

THE MORNING NEWS,

AND SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

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CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, NOVEMBER 2, 1844.

NO. 18.

MOON'S PHASES.

NOVEMBER.

- ☾ Last Quarter, 3rd day, 6h. 5m. morn.
- ☾ New Moon, 10th day, 5h. 22m. morn.*
- ☽ First Quarter, 17th day, 9h. 16m. morn.
- ☾ Full Moon, 24th day, 6h. 28m. even.

MAILS.

The Mails by the Southern route to Be-
deque, Cape Traverse, Tryon River, are
made up every Monday morning at 10 o'clock.
PAUL MAREY, Courier.

The Eastern Mails to Bay Fortune, Fair-
field, Mount Pleasant, Lot 47, St. Margarets,
St. Peter's, Sum. is—every Wednesday morn-
ing at 10 o'clock—PAUL FERRAN, Courier.

The Western Mails to Bedeque, Cascom-
pe, Cansobela, Egmont Bay, Lot 16, New
Glasgow, New London, Park Corner, Port
Hill, Prince Town, St. Elizabeths, Tighe's,
Traveller's Rest—every Thursday morning at
10 o'clock.—RICHARD MACGILL, Courier.

The Southern Mails to George Town—
Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 8 o'clock.
To Belfast, Murray Harbour, Vernon
River, White Sands—every Saturday at 8
o'clock. A. M.—SAMUEL LANE, Courier.

HAPPINESS.

A TALE.

Franklin Wallace, an intimate ac-
quaintance and confidential friend of
mine, has consented that I record
some passages of his eventful history,
for the instruction of others, especially
the young, who with high aims,
bright hopes, and radiant prospects
are pushing eagerly forward after
the possession of unalloyed happiness.—
And it is his sincere desire that
they may be induced by this humble
recital, to seek, now in life's morn-
ing, for that which, as a last resort,
he found to be the pearl of greatest
price.

'Where, O! where can real hap-
piness be found?' sighed he, as ap-
parently in deep meditation he sat in
his studio, with books all around him.
He was a bright, whole-souled fel-
low, none of your small, narrow and
contracted ones, with minds hardly
big enough to fill a nut-shell,—his
was capacious, and could grasp in its
embrace the whole brotherhood of
man. Would that we had more such
in our world! An intellectual char-
acter of no inferior order was legibly
stamped on his high, broad, expan-
sive forehead, and expressive eye, and
manly features. In short he had
that true nobility which wealth nor
power or distinction cannot mono-
polize. As to his age, it may be well
to remark that at this time he was
just going out of his teens and border-
ing upon that most interesting era in
a young man's life, when his spirit, all
unwary, free and uncontrolled, will
urge him onward in the pursuit of
unlimited good; when he can, if so dis-
posed, cut himself loose from the
trammels of paternal subjection

and all the restraints of home, and
dash the chariot of his burning
thoughts and desires wherever fancy
may dictate.

Wallace had always been noted for
warmth of feeling, generous hearted-
ness, amiability, and all those traits
of character, with the exception of
piety, which go to constitute true ex-
cellence. Moreover his natural tem-
perament was ardent and enthusias-
tic, which exactly fitted him for a
bold reformer, had he rightly bent
his mind, though his zeal, in what-
soever he laid his hands to, led him
into many imprudences and indiscre-
tions, occasioning afterward bitter
repentance. But he was universally
beloved. He won the confidence and
esteem of all with whom he associated
And it did seem as though there was
nothing to render him unhappy. Yet at
the time when our tale commences he
had a discontented spirit, lasting peace
was a stranger to his breast, there
was something wanting, he felt an
inward longing, a yearning of soul
for more solid heartfelt enjoyment;
and, exclaimed he, mentally, 'I will
seek till I find out and ascertain fully,
in what true happiness consists.'

Then he immersed himself in what
are deemed, by thoughtless youth,
pleasures. He drank deeply thereof,
was found amongst the gayest of the
gay, frequented the ball-room where
the merry dance prevails, mingled in
scenes of festive mirth and hilarity,
where thoughts of solemnity in view
of an endless future and the soul's
destiny are driven away,—in fine, he
revelled in all the delights which
nature can give to its votaries; but
there was ever left 'a sting behind,'
an aching void unsatisfied and un-
filled. Happiness as yet eluded his
reach.

'I will seek to be rich, then,'
says our hero to himself, 'and see if
wealth cannot purchase peace of mind
and exemption from unhappiness.'—
He bought and sold and speculated
and soon became immensely rich.—
But this only increased his cares and
perplexities, making him more dis-
quieted than ever. He was envied
on all sides for his great possessions,
yet many a poor man, in his humble
and lowly cottage, was happier far
than he. His riches, however, soon
'took to themselves wings and flew
away.' The devouring element of
fire was in some way communicated
to his buildings, they were wrapped
in flames, and soon became smoke
and ashes. And the value of his lands
was well nigh eaten up by a physi-
cian's fee accumulated during a long
illness. Health, when returned, found
him a poverty stricken man. But
he was not utterly cast down, though
fully convinced that gold and silver,
from their very nature and precarious-
ness, could not afford substantial, en-
during happiness.

About this time Cupid, the god of
love, smote him with darts, the pierc-
ing of which caused a delicious ec-
stasy to fill his bosom, and emotions
peculiar and exquisite to thrill his
every nerve. The world and every
thing around looked new to him, life's
cup seemed filled with the sweetest
ingredients, his daily musings and
nightly dreams were rife with a sort
of happiness. He had a nature for-
med to love, and he loved, and he could
scarce restrain the passionate out-
flowings which gushed up from the
lowest depths of a warm and full heart.
He had conceived an attachment for
a beautiful lady, just blushing into
womanhood, lovely and fascinating
in her manners, but withal something
of a coquette. To appearance his
affection was fully returned. 'Now,'
thought Franklin, 'I am on the roy-
al road to happiness.' Hope lit up
his countenance with a smile of
cheerfulness and joy. The myste-
rious passion of love, which, when re-
quited, becomes the 'spiritual cou-
pling of two souls,' and the dearest
boon of earth seemed to absorb his
whole being; he had knelt to Caro-
line Percy, and solemnly promised and
pledged himself to be hers, and hers
only to death should them part, and
she had returned the same protesta-
tions of undying affection. A letter
from her, the beginning and ending
of which he showed me, commenced
with these words, 'My dearest and
best beloved,' and closed with the
following, 'forever, your own Caro-
line.' But as I said before, she was
somewhat affected with that most
despicable of all characteristics which
ever cling to woman's nature—co-
quetry, loved to trifle with one's af-
fections—and in the absence of dear
Frank, as she termed her lover, a-
nother more wealthy son of fortune
sought her hand and wooed and won
her heart. She then wrote and mailed
a letter, sealing it with a black
wafer as indicative of containing bad
news, the contents of which may be
judged of by these words coming
from it: 'Mr. Wallace, the I can no
longer love; another has proposed,
and him I have accepted.' This
startling intelligence went like a
poisoned arrow to the heart of my
friend, coming unexpectedly as it did
from her the idol of his soul, in whom
he had trustingly confided, nor dream-
ed of such unfaithfulness and inconsis-
tency, from whose lips he had more
than once received affection's sweet
zest by that burning sign and seal of
love, which is said to be its '3rd de-
gree'; with whom he had exchanged
vows of eternal fidelity, and in whom
he had garnered up his heart's best
affections. Oh, exclaimed he—

'What is love? 'Tis a name!

Give me fame, give me fame!

Such were some of the feelings

which swelled and throbed in his
agitated bosom, and such were some
of the words he murmured to himself
as he paced the floor of his room
with a heart well nigh bursting. But
he rose above the trial, dashed every
tear drop from his eyes, determined
manfully to go forth and meet the
shadowy future, and seek happiness
from another source.

He next resolved to seek for earth-
ly honours and the applause of men,
thereby securing, as he fondly imag-
ined, that happiness which he had so
long toiled for, but in vain. And
with his glib mind, excellent talent,
brilliant genius and superior scholar-
ship, it was very easy for him to o-
verleap every obstacle and climb the
ladder of distinction till he reached
the topmost round. He was elevated
to posts of honour and authority, pro-
moted to offices of trust and power,
and from its giddy heights he could
look upon throbbing multitude ready
to falat his feet and do him
homage. Laurels of fame clustered
thickly around his brow.—He had
all of worldly emolument that heart
could wish the highest ambitio-
aspire to. But still there was a void
in his heart—nothing sublimely seem-
ed to gratify the desires of his im-
mortal mind, that deathless principle
within crad food which as yet he
had not tasted. And when he found
how short-winded was the praise of man,
as the whirl of fortune would occa-
sionally snuff and fetch him to the
bottom, he began to despair of solid
bliss, at last from things seen and
temporal.

Then he took himself to his Bi-
ble, devoured with eagerness its pro-
phetic contents, and repaired to those
places where the persecuted follow-
ers of the espised Nazarene gather-
ed together—new light soon broke
in upon his mind, he felt his sinful-
ness, and Jesus the Saviour of the
world soon became his 'all in all.'
Then did a wonder at his former
madness add folly, in striving to ob-
tain happiness from anything short
of genuine piety and that religion which
the mereworldling laughs at and ri-
dicules, in having put the less for the
greater and the greater for the
less, light for darkness and darkness
for light, called good evil and evil
good. And, said he, could I make
my voice to be heard by every rat-
ional being, I would say, 'seek first
the kingdom of God and his righte-
ousness, it shall add to you in pre-
sent time an hundred fold, and in
the life to come life everlasting.' It
shall strew your pathway to the grave
with roses of bliss, perennial flowers
called from the blooming fields of
Paradise, enable you to die peace-
ful and triumphant deaths, and make
your sternity blessed. Here is
'great delight and reward,' a 'peace
that passeth all understanding.'