

Correspondence.

The British Dental Association.

From a Correspondent.

I am very glad to be able from my own notes, and largely from the invaluable report in the current issue of the journal of the association, of which I have this moment had a copy fresh from the press, to give you a sketch of the annual meeting of the representative British Dental Association, and I confess that I find it difficult to keep my pen from running away from the fine work of the microscopical section to memories of Knox and Scott and Burns. How are we to be expected to absorb our attention in the association routine in the very teeth of the Old Town, with its quaint structures, its courts and wynds, "from a palace in the plain to a castle in the air," with all its ever-ringing history; at the very foot of the castle rising on the rock, from whence you could look down on Greyfriars, where "the Covenant" was signed; with the Carlton Hill and its rich views of land and sea. I am haunted at every step by recollections of mountain, of loch and glen and stream. A friend sitting by me in the meeting showed me an immense exostosis on the apex of a molar. "I call that Ben Lomond," said I, and the man thought I was daft, and I ask you, Mr. Editor, how can you expect aught else from me? I have caught the Scottish accent on my tongue. Everyone has read Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," and I took occasion to warn my friends to forget, if they could, the story of the Doctor of Drumtochty if they wanted to see through the microscopes, for it's almost enough to make a glass eye weep.

There were over two hundred members present, and the Edinburgh University buildings, which were generously granted for their use, was a busy scene. One who remembers that the ethical lines are scrupulously drawn as to membership, will appreciate the absence of that large and self-boasting audience who are either too ignorant or too malicious to ally themselves under the high ægis of the association regulations, and the association is to be congratulated upon a stern refusal to lower either its dignity, or even to allow its facilities for admission to be lowered. Mr. Bowman MacLeod, the President, heading the Scottish branch, gave a Highland welcome to the members, at the Waterloo hotel; then we had our own pipes; and the janitor of the Edinburgh Dental Hospital handled the national bagpipe,