

*man of culture.* It was in his profession, however, that he made his mark and earned his laurels. For many years he stood, with scarcely a rival, at the head of the New Brunswick bar, and was generally regarded by the profession as one of the first lawyers in the Dominion.

In September, 1880, Mr. Thomson attended the Northumberland circuit, and he returned feeling rather ill. He went to Fredericton to attend the Michaelmas term of the supreme court, and there became worse. The city corporation were anxious to have him go to England to oppose an appeal from the judgment of the Supreme Court of Canada to the Judicial Committee of H. M.'s Privy Council, in the case against the foreign banks for taxes. Mr. Thomson appeared for the city at Ottawa, and therefore considered it his duty to go, if he could, but felt too ill. His physician, however, thought the rest and sea voyage might do him good, and on the 30th of October, 1880, he left St. John for the last time.

Mr. Straton, who had been a student in Mr. Thomson's office about four years, wrote to his brother, Dr. Straton, mayor of Wilton, England, that Mr. Thomson was sailing for England in poor health, and to see him and see that he wanted for nothing.

The following letter from Dr. Straton will show how he performed the trust, and gives all particulars of the sad death of this truly great man :—

WEST LODGE, WILTON,  
SALISBURY, NOV. 23, 1880.

MY DEAR JAMES,—Knowing how beloved and respected Mr. Thomson was, not only in Saint John, but throughout the whole Dominion, I have thought it well to write you more fully than I have hitherto had time to do, and give you all the particulars of his illness, which ended so sadly, and with a loss so irreparable to his family and to his country.

When I had your first letter telling me he had left, as it did not contain any address, I wrote at once to the care of the shipping agents at Liverpool; and when your next one came giving me the names of the London solicitors, I wrote a second letter to their care. In both of these I begged him if he fell out of sorts after his voyage to come down and stay with us, that the rest and quiet of the country might restore him before his case came on. On Tuesday he reached London; and went to a hotel close to the railway station for the night; and on Wednesday he found, by the assistance of one of the solicitors, very comfortable apartments in Pall Mall. This gentleman called upon him in the evening on his way to the theatre, and thinking he looked ill, and knowing he was suffering from diarrhoea, brought back his cousin, a doctor, whom he met at the theatre, and got him to prescribe some astringent mixture for him. Next day, Thursday, 11th November, he wrote me the last letter he ever wrote. In it he says :—‘I would have answered your two kind letters before had I been able. But I am very ill. It is with difficulty that I can now write. I had been seriously unwell before leaving New Brunswick for England, but hoped that the sea voyage would set me up a little. It did not do so. I am now worse than when I left, and I fear I shall never see my home again.’

The case which I am to argue before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council will probably be called on for hearing on Tuesday or Wednesday next, and I hope that by that time I may have gained sufficient strength to act; if not, I must apply for a postponement, and retain another Queen's counsel to act as leader in my stead. If, after the argument, I feel strong enough, I will accept with pleasure your kind invitation, and I will in that case send you a telegram; but unless I shall have mended in health very much, the chances are greatly against my reaching home again alive.

I wrote, telling him I trusted things were not so hopeless as he imagined, and that I would come up by the earliest train next morning (Saturday), and, if possible, bring him back with me and nurse him up until his case came on.

I reached his lodgings at Pall Mall on Saturday a little before eleven, and was struck by his appearance. I asked him to allow me to examine him, and I found him, as far as I could form an opinion at one visit, suffering from typhoid fever, and in probably the third or fourth week of the fever. On questioning him, I learned that he had, while on circuit in the provinces in the month of September, drunk water from a tank which had been contaminated with sewage matter; that he had been attacked with diarrhoea afterwards; that he had had headache, sickness, shivering and pains in his limbs, about a week before starting, and that he had suffered from sickness and diarrhoea all the way across the Atlantic, with great prostration of strength, and pains in his bowels and back. With this history, and with a tongue, temperature, pulse and large spleen to confirm it, I gave him my opinion that he was suffering from typhoid fever, and that he must go to bed. I asked him to allow me to call in the aid of Sir William Jenner, Bart., who was probably the highest authority on typhoid fever in the world. To this he consented. Sir William Jenner said he had no doubt he was suffering from typhoid, and ordered him to bed. As my time was short, I then drove to the Middlesex Hospital, where I had an articled pupil, Mr. Douty, in the last term of his medical curriculum. He had been a most distinguished student, and I had every confidence in him. He promised to secure the services of a day nurse and a night nurse from the institution for trained nurses, and also get Dr. William Cayley, the physician to the London Fever Hospital, to see Mr. Thomson regularly. He was put to bed and fed on strong beef-tea and milk, with an allowance of wine at frequent intervals. He liked to be read to, and Douty, and the nurse on duty, read aloud to him