



"JUSTUM, ET TENACEM PROPOSITUM VIRUM, NON CIVIUM AUDOR PRAVA JUVENTUTUM, NON VULTUS INSTANTIS TYRANNI DILITE QUATIT SOLIDA."

VOLUME I.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 2, 1836.

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THE BEE

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BY JAMES DAWSON,

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PICTOU PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Apples, Am pr bbl	22s 6d	Hay	pr ton	50s
Boards, pine, pr m	50s a 60s	Herrings, No 1		25s
" hemlock -	30s a 40s	" "	2	20s
Beef, fresh, pr lb	3d a 4d	Mackarel		30s a 35s
Butter, -	5d a 9d	Mutton pr lb	3d a 4d	
Cheese, x s -	5d a 6d	Oatmeal pr cwt	12 6d a 14s	
Coals, at Mines, pr chl	13s	Oats	pr bush	none
" shipped on board	14s 6d	Pork	pr lb	3d a 3 1-2
" at wharf (Pictou)	16s	Potatoes	pr bush	1s a 1 3d
Coke	16s	Salt	pr hhd	10s a 11s
Codfish pr Qtl	12s a 14s	Shingles pr m	7s a 10s	
Eggs pr doz	9d	Tallow pr lb	7d a 8d	
Flour, x s pr cwt	16s a 18s	Turnips pr bush	1s 6d	
" Am s F, pr bbl	none	Veal pr lb	3d a 3 1-2	
" Canada fino -	40s	Wood	pr cord	12s

HALIFAX PRICES.

Alowives	13s a 14s	Herrings, No 1	20s
Boards, pine, x	60s a 65s	" "	2 17d 6d
Beef, best,	4d pr lb	Mackarel, No 1	35s
" Quebec primo	50s	" "	2 30s
" Nova Scotia	40s	" "	3 25s
Codfish, merch'ble	16s	Molasses	1s 3d
Coals, Pictou,	28s	Pork, Irish	70s
" Sydney,	20s	" Quebec	50s
Coffee	1s 2d	" Nova Scotia	70 a 75s
Cornd, Indian	5s 6d	Potatoes	1s 3d
Flour Am sup	45s	Sugar, good,	37 a 42s
" Fine	35s	Salmon No 1	65s
" Quebec fine	42s	" "	2 60s
" Nova Scotia	35s	" "	3 55s

ADMINISTRATION NOTICES.

All Persons having any just demands against the Estate of the late

JAMES CARR,

of Carriboo River, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same duly attested, to the Subscribers, within eighteen calendar months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

MARY CARR, Administratrix.

ROBERT McCONNEL, Adm'r.

Pictou, Dec. 26th, 1835

All persons having any Legal Demands against the Estate of

ROBERT BROWN,

Blacksmith, late of Middle River, deceased, are hereby notified to render their accounts duly attested, to the subscribers within the space of eighteen calendar months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

MARGARET BROWN, Adm'r's.

THOMAS KERR, } Adm'r's.

THOMAS McCOUL, }

4th November, 1835.

ca-m

From the New-Yorker.

THE LILY OF ESKDALE.

"Oh! she that like a silver wave
Was born in brilliancy,
Ishrouded in an early grave,
Under the cypress tree."

Anon.

"Oh! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last!" Mrs. Hemans.

Less than a mile from Roslin Castle on a green strip of land jutting into the silver water of the Esk, stood the cottage of sweet Hope. Though not a vestige of its former loveliness now remains, and the plough may have erased its bloomy garden, and the woodman's axe laid low in the stately elms of its enclosure, it is still remembered by the artless inhabitants of Eskdale. There bloomed the earliest roses; for its sheltered situation screened it from the nipping winds of early spring, and the large share of sunshine it enjoyed made it the favourite haunt of the birds and flowers. Its little garden was a very paradise, and the cottage itself, with its humble walls and roof overgrown with jessamine and honeysuckle, had not a rival in all the vaunted Arcadia of the poet. It was indeed a dwelling of peace and beauty; yet did it not owe the deep interest its memory awakened in the bosoms of all, so much to its quiet charms, as the sorrowful remembrance of its last fair tenant, who is now an angel in heaven.

St. Clair Gordon was the only daughter of a captain in the British navy, who perished young in defence of his country. Her mother died shortly after him of Consumption, that dread spirit whose yearly victims are countless as the sere leaves of autumn—who creeps into the cradle of the infant, and breathes on its tender frame, and calls it her own. St. Clair could remember neither, or if she had a dim recollection of her parents in her mind, it was faint as a by gone dream. Yet she never felt the want of them, as the kindness of her father's sister, although it could never fill the place of a mother's love, was gentle as it was sincere; and the young orphan felt in her heart that the affection of her aunt Martha was sufficient.

After the manner of the Scottish peasantry, in designating the most beautiful young female in the district by some fanciful appellation, she went by no other name than that of the "Lilly of Eskdale."—How beautiful are the days of our youth, ere one corroding drop of care hath fallen on the pure wings of the spirit!—ere the heart hath learned to dread the coming tempest in each passing cloud, or acquired by experience the sad knowledge, that the flowers of its warm affections may be blighted, and when so, they can never bloom again.—The childhood and youth of the gentle St. Clair were as calm and unclouded as the green twilight of the summer woods. Sensibly alive to the charms of nature, the flowers of the valley and the birds of the forest were to her sweet companions, but alas! the wild flowers faded; and winter stilled the gushing songs of the birds,—then she would weep for their fates giving birth in her mind to that gentle melancholy by which her sensitive temperament, derived from her sainted mother, was so deeply characterized.

The roaring of such a tender flower as the orphan maiden was no easy task; but the watchful solicitude

of her tender guardian prevailed. It was on her niece's account that she retired every summer with her delicate charge to the lovely cottage I have described, on the wild willowed banks of the Esk: Encircled on every side by objects recalling the most romantic associations, the mind of St. Clair became early imbued with a refining taste for poetry. Hers was indeed a richly covered imagination, lovely and melancholy as the sunset glory streaming over the pavement of some half ruined abbey through the pictured panes of its Gothic windows. Roslin Castle's old feudal towers, and the traditions of the deep, sunny solitudes of Hawthornden, formed the theme of her youthful muse, and the neglected lyre of Drummond was awakened *once more* with a kindred feeling.

St. Clair had been betrothed to her cousin Charles Erskine, when they were both children, and the reflection, that her daughter, when arrived at the years of womanhood, would find in him a stay and protection, tended to soothe the anxiety her mother felt on her account when dying.—The cousins were therefore much together in their childhood; nor was that kindly intercourse interrupted when Charles commenced his studies at College, as every holiday was spent by the young student with his fair cousin—their long rambles in the music woods of Hawthornden tending to link their pure hearts together. With years that affection deepened, and the feeling of a brother soon strengthened into that of the lover on the part of Charles, and was as fondly and truly returned by the confiding heart of St. Clair.—The refinements which fritter away the human heart were to them unknown—they loved like the lovers in the old legends of the vale of their happiness, nor needed they to be taught how to pour forth the pure affections of their youthful hearts, for

"Who could tune the nightingale,
Or bring the lark from heaven?"

But their sunny hour of happiness was soon overclouded—Charles had just finished his education at College, and their marriage was fixed for the ensuing spring—the future spread out in perspective before them,—when the total ruin of the affairs of the elder Mr. Erskine, caused by a long train of unfortunate speculations, into which he had been led by his ambitious but weak partner, blasted forever the hopes of the lovers. St. Clair had but a small annuity to depend upon for her maintenance—so that Charles, who had never been designed to act any part in the world but that of the finished gentleman, was forced to look about for the means of future subsistence. Each nobler feeling of his bosom persuaded him that to rely longer on his unfortunate father would be as ungenerous as unwise, and duty whispered that he ought to contribute his share, however small, in endeavouring to extricate him from his present embarrassed circumstances. A friend of his father's who, contrary to the way of the world, did not forsake him in his adversity, still offered him his interest, which was eagerly employed in obtaining him a situation as cadet in the East India Company's service. Such a long sojourn as must take place, should Charles accept the situation in question, was indeed a severe blow to the hearts of the lovers, and long was the struggle in the young man's bosom between his love for his