

A CONSULTATION,
OR DOCTORS IN HIGH LIFE.

"I trust I have the the honour of seeing your Ladyship well this morning, and that Lord Casserole has passed a tolerable night?" minces the fashionable apothecary, spruce Mr Camomile, gliding with well practised and noiseless steps over the muffled carpet of Lady Casserole's drawing room in Carlton terrace; casting a significant glance towards the golden pendule on the chimney-piece, to mark that consciousness of being within five-eighths of a second of the minute of his appointment, which he could not presume to express in words.

"A tolerable night?" cries Lady Casserole with indignation. "Brown assures me that he did not sleep a wink!—Since that last prescription of Sir Jacob's, he has in fact been going on progressively from bad to worse,—restless, nervous, without appetite, and without ease."

Camomile knit his brows into sympathy, and shook his head, as if it had contained one of his own draughts.

"In short, unless Sir Jacob Gemini, and Sir Richard Colchicum, can hit upon something new, for him this morning, I must begin to think of calling in farther advice."

"Your Ladyship doubtless cannot be too assiduous," insinuates the gentle Camomile, well aware that every change of men necessitating a change of measures, is for the advantage of his annual account—that a sudden transition from Belladonna and leeches, to quinine and pitch plasters, will be at least a couple of guineas in favour of his bill.

"There is a Dr Smith, of whom my friend the Duchess, has been telling me wonders."

"A—Dr—Smith?" hesitates the fashionable apothecary.

"Dr Hamilton Smith?"

"Oh! Dr Hamilton Smith!—Exactly!—A highly respectable man,—lives in George-Street, Hanover Square, and drives a pair of handsome bays,—with a theory of his own upon digestion. He has written a pamphlet or two.—A most highly respectable practitioner."

"Dr Smith attends Lord Lansden's family, and the Lambtons, and Grevilles; in short, he is very highly spoken of. Supposing we call him in?"

"Why, really,—but here is Sir Richard Colchicum's carriage!" ejaculates the apothecary, brightening. "Most punctual man Sir Richard Colchicum! just as the clock is striking! No one with whom I like better to attend, than Sir Richard! Good morning Sir Richard, good morning."

"Good morning. Your Ladyship's most obedient. What news to-day of my patient?"

"Nothing can be worse! Lord Casserole neither eats, drinks, nor sleeps," replies her Ladyship drily.

"Pulse low,—appetite failing," appendixes Camomile.

"Quite right. Just as we expected," cries Sir Richard; "the effect of the last change of medicines. His Lordship is going on as well as possible. We don't want him to eat,—we don't want him to drink,—we don't want him to sleep. We only want him to recover."

"But when I tell you Sir Richard,"—
"Tell me nothing Madam; tell me nothing. Sir Jacob will be here in a minute; (just struck two by St. James's) and then with your leave, we will visit our patient."

"But it is necessary you should know Sir Richard,"—

"All that is necessary for me to know Madam, I can inquire of Lord Casserole's own man. Brown is always on the spot; and—Very strange that Sir Jacob don't make his appearance."

"I know Sir Jacob has just now a very arduous attendance on Lady Jemima Lullaby," insinuates Camomile. "She has several sick children; and will scarcely let our friend escape out of her nursery."

"Then he shouldn't make appointments in other people's drawing rooms. I must be in Regent's Park by half after two."

"Then do you really think, Sir Richard, that I need not undergo no immediate uneasiness on Lord Casserole's account? I should be sorry you know, that people had reason to talk of my being seen every night at balls, or the opera, if there was any immediate danger."

"Go where you like ma'm. What good could you do by staying at home? Lord Casserole appears to be accustomed to the services of his own man."

"And Brown is such a kind attentive creature."

"I would as soon have Brown sit up with his Lordship, as sit up with myself," cries Camomile emphatically.

"Dammed strange that Sir Jacob can't keep his time!" cries Sir Richard, dragging out something resembling a watch, by something resembling a drag chain. "I must be off in ten minutes."

"I saw by this morning's papers that the Duke of Lancaster is suffering from a slight catarrh; and Sir Jacob is probably detained at Lancashire House," interposes the benignant Camomile.

"Then with your leave Mr Camomile, we will proceed at once to Lord Casserole's

room, for my time is precious," growls Colchicum.

"Certainly—certainly Sir Richard. And whatever instructions you may think proper to leave, I shall be most happy to stay and report to Sir Jacob. Ha! I think I hear a carriage."

"It has stopped next door, at the General's! Sir Jacob is always so late!" cries Lady Casserole peevishly. "Really these consultations days make me quite nervous!"

"Ah! there he is at last!" ejaculates Camomile. "I know his footman's knock."

"If my fellow were to make half as much noise, I would knock him down," says Colchicum. "My rule is when you see straw in the street, ring."

"An excellent regulation."

"Can't conceive how it can take a man all this time to make his way up one pair of stairs! I must be off in five minutes."

"My dear Sir, we must make allowances! Our friend Jacob is not quite so young as he was," insinuates Camomile with a knowing smile.

"Sir Jacob Gemini!" announces the solemn butler, while a gorgeous footman throws open the door; and in glides, with serpent-like sinuosity, the most courtly of modern leeches.

"Ten thousand, thousand pardons, my dear Lady Casserole! I must throw myself upon your Ladyship's forbearance, though I have been actually forced to tear away a button in escaping from the Duke of Lancashire, in order to keep my appointment here. Your Ladyship knows his Grace's little foible. Quite impossible to get off, when once he fastens himself upon you!"

Sir Richard your kindness will I am sure, excuse me. Camomile, my good fellow, how are we going up stairs? How does poor dear Lord Casserole find himself since I had last the pleasure of meeting you here?"

"Why, I fear, not quite so well."

"Ah! just what I was anticipating with Lady Jemima Lullaby; who I do assure you my dear Lady Casserole, takes the warmest in his Lordship's melancholy position. Not a day passes that she does not say to me, 'My dear Sir Jacob, what is your opinion of poor dear Lord Casserole? Do you think him likely to go off suddenly or not?'"

"Lord Casserole eats very little indeed, and scarcely sleeps at all, observes the disconsolate lady.

"Exactly the condition of our poor friend, the Dowager Lady Bronchia," says Sir Jacob, in a confidential aside to Camomile; turning round to Lady Casserole to add, "her Ladyship has swallowed only half a Naples biscuit soaked in punch jelly, since Sunday morning; and her *dame de compagnie*, Miss Twaddle, assured me last night, that they had not been able to get the old lady to sleep, although she had read through to her twice over the whole last number of the *Quarterly Review*. Poor soul!"

"Supposing we go up to Lord Casserole;—I must be off in a minute," growls Sir Richard Colchicum.

"With all my heart! Lady Casserole will perhaps, do us the honour to accompany us. If any thing could tend to animate the spirits of our poor patient, it would doubtless be a visit from her Ladyship! Must I show you the way Sir Richard? Camomile my good fellow, pray precede us that we may not break in unannounced. Ha! little Eido—good dog,—down Fido, down sir! The handsomest spaniel in London;—a King Charles of course. Lady Casserole pray allow me to congratulate you, *en passant* on this little bit of Dresden. Quite a *bijou*! Rittener's I presume? Charming staircase! The Carlton Terrace house boasts the easiest staircase in town—and such a view! Sir Richard have you ever noticed the Surry hills from that window? Camomile may we come in?"

"Well Mr Brown, how is Lord Casserole to day?" inquired Sir Richard.

"Bad as he can be Sir; has not opened his lips these fourteen hours."

"Will your Lordship give me leave to feel your pulse?" says Sir Jacob, extending his own hand with amenity, and taking out a Bregnet watch at the same moment with the other.

"The Doctor is asking you my Lord, to put out your arm," whispers Brown to the sick man.

"Ugh! ugh! ough! ough! ough!"

"My Lord don't seem to have much sense of what is going on," rejoins Mr Brown much affected.

"Never mind; don't disturb him," says Sir Richard.

"Is your Lordship aware of any change of symptoms?" mildly expostulates Sir Jacob, speaking in the patient's ear.

"Ough! ough! ugh! ugh!" gasps the sufferer.

"Ah! I see exactly. His Lordship's articulation is bad; but his skin is much more moist, and his complexion brighter. He is going on better than he anticipated."

"Going on!—going off!—murmurs poor Brown, as the scientific phalanx at length followed Lady Casserole out of the sick man's chamber. "Thank God, I shall never be great or rich enough to be cured with the best attendance of the first physicians."

"You will find paper and a standish, Sir

Jacob, on the writing table in the back drawing room," says Lady Casserole, in a tone of plaintive sentimentality, after having escorted down stairs the three gentlemen in black. "I am sure poor Lord Casserole's case will receive every attention at your hands."

"My dear Madam, you must not allow yourself to despond," whispers Sir Jacob in her Ladyship's ear, as he bows her out of the room; pressing her hand at the door, to enable her to deposit in his own a two guinea fee, in its wrapper of silver paper,—
"Rely upon giving his Lordship's state our most deliberate investigation."

And out sailed Lady Casserole; and the door closed gently after her,—and lo! the consultation commenced.

"I have not seen you this age my dear Colchicum!" cries Sir Jacob, in an altered voice. "What have you been about?"

"Spending Easter at my place in Buckinghamshire."

"And what did you with his Royal Highness?"

"Persuaded him he was well and did not want me."

"And with Lord Flamborough?"

"Died last week."

"And the rest of your patients?"

"Made them over to Camomile here; who gave me plenty to do on my return. Eh! Camomile? Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

"And how are the birds this season?"

"Most abundant. That week's hard rain in the month of March, did considerable harm in the low lying land; but my preserves are in capital order."

"Would you like the shooting over the Duke of Lancashire's farms? I am sure he would give you the deputation. Shall I ask him?"

"Thank you."

"Anything doing in the House last night?"

"Nothing particular,—only the leather tax. Sir Semi Colon made a tolerable speech."

"That man is getting on. I am confidentially assured that the King thinks very well of him."

"The King—thinks!"

"By the way, you see Lord Grey every day. What is his story about Sir Robert? Is he to get his peerage?"

"Not if they can get him without it."

"They say his wife has been interfering.—Women,—always women."

"Always women!—So Lady Sanctify is gone off at last."

"Lady Sanctify! with whom? One of her pet saints of the Lock Chapel?"

"By no means,—a cornet in the tenth!—a ad of eighteen!"

"I must not forget to tell that to Lady Rollick. It will do her more good than all my prescriptions. Do you dine at the club to-morrow?"

"No. I can't stand Willis's wine. I dine with a turtle party at Bleaden's."

"Nothing like Bleaden's lime punch Sir Jacob, eh?"

"Ay, ay, when one has no patients but Dowagers to see after dinner my dear Camomile."

"Or when one is sure of one's dear Camomile to supply one's place, eh, Gemini?"

"For my part the last time I dined at the Club"—

"I trust gentlemen, I find your opinion tolerably favourable?" sighs Lady Casserole gently opening the drawing room door, and advancing towards the gloomy group beside the fire-place.

"No cause for despondency that I can discover," cries Sir Richard, with admirable presence of mind.

"After the maturest deliberation," adds Sir Jacob, "we see no motive for any immediate change of medicine. Mr friend Sir Richard Colchicum and myself have decided that it will perhaps be as well to strengthen his Lordship's diet of chicken broth, with an occasional cup of beef tea; and every second night, previous to his Lordship's night draught, an almond poultice must be administered about the region of the chest,—an almond poultice my dear madam, softened with rose water: (Mr Camomile has promised to be so obliging as to see it properly disposed of;) and on Thursday next, with her Ladyship's permission, at the same hour, we shall have the honour of meeting here, to look in upon his Lordship again. I have the honour my dear Lady Casserole, to wish you a good morning."

"Your Ladyship's most obedient," added the several leeches, each pocketing his fee.

"I won't send Dr Hamilton Smith till after Thursday; this poultice may perhaps do wonders," mused the Vicountess, as their carriages rolled from the door.

And the poultice did wonders. There was no further occasion for change of drugs or change of doctors. The *Morning Post* duly announced that "On Thursday morning last, after a lingering illness, at his house in Carlton terrace, the Right Honourable Viscount Casserole departed this life, deeply lamented by his family and friends."

Not a word was added of the lamentations of the gruff Sir Richard and gracious Sir Jacob, on finding themselves under the pain-

ful necessity of effacing another name from their list of Consultations.

AN ALARMING SIGHT.—Last Friday week a farmer from the neighbourhood of Galston took his wife to see the wonders of the microscope now exhibiting in our town. The variety of curiosities seemed to please the good woman very well, till the animalculæ professed to be contained in a drop of water came to be shown off; these seemed to poor Janet not so very pleasant a sight as the others; she sat patiently however, till the "water tigers," magnified to the size of twelve feet, appeared on the sheet fighting with their usual ferocity. Janet now rose with great trepidation and cried to her husband, "For gude-sake come awa' John."—"Sit still, woman," said John, "and see the show." "See the show! gude keep us a' man, what will come o' us if thae awfu' like brutes would break out o' the water."

THE DUKE—A MAN OF NOTE.—I perceive (said Lord A. the other day at Athenoum) the Times states, that the Earl of Mornington, the Duke of Wellington's father, was a Doctor of music in the University of Dublin." "True (replied Croker) but not half such a man of note as his illustrious son."

At a late meeting of the Academy of Medicine in Paris, M. Valpeau exhibited a man who possesses the very singular power of making himself two inches taller or shorter at will. Standing erect, he can elongate the spine, and contract it again, by moving the sacrum, which plays like a wedge between the bones of the pelvis. He is at present 40 years of age, and had a carriage pass over his body when a child, to the injury received at which time the power of executing this curious manœuvre may be attributed.

It is said that water actually costs per gallon in Paris, than the Wine with which the French Navy is supplied at Toulouse.

POETRY

SONG.

Meet me love where streamlets stray,
To the green leaves singing,
And the star light dews betray
Where each flower is springing.

When the partridge on the hill
To his mate is calling,
Where, in sparkling spray, the rill
O'er the cliff is falling,
Meet me love, &c.

When the distant abbey bell
Down the breeze is dying,
When the shadows o'er the dell
From the hills are flying,
Meet me love, &c.

When the drowsy beetles fit
Through the stilly even
When the stars, like gems are set,
O'er the brow of heaven,
Meet me love, &c.

When each gentle drooping flower
Veils its snowy bosom,
When the streaming perfumes pour
From the hawthorn blossom,
Meet me love, &c.

Down the sheltered woodland walk,
When the dew drops clearest
Bend each rose bud on his stalk
Then, oh then my dearest,
Meet me love, &c.

Meet me where the streamlets stray,
To the green leaves singing,
And the starlight dews betray
Where each flower is springing.

SONG—"STAR OF HER DESTINY."
OLD IRISH AIR, "GAI AN' A MOING."

Star of her destiny,
Cloudless be thy orb of beauty;
Brightest of thy Galaxy,
Be thy guardian ray.

Have her in thy watchful keeping,
Guard her waking, guard her sleeping;
If you'er observe her weeping,
Kiss the tears away.

From the ills of life protect her,
Ne'er desert her, ne'er neglect her!
If you see misery,
Chase the thief away.

Oh! may she happy be,
Blest with health, and wealth in plenty;
Tho' joy should ne'er on me
Shed one shining ray.

Oft may fairy finger pleasure,
Oft may music's varied measure,
Yield to her their choicest treasure,
When I'm far away.

Days of rapture, without number,
Blissful nights of balmy slumber,
Oh may they ever be,
Her's, where'er I stray.