

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY GUIDE.

THE Station of the Great Western Railway is at Paddington, near the end of Praed Street, and close to the canal, 117½ miles from Bristol, from Exeter 182½, and from Cheltenham 119. It is a spacious enclosure affording ample accommodation for all the requisites of a station, while its proximity to the canal gives every facility for conveying goods to the Thames. On entering the gates of the station, the traveller is directed to the booking-offices, where, on paying his fare, he receives a ticket, which is collected by an officer of the Company on starting. He is then conducted to the colonnade, under which the carriages of the train are drawn up, and takes the place pointed out by his ticket. Every information and assistance will be cheerfully afforded by the officers of the establishment, who will take care that his baggage is properly secured.

The arrangements of the establishment are conducted with great regularity and propriety; but the new traveller on a railway will do well not to infringe any of the rules of the Company. Here proper liberality has been shown in drawing up these regulations, and every care been taken that they shall be as consistent with the ease as the safety of the travellers; but on some other lines of railway the code of laws is totally unbecoming a liberal country, being apparently modelled on French or Russian

police ordinances. The traveller may feel perfectly assured about his baggage, not a strap will be broken; he need suffer no anxiety about himself, for the carriage will not be left behind; but if he have any regard for the well-paid accountants of the company, let him look to his booking-ticket. Why, perhaps little Jacky has already sent the little bits of yellow-brown paper flying out of the coach window, or, after having paid your money, you have dropped the scraps in the yard. You had better have thrown away a bank-note or chewed an exchequer-bill; for you are now required to pay all the fares over again, while if, with the spirit of an Englishman, you resist such an imposition, you may be locked up all night with felons in a police cell, and condemned to pay a fine of 5*l.* or 10*l.* Take care how you go to meet your sick wife returning home late at night from the country, where she has been to recover her health; you must wait patiently until she has been hustled by the swell mob, and had her pocket picked in the confusion of arrival, and if you behave quietly, after peering in the faces of fifty individuals, you may see one carrying off your own baggage, or at last meet your wife sinking under the insults she has met with, or the fatigues she has endured. If she has lost any thing, be careful how you go into the station to seek for it, because for that act you may also be dragged off to the police jail, and your wife and children after all their fatigues still go on their way unattended. These are cases which the daily police reports have repeatedly confirmed, and they are but small parts of an abuse which is as derogatory to the privileges of our country, as it is disgraceful to those who have asked for and obtained it. The eagle-eyed legislators who had such an anxiety to put a stop to share-jobbing, have in almost every act sanctioned these enormities; and while so careful of the property of those who abjured their interference, have had no regard

either to the great principles of constitutional power, or the protection of the public rights and privileges. By this means is created an "imperium in imperio" invested with powers more oppressive than those of a tax-gatherer, and at that very time when the universal voice has compelled a mitigation of the rigours of the excise laws. These are abuses which loudly call for amendment, and many members of either house might be much worse employed than in remedying errors created by their own ignorance and neglect. As to any appeal to the officers or managers of the Company under such wrongs, there is no individual feeling which you can impress, but all are hardened by that spirit of association, to effect which it seems as if all private sentiment of honour and duty must be discarded. In vain is the appeal to the regulations of the Company—they are clung to as the watchful dragon which must guard against speculation, and the magic cestus which is to keep the accounts always perfect, and the dividends ever blooming. To this legislation of corporate avarice the lines of Livy* apply most strongly: "Regem hominem esse, a quo impetres, ubi jus, ubi injuria opus sit; esse gratiæ locum, esse beneficio; et irasci et ignoscere posse. Leges rem surdam, inexorabilem esse; nihil laxamenti nec veniæ habere, si modum excesseris."

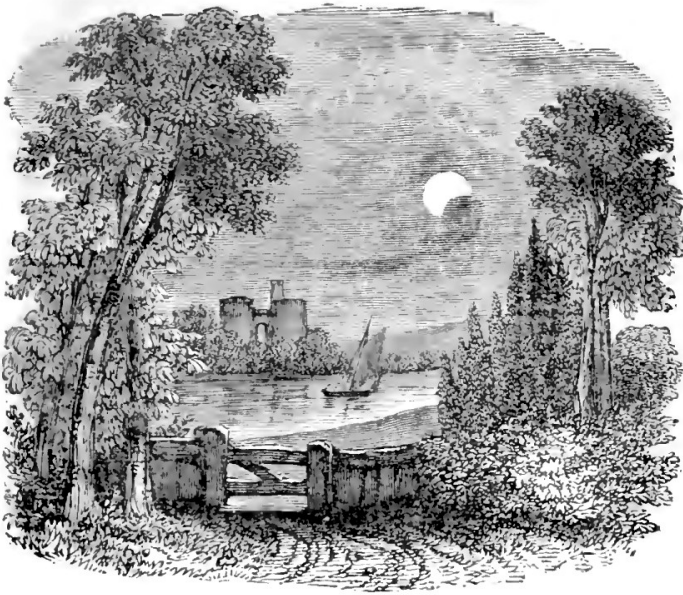
In his course along the line the traveller must occasionally regret that a great part of the road is sunk too low to afford a view of the country, but the beautiful scenes which present themselves at the different openings, more than repay the temporary privation. The scenery is of a mild and subdued character, but clothed with all that rich vegetation which is the glory of the geological district called the London basin, through which the railway runs

* Book II. Chap. iii.

to Reading, first through the London clay, and afterwards the plastic clay. This formation, it is almost unnecessary to inform the reader, is one of the most interesting of the tertiary formation, coinciding in character with the Paris and Hampshire basins, and belonging to the eocene period. It extends with its chalk boundary from Norfolk to the middle of Kent, and from the North Sea into Wiltshire. The plastic clay presents very few organic remains, but the London clay abounds with objects of the highest interest. Here beneath tracts often covered with snow, are all the relics of a tropical clime, seeming to realize Milton's idea of wheeling the axis of the globe many degrees, so that at one period our island might have occupied the position of that Indian empire, over which we now bear rule. The thickness of this stratum sometimes exceeds 500 feet, and under the foundations of the giant metropolis it encloses relics as interesting as the tombs of heroes and poets which lie on its surface. Here are to be found the bones of the crocodile and the turtle, and shells like those of the Paris basin, attesting the former presence of the ocean, while the neighbouring land, once waving with all the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, has left in these strata hundreds of species of fruits, recalling the cocoa and spices of the Indies. This was a fitting birth-place for the Queen of the Seas; for here, like the omens which often presented themselves on building an ancient city, are to be found the emblems of the distant climes over which she was destined to bear sway.

The Thames for a long time remains concealed in the distance; but the numerous tributary streams, and the freshness of the herbage attest his neighbourhood, while the beauty of the scenery seems to do homage to his presence. The number of individual objects it is impossible to detail, nor would

there be space to record all the historical sites which now pass under review, but just as the embankments present only a transient glimpse of the landscape, so we must be contented with a partial selection from the multitude which we cannot embrace. The whole scene presents attractions worthy of this great metropolis, and affords unrivalled specimens of that rich landscape which forms the peculiar beauty of our country. The position of the railway also is admirably calculated to enhance the verdant hills and plains in all their glory. On leaving London with the evening, the sinking western sun shines ahead of the railway, and casts a luxuriant red glow on the bright green herbage, while the traveller glides on his way with a tranquillity which is in keeping with the retiring quiet of the scene. He may move as smoothly on the highway or on the river, but here are no windings to bend about the scenery in his eyes; all passes with a steadiness which not even the rapidity of the motion disturbs. This is the scene for meditation; the capital of the world, with all its busy hum, is fading into the distant east, the wonders of human ingenuity fly with him on his way, while old Father Thames, rich in poetic honours, recalls to his view a never-exhausted scene of charter-meetings and battle-fields, the proud feats of kings and the triumphs of the people, the modern palace and the antiquated castle, a stream flowing with riches and pleasure, while the red autumnal sun, sinking in the west, gives one kind smile to the fields which blush beneath his gaze. The roll of the engine seems scarcely to disturb the quiet of the time, but like a huge clock to measure with its tick the hours which pass away in solitude. The cattle move slowly towards the homestead, the bird gives its last carol, the hum of labour has ceased, and the fuming train drags on to the close of its evening journey.



On leaving the Paddington terminus, we pass under the Westbourne road, carried over us on seven arches, and enter a cutting of a mile long through the clay with three bridges. The railway takes its course through the suburbs, and is on every side encompassed by scenes which are too familiar to need recapitulation. It follows for some distance the side of the Paddington canal, until it comes to *Kensal Green*. Here a prospect is enjoyed for some distance, and the view of several fine engineering works; within a quarter of a mile is the Paddington canal, and a little farther the Birmingham railway,* while across these two the Birmingham, Bristol, and

* Those who are desirous of acquiring an intimate knowledge of that line of country, are recommended to avail themselves of the cheap and copious London and Birmingham Railway Guide, which is published by Mr. Wylde.

Thames Junction Railway, approaches to unite these lines to the Thames at Sandend, Fulham. On the right are the grounds of the General Cemetery Company, covering fifty acres, and containing many chaste and elegant monuments. A very remarkable feature of the grounds is a temple to Hygeia, to commemorate the notorious St. John Long; while a tomb to another quack exhibits a novelty in the art of puffing. The Frenchwoman in *Père la Chaise* was contented with inscribing on her husband's tomb, that "his disconsolate widow still keeps the sausage shop, No. 55, rue St. Antoine;" but our universal pillmonger has beaten this hollow. On a tomb as large and conspicuous as an advertisement cart, he has had engraved, "The family Tomb of James Morrison, the Hygeist." As the Irishman said, "May he live to occupy it!" We have now another cutting through the clay a mile long, and pass under the canal bridge of two arches. On the left hand lie *Wormwood Scrubbs*, the grand scene of military exercises and reviews, being a large plain maintained by the government for this purpose. We have then a short embankment and a deep cutting.

A little farther on, the railway, having passed a curve, pursues a more southerly direction. On the left lies *Acton*, a suburban parish, with a living in the gift of the Bishop of London. It has a public school for the orphan sons of the clergy, and wells of aperient water. Its population is 2453.

Acton Station

From London 4 miles.

From Cheltenham 115 miles.

Miles.

To Turnham Green.. 2½

To Chiswick..... 3

To Hammersmith.... 3½

From Bristol 113½ miles.

From Exeter 188½ miles.

From Bath 102½ miles.




On the right is the road to *Twyford*, one of the most respectably-inhabited parishes in England. It has but one house, the occupant of which is perpetual churchwarden of the chapelry. The living has no incumbent, in which state it has remained since the days of Queen Elizabeth. Our route now lies through a cutting two and a quarter miles long.

On proceeding about a mile, we have on the left *Ealing*, a suburban outwork of the metropolis. The parish extends to Old Brentford, containing a large population and many handsome villas.

Ealing Station.

From London $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

From Cheltenham $113\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

	<i>Miles.</i>	
To Brentford.....	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	
To Kew Bridge.....	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	
To Richmond New		
Church.....	4 $\frac{1}{4}$	

From Bristol $112\frac{1}{4}$ miles.



From Exeter 187 miles.

From Bath 101 miles.

The trains now arrive at the splendid Wharncliffe Viaduct, over the River Brent, one of the finest works of its class, and 900 feet long. The embankment is formed of gravel, in consequence of which the progress of the works between Acton and Maidenhead was not affected by the wet winter of 1836. The viaduct received its name in compliment to Lord Wharncliffe, the Chairman of the Committee of the House of Lords on the Act of Incorporation. The River Brent, after receiving tributaries from the hills between Barnet and London, here passes under the railway to disgorge itself in the Thames at Brentford. On the right lies the village of *Hanwell*, partly situated on rising ground, and remarkable more for its rustic seclusion than for its historical notoriety. Near it is the fine seat called *Hanwell Park*. On the left is the magnificent asylum for pauper lunatics, be-

longing to the county of Middlesex. It has recently been enlarged, and is now as remarkable for the enlightenment of its system, as for the convenience of its arrangement. The greatest mildness is observed towards the unfortunate inmates, and while every facility of exercise is given for their physical relief, their mental recovery is promoted by employments adapted to their previous habits.

Hanwell Station.

From London $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles.	From Cheltenham 111 miles.
<i>Miles.</i>	
To Brentford..... $2\frac{1}{2}$	+ 
To Isleworth 4	+ 
From Bristol $110\frac{1}{2}$ miles.	From Exeter $185\frac{1}{2}$ miles.
From Bath $99\frac{1}{2}$ miles.	

Not far from this is *Southall Park*, the seat of Sir W. Ellis. Beyond this the Brent pursues its course by Boston House, the seat of Colonel Clitheroe, to *Brentford* on the Thames, which is one of the invasions of the metropolis on the rural districts, and is a market-town composed of two portions, the western of which, New Brentford, is in the parish of Hanwell and hundred of Elthorne; and Old Brentford, to the east, is in the parish of Ealing and hundred of Ossulstone. It is joined by a toll-bridge over the Thames to Kew, which may be regarded as its suburb. The town takes its name from the river Brent, which here flows into the Thames, and forms the outlet of the Grand Junction Canal. It is crossed by an ancient bridge, which at one time was supported by a tax levied exclusively on Jewish passengers. The town was anciently called Braineferd, and was the scene of a battle in 1016, between the brave Edmund Ironside and the Danes, who were defeated. In the parliamentary wars, the partisans of Charles I. drove

back a detachment of the popular army from this place, for which the Scotch Earl of Forth was created Earl of Brentford. In 1813, some alluvial organic remains were found here in the clay, consisting of the teeth and bones of the elephant, hippopotamus, ox, and deer. The town, although on the banks of the Thames, confers no beauty on them, having a very ungainly appearance, and forming a long narrow street. The brick church at Old Brentford is a chapel-of-ease, dedicated to St. George, with an altar-piece of the Lord's Supper by Zoffany. The living is a curacy in the patronage of the vicar of Ealing. At the west end of the town, on the left hand side, is the chapel-of-ease for New Brentford, similarly a curacy, and in the patronage of the vicar of Hanwell. It is dedicated to St. Lawrence, and reckoned among its incumbents the learned John Horne Tooke, one of the greatest philologers of his day. The Independents, Presbyterians, Baptists, and Wesleyans have also places of worship. A Charity-school was founded in 1703, and there is a Female-school of Industry and a Sunday-school: also two Almshouses. The town-hall and market-place is a wretched-looking hogsty. There is a respectable Literary Institution. The gas-works here supply Richmond and Kew. The chief trade is in malt, flour, distilling, &c. It is a polling-place for Middlesex, and the seat of the county court for the election of members. *Population*, 5196: viz., Old Brentford, 2274; New Brentford, 2085; Kew, 837. *Inns*, Castle, Bell, Pigeon, Red Lion, and Royal Hotel. *Market-day*, Tuesday. *Fairs*, May 17th, 18th, and 19th; and September 12th and 13th for horses, cattle, hogs, &c. *Kew* is reached by a stone bridge of seven arches, and is famous for its botanic gardens, now thrown open to the public, and for the tomb of Gainsborough, the painter of the Market-Cart in the National Gallery.

The Great Western Road at night now forms one blaze of gas from Hounslow, ten miles from London.

Recalling our attention to the railway, we find ourselves, on crossing the Uxbridge road, enjoying a delightful prospect of a rich country, watered by numerous vassal streams of old father Thames. A curious accident occurred to the embankment beyond the viaduct, from a partial elevation of the ground caused by the unusual pressure of the embankment, in which some depression consequently took place. Careful investigation was immediately made, and the cause being found in the peculiar position of a thin stratum of clay, on which part of the embankment rested, effectual means have been taken to prevent any ultimate injury to the work. On the left hand, the Grand Junction Canal follows the course of the railway from its embranchment with the Paddington Canal to its union with the Brent. Beyond it is the Earl of Jersey's handsome seat, *Osterley Park*, a square building, containing a good library and picture gallery. Proceeding a little farther on the right, we have *Southall*, which has a famous weekly market for cattle, being next in rank in the county to Smithfield. Its inns are the White Hart and the Red Lion.

Southall Station.

From London 8½ miles. From Cheltenham 110½ miles.

	<i>Miles.</i>	
To Heston	1½	
To Hayes	2½	
To Harlington	3	← ⊕ →
To Hounslow	3	

From Bristol 108½ miles. From Exeter 183½

From Bath 97½ miles.

On the left is *Heston*, celebrated for its wheat, which, in Queen Elizabeth's time, is said to have been reserved for the royal table: it has a population of 3407. Close by, on the banks of the canal, is a powder

magazine with barracks. Beyond this, on the western road, is *Hounslow*, a market-town 10 miles from London, partly in the parish of Heston, and partly in that of Isleworth. It is a sacred spot in the annals of English liberty, being the scene of a tournament, preparatory to the obtaining of the great charter, and of the conference between the partisans of Henry III. and the Dauphin of France. On the heath, the parliamentary armies were frequently encamped, and also those of Charles I. In 1688, James II. was struck with despair in his very camp, by the shouts with which the acquittal of the prelates was hailed by the assembled soldiery. The principal support of the town is derived from the traffic of passengers, and the only manufacture is that of gunpowder. Barracks were erected here in 1793. There was formerly a priory, which gave rise to the present church, a succursal of Heston. There is also a handsome new district church at the west of the town. The heath was formerly noted for its highway robberies, but is now brought into some degree of culture. The inns are the George, Red Lion, and Rose and Crown.

We now arrive at the point at which the railway crosses successively the Grand Junction Canal, its branch to Paddington, and the Yealding brook, which is a stream disembouching in the Thames at Twickenham. On the right is the handsome church of *Hayes*, on the Uxbridge road, containing several curious and ancient monuments. Its population is 1575; and the inns are the Adam and Eve, Angel, and White Hart. Two miles farther on the Uxbridge road is *Hillingdon*, which is the mother church of Uxbridge. On the heath is a seat in the Italian style, built by the Count de Salis. The inn is the Red Lion.

The Grand Junction Canal is now running on our right in front of Hayes and Hillingdon, and on our

left is *Cranford*, with a church dedicated to St. Dunstan, and containing many tombs of the Earls of Berkeley, who have here a fine seat and park. The population is 377, and the inn the White Hart. A little farther is the ancient village of *Harlington*, *Harlingdown*, or *Arlington*, with a church entered by a finely-preserved Saxon arch of great beauty, and near which is a yew tree, of which the trunk is twenty feet in circumference. Here are still some remains of *Dawly*, or *D'Oyley*, house, the seat of the celebrated Bolingbroke; and the village once gave title to the well-known Cabal minister, Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, who was born here in 1618. The population is 648. At *Sipson Green*, on the Maidenhead road, is the Magpies inn. Farther on, to the left, is *Harmondsworth*, which formerly possessed an alien priory of Benedictine monks. It is now remarkable for one of the largest and most ancient barns in England, supported by columns of stone. Its population is 1276.

We have now passed over the Uxbridge road by a fine bridge, and have arrived at the

West Drayton Station.

From London 13 miles.		From Cheltenham 106 miles.	
	<i>Miles.</i>		<i>Miles.</i>
To West Drayton ...		To Uxbridge	3
To Colnbrook	4	To Rickmansworth by	
To Staines	6½	Uxbridge	10
		To Amersham by Ux-	
		bridge.....	14
From Bristol 104½ miles.		From Exeter 179½ miles.	
		From Bath 93½ miles.	

In the Colne here is good fishing.
 On arriving at West Drayton station omnibuses are in attendance to convey passengers to Uxbridge; but the pedestrian has the choice of two roads, one

through Hillingdon, mentioned in the last page, and the other through Cowley.

UXBRIDGE is an ancient borough and market-town, 15 miles from London on the Oxford road, supposed to have been founded by King Alfred. It was formerly surrounded by a ditch, and was a garrison town: it consists principally of one street, standing on a gentle declivity, on the banks of the river Coln, situated in a fine earth of London clay, upon which an extensive brick manufacture is carried on, occupying many hundred persons. It is only a hamlet of Hillingdon, but the greater part of the town has been paved and lighted under a separate Act. It is a polling-place for Middlesex, the seat of a petty sessions for the surrounding districts, and of a county court of requests, which is held the first Tuesday in every month for the recovery of debts under forty shillings. The river Colne turns a good many flour-mills for the supply of the London market, and a considerable trade is carried on by the Grand Junction Canal. It is the seat of one of the largest corn-markets in the kingdom, and has long been famous for its bread: besides bricks, it has manufactures of agricultural tools, and Windsor chairs, and also large plate glass works, and two breweries. During the civil wars in 1646, it was the scene of the negotiations between the Parliament and Charles I., which, however, the treachery of the misguided monarch rendered unsuccessful. He is said to have offered to create Cromwell a duke, and give him the Order of the Garter, but that great man refused to betray his country. The conference was held in an ancient brick mansion at the west end of the town called the Treaty House, now occupied as the Crown Inn, in which the room of meeting is still preserved. The Market-house, which is large and convenient, stands near the centre of the town, and was built in 1789. There are two bridges over

the river Colne, and one over the canal, which has on its banks a number of warehouses and wharfs. The Church, dedicated to St. Margaret, was erected in the reign of Henry VI., and consists of a chancel, nave, and lateral aisles, divided by octagonal columns and pointed arches. At the north-west end is a low square tower, and in the interior are several fine monuments, and an ancient octagonal stone font. The Baptists, Quakers, and Independent Methodists have also places of worship here. There is a Subscription-library and Reading-room, which contains about 1500 volumes; a Mechanics Institution; a Free School founded in 1809, supported by voluntary subscriptions; a School of Industry for girls; and a Unitarian girls' school founded in 1812 by Mr. Brooksbank. Uxbridge gives the title of Earl to the Pagets, Marquesses of Anglesea. *Population*, 3043. *Inns*, the White Horse, Chequers, King's Arms, and Three Tuns. *Market-days*, Thursday, and Saturday. *Fairs*, March 25 statute, July 31, September 29, for hiring servants only, and October 10 for horses, cows, and sheep.

The traveller proceeds from Uxbridge across the Colne, into Buckinghamshire, and crossing the Misbourne, and passing Denham, enters Hertfordshire.

RICKMANSWORTH is a market-town and parish in Hertfordshire, in the hundred of Casheo, situated 48 miles from London, at the confluence of the rivers Gade and Chess with the Colne, and on the Grand Junction Canal, about 3 miles from the Watford station of the Birmingham Railway. On the rivulets formed in the neighbourhood are several flour, cotton, silk, and paper mills, and the female part of the population is extensively employed in the manufacture of straw plat. The government of the town consists of two constables and two headboroughs. The church, dedicated to St. John, is a

large edifice, with a chancel, nave, and lateral aisles, and containing several ancient monuments, particularly to the Monmouth family, but not of any general interest. At the end is a handsome embattled tower. The living is a vicarage in the Archdeaconry of St. Albans, in the diocese of London, and in the gift of the Bishop. There is a charity-school and two almshouses. Here was born Sir Thomas White, Merchant Tailor, founder of Gloucester and St. John's Colleges, Oxford. *Population*, 4574. *Inns*, the Swan, and the George. *Market-day*, Saturday. *Fairs*, July 20, and November 24 for black cattle, sheep, and hogs, and Saturday before the third Monday in September, for hiring servants.

At *Warren Hill*, in the neighbourhood, is a remarkable echo, and close by is *Moore Park*, the seat of the Earl of Wilton. Should the traveller choose to return by the Birmingham Railway or proceed farther on the line, he will obtain every information on that subject in 'Wyld's Guide to the London and Birmingham Railway,' and also in 'Wyld's Grand Junction Railway Guide.'

The traveller leaves Uxbridge by the Aylesbury road, and pursues the course of the poetic Misbourne, a tributary of the Colne. On the right is the parish church of *Denham*, and, turning to the right at Redhill, about five miles on the road, is the village of *Chalfont St. Peter*. Proceeding onwards, at the seventh mile, is *Chalfont St. Giles*, a site ever illustrious in the annals of English song. Here Milton retired, in 1665, during the raging of the great plague, and here he finished the "Paradise Lost." In this village, his friend, John Ellwood, the learned Quaker, is said to have suggested the idea of another great work. He observed to Milton,— "Well, friend John, thou hast given us a Paradise Lost, what sayest thee to Paradise Regained?"— The population of the village is 1279. Four miles farther we arrive at

AMERSHAM or **AGMONDESHAM**, an ancient borough, market town, and parish, $25\frac{3}{4}$ miles from London, in the hundred of Burnham, and county of Buckingham. It consists of one long street, intersected by a short one, with a church in the centre, and is situated on the banks of the Misbourne, among the woody hills. It formerly sent two members to Parliament, but suffered the right to remain in abeyance for four centuries, when on petition they were restored; under the Reform Bill, however, it is totally disfranchised. The principal manufactures are black lace and cotton, and there is a good market. The town-hall is one of the handsomest in the country, and was erected in 1642 by Sir W. Drake. It is a brick building, with a lantern and clock, and having a basement of pillars and arches used as a market. The church is a spacious edifice, in the Gothic style, with a tower at the west end. In the interior is a handsome painted window, and several fine monuments to the Drake family, one of which is by Scheemakers. The living, one of the best in the county, is a rectory in the archdeaconry of Bucks, and the gift of the Drake family. *Population*, 2816. *Inns*, the Crown and Griffin. *Market-day*, Tuesday. *Fairs*, Whit-Monday and Sept. 9, for sheep.

One mile from the town on the Aylesbury road is *Shardeloes*, the seat of T. F. Drake, Esq. It is a handsome edifice, with a portico of four columns, from designs by Adams, and is situated on a hill, overlooking a fine sheet of water formed by the Misbourne, and affording splendid views of the surrounding country. The interior is well fitted up, and the grounds, formed out of a morass, are maintained with great spirit and ability.

The traveller can proceed to Colnbrook by Harmondsworth, before described.

COLNBROOK is a small ancient market-town, situated 17 miles from London on the great western