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## LITERATURE.

### REMEMBERED.

Oh, shall I be remembered  
When this early life is o'er,  
When my feet have pressed the portal  
Of that far off better shore?  
When my weary hands are folded  
On my cold and pulseless breast;  
When I drop life's weary burden—  
And the mortal is at rest?

Have I helped the poor and needy,  
And in good works borne a part?  
Have I spoken words of comfort,  
To some sad and aching heart?  
Have I caused one hour of gladness  
To some creature Thou hast made?  
Oh how prone we are to wander  
In the veil of flesh arrayed,

Have I filled in life its mission—  
Fought for right and scorned the wrong,  
Has my life been one that tended  
To make others pure and strong?  
When the early bands are severed  
And the sands of life are run—  
Oh, shall I be remembered  
For some good that I have done?

### DOMINIQUE.

Work had stopped on all the Acadian plantations in St. Mary and Vermilion parishes. Was not tomorrow the first day of La Careme, when all fun and dancing and feasting must cease for forty days? Was not to-day Mar-di-gras? The excitement of the great carnival at New Orleans could not reach these remote, solitary parishes, but in all the isolated farmhouses scattered among the bayoux, the Acadians made ready to celebrate the fete.

There was to be a grand picnic in the live oak forest, near to Louis Des Vaches' plantation, and in the evening a dance at the Widow Bernard Baudry's. Every body went to early mass, and then gayly dressed groups, on foot, on horseback or in rickety caleches, began to cross the country to the plantation Des Vaches.

It was a sunny day in March. The innumerable bayoux, streams and ponds that covered the flat, green country glittered like silver in the sun, as the wind swept over them from the Gulf, rolling in heavy purple clouds a mist now and then, which blotted out the landscape for a while, and then rose in trailing fragrance in wet brilliance. A heavy mass of shadow in the distance showed where the forest of live oak stood. Every body pressed towards it, chattering and laughing and singing.

In the woods young Dominique Baudry was busy helping the Des Vaches family make ready for their guests. True, the fete was to be at his mother's house that evening, but

Dominique had enough fun and energy in him to start a dozen balls and out-door fetes.

The Des Vaches had no hesitation in asking him to come over and help them arrange the trays on the grass, which were to be heaped with bread, cheese and little sugar cups for Nisette cordial and coffee. The Acadians for Louisiana are as simple in their tastes as their French ancestors, and find as keen delight in little pleasures.

The scattered groups all gathered at last under the enormous trees, while the long waving moss made a spectral, uncertain shadow overhead. The elder women sat apart and sipped their neighbor's cordials, gave each other receipts, and petted the babies, throwing a gay joke now and then to their husbands,—busy talking of the coming rice crop. The young people strolled away in couples, and brought back masses of roses or purple flags.

Everywhere, as they all remembered afterward, Dominique Baudry was busy, saucy, handsome, joking. It was he who piled a heap of moss for old Mere Flandreau, and set the cross old body to laughing; and it was he who started games for the children. He had a kind word and a bit of fun for everybody, even the poor negroes who had followed their masters. Nobody blamed the Veuve Baudry that she sat silent, watching him with evident pride.

'You have a good son, madame,' said her old friend Caseau, from the Teche Country. 'I hear he had the banner crop of rice in your parish last year.'

'Yes,' said old Jacques Des Vaches, 'and Dominique is foremost in play as in work. A good looking dog, too! I think he resembles me as I was forty years ago,' at which they all laughed.

Madame Baudry was not ill pleased to hear this praise of her son from Monsieur Caseau. It was Gertrude Caseau that Dominique had loved since he was a boy. His mother had been his only confidant. Gertrude was a wild, airy little creature, who had apparently cared nothing for him. But to-day she had been gentler and more tender than ever before. His mother had watched the blushes come and go whenever Dominique came near her. On the whole, it was well that M. Caseau should know what manner of man it was who had chosen his daughter.

Little Jean trotted about after Dominique wherever he went. Jean was the son of Louis Baudry, who was dead, and Dominique loved the child who had slept in his arms since he was a baby, as dearly as he did Gertrude, perhaps. But the young fellow had a big heart, with plenty of room in it for all who were dear to him. The girl's kind words made him frantic with happiness to-day, but he did not forget little Jean for a moment. Indeed, he took him aside and whispered to him. 'Do you see that beautiful lady? You must put her in your prayers now, mon bebe, for perhaps, she will some day live with us, and be kind to you as your dear mother was who is dead. But hush-h!'

Jean nodded his wise little head, and kept the secret.

It was just at this time that the strange occurrence happened which kept all the parishes from Bayou Teche to La Fouché in wonder for a long time.

Dominique, with some of the other young fellows, had waded into the swamp in the morning to bring out certain pink flowers which the girls admired. Gertrude Caseau now asked him for some to dress her hair for the fete, and Dominique, his cheeks burning, and eyes shining with pleasure, ran up to where the thicket was dense, that he might be hidden while he rolled up his trousers, and plunged into the water.

He was gone so long that the

young men shouted for him again and again. At last he came out of the thicket and halted looking at them. Young Jacques Des Vaches, who ran to meet him, told afterward that his features were shrunken and nipped, and wore a ghastly pallor as if he had been suddenly struck with death.

He (Des Vaches) alleged that he was so alarmed that he drew back, on which Dominique gave a hoarse, bitter laugh. Then he demanded what was wrong, thinking perhaps he had been bitten by a moccasin snake, the bite of which is fatal.

Dominique made no answer, but threw down the pink flowers on the ground, motioning towards M. Caseau's daughter.

Des Vaches then called the child Jean, to come and see what ailed Dominique, knowing how dear the boy was, to him.

But Baudry at that cried: 'No, no! Keep him back!' and then turned and plunged into the swamp.

Des Vaches was so bewildered that he did not follow him, but gathering the bunches of roses, gave them to Gertrude saying that M. Baudry would soon return. When Dominique was missed it was supposed by all, even by his mother, that he had returned home to make ready for his guests.

But when the Widow Baudry went to her house early in the evening (a few of the neighbors going with her to give their help in the simple preparations for the fete), it was dark and closed. The table was arranged as she had left it, but no lamp was lighted nor fire kindled.

His mother, crying out that her boy must be ill, ran up to his room. It was open and vacant. Dominique was very orderly. His clothes, papers, etc., were always arranged as by a neat woman. But now drawers, and armoire stood open, some of the garments were trailed on the floor, everything showed the preparation for sudden flight.

Now, the lad had never been twenty miles from his home in his life. His mother cried out helplessly and sank on the ground. The other neighbors came trooping in, and then Jacques Des Vaches told his story, and all was wonder and wild conjecture.

The Baudrys had no kinsfolk who could have sent him a sudden summons. Dominique was a hard-working devout lad with no enemy, nor secret tendency to crime.

Where had he gone?

What had he seen in the swamp? Some of his friends thought that he had been bitten by a serpent, whose poison had maddened him, and others that he had met a Voudou witch who had cast an evil eye on him. When it was found, however that he had taken his mother's picture out of his desk, these stories were not believed.

Search was made all that night. The day which begun in joy set in a blank horror.

All through the solemn season of Carême the search went on. The swamps were hunted with bloodhounds, the sluggish bright bayoux were dragged, but all in vain. Dominique Baudry had vanished. He had been carried off, it was now believed by an evil spirit.

The key to the mystery was simple. Coming out of the swamp, his arms full of roses, whistling and singing with triumph, Dominique stooped to pull on his long worsted stockings. Below his knee he saw a white shining spot on the skin. It had not been there this morning. He stooped—staring at it, trembling. It was—oh! he believed it to be—leprosy!

Had he not seen the accursed lepers in Vermilion parish before they were removed to the House of Lepers in New Orleans? Who went there never returned.

One thinks swiftly in such throes of life as this. Dominique Baudry understood all that awaited him, before Jacques came to him in the swamp. That was the end—the last! Jean should not come to him. He could

never kiss the poor baby again—nor his mother.

He hid in the swamp like a wild beast that afternoon, watching them all,—his mother would have nobody to turn when he was gone, little Jean and—Gertrude. Why, he had loved her since he was a child! And now, when his hand was stretched out to seize this topmost joy of life, when he thought, like other men, to marry, he was snatched back to be—what? A living corpse.

Then the temptation came. It was the Devil, as honest Dominique knew. Why need he go? It would be weeks, months, perhaps, before the disease would develop. He could conceal it. He could enjoy his home. He could marry.

To spread death about him? 'Why not?' he shouted madly. 'Why shall I not have my wife, my love, my home? I, too, am a man!'

There in the swamp alone, the poor Acadian fought his fight with selfishness and greed and passion. We all of us have that fight some day. Dominique conquered. But he was so afraid of his own weakness that he ran to the house, gathered up a few clothes and his mother's picture, and before night fell was pushing his bateau far down the bayou.

It was a journey of several weeks by this way, to New Orleans. Though flats, the thick jungles of palmetto, of rank flowers, where every kind of poisonous serpent hid, through the interminable cypress forests, hung with moss, through the rich sugar plantations and the rice flats, the sluggish bayou crept. Heavy malarious mists hung over it at night and when the sun warmed it the alligators thrust their jaws out, and watch him with hungry eyes.

If the malaria would give him the plague! If the alligators would drag him down! If death in any shape would come to his help! He thought he could bear what was coming better if he could have left a single word for his mother, to explain what had happened. But if she knew she would follow him to the House of Lepers.

His leg burned and swelled. He was not able at least to row, but lay in the bottom of the boat and drifted down the stream creeping on shore at night for food. He would take it from the negro cabins, leaving a coin in payment.

Every day the fever in his veins rose higher and grew weaker, until when the little boat drifted out of the bay into the gulf, Dominique lay on the bottom like one dead. The crew of a lugger bound to New Orleans saw the boat, took him aboard and nursed him carefully.

On the day that they made port Dominique regained his senses. The captain found him lying with his eyes open looking out on the water. He, too, was a 'Cajan.'

'Good day, friend,' he said in their own tongue. 'Thou hast had a tough fight.'

Dominique looked at him, reason and memory struggling back into his dull eyes.

'Where wast thou going in thy little boat?'

To the House of Lepers.

The man and one of the crew, who had come into the cabin started back from him in horror. Dominique pointed to his leg.

'Grace a Dieu!' shouted the captain, wild with excitement. 'It is not leprosy. It is not leprosy. It is poison from dead shell fish. You were in a swamp!'

'Yes—Yes!' gasped Dominique, struggling out of his bunk, and thrusting out his leg. The swelling, the dead white spot, were gone!

Dominique gave a hoarse yell of triumph, and then fell upon his knees, crying and praying at once.

### 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; Thurs-  
day; John P. Bell.  
Orange Hall, Portland; Portland, 7; Monday  
A. Y. Paterson.  
Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Wed-  
nesday; J. S. B. DeVeber.  
Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J.  
DeVeber.  
Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G.  
Stohart.  
St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Thurs-  
day; 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; Wednes-  
day; A. Haines.  
Kingston, Kent Co.; Kingston, 41; Tuesday  
B. S. Bailey.  
Newcastle; Newcastle, 45; Thursday; D. Mc-  
Gruar.  
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; Satur-  
day; W. N. Bucknam.  
Cambridge, Queen's Co.; Johnston, 62; Satur-  
day; George S. Wilson.  
Dalhousie; Dalhousie, 64; Monday; G. Haddow.  
Baie Verte; Baie Verte, 65; Wednesday; R.  
Goodwin.  
Dover, West. Co.; Dover, 70; Saturday; W.  
Steeves.  
Carleton, St. John; Granite Rock, 77; Tuesday;  
Henry Finch.  
Dorby, North. Co.; Nelson, 99; Monday; J. Betts.  
Douglstown, North. Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tues-  
day; J. Henderson.  
Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thurs-  
day; 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; C. A. Beck.  
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; Thurs-  
day; A. J. Main.  
Baillie, St. James, Char. Co.; Baillie, 248; Wed-  
nesday; J. W. Mann.  
Waldford, Kent. Co.; Harcourt, 249; Saturday;  
H. Wether.  
Portland; Valley, 250; Tuesday; J. Fowler.  
Batternut Ridge, King's Co.; Havelock, 251  
Friday; E. Keith.  
Petitcodiac, West. Co.; Petitcodiac, 252; Tues-  
day; D. Jonah.  
Lewis Mountain, West. Co.; Sunnyside, 253;  
Saturday; R. Lewis.  
Deer Island, Char. Co.; Moss Rose, 254; Satur-  
day; 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, Jr.  
Lawrence Station, Char. Co.; Lawrenceville,  
261; Saturday; F. S. Richardson.  
Hampton, King's Co.; Spring, 262; Monday;  
G. Barnes.  
Pomroy Ridge, Char. Co.; Mayflower, 263;  
Thursday; W. Moulton.  
Scotch Ridge, Char. Co.; Iona, 264; Wednes-  
day; 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.  
Mc Ann 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; Satur-  
day; T. McGowan.  
Penobscis, King's Co.; Cardwell, 271; Thurs-  
day; 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;  
Thursday; 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; Fri-  
day; 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; Fri-  
day; W. M. Spence.  
Centreville, Kings Co.; Centreville, 287; Satur-  
day; H. W. Falkins.  
Waterford, K. Co.; Essex Division 288; Mon-  
day; John W. DeForest.  
Dubec, Carleton Co.; Centenary, 289; Wm. V.  
Benn.  
Forest Glen, West. Co.; Forest Glen 290; Thurs-  
day; Miss A. Hubley.  
Bristol, Carleton Co.; Bristol Union, 291  
Tuesday; Rev. John Graviner.  
East Florenceville, Carleton Co.; East Florence-  
ville, 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, Albert Co.; Coverdale  
Tuesday; F. A. Steeves.