

◇ MEDICAL CRITICISM. ◇

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taken from Mrs. "His diploma" story
A LAWYER'S EXPERIENCE.

A doctor of the name of Royston, sued one Peter Bennett for the amount of an overdue bill, for attendance on Mrs. B. Alex. H. Stephens was retained for Bennett, and Robert Toombs, at that time Senator of the United States, for Dr. Royston. Dr. R. proved the number of his visits, their value according to local custom, and his own authority to practise. Mr. Stephens told his client that the Doctor had proved his case, and as there were no means of rebutting it, the only alternative was to pay. "No," exclaimed the indignant Peter. "I hired you to plead my cause, and now plead." Mr. Stephens maintained that the case was hopeless, but Peter being recalcitrant, insisted on having "his rights," the upshot of which was that the lawyer told him to plead himself. "I will." quoth Peter, "if Bobby Toombs won't be too hard on me." The Senator promised, and Peter threw off—"Gentlemen of the Jury—you and I is plain farmers, and if we don't stick together these 'ere lawyers and doctors will get the better on us. I ain't no lawyer nor doctor, and I ain't no objections to 'em in their place, but they ain't farmers, gentlemen of the jury; this man Royston was a new doctor, and I went for him for to come and doctor my wife's bad leg. He come an' put some salve truck on it, and some rags, but never done it a bit o' good, gentlemen o' the jury. I don't believe he's no doctor, no way.

There is doctors as is doctors, sure enough, but this man don't arn his money, and if you send for him as Mistress Atkinson did, for a nigger boy as was worth \$1,000, he just killed him and wants pay for it."

"I don't," thundered the slaughterer.

"Did you cure him?" asked Peter.

"The doctor remained quiescent, and Peter re-commenced—"As I was a sayin', gentlemen of the Jury, we farmers when we sell our cotton, has got to give valley for the money, and doctors ain't none too good to 'bide by the like rule. And I don't believe this Sam Royston is no doctor, nohow."

The indignant physician forthwith produced *his diploma*; "His diploma!" exclaimed Peter. "his diploma!" gentlemen, that's a big word for printed sheepskin, and it didn't make no doctor o' the sheep as furst wore it, nor does it o' the man as now carries it: a good newspaper has more in it, and I pint out to you that he ain't no doctor at all.

The "M.D.," who by this time was foaming, exclaimed, "ask my patients if I am not a doctor."