is approached by a flight of stone steps leading up to a lofty entrance door, through which, doubtless, "the ten patients in one week" were admitted in the year of Grace and month of September, 1779.

We now enter a large, lofty, spacious square entrance hall, panelled in dark oak, paved with stone, and lighted by windows on each side of the entrance door. There are a number of seats about the hall which spoil its appearance, as they occupy the middle portion. Passing along these seats we come to a long corridor branching off right and left of us, and leading to all the rooms on the groundfloor. The left portion of the corridor may be likened to a public thoroughfare, so incessant is the traffic through it. One reason for this is that it is the highway to the receiving room, a "Stygian caveforlorn," where "Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy," the tireless Surgeons ply their never-ending task of mercy for the alleviations of the ills of poor maimed humanity. The friends or relations of the patients stand about the corridor, or sit upon the staircases; these last mostly women with little children in their laps, waiting for their turn "to be seen to." On this side of the corridor is the Assistant House Surgeon's room, and farther on the old-fashioned, but comfortable, apartments of the "front garden."

Pursuing our way along the corridor we come to a long flight of stone steps to the right of us, leading to the large open space at the back of the Hospital, a portion, in fact, of the eight acres of meadow land purchased to build it on --not quite so pastoral now as then. On each side of the steps are two wings, four stories high, at right angles to and leading out from the main building, which forms here three sides of a somewhat gloomy square. Some years ago a wealthy citizen had built for each wing

an annexe, containing lavatories, &c., for each floor, and this thoughtful and greatly needed gift was much appre-ciated. Amongst other buildings, at the back of the Hospital is a large Burn Ward, completely isolated from the rest of the building; and in another part of it the Ingleby Home for Nurses, of which I shall have more to say in a future paper. This open space is also a recreation ground for the convalescents, and there is also a tennis lawn (?) marked out for their amusement. On the occa-sion of my visit two men were playing a melancholy sort of game together, which appeared to give great delight to a poor little laddie on crutches (who hopped about after the balls), and three young women seated on a bench laughing and looking on. We have no time to waste upon amusements, for a lady approaches and ascends the steps, for whom we have been waiting and came to see-the Matron. We return to the corridor, and after a short rest in her apartment we start under her kind guidance for a brief visit of inspection to a small portion of the interior of the Hospital. Still passing along the corridor we come to its end, and ascend a short stair-case leading to a landing. The Matron opens one of the case leading to a landing. The Matron opens one of the doors on it, and shows us into a large cheerful-looking Ward. I think it is No. 6; at all events, it is devoted to male surgical cases. The spring sun shone cheerfully into the room, lighting up the spring flowers that adorned The Ward is somewhat irregular in shape, having a it. central avenue, and other and smaller portions leading out from it. The total number of beds is twenty-six. Large wooden pillars support the ceiling here and there, and give a picturesque look to the Ward, breaking up the bare appearance presented by most Hospital Wards. There is plenty of light, and a general air of comfort and admirable order pervades the room.





