



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

VOLUME III.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 12, 1837.

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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 none
Boards, pine, pr m 50s a 60s	Hay
" hemlock - 30s a 40s	Herrings,
Beef, pr lb	Mackarel
" - frosh, 6d	Mutton pr lb 5d a 6d
Butter, - 8d a 10d	Oatmeal pr cwt 22s 6d
Clover seed pr lb 1s 3d	Oats 2s 6d
Coals, a 60 fines, pr chl 17s	Pork pr bbl 80 a 85
" at Loading Ground 17s	Potatoes 2s a 2s 6d
" at end of Rail Road 17s	Salt pr hhd 10s a 12s 6d
Coke	Salmon, fresh none
Codfish pr Ql 16s	Shingles pr m 7s a 10s
Eggs pr doz 5d	Tallow pr lb 7d a 8d
Flour, n s 25s a 27s 6d	Veal pr lb 3d
" American s r 55s	Wood pr cord 12s
HALIFAX PRICES.	
Alowives 20s	Horrings, No 1 20s
Boards, pine, m 65s a 70s	" 2 15s
Beef, best, 5d a 6d	Mackarel, No 1 none
" Quebec prime 50s	" 2 40s
" Nova Scotia 45s	" 3 35s
Codfish, march'ble 17s	Molasses 1s 9d
Coals, Pictou, 22s 6d	Pork, Irish none
" Sydney, 28s	" Quebec 100
Coffee 10d	" N. Scotia 90s
Corn, Indian 5s	Potatoes 2s 6d
Flour Am sup 45s	Sugar, 37s 6d a 42s 6d
" Fine 45s	Salmon No 1 80s
" Quebec fine 47s	" 2 75s
" Nova Scotia 50s	" 3 67s 6d

## ALEXR. McPHAIL,

**B**EGS respectfully to intimate to the Inhabitants of Pictou, that he has  
**OPENED SHOP,**  
next door to Mr James Dawson's Book-Store,  
Where he offers for Sale, an assortment of  
**GOODS,**  
Suitable for the Season.

June 21. tf

## BOOTS & SHOES.

### ANDERSON HENDERSON,

**H**AVING returned from the United States, intimates to his friends and the public, that he has commenced the

### SHOE-MAKING BUSINESS,

in its various branches, in the shop two doors east of store of H. Hatton, Esquire, where he is ready to execute orders with punctuality and despatch.

### ON HAND:

A quantity of Buckskins, which he will make up into gentlemen's opera boots, according to order.

June 6. tf

## THE FERRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

A RHINE SKETCH.

BY T. C. GRATAN, ESQ.

It is a pleasant arrangement among the peasantry of all countries, that the "daily bread" for which the fathers work so hard is brought to them by one of their children. This may appear a small matter; but time and circumstances often give great importance to small matters. The precision with which the German laborers rest from their toil at ten o'clock in the morning, would of itself make one attach an exclusive value to that hour. The thought that thousands of workmen are at that given moment reposing on the broad lap of nature, picturesquely served by their sons or daughters, and taking their simple refreshment with wholesome appetites and thankful hearts, is a pleasant thought. It puts one in good humour with human nature. It is pleasanter still to look more closely on some group in your field or garden so employed, and the preparatory hand washing in the nearest fountain or stream might prepare you to expect a ceremony more elaborate than that of sitting down to eat a section of dry brown bread—poetically *black*—for the natural motto of Germany, *Schwarzbrod und Freiheit*, is as much an exaggeration of fancy with regard to the food as to the *freedom*.

This is the *morgen brod* of Germany; and the *abend-brod* is an *entremet* for four o'clock—a connecting link between dinner and supper. Now, happy is the man whose wife can afford to send him a jug of coffee at these middle meals; and happy was Johan Reisacher. Not that he had a wife at the time I knew him, but just a maiden sister who made his bed, his soup, and his coffee, with due attention and regularity. He had, however, a daughter—the child of his old age, the consolation of the widower, his every-day companion out of school hours, the knitter and mender of his stockings, and the Hebe of his *abend brod*.

Susannah Reisacher was one of those hardy, straightforward, strong-built, and sober-minded children who occasionally meet; and at the first glance, we think, be their condition what it may, they will inevitably make the best of it, and thrive progressively through life, without any other distinction than that of always doing their duty. Susannah fully bore out the promise of her countenance. She was one of the most diligent and orderly scholars of Sasbach school, the most attentive to the duties of household affairs, and steady beyond comparison in those she owed to her old father and elderly aunt. She was twelve years old when she first attracted my notice; and her father had been ferryman of Sasbach, in the district or parish of Briesach, for more than double that number of years. And it must be confessed that old Reisacher had the appearance of one who had been blown about by the east winds of life. He looked more worn than his thread-bare gray jacket, and yet there was an air of precaution and economy about him, that promised an unusual length of days both to himself and to his wardrobe. He was the oracle of his village, and a remarkable man in his own way. He could ascertain when a cow or a dog was looked at by an evil eye; and, if invoked, would counteract this spell, by burning certain withered weeds at midnight, in presence of the afflicted quadrupeds. He could, moreover, stop the gaping mouths of insignificant wounds, by the mys-

terious utterance of two or three sentences (which on one ever heard); and these (when assisted by cobwebs or certain chewed loaves) had been known to produce miraculous results.

But I must not trust myself with the precise detail of his many superfluous accomplishments. Let those already mentioned suffice; and let him stand out in my picture as a part and parcel of a group in which he does not form the principal figure, an adjunct of that deep rolling river on which my scene is laid, in which he enthusiastically gloried, from a conviction that he somehow (he knew not *how*) belonged to it or it to him. He used often to say, as he looked on it in its angry moods, that it was "*gastlich sheon*," which is, being interpreted, "horribly beautiful;" and such it certainly was on the day that forms the epoch of my sketch.

It was within a few minutes, more or less, of four o'clock, on the 15th of September, 1831, when I resolved to cross by the Sasbach ferry, and resume my walk on the other side of the river; for the mid-day meal had been long over, and, like all eaten bread, soon forgotten. But, on approaching the well known boat, I paused to observe the innocent appropriation of the hour, on the part of my old acquaintance and his attendant. There stood Susannah in the middle of the boat, her feet and legs unconscious of shoes and stockings; and there sat old Johan, at one end of it, indulging in all the garrulous greetings common to the proprietors of wrinkles and gray hairs. The coffee jug, which he at times applied to his lips, seemed to liquidize his imagination, and from his smiles and gestures, I could fancy him in a diluted state of feeling, altogether amiable. The *schwarz-brod* remained beside him for graver discussion. But just at that moment I was unfortunately perceived, and the meal came to an untimely end.

With all the ready bustle of one who wisely and habitually considers his business as of more importance than his ease, friend Reisacher rose from his seat, laid his hand on the oar, declared himself ready, with his usual obstinate activity; and on my stepping into the boat, he proceeded to his angular transit, first against the current and then with it, with geometrical precision; and in five minutes we were at the opposite side of the river, which moved on in a sudden swell, reflecting the dark and heavy autumn clouds that rolled slow above. During those five minutes I had proceeded in tempting the venerable connoisseur to accompany me to a village not half a league from the ferry, for the purpose of looking at a wood-ranger's horse, which, making liberal allowances for the errors of its education and its potatoe diet, was very much the sort of animal I had a mind to purchase.

To ask the opinion of Johan Reisacher on such a matter was to bind him to you for ever. But I scarcely know what unlucky prophecy, or abortive imprecation might have followed the rejection of his advice once solicited. There was a self-opinionated stubbornness about him, that never forgave a slight offered to his judgment. But I am again dipping into his character, when it is his daughter's conduct I want to describe.

"Susannah, child," said the old man, "keep the boat here, and wait for me, I shall be back in *three little half hours*. Let no one persuade you to cross, for the wind is rising, and the current is very strong;