

FAMILY HISTORY

STAIRS

MORROW

INCLUDING

LETTERS, DIARIES, ESSAYS,  
POEMS, Etc.

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HALIFAX, N. S.  
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THE STAIRS FAMILY.



## THE STAIRS FAMILY.

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DENIS STAIRS, of Belfast, Ireland,

Married

HANNAH ROE, of Galway, Ireland.

They removed to Port Royal in the Island of Grenada, West Indies, where their only child, John Stairs, was born, who was sent to Philadelphia to school.

DENIS STAIRS died at Philadelphia, and was buried in Saint Peter's Churchyard. His widow married Wm. Machin, and her death occurred at Grenada in 1783 when she was 48 years old. A copy of her last will and testament is now in the possession of her great grandson, W. J. Stairs, and a copy of her likeness in miniature.

JOHN STAIRS inherited about five thousand pounds, and came to Halifax, where he lost his means in commercial pursuits.

The house he built and occupied stands on the west side of Lower Water street, opposite the wharf property long and lately owned by the Pryor family, and now known (1886) as Dominion Wharf. [This house was taken down in the summer of 1905.]

He married Joanna Stayner, who died at Philadelphia, of yellow fever, in 1793, where they had gone after Mr Stairs lost his means. He had a situation in the Customs Department there. His five children were sent to Halifax to their uncle, John Stayner.

John Stairs married again and had two more daughters.

The children sent to Halifax were :

JOANNA STAIRS, the eldest, then aged 17, who married Daniel Bessonett, a watchmaker, who died aged 27, leaving one son, John Stayner Bessonett. She married the second time William Brown, in 1810, and died March 3rd, 1839, and lies in St. Paul's burying ground in the same grave where her first husband and his father had successively been laid. The grave is directly up from the gate to the western side, and a stone records the death of the first occupant, Daniel Bessonett, who was a captain in a regiment called the "New Jersey Volunteers," raised by the British Government during the Revolutionary War in North America. Captain Bessonett was on half pay, and died at Halifax.

(Children of Joanna Stairs,—William Masters Brown, died May 29th, 1888, aged 77 years; George Stairs Brown; Eliza King Brown; John Stayner Bessonett, died May 7th, 1896, aged 91 years; Edward King Brown; Michael Septimus Brown; Joanna Brown.

JOHN STAIRS, the second, became a shipmaster, married Catherine Fraser, had two sons and eight daughters.

MARY STAIRS, fourth, married John Westray, a tanner. She died in 1810, aged 21 years, at the place known as Lawson's Mills, then called Letson's Tanyard, on the western side of the North-West Arm. Three daughters survived her; two lived to grow up (Isabel and Margaret), who went with their father to New York. Margaret married and went to Florida.

ABIGAIL STAIRS, fifth, was an infant when her mother died. She married Henry King, and they went to Boston with their children about 1834. She died there in 1867, aged 74 years. One son and three daughters survived her.

Her son, Henry King, died at Memphis, on the Mississippi, of yellow fever. Her daughters are now (1886) in Boston; Mrs. Small, Mrs. Dudley. Mr. King died at St. John, N. B.

## STAYNER.

Mrs. Stayner, a widow, came from Boston with her children and some other persons, Loyalists, about the year 1776. She had two sons, Richard and John, and four daughters. One of the daughters, Mrs. Barrell, lived and died in London, England.

Mrs. Edward King lived and died in Halifax.

Mrs. Philip Bayer lived and died on a farm on the Peninsula, Halifax.

Mrs. John Stairs (Joanna), who died in Philadelphia in 1793, the mother of William Stairs.

The house which was owned and occupied by the Stayner family in Boston, stood where the Winthrop house was since, and the Masonic Temple is now.

Mrs. Stayner, who came from Boston, was a member of a small religious body called Sandemanians, from the name of its founder, Sandeman, who was a Scotsman. Nearly all of those who were here came from New England; among them were:—John Howe, father of the late Joseph Howe; Samuel Greenwood, Theophilus Chamberlain, Edward King, Edward Foster.

WILLIAM STAIRS, son of John Stairs and Joanna Stayner, was born January 21st, 1789, in the house a few feet back from the street, opposite Pryor's Wharf. This house was built by his father. He was baptized in St. Paul's Church; name, William Machin Stairs. He never used his second name. With his parents he was taken when a child to Philadelphia, and of his mother it has been written she died in Philadelphia when he was about four years old.

After the death of his mother the children, Joanna, Joan, William, Mary and Abigail, were sent by their father down to Halifax to the care of their uncle, John Stayner, and they grew up in their uncle's house, companions to his own children, who were about the same age.

William went to the Halifax Grammar School, under the care of Mr. Wright, afterwards Rector of St. Paul's. The education he received was not much, but it was equal to that of other boys, sons of the best people in Halifax. Those who took college education went to Windsor. It was not the general practice to keep boys long at school in those days. Halifax being a seaport town, it was quite the idea for boys to go to sea.

John Stairs was sent to sea, and in due time became Captain John Stairs.

William was also sent to sea, or rather wished for the life, and this when very young, about twelve years of age. I have heard him relate that when a boy of this age he used, on his way to school, to pass (from where his uncle Stayner lived) the corner now the hardware store, and Mr. Kidston, the grandfather of the gentleman in Glasgow, stopped the boy and asked him if he would like to be a shop boy in his store. William firmly said "No," so he went to sea and made, I think, a voyage to Boston and back to Halifax. He was so dreadfully sea-sick that he could do nothing on board the vessel, almost dying of seasickness. When he got ashore he was quite satisfied that the sea would not do for him, so presenting himself to Mr. Kidston he simply said, "I am come"; and so began our connections with the Kidstons.

It was the custom in those days to bind boys as apprentices. I suppose he was duly bound, because he remained a clerk with Mr. Kidston and with a firm, Kidston, Dobson & Telford, until he was 21 years of age. I think when of age he went into business of his own account, and continued there for a few years. There was a gentleman doing business just opposite to the old corner where the Customs House now stands, Mr. Winckworth Allen. He was going out of business and had a large and general stock of goods on hand, of which he wished to dispose. He had a clerk with him, Henry Austen, and he arranged that if Henry Austen and William Stairs

formed a co-partnership, he would sell them his stock at a bargain. They duly formed a co-partnership and did business in the place Mr. Allen had occupied. By all accounts the firm Austen & Stairs did not do a profitable business, and dissolved partnership about the year 1816. England was then at war with the United States, and of course English goods could not be sent directly into the United States. The merchants of Halifax fitted out vessels and took their goods to the "lines" bordering on the State of Maine on to New Brunswick. Castine, on the Penobscot River, was the seat of this trade. Your grandfather took a consignment of goods to Castine and sold them, whether to profit or not I cannot say. This kind of trade was of course soon over.

The Castine funds, the foundation of Dalhousie College Endowments, came from this trade; it represented the duties paid by merchants at the lines.

The corner of George street and Cheapside, now Bedford Row, then one of the best stands in the city, was owned and occupied as a general store by a Scotsman named Wm. Kidston, a man possessing all the best characteristics of his race. Mr. Kidston lived over this store. Twenty years previously it was owned and occupied as a general store and residence by Brook Watson, the Halifax man who subsequently became Sir Brook Watson, Lord Mayor of London, and a member of the Imperial Parliament. In 1785 (101 years ago) Brook Watson sold the corner to William Kidston for £1,000, subject to a £242 mortgage to John Fillis, in all £1,242 sterling, a pretty fair price in the 36th year of our history, for the corner lot and the little shanty that then stood upon it.

May 23rd, 1814, when he was 25 years of age, your grandfather married Margaret Wiseman the day she was 21 years old.

After the dissolution of partnership with Henry Austen, my father continued business without any partner, and I remember that about the year 1825, when I was five years old,

he bought from the Kidstons the building corner of George street and Bedford Row, where he had served his time as a clerk. He was then about 35 years of age. He gave for this property £1,800 or \$7,200, and his business was from that time out more settled and prosperous.

His family lived in the dwelling above the shop until 1834, some nine years. In 1834 he built the house on Hollis street, where James now lives, and continued to live there until 1849, when he removed to a house he had built on Tobin street, now owned by Mrs. Taylor.

His business was a very general one, which brought business connections over the Province, but more especially in the Eastern and Shore counties. In 1841, when your grandfather was 51 years of age, he made me a partner in his business. By this time he was, for Halifax, a well-to-do man, though not what men called a rich man.

The business was conducted under the firm of William Stairs & Son. Three years after this he took his son John into the business, and the firm was William Stairs & Sons. This continued for nine years, when John left the business and set up for himself, the business then being, as before, "William Stairs & Son."

In the year 1854, Robert Morrow, who had married his daughter Helen, became a partner in the business, which has since been known as "William Stairs, Son & Morrow."

If you read the history of Nova Scotia and of Joseph Howe, you will see that there was a question agitating the public mind; it was that of Responsible Government. Political parties were known as "Liberals" and "Conservatives." Your grandfather took a leading part among the Liberals, and seconded Mr. Howe in his public action; at general meetings of the Liberal party he acted as chairman. In 18— he was elected a member for the township of Halifax, and was a warm friend of Herbert Huntingdon. By the defection of the Roman Catholics, who had gained much from the Liberal

party, he was defeated at an election for the township. His successful opponent was Andrew Uniacke, a Conservative.

In 1850 he was nominated as a member of the Legislative Council. He had in general politics supported Mr. Howe, and this he did until upon the question of Government Railways, Mr. Howe advocated the building of Nova Scotia railways by the Government. Mr. Johnstone, leader of the Opposition, led up his party, contending that company railways were more in the interest of the public. My father, on this question, would not support Mr. Howe in his incurring a provincial debt to build the Windsor railway; at the same time he would not vote with the Johnstone party; he therefore retired from the Legislative Council; this was in the year 18—. He took no active part in politics or public affairs after this.

Thirty years ago the banking accommodation of Halifax was such as was provided by the Halifax Banking Company, the Bank of Nova Scotia and the Bank of British North America. It seemed as if an opening was available for the starting of a new bank. Mr. John Gibson and your grandfather talked this over, whilst out on a fishing excursion (of which he was very fond), and in the summer of 1855, returning from Musquodoboit, they wrote a few notes to such gentlemen and business friends as they supposed might be inclined to join them in promoting the establishment of a new bank.

The Union Bank was then established, and Mr. Stairs elected President. The presidency of the Bank occupied his attention and caused him largely to withdraw from the business of the firm. He continued to act as President of the Bank until his death in 1865. In 1851 my mother died, and he was much cast down, but rallied, and the later years of his life he was well and hearty. He lived very quietly and peacefully, occupying the house on Tobin street, my sister Katherine keeping house for him.



In November, 1865, he was stricken with paralysis. He had been in town in the morning, had visited us at the office, and had been at the Bank. After leaving the Bank he took a cab to go home, and reached the steps of his own house, when he fell into the arms of the cabman who was helping him out of the cab. He never looked up, but after a fortnight of seeming suffering he died on November 17th, 1865.

It is but common words to write, but truly he was greatly respected as a merchant and a citizen. Walking with him at my mother's funeral (why I said it I know not other than at the impulse of my feelings), I said "Sir, the longer I live and the older I get, the more I value my father." And so it was and is.

His mother, Joanna Stayner, was a member of the Sandemanians, a people who, while they put away from them a paid ministry as unscriptural and a snare, they lived near to God; and I think the habit of your grandfather's mind was nearness to God and ever-readiness to die. The last years of his life it was the absorbing thought of his mind to be ready for death. I never heard him speak of death as a matter of anxiety, but he always, as I judge him, wished to be found prepared for its great change.

Your dear Grandfather Stairs was taken ill on Friday, 17th November, 1865. He had been up town at the office and at the Bank. He entered the office about half-past ten o'clock. I was engaged talking about the business of the Strait of Canso Marine Railway with Mr. Paint and two other gentlemen. I observed your grandfather looked pale and as if he was poorly, but he passed on to look at the books. He read over an entry relating to a bill of exchange, and asked Mr. Grant to whom he had sold it. Mr. Grant remarked after father was tak : ill, that his question somewhat surprised him, because, as he said, it was unlike his usual clearness when looking at an entry, as in the entry it was written to whom it was sold.

Between one and two o'clock I received a note from your uncle, John Duffus, to say that father had been taken suddenly ill. I hastened to his house, and he was sitting up supported in his bed. We then (Doctor Hattie, John Duffus and myself) managed to get his clothes off and have him covered up in bed, and the doctor applied ice to his head.

Your grandfather had, after leaving the office, gone to the Union Bank, of which he was President, and still seemingly quite well, left the Bank in a cab to go home to dinner. On his way home, and near his door he must have experienced the first shock of paralysis, for when the cab stopped the cabman had to help him out of the cab up the steps, and he was unable to get the piece of money out of his waistcoat pocket to pay the fare. The cabman went off without his pay. This distressed your grandfather, and although unable to speak, he was able to walk to the door and look anxiously down the street after the cabman.

Your aunt Kate managed to get him to the back parlor into his chair, when he seemed to be entirely overcome. Your aunt Anna joined her, and they alone had to do what they could until some man came and went for the doctor and help. Doctor Hattie soon reached him and did what he could in the way of ice to his head and warm water to his feet and aid to the bowels.

We nursed your dear grandfather day and night most carefully for eleven days, sometimes with hopes of his recovery, and at times sadly distressed. After Saturday, the eighth day, we had small hope, as on that day he must, from his symptoms, have had a second attack, and this took from him the power of swallowing. Before this he had taken nourishment quite sufficient to sustain him. On Tuesday, the 28th November, we felt it was not probable he would live long, and his children kept near him, grieved to hear his quick and distressed breathing. At ten minutes past one o'clock p.m., his breath became very feeble. He opened his eyes, which had been closed for nearly twenty hours. When he first

opened them they looked as if he could not see, but soon he half closed his eyelids and his eyes looked bright and clear; and looking upwards he breathed his last as peacefully as a child dropping to sleep.

There were present your Aunt Kate, myself, your Uncle John Stairs, your Aunt Helen and Anna. Aunt Mary Stairs and your Uncle Robert.

Your Aunt Margaret and your dear mother, and Uncle Alfred and John Duffus were not present, having been there a short time before, and thinking he would live through the day, they had gone away.

Your dear grandfather was not able to speak during his illness, but was able intelligently to welcome each of his children and friends as they approached his bedside. I believe while he lay upon his bed he was fully assured that he would not live, and was looking forward to a happy home through the merits of his Saviour. His faith was very pure and simple, as your dear Aunt Kate said while standing by his bedside watching his breath coming weaker and weaker: "Grandfather 'did justly, loved mercy and walked humbly with his God.'" And this, dear children, is a true Christian's creed.

I would record a singular coincidence in a use of these expressive words at two eventful periods of my life. The first was, they were the words of admonition used by my mother in the first letter she ever wrote to me when I left home at 13 years of age for school at Horton, and then again as I have given them used by your Aunt Kate 32 years afterwards, over father's death-bed. You, my dear children, may well take these words as a creed fit to live to and fit to comfort one another with, if you live a life of goodness; and I trust you will all remember, or all but the very youngest, that we buried dear grandfather at Camp Hill Cemetery on Friday, December 1st. 1865, alongside and to the north of your grandmother.

The funeral was a very long one. The community paid due honour to grandfather's memory. After his sons, sons-in-law, grandsons, nephews and cousins, came his friends, Mr. Grant and all our staff from the office and stores, the directors and officers of the Union Bank, the Mayor and City Council, a very great concourse of citizens and carriages. Those who were curious counted 26 carriages.

Your grandfather was 76 years of age when he died, and was very smart, and upon all matters talked like a young man. After his death, while lying in his coffin, he looked very young and gentle, showing features of quite a womanly cast. All people who knew your grandfather spoke well of him. The newspapers of the town almost all alluded to him and his character, both public and private.

Grandfather began business upon his own account when he was 21 years of age, and was engaged all his life. When he died he was President of the Union Bank. He was Mayor of Halifax in the year 1848. He had been a member for the City in the General Assembly, and was at one time member of the Legislative Council, from which body he retired rather than oppose Mr. Howe's Government upon the matter of Government Railways. He was a warm supporter of Mr. Howe's policy, which gave to this country the principle of Responsible Government.

I am very sorry your grandfather had not been in the habit of keeping any written memoranda of the prominent events in his long life. Had he been so, I would very much value such a record.

[The foregoing family history was written by W. J. Stairs, in 1886.]

---

Mr. William Kidston, grandson of the Mr. Kidston from whom grandfather bought the corner store, died some few years ago, and in his will left his diamond ring to W. J. Stairs, who just before his death gave it to his son James, with instructions to leave it to his son William, who must leave it to his son, or to the oldest male member of the Stairs family.

WARRANT FOR THE APPOINTMENT OF WILLIAM STAIRS TO BE  
MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF NOVA  
SCOTIA, SIGNED BY QUEEN VICTORIA

WILLIAM STAIRS, ESQ., to be a member of the Legislative  
Council, Nova Scotia.

Right trusty and Right well-beloved Cousin, We greet you well! We being well satisfied of the loyalty, integrity and ability, of our trusty and well-beloved WILLIAM STAIRS, Esquire, have thought fit hereby to signify our Will and Pleasure that forthwith upon the receipt of these Presents, you swear and admit him, the said WILLIAM STAIRS, to be of our Legislative Council of Our Province of Nova Scotia. And for so doing this shall be your Warrant.

Given at our Court at Windsor, this Seventeenth day of  
January, 1850, in the Thirteenth year of our Reign.

By Her Majesty's Command.

(Sgd.) GREY.

[ON REVERSE SIDE.]

To our Right Trusty and Right Well-beloved Cousin, James, Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, Knight of the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle, our Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief in and over our Province of Nova Scotia, or, on his absence to our Lieutenant-Governor, or the Officer administrating the Government of the said Province.

*Extract from "The Sun and Advertiser," Wednesday,  
November 29th, 1865.*

A GOOD MAN HAS FALLEN.

We regret having to record the death of W. Stairs, Esq., which took place yesterday. The deceased was attacked with paralysis while riding home on the 17th inst., from which he never rallied. In all the relations of life Mr. Stairs was held in high esteem. As a merchant, a civic ruler, a legislator, and lastly, as the President of the Union Bank, his conduct was marked by a probity highly commendable. As a husband, father and friend, kindness and benevolence predominated. He has ended a long life of usefulness, passing away peacefully in his 77th year with an unstained reputation.

*Extract from "The Sun and Advertiser."*

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX.

*Wednesday November 29th, 1865.*

As the funeral of Wm. Stairs, Esq., the late President of this Bank, will take place on Friday, the 1st December, this office will be closed on that day at one o'clock, p. m., and parties having business to transact with the Bank will please govern themselves accordingly.

By order of the Board.

W. S. STIRLING, *Cashier.*

*Copied from "The Halifax Citizen," November 28th, 1865.*

OBITUARY.

In our columns to-day is recorded the death of William Stairs, Esq., Senior, one of the oldest and most esteemed citizens of Halifax. He was attacked with paralysis while riding home from his business on Friday, 17th inst. For some days hopes were entertained that he would rally, but on Saturday last unfavourable symptoms appeared, from which time he gradually sank until he peacefully expired at a little after 1 p.m. to-day. For many years Mr. Stairs held a prominent place in the mercantile community, and was always conspicuous among his associates for enterprise and liberality of character as a business man, and for the high-toned sense of honour that marked all his dealings.

Perhaps he leaves behind him no man in Nova Scotia who has more faithfully discharged all the duties of citizenship. From his earliest manhood until the close of a life somewhat exceeding the allotted span of threescore and ten years, his career was one of active usefulness. He served his native city in the office of Mayor, and the Province as a member of the Legislative Council and House of Assembly. At the time of his death he was President of the Union Bank, a position that he had filled ably and honourably for years. He was a man of expansive benevolence, using generously and wisely the fortune that rewarded the industry of his early years; and the affectionate esteem he commanded in all the social and private relations of life was fully equal to the influence he exercised in the public affairs of the country. The limited space of time at our command previous to going to press renders it impossible for us to-day to give anything more than this very brief and imperfect outline of this good man's career.

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FROM THE FAMILY BIBLE OF WILLIAM STAIRS.

WILLIAM, second son of John Stairs, born January 21st, 1789.

MARGARET, only daughter of James Wiseman, born May 23rd, 1793.

Were married in St. Matthew's Church on the 23rd May, 1814, by Rev. Doctor Grey.

*Children.*

Catherine Mary, born July 5th, 1816, baptized by Dr. Grey.

Joanna Stayner, born January 26th, 1818, baptized by Dr. Grey, died July 4th, 1845.

William James, born September 24th, 1819, baptized by Dr. Grey.

John George, born September 21st, 1821, baptized by Rev. Robt. Knox.

John, born April 1st, 1823, baptized by Rev. Robt. Knox, died at Cannes, March 22nd, 1888.

Margaret Wiseman, born June, 1825, married Alfred Gilpin Jones, July 17th, 1850, died February 1st, 1875.

Helen Sophia, born July 10th, 1827, married Robert Morrow, June 21st, 1854, died March 17th, 1894. Robert Morrow died August 5th, 1885.

Frances Mary, born March 6th, 1830, died November 30th, 1831.

Anna Marshall, born March 20th, 1832, married John Duffus, March 26th, 1856, died November 27th, 1866.

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MARGARET WISEMAN, my mother, was the only child of James Wiseman and Katherine Grant.

James Wiseman, son of ——— Wiseman and Elspeth Duffus.

James Wiseman had a sister Isabella, who married William Duncan. They had two sons and one daughter. William Duncan, their son, lived in Savannah, Georgia. Alexander lived in Dundee; he was a minister of the Scotch Church.

William Duncan's daughter, Eugenie, married James Johnston, now (1887) in Savannah.

James Wiseman, died June 10th, 1798. His grave is in the old Burial Ground.

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FROM THE TOMBSTONES IN ST. PAUL'S BURIAL GROUND.

In memory of Catherine Donaldson, who departed this life, April 14th, 1827, aged 55 years.

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Here lies the body of Charles Grant, Esq., late Captain in the First Battalion of His Majesty's 42nd Royal Highland Regiment of Foot, who departed this life the 1st day of February, in the year of our Lord, 1785. Aged 44 years.



In memory of Mary Ann,  
 Wife of John Morrow,  
 Died 9th January, 1836,  
 Aged 36 Years,

Also

Sarah, daughter of John and Mary Ann Morrow,  
 Born 2nd December, 1832,  
 Died 9th March, 1839.  
 Aged 6 years and 3 months.

---

Sacred to the memory of James, Son of  
 James and Catherine Wiseman, who departed  
 this life 6th of February, 1798, aged 6 months and 6 days.

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In memory of James Wiseman  
 Who departed this life June 10th, 1798,  
 Aged 42 years.

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NOTES.

Katherine Grant, wife of James Wiseman, was the daughter  
 of Lewis Grant and Margaret McPherson.

Margaret McPherson was the daughter of Katherine  
 Farquharson. She had a twin brother, Lewis Grant, who  
 lived either in Guysboro or in Cape Breton. She mar-  
 ried secondly George Donaldson, son of a worthy Scotch  
 farmer who lived at Greenfield, in the Eastern Passage.  
 She was one of sixteen children.

## DESCENDANTS OF W. J. STAIRS.

JOHN FITZWILLIAM STAIRS, son of William James Stairs and Susan Morrow. Born 19th January, 1848. Married Charlotte Jane Fogo, April 27th, 1870, only child of James and Jane Fogo, born at Pictou, October 21st, 1847, died at Halifax May 28th, 1886.

*Children.*

Ethel Mary, born March 12th, 1871.

Jane Macdonald, born January 11th, 1873, died August, 1875.

James Alfred, born December 21st, 1876, married Margaret Hillman, of Philadelphia, April 18th, 1906.

Geraldine Louise, born September 4th, 1878; married November 30th, 1901, to Lieut. Hughes Campbell Lockyer, R. N., son of Sir Norman Lockyer, K.C.B., F.R.S. Hughes Campbell, their son, born September 3rd, 1902.

Gilbert Sutherland, born November 11th, 1882.

Walter, born May 8th, 1884, died May 24th, 1886.

Eric, born October 27th, 1885.

John Fitzwilliam Stairs married again August 14th, 1895, Helen Eliza Bell, born June 9th, 1863, and widow of William Gaherty.

One child, Margaret Rosamond, born 30th October, 1902.

John F. Stairs, died at Toronto, September 26th, 1904.

JAMES WISEMAN STAIRS, born 15th May, 1851. Son of William James Stairs and Susan Morrow. Married Jane Macdonald, November 12th, 1873, born March 18th, 1851.

*Children.*

William James, born December 14th, 1874.  
 Eleanor Macdonald, born September 4th, 1876.  
 Joan Wiseman, born February 12th, 1890.

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EDWARD STAIRS, son of William James Stairs and Susan Morrow. Born 10th July, 1854, married October 23rd, 1878, Isabella Boyd Scott, born 14th April, 1856.

*Children.*

Susan Isabella, born September 5th, 1879, married April 14th, 1905, to Dr. Robert Magill. Susan Eileen, their child, born April 18th, 1906.  
 Edward Geoffrey, born January 7th, 1832.  
 Errol Scott, born November 22nd, 1883, died August 19th, 1884.  
 Olive Mary, born February 25th, 1885.  
 Kathleen, born September 26th, 1887.  
 Kennet, born May 30th, 1889.  
 Cyril Walter, born September 3rd, 1891.  
 Hugh Morrow, born March 2nd, 1893.  
 Philip Boyd, born November 23rd, 1894.  
 Roberts Dundonald, born February 20th, 1900.

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GEORGE STAIRS, born February 29th, 1856, son of William James Stairs and Susan Morrow. Married Helen MacKenzie, October 1st, 1884. Helen MacKenzie died April 13th, 1894.

*Children.*

Dorothy Helen, born January 9th, 1886.  
 George William, born August 25th, 1887.  
 Denis, born May 3rd, 1889.  
 John Cuthbert, born December 3rd, 1891.  
 Helen Elizabeth, born April 11th, 1894.

HERBERT STAIRS. Born 21st March, 1859, son of William James Stairs and Susan Morrow. Married Bessie Eaton September 21st, 1881. Bessie Eaton born 11th October, 1860.

*Children.*

Edith, born 8th August, 1882.  
 Mary Macdonald, born 25th August, 1885.  
 Alice Eaton, born December 4th, 1892.  
 William Herbert, born 8th June, 1902.

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GAVIN LANG STAIRS. Born 21st September, 1861, son of William James Stairs and Susan Morrow. Married Ellie Cox, December, 1885.

*Children.*

Katherine, born December 18th, 1886, died March 14th, 1890.  
 Gordon Salter, born August 31st, 1889.  
 Herbert Morrow, born June 15th, 1891.  
 Graham, born April 14th, 1894.  
 Gavin, born June 22nd, 1896.

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MARY ANNE STAIRS. Born 20th September, 1849, daughter of William James Stairs and Susan Morrow. Married May 18th, 1882, Charles Macdonald. Died 24th July, 1883. Charles Macdonald died March 11th, 1901, aged 70 years.

*Child.*

Charles, born 23rd July, 1883.

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MARGARET WISEMAN STAIRS. Born 26th March, 1853, daughter of William James Stairs and Susan Morrow. Married 16th June, 1880, Alfred John Townend, born July 5th, 1839.

*Children.*

- William, born Halifax, July 27th, 1881.  
Alfred Bernard Stairs, born Halifax, October 5th, 1882.  
Alicce Mary, born Halifax, December 18th, 1883.  
Francis Whitechurch, born Halifax, July 10th, 1885.  
Herbert Patrick Victor, born Dublin, March 11th, 1887.  
Ray Duncan Morrow, born Dublin, January 31st, 1889.  
Margaret Susan Catherine, born Gibraltar, May 27th, 1890.  
Harry Douglas, born Gibraltar, December 27th, 1891.  
Gerald Arthur, born Ealing, October 3rd, 1893.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF MRS. MACHIN, WIDOW OF  
DENIS STAIRS.

July 16th, 1782.

Before the Notary Royal in the Island of Grenada, residing in the town of Port Royal, in the presence of the witnesses named and underwritten, was personally present Hannah Roe, widow in the first marriage of Denis Stairs and now wife of William Machin, born in the County of Galway, Ireland, about forty-eight years old, who has requested us to come to her house situate on the upper part of the parade of this town, where we have found her in an upper room lying in bed sick of body, but of sound judgment, memory and understanding, as it has appeared to us and to the witnesses subscribed, and where she hath declared to us by the ministry of Mr. John Baptist Sepancoir, known interpreter of the English language, whom we found in the same house, that she was desirous of making her last will and testament, in consequence whereof the said lady attended as aforesaid has said and declared of herself this her personal last will and testament in the following manner:—

1st. The said lady recommends her soul to God, etc.

2nd. That her lawful debts be paid.

3rd. Testatrix bequeaths to Elizabeth Larkin a sum of three hundred and thirty livres, French West India currency, once paid as an acknowledgment of her attachment.

4th. And whereas by a deed bearing date of 10th October, 1773, subscribed under the English laws, forms and language, which has been read by the same interpreter, the said lady reserved to herself the free disposition of a sum of two thousand pounds currency, being equal to forty thousand livres French West India currency, and of the interest on the same from the day of her marriage with the said Machin at the rate of six per centum per annum, in consequence thereof

the testatrix has declared that she bequeaths the said sum, as well as the interest thereon, to be calculated from the day she was married to the day of her decease; that is to say, one-half to her son John Stairs, by her first marriage, who is in Halifax, America, and the other half to be divided as follows, that is to say, one-third of the said half to the said John Stairs, and the other two-thirds to be divided and shared between the two children of the said John Stairs, the testatrix declaring that a lot of land with the buildings thereon situate in this said town of Port Royal, bounded on the east by Deponthieu street, on the south by Granby street, on the west by Lewis street, and on the north by other lands that belong to the said testatrix before her said marriage, is bound and made chargeable for the payment of the said sum and of the interest thereon pursuant to the said before-mentioned deed, that the legacies be delivered up to the said devisees immediately after her decease.

The testatrix annuls all former wills, appoints Martin and Donald Campbell, of the said town, merchants, to be executors of said will.

The lady having been asked, pursuant to the ordinance, whether she would subscribe her name hereunto, has declared she could not do it, and the said witnesses and interpreter have hereunto set their hands, after the same had been read.

After the will was read to the testatrix, she has declared, by way of codicil, that she bequeaths to the free negro woman named Patience, her negro woman named Fanny.

The whole of which has been read to the testatrix, who declares herself to be satisfied with the same.

(Here follow the names of the witnesses which cannot be deciphered).

NOTE.—Mrs. Machin was unable to affix her signature owing to the feeble condition of her bodily health.

JOHN STAIRS, SON OF DENIS STAIRS, TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, MR. STAYNER, IN HALIFAX.

*Dear Brother,*—This is my third to you since 1st of November last.

I make no doubt but the anxiety of all your minds must be great. since the late dreadful visitation on this city, which lasted upwards of three months, during which period it destroyed upwards of five thousand persons. Such mortality I never beheld, and would have been more so had not the most of the city fled from the contagion. I shall inform you as nearly as I can during the disorder. About the 3rd of September the doctor found it out, previous to which nine eminent physicians were carried off by it. The Collector and his family fled, as did the Deputy Collector and clerks, but myself, Mr. Delaney's son-in-law, a druggist, remained and acted as Deputy with the naval officer and myself. All sat at one desk to do what business might occur, but during the space of one week I was left alone; both took the disorder and were carried off. Neddy King came and bade us good-bye and went about 90 miles in the country to Hawest during the period of disorder with his employer, who is a very good man and extremely fond of Ned. I myself and family enjoyed a great share of health during its first appearance until the middle of October, and now, my dear brother, prepare yourself for the dismal tale of my family. It is not in my power to write mother on the subject; it would be too distressing to her; but hope her known patience as a Christian will enable her to stand so dreadful a shock—dreadful, I must say it was to me, and very sudden. Then on Thursday morning, 17th of October, my dear Joanna was taken with every symptom of the disorder. I fled for all the aid I could obtain for her relief, and procured two skilful physicians, who did everything in their power. I remained with her the whole time with a neighbour who offered herself as nurse; and on



Friday morning she appeared worse and was quite wild. Judge my situation, dear brother: an infant at the breast I was obliged to take from her, and send everywhere to procure a nurse. At length with great difficulty I obtained a woman to take it. Before night she was quite calm and remained so and perfectly sensible. On Saturday morning her tongue was quite black, which in a moment convinced me that she had the disorder in a very violent degree. But alas! how soon was I deprived of my dear wife, who continued ill until Sunday. On Sunday morning she said to me: "My dear Mr. Stairs, I am going to leave you," and exclaimed at the same time, "My poor mother!" She then told me to consider the charge I had and to be good to the children. After that she never mentioned them. She then called to hold my head down to her, which I did. She then said in a low accent, "Good-bye, my dear husband; I have made peace with Heaven." She then continued in prayer until about 11 o'clock on Sunday morning, when I saw she was nearly gone, and at twelve o'clock the same day left this troublesome world. Dear John, can you form any idea of my situation after this? The woman nurse performed every friendly action; then judge my feelings—not a friend in the world to assist me in procuring any necessary articles, but all fell upon myself. At that moment I forgot myself when I looked on my children, who were all grieving terribly for the loss of a tender, affectionate mother. I must and was obliged to fly and procure persons who had aided in the burial of persons during the disorder, who got all that could be procured, and my poor John and myself were all that followed her to the grave. She, dear woman, lies in St. Peter's Churchyard. When I returned it seemed impossible that she could be gone who was only on the Wednesday evening before never more cheerful and hearty.

Poor Neddie King came to town in about a fortnight after.

My heart depressed, and not knowing what to do with my little ones, no relations to assist me, my fear for them

as well as myself respecting the fever was not a little. Myself nor any of the children ever stayed from her. In fifteen days after, the good woman who nursed her died of the disorder she took from my poor Joe. You cannot conceive my fears even at that time. I, nor the children, ever took any medicine whatever. I was still thankful to have the children left, but I was perfectly easy; it was in the power of Him that gave to take away, and even now my troubles still increase daily. My dear little Abby, poor, unfortunate child, after having got her to a nurse, in about three weeks after the death of her mother the nurse was taken ill. I was compelled to go at ten o'clock at night to search for a fresh nurse, which I procured with difficulty—a woman who had an infant of a month old at her breast. She pleaded with me and told me the danger she ran in taking the poor babe, but at last consented to take her at \$2.00 per week. Shortly after she was attacked with the whooping cough to a violent degree. When she got better of that she was attacked with the chicken-pox and then with her teeth; she had six teeth at six months old. But I hope it is all over with her now, except the small-pox; myself and the children are all perfectly well. John goes to school constant. The Collector takes John in April as his own; he sends him up to Nazareth to school, a college about ninety miles off, and finds him in clothing and lodging until he is fit for whatever turn he may take. It is very kind of him. Dear brother, just as our prospects were advancing, your dear sister seemed quite pleased with her situation. Before her illness I was made Deputy Collector in his absence. His letters to me were very kind and professed every act of friendship for me. I am now his first clerk at \$600 per annum, besides a complement he made of two hands more for my services, in doing the whole business of the Customs House in his absence. The expense during my misfortune was great; in three days it cost me not less than \$60.00, exclusive of the doctor's bills, which were \$70.00. However, I was thankful I had it in my power to discharge them. Dear

Stayner, you must not be too quick to inform mother of the dreadful tale too soon, but yourself and Brother King must let her know of it by degrees. You should have heard oftener but all communication was cut off with all parts of the continent. Vessels from here were obliged to perform quarantine of forty days, and the packets from New York did not leave that port for Halifax. It is dreaded by every person that the disorder will again appear as soon as the weather alters and grows warm. The first opportunity from this place I will send you a pamphlet published respecting the fever, with the manner in which people are taken, and the names of all that died. It is not in the power of my pen to describe the horrors of such a distemper. There are upwards of one hundred and forty orphans who were sent to the hospital, who have lost father and mother and all connections. They are kept together in a house procured for them, and kept comfortable—children, I suppose, whose parents had been in affluence; the wife fled from her sick husband, and the husband the same.

My dear brother, you must excuse my dwelling long upon so painful a subject. Remember your unfortunate brother to all the connection. I shall be able to write mother the next time. She must pardon my not writing her, and do be so kind as to write me soon. Mrs. Muloney died the beginning of October, and R. Courtney died in the country in September.

I am, with my best wishes, dear brother, your much afflicted and grieved brother,

(Signed)

JOHN STAIRS,

Philadelphia, November 12th, 1793.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY OF WILLIAM JAMES  
STAIRS.

BRITANNIA TERRACE,

*March 29, 1848.*

The Memoranda commenced upon the opposite page with reference to the expense of housekeeping appear not to have been very carefully continued. They were commenced in January, 1846, and the last entry is made on the 7th February the same year, a period of thirty-eight days. How long we keep to resolutions or systems that are not imperatively necessary! It is better to allow all systems pertaining to minor matters to be the result of experience or necessity. What is more than this cometh of botheration.

*March 29th, 1848.*—A short time since, resolved upon the expediency of filing a newspaper as the best history of passing events, and it will preserve for my boys the truest history of their country. When I am old they can read of Howe and Huntingdon, of the battling with obstructions for British representative institutions, of the fathers of progress in Nova Scotia; herculean labours in the ægean stables of our politics. These worthy men are now in power after a fight of ten or fifteen years varying in intensity, but always a fight.

The best description of Huntingdon appeared a few numbers since in the *Acadian Recorder* above the signature of "Peter Pasquin," supposed to be the Honourable Jonathan McCully.

*April 1st, 1848.*—The French Revolution of 1848 is the third revolution within fifty years. From the first France partially settled down into a state of infidel socialism, the tyranny of kings had given place to the tyranny of the mob, again to be succeeded by the despotic rule of the Bourbons and its consequent reaction. It is to be hoped the experience

has now taught wisdom. The day of kingly authority has probably passed forever from France. The French have tried this form of Government and found it wanting. The circumstances of a free Republic will be found to be the only state suitable for France.

*April 15th, 1848.*—In Nova Scotia, constitutional government has been established. Colonial Toryism has been swallowed up by development of society.

*May 31st, 1848.*—Of political events I will not write, at least for the present. Of trade I have to remark that it is dull and lifeless. All holders of goods are anxious to realize and lessen their liabilities. This has, with the scarcity of money from the absence of remunerative business, the effect of greatly reducing prices. Goods are being sold by many parties at prices that will not return the first cost. This state of things has been induced by the failure of the crops for the last three years. The crop of Nova Scotia, or rather the food in average years raised for human sustenance, is computed to be of the value of £10 for each of her inhabitants. To feed a population of 300,000 requires an amount of food worth £3,000,000.

*September 11th, 1848.*—Miss Mary Elizabeth Churchill and Miss Ann Locke are our honoured guests. We have spent the day visiting the Falcon steamer and Province Bu. 'ings. To-morrow they join a party, the Methodist Sunday School, who celebrate a picnic at Mr. Sam Story's on the North-West Arm. The steamer takes the party up to the head of the Arm and returns to the banqueting scene.

*September 11th, 1848.*—Circumstantial account of a duel fought at Point Pleasant between the redoubtable Edward Parry Nutting and Archibald Dodd, commonly called Archie Dodd. They went out and fought. Seconds were Samuel Deblois and Thomas Allen; medical attendant, William

McGregor. Nutting challenged, but magnanimously blew the powder with which the pistols were loaded into the air. What Dodd did is unknown; it is supposed he fired sideways. After honourably acquitting themselves as gentlemen they adjourned to happier scenes.

*December 20th, 1848.*—My wife makes for me a slice of buttered toast. I divide it in four parts or quarters, and hand her one quarter. Have a good appetite, and not satisfied with what was made, she makes a second slice. I divide it as before and hand her one quarter. She has now received two quarters, which is equal to one-half, and yet complains I was not generous. What think you? Was it so, when she received a half fairly divided?

*December 20th, 1848.*—The weather has been remarkably warm, I have to record it. Up to this date there is comparatively no frost in the ground. I might add that after ten o'clock, when the slight frost of the night is dissipated, the plough may be easily driven. Out-door work of every kind is going on as in early autumn. My father's new house is progressing fast. The frame was raised about ten days since; the boarding is now complete and the carpenters commence to shingle to-morrow. It will be an elegant house (Tobin street house).

*December 20th, 1848.*—The sea-serpent has been a subject of writing and conversation this autumn. It is my grateful task to tell how nearly I had seen it, in company with Mary Morrow; not the sea-serpent, but myself in her company. We considered its evolutions or circles beautiful; in length about 100 fathoms; its windings were, however, horizontal, not as I had hoped to see it, rising from or elevated above the water. It, however, to our sincere mortification and to the infinite loss of the scholar and naturalist, proved to be a mackerel seine, its indiscernible figure produced by the receding tide.

*December 20th, 1848.*—Have it in contemplation to write upon the important subjects of Industry, Free Trade, Political and Social Progress, in a series of letters addressed to the newspaper readers of Nova Scotia.

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THEME: INDUSTRY, FREE TRADE, POLITICAL AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

MY DEAR SIR,—We have passed many an hour, agreeably to me, and I trust not less so to yourself, in discussing such points as I have assumed as the topics of a series of letters, which, with your permission, I address to you. Be not alarmed when I tell you that I propose to discuss the important subject matters of Industry, Labour and Social Progress. It will be in a quiet, friendly way. Your reason elevates Industry to the first eminence. Your heart is warm to the social progress of your fellow-beings, and I would argue from the premises that the former is pioneer of the latter.

#### FIRST, OF INDUSTRY.

Through all the habit of years of close application of practical industry, my thoughts revert to their first impressions of this essential principle. They were received by the early admonitions of my mother. She, with a mother's love and care, sought to impress upon her son such lessons as she thought would haply carry him over the rugged pathway of life. Often has her lesson been: "William, be industrious," and to her early training am I indebted for the habit of close application so necessary to accomplish the best work of man.

To make use of this, if I may be allowed to compare great things with small, I would avail myself of the privilege, and as I received my lesson from my parent, so did the first man (Adam), learn from the Author of his being this law: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground, for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return."

Here is God's edict, the first law for Adam's guidance under his heavy calamity. Though an outcast and alone, the only man, the wide world a desert cursed for his crime, yet he had a hope within him and a faith in the promise that by labour he should live.

He had been driven from his terrestrial paradise, but not cast down. It was for him and for his children, by labour and industry, to cause the barren earth to bring forth fruit, to become cultivated as a garden, adorned with the choicest works of art and all things beautiful, elevating our meaner natures, and physically acting upon man that the grand regenerating principle of moral good may have prepared for it a vessel more honourable and excellent and worthy the high purpose for which man was originally and is intended.

The law I have quoted is not merely a sentence of condemnation to hard labour. It contains the punishment of disobedience, tempered with wisdom and love. God did not cast off the work of His hands when in vindication of His justice He condemned man; He in the same law showed compassion and mercy. He knew the frailties of our natures, saying: "For out of the ground wast thou taken, for dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." It is by labor man is permitted to keep this mortal body in health and vigor. The tilling of the ground is not less necessary to furnish food for support than exercise to recreate our bodies.

An eminent physician, Dr. Curtis, pleading the importance of air and exercise, calls attention to this law, and only promises disease to those by whom it is despised.

Mankind, in self-support, has ever been obliged to labour. The first and most extensive department of labour has been tilling the ground; but as men multiplied and gathered into communities, a great power was discovered in the principle of "Division of Labour." The tillers of the ground soon found



that instead of each manufacturing the clumsy spade and hoe, it was much better for one of the most expert in the working of metals to confine himself especially to such pursuit; they soon realized this system provided them with labor-saving implements, one improvement immediately growing out of another. This principle has since been developing, and is the secret of all progress in the arts and great mechanical achievements.

To illustrate what it has accomplished, compare the state of society in large communities and in isolated localities. In the former a medium of exchange has been arranged called money and barter. This enables the producers of different productions to make such exchange as supplies the wants of all, and not only to more easily supply immediate wants, but allows the creation of articles of taste and costliness. Let imagination visit the gathering of the products of industry that are seen in the Old World. Consider the work of the loom, from the homely woollen cloth to the shawls of Paisley and cloths of Yorkshire, the cambrics of Manchester, the gloves of Nottingham, scarlet and fine apparel, the cutlery instruments of Sheffield, the musical instruments, watches, pictures, the books of London and Paris. Compare all these, and the society they superinduce, with such passages of life as may occur to us when man is thrown upon his own unaided resources. We cannot find anyone perfectly alone, but comparatively so, we may see the settlers' new country, the rude implements of husbandry saving little labour, the waste of time and small progress made in comforts, the absence of elegance and leisure and almost of civilization.

We cannot review these things without noticing and acknowledging the power gained by the "Division of Labour." It is indeed a power so evident, so constant and continuously before us, that we fail, as with great and common gifts—the light of day, the water, the heat of fire—we fail, I say, to know their excellence. Imagine for an instant a state of society where man lived alone and exchanged no products of

labour. The husbandman, without the working in metals, his field would be idle. Not to continue the picture, which would only be a few stray men hunting the feeblers animals; to all the rest it would be dismay and Stygian darkness, of want unalleviated and ending in death.

When we perceive a great power the absence of which implies man an abnormal brute, the presence of which is an index of understanding and will, does it not become us to consider the value of this principle and act upon it for the advancement of society?

I now come to the practical. I would urge the extension of the principle to the adoption of perfectly constructed interchange of industrial production. I would have every man apply himself to what he felt most qualified for, or rather to that pursuit which his inclination would add the most to the common stock; each clime be appropriated to what it most naturally produced. Commerce or interchange would equalize and distribute the products of labour. A lesser degree of rational labour would suffice. Social progress would be advanced by the enjoyment of some cessation from labour. Civilization and refinement would invade the present abodes of unintermitting toil. Man would be more rational and consequently more happy, and evil be to him if he abuse a great good and give the leisure of civilization up to the undisciplined gratification of enervating ease.

If I were asked by what name I would call this great extension of "Division of Labour," this great system of interchange, this great civilizer, this co-adjuster of virtue and good, I would name and explain it as "Free Trade," and I would inveigh against the selfishness, the small-circled thoughts of those who would urge monopoly and exclusiveness. Love your neighbour as yourself; hold out your hand to distant strangers; trade with, get good by trade with them and do them good by the same. Nay, say some, but I have

ever had a privilege, and this I would not abandon. But when did this privilege arise? Is it not a usurpation that in the ignorance of time gone by was foolishly sanctioned? Is not your privileged gain another's unprivileged loss? Is it not feudal rather than a moral right?

Carry out the system of protection, and where would be progress? Where would be steam-engines, the railway, the printing press? They would be wanting. The protected rights of their elementary predecessors would have stifled the infant giants; civilization would have been as dormant, wanting these great powers.

Thanks be to God, men are beings of progress. The selfish few have not been able to curb the forward progression of the mass. They have impeded, but not prevented; and this feature of progress, this division of labour, this philanthropist "Free Trade" will encircle the earth, pioneer of the blessings of life.

Considering these things, the order of Providence, the good of mankind, that by labour we shall live, making the mind sound and the body strong, doing good to others as to ourselves, making good inroads into uncultivated minds as into uncultivated forests, making the heart to blossom as well as the rose, let us labour I say, and labouring labour wisely with vigor and unqualified freedom. Let us assert this our right, moral and unalienable. Let not ignorance hamper nor cowardice restrain. Let us seize that selfish principle of protection, deposing her as artificial, and oblige her to go forth, putting off her meaner and assuming the more glorious garb of righteous and self-reliant industry.

FORM. The need and command of labour.

The honour of labour.

The division of labour.

Free trade.

Social progress.

*December 27th, 1848.*—Have been skating to-day for the first time this season.

*January 16th, 1849.*—Having entered upon another year, I cannot neglect to say a few words upon the change.

How have our duties been fulfilled during the past year? But remissly. What have we done to help our neighbours, to advance the cause of humanity? Directly nothing; indirectly but very trifling have been our efforts, and as insignificant the results. Conscious of our shortcomings we hope, in the present year, to lead a life more useful to those around us. Very near to my heart is the cause of education—not the endowment of colleges and great schools of learning, but the establishment of primary schools for the poor and very poor. I would like very much to be instrumental in the establishing of what are more appropriately known as Ragged Schools. With the sum of £50 a year at my disposal, I would try the experiment by building a schoolroom and engaging a teacher. The urchins should every morning undergo a complete scrubbing with soap and sand if necessary, and being made clean, commence their task of reading, writing and ciphering; and could the scheme be accomplished, in a few years I have no doubt the community would show the good effects of the good cause.

*February 14th, 1849.*—Snow storm. The snow began to fall on Monday night about 9 o'clock, and in ten hours such banks of snow blocked the streets of Halifax the like of which were never seen before. The oldest inhabitants, etc., etc.

The roads to the country are impassable. Provisions must become scarce and consequently dear; so good folks that give dinners will have less choice, and members of Parliament worse fare. We already hear of complaints and lamentations and woe, of poor dinners in great, greater and greatest places.

*February 19th, 1849.*—The House of Assembly have this day passed a Bill, annulling the grant of £444 in favour of

King's College. The grant was perpetual. It had been drawn for 60 years. The Bill was brought in by Mr. Henry, The only Liberal members who voted against it were James D. Uniacke and Lawrence O'Connor Doyle. The passage of the Bill places the Churchmen again where they should be, on an equality with other sects.

*March 27th, 1849.*—Had a tea party last night. Guests: The Hon. Staley Brown, Mr. Thos. A. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Duffus, Mrs. Capt. McColl, Mr. McGregor, Miss Harriet Jones, Misses Catherine, Margaret and Helen Stairs. Had a ham and chickens.

*March 27th, 1849.*—Oh, the canker worm of self! It gnaws into the heart, it destroys all happiness. The lust of avarice may excite, it can never satisfy. Give me its precious antidote—the love of my neighbour; let me take pleasure in his prosperity, and if I can attain to it, let me think of him more highly than of myself.

The tendency of business competition is such in this artificial age as almost to swallow up the last remnant of "brotherly love." Business, to be successful, must be followed with the greatest energy; the industrious will overcome the idle, the sagacious will surpass the ill-judging. It does seem as if pre-eminence could only be attained at the expense of one's fellow traders. The big fishes eat up the little ones. Amidst all this it is well to remember the second and great commandment: "Love thy neighbour as thyself"; and if the tendencies of trade are such as to negative this good law, then "look to it," amend your ways, or seek some path of life more congenial to the expansion of better principles. The cultivation of the soil, perhaps, more than any other occupation, affords the most wholesome medium of existence both for mind and body.

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Looking forward to the time of the centenary of arrival of Lord Cornwallis and the first settlers of this town. This

is a most interesting period in the history of a country. One hundred years ago, probably a clear, sunny June morning, our now cleared and settled harbour, placid and quiet in its primeval beauty, and the fair scene was enlivened by the arrival of the fleet that brought our fathers in search of a new home.

Think of the joy of that arrival, after a passage across the waters of the Atlantic, then so unusual. Think of the hopes of men bold enough to leave civilization for such extended enterprise! Think of the fear of the timid, the caution of the brave when they heard the yells of the savage; and remember they had, with watching and with war, to guard the infant commonwealth.

One hundred years have rolled away, and we are commemorating with joy and gladness, and with joyful jubilee this event.

The hopes of that day have been realized in that a healthy, high-minded and virtuous people, the descendants of those men, are now scattered on the hills and valleys of Nova Scotia. Every hill and every valley will now answer to the acclamation of joy; the old men will reconsider and recount the stories of early days, of struggles in the wilderness, of the depths of the ancient snows, of the heat of bygone summers, of the short incomes of blighted seasons, of laborious travel through pathless woods, of encounters with wild beasts, of the birth of their early children, of the distant absence of the public worship of God, of the early and venerable fathers with the Gospel message, of the fathers Munro, Burton and others, then, now and ever to be respected by the people of this country. In the recollection of all these past events, calm and sanctified will be the minds of the fathers, and hopeful the thoughts of the children.

*October 16th, 1854.*—Have not written in this book since 1849. Visited England in 1851 and saw first industrial exhibition.

Children:—John Fitzwilliam, Mary Anne, James Wiseman, Margaret Wiseman, Edward (now three and a-half months old).

Mary Anne has been very delicate. In the winter of 1852 to 1853 she was very severely afflicted with affection of the chest and lungs. Mrs. Sutherland kindly nursed her. This was just before Margaret was born.

The boys are growing finely and attending Miss McDougall's school.

Have this summer visited England and France. Had the company of James B. Morrow. Saw my friend Mrs. Lang at Ardosian with the Barrys.

This summer John Stairs married Mary Morrow. Robert Morrow married Helen Stairs.

*October 16th, 1854.*—Mrs. Henry Cunard has spent the summer in Halifax. Mr. Cunard is now here and they leave to-morrow morning for Miramichi. Susan Sutherland accompanies them on a winter visit.

Miss Sarah and Miss Eliza Buttrick have spent the summer with Kate, two fine girls.

Mr. Duffus has purchased the Uniacke property. (£2,500.)

The Industrial Exhibition is just concluded. The show was highly creditable, opened with a grand procession; on exhibition ten days and closed with éclat.

The show of vegetables in the north tent was very fine; they seemed to be all very sound, in no measure forced. The ladies' work from the country showed great industry and ingenuity. The people that produced the country work in woollen manufactures could do anything if they only had a chance.

The mechanics were behind; they had been very much occupied this summer, in fact, driven; they have great difficulty with workmen. All good workmen are so very independent they would sooner go to the United States, and some-

times, like the fool, "fare worse" than submit to the discipline of a well-ordered workshop.

During Exhibition week there were many highly instructive lectures delivered, one by Mr. Joseph Howe on "Rural Economy," and by Messrs. Dawson and Fraser from Pictou.

Have purchased from Mr. Mott, "Fernwood Cottage," for £600. Hope to spend the summer there if all goes well.

The railway will be completed to Sackville this year. Chief, Joseph Howe; engineer, James Forman; and secretary, John Morrow.

The canal is getting on prosperously. President, James F. Avery; directors, William Stairs, George Mitchell.

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"JOHN BROWN, OR A PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY,"

BY CHARLES MCKAY.

*October 16th, 1854.*

I've a crown I can spend,  
 I've a wife, and a friend,  
 And a troop of little children of my own, John Brown.  
 I've a cottage of my own  
 With the ivy overgrown,  
 And a garden with a view of the sea, John Brown.  
 I can sit at my door  
 By my shady sycamore,  
 Large of heart, tho' of very small estate, John Brown.  
 So come drain a glass  
 In my arbour as you pass,  
 And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate, John Brown.

I love the song of birds,  
 And the children's early words,  
 And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown.  
 And I hate a false pretence,  
 And a want of common sense,  
 And arrogance and fawning and deceit, John Brown.  
 I love the meadow flowers  
 And the briar in the bowers,  
 And I love an open face without guile, John Brown.  
 And I hate a selfish knave,  
 And a proud, contented slave,  
 And a lout who'd rather borrow than he'd toil, John Brown.



I love a simple song  
 That awakes emotions strong,  
 And the word of hope that raises him who faints, John Brown.  
 And I hate the constant whine  
 Of the foolish who repine,  
 And turn the good and evil by complaints, John Brown.  
 But ever when I hate,  
 If I seek the garden gate  
 And survey the world around and above, John Brown,  
 The hatred flees my mind,  
 And I sigh for human kind  
 And excuse the faults of them I cannot love, John Brown.

So if you take my ways  
 And the comforts of my days,  
 I can tell you how I live so unvexed, John Brown.  
 I never scorn my health,  
 Nor sell my soul for wealth,  
 Nor destroy one day the pleasure of the next, John Brown.  
 I've parted with my pride  
 And I take the sunny side,  
 For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown.  
 I keep a conscience clear,  
 I've a hundred pounds a year,  
 And I manage to exist and be glad, John Brown.

*November 20th, 1854.*—About a week since, Johnny, returning from school, was nearly run over by a heavy loaded truck; the wheels had caught him upon the hip and so heavily to rub the coat he wore through. A man passing seized the horse by the head and saved the child. Dr. Parker said had the wheel gone over him it would have killed him instantly.

Visited the railway. They have about one-half mile of rails laid; everything seems to be progressing favourably.

*December 29th, 1854.*—Was ploughing in Mr. Tobin's field.

Had about a fortnight since adopted the plan of levying fines upon those who are absent from the breakfast room at one-half past eight o'clock; find it answered very well.

*January 2nd, 1855.*—Mrs. Harris has a boy, born this morning.

Accompanied Willie and Johnny skating. It was Johnnie's first attempt on the ice except twice in our own yard; it was the pond in property near to the Grove, the same pond as Willie made his first attempt three years since, called by mamma the "Firefly Pond."

New Year's day was a fine, clear, dry day, no snow on the ground. Went visiting.

On the day before Christmas, Mamma, Willie and Johnny went to the Poor House to see a little boy who was lying very low from having had his leg taken off; his name was Charlie Rice, from Prince Edward Island.

Had a family dinner parry on Christmas Day; present, Alfred and Margaret Jones, Robert and Helen Morrow, Mr. Morrow and James Morrow, and Willie, Johnnie, Mary Anne, G. Troop and Maggie.

*January 19, 1855.*—A heavy gale of wind from the south-east; the tide swept over the wharves.

*January 20th, 1855.*—The public had a ride in the railway cars to-day for the first time. A great many people collected at the railway terminus to see the first start. The cars made two trips filled with passengers; they went as far as the Three Mile House.

Bessie Harris died on the evening of Friday, the 18th. Her married life had extended for one year, to die the day and hour twelve months after her marriage. Her child, called John Duffus Harris, is well.

*January 22nd.*—Followed her to-day to the grave.

*January 23rd, 1855.*—Edward is now six months and a few days old. He is in capital condition, hearty and fat; but how he does squall at nights! He seldom allows his mother to get to bed before half-past twelve, and often cries for two hours after that. It tries her strength very much. He is a

child who takes very little sleep or rest, and promises to be a most energetic fellow.

*January 29th, 1855.*—Johnnie Duffus died this day of scarlet fever.

*February 6th, 1855.*—Took a first ride in the railway cars this day as far as Davy's. Was very much pleased with the cars. Prefer the American style of cars to the English first-class carriage.

*February 7th, 1855.*—Last night was very cold; the thermometer read 22 and 24 degrees below zero, and has continued very cold.

*February 8th, 1855.*—On the night of the 7th the thermometer read 16 degrees below zero, and at seven o'clock this morning experienced a shock of earthquake. Have since learned that this was felt at Windsor.

*February 16th, 1855.*—Have been much interested in the question of selling the South Common to raise funds for building a City Hospital. The Corporation have petitioned the Legislature for a law to enable them to sell this Common, which, should they succeed, I shall very much regret. Mr. Arch. Scott has been canvassing the town with a petition against such sale.

The House of Assembly is now in session. It is probable they will pass the Maine Liquor Law. I sincerely trust they will not find this law will have a tendency to violate the integrity of our people. I am afraid that the law will be very much evaded. The evasion of any law I hold to have a demoralizing effect upon a nation. In the early days of the United States, in the State of Connecticut, it was the fashion to make laws to regulate the morals of the people; trivial deviations from strict religious practice were punishable by the civil law; all magistrates must be zealous professors of religion. The consequence was that a system of hypocrisy

was introduced which blasted true godliness, and the truthful habits of a simple people were displaced by a refinement of artful cunning and knavery which has become national and proverbial. Palpable deceit and arrant roguery are with them called sharp practice; keen trading whose only disgrace is in being outwitted by that which is still sharper and more keen. I much fear for our Nova Scotia trade morals; our revenue laws, so much evaded, have a very demoralizing effect. This Maine Law will be bad, and the frequent intercourse with the small towns east in the United States will, I fear, tend to make us like our Yankee neighbours. The only antidote to this end is Education, the Bible Schools and the Pulpit. We should also promulgate the very obvious truism that "Honesty is the best policy." We must hope to teach our traders, petty as well as larger, the force and value of the dogma. Ralph Waldo Emerson, in a lecture to the men of New York, assumed, so great was his idea of the value of honesty, that if it had not been taught, it would have been invented, for the purpose of carrying on trade.

*February 16th, 1855.*—At an auction sale this day, flour was withdrawn at 52s. 9d. per barrel.

*March 20th, 1855.*—Married, James B. Morrow to Matilda Ritchie.

*March 21st, 1855.*—Bought a mare from James Greig; price £22 10s. Seven years old.

*June 1st, 1855.*—Moved this day to Fernwood.

*July 10th, 1855.*—Margaret Morrow married to George Troop. Had a pleasant and happy marriage party. Spent a happy summer at Fernwood and returned to town on first of November.

*February 29th, 1856.*—George born.

*April 25th, 1856.*—Winter of 1855 and 1856 has been very steady. Snow remained on the ground from 1st January until 1st April.

Anna and John Duffus married.

*April 29th, 1856.*—On the 23rd inst., Susan and baby, Willie and Mary, Sister Kate, Mrs. William Duffus sailed on the Arabia for Boston, on a visit to the South to visit Susan and Polly. Susan has been suffering for five months from a sore throat. Mary has been delicate. Willie has also been delicate. Kate kindly urged that she should take Willie and Susan, then decided to seek relief in the same journey South. God grant they may be safely kept and come back restored.

*March, 1857.*—On Monday, the 2nd day of March, opened the "Old Corner" hardware store, in charge of Theodore Tapper, who visited England last summer to select the stock of goods. Robert Romans, bookkeeper; James Mainland, clerk, from the Orkneys, seems a good hand.

Have also this year past been serving as a director in the United Fire Insurance Company of Lincoln. Have learnt by experience that it is best not to have to do with public affairs or public companies, and I hope to keep this in mind. What energies I have will be best employed at my own business, and for change of employment and recreation I will grow strawberries at Fernwood.

A wholesome amount of public spirit is desirable, and I trust not to be indifferent because I have made a mark against public services. I only dislike public service because of the want of sincerity and devotedness I meet with among my compeers.

On the first of October, 1855, was elected an Alderman of the City of Halifax, and have since served with as close application as any of the aldermen. Find it requires too much of my time, and intend to retire at the end of the Municipal year. Council at present:—Archibald Scott,

Mayor. Ward No. 1—William G. Anderson, myself, Pat Donohoe. Ward No. 2—John W. Young, Samuel Caldwell, Mat. Lownds. Ward No. 3—Joseph Bell, James Cochran, Peter Morrissey. Ward No. 4—Peter Ross, John Mills, Thomas King. Ward No. 5—Wm. McKay, Jeremiah Conway, J. L. Barry. Ward No. 6—John King, John Longard, Joseph Jennings.

It would give me great pleasure to work with earnest and truthful men.

*December, 1857.*—Spent the summer at Fernwood.

Ethel born March 26th, is now a fine healthy baby. Has the whooping-cough, fortunately but lightly.

Charles Kidston brought his young wife to see us on their marriage tour this summer.

Finished clearing the field at Fernwood. Had sufficient potatoes to last until we moved over to town, 31st of October.

Bought a pony named "Plantagenet."

A money crisis arose about October in the United States, and has since been very severe in England. Speculation in sugar and molasses has been the cause of great loss in Halifax this year. Cargoes of molasses were sold as high as 2s. 10d. gal., and are now on hand worth not over 1½s. per gal. The losses in Halifax are perhaps not less than £30,000.

Died at Kurrachee, July 6th, 1857, William D. Morrow, of cholera. He had been with his battalion of artillery upon the Persian Gulf, and was returning to the scene of the Indian rebellion, when he met his death.

*January 7th, 1858.*—Mrs. Duffus (mother's grandmother) aged 86 years, died.

*February 2nd, 1858.*—Plantagenet made his first appearance in harness this day. The roads were very icy. He went along quite steadily. The harness was too large for him; he looked like a boy in a man's coat.

*March 25th, 1858.*—When I last wrote in this book, Ethel was a fine healthy baby, but slightly afflicted with whooping-cough. I have now to write that Ethel died on the 23rd of March at twenty minutes past seven o'clock in the evening. We have now just returned from laying her body in the grave. She had a cold which turned into congestion of the lungs. Her severe illness lasted four or five days. She suffered much from the effects of being blistered and from mustard applications.

In her death she was very lovely. She was the promise of a fine child, as healthy and as fine of form as any of the seven children who were born before her. Her forehead was broad and high, her smile so sweet, and disposition, so far as her age had developed it, was not less amiable than the most favoured of her brothers and sisters. And now she has died, pure and sinless. We will write she gave promise to excel them all in womanly proportions and character.

When she was laid out for burial she looked as pure a creature as a creature could look. An hour before we left the house for the grave we took the coffin to dear mother's bedside, for she was lying very weak, and then our dear mother took her last look of our dear child. All her brothers and sisters—Willie, Johnny, Mary, Susie, Maggie, Edward, George, were there. And each looked long at our sweet Ethel, so pure and lovely, like a waxwork. Her little white and spotless coffin, strewn with sweet flowers, the name, and date and age:

ETHEL STARRS.

Died March 23rd, 1858.

Aged 12 months.

Each kissed the cold brow, and forever in this world bade farewell, and truly to God each that knew of God and death earnestly committed her. I have written "God and death," but it was also to God and Jesus Christ and eternal life. When we die we will go to her. She is the first of our family;

an innocent pioneer. The nine who were around her coffin will join her each by each; none but God knoweth who will be the first and who the last. God grant that we may so live that when we die we may be received as this lamb has been, into the bosom of Jesus.

Dear children, never forgot this precious sister. On the day of her birth, 26th of March, and on the day of her death from the world and birth to heaven, 23rd of March, remember her, for her own sake, for her mother's sake and for my sake.

Our dear mother has been very low, but is now, "praise be to God," getting better. While sweet Ethel was ill, dear mother could not nurse her, but she was very tenderly cared for. Mary Keefe and Mrs. Mackintosh nursed her. Mrs. Wm. Duffus and Mrs. Sutherland each took kindly charge of her, and Auntie Kate rocked her upon her knee like a father's sister. Mrs. Sutherland was with us when she died. She died in mother's arms. Mother upon the sofa, and Willie, Johnnie, Jimmie and father with her. Mary, Maggie, Edward and George had been put to bed.

When she had breathed her last we who were there all kissed her little limbs, which remained quite warm.

Edward was at one time of Ethel's illness, seemingly the most ill of the two. Now, "praise be to God," he is much better.

Mrs. John Duffus, with great care and kindness, dressed the body. Grandfather Stairs and Grandfather Morrow walked together at the funeral. Uncle Robert and James Morrow, Uncles John Stairs and John Duffus, Alfred Jones and George Troop, and Mr. Sutherland, and the elder Uncle John Duffus and Mr. Grant. The people from the store all followed to the grave.

It is a great bereavement, but God's will be done, and that He will lead us to improve this trial and spare us from trials greater than we can bear, is the prayer of your father.

On the day of Ethel's death, Aunt Maggie Troop had a daughter, and is now doing well



*March 23rd, 1859.*—Just one year has transpired since sweet Ethel's death, and nothing has been transcribed by me in this book.

Two days ago a little son was born at 3 o'clock p.m. Dear mother is now lying in bed, and George had an attack of scarlet fever. Mary Keefe is nursing George. William, Johnnie and Jim are staying at Aunt Kate's. Mary Anne and Maggie are at Miss Foster's, and Edward is the only one at large in the house, and will, I hope, escape the fever, and I hope mamma will soon be well. During the year past that I have not written anything in this book, we, that is our family, have been very well.

*January 9th, 1860.*—The little son mentioned on the last page has been called Herbert, and is now a fine fellow.

Spent the last summer at Fernwood. All were well and enjoyed it very much. Took all hands on a picnic to Porter's Lake. Willie drove the mare down to the lake and Johnnie drove home. I drove pony. Had in our party Uncle George, Aunt Maggie and Harry Troop. Of ourselves were myself, mamma, Willie, Johnnie, Mary, Jim, Maggie, Ned, George, Herbert and Kate Eagan. The day was very pleasant for travelling, clouds, and no hot sunshine. It was strawberry time. We had our picnic in the woods and then a good feast of fine strawberries at Ormond's. It was very pleasant playing beside the lake. Mr. Ormond gathered some water lillies. Aunt Kate and Uncle John and Anna Duffus and Willie were at Musquodoboit and returned the same day that we were at the lake, being behind us almost all the way home.

Willie and Johnnie, during their holidays, went to Fal-mouth and stayed partly with Mr. Smith's family and partly with Mr. Palmer's. Willie learned to swim, for which he received nothing.

*July 26th, 1859.*—Bought Mrs. Uniacke's house and the lot opposite, house £2,550, lot £400; total £2,950. Moved

into this house on September 30th; have found it very comfortable.

1859.

Early in September, 1859, had a heavy fire on Granville street. Loss of property about £200,000, of which about £110,000 was secured from English insurance companies.

In the Spring of 1859 joined in communion with Mr. MacGregor's Church, with whom and his church officers and members I have been much pleased. Before this had several interviews and arguments with Mr. MacGregor respecting baptism, my ideas of which are set forth in some memoranda which will be found not far from this book.

The blessing and happiness attending the right observance of communion with Christ and His Church cannot be written. The enjoyment of the love of God, and love towards our fellow men, is nothing less than the reversion of Adam's doom. We were dead with him; we are alive again in Christ.

Mother had united with the Church the year before.

*January, 1860.*—On last Christmas evening, or rather the evening of Monday the 26th, we had a family party. Uncles and aunts, Mrs. Stayner and her sons. Willie was in his bed with measles. Aunt Maggie and Uncle Alfred Jones are in the United States on a visit to Savannah and New Orleans.

This day, January 9th, has been generally observed as a day of humiliation and prayer, with especial reference and earnest prayer for the outpouring of God's Holy Spirit for the enlargement of His kingdom. This week is to be so kept. This is in consequence of a call from the East Indian churches in all parts of the world, and is being very generally responded to. When the week is past and news received from other parts, I may have something more to add.

*April 18th, 1860.*—From the above written paragraph it will be seen that Willie has had the measles, from which he

gradually recovered and seemed pretty well, when on a Saturday in March, it being a holiday, he went to Dartmouth upon the pony. It turned out after he left to be a cold, damp day, and he stayed some time with Prescott Johnstone. During this excursion he must have caught cold, for the next day he had a heavy cold with a severe cough. On Wednesday I noticed a twitching or convulsive movement of the hands, which awakened my suspicions that he might have an attack of St. Vitus' Dance, and on Thursday we called in Dr. Parker.

On Thursday night he scarcely slept any, and his limbs were spasmodically in motion. On Friday night scarcely slept, his mother both these nights sitting up very late with him. On Saturday he took to his bed and the muscular motions were very violent, and so they continued, resisting all medicine for 14 days. From this first-mentioned Thursday, Doctor Almon was called in to consult with Dr. Parker; he had to be watched at his bedside day and night to keep the bedclothes from being thrown off by the incessant tossing of his arms and legs. It was only when sleep visited his eyes that these motions ceased. For the first ten days of the disease his appetite was good, eating probably more than he would have taken had he been well. At the first of his illness the doctor tried to produce sleep by administering opiates, but these failed; even chloroform was ineffectual, and they were abandoned and nature allowed to have her own way. On Tuesday, ten days after his being seized with unrest, sleep came, seven hours in the day and five hours in the night. This raised our hopes, and we expected soon to mark his recovery. But not so; on Wednesday he was seemingly quieter; certainly he was very gentle and loving this day, often asking his mother to kiss him, and in the early part of the day to say for him his prayers. She had been in the habit of repeating his prayers for him, in the evening, since his powers of articulation had been impaired by the disease. His subdued tone this day (for he could get out his words in

jerks and short sentences), was the forerunner of his death; it must have been instinct that told him.

About three o'clock on Wednesday, a new symptom showed itself in a gathering of phlegm in his throat, and when I saw him at five o'clock in the evening suffering from this new feature of the disease, and the throat becoming contracted by a swelling which had first shown itself upon the outside of his throat, produced by the incessant rubbing of the parts, your mother and I became alarmed, and for the first time thought he would not live. I went to Dr. Parker and told him my fears, and he and Dr. Almon came and most thoroughly examined all the symptoms about his throat and chest, and still did not think but that he would survive. His mother had been most steadily fomenting his throat and chest.

This night (Wednesday) was a most critical time, and Mrs. William Duffus kindly volunteered to sit up with him, in company with Edward Stayner. They watched him through the night. He slept some four hours, but at waking moments was so low that Mrs. Duffus thought he would die. When his mother and I saw him at eight o'clock on Thursday morning, we saw too clearly that he would not last long, and at 9 o'clock I went and told what we thought to his Grandfather Stairs and Aunt Kate. Now fairly begins his dying day.

His mother was at his bedside at 9 o'clock, and the hours seemed to slide fearfully fast away. She said his prayers for him and sung such hymns as she thought would comfort him. When I returned from seeing his grandfather and Aunt Kate, I knelt at his bedside and offered up a prayer that our dear boy might recover, or better still, be prepared by God's Holy Spirit for the great change from this world to eternal life through Christ Jesus. When I turned from the bedside he asked his mother: "Does Pa think I am dying?" She said we could not tell, that God would do as best pleased Himself. He then, in broken sentences, said: "Ma, Mr. MacGregor send." "What for, my son?" "He will pray for me." Mr.

MacGregor did not reach him for some time. Meanwhile Uncle James Morrow came in and offered prayer at his bedside. When Mr. MacGregor came he read to him and spoke kind words of comfort, and when he would cease Willie would say, "More!" thirsty, as it were, for God's words and promises. During all the time his eye was bright and senses keen and speech very imperfect. About half-past one he ceased to be able to speak, fast growing weaker. All his relatives had been to see him and were mostly around him: his two grandfathers, his Aunt Kate, Margaret, Helen, Anna, his aunts Mrs. Sutherland and Mrs. John Duffus, Mrs. Wm. Duffus, Mrs. Henry, his uncles John, Alfred, George, Robert and James, Charles, Edward Stayner; all very much moved and touched by the sight of our dying boy. His bright eyes now looked very beautiful, but about 4 o'clock they lost the power of moving. Their last motion was towards his mother, who had been lying watching him for some hours. Then came the set, immovable gaze, each breath coming with great effort, and now and then a lull of some seconds, until at seven minutes past 5 o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, the 12th of April, 1860, Willie breathed his last most gently, without any death struggle, only a quiver of the lips and small movement of the hands.

During all his illness he had said he suffered no pain. On the morning of his death he said, after asking his mother if I thought him dying, that he never felt better in his life. We should thank God that although his illness was outwardly so distressing, yet inwardly it was not so.

The doctors now say that his complaint was a disease of the spine, and they are no doubt right, for he had grown very tall, being, when measured for his coffin, 5 feet 7 inches, and only 14 years old in January.

His most kind nurses were: Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. John Duffus, Mrs. William Duffus, his Aunt Kate, Uncle Robert, Charles and Edward Stayner, who each sat up with him. On

the Monday before he died we obtained the assistance of a professional nurse, Eliza Campbell, from Windsor, who was a very kind and useful person, and whom Willie said he liked; otherwise your dear mother, who was the most constant nurse of all, would have been worn out.

Aunts Mary, Maggie and Anna were not strong enough to help nurse. The servants were all very kind.

When I used formerly to write in this journal, I used to think of Willie reading it, and it perhaps recalling to his mind things which are all past and gone, he knowing and saying "These were my father's views." Now I write only for such of my sons and daughters as may outlive myself. I also write these notes to fix dates and facts, which if I live to be an old man, or your dear mother lives to be an old woman, will in our later years help our memories.

Pleasant remembrances are the solace of old age when that time comes to us. The eternal future will be the only reality to us; to the past we will revert as the young dwell upon the hopes of the future.

Our dear Willie died on Thursday, the 12th April, 1860, at seven minutes past 5 o'clock afternoon. We laid his head in peace and rest upon his pillow, and left to others the last sad offices. Then we alone sat and mourned the death of our first-born son. None but a father and mother's heart can judge the agony of such a moment. God in His wisdom stuns; we could not bear the full weight of such a loss; but we were not without comfort if we were somewhat stunned by our loss; we were never left without a clear appreciation of the redemption from the world of sin and sorrow to eternal glory in and through the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, which had been realized by our dear son, your eldest brother.

That our boy was a dweller in the land of light and glory was as clear to us as if prophetic vision had declared it so.

When our dear Willie's body was so it could be moved, it was carried downstairs and laid out upon the bed in the back

bedroom. I was disappointed that it was carried down by anyone but myself, but so it was while your mother and I sat by, mourning with our great sorrow.

Soon came the hour for bed. We did not have anyone sitting up with the body, as is sometimes the case, but all returned as of old to their own places. Willie had died on our bed. I lay me down where he had died. God sent us sleep until morning, when we again arose to resume our mourning.

Friday was a cool day. On Friday evening we placed the body in the coffin. Saturday was cold, and on Sunday it was so cold that it froze some flowers that were in the room with the body. This cold weather enabled us to keep the coffin open, and but little change came over the corpse before it was covered up on the morning of the funeral.

Monday morning, 16th April, was a beautifully fine day, and rather warm and pleasant. After the cold day we had had, it was very pleasing to have a fine day for the funeral. We were all up early in the morning. Willie looked very sweet and calm; a solemn grave and wise-like cast was on his countenance, such as an ancient sculptor might have carved for Wisdom's form and features. At half-past nine o'clock we and all our friends were gathered together. Then came to us all that last look at these wasting remains, and forever was closed the body of our greatly beloved from our sight and earthly knowledge.

Johnny and Jim walked with me to the grave. Next came the two grandfathers, then uncles, cousins, friends and neighbours, shop boys and school fellows, Mr. Gilpin's school, the boys from Dalhousie College, boys from Sunday School and neighbours' boys, all flocked to Willie's funeral, some forty boys; all had come in to have a last look. Many a tear fell from these boys, and in the graveyard many a sob told how they loved him.

Our neighbours' carriages followed in procession, and all proclaimed that both love and respect followed to his grave.

Mr. MacGregor prayed at the house, and made an address at the grave, where he spoke to the boys of Willie's many virtues and withal "manly"; these were his words when he spoke of Willie's character and bearing. God grant that his death may call many a boy to think of dying and of the only preparation.

At the grave his grandfathers, men of 65 and 71 years, wept with many tears, for they had both lost their first and chiefest child of the second generation. No tear softened your father's eye. His heart had been struck by a storm without rain; tears would come at times, but only at gentler moments.

Mr. McNutt, an old friend of your mother, followed Mr. MacGregor with prayer.

The grave is closed and we return to our homes. Now the place that knew him once shall know him no more forever. His place is empty. We do not sorrow without hope; tears flow in memory of our dear boy, but sunshine will again come; other duties and other sympathies claim our hearts. How can we sing "Praises to God," singing of the salvation which Christ has earned for all men, with hearts other than hearts of joy? This will be our comfort and our consolation. We are different, a great change has passed over us, that fullness of hope and joy in life and family and prospects is lessened and subdued. God willed it so, and He knows best what is for our good. O that He will help us to profit by His lessons.

You all know that we have some fine pictures of Willie. When he was 12 and one-half years old, his Aunt Kate was so kind and loving as to wish to have his likeness and Johnnie's taken, and so she did by Mr. Chase, in ambrotype. At the same time I was so much pleased with Mr. Chase's desire to secure a good likeness, that I had one taken for ourselves. After Willie's death I had this picture in ambrotype worked up by Mr. Chase to a photograph, which is the



picture now hanging up in the library. It was sent by Mr. Chase to Boston, to Heywood, to be worked in Indian ink. We and all our family are much pleased with the finished picture.

I could write a great deal about our dear Willie. His fondness for Latin was extraordinary. He began to study with Mr. Gilpin, who was an excellent teacher of the classics. He used to say, "Oh, mother, how I do like this Latin!"

At an examination at Dalhousie College, Mr. Forrester, examining him, found his answers so freely and easily given, that he was surprised. He said aside to Mr. Garvie: "I must puzzle this fellow," and then asked him some more difficult questions in construction of the language. To his surprise Willie answered at once. Mr. Forrester turned aside to Mr. Garvie saying he did not think there was a boy in Nova Scotia who could have done so. Willie did not mention this at home, if indeed he knew he had done anything of note. Mr. Garvie told your Uncle Robert after Willie's death. We cannot say if this brightness of intellect was sign of disease, as if the mind's work overtaxed the body. This I know, we always rather repressed Willie's studies than pushed them with any foolish idea of his being a prodigy.

A great deal we have felt and experienced I have not written, for the shades of thought and feeling upon such an event could not be described, and if attempted would be too voluminous. One consolation we have had is that in our sorrow we have had many prayers offered on our behalf at the Throne of Grace. Remember, dear children, in all cases of mourning or sorrow to pray one for the other, and in this let none be to you as strangers, but pray to God to visit all sick persons and those who mourn the loss of near and dear friends. Jesus Christ, when He lived here, was not unmindful of His friends who were in sorrow, as He sorrowed with them; so we believe He will with us, and He has promised to send the Comforter to us; and although the Comforter, the

Holy Spirit, will be always our strength, yet we have a right to think He will be nearer still in the hours of our trials.

Closing these notes relating to our dear Willie, who is now in Heaven singing praises to God and to the Lamb, and who will so sing and praise for ever and ever, I only hope and pray that all our memories may be as sweet as his, and that God may grant us in our last moments the peaceful and easy death which was his.

That God bless you and keep you all is the prayer of

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

June 24th, 1860.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM STAIRS,  
SON OF WM. J. STAIRS.

By MRS. BENJAMIN SALTER.

“A MOTHER’S PRAYER.”

Oh heart be still,  
My Father calls my lamb, my first-born;  
Though in deep sorrow I must mourn,  
It is His will.

In Thy sight  
I kneel before Thee, speechless, dumb;  
All thought, all feeling, paralyzed and numb;  
No ray of light.

This parting sore,  
How wearisome each day appears;  
Each night but witnesses more bitter tears;  
My cup runs o’er.

In my distress  
From the deep waters of affliction learn  
To Thee alone my heavy heart must turn;  
Then bending low

I pray,  
Oh Lord, resigned to look to Thee.  
Bring me in deep humility  
Unto Thy way.

From above  
Hear, Oh! my Father, my unspoken vow  
Unto Thy chastening rod to meekly bow;  
It is in love.

So rest  
In faith, my darling to behold.  
Standing in spotless robes, enrolled  
Among the blest.

His place to fill,  
Within the pearl gates of his Heavenly home;  
No pain, no sorrow there can ever come;  
Then heart be still.

*April 16th, 1860. (Copied from the “Morning Journal and Commercial Advertiser.”)*

1860.

The summer of 1860 we stayed in town.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of Newcastle and Earl Germain, visited Halifax and the Provinces and the United States this summer.

Catherine was born 31st August, this year, 1860.

Lewis Grant Morrow was born a day or so before Christmas.

1861.

In the Spring of 1861 visited the United States in company with Dr. Parker and John; returned in May, having taken a very severe cold in New York, which took nearly all summer to wear away.

Moved to Fernwood on the 21st June, and returned about 26th August. We all had a very pleasant time over there. Gilbert Sutherland stayed some time with us. Jimmie accompanied his Aunt Maggie Troop to Bridgetown, August 29th. He has not yet returned.

Bought a horse from Tim Archibald, and he has been called "Bones." Price £30. Fanny showed a bad spavin this spring. Pony is doing well; since sold for £14.

This spring (1861) Alfred Jones and John Stairs each bought a piece of land on the Arm side, and are now building.

James Duffus married to Kate Pryor in June.

Aunt Anna spent last winter at ——— for her health, and has been this summer at Pine Grove.

John and Jim have been for some time at Mr. Wood's school.

*August 29th.*—Mary is looking well and so are the children.

*August 29th, 1861.*—Picked to-day three barrels of Summer Pears. Have had large dormer windows put in the chambers upstairs, and had the southern roof shingled and the house all around painted, and a coat put on the stable.

A day or so ago Frank Kinnear had his head singed from going near a gas light after having put some inflammable stuff upon his head.

In June, Susan Sutherland went to England, and on her arrival there was married to Mr. Bushnell.

*August 29th, 1861.*—At half-past eight o'clock this evening, Lewis Grant Morrow breathed his last after a week's illness; 8 months old. About 10 days ago he was over at Fernwood with his mother, quite hearty. This is the first death in our family since Willie's. God bless his dear parents.

1862.

*February 21st, 1862.*—Died this day at half-past two o'clock p.m., Grandfather Morrow. Three days ago he was seized with paralysis and never spoke after the first of the attack. He was living at Mrs. Darby's, on Brunswick street, when he died. His sons Robert and James were present, and Aunt Maggie and Mrs. Sutherland. Just before his death he looked earnestly at them all, but could not speak; his looks were his only farewell. Our dear mother, who had watched him and nursed him all the previous night, had left the house for only a few minutes before he died. He was 67 years of age.

Grandfather Stairs had a very serious attack of sickness a few days ago (February 21st); he was seized with something in the night, and it was four or five hours before he was known to be sick; he was unable to make Aunt Kate hear. He is now better, having been at the store to-day.

Gavin Lang, born 21st September, 1861, is now doing well. Uncle Stairs went to England about middle of January for his health. He complained of a bad sore throat. The doctor called his disease goitre. Returned somewhat better.

About the 1st of September, 1862, parted with our old mare Fanny; had her about seven years. We exchanged her with a Mr. Maxner, of Windsor, for a young brown horse

called "Tom Brown." Much disappointed that Mr. Maxner did not take Fanny to the country for a brood mare, but sold her to Casey, and she is now on the cab stand.

*November 20th, 1865.*—It is now over three years since I have written anything in this book. The great event of history since then has been the American Civil War, the great result of which is the "freedom of the slave." Throughout the war, which lasted four years, I felt much sympathy for the South. Although I mistrusted them as regards the question of slavery, I felt that so great was the dissension between North and South, it could not end without the slaves being freed. During the war the slaves were very loyal to the South, and the South made a great error in not recognizing it, making the slaves free and taking them into their armies, as I believe this great General, General Lee, wished, but was overruled by men who, like Pharaoh of old, would not let the people go. The South went to war to gain their entire independence, as regards slavery, of the will of the North, but what they had was taken from them. They who would be independent, became dependent. The freeman became a slave and the slave became a free man. This was God's will. He reversed the will of the South. The North was the instrument in God's hand, not the instrument of good and holy temper, but a new instance of how God makes the wrath of man to praise Him.

I believe a happier future awaits the now unhappy South. The path they were in led only further from light and truth and love; the path they are now upon leads forward to peace and prosperity, at least among themselves. Should a war again result between them and the North, they, the South, will gain, fighting for true liberty which was denied them when the liberty they wanted was only the unrestrained indulgence of their own wills.

There were a great many good, pious, praying people in the South. They would feel aggrieved if, when they had

joined the armies prayerfully and with entire self-devotion of life and property, they thought themselves charged with self-will at the expense of truth and love. But it is with the great ruling principle we have to do, and so as I have judged I believe history will judge, and so I believe by the result God has judged.

Among these good Southern people we reckon Captain Barny, Commodore Barron, Captain Pegrin, who spent the summer of 1865 in Halifax, Captain Barny staying with us, whom my children, from Katie upwards, will well remember.

1863.

The summer of 1863 we altered the house, taking away the back part and making a large addition, which cost about £1,500.

Joanna was born on December 30th, 1862, and died on May 31st, 1863. She was a sweet little girl, much like Ethel. She died at Fernwood, worn out with whooping cough.

1864.

In the Spring of 1864, your mother and I, leaving in April, visited England and passed on to the Continent, spending with much pleasure our time in visiting friends and in a tour through France and Switzerland, renewing our acquaintance with good old Mr. Kidston, Mrs. Lang, Susan Bushnell and their families. This part of our visit repaid us all the care and trouble and expense of leaving home. With France and Switzerland we were much delighted.

In the Fall of 1864 certain delegations from the Governments of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick met at Charlottetown, P. E. I., to discuss a union of the Maritime Provinces. They were joined by a delegation from Canada, and the discussion of the union of the Maritime Provinces was laid aside to take up gratuitously the discussion of the Confederation of the British North American Provinces. The united delegates adjourned to Halifax, where they were publicly

entertained, and the public sentiment favoured the idea of discussing the principle more seriously. This led to a meeting for the purpose at Quebec, which is known as the "Quebec Convention," and the resolutions there passed are known as the "Quebec Scheme." When the Nova Scotia delegates, Dr. Tupper, Adams Archibald, Jonathan McCully, Wm. A. Henry and Barry Dickie returned to Nova Scotia, they, mistaking public opinion and their position towards the public, were so elated with their share in the "scheme," that they undertook to pronounce for Nova Scotia her approval of Confederation; Dr. Tupper, as head leader of the Government party, and Adams Archibald and Jonathan McCully, as leaders of the Opposition and the old Liberal party, each undertaking to decide for those whom they fancied they could lead.

The delegates, through their friends, called a public meeting at Temperance Hall, where they spent the evening in giving what they considered very conclusive arguments for adopting Confederation; the three speakers, speaking in succession, and no word being uttered by those who claimed to be "Let Alones." A good deal of dissatisfaction was expressed at the imperious manner of the delegates; they knew of no public men who would oppose them. Mr. Annand was believed to be of different views, but the *Morning Chronicle* was in the hands of Mr. McCully. Mr. Miller was but little known in Halifax; they reckoned on small opposition from him. The merchants who talked against their views, they defied as buttonhole orators. They were, taking it altogether, very arrogant.

*The Citizen*, a new paper, edited by Edward McDonald and Garvie, was the only newspaper in town that wrote against Confederation.

Under the leadership of Andrew Uniacke, an opposition was organized, and a night at Temperance Hall was named by the Mayor to give the opposition an opportunity to state their case. At preliminary meetings it was agreed that the



opposition speakers should be Mr. Andrew Uniacke, myself, Uncle Alfred Jones, Mr. Miller and Mr. Annand.

I prepared myself as well as I could with the scant materials I could gather, to show that Canadian wants with a Canadian tariff, compared with our Nova Scotia wants and tariff would, under Confederation, result most disastrously to Nova Scotia. The greater, who were badly off, would rule the lesser, who were well off. Each of the speakers was to take a special part of the argument, to meet as a whole with as much unity as could be accomplished.

The evening came. We stated how we were to proceed, following the course the delegates had adopted, and which we claimed would only permit us to state our case.

The delegates and their friends, with a desire to embarrass, said "No," that speaker for speaker they would reply. This led to our withdrawal, and as justice was with us, the public took our part, and after an hour of hot altercation the delegates gave in; but the time of evening was gone, and we adjourned to meet the same day next week.

This eventful night came at last—31st December, 1864. Mr. Uniacke, a lawyer and used to public meetings, began, and in a speech of three quarters of an hour, gave an opening outline, stating that the financial view of the case would be given by your father. Now came the hour of trial. If I failed, contempt would be thrown upon our argument; the haughty, self-elected delegates might carry Confederation before the people of Nova Scotia well knew the important questions at issue. I felt that we five men that night upon that platform *were the pivot upon whom hung the destiny of Nova Scotia*. If we put our case forcibly and clearly, the public would be instructed, and have time to consider the yea and the nay of the great question.

Scarce ever before had I faced a public audience, and perhaps never before in the history of Nova Scotia was such an audience addressed as those who were gathered together:

judges, lawyers, clergymen, merchants, manufacturers, artisans and workmen came to hear and observe how their private citizens, but earnest men, would meet in mighty argument the chief leaders of Nova Scotia's politics. How we met them is written in the history of Nova Scotia. From eight o'clock until after midnight we kept the public ear.

Your Uncle Alfred, Mr. Miller, Mr. Annand, all did well, and your Uncle George Troop, who leaned towards conservatism and would not be a partial judge, declared that the meeting, on a whole, was the most interesting one he had ever attended.

A week after followed an evening of joint discussion between the Confederates and anti-Confederates, Edward McDonald and James Tobin joining the anti-Confederate speakers, and John Tobin, Peter Lynch and Benjamin Wier joining the Confederates.

1866.

Died Tuesday morning, 4 o'clock a.m., November 27th, 1866, Anna Marshall Duffus, aged 34 years. She left three boys—William, John, Graham.

*February, 1867.*—Bought a pony from Mr. John Palmer, of Falmouth; price £20.

*September, 1867.*—The elections for the House of Commons (20th) and Local Assembly (11th). Result:

Elected for House of Commons: Anti-Unionists, 18; Unionists, 1.

Elected for Local Legislature: Anti-Unionists, 30; Unionists, 2.

## LETTERS TO AND FROM W. J. STAIRS.

[His mother's first letter to William, age 13.]

HALIFAX, N. S., *October 1st, 1832.*

MY DEAR SON,—I can scarcely yet realize that you are indeed gone so *far*, and to be away for so *long* a period from us. Your removal from the paternal roof was cause of great anxiety to me, and it rests greatly with you to allay that anxiety by a constant diligence in keeping up our correspondence, and obeying the injunctions which I shall occasionally lay upon you. I have every reason to believe that you love your whole family, and that a letter from your mother will be truly welcome. May it ever continue so is the prayer of your anxious parents. That it will I have no doubt, if you persevere in the right path. “To train you up in the way you should go” is one of the ‘dearest objects of my heart; and feeble as my efforts in that way have been, they have been dictated by a stronger affection than you need ever expect from any other quarter. Yet your father’s very strong desire to have you placed where you are, has at length overcome my scruples, and his arguments have, in some measure, brought me to the conviction that you will have superior advantages at Horton to those in Halifax.

But remember, my son, that you are now thrown into a community of little people, which is just the world in miniature, and as you acquit yourself now you lay a foundation for future happiness or misery. In the first place you must “do unto all” around you “as you would wish them to do unto you.” You will think this very difficult. It is so, my son; if you attempt it in your own strength, Satan will then defeat you. But you must seek aid; you must humble yourself in the dust before your Maker and earnestly entreat of His Holy Spirit to grant you the grace to keep you from sin. I mean not only at the time of prayer, I mean at all times. When at play among your young companions, you must bear about with you a sense of our own inability to do any good

action, and if you are tempted to commit an improper one, I trust you will seek His grace who is all-powerful, and then you will be able to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God." This is a very serious letter, but I believe it is the first which I have ever addressed to you, and I wish your mind to be duly impressed with the knowledge that there is often a very short step between innocence and guilt, and if that step be once taken, nothing but the grace of God can enable any of us to retrace it. I have nearly filled my paper, and therefore must conclude; but my dear William, I will write you soon again. I leave to Catherine the agreeable task of telling you all the news. Father sends his love to his dear boy. Your brothers and sisters join me in kindest remembrances to you.

Your affectionate Mother,  
M. STAIRS.

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HALIFAX, N. S., *October 8th, 1832.*

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—Your father will send you to-day, by Mr. Tupper's team, the articles which you wrote for.—I had just written so far, when your letter of the 4th October was brought up to me. I am exceedingly pleased with your promise of attending to my advice, for oh! my son, what comfort would there be for me if I thought that you were to be a castaway! I feel as though I could meet any trouble but the misconduct of my children, and from that my soul shrinks.

My dear child, you must remember at all times the sacredness of truth; to tell a lie, even what some people call a white lie, is a very serious error. Lying, I consider, at the foundation of every other vice, and I think I have always, by my example, shown my abhorrence of the habit. But there are times when the whole truth need not be repeated; you are not unnecessarily to expose the faults of *any person*, but if

questioned by those who have a right to question, never swerve from the truth. I think I need hardly expatiate upon the necessity of respecting the property of others. Surely, my dear William would never forget himself so far as to meddle with what was not his own, yet I have heard of boys who were respectably brought up, robbing orchards. Join in no such frolics! You might bring indelible disgrace upon yourself and family; and remember that He who has said "Thou shalt not steal," has not made any exception as to articles. And even admitting that we thought only of this life, I have always observed that there is much truth in the old proverb, "Honesty is the best policy."

We begin now to talk about Christmas at the breakfast table, because we expect that you will then have some holidays, and mischievous as you were, and much as you used to plague us sometimes, we would all like to see you flying up and down stairs again; and I think it would be a pleasure to you to see your brothers and sisters again for a few weeks. But you must in the meantime be very diligent at your studies, and I shall be much disappointed if I see no improvement in that way when you come down.

I wish you to write me what you are reading in, and I expect a long description of how you pass your time.

My dear child, your father and the children join me in affectionate regards.

M. STAIRS.

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HALIFAX, *November 1st, 1832.*

DEAR WILLIAM,—Mother desires me to say we are all well, and that she sends you a pair of boots. If they do not fit you will send them down by the first opportunity, so that Mr. Yates may make you another pair soon.

Mother says she is glad to hear of your having so instructive a book, and hopes when you have done reading that, you will procure another. She says it is only fifteen pence a quarter for the reading society, and you may subscribe.

We are getting up the stoves, for the weather has been so very cold that we have fires constantly.

Anna is as fat and as fond of mischief as ever.

I am, your ever affectionate sister,

JOANNA S. STAIRS.

HALIFAX, *6th November, 1832.*

DEAR WILLIAM,—I wish very much to receive a letter from you, and therefore I hope that you will write me by the very first private opportunity, for mother says not to write to me by the stage on account of the postage; but have your letter written ready and send it by the first private conveyance.

Catherine had a party, and I sat up till half-past one o'clock. Captain Auld has a very handsome ship. I wish you had been here to have seen her. Mother, Catherine, Joanna, Margaret and Helen all went down to look at her.

We have two new scholars since you have been away; they are William Lawson, from Prince Edward Island, and John Freeman, from Liverpool. Some of our boys talk of going to the Horton Academy. We go now to school at 7 o'clock in the morning instead of 6 o'clock, and we remain in school till 9. I wish Christmas was come and you had your holidays. Mother says she will make a fine large frosted cake, and it shall be cut the evening you arrive.

Margaret is making you a shirt entirely by herself, and I suppose she will have it done by the time you come down. The clock is just striking nine, and mother says it is time for me to go to bed, so dear William, good-night.

JOHN STAIRS.

HALIFAX, *November 22nd, 1832.*

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—You are, I trust, persevering in industrious pursuits and looking forward to a delightful

vacation spent with your friends. Let me know at what time the school will break up for the holidays, how long the term will be, and in what manner the generality of the boys will be conveyed to town. Your father has not yet determined how to get you down. I am looking out to see you in about a month, when I expect to find great improvement in your literary acquirements. I cannot too frequently urge upon you the necessity of industry, and am happy to see by your letter to John that you understand the full value of time. I hope you take the good advice which you have given him.

I was exceedingly pleased at hearing from Mr. Allan that you had been obliging enough to write him for little William, and hope you will always do these little kind offices for your school fellows.

Your father has got the wharf at Dartmouth completed, but still visits the cooperage every morning before breakfast. James and the brown horse are at work drawing building stones into town from the North-West Arm. The gray horse is sent up to Mr. Cochran's at Newport for the winter.

This is a short letter, dear William, but I am in great haste. Be a good child and believe your mother to be most anxious for your improvement and welfare.

M. STAIRS.

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HALIFAX, *December, 1832.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,—This being a stormy day, I could not go to school, and therefore have time to write. I was much pleased at receiving your letter, and hope to profit by your good advice. You asked me if my letter was my own composition. I must acknowledge that mother assisted me a good deal in it.

We have two new scholars since I wrote to you; their names are John Verge and R. Archibald. Joe Austen left Mr. Akins' school on purpose to go to Horton Academy, and afterwards his father changed his mind and put him to

Mr. Lockerby, but he intends sending him to Horton next spring.

We have had four alarms of fire; the first was at a house near the tea store, which was burnt down; the second was at Mr. A'lardice's; but was not very serious; the third was at the barracks, and the fourth was the roof of Mr. David Shaw Clarke's house.

Margaret and Helen send their love to you, and with the hope of seeing you soon,

I am, your affectionate brother,

JOHN STAIRS.

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HALIFAX, N. S., *December 4th, 1832.*

MY DEAR SON,—I am favoured with yours of the 26th ult., and notice your wish to spend the vacation at home. I shall provide in time for you to leave in the stage on the morning of the 17th inst. I would not recommend your bringing the trunk; make a bundle of such of your clothes and boots as require repairs, put on your best suit for the journey down, under your great coat. I shall forward, in time, as much money as will pay Mr. Johnston's bill up to the time you leave, and shall request, and feel obliged by Mr. Johnston's procuring a passage for you. I remark your anxiety respecting the wharf cooperage and building stones, all of which we can converse about when you are at home. I hope you have conducted yourself while at Horton so as to merit the appreciation of your teachers, Mr. Johnston and family, and of your schoolfellows. I should like you to be on the best terms with them all, and trust they will be enabled to feel a pleasure in your returning among them.

Mother has not been very well for the last two days, but she is now getting better. Your sisters and brothers are well and promise themselves much pleasure on your coming to town. My dear son,

Yours truly,

WM. STAIRS.



HALIFAX, N. S., *February 1st, 1833.*

DEAR WILLIAM,—I received your letter, from the tenor of which I suppose you had no hand in the affair between Mr. Johnston and the boys. I hope I may be right in my supposition, for it would give me much uneasiness were you to offer any insult to Mr. Johnston, for I consider him as much entitled to respect as if he were the father of every boy under his charge; you will therefore please me much by respecting Mr. Johnston. Be assured he will not require you to do anything improper.

Herewith you will receive a pair of boots, in one of which you will find 2s. 9d. for the purchase of a book. The family are all well. I remain, dear William,

Yours affectionately,

WM. STAIRS.

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HALIFAX, N. S., *February 11th, 1833.*

DEAR WILLIAM,—We were all happy to hear of your being well, by your letter to your father. We have got plenty of snow, of which, I suppose, there is no scarcity at Horton. Father's new ship, the "John Porter," arrived from London a fortnight ago, is now loading, and will sail for Liverpool on Sunday. She is a fine vessel of three hundred tons, and stands letter A. No. 1, at Lloyd's; Messrs. Fairbanks and Maenab own one-half of her. I hope the Horton Academy will continue to do well. Mr. Lockerby's school is daily increasing. We have got three new scholars lately; their names are Frederick Hughes, James Kerr, and Robert Dupont.

Since you left home Joanna attempted to make some candy for you, but did not succeed. She intends trying it again. I hope she may be more fortunate, for I think a lot of good white sugar candy would be very acceptable to you and your cronies. Mother desires me to say that she intends writing to you very soon, and is very happy to understand that you were not one of those who behaved with disrespect

to Mr. Johnston. The watchman has just cried "half-past nine." Joanna is preparing a Welsh rarebit. I wish you were here to partake of it. Our sisters are all well. Anna is much improved, but she cannot walk. Mr. Ford, a gentleman from the States, has commenced giving lectures on Astronomy in the Acadian School at eight o'clock in the evening. We have got a family ticket; the lectures are given on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Father, mother, Joanna and I went last Tuesday. Father and I are going on Thursday. I was very much pleased with Mr. Ford's lecture.

Helen and Margaret request me to give their love to you. They are very well, but Helen hurt her hand a little on the stove to-day. I must now conclude.

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN STAIRS.

HALIFAX, N. S., *March 27th, 1833.*

MY DEAR SON,—Not hearing from you more frequently makes me exceedingly unhappy. How can you be so ungrateful as never to think of home?

I can assure you I am very dissatisfied with your conduct; it is your duty to sit down and write to us at least every week, not to leave it to the last minute, but to take time and write a good, long, well-spelt letter. If you begin so early to neglect your family, I know not what we may expect in future.

I have had a narrow escape for my life, and am indebted to your little brother for my preservation. Your father and sisters being out, I was sitting here alone on the evening before last. I got up and went to the closet in John's room and stooped down, and by some accident my cap took fire from the candle. In less than an instant my cap, collar and pocket handkerchief were all in flames. In an agony of terror I threw myself on my face on the carpet, thinking to drag it about me; but it was tacked down, and I received no benefit

from it. John, who saw my danger, sprang out of bed and threw a basin of water, out of the wash-stand, over me. The flames began to revive again, but he smothered them out with his hands. I received no further injury than being burnt about the size of my hand on the back of my neck. It is getting better.

I send you by this opportunity a pair of new trousers. I wish you to write me if they fit well. If they are too long you must get somebody to tuck them for you. You will also receive some magazines, which were given to me by the captain of the "John Porter."

I must add that you do not deserve such indulgences, and that I am by no means satisfied; your brothers and sisters, I am afraid, will forget you.

Your truly anxious mother,

M. STAIRS.

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HALIFAX, N. S., *April 26th, 1838.*

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—We were very much pleased to hear that you expected to have a garden this summer. It is not likely that we will have many flowers, but we may have a few vegetables. The carpenters have been very busy at the stable, and it is all boarded and nearly shingled; it measures 30 feet by 22. Mother sends her love to you, and was very much pleased with your last letter. She hopes you will write very soon again and make your letter very long. The Greenwoods and I go down to the bridge every day to pick dulce. Captain Auld is here just now in the handsome ship "Acadian." Father expects the "Isabella" and the "Corsair" every day. We have not heard of the arrival of the "John Porter" yet, and she must have had a very long passage. We have heard from John Craigen. Mother has received a very long letter from Mrs. Lang, who desires to be remembered to you. Father has received a letter from Mr. Lang. Father is sitting by the fire; he desires me to say he

hopes that you will be attentive to your studies, careful of your wardrobe, respectful to your teachers.

Dear William, John had written this last night, but on its becoming late, mother sent him to bed, and now he is out playing with the Greenwoods, so I have undertaken to finish. We send you ——— letters, a pen knife and a pair of trousers. Wish you to return the magazines as soon as you are done with them. Mind and write very often indeed, and believe me to be yours,

C. M. STAIRS.

To Wm. James Stairs, Horton Academy, from John and C. M. Stairs.

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HALIFAX, *June 2nd, 1833.*

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—We were all very sorry to hear of your sore hand, and I should like to know something further about it.

The time is now drawing near when we shall have the pleasure of your being with us. Your father has been keeping very close to business, for trade has been so dull lately and so many people have failed, that his ideas respecting commerce have become very gloomy. I hope you will come home with the determination of putting your shoulder to the wheel. All that you can do is to give a cheerful and steady obedience to your father's commands. I had hoped that you would have been put into the counting house of a stranger, but matters have gone so wrong with the commercial part of the community that your father cannot afford to spare your services, but must make use of you in the place of some one that in better times he might have hired; therefore you must make up your mind to going into our own store, and I hope, my dear son, that you will be a pattern to those who are already there.

John Craigen has set up in business for himself, and we have now only Richard and Andrew. They are much older,

and of course understand their duty much better than you, and you must expect to be quite under them; but you can show them an example of steadiness and attention. I never saw such a time of necessity in my life as there is in general over the town. We are going on with the house, but everything is so gloomy that I cannot take any pleasure in it. We must hope that it will draw us to place our affections on things above.

I have great reason for thankfulness in having my children all well, and I endeavour to be always conscious of this, but I cannot conquer my lowness of spirits. I hope, my son, that you will be my comfort.

Your father, brothers and sisters join me in love.

M. STAIRS.

We sent you something for making trousers. Let me know if you have received it. I will try to procure you a cap.

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HALIFAX, *July 2nd, 1833.*

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—You must have observed how seldom I have written to you lately. My heart has been at Horton, but my mind has been in a most anxious, unsettled state owing to the calamitous condition of the community. When I see so many of our old acquaintances suffering, I cannot but feel sorrow for them and dread for ourselves, and therefore I have desired Catherine to write instead of doing so myself. I see where the error of the people here has been—the women have been extravagant, the men too speculative. Heaven grant it may prove a warning to us all.

My dear child, you are about entering the shop and office at a time of great scarcity. I think it will be for your ultimate benefit. The present season of suffering will impress your mind with the necessity of keeping out of debt. If men would be satisfied with small things and regulate their house expenses accordingly, it would be much better for us all.

Your father's plan at present is to contract his business, and I hope that you will commence with a firm determination to be proud of industry. Some men in this town have been ruined by their sons' indolence and pride. If you have formed any foolish notions as respects the kind of work you would do, they must be given up. These notions have been the ruin of Halifax. Oh, William! it is melancholy to relate, but many families in this town who lived as comfortably as ourselves have not now the means of going to market. Yes, my son, they are at this moment suffering for food.

I have said much respecting the disastrous state of affairs here. It is to impress on your mind the necessity of industry. But there is one thing which I would urge still more strenuously, that is, "To seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things shall be added thereto." My child, ponder over this text well; let it not be driven from your thoughts. Oh! may the Holy Spirit assist you and enable you and us all to commit our affairs for time and for eternity into His hands.

Your last letter was cause of sorrow to me for the loss you had met with, but I was consoled by the method you took to extricate yourself from the difficulty. If you had delayed acquainting us the affair would have been worse. Your father was not very angry; he rather pitied you, but money is very scarce with us.

Be careful of your clothes, but when you are leaving Horton, if you have any which you have outgrown and you think they will not answer for John, you can get Miss DeWolf to dispose of them as she did some before.

I wish you could procure some kind of a cheap straw hat at Horton. I would send you the money to pay for it. We do not know how to fit your head. Be careful of the money which I enclose in this letter. Pay all the people immediately. Write me soon. I am,

Your affectionate mother,

M. STAIRS.

HALIFAX, *Saturday, Aug., 1833.*

MY DEAR SON,—It was my intention to have written soon after your return to Horton; but feeling that what I had to say would be disagreeable, I have deferred it until now.

During the Christmas vacation I was much pleased with you. I believe I had not occasion to find fault with you once all the time you were with us; but the last time you were down there was such a degree of carelessness and indolence in your conduct, that I was glad when the time came round for you to go to school, and it was, I can assure you, the first time your mother was glad to have you leave the house. Heaven grant that it may be the last time I shall find pleasure at your departure; but my son, you cannot expect your father and mother will continue to love you if you give your time entirely up to play and show no disposition to improve your mind when with them, by reading, or accomplishing any little work which they may put upon you. I cannot forget the indolence you showed respecting clearing out the walks.

Mr. Johnston told your father that he knew nothing of your intention to leave his house until he missed you out of it. What an improper way of leaving! Why did you not acquaint him with your intention before you went? It was insolent in the extreme.

Your last letter to Catherine was cold and unsatisfactory. It was written in the most careless manner imaginable. You do not pay the slightest attention to a paragraph in hers in which she acquaints you with John's having burnt his face very much with gunpowder. It has now got pretty well, but you might have noticed it. The fact is, William, that you must become industrious; you must write letters, and longer letters, to your family, or depend upon it, my young gentleman, you will come off by the worst. Pray did Mr. Pryor give you a receipt, and why did you not send it to your father?

I hope that I shall soon receive a long letter from you, in expectation of which I still subscribe myself,

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

HALIFAX, *September 13th, 1833.*

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—If you have been careless and thoughtless, you have made all the amends in your power by your acknowledgments and promises to be more attentive in future.

I know that idleness is at the foundation of the greatest vices, and therefore when I see you indolent it fills my mind with apprehensions; but I am so well satisfied with your last letter that I again trust you will dispose of your time in a way to improve your mind and make you a respectable member of society. My dear child, all I want of you is to do well for yourself, and I know that you cannot do that if you begin by disobedience to your parents. I entreat of you when you receive this letter to set immediately about the lessons which Mr. Pryor has given you, and to do so every day; and do, my son, borrow some book which will be profitable and amusing to read at leisure hours when you are out of school. Now the next letter you write, let me know what book it is, and I will give you my opinion of it if I have perused it.

Dear William, you must recollect that these injunctions are easily complied with, and that I cannot be contented without knowing that you are spending your time in this way.

We are still at Dartmouth, and have found the weather rather cold, but intend moving over in about a fortnight. I suppose we shall find a great change in the temperature of the air in town.

We were all up at Uncle Stayner's yesterday, except Anna. We had a most delightful day, and I believe John had a great treat, for he got a low, quiet pony of Mr. Stayner's to ride about upon all the afternoon. Uncle came down in the gig for us. Some rode and some walked, and in the evening we came home in the same way. This afternoon we are going to Mr. Creighton's to tea.

The girls are all well and send their love.



John has just now come in from school. He is getting his dinner, and I hear his voice ascending from below. His face has got quite well.

I am afraid we shall have to part with our cow and fowls when we leave here, for father thinks it will be troublesome keeping them in town.

Your father sends his love to you, and I am, dear William,

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

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HALIFAX, N. S., 17th, 1833.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—Your letter to your father of last week gave both him and me a little uneasiness. We are sorry to hear that you are not agreeably situated at Mr. Johnson's, and the idea of your changing your place of residence, and being from under the care of the assistant teacher (for Mr. Pryor will surely soon procure one), is matter of anxiety with us. You have at present, as far as I can understand, the advantage of some religious instruction in the family where you are placed. Will it be thus at Mr. DeWolf's? And the additional expense of 2s. 6d. per week should be an object of consideration, although not of the first importance. After a good deal of thought on the subject your father has come to the determination of allowing you to act for yourself in the affair, trusting that you will not let a feeling of caprice induce you to make the change; but if, after weighing the matter well in your own mind, you think that it will be for your ultimate benefit to remove to Mr. DeWolf's, you have liberty to present the enclosed note.

My dear boy, think well on the subject, and do not study your present comfort so much as your advantages as to instruction, and the facilities for improvement which you may have. Remember that all our anxiety is that you should acquire knowledge. I hope you persevere in the study of Natural Philosophy. You will find if you now go through

the drudgery a little, that hereafter you will have a wonderful deal of pleasure in the science. Let me know if you still go on with Greek, or if you have discontinued it and fill up the time by a closer application to Arithmetic. Write me a long letter all about your studies, and if you go to Mr. DeWolf's, describe to me how you are situated, tell me the names of the boys who are in the house with you, and also write to your father respecting your removal. Be very particular in ascertaining that the charge will not be more than 10s. per week, for it would be a sad trial to find that your father was saddled with a still greater expense than he contemplated. He would have written himself, but is greatly engaged to-day with business, and begged of me to acquaint you with his sentiments.

John has written you a letter, but I must acknowledge that it is not altogether his own diction. However, I hope that you will take pleasure in answering it. The children all join your father and me in the warmest love to our dear William.

Your affectionate mother,

M. STAIRS.

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WOLFVILLE, N. S., *July 10th, 1833.*

DEAR MOTHER,—I received yours on the 7th, and I have paid all my bills in Horton. I have taken your leave and bought myself a straw hat. If I had not done so, I don't much think that you would see me in Halifax this vacation. I have lost more flesh just by wearing that cap on those hot days this summer than I gained all winter. It is so warm now that I can scarcely manage to write, although I am sitting by the window with a breeze blowing in, and my jacket off. Several of the boys are going to Halifax to-morrow, although the vacation does not commence till this day week. I wish you would forward me by the first opportunity 14 shillings to take me to Halifax, and 3 to pay for my hat. The

stockings fitted admirably. I shall be glad to get to Halifax; it is so much cooler there than here. I never felt it so hot. I have been making calculations, and find that I can go to town by a private conveyance 11 shillings and 10 pence cheaper than in the coach, so I think that I had better try to save that much money. I have not much more to write. All I have I can soon tell you by words. The boys are all very impatient to get home, as you may suppose that I am.

Give my love to all the family.

I am, your affectionate

W. J. STAIRS.

Letter from W. J. Stairs, Horton Academy, to his mother,  
M. Stairs.

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*November, I mean March 15th.*

MY DEAR PARENTS,—I received your letter last Sunday, and I would have answered it before, only I had nothing particular to say. I believe we are going to get another boarder soon, but I am not certain. They still keep crowding into Mr. Johnson's. There are at present 26 boarders, besides 12 in the family. At Mr. D—— they are the most cleanly people I ever saw, and if it could be, neater than at home. They take great care of my clothes and mend them whenever they want it. I have got my boots mended, and Mr. DeWolf paid for them. I wish you would send me about one dozen buttons, the same size as one I will send down, and about 1-16th of a yard of blue cloth to mend my clothes. Joanna's candy was very acceptable. I saw Mr. Roy last Wednesday and gave him the letter. I could not give him it before, because he lives up the road nearly eight miles. The weather still keeps very cold, and we have had not above 12 fine days.

W. STAIRS.

On the other side of same page is written the following:—

MY DEAR BROTHER,—As you are so anxious that I should write to you in particular, I will; but you must remember

that when I write to one I write to all the family. I was glad to hear Mr. Lockerby's school was increasing. We have fine fun up here every morning. We have about a mile to go to school, and we have rigged up a sled to take to school. We have four boys for horses, and we ride by turns. I had my ride this morning, and if you were up here you would have yours too. Give my love to all the family.

W. STAIRS.

John Stairs in particular————.

On same sheet:

MY DEAR SISTERS,—I wish you would write also.

W. STAIRS.

Letters written by W. J. Stairs to his parents, sisters and brothers.

[From 1841 to 1850.]

HALIFAX, *27th January, 1841.*

DEAR WILLIAM,—In your letter you said you wished to hear about the shop. After you left us we were as busy as we have been since I went into the shop. I was almost worn off my legs. Tom is busy at the putty; he has made nearly a ton; bladders 2s. 6d. per doz., very cheap. Nothing to do just now, all the farmers are at home. There has been no sleighing since New Year's day. George Isner was in the shop to-day and was telling me about a very strange thing that happened there before he left. As George Westhaver was driving the cattle to the woods across a field, all of a sudden they stopped and they would neither goe nor haw. At last he got them home. Well, the next morning, passing that way, they observed a deep hole about 20 feet wide and shelving inwards. He could not find bottom with two lines, that is, 60 fathoms. I suppose the cattle heard it sounding hollow, and he observed it rise and fall. There is a house about 250 yards from it. Jim's niece died the day after you

left—quite a blessing. I had a letter from Allison by last steamer. He says he is very sorry to hear that our new Governor is a Liberal, that it will be very bad for the Province in its present disturbed state. There was a splendid Tory Black Dinner got up by the Razor Row Coveys the other day; it was held at Mr. Scippio Cooper's, Mr. Septimus Clarke in the chair, Mr. Toney Vice, Mr. Prince Sport, assistant vice. The dinner went off very well (but the toasts). Mr. Clarke proposed "The Queen," Mr. Toney "De Royal Babe," Mr. Sport, "Here is to de colour that never wants perfume nor paint." Joe Bennet got upon opposition coach. The dinner was held at Preston in the school-house, about four miles from the Ferry. Mr. Samson Carter, President, he says in his speech dat de Royalty of dose people among them rocks at Preston is astounding. There is a steam grist mill about going up; Sam Storey, Bill Allan, Ned Allison and Sheriff Sawyer have bought that property of Lydiard's, next to Keith's, for £1,300. Storey is away to the States to get the machinery, and I believe Metzler talks of putting up one. Old Snodgrass died the other day very suddenly. All the militia officers had to attend the funeral. Quantities of vessels have been wrecked along the coast. It comes very heavy on the insurance offices. The Halifax has lost £10,000, the Union just cleared itself, the Nova Scotia the same. I was looking to-day at two splendid pups from Joe Bennet's slut; there is not a speck of any colour but white; they look just like lumps of snow. Joe intends to send them to Prince Albert. Tom Tidmarsh means to send his two to O'Connell. We had an alarm of fire the other night. Grig Dwyer roused us out of bed and told us that his house was on fire. We rushed out and ran down to help him and got the fire under without doing much harm. Old Bill Pryor was a good deal afraid of his office and stores. Tom Hill left here the other day for the West Indies. We heard a splendid lecture from Joe Howe last Wednesday evening on the towns of the Province. I forgot to mention a circumstance about that place in

Mahone Bay. It is situated on the top of a hill, about the height of Citadel Hill, and a quarter of a mile from the sea, and the water is the same as spring water. Jim Mitchell sailed for Jamaica last Friday. Father Laughlin gave the temperance pledge to between four and five hundred persons, mostly women. Among those that took it was Holland, the blacksmith. Charles Fairbanks has been given almost up by his relations as mad. Captain looks as well as ever. Going to school yesterday, the roads being very slippery, his legs slipped and down he came. Lutzo has to be chained up every night; he generally gives a serenade before he goes to sleep. All the family are at home at present and in good bodily health; there is every appearance though of one of them leaving us, as some person has been hooked. You told me to remember you to Grant, Jim, Tom, and Tom Cushion. I pulled all their noses to your memory. I have had a few days' skating; what there was of the ice was very good; the lakes are nearly all broken up, the skates do not move off. The sleighing was very fine about Christmas. All the farmers were in from the country, and money was rolling into the till and goods were rolling off the shelves as fast as they possibly could. (Full stop.)

I am, yours,

JOHN STAIRS.

Do not forget the instrument, *called* a watch; WATCH Chain & Co.

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HALIFAX, N. S., *February 2nd, 1841.*

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—I cannot express how much I was delighted when your kind letter arrived.

I certainly felt great trust in our heavenly Father that He would protect and guide you; but my mind could not be at all times divested of anxious thoughts, therefore when the steamer arrived and acquainted us with your safety, my cause for thankfulness seemed so great that I could not be thankful enough. But in the evening, when we sat almost

without breathing around your father whilst he read your letter, my cup seemed overflowing with mercy.

My dear son, I thank you for the minuteness with which you have written to us, and hope that you are dispatching just such another epistle. The family are all writing to-day, but I am afraid they feel as if they had very little to communicate; one day seems to pass the same as another with us. Anna begs that you will get yourself vaccinated for fear you may take the small-pox; she has gone through that operation herself. It was great pleasure to hear that our friends in Glasford were so well and so pleasantly situated. I hope you will remember us all to them in the most affectionate manner, and do not forget to give my regards to Mrs. Kidston. I am thankful you have so kind and motherly a friend near you. I hope before this time you will have seen some of our Halifax people. I saw Mrs. W. Brown a few days ago in her own house. She and the children are quite well. Mrs. J. Forman paid me a visit, and we had a long chat about our sons. She hopes when you return you will be able to tell her something about James, who left here in the last steamer. We expect that you will have seen a great deal of him in Glasgow. My dear William, you will have to provide yourself with a little present for each of the children and myself, and we all think that some little articles to lay on the drawing-room table will be acceptable. Besides this, I wish you to get me a nice china dessert set, having about eighteen plates to it. I have seen Mrs. Berton and Mrs. Morrison. They were both pleased with your attention in writing about their friends.

Believe me to be your affectionate mother,

M. STAIRS.

Written by Mrs. W. J. Stairs.

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HALIFAX, N. S., *August 6th, 1843.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,—You need not be told how glad we were to hear of your short and pleasant passage across the

Atlantic, and hope the time that has elapsed since you wrote may have been equally pleasant. Your budget of letters by this packet will not be quite as large as the former one was, for three of the writers are away from home, and so they do not know that we have a letter from you. Catherine has been for some time wishing to be in the country, and as Helen and Anna are always ready for fun, as soon as the French class was done with, they asked leave to spend the last week of their holidays at St. Margaret's Bay. Catherine means to stay a fortnight, and Mag; and I hope that father will be able to take time to drive us down in a day or two, and he will bring home Helen and Anna.

We spent an evening at Mrs. Forman's since you left home, where John acted the part of a beau. Mr. Outram was one of the party, who has since had the influenza, which cold caused him to have rheumatism in the jaw, rather an uncomfortable place for pain. I find I have begun my writing on the wrong page, but it is too late now to remedy it; and "what can't be cured must be endured."

Margaret and Helen and I were on a picnic the other day at a place next to Winter's, the Common Council man—a house which Mr. MacGregor had charge of through law business—and as Miss McKie and Mrs. Hartshorn asked us to go, we were there among the children of two or three families and such old ladies and gentlemen as Mr. and Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Dempster and Mr. John Tremain. The day was spent very pleasantly indeed, although we had to dance in the house because of rain. You will perhaps remark that this letter is altogether about myself, but I think it is very hard to write about the places you may be at when I have never seen any of them nor of their inhabitants, so I must beg pardon if I am egotistical in going back to the same subject. Margaret and I spent an evening at Mrs. Kinnear's last week. It was quite a large party. As Kate expected to leave home the next morning she thought it most prudent not to be out late the night before. We are going this evening to Miss De



Chezeau's to meet the bride from Dartmouth, Mrs. Turner. It will be a more moderate party than the last as to hours, for some of the company did not leave Kinnear's until three in the morning. Yesterday Margaret brought from Miss McKie's a drawing of her own which has been framed. We think that is doing very well for the tuition she has had. Miss McKie is going down to the Bay next week, and Margaret is to try to sketch from nature. Helen and Anna practised duets together before they went away, so you see the accomplishments of the juniors far exceeds that of the elder branches. I believe I have exhausted my stock of events, and must come to a conclusion.

Begging you to think of me as your much attached sister,

JOANNA.

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18 HOLLIS STREET,  
HALIFAX, N. S., *July 2nd, 1845.*

DEAR SUSAN,—Since your departure we have been watching the winds and the weather, and trust that if you have had them as favourable as we have, you have before this had the pleasure of meeting your English friends. Your Nova Scotia ones are just as you left them. Maggie spent the day with Anna two days ago, and they all were well at Uncle John's and grandmamma's.

Will you tell William that I received a letter yesterday from young Duncan, informing me of the death of his father. He died on the 6th of June. The latter is dated from Edinburgh, Cheyne street, No. 17. It was an event not altogether unexpected by his family, he having been in ill health for some time.

We all continue in good health; Joanna no worse; the improvements at Pine Grove progressing, though the building is not quite ready for us yet. With respect to your future dwelling I have looked about a good deal, and at last settled upon Brenton's house. It is on a small scale, but very neat

and airy. It was all painted last year; will be easily made to look cheerful, and when you can afford it you can soon get a larger one. The rent is only thirty-eight pounds per year.

I have been doing duty for you the last week in the way of receiving visitors and eating bride-cake. I believe your grandmamma and aunt have been similarly engaged. I am going up to see them as soon as the weather clears up.

William will understand that when I write to his better half it is the same as if I addressed himself; therefore this is the only epistle I shall pen by this packet. The girls are all lazy at writing, but they and Mr. Stairs and John join me in sincerest expressions of love to yourself and William.

Dear Susan, write me soon, and believe me

Your affectionate mother,

M. STAIRS.

Mrs. William J. Stairs.

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HALIFAX, 4th July, 1845.

DEAR CHILDREN,—This day domestic affliction has visited us. We have met with a severe bereavement in the death of our dear Joanna, who, since your departure, showed symptoms of returning health. Only last evening, Mrs. McColl being here, we were complimenting our dear child on her improved appearance. Our delight was not permitted to be of long continuance. The Almighty has taken her, in His good pleasure, unto Himself. Though it can avail but little, I feel called upon to relate to my dear children the circumstances immediately preceding the departure of our dear daughter. This morning, at half-past three o'clock, Helen alarmed your dear mother and I. We soon discovered that the attack, under which poor Joanna was then suffering, would prove more severe than those she had been, within the last twelve months, so frequently subjected to. She complained of excessive pain in her chest. I hurried away for

Doctor Avery, and though but a short time absent, 25 minutes, I saw her in life no more. She died in the arms of your dear mother. The immediate cause of the death of the dear child may be attributed to the rupture of a blood vessel. From the time of the first alarm, which Margaret, who was sleeping with Joanna, had, till the close of the dear child's life, the period did not exceed one hour.

Now that our dear daughter has gone home, her life seems to me like a dream. The period of her existence, 27 years, appears very short. From her earliest childhood she had, in various ways, suffered much. I always viewed her as a delicate flower, and have long been prepared for her being called away; but during the last twelve months my anxiety respecting her has been very great.

She appeared very happy, pleased with all around her, and wishing to impart pleasure to all those who came in her way, desiring nothing but kindness and affection from her friends, which she much required. Her interment will take place to-morrow, Saturday evening, at 6 o'clock. I feel sure that you will sympathize with those dear relatives whom you have so recently left. It will require time to reconcile us to our bereavement. It is to be hoped that the melancholy event may prove a salutary lesson, showing us the uncertainty of all things appertaining to this life. In justice to our dear departed daughter, I feel as if it were my duty, and my love for her prompts me to say that she was an obedient, modest, kind, affectionate and good child; she was all that was lovely, and I have much happiness in feeling an assurance that she will be among the number called to enjoy eternal life, with whom I trust we shall all be found. Her remains are now beside me, in her coffin, having her own sweet expression of countenance, which I, though feeling sad, find pleasure in looking upon. Were it in my power I would not recall her. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

HALIFAX, 17th July, 1845.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—Since the date of the foregoing, we have, as you would naturally suppose, been living in retirement. Your dear mother and sisters have not been out. They occasionally take a little exercise in the garden. I hope it will not be long before I can induce them to go as far as the grave, which is nearly ready. Your kind mother and sisters do not write by this day's mail; they desire me to send their love to you and join me in hoping that the Lord will, in His great mercy, protect and permit you to return to us in good health. We have met with much kindness and sympathy from all our acquaintances and neighbours, of which we should not be unmindful.

I must conclude with an assurance that we are all in good health. I am, my dear children,

Your affectionate Father,

WM. STAIRS.

To William and Susan Stairs.

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Thursday evening, 7 o'clock,

July 17th, 1845.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—Your kind and affectionate letters dated, Susan's at Derby, William's at London, have just come to hand. We could not but be pleased and gratified with your kind attention. The contents and tenor of your letters afforded us much satisfaction. Our dear daughter and sister was not permitted to remain with us till your first communication from England came to hand, thus showing the uncertainty of all things on this earth. May the Lord bless and protect you. Consider this as the continuance of the enclosed, and believe me, my dear children,

Your affectionate father,

WM. STAIRS.

William and Susan Stairs.

HALIFAX, *August 2nd, 1846.*

DEAR WILLIAM,—I received yours of the 18th of July, and in reply would mention now that you have given me something to write about. The boys are getting on very well, but require a good deal of looking after, which keeps me pretty close. I find that I get on much better this summer than last, having my own way almost altogether. We have been fitting out several vessels, but have been very particular. Our stock is fast giving out. We have been very busy last week with our damaged goods. The men are very busily engaged with the lower cellar. We have received our glass from London, which turns out very well. I think we ought to have fifty more boxes, 7 x 9. The salt is all sold. Our cordage is very low. Tar is very dull. We were too fierce. Sarah has been pretty well, and sends her love, and hopes that you are not fatigued to death. Willie has grown quite a strapping fellow, knows how to smile, etc.

This being Sunday I must not write too long. I am,

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN STAIRS.

HALIFAX, N. S., *August 9th, 1846.*

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—We are now looking out for the arrival of the steamer. Of course I am anxious, but thanks be to a merciful Providence who has carried you along safely so many times from home, and permitted us to have such good tidings from you by the last arrival. My hopes are strong that we shall be favoured in like manner again. Your dear little boy spent some time with me yesterday. He is increasing in size and showing decided marks of intelligence, with a very strong disposition to be in his mamma's company.

Susan was with us last evening. She was expecting letters with anxiety. John and Sarah are quite well. They

desire to be remembered to you. Catherine, Margaret and Helen send their kindest love to you. Anna is now at your house breakfasting with Susan. Your father joins me in love, and believe me

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

P. S.—Dear William, would you have the kindness to procure for me a few of those seats adapted to carrying about. I think we would find them very convenient at the Grove.

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GLASFORD MANSE, *September 24th, 1841.*

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—I embrace a leisure hour to answer your truly welcome letter, written upon the day succeeding your arrival at home. It gave us sincere pleasure to learn that you had again reached that much-loved spot in safety, and were permitted to enjoy its endearments once more; and what a mercy it is to have such relatives to meet with! May you be enabled to improve your privileges, and may every moment be sanctified to prepare you all for a blessed entrance into that world where separation is unknown. I rejoice to hear of your beloved mother, and shall be still more delighted to have a letter from her. I trust she will be very particular in giving me some account of each member of her family, never neglecting my own Anna. From you also, my dear William, I beg a constant remembrance and communication as often as you can afford me the gratification.

I shall be very anxious until I hear whether the goods you purchased were safely carried across the Atlantic, and if they gave satisfaction to your father, who I earnestly hope will ever have cause to bless God for his oldest son, and indeed every one of his children. I wish you to prosper in all things temporal, but above all in your spiritual interests. It is a sweet reflection to my mind that the short while we spent together here, enabled me to discover the gracious dealings of God with your soul. I take unspeakable comfort in

the belief that Jesus Christ has been made your righteousness and strength. For this glorious mercy let His name be exalted for ever and ever. The grace that has been shown to you encourages me to cry for like mercy to my children. Your faithful mother has been satisfied in seeing her son brought near to Christ. I do hope that I could be heart earnest in the duties devolving on me, and see the glory of God in the salvation of my little ones. I daresay you have felt the strong temptations of Satan in many ways already, for he is ever vigilant to destroy the hopeful work of God; but remember, my dear William, that he will seek to interrupt you at every step and raise up stumbling blocks at every turn; but keep close to your divine Leader. Look constantly at His example, and take to yourself the armour which He has provided for all His people. My experience has led me to dread my internal enemy more than any other. The wicked heart that beats within me is the most ensnaring and dangerous foe, ever treacherous and so deceitful that I am betrayed without being aware of my state. May you be strengthened against indwelling corruptions more than ever I have been, and may you obtain the victory through Him who died to save us from our sins. You will have much to contend with in this wicked world. Business itself becomes a snare, by seducing us from our seasons of communion with God; and what is falsely called pleasure seeks to draw our hearts from the only true happiness. I do trust, my son in affection, that you will be delivered from every snare and evil work, and defended to the heavenly kingdom. To the great Redeemer do I commend you, in unison with your precious mother, who has devoted you to God, I know and believe. Do tell my named child to give herself to Jesus Christ, as I hope all her sisters, and dear John also, will be directed to do by irresistible heavenly grace. I humbly pray to meet you all in glory, though I may never behold you in the flesh.

Say to my beloved friend, your mother, that I beg of God to grant me to spend with her an endless life in everlasting

joy. Ask her to think of us and pray for us, as I desire to do respecting you all.

I received a letter from Barry, dated Liverpool. He could not make out to visit us at this time, which was a disappointment, as I had set my heart on seeing him. He has been engaged by Mr. Connan, with whom he was before, I think. I trust he will be kept by the almighty power of God from sin, and united to the holy Saviour. I am quite uncertain how or when to get this epistle forwarded, but write that it may be ready for the first opportunity.

My needlework is at a standstill because of a suppuration in my right thumb, which has not entirely left me, and I am taking advantage of the time to gratify myself in writing to dear friends.

I heard from Shelburne some time ago. They were in expectation of Mr. Donald's arrival, but had not seen him. I hope he and all with whom we were acquainted in Halifax are well. Be so kind as to give our affectionate remembrances to those whom you may meet, ever tendering our best love to the circle around your father's board, lasting as life itself in the recollection of the kindness we experienced there.

The children are often enquiring about you, constantly regarding you as a beloved brother. Indeed, I must ever look upon you as my own, so very dear have you become to me. Mr. Lang, I know, takes a deep heart interest in you, so do let us hear from you frequently, and accept the faithful affection of, my own dear William,

Your truly attached friend,

A. B. LANG.

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[On the death of his mother.]

HALIFAX, N. S., *October 23rd. 1850.*

MY DEAR MRS. LANG.—I may truly say the memory of your friendship is very dear to me. You have in affection



and love been to me a mother. You shared this feeling without it being less towards her from whom in earliest infancy I received my nourishment, and in boyhood my instructions, and with whom I took sweet counsel in my manhood, but with whom I will counsel no more. She has departed; she died the death of the righteous. This happened in the evening of the 21st inst., accompanied with all the blessings with which God in His mercy favours us fallen mortals. Her illness was very short. On Friday, three days before her death, she took a cold from handling a parcel of damp clothes. This caused her to be somewhat unwell on Friday evening, but on Saturday she was better, and not until Sunday evening did Kate become alarmed. I did not hear of her dangerous state until Monday morning, when I hastened to her bedside. Although her body was in pain, for the cold had settled in the bowels and caused inflammation, yet her head was clear and free from pain.

She said, "William, let this be sanctified to you. Search the Scriptures." She spoke of her trust in Jesus. She did not wish to live, she was so happy. God was so merciful to her to take her first. I asked her for forgiveness of all my offences. She said she had nothing to forgive; I had been a dutiful son to her.

After that time I did not speak with her. She spoke to some of us all through the day with such farewell admonitions as each will cherish, and at seven o'clock in the evening, the bright autumn day had departed, the moon had risen and shone clearly, all was still and beautiful as autumn evening ever was, when the pain of her disease ceased, and we gathered around to see her die. It was a solemn and affecting sight to see the Christ-sustained mother in Israel departing from among us. Her husband and her children were around her. God in His mercy spared her the death struggle, each breath came feebler and more feeble, the voice sunk into its last dying cadence, the eyes lost their light, and my mother was no more.

Her body is with us, but the soul was borne to Him in whom she had an abiding faith. Hers was no hurried acquaintance with Christ; decided and firm was her faith; her character in all things was such, and in her religion it was the same. In a few hours we deposit her body in the grave. I mourn for her, not for her death, but because in this world I shall never see her again. Her word and precept will be with me only in memory.

I pray for my father, that God sustain him in this his hour of affliction, and that his trust is with Him who thus preparest us for Himself.

Catherine will miss our mother very much, and upon her, my sweet sister, will devolve the charge and care of our father and his household. My mother had much faith in leaving her family. God had spared her until we had grown to the estate of men and women. Her teachings had taken root; her counsel will yet be with us.

My wife and children are well. I pray that God be with you and your partner, and spare you long to your family, and that when you come to die, the joy of seeing the care of your children blessed, and they all at man's estate may be yours, and in these last earthly blessings we may see a sign of God's favour.

W. J. S.

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[On W. J. Stairs retirement from the Presidency of the Union Bank.]

DEAR MR. STAIRS,—Remembering your many acts of kindness and good advice so often received by many of them from you, when presiding over them, I am asked by the staff of the Bank to send you the accompanying picture as a slight token of the high esteem entertained by them all towards yourself; and to express their heartfelt wish that you and Mrs. Stairs may be long spared in health and happiness.

With many regards,

Yours truly,

May 16th, 1898.

E. L. THORNE, *Cashier.*

HALIFAX, *May 17th, 1898.*

DEAR MR. THORNE,—It was a most pleasing surprise to me, the receiving so grandly gotten up picture, the likenesses of your good self, Mr. Strickland, and the much trusted agents of the Bank, and the numerous young men helping you in the conducting of the affairs of the Bank.

In your faithful services to the Bank you and they are as faithfully serving the public.

I believe the interests are mutual. Have it so, and keep it so, and I have no fears of the well-doing of our institution; and to the youngest clerk, as well as to the trusted agents, I would say, Be faithful and patient.

Be sure men will take note of you, and an enlargement of services will be yours.

There is a large world outside the Union Bank.

Mrs. Stairs is quite touched with your thoughtfulness towards one who has led you, and joins me in warmest wishes for the good and happiness of you all. Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

W. J. STAIRS.

To H. L. Thorne, Esq., and the many gentlemen engaged in the management of the Union Bank.

HALIFAX, N. S., *April 27th, 1903.*

DEAR MR. CARMICHAEL,—You and I belong to a set now fast ebbling away. Our paths have, in some ways, been on the same line. When they changed, it was because both of us trusted the outlook before the country. Which course was positive and which negative I cannot venture to assume. It has now gone into the past.

My feeling is *God bless you*, and may the quiet of your remaining days be as happy as any era of your past and good life.

Excuse personalities; it is not often we are called upon to express them.

My respects to James D. MacGregor—may he live long and keep the good name he has secured.

With regards to your daughter,

Yours sincerely,

W. J. STAIRS.

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The Senate Crest, CANADA.

NEW GLASGOW, *29th April, 1903.*

MY DEAR MR. STAIRS,—I thank you for your kind letter of 27th. I confess that I prize highly the good opinion of those whom I esteem, and your kind note calls to memory how few there are remaining of the class I have in my mind as contemporaries. Indeed, yourself and our mutual friend the Lieutenant-Governor are, I believe, the only ones remaining. Some few weeks ago I purposed visiting the City, and told your sons, John and George, who called upon me, of my intention, but a slight indisposition interposed and prevented my doing so.

I am at present wonderfully well, and certainly do not feel old; but any slight physical exertion exhausts me.

With my very kindest remembrances to Mrs. Stairs, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

J. CARMICHAEL.

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14 ASHBOURN ROAD, DERBY, *2nd June, 1845.*

MY DEAR SIR,—Your kind and affectionate letter reached me this morning, just as I was about to set off for Northampton, and I read it with no ordinary feeling. It is not perhaps that Susan changes her situation and name, because to do so occurs to most females, but she has sustained a position since the death of her mother so singular and important to

me and my family, that I feel almost incapable of expressing my feelings at the idea of a separation.

If any judgment can be formed of the character of a wife from the manner in which the duties of daughter and sister have been performed, I can have no fear for Susan, and once for all I shall say that she is made up of affection and truth. She has been my comfort, and may the Almighty in great mercy be with and bless you both.

I cannot write much, and have no letter from Susan, and fear that she may have written to me at Kendal. If so, I may have no chance of answering it, as I should now be off to open, or to make one at the opening of a railway. I wish most earnestly that I might be excused.

Apply at once on your reaching Liverpool to Messrs. I. Ingraham & Co., but if possible I will be there when you land. If I am not there, Mr. Jones, formerly of the Dockyard in Halifax, will meet you; but I earnestly trust to meet you myself. We are here in the centre of a tremendous business with contracts to the extent of about six millions. We have six thousand men at work between Lancaster and Carlisle, and 756 horses; and if Parliament decides with respect to other lines before winter, we shall have 20,000 men at work.

This we make headquarters for the present, but it is more than probable that I shall go to Scotland in a few weeks.

My kindest respects to your good father and mother. Please to say that I will write to them when I can spare a few minutes. I have much to say, but must write a line to Susan and then off.

Be assured that your welfare is near my heart. We have large connections here who will receive you with more than kindness, and your visit will please them much.

Very sincerely and affectionately,

JOHN MORROW.

NOTE.—This letter shews the magnitude of the work in the north of England in which Mr. Morrow was then engaged.

[L. S.]

C. CAMPBELL.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY LIEUTENANT-GENERAL  
SIR COLIN CAMPBELL,

*Knight Commander of the Most Honourable Military Order of  
the Bath, Lieutenant-Governor, and Commander-in-Chief,  
in and over Her Majesty's Province of Nova Scotia and  
its Dependencies, &c., &c., &c.*

TO WILLIAM J. STAIRS, *Gentleman.*  
(Greeting:

By Virtue of the Power and Authority to me given and granted by Her Majesty, I do hereby (during pleasure) constitute and appoint you to be Second Lieutenant in the 4th Halifax Regiment of Militia. You are therefore duly to exercise as well the Inferior Officers as Private Men of that Battalion in Arms, and to use your utmost endeavours to keep them in good order and discipline, and I do hereby command them to obey you as their 2nd Lieutenant, and you are to observe and follow such Orders and Instructions as you shall from time to time receive from myself, your Lieutenant-Colonel or any other your Superior Officer, according to the Laws and Regulations already made, or that shall hereafter be made, for the Militia of this Province.

*Given under my Hand and Seal at Arms, at Halifax, this  
thirtieth day of April, 1839, in the second year of Her  
Majesty's reign.*

By His Excellency's Command.

RUPERT D. GEORGE.

Entered in the Adjut. Gen. Office.

ED. WALLACE, A. G. M.

Province of Nova Scotia.

By His EXCELLENCY COLONEL

SIR JOHN GASPARD LE MARCHANT.

*Knight, Knight Commander of the Orders of Saint Ferdinand and of Charles the Third of Spain, Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in and over Her Majesty's Province of Nova Scotia and its Dependencies, Chancellor of the same, &c., &c., &c.*

To WILLIAM J. STAIRS, ESQUIRE,

Greeting:

By Virtue of the authority to me granted by Her Majesty, I do hereby, during pleasure, constitute and appoint you to be a First Lieutenant in the 4th Halifax Regiment of Militia.

You are therefore to observe and follow such Orders and Instructions as you shall from time to time receive from myself, your Lieutenant-Colonel, or any other your superior Officer, according to the Laws and Regulations already made, or that shall hereafter be made, for the Militia of this Province; and you are to use your utmost endeavours to keep in good order and discipline the subordinate Officers and men of the said regiment, and they are hereby commanded to obey you as a First Lieutenant of the said Regiment.

*Given under my Hand and Seal at Arms, at Halifax, this seventh day of May, in the seventeenth year of Her Majesty's Reign, A. D., 1854.*

By His Excellency's Command,

LEWIS M. WILKINS.

ED. WALLACE,

Entered in the Adjutant General's Office.

[L. s.]

Province of Nova Scotia.

NORMANDY.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE EARL OF MULGRAVE,

*Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over  
Her Majesty's Province of Nova Scotia and its Depen-  
dencies, &c., &c., &c.*

TO CAPT. W. J. STAIRS,

Greeting:

By Virtue of the authority to me granted by Her Majesty, I do hereby, during pleasure, constitute and appoint you to be Lieut.-Colonel in the Ninth Regiment, Halifax County, Nova Scotia, Militia.

You are therefore to observe and follow such Orders and Instructions as you shall from time to time receive from me or any other your Superior Officer, according to the Laws and Regulations already made, or that shall hereafter be made, for the Militia of this Province; and you are to use your utmost endeavours to keep in good order and discipline the Subordinate Officers and Men of said Corps, and they are hereby commanded to obey you as Lieut.-Colonel.

*Given under my Hand and Seal at Arms at Halifax, this  
twenty-third day of September, in the twenty-sixth year of  
Her Majesty's reign, and in the year of Our Lord One  
Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-two.*

By His Excellency's Command.

WM. H. KEATING,

*Deputy Secretary.*

R. B. SINCLAIR, A. G. M.

Entered in the Adjutant General's Office.



## JOSEPH HOWE.

Among our dear father's papers was found the following tribute to Mr. Howe, whom he so dearly loved :

"Howe died of a broken heart, so deeply wounded by those who had been his friends and should have judged him as stirred by higher motives than anything personal to himself. They might have trusted him; he saw further than they did. But broken-hearted as he was, he felt sure he had acted rightly by his country, and dying had the comfort of an approving conscience.

"He never said of them the bitter word, he loved them too deeply, was too much hurt to say other than 'they knew not what they did.'

"That which was to them the action of a false man was the setting aside of himself as a party and accepting the Confederation of the Provinces. It was the grandest act of his public life. Had he done otherwise he would have wrecked (for his lifetime at least) the important position Canada now occupies in the empire and in the world affairs."

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FAIRFIELD, *April 28th, 1869.*

MY DEAR STAIRS,—You will see by the enclosed correspondence that the vacant seat in the senate has been offered to and declined by our friend Northup. I regret his decision as I know you will.

Though you are much engrossed with a large business vastly extended by the great work just added to our industry, I trust that you may be able to accept the seat, which it gives me great pleasure to tender, for these among other reasons.

1st. Because your commercial knowledge would be of great value to the government and the legislature by whom our trade will hereafter be regulated; and

2nd. Because, having served as chairman of the association which conducted the opposition to the British North America Act while there was a chance of its repeal, you represent all those who now have loyally determined to give the Act a trial.

I think your appointment would be recognized as suitable and judicious by all parties, and will be glad to be enabled to submit your name to the Cabinet.

Believe me, my dear Stairs, yours truly,

JOSEPH HOWE.

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HALIFAX, *May 3rd, 1869.*

MY DEAR MR. HOWE,—I have to thank you for your kind note of the 28th April, in which you set forth your reasons why you would like to submit my name to the Cabinet as occupant of the vacant seat in the Senate.

Had I command of sufficient leisure it would have given me much satisfaction to have joined that body of the legislature, and have given my best services to general work, and more especially represent there our Nova Scotia interests; but as it is, I must decline, and be content with sending my best wishes for the good of the country.

Believe me, yours truly,

W. J. STAIRS.

*From "Halifax Citizen," July 1st, 1865.*

PRESENTATION MEETING HELD AT MR. W. J. STAIRS',  
19 SOUTH STREET.

An interesting reunion took place at the residence of Wm. J. Stairs, Esq., on Thursday evening, where a large number of persons assembled for the purpose of welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Geddie on their return from Canada, and of presenting to that lady a substantial token of the estimation in which they held her labours in the mission field, which she has occupied with her husband for eighteen years. Among the company present were many warmly attached personal acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. Geddie, besides a number of Christian friends from the various evangelical denominations in the City, who take a deep interest in the work in which these devoted missionaries have been engaged. After an hour spent in pleasant social intercourse, the Rev. Dr. Bayne, of Prince Street Church, Pictou, offered up a brief prayer, and then called on the Rev. George M. Grant, of St. Matthew's Church, to state the object of the meeting. Mr. Grant responded to the call in the following terms:

"I suppose that it is owing to the fact of my being Moderator of the Synod of the Church of Scotland that I have been asked to state formally the object of our meeting,—not that such re-unions require explanations, for in themselves they are pleasant, and I wish that they took place oftener, but in this case it happens that the reason of our meeting is better than the meeting itself. And it is not unbecoming that the representative of a sister church should take such a part on this occasion, for it is one that reaches beyond denominationalism out to humanity and Christianity. We are met to honour womanhood in the person of a true woman.

"Since Mr. Geddie arrived in our midst, it has been felt by many that in the universal appreciation of his work, the services of her to whom he has always attributed so much of his success have been sometimes overlooked. Actuated by this feeling, some ladies resolved to present to Mrs. Geddie a small

testimonial of their esteem and affection. Had publicity been given to this intention, a much larger sum than that to be now presented would have been collected, but as the value would have been lessened by anything like solicitation or display, the whole matter was managed so quietly that few persons beyond the subscribers had heard that such a thing was contemplated. Even this public presentation would have been avoided had not the meeting of the Synods in Halifax suggested the propriety of friends of missions personally paying their respects to those who under God have done so much honour to Nova Scotia and our common Christianity. We trust that on this account Mrs. Geddie will pardon an open procedure that otherwise might appear ostentatious.

“But no apology is required for the Churches giving tangible expression to the sentiments they feel for one whom they delight to honour. Even when children have done well the parents do not think it wrong to reward them by gifts, but in every case the true child thinks more of the giver than of the gift. Even so we pray Mrs. Geddie to look little at our offering, but to believe that it comes from warm, loving Christian hearts.

“As all the credit for the inception and the carrying out this work belongs to Mrs. Stairs, I have much pleasure in introducing her to present the result of it.”

Mrs. Stairs then read the following brief address, and handed to Mrs. Geddie at the same time a purse containing the sum named, together with the subscription list containing the names of the contributors:

*Halifax, N. S., June 29th, 1865*

MY DEAR MRS. GEDDIE,—

During the many long years of your absence from home and friends, you have been, as it were, present with us, and we have often wondered if we should be spared to see your face, and give you a welcome to our native land.

When you came among us and we heard from you an account of the manner in which you had spent a large part of

your life, and when we reflected upon the many trials, dangers and privations you must have passed through, our hearts were filled with admiration of your patience and fortitude; for we, your countrywomen, had spent the same years safely in our homes, in the enjoyment of all the comforts and blessings of civilized life.

When we considered our many comforts, we remembered how you had often been in want of what we look upon as the necessaries of life.

These thoughts were in all our minds, and it only needed some one to give them utterance, to receive a most kindly answer,—and these your friends now present, are some of those who have given expression to their feeling in the shape of an offering of which I am requested to ask your acceptance.

When you read this paper, I know you will be pleased to observe that your early friends in Pictou and New Glasgow have been the most generous contributors, and my dear Mrs. Goddie, we found among our friends of the Church of Scotland, and of the Wesleyan and Baptist Churches, an earnest willingness to contribute to this token of regard.

I beg you will accept the sum of £402 1s. 3d., with our best wishes for the health and happiness of Mr. Goddie, yourself and family.

At the request of Mrs. Goddie, the Rev. James Waddell, an early and warm friend of the Mission, and the first Secretary of the Mission Board, read her reply as follows:

MY DEAR MRS STAIRS.—

When we so providentially met on the wide Atlantic, I had no idea to what extent our acquaintance would grow. Your kind hospitality accorded to us on our arrival we felt to be very precious, and shall always cherish it in fond remembrance. But this meeting, these kindly greetings, and this substantial token of your sympathy and regard, greatly enhance our estimate of your friendship and esteem. You do well, my dear Mrs. Stairs and Christian friends, to appreciate the privileges of civilized and Christian life. They are more precious than you can well know. Nor do you mistake when you suppose that we have had trials and privations in heathen isles of the sea. We felt, oh how keenly did we feel our separation from the children, dear to us as our own souls; and we were often

cast down in contemplation of the kind and amount of work we had to do.

But as your condition at home is not all privilege, so neither has our mission life been all trial. It was cheering to us to know that you remembered us at home—you sustained us by your prayers—you strengthened our hands and encouraged our hearts—your bounty provided for us; and if we endured privations it was not because you would have it so, but because our Father in Heaven knew that we required discipline at His hand. But He has sustained us when others fell. He has encouraged and blessed us in our work. He has brought us to the home of our youth in the multitude of His mercies, and given us favour in the sight of the people; and to Him who has all hearts under His influence do we ascribe this display of your beneficent regards.

For your kind utterances and generous thoughts concerning us among our friends, my dear Mrs. Stairs, for the cheerful response to your appeal by those we love in Pictou and New Glasgow and among other Christian denominations, we are heartily grateful.

It has been one of the happy experiences of our missionary life that we have been brought into intimate correspondence with the ministry and people of other churches, and you do not need to be told that we are all brothers and sisters on missionary ground.

For you, my dear Mrs. Stairs, and your kind husband and other friends associated with you in this valued testimonial, Mr. Geddie joins me in grateful acknowledgment, and in commending you and all you hold dear to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up and give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified.

CHARLOTTE L. GEDDIE.

Mr. Geddie then being called on, responded to the address, in a few brief and touching sentences, of which the following is the purport:

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—

There are occasions when silence is more expressive than language, and this appears to me to be one of these. Nevertheless, I feel that I ought to say a few words lest silence should be misunderstood. The sympathy shown to Mrs.

Geddie and myself since our return, has taken us both by surprise, and we feel humbled rather than elated by it, as we are unconscious of having done anything to entitle us to it. It is true, indeed, that it has been our privilege to labor for Christ among the heathen for years, but we have already had our highest earthly reward in seeing the happy change which by God's blessing has taken place among them.

We found the Aneiteumese worshippers of false deities, but we left them worshippers of the only living and true God. We found them naked and painted savages, but we left them clothed, and many, we hope, sitting at the feet of Jesus in their right minds. We found them without a written word in their own language, but we left them with the whole of the New Testament and some portions of the Old in their own tongue. We found them indulging in the practice of every crime, but we left them a comparatively moral people. We found them living for this world only, but it has been our privilege to witness many happy death-bed scenes, and we left not a few whom we hope to meet in Heaven.

During the early years of our mission we were exposed to many trials, privations and dangers, but God has brought us through them all. The subject of pecuniary support has, I feel thankful to God, never cost us a thought, for we knew we served a good Master, who sends none to warfare on his own charge. We are prepared, by past experience, to go forth again in the work which we love, assured that our bread shall be given to us, and our water made sure, and that we shall be sustained by God under any future trials which may fall to our lot.

It is our intention, in a few months, to leave friends and country forever. If we should be spared to reach our distant home in the islands, the kindness of Nova Scotia friends will form the theme of many pleasing and grateful thoughts and conversations. When continents and oceans shall once more intervene between us, we ask to be remembered by you in your prayers. As we neither expect nor desire to return to our native country, it is our earnest prayer that it may be your happiness and ours to meet in Heaven with the redeemed from every land.

This closed the presentation proceedings, and another hour was spent in social intercourse and conversation, after which the company separated, all present carrying away with them

kindly recollections of their mission friends. Mr. and Mrs. Geddie are now about to return to the field of labour in which they have already spent eighteen years of ardent, self-sacrificing toil—a field of labour from which they do not expect, and probably never will return. But in leaving their native land, never to see it again, they will be followed by the warmest regards of thousands of Christian friends who esteem and honour them for the work to which they have so successfully devoted themselves, and with many of whom this sentiment is deepened and intensified by feelings of personal attachment—feelings that have animated all who were privileged to enjoy a few hours of personal intercourse with them.

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[Found in our Father's pocketbook.]

“CALM, PEACE AND LOVE.”

There is a calm the poor in Spirit know  
 That softens sorrow and that sweetens woe.  
 There is a peace that dwells within the breast  
 When all without is stormy and distressed.  
 There is a light that gilds the darkest hour  
 When danger threatens and when tempests lower.  
 That calm to earth, and hope, and love is given,  
 That peace remains when all beside is riven,  
 That light shines down to man direct from Heaven.

---

[Written by Father.]

CHRISTMAS.

A child has been born—Redeemer, Lord of all,  
 Equal to God as son to a father,  
 Equal to man as brother to brother,—  
 The Babe, the Boy, the Suffering Man,  
 Has come and gone,  
 Doing life's work—and more,  
 As Heaven is higher than the earth,  
 So much above us.  
 In love and burden-bearing has He been  
 Our Priest, is now our Judge and King;  
 And yet two-fold he pleadeth, ere he judgeth,  
 “Take Me for him.”  
 Raise, raise your voice in praise:  
 Christ has been born.



[*From Halifax Herald.*]

MEN WHO HAVE MOULDED HALIFAX.

HON. WILLIAM J. STAIRS.

No. 3.

The sketch of the Stairs family, which appeared in *The Herald* about two years ago, prepared the way for selecting William J. Stairs as the third man in the sketches held up as representatives of the classes to which the city is indebted for the steady uplifting through which it has passed till it has reached its present high level.

Mr. Stairs inherited far more than a business stand, its capital and trade. Had this been the sum total of his inheritance, his business career would have been short and disastrous. Added to the material legacies which fell into his hands, were the old-time sentiments and habits of business life. The very blood which flows in his veins is instinct with integrity, steel-true purpose, patience and industry.

The day dreams of vaulting with a bound into great fortunes, in which to revel and riot, had not become a delusion to crazy young men looking forward to a business career till years after Mr. Stairs had settled down to work on correct business habits and sound principles.

Dazzling show, club-room fellowship, and time and money worse than wasted in social functions, were abhorred and shunned by the forefathers of the Stairs family.

The atmosphere W. J. Stairs breathed from the dawn of his intelligence till he entered, as the successor of his father, upon his business career, was one of love for work, as well as commercial knowledge and ambition. He belongs to the class to whom the world is indebted for enlarging the horizon of the business man. His has not been a crystallized conservatism, either in politics or commerce. He has been in both these departments a liberal-conservative. In this respect he followed in the steps of those who went before him. But he

walked not in the light of example merely, but in the light of his own judgment. His father did not sacrifice himself to a fenced-off specialty, neither has the son done so. This policy is passing on to the third generation. But neither father nor son has been a mere adventurer. They have looked with one eye on the dazzling promises of new openings, and have steadily kept the other eye on the existing business, its capital and well-being. Branches of business multiplying, a bank is founded, ships are built and managed, rope works and iron works go into operation.

As a conservative, safe business man, and also as a pioneer, Mr. Stairs can be held up as a benefactor to his city and country, and as a model for the oncoming generation.

His father was a lover of justice and liberty. Righteous indignation filled his heart when he saw the assumption of the class cliques in the government of the country. His heart, head and purse went with Huntingdon and Howe in the memorable fights for the people's rights in responsible government. Not a few men selected by the crown's representative, had the divine right of government, but the people and their representatives. His time and purse were put under tribute to secure these objects. A hater of tyranny is W. J. Stairs by heredity and conviction. At Confederation he gave time and money to make his views on this subject prevail, but so soon as he saw the undertaking could not succeed, he had the honesty and the courage to abandon it, and give his influence to work out the destiny of his country. His withdrawal from the contest after failure was certain is a lesson for public men and a stinging rebuke to those who continued their course in repeal and commercial union schemes. Mr. Stairs is not the man to hold to an enterprise blinded by prejudice and passion. His head is too clear for that. Judgment and conscience would block his way.

In business and in all his life's labours it is plain that he has been governed by principle and not by mere blind per-

sistency. Swift and clear in his thinking, prompt and independent in action, Mr. Stairs has done a good day's work, and is still at it—work not for himself alone, but for his country, and especially his native city as well.

For those who have the ability and ambition for some single department of trade, Mr. Stairs may be taken as a pattern. His mental equipment is not of the ordinary type. His face indicates a classical type of mind. Had it been his lot to take a university course, and had the literary mania seized him, he would have gone into the position of a college presidency, carried there, not by self-seeking, but by destiny and the eternal fitness of things. His range of thought has been broad and searching. The great principles underlying the Christian system are the principles which have moulded and guided his life. Nor has Mr. Stairs failed to exercise an intelligent benevolence. The St. John fire in 1877 touched his heart. He was one of the first to respond with a large contribution. Many other instances might be added. The higher education has found in him a friend and helper. Again and again he has given largely to the institution at Horton, where he completed his school studies. Dalhousie, too, has had his wise counsels and generous gifts. Back of all these labours and this beneficence, which have characterized the life of Mr. Stairs, there has been rock-like integrity essential to the foundation of character and conduct, and essential to the life of men, of cities and of countries.

## GOLDEN WEDDING, JUNE 16, 1895.

[*Evening Mail, June 17, 1895.*]

Hundreds paid their respects to Mr. and Mrs. Stairs yesterday at their residence, South Street. The place looked beautiful, decorated with plants, flowers, etc. The callers were received in the spacious drawing room and refreshments were served in the large dining room.

There were no invited guests excepting those who were present at the wedding fifty years ago. But few who were present are now alive, the survivors being:—Miss Stairs, North West Arm; Mrs. George Troop, Mrs. Duffus, John Duffus and William Duffus. The latter was then four years old.

Among those who were present at the anniversary on Sunday at the residence were Mr. and Mrs. Stairs' six sons, one daughter (Mrs. Townend), and twenty-four grandchildren. Among others present were Miss Stairs, Mr. and Mrs. George Troop, Miss Sutherland, Mrs. J. Petrie Street and Rev. A. J. Townend.

In the afternoon Mr. W. J. Stairs gave an address in which reference was made to his half century of wedded life and the changes that had occurred during that time.

He was followed by the Rev. Mr. Townend, who held a short service. He took for his text Ephesians 3rd, 15th verse: "Of whom the whole family in Heaven and earth is named."

As a memento of the occasion Mr. and Mrs. Stairs presented to each of their sons a sovereign beautifully engraved, giving the name of the donors, the dates of their birth, date of marriage and the date of the 50th anniversary of their wedding. The venerable couple received many handsome presents, including the following:—

Gold ice cream slice, a dozen gold spoons and dish in a handsome case, the interior fittings being white silk and gold.

This was the gift of the six sons—John, James, Edward and George, Halifax; Herbert, Cornwallis, and Gavin, Maitland.

Pair very handsome gold candelabra, bearing the following inscription: "To Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Stairs, on the 50th anniversary of their marriage, from the officials of the Union Bank of Halifax, June 16, 1895."

Gold rimmed reading glasses—Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Daly.

Set gold salt cellars and spoons—Miss Kidston, Scotland.

Case of gold teaspoons—George Foote, Dartmouth.

Basket of roses—Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kenny.

Basket of flowers—Hon. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Fuller.

Silver and gold grape stand and gold scissors—Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Townend.

Gold pair scissors—Miss McKenzie.

Photo frame—Mr. Bessonett.

Gold bonbon dish—Mrs. James Duffus.

Flower candle shade—Miss Joan Stairs.

Hand bouquet and rose cushion—Miss Sutherland.

Vases—Stanley Clarke, Brighton, England.

Bouquets—The Misses Maggie and Mary Scott.

Gold pen and case—Dr. and Mrs. Grey.

Cut glass perfume bottle, gold ornamentation—Mrs. Augusta Brown.

Gold pen and case—W. J. Stairs.

Gold headed umbrella, suitably engraved—Directors of the Union Bank.

Bonbon dish—George, Denis and Dorothy Stairs.

Perfume bottle, gold ornamentation—Mrs. Duffus.

Gold photo frame—Dr. and Mrs. Slayter.

Gold pencil and case—Susie Stairs.

Worked slippers—Mrs. Bushnell, England.

Table spread worked in gold lace—Alice Eaton, Canard.

Gold nugget—Geoffrey McColl. New Glasgow.

Yellow silk mantel drapery, worked in gold—Mrs. John Duffus.

Gold pen and case—Mrs. George Troop, Dartmouth.

Gold key ring—Dr. Fitch. The donor and Mr. Stairs were boys together at Elorton.

The presents included a gold-headed cane, which was accompanied by the following self-explanatory address:

To W. J. STAIRS, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—We, the undersigned employees of the firm of William Stairs, Son & Morrow, wish to express our congratulations to you upon this the 50th anniversary of your wedding day, requesting you to accept as a memento of the occasion the accompanying stick, as a testimonial of the esteem in which you have always been held by your employees. Wishing that Mrs. Stairs and yourself may still enjoy many years of happiness, we remain respectfully,

Thomas Douglas,	Samuel J. Porter,
George J. Metzler,	Ishi Priest,
W. E. Leverman,	J. F. Meehan,
J. F. Wall,	F. J. Wetmore,
J. H. Gray,	S. E. Guy,
R. P. Forbes,	W. N. Forbes,
E. A. Saunders,	J. F. Edwards,
P. W. Baker,	W. H. Fraser,
S. W. Fidler,	F. A. Scriven,
T. W. Mullans,	S. E. Brown,
Annie L. McDonald.	James Murphy,
W. J. Stairs, Jr.,	A. Hartigan,
A. Hiltz,	William Orman,
William Kemp,	J. Rose,
Joseph McGill,	Thomas Strachan,
George Ainsworthy.	

Mr. and Mrs. Stairs also received many telegrams and letters of congratulation.

## THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

"Jesus was called and His disciples to the marriage."

"Thou hast kept the good wine until now."

—*St. John, 11:2 and 10.*

"Jesus was called." 'Tis all that's said.  
We know He came. The prayer that's made  
For His sweet presence shall be blest  
And shall be answered. He will come  
At once, when summoned, to our home,  
Our God, our brother man, our guest.

"And His disciples." Not alone  
He comes, but with communion  
And fellowship of saints—all one,  
All knit together by one tie  
In Him, through Him one family;  
His fellow-guests, and by Him known.

The water made He wine to prove  
How common things, by His sweet love,  
May be transformed and glorified;  
The simple, quiet, homely life  
Brings untold gifts to man and wife,  
If He be ever by their side.

"The good wine Thou hast kept till now."  
The best gift was the last, for how  
Could human vintages compare  
With what He made? And so life's cup  
Grows sweeter as we drink it up,  
If left entirely to His care.

Oh, joyful Golden Wedding Day,  
What is it best that we should pray  
For you now standing side by side  
As you have marched these fifty years,  
Through joys and sorrows, hopes and fears—  
Your Jubilee of Groom and Bride?

Christ at your feast! then pray we this:  
That He may lead you hand in hand,  
And both your hands clasped close in His  
Along this lower Cana land  
To that still brighter, fairer Strand  
Which bounds all earthly jubilees.

Not only Cana's Guest be here,  
 But "His disciples" true and dear,  
 To Him, to you—not merely these  
 Who gather round you both to-day,  
 But those His kindness took away  
 Along these fifty years, that they  
 Might be spared earth's infirmities.

For Cana's miracle we know  
 Our prayer is answered long ago.  
 Your Lord's abiding form Divine  
 Has through your wedlock, now grown old,  
 Poured out His blessings manifold,  
 For you turned water into wine.

Yet one prayer have we left, that through  
 The years which God may grant to you,  
 Each one in turn He may endow  
 With increased blessings, till you say:  
 "Oh, Lord, still brighter is our way,  
 The good wine Thou hast kept till now."

Doth not the promise stand confessed?  
 Your children rise to call you blest;  
 Your children's children at your knee,  
 Riches and honor, length of days,  
 Oh, Lord of Cana, Thine the praise,  
 Shed down to-day Thy golden rays  
 On this our Golden Jubilee.

*Taken from the Halifax Herald, Wednesday, June 19th, 1895. For Mr.  
 and Mrs. Stairs, on their Golden Wedding Day, June 16th, 1895.  
 —Written by Rev. A. J. Townend.*



(Taken from "The Recorder," February 27th, 1906.)

DEATH OF HON. W. J. STAIRS,

AT HIS RESIDENCE, SOUTH STREET, THIS MORNING AT 7.30  
O'CLOCK.—WAS PROMIENT AS A MERCHANT, BANK  
PRESIDENT AND MAN OF AFFAIRS.

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"Week by week, yes, almost day by day, we are being constantly reminded that

The glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, and substantial things.

"One after another of our fellow-men crosses the river to which all must at some time approach. Loved ones pass from their earthly abode to dwell in the realms of the blest, where they may lay life's burdens down and be at rest. Some are called in youth, others in middle life when in the very zenith of their power, and when they have attained by the eye of sense and sight to the very period when they could be of greatest service to the community, of pride to their families and of distinction for themselves. A few, spared to enjoy the beauties of old age and without the discomforts that sometimes accompany length of days, pass to and fro amongst us, guiding stars as it were, living examples of energy, thrift, honesty, integrity and generosity for those who come after them.

"Such a man was Honourable William J. Stairs, who, though within the last year much afflicted by the infirmities of age, enjoyed all these. He entered behind the veil at 7.30 o'clock this morning. Mr. Stairs lived to a good old age, for on the 24th of September last he had reached his eighty-sixth birthday, and was now in his eighty-seventh year. Mr. Stairs was born in Halifax in 1819, the son of William Stairs, whom many still remember for his sterling qualities. Early in life he embarked in business enterprise, and ultimately became

one of our most successful merchant princes. Mr. Stairs was the founder of the hardware firm of Stairs, Son & Morrow. This business was conducted for many years at the corner of George Street and Bedford Row, where is situated now the Weights and Measures and other offices. Some fifteen or more years ago the firm built and removed to the substantial structure on Lower Water street, below Sackville. In both places of business Mr. Stairs was most successful, and rapidly attained to considerable wealth. He was well known for adherence to strict business principles, and many an afterwards prosperous merchant acquired under Hon. William J. Stairs traits of business enterprise that served them well in after life.

“ Besides the hardware business, the firm which Mr. Stairs founded were proprietors of the Dartmouth Ropeworks, before that industry passed into the hands of the Dominion Cordage Company. In his younger days Mr. Stairs was interested in many business enterprises that flourished in the Province. He was a director of the Starr Manufacturing Company. The Union Bank of Halifax for over 32 years had the name of William J. Stairs on its directorate, and for 15 years he was its President. In fact, it was only in 1898 that he relinquished the duties of that responsible position. He was also a director for many years of the old Halifax Gas Light Co. Interested in the general welfare of the community, he in earlier days took an active part in the deliberations of the Halifax Chamber of Commerce, and his business acumen was frequently given expression to at the meetings of the Executive.

“ Mr. Stairs' interests, however, knew a wider range than the mere mercantile life of the city. He had been for years a member of the Point Pleasant Park Commission, and took much interest and pride in that charming spot, which is one of the great attractions of this city by the sea.

“ Generous in his gifts, Mr. Stairs was ever a willing contributor to the needs of the poor and need,, and the many

charitable institutions of the city found the deceased ever ready to respond to deserving calls. Mr. Stairs has, since early in its life as a church, been identified with Fort Massey Presbyterian Church. Like the Hon. Joseph Howe, Mr. Stairs was a Sandemanian, a sect that at one time had a goodly following in this community, and numbered among its adherents several notable men such as these. To Fort Massey Mr. Stairs has always been a generous and warm-hearted contributor. He gave largely to the building fund, and to the ordinary expenses of the church, and was a constant attendant at its services. Absence from the city was about the only reason that, until the last year or so, caused Mr. Stairs and his aged wife to miss divine worship. The hand of death has, in the last few years, been very busy among the ranks of Fort Massey's membership, having taken away many of her leading and active members.

"In the political arena Mr. Stairs, in his younger days, took an outstanding part. Since 1871 he has been identified with the Conservative party, but even prior to that had taken a keen interest in the political affairs of the time. He was a disciple of Howe; with him opposed Confederation, and afterwards accepted the better terms as agreed to between Sir John A. Macdonald and Mr. Howe. In 1868 he took, along with William Annand, a seat in the Legislative Council, and sat there for three years. Nearly all Mr. Stairs' contemporaries have passed away, and now he, too, has joined the vast majority in that better land. It was not permitted to him to see the monument erected to Howe's memory, but we remember with what intense pleasure he viewed the prepared model that was exhibited in the Legislative Council Chamber winter before last, and expressed his keen interest in the hope of a completed statue.

"Blessed in his business enterprises, he was doubly blessed in his family life and relationship. A year and a-half ago he was called upon to mourn the loss of a loved son in Toronto. Shortly after that event the aged father was stricken with loss of vision, and with his beloved spouse they have nursed the

common grief in these latter days. Mr. Stairs retained his other faculties to the end, and could enjoy the sweet communion of his children and grandchildren almost to the very last. His residence, 19 South Street, was essentially the home, and there the scattered families would unite in the enjoyment of their family life. Tender, affectionate and loving, he dearly loved to have his children about him, and the youngest as well as the oldest of his children and grandchildren were ever welcome in the family circle.

"So blest a spot, tho' o'er the world we roam,  
We ne'er can hope to find as Home, Sweet Home.

The *Recorder* noted among its marriage announcements of June, 1845, the following:

"On Monday evening, the 16th inst., by the Rev. Charles DeWolfe, Mr. William J. Stairs to Susan, eldest daughter of John Morrow, Esq."

"Mr. and Mrs. Stairs were in the 61st year of their married life. On the 16th of June, 1895, their golden wedding was celebrated, and the members of the family and friends from far and near remembered thoughtfully the aged couple. The Directors of the Union Bank presented Mr. Stairs with a gold-headed umbrella, and the officials of the Bank gave Mr. and Mrs. Stairs a very handsome candelabra.

"Mr. Stairs is survived by his aged helpmeet in life, five sons and one daughter. The sons are George, Edward and James, resident in Halifax; Herbert, in Hillaton, Canard, Kings County, and Gavin in Selma, Hants Co.; Margaret, his only surviving daughter, is the wife of Rev. A. J. Townsend, in Southsea, England. There were forty-five grandchildren, of whom forty-one survive, and there is one great grandchild, the daughter of Mrs. Lockyer.

"The *Recorder* desires to extend to the bereaved family its deep sympathy in this hour of their affliction.

"For none return from those quiet shores,  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,

And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,  
 They cross the stream and have gone for aye.  
 We may not sunder the veil apart  
 That hides from our vision the gates of day;  
 We only know that their barks no more  
 May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea."

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[From "The Herald."]

"MEN LIKE HON. W. J. STAIRS ARE BEST NATION  
 BUILDERS."

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"THE HONOURED DEAD WAS A TRUE MAN OF BUSINESS, A  
 FAITHFUL FRIEND, WHO DID MUCH FOR HIS DAY  
 AND GENERATION IN NOVA SCOTIA."

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"Twenty-nine years ago Hon. William J. Stairs gave a lecture in the old Temperance Hall. His subject was 'The Successful Merchant.' In this lecture he paid glowing tributes to Samuel Cunard, Richard Kidston, Captain George McKenzie, of New Glasgow; John Tobin, John Duffus and others. They were held up as models for the young men of Halifax. Their qualities were industry, integrity, steadfastness, and the well-balanced mind which, with faith, trusts the unseen.

"These very qualities made W. J. Stairs one of the most prominent merchants and highly respected men of Halifax. It is vain to look about for another link between the present generation and the past so well known as Mr. Stairs. In youth he breathed a moral atmosphere strong and stimulating. In it was a mixture of the culture, the courage, the chivalry and grand ideals of the Loyalists, spiced and tempered with the sentiments of self-reliance and grand purpose for individual rights of the pre-Loyalists, the enterprising English, Irish and Scotsmen who came to this country in the early days of Mr. Stairs. The tendency of these days is to break with the spirit

of the past, but wisdom was not born in the last half of the nineteenth century. The date of the death of the present generation was not the date of the death of all that was good and commendable. W. J. Stairs held fast to that which is good, and put new things to the proof of searching examination and rigid comparison. His father was not indifferent to the education of his sons. W. J. attended the Dalhousie College Grammar School and Horton Academy, where he had for some of his schoolmates John P. Mott, P. C. Hill, Thomas Hill, Dr. Simon Fitch, Dr. J. B. DeWolf, and Hon. Edward Young.

“The Stairs family was connected by marriage with that of the present Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. A. G. Jones, the Morrises and the Duffuses. His father was a successful merchant, and at one time represented the County of Halifax in the Provincial Legislature. Subsequently he was appointed to the Legislative Council. W. J. Stairs was not, it is true, obliged to originate a new business, but what is perhaps more difficult, it fell to his lot and that of his brother John, to perpetuate a successful business in changing conditions—the large business founded and successfully carried on by his father. Everywhere integrity and efficiency were written in large letters on the business of Stairs, Son & Morrow. Nor was Mr. Stairs unenterprising, as the Rope Works in Dartmouth testifies. The evening of his active life was spent as President of the Union Bank, founded by his father. The sudden death of his son, John F. Stairs, was a blow too heavy for his nerves. At that time his sight totally failed, and with a calm, deliberate courage he spent his last years in physical darkness, but in even brighter mental and spiritual light, cheerful, submissive, hopeful and assured of future blessedness. Ask for the virtues of the home, of friendship, of business industry, wisdom and integrity, of a large generous interest in his country's welfare, of fidelity to duty, as in the case of his changing from an anti-Confederate to a Confederate, when he came to see that Confederation was the certain destination of his coun-

try, of respect for things sacred, among them the public worship of Almighty God, and we point with pride and assurance to William J. Stairs, now lying at his home still in death, loved by his family and his friends, and honoured wherever his name is known. From the true point of view, whatever may be the sadness felt by the family, especially by his heavily bereaved widow, with whom we in common with her host of friends, deeply sympathize, it is for the relatives near and remote, for all friends and fellow citizens, a day of gladness and rejoicing. It is a day of bereavement no doubt; but what a legacy has come to the widow, to the children, to the grandchildren, to all descendants for all time, to citizens one and all,—the rich legacy of an unstained reputation, a genuine character, and this nobly exhibited in all the departments in which he spent his long and useful life. Contrast such a life with that of a mere wreck, in chronicling whose death it becomes necessary to remain silent or to search among the wreckage for a few excellencies, and the cause for joy will stand out in bold relief, and call forth from every heart the ‘thank God for the long life, excellent labours and grand example of Hon. W. J. Stairs.’ He has not left his city poorer than he found it; he has left it richer. The portrait of his character may be safely contemplated by men now in business and in the various professions.

“ In W. J. Stairs can be seen in a higher degree perhaps than in any other man of his generation the carefully elected excellencies of his predecessors, combined with the greater skill and activity of those of the present day. We have great pleasure in placing a white flower on the grave of this true man of business, this faithful friend and honoured husband and father.”

[From "*The Herald*."

"HON. W. J. STAIRS LAID TO REST."

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"LARGE CONCOURSE OF CITIZENS FOLLOWED THE REMAINS TO  
THE GRAVE."

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The funeral of the late Hon. William J. Stairs took place yesterday afternoon, and was attended by a large concourse of representative citizens. The casket with the honoured remains was plain, and, according to request, there were no floral offerings. The religious services at the house and grave were conducted by Rev. J. W. Falconer, pastor of Fort Massey Church, and by Rev. Dr. Forrest. The procession proceeded to Camp Hill Cemetery via Spring Garden Road and Summer street, thus avoiding the greater amount of snow that lay on Sackville street. Among those at the funeral from points outside the city were Hon. Senator MacGregor; James A. Stairs, New Glasgow; Henry Sutherland, Sydney Mines; William Sutherland, Windsor; Rev. Dr. Sedgwick, Tatunagouche; J. S. McLennan, Sydney; and Mr. Sinclair, New Glasgow. The members of the Legislative Council attended in a body, as also did the boys of the Industrial School (of which Mr. Stairs was a director), the members of the Point Pleasant Park Commission, the employees of Wm. Stairs, Son & Morrow, and the employees of the Dartmouth Rope Works. The sons and grandsons from different parts of the province were present.



## HERBERT'S LETTER.

*The following letter shows the great difficulties encountered by Herbert in his anxiety to reach his father, during the almost unprecedented winter of 1904-5:*

HILLATON, Kings Co., N. S., August 3rd, 1906.

DEAR GEORGE,—Your letter asking for an account of my trip to Halifax in February, 1905, received.

I was very anxious to get down to be with father, as Gavin had been storm-stayed about three weeks in Halifax. I started on Monday, February 20th, driving to Port William Station; found the train was several hours late, so Mary, who was going too, returned home, while I went to Kentville on a working train to wait there for the express, which did not arrive until four o'clock next morning. We were notified that the train would leave at about seven o'clock Tuesday morning. The train was made up with two engines ready to start on time, but the road had been filling up all night, and telegrams came in from all over the line that it would be impossible to get through. We all left the train and went back to the hotel to wait. At five o'clock in the evening I saw it was no use to wait, so telephoned home for a man to take one of the team horses and try and get over for me, which he did, and we got home some time in the night after a hard fight. On Wednesday the railway department telephoned that they would start a train at three o'clock; we missed this train at Port William, but she only got as far as Windsor. On Thursday morning, February 23rd, I started again, driving to Port William Station. I knew I could only get to Ellershouse by train, so took my snow-shoeing outfit and a lunch. We arrived at Ellershouse without much delay, for the road had been shovelled out by the people of the different towns and country, college boys and professors joining in the work. The railway

company having broken up all their ploughs, the road had to be cleared by hand. Leaving my heavy coat I walked about half a mile, then strapped on my snow-shoes and started for Mount Uniacke, a distance of ten miles. You could see nothing of the railway except the telegraph posts, the snow being over the fences. I found the walking very heavy, (the snow being very light), sinking at every footstep from four to seven inches, though I had a very wide pair of snow-shoes. Snow began to fall and the thermometer was at about three degrees above zero. I made about three miles by one o'clock, arriving at the section man's house, the only house on the line, and after resting an hour I started again. Snow was falling thickly, and a high wind was dead against me, but I felt well and thought I would have no trouble in making the seven miles to Mount Uniacke. Meeting the section man shovelling snow, he advised me to turn back, but I was anxious to get on, so continued on through the howling wilderness for about two miles, when I found hot flushes coming over me. I kept on another quarter of a mile, however, but then found myself inclined to stop and wanted to lie down. I now came to the conclusion that I would have to retrace my steps. The section man was still working where I left him, and said he was glad to see me, as he felt sure I would never reach Mount Uniacke. After talking the situation over with him we decided it better to get an Indian who lived back in the woods to go with me next morning. He waded through the snow to see him while I went back to the house. There I found a young man who had come from Wolfville on a working train: he was just starting out to walk, following in the tracks I had made. We both remained all night and started on snow-shoes in the morning with the Indian. The young man borrowed wooden snowshoes and followed after us. We had a heavy tramp, arriving at Mount Uniacke at one o'clock, being five hours on the road. Here we hired a team and drove to Bedford, where I got a train for Halifax that night, arriving at South Street

at about 10 o'clock. I could scarcely move another step and felt sore for weeks after. I was forty-one hours from home to father's. No trains were running until the 28th, when Mary got through.

This is an account of one of the most eventful trips of my life, and if it had not been for the sectionman, would have been my last. Your affectionate brother,

HERBERT STAIRS.

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[The following Writings we have selected for publication from among a number found in our father's desk after his death]:

#### ON CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

"Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

Then returned they unto Jerusalem from the mount called Olivet carrying with them, oh, what thoughts! When Moses came down from the mount, his face shone with the glory of the presence of God. When Jesus ascended, must not the glory that shone on him have left impressed upon His disciples and followers that which was never effaced? How they must have raised their voices in hymns of praise! "He will in like manner come again," and those they taught looked for him to come again.

The Church took root, grew and flourished, suffering but growing, crushed but only to send out a sweeter fragrance, and still to grow, to spread as it did over Asia Minor to learned Greece, imperial Rome, teaching that as Christ had gone, so He would in like manner come again.

For centuries the Church taught that Christ's return to earth should be looked for, and we now in this day may fairly dwell upon the glory of His coming again.

Christ has said, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power." There is now no dogmatic teaching as to the time or probable time of the coming of Christ.

Anticipations there have been. Earnestness and warmth of heart, readings of prophecy many and various, but so far the coming of Christ has been to each man's soul in holy communion of inward peace, which many can tell of, and in the last few hours of life, when soul and body take farewell, and of which many have been witnesses, but of which none have returned to tell.

These in life and at death have been, so far to us, the coming of Christ. But do we well, in our Christian intercourse, so seldom to remind each other of His coming, literally, and as the early Christians were wont to do?

What a stimulant to our faith it should be, to think of the world preparing for Christ to come, and drawing all men towards Him!

We think of Him as the babe in the manger—as the boy in the Temple—as the young man coming out of Galilee and the Spirit descending upon Him as a dove—the voice from heaven proclaiming, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." We see Him opening the eyes of the blind, healing the sick, comforting the bereaved family of Bethany, raising the dead. We reverence the scene of transfiguration on the mount, we suffer with Him in the Garden of Gethsemane; we call all men to look on the Cross of Christ; we follow Him to the Mount of Olivet and see Him taken up out of our sight; and shall we not anticipate His coming?

Yes, He will come again to *you* and to *me* and to the world, and as He has Himself asked: "Shall the Son of Man find faith on the earth at His coming?" Does asking the question imply a doubt rather than an assurance?

We may take it as a warning to us, to be watchful—watchful that we may be found pure and holy, faithful and prayerful, living to Him and to the example He has set us.

Come, let us reason together.

What is the outlook?

The coming of Christ having been so plainly foretold by the angels on Mount Olivet, and the intervening centuries having passed without the fulfilment of the prophecy, we may now reasonably judge that the coming of Christ is reserved for the more full preparation of the inhabitants of the earth. Missions are carrying the Word of God and the Cross of Christ to the further parts of the earth. The dense populations of China, India and Africa have yet to hear of Him. Ages may roll before this consummation comes to pass. Great trials and sufferings may come upon the earth before the world is prepared to meet its Lord.

Plagues may stalk over the earth; populous nations may be swept away; plagues of new forms of sin may vex the souls of the righteous as have never been; horrible risings of evil against right may on a scale beyond all precedent be in the world's future, and yet through it all will be, I believe, the steady growing Christian Church.

And how is the spirit of evil to be exorcised, overcome, cast out? It can only be the faith which Christ warns us He will expect to find at His coming. And is this faith in us and around us? I believe it is. Where shall we look for it? Is it among the professionably and the professed religious classes—the ministers, parsons and priests, the deacons and the more prominent church members? I will not judge these classes, but would warn them not to suppose they are the indispensable ones, without whom God cannot maintain the faith of the Church. Who are the indispensable ones? They are the bearers of trials, of troubles, of sorrows; they may be among the kings of the earth, among Ministers of State, as well as among the bankrupt of this world's goods, and possible, in the world's judgment, of character as well.

She may be a faithful one from whom the world turns aside. Her cares may be increasing, or only ceasing when with

Christ her Comforter she finds a pardon and a love which none can measure.

He will be pronounced a faithful one who, driving his locomotive, true to duty, held on at his post and gave his life to save from sudden destruction the train and the living souls he had in charge. If a sincere prayer for the dead ever went up, it was for him, as his lifeless body was carried past the mournful group who, by his heroism, were saved. He had no studied form of prayer—no word escaped him but “My God! My God!”

I had a friend who stood for two hours holding the door of a passage of a mine on fire. Man and boy hurrying out, he opening and shutting as they passed through—gas exploding—pillars crushing—death to all these forces reached—he holding on to keep the draught in the safest course, knowing full well there was no other chance than this, and yet one blast towards him and all was gone!

Wasn't he a faithful one to let all pass out, and when the word “All right, sir!” came from the last man, then he followed and then the great explosion came. Two hours of most imminent danger. none knew better than he how great it was—a peril he could have run from. There was no rush of hot blood to nerve him, but coolly he waited at his post. His story was never written. I wish it had been. What was his reward? It was this: His consciousness of faith; after an honourable and useful life, he has bidden us good-bye. His last words were: “I rest in God!” He was a faithful one.

“True,” he that careth for none of these things may say: “I can show from heathen history those who were as true to duty as your railway hero, or your danger-defying Christian friend. The Roman soldier at his post, faithful to death. The Scandinavian martyr has left as good a record.” Yes, God never left Himself without a witness that man was made in His own image, that the story of the Cross should not be altogether unintelligible to the most benighted races.

Mungo Park penetrated alone into the heart of Africa, travel-worn, ready to die, he laid himself down, and but for God in the form and person of a negro woman, he would have died. She gave him milk and corn; she sang to him a sweet song; she was to him the incarnation of Christian love. I believe this will be remembered and told of her when the Queen's Jubilee is forgotten.

We have all our work to do. We are not all called upon to meet such trials, to sup such sorrows, but we are all called upon to be faithful to the claims of God and man. It may be for us but a small matter of call or claim, but we can give the cup of cold water with charity and sympathy, and hear the benediction: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

"When the Son of Man cometh, Shall He find faith on the earth?" To show this faith, or such faith as the Lord will desire, to whom shall we look? From whom may we expect the spirit of the grain of mustard seed of the parable? Where may we find it and not disappointment? Is it with the popes that hold the keys of heaven? Is it with bishops and archbishops that rule and preside, maybe for the good order of the Church, but oftentimes as a weight and a hindrance and not a help?

Is it from the humble pastor and minister who leads his flocks and waits upon them in holy ordinances? Is it from the Christian professor who closely observes the rules of his Church? Is it from the patient bearing ones who are bringing up the rear?—the good father, the loving mother, the dutiful son, the affectionate daughter, the kind neighbours—among whom of all these shall Christ find faith?

He may find it, possibly among all. Who of all these are indispensable in the work, or for the work as Christ has for such faithful ones to do?

Of all these, there is no one, no man who is indispensable to Christ. There is no man with whom He may not dispense, to whom He may not say: "I do not need thee."

How, if all men may be set aside? Is it so with classes? Will Christ dispense with popes, bishops, archbishops, pastors and teachers? He may; I do not say He will; but this I know, He will not dispense with the patient, burden-bearing, suffering ones—with the good father, the loving mother, the dutiful son, the affectionate daughter, the kind neighbours; and the lowlier the class, the nearer to the poor in spirit and the pure in heart, the nearer to Him and to His needs for the regeneration of the world.

From these classes will be swelled the ranks of the great army of His disciples who shall be gathered together to see Him come in like manner again.

If I was preaching I would call upon men to be found among these classes professing the name of Christ. I would call upon the popes, bishops and archbishops, ministers, priests, all professing religionists to sink their ritual, to sink the form and fashion of their creeds, and in the lowliest discipleship to make sure they would be found among the indispensable ones to Christ. All this, I believe, will come to pass.

Christ will find faith upon the earth.

The crowds that shall welcome Him upon the heights of Olivet, or wherever may be the heights of the Olivet of the coming time—no man will be able to number. They will be as the Christian world of the latter day is to the handful of those to whom it was said: "Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?"

Now let us turn to the Jerusalem which is above. Let us look forward in expectation of that greatest event which will ever happen in the future history of the world.

Oh! how all human events dwarf when we think of this—to see Christ the consummation of all our desires; and we shall not be alone when we see Him. The quick and the dead; the dead first, those we love, those who have gone before, him with whom we took sweet counsel, those who were as ourselves, loved as ourselves, pardoned as ourselves, will be there.



We must close with the prayer of "Hide not Thyself from us. May we walk nearer to Thee. Receive us unto Thyself for Christ's sake."

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### THOUGHTS ON RICHES AND SOCIALISM.

The Platform, the Pulpit and the newspapers are teeming with charges against *Riches*.

The "Beastliness of Wealth," and superficial thinkers are saying: These are my sentiments!

*Socialism*, that is, the rights of the many against the gettings of the few, is put forward by godly divines, as well as by political leaders, as a fair matter of public interest.

Who shall we say is right? The men who have and would keep, or the men who wish to have?

The Bible says nothing in favour of getting and holding. The old prophet, taught to pray, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." The happy mean was his idea. Solomon asked for wisdom and his prayer was answered; wealth and riches greater than ever was then known, were added, evidently as a visible assurance of God's good will.

The Psalmist utters warrant for wealth in the praise of the just man.

The world has understood this question pretty well, and rightly feels that in contentment, with plain sufficiency, is safety, and that wealth has its responsibilities and duties.

If all could be rich, no doubt luxury would be rampant and society would be demoralized. If none were rich, progress would cease, art would be comparatively nowhere. Science would never have put a steamship across the Atlantic, to say nothing of the five days from Liverpool to New York. The Canadian Pacific Railway would not have been laid out. Without Science cheap cottons or woollens would be beyond the reach of the poor.

To say what we owe to the savings of rich men and scientific inventions, the result of their savings would bring up the "Boy's Own" book story of the plum pudding that took 1,000 men to produce.

So much for rich men's savings and lawful accumulations. But now about rich men's wealth, gotten from monopolies, under our laws, made favourable to such monopolies.

Firstly. Great land monopolists. Who are they? Fortunately there are none in this country. In Prince Edward Island they had the land in bondage—this was cured. The social principle in the government of the many settled this by buying out the absentee landlords; an equitable bargain transferred the ownership of the land from the few absentees to the many home settlers.

I do not venture to say the same transfer could be made in England, Ireland and Scotland.

As to the monopolies in trade and manufacturing—have we in sight these monopolies that could be equitably and wisely broken up?

*In trade.* Banking, which is trading in money, has by law definite protection. The great corporations are protected from the competition of unchartered opponents. No harm has come of it, but much good. The banking system of Canada is challenging the banking system of the civilized world.

Railway, telegraph and telephone companies are all incorporated by law and are recognized as blessings, and rich men who are the envy of the coarser socialist, draw large incomes from these legal monopolies, and no one wishes to disturb such useful combinations. The mining companies—the great steamship companies, are equally wholesome combinations, and in nowise hurt the poor man, while they make and swell the incomes of the rich.

But do not overlook this, that the poor and the rich are so intermixed, it is not possible to say who is rich and who is

poor. It is the way in England now in issuing company shares to issue shares of one pound each. So that they may be and are within the reach and are owned by men whom no one calls rich.

A man comparatively poor may, and many have their earnings involved in such company combinations. This, however, is apparent, these combinations and uses of capital are subject to fluctuations and often to danger of loss. Here the richer may venture on an ownership that to a poorer man would be unwise.

Leaving these semi-public combinations, let us consider those which are less general, and more special in their tendencies to give unusual returns to rich men; say industries within the country, which would not have existence unless under recognized and legal incorporation and protected from external competition by a tariff uncalled for by the necessities of the revenue of the State. In reviewing these we have the socialistic field, as regards the relative position of the poor man, or more properly the man of moderate and generally diffused means and the richer capitalist, and we come within the scope of the parliamentary debate that occupies our great political parties; and we need not go into this argument, as it is agitating the public mind of Canada, the United States, France and Germany, but we can fairly claim the question of our National Policy should not affect the discussion of the relation Capital has to Labour. Each is equally interested. If Capital asks protection, so does Labour.

The party question of the day: Shall we buy in the cheapest market, or shall we make our goods among ourselves? are imported into the argument as to the relations of Capital and Labour, adversely to the capitalist and the promoter of home industries.

Is this expedient, right and just? Expedient it may be, because the men who as free traders use it show they think so. Yet for them its expediency may be questionable, being they are in the presence of the Grand Jury of public affairs.

Is it right and just? I was early taught, in seeking a solution of a doubtful problem not to look too far away. Look near at hand. That which is near at hand is best known and more truly matured; that which is far off is vague and hazy.

Looking at home among our possessors of capital, those who have been our rich men, and whose affairs we can discuss without undue personality, how has it been?

William Murdoch left Halifax decidedly a rich man. He made his money simply by buying his goods cheaply in the Old Country and selling them fairly in the new. He remembered his home among us, and the Blind School owes its start to him. No question here of *Capital* versus *Labour*.

Samuel Cunard started an enterprise which no poor man helped, but which capitalists did. He died honoured and very rich. True, without working men, the owners of labour, his steamships could not have been built or sailed. Without the sweat of the hardest worked of men, the stokers in the hold of the Cunarder, the great steamship line would not be. Yet no one justly thinks or says the Cunard family should settle with the stoker's family. To do so would break the Cunard line, and the stoker's family would be the keenest sufferers.

Coming now within the range of your own knowledge.

Dan Cronan died a rich man; of this the Public Charities Fund is in evidence. The taxing his estate was the first objective lesson in the socialistic ruling, of the many voters helping themselves at the expense of the few.

In passing, our Attorney-General, the framer and expounder of the law of death duties, put it plainly to a populace assembly: "Do you think it a good law?" "Yes," was the unanimous response; but observe, among the assentors to this proposition there was not an individual that expected to be reached by the operation of this law.

The death duties did not affect them, for the framers of the law had made the minimum limit a higher sum than would affect only an estate or two within the country. We are

trying the question as just and right—not the death duties, but the limit of the death duties. Read the law before you hastily give an opinion as bearing upon the relations of greater and lesser wealth.

Back again to our friend, Dan Cronan. I call him Dan, for it was as Dan Cronan he went in and out among us. Well known and a good fellow was Dan. I hope to meet him where we can say: "Glad to see you!" whether we have passed through the refining state of purgatory or not. If any fortune was ever made in Nova Scotia by trading outside of Nova Scotia, and a fortune which was in no way indebted to the protection of our laws, it was Mr. Cronan's. He traded and bought furs on the coast of Labrador, as John Jacob Astor did on the Columbia River. He bought the Nova Scotia catch of codfish, and sold it in Porto Rico. He died one of our richest men. Who can say his capital was wickedly antagonistic to the wages of labour?

Martin Black died a rich man. His fortune, some three-quarters of a million, was principally made in the good old days, when no policy was known but the policy of a Revenue Law.

John P. Mott, as rich a man as any of his compeers, was innocent of any charge against his riches other than that of prudence and far-sightedness. He saw in the fluctuations of the values of the raw materials of the manufacturers opportunities of profit which told immensely. As a young man he became intimately acquainted with well-doing people in the United States, and keeping up his correspondence with them, he was led to some very profitable investments in American railway stocks. These investments were realized by his executors before the late depression of their values. He died probably richer than he thought he was, but he forgot not the many benevolences that had had his warm aid and help in his lifetime. Scattering his tens of thousands freely and widely around, where then, with him, comes in the antagonism of Capital and Labour?

I cannot call to mind the history of a rich man in our community in the past who injured anyone by his accumulations. That unjust men have been, we allow; but that the law aided and helped such men, we can find no evidence or proof. Let the Socialist, be he of the bad stamp or the well-meaning enthusiast, think of his case before he sets agoing a cry that may invade the rights of property and the personality of men's powers of bettering themselves.

What we have written applies to the past. How about the present? Are our rich men less disinterested than those whose record is now unchangeable? It would be ill taste to discuss the cases we might call up; and if we do transgress, let it be with our more public men.

Mr. Roche, the member for the county, has been posted by the gossips of the Press as the richest man in Halifax. So it may be. I know no particulars, but this I know, that his wealth has been earned and saved by honourable men who were no pets of governments or fortune. With them Labour and Capital have been true handmaids.

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#### WHAT I THINK OF STANLEY.

STANLEY, as a young man, was a newspaper reporter in the United States; one, I fancy, of the best; clever and daring, well up in knowing the taste of the American public, who require news to be spicy and exaggerated.

The American loves danger, and is a great administrator of new and untried enterprises.

Stanley lived in an atmosphere of push, purpose, pay—great push, determined purpose and almost unlimited pay.

Livingstone was in the heart of Africa, lost, as it were. "Who knows what has become of Livingstone? Who will find Livingstone?" says the *New York Herald*. "Stanley, will you?" "Yes, I will if any man can." "Here, Stanley, is a cheque for your expenses (without limit)," says Bennett.

Stanley is off. Reaching Africa with little loss of time and with plenty of money, how does he look for Livingstone? The Arabs of the East Coast, through the slave dealings, know well what is going on. Stanley announces to the Arab chiefs that he would pay promptly, and a good sum to the man who brought him word where Livingstone could be found. The Arabs soon reported to Stanley the course to take. Money stirred the Arabs; the Arab found the way and Stanley found Livingstone. This made Englishmen wonder, and Stanley made up a big book out of the finding of Livingstone. No doubt Bennett got back his money in the sale of the *New York Herald* and in the eclat of doing what the Englishmen had not thought of. Englishmen simply wondered; they had not taken any account of American push and purpose. It was a small affair to Colonel Fremont's crossing the great desert, the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, and winning California.

The Yankees shouted "Well done, Stanley!" The greater mystery of wonder and applause was from the Englishmen. Stanley takes to the English. He makes a second journey, this time across the Dark Continent. "A new book," and no doubt it paid.

Now comes the crowning expedition.

General Gordon had sent Emin Pasha to rule in the Soudan. The Mahdi was too much for Egyptian forces and Emin was beleaguered. The expedition for his relief was started, and Stanley undertook its leadership. How well he did his work is told by the rescue of Emin. The losses sustained and the dangers encountered are all told in Stanley's book.

Push, purpose and pay through it all, and now he stars, bulks very large in men's estimate, married, dowered, feted, offered, I believe, substantial rank but puts it aside, seemingly more satisfied with the public applause bestowed upon him by England, Germany and America. And yet was he a hero

as were Indian heroes—Outram, the Havelocks, Lawrences, men who thought not of pay or applause but in self-sacrifice only of their duty, their country and their God? Will his fame last? Will it wear as the fame and memory of Mungo Park and Livingstone have worn?

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### IMPERIAL FEDERATION FROM A CANADIAN STANDPOINT.

WHAT is the strong need of such Federation?

England is carrying the burden of the great cost of the national defences, and of keeping open and protecting the great ocean routes, as free for our commerce as for her own.

England is giving and not getting. Canada is getting and not giving. This should not last. It is a seeming benefit to us, but in reality it will sap our strength, which should be growing by its exercise.

No scheme has been promulgated, far less developed

What is it occurs to a practical man? He thinks the national forces, the Army and Navy, should be paid for by the people who receive the benefits of their protection. Before going into consideration of this subject, let me bring to your notice (what, however, you may have seen), an article in the *Century* of December, by George R. Parkin on the "Reorganization of the Empire." It is hard to make an extract of what is as a whole so pertinent to the subject; but as far as is within my limits, I will transcribe from his communication. He writes:—

It has to do with the question of peace and war, the safety of the great ocean routes, the adjustment of international differences, the relations of trade, commerce communication and emigration. In all these their concern (that is, the outlying provinces of the Empire), is already large, and becoming larger year by year. In dealing with such questions their voice, as component parts of a great



empire, will be far more effectual than as struggling, independent nationalities. That voice is in a measure given to them now by courtesy and as a necessary concession to their growing importance; but for permanent nationality it must be theirs by ordinary right or citizenship through full incorporation into the political system of the State, so far as relations with other States are concerned.

Those who believe it impracticable to give unity of this kind to the Empire underestimate the strength of the influences which make for the continuity of national life. On the Continent we see to-day a sufficiently striking illustration of this strength. We can easily understand it requires no very marked natural boundary to form a permanent line of separation between nations which differ in language, religion and descent as in the case of the European States. But in America an almost purely arbitrary line of division has far more than a century served sharply to separate into two nationalities, and across the breadth of a continent two peoples, who are of the same origin, speak the same language, study the same literature, and are without any decisive distinction of religious creed.

The admitted present loyalty of Canada has deepened and matured through a long series of years, when the United States were sweeping past them in a career of prosperity almost without example in history, and when union with them seemed as if it would secure for Canada an equal share of the prosperity they enjoyed, the bias of a national life was so strong that neither geographical facts nor commercial tendencies have weakened the national bond; nor are they more likely to do so now that Canada has, by the opening up of her great Western Provinces, manifestly entered upon a like period of development.

In spite of all the evidences of a century's history, Mr. Goldwin Smith still argues that trade interests will ultimately draw Canada into political connection with the United States, and apparently does not understand why his opinion is rejected by the vast majority of Canadians. Yet it seems impossible to conceive how, without a debasement of public sentiment quite unparalleled in history, a people whose history began in loyalty to British institutions, who through a hundred years have been sheltered by British power, who have constantly professed the most devoted regard for a motherland with

which they are connected by a thousand ties of affectionate sympathy, should deliberately, in cold blood, and for commercial reasons only, break that connection and join themselves to a State in whose history and traditions they have no part. They would incur, and unquestionably would deserve alike the contempt of the people they abandon and of the people they join.

In a Great Britain recognized as a Federation, Union or Alliance, Canada would hold an honourable place gained on the lines of true national development. In Annexation she would have nothing but a bastard nationality, the offspring of either meanness, selfishness or fear.

Let me thank Mr. Parkin for his sound words. Cravens would we be indeed if we allowed the good, the benefits, the ties of over a hundred years to melt before the seeming advantage of this annexation.

We, in Canada, holding a noble heritage, now stand face to face with annexation or a reorganization of the Empire.

It cannot be annexation.

1st. We are financially better off as we are.

2nd. We are socially most warmly attached to the Mother country.

3rd. We will not forego the higher and more assured degree of National Independence, which we now enjoy under the constitution secured to us by Britain, and by our system of Responsible Government, the genius of British policy which adapts itself to the varying changes of our political existence.

It has been said, boldly said (it was necessary it should be said as it was) by the Premier of the Province of Ontario, that the Americans are a hostile nation. Nothing more easy with them than to excite an anti-British feeling. He said: "*For the people of this Canada, they will never give away nor sell this great territory to a hostile nation.*"

We cannot forget that the President of the United States did, for party purposes, declare that it was policy for them (the United States) to *do to Canada the greatest harm that*

*was in their power.* Nor shall we forget the voice in their Senate crying: "Annex Canada peacefully if we can, but *forcibly* if we must." Nor that both Houses of Congress reaffirmed the Munro doctrine and pledged unyielding hostility to the perpetuation of any European interests on this continent, which means anything but good will to Canada.

Says the practical man: Taxation should only follow representation.

Now in the matter of defence, and this covers ocean communication secured to an enormous commerce, also International differences—for who minds international treaties, with defenceless powers? (Trade, Currency, Communications and Emigration may safely be left to their own expedencies.)

DEFENCE. This means that eighteen millions for the Army and twelve millions for the Navy, in all thirty millions of pounds, should be raised by the Confederated Empire; the people paying this levy being duly represented at some grand centre. How will this work?

The people of the British Islands, now thirty-five millions, raise for defensive purposes thirty millions of pounds..

Let this be; do not disturb it. Let the outlying parts of the Empire bring up the reserves. Canada, with five millions of people, at an even rate, would be required to find one-seventh of thirty-five millions, or £4,285,714. This gives the startling figures for our country of twenty-one millions of dollars, a sum she could not pay.

What would Canada pay if she shared with the United States? Her proportion of their Army and Navy expenses (independently of the pension list) fifty-two millions of dollars, one-eleventh part or \$4,727,272 would be her quota, or well on towards one dollar per capita.

Let Canada say to the Confederate Parliament: Having a voice in your Councils, being fully represented, having a vote on the question of Peace or War, we will secure to the forces of the Empire transport across our country from ocean

to ocean, and we will pay to the common fund of the Empire such sum as we would have to contribute if we became annexed to the United States, say one dollar per head of our population.

Conditioning that such contribution should be spent, as far as practicable, in our own country, also conditioning that, should peace be so assured that the thirty millions of British expenditure being decreased, we in Canada should have the benefit of a like decrease in rate.

These rates of contribution are such as occur to a practical man, but in the arrangement of the Federation of the Empire I would say to Canadians, as one of them: Come to the consideration of this question in no calculating spirit. Think not that the "as we are" will last. We are unlike any other portion of the British Empire; we are pressed by a great nation on a boundary of over four thousand miles.

We cannot resist annexation as we are. It can only be by a perfect incorporation with the British Empire.

Other than the question of National Defence, what are the questions that would occupy the attention of a confederate assembly?

Our local affairs are managed by our local government.

We deal with each other and with foreigners, according to the keynote set us by England; that is, dealing with the foreigner not as he deals by us, but as we deal by each other.

Now, in our Central Assembly, let us coin this over.

We will have to spend, as a united body, some forty millions of pounds; and why? To keep ourselves safe and harmless from the foreigners to whom we give even rights of trade. Taking a lesson from the said foreigner, let us withdraw this open and even class of trade. Let us seek to get some contribution (towards the forty millions of pounds spent) from the same foreigner who obliges us to spend such sum.

How is this to be done?

Compute the foreign trade that gains the benefit of such open dealings, say as between the outside world and Great Britain, India and her colonies. From such data as are available we have warrant for treating it as four hundred million pounds sterling of imports.

Four hundred millions to be taxed to pay forty millions, it plainly would be ten per cent. levy upon the value of foreign imports. Admit that forty millions of what is called a defence expenditure, a fair share should be borne by the country, as the Army and Navy serve as a police as well as for defence, and in the spirit of compromise with the Free Trader, who will have his objections to the scheme, let us look to the foreign trade as competition with internal trade for, say, one-half or 5 per cent. upon the value of the foreign imports—and this over and above any duty it may be necessary to levy for purposes of revenue and local protection.

To make this plain, look at the practical effect:—

100 lbs. of sugar, grown in Germany, France, Cuba or Java, costing \$2.50 at 5 per cent., would pay.....	12c.
Sugar from Jamaica, Barbados or India would be.....	Free
100 lbs. of cotton from Georgia, costing \$12.00, would pay .....	60c.
Cotton from India and Queensland would be.....	Free

The Free Traders would say “Bah!”

We would say to the manufacturer: Make it manifest how much you have paid in duty upon the raw material of your goods exported beyond the Confederation, and we will make you a drawback equal to your payments.

100 lbs. of wheat from the United States and Russia, costing \$1.50, would pay.....	7½c.
Wheat from Canada, India and Australia would be...	Free.

This policy, as I have intimated, would meet the disapproval of the Free Trader. I see no trouble if the British consumer pays the tax, say upon sugar; he pays it to himself, it lightens, as far as it goes, his taxation at some other point.

The same applies to wheat and such consumable commodities.

But it is evident, the first secures a moderate protection to the British Sugar Colony, and the second to British growth of breadstuffs both at home and abroad.

Again the Free Trader protests. He says the value of British-grown sugar and wheat will be increased by so much as this duty protects or benefits the British grower. That is, the British consumer must pay for the benefit received by the British grower.

The parson and the workman must pay more for his loaf of bread to benefit the English and the Canadian farmer than he does now by giving the foreigner even and equal privileges with his countrymen, and this cannot be denied. So it is, and if we adopt the scheme of preferring our own under pressure of war and defence, we will promise the parson that when he brings about the millenium, we will go back to Free Trade.

The British workman would not be slow to perceive that if the Canadian, the Australian and the East Indian bought the goods he made, under advantage of *no duty*, as compared with the manufactures of Germany. France and the United States, he would have, in a close contest, the inside track, quite enough to give him the road; and I say. Heaven help him if he does not get it.

In Canada the working of such duty on foreign imports would be the same as in the Home country.

Thus, if Canada contributed to the Common Defence Fund one dollar per head of her five millions of people, it would be \$5,000,000.

If a differential duty was levied upon foreign imports, say, without figures of accuracy, five per cent. upon sixty millions of dollars' worth entering into her home consumption, she would remit to the Central Treasury three millions as collected on imports, and two millions of dollars due by her as her contribution to the cost of the national defences.

*Memo.*—The imports of Canada for the year ending June, 1837, from countries foreign to the British Empire, for home consumption and excluding bullion, was \$58,700,000.

This mutual benefit of a protected interchange of trade would go far to weld the Confederation into a unit.

I have been trying to study this question as a practical man, not as a theorist. As a theorist I might bring up questions of some startling importance, say as to the Monarchical or Republican system as being best suited for the grand central governing power.

We have before us the French and the American Republics, and the German Union with an Emperor and a great Minister, and our own Monarchy, more Republican than the Republics. With these examples we can surely allow experience as we gain it in practice to mould the Constitution of the Greater Britain.

Recurring to the practical and cardinal principle in the Confederation would be, as now, the British subject, born in any part of the Confederation, would be equally entitled to all local rights of citizenship as to the highest central office.

Local imports should bear the same tax from one part of the Empire as from the other. No lines of preference or reciprocal treaties allowed within the Empire.

In the United Empire, what are the bonds, the mutual interests that will secure the union? I see none in the way of central force.

In the case of the United States the disloyal country lay so close to the main body that they were coerced.

Should such a case arise in the United Britain, from the proximity of Canada to a great power, force would be unavailing.

Force would scarce be availing in the case of Australia.

With India, brought up to a state of self-governing public policy, no force would be equal to the task.

All this will have to be considered when the matter of relative representation comes to be considered.

I am inclined to the opinion that the extreme parts of the Empire will somewhat control the Centre. They will be enlarging while the British Islands cannot be expected to grow at all in proportion.

The bonds will have to be Mutual Interests, best secured by a beneficial and mutual trade; by a general and common protection of our national rights and liberties; by a British citizenship securing a happy freedom that, far from disintegration and disunion, may invite that other branch by the English-speaking race to return to the old, we will not say allegiance, but to a Brotherhood from which they broke or were driven away.

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#### PROHIBITION.

Do you favour Prohibition?—I do not.

Do you not, in any way?—In an especial way, I do favour prohibition.

What way, if you please?—As regards myself. I prohibit myself touching any strong liquor. That is, liquors stronger than good, fairly-keeping wines, and wholesome malt liquors. Cider I consider to be a wine.

If you prohibit yourself, why should you not do as well by others?—Because in prohibiting myself I am always present with myself. As regards myself I have a law of conscience, which I could not have with another. Every man must be a law unto himself in such matters as are not demonstrably infringements of God's law.

Would you not control others as you do yourself?—Yes, some I would; I would feel I was a guardian to minors. I would control them if they would obey.

Would you control generally or be party to laws of control?—No, I would not.

Why?—Because, as I read the revealed Will of God, I find,—or think I find—He intends each mortal soul to be its own



arbiter—to choose for himself or herself the good or evil. The same choice given to Adam has been offered to all that are within the range, as Adam was, of the knowledge of God's will. I look upon the abuse of strong drink as any other specific sin. Strong drink may be used safely if diluted to the strength of wines. Wines, malt liquors, diluted spirits, which is to the poor man what costly wine is to the rich, I would only use in view of the danger-line of growing appetite, leaving them alone, if such danger is apparent, but claim for every man his right of choice, safety or danger, good or evil. God has proclaimed such freedom of choice to be His will, for some greater purpose than we can see. I can fancy a man going through a life of dissipation, falling low, very low, rising or struggling to rise, dying a world's outcast, yet rising in the great hereafter to a height that the untried spirit never reached. This is for man and woman.

Can the Legislature do nothing to keep danger from men's paths? If they undertake to do this, they undertake to revise the will of God. They would wish to be wiser than God.—what may not be, and if attempted, will surely fail.

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#### A LEGEND OF THE BIG TREES, MARIPOSA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

*April 30th, 1859.*

These great trees are the giants of the tree growth. No living trees are known to be of their size. The largest are upwards of 24 feet in diameter, and over 300 feet in height. Some are said to be larger, but when greater dimensions are given, it is by measuring the bulging roots spreading from the trunk. They are, however, large enough to satisfy any sense of wonder without stretching or exaggerating these measures. Their age is computed to be 2,000 to 3,000 years. We bought a packet of the seeds of these wonders, and wondering at the minuteness of the seed,—scarcely larger than mustard seed—learned this legend:

These small seeds, or I suppose one of them, was seen to

be very sad and sorrowful. "What is the matter, my little fellow?" said a good spirit as it passed over the hill-top. "You may well say 'My little fellow,'" said the seed, "I will never grow like the other trees on these hills from so small a seed." "Never mind, don't be cast down, you shall grow, *if you hold your head up*, bigger and higher than any of them." "Shall I," said the seed, "Are you sure?" "Yes, I am sure," said the good spirit, and what is more, while you hold your head up you shall always be growing." "Will I not die like the other trees?" "No, you will not die while you hold your head up. Fire shall not burn you, storm shall not overthrow you, you will not fade or decay while you hold your head up." "Oh, I thank you, good Spirit; I must hold up my head."

The good Spirit passed on, and the little seed sprouted and grew. The Indians told the story of the big tree. It was the wonder of race after race. Growing in good and due proportion, root, branches and trunk a very sight to behold.

Two good Spirits came along. The greater of the two said, "My brother, what is this great tree that will overshadow all the other trees?"

"This tree is from a little seed I blessed, promising that while it held its head up it should grow and grow. Fire was not to burn it; storm was not to overthrow it, and it was not to fade or decay."

"Were you wise in giving it over all other trees such an immortality?"

"Perhaps I was not, but I was pleased with the modest little seed, and cannot undo my gift."

"Is it still the modest thing you love?"

"No, I am sorry to say it is overfond of its own glory, and is ever shouting 'I am the biggest in the world! Look at my branches! Look at my great head! See how I spread myself! I am secure! I have the promise of a growth that will overshadow all other trees. I will come between them and the sunshine. I will dwarf them. If they come to me I will send them home again. I want no strength from them.'"

"Oh!" said the greater Spirit, turning to the tree, "This is not well; in the glory of your great branches you should not forget the strength of your trunk. You are not the modest seed my brother blessed. You are proud. I cannot take away his promise: 'Fire shall not burn you, storm may not overthrow you, decay will not weaken you, and while you hold up your head you shall grow and grow and grow.' But I shall let you have your own way. You shall make your own bed. Those who strengthened your stem you have turned away. Your head and branches shall grow and grow."

And the great Spirit passed away, as did years and years. The branches grew more beautiful. This great tree was the pride of the world. But those who looked closely said: "The stem will not carry its branches."

What further said the legend?

In course of time the great tree which fire did not burn, nor storm overthrow, nor decay weaken, felt its head grow heavy. Its lease of life and growth was *to hold up its head*. The branches and top grew. The stem was never strengthened, and then came the end. It remembered when it was a little seed, when it was small and modest; but now its head was heavy; it could hold up its head no longer. Time, that ends all, brought it down; it tottered and fell, and lay upon the ground, fell stretched and ruined. In its glory it had forgotten itself. It had forgotten it could not stand alone in the glory and beauty of its head and branches. Its trunk and stem had ceased to grow when it proudly vaunted itself and said: "I am sufficient."

MORAL.—Let the United States take heed and remember—the working and humble man may not be turned away (see the Alien Labour Act) from the strengthening of their social trunks and stems. They may educate and polish the higher circle. They cannot all be the highest. If they try, they will fall like the great Mariposa cedars, that were, and are, the greatest in the world.

SOME OF THE STORIES OF A FELLOW  
TRAVELLER.

I WAS a young man at the time. You see me now an old man, for I will be seventy my next birthday. You see me dried up, a martyr to rheumatism and neuralgia. I then weighed 214 pounds and measured 48 inches around the chest. I was the baseball champion, the best wrestler, skater and swimmer in our parts, fond of military exercises, for which I had an hereditary fondness; my grandfather had led a force to the attempted capture of Quebec. A military life I gave up. My life employment has been a College Professorship. This led me to have the direction of the sports and summer vacations of the students, which year after year came under my charge. I have had more students' trips under my care than any other man in the United States. Now for my story:

It was in the early summer of the later forties, that after breaking up of our College Course, an excursion into the mountains and forests of New Hampshire was organized, and I was asked to lead off a party of professors, with their wives and daughters, and some of the advanced students, in all a party numerous enough to give variety of companionship, and to make the sports of riding and walking and fishing altogether within the range of the selection of our amusements.

We had got well into the mountain range, quartered at an old-fashioned farm house. I will not dwell on what led to our undertaking an ascent of the grand mountain that rose in the rear of the house. But thus it was. We, that is our full party, got off after an early breakfast. A hay waggon drawn by two stout horses was brought into requisition. It was duly loaded with our company's equipage, for we meant to spend a few days camping on one of the spurs of the mountain. This meant taking baskets, hampers, well stowed with picnic fixings. Buffalo robes and blankets thrown into the

waggon made seats for the rough riding we would have to endure over the wood roads up the mountain side. We had two camps, much to the comfort of the ladies, who felt that life on the mountain would be pleasanter if they could claim a camp by themselves. So we were well equipped. Strong teams, camps, provisions, fishing rods and stout walking sticks. The team took us up as far as the wood road would permit; and this was to what we made and called Camp 'Lookout,' on one of the spurs of Greenhill. We reached this spot safely and well—the men of the party tramping alongside of the waggon; the ladies had the benefit of the ride. The day was beautiful, clouds passing over the sky enough to make agreeable shade.

(Then was told an interval story much like other camping out stories.) He goes on:

A storm was coming on. I, young and active, started up the steep path, on and on, beyond the others, and eager to reach the mountain-top, I pushed away the bush that crowded up the path, and better for me than a fall from the mountain side, I had stepped into the top of a cedar tree. Good tree, it held me as kindly as a mother's arm. Just then the storm burst overhead, and such grand artillery! volley after volley, from cloud to the mountains, and back from the mountains to cloud. Above me, around me, below me, flash and thunder, roar and flash again. Was I frightened? No. War of cloud and earth was too absorbing. I was safe in my insignificance. Almost as suddenly as the cloud had burst, it ceased, and before me rolled a sea of cloud. I was a good swimmer; the illusion was so great I had almost dived into the cloud for a bath and a swim to the island mountain that rose before me.

I felt the old man's story was very likely, because I had it in closest detail, a second time, when the Maine Professor and his wife took, in their young days, their holiday trip up Mount Washington. I fancy the drop into the cedar tree—the storm—the bath, and the swim in the sea-like cloud was

a story well told, and often told to please such as we were, loiterers among the orange groves of Riverside. I am the more confirmed in this idea, because we had not long to wait before we got stories as good and as wonderful.

Query: Had this dried-up specimen ever weighed 214 lbs., or measured 48 inches around the chest? Had he been the best wrestler, skater, swimmer, the military madman? Had his grandfather ever marched to Quebec?

I believe he had, for he was a good old man. I liked him very much. When we parted he said in a most kindly way: "I think we must be some relation." I may as well mention his name; it was D'Orsay. He was of French descent, and whether it was so or not, he claimed to be related to Count D'Orsay. This he did not mention to me, but I overheard him giving it in an aside to one of the young chaps of our party.

I do not want anyone to think these stories were only fancies, but I am, I must say I was, at a loss to draw a line when fact ceased and fancy began. A story of his was:

He had been skating on a clear, wide lake (we had been talking about wolves), when he heard the howling of wolves, and soon found they were after him. Now for the fun. So he felt fairly safe. He no doubt wished to illustrate his being the best skater of his day. I suggested the danger of his tripping on the ice. This he had no fear of. The wolves came howling on. He would, when they were rushing ahead, strike off at a right angle, and away they would slide straight ahead, and he had the gain of doubling back. So he was able to keep command of his path for homewards. (So the story ends with him safe in a farm-house.)

Another wolf story was not so easily got over. This time it was a friend of his who, on his journey through the woods (all of the wolf stories were in the State of Maine) heard the bay or howl of wolves, and to make sure he climbed into a tree. He had no difficulty getting into the tree, for it was

on an incline, having been partly blown over. He had a rifle with him, a Winchester I think he called it, that had its butt or breech filled with cartridges, holding 16 in all. He secured himself in a fork of the branches and awaited the attack of the wolves, who soon spotted him and yelped around the tree. The wolves quickly discovered the slope of the incline, and made to ascend. The Doctor could not give the number of the wolves—it was either 11 or 13, an odd number, he remembered. Now for it! A miss fire and he would be done for. On or up came the wolves. Bang! Down drops No. 1. Again! No. 2 falls. More eager came on wolf after wolf. Two wolves fell at once; the ball passing through the leading wolf wounds the one following him; both drop, and so on, wolf after wolf, the whole pack lie dead but one, wounded and broken-backed. 'What a triumph! The woodman, we may call him, came down from the tree. The wounded wolf is dangerous. A spare ball settles him, and homeward hies the Doctor's friend. You may depend the gathering around that tree to see the 11 or 13 dead wolves from one rifle, was a caution to wolves, at least, if not to a story teller.

I have an idea I have seen the skating story in a series of School Readers. The second story is probably too strong to find its way into school books.

For a catamount story, which his father used to tell as happening to him, I have to refer you to Miss Sutherland, who heard it.

The "Wrestler." I suppose the Doctor brought out the story of the Wrestler to show he was, as he had said, the champion in this art. He was at home attending to his college classes when he had a visit from an old chummy who lived in New York. He knew the Doctor had been and thought himself an athlete of no mean order; but he never thought the college man could stand before him, far less throw him. Well, his New York friend, who was twice his size, would continually refer to wrestling, and just as much the Doctor would decline the offer of a tussel. This went on awhile, when in

confidence the New Yorker whispered he had a sure trick, a grip and trip that had never failed. He undertook to teach the Doctor, and at last our friend assented, but conditioning that the New Yorker should not, from false delicacies, fail to show him his best. The New Yorker put it he might hurt his friend. "Never mind, I can stand it, I guess, but at the same time you must let me say, before we begin, what I mean to do." "All right!" "Well now, you see that pool of water? I will put you on your back, fairly in the middle, in the deepest part." So the struggle was to come off. He did not say if the crowd was few or many. But what was the result? Grip one, two, three, and before you could have said "Jack Robinson," the New York giant lay where it was said he should lie, in the water and the mud, face upwards, a lamentable instance of "how are the mighty fallen!" It is needless to say he did not offer to show the professor any more of his wrestling tricks.

So much for his skating, wrestling, swimming, if you accept his being ready to jump into a sea of cloud. But further. We had been schoolmates with I. S. Blaine, and at that time John G. was the foremost and famous debater of the College, only unable to answer the Doctor.

Now, boys, what is the moral of all this? It is: Whatever you do, learn to do it well. Be first and foremost in skating, wrestling, swimming, in your school debates and in your story-telling, and who knows when you are 70 years old, all crippled up with rheumatism, you may be furnishing some old fellow with what you used to do when you were boys in Nova Scotia—the country which, like ancient Greece and the State of Maine, should be sending out the brightest, ablest, wisest men of ancient or modern times.



## POLITICAL MEETING.

HERE WE ARE ! Men of all sorts—Grits and Tories, Churchmen and Dissenters, Catholics and Freethinkers, merchants, tradesmen, workmen, manufacturers, Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, townsmen, countrymen, fishermen, farmers, seamen and ship owners; men from Cumberland, Yarmouth, Cape Breton; doctors, lawyers, the parson. Here we are, the room is large. Let us choose a chairman. The Press will be our secretary and each can have his say.

“Gentlemen, I move the Squire take the chair.” (Passed by acclamation.)

Squire: “I thank you, gentlemen, for this honour. I shall endeavour to fulfill my duties impartially, but I must claim to be able, as others, to say what I think. I am, as you know, a Grit, and have spoken and written on the Grit side of the question; and as this is to be, I take it, a free, off-hand discussion or expression of our sentiments, I will take the liberty of suggesting that, with the best feelings towards each other, we use the plain, well-understood terms of ‘Grit’ and ‘Tory’, rather than the lengthy ‘Liberal’ and ‘Liberal-Conservative,’ although I must premise the terms do not, to one unacquainted with our politics, carry the same meaning. ‘Grit’ conveys the idea of an uncompromising character, a ‘stick to your rights’ sort of man. ‘Liberal’ conveys the idea of improvement and progress. We think of Macaulay, Bright, Cobden, Hugh Bell, Joseph Howe, Alexander McKenzie and Blake rather than of those now immediately in front leading the opposition to the Government of this country.

“‘Tory’ is a name used for shortness rather than for accuracy of expression. ‘Tory’ in Nova Scotia conveys the idea we have remaining among us of the old Colonial Family Compact. Old Mr. Jeffery was a Tory; Michael Wallace, the elder Holmes, the Wilkins of Windsor, were such. Quite a different stamp of politicians from the men leading the Government party, who have heartily adopted the British theory of

Responsible Government, and appeal to you for your support at the elections now coming on. But I must not take up your time."

"Gentlemen, don't all speak at once; I see that gentleman standing up on a chair, with spectacles on. What do you say, sir?"

"Mr. Chairman, you say you are a Grit. Well, sir, so am I. But while an appeal is made to you, as you heard a few nights since by Sir Charles Tupper, Sir John Thompson and Mr. Tupper, I must ask you to keep before your minds the manifesto of Mr. Jones, a document so comprehensive, so full, so fair, so free, and not be led to desert your party. A party that has done so much to develop our country, a party that has enrolled in its ranks many of the greatest minds of the age. Grit I am, Grit I was, and Grit I always will be. I was Liberal in old times. I have been Grit since Confederation, and reading the *Morning Chronicle* every day of my life, I see no reason to change my opinions. Those are my sentiments."

"Thank you, sir," from the Chairman. "The convincing argument of my respected friend will, I hope, have its due effect with the Tories who are here."

There is a move to the right of the Chairman, and a young man steps forward.

"Sir, I am of the party the Liberal-Conservatives. I cannot agree with you, even for the valuable consideration of a short name, to accept the name of Tory. My father was a friend of Howe. He stood by him when Huntingdon, old Sam Chipman and Hugh Bell, whom you have mentioned, were thundering at the gates, forced the Council doors, and gave to us young men the management of our own affairs. Shall we forget these Fathers of our country? O that they were here to counsel us in this hour of our extremity! The great argument of Confederation has been fought out, Howe leading the country against it and staying it, but not for long. While the feelings of the people were with Howe, largely against it, the

argument was with Tupper in its favour. Well-nigh half of our people, the whole of Canada, the wish and will of England declared for the Confederation of these great provinces; and I for one, sir, as a young man, as a Liberal-Conservative, am proud to be a Canadian, and shall do my best to remain Canadian and to defeat any attempt to alienate this country from the British Empire. Are the Grits mad? Do they think we can pass in and out of the United States, do as they do, buy and sell to them as among ourselves, and resist the indraught of their great will and power? Sir, let your party win, and we must become part of the United States, whether we like it or not."

Churchman has the floor.

"Sir, as I understand the question, it goes beyond the mere question we voted upon three years ago. Then I understood it to be largely a question of having a National Policy, which would build up home manufactures, or on the other side we would be as we were in our old colonial days before Confederation. In 1887 I voted for Messrs. Kenny and Stairs, but I am free to say I did not feel very strongly about it. Mr. Jones was, like myself, a Churchman, and I felt rather sorry than otherwise not to vote for him. I did not know him personally, but I knew the people he came from, the old Empire Loyalists, who came down to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia when the old colonies revolted, and when they found it too hot for them to remain as citizens of the United States. Now, sir, I will not take up the time of this meeting, but would like to say that while I voted three years since with some feeling of indifference for the party candidates, I now, in view of the great overturn which the success of the Opposition would make, shall vote for the Liberal-Conservative candidates, Messrs. Kenny and Stairs, and shall do my utmost to secure their election. I do not want unrestricted reciprocity with men who have no prayer for Queen and country, and who will expect me to shut the door in the faces of Englishmen. Thank you, sir, for this opportunity of expressing my views."

A serious-looking man asks leave to speak.

“ Sir, I am not a Church-man, nor do I call myself a dissenter; but you can understand I am what a Churchman would call a dissenter. From the remarks of the Churchman, or from his sympathy with the old Empire Loyalists, I take it, he is one of their descendants. He was crowded out of the Land of Liberty. I, sir, do not wish to be crowded into this same Land of Liberty, or land where you have liberty only to express an opinion which accords with the opinion of the majority. If I wanted to dissent there, I might do it on any religious subject I chose; but not one word contrary to public sentiment. If I did not worship their idols, I had better say nothing about it. No, sir, I like the English liberty better than American. I can dissent to any sentiment I disapprove of in England or Canada, but not in the United States of America. Politically I am content with the National Policy, and I shall vote accordingly.”

*Catholic Elector.*—“ Sir, I do not wish to intrude my Church views upon this very general gathering of my fellow citizens, but I would just say, sir, that in the British Islands, or the British Colonies, in Ireland itself, the Church, the old Church, the Church of the centuries, has a home, a standing, a respected position, better by far than it has in the United States. No betterment of my personal affairs, if it should ensue, which I doubt, shall lead me to vote for the change, or what may lead to the change: the Stars and Stripes where the Old Flag now flies.”

*Freethinker.*—“ Mr. Chairman, why I am called a Free-thinker, or spotted as such, I do not know. It may be because I do not go to Church as regularly as my neighbours. But this I would say, I none the less believe a great God guides all our destinies. Sometimes He gives prosperity to try men and nations, some adversity to prove them. As for free-thinking in general as it is understood, the belief in neither God nor good, but every man for himself and the nation, as the man, for itself, I am for none of it. I have failed in all the inter-

change of sentiment that has reached us from the southern side of our boundary lines, to find one expression of goodwill, of well wishing, of God-speed to us in Canada. It has not been 'Go on and prosper,' but it has been, 'You shall not grow greater by our leave, and unless you agree to it that we must order and direct your national life, you may look to it you earn our ill-will, our displeasure, our manifest disapproval.' No, Mr. Chairman, I may be in some ways too much a Freethinker, but I must hold to being a *Free man*."

The Chairman is rather uneasy. He looks around. Several gentlemen rise to speak: dry-goods men, West India merchants. He catches the eye of a friendly-looking old gentleman who wishes to be heard. He is Mr. Goodwait, of the firm Goodwait Brothers.

"Sir, as you know, I am a merchant, if not of some worth, of at least some years. You know, sir, I have not been an active politician, rather inclined to support the Free Trade view of the policy at Ottawa. My business is to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market. But, sir, I bow to the control of the assembled wisdom of my country and do for myself the best I can. If it was free trade with the world at large, as it is in England, I would, as a merchant, be delighted. I would then have the inside track of the manufacturers. But as the question of your respected party is Free Trade with the United States, and Old England left out of a prospect of business, I am against it. This is on the general view of the case, but on my part and my firm's, as a personal matter, I am compelled to be entirely against it. You may say: 'Can't you do as well dealing in American goods as you do dealing in the goods of Canada and of England?' Well, sir, perhaps I could if the United States was on the other side of the world, but as she is not, as she borders Canada for 4,000 miles, as Boston is so near to Nova Scotia, I say, sir, without trying the experiment, I cannot. My firm have just got through their stock-taking, the ascertaining of the profit and loss of last year's business. Their profits have been only

moderate, just sufficient for a wholesome business return. They have been looking into the way it would affect them if unrestricted reciprocity, which you would have us adopt, is to be the rule. Sir, firstly, the extent of their sales they might expect to decrease one-half. The expenses of their establishment can't be decreased by one-half, and if decreased, where would their clerks and work people be? Compare Halifax and Boston. Upon the largest amount of sales we can make (and our sales of last year were the largest of any which I have ever had to administer), our expenses for handling our goods, exclusive of interest on capital invested, was four and one-half per cent.

"Now, sir, men doing the same class of business in Boston would have a turn-over of four times as much as can be secured in Halifax. The expense of business in Halifax being four and a-half per cent., and the expense in Boston being not over two and one-half per cent., or two in favour of Boston, where would our Halifax business be? It does not require much speech on my part to make you aware of how empty stores would be in a short time, the state of affairs the clerks and people would soon be face to face with, a journey for a living; they would have to follow the trade to the United States, a country now overcrowded with situation seekers."

Another merchant: "I tell you sir, we will be ruined."

Several speakers, mechanics, workmen, excited: "Sir it is a waste of time for us to discuss the matter. If the business establishments are to be closed or only half of what they now are, we may as well follow the clerks. What new branching out may we expect that will give us employment? It will only be a few repairs—no new work."

*Manufacturer:* "Sir, if a merchant calculates the percentage of expense on his sales, I much more so on my manufactures. If I make 100 of a specific article and just pay expenses, if I can make 110, I find I am doing well. If I fall off in my output to 90, I am on the road to bankruptcy. I leave the rest with the electors."

*Judge:* "Sir, I have listened with close attention. I know nothing of trade and less of manufactures, but I am always pleased when I see signs of well-doing—when I see plate glass windows warranted by the profitable trade of the shops they lighten; when I see the delivery vans, butchers, grocers and dry goods driving briskly around. I like the looks of the well-dressed children on Sunday on the way to church. The sight of new houses going up in the new streets; street cars going through these streets, it pleases me much as I saunter homewards.

"I have some savings. I own some bank stock; it makes to me a moderate return. The banks have been having their meetings; their statements are fresh before those who have any stock. They (the banks) have paid some six and some seven per cent. dividends, and after paying these dividends have very important additions to these 'rests', as they are called. The local banks have in this form, in the year past, increased their resources, taking them all together, over \$300,000, nearly equal to \$1,000 a day for each working day of the year.

"Now, sir, if the merchant, the mechanic, the workman and the manufacturer are to be affected, as I hear them say they will be, where, I ask, sir, will be the continued profitable business of the banks? Where will be the wholesome accumulations of reserves, the strength of all good banking?

"No, sir, what is good for the bee is good for the hive. Take a student of history's advice: Go slowly, go surely. Don't drive these people away. Don't have them singing the lament of expatriation. the 'Weep not for the dead, neither bemoan him, but weep for him who is the exile from the home of his fathers.'"

This stirred the Englishman; this roused the Irishman; the Scotchman's brows were bent, his lips compressed. Towns-men, countrymen were ready for action. They looked mischievous and angry, as crowds will look at times of deep feeling—signs of warning not to go too far.

*An Old Fisherman:* "Mr. Chairman, we don't want the Yankees inside the three-mile limit. Last fall we had a grand chance; the mackerel struck in off Portuguese Cove, and we, I tell you, made the most of them. The Yankees had to stay outside.

"Mr. Chairman, you said Mr. Jones' (our member) manifesto was so fair, so free, so full. Sir, it was not so full as he could have made it, if he liked. He said nothing about the bounty-fed fish he bought from St. Pierre, breaking down our market. All right! He is a merchant, a Free Trader, but in this case he was not my representative; he wasn't voting for me when he bought those fish, and now his friends are asking me to vote for him.

"Sir, I am quite content. I remember when I sold mackerel at two dollars a barrel, and now, or last fall, I got fourteen dollars a barrel. Would I have had the mackerel to sell if the Yankee schooner could have followed the fish into the bay? As it was, they broke up the schools."

*A Voice:* "Let us hear from the farmers."

*Farmer:* "I have been in town to sell my cattle. I knew before I came how it was. Cheap beef comes from Ontario, cheaper will come from Chicago. This will be no good to me. My county grows great crops of potatoes and apples. If you must have Free Trade, I shall make the most of my potatoes in the Boston market, and a fair lot of our best apples will go that way. The potato trade is not a very sure one; a large crop in the United States, and we had better keep ours at home. But, sir, although potatoes and apples will do well in the United States, I am not going to lose my head. My vote won't make much difference; the farmers of Ontario will have it in hand. If it rested with me I would vote for my country, even if it should leave us as we are in selling our potatoes and apples."

*The Chairman:* "Gentlemen, the 5th of March will show us how it is to be, and so we will scatter."



A LECTURE DELIVERED IN TEMPERANCE HALL,  
BY W. J. STAIRS, IN 1877.

A MERCHANT'S NEEDS.

In the arts of life, Rules of Guidance are laid down, based upon the experience of former ages. The young mechanic has his training; whatever his trade may be his master teaches him its rules. The carpenter, the painter, the smith, the farrier, all in their apprenticeship are shown the rules and methods of their craft.

In the fine arts it is the same. Music, Drawing and Coloring, all have their rules. Writers and orators construct their letters and their speeches upon the principles laid down by the grand old masters of thought and action.

It has often occurred to me that the merchant, who has a noble profession, is left too much to grope his way, without the aids that might be given him if the experience of the past was more preserved and better used.

It may be presumptuous that I should venture to give rules for so high a calling, yet I feel sure some will listen to an honest effort to make use of the experience of years. I shall be sure of welcome, if I write or say any word worth remembering; may I hope for pardon, if such word I do not or cannot say.

Young men, why am I stirred to this effort? It is because I know so many undervalue an art I so dearly prize.

At a Convocation of Governors, Professors and Students of Dalhousie College, I, as a Governor, had to sit and listen to a charge against the merchants of Halifax,—that learning had small charms for them. Thus it was put:—"The merchant's thought for his son was that, at too early an age, he should be placed in business. For what? To serve honorably, in the gathering and dispersing of earth's commodities, with care, prudence and integrity, and to live by his labour according to its merit,—humbly, or fairly, or splendidly? *No. not*

for this; but it was put, and to be correct, I will quote from the Inaugural Address:

“The usual parental hypothesis being, that the first object of living is money; that the second is still to make money; and the third is like unto the second. The children are turned, at the earliest possible time, into business machines, though I fear, and from what I see can believe,—that they are not specially successful ones. The parental justification of this mental starvation of the young is, ‘Oh, if you want to succeed in our business, you must begin early. Education is no doubt a very fine thing, but in this practical age, and in this particular case, there is no time for it.’”

And again there is an allusion to the men “who are starving the intellectual life of their children, and bringing them, perforce, to believe that money, with its accessories, is the one thing needful.” No word in the merchant’s life, of necessity for early practice,—no word of truth, of right, of honor, of the old rule that has been always golden, and is only second to the great law of life.

If I can show that to make money is not the chief end of trade, but when made is the reward of fine qualities, as much as the flocks and herds of Abraham were his blessing, I shall have achieved my task. If I awaken in any young man a pride in his profession, I shall have done well. Gentlemen, I will try.

Looking around among my fellow merchants to observe the qualities which insure success, the first that strikes me is their Industry; the second, Integrity; thirdly, Steadfastness; chiefly, the well-balanced mind which, with *faith*, trusts the unseen.

This enumeration may be said to be common to success in any of the arts of life. Largely it is so, but not in equal degree. The poet or the painter must have industry, but there is no necessary connection between his success and his integrity. He must be steady, but he may have no faith in men or things as he goes forward. The qualities we have

marked out will be found most needful for our merchant, and if it shall appear that he can least dispense with these qualities, we trust his high standing will be apparent from the need of these high qualities to give him a standing.

Before we advance to special study of our subject, stop for a moment to consider: Did you ever know or hear of an eminent merchant who was not *Industrious, Honest, Steady and True*? Are these qualities only good to help us to make money,—firstly, secondly and thirdly? Is men's faith in merchants less than in learned professors, or doctors, or lawyers? Could a clergyman be of mighty eloquence,—grand to preach, poor in practice, untrained by his calling, in the hour of trial but a broken reed? Many classes fail, untrained by their callings.

Statesmen arise,—they take the lead in nations,—achieve much good, and yet of how many of them can it be said they have the virtues of a simple merchant, who buys and sells with the confidence of all around, holding the balances as fairly for another as for himself?

I have said Art has its rules upon which the master shows his pupil how to construct his work, and yet high art is not rule worked out, but rule is rather high art brought down to its simpler definitions.

In the progress of my argument, I shall not attempt too much to define the modes of trade by sales, but endeavour by its review as a whole, to discover its cardinal points, and having found such, to make our course, following example as well as precept. A man may take the altitude of the sun by rule. He cannot by any rule that I know of, however closely observed, land a trout. Observe the angler; he has some rules, and very good ones. He says it is useless to fish in the heat of the day, in bright sunshine. He drops his flies skilfully; no one can say why the fish rise to his fly, while the fly of the novice is unnoticed. *Rules alone will not serve;* practice must give sleight of hand, and in this skill will be found the success which rule could not secure.

This brings up the importance of our seeking, in the example of eminent men, an instructor which cannot be found with precepts of wisdom. Both precept and example must be kept before us.

A Professor of Moral Philosophy would not be an all-sufficient guide for a merchant's needs. Though he might profitably warn against the worship of false gods, the money lust, the haste to make rich, yet I am afraid he would be over anxious, he would fear where there was no danger. Like the hen with ducklings, he would have no experience of much that was essential. The student of mathematics, who could construct the Rules of Logarithms, and with all the arts of navigation would be a poor pilot in the dense fog which sometimes envelops our coast.

The fisherman of our shores who, knowing no rules, but every sign or sound, the colour of the sea, the roar of the surf, will strike the harbour's mouth and bring the ship to a safe anchorage, while the professor's best safety would be in yielding the helm to the humbler man.

In these observations, which may be tedious, I wish merely to attract your attention to our mode of proceeding. The question the young man will ask himself is: How am I best to succeed if I take up the trade of a merchant? I wish to be a merchant, to make my living. I see it is, as a whole, more promising than some other trades; and after comparing it with other callings he thinks it promises better, and so adopts it. He may be mistaken in thinking it the best pursuit, but unless he thinks so, he will not succeed.

In the very outset we see, that to succeed the young man must give his heart to his work. The first work of a boy on entering a shop or merchant's office is often irksome. It must be endured until use and wont prevail to make it pleasant. Assume the age of the boy to be, as it generally is, sixteen years. At this age, having had the education common to youths who have not passed on to college life, he is master

of such arithmetic as a shop requires; he should write easily to himself and satisfactorily to his employer.

I am not writing a treatise on education, or I would stop to enquire what he knows, how he has improved his opportunity. I take it he is equal to the lads who have been his schoolfellows and are going to college, while he is going into trade. But I cannot pass the point without calling attention to the want in Halifax of a High School, the missing link, as it has been called, in the union of our common schools and colleges, and to best prepare our sons for trade. Of this I hope you will hear more before the winter is over.

In going into business, at first the boy is pleased with the fact of being useful, and is kept running about; to fetch and to carry, to come and to go, is his work. He gets very tired with his day's work and is glad when he gets home at night. If he is well and a fairly strong lad, his life agrees with him; he sleeps soundly, rises early, and if with a good master and among good fellow clerks, is in as good a school as could be desired. From having had much freedom as a school boy, he feels his new life a restraint upon his personal liberty; but of this he soon recovers, and the weariness of the young clerk gives way to an interest in all that goes on around him. Do not think I am dwelling too much on the boy. Great reverence is due unto a boy, so the ancients put it. While my words are to boys, yet to the boy's mother, who has so much the formation of his character in her charge, I would also speak. I must be short.

His life religious is in your care, the life moral with him is chiefly yours; in the life political and economical, the mother not less than father gives the bias to his after life.

And now, my young friend, it is for you, at this point, to form the habit of Industry, which is to be one of the elements of your success. To be industrious you must take pleasure in your work, otherwise you will be but dull and spiritless. You must take an interest in the work that is going on around you. Generally boys do. This is my experience, going back

to the days when I was a boy among others, and behind the scenes of their likes and dislikes.

I have no remembrance of any young man who failed in this essential. Since I have been an employer of young men, I have had no cause to think them indifferent to my interests. So much for my observation of others; one word for myself, *if I may do so*. When I entered my father's store I was fifteen years of age. I had spent the last two years away from home at a Public School, where I was almost my own master, under little control, but with others whose influence was not bad. I had sufficient insight into books, and the pleasure of learning to know that in going into trade I was passing into what I then thought a lesser rather than a higher calling.

I should have preferred a College course,—not so much for the profession to which it might lead, as from the pleasure of reading the Classics, and continuing the society of many to whom I was sincerely attached.

For years I did not like trade, but at once I set myself to practise and master it, and I assure you the overcoming of this feeling of distaste was to me a pleasure. The sense of mastership is always exhilarating and carries its own joy.

Some of you may think I had an easy task, but this I will say, that, although in my father's store, I never had any work less agreeable than the other boys. In well ordered businesses this is always so with masters' sons. It is English habit. The best there are spared, neither in trade nor public service, their share of the roughest work. Any country, or family, or firm, who bring up their sons to an easier routine of work than they allot to those whom they employ, *will enervate their sons*, and soon the opportunity of ease will have passed away beyond recall.

And now young man, having learned as a boy the daily routine of a shop or store, taking in by practice a knowledge of the goods you have to handle, and this it is very important should be learned while young, you will soon be called upon

to fill a place of higher trust and confidence. For the benefit of those who have no knowledge of trade, I would explain at this point that a boy has to go to work at a rather early age. That which is learned at the age when boys are intelligently taking in from all that is around them, when they are opening upon manhood, is in after life best retained.

The young man from college at one and twenty has received his fill of a class of knowledge which takes the place of what may be called the initial instruction of the young merchant or tradesman.

Suppose a man never to have been called upon to handle a piece of flannel or cotton until, after a college course, he joined a merchant's store. He would not attain so good or keen a knowledge of the quality and value of such goods as if, as a boy of sixteen, he had watched the way in which the customer who used such goods would examine and handle them. The power of judging goods, the art of valuing them, among any men I knew, was all learnt in the days of their early clerkship.

Are you, my young friends, industriously becoming acquainted with the goods you daily handle? *If you are not,* depend upon it, you will not overtake it in after life, when you will want the knowledge to tell upon your own trade.

It is in this as in every other line of life. I have known men who as boys worked upon the farm, and when grown up, have gone to school. *With what result?* See the strong young man, pondering over his Latin Grammar,—studying hard. He daily prepares his lessons better than the boys of the school who had begun at an early age. You would think to see the two, the careful student of five and twenty and the boy of fifteen,—the man would out and out excel. *How was it?* The boy, from his habit of thought, trained early, made a scholar. I never knew a late student to make a clever scholar. He might be learned, but never quick. He, like a heavy bird, rose slowly on the wing.

So boys, my advice to you is, if you wish to learn your business well, remember it is as boys that you have to take in all the knowledge and skill that will be the easiest retained and most gracefully used.

Before passing away from this point of your lives let me urge you not to neglect your books. A word for college lore. The discipline of classes, the contact with others, our competitors in mental effort, should be made the most of, and it is now quite possible to supplement the Common School education with something higher.

If the need for early practice is such that the young man has to devote himself to it, yet how much may be gained through our winters when Dalhousie is open to those who, as General Students, may attend the lectures of the Professors? All may not be able to get away from business, yet many can. Will employers second their clerks in some arrangement to secure a course at college? Will fathers give their sons a chance?

And young gentlemen, if you study the lives of eminent men, you will find it has been by grasping at such opportunities and even much less, that they have acquired the knowledge that carried them upward.

From the late Inaugural Address at Dalhousie, I would quote what struck me as good words:

“The value of a college training extends, as you know, “far beyond any direct application to one’s future profession “or calling. It places you upon a wider platform of ideas, “opens up wider avenues of thought, gives a dignity “and interest to the otherwise rather monotonous duty of “living, or, if it does not actually accomplish these things, “it tends at least to make them more possible, and if it fail “in this object the fault is all your own.”

I quote these words because I value them. If we have been stung, we have also been admonished.

I have said, do not neglect your books. Read closely. Let not the insight your school-boy days gave you of what



books contain be lost. Study history of men and nations. Whatever you read, don't neglect Shakespeare. With the Bible and Shakespeare, Kossuth taught himself not only English, but the best of English.

Biographies of good men must be studied, but if you have no library of good men's lives, do what is better, read good men themselves. The lawyer, the clergyman, and the doctor know much of human nature in its varied phases. The lawyer sees the worst side of men; the clergyman the best as well as the worst; the doctor knows more than they both, for he reads the body as well as the mind.

What has this to do with a shop boy? The shop boy gets, and best gets, a knowledge of men as a shop boy. The continual meeting of the general public in a way where mind and motive lie so openly upon the surface as they do to a boy in a shop, is a school more thorough than that which teaches the lawyer, the clergyman and the doctor. He is a boy of small observation who does not soon spot the meanness of the customer who decries what he wants to purchase. In the haggle of the market human nature shows itself to be good or bad. A fair and open buyer, meeting a fair and honest seller, are fit companions for the gods, and a capital school for boys. A mean buyer, tricky and fibbing, the boy learns to checkmate, and if he sells to him he carefully guards his master's rights, and in after life becomes himself master among men in virtue of the knowledge of the motives which lie knows may govern men. A boy learns the very footfall of a schemer and equally the briskness of an honest man. George Peabody, the great London merchant, learned in a Yankee store *who to trust, and who to avoid*.

Let me mention what I consider young men should do while young. The customer of the house you should treat with the most particular courtesy and kindness. Many little services you can render to those who trade with the firm you serve, which come better from young men than from the employer or heads of the house. I have known boys to amuse

themselves in making fun of those to whom they should have been kind and civil. I have known other boys who, with quickness, would anticipate the wants and wishes of humble folks, and the more humble the more the kindness was felt, and afterwards returned.

This, let me tell you, is a good sign: if a courteous man or boy from the country, among our more simple population, our farming and fishing people, is called by his Christian name. If a boy in a store attending to the men who come from their schooners or from their teams, is called with familiarity, though kindly, by his Christian name, you may be sure he is both liked and trusted.

If I was setting up in business as a young man, and if offered £1,000 of capital as a free gift, or to be familiarly known as "William," it implying that I was liked and trusted, I would consider the "William" was the better capital of the two. A proud, reserved man, who resents a kindly familiarity, is a *fool*.

It was always Joe Howe, John Esson, John Duffus, Ben Wier; and if shorter, as Joe, or John, or Ben, so much the more worth.

Habits of industry are acquired in youth, and once acquired, do not desert their possessor, and some would say must lead on to fortune.

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We may now profitably pass on to consider the course of the merchant when he has, with a fair knowledge of his trade, set up for himself. If the merchant has not the habit of industry he may be at once dismissed, as sure to pass on in these days of competition to the Court of Bankruptcy.

He may, however, have a style of work which is in itself unprofitable and fruitless. There is a fussiness which yields no profit, there is a laboriousness which overlooks profitable chances.

I knew a hard-working man, a miller, who worked early and late,—but had a great passion, it must have been, for driving his own team. He was getting to be an old man, when he complained to me that he was, with all his hard work, but little more than a poor man. I was struck with his case, but, thinking of it, I said to him that he was himself to blame; he had worked too hard. He said “How?” He did not see how a man could work too hard in his own interest. I said, “You have driven your own team, up and down.” *Yes, he had.* “Well,” I said, “you have done carter’s work, and you have received carter’s wages.” He had no right to complain.

Now to the industrious merchant I would say: Yours is a skillful profession, be sure you do skilled work.

Successful merchants have a quality best described as “Push.” Common industry loses much if it is not enforced by this quality. It accomplishes results that steady work is unequal to. A ship comes into port to discharge and take in a cargo. The pushing man gets her away with despatch; the merely steady man does not so inspire all around him with the spring that accomplishes the work, and the ship remains longer in port, to the detriment of her owner.

There are also higher qualities, as promptness and decision, which may be cultivated and improved, but will always be easier for some men than for others. The slow man makes a poor attendant at an auction sale; while he is ponderously thinking, down goes the hammer, and with it his chance of purchasing that which he was wanting.

If a bill of exchange is to be bought or sold, the broker gives no time for thinking slowly. Trade has its shots upon the wing!

Our argument has assumed that a merchant must be industrious, must have push, promptness and decision; yet what are these qualities without integrity, without truth, without common honesty? They may succeed for a while, but only until

men discover so strange a thing exists as a Trade without Truth.

You may wonder at an old merchant writing of so strange a case as a Trade without Truth. It is my experience that in this country men bred to trade—of the old Saxon race,—are honest men. I speak of the Saxon race, for they are hereditary traders, trading qualities are in them set and have become part of their nature. I have trusted men freely and with but little loss; and where I have hesitated to trust, it has often been from a feeling of their want of skill rather than their want of honesty. But at the same time, remember my experience goes back forty years, mostly before the modern Bankrupt Act made compromise legal, and very easy, and with a low percentage. I am not sure I am a safe pilot in these latitudes. I do not know that men are as sensitive to unpaid debts as they were thirty or even ten years ago.

I have used the word “com non honesty.” This I take to mean honesty in its more distinct phases. To give good weight, not to disguise a quality, to be exact in reckoning, to pay our debts without any evasion, I would cover by the term “common honesty.” These acts of honesty are common alike to all who sell what they may produce,—the farmer, the fisherman, the mechanic.

The merchant has a large trust and must have a more generous integrity than that ruled by the simple charge not to steal or to defraud.

Let me, if possible, explain. The farmer grows a bushel of grain and takes it to market. He has simply to show an honest sample and to ask and get the best price he can for it. He hears that sales of corn were made last market day at \$1.00 a bushel. He thinks it right to ask \$1.10, or a dollar and twenty cents, and if an expert buyer gives a price above that of the last market day, he feels it is all right, that some change in far away markets warrants this advance.

A merchant in many of his transactions is similarly situated. He tries the market by asking the price in advance

of the late prices, and if he gets it from a skillful buyer, he may be sure it is a fair one. But a merchant has in the greatest number of cases to deal with men who, from a distance, intrust him to fix the price between him and them; and now it is the *man* will shew, while he has his own interests to subserve, he has to put himself in the place of the buyer. He has to drive as hard a bargain against himself as he knows his correspondent would do if he were present and not conducting the purchase by correspondence.

A good man, with a clear head, will so conduct such business as comes to him by a letter, that his correspondent will wish for no other mode of trade.

An honourable merchant will not write abroad that which is not strictly true; he will not, with a power gained by constant dealing, overpersuade his neighbour in matters of value. I have known the cunning man to put off upon the less experienced one, goods in a fallen market,—flatter and persuade him. I have seen the bitten one groaning, that he had “bought the rabbit.” What is this gain of a dollar a barrel upon one hundred barrels of flour to compare with the scorn of men that follow such transactions? He may say of his neighbour, “His eyes were his market.” I would say, “*He wronged the man.*”

“Do as you would be done by” is a more comprehensive law than “*thou shalt not steal.*”

An honourable merchant will more than protect the rights of his client, he will protect the good name and interests of his rival in trade. Call on a good man to open up a transaction, and he will be sure to ask with whom in the same line of business you have been trading, and like enough he will show you that he has no power to serve you better than the house or firm from which you may have carelessly turned away.

He does not care for customers too whimsical. If you were treated fairly, you should yourself be fair. Be frank

and open. Frankness is truth sparkling with humour and manliness.

The staid and steady man does not like men given to change. But what would you say of the man, who though he would be safe to give good weight and fair quality, would run down a neighbour's goods, and by baits and underselling would catch a customer for himself away from another?

The world might call him an honest man. His neighbour who knew his tricks, would not likely esteem him highly.

Such things I have seen, and while passing would say,— That I never, though often annoyed and mortified, have in the long run had any cause to say I really lost or suffered by such conduct; I never knew a mean or dirty trick of trade that did not punish its perpetrators. Some may say competition warrants such strife. I do not think we should covet our neighbour's customers any more than we should covet his goods.

I have known men to be glad, and to chuckle over a misunderstanding that gave them trade. *This is mean; a good man will not do so.*

Good weight, fair quality, just prices, a nice regard for the interests of those with whom he deals, an honourable truthfulness towards his competitor in trade, is what we expect from a prosperous man; we will not be content with less.

But how is it with him who, from want of skill or opportunity, is not a prosperous man; who having made bad debts or from the shrinkage of the value of his goods, overborne by charges of interest, taxes and rents out of proportion to his business, finds his capital daily wasting away, then finds he has not enough to pay his debts? Then comes the horrid thought that he is risking and wasting other men's money. What should be the man's course? He should halt and shake himself free. That men rarely ever halt while they can float along is too much the case. Failure follows. Their fellow merchants seldom are hard, often forgiving; generally

such a case is anticipated. Fellow feeling and kindly charity is shown to the unfortunate man who does his best to gather all that may be gotten from the wreck. He will be helped again. This is for him who has struggled against and never planned his failure.

But the man who coolly calculates that a large and widespread wreck will give him the opportunity of making a profitable compromise, I will not stop to speak. I say, out upon the man. Never trust him again. He may have a fine house, and an accomplished family, may sit high in the synagogue; he shall have no friendship of ours.

Young men, I have tried to impress upon you the importance of industry and integrity. A man of industrious habits, but not honest, will not make a merchant. But even if honest and industrious he must have the quality of steadiness or perseverance; "if unstable as water, he shall not excel." He must choose a line of business and stick to it. The rule of division of labour is more and more coming in to the rule of business. Specialties are more and more asserting themselves. I strongly recommend concentrating your labour and energy upon a distinct business. In old times business was much mixed. A man sold all general commodities his customers wanted,—cotton, cloth, iron and groceries. The first division of trade I remember in Halifax was, firstly, a stationer's store, then a hat store, then a shoe store. Dry goods and hardware each set up for themselves. Groceries and liquors went together, now each branch is again divided. I see a young man pushing a trade in sugar, another house selling tea, and so on. In older countries it is still more so.

Under the head of steadiness I would recommend this division of labour and concentration of energy upon one pursuit. It is probably not so interesting as a diverse business, but if more in accord with the times, it must be the rule.

I would also call attention to the importance of the young merchant being a thorough bookkeeper. Let nothing short of keeping your books by double entry satisfy you, no system

of single entry can be relied on. Double entry can be easily mastered. It is not as profound as the First Book of Euclid, although I am sorry to say many who have mastered Euclid have never mastered Bookkeeping. No other system will give confidence in your business reckoning. It is simply that every entry in your books is posted to the debit of one account and the credit of another. If your books balance, that is, add up alike on each side, the right hand and the left, then you may be assured you have written and added them correctly. Beyond this you have only to classify your accounts to suit your own convenience. A term at the Commercial College should be of great help to the young man going into trade.

I am not sure that other classes would not be the better of an insight into the practical modes of account.

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A chapter might here be written on the importance to a merchant of small gains and exact dealings and savings. A man might be industrious, honest and persevering, and yet from a loose mode of business might permit small leaks about his establishment, which would steal away the cream of his profits. By such leaks I mean carelessness in small matters, odds and ends of time wasted by clerks and porters, losses by interest and all charges on stock allowed to lie about, rather than pushed even at a sacrifice into a return of the capital invested.

Some firms have a bad fashion, it may be called a vice, that of keeping a stock on hand out of proportion to their sales. I have known embarrassment to ensue from no other cause; young men are apt to keep too much stock on hand. It takes a good deal of experience to teach the back run of interest; it is a silent, never ceasing drawback; so please be warned, and pardon my thinking it of importance enough to bring to your notice.

Remember, the saved shilling becomes the seed of a hundred. I do not know of any law of arithmetic which will



measure fast enough the growing power of a *saved capital*. Saved capital, not the inherited capital or the capital secured by a lucky hit; it not only increases mathematically, but it secures an independence of immense value. And yet while acknowledging the power of saving, beware of that hateful vice,—the avarice which grows with age.

*Enterprise*.—I should like to descant upon this feature of a merchant's character, from its popular side,—the view which general writers indulge in, but in all honesty I must be careful.

I cannot say that I consider it to be a cardinal need for the complete character of a merchant, if by enterprise is meant something in a man of business which is extra or foreign to its proper sphere.

Enterprise, speculation and over-trading are not the same, but they are nearly allied, and taper as it were from the first to the last.

To the young man who is using a borrowed capital, I would say, be not allured by others' enterprises; of your own look well to the chances.

Plodding, though seemingly less generous, is the safer of the two.

To the wealthy merchant who has a surplus to invest, I would not tender advice; he is well able to direct his own affairs. That which is a dangerous speculation to a man of moderate means is to the wealthy man but an interesting stimulant of trade.

Let wealthy men, while they are yet young enough to be hopeful and old enough to be careful, let them be our enterprising men, and they must be prepared to meet with losses as well as gains. I could, but will not, allude to some of our Nova Scotia enterprises in which merchants' capital has been sunk. There are some which carry with them so noble a purpose that even loss is gain.

We have opened coal mines with a daring zeal; our Yarmouth friends have, in their railroad, shown that they could

launch out boldly, and they deserve our praise and admiration.

The Atlantic telegraph venture was such an enterprise. The pioneers lost their money, their successors have a profitable investment.

But *balance it well*. Most men will tell you that they have not made a profit upon enterprises outside of their own business.

There are many old saws to fix this upon our memories.

After what I have said of the qualities a young man should have to ensure success, I think I hear some young man saying, "But what is the use of my being industrious, honest and steady? I have no *capital* to begin with."

This is a mistake. If a man cultivates those qualities, he has a capital. He will get both credit and customers. I take it for granted he has that extra *half ounce of brains* so indispensable to success. How does it work? Trade is largely carried on by capitalists, who, the larger their business grows, have to manage it more by routine than by the personality of their partners.

The head of a large house cannot give his personal attention to much of its business, it is under strict rules, managed by clerks.

The young man managing his own affairs personally can secure a trade by his very personality. The old houses have their capital and routine; the young man, by a personal intercourse with his customer, wins his regard and possible friendship. Men are not machines, they like to see and know each other; and it is evident that the advantage in this way is on the side of the young; while on the other hand the old houses have greater experience and the advantage of old connections.

But for the comfort of young men, I would have them remember that most of the old houses have been founded by men whose chief capital was their personality, their power of being useful to those whom they served.

Of a merchant's needs I have written chiefly, the *well-balanced mind* which, with *faith, trusts the unseen*. I hope before we are done you will feel that this is not a stilted sentiment, fuller of sound than sense. Dwelling upon it, I could not see what was the worth of industry, honesty and perseverance, of all the power of making or saving money, if after all there was no faith.

The merchant has large calls for faith. Without this quality his credits, granted to other men, will be but gambling upon the chances; trading upon the laws of average. True, these laws of average are very good, and when men cannot personally know each other, must be used.

But what a heartless substitute for the kindly confidence begotten of mutual appreciation, a knowledge of each other's worth, and a trust in the good that is in men.

The best merchants have ever been the most trusting. Some would say, never trust a man until you know him. I would say—rather advise,—trust that you may know him. Let this, however, be done with prudence; do not venture with so much in any man's keeping, if unproved, that its loss would embarrass; in homely proverb, “Do not put too many eggs in one basket.”

Have faith in *principles*. Have courage to look to the right, to say “No,” when it should be said, courteously but firmly.

So much for worldly prudence. For the faith that looks higher, cultivate that confidence in the unseen, that you shall have assurance that, come gain or come loss, all comes from the hand of the kind Ruler of events.

“Pour forth thy fervor for a healthful mind,  
Obedient passions and a will resigned;  
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill,  
For love that scarce collective man can fill,  
For faith, that, panting for a higher state,  
Counts death kind nature's signal for retreat.”

These lines from Doctor Johnson contain a proverbial philosophy that would take time to exhaust.

How the old growler pounded with his maxims! He assumed a roughness to hide his large heart.

What man or merchant, to whom the healthful mind is not the complement of all his worth?

Obedient passions and the will resigned are not the inheritance of any; they are only won in the lessons of life, longer or shorter as the grace of God prevails.

Patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill. Of very few it can be said, while in the whirl of business, that this great virtue is theirs; but I know of no finer sight than to see the man who has been impatient, petulant, almost fierce, gradually under the discipline of a business life, and with increasing years grow mellow and kindly to all around,—like the best wine, which does not sour but improves with age.

“For love that scarce collective man can fill,  
 Proper and fullest blessing of a Christian life,  
 For faith, that, panting for a higher state,  
     This grace sublime,  
     This gate of Heaven,  
     This need of all,  
 I leave the world's great teachers to enforce.”

Gentlemen, have I persuaded you that a merchant's needs are of the highest class? He cannot do with less. His calling is a high and honourable one, requiring the highest qualities most assiduously cultivated. They generally end in wealth. Take to them, not for their end, but for the daily discipline they ensure. Show that it is no disparagement to be a merchant.

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I had thought to stop here, but feel as if a word more should be added.

In the discussion of a merchant's needs, while we have dwelt upon the value of a practical knowledge, a technical knowledge more correctly, which has to be gained in youth to be acquired well, we must not, in these days in which a higher style of education is becoming more general, overlook such higher education.

The learned professions, from time immemorial, have taken rank above the arts of trade. On the very surface we see good reason for this.

The clergyman has to instruct his parishioners in the great truths of Holy Writ. The English version being only a translation, though mostly used, had to be fortified by appeal to the original, in the ancient languages. The clergyman had to be a scholar. Not so with the merchant of the country village. He gathered the corn, and sold the cloth, or iron, or tea, or sugar, without, in olden times, being able to read an English book. To cast accounts was the great desideratum—the bounds of his learning.

The lawyer who, undertaking to make men's causes his own, and defend and plead before all comers in the great courts of law, had of necessity to be as highly educated as the best he might meet. Much law might be quoted from the Greeks and Romans. If he was masterless he would be but a poor protector for the wronged, and would have but few if any clients.

Not so the merchant, he having customers depending more upon the quality and price of his goods than upon his educational superiority.

The physician has always been a learned man. Medical science has come down from the old Greeks. His title is Greek. The names of diseases are mostly Greek. Who but a Greek scholar could nicely comprehend that which was described as bronchitis, neuralgia, paralysis, or even a twinge of rheumatism? A quack may do without knowledge, but not a doctor.

Thus you see Society is right in calling these the learned professions, and giving them rank before the trader. The greater stimulus this should be to our young traders. Let not the Common School education you have received suffice. Let it not satisfy you.

Let the clergyman be abler in Greek and Hebrew; let the lawyer quote Latin law; let the doctor, if needful, think in

the language of dead men; but when it comes as to who, in the great gatherings of men, alive with every instinct, is for the front; let it not be said that the merchant must fall to the rear. And fall to the rear you must unless you train. Train how? Why, in all that has widened in intellect the classes who somewhat in this argument do challenge us.

Keep up your reading, your Latin and Greek, if you have any; think over what you read and hear; think, and having thought, train your thoughts into a clear and concise arrangement, that when expressed, shall convey to others what they do to yourself and what you mean they should.

As to this classical education, carried to that high point which gives volume and beauty to our language, and which secures to us the gems of thought that ancient races have in epigram and clear incisive logic handed down to us, we cannot all compass or enjoy.

We cannot all be rich in learning any more than we are in land, yet we would not overlook that there is a polish, from even a High School insight into the classics, which, like that of good society, is indescribable and always to be recognized.

French and German are more than accomplishments; they are needful, if we would keep apace with merchants of other countries. Yet our English is the dominant language of this world of trade, and many educated men have been content with it. Still I strongly urge our young men to master French, and I say this, because in our Parliament it is the language of so large a section of the people of the Dominion.

What so graceful a compliment to the French people among us, as to show them you have been at the trouble of acquiring their language?

And who is to go to Ottawa—who to Parliament—is to be a member of the House of Commons, to be a man by a fluke? It is the greatest position a merchant may reasonably aspire to.

Trust you may be wanted in the service of your country. Get yourself ready; men are scarce; *all too late*, if not prepared.

There is something higher than gathering dry and pickled fish, or in fitting out ships, or packing bales of dry goods, or dealing in paint and oil, hardware, drugs and medicines.

Learn to be ready for public service, as the seaman of old England was equally a sailor and a fighting man. So let the young merchant remember that his working powers, his truth, his *faith in God and man*, should be as ready for his country's service as for his own.

Let it be *not merely* to make money, but *mostly* to serve others more than he would serve himself, and as the legend of the old Glovers of Perth runs, let it be,—

The perfect beauty of a Trade,  
The glory of a Craft,  
Is not in wealth,  
But moral worth,  
Whereby virtue gains renown.

To illustrate what I have been endeavouring to set forth as a *Merchant's Needs*, and to which you have so kindly listened, I would like to call your attention to the examples we have in the lives of eminent and successful merchants. I might with much profit use names which are historical, such as the Barings, with their great chiefs, Lord Ashburton and Northbrook; Stephen Girard of Philadelphia; the Hopes of Amsterdam; Baxters of Dundee; Stuarts of Derby; Bairds of Gartsherne; Titus Salt of Saltaire, and many others; but I prefer to keep, if you will allow me, to names of those I have known, equally rich in my opinion, with brilliant and solid example. I shall begin with that of Samuel Cunard.

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#### SIR SAMUEL CUNARD.

Beyond all comparison, the name of our merchant that is best known outside of Nova Scotia is that of Sir Samuel Cunard.

To the younger of us he is personally unknown, and it is only our middle-aged and seniors who remember his brisk

step, his quick and ready movements. All he touched he did with air of "Push," which so highly distinguished him.

Looking back among the merchants of the past, I consider him the ablest man I have known as a merchant of Halifax, and shall endeavour to tell what I have seen and heard of him.

He was the son of Abraham Cunard, a merchant of the olden times, having removed to Halifax from Philadelphia.

Halifax was a small place in those days. I have no doubt the business of Abraham Cunard was in keeping with the times. The larger firms in Halifax were branches of London, Liverpool and Glasgow houses. All the importing business was done by these houses.

Mr. Cunard's father followed a humble calling. His son Samuel, the eldest of many able sons, began life as a clerk in the Engineer Department. This was in the war time, and led young Cunard to be thrown among the officials of the Army and Navy.

The first I ever heard of his trading was his purchase of a prize vessel, not a large ship, but a good bargain, which gave him a useful sum to begin with. He left the Public Service, and with his father traded as "Abraham Cunard & Son." His brothers were active men, several of them going to sea as captains, and pretty much together they prosecuted the West India trade.

When I was a boy, I remember Cunard's wharf being the principal West India goods depot.

From the first he was the head of the firm. Its dealings were very prosperous. A very profitable agency, that of the old East India Company, which he obtained by a visit to England in early life, was at once the result and the reward of his enterprise. Few now remember, but it was the case that this great company had at that time a monopoly of the tea trade. All the tea consumed in the Lower Provinces was sold by them from Halifax through the agency of the Cunards.



This led to the building of the stone warehouse at the head of Cunard's Wharf.

The trade was direct from China. The yearly arrival of the tea ships was quite an event. Sales were made periodically, and bold buyers, knowing the stores would not be opened for a definite period, often bid in large lots, most advantageously to themselves. One of my first essays at auction was the bidding when, but a boy, at a tea sale. Mr. Cunard himself acting as auctioneer. My announcing to him my name was my first introduction. He took it down with a pleasant recognition of the name; we were always good friends after this. I take it his personality to me was only just what it was to others. He had the power of impressing himself upon those he met or was among.

Mr. Cunard was one of several who started the Halifax Bank, which for a long time was the only bank in Halifax, and had all the banking profits of the day.

The agency of the General Mining Association gave Mr. Cunard's house profitable business.

About the year 1830, when Mr. Cunard was 40 years of age, he was estimated as being worth not less than two hundred thousand pounds. The firm had forty vessels under their control, and the purchase of large tracts of land in P. E. Island, almost townships, showed his discrimination and helped to make the estate of his family what it now is—a very rich one.

A very large timber trade was being done from the Miramichi River. The Cunards opened a house at Chatham for this trade; it must have been about the year 1820, and for twenty years or more shipped from that river a large proportion of its exports,—dividing the trade with the great house of Gilmore & Rankin. This business resulted in loss to the brothers, so that in 1840 it had made large inroads into the means of the Halifax house.

Mr. Cunard, as I have said, had in early life formed an intimacy with the officials who presided over the affairs of the

Army and Navy of this port. You can easily understand how useful an energetic man, with a large personal business around him, could be to admirals and generals, who in the sharp times of the old war had need of prompt help in matters Government had not provided for. In such cases, to send for Mr. Cunard was at once to overleap a difficulty. If any stores were to be provided, he could more promptly than any one of his time, meet the want,—and generously he was paid.

The Packet Service, in a small way, he tendered for, and for many years performed between this port and Boston and Bermuda. The Cunard line of steamers is but the outgrowth from two small schooners, which before the use of steam did packet service,—the *Lady Ogle* to Boston, and the *Lady Strange* to Bermuda.

It was in the year 1838 that the British Government, following the march of improvement, resolved to sever the Mail Service from the Admiralty, and transfer it to the Post Office Department. The old gun brigs from Falmouth, of bad notoriety, were advertised to give place to a line of steamers from Liverpool, or rather the Government proposal was merely to put steam in the place of sails. They advertised for a small class of steam mail boats. Mr. Cunard, who happened to be in England in that year, had his attention attracted to this advertisement. The small schooners with which for so many years he had done contract mail work, led him to the conclusion that he could as well tender for steam service, to meet the requirements of Government between England and Halifax.

His intimacy with the Admirals and high English officials who had visited Halifax, made the approach on his part towards the heads of the Admiralty and the Post Office Department a very easy matter. He was a skillful diplomatist,—I have thought, looking at little Lord John Russell, whom he personally resembled (though of a larger mould), that he was the ablest man of the two. After many

interviews with the Postmaster-General, Mr. Cunard, having been down among the Scotch steamship builders, convinced the Government that it was in the public interest to connect the passenger traffic with the mail service. They gave up the idea of having the work done by small-sized steamers for mail service alone, and adopted Mr. Cunard's ideas of a larger class of vessels to sail from the commercial port of Liverpool, and not from the old mail service port of Falmouth.

Mr. Cunard was indebted to Mr. Napier, of Glasgow, for the larger views which prevailed and made his name famous. His practical talent led him into a partnership with some gentlemen of Glasgow, who had the best experience in steamships, and who further than this, had a command of capital in that good city. Mr. Cunard's talent as a diplomatist told splendidly for the Company's interest in his contract.

It was only after many years that the Atlantic service was opened to the competition of all comers. By this time the Cunard Line had so far established a great character that competitors had a hard road to travel.

I trust you have followed Mr. Cunard's personal talent through this narrative. Again he became a rich man. During the Crimean War, Mr. Cunard was able to do signal service to the British Government. It was thus: You will remember that when England went into that war the Government, for want of promptness, made some serious mistakes, especially in the transport of men and stores. The Minister of War was at his wits' end; he thought of the Cunard Line of steamers and sent for Mr. Cunard, who then lived in England. The fleet of the Company's steamers was of ample dimensions. Mr. Cunard, seeing the Government wanted his ships, placed all that could possibly be taken from the mail service at the Government's disposal, and that promptly—no haggle of price, no driving a good bargain for the Company. His canny Scotch partners may have thought him over-trustful in public generosity. He knew his case. The result was

the Cunard fleet made good work up the Mediterranean, landing men and stores more promptly and with better delivery than the Government transports had done. This brought good pay to the Company. They became richer and more powerful, and as a recognition of Mr. Cunard's work, the Government of the day made him Sir Samuel, Baronet, a title which is hereditary, and is now in the third possessor, his grandson, Sir Bache.

The Cunard Steamship Company has built and equipped no less than 122 steamships since its organization, thirty-five years ago. It affords constant employment, at the present time, to 10,000 men, and pays one-thirteenth of the tonnage dues at Liverpool. The ships employed in the transatlantic service are valued at \$20,000,000. The Cunard is one of the largest and most successful steamship companies in the world.

I should have mentioned that Mr. Cunard was a member of the Council when it was both Executive and Legislative—when worthy gentlemen liked to govern and do good in their own way,—when to question was to find fault and be a Radical. Mr. Howe, singularly enough, at these times left Mr. Cunard alone. I never heard them speak of each other. On opposite sides of politics, each was himself too large to care for capital made at the other's expense.

Need I dwell upon Mr. Cunard's career as an example of a worthy merchant? He was a very able man, and I am happy to say I believe also a good man. In early life he was somewhat imperious. He believed in himself,—he made both men and things bend to his will; but in his later years, and I saw him somewhat intimately, not long before his death at about 75 years of age, he was as mellow and as fine an old gentleman as I ever wish to meet.

I have said he was an able man, a skillful diplomatist, and yet I do not know that he ever made a public speech. His speech was like Nelson's, epigrammatic. "To see your duty and to do it" would have been his word as it was his way. Let me commend him to you as one who was an honor to his country, and whom you would do well to emulate.

## RICHARD KIDSTON.

OF the men I have known as an example to our rising and coming merchants, I would like to use something of the story of this gentleman.

He was a Halifax man, although known mostly as a Glasgow merchant. As long as I can remember he was the head of the house of William Kidston & Sons, who have had so general a Nova Scotia business, that I feel warranted in asking of you some measure of interest.

It is now about 92 years (nearly a century ago) since he was born on the old corner of George street and Bedford Row; "the son of William Kidston and Katherine, his wife," as the old papers run. By the same token I see the deed of this house was made in 1786 by one of whom you have heard as a merchant of the past,—Brook Watson, of London, and Robert Rashleigh his partner, and is witnessed by Jonathan Sterns and Simon Bradstreet Robie.

Another fine old name I see to these deeds, as a witness, that of Charles Hill, the most eminent Halifax merchant of the early part of this century. Also occur the names of J. B. Dwight and John Solomon, Deputy Registrar. These names will awaken recollections of the olden time.

I see Mr. Kidston gave Brook Watson £1,000 and paid off a local mortgage to John Fillis of £242, making it cost £1,242, a good sum of money you would think, for a small lot in the 36th year of the settlement of Halifax.

When Mr. Kidston came to Halifax I do not know, but he carried on business in the Market Square. His business must have grown to some considerable dimensions, because we find the better to carry on the trade from Pictou and the Miramichi River (it was the timber trade homeward and the export of British goods outward), he removed about the year 1810 with his sons to Glasgow. There he established the house of Wm. Kidston & Sons, leaving his Halifax trade to be continued by one of his sons, with two English gentlemen as partners, as the firm of Kidston, Dobson & Telford.

My father, who had been in the employ of Mr. Kidston as a co-clerk with his sons, set up a business for himself, receiving his goods from the Glasgow house, which after a few years he mostly represented in the Halifax trade. Mr. Richard was about three years my father's senior; they each highly esteemed the other.

Halifax in those days was somewhat of a Scotch colony. The old folks, Mr. Kidston among them, looked well to the education of their children. Mr. Kidston, who is the subject of our remarks, was a fairly educated man. His letters were models of clearness and most precise diction. His kindly personal intercourse is well remembered by almost every Halifax merchant that ever visited Glasgow for the fifty years that preceded his death; and not only business men, but he had so kindly a feeling for Nova Scotia that whether in business or not, every Nova Scotian that visited Glasgow was welcomed if he called on him.

The students at Edinburgh from this country, and most of our medical men took their degrees at Edinburgh; all knew and valued him.

From their firm having vessels in the trade almost as packets, the Scotch clergymen that came to Nova Scotia mostly came out under his kind introduction. These men are now fast passing away, but through Cape Breton and the Scotch parts of Nova Scotia the Old Country clergymen all have a warm heart to Mr. Kidston.

There is nothing that I know of sailing out from Nova Scotia so old as the line of packets I have mentioned. To many of you the Clyde River at Glasgow is well known with its forests of shipping. Will you believe this is all modern? The first sea-going vessel that went up this river to the Bromilaw, before this only the resort of herring boats, was a small brig built at Maitland for Mr. Kidston; she sailed from the Market Wharf, and returned again. Some of you remember the later vessels that have filled up the gap between this Maitland brig and the ship Roseneath, all owned and managed

for over 60 years by Mr. Kidston's firm. Surely this is a good example of steadiness; in all he did he as steadily followed the true course of a business life. He was a very true and faithful man. It was of him I was thinking when I spoke of the virtues of a simple merchant, holding the balances so fairly that statesmen might wish for his good name.

He was a good counsellor, as is witnessed by the men who sending from Scotland to this new country the ministers of their Church, never moved without his advice. He was very careful. The theory of the power of small gains and exact savings he exemplified most thoroughly. Do not fancy he was ever small in his ways. He would turn down the gas at his office desk when done with it as carefully as if he was a poor man who doubted he might not be able to pay the bill, and yet his savings were only to gain the power to give. He was a good Churchman, and when the Free Church branched off from the old, it was Mr. Kidston who, with his purse, was almost the centre of the grand scheme which that Church developed in the support of its ministry. Schemes which might well be a pattern to others.

Mr. Kidston was very fond of Halifax, and as he became old it showed itself in his thoughts going back to the scenes of his youth. Almost two years before his death, Mrs. Stairs and I made a visit to Scotland, and spent some time at his house on the shores of the Clyde. He seemed, by our being from Halifax, to connect us with himself, and suggested we should come over and live near him. Really tempted my wife with showing off a beautiful house then for sale not far from his pleasant Sea Bank.

How delighted he was when he found he could realize the spot where we lived, by drawing a straight line from Fort Massey to the Lumber Yard, places to him so familiar.

Pardon me for noting these trifles. We have warrant, if we could, to strew flowers upon our old men's graves, if it were only the *dainty wee wild flowers*, as the Scotch lassie called the gowans at Mr. Kidston's gate.

I began to write of him for your example. I find how much I loved the man; many pleasant days have I spent at his home, always welcome and indeed more than welcome, part of themselves. On one occasion I arrived at Sea Bank, after having been absent from Scotland some two years. The family were all from home; the servants, who knew who I was, would not allow me to be the stranger. Evening came, the household gathered for worship, the Book was placed before me, then but a young man, with no alternative but to be the chaplain of the night.

It is worth our while to notice the steadiness of these British merchants. How few we ever know and see in this country who, in the third generation, conduct a business with a growing volume of trade. I know many such in England and Scotland.

Mr. Kidston's sons are now so doing. The youngest of them contemporary with myself and the eldest, Mr. William, an active public man, taking, as in Scotland is done, his name from his place known in church and politics as Fernigair, and "Fernigair" is all but a synonym for the thorough conservative. When he rises, churchmen and politicians know that work is before them.

Though many have no sympathy with his Church ideas or his political views, yet in one line of his public duties all go heartily with him. He tolls the curfew bell of the Scottish public houses, shortening their hours, and as Justice of the Peace, is down upon them for Sunday selling.

These few short remembrances of Mr. Kidston I close, feeling as if I have turned another page of the Book of the Past. It is well to have dwelt a while upon this good man's life and virtues. Let us cherish as we may the memories of those we love. We shall be all forgotten soon enough.

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JOHN TOBIN.

THE habits of some men are mechanical: their lives run in grooves. It seems as if in early youth, pondering the maxims



of Poor Richard, their virtues had crystallized. Success becomes with them a matter of calculation, it can be worked out by the Rule of Three. I would not disparage such men. I wish there were more of them, but they are men of cold natures, seldom favourites.

Such a man was not John Tobin. With the impulses and genius of his countrymen, he was a man of many friends, of a fine practical talent, without which he would not have risen from the small beginnings of his trade. I suppose I met him every day for over thirty years. He knew the resources and trade of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland thoroughly. He had a capital judgment. His business grew steadily from its beginning, it soon overleaped its boundaries. At first mostly confined to a trade in boots and shoes from the manufactories of Massachusetts, who does not remember the truck loads of fishermen's boots, going and coming from his store, a trade happily now supplanted by our own factories, by Taylor, Yates and others.

This change, so welcome for public reasons, lessened not the business of Mr. Tobin and his firm. General American and European trade had taken the place of that which had been displaced.

In politics he well represented his countrymen. He caught the spirit of the times, as a representative man should, and if he differed from so many of his friends on the great question which so occupied his thoughts towards the close of his life, was it not that by the very nature of the man, he of a necessity had to take up with the wide and expansive scheme of a great Confederation rather than be content with the prudent retention of our own old Nova Scotian government and ways.

Young men, for one of you who will come up to the standard of John Tobin, there will be many below.

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If time would permit, and you would listen, I should like to mention other names known to us all, and discuss their

characters, their training and education for our example—names of our own countrymen.

Thomas Killam, when he grew to manhood, found Yarmouth the home of a few like himself,—used to the sea,—sailing in small vessels to the West Indies and the ports of the United States. The shipping of Yarmouth in 1820 was 2,800 tons; when he died at about 70 years of age, it had increased to 80,000 tons. How many of their best men have been his pupils, and commanded his ships!

Who can estimate the worth of the direction of affairs in that town, the second in the Province, the first in shipping, given by Mr. Killam and by his brother, Mr. Samuel Killam? for their characters were similar, the elder brother only better known as being for so long a representative of his county. His name is intimately connected with the political history of Nova Scotia.

Of George McKenzie of New Glasgow, I would say his country owes him a debt of gratitude. With native strength and force of character he started as a young man in ship building and ship owning. He had of all the men I have known, the greatest power of inspiring men with his own force. It never troubled him to find a man; he made men. The stout young farmers' sons he would seize as relentlessly as would a recruiting sergeant, and before he knew where he was, he had made him the master of a ship. They were known as "the Captain's captains."

He was a man who believed in men. He trusted them. He had great talent for any extra work that was beyond common men's apprehension. To have launched the Great Eastern would have been to him a delight. I mean the Great Eastern in trouble, when she would not move for the engineers who had her in hand.

Ship builders and ship owners of Pictou should, as they do, esteem him as the father of their trade. He worked at a time when the facilities for building were very few compared to the present.

He was for some years in our Legislature. Our old friend Mr. Howe used to delight in George McKenzie; he was an Admiral in his eyes. May he long be among us with his pleasant, cheery smile, so strong and gentle.

I would name Enos Collins, a man not understood by many, but to those who had the key of his character, *a very able man*.

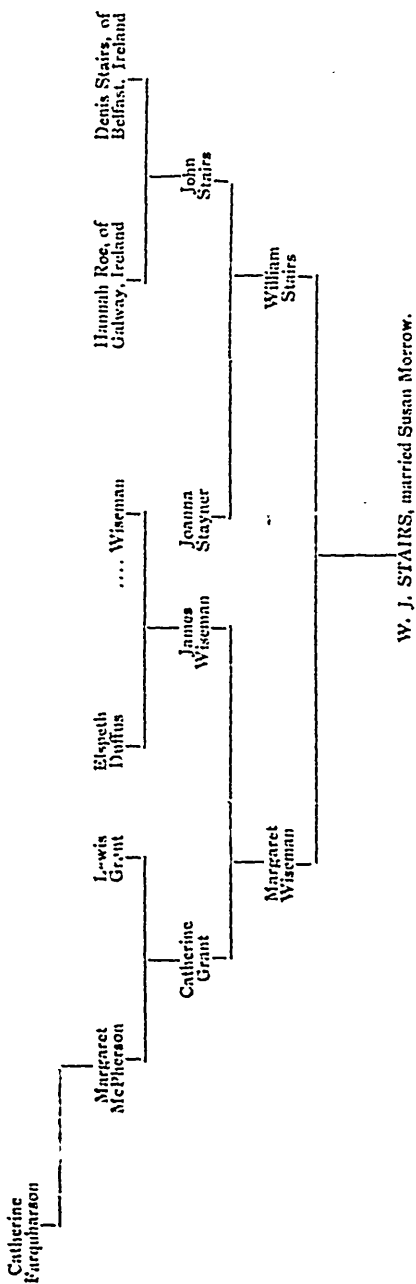
William Murdoch has left many admirers. He became a very rich man, but never lost his sympathy for poor ones. What I liked in him was the entire absence of the self-importance that wealth often brings with it.

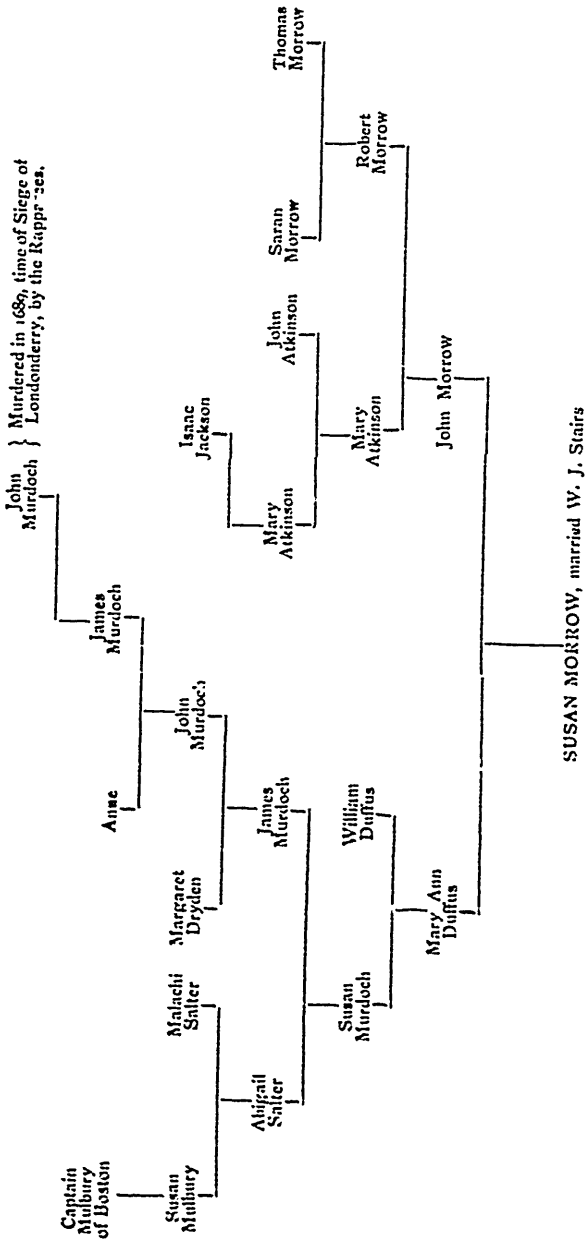
My friend, John Duffus, came nearer to the finished merchant than all the others, in having gone through all the grades of a merchant's training.

Firstly the boy from a cultivated home. Secondly the young shop boy, with a thoroughbred old gentleman merchant, Mr. Bain of respected memory. Then the enterprising young merchant away to England to get his goods first hand, while others were but in the old track. Soon he became the centre of the trade of a large constituency, and for many years was what he has been known to us,—a *wealthy, trusted man* of large heart and active purpose.

Who has not often borne his load more cheerfully, and felt it lighter for the good word of John Duffus?









THE MORROW FAMILY.







## THE MORROW FAMILY

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19 SOUTH STREET, HALIFAX,

*November 20th, 1879.*

I have been intending for some years to put on paper what I can remember of my family history. On the 21st of last October I was 57 years old, and I feel I must not delay this undertaking. I will first give the account of my father's family, and then if spared to do so, will trace my mother's descent.

Isaac Jackson, of Alston Moor, was born in 1699, and lived to be a very old man, dying at the age of 102 years, at High Felling, County Durham, England. I know but very little of the position in life of this old man, but believe he was a yeoman or small farmer, and have always heard that he died in the house in which he was born, and always attended the same church.

Isaac Jackson was blind for the last twenty years of his life, but notwithstanding shaved himself every day. On Sunday, on his way to church he had to cross a bridge made of a single plank; this he did unassisted. Strangers coming to the village always went to see the aged man, who to the last retained the singular brilliancy of complexion so remarkable in one of his great age. Isaac Jackson was a man of high character, beloved by all for his great gentleness and kindness of heart. At his death his funeral was attended by a procession three miles long.

Isaac Jackson's granddaughter, Mary Atkinson, married my grandfather, Robert Morrow. Their eldest son, Isaac

Jackson, was much beloved by my father. My grandfather engaged in some business in which he lost all he possessed. After this I think his son Isaac went to London, got employment, was very successful, and in a few years was able to pay all his father's debts, which had been the sole object of his life. Very soon after he died in London.

My grandfather was a miner, or pitman, as were all his cousins and brothers. I cannot say how many there were of these, but I have heard my father speak of several; some were killed in the mines, particularly his Uncle Thomas, who had family worship in the evening before going down into the mine. Among those thus assembled was my father, then a little boy, and he was deeply impressed by the service of that night. At the conclusion the family sang the old hymn—

“Thee we adore, eternal name,  
And humbly own to Thee  
How feeble is our mortal frame;  
What dying worms we be.”

That night an explosion took place in the mine, and in a few more hours the remains of Thomas Morrow were laid on his kitchen floor. More than 200 were killed at this time and their funeral was attended by 30,000 men, who on the way to the grave united in singing the hymn I have mentioned, and as they passed through the village each house almost gave up its dead.

Some years ago I met the son of Thomas Morrow and he told me that all he knew of his father he had learned from my father.

The miners cling to their old customs even in a new country. My brother Robert writes thus:

“This hymn was used at the Albion Mines among the Newcastle colliers when I was there. The last time I attended a funeral, that of William Lowe, a very old man, all attending the funeral sang from the house to the grave.”

My father, John Morrow, was a boy of good abilities, but seemed to have been allowed a good deal of liberty, for he

often described to me his wanderings through the counties of Durham and York, and was amazed at the great farm kitchens he saw in Yorkshire, with the cakes of barley bread suspended from strings fastened to the ceiling and as black as soot from age and dust.

The pitmen had some wrongs they felt ought to be redressed, so they assembled in a monster meeting on Alston Moor. Lord Brougham, then Mr. Brougham, with some friends stood listening to the chief speaker, a pitman, and one of the gentlemen said, "That is true eloquence." My father said suddenly the very ground seemed to shake beneath them and the regiment of Scots Greys, a thousand strong, galloped on to the Moor. No harm was done, the pitmen quietly dispersed.

After this my father got a place as clerk in the office of the Newcastle paper, "Mercury." Some short time after the son of the proprietor returned from college and the father offered a prize of £100 to the writer of the best poem on a given subject, feeling satisfied his son would obtain it. Unluckily my father won the prize, the judges awarding it to him, and a few days after the poor boy was told his services would be dispensed with at the end of three months.

The verses were entitled the "Battle of Salamaned." Mitchell sent a copy of the paper to my father for many years after. For many years my uncle Robert kept a copy of the paper containing the prize poem.

I will here say I know very little of my grandfather and grandmother Morrow. My father once said to a friend, Mr. Donaldson, that his father did not die, he was translated. And in 1864 I met in England a sister of John Robert Morrow and daughter of Thomas Morrow, who perished in the mine. The old lady was quite overcome while speaking of my grandmother, and said "she was a woman with a very fine mind."

Mr. James Bain was a Halifax merchant, and he directed his agent in Liverpool, England, to send him a clerk; my

father was selected and came to this country when he was about 18 years of age. His fellow clerk was John Duffus, and through him he became acquainted with his mother and family, and in 1820 he married my mother, Maryanne Duffus. After the marriage my parents lived about two years in Guysborough, then returned to Halifax, and my father entered the office of his brother-in-law, Mr. Samuel Cunard. He became head clerk with a salary of £800 a year. My father left Mr. Cunard's employ about the year 1835 and was appointed consul for the United States of America, the first one appointed in Halifax. My father retained this office for some years, when he was dismissed because he was an English subject, and the office was bestowed on William Livingstone, an American.

My father obtained employment in Halifax for some few years and then went to England, and entered the office of John Stephenson, who was then building railways in England; in about one year Mr. Stephenson went to Scotland and with his family lived there for several years. My father resided in Edinburgh, my brother James joined him and attended the high school there and finished his education in it. James returned home, and in about a year my father returned to Halifax, having spent nearly four years in England and Scotland. He then opened an office as notary public, and got a very fair share of business. After some time he was appointed secretary to the government railway undertaking. His experience in the working of English railways well qualified him for the position. He was not only secretary, but paymaster and manager of the line to Bedford, and his duties were very laborious. I cannot remember how long he remained in the employment of the government, but failing health obliged him to resign his office. My father lived but a few years after this and died after a short illness, on the 21st February, 1862, in the 68th year of his age.

I must give a brief description of my father for the benefit of his grandchildren, many of whom never knew him. He

was a thorough gentleman, warm-hearted and affectionate, and especially beloved by children. As a man of business he had a clear head and good judgment, was a most able accountant and was considered to be the best bookkeeper in Halifax. I have heard him say that he invented logarithms long before he ever heard of them being used by arithmeticians. He could put his ideas on paper with great force and clearness, but was, I think, too indolent ever to become an author. He was well acquainted with the best English authors and keenly appreciated their beauties. Any coarseness or vulgarity in writing or conversation angered and annoyed him; it was like smoke to the eyes, and he would fairly shiver with disgust.

My father possessed a knowledge of geology and a love for shells and corals, of which he had a large collection. His tastes were often laughed at, in fact he lived thirty years too soon; at the present day he would be better known and valued. Yet possessed of so many fine qualities, for want of a strong aim and purpose, his life was a failure.

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These lines were written by my father on his slate when a boy at school, aged 16 :

Nay ! bloody fiend, thy reign of power is o'er,  
 Past is thy glory, fallen to rise no more;  
 O'erthrown and humbled, every nation's scoff,  
 Late thou assailed our ears with threats and boasts  
 Engendering war, breathing revenge and death !  
 Oppression, Tyranny, and all their hosts,  
 Numerous as Snowflakes blown by Boreas' breath;  
 By thee led on the embattled host appears,  
 Unnumbered as the sands on ocean shore,  
 Opposed to Russia, who thy power nor fear  
 Nor scorns, but hopes it soon will be no more.  
 And now the winter comes which mocks thy force,  
 Palsies thy soldiers, all thy horses kills,  
 And Russian troops inured to winter's course,  
 Ruthless and wild, of vengeance take their fill;  
 The powers of Europe rise and shake thy throne,  
 Each cry for liberty, and may their will be done!

JOHN MORROW.

My mother died when I was about 13 years of age, and consequently my recollections of her are very imperfect. She was a woman of middle size, good looking and ladylike, and I well remember her beautiful hands and feet. She was singularly truthful, a warm friend, and though all her life in delicate health, was full of energy and spirit. She had a good knowledge of music, French, painting and drawing. When almost a girl, her father lost his property and she earned £120 a year by assisting her aunt in the management of her school; of this sum she retained only a small portion, giving the rest to her mother.

My mother was passionately devoted to her children, very seldom leaving them to enter into society. She died after a few weeks' illness on the 9th of January, 1836, having just passed the age of 40 years, and leaving a family of nine children, the youngest only an infant. The care of the family now devolved upon me. When my father lost his office as consul, our friends thought it best for us all to give up our house, and we all went to live with my dear grandmother Duffus. My father left us for England; James followed him. Mary was adopted by my dear uncle, John Duffus. Isaac had been for some time in his employment and was treated as a son. William had been in the office of S. N. Binney for some few years, but he was led away into temptation and obliged to quit Halifax. Found his way to England and there entered the service of the East India Company. This was I think in the year 1845. He died in India in 1857. William was deserving of pity as well as blame, inasmuch as he never knew a mother's love or watchful care. I should have said that Bessie was named after my aunt, Mrs. Henry Cunard, who had an only child also named Elizabeth. She urged my father to give her our Bessie to bring up as her own child. It was a great trial to part with her, and we did it very unwillingly. Bessie died in Chatham when only two years old; she was a singularly beautiful child.

In another year little Sarah died, a very sweet, fair, blue-eyed little girl, loving and gentle. Just before she was taken ill she was spending the day with her aunt, Mrs. John Duffus. Sitting beside her on a footstool, she suddenly lifted her aunt's foot to her lips and kissed it. Her aunt took her up in her arms and embraced her warmly, and never spoke of Sarah for many years following without great emotion.

Isaac left Halifax about 18.. for Australia, remained there nearly 20 years, returned home for a short time and then went to Buenos Ayres. He is now living in Zapeola, in good health, seemingly happy and contented.

More than nine years had now elapsed since the death of my mother, and during this time I had known little else than trouble and sorrow. My greatest comfort was the love and obedience shown me by my young brothers and sisters, and the companionship of my dear grandmother Duffus.

In June, 1845, I was married, and since that time blessed with a dear, good husband, I have enjoyed every happiness possible in this life. Some of the sorrows common to man have fallen to our lot, God in His wisdom having taken to Himself four of our children. Ethel, a year old, died first; then our first-born, Willie, fourteen years of age; Joanna, and Richard Kidston, each at the age of five months.

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Isaac Jackson, of Alston Moor. Born in or about the year 1689, died at High Felling, County Durham, England, in the year 1812.

Robert Morrow, son of Thomas and Sarah Morrow, born February 9th, 1772, died at Felling, County Durham, February 14th, 1833. His wife, Mary, was daughter of John and Mary Atkinson, and granddaughter of Isaac Jackson, of High Felling, County Durham. She was born January 2nd, 1774.



## CHILDREN.

Isaac Jackson, son of Robert and Mary Morrow, born December 29th, 1792, at Windy Nook, County Durham, died in London; no date.

John, son of Robert and Mary Morrow, born July 5th, 1795, died at Halifax, Nova Scotia, February 21st, 1862, at 3 p. m., and was buried in Camp Hill Cemetery.

Sarah, daughter of Robert and Mary Morrow, born March 28th, 1798, died May 28th, 1800.

Robert, son of Robert and Mary Morrow, born January 15th, 1800, died in Liverpool, England.

Mary, daughter of Robert and Mary Morrow, born February 7th, 1802, married William Law.

Ann, daughter of Robert and Mary Morrow, born November 30th, 1803, married Joseph Gray.

John Morrow, son of Robert and Mary Morrow, married Mary Anne, second daughter of William Duffus and Susannah, his wife, on the 2nd of January, 1820. She was born on November 10th, 1796, in Halifax, N. S., died January 9th, 1836, was buried in St. Paul's Churchyard on the 12th day of the same month.

## CHILDREN.

Susan, daughter of John and Mary Anne Morrow, born October 21st, 1822, married William James Stairs June 16th, 1845.

Isaac Jackson, son of John and Mary Anne Morrow, born April 8th, 1824, died June 18th, 1886, at Zapiola, Buenos Ayres.

William Duffus, son of John and Mary Anne Morrow, born January 24th, 1826, died in Rurrachee, Scinde, East Indias, July 6th, 1857.

Robert, son of John and Mary Anne Morrow, born July 26th, 1827, married Helen, daughter of William and Margaret Stairs, died August 5th, 1885.

Mary, daughter of John and Mary Anne Morrow, born, February 12th, 1829; married John, son of William and Margaret Stairs; died 29th April, 1871.

James Bain, son of John and Mary Anne Morrow, born November 8th, 1831; married Matilda, daughter of the Reverend Matthew Richey; died 10th September, 1880.

Sarah, daughter of John and Mary Anne Morrow, born December 12th, 1832; died March 9th, 1839.

Margaret Elizabeth, daughter of John and Mary Anne Morrow, born March 2nd, 1834; married George J. Troop July 10th, 1855.

Elizabeth Duffus, daughter of John and Mary Anne Morrow, born December 7th, 1835; died at Chatham, N. B., January 13th, 1838.

Robert, son of Robert and Mary Morrow, born at Low Felling, January 15th, 1800; married Eliza, daughter of William and Elizabeth Pallen, born at London, England, October 13th, 1807; married at Miramichi, N. B., August 18th, 1826; died in Liverpool, England.

#### CHILDREN.

John, son of Robert and Eliza Morrow, born June 20th, 1827.

Elizabeth Catherine, daughter of Robert and Eliza Morrow, born November 20th, 1829; died in Chatham, N. B.

Mary Anne, daughter of Robert and Eliza Morrow, born December 3rd, 1831.

Robert, son of Robert and Eliza Morrow, born January 19th, 1833; died, October 19th, 1833.

Joseph Cunard, son of Robert and Eliza Morrow, born November 29th, 1834.

Robert Thomas, son of Robert and Eliza Morrow, born October 2nd, 1836.

Henry Cunard, son of Robert and Eliza Morrow.

Isaac Jackson, son of Robert and Eliza Morrow.

Eliza, daughter of Robert and Eliza Morrow.

William James Stairs, third child and eldest son of William Stairs, and Margaret Wiseman, born 24th September, 1819; married on the 16th June, 1845, to

Susanna Duffus Morrow, eldest child of John Morrow and Mary Anne Duffus, born October 21st, 1822.

#### CHILDREN.

William, their son, born 24th February, 1846; died April 12th, 1860.

John Fitzwilliam, born 19th January, 1848; married Charlotte Fogo, only child of James Fogo, of Pietou, on the 27th April, 1870; married Nellie Gaherty, August 14th, 1895; John died September 26th, 1904, at Toronto.

Maryanne, born 20th September, 1849, married Charles Macdonald 18th May, 1882; died 24th July, 1883.

James Wiseman, born 15th May, 1851; married Jane, eldest daughter of Edward Macdonald.

Margaret Wiseman, born 26th March, 1853; married the Reverend A. J. Townend, 16th June, 1880.

Edward, born 10th July, 1854; married Isabella, second daughter of James Scott.

George, born 29th February, 1856, married Helen Mackenzie, daughter of Captain Mackenzie, October 1st, 1884. Helen died April 13th, 1894.

Ethel, born 26th March, 1857; died 23rd March, 1858.

Herbert, born 21st March, 1859; married Bessie, fourth daughter of Leander Eaton, of Cornwallis, on the 21st September, 1881.

Catherine, born 31st August, 1860; died October 23rd, 1888.

Gavin Lang, born 21st September, 1861: married Ellie, daughter of Captain Charles Cox, December, 1885.

Joanna, born 30th December, 1862; died 31st May, 1863.

Richard Kidston, born 20th March, 1865: died August 11th, 1865.

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I will now try and give an account of Willie. His birth was premature, and he was a slight, delicate child, requiring incessant care. In the winter of 1859 and 1860 he had measles; immediately after he was taken ill with diphtheria. The attack was not very severe, but his strength failed completely; he was restless and nervous, but the doctor could not understand his symptoms. At length a consultation was held and it was thought that there was some derangement of the spine, but where could not be ascertained. Willie had no pain, but could neither sleep nor rest day or night. His patience was remarkable, but he said he was "so tired," and no remedy could be found to induce sleep. The sound of my voice in nursery hymns soothed him, and when I ceased, as I often did with a heart too full to sing, he would say, "go on mother," and never tired.

On the morning of his death his father knelt beside his bed; we both saw the end was near at hand. When the prayer was done, (and his mind was so clear he understood it all), he said, "Mother, does father think I am dying?" I could only say, "Yes, Willie." He replied, "Mr. McGregor, send," and did not seem surprised by my answer. The faithful friend and minister soon came, and the boy listened eagerly as Mr. McGregor repeated passages from Scripture to him.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon he quietly breathed his last, surrounded by many dear friends who knew and loved him.

Just before Willie died a little bird rested on the window of his room. On the morning after his death his father and

I awoke early sorrowing for our child. One of my little boys slept in the room near me. He suddenly sat up in his crib, saying, "Who went out of the room?" The door was shut, and I replied, "No one"; but he said, "I saw some one go out at the door." If Willie had been with us he only heard us say how we loved him.

A large number of boys followed him to his grave, and Mr. McGregor addressed them and begged them to imitate his example, "He was so manly and so truthful."

As a child he was quick to comprehend. When only 17 months old his young aunts taught him several letters of the alphabet on the signs over shops in town. When his father heard of his beginning his studies so early he was exceedingly angry, and told the astonished aunts they would make the child an idiot, and Willie never learned his letters until he was nearly five years old.

Willie early learned to love the Bible. He said one day, "Mother, you often say I will have to learn the multiplication table. Mary has no Bible; if I learn the table will you give me money enough to buy her one? Aunt Anna says you can buy a Bible at the Depository for two shillings and sixpence." Mary was a nursemaid and a faithful servant.

I replied I would do so, but never thought it was possible for so young a child to overcome the difficulties of the multiplication table.

On the afternoon of the third day, Willie came to me and said he knew it. His father had just come home to dinner and I told the child to run to him and repeat it. Willie only hesitated at 7 times 8, and his father and he said 56 together.

The next morning we went to town and bought the Bible. Willie chose one with a red cover, because it was the prettiest. In the Bible his father wrote Mary's name and how Willie had got the money to pay for it. After Willie's death Mary gave me the date, which was January 28th, 1851. Willie was five years old on the following 24th February.

After Willie was taught the alphabet, I had no further trouble. He mastered his lessons with the greatest ease, and delighted in the conjugations of the Latin verbs, knowing them all by heart. His father thought Latin and French were as much as he could attend to, but the boy was so anxious to study Greek that his father yielded to him. He bought a grammar, and having already learned the alphabet, sat down to study his first lesson with the greatest delight.

I think it was in the Christmas holidays of 1857 that some articles appeared in the Recorder newspaper against the use of the Bible in schools. Willie read one on Saturday evening, and after breakfast on Monday morning sat down and in a few minutes wrote the following letter. I was often sorry it was not published, but his father for several reasons strongly objected to it.

“Mr. Editor,—I find on looking over late copies of the Recorder that they mention boys having the Bible drubbed into their ears, and blubbering through portions of the Holy Scriptures. Now let me tell the editor of the Recorder, that there is no blubbering about it, and besides the Bible is not used to teach boys to read, but only to give them a better knowledge of the Scriptures.

“Yours, etc.,      A Boy of the Halifax Grammar School.”

Willie was very fond of his Aunt Maggie Troop; she was to him like an elder sister, and just before he was taken ill, he proposed we should have a party at Fernwood to celebrate the anniversary of her wedding day, the 10th July.

Fernwood was a small property in Dartmouth, next to Woodside, Mr. John Fairbanks' place on the Cow Bay Road. We bought the place in 1854 and spent many happy summers there while our children were young, and the remembrance of it is still fresh in our minds. Willie went himself and invited the guests about Christmas time, and great amusement was created by the long invitation; but everyone accepted theirs.

In due time the day came round. The aunts and cousins assembled at Fernwood—all except the boy who had invited them. He had been called by his Heavenly Father to his eternal home. But all the memories connected with Willie were so pleasant, every one present so loved him, that it was not a gloomy party; we all felt as though he was with us.

As a child Willie was very fair, with bright blue eyes and long curls of yellow hair falling on his shoulders. As he grew older he kept his good looks, had a good head and was so intelligent, frank and cheerful everyone admired him. His manners were easy and winning, and he was often called "the little gentleman." He was the eldest grandchild in the family, and so loved and welcomed I often wondered he was not spoiled.

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I now proceed to give an account of my mother's family. Of her father, William Duffus, I know but little; he was a man of few words and seldom spoke of himself.

My grandfather was born in Banff, Scotland, August 12th, 1762, on the same day as George the Fourth.

His father died early, leaving his wife very poor and with two children to bring up, a son and daughter. My grandfather, after he had learned something about business, went to London, where he remained a few years

He witnessed the Lord George Gordon riots, and when Barnaby Rudge was published, he told me he was standing in the square when the mob destroyed Lord Mansfield's house, and he saw them throw his books out of the windows and burn them in the square.\* Afterwards he saw several men hanging in chains who had been executed for their share in the riots. There is a tradition in the family that my grandfather received the freedom of the city of London for some service performed at this time. I do not quite believe this story, but it may be true.

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\* See "Barnaby Rudge," chap. lxxvi.

I should have said that I was present one day when my grandmother was reading the new book, Barnaby Rudge, and she said to my grandfather, "Tell the child what you remember about the riots I am reading of." And I have briefly set it down above.

In London my grandfather became acquainted with Admiral Sir Charles Douglass, and notwithstanding the disparity in rank and years, a friendly feeling arose between the admiral and his young countryman; so when Sir Charles was appointed to the North American Station, he offered my grandfather a passage to Halifax in his ship, which first sailed to the West Indies. They visited many of the islands. One small one inhabited by quite a number of people, was perfectly destitute of water, and all they used was brought from a neighboring island. My grandfather was much interested in this fact, and often told me many things I have now forgotten.

Several months were spent among the islands, and several deaths occurred on board the ship, and as is usual in these cases, the property of the deceased was sold immediately. My grandfather bought most of the linen sold, and when he finished his voyage, he had dozens and dozens of white linen shirts which lasted for years.

On Saturday, 29th May, 1784, Sir Charles Douglass, in H. M. S. Assistance, arrived in the harbor of Halifax, and my grandfather began his life in the new world.

My grandfather must soon have established himself in business, and as Halifax was then a great naval and military station, he prospered exceedingly, and while a young man had made upwards of £30,000 sterling. He did not devote his thoughts solely to his trade, but bought a tract of land north-west of the common, and cultivated it for years; it was a cold, wet soil and returned but little for the outlay; my grandmother often said it was paved with dollars. In the works of the celebrated Sir John Sinclair, my grandfather met with something that turned his attention to the value of marsh



mud, and he advised his brother-in-law, Mr. Sangster, of Windsor, to try it on his farm, which he did, and it is now used as a manure wherever it can be obtained in the province.

My grandfather married early. I do not remember the name of his first wife, but her tombstone and those of her four young children are still to be seen in old St. Paul's burying-ground, and her eldest son James, who survived her many years, is also buried there.

When my grandfather and grandmother were married they were considered the handsomest couple in town. Every day oney either drove out in a gig, or rode on horseback. and my husband's mother told me when a child she has often been called to the window to see Mr. and Mrs. Duffus ride by; my grandmother dressed in a habit of scarlet cloth and a white beaver hat and feather. Even as old people, the husband 80 and the wife 70 years of age, they were exceedingly handsome.

After some years my grandfather's agent in London absconded and he lost everything. He must have got some business again together, for some years after this he went security for a friend to the extent of £2,000. The friend's house on the property No. 1 Granville Street, now owned by Duffus & Co., was burned down and again my grandfather was a poor man. It must have been at this time that my grandmother was obliged to help maintain her family by taking some boarders, but they never by any chance ever saw her daughters, and the gentlemen were years in the house before they knew she had a family. The house had two doors, and the daughters never met the boarders.

My grandfather's eldest son, James, entered the navy and was a lieutenant and present at the battle of Copenhagen. He retired on half pay and died in Halifax.

In his person my grandfather was tall and stately, his features very good, a nose somewhat Roman in shape, and the most beautiful small hands and feet I ever saw on a man. He was one of Nature's gentlemen, and none of his descendants

equal him in personal appearance. He was singularly gentle and refined in mind and manners, large-hearted and generous.

He educated his wife's brother, William Murdoch, for the navy, and treated him like a son in every respect. The young man did him great credit and was greatly beloved by all who knew him. Unfortunately he died soon after he became a lieutenant, in Hasler Hospital.

My grandfather was a very silent man, and never in my remembrance spoke a word if a motion would suffice. His mother's name was Cruden, and was a niece, I believe, of Cruden the celebrated author of the Concordance. Some years ago a gentleman of this name was I think an officer in the custom house in Miramichi, N. B. He had a miniature of either the author or of his father, and it was a most excellent likeness of my grandfather.

General Ogilvie, who gave his name to the fort near Halifax, was a cousin of my grandfather's, so my grandmother told me. The general may have risen from the ranks, or my grandfather's family may have been reduced to poverty by the death of his father.

My grandfather died at Halifax in May, 1845.

My grandmother, Susannah Murdoch, was born in Horton, Nova Scotia, on May 30th, 1772, and was the eldest child of the Rev. James Murdoch and Abigail Salter, his wife.

My grandmother came to Halifax when about 16 years of age to take charge of her grandmother Salter, then very sick and infirm, and a widow, whose children were all either married or scattered abroad. The two had rooms in a quiet family and were very happy together. Most young girls would have found the position of nurse to an almost helpless invalid very trying, but my grandmother became very fond of her grandmother, who was a most delightful companion and a most tender mother to the young girl, whose work was a perfect labor of love to her; and when in her turn she became

an aged woman, she often spoke to me of her grandmother with all the warmth of early love. I think the two friends resembled each other in character and ability.

My grandmother possessed a wonderfully strong mind and clear intellect, a good memory and a warm heart. She was singularly generous and just, too. This justice made most people a little afraid of her, but I never felt it, and when my cousins wanted any little favor from her, I was always sent to ask it when a little child. I think in middle age she probably was colder and sterner than when I remember her as my grandmother; I am certain with increasing years she became more loving and kindly in her judgments and made larger allowances for the weakness of human nature.

After my mother's death, her mother in great measure filled her place to me, and we became loving friends, and she told me many old stories as warnings and encouragements.

Soon after she came to town she became acquainted with a young gentleman, a doctor in the army. He asked her to marry him as soon as he could provide for her. She told me he was a noble character and very handsome, and that she loved him dearly. The regiment was ordered to Martinique. On the day the transport was to sail, my grandmother walked to see some friends living on the road near Point Pleasant; the house long years ago was pulled down, but the enclosure round the garden still remains. Coming back she saw the ship sailing down the harbor, bearing away the one she loved best in the world. She seated herself on the beach, and watched the ship until she dipped below the horizon, in a perfect agony of grief. She felt she would never see her friend again, and that all happiness for her was gone forever. The bitterness of death came over her then, and when in three months' time she heard that her friend had died of yellow fever soon after his arrival at Martinique, she hardly felt the blow.

When my grandfather sought out my grandmother, Mrs. Salter encouraged him, knowing he would be a good husband to one whose father could not give her a comfortable home. My grandmother told me she had no love to give a husband, and had no energy to oppose her grandmother; so when the affair was settled, the hospitable old lady determined to give Mr. Duffus a dinner.

The two friends had, I believe, only one large bedroom, the bed being in a corner. As they had no servant the cooking of the dinner devolved on the young lady; she was not at all willing to do it, but remonstrated in vain. I forget now of what the dinner consisted, but after it was cooked, the young lady hastily dressed, put it on the table and sat down hot, red in the face and too much disturbed to enjoy either the dinner or the conversation. How my dear grandmother laughed when she told me the story, and wondered what my grandfather thought of the looks of his future wife.

After Susan married Mr. Samuel Cunard, he and my uncle, John Duffus, urged my grandmother to give up her boarders, and offered to settle upon her for life the sum of £300 a year. She accepted the offer, and for many years her house was the place above all others which her grandchildren loved to visit.

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William Duffus, born 12th August, 1762, died at Halifax,  
May 3rd, 1845.

Susan Duffus, born 30th May, 1772, died at Halifax, 7th  
January, 1858.

#### CHILDREN.

Susan, born 25th May, 1795; married Samuel Cunard; died,  
1828.

Mary Anne, born 10th November, 1796; married John  
Morrow, 2nd January, 1820; died, 1836.

William, born 17th January, 1799; married Catherine McDougall; died 1830.

John, born 25th September, 1801; married Janet Grinton; died 1867.

Alexander, born 14th August, 1804; died in infancy.

Margaret, born 3rd June, 1808; married William Sutherland; died 1873.

Elizabeth, born 1st February, 1810; married Henry Cunard; died 10th January, 1885.

Mrs. Ann Murdoch, grandmother of the Reverend James Murdoch, died in Horton, Nova Scotia, about the year 1776.

COPY OF FAMILY REGISTER IN BIBLE BELONGING  
TO REVEREND J. MURDOCH.

James Murdoch, married to Abigail Salter, July 24, 1771.

CHILDREN.

Susannah, born May 30th, 1772.

Margaret, born November 1st, 1773.

Ann or Nancy, born September, 1775; departed this life  
September 8th, 1776.

Andrew, born July 8th, 1777.

William Salter, born October 5th, 1780.

Sarah, born December 5th, 1782.

Anne or Nancy, born October 4th, 1786.

Joseph, born April 5th, 1789.

James, born May 22nd, 1791.

Abigail, May 3rd, 1793.

Benjamin, born June 11th, 1796.

Margaret Murdoch departed this life December 3rd, 1790,  
Horton. John, my father, 18th ——— 1790, one hour  
after sunset, both aged 72.

The Reverend James Murdoch departed this life 21st Novem-  
ber, 1799, aged 54.

John (1st) Murdoch, murdered at Newtown, Limisbaddy,  
Ireland, about date of the siege of Londonderry.

James, his only child, married Ann ———, and died early.

John, their only son, married Margaret Dryden. Their  
children:

Elizabeth born in Ireland; married Matthew Frame; had five  
sons and two daughters.

James, married Abigail Salter.

The Murdochs trace their Scottish ancestors far beyond  
the revolution. In 1688 the family had been in Ireland more  
than a century. When Londonderry was besieged, 1689, in  
common with the other Protestant neighbors, they assisted to  
supply the troops of Schomberg with provisions.

Mr. John Murdoch was murdered in his bed by the Raparees, a lawless Jacobin gang or society; his only child, James, then a lad, escaped.

Mr. John Murdoch resided at Gillie Gordon, Donegal, Ireland; was a farmer and flaxgrower, and employed a number of people at flax dressing and spinning linen yarn, which he sold in Belfast. Besides the yarn thus disposed of, he made linen and had a bleachery. When the daisies showed their golden spots beneath the web the cloth was fit for use or sale. Some of his steel hatchets, long unused, remain to the present day, and are in excellent preservation. Also a hone fashioned out of wood (a curiosity in its way), attests the petrifying qualities of an Irish Lough.

Mr. Murdoch was a well-informed man, fond of books. A few out of the large library which he brought to Nova Scotia are still in existence. His son James was born at Gillie Gordon in 1745; he studied the languages at home, and at an early age was sent to the University of Edinburgh, studied theology, and before he had attained his majority he had become a diligent student, passed his examination and had turned his attention to a missionary life among the Indians in North America.

The North American Colonies were exciting interest at home. Halifax had been founded, emigration had become a reality, for numbers had gone from the north of Ireland to Nova Scotia. Londonderry had been named after that dear old city which Presbyterian valor had so nobly defended. A cry for help had crossed the Atlantic. This was from some Apostolic men in New England for help to preach the Gospel to the rapidly perishing Red Men.

James Murdoch returned from Edinburgh firmly resolved to go to America a missionary to the Indians.

A call from Lisburne awaited the young man; this and other offers at home were declined; all opposition fell before his indomitable will.

There was in the possession of his granddaughter, the late Mrs. James Donaldson, Pleasant Street, Halifax, the original minute of the Synod of Ulster to the Presbytery of Newton Limabaddy, urging them to give Mr. James Murdoch trials for license. These trials passed on the 2nd September, at Aghadowire. A pro re nata meeting was held at Rye, Rev. Robert Reed, moderator, where he was ordained for the Province of Nova Scotia, or any other part of the American continent where God in His providence, might see fit to call him.

Mr. Murdoch's father supplied him with a good library besides a liberal outfit and a goodly sum in money. He sailed immediately and landed in Halifax about the close of 1766. Here he found that the Indians of Nova Scotia were all under the influence of the Roman Catholic church and no opening for a Protestant mission among them.

He supplied the Mather's Church in Halifax for some time, besides preaching to the Presbyterians in the western part of the country. He got a lot of land in the newly laid out township of Horton, and 40 acres of marsh on the Grand Pre. Here we will leave him and return to his father in Ireland, who by this time had disposed of his property at Gillie Gordon and packed up his valuables, farming utensils, wheel's, flax seed, etc., with everything he considered would be needful in a new country, and sailed for Nova Scotia in company with many emigrants from the north of Ireland.

When the other ship was in sight of land, she met a gale near Halifax and for three weeks tossed off and in the harbour. The innocents on board imputed these storms to witchcraft, and actually took a poor old woman out of the steerage and would have ducked her in the sea but for the intervention of Mr. Murdoch. "My mother," said he, "is older than Mrs. Rafter, why not blame her?" "She is no witch," replied the excited people, but the woman was not harmed.

Mr. Murdoch and family, which consisted of his mother, wife and daughter, and a young man Matthew Frame, his



intended son-in-law, went at once to Horton, bought half of his son's grant of land, rented the other half and built a two story house for him upon it. He fitted up an old French house for himself and Mr. Frame, who used to relate that the first work they did in Nova Scotia was to repair the old French dykes on the Grand Pre.

When they arrived they met the settlers, mostly New England men, going to repair the dyke, as the tides were rising, and they joined them in the work.

Mr. Frame told that some ten or fifteen years after this a cry arose that the dyke was breaking or broken. The people ran with shovels and every one was ready to do, but how? Mr. Murdoch mounted upon a cart, his long white hair streaming in the wind, and raising his staff gave orders in a clear, calm voice, and soon willing hands stopped the tide. Mr. Murdoch raised flax on his new farm, while Mr. Frame could shoe the farm horses, try his hand at house building, and besides chopping and ploughing, he could grind a grist, and keenly liked the sport of moose hunting; a good fat buck was always a welcome addition to the family larder.

The Reverend James Murdoch married Abigail, daughter of Malachy Salter, Esq., M. P. P., and took her up to his new house in Horton. Here this young lady was often left for weeks alone with a servant man and woman, whilst her husband went on his long missionary journeys to visit a people scattered along the various small settlements in the present counties of Kings, Hants and Cumberland. Mr. and Mrs. Salter rode up from Halifax on horseback to see their first grandchild.

Mrs. Murdoch went by the same mode of conveyance seated on a pillion behind Mr. Frame, he carrying the baby in his arms, to spend some weeks at home in Halifax. Here her husband met her and she returned to Horton with him, he bearing the baby, and she mounted on another horse, each carrying well stuffed saddle bags.

Mr. Murdoch read a very scholarly paper, (given in Appendix) before the governor, Lord William Campbell, many members of council, and a large gathering of all denominations, at the first ordination in the province, that of Mr. Comingo, of Luzenburg, on 3rd of July, 1770. Rev. Mr. Lyon, of Onslow, Presbyterian; Rev. Mr. Secombe, of Chester, and Rev. Mr. Phelps, of Cornwallis, both Congregationalists, taking part in it.

Mr. Murdoch had preached for a time to the Dissenters in Halifax, but after some years he ministered almost exclusively among the Presbyterians of Scotch and Irish descent, who had settled on the rivers and Bay of Fundy. Of salary he received but little; the people helped him on his journeys by boat, etc., and as for roads, they were almost unknown.

In 1791 the Rev. Andrew Brown, from Scotland, who had supplied St. Matthew's in Halifax for a time, wished to visit Cumberland, and the following is the way marked out for him:

“ Crossing the Bay from Horton, after leaving Partridge Island, seventeen miles, you mount a narrow strip of land seven miles in length, a natural road or ridge between two swamps, and extending within a short distance of the head waters of River Hebert. Eight miles further on is one solitary house of entertainment, and ten miles further is another; a few miles further you cross the river in a log canoe and enter the township of Amherst, then some miles further the road is better to St. Lawrence, and three miles further on is Fort Cumberland.”

This weary way Mr. Murdoch had travelled for upwards of twenty years to preach the Gospel to his countrymen. His papers were nearly all lost by fire. This is much to be regretted, as his diary was very full, judging by the fragments which remain. In those troubled political times Mr. Murdoch was a staunch friend to the government, coming from a country where the House of Hanover and Protestantism were

synonymous. Rebels and rebellion were fearful to contemplate. He did all in his power to prevent his people from taking sides with the Presbyterians of Colchester, who had imbibed republican opinions.

In a list of his books dated May 15th. 1787. he laments many valuable ones *lent* to people who were "so ungrateful as not to return them." This list was made preparatory to his leaving his beautiful home in Horton.

So far as the writer could learn from the statements of Mr. Matthew Frame, his brother-in-law and her grandfather, who likewise lost his labor of some twenty years but who never threw the least shadow of blame on Mr. Murdoch, the cause was as follows:—

Mr. John Murdoch bought and paid his son in money for half of the farm. viz., twenty acres marsh, acres ploughed upland left by the French, and half of two wood lots on the mountain. On the lot was built a two-story house, occupied at present by Mr. Bowser, 1883.

Mr. Frame worked the minister's half and the proceeds for a time were enough to support his family, but Mr. Salter always sent his daughter presents from his store. After her family increased these presents came to be counted as a regular supply; her father allowed her to deal with a certain firm and he paid the bills.

Political and financial entanglements overtook Mr. Salter. These entries ran over many years, from two to three hundred pounds on the firm's books for goods sent to the Rev. James Murdoch, and he could not show any receipts for the same. Possibly Mr. Salter's books would have set the matter right.

The amount was sued, an execution levied, and in the most summary manner the farm was sold at sheriff's sale and bid in by the firm.

This is gathered from Mr. Frame's version of the story. Mrs. Murdoch always insisted her father paid up every year.

Mr. Frame's only remark was, "She ought to have tried to live on less money."

Mr. Frame rented a place and carried his father-in-law, now helpless with dropsy, to it. Mrs. Murdoch was still active. She died December 3rd, 1790; her husband survived her just fifteen days. Mr. Matthew Frame died in 1830.

The minister's removal from Horton took place in or about 1787, and I have reason to think my grandmother came to Halifax in 1784, for she often told me she lived eight years with her grandmother, and I think she married at twenty years of age, or in the year 1792.

Mrs. Frame goes on to state that Andrew came to Halifax when his parents left Horton, and that their younger children stayed with Mr. Frame until they could remove to the "Grant" in Musquodoboit, where Mr. Murdoch had accepted a call from a small congregation who built him a house which was burned from a "chopping." He had another built where he and his family resided until his death in 1799.

Here he still visited Gay's River and Shubenacadie; Noel, Amherst and Fort Lawrence, as well as Musquodoboit, sharing his labors. He was careless of money. One time he got ten shillings for marrying a couple and promised his wife the money. On his return he met a neighbor in deep trouble; he had gone ten miles to buy seed wheat, and had to return without it on account of lack of money. Mr. Murdoch handed him the money, and his own were suffering at the time.

Mr. Murdoch was found dead in the Musquodoboit near his own house, which he had left a short time before. A Mrs. McDonald, the daughter of one of his elders, related to the writer how he was found, and no doubt but he had taken a fit and so was drowned. He is buried near where the house stood. A handsome stone marks the spot and bears the following:—

## IN MEMORY OF

The Reverend James Murdoch,  
 The Earliest Presbyterian Minister of Nova Scotia.  
 Born in Gillie Gordon, Donegal, Ireland,  
 Arrived in this Province 1767,  
 Died at Musquodoboit 21st November, 1799,  
 In the 55th year of his age and 33rd of his ministry,  
 and is here interred.  
 This stone was erected by his Descendants  
 1874.

“In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God. He heard my voice out of His temple, and my cry came before Him, even into His ears.”

“The Lord make you to increase and abound in love one toward another.”

\* \* \* \* \*

I give the following account of Andrew Murdoch because it affords a glimpse of the curious state of things then existing. Andrew was the oldest son of the minister, but died before his sister, Mrs. Duffus. However, at the time of his death he was an old man and all his life his habits and character were a constant source of grief and mortification to his sisters.

Miss Frame gives me these particulars, but they are precisely what I have often heard my grandmother relate.

When Andrew came to Halifax, he entered his grandfather Salter's employment, where he continued until he went into business on his own account. He married a daughter of Thomas Beamish, and after the death of his father-in-law he went to England to defend a suit between the Beamish heirs and the government as to the ownership of a wharf and other property claimed by them but held by the government.

Mr. Murdoch defended the suit and gained the property.

He had become responsible for funds to carry on the suit in England, his business had suffered in his absence, and on his return the result was that he was thrown into prison for

debt. Here he shared a cold room and prison fare with several others. The building was old, and one night three of the inmates, in company with him, made their escape, and perhaps because he did not run away with them he was heavily ironed next day and thrown into a cell. He remained in prison seven years, beguiling the time in posting books for merchants and in the more questionable pursuits practised in this *Marshalsea*.

Even had the wretched laws for debt allowed it, Mr. Murdoch could not *swear* out, as he had claims on his dead wife's share of the Beamish estate, held by him in trust for his son; and an act of the provincial parliament had to be passed for his discharge.

Broken in health, a stranger in the town, estranged from his child, whose only knowledge of his father was that he was in jail, without home or employment, he went to the country and for the remainder of his life supported himself by teaching school, aided when too old to work by a small sum given by his son. Beamish Murdoch, his son, was brought up by a maiden aunt, became a lawyer, and entered the House of Assembly in 1826, was the author of *An Epitome of the Laws of Nova Scotia*, also of a *History of Nova Scotia*, a very treasury of facts relating to the early history of the country. He died unmarried in 1875, in the 75th year of his age.

Halifax was founded in 1749, and Mr. Salter must have come here very soon afterwards, from a letter long in the possession of his granddaughter, Mrs. Henry, and dated 1769. It would seem that he was then comfortably settled and that he and his wife had several children. Mrs. Salter was a daughter of Captain Mulberry, master of a ship sailing from Boston, U. S. A., for many years. He took a cargo of fish to the Mediterranean, from thence wine and oil to London. Having disposed of these he loaded his ship with everything needed in a new country and sailed for Boston, having just spent one year on his voyage.

He brought his daughter Susan, when twelve years old, a silver porringer from London. When she rode with her husband to see her first grandchild in Horton she carried the porringer and gave it to the infant, afterwards my grandmother, who gave it to my mother, and it is now in my possession, in good order, and now it must be quite 145 years old.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many years ago there was a family of the name of Holmes in Halifax. One of the men belonging it was called Mulberry Holmes, and was named after the family of Captain Mulberry. His wife must have been well off as well as hospitable, for when a city lady from Boston expressed surprise at the large dish of custards placed on the table, she said, "Madam, my family *have mouths*."

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HALIFAX, *September 2nd, 1759.*

MY DEAR SUKEY,—This is the first opportunity of writing to Boston since your departure. I hope this will meet you safe arrived there to the joy and satisfaction of yourself and friends, the news whereof will afford me pleasure.

I received your agreeable favor from Lunenburg by Mr. Newton; am sorry for any uneasiness which happened between you and the Newton family, but am glad you had spirit enough to let them know that you by no means looked upon yourself as under the least obligation to them.

The governor did not even mention either of their names when I spoke to them about your passage in Captain Rogers, and since you have been gone the governor has more than once enquired whether I had heard from you, and drank your safe arrival in a bumper. Indeed, the governor has of late been more than ordinary complaisant to me as you will perceive by some passages in the enclosed journal.

We are all very well. Ben goes regularly to school. Nabby's delicate skin a little sunburnt, 'tis impossible to keep

her always in the house. Mac is as hearty as a buck; he says, "Mama gone Bawson." He is admired in that part of the town where he lives. Enclosed you have a journal of our dinner company since your departure, for your amusement, for I know you to be a very woman for curiosity.

Hagar behaves better than ever. I have only to tell her what I would have provided, and it's got at the minute I order it, and in the nicest manner. Mrs. Binney was surprised to see how well everything was dressed, and how exceeding nice Hagar had provided everything, but said she had a good "tutor," (meaning you). Jack is Jack still, but rather worse. I am obliged to exercise the cat or stick almost every day; I believe Halifax doesn't afford such another idle, deceitful villain; pray purchase a negro boy if possible.

I have by this opportunity sent Mr. Jackson a bill on Mr. Hancock for £200, and ordered him to supply you with everything you please to call for, and I desire you will gratify yourself with everything you want to purchase for yourself or any of the family; don't forget to bring something for Hagar. As to our coming home, I would not have you exceed the 1st of October, as after that time you may expect bad weather. I would have you bring half a barrel of good corn beef and some butter, some nuts, green peppers; also get half a barrel of Neat's tongues; but why need I mention any of these things to you? I am sure your careful temper and disposition will urge you to procure everything that is prudent and necessary.

I find it is not good for man to be alone. I am weary of my life without you, and should urge your coming home immediately were it not that I think you are happy in the company of your friends in Boston.

Your father will sail for Boston in about a week. when I shall write you again, and you may depend on it I shall omit no opportunity of writing to you. Tell Mrs. Jackson I shall disown her for my sister if she will not write to me, and I charge you to bring Betty to Halifax with you.



Enclosed is a letter from Mr. Smith for Sukey, which he asked my permission to send her. I have read it; 'tis of no consequence, you may read it. Don't come away without my account from Mr. Jackson. I have purchased some geese and young ducks which I shall fatten till you arrive. I know you are fond of ducklings.

I have laid in most of my wood and got the chief of my fence done and now enclosing the fine green pasture at the back of our garden. The governor comes regularly every morning to see how I go on; he has this day given me a very good lot in the north suburbs. Excuse, my dear, the incoherence of this letter. I mention things just as they occur to my memory. I sincerely wish you happy in your absence and happy at your return, and believe me

Your truly affectionate husband,

MALACHI SALTER.

N. B.—Malachi Salter was Mrs. W. J. Stairs' grandmother's grandfather.

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HALIFAX, 12th, 1779.

DEAR BENJAMIN,—I wrote you in August last per Captain Knox (the bearer of this), but you not being arrived from Africa he left it with Mr. Smith, of East, so that I make no doubt of your having received it. We were in great expectation (from what you wrote from Fayal) to have seen you per Knox's last return to Halifax. I hope we shall not be again disappointed as he returns directly to Halifax.

Our honored father is not yet arrived from England, but expected daily. We have not heard from him since June last. We imagine he has been detained by an embargo on shipping in London. Mr. Bridge writes you per the Lion, Captain Murphy, a ship now ready to sail. Should you meet with Murphy in the West Indies, he will be able to give you an account of my father's long detention in Europe, as the Lion was the last vessel that arrived here from London.

Brother Mac is still in London, studying at the hospitals. We don't expect to see him till the beginning of next summer. You have enclosed a letter from mamma; she has had an ill turn of sickness lately, but is now recovered and in good health, as are all the rest of the family. Nabby and her husband, I believe, are well; we heard from them about a week since. They are going from Horton to Ambers<sup>t</sup>, a township near Cumberland. She has had four children, one of which is dead.

Business at present is rather dull; India goods of all kinds are very scarce and dear, as you see per the enclosed price current. There are now several vessels ready to sail bound to the West Indies. Should you be inclined for speculation and come here with a cargo it would turn out to very good account.

Wishing you all manner of health, happiness and prosperity, and in earnest expectation of seeing you ere long, I remain, dear Benjamin,

Your sincerely affectionate brother,

JOSEPH SALTER.

Captain Benjamin Salter.

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HALIFAX, *December, 1782.*

DEAR JOS.—With a heavy heart I'm forced to inform you of the greatest distress that I've ever yet experienced, or indeed ever shall; but how shall I relate it? Dear Jo, 'tis the death of the best of friends. Poor Mac, after only a week's illness and four days of that short space delirious, died—he, whose agreeable presence could infuse new life into every bosom, is gone, gone forever. But why should we grieve? No doubt he is happy, and as Pope says, "Whatever is, is right." Our loss is great, everything seems to wear a different aspect. Our poor mother bears it like a Christian; she, poor woman, is diseased from top to toe, and I think cannot live long. Your friends Thompson and Crawley are likewise gone to ye shades.

We have had a very sickly season here of late, owing, as is supposed, to foggy, dull weather.

Brother Ben seems greatly distressed on your account; thinks all is not right with you as your remittances have not been punctual. Pray write him particular. You know little matters affect his brain. I am at present out of employ. Spry on a very frivolous occasion has sent me off; could wish when your present business is closed to be concerned with you in a snugg way.

Mr. Simpson and Nancy are to be married as soon as decency will permit. It promises to be a very happy match. Sally, I believe, will reside with them.

Hoping this will find you in good health and spirits, I remain,

Your affectionate brother and friend,

W. SALTER.

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PHILADELPHIA, *October 17th, 1783.*

DEAREST SUKEY,—After nine days' passage I arrived here safe. I have seen my old friend Mr. Smith and family, who received me very kindly, and to-morrow morning I set off for Trenton to see Mr. Meredith. Am in some hopes of accomplishing my business, but shall be able to say more when I have seen him. The difficulty, if any, will be negotiating a bill on Halifax, but perseverance and an honest heart I think will overcome it; if not, my stay must be longer here than I or you could wish. However, keep up your spirits, my dear girl; as soon as it is possible to return to you, you are certain I shall not delay a moment.

My duty and love to my mother and yours, your father, etc.

I earnestly pray God to keep you in His holy care and protection, not doubting yours for me. To His kind providence I commend you.

I am, my dear Sukey, yours,

BENJ. SALTER.

Wrote in haste.

I shall expect a line from you per Captain Hodkinson.

This is endorsed:

My letter to Sukey, October, 1783.

HALIFAX, *December 8th, 1783.*

MR. TS. BRIDGE,

Dear Sir,—Yesterday I received your very kind favor of 20th of September which afforded us the pleasing satisfaction that you and sister Sukey were well. On the 19th ult. I answered yours of ye 28th July, per the S. Lawrence, acquainting you that I had been at Philadelphia and obtained an assignment of Meredith Mortgage to Mr. Fillis for £868 curry.

I thereby prevented Mr. Butler's connections from injuring the estate, which they most certainly intended had I not accomplished, as Mr. Dight wrote by his uncle's desire for that purpose. Of this Mr. Meredith informed me after I had transacted the business, but I now set his unbounded malice at defiance.

As to selling the estate, I think you misapprehended the state of it, as it rents for £300 per annum and is more likely to continue than not; it is certainly evident that in the course of a few years it will be clear of encumbrances and be worth £3,000 at least. This is something to divide among the heirs, whereas selling it now would not yield much more than pay the debts. It's more likely to continue so for the great emigration to this province, say 30,000, already arrived, and vast numbers more coming raises not only the present value, but promises a long continuance before settlements can be found for such a number, and to this add the consequence it is of at present to Great Britain being the asylum of their wretched refugees who must be supported, and serving as a check on the congress dominions.

In short this province must *now* rise and flourish. In my last I informed you of my plan of business here in a ship chandler's store. Inclosed you have a copy of mine to T. B. & Co., which will fully explain my intentions, and which I hope will prove beneficial. Please to forward the same and assist me if you can. I know of no other plausible plan at present, except the fishery, which requires a large capital;

or the sugar house, which might now be carried on to advantage. But alas, I cannot reach far enough.

My good mother has received the cannister of Maredants Drops, and this day begins to take agreeable to directions and your desire. I hope 'twill do her good. She is at times very cheerful still, and it may be will recover with God's blessing.

I thank you for your forbearance respiting my debt to you; it has essentially served me, and I'll remember and pay it with gratitude.

[This is unsigned, but evidently written by Captain Salter after he returned from Philadelphia.]

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DEAR BROTHER,—At length the melancholy task is assigned me of informing you as well as my dear sisters, that our good mother is gone to rest from all her suffering in this sublunary state, and I trust is now enjoying a blessed reward in the mansions of the blest in Heaven. She had long complained of a sore throat which made it difficult for her to take substantial food. This was made up, however, in a good degree by such substitutes as are usual in like cases, but we could perceive her dissolution approaching. She was exceeding deaf for several months past, and abt five days before she departed, in getting up in the morning her knees failed her, and she was unable to rise into her chair. She was so weak that my wife lifted her up and at her request put her in bed again, as I was not then at home. The next day, however, she was better and got up as usual, but the succeeding day being Sunday I was called up to her when I found her in the same situation—her knees failed her and unable to rise, when we got her to bed again, where she lay resigned to the will of God, not fearing to die, but calm and tranquil, waiting her great change, which she was very sensible was fast approaching. A slight delirium took place the next day, and on Wednesday morning the 19th February, 1794, she expired without a groan at abt 8 o'clock. I took care that her funeral should

be conducted in the most decent manner, and there was a very respectable number who attended, when her remains were laid on the left hand side of our late venerable father's.

I have been thus circumstantial, as I thought it would yield you some little consolation that everything was done that could be thought of to soften her pains, and render her departing moments as easy as possible, and to respect her memory. Thus, my Dr. Brot., God has been pleased to take out of this transitory world our Dear Valued Mother. It may be truly said that she possessed a human heart, an elevated mind, which were fully displayed when near her exit.

I shall never forget the calm reply she made to Dr. Brown when he asked her respecting her willingness to depart. She said she feared not death, but waited God's pleasure. 'Twas an affecting scene. May you and I, and all concerned in this mournful event make a due use and improvement of it by its reminding us of the uncertainty of life that we may be preparing for that important hour to each of us, when our call will likewise come. 'Tis indeed an important consideration and claims our closest attention. That it may have its proper effect on us all is my earnest prayer.

Requesting you to communicate this letter to our sisters as prudently as you can, I remain

Your sorrowing and affectionate

BROTHER.

N. B.—The writer in this letter refers to the death of Mrs. Malachi Salter.

## ON SOLITUDE.

Softly-pleasing Solitude,  
 Were thy blessings understood  
 Soon would thoughtless mortals grow  
 Tired of noise and pomp and show.  
 And, with thee retreating gain  
 Pleasure crowds pursue in vain,  
 True, the friendly social mind  
 Joy in converse oft can find;  
 Not where empty mirth presides,  
 But with those whom wisdom guides.  
 Yet the long continued feast  
 Sometime palls upon the taste,  
 Kind alternate, then to be  
 Lost in thought awhile with thee;  
 Intellectual pleasures here  
 In their truest light appear;  
 Grave reflection, friendly power,  
 Waits the lonely silent hour.  
 Spread before the mental eye,  
 Actions past in order lie;  
 By reflection's needful aid  
 Latent errors are display'd  
 Thus humility is taught,  
 Thus confirmed the better thought.  
 Friends and soothing praise apart  
 Solitude unveils the heart;  
 When the veil is thrown aside,  
 Can we see a cause for pride?  
 Empty is the heart and poor,  
 Stripped of all its fancied store;  
 Conscious want awakes desire,  
 Bids the restless wish aspire,  
 Wish for riches never found  
 Through the globe's capacious round.  
 Contemplation, sacred guest,  
 Now inspires the ardent breast;  
 Spreads her wing, and bids the mind  
 Rise and leave the world behind.  
 Now the mind enraptured soars;  
 All the wealth of India's shores  
 Is but dust beneath her eye;  
 Nobler treasures kept on high,  
 Treasures of eternal joy  
 Now her great pursuit employ.

Mansions of immense delight  
Language cannot say how bright  
See the op'ning gates display,  
Beaming for immortal day!  
See! inviting angels smile,  
And applaud the glorious toil!

This fragment I found in the pocket book with the foregoing letters, but cannot tell if it is original, or a copy from one of the early English poets, but it seemed worth preserving.

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*19th March, 1883.* I have now finished, and hope what I have written may be interesting to my children.

SUSAN STAIRS,

*19 South Street, Halifax.*



## APPENDIX.

“A sister of my grandmother Morrow married Mr. Mould. When in England in the year 1845 we went to see Mrs. Mould, who had been a widow many years; she was an old but very handsome woman, living with her only child, George, in the town of Rendal. Her son and his wife were absent from home. They have an only child, John, and all are I believe still living. Mr. George Mould built the first Spanish railway, and for the last twenty years has lived in Spain. Indeed he constructed the second chiefly to obtain the money he had expended upon the first.

Isaac Dodds was another cousin of my father's. A man of great mechanical ability; always inventing machines for all descriptions of manufacturies and disposing of the patents to others, who made large profits out of them. In 1845 his patents were in use all over England. Isaac Dodd's sister, Ellen, I think was her name, married John Stephenson, the railway contractor, but no relation to the celebrated George Stephenson. These two men were born in the same village, grew up together and worked together for many years. John Stephenson worked also with the well-known railway contractors “Peto, Betts & Brassy,” and was a man of great integrity. I last saw Mrs. Stephenson in 1864. Her family consisted of several daughters and one son, John George.”

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The original of the following letter is in the possession of Mr. Benjamin Salter, Pleasant Street, Halifax [March, 1883]. It seems to have been only a draft of the letter sent, and is unsigned; but I have several letterse in the same writing addressed to the same person, and signed B. Salter. A letter written by Mr. Malachi Salter is addressed to Captain B. Salter, evidently his son. I only insert this letter because it confirms what I have written respecting my grandfather's (Mr. Duffus) having provided for his wife's brother.

HALIFAX, *November 10, 1796.*

MR. JOHN SMITH:

*Dear Sir,*—I had the pleasure of receiving yr much esteemed favor intended per Mr. Adams, in which you mention yr nephew Mr. Smith, now on board L'Prevyante, Capt. Wemyss. Tho he had been here before and for some time now, I neither knew or heard of it 'til a few days previous to the receipt of your last letter, or I should have been extremely happy in shewing him every respect in my power. The Prevyante being ready for sea, I much fear his duty on board will prevent his coming on shore again; if not, I promise myself (God willing) the pleasure of seeing him often at my house on his return, where not only him but any related to you or yours shall ever be received with the most welcome and friendly reception. I have three nephews on board Le Prevyante—William Salter Murdoch, my sister's son, who is captain's clerk, and Samuel Cleveland, an intended mid-shipman, who I beg leave to introduce to your notice. Should W. Salter Murdoch be in want of a small supply to furnish necessaries or otherwise, his draft either on myself or on his brother-in-law, Mr. William Duffus, of this place, will be duly honored.

I was truly sorry to find that you had been so long afflicted with the rheumatism, a disorder which frequently attacked me tho' not lately; but was pleased with your recital of that attention with which your amiable partner has endeavored to lessen your pains and perhaps thereby in some measure turn them into a sort of blessing. I can only say you have my best good wishes for your happiness; no time or distance can or ought ever to efface that regard, alter that respect most sincerely entertained by me for you and yours.

Requesting a continuance of correspondence when agreeable to you, as opports now frequently occur, I remain,

P. S.—As a remedy for the rheumatism I wear constantly a roll of brimstone in my breeches pocket; when I have

accidentally left it off I have been attacked; on wearing it again I have felt relief, but it must be worn constantly. The best way is to enclose it in a bit of linen by sewing it up in order to prevent the disagreeableness of its scent, which effectually answers that end. I have been told likewise the free use of good cider is an antidote. Don't laugh at my quackery, because I have known many here relieved by these simple, tho unaccountable remedies. This climate is very subject to that painful disorder.

Gum guaicum is what the doctors prescribe, and the decoction of the woods, but a roll of brimstone is better than all their wise receipts.

Mr. Hurd and family are well and request their respects to be made to you.

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The Mr. John Fillis here mentioned became a purser in the navy, married a lady in London with a large fortune and died in London, leaving a family living there.

I have a card bearing an invitation to dinner from the governor and wife, to the father of this young man, and dated 1772.

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For the account of the Murdoch family beginning at page 31, I am indebted to Miss Eliza Frame.

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I may here mention that my grandmother Duffus was singularly fond of children, and may have inherited the love for them from her own grandmother Murdoch, whose temper was often sorely tried by the pranks of the minister's children. Some people would have called them "little imps." but the good grandmother always called them "little sylphs," and as she said, "It did just as well."

The Murdoch family were perfectly free from the hardness and sternness characteristic of the people of the north of Ire-

land, but some of their neighbours who emigrated with them possessed these qualities to their fullest extent. The minister heard a story which grieved and mortified him exceedingly, so he wrote to the culprit demanding an answer and asking if it was possible the story could be true. Mr. Hill replied immediately to this effect:

He married a young girl under twenty years of age; a delicate thing, tenderly brought up. When he brought her home to his house, his mother, who lived with him, told the wife she would have to take her share of the farm work, particularly milking, and sweeping, and clearing the byre or cow house. The work was hard, the young woman got homesick, the old woman was cold and stern, so Mrs. Hill determined to run away home, a distance of many miles. She got up in the morning at a very early hour and set off for home on foot, but it was not long before her husband missed her, and he got on horseback and followed his wife, and overtook her before she had gone many miles.

When he reached her he jumped off his horse, stripped his wife to her chemise, put the halter on her neck and whipped her home. She never tried to run away again.

Mr. Hill wound up his letter with a nice verse of poetry, ending with

“ And no more at present from John Thomas Hill.”

My grandmother Duffus kept this letter for many years, but it was lost, I am sorry to say, before she told me the story. However, she repeated the concluding lines to me, and I remembered them for many years, though now I have forgotten them.

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Malachy Salter, died at Halifax, 1781, aged 64 years.

Susannah Salter, died at Halifax, 1794, aged 68 years.

Both are buried in old St. Paul's burying ground. The tombstones are in good preservation. the graves are in the north-west corner, opposite St. Mary's.

Mr. Salter was a rich man when he came to Halifax; he brought with him three servants, a man and two women. My grandmother told me that her grandfather's house, furniture, and china were good and handsome; one of his china plates is now in my possession. Mrs. Samuel Noble has several dresses which belonged to her great-grandmother, in excellent preservation; they are exceedingly handsome and have been often worn at fancy balls in Halifax. Mrs. Stewart, a daughter of Benjamin Salter, bequeathed these dresses to her niece, Mrs. Noble, with the proviso that they must not be worn by any but a descendant of Mrs. Salter. Mrs. Salter also possesses ivory miniatures of Mr. and Mrs. Salter, set in gold.

Mrs. Bain, also a daughter of B. Salter, left by will to Mrs. Donaldson the half length portraits in oil of her grandfather and grandmother Salter, both good pictures; the latter is very pleasing.

My great-great-grandfather was an ardent republican; beside him in his portrait is painted the "Life of Cromwell," the name distinctly marked on the back of the book; while on the anniversary of the death of King Charles, Mr. Salter always had a sheep's head for dinner. I do not just see the connection, unless he meant to imply a resemblance between the two heads.

On October the 10th, 1777, was passed an order-in council for the arrest of Malachy Salter on a charge of corresponding with parties in Boston of a dangerous tendency, and a prosecution was ordered. The original indictment of the grand jury was found a few years ago in the court house, and is now in the possession of the Historical Society. In this paper is stated that Malachy Salter is reported to have said, "He did not think the rebels were so far wrong," but upon this the grand jury indicted him for high treason; but Mr. Salter was allowed to give security himself in £500, and two others each £250 for his good behaviour. He was tried in the supreme

court and acquitted. Murdoch mentions this affair in his history.

I have seen the indictment and am sorry I did not copy the names of the grand jury; but Abraham Cunard was one of them, whose eldest son, Samuel, afterwards married a great granddaughter of Mr. Salter.

Mr. Salter built, and for many years lived in, the house standing on the south-west corner of Hollis Street and Salter Street. The front door is very curious, as it bears a St. Andrew's cross on it instead of the ordinary perpendicular one.

Mr. Salter owned the block extending from Hollis to Pleasant street, to some distance south of the Academy of Music and brigade office.

A Mr. Thomas Bridge is mentioned by Murdoch in his history of Nova Scotia, as a member of the House of Assembly, and is most probably the husband of Mr. Salter's daughter "Sukey," or "Susan." A handsome portrait of Mr. Bridge is still existing, done in chalks. He and his wife went to London a few years after their marriage, and there died. They never had any children.

Mr. Simpson and his wife, who was a daughter of Malachi Salter, also went to London, became rich and left a large family. Some of the sons became possessed of large property, and were well known men in the city of London; one, Mr. Thomas Simpson, was a great friend of my uncle, John Duffus.

An *Illustrated London News* in July, 1905, contained a portrait of, and an article on, Dr. Blandford, an eminent scientist, who was a grandson of this Mr. Simpson.

Besides the children of Mr. Malachy Salter mentioned in the letters, there was a younger son, a doctor of medicine, named Montague Wilmot Salter, most likely called after the then governor of Nova Scotia.

BOSTON, *September 11th, 178—.*

MR. JOSEPH FAIRBANKS:

*Sir,*—Inclosed you have invoice and bill of lading for sundryes ship't you p the sloop "Elizabeth and Sarah," Daniel Tilton, master, on account and risque as follows vizt, Salter, Kneeland & Fairbanks, 3-4, and Robert Pierpont 1-4.

Boards are very scarce and will continue scarce and dear all this fall; we would not have you sell these under £5 per thousand, as we are sure they will fetch it.

We are, sir, your most humble servants,

MALACHI SALTER, JR. & Co.

The writer was a son of Malachi Salter, senior.

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Addressed

CAPTAIN BENJ. SALTER,

on board the brig "*Hope*,"

Surinam.

HALIFAX, *December 19th, 1780.*

I hope by the time this reaches Surinam my dearest friend will be in readiness to return. Never since I knew the sweets of friendship, did the time hang so heavy on my hands. If the serenity of the weather invites me forth, pleas'd I behold the beauty of the sky, and faintly trace my God in all His works! But these are pictures of a moment, which are oft accompany'd with pain, for when the mind is open to reflection, it traces back the happiest period of my life, when hand in hand, we walk'd along and unreserv'd convers'd.

To a mind like yours. a declaration so foreign to the present style, will not be deem'd the effects of flattery or a warm imagination, but the natural dictates of a heart to whom you'r ever dear.

Wherefore I will not attempt to extinguish a passion that Heaven itself has rais'd, but careful I'll cherish every thought that leads to harmless joy.

Of many sorrows I have had my share, but with gratitude I bless that power, who has endow'd me with a heart to know and love a friend sincere.

And such to r's my dearest Ben!

You will doubtless be surpris'd on your arrival at St. Eustatia to hear of a vessel from Halifax without a line for you. Mac and I have wrote two long epistles, but the unexpected departure of the vessel prevented my sending them; if either is to blame, 'tis me.

I often visit our friends at the corner, where you are still the subject of conversation the greatest part of the evening. You might have many more eloquent advocates, but none more sincere; your brother writes by this conveyance; for family news I refer you to him.

Betsy and my brother, with several others, desire their best wishes may accompany this scrawl; in hopes of seeing you soon, I bid you but a short farewell.

Propitious heaven, preserve you from all harm, and soon unite our souls in bliss, to part no more! Till then may we be kept from every ill, and our kind head obey!

MICHAEL CUNNINGHAM.

P. S.—You already know my advantages for education which your generosity will allow as a sufficient apology for the incorrectness of this scrawl.

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To Mr. JOSEPH FAIRBANKS,

Mercht.

Att

Louisburg.

pr Mr. Pierpont.

Boston, *April 7th, 1789.*

Extract:

P. S.—My wife has sent you down a small kegg of eggs as her adventure, which please to sell for the most they will fetch, and send the returns in half pence, if you have any



quantity of half pence by you, please to send me up ten pounds sterling more; head them up in a strong cask. You may put my wife's with them.

Kegg

No. F 2, 32½ doz. eggs at 4/3 .....£6 18 1  
Salt to pack them in ..... 1 00 0

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£7 18 1

(Signed) JOHN FILLIS.

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Written by Mrs. Henry, and sent to me by her daughter, Mrs. Edward Allison, July, 1884.

Mrs. Henry read them to me when she wrote them.

I was led to make these remarks by reading Doctor Cummings' discourse, from which I copied the paragraph wherein he says:

"Scotland is the only country where the Jew has never been maltreated in his past."

It then struck me that the likeness between the two nations was very great. The Jews term the day of rest the "Sabbath," and I know of no other people who do so but the "Scotch."

The doctor says the Jews prefer being called "Israelites," and we know the other people think the term "Scotch" vulgar, preferring "Scot," or the "People of Scotland."

I suppose they would feel themselves insulted if we were to tell them how much they are like the Jews, but I am sure

all that I have mentioned is far from being a disgrace, but on the contrary, an honor to them.

Various phrases of resemblance between the Israelites and the Scottish nation :

First—Their profound adoration of the Almighty.

Second—Their pious veneration of the sacred Scriptures of the Old Testament.

Third—Their reverence for the prophets, who wrote those Scriptures.

Fourth—Their strict observance of the Sabbath.

Fifth—Their respect and obedience to parents.

Sixth—Their preference for sons before daughters.

Seventh—The importance they attach to their family genealogies.

Eighth—Their love of going abroad, the members of both nations being found all over the habitable globe.

Ninth—Their desire of accumulating wealth.

Tenth—Their fondness for rich apparel.

Eleventh—Their dislike of swine's flesh.

Now if we add to this their excessive pride, prejudice and obstinacy, we shall perceive a striking likeness between the two nations.

## AN ACROSTIC.

"But be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."—*Eph. V., 18, 19.*

May sacred song your joys prolong,  
 And music thrill your soul,  
 In the struggles of life, its toils and strife,  
 While hours and minutes roll.  
 Sing to His praise, in joyful lays,  
 Who came to bleed and die;  
 To save from sin, your soul to win  
 To reign with Him on high.  
 Rich in His grace, in every place  
 In every state and station,  
 Even to the end, lean on this Friend,  
 And trust His "Great Salvation."  
 So shall you know, while here below,  
 Your Saviour, Lord and King.  
 So bless His name, and spread His fame.

Saved by His grace, all troubles face,  
 And cast all fears away;  
 Upon His breast repose and rest.  
 And wait, and watch and pray.  
 Safely go on, till life is done,  
 In Jesus' blessed name.  
 And feed on Him though sight be dim,  
 Nor fear reproach nor shame,  
 Nor faint nor fail, o'er all prevail  
 Through Him who "overcame."

May grace and peace, as days increase,  
 With rapture fill your soul;  
 Oh may His power, in every hour,  
 Your heart and life control!  
 Roused by His love, all praise above,  
 May heart and voice combine,  
 Rich songs of praise to Him to raise  
 "In rapture all divine."  
 Oh did all earth but know His worth,  
 Then every heart and tongue,  
 With saints above would sound His love,  
 In loudest, sweetest song!

Such be your days, all bright with praise  
Joyous to live and die,  
Then crowned with light, in "glory bright"  
To reign with Him on high.  
And when the hour of death's dark power,  
With all its dread array  
Shedding celestial day  
Is come—May He then near you be,  
Round thee and thine in love divine,  
And His rich grace display;  
Singing then fly to your Home on high  
While glory leads the way.

*September, 12th, 1884.*

S. T. RAND,  
*Died October, 1889.*

## THE CLOSING DAYS.

We have now given all that is known to us of our dear father's and dear mother's family history. Before closing this volume we would like to add a few more pages, for as yet we have said nothing of the closing years of our father's life. After he retired from the Presidency of the Union Bank, he lived a very happy and cheerful life. I well remember on one occasion, as we sat talking together, he turned to me and said: "I am having a splendid time now; in the morning I go to the office for an hour or two, thence home to an early dinner, and after taking a rest your mother and I go for a drive; and in the evening you boys come in for a game of whist. You know, I could not have done this when I was younger."

For an old man his health was excellent, and he kept very well until in February 1904, he had an attack of la grippe, not very serious at the time, but its after-effects were trying in the extreme. Herbert came down frequently in the spring of 1904, and was a great comfort and assistance to his father. Mr. Devine, a medical student, was engaged to look after father, who during the summer seemed quite happy, sitting in the garden and driving occasionally. Towards the close of the summer he grew much weaker.

In September, 1904, our brother John died. This was a great grief to our father, and he felt it very much. After John's death his eyes began to fail, and in a short time he completely lost his eyesight, and he then became so weak and frail that he took to his bed for good, occupying the room which had always been known as Mary's room.

Herbert and Gavin were good and kind, coming down week about to help in nursing. They continued their visits until February, 1905. The winter of 1904-5 was exceedingly stormy; we had more snow during these months than we had had for many years. It was, therefore, very difficult for them, both in coming and going. The roads became so

blocked with snow that it was impossible for them to continue their visits, and it was about this time that a second nurse came in to assist. Though very helpless and totally blind, father seemed quite happy during the long summer of 1905. Many of his friends went in to see him, and he was always pleased to hear the news, and to learn what was going on. He liked to be read to, and Baxter always had an interesting book or magazine ready. His sons paid him many visits, Jim being especially kind in this respect; he went up almost every evening, and after talking for an hour or two Jim would read from the Bible, after which our dear old father would pray aloud, never forgetting to name each of his children in his prayers.

The 15th of June, 1905, was the 60th anniversary of their wedding day, and in the absence of Mr. Falconer, Dr. Currie came in and held a short service, father lying in bed at the time. His sons and daughters-in-law were all there, and in addition, Uncle George, Aunt Maggie Troop, Mr. Jones the Lieutenant-Governor, Miss Sutherland. We all thought then that dear father would never live to see another anniversary of his wedding day.

On the Sunday before father's death, Jim and I went in after church to see him, as was our usual custom. Mother seemed much concerned, for a great change had taken place, and father looked as if he could not last much longer. It was arranged that Jim should come in on Sunday night, and that I would come on Monday and remain until Tuesday morning. Father had a fairly good night on Sunday, and it was not until the following night that the great change came. He could not sleep, neither could he rest at all, for his breathing troubled him greatly, and yet all through that long night he was so patient and considerate. I did everything I could think of, giving him a little wine several times. I said all I could to comfort him: holding his hand, I told him what a good, kind father he had been to us all. He replied that he did not know. His voice then became so indis-

tinct that I could not understand what he said. In the morning Mr. Devine came in and at 7.30 I left for home, but had only been in the house a few minutes when the telephone bell rang, and a message came saying that father was dying, and if I left at once I might be in time to see him. I hurried over, but only to find that dear father had died a few minutes before I reached his side.

Our dear father had his favorite verses in the Bible, which he would have read over, more than once requesting the reader to read very slowly. He was fond of: "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth"; and this verse we shall put upon his grave stone.

Everyone who thinks now of the closing years of our dear father's life will remember what a quiet, calm, and restful spirit his was. How bright and cheerful; how pleasant to talk to, with his many stories and reminiscences of the past. How he rejoiced in the success of others, and what a deep sympathy he ever had for the unfortunate.

" He laughed not at another's loss,  
 He grudged not at another's gain.  
 No worldly wave his mind could toss;  
 He brooked that was another's bane.

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When we gave the manuscripts to the printer we looked forward with great pleasure to reading this book to our dear mother, but by the dispensation of God she was taken away from us on October 19th, 1906, and was buried on her 84th birthday.

She was much interested in our father's writings, from what we told her as the work took shape, although she had never read any of them. She had written a history of her family from knowledge gained chiefly from her grandmother, Mrs. William Duffus, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Bain and others, and also from old family letters, which history we have incorporated in the volume.

For some months after our father's death on the 27th February, 1906, she was very well and bright, and attended to her household and other duties with much pleasure; but after that she began to miss him very much, and said to the writer very often: "It is very lonely and dull," and spoke very much of him.

On Monday evening, 15th October, she had a small party of her grandchildren to meet Dorothy, who had just returned from England, and she seemed bright and cheerful, but tired; and the next day she stayed in bed and said to Eleanor that she had given her last party, and was going to rest. We had Dr. Lindsay to see her, and he told her she would have to stay in bed several days, and she seemed contented to do it, which was much against her usual custom.

On Thursday morning (Thanksgiving Day), I went in to see her, but she was sleeping. She looked so calm and peaceful we all thought she would be all right in a day or two. I went in again in the evening at six o'clock and took a light into her room. She then looked as if she was asleep, but as I turned away she said, "Charlie!" I said who it was, and she began to talk so brightly about things which she wanted done: putting up the double windows, cutting down some old trees in the garden, putting the wood in the barn to be sawn. She also mentioned that Sunday would be her birthday, and she would be eighty-four years of age. I said we would all be up to see her. She then said, "Kiss me," and I said good night.

On Friday morning about seven o'clock Charlie telephoned that mother had a sick turn during the night. She awoke early and called him—he was sleeping in the next room—and he at once went to her. She complained of not feeling well; after a little time she seemed to be better, and spoke of several things she wanted done during the day. Soon after this she relapsed into a state of unconsciousness and had great difficulty in breathing. Dr. Lindsay was at once sent



for, but all he could do was to help her in her breathing. She remained this way until about half-past two in the afternoon, when she passed away.

You will notice in her history how she mentions the goodness, and kindness, and love of her mother, grandmother and others: in her own life she had all of their virtues; before all, being a simple Christian, Daughter, Sister, Wife and Mother. She died as she had lived.