

torial was more healthy than that of Vancouver?) There is an old saying, "Needs must," when a certain personage, etc. "Needs must," when the sheriff's officer has a hand on the coat collar. The *gentlemen* were contumacious to the last—knowingly and wilfully; and after the gracious settlement offered by the Judge, their counsel stated his clients did not agree to it! It is well to consider a Judge's power as far-reaching, and I think a week's incarceration on a water-gruel diet (served in buckets perhaps) would have lowered the crest of these *gentlemen*, very much to the satisfaction of the imprisoned and justly exasperated quarantined victims.

In exciting times like the present people will talk. Take as an instance the case of George Bowack, brought before Mr. Justice McCreight, from whose decision great things were expected, which means, of course, that the indignant appeal for justice of G. Bowack would have met with an affirmative reply and instant release. Law appears to be a curious thing. Doctors disagree, I know; but then medicine is an experimental science. The knowledge of the human frame may be *well* or *better* known, likewise the treatment. But Law depends on the construction of language, legal language (by which I mean law language, not *lawful*) and should be beyond doubt clear and transparent of meaning. How, then, can two meanings be put upon it? Judge McCreight had the same authorities and statutes to guide him as Judge Walkem. The same sentence, the Q. E. D. of Law, should have followed. I think somebody said that Law is but the embodiment of common-sense. How then could good and sufficient reasons for quarantining occur to the mind of Judge McCreight when Judge Walkem at once detected the illegality? What! a man having no sign or symptom of a disease is willing to be vaccinated to prove his sincerity; no, *volens volens* he is put into jail, (it is virtually and actually,) for fourteen days. Thousands of dollars are in the balance on a transaction requiring immediate attention. A dying friend awaits him at his bedside; all must stop. Why? To gratify the hysterical spite of ignorance. I trust I don't use too many words, but the gravity of such a state of things impels me.

I had forgotten another question. Does Justice Walkem's court over-rule Justice McCreight's; have they concurrent jurisdiction? Even so, it is one against one like counsels' opinion. These are thoughts that vex me, and, like Lord Dundreary's puzzle, these matters are "what no fellow can understand."

As usual, there are several unconfirmed rumors floating about as to the treatment some of the smallpox patients received at certain stages of the disease. All of these rumors, as I have before intimated, lack the very important essential of reliable confirmation; at the same time they afford me a text for a few words on the practice of medicine.

When I contemplate the barbarous treatment which the human race has undergone, our progress, or even existence, becomes a marvel. For instance, let me take the medical profession as represented in different lands and see what they do for the development of the human species, which should be one of the chief aims of their profession. In what we, in our vanity, call civilized countries we have schools of physicians directly or deadly opposed to each other, and if either side is right, then the other is profitably engaged in furnishing business for the undertakers. If both sides are right regarding each other, then the slaughter becomes wholesale. The real truth would seem to be that neither side knows much about it, for of all sciences medicine is the one that has most signally failed to keep pace with the times. In actuality it has not even risen to the dignity of a science, and is yet only experiment.

The practice of medicine varies much in the several lands, but the operations of the medicine men of the still unenlightened lands are the most amusing, if not the most effective. Our Northwest Indian healer arrays himself in a buffalo skin, with the head and horns forming a sort of cap, and the skulls of animals or human beings are struck about his neck as indispensable items of his armamentarium. Thus arrayed he squats at the head of the patient, locates the disease, and begins to chant threats and invocations to it to leave the body of the patient, at the same time vigorously beating a drum,

as if to drum the disease out of camp to the tune of the "Rogue's March." The Indian medicine man has his system of consultations as our own enlightened physicians have (to swell the bills), and in obstinate cases he calls in several other practitioners. They all stand round in a circle, and if the noise they make does not kill the patient and he gets well, it is a great triumph for medical skill.

The *piai*, or physician, of the tribes along the Amazon and Orinoco prepare themselves for their duties by going into the woods and fasting for ten weeks. After this the oldest professor gives him a drink brewed from tobacco leaves, which throws him into a comatose state, during which his spirit leaves his body, flies away to the Great Spirit and receives his commission or diploma from first hands. Recovering consciousness, he is presented with a sacred rattle, and is a full-fledged professor in the healing art. Starting on the belief that all diseases proceed from the curse of some evil spirit who has shot an arrow into the sufferer, the evil spirit is scared away by this rattle, and the arrow is extracted by the *piai* sucking the affected portion of the patient's anatomy.

The Chinese physician depends chiefly on the huge goggles, made with circular lenses and enormous rims of tortoise shell, which he wears and which give him the appearance of a supernaturally solemn owl. Powdered tiger's teeth, dried toads, desiccated lizards, roots, herbs, etc., supply his base of supplies. However absurd this may sound, it is no worse than the elixirs, tonics, etc., that are sold in some drug stores.

The Australian bilbo, or doctor, when called upon, inquires the location of the disease, puts his mouth there and sucks for a time, when he jumps up, gasps and takes from his mouth a bit of bone or stone or other substance, which he declares to be the solidified essence of the disease. This is buried and tramped on, and the patient is proclaimed cured. But if he does not recover, the fault is attributed to his own obstinacy, for which he is himself buried alive in the ground, and thus the reputation of the bilbo is maintained. In how many cases does death