

ever find in the case before them indication of disturbance of the organ which owns him master. And yet the necessity for the synthetical and constitutional treatment of so-called local diseases is as urgent now as it was in the time of Abernethy, when the practical surgeon could discourse most eloquently and sensibly of medicine and hygiene, and their applicability to so-called surgical diseases.

Gentlemen, believe me, this violent divorcement of medicine and surgery, and this parceling out of the minor departments of either, while they have their advantage in increasing our knowledge of realities and our appreciation of partial facts, have drawbacks, which sometimes the cupidity of man turns to advantage. I shall not speak of medicine. But in another department let me say, this is the age of meddlesome surgery. Whether it be an ulcer (and ulcers belong to surgery—in the os oris or uteri is all the same) which so often receives the unnecessary caustic; or the hæmorrhoid which so often receives the unnecessary ecraseur or ligature; or the stricture which receives the rarely, if ever, necessary urethro tome, there is no denying that the multiplying of instruments which render apparently the performance of an operation easier ministers to the desire to use them. He who carries a revolver trusts to it and may find use for it; while he who discards its use gets on safely without it.

This meddlesomeness, however, is most apparent in regions least visible. To what fingering and inspection are subjected those organs hidden deeply in the person of the female? How many men live and thrive on the sometimes real, but often fancied, ailments of those organs. It appears to me as if what was intended by nature to be most hidden has been brought into more prominent relief than any of, nay than all of, the organs of the body. Are we always honest? Are *ulcers* or other affections of the womb as frequent as women are led to believe. They are I think not so numerous in the same person as *some* are made to believe. A lady on her way through the city recently had occasion to consult me for some trifling ailment. When handing me a fee she told me of her attachment to her physician, and no wonder, for, as she added, "he has saved my life eighteen times!!" I thought this an extraordinary number of times for her *Æsculapius* to have driven back the fell destroyer, but she at once explained in these words: "My doctor has cured me of eighteen ulcers all over the womb,—awful bad ones

too, I tell you,—some of them were very large. It cost me a pile of money, I assure you. I have just come back from Murray Bay, and I am anxious for my doctor to see how I am getting on." "But-madam," I ventured to suggest, "you have every appearance of health, and there can be no serious mischief now going on, with a general condition so satisfactory." "Oh! but these ulcers are awful bad things, and one might be eating away at the womb without one's perceiving it." I was quite relieved at not being asked to ascertain the condition of the womb, as I probably should have failed to detect what (I was charitable enough to think) her own physician would easily discover, a nineteenth and possibly not the last ulcer! Gentlemen, I believe we are not tainted in this city with that inordinate love of money, and all that it procures, to do that which is inconsistent with the elevated character of high-mindedness of the physician, or with the obligation imposed upon him when he stepped within the precincts of his present calling. But with the inducements that are held out, it requires no small amount of integrity and rectitude to enable the practitioner to follow out a course dictated by self-negation rather than interest; by magnanimity rather than by undue regard to private profit or advantage. It must not be supposed that I take exception to the existence of the special departments into which medicine and surgery, and chiefly the latter, are divided. The oculist and the aurist and the well-informed gynecologist has each his place in the brotherhood of medicine. But he has not, he should not have, a place in that brotherhood unless he possessed a fair knowledge of *general* medicine and surgery. I can imagine no greater pest in society than the specialist who knows only the organ with the diseases of which his interests are bound up. He is apt to regard every ailment as connected in some way with the organ which has been treated by him in a pamphlet or periodical. It is now as it was in the time of Molière, and with less excuse.

What, perhaps, has contributed more than any thing else to this state of things is the circumstance that men before entering upon the study of medicine do not now receive the liberal education they once received. In the time of Samuel Johnson the physician was admittedly the best informed and best educated person to be met with in society. He was as familiar with Latin, and often with Greek, as with his native tongue. How is it now? Let the abstracts of the communications made in the