

DRUNK!

AN ODE FOR BRITONS.

(From the "London Figaro," July 12, 1873.)

Take him up gingerly, the prostrate
 sot!
 Faugh! What of foulness lurks in
 ditch or sty,
 That is not here? Come not too nigh,
 Clean citizen. Behold him! What a
 blot
 On God's creation! Not the unclean
 creatures
 That wallowed in earth's early slime
 Were loathsome as this thing with
 what sometime
 Were human features!

Great God! this was a man! And now
 it seems
 Folly to drag him from his home, the
 gutter.
 Of mere humanity's humblest light
 what gleams
 Shine for those vacant eyes? What
 fall more utter
 Could well be his, if, as in Orient
 dreams,
 Down the long bestial track, his soul
 Should grovel worm-wards? He has
 reached his goal.

Drunk!

Surely the meanest fiend in hell had
 shrunk
 From brotherhood with this foul,
 frowny mass
 Of sodden flesh and rags, that yet will
 pass
 For man. Man! and his loathsome
 lips can frame
 But incoherent oaths, his helpless
 limbs
 Sprawl ignominiously impotent,
 And that dull brain, which with beast
 madness swims,
 Is dead to the last touch of sense or
 shame;
 Imbecile, hideous, incontinent.

Look, Briton! Gaze! and blush that
 the old land
 Of such a plague-spot still should bear
 the brand.
 Drunk! Drunk in daily droves, in
 nightly swarms,
 The things that should be men, but are
 Something too low for naming;
 Than simple brutishness baser far,
 The wallowing tenant of the hogpen
 shaming;
 Void of the savage's least human
 charm,

Seeing that sense has left them, and
 control
 Of self, and decency, and manly spirit;
 Each human trait that lowliest men
 inherit,
 All touch of manhood, every trace of
 soul,
 Seeing such as these go forth in bestial
 wraith,
 Rage subtler-brutish and, with cursed
 hands,
 Smite helpless women and weak inno-
 cents,
 Their wives, their children. God! that
 such base slaves
 Should have such fair possessions!
 Manhood craves
 The power that the blasting lightning
 hath
 To sweep such reptiles from the
 world's fair path,

Smite them, and maim, and slay.
 Who, lifting faces,
 Death-pallid, heaven-patient, pity pray
 At hands that should caress them.
 From what places
 Might not such looks drag down and
 damn the thing,
 That claim's creation's lordship, and
 can grovel
 To such unspeakable humiliation?
 Or what far-chorused praise shall lift
 that nation
 To honour's top-most height, where
 such abound—
 Swarm, hideous, in day's eye the year
 around,
 And nightly lurk in loathsome lair and

fetid hovel?
 Curse of all generations of our name,
 Our many centuried shame:
 Its heat-mark stains our Albion's fore-
 head yet,
 And yet brute-Britons, leather-hided,
 know
 No clinging shame, no passionate
 regret;
 Law's hand is loose upon it, custom
 winks
 At its familiar heaven-affronting show;
 And shallow wittings set
 The unmanned Caliban who reels and
 blinks,
 The fatuously grinning shape,
 Which is a thing below the ver-
 least ape,
 As butt for obnoxious quip and crack-
 ing joke;
 As though the intolerable satyr yoke,

The Bolial-bondage, were a thing
 For cockney wit and dull mirth-mon-
 gering!

Mirth! And ten thousand human
 homes are hells
 Where, throned, a demon dwells
 More merciless than Moloch. Mirth!
 And myriads walk this sun-kissed
 earth,
 With shapes that Dante's hell might
 vomit forth;
 And when a devil's-tithe of human
 worth
 Falls breast-ward year by year, and
 gifted souls
 That heaven's dower predestined for
 high goals,
 Drift helplessly through loathsome
 lazar life,
 And voluntary madness, to vile death
 Mirth! and the din of foul, inebriate
 strife
 Sound skywards ever, and the city's
 breath

Reeks of Silenus. Toil-swart men lie
 prone
 In God-forgotten, swinish impotence,
 Or, spiritless, sue pauper-wise for
 pence,
 And take a beggar's dole on pitiful
 pretence
 Of jovial fellowship. O, clinging
 shame,
 That British men so grovelling should
 have grown!

O sight to make a workman loathe his
 name
 To see his lounging fool-fellows, who
 crush,
 In dull, expectant eagerness, around
 The yet closed tavern doors, as though
 dear life
 Held nothing worth but drink! Oh
 Britons! proud
 Of the old name that nobly rings
 through strife
 And pairs with honour for a thousand
 years!
 Is there one enemy you dare not face!
 One foe in whose foul presence you
 abase
 Your manly fronts in shameful, slavish
 fears?

Lo, men, it is a thing that makes ye
 dogs!
 Lo, free men, it is a taskmaster that
 flogs
 Your cringing backs with scorpion
 thongs, and makes
 Ye mockery for the devils. When it
 takes
 Hold on your manhood, ye shall go
 And grovel like whipped curs, more
 loathly low
 Than Helot hounds of old.
 Shall smite pale women, ye, with blood
 of men
 In your polluted veins. Aha! how
 then
 Must laugh the fiends when they
 behold
 The self-applaudive Briton, ever bold,
 Lift hand against the helpless life-worn
 slave
 Who bore his children--and his curses.
 Brave!
 The meanest reptile that can crawl or
 sting
 Is not so poor a thing!

Britons, bethink ye. If one touch of
 shame,
 One pulse of manhood, yet survives
 The dread drink palsy, rouse and shake
 the name
 Of Englishmen from such a damned
 blot—
 A woman beater! Ah! most noble
 name
 To face the judgment with, when
 broken wives
 May not avail, by poor compassionate
 lies,
 To shield you from your shame or stay
 your doom!
 When every nook in God's creation
 cries
 'Gainst giving so foul a thing abiding
 room.
 Brainless besotted! Savages that
 shaped
 Some hideous god, and poured their
 blood to it,
 Were fools less blind than ye, who,
 void of wit,
 Their Moloch rites have aped.

Ye who, so swift to scoff, so quick to
 jeer
 At Juggernaut or Mumbo Jumbo, bend
 In servile homage to a baser god,
 The British Juggernaut, the great god
 Beer!
 See what prone multitudes his shrines
 attend!
 See how man-vestured myriads hang
 upon his nod!
 His sacrifices are a broken life,
 And an imbruted spirit. See what
 strife
 To yield him his behests! See how
 they crush

To fling him health and honour, cour-
 age, sense,
 Manhood's last pulse and decency's
 last blush;

Well paid but if the devilish incense
 Of his foul breath may lap their sodden
 brains
 In idiot stupor, devil-delirium!
 These be your Gods, O Britons! Vain
 vain
 All scorn, all warning! for the dupes
 are dumb;
 Deaf 'e'en to echoes of fiend-laughter
 heard
 Beneath their glittering shrines. Is it
 not time

That patriot sense and equal law
 Should lay strong hands upon them,
 that the word
 Of public shame should brand them,
 that the whip
 Of general scorn should lash our age's
 motley mime;
 No longer grin nor justice look askance
 On this dread devil's dance;
 Nor tolerant custom glance with jest
 and quip
 On this foul thing, mother of murder,
 lust,
 And all abomination? Were't not
 just
 Long-slumbering law should bare her
 righteous brand,
 And drive the drink-fiend from our
 land?

What it Costs.

"My homeless friend with the
 chromatic nose, while you are stirring
 up the sugar in a ten cent glass of gin,
 let me give you a fact to wash down
 with it. You may say you have longed
 for years for the free, independent life
 of a farmer, but you have never been
 able to get enough money to buy a
 farm. But there is where you are
 mistaken. For some years you have
 been drinking a good improved farm
 at the rate of one hundred square feet
 at a gulp. If you doubt this statement
 figure it out for yourself.

"An acre of land contains 43,500
 feet. Estimating, for convenience, the
 land square at \$13.56 an acre, you will
 see that it brings land to just one mill
 per square foot. Now, pour down the
 fiery dose and imagine you are swa-
 llowing a strawberry patch. Call in
 five of your friends and have them
 help you gulp down that 500 foot
 garden.

"Get on a prolonged spree some day
 and see how long it will take to
 swallow a pasture land to feed a cow.
 "Put down that glass of gin; there
 is dirt in it—three hundred feet of good,
 rich dirt, worth \$13.56 per acre."
 —Bob Burdette.

SHARP SHOTS.

The man who begins by drinking
 some times may end by having; to
 drink all the time.

Better stay in bed all day than get
 up early in the morning to drink.

Wine opens the damper to let all the
 fires of evil in a man burn.

There is no sin that a man inflamed
 with wine may not commit.

When a man gets up early in the
 morning to drink he is apt to spend
 the day in doing nothing else.

Whoever forms the drink habit gives
 the devil a mortgage on his sleep.

The sparkle in the wine is made by
 one of the devil's sharpest teeth.

When the devil would run his claws
 clear through a man and clinch them
 on the other side he makes him believe
 that moderate drinking won't hurt
 him.

A brewer's horse fares better than a
 drunkard's child.

Appetite for drink is the devil's iron
 chain on the drunkard's neck.

Many a man puts his family in the
 dark to help the saloon pay its gas bill.

Every moderate drinker is leading
 an army of boys toward the pit.

The earliest time to let drink alone
 is before the first drink is taken.

Bridget starts her fire with coal
 oil. The devil uses alcohol.

If there is joy in heaven when a
 sinner repents, what happens when a
 boy goes into a saloon?

If you would teach children to hate
 drink give them the first lesson before
 they leave the cradle.

The first glass has the most poison in
 it.

A drunkard's throat has no bottom
 to it.

The devil agrees with the man who
 claims he can drink or let it alone.

—Ram's Horn.

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THE GOTHENBURG SYSTEM.

"The action of alcohol, as it has been
 wittingly said, is precisely the same
 whether it is sold by a Pharisee or a
 publican, and not even respectability
 can prevent a poison from producing
 its physiological effects. It is supposed
 by some 'that the elimination of
 private profit' is sufficient remedy for
 the removal of the worst features of
 the liquor traffic; and it has been
 suggested that philanthropic companies
 or municipal corporations should be
 intrusted with the sale of alcoholic
 liquor as a means of reducing the
 acknowledged evil of the existing
 system of private competition. To
 state such a proposition in words is to
 expose inherent absurdity. It may
 be perfectly true that publicans use
 every artifice to increase their private
 profits, but a worse danger than private
 greed is the possibility of public
 sanction. This is the final answer to
 those who would place the responsibil-
 ity upon our local governing bodies.
 Apart altogether from financial con-
 siderations, it is impossible to over-
 estimate the evils of a municipal
 public house system. It is bad enough
 to involve the total abstainer in
 complicity with a traffic in which he
 loathes, but it is ten times worse to
 persuade the average citizen that the
 use of intoxicating liquor is respectable
 because of the sanction of municipal
 administration. Qui facit per alium,
 facit per se, and the corporation which
 first enterprises this intolerable ex-
 periment in social depravation will
 make its burgesees partners in the
 degradation of its civic crown."
 —Arnold F. Hills.

Only Evil.

There is a common belief that
 alcohol gives new strength and energy
 after fatigue sets in. The sensation of
 fatigue is one of the safety valves of
 our machine; to stifle the feeling of
 fatigue, in order to do more work, is
 like closing the safety valve so that
 the boiler may be overheated and
 explosion result.

It is commonly thought that alcoholic
 drinks aid digestion, but in reality the
 contrary would be the case, for it has
 been proven that a meal without
 alcohol is more quickly followed by
 hunger than a meal with alcohol.

In connection with the sanitation of
 armies, thousands of experiments upon
 large bodies of men have been made
 and have led to the result that, in
 peace or war, in every climate, in heat,
 cold, or rain, soldiers are better able to
 endure the fatigues of the most
 exhausting marches when they are not
 allowed any alcohol at all.

It appears certain that from 70 to 80
 per cent. of crime, 80 to 90 per cent. of
 all poverty and from 10 to 40 per cent.
 of suicides in most civilized countries
 are to be ascribed to alcohol.—West-
 minster Review.

The devil in solution.—Sir Wilfred
 Lawson.

That beverage the mother of sin.—
 Southey.

The evil is in the drink.—David
 Lewis, J.P.