

# THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. II.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., JANUARY 11, 1884.

## Doctr.

### Gaspar Becerra.

By his evening fire the artist  
Pondered o'er his secret shame:  
Dull & weary, and disheartened,  
Still he mus'd, and dream'd of fame.

'Twas an image of the Virgin  
That had tasked his utmost skill;  
But alas! his fair ideal  
Vanished and escaped him still.

From a distant eastern island  
Had the precious wood been brought;  
Day and night the anxious master  
At the toil untiring wrought;

Till discouraged and despairing,  
Sunk he not in shadows deep,  
And the day's humiliation  
Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried, "Rise, O master!  
From the burning brand of oak  
Shape the thought that burns within  
Thee!"

Woke, and from the smoking embers  
Seized and quench'd the glowing wood  
And therefrom he carved an image,  
And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet!  
Take this lesson to thy heart:  
That is best which lieth nearest;  
Shape from that thy work of art.

[Longfellow.]

(Written for The Acadian.)

## My First and Last Night on the Battle Field.

(BY J. H. R.)

The clock had just finished striking the hour of five, in the hotel at Avignon in the south of France. I had enlisted only a few hours previous as a common soldier in the 21st regiment, and I was all fever and excitement as I thought of the new life upon which I had entered. As the last stroke of five died away, the door suddenly opened and a head popping in, told us that we were ordered to march. In about an hour's time we had all our traps together and were fairly on our way. The shades of night were now falling fast around us, and the dreadful silence was broken only by the measured tread of our men. The silence however was not to last long, for in about

three hours from our starting we were startled by the awful howl of the wolf, who having scented its prey intended having a good evening meal. There in that lonely place, surrounded you may almost say by wolves, my blood ran cold in my veins. On they came nearer and nearer until within rifle shot then we fired and a terrible howl rent the air—we had killed them all with comparative ease, but those guns betrayed us. We had no idea we were so near the British lines. We were discovered, and already the pickets had exchanged shots. We at once changed our position to a more lofty eminence. Daylight at last dawned upon us, and I discovered that the scenery was beautiful, commanding a full view of the plain below where our enemy was encamped.

The battle began about nine o'clock in full earnest; and it was not long before many of our poor fellows bit the dust. In about an hour's time I received a wound in my leg, from which I fainted. How long I lay there I cannot say, but on recovering my senses it was well on in the day. I found that I could not move hand or foot, owing to the corpses piled upon me. After I became stronger I at once freed myself of my encumbering load, and began to view my position. Hearing no sound of guns I concluded that the battle must be over, which proved to be true as I soon began to hear men approaching, and by their speech I knew them to be enemies. Realizing at once the position in which I was placed I resolved on stratagem—that of feigning dead. On they came, turning one body over after another until at last it came my turn. They had the practice of banding a person's knee under his arm, if he was alive, he could not suppress a groan. This I hoped would not be done to me but I was not to escape. Suppressing a cry as long as I could I had at last to yield to human nature, and uttered a command to stop; but I was not to be obeyed, and was marched off a prisoner to a separate camp, guarded by two soldiers. After having eaten my scanty evening meal I lay down to sleep, and notwithstanding my position, I had a good night's rest. Early next morning an order came for me to be sent to the hospital, and accordingly at 10 o'clock I was taken there by the two keepers. His tent was quite a distance from the

field of battle, as was also the other officer's. As I entered the tent the colonel and his daughter were talking about his daughter who had died in England. Taking my seat on a trunk near the door I waited the progress of events. Both turned as I came in, and the colonel as if by a sudden impulse took my hand and turning me to the door said: "You are indeed my son-in-law, look child at this mark on his forehead." It was indeed so, after matters were explained, it was indeed found that I was his daughter's husband. Meeting her first in England; I at once decreed that she was the one woman heaven had marked for me, we were married and I found that she had ran away from home, she only lived a month after we were married, having died of typhoid fever. Knowing the French language I crossed to France and joined the army to drown my sorrow, and thus it was that I met with my father-in-law. The colonel being an old man retired with a handsome pension, and insisted upon me going and sharing it with him. It is now two years since my adventure happened, and I have never had cause to regret my joining the regiment.

## WHICH IS MOST VALUABLE? A Duty to Children.

I am sadly conscious that thousands of mothers are so over-burdened that the actual demands of life, from day to day, consume all their time and strength. But "of two evils choose the least," and which would you call the least, an unpolished stove or an untamable boy? Dirty windows, or a child whose confidence you have failed to gain? Cobwebs in the corner, or a son over whose soul a crust has formed so strong that you despair of melting it with your hot tears and your fervent prayers?

I have seen a woman who was absolutely ignorant of her children's habits of thought, who never felt that she could spare a half hour to read or talk with them—I have seen this woman spend ten minutes in ironing a sheet—there were six in the washing—one hour in fluting the ruffles and arranging the puff of her little girl's "sweet white suit;" thirty minutes in polishing tins which were already bright and clean; forty minutes in frosting and decorating a cake for tea, because "company" was expected.

When the mother, a good orthodox Christian—hall apparatus for the Great White Throne, to be judged for "the

deeds done in the body," and her report of the matter is placed in her ear—she will be in a position and answer like this:

"Where are the boys and girls I gave thee?"

"Lord, I was busied keeping my house clean and in order, and my children wand'ring away!"

"Where wert thou when thy sons and thy daughters were learning lessons of dishonesty, malice, and impurity?"

"Lord, I was polishing furniture, and mending dresses and making buttons!"

"What hast thou to show for thy life-work?"

"The tidiest house, Lord, and the best starching and ironing in all our neighborhood!"

Oh! these children! these children! These restless, eager boys and girls whom we love more than our own lives! Shall we devote our time and strength to that which perisheth, while the rich garden of our child's soul is neglected, with four wheels chok'ng out all worthy and beautiful growth? Shall we waste the incidental of life to the rank of a purpose, to the shutting out of that work whose result reach beyond the stars?

Putting on! mother, are the days of childhood; and up creaks windows, snowy kites, and kind consciences that everything about the house is faultlessly bright and clean, with the poor comfort in that day wherein we shall discover that our poor boy's feet have chosen the path that shall take him out of the way to all eternity.—  
Harriet M. Morris in Woman's Journal.

## Danger of Dodging.

Maggie Gallagher, of Gilmotata was sentenced in the police court to thirty days in prison and to pay a fine of \$50 for drunkenness. When she heard she sent her she built a heavy inkstand at the judge's head. He dodged, and the ink flew through the window and fell to the pavement, the ink splashing over a lady's elegant silk dress and totally ruining it. The lady, in trying to shake the ink from her garment, frightened a team of spirited horses that ran away with a carriage containing two ladies and a child, upsetting a fruit stand and throwing the child was fastened in a bunch of telephone wires about ten feet above the sidewalk. The team could not be stopped, and continued on their flight, plunging through the flat glass windows of a machine shop. They ran the entire length of the street, splashing and destruction and devastation on every hand; ran out the back door, leaped into a canal, and were drowned. Now they talk of calling on the judge for damages because he dodged the inkstand.