

to assist the income of his family. We may therefore, without entering too closely into private circumstances, state that Dr. PARIS had but a very slender patrimony; considering, then, that he had an early and a very numerous family, each member of which he educated highly, and that he held it to be a duty to maintain appearances for the dignity of his office as ostensible head of the profession, it will be intelligible that even his very considerable professional income would be absorbed in current expenses.

We have pleasure also in announcing that Mr. PARIS, the eldest son of the family, has just received an appointment from Mr. Justice CRESSWELL, in the new Court of Probate—an office for which his literary habits render him especially qualified.

Medical Annotations.

“Ne quid nimis.”

PETTICOAT PHYSIC.

THE pretensions of women to become members of the Medical profession might furnish a misogynist with apt illustration of the perverseness of the sex. As it is the one profession they are obviously unsuited for, it is the only one on which they have made an organised attack. If a fair field for simple intellectual labour be required, there is law and literature open to them. If the gift of speech so bountifully bestowed on the gentler sex be the attainment that wants room for development, there is the bar and the church. The ladies of the bar, with artificial flowers in their wigs, gowns expanded in modern fashion, and pleading with all the eloquence of *Portia*, would be dangerous rivals to practising barristers, especially when their natural aptitude for wearing ermine is considered.

But the profession of medicine is, and must ever be, closed against women. If they have not the discernment to perceive the reason, we feel called on to plainly state it. Continuous and regular attendance to daily duties are absolutely required from every conscientious person undertaking the care of the sick. With women this is impossible. Giving them credit for intellectual power, decision of character, and endurance of mental labour equal to that of the male sex, we cannot set aside the physical disqualifications, entailed by their duties as wives and mothers. A woman *enceinte* is not fit to be entrusted with the life of a fellow-creature, nor is it well for herself or the child yet unborn, that she be exposed to the revolting scenes which a medical man has to brave. When the fulness

her time has come, she is wholly incapacitated for a month; and then her duties to her offspring renders it impossible that she can devote herself to other cares and other studies; or

“With lenient arts extend a mother’s breath,
Make languor smile, or smooth the bed of death.”

Her occupation is thenceforth of her home, homely. All this is the natural lot of woman, as it is her highest glory that this sequence of events should occur and recur *da capo* to the end of the chapter.

We have chosen the simple pre-ordained law of Nature to refute these foolish virgins who pretend to have studied physiology, and in defiance of its teachings to attempt to thrust themselves into the profession. Of course any arguments about pre-determined spinsterhood and registered vestal vows, are simply absurd. The stories of immured nuns, the history of “Heloise,” and the legend of the “Princess,” all point the same moral. We now especially notice the subject, as an attempt is being made to establish a bazaar in London for assisting the funds of an hospital in New York which is officered by female doctors, with Miss Blackwell at their head. It has been reproachfully urged, that Englishwomen are so maltreated and subservient, that no hospital can

be here established; so the “free sisters who weave their threads with bones,” have been driven to America. Having thus heaped ashes on our heads by selecting another country wherein to flesh their maiden scalpels, our British good-nature is somewhat coolly appealed to for the purpose of keeping the new hospital going, and thus perpetuating the agonies of self-reproach that we ought to endure.

It is a pity that wise and earnest women do not strive to guide in a right direction the misdirected energy of these aspirants to the ranks of a profession for which they are physically disqualified by the Power that adjusted the laws of animal life. It should be remarked, that all these women who, *de facto*, offer to unsex themselves by assuming positions incompatible with the performance of their duties as wives and mothers, only aim at being hospital officials. We have not heard of one exposing herself to the wear and tear of the hard work of a country practice. It is like the angling ladies, who require some one to put on the bait, and take off the fish, and hold an umbrella over them to keep off the sun, and then triumphantly entitle themselves expert fisherwomen.

THE SEA SERPENTINE.

IT is nine months, the full term of gestation, since there appeared in our columns a suggestion to convert the Serpentine into a sea-water lake, previously filling up the holes at the bottom, (some of them forty feet deep), removing the enormous accumulation of filthy mud, and rendering the water of a uniform depth. Last week a correspondent of *The Times* called attention to the importance of this plan, but without acknowledging the parentage of the proposition. Considerable discussion has followed; and one of the decriers of the plan, who most enters into detail, writes thus:—

“First get your salt water, and that would be enormous, to obtain from Brighton, as to cost; then it would be worthless and inefficacious after fifty miles’ run through iron pipes; and the bathers would be regularly ‘done brown’ after washing in such a mixture. Again, the sea water, for want of ebb and flow action in the Serpentine, would smell worse than turpentine—in fact, more like stale eggs; and, finally, the watering the roads with sea water would never do, as it has been tried and will not do, in consequence of the saline deposit keeping the roads in slop. Sea water is best and most useful in the ocean, and it would be very out of its proper bed in the Serpentine, and certainly suffer by the change.”

If these be the best arguments against the feasibility of so delightful an innovation, we only hope that the pipes laid down may hold water better than the arguments against their employment for enabling the filthy waters of Hyde Park to

“Suffer a sea change
Into something rare and strange.”

In the first place, no one would think of employing iron pipes whilst those of stoneware are so far preferable. The uncleanness of the water and nice discrimination as to the extent of its nastiness, is an unproved assertion. The perpetual flow of the water pumped up from the sea would prevent stagnation, and a judicious arrangement of vegetable and animal life in this mighty metropolitan aquarium would suffice to keep it sufficiently clear. The influence of saline deposit in keeping roads in a slop is an eccentric bit of chemistry, and the conclusion about sea water being best in the ocean, &c., applies with equal force to water obtained from Artesian wells; the scheme proposed by the writer for keeping up the supply in the Serpentine. Beyond the first expense, the cost for a sea-water supply would be little above the outlay for pumping up the water of an Artesian well. The demand for private baths, and the quantity required for those elegant and sensible ornaments, which so exquisitely display the beauty of sea-flowers and of sea-weeds in modern drawing-rooms, would go far to defray the working expenses. There is not a mesembryanthemum in a London aquarium but offers a living example of the feasibility of conveying sea water into the metropolis.

And in the "laboratory of epidemic miasma" formed by the present waters of the Serpentine, 200,000 persons annually bathe, each of whom would derive all the benefit of a sea-water bath were our proposition carried into effect.

THE LISBON EPIDEMIC.

LISBON has long had an evil repute, as being a city fair without and foul within—a city where

"hut and palace show alike filthily;
The dingy denizens are reared in dirt;
No personage of high or low degree
Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt;
Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwash'd—unhurt."

But the last word of Byron's description has been fearfully negated by the terrible devastation from disease which has lately befallen the inhabitants. Since the 9th of September yellow fever has raged in Lisbon, and during 105 days 13,482 cases occurred, with 4759 deaths. The last cases were reported on the 22nd of December, and the plague was apparently stayed by the setting in of cold weather. Twenty years ago it was generally believed that yellow fever, in its virulent epidemic form, was confined to inter-tropical regions; but of late years it has crept along the coast of America to places where it was formerly altogether unknown, and has now attacked in a malignant form a city of Europe situated in latitude 38° 42'. The French authorities have therefore taken the alarm, and wisely adopted precautions to avert, if possible, the outbreak of the disease in France. The lazarettoes, which have been long disused, are preparing for the reception of invalids; and Dr. Mélier, Inspector-general of the French sanitary services, is making a tour of the ports, and adapting rules in each of them for the due establishment of quarantine. One large transport ship, which arrived from Senegal with 186 invalids on board, has been prevented from landing her passengers at Brest, because she had unfortunately entered the Tagus on her passage, although no yellow fever appeared on board. In such cases the International Sanitary Convention decrees that ten days must elapse without the occurrence of yellow fever between the touching at an infected port and the removal of quarantine.

On the island of Trebezon, seven miles from the town of Brest, has been established a quarantine station, and a disused hospital has been there arranged for the accommodation of between 200 and 300 invalids, with an alacrity that reflects high honour on the diligence of our Gallic neighbours.

INDIAN APPOINTMENTS.

THE following little bit of information is encouraging to candidates for the post of assistant-surgeon under the East India Company's rule. Assistant-Surgeon C. R. Francis resigned his appointment at the dépôt at Warley, "in consequence of his not being allowed to reside in the usual quarters, but in a damp building, erected for a non-commissioned officer, and found to be totally unfit for residence. He was relieved on the 30th of December by Assistant-Surgeon F. Day, of the Madras Establishment, who, finding the rooms uninhabitable, requested a committee of inquiry to examine and report upon them, and, in the meantime, that he might be allowed the quarters hitherto used. This having been refused, he, the same day, tendered his resignation, and the entire question is now under reference to the Court of Directors."

These are hard times with the latter poor gentlemen; as they have yet to answer for the outbreak of the Indian mutiny, and are in abject fear of the parliamentary thunderbolts which will inevitably be launched at their devoted heads. If they intend to plead "peccavimus" (about the only plea left them), they cannot give better earnest of a real determination to improve than by showing themselves active in reforming individual cases of flagrant wrong, and by immediately making atonement for such an impertinent insult as that above narrated.

MUNIFICENT REQUESTS.

THE shortest sermon on record is stated to have been preached from the text, "He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "Brethren," said Dean Swift, "you hear the terms—if you like the security, down with the money." And a large collection was the result.

It seems strange that this business-like view of a great religious truth does not strike the numerous wealthy men who so often leave their worldly goods to those who have already more than abundance. That the handsome legacy of Dives, the gatherer, should enable Dives, the scatterer, to start an extra carriage, or keep a doubtful villa at Brompton, is no advantage to any human being. Whereas, a tithe of the same wealth rightly bestowed would not only make thousands comparatively happy, but often keep them from vice, or keep death and disease from them, in addition to the contingent advantages promised to those who help the poor. As an example of such good works effected, we may cite the bequests made by the late John Hincliffe, of Notting-hill. In consequence of the recent decease of his widow, there are now being paid over to the undermentioned charities in the following proportions:—

	3 per Cent. Consols.
Cancer Hospital	£1,000
Charing-cross Hospital	1,000
Middlesex Hospital	1,000
St. Mary's Hospital	1,000
Asylum for Idiots	1,000
	3 per Cent. Reduced.
Indigent Blind Asylum	£1,000
Deaf and Dumb Asylum	1,000
Westminster Hospital	1,000
Magdalen Hospital	1,000
Lock Hospital	1,000
London Fever Hospital	1,000
London Truss Society	1,000
Journeyman Tailors' Institution	1,000
Houseless Poor Society	500
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals' Society	500

Who can compute the amount of good that such a disposition of property will do? It is begun by the payment of the money; where it will end no human power can surmise. Surely that must be a blissful thought on a death-bed!

A NOTE OF INTERROGATION.

WE have received a communication in which our attention is called to a passage in "Humphrey Clinker," the last and best of the novels of Dr. Smollett. It is therein recounted how *Matthew Bramble* was dealt with after being pulled out of the water nearly drowned. "He was laid upon the grass, and turned from side to side. A great quantity of water ran out of his mouth, then he opened his eyes, and fetched a deep sigh." Whereupon he was bled, wrapped up in blankets, fainted, and finally recovered by laying him on salt, bathing his temples with Hungary water, and holding smelling-salts to his nose—which method of treatment induces our correspondent to inquire—"Is Marshall Hall's Method simply a revival after all?"

The description of Smollett has about as much relation to the grand discovery of our greatest modern physiologist as the machine of Hiero had to do with the tin-model of a steam engine made by the young Watt who never heard his name. We have no patience with this small carping at the fame and discoveries of great men, because, forsooth, the materials which they turned to noble purposes had passed through the hands of others. The uncouth attempt of a mediæval shepherd to delineate his *Mopso*, is widely different from a sketch of the *Fornarina* by Raphael, though made with the same piece of charcoal. There is nothing new under the sun, only in so far that all which now is, existed in some form at the time of Adam.

"All the means of action,
The shapeless masses—the materials
Lie everywhere about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear—
That fire is Genius."