



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

VOLUME II.

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THE BEE

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PICTOU PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Table listing various goods and their prices, including Apples, Boards, Beef, Butter, Cheese, Coals, Coko, Codfish, Eggs, Flour, Herring, Lamb, Mackerel, Mutton, Oatmeal, Pork, Potatoes, Salt, Shingles, Fallow, Turnips, Veal, and Wood.

HALIFAX PRICES.

Table listing various goods and their prices, including Alowives, Boards, Beef, Quebec prime, Nova Scotia, Codfish, Coals, Sydney, Coffee, Corn, Flour, Fine, Quebec fine, and Nova Scotia.

ARCHIBALD HART, DYER AND RENOVATOR

WEARING APPAREL.

Corner of Church and James Streets, Near Mr Lorrain's Inn.

WHERE all orders in his line, will be thankfully received, and executed with neatness, punctuality and despatch. Pictou, 21st June, 1836.

BY THE GARLAND, FROM LIVERPOOL

AND JEAN DUN, FROM SUNDERLAND, AND for sale on the subscriber's wharf: 1000 hhds Liverpool salt, 75 tons well assorted bar and bolt IRON, Hemp cables, hawsers and small cordage, Canvas No 1 & 2, Nets, lines, twine, & other fishing stores, 1 Caplin seine, Chain Cables, 1 1/4 a 1-2 inches, and 40, 60, & 100 fathoms each, Anchors of all descriptions, which will be disposed of on reasonable terms.

GEO. SMITH.

26th May, 1836.

THE LEATHERN PURSE.

In the year 1783, a young man of the name of Sinclair, from the Upper Ward of Lancashire, went to the West Indies to push his fortune, or rather, perhaps to mend his fortunes; for previously to his taking this step, he had failed in a small business which he had attempted to establish in his native village. His failure, however, it is but right to state, was owing to no misconduct of his own, but to a too easy disposition, and a nature too kind and gentle to enable him to contend successfully with a grasping world. Thinking every one as honest as himself, he trusted where he ought not to have trusted, and only found his error when he found himself ruined. To add to his sorrows, on this occasion, his wife—for young as he was, he was already married—died about the same time, after giving birth to their first and only child, a daughter.

Placing the motherless infant, in whom all his affections were now centered, in the hands of a relation, who kindly undertook the charge of it, Sinclair sailed for the West Indies, inspired with the hope—and it was this hope alone that induced him to go in quest of fortune in a foreign land—that he might yet be able, as he himself expressed it, to make a lady of his little Mary.

On reaching Jamaica, Sinclair found employment as a clerk in the counting-house of a storekeeper in Kingston. His salary at first was small, but was gradually increased as his integrity of character, steady habits, and general utility, became appreciated by his employer; and it seemed little doubt, if he lived, that he would in time realize his most sanguine hopes of worldly success. But in the midst of these hopes and prospects, poor Sinclair was attacked with the fever of the country, and for some weeks his life was despaired of. His youth, however, and a naturally strong constitution, together with his extremely temperate habits, enabled him to struggle through. He escaped with life, but his health was irremediably ruined, or at least so grievously impaired that he was told his existence could be prolonged only by his returning immediately to breathe the air of his native land.

This was a dreadful disappointment to poor Sinclair. In a few short weeks all his bright prospects were annihilated; and after all he had undergone, and all he had hoped for his little Mary, he was about to return to her as poor as he had left her; for out of his scanty means he had punctually remitted every year an ample maintenance for her, reserving little more indeed, than was necessary to procure a bare subsistence to himself. The thought of returning penniless to his native land, and therefore not in a condition to do that justice to his child—for this idea was ever uppermost in his mind—which he had fondly hoped should one day have been in his power, was distraction to him; and under the feeling of desperation which it excited, he determined, whatever might be the consequence, to struggle on where he was for a few years longer, should he be spared, and endeavour to accumulate some small matter from his salary by a system of the most rigid economy, since he must now abandon all hopes of larger sources ever being opened up to him; and to this humble attempt he was encouraged by the circumstance of there hav-

ing been a handsome addition made to his salary just about the time of his illness. In pursuance of this resolution, poor Sinclair continued in his situation, though without any improvement taking place in his health, for five years longer, when he arrived at such a state of debility as entirely unfitted him to continue in his situation, and he now therefore determined on returning to his native land.

Previously to his embarking in the ship that was to carry him home, Sinclair put the hard-earned savings which he had accumulated, and which amounted to three hundred guineas, all in gold, into a leathern purse; and thus, for greater security, he deposited about his person. He constantly wore it there during the whole voyage, allowing his baggage to take its chance with that of others, but the purse he never for a moment lost sight of; for, small comparatively as was the amount of the treasure it contained, it was yet all that he had to look to in the world, and on it he had raised some happy visions of future comfort and prosperity in his native country, calculating that it might be the means of setting him up in some small business, from which he might derive a subsistence for himself and his Mary.

After a pleasant voyage, the ship in which Sinclair was embarked arrived safely in the Clyde, which was her destination, and came to anchor on the well-known anchorage-ground below Greenock, called the Tail of the Bank. The passengers being naturally eager to land, a boat was instantly brought alongside, and one after another they descended into her. The last of them was Sinclair. In place, however, of descending in sailor fashion, with his face to the ship he stepped down the reverse way; and thus a hook which was accidentally in the way caught one of the tails of his coat and suddenly turned the pocket mouth downwards. In this pocket was poor Sinclair's whole treasure. There he had deposited the leathern purse, which contained his all, just before leaving the ship, and down it went between the boat and the ship in some ten or fifteen fathoms water, and was lost to its unfortunate owner for ever. I will not attempt to describe poor Sinclair's feelings on this singularly distressing occasion, nor the sympathy which it excited in all who beheld the untoward accident. Sinclair himself said little or nothing, and in solemn silence the boat was rowed to the shore. The former, who was a total stranger in that part of the country, betook himself on landing to one of the inns in the town, and shortly after retired to bed. From that bed the poor heart-broken man never again rose. The dreadful blow which his cruel fortune had inflicted on him, in thus depriving him of all his worldly wealth at the very moment when he was about to apply it to the purpose for which he had toiled; at the daily risk of his life to acquire, was too much for his already broken down and enfeebled frame. On the very night on which he landed, he was attacked with a violent fever, which in less than forty-eight hours terminated his existence, and released his crushed and broken spirit from its so long crushed and broken tenement of clay. No one knew to what place or kindred the poor victim of misfortune belonged, nor even what was his home; and he was buried in the grave of the stranger. Enough, however, was found about him to justify all the charges he had