

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

C. H. Easton

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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SPECIAL NOTICE.

We deem it advisable thus especially to call the attention of the friends of the *Advocate*, as well as of the cause generally, to the terms of the forthcoming volume, and which will be found in the last paragraph but two of the Prospectus. And we do so that none may have cause to complain of insufficient notice, should the paper be discontinued at the end of the year. In next number will be found a list of Agents, and the Post-office arrangements are now so complete, and the facilities of communication so great, that no one can be at a loss to send his name or his money, either directly to this Office, or to one or other of our numerous Agents: hence we feel ourselves at perfect liberty to adopt the plan of sending no paper to any but those who have sent their subscription in advance, or a definite order, for the next volume.

These are the only satisfactory and reasonable terms we can think of, in justice to ourselves, in which a work of so much labor, and involving so much expense, should be undertaken; and we are satisfied that no Teetotaler can find fault with them. The *Advocate* is his own paper, intended for his benefit, as well as those whom he should be interested in taking with him on the same road to health and happiness. No one can be expected to aid us in this work, but the Teetotaler: none but he can appreciate our labors, and we cannot but hope he will do so; and, therefore, we go forward for another year, if spared in health, in undiminished confidence on the friends of order and sobriety, that they will come up in yet greater numbers to our support. Very many contribute no more, in the course of a whole year, to the cause, but the small sum we ask for the *Advocate*; and surely, if that is the case, it is but a small return for the good the principle may have done them; at all events, it bears no proportion to the importance of the work and the benefits it confers on their fellow-men.

We offer to all who exert themselves to increase our subscription list, for the next volume, according to the following scale, one or more copies of the work entitled "THE BOTTLE," or "THE SEQUEL TO THE BOTTLE," both of which works have been printed in tract form, on good paper, with the illustrations, and neatly stitched in a tinted cover:—

For 5 Subscribers to the <i>Advocate</i> ,	1 copy of either.
" 15 " " " " "	2 " " "
" 20 " " " " "	3 " " "
" 25 " " " " "	4 " " "

Or one copy additional for every five additional subscribers over 25. It must be understood, however, that the subscription money must be sent with the order, or the payment guaranteed within six months, by known individuals, Divisions, or other Societies. Agents or friends complying with our terms, will please state with their orders which of the above works they prefer, and they will be sent to the parties free of charge.

The Fatal Draught.

From the *Athenæum*.

A TALE OF THE DRUNKARD.

In those days when it was by no means an exception to a man's character to take an occasional glass, or to be seen, once or twice, during the year under the influence of drink, there occurred in the district of E—an incident too interesting and illustrative of the danger of touching, tasting or handling the unclean thing, not to be widely known. It is but a few years since some kind of drink was considered an indispensable necessary in the performance of any project, or in the real enjoyment of any jovial occasion. On such occasions as Births, Marriages, and New Year festivals, the bowl was peculiarly called for. The *Sprees*, as they were called, on these occasions, especially the latter, were too often the scenes of shameful excess. No consideration would induce the humble peasant to want the maddening cup, even should he procure it at the expense of the utter neglect of the prior and more essential claims of his family—Though anticipated with expectations of pleasure and enjoyment, those occasions, nevertheless often issued in scenes the most harrassing and revolting. The peasant whose kindness had procured for his family what he considered a peculiar luxury to be enjoyed only on special occasions, might too often be seen bringing strife, discord and misery into that band dearer to him than his very life. We may indeed see the same customs still maintained and the same dismal scenes too often repeated.

Mr. D— had a family as interesting and dutiful as any of his neighbours and liked to see them enjoy themselves as well. The New year was drawing on apace and there was not within his dwelling a drop of the celebrated *essential Rum*. His industry had, however, procured for him a few shillings, and that he might have a glass like his neighbours, although he had no means of conveyance, he determined to go afoot to the nearest town. He had to travel a distance of twenty miles, which is not a short walk under the inclemency of a Nova Scotia winter. The vigor of unexhausted strength would enable him to reach, and a draught from his Keg, to which alas! he was too much addicted, would, he thought, cheer and enliven his steps and enable him to return. The day was appointed upon which he was to perform his journey, and at the dawn he was far on his way. The sun rose and found him pursuing his journey with unrelaxing vigour, and long ere noon he arrived at his destination.

No time was lost—when the appointed quantity of the refreshing beverage was put up for him, and after he had once and again partaken of a little with some of his acquaintances, he prepared by noon to retrace his steps.

The serene calm with which the morning arose, by this time appeared a little disturbed, and large fleecy clouds began to take possession of the face of the sky. The light breeze arose into a gale, and upon the whole the scowl of heaven told a stormy evening. Mr. D. hastened on his way,