

extracting teeth. The deceased had been suffering from cancer of the tongue, and the teeth had been causing great irritation.—*Brit. Med. Jour.*

A PHYSICIAN'S ESTIMATE OF HIS CLASS.—In Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's interesting "medicated novel," *Characteristics*, that is being published in the *Century*, there is the following description of varieties of medical men that will suggest acquaintances to many of our readers: "There is no place where good breeding has so sweet a chance as at the bedside. There are many substitutes, but the sick man is a shrewd detective, and soon or late gets at the true man inside of the doctor. I know, alas! of men who possess cheap manufactured manners, adapted, as they believe, to the wants of 'the sick-room'—a term I loathe. According to the man and his temperament do these manners vary, and represent sympathetic cheerfulness or sympathetic gloom. They have, I know, their successes and their commercial value, and may be of such skilful make as to deceive for a time even clever women, which is saying a great deal for the manufacturer. Then comes the rarer man who is naturally tender in his contact with the sick, and who is by good fortune full of educated tact. He has the dramatic quality of instinctive sympathy, and, above all, knows how to control it. If he has directness of character to, although he may make mistakes (as who does not?), he will be, on the whole, the best adviser for the sick, and the completeness of his values will depend upon mental qualities which he may or may not possess in large amount. But over and above all this there is, as I have urged, some mystery in the way in which certain men refresh the patient with their presence. I fancy that every doctor who has this power—and sooner or later he is sure to know that he has it—also learns that there are days when he has it not. It is in part a question of his own physical state; and at times the virtue has gone out of him. . . . I had a rather grim but most able surgeon. He seemed to me to have a death-certificate ready in his pocket. He came, asked questions, examined me as if I were a machine, and was too absorbed in the *physical me* to think about that *other me* whose tentacula he knocked about

without mercy, or without knowledge that tenderness was needed. Our consultant was a physician with acquired manners. He always agreed with what I said, and was what I call aggressively gentle; so that he seemed to me to be ever saying with calm self-approval, 'See how gentle I am.' I am told that with women he was delightfully positive, and I think that this may have been true, but he was incapable of being firm with the obstinate. His formulas distressed me, and were many. He was apt to say as he entered my room, 'Well, and how are we to-day?' And this I hated, because I once knew a sallow undertaker who, in the same fashion, used to associate himself with the corpse, and comfort the living with the phrase, 'We are looking quite natural to-day.'"—*N. Y. Medical Journal.*

THE following poem was read at the dedication of the Camden City (N.J.) Dispensary, on January 9th, by Hon. Henry C. Bonsell, editor of the *Camden Post* :—

In holy shrine and temple fane
We here assemble once again
To herald on the trump of fame
The Doctors.

As here the Medicos we meet,
And learn new wisdom at the feet
Of those whom we are proud to meet,
The Doctors.

Magicians who our ills assuage,
Who take our pulse and even gauge
Our temperature when fevers rage—
The Doctors.

Who mitigate our many woes,
And patch us up from scalp to toes
With porous plasters 'stead of clothes,
The Doctors.

Who fill our craws with coated pills,
And nasty draughts the de'il distils,
And for it send us swindling bills,
The Doctors.

For which they oft our censure earn,
As with indignant spleen we burn,
But to them we are forced to turn,
The Doctors.

Who, like the fishes, swim in schools,
Scoffing at the paltry fools
Who disregard conventional rules,
The Doctors.

And to this day they can't agree
On tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee,
But all unite upon the—fee,
The Doctors.

Yet when we feel we're getting sick,
We send for M.D.'s p. d. quick,
According them the winning trick,
The Doctors.