



DR. C. W. TAGGART OF WINTHROP.

WE shall be half-looking for a letter, in which Dr. Taggart may rehearse
 Certain reasonable objections, against his being set to verse;
 But, he's had his way so often with his "R" and "SIG"—prescribe,
 That he's got to take his medicine, shut his eyes and just—imbibe!
 So we set Pegasus to trotting, with his hitch and hop and lag
 That would make the doctor crazy, if he had to drive the nag;
 For the doctor's eye for horses is of the diagnostic kind
 And he owns a string of trotters that are never left behind.
 Imprimis! He's a physician, of that welcome school of yore,
 That brought the doctor as a blessing, in illness to your door.
 And again! He is the surgeon, with a hand and brain and skill,
 That have worked a wondrous healing, underneath his iron will.
 And again! He's man of business—electric lights and water-works—
 Takes his suffrage as a blessing; civic duty never shirks.
 He has his happy hobbies—be they apple-trees or hay—
 And he has a sense of humor which secures me anyway;
 For if he objects to this appendix in this verse which I'm about,
 He can promptly give it ether and deftly take it out.