



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

VOLUME II.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 29, 1836.

NUMBER VI.

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, 8s. 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.

Table of market prices for various goods like Apples, Boards, Beef, Butter, Cheese, Coals, etc.

HALLIAX PRICES.

Table of market prices for goods from Hallifax like Alewives, Boards, Beef, etc.

ARCHIBALD HART, DYER AND RENOVATOR OF WEARING APPAREL.

Corner of Church and James Streets, Near Mr Lorrain's Inn.

WHERE all orders in his line, will be thankfully received, and executed with neatness, punctuality and despatch.

Pictou, 21st June, 1836. b-w

BY THE GARLAND, FROM LIVERPOOL.

AND JEAN DUN, FROM SUNDERLAND,

AND for sale on the subscriber's wharf:

- 1000 hhds Liverpool salt, 75 tons well assorted bar and bolt IRON, Hemp cables, hawsers and small cordage, etc.

which will be disposed of on reasonable terms.

GEO. SMITH.

26th May, 1836.

From the Anulet for 1836.

THE SQUIRE'S BARGAIN.

BY MRS HOPLAND.

"I won't say your honour's made a bad bargain, for Caesar's a good dog and up to much—but for sure, Caleb has got twice the money out of ye, he should have done."

"A likely thing enough, girl, when one's dealing with your tribe."

"I've never cheated your honour, and many's the white crown I've taken at your hands."

Mr Beckenham, the gentleman to whom those words were addressed (the squire of the parish and lord of the manor), who had just been purchasing a dog from the speaker's relative, readily owned this was true, and then whistling his dog to his side, pressed forward; but somewhat to his annoyance, the girl who had thus addressed him, took the same road.

Miriam Hasen was in truth a kind of privileged person; she was born a gipsy certainly, but her mother having become in the latter part of her life, the settled inhabitant of a house in the neighbouring village, and considered a 'decent body,' Miriam partook the good will extended to her, and the pity her own overwhelming grief and lonely situation as an orphan demanded. She did not, however, assimilate with any person around her, and it was undoubted that all her attachments were to her kindred nomades, with whose wandering tribes she held frequent intercourse. A donkey, which formed all her earthly possessions, being frequently loaded by them with such merchandize as Miriam found most saleable through a certain circle of the country, where she constantly perambulated in order to obtain what she called 'an honest livelihood.'

That she had attained even in childhood, the occult knowledge once possessed by her mother, was always believed by the servants at Beckenham, since never did his honour give a dinner (and he gave many) without Miriam and her donkey appearing, laden with the very things in which cook or housekeeper found themselves deficient; and although there were times when she lay under the suspicion of dealing with a high but improper personage, convenience induced them to deal freely with her. On these occasions the head of the house not infrequently became a party; and if it were in the cold season of the year, his gentle daughter frequently made her appearance also, with some article of warm clothing which might add to the wanderer's comfort, or some little donation in money, which might augment the slender provision of her four-footed friend.

When this occurred, Miriam always obtained the due to gratitude and honesty, so that she had a right to utter the words we have recorded, and to look an appeal as to their truth in the face of her customer, great as he was. Whether Miriam was duly instructed on the subject of per-centage usually required upon perishable subjects of commerce, or whether she thought it right that the squire should be charged moderately for the carp taken from his own ponds, the pigeons furnished by his own cote-dove, the hares snicked in his own meadows, we know not—it is only certain that she was industrious in procuring immediately the dainties required, and moderate in the price she demanded. She had a peculiarity of man-

ner which united archness and penetration, with anxiety to please and habitual civility; yet was by no means void of the characteristic freedom of observation, and carelessness of consequences natural to one who owed no obligations of law or ceremony.

In the enjoyment of this mental liberty, and yet as it appeared, 'on higher things intent,' Miriam trudged by the side of Mr Beckenham some time in silence; but on his arrival at a gate opening into the park, she stepped forward, and whilst undoing the latch, said with a grave and mysterious air,—

"It's not altogether impossible, yer honour, I might say something that would just make yer heart some little easier. I've no great skill, myhap, but such as I have, I'd be proud to use for your honour."

Mr Beckenham had started at the words which implied a suspicion of his heart being ill at ease, for he could scarcely acknowledge it was so to him, and for a moment he felt as if the gipsy girl had detected his emotions in a very creditable manner, and he muttered rather than answered—

"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate, and for me hell shall never read it."

"There is a good deal passing on earth, sir, by your leave, that may be seen and heard by them that fear the first and scorn the last, without just referring to either. The dove in your nest, and the woe in your breast, ask only a father's care and a man's judgment."

"Woe! I have no woe, girl, thank God."

"A great solitude's not a little sorrow to my mind, when it come's to a rich man's bosom."

"Solitude!"

"Aye! just that, sir. You would give a pretty bird to a gilded cage because it habes in a goodly bower; but your heart forgives ye, and says, 'will my bird sing or sigh when she gets there?'"

"How the plague could she read my thoughts so truly?" said Mr Beckenham to himself, but to the young squire he vouchsafed no answer, but strode hastily forward in a manner that forbade intrusion, until perceiving that his new purchase was paying his devotions most assiduously to Miriam, from whom he was loath to part; he told her to go to the house by a contrary path to that which he was pursuing, and take the dog with her.

Mr Beckenham, when freed from observation, began naturally to soliloquize on that which was uppermost in his mind. "I have but one child, and it is natural that I should wish to marry her, and where could I look for a husband so suitable in every respect as young Trevors? His father was my friend—our estates join—he is handsome and highly educated—if he had not been my Emily's admirer, how much I should have wished him to become such. Why then should I hesitate in—in—what should I say! inducing her to accept him—insisting upon her doing it? So I certainly would, if she were not so yielding, so gentle, so obedient to my wishes, that I know she would not refuse, yet might be unhappy in accepting, since I am certain she has no predilection in his favour—"

"But this is nonsense—men ought to be in love, and Trevor is so; in women such decided inclination is not called for. A good man's attentions, added to a good woman's sense of duty, never fail to create con-