

Germany. Nova Scotia is only a small and comparatively young country, and critics may be inclined to question whether she has people worth being represented. But, that being conceded in a Canadian periodical, she is able to present Joe Howe as one in whom her every feature was reflected, in whom her defects and excellencies, such as they are, could be seen in 'bold outline; one who knew and loved her with unswerving love; who caught any little inspiration there may be about her woods, streams, and shores—woods without fauns, and graveyards without ghosts; and who gave it back in verses not unmeet, in a thousand stirring appeals to her people, and in civic action and life-service that is always more heroic than verses or sentences. Joe Howe was Nova Scotia incarnate. And as excessive modesty is not one of the defects of our Nova Scotian character, the height of the pinnacle on which some people set him, when they declare that he was the first of Nova Scotians, may be estimated after the fashion in which Themistocles argued that his little boy was the most powerful personage in the world, or in which the great clockmaker argued the eminence of Mr. Samuel Slick with regard to creation generally.

On one of the occasions on which Howe visited England, a ministerial crisis occurred there. I was a little boy at the time, and remember overhearing two of our farmers talking about him in connection with the resignation of the Ministry. One gravely suggested that the Queen would likely send for Joe to be her Prime Minister. The other seemed to think it not at all unlikely, and to me the matter appeared a foregone conclusion.

The popular form that his name assumed, so generally that it is difficult to speak of him to this day save as Joe Howe, indicates the close relationship in which the people felt that he stood to them. The present generation is, perhaps, scarcely aware how thoroughly identified he was at one time with

popular feeling throughout the Province. Sabine* thus describes Nova Scotia as it was in 1846:—"It was 'Jo Howe' by day and by night. The Yankee pedlar drove good bargains in Jo Howe clocks. In the coal-mine, in the plaster-quarry, in the ship-yard, in the forest, on board the fishing pogy, the jigger, and the pinkey, it was still 'Jo Howe.' Ships and babies were named 'Jo Howe.' The loafers of the shops and taverns swore great oaths about 'Jo Howe.' The young men and maidens flirted and courted in 'Jo Howe' badges, and played and sang 'Jo Howe' glees. It was 'Jo Howe' everywhere." He himself welcomed instead of repelling the familiarity, for he felt that in it was the secret of much of his power. On resuming the editorial chair in 1844, which he had vacated three years before, to taste for the first time the sweets of power as a member of the Government, he takes his readers into a personal confidence that I know no other example of in British or American journalism. Freed from the restraints of office, he feels like a boy escaped from school, and bursts out with a joyous camaraderie to the people generally:—† "Henceforth we can commune with our countrymen as we were wont to do in times of old, and never ask Governors or colleagues what we shall feel and think and say . . . This, thank Providence, is an advantage that the editorial chair has over any of those in which we have sat of late. . . . And, hardly had we taken our seat upon our old acquaintance, when we fancied that ten thousand ties which formerly linked our name and daily labours with the household thoughts and fireside amusements of our countrymen, aye, and countrywomen, were revived as if by magic. We stepped across their thresholds, mingled in their social circles, went with them to the woods to enliven their labours, or to the field to shed a salu-

* Loyalists of the American Revolution, p. 133.

† Speeches and Public Letters, Vol. I. p. 417.