

Of course there was a great *furor* in the House. A majority at that time was linked with the governing party. The galleries were cleared, and a vote of censure was passed upon Howe. But he was as happy as a lark, and wrote a letter to his constituents, which was infinitely more cutting in its refined sarcasm and galling pleasantry than the original utterance. One paragraph of this characteristic letter will suffice :—

“ But, I think I hear some one say : ‘ After all, friend Howe, was not the suppositious case you anticipated might occur, somewhat quaint, eccentric and startling ? ’ It was, because I wanted to startle, to rouse, to flash the light of truth over every hideous feature of the system. The fire-bell startles at night ; but, if it rings not, the town may be burned ; and wise men seldom vote him an incendiary who pulls the rope, and who could not give the alarm and avert the calamity, unless he made a noise. The prophet’s style was quaint and picturesque, when he compared the great King to a sheep-stealer ; but the object was not to insult the King. It was to make him think, to rouse him, to let him see by the light of poetic fancy the gulf to which he was descending, that he might thereafter love mercy, walk humbly, and, controlling his passions, keep untarnished the lustre of the Crown. David let other men’s wives alone after that flight of Nathan’s imagination, and I will venture to say that whenever, hereafter, our rulers desire to grill a political opponent in an official despatch, they will recall my homely picture, and borrow wisdom from the past.”

During the period of this contest, Howe used to ride over the province on horseback, addressing meetings and stirring up the people to an appreciation of the value of popular government. On these occasions, there was no limit to the arts by which he inflamed the popular imagination and awakened the sympathy of the masses.

Women always attended his political picnics, and, recognising their power in political affairs, he was unceasing in his gallant devotions. In Cornwallis, at a monster picnic, referring to the presence of ladies, he remarked :—

“ Sculptors and painters of old stole from many forms their lines of beauty, and from many faces their harmonies of feature and sweetness of expression, but from the groups around him individual forms and single faces might be selected to which nothing could be added, without marring a work, that, if faithfully copied, would stamp divinity upon the marble or immortality on the canvas.”

The world will scarcely need to be told that in the general election which followed, Howe was entirely successful, and the next assembly established a Liberal Government.

Johnston, who was the able and eloquent leader of the Tory forces at this period, never indulged in humor. He was stately, and his periods were impassioned, but he never understood the gems of wit which sparkled about him. One of his associates, however, Mr. Martin J. Wilkins was a most grim humorist, and local tradition is rich with his jests. On one occasion Mr. Johnston introduced a Prohibitory liquor law. Wilkins, who was fond of his wine, made a most humorous speech against it. He was proceeding to say that water had caused more devastation and destroyed more lives and property than ever rum had done.

“ Prove it, sir,” exclaimed Johnston in his most serious and impressive manner. “ Give us the proof ! ”

Wilkins turned solemnly to Johnston and answered with the utmost impressiveness :—

“ *The Flood !* ”

This grotesque retort produced an outburst of laughter, and as the House was recovering from the explosion, Wilkins added :—

“ And even here we see a touch of human nature, for Noah, who had been long drifting on an endless ex-