

Physic a-field / [Charles Dickens].

Contributors

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All know baby Beatrice!

With her clear eyes, nor sly nor simple,
And merry bright curls of sunstreak'd brown,
Her broad brow arch'd for a laurel crown,
Her shy lip curved for a mother's kiss,
Ankle and wrist that a fay might own,
Waxen cheeks with a lurking dimple,
A two years' shape, a six years' air,
A neck as white as the lily's wimple.
And better and happier far than this,
To keep her from doing or dreaming amiss,
Two guardian spirits hold her in care,
Whom wizards twain of matchless mind,
The greatest that ever have witch'd mankind,
Sang into being from ether and flame,
And gave to the nursling to brighten her name;
Dante for Italy, where her life groweth,
Shakespeare for England, whence her blood floweth.
She has Beatrice dark, and Beatrice fair,
Beatrice saint, and Beatrice woman.
One throned with the angels in deep blue air,
One sporting and jesting with all things human.
The wand of dominion they hold by turns,
Calling glad smiles to the eyes that love her,
Whether of this one or that she learns.
For her little bright soul, like a glassy stream,
Changing and ranging from shade to beam,
Tells which of her name-saints bends above her.

Now 'tis grave-eyed Beatrice!

And tender and still as a new-made bride,
Her baby Saintship puts aside
Her frolicsome freaks, with deep eyes glistening,
And sits as her inner sense were listening
To a heartfelt of plaintive melodies.
Or over the cups of the wind-flowers pied,
After her sweet and earnest fashion,
She folds soft hands of adoration.
With such pure worship, through lawn and dell
The stern world-poet of heaven and hell
Saw Beatrice the angel glide
Over the golden and crimson blossoms
Of the penal mount, whose clear deep tide
"The brown perpetual shade" embosoms.
A lonely maiden who roam'd along,
Choosing fresh flowers to match her song.

Anon 'tis madcap Beatrice!

Hazel-eyed Beatrice—flirt and sinner!
And straight her baby highness pleases
To banter her subjects, and twits and teazes,
(Shrieking with laughter and wild caprice.)
Her luckless Benedicks, frock'd and belted,
Who, spite of their sighs, get pinch'd and pelted.
Yet warm sweet womanhood buds within her,
Making her helpful, and kind, and tender
To all weak creatures that chance may send her.
Kitten and cur
Call friends with her,
And she rights their wrongs with a mighty stir,
Protecting, directing, and making them share
Her pretty provisions of motherly care.
With such warm service at Sicily's court,
The wise-world poet of sooth and sport
Saw Beatrice, the madcap, stand
(To never a jest nor a gibe replying),
And wring the glove from her small clench'd hand,
Looking hot scorn on the courtiers bland,
At sight of her "sweet coz" wrong'd and dying.
A brave true woman who sobb'd and spake,
"O were I man for my cousin's sake!"

Bless thee, baby Beatrice

Bright little lode-star of many a love
Cherish'd and cherishing, priceless possession!
Say an amen to my heart's profession;—
The pretty so be it of one sweet kiss!
Then sleep, to the music that lull'd thee above,
For once on his bosom an angel wore thee.

Therefore thou earnest

Smiles from the sternest;

Therefore God's garden yet blooms before thee,
Rock'd in thy dream on the heart that bore thee.

PHYSIC A-FIELD.

PHYSIC was all a-field with the learned two or three centuries ago, and it is so still with the unlearned in our villages and country towns.

Here is a book printed in [black letter, which contains nearly eight hundred prescriptions, under the title of "A Rich Storehouse or Treasure for the Diseased, wherein are many approved medicines for divers and sundrie diseases which have been long hidden, and not come to light before this time. First, set forth for the benefit of the poorer sorte of people, that are not of abilitie to goe to the Physicians." The book was published upwards of two centuries ago, and marvellous as its ideas may now seem to educated people, it is proper to state that few of them are altogether obsolete, that at least every one can be matched with some notion of its kind that will look quite as absurd in the light of existing knowledge.

Physic a-field did not overlook even the blades of meadow-grass. And who that took note of the grass would overlook the little modest, crimson-tippit flower which a good modern poet has characterised in a tooth-breaking line as:—

"Fringed with pink-tipped petals piled."

"Take a good quantitie of small daysies," says Master Blower, author of the Treasure, "and boyle them in a little faire running water, and straine them, and let the patient drinke the juyce thereof and it will cure him of the ague."

Such being the strength of daisies, of course primroses assert their power. It was not the fault of the simple gatherer if the poets talked of The rath Primrose that forsaken blooms; by him, at least, its blossoms were sought after. Powder of primroses blown into the nose through a quill, is recommended by Master Blower, as a certain cure for stoppage in the nose and head resulting from a cold.

When a man feels weak in the back let him "Take a quart of sacke, a top of rosemary, winter-sucory, and peniroyall, of each a like quantitie, ginger and nuttmeggs, as much as will burne the wine: then take two new-laid eggs, yolkes and all, and temper them with three or foure spoonefulls of red rose-water, and put thereto a good piece of fine suger,

of intelligence passes between her and her brother; and then she speaks to Lomaque.

"Will you follow me into the house," she asks, "with as little delay as possible? I have something that I very much wish to show you."

Her brother waits till she is out of hearing; then inquires anxiously what has happened at Paris since the night when he and Rose left it.

"Your sister is free," Lomaque answers.

"The duel took place, then?"

"The same day. They were both to fire together. The second of his adversary asserts that he was paralysed with terror: his own second declares that he was resolved, however he might have lived, to confront death courageously by offering his life at the first fire to the man whom he had injured. Which account is true, I know not. It is only certain that he did not discharge his pistol; that he fell by his antagonist's first bullet; and that he never spoke afterwards."

"And his mother?"

"It is hard to gain information. Her doors are closed; the old servant guards her with jealous care. A medical man is in constant attendance, and there are reports in the house that the illness from which she is suffering affects her mind more than her body. I could ascertain no more."

After that answer they both remain silent for a little while—then rise from the bench and walk towards the house.

"Have you thought yet about preparing your sister to hear of all that has happened?" Lomaque asks, as he sees the lamp-light glimmering in the parlour-window.

"I shall wait to prepare her till we are settled again here—till the first holiday pleasure of our return has worn off, and the quiet realities of our every-day life of old have resumed their way," answers Trudaine.

They enter the house. Rose beckons to Lomaque to sit down near her, and places pen and ink and an open letter before him.

"I have a last favour to ask of you," she says, smiling.

"I hope it will not take long to grant," he rejoins; "for I have only to-night to be with you. To-morrow morning, before you are up, I must be on my way back to Chalons."

"Will you sign that letter?" she continues, still smiling, "and then give it to me to send to the post? It was dictated by Louis, and written by me, and it will be quite complete if you will put your name at the end of it."

"I suppose I may read it?"

She nods, and Lomaque reads these lines:—

"CITIZEN,—I beg respectfully to apprise you that the commission you entrusted to me at Paris has been performed.

"I have also to beg that you will accept my resignation of the place I hold in your counting-house.

The kindness shown me by you and your father emboldens me to hope that you will learn with pleasure the motive of my withdrawal. Two friends of mine who consider that they are under some obligations to me, are anxious that I should pass the rest of my days in the quiet and protection of their home. Troubles of former years have knit us together as closely as if we were all three members of one family. I need the repose of a happy fireside as much as any man, after the life I have led; and my friends assure me so earnestly that their whole hearts are set on establishing the old man's easy chair by their hearth, that I cannot summon resolution enough to turn my back on them and their offer.

"Accept then, I beg of you, the resignation which this letter contains, and with it the assurance of my sincere gratitude and respect.

"To Citizen Clairfait, Silk Mercer,
Chalons-sur-Marne."

After reading those lines, Lomaque turned round to Trudaine and attempted to speak; but the words would not come at command. He looked up at Rose, and tried to smile; but his lip only trembled. She dipped the pen in the ink, and placed it in his hand. He bent his head down quickly over the paper, so that she could not see his face; but still he did not write his name. She put her hand caressingly on his shoulder, and whispered to him:—

"Come, come, humour 'Sister Rose.' She must have her own way now she is back again at home."

He did not answer—his head sank lower—he hesitated for an instant—then signed his name in faint, trembling characters at the end of the letter.

She drew it away from him gently. A few tear-drops lay on the paper. As she dried them with her handkerchief she looked at her brother.

"They are the last he shall ever shed, Louis, you and I will take care of that!"

BABY BEATRICE.

Who brought baby Beatrice?

Out of the cold, out of the rain,
Out of the March-gust wet and hollow,
Twittering faint like a nestling swallow;
Ruffled and scared by the mad storm's kiss,
She came and tapp'd at the window-pane;
Down from God's garden the rough wind brought her,
With silken wings aching,
And timid heart quaking.

So gladly we open'd our arms and caught her,
And the wild bird changed to a tiny daughter?

Who found baby Beatrice?

Under the briars and grass-tufts wet,
Under the larch-cones pink and pouting,
Half pursed up with a shy misdoubting
Whether 'twere wiser to cry or kiss,
She sate, like a sweet March violet,
Down from God's chaplet an angel brought her,
With dewy eyes gleaming,
And leafy heart dreaming.

So softly we parted the boughs, and sought her,
And the hedge-flower changed to a tiny daughter.

then take the burnt sacke and burn it again with the egges, and put into it a little mace, and it will be in manner of a caudle, and let the patient drinke this thrice a day (that is to say) in the morning fasting, after dinner, and when he goeth to bed, and this will help him in a short space. For it hathe bene well proved." A sort of thing, in fact, which nobody would be remiss in putting to good proof. Very good stuff to recommend poor people to get themselves, and sure enough to do them good. So is this excellent good jelly to be made and had for one that is in a consumption:—"Take a cocke or capon that is new killed, and scalde him and wash him cleane, then take a legge of veale and cut away all the fat from it, and let the cocke and veale lye in water for the space of foure or five houres, and see the them together in a gallon of faire running water, and as it doth see the still scum off the fat, untill you have left no fat at all upon it, and let it seeth continually over a soft fire untill halfe the broth bee consumed: then put into it rackt rhennish wine or else white wine, to the quantitie of a pottle, and then let it boyle all together untill it bee come to a quart, and then put therein the whites of three or four new-laid eggs, and then clarifie it, and let it run thorow a ielly-bag, and put into it an ounce of synnamon grosse beaten and a pound of fine suger, and make a ielly thereof, and let the patient eat thereof cold, and hee shall receive much comfort thereby. This also good for many other diseases." A quart of jelly made out of a whole leg of veal, a capon, and a pottle of hock or moselle—to say nothing of the eggs thrown into it—ought certainly to do a poor man good. Here is a physick, expressly contrived by Master Blower, to relieve the fatigues of working-men:—"An approved medicine for one that is molten with over much trauell or labour, take a quart of good claret wine and see the therein a good quantitie of barley, and make a posset with the same wine, and let the patient drinke three or foure times thereof warm (bedward) and it will help him."

Ralph Blower looked upon poor people as a rather jolly set of dogs, but he was sorry to think that their health should be sometimes injured by high feeding, and he therefore tells them of some remedies in case of "surfeit;" for example, he says:—"Take a good thick piece of white bred and toast it, and then dip the same in aqua-vite very well, and that being done, apply it to the stomache of the partie grieved, as hotte as possible hee may abide it, and let him be kept very warme, and this will presently help him."

To him who has sore eyes, Ralph Blower, greeting:—"Take rotten apples and distill them in a common stillatory, and with the water thereof wash your eyes often, and it will both cleanse and cleare your sight."

It is well at the same time to know by what things the eyes are damaged. They are

the eating of garlic, onions, and leeks; or too much lettuce, travelling or moving about too sudden after meat; hot wines, cold air, milk, cheese; overmuch beholding of white and colours; much sleep after meat; too frequent blood-letting; coleworts; dust, fire, weeping and watching. Things good for the sight follow, and are "measurable sleep, red roses, vervain, fennel, celandine, pimpernell, oculus christi, rue, betony; to wash your eyes often with faire running water; to look upon any greene or pleasant colours—to look often in a faire, pleasant and perfect glasse, and to wash your hands and feet very often." As for the washing of the body often, that was too much to ask.

Among things good for the heart are "saffron, cloves, muske, mirthe and gladnesse." And among things "ill for the heart," are "beans, pease, sadnesse, anger, onions, evil-tidings, losse of friends," &c. Prescriptions are given whereby "to open the pipes of the heart, being stopped," and also "to comfort the heart that is weak." They are not stupidly conceived, inasmuch as their base consists of "a pinte of sacke, also a pinte of malmesie."

"A rule to know what things are good and wholesome for the braines and what are not. Good for the braines:—To eat sage, but not overmuch at a time; to smell to cammill or musk; to drink wine measurably; to sleepe measurably; to hear but little noyse of musicke or singers." Learn, therefore, all people to absent themselves from operas and oratorios, and "to eat mustard and pepper; to keep the head warme; to wash the hands often; to walke measurably; to wash ye temples of the heade often with rose-water; to smell to red roses.

"Bad for the braines:—To sleepe much after meat; all manner of braines; gluttonie; drunkennesse; corrupt ayres; overmuch watching; overmuch colde; overmuch bathing; late suppers; anger; heavinesse of mind; to stand much bare-head; milke, cheese, garlicke, onions; to eat overmuch or hastily; overmuch heat in traelling or labouring; overmuch knocking or noyse; to smell to a white rose."

Our forefathers and foremothers did not go a-field for physick only to find plants. Precious to them was the iuyce of an eel, a hedghog's fat, goose-grease, the fat of mice, cats, rabbits, moles and ducks, and doves; precious the fat that lies under the manes of horses. The gall of a goat or raven, the pith of an ox's back, the milk of a red cow, or of a cow all of one colour, a buck's-horn, the brain of a weazel, the blood of a stock-dove, and the "little bone that is in the knee-joynt of the hinder legge of a hare, which will speedily helpe the crampe," all belong to Ralph Blower's pharmacy, and are still sought as remedies by many in our rural districts.—"A herring that is well-pickled and split on the belly-side, and warmed very hot, and

laid on to both the soles of the feet, will helpe an ague."

Also, "snales which bee in shells, beat together with bay salt and mallowes, and laid to the bottomes of your feet, and to the wristes of your hands, before the fit commeth, appeaseth the ague." "Twenty garden snales, beaten shelles and all, in a mortar, until you perceive them to be come to a salve, will both heale a bile and drawe it." "A drop or two of the iuyce of a black snale, dropped on a corne, with the powder of sandpHERE (sapphire), will take it away speedilie."

A wine of earthworms, with a little scraped ivory and English saffron will do a man who has the iaundice "maruellous much good." Earthworms are also an infallible test in the diagnosis of king's euil. "Take a ground worme, and lay it aliue upon the place griued, then take a greene dock-leave or two, and lay them upon the worme, and then binde the same about the necke of the partie diseased, at night when hee goeth to bed, and in the morning when hee riseth take it off againe, and if it bee the king's euil the worme will turne into a powder or duste; otherwise the worme will remaine dead in his own former forme, as it was before aliue." For the cure of hooping-cough, "take a mouse and flea it, and drie it in ouen, and beate it to powder, and let the partie griued drinke it in ale, and it will help him." For the cure of deafness, "take an hedgehog, and flea him and roste him, and let the patient put some of the grease that commeth from him, into his eare, with a little liquid storax mingled therewith, and he shall recover his hearing in a short space. This hath holpen some that could not heare almost any thing at all for the space of twentie yeares, and yet were holpen with this medicine." Or, "Take a goode siluer eele (if possibly shee may bee gotten) or else some other bright eele, and roste her upon a spitte, and let the dripping of her be kept very cleane in some earthen vessell, and when you do goe to bed put the quantitie of a quarter of a spoonfull thereof at a time into your eare, and then stop it up with a little of the wooll that groweth betwixt the two eares of a black sheepe, and the next night following use the contrary eare, as afore is said, and so continue this for the space of nine or ten dayes, and it will helpe you."

The marrow of swine's feet is a cosmetic if applied with the juice of a lemon, cow's milk, and rose-water. Master Blower shows also, how by the use of compounds similar to these already described, "to take away the pimples and high colour out of one's face, be it never so farre spent and gone"—"to make one's face faire, cleare, and to shine"—"to cause one to looke with a faire and goode colour, be hee never so pale-faced and wanne." Gout is cured by an oil got from moles that have been potted and buried for a month. This, too, is "An excellent goode

oyntment for the gowt.—Take a fat goose and plucke her, and dresse her as if shee should be eaten: then stuffe the belly of her with 3 or 4 younge cats, well chopped into small pieces, with a handfull of bay salt, and 20 snales, and then sewe up her belly againe, and roste her at a small fire, and saue all the dripping of her, and keepe it for a precious oyntment." The use of young cats "well chopped into small pieces," certainly is not extinct among the "poorer sorte of people," but they belong now to food rather than medicine, being not seldom supplied in the form of saveloys.

"A very good medicine to stanch blood, when nothing else will doe it, by reason the veine is cut, or that the wound is great:—Take a toad and drie him very well in the sunne, and then put him into a linnen bagge, and hang him about the necke of him that bleedeth with a string, and let it hang so low that it may touch his brest on the left side neere unto his heart; and commonly this will stay all manner of bleeding at the mouth, nose, wounde, or otherwise whatsoever."

Ralph Blower, who finds "the poorer sort of people" able to surfeit upon claret, sack, and capons, is a man able to get blood out of a stone. "Take," he says, "a stone that is white, and hath red veines in it, and boyle it in a quart of new milke, untill one halfe of the milke be consumed, and then let the patient drinke often thereof and hee shall find great vertue therein." A wine made of flint stones he recommends also as a good thing to drink in case of gout.

Potable gold was still remembered as a medicine in those days. This is a "sovereign drink for any infected person," in R. B.'s opinion. "Take a piece of fine gold, and put it into the iuyce of lemons, for the space of foure and twentie houres, and put to it a little powder of angelica-roots, mingled with white-wine, and let the patient drinke a goode draught thereof. This is a most precious drinke, and it is greatly to be wondered at what helpe and remedie some that vsed this drinke have had thereby, although it hath bene supposed by many learned physicians that sicke persons were past all hope of remedie; yet by God's providence they have recovered againe." That was a remedy as good as gold against infection. But, infection being taken, here we are told of an "experienced medicine for the plague."—"Take a cocke, a chicken, or a pullet, and pull off all the feathers cleane off the taile, so that the pompe may be bare, and then hold the bare place to the sore, and immediately you shall see the cocke, chicken, or pullet gape and labour for life, and in the end it will dye: then take another cocke, chicken, or pullet againe, and doe the like, and if the same dye, then take another, and so doe as aforesaid, and let the party griued be applyed therewith as aforesaid, as long as any of them doe dye."

That is abominable. Now for something horrible.

"It is saide many men have been cured of the falling euill (epilepsy) by drinking of the powder of dead men's skulles burnt. The skulle of a dead-man whereon mosse groweth, being taken and washed very cleane, and dried in an ouen, and then beaten to powder, will cure this infirmitie, although the partie grieved have been troubled therewith many yeares before. But this skulle must be the skulle of one that hath beene slaine, or of one that was hanged, or that came to a sudden death, and not the skulle of one that dyed of any sicknesse, or else by other maladies growing of long continuance in the head."

By this spectre of a prescription we are fairly frightened out of Mr. Blower's churchyard. It is not a very long way in the churchyard from the daisy to the dead man's skull, and just so deeply we have dug, through snails and moles and worms. Therefore, at least, if for no worse reason, "the Rich Store House" filled by Mr. Blower's wit may be as fairly called a churchyard as a surgery.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

FROM VARNA TO RUSTCHUK.

I HAD a uniform in a tin box—a German tin box, which of course would neither shut nor open. I had that most awkward of all things to pack, a cocked-hat-case, and a long frail slender sword. I was perfectly right in resolving to take these things, encumbrances as they are; for, in passing through a war-country, I might come to grief, and in all lands under despotic governments—in Russia, or in lands semi-Russianised, such as Wallachia, Moldavia, the Banat, Poland and Hungary, as well as in Austria, Prussia, and even Bavaria and Saxony—a uniform goes a great way; and, whichever route I might finally decide on taking to England, it was extremely probable that my uniform might come in very seasonably in the case of any untoward occurrence. I had also two leather portmanteaus which might have been dispensed with, if British friends and relatives were not always so anxious to receive presents from the East. I had two carpet bags, one oke (about two British pounds) of Constantinople tobacco,—a great treat to any one living away from the capital. I had six game pies as a provision for the road, and which turned out to be worse than unnecessary. I had a short great-coat, a mackintosh and a thick Albanian cloak which were very well worth their carriage. If I were going to make the same journey again I would take a uniform, most certainly, a complete oversuit of mackintosh or oilskin, including leggings and coverings for the feet; but I would unhesitatingly reduce the rest of my luggage to the smallest of all possible carpet-bags, and buy

such things as I wanted for immediate use in the towns upon my way.

However, there these things were now, piled up (a disheartening heap!) in the court of a dirty inn at Varna, and the difficulty was how to get them away. The luggage delayed us at least six and thirty hours in the comparatively short distance between Varna and Rustchuk. We could not go more than three miles an hour because of them, and we might have gone always five, and sometimes seven or eight. The portmanteaus were particularly difficult things to gird on the pack-horses; but at last we contrived means by which, with a great expenditure of time and rope, we succeeded in lashing them on with some degree of security. To be sure they galled the horses cruelly wherever their sharp edges and angles happened to touch them; but we could get along, and that is the most which can be fairly said.

We started from Varna long before daylight, and I could not help reflecting that the style in which we were travelling was very much the same as that which was usual in England during the reign of Elizabeth. So rode the courtly Raleigh nourishing ambitious dreams and fancies of new worlds. So rode bluff Suffolk and the stately Earl of Leicester, when he sped upon his stolen visits to his hidden bride, and so came Master Shakespeare from Stratford to London in fifteen hundred and eighty-seven. The usages of all countries are the same in the same stage of history. Ay! even to the food the people eat, and the manner of dressing it. The clothes they wear; their houses, and their very minds.

Our Sourondjee, or hired groom, sent to take care of the horses, rode first. Then came our pack-horses, the halter of the foremost tied on to the tail of the Sourondjee's horse, and the second pack-horse's halter made fast in the same way to the tail of the other. To this one again was lashed on an extra horse on which to shift the whole or any portion of another's burthen if it should prove too heavy, or if a horse should by mischance fall lame; our Tatar or armed guide, guard and courier, brought up the rear. In his hand he carried a long whip, and with this sometimes he lashed the post-horses, sometimes their owner.

Lastly, rode we, a merry company smoking and chatting along the wild romantic road, but also having a sort of crook in our lots with respect to our saddles, which were Turkish wooden saddles, bought at Varna, and made up of galling red cloth and fringe, exasperating brass nails rudely stuck in the most impossible places, and unexpected bumps wherever they ought not to have been. We thought naturally enough of the testy invalid who cursed his bed, because the longer he lay in it the harder it grew. As for the Turkish stirrups they were neither more or less than a pair of excruciating stocks for the feet, and their mere weight and shortness kept them so

close to the horses' sides and forced our knees into so torturing and unnatural a position that it is odd they were not dislocated. The horses, which cost two piastres and a half each per hour, were small, wiry little things of wonderful endurance, though not much courage and action. They were half starved also, and quite worn out by the marchings and counter-marchings of officers speeding hither and thither on military service, and couriers carrying despatches from the seat of war on which the fate of a beleaguered city or an army might depend. In any case, however, they would have been inferior to the horses of Asia Minor or Syria, and other parts of Turkey.

Upon the whole I do not remember to have ever travelled through a country more uninteresting to the mere wayfarer than Bulgaria. It is, indeed, comparatively untrodden, and I dare say that a person who was disposed to spend any considerable time in exploring it, would be extremely well rewarded for the trouble and the many privations he would be obliged to experience in so doing. Many curious ancient games and customs, I know, may still be witnessed lingering among the inhabitants of its rarely-disturbed villages, and some singular glimpses of a society and local institutions of which we absolutely know nothing, would repay him at every step. The country abounds with game, and the sportsman would hear the echo of few guns but his own in its boundless covers and marshes, which are quite alive with waterfowl. The villagers also, knowing nothing of the common golden British traveller, are hospitable, without thought of gain; and a shilling or two a-day would be the utmost he could spend.

A passenger, however, who is obliged to keep the high road enjoys none of these advantages. All the richest and pleasantest of the villages are built in secluded nooks, as far away from the road as possible. It is difficult to find them without careful inquiry; and a stranger would excite as much astonishment as he felt. If any consular dignitary or tax-gathering Pasha had recently passed that way, he would also create some alarm; so that, if alone, he might be in danger. He should therefore go with one or two attached attendants, perfectly familiar with the country, as well as with the language and habits of the people.

The Greek population is, of course, far the most numerous; but they are said to have well deserved a very ill reputation. They are generally considered as cunning, insincere, and dishonest, so that it would be well to sojourn among the Turks whenever a preference was possible. The Bulgarians and the Arabs are remarkable as being the best grooms in Turkey, and the Bulgarians, as a rule, are even better than the Arabs. I am unable to explain this on any supposition

save the extraordinary value that horses acquire in a flat marshy country, where the distances between the towns and villages are very great, and not easily traversed on foot. Bulgaria is also a corn country, where horses are in much demand for field-labour and are cheaply kept. It is worthy of observation that they are comparatively seldom harnessed; the ploughs and small agricultural waggons of the country are almost entirely drawn by oxen.

The post-houses are usually about five or six miles apart, and it is seldom indeed that a house intervenes, or that any object of interest whatever is seen upon the road. The postmasters are required by law to furnish food to travellers on demand, and at moderate prices. It is seldom, however, that anything eatable is to be obtained from them, and any traveller of even minor importance will therefore do well to ask for the house of the first man in the village at which he halts; and, riding unhesitatingly up to it, ask entertainment for himself and suite. It will be readily accorded. Food is excellent and plentiful everywhere except at the post-houses; and, as any person other than a consular magnate, would take care to give a present in proportion to his consumption and the trouble he occasioned, no party concerned would have the smallest reason to be dissatisfied with the result of the visit.

THE MUSE IN LIVERY.

THERE is a volume of verse too little known for which I must express a particular liking. It is a thin octavo, printed at London in seventeen hundred and thirty-two. The frontispiece is curious. It represents a young man who, although his right leg is tied to a log inscribed Despair, and his left leg is tied by a chain of Poverty to a never-ceasing circle of Misery, Folly, and Ignorance, is grasping at the tree of Happiness, Virtue, and Knowledge. His left hand, with which he is eagerly reaching at what he sees before him, is winged with Desire. His face is full of honest earnestness, and the title of his book is *A Muse in Livery, or the Footman's Miscellany*.

This humble Miscellany is dedicated to the subscribers. "I have not," he says, "the vanity to think it is to any merit in myself, or these poor performances, that I owe the honour of being allowed to place so many great names at the beginning of them. No; I am very sensible it is, in some, who know my condition, from charity; in others, from generosity; and by many it is intended only as a compliment to the person whom I have the honour and (as I have just cause to esteem it) the happiness to serve." Few in his station of life, he justly remarks, are able to find leisure for verse; "and what," he exclaims, "can be expected from the pen of a poor footman?—a character that expresses a want