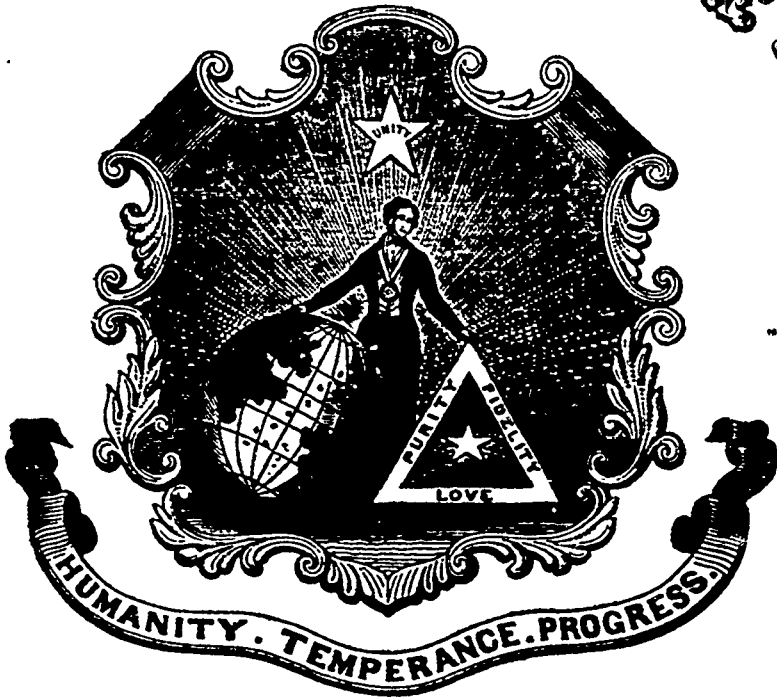


# ADAMSON OF TEMPERANCE



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### THE MARINER'S GRAVE.

bury him here, while the evening is near,  
 And the bright sunset gleams on the blue of the deep;  
 And the loud tempest howl its wild song o'er his bier,  
 And the sea flower smile on his cold pillow'd sleep,  
 As far as the loved of his earlier days,  
 And over their bosoms by mountain and wave,  
 The green trees will bend in the sun's golden rays,  
 While dark billows roll o'er the Mariner's grave.

He had voyaged through life, until weary and worn,  
 He longed for a rest where his tears never flow;  
 He leave him in peace with no spirit to mourn,  
 For his tomb in the bowers of the coral below;  
 Where the sad mermaid at midnight will sing  
 In the murmuring halls of the gem lighted cave;  
 And here the lone sea-bird will plume her white wing  
 In the waters that wait o'er the Mariner's grave.

bury him here, for the evening is near,  
 And the billows are rising to welcome his ray,  
 The tides are warbled in his mantle of gold,  
 And the wild ocean eagle soars slowly away;  
 He lower him silently down on his bier,  
 And lay him at rest to the hymn of the wave,  
 As the breeze leave a sigh and twilight a tear,  
 As they mournfully roam o'er the Mariner's grave.

### THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

#### A THRILLING INCIDENT.

There are seasons when the grave yard seems peculiarly beautiful. When hushed twilight wings her... from heaven to wrap the temples of the dead in soft transparent drapery, or the pleasant moon lights the mossed graves, making luminous the face of the... cherubs that forever winged yet never take flight, it is sweet to wander up the shaded isles of... numerous city and muse up on the holy memories of... departed.  
 The stars burned with a lustre peculiar to autumn... a clear mild atmosphere gave a most refreshing... to my spirits; I wandered from home I scarce... saw why, and found myself, after a leisure walk,

near the old fashioned burial ground of Dalston village I was a happy man; I had received my diploma that day; I was really and professionally an M. D. What directed my steps to this lovely, rural burial ground I cannot now tell, but as surely as I live, I now believe some mysterious agency shaped my course. The gate was open, the walks glittered in the strong light, the shadows leaned down from the trees and frescoed the smooth gravel with quaint tracery; the buds and flowers grouped in dark masses upon the gently curved meadows—I knew they were buds and flowers, for their fragrance betrayed them—seemed whispering in their silent language to the beautiful dead below. In my youth I was fond of symbolising; everything inanimate had its type in some ideal or oriental fancy; this evening I felt like a poet; my imagination was as fertile—yes I thought as fertile as Milton's if my thoughts were not as sublime.

I sauntered carelessly along the side where a hawthorn hedge twined its firm tendrils together, dragging my cane after me, musing in careless reverie. Suddenly I paused; Judge L's beautiful lot was directly before me; its little silver fountain bubbling up and breaking into white globules that glistened like hoar frost. Here I leaned by a huge and hoary elm, and closed my eyes as the wild magic breathing of flute, skilfully touched, floated through my dreaming brain. I think that was the most blessed hour of my existence, for, mingling with that plaintive melody, came a bright, gentle face, with sparkling eyes, and cheeks just crimsoned enough to resemble two pale rose leaves flushing the purest snow. O! how I loved that sweet May Kendall; love!—would I could think of some word that would express even more than adoration, forgetting God, I idolized her, and egotist that I was, fancied that my unspoken passion was returned. But I will not linger, in those few moments I was pouring my very soul into the heart that I fondly fancied, as youth will sometimes, was in a kind of spiritual presence ever beside me.

My reverie was broken by the approach of a stranger, and a light silvery laugh shut out the music of the flute, for it was so like May's, so ringing, joyous. Presently, as the fine manly form drew nearer, I recognized the features of one who had been my college mate two year ago; I would have sprung forward to meet him, his name was trembling on my lips, when a sight arrested my attention that chilled my blood and made my teeth chatter with a sudden freezing fear. The two had

come almost beside me, and there stopped, charmed with the little cyan spot; the lady held her hat by the strings; one arm was passed confidently through that of her companion, and when she turned her radiant face around towards me—who was concealed by the shadow—I recognized in the full flood of moonlight, May Kendall. I do not like, even at this day, to review the feelings that shook my frame when I heard them murmur such words of tenderness to each other in subdued and happy tones, a deadly faintness came over me as I gathered from their lips the knowledge that they were betrothed, and when that passed away, a fierce revenge sent the blood boiling through my veins; once I would have leaped upon him and demanded my May, my love, without whom life would be a curse, and the world a dread blank. But then by what right could I call her, mine? true she had been most kind to me, but never more than maiden modesty might well besecm her conduct. Now I knew—God forgive me for the rage that tugged at my heart strings as I thought it,—why she had talked of Frederick; oh! fool that I was, not to comprehend: she smiled on me because I was his friend, because I had ever some sweet recollection to tell some comely virtue to praise; and blinded by my own blindness, if I may so speak, I fancied she loved me.

How did I command myself enough, still to stand motionless, even till I learned the day and hour the wedding would take place? for every nerve in my body seemed changed into an instrument of torture. Fortunately they did not pass me, but retraced their steps; and I, bending low, with an almost breaking heart, slowly left the pleasant grave-yard and walked towards home, too wretched to think or feel all the crushing weight of my disappointment. The next day before sunrise, I was on my way to the neighboring city; I was in a strange tumult, that I knew not but would prove fatal to me, I was ready for almost any desperate deed, and had more than once—I shudder when I think of it—contemplated self destruction, but I called philosophy, nay, something higher, hower to my aid—religion, and in time became soothed if not comforted; that is, after I knew May was irrevocably married.

Two months passed; I deemed myself sufficiently fortified with good resolution, to return home to my chosen place of residence, it was high noon when I drove up the main street, a carriage dashed by me, a light vehicle; in another moment it had turned, and Frederick