

THE MORNING NEWS,

AND SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

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

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MOON'S PHASES.

APRIL.

- New Moon, 6th day, 5h. 26m noon.
- ☾ First Quarter, 14th day, 5h. 9m noon.
- Full Moon, 22d day, 2h. 58m after
- ☾ Last Quarter, 28th day, 7h. 5m after

MAILS.

The Mails by the Southern route to Bodeque, Cape Traverse, Tryon River, are made up every Monday morning at 10 o'clock. PAUL MARBY, Courier.

The Eastern Mails to Bay Fortune, Fairfield, Mount Pleasant, Lot 47, St. Margarets, St. Peters, Souris—every Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock.—PAT. FERMAN, Courier.

The Western Mails to Bodeque, Cascompec, Cavendish, Egmont Bay, Lot 16, New Glasgow, New London, Park Corner, Port Hill, Prince Town, St. Eleanors, Tignish, Travellers 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, Yarmou River, White Sands—every Saturday at 9 o'clock. A. M.—SAMUEL LANE, Courier.

POPULAR TALES.

THE THREE THIEVES,

The night at length arrived, and with it the two brothers to put their plan into execution; and, while the elder one kept watch, Barat began to make a hole in the wall at the very spot where the pig had been. He soon, however, found that there was nothing left there, but the cord by which it had been suspended, and exclaimed, 'we are too late, the bird has flown.' Travers, who was kept in a state of continual alarm, and could get no sleep on account of his dread of being robbed, fancying he heard some noise, awoke his wife, and ran to the knocking-trough to see if the pig was still there. There it was, safe enough; but as he felt no less anxiety about his barn and stable, he sallied forth, armed with a hatchet, just to see if all was right. Barat, who heard him go out, seized that opportunity of slipping in at the door, he then crept up to the bedside, and imitating the voice of Travers, said, 'Mary, the hog is not hanging up against the wall; what have you done with it?' 'Why don't you recollect,' said she, 'that we hid it under the knocking-trough?' 'Now I do, but I really had forgotten it—don't you get up, I'll see about it.' So saying, he went to the trough, and placing the pig upon his shoulders, marched off with it. After having been his round, and examined every part of the premises, Travers returned. 'I must confess,' said his wife, 'that I have got a husband whose head is not good for much; to think you should so soon forget where you had put the pig? No sooner did he hear these words than he knew how the case stood. 'Ah,' said he, 'I said they would rob me, and they have done so sure enough. It is gone now, and we shall certainly never see it more.' Nevertheless, as the robbers could not be far off, he thought he would follow them, in hopes of overtaking them, and of recovering his property. They had taken a narrow path across the fields, which led to the woods, in which they

hoped to conceal their prey with perfect security. Haimet hastened on in front, to see that the coast was all clear; and his brother, who was incumbered by the load he carried, walked more slowly, and followed at some little distance. Travers soon came up with the latter. He recognized him, and then assuming the tone and voice of the elder brother, said, 'You must be tried, give it to me; it is now my turn to carry it.' Barat, who thought it was his brother who spoke to him, handed the pig over to Travers, and hastened on towards the wood. He had not, however, proceeded a hundred yards, before, to his great astonishment, he overtook Haimet:—'Confound it,' he exclaimed, 'but I have been done! That knave, Travers, has played me a trick; but, never mind, you shall see whether I am not a match for him yet?' So saying, he undressed himself, placed his shirt over his clothes, made up a sort of a woman's cap for his head, and, thus accoutred, ran as fast as he possibly could, by a different road, towards the cottage of Travers, for whose arrival he waited just outside the door. No sooner did he see him approach, than he made up to him, as if he had been his wife and, counterfeiting her voice, inquired whether had he recovered the pig. 'Oh, yes,' replied the husband. 'I have got it safe enough.' 'Give it to me, then, and let me carry it in, while you run round to the stable, and see whether that is all safe, for I heard a great noise there just now, and I am really exceedingly anxious to break in there.' Travers placed the pig in the stable, and, as he supposed wife, and once more went the rounds of his farm-yard; and great was his surprise when he returned, to find his wife in bed, crying, and half dead with fright. He then discovered that he had been duped again. He was determined, however, not to be stalked in the adventure, he vowed that he would not terminate the affair any other way than triumphantly.

Though he never supposed the thieves would take the same road a second time, he entertained the very reasonable opinion, that the forest being not only the most convenient, but also the most secure hiding-place, they would again choose it for their retreat; and so in fact it was. Thither they speedily betook themselves; and in the joy of their hearts, and their anxiety to taste the fruits of their enterprise, they lighted a fire at the foot of a spreading oak, for the purpose of cooking a cap or two. The wood, however, was green, and burnt so badly, that they were forced to go rambling about in search of dry leaves and withered branches. Travers, who, thanks to the fitful blazings of the fire, had, in the meantime, been attracted to the same spot, avoided himself of their absence to disrobe and ascend the tree. Then, suspending himself, with one hand from a branch, as if he had been hanging there, he no sooner saw his ancient friends return, and busy themselves in blowing the fire, than he called out with a voice of thunder, 'Unhappy men! your end will be like mine.' Horrified at this terrific announcement, they looked up, and then seeing, as well as hearing, what they supposed to be the ghost of their father, they speedily betook themselves to flight. Travers in-

stantly repossessed himself of his clothes and of what he held dearer still, his hog, and returned in triumph to relate to his wife this fresh victory. She, poor soul, threw her arms round him, and overwhelmed him with kisses and congratulations on the boldness and success of his manoeuvre. 'We must not feel too well satisfied of our safety yet,' said he; 'the rogues are not far off, and as long as there is a morsel of the bacon left, I shall be afraid of losing it, but make haste and get some boiling water, and we'll e'en cook it. If they return then, we shall see how they'll manage to get it.' So while she lighted the fire, he cut up the pig, which was thrown piece-meal into the saucepan; and they then, that they might take better care of it, sat themselves down in each chimney-corner. But Travers, who was sadly fatigued with the labors and anxieties of his night's work, was not long before he began to doze. 'You had better lay down,' said his wife; 'I will watch the saucepan. All the doors and windows are fastened, so there is nothing to fear; and, at all events, if I hear any noise, I can easily wake you.' Feeling satisfied by these assurances, he threw himself, all dressed as he was, upon his bed, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. His wife continued for some time to keep watch over the kettle and its contents; but at length she began to grow sleepy, and finally snored in her chair. In the meanwhile, the thieves having recovered from their alarm, the bird who had so long searched them, they were not long in divining the truth of the adventure. They felt they should be dishonored forever, should Travers get the better of them in this war of stratagem, and they returned to his abode, fully determined to make a last effort to save their reputation, and steal his bacon. 'They are going to save us the trouble of cooking,' said Barat to his brother. 'Well, we have had so much bother about it, they may well spare us that. So, now be quiet, and I'll warrant you, you shall soon taste it.' Then he went immediately and cut a long stick, one point of which he sharpened; then mounted roof, and thrusting the stick down the chimney, struck it into a piece of bacon, which he very carefully drew out. It so happened, that at this moment Travers awoke. He saw the manoeuvre and then perceiving very clearly, that with enemies so skilful, peace was better than war, he called out to them, 'Comrades, you are wrong to try and steal my bacon, and I was wrong not to have invited you to partake of it.'

CONCLUDED.

THE WALDENSES.—This wonderful people once numbered some hundreds of thousands; afterwards they were reduced to less than one thousand, and now there are about twenty-four thousand. They have endured thirty-seven persecutions. They still maintain, as did their fathers, the essential doctrines of the Gospel, and are rising in intelligence. They are very poor, but cheerful, industrious, and many of them are devotedly pious. They are located principally in Piedmont.

THE GATHERER.

MORNING STAR.

Ten thousand stars of purest ray
Begin the heavenly throng;
Ten thousand suns in bright array
Their Maker's glories own.

But One is there whose lustre, far
Outshines the brightest gem,
'Tis known on earth the Morning Star
That rose on Bethlehem!

It rose on earth and gathered here
The bright and shining throng.
Who now around his throne appear
In everlasting song.

'Light of the world,' that star shall be,
Till time's dark reign is o'er;
The glory of eternity,
When time shall be no more.

DEPRESSION OF THE CASPIAN SEA.

—A few years ago, it was generally believed that the waters of the Caspian were at least 300 feet below the level of those of the Black Sea and Mediterranean. This view was adopted in consequence of a series of barometrical observations; but it having been found that, from the great number of stations across the land separating the Caspian from the sea of Azov, small errors had become greatly magnified, a new survey was made, Messrs. Fuss, Savitch, and Sable, were therefore employed to make independent trigonometrical levellings; and their observations agreeing to within a foot or two, give for the mean result 83 1.2 English feet as the depression—the possible error being limited to 11.4 feet, which definitely settles this long pending geographical question. By recent surveys, it has been also established that the waters of the Red Sea, in the Gulf of Suez, stand 32 feet above the level of those of the Mediterranean—a difference of those of level much greater, distance considered, than that which subsists between the Mediterranean and Caspian seas.

COMBAT WITH A LADY.—

The most singular combat by which arms were ever gained was one which happened in the family of Hotot. The family of Dudley, in Northamptonshire, bears, for a crest, a woman's head, with a helmet; her hair disvelled, and her throat-latch loose. The occasion of this crest was singular. In the year 1390, Hotot having a dispute with one Ringdale, about the title to a piece of land, they agreed to meet on the disputed ground, and decided it by combat. On the day appointed Hotot was laid up with the gout; rather than he should suffer in his honor or lose his land, his daughter Agnes armed herself cap-a-pie, mounted her father's steed; and went to meet Ringdale at the time appointed. After a stubborn fight, she dismounted him, and when he was on the ground she loosened her throat-latch, lifted up her helmet, and letting her hair down, on her shoulders, discovered her sex. Agnes afterwards married into the Dudley family; and in honor of this heroic action, her descendants have always used the