

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1886.

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## THE ACADIAN.

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## Soliloquy.

TO AN IMPRISONED BUTTERFLY.

Written for the Acadian.

Behold thou pretty thing, no will of mine  
Imprisons thee within such narrow  
space;  
When, o'er the earth, wherever light can  
shine,  
Thy beauty aids the loveliness we trace.

I would not bind within a cage of wire,  
The songsters that make music in the  
fields,  
Nor of a voice or note deprive the choir,  
That freely and unasked its music  
yields.

I love to see ye in your native wild  
And plains and woodlands of our love-  
ly land;  
With thee I wish to stray as nature's  
child,  
And feel the joys as you, rose-zephyr  
inured.

As ye, bright flowers, sway and kiss the  
wind,  
I wish to catch the joys and feel them  
steal  
Upon my heart, and in my fancy find  
The sweet accord of never-ending wind.

Depart, thou pretty butterfly, and in thy  
flight  
I would remember, as you quickly go,  
That quickly comes the dark and heavy  
night;  
And roses must be gathered as they  
grow.

That fragrance must be caught still in  
the air,  
And memory of the living o'er we die;  
For soon will come the limbs and branches  
bare,  
And soon the past will make us weary  
sigh.

REDUCTION.

## Interesting Story.

The Hoosier Schoolmaster.

BY EDWARD EGLESTON.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"You see, Mr Hartsook," said Bud,  
"I wish I was well myself. It's hard  
to get still. But it's a-doin' me a heap  
of good. I'm like a boy at school,  
and I'm a-faddin' out that doin' one's  
best licks for others isn't all they is of  
it, though it's a good part. I feel like  
as if I must get him, you know, to do  
lots for me. They's always some snus  
too hard for a feller, and he has to ax  
the master to do 'em, you know. But  
see, the roan's a stonping round. He  
wants to be off. Do you know I think  
that hoss knows something's up? I  
think he puts in his best licks for me  
a good deal better than I do for him."

There was a no more hopeful sign of  
the growth of a genuine religious life in  
Bud than the feeling of reverence  
which caused him to cease to speak too  
familiarly of God or Christ, and to use  
pronouns and circumlocutions.

Ralph pressed Bud's right hand.  
Bud rubbed his face against the colt's  
nose and said: "Put in your best licks,  
old fellow." And the colt whinnied.  
How a horse must want to speak!  
For Bud was right. Men are gods to  
horses, and they serve their duties  
with a faithfulness that shames us.

Then Ralph sprang into the saddle,  
and the roan, as if wishing to show  
Bud his willingness, broke into a swing-  
ing gallop, and was soon lost from  
the sight of his master in the darkness  
and the snow. When Bud could no  
more hear the sound of the roan's foot-  
steps he returned to the house, to lie  
awake, picturing to himself the jour-  
ney of Ralph with Shooky and the  
roan colt. It was a great comfort to  
Bud that the roan, which was almost  
a part of himself, represented him in  
this ride. And he knew the roan well  
enough to feel sure that he would do  
credit to his master. "He'll put in his  
best licks," Bud whispered to himself  
many a time before daybreak.

The ground was but little frozen,  
and the snow made the roads more  
slippery than ever. But the rough-  
shod roan handled his feet dexterously  
and with a playful and somewhat self-  
righteous air, as if he said: "Didn't  
I do it handsomely that time?" Down  
slippery hills, through deep mud-holes  
covered with a slender film of ice, he  
trod with perfect assurance. And then  
up over the rough stones of Rocky  
Hollow, where there was no road at  
all, he picked his way through the  
darkness and snow. Ralph could not  
tell where he was at last, but gave the  
reins to the roan, who did his duty  
bravely, and not without a little flour-  
ish, as if to show that he had yet plenty  
of spare power.

A feeble candle-ray, making the  
dense snow-fall visible, marked for

Ralph the site of the basket-maker's  
cabin. Miss Martha had been admit-  
ted to the secret, and had joined in the  
conspiracy heartily, without being able  
to recall anything of the kind having  
occurred at the East, and not remem-  
bering having seen or heard of any-  
thing of the sort the time she was to  
Boston. She had Shooky all ready,  
having used some of her own capes  
and shawls to make him warm.

Miss Martha came out to meet  
Ralph when she heard the feet of the  
roan before the door.

"O Mr Hartsook! is that you?  
What a storm! This is just the way  
it snows at the east. Shooky's all  
ready. He didn't know a thing about  
it till I waked him this morning.  
Ever since that he's been saying that  
God hasn't forgot, after all. It's made  
me cry more'n once." And Shooky  
kissed Mrs Pearson, and told her that  
when he got away from Flat Creek  
he'd tell God all about it, and God  
would bring Mr Pearson back again.

And then Martha Hawkins lifted the  
frail little form, bundled in shawls, in  
her arms, and brought him out into  
the storm; and before she handed him  
up he embraced her, and said: "O  
Miss Hawkins! God ha'n't forgot me,  
after all. Tell Hanner that he ha'n't  
forgot. I'm going to ask Him to get  
her away from Means's and mother  
out of the poor-house. I'll ask Him  
just as soon as I get to Lewisburg."

Ralph lifted the trembling form into  
his arms, and the little fellow only  
looked up in the face of the master  
and said: "You see, Mr Hartsook, I  
thought God had forgot. But he  
ha'n't!"

And the words of the little boy  
comforted the master also. God had  
not forgotten him either!

From the moment Ralph took Shooky  
into his arms, the conduct of the roan  
colt underwent an entire revolution.  
Before that he had gone over a bad  
place with a rush, as though he were  
ambitious of distinguishing himself by  
his brilliant execution. Now he trod  
more the less surely, but he trod ten-  
derly. The neck was no longer arch-  
ed. He set himself to his work  
as steadily as though he were  
twenty years old. For miles he  
travelled in a long, swinging walk,  
putting his feet down carefully and  
firmly. And Ralph felt the spirit of  
the colt enter into himself. He cut  
the snow-storm with his face, and felt  
a sense of triumph over all his difficul-  
ties. The bull-dog's jaws had been  
teacher, and now the steady, strong  
and conscientious legs of the roan in-  
spired him.

Shooky had not spoken. He lay  
listening to the steady music of the  
horse's feet, doubtless framing the  
footsteps of the roan colt into an an-  
them of praise to the God who had not  
forgot. But as the dawn came on,  
making the snow whiter, he raised  
himself and said half-aloud, as he  
watched the flakes chasing one another  
in whirling eddies, that the snow seem-  
ed to be having a good time of it. Then  
he leaned down again on the master's  
bosom, full of a still joy, and only  
raised from his happy reverie to ask  
what that big, ugly-looking house  
was.

"See, Mr Hartsook, how big it is,  
and how little and ugly the windows  
is! And the boards is peeling off all  
over it, and the logs is right in the  
front yard. It don't look just like a  
house. It looks dreadful. What is  
it?"

Ralph had dreaded this question  
He did not answer, but asked Shooky  
to change his position a little, and then  
he quickened the pace of his horse  
and Shooky was a poet, and a poet  
understands silence more quickly than  
he does speech. The little fellow  
shivered as the truth came to him.

"Is that the poor-house," he said,  
catching his breath. "Is my mother  
in that place? Won't you take me in  
there, so as I can just kiss her once?  
'Cause she can't see much, you know.  
And one kiss from me will make her  
feel so good. And I'll tell her that  
God ha'n't forgot." He had raised  
up and caught hold of Ralph's coat.

Ralph had great difficulty in quiet-  
ing him. He told him that if he went  
in there Bill Jones might claim that he  
was a runaway and belonged there.  
And poor Shooky only shivered and  
said he was cold. A minute later,

Ralph found that he was shivering with  
a chill, and a horrible dread came over  
him. What if Shooky should die?  
It was only a minute's work to get  
down, take the warm horse-blanket  
from under the saddle, and wrap it  
about the boy, then to strip off his  
warm overcoat and add that to it. It  
was now daylight, and finding, after he  
had mounted, that Shooky continued  
to shiver, he put the roan to his best  
speed for the rest of the way, trotting  
up and down the slippery hills, and  
galloping away on the level ground.

How bravely the roan laid himself to  
his work, making the fence-corners fly  
past in a long procession! But poor  
little Shooky was too cold to notice  
them, and Ralph shuddered lest Shooky  
should never be warm again, and spoke  
to the roan, and the roan stretched out  
his head, and dropped one ear back to  
hear the first word of command, and  
stretched the other forward to look  
out for danger, and then flew with a  
splendid speed down the road, past the  
patches of blackberry briars, past the  
elderberry bushes, past the familiar  
red-haw tree in the fence corners, over  
the bridge without regard to the threat  
of a five-dollar fine, and at last up the  
long lane into the village, where the  
smoke from the chimneys was caught  
and whirled round with the snow.

CHAPTER XXI.  
MISS NANCY SAWYER.

In a little old cottage in Lewisburg,  
on one of the streets which were never  
traveled except by a solitary cow seek-  
ing pasture, or a countryman bringing  
wood to some one of the half-dozen  
families living in it, and which in sum-  
mer was decked with a profusion of  
the yellow and white blossoms of the  
dog-fennel—in this unfrequented street,  
so generously and unnecessarily broad,  
lived Miss Nancy Sawyer and her  
younger sister Sermantha. Miss Nancy  
was a providence, one of those old  
maids that are benedictions to the  
whole town; one of those in whom the  
mother-love, wanting the natural ob-  
jects on which to spend itself, overflows  
all bounds and lavishes itself on every  
needy thing, and grows richer and  
more abundant with the spending, a  
fountain of inexhaustible blessing.  
There is no nobler life possible to any  
one than to an unmarried woman.  
The more shame that some choose to  
siftish one, and thus turn to gall the  
affection with which they are en-  
dowed. Miss Nancy Sawyer had  
been Ralph's Sunday-school teacher,  
and it was precious little, so far as  
information went, that he learned from  
her, for she never could conceive of  
Jerusalem as a place in any essential  
regard very different from Lewisburg,  
where she had spent her life. But  
Ralph learned from her what most  
Sunday-school teachers fail to teach,  
the great lesson of Christianity, by the  
side of which all antiquities and geo-  
graphics and chronologies and exegeses  
and other niceties are as nothing.

And now he turned the head of the  
roan toward the cottage of Miss Nancy  
Sawyer as naturally as the roan would  
have gone to his own stall in the stable  
at home. The snow had gradually  
ceased to fall, and was eddying round  
the house, when Ralph dismounted  
from his foaming horse, and carrying  
the still form of Shooky as reverently  
as though he had been something  
heavenly, knocked at Miss Nancy Saw-  
yer's door.

With natural feminine instinct that  
lady started back when she saw Hart-  
sook, for she had just built a fire in  
the stove, and she now stood at the  
door with unwashed face and uncom-  
bed hair.

"Why, Ralph Hartsook, where did  
you drop down from—and what have  
you got?"

"I came from Flat Creek this morn-  
ing, and I brought you a little angel  
who has got out of heaven, and needs  
some of your motherly care."

Shooky was brought in. The chill  
shook him now by fits only, for a fever  
had spotted his cheeks already.

"Who are you?" said Miss Nancy  
Sawyer, as she unwrapped him.

"I'm Shooky, a little boy as God  
forgot, and then thought of agin."

CHAPTER XXII.  
PANCAKES.

Half an hour later, Ralph, having  
seen Miss Nancy Sawyer's machinery

of warm bath's and simple remedies  
once safely in operation, and having  
seen the roan colt comfortably stabled,  
and rewarded for his faithfulness by a  
bountiful supply of the best hay and  
the promise of oats when he was cool—  
half an hour later Ralph was doing the  
most ample, satisfactory, and amusing  
justice to his Aunt Matilda's hot buck-  
wheat cakes and warm coffee. And  
after his life in Flat Creek Aunt  
Matilda's house did look like paradise.  
How white the table cloth, how bright  
the coffee-pot, how clean the wood-  
work, how glistening the brass door-  
knobs, how spotless everything that  
came under the sovereign sway of Mrs  
Matilda White! For in any Indiana  
village as large as Lewisburg, there  
are generally to be the best house-  
keepers. All others are only imitators.  
And the strife is between these for  
pre-eminence. It is at least safe to  
say that none in Lewisburg stood so  
high as an enemy to dirt, and as a  
"rat, roach, and mouse exterminator,"  
as did Mrs Matilda White, the wife of  
Ralph's maternal uncle, Robert White,  
Esq., a lawyer in successful practice.  
Of course no member of Mrs White's  
family ever staid at home longer than  
was necessary. Her husband found  
his office—which he kept in as bad a  
equilibrium in his life—much more  
comfortable than the stuffy clean house  
at home. From the time that Ralph  
had come to live as a chore-boy at his  
uncle's, he had ever crossed the  
threshold of Aunt Matilda's temple  
of cleanliness with a horrible sense of  
awe. And Walter Johnson, her son  
by a former marriage, had—poor,  
weak-willed fellow!—been driven into  
bad company and had habits by the  
wretchedness of extreme civilisation.  
And yet he showed the hereditary  
trait, for all the genius which Mrs  
White consecrated to the glorious work  
of making her house too neat to be  
habitable, her son Walter gave to tying  
exquisite knots in his colored cravats,  
and combing his oiled locks so as to  
look like a dandy barber. And she  
had no other children. The kind  
Providence that watches over the des-  
tiny of children takes care that very  
few of them are lodged in these terri-  
bly clean houses.

But Walter was not at the table,  
and Ralph had so much anxiety lest  
his absence should be significant of  
evil, that he did not venture to enquire  
after him as he sat there, between Mr  
and Mrs White, disposing of Aunt  
Matilda's cakes with an appetite only  
justified by his long morning ride and  
the excellence of the brown cakes, the  
golden honey, and the coffee, enriched,  
as Aunt Matilda's always was, with  
the most generous cream. Aunt Ma-  
tilda was so absorbed in telling of the  
doings of the Doreas Society that she  
had entirely forgotten to be surprised  
at the early hour of Ralph's arrival.  
When she had described the number  
of the garments finished to be sent to  
the Five Points Mission, or the Home  
for the Friendless, or the South Sea  
Islands, I forget which, Ralph thought  
he saw his chance, while Aunt Matilda  
was in a benevolent mood, to broach  
a plan he had been revolving for some  
time. But when he looked at Aunt  
Matilda's immaculate—horribly immac-  
ulate—housekeeping, his heart failed  
him, and he would have said nothing  
had she not inadvertently opened the  
door herself.

"How did you get here so early,  
Ralph?" and Aunt Matilda's face was  
shadowed with a coming rebuke.

"By early rising," said Ralph.  
But, seeing the gathering frown on his  
aunt's brow, he hastened to tell the  
story of Shooky as well as he could,  
Mrs White did not give away to any  
impulse toward sympathy until she  
learned that Shooky was safely housed  
with Miss Nancy Sawyer.

"Yes, Sister Sawyer has no family  
cares," she said, by way of soothing  
her slightly ruffled complacency, "she  
has no family cares, and she can do  
those things. Sometimes I think she  
lets people impose on her and keep her  
away from the means about it she  
spoke to our new preacher about that  
just time he was here, and asked him  
to speak to Sister Sawyer about staying  
away from the ordinances to wait on  
everybody; but he is a queer man,  
and he only said that he supposed

Sister Sawyer neglected the inferior  
ordinances that she might attend to  
higher ones. But I don't see any  
sense in a minister of the gospel calling  
prayer-meeting a lower ordinance than  
feeding catnip to Mrs Brown's  
last baby. But hasn't this little boy  
—Shocking, or what do you call him?  
—got any mother?"

"Yes," said Ralph, "and that was  
just what I was going to say." And  
he proceeded to tell how anxious  
Shooky was to see his half-blind moth-  
er, and actually ventured to wind up  
his remarks by suggesting that Shooky's  
mother be invited to stay over Sunday  
in Aunt Matilda's house.

"Bless my stars!" said the astound-  
ed saint, "fetch a pauper here? What  
crazy notions you have got! Fetch  
her here out of the poor-house? Why,  
she wouldn't be fit to sleep in my"  
—here Aunt Matilda choked. The bare  
thought of a pauper in her  
pillow beds, whose snowy whiteness  
was trifling with an ordinary mortal,  
the bare thought of the contagion of  
the poor-house taking possession of one  
of her beds, smothered her. "And  
then you know sure eyes are very  
catching."

Ralph boiled a little. "Aunt Ma-  
tilda, do you think Doreas was afraid  
of sore eyes?"

It was a centre-shot, and the lawyer-  
uncle, lawyerlike, enjoyed a good hit.  
And he enjoyed a good hit at his wife  
best of all, for he never ventured on  
one himself. But Aunt Matilda felt  
that a direct reply was impossible.  
She was not a lawyer, but a woman,  
and so dodged the question by making  
a counter-charge.

"It seems to me, Ralph, that you  
have picked up some very low associ-  
ates. And you grow around at night, I  
am told. You get over here by day-  
light, and I hear that you have made  
common cause with a lame soldier who  
acts as a spy for thieves, and that your  
running about at nights is likely to  
get you into trouble."

Ralph was hit this time. "I sup-  
pose," he said, "that you've been lis-  
tening to some of Henry Small's lies."  
"Why, Ralph, how do you abuse such  
the worst sign of all is that you abuse  
such a young man as Dr Small, the most  
exemplary Christian young man in the  
county. And he is a great friend of  
yours, for when he was here last week  
he did not say a word against you,  
but looked so sorry when your being  
in trouble was mentioned. Didn't he,  
Mr White?"

Mr White, as in duty bound, said  
yes, but he said yes in a cool, lawyer-  
like way, which showed that he did not  
take quite so much stock in Dr Small  
as his wife did. Which was a comfort  
to Ralph, who sat picturing to himself  
the silent flattery which Dr Small's  
eyes paid to his Aunt Matilda, and  
the quiet expression of pain that would  
fit across his face when Ralph's name  
was mentioned. And never until that  
moment had Hartsook understood how  
masterful Small's artifices were. He  
had managed to elevate himself in  
Mrs White's estimation and to destroy  
Ralph at the same time, and had man-  
aged to do both by a contraction of the  
eyebrows!

But the silence was growing painful,  
and Ralph thought to break it and  
turn the current of thought from him-  
self by asking after Mrs White's  
son.

"Where is Walter?"

"Oh! Walter's doing well. He  
went down to Clifty three weeks ago  
to study medicine with Henry Small.  
He seems so fond of the doctor, and  
the doctor is such an excellent man  
you know, and I have strong hopes  
that Willie will be led to see the error  
of his ways by his association with  
Henry. I suppose he would have  
gone to see you but for the unfavorable  
reports that we heard. I hope, Ralph,  
you too will make the friendship of