



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

VOLUME II.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 25, 1836.

NUMBER I.

THE BEE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
BY JAMES DAWSON,

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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.

For Advertising by the Year, if not exceeding a square, 35s. 2s. 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, Am pr bbl	18s	Hay	pr ton	60s
Boards, pino, pr at 50s	a 60s	Herrings, No 1		25s
" henlock - 30s	a 40s	"	2	20s
Beef, fosh, pr lb	4d a 5d	Mackarel		30s
Butter, tub, -	8d a 9d	Lamb	pr lb	none
" fresh -	9d a 1s	Oatmeal	pr cwt	12 6d a 14s
Cheese, N s -	5d a 6d	Oats	pr bush	1s 6d a 2s
Coals, at Mines, pr chl	13s	Pork	pr bbl	70s
" shipped on board	14s 6	Potatoes	1s 3d a 1 6d	
" at wharf (Pictou)	16s	Salt	pr hhd	10s a 11s
Coke	16s	Shingles	pr m	7s a 10s
Codfish	pr Ql 14s a 16s	Tallow	pr lb	7d a 8d
Eggs	pr doz 5d a 6d	Turnips	pr bush	none
Flour, N s pr cwt	16s a 18s	Veal	pr lb	2 1-2 a 3d
" Am s F, pr bbl	45s	Wood	pr cord	12s

HALIFAX PRICES.

Alowives	14s a 15s	Herrings, No 1	17s 6d
Boards, pino, m	60s	"	2 12d 6d
Beef, best,	4d pr lb	Mackarel, No 1	35s
" Quebec prime	50s	"	2 30s
" Nova Scotia	40s a 45s	"	3 25s
Codfish, merch'ble	16s	Molasses	1s 7d
Coals, Pictou,	none	Pork, Irish	none
" Sydney,	85s	" Quebec	99s
Coffee	1s 2d	" Nova Scotia	85s
Corn, Indian	5s	Potatoes	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Flour Am sup	45s	Sugar, good,	45 a 47s 6d
" Fine	88s	Salmon	No 1 60s
" Quebec fine	42s	"	2 55s
" Nova Scotia	35s	"	3 50s

CARD.

MISS MUNRO begs to inform the Ladies of Pictou, that she has commenced the
MILLINERY & DRESS-MAKING
BUSINESS.

May 18.

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LANDING.

FROM the schooner Grey Hound, from New York,
at the subscribers' Wharf,
TAR, PITCH, ROSIN and
20 Kegs Manufactured TOBACCO.

GEORGE SMITH.

May 3d, 1836.

c-m

PRIVATE TUITION.

A TEACHER is wanted in a Gentleman's family in this vicinity, to whom a moderate salary will be paid, and suitable boarding and lodging furnished in the House. The applicant must be qualified to teach the Latin language in addition to the usual branches taught in common schools, and produce credentials of a good moral character. For particulars apply at this office.

[April 19th, 1836.]

ERIC JANSEN.

A TALE OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

On a steep and narrow rock, rising abruptly from the sea-edge, on the eastern shore of Canisbay, may be still seen the ruins of the old Castle of Freswick, commonly called Bucholie Castle. The only part of the structure now remaining entire, is a small wretched looking tower, which appears literally hanging over the deep, and threatening to fall with every rising gust. It seems originally to have had a draw-bridge, and to have been completely surrounded by the sea—there being the appearance of a deep chasm cut through the little green isthmus which connects it with the mainland. There is no record or tradition, as far as we know, when this castle was first built; it must be of great antiquity, being particularly alluded to by the celebrated Pennant, who says that it was inhabited by a Danish nobleman of the name of Swenus Asteiff, in the year 1153. Latterly, it was the residence of the Mowats of Bucholie, who were proprietors of the "township" of Freswick. Certainly, a more dreadful situation for a building it was hardly possible to choose—on a narrow precipitous rock, affording barely sufficient room for the superstructure, and exposed to the combined fury of the Northern and Gorman Oceans, with the adjacent precipices frowning around in grim and rugged grandeur.

About the year 1198, Swenus, a son of the former proprietor of that name, resided in the Castle. He was a stout, gigantic personage—of a bold, rapacious and oppressive disposition—and so immoderately addicted to his bottle, that he used to boast that he had not gone to bed sober for twenty years! There were no Temperance Societies in those days, and old Sweny, as he was familiarly styled, thought with a certain modern poet, that "the best of life is but intoxication." In his fits of ebriety, he often committed acts of great wanton cruelty which it would be unpleasant to particularise. Having no confidence in the natives, whom he took every method of oppressing, his retainers consisted chiefly of Norwegians or Danes, all individuals, it may be supposed, of similar principles and habits with their master. But as there is no character so radically bad as not to possess some kind of good quality or other, so Sweny Asteiff had one amiable feeling. He had one only daughter, just budding into woman-hood, who was the apple of his eye, and the pride and ornament of his Castle. Amidst all his grossness and barbarity, Sweny really loved his daughter, and Elise was deserving of his utmost affection. She was a mild, sweet-tempered maiden, possessing a form and face cast in Nature's finest mould, with fair sunny tresses, and the genuine blue eye of Scandinavia. In the list of a party of Danish rovers who happened one summer to stay for a week or two enjoying with its rude proprietor the boisterous hospitality of Freswick Castle, there was one Eric Johanson, or Jansen, a native of Christian-sand, in Norway. He was a tall, comely youth, about twenty, the descendant of a famous sea-king, and a bold and intrepid adventurer himself, having performed several exploits which had procured him much renown, and had the honor of being celebrated in the Norse ballads of his country. When his companions were about to sail for Denmark, Eric, who had become a

favourite with the old man, willingly agreed to remain with him as his guest during the winter; but, to him the great magnet of attraction was not the society of his host, but that of his lovely daughter, for whom he had conceived an ardent attachment. It was his first love, and it partook of all that romantic tenderness and devoted regard which characterises the passion. Nor was Elise, on her side, less deeply enamoured of the young Norwegian. The eloquence with which he described the sublime scenery of his native country, together with his own hair-breadth escapes and adventures by flood and field, and to the recital of which, like Desdemona, 'she would seriously incline,' captivated her young fancy, while it rivetted in her breast the interest which his personal qualities and appearance had first gained him. For a time, "the golden hours on angel wings, flew over them;" but the course of true love, it hath been said, never yet ran smooth, and so it really happened in the present instance. Sweny, though he liked Eric for a companion, had no desire that he should be his son-in-law. It was not that he had more ambitious views for his daughter—for he would sooner have bestowed her on him than on the Thane of Cathlone; but he was resolved (and the resolution was rather a singular one) that, as far as lay in his power, she should never marry. He wished her to live continually with himself, to close his eyes at death, and then to retire into a convent. Accordingly, as soon as he understood that an attachment had sprung up between them, he ordered Eric immediately to quit the Castle, and never to be seen there any more, on the pain of his highest displeasure. The young man found it necessary to obey; but, before departing, he contrived to have an interview with his mistress, to whom he vowed eternal fidelity, and promised that he would carve out, soon, some way of bringing her to his own country. He soon after embarked for Norway; and for two long years Elise heard nothing of her lover. Hope and fear alternately swayd her breast, till at last the latter feeling entirely predominated, and she came to the reluctant conclusion that he was either dead or had forgotten her. Her beautiful complexion now faded, and her fine blue eye lost its sunny brightness. The canker of grief was at her heart, and, like a delicate flower deprived of heaven's fostering light and warmth, she began to droop and wither away. Her love of solitude increased; and for hours she would wander daily round the rocks of Freswick, brooding with "misericordia" over her sorrows, and listening, with a sort of melancholy enjoyment, to the everlasting moan of the wave, and the shriek of the sea-fowl, in which she fancied there was a something that sympathised with her widowed heart.

It was in the spring of the third year that a stranger, habited in the garb of a wandering minstrel, or troubadour, called one evening at the Castle, and humbly solicited lodgings for the night. He was a native, he said, of Normandy—had fought in Palestine against the Infidel, under Richard Cour de Lion—was wounded at the battle of Ascalon, and was now travelling through Europe, earning his subsistence by his skill in music.

'A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door.'