

Truth's Contributors.

TEMPERANCE vs PROHIBITION.

BY DR. McCULLY.

"And new born clusters teem with wine,
Beneath the shadowy foliage of the vine."

—Ibycus

Goldwin Smith has by pamphlet opened up for discussion the question of Temperance and prohibition. On careful perusal the reader will find his pamphlet a tissue of bald assertions, and in these letters I shall endeavor to prick his bubbles and expose his illogical and unwarrantable conclusions. When a man starts with a false promise as a basis on which to build his structure, he can easily attain the conclusions he desires. Mr. Smith starts his arguments on the basis that temperance means moderate tipping; here I take issue with him:—Temperance is from the Latin word *temperantia* and that in turn comes from the Greek verb *temo*, which means to out off, so that Mr. Smith and the so called Temperance Union are sailing under false colors. Now with the word and its definition before me, I am prepared to open up the whole question. Mr. Smith has in my opinion a great unbalanced mind, hence his irregular and erratic course through life, his numerous literary and political amours, of which the recent eccentricity of genius is but another of his kaleidoscopic changes. Sudden changes are not always attended with pleasant consequences, especially, if there be a past record, and unfortunately for Mr. Smith, he cannot alter the record, so he had better adopt a less suggestive insignia than the one under which he now sails, "The Liberal Temperance Union." As this new creature is novel in name and indescribable in its character, I would suggest a patent or trade-mark; it being a bastard fungus out-growth of the liquor traffic under which it seeks to hide its shame. Mr. Smith says with the liquor trade he has nothing to do,—(an apostle of sin and vice but ashamed of the connection). During this week his associates, to their utmost power, attempted to make of the island a beer and wine garden;—a home for prostitutes, a social pest spot of the only breathing place for our sons and our daughters where the accursed traffic is not licenced. The man who advocates beer and wine drinking advocates the foundation stones of all drunkenness in the land; for the only mitigation in the wine and beer is the reduction of the per cent. of the alcoholic poison in them, as compared with that of brandy, rum, and whiskey; so that Mr. Smith and his Union are simply in favor of adding the sin of gluttony to that of drunkenness, knowing that it means simply an increase of the dose to produce intoxication. Mr. Smith asks for the traffic "nothing but justice." Let us suppose any band of men in Canada, other than the rum sellers, that would produce in one year the misery, crime, disease, and death, that is the legitimate child of this traffic! Let us place them on trial! What, I ask every intelligent man, would be the verdict? Murder in the first degree!—A rope and a hangman!—, and the abettors, how about them? How about the apologists? They, too, would be condemned as accessories after the fact. Prohibitionists demand that the state shall not sacrifice life, health, and happiness to fill the state coffers. Prohibitionists assert that not only is it unnecessary for state purposes that alcohol should be sold or that any of its compounds should be put on the market, but that the resultant loss to the state by such sale, in debauchery, crime, waste of

time, etc., is worth many millions per year more to the Province and the Dominion than the revenue obtained from this "parasite." The Liberal Temperance Union say to us, our city fathers, our commissioners, that the liquor traffic is a defiant out-law; that you cannot suppress it; they tell us that there are about four thousand men in this Province who can and will defy the laws, that they are such rebels and reprobates, that no prohibition law will stop them from vending poison; and that by law we must gild over such a sink hole, such a trade, and such men, into respectability. With the cry that "these men will defy all" will in the end conquer and subjugate justice and with the further humbug howl of the loss of revenue for state purposes these clergies are well portrayed in those memorable lines of Cowper:

"Drink and be drunk, then, 'tis your country's bide!
Gloriously drunk, obey the important call,
Her cause demands the assistance of your throats:
Ye all can swallow and she asks no more."

It has become a standard motto of prohibition to refuse to believe bald assertion, even when illuminated by a star of the third magnitude; and in entering the field of controversy we propose to challenge all matter that does not bear the indelible mark of truth, and take it for its real worth, even though it be the utterances of a so called mental giant. Our weapons are facts, figures and experience, and with these we face our foes, who are the greatest enemies of our race, our country, our homes and our religion. Mr. Smith in his defence of the traffic says he fears not "to stand by any man that is wronged!" But woman—suffering, ragged, starved, robbed, degraded, kicked to death repeatedly, beaten till her bones are broken and her body black and blue, ruined body and soul, an outcast of society, her feeble wail for help, her sighs, her tears, her pangs of hunger and cries for bread; her body shrunken, attenuated by disease and starvation, damned by the liquor traffic and which to suppress is to destroy "natural liberty";—he passes her by; no responsive sigh for her woe, no passing kind word or look, not even a kick from this improvised throne of justice; the wail of her haggard, starved infant, shivering and moaning on her bosom with cold and hunger, touches no chord in the great man's heart; yet once these creatures of God were happy, contented, bright and fair; the mother, an ornament to society, a glory to her little family circle, and the infant, a cooling little prattler, happy, pure, God-like; till the blighting, blasting, damning influences of rum struck her home, and turned that happiness, that sunlight, into the mid-night shawl of woe and misery. She fell, but she is only one of millions, damned in the same way and by the same influences! Poor thing!

"Quick rattle her bones, rattle her bones
Over the stones!
It's only a pauper whom nobody owns."

But Mr. Smith is becoming alarmed for his new love, and in notes like a cracked bassoon howls for remuneration, for justice. For whom? we ask. For the woman or the traffic, for the destroyer or the destroyed, for the man who robbed her of her husband, his love and protection, her home and her honor, or the bloated carcass arrayed in purple and fine linen, gold chains, diamonds, and who drives fast horses. Let Mr. Smith answer for whom he wants justice; no dodging, no equivocation. What a pity to see a man who knows better prostituting his nature, his brain, his God-given talents for subtle purposes he dare not mention or indite. When a man enters the business of tavern-keeping he places himself outside the circle of Christianity, outside the orthodox church. He is a marked man by the laws of his country. He lives under a spec-

ial act, under special restraint, under a law whose only salutary features and clauses are universally acknowledged to be its prohibition ones; even the law apologises to its victims; to the victims of his hellish craft, by light sentences for their vices. But if my language be too strong, let me quote from Bystander, before his fall. "The root of this evil in this country is the production of whiskey. Whiskey is the real poison, and if produced will infallibly find its way by one channel or another to the lips of the consumer." And why? Because at the bar the appetite is first created by the beer and wine, the ale and porter, for a mild form of alcohol in heavy dilution, and then with a bound the victim demands a more fiery compound. But Mr. Smith goes farther. Before his recent somersault, he said: "It is too clear that the rapid extension of the system of saloon drinking is threatening the very life of the community; that it is producing a physical and moral pestilence more deadly in the deepest sense than any other plague which stalks the infected states of the east." To complete this picture I reproduce Mr. Galdstone's words. "It is said greater calamities are inflicted on mankind by intemperance than by the three great historical scourges—war, famine and pestilence; that is true for us, and is the measure of our disgrace and discredit." This is the impeachment of this terrible traffic by these men, made when the corrupting influences of the traffic had not stormed the castle of the head or heart of either. Since then one has fallen into its vortex, has lent his pen and brain to produce a bastard of that traffic and to try by a name to cover up its sin and shame, while handkerchief in hand, as county after county declares for prohibition, he sheds bitter tears and wails over the loss of "natural liberty." Will the Liberal Temperance philosopher just explain the meaning of the phrase and give the date when such liberty was merged into government in the history of our race? Like a mighty, rushing river his denunciations, his vituperation, his invective and "dynamite" dashed from one whiskey declivity to another, scathed, foamed, and then exploded with irresistible force, hurling the Rummy and his "poison" in a hades of infamy; crushing into infinitesimal atoms the deadly trade that has caused, and is still causing, this plague spot, this leprosy, moral pestilence in our midst; until gathered into the tentacles of this giant Octopus, our illustrious literary wanderer is made to traverse his past life; to eat his words, and to forever shroud in mourning some of the noblest and purest droppings from his brain. Once over, he flies from absurdity to absurdity, and his poverty of thought and material are painful to his readers. Instance: Sir Henry Thompson says that "more physical harm comes from over eating than of drinking, and he is inclined to think moral harm too." A man comes home to a smoking beef steak, over eats, he is at once under the terrible influence of the food. Shies a boot-jack at his wife's head and kicks the children into the streets. A man eats too much plum pudding, rushes into the street, runs amuck and kills neighbor Jones. A man eats a hearty meal of roast goose, and by its corrupting and blighting influence he is dragged from the bosom of his wife whom he loves, wanders into infamy and vice, with brata on fire, with staggering gait and curses on his lips, a moral leper. These are the only deductions to be drawn from the above quotation, and this is the logic which this wise man seeks to pour down the throats of this people. We demand why this change of front? Why is it he is now the apologist

of the iniquity and danger he has so graphically depicted in the past. Will the response come? We wait with bated breath. But the great bibulous philosopher is not yet satisfied; he has tasted blood, he must be satiated; glutted with gore. He has impeached food as a moral depraver; he now mendaciously strikes a blow at drink. Behold the monstrosity! "There is reason to believe that bad green tea causes fully as much bodily and mental mischief in this country as do alcoholic liquors." And where, pray, is the authority for such a sweeping assertion such an infamous stretch of facts? To do this, tea must make men and women mad; drunken sots, toppers. It must make them lewd, murderers, liars, thieves, beggars and tramps. In fact it must make people guilty of every crime in the category, to put it on a par with alcohol. Does it do it? Who will say yes? But Mr. Smith is not to be out done in wild impeachment; having once launched out on the sea of assertion, supposition, insinuation and absurdity, he rushes madly into the wine question of our Saviour's time, and in doing so he attacks the character of God and the utterances of the Holy Ghost, as being uncertain and full of doubt.

In my next the wine question will be fully reviewed.

TORONTO, Ont.

WOMEN UNDER ROMAN RELIGION.

BY MISS A. M. BROWN.

(Concluded)

That marriage with a rich wife was not an unmixt blessing was experienced even in those days. But ways and means were found to evade the law and the number of rich ladies was not affected by it. Some households kept in part the precious inheritance of old customs, but even they did not regret entirely the new social position and civilization. The father's rights were lessened by custom, and the sale of children, which had been formerly allowed, was now abolished. For a time, on the whole, the sanctity and dignity of married life was unimpaired. The mother of the family shared with the father the office of domestic priesthood and general government. The women of Rome did not sink (as their sisters in Athens) to a level where they had no spiritual relations with their husbands. The matron was not secluded, but shared the seat of honor with her husband, and could show her face in the streets without being considered wanting in modesty, decorum, or chastity—there was still mutual love and fidelity, affection in the family, and dignity and purity in domestic life. Divorce was almost unknown; the wife was the honored mistress of the household, and any insult offered to her was punished by death. The home deities, Penates, Lares, and Manes, disposed of life and death, and abode on the household hearth and family grave. They had numerous sacrifices, sacred days and hours, the formula of prayer, everything that belonged to ceremonies minutely attended to, but religion from the heart was undreamt of. Although he believed in something higher than himself, and that by their higher powers his actions were watched, it yet was divy tame and matter-of-fact, had no beauty, no play of imagination, and very little mystery; it was not elevating and had no hope of an other world. Rome did imitate Athens in the non-education of their women, but allowed them to share their light, so while weaving, and spinning, and attending to household duties on the one hand, they studied philosophy on the other, and began to distinguish themselves in science, literature,