The Colonial Herald,

AND

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND ADVERTISER.

Vol. VII.] CHARLOTTETOWN, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1844. [No. 360.

LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE.

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

The National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society o 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 he 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 ¼, 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.,
CHARLES WELSH, } Administrators.

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.

(From Graham's American Magazine.)

THE CAVERN IN THE SNOW,

OR THE MONKS AND THE MAIDEN.

A TALE OF ST. BERNARD.

A friend to DOGS, for they are honest creatures,
And ne'er betray their masters, never fawn
On any that they love not.
WELL MET, FRIEND! *Otway.*

The day was cold, even for the frozen St. Bernard. A sudden and unexpected change in the state of the weather had arrested, in their progress over Mont-joux, an unusual number of travellers; who, but for the considerate liberality of Bernard of Menthon, would not have found on this frozen elevation the *hospitium* in which they were assembled.

In the middle of the tenth century, thousands of French and German pilgrims, following the route of the great Hannibal, and encountering equal hardships, found their way into Italy, by a pathway which extends from the Lake of Geneva to the Valley of Aosta. At this latter place, Bernard, a Savoyard, archdeacon of its church, was afforded by position a good opportunity of witnessing the wondrous adventures and keen sufferings of the travellers to the seat of papal christendom. Possessed of adequate means, and a liberal disposition, the archdeacon, afterward canonized as St. Bernard, built on two eminences of Mont-joux *hospitia* for the reception and refreshment of pilgrims and travellers. From this circumstance, the monasteries, and afterward the mountains themselves, were called Little and Great St. Bernard.

It was on the highest of these hills, eight thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean, that the group of travellers already mentioned clustered around the massive fire-place of the great hall of the monastery. Their varied manners and diversified habilaments bespoke them of many and distant countries. On one side of the then huge and open hearth-place stood a group of English people, known at a glance by their unbecoming costume, stooping shoulders and large hands and feet, as well as by a cold reserve and loud intonation. They were surrounded by curs of every degree, spaniels, pointers, hounds and mastiffs, to keep peace between which and the rough dogs of the *hospice*, occupied no small share of their attention, and called forth not a few of the expletives and interjections which have obtained for that ubiquitous people the epithet or soubriquet of Monsieur G— D—. The English are always liberal in their appreciation of services, yet too often excessive *exigeants;* and this group of them was remarkable for the frequent calls on the attention of the menials of the house, and for the facility with which they governed the movements of the domestics.

On the opposite side of the fire-place was arranged a party, apparently French. Although attired to a miracle for the arduous journey over the Alps, their costume was remarkable for its neatness and taste. Males and females were alike careful in the disposition of colors; and wherever, on the rustic travelling dress, an ornament would not be glaring or ill-placed, was found some decoration, to indicate that ceaseless regard to personal appearance which characterizes the Frenchman of every age and all climates. Their chief amusement—for French people always find amusement—consisted in watching their English neighbours, and smiling and shrugging shoulders, as *Mons. Jean Boule* displayed in the broadest characters his insular peculiarities. Between these two antipodal parties, in front of a forest of blazing logs, might be seen Turks, Russians, Spaniards, and Italians, with a sprinkling of Germans. All were equally welcome to the kind people of the *hospice*, and any distinction made there seemed to be founded on the presumption of the English, the then acknowledged supremacy of the French, and the modest deportment of the others.

Every where around the centre of heat lay in lazy slumber a number of huge rough dogs, whose broad muzzles and shaggy coats gave them, as they reposed, a wild and fierce expression, which instantly disappeared as they opened their large, mild eyes, and assumed a look of even child-like gentleness. One might suppose that Nature, ever so just in expression, had for once indulged in an incongruity, and given to the gentlest of animals strong sinews and long fangs, insusceptible of practical application. In a word, she seemed to have nullified utility by irrational contrasts. This appeared the more probable when the bustling attendants and rude strangers drove them away, or hurt them by treading on extended feet or tails.

Now and then the *maronnier* of the establishment, calling particular dogs by name, suspended a wine flask to the neck and a stout cloak to the girdle, and pointing to the door, intimated his wish that they should sally forth to meet the contingencies of the road. Others, just arrived, were divested of their habiliments, or, returning without them, gave occasion to a mission of bipeds under the guidance of the same dogs, who, though cold and wearied, seemed entirely willing, nay, solicitous, to start out again into the freezing air.

It was singularly agreeable to one so fond of dogs as I, to witness these changes of guard, as the faithful and hardy animals, instinct with reason and humanity, sallied forth to reconnoitre the wild pathways of the Alps, to succour lost or enfeebled travellers. In my forest-home, in the New World, my young imagination had often dwelt with delight but doubt on the strange stories of the miraculous instinct, wondrous devotion and collected courage of these four-footed brothers of charity; but I now saw realized even more than I had been told.

Among the sleeping animals, I was particularly attracted by the great size and beautiful proportions of one which lay at the feet of a young lady of the French party; and which now and then raised his huge face to hers, as he responded to her claims on his attention. I could not help admiring—I was young then—the gracefulness of her kindness to that dog, and both I and the quadruped seemed to be fascinated by the silver tones of her gentle voice, and fastened our eyes on hers whenever she spoke to *him*. To me she spoke not; but without much regard to the comfort or convenience of Turk or German, or Spaniard, I found myself gradually lessening the distance from the—the—dog! He was a very fine dog, and I longed to say so to the lady; but I had some English blood in my veins, and that made me bashful or awkward. Still the Turks and Italians did not think me *that*, although my movements persuaded them that I was *this*, and Tartar gutturals and Neapolitan liquids expressed equally well their disapprobation of my saltatory progress across the hall.

At length I made good my position, and persuaded myself that I was delighted at being able to speak to and pat the dog; though I could not help observing that in consequence of wishing to see what the lady thought of him, I did not always succeed in placing my hand exactly on his head. The lady smiled, but the dog paid no more attention to my caresses than he would have done to those of the Turk; although the least movement or word of the lady seemed to have for him a special charm. I did not wonder at that, for I was under a like spell myself, and, believe me, the mere idea that the dog had taste enough to admire the lady made me resolve to make him my companion, and to buy him of the *maronnier* at any price. Calling therefore to the man, I said, "Pardon me, sir, but I have taken a great fancy to this dog. Can he be bought at any reasonable price? I should love to carry so noble a fellow to the woods of America. Why, sir, he would be a match for a bear or a panther." As I said this to the *maronnier*, while I was looking at the lady, I observed that her color changed rapidly, as if she were violently agitated. Forgetting that we were strangers to each other, and acting as if she had made a verbal objection, I said, "I presume, madam, that the dog belongs to you, and that I have inadvertently committed a trespass in offering to buy him."

"By no means, sir; the dog was mine once, but he was unhappy elsewhere, and I sent him back to his mountain-home and benevolent occupation. He is always delighted at my visits to him here; but in *La Belle France* the climate was too mild for him, and he is so much of a knight errant, that a country without adventures has no charms for him: and we have no overwhelming snow-storms and no lost travellers in our sunny valleys. You are an American, I perceive—"

"Yes, madam," said I, with the unerring instinct of my position; "I am not English."

"I am glad"—she replied—"I mean, I—I—the English are not entirely to our taste, you know—irrational prejudice perhaps—but the Americans were our allies, and our good empress is from your side of the world."

I could have given better reasons probably for her antipathies, although my explanation might have implied that even in that gentle bosom nestled the dislike which historical memory carries to every one who cherishes the prejudice—it is one—of nationality. But nothing was then farther from my intentions than to take any other view of her feelings than that which she herself chose to give. I was too happy to have passed the barrier of etiquette, to raise up a new impediment to our intercourse; so I said many kind things of the good king who sent us assistance; praised those who cut off his venerable head; thought the emperor, who called us a nation of *petit marchands*, "considerable of a warrior," and, despite her earlier errors, would have turned knight errant for the virtue and delicacy of the empress. The lady seemed pleased, although sometimes I thought her smile savored of ridicule, when I "went it large" *for* the French and *against* the English. However, I succeeded in the great point, and had by this time established a communication with the whole party, who were delighted with me, because I was not black or coppered, and because, although I did speak English, I was not an Englishman.

All this time, the patient *maronnier* stood waiting to give me an answer, for, being an Italian, he did not understand the language in which we conversed, and therefore did not know that I had received a reply. Respectfully touching my elbow, he began to talk of a price much larger perhaps than he meant to take; but pushing him rather rudely aside, I said, "Sir! I would not take that dog from the *hospice* for the State of Virginia!" The man looked astonished, as well he might, for I had just asked the price of the dog, and the State of Virginia was a poser to him. The lady kindly undertook an explanation, and the *maronnier* resumed his occupation, repeating "State of Virginy," and smiling as he said it. What he thought I never knew.

Rather for lack of a subject than from any expectation of an interesting answer, I ventured to ask the lady what had given to that large dog so great a share of her regard. The question agitated her excessively; but after a long and awkward pause, she seemed, by an effort, to collect herself, and replied—"The story is, sir, a most painful one; but, as you seem to love dogs, I will bear the recital, that you may take back to your country the strangest tale that has perhaps ever been told. In the wild land from which you come, passages of an equally wonderful character may happen; but even here, where the sagacity of the dog, and the resources of his nature, are at their height, the events I am about to relate are without a parallel.

THE FRENCH LADY'S NARRATIVE.

A very few years ago, when I was but a child, my father, with a party of friends, endeavoured, early in the spring, to cross the Great St. Bernard. The roads were still encumbered with the snow that had fallen on them; and the impediments of the way were greatly increased by avalanches, which, in that year, had been remarkable for size and number; so that huge and irregular masses of snow were lying across the road. When near to the *hospice* in which we now converse, we encountered a mound or bank of unusual magnitude, and were forced to abandon our horses and vehicles, and make the best of our way across it on foot. Travellers had preceded us, and had trodden down a narrow path, by which, taking me by the hand, my father led the way. Having reached the summit of the mass, he scanned the scene with a look of painful interest. He pointed out to me the enormous prolongation of the ridge on which we stood, extending upward to a vast distance, and sloping downward far into a wild and rocky chasm. Suddenly he called to his party, that the snow was moving; and, lifting me from the path, sprung swiftly forward. At this instant I saw, on the upward slope, at its very top, a ball in motion. It seemed the work of but a moment, yet, in that moment, I observed a mass, apparently no larger than a man's head, rolling rapidly downward over the surface of the snow. As it descended, its bulk and velocity increased in a wonderful manner. Its rapidly growing size and decreasing distance gave to its growth an unearthly cast, and riveted my whole attention. I was bewildered—silenced—overwhelmed. Downward, silently, came that growing wonder; now but a spot on the white surface, at a distance; now a rolling balloon in middle course, and now a mountain just over our devoted heads! So noiselessly had it approached, that my father saw it not, until it almost touched us, and then, looking suddenly up, he gave one loud cry of despair—shall I ever forget it? Never! never! He sprung forward and fell. At the same moment, I was startled, as most children would be, by being seized by a huge rough animal, a wolf, as I thought, of gigantic proportions. The snow-ball in an instant rolled over us all—child, parent and beast were swept downward. I did not lose my senses. I felt the motion growing apparently more and more rapid. I perceived that I was torn from my dear father, and I shuddered as my hand fell on the rough coat of the dreadful animal that held tenaciously to my clothes. As we lay engulphed in the maze of snow, I envied the lot of my parent, and still hoped some rough movement might rescue me from the fangs of the monster. To die buried in the snow was, to my childish fancy, a coveted fate, if I could only promise to myself that I should thus escape from being made food for a beast of prey. I struggled, I screamed. In my mortal agony, I tore the hair from his shaggy hide, and, putting my feet against his side, endeavoured, with the force of despair, to extricate myself from his grasp. The clothes were torn from his mouth, but the indefatigable and collected animal only fastened upon another part; and over and over we rolled, smothered, blinded, chilled. Now and then we caught a breath, as we were thrown to the surface, and anon we seemed to descend far into the moving snow. But, above or below, breathing or breathless, I could only know the one dreaded thing—I was yet in the fangs of a beast of prey. Oh, how I wished, yes, prayed, that we might be precipitated over the side of some of those mighty mountain-cliffs, whose giddy height had often filled me with terror, that I and my enemy might perish together. When I heard the fierce grinding of the rocks over which the snow was rushing, oh how I wished that some of those mighty evolutions might drive us to the bottom, and annihilate us. The terror which kept me alive in this conflict at length exhausted me, and I became quiet through fatigue and loss of hope. I rejoiced to feel that I was dying. Oh, how beautiful, how inviting death seemed to me then! He would come, I thought, to re-unite me to my father, and to rescue me from the lacerating fangs of a savage beast of prey. What a condition! when any other death by violence was a boon earnestly prayed for.

I knew not what time elapsed ere I recovered my senses. I awoke, as I supposed, in another world. To my dreamy revival came visions of angelic glories, and my young fancy was busy in the delightful task of making a child's paradise, full of white wings, and sweet voices, and jewelled garments—every thing young, and every thing in love. The mind delights in contrasts; and, according to its nature, mine was seeking in these opposite ideas for restoration. As I came nearer to full life, painful realities began to mingle with bright illusions. I wondered why heaven was so cold. I saw flakes of snow disporting before a freezing wind, and the crystal trees were dropping their golden leaves, and the rosy and laughing cherubs cowered under their folded wings and looked pale and cheerless. I felt the wet snow under my naked feet, as I trod the jeweled pavements, and beheld the golden tiles gleaming yet beautifully through the white covering. I saw a noble mastiff shivering at the door of a magnificent mansion, moaning for admittance. I paused, patted his shining head, and rung the bell for him. He licked my hand; but, though the bell which I had put in motion kept ringing on, no one came to his aid, and I cried aloud, "Is this heaven?" The dog looked closely into my face, even licked it, and wore so gentle an air that I said, "Let us go! Come with me back to the earth, and there you will find, at least, a warmer home and more obliging friends." As I said this, his honest face grew less heavenly—he looked more like the dogs of the world. A mist seemed floating away, and the trees, and houses, and inhabitants, wore a more terrestrial aspect. Even these slowly passed away, and there seemed to me to be nothing left of that heavenly scene but the huge face of a dark dog, and a ground of subdued whiteness. The universe was turned into a dog on a white ground. Every thing white, and, in the midst, only that one dark face. That startled and roused me, and I found myself in a cavity of snow, and beside me there was a dog—this very fellow—looking wistfully in my face, and watching the signs of returning animation.

At any other time my situation would have been terrifying; but my previous horror, the dread of the fate which is to a child's imagination the most terrific of all, made me feel some consolation in the discovery that there was no wolf, no savage beast, but a gentle and sympathising dog. I immediately recognized the character of my strange associate. His flask and cloak, of which I had often read, announced his residence and vocation. I instantly knew that from him I had nothing to fear, and, in the revulsion of childish feelings, I threw my arms around his rough neck, and wept tears whose exact meaning it would be difficult to tell. The dog seemed to understand me, and his melancholy whine expressed sympathy, and I thought despair. That idea awoke me to a sense of the extraordinary situation in which I found myself, and, withdrawing my arms, I examined the place in which we were lodged. On one side, apparently on the upward slope of the mountain, stood a huge precipitous rock, over which we must have been thrown, or around the base of which the snow on