

by the state in a measure which the most favored church dare not now hope to be, and which veils itself from the public sight, in order to prey the more securely *ex-privilegio* upon the public vitality."

"The history of homeopathy is a short one, and a private: it has established its superiority to other systems in the treatment of cholera; and its return, solicited by the Board of Health, and in nowise discredited by Sir B. Hall and Dr. Macleoughlin, the Government Inspector, have been omitted from the published documents of the Board of Health. This power of benefitting mankind has been burked in the Government office, and the hand that brought it struck with a foul weapon of unfairness. The Russian massacre at Hango was villainous bad, but this is worse vile. Among barbarous tribes, doctors who can really cure, are respected: even cannibals would eat *them* last: but Sir Benjamin Hall's Office allows no truce to the unorthodox saviors of human lives. This is a great fact, and in the face of fair England looking on, should give us muscle for our conflict.

And the rest of our winter's history is like unto this: we have been burked throughout: burked by the *Times* and the leading journals: burked by the war minister: burked by the health minister: burked by both Houses of Parliament: burked by old physic, with all its connexions and dependencies. But some of this is our own fault.

When our armies were festering with wounds, rotting with disease, and perishing with want, humane homeopathic gentlemen found that it was "too bad," and that homeopathy, in the hands of the government, might alleviate the evils. And what voice of thunder did their pent indignation mutter? With what efficient tools of argument did they address a power which was known to have a heart of gutta-serena, and a head of brass? Upon what great arena did they plead their cause? And what doughty leader carried their challenge to the lists? They met in a parlor. They mentioned homeopathy in a me-

morial. They drove towards greatness in a brougham. They appeared in the full feather of respectability in the war minister's ante-chamber. Lord Grosvenor was their guide. Unscathed in the conflict of compliments, they were bowed out again; and duly informed that the war minister was an infidel; which they knew before. And the matter ended.

The memorial had its lesson. It was presented by earls and lords. It was signed by one archbishop, two dukes, one marquis, and eighteen other members of the House of Lords; by forty-nine peers' sons, baronets, and members of Parliament; and by many other "great people." Time was in old England when a cause of such amazing and instant interest as this, would have had a different concoction, another battle-field, a Runnymede instead of an exquisite's boudoir, and rather more of steel and less of gold lace about the leaders. The Houses of Lords and Commons were not remote from those spurless knightly gentlemen. There were at least twenty members of each Parliament among them. One would have thought in the humblest common sense, that the floor of those houses was the pleading-place for homeopathy in an hour of national wailing and peril. Yet all the forty sat voiceless there while a hundred opportunities for striking homeopathy into debate, ran by unheeded. Nothing would have been easier than to have caused homeopaths to be examined before the Sebastopol Committee, to hear what their suggestions were—whether *they* could have done better, or could anyway repair the medical incompetency and downfall. Nothing could have been more justly glorious. A member of Parliament requires some horse to mount, to carry him to honorable distinction; and here was a brave one which would have borne him right into the thick of his country's honor. The occasion was ready; the whole subject laid down; statistics were there; the breakdown of the opposite thing was suplain; the country was tender-hearted with calamity; the House was the same