

## POLITICAL NOTES.

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

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## PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

No. 9.

Hon. John R. Partelow.

There was a time (especially in the forties) when there was no gentleman better known, not only in New Brunswick, but throughout the maritime provinces, than "John R. Partelow," as he was familiarly called by man, woman and child. In his prime he was the main prop and pillar of the Conservative party—not as a speaker or debater but as a silent member, a deep thinker, having wonderful tact and a thorough knowledge of human nature, especially the human nature of politicians in the House, and political plotters outside of the house all of whom counted within his influence were manipulated at will and in the interests of his party. He was of commanding figure, six feet high and well proportioned. There was no hauteur about him, exercising the shake of the hand only at election times, so common with ordinary political parvenues, but at all times—the commonest as well as the grandest ever found in John R. a hearty greeting. To him the old party owed a greater debt than they could ever repay, even the writer of this who was politically opposed to him, could not avoid admiring the man and sinking hostility towards him or rather subduing it, in consideration of his amiable qualities, and when the time came—after the downfall of his party and principles—for appointing this once powerful man, to the office of auditor general (now held by his son-in-law James S. Beck Esq.), and thus making provision for him in his declining years, both Liberals and Conservatives alike, had but one feeling in common in regard to the appointment and by no one person more so than by the present writer. His perceptive powers and intuition on the floors of the House, (he represented St. John for very many years) were most acute and remarkable. A debate upon some resolution before the House which perhaps would occupy hours, both sides laboring under great excitement, would be suddenly cut short and peace restored, through the magic, as it were, of this shrewd diplomatist. Having in his seat perceived the leading ideas of the speakers for and against the measure, he would frame an amendment to suit all parties which he almost invariably carried, and no oil cast upon the troubled waters could have produced a more restorative effect. On retirement from public life, his health immediately began to wane—caused no doubt, from failure of eye sight, and it may be from want of that stimulus which a more active life, so common to most men of strong temperament, might have averted. When last I met him he was no longer the "John R. Partelow" I had known in his prime forty years before, but the mere shadow of his former self—all but blind, shrunken and decrepit, with faltering steps, and yet the fine dignified gentleman, full of kind expressions towards old friends and old political opponents alike.

William H. Needham.

This was perhaps the most remarkable man in several ways that New Brunswick has yet produced. He was small and well developed, both physically and mentally; but had his brain been better balanced, he might have attained to any position desired under the government. It was either the lack of moral faith in himself, or the apathy which waits upon an honorable ambition for the attainment of great ends, which kept him always in a state of uncertainty, and from the high position for which his talents and originality so well qualified him. He was the great reformer of the old City Charter when in the St. John Common Council. Almost unaided he fought his measure through, against all the old togysms of the day in and out of the Council—then a power not to be despised. He suddenly became the people's champion, and was looked up to at this time, as the only man who had yet come forth, worthy of being carried through the streets of St. John upon their shoulders. Had Needham owned a horse at the time he would have had all the human donkeys in town pressed into the shafts. His flag was always hoisted over the heads of the dear people, but at the same time he never turned a deaf ear to his political opponents behind the scenes, if he found it to his advantage to listen to their siren tongues in a pacific form. Had Needham possessed more steadfastness, and less mobility of character, no power could have kept him from the Bench, long before his death, or when in the ripeness of his popularity, or ere he had developed such strange idiosyncrasies, and played sad havoc with his chances of reward, then so plainly his due. Privately Needham was esteemed by all who knew him for his social qualities and friendship. There was nothing narrow about him—he was generous to a fault. It he spent much he was inclined to spend a great deal more. Had he saved his earnings with the same conservatism, as he dealt them out with a lavish hand, he might have died a wealthy man. But take him for all in all, Needham was a strange insoluble enigma.

Hon. John Ambrose Street.

This gentleman was a son of George Denny Street, and like all the other Streets a man of strong conservative tendencies. He was a brother of Judge Street, who died in England in 1855, and was succeeded by the late Chief Justice Ritchie.

Mr. A Street was Attorney General when Responsible Government was in a transition state—"on the side of the Crown" not omitting "the old flag" as the old folks used to impress it upon their friends by way of contradistinction to those who sought the overthrow of the monarchy, because they contended that, the people had rights as well as the Sovereign. However Her Majesty had no more loyal subject in British America than John Ambrose Street, but like "the last of the Mohicans" he stood almost alone when the days of his party had well nigh drawn to a close, and he almost single-handed, was left to fight the battles of his political friends—and was just the man for the occasion—for like Wellington at Waterloo, in the opinion of Bonaparte, he did not know when he was beaten, and therefore would not surrender until stress of circumstances compelled it. Whether he succeeded or not, he was fully satisfied with the ground he covered. His language was good, but his reasoning not altogether clear to those who differed with him—nor could he see that it was possible while discussing a measure for there to be more than one side to it and that side was the one he held himself. He was rather tedious in debate, not by any means fluent, but earnest and highly respected while speaking without interruption, and on the whole was one of the "best hitters" the Conservatives had. It was thought he should have been his brother's successor on the Bench when the Judge died, instead of Ritchie, but unfortunately for him his opponents were in power at the time and so the plum fell into another basket. Had it been a year later things would have been different. In private life John A. Street was polite and courteous, and withal frank and generous.

Joseph W. Lawrie, (late M. P. P.)

This was a most remarkable person, in many ways. Had he been born under a more favorable planet, with all the gold-spoon influence of some of his contemporaries, the name of Lawrence this day would have stood out in bold relief among our Colonial Politicians. With all his seeming disadvantages, however, he possessed that individuality of character which will never allow a man to tarry in the back ground who has the ambition to move forward. But then "Joe Lawrence" (famously called by everybody) was like many other persons of the "old school,"—subaltern as well as colonel—who seem to be created with certain fixed ideas, such as what is must be right whether socially or politically, and that although the world moves upon its axis unceasingly, and will keep on moving up to the end of time, human knowledge requires that "well enough" should never be disturbed—in short, born a Conservative he should continue so throughout life and so die a Conservative. But it may be truly said that Lawrence was politically honest and consistent throughout, whether in Parliament or out of it, and this cannot be said of all Politicians. Figuratively speaking and by way of illustrating our friend's course, it may be stated that in about the year 1837, four young men belonging to St. John, combined and undertook to proceed on a voyage of discovery—they were all well provided with a good stock of facts and figures for use on the passage, and withal were young men of talents, and unexceptionable habits, and had often been in consultation together devising ways and means as to the best plan of making two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before—it not the alchemic for converting everything into gold by the simple waving of a wand. Their party shibboleth was "protection"—this in short was to be the panacea for all the ills of commerce—the fulcrum upon which everything was to turn. One fine summer morning these four young gentlemen launched their skill upon the tidal waves of the St. John Harbour, (no fog at the time) perhaps at "Rankine's Wharf." Of course the subject of this sketch was one of the four, the names of the others are not material in the publication for working out this parable. On sailing down the harbour one of the crew discovered that the craft was somewhat cranky, and that the helmsman was not a first rate navigator (perhaps never having been on the sea before) and there was danger of bringing up on the "foul ground;" and so he began to utter words of caution, but finding all that he could say was unavailable and that destruction was inevitable, he bethought him that he would take time by the forelock, and being a good swimmer and knowing how to keep himself afloat, swim or not, he suddenly plunged overboard, when directly opposite the Custom House, and soon reached terra-firma, good as new. His companions kept on the even tenor of their way and after passing Red Head they drifted out to sea, rudderless, and were finally picked up by a passing vessel, all but drowned. Thus our friend who plunged into smooth water opposite the Custom House, showed his good sense and saved himself a great deal of fatigue, to say nothing of the danger of perishing. From that day to this, (for he could not give up the sea) he has made a number of lucky voyages—being a good sailor, and knowing well how to keep his eye to windward, he has never failed to reach a "sailors snug harbour" as often as storms threatened, or the sheet anchor could not be counted upon. Now for the application. Had Mr. Lawrence gone overboard with his friend, and adopted his laudable plan

of swimming for the shore, he would never have got adrift. He stuck to his skill—went out to sea, and so his "protection" and "conservatism" were the sole cause of being unable to keep pace with his more shrewd compeer. But if Lawrence was not up with the times as a politician, he was as a historian and writer a man of no common order. His information was indeed marvellous. Like Ex-Governor Boyd with no better opportunities, he was a most industrious student—at work day and night upon old tomes, and well up with the literature of the times, as an antiquarian and strictly matter of fact man, Lawrence was as reliable as a clock, (Trinity excepted) As a speaker he possessed a fine sonorous voice, and had it not been for his defect in hearing would have been an able debater. References to his speeches in the House will appear in future numbers. Take him for all in all, Joseph W. Lawrence was a very clever if not an able man. As a loyal and devoted citizen his record stands high.

## WASTE THAT IS NOT LOST.

The Care Taken to Save the Dust and Filings of Gold and Silver.

Anyone not in the trade who knew of the precautions taken to save every particle of gold and silver in the way of filings, dust, &c., might possibly imagine the word "waste" to be here misapplied says an English jeweller. It is not so, however, for no matter how careful one may be in working the precious metals, a certain percentage apparently disappears as though it flew away in the air.

In ordinary mounting, solid ring making, for example, the gold in the ingot is weighed out to each workman, who is supposed to make the rings in the rough (that is, without being polished), and return them with their filings for re-weighing, a percentage of from two to four grains per pennyweight (according to the design or pattern) being allowed for waste to each workman.

In polishing or otherwise finishing each ring will, perhaps, lose another six grains in weight. Now the question comes, where does it all go?

In the first place, all old pieces of sand-paper, greasy clothes, old worn-out polishing brushes, &c., and even the grease and rotten-stone which splash on the walls, are put by carefully. The water in which the workmen wash their hands is poured into a receptacle for the purpose, and all the dirt and grit allowed to settle before the water is thrown away.

In some workshops the men have to change their boots before entering and leaving, so that no valuable metal shall be carried out adhering to the soles, and the dust which is swept up from all parts of the shop is carefully saved, together with all old pieces of paper. At certain intervals all this dirty rubbish is burnt with the old brushes, &c., and the dust—which ninety-nine out of a hundred readers would pass as valueless—is sent to the refiner.

Of course, the return in value depends on the amount and quality of the work which has been done in the workshop. Notwithstanding which, this apparently valueless rubbish often brings in enough cash to pay the rent and the expenses of a yearly holiday for the employer. But even with all this carefulness some of the gold and silver is not recovered. I remember once having to remove my business, and I succeeded in getting a house, the ground floor of which had been occupied by jewellers for over half a century. The flooring was in a very dilapidated condition, and some two days after my arrival, just as I was debating about the cost of putting the place in repair, a gentleman of the Jewish persuasion called on me and offered to put down a new flooring and cover the walls if I would give him the old boards and the dust, &c., beneath them.

He said he simply wanted to do it for a bit of speculation. The idea struck me so forcibly, however, that I decided to do it myself. It was well I did so decide, for, after paying all expenses of new floorings and doing the rooms up, the return from the refiners for the old boards and dirt was such as to leave me with nearly thirty sovereigns to the good.

## He Hit It at Last.

On one occasion a well-to-do cobbler, who in the course of his long wedded life had buried three wives, above whose graves he had erected a handsome headstone, on resolving not to marry a fourth, instructed the sculptor to engrave under the name of the third the brief but appropriate inscription:—"A Shoemaker's Last."

## The Water was all Right.

"Just look at the colour of this water. Why, it's not fit to drink," said an indignant guest to the negro waiter at an hotel. "Dat's whar you is foolin' yersef. It's de glass what's dirty."



M. Hammerly, a well-known business man of Hillsboro, Va., sends this testimony to the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla: "Several years ago, I hurt my leg, the injury leaving a sore which led to erysipelas. My sufferings were extreme, my leg from the knee to the ankle, being a solid sore, which began to extend to other parts of the body. After trying various remedies, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, before I had finished the first bottle, I experienced great relief; the second bottle effected a complete cure."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

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## THIS IS A SNAKE STORY.

How a Little Bird Made Matters Rather Uncomfortable for a Rattlesnake.

A Chicago man tells the following story: "Last fall," he said, "I went down to Texas on a hunting expedition. One day after having tramped about from early in the morning until late in the afternoon, and being pretty tired, I sat down on a log to rest. Gazing around, I was startled to observe, not more than thirty feet from where I sat, a large rattlesnake, coiled up, apparently fast asleep. I sat there watching his snakeship, when suddenly a little bird flew down from a tree and alighted near the snake, and appeared to watch it intently. In a few moments the bird flew away, but presently returned with a twig in its bill, which it deposited near the snake. Then it flew away again, returning with another tuft of grass, which it deposited with the other. I became interested and sat perfectly still, watching the bird and wondering what its intentions were.

The bird continued its work for nearly two hours, sometimes bringing grass and often twigs, which it deposited around the snake until the latter was completely encircled with a sort of hedge.

All this time the snake had slept calmly, apparently oblivious to everything that was going on. At last when everything was completed to the apparent satisfaction of the bird, it flew away and came back with a larger twig than it had brought heretofore, and, hovering directly over the snake, dropped it squarely on it. The reptile awakened in an instant, and raising its head gave vent to several sharp hisses. Then, on attempting to straighten out its body, it came in contact with the wall made by the bird, evidently to its great discomfort, as it kept up a series of hisses and shook its rattle in a way that plainly showed its angry mood.

This was exactly what the bird had desired, for all the while it sat perched on a limb close by, giving vent to the most ceaseless twittering, and showing by every means in its power that it hugely enjoyed the discomfort of the snake. After thrashing around in the litter of grass and twigs for a few minutes the reptile glided away into the underbrush, and the bird, with a parting twitter, flew off, apparently well satisfied with its afternoon's work.

## Shockingly Dissipated Birds.

"Birds get drunk sometimes as well as men, at least they do down there where I live," says a resident of Florida. "I'll tell you how I know it. There is a bush or shrub known as the Pride of China, which is quite common down in my state. This bush in the winter is covered with berries on which the birds delight to feed. These berries are commonly called by us mad-berries, from the fact that over-indulgence in them produces precisely the same effect upon the birds that liquor does on man. One day last winter my stable boy brought a bluejay home, which he said he found flapping about in the road. It would lie in the boy's hand seemingly perfectly contented, with eyes elated and fearless, and its head wagged about in a ridiculous manner in its effort to hold it up. It was a common North American drunk, nothing more. The bird had indulged in the mad-berries until it was reduced to an almost helpless state of intoxication. Thousands of respectable Northern robins which migrate to Florida in the winter, and which would blush to do such a thing at home, are found lying about in the grossest state of intoxication from the same cause."

## She Had Her Reasons.

Jamieson—Are you going to re-turinish your house?

Fitz—No why do you ask?

Jamieson—Well, I saw your wife in a furniture shop the other day asking the price of different articles.

Fitz—Yes. She did that so as to find out what Richer's new furniture cost.

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## Surprise Soap

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