

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

JOSEPH HOWE AND HIS TIMES.

And Incidental References to Some of His Prominent Public Contemporaries.

By "Historicus," Fredericton, N. B. NO. 9.

The Prince's Lodge.—Continued. Our engraving represents the Prince's Lodge as it appeared in 1820—it is taken from the picture in the possession of a lady residing in Halifax, and is said to be good—the building gives evidence of decay, the grounds are somewhat rugged, and the front paling requires props to keep it up. But the building is now all gone; and in its place, or near by, I am told there is a small residence occupied by a Mr. Gray. The Round or Band House opposite has been separated by a deep railway cut, completely dividing the two properties; and it will be seen by our engraving (to appear next number) that this Band House is boarded in as if used for a dwelling, or stable, or store house, or

there is not a vestige of anything about the place denoting that it ever was a human residence, much less that of the father of the Queen of the greatest nation upon the face of the globe! As to what were once pleasant walks through the woods, are now, I judge, blotted out altogether. The spruce, the pine and the fir, have long since disputed the right of science and cultivation to hold possession of the demesnes of the nature, especially since there was not one to follow in the good steps of the Prince and keep the wood open.

The "Round House" on the opposite side of the road, where the regimental bands used to perform every evening, still stands, a monument of the by-gone. Let the inhabitants of Halifax guard this rem-

nant of the glory of its days, and suffer it not to perish! As you approach the Lodge from town there stood in the midst of the woods what was called "the Hermit's Cell." I have frequently been at that place. The story runs that there was a soldier belonging to one of the regiments, who took it into his head to live the life of a recluse; and the Prince indulging his vagary, provided him a place in the densest part of the forest, where he pitched his tent and lived solitary and alone; and here he was found dead, after a separation from the world of three years and upwards."

As I approached the house I noticed that the windows were broken out, or shut up with rough boards to exclude the rain and snow; the doors supported by wooden props instead of hinges, which hung loosely on the penals; and that long luxuriant clover grew in the caves, which had been originally designed to conduct the water from the roof, but becoming choked with dust and decayed leaves, had afforded sufficient food for the nourishment of coarse grasses. The portico, like the house, had been formed of wood, and the flat surface of the top, imbibing and retaining moisture, presented a mass of vegetable matter from which had sprung up a young and vigorous birch-tree, whose strength and freshness seemed to mock the helpless weakness that nourished it. I had no desire to enter the apartments; and, indeed, the aged ranger whose occupation was to watch over its decay, and to prevent its premature destruction by the plunder of its fixtures and more durable materials, informed me that the floors were unsafe. Altogether, the scene was one of a most depressing kind.

A small brook, which had by a skillful hand been led over several precipitous descents, performed its feat alone and unobserved, and seemed to murmur out its complaints, as it hurried over its rocky channel to mingle with the sea; while the wind, sighing through the umbrageous wood, appeared to assume a louder and more melancholy wail, as it swept through the long vacant passages and deserted saloons, and escaped in plaintive tones from the broken casements. The offices, as well as the ornamental buildings, had shared the same fate as the house. The roofs of all had fallen in, and mouldered into dust; the doors, sashes, and floors, had disappeared; and the walls only, which were in part built of stone, remained to attest the existence and use. The grounds exhibited similar effects of neglect, in a climate where the living wood grows so rapidly, and the dead decays so soon, as in Nova Scotia. An arbor, which had been constructed of lattice-work, for the support of a flowering vine, had fallen, and was covered with vegetation; while its roof alone remained, supported aloft by limbs of trees that, growing up near it, had become entangled in its net-work. A Chinese temple, once a favorite retreat of its owner, as if in conscious pride of its tenure, had offered a more successful resistance to the weather, and appeared in tolerable preservation; while one small surviving bell, of the numerous ones that once ornamented it, gave out its solitary and melancholy tinkling as it waved in the wind. How sad was its mimic knell over pleasures that were fled for ever!

[There is not a vestige remaining (1891) of all the old resorts to indicate where pleasure once held high carnival; even the once deeply cut fish pond, I am told is scarcely traceable. The whole landscape is as aboriginal in appearance as if it had never been cultivated, much less once a picture of rural grandeur and the highest landscape gardening, directed by artistic hands.

Departure of the Duke of Kent from the Province.

In 1800 his Royal Highness left for England. Just previous to sailing he laid the corner stone of the old Masonic Hall

FOR JANUARY, 1892. MONTHLY PRIZE COMPETITION.

\$1,000 in Cash will be paid in prizes to the successful Competitors in this Competition.

The following prizes will be paid to persons sending in largest list of words constructed from letters contained in the three words "PROVINCE OF ONTARIO."

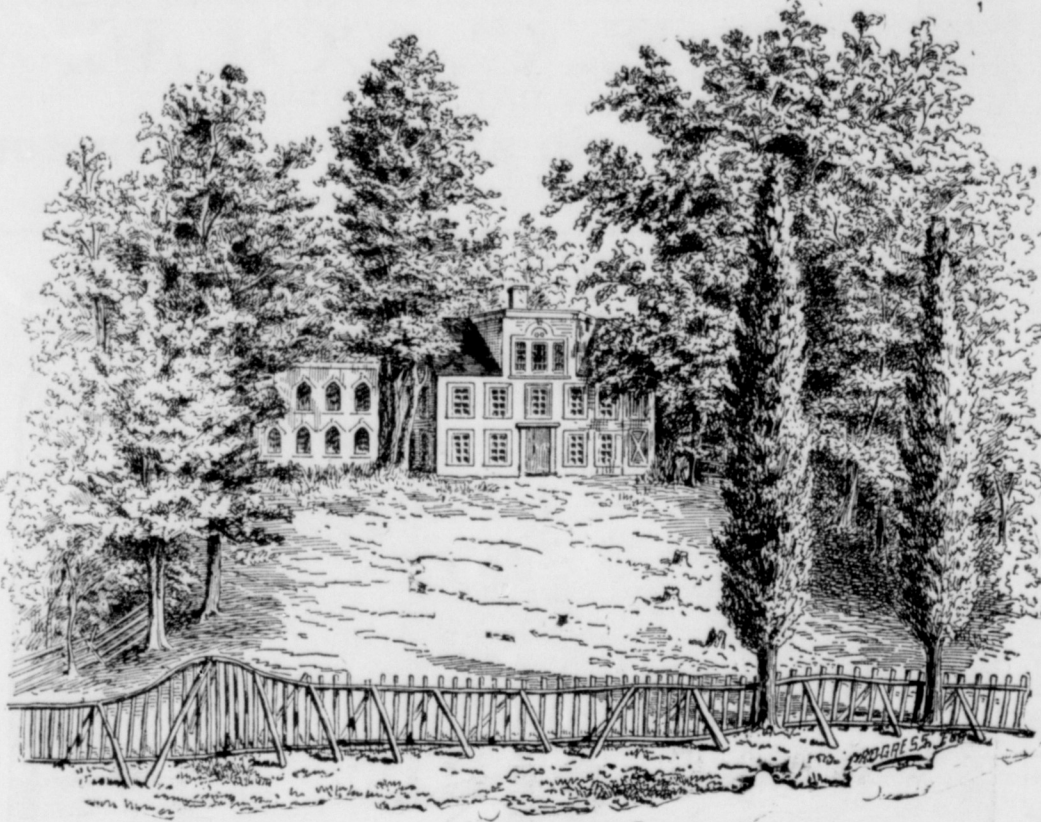
Table with 2 columns: Prize Name and Amount. First Cash Prize \$400, Second Cash Prize 250, Third Cash Prize 150, Fourth Cash Prize 50, Fifteen Cash Prizes \$10 each 150, Total in Cash \$1,000.

Every one sending in a list of not less than one hundred words will receive a special SOUVENIR prize, ranging in value from \$5 to \$25. Our Grand Educational Prize Competitions are open to everybody everywhere. Prizes are awarded strictly in order of merit without partiality to persons or locality.

RULES:

To place all competitors residing near and at a distance on an equal footing, no list will be received bearing postmark earlier than Dec. 31st, nor later than Jan. 31st. No letter can be used in the construction of any word more times than it is contained in the three words "PROVINCE OF ONTARIO."

Any name or word found between the covers of the last edition of Webster's Dictionary, constructed from letters contained in the text, is admissible. Lists must be written on one side of paper only and must contain the name and post office address of competitor; words must be numbered. No additions to lists can be made after they are once received at the office of the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY. No list will be thrown out on account of containing a few errors. Competitors will receive credit for number of correct words contained in list. No personal correspondence will be entered into concerning these competitions. \$1 for six months' trial subscription to LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY must accompany each list of words. It is the only publication in this country equal in every respect to the high priced English and American illustrated weeklies. A new yearly subscription is expected from every prize winner. Sample copy by mail for two 3ct. Canadian or three 2ct. U. S. postage stamps. Address LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY, "January Prize Competition," Canadian Life Building, Toronto, Canada.



THE PRINCE'S LODGE.

something of that sort. The dust of Alexander, says Shakespeare, might be traced to a bung-hole; here we have a slight illustration of the conceit, viz: in the Band Stand of Royalty being turned into the ignoble purposes of a stable.

In 1828, I visited for the last time this old Lodge, and published in Halifax at a later date my impressions of what I then saw, which might be repeated here for the readers of PROGRESS, as follows:—

As a boy, I used frequently, with other boys, to go up to the Basin in a sail-boat and visit the Lodge, which at that time was left in charge of the bats and owls—for it seemed to have no regular caretaker. The walls of the dining room were papered with old-fashioned landscape scenes, representing the English chase, in which deers, foxes, horses and riders, green fields, hedge-rows, trees, streams, and high barred gates, formed the picture. At this time the paper was hanging in tatters upon the walls, the doors being open, creaking upon their rusty hinges, and the sides of the building in a state of decay. The winds and storms of winter were fast destroying all that remained of this once regal residence. On one occasion we filled the boat with the paper we peeled off and confiscated to our own use—quite enough to decorate both sides of the proscenium of an improvised amateur theatre, which we boys fitted up in an old barn on Water street, and where Mr. Rutus Blake (subsequently an actor of celebrity in the United States) was the leading spirit and stage manager.

The Lodge stood about one hundred and fifty feet from the road—in front of which grew Lombardy poplars, tall and conical, overtopping all the other trees of the forest; and skirting the road to the full width of the property was a paling fence with the scattered remains of what was once a well kept hawthorn hedge, after the English style. The grounds about and in rear of the dwelling gave evidence of having in their prime been well cared for. The formation of the beds in the garden was still visible. The walks or paths through the umbrageous forest were in a good state of preservation. I have frequently gambolled away a summer afternoon with other boys, winding through those sequestered and deserted avenues—one running into another—away back into the dense forest. I suppose there must have been over a mile of these walks, if placed in continuation.

There was an artificial lawn a few hundred yards in rear of the dwelling—on one side of which was a wooded Chinese temple, which afforded a cover and shelter to the sportsman, who might throw his line out of the door or window, in his angling propensities, upon a hot summer day. On the walls of this structure were hundreds, if not thousands of names carved with a knife or pencilled by visitors who, as it is customary on such occasions, wish to leave some impress behind them of an event so important to themselves, but not to others, in spelling their names. Then there were other ornamental houses and grottos scattered about the grounds here and there, inviting leisure and repose to the wanderer in search of the picturesque, especially when the hospitalities of the place brought together large numbers of the gentry and their ladies from town. (The Prince was known to be a liberal entertainer.) All these places, even in their decay, with rank vegetation asserting its supremacy everywhere about and within, afforded a fascination to my boyish fancy, in which I feel an interest to-day in recalling. The Prince himself, it is true, was, I think, still alive (in England) but far removed from the grounds in which he took such great delight, from his Acadian and ARCADIAN home; but how many of those who had shared in his board and once sat in those fascinating grottos had at this time passed away from earth forever? I suppose to-day

tant of the glory of its days, and suffer it not to perish!

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Judge Haliburton in one of his books thus remarks about the Lodge in its decay in 1828:—

It is impossible to visit this spot without the most melancholy feelings. The tottering fence, the prostrate gates, the ruined grottoes, the long and winding avenues, cut out of the forest, overgrown by rank grass and occasional shrubs, and the silence and desolation that pervaded everything around, all bespeak a rapid and premature decay, recall to mind the untimely fate of its noble and lamented owner, and tell of fleeting pleasures, and the transitory na-



THE ROUND HOUSE.

ture of earthly things. I stopped at a small inn in the neighborhood for the purpose of strolling over it for the last time ere I left the country, and for the indulgence of those moralizing musings which at times harmonize with our nerves, and awaken what may be called the pleasurable sensations of melancholy.

A modern wooden ruin is of itself the least interesting, and, at the same time, the most depressing object imaginable. The massive structures of antiquity that are everywhere to be met with in Europe, exhibit the remains of great strength, and, though injured and defaced by the slow and almost imperceptible agency of time, promise thus to continue mutilated for ages to come. They awaken the images of departed generations, and are sanctified by legend and by tale. But a wooden ruin shows rank and rapid decay, concentrates its interest on one family, or one man, and resembles a mangled corpse, rather than the monument that covers it. It has no historical importance, no ancestral record. It awakens not the imagination. The poet finds no inspiration in it, and the antiquary no interest. It speaks only of death and decay, of recent calamity, and vegetable decomposition. The very air about it is close, damp, and unwholesome. It has no grace, no strength,

on Pleasant street, and was presented with 500 guineas by the inhabitants for the purchase of a star, and an Address in the old Court House. Such of his furniture which was not sold in Halifax (several pieces of which the writer of this possesses) was shipped on board the Princess Amelia, and she was cast away on Sable Island and all was lost together with every soul, numbering 200 persons.

The day of his Royal Highness' departure was one of great sorrow among the inhabitants,—I suppose it was a somewhat sentimental sorrow, enhanced no doubt by the high rank of the Prince—the King's son—to say nothing of the lavish expenditure of money for which he had for six years been most famous at the Lodge and in town—and for the associations which clustered around his every movement, and the prestige which was given to Society by his presence—and all of this was about to be severed forever. Hence this more than ordinary parting.

A Suggestion.

We read of the renovation of Cathedrals and old Castles, and restoration of old historic places after having been in ruins for centuries, even the excavation of long buried cities, upon all of which large sums of money have been expended. Might not Halifax then with propriety and even

profit undertake to restore the Prince's Lodge and surroundings to their pristine grandeur—erect upon the very same spot a second edifice precisely after the old architectural style, preserving inside the same form, lineaments and size as regards rooms, and the outside the same filigree adornments—then set the garden to work upon the lawn and grounds and there reproduce the old flower beds, walks, grottoes, lakes, temples—in short render the whole place so complete and life-like that it would puzzle the "oldest inhabitants," were they to revisit the earth to know any difference between the past and the present. The house could be used as a summer hotel and the grounds for pleasure purposes. The old bandhouse could again be brought into requisition and music once more float upon the summer air. Is there a pleasanter site in all Halifax for the purposes mentioned—to say nothing of the historical associations which would spring to the minds of visitors through means of this recreative enterprise?

The subjects in the next number (10) will be: Accession of William the IV, and the sensation in Halifax. The Avon Bridge Lottery in the Old Court House. The Trial of a British Officer for Murder. "Fish, Flesh and Fowl," or Halifax represented under three different heads. Howe's great libel suit will be dealt with in No. 11.—the commencement of Howe's great political career.

MILLER BROS.' EXHIBIT.

It Contained the Best Pianos and Organs and was Admired.

At the recent exhibition, says the Halifax Mail, Miller Bros. (Granville street) occupied a large space (nearly the whole of the south end gallery), and their show presented a fine appearance. It was all enclosed by a nice neat railing (of turned bannisters) and the place raised about eight inches, while all was covered by a nice carpet, the walls and ceiling being nicely papered, and suspended from the ceiling were three electric lights, and their whole place tastefully and richly draped and some nice paintings hung. They showed fifteen fine organs and pianos. The Karn organ in church and parlor styles, some of which are very fine in both appearance and tone, ranging in price from \$75 to \$450. Also some fine Karn pianos in mahogany, walnut and rosewood finish. The Evan Bros. piano in mahogany, walnut and rosewood finish; both of those makes of pianos are becoming very popular. Prices of pianos shown ranged from \$350 to \$600. Occasionally some very sweet music could be heard from their department. They also showed in a separate booth ten of the celebrated Raymond sewing machines in different style of oak and walnut. Among them was a very fine cabinet machine, which attracted much attention, it being so simple to open and close and to operate; and when closed having the appearance of a writing desk. This machine has become of late years a general favorite with the public. This firm deserves credit for going to the trouble and expense they did in making so fine an exhibit. They received three diplomas on their organs and pianos. The highest award given, no prizes were offered. They have now been in business over twenty years and during that time have worked up a very large business in the lower provinces, which territory they control.

The monthly concerts at the school for the blind have been resumed. The first of these took place on Wednesday afternoon in the assembly hall of the institution. The visitors were conducted to different parts of the buildings, and were loud in their praises of the arrangement of the music rooms. Through the plate glass doors of each of these rooms a pupil could be seen practising upon one of the new Evans Bros. or Karn pianos recently put in by Miller Bros. of the city, who are the sole agents. Their pianofortes are particularly fine in tone and are giving every satisfaction.

MILLER BROS., Granville street, at the recent exhibition, received three diplomas on their organ and piano exhibit.

A humorous fact about Hood's Sarsaparilla—it expels bad humor and creates good humor. Be sure to get Hood's.

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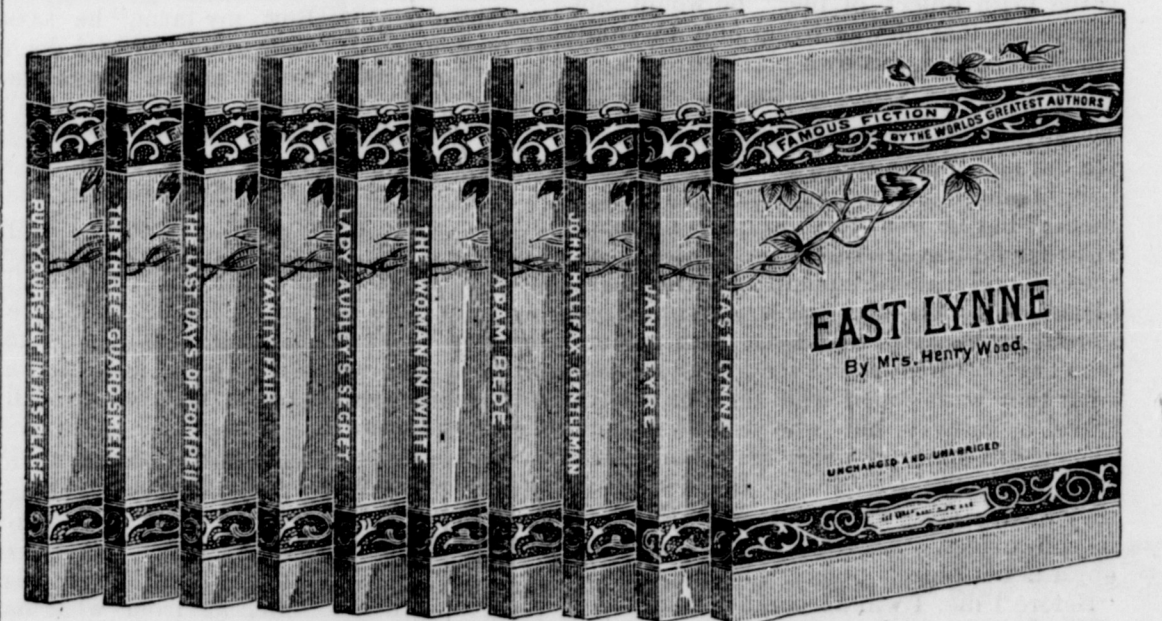
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