Lunenburg Progress.

A MISCELLANY OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

VOL. VI.   LUNENBURG, NOVA SCOTIA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1884.   NO. 6.

The New Year's Log-Rolling.

When it became known in Verdant Valley that a Yankee had settled on the vacant quarter over by the Lagoon, Uncle Billy Barker expressed the sentiment of the community in his terse disclaimer that, as far as he was concerned, he "didn't have use for no Yankees. You put a Yankee into any range, and that'd be bad blood right away. They hain't content to leave things be as they found 'em, but want to cram their free-school ab'lishon notions down everybody's gullet."

During the six years that Verdant Valley had been settled there had never been a discenting vote cast at the polls. It was the boast of the district that this constituency was solid for Bigler, and that this was the banner township of California. But now the laurels were about to be wrested from them. However, there the intruder was with his wife and daughter, and there he evidently intended to stay. A comfortable house and a substantial barn bore witness to them. After all, Yankees were not so black as they are painted, and this particular offender had a sturdy way of minding his own business, which, with his uniform affability of greeting, soon began to tell in his favor, so that, notwithstanding his denunciation, Uncle Billy was the first to visit the stranger and proffer his good service. But whatever of prejudice and narrowness might mark their minds, and class to which he belonged they had none of those qualities in their hearts.

Now this diplomatic call of the elder Barker had two important results. In the first place, Winthrop (the stranger) wanted to employ some one to help him clear away the timber, and a bargain was soon reached, by which the pioneer's son, Jim Barker, a fine stalwart fellow with a bit of schooling and a handsome face—just the stock, withal, by which the world is replenished—was engaged for this work. Jim was not the least averse to this arrangement, for—well, he had reasons of his own. The second result was that Uncle Billy, who had just enough learning to spell out words, one letter at a time, and who was desirous of subscribing to a paper which would keep him informed as to the stirring events then impending, asked the advice of the new-comer, and was recommended to take the Tribune. He read the first three numbers painfully and conscientiously, but after that Greeley's Philippics were lost upon his remote subscriber, who regularly put the paper unopened, into the fire, with the grim remark,

"Serves me right for bein' such a durn fool."

Those who saw the land adjacent to the Lagoon before civilization had spoiled it will remember that it was heavily wooded. Great oak-trees lifted their brawny arms and sought with a hundred leafy fingers to clutch the delicious, impalpable air. Firs were scattered here and there in stately pride. The madrone, aristocrat of the forest, showed its saffron bark and its olive leaves. The undergrowth was thick. The poison-ivy was gorgeous with a fatal beauty. The manzanita tossed its ripened berries to the gregarious quail. There were a few inconsequential showers in November, and then for weeks the heavens were almost skyless, one could see so far into them.

By Christmas the undergrowth was cleared away, and about half the trees felled. Jim, who seemed to have some plan of his own, suggested that these be left where they had fallen, to be trimmed and chopped afterward; so that as fast as one tree went down, another was attacked. But the progress was slow. Christmas day Jim went home, and called his father into council. After hearing his report, the old man replied:

"We have got to give a log rollin'. The Lord has held the rains off about all He's goin' to. He hain't goin' to spoil the crops for the sake of no Yankee. He's done enough already, and we got to do the rest. We'll hold a log rollin' on New Year's. And, by-the-way, Jim"—after a pause—"you take care that logs is the only things that gits 'emselves cut up over to the Yankee's."

Jim's only answer was a blush. But, to be sure, that was enough.

New Year's morn, about half hast five, a prodigious dog-fight at the pre-emptor's front door. Now the New Englander had but one dog, and it stands to reason that one dog isn't going to get up a fight all by himself; that is, unless he is uncommonly pugnacious, which this one was not. A glance through the window revealed not only three dogs, but two wagons, the horses already half unhitched from the traces. The occupants had alighted upon the ground. Up the road several teams of oxen were advancing. The house was evidently being put into a state of siege. And in a moment the voice of the senior Billy Barker called out:

"You'uns had better get up. You're goin' to have some company."

By the time the family were dressed and a hearty breakfast snatched, the army of attack had taken possession of everything. Every moment brought new arrivals. There was a kaleidoscope of men, women, children, horses, dogs and oxen. The great festivals of Western life are camp-meetings, barbecues and log-rollings. Those who believe that the American blood is running out should strike an average on the children present at one of these occasions. Polly Winkle assumed command of the women and children, by no other right than I know of than that she most nearly realized Napoleon's definition of the greatest of the sex. It was soon evident that the house was too small to accommodate so many, and the Winkle contingent were sent to the commodious loft in the barn. Here from each wagon was brought such an array of dainties and sweetmeats as would have doubled up a less hardy race for the rest of the year. A table was improvised, the store was removed to the loft, and by noon a smoking dinner was on the board.

Meantime more than fifty men were at work in the field. The November rain had carpeted the ground with wild flowers, but these were unheeded. The lupine bloomed in vain. The gaudy eschscholtzia flaunted its colors unheeded. The timid nemophila crept closer to the sod, and hid its maidenly beauties from profanation. But all was alike unsought. There was man's work to be done. Great trees lay stripped and deformed, like torsos of mighty giants. One-half the force were chopping at the trees yet standing. Every few moments some monarch would tremble, try to steady himself for a second, and then fall with a resounding crash to the earth. A score of foes were upon him at once. His hundred arms were lopped from his body. His life-blood sank into the thirsty earth. That place that knew him in his pride knew him no more. As fast as the logs were ready, chains were passed around them, the oxen were harnessed to them, and they were drawn to designated spots, and arranged in orderly piles. When Alice Winthrop came down to the field with a dozen girls about her own age, and looking out of her great brown eyes upon the strange scene, what splendid feats of strength were done! With what magnificent grace these men moved now who were so awkward in the house! and how Jim Barker hated young Winkle for shouldering an immense log with such apparent ease!

Once in a while a couple of the youngsters got into a wrestling match. Then a rest was declared for five minutes to watch the throw. During the noontime there were several of these, and Jim Barker had a set-to with young Winkle which was more than half in earnest. It had leaked out somehow that the former was very much interested in the new family, or in part of it at least, and Winkle had jokingly offered to "cut him out." Now Jim was in that miserable of uncertainty when the mere suggestion of such a possibility made him wofully unhappy. And it may be doubted whether Winkle ever got such a loss in his life as Jim gave him that day—all in sport, though, of course.

When night fell, the circuit preacher, Methodist South, declared that the field was ready for the Lord's vineyard. Nothing but a few stumps remained to impede the course of the ploughman. The underbrush was burning from a dozen fires. In a single day, in a hearty Western fashion, work had been done which one person must have labored at for months. In the house the gossip had had a session of rare comfort. When all came together as supper it was a season of great merriment. But after a while the young people began to get restless. There was a good deal of whispering, and some half-supposed spots seemed on the wing. When the preacher rose to go there was a general expression of regret. The whole assemblage escorted him and his family to their wagon. But he had not driven three hundred yards before they were in an unmistakable sound of dance-music in the air. Th good man wavered a moment and then drove straight home and never heard it.

The wind had changed to the south early in the day, and the rain now began to fall. But in the loft Sandy Ballou was mounted on a nail keg, and was fiddling as if his life depended on his zeal. What pigeon wings were cut! What pressure of hands was exchanged when Sandy authorized "alamande left!" What maddening whirls when he called "Swing partners!" The rain came down in torrents. But what did they care for storms? The rain came pouring through the roof, as if the reservoir of the heavens had given away. About twelve o'clock a wagon-load who had started for home came back and reported portions of the road caved in by the creek. The darkness was almost palpable. It was unsafe to venture out. There was nothing to be done but to make a night of it. Sandy Ballou started in afresh to fiddle till daylight. A new relay of candles was lighted. Some of the older folks went to the house, and took turns at getting a little sleep. But the younger heads knew no rest. Antique country-dances that had not been seen for generations were resuscitated. Sandy was king, and his "am seemed house of forgotten figures.

During the afternoon, Jim Barker had picked a bunch of delicate nemophilas and handed them to Alice Winthrop, saying, "My fate goes with these flowers."

The senior Barker observed this action, and was not slow in drawing his conclusions when, later, in the evening, the fair Puritan appeared with the dainty offering on her bosom, and Jim had an awkward expression of unconsciousness. A little after four o'clock the horses were harnessed, and as Jim helped his father into the wagon the latter said interrogatively, "well?"

But Jim kept his eyes resolutely toward the east, and answered, "The dawn is just breaking."

Whereupon Uncle Billy whipped up his horses, and responded, quizzically, "Yes, Jim, I s'pose it is."

—New persons, save those who have long endured the manifold evils of Dyspepsia, can form any notion of the great exhaustion Chronic Indigestion entails on muscle, bone, mind, and temper. In the early stage of this protean malady, Dr Wilson's Family Anti-Bilious Pills will exert the most wholesome power, by accurately adjusting the functions of the stomach, Liver, Bowels, and the organs subserving the solution of man's daily food. In confirmed debility of digestion, Dr Wilson's Pills are likewise reliable remedies, which may confidently be resorted to by all without the slightest doubt of their ability to relieve the sufferer.

—An exchange says that recently there appeared three hundred candidates in answer to a call for six clerks, and one hundred and thirty-seven proved to possess the necessary qualifications, and add—"there is no such rush when capable mechanics are wanted." A large proportion of young men just from their schools are capable of performing the work of clerks, at least with the added experience of a few months, perhaps weeks, in mastering the details of the particular position. But the "capable mechanic" is the result of several years' apprentice service in addition to his school attainments.—Scientific American.

—It is wise to provide against emergencies that are liable to arise in every family. A cold may be a dangerous thing, or not, depending upon the means at hand to combat it. In sudden attacks of cold, croup, asthma, etc., Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will prove the quickest and most effective care, and your best friend.

Some people seem to have a talent for magnificent exaggeration. One of them told, in an off-hand and matter-of-fact way, a remarkable fishing experience. He caught a bass one day, but it was so small that he took pity on it and let it go; Before he threw it overboard, however, he tied a little tin whistle to its tail. Curiously enough, when he was fishing in the same place five years afterward he caught that same bass, with the whistle still in place; but the fish had grown enormously; and supplied the whole family with a good dinner. Genius number too quietly turned up his nose at a story of this size, and said that he also caught a bass under similar circumstances. He, too, tied a tin whistle to its tail and let him go. "Five years afterwards he caught that identical fish, but the funny part of it was that the bass had not grown even half a pound, but the little tin whistle had become a big foghorn."

"What are you doing Mose?" said a gentleman to a colored acquaintance.

"Nuffin,' boss, 'ceptin' ter wait on my wife."

"Have you got a wife?"

"Yes sah. Ize got a puffick lady, too, sah—I don't have ter do nuffin' but wait on her."

"How is that?"

"Wal, she takes in washin' an' I goes ebery Monday an' gits de clothes, an' den I waits till Sat'day an' totes 'em home agin."

—Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company, and education must finish him.—Locke.

An Amusing Incident in Church.

Old Mr. Collamore is very deaf. The other Sunday, in the midst of the services, Mr. Hoff, who sits immediately behind Mr. Collamore, saw a spider crawling over the latter's bald head. His first impulse was to nudge him and tell him about it, but he remembered that Mr. Collamore was deaf, so he lifted up his hand and brushed the spider off. Hoff didn't aim quite high enough, and in his nervousness, he hit Old Collamore quite a severe blow. The old gentleman turned around in a rage to see who had dared to take such a liberty with him, and Hoff, in a loud voice, demanded what he meant. It was very painful to Hoff. The eyes of the congregation were upon him, and he grew red in the face. There was a spider on your head, lay? A white place on my head, hay? Spore there is, what's that to you? You'll know what it is to be bald head yourself—some day." "It was a spider," shrieked Hoff, while the perspiration began to roll off his face. "Certainly it's wider," said Collamore, "and got more in it than yours. But let it alone—do you mind? You may let my head alone in church." "Mr. Collamore," creaked Hoff, "there was a spider on your head, and I brushed him off—do you mind?" and Hoff made another gesture at Collamore's head. The old man thought he was going to fight him then, and there, and hurling a hymn-book at Hoff, he seized the kneeling stool on the floor of the pew and was about to bang Mr. Hoff, when the sexton interfered. An explanation was written on the fly-leaf of the hymn-book, whereupon Mr. Collamore apologized in a boisterous voice, and resumed his seat. They think of asking Mr. Collamore to worship elsewhere.—Liverpool Courier.

Advertising as Evidence of Solvency.

A few days ago we received a letter from a mercantile firm in New York, enclosing one dollar and requesting that we send him the Constitution, "as we have a few customers in Monticello and desire to keep posted as to their business." The remark was my-tifying but the following from the New York Times is sufficient explanation: "A wholesale merchant in this city, who has become rich at the business, says that when he sells a bill of goods on credit it is his custom to immediately subscribe for the local newspaper of his debtor. So long as his customer advertises liberally and vigorously he rested, but as soon as he began to contract his advertising, he took the fact as evidence that there was trouble ahead, and invariably went for the debtor. Said he: "The man who is too poor to make his business known is too poor to do business." The withdrawal of an advertisement is evidence of weakness that business men are not slow to act upon.

—Cold and unchangeable weather is very apt to undermine the health and bring on Coughs, Colds, Influenza, &c. Dr. Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balsam should always be given on the first appearance of any of the above complaints. It will so strengthen the Lungs as to enable them to resist disease being forced upon the system. Thousands tumble into a premature grave by depending upon worthless remedies. We know this Balsam to be good, and our duty as a journalist compels us to make it known. It is clean, safe, and grateful to the taste, and if you use it it will do you good.

OATS.—Those who grow oats sometimes claim that they draw more from the soil than wheat, but one who has given the matter attention states that where he has known an average crop of corn to take 75 pounds of nitrogen; wheat, 39; oats took only 30, and of potash and phosphoric acid oats took less than either corn, or wheat. He thinks, however, that oats derive less from the atmosphere than other crops, receiving their nourishment from the soil alone, and he knows that the crop requires less of nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid than wheat or corn, yet for some unaccountable reason it seems to be harder on soils than the others.—Rural Record.

—The singular success which Dr. Dow has attained by his preparation of Surgeon Oil Liniment has never been surpassed by any physician. By a thorough knowledge of the laws which govern disease, and a careful application of the principles of chemical science, he has provided us with a remedy for all complaints for which a Liniment is beneficial.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most potent blood purifier, and a fountain of health and strength. Be wise in time. All baneful infections are promptly removed by this unequalled alternative.

Subscribe for the LUNENBURG PROGRESS.

Municipal Council.

JAN. 8th, 1884.

Council assembled. Roll called. All present.

The Warden having addressed the Council at some length, the question as to the appointment of Clerk and Treasurer came up.

Moved and seconded that the two offices be amalgamated.

Moved and seconded that a Clerk and Treasurer be appointed as during the past year.

The discussion on Council adjourned.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Council reassembled. Roll called. All present.

The Warden having intimated that the amendment with reference to appointment of Clerk and Treasurer was not in order, the same was withdrawn. After discussion upon the original resolution Council upon motion adjourned to 10 a.m., next day.

WEDNESDAY, July 9.

Council resumed. Roll called. All present. Minutes of yesterday read and approved.

The motion remaining over from yesterday, reading as follows:, "That the offices of Clerk and Treasurer of this Municipality be amalgamated under the head of Clerk-Treasurer." Moved by Councillor Knaut, seconded by Coun. West.

Moved in amendment by Coun. Jost, seconded by Coun. Dauphinee that a Clerk and Treasurer be appointed as directed by law, and that the salary of each be three hundred dollars per annum. Upon the amendment being put the vote stood 5 for and 8 against.

The original motion was then put and carried by a vote of 6 to 5.

Moved and seconded that the salary of the Clerk-Treasurer be five hundred per year for his services as such.

Coun. Jost gave notice of motion to reconsider, which he subsequently withdrew.

Moved by Coun. Dauphinee, seconded by Coun. Mackey, that Mr. Edward Solomon be appointed Clerk and Treasurer at a salary of five hundred dollars per annum, the application of J. J. McLachlan, E. H. Solomon, and R. J. Greenwood for said office having previously been read.

Upon being put the motion was carried Mr. E. H. Solomon was then sworn in by the Warden and entered upon the discharge of his duties.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The following committees were then appointed:

Finance.—Couns. Sperry, Knaut and Westzell.

Public Property.—The Warden, Couns. Power and Dauphinee.

Licenses.—Couns. Jost, West and Westzell.

Roads and Bridges.—Couns. Power, Cross and Wynacht.

Assessments.—Couns. Mason, Mackey and West.

Revising Jury List.—Couns. Dauphinee, Wentzell and Sperry.

Public Printing.—Couns. Knaut, Dauphinee and the Warden.

Auditors.—Messrs. S. A. Chesley and E. L. Nash.

Report of E. H. Solomon on the alteration of the Blockhouse Hill Road was read. A petition against said alteration was also read. On motion referred to Com. on Roads and Bridges.

Report of Phineas Baker on road from Pleasant River Road to Chelsea was read, and, on motion, referred to Committee on Roads and Bridges.

Report of Rufus Newcombe on road in Bridgewater was read, and, on motion, referred to Committee on roads and Bridges.

Petition for road at Vogler's Cove, by Jacob Mosner, Elisha Cahoon and others, read and referred to Committee on Roads and Bridges.

Application for statue labor on private roads from Nos. 1 to 6 road and referred to Committee on Roads and Bridges.

Report of E. H. Solomon on alteration of road at Lower Hill. District of Queens Land, read, and on motion, referred to Committee on Roads and Bridges.

Report of Philip Faney on road at New Elm was duly filed Jan. 9, 1884, and referred to Coun. West for completion.

Report of appraisers Back Street, Vogler's Cove, read and received to Committee on Roads and Bridges.

On motion Council adjourned.

(For balance of proceedings see next page.)