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THE LATE HON. JOSEPH HOWE.

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PART I.

IN the naval and military annals of the Empire the name of Howe has no mean place ; and it is not least prominent in the history of British struggles in America. "In the old French wars for the possession of this continent, one Howe fell at Ticonderoga, another was killed on the Nova Scotia frontier ;" and a third led up the British forces at the battle of Bunker Hill. But when the name is referred to anywhere throughout the Maritime Provinces of our Dominion, no one remembers these, nor the hero of the battle of the first of June, nor any other of the stout warriors who carried the Red Cross flag by land or sea, nor John Howe, the Puritan divine, a greater hero, perhaps, than any of them. Every body thinks of the late Governor of Nova Scotia, and must think of him with a strange blending of love and anger ; for

" to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness on the brain."

It is not, however, the Governor that is recalled to memory, though with his name begins the new line of Governors—those who are sons of the soil ; who are appointed from Ottawa, not from Downing Street. Not the member of the Cabinet, not the Governor, but Howe of the olden days, "Joe Howe," as he was universally called, the man of the people, for many years the idol of Nova Scotians, comes up before them all.

Emerson has made us so familiar with the phrase, "representative men," that it is now used to denote not only men who "consume their own times," and who are types forever of all the great aspects in which humanity expresses itself, but also the representative men of particular nations and provinces. In this sense William Wallace, John Knox, Robert Burns, and, perhaps, also Walter Scott, are representatives of Scotland ; and Luther, Frederick the Great, Goethe, and Bismarck, representatives of