

they offered the bishop and his lessees £3,500 for a piece of ground west of the churchyard, for which the builders had a mind's eye. Four thousand pounds, however, was the lowest sum to be taken for this portion of the old Green; the vestry were obliged to be content with the southern portion, for which the parish paid £2,000. The northern was sold to one of the large capitalised builders, and is now covered with houses; while, on that portion bought by the parish, is built the new vestry hall; "to lay," says Mr. Robins, oddly, "if possible, the ghosts which are said to have haunted it." Hard by, in Dudley Grove, was modelled and cast the colossal bronze statue of the Duke of Wellington, by M. C. Wyatt; it is thirty feet high, was conveyed from the foundry upon a car, drawn by twenty-nine horses, September 29th, 1846, and cost altogether some £30,000. Westbourne Green has been cut up by the Great Western Railway; and Westbourne Place, built with the materials of old Chesterfield House, Mayfair, has disappeared. Here lived the brave soldier, Lord Hill, and at Desborough Lodge, in the Harrow Road, lived Mrs. Siddons, the celebrated actress. The railway terminus has altogether changed the face of this quarter of Paddington: its most magnificent feature is the hotel, designed by Hardwick, in the style of Louis XIV; it has more than 130 rooms, and is said to be a success, though it remained some three years before a tenant could be found for it.

The Paddington estate, or the manor and rectory, is of the value of three-quarters of a million sterling, and dates from 1753, when Dr. Sherlock was Bishop of London. It has a strange history, which Mr. Robins has unravelled: one of its proceedings is the sale of hereditaments and premises by two Oxfordshire ladies, for *ten shillings a piece!* The Grand Junction Waterworks were originally established to supply this estate with water at ten per cent. less than could be supplied by others; they have on Campden Hill a storing reservoir containing 6,000,000 gallons. Next was formed the Grand Junction Canal at Paddington, joining the Regent's Canal, which passes under Maida Hill by a tunnel 370 yards long. On the banks of the canal, the immense heaps of dust and ashes once towered above the house-tops, and were of fabulous value. Maida Hill and Vale, by the way, were named from the famous battle of Maida, in Calabria, fought between the French and the British in 1806.

The Paddington Canal, more of a "silent highway" than the Thames, affords summer recreation to many an over-worked artisan. From the basin are passage-boats to Greenford and Uxbridge, which carry many a holiday freight on this *still* voyage from the turmoil of the great town, to enjoy the pleasant prospects of Surrey, with its spires and well-clothed heights, not forgetting the beautiful foliage of Box Hill, and the more distant Leith Hill, with its old prospect-tower. At Paddington, too, is "a boatman's chapel," on ground leased to the Grand Junction Canal Company. This place of worship, to hold 200 persons, was constructed out of a stable and coach-house, so as to afford the poor boatmen the inestimable advantages of religious instruction.

ALONE AT SEA.*

I INTENDED to start with any freshening breeze, and to get into Littlehampton for the night; therefore the small anchor and the hemp cable were used, so as to

* "The Voyage Alone in the Yawl Rob Roy." By John Macgregor, M.A., author of "A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe." London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

be more ready for instant departure; and well it was thus.

Time sped slowly between looking at my watch to know the tide change, and dozing as I lay in the cabin—the dingey being of course astern; until in the middle of the night, lapsing through many dreams, I had glided into that delicious state when you dream that you are dreaming. On a sudden, and without any seeming cause, I felt perfectly awake, yet in a sort of a trance, and lying still a time, seeking what could possibly have awakened me thus. Then there came through the dark a peal of thunder, long, and loud, and glorious.

How changed the scene to look upon! No light to be seen from the Owers now, but a flash from above and then darkness, and soon a grand rolling of the same majestic, deep-toned roar.

Now I must prepare for wind. On with the life-belt, close the hatches, loose the mainsail, and double reef it, and reef the jib. Off with the mizen and set the storm-sail, and now haul up the anchor while yet there is time; and there was scarcely time before a rattling breeze got up, and waves rose too, and rain came down as we sailed off south to the open sea for room. Sea-room is the sailor's want; the land is what he fears more than the water.

We were soon fast spinning along, and the breeze brushed the haze all away, but the night was very dark, and the rain made it hard to see. Now and then the thunder swallowed all other sounds, as the cries of the desert are silenced by the lion's roar.

In the dark a cutter dashed by me, crossing the yawl's bows, just as the lightning played on us both. It had no ship-light up, shameful to say. I shouted out, "Going south?" and they answered, "Yes; come along off that shore."

The breeze now turned west, then south, and every other way, and it was exceedingly perplexing to know in time what to do in each case, especially as the waves became short and snappish under this pressure from different sides; and yet my compass quietly pointed right, with a soft radiance shining from it, and my mast-light in a brighter glow gleamed from behind me* on the white crests of the waves.

One heavy squall roughened the dark water, and taxed all my powers to work the little yawl; but whenever a lull came or a chance of getting on my proper course again, I bent round to "East by North," determined to make way in that direction.

In the middle of the night my compass lamp began to glimmer faint, and it was soon evident that the flame must go out. Here was a discomfort; the wind veered so much that its direction would be utterly fallacious as a guide to steer by, and this difficulty would continue until the lightning ceased. Therefore, at all hazards, we must light up the compass again. So I took down the ship-light from the mizen shroud, and held it between my knees that it might shine on the needle, and it was curious how much warmth came from this lantern. Then I managed to get a candle, and cut a piece off, and rigged it up with paper inside the binnacle. This answered for about ten minutes, but finding it was again flickering, I opened the tin door, and found all the candle had melted into bright liquid oil; so this makeshift was a failure. However, another candle was cut, and the door being left open to keep it cool, with this lame light I worked on bravely, but very determined,

* It was hung on the port mizen shroud. To hang it in front of you is simply to cut off two of your three chances of possibly seeing ahead.

for the rest of my sailing days to have the oil bottle always accessible. Finally the wind blew out the candle, though it was very much sheltered, and the ship-light almost at the same time also went out suddenly. Then I lay to, backed the jib, opened the cabin hatch, got out the oil, thoroughly cleaned the lamp, put in a new wick, and lighted it afresh, and a new candle in the ship's light; then we started all right once more, with that self-gratulation at doing all this successfully, under such circumstances of wind, sea, and rain, which perhaps was not more than due.

What with these things, and reefing several times, and cooking at intervals, there was so much to do and so much to think about during the night, that the hours passed quickly, and at last some stray streaks of dawn (escaped before their time, perhaps) lighted up a cloud or two above, and then a few wave-tops below, and soon gave a general gray tint to all around, until by imperceptible but sure advance of clearness, the vague horizon seemed to split into land and water, and happily then it was seen plainly that the Rob Roy had not lost way in the dark.

As soon as there was light enough to read we began to study Shoreham in the pilot book, and neared it the while in the water; but though now opposite the Brighton coast, it was yet too far away to make out any town, for we had stood well out to sea in the thunder-storm. All tiredness passed off with the fresh morning air, and the breeze was now so strong that progress was steady and swift.

It may be remarked how a coast often looks quite different when you are fifteen or twenty miles out at sea, from what it does when you stand on the beach, or look from a row-boat close to the land. So now we were puzzled to find out Brighton, one's own familiar Brighton, with its dull half-sided streets, neither town nor bathing town, its beach unwalkable, and all its sights and glories done in a day. We might well be ashamed not to recognise at once the contour of the hills, so often trudged over in square or in skirmish in the Volunteer Reviews.

The chain-pier was, of course, hardly discernible at a great distance. But the "Grand Hotel" at last asserted itself as a black cubical speck in the binocular field, and then we made straight for that; Shoreham being gradually voted a bore to be passed by, and Newhaven adopted as the new goal for the day.

We had shaken out all reefs, and now tore along at full speed, with the spray-drift sparkling in the sun, and a frolicsome jubilant sea. The delights of going fast when the water is deep and the wind is strong—ah! these never can be rightly described, nor the exulting bound with which your vessel springs through a buoyant wave, and the thrill of nerve that tells in the sailor's heart, "Well, after all, sailing is a pleasure supreme."

Numerous fishing-vessels now come out, with their black tanned sails and strong bluff bows and hardy-looking crews, who all hailed me cheerily when they were near enough, and often came near to see. Fast the yawl sped along the white chalk cliffs, and my chart in its glazed frame did excellent service now, for the wind and sea rose more again; and at length, when we came near the last headland for Newhaven, we lowered the mainsail and steadily ran under mizen and jib. Newhaven came in sight, deeply embayed under the magnificent cliff, which at other times I could have gazed on for an hour, admiring the grand dashing of the waves, and we had to hoist mainsail again, so as to get in before the tide would set out strongly, and increase the sea at the harbour's mouth every minute.

It was more than exciting to enter here with such waves running. Rain, too, came on, just as the Rob Roy dashed into the first three rollers, and they were big and green, and washed her well from stem right on to stern, but none entered further. The bright yellow hue of the waves on one side of the pier made me half afraid that it was shallow there, and, hesitating to pass, I signalled to some men near the pier-head as to which way to go, but they were only visitors. The tide strove strongly out, dead in my teeth, yet the wind took me powerfully through it all, and then instantly, even before we had rounded into quiet water, the inquisitive uncommunicative spectators roared out, "Where are you from?" "What's your name?" and all such stupid things to say to a man whose whole mind in a time like this has to be on sail and sea and tiller. I think that in a port like Newhaven the look-out man in charge ought to come to the pier-head when he sees a yacht entering in rough weather, and certainly there is more attention to such matters in France than with us.

During this passage from the Isle of Wight I had noticed now and then, when the waves tossed more than usual, that a dull, heavy, thumping sound was heard aboard the yawl, and gradually I concluded that her iron keel had been broken by the rock at Bembridge, and that it was swinging free below my boat. This idea added to the anxiety of getting in safely, lest such an appendage might touch the ground; and to make sure of the matter we took the Rob Roy at once to the gridiron, and laid her alongside a screw-steamer which had been out during the night, and had run on a rock in the dark thunderstorm. The "baulks" or beams of the gridiron under water, were very far apart, and we had much difficulty in placing the yawl so as to settle down on two of them, but the crew of the steamer helped me well, and all the more readily as I had given them books at Dieppe, a gift they did not now forget.

Just as the ebbing tide had lowered the yawl fairly on the baulks, another steamer came in from France, crowded with passengers, and the waves of her swell lifted my poor little boat off her position, and rudely fixed her upon only one baulk, from which it was not possible to move her; therefore, when the tide descended she was hung up askew in a ludicrous position of extreme discomfort to her weary bones; but when I went outside to examine below, there was nothing amiss, and gladness for this outweighed all other troubles, and left me quite ready for a good sleep at night.

TEETOTALISM.

In a speech delivered at Exeter Hall, shortly after his return from America, the Rev. Newman Hall drew a humiliating contrast between this country and the United States, in the matter of intemperance. He had seen less drunkenness during his whole stay in New York than he was accustomed to see in one night in Lambeth. One of the morning papers, in commenting on this speech, said that Mr. Hall had not seen the two countries under the same conditions. While giving Mr. Hall credit for good intentions, the writer spoke in a depreciating way of what is commonly called Teetotalism. Mr. Hall made the following manly and sensible reply:—

You do not agree with us, but you treat our question and ourselves with respect—treatment which we do not always receive, though it might be expected from all who can appreciate persevering labour prompted only by the desire to do good. There is much truth in what you say. During a portion of my visit I was "put through"—very kindly, yet "put through."