

THE MORNING NEWS,

AND SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, LITERATURE, &c.—NEUTRAL IN LOCAL POLITICS AND RELIGION

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CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, FEBRUARY 23, 1845.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

MOON'S PHASES.

FEBRUARY

- New Moon, 6th day, 5h. 21m after
- First Quarter, 14th day, 0h. 45m morn.
- Full Moon, 22d day, 2h. 32m morn.

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 MABEY, Courier.

The Eastern Mails to Bay Fortune, Fair-
field, Mount Pleasant, Lot 47, St. Margareta,
St. Peters, Souris—every Wednesday morning
at 10 o'clock—PAT. FEHMAN, Courier.

The Western Mails to Bedeque, Cascom-
pec, Cavendish, Egmont Bay, Lot 16, New
Glasgow, New London, Park Corner, Port
Hill, Prince Town, St. Eleanora, Tignish,
Traveller's Rest—every Thursday morning at
10 o'clock—RICHARD BAGNALL, Courier.

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

SELECTED.

AN ERRING BROTHER.

Speak not in anger, if from sin
You would an erring brother win,
If you a sinner would reclaim,
A willful and reckless spirit tame—
Use gentle means—a pleasant word—
And kind emotions will be stirred.

A brother when he goes astray,
Is more determined on the way,
When he beholds an angry face,
And never will his steps retrace—
But when he sees a tearful eye
Turns back with deep humility.

Speak then in kindness—love alone
Must to an erring friend be shown—
The warm kind heart—the feeling soul
The waves of anger will controul,
And lead to duty and to truth,
The hoary sinner—or wayward youth.

A NEW TRANSLATION.—A rich old
maiden lady, who was notorious for
her bad temper, and for her perpetually
scolding her servants, having
died a short time since, the hatch-
ment was put up against her house,
under which was the following motto:
'Requiescat in pace.' The cook
inquired of the coachman the mean-
ing of these words. Coachee, proud
of this appeal to his scholarship, af-
ter pondering over them for a mo-
ment, answered, 'Oh, the motto in
English is—*Rest quiet cat, in peace.*'

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.—
The present King of the French, one
very cold evening, was riding from
Boston to Salem, on the outside of
the stage. He was entirely without
money to pay for a lodging that night,
and he began to make friends with the
driver to get part of his bed. After
awhile coachee's compassion was
aroused. 'You are not a very clean-
looking chap,' said he to the poor
Frenchman, 'but my bed is in the
harness room, where there's a stove,
and if you'll keep your trousers on,
and sleep out—I don't mind!'

POPULAR TALES.

CONSPIRACY DETECTED.

CONCLUDED.

'But Isabel must not suspect that I have been even accessory to the awful crime we are about to perpetrate,' said the agitated Burnet.—
'Manuel, I feel a chill creeping through my veins, and my limbs seem as marble.'

'Phaw! this is your fancy. I tell you the girl can know nothing of it. Burnet, listen to me. I have met you here by your own appointment, and I have come to prosecute a scheme of your own invention. The thoughts of guilt have been already associated in my mind too powerfully to be driven away. I have been attracted by the glittering bait which you sought to allure me? and it is now too late to recant.'

'I leave the execution of the deed to yourself! I confess my courage has deserted me. Be the reward entirely yours.'

'Coward!' exclaimed the infuriated Manuel, seizing Burnet violently by the arm. 'Tell me that you abandon our project, and—(uttering a horrible oath)—I will strike you to the earth. I fear not to send a bullet through Bernardo's heart! but the task must and shall be yours! my only fear is, if I suffer you to escape thus, that your weakness would betray me into the hands of justice. Half the spoils, by agreement, are to be yours, and it is now nearly the appointed hour.—In good faith, if my watch says truly, it lacks only fifteen minutes. You agree? That's a brave fellow! You know the signal. When the lamp is removed from the window where it now glimmers, do you approach in your disguise. I have already told you in which chamber may be found the Spaniard. Let the work be that of a moment, and instantly disappear. In a few days you may return to claim the hand of his daughter—you know the rest. In fifteen minutes I shall expect you—farewell!'

Isabel hastened home with all possible speed. She was determined to use every exertion to foil the cursed designs of Manuel and her perfidious lover. She flew to the apartment of Don Bernardo, and snatching up his loaded pistols in silence, secreted them in the folds of her dress. She then secreted herself in the apartment where she expected Manuel and her confederate to enter. Contrary to custom, he seated himself very deliberately in a corner of the room. Isabel watched his countenance, but remained silent. She observed not a single emotion of doubt or fear. After a short pause, he arose and removed the lamp.—He then threw himself carelessly upon a sofa.

Manuel, said Isabel, taking up the light, what have you concealed beneath your waistcoat? A pistol, and loaded too! Do you apprehend any danger, that you are so valiantly armed? Hypocrite!' cried the undaunted girl, as she replaced the lamp on the spot whence it had been taken. 'Know you not that I was a listener to your sanguinary schemes? Indeed, you shall be rewarded for your zeal and activity. I have but one favour to request and I am sure you cannot refuse me. It is, that you will descend into the dungeon where

my father has hoarded his wealth, and remain there during the night.—Away, I say! for if you refuse, you shall fare the fate that you intended for Don Bernardo!' and saying this, she levelled a pistol at his breast.

Manuel, somewhat disconcerted, took his way to the dungeon, and Isabel secured him by turning several heavy iron bolts. She returned to the apartment she had just left, and removed the lamp from the window. She waited some time expecting the arrival of her gallant lover—Burnet. At length he strode rapidly through the hall, and was making his way to the apartment of Don Bernardo.—Isabel sprung after him, and before he was aware disarmed him of his weapons.

'Who are you?' she demanded in a determined voice. 'Come to the light, sir; come, I say, or here is a bullet what will cure you of your obstinacy. How cleverly you are masked—eh? Not ashamed, I hope of your features? Off with your disguise—off with it, that I may introduce you to the worthy Manuel, whom you will find secreted in the dungeon.'

The mortified Burnet on perceiving that he was known by Isabel, was so overcome by his emotion that he staggered back a few paces and fell to the ground. At this instant Don Bernardo entered the room. He had heard the commotion and started hurriedly, from his bed, although more dead than alive. He was so overpowered, that his limbs scarcely supported his own weight, and but for the timely assistance of his daughter, who caught him in her arms, he would have dashed headlong to the floor. She thought only of assisting her father to his bed; and while she was engaged in this duty, she was astounded by the report of a pistol. It was the death-blow of Henry Burnet, struck by his own hand. He had snatched the weapon from a table where it had been thoughtlessly laid by Isabel on the appearance of Don Bernardo, and buried its contents in his forehead. The blood was already streaming upon the floor. He was writhing in the agonies of death—a self-immolated victim upon the altar of his own consummate wickedness and folly. He attempted several times to speak, and rose once again upon his feet. Oh, what a fearful picture! He lifted his hands red and dripping with blood to his lacerated forehead, and thrust it madly into the fatal wound, and then he glared around with the wildness and fury of a maniac, and uttering a proud and piercing cry, fell heavily in his own gore. Life had fled, and Isabel was in the presence of the guilty deed.

Don Bernardo did not long survive this tragical event. He was gathered to his fathers, rejoicing in the termination of his turbulent and perilous career. As to Manuel, he was elevated to the height of his deservings. Isabel, upon the death of her father, took up her residence in Philadelphia, and soon became the envied bride of an opulent merchant, who, it has been rumored, was not unacquainted with the celebrated pirate, whom we have introduced into our story under the name of Don Bernardo.

Cunning is a crooked wisdom—no thing is more hurtful than when cunning men pass for wise.

THE GATHERER.

LIVE PEACEFULLY WITH ALL.

All are liable to err; and those who are the most guilty, are frequently the first to censure others. They who bear the least from friends, are most inclined to provoke. It would seem that men might learn wisdom from experience of the past, and labor to prevent unkind words, bickerings, and quarrels. When they see the misery that has been produced by 'trifles light as air,' they should form the resolution, never to use a harsh word, throw out a base insinuation, or show a revengeful look.

Mankind should live like members of one family, and labor to promote the welfare of each. Instead of picking out blemishes in your friends, and denouncing their proceedings, how much better to dwell on their virtues and kindness! If they unintentionally wrong you, instead of flaring up, and showing your spite with harsh words, or doing them an injury, reflect that they have done you many favors; how many times they have visited you in sickness, sympathized in your sorrow, and when they had a rarity, shared with you and your children! Reflecting thus, you would disarm you of every unkind and revengeful feeling, and you could not find it in your heart to do them an injury. When the temper is roused, how common it is to forget past favors, and bring to mind every molehill difficulty, which, when in anger, rises to a mountain size, and then decides as passion and not reason dictates!

Live peacefully, is not only a wise precept, but a sacred injunction.—But this you can never do, unless you strive to follow peace with all men. If you reflect upon and treasure up every harsh word, you will always be in trouble. If you pass over a little injury, and banish it from your mind, and return good for evil, there will be no trouble; you cannot be otherwise than good citizens and fast friends. How soon would either resemble heaven, and every thing glow with the beauty and freshness of paradise, if mankind would banish anger and revenge from their bosoms, and were determined to live peacefully and happy with their neighbors!

CLAIRVOYANCE.—M. Raymond, a medical writer, rather celebrated in Paris as a wag, narrates the following incident, on his own very hypocritical authority:—

A friend, puzzled at the apparent accuracy of a somnambulist, asked what his (the interrogator's) father was then doing. In answer, he was told that his father was visible a long way off; and a number of details were given, exactly specifying how the father was engaged.

'I fear you have made a slight anachronism: my father,' said the triumphant disbeliever, 'has been dead these twenty years.'

'No, sir, no mistake! You appear to forget,' replied the quiet somnambulist, 'that it takes a wise child to know his own father!'

'This instructive piece of admonition is copied from the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, an excellent family newspaper, which for variety of intelligence—elegant and elegant matter, both original and selected—can offer a superior in the American Union.'