



"JUSTITIA, ET TENACEM PROPOSITO VIRUM, NON CIVIUM ARDOR PRAYA JUBENTIAM, NON VIRTUS INSIANTIS TYRANNI MEME QUAEIT SOLIDA"

VOLUME III.

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THE BEE

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FAMILY ECONOMY.

ARCHIBALD HART,

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

RETURNS 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

A 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 trowsers, 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 1837.

April 11.

SNUFF.

For sale at the *Memac Tobacco Manufactory*,
No. 74, Buxford Row,

A large quantity of *SNUFF*, of different kinds.

FIG TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

N. P. A large discount to wholesale purchasers of Snuff.

Halifax, August 14, 1837.

TO BE SOLD, AT PRIVATE SALE:

A LOT OF LAND, situate at Merigomish, bounded easterly by the East River, on the south west by lands belonging to William Hattie, on the north west by lands granted formerly to the Eighty Second Regiment.

CONTAINING 100 ACRES,

granted by government to Walter Murray. The Land is of excellent quality, and is situate in one of the most thriving portions of the Country, fifty acres of which is in a state of cultivation, twenty acres of the same being

INTERVAL LAND.

A more desirable Farm for an industrious man, or a gentleman wishing a retired life, there is not in the vicinity.

Terms liberal, and may be known on application to the Subscriber, at Pictou.

THOMAS MEAGHER.

Pictou, 24th January, 10 1836. 11*in

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THE SECRET CELL.—CONTINUED.

BY W. E. BURTON.

AFTER a painful and fruitless search through all the various rooms, cells, and hiding places of that singular house, we were compelled to acknowledge that the assertions of the under keeper and his wife were but too correct. Mary Lobenstein was not among the number of the *detenues* at the Farm, nor could we discover the slightest trace of her. Still L— clung to the hope that, in the confusion necessarily attending our first search, we had passed over some secret cell or dungeon in which the poor girl was immured. The square stone building in the centre of the garden afforded some ground for this surmise—we were unable to open the small iron-banded door that was fixed to the side of this apparently solid structure. The under keeper declared that the key was always in the possession of Farrell, his principal, and that no one ever entered the place but Nares and his master. He was not aware that any person was confined in it; a spring of water bubbled up within the building, and he believed that Farrell used it as a wine cellar only. He had seen wine carried in and out of the place. Indeed the whole appearance corroborated the man's statement—there was no window, air hole or aperture of any description, excepting the small door before mentioned; and the contracted size of the place itself prevented the possibility of its containing a hiding hole for a human being, if a well or spring occupied the area, as the keeper affirmed.

Resigning this last hope of finding the poor girl, we gave our assistance to the magistrate in removing the prisoners, and placing the unfortunates whom we had released in temporary but appropriate abodes. In this service the under keeper and his wife proved valuable auxiliaries, in pointing out the incurable mad folks, and those who, in his opinion, had been unjustly detained. The prisoners were placed in our carriage, and conveyed to London, under the superintendance of L— himself, who promised to return during the evening with additional assistance. The policeman was despatched to Enfield for several carriages and postchaises. Some of the most desperate and confirmed maniacs were sent to the lunatic asylum, with the magistrate's order for their admittance, and two or three of the sick and sorrowing were removed to the Middlesex hospital.

I assisted the lawyer and magistrate in taking the depositions of several of the sufferers who appeared sane enough to warrant the truth of their stories. As night approached, I prepared for a departure, and Mr Wilson resolved to accompany me, we received the addresses of several persons from various inmates of the Farm, who requested us to let their families know of the place of detention. As we drove down the lane, we met L—, and a posse of police officers, who were to accompany the magistrate in his night sojourn at the house, and assist him in the removal of the rest of the inmates in the morning.

During the evening, I called with a heavy heart, and communicated the melancholy result of every scheme. I related minutely the particulars of every transaction—she listened quietly to my story, occasionally interrupting me, when describing the zeal of

the officer L—, by invoking the blessings of heaven upon his head. When she learnt the unsuccessful issue of our search, she remained silent for a minute only—when, with a confident tone, and a cheerful voice, she said—'My daughter Mary is in that stone house. The workings of the finger of providence are too evident in the wonderful train of circumstances that lead to the discovery of Farrell, and his infamous mansion. My child is there, but you have not been able to penetrate the secret of her cell. I will go with you in the morning, if you can spare another day to assist a bereaved mother.'

I declared my readiness to accompany her, but endeavored to press upon her mind the utility of farther search. She relied securely upon the faith of her divine impression, as she termed it, and declared that God would never suffer so good a man as L— to be disappointed in his wonderful exertions; the keenness of a mother's eye, the instinct of a mother's love would help him in the completion of his sacred trust. It was impossible to argue with her, and I agreed to be with her at an early hour.

I slept but little during the night, for my bruised shins and my shattered shoulder pained me considerably and the strange excitement of the day's events materially assisted to heighten both my corporal and mental fever. When I arose in the morning, I felt so badly, that nothing but the earnest and confident tone of the poor childless widow induced me to undertake the annoyance of the trip—I could not bear to disappoint her. I found the carriage ready at the door—a couple of mechanics, with sledge hammers, crow bars, and huge bunches of skeleton keys, occupied the front seat, and having placed myself beside Mrs Lobenstein upon the other seat, the horses trotted briskly along the street. During our ride she informed me that a lawyer, had called upon her from Elizabeth Bishop, the disappointed spinster, who it will be recollected, had lost her fortune by the intervention of the gentle Mary Lobenstein. The man stated that Miss Bishop had heard of the disappearance of the inheritor of her aunt's estate, and had desired him to give notice that if proof was not forthcoming of Mrs Lobenstein's existence, she should take possession of the property, agreeably to the provision existing in the will. 'I am sure,' said the mother, 'that woman is at the bottom of this affair—she has concerted the abduction of my daughter to obtain possession of the estate—but I trust in God that she will be disappointed in her foul design. A fearful whisper comes across my heart that those who would rob a mother of a child for gold would not object to rob that child of her existence, but my trust is in the Most High, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and will not consent to the spoliation of the widow and the fatherless.'

The probability of the poor girl's murder had been suggested by L— at the termination of our unsuccessful search, and had occupied a serious portion of my thoughts during the wakeful moments of the past night. Expecting nothing from the mother's repetition of the search, I determined to consult L— upon the feasibility of offering rewards to the villains Mills and Nares for the revelation of the truth, and if we failed in eliciting any intelligence, to institute a rigorous examination of the garden and the yard, and dis-