

Physicians and Surgeons of London and the Provinces, as well as the heads of various public medical bodies and many disinterested men. Whether this will have the desired effect in putting an end to what is called the *special nuisance* is extremely doubtful. The majority of special Hospitals are now rich and well endowed both in lands and money, and can hold their way in spite of all opposition. The smaller fry are to a certain extent supported by the public, but are kept alive by the energy alone of their medical officers, who sometimes do not hesitate to put their hands in their own pockets to prevent their favourites from sinking. The Hospital (so called) for stone, consists of a private house taken in Marylebone Lane, and at present possesses perhaps 3 or 4 beds, but the number will increase if any wealthy sympathizing and suffering individuals lend their aid. And it is a curious fact in the history of many of these institutions, that when the funds are low and things apparently in a very languishing condition, a feeling of pride will prompt wealthy members of the Committee to keep them agoing during their life time, with perhaps a handsome legacy at their demise. Now the chief surgeon of the Hospital for stone, as announced in the advertisements, is Mr. Spencer Wells, a man very well known in Surgical Science, and one of the editors and proprietors of the *Medical Times*. It may be assumed that this Hospital, which looks to him as its founder, will not be decried in his own Journal, and as he in common with many others is imbued with the spirit of *specialism*, no effort will be spared to keep it afloat, with the ultimate prospect of its furnishing an abundant harvest. This outcry, its supporters say, will blow over in a little while, and then it will go on swimmingly. This is very problematical, as of all specialities under the sun it is one wholly uncalled for as an isolation from the general Hospitals. A man may take up urinary diseases as a subject for special study and research, but to establish a hospital solely for them is another matter. I shall however watch its progress, as it is a close neighbour, and will not fail to chronicle its ultimate fate.

Next to the Hospital for Stone, the operation of *Iridectomy* has taken hold of the professional mind.

Hold! Stop! a medical friend passes another in the street. What is the matter? Is your sight imperfect? It is failing a little to be sure at my time of life, and I am recommended to wear spectacles! Don't do any such thing; I will take you to my friend Bowman, or to Hulkee, and the simple and harmless operation of Iridectomy, as introduced by Von Graefe, will completely restore your vision!

This is quietly submitted to, the operation is performed, the healthy man is really converted into an invalid, and happy is he if his sight is not wholly destroyed. People ride their hobbies to death; they run mad on particular subjects; they see everything with one colour, and the mischief that is done and tamely submitted to, is positively incalculable. Von Graef's son-in-law (the nickname given to a young surgeon) is one of this class, and as he holds a public appointment, his public acts are fairly open to criticism. He is the great champion of the operation and defender of Von Graef's views. Every one knows what Glaucoma is, both in its acute and chronic forms: it is an affection that cannot be called altogether frequent, although many cases do present themselves at our eye hospitals, of which London contains about 6