

DOWNLOAD PDF LONDON BUILDING WORLD OF THE EIGHTEEN-SIXTIES

Chapter 1 : George Somers Leigh Clarke - Wikipedia

Get this from a library! The London building world of the eighteen-sixties. [John Summerson] -- A child of divorced parents, fifteen-year-old Suzy Slade becomes involved in her loved ones' complex affairs of the heart.

In the early days of railways several such firms had existed, Braithwaite and Ericsson, already referred to; Rennie and Company at Blackfriars, and W. But all had disappeared except England. He started about ; attracted attention at the Great Exhibition of with an engine called Little England, and likewise did well at the Exhibition of This was creditable as his factory was a full mile from the nearest railway-station, so that all material and fuel had to be carted to the works, and the locomotives, when built, carted away from them. As some weighed thirty tons, this was no light undertaking. England and Company came to a sad end. Their men, many of whom were from Lancashire, struck while an important contract was in course of execution and dealt the firm a blow from which it could not rally. The works were closed and locomotive building in London came to an end. This strike simulated on a small scale the disastrous one which extinguished ship-building as a Thames industry. The erstwhile occupants had had to emigrate to the Clyde and elsewhere-to less genial climates and inferior accommodation - often to earn reduced wages. And now in it looks as if Old Father Time, bent on another of his usual revenges, and very effectively aided by the trade unions, is driving ship-building from the Clyde to the Tyne, the Wear and the Lagan. It was in that I got my last views of Thames ship-building activity. With other members of my rowing club I made a down-river excursion one afternoon - it was the day on which the news of the battle of Sadowa was received - in a four-oared gig and passed close to the ironclad Northumberland just launched from, I think, the Thames Iron Works. She was a monster for that date. On a similar outing another day we passed a shipbuilding works near Blackwall just as a steamer for a South American Government was launched with steam up and stores and crew on board. Almost as soon as she was afloat the screw began to revolve and her nose turned down the river. After a very, brief interval she glided away amidst cheers and dipping of flags. An amusing reflex of Thames shipbuilding came to me in , when, with Mr. Anthony Reckenzaum, a Hungarian electrical engineer of some fame domiciled in England and a German friend of his, I joined the paddle-steamer Kaiser at Coblenz for a trip up the Rhine. The boat was a double- funnelled, powerful craft, and stemmed the rapid current masterfully. Our Deutscher called attention to the fact and took occasion to praise the efficiency of German ships and machine building with considerable complacency. Reckenzaum was surprised and delighted. Reckenzaum specialised in electric traction [] and navigated the first electro-motor launch across the Channel. On the occasion of the Rhine trip he was going home to Hungary, where he contracted an illness of which he ultimately died. One of the quaint institutions of Greenwich was and still is the Trinity House Almshouse for respectable aged Greenwich men which stands on the river front at the end of the passage of funny wooden houses leading eastward from the Trafalgar Tavern. It is a Greenwich Hospital on a small scale for poor men generally instead of for seamen. Despite its name it has no connection with the Trinity Brethren, and, although it has occasionally formed a last port of refuge for weather-worn pilots, has no special duties towards them. Founded by an Earl of Northampton in , the charity has long been administered by the Mercers Company, whose Managing Committee still pay an annual visit of inspection. The resulting slope still forms at low water a source of delight to river-side urchins, for whose skill in climbing acclivities it constitutes a severe test. The Almshouse has an old-world appearance and would look well enough with its square tower and clock were it not dwarfed and overshadowed by the monstrous, in taste as well as size, Electricity Generating Station which the London County Council have been permitted to inflict on the classic neighbourhood, ghoulishly spoiling the much-admired view of the Hospital from Observatory Hill and other points. A Limited Company is popularly supposed to have no soul: The old house has an extensive and well-kept garden attached, and with its sun-dial and fountain must seem an anticipatory slice of Paradise to the poor old men whose haven it is. The garden extends as far as the Old Woolwich Road, which anciently, before the opening of Trafalgar Road, formed the

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main highway through East Greenwich; [] it has a door leading into this thoroughfare which bears the date of inside and outside, of which anomaly I never heard any adequate explanation. Trinity House boasts no centenarian on its roll but has, on more than one occasion, preserved an inmate up to ninety-eight. The delicious scent of a favourite dish of mine-Irish Stew-which often pervaded the cloisters at dinner-time, probably contributed, I used to think, to this Methuselahism. As a boy I knew something of Trinity House; as an old man I respect it still. The Old Woolwich Road has been greatly rebuilt since the s. It then contained many quaint houses, with wells in their back gardens; several old-fashioned inns, one of which, the Princess Alice, had an inner courtyard; "National" schools, built in , for boys and girls, with the foundation of which the Rev. Soames had had a good deal to do. The boy scholars wore a grey uniform with Glengarry cap. The term National School generally meant Charity School, i. Farther down the road was a Ragged School for boys and girls, similarly supported, of which Mr. The scholars were of the poorest, and those who had no expectation of dinner at home could stay in and banquet modestly. Newton, was an accomplished and kindly man. But religious feeling ran high in Greenwich in those days; not nice to record, perhaps, but at all events a fact that evinced interest in the higher order of things. Greenwich Park was quieter than now except on the riotous days of public holiday, when trains, steamers and omnibuses poured an unintermittent stream of humanity into it from morning till evening. Then it was by far livelier, for the Cockney had fewer places to fly to and Greenwich as a haven of pleasure stood high in his esteem. The flower-garden near the Blackheath Gate did not exist and there was no bandstand. The deer had a greater expanse [] of glade and sward. We boys traversed the Park very often on our way to and from cricket and football on Black.. In the Park itself no formal games were allowed, but we gloried in the avenues of ancient chestnut-trees whose swelling boles afforded foothold for feats of dexterity and whose copious yields of fruit were famous near and far; and there were gravel-pits with steep sides in which we formed and stormed fortifications. It was indeed a jolly place to live near to. Amusements in Greenwich were neither numerous nor elaborate. The excellent railway service brought the London theatres very close and it was not till the late s that the town boasted a playhouse of its own. Where it stands, next the Baths and Wash-houses which Greenwich, to its credit, established in the s used to be a vacant plot which was a favourite pitch for circuses and other wandering shows. The fugitive highwayman, wearing a red coat, knee-breeches, buckled shoes and three-cornered hat, all very shabby, shot Tom King and rode several times round the ring, jumping over ordinary hurdles, followed by two or three highly supposititious Bow Street runners doing the same and shouting. That hero pulled up after a few more rounds, and Black Bess, who looked suspiciously like a piebald colt blackened over, lay down. The man sat on her and threw down his whip despairingly. Then a pistol was fired. Dick started, picked up the whip, hid his face in the ample cuff of his coat, and cried or laughed himself out. And the circus was crowded at 3d. There was a Hall on Royal Hill next to the Baths when. These sometimes [] included a panorama. I doubt whether the picture-surfeited children of know exactly what that was, and quite sure that after the "movies they would vote it slow and babyish. It was a series of pictures wound on huge rollers operated by a winch or other device, so that they could be successively presented to an audience. A lecturer - sometimes competent, sometimes much the reverse - described each scene as displayed. I remember a panorama, about , which dealt with Palestine, one of the tableaux showing the celebration of Christmas Midnight Mass in the Church of the Nativity. There was an organ in the Hall and this was played softly and solemnly while the gas was turned low and the brilliantly illuminated altar, surmounted by a huge cross, shown up by lights behind. The sombre church, the shadowy congregation, the glitter- hag crucifix, the subtle music, impressed me powerfully and I felt that I should like to be, oh, so good! Whether that came to pass it would not become me to say; but being in Monte Video at Christmas, , and hearing that a Midnight Mass was to be celebrated at the Cathedral, memories of the Royal Hill picture came upon me - and I determined to be present. The scene was quite like that depicted in the old panorama-gloomy arches, indistinct worshippers, shining altar, solemn organ - but the heart of the beholder was changed somehow. I had a Kodak in my pocket, and, finding a convenient niche, took a minute exposure of the mystic scene. It showed the altar up well, but little else. Panoramas like that at Greenwich

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were instructive in a high degree. I am sure that I came away knowing much more about the Holy Land than when I went in, and as for midnight masses I had never suspected that such things existed, although I had got a Roman Catholic priest for an uncle. Magic-lantern exhibitions of voyages and travels with spoken explanations of the slides were likewise frequent at Greenwich and no doubt helped to lighten the darkness enveloping the masses. There was a Society which distributed free tickets for them to poor children. Now we present our children - both boys and girls - with animated "penny dreadfuls" in unlimited quantity and see no harm in it. Worthy pictures and good lecturers would be even as high-voltage lamps in the murkiest grottoes of Ignorance. There was another kind of panorama occasionally seen in London - a set scene or big picture built in with rock-work or other accessories which the spectator viewed from a supposed roof or brow of a hill. Also Ancient Rome I wondered where the chimney-pots were, and thought the artist must have forgotten them with a Triumph in progress; and the Battle of Trafalgar painted by a German! One evening in I was reading a tale by Greenwood, in after-years the Amateur Casual and Editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, in which the dark arches of the Adelphi and the nightly concourse there of street arabs and homeless children were vividly depicted - Dr. Barnardo, destined to disperse such congregations, was not yet-when I suddenly felt sick and had to put it aside. An attack of scarlet fever developed and kept me a prisoner for several weeks. Robinson Crusoe I had familiarly known for at least six years, but Peter, with his flying men, I thought ran him close in interest, although I noted a likeness between the cavern into which he was drawn and one of the experiences of Sinbad the Sailor. A coloured picture showed Wilkins navigating his boat, tiller in hand, through the tossing waves of the cavern which the [] text described as being pitch dark. Another reminiscence of my early Greenwich days relates to "Walk on Jenkins," whose phantom occasionally intrudes even yet on my remembrance. He was the policeman of our immediate neighbourhood, and was held in detestation by children for his inflexibility about games in the public streets, and his habit of impounding hoops bowled on footpaths, which had to be reclaimed at the station at the expense of a lecture from the grey-haired Inspector in which hints of dire penalties to be incurred in the event of future breaches of the regulations were freely scattered. Constable Jenkins rarely passed a group of boys at a street corner or elsewhere without saying, "Walk on there! When "Walk on Jenkins" interfered once in a fight and got his eyes blackened and his tall leathern hat bashed over his face by a local pugilist known as Slogger Ward, there was rejoicing round the walls of the ancient Park and the sun seemed to shine a bit brighter that day. It was said that having a wife and children at home, once a week, after his spell of duty on the streets, he had to doff the blue uniform of the Queen, top-hat, truncheon and rattle, tuck up his shirt-sleeves and do the family washing. He had certainly been seen banging "things" out to dry.

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Chapter 2 : John Summerson | LibraryThing

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How London was rebuilt and the people of London fled to escape the dirt, noise and inconvenience of it all. Stoke Newington expanded rapidly between and It is not easy to see why until one realises what an uncomfortable place the City of London became in this period. The list below shows why people ran away to the fields of Stoke Newington and elsewhere. Work done in these twenty years in London Main drainage. Four sewers zigzagged west to east. This huge cutting was then floored, lined with brick, roofed, and arched over. Then main roads were built on the top strong enough to take heavy traffic. Houses on the way were demolished and the people had to find somewhere else to live. Imagine the noise and confusion and the way people had to uproot themselves and find somewhere else to live. District Railway built the Inner Circle Line. Again this was in a cutting which had to be covered in some places and bridged in others. Victoria Embankment with sewer and highway above Pimlico Railway - bridge and Victoria Station South Eastern Railway reached Charing Cross 17 bridges, brick arches, an iron viaduct, destruction of a hospital, bodies removed from a cemetery, Charing Cross Railway Bridge. Another old cemetery had to be exhumed and the bodies rebuilt. The architect and novelist Thomas Hardy supervised some of this. Victoria Street had just been built and was still raw. Today we can look down from Holborn Viaduct to the roadway far below which covers the Fleet River. In the City of London had a population of , By this was reduced to 76, The poorer workers had to crowd into the rookeries of Seven Dials and Lisson Grove because they could not afford the daily train fares to Stoke Newington, or the other new suburbs, and so had to live near their work. In Stoke Newington, the builders of Lordship Park clearly hoped to attract some of the masters. They began an impressive development in the shadow of the romantic castle of the Water Company Pumping Station. A few huge houses with mews behind were built, but the masters did not come. They filled Highbury, but Stoke Newington was a step too far for them. A couple of bocks stood lonely surrounded by growing corn. Much later building continued in the same, or different style. This has already been shaded but is embedded. Sale Plan of the Manor House, on the corner of Church Street and Bouverie Road The sale was probably about when owners of old houses with large gardens were cashing in on the sudden increase of land values by selling up and moving away. Summerhouse Road, built on the site of the Old Manor House. A row of Victorian Gothic houses in Grayling Road in Lancell Street in Many of the first occupants of all these houses may have been refugees from the rebuilding in London. Who Built All the New Houses? The names of particular builders could be found by examining the Drainage Applications, but the general picture is clear. Most were very small people. Few of them employed more than ten men. The tendering system ensured that there was a great deal of work for quantity surveyors and estimators, but most of the calculations would have been done by the individual builder and most came to nothing. Bankruptcies were common and the bankrupt reverted painfully to being a workman again. The book is set in Hastings but the plight of the small man was the same in London.

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Chapter 3 : Summerson, John Newenham Sir | Open Library

John Summerson, The London Building World of the calendrierdelascience.com: Thames and Hudson, 60 pp. Illus. £2.

French - Brewers - "Entires" - Convinced M. AND were the streets and buildings of the s very different in appearance from those of to-day? Not so very different. Things were suggestive of a smaller scale, but analysis fails to detect, allowance being made for the non-existence of rabbit-warren offices and steel-framed structures, any startling differentiations. Such a development as Carpentier would have been incomprehensible, impossible and ridiculous to the ordinary Briton of those times; and it is even doubtful whether Shakespeare, when he wrote, "I thought upon one pair of English legs Did march three Frenchmen," had any distinct premonition of the Georges punch. Wherever there was a tavern it had a deep skirting board running round the roof which announced in the brightest colours, never allowed to get dingy, the name of the supplier of the nectar on tap within. The word ENTIRE - always with a capital or all in capitals - which had a magic meaning to [] beer-drinkers, suggesting, apparently, unutterable bliss, was never absent. Courage was indeed an excellent name for a brewer, for it hit off exactly the popular belief in the soul-raising properties of the mash-tub - a belief that died hard and may still in some districts be extant. At any of these resorts compounds unknown to the modern bar-maid might be called for. Such as porter, a thin black fluid suggestive of liberally-watered stout, and "cooper," a half-and-half mixture of porter and four-penny ale - which was a "small beer" costing 4d. He was accustomed on all occasions to express complete confidence in the nourishing power of malt and hops, and when sitting in Select Committee would have a huge tankard brought him as lunchtime approached which he supped unconcerned by the presence of counsel, witnesses and audience. I thought that indicated a very thorough belief. In this connection it may be remembered that a British constituency once sent a brewer to Parliament in company with but in front of Mr. Tradesmen indulged in striking signs more freely than they do to-day. One, painted red and owned by a Mr. Rose, endured to my knowledge for over fifty years. On the Elephant and Castle tavern, Old Kent Road, used to stand a well-carved elephant with howdah, visible afar both from the east and west. The Swan, already mentioned, had a large and well-proportioned bird on the top of its signpost; and many other taverns had well-executed picture [] signs. The World Turned Upside Down had a geographical globe with the southern shores of all continents facing northwards; if anybody wanted Spitzbergen or Nova Zembla he had to seek them in the far Antarctic, while Tierra del Fuego changed latitudes with Labrador. The vicinity of the London Bridge stations was very different then-a-days. The Charing Cross Extension railway being non-existent, there was no viaduct over the Borough and to pedestrians coming across London Bridge the view was considerably more open and extended. The exterior of the Brighton Station was much as it is now, except that there was no canopy shelter over the roadway in front. Neither has the adjoining South-Eastern building been altered materially as regards frontage, although radically different as a station. Next to the South-Eastern Railway stood the terminus of the Greenwich Railway, a mean structure which was pulled down to make room for the Charing Cross extension. Portions of one of its boundary walls still remain, however. Between the stations and Duke Street stood an Arcade, containing small toy and sweet-stuff shops, through which wayfarers could walk if they chose on approaching or leaving the railways. In the Borough, at the junction with the present Southwark Street, then non-existent, stood what was known as the Southwark Town Hall. What use it was put to latterly I do not know, but when pulled down, well on in the s I think, it was stated that in the cellars were found crates containing petrified plum-puddings addressed to the troops before Sebastopol. Probably bought by patriotic public subscriptions, those puddings, and incautiously left to the War Office to forward and by them strategically shunted into Southwark cellars. In a building close at hand was situated the railway parcel office at which Wainwright, the Whitechapel murderer, left the body of Harriet Lane. At the southern end of the bridge, at the corner of Duke Street, stood a Gothic clock-tower as a memorial to the great Duke of

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Wellington, which was removed to Swanage when the railway extension to Charing Cross upset all the street arrangements at this [] point. The clock had been made by a Mr. The London Bridge footways were paved with huge granite slabs laid side by side across the whole width of the path. They wore well but got slippery and had to be periodically roughened with mallet and chisel. The parapets were of solid granite blocks with recesses over the piers. There were granite seats in these recesses, fortunately for us boys, as we were too small to see over the parapets and the seats afforded points of vantage from which to view undisturbed the bustling river scenes below. In those days the inconsiderate conduct of bridge builders who made parapets too high for boys to see over was a standing grievance with me. The circulation over the noble arches was enormous, probably greater than now, for there was then neither a Tower, nor a very practicable Southwark, Bridge, while several new river crossings farther west have diverted much vehicular traffic. And Railways and Tubes have certainly seriously depleted the floods of pedestrians. Then the footways were solid masses of moving humanity while the roadway for hours together was packed with horses and wheels often without space for even a single addition. The bridge is now considerably wider, but I doubt whether that fully accounts for the comparative sparseness of traffic. In January, , I witnessed a strange sight on London Bridge - people skating. Late one evening there was a slight rainfall in London followed by a sharp frost with the result that pavements and roads everywhere became coated with a thin layer of ice. Carriage transport was arrested and foot passengers greatly harassed. I had several miles to walk, all cabs and omnibuses being stalled, and fell several times in spite of every care. Crossing London Bridge I saw two young men skating merrily on the eastern footpath and thoroughly enjoying the novel experience, the large and well-laid granite slabs evidently favouring the sport. The bridge across the Grand Surrey [] Canal at Trafalgar Road was then being rebuilt and a temporary one approached by steep banks of earth was doing duty. After several vain attempts to walk up the slope from the Peckham side I had to sacrifice dignity and swarm up on hands and feet. That night was a bad one for wires, and London was practically isolated telegraphically for days afterwards. When we first went to Camberwell there was no bridge across this canal at Glengall Grove now Road , which was a cul-de-sac. But in or a bridge was erected and approaches thereto of tipped rubbish formed. This contained, at least on the northern side, quantities of old but mostly unbroken ink bottles in glass and stoneware, many different shapes and makes being in evidence. There was one pattern in glass, elaborate and pretty, that could only have come from a mould, and yet moulded glass bottles were being boomed as a new invention thirty or forty years later. We made quite a collection. Antiquaries may perhaps find them at some distant period, wonder what they are and start theories to account for their presence beneath the soil of London. Anybody wanting ink bottles to-day has only to obtain the permission of the Local Authority to dig there and he will find. Co nspicuous in London of the s were the tailoring shops of Moses and Sons. This firm liked prominent corners and especially the wedge-shaped premises-what the Scotch call "gushets" - which occur at the convergence of two thoroughfares. They occupied the gushet at the junction of New Oxford Street and Hart Street, that at the corner of Aldgate and the Minories, and several others. At the Minories they had for a time one of the first installations of electric light for shop purposes that I know of. Whether the newly-invented magneto machine or primary batteries were used I cannot say, but the enterprise must have proved a costly one. Arc lamps were of course employed. One continually encountered on hoardings and walls the imposing name of Harper Twelvetrees, generally in very []large blue letters. This gentleman was a specialist in laundry blue - a sort of pre-historic Reckitt - and took care to let the world know it. His name would certainly have required an inordinately large bushel to hide it, so there was, perhaps, some excuse for him. The benighted early Victorians, poor souls, knew not the late G. Sims nor Tatcho, and when they wanted hair went - shall I say bare-headed? The barbers naturally fostered the delusion and sold sweet-smelling unguent in pellucid china pots, nicely packed in lead paper, at the rate of about 2s. Even those not given to scepticism might have doubted the power of fat from two such dissimilar creatures to produce analogous effects but then Nature is very wonderful. Some barbers even pretended to kill their own bears, they were so very particular and conscientious. One day we heard that a barber on Oakley Terrace had a live bear on view which was doomed

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to slaughter on the proximate Saturday. As only a limited quantity of refined grease could be prepared from even the largest animal it was considerably suggested that it would be good business for intending purchasers to give in their orders immediately. Down in the area beneath was a poor lean greyish bear, [] large certainly, but quite incapable, one would think, of yielding any grease. He sat on his haunches and sniffed. No wonder he was lean! The men of to-day are wiser about their craniums than were their - may I say, forbears? Then greasing and pomading and plastering and oiling of hair and waxing of moustaches were practised almost universally. Very curious is human nature. I have already recorded the disinclination of the Victorian female for illicit or over-decoration, but her abstinence was, it must be admitted, largely neutralised by the insanitary ostentation of her masculine adorers. Hair -brushing by machinery came in while we were at Camberwell and I well remember my first experience of it. It was said to produce a most exhilarating effect and I tried hard to feel lifted up accordingly. But it was not long before other methods obtained. An enterprising barber near Newington Butts put a very pretty little two-cylinder horizontal steam-engine in his window, which drove his brushes and attracted attention for years. Hair brushed by steam!

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Chapter 7 : Who is John Summerson?

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Chapter 9 : Kirk and Parry - Wikipedia

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