



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

VOLUME 1.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOV. 18, 1835.

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THE BEE

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
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.

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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.

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For Sale.

THAT WELL KNOWN FARM
FORMERLY belonging to the Rev. JAS. RONSON, situated a few miles from Pictou, on the Halifax Road, and fronting on the Harbour. A considerable portion of the same is in a high state of cultivation.

There are also on the ground, **A HOUSE and BARN.**

For further particulars apply to **H. Hatton, Esq.** or to the Subscriber,

THOMAS RAE.

Sept. 30, 1835. cm-w

LITERARY NOTICE.

PREPARING FOR THE PRESS:

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,

OR PLEASING INSTRUCTOR,

Being a Collection of Sentences, Divine, Moral, and Entertaining.

Translated into Gaelic, by **ALEXANDER M'GILVRAY.**
200 pages, 18mo.

Subscriptions for the above work will be received at this Office. [October 14.]

REMOVAL.

JAMES D. B. FRASER, DRUGGIST, has removed to the shop adjoining Mr. Yorston's, and directly opposite the store of D. Crichton & Son.
September 15, 1835.

NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

ANY person desirous of subscribing for the New England Farmer, can be furnished with a copy, commencing with Vol. 14th No. 1, dated July 15th, 1835, by applying at this Office. [August 1st.]

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any Legal Demands against the Estate of

ROBERT BROWN,

Blacksmith, late of Middle River, deceased, are hereby notified to render their accounts duly attested, to the subscribers within the space of eighteen calendar months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

MARGARET BROWN, Adm'r.
THOMAS KERR, } Adm'r.
THOMAS MCCOUL, }

4th November, 1835. ca-m

ON CONSIGNMENT.

6 CASKS Herbert's Liquid and Paste
BLACKING—cheap for Cash.
Apply to **JAS. DAWSON.**
Pictou 3er. 75

From "Tales of Ireland."

THE ILLICIT DISTILLER.

It was one night in the depth of winter, about the middle of December, when a party of soldiers, amounting in number to fourteen, assembled on the brow of a rugged glen, whose sides were covered with trees and every variety of shrub and wood natural to such places; from these projected large masses of rock, sometimes round, and sometimes angular, in a manner that rendered it extremely difficult for any person not acquainted with the peculiar path to thread his way up or down its declivities even in daylight, much less about the hour of eleven on such a night as we are describing. There had been a deep snow, accompanied by frost, for nearly three weeks before; but on the night in question, in consequence of a thaw, the country presented a dark surface, only striped and intersected by the snow-wreaths that lay along the plashy fields and ditches, or by white patches that had not yet been long enough under the influence of the south wind entirely to disappear. It was close and rather dark, the rivers were swollen, and the whole country, particularly the lowest parts of it was absolutely deluged. A kind of dusky haze lay upon the earth, through which nothing but the ribbed wreaths could be seen distinctly. Every drain and furrow was filled with thick snow-water, and the ear was almost stunned with the rushing floods that brawled hoarsely over the country. Below them a rapid cataract thundered into the darkness of the glen, drowning by its deep roar, the confused sounds of the more distant floods.

"Mon," said a person who seemed to have some command over those to whom he addressed himself, "how shall we manage?—to thread the intricate paths of this wild place on such a night seems impossible; to return would be cowardly and foolish; yet in what manner are we to proceed? That we are not far from the spot we wish to reach, there can be little doubt, in a south-eastern direction, the place lies; yet here is no entrance, no path; and as effectually as a search for such a thing could be made, it has been examined. For once I am puzzled." As he concluded, he bent his eye despairingly over the thick gloom from which the hoarse voice of the cataract rose.

He had scarcely concluded, when the reflection of a strong red light flashed against the opposite declivity of the glen; it shone from the side whereon they stood, apparently a little below them, and with tolerable exactness defined the spot to which they determined to penetrate. Immediately, a long shrill whistle and another flash exhibited the person who stood on the rock, in the act of plunging into the trees which grew about its base.

"We must attempt the descent," continued the first speaker in a low voice; "it is quite certain, from the light just noticed, that we are within a few yards of the path which leads to the cavern; come, my stout fellows, let us make another search, and with as little noise as possible."

They immediately recommenced the task of examination, and it was not until nearly an hour had elapsed that one of the soldiers found that the path led through a cleft of the branches of a sycamore, to which a ladder, according to their instructions, should

have been laid on the lower side. The ladder, however, had been removed, but two niches against which it had been placed were discovered in the tree, and on closer scrutiny the distance from the fork to the ground was found to be not more than five feet; the glen through the cleft itself was on a level with the ditch on which they stood. They now let themselves down with as little noise as possible, for this was the only path by which the place they sought could be reached with any thing like safety, except in daylight.

On the descent of the last man, they began to advance as well as the darkness permitted them; but being ignorant of the way, their progress was of course tedious and difficult. Determined to overcome all obstacles, they were proceeding in this slow manner, when they heard a man approach them, apparently unconscious that they were near him. He was speaking to himself in language which he threw out of him in torrents quite as angry and impetuous as the cataract beneath him. He was accusing Phadrig Brian, the chief of the illicit distillers, of having refused to give him whisky to drink at the wake over his deceased mother. "Och," said he in his rhapsody, "but I'd give the best cow in my byre to be near Mr. Stinton, the gauger, for one five minutes, an' I'd tache you to refuse me drink for my poor ould mother—the heavens be her bed this night. Won't she be the first of her name that ever could say they were laid out without dacency, an' all proper respect, as far as plenty of whisky went, to thrate the neighbours. Och, but she was the good mother—ay, indeed, as ever lived—mother darlin' an' jewel o' my heart that you war—where 'ill be your good sensible advice to myself, when I'd be goin' to act the foolish thing of an odd time, in regard o' the sup o' drink—that's the curse of us all, so it is—an' to think that you won't have a dhrop, good or bad, over you! Och, mother darlin'! darlin'! will I never see you more? nor the glass o' whisky over you!"

"And what if you should see Mr. Stinton," said the deep voice of Stinton, who headed the party, as he laid his hand upon his shoulder, "I am Mr. Stinton, and what, my friend, would you wish to say to me?"

The man started and seemed much alarmed. "Why," said he, "of all the strangest things that I ever see, I give this the prize: you Mr. Stinton!—why, sir, was it out o' the earth, or down from the clouds you came upon me?—let me feel you—hach!—why!—well! et?—sorra bit o' you but is to the fore, sure enough; an' heard what I was saying, sir, all in respect of one of the best mothers that ever broke bread."

"I don't like you the worse for feeling your mother's loss, my good fellow," replied Stinton, "but there is a time for every thing; check your feelings, man, and don't let your grief be womanish. What's that you said about Brian?"

"Oh, it's no wondher, sir. Mr. Stinton, that my grief 'ud be womanly—for a better mother never left an ounly son behind her. Och, oh! the thief o' the world, to refuse me the six gallons for her, and she a corp wid me!"

"Well," said Stinton, "I'm going to pay Brian a visit this moment; but, hark you, and like Satan of old, he whispered into his ear the temptation to conduct himself and his party to Brian's stillhouse."