

# The Son of Temperance.

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TO HOLD IN LOVING MEMORY.

By George S. Burtleigh.

A noble life well rounded to its goal !  
A gallant race well run !  
I see the crowning of a worthy soul,  
I hear the sweet " Well done,  
Faithful and true, unbettered by the  
best  
For loyal service ; enter into rest."

If they may sorrow who have lost a  
friend,  
Then all things pure and glad  
Shall be his mourners ; champions who  
defend  
The innocent, wronged, or sad,  
Truth's lover and virtue's guardian, by  
whose side  
His keen steel flashed, will weep that he  
has died.

But if the fulfilled stature of a man,  
That like a star defies  
The blight of years, a heart whose clear  
blood ran  
For truth that never dies,  
May lift a proud love o'er the shafts of  
loss,  
Then this man's life shall crown our  
sorrow's cross.

A loving life that made home beautiful  
With more than wealth could buy ;  
A life of service to the golden rule  
That wheels the orbs on high ;  
By all that sweetened his own hearth's  
delight  
Sent forth to rescue withered homes from  
blight.

World's honours—incense of the flatter-  
ing crowd,  
The market's glittering prize,  
Civic or martial wreaths, the garlands  
proud  
That tempt ambitious eyes—  
Though clear within his ample grasp,  
apart  
From his high task drew not his stead-  
fast heart.

Above the lute of pleasure, and the  
clang  
Of clarions blown for fame,  
The long, shrill shriek of murdered  
mothers rang,  
The wail of orphans came,  
With sob and curse and idiot laugh and  
whine  
Of manhood blasted in the drench of  
wine.

Behind the scepter and the shield of law,  
Counting their bloody gain,  
The gloating villains of this woe he saw  
Caressed by fashion's train.  
Then rose the hero, sank all soft desire ;  
His eye was lightning and his blood was  
fire.

Then his long war of forty years began  
On virtue's deadliest foes ;  
Flashed his wit's falchion in the battle's  
van,  
Fast fell his broadsword blows ;  
And his keen scalpel's pitiless surgery  
Let slip the wind of many a bloated lie.

On in the darkness, faithful as in light ;  
If earth below grew black,  
God overhead was everlasting might  
To him who turned not back—  
On, never resting till that great heart's  
tide  
Broke its own barriers, and he sank and  
died.

Here drop the curtain ; looking up  
through tears  
For light of larger faith,  
To see the harvest of his all-riped years  
Sown by the angel Death.  
For a true life goes broadening from the  
grave,  
Through untold time, to bless, inspire,  
and save.

LITTLE COMPTON, R. I.,  
May 10th, 1879.

## The Russians at Home.

### THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

WE have come on a flying visit  
to Odessa, and are living in  
a many-storied house, whose  
*dvornik* or porter is a responsible  
person, and we are sorry to say  
that he is often drunk. Sorry, be-  
cause his multifarious duties re-  
quire a sober mind. He takes  
the rent of lodgers and gives re-  
ceipts for it ; he must keep bad  
characters and vagabond dogs out  
of the house-yard ; he has to raise  
an alarm in case of fire, to see  
that the sewers are clear, to light  
the petroleum lamps on the stair-  
case after dark, to scatter ashes  
over the pavement when it is  
slippery with frost, and to sweep  
away the snow. If he neglects  
any of these tasks he is liable to  
be fined, and even chastised in  
private by the police ; yet he  
drinks himself incapable every  
feast-day, and our *istvoschik* or  
coachman gets still more drunk  
in his company. Happily, coach-  
man and porter make no pretence  
of attending to their duties when  
the boozing fit is on them. They  
simply vanish out of sight, and

leave you to get on without them  
as you can. The tipsiness of the  
*dvornik* always leads to a big  
theft of the fuel stacked in the  
front yard ; that of the *istvoschik*  
obliges you to hire a public dros-  
chi, which is, after all, better  
than being driven about by a  
fuddled coachman, who might  
charge the acacias that border  
the dusty streets, or plunge at  
full gallop off the quay into the  
port, as some have been known  
to do. Both the men are good,  
industrious fellows when sober,  
and express regret for their weak-  
ness ; but they have a doleful  
story to tell, of how they once  
tried to become total abstainers  
and got into trouble with the  
authorities in consequence. This  
was about a dozen years ago,  
when the liquor traffic was  
farmed out by Government to  
speculators, who abused their  
monopoly to sell vodka at exor-  
bitant rates. The peasantry,  
knowing that there was a tariff  
which was only eluded by con-  
nivance with the provincial au-  
thorities, whom the monopolists  
bribed, banded themselves into  
temperance societies, with a view  
to forcing down the prices. Here-  
upon the farmers complained to  
Government, and the teetotal  
leagues were dissolved, as illegal  
secret societies. This had already  
happened in 1854 and 1859, be-  
fore serfage was abolished ; and  
on both these occasions very  
summary measures were taken  
towards forcing the people to  
contribute to the revenue by their  
intemperance. Policemen and  
soldiers were sent into the disaf-  
fected districts, and the tee-  
totalers were flogged into drink-  
ing ; some, who doggedly held  
out, had liquor poured into their  
mouths through funnels, and were  
afterwards hauled off to prison as  
rebels ; at the same time the  
clergy were ordered to preach in  
their churches against the new