

# THE BEE.

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

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## THE BEE

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## JAMES MALCOLM

HAS just received per Brig DEVERON, from GREENOCK, his SPRING SUPPLY of

### GOODS,

which he offers for Sale at VERY LOW PRICES for CASH or PRODUCE.

BLACK, blue, brown, olive and green CLOTH.	IRON & STEEL,
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Writing, deed & wrapping PAPER,	Shovels & Spades,
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CUTLERY,—all sorts,	Chisels,
Crates assorted CROCKERYWARE,	Plane Irons,

## SCREW AUGERS, LOCKS, HINGES AND FIRE-IRONS.

With a Great Variety of other Goods

The above STOCK has all been selected by J. M. from the different Manufacturers in Great Britain. May 25.

## EASTERN TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

NOTICE is hereby given to all those interested in the cause of temperance, in the Eastern division of the Province and Prince Edward's Island, that a CONVENTION of Delegates and others will be held in the Court House of this place, on Thursday the 9th of July next, at the hour of 3 o'clock P. M.

All those friendly to the object of the convention, are particularly requested to attend.

JAMES DAWSON.

Pictou, 9th June, 1835.

Secretary.

FUNERAL LETTERS, VISITING, INVITATION and other CARDS, Executed at this Office in the neatest manner.

## AN AMERICAN TRADITION.

BY MRS. CHILD.

The County of Strafford, New Hampshire, is remarkable for its wild and broken scenery. Ranges of hills, towering one above another, as if eager to look upon the beautiful country, which afar off lies sleeping in the embrace of the clouds—precipices from which the eagle delights to build his eyry—dolls rugged and tangled with dark and deep ravines, from the magnificent characteristic of this picturesque region.

A high precipice, called Chocorua's Cliff, is rendered peculiarly interesting by legend, which tradition alone has saved from utter oblivion. This spot being in the midst of very romantic scenery, is little known, and less visited; for the vicinity is, as yet, untraversed by rail roads or canals, and no "mountain house," perched on the tremendous battlements, allures the traveller hither to mock the majesty of nature with the insipidities of fashion.

In olden time, when Goffe and Whalley passed for wizards and mountain spirits among the superstitious, the vicinity of the spot we have been describing was occupied by a very small colony, which, either from discontent or enterprise, had retired into this remote part of New Hampshire. Most of them were ordinary men, led to this independent mode of life by impatience of restraint, which as frequently accompanies vulgar obstinacy as generous pride. But there was one master-spirit among them, who was capable of a higher destiny than he ever fulfilled. The consciousness of this stamped something of proud humility on the face of Cornelius Campbell, something of a haughty spirit, strongly curbed by circumstances he could not control, and at which he scorned to murmur. He assumed superiority; but unconsciously there was thrown around him the spell of intellect, and his companions felt, they knew not why, that he was "among them, but not of them." His stature was gigantic, and he had the bold quick tread of one who had wandered frequently and fearlessly among the terrible hiding places of nature. His voice was harsh, but his whole countenance possessed singular capabilities for tenderness of expression; and sometimes under the gentle influence of domestic excitement, his hard features would be rapidly lighted up, seeming like the sunshine flying over the shaded fields in an April day.

His companion was one peculiarly calculated to excite and retain the deep strong energies of manly love. She had possessed extraordinary beauty; and had, in the full maturity of an excellent judgment, relinquished several splendid alliances, and incurred her father's displeasure for the sake of Cornelius Campbell. Had political circumstances proved favourable, his talents and ambition would unquestionably have worked out a path to emolument and fame; but he had been a zealous and active enemy of the Stuarts, and the restoration of Charles the Second was a death-blow to his hopes of advancement in his own country. Immediate flight became necessary; America was the chosen place of refuge, and to this solitary spot he withdrew with his family.

A small settlement, in such a remote place, was of course subject to inconvenience and occasional suffering. From the Indians they received neither injury nor insult. No cause of quarrel had ever arisen; and although their frequent visits were sometimes trou-

blesome, they never had given indications of jealousy or malice. Chocorua was considered a prophet among them, and, as such, an object of peculiar respect. He had a mind which education and motive would have nerved with giant strength, but growing up in savage freedom, it wasted itself in fury and ungovernable passions. There was something fearful in the quiet haughtiness of his lip—it seemed so like slumbering power, too proud to be lightly roused, and too implacable to sleep again. In his small black fiery eye, expression lay coiled up like a beautiful snake. The white people knew that his hatred would be terrible, but they had never provoked it, and even the children became too much accustomed to him to fear him.

Chocorua had a son about nine or ten years old, to whom Caroline Campbell had occasionally made such gaudy presents as were likely to attract his savage fancy. This won the child's affections, so that he became a familiar visitant, almost an inmate of their dwelling; and being unrestrained by the courtesies of civilized life, he would inspect every thing, and taste of every thing that came in his way. Some poison prepared for a mischievous fox which had long troubled the little settlement, was discovered and drank by the Indian boy, and he went home to his father to sicken and die.

From that moment jealousy and hatred took possession of Chocorua's soul. He never told his suspicions; he brooded over them in secret, to nourish the deadly revengo he contemplated against Cornelius Campbell.

The story of Indian animosity is always the same. Campbell left his hut for the fields early one bright balmy morning in June. Still a lover, though ten years a husband, his last look was turned towards his wife, answering her parting smile—his last action a kiss for each of his children. When he returned, they were dead—all dead! and their disfigured bodies too surely showed that an Indian's hand had done the work!

In such a mind, grief, like all other emotions, was tempestuous. Home had been to him the only verdant spot in the wide desert of life. In his wife and children he had garnered up all his life heart, and now they were torn from him. The remembrance of her love clung to him like the death-grapple of a drowning man, sucking him down, down into darkness and death. This was followed by a calm a thousand times more terrible—the creeping agony of despair, that brings with it no power of resistance.

"As if the dead could feel

The icy worm around him steal."

For many days, those who knew and revered him feared that the spark of reason was forever extinguished. But it rekindled again, and with it came a wild demoniac spirit of revengo. The death-groan of Chocorua would make him smile even in his dreams, and when he looked, death seemed too pitiful a vengeance for the anguish that was eating into his very soul.

Chocorua's brethren were absent on a hunting expedition when he committed the murder; and those who watched his movements observed that he frequently climbed the high precipice, which afterwards took his name, probably looking out for their return.