



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

VOLUME III.

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## THE BEE

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,  
BY JAMES DAWSON,

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### ADVERTISING.

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## PROSPECTUS OF THE 4TH VOLUME OF THE BEE.

HAVING lately announced an intended change in the Proprietary part of this Paper, it now becomes our duty to state what that change is. The present Proprietor intends to associate his Son with himself as joint owners; and in future, one of the two will devote his time almost exclusively to the Editing of the Paper, by which means, and the ready access we have at all times to an almost endless variety of reading, we hope to be enabled to make material improvements in that department.

In addition to this, arrangements have been made to have the entire paper printed on a new type, at an early stage in the 4th volume, and to have other important improvements made in the mechanical part.

While we cannot but feel grateful to a large portion of this community, and the Nova Scotia public at large, for the liberal patronage they have extended to us, we trust the exertions we are now making for the general improvement of our periodical, will be duly appreciated, and that our reward will be commensurate with the increased labour and expense.

In all other respects, such as the politics, the price, mode of payment, &c., the paper will remain unchanged for the present, except in this one particular, that no Paper will in future be sent to places beyond this County, where we have no agent, unless they are paid in advance, or satisfactory reference made to some individual on the spot. We take this early opportunity of letting this be known, that those whom it affects, may have timely notice of, and be prepared for the change.

### TO LET.

#### THAT HOUSE AND OUT-HOUSE

In Queen Street,

DIRECTLY opposite Lorrain's Hotel, now occupied by Captain McArthur and Mr Ross. Rent low, and possession given on the 10th April, 1838.

The house can be examined by applying to

PETER BROWN.

### ALSO, TO LET:

THAT House in Water Street now occupied by Mr John Joyce. Possession given May 1st, 1838.

For particulars apply as above.

March 14, 1838,

if

## ALCHEE.

THE FLOWER OF THE HAREM.

Extract from a Letter written by a French Officer of rank, quartered at Constantine.

Nov. 4th, 1837.

I HAVE just returned from the ball—you will be surprised perhaps at the word,—but we have more fetes and balls at Constantine. This city, so lately the theatre of despair and death, in a short space, as though by the touch of a wand, has become a city of pleasure. Instead of the deaf, pealing shot and the cries of mortal agony, is heard the gay song of our French soldiery and the Arab's tambour—the very breach where so many brave men fell now echoes with minstrelsy—our light hearted fellows are teaching the swarthy descendants of the desert to dance and drink, and it is my belief they like the creed so well, that if we have but time, more converts will be made by us than by a whole army of martyrs. But touching the ball.

Yes, the ball—the ball *par excellence*—such an affair, my dear friend, with all your experience in such matters, as never could have fallen to your lot to make one in. But mark me, I do not mean a ball in your vulgar London or Parisian acceptation of the term—none of your odious *dos a dos*—*chassez croisee*—or *chaine-des-dames*—no fatiguing partners, or dazling oneself by the waltz—no laborious gallopade—no barbarous mazouka—no; we manage things better in Constantine—we smoke our pipes and sip coffee,—and, seated beside our fair partners, or dark, as they may happen to be, we make love to them without coughing asthmatically from intense exercise, or perspiring at every pore from the laborious exertion of the dance— whilst that horror is enacted before us by those who are paid liberally for such display. But this will be revealed to you anon.

In future you need not consider your Lady M W Montagu, a privileged person—Miss Pardoc may no longer boast of her exclusive information, and the Russian doctor who felt the pulse of the Governor's favourite at Adrianople, must hide his diminished head; for the sanctuary is no longer inviolate—the veil has not been rent, but gently lifted from the holy of holies, and the light of the harem has shone upon us—upon us—soldiers of the cross! But I must tell you—I see you are growing impatient—you are not accustomed to any eastern flights.

I went as usual in the evening to pay my respects to two young Princes at the Palace—by the way, a most magnificent place I do assure you, worthy the residence of a Bey, or indeed of any body—and we were talking of the details of our occupation and speculating upon various points, many officers of the staff being present, when we were surprised by the entrance of a tall black eunuch, sumptuously clad, who, after profound salams, made known to His Royal Highness the Duke of Nemours that the ladies of the Harem, in grateful acknowledgement for the protection he had afforded them, begged to invite him, and such officers as pleased to accompany him, to a grand fete and ball in the apartments.

This extraordinary and unexpected invitation was of course accepted with great delight, and such of us as were present accompanied the Princes, the tall eunuch leading the way, and by the gate of the flambax we

traversed the corridors and galleries of the Palace to the sacred precincts of the Harem.

After entering the gates we were led through many spacious ante-rooms into a splendid hall or rather court, for it was open at the top, paved with black and white marble, and surrounded by deep galleries or arcades supported by a double range of slight elegant columns; two fountains played, one at each end, and the slender showers of water glittered with many colours from the reflection of innumerable wax tapers, making the place as light as day. The place was fairy-like, and beautiful to look upon; on one side, supported by cushions, were seated the beauties of the Harem; they were formed in a double row, and occupied the space of a large oblong circle, the centre being reserved for us! They were almost all without veil, and were attired most gorgeously, but without taste. About 150 were present, some were transparently fair, and others jet black; indeed there were all shades of colour, as though the world had been ransacked to procure them.

On our arrival an extraordinary and rather, to our ears, discordant chanting was commenced, accompanied by a peculiar drum, and the loud, measured clapping of hands; this was evidently intended as a guide to the singers, by marking the time. To this strange music was introduced a band of black dancing girls, who executed the religious dances peculiar to the Pagan countries in the interior of Africa. This was the most extraordinary performance I have ever witnessed; it surpassed any thing we have ever witnessed in Europe. They work themselves into a delirium, and their positions, I might say contortions, both of limbs and features, are scarcely credible. To these succeeded the white dancers, who were certainly more graceful, but less surprising.

The guardians of the Harem appeared for that evening to have resigned their office; no austerity was visible, all was amability and condescension. They did not seem to be under the smallest apprehension about the familiarity with which the ladies treated us, and which appeared to be rapidly increasing. But amongst the galaxy of beauty, and really there were many beauties there, I had only eyes for one. If beauty ever deserved a crown, then ought she to be mistress of the world. I have never beheld any human being so lovely. She has completely realised my boyish dreams of eastern beauty. I had in this entertainment a peculiar advantage over my companions, for I spoke the language, having been for two years at Constantinople, and I addressed myself exclusively to this beauty. She told me her name was Alchee—that she was seventeen years of age, and had been brought from Circassia two years since. She said she was quite sure she was the favourite of the Bey, and that he did not care for any of the others. I asked how this invitation was given, and she related that the Bey said, when he quitted, that he had every confidence in the honour of the French—that though they were barbarians and infidels, yet he would trust them, and that we were to treat them in the fashion of their own country.

Alchee was curious to know how many wives I had, and how many ladies my Harem consisted of, and I could not make her comprehend that I was not blessed even with a bare fifty. She appeared to have a mean