

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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THE ACADIAN.

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IS SUPPLIED WITH
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NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND PUNCTUALITY.

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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.

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

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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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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

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Wolfville, April 21st

Select Poetry.

WELL?
I cannot tell why God should send into
my life
The bitter sweet;
Nor do I know why toir and strife,
My hopes defeat.

I know not why this weary aching
My heart should feel;
I only know, in dreams or waking
Life seems too real.

I cannot tell why fond affection
Should sooth grow cold,
Or why the friends we love and cherish
Are quickly told.

I only know some hearts are trusting
And fail to find
The love which knows no change or
trusting—
Pure gold, refined.

Ah, weary heart, wherever hidden,
In age or youth,
Sad March comes to each unbidden;
But God is truth.

We know not why His wisdom sendeth
Each sorrow down;
But patience, prayerful, calm endurance
Will win a crown.

Trusting henceforth His love and mercy
Our hearts will cry,
Dear Father, send us hope and strength—
Thou knowest why.

Interesting Story.

A NIGHT IN AN INDIAN CANOE.

A STORY OF ACADIA.

"Read that again, Andrew Bourgo, and read it in French," said one of a group of a hardy-looking, excited men, gathered around a large willow-tree in the front yard of a wayside inn, in the dreary Acadian village of Mines Nova Scotia, in the year 1744.

This village was on the road that led from Port Royal to Halifax, and about five miles distant from the older French Acadian settlement of Grand Pre. The man addressed, equipped for a journey, stood in the doorway of the inn.

He was the Notary of Mines, and a man of importance in the country. Hitting the bride of his horse to a post of the low, shed-like stoop that fronted the inn, he walked directly up to the old tree and read, in a strong, military tone of voice and in good French, the Royal Proclamation,—for such it was,—and then, without request or a word of comment, re-read in equally good English:

"We do hereby promise, with the advice and consent of His Majesty's Council, a reward of One Hundred Pounds for every male Indian above the age of sixteen; for a scalp of such male Indian, Eighty Pounds; for every Indian woman or child, dead or alive, Fifty Pounds; God save the King!"

When he had ceased reading, the men talked earnestly among themselves, but no one noticed the Notary, and he walked back to the inn.

As he stepped upon the stoop, he was met by several young girls, who had been attracted from their homes near by to read the notice on the tree, and one of them immediately addressed him with,—

"Grandsire, will our people kill the Indians for the reward?"

"Why not, daughter?" asked the Notary.

"Because it is cruel, and the Indians are our friends," said the maiden.

"Madrine, said the Notary, with a tinge of sadness in his voice, "you are a child, and do not understand that many things are cruel which must of necessity be done. These red rascals are themselves cruel and not trustworthy. It was only last Saturday night that they killed several people at Port Royal."

"Grandsire," persisted the maiden, "the people they killed were English. I do not like the English, and they do not like us. They are hard masters; they take cruel wages. They rid themselves of human beings as they would of wolves. Our people had better trust themselves to the friendship of the Indians than the English."

"Prnt, daughter! You do not talk wisely," said the Notary. The English have good reason to revenge themselves on these savages, and we Acadians may as well take a hand in the hunt, especially when so much money can be gained by obeying the King's proclamation. Many a house in Grand Pre and Mines will be furnished with the price of scalps before the snow flies. Your own goodly-built little farmhouse, Madrine, may be furnished for your wedding-day much sooner than you expect by a lucky catch or steady shot. Baptiste Doucet is a brave lad

and has the best long-range musket in the country."

The blood came to the cheeks of the maiden, and her lips curled, as she said, "It is not brave to kill women and children, and would not go into my house, nor to him, if one shilling paid for such murders helped to furnish it, or went into his pocket."

Away down in his heart the old Notary evidently liked the spirit evinced by his granddaughter, for he said not a word in reply to this indignant protest, but stooped and kissed the cheek that had crimsoned at the mention of her lover's name, and mounting his horse, was soon out of sight on the long, dangerous road that led to Port Royal. Few men at that time could have made this journey in safety.

But this man was both trusted and feared, and thus sheltered, he rode fearlessly into the dark forest and the coming night.

Madrine Bourgo left her companions and walked rapidly and alone to her home. She was mistress of her father's house. Her mother had been dead some years. Her father had not married again, and she was the only child.

It was near sunset; the weather was raw and chilly, and she built a fire of dry logs on the broad fireplace, and as its mellow blaze curled around the logs and roared up the wide chimney, she stopped her work and gazed intently into it. The ruddy light fell full upon her form and face, and the last hot words spoken at the inn repeated themselves in every lineament.

As she stood with her bare, brown arms on the top of a straight-backed kitchen chair, and the mellow light of the fire flushing her sharp-lined, expressive face, she was beautiful,—this Acadian maiden of eighteen years,—but it was not the beauty of culture.

It was the beauty of the shapely, clean-limbed forest tree, and the curling, foaming mountain stream. Hers was a wild beauty, and there was reason for it.

When but five years old she had been captured by the Micmac Indians, and had lived with them till she was fifteen. And now her thoughts were of that free life and wild people, and the crackling camp-fire that she had unconsciously built was a medium of communication with that past existence.

But her reverie was short, for her father soon came into the house with Baptiste Doucet, her betrothed husband. Receiving them with her accustomed greeting, she set about her household duties, and the supper was soon ready. At the table neither of them spoke of the proclamation on the tree. Madrine was surprised at this, and during the evening tried to get some opportunity to speak with Baptiste alone, for she wanted to tell him of the talk with her grandfather. But the men seemed more than usually occupied with business affairs, and Baptiste went away much earlier than was his custom on such visits, and Madrine and her father separated for the night without a word upon the subject.

Alone in her neat little sleeping-room, she thought long and earnestly of the reply to be practised upon the people who had been to her like her own for so many years, and she decided to tell her feelings freely to Baptiste on the morrow.

Early in the morning her father was up and preparing for a journey, telling Madrine he was going to Port Royal on business that would keep him from home three days. Madrine asked no questions, for her father often had business away from home. Nor was she surprised when he took from his place on the deer-horns over the door the long-barrelled French musket, and drawing out the partridge charge, loaded it with a bullet, and filled the great powder-horn with powder and a leather pouch with bullets; for this was the season for shooting moose and deer, and she knew there were twenty miles of unbroken forest on his proposed journey.

These preparations completed, Jean Bourgo bade his daughter be mindful of the house and herself, and kissing her, mounted his strong horse and rode rapidly away, Madrine watching him till he passed out of sight beyond the willow-tree that lined the roadway.

Expecting Baptiste would be in during the forenoon, and thus cheered from her father's absence, she went about her work. But noon came, and no sign of Baptiste. Alarmed at this, she inquired of a neighbor passing, and learned that a party of horsemen from Port Royal had gone through the village early in the morning, and that her father and Baptiste had joined them. It was at this place and with people she had lived the last three years of her Indian life, and she thought that they were to be killed like wolves for a reward, and by her own father and betrothed husband, was hard to endure.

With a sad, indignant heart she shut herself in the house, and sat down by the flax-wheel in front of the window that faced the Basin of Minas—a broad bay into which the high tides of the Bay of Fundy flow with great rapidity. The house was near the shore, and directly across to the northward the Indian village of Chinetou stood, twenty miles distant by water, but by land a two-days' journey.

She sat long at the window looking out on the blue waters of the Basin, and across it to the Indian village. The tide was flowing majestically in over the broad flats, and creeping noiselessly up the perpendicular banks of its more rugged shores. It was now three o'clock. All day the sun had shone with the brightness of summer, and over the surface of the water there rose an invisible mist, through which, in the clear, dry autumnal atmosphere, the opposite shore of the Basin and the blue bluff of Blomidon appeared much nearer than they really were.

Madrine's practised eye saw the high lands of the Indian village, and the blue smoke curling up from the wigwam fires. How far away it was she did not know, but as she looked long upon it, and thought of what another day would bring upon the unsuspecting inhabitants, she knew that it never had seemed half so near as now. A shadow came over her face, as she rose from the window, and a look of determination in her eyes.

Had she formed a purpose?

If she had, it found no expression in words.

There was a little sheltered cove on the margin of the shore near the house, and under a rough shed lay a small bark canoe that had been bought of the Indians by her father, and Madrine had been allowed to indulge in this occupation and pastime of the wild, free life of her childhood. She was an expert paddler, and was often seen on the waters of the beautiful Gaspeaux or far out on the blue Basin.

Hastily walking to this cove, and turning over the canoe, she carefully examined the seams on the bottom and sides, rubbed the whole surface of the bottom with a piece of tallow, and leaving it in that position, returned to the house. She was alone and unquestioned, and no one knew why she did this. Nor did any one know why the cows were milked and the farm-stock fed and housed an hour earlier than usual. Nor why she raked the fire, as was the custom for the night, just at sunset, let down the white curtain to the only window in her little bedroom, and walked slowly down to the shore where the canoe lay.

The tide was at the flood, and much higher than usual. This Madrine knew to be the sign of an approaching storm, and she knew too that the ebbing of the tide would be swifter on account of it. Seizing the canoe as if it were a play-boat, she launched it at once, and seating herself on the ash crossbar, paddled leisurely out on the placid water, that now lapped the land far above its highest mark, and lay lazily in the bed of the wide, wood-embowered Basin, waiting the mysterious impulse that presently should set it flowing like a broad river out into the ocean beyond.

To observers from the land, the little canoe and its occupant were as lifeless of purpose as the waiting water. Far out from the shore she floated regardless of the deepening shadows that fell along the high headlands, and darkened the little bays, and crept slowly out over the broad water.

Darker and darker, till the venture

some craft could no longer be seen from the shore, and the mysterious impulse had been communicated to the water, and it was slowly moving, like a great glacier, onward to the sea.

Then the paddle turned the bow of the canoe in the direction of the tide, and the paddler looked at the shadowy land behind her, unwound from her head a silk scarf and tied it tightly about her loins, fixed her face upon the high hills of the opposite shore, laid down the paddle she had been using, and taking a broader-bladed one from its rack behind her, plied it with strong, steady strokes.

On over the tide and with the tide the lithesome thing sped, like a thing of life. Two hours of unslacked speed, and the moon rose, large and red, like the morning sun. Laying down the paddle, Madrine looked at the broad highway of rosy, shimmering light it threw along the water, and back upon the dim outline of the land she had left, now dotted with lights from farmhouse windows, listened to the echo of the roar of the distant surf, and felt the presage of the coming storm. Then taking the paddle she had laid aside for the larger one at the commencement, she propelled the little craft over the dim water till under the shadow of Blomidon she rested again.

The moon had been shadowed by gray belts of mist near the horizon, and now hid itself behind a heavy bank of black clouds. Darkness settled over the water. Beyond the cliff and in the channel the distant roar of the troubled sea was preluding the coming storm. Over the bow of the canoe appeared white-crested billows and roaring, seething water, caused by the tide from down the Basin and the tide from up the Basin meeting, like the sides of a wedge, and forming into one current, that rushed out by the rugged rocks of Blomidon, foaming and eddying like a mighty river escaping from a cataract.

To be Continued.

Making Sweet Songs.

Who has not been awakened from his sleep in the early morning hours by some party of home-going revellers singing, "Way down upon the Swanee River"? The melodious music which invades the half-roused, seems like a dream, and the dreamer does not resist it. He closes his eyes again to listen—motionless. He has heard the old song many times before; he can anticipate every word and note; there is no novelty in it for him, but he is not provoked at being awakened. He listens dreamily, and lets the music bring to him thoughts of home—not the home of his manhood, made happy by wife and children, but the dream home of his childhood, where mother

The old song never grows old. Everybody sings it and everybody loves to hear it sung. No matter at what time or place its music rises, there will be found a respectful audience. Not even the street gamins will cry, "Cheese it!" He instinctively respects the song of home without knowing why.

There stood in the city of Pittsburg, forty years ago, a cottage at No. 31 Pearl Street. It was a cozy home, with vine-covered windows and broad hearthstone. It was the home of Charles P. Shiras and his mother, familiarly known to her friends as "Aunt Becky Shiras." Charles Shiras had two particular friends of his own age, Stephen Foster and John Hull. These men had been companions from boyhood, and death alone broke off their friendship.

Shiras was a literary genius. He was well-educated, brilliant, and possessed of a fertile, active mind. He was ambitious and animated by the noblest purposes. For some years and at the time of his death, he was connected with the *Pittsburg Commercial Journal*. All his literary work was full of merit, and many of his productions gained wide attention. He published two small volumes of poems, the best known of which are *Dollars and Dimes*, *Redemption of Labor*, and *The Iron City*. These he considered his best works, but he strangely refused to acknowledge the authorship of the beautiful songs which would have given him fame, with that of Foster, world-wide fame. He erred in his judgment of the effect they would produce, and

in his ambition for higher flight, considered them childish and foolish.

Foster was a musician and composer. His soul was full of the poetry of sound. He had a fine effeminate face, and his nature was as soft and yielding as a maiden's. He was a dreamer, often sad and melancholy; and every bar of his simple, beautiful music is marked with the characteristics of his nature. He found close sympathy in the fine poetic mind of Shiras, and both found sympathy and encouragement in the more rugged and aggressive nature of their mutual friend Hull.

Hull was a mechanic; working for his daily bread from his earliest boyhood. Unlike his friends, he had no education, but the circumstances of his life gave him strong good sense and clear judgment. He was a lover of the beautiful, and he found much to admire in his friends Shiras and Foster. He had a musical voice, and Foster, who could not sing, taught him music. He had a retentive memory, and from Shiras he learned much literature. He became the critic of the production of both his friends, and his judgment of a poem or song was to them all-sufficient.

And so a beautiful friendship existed between these three in boyhood, in youth, and until their early manhood, when Shiras died.

They were together all their leisure time, and "many happy hours they squandered" in Aunt Becky Shiras's little back parlor. It was here that Shiras, in his resting moments, wrote those beautiful songs to please his friend, Foster; it was here that Foster composed music for them to please himself and his friend Hull; and it was here that Hull sang for them for the pleasure of all.

The first song they published was *Uncle Ned*. Foster sold it to a Pittsburg house for \$100. With this money, he purchased a small piano and placed it in Aunt Becky Shiras's little parlor. And on this little piano was afterwards played music which has gone around the world. *Old Uncle Ned* made its appearance about the year 1850, and immediately became popular. Within three years later Shiras and Foster together produced *Old Folks at Home*; *Sarah Ann*, *Don't You Cry*; *Genie Annie*; *Hannah Times Come Again*; *No More*; *My Old Kentucky Home*; *Mama's in the Cold*; *Cold Ground*; *Old Dog Tray*; *Willie*; *We Have Missed You*; *Come where My Love Lies Dreaming*; and others fully as popular.

It is certain that Shiras wrote the lines of nearly all these songs, except *Come where My Love Lies Dreaming*. Foster was willing and anxious to share their authorship with his friend Shiras; but the latter often laughingly told Foster that he was welcome to all the reputation he would get from their publication.

Poor Shiras died when he was twenty years old, before he dreamed that his songs which he had written in an idle fancy, as a mere pastime, would live in every home in the Christian world.

Mrs. Jane Swisshelm wrote his obituary. He left a young wife and a girl baby. This baby is now a buxom mother of babies. She is the wife of Capt. J. H. Morris, of Pittsburg.

Foster lived some years after the death of his friend. He went to New York city, where he died in 1864. He was widely known and very popular. His funeral was attended largely by the literary, theatrical and musical classes. A chorus of voices sang over his grave, *Come where My Love Lies Dreaming*.

Aunt Becky Shiras who so often scolded "the boys" for staying up late at night, and making so much noise in her back parlor, has passed away. And so has John Hull, who first started good Aunt Becky with the rattling rhythm of *Old Uncle Ned*, and nothing but her with the melody of *Massa's in de Cold*, *Cold Ground*.

All are dead. But their music will live as long as there are homes. It has been said of John Howard Payne that Christians and Mohammedans alike wept over his distant grave; that the whole world did him honor, and that his countrymen built to his memory a monument simply because he had written one song of home. But sweet home, a heart sings of Home, Sweet Home, it sings too of the Old Folks at Home.

And shall the memory of him who wrote the one so more revered than the other? All honor to the gentle hero who made it possible to weep in song of home—Payne, Shiras, and Foster.