



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

VOLUME II.

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THE BEE

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BY JAMES DAWSON,

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PICTOU PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

APPLES, pr bushel	2s 6d.	Hay	80s a 90s
Boards, pine, pr M	50s a 60s	Herrings, No 1	22s 6d a 25s
" hemlock -	30s a 40s	Lumber	3d
Beef, pr lb	2d a 2 1/2d	Mackarel	none
Butter, -	1s a 1 1/2d	Mutton	pr lb 2 1/2d
Cheese, N S -	5d a 6d	Oatmeal	prwt 20s
Coals, at Mines, pr cul	13	Oats	none
" shipped on board	14 1/2	Pork	pr lb 4 1/2d a 5d
" at wharf (Pictou)	16	Potatoes	1s 6d
Coke	16	Salt	pr hhd 10s a 11s
Codfish, pr Qil	14s a 15s	Salmon, fresh	2s
Eggs, pr doz	7d	Shingles, pr M	7s a 10s
Flour, N S pr cwt	20s a 25s	Tallow	pr lb 7d a 8d
" Am's F, pr bbl	none	Turpins	pr bush 1s 6d.
		Wood	pr cord 12s

HALIFAX PRICES.

Alowives	14s a 15s	Herrings, No 1	18s
Boards, pine, M	60s a 70s	"	2 none
Beef, best,	4 1/2 a 5d	Mackarel, No 1	none
" Quebec prime	50s	"	2 30s
" Nova Scotia	40s a 45s	"	3 20s
Codfish, merch'ble	16s	Molasses	2s 6d
Coals, Pic o',	none	Pork, Irish	none
" Sydney,	28s	" Quebec	none
Coffee	1s 1d.	" Nova Scotia	90s a 100
Corn, Indian	5s	Potatoes	2s
Flour Am sup	50s	Sugar, good,	50 a 60s
" Fine	47s 6d	Salmon	No 1 65s
" Quebec fine	45s	"	2 60s
" Nova Scotia	40s	"	3 55s

DR. KIRKWOOD

HAVING returned from Canada, again offers his services to his old friends, and the public generally, of Pictou and its vicinity; and hopes to deserve a continuance of their favour.

Residence at Mrs. Davison's.

N. B. Advice to the poor gratis.

[Pictou, 21st September, 1836.]

FOR SALE,

AT A LOW PRICE,

A Valuable tract of LAND, belonging to the heirs of the late John Tulles, lying on the Northern side of the East Branch of River John, bounded by Lands granted to Robert Patterson and others, and containing

FIVE HUNDRED ACRES.

Apply to Abram Patterson, Esquire, Pictou, or to Messrs Young, Halifax.

October 5, 1836.

INDIAN Corn MEAL, in barrels of 106 lbs each, for sale by ROSS & PRIMROSE. 32th October.

From the Kaiikerbocker.

THE ESCAPE.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

"List, ye land-men all to me!"

THE morning broke hazily upon the Atlantic, with a fresh breeze from the eastward, attended by frequent squalls and light rain. The sea had assumed that dead red color which always attests the absence of the sun; and a dark curtain of clouds that were slowly heaving up to windward, threatened an interval of heavy weather before the close of the day. About an hundred miles from that part of the coast of South America situated between the Brazil Shoals and Capo Frio, a large and beautiful ship was dashing along under a press of canvas. She had the wind abeam, and every thing that the weather would allow was packed below and aloft. On her quarter deck, a group, consisting of the passengers and officers of the ship, had collected to observe a strange sail, which since daylight had been discovered two or three points forward of the beam.

'Give me the glass,' said a stout, good-looking, middle aged man, whose countenance betrayed, or more properly indicated a fondness for glasses, and whose authoritative tone at once christened him skipper. Taking the proffered instrument, he adjusted it at the proper focus, and commenced studying the stranger, whose hull, by the aid of the telescope, was but just visible, as she rose upon the crest of the waves.

'Ho's edging away for us,' muttered Captain Bangem, 'just going a pull of his weather braces: devilish suspicious looking craft, too.'

'A guineaman, from the coast, perhaps, said Sky-sail.'

'The fellow thinks it's getting too black to windward for all his duck,' resumed the captain; 'he's reefing his foretopsail and we must follow suit.'

Passing the glass to a sailor at his elbow, he took up the trumpet, and looking at the mouth piece for a moment, applied it to his lips, and gave the order to take in the studding sails, royals, and flying jib—When this movement had been executed, Bangem again thundered forth:

'Man the top-gallant clew-lines—clear away the sheets—clew up—man the topsail reef tackles and buntlines—clear away the bowlines—round the braces—settle away the halliards—clew down, haul out the reef tackles, and up the buntlines—trice up the tho booms—lay out, and take in the second reef!

The over ready seamen sprang upon the yards, and extending themselves along either extremity, caught up and secured to the spur the canvas contained between the first and second reef bands. When all three of the topsails were reefed, the yards wore mast-headed and the Niagara once more freshened her speed through the water.

In the mean time the stranger was fast coming down and so rapidly had she overhauled the Niagara, that those on board the latter were able to distinguish her build and rig with the naked eye. She was a long, low clipper schooner, with spars that seemed much too taunt and spare for the little hull cut of which they rose. Captain Bangem had been watching her for some moments with the utmost interest,

when, turning to Sky-sail, he ordered him to hoist the ensign, 'Now,' said he, 'we'll see what bunting that fellow wears.—Ah, there it goes! the stars and stripes' A rolling billow of smoke rose from the bow of the schooner, and the report of a gun thundered along the breeze.

'Man the weather main-braces—clear away the bowlines—put the helm down—ease off the jib sheet!' shouted Bangem; and in another moment the Niagara was lying to, with the maintopsail to the mast. The skipper again resumed the spyglass; but scarcely had he raised it to his eye, when relinquishing it to another, he seized the trumpet, and in a voice that betrayed unusual excitement he sang out, 'haul aft the jib sheet! hard up, hard up!'

'Hard up!' answered the man at the wheel, and the obedient ship fell rapidly off before the wind.

'Lay aft the braces!' said Bangman, 'meet her now, my boy!'

'She's got the lee helm,' was the immediate reply.

'Steady as you go—steady eo.'

The sudden report of a gun told how the stranger had received this manoeuvre: and when the smoke rolled off to leeward, the American ensign was no longer at his peak. Before the Niagara had been kept away, she was running along with the wind abeam; the stranger was on his weather bow, and heading so as to near her at each moment, and eventually cut her off; but now the former had assumed the same position with regard to the wind as the latter, and both vessels were running with the breeze sharp on the quarter. There were but few questions asked on board the Niagara: the unlooked for deviation from her proper course, and the subsequent manoeuvres of the schooner, at once told the real or suspected character of the vessel in chase; and the passengers gathered about the taffrail, regarding with a fearful silence the little object of their fears, that came down clambering and cutting the waves, like some angry monster of the deep after its retreating prey.

'Gentlemen,' said Bangem, it would be superfluous for me to tell you the character of that vessel; you all know it, and you all know what mercy to expect, if we fall into their hands. A stern chase is a long chase, and as the Niagara sails better with the wind well aft, I have given her her faster point; we are now heading for the coast of South America, and must keep out of his clutches as long as we can. If Providence does not send us deliverance in the mean time, why, it is better to perish on the reefs, than die by the hands of the butchers.'

Another gun from the pirate boomed over the water, but the shot fell harmlessly astern of the Niagara. 'Ay, blaze away, you vagabond!' muttered an old veteran, who was assisting in running out of a stern port the only gun on board—'every shot you heave is four fathoms off your log.'

'If it were eight hours later, we might be able to give her the slip during the night,' said Bangem; but if we continue to move along at this rate we shall be high and dry on the coast of Brazil, before the sun goes down.'

Still the schooner kept overhauling the ship, but his advantage was not now as perceptible as before; every thing held out the prospect of a long chase: