

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

JOSEPH HOWE AND HIS TIMES.

And Incidental References to Some of His Prominent Public Contemporaries.

By "Historicus," Fredericton, N. B.

NO. 4.

Mechanics' Institute.

In 1827, Mr. Howe, Dr. Gregor, Mr. Dawson, (whose sons are now in business in Montreal) and a few other gentlemen, met and organized a Mechanics' Institute, at that day very popular, in Scotland particularly. Dr. Gregor, a Scotch gentleman, was elected first President, and the meetings were held for a time in the Acadian School Building. Afterwards the Society removed to one of the many vacant rooms in Dalhousie College. Lectures were given once a week, followed on each occasion by quite a lively and interesting

for all, even to this day. Instead of having a dozen colleges at work in these two provinces, one grand university would be amply sufficient for all purposes. While jealousy operated against King's College at the beginning, and kept it back, today there is an esprit de corps among the several denominations, each vying with the other for prominence, or the laudable endeavor to make their college a success and a praise among the churches and throughout the land.

Still, there is no reason why King's College should not now be advancing, in students, in funds, and in the confidence of the people. If there is still church about her, there is not enough to keep back those who can attend with all their scruples, and gain an education in Arts equal to that provided by any other College. If it is the want of funds, then it is a reproach upon the Churchmen of the Province, especially the wealthy ones, that they do not lend a helping hand, and take a leaf from the books of members of other churches, who feel a pride in carrying on their own distinctive denominational work. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Let Churchmen lay this text to heart and do their duty.

Dalhousie College.

With regard to the failure of Dalhousie College in answering the expectations formed on the opening by the Earl of Dalhousie, I am unable to assign a cause, unless it be due to the old school of politicians, who did not only neglect to send their sons to it, but threw in its way all the discouragements within their reach at the time, to render it inoperative. I can account for the failure in no other way. Its large class rooms stood idle for years. Nobody but the janitor occupied the premises, except that part in the basement which was let for stores. During the summer of the cholera (in 1834) the building was used as an Hospital, whither the sick and dying were carried daily in large numbers to be treated, and from whence many a dead body was conveyed



DR. GREGOR.

discussion upon the subject matter of the lecture. It might have been called a veritable debating society, which brought out a display of talent highly creditable to the participants. Among the most prominent of the speakers were Mr. Thompson, before referred to, Dr. Matthew Ritchie the great Methodist preacher, Mr. Howe, Dr. Gregor, Wm. Ward, occasionally Rev. Mr. Twining, and a very clever schoolmaster, whose name I have forgotten. Those debates generally occupied more time than the lecture itself, but they served to bring out many pertinent matters in connection with the subject, which otherwise would have been lost upon most of the audience. In these discussions, among men of the highest learning, Howe exhibited a latent talent which in the future promised to develop into large proportions. The shrewdness and good common sense of his observations, even upon scientific and highly literary subjects, raised him in the estimation of his confreres, as a young man, who in time would be sure to make his mark upon his country's scroll.

The lectures were tolerably well attended, but never like those in St. John—the presence of the ladies in sufficient numbers was wanting, as one of the attractions—at all events for that and other reasons, the Institute languished and finally ceased to exist, after doing good work for probably ten years. The St. John Institute lasted fifty years, when it too expired a couple of years ago.

King's College.

But referring to Dalhousie College. It seems to have been an unfortunate enterprise from the day the Earl of Dalhousie laid the corner stone in 1820. If not incorrect, it originated as an offshoot to Windsor College, which was a strictly denominational institution, under the Church of England, and so remains to this day, but with considerable modification in its government and management, and more in harmony with the times. As everything was "church" in the beginning of the century when the Charter was obtained, it can very easily be understood why King's College should have been worked on strictly church lines, with all its Governors and Senators and Professors belonging to the one persuasion. The effect of this beginning was detrimental to the College's advancement, as it was to be sustained out of the people's money, to which all denominations alike contributed, so that there were heart burnings and jealousies all along from the start. Only the sons of Churchmen felt that they could breathe freely the atmosphere of King's College, while those of other churches stood aloof, and waited for the time to come when they could have institutions for the higher education, which all alike might approve and feel at home in, as their own and only Alma Mater. Hence the Pietist Academy, under Dr. McCullough—hence Dalhousie College—Wollville Academy—Sackville Academy—all now grown into the dimensions of Colleges—and all, with the exception of Dalhousie at the beginning, have greatly advanced, pecuniarily and in public favor, while the mother of all—King's College—remains to this day comparatively weak and helpless, and yet doing good work, and conducted under far more liberal auspices than formerly. It may be asked here why King's College did not succeed under "the church," how comes it that the Methodist and Baptist and Presbyterian Colleges have advanced so rapidly, when they likewise are strictly denominational and flourishing? The reason is obvious. When the charter was obtained for King's College, the population was only adequate for the support of one high school of learning, and had there been prescience enough among our fathers to see that as the population increased, embracing all denominations, and had they spread their nets to catch all the people alike, without creed or doctrine—in a word, opened the doors of a non-sectarian college, all might have been gathered in, and the one institution would have answered

for interment, scarcely confined and without ceremony. It was a terrible scourge, upwards of 1,500 persons having perished within eight weeks—it was an epidemic far worse than the small-pox, which visited Halifax in 1827, and carried off upwards of 800 of the inhabitants. In the midst of the worst part of the cholera plague the Lieut. Governor, Sir Colin Campbell, performed heroic service, attending day after day the patients, and ministering to their wants, thus setting an example which did good and induced the attendants to likewise persevere in their laudable work. Although His Excellency in a few years afterwards was one of the bitter opponents of Responsible Government, and for whose recall the Reformers in the House petitioned the home government, still his memory must ever be held dear by the people of Halifax, for the humane services rendered by him during the terrible visitation, when the soul of every one was stirred to its utmost depth, and the courage of His Excellency attested in its sublimest form.

The old College Building is no more. As soon as the Presbyterians got possession new life was infused within its walls, and in time its capacity not being equal to its patronage, the property was sold to the City, and a new College erected in the suburbs, in every way fitted for its increased and increasing popularity. Upon the old site stands the new City Hall, fronting which on the south is the Grand Parade, which presents a fine grassy parterre, with walks, and on the upper side west, a steep terraced slope margined with forest trees. The stone enclosure of the Parade ground is massive and highly creditable to the City. [A word here—I trust the day will come when a Monument will be erected upon this Parade ground in honor of Nova Scotia's most illustrious son—but more on this head hereafter.]

Generals Williams and Inglis.

Although never a financial success as already stated, Windsor College has sent forth into the world men who in after life distinguished themselves in the service of their country, by land and sea, and in the field of letters, reflecting upon their Alma Mater perhaps more lustre than can be said of any other Colonial Institution. For example—the hero of Kars, General Williams,* who during the Crimean War held the Russians at bay for months, amidst great suffering and privation, when beleaguered in the fortress of Kars, a most strategic point, against which the enemy incessantly battered, at the sacrifice of human life and ammunition; and when at last a breach was made in the walls, the heroic band was forced to surrender from sheer exhaustion; the Russian General on entering, highly complimented Williams for his bravery, endurance and

skill. Then General Inglis, son of the late Lord Bishop, who heroically distinguished himself at Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny. Inglis on that occasion was outnumbered and outflanked by the enemy, and his little regiment cut off from the main army. He accordingly sought shelter in the Fortress of Lucknow—among his little band there were many women and children. Day and night, with demoniac yells and menaces, the Sepoys bombarded the little garrison on all sides, and as often as breaches were made in the walls, they were quickly repaired by the beleaguered. During the Wars of Cromwell's time, the Countess of Derby defended her Castle called "Latham House" for weeks against the besieging army, which came upon her unawares, and when the Earl was on the battle field at a distance. Her little garrison consisted only of her household servants and retainers, and her children; and all of these were brought into service in loading the guns, while the Countess herself and her able-bodied men fired from the portcullis and windows of the Castle, and so the siege was finally raised by the enemy as abortive. Here, then, was a counterpart of that old heroic performance. Inglis knew the fate of his dependants if the Sepoys once gained an entrance, in his knowledge of the Cawnpore massacre a few weeks earlier, when men, women and children were thrown into a deep well and there murdered, many of them being buried alive. As the days went on the enemy increased in numbers—so that at length it became settled with Inglis that if succour was not soon at hand, he would be compelled to capitulate, or the walls would be blown up from the outside, as the Sepoys now began to sap and mine at several points. But it was not to be so—a kind Providence stood by them—for just at the moment when despair had taken possession of every heart, from days of exhaustion, trial and hunger, and all hope of being rescued had fled, the sound of the bagpipes was suddenly heard in the distance—every nerve of the watchers was strung to catch the welcome signal. On fully realizing that the Campbells were coming indeed, one shout of maddening joy went up from that little Fortress, the like of which for volume perhaps had never been surpassed. It was the phrenzy of the moment—the shout of victory—the renewal of life, after weeks spent, as it were, in the agonies of death.

The relieving army was under the command of General Havelock while Sir Colin Campbell, Outram and other Generals were on the march, enfilading in the same direction. It did not require the Sepoy dogs long to get out of the way when the British were coming. But they still held possession of the Residency, until the British Generals concentrated their forces round about, when after several days of desperate fighting and terrible slaughter the capture was fully effected (21st March, 1858) and an awful retribution was inflicted on the rebels. The back bone of the rebellion was now pretty well broken.

The wife of Nova Scotia's hero, (daughter of Lord High Chancellor Chelmsford—Sir-name Thesigar,) was with him in the Fortress of Lucknow, and shared with him all the sufferings of the garrison. The long trials and anxieties of Inglis told upon his health, and he died at a comparatively early age. His portrait hangs in the Legislative Council Chamber, Halifax.

*NOTE.—I am not sure about Williams having been a graduate—but the degree of D. C. L. was conferred upon him in 1858; he was certainly a Nova Scotian.

THE VISION.

In Memory of Joseph Howe.

In dream, I trod, by wondrous ways,
"No scene I deem dear to me,
Where glad I dwell, in other days,
Beside the summer sea.
I looked on bright Chebucto Bay,—
The sun's fair bride at noon;
And, when the sunset held its sway,
The mirror of the moon.
In wavy beauty danced below
Her globe on each smooth swell;
And loomed aloof, in her soft glow,
The gray old citadel.
I trod alone each silent street;
And, 'mid the haunted hours,
I sate me in a garden sweet
With souls of myriads flowers.
Low-drooping stars begemmed the trees;
The fire fly's lurid light
Flicker'd from shade to shade,—and these
Made beautiful the night.
Then, sweet as rippling water near,
Or the light lisp of leaves,
These rapturous accents, met my ear,
Rich as the bird of eve's:
"Thy haunts, Acadia, are these!
Thy sons these bowers have planned."
How full of charm—how apt to please—
How fair—my native land!
"I loved thee, in our natal hour:
I wrought with mind and will
To make the best;—a guardian power,
My spirit broods these still.
I started when the voice was mute,
But no one could I greet;
Then, suddenly, I heard a note,
And sound of marching feet.
Out of the moonlit vista came,
In flowery wreaths arrayed,
Many a youth, with heart aflame,
And many a marching maid.
And when they came to where I sat—
That bannered, youthful crew,—
Up I arose, with heart elate,
And bowed aloof to see.
The arched and thickly-branching trees
An open space disclose,
Where whitely, 'mid the moonlit leas,
A form majestic rose.
It stood aloof, in stalwart grace,
Of snowy marble hence and there,
Nearer we drew,—I knew the face,—
My country's great tribune!
In his right hand he held a scroll,
Which this for legend bore:
"Who loves his country, in his soul,
He loves her evermore.
"Her praise is best; 'tis she can give
What fairest meets his eye;
For her he counts it joy to live,
And recompense to die."
And while the youth were clustered round,
And gazed with heart intent,
Home to each one, at once I found,
The patriot's meag'ring ment.
Then from the marble lips again
Broke forth that mythic verse,
Of thrilling melody, as when
A thousand streams rejoice:
"O! all the lands whereon the sun
In diurnal course shines,
Shines, he beholds no fairer one
In his broad universe.
"Or so I seem to hear him say,
With birth of every morn;
For her he counts it joy to live,
Whereunto ye were born."
"Then love your land, ye beauteous youth!
I loved it ardently:
'Tis yours, in loyalty and truth;
Your children's it shall be!"
"Say, will ye act the patriot part?
Will ye be true to her who gave
Then each laid hand upon his heart,
And answered him: "We will!"
EASTON FELIX.
*The Public Gardens at Halifax.
†That which I hope will be some day found in this pleasured ground. Who will move in the matter?



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The best man or woman on earth will certainly drit into some kind of vain delirium if he or she is without some sort of regular employment.
Men too often think that if their own lives are bright and happy it does not so much matter about the woman who has to stay at home. The women have had to endure many thing in silence. They have had to endure the dreadful "wash" with its accompaniments of burning ashes or soda or powder, which puckered the hands, inflicted intense pain and made the clothes yellow, of course Lessive Phenix altered all that, and about time. The wash was a regular bugbear; now, it is made almost ridiculously easy. Use Lessive Phenix as directed and there is hardly any washing to do, the dirt is so completely taken out. Makes your old dress look like new.
To be silent, to suffer, to pray when we cannot act, is acceptable to God. A disappointment, a contradiction, a harsh word received and endured as in his presence, is worth more than a long prayer.—Finelon.

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"Going like clockwork."
"I am going like clockwork, too."
"Yes, all run down."
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"Yes, but what's a fellow going to do?"
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