



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

VOLUME II.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, DEC 14, 1836.

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THE BEE

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PICTOU PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Table listing various goods and their prices in Pictou, including Apples, Boards, Beef, Butter, Cheese, Coals, etc.

HALIFAX PRICES.

Table listing various goods and their prices in Halifax, including Alewives, Boards, Beef, etc.

TO BE SOLD,

AT PUBLIC SALE.

At the house of George McLeod, Esq. Merigo-mish, 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 McGillevray (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, JOHN MCGILLEVRAY. Ex'rs.

Gulf Shore, 25th September, 1836. cd-10

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 Gift, for 1837. THE MAIL ROBBER.

A TALE.

By W. E. Burton, Philadelphia.

CONCLUDED.

ETHERINGTON rode for some few minutes about the vicinity of the cross roads, but found not the man he so anxiously expected. Jumping from his horse, he covered the hot and panting sides of the noble beast with his top coat, and tied him to the post by the bridle, muttering at the tardiness of the smuggler, and almost fearing that he had been duped. At that moment Johnson stood before him.

"Well, Lawyer, here you are, as I expected—for he must be a log of a man whom love and money did not move. You have done the guager's business beautifully; we started every tub and bale from his premises in the early evening without interruption. I will take care to have it known in the right place, and that will settle old Stillwell, when he is removed from the situation, young Martin must come in, and we can do as we like with him."

"I have, then, been the cause of the old man's ruin! Johnson, no more of this. If you are about to serve me, give me the money and let me go."

"The money I have you not heard the news? Oh, true, you have been up at the George all day. Brown's bank has stopped payment, and the devil himself could not raise five thousand pounds in all the place."

"Stopped payment?"

"There is a pressure in the money market, at London, it seems, and the bank has refused its usual discounts. Rumours were afloat and people ran for gold. The house was obliged to close to day half an hour before its usual time, and it depends upon circumstances whether it will ever be open again."

"Ruined!—ruined!" said Etherington, as he flung himself on the ground, and buried himself on the long dank grass which grew above the felon's grave.

Thoughts, hot and blasting as the fell simoon, seemed to wither up his very heart. How could he face the disgraceful exposure of the falsehoods he had told to Norris? How could he bear to lose his Ellen, when the fond girl had already fixed the wedding day, and he had pressed her to his bosom as his own? He had sold himself to shame, had leagued himself with meanness and deceit, and was he to be deprived of the wages of his infamy? Jumping up from the ground, he exclaimed,

"Johnson, I must have money. This bank story, if true, cannot affect you. You do not deposit there your sin-won gold! Where is the produce of last night's cargo? I am not to be fooled; I have dishonoured myself in your service—you promised me money and I must have it."

"Do you think I carry it about with me, to be shared among the custom-house sharks, who would rob me of every penny, could they for one moment get me in their power. I say that I do bank there—not in my own name to be sure. You know that if once convicted, they would attach every farthing to the king, and what then would become of Susan and the little ones."

"You have other resources. I must have the money; get it me and I will pay you back ten fold."

"There is a way to obtain it, but you are so squeamish."

"To-night?"

"Ay—now, to-night."

"Tell me how. I must have it, be the risk what it may."

"Softly. This horse of yours will be better out of the way. I will tie him to one of the trees yonder. Here, Lawyer, 'tis a cold night—take a pull at this flask while I am gone."

The smuggler led the horse towards the patch of woodland, and in a few moments was lost to sight. Etherington swallowed a large portion of the spirit from Johnson's flask—spirit which stuck of guager had never dabbled in,—when sounds, as of a subdued whispering among the trees, broke upon his ear. Before he could well direct his gaze towards the spot, the stalwart form of the smuggler was seen emerging from the shade.

"Down, Lawyer, here on this fitting spot—let us sit here on the thin spot of earth that covers old Farrell's bones, and lean our backs against the wood. Have you the courage to be rich? Wealth is in your grasp! will you shut your hands and clutch it, or will you let it slip between your fingers?"

"What is it you mean? speak boldly, and fear not me."

"I do not fear you, Lawyer; for, if you refuse to join me, and were to speak of what I shall tell, and by your means this gibbet here were tenanted again, your life would not be worth a fortnight's purchase. Go where you like, hide where you may, it would be useless—the free trade has long arms, and none can escape their grasp. How much money—hush! is not that the sound of wheels in the hollow there? No! 'tis the wind moaning amongst the branches of the trees. How much money had you in Brown's bank?"

"All I possessed in the world. Not much, I own, but it was my all."

"So did they hold all mine. All I have toiled for in the hot sun, and freezing blast; all for which I have risked life and limb—have endured the damp horrors of the lonely cell, the terrors of the midnight storm—have lost the respect of my fellow men, the chance of peace on earth, the hopes of rest hereafter. Lawyer, this morning I was a rich man. I was about to quit the trade, and in my native village, in the bosom of my family, seek for that happiness I have so long sighed for, but have never known. This cursed bank has failed, and I am a beggar. Shall I do wrong, then, in snatching my own from the swindler's grasp?"

"Snatching your own! what is it you mean?"

"Listen. From intelligence I can depend on, no matter how obtained—the free traders have friends every where—I have learned that a messenger has been despatched to L—bank, and has returned with a promise of assistance in a remittance of notes and specie by to night's mail. The cart must pass this way, and soon. Shall we stop it, and pay ourselves from the money sent for the use of those bankrupt robbers?"

"Do not tempt me to the act of a fiend! your proposal is too horrible to be serious. You cannot mean it."

"But I do, and will go through with it, whether you help me or no."