

The Doctor came—percussion as before,
Thumping and banging till his ribs were sore—
“Right side the flattest”—then more vigorous raps—
Fever—that’s certain—pleurisy, perhaps.
A quart of blood will ease the pain, no doubt,
Ten leeches next will help to suck it out,
Then clap a blister on the painful part—
But first two grains of *antimonium tart.*
Last, with a dose of cleansing calomel
Unload the portal system—that sounds well!

But when the self-same remedies were tried,
As all the village knew, the squire had died;
The neighbors hinted—“this will never do,
He’s killed the squire—he’ll kill the deacon, too.”

Now, when a doctor’s patients are perplexed,
A *consultation* comes in order next—
You know what that is? In a certain place
Meet certain doctors to discuss a case
And other matters, such as weather, crops,
Potatoes, pumpkins, lager beer and hops.
For what’s the use—there’s little to be said,
Nine times in ten your man’s as good as dead—
At best a talk (the secret to disclose)
Where three men guess and *sometimes* one man knows.

The counsel summoned came without delay—
Young Doctor Green and shrewd old Dr. Gray—
They heard the story “Bleed!” says Doctor Green,
“That’s downright murder! cut his throat, you mean;
Leeches! the reptiles! Why, for pity’s sake,
Not try an adder on a rattlesnake?
Blisters! Why bless you they’re against the law—
It’s rank assault and battery if they draw!
Tartrate of Antimony! shade of Luke!
Stomachs turn pale at thought of such rebuke!
The portal system! What’s the man about?
Unload your nonsense! Calomel’s played out!
You’ve been asleep—you’d better sleep away
Till some one calls you!”

“Stop!” says Doctor Gray—
“The story is you slept for thirty years;
With brother Green, I own that it appears
You must have slumbered most amazing sound;
But sleep once more till thirty years come round,
You’ll find the lancet in its honored place,
Leeches and blisters rescued from disgrace,
Your drugs redeemed from fashion’s passing scorn,
And counted safe to give to babes unborn.”

Poor sleepy Rip, M. M. S. S., M. D.,
A puzzled, serious, saddened man was he;
Home from the deacon’s house he plodded slow
And filled one bumper of “Elixir Pro.”
“Good bye,” he faltered, “Mrs. Van, my dear;
I’m going to sleep, but wake me once a year.
I don’t like bleaching in the frost and dew,
I’ll take the barn, if all the same to you.
Just once a year—remember! no mistake!
Cry ‘Rip Van Winkle! time for you to wake!’
Watch for the week in May when laylocks blow,
For then the doctors meet, and I must go.”

Just once a year the doctor’s worthy dame
Goes to the barn and shouts her husband’s name,
“Come, Rip Van Winkle!” (giving him a shake)
“Rip Van Winkle! time for you to wake!
Laylocks in blossom! ’tis the month of May—
The doctors’ meeting is this blessed day,
And come what will, you know I heard you swear
You’d never miss it, but be always there!”
And so it is, as every year comes round
Old Rip Van Winkle here is always found.
You’ll quickly know him by his mildewed air,
The hayseed sprinkled through his scanty hair,
The litchens growing on his rusty suit—
I’ve seen a toadstool sprouting on his boot—
Who says I lie? Does any man presume—
Toadstool? No matter—call it a mushroom,
Where is his seat? He moves it every year;
But look, you’ll find him—he is always here—
Perhaps you’ll track him by a whiff you know—
A certain flavor of “Elixir Pro.”

Now, then, I give you—as you seem to think
We can drink healths without a drop to drink—
Health to the mighty sleeper—long live he!
Our brother Rip, M. M. S. S., M. D.!

—*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters have been received from Dr. Cunningham, Indianapolis, Indiana, U.S.; Dr. Thayer, Montreal; Dr. Wickham, Halifax; Dr. Mackay, Lachine; Dr. Lawrence, Marbleton; Dr. Ferguson, Galt; Dr. W. Henderson, Arthur; Dr. Glen, Chambly; Dr. Ogden, Toronto; Dr. Smallwood, Montreal; Dr. Tetu, River Ouelle; Dr. Bowlby, Waterford, O.; Dr. Oldright, Toronto; Dr. Ouellet, Acton Vale; Dr. Fraser, New Glasgow, N.S.; Dr. Kenneth Reid, New York; Dr. Jackson, Quebec; Dr. King, St. Sylvester; Dr. Baddeaux, Three Rivers; Dr. Gilbert, Sherbrooke; Dr. Laramie, Montreal; Dr. Bull, Worcester, Mass.; J. P. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia; Dr. Henderson, Ottawa; Dr. Fitzpatrick, Baie St. Paul; Dr. Lemieux, St. Urbain; Dr. Bigham, Fenelon Falls, Ont.

BIRTHS.

On Saturday, 28th instant, the wife of Dr. D. C. McCallum, of a daughter.

At Ottawa, on the 6th instant, the wife of Thomas B. Bentley, Esq., M.D., of twin-daughters, still-born.

MARRIED.

In Montreal, on the 8th of April, at Christ Church Cathedral, by the Rev. Canon Baldwin, William Henry Hornett, M.D., to Georgina, third daughter of Harvey Perkins, Esq.

In Montreal, on the 10th April, at St. Stephen’s Church, by the Rev. Lewis Evans, John T. Finnie, M.D., to Amelia, second daughter of C. Healy, Esq.

DIED.

In Montreal, on the 22d April, John Campbell, advocate, aged 47 years and 10 months, brother of Dr. Francis W. Campbell.