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THE BEE.

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

VOLUME I.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 22, 1835.

NUMBER IX.

THE BEE


IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, And delivered in Town at the low price of 12s. 6d. per annum, if paid in advance, but 15s. if paid at the end of the year;—payment made within three months after receiving the first Paper considered in advance; whenever Papers have to be transmitted through the Post Office, 2s. 6d. additional will be charged for postage.

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THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE,

 THAT valuable Property on which he now carries on his *Chain and Anchor Manufactory*, situated on the south end of Patterson's Wharf; the premises are so well known that further description is unnecessary. If not disposed of before the 11th day of August next, it will then be offered at PUBLIC SALE, on the premises.

JOHN RUSSEL.

For Sale as above, on reasonable terms, Best Chain Cables, from 1-2 to 11-8 Inch; Anchors from 3 cwt. to 12 cwt.; hause ropes and Windlass Irons, all sizes.

Pictou, July 8, 1835. b-w

JAMES MALCOLM

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

G O O D S,

which he offers for Sale at VERY LOW PRICES for cash or produce:

BLACK, blue, brown, olive and green CLOTH.	IRON & STEEL,
Pilot Cloth & Flushing,	Tea Kettles,
Cassimere,	Pots & Ovens.
Fancy Stuff for Summer Dresses,	Brass mounted GRATES & FENDERS,
Plaiding,	Carron do. do.
Brown & bleach'd shirting Cottons,	Plough MOUNTING.
Apron Check,	PAINTS, Paint Oil and Brushes,
Striped Shirting,	Ivory and Lamp Black,
Printed Cottons,—(great variety,)	Coffin Mounting,
Merinoes & Shawls,	Hearth, Shoo and Cloth BRUSHES,
Silk & cotton Handk'fs,	Percussion Guns & Caps,
Raven sewing Silk,	Cannister and Seal POWDER,
Patent & common sewing Thread,	Cannon Powder & Shot,
Cotton Balls,	Kegs 4dy, 6dy, 8dy, 10dy, 12dy, 15dy, & 20dy, fine
Silk and cotton Ferret,	ROSE NAILS,
Coat & Vest Buttons,	Horse Nails,
Writing, deed & wrapping PAPER,	Shovels & Spades,
Patent Cordage,	Frame, whip, & cross cut SAWS,
Putty,	Hand & Tennon do.,
Boxes Tobacco Pipes,	Fanner Mounting,
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. if

ALMANACKS, FOR 1835.

For sale by the Subscriber. JAMES DAWSON.

JOSEPHINE.

THE STORY OF THE OLD SHOES AND OTHER MATTERS.

After the divorce of the amiable Josephine from her second husband, Napoleon, she retired to Malmaison, a pleasant country residence not far distant from Paris. Here, though retaining the title of empress, she lived in comparative seclusion till the period of her death in 1814. Some time before her lamented decease, she was visited by two young ladies of her acquaintance, whose interview with her is thus described by one of the party, in the memoirs of Josephine:—"It happened to us to request of the empress to show us her diamonds, which were locked up in a concealed cellar. She yielded with the most willing compliance to the wishes of such giddy girls as we were, ordered an immense table to be brought into the saloon, upon which several of her maids in waiting laid a countless number of caskets of every form and shape. They were spread upon that spacious table, which was absolutely covered with them. On the opening of the caskets, we were perfectly dazzled with the brilliancy, the size, and the quantity of jewels composing the different sets. The most remarkable after those which consisted of white diamonds were in the shape of pears, formed of pearls, perfectly regular, and of the finest colour; opals, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, were encircled with large diamonds, which were, nevertheless, considered as mere mountings, and never taken into account in the estimation made of those jewels; they formed altogether a collection which I believe to be unique in Europe, since they consisted of the most valuable objects of that description that could be found in the towns conquered by our armies. Napoleon was never under the necessity of seizing upon objects, which there was always evinced the utmost anxiety to offer to his wife; the garlands and bouquets formed of such a countless number of precious stones had the effect of verifying the truth of the description hitherto so fanciful, which are to be met with in the fairy tales. None but those who have seen this splendid collection can form an adequate idea of it.

The empress seldom wore any other than fancy jewels; the sight, therefore, of this exhibition of caskets, excited the wonder of most of the beholders. Her majesty greatly enjoyed our silent admiration. After having permitted us to touch and examine every thing at our leisure—I had no other motive, she kindly said to us, in ordering my jewels to be opened before you, than to spoil your fancy for such ornaments. After having seen such splendid sets, you never can feel a wish for inferior ones; the less so, when you reflect how unhappy I have been, although with so rare a collection at my command. During the first dawn of my extraordinary elevation, I delighted in these trifles, many of which were presented to me in Italy. I grew by degrees so tired of them, that I no longer wear any, except when I am in some respects compelled to do so by my new rank in the world; a thousand accidents may, besides, contribute to deprive me of those brilliant though useless objects; do I not possess the pendants of Queen Maria Antoinette? and yet am I quite sure of retaining them? Trust to me, ladies, and do not envy a splendour which does not constitute happiness. I shall not fail to surprise you

when I relate that I felt more pleasure at receiving an old pair of shoes, than at being presented with all the diamonds which are now spread before you.' We could not help smiling at this observation, persuaded as we were that Josephine was not in earnest; but she repeated her assertions in so serious a manner, that we felt the utmost curiosity to hear the story of this wonderful pair of shoes.

'I repeat it, ladies,' said her majesty; 'it is strictly true, that the present, which of all others has afforded me most pleasure, is a pair of old shoes of the coarsest leather; you will readily believe it when you shall have heard my story. I had set sail with my daughter Hortense, from Martinique in the West Indies, on board a ship in which we received such marked attentions, that they are indolibly impressed on my memory. Being separated from my first husband, my pecuniary resources were not very flourishing; the expense of my return to France, which the state of my affairs rendered necessary, had nearly drained me of every thing, and I found great difficulty in making the purchases which were indispensably requisite for the voyage. Hortense, who was a smart lively child, sang negro songs, and performed negro dances with admirable accuracy; she was the delight of the sailors, and in return for their fondness she had made them her favourite company. I no sooner fell asleep than she slipped upon deck and rehearsed her various little exercises to the renewed delight and admiration of all on board. An old mate was particularly fond of her, and whenever he found a moment's leisure from his daily occupations, he devoted it to his little friend, who was also exceedingly attached to him. My daughter's shoes were soon worn out with her constant dancing and skipping. Knowing as she did that I had no other pair for her, and fearing lest I should prevent her going upon deck, if I should discover the plight of those she was fast wearing away, she concealed the trifling accident from my knowledge. I saw her once returning with bleeding feet, and asked her, in the utmost alarm, if she had hurt herself. "No, mamma." "But your feet are bleeding." "It really is nothing." I insisted upon ascertaining what ailed her, and discovered that her shoes were all in tatters, and that her flesh was dreadfully torn by a nail.

'We had as yet only performed half the voyage; a long time would necessarily elapse before I could procure a fresh pair of shoes; and I was mortified at the bare anticipation of the distress my poor Hortense would now feel at being compelled to remain confined in my wretched little cabin, and of the injury her health might experience from the want of exercise. At the moment when I was wrapped up in sorrow, and giving free vent to my tears, our friend the mate made his appearance, and inquired with his honest bluntness what was the cause of our whimperings. Hortense replied in a sobbing voice, that she could no longer go upon deck, because she had torn her shoes, and I had no other to give her. "Is that all? I have an old pair in my trunk; let me go for them. You, madam, will cut them up, and I shall sew them over again to the best of my power; every thing on board ship should be turned to account; this is not the place for being too nice or particular; we have our most important wants gratified when we have the

needful." He did not wait for our reply, but went in quest of his old shoes, which he brought to us with an air of exultation, and offered them to Hortense, who received the gift with every demonstration of delight. We set to work with the the greatest alacrity, and my daughter was enabled, towards the close of day, to enjoy the pleasure of again amusing the ship's company. I repeat that no present was ever received by me with more sincere gratitude. I greatly reproached myself for having neglected to make enquiries after the worthy seaman, who was only known on board by the name of James. I should have felt a sincere satisfaction in rendering him some service, since it was afterwards in my power to do so."—Hortense afterwards became the wife of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland.

The poor circumstances in which Josephine had thus been placed, by her sudden removal or flight from Martinique, after the breaking out of the rebellion in that island, were less distressing than her subsequent sufferings on her arrival in France. Her husband, M. de Beauharnais, who had figured as one of the early military leaders in the French revolutionary movements, was seized, condemned, and brought to the guillotine; and she narrowly escaped the same fate only by the death of Robespierre, whereupon she was released from confinement. The letter written by M. de Beauharnais to Josephine on the night before his execution, is a most affecting document. The following is a translation:—

"Conciergerie, Night of the 7th Thermidor, year 2.

"I have yet a few minutes to devote to affection, tears, and regret, and then I must wholly give myself up to the glory of my fate and to thoughts of immortality. When you receive this letter, my dear Josephine, your husband will have ceased to live, and will be tasting true existence in the bosom of his Creator. Do not weep for him; the wicked and senseless beings who survive him are more worthy of your tears, for they are doing mischief which they can never repair. But let us not cloud the present moments by any thoughts of their guilt; I wish on the contrary to brighten them by the reflection that I have enjoyed the affections of a lovely woman, and that our union would have been an uninterrupted course of happiness, but for errors which I was too late to acknowledge and atone for. This thought wings tears from my eyes, though your generous heart pardons me. But this is no time to revive the recollections of my errors and your wrongs. Love thanks to Providence, who will reward you.

That Providence now disposes of me before my time. This is another blessing for which I am grateful. Can a virtuous man live happy when he sees the whole world a prey to the wicked? I should rejoice in being taken away, were it not for the thought of leaving those I love behind me. But if the thoughts of the dying are presentments, something in my heart tells me that these horrible butcheries are drawing to a close; that executioners will in their turn become victims; that the arts and sciences will again flourish in France; that wise and moderate laws will take place of cruel sacrifices; and that you will at length enjoy the happiness which you have always deserved. Our children will discharge the debt for their father.

I resume these incoherent and almost illegible lines, which were interrupted by the entrance of my jailors. I have just submitted to a cruel ceremony, which, under any other circumstances, I would have resisted at the sacrifice of my life. Yet why should we rebel against necessity?—reason tells us to make the best of it we can. My hair has been cut off. I had some idea of buying a part of it, in order to leave to my wife and children an unequivocal pledge of my last recollection of them. Alas! my heart breaks at the very thought, and my tears bedew the paper on which I am writing. Adieu, all that I love! Think of me, and do not forget that to die the victim of tyrants, and be martyr of liberty, sheds lustre on the scaffold."

A NORWEGIAN TALE.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

In one of those short and brilliant nights peculiar to Norway, a small hamlet near its coast was disturbed by the arrival of a stranger. At a spot so wild and unfrequented, the Norwegian government had not thought fit to provide any house of accommodation for travellers, but the pastor's residence was easily found. Thorsen, though his hut hardly afforded room for his own numerous family, gave ready admission even to an unknown guest, and placed before him the remains of a dried torsk-fish, a thrush, and a loaf composed of oatmeal mixed with fir-bark. To this coarse but hospitable banquet the traveller seated himself with a courteous air of appetite, and addressed several questions to his host respecting the produce, customs, and peculiarities of the district. Thorsen gave him intelligent answers, and dwelt especially on the cavern of Dolstein, celebrated for its extent beneath the sea. The traveller listened earnestly, commented in language which betrayed deep science, and ended by proposing to visit it with his host.

The pastor loved the wonders of his country with the pride and enthusiasm of a Norwegian; and they entered the cave of Dolstein together, attended only by one of those small dogs accustomed to hunt bears. The torches they carried could not penetrate the tremendous gloom of this cavern, whose vast aisles and columns seem to form a cathedral fit for the spirits of the sea, whose eternal hymn resounds above and around it. "We must advance no farther," said Thorsen, pausing at the edge of a broad chasm, "we have already ventured two miles beneath the tide." "Shall we not avail ourselves of the stairs which nature has provided here?" replied the traveller, stretching his torch over the abyss, into which large masses of shattered basaltine pillars offered a possible, but dreadful mode of descent. The pastor caught his cloak—"not in my presence shall any man tempt death so impiously! are you deaf to that terrible murmur? The tide of the northern ocean is rising upon us; I see its white foam in the depth." Though retained by a strong grasp, the stranger hazarded a step beneath the chasm's edge, straining his sight to penetrate its extent, which no human hand had ever fathomed. The dog leapt to a still lower resting-place, was out of sight in a few moments, and returned with a piteous moan to his master's feet, "Even this poor animal," said Thorsen, "is awed by the divinity of darkness, and asks us to save ourselves." "Loose my cloak, old man!" exclaimed the traveller, with a look and tone which might have suited the divinity he named, "My life is a worthless hazard. But this creature's instinct invites us to save life, not to lose it. I hear a human voice!" "It is the scream of the fish-eagle!" interrupted his guide; and exerting all his strength, Thorsen would have snatched the torch from the desperate adventurer—but he had already descended a fathom deep into the gulf. Panting with agony, the pastor saw him stand unsupported on the brink of a slippery rock, extending the iron point of his staff into what appeared a wreath of foam left on the opposite side by the sea, which now raged below him in a whirlpool more deafening than the Malestrom. Thorsen with astonishment saw this white wreath attach itself to the pike-staff; he saw his companion poise it across the chasm with a vigorous arm and beckon for his aid with gestures which the clamour of waves prevented his voice from explaining. The sagacious dog instantly caught what now seemed the folds of a white garment; and while Thorsen trembling held the offered staff, the traveller ascended with his prize. Both fell on their knees, and silent-

ly blessed Heaven: Thorsen first unfolded the white garment, and discovered the face of a boy, beautiful though ghastly, about eleven years old. "He is not dead yet!" said the good pastor, eagerly pouring wine between his lips from the flask they had brought to cheer them. He soon breathed, and the traveller tearing off his wet half-frozen vestments, wrapped him in his own furred coat and cloak, and spoke to him in a gentle accent. The child clung to him whose voice he had heard in the gulf of death, but could not discern his deliverers. "Poor blind boy!" said Thorsen, dropping tears on his cheek, "he has wandered alone into this hideous cavern, and fallen down the precipice." But this natural conjecture was disproved by the boy's replies to the few Norwegian words he seemed to understand. He spoke in a pure Swedish dialect, of a journey from a very distant home with two rude men, who had professed to bring him among friends, but had left him sleeping, he believed, where he had been found. His soft voice, his blindness, his unsuspecting simplicity, increased the deep horror which both his benefactors felt as they guessed the probable design of those men who had abandoned him. They carried him by turns in silence, preceded by their watchful dog: and quenching their torches at the cavern's mouth, seated themselves in one of its most concealed recesses. The sun was rising and its light shone through a crevice on the stranger's face and figure, which, by enveloping the child in his furred mantle, he had divested the disguise. Thorsen saw the grace and vigour of youth in its contour, features formed to express an ardent character, and that fairness of complexion peculiar northern nations. As if aware of his guide's scrutiny, the traveller wrapped himself again in his cloak, and, looking on the sleeping boy whose head rested on his knee, broke the thoughtful pause. "We must not neglect the existence we have saved. I am a wanderer, and urgent reasons forbid me to have any companion. Providence, sir, has given you a right to share in the adoption of this child. Dare you accept the charge for one year with no other recompense than your own benevolence and this small purse of dollars?" Thorsen replied, with the blush of honest pride in his forehead: "I should require no bribe to love him—but I have many children, and their curiosity may be dangerous. There is a good old peasant whose daughter is his only comfort and companion. Let us intrust this boy to her care, and if in one year—" "In one year, if I live, I will reclaim him!" said the stranger solemnly;—Show me this woman." Though such peremptory commands startled Thorsen, whose age and office had accustomed him to respect, he saw and felt a native authority in his new friend's eye, which he obeyed. With cautious fear of spies, new to an honest Norwegian, he looked round the cavern entrance, and led the stranger by a private path to the old fisherman's hut. Claribell, his daughter, sat at its door, arranging the down feathers of the beautiful Norwegian pheasant, and singing one of the wild ditties so long preserved on that coast. The fisherman himself, fresh coloured and robust, though in his ninetieth year, was busied amongst his winter stock of oil and deer skins. Thorsen was received with the urbanity peculiar to a nation whose lowest classes are artizans and poets; but his companion did not wait for his introduction. "Worthy woman," he said to Claribell, "I am a traveller with an unfortunate child, whose weakness will not permit him to accompany me farther. Your countenance confirms what this venerable man has told me of your goodness: I leave him to appeal to it." He disappeared as he spoke, while the blind boy clung to Claribell's hand, as if attracted by the

softness of a female voice. "Keep the dollars, pastor," said Hans Hosland, when he heard all that Thorsen chose to tell—"I am old, and my daughter may marry Brande our kinsman—keep the purse to feed this poor boy, if the year should pass, and no friends remember him."

Thorsen returned well satisfied to his home, but the stranger was gone, and no one in the hamlet knew the time or way of his departure. Though a little Lutheran theology was all that education had given the pastor, he had received from Nature an acute judgment and a bountiful heart. Whether the deep mystery in which his guest had chosen to wrap himself could be connected with that which involved his ward, was a point beyond his investigation; but he contented himself with knowing how much the blind boy deserved his pity. To be easy and useful, was this good man's constant aim, and he always found both purposes united.

The long, long winter and brief summer of Norway passed away without event. Adolphus, as the blind boy called himself, though he soon learned the Norwegian language, could give only vague and confused accounts of his early years, or his journey to Dolstem. But his docility, his sprightliness, and lovely countenance, won even the old fisherman's heart, and increased Claribell's pity to fondness.

Under Hans Hosland's roof there was also a woman who owed her bread to Claribell's bounty. She was the widow of a nobleman, whose mansion and household had suddenly sunk into the abyss now covered with the lake of Frederic-Stadt. From that hour she had never been seen to smile; the intense severity of a climate in which she was a stranger, added to the force of an overwhelming misfortune, had reduced her mind and body to utter imbecility. But Claribell, who had been chosen to attend her during the few months which elapsed between her arrival in Norway and her disastrous widow-hood, could never be persuaded to forsake her, when the rapacious heir, affecting to know no proofs of her marriage, dismissed her to desolation and famine. The Lady Johanna, as her faithful servant still called her, had now resided ten years in Hans Hosland's cabin, nursed by his daughter with the tenderest respect, and soothed in all her caprices. Adolphus sat by her side singing fragments of Swedish songs, which she always repaid by allowing him to share her sheltered corner of the hearth; and he, ever ready to love the hand that cherished him, lamented only because he could not know the face of his second foster-mother.

On the anniversary of that brilliant night which brought the stranger to Dolstem, all Hosland's happy family assembled round his door. Hans himself, ever gay and busy, played a rude accompaniment on his ancient violin, while Adolphus timed his song to the slow motion of the lady Johanna's chair, as it rocked her into slumber. Claribell sat at her feet preparing for her pillow the soft rich fur of the brown forest cat, brought by Brande, her betrothed husband, whose return had caused this jubilee. While Hans and his son-in-law were exchanging cups of mead, the pastor Thorsen was seen advancing with the stranger. "It is he," exclaimed Claribell, springing from her kinsman's side with a shriek of joy. Adolphus clung to his benefactor's embrace, Hans loaded him with welcomes, and even the lady looked round her with a faint smile. They seated their guest among them, while the blind boy sorrowfully asked if he intended to remove him. "One year more, Adolphus," replied the traveller, "you shall give to these hospitable friends, if they will endure the burthen for your sake."—"He is so beautiful!" said old Hans.—"Ah, father!" ad-

ded Claribell, "he must be beautiful always, he is so kind!" The traveller looked earnestly at Claribell, and saw the loveliness of a kind heart in her eyes. His voice faltered as he replied, "My boy must still be your guest, for a soldier has no home; but I have found his small purse untouched—let me add another, and make me more your debtor by accepting it." Adolphus laid the purse in Claribell's lap, and his benefactor, rising hastily, announced his intention to depart immediately, if a guide could be procured. "My kinsman shall accompany you," said the fisherman; "he knows every crag from Ardanger to Dofresfield." Brande advanced, slinging his musket behind his shoulder, as a token of his readiness.—"Not to-night!" said Claribell; a "snow-fall has swelled the flood, and the wicker bridge has faded."—Thorsen and Hans urged the tedious length of the mountain-road, and the distance of any stage-house. Brande alone was silent. He had thought of Claribell's long delay in fulfilling their marriage contract, and his eye measured the stranger's graceful figure with suspicious envy. But he dare not meet his glance, and no one saw the smile which shrivelled his lips when his offered guidance was accepted.—"He is bold and faithful," said the pastor, as the stranger pressed his hand, and bade him farewell with an expressive smile. Brande shrunk from the the pastor's blessing and departed in silence.—"All were sleeping in Hosland's hut when he returned, pale and almost gasping.—"So soon from Ardanger?" said Claribell, "your journey has speeded well." "He is safe," returned her lover, and sat down gloomily on the hearth. Only a few embers remained which cast a doubtful light on his countenance.—"Claribell!" he exclaimed, after a long pause, "will you be my wife tomorrow?"—"I am the lady Johanna's servant while she lives," answered Claribell—"and the poor blind boy! what will become of them if I leave my father?"—"They shall remain with us, and we will form one family—we are no longer poor—the traveller gave me this gold, and bade me keep it as your dowry."—Claribell cast her eyes on the heap of rubies, and on her lover's face—"Brande you have murdered him!"—With these half articulate words, she fell prostrate on the earth, from which he dared not approach to raise her. But presently gathering the gold, her kinsman placed it at her feet—"Claribell! it is yours! it is his free gift, and I am innocent."—"Follow me, then!" said she, putting the treasure in her bosom; and quitting her father's dwelling, she led the way to Thorsen's. He was awake, reading by the summer moonlight.—"Sir," said Claribell, in a calm and firm tone, "your friend deposited this gold in my kinsman's hands—keep it in trust for Adolphus in your own." Brande surprised, dismayed, yet rescued from immediate danger, acquiesced with downcast eyes; and the pastor, struck only with respectful admiration, received the deposit.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

BRITISH AND FOREIGN TEM. SOCIETY.—A meeting of this Society was held on Tuesday morning at Exeter Hall, the Bishop of London in the chair.—The large Hall-room was completely crowded, and among the audience were a great many fashionably dressed ladies. The Bishop of London, taking the chair, shortly addressed the meeting, and after expressing his satisfaction at the progress of the principles of the society, particularly in the manufacturing districts, proceeded to defend the report made by the committee upon drunkenness, last session. He said that, notwithstanding the sneers cast on that report, he thought it was characterized by good practical sense and Christian feeling. The Secretary then read the annual re-

port, of the increase of temperance in England and Ireland, particularly in the province of Ulster and also in Scotland, and in some foreign countries. It appeared from the report, that the number of Temperance Societies in England and Wales is 557. Several gentlemen addressed the meeting in support of the principles advocated by these Societies. Several members of Parliament were present.—*Liv. Times.*

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.—This society held their 31st anniversary meeting at Exeter Hall, May 6th. The meeting was more numerous attended than any former meeting; the great room was crowded to suffocation, and a smaller room in the lower part of the building was filled with the overflow from above stairs. Lord Bexley was in the chair. The business commenced with the reading of the report by the Secretary, the Rev. E. Brandram. From this report it appeared that the receipts of the past year amounted to £107,926 1s., being the largest amount ever received in one year since the formation of the society. This amount includes the sum of £11,695, a bequest of the late Horatio Cock, Esq. and a sum of £15,000, which had been raised expressly for the purpose of supplying the negroes in the West Indies with the word of God without interfering with the general funds of the society. When these were deducted, the amount was still nearly as great as that of any former year. The free donations from auxiliaries were £29,184.

The whole number of Bibles and Testaments issued during the year is not given, but it is stated that the distribution by the Paris Bible Society had in the year amounted to 62,192 Bibles and Testaments. The accounts from Paris contained most gratifying intelligence of the progress of the society in Switzerland, in some parts of which a distribution to the amount of 27,000 copies had been effected by two of the society's colporteurs. From Dr. Pinkerton's report of the distribution of Bibles and Testaments, in the north of Europe, it appeared that 27,935 copies had been distributed last year in the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, German, Polish, and other languages, and that a considerable number of these had found their way into the hands of Roman Catholics.—Among the persons present on the platform were Bishop Melvaine of Ohio, and Rev. Dr. Spring of New York.—Dr. Spring addressed the assembly as the representative of the American Bible Society.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any just demands against the Estate of the late DONALD M'INTOSH, of the Fox Brook, East River, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same, duly attested, within eighteen calendar months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate, are hereby notified to make immediate payment to CHARLES M'INTOSH, Fox Brook, who is authorised to settle all accounts.

THOMAS MUNRO, } Ex'rs.
RODERICK MCKAY, }
East River, 16th April, 1835. b-w

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber, about to leave the Province, for a few months, has left in the hands of Mr. John Patterson, his Accounts and notes of hand, with full authority to collect and sue for the same.

THOMAS D. UNDERWOOD.
July 15th. b-w

**D. SPENCE,
BOOK BINDER,**

RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of Pietou, that he has commenced business in the above line, in a room below the Bce Office, where, or at the said Office, BOOKS will be received for binding according to order. [June 29, 1835]

**FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,
THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE ALMANAC**
(36 pages), price 3d, each.
Also: Crawley on Baptism—price 2s.

AGRICULTURAL.

USEFULNESS OF MOWING WEEDS.—In the month of June weeds are in their most succulent state, and in this state, especially after they have lain a few hours to wither, hungry cattle will eat greedily almost every species. There is scarcely a hedge, border, or nook, but at this season is valuable, and it must certainly be good management to embrace the transient opportunity; for in a few weeks they will become nuisances.

From the New York Farmer
HINTS ON SHEEP HUSBANDRY

It is obvious that housing sheep at night, and providing them, during the day, a shelter from the rain and sun, must preserve and improve the wool; and also essentially conduce to the health, comfort and preservation of the animal.

I would have sheep winter fed, to the degree of commencing the grass seed in good store order and without having sustained any check, in carcasses or wool; and sheltered in yards or sheds, as much as the sheep may themselves affect, throughout even the mildest climates of Britain, for neither merino, nor half breed merino lambs, nor indeed those of any other breed, ought to be exposed without some kind of shelter, to the rigours of the winter and early spring; and the sheep, when arrived at their maturity or full strength, will still require the same, with regular and good feeding, if it be intended to force the growth of their fleece, to its utmost weight, and to preserve the quality in its highest degree of condition and lincness.—*Lawrence.*

One of the completest sheep yards I have seen is that which Mr. Thurlow has made at Gosfield, partly by means of stubble stalks, but the space well enclosed; a large flock may be under cover or exposed, at their pleasure. In the centre is a thick stubble stack, which forms a double shed. He finds it of incomparable use, inasmuch as he intends to convert all the straw of his large farm into dung, and to leave off buying bullocks for that purpose.—*Arthur Young.*

The late Gen. Murray's standing folds were equally well contrived, enclosing an area of 57 yards in length, and 20 broad, containing 1,140 square yards. Above 700 ewes were foiled in it at night, and for that number it is more than a yard and a half for each sheep. All round it was a shed nine or ten feet wide, and also across the middle, which latter was open on both sides. A rack for hay, placed against the wall, which was boarded, surrounded the whole, and another which was double, to be eaten out of on both sides, stood along the central shed; under the rack was a small manger in which the food was given.—*Id.*

A cool moderate temperature is more favourable to the production of fine wool, than excessive heat; and were the sweep of Spain, like those of England, unprotected against the effects of climate, I should have no hesitation in saying, that the situation of that country would be, in some respects, worse than that of our own island, and more unfriendly to the growth of a fine even staple. But to the other qualities, the soundness and softness of the fibres, our frequent rains are very prejudicial, unless the sheep be sheltered and protected from their effects.—*Bakewell.*

To preserve all the best qualities of wool in the Spanish breed of sheep, it will be necessary to attend to the three following objects: The first in importance, is the purity of the breed. The next, that the fleece be covered by nature with a copious yolk, or being deficient that it be supplied by art; nor should the unctuous covering of the wool be absorbed by a mixture with the soil on fallows, or washed away by the rain. Lastly, that the sheep

be kept dry, sheltered from the extremes of heat and cold, and their quantity of nourishment regulated.—*Id.*

The bad effects of water upon the pile, while growing, may be owing to the readiness with which it mingles with the yolk, and carries off a quantity of that animal soap, which is so necessary to the good quality and even existence of the fleece; for if care be taken to prevent this, by the skillful application of tar mingled with butter, which act as repellants to the water, the wool part of the staple which after the mixture was applied, contains a sufficient supply of rich and nutritious yolk, and is much a superior sort of wool to those parts of the pile which have been exposed without protection, to the dripping wetness of the wintry season.—*Lubbock.*

Mr. Bakewell is so fully convinced of the utility of greasing, that he advises it immediately after shearing, and again in October. In his opinion, the trouble and expence of it, twice a year, will be well repaid by its beneficial effects upon both the carcase and fleece of the sheep, in every part of Britain. He observes, by the first greasing, the wool will be covered and defended from the action of the soil, when the particles are most pulverized and active, and it will be kept soft and moist during the parching heat of July and August; and that he has reason to believe, that the top of the staple of a greased fleece would not become harsh and discoloured, which is frequently the case with English wool. Additional and very powerful inducements to spring and summer greasing, are the following: The ointment destroys the sheep tick, and has a tendency to prevent cutaneous distempers, and to preserve sheep from the stroke of the fly. Farther, a considerable quantity of wool will be saved, which is torn off by sheep when rubbing themselves, in order to allay the irritation of the skin, occasioned by those causes. The ointment resists the action of the moisture more powerfully than could the natural yolk of the wool; and Mr. Bakewell gives an example of the superior warmth and dryness apparently enjoyed by greased sheep, on the mountain sides, where greased and ungreased browsed together.

The following is given as the Northumberland preparation: From 16 to 20 pounds butter are placed over the fire and melted; a gallon of tar is then added, and the mixture is stirred until the two substances are well incorporated, and form a soft tenacious ointment. The care always necessary in the application of ointments to the sheep, is especially so in this case; for, says Mr. Bakewell, *if the ointment be rubbed on the wool, it collects on the top of the staple, attracts and mixes with the soil, and is rather injurious than beneficial to the fleece.* The staples of the fleece are to be divided with one hand, and the ointment applied to the skin with the finger of the other hand, by which means the ointment is softened by the warmth of the skin, and equally diffused throughout the fleece. The quantity required will in course vary with the size of the sheep, but generally, and in the lighter mode of greasing, one gallon of tar and 20 pounds of butter will be sufficient for forty or fifty sheep.—*Lawrence.*

An unfavourable change takes place on shorn wool, kept long in a very warm and dry temperature; the fibres become indurated, rigid and elastic, and acquire the properties of the hard wools. The greater the degree of warmth, the more speedily will the effect be produced. Wool which has been shorn three or four years, will not spin or fill so well as when kept only one year. A dry situation is necessary for the preservation of wool, which however at length loses its natural moisture, and becomes hard, like wool of limestone districts.—*Bakewell.*

Sheared sheep turned into a newly mown pasture, their coats attract the short ends of grass left by the scythe, and remain sticking in the bottom of the fleece, until in the end they are rolled up with it. These, with any dried vegetable particles, such as hay seeds, orchard, falling from the rack into the coat of the sheep, occasion much extra trouble and expence in the manufacture of the wool, since, if left, they would be wrought into the substance of the cloth, whence they may be extracted by holes made, to be afterwards repaired at the fulling mill, or by the fine drawer. Hay in racks should be upon the level with the heads of the sheep, and the staves by no means too wide apart, since some sheep, particularly the Spanish, are the most wasteful animals in the world of their provisions.—*Lubbock.*

The wool grower is counselled to place no dependence upon accidental and external circumstances, for the production of good fleeces, but to rely entirely and with confidence upon the properties with which nature has endowed his sheep, the perpetuity of animal properties, being scarcely any where more strikingly exhibited, than in the certainty and regularity with which the parent sheep convey to their offspring their own distinguished characteristics. Breed is of the utmost consequence. It is the basis upon which all the improvements of the flock must be founded; the only source of hope that attempts to produce fine wool will be followed with success. The kind of wool depends entirely on the species of sheep which bears it; and the soil and its products, or other external circumstances, have no other effect than to vary the quality of the sample, the wool itself still remaining true to its species, long, short or mixed. Long and universal experience has established the fitness of heavy, coarse woolled sheep, for rich grazing grounds and marshes, confining the light and short woolled stock to the hills and higher pasture. Nevertheless, fitness and propriety, not absolute necessity, have given birth to such arrangement: since short and fine wool might be grown in the low grounds, and long wool in the upper, with an additional expence of winter keeping.—*Lawrence.*

IMPROVED METHOD OF SALTING BETTER AND MEAT.—Best common salt two parts, saltpetre one part, sugar one part; heat them up together, so that they may be completely blended. To every sixteen ounces butter add one ounce of the composition; mix it well in the mass, and close it up for use.—It should not be used for a month, that it may be thoroughly incorporated. Butter, thus cured has been kept for three years perfectly sweet. Keep the air from it, or it spoils. Cover it with an oiled paper, and a board on that.

To cure meat, add one ounce of the above composition to every sixteen ounces of meat. It must be *very well rubbed into the meat.* You cannot have it too finely powdered, nor too well rubbed into the meat.

METHOD OF CURING BAD TUB BUTTER.—A quantity of tub butter was brought to market in the West Indies, which, on opening, was found to be very bad, and almost stinking. A native of Pennsylvania undertook to cure it, which he did, in the following manner:—

He started the tubs of butter in a large quantity of hot water, which soon melted the butter; he then skimmed it off as clean as possible, and worked it over again in a churn, and with the addition of salt and fine sugar, the butter was sweet and good.

TO FARMERS.—Plant no more ground than you can well manure and cultivate to advantage.

Keep no more stock than you can keep in good order, and that of the best kind.

HONEY FOR THE BEE.

ORIGINAL ODE TO AFFECTION.

Affection! thou soother of care,
Without thee unfriended we rove;
Thou can'st ev'n the desert make fair,
And thy voice is the voice of the dove.

Mild the anguish that prays on the breast,
And the storms of mortality's state,
What can lull the afflicted to rest,
But the charms that on sympathy wait.

What is fame, bidding envy defiance,
The idol, the bane of mankind,
What is wit, what is learning or science
To the heart that is constant and kind.

Even genius may weary the sight,
With too bright, and too constant a blaze;
But affection, bright planet of night
Grows lovelier the longer we gaze.

It shall last while the fast fleeting forms
That encircle all nature, decay.
It shall stand 'mid the wide-wasting storms
That bear all undistinguish'd away.

When time, at the end of his race,
Shall expire with expiring mankind,
It shall stand on a permanent base,
It shall last till the wreck of the mind.

PERSONAL SKETCHES
OF THE NEW MINISTRY

VISCOUNT MELBOURNE, First Lord of the Treasury. This nobleman, who has just completed his fifty-sixth year, is brother-in-law to Lord Duncannon. He is a widower since 1828, with an only son. His Lordship's father, Sir Peniston Lamb, Bart. was raised to the Peerage in 1770.

MARQUIS LANSDOWNE, President of the Council, is the younger son of the celebrated Earl of Shelburne, who became Prime Minister at the decease of the Marquis of Rockingham, in 1782, and was displaced by the coalition of Fox and North. The Marquis, while Lord Petty, during the life-time of his elder brother, filled the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer to the short-lived Whig Administration of 1806. His Lordship is in his fifty-fifth year, and married to the daughter of the Earl of Hechester. Their eldest son is the Earl of Kerry, M. P. for Calne.

LORD AUCKLAND, First Lord of the Admiralty, represents a branch of the ancient family of Eldon, formerly Ambassador to the court of Versailles, created Baron in 1793. His Lordship is first cousin to Lady Brougham, and his sister is married to Lord Bexley. He is in the 51st year of his age.

LORD HOLLAND, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, is nephew of the illustrious Charles James Fox, to whom he bears a strong personal resemblance. He is the only son of Stephen, late Lord Holland, and cousin-german through his mother Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, daughter of the Earl of Upper Ossory, to the Marquis of Lansdowne. He is in his 60th year.

LORD DUNCANNON, First Commissioner of the Woods and Forests, and Privy Seal, is the eldest son of the Earl of Beshborough, first cousin to Lord Spencer, and brother-in-law to Lord Melbourne. The Ponsonby family, which the noble Lord represents, is an ancient one in the north of England, was established in Ireland during the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, and has since maintained a leading position in the sister island. Lord Duncannon is in his 52d year, and married to Lady Maria Fane, third daughter of the Earl of Westmorland. His second daughter is the Countess of Kerry.

THE RIGHT HON. T. SPRING RICE, Chancellor of the Exchequer, represents and possesses the estates of two ancient families, settled in Ireland, in the reign of Elizabeth, the Rices of Mount Trenchards, and the Springs of Castlemaine. He has just completed his

43d year, and is married to the lady Theodora Perry, second daughter of the Earl of Limerick. Of Mr. Spring Rice's ancestors, James Rice was made Count of the Holy Roman Empire, by Joseph II., and Stephen Rice, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, in the reign of James II., was created Lord Monteagle, by that monarch after his abdication. Maurice Fitzgerald, the Knight of Kerry, is nearly related to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

SIR JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE, Bart. President of the India Board, is the son and heir of the late Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, created a Baronet in 1812. Sir John Hobhouse is known in the literary world as the confidential friend and fellow-traveller of Byron, and the historical illustrator of 'Childe Harold.' He married in 1828, the lady Julia Hay, youngest daughter of the late Marquis of Tweedale, and has been left a widower within the last three weeks, with, we believe, two daughters. He is in his 49th year.

RIGHT HON. CHARLES POULET THOMSON, President of the Board of Trade, is the eldest son of J. Poulet Thomson, Austin Friars, and brother to Mr. Poulet Scrope, the member for Stroud. He was originally a merchant in London, but, becoming a minister of the Crown on the formation of the Grey Administration, withdrew from commercial life.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, Secretary of State for the Home Department, is the youngest son of the Duke of Bedford, by his first marriage with Georgiana Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Torrington, and nephew of Duke Francis, the friend of Fox. Lord John Russell is in his 43d year, and has just been married to Lady Ribblesdale, sister of Mr. Lister, author of Granby, and daughter of the late Thomas Lister, Esq. of Arnytage Park.

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. This nobleman was born in 1784, and inherited his title—an Irish peerage, in 1802. He springs from a scion of the Temples of Stowe,—now represented by his Grace of Buckingham,—and is the direct descendant of the learned and accomplished Sir W. Temple, of the days of Elizabeth. His Lordship's brother, the Hon. W. Temple, is Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Naples.

THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES GRANT, Secretary of State for the Colonies, is the son of C. Grant, Esq. formerly Chairman of the Court of East India Directors, and brother of the Right Hon. Robert Grant, Governor of Bombay. He has been lately raised to the Peerage with the title of Baron Glenelg.

LORD HOWICK, Secretary at War, is the son and heir of Earl Grey. He is in his 33d year.

FRANCIS BARING, Esq. Joint Secretary of the Treasury, is the eldest son of Sir Thomas Baring, and married to Miss Grey, niece of Earl Grey. The importance of the Baring family was founded by the celebrated Sir Francis Baring, whom Erskine once properly designated "the first merchant in the world." It came originally from Germany, and was long before its commercial aggrandizement, of rank in the County of Devon.

EDWARD JOHN STANLEY, Esq. Joint Secretary of the Treasury, represents a branch of the great family of Stanley, which has been seated for centuries at Alderley park, in the county of Chester. He is the eldest son of Sir J. T. Stanley, Bart.

SIR JOHN CAMPBELL, Attorney General, is the son of Dr. Campbell, minister of Cupar, in Fifeshire, and son-in-law of Lord Abinger.

ROBERT MONSIEY ROLFE, Esq., Solicitor General, is related to the late Lord Nelson, and is Recorder of Bury, Saint Edmunds.

RIGHT HON. ROBERT CUTLER FERGUSON, Judge Advocate General, practised formerly

as a Barrister in India, and realised a considerable fortune. He possesses the estate of Craigdaroch, in Dumfriesshire.

SIR HENRY PARNELL, Paymaster General, and Treasurer of the Navy, is the son of the late Sir John Parnell, Bart., Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, and married to Lady Caroline Dawson, daughter of the Earl of Potarlington. The family was established in Ireland by the celebrated poet, Archdeacon Parnell, and has since maintained a leading position there. Sir Henry is in his 59th year.

MARQUIS CONYNGBAM, Paymaster-General, inherited the honours and great estates of his family in 1832. His Lordship is in his 38th year.

EARL MELGRAVE, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He is the author of some fashionable novels. It is just 125 years since his ancestor, Sir Constantine Phipps, was Lord Chancellor of Ireland. The Earl will complete his 35th year in May.

LORD PLUNKETT, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He is the youngest son of the Rev. Thomas Plunkett, a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, officiating in Dublin, and brother to Dr. Plunkett, a physician of that city.

LORD MORPETH, Secretary for Ireland, is the eldest son of the Earl of Carlisle, nephew to the Duke of Devonshire, and brother-in-law of the Duke of Sutherland. His Lordship was born in 1802.

THE WEEK.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 22, 1835.

SINCE our last, we have received no addition to our European Intelligence, but by American papers with which we have been obligingly favoured, it appears that the Cholera is again making fearful havoc in the south and west of the Union; it had not, however, made its appearance in any of the Atlantic towns or cities.

F. MUNSET and L. BOUFFARD, Esqrs. have been appointed Justices of the Peace, in the Magdalen Islands.

RECITATION.—Mr. Muter delivered a third lecture in the Mason Hall, on Thursday evening last, and we are happy to state, that, on this occasion, he fully justified the high expectations which his previous performances had raised. The hall was crowded almost to suffocation, and the enjoyments of the evening were, in no small degree, heightened by the performances of some of Mr. Muter's pupils, which were highly creditable to themselves and their teacher.

SUMMARY.

STATE OF THE COUNTRY.—From all the reports we have been able to collect, we are pleased to find that, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, the appearance of the crops is sufficiently promising to warrant the belief that our Agriculturists generally will reap a fair average, if not an abundant return, for their labors. The extreme backwardness of the spring excited many fears—and the heavy rains of late, have in some few instances, injured the potatoes, but grass looks healthy, and though the mow may be late in the field, there will probably be plenty of hay. On a very few of the Cumberland marshes, a grub has destroyed the blade so effectually as to give them the appearance of being burnt or blighted, but the mischief has been by no means extensive. The distress and stagnation of the town, have extended more or less to every part of the country—and are felt in the scarcity of money, the low price of produce, and in many cases, in the sacrifice of property in the settlement of claims. But the agriculturists generally, look forward confidently to the coming of better times—they feel the ne-

cessity for greater exertion and economy—purchase fewer imported articles—and are alive to the conviction that, as prices decline, they must raise more and consume less. There is besides, less money spent on spirituous liquors, and less time wasted over the bottle; the sums formerly dissipated in this way, will be brought to bear upon their merchants' bills, and the health and time thus saved, will add value to the farms and augment their produce. There are croakers enough in the country, as well as in town, but the more intelligent and sensible farmers, already see causes at work that in a very few years, will bring up the agriculture of the Province, to a state of soundness and prosperity, that it has not of late enjoyed. The languor of the plaster trade has been felt along the shores of the Basin of Minas, but Providence which usually sends one blessing to supply the place of those which are withdrawn, has given the good folks a most abundant run of line shad. From Cape Chignecto to Blomidon, they have been caught in great quantities. From 1,000 to 10,000 being sometimes taken in one weir.—*Novascotian*.

DESTRUCTIVE CONFLAGRATION.—The most destructive fire ever experienced in Charleston, (South Carolina,) is stated in the *Patriot* of the 6th inst. to have taken place in the morning of the preceding day. It broke out at half past twelve o'clock, and was not extinguished until nine hours after. 374 buildings were destroyed, of which number, 182 were dwelling houses or stores. Estimated value \$190,000.—The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.—*Boston Paper*.

The weather is still unsettled and cool at nights. During last week the thermometer must have been several times very near the freezing point. This has not been favorable to the grain crops, which have not advanced lately as rapidly as they did, and are generally in much less healthy condition. Insects of several kinds have also done them much injury and in many places have almost destroyed the whole crops of cabbage, turnips and even potatoes, extending their ravages to a very large part of the production of gardens. The earliest green peas, in very favorable positions, are now ready for table.—*Quebec Gazette*, July 6.

TRAVELLERS' MEMORANDA.

Arrivals during the week,

At Mrs. Davison's,—Mr. Ramsay, and Mr. McGill.

At Mr. Harper's,—Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Messrs Pinio, Fraser, Butler and Munro.

At Mr. Lorrain's,—Mr. Layne, Captain Peake and Lady, and Dr. McDonald.

DIED.

Yesterday, at Mount Delhousie, after a very protracted illness, in which she evinced the most christian resignation to the Divine Will, Sarah, wife of Mr. Robert Luke, aged 62 years. She was a Native of the County of Donegal, Ireland.

SHIP NEWS.

ARRIVED.

July 16.—Shal: Fanny, Le Blanc, Bay Verte—plank to G. Smith; barque Gulton, Weldridge, Pugwash—timber to do.

17.—Schr. Umucke, Landry, Bay Chalour, Ballast.

20.—Schr. Rosario, Sears, Providence—ballast to Ross & Primrose; brig Commerce, Andros, Providence—ballast to Mining Association; ship Combatant, Simpson, Mobile—2560 cedar logs and 213 pitch pine plank to the master.

21.—Schr. Isabella, Kennedy, Halifax—ballast to R. Robertson.

CLEARED.

July 15.—Brig Hugh Johnston, Madison, New York—coals; Schr. Jane, Bishop, Charlottetown, Bee, Graham, Miramichi—cattle and produce by W. & J. Ives; Emily, Le Blanc, Boston—coals by Mining Association; Linnet, Matatal, Fatmagouche—coals by J. Porves.

16.—Barque Gulton, Weldridge, Hull—timber, &c. by G. Smith; schr. Isabella, Goodwin, Bridgeport—bricks by G. Smith.

17.—Schr. Fanny, Le Blanc, Bay Verte—flour by G. Smith; Eliza, Monro, Arichat—goods by R. MacKeazie and others.

18.—Schr. Mary, Taylor, L. Canada—ale by Hockens & Son, and butter by T. G. Taylor; brig Nereus, Pitman, Fall River—coals by Mining Association; New Columbia, Ingraham, Fall River—coal by Mining Association, schr. Mary Ann, Fravor, Miramichi—horses, cows, pitch, tar, and butter by J. Carmichael, & Co.; Brothers, McDonald, Day Chalour—horses and cattle by T. Meagher.

BOSTON, JULY 8.—DISTRESSING SHIPWRECK.—We have before alluded to the wreck of the British ship or brig Josse, Captain Gilmour, under very distressing circumstances. The particulars are as follows:

The Josse, timber laden, left St. John's N. B. on the 14th of May, for Belfast, and on the 16th encountered a heavy gale, which strained the vessel, and occasioned her to make a great deal of water. No danger was apprehended till the 25th of May, when a tremendous gale sprung up from the North and East, and the ship was hoisted to under close-reefed main-topails and storm trysail—all hands pumping, but the water still gamed on her, and she shipped some heavy seas.

On Sunday, 26th of May, although all hands were at the pumps, the leaks still increased, at half past 11, A. M. had reached the cabin floor.—A few buckets of bread were got out of the cabin, also a barrel of bread and a cask of water all of which were hoisted into the main-top. The Captain ordered the long boat to be cleared. On Monday the vessel began to break up rapidly and the cargo float out; about 9, P. M. the foremast fell through the bottom, until brought up by the lower yard resting on the rail. About half an hour afterwards, the mainmast got out of the step, and shortly after was carried away a few feet above the deck; by this accident the provisions secured in the main-top were lost. The captain and crew, 15 in number, with six steerage passengers, then embarked in the long boat, with about five gallons of water, a few pieces of salt beef, and a little bread, so saturated with salt water that it was of the consistency of pap; a dog was also taken into the boat, which in the sequel they killed, and devoured the flesh, after drinking his blood, which afforded them great relief.

The compass was unfortunately broke in putting it into the boat, so that they had nothing to steer by but the stars and the sun. This occurred in lat. 41 40 N. long. 25 20—Cape Rae being 450 miles distant. From the time of leaving the ship until the Saturday following, May 30 the boat was kept before the wind, a heavy sea running all the time, which threatened to swamp the long boat.

On this day, James Savage, seaman, became insane and jumped overboard; all efforts to save him were unavailing. Shortly after, James Robinson, seaman, expired, and on the next day William Robinson, the cook, also died. On Monday Mrs McCartney, passenger, with her two infant children, expired, exhausted with their sufferings; on Tuesday, Samuel Nugent, a passenger, James Scott, apprentice, and Wm. Savage, apprentice, died.

On Wednesday, at 3 P. M. saw a sail to the E. N. E. which proved to be the Ythan, of Newcastle, Captain W. Davidson, who received the survivors, 12 in number, on board. Hugh Macanely, seaman, died shortly after, and on Thursday, 4th June, John Mullin, seaman, on Wednesday following, 10th June, Charles Stevens, Robert Jones and John McKnabb, were put on board the Wanesbeck, Capt. Young. The remainder have since arrived; two have been sent to the hospital, and the others are still in a weak state from their sufferings. The whole of those who died drank salt water to excess, and became insane before death ensued.

The following is the list of survivors:—Capt. Gilmour; W. Kelly, 1st mate; Hugh Smith, 2d do; John McKnabb, carpenter; Charles Stevens, R. Jones, Alexander Stuart, seamen, and Andrew Close, apprentice; Samuel McCartney, husband and father of the female and children who died in the boat, and Margaret Crouch, passengers.—McCartney has since been taken to the marine Hospital in a very exhausted state, as have two of the crew.

Extract of a Letter from the Sub-Collector at Barrington, to the Officers of H. M. Customs at this Port.

“On Sunday the 28th June, the brig Britannia, Patrick Pyne, master, 185 tons burthen, 48 days from Sligo, Ireland, with 118 passengers, bound to St. John, N. B., in a very thick fog, went on shore within the Half Moon Rocks, near Cape Negro within this District, and soon after with assistance from the inhabitants, was got off with very little damage, and since proceeded on her voyage to St. John, N. B. And on the evening of the 30th June, the barque Athol, William McCready, master, burthen 367 tons, of and for St. John, N. B. in ballast, 27 days from Greenock, in the then very thick fog, struck and was stranded on the Half Moon Rocks, near the same place,

where she now lies dismasted, and bilged full of water, and partly broken up. The sails, rigging, materials, &c. are or will be mostly saved, and after due notice given, will be sold at public auction for the benefit of all concerned.”—*Halifax Times*.

HAY WANTED.

Apply to
July 20.] **ROSS & PRIMROSE.**

30,000 REAL HAVANA CIGARS, (warranted genuine,) in quantities to suit purchasers, for sale by July 22 **JAMES D. B. FRASER.**

SALE OF THE REMAINDER OF THE

CLOSING SALE
OF THE REMAINDER OF THE
SPLENDID LONDON AND PARIS FANCY ARTICLES,

All fresh imported, and of a very superior description;

ON FRIDAY first, at 11 o'clock, forenoon, in the store lately occupied by Mr. John Romans.

The Subscriber has received instructions from the Proprietor of the Goods (who is about to leave the Province) to Sell the whole of the Elegant Assortment without any reserve, and he hopes that persons in need of such articles will attend the Sale, as another such opportunity may not again occur.—**TERMS, Cash on delivery.**

THE ARTICLES CONSIST OF
CORNELIAN, JET, AND GOLD EAR-RINGS,

Thermometers and Barometers, Mirrors, Toys, Plated & Silver mounted CANDLESTICKS, SNUFFERS & TRAYS, UMBRELLAS, Walking Canes, Mahogany and Rosewood WORK BOXES AND WRITING DESKS, Table Mats, Backgammon and Chess Boards with Men and Dice

PLATED & SILVER MOUNTED CRUET STANDS, with 7 Bottles each,

1 handsome Table Lamp and Globe, 1 rich Silver mounted BREAD BASKET,

Pocket Knives, Lead Pencils and Crayons, BEADS, 2 & 3 DRAW TELESCOPES,

Bone and Brass handled SEEL PENS, Silver and Mosaic Patent PENCIL CASES,

PURSE CLASPS, LAVANDER WATER, 1 travelling Hat Case, 1 handsome Italian

CORAL NECKLACE, Gold and plated Seals and Keys,

1 Case, containing 2 mother-pearl handled RAZORS, Silver mounted,

Canton Crape SHAWLS and SCARFS, 1 Kitchen Clock, &c. &c.

JAMES DAWSON.
July 22, 1835.


100 Bbls. PITCH, 70 Bbls. TAR, 20 do. ROSIN, for sale by July 1. **ROSS & PRIMROSE.**

QUEBEC FLOUR.

JUST received per schooner PHENIX, Caldwell, Master, from Quebec, superior and fine FLOUR (Phillip's Inspection,) for sale for Cash by **R. ROBERTSON.**
July 8, 1835.

FOR SALE

OR TO LET.

 The HOUSE and STORE adjoining Mr. John Yorston. For particulars, apply to William Kiteilin or William Brownrig. Pictou, July 8, 1835.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber has removed from the Royal Oak to the premises which he formerly occupied, two doors west of this Office, where, by strict attention to the accommodation of customers, he hopes to receive a liberal share of public patronage.
June 20th. **VARNAL BROWN.**

HANDBILLS & BOOK WORK
Done at this Office, in the most handsome style, and at very moderate prices: May, 1835.

POETRY.

YARROW VISITED.

Written in September 1814, by W. WORDSWORTH.

And is this Yarrow? This the stream
Of which my fancy cherish'd
So faithfully a waking dream?
An image that hath perished?
O that some minstrel's harp were near
'To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness.

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meandrings,
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends on Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous flower
Of Yarrow vale lay bleeding:
His bed, perchance, was yon smooth mound,
On which the hord is feeding:
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The water-wraith ascended thrice—
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation,
Mock loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
'The grace of forest charms decayed,
and pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature;
And, rising from those leafy groves,
Behold a ruin hoary!
The shatter'd front of Newark's towers,
Renowned in border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in!
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss
It promises protection
To all the nestling brood of thoughts
Sustained by chaste affection!

How sweet on this autumnal day,
The wild wood's fruits to gather,
And on thy true love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather!
And what if I enwreath'd my own!
'Twere no offence to reason;
The sober hills thus deck their brows

To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,
Lov'd Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy eve-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure,
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
According to the measure.

The vapours linger round the heights:
They melt—and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me, to lighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

MISCELLANY.

From Hall's Border Tales.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACTS.

Oh! how many ties there are to bind the soul to earth! When the strongest are cut asunder and the spirit feels itself cast loose from every band which connects it with immortality, how imperceptibly does one little tendril after another become entwined about it, and draw it back with gentle violence! Ho who thinks he has but one love is always mistaken. The heart may have one overmastering affection, more powerful than all the rest, which like the main root of the tree, is that which supports it; but if that be cut away, it will find a thousand delicate fibres still clinging to the soil of humanity. An absorbing passion may fill up the soul and while it lasts may throw a shade over the various obligations, and the infinite multitude of little kindnesses, and tender associations that bind us to mankind; but when that fades, these are seen to twinkle in the firmament of life as the stars shine, after the sun has gone down. Even the brute and the lilies of the field, that neither toil nor spin, put in their silent claims, and the heart that could have spurned the world, settles quietly down again upon its bosom.

A BEAUTIFUL REFLECTION.—It cannot be that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that man's life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment on its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our heart, are forever vandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off to leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars hold 'their festival around the midnight throne,' and set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory. And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then are taken from us—leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.—*Mirac of the Lake.*

SCHOOLS IN INDIA.—In the schools which have been lately established in this part of the empire, of which there are at present nine established by the church missionary, and eleven by the Christian Knowledge Societies, some very unexpected facts have occurred. As all direct attempts to convert the children are

disclaimed, the parents send them without scruple. But it is no less strange than true, that there is no objection made to the use of the Old and New Testaments as a class book; that so long as the teachers do not urge them to eat what will make them lose their caste, or to be baptized, or to curse their country's gods, they readily consent to every thing else, and not only Mussulmans, but Brahmins, stand by with perfect coolness, and listen sometimes with apparent interest and pleasure, while the scholars by the road-side are reading the stories of the creation and of Jesus Christ. Whether the children themselves may imbibe Christianity by such means, or whether they may suffer these truths to pass from their minds, as we allow the mythology which we learn at school to pass from ours, some further time is yet required to shew; but this, at least, I understand, has been ascertained, that a more favourable opinion both of us and our religion has been apparently felt of late by many of those who have thus been acquainted with its leading truths, and that some have been heard to say, that they did not know till now that the English had "a caste or a snaster." You may imagine with what feelings I have entered the huts where these schools are held, on seeing a hundred poor little children seated on the ground writing their letters in sand, or their copies on banana leaves, coming out one after another to read the history of the good Samaritan, or of Joseph, proud of shewing their knowledge, and many of them able to give a very good account of their studies.—*Heber's India.*

RICHES.—It is a strange delusion for men to suppose that happiness consists in riches. Contentment is not to be found in splendour and magnificence; or why is it that princes have sometimes exchanged the grandeur of a palace for the more simple enjoyments of private life? Why is the countenance of the rich man furrowed with thought and anxiety, while the poor go on their way shouting and exulting in the blessings that God hath given them?—Why does the man who has grown in wealth, look back to the days of his poverty and ask himself why he cannot now rejoice as heartily over the much as he did over the little?

EXTENSIVE PRINTING OFFICE.—The Royal printing office of Paris possesses the Types of 56 oriental alphabets, comprehending all the known characters of the languages of Asia, ancient as well as modern; and 16 alphabets of those European nations who do not employ the Roman character. Of these the royal printing press possesses 49 complete founts of various forms and sizes. All these together weigh at least 750,000 lbs., and as the types of an 8vo page weigh about six pounds, this establishment is able to compose simultaneously 7812 8vo sheets, forming nearly 260 volumes, or 125,000 pages. The number of presses employed enables it to throw off 273,000 sheets per day, or 556 reams of paper, equal to 9299 volumes in 8vo of 30 sheets each. The annual consumption of paper by the royal printing office is from 80 to 100,000 reams, or from 261 to 325 reams per working day. The number of workmen constantly employed is about three hundred and fifty.

AGENTS

FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDIN.
Miramichi—Rev. JOHN McCURDY.
St. John, N. B.—Messrs RATCHFORD & LUGRIN.
Halifax—Messrs. A. & W. MCKINLAY.
Truro—Mr. CHARLES BLANCHARD.
Antigonish—Mr. ROBERT PURVIS.
Guysboro'—ROBERT HARTSHORNE, Esq.
Tatmagouche—Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL.
Wallace—DANIEL MCFARLANE, Esq.
Arichat—JOHN S. BELLAIN, Esq.