

On the evening of the 6th of July, he met a party of about a dozen of ladies and gentlemen at the residence of one of the leading citizens of Quebec, George Okill Stuart, Esquire, Queen's Counsel, then Mayor of the city; and within one week from that day, four of the party including Mr. Wilson (and one of them the lady of a Baronet), were among the earliest victims of Asiatic Cholera.

Mr. Wilson died at the St. George's Hotel, on the *Place D'Armes*, kept by Willis Russell, also proprietor of the Russell Hotel, Palace Street. Being the family physician of Mr. Russell (although I did not attend Mr. Wilson), I strictly enjoined him to destroy or cause to be destroyed or buried all the body and bed-clothing of deceased, as well as the bed on which he died, and to have the rooms thoroughly disinfected.

The medical gentleman who attended Mr. Wilson, although a distinguished physician and surgeon, was a decided non-contagionist, and pooh! poohed! my suggestions. On Mr. Russell hesitating how to act, I told him that I should feel it my duty to warn any of my friends of the danger of visiting his hotel, if he refused to adopt the prudent precautions I had suggested. Having prevailed on him to follow my advice, the clothes and bedding were removed, and (as I then supposed) destroyed, and I superintended the thorough disinfection of the premises. There was no other case of cholera in the hotel.

Now for the sequel. A waiter named Francis Roberts, to whom the clothing had been given by Mr. Russell to be destroyed, fearing no danger, and thinking the clothes too good to throw away, took them to the gaol where he lodged with his son, who was one of the turnkeys, and hung them up in a large room, known as the chapel, to air. Here Sunday services were performed, and in the week days it was used by the turnkeys and their families as a general recreation room. On the following day, Roberts had an attack of cholera, but got better. On Tuesday, instead of remaining quiet at home, he went down to St. John Street to see a friend, a watchmaker and jeweller, named Teasdale, with whom he remained an hour or two. On his return to the gaol, he had a relapse, and died of cholera the same night. The next day Teasdale was attacked with cholera and died, and his wife also. The same day Miss Browning, a daughter of another of the turnkeys in the gaol, fell sick, and after a severe attack recovered. On the same day, the 13th, a prisoner named John Baker, who had been allowed to range about the corridors, and into the chapel, was attacked and died. On the Sunday following, Miss Mary Ann Browning, another daughter of the turnkey's, was attacked at eleven o'clock, a.m., while at the chapel, and was brought home, and died at ten the same night. After this, a number of cases occurred in the gaol.