

What the Doctor has to Say.*What he thinks of Women.***THE FEMALE DOCTOR.**

The healing art was no doubt originally established upon pure principles of benevolence; and the Samaritan-like character of its duties has probably, more than any thing else, enticed the gentler sex to seek admission into its ranks. This is the most charitable view we can take of this modern innovation—the stepping forth from the quiet sphere of womanhood, into the rough-and-tumble exercises of an arduous profession.

It would, no doubt, be very benevolent to put one's hand in the pocket, and take out a dollar for every case of charity that presents itself; but, at the same time, as a constant practice, it would be found very inconvenient. So, too, we apprehend our gentle *confreeres* will find, in attempting to follow in the footsteps of their predecessors of the manly sort, that they will be led into some rather rough roads to travel on. Benevolence is a very worthy instigator in the choice of a profession, but it feeds the heart rather than the stomach, and leaves the way to be paved by a traveler.

But, perhaps benevolence has had no influence in this choice of the doctorate, but it has been simply a matter of taste—a desire to be useful and lead an active life! So be it. The husband is a merchant, and the wife a doctor. A day's duties in the warehouse have ended, and he wends his way homeward to dinner, and he finds his habitation as solemn as a church. Bridget answers to the bell, and says that Misses has been called out to a bad case, and may not be home till morning. He eats his dinner alone, (for children are out of the question,) smokes a cigar, and ruminates. The evening is likely to hang heavily, and he thinks of the Opera, of the Broadway Theatre, or of Burton's; but he is not fond of such amusements alone, and finally makes his way to the front door, hat in hand, under a full determination to spend the evening at one of his neighbors, when it occurs to him that it would not be very pleasant to apologize for his lonely call, on the ground that Mrs. ——— no, *the doctor*, was out on business. Moreover, *she* might possibly return early, and then he would be obliged to explain his absence, which might not be pleasant either. The hand is unclasped from the door knob; the hat is placed back upon the rack; he rings for his slippers, looks over for the second time, the evening paper, smokes another cigar, and perhaps drinks a glass or two of port, yawns two or three times and—goes to bed. He rolls and tumbles for a time over vacant space, and at last Morpheus comes to his rescue and tucks him up as well as a goddess could be expected to do it under the circumstances, and he falls asleep.

Late in the night his slumbers are disturbed with the distant sound of a bell. It is in the kitchen; but, half sleeping, he thinks it an alarm, and tries to count the strokes. Suddenly his room is illuminated, and a vision of fire flits across his brain, and he starts up, and beholds before him his wife, with a lamp in her hand, looking him in the face, and then falls back with "Ah! its only you is it?" Wide awake, she commences with an account of the difficulties attending "the case," to which he grumbles something about his case being a hard one too; upon which silence ensues, while she throws off the out-door attire, for the night robes, and quietly slips down the back side of the bed, no doubt proud of her professional achievement, but at the same time a little uncomfortable—inasmuch as she has a husband—at the thought that she had been out of her place, away from her home and his side.

Perhaps, again, the aspirant for medical honors may not have a husband, but be in that transition state in which some strange freak of fancy, or a laudable desire for a helpmate, may have won for her a suitor.—Think what a dilemma to be extricated from—if, after having radiated her smiles upon a fond lover, and while cosily seated *tele-a-tete* for an evening's lovely discourse, a sudden call demands her attendance in a distant part of the city, to attend a poor baby with croup.

"Wrong again," says Miss M. D. "I never intend to wed, not I. Do you think a woman cannot live in this world without being tied up to a man, to keep his house in order, raise children, and bring them up for him? I intend to show by my example, that woman may fill a higher sphere than that of waiting woman and housekeeper for a lord by law."

Very well! thou female Esculapedite, thy answer is most satisfactory. If it is, indeed, the fact that thou art not content with the place and position which the Lord thy God assigned thee—if thou deemest it servitude to be true to love and a Divine law—if thou seest no reward in that LOVE which is the end of all existence, and through which we only can approach a state of purity—then, indeed, it may be that thou hast chosen well thy calling. Then mayest thou stand, without being unnerved, by the bedside where two lives are in peril, and decide which shall be sacrificed for the safety of the other, and proceed with thy own hand, to the terrible work, and afterwards, perhaps, boast of the skill and coolness of thy procedure—then mayest thou go undoubting in thy ability to be a Doctor—to be or to do anything except to fill the sphere of a WOMAN; but more than all else, to be a WIFE and a MOTHER.

THE DOCTOR.