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MOON'S PHASES.

MAY.

- ☉ New Moon, 6th day, 5h. 43m. morn.
- ☽ First Quarter, 14th day, 9h. 54m. morn.
- ☾ Full Moon, 21st day, 10h. 44m. morn.
- ☽ Last Quarter, 28th day, 2h. 11m. 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 MABRY, Courier.

The Eastern Mails to Bay Fortune, Fairfield, Mount Pleasant, Lot 47, St. Margaret's St. Peter's, Souris—every Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock.—PAUL MABRY, Courier.

The Western Mails to Be-deque, Catecamp, Cavendish, Egmont Bay, Lot 16, New Glasgow, New London, Park Corner, Port Hill, Prince Town, St. Eleanor's, 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, Murray Harbour, Vernon River, White Sands—every Saturday at 9 o'clock, A. M.—SAMUEL LANE, Courier.

POPULAR TALES.

THE SHIPWRECK.

CONCLUDED.

'You will not leave me,' I continued. 'It seems as if fate had united our destinies, and my mind has so dwelt on you alone, that the world would be to me a blank without you.' Catharine turned partly from me, but withdrew not her hand, which, trembling returned the pressure from mine.

'It is useless to tell you I love you. Will you be mine, Catharine?'

'No,' sobbed she painfully; 'I cannot; I will not.'

My heart was now too full, and it burst forth in spite of me. 'Catharine, I am afraid that you look upon Mr. Selwyn with more favour than you do upon me. But I love you too deeply to see you the wife of another; and therefore I must leave you. I must place distance between us.' Catharine started. 'And do you really love me?' she said. 'Is it not mere pity—charity for an orphan?' 'Would to God it were!' Then, indeed, I am happy,' she exclaimed, and threw herself weeping on my neck.

The revulsion of my feelings was so sudden, for a moment I was without the power of moving or uttering a word. We soon came to an explanation. Catharine told me, that even at school her fancy had dwelt on me alone, and that as she advanced in age, and saw more of the world, she distrusted her feelings, fearing her childish fondness might strengthen into a deeper affection; and that at times had rendered her melancholy; and that once, during her stay at school, having heard it reported I was to be married, it had thrown her into fainting fits, which her teachers could not understand. She said, since her residence in New York, though she often flattered herself with having made an impression on me, fears obtained themselves on her mind, that I, who had already done so much for her, might, out of pure kindness, carry

my sense of duty farther; and it was for this reason, that even while her heart bounded with delight at my first avowal, that she, in spite of herself, had rejected me.

Having no one to consult, and few preparations to make, our wedding took place in a short time. Though not wealthy, I was in a condition to keep house with perfect comfort.

Three years had rolled away, when, looking over an English newspaper, I noticed an inquiry for William Malone, his wife, and daughter, who were supposed to have sailed for New South Wales or the United States nine years before. I could remember no such person, yet the name seemed familiar to me. At last it struck me that I had seen it in one or two volumes given to me by Catharine's father, which were in my pocket at the time of the shipwreck. I hunted up the book, and sure enough I found 'William Malone' written on the margin of one of the pages, partly erased. I then examined the other book presented me by Campbell, which I had indeed never opened before, and discovered 'Catharine Dormer' clearly enough, though attempts had been made to efface it. While holding the volumes in my hand, three silhouettes fell out on which were inscribed in pencil, 'William Malone, Catharine Malone, and Catharine Dormer Malone.' The last was of a little girl. I informed Catharine of my discovery, and told her I hoped it would enable me to trace out her family. She immediately showed me a small gold brooch she had always worn, bearing the letters C. D. M. which we supposed might mean the name on the small silhouette.

As the investigation might be a long and troublesome one I resolved to go to Europe, especially as our mercantile affairs rendered it desirable. On arriving in England, Catharine and I went to Exeter, where the advertisement was dated. I there ascertained that a young man, of great respectability but no fortune named William Malone, had made runaway match with the only daughter of a Mr. Dormer, a wealthy landholder; that after expending little he had, and failing in his attempts at farming, the husband left Exeter with his wife and a young daughter; but no one knew where he had gone. The father and mother Malone had both died soon after the departure of their only child. Ancestry Dormer was also deceased; leaving in the hour of final repentance, the whole of his fortune to his daughter and her issue. The executors of Malone, the father, readily permitted me to examine his papers. Among them I discovered a letter, in which William Malone informs his parents that he would sail the next day from Greenock for New York, the day exactly on which I left Europe.

All this satisfied me pretty all of the parentage of Catharine. Many persons also were struck by her strong resemblances to William Malone; but legal proof was wanting, and nothing else would avail, as there were distant relatives all disposed to contend to the last for the property.

When I had almost desisted of success, I was told that a Crad-

ock, a faithful old servant, had accompanied William Malone's family when they left Exeter, but had never returned. I immediately went to Greenock, to try and trace him out. There I ascertained that a John Cradock had been a servant in one of the principal inns, but that he had sailed some years ago for America; and that as he was an old man in infirm health, was probably dead. My informant stated, he had indeed heard a rumour that Cradock was living in New York in great indigence. I now employed an eminent counsellor, who told me that he had strong hopes of establishing my wife's parentage; but at the same time told me candidly that my proof was not so conclusive that a jury would give a verdict in my favour. He advised me; before bringing an action, to discover John Cradock, if possible, as he was probably the only one that could prove that Campbell was an assumed name. This I immediately did.

Upwards of two months had elapsed since I had written to America, when one morning a well-known old New York beggar entered my room. I inquired what wonder had brought him to Europe. 'I have,' said he, 'a letter from your partner which will explain every thing.' The letter stated that the bearer, John Cradock, had been immediately found in New York, where he had been taken with the rheumatism on his first landing, and from whence he had never travelled; and that he had willingly agreed to return to his native land for a small gratuity.

When I asked the old man if he knew William Campbell, he burst into tears. 'Did I know him!' he exclaimed. 'What do you know about him?'

I entreated him to speak freely, as my question sprang from no idle or impertinent curiosity.

'Yes,' said the old man, 'I saw him on board when he left his country, and received from him what I have carried with me ever since.— He pressed me to accept his watch, but I would have staid sooner than have robbed him of all he had left.— Here Cradock drew from his pocket a small Morocco box, and took from it a miniature in an ebony frame.— Notwithstanding the length of time, I immediately recognised the features of Catharine's father.

'And was Campbell his real name?' I inquired.

'No matter what it was,' firmly answered the mendicant. 'The sea rolls over every thing connected with him, and the secret I promised to keep shall be as still as he rests.'

Just then Catharine entered the room, but seeing us apparently occupied, instantly withdrew. 'Farmer's sake!' exclaimed the old man, 'who is that young lady?' 'She is my wife, and the daughter of William Campbell.'

'How! was he not then lost at sea? I thought the whole were wrecked?' 'No; the father and mother perished, but I saved the daughter you have just seen.' Then one of the names of Malone still exists? William Campbell and William Malone were then the same?'

'They were. Bowed down by poverty, he hoped to better his fortune abroad, and, perhaps out of false pride, changed his name, that his

degradation, should be contingent upon fortune, might not reach his acquaintances,' and particularly his hard-hearted father-in-law. I followed him to Greenock, and would have crossed the water with him had he not positively refused. No one but his father and mother knew his destination, nor did they even know the name he assumed.

My chain of evidence was now perfectly clear, as it was not difficult to prove by my fellow-passengers, some of whom lived in New York, that Catharine was the daughter of Campbell, and the mother of his death? Indeed, so conclusive was the proof, that property, which is considerable, was given up without contest. I shall renounce business as speedily as I can, will wind up my affairs; but I shall return to America, and take up my residence there for life.

THE WATCHMAN.

Unsettled is a sin of much greater extent than is generally imagined.

Some persons confine the sin of unbelief to Jews, Mahomedans, and Pagans; to atheists, deists, and sceptics.

They deem it a breach of charity to charge this moral evil upon those who profess to believe the Gospel to be a revelation from God; and who exhibit in their outward character, the amiable virtues of benevolence, kindness, and compassion.

But if we bring the Bible denominates faith, and try its genuineness by the touchstone of the word of God, we shall soon discover it to be a 'reproachful sinner.' This counterfeit coin bears some outlines of the King's image; but it is so badly executed, that it may be easily detected by a spiritual discerner.

True faith is lively, operative, and fruitful.

True faith works by love, that sacred spring which sets all the wheels of obedience in motion.

True faith purifies the heart, by uniting the soul to Jesus, and drawing from him, through the Spirit, continual supplies of grace and strength, to mortify sin, and walk in the ways of holy obedience.

True faith overcomes the world, by raising the believer above its vanities, and follies; by enabling him to renounce its pomps and honours; and to live as a pilgrim and a stranger upon earth.

True faith realizes the invisible glories of heaven, and thus becomes the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.

But how does the world's faith operate? It leads men to the house of God on the Sabbath; and then suffers them to attend theatres, races, and gaieties of every description through the week.

It induces them to attend the Lord's table on some great festival of the church, and then lulls their consciences to sleep by the assurance that they have done 'some great thing' towards liquidating the contracted debt of daily transgression.

It prompts them to read their Bibles on the Sabbath, and then to close the sacred volume till the Sabbath returns again.

The faith of the nominally Christian world, bad as it is, is nevertheless