

of nine there could escape two. But this state of things did not continue after the revolution; hospitals were constructed in the different *arrondissements*; for the small pox, the venereal, the affected with calculus, the pregnant, &c., special hospitals were provided, and the Hotel Dieu disgorged herself of her superabundance.

Every patient has now a separate bed, of which there are 1260. About 13,000 receive medical and surgical aid during the year, of which upwards of 1400 die. Mortality is 1 in 7.39 in the service of medicine, and 1 in 22.50 in that of surgery; and 1 in 9.06 when conjoined. The hospital occupies both banks of the Seine, connected together by a covered bridge; it is built entirely of stone—stone walls, stone ceilings, stone floors. To some of the wards we descend as if into the ground, and into which the light penetrates but feebly. Many of them resemble dungeons—nor are iron bars wanting to improve the comparison. They are all, however, kept scrupulously clean. The bedsteads are of iron, with curtains of blue cotton. Louis, Martin Solon, Guerard, Chome], Piedagnel, Horteloup, Réquin, and Trousscau are the physicians.

Louis never took much trouble with those visiting the hospital. He prefers holding communion with the medical world through the medium of the pen, rather than *viva voce*. Of the remainder, Trousscau's is the most numerously attended medical clinique in Paris. He is very popular as a lecturer, and dwells at great length on the doses and properties of medicines. He lectures with wonderful facility, and is possessed of the rare faculty of making listeners believe that what he is talking about is unquestionably the most important matter he has ever submitted to their consideration. Thus, one morning's lecture was occupied with *veratrum*, and its employment in acute rheumatism. It was (so he told us) to supersede all other remedies. Borax and honey in croup and whooping cough formed the subject of another morning's lecture, and if his listeners did not feel disposed to place as much reliance in those remedies as he did, (which they certainly could not but do after his frequent reiterations of *je l'assure, je l'affirme, c'est moi qui le dit, &c.*) they were unanimous in their admiration of his eloquence, and of the ingenuity with which he manufactured mountains out of molehills. Yet to be candid, I know of no medical clinic where students can receive more instruction. He prescribes no medicine without explaining its action on the economy, and the results he wishes to obtain. He is very popular with the students, and deservedly so, for they are always treated by him with gentleness and kindness.

The surgeons are (1853), Roux, Boyer, and Jobert de Lamballe. Roux is now so old that, when operating, he makes a series of cuts where one