

# 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.

Vol. XVII.]

MONTREAL, JANUARY 15, 1851.

No. 2

## The Pottle.—Chapter II.

The tavern keeper did not err in his calculation. A week had not elapsed before Latimer dropped in to see him, remarking, as he did so, while a shiver passed over him—

“It feels like Greenland out of doors, landlord. Can’t you give me something to warm me?”

“That’s just what I can do,” replied Morrison, with a smile. “What’ll you have? Some hot whisky punch or an apple toddy?”

“Which is best?” asked Latimer; and he laughed at his own question.

“Either of them is good enough. Suppose you try the whisky punch. It will warm you to your finger ends.”

“Very well; let it be whisky punch, then. But don’t make it too strong. I can’t bear much. I’m not used to it.”

“You are not half a man,” said the landlord. “Why some of my customers can drink five or six punches in an evening and not feel it. A baby might push you over.”

“Not so easily, my good neighbor; not so easily. I call myself a man, and am ready to match sinew and muscle with any one of my weight.”

“And can’t bear a single strong whisky punch. Ho! ho! It won’t do to make that boast here.”

By this time the steaming glass of punch was ready, for Morrison never kept a customer waiting long. He could mix a glass of liquor against time with any one living. Latimer put it to his lips and sipped the pleasant compound.

“How do you like it?” asked Morrison. “Isn’t it first rate?”

“It is: that’s a fact.” And he sipped again.

“I’m hard to beat on whisky punches; or, indeed, any thing else in my line. Come in to-morrow night and take an apple toddy, or a gin sling.”

“Perhaps I may,” said Latimer, sipping again and again.

“Certainly this is excellent.”

“Doesn’t it warm you?”

“Yes, indeed; and to my finger ends, as you said.”

“I know the effect exactly.”

“Having tried it yourself, often?”

“Yes, and seen it tried on others a thousand times. A man who takes that medicine every day through the winter, will never be found barking and wheezing with cold, like a phthisicky wolf. He’ll not trouble the doctor, I’ll guarantee. But say, neighbor, how did you like that bottle of cordial?”

“So well, that I want another just like it.”

“Ha! ha! I thought so. And what did the wife say to it? Did she try its virtue?”

“Oh, yes; and pronounced it the very thing. So, here’s the bottle,” and he drew the article he named from a specious pocket—“fill her up again.”

“Aye, aye! Fill her up’s the word. Here Bill!”—to one of the bar-keepers—“draw a bottle of perfect love.”

“Of what?” asked Latimer.

“Perfect love. We call it that, because all who drink it love with a perfect love.”

“You’re a merry chap, landlord,” returned Latimer, who began to feel a little merry himself.

“We’re all merry here. We call this Good Fellow’s Hall. Come and see us often, my man; I know you will like us.”

“Perhaps I may.”

“Do.”

The bottle of cordial was handed over.

“How much?” asked Latimer.

“Three shillings,” replied the landlord.

“And the punch?”

“Sixpence.”

“That’s three and sixpence. Here’s a four shilling piece, you may give me the change in segars.”

“How will you have them, in fours or threes?”

“Threes I reckon.”

“Here they are,” and Morrison handed over the counter a box of segars. “They’re a prime article.”

Latimer picked out three to suit him.

“Here, take another. We’ll call ’em fours for old acquaintance sake.”

“You’re a clever sort of a chap, I see,” said Latimer, in an excellent good humor with himself. The whisky punch was doing its work.

“I call myself so,” replied Boniface, “and so do my friends.”

“Well, good evening to you,” said Latimer.

“Wait, won’t you sit down and look over the paper?”

“No, thank you, not now; I must go.”

“Good by to you, then, and see here, whenever you find an evening hanging heavily on your hands, drop in and look at us. I take twenty newspapers, and shall be glad to see you using them freely.”

“Very well, much obliged for your kindness. Good evening.”

“Good bye, then, if you will go, and God bless you.”

Latimer returned home with his second bottle of cordial, which he and his wife managed to dispose of in two or three days, and then he went back for another; and this time tried one of Morrison’s apple toddies.

“Why, bless us, neighbor! you are a real stranger,” said the landlord, as he came in. “Where have you been? I hope the whisky punch did not make you sick.”

“Not quite—you must think I am a child.”

“Oh no, not I. I believe you to be a man every inch.”

And, in his own way, Morrison flattered and excited the pleasant feelings of his victim, thus creating a desire to visit his house, apart from the appetite for punch and toddies which he was seeking opportunities to form. That unnatural craving once implanted, and he knew Latimer would come without requiring an invitation.