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ORGAN OF SONS OF TEMPERANCE OF AMERICA

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

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Editor and Proprietor.]

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THE HEARTLESS TYRANT.

Beneath our free flag's swelling folds
A heartless tyrant reigns
Who loves to torture captive souls
And bind with galling chains.

'Neath burdens that he lays on men
They stagger in the street,
Lie bruised in foul fiend-haunted den
And loathsome, dark retreat.

In dramshop vile and grand saloon,
Behind guilt-hiding screens
A smiling host and low buffoon,
His agents, may be seen.

Their eyes with eagerness intense
Watch to destroy men;
Like tigers in a jungle dense,
And serpents in a fen.

His poisoned weapons in their hands
More cruel deeds have done
Than scalping knife in savage lands,
War club or deadly gun.

If into fair account we take,
His victims seen and hid;
Their blood would make a crimson lake,
Their bones a pyramid.

O that his cruelties in naught
But murder we might find;
His most satanic work is wrought
In ruined heart and mind.

With his baleful influence, blight
The brightest hopes of earth,
And like plague behold him smite
Great genius, fortune worth.

Dear home, where light of love and peace
Like summer morning shone
He enters, joy and comfort cease
The loving hearts are stone.

His agents, law and right defy
In tainted purses keep
Base bribes, and into stations high
By foul corruption creep.

In courts and legislatures hide
And ply their wicked trade;
That justice may be turned aside
And laws unequal made.

It is no ghost political,
No shadowy fear I see;
A despot is King Alcohol
And foe to you and me.

To all who hate the false and wrong,
Who love the right and true;
Hence one should be our battle song
And one our banner too.

In union strong with purpose staunch
We shall to victory go,
And hurl a crushing avalanche
Upon a common foe.

IN MEMORIAM JOHN B. GOUGH.

The finest marble is not worthy to line out
The passions of thine earnest soul, constrained
By love
To help as God had help'd thee, those enslaved
By drink.

To swear as they are helped, to never, never
More
E'en taste, or touch, or handle, what defiles the
Soul
And renders it unfit to love,—to enter Heaven.

'Tis thus these words, touch'd from the power
That glows within
(More than the purest marble) simple though
They be
Now as they sing thy triumphs in our righteous
Cause

And beg, beseech, implore our many Temperance
Friends
Like thee to unfurl their banner to the fresh
May breeze;
And be a voice—a cry, to herald forth the truth.

—Wm. WARD.
Asheville, N. C.

WANTED.

N. B. FOWLES.

Laborers wanted—in the field,
For the harvest now is white;
The grain is ripening fast to-day,
No longer time for more delay;
Come quickly, he who standeth by,
And gather in the harvest yield.
Oh! who of us will first reply:
"Who is wanted, Lord?—Is it I?"

Laborers wanted—he calls again;
The ripening fields gleam cold and
White.

The Master calls,—'tis growing late,
But the servants idly stand and wait,
And none will work. The end draws
Nigh,

The wind sweeps o'er the falling grain.
A wail of anguish late at night—
Laborers wanted, is the cry;
"Who is waiting, Lord? Is it I?"

Laborers wanted—still the cry
Unheeded falls on listless ears;
The harvest white and whiter grows;
In silence work the deadly foes,
With noiseless tread their sickle ply;
His servants wait, still wait and sigh
O'er all the sad neglected years—
Oh, answer quick his pleading cry:
"Who is going, Lord? Is it I?"

—Christian Standard.

How to Cur-tail the Liquor Traffic.

It was in Arcady.
The Council of State, made up of
patriarchs with gentle eyes and long
beards, sat meditating on measures
pretaining to the public weal.

The door was suddenly thrown open
and a lad, breathless, with cheeks
flushed and eyes bulging out with
excitement, after several vain efforts
to articulate, at length succeeded in
saying, "Your Honors,—there's a mad
dog—rampaging the streets!"

"Mad dog rampaging the streets!"
In a moment all was confusion.

The aged counsellors sprang to their
feet and stood silent with suppressed
excitement. Then as with one im-
pulse they all hastened to the front
windows of the Concilium.

"There he is!" cried one of them
presently.

"Where? Where?"
"See him? Yonder by the Cross-
roads at the Market!"

"Ah, yes! And, oh, horrors! how
he is foaming and raging! Woe to
any helpless ones that may chance to
come before him."

"See by the Pantheon," cried an-
other; the children are just coming
from morning school! They will
surely be bitten by this mad beast!"

And bitten they were. One and
another of them were torn by his
poisonous fangs.

"Oh, this is horrible!" cried one of
the venerable men at the window.

"What shall be done about it?"
"Ay, that's the practical question,
what shall be done about it?"

"Let us consult the Legalia Con-
vella!"

The Legalia Convella were the
Books of Law, the accumulated wis-
dom of many ages.

The sages sat solemnly bending
over the books. Day after day they
had turned over the parchment leaves
with no mentionable results. Mean-
while the original mad dog had bitten
many others, and there were now
scores and hundreds of raging curs,
foaming at the lips, hiding at every
corner and ready to spring forth upon
the passer-by.

The people mourned. There was
lamentation in almost every house.
People were bitten and limped or were
carried to their homes, where, after
weeks of lingering pain, they died in
awful spasms.

Still the deliberations went on at
the Concilium. The aged function-
aries were unwilling to do anything
without the authority of law, and as
yet they had been able to find nothing.

At length, as they were pouring
over the Convella, a gleam of sudden
joy lighted the face of one of them
and he cried, "I have it; here it is!"
They looked up eagerly, then all
bending over the book read as follows:
Be it ordained: That in case any
beast shall so rage and rave as to
endanger the public safety, his tail
shall forthwith be cut off!

"His tail cut off!"
"Tail cut off!"
"Tail!!!"

"What good will that do? A
dog don't bite with his tail."

"No, but he isn't apt to bite so
hard if his tail is cut off."

"We don't believe it! We don't
believe it!" cried many voices!

"Well, anyway, if we abbreviate
the tails of these dogs, we shall be
better able to regulate their doings."

"Why so?"
"Because there won't be so much
of the dogs to regulate."

"And besides we shall lend a re-
spectable air to the whole business in
this way."

"How?"

"Why, after cutting off their tails,
it will be evident that the law has
nothing more against them. This
will make rabid dogs respectable, and
biting a legitimate business."

"Yes, and it will increase our re-
venues."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, we can levy on the people
a tax of one dollar for every tail cut
off."

"Enough of this nonsense. What
we want to do is to get rid of this

whole infernal business. A dog
with his tail cut off is just as hard to
regulate as a dog with a tail a yard
long. And it is no economy to in-
crease the public revenues by a drain
on the people's purses. Neither do
you gain anything by making mad
dogs respectable and a bad business
legitimate. What we want to do is
simply and solely to stop this rabid
biting in the streets." (It was a
prohibitionist who spoke—a fanatic.)

Then there was silence for a long
while. The Regulators could find
nothing to say.

"I have it, I have it!" at length
cried one.

"Where?"

Then he read:

Be it ordained: That in case
any beast shall so rage and rave as
to endanger the public safety, his
tail shall forthwith be cut off!"

"Why, that's precisely what we
had before."

"Yes, but it is enough; it will sup-
press the evil; no need of our ex-
ceeding the law."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, don't you see, the law
doesn't say where the dog's tail shall
be cut off!"

Well?"

"Suppose we cut it off just back of
his ears."

This was approved.

The thing was done.

The dogs' tails were cut off just
back of their ears. That was curtail-
ing the business with a vengeance.

It was prohibition. There was no
regulation about it.

But this curtailment proved most
effective. The mad-dog business
was done with forever.

Everybody said, "Why didn't we
think of it before?"

And when the old counsellor died
who had conceived the happy thought,
they built a monument over him
bearing this inscription:

TO THE MEMORY

OF

TEETOTALIS PROHIBITUS,

THE SAGE,

Who originated the maxim, "*The
proper place to curtail a bad busi-
ness is just back of its ears.*"

The moral is this, the liquor sa-
loons are the mad dogs of our day,
raving in every street. Nearly every
home is in mourning because of
their brutality, and the county is
deluged with the crime and desola-
tion brought about by these saloons.

There is but one way of dealing with
this awful scourge. Our laws must
be made to conform to those of
ancient Arcadia as interpreted by
the wisest of her sages. The body
and soul-destroying business must be
curtailed as effectively as were
Arcadia's mad dogs.

How? Through the absolute Pro-
hibition of the infamous traffic now
and forever!

THE DEACON'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL SERMON.

BY JAMES CLEMENT AMBROSE.

A dear old deacon in my State was
cursed with a high license pulpit,
but was so loyal to the church that
he took as Gospel all that fell from
the desk. So, when his pastor push-
ed high license, he as Superintendent
of the Sunday-school said:
"Teach it to the children; as the
trees are bent the twigs should be in-
clined." So in his homely way he
turned the sermons into language the
children could understand, and made
a talk for high license before the
Sunday-school.

"Dear boys and girls," began the
deacon, "you know it's very naughty
to drink beer and whiskey. So, too,
it's naughty to sell them without a
license, or with a cheap license. But
when the State orders high license,
and the town makes every saloon
keeper pay it \$500 out of what he
gets for making drunkards, it isn't
naughty any longer to sell beer and
whiskey, but a real nice, respectable
business like selling sugar or hymn
books. And your blessed papas don't

like to have a fifty dollar saloon close
by their store; but with a five hundred
dollar one each side they know that
all good people will like to visit their
store. So, when bad men get drunk
and swear and fight and roll into the
gutter before the five hundred dollar
saloon, your high license papas know
that's a blessing, and they must thank
God every day that blessings fall so
thick about them.

"You see it all clear, don't you,
children? If not you must be patient,
and remember your eyes will grow
bigger, like pa's, some day. Of
course, too, your fine mammas never
visit the wife of that fifty dollar rum-
seller; but quick as he grows so good
and respectable that he pays his town
\$500 a year as its share of what he
gets by making drunkards and drunk-
ards' wives and children, and the old
tax-payers pat him on the back, why
then, of course, your fine mammas go
right off and visit his wife, and find
her just lovely, and ask her over to
tea; don't they? You know an advance
of \$450 in license works a great
change of heart and manners in the
saloon keeper and all his family;
when he pays \$50 he's a brute, but
when he pays \$500 he's a gentleman.

"You keep on seeing it, don't you,
children? Maybe, though, you
can't see why, if it's awful wicked for
a fifty dollar license to fill a man's
boots with snakes and his head with
the crazy, and turn his hands into
double fists, and send him to knock
down his wife and kick his little boy
and girl into the street—if this is
dreadful wicked, maybe you can't
quite see why it's all right and re-
spectable for a five hundred dollar li-
cense to do the same thing. But it'll
come clear to you when you grow up
and read the Bible the way lots o' men
do now. Then you'll see that what's
all wrong standing alone, is all right
standing on \$500.

"Maybe, too, pet lambs, you don't
now quite see how, if it's wrong to
drink liquors at any license, it's right
as can be to *sell* them at any license,
coaxing men to drink them. But
wait till you get big, and hear men
who know a pious lot about high li-
cense. Then you'll see that the words
in the Lord's prayer—'Lead us not
into temptation'—don't mean any-
thing now, the world's got to be so
smart. And when the license preach-
ers get up a new version of the Test-
ament, I suppose they'll leave out all
that nonsense.

"One thing more, sweet ones:
Don't forget what a high license is to
poor towns. Why, quite often it
builds a new jail—and fills it. Isn't
that real good of it? So, if any of you
die drunkards, or drunkards' wives,
it'll be a warm comfort to you to re-
member that, by living drunk, or with
a drunkard, you've paid, to support
your town and country, almost one-
tenth of what they've paid to kill you.

"You must remember, too, that
it's because intemperance is wrong
that high license is right. It's so
much, you see, like Prohibition; for
you can easily see that a half loaf's
better'n no bread, if 'tis poison.

"Now, good-bye, children; and
if ever you want to be constable, or
go to Congress, and want the taxes
collected in a tumbler, don't *object*
to being damned, only charge high for
it."

The Sunday scholars laughed and
called the deacon crazy, their fathers
got to thinking, and the pastor got
into a passion, but was afterward
converted and became a good mar.

Convictions Not Machines.

There is much said of "politicians,"
"party machines," "political bosses"
and their power in "management" of
the people. To these indefinite
personalities is attributed the whole
power of government, and they are
represented as holding in hand the
people—at least the voting people—
whom they toss about at will in sup-
port of the liquor traffic—mainly.
From this premise is deduced the
conclusion that there must be
other "politicians," other "machines"

that shall "manipulate" the people
against the liquor traffic, and that
this is the only process by which Pro-
hibition can succeed. The truth is
the "bosses" and "machines" exist
by the people's will, and whenever
and wherever the people—a majority
of the voting people—are in favor of
the traffic, or indifferent to the traffic,
the "machines" "manipulate" that
way, and to change the "machine"
the convictions of the people in rela-
tion to the traffic must be changed.
The process by which the convictions
of the people are changed is not a
"political machine" process, but an
educational process—the instilling
temperance truth into the mind and
heart—the propagation of the prin-
ciple of total abstinence—the truth of
science and religion in support of tem-
perance principle—and this is the
work of reform, not the work of polit-
ical parties. The trouble is a minor-
ity of the great temperance host are
endeavouring to substitute a "ma-
chine" for conviction in the minds and
hearts of the people, proposing to be
its "manipulators," thus not only pro-
ceeding upon a wrong basis of oper-
ation, but antagonizing the large ma-
jority of temperance people who don't
propose to be "manipulated" by a
"machine" of anybody's setting up.

The people once convinced of the
truth that total abstinence is the only
safe law of individual life, the right-
eousness of prohibition will be estab-
lished, and the liquor traffic will be
put away with such a sweep of the
people's power as will burst out of
existence all "machines" and dispense
with all "manipulations."

"Party machinery" will very soon
adapt itself to the people's will
whenever it becomes manifest it is on
the side of prohibition. It won't take
twenty years to put wheels and cogs
in place when the "power" of convic-
tion is turned on. The power of par-
ties and politicians is greatly overrated.

It is a demoralizing force in republi-
can government to set up parties as
sovereign. The people are the source
of power, and any teaching that less-
ens their conviction of responsibility
to government—that shifts the duty
of personal obligation to "party," is
vicious.—Iowa Messenger

Rumsellers Grow Rich by Impoverish- ing Their Customers.

No man engages in the liquor
business save from the love of gain.
He wants money, and must have it,
no matter who suffers from it, and
when he has once obtained it he
seems to take a special delight in
flaunting the tokens of his success
in the faces of his victims. Thus,
the rumseller's wife may have a piano
in her parlor to entertain her friends,
and on winter days she usually wears
a seal-skin saccue to protect her
from the cold; while the wives of her
husband's customers, impoverished
by the traffic which pays for those
luxuries, have to stand at the wash-
tub, making music on the scrubbing-
board, and when cold weather comes,
they and their unfortunate children
shiver, half clad in the wintry blast.

Every luxury enjoyed by the rum-
seller and his family comes out of
those who patronize his bar, hence,
while he takes his comfort napping
in his easy-chair, or riding in his top
buggy, drawn by a clipped horse
with a gold mounted harness, his
customers make music with their
wood-saws, or trudge along on foot,
with bare toes sticking out of their
worn-out boots or shoes. Of the
two, however, other things being
equal, the poor wretch in rags is
often the better man, with more
brains and better abilities than the
vampire who is fattening upon his
life's blood. It does not require
much of a man to make a rumseller,
and every lazy-bummer who thinks
that the world owes him a living,
which he is bound to get, though he
may have only a small amount of wit
or ability, usually has enough to start
a dram-shop or tend a bar. Intelli-
gence and principle are not among
the requirements needed in the rum
business.—Ew.