



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

VOLUME III.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 4, 1837.

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THE BEE

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BY JAMES DAWSON,

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PICTOU PRICES CURRENT. CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Apples, per bushel	2s 6d	Hay per ton	40s
Boards, pine, 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, -	8d a 9d	Oatmeal pr cwt	20s
Cheese, -	5d a 7d	Oats pr bush	2s 6d
Coals, at Mines, pr chd	17s	Pork pr bbl	80s a 85s
" at Loading Ground	17s	Potatoes -	1s 6d
" at end of rail road	17s	Salt pr hhd	10s a 12s 6d
Coke		Salmon, .	2s a 2s 6d
Codfish pr Q. l	12s a 16s	Shingles pr m	7s a 10s
Eggs pr doz	6d a 7d	Tallow pr lb	7d a 8d
Flour, x a	22s 6d	Turnips pr bush	1s 3d
" American s r	none	Veal -	none
		Wood pr cord	12s

HALIFAX PRICES.

Alewife	20s	Herrings, No 1	20s
Boards, pine, at 55s a 60s		" 2	15s
Beef, Quebec pr mo,	50s	Mackarel, No 1	none
" Nova Scotia	45s	" 2	25s
Codfish, merchant'ble	16s	" 3	22s 6d
Coals, Pictou,	22s 6d	Molasses per gal	2s
" Sydney,	22s	Pork, Irish	none
Cod oil per gal	2-6-1	" 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	45s	Salmon No 1	70
" Canada, fine	46s	" 2	65
" Nova Scotia	none	Salt	8s a 10s

TO RENT,

FOR ONE YEAR:

THE FARM belonging to the Estate of the late David P. Patterson. Possession given on the 10th October. Apply to

ABRAM PATTERSON,

Administrator.

September 22. if

SNUFF.

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

A large quantity of *SNUFF*, of different kinds.

FIG TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

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

Halifax, August 14, 1837.

WANTED.

A good *MILCH COW*. Apply to JAMES D. B. FRASER. Pictou, Sept 20, 1837

From the Remembrancer.

THE MOUNTAIN LEAP.

MUCH of the strong excitement, felt on beholding a chain of lofty mountains, arises from the conviction, borne upon our hearts by accents of all tongues and people, that on lands such as these, the foot of the invader has seldom rested, and has never long tarried. We view these gigantic ramparts over all the known world, as limits, placed by the Creator, to the unruly ambition of man. Wherever they rear their ancient heads, they are proud in the recorded defeats of leaders, whose fame "hath filled the oons of the earth," often by a mere handful of the peasantry dwelling amongst them.

And on hearing of the subjugation of a mountainous country, we feel as though the warders of God's forts had been unfaithful. So often, from the pass of Thermopylae to the heights of Morgarten, have the brave proved their own hills to be impregnable, that no tale of overwhelming numbers will counteract the feeling that the mountain-land, so won, has been betrayed by the cowardice of the inhabitants. Of this cowardice, history unfortunately gives us some proofs. But these few instances of weakness and treachery only serve to give the force of strong contrast to "the bright examples" of multitudes of higher and nobler spirits. These reflections apply more especially to Norway, (or in the old writing *Norway*) the scene of the tradition which now awakens them; and which often arouses the warm Norse blood, when told by some of the older peasants to the crows round a cottage hearth, on a long winter's evening.

In 1612, there was a war between Norway and Sweden, distinguished from a mass of the forgotten conflicts, almost perpetually raging between these rival and neighboring countries, by the tragic fate of Sinclair's body of Scottish allies, celebrated, as many of our readers will remember, in a fine Norwegian ballad. It is well known that the Scots landed on the west coast of Norway to join their allies, the Swedes, and were annihilated in the deep defile of Gulbrandsdale by the peasantry. At the time when they would have arrived at Sweden, a small body of Swedes, encamped in Jemteland, resolved to meet their allies, of whose movements they had intelligence; and escort them over the frontier, crossing by the hill-passes, and uniting with the Scots on the other side. This band, to whose fortunes we attach ourselves, numbered but three hundred warriors; but they were the very flower of Sweden. They resolved to penetrate the barrier at the most inaccessible point; believing that the Norse would collect in the southern country where they were opposed by a Swedish army, and rest secure in the deep snows, which rendered the hills impassable, for the defence of their mountains.

So they came, says the legendary story, to the foot of the wild pass of Ruden; a spot fated to be dangerous to the Swedes, and since sown with the frozen corpses of the hosts of Labarre and Zoega, who perished there. Their company filled the few cottages of the small hamlet on the Swedish side of the barrier; where they arrived early in the day. They were eager in their enquiries for a guide, being resolved to pass the hills ere night; lest tidings should reach the Norwegians

their approaching foes. But all their search proved fruitless. Many of the Swedes of the village had been over these mountains; but none were on the spot possessing that firm confidence derived from certainty of knowledge, and from conscious intrepidity, which could alone make them secure or willing guides in an expedition of so much peril and importance. At last, old Swayne Koping, the keeper of the little inn which was the Swedes' head quarters, shouted with the joy of him who has at once hit upon the happy solution of a difficulty. "By the bear!" cried he, "could none of you think of the only man in Jemteland fit for this enterprise? and he here on the spot all the while? Where is Jerl Lidens?"

A hundred voices echoed the eager question; and the leaders were told, to their regret, that they must wait perforce, till tomorrow for the only man able or willing to guide them. Lidens had gone forth upon a journey, and would not return that day.

"Well," said Eric Von Dalin, the chief of the Swedish detachment, "there is no help for it. Today we must depend on the kind entertainment of our hosts; but beware, my brave men all, beware of deep horns of ale or mead. Remember," pointing to the rugged peaks glittering in the snow—"remember that all who would sleep beyond those tomorrow, will need firm hands and true eyes. And, good Swayne," (addressing the inkeeper, who was the chief person of the hamlet,) "look well that no sound of our coming reach these Norse sluggards. There may be some here who, for their country's safety, would cross the hills this night with warning."

"Thou art right, by Manhem's freedom!" cried the host, "here sits Alf Stavenger; he knows these hills better than his own hunting pouch, and would think little of carrying the news to his countrymen. I am sorry," he continued, turning to Alf, "verily I grieve to make an old friend a prisoner, but you must abide here in some keeping, till our men are well forward."

"I care not if I stay here to night and forever," replied Norseman. Eric now looked for the first time upon the speaker, and confessed that he had never beheld a finer looking man. In the prime of the beauty of northern youth, Alf Stavenger was remarkable for a cast of features bearing traces of a higher mind than can often be discerned in the cheerful lusty faces of his countrymen.

"Does the valley marksman speak thus?" said the host. "Aye," answered the youth, "when you are thrust forth from the fireside, you can but seek another roof. If your own land casts you out, you are fain to cling to the stranger,—the enemy."

"Has Emlen's father been rough?"—inquired Swayne.

"Name him not!" replied the young peasant, angrily. "They have heaped refusal and insult upon me, let them look for their return! Aye, Skiaten Harder may one day wish I had wed his daughter—my name shall yet be fearfully known throughout Norway. Swede, I will myself guide your troop this night over the Tydel. Trust me fully, and you shall be placed tomorrow behind those white peaks."

"He will have a fearful passage first," said an old peasant, "there is no room now, and it will be such dark long ere you cross the Nacroo."

"The night is to us as the noonday," cried a spi-