

Bled too for gangrene, dropsy, sprue,
hives, chicken-pox and sprain,
Piles, whooping-cough, itch, asthma.
chill, croup, gripese, and gravel pain,
Rheumatics, measles, milk-leg, mumps,
fits, fevers, running sore,
Boil, bunyon, cramp and carbuncle,
and scald-head by the score;—
Barbers bled in times of yore.

Steele's liniment, internal, mentioned,
neighbor-nurses told,
Would stop the movement of the
bowels, and harmlessly withhold
For twenty days; and during term,
none helpless need to shift,
And every day escaped the awful
suffering from the "lift";—
They thought it heaven's gift.

If bleeding, broth and blistering,
the patient could endure,
Next calomel, and jalap gave,
that either kill or cure,
Then mouth, if sore, the molars loose,
and bile the powders drew,
The cottage he placarded:—
"PATIENT LIKELY TO PULL THROUGH";
None doubted that he knew.

From retrospection here portrayed,
The inference may be drawn
Of doctor's skill and practice
in ye periods past and gone;
All handed down, in verbal
and historical relays,
Delineated in this sketch
of doctors' wiles, and ways,
in dark primeval days.

The above lines were composed by an old family friend, the late and brilliant writer, S. Stanley Howell, Esq., of Cobourg, when he had passed some several years beyond the three score and ten period and which I now can record in brief: *Vixi sexaginta et decem annos*. I may mention that while we are always engaged in instructive and varied studies, it is decidedly pleasing to learn that many admitted truths from sources least expected often present themselves, serving to establish our confirmed views, to confound them or to reject them. "Truth is true to the end of reckoning." It is a truism to state as our mission we have to study "men's desires and adorations, winged persuasions and wild destinies, splendors and glooms, and glimmering incantations of hopes and twilight fantasies." Not only these, but "men's blinded hopes, diseases, toil and prayers and winged troubles peopling daily air." Among the dearest of my aureoled memories are those of my preceptor in medicine—one of two village successors of the type my learned and venerated friend has so superlatively depicted, for we both were born in the same Prince Edward county village, but he was in his maturity when Medical Knighthood was in flower. One fact is we may say of him—the one so well delineated that he was one of those of our profession "o'er whose tomb immortal laurels ever bloom and his name and labors on Fame's eternal head-roll are worthy to be filed; and has landed safe in heaven with his shining saddle-bags."

He was skilled, and skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality. Henley could have said of him as he said of Lord Lister: "He was sweet, unaggressive, tolerant, most humane. Wild artists liked his kindly elderhood