

panse of water, the very moment he struck dry land, like any other old salt, bore for the first rum shop he could find and got gloriously drunk."

Howe delivered a most brilliant sophistical speech on this occasion. One extract will illustrate his style.

"The world has come down to the present day from the most remote antiquity with the wine cup in its hand. David, the man after God's own heart, drank wine; Solomon, the wisest of monarchs and human beings, drank wine; our Saviour not only drank it but commanded Christians to drink it 'in remembrance of him.' In strong contrast with our divine Redeemer's life and practice, we hear of the Scribes and Pharisees, who drank it not—who reviled our Saviour as a 'wine bibber,' and the 'companion of publicans and sinners,' who would have voted for the Maine liquor law as unanimously as they cried, 'crucify him!'"

When Howe was carrying on his crusade against the Tory dignitaries, his shafts lighted upon the head of the Chief Justice, Sir Brenton Halliburton (no relation of "Sam Slick"), who, in addition to being head of the judiciary, was, in those days of the family compact, also a member of the legislative council and of the executive government. His son, John C. Halliburton, resented Howe's attack upon his father and challenged him to a duel. Such meetings were not uncommon in those days. Howe realized that if it were possible for his enemies to charge him with cowardice or anything that would injure his prestige, his influence with the people might be seriously impaired, so he accepted the challenge.

The place of meeting was near the old tower which stands in Point Pleasant Park. The time was early morning. Howe's second was his political associate and warm personal friend, Herbert Huntington of Yarmouth.

Halliburton fired first and missed. Howe carelessly fired his pistol in the air. The affair was over, honor was satisfied, and Howe took Huntington

to his own house to breakfast. Of course both were considerably affected by the stirring incidents of the morning, which might have had a tragic termination, and neither exhibited his accustomed vivacity at the meal. Mrs. Howe was so impressed with this unusual solemnity that she remarked:—

"What is the matter with you this morning? You are as solemn as if you had been at a funeral."

She was then told for the first time of the affair in the park, and Howe remarked that they had perhaps been nearer a funeral than she thought.

One time when Howe was in power one of the members deserted him and went over to the other side—not actuated, it was generally thought, by any very lofty considerations. It was a dangerous thing at that time for a member to "rat," for party feeling was high. While the member was making a speech vehemently defending his course in leaving his party, a little terrier dog, by accident got upon the floor of the House, and suddenly set up a most furious barking. The Speaker (William Young), with great severity called upon the sergeant-at-arms to "remove that dog."

"Oh, let him alone, Mr. Speaker," exclaimed Lawrence O'Connor Doyle, with the sweetest of smiles, "he only *'smells a rat!'*"

A word about Lawrence O'Connor Doyle. He was a brilliant and cultivated Irish gentleman, who represented Halifax in the Assembly. To use Howe's own description, he was "too convivial to be industrious, and too much sought after in early life to be ever alone; his usefulness was to some extent impaired by the very excess of his good qualities." Howe used to declare that he was the wittiest man he had ever heard or read of. So much of the flavor of humor is dependent upon the occasion and the personal magnetism which produces the contagion that any reproduction falls far behind the indescribable impression of the moment.