



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

VOLUME II.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 17, 1837.

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**THE BEE**

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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, pr bush none	Cheese, single none	100s a 110s
Boards, pine, pr at 50s a 60s	Hay	100s a 110s
" hemlock - 30s a 40s	Herrings, No 1	25s a 27s
Beef, pr lb 4d	Mackarel	30s
" fresh, 5d	Mutton pr lb	4d
Butter, - 10d	Oatmeal pr cwt	22s 6d
Clover seed per lb	Oats	2s a 4s
Coals, at Mines, pr chl	Pork pr bbl	nominal
" at Loading Ground	Potatoes	2s 6d
" at end of Rail Road	Salt pr hhd	10s a 12s 6d
Coke	Salmon, fresh	none
Codfish pr Q'l	Shingles pr m	7s a 10s
Eggs pr doz	Tallow pr lb	7d a 8d
Flour, N.S.	Turnips pr bush	none
" American S.F.	Wood pr cord	12s

**HALIFAX PRICES.**

Alowison	20s	Herrings, No 1	23s
Boards, pine, m	60s a 70s	"	2 17s 6d
Beef, best,	5d a 6d	Mackarel, No 1	42s 6d
" Quebec prime	55s	"	2 37s
" Nova Scotia	49s a 45s		
Codfish, merch'ble	15s	Molasses	2s
Coals, Pictou,	none	Pork, Irish	none
" Sydney,	32s 6d	" Quebec	none
Coffee	10d	" N. Scotia	110s
Corn, Indian	5s 9d	Potatoes	2s 6d
Flour Am sup	none	Sugar, good,	50s
" Fine	none	Salmon No 1	52s 6d
" Quebec fine	55s	"	2 77s 6d
" Nova Scotia	60s	"	2 67s 6d



**STEAMER "MAID OF THE MIST,"**  
CAPTAIN HENNEBRAY.

THIS steamer will run once in each week between St John and Windsor, through the season, commencing on Tuesday, the 11th instant, leaving St John every Tuesday, and Windsor on Wednesday evenings at high water, for St John. She will also ply twice in each week between St. John, Digby, and Annapolis, leaving St. John every Monday and Friday, and Annapolis and Digby every Tuesday and Saturday.

**STEAMER "GAZELLE,"**

Will leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, for Eastport, St. Andrews, and St. Stephens or Calais, and will return to St. John from those places, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

JAMES WHITNEY.

St. John, April 1, 1837.

**FLOUR AND CORN MEAL,**

For sale by  
May 2. Ross & PRIMROSE.

**THE PRIVATEER.**

It was one of those beautiful days which all who navigate the ocean have often experienced within the tropics. The sun had just risen sparkling with freshness from his watery bed, and was slowly wheeling through a host of gorgeous clouds that floated majestically along the horizon; an invigorating influence pervaded the scene, and a fine breeze that came sweeping across the sea, promising to preserve the balmy and delicious temperature that the cooling dews of the previous night had imparted to the atmosphere.

That particular part of the Caribbean Sea, to which we would direct the reader's attention was, on the day described outlined by the appearance of a fleet of vessels of war, in hot pursuit of a small copper brig which held the advance at about the distance of five miles. This body of ships comprised a part of the British West Indian Squadron, and had been despatched by the Admiral of that station to Halifax, in order to render more efficient protection to their possessions and commerce in that quarter as the depredations of the American privateers were daily becoming more bold and frequent. This squadron had been sailing in close order during the night but at the time our scene opens, it had been broken, in consequence of the Commodore throwing out a signal to make all sail, and endeavour to come up with the chase. Each ship of the fleet, therefore, in accordance with the order made all sail, the swifter were ranging a head, while the duller sailers were observed dropping astern, and taking their stations in the rear. The ship of the commander of the squadron a frigate of the first class, held her place in about the centre of the fleet; three heavy corvettes brought up the rear, while the advance was maintained by a body of smaller vessels. A beautiful eighteen gun brig, that had that morning formed one of the rear line now led the extreme van. She had passed every vessel of the squadron successively, and was gradually dropping them with speed that held out every prospect of overhauling the chase. The wind was right aft, and each ship had her studding sails out on either side. Piles of white canvas rose above the dark hulls that loomed dimly beneath them, and the surface of the sea seemed one vast expanse of snowy pyramids. Leaving the squadron to make the best of their way, the reader must imagine himself upon the quarter-deck of the little brig, upon whose capture they were all so eagerly bent.

A single glance at her arrangements, and those who conducted them, would bespeak her a privateer, indeed were that goodlooking fellow, who had just laid down the trumpet and taken up the spy glass, attired in uniform, the brig might be easily mistaken for a national vessel. She differs from one in no other particular. Six beautiful long guns protrude from either side, while a heavier one revolves in a circle amidst the masts. The decks tell tales of holy stone and sand, and the neatness every where apparent indicates the reign of discipline. A row of bright boarding-pikes are confined to the main boom by gaskets of white lino, while a quantity of cutlasses and battle-axes glittering in the becketts that are fixed purposely for their reception in the intermediate spaces of the

battery. Racks of round shot frown from beneath each gun-carriage, and boxes of grape and cannister, with an attendant match tub, are arranged at regular intervals along the deck. Every belaying-pin is bright, and the brass-work of the wheel and binnacles show in elegant and rich contrast with the mahogany of which they are constructed. And mark the gay, healthy frontispieces of the sturdy tars who line the decks—a noble set of fellows who, to echo their sentiments, would go to the very devil for their officers. Observe that veteran, how respectfully he touched his hat, as the commander ascended from the cabin, and what an elegant looking man is Captain Buntline—so majestic, and yet so prepossessing. I like those black whiskers, they set off his complexion to admiration. His countenance, it is true, is somewhat stern, but it is not a repulsive expression, it savors more of dignity, and that jet black eye—mark how it flashes, as he sends his gaze aloft to ascertain if all there is right. See!—he is addressing the young man with the glass, who is his first lieutenant, and at present, officer of the deck.—He smiles, did you ever see a man's countenance undergo so complete a change? All the sternness has vanished, and his features are beautifully animated.

'Do we leave them Mr Trennel? Those rear-most things appear to be hull down.'

'Yes sir, they are poor sailors,' answered the lieutenant, 'but there's a brig among'em that has been overhauling us since sun-rise. The fellow moves along like a witch; I've been watching him for the last hour, and have seen him pass every vessel in the squadron, another hour, and the warmest will be pitching his old iron into us.'

'Let him come on!' rejoined the commander, eyeing the object of his colloquy through the telescope, 'we could match with two of them, but you are correct; the villain is coming down, wing and wing, and gaining each moment upon us. He must be hungry for a fight.'

'Yes,' rejoined the other; 'I expect her skipper has been reading the Life of Nelson: and feels an inclination to immortalize himself. He will be less eager, however, before we get through with him.'

'I did not think that there was any thing in his Majesty's service that could show the Rover her stern before,' remarked Captain Buntline.

'Her copper wants cleaning,' rejoined the lieutenant, 'and our sails are old, and hold no more wind than so much bobbinet; besides, sir, I think that fellow is Baltimore built—some slaver they've caught on the coast of Guinea—or perhaps some unfortunate privateer; those ten channel-gropers don't run the line off the reel at that rate, in such a catspaw as this.'

'Here, Bobstay,' said the commander to an old quarter-master, 'take the glass, and see what you can make of that fellow.' The veteran divested his mouth of a huge chow of tobacco, and hitched up his trowsers, commenced scanning the Englishman with an eye proverbial for its acuteness and experience.

'That 'aro is a mob-towner, sir, as the lieutenant says, and coming down with a big bone in her mouth, too.'

'Why are you positive about her being a Baltimore built, Bobstay?' asked the commander.