by the charmingly constructed station that stands in a dell almost at



THE NEW BRIDGE AT CHELSEA.

its foot—"the West End Crystal Palace Station," that communicates also with Brighton and the southern counties of England.

Close to the gardens of Chelsea College, on the London side, stood the once-famed Ranelagh. The line of trees which parts the college garden from the small garden appropriated to the veterans who are here domiciled after their warlike labours, was once a part of the "walks" of Ranelagh; and a few years ago the remains of the lamp-irons which lit it were still upon some of the tree stems. This most aristocratic place of amusement was opened in 1742. The great feature of the spot was an enormous rotunda, a hundred and eighty-five feet in diameter, in which concerts took place, and which is the conspicuous object in our view, copied from a print published in 1743. Royalty and nobility



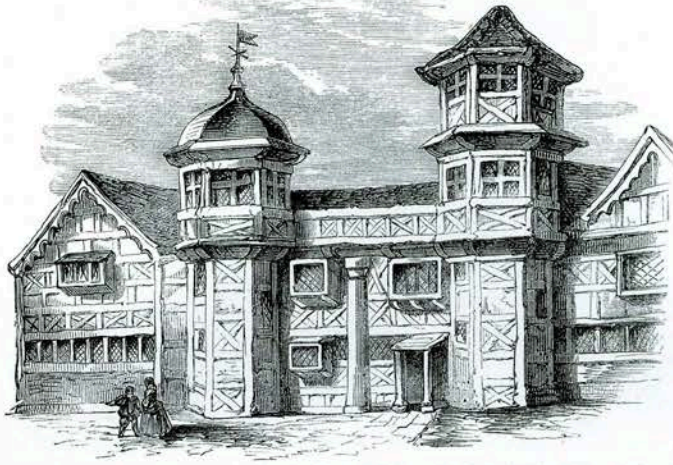
RANELAGH.

patronised the place largely; but its reign was brief; fashion soon changed, and in 1804 it was taken down. The new road from Sloane Street to the Suspension Bridge passes over a part of the grounds.

The whole of the district hence to Westminster, and from the river inland to Pimlico, was formerly a most lonely and dangerous locality, and so continued until the commencement of the present century. The Five Fields and Tothill Fields, which comprehended nearly the whole space, were desert spots, crossed here and there with footpaths and raised causeways, flanked by ditches, which divided a few wretched gardens, and having some half-dozen ruined sheds scattered over the ground, inhabited by the very worst classes of the London community, and where it was not safe for strangers to travel. Hollar has preserved its features in his "view of the pest-houses" in Tothill Fields in 1665: London is seen in the distance, as if on the confines of a desert. Now the spot is thickly covered with houses, streets, and squares, and aristocratic Belgravia occupies the once worthless marsh land of old Chelsea.

The opposite bank of the river was sacred to the market-gardener until a very recent period. The first great change was effected by the South-western Railway, which fixed its opening station originally at Nine Elms, where an extensive goods station still remains. Between this spot and Vauxhall Bridge thirty years ago was a place of general recreation known as Cumberland Gardens. The bridge which crosses the Thames at Vauxhall is of cast iron, and was begun by Rennie, and finished by Walker. It was opened for traffic in 1816. The trees seen above the houses at the foot of the Surrey side of the bridge are those of Vauxhall Gardens, which have been of late years only opened at long intervals; they were long the glory of English pleasure-gardens, frequented by the highest in the land, from the gay days of Charles II. to those of "the Regency," and were celebrated in musical history for talent of the highest kind here introduced

to the public.* In the old orchestra, whose towering summit may be seen from the Thames, the greatest musical celebrities have sung. Handel, and Drs. Arne and Hook, superintended its concerts, and Hogarth decorated it with paintings. It obtained its name from a very old mansion which once stood near it. This



FAWKES-HALL.

old manor-house of Fawkes-hall, as it existed in the reign of Charles I., is shown in our engraving; at that time it was described as a "fair dwelling-house, strongly built, of three stories high, and a pier staircase breaking out from it nineteen feet square." This staircase occupied one of the towers, in accordance with the ancient plan, and the house was a curious specimen of the old timber houses of the gentry in the sixteenth century. It appears to have obtained its name from Foukes de Brent, who married the heiress of the manor, the Countess of Albemarle, sister to Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury; and it was granted by the name of the manor of Foukeshall, by Edward II. to his favourite, Hugh le Despencer. It has always remained with the manor of Kennington as the property of the Crown, and belongs to the Prince of Wales as part of his Duchy of Cornwall.

Dropping quietly down the stream, we often encounter the Luff-berge. As represented in the sketch, it is a smaller class of barge than the square barge of the Thames. They are sharp forward, and appear to be altogether more like an ordinary vessel. Perhaps this accounts for the name of clipper-berge, which they are sometimes called. They are rigged with a sprit and foresail, without a mizen, and generally carry goods where larger vessels are unable to go; their trade is mostly confined to London and the upper part of the river.



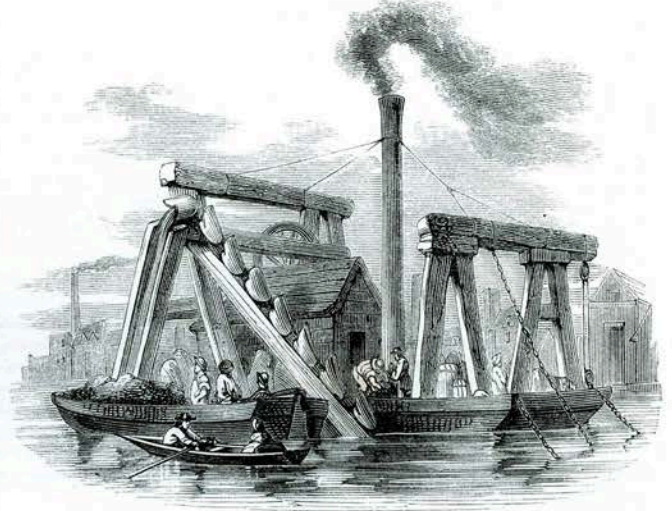
THE LUFF-BARGE.

On the Middlesex bank of the river, at a short distance from the bridge, we may note one of those steam-boat piers, which have been such conspicuous objects in our journey from Wandsworth to London, and which the traffic in cheap boats has rendered necessary for the thousands of passengers who have again taken "the silent highway of the Thames" for their road. Twenty years ago this enormous traffic did not exist, and in the early part of the last century, fishermen threw their nets in the river here, not without hope of a salmon. Now, the water is in a constant state of turmoil and mud, rendering the

* It has given a name to similar places abroad, where "Wauxhall" indicates generally a garden illuminated for promenades and singing. Its old title is given by Pepys, in his Diary, who often notes going "by water to Fox Hall, and then walked in Spring Garden." Over the gate of the old house, erected for his own residence by Jonathan Tyers, the proprietor, at the early part of the last century, the old name, "Spring Garden," may still be seen.

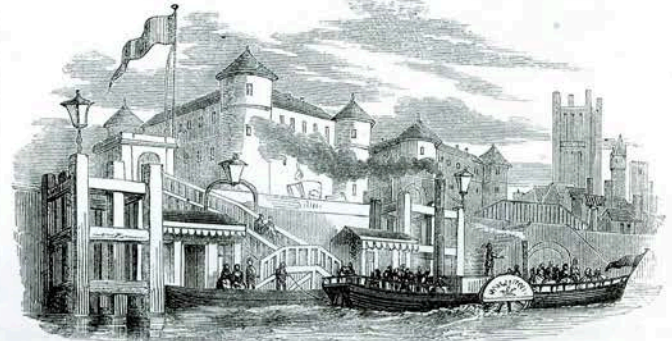
necessity for occasional visits, at different spots, of the Ballast-dredger—heavy looking but picturesque boats, that clear the stream by a rotary series of iron-buckets, which dig into the soil, fill themselves, and, passing up an incline, empty into a boat beside them the deposit of gravel and mud.*

The Millbank Prison, once termed the Penitentiary, which is seen in the background of our view of the pier, is the only great prison on the Thames



BALLAST-DREDGER.

bank; its ground-plan is very peculiar, and, in all plans of London, looks like an ornamental star; a series of wings radiate towards a centre, where the governor's house is placed, which thus commands the whole establishment. It originated with Jeremy Bentham, and is chiefly used for hardened offenders, or criminals condemned to transportation or the hulks. Lambeth is on the opposite bank, and consists, as we see it from the river, of boat-builders' houses,

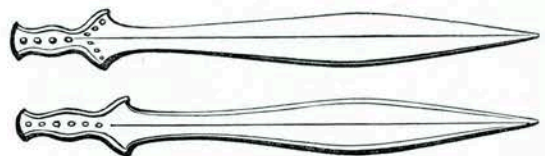


MILLBANK PRISON AND STEAM-BOAT PIER.

lightermen's sheds, gas-works, manufacturers of cement and glue, potteries for stoneware, † drain-pipes, &c., and whitening-makers, whose wooden-framed open warehouses, with their thousands of "pennorths" drying in the air for the use of the London housemaids, are conspicuous objects in the uninviting scene. Lambeth palace and church now come in view; they are among the most interesting old buildings on the banks of the river. The church was rebuilt in 1852, and is a beautiful example of modern restoration; before that time it was in a most neglected and unsightly state—now it is a model of neatness, and the memorial windows are very beautiful: ‡ one is dedicated to the late Archbishop Howley, whose career was especially deserving this recognition.

Close beside it is the old brick gate-house of the palace, for more than six centuries the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury; it was built by Arch-

* Curious things are occasionally "fished-up" from the Thames by these machines. The Seal of Edward I. for the port of London was found in 1810, and has been engraved in "Hone's Every-Day Book," vol. ii. We engrave two bronze swords found in the

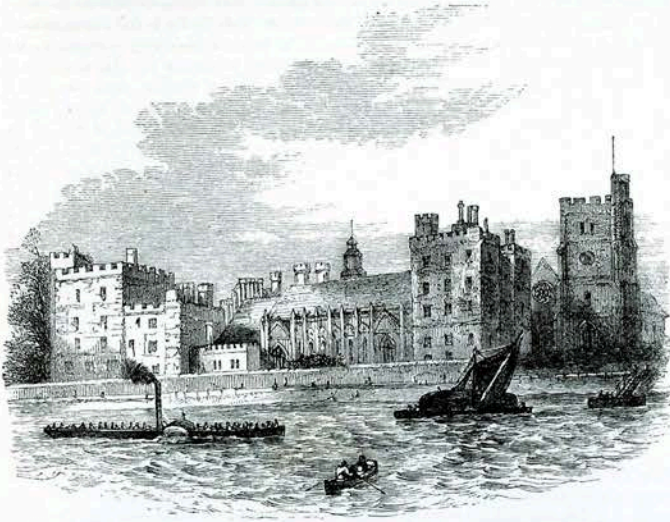


Thames, near Vauxhall; they are the primitive weapons of the ancient Britons; and, as others precisely similar are found in Phœnicia, they are probably what were brought by the ancient traders in exchange for British tin.

† "The Vauxhall Pottery, established two centuries since, by two Dutchmen, for the manufacture of old Delft ware, is probably the origin of all our modern potteries."—*Curiosities of London*. By J. Timbs, F.S.A.

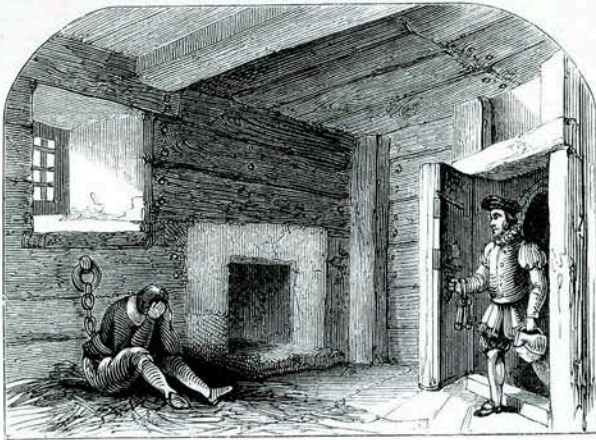
‡ In the church-yard, which is also beautifully kept, is the tomb of John Tradescant, who, at his house in the fields beyond, formed the first important museum in this country, in the reign of Charles II. It passed, at his death, to Elias Ashmole (who is also buried here), and now forms part of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

bishop Morton at the close of the fifteenth century. On the water-side it is connected by a long brick wall with the Lollards' Tower; above this wall may be seen the noble old hall (now converted into a library), which was built



LAMBETH PALACE.

by Archbishop Juxon in the reign of Charles II. The Lollards' Tower is faced with stone towards the river, and still bears on that side the arms of Archbishop Chicheley, by whom it was built in 1435; beneath them is an ornamented niche, where a figure of St. Thomas-a-Becket was once placed. The prison is in the small adjoining tower, only to be entered by a steep staircase leading from the larger one. It is a narrow irregularly-shaped room, fastened by an oaken door, formed of three layers of wood strongly riveted, and studded with great nails; the door case being of arched stone. The room is about eight feet in height, nearly fifteen in length, and eleven feet wide; it is lighted by two deeply recessed narrow windows; the walls and ceiling are thickly covered



THE LOLLARDS' PRISON.

with wood.* A few names and inscriptions have been cut in this wood by unhappy prisoners once confined here; the rings which chained them still remain. These lonely walls speak loudly of the nature of the good old times, when "dissent" led quickly to "death."†

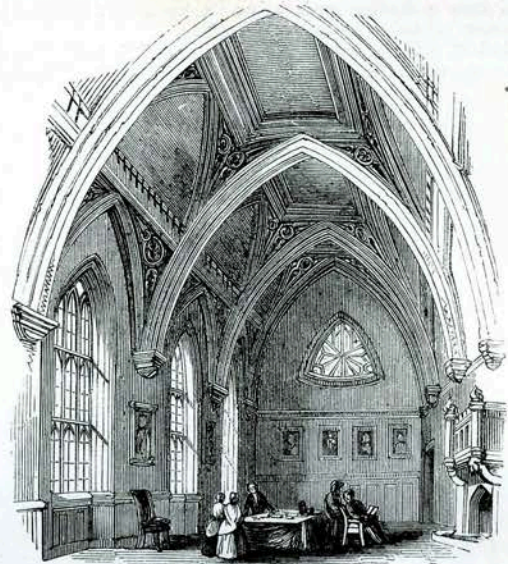
We cannot here dwell on the interesting associations this venerable palace conjures up in the mind, nor attempt to record the varied impressions that a visit within its ancient walls occasions. For the artist it abounds with antique "bits," one of its most picturesque rooms, the "Guard Chamber," we engrave. It is mentioned by that name as early as 1424, and in it Archbishop Laud held his state on the day of his consecration. The roof is singularly elegant, with oaken ribs richly carved; it was admirably restored in 1832, having been previously hidden by a flat ceiling of plaster. The palace was generally restored about the same time. The gardens and grounds cover eighteen acres; but they are now surrounded by houses and factories that deface their beauty and destroy their salubrity.

From Lambeth to the opposite bank is one of the oldest ferries on the river, leading to "the Horseferry Road," which obtains that name from this ancient river-way. A succession of coal and corn wharves now lines the banks until

* A modern author has imagined that this was for the "comfort" of the prisoners; such an idea did not exist in the old times. It was intended to deaden all sound of the voice, either in talking, or under the influence of torture; and is upon "the approved model" of the horrible dungeons of Germany and Italy.

† Though popularly known as the "The Lollards' Tower," it cannot be proved with certainty that Wickliffe's followers were imprisoned here, but the great Reformer was examined in the old chapel of this palace, and it is more than probable that some of his sect were confined here. The inscriptions above-named seem to belong to the era of Henry VIII.

we reach the Houses of Parliament; this magnificent pile starts up like a glorious giant from the hovels near it. Its history is too well known to require lengthened notice here. Designed and erected by Sir Charles Barry,



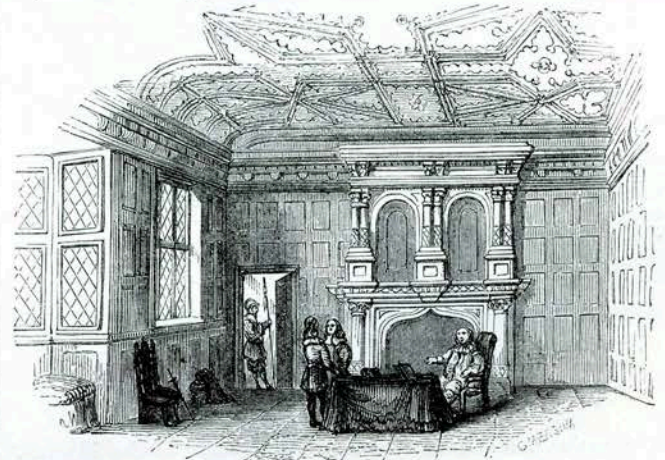
GUARD CHAMBER, LAMBETH PALACE.

the buildings cover nearly eight acres of ground; the river front is 940 feet in length; and there are more than 500 apartments in the entire pile, exclu-



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

sive of official residences, state apartments, and the "Houses" of the senate of England. Before the great fire of October 14, 1834, the river-frontage exhibited



STAR-CHAMBER.

a strange mixture of old brick and stone buildings, with the stone front of the ancient "Chapel of St. Stephen" in the midst. The Speaker's house and garden were here; and close to the bridge was the old "Star Chamber," rendered memo-

rable by the state prosecutions of Charles I. From this official department issued the numerous levies, forced loans, and royal prosecutions, which led to the great civil wars. The building was taken down in 1836; our engraving is copied from a drawing made before its demolition: it received its name from the stars painted on its ornamental ceiling.

The old Hall of Westminster now forms the vestibule to the Houses of Lords and Commons, and the Law Courts. It was happily uninjured by the great fire

eye view enables us to see a portion of St. James's Park beyond, and the canal in its centre edged with trees.

Along the banks of the Thames, in the olden time, were a series of noble residences extending from Whitehall to the Temple. The first and noblest of these was Suffolk House, which occupied the site of the present Northumberland House, erected on the site of the dissolved hospital of St. Mary Rouncival, by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, in the reign of James I. He died there in 1614, and it then became the property of the Earl of Suffolk, and was called Suffolk House, when it was sketched by Hollar in the early part of the reign of Charles I. This sketch is preserved in the Pepysian Library, and is copied in our cut; it was a large quadrangular mansion, inclosing a courtyard, its lofty towers rising proudly on each side. The domestic offices were detached from the main building, and reached to the water-side; the space between, shaded by tall trees, was laid out in walks and gardens. A gate in the centre and a flight of steps led to the Thames—an essential convenience, when every nobleman kept his barge and liveried waterman, and the river was a great highway.



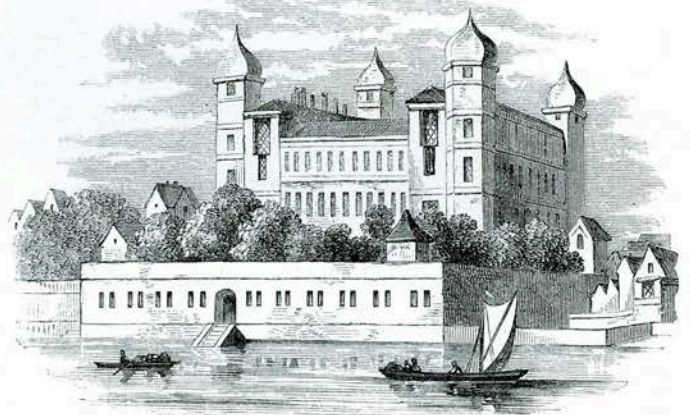
WESTMINSTER HALL.

which destroyed the surrounding buildings. Our engraving exhibits the Law Courts as they were seen at the commencement of the present century, and is copied from a painting obligingly lent to us by the Lord Chief Baron. The buildings to the left were those first removed along with the Star Chamber; the Law Courts retained at the furthest angle some of the brick-work of the sixteenth century.

Westminster Bridge, the work of Labeleye, a Swiss, was the second erected over the Thames, London having but one bridge until the year 1750, when this was opened. It was built on caissons, and the foundations are bad; the stone is also decayed, and the bridge now ruinous. At the present time workmen are employed night and day on the construction of a new bridge of iron, with stone piers, which is being executed by Mr. Page, who erected that at Chelsea.

Richmond Terrace, and the houses in "the privy garden" (in one of which Sir Robert Peel died), occupy the site, as they partly preserve the name, of the Royal palace and gardens which once covered the spot, and were destroyed by a fire in January, 1698, through the carelessness of a Dutch washerwoman, one of William III.'s servants. It was an inconvenient series of old buildings, all of it that now remains being Inigo Jones's famous banqueting-hall, the only portion ever executed of the great architect's grand design for its entire renovation.

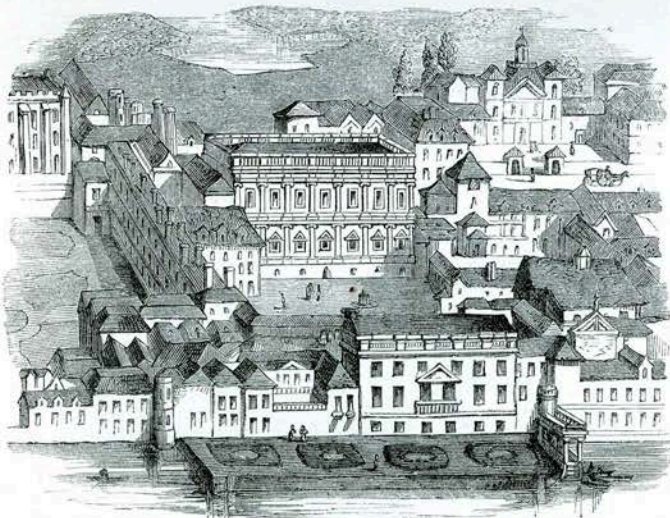
The palace of Whitehall, with its gardens and surrounding buildings, as it appeared in the reign of Charles II., when seen from the Thames, is given in



SUFFOLK HOUSE.

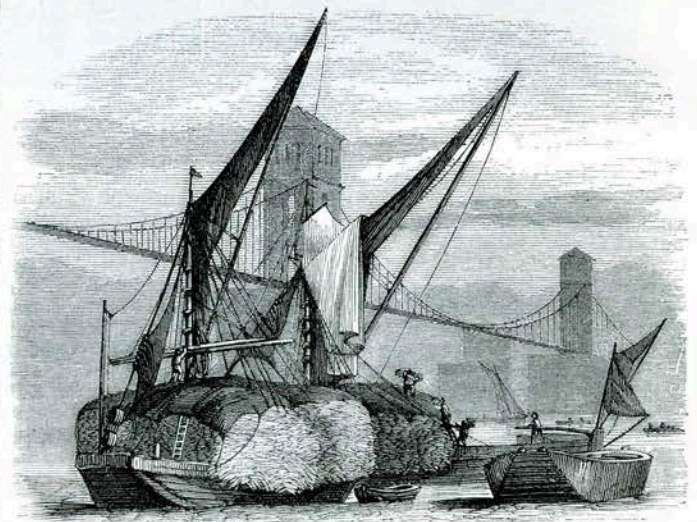
The daughter of this Duke of Suffolk marrying the Earl of Northumberland, the house passed into his possession, and received the name of Northumberland House. Many alterations have been made in it, but it is still the most interesting aristocratic residence in London, retaining its old garden, separated from the Thames only by the wharves in Scotland Yard, above which wave the tree-tops, shutting out all surrounding houses from the quiet garden, and giving an air of almost pastoral repose to the back of the noble mansion, whose roof, crowned by the lion crest of the duke, can be distinguished from the river. It is the last of the old palatial residences of the nobility left to grace its banks.

We next reach Hungerford Market,* with its picturesque suspension bridge for foot passengers, completed in 1845, under the direction of Mr. I. K. Brunel, and notice the group of hay-boats, with their brilliantly painted hulls, and



OLD WHITEHALL.

our engraving, from an ancient drawing in Wilkinson's "Londina Illustrata." The statue of James II. does not appear at the back of the banqueting-house, thus enabling us to fix the date of the original sketch. The privy garden to the left of this, now covered with aristocratic residences, was then a garden, laid out with parterres and fountains, reaching from the Thames to Parliament Street. The old Horse-Guards is seen beyond, and the peculiar nature of this *bird's-*



HAY-BOAT.

brightly coloured sails, unloading at the wharf beside it. They bring their cargoes of hay often from a long distance, and may be seen encountering the roughest weather. A number of them always come up every tide to Hungerford Bridge, where their freight is landed.

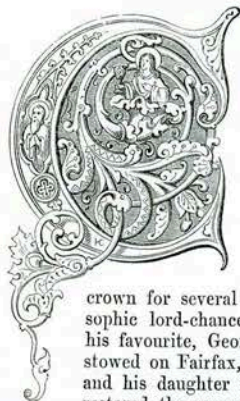
* The market takes its name from Sir Edward Hungerford, who, in the reign of Charles II., had a house on this site, which he converted into a market.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

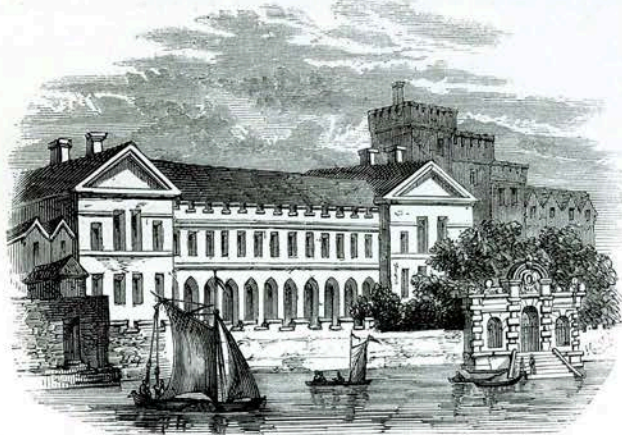
PART XXI.



CONTINUING our course towards the City from Hungerford Bridge, we briefly describe the olden glories of the Thames banks, when the space between the river and the Strand was occupied by the palaces of the nobility. Close beside the bridge, on the site of the present Buckingham Street, stood York House, which we engrave from Hollar's view. It was anciently the town residence of the bishops of Norwich, and obtained its name from the exchange made with the archbishops of York, who adopted it as their palace in London, until Archbishop Mathew, in the reign of James I., exchanged it with the

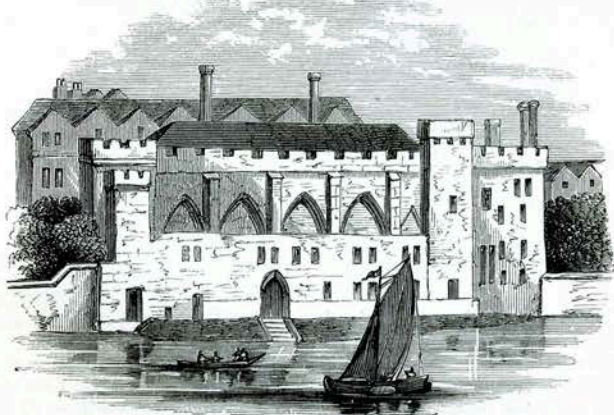
crown for several manors. It was afterwards granted to the philosophic lord-chancellor, Bacon, and, in the reign of Charles I., to his favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. It was bestowed on Fairfax, the parliamentary general, in the great civil war; and his daughter marrying the second Duke of Buckingham, thus restored the property to its earlier owner, who resided here after the

Restoration; but his dissipated habits led to a necessity for its sale: it was then pulled down, and various streets were built on the site, which preserve his worthless name in the titles "George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, Of Alley,



YORK HOUSE.

and Buckingham Street." The house was a noble building, remarkable for the sumptuous character of its internal fittings, as well as for the fine antiques the duke had purchased from Rubens. The stairs which led to the river were surmounted by Inigo Jones's celebrated water-gate, still standing at the end of Buckingham Street, one of the most interesting and beautiful relics of ancient architecture in the metropolis. The garden joined that of Durham House.



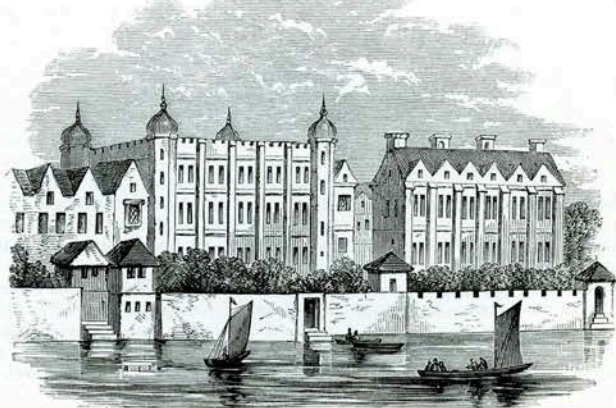
DURHAM HOUSE.

Durham House, which stood on the site of the present Durham Yard, and occupied that portion of ground now covered by the Adelphi,* possessed very

* The Adelphi was built by the brothers Adam, and named from the Greek word (ἀδελφοί, brothers), in compliment to them, because of the difficulties they had surmounted in erecting the important structure on what was bad and unprofitable ground—a muddy deposit from the Thames. It is constructed on vast arches, celebrated as the "night residence" of houseless and abandoned persons, the "Pariahs" of London life.

great historic interest, and preserved some antique features when Hollar drew the sketch (about the year 1640) from which our engraving is copied. The strong walls of stone, the pointed arches, and the fortress-like towers, which appear to have been incorporated with more modern work, seem to be portions of the old work of the bishops of Durham, whose town residence was fixed here as early as the reign of Edward I. Bishop Tonstal surrendered it to Henry VIII., who converted it into a royal palace, giving in exchange the building known as "Cold Harbour," in Thames Street. Edward VI. granted Durham House to his sister Elizabeth as a temporary residence, but Mary, on her accession to the throne, returned it to the see of Durham. Elizabeth afterwards gave the use of the house to the great Sir Walter Raleigh, but he was obliged, after her decease, to restore it to the episcopal see. The mansion was not long tenanted by the bishops, but was purchased in 1640 by the Earl of Pembroke; it was pulled down in the early part of the last century, and the ground covered with houses.

Salisbury House was separated from it only by a small garden, and was built in the reign of James I. by his treasurer and secretary, Robert Cecil, Earl of

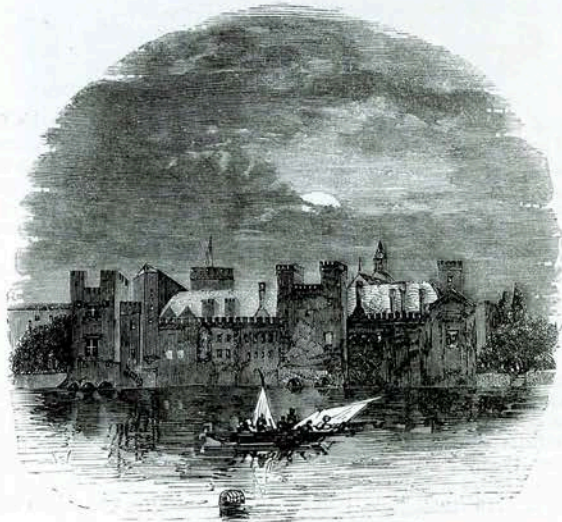


SALISBURY AND WORCESTER HOUSES.

Salisbury. It was a massive rectangular building, with turrets at the angles, and presented an imposing frontage to the Thames. After the earl's death it was divided into two mansions, and then sub-divided; ultimately converted into an exchange, but having no success through all changes, it was purchased by builders, and Salisbury and Cecil Streets were erected on its site.

Close beside Salisbury, stood Worcester, House, which, in the reign of Henry VIII., belonged to the see of Carlisle, but then passed into the hands of the earls of Bedford, and from them to the earls of Worcester, the last of whom died here in 1627. His son being created Duke of Beaufort, it then changed its name to Beaufort House; and the space of ground it once occupied is still marked by Beaufort Buildings in the Strand, erected after its destruction by fire through the carelessness of a servant. Pennant informs us that the great Earl of Clarendon lived in it before he built his celebrated mansion in Piccadilly, paying for it at the extravagant rate of £500 per year, a sum fully equal to £1200 at present.

The old palace called the Savoy was the next important residence on the river-bank. It was a fortress-like building close upon the stream, and without the



THE SAVOY.

intervening garden which characterized the others. It was originally founded by the Earl of Savoy in the reign of Henry III., and rebuilt by Henry, Duke of Lancaster. Here was imprisoned John, King of France, who died within its

The centre house of the terrace, No. 5, was occupied by Garrick, who died in it, Jan. 20, 1779, and there "lay in state" previous to his interment at Westminster. His widow also resided there, dying in the same room as her husband, in 1822.

walls. It was burnt by the "rabble rout" who followed Wat Tyler, afterwards restored as a hospital by Henry VII., suppressed by Edward VI., re-endowed by Queen Mary, and continued as a hospital and sanctuary, "a nursery of rogues and masterless men throughout that century." Strype describes the old building as "very ruinous" in 1720. It was patched up, and chiefly used as a barrack for soldiers and a prison, until its final destruction in 1816 to form the approaches to Waterloo Bridge. The old chapel, once within the walls, remains, and is a curious relic, containing many old monuments.

The Surrey bank of the river between Westminster and Hungerford Bridges comprises the district known as "Pedlar's Acre," a piece of ground given to the parish of Lambeth, and situated on the verge of the Thames. Popular tradition asserts the gift to have been made by a pedlar, who owned the land, on condition that himself and his dog should be commemorated on one of the church windows. We engrave this far-famed piece of glass-painting, which is certainly of the time of Elizabeth; but there is no record in the parish accounts to justify the old tale.*



A PEDLAR.

The Lion Brewery and the great Shot Tower are the most conspicuous objects past Hungerford Bridge. The latter is of cylindrical form, a hundred feet in height. The shot is formed by pouring molten lead from the upper part through small perforations, the drops rounding as they fall to

the bottom in water. The whole of this district was formerly known as Lambeth Marsh, an unwholesome and unprofitable locality, frequently overflowed in high tides. The buildings on this bank have all been erected since the opening of Waterloo Bridge in 1817.

Waterloo Bridge, long celebrated as the finest over the Thames, and praised by Canova, as "the noblest bridge in the world," was constructed by Rennie, at the expense of a public company. It cost £400,000; the approaches, &c., making up the sum to nearly a million.† Close to the foot of the bridge, on the City side, is Somerset House: it is a noble pile, now entirely devoted to



WATERLOO BRIDGE AND SOMERSET HOUSE.

government offices.‡ It was built by Sir William Chambers, and is his finest work. The Thames front is 800 feet in length, and is provided with a terrace, supported on arches, 50 feet above the bed of the river; and is the same number of feet in advance of the main walls. This terrace forms a noble promenade; it is much to be regretted that the public are excluded from what was once an agreeable airing-place for London. Immediately adjoining Somerset House is the modern building, King's College.

The Old Palace of the Protector Somerset, uncle to Edward VI., stood upon this site, and gave name to the present structure; it was a picturesque brick and stone edifice, erected for him from the designs of John of Padua. When the "proud Somerset" was beheaded in 1552, the house devolved to the crown; Edward VI. assigned it to his sister, the Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth; and James I. settled it on his queen, who named it Denmark House, in compliment to her native country. By this time Inigo Jones had added new buildings to it, and this is the condition of the building as exhibited in our view. Here lived Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., and here she founded a convent; here Oliver Cromwell "lay in state," so also did General Monk. It seems to have been considered the private property of the Queens Consort of England, but in 1775 Buckingham House was given to Queen Charlotte in lieu of it.

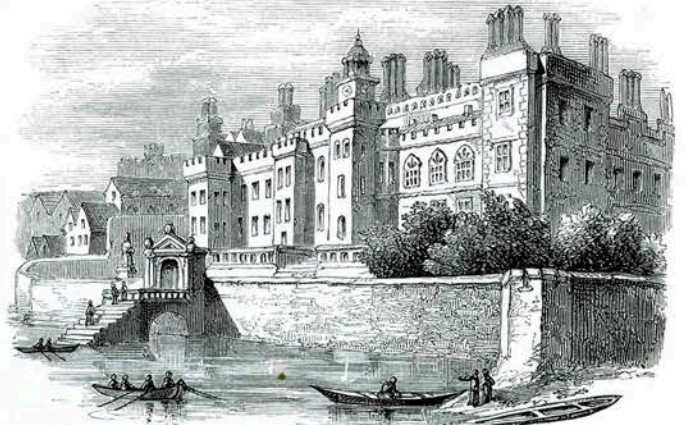
Between this place and the Temple there is now nothing of importance to arrest the attention of the voyager. In the old time the ground was chiefly

* Some writers believe the glass is a rebus on the name *Chapman*. "Pedlar's Acre" was not called by that name till the end of the seventeenth century: its old name was Church Hopes.

† Owing to the heavy rate of its tolls, it was for a long time unprofitable to the shareholders; so great was its loneliness, that it was almost unsafe at night, and the scene of frequent suicides.

‡ Except the rooms granted to the Antiquarian, Astronomical, and Geological Societies.

occupied by two noble mansions and their gardens, the first being Arundel House; the home of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, whose classic tastes



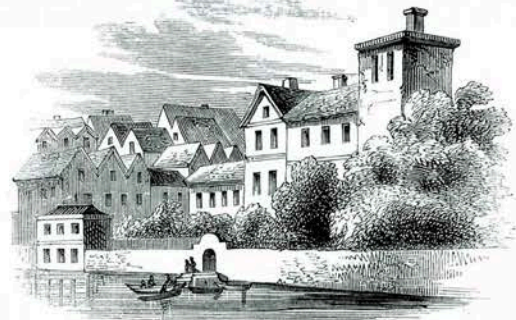
OLD SOMERSET HOUSE.

made the mansion celebrated in the days of James and Charles I., for the rare collection of marbles and gems of all kinds he here collected. At the instigation of Evelyn, the grandson of the earl gave his library to the Royal Society; the marbles being sent to Oxford, where they are still celebrated.§



ARUNDEL HOUSE.

¶ Essex House, adjoining, obtained its name from Queen Elizabeth's unfortunate favourite; and from it he made his unsuccessful attempt to excite a revolt in the city, which led him to the scaffold. It has been well described by Pepys, as "a large yet ugly house;" but it was continuously inhabited by a



ESSEX HOUSE.

series of noble residents until the close of the 17th century, soon after which period it was destroyed for building purposes.

We now arrive at the Temple Stairs, and admire the group of trees which still surround the little fountain that inspired the muse of L.E.L. Close to it is the noble old Hall, remarkable as the only building remaining in which a play of Shakspeare's was acted by his contemporaries,† as part of their Christmas revels. The fine old Garden on the river's bank, has been a garden from the days when the chiefs of the White and Red Rose factions plucked their flowers here as badges for their adherents—a scene so vividly rendered in Shakspeare's "Henry VI." The present gardener has restored the glories of

* In 1646 Hollar engraved the view of London from the roof of this house, which we have copied above.

† It is recorded in the Diary of John Manningham, a student here, as follows:—"Feb. 2, 1601. At our feast we had a play called 'Twelfth Night; or, What you Will.'"

the old garden as well as such glories can be restored to a place in "populous city pent." The show of summer flowers is generally good, but that of chrysanthemums at the close of last year attracted and gratified thousands; the beds being masses of variegated flowers. The picturesque group, called "New Paper Buildings," of red brick and stone, forming so striking a feature at the eastern side, was erected by Sidney Smirke, A.R.A., in 1848. The memories that are associated with this spot, the early home of the Knights Templars of London, the solemn old church, where their effigies still lie, and where such men as Selden and Oliver Goldsmith repose, demand a volume for their due description. Between the Temple and Blackfriars Bridge, was the old lawless district known as "Alsatia," celebrated by Scott in his "Fortunes of Nigel;" he there gives a vivid and true picture of the loose characters by whom it was inhabited. Its proper name was "Whitefriars," from the church of the Carmelites, originally founded in the 13th century, which, with the monastic establishment, were destroyed at the Reformation; but the privileges of sanctuary continued, until it became a nest of ruffians, fraudulent debtors, and the worst members of society, who crowded into the narrow lanes, where the law had no power. It ultimately became so dangerous a nuisance that its privileges were abolished, and the district is now principally occupied by factories and gas-works.

The Southwark side of the river, originally low marsh land, is now thickly covered with houses; the river-bank presenting a continued series of wharves, where may be constantly seen groups of barges, such as are depicted in our cut.



BARGES AT BLACKFRIARS.

They have discharged their cargoes, and are waiting for high water, to be "off" with the next ebb. The principal vessel in the cut is one of the old fashioned, square bowed, flat-bottom barges, having a large hatchway in the centre for the cargo, with the small bunk, or cabin, for the crew. She also carries ingenious weather-boards, to prevent the great amount of lee way a vessel without a keel would make beating in a fresh breeze. The sails consist of a spreet, foresail, and mizen, and her mast lowers down by the forestay, during the passage under bridges. The crew consists of a captain and three or four men.



FLEET BRIDGE.

On the Surrey side of the river, and exactly opposite Somerset House, was a celebrated old place of amusement, known as Cuper's Gardens. They were formed by a gardener of that name, who had been servant to the Earls of Arundel; and he laid them out in shady walks, arbours, and flower-beds, decorating them with such antique fragments as the earl was willing to spare him. Some few of these were afterwards found in the Thames, and excited much curiosity. The gardens, which ultimately obtained a bad repute, were closed in 1753.

Blackfriars Bridge, the third bridge built in London, was erected by Robert Mylne, and opened for general traffic in 1769. The bridge and approaches cost the City £273,000. It has been since repaired at a cost of £74,000. Close beside the bridge (on the west of the London end) is a large arched sewer, which

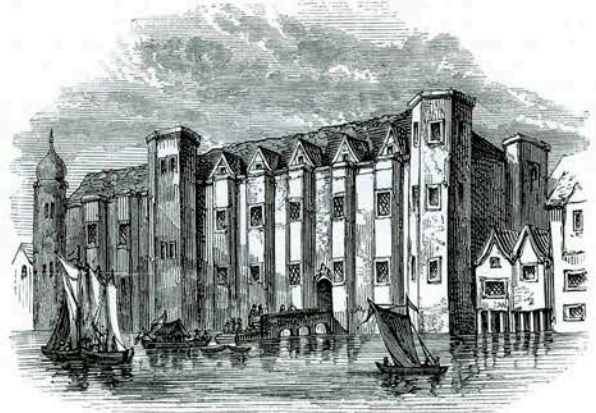
is all that now represents the old river Fleet, thus converted into an immense drain; but in the olden time it was a stream wide enough to allow barges to go inland as far as Holborn, and spanned by a bridge near the Thames, "after the manner of the Rialto, at Venice." There is preserved in the library at Guildhall, a curious painting, executed at the early part of the last century (attributed to Canaletti, but most probably by Hogarth's friend Scott), which preserves a view of the "River Wells," as it was anciently called, but which had obtained an unsavoury reputation at that time, not a little aided by the severe lines of Pope, who summoned the heroes of his "Dunciad"—

"Where Fleet ditch, with disemboing streams,
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames."



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The number of church steeples that now crowd above the city wharves, compared with the few seen farther west, brings to memory the remark of Sir Roger de Coverley, who argued therefrom on the morality of the two districts. Grandly above all, rises St. Paul's Cathedral, the noble work of Sir Christopher Wren, to whose genius we are also indebted for the greater number of the church steeples that also invite attention. The river-banks are lined with tall warehouses, where once stood Baynard's Castle, an antique edifice, so called from a follower of William of Normandy, its original occupant. It was a strong but gloomy pile, the occasional residence of many remarkable people, and the scene of some few historic events, one of which is immortalised by Shakspeare, in his "Richard III." On many occasions of formality it was used as a royal palace,



BAYNARD'S CASTLE.

until the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and was ultimately destroyed in the great fire of London, although it still gives its name to the Ward* in which it stood.

A short distance onward and we arrive at the old haven known as Queenhithe.† It retains more of the characteristic features of the Thames bank during the last century than are to be seen in any other part of London. The

* The City of London is divided into twenty-six wards, each governed by an Alderman and one or more deputies; the Mayor is chosen from the Aldermen; he must be a member of one of the twelve great livery companies of merchantmen or traders.



COIN OF ALFRED.

† We engrave a penny of Alfred the Great, found in the mud of the Thames near this spot, and which is of immediate interest here, as it is his "London type," and contains on the obverse, the monogram "Londinium," the letters forming part of each other—a convenient mode of getting a long name in a small compass. These early coins, though excessively rude, are of value in history; and tell of the very low state of general art at the era when they were executed; many are remarkable for their rude imitation of the superior works of the Romans.

old wooden wharves, the boats in the little dock, the high steps leading from the water, and the picturesque tree overshadowing them, seem to belong to the days of Anne, when the traffic in boats on the river was considerable, and the rich

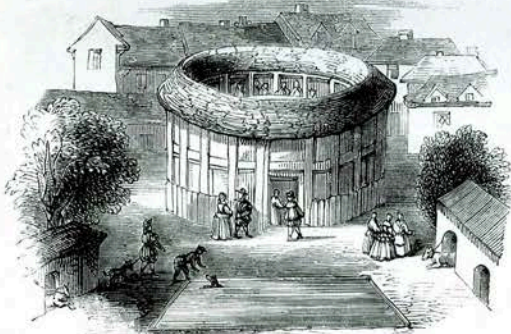


QUEENHITHE.

citizen and his wife would "take water" here for Vauxhall or Ranelagh. It probably obtains its name from the gift of it by King John to his mother, Eleanor, queen of Henry II.; but it was known in Saxon times as "Edrid's hithe," and has been a common quay for nearly nine hundred years.

A short distance further and we reach Southwark Bridge, designed by Rennie, and built by a company at a cost of £800,000. It has only three cast-iron arches, the span of the central one being 240 feet, that of each side arch being 210 feet; the piers and abutments are of stone. It was opened March 22, 1819.

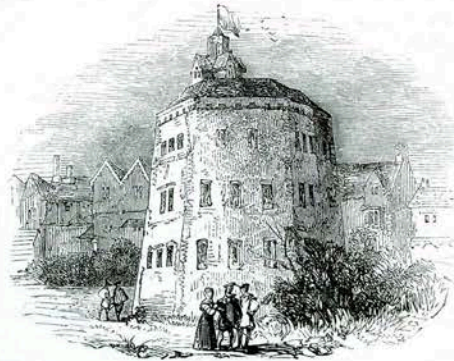
We must now describe the Surrey bank from Blackfriars Bridge, for the most interesting points of its early history are comprised between these two bridges. This side of the water was a gay scene during the reign of Elizabeth, the Londoners being ferried across to the places of popular amusement there thickly located. The Blackfriars Road now passes over the site of "Paris Garden," where bear and bull-baiting rejoiced the citizens, the gala days being usually Sundays. Our cut is copied from the rare woodcut map of London in the time of Henry VIII., in the library at Guildhall, and exhibits in the foreground the kennels for the dogs, and the tanks in which they were washed. A graphic description of the place has been left by Paul Hentzner, a German, who visited it in 1598. He says it was "built in the form of a theatre, for the baiting of bulls and bears: they are fastened behind, and then worried by great English bull-dogs; but not without great risk to the



PARIS GARDEN.

dogs, from the horns of the one, and the teeth of the other; and it sometimes happens they are killed upon the spot: fresh ones are immediately supplied in the place of those that are wounded or tired. To this entertainment there often follows that of whipping a blinded bear, which is performed by five or six men, standing circularly with whips, which they exercise upon him without any mercy, as he cannot escape from them because of his chain. He defends himself with all his force and skill, throwing down all who come within his reach, and are not active enough to get out of it, and tearing the whips out of their hands, and breaking them. At these spectacles, and everywhere else, the English are constantly smoking tobacco. Fruits, such as apples, pears, and nuts, according to the season, are carried about to be sold, as well as ale and wine." The same author mentions the theatres for dramatic representation on this side the water: the most westerly was the Swan, which seems to have gone to decay in the early part of the 17th century. Near that part of Southwark crossed by the road from the iron bridge, stood the most famous of all—THE GLOBE, of which Shakspeare was part proprietor, and for which he wrote his

grandest plays. Its aspect will be best understood from our cut, copied from Visscher's map, 1616. Beside it stood the Rose and the Hope theatres, all receiving their titles from the signs or figures painted or sculptured over their doors. Rose Alley and Hope Alley still mark the sites of these theatres: the more celebrated "Globe," is believed to have stood where the iron-works of Messrs. Sheeres are now located, close beside the bridge.



THE GLOBE THEATRE.

Crossing to the London side of the bridge, our attention may only be directed to the busy wharves and the trading boats near them; one of these we engrave, of peculiar kind; it is termed a "Billy-boy,"—the sailors' name for a round bow and stern coasting schooner: they are excellent sea boats, and, from their box-like form, carry a large cargo. These vessels frequently come from Yorkshire, but are generally found on most parts of the English coast: their masts lower like the London barges for going beneath bridges.



THE "BILLY-BOY."

We meet with no important building until we arrive at the Fishmongers' Hall, at the foot of London Bridge. It is a modern structure, built on the site of the old hall, in 1831. We engrave the original stone-fronted hall that



FISHMONGERS' HALL.

existed on the same spot before the great fire of London, as depicted by Hollar, in 1647, including also some of the wharves and buildings of that era, to complete as near as possible our picture of the banks of the Thames.

We have thus arrived at London Bridge, having been compelled to limit our descriptions to a mere enumeration of the various objects of interest the voyager will meet on his way.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART XXII.



HE various houses from Southwark Bridge to "the turn" leading to Barclay's brewery have nothing to recommend them to notice but that they stand on the spot where the disreputable "garden-houses" of the Shaksperian era were located, and the "stews" that were rented from the Bishop of Winchester. Amid the wharves close to the riverside may still be traced some of the walls of the old palace, which, with its gardens, here occupied a large piece of ground: the old hall was burnt down in 1814; the gardens had been previously built upon. Along the banks are

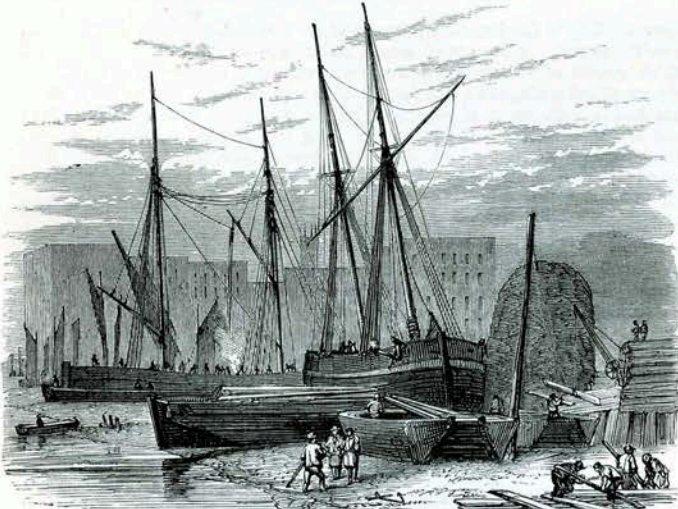
closely "congregated" the coal barges; and a busy scene is there when the colliers unload their freights, by aid of numerous "coal-whippers" employed by dealers. A small creek, called "St. Saviour's Dock," comes nearly up to the principal door of "St. Saviour's," or, as it is sometimes termed, "St. Mary Overy's" Church, one of the finest edifices on the banks of the Thames, but which has been unfortunately "restored," and partly rebuilt. Twenty years ago it was remarkable for the variety of its antique architecture, all of which has been destroyed: the Lady Chapel at the back would have suffered the same

Visscher's view, in 1579. The bridge was at that period covered with houses, a narrow road passing through arcades beneath them; and they abutted on props over the river on either side. The open spaces on the bridge were few; its general aspect is exhibited in our view, as delineated by Hollar, in



OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

1647. It was proudly spoken of by our ancestors; thus, in the translation of Ortelius, published by J. Shaw, in 1603, he says of the Thames,—“It is beautified with statelye pallaces, built on the side thereof; moreover, a sumptuous bridge, sustayned upon nineteen arches, with excellent and beauteous housen built thereon.” Camden, in his great work, the “Britannia,” says,—“It may worthily carry away the prize from all the bridges in Europe,” being “furnished on both sides with passing faire houses, joining one to another in manner of a street.” Two of these buildings we may briefly describe: the first of these was a picturesque wooden gate and tower, erected in 1579: the second, a little further on the seventh and eighth arches from the Southwark side, was the far-famed “Nonesuch House,” a term applied to it from its supposed unique character; it was built entirely of wood, cut and carved in Holland, brought over in pieces, and fastened, when erected on the bridge, with wooden pegs only. The other houses do not demand particular notice; they were allowed to incommode the structure till 1758, when, for considerations of public safety, they were removed. In Scott's view of London Bridge, 1756 (now in the Vernon Gallery), we can trace the ruinous remains of the old Nonesuch House, as well as fragments of the Southwark



COLLIERS UNLOADING.

fate but for the strenuous exertions of the parishioners. It has many curious monuments, the most remarkable being that of the poet Gower, the friend of Chaucer, and the favourite poet of the unfortunate Richard II. Here are also buried Edmund Shakspeare, the youngest brother of the immortal William, and his friend Henslowe, the great theatrical manager; Fletcher, the ally of Beaumont; and, greater than all, Philip Massinger, who died poor, without a mark by which to know his grave, his interment being simply noted in the parish register as that of “a stranger.”



GATE: OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

A strongly-embattled gate protected the entrance from Southwark to Old London Bridge in the reign of Elizabeth, and it was usually garnished with traitors' heads in “rich abundance,” as may be seen in our cut, copied from

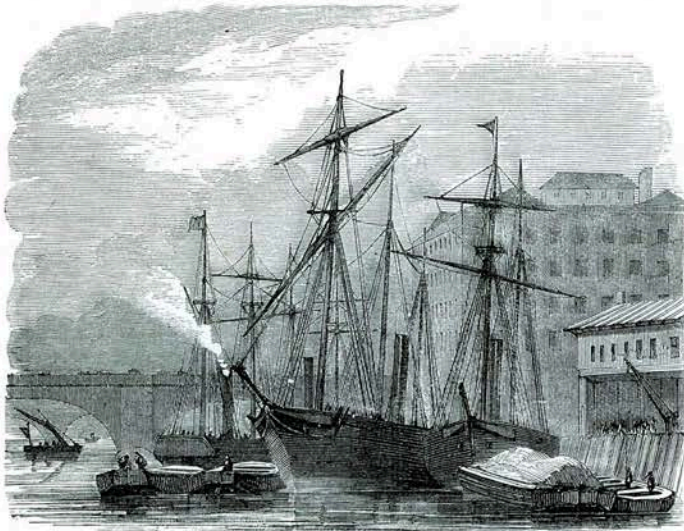


HOUSES ON LONDON BRIDGE, 1756.

Gate, and the squalid buildings that were heaped on the ancient structure. The arches were rendered still narrower by protecting them from the wear of water by wooden starlings, which may be seen in our cut above. By this means many of them were impassable, and others only afforded passage for very small boats; this contraction produced a fall of water of several feet, and at every change of tide it rushed through with great noise and foaming velocity, carrying boats beyond Billingsgate. Many lives and much property were lost yearly, and ultimately this bridge, erected by Peter of Colechurch, in 1209, ceased to be used, after the opening of the new bridge in 1831; soon afterwards it was entirely removed. In the process of clearing away the foundations many antiquities were discovered; it had been the great highway over the Thames from the Roman era, and numerous relics were obtained, varying in date from that period to our own.*

* We engrave such specimens of Roman coins found here as belong to the Britannic

A group of Clippers and sharp-bowed Steamers, all busily taking in cargo or passengers, arrests our attention on the left after passing the bridge: this is at Fresh Wharf. The vessels are unloaded by porters, having an equal number of metal tickets, denoting the quantity each man brings as he delivers his load and his ticket to the warehouseman. By this means fraud is prevented, the



FRESH WHARF.

work is fairly apportioned to each, and they are paid by reckoning the number of tickets delivered to the superintendent. These vessels present a strong contrast in their more graceful outlines to the bluff-bowed colliers and barges that lie so thickly in the vicinity, and serve to indicate the rapid improvement made in ship-building of late years.

A few hundred yards from this wharf and we arrive at Billingsgate, now a fine and convenient market, but a few years since a collection of dirty hovels and stalls,



BILLINGSGATE.

disgraceful to a civilized community. It has been a market from the earliest times, and the toll on fishing-boats is noted in the laws of Æthelstan, who died A. D. 940.* Opposite the market, in Thames Street, is the New Coal Exchange,

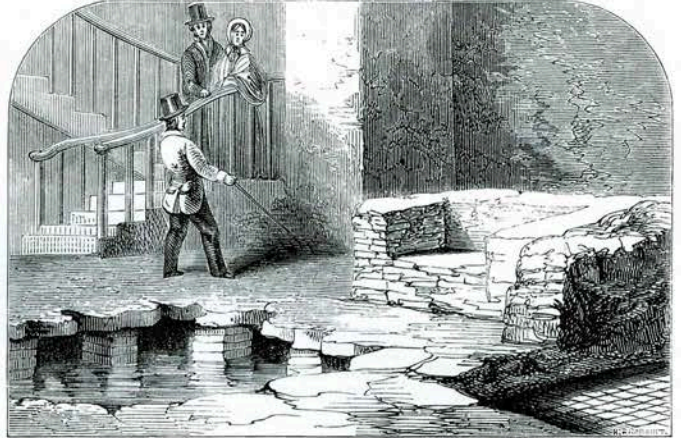
series. The large central coin is one struck by Hadrian, and remarkable for the figure of Britannia, the first time impersonated as an armed female seated on a rock. It is the



prototype of the more modern Britannia, reintroduced by Charles II., and which still appears on our copper money. The smaller coins are such as were struck, during the reign of Constantine the Great, in the city of London, and are marked with the letters P. LON., for "Pecunia Londinensis," money of London.

* The name is said to have been derived from Belin, King of the Britons 400 years before Christ. But upon no letter evidence than Geoffrey of Monmouth affords, and which is of not the slightest value; it more probably obtained it from the spot being owned by some one named Billing, or Beling, as it was anciently spelt.

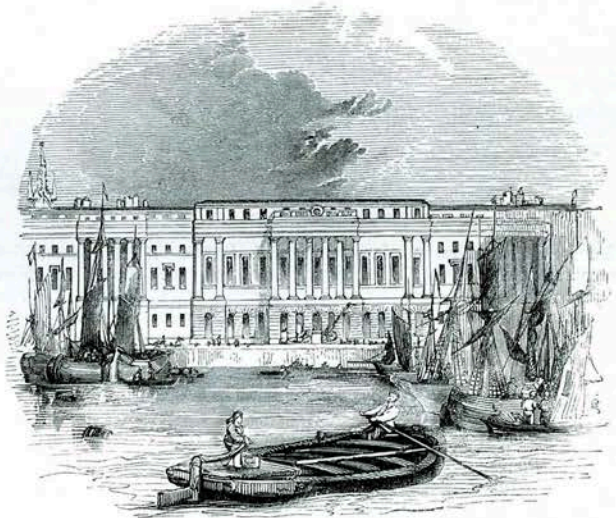
a noble building erected by the eminent City architect, J. B. Bunning, Esq. The circular hall is decorated with figures of fossil plants found in coal strata, and the whole of the decoration is similarly appropriate; it is surrounded by three tiers of galleries, and lighted by a glass dome. In digging for the foundation in 1847, the fragments of a Roman house were discovered; it was built upon piles, and provided with drains to carry off the waste water; beneath the floor of rough stucco and red tesserae was a hypocaust for warming the apartment, and open flues were continued therefrom up the walls. This interesting fragment has been arched over and preserved, and is the only portion of a Roman



REMAINS OF ROMAN HOUSE, COAL EXCHANGE.

house existing in London, though traces of many such have, from time to time, been discovered. A descent of several stairs leads to the ruins now preserved, which consist of the principal fragments exhumed, comprising parts of the hypocaust and walls, and a seat formed of Roman tile. On a lower level beside this seat is a fragment of pavement laid in coarse red tesserae. The visitor now treads upon the pavement where once the Roman inhabitant walked. The hypocaust, supported by blocks of red square tiles, firmly compacted with mortar, is nearly filled with pure spring-water, for which a drain has been provided, so that the same necessity for preventing an overflow is obliged to be adopted now, as was adopted in the days of the Cæsars.

The long façade of the Custom-house next attracts the eye, with its noble esplanade, adjoining Billingsgate Market. It is from the design of Sir Robert Smirke, in 1825, the old Custom-house having been destroyed by fire February 12,



THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

1814. The long room is one of the largest in Europe, being 199 feet by 66, and nearly 40 feet in height. Here is transacted the principal business of our enormous London trade, and no more striking picture of the vast importance of our city can be given than this always busy scene presents.

The Tower of London is the next great feature on the Thames. The esplanade, now closed to the public, once formed an agreeable promenade. We see from the water the Traitors' Gate, with its round towers at each angle, and the deep stone stairs that led to the prison from the water. This gate exhibits a specimen of the most ancient part of the fortifications, being surrounded by a covered way, and provided with loopholes, by which archers might defend it from external assailants, or harass them within if they obtained entrance. Above it rises the Bloody Tower, so named from the traditionary story of its being the scene of the murder of the young princes, sons of Edward IV. It has no doubt been—

"With many a foul and midnight murder fed."

Above all rises the square mass of the White Tower, the oldest part of the buildings, and a conspicuous object from many points of the river. It was erected

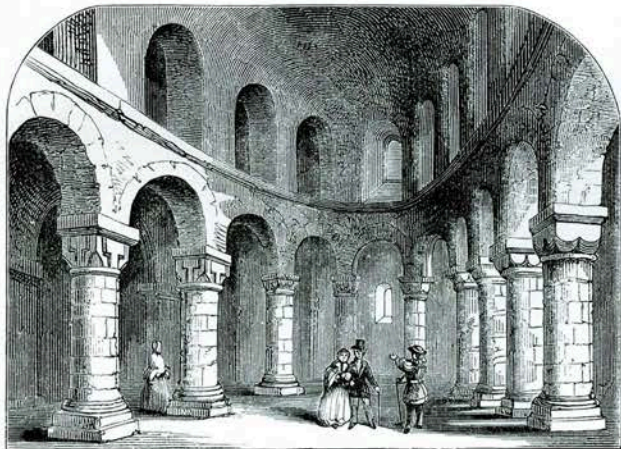
by Gandulph, the clerical architect to the founder, William the Conqueror, and was begun in 1078, the walls are from ten to twelve feet in thickness; it has been occasionally repaired, and the external features somewhat altered by the insertion of windows and the additions of turrets in the time of William III.; but it is substantially ancient: the staircases and rooms are all antique. The



THE TOWER.

council-chamber, and the vaulted rooms on the first floor, are of much interest; but the great feature of the interior is the small chapel of St. John, the most perfect piece of Norman architecture the metropolis can show; and which was used for centuries by our ancient kings when the Tower was their chief royal London residence. It is supported by massive round columns, with capitals simply decorated, and has an ambulatory outside them; the end is apsidal, and it is lighted by deeply-recessed, round-headed windows. It was for a long time used as a repository for records, which have now all been removed.

From the Tower Stairs the view, looking either way, is very striking; the river is crowded with shipping and steamers, and from this point begins that succession of vessels which affords the voyager so grand an idea of the vast trade of the British metropolis. There are, perhaps, few sights in the world more striking—certainly none more calculated to make an Englishman proud of his country. Here are not only the merchantmen of every part of the Queen's dominions, but the ships that bear "to and fro" the wealth of every civilised



CHAPEL IN THE TOWER.

nation and people. "The Pool of the Thames"—for so is named that portion of our noble river that runs between the Isle of Dogs and the Tower—is truly a grand and glorious sight; the proudest "station" in the world: where gather vessels of all sizes, of every form and character, from every seaport of the globe.

The Surrey side of the river, from London Bridge to Rotherhithe, is now covered with warehouses and buildings: anciently it was open fields and grazing grounds; it is only in comparatively recent time that it has been densely populated. The Church of St. Olave, with its low, square steeple, is first noticed after passing London Bridge; the church at the foot of the bridge on the City side is also dedicated to the same saint.* Near it in olden time

* St. Olave was the first Christian king of Norway, and was martyred by his rebellious subjects A.D. 1030. He assisted King Ethelred, his godfather, in driving the Danes from London and Southwark, coming up the Thames with a strong fleet, and planning the destruction of London Bridge, which thus cut off the two bodies of invaders, and made them an easier victory. The dedication of these two churches, on the scene of his prowess, is generally thought to have originated in gratitude for his timely aid. Tooley Street is a modern corruption of St. Olave's Street.

stood the mansions of the Earls of Warren and Surrey, of the Prior of Lewes, the Abbots of St. Augustine, Canterbury, and other important personages. Then came an open space, still known by its old name, Horslydown, where the parish butts were set up for archery in the days of Henry VIII.; a mill belonging to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem was close by the river-side,



SHIPS AT TOWER STAIRS.

and the large monastery of Bermondsey at about half a mile distant from it. Towards the middle of the seventeenth century building commenced in this quarter; it has increased until Rotherhithe has been joined to Southwark by streets.

Rotherhithe is a town of very ancient foundation, and some etymologists derive its name from two Saxon words, signifying "the Sailor's Haven." It was originally part of the royal manor of Bermondsey, and the residence of some of our early kings; Edward III. here fitted out one of his fleets; it is now chiefly remarkable for the Commercial Docks, which are said to occupy the trenches first cut by Canute in the eleventh century, and which extended to Battersea, thus turning Southwark into a sort of island, as a defence against attacks in that quarter. The docks are five in number, and comprise about sixty acres of water and forty of land, and they have immense granaries beside them. Close beside Rotherhithe Church is the entrance to the Thames Tunnel,



ROTHERHITHE CHURCH: TUNNEL PIER.

which unites the banks of the river by an underground communication, consisting of a double passage, conjoined by a central arcade lit with gas, with footways in the centre for pedestrians, and a carriage-way; but as it would require a very lengthy inclined plane to the mouth of the Tunnel on each side, that part of the scheme has never been carried out; foot passengers descend by a well-staircase. Each archway is about 20 feet in height; the entire width of the Tunnel is 35 feet, and at high water it is 75 feet below the surface. It was planned by the late Sir Isambart Brunel, in 1823; and on the 25th of March, 1843, it was first opened to passengers. It is kept open day and night, the toll being one penny; and, on some occasions, a kind of fancy fair has been held in it.

From the Tower to the entry to this Tunnel, at Wapping, the Thames is lined with warehouses, wharves, and docks. Of the latter, the most important are St. Katherine's Docks, in close contiguity to the Tower; they take their name from the old hospital dedicated to St. Katherine, which once stood on this site, and which was founded by Matilda, the wife of King Stephen,

A.D. 1148. When the old buildings were pulled down in 1827, the hospital and church were rebuilt in the Regent's Park. The docks were begun in May, 1827, and finished in October of the following year—a gigantic work, completed in an incredibly short time, by the continuous labour of 2500 workmen. The lock from the Thames has greater depth of water than any other dock-entry; it is 28 feet at some tides, and ships of 700 tons burden can always enter. The warehouses surrounding it are on a gigantic scale, and are specially secure, owing to the lofty walls surrounding them. These docks were planned by Telford, and constructed by Hardwick, at a cost of £1,700,000.

The London Docks adjoin St. Katherine's, and have three entrances from the Thames. They were constructed by John Rennie, and opened in 1805. The larger docks can accommodate more than 300 vessels; there is warehouse-room for 220,000 tons of goods, and cellars for 80,000 pipes of wine. These cellars are one of "the sights" of London, and a "tasting ticket" for wines is a privilege strangers are generally anxious to obtain through merchants who keep stock here. A small dock is exclusively devoted to vessels laden



ISLE OF DOGS.

with tobacco, and a very large warehouse is consigned to its exclusive use, with a furnace near, where damaged or forfeited tobacco is destroyed. To a stranger there is no more curious and instructive sight than the London Docks, and nothing can give a better idea of the vast wealth and trade of the kingdom.

Wapping, Shadwell, and Limehouse (and the hamlets of Ratcliffe and Poplar) are the parishes in which these docks are situate; their churches may be seen from the river, but they are comparatively modern, and call for no especial remark. The tower of St. Anne's, Limehouse, is most conspicuously seen where the river widens to the well-known "Pool of the Thames," and is crowded with



ENTRANCE TO WEST INDIA DOCKS.

craft of all kinds—a more striking scene than can be viewed between London and the Nore. The river here sweeps round "Cuckold's Point," where the gates of the Regent's Canal may be seen; those of the City Canal, which cuts across the Isle of Dogs to save the circuit made by the river opposite Greenwich; and the entrance to the West India Docks. These are said to be the largest in the world; they are nearly three times as extensive as the London Docks, and include about 290 acres. The Import Dock, to the north, can accommodate 250 vessels of 300 tons each; and the southern, or Export Dock, can hold 195. They were commenced in the year 1800, Jessop being the

engineer, and opened two years afterwards: they occupy the whole length of the back of the Isle of Dogs, from Limehouse to Blackwall, and their tall warehouses and tiers of ships rise boldly above its level, and form a striking background as we pass them on the Thames. The canal which cuts across it is nearly three quarters of a mile long, with lock-gates at each end 45 feet in width; it is now chiefly used as a dock.

At Deptford, opposite, we arrive at the first town in Kent: its name has little altered in the course of ages, so that its original meaning, *deep ford*, may



DEPTFORD DOCKYARD.

still be traced. This manor was given by William the Conqueror to one of his followers, Gilbert de Maignent, who erected a castle here. It is chiefly remarkable as the place of residence* of Peter the Great, when he lived here to learn the art of ship building; and as being the Royal Dockyard, established as early as the time of Henry VIII., and continued with improvements to the present day. The whole is immediately under the inspection of the Navy Board: about 1500 labourers are constantly employed here.†

In the river a little below was placed, as a hospital ship for all nations, the *Dreadnought*, which had been famous in many sea-fights of Nelson's era. It



THE OLD DREADNOUGHT.

was used for a charitable institution, supported by voluntary contributions, and the old vessel, now broken up, was granted for the purpose to the Seamen's Hospital Society by the Government. Another line-of-battle ship, formerly the *Caledonia*, has been lately altered at Woolwich, and admirably fitted to receive a larger number of patients. Here also is, at present, moored the great ship-building marvel of the age and the world,—the *Leviathan*, or the *Great Eastern*.

We now arrive at Greenwich. It is a town which has been famous since the days of the Saxons, who named it *Greenwic*, which name it has retained, with a very slight alteration, to the present day. Its park is a favourite resort for the Londoners; its hospital the pride of England.

* Unfortunately, this interesting structure has been recently taken down, and no vestige of it now remains.

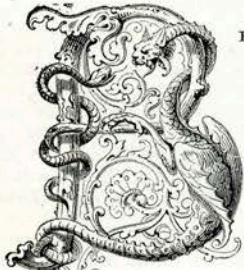
† Deptford Dockyard is famous for its bakehouses and biscuit factory, which are most admirably constructed, and make some of the best bread her Majesty's service is supplied with. It is considered as one of the chief victualing establishments for the navy, but has also some very large slips, where many of our finest vessels have been built. The whole is under the inspection of a captain superintendent.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART XXIII.



BEFORE we visit Greenwich, "THE PALACE HOSPITAL OF ENGLAND," we should pause awhile at Deptford. If we are journeying by land, we have just passed the boundary of the county of Surrey and entered that of Kent, which we do not again leave, inasmuch as it continues to border the right bank of the river all the way to its junction with the sea. Deptford is made famous by its dockyards, commenced here so far back as the reign of Henry VIII.: its supremacy was long maintained; but its neighbour, Woolwich, has usurped the place it formerly held in the naval

history of the country.* Saye's Court, once the residence of John Evelyn, and some time occupied by the Czar Peter the Great, is now entirely gone: but tradition is yet active in the locality, and in the writings of "the lover of trees" may be found much curious matter concerning the Muscovite, who had sadly disturbed the harmony and tried the temper of him who, at all times and in all places, was a worshipper of Nature,—the czar was a "hedge-breaker," who ruined his garden, and who

had "a house full of people right nasty;" and it was a joy to the gentle old man when the time of imperial tenancy—and but a short time it was—expired, and he had again his garden "most boscaresque, being, as it were, an exemplar of his book of forest trees." A small river, the Ravensbourne, joins the Thames



GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

at Deptford.† Rising out of a pure stream on Keston Heath, it pursues its pleasant course,—

"Wanders in Hayes and Bromley, Beckingham vale,
And straggling Lewisham, to where Deptford Bridge
Uprises, in obedience to its flood."

We have been voyaging among the ships of all nations, with huge store-houses, quays, and wharves on either side; the river now, however, widens out, and begins to clear somewhat; the steam-boat has a freer pathway, and may proceed with less hazard of running down some barge or row-boat, of which

* "The society of the Trinity House, founded by Sir Thomas Spert, Comptroller of the Navy to Henry VIII., was first established at this place, and incorporated by the name of "The Master, Warden, and Assistants of the Guild or Fraternity of the most glorious and undivided Trinity, and of St. Clement, in the parish of Deptford, Stroud, in the county of Kent." This company consists of a master, deputy-master, thirty-one elder brethren, and an unlimited number of inferior members, out of whom the elder brethren are elected. Among these are always some of the great officers of state; the remainder are captains either in the royal navy or of merchantmen. This corporation having for its object the increase and encouragement of navigation, the good government of seamen, and the security of merchantmen on the coasts, is invested with the powers of examining the mathematical classes in Christ's Hospital; of examining and licensing masters of ships; appointing pilots both for the royal navy and for merchant ships; settling the rates of pilotage; erecting, ordering, and maintaining light-houses, buoys, beacons, and other sea-marks for the better security of ships; granting license to seamen to row on the Thames in time of peace, or when past service; licensing aliens to serve on board English ships; hearing and determining complaints of officers and seamen in the merchant service, subject to an appeal to the Admiralty. The revenue of the company, which arises from tonnage, ballastage, beaconage, &c., and from contingent benefactions, is applied (after defraying the expenses of light-houses, &c.) to the relief of decayed seamen, their widows, and orphans. The members of this corporation enjoy various privileges and immunities. The ancient Hall at Deptford, where their meetings were formerly held, was pulled down about the year 1787, and an elegant building erected for that purpose in London, near the Tower. The arms of this corporation are Arg, a cross G between four ships of three masts in full sail, proper."—*Lysons*.

† "The name of this place was anciently written Depoford, signifying the deep ford, where the bridge now is over the Ravensbourne."—*Lysons*.

there seems to the inexperienced eye a peril perpetual, all the way from the Tower, through "the Pool," and in the over-crowded highway that leads from London downwards. A sudden turn brings us within view of Greenwich. Those who approach the hospital by driving through any of the pleasant villages that divide it from London—nominally so, indeed, for the road is now a continuation of houses all the way—will see with exceeding delight the glory of England,—the pride of every Englishman! Taken from any point of view it is "a palace"—beautiful in construction, graceful in all its proportions, as grand and imposing a structure as any nation of the modern world can show. But it is especially striking when seen as we voyage the Thames, either upwards or downwards; and dead must be the heart of him who does not share the sentiment—if he cannot repeat the lines—of the poet:—

"Hail! noblest structure, imaged on the wave!
A nation's grateful tribute to the brave:
Hail! blest retreat from war and shipwreck, hail!"

It is not because here many monarchs had their chosen seat, that as a "royal" palace it was famous for centuries—it is not even because it "gave Eliza birth" that we

"Kneel and kiss the consecrated earth;"

but because here three thousand veterans repose after years of tempest and battle—maimed many of them, aged all of them; they have done their work; they have earned repose as the right of toil, and honour as the meed of victory.

The Old Palace at Greenwich, commenced by Duke Humphrey, enlarged by the fourth Edward, added to by Henry VII., embellished by Henry VIII., by whom it was named Placentia, or "the Manor of Pleasaunce,"* and subsequently a favourite residence of Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, and the four kings of the Stuarts, and one of the dwellings of the Lord Protector—that is not the palace our brave seamen inhabit as their own "for ever." After the Restoration, Placentia was in part rebuilt, and during the reign of William and Mary, it was dedicated to its high and holy purpose—the good and merciful suggestion emanating from the Queen. Although principally the work of the architect Wren, it was added to by successive sovereigns, and finally completed by George II.—large sums having been supplied for its "finishing" out of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Derwentwater (in 1715), during the reign of George I.† From these estates, the hospital still derives a revenue, augmented from other sources—a small tax upon all seamen, duties arising from certain lighthouses, market-rents in the town, and forfeited and unclaimed prize-money.

The "old sailors" have their library, their reading-room, their picture-gallery (the famous Painted Hall, which contains a series of glorious records of glorious sea-fights)—their walks in piazzas, under shelter in foul weather, and their park for promenade when the sun is shining; their doctors, their nurses, their spiritual guides, and, above all, their memories of the victories they have aided to win, and the knowledge that duty and gratitude have provided for easing their ailments and comforting their old age.



THE NAVAL SCHOOL, GREENWICH.

At the entrance to the park, fronting it, and immediately behind the hospital, is the Naval School, where numbers of happy boys may be seen during play-hours. The long colonnade on each side was constructed for the use of the boys in wet weather. The whole was built in 1783, from the designs of "Athenian Stuart." The boys are fully educated for sea-service, are bound to it for seven years on leaving the school; and many sailors have been trained here to fight their country's battles, and afterwards repose upon their laurels in their old age, close to the scene of their earliest education.

The terrible experience of the past few years has taught us to estimate our soldiers almost as highly as they deserve: our "brave fellows" in the Crimea, our wonder-working troops in India, have aroused us to the necessity of a "standing army" as well as of a "floating armament." The change, certain as unavoidable, that has followed our colonial increase, renders us no longer in fact an island; our head still wears the crown of Neptune, but our body and its members have continental requirements. The "tight little

* Henry VIII. made Greenwich, as Lambard says, "a pleasant, perfect, and princely palace;" keeping his state here "with great nobleness and open court," "with revels, masques, disguisings, and banquets royal."

† The hospital was opened for the reception of pensioners in the month of January, 1705.

island" is not our boundary. Despite the well-intentioned but feeble remonstrances of the "peace party," and the ultra "moderation" that would govern and protect the people by the people, and make bonfires of gun-stocks, we are conscious that if we are to keep what we have got, we must be ready to fight for it on land as well as on sea.

It is somewhat remarkable that the two palaces of refuge—one for the worn-out soldier, the other for the worn-out sailor—should stand so bravely on the banks of our royal river. There is no need to tell John Bull he ought to keep up his navy, and provide "like a Briton" for his old Jack-tars when their

"Last sea-fight is fought,
Their task of glory done."

He is as proud of GREENWICH HOSPITAL as he is of his own estate, hereditary or acquired; or of his handsome wife, or half dozen or dozen of fair-haired children, or any particular happiness or glory that belongs exclusively to himself. There is something grand in seeing the way in which a regular Englishman wakes up after his "night's discomfort" in an Antwerp or Rotterdam boat when it comes in sight of Greenwich Hospital; he seems to have an instinctive knowledge of the fact, and you see his broad white forehead, and firm masculine features, at the right moment, as he thrusts himself among a troop of black-browed, pallid men, whiskered and bearded—the "Mussoos"—whose gaze is fixed on the solid, well proportioned, elaborate mass of masonry, with its lawns and its arches, its courts, its magnificent entrance, its comprehensive beauty and dignity, forming such a noble whole. Our genuine John Bull of the middle class does not speak French or German sufficiently well to be mistaken for a "native," but he gives forth the information warmly and gratuitously in a mingling of the three languages; he tells them that no continental king has so fine a palace as that, nor so fine a river to build it by: and he perplexes them by the assurance that, properly speaking, it is *not* a palace *now*, but a hospital—a home for the old sailor-men of England—the "Jack-tars" who man "the wooden walls" they hear so much—and *know* so much—about. There they are for the rest of their days—well taken care of—with geese at Michaelmas, and roast beef and plum-pudding at Christmas; and there isn't a man in England who would not spare sixpence out of his shilling to keep them there—such fine, brave old fellows! And the "Mussoos" wonder at his enthusiasm, and ask a few questions, which are willingly answered; for he loves the theme: he advises them to go and see Greenwich the first thing, for there is no home like it in the world for old sailors—nor any other old sailors that deserve such a home. About this there can be no dispute; and without bating an atom of our love for the sons of the ocean, we may surely hope that we are learning to legislate as well for our soldiers as we have done for our sailors. There is a better feeling also growing up between the two bulwarks of our safety and liberty: scenes of the most tender and affectionate brotherhood have passed between sailors and soldiers during the fearful wars of the last five years, and many a fine sailor now laid by, remembers with affection the help rendered him by a soldier during dreary and disastrous sacrifices in the Crimea.

A friend of ours, who lives near Greenwich, and is as proud of the "Palace Hospital" as an Englishman ought to be, told us a little incident which it gratifies us to repeat. It is quite impossible not to observe that old Jack-tars have their favourite "runs" about Greenwich; you meet the same wooden leg at a particular corner, and at the same hour, almost (fair weather or foul) every day in the year, the same old trio "chaffing" and "yarning" on the same bench; the same "lot," with their pipes, of an afternoon in the park; their weather-beaten, broken-up faces, and their broken-up limbs, become *your* "familiar." They are not cordial at first with strangers, but our friend considers them worth knowing, and whenever he approaches a bench where trios or duos of the old fellows meet, there is immediately a courteous recognition of the "gentleman" who carries a snuff-canister always, and a roll of pigtail sometimes, for their especial comfort. You may coax a soldier with a cigar, but a sailor scorns it, and remains true as the needle to the pole to his "quid."

When the Crimean war was at the hottest, and hands trembled to unclose the lists of killed and wounded, our friend, on his morning walk down to "the boat," which he prefers as a mode of transit to the great Babylon, observed a somewhat stately old sailor walking by the aid of a wooden leg and a stick, sometimes beside the park wall when it was shady, at other times sitting on the grass in the sun. His habits were different from those of his messmates; he had no particular "run," but seemed to study the pleasure and caprice of a small Skye terrier, who was his constant companion. The dog was as shapeless and ragged as even "a Skye" can be; his large, bright, intense eyes glared from beneath his shaggy brows, and his short, stumpy legs were terminated by masses of blackish hair. He was what "the fancy" call "blue," and his broad black nose and sweeping tail constituted him a perfect "beauty." Sometimes he chose to walk by the park wall, and then his master followed; then "Skye" would take to the common, and, without a word, the obedient master would steer after him; then he would converse with other little dogs, and the old sailor would wait until the conversation was over. He never interfered except when "Skye" desired to attack donkeys or donkey boys; then his protector would hook him up (he could not weigh more than four pounds) with his stick, tuck him under his arm, and disappear with him altogether. There was something so odd in the old sailor reversing the order of things, and following the dog, instead of the dog following him, that our friend desired to make his acquaintance; but the old man evidently chose to keep out of every one's way. One evening, however, our friend suddenly came upon him at a turn in the park; the dog had taken a fancy to a tuft of *flora* grass, which dogs have the sagacity to know is good for them; and while he was picking off its long narrow leaves, the old man rested against a tree, patiently waiting the little beast's pleasure. Our friend opened the acquaintance by praising "Skye's" beauty; but instead of the courteous reply he expected, the old tar caught up the dog, and then turning sharply round, surveyed the gentleman from head to foot.

"You cannot suppose," said our kindly friend, "that I would deprive you of your dog?"

In reply to this he laid him gently down.

"No, sir,—now I see you clear,—I don't think *you* would; but you, as well as others, often cast an eye at him, and some come and offer me money for him, thinking that such as I would sell *love* for *money*! Why, bless your heart, selling that dog would be like selling my own flesh and blood!"

"It certainly is a beautiful little creature."

"Well! so everybody says. I wish it wer'n't, for the dog-stealers are after it, and if I lost it, it would kill me: it seemed to take a deal to kill me too. I don't think there's six square inches of my body without a scar, and I wish I had a dozen bodies to give to the same service; but though *they* didn't send me to the locker, if I lost that dog I should never leave my bed again." He was about to follow the dog, who had finished his frugal repast, but our friend tempted him with a "quid." For once a low whistle intimated that he requested the dog's return, and Skye came, and laid him meekly down at his foot. A pinch of snuff cemented the acquaintance; and though they parted immediately after, at their next meeting he told our friend why he so loved the dog.

His grandson was a soldier in the 50th regiment: he would rather, he confessed, he had been a sailor, but his fancy was for the scarlet instead of the blue. No matter! his heart and his life were his Queen's, and a finer or handsomer lad was not in the regiment. He went out as lance-corporal. Before he went he brought him his little dog; and, though contrary to regulations, they let the old man keep his grandson's dog until his return—only, of course, until his return. No wonder he was so careful of Jamie's little dog. Here he paused; and then asked our friend if he saw the papers daily.

"Certainly."

The hard cordage of the veteran's face twitched and moved convulsively, and his hand appeared as if knotted to his stick. "Was there anything about the 50th regiment?"

"Nothing yesterday, but an engagement was expected."

"Of course, sir, he knows his duty, and will do it, and has as good a chance of his life as another. I used always to spend an hour or two at the 'Anchor,' hearing the news, and the talk that followed; but now I can't bear it! The sight, sir, of a newspaper sets me all of a tremble. Isn't that quare for an old hulk like me, whose masts have gone by the board, and who hasn't a rag of canvas left? But it's true, sir. I steer clear of all my comrades, for it shakes me worse than the wind of a twelve-pounder to hear their talk. I have been ancle deep—ay, ancle deep in blood, sir, before now on the deck of a 'seventy-four,' and never heeded it—the more death the less care. And now—If I could read the paper myself I should not mind it, I think; but I am no scholar, and the dread of hearing—But I have one comrade, who reads the news every day; and we hit on a signal. He comes over there, just at post meridian, and as long as all's well, winy, he steers up and down a bit, and then gets under way; but if there should be anything wrong—if the boy was badly hurt—he'd tie his black neckerchief to his crutch, and put it over his shoulder—a black flag, you know. There! he's heaving in sight: that's my old comrade."

The stick fell to the ground as he pointed him out; he threw back his hat, shaded his eyes from the sun, and grasping our friend's arm, pointed to where his "comrade" moved slowly on—the black handkerchief floating behind him like a pennon!

What followed must be imagined, not described: it was too true—the brave sailor's grandson was returned amongst the list of "killed" as having "fallen in the trenches."

The old man remained rigid as marble, fixed in a state of coma long after he was laid on his bed, surrounded by his old comrades, and tenderly cared for by the physician. The first symptom he gave of returning consciousness was putting out his hand to feel for the dog. The fond animal was then permitted to follow its own will; it crept up and licked his face: this had the happy effect of causing a heavy burst of tears; and while he wept he pressed "Skye" closer and closer to his bosom.

There was no harm in suggesting that there might be an error; that men were frequently returned dead who had been only badly wounded or missing; that such had been the case even with officers. He did not seem to heed or to hear, but wept on.

In the strength and blessing of his hopeful spirit, our friend went to the Horse-Guards, but there they could only refer to the list as it was in the last despatch. The next was long in coming; but when it did arrive there was more than usual excitement among the Greenwich pensioners; many of "the maimed and the halt" cheered, as in the days of their youth; and as to the old bearer of the *black* flag, he sec-sawed into the ward—which our friend's friend had never quitted since his bereavement—with a small snowy window curtain depending from his crutch; and then came a convulsed cry and trembling words—"He is not dead!" "Not dead?" "No; badly wounded—doing well—complimented—coming home!" And he *did* come home too, the brave, gallant soldier, with three stripes on his arm; and his grandfather—ay, and his little dog—saw him receive his medal from the hand of his own honoured QUEEN.

The Observatory at Greenwich occupies the site on which formerly stood "a tower," which tower was "sometimes a habitation for the younger branches of the royal family, sometimes the residence of a favourite mistress, sometimes a prison, and sometimes a place of defence." It was founded by Charles II., for the benefit of his "pilots and sailors," "for the purpose of ascertaining the motions of the moon, and the places of the fixed stars, as a means of discovering that great desideratum, the longitude at sea."

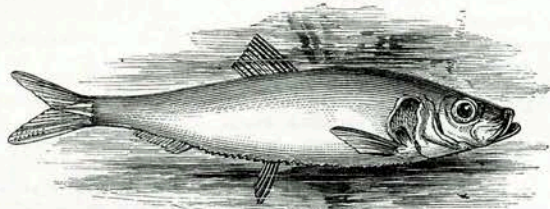
The town of Greenwich* is busy, populous, and prosperous; its church contains many interesting monuments; it is, however, comparatively modern,

* "Grenewic, or Grenewic, as this place was called by the Saxons, is literally the green village; meaning, perhaps, the village on the green."—*Lysons*.

having been consecrated in 1718, occupying the site of a very venerable edifice, the old Church of St. Alphege. Here, as will be supposed, rest many of our naval heroes. There is one object, fronting the palace on the waterside, that will attract the eye of all passers; it is a monument, erected by public subscription, to the memory of a young and gallant French officer, Lieutenant Bellott, who died a volunteer in the service of England, the companion and friend of our arctic voyagers.

While at Greenwich, we may visit Blackheath,—“so-called, as some think, from the appearance of the soil, or, as others suppose, from its *bleak* situation,”—the picturesque villages of Lewisham and Sydenham, and the venerable mansion of Eltham, concerning which the history of many periods is full. Nor may we pass unnoticed an object seen from every part of the river, and from the adjacent country, as well as from the heights and house-roofs in and about London, that wonder of the modern world, the Crystal Palace.

On the shore opposite to Greenwich, after passing the extremity of the Isle of Dogs, is Blackwall, famous chiefly for its fertility in producing the tiny fish known as whitebait, concerning which a few particulars will not be unwelcome to the reader.



WHITEBAIT.

There are few denizens of London unacquainted with this tiny fish, as it appears daily during the season, dressed, at Blackwall and Greenwich, where alone it is obtained “in perfection;” for unless “cooked” within a very brief space after removal from the water, it undergoes a change which the “nice” palate can at once detect. It would be curious to ascertain how many millions are taken daily during the months of June, July, and August of each year. It is unquestionably a delicacy, and is relished greatly by tens of thousands who can afford to buy luxuries; “a whitebait dinner” being a treat peculiar to the metropolis, and enjoyed accordingly even by those who believe and maintain that the fish is engendered by London mud, and that, when the Thames is cleansed and purified, the whitebait will vanish altogether from the river.

An idea prevails that it is the young of some larger fish. Yarrell, whose authority on such matters is universally accepted, says “it is a distinct species,” and in its habits differs materially from all other British species of *Clupeidae*, the family of the herrings that visit our shores or our rivers. From the beginning of April to the end of September they are caught in abundance; in April, they are small, “apparently but just changed from the albuminous state of very young fry; in September “specimens four or five inches long are not uncommon,” but mixed, even at this late period of the season, with others



FISHING FOR WHITEBAIT.

of very small size, “as though the roe had continued to be deposited throughout the summer.” Yet the parent fish are not caught, and are believed by the fishermen not to come up higher than the estuary, where nets sufficiently small to stop them are not much in use. The largest whitebait Mr. Yarrell had seen, was in length six inches. “The colour of the sides is uniformly white;” “the length of the head, as compared with that of the body, alone is as two to five; the eye large; the irides silvery; the upper part of the back pale greenish ash.” In their habits they appear to be similar to the young of the herring, always keeping in shoals, and swimming occasionally near the surface of the water. Mr. Yarrell thus describes the mode of fishing for whitebait:—“The mouth of the net is by no means large, measuring only about three feet square in extent; but the mesh of the hose, or bag-end of the net, is very small. The boat is moored in the tide-way, where the water is from twenty to thirty feet deep, and the net, with its wooden frame-work, is fixed to the side of the boat. The tail of the hose, swimming loose, is from time to time handed into the boat, the end untied, and its contents taken out. The wooden frame, forming the mouth of the net, does not dip more than four feet below the surface of the water.” There is no doubt of their being found in other waters besides the Thames.

Passing the East India Docks, with another “forest of masts,” we reach the estuary of the river Lea; here it enters the Thames, having, after its rise in Leagrave Marsh, near Luton, in Bedfordshire, adorned the lordly demesnes of Luton Hoo, Brocket Hall, and Hatfield, and watered and refreshed Hertford, Ware, Hoddesdon, Broxbourne, Cheshunt, Waltham Abbey, Enfield, Edmonton, Tottenham, Walthamstow, and Bow. It is “the gulfy Lea, with sedgy tresses,” of Pope; and “the wanton Lea, that oft doth lose its way,” of Spenser.

The Lea is, and has long been, in high favour, with the angler; it is the river made famous by honest Izaak Walton; all readers of his book are familiar with the places which adorn its banks, from “Theobalds” and Amwell Hill to Bow. Sitting here on one of its banks, arranging his hook or trimming his fly, the good old man may be supposed to have uttered that sentiment so dear to every brother of the gentle craft—“No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves of as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so gently by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, ‘Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did.’ and so (if I might be judge) God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.”

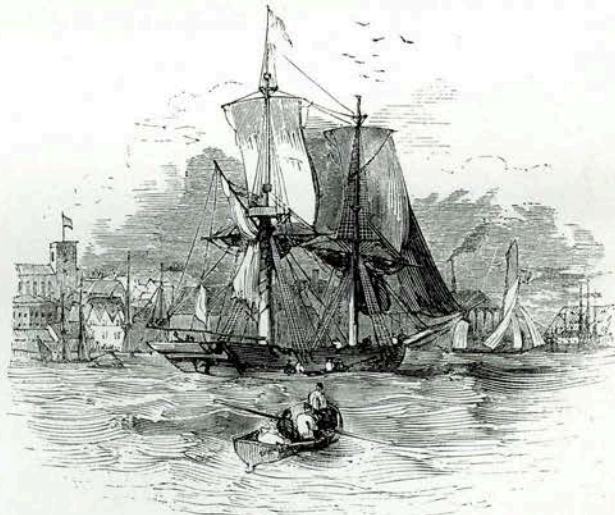
“The old course of the Lea affords many a charming picture. An old pollard willow, with an angler under its shadow, a few cows, perhaps, standing in the water, and enjoying with philosophic quiescence the cooling luxury,—perchance a punt in the middle of the river,—a bright blue sky overhead, reflected with a softened lustre in the clear stream, an abundance of yellow water-lilies at our feet, and the low banks decked with all gay flowers,—these are the materials of the picture; and he who has not his heart gladdened as he gazes on them, has yet to learn that there are things in Heaven and earth not dreamt of in his philosophy. Walton was not one of these:—

“The meanest flowret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him were opening Paradise.”

And only such as, in a measure, can participate in these feelings and sympathies, are fitted to wander along Izaak Walton’s “Lea.”*

For a mile, and often more, in breadth, the river Thames in Essex is bordered by a low swampy plain; upon which, however, a range of small hills look down and form an agreeable background; but for beauty of scenery, and those interests which are derived from “history, tradition, and places populous,” we must refer to Kent, which not unjustly claims pre-eminence as “the garden of England.”

We must pass the somewhat distant village of Charlton, with its old manor-house of the time of James I.,—keep in sight, as a most pleasant view, far-famed Shooter’s Hill, and rest awhile at Woolwich,† to visit, if we can



WOOLWICH.

and may, the noblest dockyard of the world,—its foundry, its arsenal, its schools, and its barracks. It is the most ancient of those magazines of our national strength and glory, and furnished our country with most of its largest ships during the course of several reigns,—from that of Henry VIII., when the big *Harry Grace de Dieu* was launched here, to that of Queen Victoria, when it may be said to have achieved its highest glory.

It is not our purpose to describe Woolwich; to do so would require a volume, and not a page. It is the great school of our artillery—a branch of the service in which officers and men are alike eminent for that educated intelligence which gives the soldier true strength. The arsenal is one of the chief wonders of

* We extract this passage from the concluding volume of a very charming series of books, “Rambles by Rivers,” by James Thorne, published by Charles Knight, whose name is so honourably associated with the highest and best order of English topographic works. To Mr. Thorne’s volumes we have been often indebted during the course of our tour; we record our debt with gratitude. The “Rambles by Rivers” is the work of a scholar, a gentleman, a close observer, and an intense lover of nature.

† Woolwich is, in Doomsday, called *Wulwicz*, or “the dwelling on a creek of the river. The records of succeeding periods mention it under the title of Wulwicz, and afterwards Woolwiche.”

England; science has here carried machinery to perfection. The academy is admirably governed; hence issue the cadets who obtain rank according to ability and desert. The dockyards give employment to thousands of artizans, shipwrights, and labourers. The war-ships here created bear the flag of England over the waters of every sea and ocean of the world,—

“Far as the breezes blow, the billows roam,
Survey our empire and behold our home.”

From North Woolwich the Dockyard* may best be seen, with its long sea or river wall, extending from Charlton to the lower part of the town; and this



WOOLWICH DOCKYARD.

surface being covered with sheds, factories, and basins (containing many of our war-steamer, with several ships building of the first class), it assumes a singularly interesting appearance. The river here is also dotted with picturesque hulks, reminding one of olden times and fights long past; they loom large against the departing sunlight, with the dockyard shears rearing up, endeavouring to compete with the great factory funnel for height. In the distance may be seen many of the numerous shipping dropping up the river with the last of the flood-tide.

Greenwich and Woolwich are neighbours. How large a volume of thought is suggested by the union of two such names!



ERITH.

Between Woolwich and the cheering village of Erith, the Darent contributes its waters to the Thames,—

“The silver Darent, in whose waters clean,
Ten thousand fishes play and deck his pleasant stream;”

and here it is joined by the Cray, another “faire” river; the former rising near Westerham in Kent, the latter near Orpington in Surrey, and both flowing through districts famous in the annals of the kingdom,—majestic mansions, picturesque churches, historic sites, fertile plains, quiet villages, and busy towns—the busiest of which is Deptford—happily intermixed.

The sketch of Erith was taken from the pier looking up the river, the limited

* Visitors are admitted by signing their names in a book at the dockyard gates, and the wonders of the great steam hammer, and the interesting process of boring a cylinder for a steam engine, with the lathes, where metal shavings are cut twenty to thirty feet long, are certainly worth the trouble and expense of “a return ticket” from London.

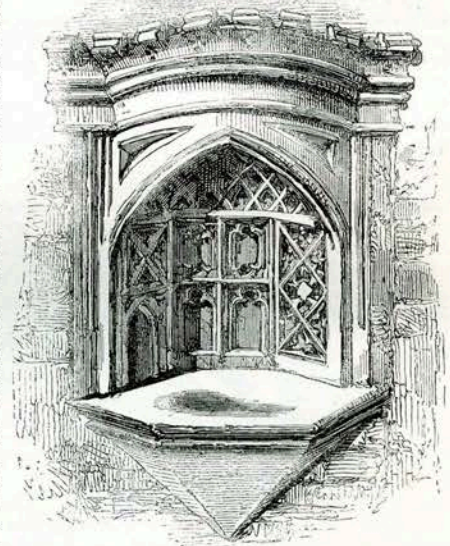
space only represents the few houses nearest the water, with its pretty church and the rising woodland at the back. The sun was passing through a cloud, which cast a shadow over the background, giving all the near objects that glittering light so peculiar to the water. It is certainly one of the most charming spots on the river.

Nor is the coast opposite, low and uninviting, and unhealthy as it seems, without its interest. Here the river Roding pays its tribute to the Thames; the spire of Barking Church is seen in the distance; Dagenham Reach, Hornchurch Marshes, and “the Rands,” indicate the nature of the low-lying fields and sheets of water that skirt the great river’s banks. About Purfleet, however, there is a gradual rise of chalky cliffs, on one of which was placed the standard of England when our island was threatened by that Spanish invasion which Providence “set at naught.”*

The once-renowned abbey of Barking must not be passed without a word of notice, as it is now the parish church, and is a conspicuous object on the Essex side of the river, nearly opposite Woolwich, standing as it does on an elevation among the flat lands. It is of very ancient foundation, and was a monastic establishment well endowed in the middle ages. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and is said to have been the first nunnery for women established in this kingdom. “It was founded about the year 670, by St. Erkenwald, Bishop of London, in compliance with the earnest desire of his sister, Ethelburg, who was appointed the first abbess.” Many of her successors were of high rank, and some of them of the blood-royal. In 870, the abbey was burnt by the Danes, and the nuns were either slain or dispersed. About the middle of the tenth century, it was rebuilt by King Edgar. The nuns were of the Benedictine order. It was surrendered to Henry VIII. on 14th of November, 1539, “Dorothy Barley” being the last abbess. There is scarcely a vestige remaining of the once magnificent pile, which a succession of sovereigns delighted to honour. But at the entrance of the churchyard stands an ancient gateway, over which is “the chapel of the holy rood lofte atte gate edified [as is expressed in an old record] to the honor of Almighty God, and of the holy rood that is there, of right great devoeion, as it sheweth by great indulgens graunted to the same chapel and place by divers of our holy faders, Popes of Rome.” It is also known as the Curfew Tower; and from thence the bell rung out at morning and evening, sometimes to the great safety of travellers in winter nights. There are records of gifts to the monastery of many who were guided over the lonely marsh lands through the winter fogs by the tolling of the curfew alone.† In the old time, the roadway between this place and London was singularly disagreeable: the land^a was only partially drained; the pathways were bad, and they were constructed in raised embankments, which made them dangerous to the traveller in dark nights. The parish church, dedicated to St. Margaret, contains many interesting and venerable monuments; a singularly picturesque piscina we thought it desirable to copy.



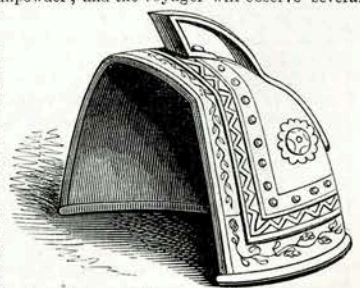
THE CURFEW TOWER, BARKING.



THE PISCINA.

* At Purfleet is the great depot of gunpowder; and the voyager will observe several vessels moored in the river, which are also used as floating magazines.

† The curfew bell was rung, according to ancient custom, as a warning for the inhabitants of towns and villages to put out their fires and retire to bed; it was a simple policy for general safety in ancient times; and though generally considered to be a vexatious law enacted after the Norman Conquest, is certainly as old as the days of Alfred. The ringing of the curfew is still a custom in some of the towns of England. The curfew, or *couvre-feu*, used to extinguish the fire on the sound of the warning bell, was an implement of metal, which covered in the ashes raked together on the hearth, and brought them in a heap to the back of the grate, and so extinguished them. Our cut will fully exhibit its peculiarities.



THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART XXIV.



GREENHITHE, Northfleet, and Southfleet follow Erith, as we descend the river, on the Kentish side: they are large and thronged villages, approaching the size and character of towns. Between Greenhithe and Northfleet, on the Essex side of the river, stands the lonely Church of Grays, or Grays Thurrock. The river bends round here, and forms a reach known as South Hope. The marshy lands resemble the scenery of Holland; and the numerous ditches, polards, willows, and groups of cattle, remind the spectator of pictures that have made the Dutch school of Art famous. This church stands close to the Thames, the marshes being protected from overflow by embankments. It is surrounded by trees, but no house is near it, and its isolation is very striking when approached over the dreary marsh land by which it is environed.

The embankments of the Thames, which prevent the water from overflowing the low lands on both sides of the river, are by some authors attributed to the Romans, and by others to the Saxons; but the latest writer on the subject inclines to consider them a work of the twelfth century; and that before that time the Thames spread over the low lands to the hills on each side, among hillocks and sand hills formed from its own deposits.* Lambarde relates that the abbot,



GRAYS CHURCH.

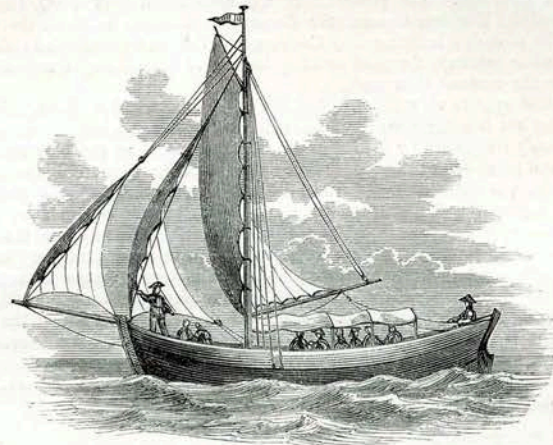
in 1279, enclosed a part of these marshes at Plumstead, completing the rest in the course of twelve years; so that, between 1279 and 1291, the wall of the Plumstead level, enclosing a large tract of good arable land, was rescued from the river, and so continues to this day.† The importance of this work on the Thames banks, led to the employment of commissioners to superintend and keep them in repair; the earliest effort of the kind being in the eighth year of Edward III.

The rights and profits of the passage by water between London and Gravesend had been granted, from a very early period, to the inhabitants of the latter town. This water-passage was termed "the long ferry," and was under the management of a portreve, jurats, and barge proprietors, all the latter paying a fine of £5 yearly to the portreve for the use of the corporation. The fare for each person by the tilt-boats, from Gravesend to London or *vice-versa*, was settled, in 1573, to be "not more than sixpence;" but there was a cheaper conveyance by open barge without a tilt or covering, for which "two-pence and no more" was to be charged. These more ancient barge-owners had exclusive rights, and no tilt-boat was allowed to take any passengers till they had secured theirs, and fairly started on their journey. Towards the end of Elizabeth's reign the covered boats gained a victory; and in the early part of the next reign a compromise of interests was effected between the owners of each kind. The open barges were disused in the reign of Charles I., and the tilt-boat became the ordinary conveyance. It was provided with loose straw under the tilt for passengers to sit or lie upon; and it was no unfrequent thing for them to be unable to reach Gravesend in one tide, when the passengers were landed wherever the boat might be, to shift for themselves. In 1737 it was enacted that no tilt-boat should be of less burthen than fifteen tons; and the

* The practice of draining is fully described during the Roman rule in other parts of England, particularly in the fen lands; such works are mentioned, A.D. 85, by Tacitus; and the severe labour exacted from the British serfs in their construction.

† The banks and ditches at the back of the Isle of Dogs, in what was then called Stebbenheth Marsh, and which is now known as Stepney, are noted in very early records. The whole of the island in the days of William the Conqueror was a woody marsh, upon which the Bishop of London fed more than five hundred hogs. In excavating for the Blackwall Docks a large deposit of ancient trees, &c., were discovered, the remains of the wood which once thickly covered the island.

passengers were limited to forty, including three chance passengers to be taken by the way. A bell was rung at Billingsgate to give notice of their departure at high tide, and another at Gravesend at low-water, when they proceeded to London. In 1738 five tilt-boats were licensed, and to this number they were limited until their discontinuance a few years afterwards, when larger boats with decks were employed; these were called by the old name of tilt-boat, though without the tilt. One of the last of the genuine old boats is represented in our engraving-



GRAVESEND TILT-BOAT.

ing; and very clearly exhibits its peculiarities, with the steersman managing the principal sail, the captain and men in front, and the passengers under the tilt or awning in the centre.* The last tilt-boat was named the *Duke of York*, and was withdrawn from the service as recently as 1834, as its earnings did not pay its expenses.

Soon the spires of populous Gravesend come in sight; it is the first port on the river, and, directing the eye to the shore opposite, we obtain a view of the time-honoured fort of Tilbury.

The threatened invasion by the Spanish Armada first led the government of Elizabeth to consider the necessity of fortifying the river here. Hakluyt tells us:—"As it was given out that the enemy meant to invade the Thames against Gravesend, a mighty army encamped there; and on both sides of the river fortifications were erected, according to the prescription of Frederick Genebelli, an Italian, and there were certain ships brought to make a bridge, though it were very late first." A letter of the Earl of Leicester speaks of "lighters and chaynes that sholde be provided and sent down to stoppe the river at Tilbury;" but the



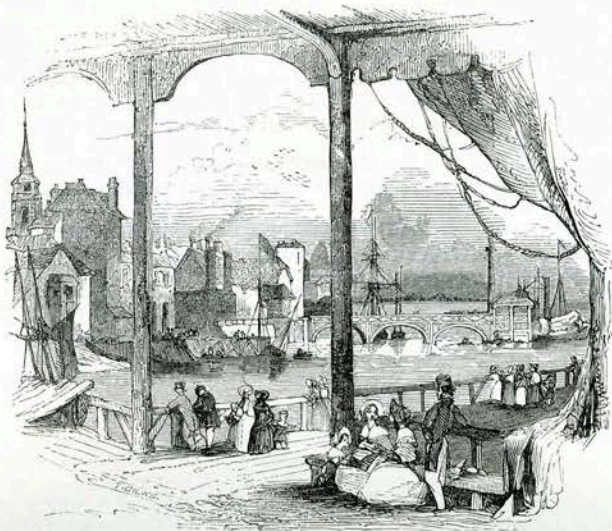
TILBURY FORT.

work seems to have been as badly done as any more recent government contract. The earl visited both places 23rd July, 1588, and his report, in a letter to Sir Francis Walsingham, states that at Gravesend, "I did peruse the fort, and find not one platforme to bear any ordnance, neither on the ground nor aloft. I went after to this fort at Tilbury, which I finde farther out of order than the other." By great exertions the forts were put in order, and the vessels disposed across the river, and connected by chains to make a bridge or barrier. The Gravesend fort seems to have been the most important, and just beyond it was a block-house, which protected the river to the turn of the stream at Tilbury Hope; at the angle there, on the Essex side, another block-house commanded the river. The army was posted in the camp close to West Tilbury Church, as appears from a survey made at the time;† so that the popular tale of Queen Elizabeth reviewing her troops at Tilbury fort, is evidently a fallacy. "The fort seems to have been completed for defence upon future occasions of alarm and danger, rather than in time for defence against the Spanish Armada." The fort was then only a small earthwork; but there the queen landed from

* It is copied from a print by P. C. Canot, 1753, engraved in Cruden's "History of Gravesend," from whence our notice of these old water-conveyances is derived.
† Engraved in Cruden's valuable "History of Gravesend," to which excellent example of local literature we have been indebted for these details.

her barge, and was escorted thence to the camp by a thousand horsemen; going there and back in a state coach, staying the night in the camp, seeing a sham fight next day, and dining afterwards at noon, returning in great state to the royal barge. The fort, as completed, was small, but surrounded by ditches and outworks of some extent. In cases of emergency, it was generally found to be in a very neglected condition, and was only properly attended to in the reign of Charles II., when the Dutch fleet entered the Medway and burnt the ships at Chatham. The present fort was constructed after 1687, from the designs of the Engineer-General, Sir Bernard de Gomme; in which the newer principles of design introduced by Coehorn and Vauban were adopted; the cost of the stone gateway, the most striking feature of the edifice, is estimated at £634 in the contract then made.

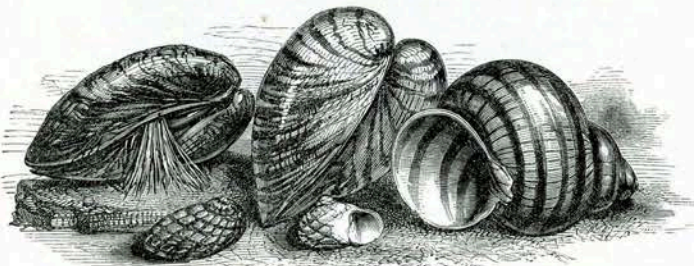
The best spot to view Tilbury Fort is from a long wooden pier which runs some way out into the river; but the half military-looking individuals located there (only recognised by their caps), appeared terrified at the bare idea of a pencil and paper—they have, we imagine, orders not to allow any one to sketch. The artist was therefore obliged to make his drawing from a green plat near the railway station,* from whence he could just see the old gateway rising above one of the bastions, and a wooden pier, where some large flat boats were landing stores. The present fort appears to be a small military station, with a few guns mounted on the bastion, but it by no means conveys the idea of an important fortification. It is, however, much stronger than it seems to be; and commands the whole of the extensive turn of the river known as Tilbury Hope. Its form is pentagonal; and its outworks and ditches add greatly to its strength. The stranger who judges of it by its appearance as he passes on the river, without going over it, will form a very erroneous idea of its strength or utility.



GRAVESEND PIER.

While we are "putting" ashore at Gravesend, or at any of the landing-places below it, let us give a few minutes' consideration to the only remaining object of the class to which we deem it expedient to direct the reader's attention.

Bare and unpromising as this region may appear in general to the naturalist, the conchologist may find an interesting field in the study of the fresh-water shells which abound here both in the waters of the Thames and in the adjacent marshes and canals. We figure three of the most noticeable species which are found associated together in great numbers, adhering to submerged piles,



SHELLS.

walls, &c. The most remarkable of these is the Zebra Dreissena (*Dreissena polymorpha*), originally an inhabitant of the Volga and other Russian rivers; but having been imported with timber, it has propagated itself to an immense extent, and become completely naturalized in the Thames, and the specimens are even finer than those from the original habitat. In shape it resembles the marine muscles, and, like them, attaches itself to the surface of other bodies by a strong hemp-like "byssus." The colour of the shell is olive,

* This is the terminus of the London and Gravesend Railway, which starts from Fenchurch Street; steamboats meet every train to cross the river to Gravesend with passengers.

elegantly marked with brown and black stripes. The two smaller shells of our group are those of the fresh-water Neritine (*Neritina fluviatilis*), another shell seldom met with out of this district, but most abundantly in situations similar to those of the last-described species; it is an extremely pretty shell, the surface being beautifully variegated with white and purple-brown markings.

The remaining species of our group closely resembling in shape the common periwinkle, is the Marsh Shell (*Paludina vivipara*), found very generally with the last. It is especially interesting to the naturalist, from the fact of it being viviparous—the young shells being perfectly developed before quitting the parent shell, the mouth of which may sometimes be found crowded with minute shells about the size of peas. Besides the above-mentioned species, the following are among those found in or about the Thames:—*Cyclas* (several species), *Anodonta cygnea* (very fine about Woolwich), *Unio pictorum*, and *U. ovata*; *Succinea amphibia*, *Planorbis corneus*, and others; *Segmentina nitida*; nearly every British species of *Lymneus*, *Physa fontinalis*, *Valvata obtusa*, *Paludina impura*, *Ancylus fluviatilis*, *Assiminea grayana* (in Greenwich and Woolwich marshes).



FORTIFICATIONS AT GRAVESEND.

The earliest notice of Gravesend occurs in Domesday Book, where it is termed Gravesham; but early in the next century it is termed Graveshende; the name is probably derived from the Graaf (Port-reeve or Governor's) ham (or home). The port is of very ancient date, but its history is not fertile in incident. It has risen into its present importance very rapidly, and increased enormously within the last thirty years. Steamboats and railways have conspired to do this, and the cheapness and quickness of these modes of transit have made Gravesend a favourite place for Londoners to spend their leisure time. The fields in the neighbourhood of the town have been covered with streets, and Windmill Hill with houses; the old mill, however, remains, where a mill has been since the days of Elizabeth; before which time a beacon was placed there to warn the country—a use for which this hill was well adapted, as it is 179 feet above the level of the river at high-water mark in spring tides.

In the fields, a little beyond the terrace pier, are the fortifications constructed to aid Tilbury fort in the protection of the river. They consist of earthworks and ditches of the form prescribed by Vauban, and are mounted with cannon. They occupy the position of the old block-house of the days of Elizabeth; and the fort is connected with the history of the last of the royal house of Stuart who ruled in England—King James II. The gateway to the old house in which he resided is still in existence, enclosed by a modern porch; it is of ornamental brick-work, and bears over it the date 1665, an anchor, and a semisphere above it. It is an historic site of much interest, and we engrave its principal features.*



GATEWAY TO HOUSE OF JAMES II.

Milton Church is now in the suburbs of Gravesend; it is plainly descried from the river, and is a stone building with some few remains of the decorations of the fourteenth century, but having the prevailing characteristics of the fifteenth. It is supposed to have been constructed by the Countess of Pembroke, wife of Aymer de Valence, between the years 1323 and 1377, when the manor of Milton devolved upon her as part of her dowry.

At the "top" of the flood-tide many vessels usually accumulate at Graves-

* When James fled first from England, April 20, 1648, in the troublous time of the great civil war, he escaped from Gravesend in girl's attire to a vessel in the river, a short distance beyond the town.

end, and anchor during the ebb; on the commencement of the next flood all are getting under weigh. This is a most animating scene, of which the artist has endeavoured to convey an idea in his sketch of Gravesend Reach. One or two of the vessels have fairly started, and are reaching up the river, heeling over to the breeze; others, with their sails braced in the usual manner for casting, while some have only just loosed the white canvas. The mist is rising



GRAVESEND REACH.

off Gravesend, showing the town at the back of this collection of animated river-life, and assisting to make up a most charming picture.*

In the low lands at Milton is the entrance to the Thames and Medway Canal, which is now only navigable to Heigham; it was continued thence for some miles through a tunnel opening to the Medway opposite Rochester. It is now drained, and used by the North Kent railway. On the rising ground above the marsh lands we can distinguish Cliff Church, a lonely building



CLIFF CHURCH.

chiefly remarkable for a curious sculpture over its door, supposed to allude to some festivities of the olden time. The high lands above are part of the woody domain of Cobham, and we can distinguish Gad's Hill, rendered memorable by Shakspeare. The bold promontory in front of it is Cliff, or Bishop's Clive, as it was anciently termed. The village and church occupy the summit, and the view of the winding of the Thames from Gravesend to the sea is very striking from this point; a long tongue of marsh land is at its foot, which causes an extensive curve in the river. The turn is known as Lower Hope Point, the water beyond as Sea Reach. This commanding height was rendered available in ancient times for "watch and ward" to the river. Beacons were ordered to be erected in the time of Richard II. at Cliff, and the watchmen who were appointed to take charge of them were enjoined to light them whenever they saw hostile vessels approach, "and make besides all the noise by horn and by cry that they can make, to warn the country around, to come with their force to the said river, each to succour the other, to withstand their enemies." Our cut will exhibit their form at that period.



BEACON.

The village of Cliff is a lonely primitive place; the church still retains many interesting vestiges of antiquity, one of which we engrave in a note. It is an enamelled patine of silver-gilt, part of the

* The water of the Thames at Gravesend is salt, but is turbid, for it is composed of the sea-water and water from the source, which is charged with the alluvial matter brought from the lands through which it runs, and with the drainage of the metropolis. The Thames water is preferred to purer spring-water for use on board ships in long voyages; because it is believed to have a singular power of self-purification. Dr. Bostock has explained the process by which this is effected in a paper in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1829, in which he shows, by an analysis of its component parts, that during a long voyage, "the more foul the water, the more complete will be the subsequent process of depuration;" and hence an explanation of the popular opinion that the Thames water is peculiarly valuable for sea-store, its extreme impurity inducing the fermentative process, and thus removing from it all those substances which can cause it to undergo any further alteration.

ancient church furniture in use before the great changes produced by the Reformation.*

The Thames now flows rapidly to the sea, passing between the flat lands of Essex, and the higher, but not more interesting, Kentish shore. As Sea Reach is entered—the last grand expanse of its waters—we notice the church and village of Leigh; and a little beyond is the stone marking the boundary of the jurisdiction of the city of London. This is at Yantlet, Yenlet, or Yenlade Creek. We then descry the rising town of Southend, situated at the debouchement of the river. Opposite is Sheerness, with its important dockyard, and the mouth of the Medway.



SHEERNESS.

Sheerness is the principal town in the Isle of Sheppey, and owes its greatness to the dockyard and fort erected there. The latter was established in the reign of Charles II., and due regard was given to its strength after the Dutch ships had entered the Medway. The fortress here was then greatly strengthened,



THAMES AND MEDWAY.

and the great docks and storehouses were erected; these occasioned the building of a large town, chiefly for the workmen employed in the dockyard, now one

* It was used to cover the chalice, and hold the bread at the communion; it is a work of the latter part of the fourteenth century, and in the centre is a representation of the crucified Saviour in the arms of the Father, surrounded by a glory. On the edge is inscribed, in old Gothic letters, separated by flowered ornament, "Benedicamus patrem et filium cum spiritu sancto." It has been since used as an alms dish, and the ancient enamelling injured in consequence. It affords an interesting illustration of a passage in Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice," Act v., scene 1, where Lorenzo, in the garden at Belmont, directs Jessica's attention to the beauty of the stars:—

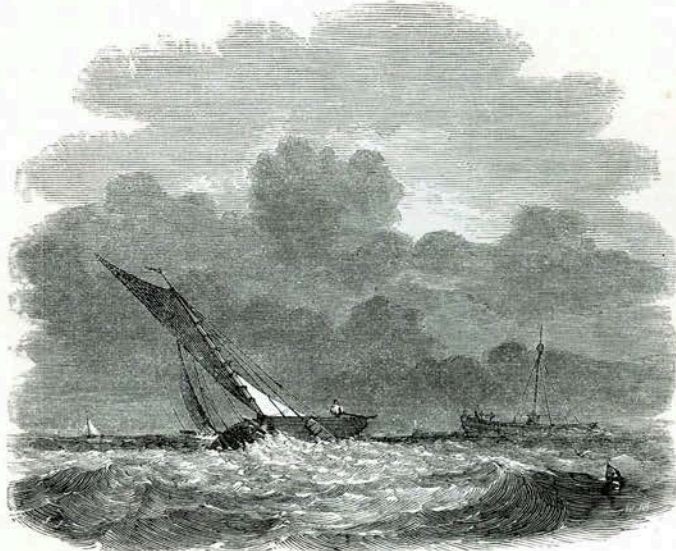
"— Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou
behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cheru-
bin."

As an example of ancient Art, and church decoration, it is of considerable interest and beauty.



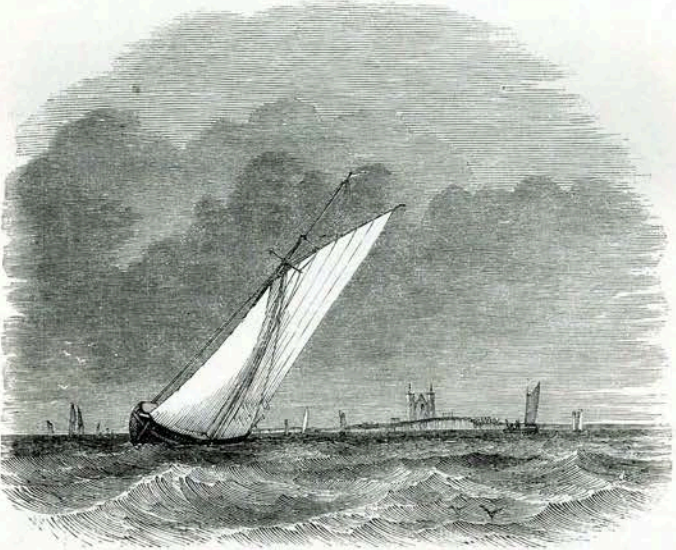
of the most important dockyards of the kingdom. In the mouth of the river here are generally moored many noble men-of-war,—“the fleet at the Nore” being always an attraction to steamboat voyagers.

The neighbouring land is particularly low, and a novice in pilotage would hardly notice the junction of the Thames and Medway, surrounded as it is by low lands, were not his attention attracted by the masts of the guard and advanced line-of-battle ships, dockyard sheds, &c., rising above the projecting point that forms the entrance of the Medway. The water here is known as the Nore, and a vessel is moored in the centre, which bears a light to direct vessels at night, or during fog, into the Thames.



NORE LIGHT VESSEL.

On reaching the Nore Light we arrive at the principal anchorage for ships during the change of tide or wind, previous to advancing up the river. The old red light vessel is associated with many ideas of the best and happiest feelings of the sailor, on his arrival from abroad after a long cruise,—with his sadder sensations, also, upon his final departure from his native country. It has been the scene of many a wreck, and, in the old war time, of many a fight, when the French privateers used to lurk about our coasts in foggy weather. In a picturesque point of view it is most striking; the red sides of the vessel, pitching at her moorings, while the many different craft passing in every direction give variety and contrast.



THE RECVLVERS.

After passing the Nore, there is one prominent object on the Kentish coast that will attract the attention of the voyager down the river before he reaches the open sea: two somewhat low square towers surmounted by spires, generally known as “the Reculvers,” form a well-known sea-mark. They are all that remains of the ancient Church of Reculver, now an insignificant village, but formerly an important Roman station, called *Regulbium*; it is situated about three miles from Herne Bay, and ten from Margate. The Reculvers, owing to the constant encroachment of the sea, stand at the present time so close to the edge of the low cliffs that the bones of those interred in the old churchyard may be distinctly seen protruding through the earth by all who resort to the spot. The ancient Roman *castrum* stood close to the church; parts of the walls on the east, south, and west sides are yet to be seen; many Roman antiquities have been discovered here, and imperial coins are even now sometimes discovered after heavy rains.

And here we terminate our Tour of the Thames, from its Rise to its Fall; closing our pleasant task; hopeful that our readers have shared with us the enjoyment we have so long, and so often, derived from the “King of Island Rivers!”

We have traced the bountiful river from the bubbling well out of which it issues, in the meadow by Trewsbury Mead—its lonely birth-place—through its whole course, gathering tributaries, and passing with them through tranquil villages, populous towns, and crowded cities; ever fertilizing, ever beautifying, ever enriching, until it reaches the most populous city of the modern or the ancient world, forming thence the GREAT HIGHWAY by which a hundred Nations traverse the globe.

Our object has not been answered if we have failed to show that, although in landscape beauty it may be inferior to other British rivers,—its natural graces and its scenic grandeur less,—the Thames has attractions of its own which place it high above all competitors.

But we have shown also that it is by no means poor in natural gifts—of hill and dale, of wood and plain—of all that makes free Nature a perpetual charm, a never-ending delight.

To enumerate the various attractions of the Thames would be but to recapitulate—to borrow from our pages devoted to the several districts through which we have passed between the meadow in Gloucestershire and its junction with the ocean at the Nore.

It is a pleasant task, and brings with it a large reward—that which has for its aim and end to make manifest the advantages that recompense a HOME TOUR. It is in the power of any author, no matter how humble, who writes of England, to show how manifold are its means to create enjoyment, to convey instruction, and to augment a rational pride of country—that instinctive patriotism which, without contracting the heart or narrowing the mind, leads to Faith in one’s own as THE BEST.

Several circumstances have of late combined to induce acquaintance with the charms of scenery, grand or beautiful, which our islands so plentifully supply. The lovely lakes, the mountain-rocks that guard our coasts, the rugged mountains, the wood-clad hills, the dense forests, the delicious dells, the rippling burns and the rapid rivers, the spacious harbours, the green islets, the rural villages, the luxurious demesnes—these, and a thousand other charms await the traveller who journeys through any of the shires of England, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales.

We shall be indeed repaid largely if we are the means of inducing travels AT HOME—to natural beauties, surely not less attractive because of comparatively easy access—to scenes that are associated with glorious memories, and are wholesome and honourable stimulants—to places, such as the banks of the river Thames, where every step is a reminder that we live in a free land, under the sway of a Sovereign to whom every subject of every degree, while rendering obedience as a sacred duty, offers the homage of the heart.

This BOOK OF THE THAMES is full of evidence which justifies all who honour

“The venerable name
Of our adored country”

in exclaiming, also with the poet—

“O, thou Queen,
Thou delegated Deity of Earth
O dear, dear England!”

[We cannot close the pages on which we have been so long, so earnestly, and so pleasantly occupied, without expressing our grateful thanks to those by whom we have been assisted. Our esteemed friend and frequent associate, Mr. F. W. FAIRHOLZ, F.S.A., has rendered this work of value by his pen as well as by his pencil: to him we are indebted for the greater portion of the “notes,” which his extensive knowledge as an antiquary has enabled him to make both instructive and interesting. To our friend Mr. THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A., we have also to acknowledge our obligations for his revision of those parts which involve matters concerning the early people of these kingdoms. And our thanks are due to many who, by pointing out errors that have occasionally occurred, enable us to correct them in a revised edition. To Mr. W. S. COLEMAN—whose drawings and sketches, made in our company, have supplied us with a large proportion of the engravings that illustrate this Book—we owe much, not alone because of his great ability as an artist, but for the zeal and cordiality with which, upon all occasions, he laboured to give value to our undertaking, in the important part of it that was mainly under his control. And to Commander WALTER W. MAY, R.N., our thanks are due for the liberal kindness with which he contributed those pictures of sea-scape and shipping, the value of which mainly depended on their accuracy, and which his professional knowledge, combined with his artistic skill, enabled him to give to them. There are other artists whose aid we gratefully acknowledge.]

We have further to state that the publishers of the *Art-Journal* announce their intention to issue “THE LOOK OF THE THAMES” as a distinct volume. This volume will be materially benefited by the various suggestions we have from time to time received, enabling us to correct mistakes, generally to revise it, and to make to it such additions (and they are neither few nor unimportant) as our own augmented experience and the advice of competent friends and correspondents have enabled us to introduce. We trust, therefore, that but few errors will be found in the new edition of this work, and that it will find favour with the Public, into whose hands, with grateful respect, we are about to place it.

We have elsewhere stated that the place hitherto occupied in the *Art-Journal* by the “Book of the Thames,” will be supplied by a series of articles entitled, “EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.” These will also be extensively illustrated by engravings picturing a large variety of remarkable or interesting objects, as well as picturesque and beautiful scenery. In order worthily to accomplish this object, we have obtained the assistance of Messrs. J. D. Harding, Birket Foster, F. W. Hulme, W. S. Coleman, E. A. Brooke, and other artists; and the engravings will be executed by Messrs. J. and G. P. Nicholls and other engravers.