



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

VOLUME III.

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THE BEE

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BY JAMES DAWSON,

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PICTOU PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

APPLES, pr bushel none	Geese, single none
Boards, pine, pr M 50s a 60s	Hay 120s
" hemlock - 30s a 40s	Herrings,
Beef, pr lb	Mackarel
" - fresh,	Mutton pr lb 4d a 5d
Butter, - 8d a 10d	Oatmeal pr cwt 22s 6d
Clover seed pr lb 1s 3d	Oats 2s
Coals, at Mines, pr chl 17s	Pork pr bbl 80 a 85
" at Loading Ground 17s	Potatoes 2s a 2s 6d
" at end of Rail Road 17s	Salt pr hhd 10s a 12s 6d
Coke	Salmon, fresh none
Codfish pr Qtl 16s	Shingles pr M 7s a 10s
Eggs pr doz 6d	Tallow pr lb 7d a 8d
Flour, M 3 25s a 27s 6d	Veal pr lb 3d
" American s r 55s	Wood pr cord 12s

HALIFAX PRICES.

Alowives 20s	Herrings, No 1 20s
Boards, pine, M 65s a 70s	" 2 15s
Beef, best, 5d a 6d	Mackarel, No 1 none
" Quebec primo 50s	" 2 40s
" Nova Scotia 45s	" 3 35s
Codfish, merch'ble 17s	Molasses 1s 9d
Coals, Pictou, 22s 6d	Pork, Irish none
" Sydney, 28s	" Quebec 100
Coffee 10d	" N. Scotia 90s
Corn, Indian 5s	Potatoes 2s 6d
Flour Am sup 45s	Sugar, 37s 6d a 42s 6d
" Fine 45s	Salmon No 1 80s
" Quebec fine 47s	" 2 75s
" Nova Scotia 50s	" 3 67s 6d

CARD.

MR JAMES FOGO, Attorney at Law, has opened office in Mr Robert Dawson's new stone building, opposite the establishment of Messrs Ross & Primrose, where he will be prepared to transact business in the various branches of his profession.

Entrance to the office, by the Western end of the Building.

May 31st.

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JOHN ROSS,

BOOK-BINDER,

HAVING received a stock of Materials, is enabled to execute orders with neatness, and on the most reasonable terms.

Journals, Day Books, Ledgers, Indexes, and other Blank work, done on the shortest notice.

Old or injured books, repaired or rebound, according to order.

The BEE will be neatly half bound at 3s. per vol.

N.B. J. R. will not be responsible for books longer than three months after they are left at his shop.

June 14, 1837.

From "Wilson's Tales of the Borders." STRUGGLES OF WALTER ARNOTT.

CONCLUDED.

THE day of his departure would have been the term of their residence at the cottage, which had been the scene of so many joys and sorrows to them all; but the ground was rented by the tenant of an adjoining farm, who did not require the house, so that it was arranged that they should still call it their house. Walter was contented when he found that the sale of his little stock would enable him to discharge all his debts; and they prepared to submit to the change of circumstances with cheerful resignation.

It was the morning of Lauder fair, and Walter Arnott, accompanied by his wife and daughter, prepared to set out to dispose of one of their favourite cows. Many a painful thought it cost them all to set about this first step towards their change of condition. Janet shed tears, as she loosed her, for the last time, from the stall; and many a kind wish and fond regret mingled with the praises they bestowed, as they gathered round to stroke and pat her, before she was driven away from the well known door.

The road was crowded with eager and merry groups. Here a "guidwife," in her Sunday's gown, urged on, to keep up with the strides of an inconsiderate husband, the little ones whom she surveyed with all a mother's pride, looking over them with scrupulous watchfulness, as if she felt that they were to be the objects of universal attraction that day—"the cynosure of neighboring eyes."

The little elves themselves, amid all their exhilaration seemed infected with her idea of their importance; strutting along in their stiff, awkward dresses, aping the airs and consequence of men—each urchin laboring forward, having a hand stuck resolutely in his pocket, grasping the little treasure it contained—the long promised penny—and a cudgel in the other hand, that might not have disgraced Donnybrook; keeping up an incessant clattering of annoying questions about what was to be seen, and discussing the expenditure of their little treasures with all the gravity of a committee of supply. Then groups of aged men, moving leisurely along, talked bravely of crops and prices, and *auld world* stories. Parties of young persons, of both sexes, bounded onwards, shortening the way with "cracks and jests, and wreathed smiles." Those mingled with the drivers of the farmers' cattle—the hinds dragging on the lingering and reluctant cow, and the shouting herds who urged forward the startled flocks.

Our little party, with their much-valued crummie, at length found themselves amid the din and confusion of the fair—strangers, it will be believed, to the glee and exhilaration that pervaded the crowd. Many an old friend shook Walter and his wife heartily by the hand; and Janet was greeted with respectful kindness, even by those who had rough enough gigs in store for maidens of less delicate sensibility. Her character and circumstances had an influence over the roughest and most obtuse.

"Oh, there comes the Laird!" cried many voices.

"As hie and hearty as ever," cried one.

"His hearty laugh as ready as ever," said another.

"Ay, but, that's only on ae side o' his mouth,"

exclaimed a third, who passed for a *taog*; "for, if ye saw the other side, ye wad say he was as ready to greet as ever."

This remark was, indeed, pretty descriptive of the person regarding whom it was made; for he was ready, to a fault, to laugh with the merry, and weep with the sad. He was a rather venerable looking farmer, whom the youngsters of his day described as being of the old school. His dress was in the fashion of the simplest peasant, only of most ample dimensions and most substantial material. He sat awkwardly erect upon his stiff white pony—his ample skirts half covering the animal's shaggy sides, and his smoothly combed grey hair flowing down about his shoulders. His smooth face, in which there appeared much benevolence and some humour, was indicative of easy circumstances, not of luxurious living. It was rather from the look of hospitality and general kindness with which he surveyed the crowd, than on account of assumed superiority, that we say he looked as if the fair was all his own. He seemed to have something humorous or good-natured to say to all; and his big rough hand was in continual request by some old friend or crony. He was making his way through the crowd as fast as salutations and the self-willed leisure of his steed would permit. In reference to the latter hindrance, we may say that Davvie's looks told that she was an old and indulgent servant her head hung carelessly down at her own pleasure—her *daiz'd* eye was only half awake—her hairy feet were raised from, and again deposited in slow succession upon the hard pavement with "cannic care;" and she replied to the repeated thumps of the rider, rather by a something between a sigh and a groan, which he called a *pech*, than by any acceleration of speed.

"My auld freend Wattie Arnott!" he exclaimed, as he approached our party. "The very man I wanted to see—and Tibbie too! Gie's a shake o' yer hand, woman, for auld longsyne. Hech, woman, it's a braw time since.—But we mauna cast up sic far back stories as that. And Janet, hoo are ye, my bonny woman?"

There was scarcely time left for any other reply than kind looks to all his inquiries. Walter's eye brightened at his friend's cordiality, undimmed by the misfortune to which he had been exposed.

"And ye are gaun to sell that bonny beast?" he continued, pointing to crummie.

"Ay, though wi' nae meikle guid will, ye may be sure," replied Walter with a sigh.

"Man, she is a bonny beast, Wattie—the bonniest cow i' the market."

"That is, she has been," interrupted her honest owner. "I'm thinkin, at least, them that buys her winna be for making her the dearest i' the market."

"Weel, after a', age does not improve a cow, I derecay," said his friend. "But sic a milker! Losh, man! ye're a fule if ye part wi' her for a trifle."

"I doot her milk and her beauty hao gaze the gither," said Tibbie; "Though she has been, in her day, a subject o' nae little braggin to me; but, laird, the best o' her days are past, like the blithest and best o' yours and mine."

"Na, speak for yersel, Tibbie," said the laird. "You and me, ye ken, are no just year's bairns; and I hae some hopes of happiness yet, if ye ken'd it,"