



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

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**PICTOU PRICES CURRENT.**

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Apples, pr bushel none	Geese, single	1s 6d
Boards, pine, pr m 50s a 60	Hay	90s a 100s
" hemlock - 30s a 40s	Herrings, No 1	25s a 27s
Beef, pr lb 2 1-2d a 3d	Mackarel	30s
Butter, - 10d a 1s	Mutton pr lb	3d
Cheese, n s - 5d a 6d	Oatmeal pr cwt	20s
Coals, at Mines, pr chl 13	Oats none	
" shipped on board 14s 6	Pork pr lb 4 1-2d a 5d	
" at wharf (Pictou) 16	Potatoes	1s 6d
Coke	Salt pr hhd	10s a 11s
Codfish pr Qrl 16	Salmon, fresh	none
Eggs pr doz none	Shingles pr m	7s a 10s
Flour, n s pr cwt 25s	Fallow pr lb	7d a 8d
" Am s f, pr bbl none	Turnips pr bush	1s 6d.
" Canada, fine 52s 6d	Wood pr cord	12s

  

<b>HALIFAX PRICES.</b>		
Alowives 17s	Herrings, No 1	22s 6d
Boards, pine, m 60s a 70s	"	2 17s 6
Beef, best, 4d a 5d	Mackarel, No 1	42s 6d
" Quebec prime 55s	"	2 35s
" Nova Scotia 40s a 45s		
Codfish, merch'ble 15s	Molasses	2s 7d
Coals, Pictou, none	Pork, Irish	none
" Sydney, none	" Quebec	none
Coffee 1s 1d	" N. Scotia	100s a 120
Corn, Indian 5s 9d	Potatoes	2s 4
Flour Am sup none	Sugar, good,	55 a 60s
" Fine none	Salmon No 1	82s 6d
" Quebec fine 50s	"	2 77s 6d
" Nova Scotia 40s	"	3 67s 6d

NOW IN PRESS,

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Agents to this Paper, and such others as we may send Copies of the Prospectus to, are requested to solicit Subscribers to the above Work, and forward them with the least possible delay, as the number of Copies will be regulated by the amount of Subscribers.

From the Boston Pearl.

**MARY WALSTEIN,**

THE VICTIM OF THE INTEMPERATE.

By Isaac F. Shepard.

Ay, turn and weep. 'Tis manliness  
To be heart-broken here,  
For the grave of earth's best loveliness  
Is watered by the tear.

MARY WALSTEIN was an orphan. Her father belonged to a family of wealth and distinction in Germany; but at an early age he left his native country, and emigrated to the new republic of America. He established himself as a merchant in New York, and by close application to business he fast rose in wealth and in confidence of his fellow citizens. Fond of the pleasures of social life, he was not long content to enjoy the happiness his situation afforded him unshared. When he first met Mary Gray, he was charmed with her appearance. With a good share of personal beauty—gifted with a good mind, which had been carefully cultivated—of an exceedingly amiable disposition—affable and polite, Mary seldom failed to win the affectionate regard of all whom she met. She was the youngest daughter of a plain New-England farmer, a descendant of one of that little band of pilgrims which first set foot on the rock of Plymouth. At the period of which I am writing, she had just left school, and was on a visit to some friends in the city. Here Frederick Walstein first saw her, and it was not strange that he too was pleased with her society. He availed himself of her company at every opportunity. A mutual sympathy was gradually awakened, and strengthened into an ardent passion. But few months passed, and the blooming Mary Gray was known only as Mary Walstein.

Five years of almost uninterrupted happiness succeeded. The domestic ties were cemented by the birth of a daughter, to whom the fond father gave the name of its mother. A brighter sunshine never illumined the human breast than now gladdened the hearts of these happy parents. Their cup of earthly bliss seemed full. They looked forward with fond anticipations to the time when they should see little Mary the charm of the circles in which she would move—the pride of her parents—an ornament to the church—a polished pillar in the temple of God. But, alas! how soon the liveliest hopes may be blasted! The rose may be beautiful and fragrant to-day, but to-morrow its fragrance is wasted, and its beauty trodden in the dust. The sun rises in matchless splendor, but, before it has reached its meridian height, clouds and darkness hide it, and tempest fills the earth.

That destructive plague, the yellow fever, was making fearful ravages in the city. The blackened hearse passed rapidly through the streets, in every direction, bearing high and low rich and poor, to the vast sepulchre of the dead. Consternation and terror were manifested on the countenances of all. Counting houses, stores and shops were forsaken. The inhabitants were hastening from 'the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday.' Mr Walstein had brought his business to a close, dismissed his clerks and servants, and was prepared to take his departure for the residence of Farmer Gray, having determined there to abide until

the raging of the disease should subside. But, when on the point of embarking, the symptoms of the fever began to show themselves upon father and mother almost at the same moment. It assumed its most malignant form, and death soon terminated their earthly sufferings. The parents dictated a letter to Farmer Gray, giving up their daughter to his care and protection, and urging him to educate her for Heaven. Mary was thus left, at the age of three years, an orphan.

After the death of her parents, Mary was taken to her grandfather's. Mr Gray resided in an inland town in Massachusetts. Here she received every attention which affection for a much-loved and lost daughter, or the situation of the lonely child could demand. At a suitable age she was placed at the same school at which her mother had received her early education. Every morning and evening she was taught to kneel by her bedside, and pray to her Father in Heaven, who, she was told, would be more to her than her earthly parent could. As she advanced in years, the image of her departed mother showed itself in her features. There was the same happy expression upon her countenance—the same lustre beaming from beneath the silken lashes of her dark blue eyes. But, as her mind unfolded itself, there was exhibited still more strikingly, the lovely traits that had beautified and adorned her character.

A universal sympathy was excited for the fair girl, wherever she went. The old men of the village would often stop her as she tripped lightly from the school, with the auburn ringlets flowing unheeded over her beautiful neck, and, sitting upon the green bank beside her, talk to her of her parents; and while the tears chased each other down her furrowed cheeks, pointing to Heaven, tell her they were happy there. These detentions were usually ended by a hearty kiss and an injunction to make as good a woman as her blessed mother. At school, too, there was the same feeling manifested. Often did the teacher receive the charge of being partial, from the lips of some disappointed girl, as Mary bore off the prize. But, if the complaining one had had the awarding of it, she would have conferred it upon Mary. Even the boys seemed to vie with each other in paying marked attentions to the general favorite.

Among this last class, none were more unwearied in their attempts to render Mary happy than Charles Adams. Charles was about a year older than Mary. His father was an affluent farmer in the neighborhood, and he was an only son. He might be seen every morning going to school with his satchel filled with fruit from his father's orchard, and the choicest, and largest of all was sure to find its way to Mary. If he was at the head of his class, he would invent some way to miss and get her above him, and then study most assiduously to keep his place beside her. In a thousand little ways he contrived to favor her, and these little attentions were not unnoticed on the part of Mary. How could they be? Every body loved Charles, he was so lively, good-natured and amiable. And besides, he was so kind to her, she would be manifestly unjust not to be kind to him in return. How many fine lads have wended their way home from the social party in silence and sadness, because denied the privilege of accompanying Mary Walstein,