

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. IV. No. 39.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1885.

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
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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
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Select Poetry.

"Is It Worth While?"

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of
life?

Is it worth while that we jeer at each
other

In blackness of heart—that we war to
the knife?

God pity us all in our pitiless strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;

God pardon us all for the triumphs
we feel

When a fellow goes down neath his load
on the heather,

Pierced to the heart; words are keener
than steel,

And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well in this brief little jour-
ney

On over the isthmus, down into the
tide,

To give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide

Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;

Look at the herds, all at peace on the
plain;

Man and man only makes war on his
brother,

And laughs in his heart at his peril
and pain;

Shamed by the beasts that go down on
the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to hum-
ble

Some poor fellow soldier down in the
dust?

God pity us all! Time oft soon will
tumble

All of us together, like leaves in a
gust,

Humbled, indeed, down into . . . dust.

Interesting Story.

The Land of Evangeline.

A Summer Day's Letter
FROM
GRAND PRE.

SMILING SCENES AND LOCAL LEGENDS.

Correspondence of "Boston Commercial Bulletin."

Two low ranges of mountains running parallel down to the water and terminating in abrupt cliffs, against which the breakers dash in vain, although they have deeply indented the coast-line of the valley lying between. The valley is very fertile and goodly to look upon. Through the midst of it runs the Gaspereau River, shining like a silver thread when the tide is high, and writhing through the peaceful river like a black snake when the tide goes out and the stony river is exposed to view. There are acres upon acres of waving crops of wheat, oats and barley, alternating with the less graceful but sturdy potato and bright patches of buckwheat.

On the sides of the mountains flocks and herds are pasturing. This is what the tourists see as he stands upon Blomidon and looks across the "Garden of Nova Scotia," as the Cornwallis valley is called. And every year the number of visitors to "Acadie" is increasing. The country is beautiful and has a charm of historic interest, the fishing is good, and the climate is salubrious.

Grand Pre is the centre of interest and a very good place to locate. A small, sleepy, straggling village, quiet and peaceful. I was so unfortunate as to be taken into the especial favor of the Rip Van Winkle of the place, or "old Glooscap" as the village children called him; a tall, thin old man with prominent features, keen, restless eyes and long snow-white hair and beard. He wandered about the village muttering to himself, scaring children and causing the older folk to tap their foreheads and raise their eyebrows significantly when they spoke of him. Nevertheless I found him a very pleasant and valuable companion as he had lived in the place all his life and knew all the legends and points of interest about it.

He took me down to the little wooden station, the morning after my arrival. Standing on the platform you see the vast, level meadows stretching

to the eastward, covered with thick, coarse grass. My companion pointing with a horny finger across the track says in his drawling but not unpleasant voice;

TREASURE TROVE.

"There's an old French well over yonder. The water's as poor as a frozen pertater, but the Yankees who stop here generally sip a little for sentiment." He pauses a moment but as I say nothing and look interested he goes on;

"A month ago some fellers were digging about half a mile to the right of the well and they struck upon an old French coffin."

"What were they digging there for?" I interrupted.

"For gold and treasure, I suppose.

A great many of the French buried their money and gold when they were driven away, expecting to return some time and claim it, but very few of them ever came back. Ever since I can remember there has been some one idle and silly enough to dig for it."

"Was anything ever found?"

"No money or silver as I ever know of, but some tools and such like things. As I was telling you, these fellers struck upon an old coffin. It was brought into the station here and fell all to pieces. There was nothing in it except a little black hair."

"That line of trees over beyond the meadows is on Long Island, and just beyond is the Basin of Minas. You can see it from here, but we'll drive up on the mountain directly and then you'll get a fine view of the basin."

SCENE OF LONGFELLOW'S POEM.

The place now occupied by the Grand Pre station is supposed to have been the heart of the old French settlement. The two principal streets crossed at right angles there. The railroad track is laid in one of these ancient road-beds, and in late twilight you hear the scream and bell of the engine where once the "Angelus softly sounded."

The other road-bed, running across the meadows to Long Island and up to the South mountain, is still one of the principal streets passing through the village. Looking up this road you see on either side old stumps of apple trees planted so long ago by the French, and here and there slight indentations which the farmers tell you are French cellars, grass-grown.

These pretty implements tell no tale; the grass is greener in these little hollows, and the village children laugh, play and hide in them all the day long. The spot pointed out as the site of the smithy of Basil the Blacksmith is a little knoll somewhat back from the street and guarded by a single pine tree. Standing lonely and sombre and changeless, the pine seems the only thing which remembers and mourns the past. Under the needle-strewn earth beneath this pine, ore and iron implements have been found.

None of the picturesque cottages remain "such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reigns of the Henries." The majority of the farm houses are large and ungainly, neither beautiful nor comfortable in the winter. You see neither matrons nor maidens clad in snow-white caps and bright kirtles; the quaint costumes of old are abandoned for dresses modern and ugly. You meet no white-haired parish priest of gentle reverend mien, with his kindly blessing; the prevailing religion is the old Scotch Presbyterianism, hard and comfortless. You hear the whirl of the wheels, but you miss the song of the maidens. Most of all you miss the "forest primeval." The farmers use wood for fuel and most of the trees which once flourished on the hillside and in the valley are fallen. It is only on driving up the Gaspereau mountain that your expectations are realized. Here at least are "the pines and hemlocks bearded with moss," murmuring, whispering and sighing to one another; growing so close together that their

arms interlace and are twisted in curious shapes; their heads lifted so high in the air that as you look up the blue sky seems to rest upon them, as the heavens upon the shoulders of Atlas of old.

I drove up the Gaspereau with my Rip Van Winkle one clear afternoon. Driving up a rough, stony road, which is very appropriately called the "Hard Scrabble," the view obtained from the side of the mountain is grand. We tied the horse in the wood and seated ourselves in the shade of a fragrant pine. Before us lay the broad, blue Basin of Minas, glittering in the sunlight. Beyond the Basin, Blomidon rising abruptly, its sharp, bold outline softened by the sea fogs which ever linger about it. The fogs of this region are one of its most instinctive features and play a great part in the works of that most delightful of writers for youthful readers, Professor James deMille, the scene of whose stories lies in this district.

AN INDIAN DEITY.

"Have you heard the story of Glooscap?" asked the old man, his sharp eyes fixed upon Blomidon.

"No; will you tell it to me?"

"It was a legend of the Micmacs. The Micmac Indians were the earliest inhabitants of the country. How they came here or who their ancestors were nobody knows. There were a great many of them in the country when I was a boy, but only a few of them are left now. They have died out very rapidly in the last fifty years. They believed in a wonderful being named Glooscap, who, as they believed, held the world largely under his control. Their tribe was his special care and he watched over them night and day.

By stretching out his magic wand, he could bring all the wild animals of the forest and all the fish of the sea to his side. Stornny Blomidon was his home. Micmac Basin was his beaver pond and favorite resort. When the white man came into the country, Glooscap went off in a great rage, upsetting his big iron kettle into the Basin. From that time the Micmacs wandered about the country begging from door to door and telling fortunes, or were driven back into the woods. When Glooscap left, all their good luck went with him."

The old man pointed out a small island lying at the foot of Blomidon, which the Indians always call "Glooscap's Kettle," but which has been named Spencer Island recently, a lamentable evidence of the lack of the sense of artistic fitness in the present inhabitants.

By the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, the entire district was ceded to Great Britain. The hatred among the settlers of England was largely fomented by the Jesuits, who poured into the peaceful settlement. The haughtiness of the English officers added fuel to the flame. The French settlers numbered from twelve to fifteen thousand.

I found the following account of the expulsion of the French from Nova Scotia, in a quaint little history of the country.

THE EXPULSION OF THE FRENCH.

The expulsion of the Acadians in 1755, A. D., is an event which has been more talked and written about than almost anything that ever happened in Nova Scotia.

The poet Longfellow made it his subject of the well-known and beautiful poem, "Evangeline," which is much better poetry than history. It would make one believe the Acadians were a most harmless, virtuous and deeply injured people, and that the wrongdoing was all on the side of the English who sent them out of the country and distributed them among the English settlements.

The Acadians had little claim upon the government in Halifax. They had repeatedly refused to promise thorough allegiance to the British crown;

contrary to positive orders they had persisted in sending their produce to the Louisbourg markets, rather than sell to the English; and some had given direct aid to the enemy.

The punishment meted out to them was severe, but one must remember at this time the English in Nova Scotia were not strong enough to be generous to those whom they could not trust.

The task of removing the Acadians from Grand Pre, Canard and Minas was assigned to Col. Winslow. Without making known his object he commanded the men and boys to assemble in their church at Grand Pre on the 5th of September. All having entered the church it was surrounded by a strong guard and Col. Winslow announced to them that they were prisoners in the name of the king.

The women and girls were permitted to collect what articles they could and all having been embarked, the lovely village was burned to the ground.

I spent several days near the South Mountain. It was in the height of the strawberry season which comes several weeks later in Nova Scotia than with us. Every available person was pressed into service in the strawberry fields. The luscious fruit was gathered in boxes, packed in crates and sent to Boston or Halifax.

"I'm going up the South Mountain to get a girl to help pick berries; would you like to go with me?" inquired the farmer's oldest son, a bright lad of sixteen. I accepted the invitation and soon we were jogging along the quiet country road. After we left the valley and began to wind up the mountain the drive was not pleasant.

The road was merely a rough clearing through the woods, traversed only by the rude, heavy lumber wagons drawn by oxen. Finally on the very summit of the mountain we drove into a clearing in the midst of which was a small dilapidated house, or more properly, hut. As we pulled up before the door half a dozen dirty little children came tumbling out, followed by a weak middle-aged looking man. They all stood jostling and pushing each other and surveying us with open-eyed, open-mouthed wonder. An advent of two strangers at once was a decided novelty in that lonely spot.

AN ACADIAN DRYAD.

At this moment a young girl appeared in the doorway. She was tall and very fair. Clad in a sort of pinafore, the sleeves of which had evidently been recently torn out, and a short, ragged calico skirt, bare armed and barefooted she stood leaning with unconscious grace against the doorpost.

The outline of her face was remarkably pure and soft. Her large blue eyes were heavily fringed and the lashes like the finely arched brows were of a dark brown shade, while hair which hung in a tangled wavy mass below her waist was of a pale gold color.

"Hello, Madge!" sang Tom. "I've come after you! Can you come down and help us pick strawberries?"

"I dahn't think," drawled the girl staring dreamingly at us.

"You must come. Father told me not to come back without you. Why can't you come?"

"Mother's sick."

"What's the matter with her?"

"Jaw's swollen," was the laconic answer. She spoke in a dreamy, indifferent way as though she was not at all interested in the matter.

"Oh, I guess your mother can spare you for a day or two, can't she?"

"I dahn't think," she drawled again.

At this moment a woman, with her face pinned up in a solid piece of flannel, appeared in the doorway.

"Good morning, Mrs. M.," said Tom.

The girl stopped down to make way for the mother, and dropping upon the grass with indolent grace sat with her feet crossed and her hands clasped closely about her knees.

Concluded next issue.

Mrs. J. K. Martin