



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

VOLUME I.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOV. 11, 1835.

NUMBER XXV.

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 16s. 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.

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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.

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FORMERLY belonging to the Rev. JAS. ROBSON, situated a few miles from Pictou, on the Halifax Road, and fronting on the Harbour. A considerable portion of the same is in a high state of cultivation.

There are also on the ground, A HOUSE and BARN. For further particulars apply to H. Hatton, Esq. or to the Subscriber,

THOMAS RAE.

Sept. 30, 1835. cm-w

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'GILVRAY.
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. ul

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 with a copy, commencing with Vol. 14th No. 1, dated July 15th, by applying at this Office. [August 1st.]

From the Diary of a late Physician.

THE RUINED MERCHANT.

CONCLUDED.

Mr. Dudleigh put on his hat and great coat, and we got into my chariot together. He was perfectly quiet and gentle, conversed on different subjects, and spoke of having had a "cold bath" last night, which had done him much good! My heart grew heavier and heavier as we neared the home where I was to bring her idiot father to Miss Dudleigh! I felt sick with agitation as we descended the carriage steps.

But I was for some time happily disappointed. He entered her room with eagerness, ran up to her and kissed her with his usual affectionate energy. She held him in her arms for some time, exclaiming, "Oh, father, father! how glad I am to see you!—I thought some accident had happened to you! Why did you not tell me that you were going home with Dr. —?" My wife and I trembled, and looked at each other despairingly.

"Why," replied her father, sitting down beside her, "you see, my love, Dr. — recommended me a cold bath."

"A cold bath at THIS time of the year!" exclaimed Miss Dudleigh, looking at me with astonishment. I smiled, with ill-assumed nonchalance.

"It is very advantageous at—at—even this season of the year," I tampered, for I observed Miss Dudleigh's eye fixed on me like a ray of lightning.

"Yes—but they ought to have taken off my clothes first," said Mr. Dudleigh, with a shuddering motion. His daughter suddenly laid her hand on him, uttered a faint shriek, and fell back in her bed in a swoon. The dreadful scene of the morning was all acted over again. I think I should have rejoiced to see her expire on the spot; but, no! Providence has allotted her a further space, that she might drain the cup of sorrow to the dregs!

Tuesday, 18th July, 18—. I am still in attendance on poor unfortunate Miss Dudleigh. The scenes I have to encounter are often anguishing, and even heart-breaking. She lingers on, day after day and week after week in increasing pain!—By the bedside of the dying girl sits the figure of an elderly gray-haired man, dressed in neat and simple mourning—now, gazing into vacancy with "lack-lustre eye"—and then suddenly kissing her hand with childish eagerness, and chattering mere gibberish to her! It is her idiot father! Yes, he proves an irrecoverable idiot—but is uniformly quiet and inoffensive. We at first intended to have sent him to a neighbouring private institution for the reception of the insane; but poor Miss Dudleigh would not hear of it, and threatened to destroy herself, if her father was removed.

She insisted on his being allowed to continue with her, and consented that a proper person should be in constant attendance on him. She herself could manage him, she said! and so it proved. He is a mere child in her hands. If ever he is inclined to be mischievous or obstreperous—which is very seldom—if she do but say "hush!" or lift up her trembling finger, or fix her eye upon him reprovingly, he is instantly cowed, and runs up to her to "kiss and be friends." He often falls down on his knees, when he thinks he has offended her, and cries like a child. She will not

trust him out of her sight for more than a few moments together—except when he retires with his guardian, to rest;—and indeed he shows as little inclination to leave her. The nurse's situation is almost a sort of sinecure; for the anxious officiousness of Mr. Dudleigh leaves her little to do. He alone gives his daughter her medicine and food, and does so with requisite gentleness and tenderness. He has no notion of her real state—that she is dying; and finding that she could not succeed in her efforts gradually to apprise him of the event, which he always turned off with a smile of incredulity, she gives in to his humour, and tells him—poor girl!—that she is getting better! He has taken it into his head that she is to be married to Lord —, as soon as she recovers, and talks with high glee of the magnificent repairs going on at his former house in — Square! He always accompanies me to the door; and sometimes writes me cheques for £50—which of course is a delusion only—as he has no banker, and few funds to put in his hands; and at other times slips a shilling or sixpence into my hand at leaving—thinking, doubtless that he has given me a guinea.

Friday—The idea of Miss Dudleigh's rapidly approaching marriage continues still uppermost in her father's head; and he is incessantly pestering her to make preparations for the event. To-day he appealed to me, and complained that she would not order her wedding dress.

"Father, dear father!" said Miss Dudleigh faintly, laying her wasted hand on his arm,—"only be quiet a little, and I'll begin to make it!—I'll really set about it to-morrow!" He kissed her fondly, and then eagerly emptied his pockets of all the loose silver that was in them, telling her to take it and order the materials. I saw that there was something or other peculiar in the expression of Miss Dudleigh's eye, in saying what she did—as if some sudden scheme had suggested itself to her. Indeed the looks with which she constantly regards him, are such as I can find no adequate terms of description for. They bespeak blended anguish—apprehension—pity—love—in short, an expression that haunts me wherever I go. Oh what a scene of suffering humanity—a daughter's death-bed watched by an idiot father!

Monday.—I now knew what was Miss Dudleigh's meaning, in assenting to her father's proposal last Friday. I found, this morning, the poor dear girl engaged on her shroud!—It is of fine muslin, and she is attempting to sew and embroider it. The people about her did all they could to dissuade her; but there was at last no resisting her importunities. Yet—there she sits, poor thing, propped up by pillows, making frequent but feeble efforts to draw her needle through her gloomy work,—her father, the while, holding one end of the muslin, and watching her work with childish eagerness. Sometimes a tear will fall from her eyes while thus engaged. It did this morning. Mr. Dudleigh observed it, and, turning to me, said, with an arch smile, "Ah, ha!—how is it that young ladies always cry about being married?" Oh the look Miss Dudleigh gave me, as she suddenly dropped her work, and turned her head aside!

Saturday.—Mr. Dudleigh is hard at work making his daughter a cowslip wreath, out of some flowers given him by his keeper!