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THE WINE BOTTLE.

The following story is literally true, with the omission of names for places, and the substitution of others for those of individuals. With a trifling alteration this sketch of biography would be true of multitudes in our land:—

GURDON SPRING was the son of a respectable farmer in ———. He was the third of ten sons, all of whom were trained to the strictest economy and industry. The *wine bottle* was never seen in their father's house. At the age of nineteen, Gurdon became the clerk of a neighbouring merchant. Many of his early habits fitted him for usefulness in his new calling. He gained and merited the confidence of his employer, who recommended him to more extensive and lucrative business in ———. After becoming a "thorough merchant," and having established "a good name" which "is better than precious ointment," he commenced business for himself in ———. Success attended his laudable efforts, and every month added to his "trade" and profits. In two years from his settlement, in this place, he was the husband of Sarah Gould, a young lady of cultivated mind, polished manners, and hopeful piety.

They commenced housekeeping in a frugal way. The *wine bottle* was kept on the *bureau*, but it was seldom used. Time moved on, Mr. and Mrs. Spring were the happy parents of five sprightly, handsome children. Their wealth grew faster than their family. Relatives and friends made frequent calls and long visits. The *sideboard* was well provided with the choicest wines and cordials. Parties became more frequent, as the children advanced to man and womanhood, and extended their acquaintance. Their minister frequently enlivened by his wit and learning their assemblages. When the two oldest sons had completed their collegiate course, a great party was made. After the *wine bottle* had passed freely, their spiritual teacher gave some lessons to the three sons and their two sisters, respecting the most genteel manner of pouring out wine, handling the *wine glass* and sipping its contents. The children frequently practised the lesson and the example given them from so respectable a source. In 182—, the father died, honored and respected; leaving an estate of 52,000 dollars. John, the eldest son, chose the profession of surgery and medicine. Before he obtained his parchment making him M. D., he was often "the worse for liquor." He has squandered his patrimony, and is now a useless vagabond on the earth. Robert, the next son, studied law. Bright were his prospects and high the expectations he raised in the bosom of his relatives and friends. He prided himself on the gentility with which he handled the bottle and glass of wine. He often "played for amusement, but never for anything more than to make the game interesting." When exhilarated with wine, but far from being drunk, for he had not yet been seen in that situation, some *black-legs*, under the guise of gentlemen, induced him to play. The *wine bottle* was often shoved round; "Esquire Spring's gentility in handling the glass" was frequently noticed, and before the next morning's sun he had lost every dollar, earned and left him by his father. He often played "to win back his

former losses," and drank deep to silence an upbraiding conscience. In a fit of *delirium tremens*, he applied the pistol to his ear, and rushed unbidden, and unprepared to the judgment bar.

William, the third son, was "kept in the store." He continued the business after his father's death, and soon married a lovely intelligent wife. The *wine bottle* was always on the dinner table, and convivial parties frequent and brilliant. His business was neglected or entrusted to clerks. Wine "mocked" him, and led, not only to the neglect of business, but to bad bargains, bad company, and bad habits. He became a bankrupt and a drunkard. His wife died of a broken heart, and William is now often seen standing at the corners of the streets, with a saw and buck on his shoulders, a ragged, bloated, remnant of a man.

Jane married one of her father's clerks. Both of them loved the *wine bottle*. Her patrimony was soon wasted. They have four children. Both the parents are intemperate, poor, and often quarrelsome.

Sarah, the youngest of Mr. Spring's children, came "into company" after the temperance cause had done much to purify and bless mankind. She saw the desolation produced by the *wine bottle*, on those she most tenderly loved. She early signed the *pledges*, though ridiculed by her brothers and sister for so doing. She dismissed three suitors because they would occasionally take a glass of wine. She said and practised, "TOTAL ABSTINENCE OR NO HUSBAND." At the age of twenty-three, she was married to a worthy clergyman, whose talents and influence are felt through a wide circle. She is useful, honored, and happy.

Youthful reader! is there any benefit results from drinking wine or other intoxicating liquors? How many estates have you known squandered, reputations lost, hearts broken, and lives destroyed by commencing the moderate use of such drinks? What course will you pursue in regard to them? —Recorder.

"O, I HATE TO SEE THOSE BAGS."

In the routine of my pastoral visits, I stopped at a house where resided one of the sisters of the church. It was one of the cold days in the winter season. The snow covered the ground: the highway was hard trod, and sleighs were passing and repassing in quick succession. This woman, nearly sixty years of age, was sitting by a window which commanded a full view of the highway. My own position afforded me a like opportunity. The clangor of horse bells at this instant, drew the eyes of us both to the road. Several sleighs were passing, piled up high with long full bags. As she drew her eyes away from beholding this spectacle, and as they met mine, I saw them fill with tears. With a quivering chin and a faltering voice, she said, "Oh, I hate to see those bags! Little do they think, who carry them, what misery their contents will inflict upon wives and children. It goes in bags, but it returns in jugs and bottles to scourge and curse the innocent." The truth was, the bags were on their way to a neighboring distillery, and this woman was the wife of a besotted whiskey drinker. She knew full well, how loads of bags had affected herself and family. To her they had furnished the cause of destroying his affection and covenant vows; a wasted estate, a destitution of bread, unclothed