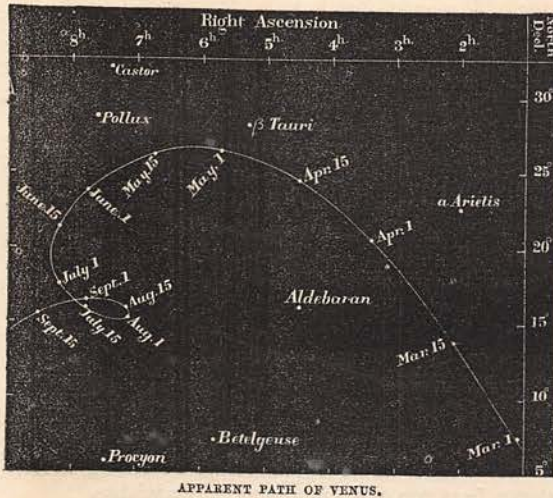


results obtained from modern astronomical observations leave but little more for us to learn.

The change of position of Venus in March and April among the stars is very rapid. A general idea of the amount of this change can be gathered by a reference to the small accompanying diagram, in which a few of the principal stars near the path of Venus are inserted, as an easy means of identifying the planet's position. The following explanation of the diagram will serve not only at present, but also for any future one of the same kind which we may find it necessary to insert. The figures above the diagram represent the right ascension, or the distance in time from the vernal equinox, or, as it is technically called, the first point of Aries. From this point all angular distances in this direction, or right ascensions, are measured along the celestial equator. The figures at the side represent the declination, or the angular distance measured perpendicularly from the celestial equator. Right ascensions and declinations serve the same purpose for distinguishing the positions of celestial objects, as longitudes and latitudes define the positions of places on a terrestrial globe or map.



During the month of March, 1868, the principal planets, excepting Venus, are very unfavourably situated for observation in the evening hours. The moon, on the 1st and 2nd, is in Taurus, near the bright star Aldebaran; on the 3rd in Gemini; on the 4th in Cancer; from the 6th to 8th in Leo; from the 9th to 11th in Virgo; on the 12th and 13th in Libra. During the remainder of the lunation she rises after midnight. The young crescent moon at the end of the month will again be in Taurus and Gemini. On the 28th the moon and Aldebaran will be very close until moonset.

Mercury sets on the first of the month, about 6.47 p.m.; this planet is not, however, likely to be seen to advantage, as it is rapidly approaching the sun. Venus is the evening star of the month, as we have previously described. This planet sets on the 1st at 9.8 p.m., and at 10.40 p.m. on the 31st. On the 27th the moon and Venus will be in conjunction, the moon being nearly seven degrees south of the planet. Mars and Jupiter set nearly with the sun, consequently they cannot be seen during March. Saturn is a morning star, rising after midnight till the 20th, and after that day before midnight. During the morning hours Saturn is a conspicuous object in the south-east.

The illustrations of the midnight sky for March will be equally available for 10 p.m. on April 15th; for 8 p.m.

on May 15th: for 6 a.m. on December 15th; for 4 a.m. on January 15th; and for 2 a.m. on February 15th. Our complete series of diagrams will therefore represent the visible heavens in the latitude of London for every evening or night hour throughout the year.

CURIOSITIES OF PADDINGTON.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

I.

"Pitt is to Addington,
As London is to Paddington."—Canning.

THIS parish, which is a very small one, is named from the Saxon *Pædingas* and *tun*, the town of the Pædings, according to Kemble's "Saxons in England." Its early history is much controverted. The "Great Charters" of King Edgar and Dunstan, professedly granting lands to the monks of Westminster, are proved to have been the fabrication of monks who lived long after the death of the king and the bishop; the hand-writing of the charters is of a later period than the time when the grants are supposed to have been made, and the phraseology is partly Norman. There is no account of the Abbey possessions in Domesday Book. We know from Fitzstephen, that an immense forest, "full of the lairs and coverts of beasts and game, stags, bucks, boars, and wild bulls," existed early in the twelfth century at no great distance from what then constituted London. Only small portions of this forest were then the property of the Crown. It formed part of the public land, in which the citizens had free right of chase, preserved by many royal charters; it was disafforested by Henry III, in 1218. During the Saxon period there were few fixed indwellers in the forest. The Fleeta, the Tybourn, and the Brent were the three noble streams which carried the waters from the hills north of the Thames through this forest to the great recipient of them all; and upon the banks of those streams it is probable the Saxons early settled. The roads made through the forest united in this spot, and, having served the purpose of a military way to conduct the Roman Legions, were now ready for the uncultivated Saxons. This locality is the present site of Paddington, then the Saxon *Pædingas*. The district would appear to have been cleared soon after the Norman Conquest, from the vast forest of Middlesex (with pasture for the cattle of the villagers, and the fruits of the wood for their hogs), and to have lain between the two Roman roads (now the Edgware and Uxbridge roads), and the west bourne or brook, the ancient Tybourn, which has degenerated into the Ranelagh sewer.

In the first authentic document (31 Henry III), Richard and William of Paddington transfer their "tenement" to the Abbot and Convent of Westminster, they having purchased the right which they could not legally inherit by their former charters; and from the close of the thirteenth century the whole of the temporalities of Paddington (rent of land, and young of animals, valued at 8*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.*) were devoted to charity. Tanner speaks of Paddington as a parish in the time of Richard II; and by the "Valor Ecclesiasticus" of Henry VIII, the rectory yielded, like the manor, a separate revenue to the Abbey. Upon the dissolution of the Bishopric of Westminster, the manor and rectory were given by Edward VI to Ridley, Bishop of London, and his successors for ever: they were then let at 41*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, besides 20*s.* for the farm of "Paddington Wood," thirty acres.

This is the earliest authentic information which the painstaking Mr. Robins was enabled to discover

relative to the Abbey lands in Paddington, when he wrote his "Paddington, Past and Present," in 1853. In his preface he acknowledges two derivations of Paddington—one suggested by Mr. B. H. Smart, the well-known philologist, from *Padre ing tun*, the father's town meadow; and the other from Sir Harry Dent Goring, of Bayswater House, who writes:—"A Pad is a Sussex word now in common use for pack-horse. '—ings' we have in that county by hundreds. Now the carriers to the great city may have lodged, and had meadows for their pack-horses here; I humbly suggest, therefore, may not Paddington mean the *Village at the Pack-Horse Meadows*?" We, however, incline to Mr. Kemble's *Paddingas and tun*.

Walter, the Abbot of Westminster, who purchased the Paddington soil, gave the manor for the celebration of his anniversary, which was entrusted to the almoner: he was to find for the convent fine manchets, cakes, crumpets, cracknells, and wafers, and a gallon of wine for each friar, with three good pittances, or doles, with good ale in abundance at every table, and in the presence of the whole brotherhood; in the same manner as upon other occasions the cellarer was bound to find beer at the usual feasts or anniversaries, in the *great tankard of twenty-five quarts*. The Dean of Peterborough, however, turns the wine into beer, and makes the tankard hold twenty-five gallons. The almoner had also to provide abundantly for the guests that dined in the refectory, bread, beer, and two dishes out of the kitchen, besides the usual allowance. And for the guests of higher rank, who sat at the upper table, under the bell, with the president, ample provision was made, as well as for the convent; and *cheese was served on that day to both*. And, as bread was given *ad libitum*, we find in this document the real origin of the term *Bread and Cheese Lands*, which is still applied to a small portion of that which was "the Paddington Charity Estate." In accordance with this usage, until the year 1838, bread and cheese were thrown from the steeple of St. Mary's Church, to be scrambled for in the churchyard.

On this feast-day all comers had meat, drink, hay, and provender of all sorts, in abundance; and no one, either on foot or horseback, was denied admittance at the gate. The nuns of Kilbourne had also extra bread and wine, and provisions from the kitchen. The poor, too, had a refection on this day, of a loaf of the weight of the convent loaf, of mixed corn; also a pottle of ale, and two dishes from the kitchen. There was likewise allowed mead to the convent for the cup of charity, the *loving cup*, and five casks of the best beer were to be provided for this anniversary, which was, however, afterwards modified to singing, chiming bells, two wax candles kept burning at the tomb of Walter; and bread was distributed to the poor, but no alms. This retrenchment was necessary, else the convent would have been ruined by anniversaries, almost every abbot having one. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there were unseemly disputes between the Abbots of Westminster and the Bishop of London. On one occasion the abbot had to give the bishop the manor of Sunbury, and the church to the Chapter of St. Paul's; the monks of Westminster did not at all relish this arrangement; and one, more outspoken than the rest, openly declared that "Peter had been robbed to pay Paul." At this time (1291) the land in Paddington paid only fourpence per acre per annum rent.

Water was about this date (1236) brought to the City from Tyburn, for payment of which privilege foreign merchants gave the sum of one hundred

pounds. In 1439, the Abbot of Westminster granted to the mayor and citizens of London a head of water, and all its springs in the manor of Paddington, for which the City paid, on the Feast of St. Peter, two peppercorns: hence Bayard's watering-place, and Bayswater. Part of the great main pipe of lead which conveyed water from this place to the City conduits, was discovered during the repavement of the Strand, in June, 1765; and as late as 1795, the houses in Bond Street, standing upon City lands, were supplied from Bayswater. Two of the original springs on Craven Hill were covered in as late as 1849. The conduit on the site of Conduit Street was supplied from the same source; it was built in 1718, and remains of it were found in 1867 in excavating large wine cellars.

Among the notable persons who held lands in Paddington were Sir Reginald Bray, who came into possession of property by a Star Chamber decision; also Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of King Henry VII, who left ten pounds per annum to the poor. Another landholder was Lord Sands, who, with Thomas Hobson, the Cambridge carrier (whose choice is still a proverb), exchanged lands with Henry VIII; and the manor of Chelsea, with those lands in Paddington, which had belonged to Lord Sands, were settled on Katherine, the widowed queen of Henry VIII. Of the Countess of Richmond's grant to the poor Mr. Robins asks: "Where is that large estate in Paddington, which was valued in her grandson's reign at the exact amount she left to the poor?" Denis Chirac, jeweller to Queen Anne, built a large house on Paddington Green. Lord Craven in 1665 gave a piece of ground in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, as a burial-place during any future Plague. This being covered with Carnaby Market, and other buildings, the ground was exchanged for a field upon the Paddington estate, which, if London should ever again be visited by the Plague, would be still subject to the said use. The land, however, was not used during the cholera of 1848 and 1849; and at the present time a grand London square, called Craven Gardens, indicates the site of the Paddington pest-house fields.

The history of the charity lands in Paddington has some curious details. Thus, here are three parcels of bread and cheese lands, given by two maiden gentlewomen for supplying the poor with bread and cheese on the Sunday before Christmas. Neither the names of the donors nor the date of the gift is known; but it is a very ancient one: one piece is let to Samuel Cheese. The bread and cheese is no longer thrown from the church among the poor assembled in the churchyard, but the bequest is distributed in bread and coals at their houses. The bread and cheese was bequeathed by two women who had been almost starved, but came to better fortune; still the distribution became a nuisance, and the Sunday before Christmas became a sort of fair day for the vagabonds of London, who came to Paddington to scramble over dead men's bones for bread and cheese. The village Green at Paddington has been wasted to its present dimensions. Chatelain's prints of the Green in 1750 and 1783, show it to have been "eight acres," which it would puzzle a present inhabitant to identify. Here were erected, during the Commonwealth, one of those detached ramparts, which they built up by the side of every entrance into the capital. The neat little gardens of the almshouses, built in 1714, have disappeared, and what remains of the Green is inclosed, or *iron-bound*, in every direction. The Paddingtonians laboured hard to save their Green in 1841;

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.

been blowing on the 17th and 18th of the month, driving the main body of ice on the Lapland coast, and closing every space of water; whilst the great velocity and uncertain set of the spring tides—especially on the flood—created inextricable confusion, by causing ships and ice to wheel in all directions.

The scene on the above days was described by all the masters of the wrecked ships as being truly awful; for the helpless vessels were entirely at the mercy of the ice, their stout sides being crushed in as if they had been matchboxes. In other cases the pack literally overran ships, and after making a clean sweep of bulwarks and masts, literally buried the hull in its onward and irresistible progress. In one vessel the water tanks from the lower hold were forced through the decks by the upward pressure of the pack; and in another, the ice, having passed through both sides, sustained the upper deck and enabled the crew to seek refuge on the ice: in this latter vessel was the master's wife and two young children, aged respectively three years, and seven months.

The crews of the vessels first wrecked sought shelter on board their nearest neighbours, to be again and again evicted by the terrible pack. Thus this way many of the crews could boast of having been wrecked three or four times in one day. There is necessarily a little uncertainty respecting the exact number of vessels lost, but the following statement is believed to be near the truth.

No. of Ships abandoned	64
" recovered	14
" lost	50

Of the last-named eighteen were English vessels, the remainder principally Norwegian. The masters of the English vessels pride themselves on the fact that only one vessel flying the British flag was recovered after being abandoned; indeed, many of them sunk almost under the feet of the crews, and not until the safety of the men rendered it imperative, were they abandoned to their fate.

Thirteen foreign vessels were recovered and taken into Archangel, twelve being navigated by English crews,* some of whom, having lost their own ships, took possession of the foreign derelicts as prizes, and obtained considerable amounts as salvage.

The whole of the English masters are unanimously of opinion that the season of 1867 was an exceptional one respecting ice and wind, the former being more compact than usual, whilst the latter was almost continuous from the N.E., thus closing the water channel generally found along the Lapland shore.

The thickness of the actual floes was from four to six feet, but in many places packed to the extent of thirty feet. There appeared no doubt of its being White Sea ice, its presence in such unusually large masses being attributable to the severity of the season, and the prevailing north-easterly winds.

During the stay of the officers in Archangel they were greatly indebted to the English Consul and Mrs. Renny, who succeeded in making their short visit a most pleasurable one, and all are desirous of acknowledging the kind courtesy they received from their hospitable host and his accomplished wife.

The number of shipwrecked persons—including the wife of one of the masters of the wrecked ships, and her two children—amounted to 131, and these having been

safely embarked, and clothes supplied to those in need, the *Montezuma* left Archangel Bar on the 19th July, and after a prosperous passage of ten days arrived at Dundee, where 107 of her passengers were landed, the remainder being brought on to the Thames.

CURIOSITIES OF PADDINGTON.

II.

Lysons talks of "the village of Paddington," and others of "the pretty little rural village of Paddington;" both descriptions very inapplicable to its present state. We have glanced at the district in Saxon and Norman times, and when it formed a portion of Tybourn manor, and next of the parish. But when Paddington became a separate parish, to it were annexed Westbourn; the manor of Notting Barns (Notting Hill), all that Chelsea now claims north of the Great Western road; as well as the manor of Paddington, and a considerable portion of that which now belongs to Marylebone. The old Roman road we see in Roque's maps, in a straight line from Tybourn Lane (Park Lane), along the high ground, to the top of Maida Hill; and this is thought to have been used until, in the reign of Edward VI, Sir Rowland Hill, Lord Mayor, made the highway to Kilburn. In Roque's maps we see three roads branching off northwards, from the Tybourn Road (now Oxford Street); one opposite North Audley Street; another opposite Tybourn Lane (now Park Lane); and the third, the present Edgeware Road. On the triangular or gore-shaped piece of land, westward, between the ancient road and the present Edgeware Road, on the highest point of ground on this part of the Tybourn Road, the gallows was erected, when it was removed from the Elmes: where William Fitzosbert, or Longbeard, was executed so early as 1196, as we learn from Roger de Wendover. "At the present time," says Mr. Robins, "enough of Elmes Lane remains at Bayswater, to point out where the fatal elm grew and the gentle Tibourn ran; Elmes Lane is the first opening on the right hand, in the Uxbridge Road, opposite the head of the Serpentine; the Serpentine itself being formed in the bed of the ancient stream, first Tybourn, then Westbourn, the Ranelagh sewer." Now, in the lease of the house, No. 49, Connaught Square (granted by the Bishop of London), the gallows is stated to have stood upon that spot. And, in 1811, a cartload of human bones, with parts of wearing apparel attached thereto, was excavated for the houses between Nos. 6 and 12, Connaught Place. Smith (*Hist. St. Marylebone*) states that the gallows was for many years a standing fixture, on a small eminence at the corner of the Edgeware Road, near Tyburn Turnpike; beneath, the bones of Ireton, Bradshaw, and other regicides, are stated to have been buried. And in 1860, at the extreme south-west angle of the Edgeware Road, were found numerous human bones, doubtless those of persons buried under the gallows. The early "Tyburn tree" was a triangle upon three legs: it was so described in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and we see it so figured in the scarce etching of the penance of Queen Henrietta Maria beneath the gallows; though the incident is disbelieved, the form of the gallows may be correct. Subsequently, the gibbet consisted of two uprights and a cross-beam, erected on the morning of execution across the roadway, opposite the house at the corner of Upper Bryanstone Street, in the Edgeware Road. The place of execution was changed in 1783. Two years after, Capon, the scene-painter, made a sketch of the Tyburn gallows; and in 1818 he wrote,

* The following is a list of British vessels lost:—Perseverance, Matanzas, Juno, Effort, Earl of Fife, and Eident, of Aberdeen; Crane, of Arbroath; Venus and Scotia, of Montrose; Brothers, of London; Ken, of Hartlepool; Charity, of Douglas; Trident, of Dundee; Chieftain and Onward, of Banff; Llewellyn, of Whitby; Santiago, of Middleboro'; and Conqueror, of Sunderland.

"The eastern end of Connaught Place is built on a plot of ground, then (1785) occupied by a cow-lair and dust and cinder heaps." The gallows was sold to a carpenter, who made it into stands for beer-butts, at the Carpenters' Arms public-house, hard by! Formerly, when a person prosecuted for any offence, and the prisoner was executed at Tyburn, the prosecutor was presented with "a Tyburn ticket," which exempted him from serving on juries, etc.; but this privilege has been repealed. Among the records of the Tyburn executions is that in 1705, of a burglar, who, having hung above a quarter of an hour, a reprieve arrived, when he was cut down, and, "being let blood, came to himself," as stated by Hatton, a careful authority. In 1760, Earl Ferrers was executed here for the murder of his steward: he rode from the Tower, wearing his wedding-clothes, in a landau drawn by six horses; he was indulged with a silken rope, and "the drop" was first used instead of the cart. The executioners fought for the rope, and the mob tore the black cloth from the scaffold as relics. The landau was subsequently kept in a coach-house at Acton until it fell to pieces, and the bill for the silken rope has been preserved.

Leaving these criminal notorieties, we may note that, in 1729, Tyburn Gate stood at the junction of the old Roman roads, that is, at the end of Park Lane, before it was removed westward. Paddington, according to Mr. Robins, "claims a considerable strip of Kensington Gardens, and is bounded west and north-west by an imaginary and irregular line, known only to the authorities and a few parish-boys, which runs over and through houses, greenhouses, etc., from the centre of the road opposite Palace Gardens to Kilburn Gate."

At the beginning of the last century, nearly the whole of Paddington had become grazing land; the occupiers of the Bishop's Estate kept here hundreds of cows. About 1790 were built nearly 100 small wooden cottages, tenanted by a colony of 600 journeymen artificers, whose dwellings gave way to Connaught Terrace.

At No. 7, in Connaught Place, facing Hyde Park, Caroline, Princess of Wales, was living in 1814. Hither the Princess Charlotte hurried in a hackney-coach, when she quarrelled with her father and left Warwick House, as vividly described by Lord Brougham in the "Edinburgh Review." Curiously enough, Camelford House, east of Park Lane, was some time inhabited by the Princess Charlotte and her husband, Prince Leopold.

Paddington maintained its rurality almost to our time. The Bayswater Road was noted for its tea-gardens, most of which were the "Physic Garden" of Sir John Hill, who prepared here, as he said, from plants, his tinctures, essences, etc., one of the latest being his "balsam of honey." The site of these gardens is now covered by noble houses. Of the old conduit at Bayswater, a memorial is preserved in Conduit Street and Spring Street, in the district known as Tyburnia, a town of palatial houses which has sprung up within thirty years. The Edgware and Harrow Roads were long noted for their old inns. In the former, the White Lion dated from 1524, the year when hops were first imported. At the Red Lion, tradition says, Shakspeare acted; and the Wheat-sheaf, upon like authority, was the favourite resort of Ben Jonson. Nursery-gardens extended the trim rurality to Kilburn; but they have disappeared with "the wells," before the gigantic march of bricks and mortar. The water is very fine at Bayswater, and many wells were not more than ten or fifteen feet deep.

Paddington possessed a chapel before the district was assigned to the monks of Westminster, in 1222. Where

this edifice was situated is doubtful, though it is said to have been near the present Marylebone Court House, *i.e.* beside the modern Tybourn; but the only evidence is some bones being dug up here in 1729. This church was built by and belonged to the De Veres; the excuse given for taking it down was, that it stood in a lonely place near the highway, and that it was, in consequence of its position, subject to the depredations of robbers, who frequently stole the images, bells, and ornaments. Now, as Mr. Robins states, the most lonely place "near the highway" was beside the ancient Tybourn, where the gibbet was formed out of the adjacent elm, and near this spot, he imagines, the ancient Tybourn church stood. The old ruinous church, pulled down about 1678, is thought, from its painted window, to have been dedicated to St. Katherine. St. James's Church was built by the Sheldons: here Hogarth was married to Sir James Thornhill's daughter, in 1729. This church was taken down, and St. Mary's built upon the Green, 1788—1791, "finely embosomed in venerable elms;" hard by were the village stocks, and in the churchyard a yew-tree, and a double-leaved elder. The church is, in plan, a square, has a roof with a cupola and vane, and a Tuscan and Doric portico. Under the chancel are deposited the remains of the second Marquess of Lansdowne, who died in 1809; in 1853 there was not a word to mark his resting-place. Here also are interred Bushnell, the sculptor of the figures on Temple Bar; Barrett, the landscape-painter; Banks, the sculptor; Vivares and Schiavonetti, engravers, in the churchyard. The oldest tombstone here is that of John Hubbard, who died in 1665, "aged 111 years." Bryan, author of "The Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," and Nollekens, the painter, and father of the sculptor, also lie here. In the new burial ground lies Mrs. Siddons, and near her grave lies Haydon, the historical painter; also, William Collins, R.A., distinguished for his sea-shore scenes, whose grave is marked by a marble cross. In the church are tablets to Nollekens, the sculptor; Mrs. Siddons; and Richard Twiss, author of the "Verbal Index to Shakspeare." Here, too, lies Caleb Whitefoord, the eccentric newspaper writer, whom Goldsmith has enshrined in the amber of his verse:—

"Here Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
Though he merrily liv'd, he is now a grave man!

* * * * *

Ye newspaper wittings, yet pert scribbling folks!

Who copied his squibs and re-echoed his jokes;

Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,

Still follow your master, and visit his tomb:

To deck it bring with you festoons of the vine,

And copious libations bestow on his shrine;

Then strew all around it (you can do no less)

Cross-readings, Ship News, and Mistakes of the Press."

Goldsmith's "Retaliation."

Down to 1818, St. Mary's was the only church in Paddington. Then, Mr. Orme, the well-known print-seller, built a chapel to hold 1,200 persons. Next was built Connaught Chapel, now St. John's, a debased imitation of New College Chapel, with a costly stained glass window of the Twelve Apostles. St. James's was next built, and in 1845 became the parish church. In 1844—46 was added Holy Trinity, a Perpendicular church, by Cundy: its richly crocket spire and pinnacled tower are 219 feet high, and it has a magnificent stained window. The crypt is level with the roofs of the houses in Belgrave Square. This church cost £18,458, towards which the Rev. Mr. Miles gave £4,000. Mr. Cundy, the architect, presented a carved stone altar-piece; but the question of stone or wood being then rife, wood carried it, and the parish paid £38 for a carved oak altar-table and two chairs. All Saint's, in Cambridge Place,

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