

THE QUACK TO HIS PATIENT.

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HAVE courage, Patient! though your pulse is low,  
 The healing art shall make life's current flow;  
 Be but your faith as potent as your purse,  
 Your malady should yield, though it were worse—  
 Nay, never glance at *him*,—'tis not by books  
 That we know authors, or men by their looks.  
 He is my agent, and he bears the balm  
 That smooths the brow of pain, and gives a calm  
 To all the features;—such a tranquil rest  
 That yields to no disturbance of the breast:  
 Not even outward ills have power to shake  
 The frame of him who shall this julep take.

But not in one prescription lies my power,—  
 I've one for every day, nay, every hour;  
 For all diseases I've the remedy,  
 But men are yet so foolish—they will die:

In me you see the wonder of an age  
 That counts up thousands on its ample page :  
 Me doctors never listed in their corps,  
 Do what they will, my practice can do more :  
 So!—good my Patient, swallow (quick as thought)  
 The liquid life, with every virtue fraught ;  
 Nay, do not wince, but take it from a hand  
 That will *compel*, as well as can *command*.

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The draught he takes—now filmy vapours rise,  
 And as the vision flits before his eyes,  
 He starts convulsive, gasps for breath, and—dies!

PHIAL.

his subjects had considerably decreased, instead  
 using a cautious inquiry into the possible  
 causes of this lowered population, determined to  
 by the whole charge, the wogher, and the mis-  
 chief on the professed practitioners of what was  
 there termed the healing art, but according to his  
 princely suspicion, the art of poisoning and de-  
 struction. Long did he cherish, whether warranted  
 or otherwise both not clearly appear, this peculiar  
 sentiment, strengthened by progressive observa-  
 tion, and now matured into immovable convic-  
 tion, and, indeed, as his province had neither been