

fair way of being settled. The staff could not, in justice to themselves, or with any regard to the dignity of the profession, allow matters to remain as they were. The nurses in a public Institution should be under the whole and sole control of the staff, without any interference from either "Lady Superintendent" or Board of Governors. There has been a painful instance of the same thing in the resignation of Dr. Humphreys of the Children's Hospital, Pendlebury, near Manchester.

The following little anecdote, which I believe to be a fact, may interest and amuse your readers.

Dr. Clémenceau, the eminent Parisian physician, is also a member of the French Legislature, and divides his attention between the political maladies of his country and the physical ailments of his patients. He is a brisk and busy man, keenly cognisant of the fact that "time is money," and the other day, while he was in attendance at his Montmartre consulting-room, two men simultaneously solicited an interview with him for the purpose of taking his advice. One of them, admitted to his presence, and asked "what was the matter with him," complained of a pain in his chest; whereupon he was ordered to take off his shirt, and Dr. Clémenceau subjected him to careful examination. Before the doctor, however, sat down to write his prescription he rang the bell, and ordered his servant to show the other patient into the consulting-room. As the latter entered the doorway, Dr. Clémenceau, without looking up from the desk at which he was writing, said to him, "Just undress yourself, too, if you will be so good. We shall save time by your doing so." Without a moment's hesitation, the second visitor proceeded to take off his clothes, and, by the time the doctor had finished writing his recipe, taken his fee, and dismissed the preceding patient, he was stripped to the waist, ready for inspection. Turning towards him, the doctor observed, "You are also suffering from pain in the chest, are you not?" "Well, no, doctor," the man replied, "I have called upon you to beg that you will recommend me to the Government for a place in the Post Office." Tableau!

The deaths of Sir Dominic Corrigan of Dublin, and Mr. Hancock of London, have left gaps

in the medical profession not easily to be filled up. The latter I knew well, and a kinder or more genial being, either as a man or a surgeon, did not exist. By the way the death-rate of London has been far above the average owing to bronchial affections, chiefly caused by the abominable fogs of which we have lately had more than our share, and to which, fortunately, your delightful climate is not subject.

We have had more than the usual amount of blunders lately respecting the "drunk or dying." How is it possible for *the police* to discriminate between the effects of drunkenness and those of cerebral disturbance, induced by other causes? Until the police are compelled by Act of Parliament to call in a medical man to every case of unconsciousness, these mistakes cannot help occurring. This Act, I suppose, will never be passed until some amiable prelate or a "my Lord" meets with the fate that has overtaken so many of his less fortunate brethren.

A very interesting case of a large gall stone, which was passed per anum, was presented at the meeting of the Pathological Society on the 6th of January last. It occurred in the practice of Dr. Carr Roberts. It had been passed by a lady after her confinement. There had been only two symptoms connected with its passage: very excessive pain in the back, and constant diarrhoea of a pale yellow color. The stone measured one inch and five-eighths by an inch and an eighth, and weighed five drachms. The concretion was a true gall stone, composed of cholesterin mixed with bile pigment.

A somewhat singular death occurred in Holborn a few days ago. A laboring man went into a fried fish shop, and had a penny's worth of fish and potatoes. Next day he complained of pain in the throat, and on Friday evening went to the hospital. The surgeons endeavored to dislodge some foreign matter from the larynx. He felt relieved and went home. On Sunday night he died. Dr. Sparkes made a *post mortem* examination, and found in the bag at the under part of the heart a small hole and a small fish bone protruding. The penetration of the heart by the fish bone was the cause of death.

This case resembles in many respects the case of "Tobacco Stack," reported by me in the RECORD for October, 1879. R.