



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

VOLUME II.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 26, 1837.

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THE BEE

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PICTOU PRICES CURRENT,
CORRECTED WEEKLY.

APPLES, pr bushel	none	Geese, 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	20 a 22s 6d
Clover seed pr lb	1s 3d	Oats	2s a 4s
Coals, at Mines, pr chl	13s	Pork pr lb	4 1-2d a 5d
" shipped on board	14s 6d	Potatoes	2s 6d
" at wharf (Pictou)	16s	Salt pr hhd	10s a 12s 6d
Coke	16s	Salmon, fresh	none
Codfish pr Ql	16s	Shingles pr M	7s a 10s
Eggs pr doz	6d a 7d	Tallow pr lb	7d a 8d
Flour, Ns	25s a 27s 6d	Turnips pr bush	1s 6d.
" Canada, fine	52s 6d	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 prime	55s	"	2 37s
" Nova Scotia	40s a 45s	"	"
Codfish, merch'ble	15s	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	52s 6d
" Quebec fine	55s	"	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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OATS.—Cash will be given by Ross and Primrose for OATS, during the winter. November 30. tf

THE UNTIMELY JEST.

MORDAUNT ORMESBY had been the acknowledged lover of Cecilia Devenant for some months, and their union was only deferred until he should have taken orders. His fortune was considerable, and hers was very great, so that pecuniary considerations were of no weight with them. One evening I accidentally overheard a conversation between them, which gave me some painful doubts as to their future happiness. They had just returned from a walk, and as they seated themselves in the piazza, near the window where I was reading, Cecilia exclaimed in a half petulant tone,

'Really, Mordaunt, you have grown so stupid and dull lately, that you are absolutely tiresome—what is the matter with you?'

'Tiresome,' returned he in a melancholy sweetness which thrilled my very heart, 'tiresome even to you, Cecilia?'

'Oh! well, I don't mean tiresome exactly, but what is the reason that you are always so dull? I wish you loved mirth as well as I do.'

'I am sorry you even indulge such a wish as that, (said he gravely), as you know it is one that can never be gratified. I love to see you gay, but certainly never expect to possess such a frolicsome spirit myself.'

'I declare I am absolutely afraid to talk to you, you take every thing so seriously,' returned she. 'I once heard you called the knight of the rueful countenance, and I really believe you deserve the title.'

This was touching Mordaunt in the tenderest point. His dread of ridicule rendered him tremblingly alive to such a remark.

'Pray who was witty enough to bestow such an appellation upon me?' inquired he in a tone of pique.

'There,' said she laughing, 'didn't I tell you that you took every thing too seriously, now you are vexed about that harmless jest.'

'Will you be so kind as to inform me the name of the person?' asked he in the same tone of vexation.

'O, I forgot,' answered the heedless girl.—'Ned Willoughby, I believe.'

I was about to start forward and repel the accusation, when Mordaunt replied,

'No, Cecilia, that I cannot credit, whoever it might be, I know it was not Edward. He has too much regard for me to wound my feelings by unmerited ridicule. I can easily believe that woman's affections are governed by caprice, but with man's nature I am better acquainted. You may be amused by a senseless jest even when I am the subject of it, but Edward Willoughby would never heap ridicule upon his friend.'

He spoke this in a tone of the deepest mortification, but she only laughed still more heartily! He rose hastily.

'Cecilia, said he, I am not just now in the humour of merriment. If you will trouble yourself to recollect that on the coming Sabbath I am to preach my first sermon, you will probably understand the reason of my gravity. Allow me also to remind you that you have in your possession a manuscript which I wish to make use of on that occasion. As you have been too much occupied to peruse it, will you be kind enough to return it to me?'

'Oh, I cannot go for it now,' said she carelessly,

'I suppose it will be time enough to-morrow. I dare say you know it by heart already.'

'I know somewhat too much by heart,' muttered he. 'I will send for it to-morrow.' And before she could reply, he bade her good day and departed.

As soon as he was out of sight I issued forth my retreat.

'For Heaven's sake, Cecilia, take care what you are doing. I have overheard all your conversation: and believe me, you are trifling with Mordaunt in a manner which you will repent.'

She burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

'Why, really, sir, I thank you for advice, but I have seen him in such a humour fifty times.—He will come to-morrow and beg pardon for his ill humour. I will pout for a little while and then forgive him, and we shall be as good friends as ever.'

In vain I remonstrated with her. The thoughtless girl had too often seen the power of her charms to doubt it now, and I left her with a painful presentiment upon my mind.

The next day was Saturday, and Mordaunt who was deeply impressed with the importance of the task he had undertaken, shut himself up in his room and begged I would not interrupt him.

'Shall we go to Mr. Wilson's this evening?' said I.

'No,' replied he hastily, 'Cecilia's gaiety is too oppressive sometimes. I have reflected on the duty which I have to perform to-morrow, until I am unfit even for your society.—My feelings are not in unison with her light and cheerful spirit.'

In the evening I was admitted to his apartment and found him despatching a note to Cecilia, requesting the return of his manuscript. The messenger was delayed a long time, and finally returned without it, saying, 'Miss Devenant was engaged with company, but would send the manuscript in the morning.' Mordaunt bit his lip, and the flash of anger passed over his pale cheek as he dismissed the servant.

'Edward,' he said, 'I sometimes do not know what to think of Cecilia. She is so incorrigibly volatile that I frequently fancy we can never be happy together. Last week I gave her the sermon which I intend preaching to-morrow, with a request that she would read it and give me her opinion upon it. Perhaps I asked too much from a gay and giddy girl; but she might at least have tried to comply with my wishes.—I have in vain endeavored to obtain possession of it since, and I dare not trust myself in the pulpit without it; for although I am perfectly familiar with every line, yet I know that my self possession will fail me when I am compelled to address a large audience.'

I saw that Mordaunt's feelings were deeply wounded, and in vain endeavored to soothe them. Though it was rather late I went to Mr. Wilson's house in the hope of getting the manuscript, but Miss Devenant had retired to her apartment, and I returned unsuccessful.

The next morning, as soon as I thought Mordaunt would admit me, I sought his chamber. He was exceedingly pale, and I could discover that he was very much excited. About an hour before Church Service commenced, the manuscript arrived. Mordaunt opened it, and after reading the first few pages said,

'I have not time to overlook it now. I believe I must trust my memory.'

We went to the church together. An unusual large