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<i>N. Y. Med. Journal.</i>	

Hydrate of Chloral in Cancer.

Mr. Weeden Cooke states that he has recently tested the hypnotic value of chloral in this disease as compared with opium and other remedies, administered either by the mouth, by the rectum, or hypodermically, and finds the results obtained in the cases in which he has employed it so charming and so persistent that, fortified by the published experience of others, he feels bound to add his in confirmation of the excellent results obtained from its judicious use. He reports eight cases, three of which were epithelioma, and two of uterine cancer, in which great relief was experienced. He adopted the mode of administration recommended by Mr. Squire, namely, the addition of syrup of tolu and peppermint water. Another writer in the same journal, Dr. Rattray, recommends, as the best mode of exhibiting the hydrate of chloral, to mingle it with an equal quantity of glycerine, (3ss), and add sufficient water. See *Lancet*, April 30, 1870.)

We are sorry to learn that Sir Thomas Watson has been suffering from congestion of the lungs.

—A Western chemist has discovered a remedy for the trichina. It is nitro-glycerine, applied either to the hog or the eater of the pork, and then exploded — *Med. and Surg. Reporter*.

—In the course of a public lecture on "Atmospheric Dust," delivered in the Society's Theatre, Mr. Tichborne, Chemist to the Apothecaries' Hall, stated that in 1866, the year of the cholera visitation, he had published analyses of the street dust of Dublin, and he took the present opportunity of drawing particular attention to the importance of the subject. From analyses recently performed, he found that the street dust of Grafton street contained about 31 per cent. of stable manure, while that from a cab-stand in Nassau street yielded 45 per cent. of organic matter. He considers that cab-stands are fruitful sources of atmospheric contamination, and that they require careful supervision, street dust being the pabulum or stock-in-trade of atmospheric dust. — *Medical Press and Circular*.

—A child, four years old, accidentally burned all over the body to the third or fourth degree, was recently admitted to the Child's Hospital of Lausanne. On the fourth day after his arrival, the suppuration from his wounds was so abundant and fetid, that the quarter in which he was lodged became uninhabitable, and putrid intoxication was

considered imminent. M. Joel then placed him in a bath containing two handfuls of sulphate of iron. The cessation of pain was almost immediate; after repeating this bath twice a day, for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time, the suppuration moderated, the fetid odor disappeared, and the little sufferer recovered rapidly. — *N. Y. Med. Jour.*

To a Would-be Lady Doctor.

A REMONSTRANCE.

O Lady fair! what next, and next?
So varied grows your knowledge,
You will fulfil the Lancreate's text,
And help to make that College
Where dowagers will act as deans,
And prudes will pass for proctors
They tell me, too, your fancy leans
To having lady doctors!

Just fancy laughing girls M. D.'s!
And noisy flirts physicians!
Fair maidens studying for degrees,
And taking high positions!
Brass plates and broughams in Saville-row
For clever little matrons!
While lady surgeons famous grow,
With peeresses for patrons!

But think a moment, lady fair,
Ere you your studies urge on;
Don't quickly for the "Hall" prepare,
Nor rush to be a surgeon.
"Your little hands were never made"
That line's from Watts, the poet—
For cutting limbs; that horrid trade
You cannot like, you know it.

Your pretty lips were never meant
To talk that Jargon Latin;
You won't I think, how'er intent,
That "lings" get quite "pat" in.
Proficiency you ought to show
In things that can be eaten:
The receipts you ought to know
Should be in *Mrs. Beeton*.

All love's sweet mysteries 'twould end,
If you took to dissecting;
The heart cut open would not tend
To thoughts that are affecting.
You will not kiss with pleasure when
The labial nerves you've studied,
And Cupid will be powerless when
With surgery you're flooded.

Then how a sick man's face would glow,
If you should o'er him linger!
'Twould not do me much good, I know,
To feel your soft white finger—
'Twould make yet more my fever burn,
And feed it like a tonic;
You gone, I should but toss and turn—
Excitement would be chronic.

So lady fair, do not, I pray,
Take up the phial and lancet;
Do not turn doctress to-day,
Nor fancy limbs you can set.
If you must act the surgeon's part,
And have one bit of feeling,
Then come and use upon my heart
Your sweetest powers of healing.

—*Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*