

RISORIVS SANTORINI *al*

THE NATURAL HISTORY  
OF THE SPECIES MEDICUS

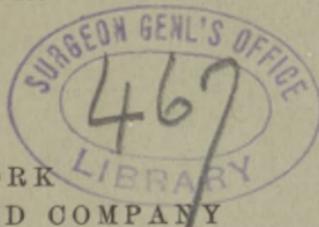
(ZUR NATURGESCHICHTE DES MEDICUS)

✓  
BY  
DR. RISORIVS SANTORINI

TRANSLATED BY  
"FAMVLVS"

*Dem's juckt, der kratze sich*

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He is the translator.

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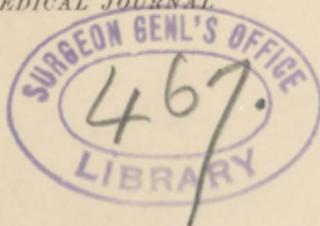
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BLODGETT (A. M.)

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# THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SPECIES MEDICUS.

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## HISTORICAL PREFACE.

Mankind, as Mr. Darwin states,  
Belongs to the class "Vertebrates."  
The "Genus Homo" roamed the land  
With sea-horse, mammoth, elephant,  
Before the age diluvian,  
The so-called "prehistoric man."

But many a learned antiquary  
Thinks these deposits tertiary.  
A miocene discovery  
Would strengthen Darwin's theory ;  
The fact of species-variation  
Would surely find its explanation  
In secrets geological  
Anthropomorphological.  
Then up, ye palæontologists !  
Grasp spade and hammer in your fists :  
Search the coal-measures carefully  
Until the long-sought spoor you see  
In cænozoic gloomy night  
Of our ancestral Troglodyte.

The law of natural selection  
Leads ever upward toward perfection.  
Mankind the effort never ceases  
To propagate the human species.

*Præsumptio est*, the man ideal  
 Is slowly now becoming real ;  
 As each sire grants to son, unmerited  
 Virtues he from his sire inherited.  
 As type, *Te Deum Laudamus*,  
 Is reckoned foremost, Medicus.  
 For it is known to every proctor  
 That Father Adam was a doctor.  
 And Henry Faust with equal ease  
 Read Scripture and Hippocrates.  
 And the foul fiend, fresh from damnation,  
 Oft aids in biblical translation ;  
 Again appears with counsel wary  
 As a physician literary.  
 He would have penned the great creative process  
 "In the beginning was the diagnosis."

Earliest history tells the story  
 Of drugs and operations gory.  
 And as we learn from Homer's *Iliad*,  
 Wounds then were dressed with balm of Gilead ;  
 And in Achilles's bold array  
 The doctor was an attaché,  
 Although *in puncto chirurgiæ*  
 He had not much that's called *esprit*.  
 How would our dapper surgeons feel  
 Should a slight wound upon the heel,  
 Such as befell this general,  
 Prove to be instantly lethal ?

The ages crown with recognition  
 Hippocrates as a clinician.  
 His fame is dear to every heart  
 As "Father of the healing art."  
 But in his day we note this feature :  
 He was empiric as a teacher.  
 He had no inkling of dissection,  
 Nor of arterial injection.  
 Enough—'mid medical afflictions  
 We're spared his "positive convictions."

But high above all mean disguises  
The learned Egyptian doctor rises—  
A privy councilor in condition,  
Herophilus, the court physician.  
His research took a new direction,  
He practiced bloody vivisection.  
In which, by Seleukos's permission  
(Physiology then had a mission),  
Material for researches loyal  
Was amply found in debtors royal.  
Peril surrounded noble clients,  
But 'twas a golden age for science.

When thus by royal favor fostered,  
Our colleagues and our calling prospered.  
The *ars curandi* made advance  
And worthy spirits joined its ranks.

This was the time when Galen wrote,  
Whom our own authors freely quote,  
Who, in the sixteenth century,  
Enjoyed infallibility.

In short, the medical profession  
Has proved the truth of evolution.  
Where *one* the grip has failed to keep,  
*Two* others are set on their feet.  
And with the multiple diseases  
The corps of specialists increases.

As Darwin's theory proved true,  
The species strong and stronger grew ;  
And from division of their labor  
Established races, each a neighbor.  
How these have thrived and propagated  
Will now in rhyme be briefly stated.

#### Class I. MEDICI ACADEMICI.

When several separate generations  
Dwell in harmonious relations,

Though occupying different spheres,  
 The species one to be appears :  
 We speak of "heterogeny,"  
 And call the whole a "colony."

As sample of instinct politic  
 Observe the insect-republic  
 Which the industrious *Formicidæ*  
 Maintain for rich as well as needy.

Each member of the insect nation  
 Pursues a certain occupation.  
 A. guards the city from surprise ;  
 B. furnishes the food supplies ;  
 While C., with eager emulation,  
 Devotes himself to copulation.  
 That in the "struggle for existence"  
 They may present a firm resistance.

In human arts the insect law persists,  
 The "colony" as "faculty" exists.  
 The "Adjunct" X. strives valiantly  
 To guard scholastic dignity ;  
 Professor Y., with cautious unction,  
 As number C. performs his function ;  
 The beast of burden least resistant  
 Is the "Instructor" called "Assistant."

Order I. PROFESSOR ORDINARIUS CONSILARIUS SECRETUS.

As chief official in this corps  
 We see some hoary Councilor.  
 Sometimes he's even "State Physician,"  
 Which really is no mean position.  
 Early and late, where'er he be,  
 His eye is on the Faculty ;  
 That the bald heads of fossils hoary  
 May not be shorn of former glory ;  
 And that no modern heretic  
 Some middle-ages bubble prick.  
 Because the "honored faculty"  
 Presents infallibility.

The theory their wisdom utters  
 Is therapeutics for the gutters.  
 To keep the caste inviolate,  
 Maintain ideas long out of date ;  
 To keep youth well refrigerated—  
 This is the mission of the aged.

And to prevent things getting mixed  
 They like their own offspring well fixed.  
 For instance, if his name be Gray,\*  
 He looks around him every way,  
 How he can plan that Number One  
 May fall to his beloved son ;  
 And all the members of the breed  
 With pride their comrades supersede,  
 So that the dynasty of Gray  
 Grows more extensive every day  
 By in-and-in maternity  
 From now until eternity.

For this, important points appear  
 As motives, salient and clear.  
 Science takes secondary place  
 In elevation of the race,  
 When with a title like a steeple  
 An old man hoodwinks "common people."

The title "City Inspector"  
 In worth more than a newspaper,  
 To the proud conciliarum  
 With all the high-priced publicum.  
 For a prescription from *his* pen  
 Costs a gold eagle ; ah ! but then—  
 Ten times the action surely follows  
 Than if the *doctor* charged three dollars.

\* Any of the other indifferent colors may be selected, instead of the one here mentioned, according to the chromatic requirements of the reader.

## Order 2. PROFESSOR EXTRAORDINARIUS.

*The Laboring Family Man.*

From instinct comes the aspiration  
 In mankind for official station.  
 A title renders great assistance  
 In the long struggle for existence.  
 When once he's reached the "Adjunct's" fame  
 He longs for the "Professor's" name.  
 And out of twelve, perhaps eleven  
 No greater boon could ask of Heaven.  
 But here, like as in Holy Writ,  
 Many are called, but few are fit.  
 So, *pour plaisir*, we read and hear  
 Things only which are popular.  
 Science attracts both *him* and *her*,  
 Thanks to the efforts of Pasteur.

The public reads with glad surprise  
 The effusions of this Solon wise  
 In every agricultural paper,  
 As well as in the *Gospel Taper*.  
 Which all declare his genius rising :  
 This is "judicious" advertising.

His various "researches" amount  
 Only to swell his bank account.

There's sometimes great utility  
 In fashionable charity.  
 But to all hearts he gains the key  
 By "Lectures on Emergency,"  
 Enhanced, if he possess the nickel  
 The editorial palm to tickle,  
 When great and small will surely read  
 That he is a "great man" indeed.

But genius her great triumph wins  
 When the Professor now begins  
 To bring his daughters under cover  
 By means of eligible lover :

Especially if *female* lambs  
Be the sole product of his hams.\*

Order 3. THE ADJUNCT PROFESSOR.

Salute, my lay, with studied grace  
The most imposing of the race.—  
As clouds soar o'er the city's pile,  
*He* towers above the "rank and file."  
"Adjunct Professor" is the name  
To which this animal lays claim.

A prototype of erudition,  
It graciously grants recognition  
To other works of God's creation ;  
But only like a "poor relation."  
It poses as Hygeia's watchman  
Upon the walls of learning's Zion.  
It seizes Nature's blindest riddles,  
Groups them in systems while it piddles ;  
Its eyes *sometimes* to mortals sink,  
Because the beast must always think.  
Anon, it shows on forehead high  
The wrinkles of philosophy ;  
And trims, in aping the Professor,  
Its beard, designed by the hair-dresser.  
The above is but the foetal state  
Of what develops soon or late,  
According to the elements,  
Into "Surgeon to Out-patients."  
The earlier is the stage latent ;  
This is the full development.

But meanwhile in his surgery  
There is a cloak of mystery.  
And mystery alone is able  
To grant a halo round the Schaedel.

What virtue would the halo have  
If every layman could perceive

\* *i. e.*, loins.

The veil which hides the goddess-form ?  
 That was the reason that in Rome  
 The Haruspices took their rise  
 To throw dust into prying eyes,  
 And pull the wires behind the curtain.

With the first blush of coming day,  
 Our Doctor starts upon his way.  
 The hospital first claims his skill,  
 Where the Internes with eager will  
 Pulse, respiration, temperature  
 Have taken with precision sure ;  
 Have tried each patient's fragrant urine  
 To see if it contains hippurin ;  
 Secured the anamnesia,  
 And booked the whole with pious care ;  
 For it is far beneath Docents  
 To investigate the elements—  
 Charms for philosophers like these  
 Have only the " higher analyses."

" Clinical material " useless is,  
 Except to build hypotheses,  
 Which, comet-like, blaze one by one  
 Upon the clinic's horizon.  
 A novel remedy is found ;  
 With great discretion handed round,  
 Quickly it everywhere is tried.  
 The special journals all describe  
 The clinical experiments ;  
 Each one the other compliments.  
 Things thus four weeks at most remain ;  
 We never hear of it again.

The discoverer smiles whene'er alone  
 " By Jove ! it's pleasant to be known ! "

When this mild comedy is played,  
 Quickly another scene is laid :  
 Now thallin, next day pyridine,  
 And the day after urethane !

And even thou, potent cocaine,  
Into what mischief hast thou been  
That man should show thee such abuse,  
*Per os et anum* introduce ?

Though we the fraud at length observe,  
The plan shows method and shows nerve.  
Hence people call this deviltry  
The "only rational therapy."

But even the man of sense acutest  
Can win no fame as therapist,  
For just now Science her favor yields  
Only in pathognostic fields.

The claims of Science now demand  
Quasi "researches" from his hand.  
Therefore he pays his amorous court  
To bacteriology; in short,  
He tries by fine hypotheses  
Thus to account for all disease.  
And being "modern," "just announced,"  
No "want" was ever more pronounced,  
Each downy, newly-hatched Docent  
Has need of "special experiment."

Each "Adjunct's" head presents a lump  
Labeled, "Investigations-bump."  
The suffering rabbit is infected,  
All kinds of gurry are injected,  
And soon "pure cultures" we may see.—  
Oh, Koch! What do we owe to thee!

Nothing now aids the "cause eternal"  
As does a "liberal medical journal,"  
Which kindly tells the "rank and file"  
What this great mind achieves meanwhile.  
Often we slumber o'er the letter—  
His motto is, "The more the better."  
Twelve columns upon *Gonococcus*!  
What need in hospitals to lock us ?

It also causes him no sorrow  
 If in the same review to-morrow  
 By Dr. X. the sham's exposed,  
 And all his canting fraud disclosed.  
 Each one "discovers" what he can  
 To make a name or mar a man.

His glory lasts about four weeks.  
 Afterward no one of it speaks.  
 Each folly runs its course specific;  
 And people call this "scientific."

So slowly passes year by year  
 Of Docent's suffering career.  
 For, ah! with all his application,  
 He fails the longed "Professor's" station;  
 Thereby our Docent's entire stage  
 Comprises but the larva age.  
 For his own merit, of all things,  
 Is suited least for growth of wings.

Make but one other change in life;  
 Pay court to the Professor's wife;—  
 With higher aims strive valiantly  
 To rise within the "colony."  
 A kindly warmth your limbs will thaw  
 When you've become a son-in-law.

#### CLASS II. THE SPECIALISTS.

Even in our calling is provided  
 That higher art should be divided.  
 Each province is well isolated,  
 For "science" is so complicated;  
*Smith* leans to neurotherapy;  
*Jones* more to gynæcology;  
*Currie's* a dentist and my own,  
 And skin disease is cured by Cohn.  
 Each specialist is known to be  
 Unquestionable "authority."

## Order 1. THE NEUROLOGIST.

*Medicus sanitarium neuropathicum privatum dirigens.*

A large rôle in disease to-day  
 Neurasthenia is known to play.  
 At times with speed like that of steam  
 It rushes through life's vivid dream.—  
 The pallid youth in tenderest years,  
 While yet scarce dry behind the ears,  
 Wrestles with Bacchus and Gambrinus,  
 With nicotine and goddess Venus.—  
 The maiden, in steel corset tight,  
 Like the Nyanza, blooms at night;  
 Inflames her chaste imagination  
 With scenes of Zola's mild creation;  
 Acquires as sign of culture then—  
 For this belongs to "upper ten"—  
 Chlorosis and amenorrhœa  
 Combined with "reflex diarrhœa."

A nervous female *in that line*  
 Surpasses all the Muses nine.  
 This trouble is conveniently  
 Peculiar to the "Quality."  
 It stands the doctor in good stead  
 As means to win his daily bread.

The doctor is a pure clinician  
 In his rude, embryo condition,  
 But he attends most punctually  
 The lectures on psychiatry.  
 Then modestly his name appears,  
 As "Specialist for many years,"  
 To which he adds, with zeal astute,  
 A "Neuropathic Institute,"  
 "In the most charming region" lives  
 [Particulars our pamphlet gives],  
 "Forests with fragrance of pine cone,  
 Atmosphere laden with ozone,  
 From northern blasts by hills protected,  
 Romantic picnic tours projected;

Around the Home a noble ground;  
Board reasonable [£100]."

The doctor wins his way with ease  
If he the fair, frail sex can please.  
Platonic freedom from all passion  
Is his most valuable possession.  
For "confidence is slowly won  
In nervous patients." [Nettleton.]

The therapy is "rational"  
Only when "individual,"  
But the brave doctor has at hand  
Three mighty adjuncts on demand.  
These will respond with vigor bold  
When water hot and water cold  
And even electricity  
Will not secure felicity;  
In treatment, they're ace, king, and queen,  
Bromkali, chloral, and morphine.

#### Order 2. THE GYNÆCOLOGIST.

##### *Medicus parfümatus.*

Dip, gentle Muse, as "*dame d'honneur*,"  
Thy magic wand in "*eau de mille fleurs*";  
Lead me as guardian angel on  
Into the incense-filled salon  
Where, gently dimmed, the light of day  
Through gauzy curtains makes its way;  
Where ornaments, in taste the best,  
The heaving bosom's pangs arrest;  
While Rubens's deathless "*Garden of Love*"  
Directs their thoughts to "things above."  
Here the fond patients timid wait  
For the expected *tête-à-tête*  
With him they love, while yet they fear;  
The deity they worship here.

In true artistic nonchalance  
The picture of male elegance,

A velvet robe of pattern rare,  
 With "scientific" beard and hair,  
 While on his fingers soft and white,  
 Gems sparkle in reflected light.  
 He sits as if in marble cast—  
 Nature's best work, as well as last.  
 From top of head to plantar hollow  
 As Æsculapius and Apollo:  
 To Madam, faithful to advise,  
 To Magdalen, a father wise,  
 He hears with patience the confession  
 Of honor's breach, and love's wild passion;  
 With "Ah!" and "Oh!" "what shall I do?"  
 [Compare with Goethe's *Faust*, act two.]  
 On this one point without cessation  
 He centers all his application.—  
 Ten dollars is the usual fee;  
 It's double this sum frequently.

If, spite of all, the cure's delayed,  
 The "Springs" serve as a lightning rod.  
 Who knows the "waters" knows their names,  
 Where cures are sought by gentle dames.  
 At Hot Springs, Baden, Saratoga,  
 Sibyllenort, Ems, Lake Ladoga,  
 Our doctor stands on best of terms  
 With all the various hotel "firms."  
 Carlsbad is now most highly prized,  
 By ladies greatly patronized.  
 Charms there are found which please the sense,  
 With which at home they must dispense.  
 Ye Gods above! women are wise!  
 Oh! husbands! have you then no eyes?

### Order 3. THE ADVERTISING QUACK.

#### *Medicus charlatan.*

To former times we're carried back  
 By contemplation of the quack.  
 Well has this parasitic trash  
 Learned how to peddle spurious cash,

On open squares all ills of man  
 Were "treated" by the charlatan,  
 Aided by a street mendicant  
 Who lured the sufferers to his tent.  
 The "enlightened press" with powerful sway  
 Serves as his mendicant to-day,  
 Where every page the eye displeases,  
 With "Specialist in skin diseases."  
 For secret sins of every kind  
*He* only knows the cure to find.  
 The assistant loudly shouts the praise  
 Of "Cohn, chief doctor of our days."  
 And Itzig wrote with pen which ran good  
 A treatise on *Decay of Manhood*.

The cure is wrought by a "specific."  
 The treatment's purely "scientific,"  
 But acts with greater certainty  
 When aided by a liberal fee.  
 "Relations strictly confidential,  
 Absence from business not essential."

Practice of this kind pays quite well.  
 The doctor knows his clientèle:  
 The student and the circus-rider,  
 The hogreve and the humble schneider,  
 With troubles of a certain class,  
 Into his hands as patients pass.  
 It is well known through all the town,  
 His only terms are "money down."  
 And as each case is quickly stated  
 To be "uncommon complicated,"  
 The patient finds at last the fee  
 Quite a financial penalty.  
 The sufferer can not get away;  
 For when he nothing more can pay  
 As token of his penitence,  
 The villain stakes his confidence.  
 By "confidence" he keeps his "jobs,"  
 By "confidence" the patient robs,

By "confidence" his dupe denounces,  
 When he at last the doctor "bounces."  
 Therefore this kind of mountebank  
 Is numbered in the "Vampire" rank.

## Class III. BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

## Order 1. THE HYDROPATHIC SPECIALIST.

*Medicus balneus elegans.*

In spring, when from the Nile's green shore  
 The feathered warblers northward soar,  
 When amorous nightingales are singing,  
 And swallows their weird flight are winging,  
 When storks stride through the reedy bogs  
 In search of winter-fattened frogs,  
 The bath-physician, like the other  
 Gay birds of passage, leaves his cover.

His winter beard falls to the razor,  
 For fashions new he leaves his measure,  
 Then circulates his "summer card,"  
 St. Moritz, Carlsbad, Martha's Yard.

Nature, scarce waked from winter chill,  
 Shivers in rime upon the hill,  
 While in the sheltered valley deep  
 Graze undisturbed the fleecy sheep.

Already in the leafy grove  
 The finches carol notes of love,  
 While peals from every hostelry  
 The "sanitary orchestra."  
 Behold! The tardy signs appear!  
 Ho! Invalids, the spring is here.

From north and south, from east and west,  
 Now comes the pale-faced summer guest.  
 From Maine the manufacturer,  
 From Buffalo the beer-brewer,  
 A colonel fresh from Bowling Green,  
 From England Lord and Lady Spleen,

And then, with rank and title higher,  
 From Russia, Poland, Turkey, Speyer  
 [Now, Doctor, play most carefully],  
 The princely crowd of -koff and -ky.  
 And finally—oh, height of bliss!  
 His Highness, “Serenissimus.”

Take courage, Doctor, it's your mission,  
 “Highness” will make you Court-physician.  
 I see already on your breast  
 The “order-medal,” softly pressed,  
 Of “Lippe-Detmold” and “Reuss-Schleitz.”  
 Ambition now takes loftier flights;  
 One further gracious act of power,  
 And, lo! the Privy Councilor!  
 Now as you write each proud initial  
 You'll say “The baths are beneficial.”

To this you may with right aspire:  
 The laborer should have his hire.  
 Such a reward begets renown;  
 Such merit should receive its crown.

Then head aloft! nor feel a care,  
 However your colleagues may stare.  
 Their envy should not mar your joy,  
 No earthly bliss but has alloy.  
 You've won distinction through the State  
 By means of sodium carbonate.

Of hydrotherapy the staff,  
 See “interesting monograph.”  
 [A learned work, and finely bound,  
 At all the news stands to be found  
 By the beloved publicum.]  
 It treats of waters and of *him*.

Highly important 'tis to guard  
 In health resorts the promenade,  
 For only *præsente medico*  
 Can healing from the waters flow.

At break of day, and full of grace,  
 Our Medicus is at his place,  
 In latest-modeled habitus,  
 With silver buttoned baculus.—  
 Thus he approaches, brave, sedate,  
 In all respects immaculate.

At duty's bidding see him stand,  
 With gold chronometer in hand.  
 Here, Countess's pulse must be inspected ;  
 There, Highness's tongue must be projected ;  
 Now lifts the hat to ask a swell  
 If "Excellency rested well."

"Two glasses, Marquis ? Hold, I pray !  
 Your health requires that I cry nay !  
 Your noble stomach *debonnair*  
 One and a half at most can bear."

"I beg your pardon, Admiral,  
 To-day, but one hour on the mall !  
 Free exercise is Nature's balm,  
 Excess can lead to naught but harm."

"No, Countess, it is hard, I own ;  
 Nothing at present but bouillon !"

"Excuse me, Baron, gracious Heaven !  
 Already it is near eleven !  
 His Highness waits ; *à la lever*,  
*Au revoir* at dejeuner !"

#### Order 2. THE IMMATURE CLINICAL FIEND.

*Medicus fere omnia sciens.*

When science is to be acquired  
 The fruits of travel are desired.  
 The man of means may go for pleasure,  
 The merchant, sea and land must measure—  
 May gold reward his energy ;  
 His Lordship travels from ennui.  
 The bashful newly married pair  
 Travel, they know not why or where.

By higher aspirations fired,  
 The doctor travels far and wide ;  
 His portmanteau is packed with care,  
 His " old man " must the drafts prepare,  
 And thus he journeys—grace divine—  
 Toward Vienna's classic shrine  
 As hastening to his waiting bride.  
 His bosom swells with conscious pride,  
 Celebrities of every land  
 Now as " colleague " extend the hand.

As a " distinguished foreigner "  
 He has a seat in the parterre,  
 And listens with upturned proboscis  
 To the symptomatic diagnosis ;  
 At times he smiles in condescension,  
 To show his lofty comprehension.

Thus stalks this scientific vulture,  
 This greedy carrion crow of culture,  
 To clinics uninvited turning,  
 A windbag of promiscuous learning,  
 Till finally he moves his quarters  
 Near where earth's frail and fallen daughters  
 Promise " material " all too free  
 For living craniotomy.

Nowhere in surgical domain  
 Would be allowed this septic bane.  
 Here meanwhile he may boldly try  
 His virgin forceps to apply  
 As soon as he with silver balm  
 Has crossed the gentle midwife's palm.  
 The assistants also fully know  
 The meaning of a *quid pro quo*.  
 And when the labor is concluded  
 He seeks a restaurant secluded  
 Where Bacchus, Venus incarnate,  
 Assist him to recuperate.

Anon at home we see him landing,  
 A man of " ripened understanding."

## Class IV. MEDICUS PRACTICUS.

## Order 1. THE LION OF THE BOUDOIR.

The doctor makes a gain emphatic  
 By aping ways aristocratic.  
 Especially in the female world  
 Much hangs on how the hair is curled.  
 Whoever then would be in tone  
 Must make these manners all his own,  
 Which act as "open sesame,"  
 For those who "upper ten" would be.

Always in faultless taste arrayed,  
 Reeking with perfume and pomade,  
 With diamond ring, silk hat, glaces,  
 Shoes patent leather, gold pince-nez ;  
 Upon the hour of the visite  
 He waits upon the "haut élite."  
 And if with wit and *bon esprit*  
 He ornaments the *causerie*,  
 He knows the time not far away  
 For audience in *négligé*.

With gossip from the *matinée*,  
 From *corso*, grand ball, and *soirée*,  
 He drives away through eye and ear  
 All that her fancy had to fear.  
 Till soon, from treatment without end,  
 He is a most dangerous family friend :  
 He is a living neverslip  
 In point of close companionship.  
 Round noble minds he weaves his toils  
 Close as the gliding serpent coils,  
 And cultivates with ardent passion  
 The vices of the world of fashion.  
 The arts of gaming he has learned,  
 To feats of chance his hand has turned,  
 The jockey club he also prizes,  
 And loud his winnings advertises ;  
 For knowledge of the Derby races  
 The climax on attainments places.

The news in latest buffet scenes,  
 Last scandals of the lyric queens ;  
 The newest " bon mot " of the street  
 He gives, the kernel and the meat,  
 With effort which no limit knows  
 Repeats the tale where'er he goes.  
 Thus only in the " higher walks "   
 Of life this gaudy creature stalks.  
 Cajoled by disappointed dames  
 He thus a certain standing claims.

*Applaudite*, then, colleagues all !  
 You all would suffer should he fall.  
 Science must rise, cost what it may,  
 E'en though her pedestal be clay.

Order 2. THE GRADUATED JACKASS.

*Medicus asinus.*

In ancient times the doctor's gown  
 Was like an heirloom handed down.  
 But even the garment most sublime  
 Grows shabby with the lapse of time,  
 And gowns, like other earthly wares,  
 Are also variable affairs.  
 Oft 'neath the doctor's hat appears  
 A prominent pair of ass's ears.

The first-born son is now sixteen . . .  
 And great anxiety is seen  
 In frequent family councils grave  
 As to what calling he shall have.  
 Law would cost father too much " tin."  
 As teacher he's not worth a pin ;  
 The aunt suggests " theology."  
 " No ! that at least can never be !"  
 Cries the whole family with misgiving ;  
 " In that he ne'er could get a living."  
 " No, dearest Auntie, in our day  
 Medicine is by a long way

The best—there is no doubt of it,  
 He could make something out of it.”  
 Therefore, solely for the “tin,”  
 The fellow studies medicine.

Only that knowledge can be right  
 Which safely stands in black and white.  
 Therefore in notebook he records  
 The old professor's drowsy words,  
 And duly notes from A to Z  
 Whate'er of practice he may see.  
 For observation is in minority  
 Against a pedagogue's authority.

Their therapeutical “arrangements,”  
 The way they classify “derangements,”  
 The methods they in treatment try  
 Are most convenient for a “b'y.”  
 He does not need to doubt or quibble,  
 Only a daubed receipt to scribble ;  
 Goes only to his desk to seek 'em  
 From Doctor Docent's *Vade Mecum*  
 For every dullard's quick advisement  
 [It answers as an advertisement].

The examination makes him tremble.  
 Its terrors he can not dissemble.  
 He has no confidence in shamming,  
 So zealously resorts to cramming.  
 That which he has in lectures taken,  
 Trusting thereby to save his bacon,  
 He rolls forth without hesitation,  
 To each his wordy peroration.

At length he passes all the quæstors,  
 Is ranked among the “coming Nestors,”  
 Is titled *virum illustrium*  
 And all the rest of *quid* and *quem*,  
 Recorded in his grave diploma  
 In classic terms of ancient Roma.

Now Michael need not fear the future,  
 Although he know not pill from suture;  
 Need not in science to speculate,  
 Nor theories to ventilate.  
 He has no use for such possessions  
 Now that he's joined the "learned professions."

Before his neighbors and relations,  
 Whate'er their state or occupations,  
 The cousins, uncles, nephews, aunts,  
 Whether in petticoats or pants,  
 Wet-nurses, midwives, foul or neat,  
 The officers upon the beat—  
 He throws the dust in all their eyes,  
 That they his skill may advertise.

It's quite essential the first cure  
 Should be made pleasant, prompt, and sure.  
 One does well to select migraine,  
 For morphine will relieve the pain;  
 Should this fail, as sometimes it will,  
 We've plenty of narcotic still;  
 If thus we give the patient rest,  
 The laity is much impressed.

A syringe is his first selection  
 For subcutaneous injection.  
 Next to his heart it finds a place  
 Within a silver-plated case.  
 Where "indications" he detects  
 He "symptomatically" injects.

Enough; the valiant Michael quick  
 Is widely known among the sick.  
 But in regard to surgery  
 He shows a marked antipathy.  
 For pulling teeth he has a passion,  
 But knives are now quite out of fashion.  
 By salves much comfort is achieved;  
 Fear of the knife is thus relieved;  
 And should the patient not do well,  
 He's carted to the hospital.

## Order 3. THE HONEST OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

I turn my gaze from these delusive forms.  
Bring from the shadows of the honored past,  
Fond memory, the bravest of our race,  
And let me glance at long-neglected worth.

No laurel decks thy brow, but where thy spirit true  
Thy comrades showed the way to live and do.  
There lives thy form, enthroned in every heart ;  
There thou art still, and hast in life a part.

On the low couch within the chamber dim  
A sufferer waits the last long struggle grim ;  
Thou comest ; it is light, and sorrow disappears,  
Pain is forgotten ; hope replaces fears.

So happy makes thy face, so brave thy kindly glance,  
The touch of thy loved hand brings ease and confidence.  
And, what with sordid gold can not compare,  
The tears of gratitude reward thy care.

I see thee, dearest councilor and best,  
The children's friend, the always welcome guest.  
Sorrow is shared, and doubled is the joy,  
Affection true, and trust without alloy.

I hear thy accents, fresh from noble mind,  
In language chaste, in motive always kind.  
Thy cutting satire, causing fools to quake,  
Who on some passing whim their fortunes stake.

Shall I entice thee to the motley crowd,  
Thou hoary guest of period long since past,  
That tricksters of an age beneath thy worth  
Should air their folly on thy classic robe ?

Let us away from busy streets' commotion,  
Turning aside into the silent vale,  
And where some ancient comrade kindly beckons,  
There let us rest, and grant me thy communion.





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