



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

VOLUME II.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, DEC. 21, 1836.

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THE BEE

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BY JAMES DAWSON,

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**PICTOU PRICES CURRENT.
CORRECTED WEEKLY.**

APPLES, pr bushel none	Geese, single	1s 6d
Boards, pine, pr m 50s a 60s	Hay	90s a 100s
" hemlock - 30s a 40s	Herrings, No 1	25s a 27s
Beef, pr lb 2 1-2d a 3d	Mackarel	25s a 30s
Butter, - 1s a 1s 2d	Mutton pr lb	3d
Cheese, n s - 5d a 6d	Oatmeal pr wt	20s
Coals, at Mines, pr chl 13s	Oats nono	
" shipped on board 14s 0	Pork pr lb 4 1-2d a 5d	
" at wharf (Pictou) 16s	Potatoes	1s 6d
Coko	Salt pr hhd	10s a 11s
Codfish pr Qll	Salmon, fresh	nono
Eggs pr doz nono	Shingles pr m	7s a 10s
Flour, n s pr cut 25s	Tallow pr lb	7d a 8d
" Am s F, pr bbl nono	Turnips pr bush	1s 6d.
" Canada, fine 52s 6d	Wood pr cord	12s

HALIFAX PRICES.

Alowives	17s	Horrings, No 1	25s
Boards, pine, pr 60s a 70s		"	2 17s 6
Beef, best,	4d a 5d	Mackarel, No 1	40s
" Quebec prime	50s	"	2 35s
" Nova Scotia	40s a 45s	"	30s
Codfish, merch'ble	16s	Molasses	3
Coals, Pictou,	nono	Pork, Irish	nono
" Sydney,	31s	" Quebec	nono
Coffee	1s 1d	" N. Scotia	100s a 120
Corn, Indian	5s	Potatoes	2s 4
Flour Am sup	55s	Sugar, good,	55 a 60s
" Fine	nono	Salmon No 1	65s
" Quebec fine	50s	"	2 60s
" Nova Scotia	40s	"	3 55s

TO BE SOLD,

A T PUBLIC SALE,

At the house of George McLeod, Esq. Merigomish, on Thursday the 29th day of December, ensuing, at 12 o'clock, noon, that

EXCELLENT FARM,

situated on the second division of lands, Back Settlement, Knoydart, Gulf Shore, owned by the late Archibald McGillivray (John Vamey's son), deceased, containing upwards of 100 Acres, nearly square. The superior quality of the soil, the extensive improvements, and the good buildings attached, merit the attention of intending purchasers.

Terms liberal. For further particulars apply to
GEORGE McLEOD,
MICHAEL McDONALD. } Ex'rs.
JOHN MCGILIVRAY. }

Gulf Shore, 25th September, 1836. cb-w

INDIA RUBBER GOODS, consisting of—
Gentlemen's CAPS, Ladies' and Gentlemen's
BOOTS & SHOES, Ladies' APRONS, &c., for
sale by
ROSS & PRIMROSE.
October, 1836.

From the Magnolia, for 1837.
THE PARTY OF SIX.

A TRAIT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY JOHN INMAN.

BEPPU ANTONIO, sole proprietor of the Hotel della Madonna, situated in one of the quietest streets of the Eternal City, stood at the open door of his dining room, with a comical blending of hope and grief in his pale and not very engaging countenance. It was a dull time of the year for travel, and Beppo had serious doubts whether his tables were not set out to no purpose; for as yet, though his helpmate had sent up three times from below, to say that the macaroni was done to paste, and the fish fried to a cinder, not a creature had taken his seat at either of the little tables, and ordered even a bowl of tannestra. There was indeed one person within the room, a tall, elderly man, with grey hair and blue eyes, an enormous queue dangling half-way down his back, and a remarkably hungry look peering out from his face, and, indeed, characterizing his person, but this man's garments were sooty, not to say, shabby; and though he had been walking backward and forward, from one end of the room to the other, for more than an hour, he had as yet called for nothing; and Beppo nourished a huge suspicion that, if he should order and eat his dinner, payment was not quite so certain to follow as he could wish. "Some broken down militaire," muttered Beppo, his heart almost prevailing to give the poor fellow a meal and a cup of wine, at the risk even of catching a scratched face or a curtain-lecture from his botter half down below; "some poor kicked-about vagabond, that has been standing up to be shot at, the best part of his life for three pauls a month, and now, that fighting has gone out of fashion, is left either to beg or starve, just as best suits his convenience."

Beppo was probably right in his conjecture.—The stranger's port was erect, and his walk up and down the room was as much like a soldier's march on parade as it was like any thing. Besides, his complexion was bronzed by the sun, his chin was upheld by a stiff leather stock, and his coat, though very much worse for wear, had a standing collar, edged with tarnished gold lace. He was an old soldier, past question, and as certainly very poor, or appearances sadly belied him.

At length Beppo's anxieties were relieved.—The Veteran pretermitted his march, and seating himself at one of the tables, called for a bouilli and a measure of brandy; and by the time this command was fulfilled, the despairings of Beppo were not a little alleviated by an influx of customers to his boiled, broiled, and roasted.

First came an old gentleman tall and thin, with a slight stoop of the shoulders, a remarkably narrow head, covered with stiff white hair, and small black eyes, which the frosts of some seventy winters had not yet robbed of their fire. He was plainly but handsomely dressed in blue coat and pantaloons of very fine cloth, and apparently new, and wore upon one finger of each of his small white hands an antique ring set with a jewel of price. His expression was grave and sad, and, before he sat down, he crossed himself with an air of the deepest devotion. He was

accompanied by a lad, or, rather, a young man, of about seventeen, remarkably handsome, with large hazel eyes, and a beautifully shaped head, covered with masses of dark curling hair, with whose tangles the fingers of beauty might love to play. His deportment towards his aged companion was full of a charming reverence softened down by affection, and the eyes of the old man often rested upon his bright, blooming face, with a look of the tenderest love, slightly tempered with sorrow. They conversed together in French, but, like the veteran who preceded them, gave their commands to Beppo in good Italian, strongly marked with the sharp French accent. They asked for a *potage a la julienne*, an *omelette-aux fines herbes*, and a bottle of sparkling champagne, which they drank diluted with water.

The next was a younger man of perhaps thirty or thirty-five. His complexion was very dark, his hair cut short, and black as the blackest of jet, his lips thick and prominent, his nose flat and unmeaning, his figure inclining to corpulence, and his expression vulgar, coarse, and even ferocious. His beauty was not improved, withal, by a huge pair of mustaches. He was rather foppishly dressed, in a purple frock coat, red waistcoat, and blue pantaloons, with a broad red stripe down the sides.—His fingers were covered with rings, a heavy gold chain encircled his neck, descending into his left waistcoat pocket, and his heels were adorned with a pair of exceedingly long gold or gilt spurs, that jangled against the floor and each other at every step. He demanded an *otia podrida*, well reasoned with garlic, and two bottles of wine—one of port, the other of sherry.

After him, came a stout, rather good-looking man, of fifty, or thereabout, with a bald head, a short, black curling beard, a merry black eye, and a clear olive complexion. He wore a frock coat of the latest Persian cut, a shawl-pattern waistcoat, red slippers, and trowsers of very unusual amplitude. A diamond of great value sparkled upon the hilt of a dagger that might be seen projecting conveniently from his breast, and a large and very beautiful dog, of the Newfoundland breed, followed him into the dining room, where he took his place like a well-bred beast under the table. This personage bowed slightly and smiled, took his seat with an indolent, good-natured look of supreme nonchalance, and called for a dish of boiled macaroni, a carafe of lemonade, and a finger glass half full of rose water, with which he refreshed and perfumed his hands before he began eating.

Then followed a man of about thirty, with a broad German face, heavy blue eyes, and red hair, cropped close to his head. He was tall and stout, but awkward in figure and movement. His clothes were ill made, but of the finest quality; and his boots were covered with mud that had been on them long enough to become perfectly dry; a long meerschaum pipe was in his right hand, and the moment he sat down he placed a large gold snuff-box on the table before him, just at the side of his plate. He called for a German sausage, some boiled fish, a stewed rabbit, plenty of bread, and a bottle of first rata Genova. His Italian was scant, and most unharmoniously qualified with a plentiful sprinkling of deep German gutturals.

Six gentlemen were now taking their dinner under the roof of the rejoicing Beppo Antonio, and although