

genuine labor, of no ordinary character. We live, it is true in an age of modern essayists. The concentrations of mind are being evolved in various forms, moulding ideas for the intellectual life of the present. There are those who give to the age of Homer, Virgil, Cicero and such like, all that degree of greatness which could possibly be achieved.

In a literary point of view, their germs of poetic fire and oratorical flight, have produced doubtless great results, and left far more than ordinary after impressions. In our day it is true, times are too rapid; thought too practical; results too suddenly looked for, few being able to bide the time patiently for the ordinary current of events. Froude, Carlyle, Longfellow, and Tennyson, possess master minds, in their particular paths of thought. In our profession and our time, we observe with more than ordinary gratification, the powerful manner in which intellectual life, professionally considered has cropped out in such men as Gross, Flint, Sayre, Atlee, Sims, Vanburen, Pancoast, Dunlop, Bowditch, Davis, and many other celebrated Americans I might particularise. These men have made their mark, not alone in the neighboring republic, but in the wide world. As was said of the National Scottish Bard, Burns, the whole world is the theatre of their genius, and the kindly manner in which all outside of their own country, have been received, will be cherished as a lasting tribute of the innate power and spontaneous liberality of which a great nation may well feel proud. Such evidences of intellectual results, by constant work and well timed observation, should encourage the younger members of the profession, to renewed exertion. If we are thus actuated we cannot be drones, we must be workers, for thus as one body, we are required to stand up for the profession. Our profession is progressive, of which there is ample evidence, more the result of patient toil, than brilliant faculties or accidental fortune. Genius gave Hippocrates the power to place deep and sure the very foundation of rational medicine. Jenner to introduce vaccination. Harvey to discover the circulation of the blood. John Hunter to be stamped, as the most philosophical pathologist of any age; and Simpson to develop the anæsthetic power of Chloroform. These and such like discoveries, have given to the healing art no secondary position. Such magnificent achievements,

should stimulate to fresh enquiry, and encourage each member of our profession, to observe closely, note carefully and wait patiently the result, for as Sir Matthew Hale has well expressed it, "time is the wisest thing under heaven."

Ottawa, January, 1877.

TWO CASES OF ASCITES, SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH IODINE INJECTIONS.

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CASE I.—On 18th July, 1870, was called to visit J. W., aged 66, a farmer residing in the township of Asphodel. On my arrival I gleaned the following facts. In the autumn of 1868, he had been severely injured by a fall from a straw stack, and for many weeks he suffered excruciating pain in the lumbar region, and painfully voided bloody urine. Slowly recovering from the effects of the injury he was prostrated by an attack of remittent fever. About six months from the date of the injury he began to enlarge and becoming alarmed called in a physician, who diagnosed ascites as the result of renal lesion, and prescribed for successive weeks without any favourable result. His distress becoming unbearable, resort was had to the operation of paracentesis abdominis early in the spring of 1869. From that time until I saw him, the operation had been repeated 60 times and from eighteen to twenty-four quarts of thin, amber colored liquid removed each time. During the ensuing two months I used the trocar every ten days with a like result, at the same time administering internally all conceivable combinations of diuretics with no benefit. The very picture of despair, the old man asked me just after tapping if nothing more could be done. I told him of the treatment by iodine injections as practiced in Paris; that I had no experience in the matter; of the very great possibility of my lighting up more inflammatory action than I might be able to control, and of the slight hopes of success I could hold out to him. He was at once eager to try the experiment, and his friends not objecting I acceded to his wishes. On the 20th September, having drawn off about half the usual quantity of fluid, through the canula, with a small glass syringe, I injected into the cavity of the peritoneum, two ounces of Tr. Iodin. Co. diluted