

THE ACADIAN.

WE WISH YOU ALL A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Vol. IV. No. 14.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 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 arrangement 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 constantly 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 communication, 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 5 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.

PEOPLES 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 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P. M. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. and Thursday 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 2.30 P. M. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. and Thursday at 7.30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. M. Burgess, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P. 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 (English)—Rev. J. O. Burgess, Rector.—Services next Sunday at 3 P. M. Sunday School at 1.30 P. M. Weekly Service on Thursday at 1 P. M.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 10 o'clock P. M. J. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

"ORPHEUS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in Cadell's Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock P. M.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 of T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.00 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. C. BISHOP,
House, Sign and Decorative
PAINTER.
English Paint Stock a Specialty.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
P. O. BOX 26. Sept. 19th 1884

LIGHT BRAMAS!
Carefully bred from FIRST CLASS
STOCK. Trios, Pairs, and Single Bird
or sale. **A. deW. BARRS**
Wolfville, Oct. 1st, '84

J. WESTON
MERCHANT TAILOR,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Has a fine stock of Cloths which will
be sold Cheap.

Select Poetry.

Grace Darling.

'Twas a wild September evening,
And the north wind fiercely blew,
When the *Porpoise* came drifting
With a weary, hopeless crew.
And upon the Longstone striking
With that warning light in view.

"Father," cried the lighthouse maiden,
"Hear you not the drowning call?
Heed not though the sea be raging,
Launch our boat while 'er betfall!"
Seated in that boat—a maiden
And an old man—that was all.

To the rock, through wind and tempest,
Through the raging ocean's roar,
On that dread September morning
Pulled that man and maiden o'er,
Stormy sea and danger round them,
Dying fellow-men before.

Sixty-three were in the steamer
When she struck the fatal land,
All the night the raging billows
Every hope of succor banned.
How could man avail to save them?
One by one felt Death's stern hand.

But the nine who clung despairing
All that wild and dreadful night,
Heard a cry of help come ringing
Through the air with morning light;
Little marvel that the maiden
Seemed to them an angel bright.

Saved them all! The thrilling story
Run through England far and wide,
While Grace Darling's fame and glory
Were proclaimed on every side.
She lived humbly in her lighthouse,
Humbly in her lighthouse died.

—The London Friend.

Interesting Story.

Colonel Paul.

"My experience and observation go to prove that 'aint the fellows that fought best who are most fierce and forward with their war-stories now. At least, it's so down here in Virginia. 'Twas such a dead-in-earnest conflict, and such a close tussle for life or death, and the ruin that it brought was so great, it's no wonder we shrink from vaporin' 'bout it now.

"Our own folks know all they want to, and were, on that subject, and ignorant or curious meddling with wounds aint pleasin' nor healthy.

"Still, there are times when one can't help thinking over things that happened in those days, whether he will or no. Evenings like this, for instance. Since we've been out here on the poren, watching the sun go down on the hills over the river, and listening, you might almost believe, to the world settling itself to sleep, I've lived through in my thoughts the very saddest of the many heart-breaking stories that come to my notice in the four-years horror. That's what it was from beginning to end, sir! Such horror and desolation, and despair as you Northerners never dream of.

"I reckon it must have been the smell of the locust blossoms, and the singing of the late bees among them, that started me to dreamin'. Anyhow, it all comes back to me clear as a picture, seen with my bodily eyes.

"It's a pretty picture, too,—the old Carrington place, Locust Hill, over yonder,—just at this season of the year, when the white flowers were dropping like snow on the steps and the grass and gravel walks, and drifting in the breeze up to Mrs. Carrington's feet, as she sat in her rocking-chair out on the porch, pale and uneasy, looking into her boy's face.

"I'm not ashamed to own that my father was overseer on Mr. Carrington's plantation, and had been for twenty years. He was a man that respected himself, and consequently his fellow-citizens respected him.

"A kinder or more liberal gentleman than Mr. Carrington never lived, even in old Virginia. His wife was a mortal saint, sir. Loving and tender and soft-hearted as an angel. A beauty, too, to the last, even after her hair was white as picked cotton, and you could tell by her eyes that she had no heart in life.

"I was raised with the Carrington boys. We went to the same school, and played together all the rest of the day. But when they entered college, I was put into the tobacco-crop, and learned all there was to know about cultivating and cutting and curing and pressing this staple of the South.

"In vacation we were just as good friends as ever—me and the Carrington fellers. There were four of them: James and David and Randolph and Paul. When the war broke out, the oldest was twenty-four, and the youngest—Paul—just thirteen. All of us went into the army within six months, except Paul, of course.

"There was no help for it, sir. If it was my last breath, I should be obliged to say that. They had invaded the State, you see. That was our view of the situation, and we acted according to our light. Daniel and St. Paul couldn't have done no more, nor no less.

"Well, it was in the spring of '64 that our regiment was in camp on the edge of the Carrington plantation for a couple of months. We'd been busy for the best part of the winter, and had some right smart fighting down the river. Just now, however, the Northerners were lying so low and keeping so dark that we had quite a play-time.

"The Carrington boys and a dozen other young officers passed pretty near half their time at the house. It wasn't strange that Paul caught the army fever. He was sixteen years old, and small of his age. Not exactly puny, but almost like a girl for slenderness and good looks, and the very core of his mother's heart. She had lost two girls between him and Randolph.

"She would not have a word of his enlisting, and begged his brothers to put the notion out of his head. On the evening I speak of, he was even more in earnest than usual with her. He would drop on one knee by her and put his arm over the back of her chair, while he pleaded with her to let him go. It was always a pretty sight to see how much they thought of each other.

"You see, mother," he said, "if I enlist now, I can choose my company, and go into David's."

"David had risen fast. He was major now, and a splendid soldier. James was a captain, and Randolph was first lieutenant.

"If I wait a little longer, they can draft me," he said, "and send me to Nova Scotia if they choose. I reckon we shall have conquered up to there by that time."

"The war may be over then," said Mrs. Carrington, so solemn it might have been a prayer she was repeating. "Surely the Lord's anger will be turned away and his outstretched arm be withdrawn before many months."

"Paul was by no means pacified. He was brim-full of patriotism and fight. His brothers helped him on. Not that they wanted him to carry his point but they made a great pet of him and were proud of him. And I could see that his father was pleased though he did not say much until Mrs. Carrington packed Paul off to bed at ten o'clock. Then he asked her if the best way to stop the boy's nonsense wouldn't be to let him go into camp and without his enlisting, try military duty for a few weeks. 'I'm much mistaken if the experiment wouldn't cure him,' said he.

"Mrs. Carrington looked at him as if she couldn't believe he meant it. 'My dear,' she said, 'all in a quiver, even to her voice, 'Paul is our baby. Such a trail little fellow! Camp-fare and sleeping on the ground and all that would kill him.'

"Then the brothers spoke up and showed that no harm could come to toe child under their eye and declared that roughing it would probably dis-

gust him with the service and send him home in a sensible mood.

"He'll find it's no fun to march up and down a half-mile boat, toting a heavy musket!" said I at last.

"I wished afterwards that I had held my tongue, for Mrs. Carrington looked surprised and hurt and said quietly, 'You against me, too, Dick!'

"Don't be silly, Paulina!" said her husband, a little sharp. 'Nobody's against you in this matter. You seem set upon keeping that boy a baby. It's a bad thing for him.'

"What else passed between them I don't know, but about twelve o'clock the next day, there came Mr. Paul into camp, chirpy as a cricket, and ready to tackle the whole Northern army.

"He had on a suit of gray, and a military cap with a feather stuck sideways in the band.

But in all his toggery he favored his mother so much when he laughed up at me, that it was all I could do to keep from picking him up bodily, as I would a baby, and carrying him home again.

"In two days he was the camp favorite—'Col. Paul,' the boys called him.

"I'll be a real colonel before the war is over," he said, his eyes flashing. 'Won't mother be proud of me, then? She felt awfully when she kissed me good-by.' But he winked hard as he said it. 'It's strange that the wisest woman can't understand just how a fellow feels about his country,' he went on. 'But sae'll forgive me when I've distinguished myself, as I mean to do. This is something like life! I must get a furlough for Sunday, next if I can be spared from duty, and go to see her.'

James Carrington overheard this, and when the boy had walked off, I said to him, 'He isn't discouraged yet, that's evident.'

"He's game to the backbone!" said the captain, laughing, and showing by his manner that he felt proud of the young soldier. He had four hours' drill in the hot sun to-day, and I reckon we'll put him on picket-duty to-night. It is best that he should have a full taste of what is before him.'

"At nine o'clock I met him, in high spirits, on his way to his post. I didn't quite like the night-watch for him. To be sure, our pickets hadn't had a surprise in two months, and we didn't know of a Federal soldier within twenty miles of us.

"How long do you suppose you'll keep your eyes open?" I asked, laughingly.

"All right, if necessary," he answered back, as stiff as a ramrod. 'But I'm to be relieved at twelve.'

"I made it convenient to happen his way a little after ten. He was tramping back and forth as steady as a clock, whistling softly the old prayer-meeting hymn:

"Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I blush to own His cause,
And fear to speak His name?"

"Halt!" he said, clear and sharp, when I stepped into the road out of the shade of the bushes. 'Who goes there?'

"A friend!" I said.

"Advance and give the countersign!"

"It so happened that I hadn't the pass-word, and the young game-cock wouldn't let me come a step nearer, well as he knew me.

"My orders are to guard this piece of road," he said, grave and quiet as a man of fifty. 'I don't want to shoot you, Dick, so you'd better be off.'

"I gave the salute, begged his pardon, and took myself back to tell the story to his brothers.

"We'll relieve him at eleven," said the major. 'The little rascal will be fagged out by then. He's had a hard day of it.'

"That very night Kautz's cavalry, that always came and went like the wind, swept up that road so near our camp that I cannot conceive why we

did not hear them. They were on a raid up the river and couldn't stop to poster us; but they captured three of our sentinels and carried them off, and one of them was Colonel Paul.

"They picked him up five minutes before eleven. The boy said to me afterwards that, being leg-weary after all the drilling he had had that day, he had leaned against a stump, and must have nodded a little, for the first thing he knew he was captured and carried away on a trooper's saddle.

"His cap with the hawk's feathers, was laying in the dusty road by his musket. We took that to his mother; and it made my heart ache to see how dazed she looked when we told her what had happened to Paul.

"I was taken prisoner at Spottsylvania Court House in May. We were kept awhile at Fortress Munroe, then at Point Lookout. On the first of September they took us to Fort Delaware.

"'Twas fearfully hot that day and night! We lay in the hold like so many herrings, with hardly room to turn. About midnight I dropped asleep, and waking, almost smothered, within an hour, I fancied—what with the groans and swearing, the heat, the bad air, and the red light of the swinging lamp overhead—that we were in the region that isn't often named in polite society. It wasn't agreeable, sir.

"Well, we weren't landed at Delaware until sunset the next day, and a doctor set you never saw than we were when marched into the privates' quarters. I was skulking along, savage as a starving catamount, when somebody called out, 'Dick Cosby!' and a slim boy in ragged gray clothes ran right into my arms.

"He had grown surprisingly. His face was thinner and paler than it used to be; his pants and sleeves were too short for his legs and arms, and his suit was much the worse of wear. But he had the clean, gentlemanly look notwithstanding. The Carrington blood told, sir, in spite of rags and wretchedness.

"He was very popular with our boys, and had got on the blind side of the men who had us in charge. To please him, I was put into his mess and bunked beside him at night.

"It's one of my greatest comforts to remember how much good my being there did him. After hearing about his mother and the rest of the folks, he became quite cheerful, and like himself.

"One of our men who had been a college professor at home had books sent him by Yankee friends, and Colonel Paul—somehow he'd got that name even among the Northern guard—took to Latin and Greek and such studies in solid earnest.

"My mother shan't have a dunce for a son when I get out of this!" he exclaimed, one day. 'I've only to make believe that I'm taking a university course, and must stay until the term's over, and it isn't so very hard to bear.'

"Every week he wrote to his mother whether the letter could go or not. Sometimes the mail was sent South by flag-of-truce, and he wouldn't miss a chance. Three of his letters got through the lines and to his mother. The last of them reached Locust Hill on Christmas Day.

"Well, sir! I'll hurry my story a little. Colonel Paul died, of diphtheria, on Christmas Day. He was sick four days.

"The roughest prisoners were kind to him, and the Yankee surgeon did his best. But the Island is a bleak rock, and our barracks were hardly better than sheds. There was little chance for the boy from the beginning of the attack. I was thankful he did not fight harder with the disease. At sunrise he opened his eyes and smiled. 'It's Christmas morning, isn't it?' he whispered. "They'll be thinkin' of us

(Continued on fourth page.)