

Chirurgie professor, chirurgica tantum doceat idest quæ operationem manuum pertinent. At that time the qualifications necessary to become a member were very high, and strange to say, of a medical society, members when admitted, were required to declare on oath that they were not married, nor were they allowed to marry, when members, under pain of expulsion. Early in the 18th century, surgery, under the special favour of the King, eclipsed in brilliancy, the proudest days of medicine, and the indignities which the latter had heaped upon surgery, were now aided by the strong arm of royalty, returned. The Faculté was, after a time, again victorious, and again and again was on the brink of dissolution. It continued, however, to drag its sluggish length along until 1821, when the Académie Royale came into existence. This Académie afterwards called Nationale, now Impériale, succeeded in obtaining the suppression of the Faculty—but only for a time—for students, attached to their teachers, and possessing unusual advantages in an excellent Museum, Library, &c., would not attend those, whose greatest claim to be listened to, was royal favour. The Faculté still exists, changed indeed, by making new and repealing old statutes, but still possessing the germs implanted by its founders, which has enabled it to exist during a period of 500 years of no common vicissitude, and at times to flourish. Connected with it, are an Anatomical Amphitheatre, Botanic Garden, Museum (the far-famed Dupuytren's) Chemical Laboratory, Library, Hospital, where there are conveniences for dissecting 450 bodies.

All the chairs in the Faculté de Médecine are filled by men of world wide *reimnee*, and it is necessary to mention among others, the names of Cruveilhier, Malgaigne, Orfila,* Andral, Piorry, Bouillaud, Trousseau, Roux, Nelaton, Velpeau, Dubois, &c., &c. in confirmation.

INSTITUT DE FRANCE.—At the latter part of last century, the various academies in Paris, of which there were then a great number, were united into one, under the name of Institut de France. It is unneces-

The faces of the students wore an unusual air of solemnity, when on repairing on the 12th March 1853 to the Ecole de Médecine in the *Quartier Latin*, they found the gates closed, and their eyes rested on a small piece of paper attached to the court-railing on which was written: "causé par la mort de M. Orfila." The unwelcome nature of the intelligence was visible in their countenances, for Orfila was their favorite and friend, and had fitted up a Museum of great value, which he dedicated "*aux Etudiants en Médecine*," and had instituted prizes in those branches to which he had devoted his life-time. The following Monday, the corpse was borne from his late residence to the Eglise St. Sulpice, where a service for the dead was performed. All the professors and academicians in their robes assisted. The road leading from the Church to Père la Chaise was lined by military, who, "close up" as the *cortège* passes. The coffin is laid in the earth—a funeral oration is pronounced, and Orfila is left alone. Thus terminated the existence of one, whose sun rose in obscurity, but went down in splendour. The youth, who, upwards of half a century ago, finds his way to Paris, unknown, uncared for, becomes the honoured associate of potentates and princes in science, whose authority has brought, is bringing, and will bring death or freedom to thousands who never heard his name, for Orfila as a toxicologist and an authority in legal medicine, stood alone.