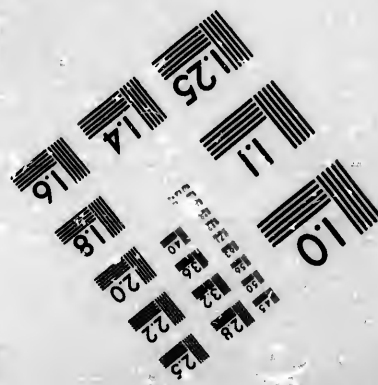
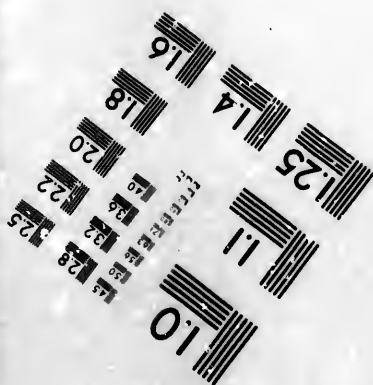
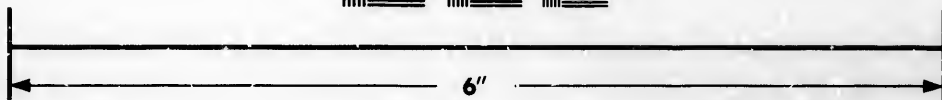
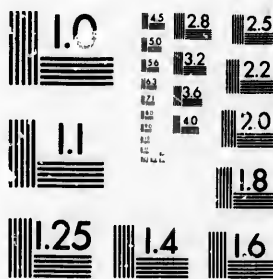


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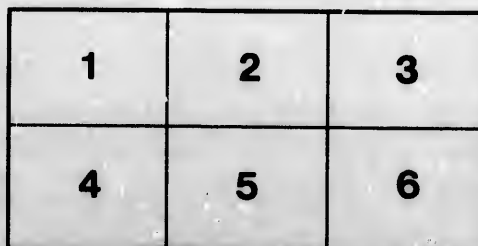
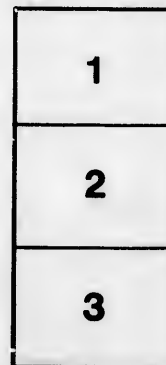
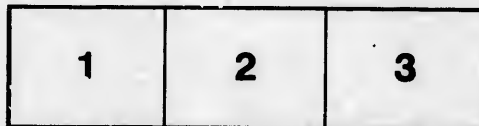
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151. Letter to Electors of County of Hants - By an Elector
162. Letters to " " " Nos. 1 + 2.
213. " To " " " - Howe et al
14. Letter to " " " in reply to
M. Amund - Howe.

Electors

A LETTER

TO THE

ELECTORS

OF THE

COUNTY OF HANTS,

In which the causes that led to the Hon. J. Howe's
Abandonment of Repeal are explained and
put in their true light.

BY AN ELECTOR.

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To the Electors of the County of Hants.

GENTLEMEN—

You have at present a duty to perform which surpasses in importance any that you have ever discharged as an electoral body. It requires, therefore, attention proportioned to its importance. Howsoever you may act, it is sure to affect yourselves immediately, or at any rate very soon, and its effects will be felt by your [posterity. Should you err in choosing a wrong representative for the Dominion Parliament, do not for a moment imagine that it is a small matter; and should you be so fortunate as to elect the proper person, you will do a blessed thing for yourselves, for the Province, and for posterity, and history will celebrate the wisdom of your judgment. Everything must or ought to be done by you with calmness and after mature deliberation. But I am ready to admit that this is a time when it is peculiarly difficult to act with calmness. The very greatness of the event to some extent disturbs the mind, and makes us liable to be swayed more by prejudice than by reason; and it is with a view to diminish this danger that I, though with much diffidence, take the liberty of addressing to you some reflections which ought to influence you in making choice of your representative. And I do it the more readily, because I see unprincipled politicians using their best exertions to arouse those angry passions which every good citizen would wish to

see allayed on such an occasion. But to them it is a small matter whether you are led to commit an irretrievable blunder, provided they thereby secure some selfish ends or gain a party triumph. The election over, everything of moment to these adventurers is finished; but your concernment then scarcely begins, and, who can calculate its end! In the minds of some of the electors a prejudice exists against Mr. Howe, and although it cannot be strong, as it is merely a shrub transplanted from Halifax, which has not yet taken root, I shall not pass it over with the contempt it perhaps deserves, but examine its character, and show you how essential it will be for you to discard it utterly from your minds. It is not surprising indeed that a prejudice should have arisen against the Hon. Joseph Howe; because to have to bear such prejudices is one of the misfortunes attending a far-seeing wisdom that boldly utters its convictions. A similar prejudice arose against the great Edmund Burke, which cost him his seat—a similar prejudice arose against Sir Robert Peel when he became the judicious advocate of Free Trade—a similar prejudice arose against the present Prime Minister of England in that University that gloried in his genius—and a similar prejudice arose against Lord Macaulay, the most brilliant of writers and the purest of statesmen, in the capital of Scotland. Everybody knows how the electors of Edinburgh afterwards repented their temerity in rejecting him, and how they made the most honorable amends in their power by re-electing him as their representative in Parliament, without putting him to the trouble of a can-

vass, or even a desire expressed on his part to be elected. You will repent likewise, if you now vote amiss: but the Hon. Mr. Howe is not in the prime of youth, and afterwards your contrition may be able only to manifest itself in useless self-reproaches.

The *Morning Chronicle*, Mr. Howe's ablest opponent, attempts to make a strong point out of the honorable gentleman's inconsistency in first seeking, and then abandoning Repeal; but it is an easy matter to show that this argument is weak in any one's hand, and is perfectly suicidal when wielded by the *Chronicle*. For if inconsistency, in [changing from one view to another, be bad, who so guilty as this organ of opinion, that, ever since its inception, was filled with praises of the Hon. Mr. Howe's abilities and virtues, and now turns about to batter him with volleys of opprobrious epithets? If change of opinion be necessarily wrong, then the *Chronicle*, instead of doing the hon. gentleman all the harm in its power, should get its best contributors to write their best contributions in his favor. But the fact is, there could scarcely be a greater mistake than to suppose that consistency in the continued pursuit of one line of conduct, is necessarily the only way to be consistent with high principle. The true man is not he who never changes his opinion, but he who exercises his best faculties to discover at all times what is true, and then acts upon what he believes to be the truth, even should it be in opposition to his whole past career. In proportion as he succeeds in discerning what is true, he is a wise man, and as he acts upon it he is a good one. Before we condemn a change of opinion, it is therefore essentially

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requisite that we consider the nature of the change and the motives that led to it. Your duty demands, then, an examination of the causes that led to Mr. Howe's present attitude towards Repeal. It is upon a misconception of these causes that the present opposition to him is based.

It is said that Mr. Howe changed his opinion in order that he might get "a situation;" not because he believed that Repeal was hopeless, and agitation in its behalf could only injure the interests of the industrious citizen.

Now, if this be correct, then Mr. Howe deserves all, and more than all, the hard things that have been said of him, and is fit not to be the representative of an honest, intelligent, and industrious constituency like that of Hants, but only to be the spokesman of a gang of pickpockets. If in that case he were not merely elected, but if he even got a dozen votes, I would look upon it with regret. On the other hand, if there be not an atom of truth in this allegation, does not any one who harbors ill will towards the hon. gentleman on account of it, commit a sin against his God by hating whom he should love and respect? Everything in Mr. Howe's past life, both as a public man and a private gentleman, convinces me that nothing short of a miracle could have induced him to make the change of which his enemies accuse him. And I do not believe in miracles. None of you believes that if he throws a stone into the air it will fly towards the moon instead of falling back towards the earth, or that the Avon may flow back some day towards the mountains from which it came. If these things

were to happen, they would be miracles in the material world, in which you or I do not believe; and a miracle in the moral world is just as unlikely to happen as one in the material. Yet Mr. Howe's conversion, if it be of the kind alleged, would be a miracle, in which you would not believe, were it not for the barefaced assurances of a number of seemingly respectable people, who say that they *do* believe it. Who would believe that a general, who displayed on a thousand battle fields all the higher qualities of a military genius—fortitude in the midst of dangers, sagacity in foreseeing, and promptitude in acting—should all of a sudden fail, even in the vulgar courage of a private soldier; or that a clergyman of the Gospel, who passed his youth with the purest morality, and his manhood in acts of self-denial prompted by the purest piety, should in his old age become a skulking adulterer? And yet incredible as these results would be they are nothing more so than what some people would have you believe concerning Mr. Howe: Ever since he began to take a part in public affairs, were his best efforts not constantly devoted to the cause of the people? Did he not brave the menaces of the powerful, and withstand the strongest temptations that money can create, at a time when one is most likely to be seduced by it, to serve his country? Has he not been the principal party engaged in passing a series of measures for the establishment of, and resisting a series of encroachments on, the liberties of the people, any *one* of which would give its author an honorable place in history? We see the wisest English historians prodigal in their encomiums of

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Hampden because he refused to pay ship money; of the seven bishops because they would not read the King's declaration; and of McIntosh for his unflinching advocacy of the liberty of the press. But Mr. Howe has done for Nova Scotia, not merely so much as one of these did for England, but more than all of them put together. He set the freedom of the press on a sure and permanent foundation—he procured Responsible Government for the colony—he corrected innumerable abuses that crept into every public department in the Province—and last but not least he destroyed the old corrupt municipal system of Halifax. He thus secured Nova Scotia for ever from government in any department by oligarchies, and we cannot fully estimate the blessings, certainly we can never repay the instrument, of so great a deliverance. These oligarchies, annihilated by Mr. Howe, have all the conceivable evils of government inherent in them. They are neither controlled by public sentiment nor directed by an enlightened conscience. They will sanction the most pernicious measures, because no one feels the responsibility of an act to which he was only a minor party. The public service is looked upon as a means of supporting themselves and their relations upon a splendid charity; and if ever they should extend their patronage to an outsider, it is only after he has proved, by meanness of conduct and and profession, that he is fitted to become the unscrupulous instrument of an unscrupulous authority. But such a clique is always powerful, and can never be matched except by genius, by integrity, and by elevated patriotism. But Mr. Howe did more than

reform governmental abuses for Nova Scotia. I need not enumerate his various labors in behalf of railway and steamboat communication, agricultural improvements, and the extension of her trade and commerce, because they are too well known to require a rehearsal. What, I ask, could then support a man in the discharge of such duties to his country, but the purest devotion to her cause, especially when we consider that all the while high places and abundance of money were ready to become his if he would only cease from his labors of love? A Governorship he could get almost any time, and at a period of life when money is most alluring, he rejected with scorn a bribe of £50,000 if he would only let the people work for themselves. I believe a man of Mr. Howe's means who could do this, to be incorruptible on the score of money. And is the reward of all these noble services to be not that Nova Scotians will not confer an office of dignity and emolument upon their benefactor, but that they will do what in them lies to deprive him of such when conferred by others, and believe that a life so pure in youth and manhood has in its older days become base and treacherous? Never, never, will they bring such an ugly stain upon their national character; because a people that are as deservedly respected as widely as they are known, are not likely to commit an act which would make them as widely despised. But I take another view of the matter, to show you how improbable it is there could be any truth in this foolish story about abandoning Repeal to get "a situation." When Mr. Howe accepted the situation, either he knew that Repeal

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was hopeless, or he believed that further efforts would obtain it. Now, what would have been the consequence to the honorable gentleman had his exertions as a Repealer proved successful? Why! would not that be, that he should succeed in demolishing Dr. Tupper's scheme of Confederation, in baffling all the arts of the Canadians to maintain the scheme, in producing a compulsory conversion in the British Parliament, and finally become the idol of the Anti-Union party in the Province? This would have been to raise him to a pinnacle of glory to which he has not yet attained, and to have won for him a fame more extended than is likely to be secured by his whole previous career, distinguished as that is. But fame is not all that he would get along with Repeal. He would obtain, not merely the Premiership of the Province, but if he chose he might become a pluralist, and [thereby treble, aye even quadruple his present salary as President of the Council.

It could not, therefore, be for the sake of "a situation" that he abandoned Repeal, nor was it for the sake of fame either, because he never expected anything from the expression of his present views, beyond the acknowledgment of his honesty? Since the realization of any hope for Repeal would have been immensely more advantageous to him in point of fame and emolument, than the position which he now holds, we are compelled, therefore, to look for another cause than the love of place—of his separation from the redoubtable League. The other cause is, the other horn of our dilemma, viz., that he knew that Repeal was

DEAD, and as a wise man and a true patriot, he then felt it his first duty to turn it to the best advantage for his country. And lastly, Mr. Howe over and again, challenged his present opponents to show any mode by which Repeal was even *likely* to be obtained, but no answer. The fact is, they were as convinced of its hopelessness as he was, but they had not the courage to say so. They were also quite willing to go on agitating, and puddling, and scolding, in the intervals of their business hours, because it pleased and cost them nothing. And mark more particularly, the self-denial of these patriotic politicians. They deemed it expedient to keep Mr. Howe away from Halifax altogether, and were anxious to send him to Washington in some capacity fitted to make himself and the Province the butt and the ridicule of civilized humanity for years to come. Do not, however, blame them for the absurdity of this, because the fault is nature's, in having made men so stupid as to believe this to be good policy and sound sense; but you have a right, to blame them for the manner in which this stupid piece of business was to be paid for. Did these disinterested statesmen put their hands into their pockets to defray the expenses? No! nor one cent of them; but like all men of that class, proved themselves exceedingly liberal with what did not belong to them. They were to pay everything out of the taxes paid by you, and which you yourselves require for so many useful purposes. And this leads me to another point on which some good people require information. They say Mr. Howe should have continued

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the agitation longer. If this were a difficult matter to answer, I would reply, that Mr. Howe's sagacity knew best when the agitation should cease; but the reason for discontinuance is obvious to the smallest reflection. Mr. Howe saw that there was a double evil connected with the further existence of a Repeal party. The first was, that it drew the attention of the people away from their business, and the second, that the public money, instead of being applied to promote peace and industry, would be squandered upon more than useless embassies and delegations.

But now it is admitted by all sensible men, that Confederation is an established fact, and that we must make the best of it—not only the Province as a whole, but Hants in particular. And since the County cannot send every body to Ottawa, her duty is to send the best Representative possible. This is brought to a narrow issue, because it lies in selecting the best of two men—Monson Goudge, Esq., and the Hon. Joseph Howe. Mr. Goudge is a very estimable man, of respectable talent, and unblemished character; but by no means fitted to represent you at the present crisis. A minute comparison between himself and the Hon. Mr. Howe is not likely to be instituted by any one. His friends, it is hoped, have not the weakness, nor his opponents, the cruelty to do that. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Howe has been the leading speaker at meetings in Nova Scotia, in Canada, in the United States, and in England, where Mr. Goudge would not be called upon to move a vote of thanks; that he delivered more good speeches than Mr. Goudge

ever read, and refuted arguments which Mr. Goudge could not comprehend. What you require now, is a man who is thoroughly experienced in the principles of political economy, and knows all the details of finance; who knows what the wants of Nova Scotia are, and can plead for them successfully on the floor of the Parliament in Ottawa. Send Mr. Howe, who possesses all these qualifications in an eminent degree, and your interests are safe in his hands. If you send Mr. Goudge, he will have to learn every thing; and you have yet to learn what are his capabilities of acquiring political knowledge. This is not a time to play at "heads or tails," but to act surely.

I remain,

Your obedient Servant,
AN ELECTOR.

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LETTERS

TO THE

Electors of the County of Hants.

No. 1.

MEN OF HANTS,—

In the crusade, conducted by the Halifax League and the Local Government against me, they have had singular advantages. They had ten days to organize and cover the county with lies before my return. They sent a special train full of emisaries, and three or four speakers, to Windsor; and by following me round the County, and presenting, upon the platform, relays of speakers every day for a fortnight, they did their best physically to break me down. The intellectual labor was not great; for, though for ten days I had, without any assistance, to encounter Goudge, Weeks, Troop, Jones and Annand, they had no case—no policy; and sparring with them, while my strength lasted, was not unpleasant pastime. When McLellan came to my aid they imported Morrison, the object being clearly, by wind and numbers, to wear me out. Having to listen to and answer so many speakers, I was compelled to sit for five or six hours a day in cold halls and drill sheds, till cold upon cold; and chill upon chill, drove me to my bed for a fortnight and to my room for a month. Thank Providence, I am now rapidly recovering, and I am in hopes to

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be able to take the field again, and to meet the Electors of Elmsdale, the Gore, Rawdon and Mount Uniacke.

The enemy, you will perceive, whatever they intended, have not quite taken my life. Now let us see what chance they have of taking my seat. During a month's absence from the County, and confinement to my house, I have, of course, been unable to do anything to secure my election. But my friends have not been idle, and from every Polling District the most cheering accounts reach me day by day. A few days of public discussion, in the centres of population not yet visited, will enable the people of those districts to understand the questions at issue, and I shall then wait the result with full reliance upon your sound sense and independent judgment.

During my confinement I have had ample time to run over the arguments of the different speakers encountered at the public meetings, and it may not be an unprofitable task to condense into this paper some of the explanations which will enable you readily to estimate their value. Let me begin with Mr. Goudge. That gentleman found fault with me for changing my policy, and wished it to be inferred that, in some sudden and violent manner, and for some corrupt and wicked purposes I had changed my opinions. But this is not true. My change of policy resulted from no change of opinion, but from an honest conviction, after many months of vain endeavors to effect that object, that the British American Act could not be repealed—that, after the determination of the Local Govern-

ment to cling to their offices, organized insurrections, certain to be put down by the whole power of the Imperial Government, or negotiation, were the only courses open to us. I would not take the responsibility of misleading our people into violence and bloodshed, and therefore, coerced by circumstances which I could not control, I chose the safer and wiser policy of negotiation. But is Mr. Goudge the person to attribute improper motives to anybody who happens to change his opinion? Judge, from the following letter which I read to him at the Maitland meeting, and which is well deserving of a wider circulation. A mutual friend writes to me, under date of the 22nd of February:

“But what is the matter with my old friend and school-fellow Monson Goudge? Just after the Confederation Scheme began to be agitated in Dec., 1864, I saw him at Windsor, and found him an *uncompromising Confederate*, and, like a great many others, whose opinions he shared, so very strong in those opinions that he could not apparently tolerate any person holding different ones; and indeed I remember feeling a little vexed at my old friend for what seemed to me his too arbitrary assertion of those opinions. I can hardly understand how a man's judgment can pass through such mutations that, while he honestly held such doctrines then, he could afterwards, after the power to prevent the union had passed away, and it had become an accomplished fact, and not only so, but after a year and a half of faithful exertions, under better auspices than can ever exist again for its repeal, we have found that there is no ghost of a chance for that repeal, I say I do not see how any one holding such views then, can now consistently condemn you for tak-

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“ing a position that will enable you to protect our
“interests under the new Constitution, to which we
“find ourselves compelled to submit.”

Here are Mr. Goudge and his former opinions sketched by a friendly hand. He was, it appears, but a short time ago, an ardent uncompromising Confederate, then he became an Anti, and now he is a Repealer, without being able to show anybody how repeal is to be got. His opinions were suddenly and violently changed. Who converted him? Perhaps I might guess, as I think I could almost discern the influences which compelled him to mount the hustings, but let that pass. Now, what would Mr. Goudge have said, when he changed his opinions, without any coercion and necessity, had I run about calling him a traitor, and swearing that he had been bribed and bought?

I was a good deal amused, when at one of the meetings, referring to the money recovered for the Province by Mr. McLelan and myself, Mr. Goudge spoke of the amount with perfect contempt, as “a few paltry pounds.” One would have supposed that he had been accustomed to handle sums so large that a million or two seemed a mere trifle. Now let us see, by a few simple comparisons, the value of the concession resulting from the negociation. In round numbers it is £40,000 a year, or about the amount of the whole revenue of the Province a few years before I went into the Legislature. For ten years we get \$165,000, or nearly the interest upon \$3,000,000. Taking our population at 400,000, which it is not yet, and the population of the British Islands at 30,000,000, the sum we have re-

covered, as a perpetual addition to our revenues, and independent of the subsidy of \$82,598 which lasts for ten years, is equal to \$89,000,000 in the Mother country. Now let us fancy that a couple of English statesmen had recovered this vast amount of money by successful negotiation, and that then one of them had taken a seat in the Cabinet, what would be thought of a small shop keeper, in a country town in Hampshire, getting on the platform, denouncing the men as traitors, and the money as a "paltry" sum unworthy of consideration? No such ridiculous individual could be found in England, and the time is rapidly approaching, let us hope, when we will be privileged to forget that any body, in Nova Scotia, ever uttered such egregious nonsense. The population of the United States is eighty-five times that of Nova Scotia. Let anybody multiply \$1,186,756 by 85, and he will perceive that what we have recovered, would be more than equal to \$100,000,000 in that country. Stewart, of New York, the richest Dry Goods man in the world, would not turn up his nose at such a sum; and when Mr. Goudge turns up his, he only makes himself ridiculous, without depreciating the importance of the negotiation.

But we were told, over and over again, by Mr. Goudge, that, if you only reject me, and elect him, you will get so much more money from the Canadian Government. Who believes him? Is it not patent to every body that he is so conscious of his own inability to make his case understood, even by his own people, that he has been compelled to take five other persons about with him, to explain it.

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With the whole five at his back, he has not made much progress. But, if elected, is he to take the five with him to Ottawa? And if he does not, what sort of a figure is he likely to cut among the experienced and able men from whom he is to wrest more money? I have not, up to now, though the provocation has been ample, said one unkind word of Mr. Goudge; but this I may say, I trust without offence, that Providence has unmistakably stamped his appropriate pursuits upon his mental and physical organization. He was born to measure tapes and laces, not to rule Provinces, or to conduct revolutions.

Let me pass on for a few moments to his ally, Otto Weeks. For some reason or another Otto was dropped after a few meetings. How was this? Was it because when great dignitaries like Troop, Annand and Jones appeared on the scene, people like Weeks would not be considered good company for them. Was it because simple people began to say if Weeks could speak for hours, and Goudge could not for ten minutes, without "losing the thread of his discourse," it might be better to send Weeks instead of Goudge. To give the devil his due, if he would modulate his voice a little, and cultivate a quieter style, Otto is a much better speaker than either of the five whose advent snuffed him out. With him I can have no quarrel. Of myself I do not care what he says. His life, hitherto, is an answer to his arguments. Knowing and respecting many of his friends, I only pray that he may amend it. The poet tells us that

**"Some whom kind Heaven has blest with store of wit
Want just as much again to manage it."**

Otto is one of these. His eccentricity mars his usefulness—he is “all things by turns and nothing long.” As his new friends have snuffed him out, I may fairly forgive him any small flights of fancy in which he indulged in the early part of the campaign.

With Mr. Jones I shall not waste much time. All his arguments were answered over and over again at the public meetings. He has been recently engaged in a controversy with which I have had nothing to do. In that discussion, provoked by his own folly, a good many curious things have been proved :

1. That he never was a Repealer, and disclaimed that policy on the platform in the County of Halifax in order to secure his election.

2. That he had no faith in Repeal when the Delegates were going to England, and was the last man to sign the petition to the Imperial Parliament.

3. That he was so anxious to go to Ottawa last spring, that he got himself absolved from the obligation to remain at home, imposed by general expressions of opinion at public gatherings in various parts of the country, by a resolution, passed by some of his friends in Mr. Annand's office, and went, though his colleague, Mr. Power, refused to go, or did not go until near the end of the session.

4. That he urged the Lieutenant Governor to ask for a prompt decision by Mr. Gladstone's Government, representing to His Excellency that, when that decision came, the repealers would disband, and that he would accept the situation.

5. That, only a few weeks ago, he used this language at a meeting of the League: "Of the twenty-five or thirty men in this room, are there five, nay are there three, that have any hopes, or "who believe, that repeal can be obtained?"

Why should I waste words with a person who has made for himself this record, and yet now comes upon the platform to denounce gentlemen, who, coerced by circumstances which they cannot control, have reluctantly adopted the opinion which he ever entertained?

One or two facts I may notice which touch the ordinary courtesies of life. At the close of the Brooklyn meeting, after I had been five hours fighting Goudge, Weeks, and Troop, Mr. Jones had the bad taste to ascend the platform, and attempt to re-open the discussion when the audience were weary, and the speakers exhausted. The people refused to hear him. Again, the night before I took to my bed, at the Nine Mile River Meeting, I lay, wrapped up in my coats, on the platform, hardly able to hold up my head, while Mr. Jones stood over me more than an hour, declaiming, without having the common decency to enquire if I was ill, or to propose to adjourn the meeting. I had barely strength, when he was done, to express my indignation, and get to my lodging. The blessing of Providence, and the resources of science and of a good constitution, have brought me through, but I cannot help feeling, with very small thanks to Mr. Jones.

Mr. Troop and Mr. Annand deserve some notice at my hands, and I shall endeavor to do them justice in another letter.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH HOWE.

No. 2.

MEN OF HANTS,—

A boy in a Scottish country school asked the master to explain to him the meaning of the word phenomenon. "Ye ken," said the pedagogue, "what a coo is." "Yes," was the answer. "Veel, she's no a phenomenon. Ye ken what an apple tree is?" "Yes." "That's no a phenomenon; but if you were to see the coo gangin tail foremost up the apple tree that wad be a phenomenon." The Hon. Jared C. Troop, whether he goes head or tail foremost, is a phenomenon from the rapidity with which he climbs. "The earth has bubbles as the water hath," and he is one of them. To go up like a rocket and come down like a stick is the fate in store for him, or I am much mistaken. A year or two ago Mr. Troop was a village lawyer, of no great standing in his profession, and remarkable for nothing except occasional contributions to the Bridgetown paper, written in a pompous, inflated, and turgid style, characteristic of the man. The Anti-Confederate agitation threw him into the Legislature. The majority was not large, for though the cause was popular the man was not. He came down to town, and found himself in a few months a member of the Executive Council and delegate to England—Hugh McDonald, whose past services, high character and large political influence entitled him to the place, being passed over. I did not understand this matter quite, when the delegates came to England, but subsequent events have thrown a good deal of light upon the selection, and the reasons for it, and

I think I understand it now. Mr. Annand wanted somebody with him with a taste for speculation, who could turn a Provincial delegation to personal account; and accordingly we find that these two worthies had hardly got to England before they were chaffering with certain contractors who had entered into a bargain with the Provincial Government to construct a railway from Windsor to Annapolis. I soon learned that directorships in some company which those contractors had formed, or were about to form, had been offered to some of the delegates. As the business of the Local Government was to watch these contractors, to stand between them and the public, and to protect the proprietors whose lands were taken—the Counties whose people were to be assessed, and the Province at large, interested in having a good road and in a strict fulfilment of the contract, I could not believe that any member of the Local Government would disgrace himself by accepting such a position, or be guilty of so flagrant a violation of his trust. Whatever suspicions flashed across my mind in England, I put them aside as unworthy to be entertained of friends and colleagues. When I returned home it was confidently asserted, by persons who professed to know, that both Annand and Troop were not only directors of this Company, but had been presented with stock enough to qualify them to hold those offices under the law. I gave little heed to the rumor, and although both those men have been for months doing their best to defame and injure me, I took no trouble to ascertain if it had any foundation. A few days ago a friend put into my hand evidence upon

which I rely, and upon which I now make the assertion, that Jared C. Troop, while in England as a Delegate, did in May last accept and has since held, a Directorship in this Company, who thus secured at the Council Board an interested advocate and friend. The Company's shares are of the value of £20 sterling, and a Director to be legally qualified, must be the owner of twenty of these shares, or stock to the extent of \$2000 currency. I will not assert, because I cannot prove, that this amount of stock was given to Mr. Troop; but I should like to see the books of the Company, or to have the fact denied by its promoters under a rigid cross examination.

Now, men of Hants, what do you think of a person thus violating his oath of office, selling his influence to a company that it was his business to watch—for nine months insulting the Lieutenant Governor and the whole country by his presence at the Council Board and then coming into your County to instruct you how to exercise the franchise?

Two or three experiments upon your patience were made by this windy and pompous intruder. Though I did not know the facts now stated, I knew enough of him to give him his deserts at Brooklyn and at Avondale. He has since retired to Annapolis, and finds it safer to write scurrilous articles in the Bridgetown paper, and to abuse me at hole and corner meetings a long way off, at which he knows I can not be present; but it is my intention when the fine weather comes, and I have leisure to return his visits, to go into the County of Annapolis and to put him upon his trial before his own constituents.

Mr. Annand made his appearance at three or four of the public meetings held in the County of Hants. At all of these he was civil—sometimes complimentary. He referred to our ancient friend-

ship—did justice to my past public services, and, in my presence, did not venture to use one coarse expression, or one insulting word. But Mr. Annand is the Editor and Proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, which, for many months, has teemed with coarse and malignant defamation of his old friend. As if the appetite for slander grew by what it fed on, Mr. Annand, week after week, and day after day, has tracked my steps, disparaging my position and influence, uttering the foulest slanders, the meanest falsehoods, and doing his best to work my ruin, personal and political. Even while I lay for days, trembling between life and death, upon my sick bed, and during the month that I have been confined to my house, when a fiend would have put on some show of decency, this stream of defamation has never ceased for an hour. Every morning has brought into the bosom of my family the foulest epithets, and the most baseless slanders, that Mr. Annand, or his hired scribblers, could invent or apply.

Up to this hour I have given no personal provocation, and have never retaliated. The proprietors of the opposition papers know that I have never written a line in one of them since my return from England. Indeed I have written nothing, except the letters published in the autumn under my own signature, in which, I hope, there was nothing coarse or offensive. Respect for the feelings of Mr. Annand's family, with whom I had long and pleasant intercourse—for the feelings of old friends—for the past, with its years of honorable labor and mutual co-operation, have restrained me, whatever I may have felt; but it is about time that this nuisance was abated, and that this person was taught, that the glass house in which he lives, is a poor shelter from which to pelt stones at other people.

Mr. Annand has been recently engaged in a singular controversy with Mr. McLellan and Mr.

McDonald, and, in self-vindication, has published a letter of his own which is a curiosity in its way. Before grouping the facts brought to the surface by that controversy, let me remind you of one or two others that cannot be disputed.

For months after the Delegates returned from Quebec, the *Morning Chronicle* advocated Confederation. Had it been popular, the base would have been changed; but Mr. Annand found that the merchants, upon whose advertizing patronage he depended, were combined against it, and that his subscribers in the country disliked the scheme. His interests stood opposed to his avowed opinions. What did he do? Followed his interests and changed his base! What did I do? Call him an apostate and a scoundrel, as he has called me, when I have changed my base, coerced by circumstances which could not be controlled? No—but when he came to me, explained his position, and offered me a salary to assist him in sustaining the *Chronicle*, I placed upon his conduct the charitable construction of an old friend, and gave him the active aid of my pen for months without taking from him a sixpence. By and bye the Confederates were held at bay. The Legislature assembled and dispersed, without venturing to sanction the policy. Tilley was defeated in New Brunswick. To all appearances Nova Scotia was safe, and in the spring, I went to Washington, then to Detroit, and afterwards to England.

During all this time, Sir Richard Graves McDonnell was administering the government of Nova Scotia. If not opposed to Confederation, he was assumed to be not very favorable to the measure; and while he stayed, there were no temptations at Government House to disorder the ranks of the Artis. But by and bye Sir Fenwick Williams came to Nova Scotia, and, with a fine personal presence, a pleasant manner, and a good table, set about the task of manipulating the Provin-

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cial politicians and carrying Confederation. From what I saw, I suspected that among the avowed supporters of the government, Sir Fenwick might make some progress; but I never dreamed that any conspicuous man among the Antis would waver for a moment. I went to Washington in January, and I remained there till March, closing up the business of the Fishery Commission. One morning the servant brought in a file of Halifax papers. After reading the deaths and marriages, which I always do when abroad, my eye lit upon an editorial in the *Morning Chronicle* of the 25th January, which I read twice over with infinite astonishment. Annand's name was not among the deaths, yet I could not fancy that he was alive. Here was the organ of our party, pledged to maintain our constitution as it stood, shaking the party all to pieces by proposing a new delegation—a second Convention, and a political union with Canada. As this was precisely what Mr. Miller afterwards did propose, you may guess my astonishment at reading that editorial, far from home and friends, without guidance or explanation. It was inexplicable, by any theory of honesty and good faith which I could frame for my old friend, unless it had been done deliberately, with the sanction of our party, after a calm review of the exigencies of their position.

It now appears that it was done without the sanction of a single member of the party. It also appears that Mr. Annand had his trunk packed, and was going over to New Brunswick, to endeavor to tempt the leader of the government to adopt his policy, although that gentleman was elected, and sustained, by a majority hostile to confederation. So earnest was Mr. Annand in this business, that it took Killam, McLellan, McDonald, and some others of the more energetic of our party to choke him off and keep him at home. All this the simple Antis did not know or suspect. I did not know it

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at Washington, nor in fact till the publication of Annand's own letter, and McDonald's and McLellan's statements, a few days ago, did I ever know the extent to which this disastrous and wretched intrigue had gone.

I will now explain what I did know, and the charitable construction I put upon what came to my knowledge. It wants but this explanation to complete the historic picture. I returned from Washington to my home on the 27th of March, and on that day or the next I called to pay my respects to the Lieutenant Governor. To my surprise, after some conversation about public affairs in the States, Sir Fenwick gravely told me that he was getting along famously with Confederation—that he was in communication with Mr. Annand, to whom he had made a proposition, which he read to me, and which was precisely what had been embodied in the editorial. I was too indignant at this attempt upon the integrity of my old friend to discuss the matter calmly, even with the Lieutenant Governor. I gave him a piece of my mind, walked out of his house, and never crossed his threshold again, while he remained in the country. When I saw Annand I told him what had passed at Government House, and of course there was an end to the intrigue and the editorials. He made some such excuse for himself as Jones attempted at Temperance Hall, and as he has lately hazarded; and I, not having seen his letter to Smith, or heard McDonald and McLellan's explanations, did, what I have done twenty times in the course of his life, placed the most charitable construction upon conduct which no man, with all the facts before him, can now attempt to defend. I never liked the transaction, but I did not go into the streets and proclaim him a scoundrel and an apostate. I made the best I could of a bad business—bluffed off Sir Fenwick—and left Annand in his place. When Miller, apprized of his treachery,

went over to the enemy, I threw myself into the contest with all my might, traversed and organized the eight western Counties, got up Petitions, and prepared for that Delegation on which, supported as it was by the liberal contributions of our friends, he might serve with honor, as he could not have served on the base and treacherous mission which he had himself proposed.

Besides the scurrilous and defamatory editorials which Mr. Annand sends abroad day by day, I can occasionally trace his hand in the resolutions, got up for some of the small country meetings, which just now he desires to misrepresent as public opinion. In one of these, moved by some person in Musquodoboit, the very original phrase is used that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." In some cases, this may be true; but if I get time, before the election, to write another letter to you, I think I shall be able to prove that, in the case of a somewhat conspicuous and eccentric individual called William Annand, patriotism means trafficking in the Crown Estate, trading upon his office, getting up bubble companies, and cheating honest people out of their money; and I think I will be able to show that not only was a Delegation an absolute financial necessity to that person in the spring of 1866, but that all his labor to involve this country in another this year, grows out of the insane idea that he can float, on the strength of a public mission, another of those bubbles in London. That, he cannot do; but let him prepare himself for the petition which is now in course of signature in England, and will, I understand, be presented to the Local and Dominion Legislatures, praying for a searching investigation into the origin and management of that celebrated institution of which he was the Secretary and Managing Director.

Pardon me my friends for intruding on your patience at such length, and believe me

Yours truly

JOSEPH HOWE.

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