



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

VOLUME I.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, DEC'R 16, 1835.

NUMBER XXX.

THE BEE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
BY JAMES DAWSON,

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.

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.

STAVES, BOARDS, &c. &c.

WANTED.—Pine and White Ash BARREL STAVES; HOOPS; Pine and White Ash BOARDS; 1 1/4 inch FLOORING; LATHS, &c—apply immediately to
A. D. GORDON.
9th Dec. 1835. u-w

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.

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. r-w

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. tf

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'
or sold by
ROSS & PRIMROSE.
4th Nov. tf

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

A WORD TO THE MERCILESS.

THE practices of bull and bear baiting have for many years been abandoned, and dog and cock fighting are now, we believe, nearly extinct, except privately, and under the peculiar auspices of the idle and dissolute; yet we doubt very much, if in the present day there be on the whole more mercy shown to the animal creation generally than in former times. With respect to the nourishing and coddling of lapdogs, parrots, canaries, squirrels, and cockatoos, the system has been always nearly alike from the time of Queen Elizabeth downwards, these creatures being apparently neither better nor worse treated than their predecessors were two hundred years since. The condition of other animals not classed under the head of pets, has always been and still is discreditable to humanity. Here, general civilization seems to have effected little or nothing beneficial; perhaps in some instances we have retrograded from the kindly usages of our ancestors; and it is at least certain that in this respect the behaviour of the ignorant Hindoo or the Arab of the desert would shame that of persons laying claim to the highest cultivation of intellect.

Some years ago, when a gentleman of benevolent feelings carried a bill through Parliament to prevent cruelty to animals, his excellent intentions, strange to say, were made the subject of ridicule; and till the present hour, such is the extreme indifference on all sides displayed both by those who are in and out of authority, that cruelties are daily committed on the streets of our large towns and elsewhere, without calling forth either remark or commiseration. We cannot but think that the present age, with all its modifications in barbarism, is still wonderfully affected with a taste for savage indulgences. This taste, however, to do justice to society, is demonstrated principally among what are usually styled the highest and the lowest ranks—in one case from idleness, in the other from sheer ignorance or obtuseness of feeling. In recent times, several instances have occurred of wealthy and tender-hearted ladies providing endowments for the preaching of annual sermons on the subject of cruelty to animals, but this, it may be presumed, is a hopeless mode of curing so aggravated an evil; for it is doubtful if any one attends these selections whose feelings require to be prompted to a better treatment of the humble assistants of man in his various avocations. It is not by such means, we fear, that the horse-jockey on the one hand, or the coal-carter and cattle-driver on the other, are to have their feelings humanised. To reform their practices, the mode of cure must be somewhat more effectual.

Ignorance, and of course false reasoning, are frequently the main basis of those sufferings which many individuals cause the animal race to endure. Ignorance, which is the mother of every mischief, is conspicuously busy in depreciating the character and physically torturing some of the most useful creatures which we have subjected to our control. Let us, for example, mention the case of the ass. This most valuable, though humble assistant in man's labours, has met with singular ingratitude for its untiring services. Upon it has been heaped every kind of obloquy, every kind of misusage. While assiduously working in behalf of its master, it has been kicked,

beaten, starved, and its very name made a reproach. Surely this is but an inglorious triumph of man over the lower animals. Yet it is seemingly a triumph. It is the boastful conquest of the tyrant over the slave, who is unable to defend himself. The lion has been called the king of the brutes; but it would be difficult to say why it has gained this pre-eminence, unless ferocity, strength, and dignity of aspect, are to be considered the tests of superiority. There is but too great a disposition among human beings to admire the beautiful and the lofty, or even the gaudy and the pompous, and to neglect in proportion the simply useful. The glitter and misspent talent of certain kinds of shameless and trivial literature, engage more of the popular affections, and produce more reputation, than the writings of those men who have done most for the good of their kind. The opera-dancer is more liberally rewarded than many members of the learned professions. We admire the pageantry of war—love to gaze upon the splendour of military array, forgetting the while that it ever has been, and never can be any thing else than, productive of private misery and national impoverishment. The richly decorated and well-accoutred soldier, who spends more than half his life in a state of mental vacuity, lounging in listless idleness along our fashionable promenades, is reckoned a being far more deserving of our admiration and esteem, than the humble schoolmaster, the "vulgar shopkeeper," or any other "mean-spirited animal," who is engaged in honest labour, and by his industry contributes to the said soldier's support. We make a pet of a worthless parrot for its rich plumage, and cast not a thought upon the sober and productive hen. The lion, which never did a good action from the day of its creation, has met with nothing but universal reverence and eulogy, while the poor ass, whose race records a history of unintermitting usefulness, has been treated with an equal share of abuse and contempt. "Hard usage is this indeed," may the ill-treated Master Neddy say to his owners, "I have toiled for you for years, both in and out of season. I have exerted all my humble ability in your service. Many is the time I have endured cold, wet, and hunger, without complaint; yet, for all my services and sufferings, I am treated with contempt, because I have not the power to resent my wrongs; I am made an object of ridicule because nature has denied me the elegant form of the horse, or the ferocity of the lion or the tiger." It can scarcely be denied that there would be something like justice in such a lamentation from the hard-wrought, scurvilg treated donkey.

It is unfortunate for both the ass and horse creation that most of those persons who come in contact with them are inapproachable either by the censures of the press or the pulpit. They cannot be said to fall within the scope of literature. Civilization seems to have a difficulty in reaching them. "What! shall I not do with my own horse as I like?" is the indignant exclamation of many of those who are challenged for their cruelties. Acting on this extreme principle, how many thousands of carters shut out every thing like mercy from their breasts, and both torture and starve the poor animals over which they claim a supreme authority! The French are described as people generally kind to their horses. They incite them by smart reverberating cracks of the whip, and address them