

confer upon me the bliss of ignorance of the horrid 'science of medicine,' and of the other horrid 'sciences' upon which it is based." This undoubtedly would be the tune with which the wise Wakley would wind up medical education. Of course his silly commonality would have all the maladies, just as at present; but like stumps of trees, they would never know they had them. Furthermore, as science of medicine is science of disease, the doctors would be the only people that ever knew that they were ill; they would, in fact, have no consciousness of any other kind; for they would be essences too professional to trench on other departments; and thus they would no longer be men, but like Shakespeare's Trinculo, sheer abstract cramps and stomach-aches. The laity, on the other hand, would be the only people who ever knew that they were well. And this logical consequence would come, that the laity, ignorant of the science of pain, and of the "other sciences upon which it is based," could never have the blind presumption to call the doctors in at all. And this would be the wise Wakley's wind-up of medical practice."

"Another point with *The Lancet*, is the advice it gives Lord Panmure. He is to follow the example of our allies. "No French minister," says the article, would so far forget what was due to science and to his country, or so far lose sight of the bounds of his own understanding, as to decide upon questions of special science. The course a French minister would take, would be to consult the Academy of Medicine." Now Harvey and Jenner did take this course of consulting the Academy of Medicine; but, not liking their sentence, they had to consult somebody else after that: they went to the people of England, and to future ages of the world, and got another sentence. The railway men were bolder: they did not appeal to any solemn senate of old coaches; but went about their constructions at once: and now even Mr. Wakley rides in railway cars. Moreover, Napoleon III. did not consult the Academy when he sent out

Headland's camphor bottles to the Crimea."

"Often indeed have I thought, that old physic has in it all the marks of quackery which it considers distinctive of that thing: only that it is quackery on the corporate scale, not on the individual. First, secrecy. The pharmacopeia is a vast repertory of patent medicines, not public medicines: the profession as one man keeps its own secret. The pharmacopeia is *ad clerum*. 2. Arbitrary or spontaneous generation: self-dubbing. For the profession never had a grandfather, nor hardly a father: it has not descended from the past, but starts up anew, with a kind of animal life born of the circumstance that there is a vacant place for making a livelihood and somebody may fill it. In order to have a human past, you must have progressive principles, and these old physic has not: failing them it is a vast corporate quackery. 3. Enormous drugging; and pay in proportion to enormity: the very essence of Morison's pills. 4. Pretence to Panacea; as shown in the refusal to look further; to look at homeopathy: a prime indication of a corporate quackery. 5. Pretence to property in physic; and leaning upon the state for protection: the very opprobrium of nostrum-mongers. 6. Glaring self-advertisement, in the public lists of the colleges, and in the medical directories, which indicate for all men the real Simons Pure, with whom medical wisdom lives and dies. 7. The maintenance of journals, for the derision of all but those Simons, and for their puffing.—I could go on long with this; but enough has been said to draft out the features of the corporate quack complete, in all the armor of a large unrighteousness. On contemplating these things, the poor individual quacks come cooing about me like very doves: and my heart asks, Who has called them quacks, and wherefore? If it is the arch-quack of all, then I maintain at once that they have the presumption of the best diploma. Welcome, after that, mesmerists, kinesipathists, herbalists, galvanists, even nostrum-mongers, there