

NORTH CAROLINA PROHIBITIONIST

REV. W. T. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor

FRIDAY, OCT. 14, 1887. TERMS IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES. Space—1 month, 3mo., 6mo., 12mo.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Renew your subscription to the PROHIBITIONIST. —The North Carolina Prohibitionist from now until after the election in 1888 for \$1.

—We invite special attention to the open and free debate proposed by the Prohibition Club of this City.

—The political weather clerk can give no forecast as to the vote next month in New York state.

—New York Democracy was as true to its whiskey convictions as the needle to the pole.

—The saloon fees paid to the government are not one-tenth of the expense of the government to care for the victims of the saloon.

PUBLIC DISCUSSION INVITED.

The Central Prohibition Club meeting on the first and third Friday nights of each month in the W. C. T. U. hall, invites the public to a free, courteous discussion of some prominent questions.

The following have been proposed. 1. Resolved, that all laws licensing the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages are beyond the province of human government.

2. Resolved, that the Temperance question is a legal as well as a moral question. 3. Resolved, that the formation and domination of a Prohibitory Party is essential to the permanence of our Government.

4. Resolved, that the complete overthrow of the liquor traffic does not require and would not justify the enfranchisement of women. 5. Resolved, that opposition to sumptuary laws, as expressed in party platforms of the day, means opposition to laws prohibiting the liquor traffic.

6. Resolved, that the abolition of the liquor traffic is the first step to be taken for the successful settlement of our present labor troubles. 7. Resolved, that the ministerial office excuses no American citizen from the performance of citizenship.

8. Resolved, that temperance energy can be more wisely expended than in local option movements. The officers invite the suggestion of other kindred questions.

The meetings will be favored with stirring songs. It is hoped that the public generally, ladies, gentlemen and especially the youth will attend these free discussions.

The discussion of the first question above will occur at the next meeting at 7:30 p. m. Oct. 21. By order of Chairman.

Which Is Your Company? It having been rumored at the New York State Prohibition Convention that that Convention of 918 regular delegates were mostly infidels, it was proposed to test the truth of the report by asking all who were clergymen to rise in their seats and be counted.

Ninety-two responded. All who were church officers were then requested to rise. They did so. "There are so many of you that the secretary can't count you," remarked the chairman. A moment later, and all who were church members were invited to stand. The whole Convention rose at the call.

W. C. T. U. CONVENTION.

GOLDSBORO, Oct. 31st—Nov. 2nd. Call for the Annual Convention of the Womans Christian Temperance Union of North Carolina.

To the Local W. C. T. U. Unions of North Carolina: Our Fifth Annual Convention will be held at Goldsboro, beginning on Monday, Oct. 31st, and continuing until Wednesday Nov. 3rd.

The Annual meeting is composed of the President, two Secretaries, Treas., Vice President, District President, one delegate from each District, one delegate for each Auxiliary Local Union and one delegate for every twenty members thereof.

Dear Sisters, let us come together with hearts filled with thanksgiving to our heavenly father who has so greatly blessed our work the past year, also earnestly seeking that our strength may be renewed and zeal for God and Home and Native Land increased. We desire every Union in the state to be fully represented.

Our Superintendent of railroad rates is working faithfully to secure the lowest possible fare from every point where we have Local Unions, and we hope for the attendance of a large number of visitors in addition to the regular delegates. Good Templars, Reform Clubs, Prohibition Clubs and all Temperance Societies are hereby invited to send fraternal delegates to the Fifth Annual Convention of the W. C. T. U. Our Convention will be favored in various ways. It will be held in the Central part of Eastern Carolina in a pleasant city, during the most delightful season of the year. It will be honored by the presence of one of the Queenliest women of this or any age, our beloved President Frances F. Willard. The assistants Superintendent of Juvenile work, Miss Anna Gordon, an efficient worker is to be in attendance. Also our own Mrs. Goodale, National organizer of the W. C. T. U. will add her skill and grace to make the Convention what it should be.

Names of delegates should be forwarded early to Mrs. H. L. Grant, Goldsboro, N. C. MARY E. MENDENHALL, REC. SEC.

AN ATROCIOUS SALOON CRIME.

Another Certificate of Character for the Rum Traffic. Frank C. Smith, living at Bridgeton, N. J., had been informed that evidences of drinking could be seen on Bank street, evenings.

On the evening of May 25 he left the house to find the place and learn the truth about it. As he started for home, two hard looking characters he had previously noticed, passed him on the opposite side of the street.

They had scarcely passed him when something struck him on the back. He recognized it as rotten egg. The third or fourth egg struck him as he reached the corner of Myrtle street and the lane, when some one—he thinks a colored man—rushed in from Pearl street, jumped in front of him and hit him a terrific blow upon the forehead. Then all three closed in upon him. They soon bore him to the ground and began to kick and beat him.

Will You Answer?

An excellent Democratic friend assures us that he favors Prohibition. Query: How can that be when he votes for men on a platform which distinctly "opposes prohibition"?

He further says that he wants and expects the Republican party first to put it in their platform. Query: Does he with propriety hope that the party he fights will be more virtuous than his own party is at present?

Query: Should the Republican party put Prohibition in its platform, while his own retains its anti sumptuary plank, would he consistently become a Republican?

Query: The Presidential election turns upon New York State. New York State turns upon New York city. In the Republican Committee of New York city are no less than FIFTY-THREE MEN WHO ARE INTERESTED IN THE LIQUOR BUSINESS, the lion's share of the committee. These men control the Republicanism of the city—the state—the nation: Does our friend really think that such men will father the prohibition plank to be inserted in their platform?

Query: From what observation he has had of the Republican leaders in this state six years ago, in Texas last month, and now in Tennessee, does he hope that they will enthusiastically give casing votes for the adoption of such a plank?

Query: When crowded out of the shelter with their brethren in the party which for years has plainly invited them by the sign "No sumptuary laws"? He plans it that following the brilliant example of the Republican party, the Democratic party must adopt Prohibition and thus turn the saloonists out of doors.

Query: When a party for the sake of power invites the saloon votes, and when that party has gained power by such votes, and its liquor ranks shall have been doubled by all the men to be expelled from the Republican ranks, does he honestly believe that party, with everything at stake, will be heroic and powerful enough to spue up its majority—its life?

Query: Does he think that Mr. Jefferson Davis's late letter discussing Prohibition from a Democratic point of view, is a sign of the probable adoption of Prohibition by that party?

THE FIELD AT LARGE.

A tribute to John B. Finch—His Early Work—His Later Career—Something of His Character. HORNEVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 6, '87. It seems fitting that I speak a little more at length than others may, of John B. Finch. During the past five years Providence brought us into close contact as Prohibition workers.

present the old story in a new phase. He was a student, and fortified himself with all that could be learned concerning the subject in hand. He measured lances with the ablest defenders liquor could find. He won men from saloon support by tens of thousands. As a pledge-gainer he had magnificent success.

But John B. Finch could never be satisfied with effort merely to save fallen men, or to persuade men from an effect back to its cause. Then he struck the cause. The cause of drunkards was drink. He assailed the drink, and the place where it held power. He became the bitterest of foes against what he always called the grog shop. Its history, its nature, its deleterious influences upon civilization, he made familiar to audiences in nearly every State of this Union. As a patriot he opposed the saloon; for the saloon and all who allied themselves therewith, he felt ever a superb, a superlative scorn.

But once in his fifteen years of reform effort did he think of compromising with them. The first proposed high license law he favored. Indeed he drafted it in some measure; and to him was its adoption largely due. He was then a young Democrat in Nebraska. He came to believe that high license would do three things; 1st, Lessen in great degree the amount of liquor sold and drank; 2d, Put the liquor traffic in more respectable and safer hands; 3d, reduce the number of criminals and paupers and lessen the cost of pauperism and crime. Within three years, he made honest confession that as to all three of these points high license was a stupendous failure, and in its every pretense an unmitigated fraud.

John gave early and careful study to the principles, and was a warm advocate of Constitutional prohibition, when first that came to popular verdict. In Kansas, in 1880, he bore grand part for the amendment. He had equal share in Iowa's campaign which followed; he did heroic service in Ohio in 1883; he inspired the Rhode Island fight, though when fairly on he could not have lot in it; he assisted the friends in Maine; and of his part in Michigan last Spring, our nation knows. "Thoroughly informed on all phases of prohibition and concerning every question connected therewith, he stood for years, peerless as its defender, and unapproachable in argument to sustain it.

But not until 1883, did he come out unalterably for Prohibition party organization. Logic drove him to this course. Self-interest would have kept him back. He had powerful Democratic friends. He faced all the chances for political preferment which his party could command. He loved political life and all its associations, save those of the saloon; yet he loved truth more. He was honest, mentally. He would accept a conclusion, though it cost him sore. One day he sat in a Nebraska convention of his old party and liquor action was had. He rose and blazed against it. His fellow delegates laughed at him and had their way. His intimate friend was nominated by them for Governor, but loyal to friends though he remained ever, he was more loyal to Truth. To the Republican candidate he went and sought a pledge to recommend temperance legislation, in case said candidate were elected, obtained the pledge, sought his own friend on the stump, and helped elect the candidate of that party he had always opposed. When said candidate took seat in the Governor's chair, Finch went to him and asked, "why did you not keep faith with me and recommend temperance legislation as agreed?" And the Governor in substance answered: "I wanted to, but the liquor forces of our party would not permit." Then logic said to John: A party whose liquor vote is large enough to defeat it can never be relied upon for temperance. To get Prohibition in this land requires a party in its or of it. Help build such a party! To th's commission of honest logic, John B. Finch was true. He turned his back on old friends, politically,—he forsook political chances, he incurred hate, and malice and obliquity; he spent of his lion physique in prodigal fashion, and not less prodigally of his great brain power, he knew but one grand object in life—to carry prohibition as a fact into government through a party which alone can make it such a fact. Devoted to Good Templary as he was, it seemed in his thought secondary to this, though ever tributary and loved the more because tributary.

Men said he was ambitious and would build an organization to serve his own ends. Men wondered, sometimes, if he were not looking forward to Presidential nomination and covetously seeking executive power. They did not know how little he

thought of self in such wise. They did not know how a few had entered bonds of faith with him to protect each other from the possibility of nomination for high place, and had solemnly pledged each to the other and for himself to accept no preferment which might be offered. They could not understand, perhaps,—these who would impute selfish ambition—how men should willingly forego honors the most honorable to serve most efficiently a cause beloved, and to spare it from even the appearance of self-seeking purpose. The Prohibition party has no more utterly unselfish servant than he who for three years held its banner aloft in official leadership, and gave lavishly of all he had and was and might have been to insure its steady growth and early triumph.

This is not the time for any analysis of John B. Finch's character. To-day his lifeless form is being borne westward for burial. Analytical dissection of what it held, mentally and morally, is a task I may sometime undertake, but not now, while yet he lies unseparated. His work is done. Nay, not so, he will not cease to labor through his example and his teachings, through the inspiration of his magnetic life, during all the years that Prohibition work must yet go on. He has wrought more grandly than any other of us all; he has accomplished more to stimulate thought, diffuse information, furnish argument, answer opposition, and build foundation walls, than any other advocate Prohibition has or ever had. He possessed the statesman's insight and foresight, the politician's keen sagacity. His gifts of divination were swift and sure. He was quick to judge measures and men. His mental horizon succeeded in all directions, when he walked out under the skies of truth. All narrowness was foreign to him. And stinging as was his sarcasm, terrible as could be his wrath, unyielding as his indomitable will, he yet had sweet charity close always at hand, and under and over all a tender, mellowing and reverent faith. Those who best knew him, knew how he had been ripening into kinder, gentler beliefs these recent years, and how sweetly he could bow to a will, Divine; how he coveted and often asked for Divine help.

"Pray for me sister Mary," were his last words at parting with one of our noble Marys whom he loved as fellow-workers can; "I know you always do." There are some who will not forget how once, at a meeting where his speech had not taken hold as he wished, he stopped, at length, bowed his head, and simply said: "O Lord, take thou this meeting now, and do with it what we can not," nor the tender atmosphere that followed.

Yet he was not given to public prayer; and seldom spoke in private of the faith which in his secret heart he felt. Pretense, and mere profession he hated and contemned. Frank about many matters of life, he was reticent as to its most sacred things. To him life was intense, and the springs of it were deeper than many can appreciate. His broad, strong, masterful nature reached down to these as few can do, and up to the noblest heights of manliness. Life to him was magnificent of purpose, splended of aim and sacrificial in spirit. He had a superb temple for a royal soul. It was good just to look upon him, always; to see him glowing with the fires of oratory was to behold a physical splendor, illuminated by an intellect electric.

And now that handsome physique is laid low,—the radiant brain power has faded. For John B. Finch is dead!

Dead in his splendid prime— The master of surging speech! Silent the tongue that was strong for truth, Touching and tender for Home and Youth, Pleading the cause of each.

Dead in his manly grace— The leader we loved so well! Silent this form at the battle's fore, Still are the hands that our standard bore, Bravely, 'till swift he fell!

Dead in his loyal faith— The friend of our faithful trust! Silent the heart that was true and loyal, Tender the touches of love to feel— Fading so soon to dust.

Death, like a neighbor nigh! Tears for the Right, bereft, And tears for the Knight gone down Smitten and sore in the battle's brunt, He has but won, at the surging front, Victory's fadeless crown! A. A. HOPKINS.

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Table with columns: SOUTHBOUND, No. 50, No. 52, No. 54, No. 56, No. 58, No. 60, No. 62, No. 64, No. 66, No. 68, No. 70, No. 72, No. 74, No. 76, No. 78, No. 80.

Table with columns: NORTHBOUND, No. 51, No. 53, No. 55, No. 57, No. 59, No. 61, No. 63, No. 65, No. 67, No. 69, No. 71, No. 73, No. 75, No. 77, No. 79, No. 81.

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