



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

VOLUME III.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 4, 1838.

NUMBER XLVI

## 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, whenever Papers have to be transmitted through the Post Office, 2s. 6d. additional will be charged for postage. Single copies 3d. each.

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### PICTOU PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Apples, per bushel	Hay per ton	40s a 50s
Boards, pine, pr 50s a 60s	Herrings, No 1,	30s
" hemlock - 30s a 40s	Mackarel,	none
Beef, pr lb	Mutton	
Butter, - 10d	Oatmeal pr cwt	16s a 18s
Chcese, - 5d a 7d	Oats pr bush	2s
Coals, at Mines, pr chl	Pork	4d
" at Loading Ground 17s	Potatoes - 1s 3d a 1s 6d	
" at end of road 17s	Salt pr chl	
Coke	Salmon, smoked,	2s 6d
Codfish pr Qil	Shingles pr M	7s a 10s
Eggs pr doz	Tallow pr lb	7d a 8d
Flour, N S,	Turnips pr bush	
" American & V none	Veal -	3d a 4d
	Wood pr cord	12s

### HALIFAX PRICES.

Alswives none	Herrings, No 1	25s
Boards, pine, M	" "	15s
Beef, Quebec prime, 45s	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	" Canada prime	85s
Coffee 1s 3d	" Nova Scotia	90s
Corn, Indian 5s 3d	Potatoes	1s 3d
Flour Am sup 50s	Sugar, 57s 6d a 42s 6d	
" Fine 40s	Salmon No 1	70s
" Canada, fine 50s	" "	2 65s
" Nova Scotia none	Salt	8s a 10s

### R. DAWSON

HAS received a quantity of red top N A CLOVER SEED, growth 1837; And has also for sale, about 30 bushels of red CANADA WHEAT, for seed. Pictou, March 21, 1838.

**1250** LBS CLOVER SEED just received, via Halifax. Also,—on hand: 12 barrels excellent VINEGAR; and pure Ground G. n. ger. in kegs. for sale by  
March, 1838 JAMES D B FRASER.

**700** LBS American red CLOVER SEED, 25 bushels TIMOTHY, and a choice assortment of GARDEN SEEDS, for sale by  
J. DAWSON.

J. D. expects a further supply of English, Dutch, and American CLOVER SEED &c. by the earliest arrivals from Liverpool and Boston.  
March, 1838.

### R. DAWSON

HAS on hand, a quantity of SHEET COPPER, and BOAT NAILS, assorted.  
Also: CEMENT if January 17.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

## THE SECRET CELL — CONTINUED.

BY W. E. BURTON.

The next morning by daybreak, I was sitting on the top of the Cambridge coach well wrapped up in a large white top coat, with a shawl tied over my mouth. I got on the coach at the inn-yard, and as we neared the church, looked out anxiously for my friend Joe; but he was not to be seen, nor could I discern any thing of him for six or seven miles along the road. The first stage was performed; and while the horses were being changed, Elliot, the coachman, pointed out a strange ill-looking man, in a close light waistcoat with white sleeves, white breeches, yarn stockings, and high-low shoes. 'That fellow,' said Elliot, is always in company with the man you have been inquiring about. I have seen them frequently together come from over that stile; he is now waiting for Joe, I'll bet a pound.'

I alighted, and bargained with the landlord of the small road-side inn for the use of the front bedroom, up stairs. I took my post, and as the stage departed, began my watch. Joe did not appear till late in the afternoon—his friend eagerly seized him by the arm, and began to relate something with great anxiety of look and energy of action. They moved off over the stile. I glided out of the house and followed them. A footpath wound through an extensive meadow, and the men were rapidly nearing the farthest end. I hastened my pace, and gained the centre of the field ere they were aware of my approach. I observed a telegraphic signal pass between them, and they instantly stopped their expedition, and turning back upon their path, sauntered slowly towards me, but I maintained an easy gait and undisturbed countenance, and continued my walk for some moments after they were past. As I climbed the farthest stile I observed them watching me from the other end of the field. I saw no more of Joe or his friend for the rest of that day and the whole of the next.

I was much annoyed at my disappointment, and resolved not to be again outwitted. Every possible inquiry that could be made without exciting the curiosity of the neighborhood, was instituted, but I was unable to obtain the smallest information, either of the abducted lady or Joe's individuality. His friend was known as a vagabond of the first class—a discharged ostler, with a character that marked him ready for the perpetration of any crime.

I was hunting in the dark, I had nothing but surmises to go upon, excepting the declaration of the huckster, that a man named Joe was the means of Miss Lobenstein's absence, but I was not sure that I was in pursuit of that identical Joe. The mystery attending the object of my suspicion gave an appearance of probability to my supposition, but it seemed as if I was not to proceed beyond the limits of uncertainty. I resolved, after waiting till the evening of the next day, to return to the tap room of the Blue Lion, and the impenetrability of my gamekeeper's disguise.

Tying my rough coat up in my shawl, I elopped the bundle under my arm, and walked quietly along the road. As I passed through some posts on the side walk, a post chaise was coming through the ad-

joining toll gate. A scuffle, accompanied with high oaths, in the interior of the chaise, attracted my attention; a hand was dashed through the carriage window, and cries for help were loudly vociferated. I ran towards the chaise and ordered the postillion to stop; a coarse voice desired him to drive on; the command was repeated with violent imprecations, and the horses feverishly lashed bounded rapidly away. I was sufficiently near to catch hold of the back of the springs as the vehicle moved; the motion was violent, but I kept my grasp. The back board of the chaise, where the footman should stand, had been covered with a double row of iron spikes, to prevent the intrusion of idle boys, but determined not to lose sight of the ruffians who were thus violating the peace of the realm, I pressed my bundle hard upon the spikes, and jumping nimbly up, found myself in a firm and pleasant seat.

The carriage rolled speedily along. I determined, at the very first halting place, to summon assistance, and desire an explanation of the outcries and demands for help. If, as there seemed but little doubt, some act of violence was being perpetrated, I resolved to arrest the principals upon the spot. While cogitating on the probabilities of the result, I received a tremendous cut across the face, from the thong of a leather whip, jerked with considerable violence from the window of the post chaise. A second well directed blow drove me from my seat, and I fell into the road, severely lacerated, and almost blind.

I rolled upon the dusty ground, and writhed in excessive agony. A thick wale crossed each cheek, and one of my eyes had been' terrifically hit. It was yet early night, and the public nature of the road soon afforded me assistance. A young man passed me, driving a gig towards London; I hailed him, and requested his service. A slight detail of the cause in which I had received my injuries, induced him to turn and receive me in the vacant seat. The promise of half a guinea tempted him to drive rapidly after the chaise, and in a few minutes we heard the sound of the wheels. The young man cheered his horse to greater progress, but we were unable to pass the vehicle in advance, and it was not till we both drew up to the door of the roadside inn, where I had previously stopped, that we discovered that we had been in pursuit of a mail coach instead of a post chaise.

The waiter declared that "nothin' of a four wheel nature; 'cept a vagin and a nearse" had passed within the previous half hour. Placing my gig friend over some brandy and water, I sought the recesses of the kitchen, that I might procure some cooling liquid to bathe my face with. While busily employed at the yard pump, the sound of voices from an adjoining stable arrested my attention. The dim light of a lantern fell upon the figure of the ostler whom I had seen in company with mysterious Joe. I advanced lightly in the hopes of hearing the conversation. When I reached the door, I was startled by the sudden approach of some one from the other side of the yard, and compelled to hide behind the door. A stable helper popped his head into the building and said—

"See here, Billee, vat I found sticking on the spikes of the chay, you've left in the lane."

My luckless bundle was produced, and speedily untied. Directly Billy, for so was the suspicious os-