



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

VOLUME III.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 5, 1837.

NUMBER VII

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.

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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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PICTOU PRICES CURRENT. CORRECTED WEEKLY.

APPLES, pr bushel none	Cheese, single none
Boards, pine, pr m 50s a 60s	Hay
" hemlock - 30s a 40s	Herrings,
Beef, pr lb	Mackarel
" - fresh, 6d	Mutton pr lb 5d a 6d
Butter, - 8d a 10d	Oatmeal pr cwt 22s 6d
Clover seed per lb 1s 3d	Oats 2s 6d
Coals, at Mines, pr chl 17s	Pork pr bbl 80 a 85
" at Loading Ground, 17s	Potatoes 2s a 2s 6d
" at end of Rail Road 17s	Salt pr hhd 10s a 12s 6d
Coke	Salmon, fresh none
Codfish pr Ql 16s	Shingles pr m 7s a 10s
Eggs pr doz 6d	Tallow pr lb 7d a 8d
Flour, n s 25s a 27s 6d	Veal pr lb 3d
" American n s 5s	Wood pr cord 12s

HALIFAX PRICES.

Alowives 20s	Herrings, No 1 20s
Boards, pine, m 65s a 70s	" 2 15s
Beef, best, 5d a 6d	Mackarel, No 1 none
" Quebec primo 50s	" 2 40s
" Nova Scotia 45s	" 3 35s
Codfish, merch'ble 17s	Molasses 1s 9d
Coals, Pictou, 22s 6d	Pork, Irish none
" Sydney, 22s	" Quebec 100
Coffee 10d	" N. Scotia 90s
Corn, Indian 5s	Potatoes 2s 6d
Flour Am sup 45s	Sugar, 37s 6d a 42s 6d
" Fine 45s	Salmon No 1 80s
" Quebec fine 47s	" 2 75s
" Nova Scotia 50s	" 3 67s 6d

ALEXR. McPHAIL,

BEGS respectfully to intimate to the Inhabitants of Pictou, that he has **OPENED SHOP,** next door to Mr James Dawson's Book-Store, *Where he offers for Sale, an assortment of*
GOODS,
Suitable for the Season.
June 21. if

BOOTS & SHOES.

ANDERSON HENDERSON,
HAVING returned from the United States, intimates to his friends and the public, that he has commenced the

SHOE-MAKING BUSINESS,
in its various branches, in the shop two doors east of store of *H. Hutton, Esquire,* where he is ready to execute orders with punctuality and despatch.

ON HAND:

A quantity of Buckskins, which he will make up into gentlemen's opera boots, according to order.
June 6, if

LAST HOURS OF A DRUNKARD.

There he sat—the fire within had dried up the juices of his body; his tongue and lips were swollen and blistered; his eyes, fixed motionless in their sockets, were staring wildly in all the unconsciousness of stupid and senseless apathy; his arms hung torpid by his side, while his once powerful and athletic, but now emaciated frame, shook like an aspen. There he sat, in the gray of a cold winter's morning, after his last debauch, and his wife and five miserable children were huddling together on an old flock bed in a corner of the room, without either food, or firing, or furniture. There he sat, suffering all the pains of internal misery, and external wretchedness, when Death was looking through the broken panes in the little casement, ready to lay his iron fingers upon him, and consign him to the narrow house appointed for all living, and his soul, his immortal soul, about to be ushered into the presence of him who has said that drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

"I say, rouse thee, Mark Burton," said a little shrivelled and decrepit old woman who lived in the next room, and who had opened the door to me; "rouse thee, man; here is a gentleman come to see thee." The wife of the drunkard rose hastily, wrapped the tattered blanket round her sleeping children, and not having been undressed, she instantly came forward and inquired the object of my visit. "I have come," I replied, "because I have heard that your family is in great distress; and, if I am to judge from appearances, I have not come too soon"—"You are in time to save my starving children," she said, "but there is no cure for a broken heart; yet I bless you for the visit. These sleeping infants are the cords which bind me to this weary existence, and for them I am yet content to live."—"Mark Burton, rouse thee up, man," said the decrepit old woman; "speak to this gentleman." Mark Burton answered not, he made not the slightest motion, nor gave any indication that he was conscious of what was going forward. "What ails your husband?" I said to the poor woman: "I have been informed that he is a drunkard, but something more than mere drunkenness appears to affect him at present."

"My husband," she replied, "was once a good husband to me, and he appeared for many years to be a good man; but he has fallen—fallen for ever—and accursed drink has done it. You see him in the same state in which he has been for the last twenty-four hours. I cannot arouse him. I have snatched but a few minutes' sleep during the night, and God only knows where my troubles will end. There is no cure for a broken heart. O my children! my poor starving, destitute children! I never expected it would come to this!"

"Rouse thee, Mark Burton—get up—speak, man—look about you," said the little shrivelled old woman, in a shrill, squeaking voice, and shaking him violently by the shoulders; "rouse thee up, man; there is, it may be, some bread for the children." Mark heard not, or if he heard he answered not, so, turning to the little old woman, I gave her money, and desired her to get a fire and some breakfast for the family. "The blessing shall rest on you and yours; for the deeds of mercy, although forgotten on earth,

are remembered in heaven," said the decrepit old woman, as she hastily left the room.

I began to think I had got into strange company. The old woman was evidently actuated by no common feelings towards the poor family, and I felt curious to know something about her. Turning to the mother, I said, "Who is this old woman, your neighbour?—she seems to feel more than a common interest in your family." She answered, "Who she is I know not, nor will she tell me aught of her history; but to me she has proved the good Samaritan. Under a decrepit and almost unearthly form she hides the soul of an angel; and but for her, I and my children must have perished. She has tended us in sickness; she has watched over us with a mother's care; she has taken the bread from her own mouth, and the clothes from her own back, and for five long years of misery she has been our constant companion. Could any thing have cured my poor husband, surely the remonstrances of Maria Moreland would have done it."

I said to Mrs Burton, "If I do not mistake, you must at a former period of your life have been in very different circumstances. Have you no friend able to assist you?" "Not one friend on earth but Maria Moreland. My father and mother died when I was yet a child, and they left me a small fortune. I was well educated. I married my poor husband, and then thought I had found a friend; but company and extravagance, and, above all, drinking, has reduced him to the wretched state in which you see him. But for my children, I should be glad to find an early grave."

"The grave is where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest," said Maria Moreland, as she entered the room. "Helen Burton, although in a crazy vessel on a stormy sea, must not forget the anchor of hope both sure and steadfast. Mark Burton is on the verge of eternity; but Helen his wife, who will soon be his widow, is the mother of these children, and she must wait and patiently endure, till God has placed them in other hands. Look Sir," she said, turning to me, "there sits the man, than whom the world never saw one more promising, a victim, an early victim, to the demon of drunkenness!—Rouse him—draw from his own lips the history of his career, and ere his eyes are sealed in death, if you be a Christian, tell him what it is to die."

I was filled with amazement at the eloquence and energy of the little old woman; and as she was busily employed in kindling the fire and preparing the breakfast for the starving family, I seated myself, on an old box, and kept musing and wondering where all this would end.

The shrill squeaking voice of the old woman again broke out. "Mark Burton, are you senseless? are you dreaming? or is your mind filled with all the horrors of earth and hell? Rouse—for there is but a step between thee and the eternal world; and as sin has done her work with you, till the fuel is consumed and the fire has well nigh gone out, listen once more, I say Mark Burton, listen once more to the voice of mercy." Mark was silent. Helen Burton directed her attention to her little ones, who had now awakened; but they could not rise, the cold was so intense; and being nearly destitute of clothing they were compelled to huddle together upon the old bed, both day and night, to keep themselves warm. The old