

went to Frankfort in one. Stow says William Boonen, a Dutchman, in the sixteenth century introduced coaches into England; while Strutt, in his *Manners and Customs of the English*, says that Walter Ripon in 1555, made for the Earl of Rutland the first coach in England. The Duke of Buckingham, in 1619, was the first to have a coach drawn by six horses, but he was eclipsed by the Duke of Northumberland, who drove eight in ridicule. State coaches gilt are mentioned in 1609. Charles I. had one, and specimens can now be seen in the Lord Mayor's "Gingerbread," and her Majesty's gilded one. Stage coaches gilt are mentioned 1664, and Sorbiere (1664-70) says he went in one from Dover to London, "drawn by six horses one before another," but this is what we should now term a waggon. Fosbroke gives a list of thirty different kinds of coaches, and our friend Taylor in 1623 writes that he heard of "a gentlewoman who sent her man from Charing-cross to Smithfield to hire a coach to carry her to Whitehall; another did the like from Ludgate-hill to be carried to see a play at the Blackfriars." In 1634 one Capt. Bailey established the first hackney coach stand in London. He set four coaches with men in livery by the Strand May Pole, and this example being soon followed by others, a writer of the time adds that "sometimes there are twenty of them together, which disperse up and down," and he frequently adds, that "everybody is much pleased with it."—(Garrard) In 1636, there were more than 6,000 hackney-coaches in London, a proof of the public's appreciation; but in 1660, Charles II. issued a proclamation forbidding their stopping in the streets, for that they must be hired from the stables, &c. The *Weekly Register*, December 8, 1773, tells us that "these hackney gentlemen who drive about the city and suburbs of London, have by their overgrown insolence obliged the Government to take notice of them." The *Gentleman's Magazine* records, that on September 23, 1751, a man ran a coach wheel from the Old Bailey to the eleven mile-stone at Barnet and back in three hours fifty-one minutes, for £50. He had four hours to do it in. By statute 3rd Geo. I. c. 7, sec. 2, 800 hackney coaches were licensed at 5s. each weekly.—*City Press*.

POTATO BLIGHT.—M. Lemaire advocates coal tar as a preservative against the potato blight. He incorporates two parts of coal tar with 100 parts of dry and loose earth, and strews this mixture over the ground to be planted with potatoes, after which the field is ploughed or dug in the usual way. In this manner the coal tar is buried to the depth of 20 centimeters or thereabouts, and the potatoes planted in it thrive perfectly, and are never attacked with the blight. Mr. Lemaire has also made the discovery that potatoes planted in a part of the same field, which had been purposely left without coal tar, contracted the disease at the same time that the others were free.—*Galigiana*.

A LIVING FROG FOUND IN COAL.—The following is an extract from a letter received on Wednesday last in this city, by John Russell, from the manager of his Try Nicholas Colliery, near Newport:—"Our men heading in the rock vein coal yesterday, May 10, in the fall of coal in the face of the heading found in a hole in the pricking, in the top of coal and in the nine-inch bed of coal, a frog. The hole was not more than 3½ inches diameter and this found in a soft bed. There is a slight hollow over the coal where it was found. It began moving about as soon as it was released, but seems larger and more to-day. It is kept shut up in clay to exclude the air from it. Now this is 200 yards below the surface, where this little thing was found. I do not suppose any one can form an idea how long it must have been there. I intended to keep it kept for you until you returned."—(Signed) L. W. Rees. [Mr. Russell is going to send the Great Exhibition a block of coal, between ten and eleven feet long, selecting the piece in which the frog was found, the *locus in quo* being exactly in the centre and the block will be cut out that the frog and its strange dwelling will be clearly shown in front.]—*Worcester Chronicle*.

SUNSET AMONG THE ICEBERGS.—The box open to record. The sun on the rugged hills of Labrador, a golden dome; Bell Isle, a blue mass, with a wavy outline, rising from purple main pricked with icebergs, some white, others flaming in the resplendent like red-hot metal. We are sailing quietly on the still air. Our English friends heard singing while they walk the deck, and off upon the lonesome land where their hearts were waiting for them. All that we anticipate the sunset, or after-sunset, is now present. The ocean, with its waves of Tyrian dye laced with silver, the tinted bergs, the dark blue inlaid and brown headlands underlie a sky of incredible beauty. The west is all one paradox of colours. Surely, Nature, if she follows the mourner on the footsteps of the fall, also rejoices in the jubilant and glorious to the scenes of life. Here, between the white light of day and the dark of the true evening, shade and brightness like Jacob and the angel, now meet and wait for the mastery. Close down among the purple of the rugged earth, beam the bright lemon hues, soon deepening into the orange, with scattered tints of new straw, fully-blown lilacs, young peas, pearl and blue, intermingled. Above are the royal drapery of the twilight skies. Clouds in silken threads and skins; broad velvet belts and ample folds as night, but pierced, and steeped, and drenched with flaming gold, scarlet and crimson, deep as blood, crimson fleeces; plumes with pink, and tipped with fire, white fire—all this glory lies sleeping on the shore, and