



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

VOLUME III.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPT'R 27, 1837.

NUMBER XIX.

THE BEE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
BY JAMES DAWSON,

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PICTOU PRICES CURRENT. CORRECTED WEEKLY.

| | | | |
|-------------------------|-----------|-----------------|--------------|
| Apples, per bushel | 3s | 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 a 23s |
| Cheese, - | 5d a 7d | Oats pr bush | 2s 6d |
| Coals, at Mines, pr chl | 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 6d |
| Codfish pr Qll | 12s a 16s | Shingles pr m | 7s a 10s |
| Eggs pr doz | 6d a 7d | Tallow pr lb | 7d a 8d |
| Flour, m | none | Turnips pr bush | 3s 6d |
| " American s r | none | Veal - | none |
| | | Wood pr cord | 12s |

HALIFAX PRICES.

| | | | |
|---------------------|-----------|------------------|--------------|
| Alewives | 20s | Herrings, No 1 | 20s |
| Boards, pine, m | 55s a 60s | " " | 2 |
| Beef, Quebec prime, | 50s | Mackarel, No 1 | none |
| " Nova Scotia | 45s | " " | 2 |
| Codfish, merch'ble | 15s | " " | 3 |
| Coals, Pictou, | 22s 6d | Molasses per gal | 2s |
| " Sydney, | 25s | Pork, Irish | none |
| Cod oil per gal | 2s 6d | " Canada prime | 90s |
| Coffee | none | " Nova Scotia | 55s |
| 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 |
| " Nova Scotia | none | Salt | 8s a 10s |

FAMILY ECONOMY!!

ARCHIBALD HART,
SILK, COTTON, AND WOOLEN
DYER,

HAS received a fresh stock of valuable DYE STUFFS, which will enable him to make MOST BRILLIANT COLOURS.

When money is scarce, to have the old Dresses renewed in colour for as many shillings as it will take pounds to have a new Dress, *this is economy.*

A. H. begs to intimate that he intends leaving this Province in June, 1838, those that wish to avail themselves of his labours to make the old like the new, will please call as soon as possible at the Dying Establishment.

Pictou, August 30, 1837. ew

WANTED.

A YOUNG man of good recommendation, who understands Farming. Apply to
GEO. MCLEOD.
Merigomish, August 10, 1837. mw.
June 14

A RIDE IN AN EAST INDIAN JUNGLE.

BY AN OLD FOREST RANGER.

"Oh, man, but you was a narrow escape ye had frae the tiger," remarked the Doctor, as our three sporting friends cantered slowly down the romantic pass which leads from the Neighbourly Hills to the Great Western Jungle. "I canna' think hoo he gae'd o'er you without gie'n you a skip wi' ane o' thae muckle paws o' his; od, they'r gae an ready wi' them by ordinary!"

"Faith, Doctor, that's more than I can tell you myself," replied Mansfield; "all that I recollect is hearing a roar, seeing some large object fly over my head, and finding myself sprawling at the bottom of the ravine with one barrel of my rifle discharged. I must confess it was a fool-hardy attempt on my part, and I have got out of the scrape much better than I deserved. I received a lesson in my early days, which ought to have taught me better, and made me cautious of attacking anything in the shape of a tiger for the rest of my life."

"May I ask what that was?" inquired Charles, who now began to take a deep interest in Mansfield's anecdotes of jungle warfare.

"It is a melancholy story, and one which, even now, I cannot think of without a feeling of remorse for my folly. But I shall tell it you, as it may prove a good lesson, and prevent your being guilty of any such rash act, in the commencement of your jungle campaign. It happened soon after my arrival in this country, when I was yet a boy, and like all *Griffins*, addicted to the vice of hat-hunting, or as your worthy uncle emphatically terms it, thistle-whipping—ono fine morning I was following my usual avocation, attended only by a Moorish boy, who had charge of my dogs, a fine game little fellow, about twelve years of age, and a few cockers. The boy and his dogs beat the bushes vigorously: quail and partridge were plentiful; and in spite of my missing every second shot, my bag was beginning to fill rapidly. I fancied myself a very Nimrod, and continued to load and fire with unweaned industry and great delectation. In the midst of our sport, a large panther sprang from the bushes; and, strange to say, took to flight, followed by my pack of yelping curs, till they drove him into a cave, at the side of a rocky hill, at no great distance. I never before saw anything in the shape of a tiger, and was struck dumb with astonishment. Not so my little Moor boy. He was the son of a famous *Shikaree*, and although I believe he had never seen a tiger any more than myself, he had often heard his father talk of his exploits amongst the wild beasts of the forest, he knew me to be a *griffin*, and his little heart swelled with the proud consciousness of superior knowledge in woodcraft. "Suppose master please," said he, drawing himself up, and assuming an air of importance "I show *Sahib* how to kill that tiger. I know very well *burrah Shikar* business." "In my simplicity I looked upon the darling little imp, who talked thus confidently of killing a panther, with a degree of respect almost amounting to awe; and, without hesitation, put myself under his guidance. According to his directions, I extracted the shot from my gun, and reloaded it with some bullets, which I

happened to have in my pocket. "Now then," exclaimed my young *Shikaree*, as he placed me behind the shelter of a large stone, directly in front of the cave; "now then, I show *Sahib* how to make tiger come. *Sahib* make tiger eat plenty balls; that proper *shikar* business." So saying, he marched up directly to the entrance of the cave, and began to pelt the tiger with stones, abusing him, at the same time, in choice Hindoostanee slang. Sure enough this did make 'tiger come' with a vengeance. The enraged brute, uttering a shrill roar, darted from the cave, seized the poor boy by the back of the neck, threw him over his shoulder and dashed down the hill like a thunder bolt. My blood curdled at the sight, but I instinctively fired, and, I suppose, hit the beast, for he instantly dropped the boy, who rolled into a dark ravine at the foot of the hill. The panther having disappeared in the neighbouring jungle, I descended into the ravine, to look after poor little 'Kheder.' There he lay, weltering in blood, dreadfully mangled, and evidently in a dying state, but still quite sensible. The gallant little fellow never uttered a complaint, but fixing his large black eyes steadily on my countenance, as if he could there read his fate, asked in a faint voice for some water. I was stooping down to collect some in my hat, when I was startled by a surly growl and the noise of some animal snuffing amongst the brushwood, which closed over my head. It was the panther who had returned. My first impulse was to fly, and leave the boy to his fate. But poor 'Kheder,' seeing my intention, fixed his glassy eyes upon me with an imploring look which cut me to the heart and made me blush for very shame. Kneeling by his side, I raised his head, wiped the bloody froth from his parched lips, and poured a few drops of water down his throat. This appeared to revive him. "You have not killed the tiger, *Sahib*," said he, speaking in Hindoostanee: "I am sorry for that, I should like to have sent his skin to my father. But you will tell him, *Sahib*, that I died like a *Shikaree*. I was not afraid of the tiger: I never cried out when I felt his teeth crunching through my bones. No; I stuck my knife in him twice. See! that is tiger's blood!" and his glazing eye flashed wildly for a moment, as he held up a bloody knife, which he clutched firmly in his right hand. "My father will be proud to gear this. But my poor mother will cry much, and her heart will turn to water when she hears that I am dead." And here, for the first time, the hot tears began to trickle down his cheeks. For a few minutes he remained motionless, with his eyes closed, and the big drops stealing, slowly and silently, through his long silken eyelashes. But, suddenly starting up, with his eyes bursting from their sockets, and gasping painfully for breath, screamed, as if in a fit of delirium, "The tiger has seized me again?—save me, *Sahib*, save me!" cried he, in a hoarse voice; "I feel his teeth in my throat! my breath is stopped!—ah!—ah!" he gasped like a person drowning: "his eyes turned in his head till nothing but the white was visible—his jaws became firmly locked—a old shudder ran through his limbs—and the gallant little 'Kheder' fell back in my arms a stiffened corpse." I was young and unused to witness death; and that scene has made an impression on my mind which never will be

* Great shikar—the hunting of large animals.

* The story of the poor dog-boy is a fact.