



"JUSTUM, ET TENACLEM PROPOSITI VIRUM, NON CIVIUM ARDOR PRAVA JUBENTIUM, NON VULTUS INBIANTIS TYRANNI MENTE QUAEIT SOLIDA."

VOLUME II.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 24, 1836.

NUMBER XIV.

THE BEE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, BY JAMES DAWSON,

And delivered in Town at the low price of 12s. 6d. per annum, if paid in advance, but 15s. if paid at the end of the year;—payments made within three months after receiving the first Paper considered in advance, whenever Papers have to be transmitted through the Post Office, 2s. 6d. additional will be charged for postage.

ADVERTISING.

For the first insertion of half a square, and under, 3s. 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.

MRS. SPALKER,

SILK DYER,

HEAD OF THE MIXING COMPANY'S WHARF, PICTOU,

RETURNS her thanks for past favours, and in soliciting a continuance of public patronage, trusts that the experience she has had in her line of business, gives her some claim to their confidence and support, and she begs to assure them that, in future, every attention shall, as usual, be given to please her employers.

She continues to dye every description of Silk, Gauze, Satin, and Velvet Dresses; Crapes, Gauze Thread and Lace Veils, Velvet and Silk Bonnets, Canton Crapo and Silk Shawls, Ribbons, Ladies and Gentlemen's Handkerchiefs, Gloves and Stockings Black changed to Green, Brown, Fawn and Purple colours. A 20. Silk and Canton Crapo Shawls, Ribbons and Handkerchiefs cleaned.

Orders by Post or Carrier promptly attended to. August 3d. if

WILLIAM BROWNRIG, BOOT & SHOE MAKER,

RETURNS his most grateful thanks to his friends and the Public in general for the liberal support he has received since his commencement in business, and begs to notify that he has received a large

STOCK OF MATERIALS

in his line, which he will make up to order in the neatest manner, at the shortest notice, and hopes by zealous exertions to merit a continuance of past favours.

Ready made BOOTS & SHOES constantly on hand.

Two Journeymen wanted immediately. None need apply but such as can give satisfactory testimonials of character.

August 10. a-w ps8

TO BE SOLD, BY AUCTION,

ON Tuesday, the 6th day of September next, at 12 o'clock, noon, on the premises:

ALL the RIGHT and CLAIM of the late ALEXANDER FALCNER to a HOUSE in Church Town, East River, Pictou.

Terms made known at the time of sale.

JAMES FALCNER.

August 9, 1836.

b-w

JUST RECEIVED, FROM BOSTON, BY THE SUBSCRIBER:

An excellent assortment of Sabbath School BOOKS AND TRACTS.

July 13. J. Dawson.

THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.

Ye say that they have all passed away; That nobler race and brave— That their light canoes have vanished From off the crested wave— That mid the forest where they roamed Their rings no Indian's shout, But their name is in our waters— Ye may not wash it out.

Ye say their cone-like cabins, That clustered o'er the vale, Have fled away like withered leaves Before the Autumn gale; But their memory liveth on your hills, Their baptism on your shore; Your everlasting rivers speak Their dialect of yore.—Mrs Signaney.

THOUGH less celebrated in the history of the early existence of New England than the surrounding towns, Hatfield has not altogether failed of being a subject of interest to those who love to dwell on the events of the past. Though this town in some measure escaped the fury of the savages and has been the seat of but few remarkable events, yet it shared in all the fortunes of the old times—it partook in that part of the miseries of the Indian wars—and the same characteristics that have been remembered with us neighbors will preserve its early history from oblivion. They who are familiar with the country bordering on Connecticut river, may not have forgotten the 'old elm of Hatfield.' One may remember that a resident of these parts has told that this tree is one of the largest in New England, and not only the largest, but so far as is known, the oldest. He feels no interest for the 'charter oak' of Hartford, or the elm on Boston Common. The old elm of Hatfield is all in all to him. He will tell you that when the town was first settled, it was an old tree, and the great freshest of the Connecticut, long before a whiteman trod its banks, will not be forgotten; on the contrary, he will attempt to show you marks which the Indian made at the time to indicate the height to which the waters ascended. Though he may suppose you have seen a taller tree, he will be sure you never saw one whose branches spread as wide, or whose trunk measured twelve feet through. But the old elm is not the only thing of interest in Hatfield. It was its legends—and of one of them I would make mention.

David Wait was not celebrated as a bar-room loungor, nor for his immense farm, nor for the number of cattle he fattened, nor for the quantity of hard dollars he had hoarded up, but for his bravery and success in hunting the Indians and the wild game of the woods. Before King Phillip's war, David Wait then a young man was universally known among the savages of that vicinity, as a hunter, and received from them the name of the 'Long Gun'—from a gun of great length which he always used, and which was a great favorite of his as well as terror to the Indians in battle. When the war commenced, he was one of the bravest and most useful soldiers drafted out of the old county of Hampshire. His manner of fighting when not actively employed with the troops, sui generis. He fought upon his 'own hook'—not an uncommon way of destroying the common enemy. From this manner of fighting he was rather contemplated as an Indian hunter, than as a regular soldier.

So fared was the Long Gun by the Indians, that many compacts were formed amongst them to destroy

him; and if Tradition has been faithful in her record, he many times narrowly escaped with his life. Among the Indians were two brothers who were called the Bloody Hunters. They were the most celebrated for hunting and fighting of any of the tribe, and each could number more scalps than any who had ever before been renowned for their bravery. They were looked upon on all important occasions for advice, and many a wife became a widow, and many a widow became childless, through the cunning and bravery of the Bloody Hunters. Many of their best warriors had been picked off by the Long Gun, and it was seldom a solitary Indian was found in the woods where the Long Gun used to hunt, except for the purpose of gaining a renown by his distinction. But the ill success of the adventurers and the many that perished in attempting to kill Wait, convinced the Indians that if he was to die by them it must be by the hands of the Bloody Hunters. These two brothers at length set out upon their expedition, resolved not to turn until they had obtained the scalp of the Long Gun.

Early one morning in autumn, Wait went out as was his custom, to hunt.—He had proceeded but a little way into the wood before he heard the crack of a rifle and felt himself wounded. He had self possession enough to fall and feign himself dead. Soon he saw two Indians spring from the bushes at different points. The one that came whence he saw the smoke arise, did not advance so fast as the other, whom he supposed came with his loaded rifle to despatch him, if signs of life were detected. Fortunately the spot where he fell was low ground, and he succeeded in placing his gun in the direction of the foremost Indian without being observed. The savage advanced cautiously, holding his rifle in a position for immediate use. Wait was prepared for him, and when within a few feet he fired. The Indian bounded up with a terrific yell, and fell lifeless upon the ground. Wait seized his fallen foe's rifle and sprang behind the roots and dirt of a tree that had been blown down, while the other Indian took to one standing. Here each party remained for some time narrowly watching for each others appearance. Wait pulled out some dirt from between the roots, and through the hole he perceived his adversary slyly creeping round so as to discover him. Watching his opportunity, at the most favorable moment, Wait shot him down.—Thus perished two of the bravest Indians of which the neighboring tribes could boast.

Long did the tribe watch for the return of the warriors.

And the days passed on, and the sun came down To the hills of the west like an angel's crown, The shadows lengthened from wood and hill, The mist crept up from the meadow rill, Yet they came not back, though the stars gave forth Their wizard light to the silent earth.

They sought and found the bodies of the Bloody Hunters where they were slain by the Long Gun. Astonished and terrified at the fate of warriors so renowned for their bravery, they hastily buried their remains; and left the vicinity of such an artful enemy.

But though the pride of the savages had been prostrated, and sadness had come over their feelings, there was one that could not sit contented beneath this blow of affliction. This was the young squaw of the elder of the Bloody Hunters. Though love may be a rare