

Periodical, as your readers well know, is edited by the talented and renowned Jacob. All the London men declare that Jacob's wits and discretion—for he is generally a very discreet man—are leaving him; his Journal is running riot, it forms the vehicle for the outpourings of a party named Kidd. 'This is the same person who, a very recent number of the *Tralee Chronicle* describes as "a Dr. Charles Kidd, of Kingland, who is shortly to lead to the hymeneal altar Miss Catherine Hayes, just returned with a large fortune." "He was formerly," the same Journal announces, "an aspirant to the hand of Jenny Lind, and is a proficient on the Irish bagpipes." "He is, moreover, the talented and *extra* ordinary London Correspondent of the Dublin Medical Press." The London Correspondence and Medical Gossip of the "Press," weekly appears from the pen of this singular individual, and every man of note holding anything of a position has been dragged every now and then into notice. Some have stormed, some expostulated, and some have laughed, but with little effect. In the mean time, although these letters may prove amusing, the reputation of the Journal is becoming sensibly tarnished, and although Jacob may disregard the hints which are thrown out now and then, in the end he may seriously regret his temerity. Take Medical Journalism at the present moment in England, never was it in a better or more respectable footing, nor at any time, has there been that cordiality and good feeling prevailing which now so universally exists—a striking feature of the times.

A very curious circumstance occurred on New Year's day, which, so far as we are aware, is almost unparalleled: it is this:—An inquest was held on the *head of a child*. It appears that this head was sent in a parcel with a letter from a female, acknowledging herself to be the mother and the murderess. The infant was newly born, but the sex was of course unknown. We have not heard what the verdict was, nor has the mother been discovered. If one were inclined to be facetious and perpetrate a *bull*, we should say this was a new way of holding an inquest on the *body* of a child. This, perhaps, ought not to excite surprise among medical jurists in Montreal, because we recollect an instance, there in which an inquest was held by Mr. Coroner Jones upon a skull discovered under an old floor. A great many children are annually destroyed at birth in London, but, notwithstanding deaths thus arising, and from other causes, the population of this great city is steadily progressing, and in the course of a very few years will reach 3,000,000; it is already 2,750,000. The births for the last quarter of the year 1856, in London, amounted to 21,309, against 14,616 deaths. During the