

pieces in prose and verse during his apprenticeship. In 1827 he purchased the *Weekly Chronicle*, changing its name to the *Acadian*, and commenced his regular connection with the press. Two years afterwards he disposed of his share in the *Acadian*, and purchased the *Nova Scotian*, which he continued to edit until 1841. During the early months of his editorial career, he paid but little attention to politics. But those were stirring times, and an ardent nature like his could not long keep aloof from the all-engrossing questions of the day. Having once entered upon political discussion he became an earnest and vigorous opponent of the abuses by which he found himself surrounded. The result was a libel suit on the part of the Magistracy of Halifax. Mr. Howe always took pleasure in telling the story of this suit. He was as yet comparatively little known, and his powers as a speaker were not even suspected. When he received the writ he consulted two or three professional men, but they all shook their heads, regarded the case as a decidedly bad one, and advised a retraction and apology. Young Howe, however, felt that to retract would be to destroy his influence in the future. He knew he was right; that the cause in which he was battling was the cause of popular freedom, and he resolved to brave all consequences. The result we give, from memory, in his own words, as he related the story some ten years ago to the writer of this article: "If you cannot undertake my defence, with hope of success, will you lend me your law books treating of the question of libellous publications?" I got the books, locked myself up for nearly seven weeks for study, taking no exercise, and abstracting all the time possible from business. Then came the sittings of the Court. On the afternoon before the trial, I abandoned myself to a long tramp near the water's edge, and to fresh air. And on the morning of the eventful day I took my seat, dressed in the unusual garb of a black suit, among the lawyers within the railing, not much concerned at the evident amusement I created. The case was opened; the Crown officer made out a terribly hard case against me; the publication was proved, and I was called upon for my defence. I had had time to scan the faces of the jurymen during the proceedings, and had placed myself on tolerably good terms with them. I opened my address, and was pleased to find that I at once challenged attention; as I proceeded with my plea of justification, which was the popular wrong which had been committed and the popular right to be vindicated, I saw a tear steal from the eyes of two or three of the jury, and I felt myself safe in their hands. My address occupied some hours in the delivery, and when I sat down the burst of applause from the crowded court-room, which no threatenings of authority were able to suppress, told me my case was won, if I could only get a decision before the impression had time to wear off. I was horrified to find, then, that neither the Crown officer nor the Judge was willing that I should have