

syringe and an atomizer, also some medicines. I made no profit out of him. I spent all that Robert Boyer and his wife gave me; made no profit out of it. I have practised without hire, gain or hope of reward."

The above statements the deponent, Frank Rossin, made upon oath before H. J. Palmer, Esq., Stipendiary Magistrate for Queen's County, as taken and noted by the said magistrate. The article called "*rectum suspensum*" must be novel as well as interesting, and it is likely he will supply a counter part as a *zaghiat suspensum*. That people should be fooled by such flummery is not to be wondered at, as there is nothing people are so ignorant in as their own health. We are not surprised at the evidence of the witnesses, as they have done only what thousands of people have done before in similar cases. Take, for instance, the case of St. John Long, the great impostor, "a painter from Cork, who professed to be able to draw 'morbid matter' from the body. At his trial for manslaughter he was found to be completely ignorant of everything even allied to medicine or surgery, though many noblemen, clergymen and men of distinction came forward to swear to his great medical skill. One of these witnesses swore that he saw Long draw several pounds' weight of a liquid resembling mercury from a patient's brain!"

The witnesses in the Rossin case had among their number a clergyman also, wonderful to relate, a person of excellent education, but he has been a victim of quack-mania for many years. It is a curious fact that quackery and quack secret nostrums are generally said to be aided by clergymen or the property of some would-be benefactor of his species—some person who is willing before he has "shuffled off this mortal coil" to part with the grand secret for a few cents. The most wonderful instances are on record of cures, and men of this class have amassed immense fortunes by deluding the public till they were found out, exposed and forgotten. Dr. Gould has very appropriately said: "The deep-seated grudge and suspicion of the populace for scientific medicine, and the secret love with which it turns towards its magic-mongering humbuggers is evolutionally but a survival of the time when medicine was nothing but magic—an atavistic return to primitive modes of thought and therapeutic superstition—*populus vult decipi*."

The witnesses in this case appear to have acted in concert, and were determined by a spirit of opposition rather than right, to uphold the creature whom they delighted to dub "doctor." There is such a thing as hypnotism and mesmeric influence, and a very ignorant person may obtain that influence over a weak, nervous-minded, hysterical female. We can readily see how gullible husbands are in matters wherein the pleadings of their wives are continually drummed into their ears. Hypnotism, electro-magnetism and mesmerism, we notice, are receiving the attention of the Legislature of Oregon, making it a crime punishable with death. Frank DeRoche had better avoid Oregon. We have no doubt the Legislature of Prince Edward Is and will move a pace onward also, and enact similar laws to protect the unfortunate victims of mesmeric influence. A bird perching on a branch of a tree is attracted by the eye of a snake, is held *spell-bound* until the unfortunate bird falls a *victim* to the snake. If medical men move in this direction their efforts are construed as selfish. The people desire the presence of snakes, and claim that they are able to protect themselves, and look upon the advocacy of medical men as interfering with their rights. Ancient superstition is showing itself in present day cupidity. We must again quote from Dr. Gould's address: "You can buy bottled sunlight, nay, the sun himself; or you have the choice of the blue rays, the yellow rays, bottled galvanism or Faradic electricity, etc. 'Snow' and 'ice' or 'moonlight,' or 'the east wind' are at your command for ten cents a draught. It is not the germs or material particles, but the disease itself—Bright's, catarrh, any that you will. But you can also have the pus from a 'carbuncle,' from Pott's disease, etc.; you can buy 'Brahma' himself, it seems; or, if you are sad, you can, for ten cents, have tears of a young girl in great grief and suffering; the salt of the brain secreted from a gentleman's scalp with the perspiration; a silk handkerchief eaten by a cow and taken from the stomach in a hard ball; during the three years she never had a calf." "Lice, insects, serpents, tarantulas and crickets offered in high potencies to a gullible public." Is it any wonder that Frank DeRoche should have followers, and that they should receive his statements as truth, and blaze it broadcast as evidence of his *great skill*?—men and women who cannot look upon medicine as an *intellectual calling* but