

# Temperance Journal.

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Editor and Proprietor.

## WEBS AND FLIES.

Whisky spiders great and greedy,  
Weave their webs from sea to sea;  
They grow fat and men grow needy,  
Shall our robbers rulers be?

"Sweep the webs away!" the nation  
In its wrath and wisdom cries;  
Say the fools, with hesitation,  
"No! but educate the flies!"

We do both, twin wings, who sunder,  
Let the schools fill out their sphere;  
Let the Church send seven thunders,  
But the webs must disappear.

Up! the webs are full of slaughter,  
Sweep away the spider's lair;  
Up! wife, husband, son or daughter,  
Make the vexed earth clean and fair.  
—REV. JOSEPH COOK.

## NOTHING AND SOMETHING.

"It's nothing to me," the beauty said,  
With a careless toss of her pretty head;  
"The man is weak if he can't refrain  
From the cup you say is fraught with pain."

It was something to her in after years,  
When her eyes were drenched with burning  
tears,  
And she watched in lonely grief and dread,  
And started to hear a staggering tread.

"It's nothing to me," the mother said,  
I have no fears that my boy will tread  
The downward path of sin and shame,  
And crush my heart and darken my name."

It was something to her when her only son  
From the path of life was early won,  
And madly cast in the flowing bowl  
A ruined body and a shipwrecked soul.

"It's nothing to me," the merchant said,  
As over the ledger he bent his head;  
"I'm busy to-day with the tear and tret,  
And have no time to fume and fret."

It was something to him when over the wire  
A message came from a funeral pyre—  
A drunken conductor had wrecked a train,  
And his wife and child were among the slain.

"It's nothing to me," the young man cried;  
In his eye was a flash of scorn and pride—  
"I heed not the dreadful things you tell;  
I can rule myself, I know full well."

'Twas something to him when in prison he lay,  
The victim of drink—life ebbing away,  
As he thought of his wretched child and wife,  
And the mournful wreck of his wasted life.

"It's nothing to me," the voter said;  
"The party's loss is my greatest dread,"  
Then he gave his vote for the liquor trade,  
Though hearts were crushed and drunkards  
made.

It was something to him in after life,  
When his daughter became a drunkard's wife,  
And her hungry children cried for bread,  
And trembled to hear their father's tread.

Is it nothing to us to idly sleep  
While the cohorts of death their vigils keep;  
Alluring the young and thoughtless in,  
And grind in our midst a grist of sin!

It is something—yes, all, for us to stand,  
And clasp by faith our Saviour's hand;  
To learn to labor, live and fight  
On the side of God and changeless right.  
—Selected.

## Local Option Campaign.

AMONGST THE SNOWS OF NEWFOUND-  
LAND.

(Written for the JOURNAL.)

SCENE.—A deep Bay on the coast of Newfoundland, extending some fifteen miles inland—with a low stretch of woodland skirting the water for a width of from a few yards to half a mile—the whole enclosed by massive hills of dark grey rock, walls of awe-inspiring cliffs at the entrance on one side, the land trending away in low-lying woods and marshes on the other. An interesting enough place during the few short months of summer, but dreary beyond description during the long stormy winter. A straggling line of fishermen's cottages along the western side of one arm of the Bay extending for four or five miles, with tiny settlements in the coves, complete the description of the interior of the Bay.

Formerly the seat of a valuable herring fishery, it attracted in the autumn, in those times, fleets of Yankee and Canadian vessels laden with provisions and merchandise, for the purchase of the scaly tribe, bringing, also, Yankee gold, to fill the pockets of the fisherman, and Yankee liquor, and West India rum, to wash it out of them again. Inhabited by the descendants of old salmon catchers and trappers, brought from the

Fatherland in the days of 'lang syne,' and by a motley crowd of sundry immigrants, some, run-a-way debtors from other parts of the island, some of a more respectable sort enticed to the spot by reports of plenty, some few, refugees from Yankee land and the Dominion, who "have left their country for their country's good." Numbering about a thousand settlers in all, they may be classed, in regard to the liquor question, as follows: 1st A large number of old established tipplers who love the creature, and will have it when possible! 2nd A majority of "don't care" sort of people, who have to be won for the cause. 3rd A round dozen, perhaps, of temperance people, resolved to fight the traffic, and win the settlement for Prohibition. This much is needed to explain what follows.

Statement of the case. The statutory number of signatures having been obtained to the petition, to submit the question of Local Option to the vote, a day for the poll has been fixed by the Governor; and the settlers are awaiting the result with more or less interest. The difficulty of providing the expenses attendant upon the polling, which unjustly devolved upon the temperance folk, having been overcome, the Prohibition leaders, whom we shall refer to as "Judge" and "Parson Hal," with their henchman the "brothers John," prepare, with the concurrence of the sisters, to look the position in the face.

Attitude of the settlers as follows; 1st class consisting of those before referred to under the same head, led by two members of the liquor selling fraternity, named "Yank" and "Pat," of whom more anon, one of active hostility. 2nd class—the majority—who are, at present, indifferent; but likely to be influenced by the arguments of "Yank," and, more so, by pressure he is bringing to bear upon them, which shall be enlarged upon later on. The clergyman of the ascendant denomination is professedly unaware of any danger to the "cause"—thinks the temperance side is safe—Judge and friends, however, for reasons to be given by and by, think otherwise, and resolve to agitate. They succeed in obtaining the reluctant co-operation of Church of England Clergymen and advertise meetings at four stations, one at each of the straggling settlements, and one at each outside settlement, to which they invite the public to a discussion of the question.

For the full understanding of the position of affairs, it will be necessary to give some particulars concerning the character and aims of "Yank," whom we have referred to before. Yank is a model American, of massive build, who, for his own sweet sake, is, or can become, "all things to all men." What part of the States he comes from, or what he has been in the past are alike unknown. Since his arrival in Newfoundland, he has been herring catcher, trader, bankrupt, grog-seller, and doctor, each by turns and neither long. He has at the date of our story, finally installed himself in the position of doctor, farmer and publican. In a tone of admirable nasalify, with many a "guess" and calculate, he has become accustomed to diagnose all sorts of ailments. One young man, who went to him with a pain in the region of the chest, was told with inimitable assurance that he had just taken the ailment in time, and that his "breast bones were buckled across." Another young fellow, in the last stage of consumption, was assured that nothing would cure him but rum and molasses. A mother, who took her boy to him, stating that he was troubled with something rising in his throat, was told with perfect seriousness, that "the flaps of his stomach was rising into his throat," and he proceeded to prescribe for the rising flap. He concerns us now simply on account of the pressure he is bringing to bear, in an underhand

way, upon the opinion of the voter. They, poor souls, have no one but him to whom they, and their women folk, may run, at critically periods, for medicine and advice—he is their "medicine man"—and he tells them that, if the sale of liquor is prohibited, he will have to shut up shop. If they vote "dry," they need not look to him to help their women in their hour of need, inasmuch as he cannot doctor without rum, and more twaddle of the same sort; ridiculous enough to us, but terribly effective when brought to bear upon an uneducated electorate, such as that with which we have to do. It is clear that we must expose this man, and expose him we did, as the sequel will show.

Of our other opponent, we had not so much fear, for although he was a slimy, reptile sort of a man, and ready to pour poisonous argument into the ears of the simple fishermen upon every opportunity that presented itself, he was without that dangerous "medical reputation" possessed by "Yank." His chief argument was one which he brought to bear generally upon the fishermen of the outside shore, that, if prohibition were carried, they would be unable when they came into the Bay in their skiffs on shopping and baiting trips, to warm themselves with a drop of "something hot" and for such sort of thrusts as that our armour was well prepared.

Meeting number one, was held in the Church or Chapel of our Methodist leader, Parson Hal, Church of England clergyman in the chair. After some very moderate statements of the C. of E., "Parson Hal" and "Judge," assailed the rum and molasses theory without gloves, and carried the war right into the enemy's camp, destroying their own bridges and burning their boats. Yank was present only by proxy on this occasion, and his side had nothing to say there but, when our assault upon Yank's position became noised abroad, the whole settlement was in a ferment of excitement, and Yank and his contingent were loud in their threatenings, of what would happen to Judge and Parson Hal at the next meeting, which was to be held in the C. of Eng. district within a few days.

Leaving an account of how those terrible threatenings were carried out for future reference we proceed to relate a very interesting episode of the campaign, which intervened between the greater battles:

Mention has been made of the two villages on the outside shore which were embraced within the area of the district covered by the petition, we shall refer to them as West point and East bay. Our ever-vigilant Yank had recently visited these places, and privately boasted that the fisherman living there could be relied on to vote "wet." Our leaders determined to storm this strong-hold. Bros. John and Steve were told off to visit West Point, which necessitated a twenty-four mile journey through the snow. Parson and Judge with a second John, undertook the Journey to East Bay, three miles by water, and seven through the fir wood. It was getting late in the season, the inner parts of the Bay were frozen over, the outer parts were kept open only by the inflow of the outside water. Crossing the Bay in a boat, Judge and his companion shouldered their packs, and, binding on their snow-shoes, began their journey through the woods.

In due time they reached East Bay, and, having secured the use of a large kitchen in a central part of the settlement, they gave notice of the first temperance meeting there since creation. When the audience was gathered together, they found in the company the head of every household in the village with one or two exceptions, and a sprinkling of young folks, it appeared, too, that most of them were disinclined to give up liquor-drinking, and that they held strongly to Yank's doctrine of its being a medicine of almost

universal application. They were loud in its praises. Nothing daunted, Parson "Hal" opened the meeting with reading and prayer, a hazardous proceeding, for the audience was mainly composed of Ch. of Eng. people, and they not by any means too tolerant towards Methodism. Judge was then called upon for a speech, and, after clearing the ground with regard to the medical aspect of the case, he brought the matter home to their hearts by showing the evil that drink might do to their sons during their frequent trips into the Bay in their skiffs; trip not unattended with danger, if the temptation to drink were permitted to exist there. Parson, a fine specimen of a Yorkshire methodist, by the by, followed on with a powerful speech, and, when the speakers recounted instances of the miseries caused by drink, more than one of the rough looking fishermen carried the cuff of his coat, in a very suspicious way, across his eyes. Some temperance songs were sung, by the brethren. The first literally series, or indeed of any series ever sung within that remote harbour, and at the close of the meeting, several pressed forward to sign the pledge. It was evident that, although the audience, were not converted *en masse* to the temperance platform, our brethren had succeeded in breaking down their opponents fence, and would not have to reckon upon opposing votes in the coming contest, at least at East Bay.

Fatigued by their exertions, but thankful to God for their success, they retired to rest, and slept the sleep of the blest. The morning witnessed a remarkable scene. The judge had a little business to transact with some of the men, and by the time he was through with it, he beheld the whole of the men who had formed the audience of the previous evening accompanied by the absentees gathered about the door to request the brethren to repeat the programme of the night before, ere they started on their journey back, such a request was not to be withstood so, throwing off their knapsacks and doffing their caps, they repeated the entertainment, genuinely "by request" as the showmen say. When they departed on their homeward journey, they were gratified to think that East Bay at least, was safe for Prohibition, and so it proved.

Towards evening of that day, they reached Sandy Point, which lay in their way going home, and they stopped there a few hours to hold a meeting in favor of Prohibition. It was past midnight when they were ready to start on the final stage of their homeward journey. It had turned to freeze hard, four miles of water lay between them and home, probably, by the morning, this would be caught over, and it would be impossible for them to cross it, either by boat or on foot, they would be prisoners at Sandy Point for some days, perhaps for a week, while the struggle going on on the opposite shore imperatively demanded their presence. A council was held, and they determined to take to their oars and try to get across—a proceeding fraught with peril, for they might be penned by the fast-forming ice, and be obliged to spend the night in a small, open boat—But God was good to them, by dint of great exertions, at one time pulling at their oars with might and main across an expanse of open water, at another slowly forging their way through a body of slush, anon, breaking and cutting through a sheet of newly-formed ice. Towards the dawn of day, they reached their home, worn out with their labors, but thankful to God for his preserving care and mercy.

## THE TUG OF WAR.

The next public meeting on the subject was to be held in the Court House, and it was well known that, at this, the liquor-sellers would put forth all their strength. In truth on the day appointed, Yank and his friends appeared in full force. The

place was crowded, some came to oppose; some, to see the "fun". Parson and Judge, with the small band of temperance men, came to fight hard for the good old cause—"the cause of all mankind"—as our Ritual says

Yank strained every nerve to prove that liquor was necessary to his doctoring—God save the mark—that he was powerless without it, that he had done wonders with it (no doubt he had.) "Give me the man," he cried, in a burst of oratory and in stentorian tones. "Give me the man who can master the rum, instead of letting the rum master him." His speech met with rounds of applause from his admiring senate of fishermen, and he was supported by a speech from an aged Methodist brother, who professed to have great faith in the power of liquor as a medicine, and whose arguments seemed to have great weight with the audience. Indeed, things looked black for the temperance side of the question when Parson Hal took the floor. Naturally of a quiet and easy temperament, his addresses were usually marked by singular placidity and calmness of reasoning, but to-night he was all on fire.

In terrible and scorching language he denounced the liquor traffic and its supporters. With telling effect he depicted the home of the lost, with the curses of the damned coming up from the pit of hell, crying aloud for the punishment of the liquor-seller. The meeting were awe stricken—Yank himself was visibly affected—Judge followed in a short, passionate speech, in which he unmasked the motives of the liquor-dealers, and exposed the hypocrisy of their medical plea, showing that, even under "Prohibition," provision was made for the supply of liquor as a medicine. The tables were turned, the fishermen saw the whole thing in its true light. Yank even seemed ashamed of himself and, declared, that, if liquor might be kept by him for medical purposes, he would himself support Prohibition.

At a subsequent meeting, held under the auspices of the clergyman of the Ch. of Eng., Yank even went so far as to denounce the rum-traffic; and at the poll, he was the first to record his vote in favour of Prohibition. It was not our concern to enquire into the motives which prompted his sudden conversion, we were charitable enough to think that sincerity had some share in it. It was enough for us, however, that God had given us the victory. The result of the poll was 157 votes in favour of Prohibition, 29 against, giving us a majority of 128, more than sufficient, even under our unjust liquor law to secure prohibition for three years at least.

Those three years have passed away; and again, in an underhand way, Yank, not withstanding his professed conversion, and his friends have been busy to get back the liquor, but we are trusting that by Divine assistance, we shall be able to frustrate their efforts.

Contributed by Donald Browne, W. P., and D. G. W. P. Bonne Bay, Newfoundland.

Total abstinence has the power of prolonging more lives than all the doctors in England, of saving more money than all the savings-banks in the United Kingdom, and of preventing more crime than all the police of the metropolis.—WILBERFORCE.

Ought not the following calculations make us ashamed of ourselves? With the money spent in Great Britain there could be maintained 600,000 missionaries at £250 a year, 500,000 schoolmasters at £100, 5000 churches at £2000, 5000 schools at £300. It would give to the world 200,000,000 shilling Bibles, 500,000,000 tracts at four shillings a hundred, would give 100,000 widows £20 a year, and 200,000 poor families £10 a year. Which do we value most—our glasses or our Bibles?—Belstaff Witness.