



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

VOLUME III

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 7, 1838.

NUMBER XXXVIII.

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, per bushel	Hay per ton	40s a 50s
Boards, pine, pr 50s a 60s	Herrings, No. 1,	30s
" hemlock - 30s a 40s	Mackarel,	none
Beef, pr lb	Mutton	
Butter, - 10d	Oatmeal pr cwt	16s a 18s
Cheese, - 5d a 7d	Oats pr bush	2s 6d
Coals, at Mines, pr chl 17s	Pork	4d
" at Loading Ground 17s	Potatoes -	1s 3d
" at end of rail road 17s	Sa. pr hhd	
Coke	Salmon, smoked,	2s 6d
Codfish pr Ql 16s a 18s	Shingles pr x	7s a 10s
Eggs - pr doz	Tallow pr lb	7d a 8d
Flour, N S	Turnips pr bush	
" American s r	Veal	none
	Wood pr ccrd	12s

HALIFAX PRICES.

Alewives	none	Herrings, No 1	25s
Boards, pine, sr	65s	"	2 15s
Beef, Quebec prime,	45s	Mackarel, No 1	none
" Nova Scotia	45	"	2 37s 6d
Codfish, morch'ble	17s 6d	"	3 32s 6d
Coals, Pictou,	28s	Molasses per gal	2s 3d
" Sydney,	30s	Pork, Irish	none
Cod oil per gal	2s 9d	" Canada prime	65s
Coffee	1s 3d	" Nova Scotia	80s
Corn, Indian	5s 3d	Potatoes	1 s 3d
Flour Am sup	50s	Sugar,	37s 6d a 42s 6d
" Fine	40s	Salmon No 1	70s
" Canada, fine	50s	"	2 65s
" Nova Scotia	none	Salt	Ss a 10s

THE Firm of ROSS & PRIMROSE, of Pictou, merchants, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons having claims on the said Firm, are requested to present them to Mr Ross, for liquidation; and all indebted to Ross & Primrose, are requested to make immediate payment to him.

A. P. ROSS.
J. PRIMROSE.

Pictou, 25th January, 1838.

The business heretofore carried on by Ross & Primrose, at Pictou, will in future be conducted by the Subscriber on his own account.

A. P. ROSS.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any demands against JOHN BLANCHARD, Esquire, Barrister at Law, are requested to hand them in to the Office of the Subscriber; and those indebted to him are requested to make immediate payment to

JAMES FOGO,
Attorney at Law

Any person having the loan of Books belonging to Mr B., are requested to return them as soon as possible.

January 31, 1838.

m-m

From the Ponny Novelist.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

The heart that loves truly never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.
Mourc.

AURELIA was decidedly the belle of her village, when a detachment of our regiment was quartered there. She was far from being regularly handsome, for neither stature, brilliancy of expression, nor regularity of feature, constituted her such; she had, nevertheless, something very captivating about her. She was fair as the drifting snow, ere it had consorted with the earth beneath, mild as an April shower, gentle as the plaintive bird at night; she was also what to many is more attractive than all this—the fairest and first of her humble circle, and the object of interest and admiration of her neighbourhood. Like the snow-drop, she had no sun-bright charms; but then she stood almost alone in the parterre—the emblem of early spring—and was a magnet amidst chilly desolation, or the solitary star of comfort and guidance in surrounding obscurity. Her father was easy in his circumstances, and hospitable, so that it became a desirable thing to a soldier in humble country quarters to be received in the family; whilst it was an affair of rivalry to render our attentions welcome to his pleasing daughter. Every cap and feather was set at this object; church and market, parade and village ball, were all made use of for this desirable end. She was sung at, danced at, and rhymed at; but the day was speedily won by our captain of grenadiers, whose splendid person, like a legion of invincibles, carried all before it.

Bold Henry, (so I shall from delicacy only call him,) like Cæsar, appeared, saw, and conquered, so that a match was very quickly made up, and the fair village queen, and a few thousand pounds became the victor's prize. He afterwards got field officer's rank, and left us. Subsequently he sold out, and our first place of meeting was in a sister kingdom, where he seemed to live happily in retirement with his pretty little wife and three young children. I met him afterwards at Bath, dancing and being the pretty as a single man; next in London, in a handsome equipage, with a fine woman. I then saw him in Franco, the gayest of the gay, and shortly afterwards, with a buxom widow. In the early part of our hero's life, he had inherited considerable property, which, from expensive habits, he dissipated in a few years, the village belle's marriage portion was scarcely a *dejeuner a la fourchette* to him; his military income ceased with his selling out; and, like an able general, he retired upon a strong position, and protected himself from the annoyance of the enemy by the dower of his comely companion. Was this well done? The sequel will prove.

Poor Aurelia adhered to him in fortune and misfortune, in good report and evil report, in his many aberrations, for he was as great a Jove as a butterfly in ladies' bowers; in a word, she was unalterable in all the chances and changes of life, concealing his follies, and receiving him still the same. His permanent desertion was a severe blow, for she had endured his

dire privations with him. Nevertheless, as the children grew up (and they were females), she invented a thousand pretexts for his absence, in answer to the many anxious enquiries of 'Where's papa? Why don't he come home and see us? Why has he left you mamma?' He was abroad, he was sick, he was shooting, he was busily employed in military duty; in fine, every reason but the real one for his non-residence at home. The time now came when a larger scale of education was required for his daughters, brought up hitherto by their mother; and, after a thousand fruitless attempts to bring about a return, even of a temporary kind, or an interview with his faithful partner, he agreed to meet one of his daughters, to make the necessary arrangements for his departure to the Continent, and to bid adieu to her whose person had become almost forgotten by him. The meeting was to take place at night, to a void publicity, and for fear of clamorous creditors.

This circumstance struck Aurelia as a favourable opportunity to try once more the eloquence of suffering woman. Her own light and small figure did not differ materially from that of her eldest daughter, who was slight, like a growing branch, and tall for her years. She accordingly veiled herself deeply, and, taking Maria's cloak and bonnet, proceeded to the place of rendezvous. 'Is it you, Maria?' inquired the unnatural parent in the darkness of night. 'No, Henry,' replied Aurelia, 'it is she who once was dear to you; who never shrunk from poverty to administer comfort to you; nor ever, to this moment, loved you one jot the less for all your coldness, neglect, or aversion. Look on me, Henry! let that arm (clinging to him) once make me proud again; epurn net from you her who, like the ivy, withers, and falls in dejection to the ground, when severed from its natural support.'

To this feeling appeal, the estranged husband only answered by rebukes for having thus taken him by surprise, and by the assurances that they could never live happily together again.

'If I have survived your love, Harry,' exclaimed she, 'refuse me not your pity. Speak to me, let us talk of our dear children, discuss their interest, plan their provision. I have friends who, if we only seemed to be together, would afford us assistance. I implore you—' With this she cast herself at his feet, but he, pretending that her attitude might draw the attention of passers by, and create a scene which (to use his expression) she had artfully got up, tore himself from her, with the simple promise of a small sum of money to be sent for his children's journey, and a command that they should depart in twenty-four hours.

Some years after this, I fell in with the family, at full growth, promising, talented, and well principled, living in the utmost harmony, and combining the resources of painting, music, and languages, from whence to draw an honourable and frugal existence. I had scarcely been ten minutes with Aurelia when she said, 'My good friend, you say nothing to me about Henry, do not fear to mention his name; it still sounds sweet in my ear than any other, I love him with unabated devotion; how is he? wife? how does he look? is he still handsome? I am sure he will be over so in my eyes. I forgive him, he has been the spoiled child of admiration; I always think that some