



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

VOLUME III.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPT'R. 6, 1837.

NUMBER XVI.

## THE BEE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,  
BY JAMES DAWSON,

And delivered in Town at the low price of 12s. 6d. per annum, if paid in advance, but 15s. if paid at the end of the year,—payments made within three months after receiving the first Paper considered in advance, whenever Papers have to be transmitted through the Post Office, 2s. 6d. additional will be charged for postage.

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### FAMILY ECONOMY!!

ARCHIBALD HART,  
SILK, COTTON, AND WOOLEN  
DYER,

HAS received a fresh stock of valuable DYE STUFFS, which will enable him to make MOST BRILLIANT COLOURS.

When money is scarce, to have the old Dresses renewed in colour for as many shillings as it will take pounds to have a new Dress, this is economy.

A. H. begs to intimate that he intends leaving this Province in June, 1838, those that wish to avail themselves of his labours to make the old like the new, will please call as soon as possible at the Dying Establishment.

Pictou, August 30, 1837. sw

### LANDS FOR SALE, At Cape John.

100 ACRES on the Cape John shore bounded on the west by lands owned by William Quirk, and on the east by that of Donald Henderson. This lot is chiefly cleared and under the plough, and has a good

DWELLING HOUSE AND BARN on it; and also a good Mill stream.

### ALSO:

### TWO HUNDRED ACRES,

About two miles from the shore, on which there is a considerable clearing, which yields about seven tons of hay yearly. The land is good and peculiarly adapted for hay. For further particulars apply to James McLeod on the premises, or to James Johnston, merchant, Pictou.

August 16. if

### JUST RECEIVED,

And for sale by the subscriber:

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

JAMES D. B. FRASER.

September 21. if

### CARD.

Mr JAMES FOSG, 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, if

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

### THE LOST FLOWERS,

A SCOTTISH STORY.

It was a beautiful morning in May, when Jeanie Gray, with a small bundle in her hand, took her leave of the farm house of Drylaw, on the expiration of her half year's term of service. She had but a short distance to walk, the village of Elsington, about three miles off, being her destination. As she passed down the little lane leading from the farm to the main road, two or three fair haired children came bounding over a stile to her side; and clung affectionately around their late attendant. "Oh, Jeanie, what for maun you gang away? Mamma wadna let us see you out on the road a bit, but we wan away to you by rinnin' round the stack-yard." Jeanie stood still, as the eldest of her late charges spoke thus, and said, "Marian, you should have mair sense than to come when your mother forbid you. Rin away back, like gude bairns," continued she, caressing them kindly; "rin away hame. I'll maybe come and see you again." "Oh, be sure and do that than, Jeanie," said the eldest. "Come back again, Jeanie," cried the younger ones; as they turned sorrowfully away.

From such marks of affection, displayed by those who had been under her care, our readers may conceive that Jeanie Gray was possessed of engaging and amiable qualities. This was indeed the case; a more modest and kind-hearted creature, perhaps, never drew the breath of life. Separated at an early age from her parents, like so many of her class—that class so perfectly represented in the character of Jenny, in the Cottar's Saturday Night—she had conducted herself, in the several families which she had entered, in such a way as to acquire their love and esteem. Some mistresses, it is true, are scarcely able to appreciate a good and dutiful servant, and of this class was Mrs Smith of Drylaw, a cold, haughty, mistrustful woman, who, having suffered by bad servants, had come to look upon the best of them as but sordid workers for the penny-fee. To such a person, the timidity and reserve which distinguished Jeanie Gray's character to a fault, seemed only a screen, cunningly and deliberately assumed; and the proud distance which Mrs Smith preserved, prevented her from ever discovering her error. Excepting for the sake of the children, therefore, it is not to be wondered at that Jeanie felt no regret at leaving Drylaw.

Her destination, on departing from her late abode, was, as we have already mentioned, the village of Elsington, and it is now necessary that we should divulge a more important matter—she was going there to be married. Jeanie Gray could not be called a beautiful girl, yet her cheerful though pale countenance, her soft dark eye and glossy hair, and her somewhat handsome form, had attracted not a few admirers. Her matrimonial fate, however, had been easily decided; and the circumstances under which it was about to be brought to a happy issue, were most honourable to both parties interested. At the age of eighteen, Jeanie's heart had been equally and won by William Ainslie, a young tradesman of the neighbouring town. Deep was the affection that sprang up between the pair, but they combined prudence with love, and resolved, after binding the inselves by the simple vows of their class, to delay their union

until they should have earned enough to ensure them a happy and comfortable home. For six long years had they been true to each other, though they had met only at rare intervals during the whole of that period. By industry and good conduct, William had managed to lay by the sum of forty pounds, a great deal for one in his station; and this, joined with Jeanie's lesser earnings, had encouraged them to give way to the long-cherished wishes of their hearts. A *dut-and-a-ben*, or a cottage with two apartments, had been taken and furnished by William, and the wedding was to take place on the day following the May term, in the house of the bride's sister-in-law.

We left Jeanie Gray on her way from the farm-house of Drylaw. After her momentary regret at parting with the children, whom the affectionate creature dearly loved, as she was disposed to do every living thing around her, her mind reverted naturally to the object that lay nearest her heart. The bright sun above sent his cheering radiance through the light fleecy clouds of the young summer, the revived trees cast their shades over her path, the merry lark rose leapingly from the fields, and the sparrow chirruped from the hedge at the side—every thing around her breathed of happiness and joy, and her mind soon brightened in unison with the pleasing influences. Yet over & anon a flutter of indescribable emotion thrilled through the maiden's heart, and made her cheeks, though unseen, vary in hue. At an angle of the road, while she was moving along, absorbed in her own thoughts, a manly voice exclaimed, "Jeanie!" and a well-known form started up from a seat on the way side. It was William Ainslie. The converse which followed, as the betrothed pair pursued their way, and laid open their hearts to each other, we cannot, and shall not, attempt to describe.

After Jeanie had parted for a time with William, and was seated quietly in her sister-in-law's house, a parcel was handed in to her from a lady in whose service she had formerly been. On being opened, it was found to contain some beautiful artificial flowers, which the lady destined as a present to adorn the wedding-cap, an ornament regarding which, brides among the Scottish peasantry are rather particular. The kindness displayed in the gift, more than its value, affected Jeanie's heart, and brought tears to her eyes. She fitted the flowers to her cap, and was pleased to hear her sister-in-law's praises of their beautiful effect. Fatal present!—but let us not anticipate.

The wedding came and passed, not accompanied with boisterous mirth and uproar, but in quiet cheerfulness, for William, like his bride, was peaceful in his tastes and habits. Let the reader then suppose the festive occasion over in decent order, and the newly married pair seated in their new house—their own house—at dinner, on the following day. William had been at his work that morning as he was wont, and his young wife had prepared their humble and neat dinner. Oh! how delicious was that food to both! Their happiness was almost too deep for language. Looks of intense affection and tenderness were its only expression. "I maun be a truant, Jeanie, to-night," said the husband. "My comrades in the shop maun hap a foy frae me, since we couldn't ask them to the wedding, ye ken." "Surely," said his wife, raising her timid, glowing eyes to his face, "whatever