

From Jack Bragg.

THE HOMŒOPATHIC SCHOOL.

The following humorous hit at this fashionable system is extracted from Hood's new work, "JACK BING." The scene occurs on board Jack's yacht, where he is entertaining a party of Fashionables, who have introduced themselves with as little ceremony as if they had hired his boat for a morning's amusement; it is sketched with the usual felicity of that popular writer:—

'Lady Lavinia,' said Dr. Munx, 'I do not think you are well. Sudden changes come over your countenance—affected by the motion; clouds swimming before your eyes—giddiness in your head?'

'Exactly so,' said her Ladyship.

'I must take you under my care, Lady Lavinia,' said the Doctor. 'Put you through a three years' course of my infinitesimal medicines, which will enable me to form a just estimate of your Ladyship's constitution.'

'Isn't that rather a long time to wait?' said Hazleby.

'No,' said Munx. 'The new school have determined to do nothing in a hurry. The human frame and constitution are much too delicate to be handled so roughly as the present race of Physicians handle them. In fact we have discovered that all medicines are injurious that are visibly effective, and that unless administered after the new fashions, they eventually increase the complaints for which they are given; hence we argue (and our success has been established,) that it is better to do nothing than to do mischief—When I say nothing,' continued Munx, 'I speak of course comparatively. Our system, in fact, is composed of a combination of what, to the vulgar, appear most ridiculous contradictions: for instance, a great deal of poison kills a man—ergo, a little poison will do him good:—therefore we take care to give him sufficient poison to produce a disorder which we know we can cure, in order to prevent his having some other disorder which we equally well know we cannot.'

'Yes, but Doctor,' said Hazleby, 'the delicacy of your proceeding in the poison line is very striking. My sister-in-law called in one of your schools, unknown to the family physician, and after picking at the pin's head pills of the new school for a month, she got ashamed of her duplicity, told Doctor Fang the whole history of her defection and quackery, and showed him a box containing materials for working out the new and infallible system which were to last her a twelvemonth, expressing to him at the same time the mingled dread and veneration with which the magical remedies inspired her. Fang smiled, and taking the box, emptied its contents into his hand, and swallowed the whole of them at one gulp before the face of his recreant patient, to her infinite horror and astonishment.'

'That is more than any thing you could possibly have said, confirmatory of the safety of our principles,' said Munx.—'Our success, I tell you, does not depend upon the application of a remedy homœopathically, so much as upon the minuteness of the dose; the effects of which are the greater as it approaches the finite bounds of dilution.'

'I perceive,' said Buckthorne, 'that the Poor Law Commissioners have regulated their proceedings upon precisely the same system. According to their dictum,—'the less a man eats and drinks the fatter and stronger he gets. Minute medicaments, in the shape of half ounces of Dutch cheese and half pints of water, 'approaching as nearly as possible to the finite bounds of dilution,' and most judiciously substituted for the beef and beer which the Allopathic asses of other days administered to the old, and weak and infirm, in the hope of nourishing age and strengthening infirmity.'

'Quite right, quite right,' exclaimed the doctor. 'The Allopathic system exactly defined.—The gross masses of beef, the lengthened potations of beer, exactly correspond with the powerful remedies hitherto prescribed, which, we have now so satisfactorily ascertained, produce of themselves, symptoms which did not characterize the original malady.'

'I agree with you there,' said Buckthorne. 'The original symptoms were hunger and thirst, the beef and beer overcame those and replaced them by different ones.'

'The whole thing resolves itself into this one principle,' said Munx—'Minuteness of application.'

'What,' said Lady Lavinia, 'do you call a minute application?'

'Why,' said Munx, 'it is difficult to explain to your ladyship. The only admissible vehicles for homœopathic medicine are amadine, the saccharine basis of milk, and alcohol reduced to a certain specific gravity at 66° of Fahrenheit.'

'What a lovely name for a medicine,' said Lady Wattle—'Amadine! I think if I had a daughter born now I would christen her Amadine.'

'Why,' said Munx, 'that—that—I—the word is a good word—it is classical and euphoric, but the material—the English—the vulgar name of the article it designates,—is starch.'

Here a laugh arose at the expense of her ladyship.

'Starch, sugar of milk, and spirits of wine, and water,' said Munx, 'are the vehicles.—The medicines must be made in a laboratory sheltered from the sun's rays, yet

so ventilated as not to be liable to the odious odours which so dangerously distinguish the atmosphere of an apothecary's shop; the scales to weigh them must be so sensitively delicate, as to turn with the hundredth part of a grain, and the largest vessel in the laboratory need only be a minim measure graduated to a hundred drops.'

'You should send to Lilliput, Doctor, to get practitioners,' said Hazleby. 'I wish Swift were alive, to give us a history of your proceedings.'

'The rice is not always to the swift,' said Munx, facetiously: 'our principle is admirable. We administer nothing but dried vegetables, or imperceptible minerals. Only look at our tinctures; when it comes to that, we get our extracts, mix them with spirits of wine, and stop them up in little bottles. What do we do with those tinctures—make them by taking out of our little bottles little bits of our invaluable mass—half the size of a poppy seed—add alcohol in the proportion of twenty minims to one grain of the mash; let it stand in a warm room, let the pellucid liquor drop out of it—keep it. That's the secret for Tinctures—Then for regulating their modifications—Eleven grains of sugar of milk, diligently triturated for an hour with one of the medicament, whatever it is, added again, to eleven grains of sugar and milk, and triturated for another hour, produces another degree of attenuation; while one hundred drops of gin and water—we call it alcohol—Hodges, Booth, or spirits of wine, as circumstances require, mingled with a grain of the medicament—ninety nine minims to one of the combination—expands the quality of the medicament another degree, and so on for every subsequent dilution. The degrees of expansion and attenuation are regularly adapted to the disease and constitution of the patient. Indeed the table of expansions is a very curious and scientific paper; the degrees run thus—the highest point to which the calculation is carried being one grain,

I.	First deg. of expansion,	-	A hundredth part.
2.	Second,	-	Ten thousandth.
I.	Third,	-	A millionth.
II.	Sixth,	-	Billionth.
III.	Ninth,	-	Trillionth.
IV.	Twelfth,	-	Quadrillionth.
V.	Fifteenth,	-	Quintillionth.
VI.	Eighteenth,	-	Sixtillionth.
VII.	Twenty-first,	-	Septillionth.
VIII.	Twenty-fourth,	-	Octillionth.
IX.	Twenty-seventh,	-	Nonillionth.
X.	Thirtieth,	-	Decillionth.

And then for the intervening expansions, we stick certain dots and scribbles on the little bottles, which are perfectly intelligible to the initiated.'

'I declare,' said Lady Wattle, 'I never heard any thing so satisfactory in my life: one grain of predicament, no bigger than a poppy seed, to be expanded to a decillionth. What elasticity it must give to the system.'

'Elasticity,' said the Doctor; 'the sensation produced by an adherence to the system is indescribable, and then the convenience,—a whole dose of liquid is absorbed by four grains of sugar of milk, and if in powder, may be converted into an ample draught by a single dew drop.'

'Bravo! Doctor,' said Hazleby: 'a noble remedy. But now in a case of a violent accession of inflammatory symptoms, eh? What could you do then? use your infinitesimal,—eh? You might as well play a boy's squirt into a burning powder mill.'

'Oh,' said Munx, 'I do not admit the possibility of any thing of the sort you imagine while the patient is under the regimen of the Homœopathic School.'

'Regimen,' said Lady Lavinia, 'what! must not eat or drink during the time we are swallowing the pins' heads and poppy seeds?'

'You may eat every thing, replied Munx,—every thing,—fish, flesh and fowl, (except ducks, geese, pork, veal and shell fish.) Eggs, weak black tea and cocoa are good. Milk you may have, and fruits boiled that are not acid. Drink, toast and water, barley water, weak brandy and water, one twelfth brandy—no wine, certainly no spices—no green tea, no coffee, no salads, no malt liquor, and, above all, no parsley, no onions, and no raw fruit of any kind: duck is death; pork, poison; and parsley,—perdition. One decillionth of a parsley leaf settles you; in fact, parsley, pork, and perfumes are destructive.'

Jack, who having seen Dr. Munx eat most ravenously of veal pie, ham, and salad, watched him swallow glass after glass of his champagne, and beheld him munching pine apples as if they were turnips, could stand this absurdity no longer.—'Well, Doctor,' said he, 'how do you find this mode of training and feeding suit your own book?'

'Oh!' said Munx, 'it perfectly coincides with the doctrines I have advocated in my book which I have published on the subject.'

'Not a bit of that,' said Jack: 'I won't have that at no price. I mean how does it agree with yourself?'

'Oh,' answered Munx, hesitating, 'I—I—I don't attend to the rules myself: I—I—have no constitutional disposition to any particular disease myself. I—that is I—'

'I think,' said Jack, 'pineapple is raw fruit; and the pie, which you have eat half of is veal: the ham shows plenty

of bone, the salad bowl, which was before you, is empty, and, as far as the champagne goes—'

'By the way,' interrupted Munx, who was the most impudent of all pretenders—Jack himself not excepted.—'I hope it isn't all gone, Hickman;' and he addressing Jack's steward, 'have you got any more champagne in ice?'

'Aye, aye, Sir,' was the prompt reply, to the utter confusion of Jack, who found himself in almost as helpless a position on board his own boat as a constitutional king with a cabinet full of overbearing ministers.

'Depend upon it, continued Munx, 'my dear Lady Lavinia, if you pursue a regular course of these medicines for 8 or 10 years, you will imperceptibly find your life extended. I merely state that abstinence'—(Mind, Hickman, don't pour the champagne over)—and that future generations will bless the discoverers of so magnificent an accession to the world of science in its most important department.'

WHITE ELEPHANT.—The lion of the day in Madras, at the present moment, is a white elephant, which has been sent from Coimbatore by the government, in charge of a wet-nurse, en route to Ava, to be offered as a present by the honourable company to the king of that country. It appears that when the news got abroad, that Coimbatore had had the honour of giving birth to such a rare animal, the intelligence was conveyed with all possible expedition to Ava, where it caused such a commotion as has been seldom witnessed; and the prime minister and all the chief officers of state were despatched to Rangoon to await his arrival. There they are now, for any thing that we know, and the white elephant is in Mr. Waller's stables, looking so much like a black elephant, that none but a connoisseur could tell the difference. We must do the white elephant the justice to state, however, that his skin is not quite black, and the hair, on various parts of his body, is gray or whitish. His eyes are blood-red, which is the distinguishing mark of an Albino in all animals; and it is supposed that his skin will become whiter as he grows older.—*Madras Herald, Feb. 8.*

The visit of the Countess Lepano (Murat's widow) to the King of the French, is said to have ended in her obtaining, as an indemnity for her property of the palace Elyse Bourbon, and her chateau of Villiers, an annuity of 100,000 francs.

WRITING FOR THE STAGE, AND LONDON AUDIENCES.—'To write for low, ill-informed, and conceited actors, whom you must please—for your success is necessarily at their mercy—I cannot away with. How would you, or how do you think I would, relish being the object of such a letter as Kean wrote t'other day to a poor author, who though a pedantic blockhead, had at least the right to be treated like a gentleman by a copper-headed, two-penny tear-mouth, rendered mad by conceit and success? Besides, if this objection were out of the way, I do not think the character of the audience in London is such that one could have the least pleasure in pleasing them. One half come to prosecute their debaucheries so openly that it would degrade a brigand. Another set to snooze off their beef-steaks and port wine; a third are critics of the fourth column of the newspaper; fashion, wit, or literature, there is not, and, on the whole, I would far rather write verses for mine honest friend Punch and his audience.'—*Lack-harts Life of Scott.*

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX SATURDAY, OCT. 7, 1837.

LIVERPOOL, AUGUST 24.

The dinner at Guildhall, to which the Queen is invited by the city of London, is expected to cost more than \$100,000.

Letters from Hanover state that his Majesty, after his return, will convoke the present States, having given up the idea of assembling them under the Constitution of 1819. This is important, if true, as the States of 1819 had only a consultative voice, whilst the present States are deliberative.

The Cholera has manifested itself at Venice, Trieste, Lyons, Marseilles, Berlin, Breslau, and probably at Rome also.

A European Congress continues to be spoken of as likely to meet, for the purpose of examining the situation of Southern Europe.

The long existing disputes with the black Emperor of Hayti, at St. Domingo, are at length to be settled. The former Consul, M. Carlier is going out in the capacity of Administrator between the old French colonists and the Republican Government, and his fiat will be backed by Admiral Mackau with the French West India squadron.

Reported Insurrection at Bombay.—We copy the following from the Globe of last night. We know not what degree of credit to attach to so serious an announcement.