

Bishop's College, as well as all the active work in connection with this Journal, will learn with sincere pleasure that he has so far recovered as to justify his accepting the Professorship of Obstetrics in McGill College, rendered vacant by the resignation of Dr. Arthur A. Browne.

### LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Montreal appears to be rapidly assuming the airs and graces of a "specialist" centre, and as spring poetry is now in order I quote, without apology, a portion of a clever satire from the organ of the New York Post Graduate Medical School—*The Quarterly Bulletin*, which must be read by that secondary consideration, the general practitioner to be appreciated.

'Mid sulphurous fumes, in antiseptics rich  
Enough to please our Peters, cure the itch,  
Great Satan sat, dark frowns upon his face,  
As when one finds another's got his case.  
Fiercely he mutters: 'Twenty doctors more  
Within two days have come within my door,  
And now at last, the news quite strikes me dumb,  
The porter says some Specialists have come.  
Should old ambitions once these fellows seize,  
If they put out their signs, take in their fees,  
Sure all my toils of little use would be,  
Then I must go, this is no place for me.'  
The Demon rose, and shook from off his coat.  
The yellow films of *U.S. Sulphur lot.*,  
Uttered a cough which all Hell's regions racked,  
And ordered out his baggage to be packed.  
'I'll up to earth,' he said, 'for I must know  
Why doctors are now rattled on me so.'  
Out into space he shot, a curious sight,  
The Devil bent on setting things aright."

Knowing it would be of little use to try to keep the Old World Doctors out of the inferno Satan visits first Boston, then Philadelphia, and finally New York, about which last place he says:

"For sure unless all stories lie  
The doctors there are all much worse than I."

On his way thither he is blown up by an explosion, which inflicts a great variety of injuries:

"A much bruised party rose from up the ground,  
He'd every ill that's in the body found—  
A spine concussed, a fractured bone or two,  
A dozen sprains, his skin quite black and blue,  
Disordered function of each inner part,  
Uneasy stomach, damaged lungs and heart;  
But sweet philosophy some comforts bore,  
'I don't mind' he said, 'I've fallen before,'  
And sure the fates do in my cause enlist  
To fit me for each New York specialist."

Then he visits them all, the surgeons, the orthopædists, the oculists

"Who ply the art that's based on cocaine,"  
The disciples of Neuropathy.

"So great her science so small her art"

And, to conclude, the "womb doctors" receive the following attention:

Besides he found they'd stolen his own wares,  
And caught their victims all in painful snares;  
Some pleasures still in Satan's lot prevail,  
For he at least unquestionably is male,  
For him no gynecologist could seek  
Within persuasive specula to peek, or, with some  
learned name his troubles labelled,  
Like Parliamentary motions, have him tabled.  
I'm sure that once the Devil stopped and prayed,  
'Twas when he found he could not be spayed.  
O, gentle Art, I'm sure I am not blind  
To all the good you've done for womankind,  
But once 'twas woman's part to cut and sew  
While now to cut and sew her parts you go.  
Too oft perhaps might it not be a gain  
If you made less of womb and more of brain?"

The New York *Medical Record* "buds and blooms and blushes" in the following truly vernal style.

"Little drops of water,  
Little grains of milk,  
Make the little doctors  
Of the homœopathic ilk

Precious little bottles,  
Sitting in a row,  
Filled with potent liquid  
Known as H<sub>2</sub>O."

A drop of Mother Tincture,  
Humble though it be,  
Makes the tenth dilution  
When poured into the sea.

Of all the gulls delusive  
The greatest is to know  
Where lies the healing power.  
In a drop of H<sub>2</sub>O."

This also:

The Landlords who bloom in the Spring—  
The doctor who hunts in the Spring, tra la,  
For a bright pleasant office up town,  
Finds it rather a difficult thing, tra la  
To get a landlord on a string, tra la,  
And makes his rent figure come down,  
And that's what I mean when I say or I sing  
To the devil with landlords who bloom in the Spring  
Tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la,  
To the devil with landlords in Spring.