LOGICA HOMŒOPATHICA.

A SONNET.

"ALIKE, but, oh, HOW DIFFERENT!"

WORDSWORTH.

Add *like* to *like*, and see *the difference*.Add *pain* to *pangs*, and torture turns to *ease*.To *hate* add *horror*, what can better *please*?*Facts* mix'd with *facts*, confirm our *ignorance*.*Mistakes* make *sure*. By adding *brass* to
pence

We get our fortunes. Patients' groans supply

Discordant notes that melt in "*harmony*—Not understood." And why? Your shaken
brainNeeds but *another shake*. And 'tis quite
plain*Nothing*, with *nonsense*, brings *the thing* we
want—

(Finis-infinitesimalis) gain.

Ergo, *per contra* cannot be endured!Now what is like this *homœopathic cant*?There's *nothing* like it, so it can't be *cured*.

G. M., M.D.

Hastings, Dec. 7, 1843.

NOTE FROM MR. ROBERTSON.

To the Editor.—Sir: When you attacked me in THE LANCET (with what good sense and decency it is for others to judge,) on account of my volunteering gratuitous attendance on the poor, I answered promptly and *openly*, and is it fair that any stupid fellow should be, by you, encouraged to belch forth his grumblings against me, under any humbugging pseudo name? When the unfortunate "RAW COUNTRY BOY" can venture to publish his true name, attached to his perpetrations, I shall not be wanting in courtesy towards him, in so far as he may merit the same. But until his disinterestedness be apparent, until it shall appear that he be no shopkeeping surgeon, *et cetera, et cetera, et cetera*, in the neighbourhood, whose cholera has been stirred up by the probability of fewer 7s. 6d. "fees" than heretofore, I shall decline noticing further his effusions. But, as respects your own editorial remarks, the heading of your first notice of me seems to uphold the "no-pay-no-work" system; your last paragraph commences, "It is all very well and highly charitable to give away advice and medicines." How you reconcile these statements I know not. And, as you think with me, "it is all very well," why have you troubled yourself to disparage me? You continue,—"but to advertise the fact, to invite people to come and carry them off! What must we call that?" You can call it what pleases you; I call it the very best plan to get the fact known; nor

"Idly sit, like stupid blockheads,
Our hands committed to our pockets."

Neither is it new, for you state (p. 304) we "are advertised in every newspaper, in

every street, in thousands of professional cards, "Medical advice gratis." You say in your first note, "notice should be given to the beadle," &c. In reply to my *query*, why this did not occur to you before, you assert it *has* been published "nearly five years." Then where is the wit of the prior observation? I shall be obliged if you insert the above, and I remain, Sir, &c.

J. ROBERTSON.

Melcombe-place, Dorset-square,
December 11, 1843.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MR. J. C. ATKINSON, referring to the communication of Mr. Walker in THE LANCET of the 25th ult., recalls our attention, this week, to "the dangers to be apprehended from the present offensive mode of disposing of the dead," and what he considers to be "the mischief that must ultimately result from the poisonous emanations of the burying-grounds of the metropolis." Mr. Atkinson does so because he is "desirous to express his firm conviction that the pestiferous exhalations of the grave-yards not only operate in their immediate vicinity, but extend their influences far and wide, and materially increase the activity of the circulation or powerfully depress the nervous energy." At the same time he thinks it of equal importance to direct due attention to the "water nuisance," and the seeming desire of the public companies to defeat the benevolent intentions of the Apostle of Temperance, Father Mathew, by their disregard of the quality and contents of their supply in London. This matter he considers is especially worthy of attention from the profession; for he is disposed to think that this cause alone will account for a very much-prevailing recent epidemic diarrhoea, unjustly laid to the door of the "plum-season." The reputations of medical attendants are often, he considers, placed at stake, owing to the sick employing water that is charged with putrefying refuse, success being often impossible with the best medicines, if the toast-water and other diluents of patients be charged with putrid matter. We make a summary only of the allegations of Mr. Atkinson, because we do not *at present* see that we can beneficially open a discussion on the subjects in our pages, and we are always indisposed to begin battles without a certain prospect of fighting them successfully. A couple of millions of pounds sterling would barely suffice to effect a thorough reform in our present modes of sepulture and watering in London alone. In the absence of that, burial at cemeteries (they are numerous and popular) and filtering at home, are the best expedients, though often beyond the means of the poor. By the by, what has become of the water-company of Mr.