

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

PLEDGE.—We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not use Intoxicating Liquors as a Beverage, nor Traffic in them; that we will not provide them as an article of Entertainment, nor for persons in our Employment, and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use throughout the community.

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[FOR THE C. T. ADVOCATE.]

Prospects Blighted.

BY J. W. EMERSON.

"Ah! how my heart aches, how my bosom swells, how my soul groans disconsolate with fear and pain, while I gaze on thy surface, fair waters of the ocean—sweet scenes of my childhood! O, cruel fate! unknown destiny! why drive me hence? why banish me to a strange land, where the lily and the rose bloom not so fragrantly, and the love of appreciating kindred friends touch not the heart-strings so gently?" And a tear fell from her eye, and the fair lady sighed. But the pure odorous exotics flowed their sweet perfume with no less fragrance through the apartment. The lady, a fair creature, about whom the breezes of scarce twenty summers had wafted, sat by the window, gazing on the restless billows as they slowly and calmly rolled upon the beach. Tears drop from her eyes, and her cheeks are pale; which, but a few days since, were radiant with joy. She takes a miniature from her bosom, and presses it to her lips, as the soft balmy breezes of England fanned her temples, and played with a rich profusion of wavy tresses, that encircled the fair creature's brow. She was, indeed, a lovely girl—lovely to all who beheld her.

Emaline Allison was a native of Canada; she was born on the heights of Quebec; and many a time in youth's early day, her little feet played joyously over the memorable spot where the brave Wolfe said, "I die happy." Her father was an Englishman, who, in consequence of the political difficulties of '37, left Canada for his native land, where he engaged in mercantile business, at which he had been exceedingly successful, and made him master of a handsome fortune; built a splendid mansion at Portsmouth, and retired from business. It was at an elegant window of this mansion, that the lovely Emaline was sitting gazing on the rippled waters of the bay, that was swarming with moving crafts, from the little sculler to the giddy masted ship of a hundred and sixty guns. Emaline was a human being; but of almost celestial loveliness. She was an orphan; her parents had both bid farewell to earth, two long years since—long, indeed, they were to Emaline, the dearest and only cherished idol of their affections.

She was now under the protection of an uncle, by whom she was not less beloved, if possible, than by her deceased parents. Many were the rich admirers who bowed at her

feet, and poured their libations at the shrine of her loveliness;—attracted, perhaps, not less by the rainbow bubble of glittering wealth, which floated brilliantly before their eyes. But their appeals were disregarded—their offers rejected. She was no coquette! far from it; though wealth, dignity, and titles danced before her gaze, she preferred to cast in her lot with the young and manly, yet poor and untitled Canadian.

William Freeman was a Canadian, of as manly and enterprising blood as ever blessed the soil of America. His father was a merchant of high standing, and wealthy. He had become acquainted with Mr. Allison, Emaline's father, before his removal to England; after which he became Mr. Allison's customer, and, finally, his principal confidant in America. William Freeman was an educated, brave, and intelligent young man, trusty and competent; he soon became his father's confidant. It is now three months since Emaline first became acquainted with William Freeman; he had, in a visit to England for the purchase of goods, and to improve his own health, been furnished with a letter of introduction to the family of his father's old friend, Mr. Allison. To be sure, he did not find his father's recent creditor, who had now lain so many months in the "cold, dark grave;" but he found in his place, the lovely Emaline, a being certainly far more congenial to his feelings, and more pleasing to his mind.

What a mystery is love! how strangely it works! love that draws and seals two fond hearts together, ere they become acquainted or know each other. When William saw, he loved; and Emaline, the young and lovely Emaline, whose pure and gentle affections had never been disturbed, could not help fancying the intelligent, brave, and handsome young Canadian. William was a man whom all could admire,—a tall commanding figure, graceful in his manners, while his frank, and open countenance was but the index to the free, open, and generous heart that beat within his bosom. His face was as faultless as the sculptured image of Apollo; his well developed forehead, shaded by his curled jetty hair, would bid defiance to any European on the Continent. Such was Wm. Freeman, the accepted, chosen one of Emaline's affections. Her uncle could find no fault with the intelligent and manly object of her choice, still he disavowed his ability to give his assent to such a union. Ah! perhaps, fatal decision. Emaline knew that no per-