

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. IV. No. 1

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1884.

Only 50 Cents per annum.

The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office,
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:
50 CENTS Per Annum,
(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$2.00.

Local advertising at ten cents per line
for every insertion, unless by special ar-
rangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will
be made known on application to the
office, and payment on transient advertising
must be guaranteed by some responsible
party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-
stantly receiving new type and material,
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
on all work turned out.

News communications from all parts
of the county, or articles upon the topics
of the day are cordially solicited. The
name of the party writing for the ACADIAN
must invariably accompany the communi-
cation, although the same may be written
over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 8 A. M. TO 8 P. M. Mails
are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 a.
m.

Express west close at 10.50 a. m.
Express east close at 5.20 p. m.
Kentville close at 7.30 p. m.
Geo. V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on
Saturday at 12, noon.
A. DEW. BARRS, Agent.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R.
D. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath
at 3.00 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m.
Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins,
Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11.00
a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30
a. m. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 8.00
p. m. and Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. W. Bur-
gress, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at
11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sabbath School
at 9.30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday
at 7.30 p. m.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly,
P. P.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the last Sunday of
each month.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH (Engl.-h.)—Rev.
J. O. Ruggles, Rector—Services every Sun-
day at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M.,
meets at their Hall on the second Friday
of each month at 7 1/2 o'clock p. m.
J. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

"ORPHEUS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets
in Catefellow's Hall, on Tuesday of each
week, at 8 o'clock p. m.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets
every Monday evening in their Hall,
Wittor's Block, at 8 o'clock.

CARDS.

JOHN W. WALLACE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.
Also General Agent for FIRE and
LIFE INSURANCE.

WOLFVILLE N. S.

J. B. DAVISON, J. P.
CONVEYANCER,

FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE,
AGENT,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

B. G. BISHOP,
House, Sign and Decorative
PAINTER.

English Paint Stock a Specialty.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
P. O. BOX 30. Sept. 19th 1884.

DENTISTRY!

E. N. PAYZANT, M. D.,
DENTIST,
WOLFVILLE.

Dr. P. will remain in Wolfville
during OCTOBER to wait upon
patients in Dentistry.

Sept. 8th, 1884.

For the ACADIAN. PRESS ON.

Brave Temperance friends ye have battled,
But the strife is not ended yet,
The Demon foe is still staunch and strong,
Still revels the fairest and brightest among,
Still many a cheek for his direful wrong,
With the tear of anguish is wet.

Still, on many a noble and youthful brow
With intellect's seal impressed,
Where the light of many truth should glow,
The blush of shame is burning now,
And the tyrant gloom on hope crushed low,
In the once aspiring breast.

Still, to many a bright and beautiful home
Where Heaven-born Peace should dwell,
Does this dread destroyer of happiness come,
Casting his deadly night-shade gloom,
And withering youth and beauty's bloom,
With the liquid fire of Hell.

These, these, are his works. Oh! what cares
Though the heart weep tears of blood,
Though the once bright home should
desolate be,

Though the wife go mad in her misery,
And the famishing babes, at their mother's
Implore in vain for food? [knee,

Oh! press on brothers, spare him not,
Pursue earth's farthest bound,
Though the foe be staunch and the strife be
Doff not your armor, to toil forgot,
Till from lofty palace to lowly cot,
No trace of his steps be found.
Wolfville, Sept. 10th 1884.

Long, Long Ago.

"The friends of my youth—where are they?"

Among the earlier events that I re-
call is of running home one afternoon
to tell my mother this news: "There
was a new girl to-day, the prettiest girl
that ever you saw. I looked and look-
ed at her. I couldn't help it; for,
mother, she is handsomer than any-
thing. But I don't know her name."
"I think I can help you there," smile-
d my mother. "It must be the daugh-
ter of Mr. Preble, who has bought the
Captain Smith place, and now they will
be our neighbors. Be kind to the
stranger, my son."

I think had my mother died then,
I should remember her as she looked
that evening; the flecks of sunshine
through the tremulous morning-glories,
like golden butterflies, lighting the waves
of dark-brown hair that in after-years
was blanched like flax; the tender love
of the eyes, a love of which none ever
knew the full worth till it is exhaled
to heaven, *une fleur immortelle*.

Next morning, as I lingered in the
porch, spelling out my lesson from the
Third Reader, my beauty came down
the road, and, passing slowly, called to
me in a voice as sweet as her looks:

"Little boy, are you going to school?"
"Yes, little girl. Can I go along
with you?"

"I wish you would. My name's
Mary; what is yours?"

"Alfred. I like you. Here's a rose.
There are two apples in my basket;
you shall have the biggest."

From that happy morning we went
and came hand in hand. The brightness
of that summer has never faded from my
memory. Little Mary's loveliness per-
meated every object. She opened my
eyes to many things which otherwise
would have passed unobserved; a bird,
a bee, or the commonest flower, was
always a glad surprise to her; in all
my life I have never seen any one from
whom everything in nature received
such a joyful welcome. Never have I
known birds so merry, or buttercups so
bright; never was a brook so spark-
ling, or minnows so sportive, or road-
side berries so sweet, or breeze so re-
freshing, or a mile so short. And no
more than the honey-bee swinging on
the cloverheads, or the butterflies dis-
playing their pictured wings on the
white sands at our feet, did we appre-
hend a change—my Mary and I. This
was happiest of all.

So the sparrow's nest under the ferns
lost its young brood, the dandelions died
and their ghosts went roaming on the
wind; there were sounds of whet-
ting scythe and snail of mown grass;

barley heads nodded through the fence,
the wild-rose hedge at last lighted its
ruddy lamps; the slender barberries, too
got a tinge of red. The summer term
of school had closed, and with it our
season of joy was over—forever.

My lovely little friend lay on her
pillow moaning with pain, consuming
in the flames of fever. I was never al-
lowed to see her, for fear of contagion;
I could only gaze afar off on the home
walls and weep, as the sad, shortening
autumn days went by.

There have been within these sixty
years prison reforms, and reforms in
lunatic asylums, and reforms in med-
ical practice, thank God! Whether it
were better to be an inmate of a peni-
tentiary, or mad-house, or a typhus
fever patient under the wisdom of the
old regime, let another decide. The
practitioner's saddle were a reser-
voir of fatal drugs; the story of the
parched lips for water was answered
with bleeding and blisters; and as to
air in the sick room the victim was in
a similar condition to the poor reptile
in the exhausted receiver.

Through this popular and accepted
treatment my little love kept her exist-
ence—barely, almost pitifully. Even
my mother, who through constant vigils
by the sick bed had learned to love the
child tenderly, said, with a falling tear,
it would have seemed to have been bet-
ter otherwise, had the Lord so willed
—for Mary was blind!

It was midwinter, snow lying deep
on our New Hampshire hills, and whirl-
ing in blinding wreaths through the
keen and sombre air, when she was
able again to leave her home. Then I
begged my mother to bring her to our
house, she indulged me, and for a few
days we had the little invalid quite our
own to tend and to caress—a sad, sad
delight.

She was herself only in loving. She
seemed a waxen image, rather than the
bright, laughing child who had out-
skipped the squirrels, and mimicked
the calls of the jays where the bee-
chests pattered down upon their bed of
yellow leaves. Her hands were trans-
parent, her lips bloodless, and their
smiles were so faint, so very far away.
I recollect the afternoon the doctor called
with Mary's mother, to see how she
was getting on. Outdoor air and ex-
ercise, he said when spring came, would
restore her strength. The listening
child pressed my hand, touched her
sightless eyes, and pointed upward with
that far-off smile.

"Can you see?" I whispered breath-
lessly, for in the upturned orbs was a
strange heavenly radiance.

"There is a bright spot," she whis-
pered back. "Don't cry," and she
brushed away my tears with her waxen
fingers.

March came, with a bluebird and
then a flock. There was singing of
robins in the still frosty mornings, and
piping of frogs at evening in the marsh;
the maples budded crimson, the awak-
ened brook mirrored the catkins of its
fringing willows.

When the days grew warm I used
to lead forth my loved playmate to a
mossy seat under the trees and gather-
ed her lap full of violets and honey-
suckles, while she talked of their
fragrance, and imagined the beauty she
would behold no more. What a con-
trast it was to the season previous. She
was a plucked flower hopelessly wither-
ing away. But her patience was
angelic. All things appear to compas-
ionate and love her. The birds fitted
fearlessly to the lowest boughs, singing
for her their sweetest: there were
lambs that would leave the flock to be
caressed by her. She was charmed
that I could read our little story-books
to her, yet not seldom would wish the
book laid by in order that I might
refresh her memory with descriptions
of the landscape. Particularly she
longed for reports of the sky, with the
ever-changing aspects of fitting clouds.

Once when we fell asleep in our fa-
vorite spot, our arms twining each
other's neck, I dreamed an angel de-
scended through the rustling boughs,
and poised above us, tried to disengage
his wings to give to Mary, his face
expressing what I had felt in my
heart a hundred times when I had
yearned to lend her my sight.

But why linger—with the end so
near? In early autumn there was a
little grave more in the burying-ground,
and on the headstone was chiselled the
name of my child-friend.

Not long after this my parents re-
moved to a distant town. Years
passed, youth was left behind, active
life, with its joys and sorrows, its suc-
cesses and misfortunes, made up another
human history until it approached the
finis.

One day last summer, we—my
brother Charles and I—broke the
chains of business, packed our valises,
and took the train for the country.
We were going to see once more our
birthplace. I will pass by our adven-
tures in making ourselves known to
the few old people once familiar, and
how we enlivened our spirits with the
jests of trying in vain to procure, as
strangers, from a city of horse-thieves,
an animal, long-necked, grass-fed slow-
jogging, with a green wagon, built re-
gardless of expense of lumber—fill
having made a handsome deposit, when
we astonished the aged farmer by pro-
ving our near relationship to him.

So far as I was able to recollect, the
lapse of all these years had brought
less change than might have been ex-
pected in the quiet old town. Thus to
revisit the old haunts was like the re-
novating of pictures faded by time.
The same brook meandered through
the meadow for the children of another
generation, but looked shrunken since
the days when I counted myself a hero
for fording its tide. The homestead
was unaltered, though the vine-covered
porch looked lower, and the windows
narrower, and the roof under the spread-
ing Balm-of-Gilead had grown green
with moss. The pond gleamed with
lilies, and undulated to the breeze.
And near its bank still stood the school-
house of my A. B. C.

"Alfred, are you never coming? I
have waited here one hour and a quar-
ter by my watch." It was my brother
calling me from the wagon before the
door.

I raised my head from my hand, a-
waking from my reverie in the old
school-desk, and glanced through the
open door.

"I don't doubt it in the least," he
went on: "in fact, I know 'tis just as
you say—the old basket-bottom chair
is the identical one that occupied the
place a good half century ago; that out
in the desk was done with the first
jack-knife you ever owned. It's true,
I say, but for all that, brother, *we must
go*."

"You are right," I responded, cross-
ing the worn threshold for the last time.
"But, Charles, I must visit the grave-
yard over there."

So we entered the little city of the
dead. I heard indistinctly my brother
reading the names and epitaphs, and
making comments which these natural-
ly called forth. My own search was
within a little area for a particular
grave.

I know not how long I had knelt in
the well-remembered spot when he stood
beside me, saying:—

"Come, do you know how late it is,
Alf? The old man will set us down
as a pair of imposters who have run
away with his 2:40, after all. See
here," he added in a changed tone.
bending down, "what is this? crying
like a child! Which of our friends sleep
here, Alf?"

"Read!" and I parted the veil of
grass before the small faded gray slab.
"Why, ah! yes," observed Charles,
recollecting slowly, "Mary Preble—

your—little Mary."

He turned away his head and was
silent; Only by-and-bye he extended his
hand to me and I rose.

Without a word the two old men
passed out of the cemetery—one feeling
himself a child, living over again that
funeral day, awestruck on the border
land between the here and hereafter,
wondering whether a little creature
with shining wings, having received
back the sight she had lost on earth
was looking down on a tearful proces-
sion, out of her home where all tears
are wiped away.

God help me!—will these eyes soon
behold that angelic face again? Shall
I, can I venture, after all the soiling
of earth, to come again into the pres-
ence of that pure soul, if I may? And
she has outgrown me in wisdom as in
goodness. How shall we meet as of
yore—this blond-maiden and the old
man with snowy locks and furrowed
cheek and brow? O, the gigantic
mystery of life and of death! It is
God's mystery; therefore, humbly,
reverently, my soul, leave all with him.

Might Spoil the Joke.

Making a call on a friend this week,
writes the Man about Town of the New
York Star, I noticed a white crane
streamer on the bellhandle, but did
not pay much attention to it, as
Tom—, who, by the way, is a jour-
nalist, lives in a French flat house.
Ascending to his flat I found him in
his "den," hard at work on a humor-
ous article for a comic paper.

"Hello, old man," I greeted him,
"hammering out more side splitters?"
"I'm trying to; but it's no go. Ev-
ery joke I write is like a dagger going
through me a hundred times. I—"
and he bowed his head on his desk and
fairly cried.

"Why, Tom, old man, what's the
matter?" I asked, for, although like
most humorous writers, he is generally
as dry as a boarding house watermelon,
he is no longer a driver. He rose,
and then I noticed that the lines of his
face seemed deeper, and the hand which
pens many of the jokes in the New
York papers shook as though palsied;
his form seemed suddenly bent, and
altogether he was ten years older than
fourteen days before.

"Come into the other room," he
said, leading the way. "That," said
he, sobbing and pointing to a casket
standing on a little marble-top table in
the shaded parlor; "that's why I can't
write jokes." "That" was a darling
little blue eyed, golden-haired girl, two
years old, smiling naturally from the
tiny coffin.

"I have had to have two doctors in
the house for the last two weeks. She
died yesterday and she'll be buried to-
morrow; and," he added, putting his
trembling hand to his forehead wearily,
"if I don't finish two humorous articles
I'm on, I shan't be able to pay the
undertaker."

When the hurrying and scurrying
New Yorkers laugh over that bright
humor of his, as it appears in type,
they will not know the circumstances
under which they were written, or the
knowledge might spoil the joke.

That was a piece of wise advice that
grand old Thomas Jefferson wrote to
his nephew, Peter Carr—one that will
make a noble man or woman of any
child who treasures it in his heart and
lives it: "Give up money; give up
fame; give up the earth itself and all
it contains, rather than do an immoral
act; and never suppose that in any
possible situation, or any circumstances
it is best for you to do a dishonorable
thing."

Let your conversation be without
malice or envy, for it is the sign of a
tractable and commendable nature; and
in all cases of passion admit reason to
govern.