

## IMBROGLIOS.

During the hottest summer in which doctors have been abroad for many a year, a number of them have been involved in troublesome imbroglios. At Boston, the pin-worm controversy has prevented the professional circulation from stagnating, and given a ripple of animation to her medical bays, harbors and inlets, while August was reeling off the dog-days. Greased lightning is a synonym for fast men and fast women, (if the latter exist except in pursuit of a flea under difficulties) but a *posteriori* lardation as a preventive of pin-ova development is the *rub*. At Philadelphia a small rebellion broke out. The County Society put its foot on Women's Medical Colleges, and threatened to expel any member who should become aider or abettor thereof, or teachers therein. Some of the first professors of the city were already "advertised" as teachers in these anomalies. "Don't you see?" said one of the city medical journals,—O, stiff-necked and disobedient medical society, "that these lights are *already* shining in the Woman's Temple." My foot is down and my face set like a flint, replied the society.

While the Philadelphia County Society are thus in pursuit of Professors Stillé and Hartshorne, of the University of Pennsylvania, on the Woman's Medical College question, the Camden, N. J. County Medical Society get after Professors Gross and Pancoast, of the Jefferson Medical College, for "consulting in the village of Haddonfield, N. J., a notorious irregular physician of that place." In the Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania, "Dr. Gross made a statement that he had met in con-

sultation the person named in the charge, but was unaware that he was in any way irregular." This gave satisfaction to Pennsylvania, and will, no doubt, to Camden.

At Manhattan Island one of her dozen medical journalists, while engaged in writing a series of chapters on the American Medical Association Code of Ethics, had his name left out of a revised printed list of regular physicians, in good consultation standing; while another incapable of producing anything original, snarls at every one who selects the same article from the same source he does himself, and threatens to discontinue the exchange unless a monopoly of scissors is conceded to him! "The world moved," however, before he had any selections to exchange, and might pray to be "delivered" from his sort.

Our friends at New Orleans have just issued a pamphlet of twenty-four pages, entitled, "The Orleans Infirmary, and the Medical Association of New Orleans." From this we learn that a few of the first physicians of the city, viz: Samuel Choppin, C. Beard, Dr. Warren Bricknell, and Q. DeNeson Bruns, got up an infirmary, and to make it known, had printed, what every one outside of New Orleans would call a circular letter, for it begins thus: "NEW ORLEANS, No. 142 Canal street,  
New Orleans, April, 1869.

SIR:—"

Which, if not a letter, is backed very much like a whale.

Dr. Crawcour arraigns these gentlemen upon this letter, which he calls a "hand-bill," and which the Association call a "hand-bill," and which the four gentlemen interested declare is *not* a "hand-bill," and prove it by Webster, unabridged. The upshot of the matter is, that the four gentlemen are suspended for violating the code, whereupon they resign, and thereupon the Association lets them understand that a man suspended may be resigned, but cannot resign. He has no foundation! But these gentlemen reply, "*we have resigned!*"

And then to show that something dead was in't,  
The doctor mourns by going into print.

We know these gentlemen personally, and it will take a great deal more than we see in this pamphlet to make us believe that



they infringed the spirit of the Code of Ethics a hair's breadth. We are not going to argue this now.

Of the Louisville imbroglio, now happily brought to a close, we need say nothing. The plagiarist imbroglio of Cincinnati, and the worse one of St. Louis, were ventilated when the weather was cooler. The doctors there were entitled to no credit for being "jolly." They could keep cool. But for the native ice of Boston, the ice manufacturing company of New Orleans, and lake ice, a foot thick, every day at Louisville, by rail, our brethren would have found perpetual union by melting down into an indistinguishable mass.

I am not old fogey, but decidedly young physic, yet am old enough to make a sensible proposition, and that is, that every doctor belonging to the American Medical Association, who has been mixed up in any imbroglio for the last quarter of a century, meet his fellows at Washington at the next meeting of the Association, in a room to be specially designated for that purpose, and in the presence of the president of the Association, and all the ex-presidents present, to be introduced to each other, and in this re-union, each pledge his friendship to the other through coming life. If any one suppose I have any selfish motive in this, he will make a very great mistake. I love peace with my whole heart, but I am not afraid of war, or the brewers of war. I ask the ex-presidents to assist in this matter.