

the polls, and that the terms arranged at Quebec were inadequate in the main.

When Howe gave up the fight against confederation, and accepted the "better terms," which were the result of the contest he fought from 1865 to 1868, it was with the honest conviction that no other course was open to one who valued the preservation of British interests on this continent. His action at this critical time in our political history lost him many staunch friends in his own province, and no doubt he was, until his death, sometimes an unhappy man when he fretted under the difficulty of bringing his associates and supporters of a long political career to understand the loftiness of his motives and the true patriotism that underlay his whole conduct at this critical stage in the history of the Canadian Dominion.

Howe's career was in many respects most remarkable, from the day he worked at the compositor's case until he died in that old brown stone government house which has stood for the greater part of this century a few blocks from the somewhat younger province building. During the hot fight he carried on against Lord Falkland, who was sent out to Nova Scotia as a lieutenant-governor at the most critical stage of its constitutional history, he found himself actually shut out from the hospitalities of government house and was "cut" by the governor and his friends.

Howe wrote as well as he spoke; he could be as sarcastic in verse as in prose, and Lord Falkland suffered accordingly. Some of the most patriotic verses ever written by a Canadian can be found in his collection of poems; but relatively very few persons nowadays recollect those once famous satirical attacks upon the lieutenant-governor which gave much amusement to

the people throughout the province, and made his life almost unbearable.

In the little volume of verses, which one of his sons had printed and published after his father's death, we see something of the true nature of the man—his love of nature and her varied charms, his affection for wife, children and friends, his fervid patriotism, his love for England and her institutions. No poems ever written by a Canadian surpass, in point of poetic fire and patriotic ideas, those he wrote to recall the memories of the founders and fathers of our country. Great as were his services to his native province and to Canada—for had he continued to oppose confederation, Nova Scotia would have remained much longer a discontented section of the Dominion—we look in vain in the capital or any large town of Nova Scotia for a monument worthy of the man and statesman; for such a monument as has been raised in several cities in Canada to Sir John Macdonald, who in some respects was not his equal, and not more deserving of the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen. Howe's life was rarely free from pecuniary embarrassment, fortune never smiled on him and gave him large subscriptions and possessions of land and money, the "*res angusta domi*" must at times have worried him. He had an aim before him—not wealth, but his country's liberty and her good. It was, however, a fitting termination to his career that he should have died a tenant of that very government house whose doors had been so long in old times obstinately closed against him. His voice had been often raised in favour of appointing eminent Canadians and Nova Scotians to the position of lieutenant-governor; and he was wont in some of his speeches to make caustic comparisons between the men of his pro-