



"JUSTUM, LI TENACEM PROPOSITA VIRUM, NON CIVIUM ARDOR FRAYA JIBENTUM, NON VULTUS INSTANTIS TYRANNI MENTE QUATIT SOLIDA."

VOLUME II.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 27, 1836.

NUMBER X.

**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 13s. 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, 5s. 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 PRICES CURRENT.**

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

|                               |                |                 |
|-------------------------------|----------------|-----------------|
| APPLES, Am pr bbl             | Herrings, No 1 | 2               |
| Boards, pine, pr 21 50s a 60s | " "            | 2               |
| " hemlock - 30s a 40s         | Lamb           | 4d              |
| Beef, fresh, pr lb            | 5d a 6d        | Mackarel        |
| Butter, tub, - 7d a 8d        | Mutton pr lb   | 4d              |
| " fresh - 8d a 9d             | Oatmeal pr cwt | 15s             |
| Cheese, N S - 5d a 6d         | Oats pr bush   | 1s 6d a 2s      |
| Coals, at Mines, pr chl       | 13s            | Pork pr bbl     |
| " shipped on board            | 14s 6d         | Potatoes        |
| " at wharf (Pictou)           | 16s            | Salt pr hhd     |
| Coke                          | 16             | Shingles pr 21  |
| Codfish pr Qil                | 14s a 16s      | Fallow pr lb    |
| Eggs pr doz                   | 3d a 6d        | Turnups pr bush |
| Flour, N S pr cwt             | 18s a 20s      | Veal pr lb      |
| " Am r, pr bbl                | 45s            | Wood pr cord    |
| <b>HALLIFAN PRICES.</b>       |                |                 |
| Alowivos                      | 14s a 15s      | Herrings, No 1  |
| Boards, pine, 21 55s          | " "            | 2               |
| Beef, bc-4,                   | 4d a 6d        | Mackarel, No 1  |
| " Quebec prime                | 50s            | " "             |
| " Nova Scotia                 | 49s a 45s      | " "             |
| Codfish, merch'ble            | 16s            | Molasses        |
| Coals, Pictou,                | none           | Pork, Irish     |
| " Sydney,                     | 30s            | " Quebec        |
| Coffee                        | 1s 1d          | " Nova Scotia   |
| Corn, Indian                  | 5s             | Potatoes        |
| Flour Am sup                  | 45s            | Sugar, good,    |
| " Fine                        | 38s            | Salmon No 1     |
| " Quebec fine                 | 40s            | " "             |
| " Nova Scotia                 | 35s            | " "             |

**BY THE GARLAND, FROM LIVERPOOL.**

AND JEAN DUN, FROM SUNDERLAND,  
AND for sale on the subscriber's wharf.  
1000 hhd-Liverpool salt,  
75 tons well assorted bar and bolt IRON,  
Hump cables, hawsers and small cordage,  
Canvas No 1 a 8,  
Nets, lines, twine, & other fishing stores,  
1 Caplin seine.  
Chain Cables, 1-1 a 1-2 inches, and  
40, 60, & 100 fathoms each,  
Anchors of all descriptions,  
which will be disposed of on reasonable terms.

GEO. SMITH.

25th May, 1836.

**TRIAL FOR BREACH OF CONTRACT.**

TO be had, price 7 1-2d each, at the Bookstore of James Dawson, the report of the Trial held at Charlotte Town, P. E. Island, July 8th, 1835; in the action brought by Chas. Bann, Wm. Cullen, and Wm. Forgan, Esqs, as Complainers—against Mr J. H. White, and his Sureties for breach of Contract. The Report contains a Speech which occupied nearly three hours in delivery, by Wm Young, Esq, of the Halifax Bar. [July 19.]

**PAY YOUR DEBT!**

JOCK COLQUHOUN was a clever journeyman painter of the famous Old Town of Edinburgh, very much given, unfortunately, to Saturday evening potations, which was the cause why he never found himself, poor fellow, any richer one Monday than another, and generally lived the rest of the week in, to say the least of it, a very desultory manner. Jock was a long slip of a lad, with a bright intelligent face and a woefully battered hat, and the whole man of him was encased, from neck to heel, in one glazed suit—I was going to say, of clothes, but I should rather say, of oil-paint; for, to tell the truth, his attire consisted rather more of the one material than the other. He was universally reputed as a clever workman; but, then, every body said, what matters it that he can make five-shillings a week more than any of his fellow journeyman, if he is sure every Saturday, when he gets his wages, to go upon the scuff, and so pass the half of the week in spending, not gaining? Jock, however, had many good points about him; and it was, perhaps, less owing to his own dispositions than to the influence of evil company, that he got into such bad habits. He was such a good fellow that he would at any time part his money with an old croney out of bread, or treat to a can or a bottle any working brother who had got through his money a little before him, and who happened to feel rather dry upon some sunshiny Wednesday. In his profession he was matchless at all superior kinds of work. If his employers had any thing to do that required any extraordinary degree of taste or dexterity, Jock was set to it, and he invariably managed it (beer and whisky aside) to their entire satisfaction. Jock might long ago have been foreman to his masters: nay, he might have set up as a general artist, and, with perseverance equal to his talent, would have been sure to do well. But gall-stoups were his lions in the way, and the deceitfulness of drunk had beset him; and Jock, from year to year, was just the same glazed and battered, but withal rather spruce-looking fellow, as ever.

It would have been altogether impossible for any such man as Jock to carry on the war, if he had not had one howl,\* above all others, where he enjoyed a little credit. This was an exting house in the Canon-gate, kept by one Luckie Wishart, a decent widow of about forty, with four or five children, who had been pleased to cast an eye of particular favour upon the shining exterior of our hero. A pot-table upon a ground argent pointed out this house to the passers by, even if they had not been informed of its character by the savoury steam which always proceeded from it between the hours of one and five p. m., and certain spectral and unfinished pies which ran in a row along the sole of her little window, level with the street, as well as a larger display of the same article on a board half way down her somewhat steep and whitewashed stair. Luckie Wishart also sold liquors; but she was far too respectable a person to let Jock spend his wages at one house in her house. She always, as she said, shanked him off, whenever he came there on a Saturday nig't, and it was only when his pockets were empty, and no provisions to be had for the working days of the week, that he resorted to her.

\* A house of particular resort.

Generally about the Tuesdays, Jock came briskly down into her culinary Tartarus, quite sobered and hungry, sending his voice briskly along the passage before him, as if defending himself by anticipation from a shower of reproaches which he knew she would bestow upon him:—"Nothing of the kind," he would cry; "nothing of the kind—all a mistake—'pon my honor." There was generally, it may be supposed, fully as much scolding and railing as he could have anticipated; but the end of the jest always was, that Jock got snug into some corner of Luckie's own particular den, where he was regaled with a plate of something or other, garnished always with a few words of rebuke from the lady, like the droppings after a thunder storm, which he always contrived, however, to stomach with his beef, without manifesting any very great degree of irritation. There is something ominous in the act of drawing in one's stool at the fireside of a comfortable widow. It is apt to make a young man feel rather ticklish, even although he may never have thought of her before, except as a good cook. So it was with Jock, and the idea might have been fatal to his visits to Luckie Wishart's (for, to speak the truth, she was no great beauty), if dire hunger, which tames lions, had not absolutely compelled him to continue the practice. In general, when Jock came in with his week's gains, he flung a few shillings upon the dresser, as part payment of what he had ate and drank during the past few days, reserving the rest for the house-royal. But, notwithstanding all these occasional deposits to account, his score got always the longer and longer, until at last it went fairly off at the bottom of the cupboard door, and had to be "brought forward" on the end of a chest of drawers.

"That's a shocking bad hat you've got," said Luckie to him one day, without any idea that she was anticipating a favourite English phrase by some years. "Of course, there's nae chance of such a drunken blackguard as you ever being able to buy a new one. But what wad you say, John, if I were to gie ye ane myself?"

"I would say, much oblige t'ye, ma'am," answered Jock, now for the first time in his life called by his proper Christian name.

"Here is one, then," said the widow, at the same time producing a decent-looking chapeau, which, she said, had belonged to him that was away—meaning her late husband—and had only been three times on his head at the kirk, when, poor man, he was carried without it to the kirk yard.

Jock accepted the hat with great thankfulness, and made his old one skimmer into Luckie's fire, where, it is needless to say, it was speedily roasted in its own grease.

"Dear sake, Jock, man," said Mrs. Wishart, some days afterwards, "what kind o' a landlady hae ye got at home? She maun be nae hand at the shirts, I reckon; for sient a bit can ane ken ye on a Monday frae what ye are on a Saturday. Ye may be as touzly as ye like t' the outside o' your claes, but I would aye like to see a man decent-like next the skin."

"Deed, mistress," said Jock, "to let ye into a secret, I hae nae great stock o' linen, and whiles Mrs Orniston's a wee hurried in gettin' a shirt made for me. I'm a good deal between the hand and the