

The captain of the raft asked the old man to take one of his men ashore, who had died, and bury him. He had not heard about the Cholera, took the body ashore, and buried it. During the same night he took ill and died. His wife also sickened; and people passing by on Sunday morning, and seeing the house shut up, mentioned the fact to his nephew, whom they met at the parish church. Going to his uncle's house, he found his uncle dead, and his aunt dying. After doing his duty by his relatives, he went home to the second concession, where he took ill, and died. There were no other cases between these two points several miles apart.

A Canadian drover from *William Henry* left that place, where there had been a few cases of Cholera, to go to the Eastern Townships. His way lay through the unsettled forest for several miles. In the centre of this lay one of the way-side taverns, and was the only house in the forest. He arrived about midnight, rested, and took some refreshment, and in a couple of hours proceeded on his journey. The next day the tavern-keeper was attacked, and soon after his wife, and both of them died.

The history of such cases as the foregoing, together with the following, which I read in a Maine local paper in the early part of 1833, first awakened my suspicions to the possible contagion of Asiatic Cholera, and the reading of Kennedy's unanswerable work on the "Contagious Cholera" confirmed my impressions, that non-contagion was a dangerous and fatal doctrine.

A sailor belonging to the State of Maine died of Asiatic Cholera in 1832, in a northern European port in the Baltic, where Cholera prevailed. A chest containing his clothing and personal effects were sent home to his relations, who lived in a small straggling village on the Atlantic Coast, near Bangor, Me. It arrived about Christmas, 1832, and was opened immediately on its arrival. The inmates all remarked a peculiar heavy odour in opening the chest, and soon after began one by one to sicken, when the whole were within a few hours hurried into eternity by a disease resembling Asiatic Cholera in all its malignity. There had been no Cholera in the State previous to this, nor was there any after, until 1834. This last case is attested by Professor R. D. Mussey, late of Boston and now of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Let us now return to the steamer *Voyageur*.

A man who landed from her, died on the wharf on Saturday night, the ninth of June, in Montreal. Several other cases took place on the wharf, as well as in lodging-houses in the neighbourhood, and the disease spread rapidly.

Of the passengers who returned and remained in Quebec on Thursday night, a number went to the lodging-house of one Roche, in Champlain