

# 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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## The Bottle.—Chapter VII.

Gladly would we throw down our pen at this point, and trace no further the dreadful history we have undertaken to write. But the whole fearful truth has not yet been told; and, as a warning to all, we must not shrink from the task of telling it.

Latimer and his family have been for some time, and still are, mere cumberers of the ground. They engage in no useful employments even for the means of supplying the bottle, the sad instrument of all their woes. By false representations of misery—heaven knows the reality needs no exaggeration—they continued to extort from the compassionate, or from those who give their penny to get rid of the beggar, enough from common charity to keep the fiery stream of ruin full to its heibless banks. So it is, and so it will continue to the end.

It was in vain that men, who saw the rapid strides taken by Latimer in his downward course to destruction, came forward, and sought in every way to rescue him from the hands of the demon vice that had, in a few short years, so horribly changed and debased him. But he railed at them when they spoke of reform; and bitterly cursed them if they urged him to stop where he was, and retrace his steps. During the day, he prowled about the streets, or sat moping and stupefied with liquor in low grogeries; and at night, generally came home too much intoxicated to do a great deal of harm in the drunken broils between him and his wife, that always marked his return.

A long time had passed since his summary ejection from the premises of Morrison; and ever since, he had kept away from the "Man and Monkey." But, about this time, in a half drunken state, he took it into his head to visit the "respectable" tavern of the veteran mixer of slings and toddies. So he dropped in upon him late in the afternoon, when there was a goodly number of customers in the bar-room, and marching up to where he stood behind his counter, addressed him in a familiar, yet not very flattering manner—

"Hallo, old chap! How're you coming on, my hearty? If brandy isn't riz since I was here last, hand us over a horn."

"Tom," said Morrison, quickly, to a bar-keeper, put that fellow out."

"Oh no, you don't!" replied Latimer, as the man came forward, and he continued to back away from him, putting his thumb to his nose in a sneering and defiant manner, until he had reached the extreme part of the room, where he sat down on a kind of locker—that ran along against the wall. The bar-keeper laid hold of him, but as he did so, Latimer slid from his hand, and lay at full length upon the floor. Angry at being thus foiled, the bar-keeper seized him by the feet, and was dragging him away, when three or four of those present ordered him to desist, or they would pitch him into the street. As the hint was given in earnest, and so understood, it needed no repetition. Tom went behind the bar again, and old Morrison, fuming like a beer barrel, came

out into the middle of the room, swearing that the "loafing vagabond" should go out of his house.

"What has he done?" inquired several voices.

"No matter what he has done, he must go out," said the landlord, positively. "So here, my good fellow," addressing Latimer, "march off with you before I send for the police."

"That won't do no good, old chap," retorted Latimer. "I hav'n't done any thing, and here are my witnesses," glancing round at the bar-room audience.

He now got up from the floor, and staggered back upon the locker. He was a pitiable looking object; ragged, dirty, unshaven, and nothing upon his stockingless feet but a pair of slippers that scarcely retained their places.

"The landlord, here, seems to have a grudge against you?" said one of the company that had gathered about the wretched creature. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," replied Latimer, "only he's ashamed of his work, I suppose."

"Ah, that's it! Well, landlord, what do you say? Do you own the soft impeachment?"

"Gentlemen," said Morrison, with dignity, "I won't be insulted in my own house."

A loud laugh from those around showed how much his words and manner had impressed his audience.

"You don't look like a very creditable job, certainly," remarked one of those present, looking with an eye of commiseration upon Latimer.

"But I was as well dressed as you, sir," replied the drunkard, arousing himself up, as some thoughts of former times came back upon him; "and had money laid up in the Savings Bank, when the landlord here first took me in hand. He made me what you see. I was as sober a man as was to be found in a hundred miles round, when I was sent here to do a little job of work, and this respectable, good citizen enticed me with his drinks, and gave me a bottle of his cordial to take home. Many and many is the time since then that he has filled that bottle with brandy; but this was while my money lasted. After that was gone, I was a drunken, loafing vagabond, and must be kicked out if I showed myself on his respectable premises."

"That's a hard story, landlord!" remarked one of the company.

"It's an infernal lie!" replied Morrison. "When a miserable, besotted loafing wretch like him debases and degrades himself with drink, he turns and charges it all upon the tavern-keeper. Gentlemen! This is my house, and I wish him to go out of it, and that instantly."

"Give him a glass of brandy, and I'll guaranty his submission to your will," spoke up, in a light manner, a person present.

"Hurrah! first rate! Come, landlord! try him with a strong brandy punch," chimed in another.

"Yes, try me," said the debased creature, who was the subject of all this excitement.