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POETRY.

THE CASTLE BUILDER.

A gentle boy, with soft and silken locks,
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,
A castle builder, with his wooden blocks,
And towers that touch imaginary skies.

A fearless rider on his father's knee,
An eager listener unto stories told
At the Round Table of the nursery,
Of heroes and adventures manifold.

There will be other towers for thee to build;
There will be other steeds for thee to ride;
There will be other legends, and all filled
With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;
List to the voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

LONGFELLOW.

Miscellany.

ARTEMUS' "EPPISODES"

DEAR SIR: I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am in a state of bliss and trust these lines will find you enjoyin the same blessings. I've reguvenited. I've found the immorkal wafers of youth, so to speak, & am as limber and as frisky as a 2 year old steer, & in the futur them boys which sez "go up o'd bawld head" to me, will do so at the Peril of their hazzard individooally. I'm powerful happy. Heaps of joy has desended to on me & I feel like a brand new man. Sumtimes I arsk myself "is it a dream?" & suthin within myself sez "it air," but when I look at them sweet little critters, I know it is a reallerty — 2 reallerty's I ma sa — & I feel gay. There's considerable human natur in a man after all.

I returned from the Summer Campanee with my unparaleld show of wax works and livin wild Beests of Pray in the early part of this month.

The people of Baldinville met me cordully and I immediately commensed restin myself with my famerly.

The other nite, while I wos down to the tavern tostin my shins agin the bar room fire & amazin the krowd with sum of my adventurs, who shoold come in bare headed & terrible excited but Bill Stokes, who sez, sez "Old Ward, there's grate doins up to your house"

Sez I, "William, how so?"

Sez he "Bust my buttons, but it's grate doins," & then he aried as if heed kill hisself.

Sez I, risin and puttin on a austeer look, "William, I woodnt be a fool, & I woodnt be a common cent."

But he kept on arfin till he war black in the face until he fell over on the bunk where the hostler sleeps and in a sill, small voice sed, "Twins!" I assure you, gents, that the grass didn't grow under my feet on my way home, & I was follered by an enthoosaastic throng of my feller sitters, who hurrard for Old Ward at the top of their voices. I found the house chock full of people. There was Mis Squire Baxter and her three grown up darters, lawyer Perkunes wife, Taberty Aibley, yung Eben Parsons, Deaken Simmus fokes, the Schoolmaster, Doctor Jordin, etsetter, etsetter.

Mis Ward was in the west room, which jines the kitchen. Mis Squire Baxter was mixin sumthin in a ipper before the kitel en fire, and a small army of female wimin was rushin wildly round the house with bottles of campfire, peases of flannil, &c. I never seed such a hubbub in my born dase. I wood stay in the west room only a minit, so strung up was my feelins, I grabt out and eased my dribble barrel gun.

"What upon airth ails the roan?" says Taberty Aibley. "Takes alive, what air you doin!" and she grabt me by my cote tails. "What's the matter with y?" she continned.

"Twins, marm," sez I, "twins!"

"I know it," sez she, coverin her face with her apun.

"Wall," sez I, "hat's what's the matter with me."

"Wall, put down that air gun, yu pesky old fool!" sed she.

"No, marm," sez I, "this is a nashunal day. The glory of this here day isn't confined to Baldinville by a darn site. On yonder woodshed," sez I, drawn myself up to my full hite, & spekin in a show action voice, "I will fire a Nashunal saloot!" Saying which I tared myself from her grasp and rusht to the top of the shed, where I blazed away until Squire Baxter's hired man and my son, Artemus Juneyer, cum and tuk me down by many force.

On returnin to the Kitchen, I found quite a lot of people seated be4 the fire, talkin the event over.

They mad room for me & I sot down. "Quite a eppisode," sed Doctor Jordin, litin his pipe with a red hot coal.

"Yes," sed I, "2 eppisodes, waing about 18 pounds jintly"

"A perfect coop de tat," said the skulemaster.

"E pluribus unum in proprietor yersony," sed I, think-

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