

tion that burning thoughts and words impart, and his great deep chest swelled and broadened, he looked positively noble and kingly. I don't wonder, therefore, that his old friends describe him as having been a splendid-looking fellow in his best days; while old foes just as honestly assure you that he always had a "common" look. It is easy to understand that both impressions of him could be justifiably entertained. Very decided merits of expression were needed to compensate for his total absence of beard, and for his white face, into which only strong excitement brought any glow of colour.

From a school point of view, his education was ridiculously defective. He could not attend regularly in summer, on account of the distance, and in winter not at all; and at thirteen years of age he was taken from school and sent to the *Gazette* office, under his half-brother, to learn the printing business. To ninety-nine boys out of a hundred, this would have been death to all hopes of scholarship; but Joe was not an ordinary boy, and, besides, he had advantages in his home that few are blessed with. His father was one of those simple, heroic, God-fearing men of whom the world is not worthy; one of those Loyalists who left country and sacrificed everything for what he believed to be principle. Of such Tories may we always have a few, were it only to steady the State Coach! With such a father, Joe could by nature be nothing but a Tory, though that was the last thing that he was generally regarded as being. His Toryism was always in him, the deepest thing in him, and giving colour to many of his views and tastes; but on account of the hard facts that surrounded him, he himself, perhaps, scarcely knew that it was there. There is scarcely one of the many reforms with which his name is most intimately associated, that he was not forced into agitating for against his own predispositions. To him his native city is indebted for the

municipal institutions which it now enjoys; but the very year previous to his attack on the magistrates, on occasion of the outbreak of cholera in Halifax, he wrote in the *Nova Scotian*, "We have ever been, and are yet not a little averse to turning this town into a corporation, because we have no taste for the constant canvassings, the petty intrigues, and dirty little factions they engender; nor have we ever before felt the want of that efficient and combined action, which, on trying occasions, organized and responsible city officers could afford." His great work as a politician was the destruction of the old Council of twelve, which combined in itself supreme legislative, executive, and judicial functions, and the introduction of responsible government in its place. But in his first editorial years, up to 1830, he was actually the advocate and defender of the Council. The Province seemed to be fairly well governed, and he always thought it wiser to—

"bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of."

When, however, the Council, by its arbitrary action in connection with a revenue dispute, well known in the history of the Province as the brandy tax question, caused a stoppage of the supplies, his eyes began to be opened to the danger of allowing an irresponsible body to hold overwhelming power, a power that might be used wantonly or wisely at its own sovereign will and pleasure, without loss—perhaps with profit—to its own members, but with utter confusion to every interest of the country. He began then to apprehend the grand principles that form the basis of the British constitution, and to scout the plea that colonists were unfit to be intrusted with the rights and liberties that the best blood of their fathers had been spent to establish. From that time he took the British constitution as his model and political ideal. He clung to British precedents, he gloried in the empire, and, like a true Tory, gave a dozen fond