



“JUSTUM, ET TENACEM PROPOSITI VIRUM, NON CIVIUM ARDOR PRAVA JUVENTIUM, NON VULTUS INSTANTIS TYRANNI MENTE QUATIT SOLIDA.”

VOLUME II.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCT'R 5, 1836.

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THE BEE

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BY JAMES DAWSON,

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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 2s 6d.	Hay 80s a 90s
Boards, pine, pr M 50s a 60s	Herrings, No 1 22s 6d
“ hemlock - 30s a 40s	Lamb 3d
Beef, fresh, pr lb 2 1-2d	Mackarel none
Butter, - 1s	Mutton pr lb 3d
Cheese, N S - 5d a 6d	Oatmeal pr cwt 20s
Coals, at Mines, pr chl 13s	Oats none
“ shipped on board 11s 6	Pork pr bbl none
“ at wharf (Pictou) 16s	Potatoes 1s 3d
Coke 16-	Salt pr hhd 10s a 11s
Codfish pr Ql 14s a 15s	Salmon, fresh 2s
Eggs pr doz 7d	“ hingles pr M 7s a 10s
Flour, N S pr cwt 20s	Tallow pr lb 7d a 8d
“ Am S, pr bbl none	Turnips pr bush 1s 6d.
	Wood pr cord 12s

HALIFAX PRICES.

Alowives 14s a 15s	Herrings, No 1 18s
Boards, pine, M 60s a 70s	“ 2 none
Beef, best, 3d a 4d	Mackarel, No 1 none
“ Quebec primo 50s	“ 2 30s
“ Nova Scotia 40s a 45s	“ 3 20s
Codfish, march'ble 16s	Molasses 2s 6d
Coals, Pictou, none	Pork, Irish none
“ Sydney, 25s	“ Quebec none
Coffee 1s 1d	“ Nova Scotia 35s a 100
Corn, Indian 5s	Potatoes 1s 4d
Flour Am sup 52s 6d	Sugar, good, 50 a 60s
“ Fine 47s 6d	Salmon No 1 65s
“ Quebec fine 45s	“ 2 60s
“ Nova Scotia 40s	“ 3 65s

WANTED.—Eight first rate SHIP-CARPENTERS.—None need apply but those of steady habits.

RAYMOND & GRAGAN.

Raymond Town, Cy Kent, N. B., }
Sept. 21st, 1836. } bw-p

LANDING,

From Brig COMMERCK, Captain DIXON, from Newcastle, and for sale by the subscriber:

CHAIN CABLES, 1-2, 5-8, 9-4, 7-3, 1 1-4 inches; **ANCHORS**, suited for wood, and with iron stocks, from 1 to 13 cwt.; which will be disposed of on reasonable terms.

6th September, 1836 if GEORGE SMITH.

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,

September 21. if

Druggist.

AUNTY.

AUNTY is a very decent woman: nobody can say any thing else of her. She has been a decent woman all her days, and though it is twenty years since she lost her husband, it never becomes in the least more likely that she will take another. The struggle she had had, during her widowhood, in keeping a house above her head, would have been more creditable to her, if she had displayed, in the course of it, that self-denying independence which characterises many a poor Scottish matron in similar circumstances. Not possessing this feature of character, but, on the contrary, being somewhat self-indulgent, and without by no means industrious, her struggles have been chiefly of a kind calculated rather to excite mirth than sympathy. Instead of staying within doors to exercise her fingers in hard work, she prefers trotting about among her relations and acquaintances, and exercising her ingenuity in extracting from them the indulgences which she cannot command at home. She likes people who keep good comfortable houses, and are not at all pinched in their circumstances.—Poverty, albeit her own lot, she detests: it is so unfavourable to the easy liberality by which she chiefly lives. It is her good fortune to have a few nephews, who, being successful men of business, in middle life, keep houses of the kind described, in which an extra guest is never thought of as an encumbrance. It is in consequence of being recognised by many relations in this degree, and their families, that she has at length come to pass every where under the cognomen of Aunty; her actual surname being in the meantime as effectually suppressed as that of the royal family. Aunty seldom allows a nephew or other near relation to remain a week unvisited; and it is rarely that she does not call upon at least two of them a day—that is to say, one for a morning, and another for an evening meal.

To give some notion of Aunty's proceedings for one day, she starts in the morning about nine o'clock, dressed as usual “in her an auld fashion,” with scarlet mantle for an overall. She is clean, smart, trig, and, as she would say, wise-like. She is but a little woman; nevertheless she goes over the ground in good style. Her first visit is to the house of her nephew, Mr. Peter Elphinstone, a respectable merchant, who is blessed with a delicate wife, and one sickly child. It is precisely ten minutes past nine o'clock when Aunty's knock is heard at the door. It is a fearful knock—rap-tap-tap-tap—as if the person outside were afraid of losing the twentieth part of an instant. It has shattered all Mrs. Elphinstone's nerves, at which she grumbles. “Who can it be?” says Mr. Elphinstone. “Who can it be?” repeats the lady: “it can be nobody, you may be sure, but Aunty. She has not been here these four days.” But the door has been opened by the servant-maid, and in runs Aunty, almost out of breath. “Come away, Aunty, you're just in time,” says Mr. Elphinstone. “How do you do to-day, Aunty,” enquires Mrs. Elphinstone, rising, and placing a seat for her at the table. “Oh, dear,” cries Aunty, “I'm perfectly breathless, rinnin' after weo Joems Elphinstone—that's John's second son—along the street. Na, I'm no gaun to sit down—dinna let me disturb ye enow. But that laddie, his mither lippent him to me to see

him to the school door; but, oh, he's a throughther bairn!—there's something no right about yon bairn—his ower stout an' lusty.” But this long story is interfering with the business of the table. Not at all. Aunty has been casting her little sharp eyes over its surface, and she sees something very tasty at Mr. Elphinstone's elbow. To return: “But hoo's your bonny bairn comm' on, Mrs. Elphinstone?” Being informed that the child is thriving well, and that every thing is pretty much in the same way as when she was last there, she exclaims, “Oh, but I think I'm no wise, bidn' here when I should be by this time out at the town-end”—and she makes for the door. “You'll not stir a foot, now, Aunty, until you sit down and take a cup of tea, and an egg, and a bit of this nice ham,” says Mr. Elphinstone. “Aweel, I may try to take half a cup, just to satisfy ye, but I could tak nae breakfast the day, for my mind was sae taen up about the thochts o' gaun to the country by the canal—I could eat naething—an' ye ken, I'm unco feared for the water. But really, that's a drap gran' tea! There's no a hoose I gang into keeps sic fine tea as yours, Peter; but, to be sure, tea is no worth a snuff unless there's something tasty till't. I've seen no glad to get a bit saut herrin'.” This is a hint which has the effect of making Mr. Elphinstone send over a plate of the fine ham at his elbow, which she has an eye after for the last five minutes; but she solemnly declares that she “couldna tak the tenth part o' that.” But the reader sees she is in for a good breakfast.

She now forgets the trip to the country altogether. Mr. Elphinstone has his business to attend to, and Mrs. Elphinstone must let Aunty see the child. One of Aunty's weak points is a disposition to speak slightingly of the absent, in order that she may the more easily speak favourably to the present. Thus, she will run over all the bad qualities of “John's bairns” and “William's bairns,” and so forth, to Mrs. Elphinstone this forenoon, and keep her in play for probably two hours. “There's much in this,” Ten o'clock would have been too early in the day for the appearance of the bottle; but twelve o'clock is not so bad, although it is scarcely quite the thing either. Yet she remembers all at once that it will be very cold on the water to-day, and she thinks she would not have been the worse of an extra shawl. She has missed the ten o'clock boat; but if she walks fast, she may catch the one that starts at twelve o'clock; and then, if she goes home for her shawl, she would have to give up the thought of going to Paisley altogether, for she would need to take a late boat, and that would never do. “You will take one of my shawls, then,” says Mrs. Elphinstone. “Deed I'll do naething o' the kind, the last shawl I took the use o' in that way met wi' an unco mischance. I'll just do the best way I can as I am.” “You'll take something, then, Aunty? it will help to keep you warm,” says Mrs. Elphinstone, producing her crystal bottle. “Aweel, I'll just taste to say 'here's to ye;’ but we need not add, that Aunty required pressing before she emptied her glass; for, as she has been heard to say of Mrs. Peter Elphinstone's glasses, “they're sae little, that there's nae fear o' them doing ony body ony ill.”

Aunty now departs, and having ascertained that it is now some time beyond twelve o'clock, she goes