

The question may arise in the minds of some members present, "What connection have these prefatory remarks with the title of the paper on the programme?" I must therefore remember that although old men may be permitted sometimes to trespass on the patience of their brethren, because in the course of nature they may not have the chance of repeating the boredom at another annual gathering, yet there is a limit to everything, and I will therefore endeavor to strictly limit my remarks to the "Then" and "Now" of the last sixty years, and adding only to the former the three intervening years between 1825 and 1828. In the spring of 1825, then, with my parents and three sisters, the family abode in the neighborhood of London was changed for educational purposes to the ancient cathedral and seaport city of Boulogne-Sur-Mer, France, the location some twenty years previous of the formidable camp and flotilla, destined by Buonaparte for the invasion of England. Our residence was outside the ancient gateways of the ramparts of the upper town. After the stroke of 10 p.m. these gates were closed by the sentinels, and should the unfortunate wayfarer in the hurry to pass through before the last stroke of the bell, have forgotten to keep the centre of the road, he would quickly after the sound of the opening of the upper windows, be deluged by a shower anything but *ambrosial*—the warning voice of "*Garde a vous*" not always heard, or perhaps in a moment of abstraction unheeded. The streets leading to the new town at the foot of the steep hill on which the upper town is situated (one not inappropriately then named the Rue de Pipots) had on each side stone gutters, the channel of the sewerage of Upper Town into the Sienne River, debouching into the tidal harbor. At low tides, as a consequence a combination of sewerage and dead-fish odor took place. On my return from the International Congress at Geneva in 1882, I found on re-visiting Boulogne, this primitive state of conveyance of sewerage no longer in existence, replaced by waterworks, under-ground sewers, both in Upper and Lower Town, magnificent *Etablissements des Bains* new docks, and extensive new deep-water harbor, and apparently in every particular due regard to modern ideas of sanitary precautions; but inasmuch as I failed to notice the continuation of closet soil pipe upwards through the roof, or pipes running up the side of the house from the point

where the house-soil pipe emerging from the building enters the main sewer, and carried outside clear of all windows to the roof, and further, the absence of a separate supply of water for closet purposes, the important question occurred to me, whether the primitive state of affairs existing in my schoolboy days, where the oxidation of sewage left to the sun and circumambient air was not attended with less danger to the inhabitants than under-ground sewers improperly ventilated, or in such a way as to be little more than a pretense. In the spring of 1828 I left France to commence the study of Medicine as a pupil for five years, with an Edinburgh graduate practising at Battersea, the birthplace of the celebrated Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, then only a suburban village of London. The insanitary surroundings at that date of this location on the River Thames were, although at the time little heeded, certainly not favorable for a low death rate, as between it and Nine Elms and Vauxhall there was a large extent of low-lying land overflowed by the river and underdrained, or imperfectly so; as a natural result, low fevers and ailments of a cachexic nature were not uncommon. In 1832 I had the charge of an extemporised cholera hospital there, and I cannot say that the percentage of recoveries was large; on the contrary, a visit from Pallida Mors usually occurred at intervals from the moment of seizure, of a few hours to a few days. The treatment that seemed for a time to hold out hope of recovery was the transfusion of saline solutions into the veins, which for a few hours exercised an almost magical effect in rescuing the patient from a state of complete collapse, and restoring warmth, only, however, to succumb in the second stage of consecutive fever.

Fifty years elapsed before I re-visited in 1882 this early location for study and professional work, and then only for a very brief space of time, sufficient, however, for finding that the under-drained fields where the pigeon matches were held, had been converted into a magnificent park at a cost of three hundred and forty thousand pounds, and this extensive pleasure-ground provided with an artificial sheet of water, a sub-tropical garden of four acres, and on the south side of the park the noted pleasure resort, the Albert Palace. You may imagine that on viewing these wonderful changes my feelings of astonishment were somewhat akin to those of Rip Van Winkle after his long sleep.