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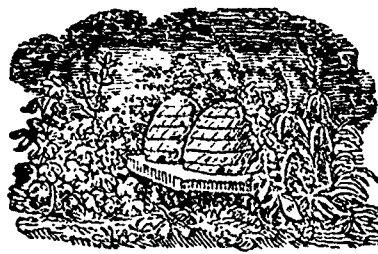
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VOLUME II.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, DEC. 21, 1836.

NUMBER XXXI.

**THE BEE**

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,  
BY JAMES DAWSON,

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;—payments 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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sale by  
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October, 1836.

From the Magnolia, for 1837.  
**THE PARTY OF SIX.**

A TRAIT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY JOHN INMAN.

BEPPLO ANTONIO, sole proprietor of the Hotel della Madonna, situated in one of the quietest streets of the Eternal City, stood at the open door of his dining room, with a comical blending of hope and grief in his pale and not very engaging countenance. It was a dull time of the year for travel, and Beppo had serious doubts whether his tables were not set out to no purpose; for as yet, though his helpmate had sent up three times from below, to say that the macaroni was done to paste, and the fish fried to a cinder, not a creature had taken his seat at either of the little tables, and ordered even a bowl of tannestra. There was indeed one person within the room, a tall, elderly man, with grey hair and blue eyes, an enormous queue dangling half-way down his back, and a remarkably hungry look peering out from his face, and, indeed, characterizing his person, but this man's garments were sooty, not to say, shabby; and though he had been walking backward and forward, from one end of the room to the other, for more than an hour, he had as yet called for nothing; and Beppo nourished a huge suspicion that, if he should order and eat his dinner, payment was not quite so certain to follow as he could wish. "Some broken down militaire," muttered Beppo, his heart almost prevailing to give the poor fellow a meal and a cup of wine, at the risk even of catching a scratched face or a curtain-lecture from his botter half down below; "some poor kicked-about vagabond, that has been standing up to be shot at, the best part of his life for three pauls a month, and now, that fighting has gone out of fashion, is left either to beg or starve, just as best suits his convenience."

Beppo was probably right in his conjecture.—The stranger's port was erect, and his walk up and down the room was as much like a soldier's march on parade as it was like any thing. Besides, his complexion was bronzed by the sun, his chin was upheld by a stiff leather stock, and his coat, though very much worse for wear, had a standing collar, edged with tarnished gold lace. He was an old soldier, past question, and as certainly very poor, or appearances sadly belied him.

At length Beppo's anxieties were relieved.—The Veteran pretermitted his march, and seating himself at one of the tables, called for a bouilli and a measure of brandy; and by the time this command was fulfilled, the despairings of Beppo were not a little alleviated by an influx of customers to his boiled, broiled, and roasted.

First came an old gentleman tall and thin, with a slight stoop of the shoulders, a remarkably narrow head, covered with stiff white hair, and small black eyes, which the frosts of some seventy winters had not yet robbed of their fire. He was plainly but handsomely dressed in blue coat and pantaloons of very fine cloth, and apparently new, and wore upon one finger of each of his small white hands an antique ring set with a jewel of price. His expression was grave and sad, and, before he sat down, he crossed himself with an air of the deepest devotion. He was

accompanied by a lad, or, rather, a young man, of about seventeen, remarkably handsome, with large hazel eyes, and a beautifully shaped head, covered with masses of dark curling hair, with whose tangles the fingers of beauty might love to play. His deportment towards his aged companion was full of a charming reverence softened down by affection, and the eyes of the old man often rested upon his bright, blooming face, with a look of the tenderest love, slightly tempered with sorrow. They conversed together in French, but, like the veteran who preceded them, gave their commands to Beppo in good Italian, strongly marked with the sharp French accent. They asked for a *potage a la julienne*, an *omelette-aux fines herbes*, and a bottle of sparkling champagne, which they drank diluted with water.

The next was a younger man of perhaps thirty or thirty-five. His complexion was very dark, his hair cut short, and black as the blackest of jet, his lips thick and prominent, his nose flat and unmeaning, his figure inclining to corpulence, and his expression vulgar, coarse, and even ferocious. His beauty was not improved, withal, by a huge pair of mustaches. He was rather foppishly dressed, in a purple frock coat, red waistcoat, and blue pantaloons, with a broad red stripe down the sides.—His fingers were covered with rings, a heavy gold chain encircled his neck, descending into his left waistcoat pocket, and his heels were adorned with a pair of exceedingly long gold or gilt spurs, that jangled against the floor and each other at every step. He demanded an *otia podrida*, well reasoned with garlic, and two bottles of wine—one of port, the other of sherry.

After him, came a stout, rather good-looking man, of fifty, or thereabout, with a bald head, a short, black curling beard, a merry black eye, and a clear olive complexion. He wore a frock coat of the latest Persian cut, a shawl-pattern waistcoat, red slippers, and trowsers of very unusual amplitude. A diamond of great value sparkled upon the hilt of a dagger that might be seen projecting conveniently from his breast, and a large and very beautiful dog, of the Newfoundland breed, followed him into the dining room, where he took his place like a well-bred beast under the table. This personage bowed slightly and smiled, took his seat with an indolent, good-natured look of supreme nonchalance, and called for a dish of boiled macaroni, a carafe of lemonade, and a finger glass half full of rose water, with which he refreshed and perfumed his hands before he began eating.

Then followed a man of about thirty, with a broad German face, heavy blue eyes, and red hair, cropped close to his head. He was tall and stout, but awkward in figure and movement. His clothes were ill made, but of the finest quality; and his boots were covered with mud that had been on them long enough to become perfectly dry; a long meerschaum pipe was in his right hand, and the moment he sat down he placed a large gold snuff-box on the table before him, just at the side of his plate. He called for a German sausage, some boiled fish, a stewed rabbit, plenty of bread, and a bottle of first rata Genova. His Italian was scant, and most unharmoniously qualified with a plentiful sprinkling of deep German gutturals.

Six gentlemen were now taking their dinner under the roof of the rejoicing Beppo Antonio, and although

he would have been glad to administer to the appetites of three times as many, still it was very much better than having his catables left on his hands, unconsumed and unpaid for. "One more for good luck," muttered Beppo, "and I'll lay out a couple of crazies in oil for the lamp of my patron St. Joseph, over the way; and more for good luck, and the odd number."

His petition was heard; no more just at this moment entered the room, and taking his seat, called for a glass of red water, a bowl of pea-soup *a la pure pomme de terre au matric d'hotel*, and a large dish of *biguets de pommes*, or, as we should call them in English, plain apple fritters, which, be it observed, they cook in Rome to perfection. He was a young man of fair complexion, well dressed, but with nothing remarkable in his appearance, and was at once set down by the landlord, as well as the other guests, for an Englishman on his travels. His method of speaking Italian went far to confirm this suspicion.

During the few minutes that elapsed between the issuing of his directions and their fulfillment, the newcomer had glanced over the persons of all his companions in eating, and smiled at the chance that had brought it together men of so many nations as he supposed them to represent. The veteran he set down as a Prussian; the old man and the youth as natives of France; the man with the mustaches and red waistcoat as a Spaniard or Portuguese; he with a beard and bald head as a Maltese Jew; and the drinker of gin as a Swiss or German. He was proceeding to speculate on their several occupations, when his reverie was cut short by the entrance of four waiters, each bringing one of the four objects, the which together made up his dinner.

The important business of eating proceeded for some time in grave and respectful silence, and at length was completed. Beppo was busy in one end of the room at his little desk, making out the respective accounts, and the seven strangers were meditating, probably where they should go or what they should do next, when a ponderous carriage stopped at the door, drawn by four handsome fat horses with coachmen and footmen all in the Pope's gorgeous livery. Beppo rushed like a madman from the room to ascertain the meaning of this phenomenon, and in a few moments returned walking backward, and bowing at every step to the ground, before an officer of the papal court, evidently of high rank, if one might judge from the splendor of his dress and decorations. The massive gold chain around his neck, to which was suspended a large golden key, and the white wand in his hand, proclaimed him at once to those familiar with Roman dignities, no less a personage than the chamberlain of the pontifical household.

The moment he entered the room, his velvet cap was removed from his head, and, advancing with three low bows to the elderly Frenchman, he placed before him a letter bearing a broad purple seal, which he drew from a magnificent box of crystal, inlaid with gold, and blazing with jewels. The stranger perused it, and then gave it into the hand of his youthful companion, who did the same. A few words in French were exchanged between them, and then the elder, addressing the papal officer, said in Italian:—

"Be pleased to convey our acknowledgements to his holiness, and will gladly avail ourselves of his kindness; we will, in person, express ourselves more at large for his courtesy!"

With another profound bow the chamberlain received this brief and ceremonious communication, and only replied by saying:

"The carriage will attend your majesty's pleasure."

He then gathered up his robes and backed him self out of their presence, preceded by Beppo, who stared like a conjurer, and bowed lower than ever.

The eyes of all the other five strangers were now fixed on the Frenchman and his companion, and all were smiling except the water-drinking supposed Englishman. His gaze was earnest and colourless, but very respectful. The silence that ensued was broken, after the lapse of a few minutes, by the bald-headed man with the beard and the red slippers, who rose from his seat, and, waddling across the room, followed by his dog, planted himself in front of the old man so strangely addressed with the talk of monarchs, and said, with a queer twinkle of his laughing black eyes:

"By the tail of the holy camel! by the golden shoes of the prophet's mule! here is a friend of mine come to light! Inshallah! what dirt is this! You are a king, then; a king of France, I suppose; a right royal infidel! I should be glad to know, if your majesty pleases, what you have done with my little kingdom, and why you took it away from me? By the soul of my father, but this is good; here is a man that has robbed me of his crown, and yet couldn't take care of his own!"

"Your kingdom! your crown!" said the person-

ago thus addressed, with a look of the most unbounded surprise.

"Yes, my kingdom, my crown!" repeated the fat man with the beard; "I had a kingdom once as well as yourself, and six dozen wives besides. Now I have only mine. I couldn't afford to maintain them all; and the insolent people at Naples wouldn't allow me to tie them up, each in a sack, and throw them into the Bay; so they all went off and got married. I am, or rather was, the Dey of Algiers, at your service."

"My good friend," answered the French deposed monarch, "you shouldn't blame me. I knew nothing about it. I had my hands full in taking care of my soul."

"Oh well, it's no matter now. We won't quarrel about it, since you are as badly off as myself, thanks be to Allah!"

"Very true," answered Charles; "it certainly is not worth while to quarrel about it now. But I hope you are comfortable in other respects. Allow me to introduce my young grandson, Henry the Fifth."

The Don-doone bowed gracefully, and the Dey, shaking him heartily by the hand, wished he might live for the next thousand years. Then drawing a chair, and seating himself between them, he turned to the Royal Charles, and continued:

"Comfortable! Oh yes, by the blessing of Allah, I do very well, all things considered. I have my nine wives still, a good appetite, and some diamonds left. The eating is very fine here in Rome, and also at Naples; and I am delighted with Punch in the puppet show."

At this juncture, the man with the mustaches stepped up to the trio, and offering his hand with a grin to the ex-monarch of France, grumbled out, in very bad French:

"Odd enough, royal brother of France, that here should be four sovereigns without crowns or subjects, meeting by chance at an eating-house. I was a king 'oo, in my day. You didn't acknowledge my right, I believe, but if it had not been for those rascally Englishmen, I should still sit on the throne of Portugal."

"Don Miguel!" exclaimed the tenth Charles;—"My dear young friend, I'm happy to make your acquaintance. This is a very unlooked for pleasure. Dey, be friends with my royal cousin, the ex-king of Portugal."

The Dey shook hands with the Don who also seated himself at the other side of the table; Charles called for three more bottles of champagne, and Miguel produced a roll of delicate little cigars, which he affirmed were made purposely for his own use, of the very best Cuba tobacco. He offered them round to his companions, but they were all too well bred to smoke in a public dining room; so the Don put them into his pocket again, with a sheepish look, like a man caught in a breach of good manners.

In the mean time the remaining three parties, present at this somewhat remarkable meeting, having finished their meal, were diversely occupied. The water drinker was evidently engrossed with what was passing before him; the casual meeting of four deposed kings was for him a most pregnant subject for study and speculation. He sipped his red-water, and pretended to look over a memorandum book which he had drawn from his pocket, but his ears were attentive to what took place at the other side of the room, and his eyes often wandered furtively in the same direction. The German took huge punches of Strasburg, h-mmed scatches of air from the Freyschutz, and mixed glass after glass of strong gin and water and sugar. The old soldier rested his head on his hand, the elbow propped on the table, and seemed lost in thought of no very cheerful description.

The conversation between the four grew lively and mirthful. Charles relaxed from his habitual sadness, and now and then perpetrated a joke at the expense of his lucky successor and cousin, Louis Philippe. Henry gave full way to the natural cheerfulness of his age and temperament. Don Miguel laughed like a clown at a fair, and the Mussulman told some very queer stories with a delightful gravity. The champagne was renewed, and the whole party were fast advancing to a state of excellent good humour with the world, themselves, and each other.

But all this seemed to afflict the German very annoyingly. He grew more and more sidgety, plunged his fingers into his snuff-box every half minute, vaped about with his meershaum, and put less and less water to his gin, at each replenishment of his tumbler. It was evident from his wishful looks that he was dying to join the merry and royal party. At length with a doubtful look, half foolishness and half fun, he rose from his seat, and, gravely advancing to the four ex-monarchs, bluntly asked leave to make one at their repast. His reception was characteristic.

The elder Bourbon crew himself up with a look of haucure; Henry started up with a flushed cheek, and an expression of countenance that intimated a disposition to kick the intruder out of the room; Miguel

scowled, and poured out for himself another glass of champagne; and the Mussulman, whose perceptions were now somewhat affected by his potatoes, stroked his black beard, and, with a suspicious twinkle of his still blacker eye, gave voice to his cogitation:

"By the tail of the prophet's mule, illustrious stranger—hem—you're a very respectable person, no doubt—hiccup—but you see, friend, such tittle as this—(Allah forgive me if it's wine!) is fit only for kings—hiccup—and deys—and sultans—you understand; and although you're a very respectable person, as I said before—hiccup—and excellent company for your equals, excuse me for saying—hiccup—that you had better stick to your own drink, whatever it is—hiccup—and leave us to ourselves, you know—hiccup. Another glass, most royal of infidels, and I'll drink with you, in the name of the prophet, although you did steal my crown and drive me out of my kingdom."

The latter branch of this sage discourse was addressed to the ex-king of France, between whom and the merry Mehometan, there seemed to be an excellent good understanding, despite of bigotry on the one side, and the remembrance of injury on the other. The reply of the gin-drinking gentleman soon put a new face on the whole matter:

"Yah, yah, my good friend, what you say is quite right, strafe mich hael. Der champagne is only fit for kings, and if I were no more than a beggarly merchant or mister, or even one of the barons or counts that swarm all over this pitiful country, I should think shame to intrude on your good company. But I am a sovereign too; or at least I was, not long ago; before my rebellious subjects, der angel confound them, got up and burnt my palace about my ears, and drove me out of my dominions. Six months ago I was Duke Charles of Brunswick and Lunenburgh!"

The four boon companions at this announcement shook hands with the duke, and made room for him at their table; and Henry the Fifth of France rang the bell, and ordered another glass and another flask of champagne.

As the wine circulated, the five deposed sovereigns grew more and more jovial. Duke Charles volunteered a German song with a droll chorus, at which the Dey laughed himself almost into convulsions, although not understanding a word of it. Young Henry pleased at seeing his father so much beguiled of his melancholy, exerted himself to increase the pleasure and harmony of the meeting, with excellent tact and success. His wit was gay and sparkling, and his demeanor a graceful compound of elegance, and active politeness, beautifully tempered with the modesty becoming his age, and the respect due to his elder brethren in misfortune. Don Miguel grinned and said nothing, but drank like a fish; and as to the poor Dey, the unaccustomed liquor was fast making inroads upon his powers, mental and bodily.

At length, when the song was finished, the younger Bourbon, after exchanging a few words in a low voice with his grandfather, rose from his chair, and crossing over to where the veteran still sat absorbed in reflection, addressed him in French, and to this purport:

"Mon comarade—for I too am a soldier, though a young and untried one—will you not do us the favor to join our party, and help us to empty a bottle of this very excellent wine? You have heard our conversation, no doubt, and learned that we are all princes in exile and misfortune. An old soldier is worthy to be the companion of kings upon whom no cloud has fallen, and our misfortunes have not made us proud. Will you not join our company?"

The veteran had raised his face and fastened his eyes on the blooming and ingenuous countenance of the speaker; he now rose to his feet, and, placing his hand with a solemn and touching dignity upon the young man's head, exclaimed with deep emotion:

"My son, the blessings of an old man, full of years and sorrows, be upon you. I will gladly and gratefully accept your invitation. The voice of kindness is not so familiar to my heart as to make it unwelcome, even from a stranger. The old soldier thanks and blesses you. But before I take my seat among your friends; know that their misfortunes and your own are nothing compared with mine. They have fallen from no greater height, and to no such depth of poverty and wretchedness as an unkind fate has singled out for me. Return to your friends, and say to them that the exiled and lonely Colonel Gustafson is happy to forget his sorrows for a time in their good company."

At that name all rose to their feet, except the Dey, who was scarcely able to sit upright. The sad and stately Charles, the half-witted Brunswick, and even the brutal Miguel, paid willing homage to the sorrows of one not less exalted in birthright than themselves; and deep was the respect with which they received and welcomed the poor, deposed, and time-worn king, Gustafus of Sweden. It seemed that another errand of politeness and benevolence, not unmingled, perhaps, with curiosity, now presented itself to the mind of the young Bourbon.—The water drinker was now the only solitary stranger in the room, and he had risen to

depart, moved, it is not to be doubted, by a feeling of respect and delicacy, to which none but a brute could be insensible, in the presence of one so hallowed by misfortune as the un-crowned monarch who once sat upon the throne of Gustavus Vasa. Already, perhaps, had curiosity and wonder betrayed the stranger into what might be regarded as a violation of good breeding, although certainly a king has no more right in a public house than any other man who pays for what he has and makes no disturbance. It would have been more generous, if not more courteous, to leave the royal party to themselves at an earlier moment; the similarity of these successive disclosures had kept him a listener and a spectator; but now he felt that it would be unwell and unmanly longer to remain a spy upon their conviviality. Such at least may be supposed to have been his sentiments, for he rose and draw on his gloves; but the young heir of France had already determined upon his line of conduct. Advancing to the stranger, and addressing him in a very correct, and for a Frenchman, well-spoken English, with a good-humoured smile playing upon his lips, and beaming in his eyes, he once more adventured to become the ambassador of his royal friends.

"It is not," he said, "presuming too much, I trust, upon the strangeness of this encounter to which you, sir, have been a witness, to ask you the favor of becoming at-a party. It will afford great pleasure to my grandfather and myself, and I am confident in making the same assurance in the name of these unfortunate personages, with whose history you are, no doubt, acquainted."

The stranger rose and bowed. "I feel honored by this invitation," he replied, "and render grateful acknowledgements for your attention. A request so courteously proffered could not be denied, even without regard to the high gratification I must feel in joining so excellent and illustrious a company."

"May I ask the additional favour of being permitted to introduce you to my friends?" returned the Bon bon. "Perhaps," he added with a smile, "it is my good fortune to address another dethroned king or sovereign prince."

"Not so," answered the stranger. "Mine is no such distinguished name. I am a simple citizen of the United States, where none is higher or lower than his neighbour."

"And as such most heartily welcome," said the young ex-monarch. "Our party is now singularly complete. Six sovereigns and a republican, who owes allegiance to no power save the law. And now," he continued, speaking in Italian, permit me to present you to my grandfather."

The American put in the hand of the young king a card, and was introduced to the royal party by name and title, Mr —, citizen of the United States."

"President at some future day, perhaps," added Henry, with a smile and a bow.

"Or, it may be, king," answered his grandfather—"It would not be more strange than what has befallen us here to-day."

**UNITED STATES.**

The American Presidential election, it is now generally allowed by all parties, has gone in favour of Mr. Van Buren—North Carolina having swelled the number of his electors to 139—which with Louisiana, Missouri, Arkansas, &c. it is expected will ensure him about 160 Electoral votes out of the 291.—The Electors are to meet in the capitals of the several States on the first Wednesday in December, to make their choice.

ITALIAN EXILES.—The Imperial Austrian Brig Ulsaro, arrived in our harbour yesterday, having on board the Italians, whose punishment for pretended political offence, the Emperor of Austria has committed to perpetual exile in America. Many of these illustrious martyrs of liberty, have already passed 12 or 13 years in the horrible dungeons of Spelsburg in Moravia. They all belong to distinguished families in Northern Italy, and are all worthy of respect, on account of their talents, and the cause to which they have so generously devoted themselves.—N. Y. Times.

**COLONIAL.**

CITY OF TORONTO.—The city is rapidly feeling its important localism, and will no doubt grow during the ensuing season as fast as any of those in the neighboring States.

The sale of Military lots on the Reserve, sold for the purpose of extending Toronto westward, was attended on Saturday by several persons of property, and we understand 91 lots sold for about ten thousand pounds. These lots were chiefly half acres, from which the increasing confidence of the monied world, and the prospects of the stability of the seat of government, may be inferred.—Toronto Pat.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, Wednesday, Nov 11.  
Mr Secretary Joseph brought down from his Excellency a message, communicating to the House several despatches from his Majesty's Government relative to the affairs of this Colony. They approved of His Excellency's conduct in refusing the contingencies, and withholding his assent from the money bills passed last Session; confirmed his view of the Constitutional powers of the Executive Council, as opposed to that of the late Executive Council, and House of Assembly; approved of his dissolution of the House; considered his explanation of his reply to the House of Assembly relative to the note addressed to the new Executive Councillors quite satisfactory; and conveyed His Majesty's thanks to Sir Francis for his prudent foresight, decision, and promptness in his proceedings.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE. — Comparative Statement of arrivals, tonnage and settlers, at the port of Quebec, during the years 1835 and 1836:—

	Vessels	Tonnage	Settlers
1836	1145	353,505	27,513
1835	1132	323,305	11,589
Difference,	52	30,200	15,933

**NOTICE.**

THE Co partnership heretofore existing under the firm of Hockin & Sons, was this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to the said firm, are requested to make immediate payment to ROBERT or DANIEL HOCKIN; and all persons having demands, will send in their accounts for adjustment.

ROBERT HOCKIN,  
JAMES HOCKIN,  
DANIEL HOCKIN.

Pictou, September 27th, 1836 m-m

**J. JOHNSTON,**

In addition to his former STOCK, has received FROM LONDON, A neat assortment of PIPES, FLUTES, AND OCTAVES, which he offers for sale very low for cash. Pictou, August 3. if

**FOR SALE.**

ALL that Tenement and building in Pictou, bounding on High Street and James Street, formerly owned by Hugh McKay deceased, and now occupied by Mr Marcus Gunn and others, with all the appurtenances and outhouses thereunto belonging. The house and premises may be viewed, and the boundaries pointed out, upon application to Mr Geo. McKay, Pictou, by whom, or the Subscriber, the terms of sale, which are liberal, may be made known.

JAMES BAIN.

Halifax, August 5th, 1836. if

**NEW TIN-WARE ESTABLISHMENT.**

H. R. NARRAWAY,  
Agent for A. McGregor,

RESPECTFULLY intimates to the inhabitants of Pictou and its vicinity that he is ready to execute orders in Tin, Lead, sheet Iron, and Copper works in the shop opposite the store of Messrs. Ives, where by punctuality and moderate charges he hopes to merit a share of public patronage. Franklin and other Stoves, Stove Pipes, &c. neatly fitted up.

ON HAND—A choice assortment of Tin Ware. Old Powder, Lead, Copper, and Brass, bought October 12, 1836.

INDIAN CORN MEAL, in barrels of 196 lbs each, for sale by ROSS & PRIMROSE. 12th October.

**ANNUALS FOR 1837.**

THE subscriber has just received a few copies of the following celebrated American Annuals:—  
The Token, The New-Years' Box,  
The Gift, The Religious Souvenir,  
The Pearl, The Violet.  
The Union Annual,  
JAS. DAWSON.  
Pictou, November 8th, 1836.

NOW IN PRESS,  
a Work entitled

A GUIDE TO TOWN OFFICERS,  
SHOWING  
THEIR APPOINTMENT, DUTIES, LIABILITIES AND PRIVILEGES,  
According to the Laws of the Province.

BY DANIEL DICKSON.

One Volume, 8vo. about 200 pages. Price 5s.

THE TABLE OF CONTENTS embrace the appointment, Duties, Liabilities, emoluments and privileges, of Overseers, Assessors, Collectors, Surveyors, Inspectors, and all other Town Officers who are annually appointed; with appropriate remarks upon each.

\*\* Agents to this Paper, and such others as we may send Copies of the Prospectus to, are requested to solicit Subscribers to the above Work, and forward them with the least possible delay, as the number of Copies will be regulated by the amount of Subscribers.

**TO LET.**

For one or more Years,

THE HOUSE AND LOT three Miles from the town of Pictou, on the Halifax road, formerly occupied by Benjamin Siems. For particulars, apply to JOHN PATTERSON. Pictou, 5th Nov'r, 1836.

**JUST RECEIVED,**

And for sale by the subscriber:

CARBOY'S OIL OF VITRIOL, Casks Blue Vitriol, Salt Petre, Soda, Ivory black, Emery, No's 1, 2, & 3, boxes sugar candy, liquorice, Zinc, Chrome Yellow, Crucibles, Arrowroot, Isinglass, Carrhene Moss.

JAMES D. B. FRASER.

September 21. if

To be Sold or Let.

WHAT Farm Lot—two miles out of Town, adjoining the Farm of James Kitchen, to the West, containing 50 Acres, 12 of which are fit for the Plough.

**ALSO,**

That handsome Lot, lying on the East side of the East River, immediately above the narrows, called Point Pleasant, and formerly the property of William Sutherland; containing

SEVENTEEN ACRES.

The soil is excellent, and nearly all fit for the Plough; there is on the premises a good freestone Quarry; and the water is so deep close to the shore that a Wharf is altogether unnecessary. For further particulars, apply to

JAMES DAWSON.

Nov'r 8, 1836.

**JUST RECEIVED**

Ex Schr. Greyhound from Quebec, and for Sale by the Subscriber, wholesale or retail.

IS CASKS best bending cut NAILS, assorted.

1 case MACHINE CARDS.

ALSO—TO CLOSE CONSIGNMENTS, 3 Cases containing Herbert's Liquid and Paste Blacking; 20 dozen Salmon Twines; 1 handsome Cooking Stove

JAS DAWSON.

Pictou, November, 1836.

**ALMANACS, FOR 1837,**

For sale by J. DAWSON. 12th October.

WINE.—A few quarter casks light Madeira, for sale by ROSS & PRIMROSE

(FOR THE BEE.)

MR. EDITOR,

Sir,—I take it for granted, that you will agree with me in saying that the BEE must be supported with honey and not with the poison of wasps. I am led to make this remark, by observing a communication in the BEE of the 7th instant, signed *Peter Crerar*, in which, after giving what he is pleased to call, a narrative of facts, he appeals to you, and to every unbiassed and unprejudiced mind in the County. Every arbler, in order to come to a just conclusion, ought to be in possession of the merits of both sides of the case, and should also keep in view, the saying of the wise man, "He that is first in his own cause seemeth just; but his neighbor cometh and searcheth him." In that capacity, I trust you will do me the favor to publish my statement of the case, allowing Mr Crerar the full benefit due to his name and his narrative of facts. On the night of the 29th October last, I in company with James Fraser, Esq. of New Glasgow, and Mr Peter Crerar, waited on Mr Hartshorne at Fisher's Grant, he being on his return from Antigonish; we expressed a desire that he would offer as a Candidate at the approaching Election. His answer as far as I recollect, was nearly as Mr Crerar states it. He omits however, stating a circumstance which then took place. Mr Hartshorne's grant became the topic of conversation, and the plan was produced. I could not, from memory, say where the County line passed through it; and that night, no person was mentioned as living on this side of the line, nor did I know of any, nor yet do I know of any, excepting what I understood from Mr Crerar's communication. As I had to attend a muster in Merigonish, at an early hour next day, I left Fisher's Grant before daylight, and had not the pleasure of seeing Mr Hartshorne any more. Connect with this, the whole of the statement as given by Mr Crerar himself, next morning, relative to the deed of the property in town, the remarks made thereon, the delineating the county line on the plan of the grant, the full conviction on his own mind at the time of parting and afterwards. Pass from this to the tender of the oath by Mr Ross to Mr Crichton, which he owns he "thought a singular proposition, but one which I could not explain." To understand this aright, it is necessary to follow Mr Crerar to where he says, "that as a surveyor, he is not aware of ever being on the ground, and knows nothing of its extent and or improvements, nor knows any individual living on it, excepting Mr McLean, the poet." Mr Crerar's memory, though tolerably good on other occasions, seems to fail him here—whether intentionally or not, is best known to himself. He in company with me, with Paul Foster, and some of the Messrs McKenzies of Barney's River, perhaps about 10 years ago, acting as a surveyor, receiving fees as such, in laying off a road from said River towards Antigonish, passed through the said Grant, saw the only clearing ever known to me on this side the line, examined the County line as we passed it, and lodged that night in the house of a Cameron, in the big clearing. I know not whether Mr Crerar will pretend to say, that, when perusing a plan, or making a line thereon, he is no judge of its extent—whether he will presume to say he is "not positive," when Mr Hartshorne on seeing the line so marked, tells him "there are many names on this side," or whether Mr Crerar could have been ignorant of the existence of a man in whose house he lodged for a night, with whom he enjoyed a sociable intercourse, and of whose hospitality he partook.

Perhaps the circumstance of Mr McLean the poet being with us that night, may refresh his memory on this last subject. Now sir, I can

tell Mr Crerar, that by seeing this, he saw all that ever I had seen, knows all that ever I knew, with regard to the qualification.

Whether that clearing is the property of Mr Hartshorne, or whether he sold it, I know not. When we saw it, the person who occupied it had left it some time previous to our being there.

I now come to what Mr Crerar calls the first meeting of those who professed themselves Mr Hartshorne's friends. Here he gives you the names at length, no doubt from the purest motives; but he did not tell you, that he was the only person who cast a damp on the minds of all present, by stating that he had it from good authority, that Mr Hartshorne when on his way to Halifax, had been persuaded by a certain individual not to offer, and that that individual intended to offer himself, and had been writing to his friends in Barney's River to that effect; and he also insinuated that the discomfiture of that individual was one of his principal reasons for issuing his Card—but added, he could easily resign in favor of Hartshorne, or Blackadar; it was owing to this information that I was first spoken of;—what I then stated, I leave the meeting to say. The accusation against my Son is false. Mr Crerar was well aware there was no necessity for the tender he mentioned. Ross and Crerar have both taken advantage of that report. It is well known to them both, that I contradicted it from the hustings;—to any but themselves it would have been sufficient. Now sir, Mr Ross arrives in the coach, and as usual pays him a visit. I am aware that Pilate and Herod were made friends on a certain occasion, for before they were at enmity among themselves. I would ask Mr Crerar, if it was after Mr Ross's arrival in Pictou, he made him the generous offer of resigning in his favor, or at an earlier period. I am in possession of more information on this head than perhaps he is aware of. Mr Hartshorne's Letter arrived on *Thursday* evening, and not on *Tuesday*, according to Mr Crerar's narrative of facts. Neither was it "pronounced ambiguous by all the meeting;" but those who knew the feelings in the country, saw no chance of success, as he declined making his appearance in person. Mr Crerar is fully entitled to the whole credit of his reflection on bringing forward Mr Ross, and causing his friends to issue his Card—of the canvass that ensued in his behalf in McLellan's Mount, Blue Mount, &c.;—and also of the result. Now Mr Editor, in order that you may do justice to your appealer, I beg through you to ask him the following questions: 1st, What could have induced him to issue his Card previous to the first Meeting, to keep the way clear for Mr Hartshorne, and before he had reason to doubt the sincerity of his friends? 2ndly, Why state to the first Meeting that he had reason to believe that Mr Hartshorne would not offer—and that to oppose the person who dissuaded him was one of his motives for issuing his Card? 3dly, Why intrust the interest of Mr Hartshorne, which he held so dear to a person who stated on the hustings, that he was aware that he had no qualification? 4thly, If when in company with Mr Ross, he felt so highly pleased at the certainty of Mr Hartshorne's election, when walking along to see Mr Hartshorne's friends (on whom by the bye Mr Crerar on former occasions did not look as friends), at this time, I ask upon what qualification did they intend to propose him? 5thly, Why propose the very person who, notwithstanding his present zeal and attachment to Mr Hartshorne, was the very first person who called for his qualification—and when the

\* By a reference to Mr Crerar's Manuscript, we perceive that this error originated with the Compositor, as the word is written *Thursday*, and not *Tuesday*, as was printed.—Editor.

question was put to him why decline giving the information of the "full conviction then on his mind of Mr H.'s qualification?"

Now, Mr Editor, contrast Mr Crerar's narrative of facts with my statement, and the line of conduct I pursued, which I will give you briefly thus. I did every thing which a friend could have been expected to do for Mr Hartshorne, as long as I had any hope of his success. In making this assertion, I am neither afraid nor ashamed; I can with conscious confidence, appeal to almost every individual with whom I had any conversation concerning the election for the last six months, for the truth of it; these things were not done in a corner; the matter was well known to the public—let them judge; I feel confident in my own mind, they will do one justice.

When the hope of serving Mr Hartshorne thus failed me, I considered it my duty to comply with the earnest solicitations of my friends throughout the country, by offering myself a candidate at the approaching election, and issued my Card *only* on Saturday before the opening of the Poll on Monday.

Mr John Ross who acted as coadjutor to Mr Crerar, has thought proper to make many statements to my prejudice, both in his Address, and in a communication to the Novascotian. How such a sudden revolution in his sentiments expressed on the hustings at Pictou, took place, he himself may be best able to explain; but a person who has proven himself capable of acting a part in his publications, so contrary to his sentiments expressed on the hustings, respecting me, I regard as utterly unworthy of any further notice, and only add that both he and Mr Crerar must, in the estimation of all unbiassed and unprejudiced minds, be considered as attempting to vindicate themselves from charges which they have justly incurred, by aspersing others who acted to the best of their ability, an upright and honorable part throughout the whole of the proceedings connected with the election.

I am sir, yours, &c.

JOHN HOLMES.

Spring Ville, East River, }  
Dec'r 12, 1836. }

From the Portland (Me.) Eastern Argus.

### THE STEAMER ROYAL TAR.

THREE or four weeks have expired since the Royal Tar was destroyed by fire, and more than thirty of her passengers drowned. Time enough has elapsed since this melancholy catastrophe occurred, for the excitement which it created in the public mind to abate, in a great measure—or, to say the least, sufficiently for a candid examination of the circumstances attending it. We have not yet learned that any steps have been taken towards making the matter a subject of legal investigation—and it seems probable, that like most of the many accidents of a similar character which have preceded it, it will be suffered to go down to oblivion, with a simple expression of pity for the sufferers, and sympathy for their friends. If one half the rumours which have been in circulation in relation to this affair, are true, it richly deserves a judicial investigation; and if they are not true, such investigation is due to her officers, on whom strong suspicions of neglect of duty, now rest. It is our deliberate conviction that in at least ninety nine out of every hundred instances where human life is destroyed by the collapsing of steam boilers, or the burning of boats, that loss is the direct result of gross and inexcusable carelessness and neglect of duty, for which the proprietors or commanders of the boats should be liable, not only in point of property, but with their lives. Proprietors of steamboats have no

right morally or legally, to trust their boats to incompetent managers while they are used as common carriers, and offered to the public generally as a means of transportation. Travellers have a right to expect that every reasonable precaution will be taken by those to whom they entrust their lives, to secure their safe delivery at the port for which they are bound—and when they pay their money, a portion of it is in fact a premium of insurance against all danger, except such as human foresight cannot anticipate. The proprietors of a boat have no right to fill her with passengers, and then on the ground that she is their individual property, order the pilot to run her on a rock—and yet they have just as much right to do that, as they have to entrust her to incompetent managers, who from their habits or want of qualifications are unfitted to assume the great responsibility of answering for the safety of the lives and property of three or four hundred individuals. The truth of the matter is that the rights of travellers are too often overlooked, and individuals are too much inclined to put up with abuse rather than stop a while on a journey to obtain the redress which the law awards them—and in cases of accidents, in the fulness of their joy at saving their lives, they publish a card of thanks to the individuals in whose care they placed themselves, when in many instances, at least, an examination would prove them deserving the severest censure.

Soon after the destruction of the Royal Tar, her commander, Capt. Reed, addressed a letter to a gentleman in this city, in which he said:—"I have no blame to attach to any body as regards the fire—I think it was pure accident." We think Capt. Reed will find but very few people who will be willing to endorse his opinion. Let us look for a moment at the facts of the case. The Royal Tar, as we understand, had an elephant on deck, to support whose weight dry wooden wedges were driven in between the deck and the boiler—the fire by which the boat was destroyed, caught from the boiler being heated red hot, the water having been previously suffered to evaporate from it. In the first place, we should suppose that ordinary prudence would have suggested some other way of propping up the deck, or if it was not practicable to do it in any other way, that it would have been deemed due to the passengers on board, that a strict watch should be kept where the wood and iron came in contact. But waiving this point altogether, there is another, where it will be utterly impossible to convince any intelligent man that any thing like due attention was paid to the safety of the boat and her passengers. No man in his sober senses will say that it is customary to sail a boat without a responsible person to manage her engine and see that her boiler is kept duly supplied with water—and to a neglect of this duty, solely, is the destruction of the Royal Tar to be attributed. If she had no person on board, to whom this duty could be assigned, her equipment was incomplete—if she had such a person on board, it is as clear as noon-day that he neglected his duty, and upon his head must rest the lawful responsibility. With proper or even ordinary attention, we have no reason to believe that any calamity would have befallen the Royal Tar—and we do not hesitate to say that her destruction, so far from being the effect of "pure accident" was the result of gross carelessness. If her boiler had been kept properly supplied with water, it could not have been heated red hot—and if it had not been in contact with wooden wedges, it is not probable that it would have communicated fire to the boat.

We do not refer to this subject from a de-

sire to wound the feelings of any individual who may rest under suspicions of not having faithfully fulfilled his duty upon the occasion. We do it in the discharge of what we deem our duty to the public, in the hope that what we have said may serve to convince the reader that measures should be forthwith adopted for a thorough and satisfactory investigation of the whole transaction. We think there is blame somewhere—and it should be brought home to those on whom it should justly rest.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

From Papers by the Packet.

IRELAND.—*Fatal collision between the Commissioners of Rebellion, and the People.*—Blood has at length been shed in the open day, the first victim fell in Tipperary. Six children were made fatherless, and one of the "Officers of Rebellion" left for dead. The affair occurred in the parish of Dunkerrin, in the diocese of Killaloe. With this preface, we shall now proceed to insert the letter of a trustworthily, and most estimable correspondent, dated yesterday, the day on which the catastrophe occurred:—

DUNKERRIN, Friday Evening, 7 o'clock.

We have had another Rathcormac massacre in this parish, about one o'clock to-day. Two victims, I fear, have been manacled to the demon of tithes. The scene was frightful beyond description. Amidst the horrors that surround, I can only call your attention to the leading facts.

Early on this morning, Philip Ryan of Nenagh, the notorious officer of rebellion, accompanied by one of his satellites named Hogan, assisted by the party of police stationed in Dunkerrin, proceeded to Rathnavege, to serve exchequer processes. The people appeared in crowds on the hills, without making any attempt at resistance, save and except a few hearty shouts, which prevented him from effecting his object. On his return to Dunkerrin he met a large number of persons at the cross roads at the Turnpike gate. On his passing through a few stones were thrown, without any personal injury to him or any of his party. The instant he got through the crowd, he fired into the midst of the people. Two policemen fired instantly after. Melancholy to state, John Fogarty, a poor and honest man, having a family of six helpless children, was shot through the breast, the bullet entered within an inch of the nipple of his left breast, and passed out under his left shoulder blade. The medical gentleman, who has visited him from Roscrea, states his recovery as impossible. Ryan escaped unhurt. Hogan was not so fortunate; he was beaten so severely, but not until Fogarty was shot, that his case is nearly hopeless. Fortunately the Rev. A. Nolan, Parish Priest, came to the spot at this instant—Hogan left for dead on the side of the road, and the police surrounded by some hundreds of persons armed with stones. The Sergeant and Hogan, the Rev. Mr Nolan had to protect in his house for some hours. The people were so excited, so infuriated, as to disregard their lives; they would have killed every one of the police at his very gate had he been one minute later. My conviction is, that no physical force could restrain them at the moment; and thus is the use the calumniated Catholic clergy make of their influence, notwithstanding the many aspersions that are heaped on them! Allow me to remark that the order for the police to assist Ryan was given by Denn Hawkins, who fills the situations of magistrate for the king's County and Tipperary, Dean of Clonfert, Rector of Dunkerrin, and has returned to this parish only a few months ago, after

a residence at the fashionable lounging places in England for five or six years!

It cannot be alleged that Ryan or the police fired in their own defence, as he got through the entire of the crowd ere any shot was fired, moreover, the police were only in danger at the Parish Priest's gate, after Ryan's escape, a distance of fifty or sixty perches from where the slaughter took place.

*Rathcormac.*—A correspondent informs us that the Campaign is carried on in this district—the scene of the memorable tithes slaughter in 1831—with such an utter disregard of law, that in a recent instance, by order of the Rev. Joshua Brown Ryder, the tithes bailiffs and police arrested an entire family, and served law processes for tithes at midnight! The greatest alarm prevailed in the parish,—*Dublin Evening Post.*

LETTER FROM MR O'CONNELL.

To the Editor of the Scotsman.

Darrynane Abbey, 13th Oct. 1836.

Sir,—I pray you will spare me the space of a few lines in your valuable paper, upon a subject to me of deep and natural interest.

The *Morning Chronicle*, which reached me this day, of the date of the 10th instant, contains an extract from a Scotch paper, giving a report of a speech of the person who styles himself the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan. In that speech there is the following passage:—

"Remember that this is Mr O'Connell's account—that it is essential to the Catholic faith to believe it right to murder, or to break faith with heretics."

There appears to me something exceedingly atrocious in the career which this man and his very worthless colleagues are pursuing in Scotland, instigating all the bad passions by the propagation of all manner of falsehoods. That these men should call themselves Christian divines, followers of the God of Charity, would be ludicrous, if it were not awfully melancholy.

The Catholics can afford to look upon their efforts with silent contempt—and of course so should I—if my name had not been referred to, and an opinion of the most horrible description attributed to me. I am so much calumniated, that the silence of my contempt would probably be soon alleged to be the silence of acquiescence, if I did not publicly contradict the entire passage.

That passage, then, I proclaim to be, in all its parts, totally false. It is false that I ever gave such an account—neither did I ever say or do any thing to justify or palliate the attributing it to me.

As to the opinion itself—"that it is essential to the Catholic faith to believe it right to murder or break faith with heretics"—I not only declare it, as every educated man already knows, to be totally false; but I go farther, and declare that if it were true I would not remain a Catholic one hour—no, nor one minute.

I am a Catholic in all the certitude and sincerity of faith, and I would not abandon or deny any one tenet of that religion for all the world could possibly bestow. But the opinion thus charged on me is directly the reverse of the doctrine and belief of the Catholics.

There is no one religious persuasion in the British Islands so numerous as the Catholics. We are over eight Millions of Catholics in Great Britain and Ireland; and it really is to the last degree indecent, as well as criminal, to form crusades of vituperation and calumny against so numerous a portion of the King's British subjects.

There is not one of these calumniators that may not readily inform himself what our real opinions are. He could easily learn what we maintain and teach in our catechism and books.

of religious instruction, that the end can never justify the means—that it is not lawful to do any act in its own nature unjust, immoral or sinful, although the prosperity of the Church—the conversion of all unbelievers—and even the salvation of the whole world did or could possibly depend upon that act.

I would not be a Catholic one hour, if that religion taught me that it was lawful to break faith with a heretic, or with any other person, or that it was more lawful to break faith with a heretic than with a Catholic. I would not be a Catholic one hour if that religion taught that it was lawful to murder a heretic, or any other person, or that it was less sinful to murder a heretic than a Catholic.

To break faith with anybody is a crime—to murder any body is a crime. But why should I dwell on facts which are so well known that it is mockery to repeat them? No Protestant can repudiate the opinions thus attributed to us more than every Catholic does—no Protestant can abominate them more than I do.

Let me conclude with offering this test. Thus Mr O'Sullivan says—"this is Mr O'Connell's account." When? Where? How did Mr O'Connell give that account—or say any thing to countenance, the assertion? Let him answer that question.

If he do not answer it, he thereby admits that he is a calumniator and propagator of falsehood. If he do answer it, I will have the means of proving him to be such.

I deceive myself much if their lives any man who, more than myself, respects the rights of conscience, or who would go farther to vindicate those rights for all mankind, including every creed and caste, and colour.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

We have great pleasure in publishing the above letter. The Scotch paper from which the *Chronicle* borrowed the extract of O'Sullivan's speech, was our own. In our remarks we did not think it necessary to advert to the connection of Mr O'Connell's name with the monstrous doctrine attributed to the Catholics. No man but a crazy fanatic can believe that he could be at once so wicked and so foolish as to utter any thing which could countenance such a charge. We have no doubt that it rests upon some wretched quibble, some malicious *misconstruction*, or perchance some "ingenious device," like McGhee's! The "best abused man" in the British Isles might, indeed, have treated the charge with silent contempt; but his manly, powerful, and admirable letter, speaking, as it does, to the understanding and the heart of every honest man, will do a great deal of good. It places O'Sullivan in a position from which he will find it no easy matter to escape.—*Scot-man.*

## THE WEEK.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, DEC. 21, 1836.

**LATEST NEWS.**—The arrival of the November Packet has put us in possession of English dates to the 5th ult. Their contents are not important.

THE *ÆTNA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY*, of Hartford, U. S., have withdrawn their Agency from Nova Scotia. This we are sorry to say, has been occasioned in some degree, by some imprudent writers whose communications have appeared in the Halifax papers, representing the dangers in this and other places to be greater than they really are. There are yet three American Fire Insurance Companies which have Agencies in this Province,—namely, The Protection, The Hartford, and The Albion. J. L. Starr, Esq. Halifax, is Agent for the two former; and Insurance with either can be effected at this office.

**UPPER CANADA.**—Our latest advices from this Province are up to the 21st ult. At that time, very little of the public business had been gone into by the Parliament. An Address to the Governor was voted on the 14th November;—it is a mere echo of the speech. The House asked and obtained his Excellency's warrant to the Speaker for £500 towards paying the contingencies of the Legislature. £7,000 was voted towards the survey of the Ottawa River. A motion was made that the sergeant-at-arms be directed to engage pews for the members, in all the respective places of public worship in Toronto;—lost. A motion to enquire into the state of the late Granville Election, was also lost. A Bill was introduced by Mr. McNab, providing for the resignation of their seats by all members of the Assembly, on accepting office under the Government, was referred to committee of the whole House. On the 14th his Excellency sent down a copy of the petition of Charles Duncombe Esq., M. P. for Oxford, to the Imperial Parliament, complaining of the Executive, as regards the late Elections in the Upper Province. Referred to a select committee.

The Police Constables of Toronto, U. C., in clearing out the brothels of that city, which are said to be very numerous, have reported that they frequently detect magistrates among the inmates of these hells! They intend publishing their names.

**LOWER CANADA.**—A meeting of the leaders of the Constitutional Party, was lately held in Montreal; but it appears that owing to some schisms in opinion about the union of the Provinces, and the Clergy Reserves, the meeting was but thinly attended. They drew up four Addresses,—1st, to the King, 2d, to the Parliament of U. Canada, 3d, to Lord Gosford, 4th, to the French *Habitans*. The three latter have been published in the Lower Canada papers, and appear but ill calculated to allay the current of ill feeling which has so long flowed between the parties. The hon'ble Mr Malhot, has ably refuted a wanton and scurrilous attack which was made on him respecting Mr Morin, late Editor of the *Miner*, which was contained in one of these addresses.

**UNITED STATES.**—The Congress was convened on the 5th instant. The President's speech is of great length. The surplus revenue is stated to be 41,732,000 dollars; he also states that the N. E. Boundary question remains unsettled;—notices the departure of the Mexican Minister;—he disapproves of raising a surplus revenue for division among the States, and recommends limiting it to the actual wants of the Government, for which purpose he would allow no more public lands to be sold for the present, except in limited quantities and to actual settlers. He notices the operations of the army in the Seminole Indian War, and recommends an increase of the navy; he speaks in complimentary terms of the post office department, its surplus receipts being \$642,000. He recommends a reduction of the rate of postage, and also post office arrangements with foreign countries. There are some other topics alluded to in the message, which we have not noticed, being of minor importance.

Two victories are reported in the American Papers, as having been gained by the U. S. troops, over the Seminoles. We wonder when Jonathan intends to put a finish upon this barbarian warfare, *alias* Indian hunt.

We have been requested to notice that the Quarterly Meeting of *The Pictou Temperance Society*, will be held in the Court House on Tuesday evening, next week, at 7 o'clock. Members in particular, and the public generally are requested to attend. The Meeting will be addressed by Mr D. S. MORRISON.

We regret exceedingly that the Ladies of Pictou do not countenance with their presence, these Meetings, and also Bible and Sabbath School Society Meetings; the success of these attempts to reform the morals of

the age depends much more on their patronage than they are aware. The Ladies in other countries take a very different view of these matters; in London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, and in the great North American cities, the ladies generally form by far the larger part of the audience, at the anniversaries of such Societies.

The seats in the north side of the house will be reserved for the Ladies.

**THE ELECTIONS.**—Messrs Young and McDougald for Sydney; W. Young, Esq. for Justice au Corps; Uni- as for Richmond, Doyle for Le-Madame, Dudd for Sydney (Town); and we hear, Kavanah for Cape Breton. Forrester and Bell for Halifax (Town), and Howe and Annand will be returned for the County.

There are yet several Counties and Townships from which the fate of the elections are not known; but as soon as we receive the necessary information, we will publish a list of the new House. It would be premature to offer many remarks on what may be expected from it; but from what we already see of its materials, we are warranted in saying, that from the fact of the leaders of the factions which rendered the last House so deservedly unpopular, being again returned, it may be expected that most of the new Members will rank under their respective banners. Some acquisition, we think, will be made to the cause of reform; but it will be wanting in that union and energy, necessary to enable it to carry any important measure. In talent, the new house will have made no small acquisition in the election of W. Young, and J. Howe Esquires.

As to measures of reform which the constituency will expect from the new House, we shall not be very sanguine in our hopes, unless they begin with reducing their own daily pay at least one half. The House of Commons in England serve for nothing; and we believe none of the M. P.'s in the neighboring Colonies receive more than 10s. per day. We cannot therefore, see why the example of Nova Scot should be held up all over the world by the avacious, and promoters of bad government, as a precedent for plundering the people of their respective countries. We shall revert to this subject again, and also to the pledges which have been given by members, or demanded by their constituents.

**LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.**—Last Wednesday evening, Dr W. J. Anderson read a Paper on the Science of Phrenology, and its application to practical purposes, which gave rise to a very protracted and animated discussion. The Rev. James Smith of Stewiacke, will Lecture on the Nature and Properties of Heat.

### MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. John McKinlay, Mr John B. Davison, merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Purves, both of this town.

On Thursday last, by the Rev. Mr Fraser, Mr John Munro, to Miss Isabella Forbes.

On Saturday evening, by the Rev. Charles Elliot, Mr Colin McKay of Merigomish, Miss Isabella Fraser of this town.

### DIED,

On Wednesday, last, Martha, second daughter of Mr George English, tanner, of this town, aged 8 years.

On Wednesday, Dec. 2nd, Mr Niel Sutherland of the Six Mile Brook, West River of Pictou. He died in the eightieth year, of his age, "full of faith and good works." He was a native of the Parish of Kildonan, Sutherlandshire, Scotland, and emigrated to this District of the Province about thirty three years ago. He was one of those of whom it may be truly said, "He feared God above many." Though moving in a humble sphere in life, and destitute of the advantages of education, his mind was richly stored with a large measure of practical and experimental knowledge of the great and innumerable truths of Christianity, which cheered and illumined the path of his earthly pilgrimage, and comforted and supported his soul when about to quit its tenement of clay. The exit of this good man from the world, strikingly exemplified the truth of that saying, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of the

man is peace." "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

SHIP NEWS.

CUSTOM-HOUSE - PICTOU.

ENTERED.

Wednesday Dec. 11 - Sloop Triumph, McCannon, P. E. Island - ballast.

CLEARED.

Wednesday - Sloop Triumph, McCannon, P. E. Island - Goods.

Friday - Shal. Sarah, Curtis, P. E. Island - coal; Brig Squirrel, Ramsay, Cork - Timber.

ACADIAN TELEGRAPH.

THE Subscriber thanks those persons who have already patronised his attempt at establishing a weekly paper, in which Reports of Public Proceedings should form a regular and prominent feature. His temporary discontinuance has caused additional support, and expressions of good wishes, for which he feels very grateful. He will re-commence issuing the Telegraph on the first week in January, and hopes, that, a further addition of names made to his list, up to that period, will enable him to renew his labours with increased confidence.

He has been much gratified at the opinion respecting the numbers of the Telegraph which have appeared; and will make such improvements as circumstances will warrant, and experience suggest.

JOHN S. THOMPSON.

Halifax, November, 1836.

A Subscription List for the reception of Subscribers' names, lies at the Bee Office.

IMPORTED,

In the Brig Squirrel, from New York, and for Sale by the Subscriber:

ROWLAND'S PHILADELPHIA BEST MILL-SAW PLATES, 5 & 6 ft Do. Do. Circular Saws, of a new and superior construction.

ALSO:

Blacksmiths' BELLOWS, ANVILS & VICES Carron STOVES, 2 1/2 and 3 ft. lengths. IRON, well assorted.

GEO. SMITH.

December 20, 1836. c-m

FARM FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber intending to quit the Province in the Spring of the year, offers for sale his FARM, STOCK, FURNITURE, &c.

as it now stands, situated on the West River of Pictou, seven miles from town, on the road leading to Halifax, and intersected by the roads leading from Rogers Hill, Loch Broom, Albion Mines, Green Hill, &c. all of which meet on the property; the new bridge on the river crosses at the door, - forming one of the most desirable situations for business to be found in the county, with every prospect of its soon becoming a thriving village. Three sides of the property front the roads, which will cause it to be highly valuable hereafter, should the possessor wish to dispose of any part of it in Lots. The land is of first quality, well watered, and lying dry; it abounds in freestone of good quality for building, and a sufficiency of wood for fencing, &c. Possession will be given in May.

For further particulars apply to Mr N. Beck, in Pictou, or to ALEXANDER FORSYTH, West River, 20th December, 1836. if

NOTICE.

AS the subscriber is called upon to leave the Province, all those due him either by Note of hand or Book accounts, are requested to pay the same on or before the 15th of April ensuing, to save further trouble.



He also offers for Sale, under the same date, his standing property at New Glasgow, and 200 ACRES OF LAND fronting on the road leading to the Garden of Eden, so called COLIN McKAY.

New Glasgow, 28th Nov. 1836.

OATS.—Cash will be given by Ross and Primrose for OATS, during the winter. November 30. if

THE SUBSCRIBERS

RETURN their sincere thanks to the public in general, for the liberal encouragement their late father received since his commencement in business, and now inform them, that they have

COMMENCED BUSINESS

in their own names, in their late father's Manufactory on the wharf commonly known as the 'Deacon' wharf, where they will always have on hand, or made at the shortest notice, the following articles, at the most moderate prices:

CHAIN CABLES, from 3/8ths to 1 1/2 inch, BOB STAYS, TOPSAIL SHEETS, AND TIES, ANCHORS & HAISE PIPES

different sizes,

All kinds of ship work done to order, at the shortest notice.

PLOUGHS & CARTS COMPLETE, with other farming utensils, GRIST & SAW MILL CHAINS, with every other kind of mill work done to order, BROAD & NARROW AXES, Britchen Chains and Hooks, Buck Bands and Trac Logging and Ox Chains.

J. & A. RUSSELL

December 7. m-w

J. HOCKIN

MOST respectfully begs to intimate to his friends and the public that he has taken that

LARGE & COMMODIOUS STORE of Mr A. D. Gordon's, nearly opposite the Market place, where he offers for sale a general assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, and Hardware, Cheap for Cash or country produce.

(Nov'r. 22, 1836.

FAIR, 1836.

THE Subscriber has received per the ANN from Liverpool, and the ACADIAN from Greenock A very complete Assortment OF IRON-WARE, HARDWARE, AND CUTLERY, &c.

Very superior half-bleached COTTONS, fine yd. wide SHIRTLINGS, Checks and Stripes and Woollens—suitable to the season. Fur Caps.

ALSO ON HAND.—A small assortment of SADDLERY, Mill Saws, Plough and Fanner Mountings, a variety of Mirrors, a few sets Tea and Coffee China, Groceries, Shoe Lenthers, Stone ware, Powder and Shot, &c. No. 1 Herring and Mackerel:

Which will be sold,

on the most moderate terms; and the highest price will be given, either in exchange for Goods or in Cash or Flour, Meal, Pork, and Butter.

R. DAWSON.

Water street, Pictou, 1st Nov'r, 1836.

FOR SALE,

AT A LOW PRICE,

A Valuable tract of LAND, belonging to the heirs of the late John Talles, 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. if

THE SUBSCRIBER

KEEPS constantly for SALE, a large assortment of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Chemical preparations, Dye Stuffs, oil and water Colours, Apothecaries' Glassware, Perfumery, &c Every article usually kept for sale by Druggists may be had at his shop, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

JAMES D. B. FRASER,

September 21. if Druggist.

FINAL NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of the late WILLIAM MORTIMER, Esq., will please to take notice that unless they make immediate payment to the subscriber, legal proceedings will be instituted against them without distinction.

Nov. 4

MARTIN J. WILKINS

JAMES M. M. M.

now deceased, are hereby required to render the same duly attested to, within eighteen Calendar months from the date hereof, at the Office of Henry Blackadar, Esquire, Barrister at Law; and all persons in any manner indebted to the said deceased, are requested to make immediate payment to

KEN JNO McKENZIE, } Execu JOHN HOLMES, } tors.

Pictou, 29th September, 1836. r-m

ALL persons having any demands against the Estate of

DONALD McDONALD, (Glenco),

late of Scots Hill, in the District of Pictou, now deceased, are hereby required to render the same duly attested to, within eighteen Calendar months from the date hereof, at the Office of Henry Blackadar, Esquire, Barrister at Law, and all persons that are in any manner indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment

KEN JNO McKENZIE, } Execu PETER CRERAR, } tors.

Pictou, 29th September, 1836. r-m

ALL persons having any demands against the estate of the late

HUGH DENOON, Esq.,

of Pictou, will please present the same duly attested to the subscribers, for adjustment; and all persons indebted to the said estate, are requested to make immediate payment.

CATHARINE DENOON, Adm'r. JAMES PRIMROSE, Adm'r.

Pictou, 22d April, 1836. if

ALL persons having any Legal Demands against the Estate of

ROBERT BROWN,

Blacksmith, late of Middle River, deceased, are hereby notified to render their accounts duly attested, to the subscribers within the space of eighteen calendar months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

MARGARET BROWN, Adm'r. THOMAS KERR, } Adm'r. THOMAS MCGOUL, }

4th November, 1835. ca-m

ALL persons having any demands against the Estate of the late

JESSEY LOGIE,

of Pictou, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within eighteen Calendar months from this date; and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber, at Halifax.

PETER DONALDSON, Administrator. 13th April, 1836.

ALL persons having any demands against the estate of EDWARD CROY, Cooper, late of Pictou, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same duly attested; and all persons indebted to said estate, or requested to make immediate payment to the Subscriber, or to Mr. William Pottinger, Cooper, Pictou.

WM. J. ANDERSON, Adm'r. Pictou, 5th Nov'r, 1836. t-f



Well might they shun the funeral feast  
By that destroying angel spread'  
One after one, the red men fell;  
Our gallant war tribe passed away—  
And I alone am left to tell  
The story of its swift decay.

Alone—alone—a withered leaf—  
Yet clinging to its naked bough:  
The pale race scorn the aged chief,  
And I will join my fathers now.  
The spirits of my people bend  
At midnight from the solemn west.  
To me their kindly arms extend—  
They call me to their home of rest!

MISCELLANY.

SHOCKING RAILROAD ACCIDENT—The following are further particulars of the sad accident on the Columbia Railroad which was noted yesterday in a letter from the Editor of *United States Gazette*. We believe we have stated that the cars on the Camden Amboy Railroad, are provided with some machinery for securing against a fall, in the event of breaking of an axle.

FAIRVIEW, Sunday, about 3 o'clock.

"This afternoon as the train from Lancaster was approaching Fairview, the axle of the forward car, or car next to the baggage, broke, which immediately precipitated the body of the car upon the railway, the fragments of the axle ripping up the bottom of the car in which was a Mr Gibson of Philadelphia, bound to Cincinnati with his wife and children. His wife and child fell through and nearly the whole train passed over her body. I cannot picture to you the heartrending scene that ensued when Mr. Gibson was called to the spot where his wife lay a mangled corpse, with the child about eighteen months old, by her side, covered with the blood of its dead mother. The top of her head was cut off, and the brains lay on both sides of the rail; the body, feet, arms and legs broken to atoms. Heavens what a sight! The distracted man tenderly dragging from the spot the remains of his 'Julia,' calling upon her in frantic exclamations; but she could only answer by an expiring look of agony. He next picked up his babe, and believing it too was dead, ran around among the crowd imploring assistance, when it was impossible to afford him the least consolation. The child was miraculously preserved. I was next called to witness another scene which beggars description.

"A black man who had vainly attempted to leap from the car when the accident took place, fell upon the ground, and the car running off the track upon the side he jumped, the wheels passed over both his legs and cut them off in the most shocking manner, grinding the dirt and clothing into the mangled flesh. He lay writhing in the most excruciating agony, under the body of one of the cars, until enough of assistance could be rendered to raise the car off him. He will not it is believed survive.

"A gentleman in the forward car had his left arm broken, and breast much injured, but it is possible he will recover.

"The train was propelled at the rate of 15 to 18 miles per hour at the time of the accident, and ran not more than the length of the train, or 50 yards, ere it brought up.

"I was with my family in the next car to the one which Mr Gibson was in, and the fragments over which we passed tore up the bottom without injury to any of its passengers. It was a miracle that we escaped; one of our wheels was spokeless, nothing but the naked rim left to give assurance it was ever a railroad wheel. Even the rails, for a considerable distance, were torn from their fastenings and some broken.

This seems to be one of those accidents

against which it is difficult to guard, unless by some new arrangement of the wheels and axles of the cars, or perhaps by a thicker flooring to the cars. It is mentioned in this that the engine and one car were immediately despatched to Lancaster city for medical or surgical aid for the sufferers, and that before it returned the cars were set on motion. In the hope of conveying the wounded towards medical aid, they had gone to a short turn, when the locomotive came sweeping round, and was not checked until it came in contact with the cars and did considerable injury.—*N. Y. paper*.

A NEWSPAPER.—Few parents know the importance of a newspaper to their children. The inclination I had to read I well recollect, was brought about by hearing the trial of Col. Burr for treason, talked of, and seeing that trial reported in the newspaper which my father then took. Having become interested in the affair, I always seized the newspaper on its arrival, with avidity, and read the continuation of the trial. But few, perhaps not another paper was then taken in the neighborhood in which I lived, and the consequence was that I soon found I knew much more of what was going on in the world than my school and playmates, and consequently became the oracle of our little circle. This gratified me, and I saw at once the advantage of reading, though I was then but ten years old. From that day to this I never have been without a newspaper, & may attribute my success in life to that circumstance.

STEAM-SHIPS FOR THE ATLANTIC.—Late letters from England announce that the British and American Steam Navigation Company, have contracted for the building of the first steam-frigate for the projected packet line between N. York and Liverpool. She is to be the largest steam vessel ever built, and is to measure 1700 tons; 235 ft between perpendiculars, 220 feet keel, 40 feet beam. Three decks and every thing else in proportion. She will carry two engines of 225 horse power each, 76 inch cylinder, and 9 feet stroke. In addition to her steam power, she is intended to be rigged in such a manner as to give her sailing qualities equal to any sailing ship, so that between steam and wind, we hope, she will make her way across the Atlantic in tolerable time. The expense of this steam frigate is estimated at £60,000. It is intended to have her ready for her first voyage in one year from the month of March ensuing.

MEDICAL STATISTICS.—A late fashionable physician, who for some years, received fees to the amount of £20,000 annually, endeavored, during the last three years of his life, to ascertain the sources of the diseases to which he was principally indebted for his wealth. After comparing the memorandums of each year, he made the following as an average calculation:—Places of amusement and places of worship, 1600; indulgence in wine, spirits and smoking 1300; indolence 1000; sudden changes in the atmosphere, 1200; prevalence of the North or East wind 1800; force of imagination, 1500; gluttony, 1300; quack medicines, 902; love, 150; grief, 850; successful gambling, 900; contagion, 600; study, 950; reading novels, 450; of the doctors, 150.

AGENTS FOR THE BEE.

- Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDIN
- Abramichi—Rev. JOHN MCCURDY.
- St. John, N. B.—Mr. A. R. TRURO.
- Halifax—Messrs. A. & W. MCKINLAY.
- Truro—Mr. CHARLES BLANCHARD.
- Antigonish—Mr. ROBERT PURVIS.
- Guysboro—ROBERT HARTSHORN, Esq.
- Tatmagouche—Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL.
- Wallace—DANIEL MCFARLANE, Esq.
- Arichat—JOHN S. BALLAINE, Esq.

o land was ours—this glorious land—  
With all its wealth of woods and streams—  
Our warriors strong of heart and hand—  
Our daughters beautiful as dreams.  
When we aried, at the thirsty noon,  
We knelt us where the spring gushed up,  
To taste our Father's blessed boon—  
Unlike the white man's poison cup.

There came unto my father's hut  
A wan, weak creature of distress;  
The red man's door is never shut  
Against the lone and shelterless;  
And when he knelt before his feet,  
My father lot the stranger in;  
He gave him of his hunter meat—  
Alas! it was a deadly sin!

The stranger's voice was not like ours—  
His face at first was sadly pale,  
Anon 'twas like the yellow flowers,  
Which tremble in the meadow gale.  
And when he laid him down to die,  
And murmured of his father-land,  
My mother wiped his tearful eye,  
My father held his burning hand.

He died at last—the funeral knell  
Rang upward from his burial sod,  
And the old Powwah knelt to toll  
The tidings to the white man's God!  
The next day came,—my father's brow  
Grew heavy with a fearful pain;  
He did not take his hunting bow—  
He never sought the woods again!

He died even as the white man died—  
My mother she was smitten too—  
My sisters vanished from my side,  
Like diamonds from the sun-lit dew.  
And then we heard the Powwahs say,  
That God had sent his angels forth,  
To sweep our ancient tribes away,  
And poison and unpeople earth.

And it was so—from day to day  
The spirit of the plague went on,  
And those at morning blythe and gay,  
Were dying at the set of sun.—  
They died—our free, bold hunters died—  
The living might not give them graves—  
Save when, along the water side,  
They cast them to the hurrying waves.

The carrion-crow, the ravenous beak,  
Turned loathing from the ghastly dead;—