

Correspondence.

LATE REV. J. CLIMIE AT MURRAY BAY.

My dear sir,—As it may be interesting to the friends of deceased, I desire to say something about his abode at the above named watering place.

When I met him there incidentally a day or two after his arrival, he informed me that he had been complaining of weakness, arising, he thought, from being fagged out with work ever since the Union Meetings in June, of which he had been chairman. I believe he said also that his physician had advised him to seek change of air. It is to be regretted that, without friends and in unsuitable quarters, he appeared to be without advice as to self-treatment. In the firm hope of shaking off his malady, I learned that he had every day climbed wearily up the neighbouring hills, thus wasting instead of husbanding his strength against the coming struggle with that strong enemy who was already draining his life-blood.

The last time I saw him in public was at a Bible-reading, where, having offered a few remarks, he afterward said that he felt so weak that he ought not to have spoken. Thus with extreme reluctance he was, on Sunday the 28th July, obliged to succumb. On Monday he was gratuitously attended by Dr. Rowand, of Quebec, and on Wednesday by Dr. Goldstein of Cobourg. The disease (remittent fever) having assumed the typhoid form, Dr. Goldstein advised Mr. Climie's immediate removal to Quebec, where he should meet with proper treatment.

An excellent friend in need, Mr. D. Wilkie, of Quebec, had a bed prepared whereon the patient could be removed and continue to lie on board the *Magnet*, and under the charge of two gentleman passengers he was landed at the Marine Hospital. He was then apparently somewhat better, and was joined by Mrs Climie, who was with him in his last moments.

His end was peace. Our good friend Mr. Wilkie, who read and conversed with him, says he never found such perfect satisfaction, so sure was he that whatever the result it was the will of God for good. There was scope enough for fretting discontent but not only did no murmur escape his lips, there appeared to be not a shadow on his mind.

I cannot conclude this communication without offering a word to your readers on the subject of these watering places, so far as I know them. Notwithstanding the blatant steamboat advertisements of the present year and the *couleur de rose* letters of newspaper correspondents, they are emphatically not the places for sick people. The accommodation, the stalls, misnamed bedrooms, the furniture, the attendance, the fare, may be all characterised by two words, *scanty* and *coarse*. And when we add that at Murray Bay the boarding-house keepers and their *domestiques* speak French only, you may imagine the plight in which poor Climie found himself. In a stall about 6 × 8 feet, on a short, narrow, and thin bed of straw, with sundry other adjuncts that reduced the stall almost to a den. Add to all this that there is no telegraphic communication, and that the postal arrangements are of the worst description, so that you are isolated from your home; and the picture is finished. The moral I wish to convey is, *sick folks* remain at home, where you can be nursed and cared for. Travelling for health and a month at the salt water is good for those only who are comparatively, I had almost said quite, well.

Montreal, August 12, 1867.

J. P. C.