

as he left years ago, an 'tis a poor welcome he ha' had to the shore o' England, vor sure."

"Let us go up and see him," said the doctor; and they followed Dame Bolitho upstairs. As they ascended, they could hear the voice of the rescued passenger raised in bitter complaint to Maggie, the serving maid. He, however, heard the sound of footsteps on the stairs, and called out—"Is that you, dame? So you've found your way up at last? Come in, and look at the stuff you've sent me up for coffee."

Hoping to prevent any further deprecatory remarks, the widow quickly threw open the bedroom door and ushered in the three gentlemen, saying, "Here be t' reverend, sir, and t' doctor, and Mr. Sharpe is come to see 'ee——"

She stopped, terrified at the scowl of her guest, who was indignant at being thus suddenly intruded upon by strangers.

Perched up in bed, in a sitting posture, his back supported by pillows and his body and limbs enfolded in blankets, his head surmounted by a red woollen nightcap lent him by one of the fishermen, appeared the rescued passenger of the Powhattan, for that was the name of the wrecked American packet-ship.

His gray hair, matted with salt water and sand, straggled in elf-like locks from beneath the nightcap, and his cheeks and upper lip and chin were covered with gray stubble of a week's growth, while his face and forehead were plentifully bedecked with black strips of plaster, hastily put on the night before by the widow and her friends, from which smears of blood had escaped and clotted around them.

The floor and the furniture of the room, and the bedding and curtains, were all as clean as possible; nevertheless, the place wore the generally untidy appearance of a bedroom in the morning.

"Begone, woman! What do you mean by this?" shouted the stranger, as soon as his indignation would allow him to speak; and the dame bolted like a shot from the room, followed by her terrified handmaid, leaving the three gentlemen to explain the cause of their rude intrusion as best they could.

"And now, gentlemen, may I ask what brought you here?" inquired the stranger, with grim politeness—for he had the look and manner of a gentleman, spite of his present rueful guise—drawing himself up, and dragging the blankets closer round him as he spoke.

The rector instantly stepped forward and explained the object of the visit, and the manner in which he and his friends had involuntarily been, as it were, forced into the room; and the stranger, when he understood the actual circumstances, not only recovered his temper, but thanked his visitors for their kindly interest in his welfare. On examination, the doctor found that the bruises he had received were comparatively trifling, but he had so severely sprained his right ankle that he was likely to be detained a prisoner to his room for several weeks.

The stranger groaned, and cast a woful glance around the small confined apartment, and the rector, who understood the look, immediately invited him to the parsonage.

"My house is near," he said, "and there are abundance of spare rooms. You will be nearer the doctor, and will have every attention paid to you. There is no public accommodation in the village for an invalid."

The stranger protested that he could not think of intruding himself upon the rector's hospitality, but the latter insisted that, under the circumstances, he was but doing his duty in rendering a shipwrecked man all the assistance that lay in his power; and at length it was

arranged that the rector, on his return home, should acquaint his niece that she was to prepare to receive an invalid guest, and that a carriage should be sent to convey the stranger to the rectory, as soon as the latter was in a condition to be removed.

The doctor and his friends then visited the other cottages in which the shipwrecked crew had taken refuge, and saw that all were made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The captain of the wrecked ship had, with true Yankee promptitude, set out at daylight that morning to Falmouth to report the loss of his vessel, and confer with his consignees. None of the sailors had received any serious injury, and in a few days they were provided by the American consul at Falmouth with such absolute necessaries as they required, and dispatched to London, to enter on board other ships belonging to the company.

The next day, the wrecked passenger, who stated that his name was Aston, was supplied, also from Falmouth, with such necessaries, in the shape of clothing, etc., as he stood in need of, and in the evening was removed in the rector's carriage, under the doctor's charge, to the parsonage-house.

In a few days all that remained to show the disaster that had befallen the ill-fated ship Powhattan was a small portion of the vessel's keel still visible on the reef.

## THINGS GONE OUT OF USE.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

I.

TIME, "the greatest innovator," in his progress works so many social changes that it becomes us every now and then to take stock of our comforts, in order to estimate how great have been our gains. All human improvement is the result of accumulations of time; and each successive age incorporates into itself the substance of the preceding. The late Prince Consort observed, in one of his manly addresses, that "whilst formerly discovery was wrapped in secrecy, the publicity of the present day causes that no sooner is a discovery or invention made than it is already improved upon and surpassed by competing efforts. To the human mind nothing is so fascinating as progress."

To begin at the beginning, we will glance at the early tool of education, the Horn-book, by which old persons now alive may have "learned their letters." We remember John Britton, born in the year 1771, used to tell of his learning from a schoolmistress in Wiltshire "the Christ-cross-row" from a hornbook, on which were the alphabet in large and small letters, and the nine figures in Roman and Arabic numerals. Hornbooks are now of great rarity; and an advertisement in a newspaper, many times repeated, offering a considerable sum for a specimen, has failed in producing an answer. One, of the time of Queen Elizabeth, has the leaf mounted on wood, and protected with transparent horn. Shensstone the poet, born in 1714, was taught to read at a dame-school, at which

"Their books, of stature small, they take in hand,  
Which with pellucid horn secured are,  
To save from fingers wet the letters fair."

Cowper describes the Horn-book of his time as

"Neatly secured from being soiled or torn,  
Beneath a pane of thin translucent horn,  
A book to please us at a tender age;  
'Tis called a book, though but a single page."

We have seen a Horn-book that was met with in Lincolnshire in 1850. It measures 9 by 5 inches; the alphabet, etc., are printed upon white paper, which is laid

upon a thin piece of oak, and is covered with a sheet of horn, secured in its place by eight tacks driven through a border or mounting of brass. Generally there was a handle to the Horn-book, and this had usually a hole for a string, whereby it was strung to the girdle of the little scholar. How tedious must have been the teaching of children by such rude and clumsy means as this! Nor was the Horn-book always mounted on a board; many were printed on the horn only, or pasted to its back, like one used about sixty years since by a friend, when a boy at Bristol. The Horn-book was superseded by the Battledore and Reading Made Easy, with which came the alphabet illustrations, though the spelling-book is considerably older than either. We remember the gingerbread alphabet, which was common a century and a half ago:

"To Master John the English maid  
A hornbook gives of gingerbread;  
And, that the child may learn the better,  
As he can name, he eats the letter."—*Prior*.

What are these humble aids to learning in comparison with the picture alphabets and well-printed first-books of the present day! not forgetting the frontispiece of a clock-face, with moveable hands, to enable a child to tell what o'clock it is—which, by the way, some young folks are very slow in learning.

The rude and primitive records by the use of notched sticks, or *tallies*, lasted from a very remote period to our time, and there is reason to believe that they were among the earliest means devised for keeping accounts. The tallies used in our Exchequer answered the purpose of receipts as well as implements of matters of account. They consisted of squared rods of hazel or other wood, upon one side of which was marked by notches the sum for which the tally was an acknowledgment; one kind of notch standing for £1,000, another for £100, another for £20, and others for 20s., 1s., etc. On two other sides of the tally, opposite to each other, the amount of the sum, the name of the payer, and the date of the transaction, were written by an officer called the Writer of the Tallies; and, after this was done, the stick was cleft longitudinally in such a manner that each piece retained one of the written sides, and one-half of every notch cut in the tally. One piece was then delivered to the person who had paid in the money, for which it was a receipt or acquittance, while the other was preserved in the Exchequer. Madox describes the use of these tallies as very ancient, coeval, for aught he knew, with the Exchequer itself in England. A multitude of accountants, book-keepers, and actuaries were born and died, still the Exchequer accounts continued to be kept on the tallies. In the reign of George III a change was proposed, but violently resisted, and it took until 1826 to get these sticks finally abolished. They were housed at Westminster; in October, 1834, two cartloads of the sticks were burnt in one day in furnaces or stoves connected with the heating flues which passed beneath the flooring of the House of Lords, and thus set fire to the wood-work, and, during the night, the Houses of Parliament were destroyed. Clumsy as the contrivance may appear, tallies were effectual in the prevention of forgery, since no ingenuity could produce a false tally which should perfectly correspond with the counter-tally preserved at the Exchequer; and no alteration of the sum expressed by the notches and the inscription could pass undetected when the two parts of the stick were fitted together; and forgeries were attempted immediately after the discontinuance of tally receipts.

Mr. Robert Chambers tells us that, until his early days, it was customary in Scotland for the baker's lad

to bring the *nick-sticks* with his bread, a notch being made for each loaf he left: while the notches on his stick corresponded with those on the one left with the family, both parties were satisfied that the account was justly kept by the *baker's tally*. In England, we had formerly the *washing tally*, a specimen of which was found at Haddon Hall, in Derbyshire, in 1863. It consists of a piece of beech-wood, covered with linen, precisely similar to a Horn-book, in front, the different articles being printed from copper-plate, and protected by a sheet of horn, fastened down by a strip of brass and ornamental nails. The tally is divided into fifteen squares, in each of which is a dial, numbered from 0 to 12, and above each square is the name of the article to be taken into account and "sent to the wash." On each of the dials is a circular brass indicator, fastened by a pin in its centre. Each indicator is pierced on one side, close to its outer edge, with a round hole, through which one number of the dial is visible; opposite to this opening is a raised point, by which the indicator may be turned to the figure representing the number of each article looked out for the "wash." Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt, F.S.A., has engraved and described a washing tally in his clever journal, the "Reliquary;" and a similar tally is in the possession of a gentleman of Liverpool. The washing tally has long given way to the washing-book, to be found in the shop of every stationer.

The most popular form of tally is that of the seller of milk—a flat piece of wood, on which the score is kept by lines of chalk. This mode of account has, we suspect, been almost superseded by the milk-sellers with an account. The last milk tally we remember to have seen in use was at the house of an aged maiden lady in Sloane Street, a few years since; and, near the same spot, we saw one of the last of the sedans conveying the same lady to her morning bath.

Books to take us from the track of our nursery mistakes have multiplied of late years. An observant walk through the Zoological Gardens will afford living lessons on the errors respecting animals. The Mermaid has long been thrown overboard; the tales of this book-wonder had their origin with manatees and dugongs, seals and walruses. The Death-watch is no longer believed to foretell death by its clicking, like the ticking of a watch, though this was a common belief for more than a century. The noise is now known to be the call of the insect in spring; the name of one species is referred to its lying *as though dead*, when touched. The Ear-wig is now known to be not more likely than other insects to enter the ear; and, if it does so, the drum-head of the ear will prevent the progress of the intruder, which may be killed or dislodged with ease by a few drops of oil. Its original name is thought to have been *Ear-wing*, from its wings being in shape like the human ear. The Aloe is no longer believed to attain maturity only at the end of one hundred years; for the period varies, according to circumstances, from ten to fifty, or even seventy years. In hot climates it grows rapidly; but in colder regions it requires the longest period that has been assigned to it. The legend which connects St. Swithin with *forty days of rain* has no semblance of foundation. From observations made at Greenwich Observatory for twenty years, the average proves rain to have fallen upon the largest number of days when St. Swithin's day was dry; and no event, or natural phenomenon which could be construed into such, is alluded to by any of the authors who wrote histories of St. Swithin.

The luck of Horse-shoes was in strong belief two centuries ago, when they were nailed on the thresholds

of doors, to hinder the power of witches that entered the house—the entrance being as probable as the prevention. When Monmouth Street was a fashionable locality of London, it was noted for its number of Horse-shoes nailed over the doorway, or on the sill. In 1813, Sir Henry Ellis counted here seventeen; in 1841 there were six; but in 1852 there were eleven; now there are fewer. Jews preponderate in this street. Nelson had great faith in the Horse-shoe, and one was nailed to the mast of the ship "Victory." "Lucky Dr. James" attributed the success of his fever-powder to his finding a Horse-shoe, which he adopted as the crest upon his carriage. The sign of Meux's brewery is a Horse-shoe. The "lucky belief" may have led to the Horse-shoe having been adopted as the ornamental portion of a scarf-pin.

The Gold-headed Cane, formerly carried by physicians, was long believed to contain some safeguard against infection. There is a collection of such canes in the College of Physicians. One of the last physicians who bore the Gold-headed Cane, was Dr. Baillie. The last man in London who is believed to have worn the scarlet coat, flap waistcoat, and frilled sleeves, was a quack-doctor who lived in the corner of Salisbury Square, and who might be seen any day pacing the pavement in front of his establishment until he took to his bed and died of extreme old age.

"Cries of London," which formerly added to the noise in the streets, have become "beautifully less." Our great fish-market Billingsgate, proverbially infamous, has been reformed. On a dark winter morning it was a strange scene, its flaring oil lamps showing a crowd struggling amidst a Babel din of vulgar tongues, such as rendered the name a byword for low abuse. Opprobrious foul-mouth language is called "Billingsgate discourse" in Martin's Dictionary, 1754. In Bailey's Dictionary we have "a Billingsgate, a scolding, impudent slut." Tom Brown gives a very coarse picture of her; and Addison refers to "debates which frequently arise among the ladies of the British fishery." She wore a strong stuff gown, tucked up, and showing a large quilted petticoat; her hair, cap, and bonnet were flattened into a mass by carrying a basket of fish upon her head; and her coarse cracked cry, brawny limbs, and red bloated face, completed this portrait of the Fish-fag of other days. Not only has the virago disappeared, but the market-place has been rebuilt and extended; there is no crowding, elbowing, screaming, or fighting, as heretofore; coffee has mostly superseded spirits, and a more orderly scene of business can scarcely be imagined. We are glad to part with the fish-fag, as well as with the Sunday cry of mackerel, which, by Act of Parliament in 1846, was declared illegal; though the cry had been permitted since 1698.

We as willingly part with the Chimney-sweepers, those "dim sparks, poor blots, innocent blacknesses," and rejoice at the abolition of the cruel practice of employing boys to sweep chimneys. With their dreary gambols, and tinselled squalor, they almost monopolised the metropolitan May-day in our time. Their "crying the streets," was plaintively significant of their hapless condition. Theirs was one of the "sullyng trades" which Gay, in his "Trivia; or, The Art of Walking the Streets," thus taught his readers to avoid:—

"The little chimney-sweeper stalks along,  
And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng;  
When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat,  
From smutty dangers guard thy threatened coat."

The tin News-horn, often disturbing a quiet West-end locality with its blatant noise, is heard no longer, and we

see it only upon the face of one of our weekly newspapers, established when the post-horn was in full blow. The Postman, with his clanging letter-bell, left us in June, 1846. He was a modern compared with the City Bellman, instituted some three centuries ago, to go about the wards by night; and, ringing his bell at certain places, exhort the inhabitants, with an audible voice, to take care of their fires and lights, to help the poor, and pray for the dead. The Watchman was of much earlier date; and we remember to have seen him upon old London Bridge, in the costume of centuries long before. The City Watch bore the halbert until a comparatively late period. The watch was more efficient in the City than elsewhere; the Scourers and Mohocks frequented St. Clement Danes and Covent Garden, breaking the watchman's lantern and halbert, and frequently locking him up in his own box.

Amongst the cries were those of the venders of victuals for wayfarers, in which the pieman took the lead. The economy of this trade may be imagined from the Farthing Pie-house, in the New Road, where, almost to our time, bits of mutton were put into a crust shaped like a pie, and actually sold for a farthing! Holloway was then famous for its Cheesecakes, which, within recollection, were cried through London streets by men on horseback. Curds and whey were sold at the lodges of the parks; Hyde Park had its Cake-house; and Milk Fair, at the Spring Garden gate of St. James's Park, with its lowing cows and squalling children, lasted until the past year; though the noisy milk folks had long ceased their cries, "A can of milk, ladies!" "A can of red cow's milk, sir!" We miss, too, from our streets, the Saloop stalls, at which was sold salep, made from boiling the half-baked roots of an orchis with water; though subsequently, Saloop was a decoction of sassaparilla. Both drinks were much used before the introduction of tea and coffee at greatly reduced prices. Instead of this out-door accommodation, we have thousands of coffee-shops in the metropolis, where the mind as well as the body is cared for, by the provision of periodical publications of the useful and entertaining class. The last Saloop-house we remember in London was at the east end of Fleet Street.

## THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON.

JANUARY.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

THERE cannot be a more magnificent spectacle in nature than a fine moonless starlight night in winter, when so many independent worlds, at infinite distances from us, are at one time exhibited for our contemplation. To give some information about this starry host, brief, however, as it must necessarily be, and to point out those parts of the heavens where the principal stars are to be found, will be the writer's object.\*

Before proceeding to explain the diagrams which illustrate these papers, it may be proper to remark at once that it matters little in what part of London or its neighbourhood the observer may be located, whether it be near St. Paul's, Hampstead, Kensington, or Greenwich, for there is no sensible difference in the appearance of

\* Thomas Carlyle, in referring to the teaching of science in schools and families, says, "For many years it has been one of my constant regrets that no schoolmaster of mine had a knowledge of natural history, so far at least as to have taught me the grasses that grow by the wayside, and the little winged or wingless neighbours that are continually meeting me, with a salutation that I cannot answer, as things are! Why did not somebody teach me the constellations, too, and make me at home in the starry heavens, which are always overhead, and which I don't half know to this day?"

admirers, and containing much that is interesting, is a melancholy production, to be best passed over in silence. His last great work is "The History of Frederick the Great," of which he has made the most in his own way, but evidently finding it up-hill work to make a hero of old Fritz.

Until summoned to deliver his inaugural address when elected Rector of the University of Edinburgh, in 1866, with the exception of his appearance as a lecturer, Mr. Carlyle has lived the life of a recluse in his house in Cheyne Road, Chelsea, like Teufelsdröckh in his "high Wahngasse watch-tower." Without family, his books have been his children, his love of them, till lately, shared by the partner of his early years and sympathising companion of his studies.

Our object being to give merely the outline of the life so far as the public has to do with it, we have contented ourselves with bare enumeration of the works which have raised Mr. Carlyle to his high place among the notables of the age. No man living has exerted wider and deeper influence on the rising generation of authors and educated readers. It is the more necessary to point out how far that influence has been for good, and how far we consider him to be an unsafe guide. It would be idle, at this time of day, to criticise his peculiarities either of thought or diction. *Magnæ virtutes sed magna vitia*—great excellences but also great faults—is a saying emphatically true in his case. The power, the independence, the originality of his views, and the rugged strength of his language, are admitted on all hands. What faults and eccentricities there are, either of matter or manner, have long been essential parts of the man, who nevertheless surprises, and sways, and delights every thoughtful reader, even when dissenting from him. It matters not that his writings defy all canons of taste and rules of literature. After one of Frederick the Great's victories an old field-marshal demonstrated that the battle ought to have been lost—it was fought contrary to all the rules of war! Success silences all criticism about Mr. Carlyle's style, although it ought not to extort indiscriminate praise, still less to invite servile imitation. Let us hope that "Carlylese" will die with Carlyle.

A far more important matter it is to protest against, not merely the aping of his style, but the utterance of his paradoxes. At the bottom there appears in Mr. Carlyle's works a reverence for truth and religion, but overlaid with what he would himself call guano-mountains of cant and rubbish. No man could write as he has done about Luther, and Knox, and Cromwell, without a belief in things not dreamed of in mere philosophy. But when he makes "earnestness" the one great test of truth, and "sincerity" the sole test of moral greatness, when he talks of "the gospel of labour" and "the sacredness of work," when he denounces all existing political and social systems as "shams," he utters the ravings of a self-deluded "prophet." True, men must believe, men must be earnest, must be sincere, or there is no hope of them. But men must also take heed what they believe, and about what they are in earnest. In Mr. Carlyle's earnestness, truth and falsehood, good and evil, are confounded, and all moral distinctions broken down. With him sincerity covers a multitude of sins. With him zeal is good, whether with or without knowledge. Amidst all his paradoxes he himself may distinguish between human and divine truth; but the effect of this confusion of right and wrong, this calling good evil and evil good, must be disastrous on the minds of many who look to him as an oracle. It is a terrible responsibility for a man to wield such influence, and

to use it in a way likely to foster unbelief in revealed religion, and to throw discredit on the gospel of Christ, as the divinely appointed remedy for the wrongs of life. In his last and greatest public effort, the address at the University of Edinburgh, while there was much shrewdness of statement and earnestness of advice, the tone rose no higher than that melancholy utterance from the death-chamber of his friend John Sterling, who thus wrote to him: "On higher matters there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear and with very much of hope. Certainty, indeed, I have none." What a contrast to the words of Archbishop Leighton, addressing from the same place a similar assembly:\* "The wise man alone feels true joy, and real wisdom is the attainment of a Christian only, who bears with life, but hopes for death, and passes through all the storms and tempests of the former with an undaunted mind, but with the most fervent wishes looks for the latter, as the secure port and the 'fair havens,' in the highest sense of the expression; whose mind is humble, and at the same time exalted; neither depending upon outward advantages nor puffed up with his own; and neither elevated nor depressed by any turns or vicissitudes of fortune. The only thing he desires is the favour and countenance of the Supreme King; the only thing he fears is his displeasure; and, without doubt, a mind of this cast must of necessity be the habitation of constant serenity, exalted joy, and gladness springing from on high. . . . Whatever may be your fate with respect to other things, it is my earnest request that it may be your highest ambition and your principal study to be true Christians; that is, to be humble, meek, pure, holy, and followers of your Captain wherever he goeth; for he that follows Him shall not walk in darkness, but be conducted, through the morning light of Divine grace, to the meridian and never-ending brightness of glory."

## THINGS GONE OUT OF USE.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

II.

QUACK medicines have extraordinary longevity. There is an old nostrum called Heal-all, which may have been taken from the All-heal of the Druids, our most ancient doctors. Daffy's Elixir is of early date. Godfrey's Cordial has been working its mischief many years; for, more than a century ago, in 1756, we find it enumerated among the medicines employed by the nurses at the early periods of the Foundling Hospital, to give a long and effectual quieting to the children committed to their care. Scot's Pills were sold upon the same spot for nearly two centuries, in the Strand: they were originally made by a physician to Charles I, and we find them advertised in 1699, as "sold at the Golden Unicorn, over against the Maypole, in the Strand;" the shop disappeared in the year 1865. John Moore, "author of the celebrated Worm-powder," lived in Abchurch Lane, in the time of Pope, who thus apostrophised him:—

"O learned friend of Abchurch Lane,  
Who sett'st our entrails free!  
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,  
Since worms shall eat e'en thee."

The great worm-destroying school of our time was Dr. Gardner's, in Long Acre, with its rows of worms preserved in spirits; but they have "gone out of use."

\* "Exhortations," by Archbishop Leighton, Principal of the University of Edinburgh.

We miss, too, the Anodyne Necklace, recommended for cutting teeth by the inventor, and by another doctor, who possessed the secret; in this case the doctors did *not* differ.

Sight-seeing has been much economised in our time, as well as improved in character. In the "Tatler," 1709, we read:—"On Thursday last I took three lads a rambling in a hackney-coach, to show them the town, as the lions, the tombs, Bedlam, and the other places, which are entertainments to raw minds." The lions have been removed from the Tower, since 1834, to the Gardens of the Zoological Society in the Regent's Park. It usually cost one shilling to see the few animals at the Tower. The whole menagerie, the finest in the world, the Zoological Society's, can be seen for sixpence, not shut up in close and dark rooms and cages, but enjoying light, air, and ventilation. To see the jewels at the Tower formerly cost half-a-crown; the fee is now sixpence, and the armouries are proportionately reasonable. St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, once costly sights, may now be seen for a trifling sum. Bedlam is altogether a different sight from the horrors of the old hospital in Moorfields. We can just remember the crowds in the Fields to see the patients at the windows of one of the galleries of the old place. The four sight-loving folks in the "Tatler's" hackney-coach must have had several shillings to pay for their ride.

This brings us to the change in public conveyances. The Hackney-coach was from the first an expensive affair, though its rate was fixed by Act of Parliament. It was then one shilling a mile; it was uneasily hung, and so narrow as to be taken for a sedan on wheels; and there were all sorts of abuses in the licensing and hiring, and increase of fares. Gay describes the vigilance of the driver in his time:—

"When on his box the nodding coachman snores,  
And dreams of fancied fares."

The next Hackney-coach was double-seated, large, and cumbersome, and usually a cast-off carriage, often to be seen emblazoned with the arms of its former noble owner. This lumbering coach was drawn by two horses, and the driver was "notoriously rude, exacting, and quarrelsome." The coach was next modified to a chariot, still drawn by two horses. Then came a succession of *sabriolets*, which mostly settled down into the cab or sedan-like coach-body upon four wheels, drawn by one horse, and reminding us of a seventeenth-century coach, such as we see sculptured on Thynne's tomb in Westminster Abbey.

The Thames Watermen and their Wherries have almost disappeared, after three centuries and a half existence as a Company, and their affairs being regulated "by the most wise, discreet, and best sort of watermen." Their Water-poet, with his fellow-watermen, violently opposed the introduction of coaches as "trade-spillers." The Company condemned the building of Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges for their injury to the ferries between Vauxhall and the Temple, the profits of which were given to the poor, aged, decayed, and maimed watermen and their widows; in both cases the Company were compensated for their losses. The wherry was an expensive craft, and was blown out of the water by the steam-boats, which were as fatal to the watermen as railways to stage-coachmen. In all these scrambles the public have been the gainers. The only Horse-ferry on the Thames—that between Westminster and Lambeth—was granted by patent to the Archbishop of Canterbury, under a rent of twenty pence. On opening Westminster Bridge, in 1750, the ferry ceased, and £2,205 were given to the See as an equivalent. There were two large inns at the

ferry, for travellers, who, arriving in the evening, did not choose to cross the water at such an hour, or, in case of bad weather, might prefer waiting for better. At Blackfriars, before the building of the bridge, was a ferry, the fare of which, late at night, and in rough weather, was 4s. each passenger; an old customer, who clamoured loudly for the bridge, is known to have been one of the loudest in protesting against the half-penny bridge toll!

The changes in laws are too extensive a field for us to venture in; but we must mention a barbarous punishment which was inflicted in the metropolis not forty years since. This was the Pillory, which existed in England before the Norman conquest, and for centuries was the great institution for the punishment of a variety of offences, especially for "lies, slanders, falsehoods, and deceits;" and it was much used for fraudulent bakers. The Pillory was made in various forms; the simplest was a wooden frame or screen, raised on a pillar or post, several feet from the ground, and behind which the culprit stood supported on a flat form, his head and hands being thrust through holes in the screen, so as to be exposed in the front of it; and thus he stood for an hour or longer. The Pillory was originally intended more for the exposure of the persons to ridicule and infamy than bodily punishment. But in most cases the mob took the punishment into their own hands, and the pilloried persons were mercilessly pelted with rotten eggs, cabbage-stalks, and even stones, and sometimes died from this brutal treatment. We remember to have seen four persons in the pillory at the north end of Fleet Market, about the year 1812. The last person so punished was one Bossy, for perjury, in the Old Bailey, in 1830; but the Pillory was not abolished by law until 1837.

The improved Lighting of our Streets must have been a great moral benefit to the population. Persons of rank and wealth, in the last century, were borne in their sedans, preceded and followed by footmen bearing flambeaux; and there is a curious print of Leicester Square in the reign of George II, showing the Prince of Wales borne in his Sedan towards St. James's, attended by halberdiers and his suite. The Duchesses of Gloucester, Hamilton, and Dowager Northumberland, and the Marchioness of Salisbury, were the last to retain this antiquated mode of conveyance. In entrance-halls is occasionally kept the old disused family Sedan, emblazoned with arms; we remember to have seen three Sedans at Argyll House, one for state occasions. In the iron-work facing old mansions may be seen large extinguishers, by which the footmen attending Sedans put out their flambeaux or links.

Lighting the streets was provided for in early times, of which, however, the lamps which reached us were but sorry specimens. The light of the old oil-lamp made darkness visible, and was commonly compared to a pin-head. Dr. Johnson, when he lived in Bolt Court, is said to have one evening, from a window of his house, observed the parish lamp-lighter ascend a ladder to light one of the oil-lamps. He had scarcely descended the ladder half-way when the flame expired. Quickly returning, he lifted the lamp-cover, and, thrusting the end of his torch beneath it, the flame was instantly communicated to the wick by the thick vapour which issued from it. "Ah!" exclaimed the Doctor, "one of these days the streets of London will be *lighted by smoke*." But the change was beset with all sorts of difficulties. The Chinese, it is reported, lighted their streets and houses with coal-gas, ere we had attempted it; and among the mistakes about Gas-lighting, it must not be forgotten that such scientific men as Davy, Wollaston,

and Watt, at first gave an opinion that coal-gas could never be safely applied to the purposes of street-lighting. How extensively it has been achieved is shown by the fact that in 1865 nearly two millions of money were paid for gas-lighting the metropolis. In the change we have parted with the dirty lamplighter and his flaring torch, redolent with Greenland oil; and have done away with the ladder, the gas being lighted by a simple contrivance of the person on foot. There is an account of a public lamp being kept up in a part of Billingsgate ward, where, upwards of 200 years ago, a citizen fell at night and broke his leg, and afterwards bequeathed the sum of £4 a-year for the maintenance there of a public light at night for all time. The money has been paid for two centuries, and, since the introduction of gas, to a gas company, who have superseded the old light.

Among the things of the past are the flint-and-steel Tinderbox, and the familiar cries of the Match-sellers:—

"Here's your fine tar-barrel matches,  
Sixteen bunches a penny—sixteen a penny."

Or,

"Come, buy my good matches—come, buy them of me,  
They are the best matches you ever did see;  
An old woman lived in Rosemary Lane,  
Who dipped them, and dyed them, and I do the same."

Such were the brimstone matches; but we shall presently see how other matches have been provided for the venders. The tinderbox is now a rarity; and we read of an intelligent person who, when searching for matters of greater importance, inquired in many parts of the metropolis, and in many districts of England and Scotland, without finding the tinderbox. At last he found one in a village not far from the venerable Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain—a primitive part of England, where old customs still linger; and where, we are told, some few persons still continue to use the flint-and-steel tinderbox.\*

In the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, we remember to have seen a large old Tinderbox, reputed to have been of Charles the Second's time. To "strike on the tinder," as Shakespeare has it, was no easy matter but for an adept; and the quality of the matches had something to do with the success of the process. They were much made by gipsies; and we knew a kind-hearted old gentlewoman in Oxfordshire who gave every year to a tribe of gipsies wood enough to make a year's stock of matches, and by that means secured her farm from their depredations.

For many centuries the apparatus of a stone struck against a piece of iron, continued, with but little improvement, to be the only means of procuring light. By the Saxons the flint was called the *fyr-stone*; and iron was the forerunner of steel. A piece of steel, with the faces cut into many angles, was used early in the Middle Ages. The flint and steel was made the principal device in the collar of the Order of the Fleece, in 1429; and the form continued to exist to the close of the history of the old-fashioned Tinderbox.

This was at length ousted by a chemical manufacturer of great ingenuity. There had long been prepared by chemists, phosphorus boxes of matches, to be rubbed upon a cork to produce light; whilst others were to be dipped in a little bottle of sulphuric acid and asbestos. But these were costly inventions, ranging from 1s. 6d. to

5s. each box. They were uncertain; for we have known nearly a whole box consumed ere one match could be lighted by a nervous hand. The Lucifer Match proper dates from forty years ago, when Mr. John Walker, a chemist and druggist at Stockton-upon-Tees, was preparing some lighting mixture for his own use. By accidental friction on the earth, with a match dipped in the mixture, a light was obtained. The hint was not thrown away: Mr. Walker commenced the sale of friction matches in April, 1827; and Dr. Faraday lent his authority to bring the discovery into general use. Mr. Walker died at Stockton in 1859, aged 78.

The manufacture of these matches is now carried on in England to an enormous extent. In 1861, at one large saw-mill in London, might frequently be seen six or eight piles of yellow pine, each as large as a six-roomed house. The deals are cut by circular saws, revolving with great velocity, into pieces three or four inches long; and these pieces of block are cut into *lucifer splints* by a machine with fifty sharp knives or cutters, fixed in a row. Five blocks are cut at once; there are 30,000 cut in a minute, or 1,800,000 in an hour; and three of these machines, working ten hours a day each, would produce 54,000,000 per day. But at Frankfort, N.Y., is a manufactory, in which the matches are cut, dipped, and delivered, and the boxes made, entirely by machinery! At Dixon's factory, near Manchester, from 6,000,000 to 9,000,000 of matches are produced daily. The Lucifer Match is a simply beautiful and efficient contrivance, the result of a long series of improvements on the old sulphur match of the Tinderbox; and it owes its present efficiency for the most part to phosphorus. Nevertheless, its ready inflammability leads to innumerable accidents; but the "Safety Match," being tipped with a material which is not inflammable *per se*, requires to be struck upon a chemically prepared substance to produce a flame. The carelessness of persons in using the ordinary lucifer match is stated to cause a loss to the Sun Fire Insurance Office of £10,000 a year.

The employment of dogs in place of boys to turn the roasting-spit in a kitchen has lasted to our time. The dog was placed inside a wheel, which he turned with his fore-feet, the wheel being connected by a chain with the wheel end of the spit; the action of the dog resembling that of a squirrel in a revolving cage. Doctor Caius, who wrote on dogs in the sixteenth century, describes "a certain dog in kitchen service excellent; for, when any meat is to be roasted, they go into a wheel, which they turning about with the weight of their bodies, so diligently took to their business, that no drudge nor scullion can do the feat more cunningly, who the popular sort hereupon term *turnspits*." Mr. Jesse remembers watching these dogs at the house of his schoolmaster, in Worcestershire. "They were long-bodied, crook-legged, and ugly dogs, with a suspicious, unhappy look about them, as if they were weary of the task they had to do, and expected every moment to be seized upon to perform it." In a "Tour" published in 1800 is an engraving of a dog so employed, at Newcastle, near Carmarthen; and, in the kitchen of the ancient Castle of St. Briavel, on the edge of the Forest of Dean, may be seen this contrivance for the dog to turn the spit. Well-authenticated anecdotes are related of one of a couple of turnspit dogs refusing to work the spit because it was not his turn. Who does not recollect Gay's charming fable of "The Cook, the Turnspit, and the Ox?"

"The dinner must be dished at one.  
Where's this vexatious turnspit gone?  
Unless the skulking cur is caught,  
The sirlain's spoil, and I'm in fault."

\* The word *tind*, though from the Saxon *tindar*, and employed by Wickcliffe, Milton, and Dryden, is now little used. It signifies "to ignite either fire or candle; to light, to kindle;" as "tind up the candle." Sanderson, in a sermon of 1659, has "as one candle tindeth a thousand." To *tine*, *tin*, *tend*, or *tind*, is still current in rural districts. Formerly, in Derbyshire, it was customary to light up, on November 2, small fires amongst furze, and call them by the name of *tindles*.

Then the poor dog's lament of his lot :—

Was ever cur so cursed? he cried.  
What star did at my birth preside?  
Am I for life by compact bound  
To tread the wheel's eternal round?"

The economical practice of burning peeled Rushes drawn through melted grease was common till towards the close of the last century, and there was a regular utensil for holding the rush in burning. Gilbert White describes this simple piece of domestic economy, and shows how each rush, before dipping in the fat, costs one thirty-third of a farthing, and one-eleventh afterwards. Thus, a poor family will enjoy five and a half hours of comfortable light for a farthing, while the very poor, who are always the worst economists, and therefore must continue very poor, buy a halfpenny candle every evening, which, in their blowing open rooms, does not burn much longer than two hours. Aubrey describes this rush-burning at Ockley, in Surrey, about the year 1673, which may have been derived from the Romans, who were much in this neighbourhood; for Pliny tells us that the Romans employed rushes for candle-wicks.

#### LIFE ON AMBA MAGDALA, THE STATE PRISON OF ABYSSINIA.

We have received from one of the captives in Abyssinia, the subjoined paper, containing a most interesting account of prison life at Magdala. Some of the letters previously received by his relatives in England, describe the difficulties under which correspondence with the outer world has been managed. On the 9th of June, 1867, he wrote, "Tell my parents that for more than a year we did not write at all, for fear the letters might be taken. Afterwards, when we began to take courage, we sent only such small letters as could be sewn in the clothes of servants." On the 3rd of September, "Ellen (his wife, one of the prisoners at Debra Tabor), thinking I might be without money, sent some Venetian gold pieces in a hollow stick." The rebels between Debra Tabor and Magdala allowed these messengers to pass, while refusing passage to any of the King's people. One of the earliest letters, 17th July, 1865, was written when both feet were loaded with heavy chains, and the right hand fettered together with the feet, "so that I am not able to stand upright, and I believe a bed of three and a half feet in length is quite sufficient for me." During the latter period of the captivity more liberty has been allowed, as will appear from the following narrative, which he has contrived to write, and which reached us in November :—

WRITTEN IN AUGUST, NEAR THE END OF THE RAINY SEASON, 1867.

I.

MAGDALA, which till now scarcely occupied a place on the map of Abyssinia, has been made so familiar to all those who sympathise with helpless suffering, that I think a few remarks on this remote locality may not be devoid of interest at this present moment.

The manners, tastes, character, and occupations of the people are pretty nearly the same throughout Abyssinia, and, having given a description of them of one district, all that can be said of the country at large is known. But as there is a marked difference, even in England, between a quiet country village and a garrison town, it cannot fail to be so here, where only two classes of people are residing—the soldiers and the prisoners—whose position is identical in this particular, that neither of the two are free agents, and that, once here, *both* must remain until it pleases their tyrannical master to remove

them. Before referring, however, to each of them specially, it is necessary that some account should be given of the locality, which is as unique in its character as the population inhabiting it.

Magdala, a nearly circular rock, about one mile and a half in length, situated on the most southern extremity of Amhara Proper, and bordered on the north by Dwnd, and on the other sides by the Wollo Gallas, is generally said to be a mountain fortress, which term conveys to our minds the idea that it is considerably elevated above the surrounding country; but this is not the case. It was in antediluvian times a portion of a large plain; but changes in the surface of the country have caused it to be now surrounded partly by a chasm, the bed of mountain torrents during the rains. The opposite plain towards the south raised itself slantingly, while the other tract of land, from here past the Bashiloh until Dwnd, presents one confused mass of tremendous rocks, precipices, and ravines, on whose sides and depth the worst of roads in Abyssinia winds along. Magdala is approached on the northern side by a small pass, leading to a platform of some thirty acres of ground, called Selamke, and fifty feet more of ascent and the gates of the Amba (hill-fort) are reached, of which there are two, a northern and an eastern, both too feeble to sustain any great amount of pressure. Although offering insurmountable obstacles against any efforts to reduce it which might be made by the native rabble, who are called soldiery, yet a European is surprised that a place so weak and so easily to be taken should be chosen as the storehouse of the riches, and, what is of equal value, for the confinement of the prisoners of the king. The opposite Galla border, higher than Magdala, is not farther than 800 yards, while the other hills overlooking it are near enough to be made use of for batteries. During the rainy season, when the smallest rivulet becomes impassable, Magdala is entirely cut off from all communication with the rest of Abyssinia, by a river which rises in the mountains of Lasta, takes first a westerly direction, makes, about a day's distance from here, near Amba Geeshen, a sudden bend, sweeps south-west past Magdala, between high but narrow rocky beds, takes in its course the Fiddah, a river of nearly equal size, as well as a great number of temporary streamlets, torrents, and cataracts, carrying everything before its force and speed, and joins the Abbäy, or Abyssinian branch of the Nile, about three days' distance from here.

The scenery towards the west, in the district of Worierlaimanot, is indeed grand and imposing at all times, but more so this season. Looking over those regions in the morning, after a copious fall of rain, one sees at the distance of four miles, in a straight line, no less than seven cascades, dashing into the chasm from a height of several hundred feet, and causing their roar to be heard far and wide. At this hour the high banks fronting Magdala are covered with a beautiful dense white cloud, like a curtain hiding from view the mountains behind it. As the sun shines forth, shedding his splendour on the scene before us, the vapours gradually vanish, the tumbling waters, not unlike a number of broad silvery streaks, momentarily detained by a projecting block, are repelled, thrown into the air as spray, and look like so many diamonds reflected on by the light. There rises now in the background a chain of mountains, to the height of 14,000 feet, whose tops are the greater part of the year overspread with snow.

The climate is very salubrious, and not at all what one expects so near the line. In consequence of its altitude of 9,000 feet, it is never unbearably hot in the day, while it is pleasant enough to sit near a nice fire mornings and