

BYGONE DAYS RECALLED

AN OLD TIME'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

Something about the Institute and the Men who Were to the Front in its Early History—Names which Will Live in the Future Annals of this Province.

I notice with regret that the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute has taken down its sign, and is about going into liquidation—out of business. By the way, are the readers of PROGRESS aware that the word "Hall" belongs to this edifice; although it was so christened by its promoters 50 years ago, it has always been called "The Mechanics' Institute," whereas it should be "the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute." However, what's in a name? If you call a cabbage a turnip, it will still be a cabbage. It is a pity, too, to part with this old memorial of the youthful frequenters of its portals. It should be preserved if possible, if only to look at as a monument of its founders, and for the pleasure it has afforded to the past and present generation. How many of the promoters of this old Pantheon survive? I can only recall three—Thomas Daniel, now a member of one of the most dignified clubs in London, viz., "The Reform," situated in Pall Mall, where I once had the honor of dining in 1856—however, I do not wish this mentioned again, lest I forfeit the confidence of my old friends, which is worth more to me than a dinner in my old days—Sir Leonard Tilley and Joseph W. Lawrence. There may be more, but I do not remember them. The first gentleman is hale and hearty at 80—a "fine old English gentleman," living at ease. I had the pleasure of seeing him about eighteen months ago in Boston, where we exchanged greetings and opinions of St. John men and things as they were 50 years ago, when he was accounted one of our leading citizens, for his great public spirit and gentlemanly bearing. He was the founder of the "London House," and after accumulating a fortune, retired from business in favour of his nephew Thomas W. Daniel, now of the firm of Daniel & Boyd, very worthy descendants in the same establishment—the oldest now, perhaps, in the Province. Mr. Daniel left St. John about forty years ago, and has never been back since. I hope I am not trenching upon private matters? Also, our Lieut. Governor is among the last of the Mohicans. This gentleman, too, keeps his head well above water—about the same age as the Queen. He has been in many a political whirlpool since he helped to launch the old Institute—one time all but beneath the waves, then floating upon their crest, but always keeping abreast of the current—right side up—in fact too buoyant in spirits ever to sink beneath superincumbent difficulties whatever their size or weight. He carries his years as he does his honours, well; and I hope he will live long enough to wear the blue ribbon of the garter. I am not aware that this gentleman was ever equal to the immortal George in never telling a lie. But I think he may compare favourably with the Governor of Virginia, of whom it is said he was never known to utter a profane word, he never smoked, never took a chew of tobacco and has never drank as much as half a gallon of spirituous liquors in his life. To which credentials I beg to add that our governor was never heard to utter a severe word, or call a political opponent a harsh name; a practice so universal among politicians; his personal allusions have always been kind, but the lash at the end of the whip seldom failed to reach the raw of a political opponent. Then there is Mr. Joseph W. Lawrence the third of this excellent trio amongst the surviving founders of the Institute. Were it not for a physical imperfection in an important sense, this gentleman must long since have taken the exalted political position for which his abilities and strong individuality so eminently befitted him. He may be emphatically called the historian of his native City. To him appears to have been confided the rare manuscripts of our City forefathers—he is the custodian as it were of every scrap of information appertaining to the first settlement of the place and the pioneers who preceded even the Loyalists, such as the Simonds, the Whites, the Hazens. What Mr. Lawrence does not know in such matters is not worth knowing; and should he pass away before committing to print what he has in store. St. John and the Province generally will be a heavy loser. I am told he has in manuscript form several valuable records—the Lives of the Old Judges, and also of the leading settlers of the Province, etc. I was never able to define this gentleman's politics when in the Legislature. Had he been there longer no doubt they would have been better understood. His leanings probably had a conservative tendency, during the "old school" days. Had he kept pace in the traces with the other old "war horse," he might to-day have been in the enjoyment of a good supply of oats and well-housed in a comfortable stable!

But as to the Institute itself. It has been the scene of some amusing incidents, a few of which I propose to recall, and refresh the memory of your older readers. A lecture was given on one occasion by Dr. Gesner, on the subject, if I mistake not, of Electro-Biology. By way of experiment and illustration, an ox's head was to be brought forward at a certain stage

PEACE TO HIS MEMORY.

A PEN PICTURE OF A VARIOUSLY GIFTED SERVANT OF GOD.

Some of the Quiet and Curious Ways and Words of a Maine Clergyman whose Wit and Wisdom Endowed Him to the Flocks Among whom He Labored.

Yes, the mark is set; the final word is written. I see it with misty eyes, and it is a careless paragraph, but it announces the passing of a soul worthy of nobler chronicle. Well I remember him! Well was bestowed in that quaint husk of a body, a manly, capacious being, worthy of remembrance; in that low, queer, lighthouse-body flamed a most clear spirit-torch, that in its glow transfigured the grotesque and scant physique, and made the listener forgetful, in the searching play of wit and sweep of spontaneous eloquence, of that corporeal incongruity, which seems in such cases a sardonic whim, or humor of Nature. Master of laughter! Master of tears! With that grim smile creeping over his leathery countenance, I see him electrifying the minds of crowds who had missed him passing through them, and by his hearty pathos making green the soul's pathway where he went. Are there no tears in Heaven? Then how must the sweet, gentle weeper be ill at home! Is there no laughter? Is wit under ban? Then how can it be tolerable for this sparkling spirit, to whose close hitting at the mark Truth itself stood indebted?

Spite of modern intolerance of it, he loved the tobacco pouch, upon which so many of his callow brethren stood to pronounce a "Babylonish curse." Listening one day to such a tirade as hung his head for a season, either in shame for himself or them, he gave his rejoinder: "Brethren, this weed deserves burning; therefore, am I burning it as fast as I can." Pushing his chair back from his own table, he avers that the only thing for which green peas and cherry pie can be left is a pipe of tobacco, and soon has he entered the cloudy realm of meditation, and arranges his fifty amid its fragrant fumes. For some may dream their sermons, some may gather them by the wayside, or catch them as they fly; but perhaps he exhaled his from that blackest and shortest of clay pipes. This was his foible, an infirmity of a life intrinsically good and noble. He said of himself: "I am a jug. All the week through I am open and filling up. On Saturday the stopper is put in, and I ferment. On Sunday I pour the vintage; it may happen sweet or sour."

It happened that in the first year of his presiding eldership on B— District, he was to dedicate a church at C—, one fine Sabbath. The church stood on a great hill overlooking the sea, and was large for a country so remote from town. It was full of people, not a soul of whom had ever seen him, and it was a little past the time set for his coming. Entered suddenly an undersized rusty looking farmer, seemingly from a back settlement, passing toward the pulpit, with his head bowed, and a leathery-hued sphyxian countenance. Some one arose to give him a pew, near the door; but of this courtesy he seemed unaware. Horrors! he went into the pulpit and sat down, and there was not even a good old Scotch woman to remind him that the "meenster" sat there, and that it was no place for a "Laddie." People looked curiously at him and at one another. He arose, and in a squeaky nasal monotone announced and read his hymn; then there was visible consternation, settling finally into disgust. His prayer being brief, and unimpressive, they were not relieved; and when he proceeded to his sermon, they lapsed into all sorts of negligence and inattention. But, lo! The slow, mechanical manner modifies and quickens; the nasal monotone elevates, varies, and carries with it a thrill; the unexpressive, mask-like countenance, from which the soul seemed forever retired, betrays emotion, and is lighting and working more and more. Now to the front struggles an unusual soul, overlapping all its mean outskirts, and delighting in the athlete race for which it is fitted; the pigmy figure dilates, the eye flashes; and with precision and force the classically moulded sentences are uttered, simple and sublime. Look! in his growing fervor, the hands that lay upon the Bible, finger tips against finger tips, are lifted up, and prepare to part: this is the signal of fire. Regard the congregation now! Every head is taken up from the pew on which it reclined; every eye is attent on the speaker, whose eloquence is enchaining his congregation. Now they follow breathlessly his heavenward-flight; and now, while tears run in rivulets at his pathos, sighs, sobs, amens, and halleluiahs, attest the power that moves them. He is evangelical in tone, positive in experience, frequent in confession. "Brethren, a little boy, in my father's barn, more than forty years ago. God, for Christ's sake, converted my soul!" Then would he walk, with that peculiar smile about his lips, as who should say: "Don't call your nut sour till you have cracked the kernel." He said to me: "When I went to C—, they had a pulpit about as high as Fort Knox. I could just see the people over it, without a stool to stand on. I used to load and fire, and then fall back." When first he entered that pulpit, as a newly appointed preacher, he announced himself thus to his people: "Brethren, hitherto you have had a whole

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WHAT IS GOING ON?

"What is the real go I asked in musing mood. Order, said the law. Knowledge, said the wiser. Truth, said the wisest. Pleasure, said the fool. Love, said the maiden. Beauty, said the page. Freedom, said the dr. Home, said the sage. Fame, said the soldier. Equity, the seer;— Spake my heart full of. 'The answer is not here. Then within my heart. 'Solly this I heard. 'Each heart holds the. 'Kindness is the word."

AN OLD STORY.

Her Story. "It was all the fault of the wish I had never learned it never seen it! I firmly believe everything for learning a son must have been sung by my mother. It was so old—written script—and so yellow and could not even make out the had copied it two or three times. And how curiously per about it, too. Who can Fate or something higher doubt that 'There's a divinity in our ends, rough how them thou. Surely it must have been that prompted me to pounce gotten old song, lying hidden neglected corner of mother's came upon one day, y sorting her old letters. I sitting near her, and caught the yellow music paper. So it at once.

I suppose it was just because was unfamiliar that I fancied tell, I am sure, just what per lavish so much time and er thing which was to prove the my own destruction, as far happiness went. And try convince our aching hearts th other things in the world be ness, we will meet with but in cess. Our minds may accep in a lukewarm fashion, but o not to be put off with any s doctrine. They want happin will keep crying out for it, try to stifle them. Try as I have for six long years, and then fi found, that it has all been w and you are no nearer the cov intellectual superiority than y the beginning.

The very fact of my being s lay the blame of my one grea that inoffensive old piece of n how very far I am still from s any kind, mental or otherwise, my own fault, if I only had the confess it mine, and perhaps I for surely he should have knowl Perhaps it will be the wis write it all down here, just as I It will be a relief to me, this lo mas eve, and a journey into the keep my mind from dwelling t the present, for it is at Christ always miss Philip most. He is the very spirit of Christmas to old days, and each of the six days that have passed since v has seemed more dreary than t ing one. Philip and I were brought up together, but we h each other since we were little children. He was an orphan, but his bright disposition and head to help him along in the wealthy old uncle, who was a g of my father's, was giving him the fession, and so he came to be a in my father's office.

Now, Philip was not only the slightest aptitude for law loathed it with a bitter loathing, and flourished day by day. He gone so far as to tell his uncl would much prefer being uncl a bricklayer.

But his relative was firm. It the law, or nothing. Philip sh his profession and all his expen was engaged in acquiring it. that, but he should have an allo the first year he was practicin that he must fend for himself.

That was thirteen years ago, a was seventeen and I fourteen. uncle's request, he lived in our that naturally we saw a great de other during the next four years. brilliant castle in Spain did I hel tim of adverse circumstances to be by the time Philip passed his exa and was admitted to the bar, something more than friends.

He had worked faithfully, thou out interest in his studies, and h well; but his dislike for the law creased instead of diminishing. He office and tried to practice, b struggling along for nearly a y came to me one day and told m could stand it no longer, and s going away. Going to the No where so many young men were their way so much more quickl could do at home. "It is useless for me to stay o