

VENEREAL INFECTION PRONOUNCED A CRIME.—

Some consternation may be caused among a certain class by a recent judgment of Justice Wills of the Central Criminal Court, England. The charge against the prisoner was on two counts, one with having carnal knowledge of an imbecile woman, aged eighteen, and another, under 24 and 25 Vict., c. 100, s. 47, for a "fraudulent assault" upon the same woman, occasioning her actual bodily harm. The harm done was the wilful infection with syphilis. The prisoner was found guilty on both heads, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment for the first, and five years for the second. The most remarkable piece of information is that a man who has immoral sexual connection with a woman, knowing himself to be suffering at the time from gonorrhœa or syphilis, is liable to prosecution and penal servitude.—*Med. & Surg. Reporter.*

WANTS TO STUDY MEDICINE.—Dr. J. B. Kell, of Delphos, O., writes: "Dr. S——, of our city, received the following letter, from a Reverend of Putnam Co., O., who desires to 'sudy medson.' I give it in full.

"H——, Putnam Co. O.

"Dr. S——.

"DEAR SIR: aS I think of StuDing medson, and am Aqanted With you by rep and aS you bore the name of A Criston I thout you Would be a good man to Sudy under and ASK you if there Would Be Eney Chance to Have you fore councele I will fernish my oan books and Bord Ples ancer By retorn male and I will come up Yours in christ.

"REV. R—— P——."

—*Med. Record.*

A NEW BACTERIOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—A new *Centralblatt*, devoted to the subject of bacteriology and animal parasites, will shortly appear in Germany under the editorship of Dr. Oscar Uhlworm, in Cassel. The extensive and rapidly increasing literature on these subjects, and the absence of any weekly journal devoted to this particular science, will render this venture acceptable to all who interest themselves in these matters. The contents of the journal will embrace references to recent work, historical essays and original papers. Dr. Uhlworm will be assisted by a numerous class of collaborators in the various European countries.—*Brit. Med. Jour.*

A coincidence showing a probable septic origin for pneumonia, is reported in the *Lancet*. On the 18th of October, a man and his wife were admitted into St. Thomas's Hospital, suffering from acute pneumonia of respectively three and four days' duration. Each was aged thirty-two years. The disease ran an acute course, being little influenced

by treatment, and they died at the end of four days within a few hours of each other. At the post-mortem examinations which were made on the same day, acute inflammation of the right lung were found in each; this had attacked chiefly the base in the case of the man, and the apex in the woman. It would appear that they had left their house, and moved into lodgings only two or three days before the commencement of the disease on account of the bad smells, making it probable that the disease was of septic origin.—*Boston Med. & Surg. Jour.*

AN English gentleman found a large turnip in his field of the shape of a man's head, and with the resemblance of the features of a man. Struck with curiosity, he had a cast made of it, and sent the cast to a phrenologist, stating that it was taken from the head of a celebrated professor, and requested an opinion thereon. After sitting in judgment it was reported that it denoted a man of acute mind and deep research, that he had the organ of quick perception, and also of perseverance, with another that indicated credulity. The opinion was transmitted to the owner of the cast, with a letter requesting, as a particular favor, that he would send them the head. To this he politely replied that he would willingly do so, but he was prevented, as he and his family had eaten it the day before with their mutton at dinner.

"LINES TO A TIMID LEECH."

Nay, start not from the banquet where the red wine foams for thee,
Though somewhat thick to perforate this *epidermis* be;
'Tis madness, when the bowl invites, to linger at the brink,
So haste thee, haste thee, timid one. Drink, pretty creature, drink!
I tell thee, if these azure veins could boast the regal wine
Of Tudors or Plantagenets, the draught should still be thine!
Though round the goblet's beaded brim plebeian bubbles wink,
'Twill cheer, and not inebriate. Drink, pretty creature, drink!
Perchance, reluctant being, I have placed thee wrong side up.
And the lips that I am chiding have been farthest from the cup.
I have waited long and vainly, and I cannot, cannot think
Thou wouldst spurn the oft-repeated call: Drink, pretty creature, drink!
While I watch'd thy patient struggles, and imagined thou wert coy,
'Twas thy tail and not thy features that refused the proffer'd joy.
I will but turn thee tenderly—nay, never, never shrink—
Now, once again the banquet calls: Drink, pretty creature, drink!

—*Chemist and Druggist.*