

traordinary, and he was the golden idol of all ranks. His mode of letter-writing bespoke a mind wholly absorbed in accumulating wealth, and his language under excitement was rude and violent. He was a frequent subject for caricature. Huge and slovenly of figure, his lounging attitude, as he stood against his favourite pillar in the Exchange, his foreign accent, and rude form of speech, often made him the object of ridicule. Though not remarkable for extensive benevolence, Dr. Herschell declared that Mr. Rothschild had placed a large sum in his hands, for the benefit of his poorer brethren. He died at Frankfort, and his remains were brought to England for interment:

These particulars, relative to Nathan M. Rothschild, are from various sources, but especially from the daily journals, and a work called "The Chronicles of the Stock Exchange," by Jno. Francis.* Here is a story worth transcribing:—

Last century was the hanging century. A great fraud, involving forgery, had been committed on the East India Company. The day of trial was near, and the leading witness against the accused was accustomed to visit a house near the Bank, to be dressed and powdered, according to the fashion in vogue. A note was handed him, setting forth that the attorney for the prosecution wished to see him at his private house in Portland Place. On arriving he was ushered into a large room, where sat several gentlemen, over their wine:

"There is a mistake," said he.

"There is no mistake," said one of them, rising. "I am brother to the gentleman soon to be tried for forgery, and without your evidence he cannot be convicted. The honour of a noble family is at stake. Your first attempt to escape will lead to a violent death. There is nothing to fear, but we must detain you till the trial is over."

The witness acquiesced; but, managing to escape, was pursued, and declared to be insane. A lady passing in a private carriage heard his story, and drove him to the Old Bailey, in time to give the necessary evidence, and consign the criminal to the scaffold.

Here is a companion tale:—A stockbroker, meditating suicide, was on his way to Bankside. A stranger accosted him, who had just landed from Brussels, and informed him of the victory at Waterloo. The ruined jobber hastily returned to Capel Court, and made large purchases of stock. As the news became known, the funds rose rapidly; and his profits amounted to £20,000.

William Coutts was an Edinburgh merchant. His sons came to London, and commenced banking in the Strand; and Thomas, on the death of his brothers, became the sole proprietor. He frequently gave dinners to the principals of similar firms. A guest told him that a certain nobleman had solicited for a loan of £30,000, and had been refused. Coutts waited on the peer, and requested him to call in the Strand, when he offered to discount his acceptance for the required sum.

"But what security must I give?" said his lordship.

"I shall be satisfied with an I.O.U."

£10,000 was received, and £20,000 retained as an open account. The money was soon returned. New customers abounded, and one of them was George III.

The father of Lord Overstone was a dissenting minister at Manchester. Mr. Jones, a member of his congregation, half banker, half manufacturer, had a daughter, who became intimate with Parson Lloyd, and married him. Jones was soon reconciled to his son-in-law; but, not thinking a preacher's business lucrative, made him his

partner. How he prospered need not be told. His son is now Lord Overstone.

The Founders of Barclay's house were linendrapers in Cheapside. On Lord Mayor's Day, 1760, George III paid a state visit to the City. There was a street tumult. A horse in the state carriage grew restive. The King and Queen were in danger, when David Barclay, a draper, came to the rescue, saying—

"Wilt thou alight, George, and thy wife Charlotte, and see the Lord Mayor's Show?"

Presently David introduced his wife after this manner—"King George of England; Priscilla Barclay, my wife," etc.

Barclay attended the next levee.

"What do you mean to do with your son John?" asked the King. "Send him to me, and I will give him profitable employment."

He declined the offer, but John and James became bankers in Lombard Street.

John Baring was a cloth manufacturer in Devonshire. Leaving a large fortune, Francis, his second son, became a banker. He reaped large profits from Government loans, and was created a baronet. He realised a fortune of £2,000,000. Alexander Baring succeeded him. His monetary operations were on a prodigious scale. On one occasion he lent the French Government £1,000,000 at five per cent. He was elevated to the peerage as Lord Ashburton. In 1809 six of the Baring family were in Parliament.

Mr. Morrison, for many years a tradesman in Fore Street, realised a fortune of £3,000,000. Hudson, one of our railway kings, was for a long time the golden calf of the multitude, and might, at one period, have commanded any number of millions. During the late terrible panic Overend, Gurney, and Company failed for £13,000,000; and a renowned baronet and M.P. stopped payment for above half that sum. Indeed, the figures now representing financial operations so far exceed those of former merchants and brokers, that their scale of business seems to have been comparatively small.

We have spoken of enormous financial operations here as a curious fact. By way of contrast, a few days since we were shown a penny Bank of England note. To facilitate some pecuniary arrangement (the transaction took place in the Bank parlour about forty years since), the words Five Pounds were crossed through, One Penny substituted, and an official signature appended. As a great favour, this unique penny note was parted with for forty shillings.

W. H.

IN THE WHITE SEA.

A NARRATIVE OF THE EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF SHIP-WRECKED CREWS.

THE sad intelligence of the loss of a large number of ships by ice in the White Sea first appeared in the English papers about midsummer last year, and shortly afterwards official telegrams from Archangel confirmed the report. The number was estimated at one hundred, and the crews were said to be living either on the ice, or the bleak Lapland shore, in an almost hopeless condition. Having ascertained that the first vague statements were only too well founded—although the number of wrecked ships and suffering crews was afterwards proved to have been greatly exaggerated—the Government immediately chartered the two steam ships Montezuma and Brenda as transports, for the purpose of affording aid to all the shipwrecked mariners, irrespective of nationality.

* He was a bank clerk. His book went through several editions, and as his employers found no fault with his facts, they were probably true.



ICE-BOUND IN THE WHITE SEA.

Drawn by Commander Megy, R.N., from a sketch by Captain G. F. McDougall, R.N.

The steamers, at the time of their being chartered, at noon on the 29th of June, were lying in the Victoria Docks at Blackwall, without crews, coals, or stores of any description on board. By noon the next day they were moved to moorings off Deptford Dockyard—kept open by express order to expedite equipments—to ship provisions, clothing, medical comforts, and indeed all that thoughtfulness and experience could suggest, to render the distressed seamen comfortable on their way to their respective homes.

Each ship was under the direction of a transport officer, and two medical officers were also selected to accompany the expedition. The officers on board the *Montezuma* were Staff-Commander G. F. McDougall, of the hydrographical department, senior officer of the expedition, and Dr. Alexander Fisher, Surgeon; whilst on board the *Brenda* were Navigating-Lieutenant Benjamin Jackson, and Mr. D. B. Thomas, Assistant-Surgeon, all of Her Majesty's Naval Service.

On Monday, July 1st, the steamers left Deptford, and on the morning of the 3rd arrived off Sunderland in order to complete crews, ships' stores, etc., as well as to receive the latest information on the subject of their mission; and this, in the shape of a telegram from Archangel, was to the effect that, on the 29th June, "Masters of vessels arrived at Archangel reported large numbers of wrecks in neighbourhood of Ponoï River, and Sosnovets Island, on the western coast of the White Sea, and that one hundred vessels had been lost. Of the abandoned ships more than ten had been brought in by English crews."

During the evening of the 3rd July the ships left Sunderland, the *Montezuma* having embarked as passengers two gentlemen (Messrs. J. M. Carmichael and B. M. Haggard) who were desirous of visiting St. Petersburg *via* Archangel, a route which at least had the advantage of novelty to recommend it, and would enable them to boast of having rounded the North Cape of Europe, as well as having sailed through the little frequented White Sea, whose coasts are at present a *terra incognita* to tourists.

Two days after leaving Sunderland a melancholy instance of the uncertainty of life occurred on board the *Montezuma*, for the boatswain of the ship, being observed to be in a fit on the fore-yard, was found to be quite dead on being lowered on deck. A minute previously the poor fellow ascended the rigging, apparently in robust health. The same evening the body was committed to the deep with every mark of respect, all on board being present at the reading of the burial service.

Unusually thick weather prevailed during the passage to Hammerfest, and only one satisfactory observation for latitude was obtained, so that the ship's position was not so exactly known as was desirable. Care was however taken to keep a good offing whilst passing the Lofoten Islands, near to the south end of which lies the celebrated *maelsröm*, a fearful vortex, which, when increased by a westerly gale, is said to roar with a noise equal to the loudest cataract; in fine weather a short interval of quiet occurs at the change of tide.

These islands are resorted to during the summer months by fleets of fishing-vessels, for the purpose of taking cod, which are found in innumerable quantities in the vicinity. The fish are dried, and from the livers the oil now so universally in use is extracted.

The coast of Norway presents the appearance of a stupendous chain of mountains, with rugged peaks, abrupt promontories, and indented by deep narrow fiords. From abreast the south end of the Lofoten Islands the coast trends to the N.E. as far as the North Cape, in

latitude 71° 10' north, longitude 25° 46' east of Greenwich. The mainland is protected by the long range of the Lofoten Islands, which not only form admirable natural defences against the wild surges of the Arctic or Polar Sea, but are eminently useful in a commercial point of view by securing an inland navigation, which continues with but little interruption from the North Cape to the Naze, or South Cape of Norway.

On the arrival of the ships at Hammerfest, on July 12th, the English consul could give no additional information respecting the shipwrecked crews, as no vessel had yet arrived from the White Sea; but the Norwegian steamer *Lindesnæs* had passed through a day or two previously on her way thither, for the purpose of rendering assistance to Norwegian or Swedish crews.

The town of Hammerfest, the most northern in Europe, is built on the mountainous and barren island of Kvalö or Whale Island, and stands on the shores of a small bay, about half a mile in extent, with deep water close to the shore. The houses are all built of wood, many of the better sort having stone foundations; most of the warehouses stand on piles, and contain a goodly show of merchandise. During the summer months the bay is frequented by English, Russian, Dutch, Danish, and German vessels; the principal commerce is, however, carried on by small craft from the White Sea, whence the actual necessaries of life are principally imported. There is also a considerable trade with Spitzbergen in small vessels, which would be deemed unsafe for English coasters; but they generally make their enterprising voyage productive by bringing back the skins of reindeer, walrus, white bears, and the down of the eider duck.

The population may be estimated at about 1,200, the chief articles of diet being milk and fish. The cattle, *i.e.*, oxen and reindeer, are housed in the winter, and when fodder fails are fed on fish, which are caught in great abundance, and form the principal export from Hammerfest to Archangel and other parts in the White Sea, whence flour and meal are brought in exchange.

The pilot who boarded the *Montezuma* at Hasvig (Soröe Island) observed that a man who had resided in the village upwards of fifty years had no recollection of anything approaching the severity of the spring and summer. Snow had fallen almost continuously night and day since the middle of April to within three days of our arrival; indeed, the whole country was thickly covered with snow to the water's edge, although its disappearance is generally looked for towards the end of June.

The vice-consul confirmed the above statement, and remarked that, about three weeks before, the pack-ice approached within twenty-five miles of the coast, a circumstance unprecedented during his residence of forty years in the country.

The church, a red-tiled, commodious wooden building on the south side of the bay, was in a state of good repair. The interior was whitewashed, and fitted with benches instead of pews; over the eastern door was the organ gallery, the organ being painted white and tastefully picked out with gold. On the altar, which was covered with a linen cloth, were four massive candlesticks, and immediately above, a small but carefully-executed copy of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper; over it was a larger painting of inferior merit, representing the crucifixion, with the two Marys in attitudes of sorrowing adoration.

Adjoining the church was a capacious school-house for children of both sexes; but though most of the scholars were absent, the place was heated to an un-

pleasant degree. The presence of a harmonium implied that music was encouraged; a gymnasium, that athletic sports were not forgotten; whilst several maps and black boards which adorned the walls were suggestive of geography and mathematics.

A considerable quantity of oil is extracted from the livers of fish, which appear to be used indiscriminately; cod, haddock, and sharks all tend to augment the quantity, and revenge themselves by creating during the process a compound of the vilest smells it is possible to imagine.

As Captain McDougall was anxious to push on, the ships left Hammerfest during the afternoon of the day of their arrival, and, proceeding through Rolfsö Sound, rounded the North Cape at midnight, the sun at the same time being several degrees above the horizon. The following day, July 13th, the expedition closed the island of Vardö, off the northern entrance of Varanger fiord.

On landing at Vardö Island, the officers of the expedition communicated with the English consular agent, and afterwards went to the Fort to call on the governor—Captain Apenes, of the Norwegian army—who received them most kindly, and very sincerely expressed his regret that the urgent nature of the service on which the ships were employed prevented the officers making a longer stay.

The Fort, of small dimensions, star-shaped, and surrounded by a fosse, mounted twelve 24-pounder guns, ancient in date and appearance, with carriages to match; but there were in addition six 8-inch shell guns, all in a serviceable condition.

The garrison consisted of the captain, a lieutenant, and thirty non-commissioned officers and soldiers; but it was evident that the so-called fortress, of the time of Christian III, was retained more for ornament than use. The doctor, a civilian, who also did duty with the troops, had resided seven years in the island, and complained much of the monotony of such isolated existence; for four months included spring, summer, and autumn.

The governor, with pardonable pride, showed his English visitors the oven for red-hot shot; but the rickety brick affair was in keeping with all around, and would have required considerable repairs to render it capable of warming a potato.

The resident population amounts to about a thousand; but during the short summer this number is considerably augmented by fishermen from various parts of the coast, and the crews of numerous small craft, which carry on a considerable trade—for all the necessaries of life are of course imported, payment being made partly in kind. Off the island were anchored ten or twelve brigs and schooners, besides smaller craft; and there was an evident appearance of prosperity attending this remote settlement; but an offensively oleaginous and fishy smell could be detected miles off the island, and was just the reverse of the "spicy breezes of Ceylon's Isle."

A profitable fishery exists off Vardö Island, producing cod, haddock, and halibut. The fish themselves are either salted or dried, and from the livers of all, including sharks, the oil is extracted, which always commands a marketable value.

After a short detention of two hours, the officers returned on board, and the ships proceeded on their way, the evening being beautifully fine and clear, with a nearer approach to summer temperature than had been experienced since leaving England. Around the ships both air and sea were full of life. Numerous whales rose on every side, throwing vast volumes of water into the air, as they lazily rolled their huge bodies along the

mirror-like surface of the sea, whilst the noisy gull, screaming tern, and hoarse puffin, revelled in the midst of their happy hunting-grounds.

Early on the morning of the 15th July, when about seven miles off Cape Gorodetski, the temperature of the air fell to thirty-two degrees; and soon afterwards the ships fell in with a stream of loose ice about four miles in length, whilst far away to the eastward an extensive mass of a more compact character was plainly discernible. This latter was probably the main pack, and all on board were prepared to encounter more; but it was soon lost sight of, and a clear and tranquil sea experienced the whole way to Archangel bar, off which the ships arrived on the morning of the 16th July.

When about to anchor, the Montezuma was boarded by a pilot, who looked somewhat blank on finding that the draught of water was too great to cross the bar. In answer to inquiries, he stated that six hundred shipwrecked seamen of all nations were in Archangel; but it was afterwards found that half that number would have been a closer approximation to truth.

There being no steamers available, Captain McDougall determined on proceeding to Archangel by boat; and at noon the ship's life-boat, somewhat overcrowded, started with the young flood up the river Dvina, the distance to the city being thirty-five miles. A fresh northerly breeze caused an unpleasant tumble, not only on the bar, but for some twelve miles beyond; and, as the buoyancy of the water lessened after entering the river, it was necessary to keep a press of sail on the boat, and a man constantly bailing. Under these circumstances the officers were not a little glad, after a disagreeable passage of five hours, to land at Solambalski, the port of Archangel, where some three hundred vessels were moored in tiers along the wharves.

After a brief interview with the chief of the Customs, (which was not very profitable, as he had not the most remote idea of speaking English, and Captain McDougall was about as far advanced in Russian), droskies were hired; and the party drove in procession to the English consul's house, at Archangel, a distance of three miles, which was accomplished in a cloud of dust and with an awful amount of jostling, for the Macadam of Archangel must have taken the paving of English dockyards as his type of perfection.

Here the officers were most hospitably received, and found themselves located in probably one of the finest mansions in the city. The Consul, Mr. Charles Renny, immediately telegraphed the arrival of the expedition to the Foreign Office in London (whence answers are sometimes received within twenty-four hours), and officially communicated the main facts attending the destruction of so many vessels.

Mr. Renny was himself an eye-witness of the loss of many ships, having been a passenger on board the steamer Verona of Leith, which vessel narrowly escaped destruction in the vicinity of Cape Orlov, where, on the 16th June, she was first beset in company with a fleet of 250 ships. Thence she was carried in the pack (in many places twenty feet thick where a pressure had taken place) to abreast of Poulonga, when, by means of her steam, on the 21st June she was enabled to force her way through the ice into clear water, and crossed the bar of the Dvina on the following day.

The greatest number of casualties occurred on the 18th and 19th of June, when the main body of the fleet, numbering about 250 sail, were all beset close together, some distance north of Sosnovet's Island, and within half a mile of the Lapland shore. To add to their perilous position, a strong north-easterly gale had

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.