



" IUSTUM, ET TENACEM PROPOSITI VIRUM, NON CIVIUM ARDOR PRAVA JUBENTIAM, NON VULGUS INSTANTIS TYRANNI MENTE QUATII SOLIDA."

VOLUME I. PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 24, 1836. NUMBER XL.

## THE BEE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,  
BY JAMES DAWSON,

And delivered in Town at the low price of 12s. 6d. per annum, if paid in advance, but 15s. if paid at the end of the year;—payments made within three months after receiving the first Paper considered in advance; whenever Papers have to be transmitted through the Post Office, 2s. 6d. additional will be charged for postage.

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January 6, 1836. if

[From Wild Sports in the West. London.]

### THE NIGHT ATTACK.

It is thirty-five years, this very month, since I was quartered with my regiment in Waterford; I recollect the time particularly — for I got my company in the thirty-seventh on the same day that I received an invitation from Mr. Morden, with whom I had formed a mail-coach acquaintance, to spend a week with him, and join his nephew in partridge-shooting. This gentleman's house is fourteen miles distant from the town, and situated in a very retired part of the country. It was a wild but beautiful residence, placed upon the extremity of a peninsula which jutted into an extensive lake. To a sportsman it offered all the inducements that fishing and shooting could afford. But it had others besides these; no man lived better than Mr. Morden—and his daughter Emily, and her orphan cousin, who resided with her, were decidedly the finest women who had attended the last race-ball. No wonder then I accepted the old gentleman's invitation willingly, and on the appointed day put myself into a post-chaise, and reached the place in time for dinner.

The house was one of those old-fashioned, comfortable, Irish lodges, which are now extinct, or only to be seen in ruins. It was a long low building, covered with an infinity of thatch, which bade defiance to rain, cold and storm. The tall and narrow casements reached the ground, a handsome flower-knot extended in their front, bounded by a holly hedge, and woodbine and other creepers festooned the windows with their leaves and berries. At some distance a well-stocked haggard peeped over a spacious range of offices, the lawn was studded with sheep, which appeared to be overburthened with good condition: and as I drove up the avenue, I passed a well-featured, well clad simpleton, urging before him, from a neighbouring stubble-field, a flock of turkeys, as formidable for numbers as for size. In short, every thing about the place bespoke the opulence and comfort of the proprietor.

Mr. Morden was a clever and respectable man; he was land agent to several large estates—noted for plain and unpretending hospitality, punctuality in business, and a character of unusual determination.

The old gentleman received me with friendly sincerity, and his handsome daughter added a warm welcome. They apologised for not having company to meet me, but "two families which they had expected, had been detained by some unforeseen occurrences, at home." Dinner was shortly after served. Like the host it was excellent without display—the wines were superior—and when the ladies left us, the claret went round the table merrily.

"We are in trouble here," said Mr. Morden, addressing me, "and you have come to a house of mourning. We have just suffered a serious, I may say, irreparable loss, in the sudden death of two favourite dogs. They were of the genuine breed of Newfoundland, and for size, courage, and sagacity, unequalled. Poor Emily has cried incessantly since the accident.

"Were they stolen?"  
"Oh no! I wish they were—for that would afford a hope that chance or money might recover them. No sir, they would not follow a stranger; alas! they died yesterday by poison. We unfortunately laid arsenic in a meal loft to destroy the rats; and yet, how the poor animals could have got to it, is a mystery; the steward

declares that the key never left his possession. I would give an hundred guineas the meal had been in the bottom of the lake. No loss short of the death of a friend, could have given us all so much uneasiness. They were my daughter's companions by day, and my protectors at night. Heigh, ho!—come, sir, pass the wine." Tears stood in the old gentleman's eyes as he spoke of his unhappy favourites; and from the valuable properties of the lost dogs, it was not surprising that their death occasioned so much regret to the family.

We joined the ladies in the drawing room. After tea, Mr. Morden took a bed-room candle, and apologized for retiring. "Old habits best suit old people, captain; but I leave you with the ladies, who will sit up till cock-crow, if you please;" and bidding us a good night, he departed.

"Emily," said young Morden, "you are still thinking of your favourites; well, I will ride the country over, till I find you a handsome dog Julia, hand me that violin from the piano, and Captain Dwyer will dance a reel with you and Emily."

"Gracious! who is at the window!" exclaimed Miss Morden, suddenly; "it looked like that nasty beggarman who has been haunting the house and grounds these three days. Ah, Wolf and Scilor! had you been living, the vagabond would not have ventured here at this late hour." Henry Morden had left the room on hearing his cousin's exclamation, but soon returned, assuring the lady that the beggar was a creature of her imagination, he had searched the shrubbery and flower-garden, and no mendicant was found in either.

The alarm was speedily forgotten, and we danced reels till supper was announced. The doors were locked, the windows fastened, the ladies wished us good night, and retired to their respective chambers.

Henry and I remained for some time in the eating-room; the clock struck twelve, and young Morden conducted me to my apartment, and took his leave.

I felt a strange disinclination to go to bed, and would have given any thing for a book. For temporary employment, I unlocked my gun case, put my fowling-piece together, and examined whether my servant had sent all necessary apparatus along with me. I opened the window curtains. The moon—a full, bright harvest moon—was shining gloriously on the lawn and lake; I gazed on the sparkling surface of the waters, till I felt the chill of the night breeze: then closing the shutters, reluctantly prepared to undress.

I had thrown my coat and vest aside, when a distant crash was heard; and a fearful noise, with oaths and screams, succeeded. I rushed into the corridor and encountered a terror-stricken maid servant running from the extremity of the passage. Miss Morden next appeared, she was in complete disarray, and had hastily thrown on a dressing gown. "Oh! Captain Dwyer, what has occurred? A volley from without prevented my reply, and the crashing of the windows, as the glass was splintered by the bullets, made it unnecessary. "The house is attacked," she said, and then, with amazing self-possession, added, "There are always loaded guns above the kitchen fire-place." We both ran down the corridor, she to alarm her father and I to procure a weapon, young Morden, armed with a sword, met us. "The attack