

practice, and to choose not so much the *man* as the *system* he adopts.

It is still too much the custom to place reliance on the man, more than on the means. It is only required that Dr. So and So be of a certain age and experience, that he hold a certain position in society, is of genteel birth, of gentlemanly deportment, of sound (?) orthodox political and religious views; and if, in addition to these popular qualifications for patronage, he have the good fortune to hold an appointment at a public infirmary, and have displayed a little literary talent as a contributor to a well-known "Quarterly," or have written a book, he at once commands a preference for patronage, and without question or consideration, he has committed to his care the bodies of the public. No matter what his mode of practice is, if orthodox, nor what the results; if he bleeds, blisters, or leeches, it must be right; if he order setons, issues, acupuncture, shaving of heads, or even amputation, do not question the righteousness of the advice—the doctor, if he is "of standing," cannot err. If he bleed you till you cannot stand, bear it patiently. If he blister you till you cannot lie, do not complain—it is all for your good. "Active diseases require active remedies." You may as well die under the tortures of kindness as die a natural death from disease. Although the pains may be more severe which the doctor inflicts, than those which result from the morbid changes in diseased states, it is all right, ask no questions!!! If you, in spite of the active measures employed, become convalescent, and you have to pour tonics down your throat, while their bitterness causes you to dread meeting a mirror, in which you can behold your contorted features during the gulp which you do all you can to limit to one, do not murmur; for the doctor says, "though it is bitter, it is very strengthening." If, after this "tonic," you find your nervous system so shattered, that you with difficulty write a letter, owing to the unsteadiness of your hand, do not complain. Should your teeth fall out, and your breath become

so offensive that you fear that the one whom you love, the partner of your bosom, will detect your savour, it's all right. The dentist *must* live, and this he could not do were it not for the doctors and mercury.

If, on the other hand, you are about to leave your earthly tenement, after all that is done for you, you may die in peace, if you can; indeed, under the orthodox opiate, you may be spared from any anxieties about your precious hereafter. Thoughts will not trouble you, for the good, kind doctor will give you a little "composing draught" or an opiate in the shape of Morphia; and, for the time at least, you will appear to your friends to be "*very quiet*." Should you, from the reaction of the Morphia, be so disturbed in your mind that your features express an anxiety which terrifies your friends; and if you become unmanageable, a strait waistcoat will at least prevent you from doing any harm until the doctor comes, who will again order you something to compose you.— If in this state you depart, your sorrowing widow, your grieving parent, or your bereaved children may be consoled by the thought, that "*everything has been done which could be done*;" and to relieve "our medical man" of the responsibility, "we had the first advice; for Doctor So-and-so, whom we called in, *approved of everything which was done*."

And thus, and thus, our fellow mortals die. Die! did I say? Rather let me say killed daily.

That the foregoing is not an exaggerated picture, too many, alas! are aware. The writer of these lines has too often witnessed the direful effects of mismanagement of fevers particularly, under old physic. Too frequently has he had to lament over the dying patient, whose system has been rendered so frail by the drugging of allopathy. His blood has often felt chilled and heated alternately, on receiving a description of the previous treatment; and it was at the bedside of one such case that he resolved on making known to as many of his fellow men as possible the *danger* and the *wickedness* of "old physic."