TWO FORGOTTEN PATRIOTS[1]

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NO Passage in the history of Nova Scotia has left such an indelible impression on the minds of her people as the struggle for Confederation. The issues were so important, the debates were corried on with such unexampled bitterness, that time has as yet failed to obliterate its memory. Nevertheless, the names of many of those who took part in it have gradually faded out of remembrance. Tupper and Howe—these names are immortal—but who ever thinks of the lesser combatants who so ably supported the chieftains on either side? Two of these combatants, two men who were well-known in their day, were of sufficient importance to be recalled from this oblivion. Unlike as they were in character and in political faith, they had this in common, a firm belief in the cause each had adopted, and each fought for it with all his ability; not selfishly, but with sincerity and self-sacrifice.

I.

William Garvie, to take first the younger of the two, was born in the West Indies, of Scotch parents, in the year 1837. Later on the family moved to Halifax, and here young Garvie spent his youth and early manhood. From the first it was apparent that the boy was unusually gifted. His career at school was brilliant. As a classical scholar he was something of a prodigy. "I can see him now", wrote one of his schoolfellows after his death, "it cannot be far from twenty years ago—approaching with leisurely tread, walking-stick in hand, and what a relief to me to know that now my difficulties should vanish, for I had been in vain teasing out some Horatian or Homeric puzzle. The ease with which he translated was a marvel to my boyish mind." Later on Garvie turned his familiarity with Greek and Latin to good account when for a time he was a tutor at Dalhousie College.

The difficulty that confronted this clever lad as he stood on the threshold of manhood was the choice of a profession. Had he been born some years earlier, there can be little doubt that he would have entered the ministry, for he was of a deeply religious nature and his faith coloured his whole life. But Garvie attained his majority in 1858, and in that year Nova Scotia and the other pro-

1. A paper read before the Nova Scotia Historical Society, and printed by kind permission of the Society.

vinces were beginning to study seriously the question of Confederation. Soon the campaign was begun, and Garvie, with the passionate enthusiasm of youth, threw himself into the fray on the side of the Anti-Confederationists. All thoughts of the ministry vanished. He had already won something of a reputation as a journalist. He now placed his pen wholly at the disposal of his party; and after a time, in order to have an organ through which he could express his views with perfect freedom, he founded, in conjunction with Mr. E. M. MacDonald, one of the great Joe Howe's lieutenants, the *Citizen* newspaper.

"Halifax possessed a galaxy of bright newspaper men about the time of the union of the provinces", says the *History of Canadian Journalism*, "including the Annands, William and Charles, who succeeded in line to Joseph Howe's *Nova Scotian*,. .the Blackadars of the *Recorder*; Compton of the *Express*; J. C. Crosskill and J. E. Bourinot on the *Reporter*, and others." It is surprising to find on examining these old newspapers what a high standard of writing they maintained, far higher than our papers of to-day; but how bitter they were—how abusive! In this respect, at least, the papers of the present time are infinitely superior. Since William Garvie, then, was the child of his period, it was natural that when he wished to attack the Confederation party he should resort to satire, and thus *Barney Rooney's Letters on Confederation, Botheration and Political Transmogrification* came into existence. There is no form of literature so evanescent as satire. Who now ever reads *MacFlecknoe* or *The Dunciad*, unless it be the college youth studying for a degree? Garvie, clever though he was, lacked the genius of Dryden and Pope. The critics praised *Barney Rooney's Letters* for their "wit, pungency and humour", but fashions change in wit and humour as in everything else, and the present-day reader turning the discoloured leaves of the tiny pamphlet will be more perplexed by its allusions to old forgotten scandals than dazzled by its brilliancy.

Barney Rooney, the supposed author of the *Letters*, is represented as a typical light-hearted and pugnacious Irishman, who in spite of being a bit of a rascal is really devoted to his adopted country, Nova Scotia. His first two letters deal with the Quebec Conference in October, 1864, which met for the purpose of discussing Confederation. Barney is supposed to be reporting to his friends through the columns of the *Citizen* what went on when the members of the Conference got together behind closed doors. With infinite zest he pictures them all—John A. Macdonald, George Brown, Doctor Tupper, Leonard Tilley, D'Arcy McGee, George Cartier, and other

lesser lights, with sly hits at their various peculiarities. Mr. Tilley was a rigid teetotaller, Mr. Macdonald just the reverse; so Barney notes how the last named orders his companions to "Hand us the tipple if ye iver stops suppin' to see if its strong enough; and toss a lemon to Tilley, the sowl, if he must do penance like a patriarch". Dr. Tupper and Johnathan McCully, both from Nova Scotia, were suspected of the loftiest ambitions, so D'Arcy McGee insists that "The 'two Nova Scotians that were disputin' which iv them should be made duke by the viceroy must agree on that momentous pint."

" 'Tupper, Allana,' "sez McCully, wid a voice as soft as a tub of Cumberland butther, 'considher the claims iv the Opposishun.'

'Troth will I, McCully, mavourneen,' sez Tupper, as soft as another tubful iv the same, only twice as big, 'afther I look out for number one, as my way is, ye know.' "

But soft words cannot conceal the real want of harmony in the party, and D'Arcy McGee has to order them sternly to "Quit quarrelin' the whole bilin' iv yez," and to dangle before them the bait of "ministerial portfolios an' judges' ermines, and court suits an' bouncing salaries, an' aristocratic handles for names" before he can persuade them to mount the "Conferince omnibus in the top of good humour, Brown droning out 'Sogarth Aroon' to plaze D'Arcv and D'Arcy blarneying the Scotch to plaze Brown, and McCully and Tupper swearin' etarnal friendship on Confederashun, wid a few exemptions, av coorse."

In the next letters the scene shifts to Halifax, and Dr. Tupper is the chief object of their satire. At the home of a common friend during a visit made by Dr. Tupper, Mr. Rooney plays the part of an eavesdropper, and, with the luck of all eavesdroppers, hears himself fiercely denounced by the Nova Scotian leader; whereupon he bursts out from his concealment and challenges the Doctor to a fight. Terrified by this sudden attack, Dr. Tupper at once changes his tune. Assuring Mr. Rooney of his real friendship for him, he persuades the Irishman to accompany him back to his office, where, to use Barney's own words, "He could bring me to reason, he sed, and show me that my interest lay in Confederashun." Mr. Garvie made a singular mistake here in his characterisation of Dr. Tupper. Whatever faults that gentleman had, cowardice was not among them. He was absolutely fearless, and this great quality was the chief source of his success in life. Mr. Rooney then goes on to relate the efforts Dr. Tupper makes to induce him to join his party, tempting him with the offer of one position after another, until at length, finding Barney incorruptible, he bellows

in a rage: "Git out, ye dirty, brazen, reckless, infamous, recreant, shameless, nefarious, falsifying, unparalleled, Munchausen-like unconstitutional Irish blackguard."

Next to Dr. Tupper, Mr. Garvie's satire was principally directed against Mr.—afterwards Judge—McCully. The reason is to be found in Mr. McCully's political career. He entered public life as a Liberal, and for some years was connected with the *Morning Chronicle and Nova Scotian*, the organ of the Liberal party. But Mr. McCully ventured to approve of Confederation, and Mr. Annand, the proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, removed him from the editorship. Mr. Howe in one of his speeches accused Mr. McCully of having been bought by the Confederationists, and this was clearly Mr. Garvie's opinion also. This is why Barney Rooney was so bitter against "The Deacon", as he nicknamed him, (Mr. McCully was a devout Baptist), and this is why he told the affecting tale of little Patsy Hooligan, whose thrifty mother cut his new suit of clothes "As baggy before as they were behind to save patchin", so that when the poor little wretch was on the road it was impossible to say whether he were coming or going. In order that there shall be no mistake, Barney fits the application to Mr. McCully, who, he hints, is wearing a new political outfit, and warns him that it may trip him up some day, for "sure it's Tupper that'll serve him a dirthy turn yit for all his blarney."

In one *Letter* Mr. Rooney has a dream in which he finds himself standing on the borders of a dark and sullen river, and sees in midstream a "bulky black scow, wid large streaky letters in dirthy ochre on its ugly side, namin' it 'Confederation' ". On board are gathered all the objects of his ridicule. "Sure, there was the Docther himself at the helm, lookin' pretty scared, I tell yez... There was Adams Archibald takin' soundings wid a long yarn iv his own manufacture. And och, by all the powers in blarney, wasn't it McCully that was killin' himself polin' away, and singin' the *Canadian Boatsong* wid a hard timber note now and then like one who larned to sing the tune late in life. 'Thunder and blazes, boys, yank her,' sez Jonathan: 'What's got into ye, Hinry, ye spalpeen, that ye niver crook thim elbows iv yours to help us up stream?'

'Arrah, shut up your row,' groaned Henry, 'sure it's sick I am, and what's more, I won't kill meself laborin' till I'm sartin' sure iv the pay. Why don't Dickey, there, mix in an' take his spell? Is he afeard iv splittin' his gloves?'

'Och, whist, the whole bilin' iv yez,' snarled the Docther. 'Archibald, allana, won't ye want a leetle more yarn ahead there?

McCully, mavourneen, I thank you kindly for yer zeal, but aren't ye rather loud, me honourable friend? It's reckless, ye know, to rouse thim floating batteries by the Nova Scotian Shore.'

'Dade thin, by the bones of Brian Boru, as the night was growin' gray and the dawn comin', I seen as gallant a fleet as iver St. Kevin counted from the high hill in Howth! There was the sturdy iron-clad *Citizen* flying the ould liberal pennant at the fore and the silver-bright flag iv Nova Scotia at the main; there were the staunch war steamers, *Free Press, Eastern Chronicle, Tribune, Casket, Transcript* and *News* .... 'Blur and 'agers' cried Jonathan, 'not a one iv meself is feared iv them, anyhow! It's getting beyant their range we are, boys, all but the ould frigate *Chronicle* near us, an' I spiked her guns meself and tore away her flagstaff, which, be jabers, is the very pole that's puttin' yez all up to Ottawa at such a bouncin' rate...'

Bang! came a shot over the wather, and smack went the pole that was sich a brag fer McCully, and plump went that worthy himself, into the river, no less.

'Och, howly Joseph, what a splash!' screeched Archibald, 'McCully's overboard!'

'So he is, the sowl!' sez Tupper, as aisy as a colleen at her catechism, 'and maybe he's drownded! May the heavens be his bed, we could better spared a better man!' "

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So much for Mr. Barney Rooney and his *Letters*. To-day, when most of the characters have become merely names, they have lost all their sting; but no doubt at the time they were written those who found themselves held up to ridicule must have winced a little, and wished that some means could be found to silence the impertinent youngster.

Circumstances shortly arranged that matter for them. Mr. Garvie had his future career to study. Politics at this stage of his life could form only a brief interlude in its real business. In 1866 he resigned his editorship of the *Citizen* and sailed for England, there to take up the study of law. He threw himself into his work with the same ardour he had shown in journalism and politics, and it brought him a rich reward. In 1868 he succeeded in carrying off the first prize and exhibition in constitutional law, given by the Council of Legal Education in England: "No slight achievement" notes a contemporary, "for he had as competitors the picked men of the universities." During his stay in the Old Country he found time in spite of his many other occupations to render valuable service to the Anti-union delegation that visited England in 1866-67.

Perhaps in no way was he more helpful than in supporting Mr. Howe in the conclusion to which that gentleman reluctantly came, that there was little hope of the Anti-unionists making a successful appeal to the British Parliament against the British North America Act.

In Trinity Term, 1869, Mr. Garvie was called to the English Bar by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, and returning to Nova Scotia in the same year he was admitted to the Bar of this Province. For the next few months there is little record of his activities, but it is clear that they were as varied and intense as ever. In August he was chosen to deliver the oration on the occasion of the Scott centenary. His subject was "The Genius of Scott", and his speech, delivered with such grace and charm that it won the admiration of all who heard it, was afterwards pronounced by the Edinburgh Committee to be the finest that had been made the world over. In 1870 he was retained in a libel suit which arose out of the loss of the *City of Boston*, the ill-fated vessel that steamed out of Halifax on a bleak January day and was never heard of afterwards. In this same year he ran an election as Liberal candidate for the County of Halifax in the Provincial Legislature, but was defeated by a narrow majority of fourteen. In the following year, however, he was more successful, and at once became a member of the reconstructed government with the position of Commissioner of Mines.

Very fair must the prospect of his life have looked to this young man who had risen so high at such an early age—he was only thirty-four—but his intimate friends were beginning to fear that his career was already ended. Mr. Garvie came of a delicate family. Five younger brothers had one by one passed away, and now the fatal disease that had carried them off had laid hold on him also.

The *Debates and Proceedings* of the House of Assembly of the Province of Nova Scotia are very dull reading. An occasional ray of grim humour may flicker across them, but they are far too prosaic for tragedy. Yet tragedy underlies the bald account of the meeting of the House on February 24th, 1872, when the young Commissioner of Mines took his seat for the first time, the tragedy of a promising career blighted at its very opening. The House had opened on Thursday, the 22nd, but Mr. Garvie was then too ill to attend. The conduct of the Government was to be under discussion on this Saturday afternoon, and Mr. Garvie felt that he must be there to defend himself and his colleagues. Sorely against the wishes of his friends, he dragged himself from his bed and took the place awaiting him. Those who loved him had begged him to refrain from speaking, but a provocative remark from the opposition brought

him to his feet and he made a long and impassioned speech which thrilled those who heard it, not only because of its eloquence, but because, also, they realized that they were listening to the speech of a dying man. It was the only time he was to appear before the House. When he left it that day, he left it forever. His devoted mother hurried him away to a warmer climate in the hope that his health might be restored, but the hope was vain. He died at Hyiére, in the south of France, on December 15th, 1872.

It is scarcely possible to estimate the heights to which Mr. Garvie might have risen had his life been spared. Nature had singularly favored him in every respect but that of health. He was over six feet in height, of commanding presence, with a charming manner and a rich, full voice. He was a born orator, and when age and experience had matured and mellowed him, it is not unlikely that he might have rivalled in fame the finest speakers the New World has produced.

II.

During the late seventies and the eighties of the last century one often met on the streets of Halifax a distinguished-looking, tall old man with keen dark eyes and rather longish white hair, who in face and figure somewhat resembled the American novelist Nathaniel Hawthorne. When the weather was cold he wrapped himself in the folds of an ample cape, which accentuated his striking appearance, but he was still more noticeable in the hot days of summer, for then he decked himself in a broad straw hat with long light streamers hanging down his back. This gentleman was Mr. Pierce Stevens Hamilton, a poet and a dreamer. Yes, if William Garvie was a satirist, Pierce Hamilton was a visionary, and the story of his life is the story of his struggles to realize his ideals.

Pierce Hamilton was of Irish extraction. His great-grandfather, Robert Hamilton, emigrated from Armagh, Ireland, to Nova Scotia in 1771. He settled near Truro and there his son and grandson also lived, and there Pierce was born in the year 1826. The boy had talent and some taste for learning, so was sent to Horton Academy, a well-known school not far from Wolfville. From there he went to Acadia College, but did not remain to graduate. The legal profession attracted him, as it was later to attract William Garvie, and he studied law in the office of Sir Adams G. Archibald, and was admitted to the Bar in 1851. But Pierce Hamilton was not suited by nature for the monotonous grind of the law. His very gifts—his brilliant and facile writing, his turn for verse-making —lured him away from the plodding life of the law, and very soon

he exchanged that profession for journalism, in which he found a field much more to his taste. Here again Hamilton's career seems to parallel that of Garvie with one great difference; Garvie began with journalism and used it as a stepping-stone to other activities, while with Hamilton it was always his most serious pursuit and the one in which he made his chief mark.

In 1853 he became associated with the *Acadian Recorder*, Halifax. For a time he was its editor, and while writing constantly for its columns he also contributed to other periodicals such as the *St. James Magazine*, the London *Times*, and many others. Already in these early years he had begun working for the realization of his most cherished vision—the union of the British colonies in North America. The idea did not originate with him. He pointed out himself that a detailed scheme for such a union was drawn up by the Hon. Richard John Uniacke at the beginning of the century and submitted to the Imperial Cabinet. A similar scheme was proposed by Chief Justice Sewell of Quebec in 1814, and was warmly advocated by His Royal Highness, the Duke of Kent. Since then it had been strongly urged upon the Imperial Government by the Earl of Durham. But the project hung fire, the years were passing without the fulfilment of his vision, so Mr. Hamilton, pen in hand, set about hastening it.

Unlike Mr. Garvie, he was no satirist. In fighting the great battle of Confederation he relied solely on the power of reasoning. From 1848 to 1868 his pen was rarely idle, and one authority affirmed that "He was undoubtedly the most voluminous writer on the subject in British North America; as he himself once declared, his contributions to the literature of that question bulk more largely than the combined writings of all other prominent advocates of union in the Maritime Provinces." As for the quality of these productions, no less an authority then the Hon. D'Arcy McGee praised them when praising their author for his "well-balanced judgement, political sagacity, and the skilful handling the subject received from him at a very early period."

What reasons did Mr. Hamilton give for so warmly advocating the union of the provinces? To those who have always lived under Confederation, who from birth have been Canadians, and who feel a shock of surprise when reminded that there was once a time when Nova Scotians had no right to that name, but were Nova Scotians only, it is of the greatest interest to learn the causes that produced the change. To these seekers after truth Mr. Hamilton's pamphlets form an excellent guide. His style is easy, his argument clear, and whether one agrees with him or not—

and there were many who disagreed most vehemently—it is impossible not to admire his ability.

His earliest pamphlet on the subject bore the ponderous title of *Observations upon a Union of the Colonies of British North America*, and in it Mr. Hamilton set forth three principal reasons for this union. These were: 1st. The relation which the British North American Colonies bear to the rest of the world. 2nd. The relation these Colonies bear to each other. 3rd. The relation these Colonies, as component parts of the British Empire, bear to foreign countries, and particularly to the United States of America.

Under the first heading—the relation the British North American Colonies bear to the rest of the world—he described conditions which are difficult to realize to-day. He pictured several disunited insignificant provinces placed in contrast to the majesty of Great Britain on the one hand, and the growing power of the United States on the other. In both these countries, he asserted, a man of talent could find ample scope for his ambition. The army, the navy, the learned professions, diplomacy, all offered a wide field for advancement. The name and flags of these two great nations were respected wherever they went. To be an Englishman, an American, secured deference and respect. How different were conditions with the British provinces! What opportunity was there in any one of them for a really distinguished career? What meaning had the names, "British American" "New Brunswicker" "Nova Scotian" for the rest of the world? If, however, these provinces were united, a new nation would be brought into being, a nation which would in time offer as fine opportunities as the most ambitious could desire, and which would bear a name as highly respected as that of any country in the world. Time and circumstances have justified Mr. Hamilton's contention in this case, as everyone must admit who has noted the growth of Canada in dignity and importance, and the great part she has been called upon to play in the affairs of the Empire.

His next argument dealt with the relations the provinces bore to each other, and here again he pictured conditions difficult to imagine to-day. The provinces, he affirmed, had been "as foreign countries to each other." "Each acting for itself has quite ignored the existence of the others; and by this means needless differences have arisen between their various juridical codes and their commercial regulations. It is but a few years since the Colonies adopted the system of free commercial interchange of commodities with each other.... They are still separated commercially by the troublesome barriers which necessarily exist between independent coun-

tries". Mr. Hamilton further pointed out how this independence prevented the provinces from carrying out any great work in which they had common interests. "A melancholy instance of this", he said, "may be seen in the futile attempts, extending over a period of twelve years, towards the construction of an inter-provincial railway. No one can doubt that if the provinces had been united under a single Colonial Government at the time this great national work was first proposed, the road would be nearly, if not quite, completed."

Mr. Hamilton's third reason in favour of the union of the provinces—the relation they bear to foreign countries, and particularly to the United States—has a more familiar ring, for here he raised a spectre that has always haunted the British North American, the spectre of the ambitious and aggressive neighbour to the south. In biting and incisive terms he traced the growth and expansion of that country, and no patriotic American could have been flattered by his version of the way in which the United States had acquired its territories. Mr. Hamilton dealt with them all; the Ashburton Treaty, the cases of Texas, Oregon and California; and more than hinted that the grasping republic yearned for further conquests and would dearly love a slice of her northern neighbour! One remedy and one only he saw for this threatened calamity. It was, of course, the union of the provinces. Union, he urged, would place them in a position to defend themselves; a legislative union would give them "self-reliance, compactness of physical strength, unity of action, and increased intensity of national feeling."

It will be noted that Mr. Hamilton emphasized the sort of union he desired. Two kinds had been proposed, the federal and the legislative. In the United States he saw the chief example of the former, and the more he looked at it the less he liked it! He saw there an aggregation of States loosely held together by the federal bond, each having almost complete control of its own affairs and unwilling to yield any more power than it could possibly help to the central government. The weakness of such a union lay in the danger of a conflict arising between the government of a state and the federal government, of jealousies and rivalries between the states which must endanger the union, and of the inabiliy of the federal government to reduce to obedience a state which might show a rebellious spirit. He gave two illustrations on this last point; the refusal of the Eastern States during the war of 1812 to furnish their contingent of militia to carry on the war, and the successful resistence of South Carolina upon the tariff question of 1832. His conclusion was that a federal union would be of no advantage to the British provinces.

A legislative union, on the contrary, would have all the advantages and none of the defects of a federal union. Instead of each province having its own legislature, requiring "cumbrous and expensive machinery," there would be but one legislature for the new state, which would have its seat in the new capital. All local affairs would be managed by municipal corporations. The state would be divided into counties, and these again into townships, towns and cities. Instead of five provinces there would be some 140 counties and cities. No opportunity would be left for friction between federal and provincial powers, no jealousy or rivalry between sister provinces, for the provinces, as such, would have ceased to exist!

Any one aware of the feeling the inhabitants of the different provinces cherish each for his own particular province, will agree that Mr. Hamilton was indeed a visionary to dare hope that such a union could ever be attained. Yet a statement made many years later by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and quoted in his *Life* by Mr. O. D. Skelton, makes it clear that such a union was actually under consideration. "It is an historical fact," says Sir Wilfrid, "that without the French population of Quebec the union of the provinces of British North America would have been a legislative union; the French population of Quebec would never have consented to such a form since that would mean its disappearance as a distinct element. It was Quebec that suggested the federal union."

Two years after the date of this pamphlet, that is, in 1857, the Johnston Government appointed Mr. Hamilton Registrar of Deeds of Halifax, and he held this position until 1860, when the Liberals coming into office removed him. Mr. Hamilton, indignant at this treatment, published a number of spicy letters on the subject of his removal, which he addressed to Lord Mulgrave, at that time Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. A brisk controversy followed, for the Liberals contended that a government official should not attack the party in power through the press, and they were, no doubt, perfectly right in their contention. Time, however, brought consolation to Mr. Hamilton. In 1863 the Johnston Government, once more in office, made him Commissioner of Mines of the Province; the same position, strangely enough, that William Garvie was to hold some nine years later.

Even in these circumstances, Mr. Hamilton's pen was not idle. In 1866 he published a clever and caustic review of the Hon. Joseph Howe's essay: *Confederation considered in Relation to the Interests of the Empire.* Two points in Mr. Howe's essay were dwelt on with especial keenness. In the first place, he disposed

of Mr. Howe's assertion that the proposal for union came first from Canadian politicians, and declared that the scheme really originated in Nova Scotia, where it was proposed in 1806 by the Hon. Richard John Uniacke; again in 1831 by the *Nova Scotian* (then owned and edited by Mr. Howe,) once more in 1854, when the Hon. J. W. Johnstone made union the subject of a resolution in the House of Assembly, and, most notably of all, in 1861, when Mr. Howe himself, as leader of the government, moved a resolution to the effect that the heads of the different provincial governments should be called upon to consider how this union might be brought about. In the second place he disposed with equal ease of the legend that Mr. Howe had always opposed union. He proved that, on the contrary, the Liberal leader had, up to a certain point, been an enthusiastic advocate of a union of all the British North American provinces. To sustain his argument, he quoted again the instances given above—the article in the *Nova Scotian*, the support Mr. Howe gave to the Hon. J. W. Johnstone's resolution in 1854—and, among many other additional proofs, the most striking one of all; the great speech Mr. Howe made in 1864 at a public dinner given in honour of a number of the leading men of Canada who were by special invitation on a visit to the Maritime Provinces; in which he said that he "had always been in favour of uniting any two, three, four, or the whole five provinces".... "He was pleased to think the day was rapidly approaching when the provinces would be united, with one flag above their heads, one thought in all their bosoms, with one sovereign and one constitution." Mr. Hamilton, perhaps, never knew that when Mr. Howe's opponents taunted him with this speech he was wont to reply that "the sentiments expressed on a convivial occasion ought not always to be taken as the expression of mature and well-considered opinion."

At length, after many years of preparation, the day dawned when Mr. Hamilton's dream was to be realized. It was gloriously fine, that first Dominion Day, July 1st, 1867, and Halifax was full of the joyous sounds of celebration. Flags fluttered, drums beat, and a great procession made its way through the city. Some discords, it is true, varied the general harmony. *The Morning Chronicle* appeared with its columns heavily bordered with black as if for the death of some distinguished person—its leading editorial indeed, took the form of an obituary, announcing and lamenting the death of Nova Scotia—and some unkindly hand had draped the figure of Britannia on the new post-office in inky black; but these unpleasant incidents were powerless to spoil the glad chorus of merry-making. Strange to say, one of the heaviest hearts on this

occasion was that of the man who had worked so hard to bring it about. The Act of Union and the consequent reconstruction of the provincial constitution had legislated Mr. Hamilton out of his position. Shortly before that memorable day his connection with the government was severed, and he opened an office as a mining engineer and broker. Of that 1st of July he wrote:

"On that day the Dominion was duly proclaimed according to programme. There was thundering of cannon...cheering processions paraded the streets in full view of my windows, with flaunting of banners and blare of military bands...I remained all day in complete solitude. I now felt heartily gratified that after nearly twenty years of unflagging effort, the great object was achieved. At the same time, I must say, the gratification was embittered with the reflection that there was so little justice in the world, and that I, of all men, should have been so sacrificed at the very threshold of the temple."

Mr. Hamilton was not intended by nature for a business career. As a mining engineer and broker it is clear that he was not a success, and eventually he drifted back to journalism which was his true vocation. One more political pamphlet came from his pen in 1868, entitled *The Repeal Agitation and What is to Come of it?* in which he reasoned with those who would, if they could, have dissolved the union that had been brought about with so much effort. This pamphlet closed his political writing. His work in after years was all of a literary or historical character, nor did he ever again occupy any important position. "He was," says one critic, "a man of rare ability, but most eccentric in his habits," and this eccentricity increasing with the years was, no doubt, the reason why his great natural gifts did not obtain a greater reward, and why in later life he became something of a rover, trying various occupations and living in many different parts of Canada.

Mr. Hamilton died in 1893, and was buried in Camp Hill cemetery, Halifax. Five years later there was a notable gathering beside his quiet resting-place. Whatever might have been his faults and eccentricities, he had made many friends on his way through life. People found him "a very courteous gentleman", "a most congenial companion." They admired him for his ability, they knew him to be thoroughly honest and patriotic, they loved him for his kind heart. Thus there had come together a number of well-known men from various places and from both political parties to dedicate to his memory the handsome monument which marks his grave. Speeches were made in which his virtues and the part he had played as a patriot were recalled—and some of those who spoke had differed

very widely from him in their political views—and then, as was quite fitting, one among them who was something of a poet closed the proceedings by reciting a short poem written as a tribute to him who had himself been a poet.

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It is a pity that the very names of those who loved their country and toiled and sacrificed for it should be forgotten; yet there must be countless numbers of such unhonoured patriots. William Garvie and Pierce Stevens Hamilton deserve a better fate. Although they looked on public affairs from different standpoints, and although they were unalterably opposed in their views of what they thought to be for the good of their country, they both loved it devotedly and laboured for it assiduously, and for this reason Nova Scotia should ever bear them in remembrance.