



"JUSTUM, ET TENACEM PROPOSITI VIAM, NON CIVIUM AHDOR PRAYA JUBENTIUM, NON VULTUS INSTANTIS TYRANNI MENTE QUATIT SOLIDA."

VOLUME I. PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 21, 1835. NUMBER XXII.

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.

ADVERTISING.

For the first insertion of half a square, and under, 3s. 6d., each continuation 1s.; for a square and under, 6s.; each continuation 1s.—All above a square, charged in proportion to the last mentioned rate. For Advertising by the Year, if not exceeding a square, 35s. to Subscribers, 45s. to Non-Subscribers,—if more space than a square be occupied, the surplus will be charged in proportion.

TO BE LET.

A FEW COMFORTABLE ROOMS, WITH A KITCHEN AND FROST PROOF CELLAR, on the lowest terms. COMFORTABLE BOARDING at a low rate, will also be obtained by applying to the Subscriber, DAVID GORDON. October 8, 1835.

LITERARY NOTICE.

PREPARING FOR THE PRESS: THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, OR PLEASING INSTRUCTOR, Being a Collection of Sentences, Divine, Moral, and Entertaining. Translated into Gaelic, by ALEXANDER M'GILFRAY. 200 pages, 18mo. Subscriptions for the above work will be received at this Office. [October 14.]

FOR SALE

THE HOUSE AND LOT ON GEORGE STREET, Now occupied by the Subscriber. TERMS of Payment will be made easy. ANDREW MILLAR. Oct. 14.

THE SUBSCRIBER

HAS now commenced selling his VALUABLE STOCK of DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, &c. at prices unprecedented in Pictou, and will continue to do so until the 20th of October. Traders and others will find it to their advantage to take an early opportunity of examining the articles and prices; as no opportunity can offer, that persons wanting articles in his line can be supplied on as favourable terms. R. ROBERTSON. Pictou, 29th Sept., 1835.

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 England Farmer, can be furnished commencing with Vol. 14th No. 1, da 1835, by applying at this Office.

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

ABOUT a fortnight after Mr. Dudleigh had informed Mrs. Dudleigh of the new lodgment he had made at his banker's, she gave a very large evening-party at her house, in — Square. She had been very successful in her guests on the occasion, having engaged the attention of my Lords This, and my Ladies That, innumerable. Even the high and haughty Duke of — had deigned to look in for a few moments, on his way to a party at Carlton-House, for the purpose of sneering at the "splendid cit," and extracting topics of laughter for his royal host. The whole of — Square, and one or two of the adjoining streets, were absolutely clogged with carriages—the carriages of HER guests! When you entered her magnificent apartments, and had made your way through the soft crush and flutter of aristocracy, you might see the lady of the house throbbing and panting with excitement—a perfect blaze of jewelry—flanked by her very kind friends, old Lady —, and the well known Miss —, engaged, as usual, at unlimited loo. The good humour with which Mrs. Dudleigh lost, was declared to be "quite charming"—"deserving of better fortune;" and enflamed by the eozened compliments they forced upon her, she was just uttering some sneering and insolent allusion to "that odious city," while old Lady —'s withered talons were extended to clutch her winnings, when there was perceived a sudden stir about the chief door—then a general hush—and in a moment or two, a gentleman, in dusty and disordered dress, with his hat on, rushed through the astonished crowd, and made his way towards the card-table at which Mrs. Dudleigh was seated, and stood confronting her, extending towards her his right hand, in which was a thin slip of paper. It was Mr. Dudleigh! "There—there, Madam," he gasped in a hoarse voice,—"there woman!—what have you done?—Ruined—ruined me, madam, you've ruined me! My credit is destroyed forever!—my name is tainted!—Here's the first dishonoured bill that ever bore Henry Dudleigh's name upon it!—Yes, madam, it is YOU who have done it," he continued with vehement tone and gesture, utterly regardless of the breathless throng around him, and continuing to extend towards her the protested bill of exchange.

"My dear!—my dear—my—my—my dear Mr. Dudleigh," stammered his wife, without rising from her chair, "what is the matter, love?" "Matter, Madam?—why, by —!—you've ruined me—that's all!—Where's the £20,000 I placed in Messrs —'s hands a few days ago?—Where—where is it, Mrs. Dudleigh?" he continued almost shouting, and advancing nearer to her, with his fist clenched. "Henry! dear Henry!—mercy, mercy!" murmured his wife faintly. "Henry, indeed! Mercy?—Silence, madam! How dare you deny me an answer? How dare you swindle me out of my fortune in this way?" he continued fiercely, wiping the perspiration from his forehead; "Here's my bill for £4000, made payable at Messrs —, my new bankers; and when it was presented to the — madam, by —! the reply was 'no

EFFECTS!'—and my bill has been dishonoured!—Wretch! what have you done with my money?—Where's it all gone?—I'm the town's talk about this — bill!—There'll be a run upon me!—I know there will—aye—THIS is the way my hard-earned wealth is squandered, you vile, you unprincipled spendthrift!" he continued, turning round and pointing to the astounded guests, none of whom had uttered a syllable. The music had ceased—the dancers left their places—the card-tables were deserted. In a word, all was blank consternation. The fact was, that old Lady —, which was that moment seated, trembling like an aspen leaf, at Mrs. Dudleigh's right-hand side, had won from her, during the last month, a series of sums amounting to little short of £9000, which Mrs. Dudleigh had paid the day before by a cheque on her banker; and that very morning she had drawn out £4000 odd, to pay her coach-maker's, confectioner's, and milliner's bills, and supply herself with cash for the evening's spoliation. The remaining £7000 had been drawn out during the preceding fortnight to pay her various clamorous creditors, and keep her in readiness for the gaming-table. Mr. Dudleigh, on hearing of the dishonour of his bill—the news of which was brought him by a clerk, for he was staying at a friend's house in the country—came up instantly to town, paid the bill, and then hurried, half beside himself, to his house in — square. It is not at all wonderful, that though Mr. Dudleigh's name was well known as an eminent and responsible mercantile man, his bankers, with whom he had but recently opened an account, should decline paying his bill, after so large a sum as £20,000 had been drawn out of their hands by Mrs. Dudleigh. It looked suspicious enough, truly!

"Mrs. Dudleigh!—where, where is my £20,000?" he shouted almost at the top of his voice; but Mrs. Dudleigh heard him not; for she had fallen fainting into the arms of Lady —. Numbers rushed forward to her assistance. The confusion and agitation that ensued it would be impossible to describe; and, in the midst of it, Mr. Dudleigh strode at a furious pace out of the room, and left the house. For the next three or four days he behaved like a madman. His apprehensions magnified the temporary and very trifling injury his credit had sustained, till he fancied himself on the eve of becoming bankrupt. And, indeed, where is the merchant of any eminence; whom such a circumstance as the dishonour of a bill for £4000 (however afterwards accounted for) would not exasperate? For some days Mr. D. would not go near — square, and did not once enquire after Mrs. Dudleigh. My professional services were put into requisition on her behalf. Rage, shame, and agony, at the thought of disgraceful exposure she had met with, in the eyes of all her assembled guests, of those respecting whose opinions she was most exquisitely sensitive, had nearly driven her distracted. She continued so ill for about a week, and exhibited such frequent glimpses of delirium, that I was compelled to resort to very active treatment to avert a brain fever. More than once, I heard her utter the words, or something like them,—"be revenged on him yet!" but whether or not she was at the time sensible of the import of what she said, I did not know. The incident above recorded—which I had from