



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

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THE BEE

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PICTOU PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Apples, pr bushel - none	Geese, single - none
Boards, pine, pr 30s a 60s	Hay
" hemlock - 30s a 40s	Herrings,
Beef, pr lb	Mackerel, fresh 2s pr doz
" - fr h, 6d	Mutton pr lb 4d a 5d
Butter, - 8d a 9d	Oatmeal pr cwt 25s
Clover seed per lb 1s 3d	Oats 2s 6d
Coals, at Mines, pr chl 17s	Pork pr Lbl 80 a 85
" at Loading Ground 12s	Potatoes 2s a 2s 6d
" at end of Rail Road 17s	Salt pr bhd 10s a 12s 6d
Coke	Salmon, fresh - none
Codfish pr Qtl 12s a 16s	Shingles pr M 7s a 10s
Eggs pr doz 6d	Tallow pr lb 7d a 8d
Flour, N S 25s a 27s 6d	Veal pr lb 3d
" American s r 50s a 55s	Wood pr cord 12s
HALIFAX PRICES.	
Alewives 22s	Herrings, No 1 20s
Boards, pine, M 60s a 70s	" 2 15s
Beef, best, 45s	Mackerel, No 1 none
" Quebec prime 50s	" 2 40s
" Nova Scotia 45s	" 3 22s 6d
Codfish, march'ble 16s	Molasses 1s 11d
Coals, Pictou, 22s 6d	Pork, Irish none
" Sydney, 22s	" Quebec 90s
Coffee 1s	" N. Scotia 85s
Corn, Indian 5s 6d	Potatoes 2s 6d
Flour Am sup	Sugar, 37s 6d a 42s 6d
" Fine 45s	Salmon No 1 75s
" Quebec fine 52s 6d	" 2 70s
" Nova Scotia	" \$

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From the Emporium.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

"I've often thought how sweet 'twould be
To steal the bird of Eden's art—
And leave behind some trace of me
On every kind and gentle heart."

It's a delightful thing to be happy, and as difficult as it is delightful. Is the secret to be learned? Would you like to learn it? I know you would. Well, come with me and see if we may not find in our rambles, this flower on the wintry waste—this gem in the night of time—this long sought philosopher's stone.

But before we unlock the Casket which we think contains it, let us indulge in a few reflections.

All are pursuing happiness, and nobody has ever found it. Here is an extraordinary and most unpromising fact meeting us in the outset. But let us not be discouraged. The difficulty is easily explained, when we come to examine into the history of the universal search, and the cause of this universal failure. As happiness is a great prize, men seek it in great things—pursue it with great ideas—look up to the stars, and therefore, as might be expected, miss the gem that lies in unassuming modesty at their feet.

The reason that you cannot find a thing that you are in search of is simply, that you look for it in the wrong place. Just so you look—just so is every body looking for happiness.

One thinks he will find it in *wealth*. He toils for wealth. He gathers up money with a careful hand, and holds it with a miser's grasp. He fills his coffers with the collected treasures, he increases his merchandize, adds house to house and farm to farm. And when in old age, leaning on his staff, he looks over the cold heaps of coin, and scrutinizes, however closely, his treasures, alas, he finds, and confesses that Happiness is not there. He has been looking all his life for happiness where it is not. It is not in the gold or silver—it is not gold or silver that can buy it; it cannot be bought for the plain reason that nobody has it for sale. Remember here, however, that I do not mean to undervalue riches. If I did so, I should contradict the common sense of mankind. All men, in all ages, have esteemed wealth as a good thing. And obtained, honestly and honorably—used wisely, and not abused, it is a good thing. But wealth is not happiness.

Another seeks happiness in *fame*. The pursuit is noble—followed by honorable zeal—and sought in connection with noble purposes and for noble ends, it is worthy of a noble nature. But trace with me, a moment, the pathway of its weary votary. His daily toils—his nightly vigils—how they pale his brow; and if his cheek flushes at some token of success, it is but the transient flash across the darkness of the path which he treads.

"He who ascends the mountain tops, will find
The loftiest peak most wrapped in clouds and snow."
Like the traveller upon the Alps, below him are frightful chasms, above him the impending avalanche. If he displaces the rock that trembles under his feet, it rolls and sweeps his less fortunate competitors into ruin. If the slide is above him, he is buried in the ruin himself. And even if he gain the summit, he gazes on a world he has sprung from or subdued below

him; and spends an anxious life to leave a splendid name.

Again—others seek it in *indulgence*—the gratification of the appetites and passions. They not only miss the road to happiness, but take the shortest and direct road to misery. Such is the constitution of our nature—so carefully are the landmarks of virtue and temperance guarded from abuse, that he who passes them must suffer. Disease exacts its toll of voluptuousness at every gate—and vice becomes its own executioner.

But the green spot in life so beautiful in the distance to the eye of hope. How often do we pause in our journey and draw upon imagination for the scenes and circumstances in which we think we shall be happy. Is the prize there? In that sweet cottage, by the skirting wood—with the summer stream, the fragrant flowers the blue sky, and the peaceful repose of nature in the landscape, away from the world, its foibles and its faults—its deceit, and vanity, and strife. Is not happiness there? No—no—it is not.

Well, we will go no further. Let us return to our starting place. We set out with a beautiful sentiment from the pen and heart of one, over whose early grave the tears of genius and affection mingled together.—That spirit that drank of the streams at so great distance from the fountain and found the pure element imparting its magic to the heart. The heart—the heart is the casket—the gem must be searched for there. There, hidden away from the world, beneath the deep waters of life, like the pearl in its shell far below the wave of the ocean, we must go to seek for happiness.

Is then this priceless prize—so sought—a hidden principle, enjoyed only by its possessor—nurtured in solitude and feeding on itself? No—the man who is truly happy lives for the happiness of others—and the man who lives for the happiness of others is *truly happy*.

You have the secret. Think of it. Is it not so?

DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

How sweetly parts the Christian sun,
Just like the summer monarch set,
'Mid cloudless skies his journey done,
To rise in brighter regions yet.

Edmeston.

ROBBERIES.

THE Editor of the St. John N. B. *Observer* says—
"Several daring robberies have recently been committed in this city, for the depredators of one of which a handsome reward has been offered by Mr Malcolm. In addition to the robbery of Mr Malcolm's dwelling house, in Princess street, we learn that Mr Berryman's house in the same street, and Mr R. Welsh's shop in Germain street, have also been broken into within a few nights past. Mr Berryman was fortunate enough to get hold of the rascal, and gave him good thrashing. Magistrates and citizens should be on the look out for the rogue, and if possible, bring him to punishment."

NEWS.—The following articles are, by Proclamation, permitted to be imported into *Nevis*, six months, free of duty.—Scantling, plank, boards, and shingles of every description.