



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

VOLUME I. PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 27, 1836. NUMBER XLIX.

THE BEE

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BY JAMES DAWSON,

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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.

TO LET.

THAT large and commodious House lately occupied by Mrs Johnston, as a Boarding House. A moderate RENT will be accepted.

ROSS & PRIMROSE.

Pictou, 15th April, 1836.

TO BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION,

AT the Albion Mines' Store, on Monday, the 2d day of May next, at 11 o'clock, forenoon: That **WELL-KNOWN FARM,**

at Fox Brook, East River, formerly occupied by one Colin McKay, containing one hundred Acres;—the soil of said Farm is of excellent quality and is well wooded and watered,—there is a

GOOD FRAME BARN AND HOUSE

on the farm; from thirty to forty acres of it are cleared and is situated within one mile of Gray's Mills, at Hopewell, and the main Road leading from Hopewell to the Middle River runs through it. For terms of payment and further particulars, please apply to the subscriber. An indisputable title will be given.

JAMES GERRARD.

Albion Mines, April 4th, 1836.

FEBRUARY 22nd, 1836.

FRESH GARDEN, FLOWER, & CLOVER SEEDS.



The Subscriber has just received from London, via Liverpool and Halifax, by the Ship John Porter, an assortment of Garden and Flower SEEDS; also from Boston, via Halifax, one tierce CLOVER SEED, all of which are WARRANTED fresh, and of the Growth of the year 1835.

JAMES D. B. FRASER,
Druggist.

NEW SCHOONER FOR SALE.

LENGTH of keel 30 feet, breadth 12 ft., depth 5 ft., admeasures about 25 tons and has two masts. If not sold by private sale before the first day of May next, she will then be sold at public Auction, of which due notice will be given.

Terms—a credit of twelve months, on approved security. For particulars apply to

ALEXANDER McLEOD.

22nd March. Little Island

CORDAGE.—About a ton of excellent quality, from 1 1/2 to 4 inches, for sale by

ROSS & PRIMROSE.

April 13.

From the Magnolia.

DEATH OF DE SOTO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE BROTHERS.'

It was the evening of a sultry day, sultry almost beyond endurance, although the season had not advanced beyond the early spring time—the sun, though shrouded from human eyes by a dense veil of moist and clammy vapor, was pouring down a flood of intolerable heat upon the pathless carebrakes, the deep bayous—haunts of the voracious and unseemly alligator—and the forests, streaming with excess of vegetation, through which the endless river rolled its dark current. On a steep bluff, projecting into the bosom of the waters, at the confluence of some nameless tributary, and the vast Mississippi, stood the dwelling of the first white man that ever trod those boundless solitudes. It was a rude and shapeless edifice of logs, hewn from the cypresses and cedars of the swamp, which lay outstretched for a thousand miles around, by hands 'unused to aught of base and menial labor;' yet there were certain marks of comfort, and even of luxury, to be traced to the decorations of that log cabin; a veil of sea-green silk was drawn across the aperture which perforated the massy timbers of the wall; a heavy drapery of crimson velvet, decked with a fringe and embroidery of gold, was looped up to the lintels, as if to admit whatever breath of air might sweep along the channel of the river.—Nor were these all; a lofty staff was pitched before the door, from which drooped in gorgeous folds, the yellow banner, rich with the castled blazoury of Spain; and beside it a tall warrior, sheathed from head to heel in burnished armour with gilded spur, and belted brand—stalked to and fro, as though he were on duty upon some tented plain in his own land of chivalry and song. At a short distance in the rear might be designated a confused assemblage of huts, suited for the accommodation of five hundred men; horses were picketed around; spears decked with pennon and pennoncel, and all the bravery of knightly warfare, were planted before the dwellings of their owners; sentinels in the gleaming mail, paced their accustomed round. But in that strange encampment, there was no mirth, no bustle—not even the low hum of converse, or the note of preparation. The soldiers glided to and fro, with humble gait and sad demeanour; the fiery chargers drooped their proud heads to the ground, and appeared to lack sufficient animation to dash aside the swarms of venomous flies, that fattened, as it seemed, upon their very life blood; the huge blood hounds, those dread auxiliaries of Spanish warfare, of which a score or two were visible among the cabins, lay slumbering in listless indolence, or dragged themselves along, after the heels of their masters, with slouching crests; and in attitudes widely different from the fierce activity of their usual motions. Pestilence and famine were around them, on the thick and breezeless air—in the dark waters, in the deep morass, and in the vaults of the pine forest, the seeds of death were floating—avengers of the luckless tribes, already scattered or enslaved by the iron arm of European war. Oh—how did they pine for the clear streams of Gaudalquivir, or the viney banks of Xeres, for the breezy slopes of the Apaxarras, or the snow clad summits of their native Sierras—those fatted followers of the Demon Geld. How did their recollection doat upon

the waving palms, the orange groves, the luertas and meads of fair Grenada! In vain, in vain!—Of all those gallant hundreds, who had leaped in confidence and hope, from their proud brigantines, upon the glowing shores of Florida, glittering in polished steel, and 'very gallant with silk,' who had traversed the wild country of the Appalachians, who had seen the gleam of Spanish arms, reflected from the black streams of Alabama, who had made the boundless prairies of Missouri ring with the unechoed notes of the Castilian trumpet, who had spread the terrors of the Spanish name, with all its barbarous accompaniments of havoc and slaughter, through wilds untrodden before, by feet of civilized man. Of all those gallant hundreds, but a weak and wasted moiety, was destined to reach the shores of their far father land, and that not as they had fondly deemed, in the pride, the exultation, and the health of conquest, but in want, and heaviness and woe.

The arrows of the Savage, and the yet fiercer arrows of the plague, dearly repaid the injuries that they had wreaked already, on the wretched natives; dearly repaid too, as it were, by anticipation, the wrongs that their children, and their children's children, should wreak, in long perspective on the forest dwellers of the west.

There, in that lonely hut, there lay the proudest spirit, the bravest heart, the mightiest intellect, the favourite comrade of Pizarro—the joint conqueror of Peru!—There lay Hernando de Soto; his fiery energies, even more than the hot fever, wearing away his mortal frame: his massive brow clogged with the black sweat of death; his eye that flashed the more brilliantly the deadlier was the peril—dim and filmy; his high heart sick—sick and fearful, not for himself, but for his followers; his hopes of conquest, fame, dominion, gone like the leaves of autumn? There, he lay, miserably perishing by inches, the discoverer of a world—a world never destined to bless him or his posterity with its redundant riches.

Beside his pallet bed was assembled a group of men, the least renowned of whom might well have led a royal army to the battle for a crown. But their frames were grint and emaciated, their cheeks furrowed with the lines of care and agony, both of mind and body; their eyes wet with the scenes of bitterness. The dark cowled priests had administered the last rites of religion to the dying warrior, and now watched, in breathless silence, the parting of his spirit.—An Indian maiden, of rare symmetry, and loveliness that would have been deemed exquisite in the brightest halls of old Castile, leaned over his pillow, wiping the cold dew from the conqueror's brow, with her long jetty locks, and fanning off the myriads of voracious insects, that thronged the tainted air! There was not a sound in the crowded chamber, save the heavy sob like breathings of the dying man, and occasional whinnings of a tall hound, the noblest of his race, which sat erect, gazing with almost human intelligence upon the features of his lord.

Suddenly a light draught of air was perceptible, the silken veil fluttered inwards, and a heavy rustling sound was audible from without. As the huge folds of the banner swayed in the rising breeze, a sensible coolness pervaded the heated chamber, and reached the languid brow of De Soto, who had lain for the