

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de la couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

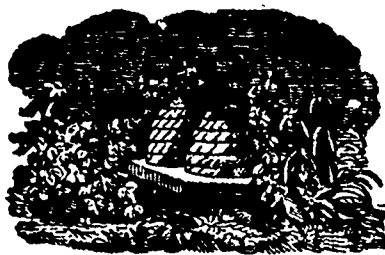
Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>



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

VOLUME III.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 5, 1837.

NUMBER VII

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.

ADVERTISING.

For the first insertion of half a square, and under, 3s. 6d., each continuation 1s.; for a square and under, 5s., each continuation 1s.—All above a square, charged in proportion to the last mentioned rate.

For Advertising by the Year, if not exceeding a square, 35s. to Subscribers, 45s. to Non-Subscribers,—if more space than a square be occupied, the surplus will be charged in proportion.

PICTOU PRICES CURRENT. CORRECTED WEEKLY.

APPLES, pr bushel none	Cheese, single none
Boards, pine, pr m 50s a 60s	Hay
" hemlock - 30s a 40s	Herrings,
Beef, pr lb	Mackarel
" - fresh, 6d	Mutton pr lb 5d a 6d
Butter, - 8d a 10d	Oatmeal pr cwt 22s 6d
Clover seed per lb 1s 3d	Oats 2s 6d
Coals, at Mines, pr chl 17s	Pork pr bbl 80 a 85
" at Loading Ground, 17s	Potatoes 2s a 2s 6d
" at end of Rail Road 17s	Salt pr hhd 10s a 12s 6d
Coke	Salmon, fresh none
Codfish pr Ql 16s	Shingles pr m 7s a 10s
Eggs pr doz 6d	Tallow pr lb 7d a 8d
Flour, m s 25s a 27s 6d	Veal pr lb 3d
" American m s 55s	Wood pr cord 12s

HALIFAX PRICES.

Alowives 20s	Herrings, No 1 20s
Boards, pine, m 65s a 70s	" 2 15s
Beef, best, 5d a 6d	Mackarel, No 1 none
" Quebec primo 50s	" 2 40s
" Nova Scotia 45s	" 3 35s
Codfish, merch'ble 17s	Molasses 1s 9d
Coals, Pictou, 22s 6d	Pork, Irish none
" Sydney, 22s	" Quebec 100
Coffee 10d	" N. Scotia 90s
Corn, Indian 5s	Potatoes 2s 6d
Flour Am sup 45s	Sugar, 37s 6d a 42s 6d
" Fine 45s	Salmon No 1 80s
" Quebec fine 47s	" 2 75s
" Nova Scotia 50s	" 3 67s 6d

ALEXR. McPHAIL,

BEGS respectfully to intimate to the Inhabitants of Pictou, that he has **OPENED SHOP,** next door to Mr James Dawson's Book-Store, *Where he offers for Sale, an assortment of*
GOODS,
Suitable for the Season.
June 21. if

BOOTS & SHOES.

ANDERSON HENDERSON,
HAVING returned from the United States, intimates to his friends and the public, that he has commenced the

SHOE-MAKING BUSINESS,
in its various branches, in the shop two doors east of store of *H. Hutton, Esquire,* where he is ready to execute orders with punctuality and despatch.

ON HAND:

A quantity of Buckskins, which he will make up into gentlemen's opera boots, according to order.
June 6, if

LAST HOURS OF A DRUNKARD.

There he sat—the fire within had dried up the juices of his body; his tongue and lips were swollen and blistered; his eyes, fixed motionless in their sockets, were staring wildly in all the unconsciousness of stupid and senseless apathy; his arms hung torpid by his side, while his once powerful and athletic, but now emaciated frame, shook like an aspen. There he sat, in the gray of a cold winter's morning, after his last debauch, and his wife and five miserable children were huddling together on an old flock bed in a corner of the room, without either food, or firing, or furniture. There he sat, suffering all the pains of internal misery, and external wretchedness, when Death was looking through the broken panes in the little casement, ready to lay his iron fingers upon him, and consign him to the narrow house appointed for all living, and his soul, his immortal soul, about to be ushered into the presence of him who has said that drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

"I say, rouse thee, Mark Burton," said a little shrivelled and decrepit old woman who lived in the next room, and who had opened the door to me; "rouse thee, man; here is a gentleman come to see thee." The wife of the drunkard rose hastily, wrapped the tattered blanket round her sleeping children, and not having been undressed, she instantly came forward and inquired the object of my visit. "I have come," I replied, "because I have heard that your family is in great distress; and, if I am to judge from appearances, I have not come too soon"—"You are in time to save my starving children," she said, "but there is no cure for a broken heart; yet I bless you for the visit. These sleeping infants are the cords which bind me to this weary existence, and for them I am yet content to live."—"Mark Burton, rouse thee up, man," said the decrepit old woman; "speak to this gentleman." Mark Burton answered not, he made not the slightest motion, nor gave any indication that he was conscious of what was going forward. "What ails your husband?" I said to the poor woman: "I have been informed that he is a drunkard, but something more than mere drunkenness appears to affect him at present."

"My husband," she replied, "was once a good husband to me, and he appeared for many years to be a good man; but he has fallen—fallen for ever—and accursed drink has done it. You see him in the same state in which he has been for the last twenty-four hours. I cannot arouse him. I have snatched but a few minutes' sleep during the night, and God only knows where my troubles will end. There is no cure for a broken heart. O my children! my poor starving, destitute children! I never expected it would come to this!"

"Rouse thee, Mark Burton—get up—speak, man—look about you," said the little shrivelled old woman, in a shrill, squeaking voice, and shaking him violently by the shoulders; "rouse thee up, man; there is, it may be, some bread for the children." Mark heard not, or if he heard he answered not, so, turning to the little old woman, I gave her money, and desired her to get a fire and some breakfast for the family. "The blessing shall rest on you and yours; for the deeds of mercy, although forgotten on earth,

are remembered in heaven," said the decrepit old woman, as she hastily left the room.

I began to think I had got into strange company. The old woman was evidently actuated by no common feelings towards the poor family, and I felt curious to know something about her. Turning to the mother, I said, "Who is this old woman, your neighbour?—she seems to feel more than a common interest in your family." She answered, "Who she is I know not, nor will she tell me aught of her history; but to me she has proved the good Samaritan. Under a decrepit and almost unearthly form she hides the soul of an angel; and but for her, I and my children must have perished. She has tended us in sickness; she has watched over us with a mother's care; she has taken the bread from her own mouth, and the clothes from her own back, and for five long years of misery she has been our constant companion. Could any thing have cured my poor husband, surely the remonstrances of Maria Moreland would have done it."

I said to Mrs Burton, "If I do not mistake, you must at a former period of your life have been in very different circumstances. Have you no friend able to assist you?" "Not one friend on earth but Maria Moreland. My father and mother died when I was yet a child, and they left me a small fortune. I was well educated. I married my poor husband, and then thought I had found a friend; but company and extravagance, and, above all, drinking, has reduced him to the wretched state in which you see him. But for my children, I should be glad to find an early grave."

"The grave is where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest," said Maria Moreland, as she entered the room. "Helen Burton, although in a crazy vessel on a stormy sea, must not forget the anchor of hope both sure and steadfast. Mark Burton is on the verge of eternity; but Helen his wife, who will soon be his widow, is the mother of these children, and she must wait and patiently endure, till God has placed them in other hands. Look Sir," she said, turning to me, "there sits the man, than whom the world never saw one more promising, a victim, an early victim, to the demon of drunkenness!—Rouse him—draw from his own lips the history of his career, and ere his eyes are sealed in death, if you be a Christian, tell him what it is to die."

I was filled with amazement at the eloquence and energy of the little old woman; and as she was busily employed in kindling the fire and preparing the breakfast for the starving family, I seated myself, on an old box, and kept musing and wondering where all this would end.

The shrill squeaking voice of the old woman again broke out. "Mark Burton, are you senseless? are you dreaming? or is your mind filled with all the horrors of earth and hell? Rouse—for there is but a step between thee and the eternal world; and as sin has done her work with you, till the fuel is consumed and the fire has well nigh gone out, listen once more, I say Mark Burton, listen once more to the voice of mercy." Mark was silent. Helen Burton directed her attention to her little ones, who had now awakened; but they could not rise, the cold was so intense; and being nearly destitute of clothing they were compelled to huddle together upon the old bed, both day and night, to keep themselves warm. The old

woman had kindled a fire very quickly, and some wa. a breakfast was now ready for the children, which she distributed with the greatest tenderness, at the same time pressing the poor mother to sit down by the now glowing fire, and warm herself. Helen Burton obeyed; and as she looked wistfully in the face of her besotted husband, she burst into a flood of tears.

"It is a mighty power that can change the current of woman's love," said the old woman. "Years of neglect, and sorrow, and want, crowned with sinful and debasing conduct on the part of a husband, cannot always do it, or the love of Helen Burton would have been changed to hatred cruel as the grave." I addressed myself to the poor afflicted Helen in the mildest terms I could use, spoke to her of the loving-kindness of him whose tender compassions fail not, and who maketh the light to shine out of darkness when it pleaseth him. She heard me in silence, her eye wandering alternately from her husband; but I saw clearly that nature was struggling vehemently, and I could not help reflecting with pain on that wretched condition to which man reduces himself and others by the commission of iniquity. Here was before me the feeble and broken hearted mother of five children, destitute of every earthly comfort, and brought to ruin and want, apparently by the bad conduct of the only individual on earth to whom she had a right to look for comfort and protection. There he sat, unconscious of that ruin to which he had reduced his family, but of which he could not have been unconscious as he was pursuing his career of wickedness.

My reflections were broken by the voice of Maria Moreland, who again commenced her address to the drunkard. "Mark Burton, wilt thou not rouse thee? Thy wife, thy dearly beloved Helen, seeks a word from thee, ere the fift of death has overcast thy eyelids? Where are now thy plighted vows? where that kindly heart and manly form which stole the affections of Helen, pure as the dew upon the mountain top? Mark Burton, thy children are no common beggars, but thy madness has reduced them to receive an alms from the stranger. *Thy children, Mark Burton, are beggars, and they have been made so by you!*" This last sentence was expressed with great power and emphasis. Whether it was the clear shrill intonation which struck home upon the ear of the drunkard, or whether the sentiment expressed had touched some latent feeling not yet entirely destroyed by a long course of wickedness, I cannot tell; but Mark Burton started upon his legs, and in a tremulous, but angry voice he said, "Who dares to say that my children are beggars?" Maria Moreland replied, "I dare tell you, Mark Burton, that the wife and children of the heir of Lindsburn are beggars, and in greater distress than the mendicant who wanders from door to door. Look around you, look at Helen your wife, hungry and half naked! Look at your children in that miserable corner—they cannot rise for want of clothing! The fire before you, and the morsel of which they have just partaken, and the gifts of this messenger of mercy—and will you deny that your family are beggars?" "Maria Moreland," answered Burton, "you have crossed my path for years, and I hate you. Your voice to me is as the voice of a fiend, and your dwarfish, shrunken form is as the form of an unearthly visitant. Who told you that I was the heir of Lindsburn? and who taught you to track my footsteps as the blood-hound tracks the footsteps of his prey?"

Maria replied, "I have crossed your path for years, have I? Ay, and I will continue to cross it, till you turn from your wicked courses. But your course is nearly run: riot and drunkenness have done their business with your once noble form: even now you trample—your eye has lost brilliancy, and there are but a few steps between you and the grave. I have crossed your path for years, have I? Maria Moreland has watched you with the eye of the eagle from your infancy, and she knew that you were the heir of Lindsburn before you knew it yourself."

"In the name of God, who and what are you?" said Burton: "I thought I had escaped the eye of all who know me. Did you know my mother? Were you a witness of her care over me?—and do you now also mark my degradation? It is torture to my mind to think so."

"Did I know your mother, do you say?" said Maria: "I shall meet her in heaven; she crossed my path until I turned into the blessed path that leads to eternal life; she taught me the way to happiness and heaven; and, Mark Burton, she taught you also, and she taught your Helen who now sits before you, oppressed with misery; but a patient expectant of everlasting glory. O that you had been buried in the same grave with your mother!—then you would have escaped the drunkard's doom, and Helen and her first-born would have sorrowed for you on the sunny mountains of Lindsburn, but not as those who sorrow without hope. I shall not tell you who I am; but I have watched you in your mad career. I saw you when drunken tavern

assemblies began to steal from you the thousands of poor Helen and the acres of Lindsburn. I saw you when drink, debauchery, and unhallowed amusements began to lead you from your once happy home, and when your lovely Helen was left by you to pine in solitary sadness. I have crossed your path even then, but not in the decrepit form of Maria Moreland. And," she added, in a low whisper, "I saw you when you became a forger, and but for me you would have suffered a forger's doom."

"But for you I should have suffered a forger's doom!" said Burton, as he again sunk upon his seat, evidently suffering the severest mental torture. "A forger's doom!" he repeated, and fell senseless on the floor. Helen Burton screamed aloud and fainted; the poor naked children started from their bed, and running to their mother, cried in piteous accents. "Mother—dear, dear mother—O do not leave us."

I tried to calm them; and while Maria directed her attention to the poor mother, I said to her, "This is a sad and awful scene—a melancholy picture of the effects of sin." She replied, "Yes; we are entering upon the last scene of a painful drama. I have seen it from the beginning, and must abide the close; but at present there is no immediate danger. Helen will come round immediately, and so will her husband. I have touched him in a tender part; I am glad he feels it, for he may now listen to the word of wisdom and the voice of mercy, which he has long despised."

I said, "He is very ill, and something must be done for him immediately; a bed must be procured, and clothing for those poor children." Helen Burton opened her eyes, and staring wildly round her, exclaimed, "Is he gone—gone for ever? O my poor husband—my poor children—my heart is broken."

"Helen," said Maria, "there is still hope; your husband begins to feel. The lamp of life, it is true, glimmers in the socket, and it must soon go out: but while life exists it is our duty to direct him to the fountain of mercy—that fountain long neglected and despised, but still open to wash away the sins of the vilest of the vile."

Addressing myself to Maria, I said, "I shall go and provide some necessary articles for this poor family. I shall send medical aid immediately, and will again look in upon you in the course of the day."

In the afternoon of the same day on which the foregoing events took place, I again directed my steps to the miserable apartment of Burton; having previously sent a bed, some clothing, and other necessaries for himself and family. I slipped quietly into the passage, on one side of which was the door of Maria's room, and on the other the door of the room occupied by the drunkard and his family. The clear, shrill, animated voice of Maria burst upon my ear, and by her language, I soon discovered that Mark Burton had recovered his senses. The door of the room being ajar, and not wishing, at the instant, to disturb her conversation, I slipped into it, and sat down. "Mark Burton," said Maria, "it is long since I ceased to flatter, and it is no mark of friendship to withhold the truth from a dying man. You have sinned—sinned grievously—and with a high hand. You have sinned against God, against that dear woman, and her helpless children, and against your own soul."

A deep and hollow groan was the only reply.

"If that groan were the groan of a heart broken and contrite under a deep sense of sin, and under a conviction of the long-suffering and tender mercy of God, Maria Moreland would rejoice with a joy exceeding the delight of a mother over her first-born child. Is it so, Mark Burton, or is your soul still cold and callous as the nether millstone? Look at Helen and your children—look at your devoted wife, whose heart, still unchanged, burns with an affection for you which all your neglect and wicked conduct have not quenched."

The poor drunkard was touched. "Helen," he said, "my poor Helen, forgive me. I am suffering under the horrors of a dark despair, and, when too late, I see the dreadful condition to which I have reduced myself and family. I—I deserve it all; but you—you and my innocent children—the thought is madness! O that I had never tasted the poisoned cup!"

Poor Helen wept for joy; for to the voice of kindness from her once fond and affectionate husband she had long been a stranger. Truly the cup of strong drink is a poisoned cup; it destroys the affections, and almost, if not altogether, obliterates the common feelings of humanity. In accents the most gentle and affectionate, she said, "O Mark! O my dear husband! I forgive you all; and may you receive forgiveness from God. May he yet spare you to be a comfort and help to your poor family."—"I feel that my worthless life is near to a close," said Mark Burton: "there is a sad sinking within me; it is like the breaking up of the framework of nature. Helen, I cannot leave you to a world that will use you worse than you have been used by your wicked husband. What an awful reflection is this for a dying man! I

dare not, I cannot hope for mercy from Him against whom I have so deeply offended. Oh, the misery of a life of dissipation, and the tenfold misery of a dying hour! Would to God I had remained satisfied with the pure and simple pleasure of domestic life at Lindsburn! O tell my children to avoid the beginnings of evil."

There was now silence. I rose from my seat and rapped gently at the door. It was opened by Maria, who said to me, "There is a change for the better here, Sir; I wish it were a change for the better in regard to the things of eternity." Maria Moreland left the room, and I sat down by the bedside of the dying drunkard. After a few moments' silence I said to him, "Your situation, and the situation of your poor family, is distressing. What would induce a man, moving in the circle in which you have moved, so far to forget himself, and every honourable and moral feeling, as to sink down into the condition, and take up the character and practices of a low and debased drunkard?" Mark Burton looked at me with a countenance of inexpressible misery, and replied, "Sir, I fall by degrees, and my fall commenced in my own house. Always social and hospitable, I felt great pleasure in the company of my friends. The custom of my country made drinking a necessary adjunct to every evening party, and I was not aware that, thus keeping up the spirit of hospitality, would ruin my family, and eat as doth a canker into my own vitals." I continued: "Your conduct has indeed brought sad and awful ruin upon yourself and family! and yet amidst it all, your poor wife seems an example of patient resignation. Have you wasted all your property? Is there nothing left, either of your own or your wife's for these children?"—"Nothing!" he answered; "nothing!—not even the consolation that her father lived and died an honest, respectable man. Five thousand pounds was the fortune of Helen Blair, my once-beloved Helen. It is gone:—and Lindsburn, the inheritance of my fathers, and what ought to have been the inheritance of these children, is gone also. O the curse which follows in the track of the drunkard! It leaves nothing for those who come after, and it scatters all around it debasement, and misery, want, and death. I am, and have been for years, truly miserable, and yet I have never conquered my degrading passion. Even now, I feel the craving of an opiate cruel and rapacious as the grave."

"Have you any relations, or friends, who can assist your family? To all appearance you must soon quit this world; and, next to your own eternal welfare, it is of some consequence to know what is to become of these children, and your feeble but patient wife." He shrunk back—was silent for a time; and then, in a paroxysm of the most bitter and poignant reflection, exclaimed, "All my relatives have disowned me and mine for ever. Helen Burton has an uncle, an only relative; he is in a distant land. I have attempted to—to ruin—." He could proceed no further; the violence of his feelings overcame him, and he sunk upon his bed in an agony of remorse. His poor wife was at his bed-side in a moment, and in sweet and soothing accents whispered in his ear, "My dearest Mark Burton, my husband, compose yourself. O Mark, may not all yet be well? If Lindsburn is no longer ours, yet a change on you would be better to me than the possession of Lindsburn or any thing the world can give." Mark Burton looked at his weeping wife, and in the language of unutterable despair, cried out, "Helen Blair, I am dying! Drink, in an evil hour, robbed me of every manly and honest feeling. You have sinned, and are now feeling, the consequences of your husband's vile conduct; but you know not half his guilt. O Helen, I am wretched beyond all endurance; and I am—." The miserable man again stopped short. At this moment Maria Moreland entered the room, and looking in his face, she exclaimed, "Mark Burton, thy race is ended—thy course is run: the morrow's sun shall not light upon thy eyelids; and once more I tell you there is balm in Gilead and a physician there." A groan escaped from the lips of the dying drunkard—it came from the heart; and he exclaimed, "I am—." "A forger," said Maria Moreland; "but I crossed your path, and you missed your aim. You became a drunkard—and drunkenness drove you to meanness—to madness—to crime. Bitter is the experience of Maria Moreland of the evils of that awful vice: its name is Legion." At this moment the door of the apartment was opened, and a stranger entered. Maria Moreland uttered a piercing shriek, exclaiming, "It is Colonel Blair, the uncle of Helen Burton." This was too much for the poor drunkard; his whole frame shook and trembled; he heaved one heavy groan—and, in an instant more, his spirit had passed the boundaries which separate time from eternity.

Colonel Blair had just returned from India, and through his agent, had found out the abode of his niece and her wretched circumstances. But very lately before his arrival Maria had discovered a

plan, which Mark Burton had laid to Swindle Colonel Blair out of large property in the funds by forgery. She communicated her discovery to the Colonel's agent under a promise that, being the husband of his niece, he should be allowed to escape. In consequence of this information and agreement, Colonel Blair's property was saved, and the criminal spared an ignominious punishment.

The sudden and unexpected appearance of Helen Burton's uncle had unstrung the nerves of Maria Moreland, in general not very easily moved; but for the poor drunkard it was too much. Doubtless, the sudden appearance of the man whom he had bravely attempted to ruin, hurried on that closing moment which, under other circumstances, could not have been far distant. He died evidently suffering all the horrors of remorse of conscience, beyond this we cannot, and dare not, say any thing.

Colonel Blair and Maria Moreland recognized each other; mutual explanations took place; and soon afterwards, Helen and her children were removed by him to his house in the country, there to spend their days beside him, and afterwards to inherit his ample property, for he was unmarried. They were accompanied by Maria Moreland, whom they revered as an example of faithful friendship rarely to be met with in this wicked world; looking upon her as a brilliant comet in the moral hemisphere, which may pass away, but whose striking and wonderful appearance can never be forgotten while the pulse of life continues to beat.

From the Boston Herald, June 19.

LATE AND IMPORTANT FROM SPAIN.—The ship Empress arrived at New York, on Saturday, from Gibraltar, and among the passengers was Mr Neilson, editor of the Quebec Gazette, who states that on the 11th May a steamboat arrived at Gibraltar, from Lisbon, bringing accounts of a severe engagement, which had taken place between the Queen's troops and those of Don Carlos. The result was, the defeat of the Carlists, with the loss of six thousand men.

LATEST FROM TEXAS.—By the arrivals from Galveston last evening, we obtained information that the Indians had murdered several persons on the frontiers of Texas, particularly near the town of Nashville—that they had attacked a train of wagons, killed five persons, and carried off all the oxen.—*N. O. American.*

From the Halifax Gazette.

The New York and Boston Papers, received since our last, have furnished some late European intelligence—from London the accounts are to the 23d May.

His Majesty it is stated, was labouring under an attack of Asthma. Preparations were making for the splendid celebration of the Birth-day of the Princess Victoria.

Several extensive failures had taken place in Liverpool, and also in some of the principal manufacturing Towns—indeed the embarrassments in the United States appear to have deeply affected the Commercial Interests of the Parent Country.—*Halifax Gazette.*

A YOUNG LADY, is desirous of obtaining a situation as Instructress to young Children, or as attendant on an elderly lady. She would have no objections to travel, or living in the Country. Apply to William Lawson, jun'r. Esq., Halifax. June 14.

JOHN ROSS,
BOOK-BINDER,

HAVING received a stock of Materials, is enabled to execute orders with neatness, and on the most reasonable terms.

Journals, Day Books, Ledgers, Indexes, and other Blank work, done on the shortest notice.

Old or injured books, repaired or rebound, according to order.

The BEE will be neatly half-bound at 3s. per vol.

N.B. J. R. will not be responsible for books longer than three months after they are left at his shop.

June 14, 1837.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICES.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of the late **THOMAS ELLIOT**, of 6 Mile Brook, deceased, are hereby notified to render their accounts, duly attested, to the subscriber, within eighteen calendar months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

SARAH ELLIOT.

6 Mile Brook, 8th May, 1837. m-m

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'x.
THOMAS KERR,
THOMAS MCCOUL, } Adm'rs.**

4th November, 1835. ca-m

ALL persons having any demands against the Estate of the late **WILLIAM CAMPBELL**, of Pictou, in the County of Pictou, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested, within eighteen calendar months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to the subscribers.

**ALEXANDER CAMPBELL,
THOMAS CAMPBELL,
ANDREW MILLAR, } Admrs**

Pictou, 2d May, 1837. if

ALL persons having any demands against the Estate of **JOHN DOULL**, late of Point Breuly, Merchant, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same duly attested to, at the office of Henry Blackadar, Esquire, Barrister at Law, Pictou, within eighteen calendar months from the date hereof; and all persons in any manner indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment.

JANE DOULL, Administratrix

Point Breuly, 20th October, 1836. if

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'x.
JAMES PRIMROSE, Adm'r.**

Pictou, 22d April, 1836. if

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.

**IN THE PRESS,
AND SHORTLY WILL BE PUBLISHED,
(At this Office.)**

**A NEW SELECTION OF
CHURCH MUSIC,
TO BE CALLED "THE HARMONICON."
[PRICE SIX SHILLINGS.]**

AS but a limited number of Copies are printing, those wishing to become subscribers to the Work will please hand in their names without delay. Contributions of favorite and popular TUNES will be thankfully received. March, 1837.

**JUST PUBLISHED,
(And for Sale by James Dawson.)
WILL COLKES'S AND FRYER'S
New and much admired System of
ARITHMETIC AND MENTAL CALCULATIONS.**

**EDITED BY REV. JAMES WADDELL,
Master of the Central Academy, Charlottetown.
Price 4s. 6d.**

**TO BE SOLD,
AT PUBLIC AUCTION, AT PICTOU,
On the Premises, on Wednesday, the second day
of August, at 12 o'clock, pursuant to an order
of Governor and Council,**

THE Real Estate of the late Jessie Logie, formerly of Pictou, deceased, consisting of

**A DWELLING HOUSE,
AND
LOT OF LAND,**

situate, lying and being in Water Street, in the town of Pictou, and running back to Church Street; bounded and described as follows: On the south by Water-st., and measuring thereon 40 feet, on the west by a lot formerly in the possession of Charles Morrison; on the north by Church-St., and measuring thereon 40 feet; and on the east by lands lately in the possession of Mrs Mooring.

PETER DONALDSON,
Administrator.

June 14, 1837.

**THE SUBSCRIBER,
OFFERS FOR SALE, A LOT OF
LAND,**

Situated at the entrance of the River John Harbour, CONTAINING ABOUT 107 ACRES, About thirty of which are cleared. There is also, a HOUSE AND BARN on the Premises.

FREDERICK PERRIN.

June 20. m-w

**FOR SALE,
AT A LOW PRICE,
A Valuable tract of LAND, belonging
to the heirs of the late John Tullies, 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.**

NOTICE.

THE Captain of the barque Wexford, of Wexford, which vessel lately run on board the brig Loyalist, at sea, and was subsequently abandoned, is hereby informed, that his said vessel has been picked up and carried into the Port of Sydney, C. B. where she now lies in charge of the Agent for Lloyd's, and he is hereby required to repair to the spot, and take his said vessel in charge, as she is repairable.

JAS. DAWSON,
Lloyd's Agent, Pictou.
June 28.
Editors of papers with whom we exchange, will please to give the above one insertion.

PAPER HANGINGS & BORDER.

JUST received, and for sale low for cash,—
250 pieces Paper Hangings, and
6 pieces Bordering.

JAS. DAWSON.

June 28.

EX "MARION," FROM BOSTON.

CORN MEAL in barrels,
CORN in 2 bushel bags,
AND
A FEW BARRELS PITCH AND TAR,
For sale by

ROSS & PRIMROSE.

May 24.

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,
Druggist.

September 21. if

**A GUIDE TO TOWN OFFICERS,
And for sale by the Subscriber,
May 31. JAMES DAWSON.**

CANADA POLITICS.

AFFAIRS OF CANADA, AND THE MINISTERIAL BILL.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, for April, 1837.
CONCLUDED.

The eighth Resolution of Lord John Russell is another plain violation of the constitution of the Canadas. It is the duty and the province of the Legislative Assembly not only to raise, but to appropriate the revenues. They have, therefore, as much right as the British House of Commons, or any other Assembly on earth, to stop the supplies. Accordingly, finding all their remonstrances, representations, and petitions rejected, they at length, in 1832, exercised their undoubted constitutional privilege of stopping the supplies; a measure which the Whig Mr.—now the Tory Lord—Stanley, especially recommended in 1829. How his Lordship can reconcile his conduct, when Colonial Secretary, in 1834, and his speeches in Parliament now, with his letter in 1829, we leave him to explain. In that letter he says, and says truly, "A constitutional mode is open to the people, of addressing for the removal of the advisers of the Crown," (was he then anxious for office?) "and refusing supplies, if necessary, to support their wishes." Mr Stanley perhaps thought that the remedy of stopping the supplies would prove, in Canada, what it has been of late in this country—a fine thing to talk about, a fine throat, but which would never be carried into effect. But the Canadian representatives being returned, not by the aristocratic class and their dependants, but by the people, under a system of franchise approaching universal suffrage, have not merely stopped the supplies, but to such good effect that four and a half years' salary are now due the judges and other officials; the whole amount being £142,160. There happens however, to be a sum nearly equal in the Canadian treasury, and Lord John Russell means to seize it and pay the Salaries; thus setting at naught the undoubted constitutional right of the Legislative Assembly to stop the supplies. It would have been not one whit more unconstitutional, had he ordered the British troops, in the Province, to seize the money—and we suspect that the Canadians will not be able to distinguish any difference between the one proceeding and the other. They are both nothing else than appeals to force. Matters are now, indeed, brought very closely to the state in which they were in the old colonies at the time of their revolt. The British Parliament does not, it is true, assert the right their predecessors did to tax the colonies; but they do what is equivalent; and by an overwhelming majority too: they take upon them to appropriate—that is, to spend the revenues of the Canadians. If taxation without representation was sixty years ago ultimately admitted by all parties to be nothing but tyranny, by what term shall we designate the expenditure of the taxes, when collected, without representation

Matters have become that pass, that the only true course to be followed with Lower Canada, is for the British Government generously and candidly to free it from restraint, and allow its inhabitants to choose the form of Government which pleases them. If we cannot govern them for good, let us not do it for evil. Separate in peace, and we shall be rewarded for the mortification such a course may give the pride of some few among us, by the extension of a beneficial commercial intercourse with a country yet in its infancy, and which, with unrestricted freedom in its institutions, will proceed in its career of prosperity with the most rapid strides. In the sixty years which have elapsed since the declaration of American independence, the United States have made greater advances in wealth, population and civiliza-

tion, than in any period of three times the length, when under British control. Their population has increased sevenfold, and their wealth in a still greater degree. The enterprise and energy of their inhabitants are unequalled in the history of the human race: and the benefits derived by Britain from commercial intercourse with their free citizens, has been infinitely greater than they could have been, had our dominion continued undisturbed to this day.

The cry which will no doubt be raised against the pacific and friendly separation of the two countries will doubtless be "The Dismemberment of the Empire!" In the ignorance which prevails in this country, of statistics and political matters, a cry is much more efficacious than an argument. Thousands hear the former, while not one in a hundred will listen to the latter. But the truth is, like the cry "Dismemberment of the Empire!" the "Church in danger!" "No Popery!" is raised solely by those who wish to maintain the system of corruption and plunder which has so long existed. The colonies have afforded too valuable a means for providing for the Noodles and Doodles of the aristocracy, who were not presentable at home, and for replenishing those purses which had been emptied by profligacy and debauchery, to be given up without a desperate struggle. If they be driven into rebellion so much the better, in the eyes of aristocrats, whether Tories or Whigs. Troops and ships will be required to coerce the Canadian rebels, or at least to make the attempt; and hence there will be an increased expenditure of public money, and commissions to bestow among the favored class. The Lord Charleses and the Lord Johns, whose patrimonies have suffered from feats of *Sauter la coupe*, performed by more expert knaves than themselves, will be provided for; and what proves beneficial to these classes is, of course, advantageous to the whole community.

To console those who look at the separation of a colony from the mother country in a mere pecuniary point of view, we have a few remarks to offer. Many entertain the opinion that a colony is to a state what an estate is to a private individual—a source whence an income or revenue is derived. But—with the exception, we believe, of Jamaica, and one or two others—none of the British colonies pays the expense of its own internal government. The people of this country are at the sole expense of their naval and military defence.—This for the North American colonies and the West Indies, exceeds a million and a half a year. Under the statute of 1778 no revenue can, by any circumstances, be raised in these colonies for the service of Britain. But then, it will be said, we have the monopoly of their trade, which is held out as of great consequence. The truth is, however, that the total imports into Great Britain from all the N. American colonies in 1831, amounted only to £1,456,909 and the exports to £3,074,128 in official value, from which one third must be deducted, to ascertain the real value. In the above year, we imported into the United Kingdom, from Lower & Upper Canada to the amount of £902,914, and exported £1,922,038, both in official value. Now let the profit on the Canadian trade be set down as high as any one desires—although there is no reason to suppose that it is more valuable even to the merchant engaged in it, than the trade with the United States or other foreign countries—it will be found exceedingly difficult to make it balance following items on the other side of the sheet. First we have, for naval and military defence of these Colonies, an annual expense of £260,000, or more than ten per cent, on the total amount of the exports and imports. Then we have a million expended within a short period on the fortifications

of Quebec; a million and a half on canals and other public works, £693,000 of which has been expended on the Rideau Canal, which will be of service only when we are at war with the Americans; for, during peace, the St. Lawrence affords a much better route for shipping. A new project has lately been set on foot, in which our Government have already employed some of the engineers in making surveys. We allude to the railroad from St. Andrew's in the Bay of Fundy to Quebec, by means of which 1200 miles of dangerous navigation in the St. Lawrence, and along the coasts at its mouth would be saved. But where is the money to come from to make a railroad of 250 miles? Nowhere but from the overtaxed inhabitants of Britain; and a deputation of the colonists is on its way to this country to solicit funds from our Government for the purpose. The injury we have sustained from the North American colonies by supporting their timber trade is incalculable. By levying a duty on Baltic timber from five to six times higher than on that from our own colonies, we have seriously injured our trade with the whole Baltic. Instead of 1000 British ships landing at Memel yearly, the number has sunk to 250 or 300; and the trade with Norway and Sweden has almost disappeared. The landlords prevent our taking corn or cattle from the states surrounding the Baltic—the colonists, from taking timber. The interests of these parties must of course be protected, while that of the public is too general a matter to be at all attended to. As we will not take corn and timber, the only things the nations on the Baltic have to dispose of, they have it not in their power to take the cottons and other manufactured goods of Britain; and their Government, being irritated by the selfish and exclusive commercial system of Britain, are organizing an equally restrictive system for the exclusion of British goods, to which a great part of Germany has already declared its accession. Every one knows the very inferior quality of the North American timber, and how liable it is to the dry rot. Since the Custom House required almost to be rebuilt, on account of American timber having been used in its construction, it is not permitted to be employed in any public edifice. Some years ago, several Frigates were built, under the direction of Sir Robert Seppings, some of them of Baltic and the others of Canadian fir; and the result was, while the former lasted eight years, the latter did not last four. Yet to encourage the consumption of this bad and dear timber, and to prevent the importation of cheap and excellent timber from the Baltic, the people of the United Kingdom are taxed probably a million a year, while it is exceedingly doubtful if the trade we foster at so great an expense is not injurious to the colonies, by removing industry and capital from the cultivation of the soil, and engaging them in an employment which, from the manner in which it is carried on, is extremely demoralising, and has completely failed in one of the chief objects for which it was encouraged—clearing the soil of trees; not one in ten of the trees being worth the cutting for timber.

A great evil attending colonies is the wars in which they involve us. We have seen the expensive preparations we are making in Canada alone, for war. Most of the wars we were engaged in in the last century arose out of colonial questions. The war which commenced in 1739, and lasted nine years, arose from the Spaniards in America insulting our old colonies, and from squabbles about cutting logwood in the bay of Campeachy. It added to our national debt twenty-nine millions. The war of 1756 originated in disputes with the French, about certain districts in Nova Scotia. It lasted seven years, and augmented our debt

by sixty millions. The war which ended in our acknowledging the independence of the United States commenced in 1775, and lasted eight years, increasing by one hundred and four millions our debt. If to those sums we add the additional taxes raised to carry on these wars, and to pay the interest of the loans, together with the expense of the defence of the colonies during peace, we will venture to say that the amount would not be compensated by the whole imports from our colonies since their first settlement or conquest, even had we received these imports without payment either in goods or money.

The United States shew that it is by trading with independent states, and not with colonies, that any real benefit is to be gained. The monopoly of the trade with such colonies as the Canadas it is impossible to obtain; for, with so wild and extended a frontier, there never can be any difficulty in smuggling; nor, in truth, as experience as well as argument teach us, would it be of any great value to secure the monopoly. At all events, in the state of which matters have been brought by the corruption and misgovernment of the Tories, followed as it has been by the course pursued by the Whigs, every right-thinking man would rejoice to see the Canadas emancipated from the control of the mother country, and a friendly and pacific separation effected.

W. TAIT.

[Further extracts on Canada affairs will be found in another page.]

UNITED STATES.

From the Boston Herald, June 19.

HORRIBLE INUNDATION, AND LOSS OF LIVES AND PROPERTY!

The Messrs Topliff received by express mail, on Saturday, from Baltimore, a slip of the Gazette, giving the following sad details:—

The most extensive and destructive calamity with which the city of Baltimore has ever been visited, was experienced on Wednesday night last. The heavy showers of rain which descended on that night caused a sudden and extraordinary rise of the waters of Jones's Falls, tearing up the null dams and wooden bridges which cross the upper parts of that stream, and bringing them down against the stone bridges within the city limits. The arches of the latter being thus obstructed, and rapidly choked up by the timber, plank, and other wooden fragments swept away from above, the water rose with a fearful rapidity about one o'clock in the morning, spreading over a large space of the lower part of the city, to a greater or less height, and doing most extensive injury. A calamity so sudden, so unlooked for, and so wide-spread in its effects, occurring too at the dead hour of night, was not confined to the loss of property only; a number of lives were also lost, including, among other cases, a whole family of 5 persons—father, mother, and three children—who were awakened from their sleep, to meet, at a moment's warning, a simultaneous death. The precise number of those who perished is not ascertained. * * *

From the Baltimore American.

LIVES LOST BY THE FRESHET.—We are indebted to J. I. Grose, Esq., coroner, for a list of inquests held by him, over the bodies of persons drowned in the freshet of Wednesday night.

—Dougherty, corner of Concord and Water streets.

—Christopher Wiest, wife and three children, Saratoga street.

Catherine Donnelly, Pratt street.

James Doyle, Long Wharf.

Jacob Ockley, Falls Road.

A woman and daughter, names unknown.

The following persons have been drowned, but the bodies are yet unrecovered:—

James Kelly, Henry Linehan, Mr Donnelly, five persons on the Falls Road, names unknown.

A contractor, named Noonan, lost seventeen horses.

Seven persons, resident on the line of the road, are reported to have been drowned, but it is likely the most, if not the whole of them have been reported by the coroner.

The injury done to the Falls turnpike road is much greater than had been previously stated to us. The bed of the road is, in many places, so washed away, as to be utterly impassable, and we learn that, besides the bridge at the turnpike gate, another bridge over the Falls, about six miles from the city, was swept away.

DISTRESSING STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT.—We learn from an authentic source, that the steamboat Eagle, was capsized in the Ohio river, by a tornado, on Tuesday afternoon last, a short distance above Portsmouth, and that three persons were drowned. There were twenty passengers on board.

The tornado is represented as being of unusual violence. The boat lay bottom upwards on yesterday morning. — *Cincinnati Whig*, June 8.

The following are further particulars of the SUNDAY RIOT in Boston:

From the Morning Post.

GREAT RIOT IN BOSTON.

A terrible conflict commenced yesterday afternoon, about three o'clock, between Engine Company No. 20, and a very large Irish funeral procession on East street. There are nearly as many rumors in circulation, as to the origin of the disturbance, as there were parties engaged in it. As far as we could arrive at the facts, they appear to be as follows:—

No. 28, the Extinguisher had just returned from the fire at Roxbury, and had their engine in the middle of the street in front of the engine house when the procession came down the street. Some at the head of the procession ordered the engine to be removed from the street and the company refused to do so. One engine-man was laid hold of, and pushed aside. This was resented by his comrades, but, being greatly outnumbered, they retired into their house. The procession then moved on. The Extinguisher's men in the meantime, prepared to resent their defeat—rang their own bell, and sent a man to ring the Rev. Mr. Young's bell, as if for the alarm of fire.

This plan was immediately successful in calling out No. 11, Cataract, which accidentally fell in with the procession at the junction of Summer and Sea streets; but as the hearse was not in sight at this point, the company were not apprized that the large collection of people they ran in among were connected with a funeral. The Irishmen, however, supposed that they came to renew the former conflict, and at once commanded an attack on the men at the ropes.

The company defended themselves as well as they could, and were soon reinforced by Nos. 2, 6, 8, 9, 10, 13 and 20, and struggling members of the companies.—The funeral was by this time broken up, and the Irishmen fell back into Broad street, where they made a stand. Bricks and stones then began to fly, and deadly wounds were given. The Irish made numerous sallies, discharging their missiles, but gradually gave way on the south. As they gave ground, the dwellings occupied by their countrymen were attacked, and the windows and every moveable article demolished.

There is no reason whatever, to believe that the houses thus assailed, were occupied by the Irishmen who were engaged in the affray.

This outrageous attack was chiefly made by lads about 16 and 18 years of age. Feather beds were ripped open, and their contents thrown out the windows, forming an exact imitation of a snow storm. This work lasted upwards of two hours, the Irish occasionally making ineffectual sallies in defence of the houses. The Mayor was early on the ground, and in one of the sallies was knocked over. The military were ordered out, but as the members of the various companies were naturally much dispersed, they could not be formed till about six o'clock, at Faneuil Hall.

The Lancers, under Gen. Davis, formed the van, and were supported by the Boston Light Infantry, and the New England Guards. The Mayor, Aldermen, and City Council, were also in the line. They cleared the street instantly, and no further violence was committed, after their appearance. They were soon reinforced by the Washington Light Infantry, City Guards, Rangers, Mechanic Riflemen, and Lafayette Guards.

From the Boston Atlas.

As far as we can learn, no blame can be attached to the Fire Department as a body—beyond the excitement growing out of the impression, that one of their companies had been unjustifiably assailed, and, the common error of the times, a disposition to take the punishment into their own hands. There is no reason for charging upon them any of the excesses that occurred in the subsequent progress of the riot. Many of the companies had peaceably retired to their engine houses before the commission of any outrage upon the property of the Irish.

We feel bound to make this statement, in justice to a very respectable and eminently useful class of young men, whose unwearied exertions night and day for the last three weeks, in protecting the lives and property of their fellow citizens, entitle them in the highest degree to the public gratitude and confidence.

IMPORTANT.—The Ship Rajah, for Liverpool, sailed yesterday, has on board nearly two hundred passengers, returning to their own home, finding it impossible to get work in this country. Thousands could do the same had they the means. Some of these poor deluded creatures have sacrificed their all to reach this country by seeing handbills stuck up in all the public places through the United Kingdom, that laborers were so scarce women were compelled to carry the load!—A great many were in comfortable circumstances, but now find themselves destitute. This statement can be relied on, as several of the passengers have preserved handbills.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

FARM FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber intending to quit the Province in a short time, 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.

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

COLONIAL.

MONTREAL, June 9.

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.—The spirit of indignation and resistance continues stalking through the Province with giant strides. We publish to-day the dignified proceedings of the patriotic citizens of Quebec, and also the resolutions passed by the County of St. Hyacinthe. The proceedings of Chambly County are unavoidably omitted to-day for want of room. They will appear next week.

The populous County of Berthier is to gather its legions together at Berthier, on the 18th inst., to take measures to protect themselves against the Russell and Gosford, atrocity. We have received the notice to that effect, signed by both the Members of the County, and one hundred and seventeen electors. The crowded state of our columns, and the late hour at which it arrived, obliged us to postpone the publication of this notice till Tuesday.

It will be seen by our advertising columns, that the patriotic County of Yamaska is also to meet on the 18th inst, for a similar purpose.

We have received letters assuring us that the feeling throughout the Country of *Acadie* is, as usual, of the soundest description, and that the people of that section of the Province will not be behind their neighbours in maintaining their violated rights.

Men of Canada! The only plank left you at present to preserve yourselves and your Country from shipwreck, is—ORGANIZATION. "CANADA MUST BE ORGANIZED."—*Vindicator*.

The draft from the depot companies of the 15th Foot, destined to join the service companies, left, Galway on the first of May for Cork, preparatory to embark for Canada.—*Montreal Courier*.

QUEBEC, June 19.

We learn that the Montreal Bank has sent to England for a large supply of copper coin, of a value nearly corresponding with the market price of copper, and steps are also taking by the Executive to supply a copper currency. There are some hopes that so soon as the public expenses are paid, which cannot now be far distant, the banks will resume specie payments, which will relieve the public from their embarrassments. The danger will be of the specie going to the United States, where it will continue to be at a premium, owing to their immense circulation of Bank notes which are not redeemed in specie. The danger is, however, not so great as imagined. Specie can only go out of the province but for something of equal value. Prices here for specie will be lower than for Bank notes in the United States, and as articles introduced will sell only for the specie prices, there will be no profit made by bringing them up in or sending out specie to pay for them, notwithstanding the premium that it may bring in the United States. This may not be perceived at first, but it will soon be discovered in any dealings which may take place. It is only in payments of debts heretofore due to the United States, there will be a profit in sending out specie; but we believe the amount is not considerable.—*Gazette*.

The country is now suffering for want of rain, there having been none during the last fortnight. The pastures and meadows, particularly the latter, threaten a short hay crop. The grain crop and potatoes are still healthy, but many of the oats and potatoes have failed in consequence of the badness of the seed. The drought is favourable to the clearing of land in the new settlements, and a great extent may yet be prepared for turnips and green oats for to-dodder.—*Id.*

From the Halifax Times.

The following account of the capture a second time, of the Agent of the State of Maine, on the disputed territory, is from a paper received by the Acadian. The New Brunswick prints are silent on the subject. If correct it is very probable that the State will resent to the utmost of its power, the obstruction offered to its accredited agent, and it remains to be seen whether its independent acts as a sovereign state, will be such as to force the General Government, by the retaliation they will call forth, to support its pretensions against the policy of the whole Union.—

ANOTHER OUTRAGE UPON AN AMERICAN CITIZEN, AND THE RIGHTS OF MAINE.—A letter was received in this city yesterday from Houlton, which states that Mr. Groely, the Agent employed by the Court of Commissioners, to take the census of Madawaska, has a second time been arrested, and is now by order of the new Governor of the Province, confined in the jail at Fredericton. We have no words to express our indignation at this gross outrage. Here is an American citizen, in the discharge of a duty required of him by a law of the sovereign State of Maine, arrested and imprisoned by a foreign power, and without shadow of cause. Insult upon insult has been heaped upon this State, until they cannot be borne longer without absolute disgrace. The line must now be run and maintained as we before said, if necessary at the point of the bayonet. Our rights must be asserted, or we must assume a character below that of American freemen. The policy of the state and the policy of the National Government must be changed. We have deserved this new aggression. It was necessary to awake us to a sense of the miserable, base and cowardly measures which have characterised the legislation of this country in relation to this vital question, and to make us feel the necessity of a change of policy. The state must take high ground; if Mr. Van Buren neglects to do his duty, that is, run the line and defend it, the people of Maine, through their own government, must do it. The State must send surveyors on to the line, and arms if necessary, must protect them. We have not words enough; the State has long enough hung back, rather than embarrass the administration, but this can be endured no longer. Action is now called for; immediate measures, first for the relief of a suffering fellow citizen; second to prevent a repetition of past insults and outrage.

A postscript to the letter received, says that Mr. Groely was arrested by Mr. McLaughlin, superintendent of Crown Lands, and adds, "we must now dodge or fight!"—*Bangor Whig*.

NOVA-SCOTIA.

Provincial Secretary's Office,
Halifax, 25th of May.

His Excellency the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, in Council, has been pleased to make the following appointments:—

Alexander Campbell, Esq. to be a Justice of the inferior Court of Common Pleas, of Colchester.—John Bonnyman, Esq. to be a Justice of the Peace for ditto.—Robert Murray, Esq. to be a ditto for County of Pictou.—Francis Cook, Joseph Hadley, Abner Atwater, Wm. Bent and Henry Crawley, Esqrs. to be Justice of the Peace for the County of Guysborough.—Augustus Ogden, Robert McDonald, Richard Forrestall and Allan Cameron, Esqrs. to be Justices for the County of Sydney.—*Halifax Gazette*.

The Halifax Races passed off without anything extraordinary occurring.—*Telegraph*.

THE WEEK.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 6, 1837.

CANADA.—We have lately had occasion to notice the popular movements in Lower Canada. We have now to notice movements of a different description. Lord Gosford and his irresponsible Council have issued a Proclamation denouncing the doings of the reformers, and commanding all loyal men, militia, and police officers, to aid in putting them down. We do not think that many will be found in his Lordship's Government, willing to engage in such dirty and dangerous work. There is also a movement of the troops in that direction. The 83d Reg't embarked last week at Halifax, for Quebec; and we notice that several other regiments, or portions of regiments in the parent state, are under orders for the same destination; from which it would appear, that the British Ministry are determined to coerce the Canadians into their views. This, however, will not be so easily done as said.—All the disposable force of Great Britain will not keep the Canadas a single year against their will; besides, the first drop of blood that is shed in this unholy and unpopular cause, will be the signal for revolution in Great Britain. In the present state of feeling among the British people, no man nor set of men could carry on the Government a single day, with the understanding that a Canadian war was to be waged.

How much easier, more profitable, and more honorable it would have been to concede to the Canadians what they deem the principles of good and responsible Government; or allowed them to establish their independence in peace and good will. As was the case at the commencement of the last American struggle for independence, blind infatuation, bordering on madness, guides the councils of the state. Our good King should lose no time in introducing the strait jacket as a Court dress.

We invite attention to the article on Canadian politics in our last and present number, by W. Tait.

THE writer of the article in our paper of the 21st ultimo, signed "Truth," not having responded to the notice in our last, leaves us to infer, that the charges contained in his communication were without foundation, if they did not originate in bad motives. This however, does not exonerate our authorities from the charges we brought against them—of seeing a regular assize of broad fixed as often as the law requires. This duty we hope they will at once perform, to prevent any further complaint.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR JUNE.—June has been a propitious month for the Farmer. Some night frosts had occurred in the early part of it, but no injury beyond a partial check to vegetation, has been sustained. Seasonable and refreshing showers of rain, have fallen throughout. Crops of all sorts, particularly the hay, look healthy, though something later than the average of years. The heat which may be expected this month and the next, will no doubt bring them rapidly forward. There are not so many complaints of the failure of the potatoe crop this year, as were in the last.

SABBATH SCHOOL.—Agreeably to a former notice, a very appropriate sermon was delivered, on Sabbath evening last, by the Rev. James Smith, Stewiacke, for the benefit of the Sabbath School connected with the Congregation, under the inspection of the Rev. John McKinlay. The Collection amounted to £5 8 6. The interest taken in the Sabbath School cause, by the inhabitants of this Town generally, is great; and the advantage to the young has been in proportion. It is earnestly hoped this interest will not diminish, but will farther show itself in endeavours, to bring under the influence of religious tuition, many children, that are still permitted to roam on our streets, even on Sabbath, in mischief and ignorance.

Our fair country damsels are already in the market with their baskets of Strawberries.

The examination of Mr Christie's School, in this town, took place yesterday; and the proficiency of the scholars evinced their own industry, and the skill and attention of their teacher. In every system of education, it ought to be the chief object of the instructor's care, that his pupils should not only remember, but also understand his precepts; and that, in their minds, emulation should be made to supply the place of that firm conviction of the necessity of intellectual improvement, which is so efficacious in after life, but of which children are generally destitute. All this Mr Christie has happily accomplished, and we can award him no higher praise than by stating, that his scholars were not only well versed in the various branches of education to which their attention had been directed, but that their studies evidently excited very great interest. The proficiency of the School in mental arithmetic, deserves great praise. Mr Christie intends still to continue his very successful and useful labors.

TEMPERANCE.—In justice to the *Temperance Society* organized at Scots' Hill, we are enabled to state, that, by a gradual increase of support, since its formation early in January 1836, it now consists of upwards of 50 members, who already perceive the happy effects of consistent membership. If the temperance society in that scattered community has 50 members, how many members ought our Pictou society to have?

Thirty-one persons were killed at Mold, near Chester, England, on the 10th of May, by an inburst of water into a coal pit where they were mining.

Many persons in and about this town, are in the habit of turning their cows, horses, sheep, swine, and geese, adrift in the streets and highways, to shift for a living upon the public, which is a gross violation of law. In consequence of this practice, there is not a night passes but some unsuspecting Farmer has his field broken into by some of these nightly depredators, and his crops more or less destroyed. Some of these animals are so expert at fence breaking, that no fence whatever is a protection against them. What is still worse—the Grand Jury have for a length of time omitted to provide us with a pound: We trust they will not overlook this fact at their present meeting; and there should be a Requisition to this effect, presented to them from the Inhabitants.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.—Previous to the Rev. Charles Elliott embarking for England, a deputation waited upon him with the following Address, which was numerously signed by members of his own Congregation, and other respectable individuals in this place:

To the Reverend Charles Elliott, A. B., of St. James' Parish, Pictou.

REVEREND SIR,

Your intention of immediately visiting England, affords us an opportunity of which we cheerfully avail ourselves, of publicly expressing the high estimation in which we hold your Clerical and personal character.

The unwearied zeal and fidelity of your pastoral labors, have long secured to you the affectionate attachment and gratitude of such of us as belong to your flock; to whom it is matter of thankfulness and delight, that your department has uniformly been worthy of your responsible office, as a Minister of the Church of England; and that your dignified and gentlemanly intercourse with the Society of this place, have obtained for you the respect and esteem of the whole community.

Cherishing a lively interest in the welfare and happiness of yourself, Mrs Elliott, and family, we shall feel much gratified in hailing your return, from your native country, to resume your professional and social connection with the inhabitants of Pictou.

Wishing you all health and prosperity, a happy meeting with your parents and friends, and a pleasant voyage across the Atlantic,

We are,

Reverend Sir,

Your most humble Servants:

Pictou, June 26, 1837.

REPLY:

To the Churchwardens and Vestry of St. James', Pictou.

GENTLEMEN,

It is difficult to furnish you with a suitable reply to the kind Address, with which you have this day favored me, but much more so to develop my feelings on this trying occasion.

The attachment between a Pastor and his flock, is of the most endearing character; and if my clerical services, far as they are beneath the standard of scripture, have obtained your approbation, I can only ascribe it to that amiable disposition, which has at all times prompted you to look at the virtues rather than the delinquencies of your Minister. Allow me then, my beloved Parishioners, to reciprocate every kind wish that you have at any time formed for me, and to assure you that your departing Pastor will, during his absence, seldom approach the Throne of God, without a petition for your present comfort and eternal welfare.

The testimony from Members of other Communions, of my desire to live peaceably with all men, is felt and appreciated; and I shall not soon forget that interchange of sentiment and fellowship which has rendered pleasant for the last eight years, my residence in Pictou.

To the Clergy of the Church of Scotland, who have blended their feelings with your own in this tribute of respect, I beg to offer, in an especial manner, my respectful and sincere acknowledgments. Assailed as our Church is, from various quarters, it has afforded us much pleasure to learn that the Clergy of the Church of Scotland, have boldly come forward in deprecation of every measure which aimed at the subversion of the sacred alliance between Church and State. We have here a proof that this feeling is not confined to Scotland, but has extended itself to her Clergy in the Colonies of Britain.

Mrs Elliott joins with me in every wish for your earthly prosperity, as well as for your growth in every Christian grace and virtue.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your faithful and

Affectionate Pastor,

CHARLES ELLIOTT.

Pictou, June 26, 1837.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. John McKinlay, Mr William Gordon, Merchant, to Miss Ammy Miner, both of this place.

At Roger's Hill, on Friday last, by the Rev. James Ross, Mr Thomas Rae, Mount Dalhousie, to Miss Mary Craig, Roger's Hill.

At Roger's Hill, same day, by the Rev. James Ross, Mr James McLeod, to Miss Mary McLeod, both of that place.

At the Royal Oak Hotel, on Monday evening, by the Rev. Kenneth J McKenzie, Captain George W. Waithman of Massachussets, to Miss Janet McLeod, of this place.

DIED.

At Newcastle, Miramichi, on the 15th ult, Mr John McConnell, son of the late George McConnell, Pictou.

SHIP NEWS

CUSTOM-HOUSE—PICTOU.

ENTERED.

Wednesday, June 29,—Brig Forrester, Jardeson, Newcastle—rigging; sch'r Eolus, Wilson, Boston.

Thursday,—Barque Richmond, Andros, Mobile; brig Cores, Nicole, Boston; sch'r Miriam, Frisbee, Portsmouth.

Friday,—At Wallace, brig Lady Ann, Simms, Belfast—40 passengers.

Saturday,—Sch'r Elizabeth, Simpson, Morigomish—deals.

Monday,—Barque Euphrates, Ginn, Bucksport; sch'r Colonel Crockett, Jordan, New York; Brothers, McGunnigle, Pugwash—plank; Despatch, Fraser, from a fishing voyage; John, Fougeron, Arichat; Elizabeth, Hayden, River John—staves.

Tuesday,—Brig Arkansas, Edmonds, New York.

CLEARED.

June 28,—Brig Canton, Drunkwater, Philadelphia—coal; barque Sally, McKenzie, Belfast—timber.

29,—Barque Splendid, McKenzie, Portland—coal; Mary Ann Hatton, Gale, Liverpool—timber; ship Rowena, Reed, Fall River—coal; sch'r Mary Ann, Graham, Miramichi—coal.

30,—Sch'r Gracious, O'Brien, Halifax—pork, &c; Elizabeth, Simpson, River John—flour.

July 1,—Brig Cyrus, Woodside, Fall River—coal; Stranger, Dillingham, Philadelphia—do; Favorite, Clay, Boston—do; sch'r Sovereign, Crowell, Halifax

—do; Florida, Savory, Wareham—do; Miriam, Frisbee, Portsmouth—do; Rambler, McKinnon, N York—do.

3,—Ship Janet, Wildredge, Hull—timber.

4,—Brig Romulus, Waithman, Providence—coal; sch'r Margaret, Porrier, Magdalen Islands—bread; Eolus, Wilson, Providence—coal; John, Fougeron, Arichat—salt.

PASSENGER—In the barque *Mary Ann Hatton* for Liverpool, Reverend Charles Elliott.

WANTED:

A WET NURSE,—the Child is 3 months' old, and can be taken to the residence of the Nurse. For reference, apply at this Office. July 5. tf

ON HAND,

10 BBLs PORK; 10 cwt FLOUR; Cut NAILS of every description. J. DAVSON.

CARD.

MR JAMES FOGO, Attorney at Law, has opened office in Mr Robert Dawson's new stone building, opposite the establishment of Messrs Ross & Primrose, where he will be prepared to transact business in the various branches of his profession.

Entrance to the office, by the Western end of the Building.

May 31st.

tf

JUST RECEIVED,

And for sale by the subscriber:

CARBOYS 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, Carrigbene Moss.

JAMES D. B. FRASER.

September 21.

tf

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &c.

DEALERS in Hardware are respectfully informed that they may be supplied with Goods from the Manufactory of *Hiram Cutler*, Sheffield, late *Furniss Cutler & Stacey*, and established by Thomas Weldon in 1780, on application to *Messrs John Albro & Co.*, Halifax, where

A SET OF PATTERNS

may be inspected, consisting of SAWS, FILES, TOOLS, DRAWING KNIVES,

And every description of Cutlery.

ALSO:—SAMPLES OF STEEL.

N. B. Those Houses who have been accustomed to have Goods from the above Firm, through the medium of their friends in England and Scotland, may have the advantage of inspecting the patterns, and yet transmit their orders as formerly.

Halifax, February, 1837.

n-m

GIGS, WAGONS, &c.

THE Subscriber has always on hand, a variety of neat

GIGS, WAGONS, SLEIGHS, &c.,

Low for Cash.

ALSO:

REPAIRS AND PAINTING,

Done to old ones on the shortest notice.

HENRY STERNS.

Prince Street, Pictou, June 21, 1837.

tf

TO LET.

THE HOUSE, and OUT-HOUSE, now occupied by the Subscriber.

Rent low, and the property can be examined at any time, by applying to

PETER BROWN.

June 21.

tf

WANTED,

A SMART Young Man, as a

FARM SERVANT.

Apply to George Craig, 10 Mile House, West River.

[June 5.

POETRY.

HYMN OF NATURE.

God of the earth's extended plains !
The dark green fields contented lie :
The mountains rise like holy towers,
Where man might commune with the sky.
The tall cliff challenges the storm
That lours upon the vale below,
Where shade-fountains send their streams,
With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep !
The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
Hath summoned up their thundering bands;
Then their white sails were dashed like foam,
Or hurray, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till calmed by thee, the sinking gale
Serenely breathes, Depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade !
The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to thee,
But more majestic far they stand,
When, side by side, their ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air !
Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
The fierce and wint'ry tempests blow,
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wide whirlwind's midnight cry—
Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky !
How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's rings :
Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above !
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light.
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Was kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world, the hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return;
Her crumbling altars must decay;
Her incense fires must cease to burn;
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

MISCELLANY.

RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

It is not a little strange, that amidst all the discussions and zealous exertions to ascertain and establish the rights of different classes in the community, which have distinguished the last five years, so little has been said or done to restore the fairest and best half of our race to some of those original rights which "the lords of creation" have taken from them. Though christianity has done much for the female sex, and restored them many lost rights and privileges, still it is a humiliating fact, that in christian law, woman has far less freedom than justice and humanity demand. On this

subject we have thought and felt much, and should Providence permit, we intend to write much, at some future day. Our present design is to offer a few hints only on a single point, which we rejoice to learn, has recently been agitated in the Legislature of New York. Mr Hertell has introduced a bill to secure the pecuniary rights of woman. This bill provides among other things, that all property, real and personal, belonging to a woman at the time of marriage, or afterwards obtained by gift or bequest, and the income of it, unless voluntarily relinquished to her husband, shall be at her sole disposal.

Such a law, we hope, will soon be enacted in every state in the Union, and in every nation on earth. It commends itself to the common sense and conscience of every enlightened citizen who will examine it. There is, when examined, something so manifestly unjust and absurd in our laws on this subject, that we are astonished to think how long they have existed, and how tamely they have been submitted to by the injured party. We wonder they have not risen *en masse*, and poured in petitions to the legislatures for a redress of grievances, till those who have oppressed their sex by legal enactments, would yield back the rights and property, which they have so unjustly wrested from them. Their long and patient forbearance only adds another proof, that woman is capable of enduring great sufferings and immense wrongs, with a patient submission to which man is a stranger.

By what principle of justice does the law wrest from a woman, the moment she is married, all the patrimony of her father, and all her own hard-earned wages, and place them at the entire disposal of her husband? We admit that in an important sense the husband and wife 'are one flesh;' but certainly not in any such sense as to destroy the personal identity of each, nor ensure perfect harmony of opinion on all subjects, and 'in all the cares of life and love.' The husband may prove to be destitute of that good sense, sound judgment, and business tact, which are essential to manage property, or even make a livelihood. The wife may discover this when it is too late to retrace her steps. The property, perhaps a large estate given by her father, at the disposal of an indiscreet and stubborn husband, who will neither manage it properly himself, nor listen to the councils of his wife. She sees it wasting, but has no power to prevent it. Poverty and wretchedness are her portion. Or, however sober and virtuous when married, the husband may and often does become intemperate, or a gambler and squanderer away of his property. Shall the patrimony of his wife, and even the last farthing of her own earnings obtained by her daily toil and the sweat of her brow for the support of herself and children, be torn from her, as is often the fact, to sustain him in idleness and dissipation, and pay the bills of the wretch, who sold him intoxicating drinks? Where is the justice, good policy, or honor of such laws? Most manifestly they are unjust and oppressive. The laws should secure every cent of a woman's property to herself, and never take it to pay her husband's debts, unless voluntarily relinquished by herself. Every woman of sense and proper feeling would prefer that her husband should manage her property, so long as he did it well, and also that the income should all be applied to the support of the family; but it is time, that the old slavish doctrine, that women have no separate and independent rights, was given up, and more rational views adopted. We intend to recur to this subject again at some future day, and invite discussion.—*Cleveland Messenger.*

NOTHING.—An Irishman thus defines 'nothing.' "A footless stocking without a leg."

Mrs PETER JONES.—Most of the readers of the public press probably recollect the publication of a romantic story of a young lady of London, possessed of wealth and great personal beauty, who, two or three years ago, became enamoured of Peter Jones, a Seneca Indian, a missionary, and married him, in despite of the remonstrances of friends and scandal of the world. Mrs Jones migrated to the west, soon after her marriage, with her aboriginal lord; but, at last, having become disgusted with the life he led her, she secretly abdicated his wigwam, and returned to England, in the packet of the 16th of May. During the sojourn of Mrs Jones in the west, she became the mother of two children, both of whom are dead.—*N. Y. paper.*

OHIO AGAINST THE WORLD!!—The wife of Mr Ephraim Knoles, of Union township, was safely delivered, a few days since, of four daughters, at a birth. The children are said to be doing well. Mrs Knoles is in her forty-sixth year, and had previously given birth to thirteen children. Mrs K. has been visited by most of the married ladies in the neighborhood; and 'tis thought that her good fortune is likely to create some dissatisfaction among them.—*Chil. Gazette.*

RETRENCHMENT.—The ladies of New York, and other cities in the States, in conformity with the economical spirit of the times, have laudably determined henceforward to put only ten yards, instead of twenty, in the sleeves of their frocks and gowns. There will not now be so much danger of the light ones being blown away.

CHARACTER is like wealth. It takes many years to acquire it, but the actions of an hour may deprive us of it forever.

LITERARY CURIOSITY.—The following is a copy of an excuse recently handed in to a Schoolmaster for the non-attendance of his scholars:

"cepatemtogotaturin."

If our readers make out to solve the above without having it labelled, we give up at once that they are more apt at such things than our humble selves—and for fear that there may be some who would not understand it without an explanation, we subjoin the following.—"Kept at home to go a taturing."—*N. Y. Express.*

A wit, having lost the election to a Fellowship at — College, which was gained by a person of very inferior desert, "Well," said he, "Pope is right, 'Worth makes the man, the want of it the Fellow.'"

A country Editor says that his paper has succeeded beyond his most sanguinary expectations. What a thundering bloody disposition the fellow must have.

A GOOD WIFE.—A woman who uniformly makes good coffee, and does not scold, even on washing day, possesses two very important requisites in being a good wife.

"I say, Pat, what are you writing there in such a large hand?" "Arrah, honey, and its to my poor mother who is very deaf, that I am writing a loud letter."

AGENTS

FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDIN.
Miramichi—Rev. JOHN McCURDY.
St. John, N. B.—Mr. A. R. TRURO.
Halifax—Messrs. A. & W. MCKINLAY.
Toronto—Mr. CHARLES BLANCHARD.
Antigonish—Mr. ROBERT PURVIS.
Guysboro—ROBERT HARTSHORNE, Esq.
Tatmagouche—Mr. WILLIAM MCCONNELL.
Wallace—DANIEL MCFARLANE, Esq.
Arichat—JOHN S. BALLAINE, Esq.