The Colonial Herald,

AND

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND ADVERTISER.

Vol. VII.] CHARLOTTETOWN, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1844. [No. 361.

LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE.

THE Subscriber has been appointed Sub-Agent of the following Insurance Companies, viz:

The National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society of London.

The New Loan Fund Life Insurance Company of New York.

The Hartford and Protection Fire Insurance Companies of Hartford, Connecticut.

And as he is furnished with blank Forms of Application, and in possession of all the information which may be desired by persons who wish to effect Insurance, he will be happy to receive applications and transmit the same to the Agent at Halifax. Please apply to

HENRY PALMER.

STATIONERY AND BOOK STORE, &c.

JOHN S. BREMNER respectfully informs his friends, and the public generally, that he has opened Store nearly opposite the premises of Mr. J. T. Thomas, where he has constantly for sale an assortment of

Stationery, Books, &c.,

which he will dispose of at very low prices, for Cash.

BOOKBINDING

executed in a neat and workmanlike style, and on moderate terms

COPPERPLATE PRINTING.

Visiting and Business Cards, and Bill-heads, struck off to order.

NEW CARDING & FULLING MILL.

THE Subscriber having erected an extensive Building at Bonshaw, to contain CARDING & FULLING MACHINERY, &c., begs to inform the public generally, that Wool to card will be received at the Mill on the usual terms, from the 15th June next, and that he hopes to have the Dyeing, Fulling and Dressing department in actual operation in the Autumn, and superintended by a competent person from England.

Connected with this establishment, there will be Spinners and Weavers, so that families who do not practise domestic manufacture will merely have to forward the wool, with directions as to the description and colour of the cloth required.

WM. W. IRVING.

Bonshaw, May 11th, 1844. 2m

BLANKETS! BLANKETS!! BLANKETS!!!

GEORGE EASTWOOD & Co., of Sackville Woollen Mill, near Halifax, N. S., beg to intimate to the Farmers of Prince Edward Island, that they Manufacture BLANKETS on halves, equal to any that can be imported, and that they have appointed Mr. B. W. COCHRAN, of Charlottetown, Merchant, to be their Agent; to whom, for further particulars, they refer.

May 16, 1844.

TO EMIGRANTS AND OTHERS.

TO BE SOLD, a Leasehold Farm of 999 years, situated in that very flourishing settlement, Frenchfort (Lot 35), about 8 miles from Charlottetown, consisting of a comfortable newly-built Brick House, 37 ft. long by 27 ft. wide (commanding a beautiful view of the Hillsborough River and Charlottetown), together with the Barn, Stable, Cow Houses, and other out-buildings. There are 100 acres of Land, 50 of which are in a high state of cultivation, having an easy access to an abundant supply of manure at all seasons of the year. There are also plenty of Firewood and Fencing poles on the premises.

N. B.—The Stock, Crop and Farming Implements may be had with or without the Farm. For further particulars, application to be made to CHARLES STEWART, on the premises.

Frenchfort, May 3d, 1844.

TO BE SOLD, a Leasehold Interest for the residue of the unexpired term of 15 years, with a right of purchase, in and to that eligibly situated Brick House and premises, situated in Queen's Square, now in the occupation of the Subscriber. possession to be given on the 1st day of November next.

J. SIDNEY DEALEY.

Charlottetown, 6th July, 1843.

FASHIONABLE DANCING.

MR. MACLEAN most respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of Charlottetown and vicinity, that the purposes opening his Classes for the Season, when he intends to teach the above polite accomplishment in all its fashionable branches, &c. The 1st Class will open at 4 o'clock, p. m., on Monday next.

N. B.—Private Lessons will be given at convenient hours.

May 7th, 1844.

SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS to the BOOK and TRACT SOCIETY are received at the Store of Mr. William Heard. In the purchase of Books, Subscribers receive a drawback of 1/. up to the amount of their Subscriptions.

April, 1844.

THE Subscribers having been duly appointed the sole Agents of DAVID STEWART, Esquire, for his Estates on Lots or Townships Nos. 7, 10, 12, 27, 30, 46, 47, and Lennox Island, beg to intimate, that they are prepared to lease lands, with a liberty of purchasing, and to sell on the most liberal terms and that all persons indebted to that gentleman, for rent or otherwise, are hereby required to make immediate payment of the same.

All persons found trespassing on any of the above properties either by cutting Timber, or in any other respect, will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the Law.

H. D. MORPETH,
PETER EMERY.

December 10th, 1840

ALL Persons having legal demands against the estate of John H. White, of Charlottetown, Printer and Book-binder, deceased, are requested to furnish their Accounts, duly attested; and all persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment.

JOHN DAVIS, jun., } Administrators.
CHARLES WELSH, }

Charlottetown, August 7th, 1843.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Subscriber has received a Power of Attorney, bearing date the 28th of February last, from William M'Fadyen, and Elizabeth his wife, of Tryon River, Township Twenty-eight [28], to recover all rents thet are now due, and that may become due to them. All persons concerned are therefore requested to make immediate payment, in accordance with the said Power, to the Subscriber, at his Store, in Charlottetown.

JOHN DAVIS, Jun.

Queen Street, April 1st, 1844.

TO COVER FOR THE SEASON,

A LIMITED NUMBER OF MARES.

THE Horse CHARLES, Four years old, 16 hands high, of great bone and strength, and unmatched for symmetry and action, bred by Mr. Henry Longworth, his sire Revenge, his dam Mr. Longworth's celebrated mare by Roncesvalles; is particularly docile, and is allowed by competent judges to be the best bred Horse now on the Island.

Terms 30s. taken in Six months, in Cash, Produce or Labor, with 2s. 6d. to be paid to the Groom at the time.

Stands at Winsloe Barton, Winsloe Road, Lot 33, 7 miles from Charlottetown.

April 9th, 1844.

Literature.

THE FATAL MARK.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

All was gaiety and bustle at that deservedly admired and popular spa, Chaude-fontaine, a spot more highly gifted by nature than any other in Belgium. The unusual circumstance of a marriage having taken place there, to the great amusement and satisfaction of the visitors and immediate neighbourhood, and the real joy of the parties concerned, filled the persons congregated on the occasion with perfect ecstasy.

Jules Duvivier, a subaltern in the French Lancers, had left his division of the army in Spain, having received a severe wound at the battle of Salamanca, which compelled him for a time, by the advice of his medical attendants, to seek the reviving air of his native hills, situated in the vicinity of Liege. Arrived here, he quickly recovered, and had already made up his mind to leave the neighbourhood of Chaude-fontaine, when he accidentally met Mademoiselle Halliere, a Swiss by birth, who was here enjoying the pleasures of society, and the advantage derivable from the admirable waters of the place

To those who have much frequented watering-places, it will be unnecessary to dilate upon the ease with which mere acquaintances grow into intimacies.—Thrown continually into each other's company, freed from the restraints of metropolitan frigidity, admiring beautiful scenery together, the best feelings of their nature expanding with the clear blue sky above them, can we wonder at the circumstance, or blame the graceful young lancer for falling violently, passionately in love with the fascinating Marie de Halliere?

To account for, to reason on it, is unnecessary; suffice it to say, that Jules became desperately enamoured of the lovely girl, and in less than three weeks found his suit not only approved, but his hand accepted.

Mademoiselle de Halliere had no one to consult; no kind, affectionate father, uncle or guardian, to thwart her wishes. An orphan for many years, living on a limited, but independent patrimony, derived, as she asserted, from a small estate left to her by her father, she did not hesitate to pronounce a full affirmative to the warm solicitations of our hero (for Jules was a hero) to become his bride.

During their courtship, if the pointed and lover-like attentions of a youth to a young lady during fifteen days may be so called, there were many who strove their utmost to mar the match. A prudent dowager, a marchioness without a single sous, her only riches consisting of six ugly daughters, had whispered her advice to the lancer to find out first "who and what the damsel was, before he farther compromised himself."

Another female—a rival *belle*, I believe—ingeniously hinted, "that Mademoiselle Halliere always wore high gowns, to hide the marks of a certain royal disorder, to cure which she had doubtless sought the spa." Another, a rejected suitor, "swore she was a widow, and that her name was assumed." But Jules laughed at these remarks, and only loved her the better for the envy she had excited. It is true he sometimes wished that she would speak of her past life in less ambiguous terms, and as frequently he determined to question her on it; but when they met, that thought was forgotten, and, with truth and innocence beaming in her countenance, the young soldier felt it would be blasphemy to doubt her.

The result need scarcely be told; the morning on which this sketch opens beheld Marie the bride, the beauteous bride of the proud Jules, who, after partaking of a sumptuous breakfast, given by him to a large party of congratulating friends, started off in high spirits for the château of his old uncle, situated near Bruges, determined to linger some few days on the road, and thus enjoy, in loving selfishness, the uninterrupted company of her whose very life he felt himself to be.

At about twelve o'clock, on the fifth day, the young and newly married couple arrived at Bruges, having hurried past the many objects of interest which presented themselves on their journey, in consequence of most earnest solicitations to join their good old relative, whose handsome seat was at no great distance from the capital of Western Flanders. Here they halted at the principal hotel, intending after dinner to set out for the residence of their uncle. To save time and trouble, they joined the *table d'hôte*, which here, as throughout Flanders, takes place at one o'clock. By the time, therefore, that the lady had taken off her shawl and bonnet, and performed those little "*agrémens de toilette*" incidental to an appearance before strangers, the great bell sounded, and, as Jules handed down his lovely bride, the already loud clattering of forks and spoons bespoke the fact that the substantial meal was already begun.

On entering the room, they found about forty persons seated, all greedily employed in devouring their soup, scarcely deigning to look towards the strangers who came in. In France, under similar circumstances, a dozen gentlemen would have risen to offer their seats to the lady. In Belgium, however, the case is different; and each honest burgher eats his meal, scrambling both for the best seat and daintiest dish, without the slightest attention either to rank or sex.

It was an unfortunate circumstance for the loving pair to be divided thus early in their honeymoon; but so, on the present occasion, they were compelled to be. Two chairs alone stood unoccupied, and these chairs far apart, while, if possible, to make the separation more severe, they happened to be on the same side of the table, so that not even an interchange of glances could take place, no word of converse pass, save for the benefit of a few stupid intervening citizens,—a benefit which neither party were anxious to confer upon them.

As strangers, therefore, they sat down to table, consoling themselves with the confident assurance that their separation could not continue above an hour, and that then a thousand extra caresses might make up for their lost portion of "love's sweet interchange." Poor Jules, however, was far too much enamoured to sit down philosophically, and enjoy his meal with appetite. His eyes moved about him, till they fixed in some astonishment on his opposite neighbour, who, having coolly laid down his knife and fork, sat anxiously gazing at Marie. At first Jules thought it might be accident; some casual resemblance might have struck him; staring might be his habit; and the next minute his regard might fall upon another. But no; his eyes remained riveted on "la belle Marie," and the bridegroom felt anything but comfortable.

Every man is jealous. I do not believe any one who says he is not so; nor will I assert that some qualms of this kind did not now arise in the breast of the lancer, who could not help supposing, from the continued gaze of his opposite neighbour, that he must have known the newly-married lady; by possibility he might have been a former friend, a flirt, a lover. The idea was distracting. Jules determined at once to put an end to his doubts; so, bending across the table, after some preliminary observation to his staring neighbour, he observed, with as much nonchalance as he could possibly muster,

"You appear to know that lady?"

"I *think*," replied the other, in a grave tone, "nay, I am *sure* I do," and then turned the subject.

This was anything but satisfactory to the young soldier; for again the eyes of the stranger were fixed upon his bride.

There is nothing more provoking than a limited answer to a question, by which we have previously determined to elicit a full explanation. There is nothing so painful as half-grounded suspicion. Jules found it intolerable, and consequently pressed his inquiries.

"Are you quite certain you have seen this lady before?"

"As confident as that I now breathe. I never forget a face I have once beheld. It is *her*, I am sure; I cannot be mistaken."

"That's odd! Where did you know her?" And the questioner felt that his happiness depended on the answer.

"Thank God! I never knew her," quickly replied the stranger, with a shudder.

This was indeed a perplexing answer. The husband scarcely knew in what light to regard it. It is true, it freed him at once from all jealousy; but then, again, it implied a mystery, and, from the stranger's manner evidently a dreadful one. What could it mean? He determined to hazard one more query.

"My question seems to call up some unpleasant recollection. Will you explain it?"

"If you wish it particularly, I will, although I confess I would rather drop the subject; at all events, I would not wish to do so while she is present."

With this reply poor Jules was forced to remain content, though he felt that the rack itself would bring less torture than the agonies of suspense. Presently, to his great relief, the well-satisfied party began to break up. One by one the plethoric burghers left the room; but Marie stirred not. Jules watched his opportunity to give her, unseen, a signal to retire. This she did; and in less than a quarter of an hour more the lancer and the citizen alone remained.

"Now, then, sir," said the former, abruptly turning round, "your promised explanation."

The stranger paused ere he replied. "I am perhaps wrong in thus satisfying the curiosity of one whom I never saw before, and more particularly so, when I tell you that the anecdote I am about to relate involves most deeply the character of the unhappy female who has just quitted the table."

The stroke of death would have been less agonising than such an answer. Jules' brain seemed to burn like molten lead. He could scarcely repress his agitation as he asked, with an almost sardonic sneer,—"You were, perhaps, that lady's lover?"

"God forbid!" solemnly ejaculated the burgher, "my tale is not of love. But, as you seem interested, I will give it you in a few words. I had a very dear friend in Victor Rossaert. From youth brought up together, our mutual confidence was unbounded. Unfortunately Victor found it necessary, for the arrangement of some mercantile affairs, to visit Geneva.—Here, it appears, he met a merchant's daughter, Adelaide Moran, whose charming manners, and lovely appearance, soon won the heart of the enthusiastic young man, and he wrote to me in all the triumph of an accepted lover."

"I cannot really see what this has to do with the lady who was here just now," impatiently interrupted Jules.

"It has everything to do with her. Listen, and you will agree with me. Victor, by a mere accident, arising out of the jealousy of one of the lady's former suitors, learnt that she whom he thought so innocent, so good, had, long ere she had seen my friend, forfeited her reputation. There was madness in the thought, despair in future life, but honour demanded the sacrifice; and the broken-hearted young man, in a letter addressed to her, whom he could not but still love, declared his knowledge of her guilt, and his resolution never again to see her. This letter written, he instantly started off to join his friends at Dijon. To this spot she followed him, and having vainly, for some weeks, supplicated, urged, and threatened him, with a view of making him marry her, she seemed suddenly to relinquish her purpose, and entreated but to be his friend. As such, for several weeks, she visited him. His health gradually declined. In vain did she try to cheer him. He hourly sank; and feeling death fast stealing on him, he wrote to me. I started off soon after the receipt of his letter; but it was, alas, too late. When I arrived, my much-loved friend had been consigned to the tomb, but not before a *post mortem* examination had taken place, from which it appeared that he had died of poison—a slow, subtle poison!

Suspicion immediately fell on Adelaide Moran; she was seized and interrogated, but she would neither confess nor deny. Circumstances were scarcely sufficiently strong to justify a trial for murder. She was therefore brought before the court for the minor offence, namely, that of forging a will, by which it would appear he left her all his property. On this charge she was tried and convicted. Mitigating circumstances, however, were urged, to save her from the galleys; and she was only condemned to stand in the pillory, and be branded on the right shoulder.—This sentence was to be carried into effect the very morning of my arrival at Dijon. Impressed with horror, I attended near the scaffold. The lovely but wicked woman was brought forth. Never can I forget that sorrowful countenance. Deeply imprinted on my memory, it can never be effaced. Judge, then, my surprise, when I beheld that very woman, that identical female, the person who destroyed my friend, this day seated in yonder chair!"

Jules started up. His eyes dilated with horror: he approached the narrator, "You are mistaken by an accidental likeness; that lady's name is neither Moran or Adelaide. Say you are mistaken, or the consequences may be dreadful."

"By the high heaven above, I speak the truth!—But why this agitation?"

"Stay, stay but five minutes, and you shall learn the cause."

And Jules Duvivier rushed from the room, leaving the worthy citizen to wonder at the interest he took in one certainly very beautiful, but most depraved.

The time mentioned by the anxious bridegroom had nearly elapsed, when the communicative citizen was summoned to the apartment of the soldier. Unhesitatingly he obeyed the summons, and entered with cool indifference into the saloon, where he found the now almost convulsed youth, who pointed to a chair; then advancing to the door, instantly locked it, and placed the key in his pocket. Such strange conduct naturally made the burgher look about him. On the table lay some objects covered by a handkerchief; a sheet of recently-written paper and other things of minor importance. A door opposite led from the saloon apparently to an inner bed-room; but this was closed. There was nothing, therefore, save the strange manner of the occupant to astonish or alarm the visitor.

For a moment Jules seemed to collect his coolness; then calmly spoke, at the same time lifting up the handkerchief, and discovering beneath a pair of richly mounted pistols.

"Sir, you have now entered on your death-scene or mine. The person of whom you spoke to-day is my wife. If you have dared to assert a falsehood to me, if you have coupled an innocent name with foul dishonour, by all the powers of heaven you die, and that without further shrift! If," and the young man's voice became almost dreadful to listen to,—"if, I say, you have spoken the truth, I pledge you my salvation you are safe. Speak not. Answer me not. A moment more, and herself decides the fact."

Thus saying, Duvivier walked to the inner door, opened it, and led forth his bride, who seemed much surprised at the abrupt manner of her husband.

"Madam, I desire you instantly to strip off all covering from your shoulders."

The poor girl, thus taken by surprise, perhaps conscious of her guilt, perhaps overcome by modest scruples, unwilling thus to unrobe before a stranger, astonished at the harshness of him who only a few hours before had sworn eternal love to her, hesitated, and attempted to remonstrate.

"Nay, I insist! no words, I say!" almost roared Jules.

"I beseech you, what does this conduct mean?—Nay, on my knees."

"Do you, then, shrink? Thus will I prove or falsify the damned suspicion." And the impassioned youth flew with tiger-like avidity, and tore off her upper garments, till her shoulders were without covering.

One glance was sufficient. Plain and palpable, the horrid brand appeared confessed. The executioner's iron had seared that marble flesh, and left the damning reminiscence of the harrowing crime for ever behind.

Jules now summoned all his coolness. A smile almost played on his writhing features. He took out the key, and threw it to the merchant.

"Quick, begone! lest madness make me stop your tongue for ever. It were better, perhaps, to close your lips, lest they again repeat this tale of shame and dishonour. But no; I have pledged myself to let you go unscathed; and, though thus fallen, I will not break my word. Quick, begone! unless you wish to see me do a deed of stern and cruel justice."

It needed no farther persuasion to induce the citizen to leave the room. He hastily rushed down stairs to summon aid to stop the rash young man. He had reached the last step, when he heard the report of a pistol. Ere he could call assistance, a second weapon was discharged, and a heavy fall shook the stair on which he stood.

At once he was surrounded by a group of anxious waiters, with the landlord at their head, desirous to learn from him the meaning of these sounds. By signs alone he could reply. They therefore one and all rushed up, forced open the door, and there beheld, indeed, a sight of horror.

Duvivier had first shot through the heart the once lovely being who had deceived him. Her warm blood still flowed from her breast, and stained her white robe. Her flaxen locks were dabbled with the gore, and pity could not refuse a tear, however guilty the victim might have been.

Not so the destroyer; he had placed the pistol in his mouth, and blown away the upper part of his head. Horror and disgust claimed the feelings of the beholder, as he looked upon the dreadfully disfigured remains of the stern executioner of her he once had loved so well.

Such is the brief story of those whose real names have been concealed. The poor man who by an unguarded observation caused the dreadful catastrophe, has never held up his head since. What makes the story more distressing is, that circumstances have since come to light, which have proved that Victor destroyed himself in consequence of remorse at having unjustly suspected Adelaide Moran, who consequently died innocent of all crime, after undergoing the most dreadful degradation; her only fault having been a want of candour towards her husband, a concealment towards one who should have shared her very thoughts. Such concealments, I have often remarked, have brought years of misery to those who have foolishly persisted in them.