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AND SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

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

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MOON'S PHASES.

AUGUST.

New Moon, 2d day, 2h. 10m morn
First Quarter, 10th day, 6h. 26m even.
Full Moon, 17th day, 9h. 2m morn.
Last Quarter, 24th day, 2h. 13m after

MAILS.

The Mails by the Southern route to Be. Cove, Cape Traverse, Tryon River, are every Monday morning at 10 o'clock. J. MABEY, Courier.

The Eastern Mails to Bay Fortune, Fairmount, Mount Pleasant, Lot 47, St. Margaret's, Peters, Scotia—every Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock—PAT. FERMAN, Courier.

The Western Mails to Bedouque, Casement, Carendish, Egmont Bay, Lot 16, New Glasgow, New London, Park Corner, Port of Prince Town, St. Eleanors, Tignish, and the Red—every Thursday morning at 10 o'clock.—RICHARD BAGNALL, Courier.

The Southern Mails to George Town—Monday and Saturday mornings at 8 o'clock. To Belfast, Murray Harbour, Vernon, and White Sands—every Saturday at 9 o'clock. A. M.—SAMUEL LANE, Courier.

POPULAR TALES:

A MATCH FOR THE MATCH-MAKER.

BY FRANCES E. OSGOOD.

CHAPTER VI.

Three months went by and Eleanor Howard, pale, but still very lovely, yet seen at times, though dim in the gay circles of which she had been once the brightest ornament.

One evening, at a musical soiree, she was turning over some engravings on a table, when a lady near pointed to a neighbor, "Look!—there is Ernest Cuthbert just entered. How he has altered! How the looks! He has just returned from the South, where he has been settling his affairs. I am told that he has lost all his property; that one day in a fit—some say of derangement, some of intemperance—he had his whole estate upon a single card, and lost! And now he has nothing to depend upon but his talents as an author."

Eleanor cast one hurried glance toward the door—Ernest was gazing at her with a look so full of sorrow and interest that she could not meet his eyes again, and she soon afterwards took her leave, her heart throbbing with mingled anguish and joy. She passed her lover, she said, in a hurried tone, inaudible to all, "Let me see you to-morrow, Ernest!"

She did not see the glow of happy anticipation which lighted up his handsome features as she spoke; for she would not raise her eyes, lest she should betray her emotions to the world around. To-morrow came—the aunt and she were again in the library. "Well, Eleanor," said Mrs. Howard, "so it seems Mr. Cuthbert has all his property?" "Yes, thank Heaven!" "Thank Heaven! What a heart-

less creature you are, Eleanor! I really thought you loved that man." "And so I did and do! Oh! aunt, you cannot guess how fondly, how truly I love him! Would to Heaven he would renew his proposals—I would not hesitate now to accept him."

"Now! Penniless, and through his own imprudence! You, who have refused such offers! Eleanor Howard, you are mad!"

"And it was precisely because they were such offers that I did refuse.—I have made a vow never to marry a rich man."

"But what can induce you.—" "Mr. Cuthbert, ma'am. Shall I show him in?" said a servant opening the door.

"Yes, John" said Mrs. Howard, with a sigh, and this time she did not order the carriage.

After a few moments' restrained conversation, Eleanor looked up frankly, and bravely in her aunt's face, and said, with a sweet and maidenly dignity which few could resist,

"Ernest, do you love me still?"

"Love you! Oh, Heaven!—too much—too madly! But I am no longer worthy of your acceptance.—You have had a year of my losses, Miss Howard, why do you mock me thus?" "Mock you dear Ernest!" She laid her hand timidly in his, and with modest firmness continued,

"Mr. Cuthbert, ever since we first met I have loved you. I refused your proposal—because—because—nay, it matters not why. But now, if this hand and the heart that must go with it can console you for your loss, forgive this unmaidenly boldness and—take them if you will."

She hid her face upon his shoulder, and Ernest, with his whole soul in the embrace with which he held her in his heart, bade Heaven bless her for her truth.

CHAPTER VII.

One morning, a week after the wedding, as Mrs. Cuthbert was sitting at work in her simply furnished apartment, and her husband preparing to go out, a middle aged gentleman, with a benevolent aspect, entered the room, and, walking straight up to the bride, kissed her gravely on both cheeks. For a moment she was confounded, but seeing Ernest smiling at her surprise, she said laughingly,

"Ah! I know; it is your kind, generous uncle whom you have talked so much about!" and she welcomed him with such graceful cordiality that his heart was won at once.

"And now," said he, after a little pleasant chat, "I have a story to tell you both, so, sit down, nephew, and listen."

"About six months since, I met, one morning, a young man rushing impetuously round the corner of Washington Square. He grasped my hand as he passed, exclaiming, 'Don't stop me now; I am in a desperate hurry.' 'So I should suppose,' said I. On he went, and I turned and followed him; he entered a gambling house; I was astonished. It was the first time in his life, and I knew that something of consequence must have occurred to induce him to take such a step. I followed unperceived.

He ascended the stairs. I borrowed a common cloak and a large hat from a waiter, slouched the latter over my eyes, and, thus disguised, entered the room above. I saw that he was bent on high play, and I determined to be his opponent. By a little management I gained my object."

"Uncle!" exclaimed Ernest, "was it indeed you?"

"Be quiet, sit, and hear me out! He was evidently desperate, and determined to risk all in the contest. He played with the strangest recklessness—I know not what to make of him. I have since heard that a little, self-willed, romantic girl, who had turned his head and her own too with her sentimental nonsense, had refused him for a most absurd reason—you will hardly believe it, Mrs. Cuthbert—you, who appear to be such a sensible and rational woman."

"And what was it?" asked Eleanor, blushing and laughing at the look of comical meaning he favored her with.

"Oh! he was too rich, she said, and so he adopted the shortest method he could think of to rid himself of his estate. I won it all from him before we had been seated ten minutes." He looked quite relieved when my throw decided against him, as if a load had been taken off his heart, and seeing my hand, he thanked me with as much politeness and warmth as if I had made him a valuable present."

"Oh, Ernest! Oh, uncle!" "Hold your tongue, you gipsy!—I will be heard. I have now come to restore him the deeds, which were immediately made over to me under a feigned name, and to wash my hands of the whole ridiculous affair."

Ernest embraced his uncle in silent gratitude, and Eleanor, pouting, amidst tears and smiles, declared that she was cheated, betrayed, that she would not submit to such a shameful imposition, that she would have a div—; but here her vehement protestations were stopped by a kiss from Ernest, while the good uncle laughed and rubbed his hands and said that she was the most amusing woman he ever saw in his life.

CONTINUED.

JEREMY TAYLOR ON CALUMNY.—"There is no worse devil," says Jeremy Taylor, "than a devilish tongue. Were I a legislator I would enact a law that every man who spoke evil of his fellow-creature, should be condemned to a fine, could he not fully substantiate the charge, and that falsehood should lose his tongue. Then perchance there might be peace in Israel. But in the present blessed state of society, it is fearful and heart sickening to think how entirely one is in the possession of these said tongues."

"There are a few of such tongues in this neighbourhood, which deserve the castigation of a public newspaper."—Ed.

GOOD ADVICE.—There are certain persons whom it is unnecessary to mention, who will not find it a difficult matter to appropriate to themselves the following reasonable advice: Calculate to be hollowly high if you find your copy newspaper or they pesin printing office touch any thing in the editor's sanctum

FROM AMERICAN PAPERS.

A GIRL STRANGED BY A SNAKE.—A little girl, about eight years old, was strangled by a snake last week, near Bainbridge, Lancaster city., Pa. She had been sent to gather blackberries in a field a short distance from the house, and being absent for a longer time than usual, her parents proceeded to search for her. They found her quite dead, with a large black snake coiled around her neck!

HORRIBLE.—An infant four months old, whose parents reside at No. 130 Water Street, was suffocated on Saturday morning in the following dreadful manner. The child was lying upon a bed which was generally removed in the day time and put in a box, and the female who had the duty to perform, rolled up the bed, without noticing the child, and put it away. When the child was missed and search made for it, it was of course dead.

The *Mercurio Segusien* speaks of an extraordinary invention which has just been privately exhibited at Saint Etienne. It consists in rendering glass, when cold as malleable as when in the most heated state. The inventor has given it the name of *Silicon*. The glass is of a fine white color, and transparent as crystal, and can be rolled and flattened like any metal. Specimens of the silicon are, it is said, to be publicly exhibited in the place de l'Hotel de ville, at Saint Etienne.

A WILD NEGRO CAUGHT.—Mr. J. M. Pierce, of Caddo, La. with several friends, recently pursued a wild negro, known to infest that parish; and, after a long chase, compelled him to take refuge in the hollow of a tree, where he was secured, after a severe fight. He appears to be about 50 years old, weighs 130 pounds, is covered with hair, like a bear, and will eat nothing but raw meat, which, if tainted he likes the better. He also devours craw fish and frogs with avidity, if left alone; but will not touch food in the presence of any one. It is supposed he was born in the woods—as those skeletons, supposed to be those of his parents, were found in the hollow of the tree where he was taken.

[This must be either Jonathan's father or the father of falsehoods.]

MORMONS.—Where will their fanaticism end? The Mormons, who have been residing in St. Louis, have had a revelation that a great portion of that city is soon to be burned down. The prophecy has created considerable stir amongst them, and they are preparing to remove to Nauvoo immediately.

They are taking the census of Boston, and it is thought the population of that city will be found to number from 110 to 120 thousand, independent of the inhabitants of the villages surrounding it.