

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, JANUARY 15, 1845.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

MOON'S PHASES.

JANUARY.

- ☾ Last Quarter, 1st day, 11h. 7m morn
- ☾ New Moon, 5th day, 2h. 58m morn
- ☽ First Quarter, 15th day, 4h. 36m morn.
- ☽ Full Moon, 23d day, 10h. 6m morn.
- ☾ Last Quarter, 30th day, 9h. 41 m. morn

MAILS.

The Mails by the Southern route to Be-
doses, Cape Traverso, Tryon River, are
made every Monday morning at 10 o'clock,
PAUL MASEY, Courier.

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

The Western Mails to Bedouque, Cascum-
pe, Cavendish, Egmont Bay, Lot 16, New
Glengow, New London, Park Corner, Port
Hill, Prince Town, St. Eleanors, Tignish,
Tasche'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 8
o'clock, A. M.—SAMUEL LANE, Courier.

POPULAR TALES.

THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

Mascali, a thriving town on the
western coast of Sicily, some miles dis-
tant from the city of Catania, is si-
tuated on the beach, at the foot of
one of the most charming of the
Etnean hills, whose gentle slope is
covered with vineyards, corn-fields,
and olive grounds, interspersed with
pines and orange groves, which im-
part a delicious perfume to the air.—
The size and flourishing condition of
its productions abundantly testify the
exuberant fertility of the soil. A little
above the town, and overlooking it,
is the modern residence of the an-
cient family of Z—, situated in
one of the pleasantest spots imagina-
ble, embowered in a wilderness of
agave, whose never-fading verdure
gives the appearance of perpetual
spring to this favored region. The
summit of this beautiful eminence is
crowned by an antique castle, former-
ly the abode of the same family; and
in still earlier times, a royal chateau,
built by one of the kings of Sicily,
for his reception, when disposed to
partake of the pleasures of the chase.
It commands in front an enchanting
view of the distant coast of Italy, the
sea studded with craft of every de-
scription, and the shore variegated
with town and village, winding
streams, and promontories of lava.—
To the right, lay the superb city and
great plains of Catania, so renowned
for its fertility. To the left, silver
currents of the Acis and the Fiume
Freddo are seen paying their tribute
to the sea. Behind, stretches an ex-
tensive wood, remarkable for the size
and variety of its trees, and the in-
exhaustible stock of game with which
it is furnished. In the distance, the
most prominent and sublime feature
of the scene, the snow-crowned
Etna, elevates its smoking head into
the clouds. This old edifice is called
il Castello della Zita, or the Be-
sotted, from a daughter of an ancient
lord of these possessions, whose fa-
ther, as the tale runs, arbitrarily pro-
mised her hand to one of her suitors,
whilst her heart was engaged to ano-

ther. In spite of tears, prayers, and
remonstrances, a day was destined
for the marriage. On the evening
preceding the morning on which the
ceremony was to take place, it was
observed that the intended bride had
dried her tears, and appeared com-
posed and resigned to her fate. In
the morning the guests had arrived,
the priest was ready, the bridegroom
in attendance; but the bride was
wanting. She was not in her apart-
ment. The castle was searched from
turret to dungeon, but the young
lady was not found. At length, a
pair of slippers was discovered on the
ledge of a window; they were recog-
nized as those of the bride. On look-
ing out, she was seen lying in her
nightdress, a corpse, in the ditch of
the castle, into which she had precipi-
tated herself to avoid a detested uni-

The present story, though of a
more modern date, as it happened
somewhat after the middle of the
last century, in some points resem-
bles the foregoing; but the lady, al-
though, if possible, still more unfortu-
nate in her destiny, does not appear
to have possessed the desperate resolu-
tion of her fair predecessor.

Baron Z—, the proprietor of
these domains at that period, had
led a single life until near fifty, and
perhaps might have continued to do
so, had not some disagreement with
his brother, who in default of issue
was his heir, determined him to dis-
appoint his expectations by taking a
wife at that late period. Having
formed this resolution, he proposed
for the daughter of the Prince of P—,
of Catania, a girl of eighteen,
whom perhaps he had not seen twice
in his life-time. The baron being
well-known by his large possessions,
the father consented at once to a
match, which, reckoning for nothing
the disparity of years, or the incli-
nation of his child, he esteemed highly
advantageous. When he communi-
cated the offer to his daughter, and
ordered her peremptorily to receive
the baron as her future husband, the
young lady was thunderstruck at in-
telligence so unlooked for and disa-
greeable, and remained silent, being
incapable of utterance, in the pre-
sence of the prince; but no sooner
had he retired, than throwing herself
at the feet of her mother, she conjured
her to prevent a union which could
not fail to plunge her in irremediable
misery. The princess, though at-
tached to her daughter, knowing the
arbitrary and violent character of her
husband, declined all interference in
the matter, and recommended obe-
dience as the wisest and fittest course.
In fact, both her parents were aware
that her principal objection to the
baron was an attachment she entertain-
ed for a cadet of a noble family,
an officer in the army, then absent
in Naples; but neither of them sus-
pected that she had already clandestinely
become his wife. They had, previous
to his departure, been privately mar-
ried by the family chaplain, who had
been won over by their entreaties.—
No wonder, then, that the unfortunate
girl testified such repugnance to the
match now proposed to her. In vain
she expostulated and entreated; a
deaf ear was turned to her prayers.
Her union with the officer she dared
not reveal, well knowing, from the
vindictive temper of her father, that
such confession would cost the life of

her husband. She prevailed on the
chaplain who had married them, to
remonstrate with the prince on the
injustice he was about to commit by
forcing the inclinations of his daugh-
ter, and thus rendering her miserable
for life; but the efforts of the priest
were unavailing, the prince drove
him from his presence, and threatened
him with his vengeance for this un-
called-for interference in his family
affairs.

To be continued.

THE GATHERER.

GENERAL SURVEY OF THE UNIVERSE.

There is a God; the plants of the
valley and the cedars of the moun-
tain proclaim him; the insect hums
his praise, the elephant salutes him
with the rising day; the bird warbles
his praise among the foliage; the
lightning announces his power, and
the sea declares his immensity. Man
alone has said 'There is no God.'
Has he then in adversity never raised
his eyes towards heaven; has he in
prosperity never cast them on earth?
Is nature so far from him that he
has not been able to contemplate her
works; or does he consider them
the result of chance? But how could
chance have compelled crude and
stubborn materials to arrange them-
selves in such exquisite order? The
scene that fades upon our view is
painted in brilliant colours for ano-
ther people; it is not the spectacle
that is changed but the spectator.—
Thus God has combined in his work
absolute duration; the first is placed
in time, the second in space. By
means of the former, the beauties of
the universe are one, infinite and in-
variable! by means of the latter they
are multiplied, finite, and perpetu-
ally renewed. Without the one there
would be no grandeur in the creation,
without the other it would exhibit no-
thing but dull uniformity.

A SHORT CHAPTER ON NEWS-PAPERS.

The origin of newspapers, like that
of many other things in use at the
present day, is to be referred to Italy.
In the year 1563, it was customary to note
all important commercial and literary
intelligence, and to send the written
sheets to Venice, where they were read
at a particular place, by all who desired
to learn the news. Those who read,
paid for the privileges in a coin, called
gazetta, not in use at the present day.
This name gradually became attached to
the paper itself. The first genuine Eng-
lish newspaper appeared in the reign
of Queen Elizabeth, at the time of the
Spanish Armada, of which several are
preserved in the British Museum. It
was entitled 'The English Mercurie, im-
printed at London by their Highnesses'
printers,' 1588.—This, however, was
not regularly published. The first regu-
lar papers were in the time of the
Commonwealth, and were used to dis-
seminate sentiments of loyalty or resis-
tance, and were called weekly news-
books. The quaintness which marked
the books of that age, is observable also
in the titles of some of the papers, viz:—
"The Secret Owl," "Heraclitus Rid-
dens," "The Weekly Discoverer," &c.

'MARRIAGE vs. INSANITY.

Few people are aware how much
more insanity prevails among bachelors
and unmarried ladies than among the
married of both sexes. We learn from
the examination of very many reports,

that of every five of all lunatics sent to
American hospitals, three are unmar-
ried, and only two are married, and that
almost all of them are over 21 years old.
On the other hand, it is pretty certain
that in all the community over 21 years
of age, there are more than three times
as many in as out of wedlock. If this
be the case, then the unmarried are more
than four times as liable to become in-
sane as married people.

Friendship is of so delicate and so
nice a texture, so defenceless against
evil impressions, and so apt to with-
ter at the least blast of jealousy, that
we may say with Horace:

Happy thrice happy they, whose friendship
prove
One constant scene of unmolested love;
Whose hearts right temper'd feel no various
turns,
No coolness chills them, and no madness
burns.
But, free from anger doubts, and jealous
fears,
Died as they liv'd united and sincere.

We see farther into the characters
of men, from their familiar letters,
than from any other parts of their
writings. Expressions flow, *currenti
calamo*, that rise immediately and
undisguised from the heart. A knave
will be sooner discovered by his cor-
respondence, than by his conversa-
tion, in spite of himself he will ap-
pear there in his proper colours; on
the other hand, a man of virtue, will
display a thousand beauties in his e-
pistles which rise from him unpremeditated
and without design.

SELECTED POETRY.

WHY MOURN THE FALLEN FLOWERS.

The early dead—the early dead—
Why mourn the fallen flowers,
The spring's sweet blossom has but fled
To far more genial bowers—
To bowers of loveliness and bliss,
Ah! better far than worlds like this.
The early dead—the early dead—
They left us in their youth;
To realms of light and love they fled
In purity and truth.
They left the cares—the griefs of time,
Unsnuffed by a single crime.
The early dead—the early dead—
Ah! for them do not weep;
Although the cold earth is their bed
In innocence they sleep.
They have gained an everlasting rest,
They are pillow'd on the Saviour's breast.

The early dead—the early dead—
Earth's sweetest flowers bloom,
Heaven's balmiest dews are o'er them
shed,
And angels guard their tomb.
To realms of truth and love they've fled
Ah! mourn not then the early dead.

* From Songs and Legends of the Mag'ic
Isle—by Fredrick Colard.