

Up on de hill en haut,
For Oû she look lonesome by herse'f
De winder all broke an' gone—
No smoke on de chimley comin' out
No frien' stannin' dere — not wan.

You 'member too, m'en de fever come,
An' ketch us wan winter day?
W'at he call de shaintee, our son-in-law,
Dat 's w'ere dey pass away
Xavier, Zoë, an' Euchariste,
Our chil'ren wan, two, t'ree—
I offen t'ink of de room dey die,
An' I can't help cryin' — me.

So we 'll go on de ole house once again,
Long enough we been fool lak dis,
Never min' w'at dey say bimeby, ma chère,
But geev' me de leetle kiss,
Let dem stay on dat fine new place up dere,
Our daughter an' son-in-law,
Fot to-morsow soon as de sun will rise.
We 're goin' back home — Hooraw!

Il y a là un mélange d'émotion et d'humour absolument inimitable. Mais il faudrait tout citer.

Le médecin de campagne est, lui aussi, cher à Drummond. Dans chacun de ses livres, il lui a consacré un morceau.

L'humble praticien n'est pas une figure bien poétique, cependant il inspire le poète de l'"Habitant" et d'autres encore parmi lesquels, James Whitcomb Riley, qui, de tous les émules de Drummond, est celui qui lui ressemble le plus.

C'est que le médecin de campagne, si terre à terre qu'il soit, a aussi dans l'âme sa petite fleur bleue : la charité! A ce point de vue, il pourrait souvent en remontrer aux "princes de la science". Lui, opère d'abord ; ensuite, il paye les remèdes de sa maigre bourse puis... si le client est trop pauvre, il passe un trait de plume sur le compte en se jurant qu'on ne l'y reprendra plus.

Et on l'y reprend toujours.

Voici la peinture que nous fait James Whitcomb Riley de son légendaire Doc. Sifers :

'Cept—Keepin's books. He never set down no accounts.—He hates,
The worst of all, collective debts—the worst the more he waits.—
I've knowed hfm, when at last he had to dun a man to enl
By makin' him a loan—and mad he had n't more to lend.

When Pence's Drug Store ust to be in full blast, they wuz some.
Doc's patients got things frekantly there, charged to him, I gum!—
Doc run a bill there, don't you k'now, and allus when he squared,
He never questioned nothin',—so he had his feelin's spared.

Now sich as thao, I hold and claim, haïn't acusable—it's not
Perfessionnal!—it's jes a shame' at Doc hisse'f haint got
No better business-sense! that's why lots 'd respect him more
And not give him the clean go by fer ather doctors. Shore!

Et voilà ce que nous dit Drummond du Vieux Docteur Fiset de Saint-Anicet, et de son cheval "Faubourg".

Ole Docteur Fiset of Saint-Anicet,
Sapré tonnerre! he was leev long tam!

I 'm sure he's got ninety year or so,
Beat all on de Parish 'cept Pierre Courteau,
An' day after day he work all de sam'.

Dat house on de hill, you can see it still,
She's sam' place he buil' de firs' tam' he come,
Behin' it dere 's one leetle small jardin,
Got plaintee de bes' tabac canayen,
Wit' fameuse apule an' beeg bleue plum.

An' dey're all right dere, for de small boy's scare,
No matter de apple look nice an' red,
For de small boy know if he's stealin' some
Den Docteur Fiset en dark night he come,
An' cut leetle feller right off hees head!

But w'en day was rap, an' tak' off de cap,
M'sieu' le Docteur he will say "Entrez",
Den all de boy pass on jardin behin'
W'ere dey eat mos' ev'ryt'ing good dey fin',
Till dey can't go on school nearly two, t'ree day.

But Docteur Fiset, not moche fonne he get,
Drivin' all over de whole contree,
If de road she's bad, if de road she's good,
W'en ev'ryt'ing's drown on de Spring-tam flood,
An' workin' for not'ing half tam' mebbe!

Let her rain or snow, all he want to know,
Is jus' if anywan's feelin' sick,
For Docteur Fiset's de old fashion kin'
Doin' good was de only t'ing on hees min'
So he got no use for de politique.

An' he's careful too, 'ccs firs' t'ing he do,
For fear dere was danger some fever case,
Is tak' w'en he's come leetle w'isky chaud,
Den 'noder wan too jus' before he go,
He-s so scare carry fever aroun' de place!

On nice summer day w'en we're makin' hary,
Dere 's not'ing more pleasant for us I'm sure,
Dan see de ole man come joggin' along,
Alway singin' some leetle song,
An' hear heem say: "Tiens, mes amis, bonjour!"

An' w'en de cole rain was commence again
An' we're sitin' at home on some warm cornerre,
If we hear de buggy an' see de light
Tearin' along t'roo de black, black night,
We know right off dat's de ole Docteur!

An' he 's smart horse sure, w'at he call "Faubourg",
Ev'ry place on de Parish he know dem all,
An' you ought to see de nice way he go
For fear he 's upsettin' upon de snow,
W'en ole man's asleep on de cariole!

I 'member w'en poor Hornidas Couture,
Get sick on hees place twenty mile away
An' hees boy Ovide he was come "Raquette",
W'at ycu call "Snowshoe", for Docteur Fiset,
An' Docteur he start wit' hees horse an' sleigh.

All de night before, de beeg storm she roar,
An' mos' of de day it's de sam' also,
De drif' was pilin' up ten feet high,
You can't see not'ing dis side de sky,
Not'ing but wan avalanche of snow.