

*She-Doctors.*—Dr. Bennet Dowler is out in his editorial columns, in favor of recognition of a feminine branch of the profession. He advises consultation with them, provided they are properly educated and qualified. "Is not," says he, "the rule forbidding consultation with all females, regardless of their qualifications and merits, an unnecessary restriction? an aggression? an injustice which will react injuriously upon the profession, and give rise to well-grounded charges of prejudice and persecution?" Whilst we cannot but admire the chivalrous gallantry of our Southren *confrere*, we must be allowed to dissent totally from his conclusions. We do not propose to discuss the Woman's Rights question—all the world knows the dear creatures have the right to make doctresses, or worse, of themselves in "these United States," but another question arises when we coolly contemplate such a recognition of them, as to encourage others to fly off in such a deplorable tangent from their true orbit. We like women well enough, as an abstract proposition, but from the tongue of the sex in consultation, (*Horresco referens!*) we can only pray—"Good Lord deliver us!" Just think of this new apple of discord, tossed into the already not over peaceable professional circle! Would not the French critic's description of "the brilliant discourses which adorn the French Academy," be re-enacted every time He and She met over an unhappy patient? *Sic*—"A strife of words kept up by a confusion of principles; entire absence of conviction in one party, and extreme narrowness of views in another; fighting in empty space; reasonings in a circle; and false conclusions."