

# 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 29, 1845.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

## MOON'S PHASES.

### JANUARY.

- ☾ Last Quarter, 1st day, 11h. 7m morn
- ☾ New Moon, 8th 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-  
doug, Cape Traverse, Tryon River, are  
made up every Monday morning at 10 o'clock.  
PAUL MABEY, Courier.

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

The Western Mails to Bedouge, Cascum-  
pas, Cavendish, Egmont Bay, Lot 16, New  
Glasgow, New London, Park Corner, Port  
Hill, Prince Town, St. Eleanors, Tignish,  
Tavellers 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 5  
o'clock, A. M.—SAMUEL LANE, Courier.

## POPULAR TALES:

### PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT.

#### CONCLUDED.

Now, the maiden aunt thought, was her time for action. She had set her heart upon the marriage of her niece to Mr. Dormouse, and she was determined to compass that event by one means or other. As to the gentleman himself, he was perfectly content and passive; he submitted himself to the guidance of the ancient maiden entirely. The latter omitted no opportunity of expatiating, before Mary, on the wealth and consequence of her favourite and on the happiness that must accrue from a prudent marriage. Sometimes Mary laughed and rallied her aunt on the great affection she appeared to have conceived for Mr. Dormouse; at other times, when the prudent old lady thought fit to make matrimony her theme, a blush was perceptible on the cheek of the younger maiden, which the other, sanguine in her expectations of success, interpreted in favour of her own wishes. Now, Mary Moneypenny, be it known, had never exhibited the slightest visible mark of preference for either of the gentlemen who were such constant visitors at her father's mansion: even the keen eye of her aunt had not been able to discover the slightest symptom of partiality. It is true, she took the arm of Charles Moore on the terrace, but it was, as her father remarked, because he offered it. Latterly the old lady had begun to draw more favourable prognostics. What she wished she was fain to find reasons for believing. As the time drew near when young Moore might be expected to return, she determined to bring matters to a result. Accordingly, (be it remembered she had taken the whole conduct of affairs upon herself,) she seized a favourable opportunity, and boldly made, in the name of Mr. Dormouse, a declaration of love, and offered that gentleman's hand (she did not venture to say, heart, and fortune to Mary's accep-

tance. The latter was taken by surprise. The energy of her aunt's manner as she urged compliance with her wishes, and the singularity of such an appeal seemed to her irresistibly comical, and the only reply she made was a smothered fit of merriment. The old lady, who knew but little of the real disposition of her niece, mistook this for an indication of maiden diffidence, she proceeded more boldly to insinuate, that a reciprocation of feeling would accord strongly with the wishes of her father. The whole manner of the young lady changed: a flush overspread her features as she asked, 'Does my father really wish that I should marry Mr. Dormouse?' The aunt replied, hesitatingly, in the affirmative. Mary sat in silence for a few moments, and then got up and quitted the room without uttering a syllable. Her aunt, however, observed, that her eye beamed with more than usual lustre, and that her face was suffused with crimson. She was now convinced, that the young lady was really in love with Mr. Dormouse, and so elated was she with this notion that she at once determined on bringing the affair to a conclusion by one bold measure. She hastened to Mr. Dormouse and communicated her instructions.

Three days had passed away. It was on a Thursday, about noon, that Mr. Moneypenny was sitting in his office. A confidential servant, who nectd the parts of valet and footman hastily entered the room. Such servants were then more common than now.

'Well,' said the merchant, 'have you kept a good look out? Some news, I see.'

'I have discovered all, sir,' said the man. 'Such a plot? You know Mr. Sutton, of the Nag's Head. Well, he keeps post horses. My brother Bob is head-groom there. He's been taking some wine with me in the pantry, and he's told me all about it.—Miss Julia, your sister, sir, has got Mr. Moneypenny. "When—how?"

'Stop, sir. They have not gone yet, but listen. Miss Julia wants it to be done in a hurry, because she's persuaded my young mistress that you want her to marry him and, as she thinks Miss Mary likes Mr. Dormouse, she fancies, if she gets her out of the way and married to him, before you know any thing about it, it'll be all right. Post-horses is ordered, and Miss is to be enticed into the chaise at five o'clock, and then Mr. Dormouse 'll carry her away, and explain matters as he goes along.'

'Capital!' exclaimed Mr. Moneypenny, bursting into a loud laugh.—'My sister is an excellent plotter. I have no objection to Mary being carried off and married, but, as I am her father, I shall lend my assistance.'

The man was dismissed, with directions to continue his observations. The merchant stepped out of his office into his house, for the buildings joined each others. He immediately sought his daughter. She was sitting in her own apartment, and, as he entered, he observed that she was in deep thought. He commenced the conversation.

'You did right, dear Mary,' said he, 'to inform me of the communication made by your aunt, though you have done wrong in expressing to me such an obstinate determination to go in opposition to what she

told you were the wishes of your father.'

'I do not wish to be disrespectful,' replied she, 'but it is better that I should tell you at once. No power on earth shall compel me to marry Mr. Dormouse.'

'Well done, girl!' exclaimed her father, laughing in his peculiarly hilarious way, 'you speak boldly, but the matter is decided upon. A post-chaise will be here at five o'clock, and it is settled that you are to go away with—'

'With whom?' said she, energetically. 'With Mr. Dormouse? I will suffer death first! Oh! sir, I beg—' The poor girl could proceed no further—emotion choked her utterance.

The merchant took the hand of his daughter, and looked inquiringly in her face. 'Mary,' said he, 'I have received a letter from Mr. Moore.—The business is settled, and he will be here in an hour.' The young lady looked up inquiringly in her turn.

'Listen!' said the merchant. 'Your aunt has decided that you should marry Mr. Dormouse. You have already set aside my authority, so, of course, I have no right to interfere. It has been arranged between the two, that you are to be first carried off, and then asked to consent. I have told you of the plot, and you object. Now, what say you, suppose Charles Moore were to be your companion, would you still object?'

Mary blushed. There was still a glistening tear in her eye. But she smiled, and, before she could speak, her father exclaimed, 'I see how it is: I knew you would decide correctly!' He kissed her cheek, and left her.

In less than an hour after the above dialogue had taken place, Charles Moore entered the private office where the merchant was sitting, deeply pondering over a huge file of papers.

'Welcome, boy,' exclaimed he, 'you have just arrived in the nick of time, for, if I am not mistaken, you will have to commence another journey almost immediately, and you must make haste, or, perhaps, Dormouse will be beforehand with you.'

'That he won't,' said the youth, laughing. 'He is too slow to keep pace with me. But what is the business?'

Mr. Moneypenny arose, and closed the door. What the precise conversation was we know not. The merchant and the youth, however, left the office together, the former laughing with high glee, and the latter with his eyes sparkling with pleasure, his cheek flushed, but his whole frame evincing intense internal agitation and anxiety.

The world would pronounce me mad,' said the merchant, 'to assist a young man to run away with my own daughter. But I would willingly circumvent Madam Julia, and disappoint that booby just as they think that their scheme is ripe. Away and see Mary, and my life on it you persuade her to consent.'

How far the father was right in his prognostications we leave the reader to discover. It was about four o'clock when young Moore was flying across the field that lay between Launcelot's-hey and Old-hall-street, in the direction of the Nag's Head. He returned soon after, with an air of disappointment. He met the

merchant at the door, and informed him, that not a horse was to be had. 'Dormouse,' said he, 'has taken his measures well. Roger Bradshaw has only four posters, and they have been engaged by my rival, and all the Talbot horses have been sent forward to Ormskirik, as a relay. What is to be done? I have it,' said he; 'most excellent! The chaise is to be drawn up on the beach, under the church wall. Farewell, sir, and God bless you.'

'God bless thee, my boy,' said the merchant. 'I know thou wilt behave kindly to my dear girl. I have trusted thee, perhaps, I am foolishly trusting thee, but I place confidence in thine honour. Farewell!' The youth bounded from his side, in the direction of the church.

Moore was scarcely out of sight, when Miss Julia Moneypenny, the elder, accompanied by her niece, issued from the portals of the mansion 'Mary and I,' said the ancient maiden, 'are going to take the air.—Mayhap we shall take a ride together with Mr. Dormouse. I hear that Mr Moore is waiting for you in the drawing-room, where I have ordered refreshments, which he must need after his journey. Go to him, brother, and see that he is hospitably entertained.'

'Take care of thyself, Mary,' said the father, not heeding the manoeuvre of his sister to get him out of the way. 'Bless thee, my love!' whispered he, as he stooped to kiss her cheek. The maiden drew her veil over her face, and suffered herself to be conducted by her aunt.

The latter led her niece in the direction of the church. When they turned the corner, and got on the sand, they were joined by Dormouse, who entreated them to take a drive of a few miles along the shore, in a chaise which he had provided for the purpose of taking an airing. 'I am sure,' said the old lady, 'neither I nor my niece can have any objection. I shall be delighted to have a drive along the sands.' The post-boy stood with the open door in his hand. Mary entered, and her aunt, looking into the chaise, said, 'I think, dear, there is scarcely room for three. You and Mr. Dormouse will go alone, and I shall expect you home to supper. Quick, get in, Mr. Dormouse.'

Dormouse was about to obey, but a strong arm grasped his, and he was swung spinning to a considerable distance before he knew where he was. Moore who had already bribed the postboys, jumped into the chaise, the door was banged to, and the 'boy sprang to his saddle like lightning.—'Drive on!' exclaimed Moore. The whips and spurs were immediately in requisition, and the sleek steeds galloped away lightly over the soft sand in the direction of Rootle, leaving the spinster and her chop-fallen companion in utter consternation.

We have not space to describe what immediately ensued. Suffice it to say, that the youth and maiden did not proceed to Gretna, but were married, by special license, on the following day, at the Parish Church of Ormskirik. On the ensuing Sunday, when the gallant Major proudly presented Mary to her aunt as Mrs. Moore, the merchant laughing in his peculiar manner, said, to the mortified spinster, 'Did I not tell you, that Mary would choose with judgment!'