

hsrewd men), have comforted us with the assurance that the law will work well, and that it cannot fail to secure the end we *all* desire—the elevation and improvement of the Profession of Medicine.

None of us can deny that this “is a consummation devoutly to be wished for,” and cheaply bought at almost any sacrifice, short of that of honour; and I am sure, when we all feel satisfied upon this score, we shall rest in perfect tranquillity.

Much allowance is to be made for our peculiar, economical and, indeed, unique political organization. You gentlemen of the East—the acknowledged cradle, but not ever the adult abode of wisdom—must not overlook the fact that it was but yesterday that, by the bare skin of our teeth, we escaped from French domination. Then we had to set up shop for ourselves; and having been left in a state of utter anemia, with that syncopal mental aberration which attends profuse loss of blood, we were quite glad to re-commence the world with a low-priced machine, flattering ourselves that we might thus save as much in dollars as would compensate for trifling inconveniences arising from the defects of rude manufacture. Some persons, indeed, allege that this sort of legislation is best suited to our political exigencies and tastes; for it is always desirable among a people habitually addicted to the reforming of abuses, that there should be no lack of this sort of material to engage their attention, as otherwise they would be likely to set to work in repealing and reconstructing their best laws, and might not even stop with this. These persons assert that the peculiar excellence of our mono-hippous machine is that, like the railway locomotive, it is found to work with equal facility backwards as forwards, and hence they aver that if our new Act shall be found to work badly we have but to complain of it, and forthwith get a better in its stead. But, for my own part, I am by no means sanguine on this head. I have never seen our Parliament open its mouth on medical legislation, but it has put its foot in it. We asked the old double-barreled gun for a better law, and we got the Parker Act, enwombing in its Trojan horse clause the Eclectics and Homœopaths, whom it affected to have entombed in a preceding clause. We disliked this; but we said there was no use looking for anything better until after Confederation, *then* we would get, from our own statute factory, a law suited to our requirements. We have got it, and some affirm that it suits admirably; but others say that, like Paddy's breeches, it fits far too much. To those, however, who hold for “motley as the only wear,” it cannot fail to be comfortable. The great question now is, shall we ask for further legislation, or let bad enough alone. Milton tells us that in