



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

VOLUME III.

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## THE BEE

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### PICTOU PRICES CURRENT. CORRECTED WEEKLY.

APPLES, pr bushel none	Guano, single none
Boards, pine, pr M 50s a 60s	Hay 100s a 110s
" hemlock - 30s a 40s	Herrings, No 1 25s a 27s
Beef, - pr lb 4d	Mackarel 30s
" - fresh, 5d	Mutton pr lb 4d
Butter, - 10d	Oatmeal pr cwt 22s 6d
Clover seed per lb 1s 3d	Oats 3s a 4s
Coals, at Mines, pr chl 17s	Pork pr bbl nominal
" at Loading Ground 17s	Potatoes 2s 6d
" at end of Rail Road 17s	Salt pr hhd 10s a 12s 6d
Coke	Salmon, fresh none
Codfish pr Qtl 16-	Shingles pr M 7s a 10s
Eggs pr doz 6d	Tallow pr lb 7d a 8d
Flour, M s 25s a 27s 6d	Veal pr lb 3s
" American s r 55s	Wood pr cord 12s

### HALIFAX PRICES.

Alowives 20s	Herrings, No 1 23s
Boards, pine, M 60s a 70s	" 2 17s 6d
Beef, best, 5d a 6d	Mackarel, No 1 42s 6d
" Quebec primo 55s	" 2 37s
" Nova Scotia 40s a 45s	
Codfish, merch'ble 1-	Molasses 2s
Coals, Pictou, none	Pork, Irish none
" Sydney, 32s 6d	" Quebec none
Coffee 10d	" N. Scotia 110s
Corn, Indian 5s 9d	Potatoes 2s 6d
Flour Am sup none	Sugar, good, 50s
" Fine none	Salmon No 1 82s 6d
" Quebec fine 55-	" 2 77s 6d
" Nova Scotia 50s	" 3 67s 6d



### STEAMER "MAID OF THE MIST,"

CAPTAIN HENNEBRAY.

THIS steamer will run once in each week between St. John and Windsor, through the season, commencing on Tuesday, the 11th instant, leaving St. John every Tuesday, and Windsor on Wednesday evenings at high water, for St. John. She will also ply twice in each week between St. John, Digby, and Annapolis, leaving St. John every Monday and Friday, and Annapolis and Digby every Tuesday and Saturday.

### STEAMER "GAZELLE,"

Will leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, for Eastport, St. Andrews, and St. Stephens or Calais, and will return to St. John from those places, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

JAMES WHITNEY.

St. John, April 1, 1837.

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### FLOUR AND CORN MEAL,

For sale by  
May 2. if

ROSS & PRIMROSE.

### From "Wilson's Tales of the Borders." THE GOLD RING.

SOME time about the year 1720, a young gentleman of the name of Campbell, a native of the West Highlands of Scotland, went to London with the view of availing himself of the interest of some friends there in procuring him a certain government appointment, but in this object he did not succeed; and was, eventually, after a residence of nearly twelve months in the Metropolis, obliged to return to his native country in precisely the same situation, as to circumstances, in which he left it.

Campbell, however, though naturally enough desirous to improve his condition, was by no means of the class of needy adventurers. His father was a considerable landed proprietor in the Highlands, and lived with all the state which distinguished the residence of a Highland Laird of that period.

Young Campbell, whose Christian name was George, had had the advantage of an excellent English education, while his manners and appearance were in every respect those of a gentleman. Neither was his character at variance with these pleasing external indications. He was kind-hearted, generous, brave, unassuming; and, in figure, tall, and well made.

Although Campbell, however, had not promoted his interests during his stay in London, he had increased, at least he thought so—his happiness, by forming an attachment to a young and amiable lady of the name of Malvern. This lady was the daughter of a highly respectable and very wealthy man, a brewer in the city, into whose family Campbell had been introduced by a mutual friend. The lovers, very shortly after the first hour of their acquaintance, found that their happiness was bound up in each other, and that this could be secured to them only by their eventual union. This consummation, however, was, to all appearance far distant, as the young man was still wholly dependent on his father.

The young folks, therefore, had nothing for it but to wait for a more propitious season, and, in the meantime, to love on, which they did, with the most sincere affection on both sides.

When nearly a twelvemonth of this aimless felicity had passed away, Campbell's father, finding that his son was making no progress towards obtaining the proper object of his visit to London, pressed him to return; and, with a heavy heart and reluctant step, George prepared to obey. Before he left London, however, the lovers pledged mutual vows of constancy, and made arrangements on the point of maintaining a regular correspondence during their separation. When the moment of parting at length came, George tenderly embraced his betrothed, and, placing a ring on her finger, begged her to wear it for his sake. With this request, the weeping girl not only promised compliance, but vowed that death only should separate her from this token of her George's affection.

They parted; and, in due time, Campbell arrived at his father's house in Scotland. For two or three years after this, George and Isabella wrote each other regularly; and these letters were filled with protestations of unaltered and unalterable love, and with the most sanguine expectations of future felicity. But even this shadowy happiness was not doomed to last. About the end of the period named, a letter from

Isabella, which almost annihilated poor George as he read it, informed him that her father was a bankrupt, and that he had determined on leaving the country immediately, and proceeding to America, to try his fortune in the New-World. "Nay, even before this reaches you, my dear George," said the fair writer, it is more than probable we shall be embarked; for my father is impatient of a moment's delay. Soon, soon, therefore, my beloved George, will the waves of the wide Atlantic roll between us, and form what I fear will be an eternal barrier to the realisation to all our fond hopes of eternal bliss."

"Nay, by Heaven, it shall not be," exclaimed George, as he hurriedly folded up the fatal letter; "either, Isabella, you shall become mine, and remain in your native country, or I shall accompany you to the land whither you are going."

Such was George's resolution in this matter; and, as he was not a man to trifle with his own determinations, the following day saw him once more on his way to London; but the journey to the Metropolis was not then performed with such expedition as it is now, and it was therefore several weeks before he reached it. The consequence of this delay was, that, long before his arrival, Mr Malvern and his family, including Isabella, had sailed for America. We will not take up the reader's time by attempting to describe poor Campbell's feelings, on finding the fondest hopes of his heart thus cruelly blighted. Suffice it to say that he returned home, if not absolutely a broken-hearted, at least a greatly changed man. From being one of the most affable and cheerful men in existence, he became melancholy and somewhat stern in his deportment.

At this period, Campbell held a Captain's commission in the native Highland regiment called the Black Watch, subsequently the Forty-second. This corps, at the time of our story, was distributed through the Highlands, with the view of keeping down the rebellious spirit which had broken out in 1715, and against which the Government, by a dexterous stroke of policy, had armed friends and relatives of those who entertained it—thus giving at once, by the formation of a native regiment, a legal direction the military enthusiasm of the Highlanders, and adding to the force of their arms against the insurgents the powerful influence of kindred, and, lastly, destroying its enemies by converting them into friends.

To this corps, then, as we have said; George Campbell was attached; and, on his return from London, he hastened to rejoin his company, which was stationed in a wild and remote district of the Highlands, called Assynt, in Ross-shire. This part of the country was at that time infested by a ferocious outlaw of the name of Donald Gorm, who commanded a band of upwards of a score of men of the same desperate character with himself.

At the period of our story, this formidable person happened to be in a small inn or public-house, whose land-lord was more than suspected of standing his friend on occasions at the very moment when Captain Campbell, who was on his way to join his company, entered it with the view of quartering there for the night.

Macloed, the landlord, with whom Donald had been closeted on some private business, on seeing Campbell,