

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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## THE ACADIAN.

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out. News communications from all parts of the county, 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 in a fictitious signature.

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OF  
Every Description

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**NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND PUNCTUALITY.**

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## DIRECTORY

OF THE  
**Business Firms of WOLFVILLE**

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

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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.

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Wolfville, Oct. 8th, 1866 3m pd

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## Select Poetry.

"NO CLASSES."  
"No classes," here I why that is idle talk,  
The village beau sneers at the country  
boy;  
The important mendicants who walk  
Our streets despise the parish poor.

The daily toiler at some noisy loom  
Holds back her garments from the  
kitchen-maid;  
Meanwhile the latter leans upon her  
broom,  
Unconscious of the bow the laundress  
made.

The grocer's daughter eyes the farmer's  
lass  
With haughty glances, while the lawyer's  
wife  
Would frown no visits from the trading  
class.  
If policy were not her creed in life.

The merchant's son nods coldly at the  
clerk,  
The proud possessor of a pedigree  
Ignores the youth whose father rose by  
work—  
The title seeking maiden scorns the  
three.

The aristocracy of blood looks down  
Upon the nouveau riches, and in disdain  
The lovers of the intellectual frown  
On both, and worship at the shrine of  
Brain.

"No classes here," the clergyman has said,  
"We are one family." You see his rage  
And horror, when his favorite son would  
be  
Some pure and pretty player on the  
stage.

It is the vain and natural human way  
Of vaunting our weak selves, our pride,  
our worth!  
Not till the long-delayed millennium day  
Shall we behold "No classes" on God's  
earth. —*Ellis Wheeler Wilcox.*

**Interesting Story.**

**The Boys at Dr Murray's.**

**CHAPTER V.—Continued.**

"We, the undersigned, members of the  
Murray Institute, do earnestly beg and  
entreat our respected Principal to release  
from imprisonment our friend and fellow-  
student, Willett Howth. Our reasons  
for entreating your clemency are as follows:

1. We think he has suffered sufficient  
punishment, by reason of the shame and  
disgrace which have fallen upon him, to  
be released from further imprisonment.

2. We think, that by so doing, he  
will be less likely to become desperate  
and hardened to the good efforts which  
we intend to make in his behalf.

3. We think, that if released, and re-  
stored to all the privileges of a pupil of  
the Institute, we may be enabled, by  
kindness and forbearance, to win him  
back to the paths of right and duty, and  
restore him to his former good standing.  
Accordingly, we look for your earnest  
consideration upon the subject, and pray  
that, if in accordance with your sense of  
duty, you will grant us this petition."

A frown had gathered on the Doctor's  
brow, as soon as he had read the  
address on the envelope. Now, as he  
read farther and farther in the petition,  
the great frown spread, till his face  
was quite overcast. When he reached  
the last line, and saw Harris's name  
heading the long list of signatures, he  
sat still a minute with amazement.  
Then he gave the bell-tape a furious  
pull.

"Harris! Harris!" cried the Doctor,  
as that individual made his appearance.  
"Why does all this nonsense  
mean?"

"What nonsense?" said Harris, very  
innocently.

"Why, sir, this—this—this meddlesome  
petition!"

"Harris frowned in spirit.  
"The some of that plaguy Grant  
Wep—"

"But no names, sir. He's a smart  
fellow; these isn't together in school  
that could have done this. But what's  
your name here for?"

Harris looked sheepish, having nei-  
ther the courage to explain or defend  
himself.

"Come," said the Doctor, impatiently,  
"say something."

"Why, sir, I don't hardly know  
myself, but he looked, and pleaded,  
and hung on so, that I finally wrote  
down my name. And to tell the  
truth," he added, "mustering up cour-  
age, the chap up-stairs does look  
rather poorly."

"Poorly!" said the Doctor, a little  
startled.

"Yes, sir!" said Harris, ready to  
work on the Doctor's fears. "He's as  
white as a sheet—every bit. And he  
haint touched a mouthful of bread,  
nor a drop of water, since he was put  
there. Not a morsel, sir."

"Then why haven't you told me?"  
thundered his master.

"Because—I—you told me to put—

indeed, sir, he"—and at last Harris  
broke down entirely.

The Doctor looked disgusted. Harris  
looked so. After a meditative  
silence, the master said, in something  
of his usual tone—

"You think he'd better be let out,  
do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you suppose the young  
gentleman will treat him?"

"Tip-top, sir!"—then, as he saw  
the answer hardly pleased his employ-  
er, he made haste to answer—"Of  
course there's some that'll be always  
hectoring him."

"Very likely," said the Doctor,  
pondering. At last, "Do the boys  
appear to be anxious for Howth's re-  
lease?"

"I thought so, sir. They'll do  
just about as young Westery wants  
em to, sir. He's got a great knack  
for winding folks round his finger."

"So I perceive," said the Doctor,  
sarcastically.

Harris smiled.

"Well," observed his master, "there  
is just this about it: if I let young  
Howth out, it will be because I think  
he will find a greater punishment in  
the sneers and neglect that he will get,  
than where he is now. I think, on  
the whole, it's the best thing I could  
invent for a punishment. I shall  
grant the petition of course, and thus  
gratify the young gentlemen, and aid  
my own plans. Do you think there's  
any danger of their—let me see, what  
does the petition say they hope to do?"

The Doctor made an examination of  
the Ms. There it was in Grant's  
plain hand-writing—"wis him back  
to the paths of right and duty."

The Doctor's heart smote him a  
little. That was not at all the sentence  
he wished to find; so he invented one.

"Do you think, Harris, that there's  
any danger of their passing over  
Howth's disgrace, and treating him as  
though nothing had happened?"

"O, none at all!" said Harris, eager  
to please.

"Very well. That is my opinion,  
precisely. Grant is very smart, but  
he can't make them do that. I know  
human nature, and especially boy  
nature, too well!" observed the com-  
placent LL. D. So the wise and  
learned Doctor mercifully concluded to  
sign the petition. "You can go now,  
Harris," he said; "but remember!  
not a word of my intentions to any  
one,—not the least inkling, sir! And  
I want you to look up Grant Westery,  
and tell him to appear at precisely  
four o'clock,—after recitations. Now  
don't let your face betray you!"

Upon that, Harris assumed a very  
sober countenance, and started in  
search of Grant. He met the first  
class in the hall, as they were leaving  
the recitation room, and drew Grant  
one side.

"Look her!" he said, solemnly, "Dr  
Murray wants to see you in the library  
at precisely four o'clock."

"I'll be on hand,—never fear! But  
is there any prospect of a favorable  
answer?"

Harris shook his head mysteriously.

"Don't you ask me nothing, sir!  
You've got me into trouble already;  
it's your turn now."

"Why, have you lost your situa-  
tion?" asked Grant.

"Yes," said Harris, dolefully, "he's  
give me a walking-ticket. Got to  
leave to-night if the snow is up to the  
second story,—and all for obliging  
you!"

Grant caught a twinkle in his eye  
that belied his words, and hurried after  
his class.

"In two hours," he thought to him-  
self, "I shall know all about it."

Ned Hall tried to catch Grant's at-  
tention all the long two study-hours,  
to see if he could obtain some inkling  
of what had passed between him and  
Harris; but Grant kept his face per-  
sistently on his book, nor looked up  
once.

"I wonder," thought Ned,—"if Har-  
ris has been telling some bad news?  
He's sober as an owl!"

But when recitations were over, and  
the two found themselves side by side  
in the crowded hall, Grant whispered  
Harris's message, adding,—"Wait for  
me here till I come back. It won't be  
long he'll keep me, I suppose."

Hall expressed his willingness to  
wait, and Grant sought the library.

Harris answered his knock, and ushered  
him with a strictly non-committal  
countenance. The Doctor, suave and  
bland as usual, acknowledged his visit-  
er's presence with a nod, and continued  
his writing. Harris labored industri-  
ously at his occupation of assorting,  
and filing papers and pamphlets. At  
last the Doctor's pen stopped, and  
holding the paper on which he had  
been writing, placed it in an envelope,  
—the anxious waiter knew it well,—  
and wrote across the end,—"*Granted.*"  
Then he handed it to Grant, remark-  
ing—

"I very much approve of your under-  
taking. I hope you will succeed in  
your efforts. If you do, it will be a  
deed worthy of all praise."

"O, Doctor! were those sincere words?"

"I thank you very much, sir!" said  
Grant, warmly; "I thank you for the  
whole school. After your encourage-  
ment I've no doubt but that we shall  
succeed. When may I carry the news to  
him, sir?"

"Whenever you please. Harris  
shall give you the key any time."

Grant thanked him again, and hur-  
ried back to Ned.

"It's granted!" he cried, "without a  
bit of trouble too." The Doctor was as  
kind as possible. "O, Ned! I'm so  
thankful!"

"So am I!—but when can he come  
out? Will I mean?"

"Now,—any time," said Grant;  
"but I'm going to wait till after supper  
before I go up. The boys will be in  
their rooms, then."

"Come and tell the boys," said Ned;  
"they're all in the play-room, and will  
want to know what the Doctor says, of  
course."

Arm in arm, the two friends made  
their way thither. It was a large,  
high room, with tall narrow windows,  
whose ledges were now piled up with  
snow. This was the apartment  
which the boys called exclusively their  
own. Here the doctor never came;  
here Harris's vigilant eyes were un-  
carred for. And on this snowy eve of night-  
fall the boys had congregated here, and  
were enjoying themselves greatly. Some  
were reading, a great many playing  
games, and there were some werry  
story-telling parties. At the sight of  
Grant with his papers, a buzz ran  
round the room.

"What success?" chorused a score.

"Good!" said Ned, "come and hear  
what the Doctor says."

There was a general rush to that  
end of the room. Grant unfolded the  
petition and read the Doctor's answer.  
It was as follows:—

TO GRANT WESTERY, AND OTHERS:—  
GENTLEMEN: Your petition is before  
me. After a consideration of the sub-  
ject, I have concluded to pardon the  
offender (Howth), and release him on  
this condition, viz: If at any time, I see  
that you are not making the efforts spoken  
of in the petition,—and that he re-  
mains hard and stubborn, I shall consider  
myself at liberty to interfere, and inflict  
such punishment upon him as I see fit.

Yours, SIMON MURRAY, LL. D.

"Now," said Grant, earnestly, as he  
concluded, "it all depends on us whether  
we ruin Will or make a man of  
him. Don't let's have the sin of another's  
ruin upon our heads!"

"When will he come down?" asked  
Dick Welles.

"Not before to-morrow, I guess. I  
don't know anything about it, you  
know."

"Well," said Dick,—"I'll do my  
part to help, I promise!"

Save Hall, whom he found at the  
head of the stairs, Grant met no one  
after leaving the dining-room. This  
pleased him, for he wished to keep his  
interview with the prisoner a secret at  
present. Ned wished him success, and  
passed on. Grant paused before the  
prisoner's door, almost dreading to  
enter. The long window at the end of  
the hall was rattling in the wind, and  
all the rooms in that wing of the build-  
ing were silent.

Fearing to linger long in the hall,  
lest someone should pass that way, he  
quickly turned the key and entered.  
The little lamp but dimly made things  
visible at first, so that neither of the  
boys could perceive each other at once.  
Will was lying on his bed, with his  
face turned to the wall, and supposing  
it to be Harris with his supper, did  
not stir or turn his face. Grant, think-  
ing him asleep, placed his lamp on the  
old wooden chair, while he took a sur-  
vey of the room. There were all the  
prisoner's untasted meals standing side  
by side, the plain fare of bread and  
water according with the utter  
cheerlessness of the room, which struck  
Grant all the more forcibly, being just  
from scenes where all was warmth, and  
brightness, and pleasantness. The  
chill and silence smote even his own  
buoyant, cheerful spirit.

When he turned again to the sleeper,  
to his surprise he found him support-  
ing himself upon his elbow, and gazing  
intently at his visitor, as if doubting  
his own eyes.

"Why, Will!" said Grant, kindly,  
"I thought you were asleep. I've  
come in to see you a little while. Aren't  
you glad to see me?"

"Such was Will's surprise that he  
said nothing." He slowly rose from his  
bed as if he were going to meet him,  
then he sat down on the edge of the  
bed again, and looked silently at the  
floor. Grant could see that his stub-  
born pride was giving him a hard  
struggle. He hardly knew what to  
say or do, lest in some way he should  
harden his heart to all kindness. While  
the prisoner was thus wavering,—one  
moment longing to clasp his friend's  
hand, the next stealing his heart to his  
kind manner,—Grant took him by the  
hand, saying—

"You've had a hard time of it here,  
all alone, haven't you, Will?" quite  
touched at his pale wan face; "I am  
very sorry. I wish I could have help-  
ed you some. But brighten up now,  
won't you? I am going to stay a  
little while—if you'll let me."

Will would not raise his eyes from  
the floor. Grant sat down beside him,  
saying, as he did so—

"I didn't know but you would be  
somesome than ever, this windy night,  
everything rattling and blowing about  
so; I'll stay till bed-time, if you're  
willing?"

"If you were so sorry for me, why  
didn't you come before?" said Will, in  
as acid a tone as he could command.

"I should, if it had been possible,"  
said Grant, kindly, "but it was not  
I came as soon as I could get per-  
mission. You're not angry with me  
for that, I hope?"

Will would not answer. Grant was  
half in despair. It seemed as though  
his kind, merciful intentions were  
about to meet a very sudden and signi-  
verse. He did not know—how should  
he?—that Howth feared to speak lest  
he should be unable to keep back his  
tears, and hide the tremor in his voice.  
He did not know how fiercely pride  
was clamoring to shut his eyes to all  
kindness, and steel his heart to any  
advancements of sympathy or friend-  
ship. Quite a long silence ensued,  
broken only by the riotous wind.  
Will's face, partly averted, was very  
pale and resolute. Grant began to  
think that he had come on a hopeless  
errand. He was deliberating whether  
to go or stay, when the prisoner sud-  
denly turned, exclaiming impetu-  
ously—

"Westerly! what did you come her-  
for? to plague me with questions, and  
then go back and tell the boys how  
the 'chief' stands his punishment?"

"I will leave you to answer that  
question, Howth," said Grant.

"Then I shall answer it 'yes,'" said  
Will, proudly; "for I don't believe  
anything else would tempt you here.  
Do you know, sir, that you are in the  
presence of the lowest wretch out of

prison?" with a sarcastic smile that  
came very near being a quiver of the  
chin.

For the first time Grant observed  
how deeply he was affected, and, per-  
ceiving that his scornful tone and  
smile were only used as a cloak to hide  
his real feelings, he took heart and  
said—

"Will, don't say any more. I see  
you don't mean it; I know you don't!  
I came here because I was sorry for  
you; because I wanted to comfort you,  
and help you, and do everything for  
you that I possibly can. Isn't there  
reasons enough? And there is only  
one boy in school that knows I'm here.  
Now, really, Will, I know that you  
are glad to see me, and I am glad of  
it. I am going to be your friend and  
I want you to be mine. I came here  
for a good purpose, you know I did,  
and I'm not going to let you drive me  
away with any such suspicions as you  
used just now. So we might as well  
be friends at once," said Grant, laying  
his hand on Howth's shoulder.

Will instantly covered his face with  
his hand, to hide something that  
would fill his eyes and overflow.

"I know something how you feel,"  
said Grant, kindly; "you feel very  
lonely and deserted, and heart-sick;  
but you needn't any longer, for you've  
got quite an abundance of friends, I  
assure you. The boys have none of  
the feeling towards you that you have im