



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

VOLUME III.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 28, 1838.

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THE BEE

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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	Hay per ton	40s a 50s
Boards, pine, per 50s a 60s	Herrings, No 1,	30s
" hemlock - 30s a 40s	Mackerel,	none
Beef, pr lb	Mutton	
Butter, - 10s	Oatmeal pr cwt	16s a 18s
Cheese, - 5d a 7s	Oats pr bush	2s
Coals, at Mines, pr cwt	Pork	4d
" at Loading Ground	Potatoes - 1s 3d a 1s 6d	
" at end of railroad	Salt pr hhd	
Coke	Salmon, smoked,	2s 6d
Godfish pr Ql	Shingles pr m	2s a 10s
Eggs pr doz	Tallow pr lb	7d a 8d
Flour, N.S., 2s 6d a 2s 8d	Turneps pr bush	
" American s &	Wool	3d a 4d
	Wood pr cord	12s

ALIPAX PRICES.

Atwides	none	Hoarings, No 1	25s
Boards, pine, pr	65s	" "	2 15s
Beef, Quebec prime,	45s	Mackerel, No 1	none
" Nova Scotia	47s 6d	" "	2 37s 6d
Godfish, merchantable	17s 6d	" "	3 32s 6d
Coals, Pictou,	28	Molasses per gal	2s 3d
" Sydney,	30	Pork, Irish	none
God oil per gal	2s 9d	" Canada prime	85s
Coffee	1s 3d	" Nova Scotia	90s
Corn, Indian	5s 3	Potatoes	1s 3d
Flour Am sup	60	Sugar, 37s 6d a 42s 6d	
" Fine	40	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 CA ADA 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 Ginger, 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.

RR. DAWSON

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

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THE SECRET CELL.

BY W. E. BURTON.

'Till no more—the heart is torn
By views of woe we cannot heal;
Long shall I see these themes forlorn,
And oft again their griefs shall feel,
As each upon the mind shall steal;
That one projector's mystic style,
That lumpy idiot lecting by,
That peevish idler's causeless wile,
And that poor maiden's half farm smile,
While struggling for the full drawn sigh.

CRABBE.

About eight years ago, I was the humble means of unravelling a curious piece of villainy that occurred in one of the suburbs in London; it is well worth recording, in exemplification of that portion of 'Life' which is constantly passing in the holes and corners of the Great Metropolis. My tale, although romantic enough to be a fiction, is excessively common place in some of the details—it is a jumble of real life; a conspiracy, an abduction, a nursery, and a lunatic asylum, are mixed up with constables, hackney coaches, and an old washer woman. I regret also that my heroine is not only without a lover, but is absolutely free from the influence of the passion, and cannot be seduced on account of her transcendent beauty.

Mrs Lobenstein was the widow of a German coachman, who had accompanied a noble family from the continent of Europe; and, anticipating a lengthened stay, he had prevailed upon his wife to bring over their only child, a daughter, and settle down in the rooms appointed to his use over the stable, in one of the fashionable mews at the west end of London.—But Mr Lobenstein had scarcely embraced his family ere he was driven off, post haste, to the other world, leaving his destitute relict, with a very young daughter to bustle her way along the rugged path of life.

With a little assistance from the nobleman in whose employ her husband had for some time been settled Mrs Lobenstein was enabled to earn a respectable livelihood, and filled the honorable situation of laundress to many families of gentility, besides divers stray bachelors, dandies, and men about town. The little girl grew to be an assistance, instead of a drag, to her mother; and the widow found her path was not entirely desolate nor choked with the brambles of dispair.

In the sixth year of her bereavement, Mrs Lobenstein, who presided over the destinies of my linen, called at my rooms, in company with a lady of equal width, breadth, and depth. Mrs L. was of the genuine Hanseatic build—of the real Bremen beam—when in her presence, you felt the overwhelming nature of her pretensions to be considered a woman of some weight in the world, and standing in society. On the occasion of the visit in question, her friend was equally adipose, and would have puzzled a conjurer to have turned the party into a tallowy trio. Mrs L. begged leave to recommend her friend as her successor in the laatorial line—for her own part, she was independent of work, thank heaven! and meant to retire from the scene of trade.

I congratulated her on the successful termination of her flourish with the wash tubs.

'Oh, I have not made the money, bless you! I might have scrubbed my fingers to the bones before I could have done more than earn my daily bread, and get, may be, a black silk gown or so for Sundays. No, my Mary has done [more with her quiet, meeting-day face in one year, than either the late Mr Lobenstein or myself could compass in our lives.'

Mary Lobenstein, an artless, merry, blue-eyed girl of seventeen had attracted the attention of a bed ridden lady whose linen she was in the habit of carrying home; and in compliance with the importunities of the old lady, she agreed to reside in her house as the invalid's sole and especial attendant. The old lady, luckily, was almost friendless; an hypocritical hyena of a niece, who expected, and had been promised, the reversion of her fortune, would occasionally give an inquiry relative to the state of her aunt's health; but so miserably did she conceal her joy at the approach of the old lady's dissolution, that the party in question perceived her selfish and mercenary nature, and disgusted at her evident security of purpose, called in an attorney, and executed an entirely new will. There was no other relative to select—Mary Lobenstein had been kind and attentive; and, more from revenge than good nature, the old lady bequeathed the whole of her property to the lucky little girl, except a trifling annuity to the old maid, her niece, who also held the chance of possession in case of Mary's death.

When this will was read by the man of law, who brought it forth in due season after the old lady's demise, Mary's wonder and delight almost equalled the rage and despair of the hyena of a niece, whom we shall beg leave to designate by the name of Elizabeth Bishop. She raved and swore the deadliest revenge against the innocent Mary, who one minute trembled at the denunciations of the thin red yellow spinster, and in the next chuckled and danced at the suddenness of her unexpected good fortune.

Mr Wilson, the lawyer, desired the disinherited to leave the premises to the legal owner, and staid by Miss Mary Lobenstein and her fat mamma till they were in full and undisturbed possession. The 'good luck,' as Mrs L. called it, had fallen so suddenly upon them, that a heavy wash was left unfinished, to attend to the important business; and the complaints of the naked and destitute customers, who aroused the lucky laundress to a sense of her situation. The right and privileges of the routine of customers were sold to another fat lady, and Mrs Lobenstein called upon me, among the rest of her friends, to solicit the continuance of my washing for her stout successor.

A year passed away. I was lying in bed one wintry morning, and shivering with dread at the idea of poking my uncased legs into the cold air of the room, when my landlady disturbed my cogitations by knocking loudly at the room door, and requesting my instant appearance in the parlor, where a fat lady in tears wished my presence. The entrance of the obese Mrs Lobenstein almost abraded my memory; and I was somewhat startled at seeing that lady, dressed in a grand colored silk gown, and velvet hat and feathers, in violent hysterics upon my common silk ottoman, that groined beneath its burden. The attentions of my landlady, and her domestic soon