

sulting him, arranged that he may be found at his office, on ——— Street, daily at 12 o'clock.

"Dr. ——— has a vacancy (*vide* Pecksniff's in Martin Chuzzlewit) for a student who can give satisfactory references as to education, &c.

"November 1st, 1855."

Is the above professional? Or is there no barrier between your degree and the "renowned" and "sovereignest" nostrum venders? He may be capable; should he publish it? Then others, who are also prepared, who have devoted years of untiring energies in the pursuit of knowledge, must be injured by the above, or compete in the same way; and if they cannot obtain the same facilities of publication, then the almanac and wrapper system must come to the rescue. Any man who has *not* "devoted special attention" to disease of the throat and chest, "and the modern modes of treatment," and yet dares to practice in this era of science, deserves the ridicule of the profession and the contempt of an intelligent public. If advertisements are requisite to prove our capabilities on one branch, equally so on others. The eyes of the public must be opened, and the quack's paper is better than parchment! Why degrade the profession? Already she has to bear undeserved and almost universal ridicule. We should aim high, feeling our responsibilities, discountenance the increasing laxity of morals, and keep up with the standard; and yet, surrounded as we are by natural difficulties, be modest in our assertions. Are not specialities objectionable? We look to the *Medical Chronicle*, to uphold the rights of science, a beacon, ever ready to guide, while it warns that shoals are near. In my humble opinion, any assumed superiority on some important branch, unbased by exclusive investigation or original discoveries, emanates from a selfish, egotistical and pecuniary motive, is an *ad captandum vulgus*, and a detraction to the fraternity.

XXV.—A Christmas Riddle.—(To the Editors of the Medical Chronicle.)

GENTLEMEN,—Curiosity-mongers of our craft have often joyfully revelled over some of the wonderful displays of the resources of men of physis, that now and then turn up in the shape of prescriptions; as the old *mithridatum*, of which Celsus admiringly said, "*nobilissimum autem est mithridatis*," in view of its superiority over other antidotes, and which was a farrago of 35 different remedies, besides the wine with which it was to be washed down; and again, the hotch-potch called *thériaque* of the French Codex of our time, which even far transcends the former, for it is a grouping together of more than 70 ingredients,