

TEMPERANCE TELEGRAPH.



AND ORGAN OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

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LITERATURE.

THE TIDE OF LIFE.

The tide rolls on, the tide rolls on—
The never ceasing tide,
That sweeps the pleasures from our hearts,
The loveliest ones from our side;
That brings afflictions to our lot,
And anguish and despair,
And bears from youth's unruined brow,
The charms that linger there.

The tide rolls on—wave after wave,
Its swelling waters flow;
Before it all is bright and fair,
Behind it all is woe!
The infant from its mother's breast,
The gay and blooming bride,
Are borne along and swept away
By that resistless tide.

The tide rolls on—the soldier's eye
Grows dim beneath its swell;
The scholar slumbers the mystic lore,
That he hath loved so well;
The monarch puts his crown aside,
And labor's weary slave
Rejoices that his limbs will know
The quiet of the grave.

The tide rolls on—like summer brook
It glideth to the sea;
But like dark winter's angry tide,
It rushes to the glad;
From king'sly hall and lowly cot,
From battle-field and hearth,
It sweeps into oblivion's sea
The dwellers on the earth.

Roll on, then dark and turbid wave!
Thou canst not bear away
The record of the good and brave,
That knoweth not decay:
Though fierce may rush thy billow's strife,
Thou dost not sweep away
The faith and life thy beacon light
Shed through the sea.

—Hon. Robert M. Charlton.

ADELINE MORTIMER; OR THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.

BY M. RITCHIE.

Continued.

"Osborn," said Lord Alfred to his adviser, as he sought his room before retiring to rest, "do you know a Captain Norris, who lives near Mr. Edmund Mortimer, in the country?" "Faith I do, old fellow; what of him?" "He encountered the fair Adeline this evening, and threw her into quite a pretty embarrassment, I could not understand, unless you enlighten me."

"That I can, as far as report goes, which says he is an aspirant to the hand of Adeline, sanctioned by her father; only Miss does not like him, and begged for a respite of one year to try her luck elsewhere."

"Humph! very pleasant; but do you mean to say they are engaged. I do not wonder she is averse to an old fellow like him."

"He has a large fortune, though; and let me tell you, Alfred, unless you are smart, may prove a serious rival. How is it you have not proposed before?"

"Because I do not wish to appear premature. There are always plenty of good-natured folks ready to proclaim one's faults, and speak of interested motives, which I hope by a little manoeuvring to avoid. For if a man can only make a favorable impression on a girl, she will listen to no rumors inimical to his credit."

"Right again; however, I recommend you to make a bold stroke at once, while the iron is hot, as the saying is."

"It shall be done forthwith, Master Lionel Osborn; and wishing you pleasant dreams, I will leave you to your repose."

During a morning visit, and at a dinner-party to which Captain Norris was invited in Grosvenor Square, the easy dignity and perfect command in Adeline's manner towards him, convinced him effectually he would do well to forget the past. Yet whilst he could not avoid admiring the finish society had put to her deportment, he thought how much rather he would meet the bright glance of the country girl's eye, than the cold, steady gaze specified by fashion. Moreover, in a brief conversation he held with Mrs. Mortimer, she expatiated largely on the effect Adeline's charms produced, and her expectation that they would procure her a brilliant alliance, with a *sans froid* that obliged him to acquit her of any co-operation in the matter, or even knowledge of his wishes. Although his feelings were much pained by her recital, and he listened with an ill-disguised effort, it convinced him that Adeline was only to blame for this heartlessness, and rejoiced more than ever that his resolution was taken.

A few days later it was announced in the public print that Lord Alfred Vere was about to lead the lovely and accomplished Miss Mortimer to the hymeneal altar.

CHAPTER III.

When Mr. Edmund Mortimer was informed of the distinguished offer made his daughter, he was at first dazzled, but a little inquiry into the young man's habits caused him to ponder whether it were worth while to sacrifice happiness for the rank. But Adeline was obstinate; she resolutely resisted any opposition which he brought forward, ably seconded by Lady Christina and Mrs. Mortimer, who assured him Lord Alfred would make a steady husband by having been a little wild beforehand. A few blandishments on the part of the young lord, who had never given way to a feminine puppyism, which military men often assume under the erroneous idea it renders them agreeable to the other sex, entirely put to flight Mr. Mortimer's better judgment, and he began also to believe that his daughter would effect what many women have vainly tried to achieve, the reformation of a rake.

The Duke of Desmond, satisfied to hear his son was about to form a connection that would relieve him of the burden of his support, and not disgrace the family, was easily prevailed to come down handsomely on the occasion, with the understanding that he was to expect nothing more at his decease. A happy woman, too, was Mrs. Lancelot Mortimer, immersed in the mysteries of satin, lace, jewels, and private consultations with milliners; her whole soul was devoted to dress, and she resolved Adeline's *trousseau* should excel in elegance and brilliancy of the season. Numerous valuable presents poured in, and amid the flutter of excitement, and bustle of preparation, no time was allowed to the young girl, if indeed she desired it, to dwell on the momentous step she was about to take; to exchange the affectionate protection of the guardian of her infancy, for that of an almost stranger, whose worth was yet to be tried.

But Adeline, like most others, considered marriage the chief object in life, a lottery in which every one has a share, although it is a matter of good management whether the venture be a high one or not, and that in plunging into the untried sea she ran no greater risks than her companions. Strange infatuation it is, yet one on which the world will never grow wiser, that females confide themselves, and parents the welfare of their children, to men whose characters they take less trouble to investigate than that of the hirelings they entrust with their worldly goods. Were this more attended to, we should have less misery, less crime, and few violations of the marriage vow.

The morning of the bridal day dawned auspiciously, and the sun shone brightly on the fair girl, in her rich dress of costly lace over a white satin skirt; a veil of the same material thrown over her head was confined by a wreath of orange blossoms, and one jewel alone, a sparkling diamond, the gift of royalty, glittered on her bosom. Firmly, nay, almost proudly, she stood in that sacred edifice, amid a bevy of bridesmaids, picturing glowing anticipations of the future, and united her fate until death with one who received her vows with an ill-concealed indifference. The restraint he was perforce compelled to put on himself during their short engagement had nearly alienated what little love he tried to profess; (for to couple that spontaneous effusion of a pure heart with the selfish promptings of a reprobate, is a libel on one of the holiest traits in human nature,) and had not his probation happily ended, his speculations of whether the ultimate benefit was worth the present restriction, might have broken off the alliance. Whilst he inwardly rejoiced his thralldom was over, he resolved the honeymoon should be 'abridged as much as possible, to enable him to burst forth with renewed vigor and the prestige of his wife's dowry into the delights of dissipated life.

The ceremony concluded that bound these two unthinking beings by an indissoluble tie, a merry peal rang out, as the carriages rolled away to the mansion of Mrs. Lancelot Mortimer, whose gratified vanity revelled in the gratification of beholding the square filled with coronated equipages, whose owners condescended to patronise the splendid *déjeuner* she had provided with prodigal magnificence. The happy couple shortly after, in the language of such occasions, departed in a carriage and four, for the seat of Lord Newcot, the bridegroom's uncle, and this eventful phase in their career was soon, to the many who witnessed it, as an old story of little interest.

"Have you not nearly had enough of the country, Adeline?" said Lord Alfred, about a week after their marriage, throwing down a novel he had been yawning over whilst stretched on a lounge in the tasteful mourning room of Eversham Park.

"Indeed, I am tired enough, and long for a change. Your sister, Theodosia, says in this letter, they are going to the last drawing-room—and if I am not presented then, I shall not be invited to the ball which follows, to conclude the season," replied his wife.

"Let us by all means attend it, and start for town at once, as I suppose you will require some preparation."

"I must have a dress. Annette is so active I am sure she can pack up in a couple of hours. I will go and tell her whilst you order the carriage."

Away flew Lady Alfred Vere, to desire her waiting-maid to prepare for their departure; for the truth was, she began to find the company of her husband, who was gradually laying aside the assiduities of the lover, rapid and supercilious, and she longed for some third person to vary the monotony of conjugal bliss.

To London they accordingly returned; Lord Alfred to revel at his club, behind the scenes at the opera house, sport a new turn out in the park, or any scheme he chose to term pleasure, as his wife was too much employed by the novelty of her altered position to heed him. But the London season will not last forever; the court had taken its departure for Osborn, Persiani sung her last strain, and the drawing-rooms were deserted, as the closed windows and deserted streets in the west end began to testify. Gay equipages, emblazoned with heraldic bearings, and liveried menials, in all the importance of powder and lace, no longer dashed along Rotten Row; in their stead might be seen the honest tradesman, indulging his portly better half and some half dozen olive branches with a view of the scenes whence he had reaped a harvest; whose little double-bodied chaise, slowly creeping along under the exertion of one miserable horse, formed a striking contrast to its predecessors.

When the continual whirl of excitement, into which Lady Vere was necessarily plunged, and the admiration and attention she met with suddenly ceased, she began to note what had escaped her before—the absence of her husband, and his indifference when they did meet.

Rearing in principles of virtue, she had many good characteristics which the fostering eye of a mother would have noticed and called forth, whilst she brought under subjection an energetic ambition that in the care of hirelings, and by the example of the intriguing Mrs. Mortimer, had nearly prostrated her better feelings. Exulting in youth and health, she did not miss those nameless tokens of loving hearts, rendered by her attached relatives to her early home; but as friend after friend left town, where duty compelled Lord Alfred reluctantly to remain, his apathy sent a chill to her soul. The reaction that generally supervenes after strong stimulus, leaves a listlessness and depression of spirits that renders one peculiarly dependent on the considerations of those around us; and this void Adeline had no means of filling. So that gradually the mind began to prey on itself, and she sighed in the weary hours she was left to pass alone, for associations she had lightly valued when in her reach. Yet she could not be called unhappy. She had all that money can procure, and hundreds in the same circumstances would have foiled Lord Alfred's neglect with his own weapons; but his young wife was not already so case-hardened; she scorned the liberty the usages of the world accorded her, and chose rather to pine in solitude, than seek a solace at variance with strict rectitude.

Her faded looks and lassitude of manner finally attracted her husband's notice; and as every plan of recreation was entirely deserted, he proposed to commence the tour of visits they intended to pass the autumn and winter in paying to their relatives.

"The change of air and society will soon bring the bloom to your cheeks, Adeline; this season has been rather severe of you; meanwhile I would recommend a slight touch of rouge, for that pale face of yours reminds me of a worn-out dowager, a species of animal that is my utter aversion," said the thoughtless young man.

"I shall certainly not use paint to please any one, and ruin my complexion; but if we are to pay visits, let my father's house be the first, for I require the repose and ease I can

command there before I can exert myself among strangers."

"As you please, although I expect to find it dull enough shut up in a country house with a philosopher and antiquary like your noble sire."

"My father is a man of sense and cultivation, who is not dependent on others for the means of passing his time; and it would be well if some I knew had a few of his resources," retorted Adeline.

An angry altercation would have ensued had a guest not fortunately been introduced, and smoothing her ruffled feelings, Lady Alfred sat down to pen a letter to Mr. Mortimer announcing their approaching advent. She had often anticipated this visit with exultation, and pictured to herself the pleasure she should derive in witnessing Captain Norris's mortification to see her take precedence of his wife, a sensible person whose congenial tastes rendered his existence as pleasant as it would otherwise have been with her. But now, alas! when she was about to enjoy her triumph, the germs of incipient disease, inherited from her mother, and rapidly developed under the influence of late hours, fetid atmosphere, and a mind ill at ease, made her feel oblivious to all save the desire to be with those made doubly dear when contrasted with the selfish object of her choice.

A few days afterwards, the carriage containing Lord and Lady Vere drove up to the portal of Mr. Edmund Mortimer's mansion; but truly shocked was he and his younger girls, who rushed out to receive their sister, not instead of a smiling and glowing bride, a pale, attenuated form, which could only totter with support to the drawing-room.

"Adeline is rather out of health, the effects of the gay life we led, and the journey has tired her; a little rest and she will soon be all right again," observed Lord Alfred, as he viewed himself in a mirror, and felt, by the silence of Mr. Mortimer, that he was expected to say something.

The look of disgust cast on him for this unfeeling speech by the anxious group that surrounded his wife, escaped him; not so Adeline, who, whilst she tenderly pressed her father's hand, murmured—

"Yes, dear papa, I shall be stronger soon: I have only overtaxed my strength, and the joy of being once more with you will do wonders for me."

The medical man who was called in on the morrow sighed as he gazed on the blighted flower, that had grown and bloomed beneath his care, but he did not apprehend a speedy termination to his patient's brief state of health; for he could not penetrate the secrets of her heart and discover the cancer that was withering the core. Like many of his fraternity, too, he wished to spare the feelings of an anxious parent, leaving him to be harrowed and lacerated to the quick when the final crisis should burst with an electrical shock on his unprepared mind. Such forbearance may be soothing to the solicitude of sorrowing friends, but is a poor compliment to their strength of mind, or the physicians notions of strict veracity, and a procedure to which it is strange a man of cultivation can lead his lovers.

Deceived up with his answer that there was no cause for alarm, Mr. Mortimer was feign to rest satisfied for a time, although it gave him more disquiet than he liked to allow, to observe the cool civility with which Lord Alfred treated his wife, and the vacuity of the young man's capacity for aught beyond the petty badinage of an empty brain. He marvelled not that Adeline's dream of bliss was passed, and he seriously blamed himself for not having exercised more discrimination ere he consented to her union with one whom none of them had seen, except in the distraction of a mingled party. His presence seemed irksome, and a restraint, especially when contrasted with her father, whose elevated endowments threw Lord Alfred's small talk sadly in the shade. The mist fell completely from her eyes, and bitterly did she regret her inexperience, and the flattering allurements of the dazzling scenes into which she was thrown had led her into the mistake of choosing so unsuitable a companion; and still more did she regret having allowed the neglect of such an individual to injure her health. In her conversations with her sisters she earnestly besought them to take warning by her fate; to be guided by their parent, not to trust to their own judgment, and she thought with a sigh should she recover, what a dreary life hers would be, tied to a being she heartily despised.

Time passed on without any return of vigor to the invalid's debilitated frame, though consumption with insidious strides was making sure of his victim, tingling her cheeks with a delicate tint of pink, and imparting a lustre to the eye, that veils his operations from the inexperienced and anxious.

"I am not satisfied with Doctor Tompson's

treatment of Adeline; there ought by this time to be an improvement; I will tomorrow ride over and ask Sir Charles Jones' of her case," said the nervous and sensitive Mr. Mortimer to Lord Alfred, as they separated for the night.

"I dare say it would be as well," yawned the young lord. "She does not, however, look so ill as she did, and I think she shall soon be stronger."

"I shall start early, and be back to breakfast; you can tell her, if she inquires for me, that I have gone out for a walk," replied Mr. Mortimer.

He returned in good spirits, bearing the assurance of the fashionable court physician that, from his report, Lady Alfred's sickness was merely the result of the irregular life she had led, and care would re-establish her health. Animated with the welcome intelligence he had to impart, he was about to proceed to the breakfast-room, when he encountered Annette, pale and agitated, who, in convulsive accents, besought him to accompany her to her lady's room.

That morning, when the waiting-maid entered the apartment, and proceeded as usual to open the shutters, to admit the September sun, Adeline, who heard the movement, asked her in feeble tones—

"Why do you not open the shutters, Annette?"

"I have, my lady."

"How is it the room is dark, and where is Lord Alfred? I do not see him!" she murmured.

"What is the matter? lazily inquired the young man, awaking from his deep slumber.

"I do not know; I feel very faint," said his wife, almost inaudibly.

"Ah, mon dieu!" cried the terror-struck Abigail, as she pushed back the curtain, and marked the icy hand of death impressed on Adeline's young face; an exclamation which caused Lord Alfred to turn his eyes in the agony of the moment.

Wished to believe would avoid his vicinity for many a long day to come. He sprang to his feet, and desiring Annette to seek assistance, bathed her now clammy features with *eau de Cologne*; but the fluttering spirit was winging its flight to realms above; and as Mr. Mortimer, followed by the family physician, entered the room, the heart gave its last pulsation. All that was left of the admired and courted Lady Alfred Vere, was a beautiful piece of inanimate clay, amenable, like all things mortal, to the curse pronounced on Adam.

A long funeral train bore the tiled corpse to a final resting-place, the tomb. Prancing horses tossed their plumed heads, and a velvet covered coffin glittering with silver ornaments, recording the name and age of the frail dust beneath, seemed to mock the grim King bore whom high and low, rich and poor, are alike. There, at the brink of the grave, the imposing pageant must leave her, her soul to appear alone before its judge, and the body to repose in the damp earth, looked down upon by the pale moon's cold rays, and sighed over by the wailing night blast.

Yet she slept on in the dreamless sleep of death, oblivious alike to the grief of relatives or the sympathy of friends, one of the numerous sacrifices to the insatiate demon, Ambition, and the equally inexorable harpy, the affections of a vicious man. An enigma that mystifies the many, because the secret and the moral, is considerably allowed to moulder with the victim, in the silence of the grave.

A REMARKABLE DISEASE.—A very extraordinary disease has lately made its appearance in this City—some of them eminent in wealth and position—which has confounded our physicians, because of its novelty. At first they classed it under the head of erysipelas, but as it would not bear that classification, some of them have given it the name of "the plague." It appears at first in some discolored spot, say on the face, and extending, without suppuration, it soon destroys life, as if by a general mortification. If suppuration takes place, it passes off, but if not death is sure to follow. There is no contagion about it, and it is not epidemic in any form. One or two physicians have resorted to the knife, and cut out the plague-spot on its first appearance, and so have saved life. Fever and delirium attend the progress of the disease, if "the spot" is left to spread. Such is our information: but as we have seen no case with our own eyes—and if we had, should not be able to describe it scientifically—what we say must be taken with this understanding.

It is not the plague, for it is not contagious or epidemic! But what is it? The plague may be imported, may have been imported, into the south of France, from Turkey; but it may be some new disease, which, like the cholera, is to destroy the human race. We should be obliged to some medical man for some scientific or more specific account of the disease.—*New York Express*.

CROPS IN OHIO.—A correspondent of the Smithsonian Institution writes from Mt. Vernon, Ohio, that the weather for the first week in June has been very wet, and the streams are high with the heavy rains. Dams and bridges have been injured. The storms has been a cold one, but it is thought will be advantageous to the wheat crop in killing the fly, which has commenced its ravages already to such an extent that it was feared the crop would be ruined. It has been destroyed in that section for two successive years preceding in this manner.

At the great Know-Nothing Convention, held two or three weeks ago, in Philadelphia, resolved, that, owing to Slavery, North and South should peacefully separate

LIVERPOOL, June 8.—*Pine Timber*.—There have been few transactions to report during the last fortnight. One cargo of 80 ft. average and good quality sold at 16d. per foot, from the yard; and 70 feet is worth 15d. to 15 1-2d. per foot, as in quality. Of St. John there are no sales to report. Of Lower Port a cargo of Miramichi realized 13d. per foot from the Yard.

Birch.—Good St. John is worth 18d. to 20d. per foot. Lower Port has been sold from the Yard at 12d. A good fresh lot of Parsboro' will bring 18d. per foot.

N. B. and N. S. Pine and Spruce Deals.—During the fortnight there have been no arrivals of this article, and sales have been as follows: Several parcels St. John Deals have been sold to the Trade at £8 2s. 6d. to £8 7s. 6d. per standard; and during the week a cargo, ex Sunderland, just landed from St. John, N.B., sold by auction, in 33 lots, at £7 10s., and at an average of £8 4s. 4d. per standard, all round for Pine and Spruce.—Part of another cargo was sold, to arrive, at rather more money, according to lengths.—We feel bound to repeat what we asserted in our last impression, of the 25th ultimo—viz., that we are at the present time without arrivals from any quarter with Deals, and are not disappointed at the indisposition evinced by purchasers to lay in supplies at present prices, until it will be seen how a considerable portion of the early cargoes, daily expected, will be taken by the Trade. The demand from consumers is much below the average for the season, and, with a moderate supply, prices may be kept pretty steady for some time to come; but with anything like the imports of 1853, and pressed on this market for sale, it will be out of the power of the trade or country buyers to support the present rates.—*A. F. & D. Mackay*.

MAY 28.—We arrived here (some 18 miles from Cronstadt) with thirteen sail of the line, two frigates, eight gunboats, and two or three steamers. We are anchored in the very centre of the gulf, with the island of Bjorko on the north side, and Jesken on the south—the nearest land about eight miles from us. Ten steamers are all out foraging and hunting a great many coasting vessels of little value, excepting the *Magieinne* and *Mordin*, which, in company, captured four vessels, having on board provisions of all sorts, such as flour, sugar, &c., which they value on massé at £5,000. Whenever our vessels appeared in the neighborhood of any part of this long range of coast, the indefatigable enemy is always on the qui vive, and down comes artillery, and rifle-men, who open fire the moment they see the slightest chance of damaging us. The Dragon's boats got rather too near this morning; fortunately no one was hurt, tho' they opened a pretty warm fire on them.—We have frequent communication with Faro, and you will be glad to hear that the patients in the hospital there are convalescent; four only have died, and the disease now takes a decidedly milder form than when it appeared. I believe we shall move, as soon as the mail is gone near to Cronstadt. The Orion has been in to reconnoitre, and reports that the Russian fleet in Cronstadt consists of six line of battle ships, ready for sea; six nearly so, thirteen apparently fitted as floating batteries, and eight steamers of a large size, besides gunboats which could not be counted. Our scout steamers keep arriving with coasting vessels in tow. We are going to use the wood for the purpose of keeping our fires banked, and in all probability make targets of the vessels. We daily expect the French squadron, which has left Kiel for some days. The fast Russian steamer, which was so saucy last year, has not shown herself as yet.

A letter from a Russian in the besieged city, published in an Austrian paper, gives an interesting account of the state of affairs in Sebastopol. The letter is dated May 13th:—"In spite of all the efforts which the enemy have made, our bulwark stands as fast as ever. Long before the bombardment began, the journals from the West informed us that our walls and forts were speedily to be put to a new proof. This made us redouble our precautions, and we bore firmly the truly murderous fire [*hollische*] which threatened all with destruction. Nevertheless, thousands were devoted to death, and it made one shudder to see the Elburus [the steamboat] pass every two hours during the bombardment, from the south to the north, with so many wounded that she could scarcely carry them.

While standing in bastion No. 4—the bastion which suffered the most of all—I forgot the danger to which I was exposed in admiration of the cool and stoical conduct of our sailors. They fell and expired without a cry, though racked with the most fearful agonies. The southern side of our town has suffered most severely, and is hardly to be recognized; 500 houses have been totally destroyed, and grass is growing on their ruins. The beautiful theatre no longer exists. Though the upper districts of the town are not so much damaged, yet there is not a single house to be seen which does not bear manifest traces of the bombardment. The streets are everywhere ploughed up by shot, and the pavement is totally destroyed; while at every corner stand whole pyramids of the enemy's cannon balls and exploded shells, which were daily collected before the opening of the fire. In many streets, five or six such pyramids are to be seen, each of them from eight to ten feet high. Nevertheless, business is continued, and booths are opened for the sale of goods. Prices, however, are enormously