



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

VOLUME III.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 7, 1838.

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THE BEE

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BY JAMES DAWSON,

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ADVERTISING.

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To our Subscribers.—As a change in the ownership of this Paper is in contemplation, to take place on the 16th of May next, at the close of the present Volume,—it is expected that all accounts due to this establishment, up to that time, will be paid on or before the first day of June following.

Subscribers beyond the limits of this County, in places where we have no Agents, are informed that unless their papers are paid up at the end of the present Vol. they will then be discontinued. We have to pay the postage regularly on these papers, and without prompt payment, it is unreasonable to expect that we will continue to send them.

PICTOU PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Apples, per bushel	Hay per ton	50s
Boards, pine, pr 21 50s a 60s	Herrings, No 1,	30s
" hemlock - 30s a 40s	Mackarel,	none
Beef, pr lb	Mutton	
Butter, - 10d	Oatmeal pr cwt	16s
Cheese, - 5d a 7d	Oats pr bush	2s 6d
Coals, at Mines, pr chl 17s	Pork	4d
" at Loading Ground 17s	Potatoes -	1s 3d
" at end of railroad 17s	Salt pr hhd	
Coke	Salmon, smoked,	2s 6d
Codfish pr Qil 16s a 15s	Shingles pr m	7s a 10s
Eggs pr doz	Tallow pr lb	7d a 8d
Flour, n s	Turnips pr bush	
" American s r	Veal -	none
	Wood pr cord	12s

HALIFAX PRICES.

Alewives	none	Herrings, No 1	25s
Boards, pine, m	65s	" "	2
Beef, Quebec prime,	45s	Mackarel, No 1	none
" Nova Scotia	47	" "	2
Codfish, merch'ble	17s 6d	" "	3
Coals, Pictou,	28s	Molasses per gal	2s 3d
" Sydney,	30s	Pork, Irish	none
Cod oil per gal	2s 9d	" Canada prime	85s
Coffee	1s 3d	" Nova Scotia	90s
Corn, Indian	5s 3d	Potatoes	1s 3d
Flour Am sup	50s	Sugar,	37s 6d a 42s 6d
" Fine	40s	Salmon No 1	70s
" Canada, fine	50s	" "	2
" Nova Scotia	none	Salt	8s a 10s

THE COFFIN-MAKER.

BY MRS NORTON.

I was summoned late at night to the house of a respectable merchant, who had been reduced, in a great measure, by the wilful extravagance of his only son, from comparative wealth to ruin and distress. I was met by the widow, on whose worn and weary face the calm of despair had settled. She spoke to me a few moments, and begged me to use despatch and caution in the exercise of my calling:—"for indeed," said she, "I have watched my living son with a sorrow that has almost made me forget grief for the departed. For five days and five nights I have watched, and his bloodshot eye has not closed, no, not for a moment, from its horrible task of gazing upon the dead face of the father that cursed him. He sleeps now, if sleep it can be called, that is rather the torpor of exhaustion; but his rest is taken on that father's death-bed. Oh! young man, feel for me! Do your task in such a manner, that my wretched boy may not awake till it is over, and the blessing of the widow be on you forever!" To this strange prayer I could only offer a solemn assurance that I would do my utmost to obey her; and with slow creeping steps we ascended the narrow stairs which led to the chamber of death. It was a dark, wretched looking, ill furnished room, and a drizzling November rain pattered unceasingly at the latticed window, which was shaken from time to time by the fitful gusts of a moaning wind. A damp chillness pervaded the atmosphere, and rotted the falling paper from the walls; and, as I looked towards the hearth, (for there was no grate,) I felt painfully convinced that the old man had died without the common comforts his situation imperiously demanded. The white-washed sides of the narrow fire-place were encrusted with a green damp, and the chimney-vent was stuffed with straw and the fragments of an old carpet, to prevent the cold wind from whistling through the aperture. The common expression, "He has seen better days," never so forcibly occurred to me as at that moment. He had seen better days: he had toiled cheerfully through the day, and sat down to a comfortable evening meal. The wine cup had gone round; and the voice of laughter had been heard at his table for many a year, and yet here he had crept to die like a beggar! I looked at the sick bed, and felt my heart grow sick within me. The corpse of a man, apparently about sixty, lay stretched upon it, and on his hollow and emaciated features the band of death had printed the ravages of many days. The veins had ceased to give even the appearance of life to the discoloured skin; the eye-lids were deep sunken, and the whole countenance was (and none but those accustomed to gaze on the face of the dead can understand me) utterly expressionless. But if a sight like this was sickening and horrible, what shall I say of the miserable being to whom a temporary oblivion was giving strength for renewed agony? He had apparently been sitting at the foot of the corpse, and, as the torpor of heavy slumber stole over him, had sunk forward, his hand still retaining the hand of the dead man. His face was hid; but his figure, and the thick curls of dark hair, bespoke early youth. I judged him at most to be two-and-twenty. I began my task of measuring the body, and few can tell the shudder which thrilled my frame as the carpenter's rule pas-

sed those locked hands—the vain effort of the living still to claim kindred with the dead! It was over, and I stole from the room, cautiously and silently as I entered. Once, and only once, I turned to gaze at the melancholy group. There lay the corpse, stiff and unconscious, there sat the son, in an unconsciousness yet more terrible, since it could not last. There, pale and tearless, stood the wife of him, who, in his dying hour, cursed her child and his. How little she dreamed of such a scene when she first led that father to the cradle of his sleeping boy! when they bent together with smiles of affection, to watch his quiet slumber, and catch the gentle breathing of his parted lips! I had scarcely reached the landing place before the wretched woman's hand was laid lightly on my arm to arrest my progress. Her noiseless step had followed me without my being aware of it. "How soon will your work be done?" said she, in a suffocated voice. "To-morrow I could be here again," answered I. "To-morrow! and what am I to do, if my boy wakes before that time?" and her voice became louder and hoarse with fear. He will go mad, I am sure he will; his brain will not hold against these horrors. Oh! that God would hear me!—and let that slumber sit on his senses till the sight of the father that cursed him is no longer present to us? Heaven be merciful to me!" and with the last words she clasped her hands convulsively, and gazed upwards. I had known opiates administered to sufferers whose grief for their bereavement almost amounted to madness. I mentioned this hesitatingly to the widow, and she eagerly caught at it. "Yes! that would do," exclaimed she; "that would do, if I could but get him past that horrible moment! But stay; I dare not leave him alone as he is, even for a little while:—what will become of me!" I offered to procure the medicine for her, and soon returned with it. I gave it into her hands, and her vehement expressions of thankfulness wrung my heart. I had attempted to move the pity of the apothecary at whose shop I obtained the drug, by an account of the scene I had witnessed, in order to induce him to pay a visit to the house of mourning; but in vain. To him, who had not witnessed it, it was nothing, but a tale of every-day distress. All that long night I worked at the merchant's coffin, and the dim grey light of the wintry morning found me still toiling on. Often, during the hours passed thus heavily, that picture of wretchedness rose vividly before me—Again I saw the leaning and exhausted form of the young man, buried in slumber, on his father's death-bed; again my carpenter's rule almost touched the clasped hands of the dead and the living, and a cold shudder mingled with the chill of the dawning day, and froze my blood.

As I passed up one of the streets which led to the merchant's lodgings, my head bending under the weight of the coffin I was carrying, at every step I took, the air seemed to grow more thick around me, and at length, overcome by weariness, both of body and mind, I stopped, loosed the straps which steadied my melancholy burden, and placed it in an upright position against the wall, wiped the dew from my forehead, and (shall I confess it?) the tears from my eyes. I was endeavouring to combat the depression of my feelings by the reflection that I was the support and comfort of my poor old mother's life, when

70 BBLS. of prime fall Mackarel, for sale
by
January 1, 1838.

A. P. ROSS.

2 TONS OATMEAL WANTED by the
Subscriber.

J. DAWSON.

February 11.

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