

THE MORNING NEWS.

AND SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

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

VOL. I.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, NOVEMBER 22, 1843.

NO. 23.

MOON'S PHASES.

NOVEMBER.

○ Full Moon, 7th day, 1h. 7m morning
 ○ Last Quarter, 14th day, 10h. 19m even.
 ○ New Moon, 21st day, 1h 19m afternoon
 ○ First Quarter, 28th day, 2h 54m afternoon

MAILS.

The mails for Halifax, Pictou, &c. are made up every Tuesday after the arrival of the St. George from Miramichi, and every Saturday at 7 o'clock, A. M.

The mail for Bedoué, Coupe Traversé, and Trigon River, every Monday at 10 o'clock, A. M.

For Bedoué, Prince Town, New London, St. Eleanor's, Cuscumpeque, &c. every Thursday morning at 10 o'clock.

For the Eastward, St. Peter's, Souris, St. Margarete, &c. every Wednesday at 10 o'clock.

George Town, every Wednesday and Saturday morning at 8 o'clock.

For Murray Harbour, Belfast, &c. every Saturday morning at 8 o'clock.

For Miramichi, every Friday morning at 7 o'clock.

POPULAR TALES.

THE SON'S WIFE.*

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

'I know ye shant like her,' said Aunt Sarah, decisively, putting her knitting needle in its sheath; 'her mother was queer before her, and every body knows the Stapleton's are an odd set. A mechanic's daughter, too!'

'But what have you against them?' asked the brother of the intended bridegroom, standing up against the whole host; 'is she ill-bred, or no housekeeper, or a dunce, or extravagant or a woman of ill-regulated temper?'

'Well, I dont know I've heard she has nothing to boast of in the way of manners,' said Aunt Sarah.

'And I don't believe she's a housekeeper; that was ever knew one of your prodigies that was?' said another.

'Then she's a prodigy,' said the brother; but the storm went on, regardless of his remark.

'She hasn't common sense, in spite of her romance,' said one.

'She'll spend twice Tom's income, said another, raising her voice.

'She's no doubt a scold, for what thin body isn't?' said another, in a voice more shrill.

'And as proud as Lucifer,' chimed in a sixth, in a yet higher key.

'And Tom will get enough of love and Mary Stapleton before 6 months, if she's the coquette I've heard,' said the last, with a shrill intonation, that rose over the din of the battle.—Tom's brother smiled, and to avoid the tempest he could not allay, darted out of the room.

*From the World of Fashion.

Mary Stapleton lived in a country village, but mingled little in its gossiping society, for there were few with whom she could sympathize. When we say that she was good looking, if not beautiful; of singularly amiable disposition and gentle manners; well informed, graceful, accomplished, and of talents above mediocrity, we have told why she was loved by young Irvine, or as his family familiarly called him, 'Our Tom,'—the most desirable match in the village. His father, who was now dead, had been a judge, and possessing much property, had been looked up to by the neighborhood as the great man of the country. Most of the females of the family gave themselves airs in consequence, for, by a singular fatality, all the daughters of Judge Irvine partook rather of the mother's vain and shallow character than of the truly estimable disposition of the father—his strong common sense and liberal views having descended to his sons, as if these traits, to use his own expression,—'had been entailed on heirs male.'

The Stapletons were a family of mechanics time out of mind, and therefore beneath the notice of the Irvines, so that when young Irvine began visiting the daughter, a hubbub ensued, the like of which had not been known since Irvinville was built. The young man had an obstinate habit of having his own way, and the sly inuendoes of his sisters and aunts, and even one or two attacks of his lady mother, failed to have any effect on him. He still visited Mary Stapleton, and at length announced his approaching marriage with her.

The conclave of aunts and sisters and other relatives, who always constitute a sort of committee of advice on such occasions, was thunderstruck. Mary Mary Stapleton—the thing was preposterous! To visit her was bad enough; but to make her his wife—why, the blood of the Irvines would cry out against it, and it was questionable whether their knightly ancestors could thereafter sleep quietly in their coffins. A grand sanhedrim was summoned, to which the offender's brother was invited, and the result we have seen. No one thought of remonstrating with the young man, for all knew the determination which formed the most striking part of his character, and they were, therefore, fain to content themselves with finding fault with the intended bride; and since no one knew anything against her, this was no very difficult task.

They were married. Now, as Mrs. Irvine prided herself on her politeness, she announced that all the outward forms of civility must be bestowed on the bride, though none were required to pay any further attentions, or to throw any real warmth

of manner into the courtesies with which they received Tom's wife.—The widow's word was law, and accordingly the whole family went in due form to the wedding. It was very generally understood, however, that no one was to like the son's wife if any decent reason to the contrary could be found in her looks, education or deportment.

A round of parties ensued, for the Irvines determined to outdo the Stapletons, and they resolved, therefore, to give a nightly succession of what they called 'crushers,' before the other side would have a chance to put in their claims. The wedding had been on Thursday, and on Monday the Irvines began. Whenever the Stapletons could be decently omitted, they were not invited, but at Mrs. Irvine's it was impossible not to leave the bride's parents and sisters. So, at Mrs. Irvine's a regular attack was to be made on the Stapletons, in order to expose their ignorance and ill-breeding.

'A song for the bride!' said one in the secret, as soon as the piano was opened.

Now it was generally understood among the Irvines that the bride could not play, and the best performer of their party was, on the bride declining, to astound the Stapletons. But the bride ignorantly threw consternation among her enemies by quietly sitting down at the instrument and performing in a style which set all competition at defiance.

'How beautiful!' was the involuntary exclamation extorted even from those who envied her most.

'I had no idea she understood music, and so thoroughly,' said one.

'When could she have learned it?' said another.

'But we will ask her to play on the harp to-morrow evening,' said a third, 'What a pity Mrs. Irvine hasn't the instrument, or we might see the Stapleton's discomfitted to-night.'

To-morrow came, and with it a party at a sister of the late Judge Irvine's. It was known that Mrs. Seymour had the only harp in the village, consequently it was impossible the bride knew how to play on the instrument. We shall not attempt to paint the astonishment of the conspirators when she walked composedly to the harp and played a very difficult piece, accompanying it with her voice. An involuntary burst of delight testified the opinions of the company, the male portion of which, not being in the secret of the plot, did not fail to express approbation.

'Where did your sister learn the harp?'—asked one of the Irvines.

'She spent two years in Philadelphia,'—was the quiet answer.

Every evening in the week some new attempt was made to unmask, as the conspiracy said, the want of

breeding and accomplishments in the son's wife; but each trial met with a signal disappointment; and, at the end of the marriage festivities, even the heads of the plot were forced to confess that the bride was a most accomplished lady, and that even her family were wonderfully well informed for the descendants of mechanics.

But prejudice is always stubborn. The little clique which determined to put down the son's wife still insisted that she was extravagant, and that, however, talented she might be, she needed that practical sense which is most valuable for the ordinary duties of life. Her demeanor in her new capacity of housewife was keenly scrutinized, and the transactions at the son's house became daily the subject of gossip at the elder Mrs. Irvine's. But even envy and prejudice combined could find nothing to blame; and before many weeks the conspirators began to grow heartily ashamed of themselves.

'Well,' at length said Aunt Sarah to the elder Mrs. Irvine, 'I do say that I never saw a neater house than Mary's is, and from what Tom says they make a little good a great ways. I'm beginning to think there's something in them Stapleton's after all.—I'm sure Cicely here has improved wonderfully in her music since your daughter-in-law offered to give her lessons.'

Mrs. Irvine was silent for some time, but at length looked up from her work.

'I don't find any fault with her, and I can't say I ever did. I had my suspicions that Tom had been taken in, but I've found that he knew better than we what kind of a wife Mary would make. You know I told you all from the first, that she was to be treated with due politeness as my daughter-in-law.'

Notwithstanding this full admission it had been long before the mother-in-law could be brought to acknowledge her new daughter's merits; but her prejudices had at length given way before the sweetness and many virtues of her son's wife. After this acknowledgment it was wonderful how quickly the rest of the family saw the worth of the young wife; and indeed, in the short space of a year from this time, she became the oracle, in all matters of taste especially, to the young Irvines.

The son never alluded to the subject in their presence but once, when he said,

'And so, Aunt Sarah, you thought I was throwing myself away when I married: do you think so now?'

Aunt Sarah and the rest of the council looked down and were silent.

SAFE SEAL.—A letter closed with the white of an egg, cannot be opened by the steam of boiling water like the common wafers.