



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

VOLUME III.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 25, 1837.

NUMBER XXIII.

## THE BEE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,  
BY JAMES DAWSON,

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### ADVERTISING.

For the first insertion of half a square, and under, 2s. 6d., each continuation 1s.; for a square and under, 5s., each continuation 1s.—All above a square, charged in proportion to the last mentioned rate.

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
Boards, pine, pr m 50a 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 a 1s	Oatmeal pr cwt	18s a 20s
Cheese, -	5d a 7d	Oats pr bush	2s 6d
Coal, at Mines, pr chl 17s		Pork pr lbl	80s a 85s
" at Loading Ground 17s		Potatoes - 1s 8d a 1s 6d	
" at end of rail road 17s		Salt pr hhd 10s a 12s 6d	
Coke		Salmon,	2s a 2s 6d
Codfish pr Ql 12s a 16s		Shingles pr m	7s a 10s
Eggs pr doz	6d a 7c	Tallow pr lb	7d a 8d
Flour, s	22s 6d	Turnips pr bush	1s 3d
" American s r	none	Veal -	none
		Wood pr cord	12s

### HALIFAX PRICES.

Alewives	20s	Herrings, No 1	20s
Boards, pine, m 55s a 60s		" 2	15s
Beef, Quebec prime,	50s	Mackarel, No 1	none
" Nova Scotia	45s	" 2	25s
Codfish, merch'ble	16s	" 3	22s 6d
Coal, Pictou,	22s 6d	Molasses per gal	2s
" Sydney,	23s	Pork, Irish	none
Cod oil per gal	2s 6d	" Canada prime	90s
Coffee	none	" Nova Scotia	85s
Corn, Indian	5s 9d	Potatoes	2s 6d
Flour Am sup	50s	Sugar,	35s a 37s 6d
" Fine	43s	Salmon No 1	70
" Canada, fine	46s	" 2	65
" Nova Scotia	none	Salt	8s a 10d

### MISS THRESHER

INFORMS the public, that she intends opening her School on the 17th instant,

FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF YOUNG LADIES in the following different BRANCHES,—viz: *Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, plain and ornamental Needle-Work, Drawing, Painting, crayon, velvet, and transparent Painting.*

October 11.

m-vv

### SNUFF.

For sale at the Micmac Tobacco Manufactory, No. 74, BEDFORD Row,

A large quantity of SNUFF, of different kinds.

### FIG TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

M. B. A large discount to wholesale purchasers of Snuff.

Halifax, August 14, 1837.

From the Remembrancer.

### THE TRAVELLER'S ADVENTURE.

It was on a surly October day, that, after having taken a peep at the ancient regal palace of Scone, I found myself, by three in the afternoon, with my feet on the fender, within the Salutation Inn at Perth. I had secured my seat to Edinburgh in the Spread Eagle, so I had nought to do, but to look to my solitary dinner, for which preparations were making. A volume of Washington Irving's Tales of a Traveller lay on a side-table, and I endeavoured to fill up the interim vacancy, over the pages of that accomplished and admirable writer.

Indeed, so much was I interested, that, however impatient before, I felt annoyed when the horn blew; and half reluctantly took my seat in the coach, into which two travellers had already stepped. They appeared, from several circumstances, to be husband and wife.

The lord and master of the twain was a gentleman of some fifty-five years, or "By'r Lady," as Falstaff says, "inclining to three-score." He had cooed himself into a corner, which he left not unoccupied, being a personage of imposing dimensions. A low-crowned, broad brimmed chapeau was slouched over his eyes; and a Spanish cloak of blue frieze, ample of fold, with a red collar, of the poodle-dog style of beauty, clasped tightly about his neck, left not much of his countenance visible; save a pair of little black eyes, that glanced like a rat's, and two promontories, which might be guessed at the tips of his nose and chin. Immense bunches of lank y hair overhung his ears; and, altogether, his air was that of a substantial Lowland grazier.

The wife—for so the "my dears" that floated between them pointed her out to be,—was externally the reverse of all this. She was shrivelled and scraggy, one of Pharaoh's lean kins; with a treble-toned voice, which omened her capability of scolding. Ever and anon she made a silent appeal to her snuffbox,—but, without this, her devotion to the "noxious weed" of Sir Walter Raleigh might have been shrewdly imagined from a certain expression of the nose and mouth, peculiar to all rotaries of the herb.

The halcyon days of courtship having no doubt long ago passed over between them, they found little to say to each other,—and nothing to me. As we passed over Kinnoul Hill, twilight was setting in; and the day died away beyond the summits of the western Grampians. The eyes of the grazier, who sat like a Polar bear in the corner, began to gather straws, and, at a rough rut on the road, I could perceive the head of Madame nodding a *la mandarin*.

The evening was cloudy; and without frost; and I had occasionally a glimpse of the evening star, over the flying rack. The banks and forests by the way side looked sombre and gloomy; and, resting my chin on the umbrella between my knees, imagination transported me to the solitary mountains of the Appenines and the Abruzzi; amongst which I had formerly travelled; and whither an excellent picture which I had recently seen, had carried my recollections.

One scene, however, was uppermost in my mind. Never shall I forget the events of that evening. The Estafette had left Distria at three, and we expected to

to reach Rocca Priori by nightfall; the daylight being yet tolerably long, and eked out by an early moon-rise.

Here were we three strangers, associated accidentally—companions in travel for the last two days—and bound together only by one tie of unit, that of reaching our rendezvous in company.

Metbinks I see him yet:—opposite to me, with his back towards the horses—a pair of sorry nags, in earlier harness—squatted a lusty Capuchin friar, whose conversational powers had been gradually wearing themselves out in anecdotes of monastic life, so full of pathos and simple beauty, as would have almost weaned an alderman, to seclude himself from all the world congregated at a civic feast, and have made him abhor the bare mention of calapash and calaspee; and, by my side, sat an elegantly formed female, through whose close veil I could yet snatch traces of beauty, which downcast eyes and a mournful silence could not obscure. A richly furred cloak was thrown across her shoulders, to protect her from the damps of evening, and from the cold, which, after sunset, frequently becomes almost piercing in these elevated regions. It was evident that her fate had been a melancholy one, and that probably the darkness of it was not yet over. She travelled under the escort of the holy father; and, not unlikely, her destiny was the convent.

At a small way-side inn, we changed horses, and proceeded without dismounting from the vehicle. Our road now became more deep and rugged; and crack, crack, went the whip of the driver. As we slowly wound along the ascent, we had time to survey the magnificent and ever varying scenery around us. The wild fowl sprang from the thickets; and, as the bright sunshine shot from the west, the alternations of light and shade became extremely picturesque, in the rugged outlines of the wooded crags, and the slumbrous twilight of the valleys, into which a hundred streamlets fell sparkling. The poor animals soon became jaded; and many a "Cospetto!" and "Corpo del Bacco!" was uttered by the irritated brandisher of the thong.

Evening was setting in apace, and the Capuchin fidgetted about as if he was uneasy. Looking across to me, he ejaculated with something of anxiety,—“I fear we shall get belated here. We are yet seven miles from our destination, and these dry passes around us have, not long ago, been the scenes of robbery and murder. The village of Rocca Priori should have been reached by this time;—that ever we shall reach it, I now much doubt.”

“*Per l'amor di Dio!* say not so; exclaimed the beautiful Signora, starting in alarm, “Let me not fall by the hands of these ruffian banditti! Methought I was about to enter a peaceful sanctuary;—and distress is still my companion. Had we not better dismount and return?”

“Be not alarmed, Imilda,” said the Capuchin, in a soothing tone. “The dangers of these roads may have been overdrawn, and although my profession forbids the use of arms, I doubt not my fellow traveller does not journey unprotected.”

“I confess,” returned I, groping in the side pocket of the carriage, for the woollen case containing my pistols,—“that I am not perhaps so well prepared as I might have been,—since so much danger is to be apprehended, for I was not at all aware of this route