

his lamp in one of the old fashioned watchmen's boxes then in vogue, so that when the man came to lift the lamp down he was very considerably astonished.

Of this long list of Friends whom I have known, all are gone. In some cases the families are extinct, in others none are now left in the Society. Many of the Friends, the subjects of this gossipy sketch, were buried at Jackson's Row, and their remains were subsequently removed, only a few years ago, to Ashton-on-Mersey; but many others sleep their last sleep under the flags in front of the Meeting House in Mount Street, unheeded, or rather unknown, by the busy crowds who daily pass by; and I may appropriately conclude with a few words from Longfellow's *Evangeline* :—

Thousands of toiling hands,  
 Where theirs have ceased from their labours;  
 Thousands of aching brains,  
 Where theirs are no longer busy;  
 Thousands of weary feet,  
 Where theirs have completed their journey;  
 Thousands of throbbing hearts,  
 Where theirs are at rest for ever.

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## Women Ministers Stopped by Highwaymen.

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Travelling in those days was very different from the easy recreation it now is, and many were the long weary journeys on horseback taken by "guides" to ministering Friends. On such occasions the good Friends used to envelope their hats or bonnets in oilskin covers, terminating in capes over their shoulders, and the men encased their lower limbs in long riding gaiters, termed "spatterdashes"; martial-looking cloaks, half covering horse as well as rider, were also worn. On one occasion our grandfather [George Miller, 1759-1831] was enveloped in one of these cloaks when acting as guide to Deborah Darby and Rebecca Young across a long dreary district of moorland in the South of Scotland. He had been delayed behind them a short time, when the women Friends, pushing ahead, were suddenly stopped by highwaymen, but as soon as the martial figure of the guide loomed in sight, galloping toward them at full speed, the rascals took to their heels, doubtless mistaking him for a dragoon, or other military character!—*Memorials of Hope Park*, p. 23.