

legs, &c.; things have somewhat changed since then. The extent of the field of learning occupied by medicine is so great, that it is impossible for one mind in the three score years and ten, to master all of the many difficult problems on the chess-board of life. Hence, the natural tendency to division of labor, from whence arise the specialties in medicine. Since then, this necessity exists, why should the great law-making power of the Doctors condemn this division of labor? It does so by putting its seal of outlawry upon all those who dare, by either sign or any other modest way tell the public what they are. We know that it requires years of intense study to make oneself proficient in any particular class of diseases, especially those of the eye and ear. Ought you then to expect one who has spent the best years of his life in such a course, "to hide his light under a bushel?" yet such is the effect of the code of ethics, for he cannot make himself known in the light of his specialty, for fear of being tabooed by the high dignitaries of the American Medical Association. A change is demanded, not only in justice to those whose inclination may have led them in some special channel, but also in justice to the great public whom it is the special duty of the medical profession to protect. By pursuing the present course, think of the untold injuries which may be, and are daily inflicted by these advertising pretenders who see only the almighty dollar in their every act. We are not only for permitting the man of science who professes a specialty, to announce himself as such, but to compel him to do it—or else the general practitioner will be destroyed. Let the specialist be unmasked, and sell for whatever he will bring in the market. He has preyed upon the vitals of the general practitioner long enough. Strip him of the garb of greatness, with which mystery has invested him, and force him to appear in his true character. Force him to come out and fight the great enemy under his little brigade colors alone. Don't let him wander all over the field and take a stray shot here and another there, wherever he can find a good place fitted up by an old-fashioned general practitioner. Let the surgeon announce himself as such, the aurist and oculist in like manner, but hold them to their bargain, and do not let them trespass upon the field of the general practitioner. By pursuing any other course, you put the latter class completely at the mercy of the specialist. To illustrate:—Let us suppose a case of serious injury occurring; the family physician is sent for—he calls to his aid a surgeon, who, as a matter of course, leads in the case, thus throwing the family physician completely in the back-ground. All the neighbors witness this ignoring of their great man, and that too, by his consent. What is the result? His sceptre departs from him, and it matters not what occurs in that region thereafter, a belly-ache or what not, the great surgeon is sent for. How often does it happen that good men are thus ridden over rough-shod by those who are their inferiors, through the influence of the glitter of an amputating knife. Now suppose you force this surgeon to announce himself as such, the people are educated by this fact, and expect, in all cases of injury, that his assistance will be demanded. He receives the credit to which he is entitled, and no one loses, for he is forced in by his specialty.

Therefore, we say, not only permit them, but compel them to come forth from the hiding place in which they are now cooped by Article—of the Code of Ethics.—*Nashville Jour. Med. & Surg.*

Toxic Action of Quinins.

Dr. Edward Garryman, of Faversham, writes to the *British Medical Journal*:

I was called last month to a lady, aged 40, in previous good health, who had been suddenly seized with oedema of the face and limbs, accompanied by an unusual erythematous rash. She had considerable uneasiness in the præcordia, and was in a state of great alarm. Certainly there was sufficient cause, for she was greatly disfigured, and her arms felt ready to burst. Her idea was, that she was poisoned by a white powder, which she had procured at a chemist's, in mistake for quinine, and of which about a grain had been taken in a glass of wine. I taxed her with having eaten fungi, shell-fish, decomposing cheese, and other unwonted articles of food, but she had pleaded guilty to none of these things. On bringing me the remains of the white powder, it proved to be pure sulphate of quinine. I repudiated the idea of this having done her any harm. After three or four days, the oedema and the rash subsided, but the skin of the face scaled off, and there was peeling of the hands and feet, as after scurvy. My patient remaining somewhat enfeebled, I, unreflectingly, ordered quinine mixture, by way of tonic. Two hours after taking the first dose—two grains—she sent for me, exclaiming, "Oh, you have poisoned me with quinine again." To my infinite chagrin and mortification, all the former symptoms recurred.

I doubt if I have omitted prescribing quinine any day for the last twenty years—in this locality it is largely needed—and this is the first instance in which I have recognized any ill effect, beyond headache, resulting from its administration.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

Dr. FAVROT, celebrated as a ladies' doctor, has just died in Paris. The *Gaulois* asserts that so great was his reputation that ladies of high rank used to consult him masked. At Etretat, whither he was summoned for a consultation, he was beset by a little old man, the type of a *malade imaginaire*, who offered him a fabulous sum if he would live with him as his private physician. Dr. Favrot peremptorily refused the offer, but the little old man expressed such unfeigned despair at the prospect of being separated from him, that the doctor permitted him to follow him about in the capacity of a *courrier*. Thus, wherever Dr. Favrot went, he appealed to "Jacques" to know if he had telegraphed for rooms at hotels, whether dinner had been duly ordered, &c.; in reply to which the little old man invariably pleaded the state of his health in excuse for the omission of his self-imposed duties. "Ah, you remember, Jacques, our agreement; each time you speak of your health, one guinea! No use talking to me about your will. Dr. Declat lost the fortune the Duke de Gammont Caderousse left to him, bequests from the sick to their physicians being illegal in France." The little old man instantly