



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

VOLUME III.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 6, 1837.

NUMBER XXIX.

THE BEE

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BY JAMES DAWSON.

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For Advertising by the Year, if not exceeding a square, 35s. to Subscribers, 45s. to Non-Subscribers,—if more space than a square be occupied, the surplus will be charged in proportion.

PICTOU PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

APPLES, per bushel	2s 6d	Hay	per ton	40s a 50s
Boards, p.no, pr M	50s a 60s	Herrings, No. 1,		30s
" hemlock	30s a 40s	Mackarel,		none
Beef, pr lb	3d a 4d	Mutton per lb	3d a 4d	
Butter, -	10d	Oatmeal pr cwt	16s a 18s	
Cheese, -	5d a 7d	Oats pr bush	2s 6d	
Coals, at Mines, pr chl	17s	Pork	4d a 5d	
" at Loading Ground	17s	Potatoes -	1s 3d	
" at end of railroad	17s	Salt pr hhd		
Coke	none	Salmon, smoked,	2s 6d	
Codfish pr Ql	14s a 16s	Shingles pr M	7s a 10s	
Eggs pr doz	none	Tallow pr lb	7d a 8d	
Flour, N	23s 6d	Turnips pr bush	1s	
" American s F	none	Veal	none	
		Wood pr cord	12s	

HALIFAX PRICES.

Alewives	27s 6d	Herrings, No 1	25s
Boards, pine, at 65s a 70s		"	2 15s
Beef, Quebec prime, 45s		Mackarel, No 1	none
" Nova Scotia 42s 6d		"	2 37s
Codfish, merch'ble 17s 6d		"	3 22s 6d
Coals, Pictou,	28s	Molasses per gal	2s 3d
" Sydney,	30s	Pork, Irish	none
Cod oil per gal	2s 6d	" Canada primo	55s
Coffee	1s 3d	" Nova Scotia	80s
Corn, Indian	5s 3d	Potatoes	1s 3d
Flour Am sup	45s	Sugar,	37s 6d a 42s 6d
" Fino	50s	Salmon No 1	70s
" Canada, fine	50s	"	2 65s
" Nova Scotia	none	Salt	8s a 10s

WRITING.

PERSONS desirous of having DEEDS, MORTGAGES, RELEASES, QUIT CLAIMS, &c., written, can be accommodated on application to the subscriber at the Record Office.

ABRAM S. HARRIS.

Pictou, Nov. 29, 1837.

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CARD.

MR JAMES FOGG, 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

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ALMANACS FOR 1838,

For sale for 7½d each, by

J. DAWSON.

From Religious Souvenir.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

BY THE REV. WALTER COLTON, AUTHOR OF
"CONSTANTINOPLE AND ATHENS."

The change that has come upon nature—the flight of its vernal beauty, the falling of leaves, the departure of the birds, and the plaint of the rivolet, struggling with the icy chain of winter, speak a moral to man. They remind him of the time when he too must undergo a fearful change; when the light of his countenance will be darkened, the elastic energies of his limbs be relaxed, and his frame, pulseless and cold, be consigned to its couch of clay. Nor will he come up from his sepulchre to share the renewing influences of the year; the flowers may again garland the earth, the laborated streams exultingly shout in their courses, and the birds return to their renovated bowers, but he will remain in the dark and silent prison of the grave. Remembrance may go there and number over his virtues, but the whisper will not reach his ear, affection may go there to linger and weep, but he will know it not; they, whom he has left here among the living, may go down on his breathless hearse to join him, but there will be no greeting, no question, no reply; there is no voice nor any that can answer, in the grave; nothing stirs there, save the worm, fretting the shroud, or the nail falling through the coffin's decay.

And is this the end, the all of man? the gloomy catastrophe in which terminate forever his existence and his hopes? Is there no renovation for him, no awakening time when he shall bloom again? Yes, the long, leafless winter of his grave passed, he will come forth in the verdure of an imperishable life, a stranger to change, decay, and death. No outward disasters can reach him more. The monuments he has reared may crumble, the mountains on which he has roamed may fall into the valleys, and the planets be shaken from their spheres, but their ruin will not invade the repose or terror of his condition. His portion will be a felicity which no event can heighten, or a despair which nothing can relieve. Death is therefore invested not only with the terrors of the grave, but with all the solemnity which can be given it by ages of happiness or woe. Widely different, however, are the aspects which this mysterious event unfolds, as it presents itself to one unenlightened by revelation, and to one who is familiar with that volume in which life and immortality are brought to light.

A heathen, indeed, discovers, in the event of death, an extinction of animal life. He perceives that the warm companion of his heart is now cold, that the colour has left his cheek, and the pulse is still. He fixes his eye on that brow where passion, pain, and pleasure, were once expressed, but it is now changeless as marble. He presses those pale lips, where the fervid pledges of affection were given and received, but the icy chill drives back the life from him. He speaks, he calls to his companion, but there is no answer—he would rouse him from his deep slumber, but he moves only a mass of clay—he weeps, he wails, and commits his fond friend to the dust. But oh! the grave! it is indeed to him the prison house of death. He sees there the being who sympathised with his sufferings, relieved his distress, and filled his heart with gladness, now helplessness, and a prey to the worm, be-

yond the reach of his assiduities, and beyond even a perception of his grief. Of the scenes upon the other side of the grave, he knows nothing. He may conjecture that the spirit of his friend has escaped the body, but whether it has gone, or what are its pleasures or its pains, he cannot tell. He may imagine, till imagination tires; he may conjecture till conjecture fails, but he can find nothing certain, nothing on which a wounded spirit can stay itself; all the future is wrapped in clouds and thick darkness. Death is, therefore, to him the most appalling catastrophe to which Omnipotence can subject a mortal.

To a man enlightened by revelation, death wears a less terrific aspect. He regards it as an event which indeed terminates animal existence, but which transmits the undying spirit to the retributions of eternity. He knows that the spirit of his deceased friend is not annihilated, that it is not borne upon the howling tempest, but that it has passed into a state of rewards and penalties, where the character of its future existence is determined by the conduct of the man in this life. Here is certainty instead of conjecture—indestructible faith instead of vague possibility—immortal life instead of an endless, dreamless sleep. A living child, with the Bible in his hands, can instruct a Plato respecting his soul. The conceptions of this sublime philosopher are vagaries, when compared with the truths, which the Bible places within the comprehension of the simplest mind. It is no wonder that the heathen are terrified at death—they know nothing beyond it; every ray of light that twinkles on that dark valley emanates from the Bible; and, but for this precious revelation, we might be wasting our energies in endless conjecture, or fastening our faith to an endless phantasm. A man who can look on the grave, and then on his Bible, without an emotion of gratitude to God, evinces a moral apathy, at which the very dead might murmur their shuddering remonstrance.

Death, with the fearful realities that follow, comes, not only upon the aged in the midst of their sorrows, but upon the youth in the midst of his burning hopes, and upon infancy in the midst of its prattling gladness. The warm precincts of life are assailed in every quarter by this indefatigable destroyer; breach after breach is made, till the destructive passes of the enemy enter at every point. There is no security for us in the secrecy of the bed chamber, the cheerfulness of the fire side, or the sanctity of the hallowed altar. He enters the prison of ignominy, and carries off the chained culprit, he invades the palace of royalty, and strikes down the sceptred monarch; he enters the ring of the rabble, and carries away the jovial subject of the vulgar shout; he creeps to the silent cloister of the student, and science weeps her favorite gone; he comes to the house of mourning, and wraps it in deeper weeds; he knocks at the hall of nuptial mirth, and carries off the bridegroom and the bride. There is with him no respect of persons, age, or condition. The bloom of beauty withers at his approach, and the laurels of fame are blasted by his breath. He is the conqueror of all, and we must soon swell the lists of his pale realm. But why should I speak of what may be, or must be? Let me look at what has been. There are many seats at the social hearth now vacant, that were once filled with those whom we loved and revered. Their eye was ranging the deep vista of