

upon, to bring a short sketch of Dr. Scoresby's eventful life, before the Natural History Society, and which ought to be published. I trust that this may catch Mr. Dutton's eye.

I have another death to record, but with feelings very different from those which prompted me to do so in Dr. Scoresby's case. It is the death not of an individual, but of one of the instruments of a system, which is fast on the wane, and will be shortly reckoned as one of the "strange things that were." The London Homœopathic Hospital, the last hospital devoted to this delusion in London has closed its doors. The *Lancet* says, while recording the melancholy event, that "Like all quackeries, it has had its day: like all quackeries it has been supported, by the shallow, weak, and credulous on the one side, and the charlatan and the rogue on the other. Such alliances are invariably broken when either the eyes of the one are opened, or the capacity of the other is not gratified." Poor Lord Robert Grosvenor, the great champion of Homœopathy has confessed himself diddled, and declares he has been humbugged from first to last. He now employs a regular genuine allopathic practitioner. One Sunday when a passenger on the South Eastern Railway, who should happen to be in the same Car with me, but Dr. Rosenstein, who practised homœopathy in Montreal for some years. He did not know me. I watched him for some time and found he was in an advanced stage of phthisis, the mere wreck of what he once was; his young wife and mother in law were in the car with him. After a while I spoke a word into his left ear, which made him stir up, he nearly fainted with delight. I parted from him shortly after. A few days later a letter reached me from Woolwich, where he is settled, telling me he could not have been better phased at meeting an angel than having seen me, and after entering into a few details about his history since leaving Montreal, the letter concluded by asking for a loan of the needful. It was quite clear, he too had found homœopathy a delusion as many others had done before him.

In one of my previous letters, I recounted an accident of a very fearful character in St. Katherine's Dock, in which the abdominal and thoracic viscera were forced out, with the heart lying exposed on the outer surface of the abdomen. (Page 238 of Vol. 4.) It fell to my lot on 23d March, to witness a most horrible scene at Charing-Cross, which was the running over of an old gentleman who had been waiting for a Clapham omnibus. He was making an attempt to cross the road in front of a Westminster omnibus, immediately in front of the horses which at that moment started to go down the incline; he was knocked down before he knew what he was about, and run over as quickly as it