

cook's oracle. They will "stand by their order" as stoutly as Lord Grey himself.

Yet, if any body wishes to see the buxom, but housewifely, Farmer's Daughter, that is not afraid "to do a hand's-char," that can scour a pail, make a cheese, churn you butter—fresh as the day and golden as the crow-flower on the lea; can make the house look so clean and cheery that the very cat purr on the hearth, and the goldfinch sings at the door-check the more blithely for it; throw up a hay-cock, or go to market, as well as her grandmother did; why, there are plenty of such lasses yet, spite of all crinkum-crankums and fine-figuredness of modern fashion. Have't you seen such, north and south? Haven't you met them on single horses, or on pillions, on market-days, in Devon and in Cornwall? Haven't you danced with them on Christmas-eves in Derbyshire or Durham?

There are some specimens of human nature, that not all the fashions or follies of any age can alter or make new-fashioned. They are born old-fashioned. They have an old head on young shoulders, and they can't help it if they would. You might as soon turn a wheel-barrow into a chariot, or an ass into an Arabian steed. There is Dolly Cowcabbage now, what can you make of her? Her father farms eighty acres, and milks half-a-dozen cows. He has nobody but her, and he has saved a pretty bit of money. Dolly knows of it, too. Her mother died when she was only about fourteen, and Dolly from that day began to be her father's little maid; left her play on the village-green, and village play-fellows, and began to look full of care. She began to reap, and wash, and cook, and milk, and make cheese. It is many a year since she has done all these things entire for the house. Those who know her, say "she has not thriven an inch in height" since that day, but she has grown in bulk. She is like a young oak that got a shock from a thunder-bolt in its youth, or had its leading branch switched off by some Jerry Diddle or other as he went past to plough, and has ever since been stunted, and has run all into stem. She is "a little runting thing" the farmers say; a little stout-built plodding woman, with a small round rosy face. She is generally to be seen in a linsey-wolsey petticoat, a short striped bed-gown or kirtle, and a greenish-brownish kerchief carefully placed on her bosom. She is scouring pails with a whisp of straw and wet sand, and rearing them on a stone bench by the door, to dry and sweeten; or she is calling her cows up, by blowing on a long horn; or calling her father and the men to their meals, out of the distant fields, by knocking with a pebble on a pail bottom. She is coming out of the fold-yard with the milk-pail on her head, or she is seated by the clean hearth, busy with her needle, making a pillow-case to hold the feathers she has saved.

Such is Dolly Cowcabbage. She has had offers: men know what's what, though it be in a homely guise; but she only gives a quiet smile, and always says "No! I shall never marry while father lives." Those who don't like "sour grapes" begin now to say, "Marry! no! Dolly 'ull never marry. There always was an old look about her; there's the old-maid written all over her—any body may see that with half an eye: why, and she's thirty now, at least." But Dolly knows what she knows. There is a homely, close, plodding sort of a chap, that lives not far off—Tim Whetstone. He farms his fifty acres of his own. He has nobody in the house with him but an old woman, his housekeeper, who is as deaf as a bolt, and has a hundred and thirty guineas, of old gold, wrapped in an old stocking, and put into a dusty bee-hive that stands on her bed's-head. Tim knows of that, too, though the old woman thinks nobody knows of it. She has neither kith nor kin, and when the lumbago twinges her as they sit by the fire, she often says, "Tim, lad, I shall not trouble thee long, and then what two or three old traps I have 'ull be thine." Tim is certain before long, to find honey in the old hive; and he has been seen, sly as he is, more than once, coming over the fields in the dusk of the evening, in a very direct line towards old Farmer Cowcabbage's house. He says, that it was only to seek a lamb that he had missed. But when somebody asked him if it was the same lamb that he was looking after so earnestly in church last Sunday, Tim blushed, and said, "All fools think other people like themselves," and so went away. If the old woman should drop off, I should not be very much surprised to see these two farms thrown into one, and old Samuel Cowcabbage having a bed set up in the parlour at Tim's. In the meantime, Dolly goes to market with her maund* of butter, as regularly as Saturday comes. She makes eighteen ounces to the pound, and will have the topmost price. Beautiful cream cheeses, too, Dolly manufactures; and if any one attempts to banter her down in her price, Dolly is just as quiet, as firm, as smiling, and as ready with her—"No," as she was to her sweethearts. If I were to prophesy it would be, that Dolly will marry and have half-a-dozen children yet, as sturdy and as plodding as Tim and herself; but there is no knowing. She tells Tim they are very well as they are—she can wait; and the truth of the matter is, they have kept company these ten years already.

Nancy Farley.—"A very different damsel is Miss Nancy Farley. She is the Farmer's Daughter in quite another style. Nancy's father is a farmer of the rough old school. He has none

* A basket with two lids.

of the picturesque or the old-fashioned sentimental about him. He is a big, boorish, loud-talking, work-driving fellow, that is neither noted for his neatness in house, nor farm, nor person; for his knowledge, nor his management.

Nancy's father farms his two hundred acres, and yet there's a slovenly look about his premises; and Nancy has grown up pretty much as she pleased. As a girl, she romped and climbed, and played with the lads of the village. She swung on gates, and rode on donkies. When ten or twelve years old, she would ride bare-back, and astride, with a horse to water, or to the blacksmith's shop. She thrashed the dogs, fetched in the eggs, suckled the calves, and then mounted on the wall of the garden, with her long chestnut hair hanging wild on her shoulders, and a raw carrot in her hand, which she was ready either to devour or to throw at any urchin that came in sight.

Such was Miss Nancy Farley in those days, but her only appellations then were Nan and Nance. Nance Farley was the true name of the wild and fearless creature. But Nance was sent for by an aunt to a distance; she was away five years; she was at length almost forgotten, and only remembered when it was necessary to call any girls as "wild as Nan Farley;" when lo! she made her appearance again, and great was the wonder. Could this be the gipsyish, unkempt, and graceless Nance Farley? This bright and buxom young lady in the black hat, and blue riding-habit? This fine young creature, with a shape like a queen, and eyes like diamonds? Yes, sure enough it was her—now Miss Nancy Farley indeed.

Miss Nancy's aunt had determined that she should have what is called "a bringing up." She had sent her to a boarding-school; and whatever were Miss Nancy's accomplishments, it was clear enough that she was one of the very handsomest women that ever set foot in the parish. The store of health and vigour that she had laid up in her Tom-boy days, might be seen in her elastic step, and cheek—fresh as the cheek of morning itself. She was something above the middle size, of a beautiful figure, and a liveliness of motion that turned all eyes upon her. Her features were extremely fine; and her face had such a mixture of life, arcliness, freedom, and fun, in it, that she was especially attractive, and especially dangerous to look upon. Her eyes were of half-a-dozen different colours, if half-a-dozen different people might be believed; but, in truth, they were of some dark colour that was neither black nor brown, nor grey, nor hazle; but one thing was certain, they were most speaking, and laughing, and beautiful eyes, and those long flying locks were now, by some gracious metamorphosis, converted into a head of hair that was of the richest auburn, and was full enough of a sunny light to dazzle a troop of beholders.

Miss Nancy had enough of the old leaven in her to distinguish her from the general run of ladies, with their staid and quiet demeanour. She was altogether a dashing woman. She rode a beautiful light chestnut mare, with a switch tale, and her brother Ben, who was now grown up, with the ambition of cutting a figure as a gay blade of a farmer, was generally her cavalier. She hunted, and cleared gates and ditches to universal amazement. Everybody was asking, "Who is that handsome girl, that rides like an Arab?" Miss Nancy danced, and played, and sung; she had a wit as ready as her looks were sweet, and all the hearts of the young farmers round were giddy with surprise and delight. Miss Nancy was not of a temper to hide herself in the shade, or to shun admiration. She was at the race, at the fair, at the ball; and everywhere she had about her a crowd of admirers, that were ready to eat one another with envy and jealousy. The young squire cast his eyes upon her, and lost no time in commencing a warm flirtation; but Nancy knew that she could not catch him for a husband,—he was too much a man of the world for that, and she took care that he should not catch her. Yet she was politic enough to parade his attentions whenever he came in the way, and might be seen at the market-inn window, or occasionally on the road from church, laughing and chatting with him in a fashion that stirred the very gall of her humbler wooers. The gay young gentleman farmer, the rich miller, the smart grazier, the popular lawyer of the country town, were all ready to fight for her; nay, the old steward, who was nearly as rich as the squire himself, and was old enough to be her father, offered to make a settlement upon her, that filled her father with delight. "Take him, Nance lass, take him," he cried, "thy beauty has made thy fortune, that it has. Never a woman of our family were ever worth a hundredth part of that money."

But Miss Nancy had a younger and handsomer husband in view; and Miss Nancy is Miss Nancy no longer: she has married the colonel of a marching regiment, and is at this moment the most dashing and admired lady of a great military circle, and the garrison town of—

The next extract gives us some insight into the Apothecary's art, as it is practised in the "Old Country."

THE APOTHECARY.

"Well!" said Mr. Label one day, as he stood in his shop with his back to the fire, "a pretty good morning's work, certainly—yes certainly. Twenty patients at three draughts a day—that's five shillings. Five times twenty, a hundred—very good. They'll take them for a week at least; seven times one, seven—thirty-five pounds—capital! Confound those people in St. James's Street; they will take pills; let me see—three at night and one in the morning,—four. Why, it will be a week before they take two boxes—we can't send more,—and that will be only two shillings. They might as well have washed them down with a little *hustus effervesens*: stop!—I know!—we'll leave out the *aromatic*, and then they'll get tired of them. Mr. Jackson." The address to the apprentice was spoken aloud—the soliloquy was *sotto voce* "Yes, sir."

"Leave out the *oleum cinnamomi* in Mrs. Tenderly's pills." "I did that the other day, sir, with Miss Diggram's, and she said they pained her."

"You're a foolish fellow, sir! Do as I tell you. Is Miss Diggram Mrs. Tenderly?"

"No, sir."

"No, sir? To be sure not. Don't constitutions differ, sir; and don't I know when they do and do not?"

"I should think so, sir—that is—of course. I suppose, though, they were pretty much the same in the twenty patients that you have ordered those draughts for."

"Why, sir? what makes you say that?"

"Because they are all alike: *magnesie sulph*: two drachms, *compound tincture of lavender*, drachms three; and the rest water."

"The rest what, sir?"

"Water, sir."

"Mr. Jackson, I beg you'll mind what you're talking about. Water! Suppose any of the patients heard you; call it *agua destillata* another time, sir. It's a very bad habit to get into an unprofessional way of talking. What do you think that Lady Mary Croakham would say if she knew that *pil: panis* meant bread pills?"

"This was a question not meant to be answered; it obviously admitted but of one reply, which might have savoured somewhat of disrespect, if it had been uttered aloud. So Mr. Jackson, pausing before he spoke just long enough to shew that he had taken his master's hint, merely said, as he invested the last of the twenty draughts with the customary red paper head-gear, and packthread cravat, 'We're out of corks, sir.'"

"Are we? I'll send for some more, directly. What are you about, Mr. Jackson?"

"Capping, sir."

"Capping!—do you call that capping? Look here, sir; this is the way—there—and don't go about complaining that I give you no professional instruction. Isn't this instruction? Unless you cap your draughts properly, who will ever take them but a pauper! Young men are getting above their business; they don't pay half enough attention to these kinds of things. Why, before I had been apprenticed two months, I had learned the whole art of dispensing in all its branches."

"This was quite true. Mr. Label had become, very early in his novitiate, a proficient in the art of pharmacy. His skill extended to every kind of manipulation, from the simplest pounding to the most elaborate pill-grinding; he could guess at all doses with exactness, from a grain to a pound, and in making up a pretty-looking draught for a fashionable invalid, would display more taste than the most imaginative confectioner. "No, Mr. Jackson," resumed the Apothecary, softened a little, as he reflected on his own capabilities; "depend upon it, that to succeed in practice you must please the eye."

"It's a rather difficult thing, though, sir, for a young man to get into practice in these times," sighed Mr. Jackson.

"Eh!—why—not so very, if you go the right way to work. The first thing that you should do when you've passed, is to take a small business, with retail annexed."

"Ah! I suppose so, sir. Draw it mild at first, and come it strong by-and-by."

"Don't learn to talk in that kind of way, Mr. Jackson. I observe it's very much the rage with you young men just at present. It will do you harm. People will think you dissipated if they hear you talk slang; besides it's vulgar, sir; your bye-words ought always to have something medical about them."

"I beg pardon, sir I forgot."

"Well, don't forget again. As I was saying, you buy a small practice; and I should advise you to start in the City. People eat and drink a good deal there, and you will always have patients dropping in who want something for indigestion."

"Ah! exactly, sir."

"Well, you give them a little *mistura stomachica*, or you make up a bit of a draught, one-half infusion of *gentian*, the other of *calumba*, with a drachm or two of *compound tincture of cardamoms*, and a few grains of *sodæ carb*. This relieves them directly. They are sure to come again, and you get talked of. At last they get fever, and then you are sent for. You know my practice—the pills at night, and the draughts three times a day. You can't do better."

"No, sir, I know that. And what sort of a house?"

"Ah! why I can give you a hint or two about that. It should be in a court, if possible, leading out of a thoroughfare. Then you know people needn't be seen when they come to you. Another thing: you should have something to attract attention. I saw a capital idea of this kind the other day. A man has just started (in one of the streets near where I sent you about that bill) with a transparency over his door. It represents a Galen's head and shoulders, with the skin off—an excellent notion; it looks as if the man knew anatomy well; and the figure is holding that—what do you call it?—rod, with a couple of serpents turning round it."

"A clever contrivance, sir! Splendid!"

"Yes, but it won't do westward, you know. I'll tell you what, too, you should do. Get your diploma put into a nice gilt frame, and hang it up in the ante-room to your shop, beneath the portrait of Dr. Cullen."

"Yes, sir, that I knew was a good thing; I should have done that, certainly."

"Well, then you should get married as soon as you can; it shews you to be steady, and women will never employ an unmarried medical man. And, by the way, always contrive to get into their good graces. They are capital advertisements."

"Advertisements, sir?"

"Yes, they will talk about you, and praise you up. I'll tell you one way of pleasing them—the married ones, at least. Now, if you were asked about diet, what should you say?"

"Enquire what the patient liked best, and let him have it."

"Nay, that's not exactly the thing. Find out what his wife or his mother would wish to give him, and take care to agree with them. If he has neither the one nor the other, make a point of forbidding what he asks for, and recommend some other article of food instead. Take care, however, that it isn't disagreeable. And as to your manner: treat every complaint made to you seriously; never laugh at hypochondriacal affections; indeed the less you laugh at all, the better. Keep up your dignity, sir; but be always patient, kind and conciliatory in your behaviour, especially to women." [To be Concluded in next Number.]