



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

VOLUME III.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 11, 1837.

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THE BEE

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BY JAMES DAWSON,

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PICTOU PRICES CURRENT. CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Apples, per bushel	2s 6d	Hay	per ton	40s
Boards, pine, pr 21 50s-60s		Herrings, No 1,		30s
" hemlock - 30s-40s		Mackarel,		none
Beef, pr lb	3d a 4d	Mutton per lb	3d a 4d	
Butter, -	8d a 9d	Oatmeal pr cwt	18s a 20s	
Cheese, -	5d a 7d	Oats pr bush	2s 6d	
Coals, at Mines, pr chl 17s		Pork pr bbl	80s a 85s	
" at Loading Ground 17s		Potatoes - 1s 3d a 1s 6d		
" at end of rail road 17s		Salt pr hhd	10s a 12s 6d	
Coke		Salmon,	2s a 2s 6d	
Codfish pr Qll	12s a 16s	Stingles pr cwt	7s a 10s	
Eggs pr doz	6d a 7d	Tallow pr lb	7d a 8d	
Flour, n s	22s 6d	Turnips pr bush	1s 3d	
" American s v	none	Veal	none	
		Wood pr cord	12s	

HALIFAX PRICES.

Alowives	20s	Herrings, No 1	20s
Boards, pine, n 55s a 60s		" "	15s
Beef, Quebec prime,	50s	Mackarel, No 1	none
" Nova Scotia	45s	" "	25s
Codfish, merch'ble	16s	" "	3 22s 6d
Coals, Pictou,	22s 6d	Molasses per gal	2s
" Sydney,	2s	Pork, Irish	none
cod oil per gal	2s 6d	" Canada prime	90s
Coffee	none	" Nova Scotia	85s
Corn, Indian	5s 9d	Potatoes	2s 6d
Flour Am sup	50s	Sugar, 55s a 37s 6d	
" Fmo	45s	Salmon No 1	70
" Canada, fine	46s	" "	65
" Nova Scotia	none	Salt	8s a 10s

TO RENT,

FOR ONE YEAR:

THE FARM belonging to the Estate of the late David P. Patterson. Possession given on the 10th October. Apply to

ABRAM PATTERSON,

Administrator

September 22.

if

SNUFF.

For sale at the *Micmac Tobacco Manufactory*, No. 74, BEDFORD Row,

A large quantity of *SNUFF*, of different kinds.

FIG TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

N. B. A large discount to wholesale purchasers of Snuff.

Halifax, August 14, 1837.

WANTED.

A good *MILCH COW*. Apply to

JAMES D. B. FRASER.

Pictou, Sept 20, 1837

THE BRIDE.

A SKETCH.

EMMA had wheeled the sofa in front of the fire, and as Charles rested himself beside her to was certainly a happy fellow. Alas, he had as yet only drunk the bubbles on the cup. Emma looked lovely, for the glow of the warm coal fire had given a bloom to her usually pale cheek, which heightened the lustre of her dark eyes. But there came a shade of thought over Emma's brow, and her husband instantly remarked it. It is strange how soon husbands see clouds over their lego lady's brows. It was the first that Charles ever saw there, and it excited his tenderest enquiries. Was she unwell?—did she wish for anything?—Emma hesitated, she blushed and looked. Charles pressed to know what had cast such a shadow over her spirits. "I fear you will think me very silly—but Mary French has been sitting with me this afternoon." "Not that, certainly," said Charles, smiling. "Oh! I did not mean that, but you know we began to keep home nearly the same time, only they sent by Brent to New York for carpeting. Mary would have me walk down to Brent's store this evening, with her, and he has brought two—and they are such loves." Charles bit his lip—"Mary," she continued, "said you were doing a first rate business, and she was sure you would never let that odious wilton lie in the parlor, if you once saw that splendid Brussels—so rich, and so cheap—only seventy-five dollars."

Now the "odious wilton," had been selected by Charles' mother, and presented to them, and the color deepened on his cheek, as his animated bride continued, "Suppose we walk down to Brent's and look at it, there are only two, and it seems a pity not to secure it." "Emma," said Charles, gravely, "you are mistaken if you suppose my business will justify extravagance. It will be useless to look at the carpet, as we have one that will answer very well, and it is perfectly new." Emma's vivacity fled, and she sat awkwardly picking her nails. Charles felt embarrassed—he drew out his watch, and put it back—whistled, and finally spying a periodical on Emma's table, began to read aloud some beautiful verses. His voice was well-toned, and he soon entered into the spirit of the writer, and forgot his embarrassment; when looking into Emma's eyes, how was he surprised, instead of the glow of sympathetic feeling he expected to meet, to see her head bent on her hand—evident displeasure on her brow, and a tear trickling slowly down her cheeks.

Charles was a sensible young man; I wish there were more of them—and he reflected a moment before he said, "Emma, my love, get your bonnet and cloak on and walk with me, if you please." Emma looked as if she would like to pout a little longer, but Charles said "Come," with such serious gravity on his countenance, that Emma thought proper to accede, and nothing doubting but that it was to purchase the carpet, took his arm with a smile of triumph. They crossed several streets in the direction to Brent's, until they at last stood before the door of a miserable tenement on a back street. "Where in the world are you taking me?" inquired Emma, shrinking back. Charles quietly led her forward, and lifting a latch, they stood in a little room, around the grate of which three small children were hovering, closer, and closer,

as the cold wind swept through the cracks, in the decayed walls. An emaciated being, whose shrunk features, sparkling eye, and flushed cheek spoke a deadly consumption, lay on a wretched low bed, the slight covering of which barely sufficed to keep her from freezing, while a spectral babe, whose black eyes looked unnaturally large from its extreme thinness, was endeavouring to draw sustenance from the dying mother.

"How are you, Mrs Wright?" inquired Charles. The woman feebly raised herself on her arm, "Is that you, Mr West? Oh how glad I am you came—your mother?"—"Has not been at home for a month and the lady who promised her to look after you in her absence, only informed me to day of your increased illness." "I have been very ill," she faintly replied, sinking back on her straw bed. Emma drew near—she arranged the pillow and the bed clothes over the feeble sufferer, but her heart was too full to speak—Charles observed it, and felt satisfied. "Is that beautiful girl your bride? I heard you were married."—"Yes, and in my mother's absence she will see you do not suffer." "Bless you Charles West—bless you for a son of a good mother; may your young wife deserve you—and that is wishing a good deal for her. You are very good to think of me, she said, looking at Emma, "and you are just married." Charles saw that Emma could not speak, and he hurried her home, promising to send the poor woman coal that night. The moment they reached home, Emma burst into tears.—"My dear Emma," said Charles, soothingly, "I hope I have not given you too severe a shock. It is sometimes salutary to look on the miseries of others, that we may properly appreciate our own happiness. Here is a purse containing seventy-five dollars, you may spend it as you please."

It is unnecessary to say that the "odious wilton" kept its place, but the shivering children of want were taught to bless the name of Emma West, and it formed the last articulate murmur on the lips of the dying sufferer.

TIME.

TIME is the most undecipherable, yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past even while we attempt to define it, and, like the flash of lightning, at once exists and expires. Time is the measurer of all things, but is itself immeasurable, and the grand discoverer of all things but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so, if it had. It is more mysterious in its source than the Nile, and in its termination than the Niger; and advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain, and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs beauty of her charms, to bestow them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house; it is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Time is the most subtle, yet the most insatiable of depredators; and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all, nor can it be satisfied, until it has taken the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight, and although