

When the labourers from life's vineyard
Stand before the rainbow'd throne,
In the great and glorious city,
Glowing like a jasper stone—
She who dwelt so near its borders,
That on earth her robes were white—
Now is walking with the ransomed,
Through its golden streets of light.

We the cumberers weep around her,
Lying where the soft winds stir;
She the enter'd into glory,
Let us rather live like her—
That in dying we may conquer.
That in sleeping we may rest,
And at last like her forever,
Walk in white among the blest.

HALIFAX, March 14th.

M. J. K.

A few Words about Quackery.

QUACKERY is a widely extended element in almost every department of human affairs. We see it sometimes in the pulpit, oftener in the rostrum, but most of all in the medical profession. It is in itself a kind of profession requiring gifts of a peculiar character. These are the power of reducing deception to a regular system, for the purpose of practising upon credulity and ignorance, of which there is unfortunately a great deal among mankind. Considered *per se*, there is perhaps no more odious character in the world than the medical quack. First of all he is essentially an impostor and a rogue—cheating people not so much out of their money, as out of their own health, and that of their wives and children, and all that is dear to them in this world. Ignorant, shameless and unprincipled, there is no limits to their pretensions, and scarcely a limit to their perverted ingenuity in the art of imposture. There is absolutely nothing too formidable to them in the healing art. Their nostrums are generally cure-alls, and all you have to do to escape from and triumph over every disease is to flee the regular faculty, as you would a pestilence, and swallow abundance of their health-restoring preparations. The extent to which mankind is imposed upon, and the miseries to which they are subjected from this source is perfectly amazing, and nowhere to a greater extent, and nowhere perhaps to so large an extent as in this Continent of North America. In some European countries, as in Prussia, and even in France, the empiric has rather a poor time of it. There, no patent medicine is permitted to be sold, till it has been analysed and approved by competent persons appointed by government, and any party practising the art of the quack does it at his peril. In England, on the contrary, it has little to fear. Patent medicines are sold and swallowed without let or hindrance, to the delight and profit of their lucky inventors. Immense fortunes have been made, and are still made thereby by the art of quackery. Morrison, the inventor of Morrison's Pills, never went

abroad but in a carriage and four, lived in a fine house in Paris, kept a large staff of livery servants, and spent seven or eight thousand pounds a year from the profits on his pills. These pills have been analysed and found to contain nothing but aloes and oatmeal; and it may be observed that in almost every patent medicine aloes form the principal ingredient. Morrison was a poor Scotch boy without either means or education, and commenced his laboratory it is said with a barrel of oatmeal and some bitter aloes, which he mixed up into pills in mere bravado, to try public credulity, and which happened to take the fancy of the same public to a very encouraging extent. The proprietor of Parr's life pills, another well known quack nostrum, having failed in many honest speculations, got hold of a taking name, advertised largely in the less respectable class of newspapers and made a fortune. And here it may be mentioned to their honor that the first-class newspapers of Britain have uniformly refused admission to the advertisement of the quack, however tempting may be the bribe offered. You will look in vain for such advertisements in the columns of the *Times*, or indeed of any really respectable and influential periodical. This, however, is not so great a difficulty to the quack as may at first sight be imagined, he seeks and finds his principal patrons, and victims among the ignorant, although not seldom he falls in even with a titled fool, who swallows both his pills and his pretensions with perfect faith, and in such a case he is made use of to the utmost. Holloway, the pill and ointment quack, spends, it is said, £20,000 a year in advertising, and finds the investment a profitable one. Some gigantic quacks in the United States are said to exceed even this immense sum, and to advertise largely in every paper without exception in the Union as well as in the British Colonies. The art of advertising is almost a profession in itself, requiring both tact and skill, unblushing effrontery and unbounded disregard for truth. How many thousands every year fall victims to the selfish designs of these human vampires, it would be impossible to say—but their number must be great indeed. It is to be regretted that scarcely a publication on this side the Atlantic has self-denial enough to refuse admission even to the most extravagantly dishonest of their advertisements. Reader—if you are sick, consult the doctor, the regularly educated man, and trust not, if you are wise, the deceitful promises held out to you in the advertising columns of the newspaper. Recollect that great pretensions loudly expressed, and expecting to be largely rewarded, are for the most part false pretensions. Be assured that the regular doctor will cure you if he can—that he will do all he can to alleviate your disease, and that the man who has studied the human machine and made himself acquainted with all its workings, is more likely to know how to put it