

occupies part of the old reservoir of the Grand Junction Waterworks Company. Although it is said that the erection of dissenters' places of worship was long restricted in Paddington, by the Bishops of London, part of the Paddington estate was leased without any such restriction. On a portion of the land bequeathed by the Lady Margaret to the poor is built a large Roman Catholic church.

In St. George's Row is a chapel of ease to St. George's, Hanover Square, and a burial-ground, wherein, near the west wall, lies Lawrence Sterne, the author of "Tristram Shandy." He died at his lodgings in Old Bond Street; his grave has a plain head-stone, set up with a strange inscription by some tipling freemason, and restored by a shilling subscription in 1846. Here, too, lay Sir Thomas Picton, who fell at the Battle of Waterloo, in 1815; his remains were removed to St. Paul's Cathedral in 1859.

The oldest charitable buildings in Paddington are the Almshouses, which were built on the Green in 1714. Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital was originally established in 1752 in St. George's Row, near Tyburn Turnpike. The great charitable institution of the district is St. Mary's Hospital, the first stone of which was laid by Prince Albert the Good, on Coronation-day, 1845. Mr. Robins, in 1853, named "the Flora Tea Gardens," and "Batt's Bowling-green," as public places; and he describes a region of the parish "still devoted to bull-dogs and pet spaniels; the bodies of broken-down carriages, old wheels, rusty grates, and old copper boilers; little gardens and low miserable sheds; and an establishment which boasts of having the truly attractive glass, in which, for the small charge of twopence, any lady may behold her future husband." Time and education, let us hope, have swept away such impostures and absurdities.

Tyburnia, described as a city of palaces, sprung up on the Bishop's Estate within twenty years. "A road of iron, with steeds of steam, brings into the centre of this city, and takes from it in one year, a greater number of living beings than could be found in all England a few years ago." The electric telegraph is at work by the side of this iron road; and it is now three-and-twenty years since a murderer was first taken by means of the electric wire: it was then laid from the Slough station to Paddington; the man left in a first-class carriage, and at the same instant was sent off, by the telegraph, a full description of his person, with instructions to cause him to be watched by the police upon his arrival at Paddington, where he was pointed out to a police sergeant, who got into the same omnibus with the suspected man, and he was captured in the City. Thus, while he was on his way, at a fast rate, the telegraph, with still greater rapidity, sent along the wire which skirted the path of the carriage in which he sat, the instructions for his capture! Had he got out between Slough and Paddington, and not at the latter, he would have escaped, as the telegraph did not work at the intermediate stations.

The omnibus was first started from Paddington (the "Yorkshire Stingo," New Road) to the Bank in 1829. By this vehicle "the whole of London can now be traversed in half the time it took to reach Holborn Bars at the beginning of the century, when the road was in the hands of Mr. Miles, his pair-horse coach, and his redoubtable boy," long the only appointed agents of communication between Paddington and the City, the journey occupying something more than three hours. Miles's boy told tales on the road, and played the fiddle to amuse the passengers. When the omnibuses were first started,

the aristocracy of Paddington Green petitioned the vestry to rid them of "the nuisance;" just as the Duke of Bedford, in 1756, opposed the New Road, on account of the dust it would make in the rear of Bedford House.

The people of Paddington, Mr. Robins tells us, although being at so short a distance from London, made no greater advances in civilisation for many centuries than did those who lived in the most remote village in England. The few people who lived here were agriculturists. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove many French Protestants here, as the grave-stones in the old churchyard testify. In 1524, the population of Paddington did not exceed 100; in Charles II's reign 300; in 1811 the population was 4609; from 1831 to 1841 it increased 1000 per annum; from 1841 to 1851, above 2000 annually; and in 1861 the population return was 75,807.

We find few old mansions in Paddington. Desborough House is believed to have belonged to the Colonel of the Commonwealth times, and related to Cromwell. According to Lysons, Little Shaftesbury House, in this parish (near Kensington Gravel Pits), was built by the Earl of Shaftesbury, author of the "Characteristics," or his grandfather, the Lord Chancellor.

Fifty years ago more than one-eighth of the whole population were paupers. Nearly the whole of the parish was grazing land, and the occupiers of the Bishop's Estate were celebrated for the quantity or quality of the milk of their cows: and one cowkeeper here had the conventional nine hundred and ninety-nine cows.

Less than seventy years ago, one of the grand projects in the district proved a pest to the people. In July 10, 1801, the Paddington Canal was opened with such *éclat*, that 20,000 persons came to Paddington (says Mr. Robins) to hurrah the mighty men who so altered the aspect of this quiet village, and who, in doing so, offered the Londoner a new mode of transit for his goods. Unfortunately for the people of Paddington, on the banks of this canal were stowed away, not only the dust and ashes, but the filth of half London, which were brought here for convenience of removal; and here their pestilential effects on the dwellers on the canal banks were frightful. "Instead," says Mr. Robins, "of having no doctor in the parish, as was the case within the memory of many now living in it, both doctor and sexton found full employ."

Strange have been the mutations through which, from a forest village, has risen the large town, and one of three parishes, forming the parliamentary borough of Marylebone.

WHO'S TO GO? OR, REDUCING THE STAFF IN A GOVERNMENT OFFICE.

ONE morning in January, 185—, a few minutes after the letters had been delivered to the registering clerk in the office of the Inspector-General, an attentive group of about a dozen clerks might have been seen gathered round one of their number who was reading aloud, for the benefit of the others, a letter from the Board of Circumlocution. The listeners were pale with consternation, for that letter created a crisis which would change the destiny of many amongst them, who, till that morning, had calculated on having good situations for life.

The fatal letter conveyed the intimation that it pleased my Lords of the Board of Circumlocution to reduce the staff of the Inspector-General's office from twenty

clerks to twelve, the order to take effect at the expiration of the financial year, 31st March ensuing. No names were mentioned, nor was there the slightest indication given who the particular persons might be whose services were to be dispensed with. Not a word about provision in other offices for the discharged clerks; not a syllable about compensation for loss of employment.

After the public reading of the letter each clerk quietly and gravely perused it for his own special consideration, carefully weighing the import of every sentence and every word.

Henceforth what changes were discernible in the "personnel" of the office! The quondam idler, whose beau idéal of official life had been a graceful lounge through his duties, combined with his daily share in discussing town gossip and the latest favourite for the Derby, was now active and diligent. No one was more punctual at office at ten o'clock, sharp. His desk, once covered with official papers, dusty with age and weeks in arrear, was now tidy and free from rubbish. Dockets were carefully sorted, tied up in neat packets duly labelled and numbered. "Sick notes," regretting inability to attend at the office, had become marvellously rare.

Days and weeks passed away, and still was the anxious question asked, "Who's to go?" without any certain response, till within three weeks of the time fixed by the Board for the reduction to take place.

"Mr. Jones, sir, Mr. Dangar wants to see you, sir," said Spooner, the obsequious messenger, putting his head into the room, where sat at his desk one of the senior clerks.

Mr. Dangar was a clever ambitious man, who owed his present position as chief clerk entirely to his own talent and ability. Considerably younger than many men in the office, he was very superior to them in mental acumen, and was a really brilliant fellow in dashing off lengthy and intricate reports, on all kinds of subjects, in a marvellously short space of time. He had often been seen to take a bunch of papers from a clerk, master their contents almost at a glance, and write off a by no means short report in a few minutes.

His memory was prodigious. After a moment's reflection he would point out the place where recorded, of a paper that had passed through the office twenty years before.

Like all ambitious men, he had little regard for the feelings of others; and, provided he could climb to the top of the ladder on the shoulders of his junior clerks, he cared not what became of them. He knew well the order of reduction had no reference to him, and that a reconstituted office meant a sure increase of salary for himself.

Each clerk, from Jones downward, was now called before the astute Dangar, who asked every one, singly, the odd and superfluous question whether he wished to leave the office. Leave a moderate competency, for what? To many there could be but one answer—beggary—for Dangar said nothing about re-employment.

There were two clerks named Savage—father and son—distinguished by their fellow-clerks as old Savage and young Savage. The elder Savage was a fierce Radical, and, on that account, the object of Mr. Dangar's special dislike. Upon one occasion old Savage wished to leave the office at a quarter before four o'clock, when the chief, who was standing over his washing-stand with his shirt-sleeves tucked up to his elbows, and was in the act of towelling his face, only sputtered out—

"Oh, of course a Radical can go. A Radical can go at any time."

With all his "radicalism," old Savage was a man of

warm feeling, and undeniably truthful and honest. With a flushed face he received Spooner's invitation to descend to the redoubtable Dangar, for he knew there was an intention to use the opportunity of lopping off at least one of the Savages.

Old Savage returned from his interview with Mr. Dangar in a fury. He had not only been told of the decree concerning himself, that he would be discharged on a pension of some £60 or £70 per annum—for he had only served twenty years—but Mr. Dangar had attempted to throw dust in the old man's eyes by telling him that it was extremely inconvenient to have two men of the same name in the office. Papers that should have been for the elder Savage's reports were allowed to fall into arrears on the younger Savage's desk, and *vice versa*.

At any other time such a saying would have been received with ridicule; but now it was felt to be insulting. An explosion of "Radical" wrath was the consequence. If Dangar meant fighting in that way, he would fight him with every weapon within reach. Let Dangar look to himself. He (Savage) had friends in Parliament who would take up his case.

The Savages, though low down in the office-list, were not to be despised on that account. They were natives of Roscorn, the model borough, where no Whig or Tory burgess was ever known to take a bribe. It was said the Savages could command thirty votes, by virtue of their house property in Roscorn; and it may be mentioned, to show the power of Parliamentary influence, that the elder Savage managed to get re-appointed to the Inspector-General's office as an extra clerk, at the same salary he had received at the date of his discharge; and within twelve months, and immediately after the return of the Whigs to power, he was restored to his original place in the establishment, with all the privileges and emoluments attaching thereto.

Of the clerks who were pensioned, the case of one was particularly hard. He was thirty years of age, had been thirteen years in the office, and was now sent adrift in the world on the magnificent pension of £33 per annum. Had his friends not helped him he must have starved; as it was, he was reduced to the position of a beggar.

The junior clerks who had not completed ten years' service were discharged with the gratuity of a month's pay. One of these, young Birmingham, who, two years previously, had entered the service through the portals of the Civil Service Commission, and though in the distant position of a junior clerk, conceived the presumptuous idea of sending up his card to the Inspector-General. An interview was barely accorded, for cold in the extreme was the reception of subordinate clerks by such Olympian magnificence.

Birmingham ventured to ask the Inspector-General if he would move the Board of Circumlocution to give him another appointment, mentioning some vacancies then existing in other offices. A storm of wrath ensued, and the unhappy Birmingham was only too glad to make his exit as quickly as possible from the presence of a man who roared at him, as he was leaving, that "he would have no bargaining with the public service."

There was a bright side to this dismal picture: the clerks who survived this convulsion receiving promotion and higher salaries, the office having been reconstituted on a better scale of pay.

Having thus recalled a little revolution or crisis of which I was a personal witness, I may add a few words about Government clerks generally.

In the middle classes, before examination tests became

the fashion, if a father had interest with the county or borough member, on the right side of the question, to secure a nomination for his son to a public office, nothing was easier than to take the appointment up. This was the way in the good old times, before the Civil Service Commission blocked the way to all dullards and ignoramuses. It is not intended here to regard the doings of the Civil Service Commissioners as faultless. Many good men are rejected for some trifling error, caused more by nervousness and over-anxiety to succeed than from ignorance. An instance may be mentioned where a candidate for the appointment of surveyor of taxes passed in every other subject except handwriting; and yet the candidate wrote a very good hand, and had filled the position of cashier in a respectable country bank for a year or two. His friends were greatly disappointed. They borrowed the bank books, took them to London, and laid them before the Civil Service Commissioners. There was no redress, and no court of appeal. The only reply vouchsafed was that the Commissioners could not reverse their decision. On the other hand, there cannot be a doubt the Commission does good service in keeping out men who can neither write nor spell the Queen's English. Butlers and footmen, the sons of petty shopkeepers in rotten boroughs, broken-down carpenters and book-binders, and half-educated Irish peasants, have very little chance henceforth of obtaining appointments for which they are wholly unsuited. A good story used to be told that, about twenty years ago, a butler was appointed to the Customs, who reported to the Treasury that, the nominee having served the usual six months' probation, was found inefficient, being unable to copy a letter correctly. The response from the Treasury was said to be that the Board of Customs must make him efficient, as the Treasury had no power to cancel the appointment.

There is a popular impression that an appointment to a Government office is for life, or during good behaviour, and that, when a youth has once entered the service of the State, he may bid adieu to all anxiety regarding the future. Let him only attend punctually at office from ten to four, and condescend to draw his salary four times a year, he may rest certain of a life comparatively free from care and responsibility, may make sure of an ample supply of newspapers and gossip to vary the dull monotony of official routine, and, when his limbs refuse any longer to carry him to office, may look forward to a fat pension for his declining years.

No doubt there are some grounds for opinions of this sort regarding some clerkships in the Civil Service, but there is no certainty whatever that the best clerk under the Crown, however efficient and well-behaved, will be permanently employed. It depends also on Parliament whether, if pensioned off on reduction of office, he will receive one farthing of compensation.

The Civil Service Superannuation Act certainly empowers the Treasury to grant compensation to clerks discharged on reduction of office; but cruel are the tender mercies of the authorities when the services of junior clerks are no longer required. At the shortest notice, an office may be reduced and half the clerks discharged, after spending from ten to twenty of the best years of their lives in the public service.* There is no half-pay for a discharged clerk, and as to re-employment, it is hopeless, although there may be numerous vacancies in other offices where he would be only too thankful to get employment, even at the foot of the official ladder.

* We have allowed our contributor to have his grumble; but most readers will see that clerks in private as well as public establishments are exposed to similar hardship and uncertainty.

Varieties.

TIPPLING HABITS IN LADIES.—The "Lancet" has raised its voice, certainly none too soon, against the increasing indulgence, among the educated and gentle, of what it justly characterises as the pernicious habit of tipping. There can be no doubt in the mind of any who observe the changes of manners in good society that this very serious charge is well founded, nor must the ladies, though the "Lancet" delicately abstains from direct allusion to them, be allowed to consider themselves exempted from its strictures. But has the faculty, as it is called, nothing to answer for in promoting the present state of things? Children are now given, "by the doctor's orders," an amount of alcohol which would have horrified their grandmothers. The beer and port wine administered two or three times a day at first disgusts but soon becomes grateful to them. Almost every one of us may plead medical advice as the beginning of the habit. They say the modern type of disease is low; that stimulants are requisite; and that, whether they prescribe chloric ether or champagne does not much signify. Perhaps not in the physical point of view, but in the moral one. Surely, the temptation to the abuse of such stimulants as lavender or ether is not so great or so constantly recurring as that of wine and liqueurs, which are offered and pressed upon us wherever we go. Brandy now takes the place of sal volatile in the lady's dressing-case; and the properties of gin as a cleansing agent applicable to everything, from the gilt stopper of a scent-bottle to a lace flounce, are firmly impressed on the mind of the waiting-maid. We would never speak but with respect of the noble profession of healing; but it cannot be denied that the peculiar temptation assailing some of its more "fashionable" members is that of following rather than leading the inclinations of their patients.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

COINAGE OF 1866.—In the year 1866, 4,047,288 sovereigns were coined at the Mint, and 2,058,776 half-sovereigns, 914,760 florins, 4,989,600 shillings, 5,140,080 sixpences, 4158 fourpences, 1,905,288 threepences, 4752 silver twopences, 7920 silver pence; also 9,999,360 copper pence, 2,508,800 halfpence, and 3,584,000 farthings. Altogether, therefore, money was coined at the Mint in 1866 to the amount of £5,076,676 in gold, £493,416 in silver, and £50,624 in copper, or £5,620,716 in all. Worn silver coin of the nominal value of £115,000 was purchased from the Bank of England, for re-coining, and a loss of £15,648 was occasioned by its re-coining.

HONEST SALLY: A FAITHFUL DOMESTIC.—On the south wall of the chancel of Ibstock Church, Leicestershire, a neat plain marble tablet thus records the worth of a faithful and pious domestic:—"Reader, respect the memory of Sarah Jackson; an invaluable servant; a sincere Christian; distinguished beyond wealth and titles by the dignity of worth. Let her remind you that an humble station may exercise the highest virtue, and that a well-earned pittance of earthly wages may prove the richest treasure in heaven. She lived, during twenty-seven years, in the family of the Rev. Spencer Madan, by whom this marble is affectionately inscribed, in token of Regret, Esteem, and Gratitude."

"A servant, no, an unassuming friend,
Sinks to the tomb in Sally's mournful end.
Peace, Honest Sally, to a soul that knew
No deed unfaithful—not a word untrue!
Thrice happy they, whose mortal labours done
May lead like thine from service to a throne!
Go, claim the promise of thy chosen part,
In zeal a Martha, with a Mary's heart!"

Ibstock parish had once the dubious benefit of having the celebrated William Laud as its rector. He was inducted in 1617, and resigned in 1625. Shortly after, he was made Bishop of Bath and Wells; in the same year Dean of the Chapel Royal; the Bishop of London in 1628; Chancellor of the University of Oxford 1631; Archbishop of Canterbury in 1633. He was beheaded on Tower Hill on January 10, 1644.—*Nichol's Leicestershire.*

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.—The "Mercurius Civicus," or "London's Intelligencer," printed and sold in the Old Bailey in 1643, is not only remarkable as containing probably the earliest instances of newspaper advertisements, but as being the earliest illustrated newspaper, each number containing a woodcut portrait of the heroes of the day, when the Civil Wars were going on throughout the kingdom, in the troublous times of King Charles I.