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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
SELECTIONS— <i>True Temperance Cordial</i>	337
<i>Licensing System</i>	338
<i>Barrack Canteens</i>	340
<i>Short Persuasives to Total Abstinence</i>	341
PROGRESS.....	"
MISCELLANEOUS.....	343
POETRY— <i>Temperance Band of Hope</i>	344
EDITORIAL— <i>The Temperance Advocate</i>	"
<i>Prospectus of the Fifteenth Volume</i>	345
<i>Consignments</i>	346
<i>Agricultural Journal of Lower Canada</i>	"
<i>Grand Jury's Presentment</i>	347
<i>Sabbath Drinking</i>	348
<i>Daughters of Temperance—J. B. Gough, &c.</i>	"
EDUCATION— <i>Water, Wine, Beer, and Spirits</i>	350
AGRICULTURE— <i>Fall Ploughing</i>	351
News, Prices Current, &c.....	352

THE TRUE 'TEMPERANCE CORDIAL.'

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

The friends of temperance have so great a dread of the people taking what are called 'Temperance Cordials,' that I am induced to illustrate the subject by relating an incident, in the humble but fervent hope of its being useful in preventing persons from laying down one bad habit, only to take up another.

'Well,' said Andrew Furlong to James Lacey, 'that ginger cordial, of all things I ever tasted, is the nicest and warmest. It's beautiful stuff, and so cheap.'

'What good does it do ye, Andrew, and what want have you of it?' inquired James Lacey.

'What good does it do me?' repeated Andrew, rubbing his forehead in a manner that showed he was perplexed by the question 'why no great good to be sure, and I can't say I've any want of it; for, since I became a member of the total abstinence society, I've lost the megrim in my head and the weakness I used to have about my heart. I'm as strong and hearty in myself as any one can be, God be praised, and sure, James, neither of us could turn out in such a coat as this, this time twelvemonth.'

'And that's true,' replied James; 'but we must remember that, if leaving off whisky enables us to show a good habit, taking to 'ginger cordial,' or anything of that kind, will soon wear a hole in it.'

'You are always fond of your fun; how can you prove that?'

'Easy enough,' said James; 'intoxication was the worst part of a whisky drinking habit; but it was not the only bad part, it spent time, and it spent what well-managed time always gives, money. Now, though they

do say—mind, I'm not quite sure about it, for they may put things in it they don't own to, and your eyes look brighter, and your cheek more flushed, than if you had been drinking nothing stronger than milk or water—but they do say that ginger cordials, and all kinds of cordials, do not intoxicate; I will grant this; but you cannot deny that they waste both time and money.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Andrew, 'I only went with two or three other boys to have a glass, and I don't think we spent more than half an hour. There's no great harm in laying out a penny or twopence that way, now and again.'

'Half an hour even breaks a day,' said James, 'and, what is worse, it unsettles the mind for work; and we ought to be very careful of any return to the old habit that has destroyed many of us, body and soul, and made the name of an Irishman a by-word and reproach, instead of a glory and an honour. A penny, Andrew, breaks the silver shilling into coppers; and twopence will buy half a stone of potatoes—that's a consideration. If we don't manage to keep things comfortable at home, the women won't have the heart to mend the coat. Not,' added James, with a sly smile, 'that I can deny having taken to temperance cordials, myself.'

'You?' shouted Andrew, 'You! a pretty fellow you are, to be blaming me, and forced to confess you have taken to them yourself; but, I suppose, they'll wear no hole in your coat? Oh, no, you are such a good manager!'

'Indeed,' answered James, 'I was anything but a good manager eighteen months ago; as you well know, I was in rags, never at my work of a Monday, and seldom on a Tuesday. My poor wife, my gentle, patient Mary, often bore hard words, and, though she will not own it, I fear still harder blows when I had driven away my senses. My children were pale, half-starved, naked creatures, disputing a potato with the pig my wife tried to keep, to pay the rent, well knowing I would never do it. Now—'

'But, the cordial, my boy!' interrupted Andrew, 'the cordial!—sure, I believe every word of what you have been telling me is as true as gospel! Ain't there hundreds, ay, thousands, at this moment, on Ireland's blessed ground, that can tell the same story? But the cordial!—and to think of your never owning it before; is it ginger, or aniseed, or peppermint?'

'None of these; and yet it is the real thing, my boy.'

'Well, then,' persisted Andrew, 'let's have a drop of it; you're not going, I'm sure, to drink by yourself; and as I have broken the afternoon'—