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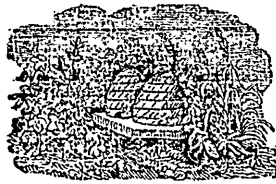
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"SUSTUM, ET TENACEM PROPOSITI VIRULI, NON CIVIUM ARDOR PRAVA JUBENTUM, NON VULIUS IN INFANIS TYRANNI MENTE QUATIT SOLIDA."

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

THE BEE

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; whenover 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, 8s. 6d., each continuation 1s. for a square and under, 6s., 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.

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 unamenable 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

of her whom he had loved so long and so tenderly; "and I feel that I cannot, cannot yet rejoice in it as I ought."

Meanwhile, Edgar Vernon, when unexpectedly liberated from what he knew to be certain danger to his life, resolved, on the ground of having been falsely taken up, and as an innocent, injured man, to visit his parents; for he had heard of his mother's illness, and his heart yearned to behold her once more. But it was only in the dark hour that he dared venture to approach his home: and it was his intention to discover himself at first to his mother only. Accordingly, the grey personage was scarcely visible in the shadows of twilight, when he reached the gate that led to the back door, at which he gently knocked, but in vain. No one answered his knock, all was still within and around. What could this mean? He then walked round the house, and looked in at the window; all there was dark and quiet as the grave; but the church bell was tolling, while alarmed, awed, and overpowered, he leaned against the gate. At this moment he saw two men rapidly pass along the road, saying, "I fear we shall be too late for the funeral! I wonder how the poor old man will bear it, for he loved his wife dearly!" "Ay; and so he did that wicked boy, who has been the death of her," replied the other.

Those words shot like an arrow through the not yet callous heart of Edgar Vernon, and, throwing himself on the ground, he groaned aloud in his agony; but the next minute, with the speed of desperation, he ran towards the church, and reached it just as the service was over, the mourners departing, and as his father was borne away, nearly insensible, in the arms of his virtuous sons.

At such a moment Edgar was able to enter the church unheeded, for all eyes were on his afflicted parent; and the self-convicted culprit dared not force himself, at a time like that, on the notice of the father whom he had so grievously injured. But his poor bursting heart felt that it must vent its agony or break; and ere the coffin was lowered into the vault, he rushed forward, and, throwing himself across it, called upon his mother's name, in an accent so piteous and appalling, that the assistants, though they did not recognise him at first, were unable to drive him away, so awed, so affected were they by the agony which they witnessed.

At length he rose up and endeavoured to speak, but in vain; then, holding his clenched fists to his forehead, he screamed out "Heaven preserve my senses!" and rushed from the church with all speed of desperation. Casting one long lingering look at the abode of his childhood, he fled for ever from the house of mourning, humiliation, and safety.

In a few days however, he wrote to his father, detailing his reasons for visiting home, and all the agonies which he had experienced during his short stay. Full of consolation was this letter to that bereaved and mourning heart! For to him it seemed the language of contrition; and he lamented that his beloved wife was not alive to share in the hope which it gave him. "Would that he had come, or would now come to me!" he exclaimed; but the letter had no date, and he knew not whither to send an invitation. But where was he, and what was he at that period? In gambling-houses, at cock-fights, sparring matches, fairs, and in every scene where profligacy prevailed the most; while at all these places he had a pre-eminence in skill which endeared these pursuits to him, and made his occasional contrition powerless to influence him to amendment of life. He therefore continued to disregard the warning voice within him, till at length it was no longer heeded.

One night, when on his way to Y—, where races were to succeed the assizes, which had just commenced, he stopped at an inn to refresh his horse; and, being hot with riding, and depressed by some recent losses at play, he drank very freely of the spirits which he had ordered. At this moment he saw a schoolfellow of his in the bar, who, like himself, was on his way to Y—. This young man was of a coarse, unfeeling nature, and, having had a fortune left him, was full of the consequence of newly acquired wealth. Therefore, when Edgar Vernon impulsively approached him, and, putting his hands out, asked how he did, Dunham brightly drew back, put his hands behind him, and, in the hearing of several persons, replied, "I do not know you, sir!" "Not know me, Dunham!" cried Edgar Vernon, turning very pale. "That is to say, I do not choose to know you." "And why not?" cried Edgar, seizing his arm, and with a look of menace. "Because—because—I do not choose to know a man who murdered his mother." "Murdered his mother!" cried the bystanders, holding up their hands, and regarding Edgar Vernon with a look of horror. "Wretch!" cried he, seizing Dunham in his powerful grasp. "explain yourself this moment, or"—"Then take your fingers from my throat!" Edgar did so; and Dunham said, "I meant only that you broke your mother's heart by your ill conduct; and, pray, was not that murdering her?" While he

was saying this, Edgar Vernon stood with folded arms, rolling his eyes wildly from one of the bystanders to another, and seeing, as he behoved, disgust towards him in the countenances of them all. When Dunham had finished speaking, Edgar wrung his hands in agony, saying, "True, most true, I am a murderer! I am a parricide!" Then, suddenly drinking off a large glass of brandy near him, he quitted the room, and, mounting his horse, rode off at full speed. Aim and object in view, he had none; he was only trying to ride from himself—trying to escape from those looks of horror and aversion which the remarks of Dunham had provoked. But what right had Dunham so to provoke him.

After he had put this question to himself, the image of Dunham, scornfully rejecting his hand, alone took possession of his remembrance, till he thirsted for revenge; and the irritation of the moment urged him to seek it immediately.

The opportunity, as he rightly suspected, was in his power; Dunham would soon be coming that way on his way to Y—, and he would meet him. He did so; and, riding up to him, seized the bridle of his horse, exclaiming, "You have called me a murderer, Dunham, and you were right; for though I loved my mother dearly, and would have died for her, I killed her by my wicked course of life!" "Well, well; I know that," replied Dunham, "so let me go; for I tell you I do not like to be seen with such as you. Let me go, I say!"

He did let him go; but it was as the tiger lets go its prey, to spring on it again. A blow from Edgar's nervous arm knocked the rash insu-ru from his horse.

In another minute Dunham lay on the road, a bleeding corpse; and the next morning officers were out in pursuit of the murderer. That wretched man was soon found, and soon secured. Indeed he had not desired to avoid pursuit; but as soon as the irritation of drunkenness and revenge had subsided, the agony of remorse took possession of his soul, and he confessed his crime with tears of the bitterest penitence. To be brief: Edgar Vernon was carried into that city as a menaced criminal, which he expected to leave as a successful gambler; and before the end of the assizes, he was condemned to death.

He made a full confession of his guilt before the judge pronounced condemnation; gave a brief statement of the provocation which he received from the deceased; blaming himself at the same time for his criminal revenge, in so heart-rending a manner, and lamenting so pathetically the disgrace and misery in which he had involved his father and family, that every heart was melted to compassion; and the judge wept, while he passed on him the awful sentence of the law.

His conduct in prison was so exemplary, that it proved he had not forgotten his father's precepts, though he had not acted upon them; and his brothers, for whom he sent, found him in a state of mind which afforded them the only and best consolation. This contrite lowly Christian state of mind accompanied him to the awful end of his existence; and it might justly be said of him, that "nothing in his life became him like the losing of it."

Painful, indeed, was the anxiety of Edgar and his brothers, lest their father should learn this horrible circumstance; but as the culprit was arraigned under a feigned name, and as the crime, trial, and execution had taken, and would take up, so short a period of time, they flattered themselves that he would never learn how and where Edgar died, but would implicitly believe what was told him. They therefore wrote him word that Edgar had been taken ill at an inn, near London, on his road home; that he had sent for them; and they had little hopes of his recovery. They followed this letter of benevolent lies as soon as they could, to inform him that all was over.

The sight of their mournings on their return, told the tale to their father which he dreaded to hear, yet which he would at the time have borne up against; and wringing his hands in silence, he left the room, but soon returned, and, with surprising composure, said, "Well, now I can bear to hear particulars." Now was the time for their telling the real state of the case; but unfortunately the truth was not told. In a short time, the sorely tried father regained a degree of cheerfulness, and he expressed a wish to visit, during the summer months, an old college friend who lived in Yorkshire. This the sons entirely disapproved of, from a secret dread that he might possibly learn the real fate of his diseased child. However, as he was bent on going, they could not find a sufficient excuse for preventing it, and he set off by the stage-coach on his journey.

The coach stopped at an inn outside the city of York; and as Vernon was not disposed to eat any dinner, he strolled along the road, till he came to a small church, pleasantly situated, and entered the churchyard to read, as was his custom, the inscriptions on the tombstones. While thus engaged, he saw a man filling up a new-made grave, and enter-

ed into a conversation with him. He found it was the sexton himself, and he drew from him several anecdotes of the persons interred around them. During this conversation they had walked over the whole of the ground, when, just as they were going to leave the spot, the sexton stopped to pluck some weeds from a grave near the corner of it, and Vernon stopped also; taking hold, as he did so, of a small willow sapling, planted near the corner itself.

As the man rose from his occupation, and saw where Vernon stood, he smiled significantly, and said, "I planted that willow; and it is on a grave, though the grave is not marked out." "Indeed!" "Yes; it is the grave of a murderer." "Of a murderer!" echoed Vernon, instinctively shuddering, and moving away from it. "Yes," resumed he, "of a murderer who was hanged at York. Poor lad! it was very right that he should be hanged; but he was not a hardened villain—and he died so penitent! and as I knew him when he used to visit where I was groom, I could not help planting this tree, for old acquaintance' sake." Here he drew his hand across his eyes. "Then he was not a low-born man?" "Oh no; his father was a clergyman, I think." "Indeed! poor man: was he living at the time?" said Vernon, deeply sighing. "Oh yes; for his poor son did so fret, lest his father should ever know what he had done; for he said he was an angel upon earth, and he could not bear to think how he would grove; for, poor lad! he loved his father and his mother too, though he did so badly." "Is his mother living?" "No; if she had, he would have been alive; but his evil courses broke her heart; and it was because the man he killed reproached him for having murdered his mother, that he was provoked to murder him." "Poor, rash, mistaken youth! then he had provocation?" "Oh yes, the greatest; but he was very sorry for what he had done; and it would have broken your heart to hear him talk of his poor father." "I am glad I did not hear him," said Vernon hastily, and in a faltering voice (for he thought of Edgar). "And yet, sir, it would have done your heart good too." "Then he had virtuous feelings, and loved his father amidst all his errors?" "Ay." "And I dare say his father loved him, in spite of his faults?" "I dare say he did," replied the man; "for one's children are our own flesh and blood, you know, sir, after all that is said and done; and maybe this young fellow was spoiled in the bringing up." "Perhaps so," said Vernon, sighing deeply. "However, this poor lad made a very good end." "I am very glad of that!—and he lies here?" continued Vernon, gazing on the spot with deepening interest, and moving nearer to it as he spoke. "Peace be to his soul—but was he not disinterred?" "Yes; but his brothers got leave to have the body after dissection. They came to me; and we buried it privately at night." "His brothers came!—and who were his brothers?" "Merchants, in London; and it was a sad cut on them, but they took care that their father should not know it." "No!" cried Vernon, turning sick at heart. "Oh no; they wrote him word that his son was ill; then went to Westmoreland, and—" "Tell me," interrupted Vernon, gasping for breath, and laying his hand on his arm, "tell me the name of this poor youth!" "Why, he was tried under a false name, for the sake of his family; but his real name was Edgar Vernon!"

The agonized parent drew back, shuddered violently, and repeatedly, casting up his eyes to heaven at the same time with a look of mingled appeal and resignation. He then rushed to the obscure spot which covered the bones of his son, threw himself upon it, and stretched his arms over it, as if embracing the unconscious deposit beneath while his head rested on the grass, and he neither spoke nor moved. But he uttered one groan—then all was stillness!

His terrified and astonished companion remained motionless for a few moments, then stooped to raise him. But the paternal heart, broken by the sudden shock, had suffered, and breathed its last.

LEAP YEAR.—The coming year, 1836, will be a bessextile or leap year. It is a most important year to all unmarried people, as in it is the especial prerogative of ladies, to make love to the gentlemen, and the duty of gentlemen, under severe penalties, to accept and reciprocate the proffers of love from the other sex. The authority for this information is found in an old volume, entitled, "Courtship, Love, and Matrimony," printed in the year 1606, which has lately fallen into the possession of the Editor of the N. Y. Transcript, & from which the annexed extract is made:

"Albeit, it is now become a part of the Common Law, in regard to the social relations of life, that as often as every bessextile year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they may do either by words, or looks, as unto them it seemeth proper; and moreover, no man will be entitled unto the benefit of Clergy who doth refuse the offers of a lady, or doth treat her proposal with slight or contumely."

FOREIGN.

LONDON, October 18.

Intelligence from Spain is against the Queen's cause, and clearly proves that the voice of the people predominates in favour of Don Carlos, as will be seen by the following extract of a despatch forwarded by General Guergue to the Minister of War, dated Head-quarters, Llers, October 7:

"Excellent Sir,—I can now with safety assure your Excellency that nearly the whole of the province of Catalonia is prepared to take up arms in order to defend the cause of our beloved Monarch. Already have the different chiefs under their orders 15,000 well-armed men, well organized in battalions, and 20,000 men in guerillas. We are now in possession of the whole of the plain of Vich, extending five leagues in length and two leagues in width. Between the 3d and 6th of the present month, we have made ourselves masters of Baga, La Pabla, Torà, Guisonn, and Calaf. Yesterday we laid siege to Pratz de Llusanes. Yegueras, sooner or later, must fall into my hands. You will find all that I have above stated, as well as that which I have previously sent you, confirmed. We occupy with the greatest security the all-important point of La Junquera, from whence I have established a line of Custom Houses. God protect your Excellency."

The news from France comprises an account of the discovery of another intended plot for the assassination of Louis Philippe. This is scarcely to be wondered at. A machine so monstrous in its character as the "Infernal" one, was sure to suggest imitation, or to lead to the conception of some act of horror that would not otherwise have been meditated. It was hoped that the King's journey to and from Fontainebleau, would have furnished an opportunity of putting this new scheme of assassination into practice, but it exploded in time to save all but its originators; several of whom, or persons so suspected, have been arrested.

The conferences at Toplitz have terminated. Immediately on their conclusion the Sovereigns took their departure for Prague, where it was expected they would remain for several days. So ends this meeting of Monarchs: a meeting which, to all appearance, has been uninterrupted by political discordance, which seems to have ended as harmoniously, and which has at least afforded a grand popular holiday. The subjects to which the attention of the Royal diplomatists had been directed during the discussion can only at present be guessed at: there is little doubt however, that the affairs of Spain, the settlement of Belgium, and the approaching marriage of the young Queen of Portugal with the Prince of Saxe Coburg, the nephew of the King of the Belgians, were among the most prominent features of the conference.

MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.—We learn that the Duke of Saxe Coburg, has accepted for his son the proposal of marriage with the Queen of Portugal, and a courier has been dispatched to Lisbon with the marriage contract as approved by him.—The young prince will go to Lisbon in April, by Brussels and London; during the winter he will study the Portuguese language. He already speaks the Latin, French, English, Italian and Hungarian languages, with facility and elegance.

A Saxon geologist has discovered an enormous seam of coal in Eubœa, and estimates its possible extent to amount to 35 millions of cwt. The importance of this sable treasure is so much the greater to Greece as the Mediterranean has hitherto been supplied with

coals exclusively from Great Britain, and the Greeks already see in vision the transfer of the coal trade from the pits of Lambton, to the isles of Greece.

The world may soon expect a more elaborate and accurate account of the remains of Pompeii than any which has hitherto appeared, as the French Government has now an architect taking plans and drawings of every street of the unruined city, which are to be engraved, accompanied by suitable letter-press.

All the accounts from the East concur in stating that the Sultan, now that he is relieved from uneasiness on the side of Albania, is preparing a great effort to recover all that he has lost from Mehemet Ali in Syria, and probably even to carry the war into Egypt itself. As pledges of success he is promised the direct support of Russia, and the indirect aid and countenance of England and France, though one cannot very well understand the combination of interests which can place the two maritime powers by the side of the Autocrat in any struggle in the East.

TEXAS.—The intelligence from the seat of war in Texas is not important this week. All however who are interested in that fine country, are anxious to learn the fate of General Cos, who, according to the last accounts was blockaded by Col. Austin in the town of St. Antonio, sometimes called Bexar. General Cos seems to have committed a military fault in advancing 150 miles into the hostile country, without securing his rear. By this error he has allowed Goliad to be taken, and his retreat in that direction cut off. Nothing but a victory over the Texans or a speedy reinforcement can rescue him, and in default of these he must ere long make a retrograde and rapid march upon the Rio Bravo del Norte by the upper road and reach Mexico in that direction, or surrender. Many are of opinion that he will never make his escape from his present position, but as he is provided with cavalry and artillery, and his opponents are not—and as his retreat will lay over a clear and for the most part level country, he ought to be able to fall back without material loss. At all events, as we said before, nothing but victory or immediate and strong reinforcements can save him from the necessity of precipitate flight.—*N. Y. Albion, Dec. 5.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

LONDON, Oct. 27.

THE REVENUE.—By the returns of the Revenue for the quarter ended on Saturday last, there appears, upon a comparison of the present financial year with the last, a deficiency of income to the amount of £1,084,600 against the former; whilst on the two quarters ending respectively the 10th of October 1834 and 1835, there appears an increase of receipts in favour of the latter to the amount of £344,222: the dissimilarity of produce of the two first years is occasioned by reduction of the assessed taxes, under which head there is apparent a defalcation of £992,198 upon the year, and £153,594 upon the quarter, making together £1,145,792. In other respects the account of the two years and quarters are nearly alike. The amount of Exchequer bills required for the service of the quarter is estimated at £4,016,186.

The Queen has directed a medal, having the King's head on one side and her Majesty's on the other, to be sent to the Rev. R. Montgomery, author of the "Omnipresence of the Deity," &c., in return for a copy of the "Messiah," transmitted by Mr M. to her Majesty.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 28.

PROPOSED PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.—A meeting is to be held to-morrow, in the Am-


phitheatre, for the purpose of taking measures for the formation of a Protestant Association in this town.

Rumour says that there is a complete schism between Lord Brougham and the Ministers, which will be disclosed soon after Parliament assembles.

THE GREENLAND FISHERY.—We regret to learn from the accounts received, that the Greenland fisheries will prove nearly a total failure; few ships averaging more than two fish each. This caused a rapid advance in the prices of all qualities of oil in London.

TO LET.


AND IMMEDIATE POSSESSION GIVEN:

 **TWO ROOMS** and part of the CELLAR, in that house formerly A. G. McKay's, adjoining the residence of Mr. Geo. Craig, on the upper side of Church Street.

ALSO:

 **ALL that HOUSE** lately occupied by John Adamson, on Water Street.

ALSO:

 **ALL that HOUSE** lately in the occupation of Edw'd Roach, Esq. This House is calculated for two families, and can be had in separate divisions or in whole.

The Rent for the two first mentioned premises will be required to be paid monthly, and for the last quarterly.

Apply at the Office of the Subscriber,


THOMAS DICKSON.

December 12

b-w.

TO BE SOLD

BY PRIVATE CONTRACT,

 **That valuable and well known property,** near the centre of the town of Pictou, part of the real estate of the late John Dawson, Esquire, deceased; consisting of the Eastern half of the

LARGE HOUSE AND LOT,

at present occupied by Mr. James Skinner and Dr. Martin, and the Lot and Wing adjoining, occupied by Mr. Thomas Fraser, as a paint shop.

This property admeasures, on Water Street, forty feet, on Kempt Street, eighty feet, and can be disposed of in one lot, or divided, and sold in two lots. A warranted title will be given, and terms of payment liberal.

For Particulars, please apply to

ABRAM PATTERSON.

Pictou, 18th Dec'r, 1835.

tf

PICTOU PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

APPLES, Am.	per bbl.	20s a 22s 6d.
BOARDS, Pine,	per M	50s a 60s
" Hemlock,	do.	30s a 40s
BEEF, fresh,	per lb.	2d a 3d
BUTTER		8d a 9d "
CHEESE, N. S.	per lb.	5d a 6d
COALS, at the Mines		13s per chal.
" Shipped on board		14s 6d "
" at the wharf, (Town)		16s "
COKE	per chal.	16s
CODFISH	per Qtl.	12s a 14s
EGGS	per doz.	8d
FLOUR, N. S.	per cwt.	16s a 18s
" Am. S. F.	per bbl.	none
" Canada fine "		40s
HAY	per ton	40
HERRINGS, No. 1.		25s
No. 2.		20s
MACRAREL		30s
MUTTON	per lb.	3d. a 3 1-2d.
OAT MEAL	per cwt.	12s 6d a 14s
OATS	per bush.	none
PORK	per lb.	3d
POTATOES	per bush.	1s. a 1s 3d
SALT	per hhd.	10s a 11s
SHINGLES	per M	7s a 10s
TALLOW	per lb.	7d a 8d
TURNIPS	per bush.	1s 6d

AGRICULTURAL.

From the New England Farmer.
FARMER'S WORK.

Do every thing at the proper time. Keep every thing in its proper place. Use every thing for its proper purpose. Never think any part of your business of too little consequence to be thoroughly performed.

If your milch cows are fed with roots, and are provided with good warm stables, you may make as good, and almost as much butter in winter as in summer. Some, however, complain that it is almost impossible to churn cream into butter in cold weather. But if you warm the cream to a proper temperature, before attempting to churn it, you may convert it into butter, almost or quite as easy in winter as in summer. In order to prove this assertion, we will give our readers an extract from a valuable article, written by the Rev. W. Allen, of North Andover, Mass. and published in the N. E. Farmer, vol. xiii. p. 210.

"Having thought much on this subject, (making butter in cold weather,) and experiencing all the results of which others complain, I have been led to the conclusion, which experiments have confirmed, that there is a certain degree of heat, could it be ascertained, to which the cream might be raised, which would ensure a quick process in the formation and separation of the butter from the whey or the milk, at the same time preserve the quality of the butter, and prevent the frothiness and softness, which is the never failing result of long continued churning.

"To ascertain the degree of heat necessary to ensure a short process, we heated the cream to about 72 or 73 degrees,—this, with heat in the churn, which was scalded with boiling water, gave to the cream about 75 degrees heat. In six or seven trials, during the months of November and December, the longest process in churning was twenty minutes, the shortest ten. The butter has been uniformly sweet and hard, and in nothing inferior to that made in October, except in color. The last churning was on the 30th of December last. I attended to the whole process carefully. The cream, when first put into the churn, was 80 degrees, I waited till the heat had fallen to 75, and immediately began the operation. The butter was formed, and ready to take out of the churn, in just ten minutes. By the way, I use, and have, for several years, a rocking churn, and think it the best, all things taken into view, that has ever been in use in New England." * * *

"Let every farmer purchase a thermometer,—he will save in one year enough in labour and butter, to pay for it, besides the gratification of having always good butter, and plenty of it, in the winter, provided he has the material to make it of."

MAKE FRIENDS OF YOUR DOMESTIC ANIMALS. —No animals will thrive unless they are perfectly easy and comfortable; with no hardships to endure, no vexations to annoy, and no tyrants to harass, or prevent their perfect tameness and domestication. If they are as much afraid of their owner or feeder as they would be of a catamount, they will not thrive on the best of food. Or, if the younger and weaker animals, are hooked, gored, and pushed about by the stronger beasts, they will not thrive, though fed on the fat of the land, and enjoying all the luxury of which their kind and condition are susceptible. It is necessary also that they should be well lodged as well as well fed. If they are exposed to the peltings of the pitiless element, their thriving would be out of the question, if they fared sumptuously on pound cake and plum pudding. If farmers do not think of, and attend to all these

things, they may about as well omit them all, and try some other means for obtaining a livelihood, in which inattention to small matters might not involve consequences of so much magnitude.

It is very important that cow houses and cattle stables should be kept very clean and well littered. Dung left in stables soon renders the air unwholesome, and is the cause of disorder. Cows in a stable should be allowed a square space of at least six feet each way for each cow. Two or three ventilators near the ground on the north side afford, at a trifling expence, an excellent way of renewing and sweetening the air in stables in the summer time, and if similar ventilators are placed on the south side in the winter, beneficial consequences would result. These ventilators may be closed, when necessary, by sliding doors, or small bundles of hay or straw will do for want of something better.


See that your calves, colts, and young cattle, are particularly well fed in the early part of the season. Cut straw about as short as oats, and mixed with oats, barley, or Indian meal, makes excellent food for horses or cattle. Cattle will fatten or thrive the better for being indulged with variety in their food; sometimes being fed with roots, cut straw, oil cake, steamed or boiled messes of chaff, &c. in preference to keeping them always on the best of hay.

SEED WHEAT.

An amusing and instructive anecdote was related to me of a farmer in Vermont, to whom his neighbours were accustomed to resort, for the purpose of procuring their seed wheat: as he was able to supply them with that which was very superior in its appearance, productiveness, and early maturity, which he was accustomed to call barrel wheat, and which readily commanded three dollars per bushel, when other wheat was sold for one dollar, and one dollar and a quarter. The secret was at last discovered. He used, before thrashing his wheat, to select the best sheaves, and striking them over the head of a barrel, three or four times before laying them down to be thrashed, obtained in this way a superior seed. As in this way the largest and earliest ripe kernels would be shaken out, and fall into the barrel, he obtained what might be considered a selected seed, which he denominated his 'barrel wheat;' and which the farmers until they learnt how to do it for themselves, found their advantage in purchasing.—Henry Colman.

TO BE LET,

WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION,

 THAT Dwelling HOUSE, and GARDEN, and also the SHOP, lately occupied by Mr James Beaton, tailor. The house is well adapted for a small family. For Particulars apply to the Subscriber, who offers

FOR SALE,

1. That valuable LOT of LAND, on Sutherland River, Merigomish, formerly possessed by Hugh Skinner, containing 260 acres, and on which there is one of the best MILL SEATS in the Province.

2. That HOUSE and LOT on Colerain Street, situated between Messrs. Adamson's and McKenzie's properties.

3. A LOT of LAND, containing 120 acres, on Mount Dalhousie, bounded on the East by land belonging to Mr John Robertson, W. R.

4. A LOT of LAND, containing 71 acres, on Scotch Hill, bounded on the North by land belonging to Mr Thomas Loudon.

A liberal Credit will be given,
THOMAS G. TAYLOR.

15th December, 1835. m-m ce-3

A Few Copies of THE COMPLETE FARMER and RURAL ECONOMIST for sale at this Office. Price \$2 each. [Oct. 21.]

THE SUBSCRIBER

HAS now commenced selling his VALUABLE STOCK of DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, &c. at prices unprecedented in Pictou, and will continue to do so until the 20th of October. Traders and others will find it to their advantage to take an early opportunity of examining the articles and prices; as no opportunity can offer, that persons wanting articles in his line can be supplied on as favourable terms.

R. ROBERTSON.

Pictou, 29th Sept., 1835.


FINAL NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of the late WILLIAM MORTIMER, Esq., will please to take notice that unless they make immediate payment to the subscriber, legal proceedings will be instituted against them without distinction.

MARTIN J. WILKINS.

Nov. 4.

VALUABLE TRACT OF LAND FOR SALE.

 TO be sold, by private contract, a valuable tract of Land, situated near the Pier of Arisaig, containing 150 Acres, more or less, 70 of which are under cultivation and fit for the plough. The capabilities of the soil, its situation being so desirable a spot either for the farmer or the fisherman, being bounded by the gulf of St. Lawrence, are so well known that further description is unnecessary.

There is on the Premises a good comfortable DWELLING HOUSE and substantial BARN—it is well fenced, and abounds with firewood.

Terms, which will be easy, and other particulars will be made known on application to the subscriber on the premises. WILLIAM GILLIES.

Arisaig, 23d Nov., 1835.

4w

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any Legal Demands against the Estate of

ROBERT BROWN,

Blacksmith, late of Middle River, deceased, are hereby notified to render their accounts duly attested, to the subscribers within the space of eighteen calendar months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

MARGARET BROWN, Adm'rs
THOMAS KERR,
THOMAS MCCOUL, } Adm'rs

4th November, 1835.

ca-m

THE SUBSCRIBER

HAS to inform the Public that he has opened an OFFICE as an ACCOUNTANT & WRITER, above Mr. Blackadar's, where he will attend to Business in that way, with fidelity, accuracy, neatness, and despatch, and solicits the patronage of the Public. M. GUNN.

5th Dec. 1835.

u-w

TO LET.

Entry Immediately.

THE Premises lately occupied by Mr. J. Romano as a SHOP and DWELLING.

For particulars apply at this Office.

Pictou, July 10, 1835.

ALMANACS FOR

1836.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE—PRICE 7½d.

viz:

Belcher's Farmer's Almanac,

Temperance do.

Cunnabell's Nova Scotia do.

Pictou, Nov. 11.

AIR an cuir a mach ann an Galic, bho cheanna Aghaid, agus ri bhli air an reic, le Seumas Dawson leabhar reicead ann am Pictou.

AINEAMANA URRAMACH CHRISD.

Le Ulliam Dyer

Prish sia Tasdainn ceangailte, na Cuig Tasdain, ann am bordabhbh.

Mar an Ceudna,

O RAIN SPIORADAIL,

Le Paudrig Grund.

Prish tri Tasdain, loth Cheangailte gu gronante.

HANDBILLS & BOOK WORK

Done at this Office, in the most handsome style, and at very moderate prices. May, 1835

COLONIAL.

A Writer under the signature of "Camillus," has lately addressed a series of Letters, 89 in number, (and they are not yet finished,) to Lord Gosford, through the medium of the Montreal Herald,—commenting in no measured terms on His Lordship's conduct, in reference to his Speech, at the opening of the Session, and subsequent concessions to the French Faction.

The following letter appeared in the Herald of the 26th ult., addressed to "Camillus," by some of the French Party.

TO CAMILLUS.—GREAT SHADE.—"Great let me call you, for you conquered me." Mighty as was your sword when you repulsed me at the head of my victorious Gauls, from the gates of the eternal city, and mighty as you no doubt consider your pen to be, in writing down the liberties of the descendants of my heroic countrymen—think not that you shall have the field entirely to yourself—lay not the flattering unction to your soul, that your old enemy, satisfied with the drubbing you gave him with the arms of Mars, fears to meet you, now he is a shade like yourself, in a less dangerous but not less honorable field, armed with a gray goose quill. No, Camillus—you have roused the shade of Brennus from the lethargy in which it has reposed for more than two thousand years—you have roused the lion from his lair, and Brennus now proclaims in your ear, in words of thunder, that the cause you have adopted is hopeless. It surprised me not a little at first, to find that, neglecting the country which was the scene of your glory and triumphs in the body, you had directed the battery of your spleen, your gall and your bitterness, against a country into which not only did the Roman Eagle never penetrate, but which was entirely unknown and undreamt of when you and I sojourned upon earth. It is plain, however, that your patriotism, your love for your native land, has yielded to the rancorous malignity with which you continue to pursue the offspring of Gaul; and looking with contempt on the base and degenerate sons of Italy, you have united yourself with the only nation capable of resisting the power of the brave and invincible sons of my darling country. The Britons are, indeed, a nation with whom it is glorious to contend, and were they not, in the present case, traitors to themselves, I should fear for the issue of the contest. But "Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementit," and the British are selling themselves with their eyes wide open into the hands of their enemies. You may warn them of the precipice down which they are about to cast themselves headlong, as from the Tarpeian Rock: you may harangue them in language not unworthy of ancient Rome itself, but you preach to the winds; like all madmen the more you labour to convince them of the danger that awaits them for their destruction, the more eager are they to rush into it. My heart dilates with joy while I write. I am about to overcome in my turn, Camillus, and will not abate one jot of the triumph I am about to celebrate over you. A little while and the language of France will reign paramount in Lower Canada, and the "language of England" be hushed or heard only in strains of mourning and despondency. The wealthy among the British settlers will return in disgust to the country which gave them birth, the few that remain from poverty or any other cause will be ruled with a rod of iron by the sons of my victorious country. A Briton may retain for a time the name but not the shadow of the substance of a Governor, and ere long the very name will cease, the voice of Camillus will be heard no more, and liberty will shed its bright halo around the descendants of BRENNUS.

His Excellency's answer to the Address of the House is short and pithy. He thanks them in general terms, and then personally acknowledges the flattering manner in which he is himself spoken of.

There is one circumstance, however, in connection with this reply, which cannot be overlooked, nor alluded to with ordinary calmness. It is the statement made in the Vindicator of last evening, no doubt on the authority of its Editor, who has a seat in the Assembly, that His Excellency replied first in French, and afterwards in English!

Lord Gosford, even in this small particular, as a feather will indicate how the wind blows, has given an insight into the course of policy which his Whig instructors direct him to pursue. In pursuance of the blighting and withering system of conciliations, which is the order of the day in the present English Cabinet, he has withheld a point, from which more evils will yet flow than are at present contemplated. The English language is that of the Sovereign, and of the Imperial Parliament, who hold sway over these Provinces—it is the language of the supreme authority of the country, and as such ought not to yield precedence to any other that may be spoken by the people within its limits. It has been a matter of courtesy only, that the Speeches from the Throne have been repeated in French, by the Speaker of the Council, after the Governor has terminated his address in the language of the country, whose power and authority he is delegated to represent. The language of England is hated by our Revolutionists, as much as are its institutions, its laws, or its native-born citizens. We owe it more to the weakness of our rulers, than to their good will, that the language of the Parent State is not completely proscribed. The first step towards its degradation is now fulfilled,—the Rubicon has been passed,—and he who first lent his countenance and his assistance to the sacrifice, was the Earl of Gosford, while holding his Majesty's commission as Governor-in-Chief.—*Montreal Gazette*.

MIRAMICHI, Dec. 19.

On the 3d inst. a deputation of the Ladies of Tabisitac and Burnt Church, waited upon their Pastor, the Rev. Simon Fraser, A. M., and presented him with a handsome and richly ornamented superfine Geneva Pulpit Gown, in testimony of the high regard and affection which they have for him, as an able, faithful, and zealous minister of the New Testament. This mark of respect, must be very gratifying to Mr. F., and will, we have no doubt, be an additional stimulus to future exertion in discharging the arduous duties of that sacred office which he is so well qualified to fill.

NEW COMPANIES IN NEW-BRUNSWICK.—We have been favoured by a legal friend, who is *au fait* at these matters, with the following list of New Companies, for which Acts of Incorporation are intended to be asked at the next Session of the Legislature:

The City Bank—to be located at Saint John—Stock subscribed.

The Mechanics'—ditto—in embryo.

The New Brunswick East India Company—Stock subscribed.

The Shediac and Peticodiac Rail Road Co. The Richibucto and Grand Lake Rail Road Company.

Tobique Mill Company—to be located at Fredericton.

Fredericton Fire Insurance Company.

Fredericton Bank—much wanted, and sure to be good stock.

New-Brunswick Mill Company to be located at Miramichi.

Quebec and St. Andrews' Rail Road Co. Saint Stephen Bank—at Saint Stephen.

Saint Stephen Whaling Company. Chamcock Mill & Manufacturing Company. Saint Stephen Rail Road Company. Saint John and St. Croix Rivers Canal Co.

In addition to the above, we understand there are several others in progress, the names and precise objects of which have not been determined upon. The above have all been made public, and we expect in a short time to be able to announce nearly a dozen more. All these Companies will be productive of good to the Province, and be of general benefit, whether profitable or not to their several stockholders. Many undertakings of great public utility will oftentimes be begun and carried through profitably by Companies, whose individuals would either fail, or be reluctant to engage in the attempt.—*Courier*.

LAUNCHED, this day from the Ship Yard of Messrs W. & I. Lawton, in Portland, the very fine Copper-fastened Ship "Enterprize," 660 tons Register, owned by Messrs. M'Kay, Brothers, & Co. of this City. She is, we understand, to be commanded by Captain M'Creedy, one of the most active and enterprising Masters of this Port.—*Id.*, Dec. 5.

The Royal Gazette of Wednesday last contains the Proclamation of His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, summoning the Legislature of this Province (New Brunswick) to meet at Fredericton for the dispatch of business on Wednesday the 29th day of January next.

NOVA-SCOTIA.

From the Halifax Recorder.

There are many circumstances that point out the advantage that would accrue to Nova Scotia if a fair portion of the Capital of its inhabitants were allotted to manufacturing pursuits. The great length of our winters, during which the hand of the industrious must be suspended from the labours of Agriculture,—the cheapness of coal as compared with the price in the United States,—the fund of knowledge that we possess among the emigrants from the manufactory parts of Scotland and England, and the fact that there is in the province a large surplus Capital, owned by its inhabitants that cannot find profitable employment in any of the accustomed channels of business, the abundance of streams and lakes which afford facilities for mills, &c. The people of the United States have succeeded in establishing a great variety of factories, and those who have watched the progress of that country know that they had to contend with greater difficulties than we should have to surmount. There are several situations in the Province that hereafter, we trust, will be the sites of manufacturing towns. The village of Sackville at the head of Bedford Basin is one, at Gay's river bridge is another, and we might mention several more. At present in most parts of the United States, capitalists unite as joint stock companies in purchasing tracts where they foresee a profitable site for a town, and then lay it out into lots and exercise all their influence in encouraging the erection of establishments of trade, art and manufacture, and they generally succeed in making such enterprises profitable. Any one who looks at the map of Nova Scotia will wonder that there is nothing like a town or village in the hundred miles of coast between Halifax and Manchester. Within that distance we believe it may be correctly stated that the benefit of capital or expenditure public or private has never been felt, and yet a considerable population of poor persons have contrived to pioneer their way.—They are also destitute of day schools, Magistrates, Military—in fact left in a direlect condition. Would it not be advantageous that some public money (if not

private) should be expended somewhere about half way between this and Chedabucto Bay towards the formation of a town, and so bring into action new resources of an extensive back forest country besides increasing the fisheries and trade of the Province? Halifax is deeply interested, because she must long continue to be the chief town and emporium of the Eastern coast, many of our people who otherwise will go to the United States could with some slight encouragement be led to settle in that direction, we throw out these crude suggestions as it does appear to be a period of great anxiety, and unless industry, frugality and liberality be the general guides of our people we must calculate on further resources.

HALIFAX, Dec. 16.—The Election for a Representative of this Town, in the place of the Master of the Rolls, took place to-day, when no other Candidate appearing upon the Hustings, Mr. HUGH BELL was declared duly elected.

THE BEE.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, DEC. 23, 1835.

By the west ern mail we are in possession of New York papers of the 5th instant, containing London dates to the 31st October, and have made some extracts, to which we refer.

In some late Numbers of the BEE, we have found it necessary to draw public attention to the fearful disarrangement of our Township financial affairs, and in doing so, we had unavoidably to express ourselves in strong language, such as we would not under ordinary circumstances, have done; but the result has justified the deed. Some of our previous statements were fully vindicated by the facts which were elicited at the Public Meeting on Monday last; and if it could serve any good purpose, we could substantiate the others by documents now in our possession: but as the inhabitants have come forward and publicly resolved to do what is right in the premises, we think it most desirable to let the matter rest where it is;—satisfied as we are, that, had we said less than we have done, the result would not have been produced that has now taken place. It is true we have been attacked in the Novascotian, and our own columns, in terms which were at once untrue, ungentlemanly, and indecorous, and some of our friends may expect that we should now refute them; but, we repudiate these charges and insinuations, as things which do not apply to us, and for the sake of peace, refrain from further remark, unless provoked by future aggression; at the same time we beg to state to our Correspondents, that we cannot receive any more communications on the subject, as we can fill the space they would necessarily occupy in our columns to much more public advantage.

We regret that it has fallen to our lot to bring our public affairs under review in the shape we have done, particularly as it has brought us into collision with some of our best friends and patrons; but when we assumed the charge of the Press, we did so with the declared determination, not to pander to the views of any party, nor to shield any from merited reprehension, however sacred their claims might be upon us for personal regard. At the commencement of our labours we found the Press declared free by the highest tribunal in the Province, and, at whatever time we relinquish our charge, it shall descend from us as free as the air we breathe.

THE SEASON.—We have now had a full month of steady winter, and throughout the whole of that time, the cold has been so intense as completely to dispel the theory maintained by many, of the gradual amelioration of the seasons; indeed the oldest inhabitants cannot recollect any year within their memory, more severe than the present, at so early a period.

Last Thursday and Friday Fahrenheit's thermo-

meter indicated from 6 to 10 degrees below zero, in the open air, equal to 38 to 42 below 0 of Reaumur.

LITERARY SOCIETY.—On Wednesday evening last, Mr. GEORGE A. BLANCHARD read an excellent Essay before the Society, on the SOCIAL PRINCIPLES OF ACTION, and Mr. CRENAR gave notice that at next Meeting he would give an Essay on the SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF ROAD-MAKING.

We have been furnished with the following solution to the Enigma in our last, from three different sources: "JONAH 2. 8. They that observe lying vanities, forsake their own Mercy."

PUBLIC MEETING.—Agreeable to the Notice we gave in our last, a Public Meeting of the Inhabitants was held in the Court House, on Monday last, when J. W. HARRIS, Esq., Deputy Sheriff, was called to the Chair. The Business of the Meeting was discussed with a degree of coolness and unanimity, which has not for a length of time, characterized our Town Meetings. Messrs. Dickson, Primrose, A. P. ROSS, J. ROSS, and others, took a very active part in the proceedings of the day, and contributed largely to the general harmony which prevailed. From what transpired at the Meeting it was very evident, that a strong reaction in favour of Messrs. McKenzie and Geddie had been produced; there appeared to be but one opinion as to their conduct while Overseers of the Poor, and their late unjust imprisonment; all present vied with each other in testifying their disbelief in the unfounded aspersions that had got abroad about their conduct: and, with a view to remedy the injuries to which these men, and several Township creditors had been exposed, on account of the former Township Meetings refusing to assess themselves for sundry debts contracted for the service of the Poor, by the said Overseers, the following is an account of the proceedings and Resolutions, which were had and passed at the Meeting.

At a Public Meeting of the Freeholders and other inhabitants of the Township of Pictou, held in the Court House on Monday last agreeable to the Public Notice given by John W. Harris, Esq. the Deputy Sheriff, calling the said Meeting for the purpose of taking into consideration the state of the Poor's Funds, and remarks published therein in the Boonewspaper, and also matters relating to a number of demands now pending and charged to George M'Kenzie and John Geddie, late overseers of Poor for the said Township, under one of which they have been lately held in prison, and as they allege have not been furnished with funds sufficient to meet the said demands; and also to enquire into the nature and cause of such charges, and to take such measures as the Meeting may deem meet and proper.

Whereupon it was moved by Robert McKay, Esq. seconded by Mr. Jas. Skinner Jun'r, that J. W. Harris, Esq. be Chairman to preside at the Meeting.

John W. Harris, Esq. having been called to the Chair, stated that a requisition had been sent to him signed by a number of the Freeholders of this Township, requesting him to call this Meeting at an early day.—He would now read to them the requisition authorizing him to do so; that they were to take into consideration the state of the Poor's Funds; to make provision to discharge several balances that are due by the township to individuals, which monies were contracted by G. M'Kenzie and J. Geddie, late overseers of Poor, while in office; or to adopt such other measures as to the Meeting might seem fit; and he was now ready to hear any Gentleman that would propose any mode for the consideration of the Meeting, to carry into effect the object and intention for which it had been called:

It was then moved by Mr. John M'Kay, and seconded by Mr. J. Ross, whereupon it was unanimously

Resolved—That Messrs. Anthony Smith, John McLean, and James Primrose, be appointed a Committee to investigate the claims against the inhabitants of this Township, incurred by George M'Kenzie and John Geddie, while overseers of Poor, and not considered by a previous Arbitration; and that George Smith and Jotham Blanchard, Esqrs. be requested to procure the passage of a Law enabling the Township to assess themselves for such sum as by those Gentlemen shall be found to be justly due.

It was moved by Mr. A. P. ROSS, seconded by Mr. J. Taylor, when it was unanimously

Resolved—That the second Tuesday of February

next be appointed for holding an investigation in the Court House in Pictou, for carrying into effect the foregoing Resolution—and that public Notice thereof be given.

It was moved by Mr. John McKay, seconded by Mr. Adam Gordon, and whereupon unanimously **Resolved**—That John W. Harris, Esq. the Chairman of this Meeting, do wait on George Smith, Esq. with the following Resolutions—

It was moved by A. P. ROSS, Esq. seconded by Mr. Donald Sutherland, and unanimously

Resolved—That James D. B. Fraser, George McDonald, and Adam Gordon, be a Committee to wait on George Smith and Jotham Blanchard, Esquires, and suggest such improvements in the Poor Laws as they may deem expedient; and that they be requested to give their support to the same in their Legislative capacity.

The Chairman having left the chair, and Mr. Jas. Skinner, junr. having been called to the same.

It was moved and seconded, That the thanks of this Meeting be given to John W. Harris, Esq. for the very handsome and able manner in which he conducted himself as Chairman of the Meeting.

JAMES SKINNER,

Clerk to the Meeting.

Pictou, 21st Dec'r., 1835.

WRECK.—We have been informed that about two weeks ago, the wreck of a small vessel came on shore near Cape St. George. There has been no person dead or living found about the wreck, but two rolls of flannel, some pieces of cotton cloth, and two porks, together with such of the sails, anchors, cables, and rigging as were saved, are in possession of some of the settlers at the spot.

A small vessel is said to have left this some time ago, for P. E. Island, with some people from the E. River, Pictou, and was reported to be lost; but this cannot be her, as Capt. Cummings lately arrived from Three Rivers, and reports her to be safe there.

TRAVELLERS' MEMORANDA.

Arrivals during the week,

At Mr. Harper's.—Judge Savers.

At Mrs. Davison's.—Mr. Janvrin.

DIED,

On Wednesday last, at Carriboo River, Mr. James Carr, aged 58, leaving a widow and eight children to lament their loss.

On the 16th December, at Earl Town, River John, Mr. Donald Sutherland, a native of Sutherlandshire, Scotland, aged 38, leaving a wife and family.

NOTICE.

The sale of Robert Robertson's Stock of Goods, will take place on the 9th of January, instead of the 19th, as already advertized.

22d Dec'r, 1835.

NOTICE.

At a meeting of the Inhabitants of the Township of Pictou, held this day in the Court House, it was

Resolved, That Messrs. Anthony Smith, John McLean, and James Primrose, be appointed a Commission to investigate the Claims against the Inhabitants of this Township, incurred by George McKenzie and John Geddie, while Overseers of the Poor, and not considered by a previous Arbitration, and that George Smith and Jotham Blanchard, Esquires, be requested to procure the passage of a Law enabling this Township to assess themselves for such sum, as by those Gentlemen shall be found to be justly due."

Now notice is hereby given, that the said commissioners will meet at the Court House, in Pictou, on the said second Tuesday of February, at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of taking into consideration the unsettled claims against the Township, which were incurred during the said period; and all persons having such claims, are requested to present the same without delay to said Commissioners, for adjustment, in order that provision may be made for their liquidation.

"By order of the Commissioners."

Pictou, 21st Dec'r, 1835.

if

POETRY.

(FOR THE BEE.)

If the BEE can call any honey from the following bitter herbs, they are at its service.

Adieu, ye realms of Jream,
Where fancy went to roam!
And conjure up the dizzy scene,
She fain would call her home.
No more shall thought run wild,
Your giddy mazes, through,
No more the bosom, caro-boguil'd,
Your empty joys pursue.
Farewell, ye fairy bow'rs!
Where Hope's gay fancies rise;
Where no foreboding vapour low'rs
On pleasure's cloudless skies:
No more shall these deceive,
With expectation high;
No more my sate I soul believe,
The promise broken, aye.
Too long my ardent mind,
On fancy's pinnac, flew;
And, on the void unstable wind,
The glowing landscape drew.
Too long the bowls I quaff'd
Which lying hope distill'd;
And thought each deep, succeeding draught
The promis'd bliss would yield.
Bliss:—Vain, elusive dream!
That glid'st the storm with light;
How well thy rainbow hues besoothe
The soon succeeding blight!
If bliss to man pertain,
Not here the gem is found;
Care, disappointment, anguish, pain,
In every hour abound.
Lord! teach my soul to rise,
This transie scene, above;
And seek th' unmingl'd, boundless joys,
Of thy abundant love.

MONIMIA.

Pictou, December 16th, 1835.

MISCELLANY.

From the Working Man's Companion.
KNOWLEDGE LEADS TO COMFORT.

When a boy has got hold of what we call the rudiments of learning, he has possessed himself of the most useful tools and machines which exist in the world. He has got the means of doing that with extreme ease, which, without these tools, is done only with extreme labour. He has earned the time which, if rightly employed, will elevate his mind, and improve his condition. Just so is it with all tools and machines for diminishing bodily exertion. They give us the means of doing that with comparative ease, which, without them can only be done with extreme drudgery. They set at liberty a great quantity of mere animal power, which, having then leisure to unite with mental power, produces ingenious and skillful workmen in every trade. But they do more than this. They diminish human suffering—they improve the health—they increase the term of life—they render all occupations less painful and laborious; and by doing all this, they elevate man in the scale of existence.

The present Pasha, or chief ruler of Egypt, in one of those fits of caprice which it is the nature of tyrants to exhibit, ordered, a few years ago, that the male population of a district should be set to clear out one of the ancient canals which was then filled up with mud. The people had no tools, and the Pasha gave them no tools; but the work was required to be done. So to work the poor wretches

went, to the number of fifty thousand. They had to plunge up to their necks in the filthiest slime, and to bale it out with their hands, and with their hands alone. They were fed, it is true, during the operation; but their food was of a quality proportioned to the little profitable labour which they performed. They were fed on horse-beans and water. In the course of one year, more than thirty thousand of these unhappy people perished. If the tyrant, instead of giving labour to fifty thousand people, had possessed the means of setting up steam-engines to pump out the water, and scoop out the mud—it he had even provided the common pump, which is called Archimede's screw, and was invented by that philosopher for the very purpose of draining land in Egypt—if the people had even had scoops and shovels, instead of being degraded like beasts, to the employment of their unassisted hands—the work might have been done at a fifthth of the cost, even of the miserable horse-beans and water; and the money that was saved by the tools and machines, might have gone to furnish profitable labour to the thousands who perished amidst the misery and degradation of their unprofitable labour.

You say, probably, that this is a case which does not apply to you, because you are free men, and cannot be compelled to perish, up to your necks, in mud, upon a pittance of horse-beans, doled out by a tyrant. Exactly so. But what has made you free? Knowledge. Knowledge—which, in raising the moral and intellectual character of every Englishman, has raised up barriers to oppression which no power can ever break down. Knowledge—which has set ingenious men thinking in every way how to increase the profitable labour of the nation, and therefore to increase the comforts of every man in the nation. Is it for the working men of this country, or for any other class of men, to say that knowledge shall stop at a certain point, and shall go no further? Is it for them to say, that although they are willing to retain the infinite blessings which knowledge has bestowed on them—the improved food, the abundant fuel and water, the cheap clothing, the convenient houses, the drainage and ventilation which make houses healthful, the preservation of life by medical science, and the profit and comfort of books—that we are to rest satisfied with what we have got; or rather, if the destroyers of machinery are to be heard, that we are to go back to what we were five hundred years ago? Depend upon it, if we once begin to march backwards, however slow may be the first steps, the retreat towards ignorance, instead of the advance towards knowledge, will soon become pretty quick; till at last there would be one mad rush from civilization to uncivilization. Then comes the labour of the despot, who has been comparatively idle while knowledge was labouring. There is no halting-place then; and the mud and horse-beans of the Pasha of Egypt will be the proper end and the fit reward of such monstrous folly and wickedness.

Machinery enters into competition with human labour, and, therefore, there are some people who say let us tax machinery to support the labour which it supersedes. The real meaning of this is—let us tax machinery, to prevent the cheapness of production, to discourage invention, and to interfere with a change from one mode of labour to another mode. There are temporary inconveniences, doubtless, in machinery; but we think that every man who suffers from these inconveniences possesses in himself the power of remedying those evils, or at least of mitigating them. But it appears to us that any proposed remedy for a temporary evil, which has a tendency to arrest the course of improvement, is a little like the ancient wisdom of the Dutch

market-woman, who, when the one pannier of her ass is too heavily laden with cabbages, puts a stone into the other pannier to make matters equal.

Boston, November, 1835.

An immense multitude, consisting probably of several thousand persons, two thirds of whom were ladies, assembled yesterday morning at Sergeant's wharf, for the purpose of witnessing the departure of the fine ship Louvre, for the East Indies, which carries out Twenty-One Missionaries of the Baptist persuasion, to disseminate the gospel of our blessed Redeemer among the heathen.

JONATHAN'S OPINION OF HIMSELF.—“There is no banner that waves upon the deep, which waves over prouder hearts, than our own stars. There is no ship that climbs the waves, that leaps off with a freer gait than our own.—And there is no man on the face of the earth, that can lift up his head with more real respect than a citizen of these United States. But the proudest spot, (if we may talk about pride,) on this or any other continent, is New England. You may talk about the mighty west—or the lofty character of the south—but go where you will, there is no spirit that walks the earth like that of the Yankee. Do you hear the fall of the mighty tree in the wilderness? depend upon it, it falls by the Yankee's axe. Do you find the stream turned away from yonder mountain, and apparently made to run up hill, and increase as it runs? it is his hand that digs the channel and guides it. Do you find the man near the southern pole who dares go and look into the mouth of the whale? he is a Yankee; to be sure he cannot make discoveries in the moon, and find mountains of precious stones there; but if you could only make him believe that there were such things there, I verily believe he would seek a ladder by which to get there, and then with a patent for the invention, draw it up after him.

“There is one trait in the character of New England people peculiar to them. It is the ardent, unquenchable love of money. Money the Yankee must and will have. On that he fixes his eye with a gaze ever burning and eager.—Sometimes you will find him chasing the whale, trapping the beaver, on the raft on the St. Lawrence, on the pedlar's cart among the mountains, or watching the machinery which every moment turns out a button or a roll of cloth. Sometimes you will see him seeking money by marriage at a distance—and I believe this is the only way in which he honestly acquires it, while at the same time he loses all self-respect. This leads him to inventions and patents, and I regret to say it, sometimes to a species of dishonesty which is well known by the name of wooden nutmeg selling. It also leads to many useful inventions; and in the words of the ballad which I lately heard beautifully quoted,

“If we the wooden nutmeg make,
We make the cotton gin, Sir.”

[The above are extracts from an Address delivered before the Agricultural Society at Northampton, by Rev. J. Todd.]

He who speaks of things that don't concern him, shall hear things that will not please him.

AGENTS

FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDIN.
Miramichi—Rev. JOHN McCURDY.
St. John, N. B.—Messrs RATCHFORD & EUGENY.
Halifax—Messrs. A. & W. MCKINLAY.
Truro—Mr. CHARLES BLANCHARD.
Antigonish—Mr. ROBERT PURVIS.
Guysboro'—ROBERT HARTSMORNE, Esq.
Tatmagouche—Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL.
Wallace—DANIEL MCFARLANE, Esq.
Arichet—JOHN S. BALLAINE, Esq.