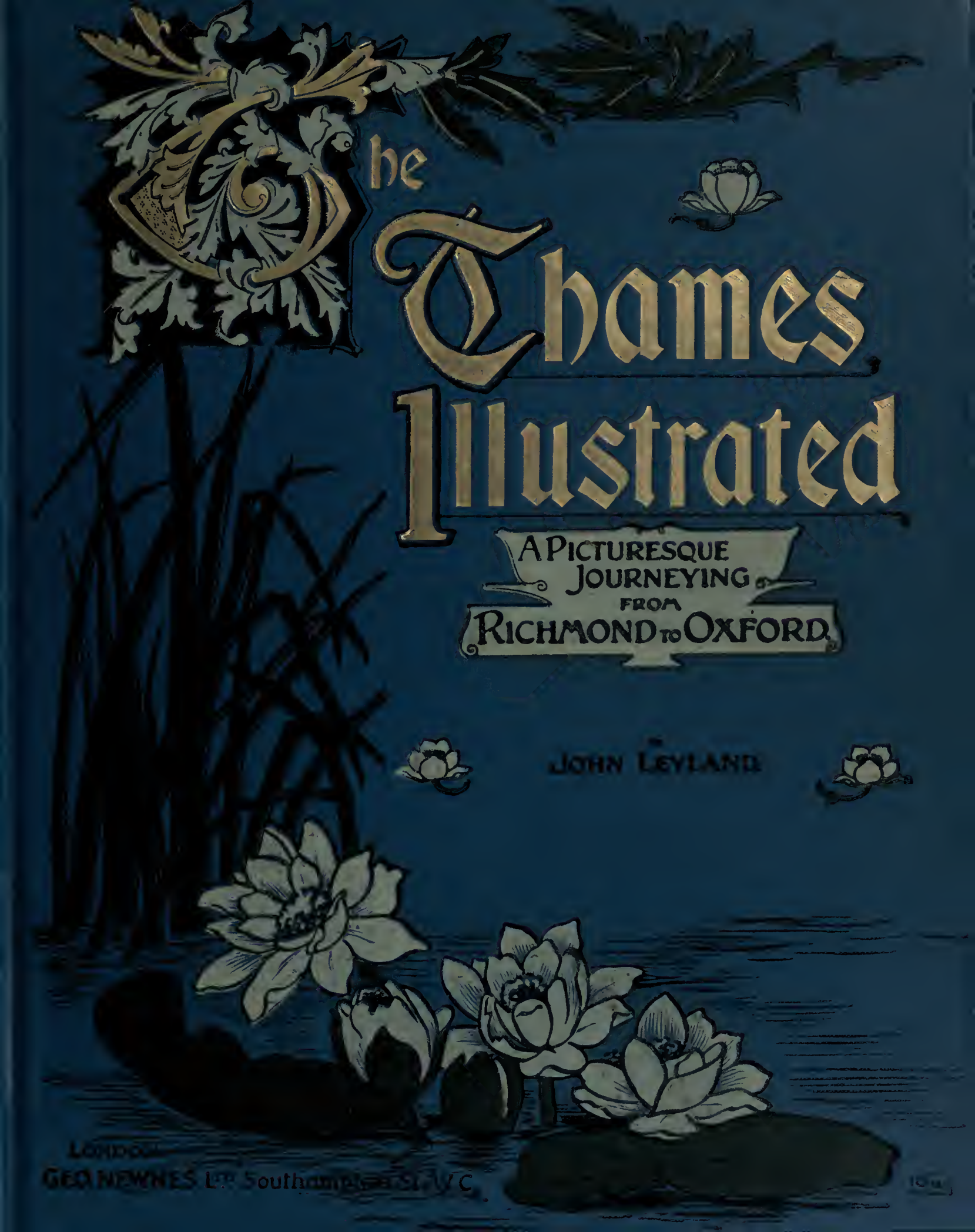
The Thames Illustrated

A Picturesque Journeying from Richmond to Oxford

By John Leyland



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A Picturesque Journeying from Richmond to Oxford.

BY JOHN LEYLAND.

London.
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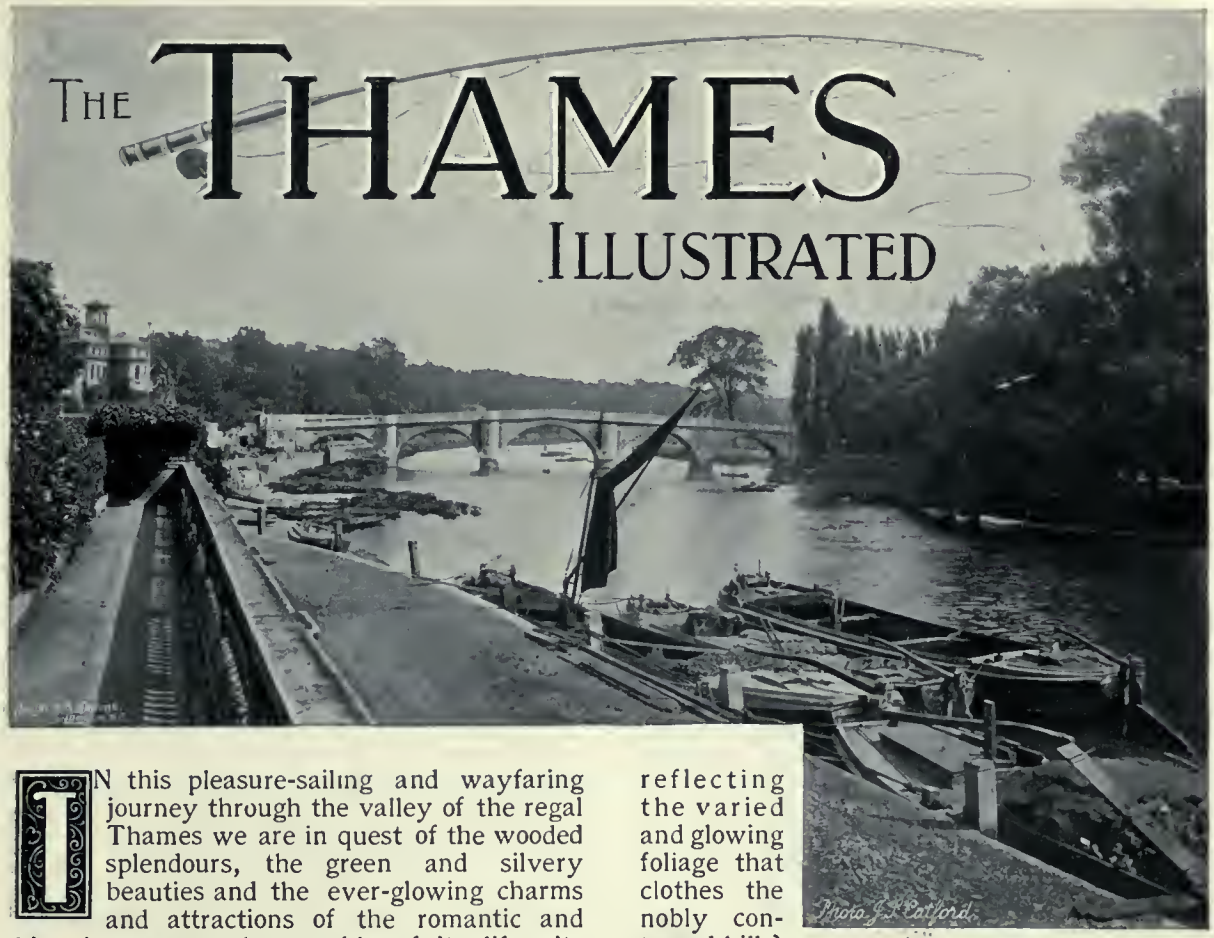
FROM THE TERRACE,
RICHMOND HILL.

Photo., J. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

THE THAMES ILLUSTRATED



IN this pleasure-sailing and wayfaring journey through the valley of the regal Thames we are in quest of the wooded splendours, the green and silvery beauties and the ever-glowing charms and attractions of the romantic and historic stream; the sparkle of its life; its famous memories, its associations with princes, statesmen, and poets, its legendary lore, and the palaces and celebrated houses that overlook its stream. Where should such a survey begin? We have chosen RICHMOND for our starting place, and could have no better beginning. Looking down from Richmond Bridge upon the broad bosom of the river, dotted with hundreds of pleasure craft, gay with the ripple of enjoyment, and shadowed by umbrageous banks, we confess, it is true, that the majestic waters flow further by places that would interest us much. We think of Kew, with its courtly associations, where the farmer-King lived like a country squire, famous all the world over for its Botanic Gardens. Syon House and Isleworth, too, might detain us with their memories of Simon de Montfort, the Protector Somerset, and Lady Jane Grey. We know that beyond ebbs and flows the Thames as the mighty waterway of the commercial capital of the world.

But RICHMOND, the "metropolis" of Walpole, has a place and character of its own. It still, as in his time, "flourishes exceedingly." Who does not exult with the true *joie de vivre*, that witnesses the gaiety of the river in the summer sunshine, the swift movements of countless river craft and the flashing of oars, who hears light-hearted laughter from river and road; when he sees, too, the broad waters reflecting the varied and glowing foliage that clothes the nobly contoured hill? Here lingers still the full aroma of the old Court life, with its famous beauties, its powder and patches, its gentlemen in satin coats, with wigs and clouded canes, sedan chairs going to and fro, and the river fêtes and masquerades of the Richmond of Anne and the Georges. We think of royal splendour, of assemblies at the "Star and Garter," of "Maids of Honour," and the "Lass of Richmond Hill." From that hill what a prospect is unfolded! The eye rests upon a picturesque and broken foreground, upon a lovely view of the placid Thames, dotted with green eyots, moving skiffs, and white swans, upon dense woods and green meadows, the coppices and brakes of mysterious Ham, the classic hill of Twickenham, the historic pile of Hampton Court, and the deep avenues of Bushey, the heights of Claremont and Esher, the beech-clad hills of Buckinghamshire, and, far off, the "raptur'd eye exulting," to use the words of Thomson, beholds "majestic Windsor lift his princely brow," begemming the purple haze.

There is magic witchery in the association of names. The saying does not hold good of scenery that the country is happy that has no history. It is history, the haunting presence of great men and the memory of famous deeds, that invests locality with imperishable charm, and such spell the name of RICHMOND will ever exercise. It is not the original name of

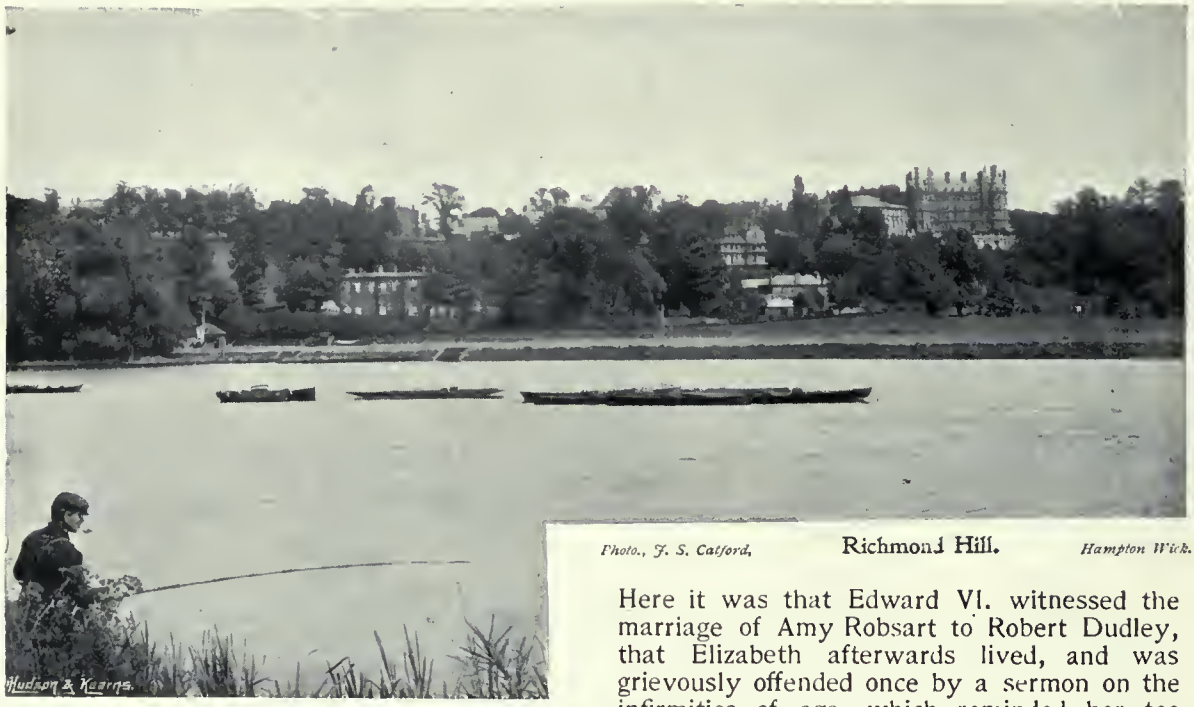


Photo., J. S. Catford, **Richmond Hill.** *Hampton Wick.*

the place, nevertheless. Another historic Richmond by the distant Swale, through Henry Tudor, once Earl of Richmond, who directed the change of name about 1500, was its sponsor Mediæval men knew the hill by the Thames as Sheen, meaning the beautiful (a kindred Saxon word of the German *Schöne*), as many say, and as it is pleasant to believe. It was ever a forest land, wooded with beech and oak, but the judicious planting of other trees by successive possessors of rich domains has added greatly to its woodland charm. Edward I. had a house at Sheen, and there Edward III. died almost abandoned. It is fabled that Richard II. cursed the place because it was at Sheen that his wife, Anne of Bohemia, expired. If so, his curse was inoperative, for Henry V., liking the place immensely, rebuilt the palace and showered benefits upon the locality. RICHMOND rose to magnificence under the Tudors. Henry VII. lived there much, and rebuilt the palace, which had been burned. His bluff son gave splendid entertainments at Richmond, and they point to a hill in Richmond Park upon which it is said he waited to see the signal rocket that betokened the beheading of Anne Boleyn at the Tower.

When the covetous eye of Henry had been set upon the costly house, which "my Lord the Cardinal" had beautified so regally at Hampton, "to show how noble a palace a subject may offer to his sovereign," Henry gave Wolsey permission "to lie in his manor of Richmond at his pleasure," and the old royal servants, we read, grudged, in their coarse fashion, to see a "butcher's dog" so honoured. Here it was that Edward VI. witnessed the marriage of Amy Robsart to Robert Dudley, that Elizabeth afterwards lived, and was grievously offended once by a sermon on the infirmities of age, which reminded her too forcibly of her wrinkles, and that the Stuarts frequently "kept house." The tale, however, would be endless of the long succession of princes and nobles who have delighted in the woodland retreats, the hunting diversions, and the palace festivities of RICHMOND. It was after the Restoration that the Palace began to fall into decay, and now, between the Green and the river, but a few fragments remain to speak of its half-legendary grandeur.

Royal favour afterwards fell upon the Lodge in the Old Park, which lay between the Green and Kew, by the riverside. Here Queen Caroline, counselled by Stephen Duck, the butt of Swift, raised a fantastic hermitage, Merlin's cave, and a grotto, with a magnificent terrace by the river, all ruthlessly swept away by "Capability" Brown, under the orders of matter-of-fact George III. The King is said to have detested his grandmother, and her fairyland vanished at his touch.

But Richmond Park—the Great or New Park, as it once was called—is, as all the world knows, upon the hill. You enter it by the gate near the Star and Garter—there are seven other public entrances—and the road which leads across will soon unfold most extensive prospects. Broad sweeps of the greenest pasture, broken by stretches of wood, where, amid ancient trees, great herds of red and fallow deer have their haunts, are the foreground to a wide panorama of the heaths and groves of Surrey on one hand, and the cultivated tracts of Middlesex, with distant Harrow, on the other. In the midst of the Park lie the Pen Ponds, well stocked with fish; and beyond stands White Lodge, where Lord

The White Lodge.

Sidmouth entertained Pitt, Sheridan, Scott and Nelson, long a favoured resort of royalty, and now the residence of the Duke and Duchess of Teck. The house will henceforward be remembered by Englishmen as the birthplace of an heir to the throne. The gentler beauties of Richmond Park are coy, and need to be wooed, for there are sweet recesses and woodland solitudes known to few among the many who visit the breezy height of Richmond Hill.

Upon RICHMOND itself a volume might be written. Here the visitor will find abundant attractions both of nature and art, many splendid houses, each with a history, a host of associations such as I have suggested, many haunts of famous men. He may see the house where Reynolds entertained his friends, may visit the grave of Thomson, the poet of Richmond and the Thames, and may speculate upon the original of the "Lass of Richmond Hill"—was it Mrs. Fitzherbert?—and of the swain who proclaimed his sentiments of fidelity in the well-known lines,

"I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill."

But it is time for us to hie away from these attractive scenes to others with equal charms. At the foot of Richmond Hill, south-westward, between the Park and the river, are Petersham meadows, with old Ham House, hidden among the trees, opposite Twickenham, and Ham Walks, the favourite haunt at times of Pope, Swift and Gay, along the bank. Who has not heard of Twickenham Ferry? It brings the visitor from the Middlesex side by easy approach to the mysterious groves of Ham. A volume might be written upon the history and associations of Ham House. "Old trees," said Leigh Hunt, "the most placid of rivers, Thomson up above you, Pope near you, Cowley himself not far off. I hope here is a nest of repose, both material and spiritual, of the most Cowleyian and Evelynian sort. Though that infernal old Duke of Lauderdale who put people to the rack, lived there in the

Photo., F. S. Catford, Petersham Church. *Hampton Wick.*

original Ham House—he married a Dysart—yet even the bitter taste is taken out of the mouth by the sweets of these poets, and by the memories of the good Duke of Queensberry and his good Duchess (Prior's Kitty), who nursed their friend Gay there when he was ill." The house was built in 1610 for Sir Thomas Vavasour, and, after passing through various hands, came by purchase to William Murray, Lord Huntingtower, afterwards Earl of Dysart; and the "infernal old Duke" referred to was the Lauderdale of the Cabal, who married the Earl's daughter, Elizabeth, Countess of Dysart, widow of Sir Lionel Tollemache. It was here, as tradition has it, that the Cabal held their secret councils. The house yet bears the impress of Lauderdale's alterations, and, through all its long possession by the Tollemaches, Earls of Dysart, it has retained its old Jacobean character. An ancestral hush rests upon its long avenues, its rusted gates, its gnarled pines, its mellow brickwork, and the long corridors, in which ghosts walk in the moonshine, rustling their silken garments when the wind sweeps by.

Partly through much neglect, and now through long inherited veneration for the eld, the character of the house remains unchanged. The dappled lawns, the old-time flower-beds, and the gaunt and solemn pines, the worn balustrades, the grass-grown paths, the famous iron gates, rusting between lofty urn-crowned piers, and the absolute stillness of the scene, carry us back a century or two, and only the occasional throbbing of a steam-tug on the river recalls the nineteenth century. The visitor will hear much of the iron gates and the legends concerning their opening; how but once they have stood ajar since they were closed on Charles II., and perhaps another monarch must come ere again they swing on their hinges. When Horace Walpole's niece became Countess of Dysart, the melancholy charms of Ham House made him at once delighted and peevish. "Close to the Thames, in the centre of rich and verdant beauty, it is so blocked up and barricaded with walls, vast trees and gates, that you think yourself an hundred miles off, and an hundred years back," he wrote. "The old furniture is so magnificently ancient, dreary, and decayed, that at every step one's spirits sink, and all my passion for antiquity could not keep them up. Every minute I expected to see ghosts sweeping by; ghosts I would not give sixpence to see—Lauderdales, Tollemaches, and Maitlands. . . . In this state of pomp and tatters my nephew intends it shall remain, and is so religious an observer of the venerable rights of his house, that because they were never opened by his father but once, for the late Lord Granville, you are locked out and locked in, and after journeying all round the house, as you do round an old French fortified town, you are at last admitted through the stable yard to creep along a dark passage by the housekeeper's room, and so by a back door into the great hall. He seems as much afraid of water as a cat, for though you might enjoy the Thames from every window of three sides of the house, you may tumble into it before you guess it is there."

Photo., J. S. Catford. Orleans House. *Hampton Wick.*

Many changes have from time to time been introduced at Ham House, but it still retains its old character, and the "pillared dusk" of its long avenues and its stately gardens is well in keeping with the venerable structure. Towards the river the house presents a great façade of many windows, with projecting wings and quaint bays at each end. Above the ground floor level, a range of busts in niches adorns the structure, and the busts are continued along the walls which run from the house to the terrace and the sunk wall that separates the gardens from the meadows. The back of the house is still more weird, where a long avenue stretches nearly a mile towards Ham Common. Within, the favoured visitor finds a treasure-house of Jacobean art; and the splendid galleried hall, paved with black and white marble, the stately staircase, the tapestried Cabal Chamber, afterwards called the Queen's Audience Chamber, the Blue and Silver Room, the Duchess of Lauderdale's suite, where her armchair, writing-desk, cane, and other articles of personal use remain, the rich Drawing Room, the Chapel, the Long Gallery lined with dim portraits, the famous Tapestry Room, the Library, with its rare treasures, and other apartments of the historic house, will delight and impress him with unfamiliar charm.

Petersham Church stands not far away, quaint and attractive, with some eccentricity. It possesses many interesting tombs and memorials, among which will be discovered the stone of Mary and Agnes Berry, the "Elderberries" of Walpole, to whom we are indebted for his garrulous reminiscences and much of his correspondence, and a memorial of Vancouver, the famous circumnavigator. It is a pleasant, sunny place between the Common and the river, lying low, but open to every breeze that blows. At Petersham many well-known men have lived, and unhappy Colton, author of "Lacon," the man of pithy wisdom not stretched wide enough, was once its vicar.

Twickenham, Walpole's Baiæ, or Tivoli, lies opposite, stretched along the elevated Middlesex bank of the Thames, and for ever famous in our literary history. We might dwell long upon the memories of the writers and "people of quality" who have chosen this place for their retreat. Below Richmond Bridge the village of Twickenham Park stands upon the site of a domain associated with a long line of celebrated people, from Francis Bacon downward. Above it, in lovely grounds, is Cambridge House, so named from Richard Owen Cambridge, "the everything," who there entertained Reynolds, Gibbon, Johnson, Boswell, and other celebrities of the time. Marble Hill is near by, conspicuous from the river, a house built by George II. for Mrs. Howard, his mistress, Pope's "Chloe," afterwards Countess of Suffolk, whereof Swift said that "Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, Lord Herbert the architect, and the Dean of St. Patrick's (himself) chief butler and keeper of the ice-house." Here dwelt later on beautiful Mrs. Fitzherbert, the illegally married wife of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., and it will not be forgotten that she was living at Marble Hill when he was married to the Princess Caroline. Such was the shattered romance of the "Lass of Richmond Hill."

Her home has a stately neighbour in Orleans House, long associated with the fortunes of the royal family of France, and a place that seemed to Defoe to make "much the brightest figure" in Twickenham. The imposing

Photo., F. S. Catford. **Twickenham Church.** *Hampton Wick.*

character of the house, and the surpassing beauty of its gardens, where glowing flower-beds bestud green stretches of lawn, which are enframed by secluded belts of luxuriant foliage, chosen with a rare eye to the effects of varied colour, make this one of the most charming houses by the Thames. Built in the reign of Anne by Mr. Secretary Johnstone, whom Pope bitterly satirizes, it passed through many hands before it became the chosen retreat of Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, and his brothers, the Duc de Montpensier and the Comte de Beaujolais. The Duke was very popular in the neighbourhood, and long afterwards, an exiled king, he yearned for possession of the place once more. Having purchased it from Lord Kilmorey, he there installed his son, the Duc d'Aumale, who greatly improved and beautified the house. Don Carlos, the claimant of the Spanish crown, afterwards made it his residence, and the house then became the home of the Orleans Club. The love of the Orleans princes for Twickenham attracted a host of their adherents to the banks of the Thames, and the heads of the great French houses, in former times, often visited these delightful scenes. York House, standing east of Twickenham Church — the birth-place of Queen Anne, and deriving its name from her father—will always be associated with the long residence there of the late Comte de Paris.

It has lately been purchased by the Duc d'Aumale for presentation to his young kinsman, the Duc d'Orléans.

But the presiding genius of Twickenham is Pope, who has given it classic fame. The picturesque, if somewhat incongruous house, so familiar to all frequenters of the Thames, now known as "Pope's Villa," is not that in which he dwelt. He took the villa, or "villakin," about 1717, when the publication of the "Iliad" had begun, and lived there till his death in 1744, happy between his writing table and his garden, and in the society of his many friends. It was at Twickenham that he perfected his classic and polished style, and thence that issued the wealth of his epigrammatic and scathing wit. Amid the good offices of his friends, as he tells us in the preface of his "Homer," he could hardly envy the pompous honours his original received after death, when he reflected on the enjoyment of "so many agreeable obligations, and easy friendships" which made the satisfaction of his life. The place of Pope in the history of landscape gardening is considerable, for it was he who broke through the formal Dutch style, and contributed to shape the taste of Kent. His house was upon the Teddington road, and between its garden front and the river, whence was a charming view of Eel Pie Island and Ham Walks, he laboured upon fixed principles, applying the methods of pictorial art to the practical expression of his conception of Nature as it should be shaped under the gardener's hand. Bridgman and Kent were his helpers, with the great Lord Peterborough and other amateurs.

"And he whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines;
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain."

The poet's larger efforts, however, were on the other side of the Teddington road, where

he had a garden; and the famous grotto, which he spent his declining years in beautifying—

Th' Egerian grot
Where, nobly-pensive, St. John sate and thought—

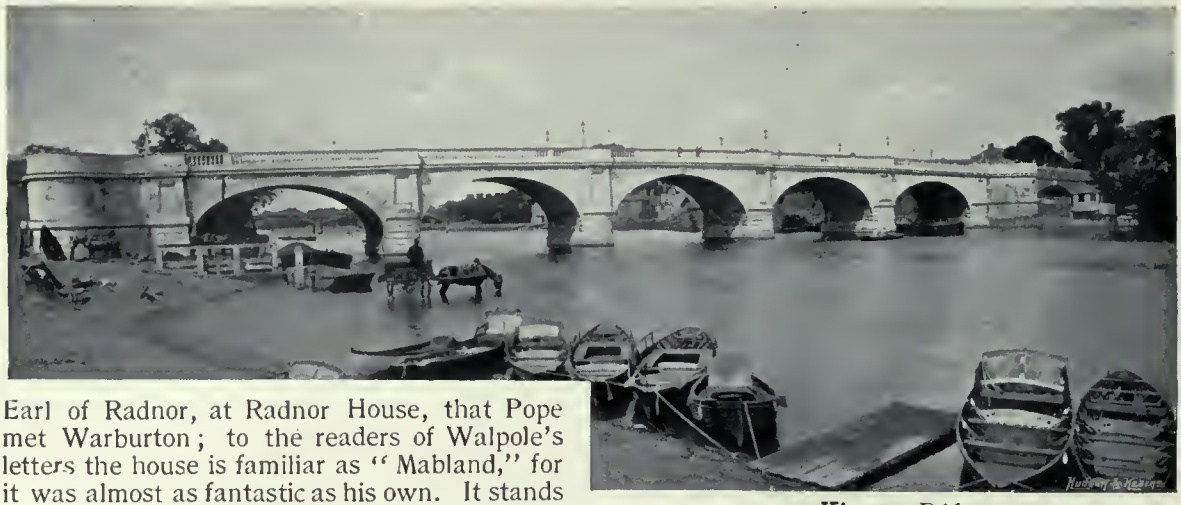
was the way of communication beneath the road. He lived to complete his labour of love, and to feel "at a loss for the diversion he used to take in laying out and finishing things." One of the versifiers whose effusions were collected by Dodsley fondly imagined that, even when the sable cloak of oblivion should have enshrouded the names of kings and heroes, visitors to the Thames, "with awful veneration," would seek the grotto, but, with eager hands, and almost Transatlantic zeal, would "pilfer" some gem or fragment of moss, "boasting a relic from the cave of Pope." But, alas! while the poet's memory was still in its freshest greenness, his creation was wasted, and his grotto speedily fell from the radiance of its splendour to the state of a dark and dismal tunnel. After the death of Pope, it was a private woe to Walpole that the Earl of Chesterfield's brother bought the villa, and hacked and hewed the groves the Poet had so carefully tended. Further distress fell upon many when Baroness Howe, the famous admiral's daughter, devastated his quincunx, and pulled down his dwelling-place to build another at a little distance, which, in its turn, was replaced by the present house, standing nearer the site of the original villa.

Horace Walpole, who loved more than any other place in the world

"Twit'nam, the Muse's favorite seat,"

spent his life in building and adorning his fantastic house of Strawberry Hill. The fascinating gossiper, without whose tattling even Twickenham itself might be dull, delighted in creating bit by bit his "fantastic fabric," his "romance in lath and plaster," his "pasteboard walls," and "mimic towers," which were a quarter of a century in hand. England was searched for examples of doors, windows, and other details; frowning battlements looked down upon bay windows; Tudor oriels shouldered Norman turrets; and untramelled imagination was allowed free play in architectural drollery. Within, the refectory, the gallery with splendid fan tracery, "taken from one of the side aisles of Henry VII.'s chapel," the library, the Holbein chamber, the tribune, the Beauclerc closet, the yellow bedroom, or beauty chamber, and various parlours, drawing-rooms and other apartments, were stored with a vast and curious collection of pictures, statuary, miniatures, enamels, rings, gems, snuff-boxes, works in gold, silver and bronze, such as lamps, candlesticks and daggers, and a crowd of nameless bric-a-brac objects. Truly, such a house and such a collection never existed before; and, much as we may laugh at Walpole, it must be confessed that his fantastic taste gained a certain vogue, and contributed later to break our allegiance to formal classicism. At Strawberry Hill, Walpole was visited by countless celebrities, and the Hon. Mrs. Damer, to whom he left the house for her life, maintained the fame it had attracted. Afterwards it was neglected and its contents dispersed, but, by the care of Frances, Countess Waldegrave, it was restored, and became once again almost Walpole's Strawberry Hill. Between the famous houses of Pope and Walpole lay another, which was familiar to both. It was in the garden of the

Photo., F. S. Catford. **Teddington Lock.** *Hampton Wick.*



Kingston Bridge.

Earl of Radnor, at Radnor House, that Pope met Warburton; to the readers of Walpole's letters the house is familiar as "Mabland," for it was almost as fantastic as his own. It stands no longer as he saw it, but is one of the most pleasantly situated and best known mansions on the Thames.

We must not linger amid the famous houses of the neighbourhood that overlook the river at Twickenham. Yet there is scarcely one among them about which something romantic or interesting could not be said. Richmond House, Poulet Lodge, Saville House, Meadowbank, Spencer Grove, the Manor House—the names of these and many more awake interesting literary or social recollections. The memories of many who loved the place are enshrined in the quaint, curious, and very incongruous church, where the graves of Pope, Kneller, Kitty Clive, Admirals Sir Chaloner Ogle and Byron, and many other celebrities may be visited. So it is that Twickenham will ever live in our literary and social history, and we may smile to think of the dilemma of its historian, who, after the strictest enquiry, could not find that anything had been discovered, any remains of antiquity been found, that anything remarkable had happened, that any synod, parliament, or other meeting, civil or religious, had ever been held within its parochial bounds.

Between Pope's Villa and Eel Pie Island is a well-known fishing deep. Thence to Hampton Court the way of the Thames is a long S-shaped curve, which has the level length of Ham fields within its northern semicircle, and Bushey Park in that to the south. At Teddington, a mile south of the island, we bid farewell to the tidal Thames. Somewhat feebly the tide flows below, and the lock, well-known to all boatmen on the river, and the long weir, check it altogether. Here, then, the life of the locks begins. All know the deep green coolness in the summer time, the bubbling and eddying of the water when the sluices are drawn, the dancing of the skiffs, the shouts of the brown-armed oarsmen, the rippling laughter from pretty lips, the gaiety of costume, the witty sallies and merry rejoinders, all the sights and sounds of the locks of the Thames. Places more rustic and more garlanded with flowers, in quieter reaches, our upward journeying will bring us to; but the life, the spirit, and the brightness of the river, ere it ceases to be the thronging highway of holiday-making London humanity, cannot be seen better than where the crowded skiffs are being urged forward into Teddington lock. There is rowdyism in the locks sometimes, and every lock means delay, but there is need for breaks and rests in the pulling, and it is the

Photos., F. S. Catford. The Coronation Stone. *Hampton Wick.*

Photo., J. S. Catford. **Surbiton (Kingston Regatta).** *Hampton Wick.*

locks that have made navigable the Upper Thames. The fishing is good at Teddington, though there is no great fishing deep. Of Teddington itself, little need be said. From an old village of quaint and straggling character, with many fine houses, of which some have disappeared, it has grown into a popular suburb in a pleasant situation upon the river. its old church is interesting chiefly for its monuments, among which that of Peg Woffington may be noticed.

And now the river, which has lost something on its charm after leaving Twickenham, gains few character, and umbrageous stretches of neighbouring country appear as we approach the wooded beauties of Bushey. The ancient town of Kingston lies in the heart of a most charming country, on the Surrey side, a mile and-a-half above Teddington. The place has long been of high importance, and has one of the oldest bridges on the Thames. It is a pleasant town, with broad market-place, in the midst of which stands the Town Hall, a good Italian structure, erected in 1840. Near by, upon an inscribed basement with carved surrounding pillars and ornamental railing, is the celebrated coronation stone, from which, as many have averred, the place took its name, and whereof the chroniclers record that it was the regal seat at the coronation of Athelstan, 924; Edmund, 940; Edred, 946; Edgar, 959; Edward the Martyr, 975; Ethelred II., 978; and Edmund II., 1016. Some historians add other names. The high importance of the town is thus testified. Lying upon the old road to Portsmouth, and there being no bridge across the Thames between Kingston and London Bridge, the place had a constant stream of famous visitors, and was the scene of some stirring events in the Middle Ages. Some have contended that it was here—others at Cowey Stakes, higher up—that Cæsar and his legionaries forded the Thames to engage the forces of Cassivelaunus. The town received its charter from John, and here Henry III. besieged the castle—now altogether lost—of Gilbert Clare, Earl of Gloucester. The wooden bridge was probably often broken in times of public trouble. This was the case when Falconbridge sought vainly to pass the Thames in pursuit of Edward IV. in 1472. It was the case again in 1554, when Wyatt, finding London Bridge closed against him, marched to Kingston. He seized boats and barges, repaired the bridge, dispersed those who resisted his passage, and marched on London and to the scaffold. In the Civil Wars, too, Kingston was the scene of much fighting, being held alternately for the King and the Parliament. The last fight for Charles was at Kingston, where Lord Holland was defeated and captured, and Lord Francis Villiers, refusing to accept quarter, fell fighting with his back to a tree. These are some of the

associations of the pleasant, interesting, and hospitable town of Kingston-upon-Thames.

The good people of Kingston long held to old customs, and retained a rustic simplicity of manners. They delighted, as their old churchwardens' accounts show, in mystery-plays, and it was not until the end of the last century that their curious practice of cracking nuts throughout the service in church on the Sunday before Michaelmas day—which they called "Cracknut Sunday"—was put a stop to.

The Kingston "Ball-play" at Shrovetide, though degenerate, is celebrated. It is a species of football, once played with municipal honours, and the ball, which the Mayor was wont to start, is said to represent the head of a Danish chief defeated long ago by the Kingston men. The large cruciform church, too, built of flint, stone, and hard chalk, with its broad central tower—unworthy successor of one destroyed by lightning in 1703—its perpendicular nave, and its many interesting monuments, may well detain the wayfarer awhile. The bridge, of five principal arches, one of the handsomest on the Thames, over which the road passes to Hampton Wick, with branches thence to Twickenham and Hampton Court, replaced a wooden structure, and was opened in 1828. The Kingston regatta is a very popular event on the river.

It is not surprising, in this fascinating neighbourhood, with the heaths and woods of Surrey on one hand, and the river and the rare beauties of Hampton Court Palace and Bushey Park on the other, that Norbiton and Surbiton should have become popular residential places, nor that Thames Ditton, by the bend of the stream, should be a favourite resort, full of delights, far-famed among anglers. The place has two well-known deeps, and the reader will like to be reminded of Leigh Hunt's "Lines in a Punt," proclaiming the many things that "invite to stay at 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."

In this neighbourhood are supremely beautiful views both up and down the river, and the prospects from the elevations near are superb. Hereabout, too, is regal ground, where the memories of princes, prelates, and statesmen linger, and here the Thames unfolds some of its choicest beauties of meadow and wood. We shall pause in our journeying at the bridge at Hampton Court, by the hospitable "Mitre." The bridge, a structure that disfigures the stream, is the successor of others more picturesque, and of one more curious. Truly a famous resort is this for fishermen and boating parties, for those who love to ply the line and pull the oar, to lie in the summer sunshine where the green bank casts its shadow, who delight to journey by coach or cycle along the road, who revel in courtly scenes, stately pleasure chambers, long galleries and pillared avenues, in ancient gardens, and in places where venerable vines are fruiting, where chestnuts show their richest bloom, and beech-nuts and acorns lie thick in the autumn. All these, and many more who find their spell in natural beauties and historic memories, delight to rest from their journeying for awhile at Hampton Court.

Hampton Court Bridge.

RICHMOND BRIDGE.

Photo., F. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

RICHMOND,
LOOKING DOWN STREAM.

Photo., J. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

THE OLD PALACE, KEW.

Photo., J. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

RICHMOND PARK.

Photo., J. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

HAM HOUSE,
PETERSHAM.

Photo., J. S. Cafford, Hampton Wick.

RADNOR HOUSE,
TWICKENHAM.

Photo., F. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

POPE'S VILLA,
TWICKENHAM.

Photo., J. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

TEDDINGTON LOCK.

Photo., F. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

KINGSTON,
BELOW THE BRIDGE.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

KINGSTON CHURCH.

Photo., F. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

SURBITON,
RAVEN'S AIT.

Photo., Jones, Surbiton.

THAMES DITTON.

Photo., J. S Catford, Hampton Wick

Photo., Poulton, Lee.

IT has been remarked more than once that the right royal road to Hampton Court is by the way of the silent Thames. It was the way that Wolsey traversed, propelled by the strong arms of stout bargemen, when he went to and fro between Westminster and his stately palace newly reared, the way that ambassadors and courtiers came to his council; and to-day there are few greater delights of the Thames than to reach Hampton Court by the river—to see it, first of all, lifting its crimsoned walls amid the elms, and, approaching from the bridge, to let its surpassing charms and marvellous interests successively unfold, as they have unfolded from Wolsey's day to ours. In those times the great and hospitable Cardinal walked apart from those who would have intruded upon his much-needed privacy, and was "lofty and sour to those that loved him not;" but, in these, through the gracious favour of the Queen, the Palace is open to every comer, before whom it stands as the true exemplar of Tudor splendour, of the pride of Stuart times, and of the gaiety and new ideals of William, Anne, and the Georges.

This, indeed, we feel as we enter beneath the archway, is the home of the great cleric who entered before us upon his mule, who grasped the helm of our statecraft, and guided England through the tortuous channels and amid the hidden shallows of European diplomacy, whose pride was the pride of his country, who worked with marvellous energy at the creation of the house we behold, and who gave up all to his grasping, heartless master, to be abandoned in his falling age. And so, a little sadly, we think at Hampton Court of Henry. We cannot forget that Katharine sat here with her handmaidens, while he dallied with Anne Boleyn in the garden bowers. There are traces at Hampton Court of her downfall, for her badges have been erased, save that the men forgot, and left, an "H" and an "A," intertwined with a true lover's knot, under the arch beneath which we pass to the sacred court. Then we think of Jane Seymour's untimely death and unquiet spirit, and of her infant son being here, whose nurse, Mistress Penn, too, they say, still walks the corridors, the very figure of that strange archaic effigy of her which lies in Hampton Church. Next we seem to hear the piercing shriek of Katharine Howard, who escapes from her rooms, and yet flies in agony down the Haunted Gallery at night to solicit the clemency of Henry, who sits unmoved at his prayers in the Chapel. In this changing story of Hampton Court we find Mary spending her honeymoon with Philip of Spain, Elizabeth with her maidens, James I. ponderously debating with English and Scotch divines, Charles I. escaping from the supervision of Colonel Whalley, his son holding high state with Katharine of Braganza, William III. working his changes, and Mary plying her needle in her bowers, George II. making love to Mrs. Howard and Mary Bellenden, and here, too, the statesmen, soldiers, wits, and beauties of former times.

So much, then, may serve to suggest how profound and various are the interests of

Photo., J. S. Catford. **Hampton Court, from the West.** *Hampton Wick.*

Hampton Court. When Wolsey turned for relaxation from the cares of statecraft, he worked with characteristic power at the creation of his Palace. Men skilled in every craft, workers in stone, brick and terra-cotta, smiths, glass stainers, carpenters, gardeners and woodmen were brought in crowds. As Cavendish says:

> "Expertest artificers that were both farre and nere,
> To beautyfie my howssys I had them at my will."

Drainage works were carried out that stood 300 years, and water was brought in leaden pipes from Coombe Hill, some distance away. Europe was ransacked for its treasures, and glorious tapestries covered the walls. "One has to traverse 8 rooms," says Giustiniani, the Venetian Ambassador, "before one reaches his audience chamber, and they are all hung with tapestry, which is changed once a week."

The west front is almost wholly his work. It is of brick, richly coloured and variegated, with stone dressings, and, with its two wings, extends some 400 feet from north to south. The mullioned windows, the beautiful oriel over the arch and perforated parapet, the embattled walls, pinnacles and fretted chimneys, and the turrets, now shorn of their leaden cupolas, betoken the general character of the building within. The medallions of Roman emperors in the turrets belong to a set which were specially executed for Wolsey by an Italian named Giovanni Maiano. Passing through the archway, we are in the First or Base Court, which has an area of 167 feet by 142 feet, and is a delightful example of the architecture of the time. The purple-red walls, with interlacings of grey brick, are broken by charming mullioned windows, and projecting chimney stacks, crowned with their beautifully worked columns. The buildings are of two stories, except on the east, where there is a double-turreted frontage in three stages, with the oriel in the Clock Tower, and "Anne Boleyn's Gateway" below, leading through to the Second or Clock Court. The noble west front of the Great Hall, with its splendid windows and curiously-shaped gable, rises impressively behind. The three-light mullioned windows on the north and south sides of this Court lighted the galleries which, in the Cardinal's time, gave access to his "double lodgings," or guest chambers, a large one and a small one being linked together in each case. Strangely do

Photo. J. S. Catford, **The East Front.** *Hampton Wick.*

these buildings contrast with the later structure of Wren.

In the long galleries of his house, and in the green alleys and old Pond Garden on the south side, by which countless thousands hasten thoughtlessly to see the famous vine, it was the delight of the Cardinal to pace in retirement and contemplation. Thus, says Cavendish, in his metrical picture:

> "My galleries were fayre,
> both large and long,
> To walk in them when it
> lyked me best."

These would seem indeed to have been the very home of cloistered calm, and it is delightful yet to feel their reposeful sway. Here the guests of Wolsey were comfortably housed, and the corridors gave easy access to the Great Hall, which stood on the site of that which now rises beyond. We can yet conjure up the picture of the bustling to and fro when the French Ambassador came for the peace-making. "The yeomen and grooms of the Wardrobe," says Cavendish "were busied in hanging of the chambers with costly hangings, and furnishing the same with beds of silk, and other furniture apt for the same in every degree. Then my Lord Cardinal sent me, being gentleman usher, with two other of my fellows, to Hampton Court, to foresee all things touching our rooms, to be nobly furnished accordingly. Then the carpenters, the joiners, the masons, the painters, and all other artificers necessary to glorify the house and feast were set at work. There were also fourteen score beds provided and furnished with all manner of furniture to them belonging, too long particularly here to relate."

Photo., J. S. Catford. The Great Hall, looking West. *Hampton Wick.*

The domestic offices and quarters of the household occupied a long range of buildings lying on the north side of the First Court, and of the Great Hall, the Great Watching Chamber and the Round Kitchen Court beyond. Comparatively few visitors to Hampton Court know how picturesque in outline and rich in colour are the venerable ivy-grown walls of the buildings which flank Tennis Court Lane, and surround the Master Carpenter's Court and Fish Court on that side of the Palace. All these chambers were well filled with good and merry company, we know, for Wolsey had 500 retainers at his open table, 80 domestic and 100 other servants, and 150 horses in his stable, as well as 60 priests, and a choir of 40, with many others in his train. Some reference will presently be made to other of Wolsey's chambers in various parts of the Palace. It was the display of the Cardinal's magnificence that raised the spleen of Skelton, his bitter satirist, who demanded: "Why come ye not to court? To whyche court? To the Kynge's courte or to Hampton Court?"

But this digression leaves us standing in the First Court, before the Clock Tower, and Anne Boleyn's Gateway, which leads to the second. Beneath the beautiful fan-groining of the arch is the entrance to the Great Hall on the left. This noble structure forms the north side of the Second or Clock Court, and externally is very impressive, with many buttresses, and grotesque lions sitting on their lofty pinnacles, as well as turrets and glorious windows, and a

Photo. F. S. Catford, **The King's Guard Chamber.** *Hampton Wick.*

truly magnificent bay. Internally the glories of the Hall are shown better in the pictures than they can be described in words. The hammer-beam roof, with its splendid traceries and carved bosses, is the most elaborate in England, and fortunately is well lighted by the windows in the gables. Combined with the magnificent windows, filled with excellent modern armorial glass by Willement, and the glorious tapestries that line the walls, the effect given is very striking. The eight huge pieces of tapestry, depicting scenes in the life of Abraham, are admirable examples of Flemish work based upon Italian designs, and have been attributed to Rafaelle's disciple, Bernard van Orley. They are enriched with allegorical borders, and are highly interesting and curious. The screen at the lower end of the hall, shutting off the entrance lobby, with the minstrels' gallery over it, is richly carved; and the noble feature of the great bay window, rising from floor to ceiling, and lighting the dais at the upper end, with forty-eight lights, and delicate fan-tracey and pendants at its head, is unsurpassed in this country. The length of the great chamber is 106 feet, its width 40 feet, and its height 60 feet.

The Hall is the work of Henry VIII., and Wolsey never saw it. When the covetous hand of the King had been set upon the glorious house of his minister, he set to work to alter and complete it. Workmen once again came from every quarter, and the Great Hall rose rapidly, with new kitchens, "chawndry," "squillery," "spicery," "accatry," and other offices. One of the great kitchens still remains as of old, presenting a most picturesque appearance from Tennis Court Lane, and, within, possessing still its open timber roof, its huge fireplaces, 18 feet broad and 7 feet high, where oxen were probably roasted whole, and its ancient jacks, spits and racks, a speaking memorial of the plenteous boards of former times. We recall how, in Wolsey's days, for the feasting of the Frenchmen, "the purveyors brought and sent in such plenty of costly provision as ye would wonder at the same; the cooks wrought both night and day in divers subtleties and many crafty devices; where lacked neither gold, silver, nor any other costly thing meet for the purpose."

Behind the Hall, and entered from the dais, is the King's Great Watching or Presence Chamber, sometimes called the Withdrawing Room, a splendid apartment seventy feet long, twenty-nine feet broad and about twenty feet high, which preserves its ancient aspect more perfectly than any other in the Palace. It has an elaborate flat ceiling of intricate design with Tudor badges, windows high in the walls, and a noble oriel, and is lined with supremely interesting early tapestry, known

Photo., J. S. Catford, **The Fountain Court.** *Hampton Wick.*

to be of Wolsey's time, all archaic and beautiful. Three of the pieces depicts the "Triumphs' of Petrarch—those of Death, Fame and Time—while others are allegories representing the Christian virtues and the "Seven Deadly Sins." The "Triumphs" of Chastity, Love and Divinity are wanting at Hampton Court, but the first of these is at South Kensington. These, then, are the rooms in which Henry held his Court, for he often retired to the place he had acquired by the Thames. He jousted in the tilt yard, angled in the Thames, and strolled in the pleasant gardens. "Anne Bouillayne's lodgynges" are mentioned as early as 1528, but her apartments in the south-east part of the Palace were completing when she fell. Her badges were removed, except under the archway, and Jane Seymour was lodged in her stead, and in the part of Hampton Court which was demolished by William III., Edward VI. was born and nurtured. They say the uneasy spirit of his mother, clad in white, and carrying a taper, has been seen to issue from beneath the arch of Katharine of Aragon's Door in the Second or Clock Court of the Palace.

Into that court, descending from the Hall by the staircase, we now enter beneath the archway. It is still the court of Wolsey and of Henry, though Wolsey's private rooms are concealed in part by the Ionic colonnade which Wren added incongruously on the south. Many alterations have indeed been carried out here, both in the time of William III. and again in 1732, but there is pleasing variety about the whole, and the buttresses, windows, turrets, and pillars are full of charm. Wolsey's rooms

Photo., J. S. Catford, *Hampton Wick.*
Ceiling, Queen Anne's Drawing Room.

Photo., J. S. Catford, **The Fireplace, Queen's Gallery.** *Hampton Wick.*

between the southern side of the Court and the gardens are privately occupied, but two of them still preserve his elaborate ceilings, and others are panelled with the beautiful linen-fold pattern. On the northern side of the Court, the pinnacled buttresses, noble windows and grand bay of the Great Hall are very fine, and the western side is noticeable for the excellence of the brickwork. Here are two of Maiano's medallions—those of Vitellius and Tiberius—and between them may be seen the Cardinal's arms, supported by cherubs, and with his motto, "Dominus mihi adjutor," in terra-cotta, doubtless from the same hand. The astronomical clock, which is above, is a very remarkable object. It was placed there by Henry about the year 1540, and, after remaining in its place some 300 years, was temporarily removed. In 1879, however, it was restored, lost movements being added and new works being furnished, and now it presents the very aspect it had in Henry's reign. The dial is enframed in a square, with quatrefoils at the angles inclosing Tudor badges. To describe the arrangement at length is impossible, and it must suffice to say that there are three discs, which show at once the hours, days of the month, motions of the sun and moon, and the moon's phases, and that the action of the clock is not continuous by movements at each second, but by jumps forward at intervals of fifteen seconds. The curious instrument has been attributed to a well-known maker of the time named Tompion, but with greater probability to Nicholas Cratzer, a German, who made other clocks of like character. The eastern side of the Clock Court has a turreted frontage, with a dark archway in the middle, which leads to the Queen's Staircase and the Chapel. These will be referred to a little later on.

It is well to remember, then, that in passing from the Second Court, through the doorway at the end of Wren's Colonnade, we leave behind us the Palace of the Tudors. Between these two architectural aspects of Hampton Court there lies the historic period of the Stuarts, the presentation of the Grand Remonstrance at the Palace, the flight of Charles, the actions of the Civil War, the sale and repurchase of the place, the coming of Cromwell to Hampton, the Restoration, and the fall of James II. Charles II., who took great pleasure in the Palace, did much to beautify it, somewhat for the gratification of Lady Castlemaine, who was installed there, re-furnishing the rooms, and improving the tennis-court and gardens. But the great work of re-building the south-eastern angle of the Palace, where formerly old apartments surrounded the Cloister Green Court, and another was carried out by Wren, under the personal orders of William III., who liked the place, and determined to make it his residence.

The work went on energetically, William and Mary living meanwhile in the Water Gallery, overlooking the river, he going to and fro on business of war and statecraft; she plying her needle, and delighting in her gardens, tending her orange trees, of which some may still be seen standing in the summer time along the walk below the State Apartments, and

Photo., F. S. Catford, The Long Water and Avenues in the Home Park. *Hampton Wick.*

walking in her wych-elm Bower. It may be said of Wren's work that it has many merits and many defects, but, perhaps, these latter may be attributed to the conditions in which he worked, for the final decision upon architectural plans and structural arrangements rested with William. Incongruous as it appears, the graceful Ionic colonnade, with its coupled columns and its balustrade, in the Clock Court, is probably the most successful part of the whole. Much of the charm of the new buildings arises from the use of red brick and stone, which give a certain feeling, rather than aspect, of harmony with the Tudor structure. Beyond this, and the fact that Wren's buildings are grouped round a court, they have nothing in common. The south front, which continues eastward the old range of Wolsey's Lodgings, has two terminal bays, slightly projecting, and a central Corinthian portice raised high above the pavement, with the inscription "GVLIEMVS ET MARIA. R. R. F." (Rex et Regina fecerunt). The long rows of upright windows, lunettes, and square windows above are a little monotonous. A similar arrangement is found on the east front, but there the central compartment is more imposing, though spoiled by the fact that the pediment is sunk below the balustrade. Within, the Fountain Court, with its cloistered calm, and glassy sheet reflecting the buildings that surround, has very distinct charm.

Mary died ere the work was completed, and for some time it stood still, but William resumed it with customary energy, and the best artists of the time were called in for the adornment of the new structure. Verrio and Laguerre adorned the ceilings and plaster spaces as they were wont to do, Grinling Gibbons worked both in wood and stone, Gabriel Cibber and many more were employed in ornamental stone carving, and unrivalled iron-workers were engaged. The character of the interior is at once revealed on ascending the King's Great Staircase, for there, as Pope says:

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

The description applies somewhat better to other work of Verrio, for here we gaze on the Greek Pantheon, and the Muses, with a host of mythological accompaniments. There is some-

Photo., Byrne, The Chapel. *Richmond.*

Photo., J. S. Catford, The South Front. *Hampton Wick.*

thing impressive about it, but the huge work will not stand a moment's criticism, and we pass on to the Guard Chamber, which is wonderfully adorned with arms for decorative effect, the work of one Harris, who did like work at the Tower. The most remarkable picture in the room is that of Queen Elizabeth's Giant Porter, attributed to Zucchero, and for the rest, there are portraits of seamen and soldiers of Stuart and later times, by Lely, Kneller, Brockman, and others.

We presently gain a long vista through the suite of rooms, and look out over the beautiful private gardens, towards the river and the hills of Surrey. William III.'s Presence Chamber, which is next entered, has much beautiful carving by Gibbons, the canopy of the King's throne, and on its walls, among many interesting pictures, a series by Kneller of the beauties of his Court. There is no purpose here of cataloguing the pictures, but it may be noted that the Second Presence Chamber, includes some remarkable Italian pictures, though a few of them of somewhat doubtful authorship, and Vandyck's "Charles I. on Horseback"—one of several of the same subject which he executed. The King's Audience Chamber, again, has a crowd of interesting and beautiful pictures, including a lovely "Holy Family" by Palma Vecchio. The chandelier and furniture are original. Passing through the King's Drawing Room we reach King William III.'s State Bedroom, lined with Lely's famous pictures of the frail Beauties of the Court of Charles II., including the "most blessed picture," as described by Pepys, of Lady Castlemaine. Verrio painted the ceiling with "Day and Night," and the great State Bed is that of Queen Charlotte, from Windsor. The ceiling of the King's Dressing Room was also painted by Verrio, but the next important room we reach is the Queen's or Tapestry Gallery, on the east front, an imposing apartment, with a series of splendid tapestries, from designs by Le Brun, lining its walls. These represent incidents in the life of Alexander the Great, beginning with his triumphant entry into Babylon, and including a remarkable tableau over the mantel-piece of Diogenes in his tub, entreating Alexander to stand away from between him and the sun.

Queen Anne's Bedroom has still her State bed, with hangings worked at Spitalfields, a ceiling representing Aurora rising from the

Photo., J. S. Catford. Queen Mary's Bower. *Hampton Wick*

Sea, by Sir James Thornhill, and many beautiful pictures, including several by Giulio Romano. Queen Anne's Drawing Room, which is entirely lined with pictures by Benjamin West, has one of Verrio's most successful ceilings, representing Anne in the character of Justice, with Neptune and Britannia to support her crown. From the windows of this room a magnificent prospect is gained of the gay flower-beds, trim grass-plats, and fountain of the public gardens, the Long Water, and the three great diverging avenues. There is no better position for surveying these magnificent gardens, formed under the care of William III. and his successors. Defoe says the King himself designed them. In the Queen's Audience Chamber, which is next reached, are very curious contemporary paintings of the meeting of Henry VIII. and Maximilian at Tournay, 1513; the embarkation of Henry at Dover, 1520; and the Field of the Cloth of Gold; besides a remarkable picture of Henry and his family in the School of Holbein, and a very singular "Elizabeth in Fancy Dress," by Zucchero.

There is not space to deal here with some other apartments on the east front, and those which surround the Fountain Court. Their character has been suggested, and catalogues of their pictures are easily obtained. Walking through them, it is not difficult to call up the Hampton Court of the days of Queen Anne, supremely dull, and wittily satirized by Pope. Here did British statesmen foredoom the fall "of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home," here would "great Anna," he says, "sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea." Then, too, we may think of George I. sallying forth from these chambers to the Hall, there, with stolid satisfaction, to witness the plays enacted at court, aroused once to a species of enthusiasm, appropriate enough in that place, by Shakespeare's Henry VIII." A dull nobleman asked Steele how the King liked the play. "So terribly well, my Lord, that I was afraid I should have lost all my actors! For I was not sure the King would not keep them to fill the posts at court that he saw them so fit for in the play!" Every whit as solemn and dull was the Palace in the time of George II., who was the last monarch to keep his court there.

Photo., F. S. Catford. **The Fish Court.** *Hampton Wick.*

We happily leave the state apartments with a glance at the things of an earlier time. Near the head of the Queen's Staircase the visitor to Hampton Court now sees Wolsey's Closet, a characteristic old-world chamber adjoining the Clock Court, with a marvellously beautiful panelled ceiling, an old mullioned window, and admirable linenfold wainscoting. The Chapel, which lies north of the Fountain Court, presents a strangely mixed character, but is generally pleasing, with its half-Tudor roof and pendants, its classic centre-piece covering the east window, and its oaken pews by Wren. It was stripped of its painted glass, its images and its pictures by order of Parliament in 1645.

More charming to many a visitor to Hampton Court are the gardens and groves that surround it than some of the State-Rooms he surveys. The magnificent semi-circular gardens, with

the Long Water and three avenues in the Home Park beyond, have been alluded to. The great canal was formed under the personal direction of William III., and London and Wise, his gardeners, planted the lime avenues and arranged the terraces, though the splendid yews and laurels belong to the time of Charles II., and were placed there by his gardener Rose. At one time a very formal aspect was given to the scene by cutting the yews to resemble obelisks, but now, happily, they grow as Nature intended they should. The Private Gardens, between the Palace and the Thames are extremely beautiful, bright in their flower beds, solemn and shady in their alleys, and ever varied and delightful. Then we find that strange "cradel walk, for the purplexed twining of the trees very observable," says Evelyn, "Queen Mary's Bower," of wych-elm, not hornbeam, marvellous in its overarching. It is an avenue unique, and is about 100 yards long, 20 feet high and 12 broad. Near by is the ancient Pond Garden, with its sunken parallelogram, calling up even Tudor times, with overgrown stone edgings, and the bases still remaining of the grotesque animals which once adorned the scene On this side lies the vine, also, famous among all visitors for its thousands of purple clusters, and we wonder how many it has fruited since it was planted in 1769. The celebrated iron screens, which flanked the river at intervals, are there no more, two being reserved in the State Apartments, while others are at South Kensington. Perhaps never has iron been so skillfully wrought as under the direction of Jean Tijou, the author of these, who was employed also by Wren to make the iron gates of the choir at St. Paul's. The actual handicraftsman was Huntingdon Shaw, "an artist in his way," says his epitaph, who is buried in Hampton Church.

Passing then along the Broad Walk on the east front, and by the charming Flower Pot Gate, we reach the Wilderness, that delightful garden of flowers, beautiful trees, and sunny spaces. Here, too, is the famous maze, "not without a plan," which is the delight of thousands in the summer days. Then we pass through the great wrought-iron Lion Gates, and between the lofty pillars from which they are named, very notable works of the time of William III., out into the Kingston Road. Beyond lie the noble triple avenue of limes and horse-chestnuts, the Diana Fountain, and the deep groves of Bushey, ever lovely when the bright green leaf breaks in the spring, and the hawthorns are in blossom; when the tones grow richer in June, and the giant chestnuts are blossoming; or, later, when the foliage turns red and gold, and the nuts lie thick on the turf; or again when autumn has blown, and the matchless avenues lift their delicate tracery against the sky. Hampton Court, indeed, for its historic associations, its glorious buildings, its rare treasures of art, its lovely gardens, and its surpassingly beautiful woods is one of the most famous places in all the valley of the regal Thames.

Photo., J. S. Catford. The Diana Fountain, Bushey Park. *Hampton Wick.*

THE GREAT HALL,
LOOKING EAST.

Photo., J. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

THE HALL AND ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT WATCHING CHAMBER.

Photo., F. S. Calford, Hampton Wick.

THE SECOND COURT,
AND CLOCK TOWER.

Photo., J. S. Cafford, Hampton Wick.

THE SECOND COURT,
LOOKING SOUTH-EAST.

Photo., F. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

WOLSEY'S LODGINGS,
SOUTH FRONT.

Photo., J. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

THE OLD "POND GARDEN."

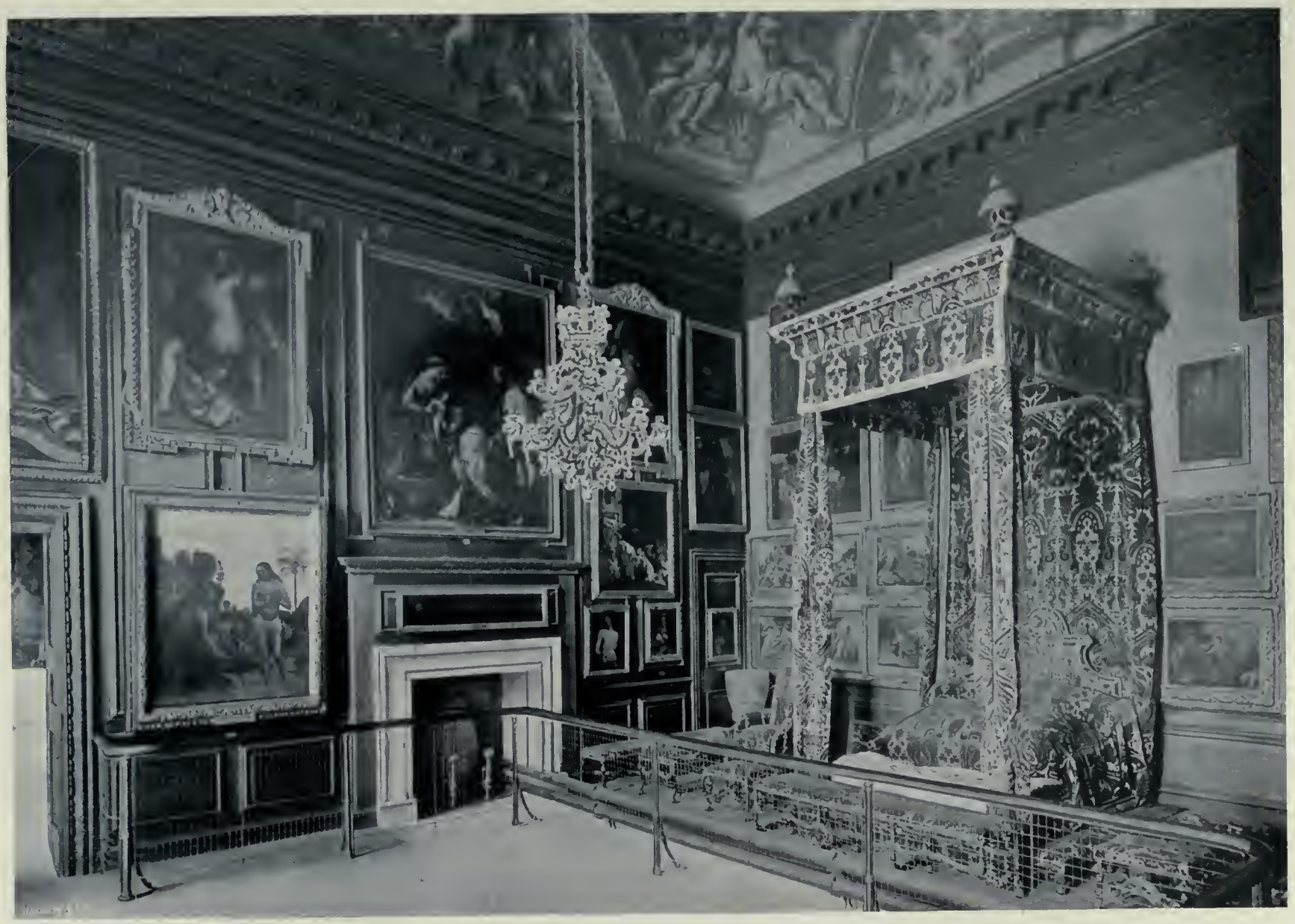
Photo., F. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

THE GREAT KITCHEN.

Photo., F. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

KING WILLIAM THE THIRD'S
STATE BEDROOM.

Photo., F. S. Clifford, Hampton Court.



QUEEN ANNE'S BEDROOM.

Photo., J. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

QUEEN ANNE'S
DRAWING ROOM.

Photo., J. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

THE GARDENS,
HAMPTON COURT.

Photo., J. S Catford, Hampton Wick

QUEEN MARY'S BOWER
AND SOUTH FRONT.

Photo., J. S. Cat.ord, Hampton Wick.

THE LION GATES,
HAMPTON COURT.

Photo., J. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

THE PRIVATE GARDENS,
HAMPTON COURT.

Photo., J. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

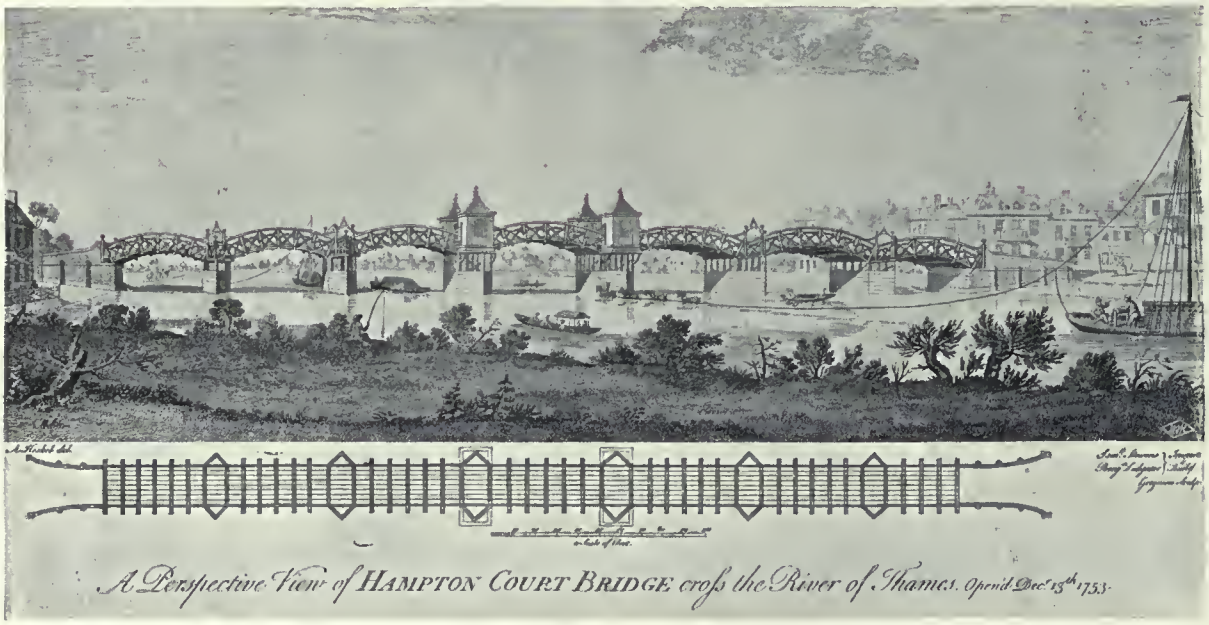
Garrick's "Temple" and Hampton Church.

STROLLING down from Hampton Court to our boat which lies by the bridge, we leave behind us a whole world of famous memories and a crowd of delightful places; but it is to meet new interests and other beauties, to enter again upon the living enjoyments of the river, marked by the laughter of boating parties, the long, strong pulling of practised oarsmen, and the placid pleasures of anglers in their punts, to land here and there to look into a church, or investigate the history of a locality, and so to fare forward until the towers and battlements of Windsor and the attractions of scholastic Eton bid us make longer pause. This iron girder bridge at Hampton Court is certainly not a thing of beauty, with its bare, hard lines. The first bridge, built in 1708, was a far more picturesque structure, we may be sure. That fantastic bridge of many spans opened in 1753, which is here depicted, was much more curious. Its designer might have been bewitched by Alladin's lamp into making a copy of the Chinese. There is interest in the picture, too, as in another of old Shepperton further on, of another sort. It shows how boats were hauled up the river before the locks were made, and when the horses walked in the stream.

The boatman sets out from the busy scene of Molesey Lock, where is the merry music of laughter as the boats go over the rollers, and eager expectancy as the waters pour through the sluices, by many a place where he lingers, and to which he will often return. This is the favourite region for boating, with long open reaches and many eyots in the stream, where it is pleasant to lie under the banks, to explore the backwaters, and to picnic in the welcome shade. There is a gentle beauty in the river hence to Windsor that grows upon the visitor with its subtle charm of green and sedgy banks, trim lawns, splendid foliage, and reflected over-arching sky. The district immediately hereabout is certainly not the most picturesque, for the banks are low, without striking features, though above them rise the distant wooded hills of Esher and Claremont, and the gentle sweeps which border the Ember and the Mole. There are, unhappily, some disfigurements also—the smoke stacks, ventilating shafts, pumping works, and large filtering beds of London water companies, for it is from this region of the Thames that a great deal of water supplied to the metropolis is drawn. Within recent years, and even months, these works have been extended; and there is also upon the Surrey side, on the site of what was once known as Molesey Hurst, a place notable for duels and prize fights, the grand stand of the Hampton Races. Further along, too, on the Middlesex side, behind that pleasant river-side house, Sunbury Court, a large area is given up to the Kempton Park Races. These, if they do not please the lovers of the Thames, and those who live near by, afford unbounded delight to a great many strangers.

At the outset, in this up-river journey from Hampton Court, we meet a very famous scene of the Thames, where the "Grecian Temple," so-called, of Garrick's Villa is disclosed amid trees upon the bank, with the pinnacles of Hampton Church behind. All lovers of the river know the place. The house in which the great actor dwelt can scarcely be seen from the water, for it stands on the other side of the road. It was the home that Garrick delighted

in, and that won the encomium of Johnson: "Ah! David, it is the leaving of such places that makes a death-bed terrible." Garrick designed and laid out the grounds, and built the temple to receive Roubiliac's well-known statue of Shakespeare, which is now in the British Museum. Horace Walpole describes the gaiety of the house, the fêtes and illuminated garden parties, and the great people he met there. The place should be dear to all lovers of the stage, and we cannot but regret that the purpose of the great player's widow to maintain it was at last defeated. Upon her death in 1822, when she had been a widow for 43 years, the well-kept house was broken up, and its collections dispersed, but the memory of Garrick will long linger by the Thames.



A Perspective View of HAMPTON COURT BRIDGE *cross the River of Thames. Opend Dec^r 15^th 1753.*

Hampton Church is a familiar object to all who know the river—a building of somewhat picturesque aspect, but without much to distinguish it, save the monuments which are within. One of these is distinctly curious. It is that of Mistress Sybil Penn, who was the daughter of a John Hampden. She was the lady whose spirit walks, if old wives' tales be true, at Hampton Court; the same who nursed Prince Edward. Her effigy is of the most formal, wooden character that can be conceived, and there is a long epitaph, by one who has "plied his pen" to praise "this Penn."

In the churchyard at Hampton it is well to note also that Huntingdon Shaw is buried, the actual craftsman of those marvellous iron gates or screens, which were designed by Jean Tijou for William III., and at one time lined the river front of the gardens at Hampton Court.

Hampton, and Sunbury beyond, may be described as a headquarters of fishing in the middle waters, or lower angling grounds, of the river. Tagg's Island, and other eyots hereabout, are famous resorts of anglers. Near Sunbury are special rearing ponds, out of which thousands of young fish are turned into the river every year, and there are excellent deeps where the angling is very good. The Thames Angling Preservation Society is a body which protects the fishery under the Thames Conservancy, and has water-bailiffs and watchers along the river. The wary angler would do well to make himself familiar with the regulations, and with the fence months for trout, jack, roach, dace, barbel, gudgeon, chub, etc., and to remember that the watchers may enter his boat, and seize any fish or spawn illegally taken, as well as the instruments used for their capture. The boatman, too, may be advised to ascertain his rights and privileges in regard to picnics and camps on the islands and banks. So will bad blood be spared, and nought trouble digestion or other pleasures of the placid Thames. This is not the place in which to deal at any length with fishing in the river, but it must be noted that all along the bank there are angling resorts at the various villages, and old hostelries which welcome the votaries of the gentle art.

Sunbury, which they greatly haunt—for trout may be taken by the long rushing weir—lies about two miles beyond Hampton, a pleasant old-fashioned village, straggling along the Middlesex bank, with old red brick dwellings, fine trees, and much to make it attractive. Its church is a plain and unpretentious structure, but the village, seen from the water through the willows, presents a very pretty picture. A melancholy memorial has somewhat lately been erected there, in the form of a drinking fountain.

Photo., F. S. Catford. Sunbury Lock. Hampton Wick.

surmounted by a recumbent lion. It is to the memory of two brothers of Sunbury, who lost their lives in the country's service within a month of one another—Captain Charles Frederick Lendy, R.A., who died at Buluwayo in January, 1894, from the effects of the Matabele campaign, and of Captain Edward Augustus Lendy, D.S.O., who was killed in action at Waima, West Africa, in December, 1893. The boating hereabout is excellent, and is conducted with every facility.

But Sunbury is soon left behind by the swinging oars, and a mile and a half further up we find Walton on the Surrey shore. Here the Thames is full of beauties. From the bridge there are fascinating views both up stream and down, with a broad expanse of water sweeping round a noble curve, green banks, and the woods of Oatlands Park clothing the gentle hill. No wonder, we say, the place attracted the pencil of Turner, whose picture of Walton Bridge, with its wealth of water and sky, is filled with that luminous character which was all his own. The church of St. Mary is a curious structure, with an aspect that is decidedly impressive when it is regarded from certain points. There is a Norman arcade within, and early portions dating back perhaps to the time when Walton-on-Thames was a place of importance, a walled town commanding a notable ford across the river. The church, is built of flint, stone, and chalk, and has some Norman features, though it has been a great deal changed. Queen Elizabeth is said to be the author of certain lines which are cut in one of the piers—

> "Christ was the Worde and spake it :
> He took the Bread and brake it ;
> And what the Worde doth make it,
> That I believe, and take it."

They show, with great pride, a singular brass, dating from 1587, to the memory of John Selwyn, "Keeper of her Ma'tie's Parke of Otelande," his wife, five sons, and six daughters. The keeper himself is depicted having sprung upon the back of a stag, to which he is dealing death with his knife. Here, too, is a very notable military memorial, with

Photo., F. S. Catford. Walton Church. Hampton Wick.

Walton Bridge, 1794.

effigy, of Field Marshal Richard Boyle (Lord Shannon), who died in 1740, with his lady kneeling at the foot. This is the most remarkable work of Roubiliac. Yet more singular is that odd means of securing domestic peace jealously preserved in the vestry. It is a "brank" or "gossip's bridle," in the form of a circlet of iron, intended to go round the face, and secured by a padlock, with a thin projecting piece which would hold down the tongue. This, it would appear, the Walton men were sometimes accustomed to use for the subjection of their refractory spouses.

But the interests of ancient Walton are not exhausted. Here was President Bradshaw's house nearer the river, with the very panelled chamber in which the death-warrant was signed, and in which the uneasy spirit of the regicide walked, to the terrifying of Walton in former times. But of far greater antiquity were Cowey Stakes, just beyond Walton bridge, which probably marked the passage of Cæsar in his second invasion of Britain, when he crossed the Thames on foot to subjugate Cassivellaunus, who had strongly defended the bank. There is the strongest evidence of those who frequented the river within the last century that a set of stakes existed in the bed crossing from side to side. These appear to have marked the ford, with the purpose of compelling the waders to cross under the eye of the watch set upon the bank.

More than a dozen times between Walton and Chertsey, which, as the crow flies, is a distance of but three miles, does the wayward and varied Thames turn, now to the right and now to left, in great and sweeping curves that are often contained within a right angle.

Photo., Frith, **Halliford.** *Reigate.*

Infinitely diversified are the prospects as the noble stream sweeps between Halliford and Shepperton on the Middlesex side and Weybridge on the other. The wooded slope of old Oatlands Park, the fir-clad heights of St. George's Hill, the beautiful meadows by the tributary Wey, the green and shadowy lanes, and the noble river contribute to make a series of most delightful pictures indeed. The region is one, therefore, beloved of anglers and boatmen. Halliford, a pleasant village, whose name is supposed, though doubtfully, to preserve the memory of the great ford across the Thames, and Shepperton just beyond it, lie along the pleasant road from Walton Bridge to Chertsey Bridge. Shepperton is a delightfully quaint place still, with fine houses standing amid trees, a green framed with chestnuts and elms, and a pretty surrounding country. There is excellent fishing at the place for barbel, perch, roach, jack, and sometimes trout, and boats and punts are plentiful. The Church looks charming from the water, but has been a good deal altered since it was built in the 16th century, to replace an earlier structure which stood in the river on piles.

Photo., Frith. **Weybridge.** *Reigate.*

Weybridge, on the Surrey side, a short mile above Shepperton, is the most southerly point in the whole course of the Thames. Nowhere else does the river strike so far southward as at the point of its confluence with the Wey. Hitherto we have traced it upward in a south-westerly direction, but now, still with many, a far-reaching curve on the way, we turn north-west with the river towards Windsor and Maidenhead, nor shall again depart from that general direction until we reach the place where it sweeps with a mighty curve round the slopes of Winter Hill from Great Marlow. Weybridge is a pleasant village, with extensive views of the lovely river scenery, splendid trees, shadowy lanes, and many fine old houses in its vicinity, interspersed with not a few that are new; possessing, too, the old column which once stood in Seven Dials, erected on its green as a memorial of the Duchess of York. The Church was rebuilt in 1848, and has since been enlarged. It has a spacious aspect, and possesses some monuments of interest, including those of Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Hopson, who broke the boom at Vigo, and died in 1717, and of the Duchess of York, who died at Oatlands Park in 1820. The small Catholic Church at Weybridge is also interesting to many as having been, until 1876, when the remains were removed to Dreux, the burial place of King Louis Philippe and his family, where they lay "donec in patriam, avitos inter cineres, Deo adjuvante, transferantur."

But Weybridge is mostly celebrated for Oatlands Park and its famous memories. It was a place which Henry VIII., with his accustomed greed, marked more than once in the valley of the Thames, grasped out of the hand of its youthful possessor. He proceeded with feverish

View of Shepperton in 1752.

energy to build there a palace which was little inferior to Hampton itself. The abbeys he had spoiled of their revenues were the quarries that satisfied his caprice. Chertsey, near by, and Bisham, by Marlow, gave up the stone wrought long before; Abingdon was robbed of its pavements of marble and tile; the fruit trees the monks of Chertsey had planted in their orchard, were carried to the Royal abode. Henry designed the palace to receive his new Queen, Anne of Cleves, but, before it could be completed, she had arrived, with hard and ill-favoured visage carrying disappointment, and had given place to her successor. Edward VI., Elizabeth, James, and Charles I., were often at Oatlands, which afterwards, a dismantled fragment, came into the hands of Sir Edward Herbert, who fled with James II., and then to his brother, the Earl of Torrington. From him it passed to the Clintons, Earls of Lincoln and Dukes of Newcastle, of whom one enlarged the place, remodelled it, formed a splendid lake, and built a grotto, with other like additions, which disappointed Walpole. The place was celebrated afterwards as the residence of the Duke of York, and the scene of the hospitality of his Duchess. It passed later into private hands, and was converted into the Oatlands Park Hotel, a fine Italian structure, in beautiful grounds, with the great lake and the Thames below the terrace on which it stands, whence there is a magnificent prospect of the river from Kingston to Windsor.

Oatlands Park lies, indeed, in a beautiful country, with lovely woods around it, and St. George's Hill rising behind to an elevation of 500 feet between the Mole and the Wey; its breezy heights, with delicious air and sylvan scenery, varied by elms, oaks, and pines, rich in ferns and wild flowers, and scented by innumerable blossoms in the spring. A magnificent panorama may be surveyed from various points on the hill. There is a vast sweep of the valley of the Thames; we behold distant Wycombe and Windsor; Cooper's Hill nearer at hand; Bushey, Hampton Court and Richmond Hill; Harrow, Highgate and Hampstead. On the other side are the Kentish and Surrey Hills. Across the river Mole which flows to the Thames by many a splendid seat, and notably by Cobham Park, and the beautiful domain of Pain's Hill, the eye ranges to

Photo., F. S. Catford. Chertsey Lock. *Hampton Wick.*

Knockholt Beeches, the Hog's Back, and many a hill besides.

It is two miles up from Shepperton Lock to Chertsey. Pleasant old Chertsey is a half-rustic country town, with a flavour of the old, and yet a considerable aspect of the modern. Boatmen and anglers know it well, and cyclists on the road from Staines to Woking find refreshment in its inns. In former times Chertsey was a place of note, through the neighbourhood of its great mitred abbey, which was a noble monument of devoted munificence and ecclesiastical splendour, now, save for a few vestiges, all swept away. It would appear that the abbey was founded by St. Erkenwald about the year 666, in the reign of King Egbert, and afterwards further endowed by Frithwald. This was the first monastic house established in Surrey. It was presided over by Erkenwald until he became Bishop of London, and was favoured by Offa, Ethelwulf and Alfred; but the Danes, coming swiftly, swept down upon the place, slaughtered Beocca, the abbot, and his monks, to the number of ninety, and gave the church and buildings to the flames. It was a fate that befel not a few abbeys in the times when pillaging hordes swept up the Thames and other river courses and ravaged the fairest regions of the land. But Chertsey Abbey was refounded by Edgar in 964 as a Benedictine house, which, receiving new possessions from Edward the Confessor, continued to grow in importance through the munificence of the wealthy, until it reached the height of its splendour in the times of Edward II. and his successor, when Abbot John de Rutherford, exercising private generosity, was regarded as another founder of the house.

Many famous men were buried in Chertsey Abbey, and, among them, Henry VI., whose body lay there until Richard III. translated it to Windsor. In the first act of "Richard III." we meet the open coffin of the King, with his gentlemen carrying halberds, and Lady Anne mourning—

> "Come now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
> Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
> And still as you are weary of the weight,
> Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse."

Photo., Taunt. Chertsey Bridge. Oxford

This is Shakespeare's version, but, in fact, the body was brought from Blackfriars to Chertsey by water. Remembering what splendid monastic piles still stand in lonely ruin elsewhere, as at Rievaulx, Fountains, and Glastonbury, it is difficult to understand how Chertsey Abbey should have been so utterly destroyed. Even in 1752 Stukeley marvelled at the completeness of the work of the spoilers. "So total a dissolution I scarcely ever saw," he says. "Of that noble and splendid pile, which took up four acres of ground and looked like a town, nothing remains." The site of the Abbey, and the scene of its destruction, was between the little Abbey river and the Thames, and there a few fragments alone mark the position.

Photo. J. S. Cuiford. **London Stone.** *Hampton Wick.*

The foundations have been explored, and some relics rescued, and there hangs among the peal of six bells in the parish church, one with an inscription, "Ora mente pia pro nobis Virgo Maria," which probably came from the abbey. The church has a memorial of one of Chertsey's celebrities, Charles James Fox, who revelled in the glorious prospects from the neighbouring St. Anne's Hill. The poet Cowley, who lived his latter years and died at Chertsey in 1667, had loved the place before him. It was in a half-timber house, quaint and secluded, with a window looking towards the hill, that he settled down, indulging the hope of meeting "the simplicity of the old poetical golden age," for he dreamt of Sidney's Arcadian shepherds, and pondered within himself whether he "might recommend no less to posterity the happiness and innocence of the men of Chertsey." His house is still in existence, bearing upon its wall the line of Pope—

"Here the last accents flowed from Cowley's tongue."

But, if Cowley was disappointed with the men of Chertsey, viewed from the idyllic standpoint, he never could be disappointed with St. Anne's Hill, which rises about a mile north-west, famous, like all the hills hereabout, for the magnificent prospects it affords. Of the country enjoyments of Charles James Fox, the records of Chertsey are full. All his biographers describe the enthusiastic fondness with which the famous statesman loved the place. It was a supreme delight to him to wander through the woods, to survey the river from the balcony, to loiter in his kitchen garden, or to play trap-ball on the lawn, when the hour came for leaving his writing table. "I dare say Fox is at home, sitting on a haycock, reading novels, and watching the jays steel his cherries," said General Fitzpatrick to a friend at a time when the thunders of the French Revolution were shaking Europe. The house in which he dwelt may be seen on the way to the hill.

It is unfailingly delightful to ascend the wooded pathways, and rest where some charming view is unfolded. Except that Cooper's Hill shuts off Windsor Castle, there is a great prospect over the Thames, the hills that enframe it westward and towards Richmond below, while Harrow, Hampstead and Highgate rise beyond. The country is delightfully varied and picturesque, and richly timbered. On the pleasant side of Surrey we have Bagshot Heath, St. George's Hill, with other heights between, and the eye wanders north-westward over the splendid region of Virginia Water and the Great Park of stately Windsor.

Beyond the pleasant meadow-land at the foot of St. Anne's Hill, but on the other side of the river, stands quiet old Laleham, with a notable ferry, Laleham House below it, a plain, square mansion, the seat of the Earl of Lucan, and Penton Hook, a famous place for trout, above. The broad meadows hereabout, with the river flowing placidly by, do not claim to be picturesque, but, under changing effects of light, and with great cloud-shadows sweeping across field and river, they have a characteristic attractiveness of their own. Arnold, who lived at Laleham for some years before he removed to Rugby, thought the place "very beautiful." He found abundant resources in the bank up to Staines, which, he said, "though it is perfectly flat, has yet a great charm from its entire loneliness, there not being a house anywhere

Photo., Taunt, **At Ankerwyke.** *Oxford.*

Photo., Frith. Magna Charta Island. Reigate.

near it; and the river here has none of that stir of boats and barges upon it, which makes it in many places as public as the high road."

Laleham itself, with its old-fashioned red-roofed cottages, is a pleasant place to pause at. There is Arnold's house, where he spent the years which he thought the happiest of his life, and which he continued to regard with affection, and the churchyard in which he hoped to be laid. The church of All Saints is a good deal patched, but some early features remain. Externally there is something quite charming in the low broad seventeenth-century, ivy-grown tower, with its green and rustic surroundings. Penton Hook, or, as it is often pronounced, "Penty" Hook, is a little higher up the river. At this point the stream makes a sudden sweep round a great horse-shoe curve, on the Surrey side, which the lock cuts at its base, leaving a green and well-wooded island between. The banks are green and sedgy, and the quiet waters of the long curve have a restful charm, not broken by the passage of steamboats and launches, which makes them pleasant to linger along.

It is two miles and a half from Laleham to Staines Bridge, the grey granite structure of Rennie, a very pleasing and winding course, amid woods and fields, with rooks winging their way above, or skylarks trilling where the eye cannot follow. From the river itself we see little of the old town of Staines, which is now a thriving place, with manufactories, where the railway from Waterloo diverges, one line going by Wyrardisbury, or Wraysbury, and Datchet to Windsor, the other crossing the river half a mile below Staines Bridge to Egham and Virginia Water, and so forward to Wokingham and Reading. In ancient times—for the bridge over the Thames at Staines is one of the oldest above London Bridge—the river was spanned by oak from Windsor Forest, which carried a highly important main road from London to the west country. The professor of architecture at the Royal Academy, Thomas Sandby, built a new stone bridge there shortly after the year 1791, which, within a few weeks, began to sink irreparably. Strangely enough, two successive iron bridges afterwards collapsed, and the handsome work of Mr. Rennie was commenced in 1829.

But Staines itself—though a convenient resting place for anglers and boatmen—must not detain us in this journeying towards Windsor. The church has the base of a tower which Inigo Jones built in 1631; there is Duncroft, a fine old Jacobean house of many gables, standing amid old-fashioned gardens; and there is London Stone by the river. At that stone we enter upon what is legally described as the Upper Thames. It marks the place where aforetime the jurisdiction of the City of London over the Thames terminated, and bears the names of several Lord Mayors, the inscription "God preserve the City of London," and the record of the Thames Conservancy, dated 1857.

Shortly after passing the London Stone, the fitting approaches to Royal Windsor begin. Buckinghamshire is now on the left bank, while the old Surrey village of Egham stretches along the delightful sylvan road to Virginia Water on the other—Virginia Water, famous for its created charms, for its enchanting landscapes, its winding lake, and great waterfall, its noble beeches, oaks and firs, its antique ruins and superb prospects; scarcely less notable for those neighbouring monuments of unstinted munificence, the Holloway Sanatorium and College.

Of Egham we need say little; it has attractions that commend themselves, and is familiar to all wheelmen who frequent the charming vicinage of the Thames. But, beyond it, below the verdant slopes of Cooper's Hill, our hearts thrill with noble memories when we think that this is Runnimede, this the place where long ago the Barons won our freedom, the basis of our liberty, from the niggard hand of John. There is no certainty, it is true, as to the actual spot where the famous charter was signed. Many hold that Magna Charta Island, in the river, was the historic scene, and there, in 1834, Mr. Simon Harcourt erected a gothic temple, and placed a stone averring the fact. Mr. Green assumes that John encamped on one bank and the Barons on the then marshy flat of Runnimede on the other, and that their delegates met in the island.

Whatever may be the precise fact, this is certainly the place where the Barons imposed their limit upon the arbitrary exercise of the kingly authority. It is appropriately a fresh and open country, with great overarching sky, and water-lilies bedecking the stream. The island of the Charter, and Picnic Island beyond, where aforetime, and sometimes now, by permission, merry parties find enjoyment, cleave the river in twain; and Cooper's Hill overlooks the scene. Over against Magna Charta Island, and a mile from old Wraysbury, or Wyrardisbury, in the grounds of Ankerwyke House, there still stands a memorial believed to read back to the days of John. It is the great Ankerwyke yew, with hollow trunk, still green, nevertheless, which is glorious among our forest trees, and is described by Strutt, who figures it in his "Sylva Britannica," as being 27 feet 8 inches in girth, three feet from the ground. If it witnessed the deliberations of the Barons, or heard the rage of King John, it was destined later, if tradition be believed, to be the confidant of the ill-starred amours of Henry and Anne Boleyn.

Cooper's Hill,—which many, perhaps, know best by the presence on its superb brow of the splendid Indian Engineering College—has secured enduring literary fame. Thus says Pope:—

"On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow."

There is a magnificent prospect from the crest, embracing all the points seen from St. Anne's Hill, extending to St. Paul's, and with the hoary towers of Windsor rising from their umbrageous surroundings some three miles away. Denham made it his Parnassus, extolling its charms with fervid imagination, in 1642, and, says Somerville—

"Charm'd once the list'ning Dryads with his song."

With eager strokes now the skiff is urged forward towards Windsor. Old Windsor and Datchet lie between, along the "winding shore," which, no doubt, gave name to the royal abode. Saxon kings kept court at Old Windsor; there Harold and Tostig once exchanged unbrotherly blows; the Conqueror liked the place, too, because of its proximity to the river and Windsor Forest, where he might fish and hunt as he would. There is no special history for the village after the time of Henry I., and now it remains, a pretty place, with scattered dwellings, and many fine houses about it. The river, which is singularly beautiful, flows before the village, and the magnificent trees of Windsor Great Park are behind, with the Castle towers rising above them. All anglers and boatmen know that quaint old hostelry, the "Bells of Ousley," where highwaymen erewhile foregathered, with its embowering trees, a mile below the lock.

Datchet is old and genteel, rustic somewhat, but with villas all about it, telling much of the modern, and even something of the suburban perhaps, and with the two iron bridges of Victoria and Albert spanning the stream. We cannot think of Datchet without thinking of Falstaff. The "muddy ditch at Datchet mead," where he was "carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, to be thrown in the Thames," and would have been "drowned but that the shore was shelvy and shallow," was indeed on the Berkshire side of the river, near the end of Datchet Lane. The "Merry Wives of Windsor" had their revenge on his carnal body; "A man of continual dissolution and thaw, it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in greese, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horseshoe; think of that—hissing hot—think of that, Master Brook!"

Above the scene of this famous exploit, the river grows entrancingly beautiful, for the towers of Windsor and the splendid trees form new pictures at every turn of the stream. Here, too, is a famous fishing region, to which Izaac Walton himself—sometimes in company with "that undervaluer of money, the late provost of Eton College, Sir Henry Wotton"—did often resort to fish for "a little trout called a samlet or skegger-trout, that would bite as fast and freely as minnows, and catch twenty or forty of them at a standing." The site of this spot dear to anglers is marked by the Black Pots fishing cottage.

But we have reached a place where we may pause in our journeying. Historic Windsor has now risen before us, and the old halls of Eton are there tempting us to stay. They are places of famous memory, cherished by all Englishmen, and form a fitting break in our survey of the Thames.

Old Hampton Court Bridge.

MOLESEY LOCK.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

MOLESEY WEIR.

Photo., J. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

SUNBURY.

Photo., F. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

WALTON BRIDGE.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

WALTON BRIDGE.

From an Engraving after J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

SHEPPERTON.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

SHEPPERTON CHURCH.

Photo., F. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

CHERTSEY WEIR.

Photo., F. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

PENTON HOOK LOCK.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

STAINES BRIDGE.

Photo., F. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

THE PICNIC COTTAGE,
ANKERWYKE.

Photo., J. S. Catford, Hampton Wick

THE "BELLS OF OUSLEY."

Photo., Wilson, Aberdeen.

ROMNEY LOCK.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

Photo., J. S. Catford. Windsor from the River. *Hampton Wick.*

TO set foot on shore at Windsor is one of the supreme delights of the Thames. If we ask ourselves what it is that invests a locality with excelling attractiveness, we answer that it is natural beauty, enhanced by historic interests, adorned with architectural and artistic splendour, and affording the means for the pleasurable exercise of mental and physical powers. Now all these things are found combined in the castle, river, and park, at Windsor. Where else can they be discovered in such degree together? The verdant steep that rises from the "winding shore" is crowned with a range of walls, towers, and turrets, incomparably grand. All that was great in our ancient military architecture made the encircling towers and walls the formidable defences they were; all that was rich and splendid in the beautiful world of ecclesiastical art was lavished upon the splendid Chapel of St. George; the genius and skill of ages have worked for the enrichment of the royal abode.

How famous are the memories that cling to these ancient walls! Our successive rulers in Plantagenet, Tudor, and later times have dwelt, as their chief residence, in this most splendid of our castles. Other royal castles there were, in earlier years, throughout the country, where the king's constables kept watch and ward in the realm, but it was Windsor on the Thames that was fitted to be, and that became, the great seat of royal power. Therefore all our history groups, as it were, round the regal hill. And it was not only the voice of kings in council, not only the spurring hither of knights and royal messengers, not only the stir of chivalry and of the political and fighting world that filled these halls and castle-wards; for the memories of great men like William of Wykeham, and of poets like Chaucer and Surrey—nay, of Shakespeare himself—of beauteous women and romantic deeds are here enshrined. Here, indeed, sceptre and sword, distaff and pen, have exercised their apportioned sway.

Look out from the tower or the terraces over the wondrous scene that surrounds you. There is our noble Thames flowing downward by many a charming place we yet shall visit, through woods and emerald meadows; there is famous Eton below, which we have yet to enter, the school where generations of statesmen and soldiers have been moulded into gentlemen and what they became; and away south-eastward it glides by Datchet and Runnimede, when it is lost in the distant delights we have left behind. Look where you will, to Burnham, or Windsor Forest, or Richmond, there are woods hallowed by their memories, or haunted by the fairy crowd, or famous in romance and song; there are impressive hills rising from the plain; spires and towers each with a history; distant glades and meadows, that we cannot but wish to explore. Descend, then, to the umbrageous depths of Windsor Great Park where legendary oaks stretch out their knotted arms, where elms soar loftily toward the sky, beeches nod their plumes over the sward, and the green gloom of the firs extends its grateful shade. You will find the richest of woodland pleasures, and, still as Shelley said—who lived near by, delighting in the glades—that

> "Silence and Twilight here, twin sisters, keep
> Their noonday watch."

It is delightful to wander through the woods, or lie at length beneath the trees, watching the herds of tripping deer, or to linger where stood

Photo., Frith. Henry VIII.'s Gateway. *Reigate.*

the haunted oak of Herne, whereby they say Falstaff fared so hardly. Shakespeare, indeed, loved the verdant glades and the noble towers of Windsor, as he had learned, when a boy, to love his own woodland of Arden. They were fairyland to him, who knew their poetic spell. Let us, therefore, repeat the admonition of sweet Anne Page to the attendant sprites.

"Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphs, on every sacred room,
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every pr cious flower;
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, ever more be blest!

* * * *

Away! disperse! But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter let us not forget."

But, in a riverside description of the Castle, we remember that Windsor was born of the Thames. It was better journeying, much, in former times, as it is pleasanter still, by the river than by the road. If there had been no Thames there could have been no Windsor. The dominant height commanding that vast country, so easily accessible by the water, which it forebade to all but the king's friends, and yet so well defended on the hill, marked it out for a fortress, while the dense woods, and the wild heath, now planted or cultivated—

"A dreary desert and a gloomy waste
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey—"

were a region filled with attraction for William the Norman, who "loved the tall stags as if he had been their father," and his descendants, who were filled with veritable passion for the chase.

But, long before the Normans came, there had been a Royal lodge at Windsor, not upon the height but at Old Windsor by the shore, hidden amidst the woods, and reached by bridle-paths through the forest, where herds of swine ate oak and beech mast in the groves, and swine-herds and charcoal-burners were almost the only dwellers therein. Yet there had certainly been a fortified outlook-post on the hill before William raised his strong donjon there. The Conqueror was too good a soldier not to recognize the military importance of the position, and he appointed a constable to keep watch and ward. In his time and that of his son the place was as much a prison as a residence, a stronghold where turbulent barons might be clapped under bars. This was the fate of Robert de Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, who was captured out of Bamborough castle in 1095, and lay pining at Windsor long years after until he died. Under Henry I. the importance of Winchester and Gloucester as royal residences declined, while that of Windsor proportionately grew. A subterraneous way through the chalk, with a Norman door at each end, issuing at a postern in the outer fosse about 30 feet below the upper level, goes back to those times. Henry II. lived much at Windsor, and built a good deal, soothing his embittered age with a gloomy picture of an eagle with four young ones tearing it, whereof one, which pecked at the eyes, was John, the same who, out of his gate

Photo., Frith. St. George's Chapel, West Front. *Reigate.*

sallied forth to Runnimede. The walls these kings built at Windsor have disappeared, with the wooden structures within.

More than once in those times there was fighting for Windsor, and the castle was vainly beleaguered by the barons in 1217 in the struggle for the disputed throne of Henry III. It was driven to surrender at the opening of the war, in 1263, but was recaptured by Prince Edward. Henry enlarged the buildings of the present Lower Ward, and erected a stately chapel, sumptuous chambers, and defensive works. The great Curfew, or Clewer, Tower, which dominates Thames Street and the way from the bridge, and the Garter Tower, next beyond it, remain of the works of his time, which were continued along the Southern frontage of the Lower Ward. The King's Hall adjoined the Clewer Tower, where the College Library now is, and beyond it, extending along the crest of the hill north of St. George's Chapel, were the great kitchen and the royal lodgings.

Henry would have done more, but that means were wanting, but he left what Matthew of Westminster, his contemporary, describes as the most splendid palace in Europe. Edward I. and Edward II. lived much at Windsor, where they held their courts, received guests and envoys, sat in council, and delighted in tilting and tourneys. But it was Edward III., who had been born at Windsor, that raised the castle to its magnificence, and gave it much of the proud character it holds to-day. Before his time the Domus Regis and the fortified works had extended little beyond the existing Lower Ward. But the poetical mind and lofty spirit of Edward of Windsor conceived a more magnificent character for the royal abode. All the legendary lore of Arthur and his knights, who were fabled long before to have dwelt there, inspired him to the creation, not only of a noble castle, but of an order of knights who should evermore be associated therewith. He had the genius and skill of William of Wykeham and many another able man, supported by the finest handicraft of the country to assist him. The castle was created anew. The chapel of Henry III. took new form, and the Lower Ward was assigned to the great ecclesiastical foundation of the collegiate chapel of St. George, its canons, priests, choristers, and poor knights. There grew about it arches and cloisters, a deanery, chapter-house, treasury, and lodgings and halls for ecclesiastics, and military knights. The great Round Tower, now the proud central feature of the Castle, sprang up rapidly, to receive the round table

Photo., Frith. St. George's Chapel, the Nave. *Reigate.*

of the new chivalry. About it lay the Middle Ward, assigned to knightly service, and the pages of Froissart are brilliant with the record of the stately pageants and celebrations of the time, of the jousts and tourneys, the hawking, hunting and dancing of that glorious day, in which foreign princes and nobles came in crowds to the Castle, while once the King of France, with his son, and the King of Scotland, were there together confined. While the Lower and Middle Wards were thus appropriated to religion and knightly prowess, the Upper Ward was created as the splendid royal dwelling. Since those times much has been done to change and further beautify Windsor Castle, but it received its final stamp of character from Edward III., and from William of Wykeham, and others who directed the works.

The feast of St. George, the patron of Windsor and of the new Order of the Garter, was the occasion of great rejoicings and stately ceremonies at the Castle, and successive kings held their courts at Windsor when the festival came round. Richard II., who had Geoffrey Chaucer,

Photo., Frith, The Albert Memorial Chapel. *Reigate.*

the poet, for his clerk of the works, was often there. It was a place where the singer might well be inspired with his love of romance, and the green beauties of nature. Another poet, King James I. of Scotland, was at Windsor, in honourable captivity, for many years. His lodging was in the Devil's Tower, at the corner of the Upper Ward, whence, looking out "to see the world and folk that went forby," there passed

> "The fairest or freshest young flower
> That ever I saw methought before that hour."

This was his future queen, Jane, the daughter of the Duke of Beaufort. Still another poet was at Windsor later, the unfortunate Earl of Surrey, who, after enjoying its gaiety, was afterwards imprisioned there—

> "Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour;
> The large green courts where we were wont to hove,
> With eyes cast up unto the Maiden's Tower,
> With easy sighs, such as folk draw in love."

Meanwhile the Castle was developing its greater glories. Edward IV., who was buried at Windsor with his queen, built St. George's Chapel, the most splendid ecclesiastical work of its time, running east and west through the midst of the Lower Ward, and enriched and enlarged the collegiate foundation. Henry VII., who at one time purposed to be buried there, made glorious the chapel with the splendid groining, which makes magnificent the choir. There is not space to describe here the many historical incidents and the famous courtly festivals and feats of arms of which Windsor was the scene. Henry VIII., who there received the golden rose as "Defender of the Faith," completed the works about St. George's Chapel, and built the imposing gateway named after him, by which the Lower Ward is entered, between the Salisbury Tower, at the south-western angle, and the Garter House. When danger threatened Edward VI. at Hampton Court, Somerset carried him for safety

Photo., Frith, The Prince Consort's Monument. *Reigate*

to Windsor, but the castle bears no mark of his time. Elizabeth did much for the castle by reclaiming the rugged steep and constructing the North Terrace, from which there is such a superb prospect over the Thames. She built also her "Gallery," where it is pleasant to think Shakespeare may have produced "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and spent much time at the Castle. The Stuarts were often at Windsor, but it was garrisoned for the Parliament, when St. George's Chapel was stripped and other damage done. Charles II. erected his "Star" Building on the North Terrace, where rooms were adorned by Verrio, who even disfigured St. George's Chapel. Better work was the extending of the Terrace along the east front, and the planting in the park.

Many scenes of the Revolution of 1688 were enacted at Windsor, though William III. liked Hampton Court better. Windsor Park, however, owes much of its foliage to him, and in particular the great and far-famed Long Walk. Though Anne was often at Windsor, and employed Sir James Thornhill to carry on the work of Verrio, the Castle declined in royal favour. George III. lived his plain and unostentatious life, which has been so often described, at the Queen's Lodge at Windsor, near where the royal stables are.

His successor, who often retired to the Castle, procured a grant from Parliament for its restoration. It had, indeed, become necessary to remove incongruities, and make some enlargement. Sir Jeffrey Wyattville took charge of the work, and continued it until his death. The most conspicuous change was the raising of the great Round Tower to a loftier height, whereby, it must be confessed, the Castle has gained in nobility of aspect. Many excrescences were removed, and externally the Castle assumed an appearance of uniformity. Various towers were enlarged and raised, practically the whole of the Upper Ward was reconstructed, additional state rooms being built, and the suite of private apartments completed.

Such has been the brief history of the famous Castle to which our wandering has brought us.

Photo., Frith. **The Dean's Cloisters.** Reigate.

Much as some changes may be regretted, the more recent work has lifted the royal dwelling from the state of neglect into which it had fallen, and has swept away many of its disfigurements. During the reign of Queen Victoria this good work has been continued. The Castle has grown more beautiful, and it has received the gorgeous enrichment of the Albert Memorial Chapel, which will ever associate with Windsor the memory of the late Prince Consort.

We now understand the triple character of the Castle buildings, which extend some 1,500 feet east and west along the crest. We have ascended the Castle Hill, by the Queen's statue, and enter beneath the arch of Henry VIII.'s Gateway. Glorious is the architectural character of the Lower Ward which lies before

us. The noble length of St. George's Chapel, with its splendid projecting chapels, its rich windows, pinnacled and flying buttresses, turrets and cresting, is there. Below is the beautiful opening of the quaint Horseshoe Cloisters, with the Curfew Tower dominating the scene, while to the left rise the Garter and Salisbury Towers. Further up rises the massive strength of the Round Tower. On the right the picturesque range of the Military Knights' Houses faces the ecclesiastical pile.

Exceedingly quaint are the Horseshoe Cloisters, where the lay clerks of St. George's Chapel reside, built on the plan of a fetterlock, which was a badge of Edward IV. There is a rarely picturesque charm about these old timber and brick dwellings, ably restored by Sir Gilbert Scott, which face the west front of the chapel. Here is the entrance to the Curfew, or Clewer Tower, that strong structure of Henry III., recently, like the Garter Tower, refaced with stone. Here the 17th and 18th century bells ring out joyously on festive occasions, and toll mournfully when sorrow touches the Throne. Below, there is a vaulted chamber, 22 feet in diameter, with walls some 13 feet thick, deeply recessed and loop-holed. Beyond the fine ascent to the chapel, and by a memorial cross, we reach the Library Terrace, a narrow outlook over the battlements, with the pretty old town below, the river, Eton, and a splendid landscape of the country bordering the Thames. Immediately on the left is the College Library, with a valuable collection of classics and

Photo., Frith, The Old Song School. *Reigate.*

divinity, standing where was the King's Hall of Henry III., while, on the right, is the school in which the choristers are educated, with a panelled schoolroom and large dining hall. The Canons' Houses run further eastward along the crest. Many an artist has found delight in depicting the quaint and imposing buildings that are grouped hereabout.

But that superb monument of ecclesiastical art, the Chapel of St. George, now claims our attention. For centuries a chapel had stood on this spot, dedicated to St. Edward the Confessor. The founder of the Chapel of St. George was Edward III., who conceived a monument of splendour that should be fitted for the installation of the illustrious Order of the Garter. His chapel stood for a century, when the present imposing structure took its place in the time of Edward IV. It bears the impress of uniformity, and is, perhaps, the most perfectly complete example of its time. Externally, the great flight of steps which leads to the west door, adds to the impressive effect of the lofty window, a splendid example of masonry work, filling nearly the whole of the west front.

Photo., Frith, The Queen's Audience Chamber. *Reigate*

The chapel is usually entered by the south door, however, which has the semi-octagonal bay-like transept, inclosing the Bray Chapel, on its right. This is the place where the organ-screen separates the nave from the choir. Turning, then, to the west, the extreme richness of the chapel is at once apparent. The whole conception is, in fact, one of unsurpassed splendour. The great west window, filling

the end of the nave, with its sixteen lights rising in five stages, suffuses the chapel with rich and mellow light through its gorgeous panes of old stained glass. Nothing detracts from the harmony of the structure, for the west window is but part of an elaborate design carried out in the walls, and enframing the windows and doors, while the columns spread out into the ribs and compartments of the exceedingly rich fan groining of the roof.

Before proceeding to the choir it may be well to note the various chapels of the nave. The Beaufort Chapel is a bold feature at the south-western angle of the chapel. It was founded by Charles Somerset, Earl of Worcester, 1526, but is now a memorial of the late Duke of Kent, and contains an alabaster tomb designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, with effigy by Sir Edgar Boehm. The old Urswick Chapel opposite, at the west-end of the north aisle, contains the elaborate monument of Princess Charlotte, which, unfortunately, is in the feeble taste of a bygone day, with a cenotaph of her husband, Leopold I., King of the Belgians. The Bray Chapel, near the south door, which projects with five sides of an octagon as the transept, form a chief feature of the chapel externally. It was founded by Sir Reginald Bray, to whom is ascribed the groined roof of the choir, and who is here buried without monument. The corresponding Rutland Chapel, on the north side, contains some interesting memorials.

The illustrations which accompany this work show, better than words can, the splendid character of the choir. The restoration by Sir Gilbert Scott has brought back the glorious edifice to the state its builders contemplated. Through the evil taste of a former time the mullions of the east window, which is of fifteen lights in three main compartments, had been partially removed to give place to a transparent painting of the Resurrection, by Benjamin West. Now fine modern glass, a memorial of the Prince Consort, fills the lights, grouping harmoniously with a beautiful carved reredos designed by Sir Gilbert Scott. The whole choir is exceedingly rich, with its dark carved oak stalls of the Knights of the Garter, the banner, surcoat, helmet and sword of each hanging above, the stalls of the sovereign and princes of the blood beneath the organ gallery, the magnificently carved Royal Closet over the arch on the south side, and that near it for members of the household.

Under the Royal Closet the monument of Edward IV. remains, despoiled of its adornments, but preserving an admirable iron screen assigned to Quentin Matsys, the celebrated smith. Beneath the black and white marble pavement is the vault containing the remains of Henry VIII., Jane Seymour, Charles I. and others.

Photo., Frith. The Throne Room. *Reigate.*

Photo., Frith. St. George's Hall. *Reigate.*

At the east end of the south side is the Lincoln Chapel, corresponding to the Beaufort Chapel at the west end, where stands the magnificent altar tomb of Edward, Earl of Lincoln, Lord High Admiral, and a statesman of Elizabeth's days, while opposite, on the north side, is the Hastings Chapel. Forbearing to describe the other monuments and enrichments of this completely harmonious structure, we leave it, to linger a while beneath the cool and beautiful arches of the Dean's Cloisters, built by Edward III., which lie north-east of the Chapel. About this green space, and at the east end of the Chapel, remain traces of earlier work, and there is a passage hence to a strong postern and the Hundred Steps, which led down to the Eton Road. On that side too, are the Deanery, built by Dean Urswick in 1500, and the Winchester Tower.

But, if St. George's Chapel is rich, the Albert Memorial Chapel, which is to the east of it, on the south side of the Dean's Cloisters, is even richer still, though in a style quite distinct and, in a measure, modern. Here Henry VII. once proposed to be buried, here Wolsey planned, and here the Long Parliament demolished. From a "Tomb House" of George III. and his family, the Chapel, under the inspiration of Queen Victoria, was lifted by Sir Gilbert Scott, with the adornments of Baron Triqueti, into splendid memorial of the Prince Consort. Extraordinary richness of material, skill of the highest order, and lavish adornment of every appropriate kind have contributed to make the Chapel resplendent and worthy of its object. Here is the magnificent marble cenotaph of the Prince—who is buried at Frogmore—with his effigy in armour, carved in white marble; here, too, the tombs and effigies of the Dukes of Clarence and Albany. The lower walls are panelled in an original manner with subjects from Old Testament history, in inlays of various marbles. The surrounding mosaics and medallions (the latter by Miss Durant) are most sumptuous. From this panelling of walls and apse the ribs rise above into the beautiful fan tracery of the roof, where is incrustation of Salviati mosaics. The side windows illustrate heraldically the ancestry of the Prince Consort, and the east windows depict the Passion.

We are now free to betake ourselves to the Round Tower—not by any means round, by the way—which almost fills the Middle Ward. It stands upon an artificial mound of much greater antiquity than itself, and, with its elevation of 148 feet above the quadrangle, is a superb position for surveying the castle below, and a vast panorama, it is asserted, of a dozen counties. Edward III. built in haste for his chivalric purpose. His was a squat structure, its height less than half its diameter, which is 102 feet at the broadest and 93 feet at the narrowest part. Wyattville raised it ingeniously, not burdening the old foundations with a new load, but building up from within,

Photo., Frith. Queen Elizabeth's Gateway. *Reigate.*

Photo., J. S. Catford. The East Front and Garden. *Hampton Wick.*

so that there may be said to be two structures, though both are faced with flints and indistinguishable from one another.

From this elevation we look over our glorious prospect of the Thames, and down to the Quadrangle of the Upper Ward. On the left is the so-called "Norman Gate," which is really a work of William of Wykeham (1356-62), with the famous Library just beyond it. Then, further, between the Quadrangle and the Great North Terrace, extend the State Apartments, in the "Star Building" of Charles II., which are approached by this Norman Gate and the small court beyond it. Opposite to us are the Private Apartments, with the royal drawing, dining, reception, and throne rooms, which range along the East Terrace, and look over the beautiful sunk garden. On the right, are the apartments for visitors, officials, and others. George III.'s Gateway is in the middle of this range, leading out to the Great Park, the Long Walk, and to Frogmore.

We shall not enter here upon any minute description of the State Apartments. There are guide books which explain sufficiently well their gorgeous character. The Vandyck Room is famous for its splendid and extensive collection of works of the master. Nowhere else can he be so well studied. There are pictures of Charles I. and his family, King Charles on horseback, Queen Henrietta Maria, Prince Charles, Mary, Duchess of Richmond, Venetia, Lady Digby, the Second Duke of Buckingham, Vandyck himself, and many more. The Zucarelli Room, or State Drawing Room, has nine landscapes and religious subjects by that master. Passing through the State Ante-Room, with a ceiling by Verrio, and fine examples of the work of Grinling Gibbons, the great Waterloo Chamber is reached. It is entirely the creation of Wyattville, and is adorned with imposing portraits of statesmen and of those who took part in the great war, chiefly by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The Presence Chamber or Grand Reception Room is notable for its glorious Gobelin tapestries, representing the history of Jason and Medea. St. George's Hall, which Wyattville fitted for festivals of the Order of the Garter and State banquets, is a magnificent apartment, 200 feet long, 34 feet broad and 32 feet high, its ceiling heraldically emblazoned, its walls hung with portraits of Stuart and later sovereigns, and oaken galleries for musicians at each end. The Guard Chamber is famous for its armour and antique weapons, and for many objects of historic interest within its walls. The Queen's Presence and Audience Chambers have ceilings by Verrio and excellent Gobelin tapestry, and upon their walls are hung many pictures of interest. The Queen's Private Apartments are a right royal suite, but must not be described here.

Leaving, then, much behind us within the wards and chambers of Windsor Castle—there are, indeed, treasures of gold and silver whereof we cannot speak—we betake ourselves to the famous North Terrace, which extends from the Winchester Tower to the Brunswick Tower, and is 1,870 feet in length, there to take a parting look over the splendid country below, a prospect which embraces the Home Park, the Thames, with Eton by its side, Stoke Park, Harrow, and hill upon hill fading into the far distance. The East Terrace and gardens have other beauties. The tower on the north is that of the Prince of Wales, and the Victoria Tower is at the other end of the range, while the Chester and Clarence Towers intervene. They relieve the monotony of the great façade, of which the windows look out on these beautiful gardens, laid out by order of George IV.

There remains to stroll in the famous Great Park, with its magnificent avenue of the Long Walk, three miles in length, flanked by its double lines of glorious elms, and terminating in the height of Snow Hill, which is crested by Westmacott's equestrian statue of George III. There are other wonderful avenues here, and glorious groups of greenery, as in Queen Anne's Ride and the famous

Rhododendron Walk, where you may stroll for a mile through shrubs in splendid flower in the early summer. There are celebrated trees that have witnessed the forest diversions of ancient kings. Herne's Oak is green no more, but a youthful tree marks the spot. Thus says Shakespeare, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor"—

> "There is an old tale goes, that Herne the Hunter,
> Sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest,
> Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
> Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
> And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;
> And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
> In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
> * * * *
> Marry, this is our device;
> That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
> Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head."

All the park is full of legend and history. There are fallow deer and wild boars, with other game in plenty. Go where you will, whether to look at Cumberland Lodge, the Chapel Royal of All Saints, the famous grape-vine, which rivals that of Hampton Court, or the glades or depths of the forest; or wander further to visit the lovely region of Virginia Water; and you will say that the surroundings of Windsor are worthy of the royal abode.

There is Frogmore, too, beloved of Queen Charlotte, and famed for the Prince Consort's Mausoleum; and there is the great Home Park, which lies below the North Terrace of the Castle, flanking the river, as all lovers of the Thames know, with its beauteous woodland, and full of interesting and charming scenes. Here are the Royal Kennels, the aviary, and the dairy. As to the Royal Farms, they are celebrated among all agriculturalists and breeders. These were very largely developed under the care and superintendence of the Prince Consort. There are also the Royal Mews near the Castle, visited by very many.

The Royal borough itself has little to offer of interest except the Castle about which it grew. The needs and protection of the King drew strangers, who built about his walls. But Windsor has a great charm for all river men. It is one of those places where it is pleasant to break the journeying, a place moreover that presents, at certain seasons, particular attractions. Eton is its fascinating neighbour, and, between the river-loving Eton boys, who are famed for things aquatic, and the old royal borough, there is never-failing opportunity for enjoying the brightness of river-life and its beautiful accompaniments, as there is, in these historic scenes, of witnessing some of the most profoundly interesting places in our supremely interesting land. Windsor, too, has gathered new and enduring charm from having been the favoured residence of a queen who has endeared herself to all Englishmen. With this inspiring thought, let the river-wanderer, return to his skiff by the bridge.

Photo., Frith. Windsor from the Bridge. *Reigate.*

WINDSOR FROM THE RIVER.

Photo., Wilson, Aberdeen.

THE LOWER WARD
AND ROUND TOWER.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL,
AND THE DEAN'S VERGER'S HOUSE.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL,
THE CHOIR, LOOKING EAST.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL,
THE CHOIR, LOOKING WEST

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL,
THE NAVE, LOOKING WEST

Photo Frith, Reigate.

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL CHAPEL,
LOOKING EAST.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL CHAPEL, LOOKING WEST.

Photo. Frith, Reigate.

THE QUEEN'S PRESENCE CHAMBER.

Photo., Frith, Reigate

THE HORSESHOE CLOISTERS.

Photo., Poulton, Lee.

THE "NORMAN TOWER."

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

THE LONG WALK.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

THE CASTLE,
FROM THE HOME PARK,

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

Photo., J. S. Catford. Eton from the River. *Hampton Wick.*

EXCEPT that the ancient towers of Windsor bade us ascend the regal hill, we might, in our river journeying, have explored Eton first. The two places—the Royal Castle and the royal foundation—are inseparably bound together. In one has dwelt the Monarch; out of the other has come, as Canning said, an uninterrupted succession of men qualified, more or less eminently, for the performance of Parliamentary and official duties; men, we may say, fitted to fulfil all the duties of statesmanship; empire-builders, like Pitt and Wellesley; soldiers, too, of whom it is no great hyberbole to say that the famous victories of our arms have been won in the Eton Playing Fields. Let us, therefore, leave our boat at the bridge a while, and bend our steps towards the famous school. But, before doing so, we pause to note that hereabout is a chief centre of river life.

Eton, itself, has set a stamp of popularity upon aquatic skill. No grey-beard, in these pleasant reaches, seems too old to handle a scull, no child too young to play with an oar. Every kind of river craft is to be seen in the neighbourhood of Windsor. There is that aristocrat of the Thames—the small private launch—gliding through a crowd of small craft, with the well-working double-sculling skiff, the gig, the canoe, and the lazy punt, the house-boat bedecked with flowers, the College eight and the Monarch ten-oar There are camps ashore, and stalwart men, and ladies in summer attire, bringing the touch of human charm, in these craft afloat. On the broad reaches infinite skill is shown in the continual tacking and the rounding of the mark-buoys with the small white-winged sailing craft which have become so popular on the Upper Thames, and nothing surely can be prettier than to witness a flight of such craft upon the silver stream against the dark background of wood or greensward between the locks. Presently our journeying will carry us to Maidenhead, where is the head-quarters of punting, that delightful exercise of river skill; and even the flat-bottomed craft, which once depended wholly upon the pole, will take to themselves wings sometimes.

But it is now time that we should wend our way towards Eton College, the place whereof the memory, and the toast "Floreat Etona," are so potent, wherever Etonians dwell throughout the world, to recall those enchanting scenes, "redolent of youth and joy, to breathe a second spring." The famous lines of Gray, which utter the affectionate thoughts of many, will not be forgotten here.

"Say, Father Thames—for thou hast seen,
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace—
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arms thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?"

Of Eton itself no complete history or description can, of course, be given here. The

foundation of Henry VI. has so famous a record, and is, in itself, so interesting a place, that volumes have been devoted to it. It was designed by its founder to be the proudest memorial of his munificence, and the surest testimony to his zeal for religion. Fuller says that the king was fitted better for the cowl than the crown, and was of so easy a nature "that he might well have exchanged a pound of patience for an ounce of valour." He had been brought up among the studious men of his time, and his uncle, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, though we think of him mostly as a strong and turbulent politician, is to this very day commemorated in the solemn bidding-prayer of the University of Oxford. We may see how much better Henry applied the revenues of the Alien Priories which had been suppressed than did the latest Henry, those which fell to his rapacious hand. The purpose of Henry VI. was to do for Cambridge what Wykeham had done for Oxford. There was to be a "College of the Blessed Marie of Eton beside Wyndesore," which should be even superior to Wykeham's foundation. The monies for the endowment came chiefly from the revenues of the monasteries of Fécamp, Fontenoy, Yvry, Saint Etienne, Caen, and the famous Benedictine House of Bec. The king took abundant pains for the glorifying of the structure. He laid down the minute instructions in regard to the material employed, and the builders had punishment for such offences as "looking about," playing at their work or "chiding." The king's dream was never fully embodied, and it may be said that the Cellar, the Hall over it, the Pantry and the Kitchen, are the only portions of the College that correspond to the provisions of his "will." The Chapel was to have had a great nave, with aisles, but the choir only was completed, as it still stands, with some additions at the west end, a very fine and imposing structure resembling some of the College Chapels at the Universities.

We approach Eton College over Barne's Pool Bridge, after which all may be said to be collegiate. The way is narrow, but it broadens out, beyond Keate's Lane and the Upper School, to a green space, flanked by the masters' houses, and then divides, with the New Schools and the Fives Courts in the angle. The old College buildings are approached by the celebrated Elm Walk. The Upper School faces the road, and the entrance to the Quadrangle, or school-yard, is through a gateway below. In the midst of the square is a bronze statue of the founder; on the right stands the Chapel; the Lower School ranges on the left, with the well remembered Long Chamber of old Etonians, now broken up into smaller rooms; while the Provost's Lodgings are opposite. Facing us, is the great Clock Tower, an imposing feature of the Quadrangle, which resembles a like tower we saw at Hampton Court. Beneath its archway access is gained to the second Quadrangle, which is smaller, and has a cloister.

Eton College Chapel.

The Chapel, upon the south side of the school-yard, is the chief feature of the College,

Photo., Frith. Eton College Chapel, looking East. *Reigate.*

and resembles, in a general way, the Chapel of King's College, Cambridge. In former times it was much disfigured, but it was somewhat elaborately restored between 1846 and 1860. Not everything that was done can commend itself to the present day, for the "restoration" involved the partial destruction, completed by concealment, of the mural decorations above the stalls, which represented the highest skill, in that class of work, of the time of Henry VI. The paintings depicted many subjects from the "Legenda Sanctorum" and the "Gesta Romanorum." Fortunately, at the last moment, outline drawings of them were made. The whole effect of the Chapel is excellent; with its lofty roof, its fine modern windows, its beautiful stalls, and many other interesting features. The little Chantry Chapel on the north side was erected in the reign of Henry VII. by Provost Lupton, and is a very charming example of the time. Over the door, in accordance with the fashion of his day, his *rebus* may be seen, in the shape of a wine-tun with the letters "Lup" upon it. The monuments, again, are very interesting, and include those of many Provosts and famous Etonians. Very beautiful also is the new screen of Caen stone, which was erected in memory of the Etonians who fell in the Afghan and South African campaigns. Its Tudor arch, which is very greatly enriched with mouldings, crockets and a finial, rises to a panelled entablature, and is flanked by octagonal turrets, with elaborate carvings and the arms of those commemorated.

The most imposing building in the smaller Quadrangle, or, as Etonians call it, the Green Yard, is the College Hall, which, like the Chapel, has been restored. Its east window depicts scenes in the life of Henry VI.; there is a dais at the upper end, with enriched panelling behind it, and a carved canopy standing out from the wall; as in the great Hall at Hampton Court, there is a beautiful bay opening out from the dais, making a charming feature externally; the open timber roof and the panelled walls are excellent, and the walls are hung with portraits of famous Etonians. On

Photo., Frith Keate's Lane, Eton. *Reigate.*

Photo., J. S. Catford. Surly Hall. *Hampton Wick.*

the south side of the Hall is the Library, which has a noble collection of documents and printed books, and is very rich in Oriental manuscripts.

The visitor to Eton will find abundant interest in these Quadrangles and the many buildings that surround them, not to be here further described. He will walk where famous men have walked before him; he will follow them in their pleasures and occupations as boys, and he will trace the names which they have cut deeply in the walls. The New Buildings, which stand north of the College, were erected about the time when the Chapel and Hall were restored. They are of red brick, with stone dressings, resembling in this the College itself; though Henry had designed that the Courts should be constructed of "hard stone of Kent." With their tall angle tower and picturesque chimneys the New Buildings make a picturesque group, and are airy and spacious within.

Many changes have passed over Eton since Henry VI. induced William de Waynefleet, the munificent founder of Magdalen College, Oxford, to bring to Eton his five fellows and thirty-five scholars from Winchester. The Foundation now provides, besides the Provost, for a Vice-Provost and six other Fellows, the Head Master, Under Master and others, 17 lay and other clerks, 70 King's Scholars and 10 Choristers; and there are over 700 scholars known as Oppidans, many of whom live with the masters in the town. The Provosts of Eton have included such men as Sir Thomas Smith and Sir Henry Savile, both famous scholars of Elizabethan times, Sir Henry Wotton, whom Isaac Walton immortalised, Sir Francis Rous, who was Provost in Puritan days, and others not less celebrated. Among Eton Scholars have been such men as Pitt, Walpole, Fox, Gray, Canning, Hallam, Wellington, and his brother the Marquis Wellesley, and other statesmen and soldiers innumerable.

Photo., Frith. Clewer. *Reigate*

There are interesting figures, too, in the list of Masters, men

well remembered, on more accounts than one. There was Nicholas Udall (1534), the author of "Roister Doister," first of modern comedies, of which the unique copy is now at Eton. Thus Tusser speaks of him in his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry"—

"From Powles I went, to Aeton sent,
To learne straight wayes, the Latin phraise,
Where fiftie-three stripes given to me,
at once I had:
For faut but small, or none at all,
It came to passe, thus beat I was;
See, Udall, see, the mercy of thee,
to mee, poor lad!"

The Eton tradition of flogging was maintained by William Malim, and, after a milder period, was restored by the notorious Dr. John Keate, who was known to boast that he had flogged the whole bench of bishops. In his time rebellion was rife at Eton, and "Floreat Seditio" was a cry sometimes raised, but he crushed the outbursts with the rod. The unhappy youth who sought to make excuses for greater delinquencies by confessing to smaller ones, was confronted by the remark, "Then I'll flog you for that." There was a spirit of adventure in the school at those times which gave a keen zest to predatory raids into Windsor Little Park, where there was the double danger of being intercepted by an Eton master and a royal keeper.

We shall turn now to the famous Playing Fields, which border the Thames, delightful in themselves, with their grand old elms and broad green stretches, and ever famous through Gray's verses, who loved the place—

"Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers amorg
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver, winding way."

Eton was famous even in the last century for its cricket, but cricket may be played anywhere, while the water festivals of the College are only possible upon the Thames. Yet boating was not formally acknowledged before 1840, while now the College Boat Club is celebrated, and the Fourth of June Speech Day, when the memory of George III., whose birthday it was, is honoured, has long been a very famous day on the river. Then the College boats in procession pull up from the Brocas to Surly Hall, about three miles up the stream, and, after a feast there, return. In former times fancy dresses were worn on these occasions, each boat having its varied and distinctive uniform. Once the crew of the Monarch, ten-oar, the leading boat, made a sensation by appearing as galley slaves, chained to their oars, and on some occasions the eager rivalry of the boys has transformed the procession into a bumping race, the disputed incidents of which have been known to be fought out in the High Street. Nowadays each boat has distinctive badges and decorations. The upper boats are the Monarch, ten-oar, Victory, and Prince of Wales; the lower boats the Britannia, Dreadnought, Hibernia, St. George, Thetis, Defiance, and Alexandra; and the coxwains wear the uniform of naval officers. It is a high festival, on which the Eton boy receives "his people," when the toast "In piam memoriam" is drunk, and the day ends with fireworks and rejoicings.

There remains only to speak of that famous festival of Eton, which was known as Montem, celebrated every third year, when the scholars, in fancy dress and martial array, marched *ad*

Photo., J. S. Catford **Monkey Island.** *Hampton Wick.*

Photo., Frith. Bray Church. *Reigate.*

montem, that is to Salt Hill, a small elevation about half-a-mile beyond Slough. There large and fashionable crowds assembled, and, after a ceremony, the "salting" took place, by way of levying contributions throughout the neighbouring country from visitors and passers-by. The work was done by two "Salt Bearers," assisted by "Scouts" and "Servitors," who originally gave a pinch of salt in return for the contribution, but, latterly a card bearing a Latin inscription. The origin of the custom was lost in obscurity, but it was dear to all Etonians, and its suppression, after the celebration of 1844, was a source of keen regret. Times, however, had changed, and the advent of the railway to Slough brought such a disagreeable company that the festival could no longer be held.

But the Eton boats have gone before us to Surly Hall, and let us hasten to follow in their wake. It is a winding course of some three miles, and, as if to prepare us by contrast for the sylvan beauties of Cliveden, Cookham, and Henley that are to come, the Thames here flows between level banks, but banks possessed of attractions of their own. Ever as we go forward the hoary towers of Windsor are there.

> "On either side the river lie
> Long fields of barley and of rye,
> That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
> And thro' the field the road runs by
> To many towr'd Camelot."

Photo., J. S. Catford. The Garden, Jesus Hospital, Bray. *Hampton Wick*

There is placid Clewer, that gave its old name to the Curfew Tower at Windsor, lying apart by a creek on the Berkshire side, a place famous for gentlemen's seats and religious institutions, which are architecturally very beautiful.

About us, on either bank, are the greenest of meadows, and in places great beds of reeds and osiers, and there are boats going to and fro, house-boats, too, gay with flowers, and boatmen encamped by the shore. Regal swans have their nests among the reeds by the eyots and along the banks. They are a royal possession, and it once cost a year's imprisonment to steal a single egg; but royal favour long ago allowed them to the Dyers' and

the Vintners' Companies. The work of swan-upping in July or August falls to the royal and other swan-herds. They cut the upper mandibles of the beautiful birds in a particular fashion to mark their ownership—a fashion a good deal modified since the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals expressed its displeasure at that which formerly prevailed. It is certainly a stirring and bustling sight, accompanied by much splashing of water, when the swan-herds proceed to their work.

We presently come to Boveney Lock, and, as the gates open, a promiscuous crowd of row boats, dinghies, punts, and even sometimes, it may be, a gondola or two, come out with much flourishing of boat-hooks and oars, and many a cry of "Look where you're going!" as all go Windsor-ward. There was an ancient fishery at Boveney, and there is still a quaint little church to be visited. A very short distance beyond the lock in our upward journeying we come to Surly Hall—that river-side hostelry so dear to all Etonians, and the place to which the College boats make their pilgrimage on the great aquatic festivals of the College, occasions upon which great havoc, they say, is wrought among the ducks and green peas. The tables are laid out upon a meadow, where the birthday of King George III., who was a prime favourite with the Eton boys, is kept right loyally.

For a mile beyond the great curve at Surly Hall the course of the Thames is generally straight. On the Berkshire side there is Water Oakley, with the striking turreted mansion of Oakley Court, so well known to all lovers of the river, which belonged to the late Lord Otho Fitzgerald. Down Place is also on this side. Here lived in former times Richard Tonson—the grandson of Pope's "Genial Jacob," that bookseller who lifted his trade so loftily, and collected about him all the leading Whigs and wits of his time; such men as Walpole, Somerset, Dorset, Somers, Walpole, Charles Montague, Vanbrugh, Congreve, Addison, Steele, and many more. These were the men who ate the mutton pies of Christopher Catt, whence came the Kitkat Club, and those portraits painted of Kitkat size which were presented to "old Jacob," and were hung by his grandson at Water Oakley by the Thames.

We do not ascend the stream very far before we come to Monkey Island, which is so named, as oarsmen and anglers know, from pictures which the landlord has been known to attribute to Sir Joshua, but which are really the work of a Frenchman named Clermont. Their authorship, however, is a matter of indifference, for they are in no way remarkable. They adorn the fishing lodge which the third Duke of Marlborough built on the island, and decorated in this grotesque fashion, with classic subjects, such as the "Triumph of Galatea," in which the characters are all drawn from the monkey work. The place is now well known to all oarsmen and fishermen, who delight in the green beauties hereabout. These have a placid charm that attracted the pencil of the late lamented Frederick Walker, who was a real lover of the Thames.

Photo., F. S. Coffyn. Hind's Head, and entrance to the Churchyard, Bray. *Hampton Wick.*

It is but a short way from the swift flowing waters by Monkey Island to Bray lock, and beyond that to ancient and picturesque Bray. The fine poplars, the eel-bucks, the osier beds and the grey old tower of the church are well known to all frequenters of the Thames. At the ferry is the old "George" Inn, from which the place groups most picturesquely. There are many who know the "Vicar of Bray" that have never seen Bray itself, but, when they do, they will think it small wonder he was resolved

"That whatsoever king shall reign
I'll be the Vicar of Bray."

Sometimes this vicar, whose name was Simon Aleyn, has been made a political character, who survived in comfort the various changes of Stuart and Hanoverian dynasties. But, in truth, his versatility was religious. Fuller thus speaks of him: "The vivacious vicar thereof, living under King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, then a Protestant again. He had seen some martyrs burnt at Windsor, and found this fire too hot for his tender temper. This vicar, being taxed by one for being a turncoat and an inconstant changeling—'Not so,' said he, 'for I always kept my principle, which is this—to live and die the Vicar of Bray.'"

The church in which he served is certainly a very picturesque structure, mostly in the early Perpendicular style, but illustrating also the Early English and the Decorated periods. Its flint tower is excellent, and the monuments within are both interesting and curious. The groups of old buildings about the church have the rare charm of quaint gables, red roofs, small windows, and timber framing about which ivy delights to cling. They form a most charming set of pictures, and have attracted the pencils of many artists. Frederick Walker was fascinated by that old brick quadrangle, the Jesus Hospital, at Bray. It stands a little back from the road, with a narrow garden between, and the quaintest of all clipped trees standing as sentinels there. You enter beneath an archway, over which there is a statue of William Goddard, a free brother of the Fishmongers' Company, who founded the almshouses in the seventeenth century. You are then in the rustic quadrangle, with the quaint little dwellings all round it, clustered with honey-suckle and roses, while opposite to you rises the tall gable of the chapel, with its vane, and the tops of the poplars behind. Within the quadrangle are old-world flower and kitchen gardens, where you see aged men digging, many of them, as Walker thought, ripening for the scythe. He took that quadrangle, glorified it somewhat, raising a terrace round it, laid grass in the court, and put there the eloquent figure of the mower sweeping down the upstanding blades, while ancient figures linger pathetically in this "Haven of Rest," which he made famous on his canvas.

But the interest of Bray does not end with the church and the Jesus Hospital. You may walk across the water meadows to the moulder-ing manor house of Ockwells, which might

Photo. F. S. Calford, **The Fishery, Maidenhead.** *Hampton Wick.*

Photo., Frith. Taplow Bridge and Maidenhead. Reigate.

have stood for the Moated Grange, where—

"The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the pear to the gable-wall."

Ockwells is comparable in its architectural interests as a timber building with enrichments, to that famous house, Ightham Mote, in Kent. The west side is particularly fine, with a high gable and beautifully carved barge-boards, and a five-light mullioned window over a low arched doorway. Its small mullioned windows and latticed panes are a beautiful example of timber architecture, and it stands a lonely—somewhat mournful—example of the manorial dwelling places of the time of Henry VII. Long ago Ockwells, or Ockholt, was the home of the Norreys family, of whom Richard de Norreys, was "cook" to the Queen of Henry III., received a grant in 1267. The armorial glass, which included the arms of the abbey of Abingdon, and the Norreys achievements, with the motto "Feythfully serve," has been removed to a neighbouring modern abode.

Bray, and the beautiful country which lies above it by the river, have attracted many to build their houses near the banks, and, as the oarsman goes forward, and sees these delightful green lawns, where the turf is like velvet, and the flower beds are glorious, the fires of envy may, sometimes permissibly, arise in his breast. Pulling up the stream he very soon reaches the double-arched railway bridge, designed by Sir Isambard Brunel, which carries the Great Western line from Slough to Henley and Reading. Many a bright scene of river life may be witnessed hereabout on regatta days. Under one arch of the bridge there is a weird and mysterious echo, which has become rather famous, for, if you say "Ha!" but once, there will follow a peal of singular laughter. All travellers by the railway know the romantic scene that lies above the bridge, the quiet reach of water, the picturesque fishing cottage, the row of eel-bucks, the many arches of Maidenhead Bridge, and the glowing woods and hills beyond.

Maidenhead is a busy centre of life on the Thames. The attractions of its surroundings are very great. Already we have seen what are the picturesque interests of Bray, and all Thames oarsmen know how surpassingly beautiful are the reaches that lie above. We are at the threshold of what is universally admitted to be one of the most delightful districts in the valley of the Thames. The aquatic and sylvan beauties of Cliveden, Cookham, Hedsor, and Marlow would indeed be hard to excel; and Maidenhead is an excellent place at which to rest, and from which to set out for the enjoyment of them. There everything that can conduce to the pleasant and exhilarating exploration of the Upper Thames has its centre. Punts and every kind of river craft can be hired near the bridge, and there is excellent accommodation at the place, when often the riverside inns higher up are full.

We are not likely, in these days, to meet at Maidenhead the scarcity that was encountered by James I. This is another story of a perhaps apocryphal Vicar of Bray. When the King arrived, riding ahead of his hunting party to bespeak food at the inn, mine host could but say that the vicar and his curate were above, and had ordered all that his larder contained. But the reverent revellers might be willing to admit the tired stranger to their board, and so it proved, though the vicar consented in somewhat churlish fashion. But the King, with his Scottish wit, like Yorick, soon set the table on a roar, and the vicar laughed consumedly at his jokes. When, however, the stranger searched his pockets in vain, and declared that he had left his purse behind, the good man grew angry, and avowed that no hungry stranger should feast at his charge. But the curate was willing to pay for such excellent

Photo., Frith. Burnham Beeches. Reigate.

company, and so, arguing, they resorted to the balcony, where, the royal huntsmen having arrived, went down upon one knee. The vicar, thereupon overwhelmed, flung himself down, too, and implored pardon for his churlishness. "I shall not turn you out of your living," said James, "and you shall always remain Vicar of Bray, but I shall make your curate a canon of Windsor, whence he will always be able to look down on you and your vicarage." In July, 1647, James's unfortunate son, in the interval between the two Civil Wars, was allowed by the Parliament to meet his three children at Maidenhead, after long separation.

But, otherwise, the history of the town is brief. There was a wooden bridge there in the time of Edward III., when a guild was incorporated to keep it in repair. There it was, through a long January night in the year 1400, that the Duke of Surrey, brother of Richard II., held the passages against the men of Henry IV., to cover the retreat of his friends. The present handsome structure was designed by Sir Robert Taylor in 1772. Its surroundings are remarkably picturesque and beautiful, though modern hotels and other buildings break the older charm, especially on the Berkshire side towards Boulter's Lock. Close by the bridge stands Old Bridge House looking very pretty, with its red brick, ivy, and fine trees. "Skindle's," that famous hostelry, is opposite, and the Guard's Club-house stands by the shore, with many boats lying along the edge of its trim lawn. There is an Angling Association with its headquarters at Maidenhead, which cares for and preserves the fishery along these reaches, and turns great numbers of trout and other fish into the stream.

Almost inexhaustible, as we have discovered, are the walks and excursions to be made from Maidenhead. Burnham Beeches are but four miles away, rearing their wild fantastic arms, knotted and gnarled, from huge, hollow, moss-grown holes. They make, with their underwood of juniper and holly, their purple heaths, rushy pools, and great green fern-brakes, the most picturesque assemblage of "old patrician trees" that can be imagined. "Both vale and hill," wrote Gray, who lived at neighbouring Stoke Poges, "are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds."

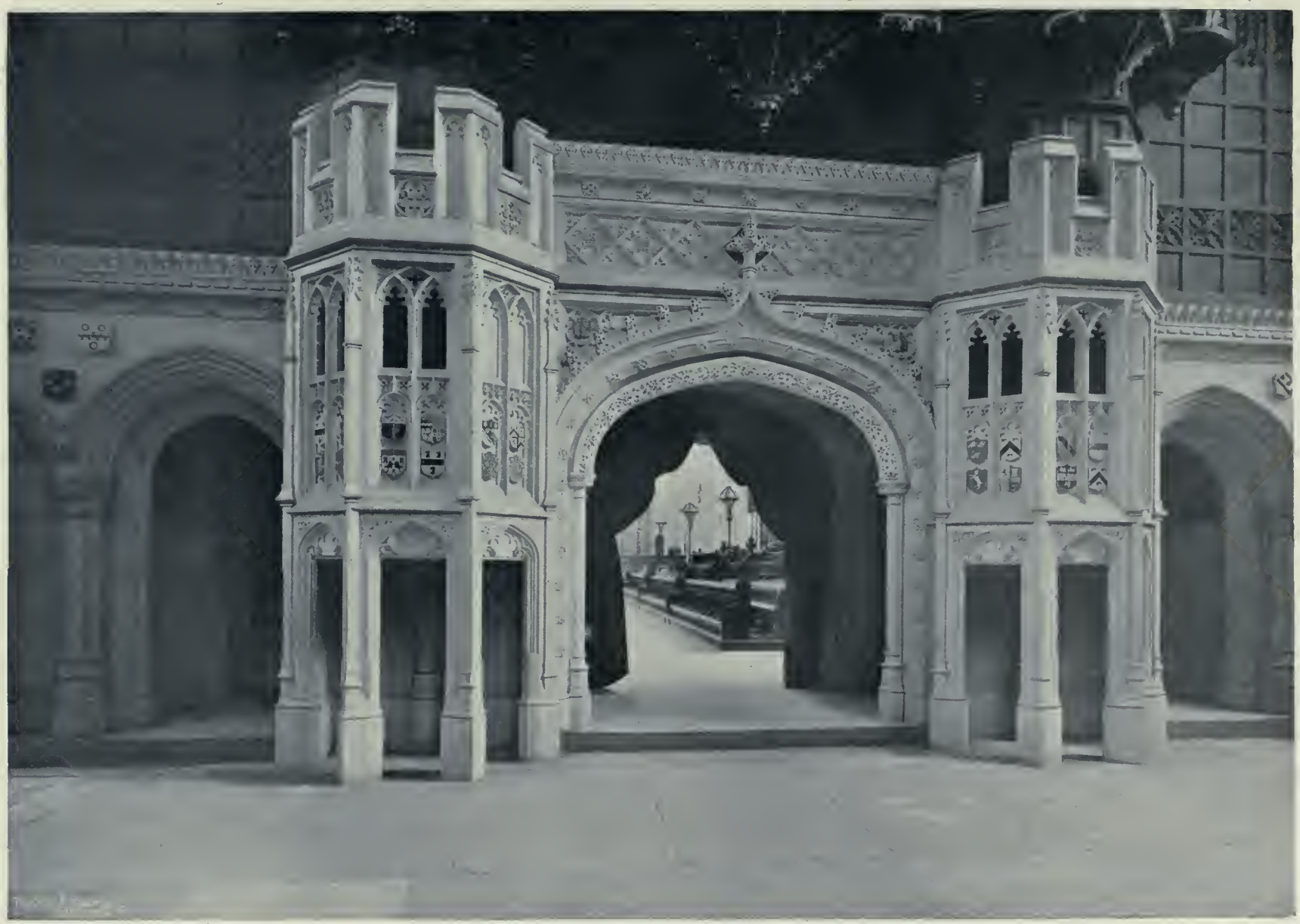
From Maidenhead to Boulter's Lock, where we shall make another pause, the distance is but short. The green beauties of Raymead are on one hand, with the sylvan glories of Glen Island in the midst, while the magnificent hanging woods of Taplow and Cliveden are rising on the other. And Boulter's Lock, itself, on a bright Sunday afternoon, is one of the sights of the river. With youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm, in all these boats there is a scene of sunny gaiety and pure enjoyment that truly seems to gladden the heart of old Thames.

Phot. Frith. Maidenhead Bridge. Reigate

ETON,
FROM ROMNEY ISLAND.

THE QUADRANGLE,
ETON COLLEGE.

Photo., Hill & Saunders, Eton.



THE MEMORIAL SCREEN,
ETON COLLEGE CHAPEL.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

THE DINING HALL,
ETON.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

ETON COLLEGE,
FROM THE PLAYING FIELDS.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

OAKLEY COURT.

Photo., F. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

BRAY.

Photo., F. S. Cutford, Hampton Wick.

THE OLD COTTAGES,
BRAY

Photo., F. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

MAIDENHEAD.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

RAYMEAD,
MAIDENHEAD.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

GLEN ISLAND,
FROM BOULTER'S LOCK.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

BOULTER'S LOCK.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

ABOVE BOULTER'S LOCK.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

BURNHAM BEECHES.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

Photo., Wilson, Cliveden Ferry. *Aberdeen.*

IT will be observed by the explorer of the Thames, as a characteristic feature of the scenery, due to the configuration of the hills, that there is often a steep and wooded declivity on one side and a space of meadow, with distant scenery, on the other. In a general way it is the fashion of rivers either to flow through valleys with hills on either hand, or to crawl sluggishly across a plain. This is not the way of the Thames. We may see at Cliveden, at Marlow, and again at Newnham that the river seeks the shelter of the wooded height, from whose umbrageous slopes you look out to the open country that lies before, and there at the foot, as Spencer says, is

"The christall Thamis, wont to slide
In silver channell, downe along the lee."

We emerge, then, from the densely wooded surroundings of Boulter's Lock, leaving behind us the long sylvan space of Glen Island, with the beautiful house of Sir Roger Palmer upon it, to traverse the splendid reach that lies along the foot of Cliveden Wood. This is a superb length of the Thames, dear, for its pictorial charms, alike to oarsmen, anglers, and artists, affording unfailing delight, whether we pull along the stream or linger by the romantic shore. Up above us, the stately mansion of Cliveden crowns the crest, a house which has passed from nobleman to nobleman, until at last the appreciative hands of an American millionaire, Mr. William Waldorf Astor, have caught the splendid prize. It is a place treasured as it should be, and about which many a romance might be spun. Here, we may say, Nature and Art have conspired to enchant the sojourner by the Thames; and you may fancy that elves and fairies dance by moonlight in those delightful glades that open to the water's side, by the cooling spring, and that romantically picturesque cottage among the laurels. The Duke of Westminster, before he sold the place to Mr. Astor, greatly improved the dense woods by cutting ways through them, so that there are shadowy walks among the trees and delightful vistas among them. The beauty of these hanging woods, luxuriant in their foliage, with the varied tints of yew, pine, and cypress, cannot be surpassed. The twisted roots of the trees emerge from the banks, and wild clematis and juniper cling to them, giving space, in grassy openings, to primroses, anemones, wild forget-me-nots, and unnumbered other flowers of the spring and summer. Down by the river, too, there is varied colouring, in the cool tints of the reeds, the flags that have finished blossoming, and the rushes, and the deeper hues of the sedges.

The luxurious fancy of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, ever to be remembered as the most dissolute courtier in a most dissolute age, planned the abode. The story will not be forgotten of how he killed the Earl of Shrewsbury in a duel, while the Countess, disguised as a page, held his horse. It was to Cliveden that they afterwards fled. Whatever fancy could suggest, wealth could procure, or art

Photo., F. S. Ca'ford. **Cliveden Woods.** *Hampton Wick.*

could accomplish, was brought to the adornment of the place, while Europe was ransacked to furnish the ducal abode. The character of Buckingham has been immortalised by Dryden, Pope, and Scott Thus says Dryden :—

"A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinion—always in the wrong—
Was everything by starts, but nothing long;
Who, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then, all for women, painting, fiddling, drinking;
Besides a thousand freaks that died in thinking."

But Buckingham did not long enjoy the elysium he had created. He died far away at Kirkby Moorside, in Yorkshire, where he lived retired from public life. Pope's famous lines are not quite consistent with fact. He died in the house of a tenant, in which he took shelter when overtaken by sudden illness while hunting, and not, as we read in the "Moral Essays,"

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaster and the walls of dung."

* * * *

"Alas! how changed from him,
"That life of pleasure and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen and their merry king."

When Buckingham had departed, the Earl of Orkney, a companion in arms of Marlborough, dwelt at Cliveden; and later, again, it was the residence of Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III. There it was, in his time, that "Rule Britannia" was first played, and that Thomson's Masque of "Alfred" was produced. In 1743, which was the year of the "happy escape" of Dettingen, the Prince offended the people by having a troop of French players at Cliveden. "One of these," says Walpole, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, "was lately impertinent to a countryman, who thrashed him; His Royal Highness sent angrily to know the cause; the fellow replied that 'he thought to have pleased His Highness in beating one of them who had tried to kill his father, and had wounded his brother.'" "This," remarks Walpole, "was not easy to answer."

Photo., Frith. **Cliveden House.** *Reigate.*

The house has been twice burnt, and was lastly rebuilt by

the Duke of Sutherland from designs by Barry, and along the great frieze of the imposing central block an inscription records the fact. It is not necessary here to describe the features of the palatial house, which is a building of classic type, with magnificent apartments, richly adorned. The gardens, too, are extremely beautiful, and from the terrace there is a magnificent prospect over the valley of the Thames. This is a great region for the seats of noblemen and gentlemen. We shall presently be at Hedsor, the splendid estate of Lord Bolton, behind which lies Dropmore, famous for its conifers, and Woburn, Waddesdon Manor, Beaconsfield, Hughenden, house there, which was built by Sir George Young, and has beautiful gardens and pleasure grounds, is now the seat of Mr. Henry Gold. At this point the islands divide the river into four streams, which are all in their varied character charming and picturesque. Every oarsman knows the delights of exploring these various recesses—if we may so call them—of the Thames. The pictures will show better than words can describe the special character of this very beautiful sylvan scenery. The Cookham backwater is particularly famous, and the canal to the lock is the most beautiful lock-cutting on the river.

Photo., F. S. Catford. **Entrance to the Lock, Cookham.** *Lampton Wick.*

and many more such demesnes are within a few miles of this enchanting spot. Nearer at hand is Taplow Court, once the house of the Earl of Orkney, but now of Mr. William Henry Grenfell, a house which is not visible from the river here, but may be discerned upon the hill at some points lower down the stream.

Passing, then, the ferry, and the cottage at the Springs, we find Cliveden Reach giving place to new and more broken scenery. Formosa Island, which is the largest eyot in the river, having an area, indeed, of about fifty acres, is famous for its woodland scenery, its stately trees which overhang the water, and the charm of its flower-spangled banks. The

At the old village of Cookham these several streams are conjoined. The village is not yet spoiled. The geese still waddle down the street, and the rustics gossip at the doorways of old cottages which line the way. In former times, the highwaymen made their harvest here, in Cookham Bushes, and it is recorded that the Vicar of Hurley received greater emoluments in consideration of the fact that his way lay through that dangerous spot, where his pockets were liable to be relieved of their contents. There is an inn in the village with the very quaint sign of "Bel and the Dragon." The church is a place to be visited for its quaintness and its monuments, and those who love the pictorial beauties of

Photo., Frith. **Cookham Village.** *Reigate.*

the Thames may visit there the grave of Frederick Walker, A.R.A., whose pictures tell so truly of the life and scenery hereabout, and whose memory is perpetuated by a mural monument with a medallion. To many people, Cookham is better known than any other place on the river. It is an excellent centre both for anglers and oarsmen, and a place from which all the beauties and interests of Cliveden, Maidenhead, and Bray on one hand, and of Marlow, Bisham, and the beautiful country towards Henley on the other, may be explored.

Hedsor, the noble seat of Lord Boston is upon the Buckinghamshire side, and the country thereabout, with hill and dale, cornland, and pasture, the quaint old church, the magnificent yews, and the stately house, is full of attraction. All along the riverside too, the bank is very beautiful, and Lord Bolton's eel-bucks are a very picturesque feature, though boatmen who seek to pass that way should ascertain their whereabouts. Beyond, is Odney weir, and then, passing Cookham Bridge, there is once more a change in the character of the scenery. The narrow wooded channels have given place to a broad and open reach. The water and woodland scenery is particularly beautiful at their junction. From the pleasant hills of Buckinghamshire the little tributary Wye joins the river, and the picturesque village of Bourne End lies upon a low height amid corn-fields, which look charming among the woods when you see them yellowing for the harvest. The great open reach at Bourne End is a place to which the thoughts of the up-river sailor are often turned. That he may have a weatherly boat, and an expert and clever crew, is his chief consideration throughout the year. Racing along and round this broad and basin-like water has become quite a science, and nothing can be prettier than to watch the white-winged craft rounding the buoys, or hugging the wooded shores as they race homeward. The Upper Thames Sailing Club has a handsome boat-house, and the Bourne End reach is the scene of its operations.

The picturesque village of Little Marlow, with a rustic church, is a little way back from the bank on the Buckinghamshire side, and the long range of the Quarry Woods stretches towards Great Marlow. The curve from Cookham towards Marlow Lock is a great and striking one, and from the top of Winter Hill, round which the river sweeps, there is a truly magnificent view. The Quarry Woods have not the varied charm of Cliveden, but to some they are even more attractive. There is a wild and picturesque charm about them that wins upon the beholder, and they look out over the great sweep of the river, with its eddying water to the picturesque view of Great Marlow Church and the Suspension Bridge beyond.

The broad, basin-like reach of the river at Great Marlow, breaking into foam as the water pours over the weir, the airy lines of the long and graceful bridge, the picturesque tower and spire of the church—to which distance lends enchantment—and the woods that embower it, are dear to all oarsmen and anglers who frequent the Thames. A very remarkable series of beautiful pictures is presented by the surroundings of Marlow. The varied banks

and woods, that familiar old hostelry, "The Complete Angler," the timber bridge spanning the mill stream, and the old mill standing by the lock, with many other features that neighbour them, all conduce to charming picturesque effects. The long line of the Quarry Woods forms a superb background, as we look across from the weir over the eddying water that sweeps between. Whether the trees be budding in the Spring, or are rich in the full leafage of June, or turning to the reds and yellows of the Autumn, the dense masses of foliage which clothe the steep form an extremely beautiful setting for the broad waters of the Thames. Alike whether they glow in the sunshine, or turn to shadowy purple as the evening falls, they are full of charm, and sometimes, in days of storm, the hill assumes a weird and impressive character, when seen across the water and the grey belts of reeds. The banks on both sides are full of primroses, hyacinths, and forget-me-nots, and it is delightful to walk at twilight along the bank, or to linger listlessly upon the stream when the moon rises over the darkening hills.

Photo., Frith, **Cookham Moor.** *Reigate.*

Whether for fishing, boating, or picturesque wayfaring, there are few more fascinating places on the river than Marlow. The Marlow Angling Association preserves the water, and has done immense things to improve the fishing, by turning great numbers of fish into the river, which in various places is consequently rich in trout, barbel, perch, pike, and gudgeon. This energetic body has also done good work in the past by tending to the extermination of otters, and we think of what old Isaac Walton says, who loved the river Thames, that "the otter devours much fish, and kills and spoils much more than he eats." For boating, the long and beautiful reaches from Cookham to Marlow, and beyond by Bisham and Hurley to Medmenham and Henley are excellent and full of variety. About Marlow, too, is a famous region for camping, and there can be no more delightful place for this than the Quarry Woods, which are equally attractive afloat or on the shore. The walks and excursions from this place are very numerous and picturesque.

Photo., Frith, **Hedsor, and Odney Weir.** *Reigate.*

Photo., Frith, **Hedsor Fishery.** *Reigate.*

Cookham and Maidenhead are within easy reach, Bisham and Hurley are close at hand, and High Wycombe and many other places of interest are a little back from the shore.

Marlow is an ancient town. It belonged in former days to an Earl of Mercia, but after the Conquest, became a possession of Queen Matilda, and later, again, through his wife, of the King-Maker, who walks with such martial clang through our history, and was buried close by at Bisham. Lord Paget of Beaudesert, that circumspect statesman who enjoyed the favour and the confidence of four Sovereigns, became afterwards its owner, by gift from Philip and Mary, whose marriage he promoted. How he managed to steer so safely through those troublous times has been discovered in the notes which he wrote in his common-place book. Thus he wrote sagely for his own admonition :—

"Fly the courte,
Speke little,
Care less.
Devise noth'ng.
Never earnest;
In answer cold;
Lerne to spare;
Spend with measure;
Care for home.
Pray often,
Live better,
And dye well."

The church, which we saw from a distance, is scarcely of a satisfactory character, but has latterly been a good deal improved. It was built before the genuine spirit of our pointed architecture had been revived by Pugin, one of whose latest works may be seen in the little Catholic church in the town. Neither can Marlow itself be said to be very picturesque, though it certainly has not been altogether spoiled, and white stucco has not yet quite displaced old red brick and tiled roofs, which linger here and there rather mournfully, with gablets rising out of the perpendicular, and roof trees that have hollowed into curves. There is a house in St. Peter's Street, known as the Deanery, which yet retains some fine mullioned windows with curvilinear Decorated heads. Shelley's house, too, which is in West Street, has a certain picturesqueness, with curiously curved lintels to its windows, a little porch, and a wooden railing separating it from the road. Here, Shelley was visited by Byron, and here he planned his "Revolt of Islam," which he wrote as his boat floated under the beech groves of Bisham, and he gazed up to "the vast cope of bending heaven," Mrs. Shelley says of his residence here: "During the year 1817, we were established at Marlow in Buckinghamshire; Shelley's choice of abode was fixed chiefly by this town being at no great distance from London and its neighbourhood of the Thames."

It was from Marlow, that Shelley dated that mystical poem "Marianne's Dream" which begins :—

"A pale Dream came to a Lady fair,
And said 'A boon, a boon, I pray!
I know the secrets of the air;
And things are lost in the glare of day,
Which I can make the s'eeping see
If they will put their trust in me.'"

In those days, the old church stood quaintly by the quainter timber-framed bridge, and by

the weir and the row of eel-bucks. It is shown in an accompanying illustration, which depicts Marlow three years before Shelley went there. The old bridge was not quite upon the site of the present suspension bridge. It crossed the stream from the upper corner of the weir, and joined the old street opposite, being the successor of earlier bridges which went back at least to Plantagenet times, for Edward III. directed the trusty men of Marlow to repa r the bridge there in 1352. The existing structure was built in 1835, and its designer deserves credit for not having destroyed the beauty—though he necessarily removed a picturesque feature—of this very attractive part of the Thames. Marlow bridge is well known to all boating and fishing men; and, all along the river, is associated with the famous "puppy pie," which was eaten beneath it by a pilfering but deluded bargee, who is still held up as a reproach to his successors.

Photo., Frith. **Hedsor Weir.** *Reigate.*

The views up and down the river from the bridge are scarcely surpassed on the Thames, and the walls of the picture galleries constantly testify to the popularity of Marlow with artists. It was one of the places where the late Frederick Walker, A.R.A., delighted to paint, and he may be said to have immortalised the landing stage at the end of the old street of the town, where everything has since been changed. His friend Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., in that delightful gossiping book "Our River," describes Walker's famous painting of "The Ferry"—a boy rowing a girl across the river. "There are swans on the water; the street, with its quaint old houses, is bathed in the warm glow of the afternoon sun. Against a wall is a group of old village gossips, each perfect in individuality, and keeping up a 'feeble chirrup' as Homer describes the aged Trojans on the walls of Troy, 'like balm crickets on a sunny wall.' Children await the arrival of the boat; and the action of the boy shipping his sculls and turning to look ahead, is simply perfect. On the whole this exquisite little drawing is perhaps the happiest and most beautiful rendering of the Upper Thames that was ever painted."

Photo., T. S. Catford. **Bourne End from the Towpath.** *Hampton Wick.*

Ancient and picturesque Bisham is the immediate neighbour of Marlow, on the Berkshire shore. It is the place where we shall pause awhile in our journeying, before we fare forward towards Henley, and certainly there could be no more delightful resting-place. These often-painted banks glow with the varied foliage of beech, oak, and elm, which grace the river with exceeding charm. The grey old Norman tower of Bisham Church is well known to all boatmen.

Photo., Frith, Great Marlow. *Reigate.*

There are few who have not rested on their oars to delight their eyes with the beautiful picture, of exquisite colouring, presented by the grey walls and lovely gardens of Bisham Abbey. Some have gone ashore—as many should—to visit these attractive scenes, and to look at the pretty village with its shadowy lane and rustic cottages, of which many are overgrown with roses and honeysuckle. The trees hereabout are magnificent, enframing scenes that are not easily forgotten, and disclosing places which it may seem almost pardonable to covet.

The Abbey standing near the bank is not the house of the monks, although it has foundations, a pointed doorway, and a hall which date from those times. Tudor hands took the fragments which had been destroyed, and added gables, bays, and a turreted tower, and their work remains one of the gems of the river. Bisham was originally known by the name of Bustleham, and, under that designation, was granted by the Conqueror to Henry de Ferrars, who gave it to the Templars. This militant order seems to have had a preceptory at Bisham, of which the memory is preserved in the name of "Temple House," which lies somewhat further along the bank, and of which we shall presently have something to say. From the Templars Bisham passed to baronial hands, coming at last to William Mantacute, Earl of Salisbury, who founded the Augustinian Priory of Bustleham in 1338. The few vestiges that remain bespeak very little of its character in those times, but it was a house of some importance, and became the burial-place of famous men. The founder, and his son, who distinguished himself at the battle of Poictiers, were the first such to be interred there. Then came John, Earl of Salisbury, attainted and beheaded in 1400, and his son Thomas, who was described "as the mirror of all martial men,"—a hero who fought valiantly, and fell nobly, at the siege of Orleans in 1428. To Bisham, also, was brought the body of Richard Neville, Earl of

Photo., Frith, High Street, Marlow. *Reigate.*

Salisbury and Warwick, who had married the heiress of Thomas Montacute, and was beheaded as a Yorkist at York in 1460. After the fatal day at Barnet, when the King-Maker and his brother Montague fell, their bodies were carried to St. Paul's, where, stripped to the breast, they lay exposed upon the pavement "to the intent that the people should not be abused by feigned tales, else the rumour should have been sowed about that the Earl was yet alive." From this strange scene, the bodies of the fallen soldiers were carried up the river to their quiet resting-place at Bisham, but none can tell where they lay. Warwick's great-grandson, Edward Plantagenet, son of the Duke of Clarence, after being beheaded in 1499 for attempting to escape from the Tower, was also buried at Bisham Abbey, but his monument, like those of his predecessors, has been wasted, and nothing remains to show where it stood.

Great Marlow in 1814.

At the dissolution of the abbeys, Barlow, the last prior of Bisham—unlike some stouter men, who gave up their lives for their faith—hastily conformed, looked a good deal after the loaves and fishes, was made Bishop of St. David's, and, strange as it appears, was the father-in-law of five other Bishops as well. The Abbey lands became part of those great possessions which Henry VIII. conferred upon his fourth bride, Anne of Cleves, the lady whose portrait had flattered her so disastrously. She appears to have had little appreciation of Bisham, for she wearied of the place, and exchanged it with Sir Philip Hoby for a house in Kent. This Sir Philip was a brother-in-law of Cecil, who visited him at Bisham, and he was a diplomatist also, and the last ambassador that England sent to the Pope. Sir Philip's brother, Sir Thomas, succeeded him at Bisham, where, for the space of three years, he had charge, through his sisters-in-law, the Ladies Cecil and Bacon, of the Princess Elizabeth. It is believed that the beautiful bay in the great chamber there, and a dais, were built for her satisfaction.

When the two knightly brothers were dead, the widow of Sir Thomas raised a splendid monument to them in Bisham Church. It may be seen to this day. They lie side by side under an arch, and are clad in plate armour a good deal elaborated, and their heads are supported on their left hands. This Lady Hoby seems to have been a very learned personage, for she has placed inscriptions to her husband and brother-in-law in three languages. In one of them she sets forth the history of the Hobys, and appears to extol the zeal which she showed in erecting the tomb. Another of her inscriptions ends with serious comicality, which shows that the lady might yet be consoled for her loss. "Give me, O, God!" she exclaims, "a husband like Thomas, or else restore me to my husband, Thomas!" Without the worthy knight, or an equal paragon, Lady Hoby could scarce exist, and we may hope that she found the latter in the person of Lord John Russell, to whom she was married

Photo., Taunt, Bisham Abbey. The King's Fireplace. *Oxford.*

in 1574. In Bisham Church, which should be visited for some architectural features and its monuments, there is a very curious monument to Lady Russell. She is represented kneeling, in the act of prayer, wearing a ruff, stomacher, and very remarkable head-dress with coronet, beneath a canopy which is supported by Corinthian columns. Opposite to her kneels another like figure, also wearing a coronet, upon a lower stool, and behind her, are five small kneeling figures, representing her children.

We thus see that Bisham Abbey has been inhabited by rather remarkable people. The ancient hall there, is a noble apartment, with an open timber roof, a three light lancet window filled with armorial glass, an oaken gallery, a buttery hatch, and a fireplace which has the royal arms over the mantle. The panelled dining room is hung with excellent portraits, the gem of the whole collection being one of Queen Henrietta Maria by Van Dyke, over the mantle-piece. Considerable interest attaches to the portrait of the wife of Sir William Hoby, which hangs in another part of the house. She wears her widow's weeds with coif and wimple, and her face and hands are deadly pale. The dark story goes that once, in exceeding exasperation, she beat to death her little son, William, because his infant hands had blotted his copy book. The foul deed is expiated, they say, by the unquiet spirit of the lady walking through the rooms of Bisham by moonlight—and who will aver the contrary?—her white face turned to black and her black dress to white, while, as she painfully goes, like another Lady Macbeth, she washes her hands in a basin that is mysteriously carried, without apparent support, in front of her. This is a hard thing to believe but, as if to confound the incredulous, the very blotted books of the poor boy were discovered at Bisham secreted beneath the mouldering floor.

Photo., Taunt, Bisham Abbey from the River. *Oxford*

CLIVEDEN,
FROM THE RIVER.

Photo. J. S. Calford, Hampton Wick.

CLIVEDEN,
THE SPRINGS.

Photo., J. S. Ca:ford, Hampton Wick.

CLIVEDEN REACH.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

CLIVEDEN,
COTTAGE AND WOODS.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

FORMOSA ISLAND.

Photo., J. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

COOKHAM CHURCH.

Photo., J. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

COOKHAM LOCK.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

COOKHAM WEIR.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

HEDSOR,
THE CHURCH AND CASTLE.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

GREAT MARLOW,
THE BRIDGE AND WEIR.

Photo., F. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

GREAT MARLOW,
THE QUARRY WOODS.

Photo., F. S. Catford. Hampton Wick.

GREAT MARLOW,
THE ANGLER'S REST.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

BISHAM,
FROM THE RIVER.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

BISHAM ABBEY.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

Photo., Taunt. **Lady Place, Hurley.** *Oxford.*

LEAVING behind us ancient and delightful Marlow, and Bisham its beautiful neighbour, we go forward towards Henley, by Hurley, Medmenham, and Remenham, with Berkshire on one hand and the beech-clad county of Buckingham yet on the other, though the latter will give place to Oxfordshire before we set foot ashore at Henley Bridge. The reaches of the Thames above Marlow, as below, are exceedingly fine, and eminently characteristic of the river. Too many hasten along Henley-ward who might linger pleasantly to explore the backwaters, and discover the beauties of the little islands which make veritable archipelagoes between Temple Lock and Medmenham. There are dense woods, sometimes shadowing the stream, sometimes retiring from the shore, rugged escarpments of chalk, fields where you see the plough breaking the glebe, or the corn ripening for the harvest, while the rooks forsake the elms and wing their way across the river, where the swans float, kingfishers darting across the backwaters, and even herons yet sometimes seeking their prey in the shallows. There are stately houses, too, with beautiful gardens to grace the shore.

Long ago, the Templars appear to have had mills for the working of copper here, and those which now stand for other grinding have a good deal that is picturesque about them, when the evening light bestows its mellow charm upon them and their surroundings. Temple House, on the backwater behind the lock, the seat of General Owen Williams, is a mansion well known on the Thames for the great beauty of the trees amid which it is embowered. The same may be said of Harleyford Manor, the seat of Sir William Clayton, a brick building which dates from 1715, and is famous for the romantic beauty of its woods. Hereabout, therefore, is a delightful region for the camper, and the man who dwells in a tent-boat, or those who make merry in house-boats, for the neighbourhood is very pretty, and the river always attractive. In the early morning, to plunge into the crystal depths makes the blood run quicker, and the hue of health soon mantle the cheek. Sometimes, by the quiet backwaters, or where oarsmen are camping, you will catch sight of that supremely fine pictorial effect, the human figure by the water, and against a dark background of trees, if someone, as Thomson, the poet of the Thames says, should

> "Stand awhile,
> Gazing the inverted landscape, half afraid
> To meditate the blue profound below;
> Till, disenchanted by the ruffling gale,
> He plunges headlong down the closing flood.

The backwater and mill at Hurley are very picturesque, and it is pleasant to remember that, under a shadowy bank near Harleyford, Mr. Luke Fildes painted his well-known picture of riverside life, "Fair, quiet, and sweet rest."

Upon the Berkshire shore, coyly retired, lies Hurley village, one of the most interesting places on the Thames. The Benedictine

Photo., Wilson, Harleyford House. *Aberdeen.*

Priory there was founded by Geoffrey de Mandeville in the reign of the Conqueror, and the refectory, and some part of the monastic quadrangle that afterwards rose, remain on the north side of the exceedingly quaint old church, once the monastic chapel, which has some characteristic Norman features. The village lies back a little from the river, and you will not see much of it unless you go ashore. Its immediate neighbour was Lady Place, the fine old Elizabethan mansion of the Lords Lovelace of Hurley, which was pulled down in 1837. Some things remain to show what were the attractions of the house. There are old fish ponds, ivy-grown walls, a dove-cot, and other fragments yet remaining, and the mansion itself is here illustrated from engravings—one by Tombleson, from the river, the other, from the south-east, by Buckler, from the "Gentleman's Magazine," 1831. Lady Place made its mark upon history. Here it was that John, Lord Lovelace, one of the foremost supporters of William of Orange, plotted with his friends for the overthrow of the king. The arched vaults are still in existence in which they met. The mansion was a place of many gables, belonging to the time when chimney stacks rose boldly, and had not been taught to steal skyward ashamedly behind battlements. The principal façade, as in many great houses of Tudor and Stuart times, had a porch in the middle, of three storeys, and great projecting wings, giving the place somewhat the plan of a letter E. Lord Lovelace had been greatly distinguished in the time of James II. for his magnificence, and, at the same time, for the audacious vehemence of his Whiggism, which had brought him five or six times into durance. Lastly, he was brought before the Privy Council, but could not be induced to incriminate himself. James dismissed him, bitterly saying: "My Lord, this is not the first trick you have played me." "Sir," he replied, "I have never played any trick to your Majesty, or to any other person. Whoever has accused me of playing tricks to your Majesty is a liar!" Nevertheless, the fact remains that Lovelace was one of the plotters of 1688, that he visited William in Holland, and that Lady

Photo., Wilson, Temple House and Island. *Aberdeen*

"Lady Place" from the River. *From an Engraving.*

Place was the scene of his plotting. Thus Macaulay speaks of it: "His mansion, built by his ancestors out of the spoils of Spanish galleons from the Indies, rose on the ruins of a house of Our Lady, in that beautiful valley through which the Thames, not yet defiled by the precincts of a great capital, nor rising and falling with the flow and ebb of the sea, rolls under woods of beech round the gentle hills of Berkshire. Beneath the stately saloon, adorned with Italian pencils, was a subterraneous vault, in which the bones of ancient monks had sometimes been found. In this dark chamber, some zealous and daring opponents of the government had held many midnight conferences during that anxious time when England was impatiently expecting the Protestant wind." The season for action at length arrived, and Lovelace set off with some seventy followers from Lady Place. All were well armed and mounted, and reached Gloucestershire without difficulty, but they were there defeated by James's forces near Cirencester, and Lovelace himself made prisoner and sent to Gloucester Castle. It was a grievous blow to William, and caused him to complain that he had been deceived.

Between Hurley and Medmenham, dense wooded hills rise from the meadows that flank the river, and sometimes shadow the stream. The reaches to Henley are favourite resorts with oarsmen, but the punting to Medmenham is indifferent, owing to the irregular and heavy character of the bed, and you thread the river archipelago. The distance from Hurley Lock to Medmenham ferry is less than two miles. Medmenham is among the prettiest places on the Thames, and the Abbey, bogus structure though it really is, makes a picturesque feature upon the bank. Here was a Cistercian House colonised, the second time in 1212, by monks from Citeaux, whence came forth the men who established the great abbeys of Tintern, Rievaulx, Fountains, Furness, Netley, and many more. Medmenham was not comparable to any of those named, but its situation was such as the Cistercians always chose, for they settled in the quiet nooks and valleys, and by the pleasant streams of England; and we may well believe that St. Stephen Harding, when he turned to cultivation that hot thorn-break at Citeaux, often bethought him of the ripe corn fields of his native land, and of such places as we see by the Thames. In the beginning of the 16th century, Medmenham Abbey became an appanage of Bisham, which we have visited.

Its monks lived the quiet life of the cloister, and it was reserved for the sham monks of the last century, the "Fransciscans" of Sir Francis Dashwood and his profligate companions, to awake the echoes with the sounds of their unholy revelry, there, devoting themselves, if their contemporaries speak truth, to nameless debauchery. John Wilkes, the scurrilous profligate rejected of the House of Commons, Dashwood, Lord le Despencer, who was

"Lady Place" from th South-East. *From an Engraving.*

Photo., Taunt. **Harleyford Weir.** *Oxford.*

summoned from his profanity and his tavern bills to administer the finances of the country, Bubb Dodington, Sir John Dashwood King, and many more were the Mohawks who composed this "Hell fire Club." Their motto may still be seen over the door—"Fay ce que voudras;" and what they chose to do, they did with all their might.

In these milder days, the legend is taken as a hospitable invitation, and countless picnic parties through the summer make innocent merriment in the picturesque place. The building itself, though a little grotesque, is very pretty, with its rustic surroundings, its farmyard and its hayricks, and from the lawn there are beautiful views of the river. The village, too, is very charming, with its rustic cottages, and its old church, which still retains some Norman features; and the road leads up the hill to a forlorn looking place to which Charles II. and Nell Gwynne are said to have resorted.

The writer of this may be forgiven for recalling, in relation to Medmenham, the fact that a namesake of earlier times, John Leland, the king's antiquary, in Henry VIII.'s days, made, in his "Cygnea Cantio," a literary pilgrimage by the Thames—not faring upwards, but floating swan-wise down from Oxford to Greenwich, with a good deal of laudation of the king. The antiquary's Boswell—*longo intervallo*—John Bale, who expounds "The Laboryouse Journey and Serche," says, "This Johan Leylande had a naturall hart to hys contrey;" but his exceedingly learned swan is unfortunately prodigiously dull in its account of the Thames. Yet the woodland beauties of Hurley and Medmenham attracted the literary bird's attention, and gave the author the opportunity of suggesting a somewhat fantastic derivation for the name of the place we speak of:—

"*Hurstelêga* ferax deinde sylvæ
Apparet, *Mediamnis* atque pulcher."

Above Medmenham, the river is less interesting until Magpie Island is reached, about a mile above the Abbey. There is an extremely pretty backwater, with the picturesque boathouse of Culham Court, and beautiful gardens and woods, forming a pleasing setting for the house, which is very curiously raised upon a chalk cliff. It is an old, red brick building, in which the Hon. F. West, son of Earl De la Warr, entertained George III., and, as the story goes, knowing the king's predilection for hot rolls to breakfast from the royal purveyor in London, arranged relays of horsemen with the rolls wrapped in hot flannel, to the huge delight of his Majesty. From Culham Court to Henley, the course of the Thames is a great curve with somewhat flattened sides, for, while the places are but two miles apart, the distance by river is nearly four. Above the horse ferry, which is about half a mile beyond Magpie

Island, the stream is sharp, and, on the other side, an extremely pretty backwater leads to the weir and mill and Hambleden. The chimneys and gables of picturesque Yewden—where are some of the quaintest clipped yews imaginable—are seen near the mill, at the point where the slender Hamble joins the Thames. The little place by the river is known as Mill End, and is the water suburb of the diminutive village of Hambleden, a quiet place with a church approached through a lych gate, where there may be seen the monument of Sir Cope and Lady d'Oyley—she was the sister of Quarles of the "Emblems"—with their ten children, all kneeling, like the curious countess at Bisham, the figures painted and gilded, and some of them carrying skulls in their hands.

At Hambleden is Greenlands, the beautiful Italian mansion of the late Rt. Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., and now the seat of his widow, Viscountess Hambleden. The gardens are exceedingly beautiful, and the various trees among the choicest upon the Thames, while the house looks charming amid the dark cedars that neighbour it. There are picturesque inland ponds too, and the park extends some distance up the slope. The place owes much of its character to the deceased statesman. In an old house here lived dame Elizabeth Periam—sister of the first Lord Bacon—whose monument is in Henley Church. The house played a part in the Civil War, being powerfully garrisoned for the king, and was a serious menace to the Parliament men, who had been levied and organized by Sir Bulstrode Whitelocke at Henley.

Just above Greenlands, is Regatta Island, with its well known Temple. From this point the distance is not much more than a mile and a quarter to Henley Bridge down the famous regatta reach. The course of the Thames is practically straight as far as Poplar Point, within a quarter of a mile of the bridge, and Henley Church is plainly visible from the island rising at the other end of the reach. The rural village of Remenham, with rustic cottages and a pretty farmhouse, is on the Berkshire shore, and, beyond, the hillside is beautifully wooded, and affords most delightful walks to those who sojourn at Henley. Opposite to Remenham stands Fawley Court, about a mile from Henley Bridge. It was owned by Sir Bulstrode Whitelocke, and the existing mansion was erected by Sir Christopher Wren in 1684. The building is plain, not to be described as beautiful, but well proportioned, like all Wren's work. Within recent years it has been encased in red brick. Another well-known house upon the Regatta Reach is Phyllis, or Fillets, Court, which lies between Fawley Court and the bridge. These houses both played their part in the Civil War. In

Photo., Taunt. **Medmenham Church.** *Oxford.*

Photo., Taunt. **Medmenham from the Hill.** *Oxford.*

1643, Skippon fortified Phyllis Court for the protection of Henley against the king's forces assembled at Greenlands. Ditches were dug, into which water from the Thames was admitted, guns were collected, and at one time 300 foot and a troop of horse formed the garrison. When the trouble was over, Whitelocke, who owned Phyllis Court, as well as Fawley, filled up the ditches, levelled the mounds that had been raised, and sent away the great guns and grenadoes. The Fawley Court of those times seems to have suffered very severely, between the Cavaliers on one hand and the Roundheads on the other, so that it became practically uninhabitable, and gave place afterwards to the structure erected by Wren. As to the old mansion of Phyllis Court, it was pulled down on 1788, though some portions remained until 1837, and a fine modern house stands on the site.

Henley was long ago famous as a centre of agriculture, and traders resorted to it for grain and malt. The old bridge, which was washed away by a great flood in March, 1774, had a gate at each end and a chapel and granary in the midst. Into this latter the grain was carried, and then lowered with ease into barges stationed below, this system preceeding the wharfage accommodation of the place. The present bridge at Henley, which was finished in 1787, at a cost of £10,000, is certainly one of the most successful on the river, though we may not share Walpole's extravagant admiration of it, who declared it to be finer than any in the world, except one at Florence, which it surpassed in the beauty of its surroundings. The heads upon the keystones, representing Isis and Thamesis, were carved by his friend, the Hon. Mrs. Damer, and it was a Miss Freeman, of Fawley Court, who sat for the head of Isis.

Photo., Taunt. **Medmenham Abbey.** *Ofora.*

The views up and down the river from the bridge are exceedingly fine, and the town itself has much to make it attractive. Though quiet, it is never dull. There are old-fashioned hostelries, and many that are new. The "Red Lion" by the bridge is well known to all coaching and boating men, and has quite a famous record. There it was that Shenstone, emulating Falstaff, and foreshadowing Washington Irving, in the "Red Horse," at Stratford, composed his well-known lines in praise of the comforts of an inn, which he scratched upon a window-pane. The first and last verses may be quoted.

"To thee, fair Freedom! I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot or humble inn.

* * * *

"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn."

From the "Red Lion" and the "Angel," which flank the bridge, the way leads up to the broad market-place, the church lying upon the right, an interesting structure, with chancel, nave and aisles. It is interesting rather than imposing, and the most curious monument it has is that of the Lady Periam, who has been alluded to. The church also has a tablet to General Dumouriez, the famous soldier of the Grande Armée, who died at Henley in 1823. The almshouses and other buildings which neighbour the church are not unpleasing. At the top of the market-place is the Town Hall, where there are two pictures, one of Sir Godfrey Kneller, presented to it by Lady Kneller, who is buried in the church. It is not necessary here to say anything more about Henley itself. We shall turn, therefore, once again towards the bridge. Here there is a continual bustle of boats, making a very gay scene in the summer time. The plashing of oars and the jovial notes of coach horns are the sounds of the place, and there are stalwart men in flannels, and pretty girls in frills and blouses—symphonies, as someone says, in such adornments—giving the final charm and needful touch of colour to the river.

Photo., J. S. Catford. **Hambledon Weir.** *Hampton Wick.*

All the world over, Henley is famous for its Regatta, which is the most important of all aquatic festivals, and is not less a trial of skill between the best oarsmen of the Thames, both of clubs and colleges—attracting, besides, lovers of aquatic skill from every quarter—but, at the same time, a fashionable gathering at the close of the London season, in some ways comparable to Ascot. Nowhere can the life of the river be seen so brilliantly vivacious as during the Regatta at Henley. The hustling

Photo., Taunt. The Thames at Henley. *Oxford.*

crowd of steam launches, skiffs, punts, dinghies, and canoes is diversified, at times, by every kind of imaginable craft that can be navigated on the river, and gondolas, and even sampans, and various half-barbarous boats, sometimes add a touch of novelty to the scene. House-boats line the banks in stations carefully marked out, and vie with one another in their schemes of colour and their floral decorations, and some, well known to habitués of the river, are looked for year by year. There is, indeed, a certain prejudice against these floating dwellings. Unbounded pleasure is afforded to their occupants, and they add a good deal to the charm of the spectacle; but the riparian owner does not always relish their near neighbourhood, and, backed by the necessity of somewhat clearing the course at Henley, a recent edict has been issued, prescribing that the gay people who throng the boats at the Regatta must be owners or genuine guests, and not visitors turning the boats into floating hotels. A little heart-burning results both from the stationing of the boats, and the fact that the owners, who add so much to river pleasure and river-side profits, paying besides a round sum to the Conservancy in fees, are not allowed to make a little hay while the sun shines at Henley.

Photo., J. S. Catford, "The Red Lion," Henley. *Hampton Wick.*

One great charm of the Regatta is that it brings together the practised oarsmen and the amateurs, the young who delight in the present, and the old who long ago displayed their skill upon the river, the college clubs of the Universities and public schools, and many from foreign parts who delight to ply the oar.

The rise of Henley from an insignificant little meeting to the Royal Regatta of to-day is a notable illustration of the rapid development of public interest in athletics and out-door occupations during recent years. The University boat race and the Regatta had a common origin. They date, practically, from

Photo., F. S. Ca'ford, **Henley Market Place.** *Hampton Wick.*

the year 1829, when the Oxford and Cambridge crews met on what is now the Regatta reach at Henley, and friends of the competitors and townspeople lined the bank, and gave themselves up to a limited degree of festivity. Henley Regatta, proper, cannot be said to date earlier than 1839, when the first Trinity boat from Cambridge took the Grand Challenge Cup for eight oars, then the solitary trophy of the meeting. There was, as yet, nothing but University rowing at Henley, but the rise of the London, Thames, and other rowing clubs added new interest to the Regatta, and fresh events were successively added to the programme, while the crowds of boats and riverside visitors progressively increased.

In those days, the course was from Regatta Island to Henley Bridge, the race thus being practically brought to the doors of the townspeople. The lawn of the old "Red Lion" was a favourite point of view, and carriages upon the bridge afforded an excellent prospect of the finish to their favoured occupants. Those who were interested in the race, however, as a trial of skill, insisted that the turn of the river at Poplar Point gave great advantage to the boat on the inner, or Berks, station. Sometimes, however, when a high wind blew from the Buckingham shore, the boats on that side were sheltered by the trees and house boats, while their opponents were struggling in the rough water, and in this way the advantage was at times neutralised. Something was done to equalise the chances, though with but moderate success, by staking out the course so that the boats on the Berks station were kept well out in the stream. With the regatta of 1886, a new plan was adopted, which was a good deal discussed at the time, the races beginning a little below

Photo., Taunt, **Remenham Church.** *Oxford.*

Regatta Island and ending at Poplar Point. The Bucks side had now gained an advantage, but matters were made fairly equal at the Regatta of 1897, by shifting the course a little over to the Berkshire side, and by moving the starting place and winning post 35 yards higher up the river.

Visitors to Henley mark a vast improvement in the racing craft, and there is a great difference between the old racing eight and the modern boat. The international character of the races has tended to increase, and crews from Yale and other American Colleges have been seen upon the river. Foreign and Colonial entries are looked for, and Dutch, French, Canadian and American boats add a touch of pleasant rivalry to the event. A great change has come over the accompaniments of the race during the last 30 years. The crowded boats and well filled lawns, and the enthusiastic plaudits of the thousands, offer a marked contrast to the Henley of former times, when a small craft was dotted here and there upon the river, the bridge was lined with carriages, and a few were gathered upon the banks; when the umpire, wearing a tall hat, was carried in a waterman's eight, and the races were conducted without a staked course, or the help of the Thames Conservancy. In these days the Regatta is a picture of life and animation almost without a parallel. The wooded banks and the blue waters, with the fine bridge at one end, and the Temple at the other, which are rich in natural and artificial beauty, receive a new charm of colour and movement resulting from the thronging boats, and the gay costumes of the ladies.

Henley is, indeed, a society function as much as a trial of skill. Keen oarsmen are sometimes heard to grumble that crowding boats, Gargantian lunches, fireworks, and illuminations spoil the aquatics of the Regatta, but, on the other hand, there are thousands who delight in the enjoyment of the meeting and the social and river pleasures it brings; and oarsmen of earlier years are heard to regret that they cannot fight their battles over again before the greater numbers and the fair spectators of to-day.

Its chief events may be alluded to. The Grand Challenge Cup for eight oars is competed for by the Oxford and Cambridge boats, and those of the Thames, Leander, London, and other clubs, as well as sometimes by foreign crews. The Ladies' Challenge Plate is for the college and schools eights of the United Kingdom, and has Eton, Radley, and some of the University boats among the competitors. The Thames Challenge Cup for eight oars, is keenly contested by many boats. Other events are the Stewards' Challenge Cup, the Visitors' Challenge Cup, and the Wyfold, for four oars, with other pair-oar and sculling events.

Photo., Taunt. Over Henley Bridge. *Oxford.*

THE ABBEY,
HURLEY.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

EEL-BUCKS AT HARLEYFORD.

Photo., Taunt. Oxford.

HARLEYFORD BACKWATER

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

MEDMENHAM,
FROM THE RIVER.

Photo., J. S. Cat,ora. Hampton Wick.

MEDMENHAM ABBEY.

Photo., J. S. Catford, Hampton Wick

MEDMENHAM VILLAGE.

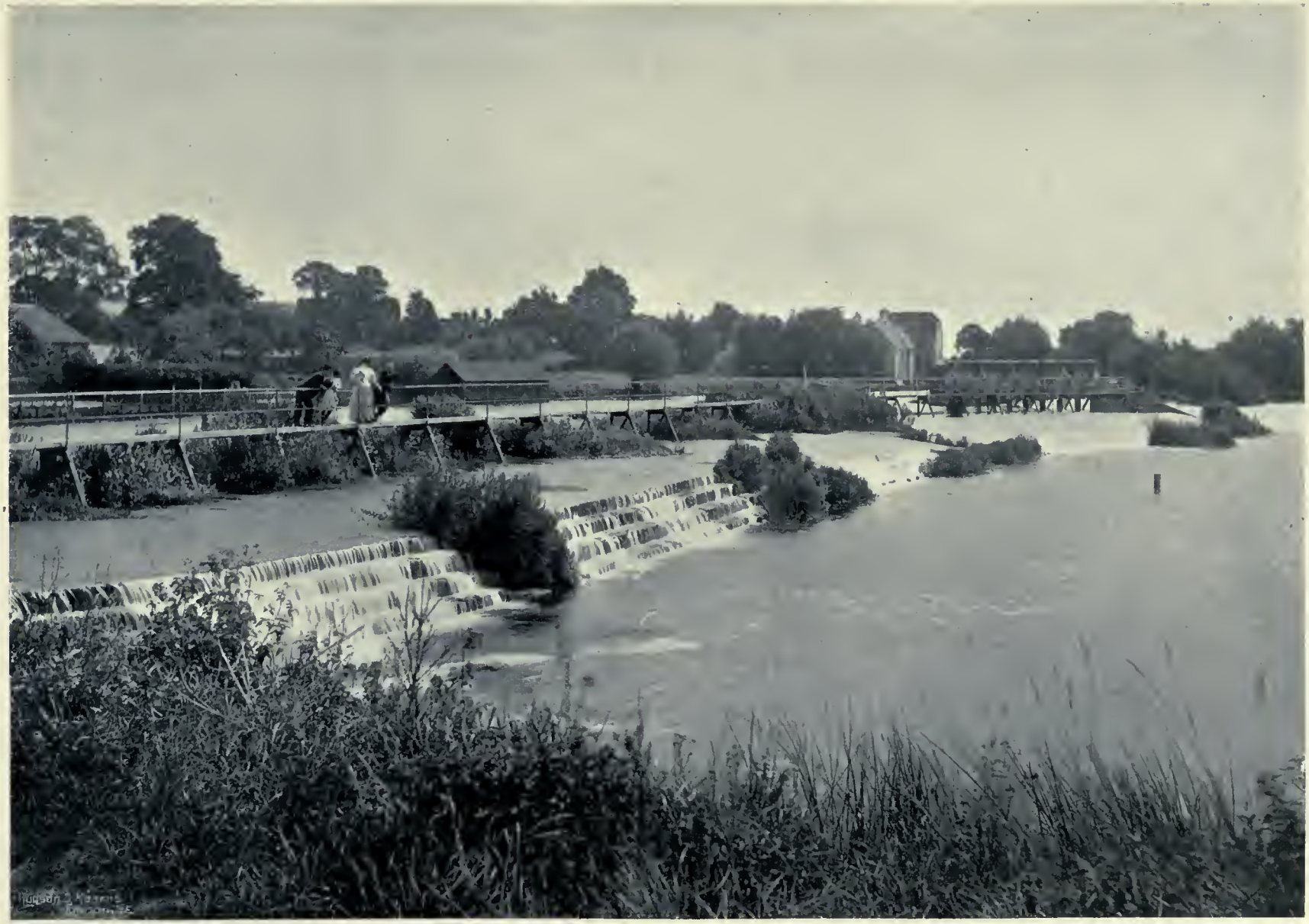
Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

HAMBLEDON BACKWATER.

Photo., J. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

HAMBLEDON,
YEWS AT YEWDEN

Photo., J. S. Catford, Hampton Wick



HAMBLEDON
WEIR AND MILLS.

Photo., J. S. Catford, Hampton Wick

"GREENLANDS,"
HAMBLEDON.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

REGATTA ISLAND.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

HENLEY REGATTA.

Photo., F. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

HENLEY BRIDGE
AND "ANGEL."

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

HENLEY BRIDGE.

Photo., J. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

Photo., Taunt, **On the Tow-path above Henley.** *Oxford.*

AT Greenlands we turned with the Thames south-westward, and now from Henley we go forward by many a winding of the stream, in the same direction, to Caversham, whence our course will be shaped once more north-westward, until the towers and spires of Oxford rise before us. The southern end of the Chiltern Range, which stretches away through Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire, is enveloped within this great curve of the river, though, for some distance after passing Henley, the country tends to be flat on the Oxfordshire side, and the lovely hanging woods are on the Berkshire shore.

It is one of those places where, as we have remarked before, a hill on one bank confronts a more open country on the other. From Henley to Sonning is certainly one of the most attractive and beautiful regions of the Thames. The natural configuration of the country is varied in character; the hills are clothed with the richest of foliage; and the river now opens out into broad lake-like reaches, and again breaks up amid reed or timber-grown islands, into delightful channels and backwaters. None should omit to traverse these sequestered places. In the exploration of them, the warning notice that they are private waters may sometimes be disregarded. Bold and adventurous spirits have, indeed, been heard to declare, upon reading such warnings, "Oh, private water! That's all right! Come on!" But let the boatman remember, that, so long as the water is navigable, he may navigate it; yet he will respect the rights of owners, and, without leave, will not set foot on shore. He will also look well into the water, so that obstructions which may exist here and there may not foul his craft. This admonition is more necessary for the oarsman, since the punter necessarily keeps a close watch upon the river bed where he is unfamiliar with it; and he certainly has some advantages in going through the backwaters.

From Henley to Sonning is also a very favourite resort of anglers, who find much placid enjoyment in fishing these delightful waters. They sometimes, it is true, wax angry with the oarsman, and still more with the punter, who keeps in the shallow water, and it is well for those upon the river to disturb the disciples of Isaac Walton as little as they can. The villages along this part of the Thames, and in the neighbourhood, to which anglers and boatmen alike resort, are delightfully picturesque. Their churches are interesting, too, and their inshore surroundings very pretty.

There are many little eyots in the river above Henley, behind one of which, in a place known as Solomon's Hatch, the Henley people have a charming bathing place. Marsh Lock, a short mile from Henley Bridge, is a point well known to those who come down the river to Henley Regatta. These will not forget the extraordinary crowding of boats, the grinding of one against another, the breaking of outriggers, the destruction of varnish and temper, at the Lock on Regatta days, nor the eager

Photo., Frith, **Marsh Mills and Bridge.** *Reigate.*

and impetuous rush with which the boats escape into the freedom of the lower waters. There are mills on each side of the river, but the lock and weir have lost a little of their picturesqueness. Some years ago, the tow-path was carried over the lock, weir, and mill-water by a very quaint bridge. There is now a long, white, wooden structure, resting upon short piers—not vieing with its predecessor in picturesqueness—and yet, fortunately, far from being a disfigurement to the landscape; and the mills have the characteristic charm of most such structures that we meet by the Thames. The surroundings are delightful, and the lock-house is a pretty place, known to all oarsmen as the headquarters selected by the Yale Club at Henley Regatta.

Above the lock, the river opens out like a lake, with a sluggish current, and the banks are sedgy. Escarpments of chalk rise on the left, with the lovely hanging woods of Park Place, and there are green meadows with splendid poplars on the other shore. It may be well here, perhaps, to say something about the floral adornments which add so very much, through the changing year, to the beauty of the Thames. In all the quiet, still waters, the lovely white and yellow water-lily is found. The various reeds and rushes add much to the charm by their waving masses, and their cool colours. A well-known ornament of the banks is the flowering rush, with its great stems bearing umbels of pink flowers. Early in the summer, the bitter-cress puts forth its large, white flower; and another white-flowered plant is the water-parsnip, with large leaves and tall flower spikes. Then there is the beautiful sweet flag, and, with it, we may name the familiar yellow and purple loosestrife, the yellow iris, the water dropwort, and the fragrant meadow-sweet, which loves the glades which lie by the stream amid the woods. Among the meadow plants is the snow-flake, which is like a larger snowdrop, and is known hereabout as the "Loddon lily," from the tributary to which we shall presently allude. The fritillary is found frequently in these

Photo, Taunt, **Above Marsh Lock.** *Oxford.*

parts, with many other handsome plants, such as the crane's-bill, the clustered bell-flowers, and various growths which delight in the marshy places. All these, and many more, add a great deal to the pleasure of those who frequent the Thames and its backwaters.

With all such flowering growths the woods of Park Place are plenteously beautified. The road from Henley to Wargrave, by Twyford, is on that side of the river, and a more delightful country road through the woods it is impossible to imagine. The chalk cliffs are set back a little from the stream, and the space between them and the river is filled with most luxuriant and varied vegetation. At one point the road Wargrave road, as we have said, runs through the wood, and you look over from it into the depths of these thickets. The house at Park Place, which is now the seat of Mrs. Noble, was built by the Duke of Hamilton, and was the occasional residence of members of the Royal Family. At the end of the last century, General Conway, Governor of Jersey, set himself to adorn it, and it was he who spanned the glen with the romantic bridge, laid out the trim lawn, and enriched the character of the woodland. In the taste of his time, he also erected mimic ruins, and even went to the trouble and expense of transporting from Jersey a so-called Druidical Temple or circle of

Photo., Taunt, **Wargrave from the Towing-path.** *Oxford.*

is carried over an archway, which was built out of stone brought from the ruins of Reading Abbey, and underneath the arch the grounds descend to the water's edge, giving a delicious peep through the shadow up what is known as the Happy Valley. The boat-house of Park Place is a charming feature of the reach, though some have found fault with its artificial character. Yet it is more than a boat-house. It is a pretty little riverside dwelling, and there are few who do not feel the charm of its high gables—one of them crowned with a cross—its picturesque barge boards, and the saints in the niches below them, all with a background of the most delicious foliage. The standing stones, which he set up at Park Place. The grounds have since that time been divided, and the house known as Templecomb has been erected in one part of them.

Beyond the Druid's Temple the river is divided, and, while the main stream may be traced by its windings to the right, where there are several beautiful little islands opposite to the house known as Boulney Court, there is a long backwater on the other side, which does not join the stream again until just before we reach Wargrave, a distance of considerably over a mile. The main stream is itself remarkably pretty, but the backwater should, by all means, be explored. It is one of the

Photo., Taunt. **Wargrave Church.** *Oxford.*

most interesting on the Thames. At the opening there are great masses of nodding reeds, and, as we go along, the trees meet overhead and in the reflecting water below, while hawthorn and sweet-brier clothe the banks, with blackberries, and many climbing growths, and there is a background of yews, poplars, and other trees. It is a quiet and delicious resting-place, where dragon-flies hover over the water, and blue kingfishers dart to and fro, and where you may even arouse a heron sometimes. The bridges are remarkably pretty, and the whole place is so embowered and still, that you emerge almost with a feeling of surprise into the open water beyond. The sylvan beauties of the stately Thames itself from Boulney to Wargrave, by the ferry, are superb.

Wargrave is an old and picturesque village upon the Berkshire shore, an extremely pleasant place to sojourn at, with a hostel of "St. George and the Dragon," which is equally famous for its hospitality as its signboard. It has delighted some artists to exhibit their talents in the adornment of the signs of inns, but it is not often that two members of the Royal Academy collaborate upon a single board. Such was the case at the "George and the Dragon" at Wargrave. Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., who had already tried his prentice hand in this line at the "King Harry" at St. Stephen's, near St. Albans, adorned the board at Wargrave with a somewhat conventional St. George in his triumph, while Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R.A., depicted on the other side the champion, having slain the monster, quenching his thirst out of a great beaker of generous ale.

It is the way with river-men to go from the inn to the church, and so we may go with them through the pleasant village to the old church of St. Mary, which still retains a Norman door on the north side, and is itself very picturesque, with walls of flint and stone, a brick tower mantled with ivy, and very charming surroundings. The place is of great antiquity, and a font ascribed to Saxon times, which has been disused, is in the churchyard. The edifice has many interesting monuments, including one of Mr. Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton," who was killed by a fall from his horse, not far away, and another to Lieutenant-Colonel Raymond White, of the Inniskilling Dragoons, which was erected by his brother officers in 1844. There are quaint old timber houses in the village, and a delightful air of rusticity pervades the place. Just above Wargrave, the railway from Henley to Twyford crosses the river on a wooden viaduct, which is not unpicturesque, and there, the little river Loddon flows into the stream. Pope, who has invested the tributary with a somewhat foolish episode concerning the nymph Lodona being transformed by Diana into the river

Loddon, in order to save her from the pursuit of Pan, speaks of the river as—

"The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd."

As a matter of fact the stream is here rather strong, and it has this peculiarity, that it receives as a tributary a backwater of the Thames, which leaves the river some distance higher up. The peculiarity is increased by the fact that, if you traverse the lower part of the Loddon and the backwater—which is very swift, and bears the curious name of St. Patrick's water—you avoid passing through Shiplake Lock. The whole place is very deeply wooded and grown with reeds, so that the entry to the backwater may have to be sought rather carefully; and it should be navigated also with care. Shiplake Mill, which stands on the Oxfordshire side, is a very picturesque building, and Shiplake itself a pleasant village a little away from the river, partly upon a chalk cliff, from which there is an extremely pretty view. It is a well-known resting place for anglers and oarsmen, and has an interesting church, with cylindrical piers of an early type, and good arches. It has been restored and enlarged, and is chiefly notable for the fact that it possesses fine old stained windows from the Abbey of St. Bertin, near St. Omer. Here Lord Tennyson was married, as none forget who visit the church.

Photo., Taunt. **Rustic Bridge near Wargrave Church.** *Oxford.*

"Oh, the woods and the meadows,
Woods where we hid from the wet;
Stiles where we stay'd to be kind,
Meadows in which we met!"

So he wrote in his "Marriage Morning," one of the pretty song-cycle, with a thought, we suppose, to the day at Shiplake long before.

From Shiplake to Sonning, after passing a number of turns in the river, with eyots at the bends, we get into more open water, and so approach to the pleasant old village. There are remarkably beautiful views both up astream and down from the old brick bridge at Sonning. Looking back, we see the winding river among its osier beds, flowing across the open from

Photo., Taunt. **Shiplake Lock and Mills from below.** *Oxford.*

Photo., Taunt, Shiplake Church and Farm. *Oxford.*

Shiplake, with the wooded hills towards Henley behind, while up-stream the river is again narrowed by islands covered with reeds and pollard willows, but having something of the appearance of a lake beyond, with the noble woods of Holme Park as a background. There are really two bridges at Sonning, connecting the island with the mainland on either side, and the grouping of these with the church can scarcely be surpassed on the river. The bridge is believed to have an older record than any other on the upper Thames, and the village itself is a very ancient place, having been the seat of a bishopric as long ago as the 10th and 11th centuries. The names of nine occupants of the See are known—Athelstan, Odo, Osulf, Alfstan, Alfgarh, Sigeric, Alfric, Brightwold, and Heremann—which last united his See with the bishopric of Sherborne, and transferred it to the latter place in the time of King Edward the Elder. The Bishops of Salisbury had a palace at Sonning, even up to Tudor times, and it is on record that the girl wife of Richard II.—Isabella of France—fled to the village after his deposition, for the bishop's protection. It is recorded, too, of this ancient place that there was long ago a chapel dedicated to St. Sarac, which became a famous place of pilgrimage for those afflicted with madness. Natural beauty and historic interest thus combine to add to the attractions of old Sonning.

Photo. Taunt, Interior of Shiplake Church. *Oxford.*

Across the bridge, where stands the old familiar "French Horn," lies the little knot of houses known as Sonning Eye. On this side the pleasant road from Henley and Shiplake passes on its way to Caversham Bridge. There are lovely wooded views towards the hills on the Oxfordshire side, and fascinating peeps at the sylvan scenery on the

other shore between the Loddon and the Thames. Such points as these have interest, with knowledge of the boating facilities and the excellent jack, roach, barbel, and other fishing it affords in the neighbourhood of Sonning, for the Thames wayfarer. The village is as picturesque as any on the river, with quaint old houses of brick lifting their high gables and tiled roofs over the way, and climbing roses, honeysuckle, ivy and Virginia Creeper clustering up to their latticed panes. Not much of the place can be seen from the river, but a short walk brings the delighted visitor to exceedingly pretty scenes. Small wonder, then, that many artists and writers have spent their leisure at

Photo. Taunt. **The Thames, from Shiplake Court.** *Oxford.*

Sonning. Sketching tents and easels are always to be discovered by the bridge, on the banks, or in the street of the little village. Here, too, we remember that Sydney Smith was living when he wrote his "Peter Plymley's Letters." The old church of St. Andrew—whose statue is over the north porch—consists of nave, chancel and aisles—the south aisle being of the best Decorated work, and the north remarkable for its carved enrichments. There is a good chequered Perpendicular tower, in which hangs a peal of bells famous for their sweetness. A remarkable feature is an archway in the north chancel aisle, of which the keystone bears the arms of the See of Salisbury, while on one side is Christ blessing the Twelve Apostles, and on the other a representation of kings and queens crowned. The church has been restored, and has a modern font with a lofty cover of tabernacle work. There are many monuments, one of a Lady Lidcott (1630), who kneels like other deceased ladies in Thames-side churches. A chapel on the south side, which is now almost entirely filled by the organ, contains many memorials of a family of the name of Barker, with some very curious inscriptions. In order to accommodate the organ, the monument of Sir Thomas Rich and his son, who died in the 17th century, was removed by the "restorers" who transported it to the west end of the edifice. The curious in such matters will find much of interest in the memorials of the church. Sonning Lock is famous for its roses, and its deeply-wooded surroundings, and the "Thames Parade"—a name that gives no idea of the sweet river-side beauty of the place—is a delight to all who sojourn at the village.

But, beyond Sonning, and its little archipelago, and noble reach of water, as we fare upward, the river begins to decline in its interest and beauty, and it is not very long before the smoke of Reading enters into the prospect. The outlook is then not picturesque. Yet we, who have enjoyed so much, must not grumble that we have reached the most

Photo., Taunt, **Sonning Church, from the North-West.** *Oxford.*

prosperous town in Berkshire. As Shakespeare says—

> "The sweetest honey
> Is loathesome in his own deliciousness,
> And in the taste confounds the appetite."

And so the Thames—in order, as it were, to make us better enjoy the beauties of Mapledurham, Pangbourne, Streatley and Goring, doffs his picturesque garb awhile, and bids us look across the level King's Mead, where the sluggish Kennet, "for silver eels renown'd," flows ignominiously to its confluence. You would never think, to look at the dull outpouring of the stream, how charming is the country through which it flows in the historic vale of Newbury, and higher again in its Wiltshire birthplace. As to Reading itself, you cannot see much of it from the Thames, for the long embankment of the railway, which appears to be threatening the river by its approach, cuts off a good deal of the town from view, though the steeple of the church of St. Lawrence and other features rise upward.

Photo., Taunt, **Sonning Old Bridge to Sonning Eye.** *Oxford.*

Although we must not dwell on its interests here, Reading is not a place to be ignored by those who traverse the Thames. It is at once a fine modern town, famous for biscuits, agriculture, and garden seeds, and a place of high antiquity. Those astute seamen, the Danes—who managed to circumvent London Bridge—succeeded, we are told, in bringing their warships even as far as the mouth of the Kennet,

Photo., Taunt. Sonning Lock. Oxford.

whence they started upon their campaign into Wessex It is a matter to which allusion will be made later on. Asser says that on the third day after their arrival, while some scoured the country, others entrenched themselves in the angle between the Thames and the Kennet. It was a base of advantage for their operations, for they were protected on all sides, and their boats could bring them supplies harried from the fruitful valley of the Thames. Plantagenet kings were often at Reading, and Parliament sat there when plague made Westminster undesirable, and, in the year 1625, even the law courts were transferred to the salubrious town. Round about the place a great deal of fighting took place in the Civil Wars, and Essex captured it from the king, though not, perhaps, to his ultimate advantage. The Benedictine Abbey, which had been founded by Henry I., and had suffered a good deal structurally after the Reformation, was further battered by Parliamentary guns planted at Caversham, and now presents little more than a great block of almost shapeless masonry, with round arches of enormous strength. As we have seen, General Conway further despoiled the place for the building of his bridge near Henley. Henry I. and other royal personages were buried in the Abbey Church, where some royal weddings were celebrated in the Middle Ages. But Reading, much as it has to offer of further interest, must not delay our journeying.

Caversham is its neighbour across the river Thames, a more attractive place, connected with the town by an ugly bridge of iron girders and pillars about which there are broad meadows, often flooded in the winter. The place has an interesting church, partly Norman, of which the tower rises picturesquely amid the woods which fringe the river. In the middle of the stream there is a little island upon which it is said a "wager of battle" was fought between Robert de Montfort and Henry de Essex, in the

Photo. Taunt. Caversham Weir and Pool. Oxford.

presence of Henry II. At Caversham died the celebrated William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke. In the Civil War the place was garrisoned for the king, but the Royal forces were driven out by Essex in the course of his somewhat abortive campaign in 1643. He planted his ordnance on the hill, whence he was so far able to damage Reading that the wounded governor offered to surrender, if the garrison might march out with the honours of war. This was at first refused, and Charles and Prince Rupert—notwithstanding the defeat at Dorchester—advanced as far as Caversham Bridge with the purpose of raising the siege. There, a hotly contested battle took place, in which the Royalists were defeated, and fell back. Reading then surrendered, after a siege of ten days, when the health of the soldiers in the town was broken, and mortality and desertion had thinned their ranks. Four thousand men, however, remained, who were allowed to march out with arms and ammunition, colours flying, and drums beating; and, though the fall of the town was a blow to the prestige of the Royalists, it relieved them of a difficulty, and added this large body of seasoned soldiers to their forces in the field. Of pleasant Caversham, we shall have little more to say. In the original mansion of Caversham Park, which is situated upon the hill, Lord Knowles splendidly entertained Queen Anne of Denmark in 1613, and it was to the same house that Charles I., when he was in the hands of the Parliament, having met his children after a long separation at Maidenhead, rode with them. Here they spent a few days together, owing to the courtesy of Fairfax and the goodwill of the army, as Clarendon records. The woods which surrounded the house suffered a good deal in subsequent fighting, and Evelyn deplored the destruction. The place was afterwards the residence of General Cadogan, who fought at Ramillies, led the van at Oudenarde, and broke the lines at Bouchain. The house was twice destroyed by fire, and was last rebuilt in 1850.

The aspect of the Thames between Reading and Caversham, though not to be accounted picturesque, already gives promise, as we look forward, of the sylvan beauties that are to come, and its open character forms a useful break in the woodland journeying. Broad and eddying waters like these, with barges laden to the gunwale, or pleasure boats hoisting their sails, eel-bucks to add picturesqueness, and great clouds driving across the blue vault above, can never fail in their charm. We have traversed by Windsor, Cliveden, Cookham, Marlow, and Henley, many entrancingly beautiful regions of the river, and we shall find, as we go onward, that the Thames has equal charms yet in store, and places not less interesting and attractive for the enjoyment of those who pursue their leisurely way with its winding course towards Oxford.

Photo., Taunt. The Eel-Bucks at Caversham. *Oxford.*

THE BOAT-HOUSE,
PARK PLACE.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

HOUSEBOATS,
BY SHIPLAKE FERRY.

Photo., F. S. Catford, Hamb'on Wick.

WARGRAVE BACKWATER.

Photo. Taunt, Oxford.

WARGRAVE.

Photo., J. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

WARGRAVE,
FROM THE FERRY.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

WARGRAVE CHURCH.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

AT SHIPLAKE.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

SHIPLAKE,
FROM ABOVE THE ISLAND.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

SONNING BRIDGE.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

SONNING VILLAGE.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

SONNING,
THE THAMES PARADE.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

CAVERSHAM CLAPPERS,
AND OLD BRIDGE.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford

CAVERSHAM LOCK AND WEIR.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

CAVERSHAM,
FROM THE RIVER.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

Photo., Taunt. **Mapledurham Weir.** *Oxford.*

FOR some two miles above Caversham Bridge the Thames has no very striking features to offer us, though in many ways it is beautiful enough. On the Oxfordshire side the hill is steep, and well clothed with Scotch firs, and there are chalk cliffs here and there, while the railway approaches close to the river on the right bank, where the tow-path is. The line, however, plunges very soon into a cutting, and is no disfigurement to the river. The hills rise on that side, too, and, when we get to the "Roebuck," which is about three miles from Caversham Bridge, the stream grows narrower between the banks, in a romantic gorge, shadowed by a multitude of trees. It is the beginning of one of the loveliest regions of the Thames. Many contend that the river from Mapledurham to Streatley is in the finest part of its course, and we are not here concerned to dispute with them. What no one can gainsay is that these reaches up to Streatley hold their own with those at Cliveden and Cookham, at Wargrave and Sonning, as at Nuneham further along. If we may judge the beauty of a place by the array of sketching tents, umbrellas, and easels, which it attracts, and the number of pictures it furnishes to the Academy and other galleries, we must give the part of the river upon which we are about to enter a very high place indeed.

The clear water, the far overhanging trees, and the noble vista, make the river up to Mapledurham extremely beautiful. Mapledurham itself, on the Oxfordshire side, is almost a legendary place. This old Tudor manor-house of the Blounts stands away from the river, hidden among the trees, and, until the autumn winds have blown, you can scarcely see it from your boat. It is just the place to weave stories about, and you can scarcely help fancying that some ghostly mysteries hover about it. There are secret rooms and passages in it such as were common in Tudor times, when hunted men fled for safety to places like this. It is a many-gabled house, with mullioned windows, towering chimneys, and a rare aspect of old-world quaintness; within, a great staircase, panelled rooms, and walls hung with family portraits. The house was built in 1581, by Sir Michael Blount, then Lieutenant of the Tower. In the Civil Wars, Sir Charles Blount defended it stoutly against the Parliament. The works had been supervised by Sir Cuthbert Aston, governor of Reading, but, after standing out manfully for some time, Mapledurham fell before the enemy.

The house has acquired celebrity because of Pope's admiration for Teresa and Martha, the two daughters of Mr. Lister Blount. The Blounts were friends of the Popes, and the poet's mother wrote to him, in her curious orthography, "there's Mr. Blunt of Maypell Durom is dead." After their father's death, Teresa and Martha were often at Twickenham, when the friendship grew stronger with Pope. It is needless to defend the poet in this matter. The little man, with his "crazy carcass," was

Photo. Taunt Mapledurham Church. *Oxford*

certainly no Lothario, and his affectation of devoted attachment to the two young ladies was merely after the manner of his artificial time. He quarrelled with Teresa, and it would be hard to grudge such pleasure as he derived from the bright eyes of Patty Blount. We may picture her still at Mapledurham, where, after the coronation of George I.,

"She went to plain-work and to purling brooks,
Old fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks;
She went from opera, park, assembly, play,
To morning-walks, and prayers three hours a day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea
To muse, and spill her solitary tea."

Pope and the Blounts belonged to the same faith, and Mapledurham Church, which stands near the river, and well deserves inspection, is like the church at Arundel—a curious instance of a divided edifice. While the nave and chancel are given up to the Established Church, the Blounts claim and hold the south aisle as their own. It is shut off from the rest of the structure, and, upon the death of any member of the family, the Catholic burial service is held within it. There is a very fine monument here of Sir Richard Blount, in armour, and his wife, Elizabeth in ruff and farthingale. A pair of great old-fashioned iron gates form the entrance from the house to the church, while on the other side is an ancient avenue of venerable elms.

Photo., Taunt, Mapledurham Lock. *Oxford*

Warren Hastings must have looked across the river from Purley to this sequestered old place with curious interest. He lived in the little village for some time before the oncoming of his impeachment, and when he was negotiating for the purchase of Daylesford, where he died. It may be remembered that, when he arrived in England, he was greatly disappointed not to find his wife in town, and that their meeting took place on Maidenhead Bridge. The mill at Mapledurham has been

a subject for many artists, and is, perhaps, the most picturesque on the whole river—so picturesque, indeed, with its old brick walls, little windows, timber gables, and tiled roof, and its quaint bridge and surroundings, that some have thought its picturesqueness artificial. However that may be, it is certainly remarkably pretty. There is a small island above the weir—and a very noble weir it is, all overhung by trees--which is a favourite resort of campers; and then the river opens out wide and beautiful, and Hardwicke House comes into view on the Oxfordshire side, at the foot of a great wooded hill, not coyly retiring like Mapledurham, but showing you, in the most

Photo., Taunt, Mapledurham House, from the Lawn. *Oxford.*

inviting manner, all the charms it has to offer. It is a many-gabled mansion, very picturesque indeed, and with a terrace not unworthy of Haddon Hall. Here, they say, Charles I. was accustomed to practise his favourite game of bowls, and he could scarcely have chosen a more pleasant place for the occupation.

Between this point and Whitchurch Bridge the course of the Thames is almost straight, and the reach exceedingly fine, with overhanging trees, chiefly on the Oxfordshire side. Reeds break the surface of the water, and it is pleasant to hear them rustling along the side of the boat as we pull up towards the wooden bridge. The twin villages of Pangbourne and Whitchurch are equally pleasant places to linger at. The little river Pang gives its name to the former of them, and flows into the Thames near to the old "Swan" Hotel. The scenery at this point, over the weir and towards the bridge, is particularly beautiful, and, from the bridge itself, a very charming set of pictures is disclosed. Looking upward, there is the quaint church of Whitchurch on the right hand, with its short shingle-covered spire, and the old and picturesque mill, while the lock is in the middle, with a great overhanging tree, and on the left, the weir breaks into foam, embosomed amid the foliage of its banks. The church and the mill together lie very prettily near the river, while the village itself struggles up the steep hill behind, in a charming situation with many a house well known to the anglers who frequent the place. Except for its prettiness, and the facilities which it offers to those who traverse the river or linger to enjoy its angling, Whitchurch has little to call for note. You may find, indeed, in the church some Norman features and a few very interesting brasses and memorials, but the edifice has been a good deal restored.

Pangbourne, on the other side of the river is a very favourite resort. All along the bank houses have sprung up, and it is very curious

Photo., Taunt, **Whitchurch Bridge.** *Oxford.*

to see how the chalk cliff at Shooter's Hill has been cut away to accommodate them upon the reach above the bridge. It must be confessed that something of the charm of old Pangbourne is destroyed by such brand-new edifices, though they are architecturally of very good character. The railway runs quite near to the bank on this side, hidden by the chalk cliff, and, between the railway and the road, the cliff has been scooped out in a singular fashion to admit of the building of the houses. Pangbourne itself lies back a little from the river, but is very well known to boating men, and has pleasant resorts in the pretty "Swan," with its artistic signboard, by the river, and in the "George" and "Elephant," in the town. The church is modern, and is a building of fine character, its red brick tower surviving from 1718, and there are some interesting monuments within. The finest of these is that of Sir John Davis, who was knighted for his prowess in Spain, in the time of Elizabeth. He is represented in a recumbent effigy, with his two wives, beneath an elaborate canopy, and with two little figures of children kneeling below. The church possesses, also, a mural monument of the three daughters of Sir John Suckling, Comptroller of the Household to Charles I., who was concerned in the army plot and in the attempt to bring about the release of Strafford from the Tower.

Photo., Taunt, **Whitchurch Village.** *Oxford.*

The charms of this delightful neighbourhood are by no means confined to the river. The country inland is very beautiful, and

Photo., Taunt Pangbourne Weir, from the Lock-House. *Oxford*

the road from Reading to Oxford, which is the neighbour of the Thames on the Berkshire side, is remarkably beautiful as it passes over the hill by Basildon to Streatley, affording a glorious view of the winding river beneath the deep slope of Hart's Wood on the other side. There is, too, a romantically beautiful footpath from Whitchurch to Goring on the Oxfordshire bank. It passes along the top of the wood, with a "Lover's Leap" by the way, and varied and attractive views. The cultivation of osiers for commerce may be noted as a curious and profitable industry along this part of the river, and the osier farms are very pleasant to visit. Not long ago, there was an ancient dame at one of them, whose years were near five-score, but who could strip the rods and bind them as featly as any young one in the crowd. The rods are gathered from the eyots in punts, and are tied up and placed with their roots downward in a protected piece of water, where they shoot afresh, and then, in due season, rapid fingers strip them of their bark by an ingenious method, and they come out the long white rods that are the wickers of commerce, of market baskets and garden chairs, which may all remind us of the Upper Thames.

Hart's Wood, which is chiefly of glorious beeches, looking magnificent in the autumn, resembles, in many ways, the hanging woods of Cliveden, and the reach of the Thames below it scarcely yields in beauty to the romantic water above Maidenhead. There is a flat space between the wood and the river, which is quite an ideal spot for camping, but those who wish to pitch their tents there will do well to make enquiries at Combe Lodge, which stands in a fine position among oak trees on the Oxfordshire side. The cliffs that emerge from the beech thickets add interest to Hart's Wood. The wood takes its name, as did a lock which formerly stood about the middle of the reach,

Photo., Taunt, The "Swan," Pangbourne. *Oxford.*

Photo., Taunt View from Hart's Wood, looking down. *Oxford*

from a lock-keeper named Hart, who belonged to a family of almost ancestral lock-keepers on the Thames. The reed-grown eyots in the Hart's Wood Reach mark the position of the old lock and weir.

Between this hanging wood and the meadows on the Berkshire shore we pull forward to the ferry, where the towpath crosses to the Oxfordshire side, and to the little village of Gatehampton, which the natives call "Gattenton." As is customary on the Thames, picturesque old barges lie under the shore for the transport of horses and passengers.

Photo., Taunt, The Upper Path, Hart's Wood. *Oxford*

The hills on the Berkshire side have now risen from the meadows, and continue in a high range all the way to the famous hill at Streatley. Basildon Park, the seat of Mr. Charles Morrison, is upon the hill, in a superb situation, commanding a magnificent view of the river. It is a house of classic character, and contains a very celebrated collection of pictures and works of art. The quaint little flint-built church, which goes back to the times of the Edwards, looks rather solitary where it stands nearer the river.

Basildon became well known in the last century through the residence there of the Fanes. Lady Fane built one of those curious grottoes, which were so dear to the satin-coated gentlemen and powdered ladies of the times of Anne and the Georges. They look very melancholy, indeed, in these days where you can find them, despoiled of all their glories, and with nothing remaining but the stucco that held them together. Pope, himself, as we saw at Twickenham, delighted in such a place. Curiously enough, he called upon those who trod its "sacred floor" to view "great Nature," and "eye the mine without a wish for gold" So, too, did a

poetaster of the name of Graves, whose effusion has been collected by Dodsley, find delights in the grotto of Lady Fane, at Basildon. The "grot divine," and the "miracles wrought by shells," awoke his enthusiasm to utterance in the feeblest verse, from which we will not weary the reader by quoting.

It is better, much, to turn from such artificialities and inanities to the noble river which sweeps towards Streatley in a magnificent curve. A long white house, which stands where the grotto was, commands a glorious prospect of the stream in this superb part of its course. The gardens of the house are exceedingly beautiful, charmingly timbered, and have the most lovely walks along the water's edge. Before we reach that point, however, the railway, which turns to the Oxfordshire side, in order to avoid Streatley Hill, has crossed the river a little above the ferry, upon a red brick bridge of four arches, designed by Brunel, to Goring.

Photo., Taunt. The "Swan," Streatley. *Oxford.*

Streatley Hill is a great landmark in the country hereabout, with its juniper-covered slope and wooded crest, from which there is such a great prospect, both up-stream and down. Streatley and Goring, like Pangbourne and Whitchurch, are twin villages, connected by a pretty wooden bridge, the surroundings of which lend themselves in a quite surprising manner to pictorial effects. The bridge itself, the hill, the quaint cottages, the river with its two mills, its eyots, and backwaters, are all most delightful. Fishermen know the place well. Here we have barbel, roach, dace, jack, excellent chub, and, rather rarely, perch. It is a delightfully lazy occupation to look down into the gravel of the bed by the old bridge piers, and watch the barbel, on a fine May morning, digging out the holes for the deposi of their spawn. From Goring, Streatley makes a charming picture, with the bridge and the mills in the foreground; but Goring itself we shall leave for a while, and be content for the present to explore the delights of Streatley. Rushing weirs, lovely woods, and a great hill are its neighbours. There is health in its breezes, and pleasure in the occupations it affords. By situation, the place was long ago of high importance, and its name bespeaks the fact that one or more Roman roads passed this way. The road from Silchester to Oxford passed through Pangbourne, Basildon, and Streatley, by the way of the present turnpike, and, at the top of Streatley village, crossed almost at right angles the celebrated Icknield Way, which can be traced through Bedfordshire and Buckingham, along the base of the Chilterns, towards Goring, and to a ford in the

Photo., Taunt. Streatley Bridge. Oxford.

river, where was a sunken causeway, whence it ascended the hill through Streatley, and passed onwards by Aldworth on the hill, in its westward course. Here, then, was a Roman station, and these are not the only old roads which can be traced in the neighbourhood of the village. The little place has certainly, in its time, given lodging to many famous men. The Conqueror himself, after the battle of Hastings, after harrying Sussex and Kent, and burning Southwark, marched this way to Wallingford, and there received the submission of Wiggod, Sheriff of Oxfordshire, the first Englishman of rank to join his cause.

The "Swan" Inn by the river at Streatley is a very famous Thames hostelry, and the "Bull" in the village scarcely less so. Streatley is, happily, not yet spoiled. Quaint old cottages still line the roadway, and the street climbs the hill under a fine spreading walnut tree. The little thatched dwellings, at whose doors the gossips discuss the news of the village, neighbour the "great house," which stands with drawn blinds, half hidden by its shrubbery, opposite to the walnut tree; and the great masses of the chalk hill behind form a pleasing background to the picturesque scene. It is very pleasant to spend a few days in this village, for the exploration of its fascinating neighbourhood. Not all, perhaps, may be so fortunate as Mr. Pennell, whose landlady led him up almost to the top of the hilly road, to a cottage with a deep thatched roof, and a gable, where an angel with outstretched wings, and folded hands, kept watch, while the motto "Nisi Dominus frustra," in brass nails, was hammered into the door. This door "opened from the front garden into a low room, with great rafters across the ceiling, and a huge fireplace, where every morning of our stay we saw our bacon broiled, and our bread toasted; here were jugs and jars on the carved mantelshelf,

Photo., Taunt. Basildon Village. Oxford.

volumes of Balzac and Tourgeneff, Walt Whitman and George Eliot, Carlisle, and Thackeray, on the book-shelves; photographs from Florentine pictures on the walls, brass pots hanging from the rafters." Such a place is old-fashioned Streatley—a rustic village, which the railway has, happily, left on one side. Blessings, therefore, on Streatley Hill, say those who love the Thames, since its wooded height turned the iron monster away from the Berkshire shore; and may the blue smoke long continue to curl up from those old-fashioned chimneys above the thatch!

We shall not forget the foolish lassitude of Punch's Lazy Minstrel, who pulled the "Shut-

Photo., Taunt, **Streatley, from the Hill.** *Oxford*

tlecock" beside the "Swan," and declared:—

"I'd rather much sit here and laze
Than scale the hill at Streatley."

It was a foolish resolve, and we shall presently assume the better part and ascend to the crest; at the same time freely admitting that there are abundant delights by the shore, and that the Lazy Minstrel found certainly much to his satisfaction by the water's side.

"I sit and lounge here on the grass,
And watch the river traffic pass;
I note a dimpled, fair young lass,
Who feathers low and neatly;
Her hands are brown, her eyes are grey,
And trim her nautical array—
Alas! she swiftly sculls away
And leaves the 'Swan' at Streatley."

The church is the most interesting feature in the village, and is most prettily situated amidst spreading trees, as the pictures will show. It was endowed as a vicarage by Bishop Pone, of Salisbury, and there was a small Dominican Priory attached to it. Many features of the little church are of interest, and it has been remarked that its details resemble those of Salisbury Cathedral. The tower is square and good, mantled with ivy, and looking very charming from almost every point of view. There are some good brasses in the church, and other features of interest.

But it is now time to climb Streatley Hill. It is an outlying portion of the great Berkshire downs, which are a continuation of the Chiltern system, the Thames having cloven his way between. When we reach the top, the country towards Wallingford is laid out like a map before us. The twin villages are in the foreground, with the pretty bridge, and the mills, and the weir, with corn-fields and woods spread about them, and the Thames threading "his silver winding way" through the great country beyond. In clear weather, the prospect is superb, and village after village, cornfield after cornfield, and thicket after thicket, can be discerned, while purple hills rise far off in the gathering haze. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the scene when the fields are

yellowing for the harvest, and the setting sun looks through his purple bars as he sinks in the golden west. But this is not all. Looking down the river, again, beyond the cottages, barns and hayricks of the village, we see the river winding below the woods in the great curve towards Basildon, beneath the red brick bridge of Brunel. In short, whether we turn to the woods behind us, or to the great prospects spread out before, we find surpassing charms in Streatley Hill.

The hills behind are, indeed, full of history. They have been the marching-ground and battle-ground of Saxons and Danes. There is, perhaps, no absolute certainty as to locality, but when the West Saxons turned fiercely at bay, and confronted the Danes, who were striking mercilessly from the base they had established at Reading, they met them upon these neighbouring heights. Asser, in his life of Alfred, gives a long account of the great battle of Æscesdun. The foemen battled fiercely, Alfred charging "like a wild boar" up the slope, and the conflict raged round a stunted thorn, where the Danish leaders fell. "I have seen it with my own eyes," exclaims Asser. The hosts of Guthrum were driven back with great loss, from the hills. But the Danish stronghold between the Thames and the Kennet, to which allusion has been made, proved impregnable, and overwhelming forces pushing up the river, left Alfred almost powerless before them. A series of defeats followed, and drove him to procure the withdrawal of the Danes by purchase, thus gaining a breathing space to mature his decisive plans.

It is a very pleasant thing to climb the hill from Streatley, and taking the road on the right, to leave Thurle and Moulsford Downs on the left hand, and walk to the point known as the King's Standing Hill, where Alfred, it is surmised, may have had his camp. Hence, along the ridge of the Downs, there is a broad grassy way over the height towards Lowbury Hill, upon which the Danes, perhaps, took their stand. There is a sense of glorious freedom upon these breezy hills, and health is in their invigorating air, and it is delightful, after a ramble upon them, to turn once more to quaint old Streatley, and to the wooded way of the Thames.

We are about to issue, in this upward journeying, from the gorge which the Thames has cloven between the Chilterns and the Berkshire Downs. It is well to remember that many of the charms we have discovered in this part of the Thames Valley are due to the close embrace of the chalk hills, whose scarps peep out here and there along the banks. That wide prospect northward from Streatley Hill, gave indication of the new character of river scenery which we shall presently meet. It is a country of open pastures and distant hills that lie beyond.

Photo., Taunt. Streatley Mill. Oxford.

MAPLEDURHAM MILL.

Photo., Frith, Reigate

MAPLEDURHAM HOUSE.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

HARDWICKE HOUSE.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

HARDWICKE HOUSE,
FROM THE RIVER.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

WHITCHURCH,
FROM THE BRIDGE.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

PANGBOURNE WHARF
AND WHITCHURCH BRIDGE.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

PANGBOURNE WEIR POOL.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

PANGBOURNE—
SHOOTER'S HILL AND REACH.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

VIEW FROM HART'S WOOD TO STREATLEY.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

STREATLEY,
FROM GORING CHURCH TOWER.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

STREATLEY,
FROM GORING WEIR.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

STREATLEY CHURCH.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford

STREATLEY BRIDGE
AND GORING CHURCH.

Photo.. Taunt. Oxford.

STREATLEY MILL.

Photo., Frith, Reigate

Photo., Taunt, **Goring Church, from the Island.** *Oxford.*

GORING is a less picturesque place than Streatley, though all through the summer hosts of oarsmen and anglers give testimony of its attractions. It has a salubrious site, at the end of the Chiltern range, and the facilities offered by the railway have made it a favourite place for country residents. That villas have sprung up to the displacement of much that was rustic we cannot therefore be astonished; but those who resort to Goring are apt to say that it is a pleasant place to dwell in. There is delightful old Streatley clustering up the opposite hill, with its charming mill, and the pretty bridge spanning the river between, while in Goring itself there is the church to bespeak its antiquity, and charm the artist, and an old hostel to welcome us; while Ferry Lane retains its rusticity, and behind spreads a lovely country of wood and meadow, hill and hollow. Verdant meadows line the bank of the river, from which the hills recede, and an aspect of general richness and fertility pervades the place.

The church is a remarkable structure. It was originally a cruciform edifice, erected between 1090 and 1100, but the tower alone remains of that early church, resting upon four piers, with embattlements of a later date, and an external newel, which is extremely picturesque. An Augustinian convent was founded at Goring in the time of Henry II., and then, save the tower, the whole of the older church was removed, and a large conventual choir took its place. The tower was thus brought to the west end of the structure as we now see it, and, some existing vestiges of the nunnery may be found in the south wall of the church. The north aisle was added about the year 1200, the arcade being formed by piercing the Norman wall, and the church appears to have been remodelled about the year 1300. It is dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, shortly after whose time it rose, and it contains some highly interesting examples of Norman and Early English Architecture. The chancel windows are modern, but good, and the low, broad character of the church, and the trees grouped about it, give it a most picturesque character. The bells of Goring are very celebrated. One bears the inscription "This bell was made 1626," and another "Love God, 1630," but the third would appear to have sounded through the Thames Valley for nearly 600 years. It bears two Lombardic lines, "Orate pro Petro Exoniensi episcopo" and "Ricard de VVymbis me fecit." The bishop thus prayed for was named Wyvill, and died in 1292. Why he should have been commemorated at Goring we do not precisely know, but it is surmised that Edmund Plantagenet, 7th Earl of Cornwall, who was his friend, and had possessions near Wallingford, may have presented the commemorative bell to the church. Two other bells are curious also, dating from about 1500, and 1624.

In old times the main street led to the ferry, before the bridge was built in 1837. It is still

Photo., Taunt. **Goring Lock, from above.** *Oxford.*

known as Ferry Lane, and is charmingly picturesque. Shops have now sprung up between the railway and the bridge, but the old "Miller of Mansfield" is there, a famous sign in this part of the Thames valley, where the miller may be seen on one side of the board entertaining Henry II., who sits on a three-legged stool with his drinking horn, while on the other side of the table is the miller exclaiming, "Here, good fellow, I drink to thee." From Goring village we return to the long wooden bridge with a charming picture of Streatley beyond it, the church, and mill pool, the lock and weir, and the old "Swan" across the bridge. There is excellent fishing hereabout, and the angler may have his choice, for perch, pike, dace, roach, gudgeon and eels are generally plentiful. The river is extremely pretty for a short distance above the bridge, and to Cleeve Lock. The trees grow finely and overshadow the long backwater, and the surroundings of the lock are very pretty. The mill is delightfully picturesque, and often painted by artists.

But we now enter upon one of those districts of the Thames which have more placid and simple charm, where the hills are far off on either side, for we have left the Chilterns and the Downs behind, and long stretches of level meadows line the banks. This character of country extends more or less, though with greater woodland beauties as we proceed, to Wallingford. It is a grand boating reach, upon which the trial eights of the Oxford University Boat Club are rowed. There is no better course upon the river, and, in August, at the time of the Goring and Streatley Regatta, the banks assume an air of unwonted gaiety, for the festival has a popularity, not indeed like that of Henley, but yet considerable amongst the practised oarsmen of the river, and in the evening there is a

Photo., Taunt, **Ferry Lane, Goring.** *Oxford.*

veritable fair upon the banks, with fireworks to close the festivities.

The distance between Cleeve Lock and Wallingford is nearly six miles, and there are some who find the passage monotonous and uninteresting. Yet, where there are broad waters, green meadows, yellow cornfields, picturesque villages and farmsteads, banks of osiers, groups of trees, and a great over-arching sky, no place can be devoid of beauty. These are the characteristics of the Thames, when we have passed the wooded beauties of Streatley and Goring, until we approach Wallingford Bridge. At Moulsford, the tow-path crosses from the Berkshire to the Oxfordshire bank, and every angler and oarsman upon the Upper

go northward, is about a mile. They are villages quite unspoiled, places with little old-fashioned cottages, and the huge barns which are such a well-known feature of the villages in Oxfordshire and Berkshire; and you meet in them the farmer-men in their smocks, and their brown-faced womenkind, wearing the great picturesque sun-bonnets of the peasantry. Such people group charmingly with their rustic surroundings, and perhaps it may be said that hereabout—except to the oarsman—the shore is more attractive than the water.

Once again, at Little Stoke, the tow-path crosses to the Berkshire side, at a pretty ferry. The huge building of the County Lunatic Asylum, to which the ferry would bring us, is

Photo., Taunt. **Cleeve Mill, from below.** *Oxford.*

Thames knows the charmingly rural village, with the quaint old "Beetle and Wedge" upon the bank. The beetle, it may be observed, is not the insect so named, but the heavy wooden mallet which drives in wedges for the cleaving of timber. There is an air of quite delightful rusticity about Moulsford, and it is extremely pleasant to stroll from the hostel, or from the ferry-boat at the bank, to the quaint little 14th century church of St. John the Baptist, which closely neighbours the stream.

At the other side of the river is South Stoke, one of three sister villages which are upon the Oxfordshire shore, the others being Little Stoke and North Stoke, all upon the road from Reading. The interval between each, as we

no adornment to the scene. The railway from Reading to Swindon and Oxford has already crossed to the Berkshire side. Above it the river is somewhat unattractive, as we must admit, until the stately trees that surround Mongewell House rise on the right, and add a good deal to the beauty of the shore. There was formerly a weir and lock near this point, but the weir was washed away in 1831, and the whole removed two years later.

But we now reach old Wallingford, a place where many pause who traverse the Thames, and a pleasant town to sojourn in. There is good and solid character in its stone bridge, in which some very old parts still remain, but the structure must have been more picturesque in

Photo., Taunt. The "Leather Bottel," Cleeve. *Oxford.*

former days, when it had a chapel upon it, and a gatehouse at each end, and when it was something in the nature of a lock and a weir, with sluices and winces. The very curious spire of the church, which is said to have been designed by Mr. Justice Blackstone, who resided at Wallingford, is not without a certain charm in its very oddity, and it is pleasant to walk up the quiet street of the old town to the Market Place, where is the Corn Exchange, with the Town Hall, resting upon a row of pillars, in the manner of the olden time. It is refreshing, too, to turn in under the archway of the "Lamb," the old hostelry of the place. This was formerly known as the "Bell," and the three pretty daughters of its landlord, in the first half of the last century, as the belles of Wallingford. Their charms attracted the admiration of wealthy gentlemen, for one married William, Viscount Courtenay, the second, Sir John Honeywood, baronet, and the third another person of title.

Wallingford stands upon the site of a Roman town, if not of a British camp, and extensive remains of early fortifications may still be traced there. The Danes destroyed the place in 1006, and Sweyn was born there in 1013. So important was the place at the time of the Norman Conquest that William marched thither before occupying London, to receive the submission of Wiggod, the West Saxon Thane; and he crossed at Wallingford to Hertfordshire, threatening to cut off Edwin and Morkere from their earldoms. Shortly afterwards the castle was strengthened, and the Empress Matilda took shelter there, but it is now little more than a crumbling ruin above the bridge. It was at Wallingford that a treaty was signed that put an end to the anarchy of Stephen's reign. At one time the town possessed not less than fourteen churches, but of these,

Photo., Taunt An old Berkshire Barn. *Oxford.*

three now only remain. St. Mary's is in the Market Place, and is worth a visit. St. Leonard's, at the end of Thames Street, is the handsomest of the three, and contains some good examples of Norman work. Justice Blackstone, author of the famous Commentaries, who, in the words of Bentham, was the first of all institutional writers to teach jurisprudence to speak the language of the scholar and the gentleman, is buried in St. Peter's Church, by the bridge—the building with the very curious spire. The town suffered much from Fairfax in the Civil Wars.

We saw at Eton how unfortunate Tusser, the author of "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," suffered under the scourging of Nicholas Udall. He appears to have been not less unfortunate at Wallingford, for he thus speaks of the days he spent at school there—

> "O, painful time, for every crime;
> What toosed eares! Like baited beares!
> What bobbe t lips! What yerks, what nips!
> Wnat hellish toies!
> What robes how bare! What colledge fire!
> What bred, how stale! What pennie ale!
> Then Wallingford, thou wert abhorred
> Of sillie boies!"

Evidently, he left Wallingford with no very pleasant impressions of the town, but that is not the case with the oarsman who is pulling upward towards Abingdon. He is tempted, indeed, to linger, and may well delight in the neighbouring rustic old village of Crowmarsh, on the Oxfordshire side, which is the prettiest place imaginable. There is a very ancient church of St. Mary Magdalene there, built about the time of Stephen, who had a castle in the place. They can still show the door, with bullet marks, impressed, as is said, in the Civil Wars, when Fairfax laid siege to Wallingford Castle, though it was long before he reduced it to surrender and to ruin. Crowmarsh is as picturesque as any village hereabout, and its various scenes lend themselves admirably to pictorial effects.

We presently reach Bensington weir, lock, and ferry, and the little village lying upon the Oxfordshire side. The weir is fine, but the mill a little spoiled by the somewhat too conspicuous addition of steam power. Bensington, or, as it is commonly called, Benson, was formerly a place of considerable importance, and has yet a church of St. Helen which embodies features of antiquity. But, with the decline of the coaching days, Bensington lost its importance, and seems to be left a little high and dry by the tide of humanity. The district round it was the battle-ground of Mercia and Wessex, for the occupation of the the place gave to either party a strong position upon the course of the river. When Offa, in

Photo.: Taunt, **Moulsford from the River.** *Oxford.*

Photo., F. S. Catford. **Wallingford Bridge.** *Hampton Wick.*

his attempt to restore the Mercian power, had won back Kent by the victory of Otford, he turned upon the West Saxons, and marched upon the fragments of their kingdom in the district of the Four Towns north of the Thames, in what is now Oxford and Buckingham. The forces met at Bensington, and, after a furious conflict, Offa remained master of the place, but his strength had been exhausted in the struggle, and he was driven to attempt conquests in Wales, and from that day the final decline of Mercia began.

Photo., Taunt. **Wallingford Castle, South Tower.** *Oxford.*

At this point, the sweet little Ewelme brook flows into the Thames on the Oxfordshire side, and you may walk along the wooded banks, a shady way by picturesque cottages, a distance of about two miles, to the delightful old village of Ewelme. The country around is flat and rather bare, and it is quite a surprise to come upon the wooded hollow. Through the cloisters of the old hospital, with their high brick and timber walls, red roofs, and their water well, you ascend to the door of the very remarkable Perpendicular church. The hospital was founded by the Duke and Duchess of Suffolk and richly endowed, and the south chapel and south aisle of the church are set apart for its alms-men. The church itself, is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, but this south chapel to St. John the Baptist. There are many very fine memorial brasses in the edifice. Between the chapel and the chancel is the alabaster tomb of Alice, Duchess of Suffolk, widow of the unfortunate duke, who was beheaded on the beach at Dover in the time of Henry VI. The chapel is exceedingly beautiful, and this monument its most interesting feature. Small figures of angels stand round the tomb beneath canopies most richly worked, bearing

Photo., Taunt, Crowmarsh Village. Oxford.

shields, and the effigy of the duchess is under a great canopy, with most beautiful adornments. Angels in the attitude of prayer support a cornice, elaborately carved with quatrefoils and cresting, white slender shafts rise above, surmounted by figures of standing angels. Beneath the monument of the duchess, and behind rich perforated tracery, reminding us by ragged realism, which is wanting from the effigy above, lies one of those gruesome, half skeletonised shapes, of which examples are in York Minster, and the church of Arundel, in Sussex. The monument of the duchess's father, Thomas Chaucer, and his wife, is on the north side. The memorial takes the form of an exquisite brass, in which the dead man is represented in complete armour, standing upon a unicorn, while she has a lion at her feet. The brass is borne upon a low tomb beneath the arch westward of the monument of the Duchess of Suffolk. This tomb is panelled, and within each arch of the panelling there are two shields of arms. Chaucer, the poet, whose son married Maud Burghersh, heiress of the manor, was doubtless no stranger to Ewelme, and we may fancy that often here, in the good green wood, as he walked, he heard the wild birds sing. There is no more interesting church by the Thames than that of Ewelme, which is particularly remarkable for its monuments, all maintained in an excellent state of preservation. When Edmund, Earl of Suffolk, was attainted in the reign of Henry VIII., the place came to the Crown, and was a royal residence of the Tudors. There is still a lane in the village known as "Queen Elizabeth's Walk." James I. endowed the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Oxford with the rectorial tithes

Photo., Taunt, Bensington Weir. Oxford.

of Ewelme; but, in 1871, by Act of Parliament, with the intention of doing away with absenteeism, the professorship and rectory were severed.

About a mile from Bensington Ferry we come to Shillingford Bridge, which is a fine stone structure of many arches, in a striking situation, with high banks rising on the left, and the curious height of Sinodun Hill, with its well-known clump of trees, a conspicuous object.

The hill is a great landmark throughout this part of the Thames, and we do not lose sight of it for many miles. The little "Swan" Inn at Shillingford, which, itself is an insignificant village, is well above the river on the Berkshire side, and there is a remarkable view of the

jack, perch, and chub, and just above Shillingford is a big hole noted for its barbel, while all along the reaches the reedy flams give capital shelter to the angler, just where the fishes are most plentiful.

But we now reach the mouth of the river Thame, which has risen in the eastern part of Chilterns, and flowed through the vale of Aylesbury, to pass by the ancient tower of Dorchester, and to wed the silver Isis, as some will still fancifully designate the higher Thames. This is a confluence of waters that has become celebrated in literature. There is a pleasant conceit of Warton, who tells us that—

> 'Beauteous Isis, and her husband Thame,
> With mingled waves for ever flow the same."

Photo., Taunt, **Shillingford Bridge.** *Oxford.*

river, the bridge, and the level country beyond, from its door. Near to Shillingford, and somewhat inland, is the pretty village of Warborough, which is worth a visit. Once more, at Shillingford Ferry—nearly a mile above the bridge—the tow-path, which has been crossing from side to side all the way from Streatley, passes over to the Oxfordshire bank, upon which it continues past the mouth of the Thame to Day's Lock.

On the right, as we go forward, there is a broad space of swampy ground, covered mostly with reeds, and having an aspect of great wildness, with Sinodun Hill on the other side, and there is considerable picturesqueness when clumps of trees and tall poplars break the view. The fishing here is very good for

Drayton repeated the idea, and Spenser speaks of the wedding, which, out of the names of Thame and Isis, is supposed to give us the name of Tamesis, and so of Thames.

> "The lovely bridegroom came,
> The noble Thamis, with all his goodly traine.
> And before him there went, as best became
> His auncient parents, namely, the auncient Thame;
> But much more aged was his wife than he,
> The Ouze, whom men doe Isis rightly name;
> Full weak and crooked creature seemed shee,
> And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way could see."

So does he speak of the reedy course of the Thames, though it is now less hidden than in Spenser's day. But he writes in extravagant terms of the Thame, which, sooth to say, pours his water, in a pitiably insignificant

fashion, after winding sluggishly across from Dorchester, under a narrow towpath bridge into the broader stream of the Thames. Rows of pollard willows mark the course of the meek little river, half a mile beyond which, and just before we reach Day's Lock, there are two little islands, with bridges connecting them with both shores, which carry the road from Long Wittenham and Little Wittenham to Dorchester. Of these places, as of Sinodun Hill and the district surrounding Day's Lock, we shall yet have something to say, but, for the present, we shall be content to traverse the level country to ancient Dorchester.

Photo, Taunt. **Ewelme Almshouses and Church.** *Oxford.*

The long length of the Abbey Church has for some time been conspicuous as we pulled up the river, lying away there beyond the flats. The Thame is not at all a good boating stream, and therefore it is better to go by the road to the old town, which is about a mile from the bank. On the way, we pass the remains of Roman entrenchments, called the Dyke Hills, which evidently formed part of a great camp, in just such a position as the Romans were accustomed to choose, within the fork of two rivers. Dorchester was a bishopric in Saxon times, and the names of many holders of the See are preserved. Bede tells us that, when Birinus was sent by Pope Honorius to preach the Gospel, in the reign of Cynegils, he converted the Gewissas. His preaching seems to have been mainly in the neighbourhood of Dorchester, for the King himself, having embraced the faith of Christ, was received, as he came forth from baptism, by King Oswald of Northumbria, who was present, and afterwards married his daughter; and then the two kings gave to the bishop the city called Dorcic, where he might there establish his See. At Dorchester he was buried, but his remains were afterwards translated to Winchester, where his baptism of Cynegils may still be seen represented upon a font in the Cathedral. The ecclesiastical importance of Dorchester afterwards somewhat waned, but not until its church had been invested with fine and imposing character. Many hands have worked upon it, and it is a somewhat composite structure, representing almost every period from Saxon to Tudor times, and it was well restored, though not completely, by Sir Gilbert Scott.

As we approach the south porch, which is a fine stone structure, with a timbered roof, we see the shaft of an ancient cross on the left, of which the head has been restored. The nave of the church is finely proportioned, with arches rising from beautiful clustered columns, and the east window is of unusual character. The chapel on the south side has curious features in carvings round the pillars, and the south aisle, with a fine groined roof, and the Lady Chapel, are extremely beautiful. Four recumbent effigies remain in the Lady Chapel, of which one represents a cross-legged knight, another, probably, a member of the Segrave family, both very remarkable. Other curious monuments are

Photo., Taunt. **Ewelme Church and Monuments.** *Oxford.*

Photo., Taunt, **Dorchester Church, with the Jesse Window.** *Oxford.*

in the church, and it is a matter of great regret that many fine brasses have been destroyed. The lover of these, who comes from the church of Ewelme to Dorchester, will be pained to witness the work of the spoiler. But the most remarkable feature in the whole church is the Jesse Window, in the north aisle of the chancel, which is one of the very few windows of that class remaining. It represents, in its stone work, as well as in the glass that fills its lights, a tree of Jesse, springing from the body of Jesse himself, and with stone effigies of the members of the royal house of David, though the crowning figure of Our Lord Himself has been destroyed. This very remarkable window dates from the 14th century. The font is another interesting feature in the church, its leaden bowl being surrounded by seated figures of the Apostles under round arches.

It was out of the See at Dorchester that that of Lincoln arose, in the year 1086. The Abbey of Black Canons was founded by Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln, in 1140. Its history was that of other abbeys. It was suppressed, and its possessions were squandered, but Richard Bewforest bought the abbey church, which is so noble a feature of the place, for the sum of £140, and presented it to the parish. The remains of the abbey are very few, but, in the buildings of the old Grammar School, which has been converted into a National School, some rude fragments of masonry appear to be part of the ancient gateway.

Dorchester seems to be remote from the world, but, take it for all in all, with the pretty cottages of the sleepy village, and the magnificent church overshadowing them, it may certainly be ranked among the most interesting places by the Thames.

Photo., Taunt, **Dorchester Church and the River Thame.** *Oxford*

GORING CHURCH,
FROM STREATLEY MILL.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

GORING MILL AND BRIDGE.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

GORING LANE.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

KING'S STANDING HILL
AND VALLEY OF THE THAMES.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

CLEEVE MILL.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

MOULSFORD FERRY AND
"BEETLE AND WEDGE."

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

MONGEWELL MILL POND.

Photo., Taun: Oxford.

MONGEWELL CHURCH,
FROM RIVER.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

WALLINGFORD BRIDGE,
AND ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

Photo., Tann, Oxford.

WALLINGFORD OLD LOCK.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

WALLINGFORD MARKET PLACE.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

VIEW FROM THE HILL,
SHILLINGFORD.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

DORCHESTER MILL,
THE RIVER THAME.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

DORCHESTER ABBEY.

Photo., J. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

Photo., Taunt. **Day's Lock, from the Hill.** *Oxford.*

BETWEEN Day's Lock and Abingdon we traverse, in our upward journeying, a series of very remarkable curves in the river, which relieve the valley from all monotony, and, with the rustic villages that grace the banks, the quiet backwaters and old mills, we find a good deal that is both picturesque and interesting. For the boatmen there are pleasant reaches, for the angler quiet resorts, for the artist many admirable effects, for the historian venerable churches, scenes of vivid interest, and evidences of ancient occupation, while the geologist may trace the various evidences of the Kimmerdge clay and the greensands, and observe the unfamiliar sandstone bed of the river near Clifton Lock, which makes navigation difficult at times of low water, and is not dear to the punter.

There is first a great horse-shoe curve from Day's Lock by Clifton Hampden, skirting the gentle slopes of the Wittenham Hills to Long Wittenham, the distance across the base being about a mile and a-half, but more than double by the river. We next come to a very sharp angle in the stream, which the navigation water avoids, and go westward for some three miles more, then turning northward to Abingdon. Afterwards, we shall find that the course of the Thames then brings us eastward to Nuneham, which is less than a mile and a-half from Clifton Hampden, though from point to point the sinuous course of the stream involves for the boatman more than eight miles' welcome pulling. These long sweeps and winding reaches of the river add vastly to its beauty and interest, giving freshness to the successive charms disclosed as we proceed; and it is worth while to note that the great bend from Clifton to Nuneham is more considerable than the fine sweep from Teddington to Hampton Court, or the glorious curve from Medmenham to Henley.

But it is time to turn to the various interests of Day's Lock. To begin with, the lock itself, the three islands, and the neighbouring buildings, combine to form a series of most charming pictures, which are familiar to visitors to the picture galleries, for the place has been painted over and over again, and is almost as dear to the sketcher as the pretty scenes at Goring and Streatley. Here, indeed, the country is widely different. On one side are the level stretches towards ancient Dorchester, which we have visited, with the "Dyke Hills" between, while on the other rises the singular height of green Sinodun Hill, with Wittenham clumps on the top. Through all the country round the slowly rising hill, with its densely wooded crest, is a great and striking object, and a very characteristic feature of the landscape. The hill usually ascended from Day's Lock, and on a clear day it is well worth while to make the climb, to survey the vast panorama around, and to examine the ancient evidences of fortification on the top. It was impossible that such a height, rising from a level country, should not be chosen for defensive

Photo., Taunt. Sinodun Hill, from Day's Lock. *Oxford.*

purposes in early times. Here was a place whence the keen eyes of British outlookmen could sight danger afar, and a resort to which the dwellers below might flee. There can be little doubt that the earliest inhabitants of the country established themselves upon the height, for the district around is filled with evidences of ancient occupation; though whether the great wide trenches which still remain upon the hill were the work of Britons or Romans, is not easy to say. They represent, in either case, an immense labour of early military engineers.

From the top, the prospect is vast and imposing, including the course of the Thames towards Wallingford on one hand, and to Abingdon on the other, until it is cut off by the wooded height of Nuneham, and an immense panorama of Oxfordshire and Berkshire, and many a county beyond, with meadows and cornfields, villages and spires innumerable, and the lofty point of St. Helen's, at Abingdon, chief among them. On a fine day, with clear vision, and the shadows of clouds sweeping across the landscape, the prospect from Sinodun Hill is really superb.

Photo., Frith, The Backwater, Day's Lock. *Reigate.*

The bridge at Day's Lock, by which Sinodun Hill is reached, leads also to the pretty village of Little Wittenham. It is such a place as most men like to journey through, consisting of a cluster of quaint old cottages with thatched roofs, and roses clustering about their windows. There are cornfields spread about it, and it has huge barns such as are characteristic of Berkshire farmsteads. The church of St. Peter was rebuilt in 1863, in the Early English style. The new structure is good, as a village church, and you may find in it the tomb of Sir William Dunch, and his wife, who was akin to Oliver Cromwell. The road from Little Wittenham leads across

Photo., F. S. Catford, **Little Wittenham Church.** *Hampton Wick*

the neck of the horse-shoe curve of the river, which has been spoken of, to the delightful old village of Long Wittenham—so called because it stretches along the road to Sutton Courtney. But Long Wittenham is adjacent to the river at a point we have not yet reached; and so let us go with the boatmen round the great bend of the stream. Nothing very much attracts our attention, save the beauty that is inherent in green fields, water, and trees, until we reach the pretty little village of Burcott, upon the Oxfordshire side, not a place of any note in itself, but with rustic cottages, and gardens full of flowers, such as we often see in the villages hereabout. We come presently, then, to Clifton Hampden, which lies between the river and the road from Dorchester to Abingdon. At this point, as if to compensate in some way for its slight insipidity, the river assumes quite a new character, flowing over a bed of hard sandstone, which is plainly visible through the clear water, with weeds streaming over it, as you row across, and, if you be a punter, you will feel the hard bed with the end of your pole, not good holding, you will say, against a rather swift stream. From Burcott upward to Oxford, the river was deepened and cleared of various obstructions, by Act of Parliament passed in the twenty-first year of James I. The cuttings at Clifton and Culham originated at that time, and, while they greatly facilitate the navigation of the river for steam launches and other like vessels, they leave quiet waters for those who have a genuine love for the stream.

Clifton Hampden derives its name from the sandstone cliff upon which it stands, raised picturesquely above the river, in a manner quite uncommon among Thames-side villages. Trees grow luxuriantly hereabout, and the cottages of the village, with the bright flowers in their windows and gardens, and the green growths

Photo., Taunt, **Little Wittenham Church, Interior.** *Oxford.*

Photo., Taunt. The Cross, Long Wittenham. Oxford.

that cluster up to their thatched and tiled roofs, are as pretty as any by the Thames. The church was ancient, but had fallen into a sore state of decay when it was completely restored, and in great part rebuilt, by the late Mr. G. H. Gibbs, from designs by Sir Gilbert Scott. It is one of the best examples of the village churches of that architect. You enter the church-yard, from which there are delightful views, both up and down the river, through a quaint lich gate. The church, which was originally an appanage of Dorchester Abbey, is dedicated to St. Michael and All Angels, and is an elaborately beautiful structure, particularly rich in its adornments, and an excellent example of the Decorative style. It contains a tomb, with a recumbent figure of the gentleman through whose liberality it was restored. At this point, the towpath, which crossed to the Berkshire side at Day's Lock, crosses once again to the Oxford bank, and the ferry at Clifton was well known on the river. It has been replaced by a fine brick bridge of six moulded and pointed arches, with a good parapet and piers. The structure has not yet lost its newness, but, when time has gently toned it, it will rank among the finest bridges upon the river. It is extremely pleasant to cross it from Clifton Hampden to the quaint old "Barley Mow," which is one of the most picturesque of river-side hostelries. Built of timber and brick, and whitewashed, it has a deep thatched roof with dormer windows, and the door is always open to welcome you. It has been so often painted that we scarcely need describe it. Modern convenience has demanded the suppression of many such places in the Thames Valley, but there are few who do

Photo., Taunt. The Porch, Long Wittenham Church. Oxford.

not feel the rustic charm of those which yet survive. The "Barley Mow" owes a good deal to the hand of the restorer, who has been careful not to destroy its primitive character, as you will discover upon entering the panelled parlour, which is a good deal like the cabin of a ship, and an excellent place to rest in. Half a mile above Clifton bridge the canal begins by which the navigation is conducted, cutting off a great piece of the river, with a sharp zig-zag at its upper end. The long cutting, which is spanned by two little bridges, and the lock, are pretty enough, but it is well worth while to explore the river itself, which skirts at this point the ancient village of Long Wittenham, already referred to. The pedestrian will reach the village by a pleasant walk from the "Barley Mow." The place is very ancient, as discoveries of early remains have testified, and as a tall and early cross and the curious old church of St. Mary the Virgin still do. Almost every style of architecture is represented in this venerable structure. There is a fine Norman arch, separating the nave from the chancel, with other portions surviving from the same period. The chancel itself is in the Early English style, with narrow lancet windows. To the same date belong the arches of the nave, and some Decorative and Perpendicular features will be discovered. The south porch is of the former period, and the tower of the latter. The font bowl, like others hereabout, is of lead. resting upon a stone base, and is adorned with a curious row of figures, representing a bishop giving the blessing.

While the high road is upon the Oxfordshire side of the river, there is a pretty lane from the Berkshire village of Long Wittenham, by the rural hamlet of Appleford, to Sutton Courtney. The river itself, at this point, is a little monotonous in its character, and for a mile and a-half the boatmen finds little to attract his attention, after the railway from Oxford has crossed on its line southward to Didcot junction. At Culham, where the river is spanned by a fine old stone bridge, we reach another cutting, like that at Clifton, by which the navigation is conducted, while the oarsman who has leisure pulls up to Sutton Pool, which is deep and good for fishing, and the mill near-by, and leaves his boat to have a look at Sutton Courtney.

Photo., Taunt, **Clifton Hampden Bridge.** *Oxford.*

For this is certainly a place worth looking at—one of the most picturesque on the river. It has a line of quaint old houses—such as we often see in Berkshire villages—straggling for something like a mile by the broad grass-grown roadway. They are gabled cottages, with thatched or tiled roofs, carved barge boards, and curious chimneys. Although its situation

Photo., Taunt, **The Barley Mow, Clifton Hampden.** *Oxford.*

is not so picturesque, the village is, in its way, more charming even than Streatley, for the modern hand has touched it little, and it still presents the very aspect it bore—save for innovations here and there—when the Abbots of Abingdon rode this way. Sutton Courtney was closely connected with that famous abbey, of which we shall presently visit the fragmentary ruin, and yet they show you the "Abbey" in the village, which seems to have been a cell or grange of the monks of Abingdon. The weir above Sutton bridges, and the mill there, belonged to the abbots, and the church of All Saints in the village bears the evidences of its monastic neighbours. It is a building of somewhat massive character, with a wide nave, a good tower, and many windows of the Perpendicular period. As in a few other churches by the Thames side, there is here a parvise over the porch, which bears the arms of the Courtneys, who formerly possessed the place, and were benefactors to the church. The gabled manor house, with its great barns and picturesque old gateway, adds a good deal to the historic interest of Sutton Courtney, and is pictorially excellent. In this village, indeed, there are abundant subjects for the sketcher's pencil. The solitary river, too, left in quietude by the canal, is very delightful, with clear water, a strong stream, and an assemblage of wild pools and reed-grown islands a little higher up. The stone bridge, of many segmental arches, is particularly good, and group well against the low hill-side, with the trees and cottages that neighbour them.

It is at this point that the river, which has been pursuing a direction east and west from

Photo., Taunt, **Sutton Courtney.** *Oxford.*

Photo., Taunt. **Sutton Courtney Bridge.** *Oxford.*

Dorchester, with the exception of the great curve at the Wittenhams, turns suddenly, with a rapid bend, northward toward Abingdon, as was indicated earlier on. Just where the curve ends, and above the region of turbid and broken water, the navigation canal returns to the stream, and so we pull upward, with the little village of Culham on the Oxfordshire side, towards Abingdon. There is not much that is picturesque on this part of the river, though away to the right we see the deep woods of Nuneham, beneath which we shall presently pass in our journeying towards Oxford.

Old-fashioned Abingdon is a very good place in which to break the journey, for it is both picturesque and interesting; and the country round about deserves to be explored. In fact, two or three days may well be spent here, and the visitor will leave carrying pleasant recollections with him. Abingdon, which had been a royal residence in very early times, is one of those places which have grown up about great religious houses; it took its name indeed—for before it had been called Sheovesham—from its abbey. Just as the strong hand of the baron brought about his castle those who shared his bounty, came to his call, and looked for his protection, so did the abbey attract to its neighbourhood a great many who served the needs of the house, who derived advantages from the monastic hospitality, and were given employment on the conventual farms, and in the various establishments which were maintained by the monks. In Cistercian Houses, the white-robed men were labourers in the field, cultivating with the sweat of their brow the "vineyard of the Lord." And with Benedictine monks — and Abingdon was a Benedictine house — the case was scarcely otherwise. Fortunately the Chronicle of the Monastery of Abingdon has been preserved, and

Photo., Taunt. **The Church and Pool, Sutton Courtney.** *Oxford.*

printed in the Rolls Series. It extends from the foundation of the House in the year 675 to the accession of Richard in 1189, and is a most valuable record, throwing an abundance of light upon social history, on the relations of the clergy and laity, and the state of society both before and after the Norman conquest. Abingdon was a mitred abbey, and within its walls Henry I. became "Beauclerc." The house grew rich by many benefactions, and the Abbot had often a very difficult task in averting spoilation at the hands of feudal neighbours and envious towns. His privilege of holding a full market at Abingdon was particularly obnoxious to the men of Oxford and Wallingford, and—though it was vindicated at law in the time of Henry II.—by protests before the king, threats to renounce their feudal service, and appeals to arms, they attempted vainly to wrest from the house of Abingdon the profits it had long justly enjoyed.

Photo., Frith — St. Helen's, Abingdon. — Reigate.

We were led to think of the abbey of Abingdon before we had set foot at the bridge. We have long had before us, in our journeying, the lofty spire of St. Helen's, which is a great landmark hereabout, and it is appropriate to remark that the church makes, with the bridge and its other surroundings, a series of remarkable pictures. The buildings of the Hospital which line the banks, might have come from some old town in Holland, and are certainly very quaint and curious. The bridge, too, is one of the most ancient on the river, and its many pointed arches and grass-grown walls are extremely picturesque. Unfortunately, the goal and the gasworks are too near them for the full contentment of the artist.

Let us first enter the very fine church of St. Helen by the river, for we are attracted thereto by the noble spire, with its flying buttresses. Within, the structure is exceedingly handsome. The nave is separated from the aisles by octagonal pillars supporting fine moulded arches of low pitch, and rather late date. The roof is elaborate, and the aisles and chapels, which are divided off by other arcades, have roofs finely panelled. The church has been well restored, and contains much fine wood-carving, including an excellent screen, and is greatly enriched in the chancel. There are many interesting monuments in the church. One is of John Roysse, who founded the Grammar School, and died in 1571, after making provision for a dole of bread every Sunday at his tomb, to 12 old people, who, as they received his bounty, were to cry aloud "The Blessed Trinity upon John Roysse's soul have mercy!"

The old people of Abingdon were evidently charitably disposed, for in the churchyard of St. Helen's are almshouses founded in the year 1707, for three poor men and as many women. Close by, too, is the cloistered building of Christ's Hospital, shadowed by a row of lime trees—a mediæval foundation which Henry VIII. dissolved, but which, like many other institutions throughout the country—Leicester's Hospital at Warwick is a famous instance—was restored by Sir John Mason in the time of Edward VI. The cloister of the hospital is very remarkable, and strikingly picturesque. It is enclosed by a long screen, with a row of small round arches, well moulded, and reminiscent of earlier traceries, above which there is a coved cornice, rising

Photo., Taunt. Abingdon Abbey. Oxford.

to the eaves, and supporting the steep tiled roof. The principal porch projects, and is adorned with curious old paintings representing the works of mercy. There are other singular frescoes, too, in other parts of the structure, and the low-arched doorways, and the gablets which overhang them, are very pleasing. A lantern is on the top, with a weather-vane, for in the matter of vanes Abingdon is famous. This lantern lights the long common hall of the building, which is panelled with oak, and contains some interesting old pictures. It was the later part of this hospital, built of brick, and dating from the year 1718, that we noticed by the river, as possessing an aspect of Flemish quaintness, even as if it had been transported from Haarlem or Amsterdam.

We may now proceed from the interesting scenes by the bridge to the Market-place, observing various quaint old buildings as we proceed. In the style of the 17th century, the market-house is raised upon a row of stone pillars. It was built by Inigo Jones in 1667, and stands upon the site of the Market Cross which was destroyed by Waller, the Parliamentary general, in the Civil War. Near by stands the quaint old church of St. Nicholas, more ancient, far, than St. Helen's, with the gateway of the Abbey for its neighbour. The church is remarkably picturesque, being built of finely-coloured stone. At the west end, the lower stage has two blind arches of early type, belonging apparently to the transition between the Norman and the Early English, while the

Photo., Taunt. The Almshouses and Christ's Hospital, Abingdon. Oxford.

midmost arch is round, and incloses the entrance door. In the stage above has been a row of pointed windows, with shafts of Norman character to separate them. But of these one only is open, the others having been built up, and a large pointed Perpendicular window inserted. Above rises the broad square tower, of which a good deal of the stonework is new, and there is a curious little gable on the north side. Altogether, the structure is very interesting, though it has undergone a good deal of "restoration." We reach, at last, the Abbey with which we began. The gateway is close by the church of St. Nicholas, and is a structure of Perpendicular times, having a central arch of Tudor character with enriched spandrels, and low arches on each side, while above are two windows and a statue of the Virgin beneath a canopy. Some remains of the Abbey, itself, still exist, though considering the greatness of the house, they are very few. The church and cloisters have been entirely swept away. The prior's house is supported by pillars, from which spring the groining ribs. The vault thus formed is very fine, though the place is encumbered with the wares of its occupier. The entrance is close by the Thames backwater. Above, by crumbling steps, we reach the prior's chambers, with some early remains, including pointed doorways, windows, and a large chimney. The grouping of the roofs of this structure, with its curious early chimney, which is crested by gables, having beneath them perforations for the emission of smoke, is remarkably picturesque, and there is a delightful contrast of colour between the steep tiled roof and the grey old stonework. The walls of this structure are of great thickness.

The prior's house, the gateway, and crumbling fragments are the last remains of the Abbey of Abingdon. It had existed for some 900 years, and had grown—as its records tells us—into a great and noble structure, when the hand of the spoiler descended upon it, and then what pious men had given was ruthlessly squandered, not being expended for any public good, but being swept into the Royal coffers, or conferred upon individuals, with an effect that went far to destroy public morality in the century that was to follow.

But the ruins of the Abbey, the fine churches, and perhaps as much as any, the Hospital, possess very picturesque charms, and should not be passed unnoticed by those who traverse the Thames. The little river Ock, which joins the Thames below Abingdon Bridge, near St. Helen's, is a pretty stream, rising near Faringdon, and flowing generally parallel to the Thames, in its course above Oxford, through a pleasant country, and by interesting places. The rural life of Berkshire may be studied hereabout very advantageously, and much rustic lore may be learned. It was, for example, at Uffington, near the Ridgeway, and in the neighbourhood of Faringdon, that Wayland Smith had his forge, which is referred to, in the Chronicle of Abingdon, as "Welandes Smihthe." The district round Abingdon is, indeed, interesting, picturesque, and well timbered, so that there are many attractions to bid the wanderer spend a day or two in the town.

Photo., Taunt. **Abingdon Bridge, from St. Helen's Tower.** *Oxford.*

DAY'S LOCK,
FROM THE HILL.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

SINODUN HILL,
SHOWING THE EARTHWORKS.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

CLIFTON HAMPDEN :
THE BRIDGE AND CHURCH.

CLIFTON HAMPDEN,
FROM THE RIVER.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

CLIFTON HAMPDEN VILLAGE.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

CLIFTON HAMPDEN CHURCH.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

SUTTON COURTNEY.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

ABINGDON BRIDGE.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

ABINGDON :
ST. HELEN'S.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

ABINGDON :
ST. HELEN'S, FROM THE SOUTH SIDE.

Photo, Taunt, Oxford.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

ABINGDON :
CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

ABINGDON :
ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH AND ABBEY GATEWAY.

ABINGDON :
THE ABBEY MILL.

Photo., Frith, Reigate.

ABINGDON:
THE REACH, FROM CULHAM BRIDGE.

Photo., J. S. Catford, Hampton Wick.

Photo., J. S. Catford, **Nuneham Woods and Cottage.** *Hampton Wick.*

WHEN we leave Abingdon, we feel, with a certain regret, that we are approaching the end of this pleasant journeying. The charms of the Thames are not indeed exhausted, for, though we have passed by many beautiful places in ascending the river from Richmond, the woods of Nuneham will fairly hold their own, even with the umbrageous steeps of Clivedon and Henley. From Abingdon Bridge to Oxford, the distance is a little over five miles, as the crow flies, but you will find it nearly eight in pulling up the stream, before you set foot at the Folly Bridge. Old Abingdon looks very peaceful, as we look back to it from the lock, with the great spire of St. Helen's pointing skyward, the arches of the old bridge spanning the stream, and the clusters of houses, with red tiled roofs and vanes, though the gasworks, it is true, as is their nature, are a disfigurement. The surroundings of the town have the charm that belongs to green meadows, with the familiar riverside accompaniment of pollard willows. It may be well here to make a final remark concerning the fishing of the river. Generally speaking, this is good from Abingdon Bridge to Nuneham. Near the Bridge is a sharp stream forming a fine scour for dace, and in Blake's Pool, chubb and barbel may be obtained, while, under the trees and by the reedy flams at Nuneham, there are excellent fishing swims. From Nuneham to Oxford the angling is indifferent, owing largely to the pleasure traffic upon the stream, and anglers from the University generally make their way below Sandford. The railway line from Oxford to Didcot Junction crosses the river, by an ugly bridge, something more than a mile above the lock and goes due south to cross it once more at Appleford. For it is at this point that the Thames is making those great convolutions in which it turns almost upon itself, leaving, between Nuneham and Clifton Hampden, a veritable peninsula, with Abingdon opposite to its apex.

The deep woods of Nuneham are very famous upon the Upper Thames, and afford endless delight to many picnic parties coming down the river from Oxford. It is scarcely possible to imagine anything more pleasant, in its way, than this dropping down the stream by Iffley and Sandford, to enter the shadowy backwater, and set foot ashore at that romantic thatched cottage by the little fantastic bridge, and then to wander through the woods which line the banks. Although "Capability" Brown has been a good deal sneered at, it cannot be gainsaid that the riverside walks at Nuneham, which he laid out, are supremely beautiful. The pathways have been skilfully contrived, and vistas cut through the foliage, open out from various points charming views both of Oxford and Abingdon, though it must be confessed that the chimneys at Sandford mill is a sad disfigurement to the landscape.

Nuneham House, long the seat of the Harcourt Family, which is well-known to all who traverse the river up to Oxford, is not a

Photo. Taunt. Nuneham Bridge and Cottages, from above. *Oxford.*

place with any great architectural pretensions, being indeed one of those great roomy structures which we associate with the days of the Georges. They are comfortable and spacious within, but seldom attractive without. But time has mellowed Nuneham a good deal, so that it is pleasant to look upon, as it stands there, embowered amid trees, and you know that within it is a veritable storehouse of art, rich in famous portraits, and filled with the work of the craftsman's hand. The Harcourts had been dwelling in Oxfordshire since the time of Henry I., at Stanton Harcourt, about nine miles from Nuneham, and two from Bablock Hythe on the Thames, above Oxford, before Simon, Viscount Harcourt, first to bear that title, and Lord Chancellor, fixed his affections upon Nuneham. He bought the place for about £17,000 in 1710, and an undistinguished architect, named Leadbetter was employed to design the structure. The Harcourts, of Stanton Harcourt, had been somewhat famous men. There was Sir Robert, of whom a portrait is at Nuneham, one of Raleigh's associates, whose purse appears to have grown a little lank through his expenditure in fitting out an expedition to Guiana. Then came Sir Simon Harcourt, slain in the Civil Wars, said to have been the first officer who fell in the conflict, though that is more than doubtful. It would have gone ill with Stanton Harcourt if Sir Simon's widow had not married the famous Waller, and thus averted confiscation from the ancient abode. It was at Stanton Harcourt that Pope was entertained, and the famous piece of glass upon which he scratched the record, "Finished here the fifth book of Homer," has been brought to Nuneham.

Photo., Taunt. Nuneham House. *Oxford*

In the last century Nuneham became the resort of many

literary men, and in Walpole's letters, and the pages of diarists, there are many references to the house in those days. "Nuneham," says Walpole, "is not superb, but so calm, riant, and comfortable, so live-at-able, one wakes in a morning on such a whole picture of beauty." Admirable portraits of Walpole himself, and of Milton, Rowe, Pope, Prior, and Mason are in the house. Among other beautiful pictures are several fine examples of Reynolds, including a good family group of the Earl and Countess and their son, a wonderful Duchess of Gloucester, and a portrait of Reynolds himself. Other portraits are by Velasquez, Vandyck, and Gainsborough. But gardens at Nuneham were considered unrivalled, and they still retain some of the features that gave them celebrity. Among these are the Rock Grotto, and the Orangery and Rosery which extend along the western part of the terrace. Some of the formal gardening is very characteristic. The valley of the Thames has always been rich in its foliage, and even in early times we find mention, locally, in the "Chronicle of Abingdon," of oak, hazel, ash, birch, and beech, of the thorn very often, and occasionally of the willow, elder, apple and maple. To these have been added at Nuneham Park many trees of beautiful foliage, and conifers in considerable variety.

Photo., Taunt. **The Carfax Conduit, Nuneham, and the distant Thames.** *Oxford.*

it is not the purpose here to catalogue the portraits and other pictures at Nuneham. The latter include works by Murillo, Salvator Rosa, Wouverman, Van der Velde, Ruysdael, and very many more. In addition to pictures and statuary, the hall is a perfect treasure-house of curious and interesting relics, splendid examples of Sèvres and other wares, beautiful specimens of the best period of French cabinet work, and a crowd of objects associated with famous people.

The house stands upon a slight elevation, and is surrounded by most beautiful gardens, to which access can be had at prescribed periods, and by a most glorious park, graced by a fine variety of trees. At one time the

There is a beautiful shady walk to Whitehead's Oak, to which many visitors to Nuneham bend their steps, for it affords very fine and romantic views. The distant spire of Abingdon peeps out from among the trees, and the prospect beyond is closed by the range of the Chilterns, which we have long left behind. Near by is the old water conduit, which stood once on Carfax, at Oxford, and still bears that name. When the High Street was widened in 1789, this conduit was presented to George Simon, Earl of Harcourt, by the University. It is a remarkable example of the decorative stone work of the time in which it was built, 1610, and the initials of its builder—Otho Nicholson—

Photo., Taunt, Sandford, above the Lock. *Oxford.*

are used very curiously by way of ornamentation upon it, with flying supports for the sculptured cresting, and vane-bearing grotesques at the corners. From the hill, looking northward there is a fine prospect of the towers and spires of Oxford, standing out finely from their surroundings, with the great woods of Blenheim as a background.

At a short distance from the house stands the disused church of All Saints, which the second Lord Harcourt built about the year 1674, intending it to resemble an early Christian structure. The village of Nuneham Courtney, which is upon the road from Dorchester to Oxford, behind the park, was removed a little further from the house by Earl Harcourt, who aimed to be a rural philosopher, and laid down plans for improving the mental and moral condition of the people. A new church was opened there in 1880. With these remarks, we must leave Nuneham Park. Fortunately for the enjoyment of many, arrangements are made by which picnic parties may land—under conditions and at specified times—at Picnic Cottage, but all these matters rest with the steward of the estate. We rejoin our skiff at the Cottage, and pull slowly along towards Nuneham Farm, noting the reedy flams along the bank, which are fine spots for jack and other fish.

Photo, Taunt, Kennington Reach. *Oxford.*

We find now that we are in a more level country, the hills having fallen away on the Oxfordshire side, and nothing now of any note lies between us and Oxford. Radley is away at the distance of about a mile on the Berkshire side, with a fine church in the village. Its well known college is plainly visible from the Thames, standing upon rising ground, and hereabout you very often see the Radley oarsmen upon the river. The whole way, indeed, from Nuneham up to Oxford, but perhaps chiefly above Sandford Lock is the practice and pleasure ground of college boat-crews. Sandford is a little unpicturesque—the chimney of its

mill very distinctly so—and there is an obelisk by the lock in memory of two Christchurch men who were drowned there. The pools are pretty, but somewhat dangerous for bathing. The village itself should be visited, for it lies in a well wooded country, with pretty features, hidden behind the churchyard. Here, is an old farmhouse of fine character, dating from the 17th century, and round about it are several examples of picturesque old village dwellings. The church is an ancient structure, going back to Norman times, but chiefly remarkable for its examples of later periods. It has twice been extensively

may often see equal skill displayed with the oar, and in handling the sailing craft which race upon this part of the river. Rose Island is in the midst of the stream, a pleasant place to land at, with the hospitable inn known by the name of the "Swan" upon it. Beyond this point, we very soon approach to Iffley Lock and Mill. The mill is still delightfully picturesque with its timber walls and red tiling, the trees that surround it, and the grey old tower of the church behind. It is a scene that has been very often painted, and thus is familiar even to those who have never visited the place.

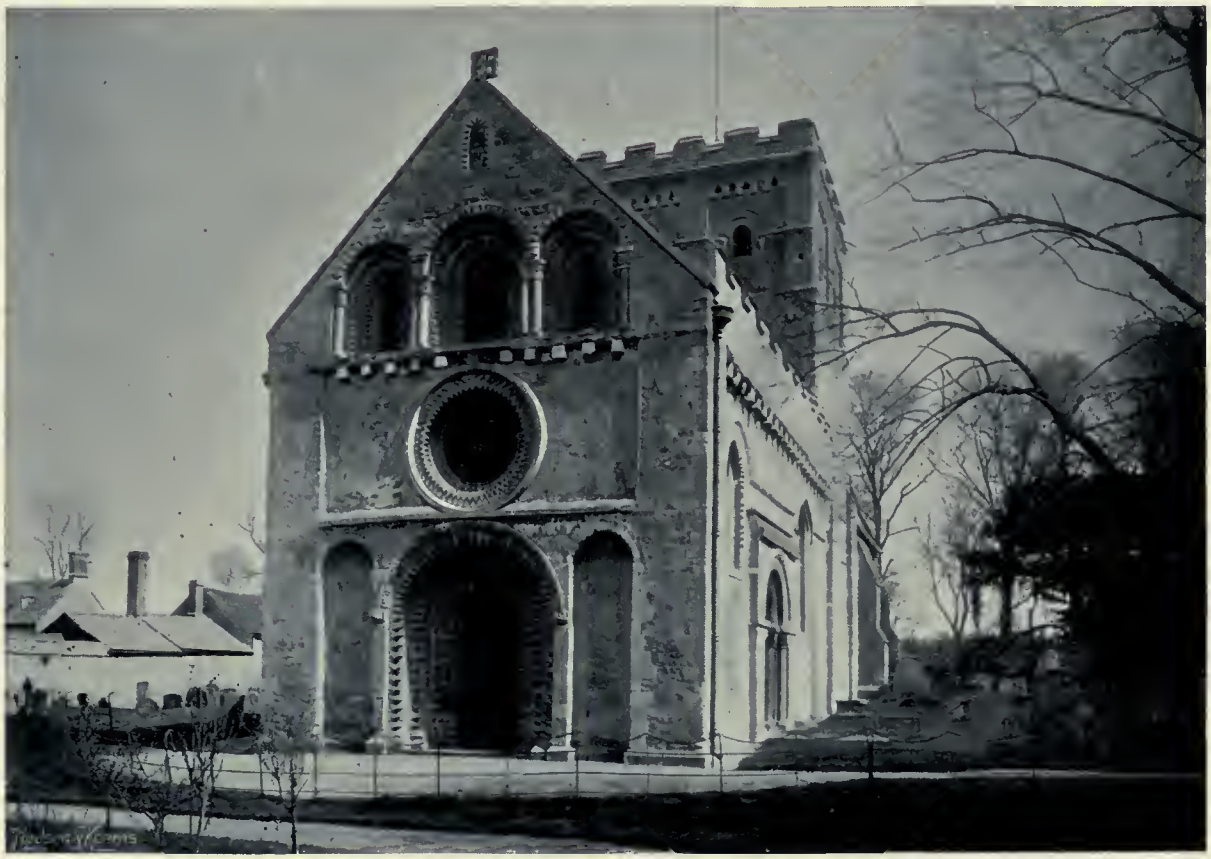


Photo., Taunt. Iffley Church, from the South-west. *Oxford.*

restored, so that much of its ancient character has been taken away. The first restoration was in 1652 by Lady Elizabeth Isham, as is recorded in a very curious tablet over the porch.

"Porticus Patronæ.
"Thankes to thy Charitie, religiose Dame,
Wych found mee old and made mee new againe."

Old gravestones, gay flowers, and fine trees, with a view of the old farmstead, make a very charming picture at Sandford village.

Above the lock is Kennington Reach, a favourite resort of boatmen, upon which you

Our journeying has brought us to many interesting churches, but to none so characteristically curious as that of Iffley, which is a most remarkable example of the enriched work of Norman builders. We do not find here merely the zigzag, or chevron, and billet mouldings of the Norman style, but the zigzag many times multiplied, in combination with extraordinary beak mouldings, and grotesque convoluted carvings of animals in great profusion. The west front is the most remarkable part of the structure. The wall is very thick, and the zigzag and beak carving is carried to a wonderful

Photo., Taunt. Iffley Church, from the South-east (Winter). *Oxford.*

degree of elaboration. The door is flanked by two narrow round-headed arches in the masonry, and has above it a very unusual circular window, with a plain moulding enframing a zigzag ornamentation. Above this again, resting upon plain corbels, are three windows separated by twisted shafts, with triple rows of ornamentation round their arched heads in the thickness of the wall through which they are pierced.

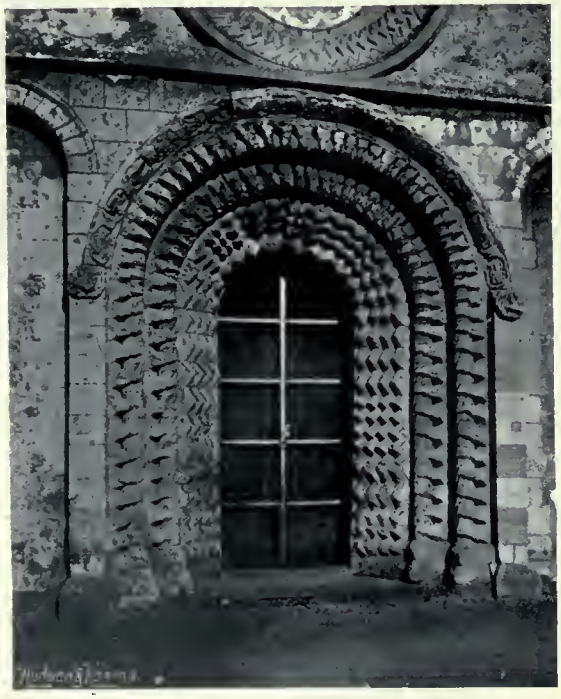


Photo., Taunt. The West Door, Iffley Church. *Oxford.*

Other work of the same kind exists in various parts of the structure. The north and south doors are exceedingly rich examples, with the windows near them. The broad square tower, too, which rises between the nave and the chancel, has rounded headed windows of the best Norman type, the flat pilaster-like buttresses, which are characteristic of the style, and a corbel-table, surmounted by later battlements. There is scarcely a part of this curious structure that will not repay careful examination, for perhaps nowhere in England can such singular examples be found of the grotesque enrichments which were a feature of the Norman style. The eastern portion of the church is somewhat later, having been built about 1270 by Prior Robert De Iffley of Kenilworth, and has lancet windows of simple character. Internally, the building impresses one with a sense of narrowness, due to its length and the absence of aisles. It is adorned with ornamentation like that which has been bestowed upon the windows and doors externally, and the zigzag or chevron decorations, with sunflowers and other carvings, may be seen upon the tower arches. The chancel is groined, the font venerable, and the whole of the interior exceedingly interesting. The churchyard is famous for an ancient yew, and for a tall cross with a restored head, which stands on the south side of the chancel. The Rectory House close by is a very interesting structure, embodying some Perpendicular work, and groups very well with the hoary structure of the church.

Behind Iffley, lie Cowley and Littlemore, the latter well known for its association with the Oxford Movement, and with the residence

Photo., Taunt. Iffley Mill. Oxford.

there of the late Cardinal Newman, who built the church which now stands in the village. In this way Littlemore was linked with a movement which profoundly affected thought in the University, and spread a wave of its influence throughout the country. Near the church is a range of low buildings to which Mark Pattison and others came to be with Newman.

But we are now rapidly approaching Oxford. It is not long before Christchurch Meadows are on our right; the famous Cherwell, which has flowed beneath beautiful Magdalen Bridge and lingered by Addison's Walk, is pouring its waters into the Thames; we have almost reached the end of our journeying. This is the Folly Bridge—not worthy of Oxford, but a substantial structure, dating from the prosaic year 1825. The Grand Pont of early builders was very different; far more picturesque was that old structure, with the tower known as "Friar Bacon's Study" upon it. Lying along the bank from the bridge to beyond the mouth of the Cherwell are the college barges, which have become club houses, and are very gay with life at the time of the college races. These barges were originally those of City companies. Larger and more ornate structures succeeded, but yet the high prow and graceful sweep of the old "Oriel" barge—the last City craft remaining—is not lost to the river. It may be said, in a true sense, that the Oxford University men discovered the river—discovered, that is, the river in a boating sense—and all along the stream, even to Putney and Mortlake, we may find the fruit of the example of Oxford oarsmen. The University Boat House is on the Berkshire shore.

No account of Oxford itself can find a place in these pages. We shall not describe its colleges, its halls, and the many interesting

Photo., Taunt. The College Barges, from the Folly Bridge, Oxford. Oxford.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford. The Old "Oriel" Barge.

places which lie within the city bounds. We must be content to glance at it, so to speak, from the river. Yet, it is not inappropriate to consider briefly what are the interests that make Oxford such a fascinating place for the close of a river journeying, and such a delightful point from which to set out upon a boating excursion. How Oxford rose, is not easy to tell. When first we know the place, it is as a fortified town with a strong Norman castle, lying in the midst of the swampy meadows along the Cherwell, and the intricate network of divided streams into which the river is broken by the meadows of Osney, above the bridge. Then no stately halls or glorious chapels had arisen to give their cloistered calm; there were, perhaps, few grave and reverend dons; the pomp of learning which overawes the Freshman was not yet. But crowds of eager students clamoured for knowledge; youths often with hungry purses, some of them actual beggars, all manifesting nevertheless, the keen thirst for knowledge, which was the mark of Oxford in early days. Greatly changed in its external aspect is the Oxford of the present time. The University has ripened through the centuries. There rests upon it the glamour of its famous associations. Glorious is its architecture, as its memories are great. It is supremely pleasant to pace these beautiful college quadrangles, and look into these old halls and chapels, to hear the bells of Magdalen tower, and walk by the placid Cherwell. But to us Oxford has been merely a destination, and we leave our boat at the bridge knowing well that it was a place of exceeding interest to journey to.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford. Old Folly Bridge and Friar Bacon's Study. *From an Engraving.*

NUNEHAM :
IN THE WOODS

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

NUNEHAM BRIDGE,
FROM THE WOOD.

Photo., Taunt, Oxford.

The Thames Illustrated

A Picturesque Journeying from Richmond to Oxford.

By John Leyland.

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