

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

JOSEPH HOWE AND HIS TIMES.

And Incidental References to Some of His Prominent Public Contemporaries.

By "Historicus," Fredericton, N. B.

NO. 15.

Duel Between Howe and Halliburton.

It was impossible to refer to a political abuse and comment upon it, without striking somebody. In the language of Shakespeare, it was like "throwing an arrow over the house and wounding a brother." In the course of debate Mr. Howe referred to the high emoluments derived by the heads of Departments and also by the members of the Judiciary, and in doing so no doubt he expressed himself somewhat forcibly—perhaps that the Judges did not earn the large salaries they were in receipt of. The son of the Chief Justice (Halliburton, afterwards Sir Brenton), John Halliburton, thinking that Mr. Howe had gone a little too far with his venerable father, challenged the ruffler of the domestic circle to mortal combat. It was all one who should kill his revolutionary propaganda, and if not got out of the way the whole country would ere long be permeated with the destructive seed he was sowing and were fast germinating and taking root. John Halliburton, then, was the man for the occasion, no doubt thought his "compact" friends. Had Howe declined the challenge, it would have told greatly against his physical courage, which was regarded in those days as a necessary qualification in a leading public man; and so he "joined issue," as the lawyers say, with his challenger, and accepted it at the hands of that gentleman's second, whose name I have forgotten. Howe's second was (I think) his old friend Dr. Gregor. It was on a fine bright morning at 5 o'clock when the parties went forth to battle—the one principal with deadly intent, the other with harmless design. When the word fire was given Halliburton "let bang" at the enemy of the "family compact." Howe held his fire in his pistol, and when Halliburton's smoke had cleared away Howe took deliberate aim at him—he had him at his mercy—and then, shot into the air. Howe's courage was vindicated—his magnanimity approved of—both parties and their friends marched off the field—all fully satisfied with the morning's pastime—and no doubt enjoyed their maternal meal with far greater relish than they did their potatoes the night preceding.

Another Challenge.

But Howe was not to rest here. On a subsequent occasion, having made some reference to the office of the Provincial Secretary and its extravagances, the great head of that (irresponsible) department—Sir Rupert D'George—taking umbrage, sent a challenge to Howe to meet him in mortal combat. If Halliburton missed his man, the great Sir Rupert would be sure to win him and put an end to his agitation. This second challenge Howe very wisely declined, saying in reply that he could not think of making a target of himself for every one who imagined he had a grievance, to be shot at—besides he felt quite satisfied that his country just at that time could not afford to dispense with his services. This was about the substance of his answer.

Bowie and Uniacke.

While upon the subject of duels, it may not be out of place to refer to previous "affairs of honor," so called, in the olden time. In 1821, a Merchant in Halifax, named Bowie, had a case in court, and Mr Richard Uniacke (afterwards Judge Uniacke) was the lawyer on the other side,—remarks were made of an irritating nature when a quarrel ensued. After the Court was over Bowie sent a challenge to Uniacke, and the combatants and their seconds met in what was then known as the Governor's Pasture, about a mile above the present Halifax Railway Station—a place once containing a grove of trees, but now no longer recognizable, as it is well built up with houses. Bowie fell mortally wounded. His funeral was the longest ever seen in Halifax up to that time. A sort of trial was held—the form had to be gone through. Uniacke was acquitted.

Duel in New Brunswick.

About the same year (1821) a very similar case occurred in Fredericton—the parties concerned were George Frederick Street (afterwards Judge) and Mr. Wetmore—father of the present Judge Wetmore—then a rising and very clever lawyer. A misunderstanding between those two lawyers occurred in the course of a trial, each was engaged on opposite sides—sharp words passed between them—then angry recriminations—then a challenge by Wetmore. They met on what is called the Maryland Road, or rather a short distance off the road, two miles out. Wetmore fell mortally wounded. A trial followed, as in the Halifax case. Chief Justice Saunders was the Judge on the Bench; and an acquittal followed. In those days killing was no murder, when life was lost in duelling.

Monsieur Tonson—"Joe Keefer" and "Joe Howe."

There is an old French play called *Monsieur Tonson Come Again*—the scene is laid in the Rue d'Ivry, Paris—the story is, that a very popular politician by the name of Tonson occupied quarters on this street; and he was beset day and night by callers—at length he moved out into a quiet quarter of Paris where he would not be disturbed by his friends. Another Frenchman moved into the vacated premises, and he came in for all the calls—the friends of the former gentleman not being aware that Tonson had moved away. The chief feature of the play is the annoyance to the new lessee, every time he received a fresh call—"Is Monsieur Tonson in?" These calls came so often, the same query repeated, that it kept the tenant continually on the go, answering the door bell. At length he got cross and swore out of the window upon the head of the innocent intruder upon Monsieur Tonson's successor; and finally was obliged to move away.

Now the same story will answer for a modern occasion. Mr. Joseph Keefer (a gentleman well known for his urbanity and kindness of heart) was Sexton of St. Paul's Church, Halifax, a position he had occupied for many years—he knew every body in town and every body knew him, and he was highly respected. Indeed he was regarded as one of the main pillars of the church. It happened that Keefer occupied a house on Spring Garden Road, and a few doors from Mr. Howe's residence. As the latter gentleman was in great demand about this time, he was called upon day and night at all hours, but his friends often mistook Keefer's house for Howe's—so that the former, like his illustrious Parisian predecessor in the same predicament, also began to get cross at the annoyance. "Is Mr. Howe in?" was the invariable query at Keefer's door. One night, being a little out of humor—and who doesn't get out of humor at times?—he made ready for the next comer, and to give him a bit of his mind for disturbing him. The usual knock at length roused Keefer and his ire at the same time—"Is Mr. Howe in?" "No," he is not—he don't live here—he is busy slaying the Tories—Joe Howe kills the Tories, and Joe Keefer buries them. I'm Joe Keefer, dang you!"

Country Residences—"Taking the Bull By the Horns."

In the early days, and long before Railways were thought of, the gentry had their country summer residences some distance away from Halifax, generally occupying a full day and more to reach them. For example, the Collector of Customs (Hon. T. N. Jeffry) resided about a dozen miles below Windsor, the Lord Bishop at Aylesford, Hon. Mr. Robie and S. G. W. Archibald resided at Truro. So that they all spent a considerable portion of their time on the road; but having plenty of time and money at their disposal, this was nothing considering the healthful advantages of a rustic life. Richard John Uniacke's country seat was at "Mount Uniacke." Mr. U. was Attorney General of the Province—at that time a highly distinguished office, for the reason that great influence was required to obtain a leading public office independently of the people. "Mount Uniacke" was chosen by its owner on account of the fine lake on the premises. At the present day this lake fronts on the Windsor Railroad, and can be seen on passing, with the Mansion behind it. Formerly this lake was away back in the woods, where none could see it, unless they were visitors to the grounds. When first occupied as a country residence, "Mount Uniacke" faced on the old Windsor Road, and the main gates at the entrance to the grounds were very fine, resembling the approach to an English Park. On passing in the stage coach those gates were greatly admired. In a few years afterwards, in straightening the road, the supervisors without stopping to consider the grandeur of the gates, took the road about half a mile away from them, and so left the gates, as it were, in the midst of the forest once more, much to the annoyance and inconvenience of the proprietor. The Attorney General felt much interest in stock raising; more for his own amusement than for any pecuniary gain. Among his animals he had a famous bull which was raised upon the Farm, and between the two quite an intimacy was formed, so that Uniacke would always make up to his pet and fondle it in real innocent fashion. Now Uniacke was an early riser; and one morning, not making his appearance in the house at the usual time after his rambles, the servant man crossed over the fields, and in the distance discovered his master and the bull in deadly conflict struggling for the mastery. Both were so overcome and exhausted that they were down on the ground, Uniacke holding the bull by the horns in an iron grip. Any ordinary man must have succumbed to the attack of the ferocious monster and been killed outright. But U. was a powerful six-footer of herculean proportions, in the midst of his manhood, and strong as a bull. It seems that as usual when Mr. U. made up to the animal that morning, the first thing he noticed was a bold disposition to attack him; and feeling the difficulty of the position, with no one within call, he made up his mind that he must either be killed, or overcome his antagonist. Both were so exhausted when the man came up that neither could scarcely move. The animal was shot, and Uniacke recovered from the shock and his wounds after some time.

Railways and Dinner Parties.

During the great Railway movements in the Provinces (say in the forties) Mr. Howe was continually on the move between Halifax and St. John and Quebec, in advocacy of one line or another, sometimes accompanied by other delegates and sometimes alone—he appeared to be clothed with full powers to negotiate such measures as he considered best for all interests, especially the line from Halifax via St. John and the "North Shore." A public meeting was called at the Mechanics' Institute, where Mr. Howe addressed a large gathering of the citizens. There was great rivalry and even jealousy between the two capitals in connection with this project, Halifax in favor of the North Shore and St. John by the valley of the St. John River. On this occasion Mr. Howe was confronted on the platform by several of our ablest men, among whom was the present Chief Justice Ritchie and the late Judge Gray (afterwards of British Columbia)—but Howe held his own in his answers to all comers. As an old friend, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Howe at this time at another friend's private table in St. John—the company numbered ten persons, all of whom are now dead, except three. It was a night ever to be remembered. Dinner was served at seven p. m., and it was three next morning before the company arose

and retired to the adjoining room, previous to a break up. During all these hours Mr. Howe's stories and anecdotes of men and things never flagged, as it appeared five minutes at a time. He held that table in *silken chains* the whole night, and nobody seemed weary, sleepy, or desirous of getting away. Of course the "flowing bowl" went round in such a manner as would have furnished a thesis for a temperance lecturer to last him a whole year. I do not mean to say, however, that there was any one of the party more than half seas over.

Again I met Mr. Howe on a subsequent occasion at the United States Hotel in Portland, Maine, when a number of Railway delegates were present, from different parts (if I mistake not it was the "European and North American Railroad," in which Portland, St. John, and Halifax were interested)—Portland was represented by the great Railway magnate, well known at the time—John A. Poore—Hon. Hannibal Hamlin (afterwards Vice-President of the United States) and Hon. Judge Chandler of Maine. Our own people consisted of Mr. Howe—and if I mistake not the present Senator Dickery of Amherst. Mr. Chandler, Robert Jardine, and George Botsford represented New Brunswick. Although the meeting was in a public hotel, the dining took place in private. The old bacchanalian refrain about "good fellows" found full expression and amplification on this occasion. The eating and (I had come high saying) drinking occupied some five hours of precious railway time. The Maine liquor law (if there was such law at the time) had no terrors for the recusants. It was eating, drinking, talking, laughing throughout this long *travelling* period of five hours. Howe, indeed, was never happier or more brilliant than on occasions such as these.

Hon. George Bancroft and Mr. Howe.

On the assassination of President Lincoln by Booth, the Honorable George Bancroft, the great historian, was engaged to deliver an Oration before Congress, in commemoration of the illustrious dead (if I mistake not, Mr. Howe being invited to be present. Mr. Howe being at the time on business (of an important nature), was of course provided like the others with a seat of honor. Now, had the orator confined himself to the subject in hand, instead of going off at a tangent, and to draw comparisons between the opportunities for rising into power in the United States compared with those of England, all would have gone well and in harmony with the occasion. While in the Republic, said the speaker, a man like Lincoln, with a humble beginning, rose to the first office in the State, no such chance was offered in a Monarchy, especially in England. Here Mr. Howe's nationality and patriotism were stirred to their utmost depths, and if he only had the chance to make a reply at that moment, he would have been in his element. But, of course, this was impossible. But he addressed a private letter to Mr. Bancroft (which only found its way into print last year), and contradicted his statements, as far as England was concerned, clearly and unmistakably, by showing that some of the ablest Statesmen that England ever produced sprung from the loins of the great masses. I do not remember all the cases Howe cited. There was George Canning, the great Prime Minister, whose mother was an actress—Lord Brougham of humble parents—Mr. Copley (Lord Lyndhurst) son of a Boston Portrait Painter—Sheridan and Burke, both of humble origin—to which might be added among many more, the late leader of the House of Commons and Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Smith, a newspaper man and bookseller. In short, Howe showed that real genuine talents had a better chance of coming to the front and being universally recognized in England (in spite of the accidents of birth) than even in the great Republic—for it is patent to every one that men of great genius and renown, like Webster, have never yet risen to the foremost place in the Nation. The Prime Minister of England, clothed with sovereign powers, stands upon the same footing as the President of the United States—ay, with even greater powers; and there have been Prime Ministers in England of as humble origin as even Lincoln himself.

Among other topics in the next number will be one headed "Howe and Tilley on a lark."

Titles Bought and Sold.

The remarriage of the Duchess of Campo Salice, who is indebted for her vast wealth to the fact that she was one of the widows of Mr. Singer of sewing machine fame, will serve to draw attention to the facility with which titles are obtained in Italy. The duchess bought the title of duke for her second husband from the Vatican for \$10,000, while dukes amounting to close upon \$80,000 have just been paid into the treasury of the Italian government for the acquisition of the titles of duke, prince, marquis, and count by young Sachetti, who led to the altar the other day the heiress and sole surviving representative of the grand old patrician house of Barberini. It appears that the purchase of these titles is effected by means of the payment either to the Vatican or to the Italian Government of fees of registration. These amounts in the case of the title of prince to \$13,000; in that of duke to \$10,000; marquis, \$8,000; count, \$5,000; viscount or baron, \$4,000. Anybody who has not a record that is downright criminal can secure the title which he desires on payment of the dues just mentioned.—New York Recorder.

Poisoned by Scrofula

Is the sad story of many lives made miserable through no fault of their own. Scrofula is more especially than any other a hereditary disease, and for this simple reason. Arising from impure and insufficient blood, the disease locates itself in the lymphatics which are composed of white tissues; there is a period of foetal life when the whole body consists of white tissues, and therefore the unborn child is especially susceptible to this dreadful disease. But there is a remedy for scrofula, whether hereditary or acquired. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by its powerful effect on the blood, expels all trace of the disease and gives to the vital fluid the quality and color of health. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not accept any substitute.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, effective, but do not cause pain or gripe. Be sure to get Hood's.

PRACTICE AND PRECEPT.

"He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last" Here Exemplified.

The cool joker, Captain Blakeney, was always quizzing the lisp officer, a lieutenant, for his nervousness, and said one day at mess: "Why, nervousness is all nonsense. I tell you no brave man is ever nervous." "Well, inquired his lisp officer, 'how would you act thopping a shell with an inth futtee should drop itself in a walled angle, in which you had taken shelter from a company of tharphooters, and where it wath thertain if you put out your nothe you'd get peppered?" "How?" said the captain, with a look at his brother officers. "Why, take it coolly and spit on the fuse." The next morning a number of soldiers were assembled on parade, when along came the lisp officer, remarked to a cluster of officers: "I want to try an ekperiment thith morning and thee how ekthepidly cool Tom Blakeney can be." Saying this he walked deliberately into the captain's quarters, where a fire was burning on the hearth, and placed in its hottest part a powder canister and instantly retreated. There was but one door of egress from the quarters and that opened upon the parade ground. The occupant gave one look at the canister, comprehended the situation, and in a moment made for the door, but it was fastened on the outside. "Charley, let me out if you love me!" shouted the captain. "Thpit on the canister!" he shouted in return.

Not a moment was to be lost; the captain had at first snatched up a blanket to cover himself with; but soon dropping it he raised the window and out he bounded, sans everything but a very short undergarment, and thus, with hair almost on end, he dashed on to a full parade ground. The shouts which hailed him brought out the whole of the occupants of the barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified captain pulled a sergeant in front to hide himself. "Why didn't you thpit on it?" inquired the lieutenant. "Because there was no sharpshooters in front to stop a retreat," answered the captain. "All I've got to say then th, said the lieutenant, 'that you might thafely have done it; for I'll thware thee wathn't a thingle grain of powder in it.'"—Chin.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will.—Emerson.

Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters is highly recommended for Indigestion, Headache, Biliousness, etc.

A man in earnest finds means, or, if he cannot find, creates them.—Channing.

The best remedy for Summer Complaint is Fellows' Speedy Relief. Speedy in results as well as in name.

Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.—Franklin.

Some of the herbs in Hall's Hair Renewer, that wonderful preparation for restoring the color and thickening the growth of the hair, grow plentifully in New England.

People of a lively imagination are generally curious, and always so when a little in love.—Longfellow.

Mrs. L. E. Snow, Matron Infants' Home, Halifax, writes: "Putner's Emulsion has proved valuable in all cases of pulmonary Complaints, for building up the system of our little ones. They often ask for it."

How difficult it is to get men to believe that any other man can or does act from disinterestedness.—B. R. Haydon.

The comfort of making Soup from Kerr's Evaporated Vegetables makes soup a favorite dish in the house, the camp or the ship. The vegetables are compounded in proportions to blend all flavors, delicately.

Frequent and loud laughing is the characteristic of folly and ill manners. True wit never made a laugh.—Chesterfield.

This is to certify that I suffered many years from Salt rheum. I applied the mud of the Wilmot Spa Springs for two weeks and although several years have elapsed I have had no return of the trouble.

Boston Mass. MRS. FOWLER.

There is certainly something of exquisite kindness and thoughtful benevolence in the rarest of gifts—fine breeding—Bulwer.

"To all persons suffering from Kidney, Bladder troubles and Constipation I recommend Wilmot Spa Waters as a specific. I have received more benefit from them than from any medicine."

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When we read, we fancy we could be martyrs; when we come to act, we cannot bear a provoking word.—Hannah More.

As a cure for paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, female troubles, such as suppressions, bearing down pains, etc., general debility and that tired feeling peculiar to so many, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand unrivalled. Beware of imitations and substitutes. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post paid, on receipt of price—50 cents a box—The Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

It is only necessary to grow old to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.—Goethe.

Was troubled with dyspepsia for twenty years tried almost everything but did not get anything to do me any good save your K. D. C. advertised and decided to give it a trial. I bought two boxes and took them according to directions and was completely cured. That was nearly two years ago, have not been troubled with it since and consider myself thoroughly cured.

TIMOTHY McLELLAN, Proprietor Sterling Hotel, Matamoras, N. S. March 28th, 1891.

There is a healthful hardness about real dignity that never dreads contact and communion with others, however humble.—Washington Irving.

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Gloves, per pair.....	5 " .15	Velveten Jackets.....	.50 " 1.00
Curtains, per pair.....	50 " .60	Velvet Jackets.....	.50 " 2.00
Jackets.....	30 " .60	Handkerchiefs.....	.10 " .20
Scarf Shawls.....	25 " .75	Gloves, per pair.....	.15 " .25
Square Shawls.....	25 " .60	Curtains, per pair.....	.50 " .75
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Ullsters.....	50 " 1.00	Square Shawls.....	.35 " .70
Handkerchiefs.....	5 " .15	Ribbons, per yard.....	.01 " .05
Hats.....	15 " .40	Rep, per yard.....	.20 " .40
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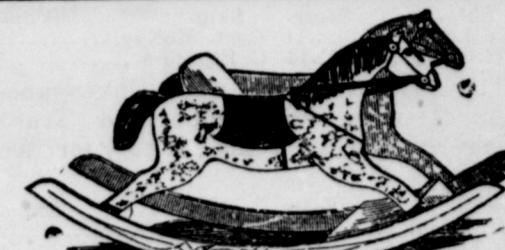
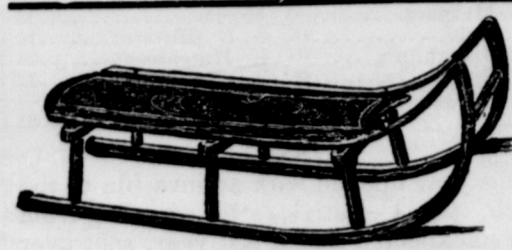
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