

tion attracted multitudes of patients not only from the city, but from the entire Province, and often far beyond it.

When Lord Sydenham was Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada his horse fell with him and broke his Lordship's leg. He resided at Kingston, and sent promptly for Dr. Widmer. In those days the roads were very bad, and travelling slow, but, with relays of fresh horses, the doctor got to Kingston as quickly as he could and attended to his patient. The case did so well, and Dr. Widmer's skill and services were so highly appreciated by his Lordship, that he made him a special present of a valuable gold watch. Dr. Widmer was a great worker, always busy, and pleased to be so, but however his time might be taken up by patients able and willing to pay him well for what he did for them, he was always delighted to do all he possibly could gratuitously for the deserving poor during sickness of any kind. I have heard many of his former patients speak of the great kindness and attention he had shown them when they were not in a position to remunerate him as they would have liked to have done, and they often added, "Yet he attended us as well as if we had been the richest people in the Province." For a few years Dr. Widmer took into partnership with him Dr. Deihl, a medical man from Montreal, as it had become quite impossible for him to attend to all his patients without an assistant. This partnership lasted nearly six years and a half, and closed May 1st, 1835.

Dr. Widmer was of medium height, somewhat taller than Lord Roberts, but having much the same figure and erect, soldierly bearing. He was quick and active in all his movements. I fancy I can see him now as he often dressed in summer, with his swallow-tailed blue cloth coat, with its black velvet collar, a light-colored vest, and nankeen trousers, and well-fitting low shoes, neatly tied with black silk ribbon. When looking at a patient for the first time or at whatever might be going on that interested him, he often stood with two or three of his finger-tips in his trouser pockets.

His full-length portrait, painted by request of the medical profession, is now in the General Hospital, and gives an excellent idea of his appearance during the last two decades of his life. I knew him very well, having been his clinical clerk at the Hospital in 1850 and 1851, and remember calling upon him not very long before his death. I found him much depressed, on account of the recent death of his favorite son, Christopher Rolph Widmer. He spoke with much feeling of the shock his son's death had been to him, remarking that it seemed sad to have him cut off in his early youth, and with his life, humanly speaking, before him, while he, his father, now old, and of comparatively little use in the world, was spared. I said what I could to cheer him, and