

I have often listened to him with unbounded pleasure and admiration. His clear voice is distinctly heard in every corner of the immense, dark, sombre lecture room. In the St. Louis, his clinic is well attended, especially by strangers, many of whom are forced to come to the conclusion that the medical world came to, long ago, ———. While they admire the fertility of his genius, they regret that the patient's feelings and comfort form such an unimportant item in his calculations.

HOPITAL DU MIDI,—founded by Godfrey de la Tour, in 1613. At the time of its foundation, one bed served for eight patients, four of whom occupied it from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m.; and the other four from 1 to 7 a.m. They received, with their ticket of admission, a severe flogging—were thrust into a dark, close cellar, among other unfortunates—forced to wait months, and sometimes a year, before being placed under treatment—to lie as already mentioned, and finally to receive another severe castigation before leaving. At that time the married and the single of both sexes occupied the same ill-lighted, ill-ventilated dungeons. But now matters are changed, and if the Midi is not so elegant as other hospitals, every inmate of it, has, at least, a separate bed—of which there are 321. Upwards of 3000 are admitted during the year, the mortality among whom does not generally exceed 11. Ricord and Vidal attend. We rarely meet with physicians to the same hospital, holding views so widely different, as are those of M. Ricord from his colleague Vidal. While, on the one hand, Ricord, almost alone and unassisted, asserts the non-transmissibility of matter other than the pus of chancre, and its entrance into the system only by a chancre,—Vidal, with Velpeau, Malgaigne, and a host of lesser stars, have tried hard to confute him, and whether successful or not the curious in those matters must decide for themselves. Ricord, notwithstanding this powerful opposition, still holds forth to a class if anything more numerous than before. He is possessed of great volubility of speech, is remarkably witty, constantly indulges in rough jokes and *double entendres*. His class and visiting hour are looked forward to, as something to be enjoyed, while a roar of laughter not unfrequently announces their termination.

HOPITAL DE LA REPUBLIQUE.—This, though unfinished, is a very pretty edifice, situated between the St. Denis and Poissonnière Gates, and is composed of ten bodies, connected together by arches; six are for patients, the remaining four for baths, laundry, &c. It is ventilated and heated in the same manner as the Hopital Beaujon. The hospital accommodates about 600 patients, but the *service* is never followed.

HOPITAL DE LOURCINE.—Few hospitals were so imperatively called for, as this one, for females affected with syphilis. It was founded for that purpose in 1559; was subsequently, however, a house of refuge, but