



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

VOLUME III

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 22, 1837.

NUMBER XXVII.

## THE BEE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,  
BY JAMES DAWSON,

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For Advertising by the Year, if not exceeding a square, 35s. to Subscribers, 45s. to Non-Subscribers.—if more space than a square be occupied, the surplus will be charged in proportion.

### PICTOU PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

|                        |           |                  |           |
|------------------------|-----------|------------------|-----------|
| Apples, per bushel     | 2s 6d     | Hay per ton      | 40s       |
| Boards, pine, pr M 50s | 60s       | Herrings, No. 1, | 30s       |
| " hemlock - 30s        | 40s       | Mackarel,        | none      |
| Beef, pr lb            | 3d a 4d   | Mutton per lb    | 3d a 4d   |
| Butter, -              | 10d       | Oatmeal pr cwt   | 18s a 20s |
| Cheese, -              | 5d a 7d   | Oats pr bush     | 2s        |
| Coal, at Mines, pr chl | 17s       | Pork pr bbl      | 80s a 85s |
| " at Loading Ground    | 17s       | Potatoes -       | 1s 3d     |
| " at end of rail road  | 17s       | Salt pr hhd      |           |
| Coke                   |           | Salmon, smoked,  | 2s 6d     |
| Codfish pr Qtl         | 12s a 16s | Shinglea pr M    | 7s a 10s  |
| Eggs pr doz            | 6d a 7d   | Tallow pr lb     | 7d a 8d   |
| Flour, M               | 22s 6d    | Turnips pr bush  | 1s        |
| " American s r         | none      | Veal -           | none      |
|                        |           | Wood pr cord     | 12s       |

### HALIFAX PRICES.

|                     |        |                  |                 |
|---------------------|--------|------------------|-----------------|
| Alexives            | 27s 6d | Herrings, No 1   | 25s             |
| Boards, pine, M 65s | 70s    | " "              | 15s             |
| Beef, Quebec primo, | 45s    | Mackarel, No 1   | none            |
| " Nova Scotia       | 42s 6d | " "              | 37s             |
| Codfish, merch'ble  | 17s 6d | " "              | 3               |
| Coal, Pictou,       | 23s    | Molasses per gal | 2s 3d           |
| " Sydney,           | 30s    | Pork, Irish      | none            |
| Cod oil per gal     | 2s 6d  | " Canada primo   | 85s             |
| Coffee              | 1s 8d  | " Nova Scotia    | 30s             |
| Corn, Indian        | 5s 3d  | Potatoes         | 1s 3d           |
| Flour Am sup        | 50s    | Sugar,           | 37s 6d a 42s 6d |
| " Fino              | 45s    | Salmon No 1      | 70s             |
| " Canada, fino      | 50s    | " "              | 2               |
| " Nova Scotia       | none   | Salt             | 8s a 10s        |

### FOR SALE,

A valuable YOUNG HORSE.

ALSO:—A few barrels superior Herrings.

Apply to

G. W. A. LOWDEN,

At Mr Wilkins' Office.

Nov. 15. u-w

### NOTICE.

ALL persons having received Provincial Money last spring, to buy seed, and have not paid up the amount, are hereby notified that their Notes are past due, and unless immediately paid, will be put in suit as directed by law.

MATHEW PATTERSON,

County Treasurer.

9th Nov., 1837.

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### Co Let.

THAT part of the Subscriber's House at present occupied by his own family.

ALSO.

His new Shop in the stone building adjoining Mr Robson's Entry at the first November next.

R. DAWSON.

August 27th, 1837.

## OLIVER TWIST AND THE PICKPOCKET.

BY DOZ.

THEY were just emerging from a narrow court not far from the open square in Clerkenwell, which is called by some strange perversion of terms, 'The Green,' when the Dodger made a sudden stop, and laying his finger on his lip, drew his companions back again with the greatest caution and circumspection.

"What's the matter?" demanded Oliver.

"Hush!" replied the Dodger. "Do you see that old cove at the book-stall?"

"The old gentleman over the way?" said Oliver.

"Yes, I see him."

"He'll do," said the Dodger.

"A prime plant," observed Charley Bates.

Oliver looked from one to the other with the greatest surprise, but was not permitted to make any enquiries, for the two boys walked stealthily across the road, and slunk close behind the old gentleman towards whom his attention had been directed. Oliver walked a few paces after them, and, not knowing whether to advance or retire, stood looking on in silent amazement.

The old gentleman was a very respectable looking personage, with a powdered head and gold spectacles, dressed in a bottle-green coat with a black velvet collar, and white trousers, with a small bamboo cane under his arm. He had taken up a book from the heap on the stall, and there he stood, reading away as hard as if he had been in his elbow chair in his own study. It was very possible that he fancied himself there, indeed: for it was plain, from his utter abstraction, that he saw not the book-stall, nor the street, nor the boys, nor, in short, anything but the book itself, which he was reading straight through, turning over the leaves when he got to the bottom of a page, beginning at the top line of the next one, and going regularly on with the greatest interest and eagerness.

What was Oliver's horror and alarm as he stood a few paces off, looking on with his eyelids as wide open as they would possibly go, to see the Dodger plunge his hand into this old gentleman's pocket, and draw from thence a handkerchief, which he landed to Charley Bates, and with which they both ran away round the corner at full speed!

In one instant the whole mystery of the handkerchiefs, and the watches, and the jewels, and the Jew, rushed upon the boy's mind. He stood for a moment with the blood tingling so through all his veins from terror, that he felt as if he wore a burning fire; then, confused and frightened, he took to his heels, and, not knowing what he did, made off as fast as he could lay his feet to the ground.

This was all done in a minute's space, and the very instant that Oliver began to run, the old gentleman, putting his hand to his pocket, and missing his handkerchief, turned sharp round. Seeing the boy scud-dling away at such a rapid pace, he very naturally concluded him to be the depredator, and, shouting "Stop thief!" with all his might, made off after him, book in hand.

But the old gentleman was not the only person who raised the hue and cry. The Dodger, and Master Bates, unwilling to attract public attention by running down the open street, had merely retired into the very

first doorway round the corner. They no sooner heard the cry, and saw Oliver running, than, guessing exactly how the matter stood, they issued forth with great promptitude, and, shouting, "Stop thief!" too, joined in the pursuit like good citizens.

Although Oliver had been brought up by philosophers, he was not theoretically acquainted with their beautiful axiom that self preservation is the first law of nature. If he had been, perhaps he would have been prepared for this. Not being prepared, however, it alarmed him the more; so away he went like the wind, with the old gentleman and the two boys roaring and shouting behind him.

"Stop thief! stop thief!" There is a magic in the sound. The tradesman leaves his counter, and the carman his wagon, the butcher throws down his tray, and the baker his basket, the milk-man his pail, the errand boy his parcels, the schoolboy his marbles, the paviour his pick-axe, the child his battledore: away they ran, pell-mell, helter-skelter, slap-dash, tearing, yelling, and screaming, knocking down the passengers as they turn the corners, rousing up the dogs and astonishing the fowls; and streets, squares, and courts re-echo with the sound.

"Stop thief! stop thief!" The cry is taken up by a hundred voices, and the crowd accumulate at every turning. Away they fly, splashing through the mud, and rattling along the pavements; up go the windows, out run the people, onward bear the mob: a whole audience desert Punch in the very thickest of the plot, joining the rushing throng, swell the shout, and lend fresh vigor to the cry, "Stop thief! stop thief!"

"Stop thief! stop thief!" there is a passion for hunting something deeply implanted in the human breast. One wretched, breathless child, panting with exhaustion, terror in the looks, agony in the eyes, large drops of perspiration streaming down his face, strains every nerve to make head upon his pursuers; and as they follow on his track, and gain upon him every instant, they hail his decreasing strength with still louder shouts, and whoop and scream with joy "Stop thief!"—Ay, stop him for God's sake, were it only in mercy!

Stopped at last. A clever blow that. He's down upon the pavement, and the crowd eagerly gather round him; each new comer jostling and struggling with the others to catch a glimpse. "Stand aside!"—"Give him a little air!"—"Nonsense! he don't deserve it."—"Where's the gentleman?"—"Here he is, coming down the street."—"Make room there for the gentleman!"—"Is this the boy, sir?"—"Yes."

Oliver lay covered with mud and dust, and bleeding from the mouth, looked wildly round on the heap of faces that surrounded him, when the old gentleman was officiously dragged and pushed into the circle by the foremost of the pursuers, and made this reply to their anxious enquiries.

"Yes," said the gentleman in a benevolent voice, "I'm afraid it is."

"A'fraid," said the crowd, "that's a good 'un."

"Poor fellow!" said the gentleman, "he has hurt himself."

"I did that, sir," said a great lubberly fellow stepping forward; "and precious I cut my knuckle agin' his mouth. I stopped him, sir."