



"E. S. M. N. TENACIUM PROPOSITUM VERUM, NON CIVIUM ARDOR PRAYA JUBENTUM, NON VULTUS INSTANTIS TYRANNI MENTE QUAFIT SOLIDA."

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## THE BEE

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,  
BY JAMES DAWSON,

And lived 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, when our Papers have to be transmitted through the Post Office 2s. 6d. additional will be charged for postage.

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SILK DYER,

HEAD OF THE MINING COMPANY'S WHARF,  
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August 10. n-w ps8

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Apply to **DONALD A. FRASER.**  
McLellan's Mountain, August 1. m-w ps7

## THE MISTEROUS COUNTESS.

BY C. STUART.

"I was bred a lady, and must have my state, through the prejudice of education."—*Inconstant, Im.*

ON the 4th of October, 1829—I love to be particular in dates—a coach and six drew up before the shop of the well known jeweller, M—, Rue St. Honore. The equipage was covered with a profusion of gilding and heraldic devices, and the liveries of the footmen indicated high rank in the possessor. The steps being adjusted, a lady, splendidly dressed, descended, and entered the shop, where all the attendants, and even M— himself, were profuse in their attentions—anticipating every look and sign, and displaying before her the most costly diamonds and *perrieres*.

The lady, with the most lofty nonchalanced, selected jewels to the amount of about five thousand pounds, which were immediately placed in a casket by the obsequious attendants, when handing her purse to the jeweller, he found it contained a sum, somewhat exceeding three thousand pounds, and short of the requisite amount. The lady, with many graceful apologies, and a momentary flash of vexation, begged pardon for the mistake—desired M—to lay the parcel by until she should call again with the money, and giving her name as the Countesse de L—, departed with all the ceremony and splendor that marked her first appearance. The coach passed up the Rue St. Honore, in the direction of the Barriere Neuilly, turned by the Place de Louis Quinze, and finally stopped at the house of a celebrated physician in the Rue de Rivoli. The lady alighted here, and was shown into the presence of the well known Doctor N—, who arising from his seat at a table covered with anatomical preparations, saluted her with his usual courtesy, and begged to know why he was honoured with this unexpected visit.

The lady, assuming an air of settled melancholy replied, "I can hardly command my feelings, to tell you the cause of my unhappiness. My dear husband, the Comte de L—, during the early years of our marriage, was all that a fond wife could desire; my slightest word, hint or sigh was sufficient inducement for him to obtain any object of my wishes; but latterly the scene is changed," (here her voice became nearly inarticulate through grief,) "he has become moody, sullen and reserved, at times breaking forth into violent fits of rage without any apparent cause, thus making my life a perpetual scene of misery, in short, dear doctor, I more than suspect he is touched with insanity, and it is on this account that I now visit you, to obtain your advice, which I consider of more weight than that of any other member of the profession," (here the doctor, much flattered, made a low disclaiming bow,) "especially as the dreadful secret has been concealed from all his family not even his brothers and sisters having the slightest intimation of it.

"The following circumstance, doctor, has especially influenced my present visit. My dear husband, the comte, wishing to support the honour of his house, sent me last spring to the noted jeweller M—, Rue St. Honore, with a *carte blanche*, to select ornaments to wear at the approaching festival. I at first hesitated, but, urged by his protestations, went to day, and chose a few to a trifling amount,

more to please him than myself, as he delights, the dear comte," (here the lady sobbed,) "in seeing me splendidly dressed and supporting my rank. But from the many similar instances I have observed, I have not the least doubt, that, on being reminded of the fact, he will pretend utter incredulity, and, on being assured of its truth, burst into one of those terrible paroxysms, which but too clearly indicate the cause of his disorder. Therefore, dear doctor, favour me with your best—kindest advice—and—and—excuse the feelings of a wife," (here the lady applied her handkerchief to her face and was silent.)

The doctor, crossing his leg, and supporting his chin upon his gold headed cane, began to cogitate, with his eyes half closed, and his body inclining forward at an angle of forty-five degrees. "Hum—madame, confine him—yes madame, we must—a clear case, madame—the humors, which had they been pituital or salivary, would have been expectorated, having become sanguineous and melancholic, have retrograded upon the cerebellum—hem—m—and, collecting within the parietal developments, have partially obtunded the organ of memory, and obscured the mental perceptions—yes, madame—water-cure and flagellation" (here the lady's tears redoubled) "beg pardon, madame, tell the worst—always best—what says Galen? 'non decipiendum sed monendum;' but excuse me, madame, while I make the necessary preparations."

So saying, he arose, rung a bell, and directed his valet to see his chariot at the door, and order Jean, le porteur, and Francois, le cocher, to attend him immediately; "and, heark'ee," said he in an under tone, "tell them to bring all my apparatus des lyatiques, depechez, and let them follow in my chariot. I will avail myself of the carriage of the comtesse," (the lady made a bow of gratified acknowledgement,) "and be careful to remain in the ante-room till I call aloud."

The servant retired, and in a few minutes announced every thing ready. The doctor entered the carriage of the comtesse; his own chariot followed at a short distance behind. During the ride, he used every argument to assuage the grief of the lady, which would burst forth at times with increased vehemence, until the honest Medicin himself, hardened as he was to the details of his profession, became affected by sympathy. It seemed as if every tranquil moment only added to the violence of the succeeding paroxysm.

Passing down the Rue St. Honore, they reached the jeweller M—, before mentioned, when the lady pulled the string of the coach and alighted. Upon entering the shop, she desired M—to take the packet of jewels, and accompany her in her coach, assuring him of his pay as soon as she reached the hotel of the comte, adding with a fascinating smile, that he could have no apprehensions, since the jewels were still in his keeping. The jeweller, with a low obeisance of flattered vanny, took the parcels in his hands, insisted upon handing Madame la comtesse into the coach, sprang in himself, and the coachman snapping his whip, the equipage rolled magnificently down the Rue St. Honore.

After a drive of a mile and a half, and crossing the Boulevards, they stopped at a splendid Hotel in the Place du Trone, celebrated in history as the site of