

knowledge. In due season he was sent by his father to the St. John Grammar School, where he received his preliminary education, and, before leaving, had acquired, under the tuition of the late Dr. Paterson, a pretty thorough knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages. In accordance with his own desire it was now resolved that he should study for the practice of medicine. With this object in view an arrangement was made with the late Dr. Peters, of Carleton, under whom he passed through the studies necessary, preparatory to going to College. His university career was an eminent success, but after graduating with all the honours, his ambitious mind was not satisfied. He was accordingly sent to Europe where he completed his medical education, under the master minds of that science in London and Paris. On receiving his diploma in both these cities, he turned his face towards the setting sun and again returned to St. John, where he immediately began to practice. Before leaving London the Professors, in the way of acknowledging his merits, offered to procure for him a medical commission in the army. This friendly offer he declined, on account of the delicate condition of his mother's health, whom he could not forsake. His success in business was sufficient, as he thought, to warrant him in entering into the holy state of matrimony. He accordingly married the object of his affections, a Miss Mary Queen, sister to the Fathers Queen, of St. John, and for a few short months enjoyed all the domestic felicity which attends that happy condition of life, with a loving and well assorted youthful couple. It was of short duration, however. In the summer of 1847, that malignant epidemical pestilence, commonly known as the Ship Fever, was conveyed by the emigrant ships to the Quarantine Station at Partridge Island, where its ravages were fearful to contemplate. On this subject we cannot do better than quote a passage from one of Murdoch's poems, descriptive of the sad havoc worked by that destroying angel:

"The silvery rays our Island Lighthouse shed
Hung like a halo o'er the countless dead,
Who, press'd by famine from their native land,
Had sought a home on fair Columbia's strand.
But in their wake from Erin's stricken shore,
Came pestilence across the Ocean's roar;
The ships were smitten by its poisonous breath,
And sharks were fatten'd by the work of Death,
Who on our Island frown'd like an eclipse,
And drew his victim thousands from the ships
Saved from the tempest's wrath and ocean's waves,
To reach the shore, and sink in foreign graves."