

AN OLD SCHOOL DOCTOR'S
SOLILOQUY.

Oh dear me! What terrible inroads these troublesome Medical Reformers are making on regular practice—but I must call and see Mr. R's daughter. A bad case that. I have faithfully attended her more than six months, and she has been constantly failing. Fowler's solution of Arsenic answered no purpose at all. Let me see—she has had over forty blisters upon her stomach since I commenced treating her, a seton in her side—cupped fourteen times—bled three times a week, and leeches have been applied repeatedly, and still she grows worse. Can't hold out a great while longer. The old gentleman is abundantly able to pay, and I will continue on.—I'll try the blue pill till I produce salivation, and see what that will do. I have used all the remedies laid down in the books, and inasmuch as medicine will do her no good, there will be no harm in trying a few experiments upon her. Two hundred grains of calomel a day, with copious bleedings may effect a change in her—I'll try it. If I should cure her it will give me great celebrity; if it should happen to kill her no one will be any the wiser, I'll—

Rap, rap, rap!

Good morning, Doctor.

Good morning sir. I was just about starting to go down to see your daughter; how is she this morning?

Rapidly failing.

Oh you must be mistaken, sir. This dull weather, no doubt, will produce a temporary debilitating effect, but I saw her only day before yesterday, and she was decidedly better. I am about trying calomel in her case which I have no doubt will operate like a charm. A thorough salivation will set her upon her feet at once.

She is my only daughter, and she has proved a dutiful and affectionate child. I need not tell you how highly we prize her. Her death to us would be a very afflictive event. Mr. L's son you know was a long time in much the same situation, and after his case had been pronounced desperate by *nine* doctors, he

was cured by a short course of Reform treatment, under the care of Dr. P. who has recently located in town.

Cured! No, he didn't cure him. He was getting well before, and just as I got the disease subdued, they called in that contemptible Homeopathic quack, and he got the credit of the cure.

I have neither the time nor the inclination to discuss the merits of that case, but called to inform you that my wife and I have finally concluded to call in Dr. P— to take charge of our daughter.

I have been accustomed to consider you a man of sense, but you give me unquestionable evidence this morning that you are a consummate fool. You had better call at the cabinet makers as you go along, and speak for her coffin, and engage the service of the undertaker, for you will need them both before Sunday night.

I hope not sir; but I must bid you good morning.

I expect my bill will be settled *immediately*.

Confound these Reformers. They are thicker than the frogs of Egypt, and are creeping into every nook and corner in the land. If he should happen to cure her it would knock my business in the head; but he can't do it. I would cheerfully give the amount of one year's labor to have her *die* in his hands. This has been an unlucky year to me. Twenty-five patients have died under my treatment, besides six that have been put under the care of that arrant quack. I had much rather they also had died than that they should have been placed under his treatment. One patient died in consequence of my dealing out arsenic to him by mistake; but accidents will happen; his friends thought he died of cholera morbus. Two children have also taken laudanum instead of paregoric; but accidents will happen; but they would have died at any rate. Five have died in a state of salivation, and three were probably bled a little too freely; but then no man can cure everybody.—Mr. M's case went prodigiously against me—the hardest case of cholera I ever