



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

VOLUME I. PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 28, 1835. NUMBER XXIII.

THE BEE

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

THOMAS RAE.

Sept. 30, 1835. cm-w

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Oct. 14.

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.

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ANY person desirous of subscribing for the New England Farmer, can be furnished with a copy, commencing with Vol. 14th No. 1, dated July 15th, 1835, by applying at this Office.

From the Diary of a late Physician.

THE RUINED MERCHANT.

CONTINUED.

BEFORE leaving the house, I repaired to the chamber where Mrs. Dudleigh lay, just recovering from strong hysterics. I was filled with astonishment on reflecting upon the whole scene of that evening; and, in particular, on the appearance and remorseful expressions of young Dudleigh. What could have happened!—A day or two afterwards Miss Dudleigh, with shame and reluctance, communicated to me the chief facts above stated! Her own health and spirits were manifestly suffering from the distressing scenes she had to endure. She told me, with energy, that she could sink into the earth, on reflecting that she was the daughter of such a mother, the sister of such a brother!

[The Diary passes hastily over a fortnight,—saying merely that Mr. Dudleigh recovered more rapidly than could have been expected—and proceeds—]

Monday, June, 18—. While I was sitting beside poor Mr. Dudleigh, this afternoon, feeling his pulse, and putting questions to him, which he was able to answer with tolerable distinctness, Miss Dudleigh came and whispered that her mother, who, though she had seen her husband frequently, had not spoken to him, or been recognised by him since his illness—was anxious then to come in, as she heard he was perfectly sensible. I asked him if he had any objection to see her; and he replied, with a sigh,—“No. Let her come in and see what she has brought me to!” In a few minutes' time she was in the room. I observed Mr. Dudleigh's eyes directed anxiously to the door before she entered; and the instant he saw her pallid features, and the languid exhausted air with which she advanced towards the bed, he lifted up his shaking hands, and beckoned towards her. His eyes filled with tears to overflowing—and he attempted to speak—but in vain, she tottered to his side, and fell down on her knees; while she clasped her hands in his, kissed her affectionately, and both of them wept like children; as did young Dudleigh and his sister. That was the hour of full forgiveness and reconciliation! It was indeed a touching scene. There lay the deeply injured father and husband, his grey hair grown long, during his absence on the Continent and his illness, combed back from his temples; his pale and fallen features exhibiting deep traces of the anguish he had borne. He gave one hand to his son and daughter, while the other continued grasped by Mrs. Dudleigh.

“Oh, dear, dear husband!—Can you forgive us, who have so nearly broken your heart?”—she sobbed, kissing his forehead. He strove to reply, but burst into tears without being able to utter a word. Fearful that the prolonged excitement of such an interview might prove injurious, I gave Mrs. Dudleigh a hint to withdraw—and left the room with her. She had scarcely descended the staircase, when she suddenly seized my arm, stared me full in the face, and burst into a fit of loud and wild laughter. I carried her into the first room I could find, and gave her all the assistance in my power. It was long however before she recovered. She continually exclaimed—“Oh, what a wretch I've been! What a vile wretch I've been!—and he so kind and forgiving too!”

As soon as Mr. Dudleigh was sufficiently recovered to leave his bedroom—contrary to my vehemently expressed opinion—he entered at once on the active management of his affairs. It is easy to conceive how business of such an extensive and complicated character as his, must have suffered from so long an intermission of his personal superintendence—especially at such a critical conjuncture. Though his head-clerk was an able and faithful man, he was not at all equal to the overwhelming task which devolved upon him; and when Mr. Dudleigh, the first day of his coming down stairs, sent for him in order to learn the general aspect of his affairs, he wrung his hands despairingly, to find the lamentable confusion into which they had fallen. The first step to be taken, was the discovery of funds wherewith to meet some heavy demands which had for some time been clamorously asserted. What however was to be done? His unfortunate speculations in the foreign funds had made sad havoc of his floating capital, and further fluctuations in the English funds during his illness had added to his losses. As far as ready money went, therefore, he was comparatively penniless. All his resources were so locked up, as to be promptly available only at ruinous sacrifices; and yet he must procure many thousands within a few days—or he trembled to contemplate the consequences.

“Call in the money I advanced on that mortgage of my Lord —'s property,” said he.

“We shall lose a third, sir, of what we advanced, if we do,” replied the clerk.

“Can't help it, sir—must have money—and that instantly—call it in, sir.” The clerk, with a sigh entered his orders accordingly.

“Ah—let me see. Sell all my shares in —.”

“Allow me to suggest, sir, that if you will but wait two months—or even six weeks longer, they will be worth twenty times what you gave for them; whereas if you part with them at present, it must be at a heavy discount.”

“Must have money, sir!—must!—write it down too,” said Mr. Dudleigh, sternly. In this manner he “ticketed out his property for ruin,” as his clerk said—throughout the interview. His demeanour and spirit were altogether changed; the first was become stern and imperative, the latter rash and inconsiderate to a degree which none would credit who had known his former mode of conducting business. All the prudence and energy which had secured him such splendid results, seemed now lost, irrecoverably lost. Whether this change was to be accounted for by mental imbecility consequent on his recent apoplectic seizure—or the disgust he felt at toiling in the accumulation of wealth which had been and might yet be so profligately squandered, I know not; but his conduct now consisted of alterations between the extremes of rashness and timorous indecision. He would waver and hesitate about the outlay of hundreds, when every one else—even those most proverbially prudent and sober, would venture their thousands with an almost absolute certainty of tenfold profits;—and again would fling away thousands into the very yawning jaws of villainy. He would not tolerate remonstrance or expostulation; and when any one ventured to hint surprise or dissatisfaction at the conduct he was pursuing, he would say tartly, “that he had reasons of his own