

## RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

## JOSEPH HOWE AND HIS TIMES.

And Incidental References to Some of His  
Prominent Public Contemporaries.

By "Historicus," Fredericton, N. B.

NO. 10.

## Accession of William IV.

I never witnessed anything more dramatic and beautiful than on the occasion of the accession of William IV. in 1830. George IV. had been dead six weeks and his brother in his place, ere the news reached Halifax. Today such an event would be known in an hour. There were six men-of-war in the harbor at the time, one of which was commanded by the new King's natural son, Captain Fitz Clarence, a ruddy faced, compactly built man, seemingly fond of a jolly life. The Governor gave a large dinner party in honor of the occasion—the King's accession. According to preconcerted arrangements, when the King's health was proposed at nine o'clock in the evening, that moment a piece of artillery placed in front of Government House, gave the signal shot, when every ship in the harbor, including the Citadel, let bang their big guns, each firing a Royal salute—so that 168 guns were fired at the same time, as fast as they could be loaded and discharged. The night was dark, and the lighting up of the heavens and reverberating peals of thunder echoing among the hills produced such a weird appearance, that to use an old phrase, it would be easier to imagine than describe. It was perhaps the loudest response to a toast ever heard, and it came immediately as the words fell from His Excellency's lips—truly in a voice of thunder.

## Avon Bridge Lottery.

Lotteries now-a-days are reckoned as an unpardonable legal offence, and justly so. The Government of the United States has within the past two years placed its iron heel upon the greatest abomination of the age—the Louisiana Lottery—by prohibiting the circulation of its literature through the mails. The morals of Halifax in the early part of this century must have been considered by the Legislature of the Province as somewhat dubious and required legal restraints to keep the conduct of the people in their due bounds—for an Act was passed many years since prohibiting horse racing, on the ground that such sports led to gambling, against which the tender susceptibilities of "the wisdom of the country" were stoutly opposed. Yet, strange to say, in 1819, another Act passed through the Legislature granting a charter to a Company, accompanied by an authorization to raise by lottery the sum of nine thousand pounds (\$36,000)—for the purpose of building a bridge across the Avon River at Windsor. Of course the old law in opposition to horse racing must have been repealed, or its antithesis could not possibly have been recognized—but what a perversion of ideas among our fathers at different periods not very distant apart, when laws so contradictory and sublimated in character could find their way upon the Statute books of the Province. The Company commenced operations under the law in the ensuing Spring. The tickets were placed at one pound each, and the whole town soon became lottery-struck, rich and poor alike invested, all feeling that as times were hard in Halifax, very little work doing, there was at least one chance in a hundred, and that one chance every one felt was his, in getting a hundred pound prize for one pound risked. The amount realized by this Lottery I am unable to state, but it was large enough to warrant undertaking the work, it not to finish it. I remember well the day of drawing—in the old Court House, Market place—the room was crowded with anxious expectants, holding their tickets, and watching the numbers as they came out of the pandora box, and were called out by the presiding official. As a matter of course there was blank dismay depicted upon the countenance of the luckless one whose number drew a blank, but then as misery liked company then as now, there were many others besides himself who suffered that day from the bitter pangs of disappointment. This, I think, was the last great public lottery held in these Provinces. The old Avon Bridge has gone, and another has taken its place, more substantial.

## An Officer Tried for Murder.

In this same old Court House, the only one at the time, took place the trial (in 1821) of Lieut. Cross of one of His Majesty's Regiments stationed in Halifax, on the charge of having murdered an old man from the country who by chance found his way into the Officers' Quarters, a long wooden building one end of which stood on Cogswell street leading out to the Common. The man was found lying in the corridor in front of Lieut. Cross' room, having been run through the body, and from this and other circumstances suspicion fell upon this young officer. He was accordingly placed under arrest and put upon his trial. The Court Room was densely packed, many of the officers of the Garrison also being present; the occurrence was so exceptional, one of His Majesty's officers on trial for murder, that the whole town was greatly excited, and the general sympathy felt for one so young and high in society found expression among all classes—for he it was known that hanging in those days was not looked upon with the same abhorrence as we do now, so that it brought in guilty poor Cross would have to submit to the penalty of the law, no intervention of friends, or petition for commutation would have availed anything. As an example of the rigorous mercilessness of justice in those days, it may be here mentioned that two persons were on their way from Margaret's Bay, on foot—one had money on his person; and when darkness overtook them, John Leigh, the other person, dropped behind, took out his knife and drew it across the throat of his companion, robbed him of his money and made for town under the impression that his victim was dead. The wound, however, was not fatal—the man struggled all night in his agony, and when daylight came a person going to

town saw him and conveyed him in his wagon, and on reaching town the news of the attempted murder soon spread, and before he had time to escape Leigh was in the manacles of the Police. He was tried on a charge of having attempted murder and for highway robbery. The victim by this time was able to attend Court, and give evidence against his old friend. Leigh was found guilty and sentenced to death, and the day of execution fixed. Petitions were got up and signed by hundreds it not thousands of the inhabitants for a commutation of punishment, in which many of the clergy joined, while the prisoner's own clergyman (Rev. Mr. Cogswell) interceded as earnestly as if his own life stood in the balance. The Governor of the Province being absent in England, Hon. Thos. N. Jeffery occupied his place, for the time being, as President. This gentleman was as hard as adamant; under a sense of justice, no doubt, he thought it would be a violation of trust to interpose his authority in arrest of judgment; and so he was immovable to every entreaty and call for mercy. The principle of *lex talionis*, and drastic measures, seemed to form part of his religious creed. Leigh was executed on the Common, East side, near the Citadel railing. Formerly the place of execution was on Camp Hill, near the Cemetery.

Coming back then to the subject at which we broke off, viz., Lieut. Cross—after a long day's trial, the jury retired and in a short time brought in a verdict of "Innocent," which decision at once broke the spell and Halifax once more breathed freely.

## "Fish, Flesh and Fowl."

Halifax was never famous for her great enterprise, except in one case to be referred to hereafter. Unlike her sister City, St. John, her living independence was upon resources more sure and lucrative. In the one case the fickleness of the English market rendered the sale of St. John's staples in the shape of ships and timber, an uncertain calculation. A restriction of trade on one side of the Atlantic was sure to produce a reaction on the other, so closely wrapped together were the interests of St. John and Liverpool; and when those reverses came St. John had nothing else to fall back upon in the way of trade, and general stagnation and no money ways followed. The trade of Halifax on the contrary was more sure, or less liable to fluctuation, as it was dependent upon what may not inaptly be called—"Fish, Flesh and Fowl."

1st. Fish. Walking along Water Street a stranger on casting his eyes towards the harbor would be impressed by the immense buildings, large as churches, starting him in the face on almost every wharf, called fish stores; and acres of the finny tribe (basking) drying in the sun, on stages, barrels and on whatever or wherever a vantage spot could be obtained, after having been brought to town by the fishermen in their green state, and in this way manufactured, it may be called, for the West India market. The business in this article (before the emancipation of the slave, and the trade restrictions were removed by England on the foreigner in her Colonial ports) was immense and highly remunerative to the Halifax merchants, whose vessels were many, and brought return cargoes of West India goods, most of which were reshipped to all parts of the Province, Halifax being the only entrepot—the free port system as understood now, was a term which had not then entered into our mercantile vocabulary. When a change came the trade of Halifax in the fish line fell off considerably—so that her great warehouses to-day stand only as memorials of her former great West India business. But, then, unlike St. John, in such dilemmas, Halifax has always had a substantial prop to support her, which may be explained under the second head of "Flesh and Fowl": the MILITARY—which for a century or more have not only been the flesh, but the bone and sinew and muscle of the town, in the immense sums of money that have been spent on her fortifications, the support of the troops, barrack works, engineering operations—which it counted would amount to millions—all of which have gone to enrich the inhabitants, or keep them from the distresses of St. John on the failure of their industrial crops, or rather in the trade of their staple resources. Then, thirdly, the Fowl part of the business, (the term fowl is here used for the purpose of maintaining the euphemism, although perhaps far fetched)—by this I mean the NAVY, including the Dockyard. We sometimes hear of "flying squadrons," but mostly in time of war; and this may almost be said of the North American fleet, which is on the wing at least twice a year—now at Halifax (in summer) and now in Bermuda (in winter), the respective headquarters during the two seasons. Some half dozen men-of-war lying at Halifax at a time, representing at least 2,000 men, must necessarily expend large sums of money in the interests of the butcher, the baker, the storekeeper, and in fact all classes of the community. Then there is a little town in itself—a town within a town known as the Dockyard, which affords another vast source of income. Whatever the business carried on today within its walls, seventy years ago and later, thousands of workmen might have been seen passing in and out of the gates daily on their way to and from work—all the recipients of British gold. So that the advantages possessed by Halifax over St. John, as set forth at the beginning of this head, has been such as to secure to her a strong bulwark against the pressure of the times, whenever overtaken by commercial cataclysms. But in spite of all these differences, the latter city has kept pace with the former; and it is a question whether

St. John would have been any better off today had the cases been reversed. While the one city has been obliged to work hard, the other has not felt herself compelled to do so to the same extent.

## HOW SPIRIT SLATES ARE MADE.

A Popular Trick that is Easy Enough when You Know How.

There is nothing so very remarkable about spirit slates. The real skill is in managing to have proper questions asked and in shifting the slates invisibly. La Nature tells how the slate writing is done as follows:

Two ordinary wooden framed slates are presented to the spectators and examined in succession by them. A small piece of chalk is introduced between the two slates, which are then united by a rubber band and held aloft in the prestidigitator's right hand. Then, in the general silence, is heard the scratching of the chalk, which is writing between the two slates the answer to a question asked by one of the spectators—the name of a card thought of or the number of spots obtained by throwing two dice. The rubber band having been removed and the slates separated, one of them is seen to be covered with writing. This prodigy, which at first sight seems to be so mysterious, is very easily realized. The writing was done in advance, but upon the written side of the slate upon which the writing was made, there has been placed a thin sheet of black cardboard, which hides the characters written with chalk. The two sides of this slate thus appeared absolutely clean. The other slate is given out for examination, and after it has been returned to him, the operator says, "Do you want to examine the other one also?" And then, without any haste he makes a pass analogous to that employed in shuffling cards. Then the two hands separate anew, and the slate that has already been examined, instead of the second one, is put into the hands of the spectators. This shifting, done with deliberation, is entirely invisible.

During the second examination the slate upon which the writing is laid flat upon a table, the written face turned upward covered with the black cardboard. The slate having been sufficiently examined and returned to the operator, the latter lays it upon the first and both are then surrounded by the rubber band. It is then that the operator holds up the slates with the left hand, of which one sees but the thumb, while upon the posterior face of the second slate the nail of his middle finger makes a sound resembling that produced by chalk when written with.

When the operator judges that this little comedy has lasted quite long enough, he lays the two slates horizontally upon his table, taking care this time that the non-prepared slate shall be beneath. It is upon it that then rests the black cardboard, and the other slate on being raised shows the characters that it bears, and that are stated to have been written by an invisible spirit that slipped in between the two slates.

Our readers will not ask us how we manage to know in advance what should be written upon the slate. It is useless to say that deceit is allowable in prestidigitation. Loaded dice always turn up the same number, and nothing is easier than to know the name of a card that a spectator will draw from a pack composed of thirty-two similar cards, if one is not skillful enough to cause him to take the forced card.

## John o' Groat's House.

James IV., of Scotland, sent Malcolm Gavin and John de Groat, two brothers, into Caithness, with a letter written in Latin, recommending them to the kind regards of the people of that county. They became possessed of lands in the parish of Anisley, on the banks of the Pentland Firth, which were equally divided between them.

In course of time there were eight families of the same name, who shared alike, and lived comfortably and peacefully for many years. These were accustomed to meet to celebrate the anniversary of the arrival of their progenitors. At one of these meetings it became a matter of dispute which of them was entitled to enter first, and take the head of the table, which had like to have terminated fatally but for the presence of mind of John de Groat, proprietor of the ferry, who remonstrated with them; pointed out the necessity of unanimity as regarded their own happiness, their respectability among their neighbors, and general safety from the inroads of those clans who might envy them, and take advantage of their dissensions. He then proposed the building of a house to which they should contribute equally; and he promised at their next meeting he should so order matters as to prevent any dispute about precedence.

Having gained their assent, he proceeded to build a house, with a distinct room of an octagonal form, having eight doors and eight windows, in which he placed a table of oak with eight sides. At the next annual meeting, he desired each to enter singly at different doors and take the head of the table, himself entering last and taking the remaining unoccupied seat. By this ingenious manoeuvre they were all placed on an equal footing, and good humour and harmony were restored and established. Such was the origin of the sign of "John o' Groat's house."—*Glasgow Citizen.*

## From Small Beginnings.

The Salvation Army is only thirteen years old and owes its origin to a peculiar and trivial circumstance. General Booth, then a humble mission worker in a mining district of Yorkshire, being attracted by the interest of the people in the impending Russo-Turkish war, issued a declaration of war of another sort, posted two thousand copies about the town, and so interested the people in his unusual method, that a great revival followed, and the general quickly appropriated the idea of a salvation army with well-known success.

## A Telephone Round the World.

Ellison is said to be hopeful of much greater things in the future in the way of long distance telephony. The only restriction of its possibilities is the sympathetic contact of the connecting wire with the earth. If a single wire could be placed so high that it would not touch the mountain tops, a whisper could be heard round the world. On a treeless country in Arizona better communication is got over 1,000 miles of wire than between New York and Philadelphia. But the future applications of electricity promise to be boundless.

## Picturing the Hours.

It is a long stretch from the ancient and primitive sundial to the present perfected watch and clock. The difference between the simplicity of the former, and the elaborate and complicated inventions of the modern clockmaker, are brought forcibly to mind in reading the description of a Japanese clock.

A traveller recently saw a rare and wonderful Japanese timepiece. He described it as being in a frame three feet wide and five feet long, representing a noonday landscape of great loveliness.

In the foreground were plum and cherry trees and rich plants in full bloom; in the rear a hill, gradual in ascent, from which flowed, or seemed to flow, a cascade admirably imitated in crystal. From this point a thread-like stream glided along, encircling rocks and islands in its windings, finally losing itself in a far-off stretch of woodland. In a miniature sky above, a golden sun turned on a silver wire, striking the hours on silver gongs as it passed.

Every hour was marked on the frame and indicated by a slow-crawling tortoise, which served in the place of hand or pointer. A bird of exquisite plumage sang at the close of each hour, and, as the song ceased a mouse sprang from the grotto near by, and scampering over the hill in the garden, was soon lost to view.

## THINGS OF VALUE.

The great end of all human industry is the attainment of happiness.—Hume.

For Cholera Fellows Speedy Relief stands ahead of all other preparations.

We get impatient, and their crops out our human weakness.—J. G. Holland.

Fellows Dyspepsia Bitters is not a new remedy. It has been known in this country over fifty years.

It does not pay to believe in all you hear, but you are happier if you do than if you do disbelieve it.

We are often deceived in the age of people having beautiful and luxuriant hair, not knowing that they use Hall's Hair Renewer to keep gray hairs away.

It isn't best to be too positive—unless possibly when you are saying no to somebody who wants you to make a loan.

George! don't forget to bring home a package of Kerr Evaporated Vegetables for it is the cheapest and sweetest soup we have and saves so much trouble in cooking.

The girl with a new engagement ring always wonders why other people don't seem to take as much interest in it as she does.

Ship Captains give Kerr Evaporated Soup Vegetables the highest praise as they are always fresh, sweet and cheap, and can be enjoyed when other vegetables are impossible.

The finer the nature the more flaws it will show through the clearness of it; and it is a law of this universe that the best things shall be seldomest seen in their best form.—Ruskin.

"A stitch in time, etc." Take a bottle of Putnam's Emulsion at once. Fifty cents spent on that now may save much suffering and loss of time, as well as a large doctor's bill, bye and bye.

Few people have more real trouble in this world than the man whose life is ruled by the firm conviction that everything in which he is interested ought to be done exactly in his own way.

The use of Wilmot Spa Waters have been found very beneficial in such cases as pains in the back and limbs, sprains and bruises and general debility of the constitution.

JAMES ROBERTSON A. M. L. D.  
Rector of Wilmot.

Look out for the man who lowers his voice when he loses his temper. He is a good deal more dangerous than the fellow who talks loud enough to be heard half way through the next century.

Never permit the system to become run down, as then it is almost impossible to withstand the ravages of disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand at the head of all medicines as a blood builder and nerve tonic, correcting irregularities, restoring lost energies, and building up the system. Good for men and women, young and old. Sold by druggists or sent on receipt of price \$1.50 cents by addressing The Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

People speak slightly of the flirt, but they do not do her justice altogether. They do not realize how hard it is for her to make just the right amount of resistance necessary to indicate her unwillingness and still manage not to miss the kiss.—*Somerville Journal.*

MARY O'NEIL, W.C.T.U. Coffee Rooms, Halifax, N. S., writes:—Having been positively cured of dyspepsia by the use of one package of K. D. C. I would cheerfully recommend it to anyone suffering from this dreadful disease.

K. D. C. Co., DEAR SIRS:—This is to certify that I have been a dyspeptic for thirty-five years. Have used a great many preparations, but found nothing to benefit me like K. D. C. I heartily recommend it to any suffering from this disease.

JOHN A. McLEAN,  
Salt Springs, Pictou Co.

## How to Treat a Cold.

Don't stuff a cold as the old adage advises, if you do you will have a fever to starve. A genuine cold is a shock received by the many million nerves which approach near the surface of a human body, and which control the nearly seven million pores of the skin. This shock closes the pores of the skin, is transmitted to the nerve centers and back to the mucous membranes forcing a great amount of blood into those membranes creating more or less irritation and consequent fever, inflammation, dryness then watery discharge and catarrh. The shock may have its cause from a chill, from improper eating, a nervous fright and various other causes which irritate the nerves of the skin and mucous membranes of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes. Excess of food in the stomach still more clogs the system and pores of the skin so that effect matter that should be carried off by the natural courses is retained; which is ample reason for not stuffing a cold. Experimenting with a severe cold is a dangerous custom, as most persons try one remedy only until some friend suggests another "sure cure." When slight hoarseness or tightness of the nasal membranes warns one of a slight skin exposure or chill from whatever cause, act promptly; delays are dangerous, with children it may mean croup and strangulation; with adults, catarrh, bronchitis, perhaps pneumonia. If neglected nothing can prevent the sneezing, red nose, and wee begone look of a person with a cold. Scores of mothers would as soon go to bed without matches in the house as without the old fashioned remedy, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment near at hand for colds described on the wrappers or in a pamphlet which I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send free to any one. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will cure a cold quicker than any known remedy. A mild nutritious diet, a gentle physic to open the bowels, and a bottle of that old Anodyne from your druggist, will conquer any cold.

Makes White Goods Whiter,

Colored Goods Brighter.

## SURPRISE SOAP

On Wash Day

Cleans Everything.

Your Grocer Sells It.

## Here's an Eye-Opener for You!



Many people will start out 1892 by thinking over the mistakes of 1891, and resolving to avoid them.—Mistakes in business, mistakes in many things.

Have you made any mistakes in the home? Has it been as pleasant as it might have been? Has life been hard or easy? Housekeeping has more to do with the comforts of the world than any of us imagine.

We can make life easier for you if you will only think so. We are doing it for hundreds, by looking after the week's washing, taking it out of the way and bringing it back clean, snowy and white.

Can't we do yours?

Give us a trial.

**BE SURE** and send your laundry to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry, St. John (Waterloo street); Telephone 55. Or Halifax: 62 and 64 Grandville street. It'll be done right, it done at

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