

HOSPICE DE LA VIEILLESSE.

WITH my mind overrun in all directions by dogs whining, yelping, and barking, I proceeded along the Boulevard de l'Hôpital until I found myself on a large esplanade of grass, dotted with trees. Across it were two paved roads converging to a handsome Doric gateway, supported by a pair of massive lofty columns, above which were inscribed in black paint, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," and beneath, deeply engraved—

Hospice de la Vieillesse.

Femmes.¹

This magnificent hospital, commonly called "La Salpêtrière,"—from its standing on ground formerly occupied as a saltpetre manufactory—and which in the year 1662 contained nearly ten thousand poor, is 120 yards more than a quarter of a mile in length, by 36 yards more than the fifth of a mile in breadth. On arriving

¹ Hospital for aged women.