

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

JOSEPH HOWE AND HIS TIMES.

And Incidental References to Some of His Prominent Public Contemporaries.

By "Historicus," Fredericton, N. B.

NO. 17.

Mr. Howe as a Poet.

As a poet Mr. Howe contributed to different Magazines, and also put to Press a volume of between three and four hundred pages. As a metrical writer he stood high in the opinion of capable judges—while his Poems and Songs and Lyrics are highly felicitous in expression and poetical grandeur. Besides this volume, from which I quote what follows, he has left behind him in manuscript, a number of fugitive pieces highly creditable to the genius of the writer, and may some day find their way into print. The first selection I make is addressed—TO THE QUEEN—and was presented to Her Majesty by Lady Laura Phipps, at Windsor, at the request of the ladies of Hants County, who were greatly interested in the Poem when it appeared among private friends.

"Queen of the Thousand Isles."

Queen of the thousand Isles! whose fragile form,
Midst the proud structures of our Father Land,
Graces the throne, that each subsiding storm
That shakes the earth, assures us yet shall stand,
Thy gentle voice, of mild yet firm command,
Is heard in every clime, on every wave,
Thy dawning sceptre, like a fairy wand,
Strikes off the shackles from the struggling slave,
And gathers, 'neath its rule, the great, the wise, the brave.

But yet 'midst all the treasures that surround
Thy Royal Halls, one bliss is still denied,—
To know the true hearts at thy name that bound,
Which ocean from thy presence must divide,
Whose voices never saw the boisterous tide
Of hourly homage that salutes thy ear;
But yet who cherish, with each noble pride
And breathe to infant lips, from year to year,
The name thy budding virtues taught them to revere.

How little deem'st thou of the scenes remote,
In which one word, all other words above,
Of earthly homage seems to gaily float
On every breeze, and sound through every grove—
A spell to cheer, to animate, to move—
To bid old age throw off the weight of years,
To cherish thoughts of loyalty and love,
To garner round the heart those hopes and fears
Which, in our Western Halls, Victoria's name endears.

'Tis not that, on our soil, the measured tread
Of armed legions speaks thy sovereign sway,
'Tis not the hue levathans that spread
Thy noxious tag above each noble bay,
That bids the soul a forced obedience pay!
—The despot's tribute from the trembling thrall—
No! At our altars sturdy freedom prays,
That blessings on Victoria's head may fall,
And happy household groups each pleasing trait recall.

And gladly, with our Country's choicest flowers,
Thy Son and Heir Acadia's maidens greet,
Who shared thy roof, and deigns to honor ours
For moments rapturous, but alas! how fleet!
And if in future times the thoughts be sweet
That bid the soul a forced obedience pay!
—The despot's tribute from the trembling thrall—
No! At our altars sturdy freedom prays,
That blessings on Victoria's head may fall,
And happy household groups each pleasing trait recall.

The next poem is addressed to the Hon. Mrs. Norton, whom Mr. Howe met at Lady Palmerston's Soiree in London, her ladyship being the wife of the then Prime Minister. Hon. Mrs. Norton was a granddaughter of the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan and aunt of our late Governor-General, Earl Dufferin—now Marquis. At this time the lady's fame as a poetess extended to both hemispheres—she ranked as such with Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, "L. E. L.," and other bright female stars of the period. Several of her gems I have beside me—most beautiful pieces of composition, but not required to be copied here. Her husband was the Hon. Fletcher Norton, the son of a Viscount whose name I have forgotten, from whom she separated, as he was not one of the best of husbands. I remember his brother went in Halifax, as son-in-law and aide-de-camp to Sir Colin Campbell, Lieut. Governor. He was a fine-looking, tall young man of ruddy complexion, and was what the ladies I suppose, would call—handsome—an adjective out of place, as it has always appeared to me, when applied to the stronger sex. At all events, this Captain Norton would be noticed in ten thousand for his good looks. When on duty, in the dead of the winter he took a severe cold, which soon settled into congestion, and his death followed in a few days afterwards. He was buried from Government House with military honors. These matters, however, are only by the way.

A few days after his return from the Soiree, Mr. Howe sat down and indited the following lines, addressed to

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

Lady, how eagerly I thread the maze
Of rank and beauty, 'till thy noble form
Stands full before me—'till at last I gaze,
In joy and thankfulness, to find the storm
That shook the fruit profusely, spared the tree;
To realize my dreams of time and had them true,
To find the eye still bright, the cheek still warm,
The regal outlines swelling, soft and free,
And lit by luminous thoughts, as I would have them be.

Unconscious thou, how far beyond the wave,
The lowest murmur of thy softest strain
In early life articulate music gave
To thousands, who, when agony and pain
Shook every trembling string, yet sigh'd again,
That ever sorrow should the notes prolong.
Unconscious thou, that 'midst the light and vain,
The stranger turns him from the glittering throng,
In Mem'ry's store to hoard the graceful Chord of Song.

How oft, in weariness, we turn away
From what we've sought, from picture, fane, or stream;
But well dost thou the ling'ring glance repay
With full fruition of the fondest dream;
The light that o'er the billows used to beam,
Lodged in a stately tower. The minstrel's smile
Is sweeter than her Song—the playful theme
Of early genius, even less versatile
Than are the matron charms that Soul and Sense beguile.

The Maple, in our Woods, the frost doth crown
With more resplendent beauty than it wears
In early Spring. Its leaves, when cometh down
But when the Woodman's stroke its bosom tears,
And thus, in spite of all my doubts and fears,
I joy to see thy ripened beauties glow
'Neath sorrow's gentle touch that more endears;
To feel thy strains will all the sweeter flow
From that deep wound that did not lay thee low.

Mr. Howe and Re-Organization of the Empire.

In 1842 Mr. Howe addressed a series of letters to the Colonial Secretary (Lord John Russell) upon the re-organization of the Empire—a sort of Imperial Federation of the present day—but then things were altogether different at that time. Then the Reformers were struggling for Responsible Government and saw no chance of getting it, unless through process of a gigantic operation which would enable

Colonists to hold seats in the Imperial Parliament, and not to be kept continually beneath the hatches by a small, narrow exclusive circle in Halifax. It was to break these bonds asunder that the Imperial Government was asked to open the doors of Parliament to Colonial talents. Again, there was at that time a Trade Zollverein between England and her Colonies—the great days of protection, when her colonies were all but obliged to consume British manufactures. The system was then something like what the Imperial Federationists are asking for today, and that the whiffing of time shall be made to revolve backward—in other words, that in consideration of her Colonies England shall re-impose a portion of the duties ancillary to her free trade days—and that foreign articles entering our markets shall be considerably weighted—in a word, asking that the old boot shall be revamped and placed on the other leg this time. Ay, and there are combinations simple enough to believe, or are trying hard to make themselves believe, that the Bright and Cobden school of politicians are all dead and buried, and because Lord Salisbury is at the head of affairs John Bull is going down on all fours in order that the protectionists, or fair traders, as they now call themselves, may walk over his body. However, what I wished to convey is that persons should not run away with the notion, that because Mr. Howe wrote in favor of the re-organization of the Empire fifty years ago, at a time when the circumstances were altogether different to what they are now, he would if alive today entertain similar opinions.

Howe and Dickens.

After the elections in 1847, Mr. Howe was chosen Speaker of the House. At this time the Great Novelist Charles Dickens, arrived in Halifax on board a Cunard Steamer on his way to the United States. Now both these gentlemen had formed an intimacy in London when Howe was on a visit there a few years before. As soon as Dickens landed Mr. Howe took him in charge and introduced him to honorable members, and had a chair placed beside that of the Speaker's for "the distinguished visitor." Now Dickens at this time was the lion of the English speaking world—for his works were just fresh from his pen, and the sayings of the elder Pickwick and Sam Weller, were in everybody's mouth. Dickens afterwards dined with Howe, and they kept well together during the remainder of the former's stay on shore. On his return to England Dickens described the occasion, and likened the Legislative Chamber in Halifax to that of London, by bringing the former into view looking through the big end of a telescope.

The next article will be devoted to the Canadian Rebellion of 1837—a brief account of that remarkable event—in which will appear the portraits of Wm. Lyon McKenzie, the instigator—Sir Francis Bond Head, a provocator—the Earl of Durham, the arbitrator—and Lord Sydenham, the pacificator. This article, in the judgment of the Editor of PROGRESS, will prove to be the most interesting of any that have yet appeared.

A Crowd in China.

At any spot a Chinese crowd is interesting, and we sat for half an hour or so watching the people streaming past us through the narrow streets. There is, it is said, no nation in the world whose features give more appearance of composure and want of expression than the celestial Chinaman. To guess of what he may be thinking or whether his thoughts are happy or otherwise, or even if he is thinking at all, I believe to be an impossibility; he wears a mask as impenetrable as iron. The women are the same, except that they smile now and again—more, it seems, because they know it is becoming than from any motive.

The female of the Yangtse is preferable to her sisters of the coast, for as a rule she does not, except in the cases of the wives of wealthy men, follow the fashions sufficiently conscientiously to deform her teeth, though the large-toothed lady, as she approaches those of the "lily leaf," may over-hear such remarks—and nastiness is apparently common all over the world—as these: "Look at those two big boats coming alone;" or, "Here come two old ducks"—the boats and ducks referring to the lady in question's natural-sized feet. The subject is a nasty one, and so covered, as a rule, are their cramped ankles with sores that the removal of the bandages with which the contraction is maintained is a most unpleasant process. The difficulty and discomfort of the victim, in getting about and the hideous waddling gait small feet necessitate ought, one would think, from common sense, to abolish the custom, but the Chinaman wishes to abolish nothing except the European and European influence, and this he finds difficult.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Skating.

I chased the maid with rapid feet,
Where ice and sunbeam quiver;
But still beyond me, shyly fleet,
She flashed far down the river.

Sometimes, blown backward in the chase,
With blymy soft carcasses,
I felt across my glowing face
The waft of perfumed tresses.

Sometimes a glance she shot behind,
O'er graceful shoulders turning,
A cheek whose tints the eager wind
Had set like sunrise burning.

Then, in a sudden onward glide,
She rushed with even motion,
As a long wave the restless tide
Drives shoreward fast from ocean.

And swift as some winged creature sped
Far down the shining river,
Until the shining form that fled
I dreamed might fly forever.

—Boston Journal.

THE HIGH EXECUTIONER.

The Guillotine in Paris and the Man Who Operates It.

M. Deibler, the public executioner of Paris, is perhaps better known than his successor may ever be. He is a character conspicuous before the whole French nation, and though of a rather retiring nature himself does not forget that he embodies famous traditions. His attire and manner show that he feels that he has a position to keep up. Closely buttoned up in his suit of somber black, with a stovepipe hat on his head, he is a man of few words and goes about his duties like one who feels he has a responsibility on his shoulders, but intends to carry out the affair intrusted to him without mishap of any kind.

In September next he will have accomplished thirty-four years' labor in the service of the state, during the last fourteen of which he has occupied the proud position of head executioner. Two hundred and eight persons have been launched by him into eternity, including many notorious criminals. His execution of that thorough-paced rascal, Pranzini, earned him, it is said, some slight censure. The whole affair took rather too long. This could not be said of the way he carried out the sentence on the two precious criminals who came under his hands a short time ago for the murder of the old lady at Courbevoie.

The two boys, who were but little more, one being 20 and the other 19, were both got ready in their prison at the same hour, and only three and a half minutes elapsed from the time when their "toilettes" were completed to the instant when the knife fell for the second time. Shortly before dawn the pair of youthful murderers were awakened and informed that their hour of doom had arrived. Each in his respective condemned cell was sleeping soundly, and within sixty minutes of the time they were awakened their bodies were laid in their graves.

The hideous scenes around the guillotine have too frequently been described to need more than passing mention here. Any sensational criminal who is to be executed will attract a crowd numbered by thousands to witness his death. These spectators, mostly of the lower class in Paris, come to enjoy themselves, and they hold ghastly revel in the broad square and its approaches. Men and women, boys and girls, thieves, broken down cocottes, the haunts of low wine shops of every description, all gather together and form a mob which, as the old saying has it, simply "beggars description."

On the one side of the square stands the forbidding looking building known as the "Grande Roquette," from whose portals the criminals are shortly to issue. Over the way is the other prison, or rather penitentiary, called the "Petite Roquette," an edifice scarcely more inviting in its aspect, which is used for the reception of juvenile criminals and incorrigibles whose parents or the authorities obtain an order of the court for their "putting away" until such time as they arrive at years of discretion.

Through the square runs the road leading up to the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, bordered by trees, in the branches of which several adventurous gamins pass the cold and weary hours of the night, sustained by the possession of a point of vantage from which the scene can be viewed. Even when the military have cleared a wide space around the guillotine, strange to say, the soldiers never attempt to dislodge the temporary lodgers in the trees.

I was a spectator the morning that Eyraud paid the penalty for the murder of the hussior Gouille under the glittering blade. How slow the moments sped in the cold gray dawn; it seemed as though the great door of the prison would never open to pass out the murderer to his awaiting doom. In the meantime a mob of 20,000 people awaited him, passing the time in shouting in chorus a parody on the latest popular tune of the day:

C'est la tete d'Eyraud qu'il nous faut.
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!

There was no delay when he did come out, and almost quicker than it takes to describe it the cart, escorted by mounted police, was starting off at a full gallop for the cemetery with the decapitated corpse.

UNTIMELY DEATHS.

Heirs to Crowns Cannot Escape the Angel of Death.

The son of Napoleon the Great ended his days in exile at Vienna at the age of 21. The Count de Chambord, the hope and representative of the older line of the Bourbon kings of France, died in a foreign land, having passed his long life of half a century in exile. The handsome and popular Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of Louis Philippe, came to an untimely end by leaping from his carriage while his horses were running away, and with him perished the last chance of the establishment of the line of Orleans upon the throne. The Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV. of England and heiress to the crown, died in early womanhood in child bed. The two daughters of William IV., either of whom, had she survived, would have reigned over England in place of Queen Victoria, each lived only a few months.

The death of the young Prince Imperial, the son of Zululand, is not yet forgotten. Neither is the tragic end of the Archduke Rudolphe, Prince Imperial of Austria, nor the regretted demise of the youthful Prince Baldwin, son of the heir to the throne of Belgium. The two sons of the King of the Netherlands both died in the prime of life, leaving only their fragile little sister to inherit the crown of Holland. The death by consumption at Nice of the elder brother of the present Czar of Russia, was one of the melancholy royal tragedies of the hour, and the more so, as, like the Duke of Clarence, his betrothal to a fair young princess had just taken place.

The Princess Dagmar became the wife of his younger brother, and his now the Empress of Russia. The father of the present King of Portugal had an elder brother who died before he came to the throne. The only son of the present King and Queen of Belgium, the direct heir to the crown, was taken from them by a long, wasting malady while he was still a child.—Post Despatch.

Hale and Hearty.

The Englishman says he "drinks hail and it makes him ail." The Canadian drinks Puttner's Emulsion and it makes him hearty.

MAKING PERFUMERY.

The Process Employed at the Great French Perfumery Centre.

The chief production of genuine perfumery is in that part of France bordering upon the Gulf of Lyons and the Mediterranean Sea, where it is an important branch of agricultural industry.

The town of Grasse is the great centre where, with only about 12,000 inhabitants, there are over seventy factories, giving employment to more than 4,000 persons in field and factory.

Many manufacturers grow their own flowers and plants, others buy them daily in the market, and still others are supplied by contract, making a fixed price for a term of years for the total product of a farm. The average price stated in American currency and weight at Grasse is as follows: Rose leaves, 4 to 5 cents a pound; jessamine leaves, 20 to 25; orange flower leaves, 25; acacia buds, 30 to 40; tuberose leaves, 50; violet, 40 to 60. These are the principal garden flowers used in Grasse. A great breadth of land is devoted to lavender, rosemary, thyme, sweet marjoram, cherry, laurel, sage, balm and other medicinal and culinary plants, which are sold at much lower rates than the products of the flowers above mentioned.

For distillation the plant of saturated fibrous material is introduced to a still, water poured upon it, and heat being applied, the oil is volatilized, by the aid of the watery vapor, at a temperature of 212 degrees. When the singled vapors of the oil and water are condensed into the liquid state by the refrigerator of the still the oil separates and is easily collected.

The volatile oil of some plants, such as bergamot, lemon, orange, citron, etc., where the oil exists in the skin or rind, is best obtained by expression. For this purpose hydrostatic pressure or its equivalent is necessary.

The original otto, or attar of roses, the queen of perfumes and highest type of fragrance, which was chiefly obtained from the foot of the Balkin mountains, was procured by collecting the drops of oil which floated on the surface of vessels filled with rose water, in the following manner: The petals are placed in a wooden vessel with pure water and exposed for several days to the heat of the sun. The oily products being disengaged by the heat float on the surface and are taken up by fine cotton lint.

From this lint the oil is pressed into small bottles and hermetically sealed. But it is now mostly produced by distillation. For this purpose the flowers of the cabbage rose are gathered before sunrise, as after that they lose half their fragrance, and distilled the same day. The petals are placed in an alembic with water and boiled, the stem being carried to a refrigerator. The otto floats on the condensed stem and is then collected. On an average 4,000 pounds of leaves produce one pound of oil. A more recent process is to steam the petals, and the condensed steam produces the same result; but it is alleged that this method makes a finer oil.

THINGS OF VALUE.

We never knew a person who was not saturated with some fool notion.

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

Gettin' elected one can't a shore sign to havin' the dose repeated.

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

Farmers ain't got no bizness tryin' to raise crops in the politick feed.

Soup! Kerr Soup! Kerr Evaporated Soup! Kerr Evaporated Soup Vegetables is the proper material to concoct a substantial dish of soup from.

The difference between a partizan and a patriot gets the government jobs.—Jedge Waxem.

There is comfort for the man with a prematurely gray beard in Buckingham's Dye, because it never fails to color an even brown or black as may be desired.

The Prohibition party used so much water it gets a washout two or three times a year.

"I have found your Wilnot Spa Water of great service to me in rheumatism and kidney derangements."

Wilnot, April, 1889. ROBBIE MORTON.

Adversity is a test by which we show either how much or how little we think of each other.

Royal Belfast Ginger Ale, Wilnot Spa Lemonade, Wilnot Spa Club Soda and Wilnot Spa Water are all filled from the celebrated Spa Springs at Wilnot which have effected so many cures in disease.

The average man does as he pleases and then grows because other men expect the same privilege.

If you are troubled with hawking and spitting, dull headaches, losing sense of taste or smell, you are afflicted with catarrh, and to prevent its developing into consumption, Nasal Balm should be used promptly. There is no case of catarrh which it will cure, and for cold in the head it gives immediate relief. Try it. All dealers.

"If you want to please the people," said an old editor to a new man, "never speak well of amateurs."

K. D. C. Co., DEAR SIRS:—I have been troubled with dyspepsia and bilious attacks for some time and have tried many things for relief. Five doses of your K. D. C. have done more for me than all other medicines I have tried. My mother has been a sufferer for twenty years. I procured for her some of your K. D. C. and after taking only a small quantity she enjoys better health than she has had for many years. She has faith in it, and so have I. Yours sincerely,

F. A. DYKEMAN,
Commercial Traveller, St. John.

Things are not Always what they Seem.

A waterproof overcoat may be made of Worsted, Whipcord, Melton, Venetian, or any other fabric commonly used for such garments, and no one be able to discover the fact that it is waterproof until a shower comes up, when the wearer can unconsciously defy the elements. This a Rigby coat.

It seems an ordinary stylishly-made overcoat, possessing no special virtue not held in common by other overcoats, but such is not the case, it is not only a thing of beauty, but a joy forever.

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SOAP

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Colored goods brighter,
Flannels softer.

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Coats.....	50	to \$0.80
Vests.....	20	" .40
Pants.....	30	" .60
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Damask, per yard.....		.20
Rep, per yard.....		.25
Carpets.....	4	" .12
Gloves, per pair.....	5	" .15
Curtains, per pair.....	50	" .60
Jackets.....	30	" .60
Scarf Shawls.....	25	" .75
Square Shawls.....	25	" .60
Ribbons, per yard.....	1	" .05
Ullsters.....	50	" 1.00
Handkerchiefs.....	5	" .15
Hats.....	15	" .40
Feathers.....	10	" .50

DYEING.

Coats.....	\$0.50	to \$1.00
Vests.....	.25	" .50
Pants.....	.35	" .75
Overcoats.....	.75	" 1.25
Dresses.....	.50	" 1.75
Damask, per yard.....		.25
Silk Dresses.....	.75	" 1.50
Velveteen Dresses.....	1.00	" 2.00
Velveteen Jackets.....	.50	" 1.00
Velvet Jackets.....	.50	" 2.00
Handkerchiefs.....	.10	" .20
Gloves, per pair.....	.15	" .25
Curtains, per pair.....	.50	" .75
Scarf Shawls.....	.40	" .80
Square Shawls.....	.35	" .70
Ribbons, per yard.....	.01	" .05
Rep, per yard.....	.20	" .40
Hats.....	.25	" .50
Feathers.....	.15	" .60
Feathers, extra large.....	.25	to .75

All orders entrusted to us will be promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Soliciting your esteemed favors, we beg to remain, Yours truly,

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