

# THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. II.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., DECEMBER 7, 1883.

No. 5.

## Poetry.

### SEA-BIRDS.

There's a flock of beautiful sea-birds  
Alight on the sandy bar,  
How they gleam in the morning sunshine  
How white their feathers are,  
The tide has almost covered  
The Island where they stand,  
And the little waves creep nearer  
Along the yellow sand.

And there, at the edge of the water,  
A hundred sea-birds play  
Among the white-capped wavelets,  
As foamy white as they.  
Out there on the sandy shallow  
They find their daily food;  
The motherly Ocean feeds them,  
Her countless and hungry brood.

She comes with a comforting whisper  
And plenty of food for each  
Of her little feathered nurslings,  
Who wait for her waves on the beach.  
Now, over the bar where they lighted,  
The Tide her broad arms flings—  
Look, what a sudden uplifting  
Of white and flashing wings!

Now, half of the flock are flying—  
How fair they are in their flight!  
From the pale blue sky beyond them  
Gleam out their breasts, snow-white.  
They make me think of the angels,  
With spotless robes and wings,  
Or the thoughts of little children  
On high and heavenly things.

And half of the flock are floating  
On the dark blue sea at rest,  
Like babes that are rocked to slumber  
On their mother's heaving breast;  
Like a bevy of water-lilies  
Adrift on a quiet tide;  
Or like hearts that were wild and restless  
Now tranquil and satisfied.

(Written for The Acadian.)

### A Clamming Excursion.

BY HARL HARLEE.

I was "down east" searching for health. Just six miles from where I boarded, in a south-easterly direction, was Clam Island. Clam Island is a place noted for clams—hence its name. If there is anything I like better than girls, it is clams. I had often eaten them, but had never dug any. To eat my own digging was what I had always wanted. So when I heard that I was only six miles from where they grew, I resolved to have a dig. Two young fellows, boarder-mates of mine, concluded to go with me. We decided on the 24th, of May as the day of our excursion. We thought it would be a good

way to celebrate the birth-day of our queen; we knew she would be pleased when she heard about it. It was now the 23rd. On the morning of the 24th we started. It was a charming morning. Just the kind of a morning that makes school boys sick when they think of school, and excursionists happy when they think of excursions. We felt uncommon happy. We had all the same object—clams, before us. We had thrown aside our little differences, for we use to differ occasionally especially in politics and religion, and resolved to spend the day in the most peaceful of harmony. I like harmony,—they use to call me that at home. We "yehood" past things as Tom Pinch did when he went to London. Now along by the river, as it ripples and wrangles, and foams along; then over the bridge, with the broken down rail left on purpose to frighten horses; then on past fields thick with dandelions, and children gathering greens; past cottages with men standing at the door, and women at the windows staring (it is human nature to stare) at us, and hoping we are not their relations coming to make them a visit; then on, and on, until the long red bridge is reached and crossed and we are on Clam Island. We enquired at the first house we came to, for the best place for clams, and were directed to a place about a mile south. We then concluded to go just two miles north, but afterwards changed our mind and went south, thinking that perhaps people wouldn't misdirect you to clams if they would to blue-berries. As we travelled south we took a view of the island. It is about three miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide. It has a population of about 148 inhabitants, mostly children, with a few men and women as parents. Every pair of parents has a large family. I thought as I drove past their houses that they must have a contract of raising children for an immigration society. You would think to see the children outside, that each house owned a sabbath school picnic of its own. Selling cattle and farming are the chief occupations of the men; and spinning flax and going for the cows the principal employment of the women. The children don't do anything but mind the turkeys and wish for meal-time. The people are pious. I am told they know more about regeneration than a catechism. They keep sabbath to the very letter of the law. The women do not allow dishes to be washed on that day, and therefore you will not find a girl on the island but loves the sabbath. The men spend the day reading aloud out of Baxter's "Call to the unconverted" while the children sit around listening, and rolling gum in their hands which they dare not chew.

We had now got as far as our directions took us. As far as we could see was one immense clam-field. I had no

idea clam-fields were so large. I had always imagined one to be about the size of a fish-house. Joe and Harry, the boys that were with me, thought this was about an average sized one. But I know it was very much above the average size. I never swear I have such poor teeth, but I did feel like it, to hear boys that never saw a clam-field before pretend to be authority on such an important subject. I said nothing however. They were these wise boys. There are some people that know everything. I would rather undertake to make a small earthquake and set it going than try to tell them something they didn't know. It can't be done. As we had now got to the home of the clam, we went right to work and were men knee deep in the red mud digging. After an hour's work Harry went ashore to build a fire-place and prepare dinner. It never occurred to him until he had the fire-place built and all the wood near burning on it, that a borrowed wash-tub was not just the thing to hold clams in. You see he was absent-minded. In his perplexity he called us ashore. We held a consultation and concluded that the only thing we could do was to borrow a pot from the people nearest our fire-place, and gather more wood. I went for the pot, while Joe and Harry started for wood. I had never borrowed a pot, but I knew I could. About one-eight of a mile away our nearest neighbor lived, thither I directed my steps. When I reached the gate, leading to the house, a dog lying on the door-step, commenced barking at me most ferociously. I stood awhile and listened. I wanted to get acquainted with his bark. Some dogs don't mean anything by their bark, while others often mean more than you are calculating on. Dogs as a general thing, like to bark. Nothing pleases them better than barking at strangers. The common saying that "a dog's bark is worse than his bite" is an absolute lie. I hate to be barked at, it is very humiliating, and always makes me feel as if I had bought a bottle of silver-wash or a package of dry goods from a "shoddy peddler" or was a woman that had left her husband's "bed and board" without any just or reasonable cause, but notwithstanding I would rather be barked at than bitten. Barking is noisy, but it is not half so terrifying as biting. Barking to me is the outward and hearable sign of a good solid bite. I can stand barking, although I dislike it, but biting takes away all the heroism of my disposition. It is the barking that frights, but it is the biting that bites. I was once taken in by the bite of a dog. I thought he was joking. He was a good countenanced dog, and his bark was as amiable a bark as I ever listened to, but his bite—well if you want to see what his bite looks like after ten years, call and I will show you my

thumb. Ever since I have been suspicious of dogs.

After listening as long as I thought necessary I opened the gate and walked in. I had hardly got the gate closed behind me, when the animal came galloping down the walk at me, as if I was a plate of gravy. When I saw him coming I made up my mind to put myself on the other side of the gate, but in my hurry I could not get the gate open. You can't open a gate when a dog is after you any quicker than you can get into your pants wrong end to in the dark. When I found I couldn't open the gate, I concluded to face the dog. Concluding to face and facing are not exactly alike. I would rather conclude than face. As the dog drew near, my early craving for the other side of the gate returned.

(continued on 4th page.)

## W. & A. Railway Time Table.

1883—Fall Arrangement—1883.

Commencing Monday, 5th Nov.

GOING EAST.	Accm.	Accm.	Exp.
	Daily.	T.T.S.	Daily.
(Annapolis Leave)		A. M.	P. M.
1 Bridgetown	8 15	1 45	
2 Middleton	7 11	2 53	
3 Aylesford	8 10	3 31	
47 Serwick	9 17	4 03	
50 Waterville	9 40	4 21	
60 Kentville	9 55	4 30	
64 Port Williams	6 15	11 15	5 05
66 Wolfville	6 37	11 35	5 21
69 Grand Pro	6 45	11 43	5 30
72 Avonport	6 50	11 57	5 49
77 Hantsport	7 10	12 10	5 53
84 Windsor	7 30	12 30	6 00
110 Windsor June	6 15	1 15	6 30
130 Halifax arrive	10 15	3 40	7 30
	11 00	4 30	8 25

GOING WEST.	Exp.	Accm.	Accm.
	Daily.	M.W.F.	Daily.
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
14 Halifax—leave	7 45	7 00	3 00
46 Windsor June	8 22	8 30	4 00
53 Hantsport	9 45	11 05	6 03
59 Avonport	10 08	11 33	6 31
61 Grand Pro	10 20	11 53	6 49
64 Wolfville	10 29	12 05	7 03
66 Port Williams	10 42	12 23	7 18
71 Kentville	10 50	12 30	7 25
80 Waterville	11 25	1 15	7 40
83 Serwick	11 46	1 51	
88 Aylesford	12 02	2 03	
102 Middleton	12 16	2 25	
110 Bridgetown	12 58	3 35	
130 Annapolis Ar'v	1 45	4 36	
	2 30	5 30	

N. S. Trains are run on Railway Standard Time, 15 minutes added will give Halifax time.

The 1.45 p.m. Train from Annapolis will not be detained when Steamers happen to be late.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. Innes,  
General Manager.

Kentville, 3rd November, 1883.