



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

VOLUME III.

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THE BEE

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SPRING, 1837.

R. DAWSON,

Has received ex barques Sally, from Liverpool,
and Isabella from Greenock,

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
IRONMONGERY, HARDWARE, AND
CUTLERY,

CONSISTING of—English and Swedes Iron;
Crawley, German, blister and cast Steel; Borax;
spikes, nails, brads and tacks;

PLOUGH MOUNTINGS, complete;—
pots, ovens, goblets, and sauce pans; copper and iron
coal scoops; copper, B. M., and metal tea kettles;
griddles;

ASSORTED SADDLERS' FURNISHINGS;
coach lacings; cabinet and house brass furnishings;
locks and hinges, (variety); fanner mountings; bed
screws; garden hoes and rakes; Philad. plate mill
saws, frame and other saws; razors; mathematical
instruments; pocket compasses; butcher, shoe, table,
jack, pen, and desk knives; iron and B. M. spoons;
cotton furniture; plough traces;

MATHIESON'S JOINERS' TOOLS,
(well assorted;)

Coopers' tools; lines and twines; Blacksmith's and
other files; coffee mills; spades and shovels; brushes;
candlesticks; CRIMPING MACHINES; brass
sofa and table castors,

COUNTER BEAMS & WEIGHTS;
saw and box irons; cart and wagon bushes; chisels and
gouges; Tailors' and other scissors; combs;

FENDERS AND FIRE IRONS;
Blacksmiths' bellows, anvils, and vices, cue irons;
bullet moulds; patent shot, powder; window glass,
putty,

PAINT AND OIL;
scythes, sickles; weavers' reeds; fiddle strings; mirrors,
(variety); Tinsmiths' iron and wire; &c. &c.

A suitable assortment of
WOOLEN, COTTON, AND SILK
GOODS.

A few Chinese and other rich SHAWLS; Palm leaf
HATS, by the dozen; stuff and silk Hats; &c. &c.

ALSO:
TEAS, SUGARS, COFFEE, RICE,
superior ginger, tobacco, snuff, cigars, molasses, vine-
gar, crockery, sets China; shoe leather, &c. &c.
Water street, Pictou, June 6. if

TIMOTHY SEED, &c.

4 TIERCES fresh TIMOTHY SEED,

And one Barrel Indian Corn, for seed.

May 24. J. DAWSON.

From the Dumfriesshire Magazine.

A SKETCH OF SCOTTISH RURAL COURTSHIP.

But warily tent when ye come to court me,
And come-na unless the back yett be a jee;
Sine up the back-stile, and let naeboddy see,
And come as ye werna comin' to me.—Burns.

In no country whatever is the great and engrossing business of courtship conducted in so romantic a manner as among the rural people of Scotland. Excepting among the higher classes, who have time entirely at their own disposal, night is the season in which "lovers breathe their vows," and in which their sweet-hearts "hear them." Let the night be "ne'er so wild," and the swain "ne'er so weary," if he has an engagement upon his hands he will perform it at all hazards; he will climb mountains, leap burns, wade rivers, not only with indifference, but with enthusiasm; and, wrapt in his plaid, he will set at naught the fury of the elements or the wrath of rivals. The poetry of our bards is full of allusions to this custom of memorable origin. Burns, in particular, has delighted to sing of the meetings of wooers and wooed at the "gloaming," or twilight, and the season of darker night. His song of the "Lea-Rig" will readily recur to recollection:

Although the night were ne'er sae wet,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind deary, O.

And, also, his fully more tender strains of "My Nanny, O":

But I'll tak my plaid, and out I'll steal,
And o'er the hill to Nanny, O.

I have known several instances of young men, who toiled all day at the plough, the harrows, the scythes, &c., walking fifteen miles to see their sweethearts after the hour of nine in the evening, and returning in time for their work in the ensuing morn; and this, be it observed, was not done once or twice, but repeatedly—week after week, for several months. Twenty miles of a journey, upon an errand of such a nature, is regarded as a trifle by many a young farmer who has a spare horse to carry him.

During these stolen interviews, if a mutual attachment subsists between the parties, another assignation is always made; and never was oath more religiously kept than is this simple compact, ratified by no other ceremony than a parting kiss, or a tender shake of the hand. Time appears to have leaden wings with both, until the hour of meeting again arrives; when the swain sets out anew with alacrity, be it rain, sleet, snow, murky, or moonlight. His fair one, true to her trust, has by this time eluded the vigilance of father and mother, of maid or man-servant, and has noiselessly lifted the latch, undrawn the door-bar, or escaped by the window, and awaits him, with fond impatience, at the favorite spot which they have consecrated to their love. He joyfully beholds her in the distance as he approaches, gliding like an apparition from the house, and sauntering about until his arrival; and she, not less attentive to every thing that is stirring, perceives him like a shadow amid the distant dimness, watches him as his figure becomes more distinct, recognises his gait, his air, his every peculiarity, and at last, on the strength of her conviction,

runs to throw herself into his arms, and bid him welcome.

In this way courtships are so secretly conducted, that it is frequently never known, excepting among the near friends of the respective parties, that a couple are more than commonly acquainted, until the precensor, from his seat on Sunday, publishes the banns of their marriage. People are extremely fond of talking of topics of that nature—of scrupulously weighing the merits of each party; of dropping oblique hints, and sly insinuations, and of prying, with impertinent curiosity, into motives and conduct—some of them for the sake of indulging an envious or malevolent disposition, and others from a hope of discovering some flaw or failing which may keep their own in countenance, and save them from the appearance of singularity. For this reason, it is always deemed a most fortunate and happy event, should two lovers manage to bring matters to a crisis before the public ears have begun to tingle with a report of their intentions. Then it is only a sudden buzz, which gradually, dies from the moment of their marriage, and they are left, with characters unaltered, to pursue their matrimonial course with tranquility.

But perhaps the fair one's charms have been so powerful as to draw around her a crowd of admirers; and in that case, neither the courtship nor the marriage can be accomplished in a corner. The favored suitor has almost on every occasion to make his way, either by force or by dint of stratagem, to the door, the window, or whatever place he and his love have appointed as the scene of their meeting. She, pestered by crowds of others (who, though void of hope, still continue to prow about for the purpose of molesting the more fortunate,) can rarely escape from the house, or admit her lover into it, without being seen, and teased with importunities, or taunted with the name of him upon whom she hath set her heart. In this way, some of the most wonderful hits and misses, escapes and seizures, take place at times, that ever were known in the art of manœuvring; and the intuitive quickness with which she can distinguish the true from the false voice among many that whisper at her window in the course of an evening, almost exceeds credibility.

Such, in nineteen instances out of twenty, is the courtship among the country people in Scotland; and a practice which would be considered monstrous and most improper in town life, is, in the rural districts of the country, a matter of an ordinary and innocent nature.

The following story, founded on fact, is characteristic of this night-wandering spirit among our countrymen:

In a purely pastoral district of Dumfriesshire, there lived a young shepherd, whom, for the sake of particularity, I shall call Robert Thomson. His father rented one of the large sheep farms into which that part of the country is divided, and his son was entrusted with the "looking to the hills," and the care of the several shepherds.

Robert was young, and from the age of seventeen his time had passed joyfully along, under the influence of a first love. The object of his attachment was half a year younger than himself, and a truly beautiful creature. No fabled Sylvia or Delia ever had any