



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

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## THE BEE

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### PICTOU PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Apples, per bushel	Hay per ton	40s a 50s
Boards, pine, pr x 60sa60s	Herrings, No. 1,	30s
" homlock - 30sa 40s	Mackarel,	none
Beef, pr lb	Mutton	
Butter, - 10d	Oatmeal pr cwt	16s a 18s
Cheese, - 5d a 7d	Oats pr bush	2s
Coals, at Mines, pr chl	Pork	4d
" at Loading Ground	Potatoes -	1s 6d
" at end of railroad 17s	Salt pr hhd	
Coke	Salmon, smoked,	2s 6d
Codfish pr Qtl	Shingles pr m	7s a 10s
Eggs pr doz	Tallow pr lb	7d a 8d
Flour, No. 1, 22s 6d a 26s.	Turnips pr bush	
" American s r none	Veal -	3d a 4d
	Wood pr cord	12s

### HALIFAX PRICES.

Alewives	none	Herrings, No 1	25s
Boards, pine, x	65s	"	2 15s
Beef, Quebec prime,	46s	Mackarel, No 1	none
" Nova Scotia	47s 6d	"	2 37s 6d
Codfish, merch'ble	17s 6d	"	2 32s 6d
Coals, Pictou,	28s	Molasses per gal	2s 3d
" Sydney,	30s	Pork, Irish	none
Cod oil per gal	2s 9d	" Canada prime	85s
Coffee	1s 3d	" Nova Scotia	90s
Corn, Indian	5s 3d	Potatoes	1s 3d
Flour Am sup	50s	Sugar, 37s 6d	a 42s 6d
" Fine	40s	Salmon No 1	70s
" Canada, fine	50s	"	2 65s
" Nova Scotia	none	Salt	8s a 10s

### FAMILY ECONOMY.

#### ARCHIBALD HART,

SILK, COTTON, AND WOOLEN DYER,  
James Street, Pictou.

**R**ETURNS his most sincere thanks to his friends and the public, for the encouragement he has already received. He takes the liberty of informing them that he has now, in addition to his old, received

#### FRESH STOCK OF DYE STUFFS;

by which he will be enabled to give the most brilliant colours, to all kinds of Silks and Wearing Apparel of every description.

Also, having a superior method of renovating, taking out spots, and removing all kinds of filth from gentlemen's coats, vests, and trousers, without the least injury to the cloth, making the old appear little inferior to new,—attention to this would be economy!

A. H. begs to intimate that he has been solicited to remain here during the season, with which he has complied, in hopes that he will be more successful and better supported than he was last year; if not, he will positively leave this place in June 1839.

April 11.

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From the Gentleman's Magazine.

### THE SECRET CELL.—CONCLUDED.

BY W. F. BURTON.

I deemed the finding of the shoes to be of sufficient importance to recall the magistrate, who was in the carriage at the door, and about to start for London. He immediately alighted, and enquired into the particulars of the affair. Directly it was proved that Mary Lobenstein had been in the house, L— rushed up stairs, and dragged the keeper into the presence of the magistrate, who sternly asked the man why he had deceived him in declaring that the girl had never been there. The fellow was evidently alarmed, and protested vehemently that he knew no female of the name of Lobenstein—and the only clue he could give to the mystery of the shoes was, that a young girl answering our description of Mary had been brought into the house at night time about a fortnight ago, but she was represented as an insano prostitute, of the name of Hill, who had been annoying some married gentlemen by riotous conduct at their houses—and it was said at first that she was to remain at the farm for life—but that she had suddenly been removed by Nares, but where, he could not say. L— shook his head ominously when he heard this statement, and it was evident to us all that the mother's suspicions were right, and that a deed of blood had been recently perpetrated. The best means of ascertaining the place of burial was consulted on, and we adjourned to a garden to search for any appearance of freshly disturbed ground, or other evidence that might lead to a discovery of her remains. When we had crossed the yard, and were about entering the garden gate, L— suggested the propriety of fetching the little dog, whose excellent nose had afforded the only clue we had been able to obtain. I went back to the animal but he refused to leave his mistress, and it was not without some danger of a bite, that I succeeded in catching him by the neck, and carrying him out of the room. I put him on his feet when we were past the garden gate, and endeavored to excite him to sprightliness by running along the walk and whistling to him to follow, but he sneaked after me with a drooping tail and a bowed head, as if he felt his share of the general grief.

We walked round the garden without discovering any signs that warranted further search. We had traversed every path in the garden, excepting a narrow, transverse one, that led from the gate to a range of green and hot houses that lined the farthest wall. We were on the point of leaving the place, satisfied that it was not in our power to remove the veil of mystery that shrouded the girl's disappearance, when the dog, who had strayed into the entrance of the narrow path, gave extraordinary signs of liveliness and emotion—his tail wagged furiously—his ears were thrown forward—and a short but earnest yaffle broke into a continuous bark as he turned rapidly from one side of the path to the other, and finally ran down toward the green house with his nose bent to the ground.

'He scents her,' said L—, there is still a chance. Our party, consisting of the magistrate, L—, and two other officers, the under keeper, the locksmiths

and myself, followed the dog down, the narrow path into the centre of a piece of ground containing three or four cucumber beds, covered with sliding glass frames. The spaniel, after searching round the bed jumped upon the centre frame and howled piteously. L— observed that the sliding lid was fastened to the frame by a large padlock. 'his extraordinary security increased our suspicions—he seized a crow bar from one of the smiths, and the lock was soon removed.— The top of the frame was pulled up, and the dog jumped into the tan that filled the bed, and commenced scratching with all his might. L— thrust the bar into the yielding soil, and at the depth of a foot the iron struck the solid substance. This intimation electrified us—we waited not for tools—our hands were dug into the bed, and the tan and black mould were dragged into the frame with an eagerness that soon emptied it, and exhibited the boarding of a large trap door, divided into two parts, but securely locked together. While the smiths essayed their skill upon the lock, the magistrate stood by with lifted hands and head uncovered—a ear was in the good man's eye—and he breathed short from the excess of his anxiety. Every one was visibly excited, and the loud and cheerful bark of the dog was hailed as an omen of success. L—'s impatience could not brook delay. He seized the sledge hammer of the smiths and with a blow that might have knocked in the side of a house, demolished the lock and bolt, and the doors jumped apart in the recoil from the blow. They were raised—a black and yawning vault was below—and a small flight of wooden steps, green and mouldy, from the effects of the earth's dampness, led to the depths of the cavern.

The little dog dashed bravely down the stairway, and L—, requesting us to stand from between him and the light, picked his way down the narrow, slimy steps. One of the smiths followed, and the rest of us hung our heads anxiously over the edge of the vault's mouth, watching our friends as they receded in the distant gloom. A pause ensued; the dog was heard barking, and a distant muttering between L— and the smith ascended to the surface of the earth. I shouted to them, and was frightened at the reverberation of my voice. Our anxiety became painful in the extreme, the magistrate called to L—, obtained no answer; and we were on the point of descending in a body, when the officer appeared at the foot of the stairs. 'We have found her,' said he—we gave a simultaneous shout. 'But she is dead,' was the appalling finish of his speech, as he emerged from the mouth of the vault.

The smith, with the lifeless body of Mary Lobenstein swung over his shoulder, was assisted up the stairs. The corpse of the little girl was placed on one of the garden settles, and, with heavy hearts and gloomy faces, we carried the melancholy burden into the house. The mother had not recovered from the shock which the anticipation of her daughter's death had given her feelings; she was lying senseless upon the bed where she had been placed by the keeper's wife. We laid the body of her daughter in an adjoining room, and directed the woman to perform the last sad duties to the senseless clay while we awaited the parents restoration. The magistrate returned to London; the smiths were packing up their tools pro-