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LITERATURE.

CANADA.

O child of nations, giant-limbed,
Who stand'st amid the nations now
Unheeded, unadored, unhymned,
With unanointed brow
How long the ignoble sloth, how long
The trust in greatness now thine own
Surely the lion's brood is strong
To front the world alone!
How long the indolence, ere thou dare
Achieve thy destiny seize thy fame,
Ere our proud eyes behold thee bear
A nation's franchise, nation's name!
The Saxon force, the Celtic fire,
These are thy manhood's heritage!
Why rest with babes and slaves? Seek higher
The place of race and age!
I see to every wind unfurled
The flag that bears the maple-wreath;
Thy swift keels furrow round the world
Its blood-red folds teneath;
Thy swift keels cleave the farthest seas;
Thy white sails swell with alien gales;
To stream on each remotest breeze,
The black smoke of thy pipes exhales.
O Falterer! let thy past convince
Thy future,—all the growth, the gain,
The fame since Cartier knew thee, since
Thy shores beheld Champlain!
Montcalm and Wolfe! Wolfe and Montcalm!
Quebec, thy stoic citadel,
Attest in burning song and psalm
How here thy heroes fell!
O thou that bor'st the battle's brunt
At Queenston and at Lundy's Lane,
On whose scant ranks but iron front
The battle broke in vain,
Whose was the danger, whose the day,
From whose triumphant throats the cheers,
At Chrysler's Farm, at Chateaugay,
Storming like clarion-tombs our ears?
On soft Pacific slopes—beside
Strange fumes that northward rave and fall—
Where chafes Acadia's chainless tide—
Thy sons await thy call!
They wait; but some in exile, some
With strangers housed, in stranger lands;
And some Canadian lips are dumb
Beneath Egyptian sands!
O mystic Nile! thy secret yields
Before us; thy most ancient dreams
Are mixed with far Canadian fields
And murmur of Canadian streams.
But thou, my country, dream not thou!
Wake, and behold how night is done,
How on thy breast, and o'er thy brow
Bursts the uprising sun!
CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, in *The Century*.

THE BOY WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

Across the English Channel the name of Colbert, the French statesman is justly regarded with national pride; but in this country, especially among our young men, the name is not so widely known as it should be. Jean Baptiste Colbert was born in 1619 at Rheims, but the incident that may be called the turning point in his life occurred when he was fourteen or fifteen years of age. He was then an apprentice with his godfather, M. Guillaume Certain, a woollen draper at Rheims. His master was a thin,

withered, old, and, as we shall see, not over-scrupulous man of business. It would seem that the Colbert family was of noble descent; but it had become reduced in circumstances, and because his father was poor, young Baptiste had to learn a trade.

The young apprentice knew something of his history of his own family and of his country, for he had always been fond of his books.

'What book is that you are reading?' asked his master, one day. 'It seems to interest you very much.'

'Why, sir, I am reading the trial of the Duke of Montmorency; he was beheaded, you know, poor fellow, by the order of the Duke of Richelieu. Ministers are too harsh, too arbitrary, too despotic,' replied Baptiste with animation; 'and if ever I am prime minister—'

A roar of laughter from the old woollen draper cut short the boy's ardent speech, and made the blood mount to his temples. At length, in the greatest amazement, M. Certain queried—

'If what?' 'Pardon me, sir; I spoke foolishly, on the spur of the moment,' replied the young apprentice.

'Bah!' said the old man; 'let me hear no more of such nonsense. Remember, that here, at my shop, at the sign of the Golden Fleece, your duty is to sell cloth; and you ought to be thankful for having got into so respectable a way of earning a livelihood.'

'I will obey you and attend to business,' answered the boy.

'Very well, then,' said his master, 'put aside your book and listen to me. M. Cenani, the Paris banker, is staying at a certain hotel in our town. He wants to buy some of our best cloth, and you must take these four parcels to him for his inspection. Number one is marked three crowns a yard; number two, six crowns; number three, eight crowns, and number four fifteen crowns. It is dear enough, but it is the very finest Saxony. Set of now to the banker, and make no mistake—charge the full price, and bring back ready money. Moline, the porter, will carry the parcels.'

Arriving at the hotel, and telling what their business was, both of them were ushered into the presence of the banker. The banker came forward, and after just touching each piece of cloth with the tips of his fingers, he laid one of the parcels aside saying—

'I like this best; what is its price?' 'Fifteen crowns a yard,' answered Baptiste.

Moline made a grimace. 'There are thirty yards in this piece,' continued the youth.

'Four hundred and fifty crowns. Here they are,' said the banker, as he handed Baptiste the money.

A receipt was given, and the apprentice and the porter returned to their master's shop.

'I think Baptiste has made a mistake,' said Moline, with a smothered laugh, as he threw the other cloth on the 'Golden Fleece' counter.

'Do you think so, Moline?' asked M. Certain, trembling from head to foot.

'Let me see; number three is wanting, at eight crowns a yard. I'll warrant the young rascal has sold it for six crowns a yard; he shall pay the difference out of his wages.'

'How stupid I have been!' said Baptiste. 'I sold the cloth for fifteen crowns a yard.'

'Indeed! Happy day!' exclaimed the old draper. 'You are a fine boy, Baptiste—I am proud of you! Thirty yards—six hundred and thirty francs more profit than I expected.'

'Surely you would not take such a mean advantage, godfather?' Baptiste remonstrated, drawing back toward the street door of the shop.

'Oh! perhaps you want to go shares?' said the dishonest old man. 'Certainly, I agree to give you something.'

'I cannot agree to any such arrangement,' said the young apprentice.

'Bravo, my boy! Well, then, give it all to me,' cried M. Certain, rubbing his hand with hopeful glee.

A single bound, and Baptiste had cleared the threshold into the street, and was running back to the hotel with breathless speed.

Can I see M. Cenani? he asked of his valet.

Not just now, replied that worthy. My master is dressing; but I will inquire when you can see him.

The valet went to his master's room, and told him who wanted to see him, the boy following.

No was the answer; he cannot see me at present.

Stepping forward, Baptiste pleaded, 'One word, sir—only one word. I have unintentionally imposed upon you, sir. The cloth was only eight crowns a yard, instead of fifteen. Here are the two hundred and ten crowns which you paid me too much. I wish your honor good morning.'

Stay a moment, cried the banker. I am no judge of cloth, and I see that you might easily have kept this money for yourself.

I never thought of that, sir. Suppose I were to make you a present of this money? queried the banker.

I would not take it, sir, replied Baptiste.

Taking him by the hand, M. Cenani said, 'You are a noble boy. What is your name?'

Jean Baptiste Colbert, sir. Colbert—Colbert, repeated the banker. Is it possible you are a relation of the Colberts of Scotland?

The barons of Castlehill are the ancestors of both the Scotch and French Colberts, sir, replied Baptiste.

Then how is it that your father, a descendant of such an illustrious family is a woollen draper?

My father is very poor, and it was to relieve him of the burden of my support that I became an apprentice to my godfather, M. Certain.

'Your carriage is ready, sir,' said the valet, re-appearing.

The banker let the boy's hand go with regret; but as he did so he said, 'Good morning, Baptiste; perhaps you and I may meet again.'

At length, released by M. Cenani, Baptiste ran down the staircase of the hotel, and was bounding into the street, when somebody seized him by the collar and shook him roughly. It was his enraged master, who had followed him, and who now abused him in the most frantic manner for having returned the money.

All remonstrances from the poor apprentice were in vain. M. Certain was not only greedy of gain, but he also had a hasty temper.

'Give me the money!' he shouted. Baptiste handed him the amount—two hundred and forty crowns—which the cloth came to at eight crowns a yard.

'Now, then,' said he, 'get out of my sight, you young rascal; never enter my shop again, and never more come within reach of either my tongue or my arm!'

Monsieur and Madame Colbert were astonished when they heard of their boy's dismissal.

'You have been about some folly then, sir,' said his father sternly.

I will tell you how it happened, father, replied Baptiste modestly, 'and leave you to decide whether I am right or wrong.'

When Baptiste had told his story, M. Colbert, extending his arms to receive him, said, 'Come and embrace me, my son; you have behaved well, and have my full approbation.'

'Sir, said the one servant of the house to Mr. Colbert, quietly opening the parlor door, 'a gentleman in a post chaise wants to see you.'

'His name, Janon?' 'He said it was useless to give it, sir, as you did not know it.'

'Then ask the gentleman to walk in, Janon,' said M. Colbert.

At the first glance of the visitor, as he entered, Baptiste colored deeply.

'Sir,' said the stranger, bowing low to Madame Colbert before addressing her husband, 'I beg a thousand pardons for having thus, as it were, forced an entrance upon you; but I leave to-morrow, and the business which brings me here would not admit of delay. I am M. Cenani of the firm of Cenani and Mazerani, bankers, Paris. I was delighted with your son's noble conduct this morning. I have been to the woollen draper's shop, and have learned that in consequence of his honesty Baptiste has been dismissed by M. Certain from his employment. I have come to ask if his parents will allow their son to enter our banking house in Paris? This is my business.'

No member of M. Colbert's family relished the idea of Baptiste's going away; nevertheless M. Cenani's proposition was ultimately accepted; young Colbert, as a clerk, entered the great banking house in the French capital. This proved to be to him the first round on the ladder of fame; and step by step the woollen draper's apprentice, who had been dismissed for his integrity, climbed to some of the highest offices in the State under Louis XIV.

Jean Baptiste Colbert, afterward Marquis de Croissy, became one of the ablest statesmen of France and of his age.

NOT SO GREEN AS HE LOOKED.

A WELL PLANNED BANK ROBBERY THAT MISCARRIED.

'It ain't no use in saying that I haven't been a crooked man in my time,' he remarked as he leaned back against the door and pulled his hat down.

'You all know that I'm just out of the Ohio penitentiary after serving 10 long years for trying to work a bank, and it's no use in me denying it. Howsoever, there was more in that case than the papers ever got hold of, and it will be no harm to yarn it off.'

'To begin, I was knocking around Cincinnati, hard up and discouraged, when an old pal of mine comes along one day with a soft snap. He had struck something to gladden our hearts. In a village about 50 miles away was a bank. That wasn't so curious, as you may think, but it was a new bank, and the officials were a set of greenhorns. The president was an old farmer, the book-keeper a former miller, and the cashier—well, he was described as just the greenest specimen ever brought in from the cornfields.'

'My pal had "piped" the bank until he knew how everything went. When noon came the president and book-keeper went to dinner, leaving the greenhorn. Indeed, he ate a cool luncheon at his desk. It was a chance if anyone came in between 12 and 130, and the two of us could do that cashier up as slick as grease with any of the old tricks.'

'Well, in a day or two we went up there, and it worked like the biggest layout I ever came across. As you entered the bank there was an enclosed space to the right, with a gate to enter. This was the president and book-keeper's quarters, while farther along, on the same side, was the cashier's place, but not divided from the other by a railing. When the cashier was at the pay window his back was toward the other space, and also to the big safe. The latter stood at least twelve feet from him, against the outer wall, with, all the doors wide open.'

'Why, when I came to enter that bank, and see how easy it was to sneak that safe, I was laid out with astonishment. And the greenness of that cashier! Why, gents, he didn't seem to know no more about a draft on New York than about the complexion of the man in the moon, and after I had detained him at the window fully 10 minutes on one pretext and another, just to see if it could be done, we went out feeling that we had the boodle in that safe dead to rights.'

'The time appointed was the next day noon, and when we had seen the president and book-keeper out of the way, my pal entered, walked to the pay window and got a bill changed and then began to dicker about a draft. I entered the bank on tip-toe soon after him. The gate was open, and also the doors of the safe, and the cashier, with his back to me, was feeding himself as he talked. Why, sirs, it makes my mouth water to think what a glorious opportunity was before me! I had on rubbers, and I slipped half way to the safe as softly as the serpent creeps. Then there was a growl and a rush, and about the size of a yearling steer flung himself upon me. I went down with a crash, and the dog held me there, but while it was happening I heard the click! click! of a revolver and the greenhorn of a cashier coolly saying to pal:

'I'm on to you, my friend! If you move hand or foot I'll let daylight through you! Tiger, hold that fellow fast!'

'His left hand slid down to a button, and next moment a bell outside was ringing; a fire alarm and collecting a crowd of people. They came rushing into the bank by the dozen, and, of course, our cake was done for. I got ten years for that little operation, and my pal took seven for his share, and it turned out that the bank was guarded in all sorts of ways, including dogs and spring guns, and that the seeming greenhorn of a cashier had been imported from a Philadelphia bank. He had spotted us at first sight, and had given us rope to hang ourselves.'

Economy is itself a great name. Then keep Minard's Liment in the house and you will keep the doctor out. Only costs 25 cents a bottle.

I was cured by using Minard's Liment of a very severe case of chronic rheumatism after trying all other remedies for 2 years.—GEORGE TINGLEY, Albert Co., N. B.

Place of Meeting, Divisions, Numbers, Night of Meeting, and name of Deputies.

St. Stephen; Howard, 1; Friday; S. Webber.
Milltown St. Stephen; Wilberforce, 3; Monday; H. McAllister.
Market Building, St. John; Gurney, 5; Thursday; John P. Bell.
Orange Hall, Portland; Portland, 7; Monday; A. Y. Paterson.
Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Wednesday; J. S. B. DeVeber.
Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J. DeVeber.
Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G. Stohart.
St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Thursday; Robt. Wills.
Hillsboro, Albert Co.; Albert, 39; Wednesday; J. J. Steeves.
Sackville, West Co.; Sackville, 40; Tuesday; J. C. Harper.
Richibucto, Kent Co.; Richibucto, 42; Wednesday; A. Haines.
Kingston, Kent Co.; Kingston, 44; Tuesday; B. S. Bailey.
Newcastle; Newcastle, 45; Thursday; D. Mc-Graw.
Point de Bute, West Co.; Westmorland, 50; Thursday; J. Amos Trueman.
Hopewell Hill, Albert Co.; Golden Rule, 51; Tuesday; L. R. Moore.
Pennfield, Charlotte Co.; Safeguard, 58; Saturday; W. N. Bucknam.
Cambridge, Queen's Co.; Johnston, 62; Saturday; George S. Wilson.
Dalhousie; Dalhousie, 64; Monday; G. Haddow.
Baie Verte; Baie Verte, 65; Wednesday; E. Goodwin.
Dover, West Co.; Dover, 70; Saturday; W. Steeves.
Carleton, St. John; Granite Rock, 77; Tuesday; Henry Finch.
Derby, North Co.; Nelson, 99; Monday; J. Betts.
Douglstown, North Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tuesday; J. Henderson.
Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thursday; Jacob I. Keirstead.
Upper Gagetown, Queens Co.; Oxford, 134; Saturday; James E. Coy.
Benton, Carleton Co.; Garibaldi, 151; A. Teed.
St. Martins, St. John Co.; St. Martins, 164; Tuesday; Cudlip Miller.
Moncton; Moncton, 183; Monday; E. McCarthy.
Salisbury, West Co.; Crystal Stream, 191; Saturday; Wm. McNaughton.
South Bay, St. John Co.; Lime Rock, 207; Monday; Wm. Roxborough.
Milford, St. John Co.; Everett, 238; Wednesday; John Waring.
Moncton; Intercolonial, 243; Friday; Wallace Armour.
Victoria Mills, West Co.; Victoria, 245; Thursday; A. J. Main.
Baillie, St. James, Char. Co.; Baillie, 248; Wednesday; J. W. Mann.
Weldford, Kent Co.; Harcourt, 249; Saturday; H. Wather.
Portland; Valley, 250; Tuesday; J. Fowler.
Butternut Ridge, King's Co.; Havelock, 251; Friday; E. Keith.
Petitcodiac, West Co.; Petitcodiac, 252; Tuesday; D. Jonah.
Lewis Mountain, West Co.; Sunnyside, 253; Saturday; R. Lewis.
Deer Island, Char. Co.; Moss Rose 254; Saturday; A. T. Lloyd.
Millstream, Kings Co.; Britannia, 255; Friday; C. W. Weyman.
Little Ridge, Char. Co.; Spreading Oak, 256; Tuesday; A. F. Matheson.
Fredericton; Lansdowne, 257; Thursday; H. H. Pitts.
Kouchibouguac, Kent Co.; Union, 258; D. W. Grierson.
River Charlo, Rest. Co.; Charlo, 259; Thursday; J. H. Galbraith.
Steeves Mountain, West Co.; Mountain Rose, 260; Saturday; R. Lutz, Sr.
Lawrence Station, Char. Co.; Lawrenceville, 261; Saturday; F. S. Richardson.
Hampton, King's Co.; Spring, 262; Monday; G. Barnes.
Pomey Ridge, Char. Co.; Mayflower, 263; Thursday; W. Moulton.
Scotch Ridge, Char. Co.; Iona, 264; Wednesday; Alex. M. McKenzie.
Oak Hill, Char. Co.; Oak, 265; Friday; Dr. J. G. Atkinson.
Tower Hill, Char. Co.; Wills, 266; Saturday; S. S. Smith.
Graves Settlement, West Co.; Rockland, 267; Friday; G. Johnston.
McAdam Junction, York Co.; Star Branch, 268; E. W. Brownell.
2d Falls, St. George Char. Co.; Stewart, 269; Saturday; A. Sherwood.
St. George, Char. Co.; Red Granite, 270; Saturday; T. McGowan.
Penobscus, King's Co.; Cardwell, 271; Thursday; J. W. Floyd.
St. Nicholas River, Kent Co.; Milltown, 272; Friday; J. Murray.
Hampton Village, King's Co.; Hampton, 273; Tuesday; G. Flewelling.
Bloomfield, King's Co.; Leading Star, 274; Thursday; O. A. Wetmore.
Good Templar Hall, St. John; Gordon, 275; Friday; H. P. Sandall.
Eagle Settlement West'd Co.; Twilight, 276; Wednesday; G. A. Taylor.
Salisbury, Westmoreland Co.; Middleton, 277; Friday; J. B. Henry.
Healthland, Charlotte Co.; Rising Sun, 278; Tuesday; L. Hall.
Goshen Corner, Albert Co.; Star of Hope, 279; Thursday; D. W. Goodall.
St. Mary's Kent Co.; Rosefield, 280; Saturday; W. Vincent.
Elgin, Albert Co.; Elgin, 281; Saturday; G. Smith, A. B.
Springfield, King's Co.; Springfield, 282; Friday; G. M. Wetmore.
Whites Cove, Grand Lake; Grand Lake; 283; H. E. White.
Clifton, Gloucester Co.; Gloucester Division 284; Wednesday; N. R. Ritchie.
Lewisville, Moncton; Lewisville, 285; Tuesday; Chas. J. Harris.
Port Elgin, West Co.; Fort Moncton, 286; Friday; W. M. Spence.
Centreville, Kings Co.; Centreville, 287; Saturday; H. W. Falkins.
Waterford, K. C.; Essex Division 288; Monday; John W. DeForest.
Dubec, Carleton Co.; Centenary, 289; Wm. V. Benn.
Forest Glen, West Co.; Forest Glen 290; Thursday; Miss A. Hubley.
Bristol, Carleton Co.; Bristol Union, 291; Tuesday; Rev. John Gravinor.
East Florenceville, Carleton Co.; East Florenceville, 292; Saturday; Wm. Tompkins.
Waterville, Carleton Co.; Waterville, 293; Saturday; J. T. Fletcher.
Bath Carleton Co.; Ray of Hope, 294; Friday; Herbert Gray.
Lower Coverdale, West Co.; Coverdale 295; Jas. F. Steeves.