



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

VOLUME I.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 26, 1835.

NUMBER XIV.

THE BEE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, And delivered in Town at the low price of 12s. 6d. per annum, if paid in advance, but 15s. if paid at the end of the year;—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.

R. DAWSON

Has now received all his *SPRING SUPPLIES*, consisting of

CLOTHS, Cottons, Hardware and Cutlery, Saddlery, Leather, and Groceries, Cooking stoves, Mirrors—variety, and a few best Philadelphia plate Mill Saws.

ALSO,

Prime Ice-Herring.

Catalogues of the above to be had at the Shop. July 29.

QUEBEC FLOUR.

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

July 9, 1835.

TO BE PUBLISHED

As soon as a sufficient number of Subscribers shall offer,

A NEW SELECTION OF

CHURCH MUSIC,

to be called

THE HARMONICON.

UNDER the impression that a work of the above sort, was much wanted in these colonies, the Subscriber issued a prospectus, in 1831. The work he then proposed publishing, was to contain about 350 pages, and to cost 7s. 6d. each copy; but finding the general opinion to be that the size was too large and expensive, he has now resolved to publish the HARMONICON in about 250 pages, and at the reduced price of 6s. each copy; and having imported a Font of Music Type, thus removing the difficulties which formerly stood in his way of getting it printed in the Province, he is now enabled to assure those friendly to the proposed work, that the printing will positively be commenced as soon as 300 Subscribers shall offer.

The Subscriber being desirous of making the HARMONICON as extensively useful as possible, requests all those who are interested in its appearance, to send him a list of the Tunes they would wish to appear in it, and state the collection from which the selection is made; and, as no agents will be appointed, he further requests the friendly offices of such individuals, in taking lists of subscriber's names in their respective places of abode, and forwarding these to him (post paid) with the least possible delay; and for every 12 subscribers, guaranteed by such Correspondent (if responsible) one copy will be given gratis.

A further allowance will be made to the trade, whose friendly co-operation is hereby respectfully solicited.

JAMES DAWSON.

Pictou, 12th Aug, 1835.

15 BARRELS PORK for sale by the Subscriber. JAMES DAWSON. August 1st.

From the Atlantic Club Book.

TWO YARDS OF JACONET, OR A HUSBAND.

BY JAMES GORDON BENNET.

"I wish," said Mary Ann, "I had two yards of Jaconet. I want it very much to complete this dress for the next birthday at Richmond. I want, besides, a pretty large length of pea-green ribbon. I want a feather, a white feather, to my last bonnet. I want—"

"Well, my dear," said Louisa, her companion, "well my dear, it seems you have wants enough. Pray how many more things do you want besides?"

"More!" returned Mary Ann, "why a hundred more, to be sure," said she laughing; "but I'll name them all in one—I want a husband—a real down-right husband."

"Indeed!" said Louisa, "this is the first time I ever heard you talk of such an article. Can't you select out one among your many admirers?"

"A fig for my admirers! I'm tired—I'm sick—I'm disgusted with my admirers. One comes and makes rilly compliments; says, 'Miss B——, how pretty you look to-day;' another sickens me with his silly looks; another is so desperately in love with me, that he can't talk; another so desperately in love with himself, that he talks for ever. Oh! I wish I were married; I wish I had a husband; or at least, two yards of jaconet, to finish this dress for the Richmond campaign."

Mary Ann B—— was a gay, young, rattling creature, who had lost her father and part of her heart at fourteen. She was now seventeen, possessed a fine figure, rather *em-bon-point*; not tall, but very gracefully rounded off. Her profuse auburn ringlets clustered negligently round a pair of cheeks, in which the pure red and white mingled so delicately, that where the one began, or the other ended, no one could tell. Her eyes were dark blue, but possessing a lustre when lighted up with feeling or enthusiasm, which defied any one to distinguish them from burning black. Her motions were light, airy, and graceful. Her foot and ankle were most elegantly formed; and her two small white hands, with soft, tapering fingers, were as aristocratic as could be imagined by a Byron or an Ali Pacha. Since the death of her father, which was a period of about two years or more, she had had many admirers, several decided offers, and not a few who hoped, but durst not venture upon the fatal question. She laughed at their offers, ridiculed her admirers, and protested she would never marry till she had brought at least a hundred to her feet.

For several counties around, up and down James river, she was quite a toast among the young planters.

In those days the white sulphur, blue sulphur, and hot sulphur springs were not much frequented; but people of fashion in lower Virginia, the wealthy planters, were just beginning to escape to the Blue Mountains during the autumnal months. In one of those excursions, the party, of which Mary Ann made a lively member, was overtaken one afternoon in a sudden rain-storm, at the entrance of one of the gorges of the mountains. The party was travelling in an open carriage, with a sort of top resembling that of a gig, to spread out when a shower broke over them with sudden violence. On the present occasion the

leather top afforded to the ladies a very inadequate shelter from the torrents which fell down from the dark heavy clouds above. The first house they approached was therefore kindly welcomed. They dismounted, went in, and found several young gentlemen surrounding the luckory fire, which was crackling merrily on a large wide hearth.

A young man, of rather modest, easy, but unobtrusive manners, rose at the approach of Mary Ann, and offered her his chair. She accepted it, with a slight inclination of the head, and a quiet glance at his general appearance. Nothing remarkable took place at this interview; but a few days after, when they had all reached the foot of one of the mountains, which was appropriated as the place of gaiety and fashion, the young gentleman was formally introduced to Mary Ann, as Mr. C——, from Williamsburgh, in lower Virginia. In a very short period he became the devoted admirer of Mary Ann—was extremely and delicately attentive—and, of course, gave rise to many rumours among the match-makers and match-breakers of the springs. At the close of the season he put forth his pretensions in form. He offered himself formally to Mary Ann. As usual, she spent a whole night in thinking, crying, deliberating, grieving, wondering, and next morning sent him a flat refusal.

So this affair, which is a specimen of about thirty or forty she had managed in this way, was considered closed beyond all means of revival. The parties never again met, till the moment we have now reached, threw them accidentally into each other's company.

Since the period just referred to, Mary Ann had considerably altered in her feelings and her views. She had pursued the game of catching admirers—of leading them on to declare themselves—and of then rejecting, with tears and regrets in abundance, till she, and the whole world of young men became mutually disgusted with each other. Yet she had many excellent qualities—was a fast and enduring friend—knew, as well as any one, the folly of her course of life; but her ambition, her love of conquest, her pride of talent, her desire of winning away the admirers of her female rivals, entirely clouded and obscured her more amiable qualities of mind and heart.

"How long have you been in Williamsburgh, Mary Ann?" asked her *chere amie*.

"Only three days, and I have only picked up three beaux. What a dull place this is. It is called the 'classic shades'—the 'academic groves of the Old Dominion,' and all that sort of thing. One of the professors entertained me a good two hours the other evening with the loves of Dido and Eneas. I wish I had a couple of yards of jaconet."

"Or a husband—"

"Or a husband either, I don't care which; come, my love, let's a shopping in this classic town."

The two ladies immediately rose, it was about noon day, put on their bonnets, took their parasols, and sallied forth.

"For a husband or jaconet, you say."

"Two yards of jaconet, or a husband."

The town of Williamsburgh, like every other little town in Virginia, or even in New York, does not contain many stores. A shopping expedition is therefore soon completed. The two ladies sauntered into this shop, then into that, sometimes making the poor fel-