



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

VOLUME III.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 21, 1837.

NUMBER V.

THE BEE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
BY JAMES DAWSON,

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PICTOU PRICES CURRENT. CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Apples, pr bushel none	Geese, single none
Boards, pine, pr 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 prwt 22s 6d
Clover seed per 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, N s 25s a 27s 6d	Veal pr lb 3d
" American s r 55s	Wood pr cord 12s

HALIFAX PRICES.

Alewives 20s	Herrings, No 1 20s
Boards, pine, M 65s a 70s	" 2 15s
Beef, best, 5d a 6d	Mackarel, No 1 none
" Quebec prime 50s	" 2 40s
" Nova Scotia 45s	" 3 35s
Codfish, merch'ble 17s	Molasses 1s 9d
Coals, Pictou, 22s 6d	Pork, Irish none
" Sydney, 23s	" 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 90s
" Quebec fine 45s	" 2 75s
" Nova Scotia 50s	" 3 67s 6d

CARD.

MR JAMES FOCO, 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.

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

WALTER ARNOTT rented a small patch of sterile ground on the borders of the Lammermoores—a portion of the few acres which unwearied industry, aided by the strictest economy, struggled to win from the wilderness of moor and marsh that still extends, little encroached upon even by modern improvements. The woods that served to divide, and, in some degree, to adorn the square formal parks around the unostentatious mansion of the lairds of Wedderlie, were of importance in that cold and inclement situation; and it was under their shelter that the cottage farm-house and scanty acres of Walter Arnott were situated. His had been a life of the most constant toil, and of inadequate remuneration. The return from his fields was at all times small, and the risks of a crop, in such a situation, are greatly above the average—so that his utmost exertions could do little more, even in the days of his youthful prime, than keep a dry roof over their heads, and a moderate share of comfort under it. At the period when we would introduce him to our readers, Walter had passed the period of vigorous exertion. His tall, strongly-built frame bore the marks of his incessant toil. The leading features of his history were traced in his looks: his steadiness, integrity, and industry—his struggles, disappointments, and his fear of the future—were all recorded in characters so distinct as to be read at a glance. The faithful partner of his cares and toils was just such a one as we would fancy in such a situation—neat, bustling, naturally cheerful, and, in her look, expressing much of that kindness and frank hospitality which characterise and amiably distinguish the tribes of our bleak hill country. Of their family there remained only one daughter—the pride of their age and the solace of their misfortunes. Reared far from the gloom and sympathy of young companions—acquainted, from her earliest years, with the anxieties and affection of her parents—and having mourned over the early loss of a beloved brother and three sisters—Janet Arnott grew up a thoughtful, sensitive girl, of the liveliest sympathies, and the most affectionate dispositions—not without many personal attractions of a kind that required neither art nor effort to display them. It were saying little to tell that she was a dutiful child. In her parents centred all her affections. Their slightest wish was her law, and their happiness the object of her highest ambition. Her mother was proud to tell that "Janet was the bairn that ne'er cost her parents a sigh." Were we to attempt to describe them in a situation the most characteristic of the time and class to which they belonged, and affording the best outline of themselves individually, perhaps we might describe them as they duly set out on Sunday morning, by the footpath that led through their fields, to the church of Westruther; the patriarch-looking peasant leading the way, attired in an ample suit of hoddie grey, and the madd, or shepherd's plaid, across his shoulder—walking a little in advance, and now and then addressing a grave remark over his shoulders to his wife and his bonny Janet, who followed him with looks of respectful admiration; for, in the eyes of both, he was the foremost man in all the world. Tibbie, on such occasions, was a pattern of rustic neatness. In her hands, clasped over her breast, she carried a large Tea-

tantum, the gift of her lost son, purchased with his first fee. By her side walked her daughter. Many would have considered Janet beautiful, but her beauty was not of a kind to attract rustic admirers. There was a simplicity and artlessness—a contemplative and almost melancholy air—about the oval regular countenance that stood out from the modest hood which she wore according to the fashion of the young women of her time, and which her father had strained a point, in opposition to her wishes, to purchase of the handsomest kind. Her figure was slight, and more elegant than we might have expected in her circumstances.

Janet Arnott had now reached her eighteenth year. Her cares had increased with her years. Her father's declining strength was becoming unequal to the labor of his little farm; and their prospects were any thing but cheering. It was Janet's part to soothe the anxious heart of her parent, to join her efforts with those of her mother to lighten the trouble and silence, the discontent that sometimes threatened to overcome the principles of meekness and patient endurance, that Walter had sought to acquire from trust in Him who feeds the sparrows and arrays the lilies of the field; and a skilful comforter she was; for her heart was no stranger to the anxieties which he sought to relieve in others. She was not gay; but there was a settled calm and a sweet smile, which, for a father's sake, she could always assume, and the influence of which her father could never withstand. Though she seldom succeeded in elevating the spirits of their little party to the point of mirth—for that was not in her own nature—she could generally maintain a feeling of sober happiness, by her kind attentions, her solicitude about her parents' comfort, and the piety or cheerfulness of her conversation. She was not without her own moments—we might rather say hours—of melancholy reflection, which, though she had not the vivacity to repel, she had the power to conceal. At such times, when her warm-hearted cousin, Alice Wilson, was not near to listen to her sorrows, she was accustomed to steal away alone through the plantations about the Place, to their favourite walk by the banks of a little stream, one of the sources of the Blackadder, which skirts these woods on the east side. When the few things that lend some air of bustle to the day among the hills were beginning to be stilled—when the sun was sinking behind the Lammermoores, and the twilight, that suited so well with the sombre scene around, was falling over mountain and moor—when the sheep on the hill-side had lain down, and the cattle browsed or ruminated indifferently in the haugh; then and there, under covert of the aged beeches, that gently dipped their drooping branches in the stream at every impulsion of the light air, did she linger and listen. The continuous rippling of the stream, the untired melody of the blackbird, the lonesome cooing of the cushat—and, at intervals, the far off silvery voice of youthful laughter—blended together harmoniously in Nature's vesper hymn: their voice was one of peace and calm—and Janet's heart did not resist their influence. She soon came to admit another than Alice Wilson to her friendship and confidence. Henry Nichol had been early left an orphan, friendless and unprotected in the wide world; and from his thirteenth year, had made it his pride to maintain himself by his own industry. He had, for a