



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

VOLUME II.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 3, 1836.

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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 (new)	60s
Boards, pine, pr 21 50s a 60s	Herrings, No 1	
" hemlock - 30s a 40s	Lamb	3d a 4d
Beef, fresh, pr lb	Mackarel	30s
Butter, tub, - 7d a 8d	Mutton pr lb	3d
" fresh - 8d a 9d	Oatmeal pr cwt	15s
Cheese, n s - 5d a 6d	Oats pr bush	1s 6d a 2s
Coals, at Mines, pr chl 13-	Pork pr bbl	none
" shipped on board 14s 6	Potatoes	1s 9d
" at wharf (Pictou) 16-	Salt pr hhd	10s a 11s
Coke	Shingles pr m	7s a 10s
Codfish pr Qtl 14s a 16-	Fallow pr lb	7d a 8d
Eggs pr doz 5d a 6d	Turneps pr bush	none
Flour, n s pr cwt 15s a 20-	Veal pr lb	2 1-2 a 3d
" Am s F, pr bbl 45s	Wood pr cord	12s

HALIFAX PRICES.		
Alowives 14s a 15s	Herrings, No 1	17s 6d
Boards, pine, m 55s	" "	2 12d 6d
Beef, best, 4d a 6d	Mackarel, No 1	35s
" Quebec prime 50s	" "	2 30s
" Nova Scotia 40s a 45s	" "	3 15s
Codfish, merch'ble 16s	Molasses	2s
Coals, Pictou, none	Pork, Irish	none
" Sydney, 30s	" Quebec	none
Coffee 1s 1d	" Nova Scotia 55s a 100	
Corn, Indian 5s	Potatoes	2s 6d
Flour Am sup 45s	Sugar, good, 45 a 55s 6d	
" Fine 55s	Salmon No 1	65s
" Quebec fine 40s	" "	2 60s
" Nova Scotia 35s	" "	3 55s

BY THE GARLAND, FROM LIVERPOOL.

AND JEAN DUN, FROM SUNDERLAND,

AND for sale on the subscriber's wharf:
1000 lbs Liverpool salt,
75 tons well assorted bar and bolt IRON,
Hump cables, browsers and small cordage,
Canvas No 1 a S,
Nets, lines, twine, & other fishing stores,
1 Caplin seine,
Chain Cables, 1 1-4 a 1-2 inches, and
40, 60, & 100 fathoms each,
Anchors of all descriptions,
which will be disposed of on reasonable terms.

GEO SMITH.

25th May, 1836.

TRIAL FOR BREACH OF CONTRACT.

TO be had, price 7 1-2d each, at the Bookstore of James Dawson: the report of the Trial held at Charlotte Town, P. E. Island, July 8th, 1835; in the action brought by Chas. Binns, Wm Cullen, and Wm Forgan, Esqrs, as Commissioners—against Mr J H White, and his Sureties for breach of Contract. The Report contains a Speech which occupied nearly three hours in delivery, by Wm. Young, Esq of the Halifax Bar. [July 19.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.
THE ISLAND OF SCIO.

THE history of this beautiful little island forms one of the bloodiest pages in the history of the world, and one glance told its dreadful history. Once the most beautiful island of the Archipelago, it is now a mass of ruins. Its fields which once "budded and blossomed as the rose," have become waste places; its villages deserted, its towns are in ruins, its inhabitants murdered, in captivity and in exile. Before the Greek revolution, the Greeks of Scio were engaged in extensive commerce, and were perhaps among the largest merchants in the Levant. Though living under hard task masters, subject to the exactions of a rapacious pacha, their industry and enterprise, and the extraordinary fertility of their island, enabled them to pay a heavy tribute to the Turks, and to become rich themselves. For many years they had enjoyed the advantages of a college, with professors of high literary and scientific attainments, and their library was celebrated throughout all that country; it was perhaps the only spot in Greece where taste and learning held a seat. But the island was far more famed for its extraordinary natural beauty and fertility. Its bold mountains and its soft valleys, the mildness of its climate, and the richness of its productions, bound the Greeks to its soil by a tie even stronger than the chain of their Turkish masters. In the early part of the revolution, the Scioetes took no part with their countrymen in their glorious struggle for liberty. Forty of their principal citizens were given up as hostages, and they were suffered to remain in peace.—Wrapped in the rich beauties of their island, they forgot the freedom of their fathers and their own chains; and, under the precarious tenure of a tyrant's will, gave themselves up to the full enjoyment of all that wealth and taste could purchase. We must not be too hard upon human nature: the cause seemed desperate; they had a little paradise at stake; and if there is a spot on earth, the risk of losing which could excuse men in forgetting that they were slaves in a land where their fathers were free, it is the island of Scio. But the sword hung suspended over them by a single hair. In an unexpected hour, without the least note of preparation, they were startled by the thunder of the Turkish cannon, fifty thousand Turks were let loose like bloodhounds upon the devoted island. The affrighted Greeks lay unarmed and helpless at their feet; but they lay at the feet of men who did not know mercy even by name;—at the feet of men who hungered and thirsted after blood,—of men, in comparison with whom the wild beasts are as lambs. The wildest of the forest may become gorged with blood; not so with the Turks of Scio. Their appetite "grew with what it fed on," and still longed for blood, when there was not a victim to bleed. Women were ripped open, children were dashed against the walls, the heads of whole families stuck on pikes out of the windows of their houses, while their murderers gave themselves up to riot and plunder within. The forty hostages were hung in a row from the walls of the castle; an indiscriminate and universal burning and massacre took place; in a few days the ground was covered with the dead, and one of the loveliest spots on earth was a pile of smoking ruins. Out of a population of 110,000 60,000

are supposed to have been murdered, 20,000 to have escaped, and 30,000 to have been sold in slavery. Boys and young girls were publicly sold in the streets of Smyrna and Constantinople, at a dollar a head. The heart sickens at the bare recital. And all this did not arise from any irritated state of feeling towards them. It originated in the cold blooded calculating policy of the Sultan, conceived in the same spirit which drenched the streets of Constantinople with the blood of the Janissaries. It was intended to strike terror into the hearts of the Greeks, but the murderer failed in his aim. The groans of their dying brethren, reached the ears of their countrymen, and gave a headlong and irresistible impulse to the spirit then struggling to be free. And this bloody tragedy was performed in our own days, and in the face of the civilized world. Surely if ever heaven visits in judgment, a nation for a nation's crimes, the burning and massacre at Scio will be deeply visited upon the accursed Turks.

It was late in the afternoon when I landed, and my landing was under peculiarly interesting circumstances. One of my fellow passengers was a native of the island, who had escaped during the massacre, and now revisited it for the first time. He asked me to accompany him ashore, promising to find some friends at whose house we might sleep; but he soon found himself a stranger: in his native island, where he had once known everybody he now knew nobody. The town was a complete mass of ruins, the walls of many fine buildings were still standing, crumbling to pieces, and still black with the fire of the incendiary Turks. The town that had grown up upon the ruins consisted of a row of miserable shanties, occupied as shops for the sale of the mere necessaries of life, where the shopman slept on his window shutter in front. All my companion's efforts to find an acquaintance who would give us a night's lodging were fruitless. We were determined not to go on board the vessel, if possible to avoid it; her last cargo had been oil, the odour of which still remained about her. The weather would not permit us to sleep on board, and the cabin was intolerably disagreeable. To add to our unpleasant position and at the same time to heighten the cheerlessness of the scene around us, the rain began to fall violently. Under the guidance of a Greek, we searched among the ruins for an apartment where we might build a fire and shelter ourselves for the night, but we searched in vain; the work of destruction was too complete. Cold and thoroughly drenched with rain, we were retracing our way to our boat, when our guide told my companion that a Greek archeveque had recently taken up his abode among the ruins. We immediately went there, and found him occupying apartments, partially repaired, in what had once been one of the finest houses in Scio. The entrance through a large stone gateway was imposing; the house was cracked from top to bottom by fire; nearly one half had fallen down, and the stones lay scattered as they fell; but enough remained to show that in its better days it had been almost a palace. We ascended a flight of stone steps to a terrace, from which we entered a large hall, perhaps 30 feet wide, and 50 feet long. On one side of this hall the wall had fallen down the whole length, and we looked out upon the mass of