



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

VOLUME II.

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THE BEE

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BY JAMES DAWSON,

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PICTOU PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Apples, Am pr bbl	Hay	80s
Boards, pine, pr m 50s a 60s	Herrings, No 1	22s 6d
" hemlock - 30s a 40s	Lamb	3d
Beef, fresh, pr lb 3d	Mackarel	30s
Butter, tub, - 7d a 5d	Mutton pr lb	3d
" fresh - 8d a 9d	Oatmeal pr cwt	18s
Cheese, N s - 5d a 6d	Oats nono	none
Coals, at Mines, pr chl 13s	Pork pr bbl	none
" shipped on board 14s 6d	Potatoes	1s 3d
" at wharf (Pictou) 16s	Salt pr hhd	10s a 11s
Coke 16-	Shingles pr m	7s a 10s
Codfish pr Qtl 14s a 15s	Fallow pr lb	7d a 5d
Eggs pr doz 6d	Pump pr bush	1s 6d
Flour, N s pr cwt 20s	Veal pr lb	2 1-2 a 3d
" Am s r, pr bbl 45s	Wood pr cord	12s

HALIFAX PRICES.

Alowives 14s a 15s	Herrings, No 1	17s 6d
Boards, pine, m 60s a 70s	"	2 12s 6d
Beef, best, 4d a 6d	Mackarel, No 1	none
" Quebec prime 50s	"	2 "
" Nova Scotia 40s a 45s	"	3 20s
Codfish, march'ble 16s	Molasses	3s
Coals, Pictou, none	Pork, Irish	none
" Sydney, 25s	" Quebec	none
Coffee 1s 1d	" Nova Scotia	35s a 100
Corn, Indian 6s	Potatoes	2s 2d
Flour Am sup 45s	Sugar, good, 50 a 55s 6d	
" Fine 38s	Salmon No 1	65s
" Quebec fine 35s	"	2 60s
" Nova Scotia 35s	"	3 55s

JUST RECEIVED,

Per Brig "GRAND TURK," Captain SNOW,
A QUANTITY OF BEST QUALITY
INDIA RUBBER CLOTHING, &c. &c.
viz:

Surtout, frock, hunting, contee, and box Coats,
Pea and Monkey Jackets,
TROUSERS, CAPES, LONG LEGGERS,
Travelling Bags, Saddle Bags, Life Preservatives,
Ladies' and Misses' FANCY APRONS,
all of which will be sold at a very low rate, by
PETER BROWN,
Sept'r 7. 11-w Tailor.

LANDING,

From Brig COMMENCE, Captain DIXON, from Newcastle, and for sale by the subscriber:

CHAIN CABLES, 1-2, 5-8, 3-4, 7-8, 1 1-4 inches; ANCHORS, suited for wood, and with iron stocks, from 1 to 13 cwt.; which will be disposed of on reasonable terms.

6th September, 1836. G. GEORGE SMITH.

[From Audubon's American Ornithology, second vol.]

THE SQUATTERS OF LABRADOR.

Go where you will, if a shilling is to be procured, you may expect to meet with individuals in search of it.

In the course of last summer, I met with several persons as well as families whom I could not compare to any thing else than what in America we understand by the appellation of Squatters. The methods they employed to accumulate property form the subject of the observations which I now lay before you.

Our schooner lay at anchor in a beautiful basin on the coast of Labrador, surrounded by uncouth granite rocks, partially covered with stunted vegetation. While searching for birds and other objects, I chanced one morning to direct my eye towards the pinnacle of a small island, separated from the mainland by a very narrow channel, and presently commenced inspecting it with my telescope. There I saw a man on his knees, with clasped hands, and face inclined heavenwards. Before him was a small monument of unhewn stones, supporting a wooden cross. In a word, reader, the person whom I thus unexpectedly discovered, was engaged in prayer. Such an incident, in that desolate land was affecting, for there one seldom finds traces of human beings, and the aid of the Almighty, although necessary every where, seems there peculiarly required to enable them to procure the means of subsistence. My curiosity having been raised, I betook myself to my boat, landed on the rock, and scrambled to the place, where I found the man still on his knees. When his devotions were concluded, he bowed to me, and addressed me in very indifferent French. I asked him why he had chosen so dreary a spot for his prayers.

"Because," answered he, "the sea lies before me, and from it I receive my spring and summer subsistence. When winter approaches, I pray fronting the mountains on the Main, as at that period the karaboos come towards the shore, and I kill them, feed on their flesh, and form my bedding of their skins." I thought the answer reasonable, and as I longed to know more of him, followed him to his hut. It was low and very small, formed of stones plastered with mud to a considerable thickness. The roof was composed of a sort of thatching made of weeds and moss. A large Dutch stove filled nearly one half of the place, a small port hole, then stuffed with old rags, served at times instead of a window; and the bed was a pile of deer skins; a bowl, a jug, and an iron pot, were placed on a rude shelf; three old rusty muskets, their locks fastened by thongs, stood in a corner, and his buckshot, powder, and flints were tied up in bags of skin. Eight Esquimaux dogs yelled and leaped about us. The strong smell that emanated from them, together with the smoke and filth of the apartment, rendered my stay in it extremely disagreeable.

Being a native of France, the good man showed much politeness, and invited me to take some refreshment, when, without waiting for my assent, he took up his bowl, and went off I know not whither. No sooner had he and his strange dogs disappeared, than I went out also, to breathe the fresh air, and gaze on the wild and majestic scenery around. I was struck with the extraordinary luxuriance of the plants and grasses that had sprung up on the scanty soil on the little valley which the Squatter had chosen for his home. Their stalks and broad blades reached my

waist. June had come, and the flies, mosquitoes and other insects, filled the air, and were as troublesome to me as if I were in a Florida swamp.

The Squatter returned, but he was chop fallen; nay, I thought his visage had assumed a cadaverous hue. Tears ran down his cheeks, while he told me that his barrel of rum had been stolen by the "Eggers," or some fishermen! He said that he had been in the habit of hiding it in the bushes, to prevent its being carried away by those merciless thieves, who must have watched him in some of his frequent walks to the spot. "Now," said he, "I can expect none until the next spring, and God knows what will become of me in the winter!"

Pierre Jean Baptiste Michaux had resided in that part of the world for upwards of ten years. He had ran away from the fishing smack that had brought him from his fair native land, and expected to become rich some day by the sale of the furs, seal skins, eider-down, and other articles which he collected yearly, and sold to the traders who yearly visited his dreary abode. He was of moderate stature, firmly framed, and as active as a wild cat. He told me that, excepting the loss of his rum, he had never experienced any other cause of sorrow, and that he felt as "happy as a lord."

Before parting with this fortunate mortal, I enquired how his dogs managed to find sufficient food. "Why, sir, during spring and summer they ramble along the shores where they meet with abundance of dead fish, and in winter they eat the flesh of the seals which I kill late in autumn, when these animals return from the north. As to myself, every thing eatable is good, and when hard pushed, I assure you I can relish the fare of my dogs just as much as they do themselves."

Proceeding along the rugged indentations of the bay with my companions, I reached the settlement of another person, who, like the first, had come to the Labrador with the view of making his fortune. We found him after many difficulties; but as our boats turned a long point jutting out into the bay, we were pleased to see several small schooners at anchor, and one lying near a sort of wharf. Several neat looking houses enlivened the view, and, on landing, we were kindly greeted with a polite welcome from a man who proved to be the owner of the establishment. From the rude simplicity of him of the rum cask, we found here the manners and dress of a man of the world. A handsome fur cap covered his dark brow, his clothes were similar to our own, and his demeanour was that of a gentleman. On my giving my name to him, he shook me heartily by the hand, and on introducing each of my companions to him, he extended the like courtesy to them also. Then, to my astonishment, he addressed me as follows. — "My dear sir, I have been expecting you these three weeks, having read in the papers your intention to visit Labrador, and some fishermen told me of your arrival at Little Natasquan. Gentlemen, walk in."

Having followed him to his neat and comfortable mansion, he introduced us to his wife and children. Of the latter there were six, all robust and rosy. The lady, although a native of the country, was of French extraction, and sufficiently accomplished to make an excellent companion to a gentleman. A smart girl brought us a luncheon, consisting of bread, cheese,