

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. V.

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No. 25

## THE ACADIAN.

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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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 to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

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

DAVIDSON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions.

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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

Office hours, 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 a. m.

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Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.

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Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon.

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Churches.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. H. D. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11 a. 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 2.30 p. m. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. and Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

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S. J. O'NEIL'S CHURCH, Wolfville.  
Divine Worship is held in the above Church as follows:  
Sunday, Matins and Sermon at 11 a. m.  
Evening and Sermon at 7 p. m.  
Sunday-school commences every Sunday morning at 9.30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 7.30.

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

Masonic.

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

Oddfellows.

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

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Wither's Block, at 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. G. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.00 o'clock.

OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

**JOB PRINTING**

Every Description

Done With

**NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND PUNCTUALITY.**

The ACADIAN will be sent to any part of Canada or the United States for \$1.00 in advance. We make no extra charge for United States subscriptions when paid in advance.

## DIRECTORY

OF THE  
**Business Firms of WOLFVILLE.**

The undermentioned firms will use your right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

DORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, HATS and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

DORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

BISHOP, B. G.—Painter, and dealer in Paints and Painter's Supplies.

BROWN, J. L.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL & MURRAY.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent, Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

GODFREY, J. P.—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

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MCINTYRE A.—Boot and Shoe Maker.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

PATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness, Opposite People's Bank.

PRAT, R.—Fine Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, and Fancy Goods.

REDDEN, A. C. CO.—Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

ROOD, A. B.—Manufacturer of all styles of light and heavy Carriages and Sleighs. Painting and Repairing a specialty.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

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SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO.—Booksellers, Stationers, and News-dealers.

WITTER, BURPEE—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

Owing to the hurry in getting up this Directory, no doubt some names have been left off. Names so omitted will be added from time to time. Persons wishing their names placed on the above list will please call.

## CARDS.

**JOHN W. WALLACE,**

**BARRISTER-AT-LAW,**

**NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.**

Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.

WOLFVILLE N. S.

**B. C. BISHOP,**

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P. O. BOX 30. Sept. 19th 1884

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**HATHWAY & CO.,**

General Commission Merchants,

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50 Newly imported Versé & Motto all Chromo Carls, with name and a water pen for ice, 5 packs, 5 pens for 50c. Agents sample pack, outfit, and illustrated catalogue of Novelties, for a 3c stamp and this slip. A. W. KIRBY, Yarmouth, N. S.

## Select Poetry.

### DISTANCE.

On softening days, when a storm was near,  
At the farmhouse door I have stood in the gray  
And caught in the distance, faint but clear,  
The sound of a strain, passing far away.  
The warning-bell, when the start was made  
The engine's puffing of smoke unseen,  
With the heavy rumble as wheels obeyed—  
Across the miles between,  
And so sometimes, on a moonless night,  
When the stars shine soft and the wind is low,  
To my listening soul, in the pallid light,  
Come the trembling voices of long ago,  
The truest echoes, when hope was young  
The tender song of love serene,  
And the throbbing rhythm of passion's tongue—  
Across the years between.

## Interesting Story.

### The Passenger's Story.

The night mail upon the Cumberland Valley Railroad had reached the heavy up-grade a few miles beyond Kanakia station, when it became evident to the passengers that something had gone decidedly wrong. The speed of the train sensibly slackened; there came a series of tremendous jolts, accompanied by a curious and unpleasant whirring sound, followed in turn by a complete stoppage. A dozen heads were thrust inquisitively out of the car windows and as many voices insisted upon knowing all about it immediately. In these days of magnificent collisions and holocausts the travelling public exhibits an astonishing amount of interest in railway concerns, to the great scorn and indignation of all officials connected.

"You have nothing to fear," said the conductor, who passed through the car, superb in gold buttons and official dignity. "We have struck an up-grade where an oil train stopped an hour ago. The tracks are oiled and the drivers don't take hold. We shall get the sand running in half a minute."

It was doubtless clear enough to those who understood such matters, but to me his explanation was more jargon. As somebody said of Coleridge's commentary upon his poem, "Christabel," I wished "he would explain his explanation."

The gentleman who occupied the seat immediately in front of me, a fine middle-aged person, with an erect military air, seemed to have no difficulty in making out the state of affairs. He smiled and nodded with an exceedingly knowing look, and was preparing to settle himself comfortably in his seat when I tapped him upon the shoulder and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but what has occurred? The conductor's explanation is Chinese to me. What does he mean by the tracks being oiled?"

The gentleman turned about and faced me.

"It is a simple matter," he said, courteously, "to those who have an idea of railroad affairs. The power of an engine depends upon the friction of the drivers on the track—taking hold, as it is called. If there is oil upon the rails, especially upon an up-grade, there is no friction, consequently the wheels simply spin around upon the tracks without moving the train."

"Ah," said I, "I comprehend."

"I could illustrate the case by an event which occurred to me upon this very spot some years ago. I have always thought it a rather remarkable incident, and perhaps you may find it so. The circumstance I refer to," he continued, "took place during the war. I was at the time an adjutant upon Gen. Thomas' staff during the exciting and momentous campaign in the mountains of Tennessee. If you remember, there were many times when it was feared that our hour had come. Our communications were repeatedly cut off and our whole command in danger of instant destruction. It was at one of these crises that the event I am going to relate occurred.

"We were at this time intrenched upon a spur of the hills around Chattanooga, whither we had been driven by the desperate courage of the confederates. Our own men had fought bravely and well, but they were exhausted with long marches and constant action. Our stores had run low

and but one line of communication was left open to us—that of the railroad into the eastern part of the state. By a brilliant flank movement the Confederates succeeded in throwing a line across this one highway; and there we were hemmed in like a woodchuck in the burrow. Starvation or surrender stared us in the face. One of the other of these alternatives we must accept in a few days at most, unless some unexpected change took place very speedily.

"It is, perhaps, difficult for us to comprehend the feelings of a commander, hitherto successful, and with the fate, perhaps, of a nation depending upon his action, placed in such a position as our General then was. I saw his face grow hourly more pale and despairing, his step slower and more feeble, and his whole air that of a man whose heart and spirit were breaking under the strain. But Thomas was not the man to yield until every resource had been sounded to the bottom. And there was one resource yet left—a desperate and almost hopeless one, it is true.

"Forty miles to the eastward of us lay Stockton's command of nearly thirty thousand men, scarcely unconscious of our danger and their own. Several days before Stockton had been directed to occupy a pass in the mountains on the left and to hold it until further orders. Of course, unaware of the predicament of the main army, he would make no movement to our relief. Communications were now cut off and it seemed a matter of utter impossibility to reopen them through the heavy line of Confederates which lay across the railroad. Thomas, however, determined to try it, and I was selected for the dangerous but honorable duty of the attempt."

We had reason to suppose that the enemy had not destroyed the railroad and that if we were not captured at the outset we might get an engine through to Kanakia Station, where Stockton lay.

"At 10.30 my orders were given me, and I mounted the engine, which was either to carry me to my death or save the army. It was not a powerful machine, but it was the best at our disposal, and in good order, fortunately. One of our men who had been an engine-fitter, undertook to manage the engine and another to fire it. Both were cool, tried men, but as we stepped in the cab together I saw them shake hands with their comrades and bid them farewell. Evidently neither of them expected to get through alive.

"Put in a couple of extra tallows cans, John," said the engineer. "We are going in to make time, and I expect the old machine will heat up finely."

"The cans were stowed away in the caboose, the engineer opened the throttle-valve, and amidst an impressive silence in the crowd surrounding the starting point, we moved slowly away. About two miles distant lay the first battery which the enemy had thrown up to command the road; beyond that were several more, to say nothing of the picket lines scattered along the tracks. So you see we were to run a pretty warm gauntlet.

"We had proceeded but a very short distance when there was a flash and report from the shrubby skirting the road and a bullet crashed through the window of the cab. An outpost had already discovered us and had given us a foretaste of what we were to expect further on.

"Let her out!" I said to the engineer. "There is no use in trying to hide ourselves. Speed is our only chance now."

"Very good, sir!" replied the engineer, opening the valve as he spoke. The engine bounded like a spurred horse. On we went, swayed from side to side, until it seemed as if we must jump the track. Meanwhile our friends along the road were not idle. Bullet after bullet whistled by us; but fortunately, what with the darkness and the rapidity of our motion, none of them reached us.

"We had now arrived in sight of the first battery. By the lights moving hurriedly along the parapet it was obvious that our approach was expected. As we passed abreast of the battery it gave us its first compliment in the shape of a round shot, followed by a storm of grape. Here, again, the

darkness and our speed saved us. Several of the grapeshot glanced off the frame of the engine without doing any damage, however.

"Give her some more fire, John," said the engineer grimly. "If they happen to knock a hole in us with one of them bits of iron, you won't do any more firing, my boy, I can tell you that."

"Not in this world, any way," responded the fireman with satiric humor. "Can't tell what I may do in the next, William."

The reckless bravery of the two men in the face of such danger shamed away my own rising tremor, and I folded my arms and looked towards the battery, which was evidently preparing to give us another salute. It came in the shape of a conical shot, with so true an aim that it whizzed within a foot of the boiler and carried off the bell, which fell with a clang among the bushes.

"Thank you," said the engineer with a grin; "we didn't need the bell anyhow. You can use it yourself to ring to dinner with."

"By this time we had passed out of range of the first battery and were under the guns of two more. These works had been constructed to command the junction of our road with another running south. There was also a station at this point, and as we whirled by I saw an engine standing upon a siding with steam up. I caught sight of a number of men running towards it, as well as others busy with a car which stood near it. What they were at I could not make out, for we passed them like a flash of lightning. At this moment, too, the batteries, which had probably received telegraphic notice of our approach, opened fire on us and for a moment the air seemed to be alive with shrieking iron.

"More fire, John," cried the engineer; "ram her full to the doors, or it's all up with us."

"The fireman stooped to obey, but at that moment a shell struck upon the caboose and burst within three feet of us. It was a ten-inch monster, and how any of us escaped alive I fail to see. As it was, when the smoke and dust cleared away, I found the top of the cab gone, a portion of the caboose torn off and the fireman lying in a heap on the floor with his arm broken.

"I'm knocked out, William," he groaned, "and who's to fire her for the rest of the trip?"

"I will," said I, "I think I can manage it."

"After placing the poor fellow in as comfortable a position as possible, I seized the shovel and began my new duties.

"By this time we had passed out of range of the batteries, which now and then, however, sent a sullen shot in our direction as a parting evidence of their good-will.

"We are safe," I said, with a sigh of relief; "that was their last line of works. The road is clear before us."

"I hope so, sir," responded the engineer. "How's your fire, John?"

"Very bad, William," groaned the fireman; "but that ain't the worst of it. We ain't through with the trouble yet."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "The scouts say that there are no troops beyond us, except our own at Kanakia Station."

"But they're following up," replied the fireman. "They are after us hot and heavy."

"I looked at the engineer, under the impression that the poor fireman was in a delirium with his injury.

"He's right, captain," said the engineer, listening intently. "Sure as fate they have pulled out that engine we saw at the junction, and are chasing us."

"But there is no possibility of their overtaking us," I replied.

"I don't know about that," he said, gravely. "That engine is a heavy one, and I have seen her make a good fifty miles with a train behind her. This one is a light machine and I can't promise more than forty at most. Besides, they have the advantage of us in the fact that they have a car attached and we are running alone.

"I should suppose that our lightness would be rather in our favor than

otherwise."

"Got something to balance her," grunted the fireman, sententiously.

"John is right," explained the engineer. "You see, sir, if an engine has no weight behind her she is apt to jump and pound the rails, and if you put her at her full speed, to get off the track altogether. So, while that engine behind us can do her level best, we can't even let her out to forty miles without danger of a smash-up."

I now comprehended the extent of our peril. We had only run the gauntlet of Scylla to be more effectually destroyed by Charybdis. To have been killed by a roundshot from the fort would have been at least a soldier's death. To be run down and picked off coolly like ducks on a puddle was to put it mildly, a decidedly undignified way of settling accounts with the world. As for surrender, I am certain that neither of my comrades thought of it as a means of escape any more than I did. A sacred trust, involving the fate of an army, perhaps of a nation, had been placed with us. To yield it to any but the skeleton hand of Death, itself was a notion which had not entered our heads. It was, then, life and more than life that hung upon the issue, and it was with such sensations as come to few men's experience that we listened to the dull roar of the approaching engine.

"Meanwhile our own little machine was not idle. I had kept the furnace at a white-heat. The steam, pent up in the boiler, groaned and wheezed like the breathing of an imprisoned giant. The wheels spun around upon the tracks, crashing from side to side, until there were moments when even the engineer peered with a startled eye out of the side window at the complicated mechanism below. As we passed over a long trestle-bridge across a wide marsh I saw emerging from the shadows at the other end the black form of the pursuing engine, followed by the crowd of armed men were visible. Here we had a momentary advantage, for, desperate as our enemies might be, their engineer dared not carry his weighty engine over the light framework as rapidly as we had gone. It was but a trifling gain, however, for once on the solid road-bed again the monster came on at redoubled speed.

"More fire, captain," uttered the engineer at this moment; "on this grade we must do our best or it will be all over in five minutes."

"I opened the furnace door and began shovelling in the coal. Upon the instant there was a flash and report from the cab windows of the pursuing engine, and a rifle-ball smashed the clock in our cab, within an inch of the engineer's head.

"The flames give them a fine mark," observed the engineer calmly. "That ball was meant for me, and but for the swaying of the engine it would have hit, too."

"I completed my task as speedily as possible and closed the furnace-door. We were now in darkness again, and if a ball reached us it must be by accident. Our enemies made no further attempt, however; confident, doubtless, of running us down very shortly. And well they might be. We had ten miles yet to run before reaching a point where they would themselves be in danger of capture or destruction from our own divisions at Kanakia. During the last ten miles they had decreased the distance one-half, and running as we now were, it would be all up with us in five miles more.

"Is there nothing we can do?" I asked anxiously.

"Pitch something on the track," said the fireman from his corner. "Maybe you can catch their wheels. Try one of the fire-bars."

"It is a good idea, John," replied the engineer. "Perhaps you had better make the experiment, captain."

"I seized one of the heavy bars, a piece of metal as thick as a crowbar and ten feet long, and clambering over the top of the caboose, leaped down and dropped the bar as nearly as I could across the track. Heaven for give me, but with what interest I waited for some crash or outcry which should signal the destruction of our pursuers. In a moment more there was a sharp clang along the rail behind us, and a crackling among the bushes lining the road.

"She has kicked it off," said the engineer. "Try my heavy overcoat. I've known a piece of cloth like that to get among the wheels and jam them so that you couldn't stir them an inch."

"I did as directed. The garment fell across the track, and exactly where the forward trucks could strike it. Presently there was a heavy jolting sound behind us and a shrill escape of steam.

"Caught!" cried the engineer. "If it has only wedged into the piston-bar, they may work all night before they get it out."

Some accident had certainly happened to our enemies, for all sounds of pursuit rapidly died away and we began to breathe freer. We had now reached a point within five miles of Kanakia; in two or three more we should be within the line of our outposts. At this moment I saw the engineer lean forward and listen again intently.

"What is it?" I asked.

"After us again!" he said quietly. "The coat merely retarded them a little. There they are."

"I could now plainly perceive the black figure of the engine, emitting white clouds of steam into the pale night sky, whirling swiftly around a curve not sixty rods behind. Angered at the delay and knowing that if we were to be captured at all it must be within the next ten minutes, they were coming on more rapidly than ever. We were at the foot of this very up-grade where we now are. It extends for nearly three miles beyond Kanakia, and some of the heaviest in the country. It was at this point that our fate was to be decided. From the moment we ran upon it our light engine began to louse ground hopelessly. Our pursuers were now so near that we could plainly observe the movements of those in the engine-cab by the light of their gauge lamp. The platform of the car was crowded with men, cocking their pistols and making ready for an exterminating volley.

"Oh, for five minutes more!" I groaned. "It is horrible to be trapped or killed in sight of friends and safety."

"Yes," muttered the engineer; "there is no hope now. When they fire there won't be much left of us. And they will too, in half a moment."

"I have an idea," said the fireman, arising stiffly from his corner. "I can't fight and I can't fire the machine, but I've one arm left, and that'll do to hold her steady while you and William put a spoke in their wheel."

"But how," cried the engineer. "Speak quick, John; moments are golden now!"

"Where are the tallows cans we put aboard?" asked the fireman.

"Bravo, John, just the thing!" exclaimed the engineer, as if perceiving a meaning in the other's words which escaped me utterly. "Captain, those dispatches are safe and you owe it to John; for I should never have thought of it in a lifetime."

"By this time the fireman was standing at the valves, and the engineer had found the tallows cans, two brass vessels, each holding a gallon or more, with long-curved spouts. One of these he gave to me, while he kept the other himself, and we scrambled over the coal to the rear of the tender. I had not the remotest idea of what we were going to accomplish but there was no time to lose in explanation.

"Now," said my companion in an excited tone, "lean over and pour your tallows carefully upon the track as we go along. Don't waste a drop and don't leave a foot of rail unoiled."

"I obeyed him in silence and soon the tracks for a long distance behind us were shining with the thick, greasy fluid. When the contents of the cans were exhausted the engineer said, as he rose from his position, "I think we have fixed them. John, old man, you can ease her up a trifle. We needn't smash the machines with trying to get away. We shall have no more trouble to-night."

"I looked back and saw that our pursuers had just reached the oiled section of the track. Their own momentum carried them forward some distance; then there was a harsh, whirling sound and a furious escape of steam. All was plain to me now. On the up-grade the driver, finding no resistance on the oiled tracks, simply whirling around without bearing the engine forward a foot. It was as helpless as a hamstrung elephant.

"At this moment a shot was fired in the road before us, and a hoarse voice commanded us to halt. Well aware that we were now among friends, our engine was stopped, and the facts explained to the officer in command of the detachment.

"There is little more to relate. Our pursuers and their engine were neatly captured. Stockton's division made a forward movement, and relieved Thomas and his army from their perilous position. As for myself and my brave companions, we were not forgotten, and I am glad to say that the inventive John, whose timely suggestions had saved our engine, and perhaps our army, led the service with the rank of captain in the Engineer Corps."

Having finished his story, and our train at the same time beginning to move on, my interesting companion wrapped himself up in his cloak and was soon asleep.