



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

VOLUME I.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 23, 1835.

NUMBER XVIII.

THE BEE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, 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.

ADVERTISING.

For the first insertion of half a square, and under, 3s. 6d., each continuation 1s.; for a square and under, 5s., each continuation 1s.—All above a square, charged in proportion to the last mentioned rate.

For Advertising by the Year, if not exceeding a square, 35s. to Subscribers, 45s. to Non-Subscribers.—if more space than a square be occupied, the surplus will be charged in proportion.

R. DAWSON

Has now received all his **SPRING SUPPLIES**, consisting of **CLOTHS**, Cottons, Hardware and Cutlery, Saddlery, Leather, and Groceries, Cooking stoves, Mirrors—variety, and a few best Philadelphia plate Mill Saws.

ALSO,
Prime fat Herring.

Catalogues of the above to be had at the Shop.
July 29.

QUEBEC FLOUR.

JUST received per schooner PHOENIX, Caldwell, Master, from Quebec, superfine and fine FLOUR (Phillip's Inspection,) for sale for Cash by
R. ROBERTSON.

July 8, 1835.

TO BE PUBLISHED

As soon as a sufficient number of Subscribers shall offer,

A NEW SELECTION OF

CHURCH MUSIC,
to be called

THE HARMONICON.

UNDER the impression that a work of the above sort, was much wanted in these colonies, the Subscriber issued a prospectus, in 1831. The work he then proposed publishing, was to contain about 350 pages, and to cost 7s. 6d. each copy; but finding the general opinion to be that the size was too large and expensive, he has now resolved to publish the HARMONICON in about 250 pages, and at the reduced price of 6s. each copy; and having imported a Font of Music Type, thus removing the difficulties which formerly stood in his way of getting it printed in the Province, he is now enabled to assure those friendly to the proposed work, that the printing will positively be commenced as soon as 300 Subscribers shall offer.

The Subscriber being desirous of making the HARMONICON as extensively useful as possible, requests all those who are interested in its appearance, to send him a list of the Tunes they would wish to appear in it, and state the collection from which the selection is made; and, as no agents will be appointed, he farther requests the friendly offices of such individuals, in taking lists of subscriber's names in their respective places of abode, and forwarding these to him (post paid) with the least possible delay; and for every 12 subscribers, guaranteed by such Correspondent (if responsible) one copy will be given gratis.

A further allowance will be made to the trade, whose friendly co-operation is hereby respectfully solicited.

JAMES DAWSON.

Pictou, 12th Aug. 1835.

15 BARRELS PORK for sale by the Subscriber.
JAMES DAWSON.
August 1st.

From "Tales and Sketches,"—by W. L. Stone.

THE DROWNED ALIVE.

O Lord! mo thought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!

Had you such leisure, in the time of death,
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?—
Methought I had.—*Shakspeare.*

I HAVE been dead, and am alive. Not that I am one of your hanging-looking fellows, of whom the gallows has once claimed and enjoyed its rights, but who has been brought back into this breathing world again by electricity and warm blankets, or by a Galvanic battery, just in season to spoil the sport of a class of young surgeons, who, having succeeded in finding the "organ of destructiveness" very beautifully developed, were just beginning to amuse themselves in making a poor dead man kick and grin, and roll his eyes, and swing his arms about like another Molyneux or Tom Crib. Nor, by falling into a syncope, have I been hurried prematurely, first into a coffin, and next into a grave, by greedy heirs, who, even then, thought I had lived too long to be raked into life again by those very humane gentlemen the resurrectionists, like good Mr. Hodgson, who has lately treated the world to a chapter of underground auto biography in the newspapers. Nor yet again have I been frozen to death, and preserved in an avalanche, like a cricket in amber, only to be warmed again into existence by a great January thaw, like the celebrated Dr. Dodsley, who, it was lately said to have been ascertained, had just been awakened by a shower of sunbeams from a comfortable nap of a hundred and sixty-three years and a half, which he had taken beneath an iceberg at the foot of Mont Blanc. But yet it is nevertheless certain that I have been dead, not only fairly and legitimately, but honourably dead—and it is no less certain that I am now alive. And if the rule will bear reversing, and yet hold good after being made to read, "a man that is born to be drowned will never be hanged," I hope still to live to a good old age.

I have often heard people say, that the easiest way in the world to die is by drowning. Indeed I have listened to grave discussions upon this question, and have actually seen a whole circle of sensible men concur in the opinion, and vote that it was next to nothing—a mere pasime—to be drowned. Such discussions are very common in the country—particularly at coroner's inquests, or when some poor wight is about to expiate his crimes by the gallows. But how came these physiologists by their information? Who has ever been hanged and drowned both, and afterwards been lucky enough to come back a second time, and make an affidavit as to the easiest method of getting out of the world? Those who believe this doctrine had better try the experiment, before they inculcate opinions that perchance may induce some pretty pitted maiden to leap into the cold embrace of a river, as a substitute for an ungrateful lover, whose heart she has reason to believe is colder still. And after they have made the trial, my word for it, if they survive, they will at least so far question the correctness of their theory as to adopt the rational conclusion, that, if drowning be the easiest method of dying, they had better live soberly

and honestly, and cling to life as long as they can with honour.

The scenes of my boyhood were in the Valley of Wyoming—rendered classic ground by one of the sweetest minstrels of the age—and really, poetry aside, is one of the sweetest and loveliest spots in creation. I was a swimmer from my very infancy up, and, at the period of which I am now going to speak, could sport among the billows like a dolphin. Not that I could compare myself with Leander or Lord Byron Still, had I been on one side of the Hellespont, on a moonlight night, and seen the beautiful priestess of Sestos beckoning to me with a torch from the other, I think I should have hazarded as much as he of Abydos did for love, or Byron for fame.

But be that as it may, with me and my youthful companions at Wyoming, to leap into the deep clear flood, and buffet its waves as they dashed up impetuously, was one of our cleverest sports. Fifty of us in a row, with a run and a frog's leap from the verge of a precipitous rock, often plunged into the deep Susquehanna beneath us. The favourite spot for these aquatic sports was one where the torrent dashed wildly and furiously over a narrow rocky bed, and eddying round a steep promontory, hurried away until it disappeared in the distance.

On one of these occasions, my foot slipped on the ledge. I lost the curve, and the water hurt me as I fell upon it. My legs felt suddenly as if they were no longer fit for swimming. Their sinews were contracted, and I was fast hurried from the shore by the current. For a time, a moderate exertion of my arms served to keep me afloat. A numbness began to creep over me. My tongue, however was not compressed, nor silent. My cries were loud for help, and my appeals were vehement as the paralysis increased, and my strength was exhausting. At length two of my friends were by my side. "My friends!" Yes. But they came not within my reach, and only swam timidly around me. I stretched them my hand, and implored them to save me. They took it not; but looked pale, and shrinkingly besought that I would not grapple with them. "I will not," I replied—and did not—for the next instant I was beneath the surface, and breathing another element.

The thought came now shuddering over me, that my last hour was come, and that my soul was about to be demanded by its Maker. My lungs played heavily; but I had no pain like the thoughts of friends who were yet over me. A thousand recollections hurried through my brain in an instant—my mother, my sister, and Annette, the loveliest maiden of the valley. My throat was enlarged, and at every breath I seemed to inhale an ocean. My lungs grew shallow—I was full! O God! I could not breathe—and a weight, cold and ponderous, came upon my heart, and "it seemed to run down like a clock!" I was light, and the tempest that was about me was sweeping me along. I seemed to be hurried through the air, and the stones over which I was dragged appeared ragged and frightful. Every thing was revolving around me. The heavens and the earth alternately seemed above and beneath me. Every thing was magnified and convulsed. The sun was bloodshot, and every moment it grew darker and more terrible.

At length it was calm. I breathed again. The sun