

What jack o' lantern led him from his way,
And where it led him, it were hard to say;
Enough that wandering many a weary mile
Through paths the mountain sheep trod single file,
O'ercome by feelings such as patients know
Who dose too freely with "Elixir Pro."
He tumbled—dismounted, slightly in a heap,
And lay, promiscuous, lapped in balmy sleep.

Night followed night, and day succeeded day,
But snoring still the slumbering Doctor lay.
Poor Dobbin, starving, thought upon his stall,
And straggled homeward, saddle-bags and all;
The village people hunted all around,
But Rip was missing—never could be found.
"Drowned," they guessed;—for more than half a year
The pouts and eels *did* taste uncommon queer;
Some said of apple-brandy—other some
Found a strong flavor of New England rum.

—Why can't a fellow hear the fine things said
About a fellow when a fellow's dead?
The best of doctors—so the press declared—
A public blessing while his life was spared,
True to his country, bounteous to the poor,
In all things temperate, sober, just and pure;
The best of husbands! eluded Mrs. Van,
And set her cap to catch another man.

—So ends this Canto—if it's *quantum suff.*,
We'll just stop here and say we've had enough,
And leave poor Rip to sleep for thirty years;
I'll grind the organ—if you'll lend your ears
To hear my second Canto, after that
We'll send around the monkey with the hat.

CANTO SECOND.

So thirty years had past—but not a word
In all that time of Rip was ever heard;
The world wagged on—it never does go back—
The widow Van was now the widow Mac—
France was an Empire—Andrew J. was dead,
And Abraham L. was reigning in his stead,
Four murderous years had passed in savage strife,
Yet still the rebel held his bloody knife.
—At last one morning—who forgets the day
When the black cloud of war dissolved away;
The joyous tidings spread o'er land and sea,
Rebellion done for! Grant has captured Lee!
Up every flagstaff sprang the Stars and Stripes—
Out rushed the Extras wild with mammoth types—
Down went the laborer's hod, the schoolboys book—
"Hooraw!" he cried—"the rebel army's took!"
Ah! what a time! the folks all mad with joy:
Each fond, pale mother thinking of her boy;
Old gray-haired fathers meeting—Have you heard?
And then a choke—and not another word;
Sisters all smiling—maidens, not less dear,
In trembling poise between a smile and tear;
Poor Bridget thinking how she'll stuff the plums
In that big cake for Johnny when he comes;
Cripples afoot—rheumatics on the jump,
Old girls so loving they could hug the pump,
Guns going bang! from every fort and ship—
They banged so loud at last they wakened Rip.

I spare the picture, how a man appears
Who's been asleep a score or two of years;
You all have seen it to perfection done
By Joe Van Wink—I mean Kip Jefferson.
Well, so it was—old Rip at last came back,
Claimed his old wife—the present widow Mac—

Had his old sign regilded, and began
To practice physic on the same old plan.

Some weeks went by—it was not long to wait—
And "please to call" grew frequent on the slate.
He had, in fact, an ancient mildewed air,
A long grey beard, a plenteous lack of hair—
The musty look that always recommends
Your good old Doctor to his ailing friends.
—Talk of your science! after all is said
There's nothing like a bare and shiny head—
Age lends the graces that are sure to please,
Folks want their Doctors mouldy, like their cheese.

So Rip began to look at people's tongues
And thump their briskets (called it "sound their lungs"),
Brushed up his knowledge smartly as he could,
Read in old Cullen and in Doctor Good.
The town was healthy; for a month or two
He gave the sexton little work to do.

About the time dogday heats begin,
Measles and mumps and mulligrubs set in;
With autumn evenings dysentery came,
And dusky typhoid lit his smouldering flame;
The blacksmith ailed—the carpenter was down,
And half the children sickened in the town.
The sexton's face grew shorter than before—
The sexton's wife a brand-new bonnet wore—
Things looked quite serious—Death had got a grip
On old and young, in spite of Dr. Rip.

And now the Squire was taken with a chill—
Wife gave "hot drops"—at night an Indian pill;
Next morning, feverish—bedtime, getting worse,
Out of his head—began to rave and curse;
The Doctor sent for—double quick he came:
Ant. Tart. gran. duo, and repeat the same
If no et cetera. Third day—nothing new;
Percussed his thorax—set him cussing, too—
Lung-fever threatening—something of the sort—
Out with the lancet—let him bleed—a quart—
Ten leeches next—then blister to his side;
Ten grains of calomel—just then he died.

The Deacon next required the Doctor's care—
Took cold by sitting in a draught of air—
Pains in the back, but what the matter is
Not quite so clear—wife calls it "rheumatiz."
Rubs back with flannel—gives him something hot—
"Ah!" says the Deacon, "that goes *nigh* the spect."
Next day a *rigor*—run, my little man,
And say the Deacon sends for Doctor Van.
The Doctor came—perussion as before,
Thumping and banging till his ribs were sore—
"Right side the flattest"—then more vigorous raps—
Fever—that's certain—pleurisy, perhaps.
A quart of blood will ease the pain, no doubt,
Ten leeches next will help to suck it out,
Then clap a blister on the painful part—
But sit at two grains of *Antimonium Tart.*
Last, with a dose of cleansing calomel
Unload the portal system—that sounds well!

But when the self-same remedies were tried,
As all the village knew, the Squire had died;
The neighbors hinted—"this will never do,
He's killed the squire—he'll kill the Deacon too."

—Now when a doctor's patients are perplexed,
A consultation comes in order next—
You know what that is? In a certain place
Meet certain doctors to discuss a case