



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

VOLUME I.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOV. 4, 1835.

NUMBER XXIV.

THE BEE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, And delivered in Town at the low price of 12s. 6d. per annum, if paid in advance, but 15s. if paid at the end of the year;—payments made within three months after receiving the first Paper considered in advance; whenever Papers have to be transmitted through the Post Office, 2s. 6d. additional will be charged for postage.

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October 8, 1835.

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For further particulars apply to H. Hatton, Esq. or to the Subscriber,

THOMAS RAE.

Sept. 30, 1835. cm-w

LITERARY NOTICE.

PREPARING FOR THE PRESS:

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,

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FOR SALE.

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TERMS of Payment will be made easy.

ANDREW MILLAR.

Oct. 14. ul

REMOVAL.

JAMES D. B. FRASER, DRUGGIST, has removed to the shop adjoining Mr. Yorston's, and directly opposite the store of D. Crichton & Son. September 15, 1835.

NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

ANY person desirous of subscribing for the New Farmer, can be furnished with a copy, common price 1s. 14th No. 1, dated July 15th, 1835, 6. [August 1st.]

From the Diary of a late Physician.
THE RUINED MERCHANT.

CONTINUED.

While he was in this state of mind, his daughter entered the room, wan and trembling with agitation.

"My dear little love, what's wrong? What's wrong, eh? What has dashed you, my sweet flower, eh?" said he, folding her in his arms, and hugging her to his breast. He led her to a seat, and placed her on his knee. He passed his hand over her pale forehead. "What have you been about to-day, Agnes. You've forgotten to dress your hair to-day," taking her raven tresses in his fingers; "Come, these must be curled! They are all damp, love! What makes you cry?"

"My dear, dear, dear darling father!" sobbed the agonized girl, almost choked with her emotions—clasping her arms convulsively round his neck, "I love you dearer—a thousand times—than I ever loved you in my life!"

"My sweet love!" he exclaimed, bursting into tears. Neither of them spoke for several minutes.

"You are young, Agnes, and may be happy—but, as for me, I am an old tree, whose roots are rotten! The blasts have beaten me down, my darling!" She clung closer to him, but spoke not. "Agnes, will you stay with me, now that I'm made a—a beggar? Will you? I can love you yet—but that's all!" said he, staring vacantly at her. After a pause, he suddenly released her from his knee, rose from his seat, and walked hurriedly about the room.

"Agnes, love! Why, is it true—is it really true that I'm made a bankrupt of, after all? And is it come to that?" He resumed his seat, covered his face with his hands, and wept like a child. "'Tis for you, my darling—for my family—my children, that I grieve! What has become of you?" Agnes he paused. "Well! it cannot be helped—it is more my misfortune than my fault! God knows, I've tried to pay my way as I went on—and—and—no, no! it doesn't follow that every man is a villain that's a bankrupt!"

"No, no, no, father!" replied his daughter, again flinging her arms round his neck, and kissing him with passionate fondness, "your honour is untouched—it is!"

"Aye, love—but to make the world think so—There's the rub! What has been said on 'Change to-day, Agnes? That's what hurts me to my soul!"

"Come, father, be calm! We shall yet be happy and quiet, after this little breeze has blown over! Oh yes, yes, father! We will remove to a nice little comfortable house, and live among ourselves!"

"But, Agnes, can you do all this? Can you make up your mind to live in a lower rank—to—to—to be, in a manner your own servant?"

"Yes, God knows, I can! Father, I'd rather be your servant girl, than wife of the king!" replied the poor girl, with enthusiasm.

"Ob, my daughter!—Come, come let us go into the next room, and do you play me my old favourite—'O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me.' You'll feel it, Agnes!" He had led her into the adjoining room,

and set her down at the instrument, and stood by her side.

"We must not part with this piano, my love,—must we?" said he, putting his arms round her neck, "we'll try and have it saved from the wreck of our furniture!" She commenced playing the tune he had requested, and went through it.

"Sing, love—sing!" said her father. "I love the words as much as the music! Would you cheat me; you little rogue?" She made him no reply, but went on playing, very irregularly however.

"Come! you must sing, Agnes."

"I can't!" she murmured. "My heart is breaking! My—my—bro—" and fell fainting into the arms of her father. He rung instantly for assistance. In carrying her from the music stool to the sofa, an open letter dropped from her bosom. Mr. Dudleigh instantly picked it up, and saw that the direction was in the handwriting of his son, and bore the "Wapping" post-mark. The stunning contents were as follows:—"My dear, dear, Agnes, farewell! it may be for ever! I fly from my country! While you are reading this note, I am on my way to America. Do not call me cruel, my sweet sister, for my heart is broken! broken. Yesterday, near Oxford, I fought with a man who dared to insult me about our family troubles. I am afraid—God forgive me—that I have killed him! Agnes, Agnes, the blood-hounds are after me! Even were they not, I could not bear to look on my poor father, whom I have helped to ruin, under the encouragement of one who might have bred me better! I cannot stay in England, for I have lost my station in society; I owe thousands I can never repay; besides—Agnes, Agnes! the blood-hounds are after me! I scarce know what I am saying! Break all this to my father—as gradually as you can. Do not let him know of it for a fortnight, at least. May God be your friend, dear Agnes! Pray for me! pray for me, my darling Agnes, yes, for me, your wretched guilty, heart-broken brother. H. D."

"Ah! he might have done worse! he might have done worse," exclaimed the stupified father. "Well, I must think about it!" and he folded up the letter, to put it into his pocket book, when his daughter's eye caught sight of it, for she had recovered from her swoon while he was reading it; and with a faint shriek, and a frantic effort to snatch it from him, she fell back, and swooned again. Even all this did not rouse Mr. Dudleigh. He sat still, gazing on his daughter with a vacant stare, and did not make the slightest effort to assist her recovery. I was summoned in to attend her, for she was so ill, that they carried her up to bed.

Poor girl! poor Agnes Dudleigh! already had consumption marked her for his own! The reader may possibly recollect, that in a previous part of this narrative, Miss Dudleigh was represented to be affianced to a young nobleman. I need hardly, I suppose, inform him that the "affair" was "all off," as soon as ever Lord — heard of her fallen fortunes. To do him justice, he behaved in the business with perfect politeness and condescension; wrote to her from Italy, and carefully returning her all her letters; spoke of her admirable qualities, in the handsomest strain; and in choice and feeling language, regretted the altered state of his affections, and that the "fates had