

During its rage we may state, on the authority of the late Dr. George Harding, the then Medical Superintendent of the Quarantine Station, that not fewer than one thousand found their last resting-place amidst the scanty soil of Partridge Island. The Doctor himself was at length prostrated by the virulent enemy he had so long baffled, and his life for a time was despaired of. In these circumstances a substitute became a necessity. Dr. Collins was the first to volunteer his services, which were accepted, and he made immediate preparations to leave his home and young wife, then in a state of pregnancy, to enter on his dangerous undertaking. On his way down to Reed's Point, to embark for the Island, he was met by a friend who used every argument and persuasive he could command to induce him to relinquish his voluntary task. He refused. "Then," said his friend, "give me your hand, we will never meet again, you are going to your grave." "If," replied the Doctor, "that were within my own knowledge a certainty, I have promised, and I would go." They parted, and he pursued his way to perform those arduous duties which he had undertaken in the cause of humanity. He reached his destination and lost no time in grappling with his responsibilities. Alas! the prediction of his friend proved in the sequel to be but too true. He had only been at his post about two weeks, when he was smitten by the destroyer, and in a few days became his victim. In the poem above quoted, Murdoch pays to his memory the following tribute:

"Next Collins came, whose ardour, zeal and love,  
Seemed inspirations from the world above;  
Though young in years, an Amethyst in skill;  
A courage dauntless, an unbending will,  
Sustain'd awhile his warm, impulsive heart,  
In turning sideways Death's relentless dart;  
But caught amiss, the venom touched his vein,  
And rush'd like magic to his master brain;  
Short time the struggle, Death had now the grip,  
And blanched the colour from his cheek and lip,  
But still while prostrate on his couch he lay,  
In physique helpless as his native clay,  
His latest blessing to mankind was given,  
And breathing love, respired his soul to Heaven."

He died on Partridge Island, July 2nd, 1847. His remains were conveyed from thence to Indiantown, where they were interred. They were afterwards removed to the Burying Ground at Fort Howe, where a small monument marks his last resting place. Thus died at the early age of twenty-three years and three months, one of the most promising Students of Medicine which it has ever been the privilege of New Brunswick to own.