

had not produced any permanent change in the shape of their heads. Infants were born still with perfectly round heads.

"*Some of the Present Aspects of Surgery.*"—Dr. HINGSTON then read the following paper on this subject :

The aspects of a science or of an art are as the aspects of a country ; not being always objective are not always the same—for the subject, seeing, has views of his own, habits of vision as it were, and these, unconsciously to himself, perhaps, change and color the prospective. I am as one, and only one, of those observers, and the field of observation—chiefly *ultra mare*—is the scene of former and more lengthened residence. During my recent visit to Europe, after an interval of nineteen years, I perceived, or fancied I perceived, among individuals in the higher walks of the profession, whether met with in society or at their own homes, a greater seriousness—a greater earnestness than on former occasions. Or was it that those intervening years had changed the mode of vision in the observer? The friction of mind against mind is seemingly incessant. The struggle for position is unremitting—rendered the more necessary by the increased and steadily increasing cost of living, and almost *pari passu*, the steadily increasing number of votaries to the healing art. The large incomes enjoyed—not always enjoyed, but always slaved for—by a limited few, have caused recruits innumerable, each one hoping to achieve distinction, as in the time of Napoleon the humblest soldier was animated with a hope of one day exchanging his musket for the *baton* of the marshal. Although great courtesy characterizes the relationship of members of the profession with one another, there are few who are not keenly alive to the necessity of continued effort for supremacy, as well as for its recognition; and self-assertion, though clothed with becoming modesty, is not always absent from the highest and most conservative ranks of the profession. But plain, honest thought—most markedly in Great Britain—finds plain, honest expression at all the meetings of societies I attended. Vague statements are unheeded; and if imagination is suspected as a possible source of stated fact, a clapping of hands is an indication of *that fact* having been duly noted. The most imaginative could not devise a readier method of expression than the clapping, graduated on a crescendo scale, which marks distrust or disapproval; and tediousness or irrelevancy receives a *quietus* in the same way.

The vast strides in the study of minute and morbid anatomy, and in special and general pathology, have opened up newer and, it is said, more profitable fields of professional labor. The growth and multiplication of specialties are prodigious. The three divisions of physician, surgeon and accoucheur; the subdivision of eye and ear surgery, and afterwards the further separation of the two latter, are no longer adequate to express the numerous subsections of professional work. On former visits I usually spent an hour or two a day with Sichel, Desmarres, or Graefe over the eye; with Wilde or Toynbee in studying the ear; while a Stokes, a Graves, a Trousseau or a Schönlein was, in our then benighted condition, deemed fit to teach the practice of medicine in general; and a Syme, a Velpeau or a Langenbeck was supposed to be quite abreast of general surgery. Now, all is changed, and perched on every barleycorn of vantage ground the specialist works in a narrower, a more restricted sphere, seeing clearer, no doubt, what he *does* see, but with less acquaintance, it is said, with the ailments of other organs with which his own may be intimately connected. Yet the labors of the specialist—each in his own department—have greatly advanced the general stock of knowledge. The all-round man is becoming a *rara avis*; yet when a Jonathan Hutchinson appears, going to and from the meetings of the British Medical Association, he is greeted by physician and surgeon alike as one who, in his day, has touched many things pertaining to both medicine and surgery, yet of whom it may be said, *nec tetiget quod non ornavit*. It is men such as he who show us how the various branches of our art are mutually dependent, and how they correct, reform and reclaim each other. The newer and more inviting fields of special work are, in Great Britain, drawing into their ranks, at a rapid rate, men who will be competitors in those ranks. There must soon be a limit to subdivision. The story told a few years ago of a lady in London who had given her lungs to one physician, her liver to a second, her heart to a third, her womb to a fourth, and so on, would now be strange in the atmosphere of refined life, were she so incautious and so ill-informed as to confide the whole of any organ to a single individual.

Now and then, as you are aware, efforts are made in the direction of synthetizing diseases. Thus Erasmus Wilson, in his old age—and it was a richer legacy than that represented by his Cleo-