



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

VOLUME III.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 3, 1838.

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THE BEE

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BY JAMES DAWSON,

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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, per bushel	Hay per ton	40s & 50s
Boards, pine, pr 50s & 60s	Herrings, No. 1,	30s
" hemlock - 30s & 40s	Mackarel,	none
Beef, pr lb	Mutton per lb	3d & 4d
Butter, - 10d	Oatmeal pr cwt	16s & 19s
Cheese, - 5d & 7d	Oats pr bush	2s 6d
Coals, at Mines, pr chl 17s	Pork	4d
" at Loading Ground 17s	Potatoes -	1s 3d
" at Newmarket 17s	Salt	2s 6d
Coke	Salmon, smoked,	2s 6d
Codfish pr Qrl	Shingles pr 100	7s & 10s
Eggs pr doz	Tallow pr lb	7d & 8d
Floor, N. S.	Turnips pr bush	none
" American & r	Veal	none
	Wood pr cord	12s

HALIFAX PRICES.

Alewives	27s 6d	Herrings, No 1	25s
Boards, pine, N 65s & 70s		" 2	15s
Beef, Quebec prime,	45s	Mackarel, No 1	none
" Nova Scotia	42s 6d	" 2	37s
Codfish, merch'ble	17s 6d	" 3	32s 6d
Coals, Pictou,	28s	Molasses per gal	2s 3d
" Sydney,	30s	Pork, Irish	none
Cod oil per gal	2s 6d	" Canada primo	55s
Coffee	1s 3d	" Nova Scotia	80s
Corn, Indian	5s 3d	Potatoes	1s 3d
Flour Am sup	50s	Sugar,	37s 6d & 42s 6d
" Fine	45s	Salmon No 1	70s
" Canada, fine	50s	" 2	65s
" Nova Scotia	none	Salt	8s & 10s

WRITING.

PERSONS desirous of having DEEDS, MORTGAGES, RELEASES, QUIT CLAIMS, &c., written, can be accommodated on application to the subscriber at the Record Office.

ABRAM. S. HARRIS.

Pictou, Nov. 29, 1837. b-w

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

BY late arrivals, the Subscriber has received large additions to his STOCK OF MEDICINES, which is now very extensive; comprising a general assortment of every thing usually kept by persons in his line;—all of which are offered for sale at moderate prices, for prompt payment.

JAMES D. B. FRASER,
Chemist & Druggist.

13,000 PRINCIPLE SEGARS in quarter boxes, for sale as above.

December 6.

THE BLESSING OF LITERATURE.

MANY who have not the advantage of wealth or high standing in Society, are apt to repine at their situation—to regret that they are debarred from much refined and intellectual intercourse; but this deprivation is in a great measure ideal; there is an intercourse far more intelligent than that of any living society whatever—the great commonwealth of letters—which knows no distinction of persons, admits of no adventitious superiority, where every thing is rated at its real value, and reduced to its legitimate standard. Whatever may have been the rank of authors, the wealth or consequence attaching to their living persons, they exact no further homage; they are entertained without expense, dismissed without ceremony, they are at once our preceptors, masters, servants; they come or go at our bidding; they speak or are silent at our pleasure. We open the book, its eloquence streams upon us; we close the leaves, it is instantly sealed in silence. We have the best thoughts of the best men in the best possible form; we benefit by a close communion with great and shining characters, without being annoyed by those foibles and eccentricities which appear to be more particularly inherent in genius. Had we lived in the same time, and possessed the intimacy of Dr. Johnson, we should have been shocked to find that, with all his intelligence and strength of mind, he was contracted in principle, insolent and overbearing in argument. We should have blushed for the tarnished honour of our common nature, to think that so great a mind as Addison's could have been meanly jealous of contemporary worth. And, as we all know, poor Goldsmith, amidst innumerable follies and foibles, was a great a glutton of praise that he considered the applause bestowed upon a ropedancer unjustly diverted from himself; and in presence of Dr. Johnson and several others, actually broke his shins in a clumsy attempt to prove he could surpass him. In books are treasured up the matured fruits of the greatest and most cultivated minds; they contain the pure and condensed intelligence of the human mind, without any proportionate alloy of passions and weaknesses. Thus the noblest conceptions of our nature are preserved in the odours of language, as formerly the bodies of the great and noble were embalmed in perfumes. In reading history, for instance, we participate in the actions of the illustrious dead, and exchange with pleasure the dull monotony of our own existence for the glorious achievements and enthusiasm of theirs. Under the pen of the historian, the events of time undergo a refining and condensing process; he retains all that is worth preserving, the kernel, without the husks or shell. We thus engage in war without the peril of a wound, and accompany the voyager without encountering the dangers of the seas.

ACCOUNT OF A MAN WHO SUBMITTED TO BE BURIED ALIVE FOR A MONTH, AND WAS DUG OUT ALIVE AT THE EXPIRATION OF THAT PERIOD.—"I have just witnessed a singular circumstance, of which I had heard during our stay at this place, but said nothing about it before, the time for its accomplishment not being completed; this morning, however, the full month was over, and a man who had been buried all that time, on the bank of a

tank near our camp, was dug out alive, in the presence of Esur Lal, one the ministers of the Maharawal of Jaisalmer, on whose account a singular individual was voluntarily interred a month ago. He was a young man about 20 years of age, and his native village is within five kos of Karnal; but he generally travels about the country to Ajmeer, Kotah, Endor, &c., and allows himself to be buried for weeks or months, by any person who will pay him handsomely for the same. In the present instance the Rawul put this singular body in requisition, under the hope of obtaining an heir to his throne, and whether the remedy is efficacious or not, certainly deserves to be known. The man, by long practice, to have become so accustomed to being buried by shutting his nostrils, and stopping the interior of the nostrils with his tongue, he was abstains from solid food for some days previous to his interment, so that he may not be inconvenienced by the contents of his stomach, while pent up in his narrow grave, and, moreover, he is sewn up in a bag of cloth, and the cloth is lined with masonry, and floored with cloth, that the white ants and other insects may not be easily able to molest him. The place in which he was buried at Jaisalmer is a small building, about 12 feet by 8 feet, built of stone, and in the floor was a hole about three feet long, and two or three inches wide, and the hole was depth, or perhaps a yard deep, in which he was placed in a sitting posture, sewed in his shroud with his feet turned inward toward the stomach, and his hands also pointed inwards towards the chest. Two heavy slabs of stone, five or six feet long, several inches thick, and broad enough to cover the mouth of the grave, so that he could not escape, were then placed over him, and I believe a little earth was plastered over the whole, so as to make the surface of the grave smooth and compact. The door of the house was also built up, and people placed outside, that no tricks might be played nor deception practised. At the expiration of a full month, that is to say, this morning, the walling up of the door was broken, and the buried man dug out of the grave, Trevolyan's moonshee only running there in time to see the ripping open of the bag in which the man had been enclosed. He was taken out in a perfectly senseless state; his eyes closed, his hands cramped and powerless, his stomach shrunk very much, and his teeth jammed so fast together that they were forced to open his mouth with an iron instrument to pour a little water down his throat. He gradually recovered his senses and the use of his limbs, and when we went to see him he was sitting up, supported by two men, and conversed with us in a low tone of voice, saying, 'that we might bury him again for a twelvemonth if we pleased.' He told Major Spiers, at Ajmeer, of his powers, and was laughed at as an impostor; but Colonel McNaughten put his abstinence to the test of Pokhur, by suspending him for thirteen days, shut up in a wooden chest, which, he says, is better than being buried under ground, because the box, when hung from the ceiling, is open to inspection on all sides, and the white ants, &c., can be easier prevented from getting at his body while he thus remains in a state of insensibility. His power of abstinence must be wonderful to enable him to do without food for so long a time, nor does his hair grow during the period he remains buried."