

POLITICAL NOTES.

A Glance at the Leading Measures Carried in the House of Assembly of New Brunswick, from the Year 1854.

By G. E. FENEY, Fredericton, N. B.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

The last article prepared the way for a brief sketch of the arrival of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in this Province in August 1860. As stated in our last, the House of Assembly, after a lengthened discussion, concluded upon placing the invitation and reception altogether into the hands of the government. At this

ship if possible that conveyed "the future king of England" to our shores. That night was taken up in preparing the illumination designs, devices, and firework arrangements—in short the whole city was ablaze with gas jets, full head on—all the private windows in the principal streets of the town, as well as the public buildings, were on fire next evening, each resident vying with his neighbors to make the biggest blaze.



Albert Edward, Prince of Wales.

ing lad, but of manly bearing—he seemed to know exactly what to do with his arms when in repose, quite a difficult matter with even some of the best bred people. The Prince's suite was composed of the Earl of St. Germain, the Duke of Newcastle, Major General Bruce, Dr. Auckland, also their secretaries and equerries, and servants, a goodly number, all told. The landing and reception at Halifax we do not stop to detail, but they were most imposing, loyal and royal, amidst salvos of artillery from the Citadel, the numerous batteries which skirt the entrance to the fashions and the men-of-war in port at the time. After several days balling, driving, picnicking, and noises generally all over the city, the Prince bade adieu to Halifax, to the great sorrow of the inhabitants and wended his way to Windsor (en route to St. John) where he was royally received at luncheon, and the recipient of more huzzas, big guns and small guns due to the occasion not forgetting the everlasting addresses, the boredoms of Christendom. His royal highness took passage on board H. M. S. Sixty in waiting for the purpose, and arrived off of St. John at 10 o'clock same evening.

According to a preconceived arrangement, as soon as the vessel should arrive off Partridge Island and there drop anchor, one gun should be fired to appease the inhabitants and authorities, but the discharge was not to take place until next morning, so that nobody should be taken unawares and there would be ample time to make all necessary public preparations.

For a week before this St. John had been enveloped in fog and the great concern with us all was that it would be a great misfortune should his royal highness find "the Liverpool of America" enveloped in mist and unfit, as he might report to his mother, for all the shipping which was destined to find its way into St. John, so soon as "contederation" then loudly talked of, was to occur, as it did in seven years afterwards. It is true there was no live board of trade in 1860, but not a few optimists full of wise predictions. On the afternoon of the 2nd August, however, the sun began to show his nose through the clouds and the evening became bright and clear, and the moon threw his borrowed beams all over the waterscape and the landscape in glorious sheen as though old Neptune was on the occasion as any of us, and scattered the mist before him in order that the prince might have a favourable view of St. John and its environments. But so it was, the night was beautifully clear and warm; and when the big gun belched behind Partridge Island we all rushed down to the wharves to see the

streets, incog, and took the whole thing in, and returned to their ship again. Ex-Capt. Marshall will know whether this was so or not, as he was the head "boss" over everything at the time.]

Next morning at about 11 o'clock the Sixty drew up and dropped anchor at Reed's Point, with the Royal Standard floating on the fore-top, the first time since the Duke of Kent came to St. John that most of the inhabitants had ever seen such an emblem of royalty. The Lieut. Governor, (Hon. J. H. T. Manners Sutton) and the executive council, common council, all the Judges and Magistrates—in short every official high and low, was upon the wharf at Reed's Point to receive the Prince and suite on stepping on shore—and what is more they all behaved well for were we not to be overshadowed and overwhelmed by the presence of royalty—in short the present common government could not have done better had all its members been present, notwithstanding the opposition. But then there was a most unfortunate miscalculation about the moment. The workmen had not got all their findings in readiness—there were still carpets to be laid from the landing up to the head of the wharf for the Prince to walk over—a great roll of carpet had yet to be stretched from point to point, while the barge was on its way from the ship to the shore—to expedite matters several of the officers of the "New Brunswick Fencibles," a local branch of the Navy (now disbanded) might be seen in full uniform, with their gold epaulets and bright lace, bending and plying their hammers most vigorously, nailing down the carpet. A Boston reporter then present wrote to his paper that the admirals and captains of several men-of-war might have been seen on the wharf working like "common mechanics," and blistering their hands for the sake of royalty, and "common mechanics," as the Boston writer was pleased to call them, they really were, but on this occasion in the disguise of officers. Had they doffed their gold lace coats, while thus volunteering their services to expedite matters, no such mistake would have presented itself. The writer is here reminded of a circumstance that occurred in this Province when Sir Howard Douglas was Lieut. Governor in 1825. General Coffin (brother of Admiral Coffin) well known to the "old inhabitants," was on a trip from Fredericton to St. John via the Nerepis third, and on his way down called at the residence of the general, situated near Westfield, then called "the Coffin Manor." On entering the field leading to the house he saw several men at work, begrimed and smutty among the burnt trees, and

accosting one of the hard looking tickets (none other than the general himself) he asked if General Coffin was at home. Feeling the awkwardness of his position, but resourceful withal he replied—"Yes, sir, and if you will walk up the avenue and into the house I will go and hunt him up." The general went on ahead, entered his house by the back way, ran up to his bedroom, washed, donned his uniform, gold lace, bands, sashes, &c., as became a general in the British Army—all of which toilet he accomplished in quick time—and so he descended to the room where his excellency had been awaiting his coming, and apologized for his tardiness. The whole performance was such a fine ruse on the part of the general that the writer thinks it is worth passing along into history.

By the time the Prince stood upon the wharf the officers or "common mechanics" had straightened themselves out like true blues. So with the general after his transformation from a smutty laborer, to a seal scarlet coated polished looking army officer.

By way of speculation some genius erected terraces of seats all about these sides of the wharf, capable of holding 5,000 persons. These had all to be filled at 25 cents each; but alas! not more than about 300 availed themselves of the privilege of paying this amount for seeing royalty at such a figure; and even this 300 had no lungs; for it was complained by the reporters of the English papers—such as the Times, Illustrated News and Daily News, all of whom came over in the same ship with the Prince—that the cheering and huzzas were so few and indefinite that they were not more than perceptible,—whereas, in England the said royalty was always received with such tumultuous huzzas, that there was no mistaking their meaning. As the loyalty of St. John appeared to be at stake, the visitor replied to one of these gentry that we had not yet begun to learn how to sing, and that royalty was such a scarce commodity with us that all our emotion at the time the prince stepped on shore, was extracted by our eyes, which we could hardly get open wide enough, and moreover, the fact of a live prince standing in our presence in St. John so took away our breath that we were "too full for utterance," and that he must excuse us this time and we would promise to do better in the future.

Prince William street, through which the procession passed on its way to the old Chipman house, contained several well-formed triumphal arches, and the houses were finely decorated with evergreens and flags. The street was densely packed with people of all ages

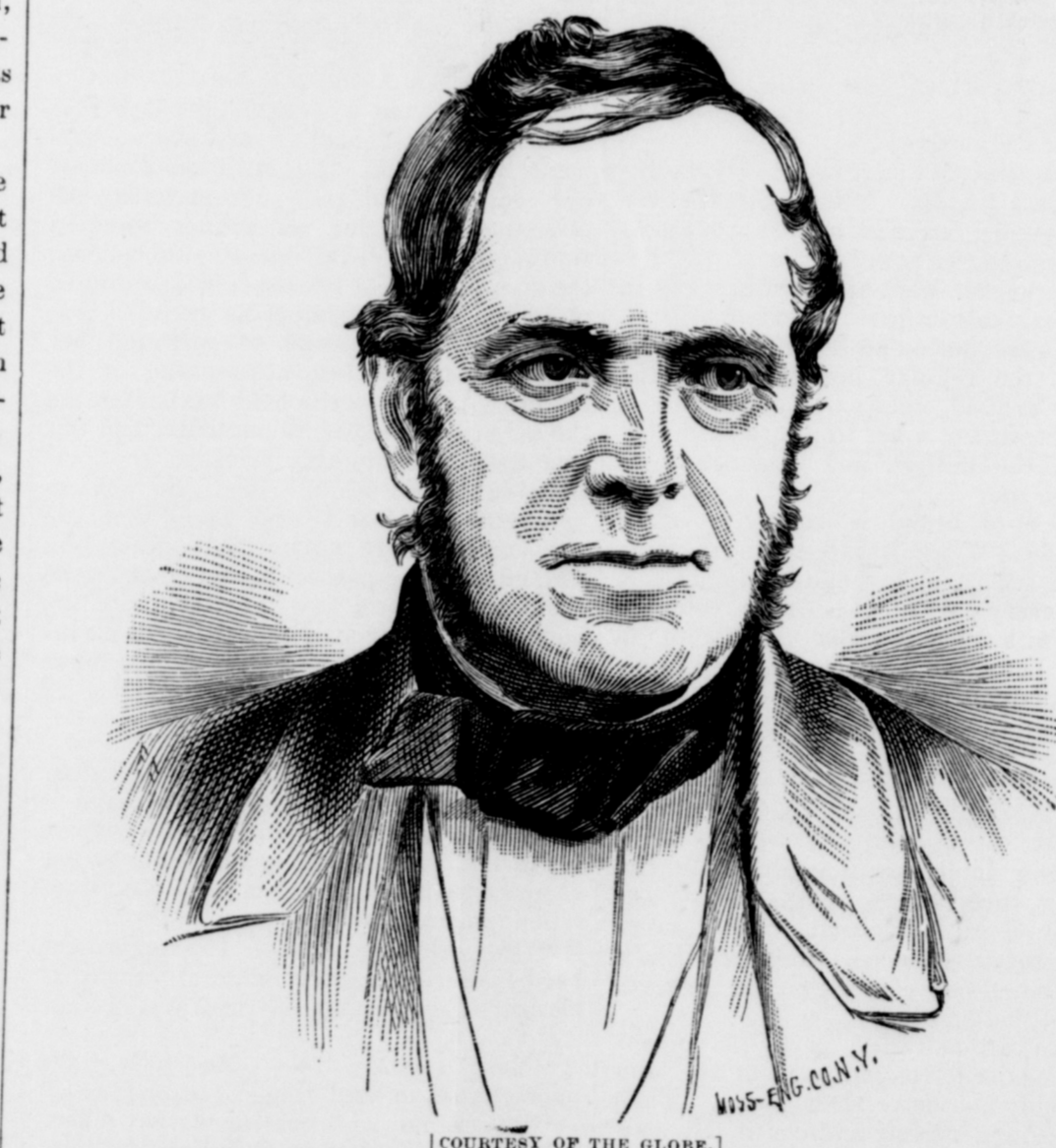
person and crown is the common sentiment of her devoted subjects in this the commercial capital of her province of New Brunswick.

The Prince received the Address personally from W. R. M. Burtis, common clerk, to whom it was handed by the Recorder, and returned the following answer direct, instead of through the Duke of Newcastle:—

GENTLEMEN—I thank you with all sincerity for the Address which you have just presented to me, and for the welcome which it conveys to the colony of New Brunswick, and the important city of which you are the municipal representatives. When my grandfather, the Duke of Kent, paid to this place the visit to which you make so gratifying a reference, he found it but little more than a village. It is my good fortune to receive on the same spot from a city—which affords a striking example of what may be effected under the influence of free institutions by the spirit of energy of the British race—these demonstrations of love and loyalty unto me. Your commercial enterprise has made this port the noble river which flows into it brings down for export the products of your soil, so I trust the vessels which crowd its piers will reward your successful industry with the wealth of other lands. I am not unmindful of the origin of this city, and it will be a subject of pride and pleasure to me to report to the Queen that the descendants of its founders have not departed from their first attachment to the crown of England, which brought them to these shores.

The Merchants of St. John, alive to the importance of the press, conceived the idea of getting up a public dinner, to the English Press representatives connected with the Prince's movements, and it was to be under the auspices of the St. John Press. The price of tickets was \$10, and the Banqueting Hall Stub's Hotel, then facing the Custom House. Upwards of 60 gentlemen were in attendance. Instead of a member of the Press occupying the chair, that post of honour was designated to the High Sheriff, there being no Editor of the St. John Press being considered at the time sublime enough for the character of Hamlet and so the performance went on without one of its chief characters—that is to say "the right man in the right place," and yet one of those Editors in a few years afterwards was considered sublime enough to be created speaker of the Dominion House of Commons. But then this was the day of small things, including small men. But alas! the chief guest in expectancy, the London Times representative, failed to put in an appearance. He was called elsewhere, but the Illustrated News and Daily London News and a couple of other Press men were on hand and did full justice to themselves and to their hosts, but whatever became of the crop sowed by the St. John merchants at that time, deponent sayeth not but he always thought that the game was not worth the candle.

On the morning of the 4th of August, the Prince took leave of St. John and proceeded out to Rothesay, (named after one of his titles) whence he took passage for Fredericton on board the Forest Queen, engaged exclusively for his royal highness and party. Among the company was the then mayor of Montreal, who sported around his neck his badge of office, an immense gold chain, which gave him rather a



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retinue was greeted by some three thousand school children, who sang the National Anthem, in right royal style. The old residence had been finely fitted up and newly furnished by the Government. Here the Prince's grandfather, the Duke of Kent, lodged for several days, about 70 years before—so that this old building is quite historic.

About 12 o'clock the Prince proceeded to the Court House, when the following address was presented to him by the Mayor and corporation:

To His Royal Highness Albert Edward Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Earl of Dublin, Baron of Renfrew, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, &c., &c.

We, the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the city of St. John, hasten to approach your Royal Highness for the purpose of welcoming to New Brunswick the Heir Apparent to the throne, and the future sovereign of this great empire, of which it is our pride to form a portion, and over which the beneficent sway of our beloved Queen, day by day, strengthens those ties which happily unite us with the mother country. Among us is still found a remnant of those who in the last century witnessed and partook of the joy and enthusiasm with which your Royal Highness' grandfather, the Duke of Kent, was received on his visit to the infant city upon the founder of which, in token of royal approbation, great benefits had been recently conferred by the royal charter of his Majesty George the Third; and with just pride we declare to your Royal Highness, that the feelings of loyalty and attachment which led to the shores the founders of this city, still emphatically characterize the entire population of this colony. It is our prayer, that your Royal Highness will have a propitious termination to the tour through her Majesty's North American dominions, in which you are now engaged; and we hope that you will vouchsafe to assure our gracious Queen, that peace and contentment are found among us under her rule, and that love and attachment to her



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