

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. V.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1885.

No. 14.

## THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office  
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:  
**\$1.00 Per Annum.**  
(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00

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.  
Newspapers from all parts of the country, 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.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.  
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay up all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.  
3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

### 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.  
Express west close at 10:35 A. M.  
Express east close at 5:20 P. M.  
Kentville close at 7:30 P. M.  
Geo. V. BARR, Post Master.

### PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Closed on Saturday at 12, and 7 P. M. A. DEW. BARR, Agent.

### Churches.

**EPISCOPALIAN CHURCH**—Rev. R. D. Rose, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7:00 P. 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 9:30 A. M. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7:30 P. M. and Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

**METHODIST CHURCH**—Rev. T. A. Wilson, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 9:30 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

**S. JOHN'S CHURCH**, Wolfville.  
Divine Worship is held in the above Church as follows:  
Sundays, Mattins and Sermon at 11 A. M. Evening and 4:00 P. M. at 7 P. M.  
Sunday-school commences every Sunday morning at 9:30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 7:30.  
J. O. HAGLES, M. A., Rector.  
Robert W. Hudgell,  
(Divinity Student of King's College).

**St. FRANCIS (R. C.)**—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11:00 A. M. the last Sunday of each month.

### Masonic.

**St. GEORGE'S LODGE**, F. & M. M. meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:45 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. or T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Wither's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

**ACADIA LODGE**, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:00 o'clock.

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.

## OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

### JOB PRINTING

Every Description DONE WITH NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND PUNCTUALITY.

## DIRECTORY

—OF THE—  
**Business Firms of WOLFVILLE.**

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

**BORDEN, 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. I.**—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

**CALDWELL & MURRAY**—Dry Goods, Boots and 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, L. P.**—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

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

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

**ELLEY, THOMAS**—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

**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.

**PRATT, 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.

**DOOD, 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.

**SLEEP, S. R.**—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

**SHAW, J. M.**—Barber and Tobacco Dealer.

**WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO.**—Book-sellers, 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. WALES**, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC. Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE. WOLFVILLE, N. S.

**B. C. BISHOP**, House, Sign and Decorative PAINTER. English Patent Stacks. WOLFVILLE, N. S. P. O. BOX 30. Sept. 19th, 1884.

**J. WESTON** Merchant Tailor, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

**WE SELL** CORDWOOD, SPILING, BARK, R. R. TIES, LUMBER, LATHS, GANES, LOSTERS, MACKEREL, FROZEN FISH, POTATOES, FISH, ETC.

Best prices for all Shipments. Write fully for Quotations. General Commission Merchants, 22 Central Wharf, Boston. Members of the Board of Trade, Corn and Mechanic's Exchanges.

**50** Newly imported Verse & Motto all Chromo-Cards, with name and a water pen for 10c. 5 packs, 5 pens for 50c. Agents sample pack, outfit, and illustrated catalogue of Novelties, for a 35-cent stamp and this slip. A. W. KIBBY, Yarmouth, N. S.

### Select Poetry.

#### THE BROOK AND THE WAVE.

The brooklet came from the mountain,  
As sang the bard of old,  
Running with feet of silver  
Over the sands of gold!

Far away in the briny ocean  
There rolled a turbulent wave,  
Now singing along the sea-beach,  
Now howling along the cave.

And the brooklet has found the billow,  
Though they flowed so far apart,  
And has filled with its freshness and  
sweetness

That turbulent, bitter heart!  
—H. W. Longfellow.

#### THE DEAD MARCH.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, in the drunkard's way  
March the feet of a million men;  
If none shall pity and none shall save,  
Where will the march they are making end?

The young, the strong, the old are there  
In woeful ranks as they hurry past,  
With not a moment to think or care  
What is the fate that comes at last.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, to a drunkard's doom,  
Out of a boyhood pure and fair—  
Over the thought of love and home—  
Past the cheek of a mother's prayer;

Onward swift to a drunkard's crime,  
Over the plea of wife and child,  
Over the holiest ties of time—  
Reason dethroned, and the soul gone wild.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, till a drunkard's grave  
Covers the broken life of shame—  
What the spirit Jesus died to save,  
Meets a future we dare not name.

God help us all, there's a cross to bear,  
And work to do for the mighty throng;  
God give us strength, till the toll and prayer  
Shall end one day in the victor's song!

### Interesting Story.

#### The Curfew Heroine.

The story that is the basis of the well-known poem, "Curfew shall not ring to-night," told in prose, is as follows:

It lacked quite half an hour of curfew toll. The old bell-ringer came forth from under the watted roof of his cottage stoop, and stood with uncovered hair in the sweet-scented air. He had grown blind and deaf in the service, but his arm was as muscular as ever, and he who listened this day marked no faltering in the heavy metallic throbs of the cathedral bell. Old Ja-per Han lived through many changes. He had tolled out the notes of mourning for good Queen Bess, and with tears scarcely dry he had rung the glad tidings of the coronation of James. Charles I. had been crowned and reigned, and expiated his weakness in Jasper's time, and now he who under army held all the Commonwealth in the hollow of his hand, ruled as more than a monarch, but still the old man with the habit of a long life upon him rang his matin and sorrow.

Jasper stood alone now, lifting his dimmed eyes up to the sofly dappled sky.

The walls of his memory seemed so written over—so crossed and recrossed by the annals of the years that had gone before that there seemed little room for anything in the present. Little reckoning he that Cromwell's spareman were encamped on the moor beyond the village—that Cromwell himself rode with his guardsmen a league away; he only knew that the bell had been rung in the tower when William the Conqueror made curfew a law, had been spared by Puritan and Roundhead, and that his arm had never failed him at eventide.

He was moving with a slow step toward the gate, when a woman came hurriedly in from the street and stood beside him; a lovely woman, but with a face so blanched that it seemed carved in the whitest of marble, with all its roundness and dimples. Her great, solemn eyes were raised to the aged face in pitiful appeal, and the lips were forming words that he could not understand.

"Speak up, lass; I am deaf and cannot hear your clatter."  
"For Heaven's sake, Jasper, do not ring the bell tonight!"  
"What! no ring curfew? Ye must be daff, lassie!"  
"Jasper, for sweet Heaven's sake—for my sake—for one night in all your long life forget to ring the bell. Fall this once and my lover shall live, whom Cromwell says shall die at curfew toll. Do you hear? My lover,

Richard Temple. See, Jasper, here is money to make your old age happy. I sold my jewelry that the Lady Maud gave me, and the gold shall be yours for one curfew."

"Would you bribe me, Lily de Vere? Ye're a changeling. Ye've na the blood of the Plantagenets in yere veins as yere mothers had. What! corrupt the bell-ringer under her Majesty, good Queen Bess? Not for all the gold that Lady Maud could bring me! Babes have been born and strong men have died before now at the ringing of my bell. Awa! Awa!"

And out on the village green with solemn shadows of the lichens lengthening over it, a strong man awaited the curfew to toll for his death. He stood handsome, and brave, and tall—taller by an inch than the tallest pikeman who guarded him.

What had he done that he should die? Little it mattered in those days, when the sword that the great Cromwell wielded was so prone to fall, what he or others had done. He had been scribe to the Lord up at the castle, and the Lady Maud, forgetting that man must woo and women must wait, had given her heart to him without the asking, while the gentle Lily de Vere, distant kinswoman and poor companion of her, had, without seeking, found the treasure of his true love and held them fast. Then he had joined the army of pious soldiers whose evil passions were never sturred but by signs or symbols of poetry. But a scorned woman's hatred had reached him even there. Enemies and deep plots had conquered him. Tonight he was to die.

The beautiful world lay as a vivid picture before him. The dark green wood above the rocky hill where Robin Hood and his merry band had dwelt; the ironing castle with its draw-bridge and square towers, the long stretch of moor with the purple shadows upon it, the green, straight walks of the village, the birds overhead, even the daisies at his feet he saw. But all more vividly than all, he saw the great red sun with his lazy veil lingering above the trees as though it pitted him with more than human pity.

He was a God-fearing and a God-serving man. He had long made his peace with Heaven. Nothing stood between him and death—nothing rose pleading between them and those who were to destroy him but the sweet face of Lily de Vere, whom he loved. She had knelt at Cromwell's feet and for him, she wearied Heaven with her prayers, but all without avail. Slowly the last rim was hid beneath the green wood. Thirty minutes more and his soul would be with God. The color did not forsake his cheeks. The dark rims of hair lay on his warm brow. It was his purpose to die as a martyr and brave man die. What was life that he should cling to it? He almost felt the air pulsate with the first heavy roll of the death knell. But no sound came. Still facing the soldiers with his clear, gray eyes upon them he waited.

The crimson in the west was paling to pink. The kine had ceased their lowings and had been gathered in the rick yard.

All nature had sounded the curfew, but old Jasper was silent.

The bell-ringer, with his gray head yet bare, had traversed half the distance between his cottage and the ivy-covered tower when a form went fitting past him, with pale, shadowy robes floating around it, and hair that the low western light touched and tinted as with a halo.

"Ah, Huldah, Huldah!" the old man muttered; "how swift she flies! I will come soon, dear, My work is almost done."

Huldah was the good wife who had gone from him in her early womanhood, and for whom he had mourned all his long life. But the fleeting form was not Huldah's. It was Lily de Vere, hurried by a sudden and desperate purpose.

"So help me, God, curfew shall not ring to-night! Cromwell and his dragons come this way. Once more I will kneel at his feet and plead."

She entered the ruined arch. She wrenched from its fastenings the curved and worm-eaten door that barred the way to the tower. She ascended with flying and frenzied feet the steps; her

heart lifted up to God for Richard's deliverance from peril. The bats flew out and shook the dust of centuries from the black carving. As she went up she caught glimpses of the interior of the great building, with its grained roof, its chevrons and clustered columns; its pictured saint and carved images of ages had spared to be dealt with by time, the most relentless vandal of all.

Up—still—up beyond the rainbow tints thrown by the stained glass across her death-white brow; up—still—up—past open arcade and arch, with gaffins and gargoyles staring at her from under the blanket and cornice, with all the hideousness of medieval carving; the stairs flight by flight grew frailer beneath her young feet; now but a slender net-work between her and the outer work; but still up.

Her breath was coming short and gasping. She saw through an open space old Jasper cross the road at the foot of the tower. Oh, how far. The seconds were treasures which Cromwell, with all his blood-bought commonwealth could not purchase from her. Up—ah—there, just above her, with its great brazen mouth and wicked tongue, the bell hung. A worn, white hand had clasped itself about the clapper—the other prepared at the tremble to rise and clasp its mate, and the feet to swing off—and thus she waited. Jasper was old and slow, but he was sure, and it came at last. A faint quiver and the young feet swung from their rest, the tender hands clasped for more than their precious life the writhing thing. There was groaning and speaking of the rude pulleys above, and then the stroke came heavy and strong. Jasper's hand had not forgot its cunning; nor his arm its strength. The tender soft form was swung and dashed to and fro. But she clung to and caressed the cold, cradling thing. Let one stroke come and a thousand might follow—for its fatal work would be done. She wrathed her white arm about it, so that at every pull of the great rope it crashed into the fish. It tore her, and in the solemn twilight the brave woman swung and fought with the curfew, and God gave her victory.

The old bell-ringer said to himself, "Aye, Huldah, my work is done. The pulleys are getting too heavy for my old arms; my ears, too, have failed me. I diana hear one stroke of the curfew. Hear old bell! It is my ears that have gone false, and not thou, Farewell, old friend."

And just beyond the worn pavement a shadowy form again went fitting past him. There were drops of blood upon the white garments, and the face was like the face of one who had walked in her sleep, and her hands hung wounded and powerless at her side. Cromwell paused with his horsemen under the dismantled May-pole before the village green. He saw the man who was to die at sunset standing up in the dusty air, tall as a king, and beautiful as Absalom. He gazed with knitted brow and angry eye, but his lips did not give utterance to the quick command that trembled on them, for a girl came flying toward him. Pikeman and archer stepped aside to let her pass. She threw herself upon the turf at his horse's feet; she lifted her bleeding and tortured hands to his gaze, and once more poured out her prayer for the life of her lover; with trembling lips she told him why Richard still lived why the curfew had not sounded.

Lady Maud looking out of her latticed window at the castle, saw the great protector dismount, lift the fainting form in his arms and bear her to her lover. She saw the guards release their prisoner, and she heard the shouts of joy at his deliverance; then she welcomed the night that closed the scene out from her envious eye and sculptured her in its gloom.

At the matin bell old Jasper died, and at the curfew toll he was laid beside his wife who had died in his youth, but the memory of whom had been with him always.

### Anecdotes of Grant.

General McLaws, of the Confederate army, tells the following stories of General Grant:

An officer who once served on General Grant's staff once told me an incident which illustrated the quick decision of General Grant. It was just after the battle of Shiloh. The officers were grouped around a camp fire, when General John A. McClernand rode up to General Grant, and handing him an autograph letter from President Lincoln directing Grant to turn his command over to General McClernand. General Grant read the letter carefully, and then, tearing it up into small pieces and throwing them into the fire, said:—

"I decline to receive or obey orders which do not come through the proper channel."

Pausing a moment, he turned to General McClernand and said:—

"Your division is under orders to leave this department in the morning, and I advise you to go with it." McClernand went, and that was the last that was ever heard of the order, for the culmination of events showed that Grant was right, and no President dared to remove him, for a change of commanders just after the battle of Shiloh would have led to very different results for the Federals.

The dogged determination to do or die, which was so characteristic of Grant, was what gave back-bone to the Federal army. He would never acknowledge defeat. General Zachary Taylor once told me an anecdote of Grant, which occurred during the Mexican war. Lieutenant Grant was in charge of a party of men detailed to clear the way for the advance of boats laden with troops from Arkansas bay to Corpus Christi by removing the oyster beds and other obstructions. Failing either by words or signs to make those under him understand him, Lieutenant Grant jumped into the water, which was up to his waist, and worked with his men. Some dandy officers began making fun of him for his zeal, when General Taylor came upon the scene, and rebuked it by saying:—

"I wish I had more officers like Grant, who would stand ready to set personal example when needed."

What Sort?

What sort of morality is that which satisfies a man in non-payment of a debt as long as his creditor refrains from "dunning?"

What sort of morality is that which satisfies itself in non-payment of a debt because it is a small amount—a trifle?

What sort of morality is that which calls the attention of the creditor to an overcharge, but is silent about an under charge?

What sort of morality is that which seeks to evade meeting his creditor lest he should be more plainly reminded of his indebtedness?

What sort of morality is that which satisfies itself in the non-payment of a debt because the creditor is presumed by the debtor not to need what the debt calls for?

What sort of morality is that which satisfies itself in the non-payment of a debt because of a failure in farming, or other enterprise?

What sort of morality is that which gets off-ended when asked to pay a debt which the debtor promised to pay long before the time of dunning?

What sort of morality is that which provides for his own wife and children by defrauding the wife and children of another man, dead or alive, to whom he is justly indebted for things which have been used by the debtor's family for their own enjoyment or profit?

What sort of morality is that which ignores moral obligation as to a debt, and pays only when the civil law compels?

What sort of morality is that which lightens the obligation to pay a just debt in proportion to the length of time since it was contracted?

In short, what sort of morality is that which disregards the command, 'Thou shalt not steal'?

### My Good Little Girl.

I was called one day in October to the family of a German who lived on a small place three miles from town. He was a poor man with many children, one of whom, a boy of ten years, had the diphtheria. I attended my patient faithfully, and he recovered. He had a sister two years older, called Sadie who seemed inexpressibly grateful to me

for saving brother Jimmy's life." Always she spoke of me as "the good doctor who saved brother Jimmy's life," and I in turn, won by her affectionate words and ways, fell into the habit of thinking and speaking of her as "my good little girl." Thus we became excellent friends.

Not long afterward Sadie herself had diphtheria, for which she was "very sorry, because it prevented her from gathering a bushel of hickory nuts to pay me, for saving brother Jimmy's life." In all her sickness she never expressed one regret for herself. Her disease ran ominously, but at last she seemed convalescent, and one day her father called to say that Sadie was very much better, and that I need not trouble myself to call again. But early the next morning he roused me, and said he feared Sadie was dying. I hastened to her bedside and found that it was even so. She knew me. Beside her in bed under the ragged quilt she had a small bag of hickory nuts gathered by her the day before, at the expense of her life. "For saving brother Jimmy," she gasped; and in a few moments my good little girl was dead.

The dogged determination to do or die, which was so characteristic of Grant, was what gave back-bone to the Federal army. He would never acknowledge defeat. General Zachary Taylor once told me an anecdote of Grant, which occurred during the Mexican war. Lieutenant Grant was in charge of a party of men detailed to clear the way for the advance of boats laden with troops from Arkansas bay to Corpus Christi by removing the oyster beds and other obstructions. Failing either by words or signs to make those under him understand him, Lieutenant Grant jumped into the water, which was up to his waist, and worked with his men. Some dandy officers began making fun of him for his zeal, when General Taylor came upon the scene, and rebuked it by saying:—

"I wish I had more officers like Grant, who would stand ready to set personal example when needed."

What Sort?

What sort of morality is that which satisfies a man in non-payment of a debt as long as his creditor refrains from "dunning?"

What sort of morality is that which satisfies itself in non-payment of a debt because it is a small amount—a trifle?

What sort of morality is that which calls the attention of the creditor to an overcharge, but is silent about an under charge?

What sort of morality is that which seeks to evade meeting his creditor lest he should be more plainly reminded of his indebtedness?

What sort of morality is that which satisfies itself in the non-payment of a debt because the creditor is presumed by the debtor not to need what the debt calls for?

What sort of morality is that which satisfies itself in the non-payment of a debt because of a failure in farming, or other enterprise?

What sort of morality is that which gets off-ended when asked to pay a debt which the debtor promised to pay long before the time of dunning?

What sort of morality is that which provides for his own wife and children by defrauding the wife and children of another man, dead or alive, to whom he is justly indebted for things which have been used by the debtor's family for their own enjoyment or profit?

What sort of morality is that which ignores moral obligation as to a debt, and pays only when the civil law compels?

What sort of morality is that which lightens the obligation to pay a just debt in proportion to the length of time since it was contracted?

In short, what sort of morality is that which disregards the command, 'Thou shalt not steal'?

My Good Little Girl.

I was called one day in October to the family of a German who lived on a small place three miles from town. He was a poor man with many children, one of whom, a boy of ten years, had the diphtheria. I attended my patient faithfully, and he recovered. He had a sister two years older, called Sadie who seemed inexpressibly grateful to me

for saving brother Jimmy's life." Always she spoke of me as "the good doctor who saved brother Jimmy's life," and I in turn, won by her affectionate words and ways, fell into the habit of thinking and speaking of her as "my good little girl." Thus we became excellent friends.

Not long afterward Sadie herself had diphtheria, for which she was "very sorry, because it prevented her from gathering a bushel of hickory nuts to pay me, for saving brother Jimmy's life." In all her sickness she never expressed one regret for herself. Her disease ran ominously, but at last she seemed convalescent, and one day her father called to say that Sadie was very much better, and that I need not trouble myself to call again. But early the next morning he roused me, and said he feared Sadie was dying. I hastened to her bedside and found that it was even so. She knew me. Beside her in bed under the ragged quilt she had a small bag of hickory nuts gathered by her the day before, at the expense of her life. "For saving brother Jimmy," she gasped; and in a few moments my good little girl was dead.

The dogged determination to do or die, which was so characteristic of Grant, was what gave back-bone to the Federal army. He would never acknowledge defeat. General Zachary Taylor once told me an anecdote of Grant, which occurred during the Mexican war. Lieutenant Grant was in charge of a party of men detailed to clear the way for the advance of boats laden with troops from Arkansas bay to Corpus Christi by removing the oyster beds and other obstructions. Failing either by words or signs to make those under him understand him, Lieutenant Grant jumped into the water, which was up to his waist, and worked with his men. Some dandy officers began making fun of him for his zeal, when General Taylor came upon the scene, and rebuked it by saying:—

"I wish I had more officers like Grant, who would stand ready to set personal example when needed."

What Sort?

What sort of morality is that which satisfies a man in non-payment of a debt as long as his creditor refrains from "dunning?"

What sort of morality is that which satisfies itself in non-payment of a debt because it is a small amount—a trifle?

What