



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

VOLUME I.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 9, 1835.

NUMBER XVI.

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 fat Herring.

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

QUEBEC FLOUR.

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

July 8, 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 250 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 Fount 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 farther 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 each 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.

THE BALL,

A STORY FOR FASHIONABLE MOTHERS.

[From "Death's Doings."]

"Even if I were not prevented by this unlooked-for engagement from accompanying you to the hall to-night, my love," said the Honourable Alfred Seymour to his beautiful young wife, "you must nevertheless have declined it, for the child is evidently unwell; look how the pulses throb in his little throat, Sophia!" "So they always do, I believe. I really wish you were less of a croaker and caudle-maker, my dear; however, to make you easy, I will send for Davis immediately—us to the ball, as I am expected, and have gone to the trouble and expense of a new dress, and have not been out such a long, long time, really I think I ought to go."

"You would not leave my boy, Lady Sophia, if"—"Not if there is the least danger, certainly; nor if the doctor should pronounce it ill; but I do not believe it is so—I see nothing particular about the child, for my part."

As the young mother said this, she cast her eyes on the child, and saw in its little heavy eyes something which she felt assured was particular—she saw, moreover more strikingly than ever, the likeness it bore to a justly beloved husband, and in a tone of self-correction added, "Poor little fellow, I do think you are not quite the thing; and should it prove so, mamma will not leave you for the world."

The countenance of the father brightened, and he departed, assured that the claims of nature would soon fully triumph over any little lingering love of dissipation struggling for accustomed indulgence, and as he bade her good bye, he did not wonder that a star so brilliant desired to exhibit its rays in the hemisphere alluded to, which was one in the highest circle of fashion. Nevertheless, as he could not be present himself, he thought it on the whole better that she should be absent. A young nobleman, who had been his rival, and wore the willow some time after their marriage, had lately paid marked attention to a young beauty every way likely to console him; and Mr. Seymour thought it would be a great pity if his lady, whom he had not seen for some months, should, by appearing before him in the full blaze of beauty (unaccompanied by that person whose appearance would instantly recall the sense of her engagement), indispose his heart for that happy connection to which he had shown this predilection.

Unfortunately the fond husband gave indication of his admiration alike in his looks and words; and as the fair young mother turned from him to her mirror she felt for a moment displeased that her liege lord should be less solicitous than herself to "watch the world" with her beauty; and whilst in this humour she called her maid to show her the turban and dress "in which she intended to appear."

"Lauk, my lady! why sure you intends it yet—did ever any body hear of such a thing as going for to stay at home when you are all prepared? Why, you've been out of sight ever so long, because you were not fit to be seen, as one may say; but now that you are more beautiful than ever, by the same rule you should go ten times as much—Do, pray—my lady, begin directly: Miss Somerville may look twice ere

she catches my lord, if so be he sees you in this here plume; cold broth is soon warm, they say."

Could it be that this vulgar nonsense—the senseless tirade of low flattery and thoughtless stimulation to error—should affect the mind of the high-born and highly educated Lady Sophia? Alas! yes—a slight spark will ignite dormant vanity, and the love of momentary triumph suppress the more generous wish of giving happiness to others in a sphere distinct from our own.

The new dress was tried on; its effects were extolled by the maid, and admitted by the lady, who remembered to have read or heard of some beauty whose charms were always most striking when she first appeared after a temporary confinement. The carriage was announced, and she was actually descending, when the low wail of the baby broke on her ear, and she recollected that in the confusion of her mind during the time devoted to dress and anticipated triumph, she had forgotten to send for the medical friend of the family.

Angry with herself, in the first moment of repentance, she determined to remain at home, but unfortunately reconsidered, and went before the arrival of the doctor; 'tis true she left messages and various orders, and so far fulfilled a mother's duties, but she yet closed her eyes to the evident weakness of her boy, and contented herself with determining to return as soon as it was possible.

But who could return while they found themselves the admired of all, and when at least the adoration of eyes saluted her from him whom she well knew it was cruelty or sin to attract? The observation forced upon her of Miss Somerville's melancholy looks told her this, and compelled her to recollect that she was without her husband, and, therefore, critically situated; and she proved, that in the midst of triumph we may be humbled—in the midst of pleasure be pained, and she resolved to fly from the scene of gaudy more quickly than she had come.

But numerous delays arose, each of which harassed her spirits not less than they retarded her movements, and she became at length so annoyed as to lose all her bloom, and hear herself now as man condoled with on her looks as she had a few hours before been congratulated. She felt ill, and was aware that she merited to be ill, and had a right to expect reproaches from her husband, not less on account of herself than her child; and whilst in this state of perplexity, she was summoned to her carriage by her servants, who, in the confusion occasioned by messengers from home, as well as from herself, had increased her distress.

The young mother arrived to see the face of her dying child distorted by convulsions, and to meet from her husband anger, reproach, and contempt. She was astonished, even terrified, by witnessing the death of the innocent being she had forsaken in a moment so critical; and bitter was the sorrow and remorse which arose from offending him who had hitherto loved her so fondly, and esteemed her so highly. These emotions, combining with other causes, rendered her soon the inhabitant of a sickbed, and converted a house so lately the abode of happiness and hope, into a scene of sorrow, anxiety, and death. Lady Sophia, after much suffering, recovered her health; but when she