

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 thunderstorm. 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."

But during several early weeks of my tour I travelled unknown, saw a good deal of all classes of people, and had abundant opportunity of observing American hotel life. Also, when in the cities, being "put through," I made a point of exploring what we should call the lowest neighbourhoods, in order to compare the condition of the people with that of our own. I admitted in my speech that I had seen cases of drunkenness in various cities—also that a system of private drinking prevailed to a great extent; but still I testified that, as regards actual drunkenness, there is very far less of it in America than in Great Britain.

The result is that the working classes in America are much better off; not so much from high wages, which are set off by high prices, as from more temperate habits. It is not unusual for our artisans to spend five shillings weekly in beer. Many of them spend from ten to twenty shillings. How can their families be properly housed, clothed, and fed? How can provision be made for a season of scarcity and sickness? Who can doubt that much more than half the prevailing destitution of London at this moment arises from the drinking habits of the people? The poorest regions support gin-palaces in wealth and splendour. Wherever else trade is slack, it is plentiful there. We provide food, clothing, medicine for the poor; but if we could persuade them not to spend their money in beer and gin they would provide ten times more for themselves than all the combined charities of the empire. I could take you to a hundred families in one district in London, connected with one of our temperance societies, families living in comfort and happiness through total abstinence, who, a few years ago, were objects of charity, the wives and children being often at the point of starvation, and the men often in the hands of the police, through offences committed while drunk. Some of us think it a duty to send missionaries to the heathen. We also believe that the doctrines and precepts called the Gospel should be preached both at home and abroad. By those who do not share in these convictions we are reminded of the obligation to do good at home, and to benefit the poor physically and socially. This we are doing in various ways; but experience proves that we can do it no way so effectually as by inducing our working classes to abstain from the public-house. It is a fact that very few can visit such places without frequently drinking to excess, and always being in danger of moral injury. We find we cannot urge these persons to abstain from places where the drink is sold, so long as they desire the drink itself. To keep them from the beershop and the gin-palace it is necessary to persuade them to give up drinking altogether. But we have not the heart to ask them to make this sacrifice, essential for them, while not making it ourselves. So, to render our persuasions consistent and effectual, we voluntarily abstain, even though we may be morally sure that we could continue to drink in moderation and no evil result to ourselves. But we cannot ask a poor man to keep away from the public-house while we are enjoying our own wine at home. We are not fanatics nor bigots. We do not say that all intoxicating drinks are poison, or that it is wicked to drink a glass of wine or beer. We condemn none for acting on their own judgment. We wish to impose our own convictions on no one, nor make our conscience a standard for our neighbour. We simply say total abstinence is for some a necessity, and for the working classes as a whole would be an incalculable benefit, physical, social, and educational. We joyfully make the little sacrifice of abstaining, for the sake, if not of ourselves, as an example to others, to whom abstinence is a moral necessity. We do not dogmatise, but we endeavour to instruct and persuade. We show what evil the drinking system entails; we show what benefits have resulted from abstinence. We do not deny the existence of exceptional cases, in which wine, etc., may be needed medicinally; but we do invite all those who are able to abstain to share with us the great pleasure and privilege of promoting, by so trifling a sacrifice, the welfare of our fellow-creatures, and diminishing the poverty, crime, and misery which abound so fearfully from this cause.

In conclusion, I will remind you of a paper read before the Statistical Section of the British Association, by Mr. Porter, entitled, "The Self-imposed Taxation of the Working Classes." The calculation is for the year 1849. The quantity of spirits consumed within the United Kingdom was 22,960,000 gallons; the quantity drunk by the adult males was, on an average, each man in England, 2½ gallons; Ireland, 3½ gallons; Scotland, 11 gallons. The quantity of grain used in brewing and distillation was 4,749,000 quarters. The beer brewed was 435,000,000 gallons. And the cost—spirits, £24,000,000; beer, £25,380,000—making a total of nearly £50,000,000 sterling, most of which is spent by the working classes.

Varieties.

FARADAY AS A CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER.—Faraday was deeply religious; and not to insist on this special characteristic would be to make a very imperfect sketch of his life. His religious convictions occupied a large place in his whole being, and evinced their power and sincerity by the agreement between his life and his principles. It was not in arguments drawn from science that he sought the proofs of his faith; he sought for them and found them in those revealed truths which, at the same time, he held could not be reached by unaided human reason, even when they were in most perfect harmony with what he had learnt from the study of nature and the marvels of creation. Faraday had for long understood that the data of science, so changing and so variable, will not do for the firm and immovable foundation of a man's religious belief, but, at the same time, he had shown by his example that the best reply that a philosopher can make to those who hold that the progress of science is incompatible with these convictions, is to say to them, "But, notwithstanding, I am a Christian." The sincerity of his Christianity appeared as much in his acts as in his words. The simplicity of his life, the uprightness of his character, the active benevolence which he displayed in his relations with others, won for him general esteem and affection. Always ready to do an act of kindness, he would leave his laboratory when his presence would serve or be useful to the cause of humanity. He would willingly place his science under contribution, whether upon a question of public health and of industrial application, whether to give some practical counsel to an artisan, or to examine the discovery of a beginner in the career of science.—*Professor de la Rive, of Geneva.*

UNJUST TRADESMEN.—From one or two provincial shopkeepers we have received protests against some statements in our article on "Ready Money Housekeeping." If our correspondents lived in London, they would thank us for distinguishing between honest and dishonest dealers. What do they think of the following?—During the past year, remarks the "South London Press," 740 South London shopkeepers have been fined for using, or having in their possession, unjust weights, scales, or measures. The black list is made up as follows:—109 licensed victuallers and beer retailers, 73 bakers, 106 chandlers, 83 butchers, 76 greengrocers and coal dealers, 65 grocers and cheesemongers, 11 oilmen, 4 confectioners, 10 fishmongers and poulterers, 7 eating-house keepers, 5 corn chandlers, 13 marine-store dealers, 1 furrier, 2 curriers, 2 glue and size makers, 2 ironmongers, 3 ham and beef dealers, 2 leather merchants, 2 iron merchants, 1 flock dealer, 3 glass merchants, 1 coal merchant, 1 soap maker, and 8 general dealers. The total amount in fines was £1,070 15s. 6d. During the year 1866 there were 808 shopkeepers fined, which shows a decrease for the past year of 68.

ESQUIRE AND YEOMAN.—This latter name has a stalwartness about it that makes one use it with pride. *Esquire* is an addition now coveted. But Sir Thomas Smith's account of the names is not very flattering. In his "Commonwealth of England" (ed. 1621), he says:—"For amongst the Gentlemen they which clayme no higher degree, and yet bee to be accounted out of the number of the lowest sort thereof, be written Esquires. So amongst the Husbandmen, Labourers, the lowest and rascall sort of the people, such as bee exempted out of the number of the rascability of the popular, be called and written Yeomen, as in the degree next unto Gentlemen."

BOOKS PUBLISHED IN 1867.—During the past year there have appeared 4144 new books and new editions, which may be thus classified:—

Religious books and pamphlets	849	Poetry and the drama	150
Minor works of fiction and children's books	535	Science, natural history, etc.	133
Novels	410	Medical and surgical	123
Annuals and serials (volumes only)	257	Law	101
Travels, topography	212	Trade and commerce	63
English philology and education	210	Agricultural, horticultural, etc.	62
European and classical theology and translations	196	Illustrated works (Christmas books)	62
History and biography	192	Art, architecture, etc.	53
Politics and questions of the day	143	Naval, military, and engineering	42
		Miscellaneous	352
		Total	4,144
Last year the total was 4,204.— <i>The Bookseller.</i>			