



A CHAPTER OF ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER I.

A FISHING VILLAGE.

OF the tens of thousands of excursionists who every summer travel down by rail to Southend, there are few indeed who ever stop at Leigh, or who, once at Southend, take the trouble to walk three miles along the shore to the fishing village. It may be doubted, indeed, whether along the whole stretch of coast-line from Plymouth to Yarmouth there is a village that has been so completely overlooked by the world. Other places, without a tithe of its beauty of position, or the attraction afforded by its unrivalled view over the Thames, from Gravesend to Warden Point, ever alive with ships passing up and down, have grown from fishing hamlets to fashionable watering-places; while Leigh remains, or at any