



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

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## THE BEE

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BY JAMES DAWSON,

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### PICTOU PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Apples, per bushel	Hay per ton	40s a 50s
Boards, pine, pr m 50s a 60s	Herrings, No. 1,	30s
" homlock — 30s a 40s	Mackarel,	none
Beef, pr lb	Mutton	
Butter, — 10d	Oatmeal pr cwt	16s a 18s
Cheese, — 5d a 7d	Oats pr bush	2s 6d
Coals, at Mines, pr chl 17s	Pork	4d
" at Loading Ground 17s	Potatoes —	1s 3d
" at end of rail road 17s	Salt pr hhd	
Coke	Salmon, smoked,	2s 6d
Codfish pr Qtl 16s a 18s	Shingles pr m	7s a 10s
Eggs pr doz	Tallow pr lb	7d a 8d
Flour, x e	Tutnips pr bush	
" American s r	Veal —	none
	Wood pr cord	12s

### HALIFAX PRICES.

Alewives	none	Herrings, No 1	25s
Boards, pine, x	65s	" "	2
Beef, Quebec prime,	45s	Mackarel, No 1	none
" Nova Scotia	45	" "	2
Codfish, merch'ble	17s 6d	" "	2
Coals, Pictou,	28s	Molasses per gal	2s 3d
" Sydney,	30s	Pork, Irish	none
Cod oil per gal	2s 9d	" Canada primo	85s
Coffee	1s 3d	" Nova Scotia	80s
Corn, Indian	5s 3d	Potatoes	1s 3d
Flour Am sup	50s	Sugar,	37s 6d a 42s 6d
" Fine	40s	Salmon No 1	70s
" Canada, fine	50s	" "	2
" Nova Scotia	none	Salt	8s a 10s

### LAND FOR SALE.

**500 ACRES** of Excellent LAND, at Kempt Town, in the County of Colchester, near the head of Salmon River, westward of the road leading from Salmon River to Earl Town, about 4 miles North of Mr John Archibald's Inn. The said lot was originally granted to Robert Jerrat and Margaret Lindsay. The Land is mostly covered with hardwood and spruce, and is surrounded with good soil, sufficient to make a thriving Settlement in a few years. Two families now reside within three quarters of a mile of said Lot, and others are about to settle in its vicinity. As the Land has lately been surveyed, and lines marked by Mr Alexander Millar, Deputy Surveyor, Turo, persons wishing to purchase may apply to him, or to the subscriber by whom any further information can be given.

ROBERT DAWSON.

Pictou 1st December 1837

**70 BBLs.** of prime fall Mackarel, for sale by **ROSS & PRIMROSE.** January 1, 1838.

From the Bouquet.

### THE GENERAL AND THE SCOTCH PIPER.

DURING the last summer, I arrived early one morning in the town of Falkirk, on my return from a short visit to Stirlingshire; having left P—— Priory at six; as many miles being before me to ride, that I might be in time for the coach, which left for Edinburgh at half past seven.

The low grounds bordering on the Firth—the cause as they are called—were in all the luxuriance of verdant beauty, as I trotted along, cheered by the song of the lark, and the radiance of a fine morning, to the banks of the Carron, where Wallace and Bruce held their far famed conference. The village of Carron itself is dingy and dirty; and begirt with engines, coal wagons, rail roads, and all the etceteras of artificial, as distinguished from rural life. The great gate or vomitory of the mighty iron works, which are the astonishment of Europe, brought to mind, even in day light, the bitter epigrammatic lines which Burns scratched on the window of the neighbouring village inn, after being refused admittance to them:

"We came na here to view your works,  
In hopes to be more wise:  
But only lest we gaed to Hell,  
It might be no surpris."

But when we tried at your door,  
Your porter doughtna hear us—  
So may, should we to Hell's gate come,  
Your brother Satan ser' us."

Passing to the right the family residence of the famous Abyssinian Bruce (some of whose hair is in my possession), and to the left the village of Denny, where part of the rebel army was quartered in 1745, I found myself at Gramieston, the scene of the great battle where Wallace was baffled, and where Sir John do Graham, his *fidus Achates*, was slain. At the lither end of this well-built but straggling street stands Falkirk; which, spread along the slope side of a gentle hill, is seen to considerable advantage from the plain to the northward.

While the coach was (according to the Greek middle mood) being got ready, I sauntered along the streets looking about me. It was the morning of the day of the election, and I could perceive in the slowly dispersing groups, the residue of that commotion, which had been caused from a thousand men having only an hour before marched off for Stirling with standards and music,—champions of Parliamentary Reform,—to shew in the county town, on this important day, what were the sentiments of the community, so far as Falkirk is concerned.

Having, at sound of horn, taken my place in the safety coach (for there are no *professed* break necks now), I found myself in company with an English traveller, fat, fair, and forty, and an elderly sharp little body, full of life and communication, with a brown scratch, sharp eyes, red whiskers, and great local knowledge,—the latter a *virtus* much desolated, and although his outpourings were to be taken *cum grano salis*, I was abundantly glad at such a circumstance.

Whether the intellect of our fat friend, the traveller, was obscured by the residuary fumes of a heavy

supper and hot drink, or that he considered all matters, away from cottons or calicoes, unworthy of consideration, remains problematic; but placing his umbrella between his knees, and his chin on the top of it, he fixed his twinklers on the "motes that people the sun's beams," and looked a picture of mental abstraction, which would not have disgraced Sir Isaac Newton himself.

The field being thus left entirely to the descendant of the Colt, whose country was distinguishably through his guttural, and to whom the prospect of travel had apparently brought exhilaration of spirits—our passing the avenue of Calder House, the splendid quondam residence of the Earls of Linlithgow, elicited a little story of his grandfather. I was somewhat amused at it at the time; and should be sorry, if, in transferring it from the original *demidomic*, the entire spirit of the anecdote should evaporate.

"Oh, the ways of this world!" exclaimed Allen the Third, "and its wonderful changes.—That grand house has now fallen into the hands of the stranger; and the feet of its ancient lords now know it no more. They were a great race once,—proud and powerful; but where is it all now?" The moralising of Corporal Trim could go no farther than this; so, as I shook my head wisely in affirmation, he continued. "Mr grandfather, who was piper to the Countess of Kilmarnock in the forty five, used to tell us of the stirring times of which he saw not a little; and of what took place, over yonder, at the time of the bloody battle of Falkirk."—"Were they all for the Prince," said I, "out in this quarter?" "Whatever they might seem outwardly," replied he, "it was well known that they were all Jacobites in their hearts, and although it was dangerous to show it, every one added his stone to the cairn in an underhand way;—my grandfather among the rest. You could not guess how he compassed his end."

"I dare say not."

"Well, if you cannot, I will tell you. The Prince Charles was besieging Stirling; and down came General Hawley from England, blazing away like a malkin to consume the rebels. Oh, but, to hear how he would talk of the great things he would do!—how he would cut them up root and branch—how he would sweep them from the face of the earth like a whirlwind. The weak, vain body went even the length of blaming and abusing every one who had commanded the King's troops before him, and if he had led them on to Prestonpans,—oh, but the world would have seen wonders.

"Well, to the north west of Falkirk came his army—eight thousand strong, horse and foot; and the Prince Charles, leaving the siege of Stirling, advanced eastward to meet him."

"It was at this juncture that my grandfather, honest man, begging the Countess of Kilmarnock's pardon for the liberty he was about to take, reminded her that she well knew who was with the Prince; and that they were all bound,—be that much or little—to do their best. 'What thinks your ladyship,' said he, of asking General Hawley to breakfast, lunch would be too late, for there will be bloodshed and battle by that time; and it will be a proof at least of our good manners. I am sure I will do my best to entertain him with martial music.' You see his drift, sir?"