

## Selected Articles.

## DICTIONARY POLITICS.

Every day, almost, we come upon the claim of some wise editor, or some more sapient politician, that Temperance is not a political question, and should not be treated as such. Thousands, doubtless, believe this is true. For their benefit let us inquire what Politics really is. Webster has the following definition :

Politics—The science of government; that part of ethics which has to do with the regulation and government of a Nation or State, the preservation of its safety, peace and prosperity; the defense of its existence and rights against foreign control or conquest, the augmentation of its strength and resources, and the protection of its citizens in their rights, with the preservation and improvement of their morals."

No man can give a clearer, more comprehensive statement of the matter than this. And we insist that if Politics has to do with the regulation and government of a State—as everyone will admit; with the preservation of its safety, peace and prosperity—as nobody will deny; with the increase and care of its resources—as all must concede; and with the protection of its citizens in their rights, and the preservation and improvement of their morals—as all will assent, then Politics has to do, should have to do, and forever will have to do, with the Liquor Traffic, so long as that Traffic exists.

What interferes with the good government of the state? Rum and the Rum Traffic. What disturbs national peace, threatens public safety, and weighs down national welfare? *Rum and the Rum Traffic*. What saps it of its strength, numerically as to citizenship, and physically and mentally as to manhood? RUM AND THE RUM TRAFFIC. What robs the citizen of his rights, debases his morals, blights his soul, and curses him as with a bitter, burning curse? RUM AND THE RUM TRAFFIC. And it is the height of brazen impudence for this traffic to assume and to say, as through some medium or other it is daily doing, that it is beyond the domain of Politics and amenable only to morals. It is the most insolent effrontery for such an assumption to be made, and such a lie to be urged, when Politics is being daily prostituted, in the vilest manner, to serve this Traffic's Interest, to intrench its position, and to consolidate its power. There was never a more gigantic insult to Truth since Lucifer posed as an angel of light.

There is a plain, unwritten law—unwritten, yet plain enough for him who runs to read—which says that the State shall foster morals, guard political virtue, and prohibit the prostitution of Politics. Whatever, then, misuses Politics, pollutes it, and perverts it, *should be prohibited by the State*. The American Saloon is a shameless ravisher of political virtue; a wanton spoiler of all that in Politics should be held sacred and dear. It consumes purity with an appetite wholly insatiable. It begets the vilest party methods and practices. It scruples at no means to accomplish its utterly unscrupulous ends. It is like the huge devil-fish of the sea, reaching out its slimy arms and folding in whatever of good comes near, then strangling it to its death.

An era of party politics is ending. The day of Dictionary Politics must early dawn. In its clear morning splendor we shall see how Politics has to do with the Saloon; how heretofore the Saloon has both defined and administered Politics; how Civilization and Politics are but twin terms, leading towards the higher levels of morality, and manhood, and Tomorrow. A word with meaning so profound as Politics must always have, should at once and evermore be rescued from the purlicues of party defilement, and restored to its original virtuous character. When Politics is widely accepted for the grand, broad thought which never should have been divorced from it, to be a politician will merit no reproach, and the Saloon will no longer stand as a corrupt, unholy rendezvous for him and all his ilk.—*American Reformer*.

## POWER OF ORGANIZATION.

There is always power enough to enforce a wise law, if it can but be organized and made available.

There must be organization for the enforcement of the law, with sufficient and salutary penalties. Good men must organize.

There are thousands of places in great cities where men drink frenzy

by the half-pint, all of which depend for revenue upon the vice and misery they can create, and the number of victims they can destroy. These shops must close, or misery and murder, debauchery and rags, filth and squalor, must haunt your streets at all hours and all seasons. They die fast, too, the devotees of the demijohn. Every year must yield a large crop of recruits, newly seduced from sobriety, or the vendors' receipts will fail. They will take anybody's husband—yours, madam; anybody's son—yours, doting father; anybody's parent—yours, my dear boy. They will take them from you, hale, and fond, and true, and send them back to you bleared, and blasphemous, and beastly. They will blight five thousand new homes this year. Five thousand firesides will grow chill and cheerless, or there will be "hard times" among the death-dealers. And you must live, toil, eat, even sleep, under the shadow of a nameless fear. Your sons cannot walk the streets, or stroll in the parks, or visit the house of a friend, but you are haunted with thoughts that hold your eyes waking. Your daughters, if out of your sight, are on your heart like a brooding anxiety. You feel like men who know that a busy band of sappers and miners are laying casks of powder underneath their dwellings, and they know not the moment when their domestic heaven will be blown in fragments to the sky. It is worse than though cholera, and spotted fever, and black vomit, and the deadliest types of small-pox were to linger on every by-street and along your great avenues all the year round, pulsing in the poisoned air, climbing in at your windows, smiting the first-born in his pride and the babe in the cradle, keeping the sick-lamp forever burning like a pale star in every habitation.

Oh! are we to live on in this mortal peril? Are we always to stand in dread of a great calamity? Are we so enslaved, so torpid, so timorous? Who will make common cause against the most insidious and malignant foe to our peace and our liberties? Come as with one impulse, fair women, brave men, all who dare to be right and true. Duty and danger, love and law, patriotism and philanthropy, call us. Let us support sentiment and advice with the emphasis of a faultless example.

—Rev. M. C. Briggs.

## THE YORK STREET MURDER.

The moral of the shocking murder perpetrated on York street on Tuesday night is not hard to perceive. We have a law prohibiting the carrying of revolvers, and if ANDREWS had not been violating that law he would not now be on trial for his own life. This is not the first case of which the same statement holds good. There is absolutely no need for any one in this city to carry a pistol, and the sooner the practice is stamped out the better. Of course, strangers coming here carrying revolvers may easily commit murder before they are deprived of them, as ANDREWS did, but enough has not been done in the way of enforcing this excellent law and teaching incidentally respect for human life. If it were only on account of the many fatal accidents which happen from carrying revolvers it is better that the practice should be entirely discontinued.

It appears from some expressions dropped during the scuffle that the murderer either was drunk or pretended to be so. Should it turn out that he had been drinking freely, the moral responsibility for the crime must be shared by those who supplied him with the liquor. It is not at all likely that a man in his sober senses would have acted as he did, but while on the one hand intoxication cannot serve as an excuse for or extenuation of his crime, it is clear on the other that it is not unjust to hold those who made him intoxicated as partly to blame. The man who sells whisky to another man never knows what even the immediate consequences of drinking it may be. The engine-driver who has just fired his brain with a glass of whisky jumps on his engine unconscious of any change in himself, but his senses are less acute than they should be or he is made a little more reckless than his wont, and terrible disaster to his train-load of passengers is the result. The "rough" takes his glass, and while standing on the street corner gets into a squabble with a stranger returning from his work. His passion masters him before he is aware of it, and he shocks the community by laying dead at his feet the youth upon whom helpless relatives are dependent for support. If the traffic which produces such results cannot