

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

JOSEPH HOWE AND HIS TIMES.

And Incidental References to Some of His Prominent Public Contemporaries.

By "Historicus," Fredericton, N. B.
NO. 21.

The War! Continued.

When the next Session opened the old war of parties was resumed with more intensity than ever; but the strength of the Opposition was augmented by several able men than it ever possessed before, such as James B. Uniacke, one of Howe's most formidable opponents and de-laters, Wm. Young, and others. Lord Falkland once so fair minded as was thought at the time, now identified and allied with the Tories, had made himself particularly obnoxious, not only by allowing his own Royal Gazette to scribble to bitterly assail Howe in particular, but even had writers engaged to abuse him, by communications in the New York *Albion*, then the great English organ of Colonial Tory opinions, and in short did his utmost in other ways to humble Howe and give him his *coupe-de-grace*. This foolish man, and pigmy as he was, he was finally hoisted by his own petard, and in a year or so afterwards left the country like those other great mistakes—Sir F. H. Head, Sir Colin Campbell, and at a much later date our own Governor Gordon—failures of the most pronounced type.

Mr. Howe's Contest With Lord Falkland.
Under these repeated provocations Mr. Howe again donned his war armour, and with more vigor and abilities than ever measured weapons not only with the great Attorney General Johnstone and his followers who stood as the targets for his shots upon the floors of the House day after day, and receiving heavy shots in return; but with the Governor himself, who had now made himself a conspicuous figure, and not only showed himself a prejudiced partizan, but full of personal spite and revenge, and thus fairly left himself open to all that could be said against him. Having violated all the rules "which both hedge a King," and by the observance of which he "can do no wrong," and descended from his high position and become a political wrangler, he must now take the consequences of his fool-hardiness. This, then, was Lord Falkland's case in 1845, when Howe took him in hand to show him that although a lord by birth, he was only a parvenue by nature. Volney after volney had been fired at Howe by the Governor's organ, published by the Queen's Printer in the official Gazette Office, when Howe took up the cudgels not only upon the floors of the House but in his old powerful newspaper the Nova Scotia, now in other hands. Soon Falkland became the butt of the whole town, from the published pasquinades and squibs of the Press under Howe's control. The poem called "The Tale of the Shirt," after the style of Hood, was especially amusing, in which his Lordship was depicted in the most witty manner, and for having written which Howe was taken bitterly to task in the House by Attorney General Johnstone; Howe turned the tables upon his opponents, and Lord Falkland in particular, so that the whole scene was like that of a play house—everybody laughed and applauded, gallery included, notwithstanding the Sergeant-at-Arms was ubiquitous crying out "Order" in all parts of the House, when Howe took the floor. Said the chief actor and culprit, "had I stated that his Lordship did not wear a shirt at all—or that his shirt stuck to him when he attempted to rise, the Hon. Attorney General might feel justly indignant. But I cannot imagine how the mere mention that his Lordship wore a shirt like a mere plebeian, although he had no pants on at the time the poem was written, and that he was not made up of mere trifles and collars—then, Mr. Speaker, I acknowledge that I would be justly amenable, not only to the censure of this House but to the laws of outraged decency as well."

In fact his Lordship scratched a Russian and woke up a Tartar; and until the day he left the Province for good, was not spared the lampoons and criticisms of the gentlemen he attempted to destroy. When a Lieutenant Governor denounces himself and his high office, by trashing in where angels dare to tread, he becomes the author of his own condemnation, and this gentleman richly deserved all that he received. A few days before leaving Halifax for England Falkland had his carriage horses, splendid animals, some three or four in number, sent out to the Commons and shot by some half a dozen soldiers engaged for the purpose, and this barbarity was committed under the said horses should not fall into plebeian hands—and so he put them out of the way. This shows the manner of man that he was. His wife having died in England, he subsequently married the Dowager Duchess of St. Albans. I believe that his Lordship is now dead as his horses.

The Tories Crying Piteously.

But the warfare continued on in the House—the Government had a majority of 3 to keep their heads above water, so that matters were whittling down pretty finely—Attorney General Johnstone was the great Falkland leader and defender; and although James B. Uniacke acted as leader of the Opposition, for prudential reasons, it was only nominal, for Howe was virtually the leader, as everybody knew at the time. With Howe it was out *Cesar* and *Julius*. The Liberals were now gaining in strength every day, not in the Legislature, but in the country. Herbert Huntington of Yarmouth was a very able man on the Liberal side, and his influence was immense in all the Western Counties. At length the Government finding that their craft was sinking under them, made overtures to the leader of the Opposition—viz: that he (Uniacke) and several other gentlemen should come over and join them, but not to include Mr. Howe. Their object was to break up the party and at the same time break down Howe, and the bait or olive branch held out was as many fat offices. Howe expressed a willingness to rearrange matters, rather than be considered as an obstructive to a better system of fair play in

government management. He knew that whatever patched-up arrangement might now be made, every thing would come right at the ensuing elections. Uniacke's reply—after consulting with his leading political friends—was in substance an emphatic "No!" As we have contended together in man fashion for principles which we think to be for the good of the country, none more so than Mr. Joseph Howe—we cannot think of such a thing as laying down our arms at this time of day and going over to your camp—but under any circumstances we shall never abandon Mr. Howe. This was not the verbatim language used, only the substance of it.

Final Victory For the Liberals.

But now came the day for a final settlement of accounts between the parties. The general elections which were held in 1847, most every County of the Province, this was the final victory, the consummation of a struggle which had been going on bitterly since 1836, when Howe first entered the House—for it meant party government at the hands of all government power by the Tories, and more than all the surrender of the departmental offices, with very large salaries attached to each, but which now-a-days are considerably curtailed.

And this success did not only mean Party Government in its purity, to be conducted thenceforward precisely as it was in England. It was well understood, for some time past, that thereafter the parties in office must retire as soon as the majority in the next new House should declare a want of confidence in the Government. Until now, while backed as they were by the Governor and Council, they were safe; but all this was to be changed on the working out of the principles laid down in Lord Durham's Report, and which the British Government had recommended and declared, through despatches, should be the political guiding rule of faith, when the fitting opportunity should arrive.

On the assembling of Parliament the Conservatives had to pack their trunks and move out, when the Liberals stepped in and took possession of their departmental offices—Mr. Uniacke as Attorney General, Mr. Howe as Provincial Secretary, and so on.

Responsible Government in New Brunswick.

As before remarked, the Liberals of this Province held together in a compact body, but in a large minority, for several years, when their ranks were diminished by the deaths of Messrs. Wilnot, Fisher and Hill. The last held out (1845) was the Attorney Generalship, which the former gentleman had accepted, hook and all—which meant its hard conditions—viz: paralyzing their old confederates in office, and keeping the advancement of the party back for several years. And no doubt considering it was all for the best, the other two gentlemen went with Mr. Wilnot to keep him company, obtaining a slight prefix to their names. The Liberal Press at the time (or rather what there was of such an institution) denounced the movement with some acerbity, especially since the coalition in Nova Scotia a couple of years earlier had collapsed into a calamity—a smash up, politically, leaving worse than a wreck behind, even the restoration of the old party to power stronger than ever. So it turned out in New Brunswick. As soon as the Chief Justiceship became vacant on the death of Mr. Chipman, the Governor, Sir Edwin Head, with a head almost as hard as that of his cousin, Sir F. B. Head, but containing a few more brains, overlooked his Attorney General (whom the office was justly due, according to responsible government, which our Tory friends pretended to recognize at the time) and appointed Judge Carter to the vacancy, and then very reluctantly offered Wilnot a Judgeship, which he accepted, for the opportunity might not again present itself very soon; besides the Governor's power remained unbroken, and the advice of his advisers went no further with him than it did on any former occasion. Then the Chief Justice vacated by the Attorney General was handed over to an outsider, John Ambrose Street, instead of offering it to Mr. Fisher who was the next entitled to it in the order of promotion; and this was done that the Tory element in the Government might remain intact and without diminution of strength. This was too flagrant a breach in the understanding, that both parties should be fairly treated by the Governor, and so Messrs. Fisher and Hill struck and came forth out of the fiery furnace, to commence again *denovo*.

After several drawbacks through the arrogance of Governors and want of foresight and stability among the constituents themselves, Responsible Government became a "fixed fact" in New Brunswick—in 1855—when the first Party (Liberal Party) Government was formed, or eight years after Nova Scotia led the way. And yet some of the cog-wheels in the new concern have from time to time become clogged for want of the right lubricating oil to allow of the machinery running smoothly, when the Chief Engineers (former Lieutenant Governors) have taken it into their heads to run the engine upon the high pressure principle, at a faster speed than the Constitution required—for example, when Mr. Manners-Sutton, in 1856 cut up upon the Prohibitory Liquor Law; and again when that other *homo-genuus* (Governor Gordon) played diodes on the Confederation issue in 1866. But these are subjects that will be presented more fully in detail at some future time.

Measures of the New Liberal Government in Nova Scotia.

Having now obtained full power in the Government of Nova Scotia the Liberals

set to work in right good earnest, not only to reform old abuses but to work out Responsible Government in a truly British way, by introducing new measures for the benefit of the Province, and stand or fall by them—such as giving to the Town of Halifax an Act of Incorporation and doing away with the old Magisterial body as a governing power—Opening the old wharves as shipping ports—Dividing the Executive and Legislative Councils, and throwing open the doors of the latter to the public. And a number of other important measures of which the people of Nova Scotia—say, and of this Province—are in the full enjoyment today.

As it was not the original design of these "Recollections" to do more than refer to such matters incidentally as crossed my mind from time to time, in connection with Mr. Howe's career; and as I have already extended them beyond the length contemplated, it will be impossible to follow Mr. Howe in his political course since the formation of the first party government in 1847-8. To do so, even to take up the salient points, would fill several volumes—for all his principal political work really commenced after that year and lasted for ten or fifteen years longer, during all of which time he continued to be a power in the Legislature, in the Government, and throughout the Province. Should these letters be considered worthy of publication in a more substantial and enduring form ("revised and corrected"), a great deal of matter omitted could be introduced, some of it of a most interesting character, which the limits of a newspaper forbid.

Mr. Howe's Services in General.

Mr. Howe's services in other fields of literature outside of the Legislature have not been more than alluded to—such as his Letters to Lord John Russell on the reorganization of the Empire—his Railway Speeches in England, when the Halifax and Quebec Railway project was mooted—his appearance before the House made before a Committee of the House of Lords, on Colonial subjects—and also at the Colonial Office and before Earl Grey—his Letters to Sir Francis Hincks—to Mr. Charles Archibald—to Lord Falkland—his numerous missions to England and to the United States—his services as Fishery Commissioner between England and the United States—his correspondence with Sir John Harvey, Lieut. Governor, who died and was buried at Fort Massey (Comet), (Halifax) following his wife, who passed away a few months earlier—his many lectures before Mechanics' Institutes and learned bodies—his great Trade Speech at Detroit, U. S., &c., &c. Indeed the labors of Mr. Howe were incessant from the day of his Liberal trial until his death, proving that he was a man of great strength as well as of intellect, and all devoted to the interests of his country.

Two more Chapters will finish the series—the next will bring us down to Mr. Howe's death, which took place at Government House in 1873.

THE WRECK OF THE AYRESHIRE.

How its Passengers and Crew, Save One, Were Rescued by the Life-Boat.

It is generally known that the wreck of the ship *Ayreshire*, on St. John's Beach, N. J., was the first instance in which the noted invention, the life-boat, was used, but aside from this, little is known concerning the ship, or the men who saved her people, and a few facts supplementing Lieut. Thorne's article in a recent number of *The Free Press* may be of some interest. The brief account which follows is taken from the forthcoming history of the volunteer life-saving service of New Jersey, and is kindly supplied by the author of that work, Mr. Charles Macaulay.

The *Ayreshire* was a small vessel of about 400 tons burden, and was properly a "tramp" ship; that is, she would take emigrants to any port on the Atlantic seaboard, instead of sailing between regular designated ports. On this, her last voyage, she was bound for New York, in December, 1819, loaded with 177 passengers and a crew of 25 men, in command of T. J. Mettew. All went well until Saturday, January 11, 1850, when a severe north-east gale and blinding snow storm set in. She was reduced to double-reefed topsails, courses, spanker and jib, and the ship was known to be off the Jersey shore, soundings were taken every half hour. These precautions proved useless. At half past twelve, just as the muffled tones of the leadman had given "by the deep five," the vessel struck head on with a small iceberg, and the hold, filling with water they were driven on deck and the officers and crew lashed them fast. Their position at this time seemed utterly hopeless; the ship was fast going to pieces, and rolling to and fro with every surge; the sea, breaking heavily against the port side, blew clouds of spray on and over the deck and rigging, and on the drenched and shivering passengers, and as it fell turned to ice.

The *Ayreshire* had gone ashore eight miles south of Squaw Inlet, and near the newly-erected life-boat station, known as No. 5, of which John Moxon was the volunteer keeper, and about half-past 1 Moxon, happening to awake, thought he heard voices on the beach, so he dressed and went out. As he turned out on the beach from the shelter of the boat he saw at once saw the lights in the *Ayreshire's* rigging. Pausing a moment to note the condition of the sea, which was crashing and pounding on the beach, he started to secure assistance. This took him half an hour, the houses being so scattered, but he at length secured a sufficient number of men, and they brought out the mortar and the car. The mortar was placed in the lee of the car and Moxon touched it off with a port fire. This shot, with the line, fell fairly across the ship, and the crew, seeing the flash and hearing the rush of noise that the shot made as it went through the rigging, looked for the line which they soon found, and with it they hauled off the hawser. This was soon made fast and the life-car was then sent to the ship.

The car being small, only four persons could be sent down to it, and this made the work of rescue slow. As soon as the women were landed they were taken to

Maxon's Chadwick's and other houses near by for shelter. Early that morning news of the wreck spread and people from the surrounding country came down to see it, and many of them helped to man the lines and work the car, thus relieving the few men who had been working in the cold and wet so many hours.

About 9:30 the family of a man named Bell were placed in the car. Bell wished to go in the same car, but as there was no room his request was refused. He then said: "Well, I shall go anyway," and jumped on the roof of the car, to which he managed to cling until the car reached the breakers, where he was swept off and drowned.

Thus the foolishness of one man marred this splendid work of rescue and the *Ayreshire's* name was added to the already long list of fatal shipwrecks.

Despite this unfortunate occurrence, the work of rescue went steadily on, and at noon Capt. Mettew, the last man to leave the ill-fated ship, was brought ashore.

This was the first wreck at which the new apparatus and the new life-saving service served, and the result was certainly satisfactory. Two hundred and two people saved from a sea in which a surf boat could not have lived.

Largest Diamond in Existence.

It is not very easy to make out which is the largest diamond now in existence. Two are mentioned as entitled to the honor—the Bragaga, in the crown of Portugal, and one which belongs to the Rajah of Mattan in Borneo. The Portuguese jewel is of doubtful quality. It weighs 1,680 carats and is the size of a hen's egg, but is believed to be only a white topaz. The Portuguese government withholds any information on the subject, but it is genuine. It is worth nearly \$300,000,000. The Borneo gem was found on an island about 120 years ago, and weighs 367 carats. The Orloff diamond in the Russian imperial scepter weighs 194½ carats; Catherine II. gave \$450,000 for it, and the pensioned mercenary, who brought it to her at \$20,000 a year. It is easy to understand a reluctance to have diamonds cut. The advantages of cutting are not always very plain, while the enormous diminution of weight which commonly ensues affects the public estimation more than the increase of brilliancy.

The famous diamond which the Regent Orleans bought from Gov. Pitt for \$675,000 formerly weighed 410 carats, but was reduced by cutting to 138½. The Duke of Westminster has one which was reduced by cutting from eighty-nine to seventy-eight carats. But the most prominent example of the kind is afforded by the recent history of the Koh-i-noor, which weighed 185 carats when it arrived in England, and lost eighty by cutting in 1851. Competent judges deny that the brilliancy has been increased to such an extent as to make up for the loss.

Sir David Brewster warned Prince Albert of the impossibility of improving the luster without serious diminution in weight, but a foreign diamond merchant thought that, and as is usual in England, any foreign opinion on matters of the kind is taken before that of a native. The vulgarity of taste which only admires regularity has deprived the world of many great diamonds, and we shall probably have to wait long before it is universally acknowledged that symmetry is absolutely necessary to beauty. The ancient regalia of the Visigothic kings in the Hotel Clugny, the so-called sword of Charlemagne in the Louvre, the ruby in the English crown at the Tower, are not less beautiful because they look a little like the Koh-i-noor, which, as the great jewel wearers and collectors, the East India Company have their diamonds cut into regular forms, and the Koh-i-noor is no exception—*Jeweler's Review*.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Art is noble, but the sanctity of the human soul is nobler yet.—William Winter.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse.—Swift.

Follows Dyspepsia Bitters is highly recommended for Indigestion, Headache, Biliousness, etc.

No nation can ever be destroyed while it possesses a good home life.—J. G. Holland.

Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another.—Litcher.

The most efficacious secular book that ever was published in America is the newspapers.—Henry Ward Beecher.

True sympathy is putting ourselves in another's place; and we are moved in proportion to the reality of our imagination.—Hosea Ballou.

The remarkable longevity of Cape Breton people may largely be attributed to a wholesome fish diet—the quintessence of which forms the basis of Putnam's Emulsion.

A really great man is known by three signs—generosity in the design, humanity in the execution, and moderation in success.—Bismarck.

Letters from Rev. W. A. Mason, Georgetown, P. E. I.

(1st Letter.)—"I have used one package of your K. D. C., and have derived great benefit from it. My case is very severe—complicated with other troubles. (2nd Letter.)—"I had been troubled with a constant pain in my stomach. I was afraid it was cancer. After using your medicine it entirely disappeared and has not returned."

We do not claim that K. D. C., will cure all ills, but we do guarantee that it will cure Dyspepsia or Indigestion the parent of nine-tenths of all diseases. K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S.

Nothing sharpens the arrow of sarcasm so keenly as the courtesy that polishes it; no reproach is like that we clothe with a smile and present with a bow.—Chesterfield.

A Light Hid Under a Bushel.

No one can tell a Right Waterproof Garment by its appearance, feeling or odor. Yet it is a light hid under a bushel; its wearer may walk through the heaviest shower perfectly dry and when the sun shines again he may bob up serenely as spick and span as if he had come out of the proverbial bandbox.

A tea-kettle of hot water

Gives enough hot water to do the entire wash when Surprise Soap is used.

There's no wash boiler required.

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READ the directions on the wrapper.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.



CHAPTER I.

AS HEARD FROM BELOW—AND AS SEEN FROM ABOVE.

Editor-in-Chief (from the foot of the stairs)—I say, Johnson, can you spare Miss Smith to shorthand some letters for me?

City Editor—Don't see how I can and go on with what I am doing—I have both hands full as it is, with her assistance.

Chief—How is the work coming on?

City Editor—In great style. We've made up, and are just going to press. I'm holding one form, so that if something comes in I can let it go—but it will be a tight squeeze if there is anything more!

CHAPTER II.

Time—Five years after; place—not the office; positions of Dramatis Personae—about the same as in chapter one—only they are married.

Mrs. City Editor—John, I'm going to have a nice silk dress this spring. City Editor (not looking so pleased as in above picture)—Impossible. Mary, we can't afford it. You've got one silk dress now.

Mrs. City Editor—But it's old and faded.

City Editor—Too bad, but you will have to get something cheaper.

Mrs. City Editor—No, I'm going to have a silk dress and one of the latest shades too.

City Editor (getting desperate)—Do you want to ruin us? How do you suppose I will be able to pay for it?

Mrs. City Editor—Easy enough. I'm going to send my old black silk to Ungar's, and have it dyed a nice light shade. I haven't decided what it shall be yet.

City Editor (looking much happier than in above picture)—Mary you are a jewel.

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THE PRIZE CHAMP, 1st Prize for Potatoes, \$600.00, taken by C. Pickard, Sackville.

This is to certify, that the undersigned, assisted Mr. Lund to measure one acre of Potato land, and assisted Mr. Bower in checking and weighing the Potatoes taken from said acre, on which we used 5 barrels of your special Potato Phosphate only, and find the crop four hundred thirty-one bushels, 2½ lbs., (431, 2½). About one-quarter of the Potatoes were Beauty of Hebron, the remainder Black Wonder. The Hebron grew at the rate of about 400 bushels to the acre, and Montague fully 600 bushels to the acre.

(Signed) C. PICKARD.

Assisted before me this 12th day of Nov., 1891, at Sackville.

(Signed) CHARLES E. LUND, J.P.

This is to certify, that I have this day parted off one acre from Mr. Charles Pickard's potato field, and marked the bounds of the same for the purpose of a prize competition.

Dated at Sackville, 25th Sept., 1891. (Signed) C. E. LUND, D. L. Surveyor.

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