

# THE YOUNG ACADIAN.

Vol. I.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., SEPT. 26, 1883.

No. 9.

## Poetry.

### The Clergyman and the Peddler.

A clergyman who longed to trace  
Amid his flock a work of grace,  
And mourned because he knew not why,  
Yon fleece kept wet while his kept dry;  
While thinking what he could do more,  
Heard someone rapping at the door—  
And opening it, there met his view  
A dear old brother whom he knew,  
Who had got down by worldly blows  
From wealth, to peddling cast off clothes.  
"Come in, my brother," said the pastor,  
"Perhaps my trouble you can master,  
For, since the summer you withdrew,  
My converts have been very few."  
"I can," the peddler said, "unroll  
Something, perchance, to ease your soul,  
And—to cut short all fulsome speeches,  
Bring me a pair of your old breeches."  
The clothes were brought, the peddler gazed,  
And said, "no longer be amazed,  
The gloss upon this cloth is such,  
I think, perhaps, you sit too much  
Building air castles, bright and gay,  
Which Satan loves to blow away,  
And here behold, as I am born,  
The nap from neither knee is worn!  
He who would great revivals see,  
Must wear his pants out on the knee  
For such the lever prayer supplies,  
When pastors kneel, their churches rise."

### A few Comments on "Mother Hubbard and her Dog."

Who has not heard of Mother Hubbard? what thrilling emotions arise in one's bosom at the recollection of that dear name? What a halo of glory is enthroned around her life; but of her death the poet speaks not. Poor mortal man! incompetent is he to the task. As well might he attempt to span the universe, as to give due justice to the merits of that ancient dame.

What a lesson of affection is taught by the regard shown by her for her dog! She would e'en give him the last crumb, the last bone; but, alas for poor, poverty-stricken Mother Hubbard! When she went to the cupboard, she found she had none.

Then she would fain go to the baker's to try for the staff of life. But "misfortunes never come

single." When she returned, the poor dog was dead. How must she have felt, when she found death had knocked with careless hand at her door? It would be folly for me to attempt to pourtray her feelings. Alas! the poor dog was dead. We can call Mother Hubbard before our minds, as she stood, wringing her hands, and weeping, as if her heart would break, calling on the dog by all the pet names; but the dog is stretched on the hearth, by the fire, a corpse, beautiful even in death.

We have seen death approach with noiseless footsteps breathing forth destruction upon the aged man, weak and infirm; also on the infant sleeping on its mother's breast, unconscious of its approach; and we have seen their friends, as it were shed tears of blood; but never within our recollection have we seen or heard of such unutterable woe, of an instance where death made such a perfect wreck of family happiness.

But with the same never-dying affection, she proceeds to the mournful task of making arrangements for his burial. After purchasing a coffin, we can imagine her returning home with downcast head, and tears rolling down her furrowed cheeks, with a heart broken by grief, looking neither to the right nor to the left, entirely unconscious of the busy scenes passing around her—wholly absorbed in grief.

Let us follow the poor old lady a little further. Now she has reached her home, how desolate it looks! She ascends the steps, opens the door, and what a delightful vision meets her astonished gaze! She beholds the poor, much-lamented dog laughing. As the poet says:—

"She went to the undertaker's to buy him a coffin,  
When she came back the dog was laughing."

She rushes forward, takes him in her arms, hugs, laughs, and cries, by turns, still holding him tightly for fear it may prove some idle vision of the mind; but when she satisfies herself that it is no delusion of an excited brain, she gives vent to her excess of joy; she hugs him, she kisses him, she dances with him, and, in fact, seems never tired of petting him.

We next find Mother Hubbard starting for the tavern to procure some wine. It is to be feared according to all accounts, the poor old lady took no great dislike to the stimulating beverage, but we will make allowances for this occasion. What a night Mrs. Hubbard and the dog must have had for in the engravings we see her after her return with a nice basket of wine, with the neck of a

(Continued on fourth page.)