

Juenken (pronounced Yuenken) and Langenbeck are the professors of surgery; the former attached to the Charité, the latter to the University clinique in Ziegle Strasse. Much praise cannot be bestowed on Juenken as a *general* surgeon. He had made the eye his particular study, and, when considerably advanced in years, he was appointed to the chair of surgery. The result is, that although passable, he is not calculated to add lustre to the chair. As an ophthalmic surgeon, however, he is entitled to the highest praise. He operates with the greatest ease and dexterity, while his diagnosis seems almost infallible. Juenken has strenuously, and I fear unsuccessfully, endeavored, in a public discussion with Langenbeck, to show *that death can never take place in any patient from the inhalation of chloroform in any quantity*. It might be supposed that the loss of half a dozen patients in his hospital practice, when in a state of *anæsthesia*, would lead him to think that chloroform was *not* perfectly harmless. Yet those deaths have been attributed *not* to chloroform, but to shock of the operation. It is unfortunate that a man should hold such views—as it causes him to pay less attention to his patient—to administer it in unnecessarily large quantities, and to confide its administration to improper hands.*

But by far the most attractive to the stranger is the surgical clinique in Ziegel Strasse, where Langenbeck may be seen daily, with, generally, several cases for operation. The operating theatre, (a large, circular, well lighted room), is interesting, also, for its associations. 'Twas here Von Graefe, during a number of years, gave instructions, till death removed him from the scene of his great success. He died a millionaire, by his profession. 'Twas here his world-renowned successor, Dieffenbach held forth. 'Twas here, alas! he died. The sofa, on which he was seated, observing a student making an examination of a tumor, when he quietly and suddenly expired, is still here. The portraits of both are suspended in the room. Dieffenbach's death was so sudden, and in the midst of such flourishing health, that the great mass of the people could not believe he was dead. A mirror was placed before his mouth, and in this way was closely watched by his assistants and several physicians for four days, but no sign of life was visible. The populace, however, still fondly clinging to the hope that he *would* "come to"—nay, almost believing in his infallibility, would not even yet allow him to be buried. *They* watched him five days more—when decomposition too plainly told them they need watch no longer. When it was at last admitted that he

* On the 6th January, I was present at an operation—Extirpation bulbi for melanosis. When the eye had been completely removed, it was observed that the patient, (a woman of about 58 years of age), did not breathe. Electricity, respiration, &c., were resorted to—but to no purpose. This death, like the preceding, was attributed to shock to the nervous system, and would, he said, have taken place, even if chloroform had not been administered.