



"SUSTUM, ET TENACEM PROPOSITI VIRULI, NON CIVIUM ARDOR PRAVA JUBENTUM, NON VULIUS IN INFANIS TYRANNI MENTE QUATIT SOLIDA."

VOLUME I. PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 28, 1835. NUMBER XXXI.

THE BEE

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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.

PICTOU COUNTY TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

NOTICE is hereby given, that a Convention for the District of Pictou, will be held at the West River, in the Rev. J. Ross's Church, on Wednesday the 30th instant at 11 o'clock, A. M., agreeable to a recommendation of the Eastern Convention, and the different Societies interested are requested to appoint Delegates to attend the same.

J. DAWSON, Secretary.

7th Dec. 1835.

REMOVAL.

JAMES D. B. FRASER, DRUGGIST, has removed to the shop adjoining Mr. Yorton's, and directly opposite the store of D. Crichton & Son. September 15, 1835.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber having left this Province, has appointed Messrs. D. & T. McCULLOCH as his Agents, to whom all Accounts must be paid, they having power to grant discharges for the same.

JAMES MALCOLM.

Pictou, 7th December 1835.

NOTICE.

THERE is in possession of the subscriber, a lot of Sad Irons, which were shipped on board the schooner *Pictou*, from Halifax. The owner will please call, and pay freight, and take delivery of his goods. WILLIAM GRAHAM.

New Glasgow, Dec. 8th, 1835.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any just demands against the estate of the late DONALD CAMPBELL, of West River, farmer, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same duly attested, to the subscribers, within eighteen calendar months from this date; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to.

HUGH McDONALD, } Admr's.
JOHN McKAY, }

4th Dec. 1835.

CANADA FINE FLOUR, 'Phillip's brand,' for sale by ROSS & FRIAROSE.
24th Nov.

ON CONSIGNMENT.

6 CASKS Herbert's Liquid and Paste SHOE BLACKING—cheap for Cash. Apply to the Subscriber. JAS. DAWSON.
Pictou, 16th September, 1835

THE LIE OF BENEVOLENCE.

A STORY.

[Every species of lying is deserving of reprobation. This is a sentiment to which, doubtless, all correct-thinking persons will respond, yet there can be no doubt that many excellent and well-disposed individuals do not scruple, on certain occasions, and under particular circumstances, to lie, either direct terms, or by implication. In such cases it is generally represented that the end sanctions the means; they perhaps say that they conceal the truth in order to prevent mischief, which is a most dangerous principle to act upon, and one which very frequently leads to the disclosure of the very circumstances they were desirous to conceal, and in a way more fatal to their peace. Of the effects of this kind of falsehood, called the LIE OF BENEVOLENCE, we present the following Story:—]

EDGAR VERNON was the son of the vicar of a small parish in Westmoreland, and was distinguished above all his brothers for his aptitude in learning, general cleverness, and generosity of disposition. These good qualities were, however, of no avail, on account of the restlessness and daringness of his disposition, which rendered him insubordinate to discipline, and threatened to ruin his prospects in the world. With the view of curbing his impetuous temper, his father at length resolved to send him to a public school at a distance from his home; and to this seminary he was consequently dispatched. This step was not taken without exciting painful emotions. The tender-hearted father and mother wept as they parted from their dearly beloved boy, while Edgar, overcome by the scene, uttered words of tender contrition, which spoke comfort to the minds of his parents when they beheld him no longer.

But, short were the hopes which that parting hour had excited. In a few months the master of the school wrote to complain of the insubordination of his new pupil. In his next letter he declared that he should soon be under the necessity of expelling him; and Edgar had not been at school six months before he prevented the threatened expulsion, only by running away, no one knew whither! Nor was he heard of by his family for four years, during which time, not even the dutiful affection of their other sons, nor their success in life, had power to heal the breaking heart of the mother, nor cheer the depressed spirits of the father. At length the prodigal returned, ill, meagre, pennyless, and penitent, and was received, and forgiven. "But where hast thou been, my child, this long time?" said his mother, tenderly weeping, as she gazed on his pale sunk cheek. "Ask me no questions! I am here; that is enough," Edgar Vernon replied, "Laddering as he spoke." "It is enough!" cried his mother, throwing herself on his neck! "for this, my son, was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found!" But the father felt and thought differently; he knew that it was his duty to interrogate his son, and he resolved to insist on knowing where and how those long four years had been passed. He resolved, however, to delay his questions till his Edgar's health was re-established; and when that time arrived, he told him that he expected to know all that had befallen him since he ran away from school. "Spare me till to-morrow," said Edgar Vernon, "and then you shall know all." His father acquiesced; but the next morning Edgar had disappeared, leaving the following letter behind him:

"I cannot, dare not, tell you what a wretch I have been! though I own your right to demand such a confession from me. Therefore, I must become a wanderer again! Pray for me, dearest and tenderest of mothers! Pray for me, best of fathers and of men! I dare not pray for myself, for I am a vile and wretched sinner, though your grateful and affectionate son, E. V." Though this letter nearly drove the mother to distraction, it contained for the father a degree of soothing comfort.

How had those four years been passed by Edgar Vernon—that important period of a boy's life, the years from fourteen to eighteen? Suffice it that, under a feigned name, in order that he might not be traced, he had entered on board a merchant ship; that he had left it after he had made one voyage; that he was taken into the service of what is called a sporting character, whom he had met on board ship, who saw that Edgar had talents and spirit which he might render serviceable to his own pursuits. This man, finding he was the son of a gentleman, treated him as such, and initiated him gradually into the various arts of gambling, and the vices of the metropolis, but one night they were both surprised by the officers of justice at a noted gaming house; and, after a desperate scuffle, Edgar escaped wounded, and nearly killed, to a house in the suburbs. There he remained till he was safe from pursuit, and then, believing himself in danger of dying, he longed for the comfort of his paternal roof, he also longed for paternal forgiveness, and the prodigal returned to his forgiving parents.

But as this was a tale which Edgar might well shrink from relating to a pure and pious father, flight was far easier than such a confession. His father, however, continued to hope for his reformation, and was therefore little prepared for the next intelligence of his son, which reached him through a private channel. A friend wrote to inform him that Edgar was taken up for having passed forged notes, knowing them to be forgeries; that he would soon be fully committed to prison for trial, and would be tried with his accomplices at the ensuing assizes for Middlesex.

At first, even the firmness of Vernon yielded to the stroke, and he was bowed low to the earth. But the conflicting Christian struggled against the sorrows of the suffering father, and overcame them, till at last he was able to exclaim, "I will go to him! I will go near him at his trial! I will be near him even at his death, if death be his portion! And, no doubt, I shall be permitted to awaken him to a sense of his guilt. Yes, I may be permitted to see him expire contrite before God and man, and calling on his name who is able to save to the uttermost!" But just as he was setting off for Middlesex, his wife, who had long been declining, was to all appearance so much worse, that he could not leave her. She, having had suspicions that all was not right with Edgar, contrived to discover the truth, which had been kindly, but erroneously, concealed from her, and had sunk under the sudden, unmitigated blow; and the welcome intelligence that the prosecutor had withdrawn the charge, came at a moment when the sorrows of the bereaved husband had closed the father's heart against the voice of gladness.

"This good news came too late to save thee, poor victim!" he exclaimed, as he knelt beside the corpse.