



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

VOLUME I.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 14, 1835.

NUMBER XXI.

## 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, 5s., 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.

### THE SUBSCRIBER

HAS now commenced selling his VALUABLE STOCK of

DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, &c.

at prices unprecedented in Pictou, &c. 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 so favourable terms.

R. ROBERTSON.

Pictou, 29th Sept., 1835.

### RENEWAL.

JAMES D. B. FRASER, DRUGGIST, has removed to the shop adjoining Mr. Yonston'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 with a copy, commencing with Vol. 14th No. 1, dated July 15th, 1835, by applying at this Office. [August 1st.]

LAW and other BLANKS of all descriptions, for sale by the subscriber J. S. DAWSON July 1835

### HANDBILLS & BOOK WORK

Done at this Office, in the most handsome style, and at very moderate prices May, 1835

100 Bbls. PITCH, 70 Bbls. TAR, 20 do. ROSIN, for sale by ROSS & PRIMROSE. July 1.

### NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any just demands against the estate of JOHN McNEIL, Junior, late of Little Harbour, in the District of Pictou, Farmer, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same duly attested, within eighteen months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment to MARGARET McNEIL, Adm'r. ABRAM PATTERSON, Adm'r. Pictou, 14th Sept'r, 1835.

200 American CHAIRS for Sale by July 1.] ROSS & PRIMROSE.

FUNERAL LETTERS TING, INVI- TATION and c R S, Recoued at this Office in 15 ar.

From the Diary of a late Physician.

### THE RUINED MERCHANT.

It is a common saying, that sorrows never come alone—that "it never rains, but it pours,"\* and it has been verified by experience, even from the days of that prince of the wretched—the man "whose name was Job." Now-a-days, directly a sudden accumulation of ills befalls a man, he utters some rash exclamation like the one in question, and too often submits to the afflictions of Providence with sullen indifference—like a brute to a blow—or resorts, possibly, to suicide. Poor stupid unobserving man, in such a case, cannot conceive how it comes to pass that all the evils under the sun are showered down upon his head—at once! There is no attempt to account for it on reasonable grounds—no reference to probable, nay, obvious causes—his own misconduct, possibly, or imprudence. In a word, he fancies that the only thing they resemble is Epicurus' fortuitous concourse of atoms. It is undoubtedly true that people are occasionally assailed by misfortunes so numerous, sudden and simultaneous, as is really unaccountable. In the majority, however, of what are reputed such cases, a ready solution may be found, by any one of observation. Take a simple illustration. A passenger suddenly falls down in a crowded thoroughfare; and, when down and unable to rise, the one following stumbles over him—the next, over him, and so on—all unable to resist the on-pressing crowd behind; and so the first-fallen lies nearly crushed and smothered. Now, is not this frequently the case with a man midst the cares and troubles of life? One solitary disaster—one unexpected calamity—befalls him, the sudden shock stuns him out of his self-possession, he is dispirited, confounded, paralysed—and down he falls, in the very throng of all the pressing cares and troubles of life, one implicating and dragging after it another—till all is uproar and consternation. Then it is, that we hear passionate lamentations, and cries of sorrows "never coming alone"—of all this "being against him," and he either stupidly lies still, till he is crushed and trampled on, or, it may be, succeeds in scrambling to the first temporary resting-place he can espy, when he resigns himself to stupified inaction, staring vacantly at the throng of mishaps following in the wake of that one which bore him down. Whereas the first thought of one in such a situation should surely be, "let me be 'up and be doing,' and I may yet recover myself." "Directly a man determines to think," says an eminent writer, "he is well-nigh sure of bettering his condition."

It is to the operation of such causes as these, that is to be traced, in a great majority of cases the necessity of medical interference. Within the sphere of my own practice, I have witnessed in such circumstances, the display of heroism and fortitude ennobling to human nature, and I have also seen instances of the most contemptible pusillanimity. I have marked a brave spirit succeed in buffeting its way out of its adversities; and I have seen as brave a one overcome by them, and falling vanquished, even with the sword of resolution gleaming in its grasp; for there are com-

binations of evil, against which no human energies can make a stand. Of this I think the ensuing melancholy narrative will afford an illustration. What its effect on the mind of the reader may be, I cannot presume to speculate. Mine it has oppressed to recall the painful scenes with which it abounds, and convinced of the peculiar perils incident to rapidly acquired fortune, which too often lifts its possessor into an element for which he is totally unfitted, and from which he falls exhausted, lower far than the sphere he had left!

Mr. Dudleigh's career afforded a striking illustration of the splendid English merchant—of the magnificent results ensured by persevering industry, economy, prudence, and enterprise. Early in life he was cast upon the world, to do as he would, or rather could, with himself; for his guardian proved a swindler, and robbed his deceased friend's child of every penny that was left him. On hearing of the disastrous event, young Dudleigh instantly ran away from school, in his sixteenth year, and entered himself on board a vessel trading to the West Indies as cabin-boy. As soon as his relatives, few in number, distant in degree, and colder in affection, heard of his step, they told him, after a little languid expostulation, that as he had made his bed, so he must lie upon it; and never came near him again, till he had become ten times richer than the whole of them put together.

The first three or four years of young Dudleigh's novitiate at sea, were years of fearful, but not unusual hardship. I have heard him state that he was frequently flogged by the captain and mate, till the blood ran down his back like water; and kicked and called about by the common sailors with infamous impunity. One cause of all this was obvious, his evident superiority over every one on board in learning and acquirements. To such an extent did his tormenters carry their tyranny, that poor Dudleigh's life became intolerable; and one evening, on leaving the vessel after its arrival in port from the West Indies, he ran to a public house in Wapping, called for pen and ink, and wrote a letter to the chief owner of the vessel, acquainting him with the cruel usage he had suffered, and imploring his interference, adding, that if that application failed, he was determined to drown himself when they next went to sea. This letter, which was signed "Henry Dudleigh, cabin boy," astonished and interested the person to whom it was addressed, for it was accurately, and even eloquently worded. Young Dudleigh was sent for, and after a thorough examination into the nature of his pretensions, engaged as a clerk in the counting house of the ship owners at a small salary. He conducted himself with so much ability and integrity, and displayed such a zealous interest in his employers' concerns, that in a few years' time he was raised to the head of their large establishment, and received a salary of £500 a-year, as their senior and confidential clerk. The experience he gained in this situation enabled him, on the expected bankruptcy of his employers, to dispose most successfully of the greater proportion of what he had saved in their service. He purchased shares in two vessels, which made fortunate voyages; and the result determined him henceforth to conduct business on his own account, notwithstanding the offer of a most lucrative situation

\* — And now behold, O Gertrude, Gertrude— When sorrows come, they come not single spies, But in battalions!—Shakespeare.