

changing even their aprons, I do not think they did that. I would often meet a patient when going through the different wards in the morning with a few pocks on his face, and I would march him or her up to the smallpox ward and keep him there until he was convalescent, and then he was allowed to mix with the other patients downstairs without changing his clothing or even taking a bath. The friends of the patients were allowed to visit them. There was no rule or regulation of the hospital to prevent them from visiting the smallpox patients if they wished to do so. I have forgotten the number of patients we had in hospital, but I am sure there must have been about thirty, and, with the exception of the foreigners, there was only one who had the confluent variety. She was one of our nurses, and never was vaccinated, nor would she allow me to vaccinate her. She was very ill, and her whole body was one mass of sores. I think it would have been hard to put a pin point in healthy skin, and the odor of her room was intense. She was the only one that we lost, and the part that I want to tell you is that I carried her down from the third storey on the stretcher, through all the halls to the morgue, without taking the slightest precautions. I suppose you have all heard one definition of a disinfectant—something with an odor so bad that you have to open the windows to let it out. Well, that is about what happened in this case; we not only opened the windows, but gave the room a thorough washing with carbolic acid and water, but we burnt sulphur as well.

In reference to the treatment of enteric fever, we gave large doses of quinine. I have seen as high as 30-grain doses given, and if the temperature did not come down in four hours, I have seen that dose repeated. To sponge with cold water would be an unpardonable crime, and I don't remember ever seeing a patient get a cleansing bath of soap and warm water until the patient was convalescing. We also gave large quantities of milk and milk and lime water to sustain the patient from the commencement of the disease. As a consequence we brought on one of the most difficult and painful complications, viz., indigestion, and distention of the bowels. Then we had to resort to hot poultices and turpentine. I really should know something about the treatment of typhoid fever in those days, as the hospital was filled with it, and every official but myself was ill with it. I had it, but did not know it. When I look back I am sure that I had a "walking" typhoid fever, and every medical man on the staff would prescribe some different brand of wine. I remember as well as if it were yesterday the expression: "Well, Taylor, you will be the next one." After