



"JUSTUM, ET TENACEM PROPOSITI VIRUM, NON CIVIUM ARDOR PRAVA JUBENTUM, NON VULTUS INSTANTIS TYRANNI MENTE QUATIT SOLIDA."

VOLUME I.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 29, 1836.

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THE BEE

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PICTOU PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Table listing various goods and their prices, including Apples, Boards, Beef, Butter, Cheese, Coals, Cokes, Codfish, Eggs, Flour, etc.

HALIFAX PRICES.

Table listing various goods and their prices, including Allowives, Boards, Beef, Cheese, Codfish, Coals, Coffee, Corn, Flour, etc.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

ALL persons having any Legal Demands against the Estate of

ROBERT BROWN,

Blacksmith, late of Middle River, deceased, are hereby notified to render their accounts duly attested, to the subscribers within the space of eighteen calendar months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

MARGARET BROWN, Adm'r. THOMAS KERR, THOMAS McCOUL, Adm'rs.

4th November, 1835. ca-m

Final Notice is hereby given to all Persons indebted to the Estate of the late Robert Brown, that they will have an opportunity of settling with the Executors of the Estate until first day of May next, all Accounts then unsettled, will be put in suit indiscriminately. The Executors are compelled to take this course in consequence of its being actually necessary to bring the Estate to a speedy close. March 2nd, 1836.

From "The Atlantic Club-Book."

S T E A M.

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream."—Byron.

"Modern philosophy, anon, Will, at the rate she's rushing on, Yoke lightning to her railroad car, And, posting like a shooting star, Swift as a solar radiation Ride the grand circuit of creation."—Anon.

I HAVE a bilious friend, who is a great admirer and imitator of Lord Byron, that is, he affects misanthropy, masticates tobacco, has his shirts made without collars, calls himself a miserable man, and writes poetry with a glass of gin and water before him. His gin, though far from first rate, is better than his poetry; the latter, indeed, being worse than many authors of the present day, and scarcely fit for an Album; however, he does not think so, and makes a great quantity. At his lodgings, a few evenings ago, among other morbid productions he read me one entitled "Steam," written in very blank verse, and evidently modelled after the noble poet's "Darkness," in which he takes a bird's eye view of the world two or three centuries hence, describes things in general, and comes to a conclusion with, "Steam was the universe!" Whether it was the fumes arising from this piece of solemn bombast, or whether I had unconsciously imbibed more hollands than my temperate habits allow of, I cannot say, but I certainly retired to bed like Othello, "perplexed in the extreme. There was no "dreamless sleep" for me that night, and Queen Mab drove full gallop through every nook and cranny of my brain. Strange and fantastical visions floated before me, till at length came one with all the force and firmness of reality.

I thought I stood upon a gentle swell of ground, and looked down upon the scene beneath me. It was a pleasant sight, and yet a stranger might have passed it by unheeded; but to me it was as the green spot in the desert, for there I recognise the haunt of my boyhood. There was the wild common on which I had so often scampered "fræ mornin' sun till dine," skirted by the old wood, through which the burn stole tinkling to the neighbouring river. There was the little ivy covered church with its modest spire and immovable weathercock, and clustering around lay the village that I knew contained so many kind and loving hearts. All looked just as it did on the summer morning when I left it, and went a wandering over this weary world. To me the very trees possessed an individuality; the branches of the old oak (there was but one) seemed to nod familiarly towards me. the music of the rippling water fell pleasantly on my ear, and the passing breeze murmured of "home, sweet home." The balmy air was laden heavily with the hum of unseen insects, and filled with the fragrance of a thousand common herbs and flowers, and to my eyes the place looked prettier and pleasanter than any they have since resided on. As I gazed, the "womanish moisture" made dim my sight, and I felt that yearning of the heart which every man who has a soul feels—let him go where he will, or reason how he will—on once more beholding the spot where the only pure, unullied part of his existence passed away.—Suddenly the scene changed. The quiet smiling village vanished, and a busy, crowded city occupied its

place. The wood was gone, the brook dried up, and the common cut to pieces and covered with a kind of iron gangways. I looked upon the surrounding country, if country it could be called, where vegetable nature had ceased to exist. The neat, trim gardens, the verdant lawns and swelling uplands, the sweet-scented meadows and waving corn fields, were all swept away, and fruit, and flowers, and herbage, appeared to be things uncreated for and unknown. Houses and factories, and turnpikes and railroads, were scattered all around, and along the latter, as if propelled by some unseen internal power, monstrous machines flew with inconceivable swiftness. People were crowding and jostling each other on all sides. I mingled with them, but they were not like those I had formerly known—they walked, talked, and transacted business of all kinds with astonishing celerity. Every thing was done in a hurry; they ate, drank, and slept in a hurry; they married, died, and were buried in a hurry, and resurrection-men had them out of their graves before they well knew they were in them. Whatever was done was done upon the high-pressure principle. No person stopped to speak to another in the street; but as they moved rapidly on their way, the men talked faster than the women do now, and the women talked twice as fast as ever. Many were bald; and on asking the reason, I was given to understand that they had been great travellers, and that the rapidity of modern conveyances literally scalped those who journeyed much in them, sweeping whiskers, eye-brows, eye-lashes, in fact, every thing in any way moveable, from their faces. Annual life appeared to be extinct; carts and carriages came rattling down the highways, horseless and driverless, and wheelbarrows trundled along without any visible agency. Nature was out of fashion, and the world seemed to get along tolerably well without her.

At the foot of the street my attention was attracted by a house which they were building, of prodigious dimensions, being not less than seventeen stories high. On the top of it several men were at work, when, dreadful to relate, the foot of one of them slipped, and he was precipitated to the earth with a fearful crash. Judge of my horror and indignation on observing the crowd pass unheeding by, scarcely deigning to cast a look on their fellow creature, who doubtless lay weeping in his blood, and the rest of the workmen went on with their several avocations without a moment's pause in consequence of the accident. On approaching the spot, I heard several passing murmur the most incomprehensible observations. "Only a steam man," said one. "Won't cost much," said another. "His boiler overcharged, I suppose," cried out a third, "the way in which all these accidents happen." And true enough, there lay a man of tin and sheet iron, veiling in hot water. The superintendent of the concern, who was not a steam man, but made of the present materials, gave it as his opinion that the springs were damaged, and the steam-vessels a little ruptured, but not much harm done, and straightway sent the corpse to the blacksmith's (who was a flesh and blood man) to be repaired. Here was then at once a new version of the old Greek fable, and modern Prometheus were actually as precious as blackberries." In fact, I found upon enquiry, that society was now divided into two great classes, being