



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

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PUBLIC NOTICE

It is hereby given, that the ANNUAL TOWN MEETING of the Freeholders and Inhabitants of the Township of Pictou, will be held at the Court House, in the Town of Pictou,

ON MONDAY,

the FIFTEENTH day of JANUARY, next,
at 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

for the purpose of making provision for the support of the Poor of the said Township, for the ensuing year; and also, for Voting the Money required to be raised in the Town of Pictou, for Fire Engines, Pumps, Wells, Health Inspectors' Salary, &c. — of which said Meeting notice has otherwise been given, according to Law.

DANIEL DICKSON,
Treasurer, &c

Decr. 18, 1837.

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January 10, 1838.

SWEET HOME.

"Home, sweet home:—
There's no place like home."

How many respond to this tender and patriotic sentiment! It is heard, not only from the parour, in the soft *soprano* of the fashionable belle; from the street at midnight, in the lover's harmonious serenade to his mistress; upon the stage, and at the public halls, where music holds her devotees in rapt enchantment; but the merry cow boy and the ruddy milk maid have caught the waching note; the market man in his journey jog to the town, hums it along at morning twilight; and the busy husbandman, as he turns the rich, yielding mould, whistles it to the slow movement of his team. But there is a strange inconsistency after all, and practice is too much opposed to principle. The excellent sentiment of this song so thoughtlessly, it would seem, chanted by old and young, seems to meet with but little approval and correspondence in our conduct. Our ever restlessness, our perpetual longing for change, turning hither and thither, like a sick man labouring under some painful malady, will show if our music is anything more than 'tinkling brass and empty sound.' This love of home must be all affected. We sing of the pleasures and delights, we tell of the conveniences, the comforts, the advantages, and the numberless benefits enjoyed at the old *domet* of our fathers, the scenes of our youthful joys, where the old oaks still wave over the pasture lands, cheer us with the remembrance of the rich regales they afforded in days of yore. Still discontent with a restless spirit haunts us at every turn; "away, away!" is the continued echo in our ears, and an incurable desire to migrate and leave this "happy home" is perpetually the attendant of our bosoms.

Look at the young farmer, who might, if he would be happy. His prospects are fair; plenty surrounds him, and, if he only made due improvement of his opportunities, his condition would be enviable. But, alas! how reluctantly he moves over the homestead, where his father and grandfather were wont, for years, to cultivate the fields, and to receive in return the bountiful rewards of their toil! He tugs in the furrow of the old cornfield, he feels heavy at heart, he stops his team, and, seating himself upon his plough-beam, ruminates upon the joys and fancied delights of the far-west husbandman. He says to himself, "no ploughing, no manuring, no hoeing, no digging is there; but, in order to grow rich, you have only to will it, and it is done! Honors too, there crown the wish of every aspirant!" He starts up in the midst of his reverie, and resolves no longer to delve and to tug like a filly-horse upon the old, thread-bare domain of his ancestors. So he hastens to his father, and calls for the "portion of goods that falleth to him," that he may depart and seek a different home, a different fortune, declaring himself to be tired of perpetually labouring, while others grow rich with little exertion. No parental tears, no expostulations can avail against his inclination; but go he must, and go he does. Thus "sweet home" with its three hundred acres, which might suffice for three good farms, is contemptuously deserted by this foolish and inconsiderate young man. Westward he turns his course; but, unfortunately, when too late, discovers that even where the land is said to flow

with milk and honey, and wealth to crown every exertion, the wheat fields will not yield their increase, without cultivation; none can prosper without industry and steady application to business; and that, be where we may, bodily employment is necessary to health and peace of mind.

There are sundry causes for the above besetting evil, and they are signally prevalent at the present day. One is an eagerness to become rich at once, without the usual, wholesome, and proper means — Another is a contempt of manual labour. The latter displays itself more or less among all classes of people, but affects most injuriously the farmer. The honest and industrious husbandman who has, by means of economy and attention, arrived to that independence, so characteristic generally of New England yeomanry; viz, plenty to live on, and something laid up for casualty and misfortune, has a half dozen of stout, lusty sons. He brings them up "in the way they should go," giving them such education as the common town school affords, which is competent for all the purposes and business of common life, short of professional concerns. But as they arrive to the age of usefulness, and are capable of judging and taking some lead in the management of the farm, by some luckless incident or other, it may be from the visit of a city cousin, their heads are, all of a sudden, turned; their minds hitherto peaceful and happy, are filled with a thousand vagaries; a strange and inconsistent notion is planted, that it is dishonourable to be seen at work, labouring with the hands — especially the labour necessary to agriculture or horticulture; and this, forsooth, because of the dirt. For the hands to be soiled with dirt or to be toughened with the use of farming implements, is disgraceful, low, and unbecoming any one but hoolings and drudges. Thus, this new doctrine is received and foolishly credited. The consequence is disappointment and distress to the parent, and ruin to his once industrious and happy offspring. In their search for a living without bodily labour, they find it too true that "all is not gold that glitters;" they loose their early and valuable habits, and contract others which are alike detrimental to their morals and their health. The farm, which under proper management, might have supported them all, has been necessarily neglected; thistles, thorns, and brambles encompass it, and its income is now scarcely sufficient for the support of its aged occupants, the disheartened and solitary father and mother. Such is the effect of false pride, and the silly notion that manual labour is disgraceful.

An eager desire to gain a fortune suddenly, is another source of evil. Success may sometimes attend such speculators, but generally the riches so gained, are apt to "take wings and fly away," as hastily as they were obtained. When this passion seizes a young farmer, and a thousand *ignes fatui* are dancing around him, too often he is deaf to every warning voice, and nothing save fatal experience will bring him to reason. Suppose that he has settled down upon a rich alluvion in the western country, and by reason of his industry is in a thriving condition, abounding with plenty, how might it have been, had he resisted this love of change, and tarried upon the paternal lot? It is well understood now that the good management of a few acres, even a garden spot, is better than the