

LADY DOCTORS.

O DOCTORS grave of Saville Row,
 You'll need your boasted knowledge ;
 The girls are coming up, you know,
 To pass the Hall and College.
 Oh! M.R.C.S., or M.D.,
 Your glory now *sic transit*,
 And there's a howl of agony,
 Reëchoes from the Lancet.

How strange to hear from woman's lips
 That queer prescription Latin,
 To think diseases should eclipse
 Her love of silks and satin !
 She'll have all mortal ailments pat,
 Diphtheria, agues quartan,
 Prescribe in Mother Hubbard hat,
 And cross-cut frills of tartan.

And when a sultor's ardor burns,
 She'll know when bending o'er him,
 The "Sterno-cleido-mastoid" turns
 With good effect before him ;
 But fatal to a lover's bliss
 Such anatomic lore is,
 When girls can pout to meet a kiss,
 "Orbicularis oris."

Ah, me ! a patient's cheek would glow,
 Whene'er a soft white finger,
 Upon his pulse's ebb and flow
 In doubt should chance to linger.
 And when the Doctor did depart,
 That medical deceiver
 Would leave within the patient's heart,
 Love's intermittent fever.

And when the fated hour has come—
 From which the Saints defend us—
 And we're obliged to stay at home,
 With "Haustus stat: sumendus,"
 There's one thing may console a sage,
 When that last journey's certain—
 A fair hand leads us off the stage,
 And drops the final curtain.

O husbands ! ye who love your wives,
 And prize domestic blisses,
 A source of sorrow all your lives
 A Surgeon-wife like this is ;
 You hear the night-bell's clanging sound,
 It tells some patient worse is,
 I own you have a decent ground
 For truly British curses.

O maidens ! there is work to do,
 A duty still diviner
 Than healing must devolve on you,
 Whose clay God fashioned finer.
 However well you play your parts,
 The Surgeon's skill revealing,
 You'll learn in soothing aching hearts
 A truer task of healing !