



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

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THE BEE

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FAMILY ECONOMY!!

ARCHIBALD HART,
SILK, COTTON, AND WOOLEN
DYER,

HAS received a fresh stock of valuable DYE STUFFS, which will enable him to make MOST BRILLIANT COLOURS.

When money is scarce, to have the old Dresses renewed in colour for us many shillings as it will take pounds to have a new Dress, this is economy.

A. H. begs to intimate that he intends leaving this Province in June, 1838; those that wish to avail themselves of his labours to make the old like the new, will please call as soon as possible at the Dying Establishment.

Pictou, August 30, 1837. ew

LANDS FOR SALE, At Cape John.

100 ACRES on the Cape John shore bounded on the west by lands owned by William Quirk, and on the east by that of Donald Henderson. This lot is chiefly cleared and under the plough, and has a good

DWELLING HOUSE AND BARN on it; and also a good Mill stream.

ALSO:

TWO HUNDRED ACRES,

About two miles from the shore, on which there is a considerable clearing, which yields about seven tons of hay yearly. The land is good and peculiarly adapted for hay. For further particulars apply to James McLeod on the premises, or to James Johnston, merchant, Pictou.

August 16.

JUST RECEIVED,

And for sale by the subscriber:

CARBO'S OIL OF VITRIOL, Casks Blue Vitriol, Salt Petre, Soda, Ivory black, Emery, No's 1, 2, & 3, boxes sugar candy, liquorice, Zinc, Chrome Yellow, Crucibles, Arrowroot, Isinglass, Carrickene Moss.

JAMES D. B. FRASER.

September 21.

CARD.

MR JAMES FOGO, Attorney at Law, has opened office in Mr Robert Dawson's new stone building, opposite the establishment of Messrs Ross & Primrose, where he will be prepared to transact business in the various branches of his profession.

Entrance to the office, by the Western end of the Building.

May 31st.

THE RURAL GRAVE.

BY T. E. RING.

After cruising about Cuba, in H. M. S. '—, for some time, we found ourselves one day becalmed at the entrance of a small bay to the westward of Barri-co, where we came to an anchor.

I was soon on shore with my gun, and wandered about for more than an hour through the entanglement of dense vegetation which characterises this beautiful Island, when I discovered a road, which I at once determined to follow, hoping to find some habitation I had not travelled very far, when I came to a place on the river's side, where gardens and groves were running into woody luxuriance, there were the ruins of a few houses, but no human being was to be found there; every thing was as silent as if the foot of civilization had never passed over the soil. I sauntered about for an hour or two, when in a remote part of an enclosure which must have been once a flower garden, beneath an aged orange tree, I found a grass-grown grave; various shrubs and flowers were growing around in wild profusion. No stone recorded the name or merits of its tenant, yet this humble memorial of humanity, on whose solitariness the bright sunshine had settled, produced more sad feelings than the most crowded church yard could have done in all its monumental pomp.

As the ship underwent a temporary rebt, I had many opportunities, of visiting the spot, and one morning I extended my walk up the mountain and had a fine view of the scenery, with the varied tinges the undulating land caught from the gorgeous firmament.—The Sierra del Cristal was towering above me its high head, rosy with the sunrise, and tipped with lines of gold, beneath flowed many sparkling streams; the long snowy beach skirted the placid bay, and the blue ocean spread out in waveless beauty; on its surface the ship of war seemed but a speck—the whole prospect had that still misty character which Claude loved to throw over his morning views. As I stood looking in admiration around me musing on many matters, the swell of a distant organ came faintly on mine ear; it continued, & occasionally became more distinct. I listened till the sound was heard no more. I perceived that the path I had taken wound round the mountain, but the verdure was so profuse that I could not see far before me. I determined, however, to advance, and find out what wizard of the force gave birth to this solemn music; nor was I long in the search, for not quite a quarter of a mile further I came to a place entirely clear of wood. Over the distant inland country several settlements were scattered, and close to me was a rude stone building surrounded by tall palm trees; the wooden cross showed it was dedicated to the purposes of religion. Although the music had ceased, it was evident from whence it came, for mass was celebrating. I went in just at that most solemn and imposing part of Catholic worship, the elevation of the Host, when all heads were bowed in humble prostration. The congregation was small and seemed deeply impressed with the spirit of devotion. But the countenance of the old priest who officiated particularly struck me, it was beaming with piety, and the soft light which the candles of the altar threw upon it, and the incense which rose around his tall figure gave him the appearance of a Patriarch.

When the service was over and the congregation had dispersed, I made myself known to the venerable old man who received me with much cordiality; he invited me to breakfast, and my early walk enabled me to do ample justice to his hospitality.

After conversing on various subjects, I spoke of the little grave which had attracted my attention so much, a shade passed over his brow when I mentioned it, and a short pause ensued.

"I will tell you," said he, "what I know of that grave and I am sure it will interest you, although the recollection of the story affects me, as you perceive, for a crowd of feelings rush on my mind with which I am no longer able to contend." I listened attentively. "That plantation," continued the priest, "belonged at one time to Seigneur Vincente Camara and presented a degree of cultivation beyond what might be expected in such a place as this; indeed, there was a combination of natural and artificial beauty which could scarcely be surpassed any where. But it possessed a treasure exceeding all those things in Julia, the daughter of Camara—how well I remember that girl; her purity and loveliness; though born in those sunny regions, her brow was fair, and her eye the full soft blue of the children of the north; but the expression of her countenance, the glory of her smile, and the graces of her matchless form, it would be vain to attempt a description, realising as they did all the bright creations of poet's dream.

This lovely girl had no joy but in the happiness of her parents, and in the contemplation of those high hills which from her infancy she had wandered over. I was her confessor and earliest tutor; it was delightful to cultivate her understanding, for she regarded my instructions with so much reverence that she soon acquired a fund of useful knowledge, for which our Spanish ladies are not at all distinguished, while the primitive simplicity of her manners, the innocence of her heart, her boundless love of nature, unfettered by the troglodyte customs of Europe, continued the same. She was the youngest of her house, her sisters were all married and away, and her only brother died when young, so that her parents regarded her with more than earthly adoration. As their plantations were extensive they could bestow a handsome dowery on their blooming child, and so uniformly unclouded did life glide away, that in her seventeenth year Julia Camara was in the spring tide of loveliness and without a care.

"It will be just 21 years next August that an English brig on her way to New Providence was overtaken in a hurricane, and driven by its violence on this coast; the vessel was soon a complete wreck. I saw the raging sea dash against the frail timbers, speaking with a voice of thunder to the wretched crew. Though within a few yards of the land their situation was so desperate that human aid appeared of little use, and I gave them up for lost.

"It was at this hour of dread that Seigneur C. with some of his stoutest slaves came to the beach, and made powerful exertions for the salvation of the crew, but only one was saved, all the rest, 15 in number, perished. The good old man had the survivor conducted to his house, his body was much bruised in getting up the rocks; indeed, he suffered so much that I had little hope of his life, but he did recover—