

of cures are in cases diametrically opposed. Innumerable sovereign panaceas are constantly holding out false hopes to poor deluded victims. Not a newspaper, and scarcely an almanac, or wrapper, comes to our houses without being filled with these artful falsehoods. The very walls stare at us, and tell us that "every body takes Hobensack's Liver Pills and Worm Syrup," &c., &c. Now who keeps up this long array of medical suicide? Men who see how faith and curiosity are roused by mystery, and kept up by boasts—selfish doctors, who have not the moral courage to resist the downward tendency when they see that others get rich by it.

Independently of patent medicines and quackery in general, let us look at medical depreciation in another light. Popular opinion is always wavering, and the merest trifle may make or mar a doctor's fortune. This is proverbially the case in large cities. From some advantage in getting hold of cases, any well qualified doctor may soon get his name up as very successful. At first they say "he is good for fits," "good for children," "capital for liver complaints," &c., until at last he obtains a general practice. Are they always deserving of that name? and do they, numerically speaking, cure more hard cases? Or, waiving natural abilities as common, thorough qualifications, equally attainable, and chimerical secrets as degrading, do they always treat more scientifically? I do not wish to detract, but merely to trace the causes and effects of jealousy on the unprincipled ambitions. Here comes the favourite Dr. Watch-him. How pleased are the inmates of the sick chamber—with what smiling confidence they greet him, and with joyful alacrity perform all his little requests! Does he examine the patient with more than ordinary shrewdness? The pulse is delicately fingered, the tongue protruded, with a poke here and a tap there, suggestive questions are asked, the replies received with marked significance. Without apparently tracing cause to effect, he intuitively comprehends all, sits down and writes his prescription. Skillfully elaborate with chemical antidotes! Altogether likely a perfectly simple composition. With all due reverence, the mandates are obeyed, and the patient, wonderfully recovering, rises and sticks another feather in the doctor's cap. His influence gains others. Ditto, ditto. The doctor has earned his position fairly and honorably, perhaps, and it would be wrong for a zealous follower of Esculapius to envy him, and say to himself, "How easily I, too, could do that!" Honor, as well as youth, hushes his opinions, prevents any chance for contrasts, and keeps down the least exhibition of rivalry. He instinctively shrinks from egotistical displays. In time he may be appreciated. The long years of indefatigable research and patient endurance may at length meet with its reward. Others, how-