

**UP THE RIVER FROM
WESTMINSTER TO
WINDSOR: A PANORAMA
IN PEN AND INK**

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Up the River from Westminster to Windsor: A Panorama in Pen and Ink by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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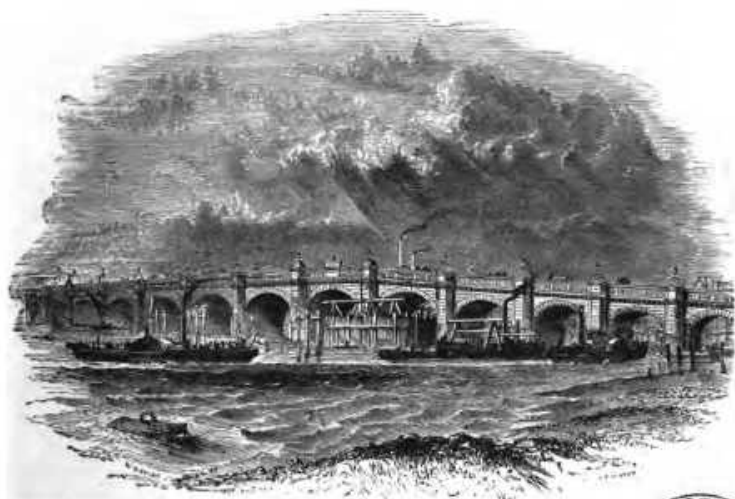
UP THE RIVER

FROM

WESTMINSTER TO WINDSOR.

A PANORAMA IN PEN AND INK.

Illustrated with Eighty-one Engravings and a Map.



OLD WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

For I . . . have loved the rural walk
O'er hills, through valleys, and by river's brink.
E'er since, a truant boy, I passed my bounds
To enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames.

Coinsey.



LONDON: HARDWICKE & BOGUE, 192, PICCADILLY.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	<i>Frontispiece.</i>		PAGE.
Thames Embankment	<i>Frontispiece.</i>	Pope	31
Old Westminster Bridge	<i>Title Page.</i>	Pope's Monument	31
	PAGE.	Twickenham Church	31
New Westminster Bridge	1	Richmond Old Church	32
Chelsea from the River	3	Teddington Church	33
Battersea Red House	4	Kingston Church	34
Old Chelsea Church	4	Thomas Ditton	36
Old Battersea Bridge	5	Wolsey's Tower, Esher	37
Sir Thos. More's Monument	5	Claremont	38
Sir Hans Sloane's Monument	6	Oliver's Monument	38
Putney	7	Princess Charlotte	39
Fulham	7	Hampton Court, looking up stream	40
Bowling Green House	8	Wolsey	41
Chiswick House	11	Hampton Court, West Front	41
Hogarth's Tomb	11	" " Middle Quadrangle	42
Barn Elms House	12	Entrance to Wolsey's Jail	42
Kew Palace	14	Archway, . . . Hampton Court	43
Sion House	14	Portico leading to gardens	46
Isleworth Church	15	Garden Front	46
Richmond Bridge	15	Gate to Private Garden	47
Richmond Hill	16	Centre Avenue	48
Thomson's Garden	17	Busby Park	49
Thomson	18	Garriek's Villa	50
View from Richmond Hill	18	Walton Church	50
Gateway of Richmond Park	19	Windsor Castle, from Bishop's Gate	51
Edward III.	20	Stairs	52
Hanwell Church	21	Milton's Pear Tree	55
The Old Schools: Harrow	21	Horton Church	56
Harrow Church	22	Look at Windsor	57
Harrow in 1851	22	Windsor Castle	58
"Byron's Tomb"	23	Norman Gate and Round Tower, Windsor	59
The Old Chapel of Harrow School	24	Queen Elizabeth's Building	61
Orleans House	25	Eton, from the North Terrace	62
Duke of Buccleuch's Villa	26	East Front	62
Marble Hill	26	Herne's Oak	63
Richmond Great Park	27	Windsor, from Eton	66
Wimbledon Common	28	Eton College and Chapel	67
Wimbledon House	29	Beaconsfield Church	68
Kean's Monument	29	View from Cooper's Hill	68
Pope's Villa, — 1744	30	Stoke Poges Church	69
Lady Howe's Villa, — 1842	30	Gray	72

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UP THE RIVER.

I.

WESTMINSTER TO RICHMOND.



NEW WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

WHAT Londoner, choked with the dust of streets, and deafened by the noise of traffic, has not often looked with wistful eyes at the one dustless and noiseless thoroughfare of the huge city, "Old Father Thames"? Poring over desk and book by gaslight at mid-

day during one of our cheerful fogs, with what longing do we think of the grassy banks a few miles up the river, where there is sunlight and fresh air; and we envy the flowing tide, muddy as it looks, which will so soon have passed for a little while out of dreariness

into daylight. There is a special attraction for all Londoners in going "up stream;" the contrast of scene, the change of atmosphere, are both greater than they can be if we take the other course and journey towards the river's mouth. There is, no doubt, a frame of mind in which we are disposed to seek those haunts where we know it is possible to "spend a happy day;" to eat whitebait at Purfleet (at the risk of being blown up by the largest powder magazine in the kingdom), or shrimps at Southend. We do not disparage Greenwich, with its memories of pensioners, and the attractions of its telescopes, but in our best moods these are not the scenes to which our longing turns; we look up the stream, and pine for the atmosphere of old-world tranquillity which yet hangs around the villas and villages upon its banks. It is above Westminster bridge, starting from the Houses of Parliament, that we look for the haunts of heroes of the past, hard fighters and hard thinkers, and for some of the most characteristic charms of English landscape scenery. Let us suppose, then, either that the long desired holiday has arrived for our Londoner at last, or that our American cousin has run over for a trip to inspect the little island which Americans are always laughing at—with a laugh half envious, half affectionate; the city attractions have lost their charm for each; the Londoner has had enough of the city for the present; the American has "done" the Tower, St. Paul's, the docks, and the wine vaults (why do all Americans make a point of doing the wine vaults? Perhaps because Hawthorne "did" them once!); let us try "fresh fields and pastures new," up the river.

Our starting point, though above the limits of the city proper, is five, six or seven—no one can tell exactly how many—miles below the western edge of the metropolis. The ancient city, with three hundred thousand inhabitants more than two centuries ago, and hardly a hundred thousand to-day, is but the dingy nucleus of a vast nebula of brick, that differs

from a comet in constantly expanding and never contracting. As a sample of its progress, the opening, in the ten years from 1861 to 1871, of six hundred and thirty-five miles of new streets will serve. Nine or ten thousand houses are annually erected—twice as many as are in the same time added to the most rapidly growing American city. About four millions of souls occupy an area of one hundred and thirty-one square miles; this being still but a corner of the space—five hundred and seventy-six—included within the beats of the metropolitan police. London has thus gathered to itself not only home provinces, but outlying colonies. More populous than Rome ever was, her commissariat gives her none of the worry that so complicated the politics of her prototype. Seventy miles of beeves, ten abreast, stalk calmly every year into her capacious maw, and yet she is unsatisfied, and will not be appeased with anything short of a corresponding tribute of sheep, pigs and poultry, to say nothing of fish, vegetables and bread. Statistics like these pass from the arithmetical into the poetic, and approach the sublime. Hecatombs do capital duty in the old epics, but what are hecatombs to such nations of live-stock as these? An army, said Napoleon or Wellington, or both, travels on its belly. London equals in numbers, and exceeds in consumption, forty armies larger than either of these generals had at Waterloo. Indeed, we are bewildered by our very starting point; we have to traverse so much ground before we can get away. A great part of the time is consumed in attaining the point of departure. The most determined sightseer is apt to be wearied before reaching the rural part of his tour, unless he courageously makes up his mind to notice nothing until he is really "off." In these days of underground travelling, this is rendered easier than it used to be.

A century or two ago, when the Lord Mayor and aldermen set out on their annual hunting excursion, their route

lay from "Cheapside down by Fen-church Street, and so to Aldgate Pump," and they soon found themselves, despite the tardy locomotion of their Flemish horses, among the fields! We almost smile now, as we turn from the Strand down towards Whitehall, to think that this was once the "village of Charing," and remember how far away the fields are at present. From where we start on our river expedition, instead of fields or grassy banks, we see, as our eye follows the course of the stream, the traces of the rapid growth of the mighty city, forced prominently on our notice by the magnificent embankment, one of the greatest works of Queen Victoria's reign; and, with all our holiday ardour for the "good old times," we are forced to confess that the beauty and fresh air and health which Westminster and Vauxhall owe to the Thames Embankment, are to be preferred, even by the lover of the picturesque, to the expanse of dreary mud, and noisome tide-marshes, which many of us remember so well.

As we stand on Westminster bridge, we cannot help recalling another famous bridge, of which the poet said, that he saw there "a palace and a prison on each hand;" and again drawing a contrast in our own favour. Happier, in-

deed, to be in the England of to-day, even though the bridge on which we stand be not yet a century and a half old, when, instead of the "palace and the prison" of the Venetian bridge of sighs, we see a palace, not of a tyrant, but of the nation's representatives; a prison, not for the votary or the victim of crime, but for the sick and suffering—the magnificent St. Thomas' Hospital. However, we must not be too hasty in self-gratulation; a glance up the stream painfully reminds us that the prison is not yet a thing of the past, as our eye is caught by the heavy pile of Millbank a little higher up on the north side of the river. Nearly opposite to it, Lambeth, the ancient residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, combines the associations of both palace and prison. Replete with memories of Cardinal Pole, Laud, Juxon, Tillotson, and their successors, that part of its irregular façade which is first sought by the eye of the stranger is the Lollards' tower, wherein the followers of Wycliffe tasted the first fruits, on English soil, of religious persecution.

But far different recollections are awakened by the name of Vauxhall, the southern district where Lambeth Palace stands. Here were the famous gardens,



CHELSEA FROM THE RIVER.