

THE BEE.

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

VOLUME I.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 2, 1835.

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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.

JAMES MALCOLM

HAS just received per Brig DEVERON, from GREENOCK, his *SPRING SUPPLY* of
C O O D S,
 which he offers for Sale at
VERY LOW PRICES
 for CASH or PRODUCE:

| | |
|---|---|
| BLACK, blue, brown, olive and green CLOTH. | IRON & STEEL, |
| Pilot Cloth & Flushing, Cassimere, Fancy Stuff for Summer Dresses, Plaiding, Brown & bleach'd shirting Cottons, Apron Check, Striped Shirting, Printed Cottons,—(great variety.) | Tea Kettles, Pots & Ovens, Brass mounted GRATES & FENDERS, Carron do. do, Plough MOUNTING, PAINTS, Paint Oil and Brushes, Ivory and Lamp Black, Coffin Mounting, Hearth, Shoo and Cloth BRUSHES, Percussion Guns & Caps, Cannister and Seal POWDER, Cannon Powder & Shot, Kegs 4dy, 6dy, 8dy, 10dy, 12dy, 15dy, & 20dy, fine ROSE NAILS, Horse Nails, Shovels & Spades, Frame, whip, & cross cut SAWS, Hand & Tennon do., Fanner Mounting, Chissels, Plane Irons, |
| Merinoes & Shawls, Silk & cotton Handk'fs, Raven sewing Silk, Patent & common sewing Thread, Cotton Balls, Silk and cotton Ferret, Coat & Vest Buttons, Writing, deed & wrapping PAPER, Patent Cordage, Putty, Boxes Tobacco Pipes, CUTLERY,—all sorts, Crates assorted CROCKERYWARE, | |

SCREW AUGERS, LOCKS, HINGES AND FIRE-IRON'S,

With a Great Variety of other Goods.

The above STOCK has all been selected by J. M. from the different Manufacturers in Great Britain. May 25. if

NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs to return his most grateful thanks to his friends and the public in general, for the liberal support he has met with since his commencement in Business, and to notify that he has removed from the Store he formerly occupied, to the newly fitted and spacious Shop, lately kept by Mr. John Gordon, next door west of Mr. Fraser, Druggist, where he hopes by his zealous exertions to merit a continuance of past favours.

His present Stock of GROCERIES, LIQUORS AND DRY GOODS, together with his

SPRING SUPPLY,—(daily expected) he offers at his new Stand, on his usual low terms. JAMES JOHNSTON.

May 18, 1835.

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WAR

OF THE IDLE AGAINST THE BUSY.

Not the least of the troubles of a busy man is to protect himself, as he sitteth in his home or goeth about the ways of the world, from the great banditti of the idle. Does an idle man like conversation; he obtains it, not from some man equally yawning and vacant with himself, but from some active and well-plenished mind, which cannot properly spare him a moment, though he generally contrives to take an hour. Say he dabbles in literature, and, in attempts at easy writing, makes as usual somewhat hard reading; to whom does he apply to get his diction trimmed and his work liced into shape, but to some poor over-driven steer of the press, whose every minute is required for his ordinary and unavoidable labour, or who can only spare for this supererogatory drudgery some intervals of leisure which he ought rather to spend in healthy exercise, or that (to him) greatest of all luxuries, simple vacation of mind? The idle never think of plundering the idle: they are a set of luxurious dogs, and regard no booty as worth having, unless it be a serious deprivation to its former owners. An hour or two filched from a half-employed man, they regard as a very poor spoil. They know he can make it up at some other time. It is the fully or over-occupied man whom they like to prey upon. Five minutes from such a person is a greater acquisition than a whole day from one who has only a little to do. A late eminent writer, who used to publish two or three novels every year, and was reputed to be one of the busiest of men, informed me that scarcely a day ever passed without his receiving some huge manuscript or other, which he was requested to read and give his opinion of; and, indeed, he said, he had far more employment of this kind put upon him than his whole time could have been sufficient to discharge. For some years, with his characteristic good nature, he would do what he could to gratify his applicants; but at length their demands became so overwhelming, that he found it necessary to reject them all on the plea of insufficient eyesight. On being defeated here, it is unquestionable that they would go to the next most busy author of the day, whoever he might be, and then to the next, and so on. Finding eagles shy, they would bang away at the capercaillies. In this they are something like their worthy fellow-loungers, the wayside curs, which, you may observe, never try to stop any thing that goes slowly, but yelp themselves almost into convulsions at travellers who gallop.

The idler, after dawdling as long as possible over breakfast and newspaper, takes cane in hand, and walks out upon a cruise against the peace of mankind—his interests entirely inconsistent with theirs, his aims entirely different; uncomfortable himself, he carries discomfort to every one; he is in fact a sort of public enemy. The professional or mercantile friend, who meets him on the way, assumes a brisker and busier air, and endeavours covertly to get upon a somewhat faster pace, in order that he may be enabled to pass him in a hurry-flurry kind of way, without stopping to talk. The bandit, be it observed, likes to bring down a busy man, but there is a point of haste which defeats him. It seems a fixed principle in dynamics, that if you pass him at the rate of four miles an hour, he cannot lay hold of you. At that rate your button hole is safe. Should he catch you, however, moving at an incautiously sober pace, he grapples at once, and is upon your quarter for half an hour's gossip, before

you can help yourself. Even supposing you avoid being boarded for a year at a time, he is always sure at least, of your nod once a day. That you cannot avoid, no more than the stage coach can avoid the toll-bars, for he lies in the way, and will have it from you. I have sometimes got and given bows with individuals of this kind, through groups of a dozen persons, whom I had caused to interpose as we passed: bows they were in eclipse; I would catch my man on the rise as he emerged, and only suppose a bow had taken place. To an idler who is ill off, a nod from a busy friend in passing is a great deal: it is news from the land of happiness—that is, of activity: it is a drop shaken over upon him from the jar of rapture. If he cannot bring you down for an hour's talk, he will make himself comfortable for the day with a good nod. but the idlers in general are less easily satisfied. They will try every shift, invent devices innumerable, practise all sorts of stratagems, to make a feasible invasion of your dominions. They hear a piece of unexpected and most astonishing news: in they come upon you with the wonder still hot upon their faces, and with all kinds of superfluous exclamations pour out their intelligence upon you. They have just seen an advertisement of something that they thought would be for your advantage, and could not rest till they came to tell you of it. In any such case they have you for an hour dead. But suppose you are so inconsiderate as to put some little commission upon them, or to engage in something of their proposing, and which requires a little of their attention, or simply tell them something that justifies a little anxiety on their part, then are you fairly ruined—bankrupt—done for: you may now give up all other business, for this will henceforth be the only thing you will be permitted to attend to. The idler has you from morning till night; he fixes you in his fangs as the spider does the fly, absolutely rots upon your flesh and blood, nor leaves you so long as anything besides the shell and the bone remain. Oh, my friends, be guarded against allowing the idler to gain a footing of this kind with you. Keep him far off with the chaux-de-frise of civility. Never allow him to lend you any thing. Never tell him that you are unwell. All such matters lead to fresh attacks you may repent the confession of a casual headache in the throes of chronic rheumatism, and a borrowed book in the perdition of as much time as might have sufficed to purchase a library.

Shopkeepers, and others of the more genteel traders, are peculiarly exposed to the attacks of the idle, who lounge in upon them at all times, and often seriously impede the progress of real business, if not absolutely prevent the approach of customers. Yet I am inclined to think—and surely it is no personal feeling which induces the supposition—that there is no busy man who is more tormented and more seriously injured by the idle, than the busy professor of letters. Authors are divided into two great classes—those who publish frequently, and those who never or hardly ever publish. The latter write not the less for their rare publishing. They write from very weakness of understanding. Their works are suppurations. Finding print difficult, or unattainable, they contrive the next best expedient for making their labour not altogether in vain. Like the authors who lived before the invention of printing, they read their compositions to friends, with or without extenuating suppers, or impose bulky manuscripts upon them to be perused in private. Even one auditor is precious to the gentleman who writes for amuse-