

THE
REMINISCENCES
OF
NEAL DOW.

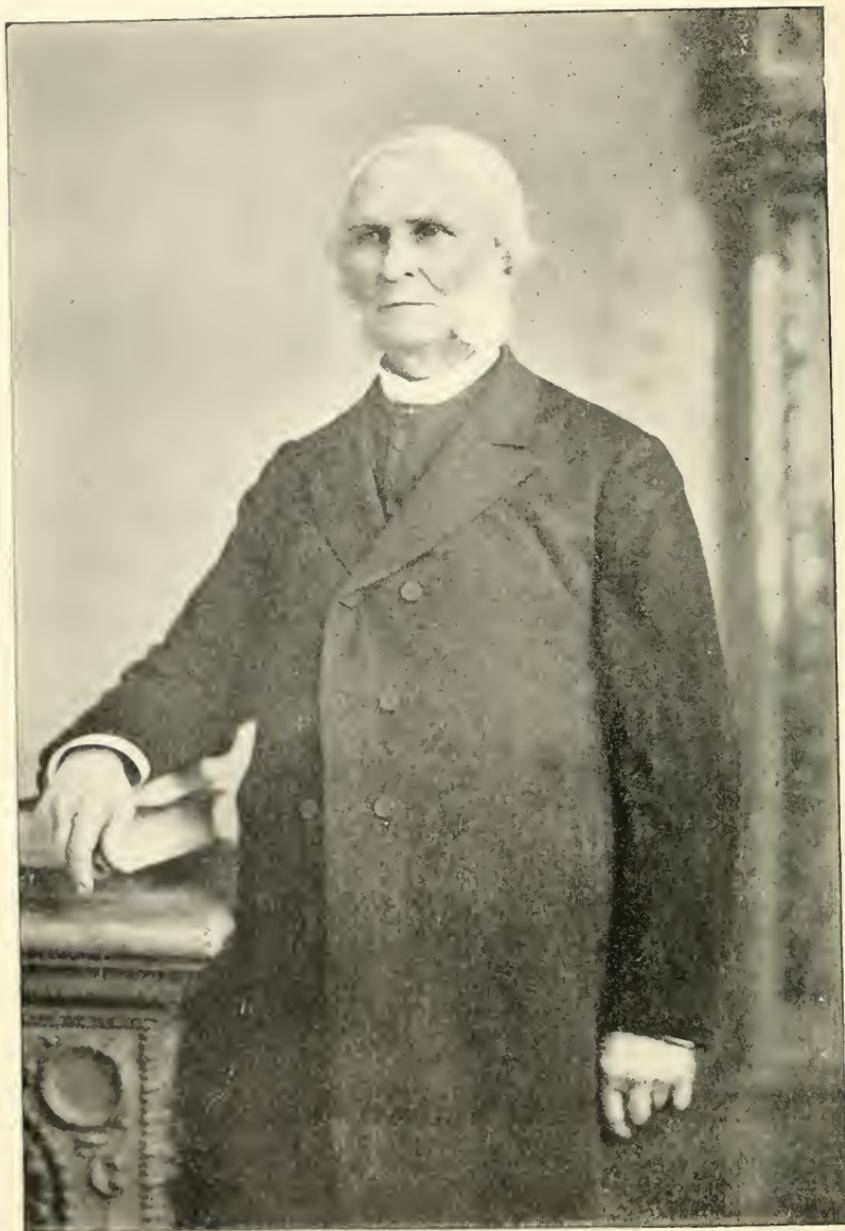
RECOLLECTIONS OF EIGHTY YEARS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

1898
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NEAL DOW AT 87 YEARS.

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PREFACE.

General Neal Dow was nearly seventy-five years of age when he began the preparation of the material contained in this volume, "in the hope," to use his own words, "that a simply told story of the temperance movement in Maine may stimulate some who fear God and love their fellow-men to aid in securing the protection of society from the infinite evils resulting from the liquor-traffic."

The work, in some particulars, was far from agreeable to him. The needs of the passing moment were thought by him of more importance than indulgence in reminiscences of past activities. He had set the standard of complete success so high that he thought little of what had been done when measured by what remained to be accomplished. Moreover, he had an almost morbid disinclination to talk of his personal efforts and experiences, and it was with reluctance that he yielded to the earnest solicitation of others to undertake a work of which his personality must of necessity be a feature.

How and why he was finally induced to record some reminiscences of his life is best shown by the following note, with which he commenced the "Reminiscences," December 18, 1879, here reproduced in facsimile:

19 Dec. 1879

Note - I have many times been shaken to about jettling down some memorias of my life - especially in connection with the temperance cause and the Maine Law. I have not responded to this, as it seemed to me to savor of vanity, in supposing that such a matter could be of public interest or importance, and the attempt ^{would} seem to me to look like obtuseness. But my attention has been recently called to the subject in a more serious manner; it has been urged that by and by, the policy of prohibition of the liquor traffic will occupy a very prominent place in public affairs; and it will be a matter of interest to temperance men and philanthropists generally, the world over, to know how it was, that the question of prohibition arose in Maine, ~~and~~ ~~how~~ ~~it~~ ~~culminated~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~enactment~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~Maine~~ ~~Law~~, and what the results have been of that famous measure, upon the liquor traffic and upon the general prosperity of the state and people. In compliance, therefore, with the opinions of persons which are entitled to respect, and consideration, I propose to leave behind me, when my Heavenly Father shall please to call me away - such sketches as occur to me, that may be used by surviving friends in such manner as shall seem to them best fitted to meet any public wish ^{in relation} _{to them}.

No one appreciated more fully than did Neal Dow the magnitude of the undertaking to which he devoted his best energies during a period equal to an ordinary lifetime. While he had the most complete confidence in the ultimate attainment of the end he sought, a habit of introspection made him exacting in testing by actual results the wisdom and practicality of the methods he used for accomplishing desired ends. To a friend who was congratulating him, on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday anniversary, upon the success he had achieved, as manifested by the world-wide recognition of the day, General Dow said: "All this is nothing to me so long as a liquor-saloon exists under the sanction of law, or with the consent of officials in violation of law. This celebration of my birthday is gratifying to me, chiefly as testimony of the wide-spread appreciation of the magnitude of the evil I have antagonized, and as an assurance that, although my personal efforts must soon cease forever, the object for which I have labored will in time be secured."

Impelled by such considerations, General Dow found little time to write of what had been done, but in the brief and infrequent intervals of what he regarded as more important work he wrote and dictated, as opportunity served and strength permitted, up to the closing months of the last year of his life. The result was an amount of matter sufficient to make two volumes the size of this, but his wish was expressed, a week before his death, that the publication of certain portions might be delayed for some years, if not suppressed altogether. The presentation of that portion authorized by General Dow, in connected form, after such eliminations as he desired,

has necessitated some immaterial changes in the text in order to preserve continuity of narration, and also a re-arrangement of chapters, as they were not written in the order in which they now appear.

During the closing week of his life, General Dow said: "If I have inadvertently so referred to any person or event as to wound the feelings of the closest friend of any with whom I have been in controversy, it is my earnest wish that such reference be erased. While the fight was on I sought to make my blows effective, but in none of them was there unkind intent. In return I have received many, but they have not caused me to cherish personal ill-will for those who gave them. In no instance have I varied from the course which seemed to me right through fear of making personal enemies, or in the hope of gaining personal friends. I have no regrets, but it will serve no useful purpose to re-open old wounds."

It is proper to add that many of the incidents of a purely personal character were not intended by General Dow for publication. They are given here, as being relevant to the design of the volume, sidelights on the character of one who was among the pioneers in one of the greatest moral reforms the world has ever known, as they were related by him during the progress of the work in conversation with his amanuensis.

The two supplementary chapters have been added by the compiler at the suggestion of many friends, upon whose request this volume is published.

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CHAPTER I.

MY ANCESTORS. REFERENCE TO THEIR TIMES. MY PAR-
ENTS. THEIR BIRTH, MARRIAGE AND
DEATH.

I come from English stock upon both sides. The earliest ancestor in my father's line of whom I have note, John Dow, was born in Tylner, Norfolk county, England, in 1520. He died in July, 1561, as appears from the date of the execution of his will and that of its probate. From that document it is inferred that he left two brothers and three children.

His eldest son, Thomas, my progenitor, after his father's death, moved to Runham, in the same county. From the first of his four children, Henry Dow, I am descended. Henry died in December, 1612, or January, 1613. His second son, Henry, my ancestor, was born in 1608. He married, February 11, 1631, Joan, the widow of Roger Nudd, of Ormsby, Norfolk county, England; six years after, he obtained a license to emigrate to America. That paper, which was dated April 11, 1637, refers to him as "husbandman," aged twenty-nine years, to Joan his wife, aged thirty, to four children, and to one servant, seventeen years old, as "intending to pass into New England to inhabit."

With the family mentioned in that license, Henry Dow settled in Watertown, Mass. Here his wife Joan died, June 20, 1640. The next year he married Margaret Cole, of Dedham, Mass. About two years later he moved to Hampton, N. H., where he had bought a house and several tracts of land. This homestead remained in the possession of his lineal descendants for more than two hundred years, when in 1854 it was disposed of by the family.

Henry died April 21, 1659, being then fifty-one years old. It appears that he was somewhat prominent in the affairs of the town, and that he represented it in the General Court of Massachusetts, 1655-56. From this Henry, the first of the family to settle in America, are descended, I believe, the numerous Dows of New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Maine. Of those of his children of whom I have any record six lived over sixty years; four exceeded the three score and ten limit by three, five, seven, and eighteen years respectively, but the one among them to whom I trace my lineage, Joseph, died at sixty-four.

Joseph Dow was born at Watertown, Mass., March 20, 1639. He was the third son of the last mentioned Henry, and the first of the family born in this country. He married, December 17, 1662, Mary Sanborn, and settled in that part of Hampton now known as Seabrook. He seems to have been active in the controversies growing out of land-claims under conflicting charters, having been appointed in behalf of the town to represent the inhabitants of Hampton upon that subject before the Royal Council. He was also otherwise interested in the public concerns of the little community in which he lived.

Although like his older brother, "Captain" Henry Dow, Joseph was at one time connected with the military service of the colony, being a sergeant, he later associated himself with the Friends, or Quakers. He was then about thirty-four years old, and was among the earlier converts of the mission to this country of George Fox, the founder of the sect. With that society my line of the family retained its connection through several generations, or until it was severed by my withdrawal, or dismissal — of which more later.

My ancestor, Joseph, was one of those who suffered from the persecutions to which the Quakers of his day were subjected, but his persistency in demanding his rights not only led to his receiving some recompense for his injuries, but to the discomfiture of the governor of the province and the better treatment thereafter of the Quakers of the vicinity. In 1701 he was one of the trustees to whom the land was conveyed in behalf of "all those Christian people, called Quakers, living in Hampton, to seat a meeting-house thereon." Two years later, April 4, 1703, he died, at the age of sixty-four years.

Of the twelve children of Joseph, the eighth, Josiah, was my great-great-grandfather. He was born July 2, 1679. He married Mary Purington, and died April 18, 1718. He was then only thirty-nine. His third son, Abraham, was my great-grandfather, born May 2, 1715. He married Phebe Green. He, like his progenitors, was a farmer, but became quite prominent among the Friends as a preacher, and lived to be sixty-nine years old, dying in 1784.

The second son of Abraham, Jedediah, was my grandfather. He was born in 1741, being forty-three years old when his father, Abraham, died. Through

him, from his father, I heard in my youth, with the interest they were likely to excite, stories of life in New England, dating back into the first quarter of the last century.

My grandfather moved to Weare, N. H., about 1772. There he built a log house in what was then a wilderness, where he cleared a farm. To this house, or rather, near to it, for the road was not then sufficiently cleared, I have been told, came the first chaise, or covered private vehicle, ever seen in the town of Weare. It brought visiting friends from Salem, Mass. Three years later Jedediah and his older brother, Jonathan, built the first two two-story houses erected in the town.

My grandfather added to the family vocation of farming that of a blacksmith. I doubt not that he was a good blacksmith, as I know that he was an industrious, prudent, God-fearing man, and a good citizen. He lived until 1826, dying at eighty-five. I remember him still as I was wont to see him when I visited him occasionally in my youth. He was in the vigor of his manhood when the Revolutionary war broke out. His life, with that of his father, who at the inception of that struggle was sixty years of age, covered more than a century of New England history, glimpses of which in story and tradition it was my privilege to enjoy when as a boy I made delightful visits to the old homestead in Weare.

To-day, as I recall some of the incidents in grandfather's experience, and in that of his father and grandfather, as related to me, together with other well authenticated tales which I received through them from their elders, I seem to connect by my own life these latter days of the nineteenth century with

the earliest settlements in New England. Those times, though lacking in the rush, bustle, and excitement which mark these later days, had their own peculiar trials and dangers, joys and sorrows, successes and disappointments, which must have left their traces upon life and character for generations.

As I have said, my grandfather cleared a farm in the wilderness. It was at a time when the forests were infested with the wild beasts native to New England. Neighbors were few and far away, and each settler was obliged to rely upon his own skill, industry and courage to overcome the obstacles to the comforts of life. Nor were they at all times free from danger. When a boy, visiting my grandfather, I listened, eyes, and I dare say mouth as well, wide open, to his stories of the olden times. Some of these are fresh in my memory as they were related to me by him so many years ago.

One of my ancestors, whose name I cannot recall, on the occasion of an Indian raid, in the absence of her husband, was dragged from her home, which was destroyed by fire, and, with hands bound, concealed in the woods not far off in charge of a one-armed squaw. While thus secured, her husband, with a relief party, passed within sight and near enough to have heard her voice had she dared to disobey the command to be silent from the savage guard who stood over her with uplifted hatchet, ready to brain her upon the least outcry or movement. Some days elapsed before she was rescued. This story, which came to me directly through my own kin from her who was its heroine, brought, in my boyish imagination, the days of Indian cruelty and tragedy down to my own time. Indeed, they were not far distant.

One day my grandfather was walking across a field when his dog seized his coat and began pulling him back in so strange and unaccountable a way that he yielded his will to that of the dog and returned to his home. In making that retreat he turned and saw an Indian, with a gun, move from behind a rock by which he would have passed but for the strange conduct of his dog. He always afterwards believed that the animal saved his life.

One evening, when the shades of night were fast closing around him, grandfather was returning from the woods, walking with his head down, his ax under one arm, and his hands in the pockets of his coat. Suddenly his hat was snatched from his head, and he saw confronting him in the narrow path a huge bear, standing on his hind feet, displaying a wicked row of glittering teeth. Retreat was impossible, had he wished it, and there was nothing for it but to fight it out with no quarter to either combatant. Grandfather was a powerful, active man, and an experienced woodsman, skilled in the use of the ax, but his quick and powerful blows, delivered by that formidable weapon, were for a time parried by the bear. At last the edge of the ax disabled one of the brute's paws, and instantly another blow on the head brought him down. Afterwards the end was easy.

The following incident related to me in those days has often seemed to me like a connecting link between the days of my boyhood and those of the witchcraft tragedies of an earlier date. The astounding trials and cruel punishments of the "witches," the annals of which fill such a sad, black page in New England history, had ceased long before the date of this story, but the superstitions in which they had their origin

had not all been eradicated at the time of the incident which befell my Great-great-uncle Hussey.

He was riding on horseback after nightfall on a road through the woods with two companions, boys of his own age, when they heard a rushing, trampling sound some distance in advance, accompanied with what their excited fancies conceived to be laughter, screaming, and unearthly yells. The very ground seemed to tremble. Uncle Hussey's companions said it must be witches and were much frightened. The noise increased in volume, or seemed to grow nearer. They stopped their horses, and it ceased; they moved on, and it was renewed. Overpowered by fear, his companions turned back and drove home as fast as their horses could run.

Hussey, who had no belief in witches, pushed on in the direction of the noise, to find at length a clearing in which a number of horses were racing back and forth, shaking the earth with their galloping and making the night hideous with their mingled whinnings, which had been excited by the approach of the horses of the belated travelers. When Hussey subsequently told his witch-frightened companions what he had learned, they would not believe it, and they, and others to whom they related the secret, insisted that the noise must have been made by witches, with whom he was in league, and by whom he had been induced to attribute it to the commotion of the beasts. Somewhat earlier he might have been put to death, as had others before him, for no better reason.

The contests, however, with the Indians and the scarcely more savage animals were not a greater tax on the courage and endurance of the early settlers in those New England wilds than were their struggles

with the wilderness from which they were wresting their sustenance. Even in my youth, I wondered at the industry, prudence and ingenuity they manifested in overcoming the difficulties of their position, and my wonder has increased with the years. They were compelled to depend upon their own handicraft for most of their clothing as well as for their food, and down to the days of my early manhood the spinning-wheel and loom were important parts of the furniture of every country house, and, indeed, of many a town mansion in those portions of New England with which I was familiar.

The children of my grandfather became useful, respectable, and estimable men and women. By personal application and industry they obtained an education far in advance of the average at that time among those early settlers in the woods, securing it despite difficulties that would have discouraged many. It was only by prudence and constant exertion that the commonest comforts of life could be obtained, and only by frugality could savings be made to provide for the more comfortable mode of living they enjoyed in later life.

Tea and coffee were for years entirely unknown among them; bean porridge was upon the table every meal, if indeed they were well enough off to indulge in it so frequently, and the bread was generally of Indian corn, sometimes mixed with rye. There were no grist-mills within reach, and they were obliged to pound their corn in mortars, dug out of solid rock-maple. These were out of use before my day, but in my boyhood I saw them standing near the farm-houses where they were put aside after a grist-mill had been established at some reasonably accessible point.

I never saw the log house my grandfather built. Before my first visit to him it had given place to a large and excellent farm-house, not long since owned and occupied by lineal descendants of his. Here he spent the evening of his days in the family of one of his daughters, my Aunt Mary, whom I remember well — she lived until 1853 — as one of the most charming women I have ever known, though born and reared as she had been amid the privations incident to early New England backwoods life. I do not remember my grandmother. Her maiden name was Dorcas Neal. She was my grandfather's second wife, his first wife having been killed by lightning a few days after her marriage.

In my boyhood, while my grandfather lived, we used to go every year, my father and mother in one chaise, and my two sisters and I in another, to visit him in the pleasant, hospitable country home he had finally been able to establish. An incident of one of these trips, which I recall as of yesterday, impressed upon my youthful mind a lesson by which my horses and those of some of my neighbors have ever since profited.

The horse I was driving had his head checked up. It gave him a more stylish appearance than that of the animal my father drove, and perhaps for that reason we young folks preferred it. The horse became fretful and uneasy, sweating profusely, and manifesting much discomfort, which I supposed to be evidence of sickness. At the foot of a long hill he stopped and refused to go farther. Just then a farmer drove by, and, noticing the horse, advised me to let him have his head. I unhooked the check, with the result that the horse started immediately, cooled off in a short

time, and gave me no more trouble. Thus in my boyhood I learned, I do not know how many years before its publication, one of the lessons which the little book, "Black Beauty," has so interestingly taught.

My sisters and I looked forward to those journeys to the old homestead with joyful anticipation for months before we entered upon them, and after each was of the past it was recalled in memories of many youthful pleasures and in the valuable precepts and useful examples it furnished. In many ways those visits impressed themselves upon me, and my early associations with my grandfather and his family had an influence upon all my early, and doubtless much of my later, life. Indeed, no intelligent, thoughtful lad could fail to derive benefit from mingling with such people, or to obtain advantage from the lessons taught by their lives.

Those teachers, exemplars, family friends of my early years, have passed away. The country in which they lived has greatly improved since their day. It is more populous, the farms are better cultivated, the people richer, better educated, and it would seem that their lives might be far easier than those of their progenitors. But the present generation is not happier than its fathers were in their ruder homes, with their simpler modes of life, while in the midst of their own difficulties they may well wonder how their ancestors managed to live at all.

The first meeting-house of the Friends, was built near my grandfather's home. There the members of that society worshiped in their plain, but, we may believe, acceptable way. There they assembled to forget the perplexities and pleasures of this earthly life, and to make preparation for that to come.

I recall an incident related to me by one who witnessed it while attending one of those meetings. One of the worshipers brought with her one Sabbath her noonday meal, bean porridge, in a gourd, which was deposited under a seat to remain there during service, or until she should need it at intermission. During the morning the solemnity of the meeting was broken by a rude disturbance. It was caused by a dog which had pushed his head into the gourd to eat the porridge, and, unable to withdraw it, was running about in meeting, alarmed by his unwonted head-gear, and making the meeting more entertaining than at any time before or after to the young folk who were wont to attend.

A more modern meeting-house stands on the spot formerly occupied by that rude structure. Near it are the graves of the men and women of the olden time, marked only, as was customary with the early Friends, by simple mounds and unhewn stones. There were put to rest the remains of my grandfather and grandmother, and others of my kin, to be scarcely quieter in the repose of death than in their peaceful, well-ordered lives. They were of those who, in the early New England days, amid privations of many kinds, were laying broad and deep the foundations of civil, religious and personal liberty.

We have received from them a heritage of priceless value, of the cost of which to our fathers we know little, and too often, I fear, care less. If we of this day would keep constantly before us the picture of the plain, perhaps homely, but virtuous lives of our ancestors we might the better inculcate for the benefit of our children and our children's children, through all coming time, a fear of God and love for man,

incite them to faithfulness and activity in the discharge of their duty, and instruct them by precept and example that "righteousness exalteth a nation. but sin is a reproach to any people."

My father, Josiah Dow, was the eldest of four sons, and the second of seven children. He was born in Seabrook, N. H., September 27, 1766, but when six years old went to Weare with his father, Jedediah. There, surrounded by such influences as may be inferred from what has been written, he lived until he was twenty-four. He was about nine years old at the outbreak of the Revolution, and to his last day remembered well the excitement attending many of the events of that war.

I have heard him say that a company of militia on its way to Boston, and which afterwards participated in the battle of Bunker Hill, camped near his father's house. Some of his relatives were among them, and they took from him some bullets he had been casting, together with the bullet-mold and what uncast lead he had. He never admitted to me that he was intentionally furnishing ammunition for "carnal warfare," but Quaker, and son of a Quaker, though he was, as a boy he regretted that he had not lost by the militia a sufficient number of bullets to serve his patriotic neighbors through the battle.

In my father's earlier days game of many kinds abounded in the forests, among such being the wild turkey, to hunt which was his chief recreation. He has told me that a turkey, concealed in a tree, would keep perfectly quiet, however close he might approach, until his eye caught sight of it, when instantly the bird would be off, knowing instinctively that it was discovered. As shooting on the wing was not easy



JOSIAH DOW AT 90 YEARS. FATHER OF NEAL DOW.

with the old long flint-lock "queen's arm" of the day, the proportion of turkey shot to turkey hunted was always small.

The son of a farmer, on a backwoods farm, my father's early life was rude and laborious, but he had the requisite courage and determination to improve his condition, and, the opportunity offering, being fond of reading, he qualified himself to discharge all the duties of a good citizen with advantage to society and credit to himself. In summer he was an industrious worker on the farm of his father; in winter he taught a school, in which, however, were imparted only those branches that country boys and girls of that early day were expected to acquire.

An incident of his early life in Weare which he related to me may be of interest. There was an elderly man, entirely blind, living somewhere in the vicinity, who was accustomed to ride on horseback about the country. One day my father was working in a clearing by the roadside when the old man on horseback, hearing him at work, stopped and inquired where he was, saying that he supposed that he was at such a point, but judged "by the sound of his horse's steps" that he was mistaken. Father explained to him that a little tan bark had been spread upon the road at that point some days before, and the old blind man rode on, reassured that his hearing was yet a reliable guide.

In 1790, soon after attaining his majority, father, becoming satisfied that it would be wise for him to seek another field of employment, left Weare and moved to Falmouth, Me., a town then adjoining Portland, and of which the latter had been a part until set off in 1786. Here he lived for about five

years, in a house still standing on the banks of the Presumpscot river, about five miles from Portland, just beyond the covered bridge on the Blackstrap road.

It may well be believed that my father brought with him to his new home but little more than good health, a strong constitution, and those industrious habits and simple, frugal tastes which were the natural outgrowth of parental and other influences that had surrounded him in the home of his boyhood. But with what he had he engaged in carrying on in a small way, with a brother-in-law who had preceded him to Falmouth, the tanning business, his leisure time in the winter being employed in teaching school.

A few rods south, on the Portland side of the river, in full view of the home my father had chosen, stood at that time a Friends' meeting-house. Long ago it was taken down, but it survived until my day, and there, in my boyhood, I frequently attended with my parents the Friends' quarterly meetings. Its site is still plainly indicated by grass-grown ridges, while numerous neglected mounds and hillocks, in some instances marked with plain, uninscribed field stones, show the last resting-places of the earlier Quakers of that vicinity, among them my ancestors on my mother's side for three generations.

In that old meeting-house, or possibly in school as one of his scholars, for she was seven years his junior, my father first met my mother. However that may be, soon after he came to Falmouth he made her acquaintance. Her family, well-to-do members of the society of Friends, lived in a house not a mile away as the crow flies, and in full view of that where my father lived. That old mansion at this writing is still

standing, though somewhat modernized. It is near the Maine Central depot at West Falmouth, and is now the home of Josiah Allen, a descendant in the fourth generation from my grandfather, Isaac Allen.

Of this grandfather I remember but little, except that he was fond of telling me stories, and of his parents I know nothing. He died when I was not more than fifteen years old. I recall him as a man of slight physique, and apparently not in rugged health. I remember to have seen him at my father's house at dinner as well as at his own fireside. He wore knee breeches, and, after the manner of the early Friends, sat with his hat on at the table, its broad brim entirely concealing his face as his head would be occasionally bowed.

When I knew him, Grandfather Allen was a Quaker, and, as far as I have any positive information to the contrary, may have been born and always lived such. But in my early youth I was told that he was once "a man of carnal warfare." He may have told me so himself, I am not sure. I remember, however, distinctly, that he told me stories about his having seen many ships with many soldiers on them. Since then, by putting together the fragments of my dim recollection of his anecdotes, I have thought that he may have been at one or the other of the sieges of Louisburg, but I have never been able to verify this. If such were the fact, it was not one of which a Quaker of the time of my boyhood would have spoken save in terms of regret and repentance, and no member of a Quaker family of the period would have more willingly preserved data of that than of any other sinning.

My mother's mother was Abigail Hall. She was

a descendant, through her father, Hate-Evil Hall, of John Hall, who, born in England in 1617, came to New England, lived for a while in Charlestown, Mass., and in 1684 removed to Dover, N. H. He died about 1690. He was a man of some importance and influence in his day. His oldest son, John, my ancestor, was born in Charlestown, in 1645. He kept a tavern for a while at Dover, and was repeatedly a member of the New Hampshire legislature. He married Abigail, daughter of John and Abigail (Nutter) Roberts, her mother being a daughter of Elder Hate-Evil Nutter.

Hate-Evil Hall, my mother's maternal grandfather, was born in Dover, February 15, 1707, and married Sarah Furbish of Kittery, April 1, 1733. He was a man of great physical and mental vigor. He moved from Dover, N. H., to Falmouth, Me., somewhere about 1753-54, and located on a farm, quite recently owned and occupied by the venerable John Woodbury, at the northerly end of the road called "Shady Lane," which winds with charming variety of curve and view around the easterly base of Blackstrap Hill. There Hate-Evil built his modest home and reared a large family of sons and daughters, twelve of whom married, each becoming the parent of from nine to twelve children. He died in 1797, at the age of ninety, leaving four hundred and ninety-five descendants, the progenitors of some of the most thrifty, respectable, and influential citizens of western Maine.

I remember a visit I made as a boy to the house in which Hate-Evil had lived. A relative of the family had come to my father's home, and, wishing to send a note to the old homestead, offered to pay me for carrying it. I was a small boy, too small, it now seems

to me, to be trusted alone and on foot on so long a tramp in the winter, but more was expected of boys then, as money was scarcer with them than now, and I was anxious to earn the sum offered.

On the way I was overtaken by a man in a sleigh, who took me in to ride. When we reached Shaw's, now Allen's, corner, he stopped at a store, I waiting outside. After what seemed to me a long time, I looked in, to find him with others before a great open fire, drinking flip, a mixture of cider and other beverages heated in a mug by the insertion of a hot poker. I had already lost much time, and so took my way on foot and delivered my note. Reaching home long after dark, I found my mother alarmed by my delay, but I received for my service seventy-five cents, which to me was a fortune with which I was highly elated.

The fifth of Hate-Evil's children, Abigail, was my grandmother. She was born February 12, 1740, and died February 12, 1825, aged eighty-five. I remember her well as the kind donor to me, in my early youth, of nut-cakes, when I was at her house, to which I was wont to go on errands, sometimes riding with my mother, and sometimes walking, though more than eight miles by the road I was obliged to travel. On these occasions my mother would fit me out with clean collar and my best shoes and stockings, all of which I was wont to remove as soon as I had got out of the village, as Portland was then known, to replace them when within a few yards of grandmother's home.

She lived until I was about twenty-one, and I frequently visited her in my later teens. She was a woman of strong mental characteristics. Perhaps my lifelong abhorrence of tobacco is due in part to the

fact that I often saw her smoking in the chimney corner, as was the custom of many of the older women of her time. The sixth of the seven children of Isaac and Abigail (Hall) Allen was Dorcas, my mother. She was born August 28, 1773.

Six years after my father's arrival in Falmouth, when he had accumulated some property, he was married according to the simple and impressive ceremony of the Friends. The event took place on the 3d of February, 1796, in the old meeting-house before referred to, which both had been accustomed to attend.

It was usual among the Friends on the occasion of a marriage between members of the society, to hold a solemn meeting where there might be prayer or exhortation if any one was moved thereto, and where, after a fitting season of silent worship, the parties arose, faced the audience, and made each of them a declaration which was recorded in the certificate of marriage, and entered upon the records of the meeting. Such a certificate, not common now, may be of interest, and that of my parents is here introduced:

“Josiah Dow, of Falmouth, in the county of Cumberland and state of Maine, son of Jedediah Dow, of Weare, in the county of Hillsborough and state of New Hampshire, and Dorcas his wife, and Dorcas Allen, daughter of Isaac Allen, of Falmouth, in the county of Cumberland aforesaid, and Abigail his wife, having declared their intentions of taking each other in marriage before several monthly meetings of the people called ‘Quakers’, in the county of Cumberland aforesaid, according to the good order used among them, their proceedings, after due inquiry and deliberate consideration thereof, were allowed by said meeting, they appearing clear of all others and having consent of parents and relations concerned.

“Now these are to certify to whom it may concern, being the full accomplishing of their said intentions, this third day

of the second month in the Year of Our Lord, 1796, that they, the said Josiah Dow and Dorcas Allen, appeared at a public meeting of the aforesaid people in their meeting-house in Falmouth aforesaid, and each, the said Josiah Dow taking the said Dorcas Allen by the hand, did openly declare as followeth :

“ ‘ Friends, I take this Friend, Dorcas Allen, to be my wife, promising with divine assistance to be unto her a loving and faithful husband until it shall please the Lord by death to separate us.’

“ And the said Dorcas Allen then and there in like manner did declare as followeth :

“ ‘ Friends, I take this my friend, Josiah Dow, to be my husband, promising through divine assistance to be unto him a loving and faithful wife until it shall please the Lord by death to separate us,’ or words of like import.

“ And the said Josiah Dow and Dorcas Allen as of further confirmation hereof have hereunto set their hands, she, after the custom of marriage, assuming the name of her husband. And we whose names are hereunto subscribed, being present with others at the confirmation of their said marriage as witnesses thereunto, set our hands the day and year above written.”

Then followed the signatures of twenty-five witnesses, including Hate-Evil Hall, then nearly ninety years of age, and other relatives, among them those of men and women active and influential in those days in all good works.

Upon their marriage my parents moved to Portland and commenced housekeeping in a house bought by my father on Congress street, near Green, on the site where now stands a store, still owned in the family. My father continued the tanning business in Portland. Beginning in a modest way, my parents were able, four years later, with increasing means, to build and move into a more comfortable house, in which they passed the remainder of their lives.

There were born to them three children, the eldest,

my sister Emma, in 1800, the youngest, Harriet, in 1806, and I in 1804. Though of comparatively delicate health, Emma was a woman of unusual ability and of marked strength of character. She married Neal D. Shaw, of Baring, Me. She died in 1851. My sister Harriet was an invalid from early youth to her death, in 1869, but her trials were borne with patience and resignation until relief came. Notwithstanding her ill health, she was bright, witty, accomplished, and a general favorite with a large circle of friends. It was her will which decided in a family council that no wine should be offered at a contemplated entertainment, the first in our set given in Portland without it. It was an incident, which, as might be expected, made much talk in the little town at that time.

My mother was of slight frame, and apparently not strong, but she was blessed with good health until her last sickness. She died July 8, 1851, at seventy-eight years of age. A few years before her death she met with an accident, resulting in a broken hip and other injuries, and she was thereafter a great sufferer, but she bore all with heroic fortitude and Christian patience. She was for her time well educated, fond of reading, possessed of strong common-sense and sound judgment. She was a trusting, Christian woman, self-reliant and determined in all that she believed to be right, impressing her character upon those with whom she came in contact. For more than half a century she proved to my father a faithful wife and helpmeet, a wise counselor and trusted friend.

Two of my father's brothers, Jedediah and Jonathan, followed him to Portland. Jedediah was for several years in the town and city government, and prominent generally in the affairs of the community.

Jonathan was a sea-captain for years, but afterwards settled down to life on shore. He was the second mayor of Portland, was a man of some literary taste and ability, and wrote the earlier chapters of the "Jack Downing Papers," a book which was published under the name of Seba Smith, as its responsible author, but the title given to it came from my uncle's name. I remember copying the first of the articles for my uncle, at his request, because, as he said, he did not care to have his handwriting seen by the printer.

Uncle Jonathan was a most positive and determined man. An incident of his boyhood may illustrate a trait which he retained through life. He had been sent on an errand which had detained him after dark, and his path home led him through the woods. His brother Jedediah, older than Jonathan, thought to frighten the lad, and for the purpose prepared a pumpkin shell, with eyes, mouth, teeth, etc., and with that on his head, and otherwise disguised, he placed himself where he could intercept Jonathan in the lonely woods, expecting the latter to turn and run. Instead, however, of the expected retreat, when he saw the grinning spectre, Jonathan provided himself with a stone, walked up to it, smashed it with one blow, and with a second gave his brother Jedediah, whom he did not recognize, cause to remember the affair through a scar for the rest of his life.

Father retained his interest in his chosen business as long as he lived. In it he accumulated a competence sufficient for all his wants and tastes. His judgment in matters of business was sound, and often sought by his townsmen. He was for many years, from its incorporation in 1824, a director in the Merchants' bank in this city, resigning the position when

the infirmities of age made it impracticable for him to attend to its duties. He was also in the directorate of other business corporations.

Necessarily somewhat isolated during the latter part of his life, because of his age, he nevertheless retained his interest in current events until within a few weeks of his death. Put in possession of the facts bearing upon any given business problem, he drew his conclusions from them clearly and with sound judgment almost to the last. He held some offices, accepted from a sense of duty as burdens of which he should bear his part rather than from any desire for place or notoriety, to which he was always averse. He always took interest in political matters, voted at every presidential election, and I believe at all others, down to the first election of Lincoln. In his party affiliations he was in turn Federalist, National Republican, Whig, Free-Soiler, and Republican.

He was an earnest antislavery man and was actively interested in the "underground railroad," by means of which fugitive slaves, not a few of whom reached Portland in vessels from southern ports and otherwise, were taken to points where they were not likely to be captured. His home was always an asylum for such of them as needed food and temporary shelter while waiting to be escorted farther toward the north star of freedom. During my boyhood I saw several of these escaped negro bondsmen. They were naturally among the more intelligent of their race.

One negro girl, two or three years my senior, came to our house when I was not far from fourteen years of age. She had been brought to Portland in a ship commanded by an antislavery captain, having escaped from a plantation in the vicinity of Rich-

mond. She remained at my father's house for several years, acquiring something of an education, and afterwards she married and lived in Portland for the rest of her life, dying after the close of the war of the Rebellion.

She was bright and intelligent, and became unusually well informed. She had given her promise to the captain who had brought her to Portland never to reveal either his name or that of his ship, a pledge which she kept until her dying day. Certain it is, that, so far as I know, no member of our family ever learned either! As advised by the friendly captain, also, she concealed the name of her old master, lest its disclosure might tend to her recapture. This advice she kept, as I believe, until after the proclamation of freedom by President Lincoln, but shortly after that she called at my house and told my family the name of her old master. It was the same name as that of the father (she insisted that they were one and the same person) of Captain Turner, the commandant at Libby Prison, where, a few months thereafter, I was to be confined a prisoner of war, a war which in effect was waged to free the slaves. So, if her statement was correct, it came to pass that the son of the man who had given this poor negro girl a home in a free land was for months a prisoner under the guard of a son of her old master.

My father, though by no means a literary man, was yet well-read. His favorite works were the Bible, Shakespeare, and Pope's Essay on Man. With these he was thoroughly familiar and always ready with apt quotations from either. He was clear, concise, and strong in conversation, and quick and bright at repartee.

One day when over ninety years old he offered, in the temporary absence of the teamster, to drive in an ordinary express wagon to a mill at Stroudwater, some two miles from his home, to obtain meal in bags for his horses. While returning with his load, the seat of his wagon slipped off at one side, with the result that he fell on his back on the meal bags, from which position, owing to his lameness, he could not recover his seat. His horse was an old and steady animal, of which I may yet have occasion to relate an incident.

Some passer-by, seeing him in this predicament, stopped the horse, readjusted the wagon seat, and helped him on to it. Not recognizing him, whitened all over with meal dust as he was, he said to him:

“It is a pity that you should get so drunk as to be unable to sit up.”

“Drunk!” replied my father, “If when thou art my age thou canst sit up, whether drunk or sober, thou wilt be smarter than I think for.”

The kind Samaritan, then recognizing him, apologized for his suspicion, came to my house, told of the incident, and so it reached me.

When the troubles following upon the election of Lincoln, in November, 1860, occurred, father was over ninety-four years of age. He denounced what he called “the imbecility of the administration,” insisted that the president was too old, and condemned in strongest terms the policy which permitted insurgents to erect batteries around Fort Sumter. One day while he was talking upon this subject, his housekeeper, interrupting him, said:

“Why, grandfather, with thy peace principles thou wouldst not have them fire shot and shell at them?”

“Well,” he replied with a smile, “perhaps I would try first the effect of some hot water, but I would heat it very hot,” a remark which showed that the intensity of the patriotic feeling at the North had affected even the most peaceful and aged Quakers quite as much as it evidenced his ready wit.

He was a remarkably vigorous, active, and athletic man. I remember to have seen him climb, hand over hand, by the aid of the waterspout, to the roof of a two-story building, (one by the way in which resided the father of Simon Greenleaf, known to lawyers the world over,) taking with him a rope, the occasion being a fire on the roof, with no scuttle or ladder by which to reach it.

With his physical strength father possessed also a strong will and great self-control. One day he was assaulted by a man in his employ whom he had just discharged for some neglect of duty. The man struck him, and father took him by the collar, backed him into a corner and held him there, in spite of the fellow's struggles, without striking him or otherwise injuring him, though he himself received repeated blows, until the man was tired out, begged pardon, and promised better fashions.

My grandfather had had some cancerous trouble about the mouth, and when father was a young man he had what was thought to be a slight indication of the same trouble, and a physician advised him to chew tobacco as a preventive. He was about twenty-two at the time, and continued the habit of chewing until after he was seventy years old, when one day mother called his attention to a tobacco stain upon the bosom of his shirt, and father, removing the tobacco from his mouth and pocket, said he would use the “nasty

stuff" no more. And he never did. Habitual users of the weed can appreciate the will power required for that reform better than those of us who have had no similar experience.

My father died on the first day of June, 1861, at the age of ninety-four years and nine months. In all his life neither his personal character nor his business integrity was ever questioned by so much as a breath of suspicion. He had always possessed sound health, but after he was eighty years of age he fell on the ice and broke a hip, and he was confined for several months to his bed, and never so far recovered as to be able to walk without lameness, though long after this he was about attending to ordinary affairs.

For two months prior to his death he lingered on the outermost verge of time, seeming every day on the point of passing away. He had no disease, but the lamp of life, exhausted of its oil, simply ceased to burn. He was always cheerful and happy, though weary with the burden of his years, and longing to be at rest, but willing and trying patiently to await God's good time to call him hence.

No more loving father, no more upright and honorable man, or truer Christian and patriot, ever lived. A Friend, descended from a long line of Friends, his life always conformed to their rules, which treat this world as a vestibule to a future life. He never for a moment wavered in his fidelity to truth, and the consistency of his life and conversation was entirely without stain. The following paragraph is taken from a notice of him published just after his death in the columns of a local newspaper. It was written by the late Hon. William Willis:

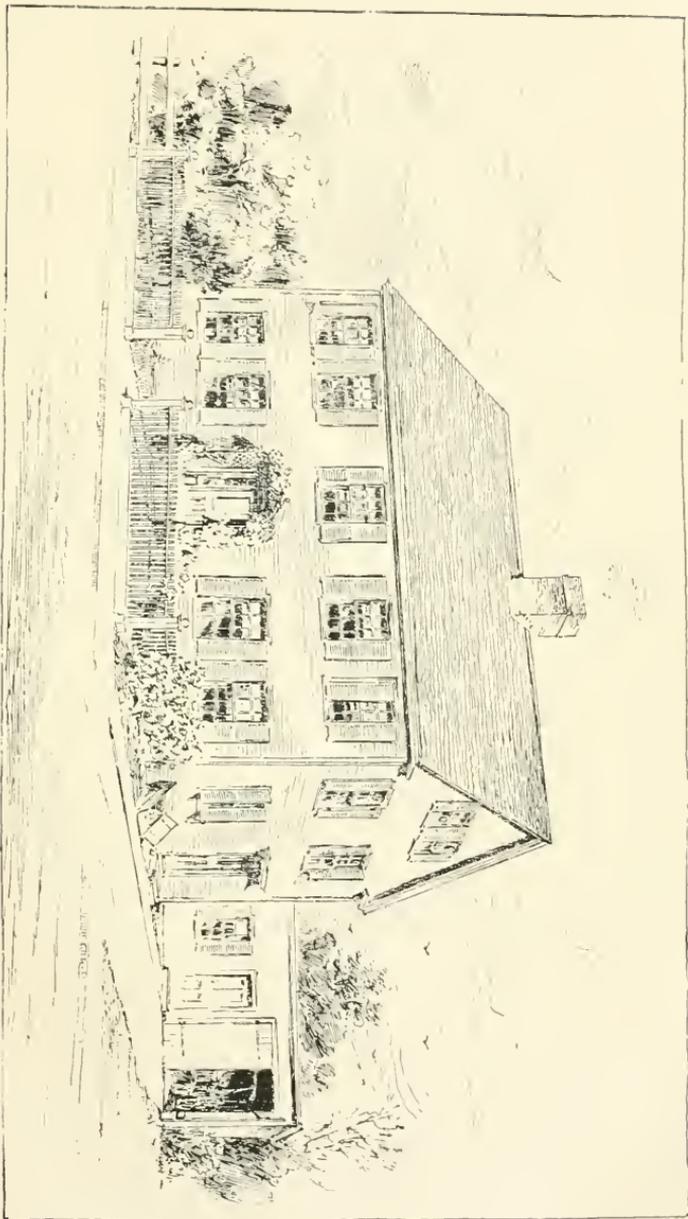
“ Firm in principle, just and liberal in all his transactions, he may be pronounced one of nature’s true noblemen, an honest man. He never sought notoriety, nor desired public office. Although he represented the town one year in the legislature of Massachusetts, and was one year a selectman, he preferred the quiet pursuit of his honorable calling to the agitation and turmoil of public office. ‘Along the cool, sequestered vale of life, he kept the noiseless tenor of his way.’ ”

CHAPTER II.

MY BIRTH, BOYHOOD, SCHOOL DAYS. SOME REFERENCE TO
EARLY PORTLAND.

I was born in Portland, March 20, 1804, in the house mentioned in the previous chapter, where my parents passed the greater portion of their lives, and in which they died. That house is still standing, on Congress street, opposite my present residence, though materially changed in outward appearance and internal arrangement.

I come of a long-lived, healthy family. My father was sick scarcely a day in his life of nearly ninety-five years. His father lived to be eighty-five, his grandfather on his mother's side to a very advanced age, and his grandmother died at one hundred and two, in full possession of all her mental powers, and active up to the day of her death, as I have been told. On my mother's side my grandmother reached eighty-five, while her grandfather, my great-grandfather, lived to be over ninety. They were all Quakers. Industry, frugality, and temperance, through several generations, distinctly impressed their effect upon the physical characteristics of the family.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF NEAL DOW.

Years ago, before I had taken any special interest in the subject of temperance, I saw an extract purporting to have been taken from the "*Medical Intelligencer*," an English publication. I believe, in which it was stated that the Friends' registers of vital statistics in London showed that one in every ten Quakers lived to be seventy years old, while of the general population of London but one in fifty attained that age. This great advantage in point of longevity enjoyed by the Quakers was attributed to their temperate mode of life.

What is of more importance yet—as quality of life is of more value than length—the Quakers as a whole gave little employment to courts, constables or coroners. Somewhere in the early "thirties" I heard Chief Justice Mellen, of Maine, say that, in an experience of more than forty-five years on the bench and in practice at the bar, he had known of but one Quaker brought to the criminal side of the court.

Inheriting a tendency to longevity, and a good constitution, I had robust health, improved by great bodily activity, and stimulated by a fondness for all reasonable athletic exercises, in which, as a boy, I was generally equal to my school-fellows and later, to the young men of my acquaintance. While my early home was supplied with all the necessities and essential comforts of life, there was neither in it nor in the mode of living there excess or luxury which might tend to impair my heritage of physical strength.

My earliest recollection is of strict, though kindly, discipline. Never, so far as I can recall, irritable, excitable or impatient with me, my parents were prompt, positive and firm in the correction of misdoing. An instance or two will illustrate my "bringing

up" in this particular. One of my remembrances is of an experience doubtless of benefit to me. When a visiting seamstress, "Aunt Lucy," was making my first "trousers," I was anxious that there should be two pockets, but my mother decided that one would be sufficient. When the garment was finished I so manifested my dissatisfaction upon this point as to merit and receive a rebuke from my mother. As that did not stop my complaining, she quietly said, "Lucy, thou mayest sew up the pocket thou hast made." There was no appeal.

One of my playmates had induced me to purchase of him, for three or four coppers I had saved, a whistle he had whittled out of a piece of willow wood. My incessant whistling led to inquiries by my father, who, having shown me how simple was the process of making a whistle, added: "Neal, I am afraid that thou wilt come out of the little end of the horn if thou spendest thy money so foolishly." I replied: "I'd rather come out of the little end than stick in the middle."

The prompt confiscation of the whistle fixed in my memory the parental admonition that children should always be respectful to their parents. This incident was called to my mind years afterwards by my father, who, when over ninety, laughingly said when I told him of my determination to accept an invitation I had received to make a speaking tour in Great Britain: "I am afraid, Neal, that thou wilt make as much noise in the world as thou didst with the whistle I took from thee."

Idleness was regarded by my parents as a dangerous evil and a sin against one's self, and I was brought up to look upon useful employment as not only tributary

to health and strength, but as a divinely appointed safeguard from many otherwise inevitable misfortunes. There were many ways in which a boy about a New England home of my time, in such a community as Portland then was, could make himself useful. My parents sought to guard me from the mischief, which, as I was made to believe, "Satan always finds for idle hands to do." If I ever had any natural disinclination to be usefully employed, parental training soon corrected it.

As soon as I was old enough I went to a "dame's" school, as those taught by women were then called. I remember it and my teacher well. The school was kept but a few rods from my father's house, in a room in a large, two-story house, at the corner of Congress and Vaughan streets, where now stands the Eye and Ear Infirmary.

Two roads crossed there, making the traditional spot for the burial of suicides, and every youngster in that school was wont to look with awe at a great stone said to mark the particular place where had been buried years before a man who had taken his own life. Whether there was any foundation for the tale, I do not say, but it was real enough to make the place a gruesome one to all "Aunt Phebe's" scholars.

My next school was also a "dame's," on Congress street, nearly opposite the head of Green street. There I was advanced to reading in words of two syllables. From that I was promoted to another, kept also by a "dame," at the corner of Congress and Pearl streets, now the northwest corner of Lincoln Park. In this I was supposed to be prepared for the "master's" school, which I next attended, taught by Master Hall, one of the large and prominent family of Friends, descend-

ants of Hate-Evil Hall, previously referred to. This school was located on Spring street in a large, wooden schoolhouse standing on the spot near State street, now occupied by the city as a site for an engine-house.

That was a public school, and its teacher was a famous one for those days. He "knew" geography and grammar, and taught classes of older pupils in those abstruse and difficult branches of learning, as they were considered at that time. The scholars who belonged to those classes were proud, and would hardly consent to speak to those of us who were yet plodding in the Columbian Oracle, and Simple Arithmetic, or maybe in the spelling-book, where we read the famous parable of the apple-tree, the naughty boys and the tufts of grass and the stones. The lessons of that parable sank deeply into the minds of some of us who, in after life, while dealing with what we deemed wrong, forgot the turf and resorted promptly to the stones.

From the public school I went to a private one kept by Master Taylor, the father of the Master Taylor so well and favorably known to a later generation of Portland boys as a teacher of the public Grammar school. Master Taylor was faithful and kind to all his scholars, but dignified, resolute and firm. Under him, all who loved to study, and I was one of them, made rapid progress. His words of encouragement to his industrious pupils were a stimulus to even greater diligence on their part. This school was kept in a wooden building on Union street, often used also by Master Taylor as a chapel on Sunday, and which stood there until destroyed by the great fire of 1866.

Father Taylor lived many years, honored and respected by all who knew him, and when I became a

man he and I were great friends. That school was *the* private school of the time, and its pupils were generally from the most substantial families of the town. One of the scholars, Horatio Illsley by name, was a general favorite with us all. He was an exceptionally active boy, but while attending school was attacked by a disease of the knee which made amputation of the limb necessary. There were no anesthetics then, and his school-fellows conceived a great admiration for him because he suffered the operation with a fortitude hardly exceeded by the stoicism of the North American Indian, insisting upon being so placed as to be able to watch the surgeon. He became a Congregational minister, highly respected by all his acquaintances. Years afterwards, when settled as a pastor in Illinois, his house was swept away by a great flood in the night, while all of his family were sleeping. Mr. Illsley, who, notwithstanding his physical infirmity, was an expert swimmer, was the only one of his household saved.

From Master Taylor's school I was transferred to the Portland Academy, of which at the time Master Cushman was principal, and to which came pupils from different parts of the state, and from other states. The academy building was on Congress street, just east of Temple street, and was also burned in 1866.

Master Cushman was not only a good teacher in the branches of learning with which his scholars were occupied, but by his deportment as a polished gentleman so influenced them that I do not remember one of them who was vulgar, rude or coarse.

Among his pupils at the time were Henry W. Longfellow and his brother Stephen, Edward Preble, son of the famous commodore, William Brown, who

became prominent in the South, Sumner Cummings, afterwards one of Portland's most noted physicians, the brothers Erastus and James Brooks, prominent in journalistic and political circles in New York, besides others who became distinguished in business and professional life.

It would be difficult indeed for the rising generation of to-day in any ordinary New England community, surrounded by the conditions generally prevailing in the present, to conceive of those marking the time of my boyhood, in the town where I was brought up. Maine was then, compared to much of the rest of New England, a new country. Most of the people in coming to Portland from the surrounding country rode on horseback. Those having produce to sell brought it in saddle-bags.

Indeed, most of us who had occasion to go out of town, except upon the established stage-roads, found horseback riding the easiest, as it was the commonest, mode of travel. Most of the roads off the main east and west stage-lines were so poor as to be impracticable for light-wheeled vehicles, which, for that matter, most of the country-folk were too poor to own, and others who might perhaps have afforded the luxury debarred themselves therefrom to avoid the special war-tax imposed upon them by the United States government. Occasionally were to be seen a farmer and his wife mounted upon the same horse, the woman on a pillion behind the saddle, but this custom passed out while I was quite young.

At that time saddle-making was quite an industry in Portland, a large number of men being employed in it. Seals were caught in great numbers in Casco bay for their skins, which were used, some of them, for

making saddles and saddlebags, and others by the trunk manufacturers.

My youthful life was quite like that of all boys of the time born into fairly comfortable circumstances, with a parental roof for shelter and firm parental discipline and care for a guide. One incident may serve to throw some light upon the local surroundings of my boyhood. Ridiculous as it was, at the time it was a serious enough affair to me to root itself deeply in my memory. I was very much, or not much, of a youngster, perhaps seven or eight years old, when for some reason that I do not now recollect, I found myself one morning in a barber's shop on Fore street, near the head of one of the wharves. In a yard connected with the shop was a large monkey, and some of the loiterers there arranged for a fight between the monkey and myself. Not old enough to realize the absurdity of such a match, or to understand that there were only bites and scratches to be had, and no good of any kind, or even so-called honor, to be won from the scrimmage, I permitted myself to be armed with a stout stick furnished by one of the men and entered the territory where the monkey intended to be supreme. The rest of the affair I remember as if it were an occurrence of yesterday.

To such a monkey as I then encountered, it is wise to give a wide berth. He opened the fight with teeth and claw, jumping at my face, biting at me and tearing my clothes with all his considerable might. I kept him in front of me as well as I could, kicking and striking him whenever I got the chance. How long the folly lasted I do not know. For what seemed to me a long time the monkey had most of the fun and I most of the pain, but at length the brute

got tired of it and knew enough to give up. Corresponding intelligence on my part would have kept me out of the scrape altogether.

Before I had thrashed the monkey as soundly as I wished, I was called off, and came out of the yard bitten, scratched, bloody and dirty from head to foot, and with clothes torn, but I was so petted and rewarded with candy and round-cakes by the rascally bystanders who had put me up to the fight, that I imagined myself quite a hero until, taking a great deal of the dirt, some of the blood, and all of the scratches home with me, I found, much to my discomfort, that my parents took a very different view of the affair from that held by the barber-shop loafers.

Parental correction and parental precepts were concurrently so impressed upon my body and mind that from that time I never saw anything to admire or to interest in the exhibition of mere brute strength and courage. A very ordinary mule can kick a harder blow than the toughest bruiser can strike, and I have never been able to account for the interest which men, capable of higher concerns, sometimes manifest in that kind of exhibition and rivalry in which brutes of a lower order, and inferior ones at that, could excel them.

When I was four or five years of age, a horse attached to a wagon came up the street near my father's house, running at full speed. I stepped into the roadway in his path, with the absurd idea of stopping him. The horse, perhaps out of pity for me, turned out, went by, and I escaped unharmed. More than fifty years after that incident, the owner of that horse, who at the time of the runaway was a next door neighbor of my father, was living, an elderly and

retired merchant, in Boston. In that city, while I was at the South during the war, he called on my wife, who happened to be visiting friends there, told her of the above incident, which had entirely escaped my memory, and charged her to write and remind me of it, adding: "Tell him that I say that that act of his boyhood foreshadowed the characteristics of his after life."

If he intended that for a compliment it was, perhaps, to my supposed pluck at the expense of my judgment. My position in reference to the liquor-traffic has been deemed by many considerate people as no more reasonable than was my stand in the days of my untutored babyhood in the path of that runaway horse. I have not, however, allowed myself to be concerned as to what others may have thought of me. He who swerves from what he believes to be his duty, through fear of the ridicule or opposition of his neighbors, can accomplish little or nothing.

My father once owned an old-fashioned silver watch, too large to be conveniently carried, which he often hung on a hook on the wall. One day, when a little fellow, I climbed into a chair to get at the watch, tipped the chair over, pulled the watch down, which, falling with me to the floor, was broken. When reproved for meddling with the timepiece, I urged upon my father that the fault was altogether with those who had left the watch within my reach. Years afterwards, in relating the incident, my father would laughingly say that he had heard me make my argument for Prohibition, so far as it bore upon the removal of temptation, before I was six years old.

One of the playmates of my early boyhood had a

distressing experience in after life. He became a drinking man, and one evening when intoxicated left a runshop in company with a friend, whose dead body was found the next morning bearing evidence of foul play. My whilom companion was charged with murder, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hung. A peculiarity of our statutes, at that time prescribing the penalty of death, left the time for the execution to be fixed at the pleasure of the governor, and as it was rarely pleasant for a governor to participate in such an affair, hangings were seldom, if ever, ordered, and convicted murderers waited in prison for the gubernatorial appointment of the fatal day.

Years after the sentence, in the case referred to, the runseller, from whose shop the victim and the convicted went out together on the night of the murder, was seriously ill, and, sending for a clergyman, confessed upon his death-bed that he was the actual murderer. The outcome was a speedy pardon of the poor fellow who might have been hung for the deed. Broken in health and spirit, he came out into the world again, with no legal right to recompense for his lost time and ruined reputation and prospects, and scarcely thankful, as he afterwards told me, that the execution had not been ordered before his innocence was established. His experience, however, thoroughly sobered him, and he lived thereafter a temperate life.

When seven or eight years old, I was induced by a young man residing in the vicinity of my father's house to smoke a pipe, by the suggestion that I never would be a man until I had done so. After keeping at it for some time, I was made so desperately sick that I abandoned the pipe, and with it all hope of attaining

to man's estate. But the effect of the tobacco upon me was such that from that day to this I have not used it in any form, the memory of that sickness restraining me until I was old enough to appreciate and to be controlled by higher considerations.

Portland, as a part of the town of Falmouth, had borne its full share of trials incident to the settlement of a new country. Twice its inhabitants, or such of them as had escaped the tomahawk and scalping knife, had been driven away and the hamlet blotted out in the Indian wars. In 1775, it was bombarded by an English fleet, and more than four hundred buildings were destroyed. Shortly after the close of the Revolutionary war it was set off from Falmouth and incorporated under its present name.

At the time of my earliest recollection of Portland there were no traces remaining that I now recall of its bombardment, but as a commercial town it suffered much in the troubles prior to and during the war of 1812, and during my boyhood had not recovered from the shock to its business enterprise caused thereby. Everything was on a small scale, and the people seemed to be only waiting for better days. Prior to the embargo, its shipping had been valued at a million and a half, a very large item for so small a place, and it had been profitably employed, but at the time of which I am writing it was idle.

Grass literally grew upon our wharves, and in one year in my early boyhood soup dinners were gratuitously distributed among the poor of the town. Its houses were mostly small and unpretentious, though there are even now in Portland some large and fine residences built by the prosperous merchants of the latter part of the last century, most of whom, how-

ever, afterwards failed, because of the troubles alluded to.

I recall very little of the war of 1812, though some incidents connected with it are still fresh in my memory. One day when recovering from an attack of sickness I watched the "Sea Fencibles" as they were drilling near my father's house in a field in full view from my chamber window. This was a company of volunteers organized to man a battery erected on Munjoy Hill, opposite the main entrance to Portland harbor, the remains of the embankment of which are now included within Fort Allen Park.

By the way, that battery was more formidable in appearance than reality. Its most dangerous looking guns were "Quakers," great logs of wood, shaped like cannon and painted black. They doubtless served a better purpose than the smaller, but genuine iron, guns would have done had the hostile British ships, so frequently seen in the offing, come within their range.

There were people living in Portland who remembered the destruction of the town by Mowatt, and whenever a strange sail was seen off Cape Elizabeth so much anxiety was manifest about town that even the small boys noticed it. Well they might. The terror of that bombardment lasted longer than the traces of the ruin it wrought. My grandfather Allen had a vivid recollection of his observations and experiences on that day, never to be forgotten by one who was on the ground. He had come into town, or to "The Neck," as Portland was then called, with his team, to assist in the removal of furniture and goods to points beyond the reach of the guns of the fleet.

While walking beside his loaded team, a shell

dropped just in front of his oxen. He prostrated himself on the ground and waited for the explosion, which did no other harm than to make quite an excavation in the road and cover him and his team with dirt. So clearly did he picture to me the scenes of that day, of the groups of anxious women and crying children in the pastures, of the men hurrying to and fro, of the bursting shells and burning buildings, that after all these years it seems to me that I saw with my own eyes an event which occurred thirty years before my birth.

But to return to the "Sea Fencibles," whom we left drilling. I was told a story relating to the selection of the captain in charge of the company on the occasion of that drill. In the canvass preceding his election, Hon. Asa Clapp, one of the wealthiest, most respected, and most influential merchants of Portland, who was a member of the company, objected, it was said, to the choice of this candidate for the command, because the aspirant was a religious man and a church-member, and, Mr. Clapp urged, being thus prepared for death he would have no fear, and would be more likely, if chosen captain, to expose his men to danger than would his irreligious rival for the epaulettes and sword, because the latter, as Mr. Clapp suggested, not being ready to die himself, would, in taking care of his own life, look out better for the lives of his soldiers than would his pious rival.

I remember the great excitement in our little town during the war following the arrival in our harbor of the *Enterprise* with her prize, the English brig *Boxer*, after the famous sea-fight just outside. The *Boxer* was moored at the end of the wharf, while the *Enterprise* was out in the stream. With other boys of my

age I went on board the former, and with interest and awe examined the shot-holes in her hull and what was said to be the blood-stains on her deck.

In the fight, the captains of both ships, both young men, were killed. The funeral procession which escorted their remains to their last resting-place in our old Eastern cemetery I was not permitted to see, for my father did not wish my youthful mind to be impressed by the music, uniforms and arms, the pomp and general display of that occasion.

Quite a number of privateers were fitted out in Portland during that war, meeting with varying success. Some captured prizes, some were captured, and some were lost at sea. With the master of one of these, Captain Cammett, I became well acquainted after I had attained to manhood. He told me of an exciting adventure he had during our troubles with France prior to the war of 1812. His vessel, a merchantman, with the owner on board, had been captured by a French cruiser and taken into a French port. There it was left alongside a quay, with a squad of French infantry on board as a guard. Captain Cammett conceived the plan of taking advantage of a favoring breeze to regain possession of his vessel and put out to sea.

He obtained permission to hoist his sails in the afternoon, on the pretense of preventing them from mildewing. He made his main boom fast with a temporary line and completed other preparations which gave rise to no suspicion on the part of his "land-lubber" guard. At dusk, when all was ready and his own crew properly stationed, the lines which held the craft to the quay were cut, and an instant later the main boom was set free by a blow from a

hatchet, and, swinging around, it knocked down and overboard half a dozen French soldiers. The crew disposed of two or three others, and the rest jumped into the sea. Captain Cammett got his vessel out safely, half a dozen cannon-shot failing to do any damage except that one passed through a sail.

Friends were generally consistent in their walk and conversation in all matters pertaining to war. Prizes were brought into Portland at that time by privateers fitted out here, and their cargoes were disposed of at public sale. Among others was one laden with some specially nice crockery ware. Much of that found its way into the houses of well-to-do families of the day, and some pieces of it are still preserved here in private collections as mementos of the time. As a rule, the Friends would have nothing to do with any of these cargoes, though the low prices at which such goods were generally sold must otherwise have proved much of a temptation to their proverbial frugality.

The wife and daughter of a family connection of ours, the husband and father of whom was a leading man in the business circles of Portland, as well as among the Quakers, influenced undoubtedly by the low price at which it was sold as well as by the beauty of the ware alluded to, bought a quantity of it and packed it away in their attic, with the idea, perhaps, that when peace should be restored they could consistently use it.

One day, some time after the purchase, Friend Hussey came home, and after a solemn look at his wife, but without a word, went directly to the attic. The mother and daughter listened. They suspected that he must have learned of their purchase. Immediately they heard a crash of crockery in the yard, and,

looking out, saw piece after piece come smashing from the attic window until all they had bought was destroyed. Then the sturdy Quaker came down, looked over the *débris* in the yard, to see that nothing had escaped destruction, sent for a team and had the fragments carted away. The wife and daughter expected reproof, but never a word was said to them on the subject by the head of the family, who evidently felt that he had sufficiently rebuked the "weakness of his women folk."

When I was a boy a murderer was hung on Munjoy Hill. He had been convicted of killing, in a town adjoining Portland, an officer who was attempting to serve some sort of legal document upon him. The inhabitants generally from all the surrounding country, as well as from Portland itself, flocked to the scene, as to a feast, and a gala day was made of it, the people picnicking on the hill near the gallows. Boy-like, I wished also to view the horrible sight, as some of the boys in my neighborhood were allowed to do, with their parents, but my father forbade it. My Uncle Jonathan, who was a sea-captain, was then visiting our home, and he was about to give me a glimpse of it through a spyglass from the scuttle of our roof when I was summarily summoned down-stairs by my father, to my great and unreasonable wrong, as I then thought.

The pillory, the stocks, and the whipping-post were out of use by the time I was old enough to understand anything about such matters, but the two former, after their disuse, were stored with other old lumber near the jail, where I saw them, and where for years they excited the interest and curiosity of those whose attention was called to them. As to the whipping-post

I have no recollection, but I have never thought of a punishment better adapted for one class of criminals—wife-beaters—than whipping. Were that promptly administered in every known case of such outrage, I am confident there would be fewer of them. Well-founded objections may be urged to public administrations of it, and I would be willing to compromise on a sufficiently severe private application.

One of the interesting, and, upon the whole, impressive sights with which the youths of my day were familiar was the ceremonies attending the opening of court, or rather the progress—for it was altogether too majestic to be termed the walk—of the judge from his tavern or boarding-house to the court-house. At the appointed time, the sheriff, with several under-officers, the former armed with a sword, the others with staves, presented themselves at the domicile of the judge to escort his honor through the streets. Pending the pleasure of the court to commence the march, a group in which small boys predominated always gathered about the door, just beyond reach of the tip of the longest official staff, which was liable without warning to tap the head, to poke the ribs, or to drop on the toes of some venturesome urchin who approached too near the sacred circle which was to receive the “Judge”.

When the door opened and the awful presence of the embodied majesty of law approached, stillness fell upon the group. The boys doffed their hats, save the little Quakers among them who had been taught at home that to remove a hat to a mortal man was a grave offense to God. The sheriff would approach the judge, with his hat, a cocked one, in hand, and ask his “worship’s” pleasure. Then after the exchange of a

few formal questions and replies the little procession would form.

The sheriff, with drawn sword, placed himself in the van; behind him two tipstaves took places, looking more important than the sheriff himself; then the judge, with a calm, stern countenance, impressing all the boys about, and older people too, I dare say, with a deep sense of the great amount of justice, righteousness and wisdom the commonwealth had committed to his keeping. Behind the judge in position, but not a whit in pompousness of bearing, were two other officers carrying staves. Then the march began its slow and stately way to the court-house, perhaps a quarter to half a mile distant. Behind, at a respectful distance — no one presumed to get near enough to be by any chance mistaken for a part of the retinue of the court — followed men and boys. Hats, always excepting those of the Quakers, were lifted by the townsfolk met or passed on the way to court.

Such ceremony now would be likely to excite ridicule because we are so unused to anything of the kind. I am not sure, upon the whole, but that the effect was good. Certainly the men who are clothed with the great powers of the judiciary, ought always to stand so high, in learning, in official conduct and bearing — and shall I not say, above all, in their private life and conversation — as to justly command the respect of all right-thinking citizens.

When I was about twelve years old, I saw the first elephant exhibited in Maine. It was a great wonder, and the people thronged into Portland from many miles around, on foot, on horseback, and in every conceivable kind of conveyance, except what would now be regarded as convenient and comfortable for such

use. The animal was exhibited in the stable-yard of a tavern standing near where now The Evening Express Publishing Company is located. Besides the interest which the first sight of such a beast would excite, I have another reason for remembering it.

I saw a man wrap some tobacco in paper and give it to the elephant, and, boy-like, was amused with the "fun" the act made for the bystanders. The keeper, attracted by that, asked what it was all about, and, upon being told, advised the man to get away from the place immediately, because, as he said, the animal would be sure to resent it if opportunity offered, and if he happened to pass within its reach, the elephant would certainly kill him. At first the man was disposed to ignore the advice, but the keeper was so positive that it would be dangerous for him to remain that he concluded to go.

The elephant remained on exhibition for some time. If I mistake not, it was the first ever brought to the country, and was as much of a wonder to adult as to youthful spectators. On its way out of Maine the poor brute was shot in the town of Alfred by a farmer who was incensed because its owners had taken so much money from the farmers.

When about thirteen years old, after I had been some time at the Portland Academy, I was sent with my sister Harriet to the Friends' Academy in New Bedford. The reason for this change was in part the desire of my parents to assist the school, and in part because they believed it would be to our advantage to mingle with people outside our own home.

I went in a new and clean ship just built in Portland for New Bedford parties engaged in the whaling business, which they had established at Havre, France,

attracted there by the bounty given by the French government to whaling vessels employing a certain proportion of Frenchmen in their crews. It was commanded by a Captain Winslow, a connection of the family, and was bound to New Bedford to be fitted and furnished as a first-class whaler, prior to her departure for France. Her captain was an intimate friend of my father, a gentleman of culture and refinement, who had seen a great deal of the world, and who had taken a great interest in me when visiting our house, where I was always glad to listen to his tales of the countries he had visited and the manners and customs of the people in the various places he had seen, all so strange to me.

Owing to unfavorable winds, the voyage to New Bedford was much longer than was expected, but it was an interesting and instructive one to me, and I enjoyed every hour of it, as would any other strong and active boy. The captain apparently found much pleasure in explaining to me many matters about the management of ships, and I am surprised that he should have so patiently answered the many questions suggested by my curiosity and my desire to understand something about everything I saw. I was permitted to go aloft with the crew to assist (?) in making or shifting sail, as the case might be. On all such occasions I was put on the extreme yard-arm, but I had next me a strong, active sailor charged to keep careful watch over me.

In New Bedford, I was placed in a Friend's family to board, where I was content from the first day, and was made to feel as much at home as if under my father's roof. A maiden lady in this family had me under her special care. She took pleasure in intro-

ducing me among cultivated people older than I, and in that way I had the good fortune to come under the influence of a circle in which my mind and manners had opportunities for improvement.

Those were happy as well as useful days for me. The Friends in New Bedford were numerous, and because of their wealth, culture, and high personal qualities, were influential citizens. They endeavored to make life pleasant for all students from abroad in their school, and consequently, with other scholars, I was often at their houses, almost one of them in their charming family circles. Some acquaintances and friendships formed there, though none of my associates of those days, as far as I am aware, are now living,* seem to me fresh and warm to this day, having been kept up by correspondence and interchange of visits for many years. Among my schoolmates was Moses H. Grinnell, afterwards a prominent New York merchant.

While at school in New Bedford, during vacations, I made excursions in the family carriage of the good people with whom I boarded, to neighboring towns, going two or three times into Rhode Island, and visiting there some of my schoolmates. The yearly meeting of the Friends was held at Newport, R. I., in June of each year, and we found visits there most

* Among the greetings received by General Dow upon the occasion of his ninetieth birthday, March 20, 1894, was the following, from an old schoolmate, whom he remembered well, but whom he had supposed was not living.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., March 18, 1894.

GEN. NEAL DOW,

My Dear Early Friend:

Your old schoolmate sends hearty greetings to you as you reach the age of ninety. I shall be the same next 28th June. Well do I remember you and your sister Harriet in our young days in New Bedford. May God bless you.

Sincerely,

ABBY GIFFORD BRYANT.

delightful, associating, as we did, with the best people of the society from every part of New England, among them many of about our own age.

The principal of the Friends' Academy, at the time of my connection with it, was Thomas A. Green. He was admirably fitted for the situation, maintaining a careful, fatherly discipline in the school. We had a great company of boys and girls at the academy as students. They were from different states, and during all the time I heard of no incident, and an incident there was none, which might not be freely spoken of in any company.

The school was well equipped for the course of studies pursued there, which included the classics as well as all branches of English learning at that time taught in New England academies. One special attraction for me was a large philosophical apparatus which was said to be of the best construction and workmanship of its time. Through it I acquired a taste for mechanics in all branches. As one result of this, I may here add that I have been a subscriber for the *Scientific American* from its first publication, I think, to the present time, and have never failed to carefully read each number when I have been at home with opportunity so to do.

And this reminds me of the interest I took in the construction of the first steam-engine ever made in Maine. It was a small, experimental affair, made by my honored friend, Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, of Constantinople fame. This was in the early "thirties," when steam-engines were more than novelties—wonders to most people. Though I had seen steam-engines, and had read and talked and written about them, they were still objects of great interest to me.

Dr. Hamlin was then a student at Bowdoin college, in the cabinet of which that masterpiece of his youth is yet retained as a curiosity. It was a sort of locomotive, large and strong enough to carry two men, and would propel itself along a floor. Young Hamlin did most of his work upon it in Portland, and I was frequently with him, rendering such aid as I might. That was little enough. But when it was finished, Mr. Hamlin was in debt on its account, and I interested myself to secure for him an invitation to lecture before the Portland Lyceum—I was then president of that society—thus obtaining for him some remuneration. What was a matter of great personal interest to me, Mr. Hamlin has always regarded as a favor and kindness to him.*

Continuing my digression, I may say that my interest in this experiment of Dr. Hamlin led me to urge my father, and finally to induce him, rather against his own judgment, to substitute steam for the old horse and windmill power we were then using in our tannery, with the result that we there put in operation the first stationary engine ever built in Portland. It was a wonderful machine in its day, and did good service for many years, but to the modern steam engineer it would appear to be a thing wonderfully and fearfully, if not intricately, made.

But to return to New Bedford. The school had an exceptionally fine library, the gift of a rich Friend in Rhode Island. Among its useful and entertaining

*Among the books in the library of the late General Dow is one by Dr. Hamlin, with the following inscription on its title page: "This volume is presented by the author to his honored and beloved friend, Gen. Neal Dow, in memory of the aid and cheer rendered to him sixty-two years ago while making under difficulties the first steam-engine ever made in Maine.

books I passed hours. There I could gratify to my heart's content my love for reading, already formed, and which has remained with me until this day, in all its early freshness and strength. Because of this taste for books, I have had in all my life, few, if any, lonely hours. When not otherwise employed, my time has been occupied with reading or writing, and has never hung heavily upon my hands. Even the well-nigh unbearable confinement in a military prison was made comparatively cheerful by the books which were kindly given me. But more elsewhere of this.

We had athletic sports, not as a business, nor as engrossing our time at the expense of our studies, but simply as a recreation. "Shinny" was the popular game of the day. We also had football, but never engaged in the game with the ferocity sometimes exhibited in these later times. We had aquatic sports, and there were many pleasant spots up and down the shores of Buzzard's bay which we visited on picnics or otherwise.

A large whaling fleet was owned in New Bedford, and New Bedford boys generally were fond of the management of boats and all sports about the wharves and water, and looked forward to the time when they should become masters of whaling ships. With many others, I became an expert swimmer, and, emulating them in the handling of sail-boats, became skilled in this sort of seamanship. Practice in this line continued through my youth and early manhood, and the knowledge and experience thus obtained has on more than one occasion proved of value when others, whose position was such that they should have been relied upon in the emergency, proved unequal to it. Looking back upon my amusements in and

about the water at New Bedford, I wonder that I escaped drowning, so many times was I in great danger.

Wonderful yarns were spun in New Bedford then of the adventures of men in hunting whales, of their hairbreadth escapes from drowning and from attacks of whales upon boats, and sometimes ships, that were struck and sunk by the monsters. There was a whaleman in New Bedford who told us he was in a boat smashed by a whale's tail, setting the crew afloat in mid-ocean; that he was taken into the whale's jaws, which closed upon him, holding him fast and pinching him a little, but with no wound; then, the mouth slowly opening, the man quickly escaped, and was picked up by another boat.

I remember a Captain Parker, especially, a small man, of great activity and bodily power. He was lame in one foot, and told this story about it. He was steersman in a whale-boat. A large whale was struck and "sounded." The line caught Parker's ankle, carrying him overboard, and down, down, down, with tremendous velocity. He did not lose presence of mind, and endeavored to cut the line with his sheath-knife, but could not manage it until the whale lessened its speed and he was able to reach the line and sever it. He remembered no more until he recovered consciousness, surrounded by his fellows, who had seized him, drowned, as they supposed, as he came up close to the boat.

Such men were regarded as heroes by all young New Bedford then, greater, doubtless, in the minds of the young Quakers at the Friends' Academy than if as soldiers they had exposed themselves on a hundred battle-fields.

In discharging the cargo of one of those whalers at a New Bedford wharf, it was found that a cask was firmly fixed to one side of the vessel. It was an object of great interest to the people who visited the ship in crowds to see it. When finally the cask was taken down, it was found to have been fastened there by the sword of a swordfish, which it was alleged had passed through the hull of the ship between the timbers, and, puncturing the oil-cask, held it in position.

I was relating this incident not long ago to my old friend, Capt. Benjamin J. Willard, of this city, the well known pilot and fisherman, and he told me that some forty years prior to the time of our conversation he was in a museum in Philadelphia, and there saw some planks from a ship containing part of the sword of a swordfish which had passed completely through. He was told that the specimen was taken from a whaling-ship, that the sword had pierced an oil-cask, and that the incident had occurred many years before his visit to the museum. Upon my suggesting that it might have been taken from the same ship which I had seen in New Bedford, he replied that it was possible, but that occurrences of the kind were not at all uncommon, that he himself on two occasions had been in ships which had thus been injured by swordfish.

In those days there were no railroads, and steamboats had not begun to run along our coasts. Traveling was by stage or private conveyance. When my sister and I were to return from New Bedford, my father drove from Portland to take us home in the family chaise. First we went from New Bedford to Newport, where we attended the yearly meeting several days, then to Providence the first day, next to Boston, to Portsmouth, N. H., on the third day, and

thence to Portland, consuming four days of what was good traveling then, to cover a route which may be now traveled in less than half a score of hours. In the same way I went with my sister the next year to New Bedford, and again the year after to Newport to attend yearly meeting, no better mode of travel offering. To children of our age such journeying afforded perpetual delight as well as instruction.

I may as well say here that in the earlier days of railroading in New England, or at least in Maine, not long after the railroad between Portland and Boston had been constructed I went over it with an excursion party. We left Portland between four and five o'clock in the morning, expecting to arrive in Boston in the early forenoon, but although our train was no longer than the ordinary every-day train of to-day, the engine was so absurdly inadequate for the work (and it was probably as good as any of that time) that it was impossible for it to haul the loaded cars up over several of the grades of the road, and it was necessary for the passengers to alight, and many of them, probably by way of sport, assisted in pushing the train up over some of the grades. We did not reach Boston until about four o'clock in the afternoon. Those who are familiar with the magnificent railroad equipments of the present day will find it difficult to credit this story.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE AFTER LEAVING SCHOOL. EMPLOYMENTS AND INTERESTS TO THE TIME OF MY MAJORITY.
MY "GRAND TOUR."

Upon leaving the Friends' Academy at New Bedford, I again entered the Portland Academy, and after a year there my school-life terminated, in 1820, when I was sixteen years of age. I much desired to go to college, for which I had fitted, but my parents were strongly opposed, and I was constrained to conform to their wishes. Their opposition to my taking a collegiate course was partially due, no doubt, to the dread of the possibly bad influence upon me of associations that I might form while absent from home.

It had happened that one or two families of our acquaintance had experienced much wretchedness from the dissipation of sons, dissipation resulting from habits said to have been contracted at college; but the opposition was largely owing to the impression at that time prevailing to some extent in the religious society of which my parents were members, that a college education was a device of the adversary, and was to be obtained only at great peril to the immortal soul. Their objection, based probably upon the latter reason, prevented also the gratification of my desire to

study law. And so, perforce, after a month or so of vacation, I went into my father's tannery to make myself generally useful about his business.

At the same time, however, I formed the determination to supplement my school acquirements by a regular course of reading. This resolution, because of my great fondness for books, I was glad to make, and found easy to keep. Indeed, my difficulty was rather so to limit the time given to them as not to permit interference with the practical duties and responsibilities which from this time on began to confront me. The means for gratifying my desire for reading were at hand. Father had, perhaps, more than the usual number and variety of books to be found in the average family library of those days, and when these had been read, and some of them re-read, I had recourse to those of our family friends who were among the cultivated and intelligent people of the community, and to such other accessible collections as the little town afforded.

My spare pocket-money was also expended from time to time for books, and I began thus early to lay the foundation of a library which at this writing compares favorably in number, variety, and quality of contents with most private collections in Maine. Again my business was such that much of my leisure from youth to manhood could be given up to books and pen, and to diversions of a collateral kind without risk to my health from confinement, and my reading covered a wide range. A friend of mine was studying medicine, and I found myself frequently with him, keeping up with him in the perusal of medical works. The doctor with whom he was studying, said to me that there were some in practice (this was long before the

days of medical registration) who had read less about medicine than I—a statement, by the way, far from discreet, as it was not calculated to inspire me with that confidence which in health is most comfortable, as in sickness most important. When I was quite a young man, I think not twenty-five years old, I was associated with many of the older professional citizens of Portland in a literary society, known as the Portland Athenæum, which established and maintained for many years the leading library in town. I think I was its first secretary.

I derived some inspiration in my efforts at self-culture from the Constitutional Convention preparatory to the separation of Maine from Massachusetts, that along in my early teens assembled in Portland. I attended its sessions as constantly as possible, and was not by any means the only Portland boy whose interest in public affairs was there stimulated. Our young lawyers and law students attended these gatherings in force, and the Solons of the embryo state found numerous and interested auditors, and, I dare say, more or less competent critics among the youth and young men of Portland.

That convention was held in the First Parish church, an old-fashioned wooden structure, occupying the site, opposite the head of Temple street, where the more modern stone edifice now stands. Its high pulpit, overhanging sounding-board, and its old-fashioned square pews gave a more than ordinarily somber and impressive character to the grave assemblage it then entertained. That church edifice antedated the Revolution. It escaped material damage from the bombardment by Mowatt, though a shell was thrown into it, which is still preserved as a curiosity.

I was present in the old church, some time later than the days of which I am writing, when a panic occurred, in which, as I now remember, though several persons were injured, no lives were lost. It was on the occasion of the delivery of a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Payson, I think, before the Seamen's Bible Society. The church was crowded, every foot of space being occupied by those who had flocked to hear the famous divine, then in the height of his popularity and power as a preacher. The galleries were supported by round pillars of oak. These had apparently been warped by age until they seemed to be bending under the weight above them.

The large crowd which thronged the galleries had attracted the attention of the people in the body of the house, and, together with the distorted pillars, caused, evidently, some apprehension. I was standing in one of the galleries near the center of the building from front to rear. I had noticed the size of the crowd, and had also observed the apparent distrust on the part of those in the body of the house as to the strength of the gallery supports. Suddenly some one in the gallery accidentally broke a pane of glass in my immediate vicinity. The noise created a stampede, and instantly almost everyone in the body of the house, and in the galleries as well, was rushing for the doors.

From my position I could see men and women in the aisles struggling for exit. I had no fear of serious injury to the building, knowing the cause of the alarm, but I was crowded and pushed and carried until brought near a window at the front end, through which I partly forced my way, and was partly pushed, to a position on the outside of the lintel, where, free

from pressure and danger, I watched the crowd as it emerged below. One man in particular attracted my attention, and from my vantage-point I observed him with surprise. He was hysterical with terror, and as he was pushing and fighting his way through the crowd just outside the doors he was alternately crying, swearing or praying, all at the top of his voice. As soon as he was outside the crowd, he turned and with upraised arms shouted in a sort of delirium: "Now — it, let the — thing fall!" I wondered how one so solicitous for his own safety as that man had been, could be, after he had himself escaped danger, so indifferent to that which threatened others. My contempt for such cowardice was burned deep into my consciousness by the exhibition made by that fellow. I have often thought of him in his unutterably unmanly attitude when in after life I have found really good men unwilling to lend a hand to remove great evils with which society is threatened, and therefore to all appearance indifferent to them.

The legislatures of Maine assembled in Portland until I had passed my majority, and, whenever possible, during my youth, I was present, always interested, and doubtless profiting by what was there to be seen and heard. Indeed, I had but just passed my majority when I appeared before the legislature to urge, with successful result, a law relating to municipal fire-departments, which I believe has remained from that day to this the basis of legislation upon that subject.

In Portland then, as everywhere else, the boys and young men had their debating-societies, and with one I was connected, trying to bear my part with the others. Among the members I recollect were James Brooks, William Pitt Fessenden, and Francis O. J.

Smith, all of whom became men of mark, serving in Congress, and the latter two especially, in those early days gave promise of the forensic abilities which in mature life made them prominent.

I was not behind any of my associates or acquaintances, the boys and young men of my age, in a reasonable taste for the proper pleasures and indulgences which have attractions for youth. I was fond of music, and acquired proficiency in playing the flute, indulging that taste to some extent until convinced that the time thus taken could be more profitably employed. I was fond of chess, also, and other games depending more on skill and thought than chance, but in those in which mere luck predominated I never took an interest.

Everybody rode horseback in those days, because it was the principal mode of travel of those not obliged to go on foot. An old cavalry officer residing in Portland instructed a class of young men, of whom I was one, and he made no holiday affair of our course under his direction, which included racing, leaping, and whatever else would help us to a mastery of the horse and to entire ease in the saddle. From him, also, we learned to fence and to use the cutlass.

Horseback excursions were frequent then, and I remember many, among them especially one through the White Mountain region. My friend Charles B. Abbott, a son of Dr. Abbott, the principal of the famous Exeter academy, came to Portland on a visit on horseback, and wished me to join him in a journey to the top of Mount Washington. It was thought to be a formidable undertaking for those days, especially for boys of our age. Here is substantially what I wrote of it many years ago:

Starting in the morning, our first day was ended at "Squire" Pierce's, in Baldwin, thirty miles away. The Pierces were intimate friends of my family, keeping open house for all friends, as did rich farmers and lumber operators of that day. It was one of the most prominent families in the western part of Maine. George, the youngest son, about our age, joined us here. From this point onward our way was not as easy. Our second stage was at Bartlett, where we arrived at General Hall's tavern, very late at night, having traveled for two or three hours through a wild country, in almost Egyptian darkness. For much of the way one of us was obliged to walk, leading his horse, and feeling, rather than seeing, the path.

This General Hall was a character. He had been a member of Congress, was a rich farmer, an active and enterprising man, known through all that country. He prided himself upon keeping, with the aid of his bright, intelligent daughters, the best tavern in all the country.

Our next day's travel brought us to Ethan Allen Crawford's, where we were to stop before our ascent of Mount Washington. The passage through the Notch was very wild, and few persons attempted it except men from upper New Hampshire and Vermont, farmers coming down to Portland in winter to exchange their butter, cheese and other farm products for such articles as were needed for their families, and for some supplies which would have been better for their families if left behind. As these journeys were always in winter, the road at the season of the year when we passed over it was little better than a bridle-path.

The only house in the vicinity was that of Crawford.

It was a small, old, unpainted farm-house of one story which had been occupied by his father before him. It was a tavern, accommodating all travelers, who were few except in winter, when the snow made the road passable to the farmers. We had a warm and most hospitable reception from Mr. Crawford, named for the renowned Ethan Allen, of Revolutionary Ticonderoga fame, who, I believe, was some connection of the family.

If the original was like his namesake in the White Mountain notch, the commandant at Ticonderoga might well have been pardoned for a shiver or two when his quarters were suddenly invaded in the early dawn by Allen, calling upon him in a voice of thunder to surrender in the name of the Almighty and the Continental Congress. Crawford was six feet and two or three inches in height, with broad, deep chest and stout limbs, without a pound of superfluous flesh, a Hercules with such an eye as the Greek demi-god may have had, and a bearing which plainly indicated the absence of all fear.

This was our first trip to the White Mountains, to us as wonderful and mysterious as the Himalayas, the Andes, or indeed, the mountains of the moon. Excursions to them for pleasure were rarely made in those old days, and then only by adventurous people, who seemed to their wondering neighbors almost to take their lives in their hands, their love of excitement overpowering all prudential considerations.

In the early morning our host made the necessary preparations for the ascent of Mount Washington. There were to be provisions for two days, and there was also a very pretty keg of small dimensions and fancy workmanship, about which we made no inquir-

ies. We set off, each of us with a strong staff, our host with a pack made up of the necessary eatables, and with the mysterious keg upon his back. We had a tramp before us of nine miles to the foot of the mountain, the path leading through the original forest, where to our inexperienced eye there were few signs that human foot had ever stepped before. We were looking about constantly for the sudden appearance of a bear, or possibly the spring of a catamount, the leopard of the northern forests. But no wild beast came to make our trip more exciting.

At the foot of the mountain we found a camp made expressly for travelers. We had never seen one before, and examined this with great interest. The framework was of poles, securely planted and fixed, each in its proper place, and the whole covered with large sheets of bark from the white birch-tree, making it perfectly secure against water and weather, except on that side open to the south. Fastened to the rafters were rolls of blankets, kept there for the use of all travelers. Under the direction of our guide, we set to work to gather hemlock boughs, of which to make our bed.

When this work was accomplished, Mr. Crawford called us to a dinner prepared by him in the very best backwoods style, in which he was an adept, having had many years' experience. It is no matter about our bill of fare. It is enough to say that it was abundant, and of such material and cookery as to tempt appetites far more difficult to please than ours. Here the mystery of the little keg was solved. Our host took it up tenderly and poured out carefully what was, in his eye, a nectar for the gods. It was old Jamaica rum. "You never saw the like of it before,

boys!" No, we had never seen any before. "Come boys, take hold, help yourselves! No? No? No?" were the exclamations made to each of us as we declined the precious fluid. He could not believe his ears and eyes. Mr. Crawford did not know what to make of us, and to our persistent declination only added, "Well, well, well! I never!"

One might suppose that our host was a slave to old Jamaica, like many others. But, no; he never exceeded the bounds of moderation, and was admirably qualified for the presidency of a moderate drinking society. But, unfortunately, such had not been heard of in those days.

We slept soundly that night in our birch-bark camp, on our fragrant bed of hemlock boughs, wrapped in our blankets, like so many Indians upon the war-path. In the early morning we were on our way to the summit of Mount Washington. From thence, after passing an hour or two, we returned to our camp, and then to our tavern, a feat which Mr. Crawford said had never to his knowledge been accomplished before, the ascent of the mountain and the return to the house in the same day.

Among my amusements was gunning. Wild pigeon and other small game abounded, giving plenty of sport and practice. Two of our neighbors made a business of hunting wild pigeons in the season, and I was often permitted to accompany them. Their general method of capturing the birds was with a net, so arranged that it would drop over a flock that had been induced to alight to feed upon buckwheat or other grain spread out to attract them.

It was interesting to watch the tame pigeons which were often used to decoy their wild relatives. They

seemed to understand the game admirably, and almost invariably dodged out from under the net at the right instant to free themselves without unseasonably alarming the wild birds. After the net had fallen, the poor pigeons would squat on the ground, with their heads sticking up like so many pegs through the net, and the hunters would then pass around, breaking each neck with a pinch. I will not say positively how many would be caught at a time, and perhaps to me there seemed to be more than there really were, but I think it is within bounds to say that three or four dozen was not an unusual catch with one drop of the net.

One of these pigeon hunters had been a Revolutionary soldier, and he occasionally loaned me a gun which he said he had carried in the army, and it was with that old flint-lock musket that I did my first gunning. When I was about fifteen years old, my Uncle Jonathan gave me a double-barreled gun, of French manufacture, which he had bought when abroad somewhere on one of his sea voyages. It was a flint-lock, the best of its kind for the time.

A gymnasium was located in the "court end" of the town, then a long walk from my father's house. I was often there early in the morning, and frequently in the evening, and under competent instruction became reasonably proficient in various athletics requiring activity and strength, and tending to develop agility, nerve, muscle, and presence of mind. My employments in the tannery tended also to preserve health and promote vigor, and a rowing club with which I was connected, proved of great benefit in these particulars, with the result that I was stronger than the average man of my size.

An incident connected with the gymnasium served me well at the time, and doubtless helped to give me a reputation among my townsmen of being quite able to defend myself from ordinary assailants, a reputation, by the way, which, whether well founded or not, in more than one instance, I am confident, saved me from attack, and prevented assaults upon other friends of temperance temporarily under my protection, who had made themselves obnoxious to the liquor-element, the rougher portion of which was always ready to resort to violence, especially when incited thereto by drink.

A particular friend of mine came to the tannery one day (I was somewhere from twenty to twenty-five years of age) and asked me to go with him to a select boxing exhibition that evening. I was fairly expert for an amateur in that sort of exercise, and was quite willing to go. A considerable company of our townspeople gathered to be entertained by a "professor" in that line visiting Portland. One after another of our young men tried their hands with the stranger, and after a time there was a call for me to go to the front. (instigated, as I afterwards learned, by my friend) so loud that it seemed to me wiser to yield than to refuse, and, putting on the gloves, I did as well as I could.

On my way from the exhibition my friend disclosed to me the reason for his urgency to have me take part in the affair. He had learned that a man about town, who had taken offense at something I had said or done, was waiting for a favorable opportunity to punish me, and it seems that my friend had induced him to be present also, with the hope that what he would see would lead him to abandon the under-

taking. I told my friend that if my little exercise that evening should lead to the result he hoped for, I should be much gratified. I never heard from the threat afterwards.

My earliest business venture upon my own account was in 1821. when I was but seventeen years of age. At that time a cousin of mine, twenty-one years old, the late Hon. John Hodgdon, who passed the latter part of his life in Dubuque, Iowa, had inherited some land in eastern Maine. Adjoining this tract was another which he desired to control, and he purchased one-third, my Uncle Jonathan another third, while my father bought the remainder for my benefit. The purchase consummated, my cousin and I undertook the work of surveying and plotting it into farm-lots and disposing of it to settlers. We gave some months to the work, which was interesting and instructive as well as remunerative to me. Our lands included, I think, the present thriving towns of Hodgdon and Linneus, in Aroostook county.

It was no easy task to reach that wilderness at that time. While from Portland to Bangor, and thence to Oldtown, the way was over established stage-routes, beyond that for most of the distance we depended upon the Penobscot and Mattawankeag rivers for a highway, and a bateau for a conveyance. We were literally compelled to paddle our own canoe, or, rather, pole our own boat. This was a large, flat-bottomed affair, constructed so as to float in as shallow water as possible. In, or rather on, this we stored our provisions, surveying-instruments, guns, and whatever else was necessary for camping out, and, with an experienced surveyor and guide, and another man to help, began to push our winding, watery way.

The guide we employed, in addition to his other accomplishments, had acquired a controlling taste for liquor, and made it a condition previous to enlisting with us that a supply of intoxicants should be added to our stores. To this we consented, (remember that I was not then eighteen) but I must confess that we kept the promise in the letter rather than in the spirit, for to the great disgust and temporary indignation of our assistant, he learned too late, as he imagined, for his own comfort, that we had furnished but a quart of the ardent for the entire trip.

We endeavored to mollify his indignation and to justify our action by the plea that, in our youth and inexperience in matters pertaining to liquor, we had no idea of how much an able-bodied drinker could consume. For a while he suffered, or pretended to suffer, great inconvenience and hardship for want of his accustomed beverage, but his enforced abstinence during the time we were in the woods worked a wonderful change in his general appearance, and he was obliged to admit, when we came out into civilization, that he was in better health than he had been for years.

Our only motive power in this excursion was transmitted by our arms to the poles by means of which we forced our way, sometimes against swift currents, for I cannot remember how many miles, or our legs when we were obliged to resort to the portages. In this way for many miles, probably seventy or eighty, we made our journey. The picturesque wildness of the country afforded ever-changing attractions to the eye. Fish and game in abundance were easily added to our larder, and our rustic table at night and morning was in this way amply provided with that which served to

satisfy our healthy, work-invigorated appetites, such as no mere epicure can ever know. If by chance game failed us, we were always hungry enough to fall back without complaint upon salt pork and hard-bread, which constituted the main portion of our stores.

At one point we came upon a party of Indians fishing for eels. They had caught great quantities of them, which they were curing by a mixed process of drying and smoking for future use. They had split what seemed to be a large number that were spread out on poles and protected by birch-bark roofs or coverings for the curing process.

We met one day a solitary Indian after we had been for weeks out of sight of civilization, save such as we carried into the wilderness with us. He passed us at a distance without a word, although we repeatedly hailed him. Our guide said that was characteristic of the redman, who preferred to be speechless for months at a time to exchanging a word under those circumstances.

Once on this trip my cousin made what seemed to me a remarkable shot. We saw a duck floating on the stream at a long distance, a mere point on the water it appeared to me. Taking my gun, one barrel of which was loaded with ball, my cousin fired, and, when we reached the spot to pick up the bird, we found to our surprise, two, each with its head shot off, where only one had been seen. We concluded that they must have been exactly in line, one beyond the other, the same bullet decapitating both.

I had what sportsmen would call the good fortune to shoot a bear on this trip, in what is now known as the town of Houlton. A bear had been committing some depredations in the vicinity, and we made

arrangements, the three of us, to kill the animal if possible. We had found three paths in which it was apparent the beast had walked, and each of us one evening mounted guard over one of these. We were out of sight and gunshot of each other, and to avoid all danger of shooting one another it was agreed that neither should move from his post until after he had fired, should the bear put in an appearance.

I seated myself on one end of a fallen tree, projecting into the path where I was to watch, and waited. It was a dark, lonesome, forest road. The wind was blowing toward me from the point from which I expected the bear, and I had reason to believe that it would get near enough, if it came at all, to afford me an easy shot. I was armed with a double-barreled flint-lock fowling piece, the best of the kind extant at that time, and a large butcher's knife, which our guide had reassuringly suggested to me would be useful in close quarters.

After an hour or more of silence, I thought I heard a slight noise at some distance down the path. My waiting and watching became immediately painfully intense. The noise drew nearer, then became intermittent, as if the approaching object, which I doubted not was the bear, paused occasionally in its progress to satisfy itself that all was safe. Happily, just at this moment the moon shone through the clouds so as to cast a dim, flickering, uncertain light through the tree-tops upon the path. After what seemed a long time I made out a dark body at some distance shambling toward me.

As noiselessly as possible I cocked both locks of my gun. Though in doing this I muffled the sound with my cloak as well as possible, I thought the animal

heard it, for the shadow in the path instantly became motionless. It remained thus for some moments, and then came slowly toward me. Nearer and nearer it approached. I could see it but could not hear it, for the sound of my heart-beats was loud enough to engross my entire sense of hearing. My knife was on the log before me, as the guide, with the idea of disturbing my nerves, perhaps, had cautioned me to be sure and have that ready. It was probably but a brief interval, though it seemed some time, before the bear was within gunshot, but I waited for a surer aim, and a more deadly result, as my gun, though loaded with balls in each barrel, was not intended for game of that kind.

The bear was now in full sight, and it was a large one. Suddenly it stopped, threw up its head, and snuffed the air. It was now full in such light as the half-obscured moon afforded. I was confident that it had at last scented danger, and saw, or perhaps imagined that I saw, the gleam of its teeth. Satisfied that its next move would be to retreat, unless, indeed, to rush at me, I took aim. My slight movement arrested its attention, but its head was still elevated, and instantly it received the contents of both barrels in the throat. Its only movement was to sit back upon its haunches. It seemed to me to be only astonished, not hurt.

For my part, with one eye on the bear and the other on my knife, I commenced to reload. The recharging of old-fashioned muzzle-loading flint-locks with powder and ball was quite a different matter from slipping a cartridge into a modern breech-loader. While I was thus engaged, for a moment or two — they seemed long moments to me — the great brute sat there, apparently

motionless. Then it commenced to sway from side to side, to nod its head as if dozing, when at length, with a lurch, it fell over upon its side, lying there with only a convulsive twitching, until all was still. I finished loading, and, hallooing to my comrades, awaited their arrival before I approached poor Bruin. The shot had evidently severed a great artery, and he had bled to death, as a hog dies under the knife of the butcher. Though he did not prove to be quite such a monster as he appeared to my intensely interested gaze, he was, so I was told the next day, above the average in size and weight. At my age then the affair was to me a great event, and, years afterwards, to listen to my relation of the incident was the great delight of my children as they successively became old enough to be interested in such stories. Each evening as the little ones mounted my knee their first demand would be, "Bear! more bear!"

All that region through which we passed has greatly changed in the more than seventy intervening years. Where then was the primitive forest, with scarcely other mark than the paths trodden by their former Indian denizens, are now to be found as fine farming lands and as prosperous communities as the country affords.

In June, 1825, shortly after I became of age, I started for what was, at the time, considered among Portlanders as a "grand tour." My route took me to Dover, thence to Boston, where father had charged me with a matter of business. I can fix the date because of the oration of Webster at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, which I heard. I went to Boston on horseback, the trip consuming three days.

An unexpected turn in the business with which I was charged made it necessary that I should retrace my steps to Portland, thus postponing my tour for a few days. I did not regret this, however, as it gave me an opportunity to participate in the reception which a day or two after I reached home was accorded by our citizens to General La Fayette. My share in the ceremonies was confined to riding with the citizens' cavalcade, which met the distinguished guest as he entered the town, and escorted him to the place where he was to be formally received by the authorities. That was a great event to the men prominent in our little community, as well as to many of us who bore only a very humble part in it. At various points in the town, arches bearing appropriate inscriptions had been erected, under which the procession passed. It is to be hoped that General La Fayette enjoyed the occasion as much as our citizens did.

Probably there was no one taking part in that procession less known than I, and certainly none better known to our citizens than the governor of the state, Albion K. Parris, on whom applause was bestowed in only less measure than that given to the guest of the occasion by our citizens and the crowds of people from the country who had come into town to witness the affair. I little dreamed then that more than a quarter of a century later Governor Parris and I were to be rival candidates in the most exciting political contest in the history of Portland, which indirectly involved an issue that was to attract to a local municipal contest the attention of a large portion of our country. But of this, more later.

A few days after the reception of La Fayette, I started again on my tour, going on horseback directly

to my grandfather's home in Weare, N. H. It was not what would to-day be called an extended journey, and is worthy of note only as showing what was in those days a matter of interest and comment. Though covering but a small portion of territory, with the facilities of the day for travel it consumed as much of time and strength as a journey over our entire country, and perhaps Europe, would now. The trip was made in part on horseback, in part by private team, or stage, in part by canal-boats, and for some portion of the way by steamboats, which had recently come into limited use. Railroads were then unknown. One would not obtain from the modern steamboat much idea of those in which I traveled so long ago; nevertheless, for the time, they were quite imposing and sumptuous affairs.

After passing a few days at my grandfather's, in company with a cousin, Abram Dow, I went on horseback into the White Mountain region, and, crossing over to Vermont, came down through that state into Massachusetts and thence to Boston. We were accompanied by a lad in a wagon carrying a rude camping equipage, and for most of our trip lived like gypsies, camping in the woods or by the roadside, depending upon the farmers on our way for such provisions as we did not take with us, and often helping out our larder with gun and line.

My experience two or three years before in eastern Maine served me well on this occasion and put me in the lead, because my Cousin Abram, though older by several years, knew little of that kind of life. He was a strong, muscular man, no weakness finding place in his frame. as in his spirit there was no fear. He gave me proof of both one afternoon.

We were walking on some planks laid down on one of the streets in Boston, where the way was exceptionally muddy, and were about half way over, he a step or two in advance, when we were hailed by three smartly dressed young men—they would now probably be called dudes—with orders to turn back and let them have the right of way. We were roughly dressed in our country traveling toggery, and doubtless were taken by the “chappies” as good subjects for sport, perhaps for something more serious. I was for turning back, but Abram said “No!”

There was just time for me to see the leader of the three raise a cane or whip and strike my cousin, and then to see a mixture of light coats, hatless heads, heels, legs and arms in the mud by the side of the walk, as Abram had caught up one after the other of his assailants and thrown each out of his way. I expected more trouble, but none came. Each felt that he had been in the grip of a giant—I had before that seen Abram lift a barrel of pork with as much ease, apparently, as I could take up a bucket of water,—and neither of them cared to encounter again the countryman they had expected to easily drive into the mud, in which they had been with so little effort rolled.

Returning to Weare, I stopped a week or two, and then, crossing Vermont, part of the way by private conveyance, and part by stage, I reached Saratoga and Ballston, N. Y. At Poughkeepsie, I took a canal-boat, (it was the year the canal was opened) eighty miles to Utica. Those boats, drawn by four horses, ran night and day, and had sleeping accommodations for passengers, bunks at night being put up in the cabin where by day the table was spread for meals.

This canal was then commonly called derisively "Clinton's Ditch," by those who had opposed it because of their hostility to Governor Clinton, or who were opposing him because they did not approve of that stupendous undertaking. But this was Governor Clinton's year of triumph, and the canal was opened all the way through to Buffalo. At one point along the line I was shown a toad which it was claimed was found living beneath ten feet of solid rock, excavated when the canal was in process of construction.

At Utica, I was fortunate enough to fall in with a Mr. Vischer, a young Swiss gentleman of rank and fortune, a few years my senior. He wrote and conversed correctly in English, and, as far as I was able to judge, in French also, with an equal command of Spanish, Italian, and German. He was what might be called an amateur civil engineer, that is, without any intention of following the profession for a livelihood. He had taken it up as a matter of interest and recreation, and had come to this country with the intention of making a careful examination of the great canal.

Mr. Vischer had letters of introduction to one or more important functionaries, and these secured for him a most cordial reception upon the part of all having anything to do with the great work. He was able to make arrangements whereby I had better facilities for sharing in the festivities than I otherwise could, but in some of them I declined to participate, as involving more expense than I could prudently incur.

At one point along the line of the canal I heard Governor Clinton make a short address, and afterwards, almost compelled to it by Vischer, allowed

myself to be one of a large number who shook hands with him. It seemed to me an unpardonable intrusion on my part, but Vischer insisted.

My friend was greatly interested in many details of the work which I would have ignored had I been alone, but under his guidance and instruction I came to examine them also, as though my judgment, after knowledge of them, would be of worth. Obtaining through my friend as I did a good opportunity to see and get near some of the dignitaries connected with the ceremonies attending the opening of the canal, my trip was extremely pleasant to me.

My interest in the canal thus aroused, helped by the fact that I had heard the Governor speak, and had shaken hands with him, led me to conceive a great admiration for Clinton. Entertaining that feeling, and having no other way of manifesting it, the next year, having bought a valuable horse of a member of the legislature, then in session in Portland, I astonished my family and associates generally by naming it "Governor Clinton." It was a fine horse, reflecting no discredit on the statesman whose name it bore, as it was a roadster of remarkable endurance, serving me well on many trips between Portland and Boston.

Vischer and I continued traveling companions during the remainder of my journey. To his other accomplishments he added those of an artist, and could rapidly, with the greatest facility, and as far as I could judge, with great excellence, draw catchy pen and ink sketches of places and persons that we saw. We became great friends. At the conclusion of the tour he came to Portland, making a visit of several weeks at my father's house, which he repeated a few months later. Afterwards he went to Mexico, where

he passed several years. We kept up our acquaintance by correspondence until the late forties.

In 1848, I sent him, at his request, a daguerreotype of my family, then numbering seven. He had written to me, sending a list of the pictures he had in his gallery, and telling me that he would send me my choice of them in exchange for such a group, but after sending the daguerreotype I never heard directly from him. While in Europe in 1857 I learned from members of his family that he had died between the date of his request and the forwarding of the memento he desired.

His was a strange case, I judged, from what one of his relatives said. He took the teetotaler's pledge, she told me, and was killed by the water he drank. She said that to me in all seriousness, not knowing that I had always been much interested in promoting what she evidently really believed to be the cause of the death of our mutual friend.

From Utica we went to Buffalo. Four miles out of the city, as I remember it, was the Indian reservation, which we visited. There we saw the famous Indian chief, Red Jacket, who was an old man at that time, and somewhat undersized. We talked with him, and my friend, Vischer, put on the old chief's head-dress, with its plume of feathers, much to the pleasure of the redoubtable old warrior.

From Buffalo our journey continued to Niagara Falls, thence down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec, back to Montreal, across Lake Champlain to Albany, down the Hudson to New York,—through the streets of which, by the way, hogs, pigs and poultry were roaming as freely as dogs,—afterwards to Philadelphia, from which point we went by stage to

Providence, R. I., and from Providence to Boston, and thence home.

On this trip I visited with intense interest many of the places made famous and interesting because of their connection with the comparatively recent war of the Revolution. On the boat I made the acquaintance of a Revolutionary veteran who participated in the capture of Stony Point. How the place was captured is a matter of history, but I insert here a brief account recorded by me in my journal at the time, exactly as it was related to me by the soldier, who was one of the assaulting party.

“Wayne was encamped at some distance, and on one cold, dark, rainy night he ordered us under arms, and we commenced a long and fatiguing march, but at length reached a small creek which crossed our track, a few rods from the Point. He halted us, and told us that he intended to surprise the fort on Stony Point. He said the undertaking was dangerous and that any one of us who was afraid to follow him had leave to step out of the ranks and return, but not a man left. We forded the creek and began to ascend when we were discovered. Some one who had seen us marching had got ahead and warned the British of our coming. We pressed on, however, entering the fort, some of us sealing the walls, some climbing into the embrasures, and some going in by the gates, which were opened by those who had already got in by other ways. We did not fire a shot; it was all done by the bayonet.”

My journey, which could now be performed in less than ten days, consumed two months. Then that part of the territory it covered in the United States was no inconsiderable portion of the country. Now it is but the ante-room to the greatness and magnitude attained by the nation after trials and vicissitudes, a growth and progress all unanticipated then.

CHAPTER IV.

MY EARLY BUSINESS LIFE. MY MARRIAGE. MY FAMILY.
SOME INCIDENTS OF MY LIFE.

For a number of years after I was twenty-one my interests and employments were varied. My father took me into partnership with him in his tanning business immediately after my return from the "Grand Tour," referred to in a previous chapter. This business was fairly profitable, and I was at once in receipt of an income sufficient for my current wants, which were not extravagant, and to permit me to lay by something for the future. My passion for books was about all that tempted me to expenditures beyond what was necessary to enable me to properly fill my station in life.

It would be quite as difficult for the business man of to-day to adapt himself to the methods prevailing when I first went into business, as for one who was acquainted only with the old ways to conform to modern systems. But integrity, industry, economy, thrift, good judgment, were elements important then as now, and possessed in as large measure. and examples set then might in many particulars be safely copied in these later days. One day, in the

“twenties,” I was in our court-house, and desired to change a bank-bill for those of a smaller denomination. The county treasurer, a venerable man, was sitting at a table upon which were several piles of bills of various denominations. I knew him well, as he did me. Approaching him, I asked him to change my bill.

“I am sorry I cannot accommodate you; I have no money.”

“Have no money?” said I in surprise. “Why, there,” pointing to his table, “is a great quantity.”

“Ah! but that is not my money; it belongs to the county,” was the reply, which taught in a word volumes about the care of money belonging to other people.

When not quite twenty-six years of age, having secured sufficient means to justify the establishment of a home for myself, I married Maria Cornelia Durant Maynard, on the 20th of January, 1830. My wife's father, John Maynard, was born in Framingham, Mass., in 1766, where his family had lived for two or three generations, the first John Maynard having come from England about 1660. Four of the family were at the battle of Bunker Hill. My wife's grandfather, William, a lieutenant in Colonel Nickerson's regiment, was wounded there, carrying to his grave the bullet he received in his hip. He was afterwards made a captain. He was a school-teacher, and subsequent to the Revolutionary war, through which he served, went to South Carolina, where he died in 1783.

My wife's father went to St. Croix when a youth, and there met, and in 1789 married, her mother, Mary Durant, born in the island of St. Croix in 1771, who was a daughter of Thomas Durant, then in business in

St. Croix. He was a lineal descendant of George Durant, who came to this country from England and settled in Connecticut in 1633. He was of Huguenot descent, the family having originally gone to England from France. After their marriage, my wife's parents remained in St. Croix until 1800. Returning to this country with his wife and several children, Mr. Maynard, who had in the meantime accumulated a fortune, took up his residence in Bulfinch street, Boston, where his youngest child, Maria Cornelia Durant, was born June 18, 1808. When she was four years old her mother died, and she went to Framingham and lived there some time in the family of a great-uncle, Jonathan Maynard, Esquire, as he was always called.

Great-uncle Jonathan was a man of means and influence. A graduate of Harvard university, he had served in the Revolutionary war in the several grades from private to captain. In the summer of 1830, following my marriage in January of that year, my wife and I, in our own chaise, made a tour among our relatives in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Among them we visited Uncle Jonathan Maynard at Framingham, then a man of seventy-eight. His hair was as white as snow, but that was not due to age, but to an incident in his army life, which is related here, though it has already found its way into print:

When a lieutenant, Jonathan Maynard was out with a scouting party near West Point, and with his command was captured by a party of Indians. The private soldiers were all tomahawked and scalped, but as he wore a sword he was reserved for worse treatment, which he barely escaped. He was taken before Brandt, the famous half-breed Indian chief, and con-

demned to be burned. He was bound to the stake and the wood piled around him ready for the torch, but just as this was to be applied he gave the Masonic sign of distress, and Brandt, who had somewhere been made a Mason, recognized it and ordered the execution deferred. He was subsequently sent to Quebec and exchanged. It was said that his hair turned completely white within a very short time after his narrow escape from torture by flames.

My wife's father, having met with financial reverses, was obliged to break up his home in Boston, and came with his family to reside on a farm which had been the property of his wife, in Scarboro, Me. Maria Cornelia went to live with an aunt, for whom she was named, and by whom she was brought up and educated. This aunt was a daughter of Cornelius Durant, and the wife of Andrew Ritchie, then a wealthy merchant in Boston. By her aunt she was provided with all the advantages of wealth, position, refinement, and loving care. Subsequently, upon the death of Mrs. Ritchie, Maria Cornelia, being then sixteen, went to the family home at Scarboro, but soon came to Portland to pursue her studies in a private school for young women.

In Portland she lived for a time with another relative, a Mrs. Frothingham, whom I remember well as a most refined and captivating woman, then quite advanced in years. I do not recall her maiden name, but she told me that it was at her father's home in Boston, that the famous Revolutionary Boston "Tea Party" assembled prior to its dumping a cargo of tea into the harbor. She was at the time old enough to understand something of what was going on

Subsequently, upon the marriage of her sister Sally,



MARIA CORNELIA DURANT MAYNARD.

Maria Cornelia went to reside with her. Sally Maynard was the senior of Maria Cornelia by thirteen years. She was her father's housekeeper in Scarborough, and after his death married Henry Smith, a respected citizen of Portland, whose first wife, an intimate friend of hers, had died, leaving him with three young boys, the youngest an infant in arms. Her three step-sons all attained distinction in their chosen professions, and all paid to her through their lives (she survived them all) the deference and respect an own mother might have expected. The eldest of them, the late Prof. Henry B. Smith, of Union Theological seminary, New York, remarked to me that it was her influence which had put him when a young man on his upward path, and kept him there.

At one time during her married life Mrs. Smith resided in Windham, where her husband was the superintendent of some mills. Among their neighbors was the father of John A. Andrew, afterwards the "war governor" of Massachusetts. As a lad, young Andrew carried milk to Mrs. Smith's house and borrowed books from her to read. Years afterward, when he was governor of Massachusetts, Mrs. Smith, who happened to be in Boston, went to hear him speak one evening in James Freeman Clarke's church. After the meeting the Governor pushed his way through the aisle to where she was sitting, having seen and recognized her from the platform where he was speaking. Greeting her most cordially, he said to her that it was by her advice that he first began to read, and he could not forget his great obligation to her.

Mrs. Smith lived in Portland not far from my father's home, and it was there that I first met Miss

Maynard. I called one evening with my sisters, who had invited her to attend with them an entertainment in the "village," as "down town" was then called. When Miss Maynard appeared to get into the sleigh, I excused myself from dismounting to assist her because of a lame ankle from which I was suffering. When we returned after the entertainment, despite my infirmity and her remonstrance, I insisted upon helping her from the sleigh and escorting her to her door. My sister Harriet remarked as I re-entered the sleigh, "Neal, I am glad to see that thy lame ankle appears to be much improved!"

About two years after this we were married, and on our wedding day went to live in the house built by me directly opposite the home in which I was born, and where my father resided. There our nine children were born, and there my wife died on the 13th of January, 1883, fifty-three years, less seven days, after our marriage.

Of our children, Edward, Henry, Josiah and Russell Congdon died when about two years of age, and Frank Allen died in 1865, when eighteen years of age, at St. Paul, Minn., whither he had gone in quest of health, with his mother to care for him. Louisa Dwight, our eldest child, married the late Hon. Jacob Benton, of Lancaster, N. H., where she yet resides.* Our third child, and second daughter, Emma Maynard, married William E. Gould, of Portland, and is now living in Boston, Mass. The only surviving son, Frederick Neal, our fifth child, lives in Portland. The youngest daughter, and youngest surviving child, Cornelia Maria, is unmarried, and upon her mother's death succeeded to the care of my house.

* Deceased.

While in Boston, when sixteen years of age, my wife became a member of the Old South Congregational church. From that church she was dismissed to that of Dr. Payson in Portland, from this to the High Street, from there to Union, and finally to the State Street church in Portland, of which she was a member at the time of her death.

A devout Christian, her daily walk and conversation was consistent with her profession. Whenever her health would permit she was regular in attendance upon all the ordinances of the church with which she was connected, obtaining there inspiration and strength for the consecration of her life to the service of her Master through rendering assistance to the least of His children. Though these labors were not substituted for those of her own household, but added to them, she never wearied in well-doing. Her sympathetic nature led her to constant charities, in which she was aided by her sound and discriminating judgment to extend her help where it was deserved. Suffering and sickness among the poor within the range of her observation were never left unnoticed or unrelieved by her when her assistance would avail.

A true wife and noble woman, she bore with pious fortitude and patience the many trials, great sacrifices and even dangers, of which the world could know but little, that she was obliged to encounter because of the nature and unpopularity of the work in which her husband had enlisted. Naturally retiring in disposition, and averse to excitement in every form, she met without complaint that which now was forced upon her. Convinced that it was her duty, she obtained, and inspired other women to assist her in obtaining, the influence of a large number of the good women of

Portland in favor of the cause to the service of which she cheerfully devoted herself, and which she aided in many suitable ways.

Later, when I felt that duty called me to enter the military service of our country, she bade me God-speed. When my confinement in Libby Prison cut off my correspondence with the English press, through which I had tried to aid in the creation of a sentiment in England favorable to the Union, her letters to my friends in Great Britain were widely published in the same interest.

A devoted mother, with love and earnestness she gave herself unreservedly to all that could make for the happiness of her home and for the welfare of her children. Surrendering those little ones who were taken hence, in humble resignation to His will, she longed for the lives of those spared, in the unfaltering hope that they might learn to love and serve God.

Bearing always with her the burden of our large family, she was never so wearied with its cares and responsibilities as to prevent her activity for any good work that she could promote. When at length God called her she passed from the earthly home she had so highly blessed in full, strong faith that there was ready for her "an house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." Her children and her children's children may well revere her memory.

The nature of my business during the earlier years of our married life, and the demands upon me of a more public character later, took me much from home. On these occasions I made it a rule never to permit a day to pass, if I could possibly avoid it, without writing at greater or less extent to my wife, and, except when actually incapacitated by sickness, as sometimes

happened, or prevented by circumstances beyond my control, I think I can say that I was never absent forty-eight hours at a time without thus writing.

Subsequent to my wife's death, I found that she had preserved substantially all my letters, which, covering a period beginning with the date of the first, in August, 1830, and terminating in November, 1882, the date of the last, and written, some from towns not twenty miles from Portland, others from distant states in this country, on shipboard, from other continents, or from camp, hospital, and military prison, and covering almost every variety of topics of current interest, besides merely personal matters, have been at my disposal to refresh my memory in the preparation of these memoirs.

My copartnership with my father lasted until his death in 1861. The style of the firm was "Josiah Dow & Son," and, in 1861, my son, Fred., became a partner, the firm name, however, remaining the same. In 1874, owing to the illness of my son, upon whom the general care of the business had devolved for years, the affairs of the copartnership were closed, and it was dissolved. At that time, the firm name was the oldest in the city, the business which it represented having been carried on by some member of the family for more than seventy-five years, during which period it had successfully weathered every financial crisis, always paying dollar for dollar.

Besides my general business, that of the tannery, I had time, means and credit for outside matters of more or less local importance, and some of them proved fairly profitable. A few years after my marriage I became again interested in some timber lands in eastern Maine, and occupied considerable time in

exploring them, in which exploration my early experience in similar matters with my Cousin Hodgdon proved useful. Among others concerned in those lands with me at different times were my friend, William W. Thomas, already referred to, and the late Eben Steele, of Portland, whom I had known from boyhood, and between whom and myself the closest personal, social and business relations existed as long as he lived.

Success attended those operations as a whole, though at one time we were confronted with imminent danger of great loss, only averted by the strength of our combined credit. My last investment of the kind was with Mr. Steele. The profits of this, amounting to about five thousand dollars, were all, at his suggestion, appropriated for the benefit of a family in the comfort and happiness of which we were both interested, the husband and father being my cousin, and the wife and mother his sister.

Mr. Steele was a keen, sharp, but, withal, honorable, business man. He liked to "make" money, perhaps, as well as any one, but he had no desire for accumulations of wealth beyond the reasonable figure he early fixed as the limit of the fortune he should seek, and when he had secured that he retired from business. Meanwhile, as in the instance above cited, he found his chief pleasure in doing with what he could spare the most good to those he deemed worthy of assistance. That portion of the world within reach of his benefactions was much better and happier for the life and labors of Eben Steele.

Unless such interest in timber lands may be so regarded, I never indulged in mere speculations, though always ready to invest to the extent that

prudence would permit in enterprises, manufacturing, etc., projected in Portland, which appeared to be justified on sound business principles. Among my satisfactory reflections is the recollection that I have been able, by the loan of means and credit, to assist several to a business start who saw no other way open. While I have thus met with losses, they have not exceeded the gains others have been able to make through the assistance and encouragement obtained of me. These latter instances have afforded satisfaction sufficient to more than balance my regret for losses resulting from efforts equally well intended.

When twenty-nine years of age I was made a bank director, and filled the position by successive elections for over forty years. For years I was trustee of a savings bank, and for a while president of the Portland Gaslight company. I served also in the directorate of railroad, manufacturing and other corporations. In the early days of the Maine Central railroad company I was actively interested in its promotion, pledging to the success of the enterprise a large portion of the means and credit at my command. At its inception I was solicited to accept its superintendency, but did not feel inclined to tie myself so closely to business as such a position would demand, and declined the offer pressed upon me by my associate directors.

I gradually relinquished interest in business affairs, and retired from active connection with corporate management as my time and thought became more and more engaged in the subject with which my name has been so closely connected, and to which I have given so much of time and strength. Indeed, after 1851, my attention was largely diverted from business.

as I was absent from home much of the time subsequent to that date, including more than three years at different times in Europe, and two during the war for the Union. Hence my connection with general business has never been, since 1857, much more than nominal.

Quite early I began to understand how useful to one likely to be interested in public affairs would be an ability to express himself clearly before an audience. As far back as I remember I was accustomed to attend the town meetings with my father, when too young to go alone, and kept up the habit when old enough to go unattended. I tried to obtain practice myself in the village lyceums and debating-societies, and before I was of age was bravely over everything like "stage-fright," though it was years before I could take the floor without a degree of nervousness trying to me, until fairly under way with my remarks.

After attaining my majority I took an interest in general town affairs. Living in the outskirts of the town, or at some distance from the major part of the population, there were frequent occasions for me in the town meetings to speak for the country, or outlying "deestricks," as the word was so commonly pronounced, which sections were often overlooked in the expenditure of appropriations. Among my first public efforts, I successfully led the opposition in our town meeting to an appropriation for a Latin school. This was shortly after my majority, and though antagonized by several leading professional men of the town with whom the project was a special pet, I came off with the honors of victory in the vote, if not in the argument.

It will be understood that I participated in the

debates in our town meetings involving temperance, and in one way or another that subject was in controversy at almost every annual meeting and at some special meetings for a series of years. Those occasions were frequently preceded by preliminary gatherings, or caucuses, in which the debates, always earnest, were sometimes personal in character, and to hold his own in them with any degree of success one was obliged to be ready in speech and quick at repartee, with the natural consequence that hasty, inconsiderate, and frequently uncalled-for remarks were made. I received there and elsewhere my full share of wordy blows, and doubtless tried to give as many and as hard in return.

It certainly is to be said that much took place upon both sides in those early days of the temperance movement far exceeding the bounds of courtesy, and possibly habits thus contracted in early life led to a seeming disregard for personal feelings in the controversies of more mature years. I can truthfully say that in none of those encounters, either of my younger manhood or my maturity, has attack made by me upon any individual been the outcome of personal ill-will on my part toward the object of such criticism. It was my intent, rather to combat the idea advocated, to assault the position occupied, to condemn the evil seeming to me to be defended. This I felt called upon to do with all the sharpness and force necessary to command public attention, remembering that such assaults were more likely to be effective in the concrete than in the abstract.

However those subjected to animadversions from me may have felt, in my own thought and apprehension the difference between the thing assailed and the

individual, who, for the time being, seemed to be defending that thing and in the path of my attack, was always clear; and though some have made a personal matter of my assaults, on my part there has been no more antagonism toward them than a soldier in the ranks entertains for the embattled foe upon whom he must fire with deadliest aim. As to some of those whose unkindly feeling, developed in those early contests, led to long estrangements, a subsequent change of opinion on their part touching the liquor-traffic resulted in reconciliation. Much as I have regretted the severance of friendly relations because of such differences, and much as I could have desired a restoration of cordiality, it has never been sought nor accepted by me through any sacrifice of my convictions upon intemperance or whatever contributed to it.

My position in these particulars has never changed, save as with my increasing years I have been more and more impressed with its terrible nature and extent, and more and more convinced that my duty as a good citizen compelled me to oppose with the strength and means at my command the nefarious trade in intoxicants as fatal to the highest progress, prosperity and happiness of mankind. I have always had a blind eye for any signal to cease fighting that evil, have always opposed compromise or truce with it in any form, and have never taken pains to cultivate patience with propositions looking to that end.

Many who have differed from me as to the nature and extent of the evil of the liquor-traffic, and have always combated my methods, have had full confidence in my sincerity, and, in my later years more especially, even some of those engaged in the unlawful trade have on more than one occasion gone out of

their way to manifest a kindly personal feeling. This is in marked contrast to the bitterness which has been cherished by others.

Not long ago a rumor obtained currency in Portland of my sudden death. The next day I met upon the street a man of some means, the son, by the way, of a strong temperance man, and a friend of mine, but whose personal habits had led him to wander far from the example of his father. He approached my carriage, and, as I waited to hear what he had to say, he remarked: "General, I was — glad to hear yesterday that you were dead; I am — sorry to see to-day that you are yet living." I suppose the poor fellow imagined that he had hurt my feelings, but the nature of his attack was so mild compared to those received from others of his kind in my earlier days that his rudeness was scarcely a matter for surprise.

After my hair was whitened by years and my form bent with the infirmities of age, while stepping from my carriage one morning, I had a severe attack of coughing. A well-known rumseller, who was passing, stopped and said, "Ah, General, look out; you will not last much longer!" I replied, "But I hope to stay long enough to run you off the track!" "But you won't, General, if you do not take care of that cough," he good naturedly said as he passed on.

During my earlier and middle manhood, the police of Portland, or "watch," as it was called, was no more efficient than is apt to be the case in places of small size. Individuals often had to take, or imagined that they must take, prompt measures in their own behalf, as the only means of securing adequate protection. The following incident will serve to illustrate this.

One morning, in the bank of which I was a director, the cashier called my attention to a little particle of wax clinging to the old-fashioned lock of the vault. We concluded that some one had entered the building the night before and obtained an impression of the lock. No director thought it of use to notify any of the authorities of the circumstance, but for several nights, until a new lock could be obtained, I, with two trusty companions, members of the fire-company of which I was foreman, was in the bank, hoping for an opportunity to arrest the would-be burglar should he make a second attempt. But he did not come, though we took special pains to prevent the fact of our readiness for the occasion being known.

More than once I felt compelled to take the law in my own hands, leaving the other party to recover what damages he might if he saw fit to resort to the courts. One day as I came out of a directors' meeting at the bank, the messenger at the door pointed to a crowd on the street near by, saying that a well-known horse jockey, just driving away, had cheated a poor country boy out of his horse. I pushed into the crowd, including among others, the mayor of the city, and several prominent citizens, and found in the midst a country lad, eighteen, or nineteen years old, crying, holding by the bridle an old, broken-down nag. The poor fellow, who had been drinking a little, told me, that he had allowed the jockey to harness his horse into the wagon to try him, and that the jockey had driven off, leaving that old one and saying it was a trade.

I told him to come with me, and we started for the stable of the jockey, half a mile or more away, he leading the old horse. There I told him to leave the

animal. Out on the street again, I saw the jockey driving a good horse, which the lad said was his. I stepped into the street and took the horse by the bridle, and just then a man in my employ happening along, I called to him to unharness. He did so. The jockey kept his seat in the wagon, swearing, making all manner of threats.

Looking then for the country lad, I saw him peering around the corner, afraid to come near the irate jockey. I beckoned to him, and, placing the horse in his care, went back with him to his wagon. After he had re-harnessed, the grateful boy, now thoroughly sobered, said: "What shall I pay you?" "Well, my good fellow, you had been drinking, had you not?" "I had, a little." "Promise me that you will never drink again, will you?" "I promise." "That is all I want. Good-by."

Three or four years later I was standing on the street when some one touched my elbow. Looking around, I saw a countryman, grinning and pointing to a horse. "That's him." "What do you mean?" "That's the horse you got back for me, and I ain't drunk a drop since, and I won't ever again."

However grateful that country boy may have been, it will be easily believed that the jockey, and others of his stripe with whom I came in contact for equally reasonable causes during a period of twenty or more years, honored me with persistent dislike, and that wherever such as he congregated, denunciations of Neal Dow were as common and vehement as potatoes were plentiful and strong.

Indeed, there was an element always ready to vent its spite upon me whenever it could be done without risk. During several years I found it prudent, after

two or three attacks upon me, when walking at night about the city, generally very poorly lighted, to keep the middle of the street to avoid any disposed to spring upon me from behind a tree, out of a doorway or around a corner, as I had learned from experience that there were those who, though shunning an open encounter, were willing to strike if they could take me at a disadvantage. I do not recall, however, being attacked twice by the same person.

One story is apt to suggest another. My father owned a horse, the pet of the family, which, when over twenty-eight years old, was sent into the country to pass the remainder of his life with a farmer who promised the best of care, and to send information at regular intervals about the old animal. Some months after, I saw "Old Charlie" in town in charge of two rough fellows, who said they had bought him. I stopped them and told a boy standing near to unharness the horse and take him to his old quarters in my father's stable, where he remained as long as he lived. Suit was brought against me, and the case was finally decided in my favor after a disagreement of two juries, each of which included a runseller. My lawyer charged me seventy-five dollars, but "Old Charlie" was saved from the abuse he certainly would have suffered, and all trouble for the rest of his life, and I thought it cheap at the price.

I was walking down Exchange street one day, the principal street of the city, and met the late Chief Justice Whitman, his face in a broad smile. His Honor, by the way, was a Prohibitionist, and one of my personal friends. On my asking him what had pleased him, he pointed down street to a crowd collected in front of a runshop. Passing along I learned

that the wife of a well-known teamster was inside, breaking the bottles and smashing the bar furniture generally.

She had warned the keeper not to sell run to her husband, and, not being heeded, she had just horse-whipped him and was sacking his shop. Such irregularities could not be permitted, and she was arrested and tried. Appearing in court without counsel, she asked that I be assigned as such, evidently preferring an advocate on whose full sympathy she could rely rather than one more learned in the law and trained in the trial of causes. The judge consenting, I undertook the task. While not vouching for my law, I remember that my argument, or exhortation — it was my first and only appearance before a jury — was earnest.

My client was found guilty, however, with a recommendation to mercy, and got off with a slight fine, which I paid. It was little enough for the opportunity I had secured in defending her to present in that temple of justice, to the assembled lawyers as well as to the jury, some positive views upon the temperance question in general and the liquor-traffic in particular. The poor woman was fully compensated for her trouble and notoriety by the sympathy of almost our entire community, a fact which perhaps had something to do with the subsequent alleged reformation of the runseller whom she had flogged.*

Years later, after the enactment of the prohibitory law, that runseller closed his shop and removed his liquors to a private house. It was soon ascertained

* On the day of the funeral of General Dow a letter was received in Portland from this ex-runseller, in which he had written: "I am glad to have lived to know that my natural enemy, Neal Dow, is dead."

that he was selling liquor there. Officers, with a search warrant, went to this house one morning, and saw the runseller put a bottle into a large new safe, which he closed and locked. He was ordered to open it, but refused. One of the officers came to me (I was then mayor) to ask instructions. I told him to get a machinist and force the safe if the owner persisted in a refusal to open it, and that I would stand between him and harm.

My orders were obeyed, the safe forced, and found filled with an assortment of liquors, which were seized. The newspapers opposed to Prohibition rung the changes on "High-Handed Proceedings" and everything else to create prejudice and hasten the reaction they were anticipating against the law. But the runseller, whose safe was ruined, concluded, after consulting counsel, not to spend money in a useless suit for damages. Not long after that he put up a "notise" in his window, "Gorn out of Bisness."

CHAPTER V.

THE OLD FIRE-DEPARTMENT OF PORTLAND. MY CONNEC-
TION WITH IT. THE NEW ORGANIZATION.
THE DELUGE ENGINE-COMPANY.
CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE
DEPARTMENT.

When eighteen years of age I joined the Volunteer fire-department of Portland, and retained connection with it for more than twenty-five years. Some notice of this is appropriate, as it had something to do with the temperance movement in Portland in the earlier days of that reform. The laws of Massachusetts continued to be those of Maine for some time after the separation. Among them was that requiring every citizen between the ages of eighteen and forty-five to perform military duty in the militia. There were exemptions from this, among them members of the society of Friends and members of any fire-department.

Although born and reared a Friend, I did not care to claim exemption on that account, as my objection to serving in the militia had other foundation than that obtaining with the Friends, from which society I was already, in fact, drifting. Indeed, I may as well pause here to state that about this time my views as to the propriety of resorting on occasion to "carnal

weapons," and especially as to war, under certain conditions, becoming known, the quarterly meeting of Friends, in which I had a birthright, appointed a committee to deal with me.

I remember, as if a recent event, the call of the three elders upon me for the purpose. They found me at my father's house, and we had a private session in the parlor, the three sedate old Quakers sitting with hats on, more amused, probably, by my persistency than disturbed by my departure from the faith. After a half-hour or more of pleasant intercourse upon various subjects, they departed to report me as incorrigible. My dismissal from the society followed.

Our musters, attendance at which was obligatory upon all the enrolled militia, were little else than burlesque occasions or days for drunkenness, and much that was worse. Position in line was by no means confined to uniformed companies. These were on hand, to be sure, in all their finery, with much fuss and parade, their commanders resplendent in feathers and epaulettes and whatever else of glittering tinsel they could attach to their persons. But however creditable their appearance, it served only as a foil to the mass of the militia gathered from far and near in every conceivable garb, often purposely made up to excite amusement and ridicule.

I recall a laughable incident in connection with one of those occasions. In the band, on the right of the column, was a little, short-legged bass drummer, whose head and feet were visible respectively above and below his big drum, which absolutely concealed from those in front the rest of his person. In those days hogs ran as freely through the streets as dogs do now, and were more numerous. One of these

animals, frightened by something, running from one side of the street to the other, dashed between the legs of the little drummer, and, taking him off his feet, carried him, drum and all, until he threw him off at some distance in advance of the procession.

This incident was hardly more ridiculous than some of the evolutions performed in good faith at these musters, which did nothing to fit those who participated in them for soldiers, but much to disqualify many for good citizenship. They were often the occasion of most disgraceful exhibitions of drunkenness. When not more than twelve years of age, I pulled a boy, not older than myself, to the sidewalk from the street where he had fallen, drunk with liquor obtained from one of the sutler's tents, at that time invariably surrounding muster-fields. At another muster, to my intense horror and disgust, I was fallen on and held down by a drunken man. The feeling then engendered was ever after associated in my mind with those gala-days of the old-time militia.

Musters, however, furnished fun and military titles in great profusion. "Generals" and "Colonels" abounded in every county, and "Majors" and "Captains" were to be found in every town. Those with no desire for that kind of fun, or for titles earned through such Falstaffian commands, sought exemption from service in the militia, and I was one of them. For these and other reasons, many of our most enterprising and influential young men were attracted to the Volunteer fire-department of Portland. They were not averse to military duty, had real occasion called, for I was authorized by a large number of them at the time of the northeastern boundary excite-

ment, or what is commonly known in Maine as the "Aroostook war," to write to the governor to say, "The firemen of Portland can be depended upon for a regiment if necessary." The rolls of the department when I became connected with it, and for years thereafter, bore the names of many who became leading citizens of Portland in various walks of life.

The exemption of firemen from military duty was not approved by the general officers of the militia, as it kept from under their command much good material for training. Some officers ineffectually tried to have the law changed in that particular. So long as I was connected with the fire-department, I was always on hand before legislative committees, or elsewhere, to oppose such changes, and on that ground, if no other, incurred the displeasure of some of the "generals."

When I joined the department in 1822, it was a purely voluntary and largely a social and mutual protection organization. The members of the various companies bound themselves to protect each other's property. In case of fire they hastened to the scene, each provided with a bucket, a bag and a bed-wrench, (the latter for taking down old-fashioned bedsteads) prepared to render what service he could to his fellow-members, if by chance their property should be threatened by the flames. Once at the fire, however, members could generally be depended upon to help even if the property of an associate was not exposed to danger. All, in any event, expected, and generally had, "a good time."

Such engines as the department had were of cheap construction and little power, and were generally out of order when their services were needed. They were equipped with from ten to fifteen or twenty feet of

small leading-hose, had no suction facilities, and their supply of water was passed from wells in buckets by lines of men, frequently assisted by women and boys. For lack of leading-hose the engines were necessarily placed very near the fire, whence, if unable to control it, they were usually driven away by the heat, leaving the burning building to be destroyed, unless torn down to protect contiguous property.

One engine imported from England in 1802, I think, for many years was not known to be a suction-engine, able to draw its own water. This fact was not ascertained until the old engine had become so obsolete that it was set aside as a curiosity. It ended its career in the great Portland fire, being ignominiously destroyed by the element it had for years combated. To the present generation, familiar only with modern appliances for fighting fire, the old-fashioned methods to which we were obliged to resort would appear absurdly inadequate and grotesque.

That old fire-department did not last long after I became connected with it. Shortly after my majority, I prepared a bill which was enacted by the legislature, then in session in Portland, under which our fire-department was remodeled. The first engine procured for the new department came from Philadelphia, the others from Boston, and all were of nearly equal power. The number of men connected with the department when at its best was about seven hundred. The engine, hose, and hook-and-ladder companies took great pride in their machines, and spent considerable money in their adornment and in keeping them in perfect order. One of them was called the "Deluge company." Its engine was a large, double-decked machine, weighing nearly two tons, of considerable

power for throwing water, but without suction facilities, in lieu of which there was a companion engine to supply the water to be thrown upon the fire.

The first meeting of that company was on the 3d of April, 1827. I was chosen clerk. The three directors were prominent citizens. Among the members whom I now recall were such well-known citizens as John B. Brown, afterwards understood to be the wealthiest man in Maine; Andrew T. Dole, for a time postmaster of Portland, under President Lincoln, and William Senter, afterwards mayor. There were a number of others, perhaps equally prominent, whose names have escaped my memory.

I served as clerk of the company four years, when I was chosen first director, or captain, acting in that capacity until April, 1837. I must have been quite impressed with the dignity and importance of that position, judging from a letter written by me from Augusta to my wife, nearly sixty years ago:

“I called to see Miss, the elder, and went with Colonel Reddington over the river to where she was spending the evening. To our surprise, we found twelve to fourteen persons, one reverend and grave senator and a Conscript father, all on the floor playing ‘Goose,’ in which I was importuned to join. Not knowing anything of the noble game of ‘Goose,’ I declined at first, but after a time the beautiful hostess became fatigued, and I was politely and earnestly requested to relieve her by taking her place, which of course I could not refuse to do. So I, a deacon-like overseer of the poor, a school-committee man, and captain of the never-sufficiently-to-be-praised and admired Deluge company, commenced hopping about with all the agility of a boy of fourteen, crying ‘Goose,’ and tagging my companion boys and girls. After we all got fairly tired out with this exceedingly captivating game, we went to work with great zeal in playing ‘Hunt the Thimble,’ which we pursued with great

energy and spirit. I declare I felt myself carried back in the stream of time at least eighteen years."

In another letter to my wife, written about the same period from Boston, I find the following:

"Before I returned to my hotel the bells rang for fire, which you know is a very 'solemncholy' sound to me. Instantly the streets were filled with firemen and their apparatus, among which I noticed Engine 'No. 18,' like mine, only she is not so handsome, though she makes more noise, for she has mounted upon her eighteen bells, all large, which make a terrible racket. But my engine, though perfectly conscious of her beauty, is quite modest withal. But the fire turned out to be only a sham, after all. If you ask me if I was sorry, I shall not answer."

Every old volunteer fireman in the country can see by that extract that the spirit which filled the craft had possession of me — quite willing, if there must be a fire, to have it occur when and where one could attend it.

While captain of the Deluge engine-company, an incident occurred of some local import that may be of interest here, and serve to further illustrate the general lack of reliance upon the "watch" of the day. In the heat of the earlier antislavery excitement, a meeting had been announced to be held in the Friends' church, to be addressed by some antislavery speakers from Massachusetts, and it became known that an attempt would be made to "mob" it. The mayor asked me to be present and to assist in preserving order, the watch being entirely inadequate to cope with the impending emergency.

I immediately suggested a plan through which I could guarantee the protection of the meeting, and obtained his approval. I sent messengers to summon

to the engine-house at an early hour some thirty or forty of the members of my engine-company upon whose pluck, discretion and loyalty to myself I could fully rely. At the hour appointed I met them there, and briefly stated my intention to prevent a crowd of roughs from interfering with the contemplated anti-slavery meeting. They decided to a man to sustain me, and I led them quietly to the meeting-house, and into the aisle, where we arrived in good season, and formed in two lines, leaving a passage between, so that everybody disposed could pass to take seats.

The house was soon crowded, the would-be rioters evidently mistaking some of my men for their sympathizers. I sat at the head of my "column" of firemen, near the speakers. Next me were two of my company whom I had selected for the head of the line, men of unusual physique, strength and agility, of undoubted pluck and determination. By this time half a dozen of the roughs had worked their way to the front, close to the speakers, ready to open the "fun" they were there to enjoy.

The first speaker had not occupied the floor more than a minute before one of these "toughs" shouted, with an oath, "Don't tread on my toes!" "Take care of that fellow!" was my order. My two stout file-leaders seized him by the collar, and he went down that aisle and out of the door like a projectile from a catapult. "Number Seven, do not hurt any man who behaves himself!" was the next order, and everything was as quiet and orderly throughout the remainder of the meeting as at a religious gathering. At its close the company furnished a guard for the speakers to their respective domiciles, and what threatened to be a disgrace to the city was suppressed by the foresight

of the mayor and the good discipline and love for order of my old Deluge engine-company.

In 1837 I was made chief of the department. I took great pride in making it thoroughly efficient, and was so far successful that I think there was none in the country, in proportion to numbers and extent and quality of apparatus, superior to it. Its members were picked men, so that the department as a whole cheerfully submitted to a rigid discipline, priding itself upon the fact that its evolutions were performed with the rapidity and precision of a military drill. Disobedience to orders, or other insubordination amounting to "conduct unbecoming a gentleman," rendered the offender liable to expulsion.

My connection with the department, and especially my service as chief engineer, had something to do with my acquiring a measure of local influence and a personal following of young, reliable men, then and afterwards made to serve the promotion of temperance, in which subject I was already taking an interest. The fire-department, orderly, well-disciplined, efficient and respectable in its *personnel*, was far from being a total abstinence society, and included many men whose views upon the general question of temperance differed widely from mine. I found therein, therefore, a useful field for labor, which the confidence and respect entertained for me by its members, almost without exception, enabled me to improve to further the cause.

During my connection with the department, my influence was constantly exerted to develop a sentiment which should exclude liquors from the engine-houses and prevent their use upon public occasions. This was no easy task. The various companies were

accustomed to celebrate their anniversaries and other events with dinners, more or less formal, according to the tastes of the committees in charge, or the means at their disposal. These were sometimes held in the engine-houses, sometimes in the town hall, and sometimes at hotels. My first speech upon temperance was made while I was clerk of the Deluge company, in opposition to a motion to instruct the committee in charge of a proposed celebration to provide liquors. The company adopted my views.

So far as I am aware, it was the first affair of the kind in Portland from which liquors were excluded, and naturally attracted attention and excited a great deal of comment, favorable and otherwise,—at first largely otherwise—among the firemen. As a result of the example then set, and the co-operation of members of the department entertaining similar views with myself, after a while it came to be the rule to exclude liquors from the entertainments of the various companies, with the possible exception of one noted below. This required, perhaps, as much tact as perseverance, but in time the arrangement was submitted to with good grace, all approving it with ostensible cheerfulness, although occasional pleasantries at these gatherings suggested that there were those, probably many, who preferred what they called “the good old way.”

One of the companies considered itself a very genteel organization indeed. It was equipped with apparatus as good as the best, and was, in fact, a fine body. It included many so-called “society” men, who occasionally appeared in full evening dress at the scene of a conflagration, to which they had hurried from some social function. This led sometimes to the

jocular remark by members of other companies that the men belonging to this company could not appear at a fire unless neatly shaven. Its members were always promptly on hand, nevertheless, and always ready and able to do their full share of work. At social entertainments of this particular company, there were great "spreads," and what they called "right-down good times," often participated in by prominent citizens, as invited guests. I think this company was the last to dispense with liquors on such occasions. At one which, as chief engineer, I attended, the toast-master, a member strongly opposed to my views upon temperance, offered a toast to be drunk in cold water, "for want," as he said, "of anything more appropriate and acceptable to him who is to respond to it." Holding his glass of water aloft, and attracting attention not more by his stentorian voice than by his towering figure (he was two or three inches over six feet in height) he turned to me and said: "Mr. Chief, I ask you to respond to this toast: 'Brandy and water—water for the fire, and brandy for firemen.'" Naturally there were loud shouts, and amid the vociferous cheering, largely ironical, a small minority, I dare say, sympathizing with my views, I rose to respond. I tried to keep the company in good-nature that it might listen, as it did with respect, while I improved the opportunity to enable me naturally to close with another toast as follows: "Brandy and water,—water extinguishes fire, and brandy extinguishes firemen."

As intimated, the department included many whose positions, business and social, enabled them to exert considerable influence. They generally had confidence in my ability as chief, and many of them,

although by no means temperance men, as the term was then understood, became my personal friends, and therefore more or less naturally inclined to give attention to my views.

The liquor dealers, and some who patronized them, or perhaps better, those whom they controlled, were displeased that at the head of so large and influential an organization should be one constantly exerting his influence against their trade, and consequently I was exposed to many little annoyances in the discharge of the duties of my position.

One fire involved a wholesale liquor-store, and I happened to be standing near one of the fire-engines when, by the bursting of a cask of liquor or some other cause, a large sheet of flame of seemingly various colors broke out, making for a few moments a most brilliant and beautiful spectacle. There was an involuntary and general exclamation among the men, and I said to the captain of the company something to the effect that it was a magnificent sight. Some one overheard it and, perhaps misapprehending, perhaps intentionally misrepresenting me, charged me with expressing pleasure at the destruction of the building because rum was sold there. That was made the occasion of many and bitter complaints.

At another fire, it was necessary to change the position of an engine, to prevent the flames from crossing a street and reaching a nest of wooden buildings, which would threaten a conflagration. To prevent this a store was sacrificed, which was a liquor-shop. Although every officer of the department justified the step as a wise precaution that saved an immense amount of property, it was insisted that I had made the change to permit the destruction of a rumshop. I

do not wonder so much, now, that some people really thought so for a time, until it was shown that the disposition I made of my available force saved two liquor-shops that must otherwise have been destroyed.

My services for temperance frequently took me out of town, and if a fire occurred in my absence it was always made a subject for complaint that I was neglecting my duties. Those gentlemen did not complain if I was absent from home to sell leather, or to buy land. That was my business. But to preach temperance was quite another thing—that was intolerable; that was meddling with matters that were none of my concern; that was fanaticism which ought to be stopped by my removal from the position of chief engineer. There were some people in Portland who believed that some buildings were set on fire during those absences of mine, purposely to make a point against me, and I find by reference to my letters written home at the time, that I was not entirely free from such an impression.

I accord such complainants the credit to believe that they were not actuated by jealousy as to my compensation. I was allowed one hundred dollars a year, generally enough to pay my bills for hack and horse hire incurred in getting to fires. It was not paid or received upon an agreement, express or implied, that all my time was to be given to the city. Finally, my friends of the liquor-interest would put up with the matter no longer, and, basing charges upon those and other grounds to be mentioned, organized a formidable movement for my dismissal from the position, taking advantage of a time when the city government was in the hands of the Democrats, while I was a Whig.

Petitions asking for my removal were prepared and posted for signature at all the hotels and liquor-shops in town. They were numerously signed. A day was appointed by the mayor and aldermen for a hearing. The instigators of the movement had engaged one of the ablest lawyers in town, a man of great native ability and brilliancy as an orator, but whose opportunities for usefulness were cut off by his untimely death. I was charged with being arbitrary and despotic, as being unskilled in the management of men, and generally incompetent for my position. A number of witnesses had been selected from among those in the department best known to differ from me in theory and practice as to the use of intoxicants, it having been taken for granted, without a preliminary examination, that they would testify against me. One put upon the stand was a jolly good fellow, the toast-master formerly referred to, — who professed little sympathy for temperance. He was connected with a most respectable family, the influence of which was inimical to the developing reform-movement. Because of this the liquor-interest depended upon him as a valuable witness for its purpose.

With that particular manner assumed by some lawyers when they call an important witness, with a pose and an adjusting of the waistcoat, a smile and a benign look upon the audience, and an air seeming to say, "Now see what I am going to do," the counsel for the petitioners, after the preliminary questions and replies tending to show his witness qualified to testify as an expert, said: "Now Mr., state your opinion of the skill and ability of the chief." The reply excited shouts of laughter because so unexpected by the counsel as to completely astonish

him. It was in substance: "My opinion is that he knows how to handle men as well as any, and that we have no better fireman among us."

I digress here to relate another incident in which this witness surprised some of his associates. Years after the event recorded, when his appetite for liquor had so far increased that he was much under its control, he, with several others, was called upon to testify in an early case under the Maine Law against a notorious liquor-dealer, whose regular customers they were supposed to be. The new law was regarded by many as an invasion of private rights, so outrageous, some said, that even reputable men pretended to believe that perjury, when necessary to protect liquor-dealers, was proper. Witness after witness who had been seen by officers going in and out of the store of the respondent testified that they had never bought, drunk, nor seen any liquors sold, given away or drank there.

Finally our toast-master was called. He admitted that he had bought and drank it there, and had seen others do the same. The conviction of the liquor-seller followed. The violator of the law afterwards complained to this witness of what he called his treachery, but the latter replied: "I have paid you for all the liquor I have bought in your shop, and made no promise, express or implied, to lie about it, or perjure myself on your account."

By a curious coincidence, the lawyer who was prosecuting the charges brought against me before the board of aldermen was also called as a witness in this liquor case. He objected to answering the questions asked by the county attorney on the ground, first, as he said, that it was an invasion of his personal consti-

tutional rights; if he might be asked what he drank, he urged, they might also ask him what he wore, ate, etc.: second, that he could not answer the question affirmatively without exposing himself to ridicule, abuse, and loss of business; third, that if he should answer affirmatively, he would criminate himself, as he regarded it a misdemeanor for one person to procure the violation of law by another. The position he took was argued pro and con by the counsel for the liquor-dealer on the one side and the county attorney, the late Henry J. Swasey, of Standish, on the other. Finally the judge decided that the questions must be answered.

The case of these two witnesses had much to do with removing the obstacles to obtaining testimony in the matter of the prosecution of liquor-dealers, which obtained to some extent in the earlier cases against them under the Maine Law.

But to return to my trial. Having utterly failed to establish incompetence, the next resort was to the specification charging me with arbitrary and despotic manner and recklessness as to the safety of the men under my command. A witness relied upon to sustain this charge was one of the two pipe-men of one of the engine-companies. He had a personal grievance against me, because I had once emphatically denounced him as a coward. In response to an appropriate question, the witness said in substance, referring to a recent dangerous fire:

“When the flames broke out in a narrow alley-way, setting fire to the buildings on each side of it, the chief ordered us into the alley with our stream to put the fire out.” “Well, what did you say?” “I told the chief that it was too dangerous, and refused to go

in." "Well," continued the counsel, "what did he say?" "He called me a coward."

At this point I whispered to my attorney, who immediately interjected the question: "What did the chief do?" And before the opposing counsel could stop him, the witness replied: "He snatched the pipe from my hands and took it into the alley himself."

That part of the charge collapsed.

It had not been my intention to employ counsel upon the occasion, but a member of the board of aldermen, the late General James Appleton, a warm personal friend of mine, and an earnest temperance man, and to whose invaluable service to the cause of temperance I shall refer elsewhere, urged me to do so. I accordingly retained the late Hon. Francis O. J. Smith, to whom reference has already been made. He was then at the zenith of his power. He had no sympathy with my views as to temperance, nor for that matter anything else, as we were diametrically opposed in politics and many other matters.

Mr. Smith created much amusement among the spectators by his comment upon the petition. After the signatures had been collected as related at the various bar-rooms in town, the papers had been so pasted as to make one long petition. Those who prepared it did not notice, until Mr. Smith called their attention to them, the ear-marks unmistakably disclosing the animus in which it had its origin.

Naturally, the landlord, the saloon, or grog-shop keeper, as the case might be, had first signed the petition which had been left at his bar. Mr. Smith, unfolding the paper and reading the heading, called out as he came to it the first name on the petition, that of a prominent liquor-dealer, and added: "And

here follow the names of all his customers." Then looking down the list to where the first pasting occurred, and reading the first name below, called attention to the fact that it was that of a liquor-dealer, and added as before, "And here follow the names of all his customers," and so on through the sheet.

Nothing came of this case, prepared by the saloon-men at some expenditure of time and money, as a flank movement in aid of their traffic. It broke down in a way most vexatious and humiliating to themselves. The aldermen voted unanimously that no cause for removal had been shown. About a month later I was re-elected as chief without opposition, as was the case for several years thereafter.

Some time after this, the temperance men "bolted" the regular nominees for aldermen of the Whig party, then dominant in city affairs, and I was quietly dropped from the position of chief engineer. It was generally supposed that my position on temperance had to do with this, but I never sufficiently interested myself to find out.

My old engine-company, the Deluge, at its annual meeting, following almost immediately after the appointment of my successor as chief engineer, elected me unanimously its captain, and appointed a committee to urge my acceptance. I declined. My service in the department had been prolonged because of the opportunity it gave me to serve the cause in which I was interested. My labors in this were at the time taking me frequently from town to address meetings in various parts of the state, and it was manifestly wise that my connection with the department should not be renewed.

Once thereafter I rendered service as a fireman. It was while I was mayor. At a fire one evening, I noticed one of the pipe-men so intoxicated as not to be safely trusted on a ladder. No officer of the department being in the immediate vicinity, I ordered a policeman to take the man to the "watch-house," while I took his place on the pipe. The captain of the company, when he ordered the pipe from the roof, was surprised to find the mayor of the city executing his order.

CHAPTER VI.

MY OBSERVATIONS, VIEWS, AFFILIATIONS AND EXPERIENCE
WITH REFERENCE TO NATIONAL POLITICS. MY
NOMINATION BY THE NATIONAL PROHI-
BITION PARTY FOR PRESIDENT.

My connection with politics, either local or national, has been no more than that of any ordinarily informed, active citizen, who has deemed it proper and found it agreeable to watch events as they pass, and to perform his apparent duty relative thereto. I have never held high official civil position, nor have I been an aspirant therefor. My opinions upon political questions, whether local or general, have been tenaciously held, and often positively, if not aggressively, expressed.

The schools in which I took my first lesson as to public questions, the temperance-reform and the anti-slavery agitation, were not calculated to develop a "party" man. Students there made better fighters in the ranks of minorities, opposing established wrongs and combating old customs and habits, than popular favorites and available candidates for place and honor. But while never a party man in the politician's understanding of the term, I appreciated the

importance of organization, and as far as consistent sought to give effect to my political views in co-operating with parties.

Though I have had no direct personal connection with national politics worth noting, few have had my opportunity to take even a general interest for so many years in public questions of a national character, or to have seen so long a procession pass on and off the stage of American politics. We take little note of time in its flight, and when one at my age looks back he may indeed be startled by the long line of mile-posts he has passed, each in a time well-nigh forgotten.

Eleven of the twenty-three* presidents of the United States were born during my lifetime, while of them all Washington alone did not live within my day, and the venom of faction did not lose its poison for his high name and sacred fame until years after my birth. When I had reached an age to be playing with urchins on the street, boys got into quarrels over him, as little "Jacobin" scamps would hurl the charge into the teeth of their "Federalist" fellows, of whom I was one, that "Washington was a coward and hid behind a tree," thus airing the spiteful calumnies against the "Father of his Country" learned through the talk of their elders, at family fireside and board.

Only the presidential terms of Washington, that of the elder Adams, and the first of Jefferson had been terminated before my birth, and I think that, with the exception of Washington, all who occupied important positions in either administration were living at that time. Of age when Adams and Jefferson departed together from this life, I had become, through my

*Written during Benjamin Harrison's term.

reading and the fresh and reliable traditions of the day, almost as familiar with the leading events of their times as if my life had been contemporaneous with theirs, and I was old enough to know something of current politics during Monroe's incumbency of the presidency.

I heard Webster's oration at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, in 1825, before he had reached the height of his political prominence. In 1830, I happened, in passing through Salem, to visit the court-house, in which the famous "White murder trial" was in progress, and then heard him speak a few moments, the incident being of sufficient importance for me to note the fact in a letter to my wife. When he was at the zenith of his fame, I expected to hear his oration at the completion of Bunker Hill Monument, but the excursion from Portland to Boston was delayed on the way. Again I was in Washington on the occasion of his famous seventh of March speech, which may be said to have been the winding-sheet of his political career.

At that time Hannibal Hamlin was a senator from Maine, and was particularly polite, aiding in many ways to make my visit to the capital agreeable. To the best of my recollection the only member of the senate besides Mr. Hamlin and his colleague, Senator Bradbury, from Maine, whom I had met, was John P. Hale, of New Hampshire. His acquaintance I had made a year or two before at a meeting of the American Temperance Union in New York, where he was one of the speakers.

Through the kindness of Mr. Hamlin and Mr. Bradbury, I was introduced to a number of senators and representatives, and I am more gratified now, I think,

than I was then, that I thus had an opportunity to speak with men at that time so prominent, but who have long been dead. Besides Mr. Webster, Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun were there. Salmon P. Chase, with Mr. Hale, was of that class so hated by politicians, almost as much at the North as in the South — Free-Soilers — practically ostracized by many senators. William H. Seward, of New York, found himself but a little more pleasantly situated in that particular. Stephen A. Douglass, then comparatively unknown, was in the senate. Senator Butler, of South Carolina, a few years after became prominent through a historical speech of Charles Sumner, who had not entered the senate at the time of my visit. Senator King, of Alabama, two years later, was elected vice-president, dying in a little more than a month after his inauguration.

The speaker of the house was Howell Cobb, who, with Alexander H. Stevens and Robert Toombs, made a long-noted trio of Georgia statesmen. My old schoolmate, James Brooks, was in the house, from New York, and he, with Horace Mann, of Massachusetts, were the only members of that body, besides the delegation from my own state, whom I had ever met before. Andrew Johnson, afterwards so famous, was then a representative from Tennessee, while that state was also represented by Isham G. Harris, who at the time of this writing represents it in the senate, of which body he is president *pro tem*.

Upon my introduction to Daniel Webster on this occasion, I related to him a story told me years before by ex-Senator John Holmes, of Maine. Mr. Holmes was a senator at the time of the famous Webster and Hayne debate, and on the evening before Mr.

Webster's great reply to the South Carolinian called on the Massachusetts senator at his lodgings. He found Mr. Webster in a dimly-lighted room, leaning back in an easy-chair, his feet resting in another. And in this position, without book, paper or pen, he was preparing for his masterly effort of the next day. The reminiscence seemed to please Mr. Webster.

William Pitt Fessenden and Hannibal Hamlin, contemporaries of my youth and middle age, lived and closed their useful, honorable lives within my day. I was past the middle of even a long life when James G. Blaine, a young man unknown to fame, came to Portland to become a citizen of Maine, while Thomas B. Reed and Eugene Hale were lads at school, and William P. Frye just out of college. It is hardly an exaggeration, therefore, for me to say that three generations of American statesmen and political leaders have come, have performed their parts, and passed on, while I have been an observer of the history which they were making.

Similarly, of course, almost all the exciting questions in American politics have arisen, been discussed, and disposed of during my day, and as to most of them I have had a more or less intelligent interest while they were vital, current issues. The "embargo," because of the ruin it precipitated upon a most important interest of Portland, was still a topic for table-talk and corner-store discussion after I was old enough to understand something about it, while for years after the Hartford Convention had passed into history its actions and intents, real or imaginary, disclosed or concealed, furnished ammunition for attacks upon the Federalists and their political legates, the Whigs.

I was fairly familiar with the events and discussions pertaining to the Missouri Compromise, incited as I was to give more than the attention that a boy of sixteen would ordinarily pay to the subject because of the local interest in the question of statehood for Maine, which was connected with it, and from my inherited antislavery convictions, strengthened through the marked interest of my father in the subject.

I have heard some dead and forgotten issues discussed, and perhaps have presented some of them myself, in a way to leave the impression that the fate of the nation, with all the hopes and possibilities for man wrapped up in it, depended upon the outcome of the particular contest at that time pending. But I have lived to see the country guided through them all by that divine care which presided at its birth, and until, despite all its trials and mistakes, it is richer, greater, grander than ever before.

I could not well avoid becoming interested in public matters at an early age. My father, though living a quiet, unobtrusive life, was by no means indifferent to matters of general concern, and was in the habit of reading, thinking and talking about public affairs, and, as soon as I was old enough, was accustomed to talk to me upon those subjects, and before that I took pleasure in listening to the conversation between my father and mother, or that of the occasional visitors at our house, about public men and measures.

As I have remarked, my father was a Federalist. Of course he thought highly of Washington, whose first election as president was almost coincident with my father's attainment of his majority. He had great confidence in John Adams, and a strong admiration

for Alexander Hamilton, and my horror of dueling, which kept me later from voting for Henry Clay, although otherwise in sympathy with that "great commoner," had its origin in what, as a boy, I had heard my father say of the great loss the country had sustained in the duel in which Hamilton lost his life.

My father had a collection of the papers written by Hamilton and others for the *Federalist*, and I read and re-read them long before reaching my majority. Naturally my political preferences and tendencies were influenced by my associations, and what I read only tended to confirm me in the same direction. It is no wonder, then, that I was an earnest Federalist before becoming a voter, but when I grew older I could not approve the length to which that party carried its opposition to the war of 1812. Because of their position as to that, the Federalists became odious in the eyes of young, hot-headed, warm-hearted men, and the name became one of reproach. Hence, although it contained many of the wisest heads and purest hearts among the earlier statesmen of the country, the Federal party lost its hold upon the people and, therefore, its power for usefulness.

The existence of slavery in the South had led to conditions in that section differing widely from those obtaining at the North. Under the stimulating influence of free labor one portion made rapid growth, while the mill-stone of the peculiar institution hung upon the neck of the other kept it almost inert as to material progress. Thus, long before the actual issue of the extension or perpetuation of slavery was forced to the front by the awakening of the northern conscience through the efforts of Lundy, Garrison, Phillips, Lovejoy, and others, the two sec-

tions were inclined to take differing views upon various questions which became political issues.

I remember something of the talk at the time of the election of Monroe in 1820. Although but sixteen years of age, I was already interested in public questions, and the fact that Maine that year voted for the first time as a state probably impressed the event more upon my mind than would otherwise have been the case. Monroe was not elected in the first instance as a party man, and was re-elected that year without opposition. Upon his accession to the presidency party animosities began to subside, party names to be almost forgotten, and, in fact, parties were broken up because the old subjects of dispute were settled.

Not old enough to vote in 1824, I was, nevertheless, intensely interested, as indeed was almost everybody, in that contest. In that campaign I studied and became a supporter of the policy of Protection to American Industries, and have never changed my views with reference to it. Largely, as I believe, through its beneficent influences, I have seen this country progress from a condition of practical dependence upon Europe for almost everything except food, until the extent and variety of its manufactures command the admiration, where they do not excite the jealousy, of the world.

The outcome of that contest, through the national house, favorable to Adams, resulted in a most violent political controversy. The bitterness growing out of that struggle, with the charges and counter-charges of bribery and corruption, has never since been exceeded in my observation of American politics. Owing as much to the manner as to the matter of the discussion attending that controversy, men became intensely

partisan in their feeling, and the devotion expressed for their own candidate was excelled only by the apparent hatred with which they denounced the chosen of the other side. Jackson, the titular saint of his party, was the great *bête noire* of his opponents; Adams, regarded by his supporters as the "ablest, wisest, purest statesman" of his or any other day, was an object for the derision of the other side. This feeling increased in both political camps during Adams' administration, and broke out with greater heat in the next presidential election.

Immediately after the inauguration of John Quincy Adams, a regular organization was established to oppose his administration. It made little pretense of concealing the fact that it was a party of the "outs" against the "ins;" indeed, a common expression at the time was that they were "determined to put that administration down, though pure as the angels in heaven."

In the campaign of 1828, I made my first political speech, as in that election I cast my first presidential vote. Speech and vote were both for Adams. I remember the great care with which I prepared myself for that effort, even to the extent of committing it to memory, reciting it to myself time and again in long walks devoted to its study, and I remember how nearly all my labors came to naught. Fortunately, it was toward the close of my declamation when I was interrupted by one of the opposition with an annoying question, doubtless incited by a pertness of manner incident to my youth. I was so disconcerted that I mentally resolved that I would never thereafter depend upon committed speeches.

The defeat of Adams, or rather the election of

Jackson, I thought would prove a great national calamity. Even now I feel disposed to say that though we have heard much from that day to this of false pledges and broken promises, it is questionable if any administration in the history of this country has so disregarded the avowed pledges and principles upon which it sought support from the people as did that of Jackson. It went into power pledged to retrenchment of expenditures, non-interference of office-holders in elections, non-appointment of members of Congress to office, and one term of office for the president; yet the national expenditures were trebled; violent partisanship was the surest passport to office; more members of Congress were appointed to place than by all the prior presidents, while Jackson accepted a second term of office.

His administration not only thus failed to carry out its distinctive pledges, but its leading measures, such as its course as to the United States bank and the currency, were sprung upon the people, not having been alluded to in the campaign. All the old prejudices against the Federalists were aroused, and had much to do with aiding Jackson to secure and retain his hold upon the masses. It is true, however, that during the day of his power many of the leading supporters of Jackson and Van Buren had formerly been among the warmest Federalists, while vast numbers of the opponents of those administrations had been firm and efficient supporters of Jefferson and Madison.

The Federal party was accused of being in favor of a strong national government, so strong as to merge in itself the independence and even the individuality of the several states. It was quite easy for differences

upon that question to degenerate, and leaders who were opposed to magnifying the nation at the expense of the states found among their followers those who imagined that the opponents of Federalism were tending toward the abolishment of all law. In fact, at one time there were outbreaks for that purpose in New Hampshire during my father's younger days, which had something to do, perhaps, with leading his sympathies toward Federalism.

Notwithstanding the denunciation by his supporters of the Federalists for seeking a strong government, General Jackson did more during his administration to concentrate power in the hands of the executive than the old Federal party was even charged with designing to do. By the frequent use of the veto he interrupted the exercise of the legislative power, and by refusing to send the land-bill back to Congress when more than two-thirds of both houses were in favor of its passage, he in fact arrogated to himself powers of the government not pertaining to his position.

Despite all this, later, in the campaign of 1840, it was the policy of the supporters of Van Buren to attempt to fasten upon their opponents, the Whigs, a party name, that of "Federalists," and to bring up all the old charges against that extinct party, that old prejudices and old animosities might be revived to their advantage. It was quite in accordance with human experience that those most active in this piece of treachery were Federalists when that party was in existence, as were their fathers before them.

Referring to my home correspondence of the period, I find that partisan feeling did not die out with the declaration of the result of the election. In a letter

to my wife, from Portsmouth, N. H., dated August 11, 1830, (Jackson had then been president but little over a year) in referring to a road in the vicinity of Portsmouth, I wrote:

“It would not be an uncharacteristic thing of Jackson, and the greatest and best of his acts, should he issue his edict, sweep every turnpike gate from every road in the Union, and hang the toll-keepers upon the pivot post, and I think the act would be quite in keeping if he should add the proprietors to the list of the condemned.”

Here I insert an extract from a letter written to me by a young Whig friend, whose acquaintance I had made on my “grand tour,” from New Orleans, under date of March 8, 1828, as illustrating the length to which political prejudices of the day would lead young men:

“Is it not astonishing to see what an idol General Jackson is, with his face employed as a sign for almost all taverns? How can a true Yankee wish for president of his beloved country a man who always resigned his political offices under the candid avowal that he was unfit for them, who even dared not keep his seat in the senate for fear that his incapacity for a statesman would be too much noticed, and whose fame is founded only on his murderous wars with poor, enervated Indians and on a pretended battle of New Orleans, which never was fought, and which never will be called a battle by any true historian.”

What we zealous opponents and friends of Jackson said then to each other was likely to be much less toned down than what we wrote to our families, without idea of its ever seeing light.

In this campaign of 1832, though heartily opposed to Jackson, I was not in favor of Clay. It was reported that he had fought duels, or approved of them; he was also a pro-slavery man, it was said, and

for those reasons I would not vote for him. I found refuge, therefore, in the Antimasonic movement, which about that time culminated in the support of a presidential candidate, and in two or three state elections in Maine cast a few votes. Except for these special reasons, I had great respect for Mr. Clay, and was a full believer in the American System of Protection, with which his name was identified.

Up to this time Maine had kept company with Massachusetts in her national politics in voting for president, but in the election of 1832, the daughter forsook the ways of the mother, and, going over to the Democrats, voted for Jackson.

Continuing my general relations with the now fully fledged Whig party, I was a supporter of Harrison, as against Van Buren, in 1836. I took an active part in the state campaign of 1837 for the Whig candidate, Edward Kent, for governor, who, much to the surprise and discomfiture of the Democrats, was elected, though as I remember it, by a very narrow margin. Governor Kent was of dignified presence, gentlemanly in taste and deportment, a lawyer of ability, a man of integrity, and a citizen of high standing generally. He was again elected governor in 1840 by a small majority, and his success in this latter year was hailed throughout the Union by sanguine Whigs, wild in their rejoicings over it, as the harbinger of their triumph in the national contest, at its height throughout the country when the Maine state election was held.

The country was passing through a terrible financial crisis in 1837, largely due to the withdrawal of the government deposits from the state banks. These had sprung up in profusion all over the

country, especially in the South and West, as an outcome of the policy of Jackson relative to the United States bank. They had inflated the currency, stimulated speculation, and when at length the United States deposits were withdrawn from them, curtailment and calling of loans were necessary, followed by the suspension of banks, and wide-spread business disaster. The fever of speculation had caught Maine, and extravagant fortunes on paper had been made in her wild lands, only to be lost later with substantial wealth when the collapse of 1837 came. This contributed materially to the repulse of the dominant party in the state and to the election of Kent.

The Democrats recovered the state in 1838, preventing the re-election of Governor Kent. The contest was sharp, the Whigs making a desperate effort to hold, and the Democrats to recover, power. The latter party was somewhat disturbed by internal dissensions, a so-called "conservative" element in it giving their associates little aid or comfort in the campaign. I was much interested and somewhat active in the contest.

Up to this time but one of the Maine men, who within the past thirty years have been so familiar in national politics, had attracted notice outside of his own immediate neighborhood. Hannibal Hamlin, afterwards vice-president of the United States, and for a long time United States senator from Maine, as a Democratic member of the legislature of 1837, had been elected speaker of the house. Mr. Hamlin had read law in Portland, and while there boarded for a time in the same house with my uncle, Jonathan Dow, where I made his acquaintance. Though opposed in

politics and not thrown much together in after life, we remained good friends personally throughout his long, eminent and useful career. In more than one of the crises of his political life I was able to be of service to him, and always felt that in aiding him I was serving the public, whose faithful servant he was for so long.

The most prominent man Maine had thus far given to the Union was George Evans. He served in several successive Congresses the district which included part of the territory afterwards so long represented by James G. Blaine. More than once, I am confident, he was the only Whig or anti-Democratic representative in Congress from the state. As a result of the successes of his party in Maine in 1840, Mr. Evans was sent to the United States senate in 1841, serving one term. He was a man of ability and force, and was at one time, I think in 1844, quite prominent as a possible Whig candidate for vice-president.

During a part of his term in the senate, Mr. Evans had for a colleague, Hannibal Hamlin, a Democrat. Later in life, Mr. Evans crossed over to the democracy, meeting on his way his old associate, Hamlin, who was coming over to the Republicans, and who filled, as Lincoln's vice-president, the position Evans sought as a Whig, with Clay. In 1847, Maine, having returned to the Democratic fold, Mr. Evans was succeeded by James W. Bradbury, a Democrat. Mr. Bradbury served one term. He is the only man, so far as I can recall, who has been prominently before the public, now living in Maine, my senior in years. Two or three years ago Mr. Bradbury and I met at the State House in Augusta, and there, on the scene of the many stirring events in which we had partici-

pated, renewed the acquaintance which had existed between us for so many years.

The memorable campaign of 1840, terminating in the election of General Harrison, was as sharp and exciting in Maine as elsewhere in the country. I interested myself in it in various ways. It was generally known as the "log-cabin and hard-cider" campaign, a phrase which furnishes a striking illustration of the influence, shown more than once in the politics of the country, of an ill-considered reference to an opposing candidate or party.

General Harrison was a poor man, and it was said that his residence was a rude, log hut. After it became known that he was to be the candidate of the Whigs, some Democratic paper or orator said something to the effect that Harrison had better continue to skin coons and drink hard-cider in his log-cabin than to try to become president of the United States. This was immediately seized upon by the Whigs and made the most of to show that the supporters of Van Buren, who was regarded as somewhat of an aristocrat, had cast a slur upon poverty. Thereafter log-cabins, hard-cider, and coon-skins served a great purpose in arousing prejudice against Van Buren, who was made responsible for the reflection upon the humble mode of General Harrison's life.

It is probably true that the roistering, rollicking way in which the "log-cabin and hard-cider" portion of that struggle was conducted by the younger element of the Whig party had something to do with breaking the grip of the Democrats upon the state of Maine. But the untoward business conditions of the country, felt in Maine perhaps more seriously than

anywhere else, and the combined influence of the banking interest, had put our people into a receptive mood, and while the "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" jollifications were exciting some, an active educational campaign afforded food for thought to those of our voters not so susceptible to mere excitement. I entered into the contest of 1840 with great earnestness and enthusiasm.

That year I delivered in the neighboring town of Gorham, a Fourth of July oration which, as I remember it, though of a non-partisan character, had to do with the political issues of the day, and was designed to aid the Whigs without irritating such Democrats as might favor me with their presence. After the oration, a substantial meal was spread in the basement of the Congregational church for the more prominent of those in attendance from the surrounding towns. Among my auditors on that occasion, I have been informed, was a lad, not then out of his teens, who has been governor of Maine, my friend, Frederick Robie. In the winter of 1859, both being members of the Maine legislature, we were room-mates at Augusta. Throughout his public life Governor Robie has merited and enjoyed the respect of his extensive acquaintance in the state.

As to my interest in the preliminary September gubernatorial campaign, I was incited to it not alone by my general Whig convictions and opposition to "Jacksonianism," of which Van Buren was regarded as the executor and legatee, but probably more because Governor Kent, the Whig candidate, when governor in 1838, had made reference in his inaugural to the temperance question, being the first of our executives to do so. Perhaps to remind me that he

had heard of my services, (I can think of no other reason, though we were well acquainted and good friends) Governor Kent appointed me on his staff, and thereafter I was called "Colonel," though as may be inferred from what has elsewhere been written. I had never trained with the militia.

The "moral" effect of the success of the Maine Whigs in September upon the canvass through the country was immense. Four years before, the state had voted for Van Buren by a majority of more than fifty per cent of the total vote. Now, it gave the Whig candidate for governor a plurality, though less than a hundred, in the largest vote up to that time cast. This result was heralded far and near as presaging Democratic defeat in the impending presidential election. Then, if I remember aright, presidential electors were not chosen on the same day in all the states, though in none of them were they elected prior to the Maine gubernatorial election in September.

The September election in 1840 was not followed by a lull in political activity, as is usually the case. The Democrats by no means conceded that Maine would support Harrison in the following November, and, though the exact vote was not known for some time, from the close of the polls in September to the time of the presidential election the state was like a vast political camp. Meanwhile Pennsylvania, which had voted for Van Buren in 1838, always a "Jackson" state, had in October chosen Harrison electors, and Ohio in the same month had nearly trebled the majority given for Harrison four years before. Maine Democrats, though they did their best, could not resist the rising tide which gave the electoral votes of

their state to Harrison in an increased total vote by a little over five hundred plurality.

That election sent to the national house a Whig, William Pitt Fessenden, who was thereafter to win national distinction, and promoted from the house to the senate, as has already been noted, another Whig, George Evans. But Maine whiggery, as an organization, did not profit long by the success. What with "Tylerism" and other troubles it lost all the ground it had gained, and Governor Kent was defeated for re-election in 1841 by the Democratic candidate he had beaten in 1840, and in 1844, both in September and November, Maine was reunited by large pluralities to her old Democratic love.

In 1844, Whig as I was as to all economic and administrative questions, I would not give my vote to Clay. Dueling, slavery, the annexation of Texas, were the disturbing points, and I acted with the Abolitionists, with whose horror of slavery I was in full sympathy. It was a forlorn hope in which the political liberty men were engaged, but it was making the way plainer and smoother for the path-finder of the Republicans in 1856.

In 1848, I favored Van Buren, as the Free-Soil candidate for president, though I was among those imagining they could see under the Free-Soil cloak of that veteran Jacksonite the intent to punish Cass, his old-time rival, for his (Van Buren's) discomfiture in the Democratic convention four years before.

In 1852, I did what little I could in Maine for the Whig presidential candidate, General Scott. My sympathies were as they had been four years before, with the Free-Soil candidate, but the peculiar situation of the temperance movement in Maine, to be

more fully described elsewhere, placed the friends of Prohibition under peculiar obligations to temperance Whigs who had supported at the polls, notwithstanding its possible influence upon the nation at large, the Democratic candidate for governor, because he had approved the Maine Law.

In 1856, the Republican party, of which I was a charter member, had been formed, and I favored its candidate for president, Fremont. Maine for the first time since 1840, that year gave its vote to other than a Democratic candidate for president. Of some of the causes which led up to this great political change I shall write in another chapter. It was during this campaign that I first met, as a Republican, my friend, Hannibal Hamlin. We addressed an immense meeting from the same platform. Our presence there had more than ordinary significance, and the great ovation accorded each by the thousands that thronged the square was not altogether personal to either.

Mr. Hamlin had long been in public life, and was respected and loved as few men have been by the people of any state. His fidelity to his convictions and his integrity in all relations of life were unquestioned. Early in June of this year, 1856, Mr. Hamlin created a profound sensation, not only in Maine, but throughout the Union, in taking a course, so far as I am aware, without a parallel in the political history of the country. He formally abandoned the party which had elected him to the senate, and cast his political fortunes with the opposition, which had but once, sixteen years previous, elected a United States senator, and which the year before Mr. Hamlin's change lost the power it had exercised for one year in Maine.

From that time Mr. Hamlin was indicated as the candidate of the Republicans of Maine for governor in the campaign of 1856. He was disinclined to accept the nomination, but yielded after much persuasion. At the time of the meeting referred to, Senator Hamlin had just been elected governor by an immense majority, to which his own personal popularity had contributed much, and his presence at the meeting reminded the thousands of Republicans assembled of their recent great triumph in the state. What my presence at the meeting signified will be mentioned later.

In full sympathy with the Republican party in 1860, I participated, with voice and pen, in the campaign resulting in the election of Lincoln. I accompanied to the polls that day my honored father, over ninety-four years old, as he went to deposit what proved to be his last vote. Of age when Washington was elected president for the first time, he had witnessed the marvelous material growth and the even more astonishing political changes in the country for nearly three-quarters of a century, and was still interested in current events.

In 1864, I favored Lincoln as a matter of course. At times during his administration my intense antagonism to slavery and my strong desire for the rapid progress of the Union arms led me to feel some impatience at what I was inclined to regard as a timid, hesitating policy. But my confidence in the ability, integrity and patriotism of the President was too strong to be shaken by whatever of misgiving or doubt I might have entertained as to any particular action or non-action. More than this, I had, as I thought, special information as to a fact which

demanding the renomination of Mr. Lincoln as indispensable to the success of the cause of the Union, as it was due to his own great qualities and service.

I had been two years in the army, and had learned from my intercourse with the South, through prominent Confederates in my charge as prisoners of war, and others who had in turn held me as such, that the re-election of Lincoln would be a great discouragement to them, as evidence of the determination on the part of the North to continue the war to a successful issue, and that after such re-election the collapse of the Confederacy would be only a question of time.

Just prior to the assembling of the convention in which Lincoln was nominated the second time, I had been exchanged as a prisoner of war, and was on my way home from Richmond, when I stopped in Washington. While on the floor of the national house, throngs of the members gathered about me, and the question of what should be done was there, as in every other gathering of public men at the time, uppermost. There was no doubt as to what most of those men believed the proper course — the re-nomination of Lincoln. But I was able from such information as I had to reinforce that view effectively, and to show that the evidence that Lincoln was supported by his party would be worth for the Union cause another levy of one hundred thousand men.

From 1864, up to and including the election of President Hayes in 1876, I retained my connection with the Republican party and supported its tickets, state and national, rendering from time to time such assistance as I could upon the platform and through the public press, my services by no means being confined to the state of Maine.

In 1880, I was the nominee for president of the Prohibition party. Prior to the assembling of its national convention at Cleveland, Ohio, it had been intimated to me that there were those desiring that I should be selected as the nominee of that organization for president. Where it was proper for me so to do, I expressed a hope that such action would not be taken. There were several reasons for my wish that some other choice might be made, only one of which I will cite:

In my entire life my name had been used in connection with my candidacy for official position, whether with or without expectation of attaining to such, only as it was supposed by friends of temperance that the cause in which they and I were alike interested might thus be served. In this instance I believed that any other name would answer as well as mine around which to rally the few who had come to regard prohibition of the liquor-traffic a national issue of paramount importance, and I was inclined to the opinion that I could better serve the general cause if unembarrassed by even a nominal candidacy for office. I was, however, persuaded that others should be permitted to finally pass upon that question.

My name was presented to the Cleveland convention by Hon. James Black, of Pennsylvania, and I was unanimously nominated. On the evening of that day I received over the signatures of Mr. Black and of Rev. A. A. Miner, the distinguished Universalist clergyman of Boston, a life-long friend of temperance, the following telegram:

“CLEVELAND, O., June 17, 1880.

To General Neal Dow:

The National Prohibition party, large in numbers and

earnest in purpose, have just nominated you by a unanimous rising vote, with cheer upon cheer, and the doxology, as their candidate for president. We congratulate the cause which has thus made you its representative standard bearer."

The gentleman nominated by the convention for vice-president was Prof. A. H. Thompson, of Ohio, president of Oberlin college, an earnest friend and able advocate of Prohibition, a gentleman of high character and standing, with whom it was a pleasure and satisfaction to me to be associated.

As already intimated, I did not feel at liberty to decline the nomination, and accordingly accepted in the following letter:

Hon. James Black and Rev. A. A. Miner, D. D.:

GENTLEMEN: Your note of the 18th June, notifying me officially of my nomination by the National Prohibition convention at Cleveland as candidate for the presidency, is received. I am very sensible of the honor implied in a spontaneous and unanimous selection by such an assembly, to represent their opinions and purposes as to the relation of the liquor-traffic to the interests of the nation and people.

There is and can be no difference of opinion among intelligent men as to the tremendous evils flowing necessarily from that traffic to every public and private interest. Such men may and do differ as to the best methods of providing a remedy for these evils, but each must judge for himself upon that point according to his light.

In our country there can be no change in any public policy which depends upon law, unless the people desiring the change shall indicate their pleasure through the ballot-box. Parties and their policies come into power among us and go out of power only through the ballot-box. There is no other way by which the people can express their will effectively. All important questions of public policy are decided in that manner only.

The question of deliverance to the country and emancipation of the people from the infinite evils of the liquor-traffic, may well challenge the closest attention of patriots, philanthropists, and statesmen. This question touches the interests

of nation, state and people as no other does or can; the solution of it can never come in any other way than through the ballot-box.

It is said by men whose opinions are entitled to the highest respect, that the present is not a suitable time for pressing this issue.

No man can be more sensible than I am of the magnitude and importance of other questions of public policy which are to be tried by the people at the next presidential election; but I am confident that none of these, nor all of them, are so important as this, to every national and social interest. Whatever mischiefs may arise from an unwise popular verdict upon other issues, they cannot be so great as those coming from the liquor-traffic. The former can continue but for two years, the congressional term, or at most, for four years, the presidential term, unless the people shall so determine by their votes; while the far greater evils of the liquor-traffic must continue indefinitely, unless the people shall express their will against it emphatically by the ballot.

Men who hold this question to be of minor importance, can never find a suitable moment for making it a political issue. There will always be some other question in which they feel more interest, that may be crowded out by bringing this question to the front. There is never a suitable time for a summer rain in the view of everybody, however dry and parched the earth may be. There will always be somebody to whom the storm will be injurious or inconvenient.

In the old antislavery time, the authors and promoters of the antislavery agitation were always a thorn in the side of political parties. They were always a nuisance and an exasperation to those who were out of office and trying to get in, and to those who were in office and striving to retain their places; the two classes comprising almost the entire body of politicians. But the antislavery men, bent on overthrowing the dreadful system of human bondage, having no personal interest to promote, except such as might be involved in the general good, were true to their convictions and steadfast in the line of policy which they believed to be right and wise. They encountered and overcame all possible modes of opposition — bitter denunciation, great personal violence, humiliating and offensive ostracism; but, against all and over all, in the love and fear of God, and in persistent devotion to the right, they won.

There was never a time before the final victory, when the antislavery movement had so large a following as Prohibition now has; nor was it so influential, except in the great ability and singular devotedness of those who were engaged in it. Very few in number at first and uninfluential, in many parts of the country they put their resolve in the form of votes into the ballot-box, only to be laughed at by the politicians and to be stigmatized as fanatics; but they won at last. The prohibition movement in this country is now so respectable for its magnitude, and so influential from the numbers and character of those engaged in it, that it cannot be laughed down. There is and must continue to be an 'irrepressible conflict' between the liquor-traffic and the prosperity of the nation and the welfare of the people. As that traffic flourishes, every legitimate industry languishes and dies.

The result of the recent general election in England, marks very distinctly what I consider to be the best mode of carrying on the agitation against the liquor-traffic. Since 1853 the Prohibitionists of that country have been striving with great ability and persistence, to procure such a change in the law as would enable the people of any locality to forbid the liquor-traffic, if they should choose so to do. But very little good came of the agitation practically, until they adopted the policy of ignoring party ties and voting only for this one object. At the late election their adversaries were thoroughly defeated.

I consider the object of the Prohibitionists of the country to be of supreme importance to the interests of the nation and people. Aside from its bearing upon the moral and religious welfare of the people, I consider the suppression of the liquor-traffic to be an object of far greater political importance than any other now claiming the attention of the country. My life has been largely devoted to the accomplishment of that purpose. Perhaps I may live to see my dearest hopes in relation to it realized, at least within my own state; but however that may be, in the future, as in the past, I shall keep that object steadily in view.

While I sincerely wish that the choice of a candidate by the Cleveland convention had fallen on some other than myself, I accept the nomination willingly, being sure that it will prove to be the humble beginning of a triumphant end.

I am most respectfully yours,

NEAL DOW.

While the nomination was merely a matter of form, the Prohibition party at that date not having even the skeleton of an organization, I may be pardoned for inserting here a sample extract or two of the comments upon it.

The Springfield Republican said:

“There is one man at least in nomination for the presidency who can boast a record of consistency and perseverance, if not of wisdom, for many years in one line of reform, and that man is Neal Dow of Maine, who is set up by the Prohibitionists. He has been in the fight for a long lifetime. Among the chapters of his career are two elections to the mayoralty of Portland, membership in the legislature and service in the army during the war, where he rose to the rank of brigadier-general. He went out as colonel of the thirteenth regiment, an organization composed of the flower of the Maine churches and Sunday-schools, but which never had a chance to kill many rebels. Most of Dow's career as a soldier was in the Gulf department, and the boys used to say that General Butler had a special spite against him because he was a ‘psalm-singer,’ etc. At all events, a number of men who were in Dow's command remember with exasperation such places as Ship Island, at which they were left where there was all the tedium and liability to disease of camp-life without the remotest prospect of glory on the field. Dow possesses more than the ordinary ability of public men, and his friends say that if he had not sacrificed ambition to hate of the liquor-traffic he would have occupied a conspicuous position in the world. Certain it is that in his own state he has exercised a tremendous influence, carrying the people forward with him from one position to another, and even the supporters in the Democratic party of a license system dare not formulate their faith in a political platform. Whether Mr. Dow is right or not, no one doubts his sincerity.”

The National Temperance Advocate said:

“He is no ‘dark horse.’ For a quarter of a century he has stood forth as the foremost champion of Prohibition in the world. His sagacity, his wisdom, his ability, and his enthusiasm conceived the idea of Prohibition, and carried out the

inspiration into a practical law, which he has perfected for a long time until it is the admiration of the friends of law and order and the terror of all liquor-sellers.”

An independent paper published in Portland, said:

“While some of us at times have questioned his methods, no man ever questioned his sincerity or his honesty, and friend and foe alike unite in admiration for his undaunted courage and perseverance in the presence of obstacles and difficulties which would long ago have daunted a spirit less resolute, a purpose less determined.”

Until 1880, I had uniformly acted with the Republican party, supporting its nominations and advocating its principles from platform and through the press, in my own and other states. I had, however, been dissatisfied with the action of the party in Maine at times with reference to Prohibition, and had become so much so that, with other temperance men who, up to that time, had been stalwart Republicans, I refused to support its nominee for governor in 1880. Some of them either voted directly for the Democratic or Fusion candidate, to make their protest more emphatic, or for one of the Temperance candidates (there were two) to make it more apparent. More than enough votes were cast for the two Temperance candidates to have elected a Republican governor, had they been given as in the past to that party. As it was, however, the Fusion candidate was chosen.

This was a presidential year, be it remembered, and the result of the September election gave rise to some apprehension among Republicans in the state, shared by thousands throughout the country, that Maine might be carried by the Democrats in November. Though there was little probability of this, it was not unnatural that such a fear should obtain. Maine had

invariably held in her presidential elections in November the same political position taken in the previous September state election, and the Fusionists, with that in mind, had been encouraged by the outcome of the September balloting to strenuous efforts to secure the electoral vote of the state for Hancock.

Shortly after the September election, I wrote a letter to a friend in another state, giving some of the reasons for the Republican discomfiture in Maine. That letter, with others of similar import, found its way into print. It contained an intimation that but for certain acts therein specified of some Maine Republican politicians, the temperance men would have voted, as usual, the Republican ticket in September, and that therefore the Republican candidate for governor would have been elected. In the latter part of October, I received by the hand of a mutual friend, the following letter:

AUGUSTA, ME., 25th October, 1880.

My Dear Mr. Dow:

There were some troubles that stood in the way of complete harmony at the September election in the Republican ranks. I do not stop now to discuss those troubles further than to say that they do not seem to attach to the national election. Your own candidacy as the oldest and most unwavering friend of Prohibition can have no other effect in this state, if an electoral ticket is run, than to increase the chances for Hancock. And I presume that every Dow man would prefer Garfield to Hancock. Could you not, either by a public letter, or by private letters to your friends, urge the support of the Garfield electoral ticket? I think a public letter succinctly stating your reasons therefor would be far the best method, and would increase the respect and regard entertained for you by your host of old Republican friends in the state.

Sincerely your friend,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

P. S. If done, 'twere well it were done quickly.

In a long, full, and entirely frank conversation with Mr. Blaine's messenger, I declined to write either a public letter or private communications as suggested, and took occasion to show how entirely improper such a course would be under all the circumstances, even were I otherwise disposed to comply with Mr. Blaine's request. I talked, as was my habit when conversing with a friend, with great freedom, and said something to the effect that it was undoubtedly true that the great body of the friends of Prohibition in Maine would vote for Garfield electors, as it had been their wont to act with the Republican party, and I also remarked that if it were true, as intimated by Mr. Blaine, "that every Dow man would prefer Garfield to Hancock" that preference would be expressed by votes without request, suggestion, or intimation of any sort from me. I also said in substance that the Prohibition vote for presidential electors in Maine would in any event be so small that there was no occasion for anxiety on the part of Mr. Blaine. In the course of the conversation I referred to my great respect and liking for General Garfield, with whom I had enjoyed a personal acquaintance, and who, on more than one occasion when he had been in Maine, had been so kind as to call on me, as he said "to pay his respects," and he was always so cordial, whole-souled, and hearty as to lead me to feel that we were something more than mere casual acquaintances.

My conversation with that gentleman, who was a warm personal friend of mine, as well as of Mr. Blaine, was reported, perhaps with some embellishments and additions, in two or three different quarters. The outcome was the publication of state-

ments, as coming from me, for which there was no other foundation than the conversation related. It was bruited all about the country that I had announced my intention of supporting the Republican nominee for president, and of doing other things quite out of keeping with the dignity of a presidential candidate, even of one who had no expectation of receiving any considerable number of votes. The result was a large number of telegrams from our friends in many states asking questions based upon those reports. I had long before found it impracticable to give time or attention to misrepresentations of myself or my position upon any subject, but in this case I deemed it proper to state over my own signature that I was then, as always, true to Prohibition, and had said and done nothing inconsistent with my position as candidate of the National Prohibition party.

The success that is measured by majorities we did not expect. We were voting for a principle. Right-feeling voters doing that reap a higher satisfaction than is to be obtained by a nominal triumph secured by sacrificing convictions and stifling conscience.

By 1884, I had reached an age long past that at which most men interest themselves in public affairs. My long-time friend, James G. Blaine, was the Republican candidate for president. The friends of temperance in Maine, in more than one exigency, had received his effective assistance in matters connected with Prohibition. That year the prohibitory constitutional amendment was pending before the people of Maine, submitted by a legislature controlled by the political associates of Mr. Blaine, and was to be supported at the polls by thousands of voters attached to him, earnestly desiring his election.

My views of what was wise and expedient, under all the circumstances, led me to devote myself wholly to securing as large a majority as possible for the prohibitory amendment. Some papers charged that there had been an agreement between Mr. Blaine and myself, whereby, in consideration of the support by the Republican organization of constitutional Prohibition, I would withhold my sympathy from the national prohibitory party, which organization was likely to divert votes from the Republican candidate in the important state of New York.

There was no truth in that, and I took occasion to say so. Not a word had passed between Mr. Blaine, or any other person, and myself upon that subject, and so far as I knew there had been no such agreement, expressed or implied. I believed then, as I have since, that it was important to our cause in Maine and elsewhere, that the policy of Prohibition should be so intrenched behind a constitutional provision as to be secure from any unexpected attack in the legislature.

I add that I sincerely desired the election of Mr. Blaine, although unable, had I been disposed, to lend active assistance to his canvass. I seriously regretted his defeat, because I believed that, had he been elected, he would have given the country an administration which would have contributed to its prosperity, and added to his own fame.

That was the last presidential election in which I have taken more than a passing interest. By 1888, my old-time relations with the Republican party had been completely severed. I voted that year, as in 1892, the national ticket of the Prohibition party. Of the seventeen presidential votes I have cast, but

six have been given to successful candidates, but each of those votes represented my convictions, a matter of greater import to every voter than to vote with the majority.

Yet the safety of the republic will only be assured when a majority of ballots shall represent intelligence, clearly discriminating between right and wrong, and conscience consenting to nothing that is evil. Between the saloon and a class of bold political manipulators, shamelessly seeking their own at the public expense, there is a natural alliance, offensive and defensive, against much demanded by the common weal. There can be no political end worthier the serious thought, the determined and united action of true patriots than antagonism to that prolific source of evil which serves itself by destroying those essentials of good citizenship through which alone can be realized the true greatness and glory of the country.

CHAPTER VII.

MAINE. SOME ACCOUNT OF WHAT IT WAS AND WHAT
IT IS. THE CONDITION OF ITS PEOPLE
THEN AND NOW.

To properly understand the origin, rise and progress of the temperance reformation in Maine, some knowledge of conditions prevailing in early times is necessary. Space is not afforded for more than a cursory glance. Her territory was rich in material resources, as yet all undeveloped and mostly undiscovered. Her immense forests represented untold wealth, while her numerous rivers waited only to be curbed by dams and harnessed to machinery to furnish the power to convert those forests into lumber, and thereafter to run looms and spindles to supply other necessities and comforts of man. Fish in great variety and vast numbers swarmed in the numerous bays along her coasts, while in her large streams salmon literally crowded each other for space.

Here I am reminded of a story, told me by my father long before modern fish fictions were invented. He was on the Kennebec river one evening, not long after he first came to Maine, and saw a man take seventeen salmon in less than an hour. It used to be said that in articles of apprenticeship it was common

to stipulate that boys bound by them should not be compelled to partake of that fish at more than a specified number of meals in any one week.

Everybody understands the demoralization attendant upon a soldier's life in time of war, and there are some facts which suggest that Maine may have suffered to some extent from this. Massachusetts, of which the district of Maine was a part, furnished nearly thirty-six per cent of all the regular troops, and more than twenty-seven per cent of all the militia engaged upon the side of the colonies during the Revolutionary war. When the last war with Great Britain was declared, the district of Maine was called upon for two thousand, five hundred militia, and the next year a tax of \$74,220 was levied upon her people. During the war her enrolled militia, numbered over twenty-one thousand men. It has been claimed that, in proportion to her population, the district furnished more soldiers to that war than did any state. If this is true, it is evident that as a new country, as it then comparatively was, Maine had a larger proportion of men without families than any other portion of the Union, a fact affecting other conditions to which reference is elsewhere made.

Maine suffered greatly during that war. Her interests were largely commercial, and her shipping was destroyed, or rendered unproductive. Her entire coast was exposed to British cruisers, which watched her ports to seize and destroy whatever they could conveniently reach. Several places lost much from English troops landed to fortify harbors for their blockading squadrons or to obtain supplies. That portion of the district by any possibility exposed to attack was in a constant state of alarm. Not only

were the ordinary occupations of the people seriously interrupted, but so large a proportion of the male population was for longer or shorter periods in camp, that habits contracted there came subsequently to exert a marked influence upon the entire community.

Great as was its loss caused directly by the war, the district suffered yet more from intemperance, which historical writers, in no way specially interested in temperance reform, have noted as excessive, and have attributed to the influence of the war. In the absence of any concerted movement to check it, this vice increased, fostered by the trade with the West Indies, which took fish and lumber from Maine, to be largely exchanged for rum.

In 1820 Maine was admitted to the Union, having at that date a population of 298,000. Ten years later the census numbered about 400,000, or an increase of nearly 33 per cent. By 1840 the population was 500,000, and the census of 1850 placed the number at 583,000. In 1860 it had further increased to 628,000. In the next, or war, decade, the population fell off slightly, being in 1870 a trifle less than 627,000. In 1880 the tide turned again, and the population was 648,945.

Numbers, however, are not always an indication of prosperity and happiness. Those who know what Maine was once, as disclosed in the circumstances of her people, and what she is now, may well wonder that even the intervening years have wrought so great a change. Once poorer, perhaps, than any state in the Union, she has taken rank in wealth much in advance of her relative position as to population, while in the general comfort, thrift and happiness of her people, she is excelled nowhere on the face of the globe.

It was far otherwise when I became old enough to observe and to think, and that was after earnest men in Maine, startled by the evils of intemperance in the midst of which our people lived, had engaged in more or less systematic efforts to correct them. Those efforts had by this time been productive of good, not so much by the actual removal of existing evils as in calling attention to the necessity for a change—the sowing of seed in the intelligences and consciences of a really noble people—seed that, because it fell into such good soil, was soon to spring up in a wide-spread organized movement for a genuine, permanent, and marvelous change for the better.

Few now living have personal knowledge of those times, and only such can appreciate the value to the state of the movement, which, inaugurated before her admission to the Union, while I was a boy, was faithfully, zealously and unremittingly carried on by earnest men and warm-hearted women for more than the lifetime of a generation before it reached its logical result in the outlawry of the liquor-traffic as inconsistent with the general good, and as justly chargeable with the greater part of the evils to which our people were exposed.

Some wonder now why time and strength and thought and means should have been devoted to a temperance reformation. Could such be made to comprehend the situation in those early days their surprise would cease. When a conflagration is raging, all are interested and anxious to do what they may to extinguish it; when it is in great measure under control, the efforts of many are relaxed; when but slumbering embers remain, those alone whose specific duty it is give attention to it.

Only the remnants of intemperance in Maine, when compared with what it was, are now left, and, naturally, only those who know what the condition was then, or who comprehend the danger lurking in what remains, are drawn to give the attention necessary to protect society from it. They understand that, unless watched, like a flickering fire well-nigh extinguished, it may at any time result in even greater damage than was before threatened.

In the old time, to be drunk frequently was not to lose standing, or, indeed, even to excite unfavorable comment, and I remember hearing it said that the men who had never been under the influence of liquor were no more numerous than those who had been intoxicated many times. That was probably an exaggeration. Those alone addicted to the excessive use of liquor were the subjects of criticism, so that long before a man deriving a moderate income from his daily labor was exposed to censure or reproof he was often expending for drink money which his family could not do without save at the expense of the comforts and necessaries of life. This constant drain upon wages earned, and the loss of wages which, but for their habits, might have been earned, kept large numbers of working-men poor, and their families scantily clothed and fed. To this evil were all too frequently added the greater degradation and the more acute misery due to confirmed and gross intemperance.

Some estimate of the extent of the traffic and habits of that day may be formed by those who recognize the intimate connection between supply and demand, from the fact that when the population of Portland was less than four thousand, eighty-one places within

its limits were licensed to sell liquor. In 1823, the population of Portland being about nine thousand, there were over two hundred licensed places in the town, and no more attention was paid to the restrictions of a license-law here at that time than is given elsewhere now:

At its annual town-meeting in 1823, the town voted:

“That the inspector of the police department be instructed to make complaint to the proper authority against all such persons as shall presume to retail spirituous liquors in this town without being duly licensed.”

And it would appear also that others than respectable citizens were engaged in the traffic, for, at the same meeting, the town voted:

“That the selectmen be requested to grant license in future to no persons as retailers of spirituous liquors unless they are satisfactorily recommended for that purpose.”

This was in conformity with the law of the state providing that the licensing board of towns “may license as many persons of *sober life and conversation*, and suitably qualified for the employment, as they may deem necessary.”

Among the mechanics and laboring men of that day it was as much the rule to quit work at eleven in the forenoon and four in the afternoon to drink, as it is now to rest at noon; and in Portland “eleven o’clock” was sounded by the town bell-ringer, to notify all of the hour for drink, as regularly as the nine o’clock bell was rung in the evening.

In every grocer’s shop were casks, larger or smaller according to the capital invested, labeled “Rum,” “Gin,” “Brandy,” and in some cases with the names of different varieties of wines. Often in the larger

towns, as was the case in Portland, outside the stores on the sidewalks to attract attention to the large business done, were puncheons and casks which had contained these liquors. Many of these places kept rum punch constantly prepared in a tub, sometimes on the sidewalk, just as lemonade is to be seen now on the Fourth of July, or other gala-days. This was a favorite beverage with those who were apprentices at drinking.

Among the rich, educated and refined of the day, frequent victims of intemperance were to be found, as well as among those whose temptation and liability to excess are generally regarded as greater. Liquor found place on all occasions. Town-meetings, musters, firemen's parades, cattle-shows, fairs, and, in short, every gathering of the people of a public or social nature resulted almost invariably in scenes which in these days would shock the people of Maine into indignation, but which then were regarded as a matter of course. Private assemblies were little better. Weddings, balls, parties, huskings, barn-raisings, and even funerals, were dependent upon intoxicants, while often religious conferences and ministerial gatherings resulted in an increase of the ordinary consumption of liquors.

Years ago, while on one of my pilgrimages through the country districts of Maine to preach the gospel of reform, I was shown an account of the liquors provided for the dedication, in the closing years of the last century, of a meeting-house standing on the spot occupied by that in which my meeting was held. Almost fifty years had elapsed since that dedication, but there were yet living members of the church who could remember the "jolly" time. They told me also

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that in time the drinking habits of their first minister had so grown upon him that, after many promises on his part to heed the injunctions of his church to drink less, and after several appearances in such a condition that he could scarcely mount the pulpit stairs, the church finally dismissed him, but in doing this discord was created that for a time threatened the dissolution of the society.

It was related of one of the earlier pastors of a Portland church, that, one day, with a deacon he was making a round of calls upon his parishioners, and at every house was asked and expected to "take something," as was the common custom among the ministers of the time. The good parson, after accepting as many of those invitations to drink as he deemed prudent, said:

"Deacon, this will never do; we shall all be drunkards together. I will not drink any more."

On one occasion a number of men were injured by the collapse of the frame of a church in process of erection, in the town of Gorham, about ten miles distant from Portland. The accident was due to the drunkenness of one or two of the men engaged in the work. Teams came into Portland for doctors to set the broken limbs and repair other damages. The "M. D.'s" were at some festive gathering, it was said, in such a condition from drink as to be unable to respond to the call, hence the injured men remained without surgical aid until the next day, when some of the Portland doctors were sufficiently sober to attend to them. This incident fairly illustrates the general habit, and no one lost either social, political, or, save in extreme cases, religious standing, by such excess.

If I am rightly informed, the first large building erected in western Maine without the use of liquor was built by my long-time friend, the late Isaac Dyer, of Baldwin. Mr. Dyer was largely interested in lumbering, and carried on an extensive general business besides. As to this particular building, I understand that Mr. Dyer offered his workmen more than the cost of the usual liquor ration in cash if they would work without it. They consented, and it was learned in that vicinity that men could do hard work without rum—doubtless a surprise to many of them. I had been acquainted with Mr. Dyer before this, and have been told that he tried this experiment because of some conversation I had had with him upon the subject, but I have no recollection of talking with him about it.

In my later young manhood, and early maturity, public dinners, controlled by the leading business men of the town, were almost invariably supplied with different kinds of liquors, and frequently resulted in exhibitions that would seriously affect the reputation and standing to-day of persons indulging to such excess. I was sometimes a guest on those occasions, and my companionship was much sought, a seat by my side being competed for facetiously by a number, because, as I never drank, he who sat next me could get my share of the liquor served, whatever it was.

I have seen highly respectable gentlemen on such occasions jump upon the tables and dance a jig to the encouraging shouts of those present in a condition to see and approve of such manifestations. With all the progress that has been made, I fear there are some to-day who would prefer the “good old times,” when

such actions would be regarded by all present at such gatherings as quite the thing for the most respectable citizens.

Some time before the date of which I am now writing, the intemperate condition of our people must have attracted attention, for an almanac "Calculated for the Meridian of Portland," issued in 1793, contained a lecture, entitled "Effects of Spirituous Liquors Upon the Human Body," delivered by Benjamin Rush, M. D.

The indebtedness of the people of this country to that celebrated statesman and surgeon of the Revolution, who was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, cannot be too highly estimated. Important as were his services at the birth-struggle of his country, he was yet more useful as the pioneer of the temperance reformation. A century ago he truly said:

"A people corrupted with strong drink cannot long be a free people. The rulers of such a community will soon partake of the vices of that mass from which they are selected, and all our laws and governments will sooner or later bear the same marks of spirituous liquors which were described formerly by human individuals."

There are thoughtful people now who trace as clearly in the governments of some of our larger cities the evil influences of the liquor-saloon as they do in the blurred eyes, blotched faces, feeble bodies and mental and moral demoralization of many of its human victims.

Other portions of that old almanac indicate that its publisher was not too deeply impressed by the arguments presented by the patriotic and distinguished author of that address, or, perhaps, having put the

former in type, he concluded that it would be unpalatable to many of his readers and decided to give them something more to their liking under the head of "Advice to Tavern Keepers." Hear him:

"Here I would remark that whatever extraordinary fare the tavern-keeper provides for his guest, he ought to be paid accordingly, but he must remember that he should try to accommodate all—some like rum, some like strong beer, some cider, some wine, etc.,.....

"You cannot, for example, buy a pipe of Madeira wine of the first quality—but you can keep a gallon or two for several months—and when gentlemen find a glass of good wine in the country, they are willing to give a good price for it. But I would recommend it to you to be more careful in the choice of your wine. Few of you are judges of wine—and when you purchase, the wine-sellers turn you off with any adulterated mixture they please.

"After a great number of experiments, I can safely declare, that nine times out of ten, the wine I have called for in country taverns has been a mixture of cider, molasses, and a little real wine; or brandy and wine, and not unfrequently with a strong tincture of sugar of lead. Such mixtures pass, in the country, for Malaga, or other sweet wine. To avoid impositions in purchasing wine, get some gentleman who has always been used to wine to choose it for you, and keep a little of the best quality for such passengers as are willing to pay for it.

"With respect to spirits, the same advice is necessary—but of the quality of spirits you are better judges, and therefore less liable to imposition."

I cannot refrain from interpolating here the suggestion that the foregoing is fair evidence that the adulteration of liquors, so frequently charged to Prohibition, antedated that policy by many years.

".....When you bring on liquors, endeavor to give every one a separate glass. If you have not enough in the house, you will be excused; but gentlemen do not like that all the company should drink out of the same vessel."

Now follows advice indicating that the "taverners" of the old time were quite like some modern hotel-keepers who make the liquor department of their establishment of more consequence than the hotel proper.

"Endeavor to accommodate different companies with different rooms. Nothing is more disagreeable than to crowd a number of strangers into the same room; or to oblige travelers to sit down with grog drinkers in the bar-room. Furnish yourselves, if possible, with beds enough to give every lodger one to himself. It is a monstrous, indecent, as well as unsafe, practice, for persons, perhaps total strangers, to sleep in the same bed. It is an affront to a man to request it. And a word to you about keeping your beds clean. Give every decent man a decent bed. Every one ought to have clean, fresh sheets; it is an imposition to ask a man to lie on sheets, that have before been lain on by you know not who; you say it is a great trouble — very well, then make your lodgers pay for the trouble. Those who expect clean beds are willing to pay for them."

Unquestionably the tavern-keepers of Maine, and the grocers as well, acted upon such advice so far as to keep in stock liquors in reasonable variety and of sufficient quantity. In regard to quality the evidence is not so clear.

The advice as to the separate glass recalls to mind a country store-keeper, who, like all his competitors of the time to which I refer, sold liquor. I knew him well. He abandoned the trade in liquor before the enactment of the Maine Law. He was a very respectable citizen, had a large trade and became for his time and place a wealthy man. He had a deformed hand. In filling a glass for his customers he invariably held it with thumb inside, decreasing by so much the capacity of the glass. One day one of his regular customers for liquor was behind in the

settlement of his score, and he refused to trust him for any more of the ardent.

“Look a here, Squire,” said the thirsty applicant, “I have bought and paid for that ’ere thumb of yours often enough for you to be a little more liberal. Come now, give us a glass.”

He got one. The practice of this store-keeper was not over nice, perhaps, but the general tendency of drinking is not toward cleanliness.

A clergyman, the Rev. Thomas Adams, who was settled in Vassalboro over the Congregational church in 1817, and who, in 1834, left his charge to assume an agency of the Maine Temperance Society, has left an account of his observations when he first visited Maine.

He says:

“In 1817, the common use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage was universal, and no one seemed to regard it as in any manner improper. No retail merchant thought of doing business without keeping alcoholic liquors for sale. No movement had been made in the direction of opposing the drinking habits of the Congregational church in Vassalboro, and for several years after I heard nothing on the subject of temperance, and scarcely thought of it — certainly not in the direction of total abstinence.

“When I commenced housekeeping I purchased two pairs of decanters, and should probably have felt mortified when visitors called, or the meeting of the Ministers’ Association came round, had they not been well supplied with the usual variety. I well recollect that, on settling a pretty long account with a merchant, he felt so well pleased at getting his pay that he requested me to bring over my gallon jug and he would fill it with brandy. Of course the thing was done.

“The principal merchant in my parish was a strict temperance man, I presume then a total abstinent, a great enemy of intemperance, the sad effects of which he saw in some of his near neighbors. This gentleman preached temperance, but

continued to sell rum. There was a shelf in the store at which tipplers were accustomed to take their drams. The merchant's son, one day, wrote in large characters on the wall above the tipplers' shelf, 'Moderate drinking, the down-hill road to intemperance.'

When I was a boy, there was a country store almost directly opposite my father's house, kept by a most estimable citizen. Liquor was on tap there, and on many a morning before the store was opened I saw, sitting on a rough settle outside the door, the well-known toppers of the neighborhood waiting to obtain their morning drams.

That store was on the highway over which many country teams passed before the days of railroads and canals. These teams came at all seasons of the year, but in greater numbers in the winter, when the road through the White Mountain Notch was passable from what was called the "Coos country," or northern New Hampshire and Vermont. These Coos teams, as well as many from nearer points, had four, six and sometimes eight horses, and there were also numerous ox-teams.

Near my home there was a slight bend or curve in the road, and often, as far as eye could reach either way, I have seen the road filled with long lines of teams. Their loads varied. Coming into town they brought wood, lumber, barrels, shooks, masts for the shipyards, bark, hides, wool, butter, cheese and all the products of forest, field and farm for consumption there or for exportation by its shipping. Returning, they carried fish, molasses and dry goods — rum was never missing — and whatever else our stores could furnish that the country traders could dispose of to the farmers.

Almost invariably these teams would stop at this store — the teamsters going in to get a drink. If it happened that any one in the line did not want to do that, he would have to turn out and go by, at the risk of a quarrel perhaps, or wait until those ahead of him had quenched their thirst, some of these being occasionally in such an inflamed condition from drink that disturbances were by no means unusual. When I was quite a small boy, I saw one teamster fell another with a blow from a goad-stick.

Several years after this, the wife of the owner of this store, influenced by the growing sentiment against the traffic, asked her husband to abandon it. He said:

“I am willing to, but you cannot live in so large or comfortable a house as now if I do.”

“I am willing to live in the poorest house in town,” she replied, “if you will sell no more rum!”

The business was abandoned, and the store, converted into a house, became their home in place of the larger one in which they formerly lived.

All over the state similar places existed, and the effects were to be seen in neglected and badly cultivated farms, shabby, dilapidated buildings, in tumble-down schoolhouses and other public buildings, in leaky roofs, hingeless doors and gates, old hats and garments in windows in place of glass, in miserable houses, and in shiftlessness, idleness and intemperance. This continued long after my boyhood.

At the time of the admission of Maine to the Union, and for thirty years thereafter, her people probably consumed more intoxicating liquor in proportion to their numbers than the people of any other state. Aside from the causes already noticed, this may be

attributed in a measure to the nature of the employment of a large proportion of her male population, which separated the men for several months in each year from their families, and deprived them to that extent of the restraining, conserving and elevating influences of home life, and exposed them peculiarly to temptation to excess in the use of stimulants.

The leading industries in the state were lumbering and fishing. Great numbers of men were living in log camps in the winter, engaged in felling trees, transporting them to lakes, ponds or rivers, and, upon the breaking up of the ice in the spring, in driving logs down the swollen streams to sawmills. These were to be found on almost every considerable stream, and were kept running summer and winter, if the supply of water and logs was sufficient, and often were run at night as well as by day.

The hardships incident to this employment cannot be described, and to be appreciated must be experienced. The men engaged worked in the winter laboriously all day in the severest weather of a rugged climate, when other occupations were suspended. Rest and shelter at night were secured at the expense of fresh air in over-crowded log huts. Recreation in the long evenings was found in cards, in song and dance, in story telling and liquor drinking, often interspersed with the quarreling and fighting excited by intoxication.

In the spring, when log driving commenced, the hardships were varied, but not lessened. As they took rafts of logs down the river the men were much in the water, often up to their waists, and not infrequently all under, some of them never to emerge again alive. None but iron constitutions could endure the

life of the lumberman. There were, of course, some logging camps not included in this description of the vast majority.

In the coast towns, most of the men who did not work at lumbering were engaged in the fisheries, in which industry, during the season, many vessels were employed, while the inhabitants of the small hamlets upon the shore made a scanty living by fishing from boats. The hardships of their lives were scarcely less severe than those of the lumbermen, while the dangers, and perhaps temptations, were greater.

The prevalent opinion that liquor was a panacea for all complaints, a protection in all forms of exposure, a relief for fatigue and pain, and for other discomforts incident to hard labor and extremes of heat and cold, made its use general among fishermen and lumbermen, and it was an important part of their daily rations. The excitement of drink took the place of the comforts of life, and, the appetite being thus created, excess naturally followed. The drinking habits of logging camp and fishing smack were kept up during the off seasons of work in town, village and hamlet, and the "stay-at-homes" vied in dissipation with the men who had returned from work in the woods or on the sea. The boys imitated their elders, until indulgence in drink almost everywhere was the rule. These habits spread easily because there was no opposing public opinion.

The common drink was rum, though a sort of whiskey, a fiery liquor, was produced from potatoes, in small distilleries scattered through the rural districts. The manufactured lumber, and the products of the fisheries, were exported in large quantities to the West Indies, and the returns were rum and

molasses, the latter being mostly converted into New England rum at the numerous distilleries, of which there were several in Portland alone, some of them large, often running day and night. Rum, imported and domestic, was consumed in great quantities; the earnings of the men were wasted, and the capacity to earn was, to a great extent, impaired.

A prominent citizen of Maine, in his younger days clerk in a store in a shipbuilding village, has given the following account of old times in the vicinity where he lived:

“My employer built vessels on a large scale, and employed many men, who took up their wages mostly at the store in family supplies and in rum for themselves. The store was open on Sunday to supply customers with rum. There were three other stores in the village, in all of which liquors were sold, but in no other so much as in that where I was employed.

“Everybody drank liquor, and rum was considered almost as necessary as flour. There must have been sold by all the traders of that village at least three punchcons of West India rum each week, taking no account of the water which was surreptitiously put in and sold at the same price.

“The working men and their families were always poor; the men on settlement of their accounts rarely had any balance coming to them — often it was the other way — and it was quite common for a farmer to be in arrears on the annual settling-day, in which case he gave a note for the balance, and when the indebtedness amounted to one hundred dollars or more my employers always required security by a mortgage on the farm. This was the practice among the traders, with the result that a very large number of the farms were under mortgage, and the farmers were becoming poorer every year.

“On Saturday nights the workmen on the ships, and other village people, were collected in the stores to drink, talk politics, ‘horse,’ and upon other topics of local and general interest. Frequently there were quarrels and more or less fighting. The farmers from the surrounding country would be there also, unless kept away by storms, hence the stores were frequently crowded with people, some in the noisy

stages of intoxication. We had in the village a justice and two lawyers. There was always a court on Monday to settle the quarrels of Saturday night, and this gave full employment to the lawyers, so that between the traders with their rum and the lawyers with their fees, many of the people rarely saved a cent of what they earned."

One of the most prominent and honored citizens of Portland, recently deceased, a wholesale grocer on a large scale, who had formerly been engaged in the liquor-traffic, but who had abandoned it before the days of Prohibition, said to me:

"I have something to tell you that I think will interest you. Some time ago I had occasion for a general overhauling of my old books, and I was surprised to find that more than two-thirds in number of all my sales were of liquors. These were taken by the ox-teams of the traders and carried in every direction from Portland, north, east, west, and their course could be almost as distinctly marked by poverty, dilapidation and decay as the path of a conflagration through a forest."

Go into any old-time, long-established country store in Maine, get a look at the books if you can, covering the period from 1820 down to 1835 and 1840, and you will be surprised to find, as I have repeatedly found, that the majority of the entries are for liquor in some one of its many forms.

Editor D. R. Locke, of the *Toledo (Ohio) Blade*, famous as Petroleum V. Nasby, came into Maine to investigate Prohibition for himself. He afterward said in his paper:

"I was shown one set of books in a village near Portland of ante-Prohibition times, which represented a business in goods of all sorts. Eighty-four per cent of the entries were for rum. Boots and shoes, dress goods, sheeting and shirting, hats and caps and groceries appeared at rare intervals, but rum was splotched over every page."

Hear him again:

“Every village had its rumshops, and those of any pretensions, scores of them. Lawlessness and order-breaking were common; brawls and fighting were invariable on election days and all public occasions, and, in short, the state was demoralized as a state wholly given over to rum always is. It was the regular thing—rum, slothfulness, poverty and lawlessness.

In one village he asked of the older residents:

“What was the condition of the village in those days?”

“As bad as could be. The village was then largely interested in lumber. We had several mills here, the timber coming down the river. The village was filled constantly with half-drunken, ruffianly men, who laughed at law and despised order. Strangers riding through were assailed and compelled to pay for rum for their assailants, and on public days it was a pandemonium. Drunkenness was universal. The dwellings in the village were shabby in the extreme, for everything went to rum. The women and children were insufficiently clothed and scantily fed. There was no regularity in labor, and nothing prospered but the liquor-stores. The liquor-dealers absorbed all the money.

“The farms were even worse than the village. You might ride for miles without seeing a painted house, a sound fence, or windows without broken glass in them. Rags and old hats supplied the place of glass in the window sashes. The stock was of the poorest and badly kept. Crops were meagre and uncertain, for the rum mills confiscated the time necessary to the proper working of the farm. Rum not only took nearly everything the farmers produced, but so sapped their energy and laboring power as to reduce production to a very low point. With the farmers it was rum in plenty, but for themselves, their wives and children, the most meagre supplies of the necessities of life in quantity and the cheapest and worst in quality.

“A dozen old men who were born in the neighborhood testified to the correctness of this horrible statement.”

Editor Locke published much else tending to show the conditions forced upon the people of Maine by the

liquor-traffic existing in the state prior to the adoption of Prohibition. His statements upon that point having been called in question, he replied, and, premising that he did not live in Maine at the time referred to, and could not, therefore, say from his own knowledge that the statements made were true, went on to say that he had obtained the information upon which he had based his statements from "old, respectable citizens, who have grown gray in the state, who made the state, and men whose utterances would be accepted anywhere without a question. Not one only was interviewed on the subject, but hundreds, and more than hundreds. The testimony was unanimous. It did not vary at all except in degree of badness. Every one bore testimony to the fact that the condition of the state was very bad, that rum drinking was universal, and that its effect was the demoralization and ruin of the state."

Northwest of Portland are two large bodies of water, Sebago Lake and Long Pond, connected by a river flowing from the latter to the former, navigable for about thirty miles. This is the source of the water supply of Portland, unlimited in quantity, excelled in purity by none in the world. It is plied now by excursion steamers, and is a most charming resort for pleasure seekers. the air delightful, the scenery beautiful beyond description.

Sebago Lake in the old time was connected with tide water at Portland by a canal about seventeen miles in length. By this there was much freighting between the city and the interior bordering upon these waters. Farm products, and wood and lumber in many forms and in large quantities, were brought to the wharves in Portland. while supplies for the

interior were taken back by that channel. A friend of mine had a wire factory at Harrison, at the northerly end of Long Pond. He said to me that a canal boatman, who was engaged as a common carrier from Portland, told him that in the year before the enactment of the Maine Liquor Law he carried from Portland to the towns on that line, three hundred barrels of rum. That was a fair sample of his annual business in transporting liquor.

Several years after this I was at a temperance meeting in Bridgton, a beautiful village about a mile from the shores of Long Pond, and repeated that statement. At the close of the meeting a citizen of the town came to me and said that he ran a boat on that canal, making a round trip to Portland every week. Before the enactment of the Maine Law he had never made a return trip with less than a puncheon of rum and from five to ten barrels of the same liquor; that there were always twelve, and sometimes more boats on the canal, and that his boat carried no more rum than others.

At a public meeting in the village of Raymond on the shores of Sebago Lake, a prominent citizen, the late Hon. James M. Leach, who had been a member of the constitutional convention of the state, and subsequently of the state senate, said to me, referring to the amount of liquor brought into the town by canal-boats and teams from Portland, that it could be proven by the old account books in existence in Raymond, that its people consumed more strong drink in every period of eighteen years than the entire valuation of the town.

I insert here a clipping from a letter written by Rev. R. B. Howard, formerly a resident of this state,

but at the time of its publication a citizen of New Jersey, published some time in 1876, in the *Chicago Advance*:

“In 1847-’48, I attended school and during the winter taught in two districts near the delightfully situated village of Wayne, in Kennebec county. That place was then cursed, and had been from the first, with an old-fashioned rumshop combined with a country store. Nearly all the trade in the neighborhood where I first taught was done at the groggery, and New England rum ‘rectified’ with water and turpentine, was the chief article bought by the parents of some of my pupils. A poor set of fellows, half laborers and two-thirds loafers, hung around the village, whetting their appetite for rum with crackers and codfish, their chief articles of diet. For twenty years that drunkard factory turned out its products of poverty, misery and crime. The father of one of my scholars had been in state-prison for the attempted murder of another whom he had left in a stream of water for dead. Both were drunk.”

At a meeting I attended at what is now the beautiful and prosperous village of Fryeburg, a town in Oxford county, named for General Frye, a Revolutionary officer, and the grandfather of our present United States Senator Frye, a resident physician, Dr. Barrows, known and honored throughout the state, said in the course of a speech: “There are now in this village twenty widows whose husbands were killed by drink.” Fryeburg was by no means exceptional in the matter of intemperance, and may be considered as fairly representative of the state at large in that particular.

As late as 1840, a committee appointed at a temperance meeting in Portland for the purpose of investigating the subject, which committee included two citizens who were subsequently mayors of the city, reported that there were five hundred common drunk-

ards in a population of about twelve thousand, and that one thousand, at least, were addicted to the excessive use of intoxicants. There is no reason to suppose that Portland in this particular differed much from the rest of the state.

Testimony might be adduced indefinitely, tending to show the vast extent of the liquor-traffic and the resulting evils in Maine before the enactment of the prohibitory law. There are few now living acquainted with Maine in those days, and those who know it now and are familiar with its abounding evidences of thrift can hardly understand what it was then. No person could fail to notice the general poverty of the state, and no thoughtful person could fail to connect cause and effect, and to see that much of this poverty was the direct result of the general distribution of the traffic in liquor.

It is not to be understood from that general description of conditions in early Maine that all, or a major part, of her people were suffering from their own excessive indulgence in intoxicants. Such was by no means the case, but all, nevertheless, were laboring under the burdens imposed upon them by the liquor-traffic. Just as an entire army, though largely composed of brave men, may be beaten into a hopeless rout if a few score in its line of battle awaiting a charge puts up the despairing cry of "*Sauve qui peut!*" so the best material for citizenship may find progress blocked, if, in addition to surmounting obstacles itself, it is obliged to drag useless lumber with it. The chief evil of the liquor-traffic is that, as the rain falls alike upon the just and unjust, so it imposes its multiform burdens upon an entire community, permitting nothing in the wide range of its diversified

interests to escape. The sober, the industrious, the thrifty citizen bears his portion, if in a manner less apparent than do those through whose indiscretions the more palpable injury is wrought.

Good authorities upon such matters have held that it is a dangerous, generally a disastrous, strain to put upon the courage and discipline of the best troops to expose them to a fire which would put one in ten of their number *hors du combat*. In such cases the repulse to be expected would not be due alone to the direct loss sustained by the decimation; more than that would be subtracted in one way or another from the fighting force of the unscathed nine. So the citizens of Maine were exposed to and suffered from the rifle-pits and batteries of a trade, for years intrenched in the fallacy, fostered by the law which made them quasi representatives of the state, that they served a useful purpose.

True, therefore, as it is that in her early days Maine suffered from the trade to which at length the intelligence, virtue, conscience and patriotism of her people denied legal foothold within her borders, that great moral awakening, that marvelous political revolution, that long stride in legislation in which the state recognized its right and asserted its determination to be freed from the moral and material incubus of the rum trade, testify in themselves volumes to the possession by the masses of her people of all those elements which must underlie a prosperous and progressive nation. Honest, industrious, frugal, enterprising, thoughtful, they were themselves on the highway to prosperity, and were making plain the paths to plenty for all who should profit by their example and be guided by their precepts. When at length they found

their way onward blocked by a trade serving no useful purpose whatever, they devoted themselves to removing the enemy obstructing their progress.

Believing, as I devoutly do, that Maine could not be to-day what she is, rich in all that goes to make for the substantial prosperity and true happiness of a virtuous people, but for the bulwark she erected in Prohibition years ago to protect herself from the injury and demoralization of the liquor-traffic, I yet recognize with pride the high average of her early inhabitants in all excellent qualities. Had the men of Maine been less than what they were, it would have been left to some other state, possessing those virtues which, happily, they did not lack, to have led the way, as did Maine, in the most difficult, unpopular and important moral revolution of their time.

In 1850 not a savings bank existed in Maine. By the census of 1890, although ranking as the twenty-ninth among her sisters in the Union in point of population, only five outrank her in the number of her depositors, and only six in the total amount of deposits. By that census, New Jersey, with a population of 1,444,933, had 117,853 depositors in those institutions, and Ohio, with 3,672,310 people, had 73,335, while Maine, with less than half the population of the former and less than a fifth of the latter, had 132,192 depositors. Other comparisons might be instituted, all indicating the general prosperity of the state, but it is not necessary.

I was born in Maine, and have always made my home here. I have all that affection for it that it becomes one to entertain for his native state. I have, too, that great and abiding devotion to her that one must have who has tried earnestly to serve her

best and highest interests as he has been led to see them, and yet I think that I am able to judge and speak impartially. Believing so, I am glad to say that though I have traveled far and wide in this country and in other lands, nowhere have I found a people giving so many evidences of the possession of all that is desirable for solid, substantial, enduring comfort as in the state of Maine.

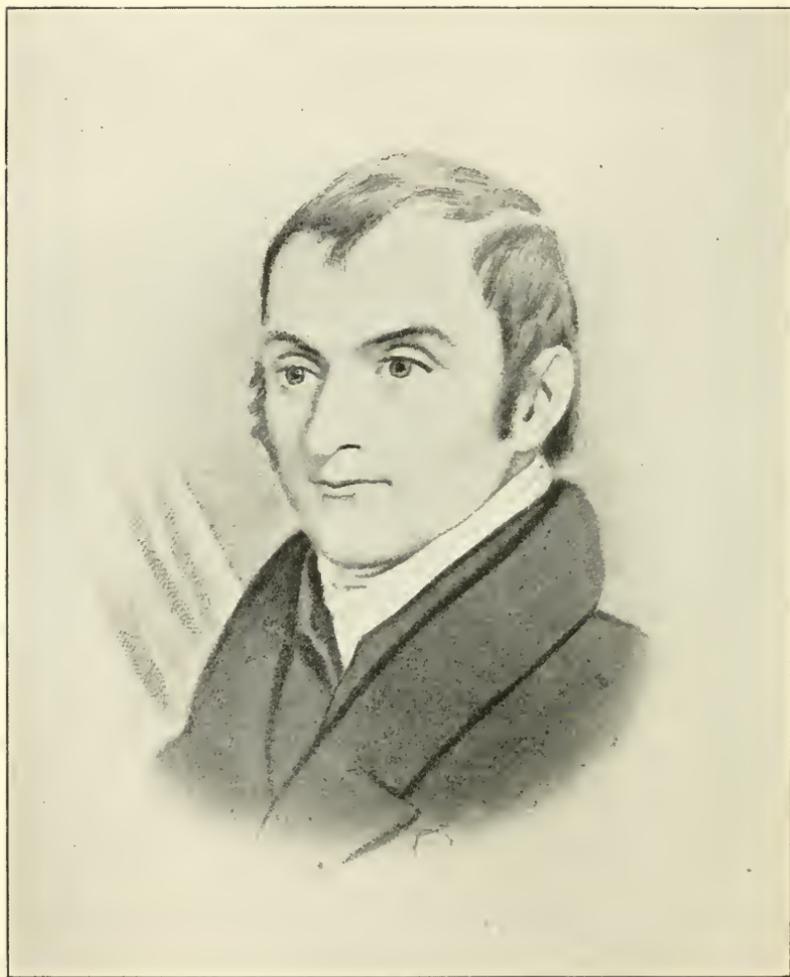
Do any say I am partial because a native? Let such come, see, and judge for themselves. No observing person can travel through Maine to-day without coming to the conclusion that, taking it all in all, no other portion of the country can exceed her either as a desirable place for a permanent home, or as a delightful resort for recreation, health and pleasure. James G. Blaine, in the course of a speech in the City Hall of Portland, referring to the prosperous condition of our people, turning to Senator Allison, of Iowa, who occupied a seat upon the platform, said: "I do not except even your great empire of the West when I say that Maine will compare favorably with any state in the Union."

I will not undertake here to say in what lies the secret of her marked prosperity. Let another of her sons, also to the manor born, speak upon this point. Hon. Frederick Robie, to whom I have elsewhere alluded, was governor of the state in 1883-84-85-86. In one of his inaugural addresses to the legislature, he said:

"Prohibition has worked immense advantages for the state of Maine. The vast sum of money which formerly went into the tills of the saloon-keeper is now spent for improving farms, households, and a thousand other ways which benefit society, and the entire state feels the beneficial effect."

Other causes than the outlawry of the liquor shops have contributed to the marked prosperity of Maine, but there are thousands of her business men who believe that that has been the chief instrumentality which has enabled the state again and again to bear with less distress than has any other portion of the country the periods of business depression which have accompanied hard times.

The liquor-traffic of the old time was a chief contributing cause of the poor condition of the state at the lowest point of its material prosperity. Had that trade been allowed to continue unchecked, who believes that Maine would now be able to challenge comparison with her most favored sisters?



REV. EDWARD PAYSON, D. D.

CHAPTER VIII.

OPENING OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION IN MAINE.
FIRST TEMPERANCE SOCIETY. GRADUAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE WORK. HOW I BECAME INTERESTED.

What has been said in the last chapter fairly describes the general condition of Maine from my earliest recollection to about the time of the enactment of the prohibitory law in 1851, save that at different periods and in various sections the agitation preceding that enactment had caused the traffic to be regarded by many as deserving condemnation.

Indeed, the enactment of a measure, so widely departing from long established modes of dealing with the trade it outlawed, suggests that such legislation could only have grown out of such conditions. Revolutions may be precipitated by events trifling in themselves, but their real sources are to be found in a necessity for change. It was the immensity of the evil entailed upon the state by the traffic that finally induced the people of Maine to demand its extirpation.

The intimate connection between the licensed liquor resorts and the grossest forms of evil was by no means a discovery of the temperance reformers in Maine, nor, indeed, of modern times. The whole groundwork of

the argument for Prohibition was at their disposal when they had fairly commenced effective work. The taverns and tipping shops had then long been recognized by a few as the source of many ills, too numerous to be counted, too multiform to be described. Though much has been said and written upon the subject since that day, it is little more than a repetition, at most an amplification, of what had been observed and described many years ago by wise and thoughtful men, concerned for the general good.

The knowledge, however, had not been widely disseminated, and, had there been no other reasons, attempts to correct the evil were handicapped by the almost universal belief that, though the nurseries of great troubles, those drinking resorts supplied an indispensable necessity. The evil of intemperance, meanwhile, grew, until at length a few good citizens saw that something must be done, and that it was as much their duty as that of any one else to do it.

It is the first step that costs, and it is questionable if in the history of the temperance reformation in Maine anything has appeared more difficult and more hopeless to those interested in it than the first effort in the early days of this century. Yet that was not in the first instance directed against the use but only the abuse of liquors. An advocate of total abstinence then would have been considered more a subject for criticism than were the most abandoned devotees of the drink habit.

Indeed, liquor was generally accounted to be one of the good gifts of God, not to be lightly refused, and the rumsellers, far from being looked upon as enemies of their kind, were by the overwhelming proportion of the people regarded as commissioned for the distribu-

tion of a great benefaction. Regret was doubtless felt, and sometimes expressed, that that gift was misused, but in looking for the remedy total abstinence was not thought of for some time. That was not even regarded as a wise precaution for personal safety, much less as a Christian obligation by way of example for the good of others.

There are those who now insist that antagonism to the liquor-traffic is quixotic and that it must always be fruitless of good results. They endeavor to maintain that position by showing that after nearly a century devoted to exposing the danger of the drinking habit the annual victims of intemperance are to be counted only by appalling numbers; that, after it has been more than a third of a century outlawed, the liquor-traffic is still to be found in Maine.

Some of these doubters are to be found in that highest of all callings, whose sacred trust it is to make known the will of God. They teach that His law was thundered from Sinai, and believe that under and around those commands, to give them force and effect, is the omnipotence of their Divine Maker. Yet were they to apply to the ten commandments the same tests they insist upon in measuring the results of the temperance reformation of this century, they would show to the satisfaction of all who are restive under its prohibitions that the decalogue is a failure. But Christian men and women would continue to labor as before, though their work would be harder and the day of deliverance from sin would be longer deferred, because they had been thus attacked in the rear.

Eighteen centuries had witnessed to the vital power of the Christian religion before it had impressed upon

the life and practice of any considerable number, even of its leaders and exponents, in the matter of temperance, that precept of self-abnegation, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world stands." Happily, however, at last, the dawn came, and light as to their obligations to their fellow-men who looked to them for guidance and advice, found its way into the minds and hearts of Christian teachers, and, coming to see their duty clear, they did not shrink from its performance. Again, happily, there were some such living in the early days of this century in Maine, and with a brief reference to a movement inaugurated by two devout clergymen of Portland, my story of the rise and progress of the temperance reformation there will commence.

Not long, about a year, after the establishment of peace following the war of 1812, a few citizens of Portland assembled in the Quaker meeting-house, a plain, brick building, on the corner of the streets now known as Federal and Pearl, at present included in Lincoln Park, for the purpose of forming an association based on the principle of abstinence from ardent spirits. The Society of Friends had some years before that time borne testimony not only against the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, but against its sale. Their place of worship was naturally selected, therefore, for the first organized effort to reform in the little town the excessive drinking customs of the day. On the first and fifth days of the week men who were leaders in every legitimate business enterprise in Portland, as well as others less prominent, gathered there for worship. There, clothed in plain and simple garb, they gave in the quiet but impressive form

peculiar to their society, homage to the Giver of all good. There they cultivated that strength of character and matured that courage of conviction which made them earnest and steadfast in antagonizing demoralizing influences, of whatever kind. To them the opposition of the world to any reform in their minds justified of God weighed as little as did its ridicule of their plain dress and quaint speech. So that a movement was approved by their consciences, it was sure of their sympathy and support, whoever else favored or opposed.

This meeting-house, before its abandonment as a place of worship, early in the fifties, gave the shelter of its friendly roof not only to temperance in the most unpopular and maligned days of that reform, but when every other public building was closed to them, the friends of the early antislavery movement were made welcome to it, and there they were once followed by a mob in an attempt to stifle freedom of speech, which attempt was, happily, however, summarily suppressed, as before related.

There were present at this first temperance meeting the two most widely known and respected clergymen in the district of Maine, Edward Payson and Ichabod Nichols. These were representatives of the diverging elements of the early church of New England, Dr. Payson being Orthodox, and Dr. Nichols, Unitarian. The latter was settled over the First Parish in 1809, and his pastorate was continued for many years. He died in 1859, having passed his life in Portland, where he was respected by the entire community and loved by all who knew him intimately. He saw, as the fruit of the seed he assisted to sow in the old Quaker meeting-house, a marvelous growth of temperance sen-

timent in the city he loved, to the higher welfare of which he contributed so much by his noble life, his lofty precepts, and his pure example.

Dr. Payson had been settled in Portland but two years prior to the advent of Dr. Nichols. It was his refusal to exchange service with Dr. Nichols, because of the developing doctrinal differences, that first emphasized the division in Portland among former adherents of the old Puritan faith. He died in 1827. Few men impress themselves upon the communities where they live and labor as did Dr. Payson. His influence was such, and he was so respected and loved by his church and congregation, that they were commonly said to idolize him. Indeed, so marked was the devotion of his society to him that it was at times made a subject for captious criticism, and after his death it was deemed desirable by some of his friends to explain in a memoir the feeling entertained for him, and to show that it was not justly open to such comment.

No word of mine in praise of Dr. Payson is needed. To this day, though more than half of a century after his death, his name is perpetuated in those of the children and children's children of the generation which sat under his ministry, and is still a household word in Portland. His descendants are among our best known and most respected citizens. His influence is felt in the religious life of the city in which his work was performed. An elegant church edifice, erected as a memorial to him, bears his name, a precious heritage of the great religious body he was connected with in life, and in the reverence of which he was long since canonized for his piety and devotion to the cause of the Master he served.

The participation of those ministers in that meeting attracted great attention in Portland and vicinity to an undertaking then as unpopular as it was novel. Indeed, under a less auspicious endorsement it could hardly have gained foothold, for, deservedly great as was the influence of those two leading clergymen, but sixty-seven other persons were willing to associate themselves in the effort they inaugurated, hence the society they formed was locally known as the "Sixty-Niners."

It is not probable that that step was necessary, as that term is ordinarily employed in this connection, to one of the sixty-nine on his own account. There was no apparent reason why they should have taken up the work, that did not bear with like force upon the many others who would have nothing to do with it. Remembering as I do the impression I obtained of Dr. Payson in my youth and young manhood, and knowing Dr. Nichols as I did during much of his long life, I can conceive of no other influence to lead them to the step they then took save that they felt called to it by God.

If patriotism is to be measured by service rendered to the state, those men were patriots, none more entitled to the name. If heroism consists in self-abnegation in a righteous cause, those men were heroes, none to be more highly praised. They who would trace the limits of the usefulness of those men to society must measure if possible the constantly lengthening distance through all time to come between the tendencies to evil that they were instrumental in checking and those for good that they were enabled to set in motion. He who would estimate their courage must remember that

to confront the fierce sweep of the world's avarice and appetite, and to call a halt to a peculiarly selfish phase of the selfishness of man, requires the highest type of heroism. Hearing in their own consciences the voice of God calling to them to give the influence of their precept and example against a wide-spread and constantly extending vice, they took up the cross of their duty and bore it through opposition, obloquy and reproach that would have discouraged and cast down men of less moral strength.

The step taken in that Quaker meeting-house, however natural, reasonable and necessary it may now seem, was a criticism upon the social customs of the day and a condemnation of usages time-rooted in the habits of the people. It was no easy matter to stand up in the presence of men and women of business, political, and social influence and show to them that the ways that had come down from their fathers were destructive to their fellows, and bid them, as they loved their God and recognized their duty to man, to change their course and thereafter to set an example which might help and could not hurt others. But those men did more. They exemplified in their own lives their conviction that it was incumbent upon them to so direct their own walk that those who followed them might find no pitfalls into which they should plunge to their temporal and eternal ruin.

This example that they set was more offensive, if possible, than the precepts they taught. It was a daily, constant, ever-present reminder to others of neglected duties, of lost opportunities for good, and of ever-operating temptations to evil. Naturally this excited opposition among those who did not read their

duty in the same light, or were unwilling to practice the abnegation required for the discharge of such obligations to God and man.

The "Sixty-Niners," therefore, were subjected not only to the ridicule of those unable to comprehend the significance of their movement, but to the condemnation of another very different class. Their course was commented upon even in thoughtful, grave, and religious circles much as the patrons of the gilded high-license saloons of the present time discuss modern phases of the temperance reformation. Their critics were not disposed to appear indifferent to an effort evidently inspired by a Christian-like appreciation of duty. They were not, they did not care to be regarded, indifferent to the welfare of their fellows. They sought a shelter, therefore, behind which their consciences might sleep without disturbance and their habits be continued without reproach. They found it in their attempts to prove that the example of the "Sixty-Niners" was unnecessary, unwise, and at variance with divine command.

Another meeting was then called in Portland to consider what could be done to stem the tide of intemperance, — that of the fanatical "Sixty-Niners" as well as of the hard drinkers. This meeting was in the most famous old-time tavern in Portland, and leading citizens took part who, in favor of "temperance," earnestly opposed total abstinence. It was commonly reported, I have been told, that, at this gathering, which was in the nature of a dinner or supper, liquors were on the table, and it was during the drinking regarded by the drinkers as "moderate," that those good citizens considered what could be done to correct the intemperate habits of the masses.

The influence of this meeting was to excite a great deal of opposition to the "Sixty-Niners," which manifested itself in many ways. Shortly after the meeting an attempt was made, by enemies of the new movement it was supposed, to destroy by fire both the Friends' meeting-house and Dr. Payson's church.

I was a boy when the "Sixty-Nine" society was founded, and knew nothing more of the gathering and its proceedings than I heard from the table-talk at my own home, or from the conversation of other boys, who retailed with more or less additions and omissions what they had heard from their parents. My father was one of the sixty-nine, and his influence was then and ever afterwards given to the promotion of temperance.

Stories were told and jokes cracked at the expense of the "Sixty-Niners," which number was shouted in the streets by urchins who had no knowledge of what it meant, but who often aided in a most annoying way in advertising and perpetuating the name of the new society. In those days of comparative poverty and strict economy, the goodwife in many a well-to-do family in Portland did the internal painting of her house. A point was made of keeping the frame about the great kitchen fireplace in good order as to paint, and the boys were frequently sent for the needed pot of color.

On their way home the youngsters practiced the art decorative, and it was their favorite pastime to daub the figures "69" in as many places as possible between the shop and their homes, as they carried the pot of paint to their mothers. Because of this, those figures for a long time greeted the eye from every place that the mischievous boys could reach with their brushes.

Occasionally, a youth with more zeal than discretion painted "69" on some new fence or house, and, in the corner-shop discussions, the promoters of that society were held responsible by some of their opponents for the damage thus done by the boys. This, by the way, is quite in keeping with some of the modern objections to Prohibition.

I do not know how long that society existed in that particular form, but from that day there was constant progress in Portland for many years, though it was sometimes slow, and from then to the present there has been some kind of associated effort in behalf of temperance in the state. It was peculiarly appropriate, perhaps especially significant and important, that the temperance reformation in Maine in its purely moral phase should have had its birth here. Portland was the fountain head of the liquor-traffic in Maine. The nearest important point in the district to the West Indies, a great part of its relatively large commercial business was with those islands, and depended in great measure upon liquor. Portland wharves groaned beneath the burden of West India rum awaiting distribution into all contiguous territory by country teams, and to many smaller eastern ports by coasting vessels. Her distilleries were busy converting West India molasses into New England rum, to be in turn similarly distributed by Portland traders.

Here the temperance movement was sure to be antagonized by the supposed claims of business. From the days when the money-changers were driven with whips from the temple, down through the opposition of the shrine-makers for Diana to the preaching of Paul, and the days of the slave-trade, any

reform supposed to be inimical to money-making has been bitterly antagonized. Largely and peculiarly interested in lines of trade tending to intemperance as Portland was, any attempt at reformation in that particular was here sure to be tested as by fire. If it could succeed here it could anywhere.

To the men, therefore, who gathered in that little Quaker meeting-house, so long ago, all honor is due for the progress that has since been made. As we who live amid the comforts and refinements of the closing years of the nineteenth century know little of the hardships of those who wrested homes from the forest and savage, so we can hardly appreciate the courage of the men who took the first step, struck the first blow, and made the first sacrifice to abolish abuses long established in custom and buttressed by fancied personal and public interests.

The Sixty-Nine society was almost immediately productive of good. Two years later, in January, 1818, the Second Parish church, over which Dr. Payson presided, through his influence, dealt with and suspended some of its members engaged in the liquor business, and adopted the following resolution:

“This church considers the use of intoxicating liquors for purposes of entertainment, refreshment, or traffic, as a case of immorality, and a cause of discipline, subjecting the offender to suspension, and, if persisted in, to excommunication.”

Nevertheless, influential opposition to the effort of the “Sixty-Niners” continued, and was felt for a considerable period, and into the thirties controlled many who desired to promote sobriety in the town. For years, only a few who interested themselves in the reform believed either in the necessity or the

expediency of total abstinence. To condemn drunkenness in others, and to be always moderate in his own drinking, was about all that was expected of the most earnest temperance man of that day. Shortly after, a distinction came to be drawn, and for many years was observed, between wine, cider, and mild liquors generally, which were considered as harmless, useful, and entirely proper beverages, and the stronger, or, as they were then called, "ardent spirits." For years even those who manifested deep interest in the subject only felt called upon to pledge themselves to moderation, and, indeed, considered it unwise to advocate the abandonment of the lighter grades of intoxicating liquors. I remember that that was my view until I was twenty-five years of age.

Intelligent men could not seriously consider the evil of intemperance without coming to realize that drunkenness was but one, and by no means the worst, phase of it. In some respects that is the most startling, as it is a disgusting form of this evil, but the main injury to society at large is done in the passage of the victim from the first to this last stage of the vice, with the co-operation of those who never get on to actual drunkenness.

Many a man who boasts that, though he has indulged in liquor for years he has never yet been drunk, has inflicted upon his fellows, however it may have been as to himself, tenfold the evil he would have done had he been drunk daily since taking his first glass. In the latter case he would not have been found, he would not have trusted himself, in places of responsibility where important interests involving the welfare, the property, the lives of others, were committed to his care.

So the friends of temperance came to understand that society suffered from the drinking habits of men who were not intemperate, who perhaps never would become so, as the word was ordinarily understood. It was apparent that men who would scorn the suggestion that they were not doing their part, were not bearing all their share of the burdens of society, were, in fact, unable so to do. At some critical point when much responsibility was resting upon them, unconsciously to themselves, unknown to the majority of their fellows, their ordinarily sound, reliable judgment had failed them, their strong nerves had weakened under the excitement of drink, and perforce their load fell upon other shoulders.

Nor did society suffer only negatively. It became evident upon observation that men who believed themselves to be reliable and trustworthy, who would not willingly have wrought wrong or harm in any way to those who trusted them, were yet responsible for wide-spread evils, — who can know how varied? How many millions of property, how many thousands of lives, have been lost through such, can never be known, but the acknowledged facts are appalling. Shipwrecks in great variety and without number, railroad accidents innumerable, boiler explosions, mine disasters, ruined firms and corporations, moral delinquencies involving the savings of thousands — but it is useless to specify. Those and many more injuries to society have been traced to drunkenness. But such have followed less marked forms of intemperance. An inebriate would not have been clothed with the responsibility leading up to such. Many of those who thought themselves, and whose friends thought them, free from the vice of intemperance,

but who, substituting a little wine for wit, have, with the temerity of their "Dutch courage," encountered that danger, moral and physical, against which their cooler judgments would have guarded them and the interests committed to their care.

It was not long after the early temperance reformers began their work before they saw that the great evil was in something besides drunkenness, and that a true temperance reformation must look to prevention rather than to cure. Now they began to appreciate the importance of a good example in their own lives. With my sisters, I was frequently at parties given by the young people of our acquaintance. At these, among other refreshments, wine was always served, and was used as any other drink would be, no questions raised, no exceptions taken. When one season it became our turn to entertain, our attention having been called to the subject of temperance, my sisters and I discussed the propriety of offering wine. We were unanimous in thinking that we ought not to offer it, but my older sister suggested that our motives would be misinterpreted and that the omission of wine might do more harm than good to temperance, besides provoking criticism that would create discord in our circle.

I was inclined to that view, but my younger sister insisted that it was for us to do what we believed to be right, leaving the rest to Providence. We resolved to act upon that suggestion. Our party was a large one for those days, and was regarded as a great success, the absence of wine being more than made up in other ways. Its influence was such that the omission of wine on such occasions came to be frequent, then common, and after a long time, the

general rule, among all religious or seriously inclined people.

Though Holy Writ had denounced those who catered to the demand for intoxicants by putting the bottle to their neighbors' lips, general sentiment in the church as to the propriety of the traffic was lax, as late as a time after I had become interested in temperance. But the call to duty had been clear. Perhaps no agency had greater influence in arousing attention upon the part of the church than the famous six sermons of Dr. Lyman Beecher. No one can to-day read those powerful discourses without appreciating the inconsistency of a consent upon the part of professing Christians to the iniquity of the liquor trade. In those sermons, in describing the influence of liquor establishments in a community, he employed such expressions as these:

“They raise up a generation of drunkards.....The ease with which families can provide themselves with large quantities eventuates in frequent drinking and wide-spread intemperance.

“What merchant in looking out for a place where to establish himself in trade would neglect the invitation of temperate, thrifty farmers and mechanics and settle down in a village of riot and drunkenness, made up of tipplers, widows and degraded children, of old houses, broken windows and dilapidated fences? Commerce in ardent spirits is unlawful, first, inasmuch as it is useless; and, second, as it is eminently pernicious. Property, reputation, wealth, life and salvation fall before it. The direct infliction of what is thus done indirectly would subject a man guilty of it to a public execution. It is scarcely a palliation of this evil that no man has destroyed maliciously or with any intent to kill, for a certainty of evil is as great as if waters were poisoned which some persons would surely drink, or as if a man should fire in the dark upon masses of human beings where it would be certain that death would be the consequence to some.”

And finally, addressing legislators, Dr. Beecher said:

“With the concurrent aid of an enlightened public sentiment you possess the power of a most efficacious legislation. Much power is given to you to check and extirpate this evil and to roll down the distant ages broader and deeper and purer the streams of national prosperity.”

Dr. Beecher was one of the earliest, ablest, and most devoted friends of the temperance cause. No man did more than he to arouse the people to realize the evils of intemperance and to stimulate them to active measures to check its progress. He suggested very clearly that any permanent change for the better in the habits of the people would be improbable, if not impossible, without the suppression by law of the traffic in intoxicating liquors.

The attention of many clergymen throughout Maine was called to the subject by his sermons. These were read, in whole or in part, from pulpits or at special meetings of churches called for the purpose. Through these efforts, the question came to be discussed formally and publicly among church-members as to what was their duty toward the reformation. Who can doubt the conclusion arrived at by the prayerful, conscientious, and courageous?

The temperance movement in Portland received great impetus from a visit of Rev. Justin Edwards, D. D., I think in the later twenties, or early thirties. Until then but little impression had been made upon the “respectability” of the liquor-traffic, or touching the inconsistency of being engaged in it while claiming to be a Christian. But a sermon of Dr. Edwards, delivered in the First Parish church, caused a great awakening. Those already interested

were stimulated to renewed zeal by that sermon, while others before indifferent came to regard it their duty to assist.

I record a somewhat remarkable result of that effort. Each of three partners in a wholesale establishment, all professed Christians, was in attendance with his family. Impressed by the sermon of Dr. Edwards, each decided, in consultation with his wife, to withdraw from the firm if the sale of liquor was not abandoned, and each, in the counting-room the next morning, found that his partners had come to the same conclusion. The liquor branch of the business was that day discontinued.

The temperance reformation in Maine was born in the church. In its infancy it was almost wholly dependent upon religious leaders and teachers. In the days of its youth and young maturity it was stimulated, encouraged and sustained by the same powerful agency. It never could have attained the height it afterwards reached but for that early and continued assistance of godly men and women. It waits for final and complete triumph until those whose calling it is to declare "all the counsel of God" shall deem it their duty to teach that He abhors everything that tends, however remotely, to the destruction of the living bodies and the immortal souls of men.

For some time most of the earnest promoters of the cause confined themselves to urging moderation, or the "use," not the "abuse," of liquor. In 1827, however, a society was organized in the town of New Sharon, so far as I know the first of the kind in the state, which adopted the pledge of total abstinence from "distilled" spirits. Commencing its work with

ten members, within a year it had increased to seventy. A little later, five persons associated themselves for the same purpose in the town of Prospect, and in a few months the membership of this latter society had increased to over one hundred.

The first published report of this association, after relating the circumstances of its organization, stated that on the day after its first meeting it was found that a storm of opposition had arisen and was raging with tremendous violence. The antagonism was multiform, determined and powerful. The new school was everywhere spoken against. Under the standard of hostility were found the old and the young, the rich and the poor. The temperate and intemperate met on common ground, and "even female tongues launched forth the shafts of ridicule." Despite the resistance it encountered, the organization continued its work for some time, holding monthly meetings in various parts of the town.

Similar societies were formed during the same year in Windsor, Buckfield, and Gorham. In 1828 one was organized in Gardiner, which adopted a pledge drafted by the Rev. Phineas Crandall, of Hallowell, who a short time previously had established a paper in that town called, *The Genius of Temperance*. Mr. Crandall was one of the most advanced and pronounced temperance men of his day. He was an effective and interesting speaker, and rendered most efficient service in the promotion of the cause in which he took a deep interest. The pledge of this society read as follows:

"Persons who sign this constitution, and thereby become members of this society, agree to abstain from the internal use of distilled spirits except when indispensable for medic-

inal purposes, and wine except for the same purpose, or sacramental occasions; that they will not offer them to their friends, to persons in their employment, or countenance their use in their families only in the cases above excepted; that they will not knowingly vote for a man for any civil office who is in the habit of using ardent spirits or wine to excess, and, so far as the nature of their condition will admit, to give the preference in their dealings to those store-keepers who do not allow ardent spirits to be drunk in their stores."

I think I am safe in saying that the adoption of this pledge was the first action, taken anywhere in the state, favoring the introduction of the temperance question in any form into politics.

A word of explanation as to the last clause of this pledge may not be out of place. Already some merchants had come to abandon in whole or in part the sale of liquor. Some refused to sell it to be drunk on the premises; others gave up retailing it altogether, while continuing to sell it by wholesale to those who did retail it. There were others still who, though not selling, kept it in stock to "treat" customers purchasing other goods, holding that there was nothing in this custom (which they thought necessary to meet the competition of those who continued to sell liquor) inconsistent with their duty as good citizens, or their obligations, perchance, as Christians. For some time this practice in many stores was a serious obstacle to the prosecution of the work in Maine, and became a specific object for correction.

This latter custom, I am sorry to say, yet finds its counterpart in a practice countenanced by some wholesale mercantile establishments in permitting their commercial travelers to include in their expense-accounts money paid for treating customers. Sometimes the amount is covered in a general charge, too

often well known to include the "drink money." Pernicious in its moral effects, this custom has no justification on sound business principles. The buyer who can be induced by drink to purchase what he otherwise would not, is sure — it is only a matter of time — to lessen his ability to pay for what he has bought, while the purchaser strong enough to resist such seductions to ill-considered purchases is quite likely to attribute the worst motives to such offers to treat. Meanwhile it often happens that the wholesaler loses otherwise by the demoralization of his agent traceable to the practice.

The organization of societies throughout the state continued during the next two or three years. The pledges they adopted varied somewhat, as did their methods of work, but they all sought the same general object — a change in the customs of the people which had led to gross intemperance.

In almost every instance the leading men in these societies were clergymen. It is not too much to say that without their aid the great reformation would have been postponed for years, if indeed it could ever have reached the point to which it attained through their assistance in a comparatively short time. Most of the societies formed at this period were content to make the test of membership a pledge to abjure "ardent" spirits. But here and there were to be found those taking the more advanced position in favor of total abstinence.

That was generally done under the leadership of some man of God who enforced upon the members of his church their duty, nay, showed them that it should be their pleasure, to adopt even what they did not deem in their own cases to be needful for

their own safety, or to abandon that which they did not view as in itself a wrong, if by such sacrifice they might do good. Some of these clergymen did this from an intuitive perception of their obligations to their Master, some because they had had experience similar to that related of Bishop H. C. Potter, which I have seen in print.

“ ‘ Doctor,’ said a lady at a fashionable dinner-party, a few years ago, to Bishop Henry C. Potter, ‘ I observe that you take no wine.’ ‘ No,’ said Dr. Potter, ‘ I have not done so for many years — in fact, for twenty-five years.’ She expressed surprise in the look which met the doctor’s answer. ‘ It may interest you to know why I abstain,’ said Dr. Potter, observing the expression of his companion. ‘ I will tell you. A man with an unconquerable passion for drink came constantly to see me, and told me how this miserable passion was bringing him to utter ruin; how his employers, every time he obtained a situation, were compelled to dismiss him because of his terrible habit. One day I said to this man, Why will you not say, here and now, before God, and in his help, I will never taste liquor again. The man said, Doctor, if you were in my place you would not say that. I answered, Temperate man that I am, I will say so this moment. And I spoke the solemn vow that I had called upon him to make. My poor friend looked at me with consternation; then an expression of hope overspread his face. With steady voice he pronounced the vow. A moment after he left me, but returned often to see me. The vow has been kept; and he that was fast losing soul and body found a position, kept it, and became not only a sober, but a godly man.’ ”

Where is the Christian minister, who, professing to love God, and to follow in the footsteps of the Founder of his faith, would deem it too great a sacrifice to abandon his wine if thereby he might save a single soul?

Unquestionably Bishop Potter would have taken that position earlier, indeed would have made a far greater sacrifice if necessary, to avoid all possible evil

consequences of a habit he might regard as harmless in itself, had such possibility occurred to him before the experience related. So it was with many of the early clergymen in Maine; so it is with the overwhelming proportion of them to-day. Their refusal to set an example, and their advice to those who looked to them for spiritual guidance and comfort not to set an example that might prove a stumbling-block to others, made progress in Maine far easier than it would otherwise have been.

Necessarily, in attempting to detail the methods of revolutionizing public opinion in Maine with reference to the liquor-traffic leading to the enactment of a prohibitory law, I must dwell largely upon what came under my own observation. Naturally, I am more familiar with the work of which my own efforts were a part, but I had personal knowledge of only a small portion of what was being done throughout the state. Here, as I begin the relation of my own part, I wish to note what I trust will be borne in mind by those who read these pages after I shall have passed on to rest. In that work I was only one of many.

If, in attempting to discharge my duty, as God gave me to see it, I have been able in any way to aid my fellow-men, I acknowledge my indebtedness for such measure of usefulness, to the guardians, guides and exemplars of my youth; to those to whom I looked for advice in the earlier stages of the temperance movement in Maine, and to those, as well, who later shared with me the burden and heat of the day. They were to be found in every walk in life, earnest, sincere, unselfish, effective. With them I was proud to be associated; by them I was glad to be inspired, advised, encouraged. The friends of temperance in

those stormy days had little time for mutual admiration or congratulation. Each had his allotted task to perform, requiring all the time and strength he had to spare. The result may best show how well that duty was done. I would be glad, if I could, to record the names of all those true and faithful men. God in his infinite mercy has spared my life though calling most of them home. Nothing I can say will do justice to what they manifested, by patience and zeal, of love for God and a strong desire for the uplifting of their fellow-men. By their deeds they are known, and their labors will speak through all eternity.

Peculiar circumstances almost impelled me to an interest in the temperance movement. I do not remember any period of my life, after I was of sufficient age to observe and to think for myself, when the awful effects of intemperance did not claim from me more than merely casual thought. In my early youth a near neighbor was a confirmed inebriate. Because of his habits, he and his unfortunate family, from time to time, required aid from my parents. His case, therefore, served at our table and fireside to add weight to the precepts of sobriety and abstinence, ordinarily inculcated in New England Quaker homes of the period. It required no unusual mental power in me, even as a small lad, to trace to drink the comparative wretchedness and squalor in that drunken neighbor's home.

When a small boy, I was much impressed by hearing my father say at the dinner-table that he had that forenoon witnessed the conveyance of a tract of land, now in the business portion of Portland, occupied by stores. It was transferred to settle a score, charged at the shop of the grantee against the grantor, for

liquor furnished in the glass and drunk on the premises. The incident was indelibly fixed in my memory by the remark with which my father opened the topic: "At last poor Friend —— has drunk up his land!" This expression arrested my youthful attention sufficiently to enable me to comprehend something of the conversation which followed.

My mother was an exceedingly kind and charitable woman. No worthy applicant for aid was turned empty-handed from her door. She made it a duty to investigate the case of every applicant, where she was not previously informed, and I was frequently her companion in the errands with which she thus charged herself, seeing for myself much that led her to pour precept after precept into my willing ears. By her I was taught to abhor the very idea of liquor drinking, and at her feet, not less from her example than from her precept, I came to believe that to be indifferent to the welfare of others was a sin and a shame. As I grew older, therefore, I was prepared to observe, perhaps at an earlier age than is the case with many, the devastating effects of intemperance.

In my younger manhood, before I reached my majority, my attention was called to the subject as a matter of practical importance. I was brought into contact with many who depended upon daily manual labor for support, and to whom, therefore, health, strength, and continuous employment were all-important. My interest in them was easily enlisted, and I came to know something, through my opportunities for close personal observation, of the condition of their families. I was impressed, not only with the prevalence of drunkenness among them, which indeed was more or less apparent in all classes

of society, but by the evident inability of workmen to provide for the pressing necessities of their families when spending so much as was their habit for intoxicants.

I saw health impaired, capacity undermined, employment lost. I saw wives and children suffering from the drinking habits of husbands and fathers long before the latter could be said to have become drunkards, in the parlance of that day. I saw that, as a rule, neither industry, thrift, prudence, saving nor comfort was to be found where indulgence in intoxicants prevailed. Called often to render assistance in these cases, my indignation at the men who brought so much suffering upon their families for the gratification, as it then seemed to me, of a mere taste for liquor, softened into pity and sympathy when I found them the apparently helpless victims of a controlling appetite that was dragging them to ruin. My observation of this had its effect in determining the position I afterwards took.

I had attended meetings held under the auspices of those who traced their interest to the influence of the "Sixty-Niners," and I was quite prepared to take a stand when called upon to do so. The opportunity soon offered. I was twenty-four years of age at the time. The Deluge Engine-company, of which I was clerk, was about to celebrate its first anniversary. It was proposed that the officers be directed to provide liquors for the occasion at the company's expense. I took the floor and opposed the proposition as earnestly as I could. There was considerable discussion, and some feeling was developed, but I was sustained by the company. This was due, I think, quite as much to the personal regard of the members for me (I was

the junior of most of them, as to their full assent to my views.

That speech caused some talk outside the company, and a short time thereafter I was called upon to speak at a temperance meeting where I had expected to be a listener. Soon I was invited to be one of the announced speakers at a meeting to be held, and prepared for the occasion to the extent of writing out in full what I proposed to say.

In the winter of 1815, the Maine Charitable Mechanics' Association was organized in Portland. I became a member of it almost immediately after my majority. That society yet exists, after a long life of varied prosperity. In its earlier days, especially, it exerted great influence in the town, and soon came to be a potential agency in the propagation of the principles underlying the temperance reform.

Its members had unusual opportunities to see the evil effects of the liquor-traffic and the drinking habits of the day. Through them most of the laboring men of the town found employment. They paid out a large portion of the money distributed as wages for skilled, as well as unskilled, labor, and they had constantly before them the evidence that no inconsiderable proportion was expended for liquor. They saw, too, in the resulting indisposition to work, in the loss of time from drinking, and the impairment of energy, capacity and health by debauch that the money thus spent was more unwisely used than if thrown into the sea.

In those days, master-mechanics were brought into contact with the families of their employees much more than now. They saw the poverty, misery and disease brought upon wives and children by the excess

in drink of the husband and father, and their sympathies were aroused. They were practical men of affairs. They knew that their own success depended in great measure upon the capacity, skill and faithfulness of their employees but they were often compelled to pay for untrustworthiness and incapacity caused by drink where they had contracted for better service. They knew, too, that their own prosperity, and that of the town in which they lived, were interchangeable, and they were in a condition to be easily convinced that the public weal could be served by sober and industrious, but never by drunken and shiftless citizens. It is not strange, therefore, that the Mechanics' Association came to consider ways and means of mitigating the terrible evils of intemperance.

At different times, in one form or another, the subject was under discussion in the association, as one intimately affecting its interests, and of vital importance to the welfare of those in the employ of its members. I participated in those discussions, but to no greater extent than would be expected of a young member interested in the topic.

In the winter of 1829, the association took under consideration a proposition to change a custom almost universal, and appointed a committee to recommend some plan by which masters would stop furnishing their journeymen and apprentices with ardent spirits. Contractors and others employing workmen were then as much expected to provide liquor for their employees as to pay them wages. Of course the workmen received less money than if not supplied with rum, and it is not hazarding much to say that the work was not as well done as if the compensation had been all cash. Few workmen or employers had

thought of that. So general was that custom that even the small number of workmen who did not care for, or would not drink, the liquor, received no more pay in cash for the same amount of labor than if they had insisted upon stimulants. Conditions were such that an employer not furnishing liquor had as much difficulty in hiring and retaining help as would one to-day paying less than the ruling rate of wages; hence, if anything was to be done to stop the pernicious practice, it was necessary that all employers should co-operate.

At the time the before-mentioned committee was appointed, another was raised charged by the association to inquire if legislative aid could not be given to prevent the collection of debts contracted for ardent spirits. Of each of these committees I was the junior member. They had several meetings, and gave careful attention to the matters committed to them. They consulted master-mechanics and journeymen; they conferred with lawyers and some of the few tradespeople who did not sell liquor. I gave some time to the investigation, and my service on those committees unquestionably increased the interest I was already taking in the question.

The first committee reported at length, setting forth the evils and urging the abolishment of the existing practice. Its recommendation was adopted by an almost unanimous vote, and the master-mechanics belonging to the society took measures to give effect to the position taken. Though a great power for good in Portland, that action subjected the association and its members to criticism and abuse from liquor-sellers and others whose fancied interests, habits or sympathies led them to favor the "good,

old way." The resulting discussions, and even some of the antagonisms created, had an influence in fixing the position of several members of the association in the ranks of active temperance men during the contest which soon, and for years, was to be waged all along the line in Portland.

As to the proposition submitted to the other committee, a favorable report was also made. So far as I am aware, the appointment of this committee was the first step in Maine toward establishing by law the policy which years afterwards was engrafted and has since been maintained in the statutes of this state, viz:

“No action shall be maintained upon any claim or demand, promissory note, or other security, contracted or given for intoxicating liquors.”

The first aggressive step on my part against legal regulations that I remember was taken shortly after the date of the appointment of those two committees. On my motion the association voted, in the spring of 1829, to request the selectmen to insert in the warrant for the approaching town-meeting an article to see if the town would not vote to discontinue the practice of ringing the “Eleven O’clock Bell” as a signal for workmen to rest from labor and refresh themselves with liquor. I was made the agent of the association to present this request to the selectmen. They listened to me courteously, and promised to take the matter under consideration. Nothing more came of it, however, then, and “Eleven O’clock” was rung for some time thereafter.

At a meeting of the association held in May, 1829, the committee of arrangements for the approaching festival on the Fourth of July was requested not to

provide ardent spirits. That, also, was a great step in advance, and from that day to this, as I have been informed, and believe, no liquors have appeared on any festive occasion under the control of that society. I was invited by the committee to deliver the address. Accepting the invitation, I dwelt at length upon the subject of temperance. By vote of the association the address was subsequently published. As it was the first of my expressions upon temperance to find way into print, of which I have knowledge, I venture to insert an extract here:

“The influence which the Mechanics’ Associations can exert in the promotion of temperance is greater than that which any other societies possess; because, if we look abroad through our whole country, we shall see that though this vice has not confined its ruinous effects to any particular body of men, yet our mechanics, our yeomanry, and all the laboring classes of the community, are the principal sufferers. Why does not our blood chill when we look upon scenes of misery and suffering and wretchedness which exist everywhere around us?”

Temperance meetings of one kind or another were now frequently held in Portland and vicinity. They were not largely attended, nor did they attract much attention. A few interested themselves in maintaining them and in increasing the attendance. They were held in various places according to circumstances, sometimes in private houses, sometimes in a church, a shop, or some small hall. I was a frequent speaker at these, and, as opportunities for usefulness to the cause offered, my interest in the subject increased.

On Sunday evening, the 31st of March, 1833, a meeting of young men of Portland was held at the Park Street church, then known as the Second Metho-

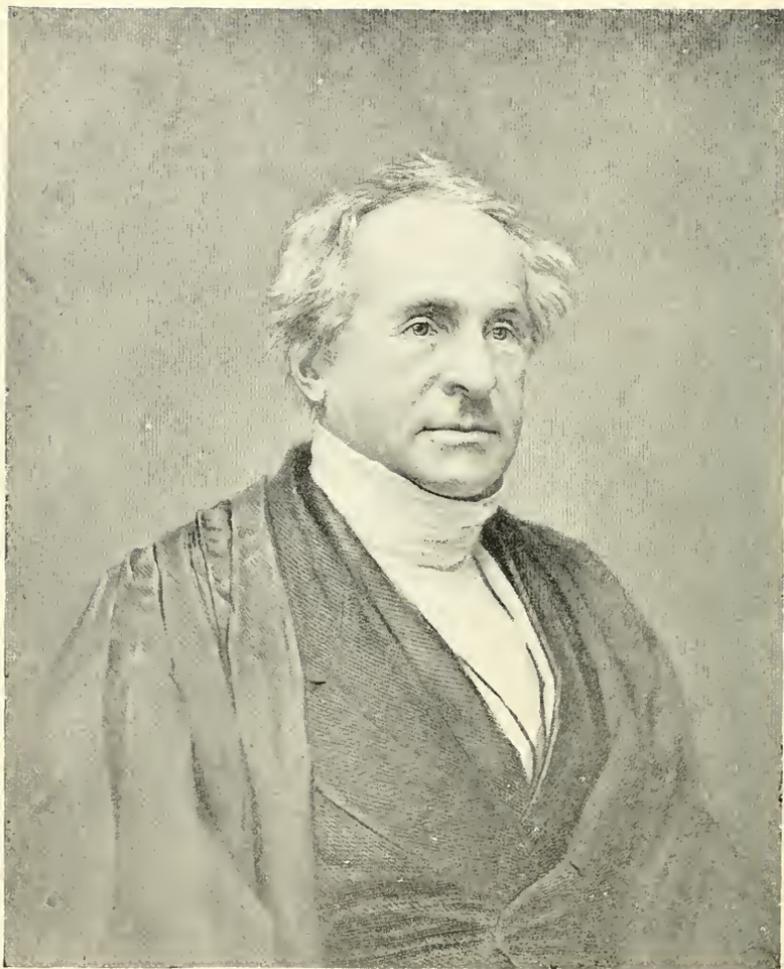
dist meeting-house, afterwards the Second Unitarian, and now the Presbyterian, church. An address was delivered by the pastor, Rev. Gershom F. Cox. At the conclusion of his remarks "The Portland Young Men's Temperance Society" was organized. The reason for this action was set out in the preamble of the constitution as follows:

"As the use of ardent spirits is not only unnecessary but injurious, as it tends to produce pauperism, crime and wretchedness, and to hinder the efficacy of all means for the intellectual and moral benefit of society, also to endanger the purity and permanence of our free institutions, and as one of the best means of counteracting its deleterious effects is the influence of united example, therefore, we, recognizing the principle of total abstinence from the use of ardent spirits and from the traffic in it as the basis of our union, do hereby agree to form ourselves into a society."

A few connected with the society at its inception, including myself, were willing to have the pledge include total abstinence from the milder forms of intoxicants as well as from ardent spirits, but the majority were not ready for that. An article of the constitution read as follows:

"The object of this society shall be by example and kind moral influence to discountenance the use of ardent spirits and the traffic in it throughout the community."

It was also provided that any person might become a member of the society by signing the constitution, and three hundred and fourteen signatures were obtained that evening. During the next two or three years of the life of the society over thirteen hundred signed, perhaps the most widely known among them all being Henry W. Longfellow, who, during a portion of the life of the society, was a professor in Bowdoin college.



REV. ICHABOD NICHOLS, D. D.

Rev. Gershom F. Cox was chosen president, and Dr. C. H. P. McLellan, secretary. Among the vice-presidents were Dr. Eliphalet Clark, James B. Cahoon, William W. Thomas and Phineas Barnes. An executive committee was also appointed, the members of which, with the officers, were selected with reference to securing representatives from every religious society and each ward in the city. Two weeks later, it was voted that the society should meet once in two weeks until it had visited every religious society in the city that was willing to accommodate it.

The next meeting was held at the First Parish church. Among the speakers was Rev. Dr. Nichols, whose connection with the first temperance society has been referred to. His address was subsequently published at the request of the society. Though intended for a generation that has now almost wholly passed off the stage of this world's life, it may well be heeded by old and young to-day. He said:

“The principle is well established by repeated experiments, that no evil results from the most sudden and unqualified abstinence. The benefit is immediate, the danger nothing. To your patronage in this object, young gentlemen, we look with peculiar interest. Long, long, may your services be felt in the improved condition of your country. May many chains of intemperance be broken by your means and many more be prevented from being forged. May numerous friends owe to you the restoration and the security of their peace, and in that solemn day, when to have been the cause of others' ruin shall be unutterable woe, may you receive the reward of those who have saved many from destruction.”

A month later, the secretary having resigned, Phineas Barnes was chosen to that position, and in October of the same year, having left the city, he resigned, and I was chosen. At the same meeting it was resolved:

“That it be the sense of this society, in view of the evils known to result from the use of ardent spirits, that the traffic in that article is a moral wrong for which there can be no sufficient palliation.”

In the late fall of 1833, a call was issued for a state convention, to be held in February, 1834, to be composed of delegates from the various local temperance societies, of whatever name and of whatever form of pledge. This was the first state gathering in behalf of temperance ever held in Maine. The Young Men's society at its meeting in January, 1834, selected delegates to that convention. William W. Thomas and I were among the number.

At a meeting held April 8, 1834, Gen. James Appleton offered the following resolution:

“That the license laws of this state are a great obstacle to the advancement of the cause of temperance.”

And the record in my writing adds, “which he advocated powerfully and eloquently.” Further consideration of the subject was postponed to the next meeting, when Mr. Appleton again urged its adoption, and ex-United States Senator John Holmes, took the opposite side. I have no recollection of any earlier discussion of that topic in Portland.

The only person participating in the organization of that society except myself whom I know to be now living is Hon. William W. Thomas.* He was also, for a time, I believe, the secretary of the association—I think the last one. From that day the great weight of his influence and example has been given to the promotion of temperance. He is a few months

* Mr. Thomas died in November, 1896, when a few months over ninety-three years of age. It was evident that General Dow felt the loss of his old friend keenly, his own rapid decline commencing about two months later.

my senior, and now looks back upon a life constantly useful and influential for good in the community where he has so long lived. He has held many public positions, and has always had the esteem and good will of his fellow-citizens. He was an alderman of Portland at one of the most critical periods in the history of Prohibition, proving himself the possessor of moral and physical courage equal to the most trying emergencies. As a member of the state senate, and chairman of its temperance committee, he reported, in 1858, the prohibitory law, afterwards approved by the people, the foundation of the present prohibitory legislation in this state. Retiring from the senate, he served two years as mayor, exhibiting the sterling qualities characteristic of his entire life.

By this time, almost unconsciously, I had become so fully identified with the reform as to be in the way of knowing about most of what was being done if not actually taking part in it. To the best of my recollection, however, my purpose at that time did not extend beyond my desire to assist in correcting evils apparent in the city of Portland. In such speaking as had thus far devolved upon me I found that illustrations, drawn from local incidents, familiar to our people, of the results of intemperance, were generally interesting to my hearers, and, as I hoped, effective for good, and this incited me to obtain special information of as many of them as possible. With this in view, some time in the early thirties, just after the incorporation of Portland as a city, I secured an official position, the duties of which required me to visit every family in the ward in which I lived, two or three times a year. This not only enabled me to see for myself much that I could

make serviceable in temperance work, but gave me a personal acquaintance which I was able to use to advantage in the same direction.

The law provided that license fees should be used for the benefit of the poor of towns. I served for years as an overseer of the poor of the city that I might speak with knowledge upon the point that the money thus obtained was absurdly inadequate to reimburse the expense that intemperance, fostered in these licensed places, imposed upon the city.

What I learned in those positions enabled me to speak more effectively at temperance meetings, and also impressed me deeply with the importance of the temperance reformation as an agency for the prosperity of the city and the welfare of its inhabitants. I was not, consciously, at least, devoting more time and attention to the reform than seemed to me to be demanded of any good citizen aware of the prevalence of intemperate habits, and their baneful influence.

It was in 1835 that it first occurred to me that any special duty might be required of me in that line. The incident out of which that idea grew is fresh in my mind, though I am only able to fix its date through a letter, to my wife. That letter, written in Bangor, where I had gone on business in connection with some timber-lands, was dated May 14, 1835. I quote from it a few words relating to a conversation having an influence upon my whole after life:

“We had an interesting company in the stage (from Augusta to Bangor), much temperance talk, and I trust with good effect upon a farmer from New Hampshire, a very sensible old man, the father of Cooley, the lawyer, who said I ought to leave off exploring land and become a temperance lecturer, for I should do a great deal of good. Think of that!”

From that time the subject impressed itself upon my mind more and more as one involving something beyond the reformation of the victims of intemperance. It widened in my thought into one for the prevention of the evil, and for the relief of society from the burdens resulting from that vice. The idea of prohibition was not then unfamiliar to me, as will be shown later, but I had not become specially devoted to it. I now began to look upon the liquor shop as a potential agency for the propagation of intemperance and its vast train of following wrong, and as a great obstruction to the material, moral and religious progress of the people.

About this time, however, an experience convinced me that, while special influences for the promotion of temperance and sobriety were dependent altogether upon the voluntary contribution of time, strength and money of those who conceived it to be their duty to God and man to aid in the work, the hope of gain from his trade made the dealer in intoxicants in effect a paid agent, whose constant occupation it was to neutralize those efforts for good. The contest, therefore, between the two seemed an unequal one, like that between the unpaid, unarmed, undisciplined farmers at Lexington and the veterans of King George. The parallel might, it seemed to me, be carried further. The vendor of intoxicants, with his license, might fairly claim to represent the state, as did the British redcoats under Pitcairn, while the friends of temperance, like the farmer victims of that first encounter of the Revolution, were, in effect, engaged in interfering with the operations of the law of the land.

A citizen of Portland with whom I was well acquainted, a man of more than ordinary native

ability, a graduate of Harvard college, influentially connected in our community, had become intemperate, thus greatly impairing his usefulness. My attention was specially called to his case through the appeal of his wife to me for counsel and assistance. The man had made several efforts to reform, but had repeatedly relapsed. During one of these periods of sobriety I had assisted him to secure an official position, for which, aside from his former intemperate habits, he was admirably qualified.

Whether he could retain that place depended altogether upon his ability to refrain from drink. There was in the vicinity of the office where he was employed a most "respectable" shop where liquor was sold. My friend's pride yet kept him from the lower dens, and I believed that the refusal of the keeper of that resort to sell him liquor, should he apply for it, would help him in an effort to abstinence, and perhaps save him from the ruin certain to overwhelm him if he returned to drink.

Accordingly I called on the proprietor of that shop, stated the case with all the peculiar circumstances attending it, and my hopes and fears connected with it. He listened to me attentively and respectfully, manifesting a degree of interest which encouraged me to believe that he would heed my request and refuse to sell liquor in that particular case, should it be called for. But, after I had concluded, he said to me in substance:

"Mr. Dow, you attend to your business, and I will look after mine. I am licensed to sell liquor, have paid my money for the privilege. That money helps to pay your taxes, and it is a small business for you to try to prevent me from obtaining the business I have a right to under the law. If that man comes in here in a sober condition and asks for liquor, I have

a legal right to sell it to him, and I shall do so, and I do not want you around here whining about it."

Surprised, disappointed, indignant, I replied to the effect that sooner or later I would see that he and all like him were driven from the community unless they abandoned their infamous business. Afterwards, thinking it possible that some lack of tact on my part, or my well known activity in connection with the temperance movement might have led the man to reply as he did, I advised the poor wife to call and in her own way prefer the request, thinking it improbable that he would be deaf to entreaties urged upon him with the eloquence born of her recollection of past sufferings and her fear of future wrongs. A few days later she came to me, and with tears in her eyes told me that she had been no more successful than I in the attempt to erect that feeble barrier to protect herself and family from the danger of the intemperance of her husband.

Her story strengthened the feeling with which my interview with the liquor-seller in question was closed. The reply that I had made to him, however, was more than the ebullition of temporary feeling then excited. I had been prepared to take the stand I threatened by my already matured belief that the liquor-traffic was the source of infinite evils, and that there was no other field where work was demanded for human progress in which laborers were so few or so much needed. That incident affected me with vital force. As I reflected upon it as only one of the thousands of cases into which it might be indefinitely multiplied with a product of immeasurable misery to so many helpless women and innocent children, I became more strongly convinced that my

duty was clear. I resolved to try to discharge it. From that day I have followed it with such strength of body, mind and purpose as God has given to me.

Many times, prompted thereto by the seeming indifference and sometimes strenuous opposition of those whom I knew to be good citizens, and whom I believed desired to be consistent Christians, I have considered anew that decision, and have asked myself if the object sought was worthy the sacrifices it necessitated. But such reconsiderations have served to confirm me, if possible, more strongly than before in the belief that nothing is more productive of wretchedness for the individual, or more obstructive to the general progress and prosperity of the state, than the traffic in intoxicating drinks, and never, from the day of my early determination, have I doubted that duty demanded of me unrelenting and uncompromising opposition to that trade.

CHAPTER IX.

LIQUOR LEGISLATION OF MAINE FROM 1820 TO THE SUG-
GESTION OF A PROHIBITORY LAW. THE MAINE STATE
TEMPERANCE SOCIETY. ORGANIZATION OF MAINE
TEMPERANCE UNION. PROGRESS TOWARD PRO-
HIBITION. GENERAL APPLETON'S REPORT
RECOMMENDING THAT POLICY.

Maine inherited, at the time of her admission to the Union, the laws of Massachusetts, and her first legislation in no way modified those relating to the liquor-traffic. The first law of her own adoption bearing upon the subject was approved March 20, 1821. That was a license law, and, except in the matter of fees, and penalties for its violation, had all the provisions found in the most approved license laws of these latter days. But severe penalties for violation of such statutes are not of modern invention. At the time of the first liquor legislation by the mother state in our colonial days, the law-givers provided whipping for those selling "strong water" without a license.

The new law was similar to the existing statute of Massachusetts. It provided that the licensing board of the several towns might license as many persons of "sober life and conversation," and suitably qualified for the employment, as they deemed necessary. The

license fee was six dollars. Any one presuming to be a common seller without a license was liable to a penalty of fifty dollars, and any person at any time selling without such license should forfeit for each offense ten dollars.

Some of the provisions of that law show that the tendency of the traffic to gather about it other evils was even then well understood. Gambling on the licensed premises was prohibited, and all games and other employments used in gambling were also proscribed. Excessive drinking was not to be allowed. Minors, travelers excepted, were not to be furnished with drink without the special permission of parents. "Names of persons reputed common drunkards or common tipplers" were to be posted by selectmen in all licensed places, and liquors were not to be furnished to such. Selectmen could also prohibit the sale for the space of one year to any person who should by idleness or excessive drinking of spirituous liquors so misspend, waste or lessen his estate as to expose himself or family to want, or to indulge in liquor "so as to endanger his life," and all persons were prohibited from obtaining for and furnishing to any such any spirituous or strong liquors.

In a moiety feature of the law an attempt was made to hire as many as possible to assist in enforcing it. Thus county-attorneys were especially enjoined to "file information against" persons selling without a license, and all fines not exceeding twenty dollars were appropriated, one moiety to the use of the person who should sue therefor.

There was also a provision prohibiting parties, licensed to sell liquor, from giving credit to undergraduates of colleges without consent of the college

authorities, and the party so violating this provision, in addition to his penalty, could not be re-licensed within a year of such violation. It was provided that, "all moneys accruing for licenses granted to retailers, inn-holders and victualers" were to be applied for the benefit of the poor—certainly a suitable companion for a license law.

Apparently some of the gentlemen of "sober life and conversation" who had obtained licenses undertook to cheat the state, and for one contribution to the pauper fund set up more than one pauper manufactory; for, in 1824, the sale of liquor was prohibited at more than one place under the same license. It seems, too, that selectmen had found it burdensome to keep the run of all those using liquor to excess, for the new law required "sheriffs, deputy-sheriffs, constables and tithing-men" to furnish information to selectmen of all suffering from the excessive use of liquors, so that the selectmen might better carry out the provisions of the law prohibiting the sale to such persons. It was also provided that no licensee violating any restriction of the law should have his license renewed for the term of two years. Evidently a connection with the traffic was having a demoralizing effect upon the men of "sober life and conversation" who had procured licenses.

One provision, of interest not only because of its peculiar character but for the testimony afforded by it to the extent of intemperance in the state at that time and to the conviction existing that something should be done to correct it, was as follows:

"And it is hereby enjoined on all good citizens of this state to give such information" (i. e., of persons using liquor to excess, etc.) "to the selectmen and assessors of their

respective towns and plantations for the purpose aforesaid," i. e., that liquor-sellers (who knew better than any one else, who those were) might be notified not to sell to them.

Now it should be borne in mind that in those days no law had driven the trade into the hands of the "lowest and most disreputable" people, as is urged to-day in their arguments against Prohibition by those in favor of license. Only people of "sober life and conversation, and suitably qualified," were licensed; yet such was the effect of the trade in their hands in Maine in those days that the law enjoined upon all good citizens to act as a sort of moral *posse-comitatus*, to lessen as much as possible the evil. How demoralizing the trade upon all having to do with it!

Election days were occasions of great drunkenness and disturbance. In 1826 a law was passed called "An Act to Prevent Intemperance at Elections." It provided for the seizure of liquors exposed for sale within a hundred rods of any place where an election was being held, and also of any carriage, tent, booth or vessels in which such liquors were exposed for sale "to be detained until twenty-four hours after the adjournment of the election." At the expiration of that time they were to be delivered on demand to the owner or the person from whom they were taken, after payment of three dollars for safe-keeping. If not demanded, they were to be sold at public auction for benefit of owners, etc.

But there was a provision showing the tender feeling entertained for the traffic, and the belief that licensed places were, in a measure, sacred soil, upon which the state could not trench to protect itself even on its recurring annual accouchements of authority and power. It was that the act "should not be con-

strued so as to prohibit licensed parties from the pursuit of their ordinary business in their usual places of prosecuting the same." If people would get intoxicated about the polls it was entirely consistent with the theory on which they had been authorized to sell liquor, that the licensed dealers should have the exclusive privilege of reaping the "profit" of making them so.

In 1829 the law was further amended so as to prohibit licensed persons from selling to non-commissioned officers or soldiers of the United States within five miles of any military post, or when such non-commissioned officers or soldiers were on duty outside of the five mile limit, unless such soldier could present a permit from his commanding officer for such sale. It would seem that through sales to soldiers some special damage to the community was experienced, but it does not appear that the men of "sober life and conversation," refrained from selling to them.

In this year, 1829, also, a local-option law was enacted and a law passed amending that of 1821, so that "no license granted as aforesaid shall authorize the sale of wine, spirituous or mixed liquors, part of which is spirituous, to be drunk in the store or shop of any victualer or retailer," though taverners were still allowed to sell liquors to be drunk on the premises. A provision was incorporated that any town might at its annual meeting, by a vote of the majority of its legal voters, authorize the licensing board to grant licenses to sell to be drunk in the store or shop of such persons under such regulations as might be prescribed by the selectmen, and that such license should be revokable by the selectmen on

complaint and hearing thereon. It further provided that the selectmen, at the time of granting such license, should deliver to each person by them licensed the name of any one "known to them to be addicted to the intemperate use of strong liquors," and licensees were prohibited from selling thereto.

It was also made the duty of the licensing board to revoke the license in every instance which should come to their knowledge of a violation of any of the provisions of the act under complaint made and hearing thereon. Licensed parties were also required to keep copies of the act posted in a public and conspicuous place in their shops. The penalties under this new law were also to be appropriated as under the former — one half to the complainant.

By an act approved March 18, 1830, distinction was made in the cost of license to those who were authorized to sell to be drunk on the premises and to those who were not, the former remaining at six dollars and the latter placed at three. The fees were not large. Licenses were presumed to be issued only to those of "sober life and conversation," and the restrictions were such that, if any regulations would regulate, whatever good the community could get from the traffic might be enjoyed without its evils. So evidently believed the legislators of 1829-30.

It is suggestive that the town-clerk, under all these laws a member of the licensing board, was to receive for his own use twenty-five cents on every license granted — nothing on any refused — and in more than one instance, when the licensing board divided upon the expediency of granting licenses in general or to any one in particular, the vote of the clerk was recorded in favor of granting.

By the same act licensees were prohibited from furnishing liquor to any Indian except "for the use of the sick," under the direction of a regular, practicing physician. The act also repealed the existing prohibition of the sale by retail without license of beer, ale and cider.

In 1832, the law of 1824, which imposed certain duties upon sheriffs and other officers, to secure the better enforcement of the license law, and called upon all good citizens, also, as we have seen, to assist in the same, with other provisions inimical to the liquor-selling interest, was repealed.

Again, in 1833, it was distinctly made the duty of municipal officers "in their warrants for convening the inhabitants of their respective towns, plantations and cities, at their annual meetings in March or April, to insert an article" to see if they would be authorized to grant licenses to sell to be drunk on the premises. This was a provision intended to relieve the liquor-sellers of the difficulty which they encountered through the refusal of selectmen of some of the towns, in deference to the growing hostility to the traffic, to so prepare the warrants that a popular vote might be had upon the question as to whether licenses should be granted in their communities. The liquor men clearly understood that in every such contest they would have the advantage—through their special interest in its issue—over the rest of the community.

It provided for an appeal of any person aggrieved by the refusal to grant such person a license, or by the revoking of a license already granted, from the municipal licensing board, taking the action complained against, to the county commissioners, and if

such license was granted by the county commissioners the license fee was to be paid for the benefit of the county. This provision created a species of rivalry between the town and county financial agents, through which almost any applicant, whether or not of "sober life and conversation," was quite sure to obtain a license from one party or the other.

In 1834, after twelve years of unsatisfactory experience, the legislature repealed the former legislation upon the subject, and the law substituted established a license fee of one dollar, to be paid to the selectmen, treasurer and town-clerk of towns, or to the assessors and clerk of plantations, or to the aldermen and city-clerk in cities, as the case might be. There was no restriction upon the sale of cider, ale, beer, etc. The licensees were to give a bond in the sum of three hundred dollars to observe the requirements of the law.

No person was to be allowed to drink to drunkenness or excess in any licensed shop, nor was liquor to be sold to any minor or servant, under pain of incurring the forfeiture of the bond. Notices were to be given, as under former laws, of persons who were addicted to the use of strong liquors, and licensed persons who sold to such were to forfeit the penalties of the bond. It was made the duty of the municipal officers to revoke and make void the license of any person violating the provisions of the act, and to cause the bond to be prosecuted after complaint and hearing thereon, and "any fine, forfeiture or penalty not exceeding twenty dollars" was appropriated "one moiety thereof to the use of the person who may sue therefor," and the fine for selling without a license was "not less than thirty nor more than three hun-

dred dollars." Now came evidence of collusion between the prosecuting officers and those who violated the law, and in 1835 it was enacted that no prosecuting officer should discontinue any legal process commenced or to be commenced unless by direction of the court.

It is now to be remembered that at the inception of the temperance movement in Maine, and for many years thereafter, the sale of liquor was considered as respectable as any other branch of business. Men engaged in the liquor trade with clear consciences and general approbation, for the doctrine that rum-selling was a vocation inconsistent with good citizenship, as inimical to the general good, had not then to any extent been preached. They had not considered the incalculable evils inflicted upon society by their trade. They did not understand that their business was surely and not slowly undermining the morality and prosperity of the community of which they were a part, and to the welfare of which they believed themselves devoted.

Many of those engaged in liquor-selling were leaders in their communities. In business their capital was needed in projected enterprises which their judgment and experience were relied upon to guide. In politics their will was law, and their favor necessary to the ambition of every aspirant for official emolument or honor. In society their houses were the rendezvous of the *élite*, and their presence at social gatherings was certain to give tone and contribute pleasure. Many of them were regular attendants upon the ordinances of the church; some were foremost in good words and works. Elders, deacons and Sabbath-school teachers competed with each other for

customers for liquor, as well as for dry goods and other family supplies, and cheerfully donated generously of profits thus obtained for the support of the Gospel at home and abroad. Nor was engagement in such business generally deemed inconsistent with participation in charitable or religious work.

Such was the case even to my day, and for some time after I had been actively engaged in labors for the temperance reformation, and I earnestly devoted much time to exposing the inconsistency of it. In that particular phase of the work I severely criticised some men who, though active in church work, continued in the business of selling liquor. There were those who did not think it was necessary for me to do so. Such did not understand that so long as men reputed by their fellows to be good engage in reprehensible practices, so long they are maintaining an insurmountable obstacle to the creation of a healthy public sentiment upon which reforms may be based and from which progress will date. Denouncing bad men for bad practices may have little influence for good. The chief troubles the world has experienced have been from the bad practices of those claiming and reputed to be good. That was recognized eighteen centuries ago, when Scribes and Pharisees, the *good, religious* men of the time, were denounced as hypocrites and whited sepulchres, full of dead men's bones, by one who ate with publicans and sinners.

Only grave reasons could lead men to incur the odium and expose themselves to the personal inconveniences, discomforts, losses and antagonisms sure to be encountered in putting themselves in opposition to such influential citizens as were interested in one way or another in the liquor business. Those reasons

were to be found in the great and wide-spread evils of intemperance at that day, and in the consciences of those who believed it their duty to correct them.

Maine was behind most of her sisters in the organization of a state society. This was due to several causes. There was much work close at hand to be done in every village by the local society, if there was one, leaving little of means, strength or time for effort beyond its immediate vicinity. Then again, the comparatively sparse population and poor roads made travel inconvenient and burdensome in time and money. More than this perhaps, there was a strong and influential element, because of the proportionally large amount of capital directly or indirectly connected with the traffic in intoxicants, that interposed grave difficulties to the progress of the movement. When at length a state temperance organization was effected, it was found that all but four states in the Union had preceded Maine in such action, Illinois being the only other northern state, while there were but three southern states that had not instituted such societies.

It was in February, 1834, that a state organization was formed. This was in Augusta during the session of the legislature. It existed as an active agency for about four years. While it received the support and co-operation of those who advocated total abstinence, as a society it did not make that a test of membership. It did, however, bear positive testimony against drunkenness and the excessive use of liquor, and generally its members avoided altogether the use of "distilled" liquors. Its avowed object was: "The promotion of sobriety and temperance among the people."

The work of this association was prosecuted with varying energy. Nevertheless, its influence upon the habits of the people and the public opinion of the state with reference to the temperance question generally was marked, not so much because of what it undertook, but because in honestly trying to accomplish that, its thoughtful and active members came to see that their methods were inadequate, illogical, futile. Filled with zeal for the cause they were sincerely trying to serve, the more earnest among its numbers passed on in the direction indicated by their observation and experience as necessary.

That old society could only serve the end for which it was created by ceasing to exist. It sought to prevent the "abuse" of intoxicants by advocating moderation in their use. It found it impossible to draw any out of the maelstrom of intemperance on to that platform, while, of those it was unintentionally, imperceptibly, but none the less certainly, inviting on to it from among the young and inexperienced, it was pushing many in. Nevertheless, for a time it kept on its well-intentioned course, its founders little dreaming and its active agents little realizing that the more influential and effective their society should become in the actual promotion of temperance the sooner it would give place to a more progressive, logical and consistent successor.

In 1837, ex-Governor King was the president of this society. At its annual meeting, held in Augusta, February 2d of that year, it was proposed to amend the pledge by making total abstinence, not only from "ardent spirits" but from the milder alcoholics, a pre-requisite for membership. An animated and warm debate followed. Governor King and others,

all of them most respectable and influential members, earnestly opposed the proposition. They took the ground that there was a Bible warrant for the use of wine; that harm was sure to come to the temperance cause from the adoption of a proposition so generally regarded as unwise and fanatical. There was always danger, they said, in the prosecution of any cause, lest its zealous and inconsiderate friends should bring it into discredit by proposing extreme measures, sure to result in reaction and the permanent injury of the cause.

The friends of the proposed new departure were voted down, but by this time it had become a matter of principle with many of them, and they withdrew from the meeting and from the society, and, resorting to another meeting-house, organized a new association, which they named "The Maine Temperance Union." The record of this first meeting of the new society recites:

"A meeting composed of delegates to the Maine Temperance Society and members of that society was held in the public meeting-house at Augusta, February 2d, 1837, for the purpose of forming a new state society upon the principle of total abstinence from all that intoxicates."

Among those who assisted in this initial meeting of the new departure were Rev. Dr. Tappan, of Augusta; Samuel M. Pond, of Bucksport; Charles A. Stackpole, of Bangor; Rev. Thomas Adams, of Waterville; Hon. Samuel Reddington, of Vassalboro; Col. John N. Swasey, of Bucksport; Col. Henry Little, of Bangor; William Trafton, of Shapleigh; Dr. Isaac Lincoln, of Brunswick; Hon. George Downs, of Calais; Abner (afterwards Governor) Coburn, of Bloomfield; Rev. Philip Munger, of Livermore; Sam-

uel Fogg, of Weld; Rev. David Thurston, of Winthrop; Rev. Asbury Caldwell, of Augusta; George A. Thatcher, of Bangor; Richard D. (afterwards Judge) Rice, of Augusta; H. B. Farnum, of Bangor; and John F. Potter, of Augusta. Mr. Potter, afterwards a member of Congress from Wisconsin, became famous from his connection with a proposed duel, growing out of the assault upon Senator Charles Sumner. I believe that, except myself, he is the only person living who participated in that meeting.

Several other clergymen were present whose names I cannot now recall. Here it may be noted that for some years temperance work in Maine was largely promoted, if not altogether managed, by clergymen. They were prominent and influential at meetings and conventions, and were active in arranging and directing proceedings. This they did wisely and well, contributing greatly to give respectability and influence to the whole movement. These clergymen strove earnestly to promote the cause in all legitimate ways. The interest taken by them secured the co-operation of large numbers glad to look to such men for suggestion and guidance in matters relating to the social and moral welfare of the people.

Besides clergymen there were many who were prominent in business and political circles of the state, or who afterwards became so, who rendered great service in the promotion of the cause. I regret my inability to name more than a few.

Among those taking a more or less active and influential part in the proceedings of the Union at different times during its existence, was Gen. James Appleton, of Portland. General Appleton had been an officer in the war of 1812. He was a man of

marked ability, high character and great influence, and was an eloquent and forcible speaker. A strong antislavery man, in 1842 he was a candidate of the Liberty party for governor. This organization appeared in state politics for the first time in the gubernatorial canvass of 1841. General Appleton was its candidate in the three following years. It was subsequently merged in the Republican party of the state.

No man in Maine was more devoted to the objects of the Maine Temperance Union, no man more influential in promoting them, than General Appleton. He was among the earliest friends of Prohibition, and in a formal address, referred to elsewhere, upon that subject to the legislature, of which he was at the time a member, he developed the logic of that policy, demonstrating by irrefutable argument its rightfulness and expediency. We were warm friends. He was many years my senior, but I was often in his place of business in consultation with him as to the best methods of conducting our work in Portland. Before coming to Portland, while a citizen of Massachusetts, he had advocated prohibition of the liquor-traffic, and to him as much as to any one was due the interest in that policy I began to feel early in my labors for the cause.

Charles A. Stackpole, when I first made his acquaintance, was a resident of Bangor. Subsequently he moved to Portland, and we became intimately acquainted and warm friends. His mental ability and his physical and moral courage were out of all proportion to his physique, as he was slight of frame and stature, being somewhat below the medium height. A clear, incisive speaker, and pungent

writer, he was always found in the front of every contest involving the temperance and antislavery movements, in both of which he took great interest, devoting thereto far more time than he could reasonably afford. In the early days of those reforms he abandoned more than one position upon which he depended for support of himself and family, rather than subordinate his views upon those questions to the wishes of his employers.

Lot M. Morrill was another interested member of the Union. He was a Democrat at that time, but afterwards, as a Republican, became governor of the state, United States senator, and secretary of the United States treasury. From this latter position he retired upon the accession of President Hayes, and was appointed collector of the port of Portland, which office he held until his death. Mr. Morrill always retained his interest in the cause of temperance, contributing to it with voice and pen all through his long life and distinguished political career. Years afterward, from his seat in the United States senate, he referred to the liquor-traffic as "the crime of crimes."

General Samuel Fessenden, of Portland, was another influential member. He was very prominent as an antislavery leader in the state. He had been in early life an intimate friend of Daniel Webster, and was the father of United States Senator William Pitt Fessenden. A man of great intellectual vigor, he had the moral courage which enabled him to espouse and devote himself to whatever he believed to be right, and no consideration of personal popularity, pecuniary gain, or individual comfort could induce him to swerve from the path he had chosen. He carried these characteristics into his profession as a lawyer,

in which he held for years a leading position in Maine, and he never would take a case he believed to be unjust. In later years, after the enactment of the prohibitory law, he invariably refused retainers from liquor-sellers, his view being that they were deliberate violators of law, unlike those, in this particular, who might commit criminal acts under stress of sudden temptation. He lived to a ripe old age, enjoying the respect and confidence of all who knew him.

A son of General Fessenden, Rev. Samuel C. Fessenden, Hiram Belcher, of Farmington, Luther Severance, of Augusta, and Samuel P. Benson, all afterwards members of Congress, were at one time or another members of this Union. Edward Kent, twice governor of Maine, was a frequent attendant. To Governor Kent, as has been related, had fallen the rare good fortune of having twice, once in 1837 and again in 1840, led his party, (the Whig,) though ordinarily largely in the minority in the state. to victory over its Democratic rival which, save in those two years, up to 1852, was in the control of Maine. He was for several years, I think from its organization, a vice-president of the National Temperance society, until 1848, when I succeeded him.

Among those still living who were interested in the Union, is Rev. Austin Willey,* now of Minnesota, a prominent leader in the antislavery movement. He was a member of the Willey family that suffered in the lamentable landslide in the White Mountain Notch many years ago, and was editor for a long time of an antislavery paper published in this city, the influence of which was constantly on the side of temperance. Indeed, it is true that most of the men who were

* Since deceased.

actively engaged in either the temperance or the antislavery movement sympathized with the other. Rev. D. B. Randall* was also a member. He is still living, and from that day to this has zealously labored in the promotion of the cause he thus early espoused.

Hon. John Holmes was an influential member. He had been the president of the constitutional convention of the state and one of the first two United States senators from Maine, serving from 1821 to 1827, and again from 1829 to 1833. Mr. Holmes was a man of great ability, and at one time of commanding political influence in Maine. When elected to the United States senate he was a resident of Alfred in the county of York. Subsequently he married, for his second wife, a daughter of General John Knox, of Revolutionary fame, and removing to Thomaston, resided there in the old Knox mansion. It is seldom that the same roof has covered the home of two men so distinguished as were they in their different spheres of life.

Mr. Holmes was an interesting speaker. He became active in the temperance movement, and was a welcome advocate of it in different parts of the state. I remember well his relation of an incident occurring in Thomaston. The people were considering in the spring town-meeting whether licenses to sell liquor should be granted. This was a common occurrence in the towns of Maine under the "local-option" provision prevailing at one stage of the temperance movement.

After a long discussion the house was polled. To do this it was necessary that all should go out of the

* Mr. Randall was one of the officiating clergymen at the funeral of General Dow.

building. The opponents of license were to range themselves on one side of the road, and its friends to cross over to the other. Among those present was a brawling fellow, who had strongly favored license, and who was at the time considerably under the influence of liquor. As the voters went out of the town-house to divide, this man shouted: "Follow me for liberty!" Crossing over to the license side of the street, he fell in the slush and mud of the gutter. Senator Holmes said that the illustration of the "liberty" to which that leader would persuade was more effective for the anti-license party that day than all the speeches that had been made.

Woodbury Davis, of Belfast, afterwards of Portland, was among those who early in life took an interest in the temperance movement in Maine, and whose influence as long as he lived was given to the cause. His devotion thereto subsequently subjected him to much annoyance and great pecuniary loss. A devout Christian, a gentleman of refinement, and an able lawyer, he was appointed as an associate justice of the Supreme Court by Gov. Anson P. Morrill, the appointment being made in the fall of 1855, shortly after the defeat of Governor Morrill for re-election in the reaction against Prohibition, to be elsewhere related, and less than three months before the Governor retired from office.

The appointment under those circumstances was irritating to the leaders of the political combination which had carried the state and was so soon to have the disposal of offices. The recognition by Judge Davis of one of two sheriffs claiming the right to act in his court—a judicial decision upon a question of law—was made the pretext for the gratification

of party feeling, and he was addressed from the bench by the legislature of 1856, which was controlled by the anti-Maine Law coalition. He was restored to the position in less than a year, the party opposed to Prohibition having meanwhile lost power, and continued on the bench nearly ten years, when he resigned to take the postmastership of Portland. During the latter portion of his life he was a near neighbor of mine, and I found great pleasure in his companionship and close friendship.

Naturally, the secession to the Maine Temperance Union from the parent society included the most advanced and earnest temperance men of the day.

Among the resolutions adopted at the first meeting of the Union, was the following:

“Resolved, That the subject of petitioning the legislature for prohibiting, under suitable penalties, the sale of intoxicating liquors as a drink, be recommended for discussion at the next meeting of this society.”

As far as I am aware, that was the earliest effort made in Maine toward the development of a public sentiment favorable to Prohibition, and I regret that I am unable to give the name of the person who proposed it. It was embodied in a report upon “Subjects to be Considered,” presented by Rev. David Thurston, of Winthrop. I think it more than probable that General Appleton, of Portland, was the author of the resolution. However that may be, from that day to its enactment in 1851, there were not wanting in Maine men who were earnest adherents of that policy, and who actively exerted themselves to have it adopted as the law of the state.

The organization of the Union may fairly be regarded as the first in the series of progressive

movements resulting in the enactment, in 1851, of what has since been known as "The Maine Law." For fourteen years it maintained its existence, the recognized head of all organized public temperance effort in the state. The means which it adopted, the agencies it employed, and the work it inaugurated and stimulated, and to a very great extent directed and controlled, was chiefly instrumental in creating that change in public sentiment by means of which prohibition of the liquor-traffic subsequently became a part of the legislative policy of the state, and ultimately found place in its fundamental law.

Temperance societies were formed throughout the state, in almost every town and village, and conventions were held quarterly in the several counties. All this was largely done under the auspices of the new society, which continued to assemble in its own annual conventions at Augusta during the sessions of the legislature. These conventions were largely attended, and were influential in forming public opinion. To some extent, also, they were subject to and reflected public opinion. They were representative gatherings. Participation in them was not strictly confined, it is true, to regularly elected delegates from local societies. All members of such societies present at the annual gatherings of the Union were permitted to take part, and these, as well as the delegates, were generally earnest advocates of temperance in their various localities.

The action of the Union from year to year, therefore, may be considered as fairly reflecting the average views of the more earnest temperance men of Maine. As in every reformatory movement, there were, of course, some in advance of the mass and some

behind. The former were constant in urging more positive action; the latter determined not to move "too fast and too far." The desire of all, however, was to secure unity of action as far as possible with such various and conflicting views.

At one of the meetings, an incident fairly illustrated the different ideas prevailing in the two—right and left—wings of the movement. A clergyman, in a carefully considered speech, was urging the importance of caution and moderation. He used an illustration familiar everywhere in Maine at the time. He said:

"You know how the careful teamster, when his load of timber reaches the brow of a hill down which he must go, always removes the leading yoke of oxen and chains them on behind, lest the load shall go down too rapidly, crushing everything before it; so we conservative men urge you to caution lest you be crushed by the great load behind you."

An enthusiastic Methodist minister in the audience sprang to his feet at the close of the speech and broke the force of the illustration by urging:

"Our work is all up-hill. We need no pulling back, but want our leaders in front to help us over the hard road we have to climb!"

That reply carried the day for the "progressive" element.

Almost concurrently with this first step toward Prohibition by the organized temperance men of the state, the first action of a legislative committee upon the subject was taken.

In 1837, a joint special committee was appointed by the legislature to take into consideration the entire subject of the license system of the state. This com-

mittee was composed of Senators David C. Magoun, Luther Severance, Josiah Staples and Tristram Redlon, and, on the part of the house of representatives, of James Appleton, Daniel Clark, William D. Sewall, Moses Higgins, Joshua Eaton and Ebenezer Knowlton, all influential members of the legislature. Two, Messrs. Severance and Knowlton, were afterwards members of Congress.

To this committee were referred the petitions of Hon. Edward Kent, who was the same year elected governor of the state, and nearly forty thousand others, praying for alterations in the license laws. The committee subsequently submitted a report written by General James Appleton, the first official document in the history of Maine in which Prohibition is suggested as the true method of dealing with the liquor-traffic. It will be interesting to note some of the positions taken by the committee.

The report commenced with the statement that "laws granting license to sell ardent spirits have been enacted in every state in the Union, and as far as the committee knows they are at this time, under different forms, in operation in every state." It continued:

"The first license law of Massachusetts was passed in the year 1646, and although from that day until the present they have been variously altered and changed, yet at this time the license laws of Maine are substantially what they were at first. They authorize the sale of ardent spirits for common use. This is the principle that gives them character. The manner of granting the license or the form of the law are circumstances of no great amount."

After referring to the generally admitted increase of intemperance and the operation of state laws, the report says:

“Although other causes, no doubt, were in operation, yet there are many reasons for the opinion that these laws were the principal cause of the result. They make it lawful and reputable for a person who has a license, to sell it and of course not improper nor dishonorable to purchase and use it. It first assumes that alcohol is necessary for common use, and then makes provision that there shall be no deficiency by making it the duty of the select few to keep it for sale. The law has given character and respectability to the traffic, and has done much to fix on the minds of the public the impression that rum is necessary and that the public good requires it. It was seen many years since that no restrictions or regulations could prevent abuse or violation of the law. But these regulations only serve to keep alive and augment the evil. How could it be otherwise? It is repugnant to the first perceptions of common sense to suppose that a man who merely obtained a license could innocently sell ‘strong water’ — the name first given to rum in the colonial laws — and that any other man could be justly liable to whipping, which was ordered by one act, for selling it without a license. The same may be observed of our present laws. They are absurd on the face of them. The people will never be satisfied that if the taverner might rightfully vend the article by the glass, to the ruin of his neighbor, it is a crime for the retailer to do the same. The trade, except for medicinal and manufacturing purposes is morally and politically wrong, and no law or legislation can change its essential character. If it is found that the bar-room and grog-shop are subversive of the public good, may we not say so, shall we not shut them up?

“There is no more reason for supposing that you can restrain this evil without law than for supposing that theft, gambling or any other crime can be restrained without law. This (prohibition) will be a public expression by the legislature, which cannot be mistaken and which cannot fail of exerting the most salutary influence upon the whole community. When it is seen that the traffic in any article entails not only pauperism and crime upon the community, but that in numerous cases it threatens human life, and in many instances destroys it at once, it is difficult of escaping the conclusion that the government should interpose and prohibit it altogether. The objection will doubtless be made that if we had such a law it could not be enforced. Now admit the validity of this objection, and it proves the utter hope-

lessness of the case, for no one, we presume, will venture the supposition that you can accomplish against law that which you cannot effect with it. It is sufficiently difficult to reform the manners and habits of the community when the influence and authority of the law can be brought to aid the object, but to do this against the law and against the direct and powerful interests of a numerous class of men created by law is scarcely possible. One immediate effect (of prohibition) would be to render the traffic disreputable as well as unlawful. No individual who had any respect for his character would continue the practice.

“Suppose the law we have in view should be sometimes violated, this would be no sufficient objection to making it, for what law is there which men keep perfectly? But we are not left to conjecture on this point. We have a law to prevent gambling in this state. Now the effect of this law has not been to banish gambling, but it has had the effect to prevent or greatly restrain the evil. It is considered disgraceful to keep a gambling-house, and gamblers are unwilling to be known in this character, hence they seek the darkness of the night and secluded places for their purpose, and the community is thus generally saved from the pernicious influence of their example. Now suppose if instead of this law prohibiting gambling we had a statute to regulate gambling by granting licenses to open gambling-shops in every part of the state—and it would be much less demoralizing and not more unreasonable than the rum laws—what, your committee ask, would be the effect of such a law? It is in vain, therefore, to object to a law that it cannot prevent the offense it prohibits. We have a law against theft, but have we no larcenies?

“The mere existence of such a law would exert the most salutary influence upon the public mind. It would of itself go far to create public opinion in regard to the necessity of ardent spirits, for it is no more true that the laws are an expression of public opinion than that they influence and determine public opinion. They are as surely the cause as the effect of the public popular will. It is the nature of law to mold the public mind to its requirements, and to fasten upon all an abiding impression of its value and necessity. All good and wholesome laws prescribe, at least, what is right, and forbid what is wrong. They raise the standard high, and caution, and warn and forbid. Not so with the rum (license) laws. In their spirit and letter, whether executed or

not executed, whether obeyed or disobeyed, their only effect is to destroy. The path they mark out is not the path of truth and safety or virtue and happiness.

“It (the liquor-traffic) leads to ruin, and its steps take hold on the grave. It is a public evil, or it is not. If it is, it is the right and duty of the legislature to stay it at once. If it is not an evil, it should be equally free to all. We would not prohibit the sale of ardent spirits because it is inconsistent with our religious and moral obligations, although, doubtless, this is the fact, but because the traffic is inconsistent with our obligations, as citizens of the state, and subversive of our social rights and civil institutions.

“If it is again objected that there is something stronger and more to be depended upon than human laws, even the spread of religious sentiments and upright principles, what does it value in the present case? The question is not of the value of religious sentiments and upright principles, nor their persistency in controlling the actions of those who possess these virtues, but is how men are to be controlled in the absence of these principles. On what else could we safely depend but the law to restrain the vicious and intemperate?

“Public opinion is, doubtless, fixed against highway robbery, but repeal the law against this crime, and how long would a man travel and be safe? The truth is, laws must be framed for men as they are, and so long as they are the creatures of passion and appetite you will never effectually succeed in restraining the perverse except by super-adding to the dictates of reason the sanction and authority of the law. The question of the essential alterations in the license laws has been canvassed for several years by the people of the state, and petitions to this effect have again and again been preferred to the legislature, and your committee recognize that the time has arrived when it is proper to act upon the subject. They therefore offer the annexed bill.”

As the bill referred to was the first prohibitory measure introduced in the Maine legislature, it is inserted in full, though it failed to become a law.

“An Act to regulate the Sale of Brandy, Rum or any Strong
Liquor:

Be it enacted by the senate and house of representatives in legislature assembled:

Section 1. No person shall be allowed to sell brandy, rum or any strong liquors in a less quantity than twenty-eight gallons, and that delivered and carried away all at one time, except physicians and apothecaries, who may sell the same for medicinal and manufacturing purposes. And if any person, except the individuals aforesaid, and for the purposes named, shall at any time sell any spirituous liquors or any mixed liquors, part of which is spirituous, in a less quantity than twenty-eight gallons, as aforesaid, he shall forfeit and pay for each and every offence the sum of twenty dollars, to be recovered by action of debt, or upon complaint before any justice within the same county where said offence was committed.

Section 2. Be it further enacted that prosecutions for the penalty mentioned in the first section of this act may be commenced by any person or persons, or in the name of the inhabitants of any town or plantation or city where said offence is committed, to be appropriated toward the support of the poor of said town, city or plantation.

Section 3. Be it further enacted that when any individual shall refuse or neglect to pay the penalty aforesaid that may be recovered against him by virtue of the provisions of this act, then in such cases he shall be liable to be imprisoned for a term of thirty days within the county jail situated in the county within which such offence shall have been committed, and it shall be the duty of the justice aforesaid to issue his execution or mittimus accordingly.

Section 4. Be it further enacted that this act shall take effect and be enforced from and after the first day of September, 1837, and all acts or parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act be, and the same are repealed."

With the presentation of that report, the lines began to be clearly drawn between those who adopted the principles laid down by General Appleton and those who clung to the old methods of dealing with the liquor-traffic.

Though in one form or another at almost every session of the legislature the measures relating to the liquor-traffic had been presented for consideration, and though up to 1837 more than half the legislatures

had enacted laws bearing upon the subject, no governor had deemed the topic worthy of notice in an inaugural address; but when, in 1838, Governor Edward Kent, whose election as a Whig by a very narrow margin, in the fall of 1837, had broken the long line of Democratic victories in Maine, assumed the executive chair, he said in his address to the legislature:

“The cause of temperance and that philanthropic movement which has already done so much to check the ravages of the fell destroyer of individual health and happiness, and prolific source of crime and misery — intemperance — depend mainly for their ultimate and perfect success upon moral causes, but may yet receive aid and support from legal enactments which shall put the seal of reprobation upon the traffic in ardent spirits whenever public sentiment will sustain the strict enforcement of the provisions of such a statute.”

I had been acquainted with Governor Kent for some time. He was about my age, and I first met him when he was in attendance upon one of the legislatures sitting in Portland. Afterwards, when in Bangor, I renewed his acquaintance and saw him there frequently. The temperance question was often a subject of conversation between us, and we were in substantial accord upon it, with the result that our mutual interest in it was increased.

As mayor of Bangor in 1837, he referred in his inaugural address to intemperance, as follows:

“The subject of pauperism leads to the consideration of its prolific source — intemperance. As a municipal corporation we are interested in this subject, for our burdens and taxes are swelled by the crime and misery attendant upon this destroyer of human life and human happiness. As the constituted guardians of the public weal, it is our duty to do what we can to restrain its ravages. I trust that the resolution adopted by the board of last year will be adhered to, and that no legal-

ized and licensed drinking will be found in our limits. In my view, the sanction or influence of legal authority should never be given to a traffic which fills our jails with criminals and almshouses with paupers, and our whole land with want and misery."

That year he was renominated by the Whigs as their candidate for governor, they having supported him for that position in the previous year, when if I mistake not, he was also mayor. It is needless to say that in both years he found in me a most enthusiastic supporter. I was led to special activity, not so much by my high personal esteem for him as by the fact of his general interest in the cause with which I was also deeply concerned.

It would be presumptuous for me to say that I had any influence in leading him to refer to the matter of temperance legislation in his inaugural as governor in the winter of 1838. He was undoubtedly inclined to that, as witness what he had said in the spring of the year before as mayor of Bangor; but we conversed upon the subject, and whatever I did say was quite in line with his own judgment. He was again elected in 1840. Our acquaintance had been in the meantime kept up, and he appointed me on his staff.

CHAPTER X.

MAINE TEMPERANCE UNION CONTINUED. IT DECLARES
FOR PROHIBITION. ENACTMENT OF PROHIBITORY
LAW IN 1846. FURTHER LEGISLATION.

As we have seen, 1837 may fairly be taken as the date of the first attempt at departure in Maine from the time-worn and illogical attempt to limit and curtail the evils of the liquor-traffic through the legal endorsement of it as a useful and necessary trade. In that year the Maine Temperance Union voted to consider the expediency of asking for Prohibition. In that year, General Appleton, in advance of the great mass of his co-laborers for temperance, advocated that policy in the legislature, of which he was a member, and in that year Governor Kent was elected, who upon assuming office called attention to it as an end to be desired.

It may now be convenient to trace the way toward the final adoption of that policy in the action of the Maine Temperance Union and of the state legislature. These were both representative bodies — the latter, the constitutional one, of the average sentiment of the entire people upon general matters which were proper subjects for legislative action; the former, of the more active and zealous friends of temperance.

The Union assembled at Augusta February 7th, 1838, for its first meeting after its organization. Henry Tallman, of Bath, afterwards an attorney-general of the state, as chairman of the committee of arrangements, presented the following:

“Resolved, That a committee of one from each county be raised to appear before the committee of the legislature which has under consideration the license law.”

“Resolved: That the committee be instructed to advocate the passage of a law by the legislature prohibiting under suitable penalties the sale of all intoxicating liquors as a drink.”

Those resolutions were debated at great length. Strong opposition was manifested. Many members upon both sides of the question spoke, but the resolutions were finally adopted. The committee appointed under them consisted of William D. Little, from Cumberland county, (Mr. Little is still living, a much respected citizen of Portland)* Rev. Mr. Palmer, from Lincoln county; Rev. Stephen Thurston, of Waldo; Joseph W. Mason, of Penobscot; Eben Weston, of Somerset; Rev. Philip Munger, of Oxford; and Hon. Samuel Reddington, of Kennebec. As I now remember, that was the first committee to appear before a legislature in Maine to advocate Prohibition.

Considerable feeling had been aroused in the discussion of the resolutions, and fear was expressed lest endorsement of Prohibition should be made a test of membership in the Union. With the intent of allaying this, the following was unanimously adopted:

“Resolved: That this society, having taken the high ground of total abstinence from all that intoxicates, has settled every important principle, and we need not, as we cannot, raise our standard higher. It is, therefore, now the appropriate duty of this society to labor to extend the influence of this one principle through the community.”

* Since deceased.

The following resolution was indefinitely postponed:

“Resolved: That this society recommends to the friends of temperance to use their influence in enforcing the penalties of the law against the sale of strong liquors.”

In the legislature of 1838 a joint special committee on license laws was appointed, of which General Appleton was again chairman on the part of the house. This committee subsequently reported as follows:

“Whereas, intemperance is a great social and public evil, and

“Whereas, it is the direct effect of any law which authorizes or grants a license to sell ardent spirits or other intoxicating drinks for common use to augment and perpetuate this evil, and

“Whereas, the business of vending ardent spirits or other intoxicating drink for common use is subversive of good order and the public peace, therefore,

“Be it enacted,” etc.

The bill accompanying this report repealed all the license laws of the state and prohibited the sale of liquor as a beverage; and it further provided for the submission of the law to the people, and if the majority were in favor of the passage of the law it was to go into effect from the date of the proclamation of the governor to that effect and not otherwise. But the bill did not pass.

Of the legislature of 1839 General Appleton was again a member and again chairman on the part of the house committee on license laws. This committee reported a bill which did not pass, prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in any quantity, mixed or unmixed, to be drunk on the premises, and it repealed all provisions of existing laws for license.

When the Union assembled for its third annual meeting, it was found that the advanced stand taken at its second meeting as to the use of liquors, and its recommendation of Prohibition, had led to the lukewarmness of many who, in their way, had been interested in the work. The Union had also encountered opposition from some who, formerly active, had withdrawn entirely from associated temperance effort. At this meeting a committee was appointed "to devise some means of securing the co-operation of all the friends of temperance in carrying forward the temperance reform, whether adopting the pledge of the Union or not." This committee subsequently reported, inviting the co-operation of societies "whose bond of association is different in some respects from that of this Union," and permitting them to send delegates to the meetings.

The report was finally adopted, though not until after a long and heated discussion, in which the progressive and conservative elements indulged in more or less asperity of debate as to the methods they respectively advocated or opposed. Among other resolutions was the following, offered by General Appleton, of Portland:

"Resolved, That General James Appleton, Neal Dow, and Dr. Clark, of Portland, be a committee to inquire into the best method of proceeding with intemperate persons in order to their recovery, and also into the expediency of providing a hospital or asylum in this state for the cure and restoration of that unhappy class of our fellow-citizens who have contracted that settled habit of intemperance, and report at the next meeting of the Union."

Those most active in urging legislation against the liquor-traffic were in those days, as always, as deeply

interested and zealous as any in other phases of the temperance work.

Reversing the action of the last meeting, relative to the enforcement of the existing license laws, the Union this year resolved:

“It is necessary to exercise daily and constant vigilance in detecting the unlawful sale of intoxicating liquors, and to cause the license law to be executed on all those who transgress it.”

There was quite as much official indifference as to the enforcement of the restrictive features of the license laws of the day as has prevailed at any time since in the enforcement of prohibitory statutes.

The Union also adopted the following:

“Resolved, That a committee be appointed to draft a petition to the legislature urging upon its attention the importance of passing a law prohibiting the traffic in ardent spirits in quantities less than twenty-eight gallons, excepting for mechanical and medicinal purposes.”

At its meeting held February 4th, 1840, the Union resolved:

“That a correct public sentiment on this as well as on every other subject should be allowed to manifest itself in every suitable way; that one of those ways is the establishment of good and wholesome laws; that the best and most wholesome law would be a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and it is the deliberate and solemn conviction of this Union that it is the duty of wise and virtuous legislators to conform their action to this high standard, and as soon and as fast as it is proper, to establish such laws.”

Notwithstanding the educational influence actively engaged throughout the state for nearly twenty years, there were as late as 1840 many respectable citizens of Maine interested in the liquor business in one form or

another, and among the resolutions adopted at this meeting was the following:

“Resolved, That those who traffic in intoxicating drinks to be used as a beverage are greatly hindering the progress of temperance, and ought at once as good citizens to abandon such traffic.”

That resolution was adopted unanimously, and was cordially supported by those members of the Union still unwilling to favor the application of legal penalties to those dealers in intoxicants who were not amenable to such considerations as that resolution expressed.

Before the next annual gathering of the Union the influence of the great reformatory Washingtonian movement had extended over a large portion of the state. When the Union assembled, February 1st, 1842, it was largely animated by the spirit developed in that great wave of reform. No less than six resolutions referring to it, thanking God for it, hailing it as the dawn of a brighter day, and providing for guiding and utilizing it, and co-operating with it, were discussed and adopted. Some of them, read to-day in the absence of all knowledge of the circumstances existing when they were adopted, might excite some curiosity. It is to be remembered that many of the men active in the Washingtonian movement were reformed drunkards. Some of them brought into the meetings more zeal than culture, and their platform efforts were characterized by more earnestness than elegance of diction.

The ever-present memory of their own sufferings and the wrongs which, through their intemperance, their families had experienced impelled most Washingtonians to unvarnished speech. Opponents of

temperance were quick to criticize their talk, urging it as an excuse for their unwillingness to do anything for temperance, and as a reason why aid should be withheld. There were others, too, who regretted that form of speech, but whose devotion to the cause was sufficient to keep them interested, notwithstanding their disapproval of much that was said and done in its name by these new friends. The Union, recognizing this condition of things, adopted the following:

“ Resolved, That while the employment of harsh epithets may have no tendency to advance this or any other good cause, fidelity will often demand that our views of the conduct of our fellow-men be frankly and unequivocally expressed.

“ Resolved, That though we may not think it necessary or courteous to denominate vendors of intoxicating drinks, thieves, robbers, and murderers, we cannot repress the belief or hesitate to avow that incalculably greater evils have resulted from the sale of intoxicating drinks than from all thefts, robberies, and murders that have ever been committed in our country.”

An attempt was made to commit the Union at this meeting to Prohibition, but a resolution to that end was laid upon the table.

The sixth annual meeting assembled in Portland, October 12th, 1842. It was presided over by Hon. Joseph C. Noyes, of Eastport. Mr. Noyes had been a representative to Congress, and was a business man of large experience, and a gentleman of strict integrity. He afterwards moved to Portland, where he spent the remainder of his days, retaining the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens. There he held a most important position of trust and usefulness, now held by one of his sons, a most respected citizen. The following resolution was adopted, though its introduction led to warm discussion:

“Resolved, That while moral suasion shall continue to be urged upon those engaged in the sale of intoxicating drinks, we are constrained to regard them as offenders against the good and wholesome laws of the land, and can see no reason why they as well as other offenders should not be held amenable to those laws.”

The next meeting of the Union was held in Augusta, February 7th, 1844. The president, Joseph C. Noyes, read an address which had been prepared, to be signed by citizens of Eastport, and then sent to the rumsellers of that place. It was an appeal to them to abandon the business as one detrimental to the material and moral interests of the community, and therefore one in which good citizens should not be engaged. Among the resolutions offered was the following:

“Resolved, That the present laws in relation to the sale of ardent spirits ought to be repealed and prohibitory laws ought to be passed instead.”

This excited long and earnest discussion, and was finally laid upon the table. A counter-resolution was then offered by the conservatives, declaring that:

“Moral suasion has been, is now, and will continue to be the great motive power of the temperance reformation, and on this is based our hopes of final and complete triumph.”

This resolution, as a result of the feeling developed in the discussion of the one just referred to, was also laid upon the table. Perhaps at no other period in the history of the temperance movement in Maine were charges and countercharges so common between the conservative and progressive elements of the friends of temperance. Those who opposed Prohibition were vehement in asserting that the friends of that policy were unfriendly to moral suasion.

These in turn insisted that the logical and inevitable result of moral suasion would be the outlawry of the liquor-shop, and that the effort to accomplish this was the most effectual kind of moral suasion, as it could only be reached by convincing the people that their moral and material welfare demanded the removal of temptation to the continued use of liquor as a beverage, which was found in the rumshops, all the more potent for evil because they existed under the recognition and protection of law.

Since 1835 there had been no substantial change in the license laws, but in this year, 1844, an explanatory act was passed, declaring that the statute should be so construed that the licensing boards might have power to grant license to others than inn-holders or victualers, prohibiting these latter from selling wine, brandy, or any strong liquors by retail, or in less quantity than twenty-eight gallons, delivered or carried away at one time.

The eighth annual meeting of the Union, which assembled at Augusta, on the 29th of January, 1845, was probably more influential in its *personnel* and action than any of its predecessors. The governor of the state, Hugh J. Anderson, of Belfast, was made president. Governor Anderson had been twice a member of Congress, and was then serving his second term as chief magistrate, and was subsequently re-elected for a third term. Portland, among others, sent the Rev. William T. Dwight, D. D., one of the leading Congregational clergymen of the state, William W. Thomas, and William Senter, both of whom afterwards became mayor of Portland. Ex-Governor Kent, Hon. Noah Smith, Jr., of Calais, and many other men of note, were in attendance.

It was publicly stated in the meeting that the majority of the executive council, of the senate and house of representatives had signed the pledge of the Union and were favorably disposed to legislation to promote the cause. It may be noted as a matter of interest that of those present, Noah Smith, Jr., of Calais, afterwards, in 1851, as a member of the legislature and chairman of the temperance committee on the part of the house, reported "The Maine Law" to the legislature.

The meeting was not only made up of men of influence in the councils of the state, but was more radical than any of its predecessors. The Rev. Dr. Dwight, of Portland, was formally invited to deliver a discourse upon "Law as a means of promoting the temperance reform." This address, no less from its ability than from the high standing of its reverend author, attracted great attention and created a profound sensation in the state. Dr. Dwight was a man of dignified, gentlemanly and attractive presence. with a fine voice and an animated and impressive delivery, which, with his ripe scholarship and rare intellectual attainments, made him a most effective speaker. In this discourse he took an unqualified position in favor of Prohibition.

The resolutions adopted, affirmed that individuals engaged in the liquor-traffic "are the most guilty of any criminals known to us," and should be "both regarded and treated according to their guilt as are other criminals; that to patronize a store or tavern in which intoxicating drinks are sold is to countenance and support intemperance." It was also resolved:

"As the sense of this convention that a law be asked of our legislature to grant no license for the selling of intoxicat-

ing liquors to be used as a drink, and to provide effectual penalties of fines and imprisonment against traffic in liquors."

A committee was appointed to appear before the legislative committee upon license laws to urge the passage of such a law. That committee, of which I was chairman, included George H. Shirley, Rev. George W. Bourne, John T. Walton, of Portland; Hon. R. M. Goodenough, of Paris; Col. William H. Morse, of Brunswick; Rev. J. W. Pitcher, of Gardiner; H. K. Baker, of Hallowell; J. Hockey, of Freedom and Hon. Moses McDonald, of Limerick. The latter was then speaker of the house of representatives, and subsequently a member of Congress.

The committee was granted a hearing in Representatives' Hall, which was crowded to repletion with members of the legislature and others gathered to listen to the arguments in favor of a law such as the friends of temperance desired. This hearing had much to do with the enactment by the next legislature of what was known as "The law of 1846," the first prohibitory statute enacted in the state.

At the ninth annual meeting, which assembled at Augusta on June 24th, 1846, it was apparent that the growth of sentiment in the state in favor of Prohibition had been great during the preceding year. The resolutions took strong ground in favor of the legal suppression of the liquor-traffic, and it was voted that "General Appleton, Neal Dow and John T. Walton be requested to appear before the legislative committee on license laws to represent the views and wishes of the thousands of our state who have asked by their petitions the passage of a law which shall effectually close up the drinking houses and tipping shops." The resolution referred to a bill General

Appleton had prepared, and which was subsequently enacted, after being subjected to many amendments in the course of its consideration by the committee.

While I was speaking before the legislative committee in favor of the bill, a petition, fifty-nine feet in length, containing the names of 3,800 citizens of Portland, was festooned over the speaker's chair in the house of representatives. Many of the names to that petition had been secured by my wife, whose zeal in behalf of temperance was limited only by her strength and the time she could spare from the care of her family. Those who cared nothing for the words in which the passage of the bill was urged were not indifferent to the forcible appeal of that request, one of a large number from all parts of the state presented to the legislature for the same object. Judge Nathan Weston appeared before the committee and made a long and able speech in opposition to the request of the petitioners. The bill was passed, however, by a vote of eighty-one to forty-two in the house, and twenty-three to five in the senate, and was approved by Governor Anderson, August 7, 1846. Referring to this law, I wrote immediately after its enactment to the *Journal* of the American Temperance Union that it constituted "the first blow only which the friends of temperance here propose striking at the traffic in strong drinks." Ten years afterward, when Lot M. Morrill, in the legislature of 1856, was protesting against the repeal of the law of 1851, he referred to this act of 1846 and said that "it placed Maine in the very front ranks of the movement against the liquor-traffic."

In the next three annual meetings of the Union, no special action was taken other than to endorse the law

of 1846, to urge upon officials its vigorous enforcement, and to recommend changes in some particulars to make it more effective.

The law was now such in principle as to excite most virulent opposition on the part of the liquor-interest, not only to all such legislation but to those who had been active in securing it, and were now engaged in efforts to enforce it. It had been difficult to secure the enforcement of the old-time license laws of the state. Over and through and under and around their restrictive provisions the traffic had continued its demoralizing and destructive work. If by any chance a person selling without license was so subjected to the penalties of the law as to lead him to abandon the trade, the inviting doors of the authorized vendors made room for his customers. If one licensed seller was brought to the bar for violating any of the restrictive regulations, all made common cause in his behalf.

As long as the law recognized the trade as useful, necessary, and legitimate, those engaged in it cared little for its restraining clauses. The license was more potent in swelling the number of their patrons and the sum of their gains than the restrictions were in protecting the people from the evils inseparable from the business. Now, however, under the law of 1846, matters were different. Now the trade began to show its teeth. The time had come when the fire was the hottest, the danger the greatest, and only the most determined and courageous kept on. This was manifest in the absence from the annual meetings of the Union in 1847, 1848 and 1849. of some of its former supporters. They had little taste for the kind of warfare now forced upon them, and perhaps, as to

some of them, grave fears as to what the outcome politically might be to themselves or their party.

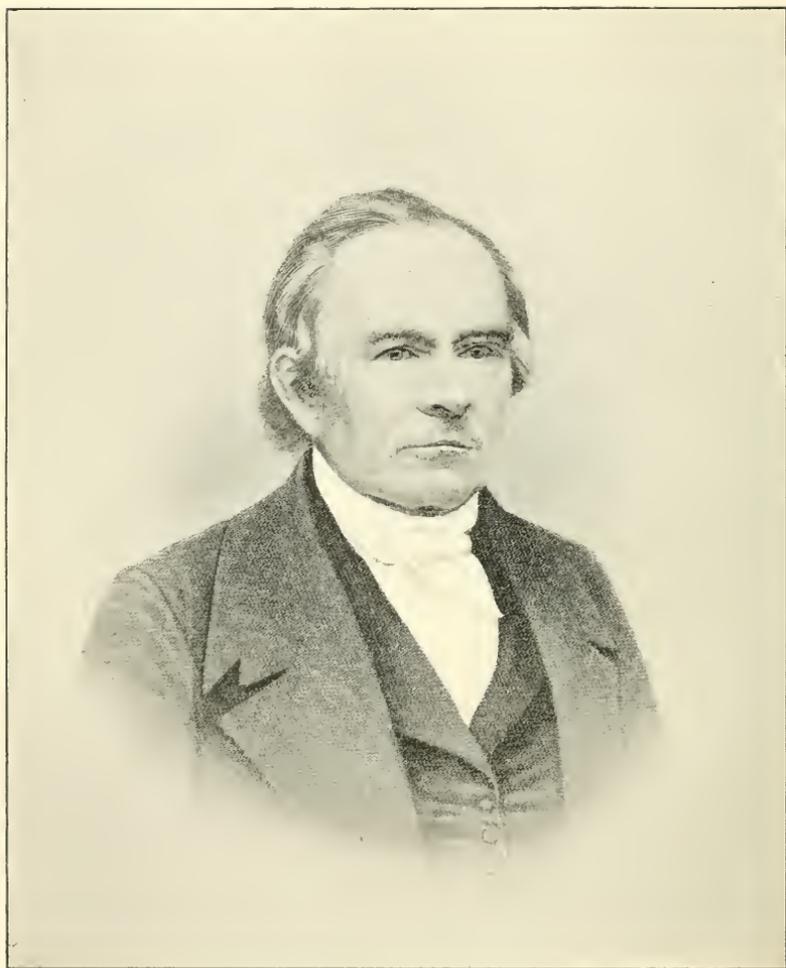
The vacancies, however, were filled by others, who, though younger, less widely known, and lacking in the prestige and influence of those whose places they took, had all the zeal, persistency, and courage, demanded at that stage of the movement. But there were yet to be found some of the old leaders. The calm, cool courage, the earnest, unabated devotion of Appleton, were yet at the service of the cause. The venerable Samuel Fessenden was, as always, to be relied upon, and the devotion of such men, trained in the school of the antislavery reform to cherish the courage of their convictions as a priceless treasure, was a tower of strength at this crisis of the movement.

In 1849, a law was enacted which punished by imprisonment in the county jail any person not licensed who should sell or expose for sale during the continuance of any cattle-show or fair any intoxicating drink within two miles thereof. This is the first instance in the legislation of the state where imprisonment was imposed as a penalty for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

In 1850, penalties for the violation of the law were very much increased. Where they were, originally, for selling in violation of the provisions of the law, fixed at not less than one, nor more than twenty dollars, they were, this year, increased to not less than twenty, nor more than three hundred dollars, or imprisonment not less than thirty days nor more than six months.

The last annual meeting of the Union was held in Augusta on the seventh of August, 1850. I was elected president. By this time the great body of the

active temperance men of the state were thoroughly committed to the principles of Prohibition, and at the request of the convention I appeared before a legislative committee to urge its adoption. This will be referred to later. The Union never assembled again. The object which for some time its leading spirits had had in view was the next year attained, and it gave way to other forms of work. For its annual meetings, mass state conventions were substituted, which for a few years following 1851 became from force of circumstances somewhat political in character. Ordinarily during this period a convention was held at Augusta in the winter, and as occasion seemed to call at other seasons of the year at different points in the state. They were useful in maintaining a public sentiment and in stimulating various kinds of reformatory effort throughout Maine.



GEN. JAMES APPLETON.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WORK OF CHANGING PUBLIC SENTIMENT. PROGRESS
IN PORTLAND. THE WASHINGTONIAN MOVEMENT.
FIRST POPULAR VOTE ON LICENSE.
METHODS AND INCIDENTS.

It was not long after the policy of Prohibition had been suggested that I became satisfied, if indeed I had ever doubted, that it was reasonable and right. I had read, with the interest they were sure to excite in any one who had considered the general subject, several able articles in favor of Prohibition, which General James Appleton had contributed in 1832 to the columns of the *Salem Gazette*. The ground he then covered is familiar to every friend of temperance.

Nearly sixty years have elapsed since General Appleton took a position so opposed to habits, opinions, and prejudices of the day that it testified to his possession of a moral courage that may fairly be called sublime. In 1833, General Appleton came to Portland, and immediately interested himself in reformatory efforts. We became at once good friends, remaining so during his residence of twenty years in this city.

General Appleton was one of the ablest and bravest of those connected with the temperance movement. He never shrank from the hard labor it involved, nor flinched under the blows to which those engaged in it were exposed. In most of the pitched battles in our old city hall, as well as elsewhere, he was to be found in the thickest of the fray, always leading toward closer and more effective fighting. Wise in council, ready and able in debate, and courageous in bearing, his influence was potential in all matters touching the progress of the cause in Maine.

In 1837, as a member of the legislature from Portland, and chairman on the part of the house of the committee on license laws, General Appleton prepared and presented a report, freely quoted from elsewhere, which, as the first declaration in this state of an influential character in favor of Prohibition, as well as for its intrinsic merit, attracted great attention. It was widely circulated through the state, and had much to do with turning the attention of the friends of temperance to Prohibition as the logical object of their efforts.

Having been thoroughly aroused to the nature of a trade that would prompt an otherwise respectable citizen to be willing to work a ruin like that impending in the case to which my attention was specially called, as has been related, I was easily convinced that duty demanded of me a determined and persistent effort to assist in putting the liquor-traffic under the ban of public opinion and to antagonize the grog-shops with the strong arm of the law.

I did not commit myself blindly to the policy, nor without due consideration of the sacrifices involved in devotion to it. Nor did I underestimate the labor

necessary to accomplish the end in view. If only those who had given time and effort to the promotion of temperance fully comprehended the extent of the evil they desired to correct, so none better than they could appreciate the nature and magnitude of the obstacles to be overcome before they would be able to interpose the shield of law between society and the poisoned darts of the liquor-traffic.

They saw avarice and appetite in the way. But civilization had made its entire progress by surmounting one form or another of these. If in this case the aggregate capital interested in opposing the movement was vast, so also were the benefits society was to win through success. If in this case ignorance, indolence, indifference, and varied forms of human selfishness were to be found in the opposing ranks, this did not lessen in any degree, in the estimation of the temperance men of Maine, the great value and importance of what they sought to obtain. To secure this great good for the people and the state they would ask of none sacrifices which they were not prepared to make themselves, and they had faith enough in moral, educational and religious influences to believe that no reason for discouragement could be found along the line they had chosen.

I cannot fix the exact date of my first public declaration in favor of that policy. Looking over the manuscript memoranda of some of my earlier temperance efforts, by chance preserved, I find an address delivered before the Portland Temperance Society, on the last Tuesday of February, 1836. In this there is no reference to Prohibition. It was confined exclusively to an appeal to "moderate drinkers" to forego that indulgence for the good of

others. This was at that time the chief bone of contention among the more earnest friends of the reform. In an "Address on Temperance, delivered at the Mariner's church, September 24th, 1837," I find among other references to Prohibition, the following:

"If the retailing of ardent spirits could be prohibited throughout the United States at once, there can be little doubt that their consumption would be reduced one-half at a blow. It will be, in fact, assailing the enemy in the very citadel of his strength. It cannot be necessary I am sure, to go into a formal argument to show that the retailing of ardent spirits ought to be prohibited."

The major part of that address, also, was devoted to impressing upon my hearers the wisdom and reasonableness of total abstinence.

For some time the state law had permitted the selectmen of towns and aldermen of cities to refuse licenses except to tavern-keepers, unless the citizens should vote instructing such to be issued. In Portland, our efforts were in the first instance directed with varying success to urging the licensing board to refuse licenses in every case where the law would permit them to be withheld.

It is not strange, under the circumstances, though at the time it seemed unreasonable to most of us who were endeavoring to induce selectmen and aldermen to adopt that course, that the authorities should hesitate about changing a system which had obtained so long. The friends of temperance, though numerous, were far from united upon an aggressive policy, and the most of those who really wished that licenses should be withheld were not unnaturally disposed to leave the trouble, the odium and the danger of securing that end to others.

While, therefore, the comparatively small number of temperance men were working for that object, the "conservative" element, holding that new departures were always unsafe, and the purely business interest, strangely fancying that material prosperity was to be promoted by a trade that thrives upon the destruction of all that makes for such, were more or less openly, but generally effectively, aiding the avowed liquor men to counteract the no-license movement. The selectmen and aldermen were made to believe that public opinion demanded license. We did not think so, but were willing that the test should be made. We rejoiced, therefore, when an opportunity was afforded, as was the case in 1839, to take the question to the people.

The voters of Portland were then asked to pass upon the following question, submitted to them by the authorities:

"Shall the aldermen be requested to decline granting licenses for retailing spirituous liquors in this city?"

For two weeks the matter was discussed in numerous meetings. At most of these I was one of the speakers. As it was the first opportunity for an expression of public opinion upon the subject, the community was considerably aroused by it. When the ballots were counted, it was found that 561 had voted yes, and 599 no. The opponents of license were defeated. Their discomfiture, however, under the circumstances, promised well for the future.

On the day of the balloting I was at the polls in my ward distributing the no-license ballot. Just opposite me in the passage leading to the ballot-box stood a well known liquor-seller, who, naturally enough, was

offering license votes to all who approached the polls. One of his customers, a hard-drinking man whom I knew well, refused the license vote and cast the no-license ballot which he received from me. "Well," exclaimed the runseller, with an oath. "you're a pretty fellow to be voting that way!" "Perhaps so," replied the voter, "but you see I have had enough of your rum, and you have had too much of my money!" That was only one of many instances disclosed by the struggle of intemperate men who voted to have temptations to drink put out of their way.

The question of whether licenses should be granted however, was a practical one only from a moral and educational point of view. Liquor-selling was by no means confined to licensed dealers. Everybody sold who cared to. Only the "good" citizens who desired to deal in it took the trouble to obtain the legal permission to do so. Restrictive clauses of the law were generally disregarded by the licensed sellers, while the prohibitive features had no restraining effect upon those who could not, or who did not trouble themselves to, obtain licenses. The authorities as a rule made no attempt to enforce the law against either class of violators. Nevertheless, we believed it would be of immense value in its moral effect and educational influence if the regularly elected representatives of the people should officially declare against giving the sanction of law to the iniquitous trade; hence the action of the friends of temperance.

Defeated, but not discouraged, in their first pitched battle, the temperance men of Portland addressed themselves to preparation for another assault upon license, deemed by them the stronghold of the evil they were combating. Temperance societies were

organized in every ward; under their auspices meetings were held, addressed not only by our local speakers, including clergymen, but by agents of the Maine Temperance Union. A house-to-house canvass was instituted, the total abstinence pledge was presented, and every person who could be reached without an unreasonable amount of trouble was given an opportunity to sign it.

I am happy to be able to testify from my own personal knowledge that many consented to what they deemed a personal sacrifice in taking that pledge, giving their adhesion to it because they believed that in setting such an example they could benefit others. But we found in the contest in those days, what was the case before and has been since—a great many of the professed friends of virtue standing aside, unwilling to engage in the conflict lest they should suffer some damage in the fray, while the intemperate, the dissolute, profligate and abandoned part of the community made common cause, and, shoulder to shoulder, resisted every attempt to suppress vice and promote virtue, under whatever form the effort was made. To carry on the work inaugurated required great sacrifice of time and much self-denial on the part of those who engaged in it. Comparatively few could be found who deemed it their duty to take part; but about this time strong reinforcements were brought into the field.

In the spring of 1841, the influence of the Washingtonian reform reached Portland. The story of this great awakening has been frequently and variously told. It originated in Baltimore, in 1840, where a few working-men, five or six of them at most, all hard drinkers, suddenly resolved, without any outside

influence, that they would abstain entirely from all intoxicating drinks.

That movement foreshadowed the great contest then about to begin between those on one side, who, in the interest of their own health, happiness and usefulness, and in that of their fellow-men, were to forswear and to oppose intemperance and all that should tend to it, and those on the other, who, for the pelf that came to them through the trade thriving on intemperance, were to antagonize the reform at its every stage. On the one side were rallied in due time thoughtful and conscientious sympathizers with the higher aspirations of the race, while the other retained the assistance only of those who did nothing and cared nothing for the welfare of mankind, so far, at least, as that welfare was to be served by sacrifice and labor in the cause of temperance.

The rumor of this sudden and strange conversion soon spread throughout the country. A delegation from Baltimore was invited to New York, where an immense open-air meeting was held in Union Park, full reports of which were spread everywhere through the press. That meeting created a strong feeling throughout the country for the reformation of drinking men. After the New York effort, a successful attempt of the same kind was made in Portland, in May, 1841. Some working-men, friendly to temperance, gladly engaged in the undertaking. In accordance with a carefully prepared plan they invited many men of their acquaintance to come at a specified time to a room I occupied in my capacity as chief engineer. At this meeting were present about fifty persons, nearly half of them being what were called "hard cases."

The discussion among temperance men, as has been seen, had already reached a point where attacks upon the liquor-traffic were not uncommon in their meetings. A strong prejudice against everything of the kind existed among those who were not prepared to accept this phase of the gospel of reform. Accordingly, at this gathering, great care was taken not to alarm, by any suggestion of legal measures against the traffic, the men whom it was hoped to enlist as Washingtonians. There was nothing radical in the talk, nor in the methods recommended; everything said and done was in the line of so-called "moral suasion." The rumshops were not alluded to, nor was there in any talk an intimation that rumsellers were enemies of society, and especially of working-men, but an attempt was made to convince those poor men that their drinking habits wasted their wages and seriously impaired their health, and to show them the inevitable suffering thereby entailed upon their families and the certain destruction of all that would otherwise make their homes happy.

This meeting was successful beyond our expectations. Twenty-five of the drinking men present signed the pledge, already prepared for presentation, of total abstinence for life from all intoxicating drinks. There was a unanimous vote that the meetings should be continued, and those present promised to exert themselves to invite others to attend.

One of the men who signed the pledge at this first meeting soon became a devout Christian. A few years after, I was able to procure his appointment to the city watch, as the police was then called. He retained his place, I think, uninterruptedly for many years. In time, however, he became too infirm for

active police duty, and was notified that his services would be dispensed with at the close of the month. That fact was brought to my attention by a newspaper man who came to my house one morning and told me that the night before he overheard this old man praying in the police station for help in the enforced idleness of his declining years. I made it my business to call on the mayor that forenoon, and obtained a promise, as a favor to myself, that the faithful old city servant should be retained in some position the duties of which he could perform. The promise was redeemed, and my reformed man of the early forties died only a few years since with the harness on.

The next meeting was filled to overflowing. Then those who had started the movement retired and left the work to the new converts. John Hawkins, of Baltimore, was invited to Portland, and the meetings arranged for him in the churches were always crowded to the utmost capacity, intensifying the interest in the saving of drinking men, and in general efforts in behalf of abstinence.

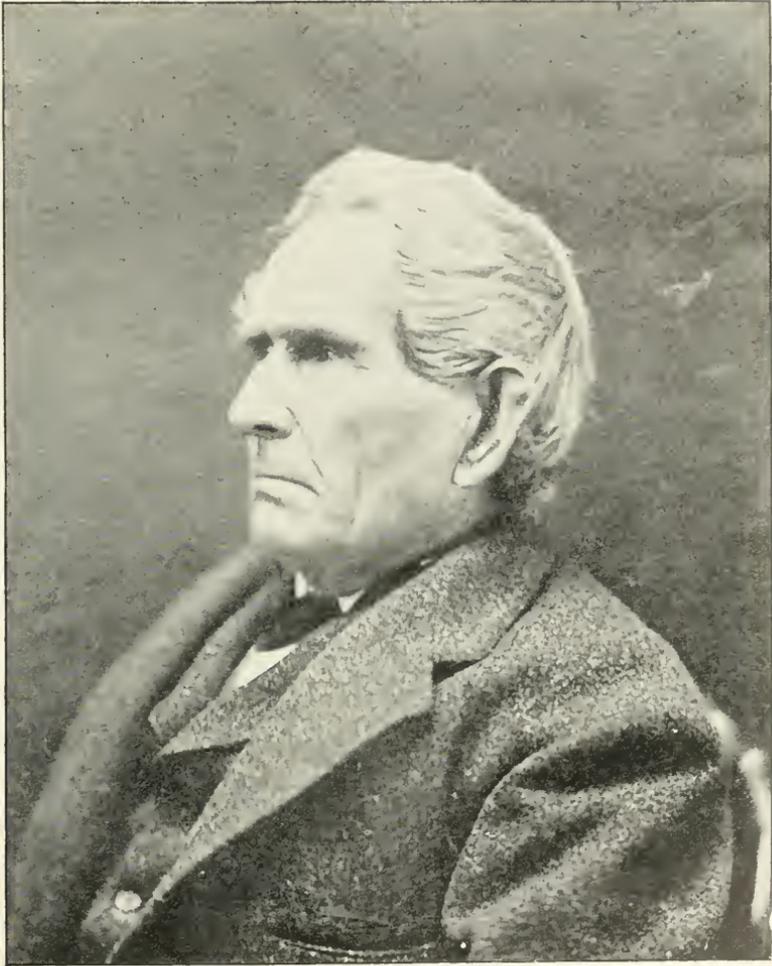
From Portland, Washingtonianism spread throughout the state, so that a large proportion of the population was brought under its influence. Members of the Portland society were active in attending meetings as missionaries in almost every part of Maine. During the progress of this revival my time was much given to the work. Some weeks I spoke at as many as ten meetings, responding whenever it was possible to every call. A general revival of interest in the temperance cause followed, with the reformation of many intemperate men. The Washingtonian society, as it was called, held its meetings for years,

and thousands signed its pledge. It may not be without its lesson for me to state in passing that, of all the converts who remained faithful to the total abstinence pledge of the Washingtonians, I do not remember one who did not in time become an earnest friend of Prohibition.

Much of modern antagonism to Prohibition covers its real purpose — support of the liquor-traffic — by parading professions of great confidence in what it terms “moral influences,” and not infrequently cites the Washingtonian reformation by way of illustration. Yet that reform was a most effective agency in securing anti-liquor-selling legislation in Maine. In the city of Portland alone, within a year of its organization, that society numbered one thousand two hundred and twenty-five, of whom it was estimated at the time, that at least one thousand had, before taking the pledge, diverted of their small, hard-earned wages, on an average, about twelve cents a day from the support of their families to provide themselves with drink. That aggregated a considerable sum for so small a city as Portland then was to expend for that which served no useful purpose, and which reduced to a large, if not exactly ascertainable per cent, the earning capacity of those who purchased it. The effect of stopping this leakage from the pockets of the working-men into the tills of the liquor-seller resulted in an increase of the receipts of dealers in family supplies larger than was the reduction of the sums paid for liquor; this was because with the abandonment of drink the working-men could earn more money, which, added to that no longer expended for rum, was available for the comforts of life.

The friends of temperance were not backward in using these facts to show that the less the sale of liquor the greater the prosperity of the community, and to argue if there were no liquor-shops every legitimate business would be improved. The step, therefore, was easy, natural, and logical toward condemnation of the liquor trade by law. Right here the friends of the Washingtonian movement were confronted by the same kind of charges, concocted by the liquor-dealers, so commonly in later days applied to Prohibition. Here are some of them: "The Washingtonian movement does no good." "Just as much liquor is drunk now as ever." "More rum is sold now than formerly." "These fellows (pledged Washingtonians) may not drink as publicly as before, but they keep their supplies at home, drink in private, and consume more than ever."

To refute such statements in order that men might not be discouraged in well-doing, and that the Washingtonian reform might receive the sympathy and support of considerate citizens, I interested myself with others in collecting statistics to show that these assertions of the liquor-interest as to the inutility of the Washingtonian reform were unfounded, and was able to satisfy the citizens of Portland that so much good had been accomplished by that reform that it was entitled to the countenance and support of citizens who were interested in the material prosperity of the place, if they cared nothing for the moral aspects of the case. That reform, as I have said, tended inevitably and logically toward Prohibition, because the greater the attention given to the evils of intemperance, and the closer the examination of the connection of the liquor-traffic with those evils,



JOHN T. WALTON.

the greater the certainty of a conclusion that the trade in intoxicants is inimical to the public good and ought not to be tolerated.

In August, 1841, following the inauguration of the Washingtonian movement in Portland, a "Young Men's Total Abstinence Society" was organized. This was intended to enlist some who, for the sake of their influence for good upon others, were willing to subscribe to a pledge they did not deem necessary to take in their own behalf. A praiseworthy example! Like the Washingtonian movement, this society had its inception in the fire-department, and it included many of the members of that body. Its officers were all firemen, well known, reputable, and influential young men. Its president was Franklin C. Moody, afterwards a chief engineer of the department; its corresponding secretary was Jedediah Jewett, and its treasurer, William Senter, each of whom was subsequently mayor of Portland. The society was not long-lived, but it was most serviceable in its time; indeed, it is difficult to limit the extent or the duration of the influence for good of that movement, much more of a body of men who, with Saint Paul, forswear whatever makes a brother to offend.

I was not a member of this society, but took an interest in inducing young men to become connected with it. I recall an instance of two young mechanics, working at the same trade and at the same bench, apparently with equal opportunities for advance in life. Both were in the habit of drinking occasionally, neither of them to excess. Favorable opportunity serving one day, I called the attention of both at the same time to this society, and advised them to join. After some discussion, one consented and the

other refused, preferring to retain his "liberty." Circumstances were such that for several years I was able to know something of the progress each was making in his chosen direction. The one went constantly downward, until, after some years of dependence upon others for support, he died, a pauper. The other, after a time, went into business for himself, in which he is yet engaged,* and has accumulated a handsome property.

But the influence of the laws which in those days recognized the liquor-traffic as a useful and respectable trade, was ill. Several of the young men who joined that society failed to keep their pledge; some of them went to the bad, undoubtedly influencing others in the same direction, while still others became interested in the liquor-traffic. It could hardly be otherwise with legislation holding the liquor-business to be a useful adjunct of society and its patrons as helping to maintain what the laws pronounced good.

Washingtonianism proved a potent factor in the next set contest at the polls between the friends and opponents of the liquor-traffic. This occurred in 1842. In May of that year, I presented to the board of aldermen a petition, numerously signed, asking that no licenses should be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors. Thereupon the board, upon motion of General Appleton, adopted the following:

"Resolved, That the public good does not require that any person should be licensed to sell intoxicating drinks in the city of Portland, during the ensuing year, and that this board does not deem it necessary to license any person for that purpose."

Accordingly the numerous applicants for licenses were denied a hearing and no licenses were granted.

* Since deceased.

The sale of liquor, however, went on, without regard to the action of the board. The authorities, unaccustomed to paying attention to violations of the liquor law, took no steps to impose the penalties provided for those who should sell without license. Co-operating with other friends of the cause, I made frequent and urgent appeals to the mayor and to members of the board of aldermen, as well as to the sheriff of the county and to the county attorney, to enforce the law. I must have made myself very annoying to them, and with but little effect. They generally excused themselves with the plea — the ready defense of neglectful officials, always and everywhere — that the people did not wish the law enforced. The real idea concealed in that phrase could have been rendered by the words, “ We are afraid that we shall lose our offices if we enforce the law.”

In the fall of that year, the aldermen were induced to ascertain for themselves whether the public desired the enforcement of the law. They submitted the matter to the voters of the city in the following form :

“ Shall the unlicensed and unlawful traffic in spirituous liquors be countenanced and sustained in this city or not ?”

Again there was a tangible point which the opponents of the liquor trade could labor to attain. A “ no ” vote would mean, it was understood, that the laws were to be enforced; a “ yes ” that they were to be ignored. The temperance men held meetings and resorted to other legitimate agencies to secure as strong an expression as possible in favor of enforcement. I prepared an address to the citizens which was published and circulated through the city. On the other hand, the friends of the trade, if less open and frank in their work, were active in various ways.

The vote resulted: For permitting the traffic, 498; against it, 943.

Growing out of the refusal to license was a petition from a well-known business house, occupying a store owned by the city, addressed to the mayor and aldermen. The petitioners stated:

“On taking the store it was fully understood by all parties that ardent spirits composed a large share of their (the lessees’) business, and that in consideration of the high rent paid the board was bound to protect them in their traffic in ardent spirits.”

This petition was referred to a special committee which had a hearing upon it. The main object of the petition was to make it appear to the tax-payers that the city would suffer pecuniarily by the refusal to grant licenses. I appeared to present the temperance view of the matter. In its report, the committee referred to the vote of the board of aldermen before quoted to the effect that the public good did not require that licenses should be granted, and recommended that no further action be taken upon the communication.

Again in 1843, the aldermen, at the instance of the friends of temperance, adopted a similar resolution. As usual, no attention was paid to this, and the former licensed liquor-dealers, as well as many others, continued to sell with no interference upon the part of the officials. Accordingly we engaged once more in the preparation and circulation of petitions, addressed to the board of mayor and aldermen, requesting the prosecution of persons violating all license laws; whereupon the board unanimously voted that such prosecutions should be commenced.

By this time, a “public sentiment” against the

liquor-traffic had been in one way or another unmistakably manifested but it was with great difficulty that the officers whose duty it was could be induced to take effective measures for the prosecution of violators of the law. Objection after objection was urged. "It was difficult to obtain evidence," they said. We secured sufficient proof. Upon this they urged that evidence procured in that way, by those with an evident bias against the traffic, would not answer, that juries would not convict on such. Then we went before the board of mayor and aldermen and secured the passage of an order offering a reward for information leading to the conviction of persons violating the license law. Then petitions, numerous signed by women, were presented to the board, praying for the suppression of the traffic. The reward offered by the city council was confined to evidence of the sale of liquors upon the Sabbath. The petition of the women asked that it might be made applicable to all violations of the law, and that it be increased in amount.

By most strenuous exertions on the part of the friends of temperance, to which I endeavored to contribute a part, it was now possible to secure from the proper officials some attention to the violation of the license law, but even after conviction had been secured the penalties provided, trifling as they were, were rarely imposed. There were reasons, as indefinite in purpose as in number, for suspending them. When all other subterfuges proved unavailing, the liquor-dealer would, as a last resort, through his counsel, plead that since the date of the offense of which he was convicted, he had abandoned the business. This was generally, I must not say, invariably,

false. I personally investigated a number of such cases, and in no instance could I find any evidence about the premises of the respondent that gave any indication of the truth of such a plea.

I was in court one day when a liquor case was on, the chief-justice presiding. The counsel for the defense moved the discharge of the respondent because he had been assured by him that he had abandoned the business and would sell no more. "What have you to say to this?" asked the judge of the county attorney. "I interpose no objection, your Honor," replied that official, and the discharge was granted. I immediately left the court room and went directly to the tavern kept by the respondent and there saw him behind the bar selling liquor. This was less than fifteen minutes after his attorney had pledged his word in court that he would sell no more. The attorney in this case had made that pledge honestly, under instructions from his client. I called his attention to the matter afterwards, telling him what I had seen. He was indignant at being thus imposed upon, and told me that he would never again appear in court for that man. That attorney was William Pitt Fessenden, afterwards so prominent in the councils of the nation.

Every year, from the commencement of the agitation to 1851, when the Maine Law went into effect, the subject was under consideration in one form or another by the board of mayor and aldermen. The friends of temperance were generally successful in obtaining what they asked, always excepting the enforcement of the penalties provided for those who violated the law and sold without licenses, which were withheld during the last few years of that

period, except for the sale of liquors for medicinal and mechanical purposes. It was rarely that the advocates of license could control more than one vote, or at most two, out of the seven in the board of aldermen on any question coming before that body.

The specific penalties for the violation of the law were generally so small, that fear of them, even were they imposed, had but little restraining effect, but a bond of one thousand dollars was required, during a portion of this period, of licensed liquor-dealers, conditioned upon their observing in all things the requirements of the law. Failing in other particulars, earnest temperance men would occasionally procure evidence, and lay it before the licensing board, of violations of the conditions of these bonds, and urge the forfeiture of the penalty of the bond as well as the cancellation of the license. They were rarely successful in this. I recall no instance of their securing a majority vote of the board, and I think it fair to assume that their evidence was either insufficient in amount or not effectively presented.

In 1845, the city council adopted by a large majority resolutions instructing the representatives of the city in the legislature to favor a law, whereby the traffic might be speedily and effectually suppressed, and from that time the action of the city government in the matter of votes and resolutions at least, was, I think, without exception, in accord with the wishes of the friends of temperance.

During all this time, also, more or less systematic efforts in the so-called "purely moral" phases of the reform were in process. One of the most trying duties with which the temperance men found themselves charged was the investigation of individual

cases of misery and want, of abuse and wrong, due to intemperance, to which their attention was called. They were constantly appealed to in such cases for assistance, and to render that wisely and well careful inquiry into all the circumstances was necessary.

Many, if not most, of these abodes of misery were in the vicinage of places where liquor was sold. That was to be expected. Just as the smoke issuing from the chimney of a factory settles upon and to an extent blackens everything in the neighborhood, so, though the emanations from these moral pest-houses were to be traced far and near, they were generally more dense, if not blacker, in their immediate proximity. Hence those engaged in this work of charitable investigation were observed and known to those whose frightful trade made charity necessary.

Efforts in this direction were obnoxious to the vendors of intoxicants. By intuition they foresaw that such investigation would expose the nature of the business in which they were engaged, and they knew enough of human nature to understand that those with hearts sufficiently warm to be touched by the misery thus disclosed must be led to abhor the trade of which that wretchedness was the product. Perhaps, too, they feared that some with wills strong enough might be led to invoke law as a protection from such sin and shame and crime as their business was pouring out in an ever-widening stream to befoul what otherwise might be virtue, plenty, happiness, and peace in the community.

Naturally, much of this charitable investigation fell to women, the wives and sisters and daughters of the men who were interested in the reform movement. It was not uncommon for them to be the subjects of



MRS. NEAL DOW.

many kinds of annoyances, ranging from petty insults almost to the verge of violence. My wife was one of these. Full of tact, gentle, courteous, considerate, and refined in all her bearing, it was impossible for her to give offense by voice, or manner, to any whom she might encounter on such missions.

One day, perhaps because she bore my name, she was violently accosted by a rum-seller, not one of the "respectable" kind — but fully as respectable as his business — with some insulting advice about attending to her own affairs. When she reached home she related the incident to me, and I had an interview with the fellow and thereafter there was nothing of which to complain in his behavior toward any woman who visited his neighborhood on such errands of mercy.

Into all parts of the city where their ministrations could serve to mitigate suffering in any form, good women went. Did woman ever carry her sympathy, her tears, her kindly assistance to the maimed and bleeding victims of a battle-field without conceiving a holy horror of war? So in the hearts of these kind women of Portland in those earlier days of the reformatory movement there sprang up a detestation of the trade which produced the scenes that common humanity compelled them to view.

Pages might be filled with the relation of incidents coming under their observation, and some of them might well be termed heart-rending. Were such presented, those who might read them, could, perhaps, more easily understand how active temperance workers of the period were impelled to unfaltering zeal by what they thus learned of the magnitude of the evil they were endeavoring to suppress. Leave all

this, however, to imagination, which cannot outrun the reality.

A most effective agency for the creation of an improved public sentiment was the circulation of petitions from house to house. Sometimes these were addressed to the legislature, asking for more stringent restrictive provisions in the license law; sometimes they asked for prohibitory laws; sometimes they were addressed to the board of aldermen, praying them to refuse to grant licenses, and sometimes asking them to cause the provisions of existing laws to be more strictly observed.

Signing petitions is often a merely perfunctory act and the solicitation of signatures a trifling task. Not so as to the petitions with the circulation of which temperance men and women in Maine charged themselves at the time of which I write. The opponents of the movement and those indifferent to it, knew, as well as did those who obtained the signatures, that these petitions represented the sober convictions of their signers, and that signatures had not been affixed to them hastily, or without thought. Those long lists of names, in some cases many thousands, stood for as many enlightened, quickened consciences, and for an equal number of warm and earnest hearts. Behind them was a deliberate purpose, which, sooner or later, in one form or another, was to make itself felt with the law-making, law-enforcing power.

I note one out of many of these petitions. It was presented to the city government, on the 22d of February, 1849, and was numerously signed. The first signature upon it was that of Rev. Ichabod Nichols, D.D., already mentioned as one of the sponsors of the first movement in behalf of temperance in Portland.

Following his name came those of all the clergymen of Portland, and of many of our most influential citizens to the number of nearly one thousand. Such a petition, so numerous and influentially signed, could not be ignored, and most respectful consideration was given it. It was in substance a request to the city authorities to enforce the law against the sale of intoxicants.

Of those composing the committee appointed in response to this petition to consider the subject besides that of the mayor, the late Eliphalet Greeley, I note the name of Edward Fox, an alderman, to whom I shall have occasion to refer again. The committee manifested considerable interest in the matter, and invited the petitioners and other citizens to meet with it to carefully consider the whole subject. Subsequently, the committee reported:

“Places for the illegal sale of ardent spirits have increased in the city during the last two years to an alarming extent—to the number of three hundred—in the opinion of those whose attention has been drawn to the subject. The committee recommends that the provisions of law authorizing the prosecution of suits in behalf of the city should be enforced energetically in all cases where sufficient proof can be obtained, and urges the co-operation of those citizens who are desirous of a speedy removal of this great evil; it also recommends that the city authorities appeal to the owners of buildings in which the traffic is carried on for their aid and services against the odious traffic, and for prompt and decisive action upon the subject; and to accomplish the above suggestion the committee submits the accompanying resolves for consideration of the city council:

“Resolved, That the licensing board be and they are hereby requested and instructed to adopt speedy and efficient measures to enforce the law in every case where proof can be obtained by them against all persons now engaged in the illegal traffic in intoxicating drinks who shall not immediately abandon it; and said board is hereby fully authorized and empow-

ered to adopt such measures and incur such expenditures as in their judgment may be expedient to accomplish this desirable object.

“Resolved, That a committee be appointed to call upon the owners of buildings where intoxicating liquors are sold to make an earnest appeal to them in behalf of the city authorities urging them to take measures immediately to remove those persons from their premises.”

The report and resolutions were adopted unanimously, and the committee provided for was appointed.

The mayor expressed himself as willing to do everything in his power to carry out the wishes of the petitioners and the avowed determination of the city council. It was, however, about the close of Mayor Greeley's sixth successive term, and he was not a candidate for re-election. His successor was James B. Cahoon, who was in full sympathy with the spirit of the resolutions, and indeed was one of those upon whose petition the city government had acted.

Upon the installation of Mayor Cahoon, substantially similar action to that related was taken by the new city government which undertook in good faith to enforce the law. But it was impracticable to do anything under it. There was nothing in its provisions which prevented the would-be dealers from carrying as large a stock, displayed in as attractive form, as they chose, and so after a time all efforts at enforcement were practically abandoned for want of the requisite weapon with which to attack the traffic.

By this time it had been demonstrated as clearly as in the nature of the case was possible, that the faithfulness and zeal of the friends of temperance had educated and developed a popular feeling in the community hostile to the nefarious trade. Nevertheless, it was impossible to direct that into really

effective practical antagonism to the traffic it condemned, and the clearly manifested will of the people stood impotent in the presence of those who, against law, against public sentiment, and against the welfare of the community, continued the business which was sapping the moral well-being of the city and fattening upon all that made for its material prosperity as well.

What was to be done? There were those, and very respectable citizens they were too, who took no special interest in the matter. Their fortunes were secure, their sons were safe, their comfort and happiness were not likely to be disturbed and they took little note of what did not directly affect them in person or property. Not so, however, was it with those whose zeal had brought the liquor-traffic to the bar of public opinion, where it had been condemned as hostile to every public interest. They determined that the instrument should be provided whereby the will of the people could be given force and effect.

Of course those who devoted themselves to this aroused opposition, which was visited upon them in many forms, and sometimes from unexpected quarters. This did not discourage them. They understood, however, that in morals, as in mechanics, with greater force and speed came increased resistance and friction, and they looked upon the antagonism which they aroused as so much evidence that they were accomplishing something, and they kept on, full of courage, hope and determination.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW SOME OF THE WORK WAS DONE. ANNOYANCES AND
ASSAULTS. USEFUL AGENCIES. SOME PERSONS
TO WHOM MAINE IS INDEBTED.

While work, such as I have endeavored partially to describe, was in progress in Portland, labor with the same object in view, differing somewhat according to locality and circumstances, was being prosecuted elsewhere. Meetings were held in almost every accessible town, village and hamlet; wherever two or three could be gathered together in the name of temperance, some one was in their midst preaching the gospel of freedom from the curse of the drink habit. In the summer season, large open-air meetings were held throughout the state, to which the people came from considerable distances, often making of the occasions *fête* days and picnics. Music, processions, banners, and effective singing, as well as speaking, rendered these meetings attractive to many who would not otherwise have been present.

I attended many such gatherings, large and small, in different parts of the state, though I chiefly confined my labors to the three or four western counties. Announcements of meetings which I was to address were made sometimes far in advance of their date.

A temperance paper was published in Portland, of which my long-time friend and co-worker, George H. Shirley, now of Brooklyn, N. Y., was publisher. It was our custom to announce a course of meetings in its columns at such dates and places as would permit of their being taken in succession with the least outlay of time and travel. To meet the appointments thus made, I took my own team and made the rounds. Many of these missions occupied several weeks, others only a week or less.

Mr. Shirley and Mr. John T. Walton were my almost invariable companions on those trips. We were frequently accompanied by Mr. Samuel R. Leavitt and Mr. Henry C. Lovell, the latter being a fine singer. Upon Mr. Shirley devolved the work of making arrangements and attending to the correspondence, for which he was admirably adapted. Too much credit cannot be given for the earnest, faithful, painstaking labor which he gave to the cause. Ever zealous, never tiring, always faithful because of his love of God, he gave time and service to his fellow-men at a period of life when most men feel justified in employing their strength in providing for themselves. Mr. Shirley still lives, almost the sole survivor of those with whom I labored in the early days of our movement in Maine. No man was more devoted, no man more unselfish, no man more useful than he.

Mr. Walton had abandoned the use of liquor three or four years prior to the Washingtonian revival. He was a bachelor, and a carpenter, in which trade he accumulated means sufficient for his modest wants. He was an earnest Whig in politics, and a frequent and pleasing speaker at political meetings, having a remarkably clear, incisive and forcible style. His

often homely, but always striking. illustrations and epigrammatic phrases made him at all times welcome at any meeting he was willing to address.

We generally found suitable preparation made for the meetings that had been announced. Ordinarily the attendance was large for the localities in which they were held, but the size of the audience did not concern us. We had truths to tell, and we told them to those who would listen, whether they were numbered by hundreds or only included a dozen. In fact, it often happened that the smaller meetings proved the more useful. Frequently people came from all the surrounding country, in winter in sleighs, pungs, sleds, and in summer in chaises, farm wagons, and every conceivable conveyance, sometimes crowding into great carts drawn by teams of oxen. Our gatherings were held in meeting-houses, town-houses, school-houses, sometimes in barns, and often in the open air.

Traveling about as we did in every direction, we had opportunity to see the people and talk with them in private as well as in public. Everywhere, especially in the earlier days of our work, the evidences of intemperance abounded, and in every village, and on every country road, as we traveled we saw and became familiar with that with which to point or adorn our story, and which incited us to persistent efforts for the end we sought.

One great obstacle to be overcome was the common opinion that liquor was a panacea for sickness in various forms, and a preventive for innumerable and indescribable ills. It was used upon the slightest pretext. If one were warm, he must have it; if cold, he could not do without it, being ignorant, undoubt-



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edly, that in either case it was worse than useless. It was necessary to confront those notions by demonstrating their absurdity. Special efforts were made to induce men not deeply addicted to drinking to experiment and see if they could not get through a day or a week of work better without than with it. Farmers were sometimes led to make the same test in their busy season, and the invariably satisfactory reports as to these trials were found to be of great use in correcting the general belief that liquors were indispensable adjuncts of industry.

The opportunity for an effective canvass was good. Audiences were not obliged to rely upon the imagination of speakers to learn how intemperance affected an individual, or to understand the obstacles which that evil interposed to the prosperity and progress of their community. Substantial evidence of all this was to be obtained on every hand. Some of their neighbors were grossly intemperate; their friends, perhaps many of them, were neglecting their business and their families because of their growing appetite for liquor. It was only necessary that attention be called to the matter in a general way. Almost every adult in the audience had been unfavorably affected by the intemperance rife in the vicinity. Right at hand were illustrations of the demoralizing influence of the drink habit, and of the traffic which lived upon and contributed to it.

In these early meetings it was not uncommon for men in various conditions of subordination to the appetite for rum to sign the pledge and promise their adherence to the movement. Sometimes a moderate drinker, though thinking himself safe from the danger of drunkenness, would announce his willing-

ness to give up his occasional indulgence for the sake of his example of abstinence to others, and it was almost invariably the case if we could induce one such to make that announcement in open meeting that he was followed by others. More than once, veritable drunkards staggered to the platform to sign the pledge, and promised to make an earnest struggle to free themselves from their terrible thralldom.

I have in mind a striking illustration of this. A man, reeling drunk, staggered to the platform where I was speaking, and announced his desire to sign the pledge. I had grave doubts of his understanding what he was about, and advised him to wait until he was sober, but he insisted, and affixed his signature in a bold, round hand. I knew him well. He was connected with a respectable family, but his intemperate habits had well-nigh ruined him. He kept the pledge for years, meanwhile establishing himself in business and doing well, having bought and paid for a modest but comfortable home, and accumulated other means. Prospering thus through his sobriety and industry, twelve years after the incident I have related he was confined to his bed for several weeks by sickness.

In an evil hour his attending physician prescribed a little liquor. The poor man protested against taking it, but finally, after much persuasion by his wife, who had been led by the doctor to believe that liquor alone could save her husband's life, he yielded. A short time after, seized by an uncontrollable desire for stimulants, the reformed man left his house, obtained liquor, and was found in a few hours in a state of beastly intoxication. Thereafter he relapsed into drinking habits, losing the property he had gathered, and from a self-respecting, self-supporting citizen, con-

tributing his full share to the well-being of the community, he became a wreck, and a helpless charge upon the charity of others.

No need in those days for vulgar exhibitions by the speakers in imitation of speech or act of drunken men. Those present were all too familiar with such scenes in their own family or in the families of their neighbors and friends. We drew on imagination rather to show what the condition of their town or village, of their neighbors and friends, of their own families, might be if the drink should be abandoned and the business of the rumseller no longer permitted in their midst.

It was our special care at all these meetings and in our journeyings from one to the other to distribute temperance literature freely, selected with a view to enlightening the people as to the relation of the liquor-traffic to the general good. We devoted ourselves largely to exposing the evils inevitably flowing from the grog-shops, and convincing the people that liquor-selling was a great sin against God and a crime against society. Occasionally the wife of a country trader would go home from such a meeting and insist that her husband should abandon the sale of liquor and pour out what stock of it he had on hand, and in several instances the men thus induced to relinquish the traffic became active and useful friends of the cause.

At one of these meetings in a large country town I was describing the character of the drink-traffic and its effects upon the people. After I had been speaking some time two ladies arose from the body of the crowded house and went out. The next day we learned that they were mother and daughter, the wife

and child of the hotel-keeper in the town. They had gone home that the wife might say immediately, as she did upon entering the house: "Husband, liquors must go out of this house or I will go!" From that day the tavern became a temperance house and the tavern-keeper, and his wife and daughter, warm and influential friends of the temperance movement in their vicinity.

It was common in those meetings for the speakers to contrast the social and business standing of the patron, not to say the victim, of the rumshop with that of the village liquor-seller, to call the attention of the people to the comfortable home of the latter and ask them to compare it with their own habitations, to see what comforts the family of the man of whom they bought their liquor enjoyed, and contrast them with the hardships to which their own wives and children were exposed. This proved a most effective mode of speaking, but it was not always an agreeable one. When it is remembered that in those early days of the movement the rumsellers were among the most respected and influential members of these village communities, it will be understood that the meetings in which such talk was made had a tendency to create excitement at times becoming disagreeable in the extreme to the speakers.

In one of our excursions we were to speak at a village which had been peculiarly cursed by rum. We had been told that we would be shot if we went there, but we anticipated no such extreme danger, and kept on, despite the warning. There was a "squire," as trial-justices were uniformly called, who kept a large country store, with every variety of goods suitable to the trade which he supplied,

as well as rum in large quantities. It had been given out that this man had determined that no temperance speeches should be made in that community if he could prevent it. It was important that the village over which he exercised a sort of terrorism should see that, after all, the "squire" would be quite helpless in confronting those who were conscious that they were right.

The "squire's" house was large and handsome, well kept in every particular, while the other houses in the village, almost without exception, were poor and shabby. Our meeting was crowded, and we talked to the people plainly, contrasting their hovels and their surroundings with the establishment of the "squire," showing them that it was their money which had made that house so fine, while for the want of it theirs were mean and dilapidated. The back part of the meeting-house was crowded with these poor people, and we noticed some of them looking at each other significantly and nodding, "That's so." Naturally, the "squire" did not like it, and after the meeting took some very foolish steps to manifest it, but they reacted upon him and his business and thus served our purpose well, for the next time we held a meeting there we entered and departed undisturbed.

We did not, however, always have our own way. It was not infrequently that the village lawyer, doctor or tavern-keeper would speak, adding the weight of his influence to such argument as he was able to make against the reform. Occasionally the less respectable portion of the community would oppose after a different fashion. Violence was at times resorted to, to break up the meetings. The speakers would be insulted and threatened with personal

injury, or the harnesses of the teams in which they had driven to meeting would be tampered with, that accidents might happen on the way home, while in several instances residents interested in the promotion of the meetings had their barns and houses burned, their horses and cattle injured, orchards destroyed, or experienced other damage to person or property.

Early in our work, while I was a comparatively young and vigorous man, the exact date I have not at hand, I was assaulted one forenoon on the principal business street of the city. I was walking down its slight grade, when, hearing a quick step behind me, I turned as one involuntarily does and glanced over my shoulder just as I received a blow from a tall fellow dressed in the garb of a sailor. Taken thus at a disadvantage, I fell, but was up instantly, when, after two or three ineffectual attempts to strike me again, the fellow took to his heels. Not disposed to let the affair terminate that way, and suspecting, what afterwards proved to be the case, that he had been put up to the job by others, for I had never seen the man before, I followed, overtaking him in a rod or two. There he surrendered. While I was holding him on his back to the ground, Hanson M. Hart, Esq., one of our most respected citizens, seeing what he supposed to be the handle of a knife, protruding from the sailor's waistband, withdrew it to find that it was a cowhide.

At the trial it turned out that my assailant was a stranger in town, the mate of a coasting-schooner; that he had never seen me until I had been pointed out to him on the morning of the assault, and that he had been hired by some runsellors to cowhide me on the public streets. Though he failed to carry out

his contract, he thought he had fully earned the promised fee. That was the last assault ever made upon me in the open — although two juries before whom the fellow and an accomplice were tried disagreed. It seems that after the disagreement of the first jury, the county attorney, a political and personal opponent of mine, (I had given him an immense deal of annoyance in insisting that he should prosecute rumsellers under the old license laws) consented that one of the jurors, a rumseller, who happened to be in the court-room, should be put on the other panel to fill an unexpected vacancy there, and tried the case again immediately with what was to be expected, another disagreement. That ended the case. It was said at the time that it cost the men who employed the sailor over three hundred dollars to defend him and to pay him for his trouble. That was a large sum for that time, but it was less than their disappointment. A short time afterwards there was a temperance meeting in Portland addressed by John B. Gough. Opening his speech he offered this toast: "N. D., knocked down, not dead."

On one occasion my family was startled in the evening by the crashing of a window. Some one, perhaps imagining that he would thereby check the progress of temperance, had thrown a bottle of asafetida into our parlor. The result was some ruined furniture and the temporary annoyance and inconvenience of my family. That was all.

One evening a couple of fellows waylaid me on my way from a temperance meeting, and springing upon me from behind a tree, expected to take me at a disadvantage, but they failed. Several ineffectual attempts and one successful one to fire some of my

buildings were made, and for a time I could not get some of my property insured because the agents believed that my activity against the liquor-traffic rendered it liable to incendiary attempts on the part of evil-disposed persons. Then came petty vexations. Not infrequently objectionable packages were left at my house. Bottles, sometimes dead cats even, were thrown into my yard or put into my carriage when I had left it standing before some place where my business had called me. Other trivial efforts to annoy me were made, but none of them interrupted our progress perceptibly. For the most part, however, I suffered little individually, and on more than one occasion was able by my mere presence to prevent serious trouble to some other temperance man who was threatened with violence. Fortunately, fellows animated by motives which prompt such attacks rarely have nerve sufficient to carry out their design.

Some of our friends, however, did not escape so easily. There were numerous cases of assault, more or less aggravated, upon temperance men and upon complainants against violators of the liquor law in various parts of the state. I recall one in particular, upon H. K. Baker, of Hallowell, who early in life became interested in the promotion of temperance, and who devoted much of his time for many years to persistent and constant efforts in that direction. Many complaints against unlicensed liquor-dealers had been brought before him, as a trial-justice. He was known to be an earnest friend of temperance. His sympathies in that direction, however, had never led him to official injustice on the bench, and he was able to show that not one of seventy-five appeals from his decisions had been sustained. Nevertheless, Mr.

Baker, on coming out of the court-house one day in Augusta, was assaulted and cowhided by a man who was urged to it and applauded by a crowd of men awaiting Mr. Baker's exit from the court, on the piazza of a licensed rum-tavern which he was obliged to pass on his way home.

That assault created great excitement because of its peculiarly cowardly character. It afforded also as satisfactory proof as could be asked of the sympathy existing between licensed and unlicensed liquor-dealers, and the mistake of relying upon the former for assistance in the prosecution of the latter. Five men were subsequently indicted by the grand jury for complicity in the assault, and they were convicted and heavily fined. Such incidents had not a little to do with arousing that public sentiment later resulting in the enactment of the prohibitory law.

At one trial in Portland of some liquor-dealers for the violation of the provisions of the existing license law, one of the most important witnesses for the prosecution, living in Oxford county, had become cognizant of the violations while staying at the tavern of the respondents. As the trial progressed, the friends of temperance were inclined to the opinion that the county attorney, who was in charge of the prosecution, had no sympathy with the effort to enforce the law generally, and was especially disinclined in this particular case. It was in the late fall. I became satisfied on the day of the trial that the program was to delay proceedings so that it should be dark before the adjournment of the court, with a view, as I had reason to believe, of assaulting this particular witness when he left the court, he having informed me that threats of the kind had been made. I accord-

ingly determined to protect him at all hazards from violence, should such be attempted.

I had recourse again to my engine-company, which on occasion had well served me in previous emergencies, and with two able-bodied, plucky men, from the old Deluge. I was on hand in the court-room, the shades of evening having already fallen, waiting for the adjournment. As the crowd passed out, I took the witness by the arm, while my two friends fell in just behind. We walked from the court-house to the tavern where the witness was then staying, followed by a crowd of roughs, who visited upon our little party all the annoyances of unbridled talk and loud threats, but that was all. No blow was struck, no harm was done. The threatening bullies were undoubtedly cowed by the consciousness of the wrong of their intent, and possibly by the bearing of the escort of the witness they had marked for a victim.

That was the last time that I ever went armed on the streets of Portland. Returning to my house in the evening, I threw my outer coat across the baluster of the front stairway, forgetting that in the pocket was a brace of pistols. The act discharged one of them, and the bullet, smashing the hall-lamp, just grazed in its course the head of one of my daughters, who was ascending the stairs. The shock of her great danger (as it was she was cut by the falling glass) taught me a lesson which I never after disregarded.

My friend Woodbury Davis, to whom I have elsewhere alluded, was the victim of a most atrocious assault, perpetrated by some ruffians, probably paid therefor by some wiser, if not better, men than they, who had taken offense at some remarks of Mr. Davis at a temperance meeting. Though he lived years

after the incident, it was thought that he never fully recovered from the injuries he received, and that his life was shortened thereby. A life-insurance company, some time after the assault, refused to issue a policy upon his life on the ground that his chances for longevity had been lessened by it.

Joshua Nye, of Waterville, one of the most earnest, and active friends of temperance in Maine, was on one occasion set upon by a crowd of ruffians, who, with clubs and bludgeons, sought to punish him for his activity in prosecuting a liquor-seller. Happily, he was able to draw a pistol before they had seriously injured him, and the cowardly hirelings (it was afterwards shown that some liquor-sellers had employed them) abandoned the scoundrelly job for which they had been paid.

In the town of Standish, in Cumberland county, an earnest friend of temperance, Mr. S. O. Paine, a well known and highly respected citizen, was most foully treated because of his activity in behalf of the cause. He was taken from his bed one winter night by a party of masked men, who were on the other side of the question, and carried out into his yard, where there was a long watering-trough. Into this he was ducked three or four times, his tormentors meanwhile expressing the hope that he might thus get enough of cold water. This did not help their cause. There were numerous cases of more or less aggravated assaults in different parts of the state. All, however, proved quite as effective as any speeches to hasten the day when the liquor-traffic was to be placed under the ban of the law as inconsistent with the public good.

Nor were the friends of temperance exposed only to personal violence from the baser part of the popula-

tion. They were often annoyed and insulted by men who knew better, and in places and amid surroundings which ought to have been free from such scenes. One day a county attorney went so far out of his way to insult me that he brought upon himself a severe rebuke from the presiding judge, the late Hon. Daniel Goodenough, of Alfred. I had stepped into court and taken a seat near the jury, among other spectators, facing the attorney, who was addressing the panel. For some reason my presence there evidently annoyed the official, for, pausing in his address to the jury, he shouted to me in a loud voice and most excited and offensive manner: "Get out of there!" Every one present could understand to whom he spoke, and see that his intent was to insult me. Flushing with indignation, I arose, but at a sign from Judge Goodenough resumed my seat. "Mr. Attorney," said his Honor, "sit down, sir!" The county attorney attempted to go on. "Sit down, sir!" said the judge, "Sit down!"

After the official had taken his seat, the judge said, in substance: "Mr. Attorney, when I am unable to protect citizens in this court-room from such insults as that of which you have just been guilty I will resign from the bench. After you have properly apologized to the court and to all present you will be at liberty to proceed."

The late Benjamin Kingsbury was then editor of the *Eastern Argus*. He was connected with a different faction of the Democratic party than that with which the county attorney was identified. In referring to the incident in his paper, he said: "At the conclusion of the judge's rebuke, Mr. Dow's smile was wide enough to display a fifty-dollar set of molars."

Meeting Mr. Kingsbury on the street shortly after, I told him the figure was low for natural teeth.

The annoyances, and even the dangers, which the active friends of temperance were called upon to encounter were by no means the heaviest burdens they were obliged to bear. Something besides the modicum of physical courage they required was essential to enable them to maintain the positions they had taken. Only a deep conviction that their duty to God and humanity exacted it could have induced the handful of men who commenced the work to continue it. The contest was earnest. In many instances it became bitter. It extended into the churches, disturbed their harmony, emptied not a few of the pews, and sometimes caused resignations from pulpits. Almost every organization in which citizens were associated for one purpose or another was affected by it, dividing into "ramrods" and "rummies," as the two sides were respectively, and by no means affectionately, called by each other. Lifelong friendships were broken, and even families were divided.

Happily, after a time there was improvement, and with the new and changed public sentiment, the fruit of the agitation, old enmities died out, and old friendships were restored. In more than one instance, after years of estrangement from leading and influential citizens growing out of differences on this question, I have received messages from dying men, expressing regret for our long antagonisms and the hope that the temperance movement would go on to success. One of these came to me from the county attorney who was reproved by the court for insulting me. Following his message I called upon him, and there was a hearty and cordial reconciliation. Is it surprising

that there are few of us, as we look back upon our active lives of hostility to the liquor-traffic, who do not now regard the loss of personal friendships, because of the positions we thoughtfully took and conscientiously maintained, as among the greatest sacrifices we were called upon to make?

The prohibitory movement received invaluable assistance from the distinctively antislavery element in the state that from 1842 to the organization of the Republican party in 1854 maintained a political organization in Maine known first as the Liberty party, and afterwards as the Free-Soil. Most of its members were also temperance men, holding the movement for Prohibition as second only in importance to the object they cherished as above all others. On the other hand, many of us who gave temperance the first position were almost as earnest Free-Soilers.

An incident may not be out of place. I have alluded to my father's antislavery convictions and to his sympathy with escaping bondmen. On one occasion, not far from 1840, several runaways who had reached Portland on a vessel from some southern port, had been sent on their northward way rejoicing, my father and I having rendered some assistance. Our colored people held a meeting in the Abyssinian church to celebrate the event, and some whites, among them myself, had been invited to participate. The colored presiding officer, when he introduced me, after saying to the audience that the "underground railroad to freedom runs through his kitchen and backyard," added, "His face is white, but, God bless him, his heart is black," which well-intended commendation of me to my colored hearers insured my cordial reception by them.

No one familiar with the antislavery agitation in Maine can fail to recall the names of James Appleton, of Samuel Fessenden, of S. M. Pond, of Ezekiel Holmes, of Charles A. Stackpole, of George H. Shirley, and among the clergy those of Rev. Austin Willey, Rev. David Thurston, Rev. O. B. Cheney, Rev. D. B. Randall, Rev. C. C. Cone, and Rev. Luther Wiswall, and as certainly, the mention of those names revives in the minds of its friends the temperance movement. Most of the leaders in each reform were interested and active in both, exerting their influence to make the efforts for one contribute to the development of the other, as far as it could be done consistently and with prudence. To this end the state and county gatherings of both agitations were generally held upon succeeding days, that those attending the one might more conveniently participate in the other. When the Maine Law was adopted, the *Inquirer*, edited by Rev. Austin Willey, the organ of the Free-Soilers, was the only paper other than an avowedly temperance publication that gave it a cordial and hearty welcome. Elsewhere it will be shown how in another exigency of Prohibition, the Free-Soilers rallied to its defense, and that the two elements became fused into a new political party, pledged to both issues.

Referring to the so-called secret temperance organizations, first in order of time, as I remember it, were the Rechabites. I was a member of this order for a while, though too much engaged in outside work to give it much of my time. I think it did not cover a large portion of the state, but a branch was established in Portland.

Following upon the Washingtonian movement, the

order of the Sons of Temperance was introduced into Maine, the first division being instituted in 1844. Within a few years it obtained a rapid growth and was widely diffused through the state, including in its numerous divisions a large number of the active friends of temperance. In many towns it was for a while the only organization. At one time, at a later period, its membership numbered nearly, if not quite, thirty thousand. I did not become connected with this order until the fall of 1851, when it was thought desirable that I should become the presiding officer of its Grand Division. A new division was instituted in Portland; I was elected to its chair, and, becoming thus eligible for the Grand Division, was elected G. W. P. for Maine. The next year, at the meeting of the National Division in Richmond, Va., I was chosen M. W. A., Judge J. Belton O'Neale, of South Carolina, being M. W. P. I entertained a very high opinion of Judge O'Neale. It has been said that he did not sympathize with the secession sentiment which dominated his state, and though his views were well understood, so great was the respect entertained for him, that he experienced no personal difficulty on account of them.

It is impossible to call here the long and honorable roll of those members of the order in Maine whose faithfulness never faltered, and whose zeal was never relaxed where their services were needed. But such names as Joshua Nye, of Waterville, of John S. Kimball, of Bangor, of H. K. Morrell, of Gardiner, of Samuel L. Carleton, of Portland, are never to be omitted from any story of the progress of temperance in Maine—men whom no personal sacrifice could deter from constant efforts for the good of the state.

Temperance Watchmen clubs were organized in 1851, and before the close of that year, there were over a hundred of them, every city and all the larger towns having one or more. These were composed largely of young men, zealous friends of the legal prohibition of the liquor-traffic, who made it a special duty to see that the laws against the trade were vigorously enforced. They also had much to do with the quiet, political work through which old party lines were crossed and recrossed by so many voters in efforts to sustain Prohibition in its earlier days in Maine.

Later, in 1860, the order of Good Templars found its way into the state, and in August of that year, delegates from eleven subordinate lodges were organized as a Grand Lodge. This order had the following declaration of principles:

Total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

No license in any form or under any circumstances, for the sale of intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage.

The absolute prohibition of the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors for such purposes; prohibition by the will of the people, expressed in due form of law, with the penalties deserved for a crime of such enormity.

The creation of a healthy public opinion upon the subject, by the active dissemination of truth in all the modes known to an enlightened philanthropy.

The election of good, honest men to administer the laws.

Persistence in efforts to save individuals and communities from so direful a scourge against all forms of opposition and difficulty, till our success is complete and universal.

This was the first organization to acknowledge the right and duty of women to labor equally with men in the temperance reform. The order has always recognized the necessity for activity in efforts to enforce the Maine Law, and during the agitation

for the constitutional prohibitory amendment, many thousands of petitions were presented to the legislature through its agency, and during the campaign for the popular approval of the amendment, the order which at that time included a membership of more than twenty thousand, expended much money in keeping speakers in the field favorable to the proposition.

It has included in its ranks a large number of most faithful and efficient friends of the cause, men and women, who have never tired in well-doing. Among those whom I recall as having been connected with the order, not elsewhere mentioned, are Major H. A. Shorey, Rev. David Boyd, Rev. Smith Baker, Rev. H. C. Munson. No record of Good-Templarism in Maine would be complete that should omit the name of George E. Brackett, of Belfast, now and for a long time its efficient secretary, as well as editor and publisher of the *Maine Temperance Record*.

At the head of the Good Templars in Maine for a time was Nelson Dingley, Jr., afterwards governor, and now a member of Congress from this state. Able, honest, indefatigable and conscientious in everything he undertakes, Governor Dingley is sure to be useful and influential in any movement that is fortunate enough to secure his approval and assistance. Maine owes much to him for what he has done for her in various fields, but friends of temperance here and everywhere have reason to be especially thankful to him for his constant, unswerving, and consistent devotion to that cause.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union found its way into Maine in 1875, the year after the national body of that name was organized at Cleveland. It is



MRS. L. M. N. STEVENS.
President Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

the lineal descendant of the Woman's Temperance crusade of 1873-74. It is no disparagement to other societies to say that it is to-day the largest, best organized, and most influential temperance society in the country. It has attained this position by brains, conscience, and true, persistent and sympathetic work. The temperance cause in all its departments is its main field of labor, and to this it devotes its thought and energy. From a very small beginning, the Union has been brought up in a few years to its present commanding position in this country, only by the wisdom, prudence, singular devotedness and persistent work of the women who lead in its great endeavor to protect wives, mothers, children and homes from the brutal, murderous warfare upon them by the saloons.

It has been my great pleasure to have made the personal acquaintance of its able, devoted and efficient leader, Miss Frances E. Willard,* and I have been much impressed by the zeal and devotion which she has brought to the work to which she has consecrated herself. The first president of the Union in Maine was Mrs. Charles F. Allen, the wife of the chaplain of the Maine legislature that enacted the original Maine Law. Its present presiding officer is Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, who has held the position since 1878 and has given to the Union, and to the cause which she serves, most unreservedly of her time and strength. With Mrs. Stevens, as with Miss Willard, there is no such word as failure; neither knows what it is to be discouraged. They furnish a noble example to the women of this country, which I am cheered to believe is to find year by year constantly increasing

* Since deceased.

numbers of those who, profiting by it, like them, will inspire others to self-sacrificing labors for the uplifting of the race.

I regret that it has been impossible for me to mention the names of large numbers of those who were engaged in revolutionizing the public sentiment of our state. Many men with whom I was intimately acquainted, and many whom I did not know, were constantly engaged in unselfish, self-sacrificing labor greatly contributing to that end. Almost every town had its temperance organization, and every village had its representatives devoted to laying broad and deep in the intelligence and conscience of the people that foundation upon which it was subsequently possible to erect and maintain the principle of Prohibition. Those men encountered the same opposition and were exposed to the same dangers as were those to whom I have referred by name. Many to whom the cause of temperance is greatly indebted for untiring labor passed away long before much progress was made. For the examples they set, for the lessons they taught, for the sacrifices they made in behalf of their fellow-men and the state in which they lived, for the unselfish services they so freely gave, and for the abundant good they accomplished, the state of Maine is and always must remain indebted.

CHAPTER XIII.

ELECTIONS AFFECTED BY PROHIBITION. SHARP CONTESTS
IN REPRESENTATIVE DISTRICTS. MY NOMINATION
AND ELECTION AS MAYOR OF PORTLAND.
REFERENCE IN MY INAUGURAL TO
PROHIBITORY LEGISLATION. AC-
TION OF CITY GOVERN-
MENT THEREON.

The law of 1846 had not found its way into the statutes of Maine without political action. Earnest men do not long permit themselves to ask legislatures in vain for what they are impelled by their consciences to seek, without endeavoring to make up those bodies of men who will vote there for what is demanded by those who elect them. Again and again, as we have seen, beginning with 1837, the more active among the temperance men of Maine had been asking for Prohibition, only to be refused by the legislators. Something more than petitioning must be done, if they were to obtain what they asked; that could only be done at the polls.

Immediately upon the advent of the prohibitory agitation it began to have its effect, almost imperceptibly, here and there through the state, in the election of members of the legislature. The prepara-

tory school for this had been furnished in the local-option law under which, to some extent since 1829, and much more frequently after 1835, voters in the various municipalities had acted, without reference to general politics, upon the question of license or no-license in their respective towns.

In these contests temperance Democrats and Whigs found, perhaps in some cases to their surprise, that they could act together with reference to any question as to which they thought alike, without serious detriment to their personal comfort, happiness and well-being. Some of these contests, which were in the spring, developed feeling intense enough to last until fall, when party lines were drawn again for the state election.

Then it was natural that a temperance Democrat should prefer to vote for a Whig for representative to the legislature with whom he had acted in the spring for no-license, perhaps against the rumselling tavern-keeper, who was the nominee of his own party, and whom he had found favoring license a few months before. Similarly, a no-license Whig was more inclined to support a Democrat in September, who with him had opposed license in March, than to vote for the Whig candidate who might have been virulent in his opposition to the "temperance cranks." This was generally done quietly for fear of the party leaders, and for some time was only effective in close districts.

The numerous temperance meetings all tended in the same direction, with the result that there was a gradual weeding process, whereby those whose business or whose habits rendered them the most obnoxious to the temperance-element were left out of the

legislature. After a time it became apparent to the local political leaders on both sides that a licensed taverner or other liquor-seller was not available as a candidate, and such would not be nominated by either side. There were exceptions, but on the whole there was general progress in that direction, though sometimes there would be local reactions.

Meanwhile a healthier general sentiment upon the whole subject was being developed through the action of the various agencies and methods of work already noted. Shortly after the appearance of the "Liberty party" in the state this process proceeded more rapidly. Its two most conspicuous leaders were General James Appleton and General Samuel Fessenden, both most earnest friends of temperance. Its legislative nominees were without exception friends of Prohibition, and the few who succeeded at the polls, in the earlier days of that party, did so by the aid of temperance Democrats and Whigs in districts where the nominees of those two parties were inimical to Prohibition.

In those days it required a majority vote to elect members of the legislature, and in some instances where temperance men and Free-Soilers united on the same candidate the contests were exciting and prolonged. It fell to my lot on one occasion to occupy the position of independent candidate for the legislature from Portland. It happened this way: Politically, Portland was ordinarily Whig, in the days of that party, by a safe margin, but at the state election of 1847, two of its three Whig candidates for the legislature failed of an election. One was William Pitt Fessenden, who, having already served one term in Congress, was about re-entering politics.

A day or two after the state election, Mr. Fessenden called on me and inquired as to the reasons for the opposition to his election. The conversation resulted in explanations satisfactory to the friends of Prohibition, and at the special election called to fill the two vacancies he was chosen. His associate was Hon. Phineas Barnes. Mr. Barnes was a gentleman of marked ability, unexceptional life, of positive opinions, and of a sufficient degree of firmness to hold him steadfast to whatever position he had taken. He was at that time the editor of the Whig paper in Portland. He also had an interview with me in which he declared himself unwilling to support the measure the temperance men desired. I gave him to understand that the temperance men would not support him, and he replied, "I will bide my time, and we will see who will get the worst of it." His election was again prevented, though he had a large plurality.

Between this and the next balloting, political, business, and social pressure had been brought to bear so heavily upon the temperance candidate that he declined to run again, and for want of any one else disposed to bear the brunt of the now bitter struggle, I was made a candidate in his place. After this there were seven ballotings, in two of which I received more votes than either of the regular candidates, before the contest was decided by the election of Mr. Barnes. This struggle lasted long enough for a captain of a Portland vessel, engaged in the West India trade, to start on a trip to Cuba, after voting at the first trial, and return in season to vote at the last.

An amusing incident connected with that voyage to Cuba was related to me by my friend, the captain referred to. One day while his vessel was at a

West India port, an English man-of-war engaged in practice-firing at a mark, a hogshead having been moored at some distance to serve as such. After several ineffectual shots from "Her Majesty's ship," my friend, the captain of the Portland merchantman, caused its "Long-Tom" to be loaded. Then training it on the mark he fired and blew the hogshead into smithereens. A few moments after he saw a boat put off from the Englishman and make for his vessel. Soon a young English naval officer, in full uniform, came over the side of the Portland ship, and, with great difficulty suppressing his own amusement, succeeded finally in asking in the name of the commandant of "Her Majesty's ship" if the destruction of that mark was intended as an insult. Everything of the kind was disclaimed. Then my friend quietly assured his visitor that his only intent was to show the Englishmen how to fire, whereat the officer most politely withdrew, leaving the captain with a private assurance that he had made a most capital shot.

During all that contest the city, or at least the political part of its population, was much stirred up. Political, personal, and social ties and friendships were disturbed with lasting unpleasantness. For years the relations between Mr. Barnes and myself were much strained, but as his correct, honorable, and useful life was drawing to its close, a message from him to me led to mutual expressions of most kindly feeling.

Among other more fortunate effects of that prolonged contest, politicians of both sides learned through it that the temperance men of Maine were much in earnest, and for reasonable cause would be likely to interfere with the plans of party leaders.

To prevent such troublesome contests in the future, and to weaken the influence of independent political movements, the plurality system was adopted in the choice of representatives to the legislature. To this the temperance men said: "Well, we can easier obtain a plurality than a majority of votes, and, if need be, will set about it."

With the enactment of the law of 1846, the movement for Prohibition became marked as a disturbing element in the politics of Maine. On the one hand, its friends were earnest in their desire that it should be so amended as to make it more effective; on the other, the attempt to enforce even its inadequate penalties had excited a virulent opposition, not only to the law and its friends, but to the principle it embodied. When, therefore, the time for the nomination of members of the next legislature drew near, both sides were evident in political caucuses and conventions.

Numerous petitions had been presented to the legislature of 1849 asking for the passage of a law which, as I said before the committee to which the petitions were presented, would enable the authorities to "ferret out and suppress the grog-shops." Many of the provisions sought at that time were similar to those afterwards incorporated in the law of 1851. The measure, debated at length in both houses of the legislature, passed both branches and was sent to the executive. This was in the closing days of the session. By a constitutional provision, if a bill was sent to the governor within three days of adjournment he could retain it for consideration until the third day of the next session. Accordingly, on the last day, Governor Dana, in a message to the legisla-

ture, stated that the provisions of the bill were so extraordinary that he was not prepared to approve it and withheld it for further consideration.

Almost immediately petitions began to pour in upon the Governor, urging him to approve the bill, thousands so expressing their desire for the law, but they availed nothing. At the opening of the next legislature, just before he retired from office, Governor Dana sent a veto message to the house. From that day to this nothing has been urged against Prohibition that was not expressed or implied in what Governor Dana had to say nearly half a century ago. Since then, whether emanating from pulpit, from bench, from the halls of legislation, or from any other center from which influences beneficial to the people are supposed to radiate, or from behind the bars of open grog-shops, from the moral miasma generated in hotbeds of vice and crime, or from any other quarter inimical to enlightenment and progress, all that has been urged against Prohibition has been little else than a repetition of what that message contained.

What Governor Dana said might be urged with equal force against the entire criminal code. Laws may not make men honest, but in prohibiting the reception of stolen goods they lessen temptations to theft; legislation may not make men virtuous, but in prohibiting specified acts it reduces allurements to vice. Criminals, to avoid detection, wink at the suppression of truth, encourage falsehood, and perpetrate perjury when they can thus evade penalties. Detectives often run down a criminal by deceiving and holding out false pretenses. Yet Governor Dana did not suggest a reconstruction of the criminal laws of Maine, that thieves, burglars, and other malefactors

might, through a general permission to commit crime in the open, be relieved of the temptation to deceit and hypocrisy incident to efforts to escape punishment.

The house refused to pass the bill over the veto, and it failed, therefore, to become a law. That veto, though not unexpected by the friends of Prohibition, was nevertheless a great disappointment. It had long been known that the Governor was carefully considering whether he should approve the measure, and it was feared that matters of a purely political nature were having great weight in his deliberations. He was taking counsel of some of the leaders of his party, and when finally the veto came it was believed that it was prompted by their fear that the law would prove disastrous to the political organization of which he was the titular head in the state.

Governor Dana's political life ended with that veto. Two years later, substantially the same measure became a law, having been passed in both branches by an overwhelming vote and approved by his successor in the gubernatorial chair. Subsequently, after a test of many years' experience, by a popular vote of more than three to one, the policy of Prohibition was made a part of the fundamental law of the state. Had Governor Dana lived a few years longer, he would have seen, through the direct and indirect influence of the policy he contemned, a large portion of his state practically freed from the evils which he predicted would only be increased thereby.

Disappointed, to be sure, but not discouraged, by the action of Governor Dana, the friends of Prohibition began anew. Petitions for a prohibitory law were again circulated and presented to the legislature. I explained and advocated before the special com-

mittee to which they were referred substantially the same bill which was afterwards known as "the Maine law." The committee reported favorably, and the bill passed the house, but was lost in the senate by a tie vote. Governor Dana had by this time yielded the executive chair to Governor Hubbard. Nevertheless, so large a vote in the legislature favorable to a bill substantially the same as that vetoed by the retiring governor was a matter of great encouragement to its friends.

The legislature in both branches was largely in political sympathy with Governor Dana, who was a man of ability and influence, and justly entitled to leadership among his political associates. The willingness, therefore, of so many to go on record in opposition to his views indicated the deep hold which Prohibition had obtained upon the people of Maine. Such action naturally threatened discord in the dominant political organization, yet a large number of its voters were willing to risk that, if need be, for the sake of the advantages sure to inure to society from the outlawry of a traffic the evil effects of which were apparent on every hand. From that legislative action it was evident that Prohibition was to come to the front with the approval of the people of Maine, whatever should befall political leaders and whatever might happen to political parties.

The bill, which had so nearly become a law, was published and extensively circulated through the state after the adjournment of the legislature. I wrote a series of articles, analyzing and explaining its features. It attracted much attention, and was discussed in temperance meetings generally. Its friends in all parties labored in their respective primaries and

conventions to secure nominees for the legislature favorable to its provisions. After the election petitions were circulated, asking for the passage of that particular measure.

Such was the general condition of public sentiment when, some time in the winter of 1850-51, my attention was called to the matter of becoming a candidate for mayor of Portland. It was urged that my nomination and election, because of my thorough identification with the policy of Prohibition, would be of great advantage to that movement. But there were some difficulties in the way. It was not probable that an independent nomination would result in my election, and although I was nominally a Whig I had so frequently bolted that ticket that it was hardly to be expected that Whig leaders would take kindly to the suggestion. It was, however, finally decided in a council of a few of our friends to appeal to the rank and file of the party, where many strong temperance men were to be found.

The custom was for the Whigs of the various wards to choose delegates, who afterwards in convention selected a candidate whose name was then presented at a mass-meeting on the eve of election for ratification, or nomination. This latter gathering, to be sure, was only a matter of form, the selection made by the leaders in the convention being invariably endorsed at the mass-meeting. That year, however, matters were different. The Whig ward-caucuses were unusually large, surprisingly so to the old leaders of the party, who saw the management taken out of their hands by men rarely attending to details of party affairs. The delegates chosen voted to recommend my name to the ratifying mass-meeting, and then the fight was on.

The federal offices in Portland were held by the Whigs under the Taylor-Fillmore administration. The non-interference of officials with party management had not then been preached to any effective extent, and the collector of the port and the postmaster of the city, both most estimable gentlemen, made it very evident that they were opposed in general to having the management taken out of their hands, and especially, particularly, and earnestly to my nomination. To be frank, I was not surprised that they were unfavorable to my selection. It would have been a matter for wonder had they favored it.

Whatever their real motive may have been, they had a sound enough objection from a party point of view to urge against me. I was not a "reliable" Whig. I had "bolted" the regular nominees of that party, was "likely to do it again," they urged. They dwelt especially upon the representative struggle of three or four years before; they referred to the fact that more recently enough votes had been given to me to prevent the election by the people of the regular Whig candidate for mayor, the official at that time serving. No man, they insisted, with such a party record as that, was entitled to a party nomination.

The day intervening between the choice of the delegates and the assembling of the convention was used by the leaders in efforts to convince delegates that I ought not to be nominated; but meeting with no success in the convention they turned their attention to the mass-meeting, and rallied quite a following there to aid an effort to prevent the ratification of the nomination reported by the mayoralty convention. The mass-meeting assembled in the old City Hall, which had witnessed so many contests over the

temperance question. When the motion was made that my nomination be ratified, the collector took the floor and made an earnest speech against it. I was a "bolter," he said. I had run against the regular party nominee; I was no Whig and ought not to be nominated by Whigs, and if nominated would have no claim upon the party for support.

The opposition manifested by those leaders during the day had led to an unusual attendance at the mass-meeting, with my friends largely in the majority. To add to the certainty of the discomfiture of the collector, the Hon. Henry Carter, now Judge Carter, of Haverhill, Mass.,* at the time editor of the Whig daily paper of Portland, called the attention of the meeting to the fact that the collector had appointed to positions in the Custom House temperance Whigs who had bolted in 1847 with me, and insisted that if those Whigs were to be permitted to warm their feet in the customs service, while other regular Whigs desiring their positions were left out in the cold, the gentleman suggested by the mayoralty convention was a good enough Whig to be supported by the party after having been proposed as a candidate in the orthodox Whig way. This ingenious appeal to the disappointed "outs" of the party added to the temperance-element already in control of the meeting such a contingent of the active workers of the party that my nomination was overwhelmingly ratified.

The leaders of the discomfited minority, however, were not satisfied. After the adjournment they called together a few of their trusted retainers, had the Whig ticket printed for the various wards, straight in every particular except that it bore as

* Since deceased.

that of a candidate for mayor the name of a highly respectable citizen, Hon. Joseph C. Noyes, elsewhere referred to as at one time president of the Maine Temperance Union. They organized a corps of vote-distributors for work at the polls the next day, and took other measures to defeat me. Mr. Noyes had no opportunity to prevent this use of his name, as he knew nothing about it until he saw it upon the bolting ticket when he went to the polls.

My friends were taken by surprise as completely as was Mr. Noyes, knowing nothing about it until the polls opened, and were, therefore, at some disadvantage. Nevertheless, when the votes were counted, it was found that I had received a majority of those cast in the city proper. But the "islands," which in those days sometimes voted and sometimes did not, threw so many votes for my competitor, who afterwards was better known as General, and still later as United States Judge, George F. Shepley, that I lacked eleven votes of an election. There was no choice.

The outcome was more of a disappointment to the leaders than to my friends. The former had prevented my election, to be sure, but they were astounded upon learning that, despite their efforts, I had received more votes than had ever been given to any candidate for mayor, save one, in the history of Portland, and this though they had led off in their bolt twenty-five per cent of the normal Whig vote of the city. These figures convinced them that, if my friends had not been taken by surprise, my election would have been sure. They decided, therefore, not to "vote in the air" at the next trial, which, under the provisions of the charter would be in about two weeks, but to vote for the Democratic nominee.

Various expedients were adopted by them to make sure of my discomfiture on that day. One was to send some of the active temperance Whigs, holding official positions under the United States government, out of the city, to attend to some official business trumped up for the occasion, thus depriving me of their votes and assistance at the polls. But it was of no avail. Steam was up, and my friends, having been forewarned, were ready for the emergency, and I was elected by a larger vote than had ever before been given to a candidate for mayor of Portland, and by a majority which had been exceeded but twice in its history.

The Whig paper, referring to the result the next day, said that there were probably more Democrats who had voted for me than there were Whigs who had opposed me. But that was cold comfort for the men who had organized and led the movement for my defeat.

As far as I can recall, the only points urged against me in the canvass by the Democrats were that I was a "ramrod" of the very stiffest kind, and an "abolitionist." It was important, therefore, they insisted, both in the interest of "reasonable" treatment of the liquor question and the "Union," which they alleged to be in peril because of the abolitionists, that I should be defeated. The Union, however, survived my election, and I expect to show that the liquor question was treated during my administration in the most "reasonable" manner possible.

Among the aldermen elected to the city government was my old friend and co-worker in temperance, William W. Thomas. I may here mention that when, four years later, I was again elected mayor, Mr.

Thomas also consented to serve as alderman. My election was naturally regarded as a distinct triumph of the temperance element of the city, although the "regularity" of my nomination unquestionably led Whigs to support me who had little sympathy either with my opinions or my methods touching what to me was the most important issue, viz.: the enforcement of the existing laws against the grog-shops. It was no less due, therefore, to the temperance element than it was in accord with my own wishes and judgment that the opponents of the liquor-traffic should not be disappointed. I determined to meet their just expectations if possible.

For years my name had been the target for epithets of every kind and abuse in every form, save that through it all my personal and business integrity was not questioned. I had now been elected mayor by a larger vote than any other candidate for that position had ever received, and that without having abated any of my zeal, or changed any of my methods in laboring for the cause to which I had for years been devoted. In view of that fact, my election was most convincing evidence that something had been accomplished toward the creation of a healthy public sentiment with reference to the great evil I had been so long combating.

Here it seems not inappropriate to say something of what Portland was at that time—more than thirty years ago. It has greatly increased in population, in wealth, and in the number and character of its buildings. Everywhere are evidences of thrift and prosperity far in advance of what was then enjoyed. Then, with a population but little more than half its present number, there were more indications of

extreme poverty than are now to be found. I will not state here what in my opinion has been a potent influence in this particular change.

I will say that it has been my frequent privilege to conduct about the city, gentlemen from various parts of this country and Great Britain in recent years — men who had traveled extensively and were familiar with conditions in many cities in this and other lands. Repeatedly have I heard them say that nowhere in all their travels had they found in a place, approaching the size of Portland, so few indications of extreme, abject poverty as here. Sometimes after a drive of an hour or two over the city, covering every part of its three miles in length and three-quarters in width, they would say, “Now show us where your poor people live.” “I have already done so.” “Impossible! We have seen no such poverty as we refer to.” “Do you remember the names of some of the streets we have passed through?” “Yes.” “Well, here is a policeman, let us inquire.” I would ask the officer to tell the gentlemen the names of the streets inhabited by the poorest portions of our population. As he would mention the names and the places were recalled by the visitors they would exclaim, “Remarkable!” “Wonderful!” “We have never seen the like before!” Many times have I had occasion for just such conversations, with the same results. A man can but feel pleasure at such testimony as to his native city, the place at once of his birth, his life and his labors. To that, in another line, I am able to add that this country has not passed through a financial crisis or a period of depression for years when it has not been a matter for remark among those who have been so situated as to know.

that Portland — and for that matter the state of Maine — has borne it with comparative ease.

I will not say what I think has contributed so largely to all this, which must be so gratifying to every loyal son of Maine at home or abroad; but I will say that if the liquor-traffic is permitted to recover the ground it has lost in Maine he who thirty years hereafter shall write of conditions here will be unable to bear such testimony as I have given.

In writing of the natural advantages of Portland I may be suspected of having a partiality for my home, and I quote from an article written by one of these strangers to whom I have referred, just after the close of my first term as mayor. It was published then in a southern paper, the writer being a citizen of a southern state. Its somewhat florid rhetoric cannot conceal the natural beauties it essays to portray. While in many respects, as we have seen, Portland has greatly changed for the better since then, her natural scenery and advantages remain the same:

“I could but wonder that the southern tourist, who is so often content with the tame scenery and steaming, overcrowded saloons of Saratoga, should rarely ever extend his pilgrimage to Portland, the commercial capital of this hardy, enterprising and ocean-laved state. Once let the annual southern tide of fashion set into the emerald waters of Casco Bay, it would forever flow there as constant as the migrations of birds of passage.

“Portland would arrest and detain the southron on his way to the White Hills of New Hampshire, and weave a web of lasting enchantment around his senses. Nor to the senses alone would the charm be limited. It would enchain the judgment and the affections, as I will, in advance, forewarn the traveler that the moral and intellectual fascinations of Portland are not exceeded even by the charms of her glorious scenery.

“Portland is situated on a peninsula on the western extremi-

ty of Casco Bay, looking eastward and northeastward over the three hundred islands that gem the pale blue background of that peerless ocean picture. There the sea is a living, tossing element, a thing of life, that has not gone to take a siesta on some tame and interminable stretch of sand-shore, as in the southern coasts; there the tides roll in and dash upon their rocky and sublime barriers as if they were in earnest, loved the sports of the watery gymnasium.

“How beautiful and sublime from the sea is Portland — a city three miles in length, by three-fourths of a mile in width, rising like an amphitheatre between two hills, with regular streets, magnificently embowered with the wide-spreading, ancient elms, the maples and the lindens. On the hill where the ruins of the old provincial Fort Sumner are still visible stands the lofty observatory. With me, southron, ascend it, and confess that the scenery from the top of the Bunker Hill monument is tame in comparison. Look all over the county of Cumberland, and see scores of snow-white villas and villages throw tower and spire heavenward. Look seaward; the three hundred isles of Casco Bay, a perfect, linked bead-work of beauty, stretch away to the northeast. South-easterly, the eye wanders, unobstructed, save by distance, over the breast of the Atlantic, that touches the fast-anchored isle of Britain.

“Look to the northwest. Heavens, what sublimity! The giant White Hills of New Hampshire stand there, cold and passionless, with their gray sides brightening upward into pale blue, then into white, commercing with the feathery clouds; or, perhaps, overlooking a black thunder-storm growling in vain far below the everlasting silence of their sentinel summits.”

My friend, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, so well known in connection with the Robert college in Constantinople, told me that on board a steamer at some point in the Mediterranean the attention of a group of passengers, of whom he was one, was called to the scenery, when one of the party remarked: “I have never seen anything finer than that, save from what is called the Eastern Promenade in the city of Portland, Maine, in the United States.” Whereupon Dr. Hamlin intro-

duced himself as familiar with that view, and was able to endorse the testimony of the stranger as to the delightful outlook afforded from that point in Portland.

To return to the matter of my election as mayor, I was inaugurated on the twenty-fourth of April, 1851, and my address, which covered as well the topics ordinarily treated in such papers, after referring to the supposed necessity for a new almshouse and house of correction, contained the following:

“In my opinion the present almshouse is sufficiently spacious and may be rendered comfortable and well arranged, at a very small expense, for the decent and proper maintenance of all those who would be thrown upon the city for support, but for the illegal traffic in intoxicating drinks.

“I call your attention to this latter subject, as one of deep importance to the city, in every point of view. The illegal traffic in intoxicating drinks is an evil of frightful magnitude, and has been rapidly increasing among us within the two or three years past. The inevitable tendency of this traffic is to impoverish and degrade the people; to convert sober men and good citizens into drunkards and bad members of society; to corrupt the young and inexperienced — and to render many families wretched as well as poor — which but for this business, would be prosperous and happy. Our almshouses, our jails, hospitals, lunatic asylums, and our prisons are filled with the miserable victims of this odious traffic, which is the fruitful parent of every species of misery, vice and crime, in every degree of intensity — while it has no redeeming feature; it carries poverty, pauperism, degradation, crime, and death to thousands, while it benefits nobody.

“There is no fact better established than this, that the traffic in intoxicating drinks tends more to the degradation and impoverishment of the people than all other causes of evil combined; its existence is incompatible with the general welfare and prosperity of the community. All classes of society have the deepest interest in its suppression. As a question of domestic and political economy, of earnings and savings, of annual accumulating wealth to the city, this subject demands the highest consideration. I have good reason

to believe that a very large majority of the people of this city and of the state, are in favor of the adoption of some effectual measures for the suppression of a business which is at war with every principle of humanity and enlightened patriotism, and which violates the law of God as well as the law of the land.

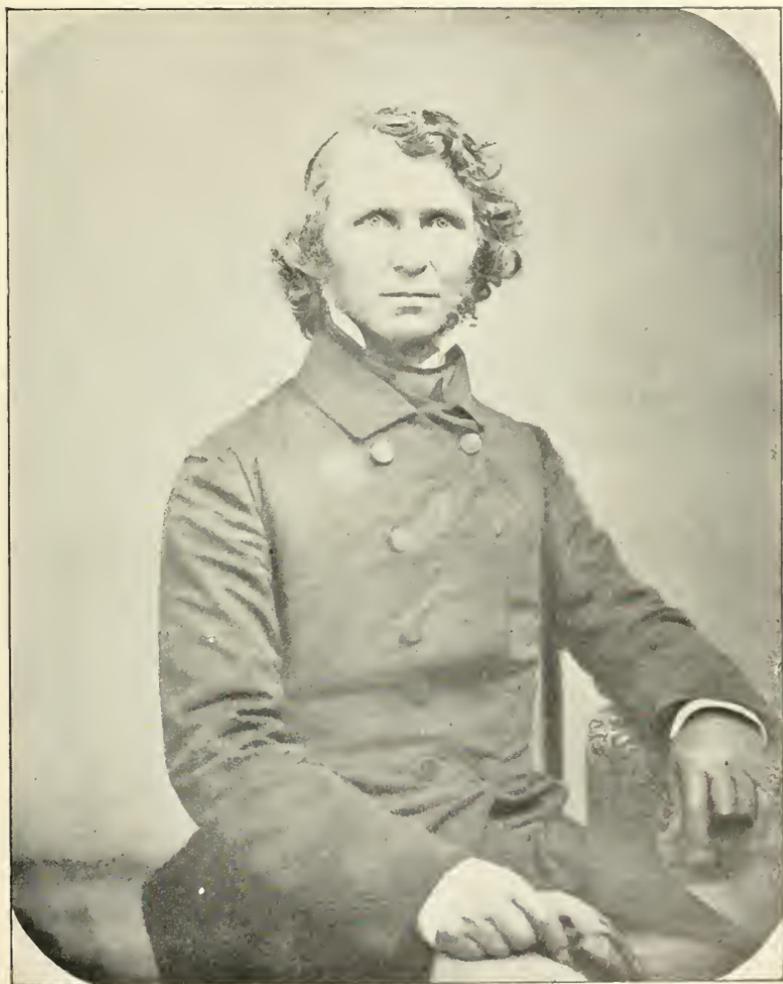
“I have only to add, that any measure you may think it proper to adopt, tending to restrain or to suppress this traffic, shall have my cordial co-operation. This subject is now exciting the attention of the people of all the states of the Union; and it has been considered so important by the people of Ohio and Michigan, that a provision has been inserted in the recently revised constitutions of those states, depriving their legislatures of the power of enacting any law to grant licenses for the sale of intoxicating drinks, and providing that such liquors shall only be sold for medicinal and mechanical purposes.

“In the larger towns and cities in this state, no decisive movement can be made to suppress the numerous drinking houses and tippling shops by which they are infested without the enactment of a law for that purpose which shall be sufficiently stringent in its provisions and summary in its processes to effect its objects. I commend this subject to your attention, as one eminently worthy your regard.”

That portion of my message relating to the liquor-traffic was referred to a special committee which subsequently reported:

“Resolved, That the illegal traffic in intoxicating drinks is highly injurious to every community in which it is tolerated; that it tends directly to impoverish and degrade the people; that it is the cause of a large proportion of the pauperism and crime which exist among us; that it tends to seduce the young and inexperienced from the path of virtue, and to produce bad men and bad citizens, while it benefits nobody, and no interests, either public or private, are advanced by it.

“Resolved, That the city council regards the suppression of the illegal traffic in intoxicating drinks as an object of great public importance, which is only to be accomplished effectually by the enactment of a law for that purpose, stringent in its provisions and summary in its processes; and that they believe an act similar in its provisions to that



NEAL DOW AT 47 YEARS.

reported at the last session of the legislature will enable the authorities of the city to suppress that traffic within its limits promptly.

“Resolved, That the representatives to the legislature from this city be requested to use their best efforts to procure the passage of the bill referred to, or of some other bill which will be equally effective in its operation.”

The resolutions were passed unanimously in both boards, as was also the following order:

“Ordered, that the mayor, Aldermen Charles Jones and William W. Thomas be a committee, with such as the common council may join, to visit Augusta during the session of the present legislature to present the foregoing resolutions to the representatives from this city, and to express to any committee which may be appointed by the legislature to consider this subject the opinions and wishes of the city council in relation to it, and that said committee be authorized to add to their number such persons as they may think proper from the citizens at large to join them in their visit to Augusta for the purposes aforesaid.”

The lower board added its president, William G. Kimball, and Messrs. Nathaniel Walker, Hanson M. Hart, Veranus C. Hanson, Moses Russell, and William Hoit. Mr. Walker was the only Democrat in the list, that party having no representative in the upper, and but three in the lower, board. Of that committee, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Hart,* and myself are the sole survivors. This committee, however, was not completed until after the Maine Law had actually been reported to the legislature, and those of its members who subsequently went to Augusta found nothing for them to do but to urge its passage.

* Mr. Hart survived General Dow a few months.

CHAPTER XIV.

PREPARATION OF THE MAINE LAW. ITS ENACTMENT.
INCIDENTS. THE TEXT OF THAT MEASURE.

The legislature that had been elected in the fall of 1850, was strongly Democratic, and was to meet in May, 1851. That was to be the last summer session of that body, as by a change in the Constitution it was thereafter to assemble in the winter. It was understood, however, that this session would be short, with an early adjournment to the next January. If the measure I desired should be postponed till that time, my term of office as mayor would be practically over before it could become a law. If, therefore, I was to have an opportunity, which I much desired, to enforce such legislation as I was to ask for, it must be enacted at the session close at hand.

The matter of drafting a prohibitory bill was not new to me, as I had drawn up two or three. Nevertheless, I was anxious that the one in process of construction, and which I had every reason to believe would be approved by the legislature, should be as perfect as possible in its details.

Before the action of the city council, referred to in the last chapter, I had carefully redrawn the bill I

had advocated before the last legislature in order to eliminate any possible defects of a constitutional character that might have been overlooked. Having completed it to my own satisfaction, I submitted it to Edward Fox, then a practicing attorney of high standing in Portland, afterwards judge of the United States district court for Maine. Mr. Fox was at the time much in sympathy with the temperance movement, though not actively identified with it. He suggested a few changes, principally on technical points, which I accepted.

The bill was ready for presentation to the legislature when, through members of the city government friendly to the object, I initiated the movement leading to the appointment of the committee previously mentioned. I could now appear before the legislature to advocate my measure in an official character, rather than as an individual, as had before been the case, and it only remained to ascertain the best time for the purpose. Henry Carter was one of the representatives of the city in the legislature. Not long after the opening of the session, I wrote to him for information as to the best time for me to submit my bill. His reply was, "Come now, because we will adjourn finally in a few days."

I immediately went to Augusta, and there, in consultation with Senator William R. Porter, of Cumberland county, and Representative Noah Smith, Jr., from Calais, decided as to whom it would be desirable to have appointed upon the special committee which we proposed to have raised to report upon the measure I was to submit. Senator Porter was a Democrat, and Mr. Smith a prominent member of the Whig minority of the popular branch. Three years

later he became the speaker of that body, and subsequently, when the political control of Maine passed out of Democratic hands, secretary of state.

Having decided how the committee should be constituted, I called upon the presiding officers of the two branches. The president of the senate, Noah Prince, of Oxford county, was very friendly to our object. The speaker of the house, George P. Sewall, of Oldtown, was as earnestly opposed. Both, however, courteously consented to appoint in their respective bodies, should the committee be ordered, the gentlemen whose names I suggested.

On Thursday, May 22d, on motion of Mr. Smith, the house voted for the appointment of a joint special committee to consider the petitions relative to the traffic in liquors. The senate concurred the same day. The committee was made up, as previously agreed upon, of Senators William R. Porter, of Cumberland; Robert A. Chapman, of Oxford; Samuel C. Adams, of York; and Representatives Noah Smith, Jr., of Calais; Aaron Quinby, of Westbrook; Ezekiel Holmes, of Winthrop; Alden Chase, of Woodstock; Jesse H. Nickerson, of Orrington; Alfred E. Berry, of Georgetown; and Rufus Sewall, of Chesterville. Politically the committee was classified as follows: Senators Porter and Chapman, and Representatives Quinby, Chase, and Berry, were Democrats; Senator Adams, and Representatives Holmes and Sewall, were Free-Soilers, and Representatives Smith and Nickerson were Whigs.

The committee appointed a public hearing in Representatives' hall for the following Monday evening. At that time I appeared and went over the familiar ground, most of my speech being devoted to explain-

ing the novel and technical features of the bill. I closed with the pledge: "If you will enact this bill, the sun shall not rise on Portland, January, 1852, and find there a single open grog-shop." I shall show that I fully redeemed that pledge.

None appeared in opposition. At the close of the hearing, Representative Smith expressed himself satisfied with the measure, and moved that it be reported, as it was. His motion was adopted unanimously, and he was authorized to present it in the house. The rule of the legislature required bills of a public nature to be printed before consideration. The foreman of the state printing-office had formerly resided in Portland. He was an old Washingtonian temperance man, and a personal acquaintance of mine. I had quietly arranged with him to have the bill printed in the usual form, ready for distribution as soon as its printing had been ordered, assuring him that I would be personally responsible for any expense that might be incurred by reason of possible changes to be made in committee, which, constituted as that was, I did not deem probable. On the following morning, May 27th, Mr. Smith reported the bill in the house, and its printing was ordered in the usual course. As arranged, however, the printed copies were immediately laid upon the desks of the members.

On Thursday, the 29th of May, the bill came up for consideration. Mr. John C. Talbot, a Democratic member from Lubec, moved its postponement until the next, or January, session of the legislature. Mr. Talbot is yet living. He was the next speaker of the house, and, I think, for more than twenty years, the last Democrat who occupied that position. He was

a man of ability, integrity, and high standing. Often after that date he was a member of the legislature, and more than thirty years later was a member of the house over which my son presided as speaker.

The motion of Mr. Talbot to postpone was lost by a vote of 89 to 16. Thereupon, Mr. Carter, of Portland, called for the previous question, and the bill was put upon its passage and was ordered to be engrossed by a vote of 81 to 40. Politically the votes were classified: For the bill, 42 Democrats, 31 Whigs, and 8 Free-Soilers; against it, 25 Democrats and 15 Whigs.

The next day, May 30th, the bill came up in the senate, and under suspension of the rules was put on its passage to be engrossed. It was attacked by Senator Cary, of Aroostook county, in a vigorous speech. Mr. Cary had been a member of Congress, was a man of much native force and talent, and quite an acceptable speaker at Democratic rallies and conventions. In the course of his speech he gave considerable attention to me in phraseology intended by him to be more damaging than complimentary. Mr. Cary referred to the bill as the "mere effervescence of the fanaticism of the city of Portland." The following are some of his expressions:

"This new manifestation of the spirit of fanaticism originated in the city of Portland under the auspices of that prince of fanatics, the present Mayor of that city. . . . It embodies the ultra notions of the wring-necks of that city, of whom the Mayor is chief. Has the legislature of Maine, and a Democratic legislature, too, become so lost to dignity and self-respect, as to sit here the registrar of the inquisitorial edicts of the temperance fanatics of Portland, headed by its popinjay Mayor, a Whig abolitionist of the most ultra stripe? I met the Mayor the other day on the stairway. He is a pretty little dapper man, goes well dressed, wears a nice blue jacket and fancy vest and his hat cocked on one side of his head. He succeeded in getting his bill reported by the com-

mittee, word for word and letter for letter, as it was prepared for them. I do not expect to make any impression on the senate, I do not belong to the powers that be. I train in a different company. I do not expect to have any influence in the party until the reign of niggerism and fanaticism is over. A few years ago the jackdaw Mayor of Portland, this man with the fancy vest, who got up the precious document the legislature is called upon to register, was at the head of the nigger movement in that city. He was formerly a Federalist, but Federalism alone was not low enough for his instincts, and he joined the abolition movement; but even Abolitionism was not strong enough for his diseased palate, and he has added temperanceism to his former stock of humbugs. Is this Federal-abolition-wring-neck to be allowed to dictate to a Democratic legislature what enactments it shall pass? Talk with the Mayor. Does he pretend to be a Democrat? No. He never had and never can have a Democratic feeling or pulsation. He is a Federalist at heart, of the alien and sedition law stripe. Why should he, the Lord Mayor of Portland, come down here with his rum bill, all cut and dried, for this legislature to enact into a law? Was it for any good to the democracy? What does the fop Mayor of Portland care about the democracy? Why, all he cares about it is to overturn the democracy of the state and put himself at the top of the heap by heading this wring-neck temperance movement as he headed the abolition movement. We have two kinds of bees, one small and not handsome, but useful, the honey-bee. A swarm of this sort of bees have a king bee or queen bee, bigger than any of the rest. The mode of making him is said to be this: They take the largest maggot they can find and by some sort of process not fully understood continue to grow it into a bee of immense size, and install it as the king or queen bee, whom all the little bees fall down and worship. The temperance fanatics have imitated the example of the honey-bee in this respect. They have taken the Mayor of Portland, and by some process blown him up into a king bee, bigger than all the other bees in the hive. There is also another kind of bee, called the bumblebee, or humblebee, whom he likewise resembles in several respects. This bee is a big bee, a very big and pretty bee. It has a fine coat with pretty colors, and makes a great noise. In fact, it keeps up a tremendous buzz, buzz, buzz, wherever it goes. The house has been frightened into the passage of this bill by the buzzing of a humblebee."

At the close of Senator Cary's speech, after some fun at his expense caused by one or two other senators, the yeas and nays were called, and the bill was ordered to be engrossed by a vote of 18 to 10, divided politically as follows: For the bill, 14 Democrats; 3 Whigs; 1 Free Soiler; against it, 10 Democrats.

The bill would come up in the house for final passage the next day. It was not usual for measures to be attacked at that stage, but there was no rule preventing it. Senator Cary's sonorous oratory had drawn many of the popular branch from their seats into the senate-chamber during its delivery, and I thought it possible that some one among them might be induced to imitate him when the bill should come up in that body on its passage to be enacted. This apprehension was increased somewhat by the action of the speaker, by whose side, through his courtesy, I was occupying a chair.

Several acts and resolves were on the desk awaiting final passage. He looked these over, selected one, which I observed was the bill in which I was interested, and laid it aside. He then put the vote for final passage upon all the others collectively in the ordinary way. Those disposed of, he took up the roll he had laid aside, and, looking carefully over the house, slowly and distinctly read the title of the act:

“An Act for the Suppression of Drinking Houses and Tippling Shops.”

Then he paused and looked over the house again. No member rose: no one of them all “caught the speaker's eye.” The pause was not long, only a few seconds, but to at least one anxious friend of the bill, each second seemed a minute, and a minute would have been an interminable time. Then deliberately,

with a perceptible pause between each word, the long formula in vogue in the passage of bills to be enacted was put. Holding the roll in his hand, the speaker said:

“Bill, an act entitled, An Act for the Suppression of Drinking Houses and Tippling Shops. This bill, having had its three several readings, and having been passed to be engrossed, is now reported by the committee on engrossed bills as truly and strictly engrossed. Is it the pleasure of the house that the bill shall now pass to be enacted?”

The seconds now seemed to multiply in number and increase in length, during which the speaker scanned the silent house. “It is a vote. The bill will now be signed by the speaker and sent to the senate,” said the chair. The speaker had taken so much more time than was ordinarily given to bills in that stage that I could not refrain from laughingly inquiring of him, “Don’t you wish you could have said, ‘It is not a vote!’” But there was no reply. He was in no mood for pleasantries.

Immediately after the speaker had signed the bill I took it to the senate. There the president promised that there should be no delay. It promptly passed to be enacted in that body, and I took it to the governor. Just as I entered the executive chamber with the bill I had so carefully watched through the legislature, several, perhaps half a dozen, members were passing out. I thought nothing of the incident at the moment, but was subsequently informed that they were a self-constituted committee of the Democratic majority of the legislature which had been laboring with the governor to induce him to follow the example of his immediate predecessor, and veto the bill. That

course was urged upon him by two or three senators and representatives who had but a short time before voted for the measure.

The governor naturally questioned them as to the consistency of such advice. To this they replied that they had been constrained to vote for it by the politicians' first law of political self-preservation; the vote margin in their districts between their party and their Whig competitors was small, the radical temperance men holding the balance of power; in a score of contests in various parts of the state these had demonstrated their willingness to use their votes whenever necessary to secure a legislator favorable to Prohibition. Attention was called to the fact that familiar faces were missing from both branches of that legislature, and their absence was thought to be due to opposition to a law which had been submitted the previous year, and which was substantially the same as the one for which they had just voted. The position of the governor, they urged upon him, was quite different. He had received at both of his elections more than nine thousand plurality. There was no danger to him, so those gentlemen said, from the temperance vote, and they believed that he could, with political safety, veto the measure, of which it was thought he did not personally approve.

Governor Hubbard, however, as he afterwards informed me, reminded those gentlemen that they had voted for the bill. Their record was public. He was bound to believe that their vote, as thus recorded, represented their convictions. It was neither his duty nor his desire to relieve them from the position in which they had placed themselves. They had admitted, in voting for the measure, that they were

representing the wishes of their constituents. They must not ask him to disregard the public will that they had obeyed, and heed their private opinions and personal wishes, which they had concealed by their votes. Two sessions of the legislature, the Governor said, had been occupied in discussing and maturing the subject. It had passed both houses by a vote of about two-thirds. It could not be looked upon, therefore, as hasty and inconsiderate legislation, which alone would authorize the interposition of the veto, a power which the Constitution did not contemplate as a part of the ordinary process of legislation. He would not use it in this case unless upon a careful examination of the bill he should find in it defects too grave to be overlooked.

All this had passed between the Governor and some of his political associates before I saw him, but I did not learn of it until more than a year later, when as will be shown, Governor Hubbard and I found ourselves co-operating politically.

Presenting myself to the Governor, I handed him the bill bearing the official certification of its passage by both houses. He received me courteously, took the paper without a word that would indicate his views upon the subject, put it in his pocket, and, saying that he would have an opportunity to consider it carefully the next day, Sunday, at his home, only a short distance from the capital, turned our conversation to general topics. After a few moments of friendly intercourse, I took my leave.

There was now nothing for it but to await the executive act which was to put in my hands the weapon I wished to use in Portland in the contest of the people against the liquor-traffic, or to relegate

it to the archives of the state to repose among other dusty reminders that the will of the people does not always find expression in the acts of their servants.

I felt that there was ground for hope in the character and antecedents of Governor Hubbard. As far as I know, he had up to that time, manifested no special interest in the temperance reform in the state; I do not know that he did not consider it entirely right and proper to indulge in an occasional glass of intoxicants, but he was known to be a man of the people, and not distinctively a politician. A practicing physician, with a large clientage that had helped him to an election to the state senate from a strong Whig district, he had been made the Democratic candidate for governor in 1849 because of his personal popularity in an exigency in the history of his party when it found it necessary to select the most available man to retrieve its fortunes, which had been somewhat impaired the year before.

In 1848, under the influence of the Van Buren national campaign, the Liberal party in Maine had thrown in the September election a sufficiently large vote to prevent a choice of governor by the people. The same had happened in 1846, for the first time in the history of the state, and Democratic politicians, in their anxiety to change this condition of things, had abandoned their old-time policy in the matter of a gubernatorial candidate.

Before the nomination of Dr. Hubbard, his party had, I think, invariably taken its candidates for governor from the list of its leaders trained in the conduct of political affairs, but in this case it had abandoned that practice. Governor Hubbard, up to the time of his election, had had but little to do with

the politicians of his party. The leading Whig paper of the state, upon his accession to office in 1850, had said of him:

“The leaders of both factions of his party already evidently feel very uncomfortable with John Hubbard for their governor. They look at him with a sort of dread. They evidently feel that he will at least need a great deal of training before he will answer their purpose, and all, as yet, stand aloof from him as if debating the question, ‘Who shall try him first?’”

The event proved that Governor Hubbard had the requisite strength of character to resist the solicitations of some of his party leaders to veto the bill, and on Monday, June 2d, he announced his approval of it. The text of the law is as follows:

An Act for the Suppression of Drinking Houses and Tippling Shops.

Section 1. No person shall be allowed at any time, to manufacture or sell, by himself, his clerk, servant or agent, directly or indirectly, any spirituous or intoxicating liquors, or any mixed liquors, a part of which is spirituous or intoxicating, except as hereafter provided.

Section 2. The selectmen of any town, and mayor and aldermen of any city, on the first Monday of May annually, or as soon thereafter as may be convenient, may appoint some suitable person as the agent of said town or city, to sell at some central or convenient place within said town or city, spirits, wines, or other intoxicating liquors, to be used for medicinal and mechanical purposes and no other; and said agent shall receive such compensation for his services as the board appointing him shall prescribe; and shall in the sale of such liquors, conform to such rules and regulations, as the selectmen or mayor and aldermen as aforesaid shall prescribe for that purpose. And such agent appointed as aforesaid, shall hold his situation for one year, unless sooner removed by the board from which he received his appointment, as he may be at any time at the pleasure of the board.

Section 3. Such agent shall receive a certificate from the mayor and aldermen or selectmen by whom he has been

appointed, authorizing him as the agent of such town or city, to sell intoxicating liquors for medicinal and mechanical purposes only; but such certificate shall not be delivered to the person so appointed until he shall have executed and delivered to said board, a bond with two good and sufficient sureties, in the sum of six hundred dollars, in substance as follows:

Know all men, that we, _____ as principal, and _____ and _____ as sureties, are holden and stand firmly bound to the inhabitants of the town of _____, (or city, as the case may be) in the sum of six hundred dollars, to be paid them, to which payment we bind ourselves, our heirs, executors, and administrators, firmly by these presents. Sealed with our seals, and dated this _____ day of _____ A. D.

The condition of this obligation is such, that whereas the above bounden _____ has been duly appointed as agent for the town (or city) of _____, to sell within and for and on account of said town (or city) intoxicating liquors for medicinal and mechanical purposes and no other, until the _____ of _____ A. D. _____, unless sooner removed from said agency.

Now if the said _____ shall in all respects conform to the provisions of the law relating to the business for which he is appointed, and to such rules and regulations as now are or shall be from time to time established by the board making the appointment, then this obligation to be void; otherwise to remain in full force.

Section 4. If any person, by himself, clerk, servant or agent, shall at any time sell any spirituous or intoxicating liquors, or any mixed liquors, part of which is intoxicating, in violation of the provision of this act, he shall forfeit and pay on the first conviction, ten dollars and the cost of prosecution, and shall stand committed until the same be paid; on the second conviction he shall pay twenty dollars and the cost of prosecution, and shall stand committed until the same be paid; on the third and every subsequent conviction he shall pay twenty dollars and the costs of prosecution and shall be imprisoned in the common jail not less than three months, nor more than six months, and in default of the payment of the fines and costs prescribed by this section for the first and second convictions, the convict shall not be entitled to the benefit of Chapter 175 of the Revised Statutes, until he shall have been imprisoned two months; and in default of payment of fines and costs provided for the third and every subsequent conviction, he shall not be entitled to the benefit of said Chapter 175 of the Revised Statutes, until he shall have been

imprisoned four months. And if any clerk, servant, agent, or other person in the employment or on the premises of another shall violate the provisions of this section, he shall be held equally guilty with the principal, and on conviction shall suffer the same penalty.

Section 5. Any forfeiture or penalty arising under the above section may be recovered by an action of debt, or by complaint before any justice of the peace, or judge of any municipal or police court, in the county where the offense was committed. And the forfeiture so recovered shall go to the town where the convicted party resides, for the use of the poor; and the prosecutor or complainant may be admitted as a witness in the trial. And if any one of the selectmen or board of mayor and aldermen shall approve of the commencement of any such suit, by endorsing his name upon the writ, the defendant shall in no event recover any costs; and in all actions of debt arising under this section, the fines and forfeitures suffered by the defendant shall be the same as if the action had been by complaint. And it shall be the duty of the mayor and aldermen of any city, and selectmen of any town, to commence an action in behalf of said town or city, against any person guilty of a violation of any of the provisions of this act, on being informed of the same, and being furnished with proof of the fact.

Section 6. If any person shall claim an appeal from a judgment rendered against him by any judge or justice, on trial of such action or complaint, he shall, before the appeal shall be allowed, recognize in the sum of one hundred dollars, with two good and sufficient sureties, in every case so appealed, to prosecute his appeal, and to pay all costs, fines and penalties that may be awarded against him, upon a final disposition of such suit or complaint. And before his appeal shall be allowed, he shall also, in every case, give a bond with two other good and sufficient sureties, running to the town or city where the offense was committed, in the sum of two hundred dollars, that he will not during the pendency of such appeal, violate any of the provisions of this act. And no recognizance or bond shall be taken in cases arising under this act except by the justices or judge before whom the trial was had; and the defendant shall be held to advance the jury fees in every case of appeal in an action of debt; and in the event of a final conviction before a jury, the defendant shall pay and suffer double the amount of fines, penalties and imprisonment awarded against him by the justice or judge from whose

judgment the appeal was made. The forfeiture of all bonds and recognizances given in pursuance of this act shall go to the town or city where the offense was committed, for the use of the poor; and if the recognizances and bonds mentioned in this section shall not be given within twenty-four hours after the judgment, the appeal shall not be allowed. The defendant in the meantime to stand committed.

Section 7. The mayor and aldermen of any city, and the selectmen of any town, whenever complaint shall be made to them that a breach of the conditions of the bond given by any person appointed under this act, has been committed, shall notify the person complained of, and if upon a hearing of the parties it shall appear that any breach has been committed, they shall revoke and make void his appointment. And whenever a breach of any bond given to the inhabitants of any city or town in pursuance of any of the provisions of this act, shall be made known to the mayor and aldermen, or selectmen, or shall in any manner come to their knowledge, they, or some one of them, shall, at the expense and for the use of said city or town, cause the bond to be put in suit in any court proper to try the same.

Section 8. No person shall be allowed to be a manufacturer of any spirituous or intoxicating liquors, or common seller thereof, without being duly appointed as aforesaid, on pain of forfeiting on the first conviction, the sum of one hundred dollars and costs of prosecution, and in default of the payment thereof the person so convicted shall be imprisoned sixty days in the common jail; and on the second conviction, the person so convicted shall pay the sum of two hundred dollars and costs of prosecution, and in default of payment shall be imprisoned four months in the common jail; and on the third and every subsequent conviction, shall pay the sum of two hundred dollars and shall be imprisoned four months in the common jail of the county where the offense was committed; said penalties to be recovered before any court of competent jurisdiction, by indictment, or by action of debt in the name of the city or town where the offense shall be committed. And whenever a default shall be had of any recognizance arising under this act, *scire facias* shall be issued, returnable at the next term, and the same shall not be continued, unless for good cause, satisfactory to the court.

Section 9. No person engaged in the unlawful traffic in intoxicating liquors shall be competent to sit upon any jury in any case arising under this act; and when information

shall be communicated to the court, that any member of any panel is engaged in such traffic, or that he is believed to be so engaged, the court shall inquire of the jurymen of whom such belief is entertained; and no answer which he shall make shall be used against him in any case arising under this act; but if he shall answer falsely, he shall be incapable of serving on any jury in this state; but he may decline to answer, in which case he shall be discharged by the court from all further attendance as a jurymen.

Section 10. All cases arising under this act, whether by action, indictment or complaint, which shall come before a superior court, either by appeal or original entry, shall take precedence in said court of all other business, except those criminal cases in which the parties are actually under arrest awaiting a trial; and the court and prosecuting officer shall not have authority to enter a *nolle prosequi*, or to grant a continuance in any case arising under this act either before or after the verdict, except where the purposes of justice shall require it.

Section 11. If any three persons, voters in the town or city where the complaint shall be made, shall, before any justice of the peace or judge of any municipal or police court, make complaint under oath or affirmation that they have reason to believe, and do believe that spirituous or intoxicating liquors are kept or deposited, and intended for sale by any person not authorized to sell the same in said city or town under the provisions of this act, in any store, shop, warehouse, or other building or place in said city or town, said justice or judge shall issue his warrant of search to any sheriff, city marshal or deputy, or to any constable, who shall proceed to search the premises described in said warrant, and if any spirituous or intoxicating liquors are found therein he shall seize the same, and convey them to some proper place of security, where he shall keep them until final action is had thereon. But no dwelling-house in which or in part of which a shop is not kept, shall be searched unless at least one of said complainants shall testify to some act of sale of intoxicating liquors therein, by the occupant thereof, or by his consent or permission, within at least one month of the time of making said complaint. And the owner or keeper of said liquors, seized as aforesaid, if he shall be known to the officer seizing the same, shall be summoned forthwith before the justice or judge by whose warrant the liquors were seized, and if he fails to appear, or unless he can show by positive

proof that said liquors are of foreign production, that they have been imported under the laws of the United States, and in accordance therewith, that they are contained in the original packages in which they were imported, and in quantities not less than the laws of the United States prescribe, they shall be declared forfeited, and shall be destroyed by authority of the written order to that effect of said justice or judge and in his presence, or in the presence of some person appointed by him to witness the destruction thereof, and who shall join with the officer by whom they shall have been destroyed in attesting that fact upon the back of the order by authority of which it was done; and the owner or keeper of such liquors shall pay a fine of twenty dollars and costs, or stand committed for thirty days, in default of payment, if in the opinion of the court said liquors shall have been kept or deposited for the purposes of sale. And if the owner or possessor of any liquors seized in pursuance of this section shall set up the claim that they have been regularly imported under the laws of the United States, and that they are contained in the original packages, the custom house certificates of importation and proofs of marks on the casks or packages corresponding thereto shall not be received as evidence that the liquors contained in said packages are those actually imported therein.

Section 12. If the owner, keeper or possessor of liquors, seized under the provisions of this act, shall be unknown to the officer seizing the same, they shall not be condemned and destroyed until they shall have been advertised, with the number and description of the packages, as near as may be, for two weeks, by posting up a written description of the same in some public place that if such liquors are actually the property of any city or town in the state, and were so at the time of the seizure, purchased for sale by the agent of said city or town, for medicinal and mechanical purposes only, in pursuance of the provisions of this act, they may not be destroyed; but upon satisfactory proof of such ownership within said two weeks before the justice or judge by whose authority said liquors were seized, said justice or judge shall deliver to the agent of said city or town, an order to the officer having said liquors in custody, whereupon said officer shall deliver them to said agent, taking his receipt therefor upon the back of said order, which shall be returned to said justice or judge.

Section 13. If any person claiming any liquors seized as aforesaid shall appeal from the judgment of any justice or

judge, by whose authority the seizure was made, to the district court, before his appeal shall be allowed, he shall give a bond in the sum of two hundred dollars, with two good and sufficient sureties to prosecute his appeal, and to pay all fines and costs which may be awarded against him; and in the case of any such appeal, where the quantity of liquors so seized shall exceed five gallons, if the final decision shall be against the appellant that such liquors were intended by him for sale, he shall be adjudged by the court a common seller of intoxicating liquors, and shall be subject to the penalties provided for in section eight of this act; and said liquors shall be destroyed as provided for in section eleven. But nothing contained in this act shall be construed to prevent any chemist, artist, or manufacturer, in whose art or trade they may be necessary, from keeping at his place of business such reasonable and proper quantity of distilled liquors as he may have occasion to use in his art or trade, but not for sale.

Section 14. It shall be the duty of any mayor, alderman, selectman, assessor, city marshal, or deputy or constable, if he shall have information that any intoxicating liquors are kept or sold in any tent, shanty, hut or place of any kind for selling refreshments in any public place, on or near the ground of any cattle-show, agricultural exhibition, military muster, or public occasion of any kind, to search such suspected place, and if such officer shall find upon the premises any intoxicating drinks he shall seize them and arrest the keeper or keepers of such place, and take them forthwith, or as soon as may be, before some justice or judge of a municipal or police court, with the liquors so found and seized, and upon proof that such liquors are intoxicating, that they were found in possession of the accused, in a tent, shanty, or other place as aforesaid, he or they shall be sentenced to imprisonment in the county jail for thirty days, and the liquor so seized shall be destroyed by order of said justice or judge.

Section 15. If any person arrested under the preceding section, and sentenced as aforesaid, shall claim an appeal, before his appeal shall be allowed he shall give a bond in the sum of one hundred dollars, with two good and sufficient sureties, that he will prosecute his appeal and pay all fines, costs and penalties which may be awarded against him. And if on such appeal the verdict of the jury shall be against him, he shall in addition to the penalty awarded by the lower court pay a fine of twenty dollars. In all cases of appeal under this act from the judgment of a justice or judge of any

municipal or police court, to the district court, except where the proceeding is by action of debt, they shall be conducted in said district court by the prosecuting officer of the government, and said officer shall be entitled to receive all costs taxable to the state, in all criminal proceedings under this act, in addition to the salary allowed to such officer by law, but no costs in such cases shall be remitted or reduced by the prosecuting officer or the court. In any suit, complaint, indictment, or other proceeding against any person for a violation of any of the provisions of this act, other than for the first offense, it shall not be requisite to set forth particularly the record of a former conviction, but it shall be sufficient to allege briefly that such person has been convicted of a violation of the fourth section of this act, or as a common seller as the case may be, and such allegation in any civil or criminal process in any stage of the proceedings, before final judgment, may be amended without terms and as a matter of right.

Section 16. All payments or compensations for liquor sold in violation of law, whether in money, labor, or other property, either real or personal, shall be held and considered to have been received in violation of law, and without consideration, and against law, equity and a good conscience, and all sales, transfers and conveyances, mortgages, liens, attachments, pledges and securities of every kind, which either in whole or in part shall have been for or on account of spirituous or intoxicating liquors shall be utterly null and void against all persons and in all cases, and no rights of any kind shall be acquired thereby; and in any action, either at law or equity, touching such real or personal estate, the purchaser of such liquors may be a witness for either party. And no action of any kind shall be maintained in any court in this state, either in whole or in part, for intoxicating or spirituous liquors sold in any other state or country whatever, nor shall any action of any kind be had or maintained in any court in this state, for the recovery or possession of intoxicating or spirituous liquors, or the value thereof.

Section 17. All the provisions of this act, relating to towns, shall be applicable to cities and plantations; and those relating to selectmen shall also be applied to the mayor and aldermen of cities and assessors of plantations.

Section 18. The act entitled, "An Act to Restrict the Sale of Intoxicating Drinks," approved August sixth, one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, is hereby repealed,

except the thirteen sections from section ten to section twenty-two inclusive, saving and reserving all actions or other proceedings, which are already commenced by authority of the same; and all other acts and parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed. This act to take effect from and after its approval by the governor.

From the enactment of that law to the present time, save for about two years, to be noted hereafter, the liquor legislation of Maine has embodied its distinctive features.

The political classification of the votes for and against the law in both branches of the legislature shows that it was in no sense a party measure. The two leading parties, Democrats and Whigs, were divided upon it, a majority of each being favorable. The few Free-Soilers voted solidly for it, representing their individual views as temperance men, as most of that party were.

It is unquestionably true that many of the leaders, Democrats and Whigs, were afraid of the political effect of the law, and were disposed to pass the matter over as lightly as possible. For fear of the people they had refrained from actively opposing its passage; for fear of the liquor-interest they would have been quite inclined to have the bill fail to pass, if only the failure could have been brought about by some other agency than their own votes.

No attempt was made by the papers of either party to make a political question of the enactment of the law. Some of them ignored it altogether, while those that referred to it dealt with it as a topic entirely outside the range of party politics. Indeed, the non-partisan character of the support it had received in the legislature made that inevitable. This status was a most fortunate one for the measure, for, if it

had been antagonized at the first state election which followed its enactment by a strong disciplined party with the prestige and influence of age, the outcome might have differed from that of which we shall learn later.

If I remember aright, the *Inquirer*, the organ of the Free-Soilers, was the only political paper in Portland which commented upon the enactment of the law, most warmly approving it. In so doing the *Inquirer* said:

“With unusual satisfaction we refer our readers to the entire act. It is an honor to the state, beyond any other act in its history, thus to excel all other civilized states in bold, righteous legislation against a giant evil, under which innocence bleeds and humanity weeps. Other states have now to copy this statute of Maine. But the law will not execute itself. There must be an inflexible determination through the state that the liquor-traffic shall now be stopped. Who can estimate the benefit of this law, executed, to the happiness and prosperity of the people of Maine?”

The distinctively temperance papers of the state approved the enactment of the law as a matter of course. It was but a realization of the hopes indulged in by the active temperance element for years, toward which all their labors had been directed.

The law was regarded by friends of temperance outside of the state as a matter of so much importance that the committee of the American Temperance Union, after taking advice from leading temperance men in different parts of the country, issued a call for a national temperance convention, to meet at Saratoga Springs, on the 20th of August, to consider the Maine Law. Seventeen states were represented by more than three hundred delegates, accredited from every form of temperance organization existing at the time.

Chancellor Reuben Hyde Walworth, of New York, presided, and Rev. Justin Edwards, D. D., was made chairman of the business committee.

Those in attendance upon this convention from Maine were questioned publicly and privately by the delegations from other states, who manifested the most intense interest to learn all that was to be told about the character and working of the law. The convention adopted the following resolution:

“Resolved, That the principle assumed and carried out in the Maine Law, that spirituous and intoxicating liquors, kept for sale as a beverage, should be destroyed by the state, as a public evil, meets the approbation of this convention, as consonant with the destruction of the implements of gambling and counterfeiting, of poisonous food, infectious hides, and weapons of war in the hands of an enemy; that if the liquor destroyed is private property, it is only so as are the implements of the counterfeiter, dangerous and deadly to the best interests of the community; that its destruction is no waste of the bounties of Providence, more than the destruction of noxious weeds, while its very destruction enriches the state, exceeding the amount for which it could have been sold. It tends to put an end to all subterfuges, frauds, and secret sales, and to the demand for it in the community. It makes the state a perfect asylum for the inebriate. It is a solemn manifestation to the world of the vile and worthless nature of the article destroyed, and an unmistakable token to the vendor of the end to which a righteous public sentiment will ultimately bring his business. For these and other reasons, the convention give it their hearty approbation; and they do strongly recommend to all the friends of temperance to cherish it as the sure, and the only sure triumph of their cause, and continually to urge its adoption upon every legislature.”

An address to the friends of temperance in the United States and the British Provinces, was adopted, from which I quote the following:

“So great a scene in one of the principal states of our Union, the result of no sudden action, of no wild fanaticism,

but of years of profound thought and arduous labor, impresses the mind with solemn awe. The action of Maine is a matter of history. Shall we not thank God and take courage? Shall we not rise from one end of America to the other, and give her the approving voice? Shall we not strive for the same results in our various localities? Shall not the same unrelenting foe be subdued all over the world? Let the millions of dollars once wasted in Maine, now be expended upon her farms, her buildings, her schools, her means of education and religion, and soon, among all her sister republics, she will be an object of universal admiration."

The effect of this convention was marked through the country, in its stimulating influence upon temperance sentiment and activity. A month later a state convention was held in Massachusetts which was presided over by Hon. Nathaniel P. Banks. The convention, referring to legislation applicable to the liquor-traffic, declared that it knew "of no law based upon the true principle except that recently enacted by the legislature of Maine." Among its resolutions were the following:

"Resolved, That the Maine Law, not merely in its general principles but in the details of its provisions — as, for instance, in the simplicity of its application; the employment of the contraband article itself in testimony; the speed and certainty of its penalties; the obstacles in the way of appeal; the removal of discretionary power from magistrates; the withdrawal from intoxicating drinks of all the sanctions of property; and, above all, their confiscation and destruction when used for sale; these all indicate that the Maine Law must be (what actual experience is daily proving that it is) the one efficient engine to suppress the open sale of intoxicating drinks.

"Resolved, That these characteristics of the Maine Law give no just ground of complaint to the unlawful dealer in liquors; since law is bound to give no security to property employed in contraband traffic."

Similar action was taken during the same year by state conventions in Connecticut, Rhode Island,

Vermont, New Hampshire, New York and New Jersey. In Pennsylvania a mass-meeting was held at Harrisburg, in which many members of the legislature participated, and adopted resolutions endorsing the law.

While the masses of the friends of temperance throughout the country were expressing their gratification and determination through such resolutions as have been quoted, many individuals, who, in different parts of our land, had rendered heroic service to the cause, hailed the advent of the law with pleasure, and recorded themselves as subscribing to the principle it embodied. Professor Moses Stuart, of Andover, Mass., wrote:

“I thank and praise my God, that by his holy providence, there is one people on the face of this wicked world who dare to do their duty boldly, faithfully, and thoroughly. People of Maine, the God of Heaven bless you for achieving such a victory! Many triumphs have been achieved in the good cause, but none like yours. You combat with the body of sin and death itself, and not with those who are deceived and misled.”

The Hon. Lucius M. Sargent, of Boston, a lawyer of high standing, but better known in the field of philanthropy through his Temperance Tales and other services to the cause, wrote:

“Maine has, most worthily, extended her legislative arm for the protection of her children; how long she will be enabled to retain it in its present position is a question of the deepest interest to the inhabitants of that commonwealth, and of no ordinary solicitude to the citizens of other states.”

Gen. John H. Cocke, of Virginia, who had grown gray in the service of the cause of temperance almost before I had reached my majority, said:

“ I am grateful, indescribably grateful, that my life has been spared to see the day, when a sovereign state has outlawed the master evil of our day and generation.”

The Rev. Justin Edwards, D. D., whose early services for temperance in Maine have been before noted, said:

“ If the people prevail, and permanently defend themselves and their children, as they have a right, and it is their duty to do, from the evils of the liquor-traffic, they will be benefactors, not only of the present generation, but of all future generations of men; not only in Maine, but in every state in the Union, and throughout the Christian world.”

Gerritt Smith, the distinguished opponent of slavery and friend of philanthropy, wrote:

“ That law has laid the foundation for an unrivaled progress in respectability and knowledge and happiness. If no other state should follow her example in this respect, Maine will very soon be able to boast, if indeed she cannot thus boast now, that her people surpass every other, physically, mentally, and morally.”

CHAPTER XV.

MY DUTY AND INCLINATION TO ENFORCE THE LAW. NOTICE TO LIQUOR DEALERS OF MY INTENTION SO TO DO. THE FIRST SEIZURE. INCIDENTS. LIQUOR TRAFFIC DRIVEN OUT OF SIGHT AND PRACTICALLY EXTINGUISHED. SOME REFLECTIONS.

From what has been said, it is easy to understand that Prohibition in Maine was not accepted in a spasm of excitement. The foundation for it had been deeply laid in a long and arduous educational campaign, in which the active friends of temperance had been engaged for years. This they had done in the reverent belief that in endeavoring to place the trade in intoxicants under the ban of the law they were serving God, and in the confidence that they were thus promoting the highest welfare of the people and the best interests of the state.

In this campaign the consciences of the people had been aroused and their judgment enlightened. Before the adoption of the Maine Law the masses of the people throughout a large portion of the state had come to know what the liquor-traffic really was, and to realize, to some extent at least, that it was at war with their material, as well as their higher, interests.

To that educational work temperance men in Maine had cheerfully contributed time and labor and money. In churches, in schoolhouses, in halls, at every available point from which they could reach the ears of the people, they had explained the nature of the traffic they were attacking, and had called attention to its pernicious influence and effects.

When not actually engaged in speaking, they were busy at home devising ways and means of getting facts bearing upon the problem before all the people, with the purpose of arousing in the masses a desire for relief, of crystallizing that into a determination to secure it, and in organizing a sufficient number of conscientious and fearless citizens, who would dare to disregard the dictation of the party leaders they had been wont to follow, and to use their own votes to represent their own convictions; and, having done this, to lead their improvised forces in the most practicable way to accomplish the end that was sought: the outlawry of the business they had come to abhor.

In doing this work they had not concealed their opinions. They did not make a secret of the end they had in view. More than this. They had never thought of deferring that end to a more convenient season. They had not put off the day of laboring for it "until the people should be ready for Prohibition," but had addressed themselves to the task of making ready for it by insisting that it was right and proper in itself, and that the sin and shame and crime of the traffic ought to be at once and forever suppressed. There was no danger of obtaining Prohibition too soon. The way to it was hard and uphill its entire length. If it was ever to be attained, it was necessary to set about climbing at once.

The friends, patrons, and apologists for the trade knew just what its determined opponents were trying to accomplish. They had fair notice, they had every opportunity to make such opposition as they were disposed; in fact, they had made more or less of a fight at every step. They had yielded nothing. Whatever ground had been gained had been taken from them by hard and persistent work. The "Sixty-Niners" had been sneered at; the friends of "Total Abstinence" had been denounced, as at variance with nature and revelation; the license laws had been ignored, and those who had insisted upon the observance of their restrictive features had been insulted, assaulted, mobbed, and otherwise injured and abused at every point.

Later I will show that the fact of my past interest and activity in temperance was made use of in an effort to make it embarrassing for me to discharge my official duty as I had urged others to do. Now, however, the movement had reached a stage where it was quite certain that those engaged in the liquor-traffic would not sneer. Denunciation would not aid them. The friends of Prohibition had passed through all that. The day had gone by for assaults, for mobs, and violence of every form, but it was certain that the fight was by no means ended. The weapon was prepared. It must be tried, to see of what temper was its steel, how keen its cut, how sharp and far-reaching its point. The crucial test was now to come. Could those who had carried the cause thus far be relied upon to follow to the end?

Most of us who had been in the front of the battle had faith in the people in this particular. I had traveled thousands and thousands of miles. Over a

considerable portion of the state I was familiar with every cross-road. No spire pointed skyward that did not mark the spot of some effort to prepare the people for what they had now secured. No schoolhouse was to be seen on hill or in dale that had not echoed to the denunciation of the infamous trade.

The approaches to nearly every town-house, to thousands of homes, had been almost literally sown with temperance literature, explaining the nature and effect of the liquor-traffic and the intimate connection between it and misery, wretchedness, pauperism, and crime. I had no shadow of a fear that, when the people should have had an opportunity to contrast the condition of the state when comparatively free from the liquor-traffic under Prohibition with what they had known of its condition under license, they would ever consent to sanction the pernicious trade under the form of law.

To give the citizens of Portland such an opportunity I was fully determined, and if I should succeed I was confident it would go far to set an example to the entire state. No other duty devolving upon me as mayor would be sacrificed or neglected by a vigorous and impartial enforcement of the new law, and to do that I was bound by the obligations of my position. There was no question in my mind as to what course was right, and my judgment satisfied me that that which I believed to be right would be to the advantage of the city whose interests I had at heart, and for the benefit of the cause to which I was devoted without reserve.

I found myself in a somewhat anomalous situation. For years my connection with efforts to enforce the anti-liquor-selling legislation of the state had been

purely voluntary. I had occupied no official position, and had been under no other obligation thereto than that resting on all good citizens. In the discharge of that service I had repeatedly called upon those whose duty it was to enforce the restrictive features of the old license laws, or to bring the prohibitions of the law of 1846 to bear upon the traffic, warmly urging upon them action in that direction, and pointing out, when the circumstances seemed to justify it, what appeared to me to be incumbent upon them in that particular.

Time and again I had met with substantially the same reply, to the effect that it was all very well for me, a private citizen, to look at the matter in that light, but that it was the privilege of the official to decide for himself what his duties were. Officers would insist that they could not escape the reproof of the people for enforcing a statute so obnoxious as were those provisions of the license law, devised to curtail the profits of the licensees by confining their business to the classes therein specified, or even those which were designed to swell their profits by preventing unlicensed parties from selling; while as to the law of 1846, that, being prohibitory in character and therefore more obnoxious to the trade and its friends, was one as to the suggested enforcement of which these officials had been even more impatient.

It availed nothing for my purpose to urge upon officers that, if it were necessary to excuse themselves to the people for doing their duty, it would be sufficient to refer to the law, to the record of their appointment or election, and to their oaths to discharge without fear or favor the responsibilities of the positions they occupied. To such suggestions the reply was in effect uniform, that I was an

extremist upon that point, and although they would express a great deal of sympathy with me in my views as to the evils of intemperance in general, they would remind me that I was generally regarded as fanatical on the whole subject. And when I would ask them if they thought it "fanatical" or "extreme," or "unreasonable" to expect an official to perform the duty which the law had plainly marked out for him, I was customarily reminded that they had a great deal of business on hand at that particular time and could not give more attention to the matter just then.

Now the situation was different. The new enactment found me the chief executive officer of Portland. Now the responsibility was upon my shoulders. Now I was called upon by the duties of my position to do what I had so often enjoined upon others. Not underestimating the difficulties, certain to be great at the inception of the new departure, I determined to do my full duty in the premises, confident that I could render no greater service to my native city, every interest of which was dear to me, than to relieve it from the infinite evils of the traffic in intoxicating drinks.

The only question which concerned me was how best to take the initiatory step. I was anxious that there should be as little friction as possible, and at the same time was satisfied that any unnecessary delay in instituting proceedings under the new law would be considered by the vendors of the contraband liquors as an indication that the authorities were hesitating as to enforcing the new and untried process of search and seizure.

The law went into effect on the second of June, 1851, and on the next day I consulted with several

members of the city government, and our unanimous conclusion was that it would be wise to give immediate notice of our determination that the law would be vigorously and impartially enforced, and in doing this to give a reasonable opportunity to all who were willing to abandon the business to dispose of the stocks of liquor they might have on hand, provided that they were sold to be sent out of the state.

On the morning of the fifth of June, our citizens had an opportunity to read in the daily papers the following notice:

I have been requested by several persons whose opinions are entitled to respect to give some public notice of the manner in which I propose to execute the recently enacted liquor law, so far as this department is concerned. No violator of law can reasonably complain of promptitude and energy in its administration. Certainly, those persons who are engaged in the unlawful traffic in intoxicating drinks, from which the people suffer great mischief, cannot complain that I should avail myself of all the power which the law has put into my hands, and which the city council may entrust to me to free the city as soon as possible from this great evil.

I am informed that the stock of liquors in the hands of dealers is very large, and its loss would fall heavily on some of them. I therefore propose to allow such persons a reasonable time to dispose of their liquors by shipping them off to other states or countries, the governments of which allow intoxicating liquors to be sold to their people. But if it comes to my knowledge that any dealer here violates the law by selling such liquors to our people, I shall use all means in my power to bring such persons to punishment. After the lapse of a reasonable time, I shall avail myself of all proper means to discover and seize all intoxicating liquors unlawfully kept, that they may be promptly destroyed according to law.

I hope I have good reason to believe that the dealers in this city will not contend with the government in this matter, and will promptly abandon a business which is ruinous to the highest interests of the community and which has been out-

lawed by the legislature of the state with great unanimity. The people of this state, and this city in particular, have given emphatic expression to their wish to be relieved from the terrible evils which result necessarily from the sale of intoxicating drinks, and my duty will require that I should employ all the means in my power to give full force and effect to the law.

NEAL DOW, *Mayor*.

The effect of this notice was beneficial in the extreme for the purpose it was intended to serve. In Portland, but a short time before the enactment of the law, a large committee had been appointed by the Washingtonian Temperance Society to ascertain the number of grog-shops in the city. This committee was composed of several from each ward, and it had divided and subdivided its work in such a way as to ensure a thorough canvass. In its report the committee stated that it had found in the city more than three hundred open retail liquor-shops, besides several wholesale establishments.

The consternation with which the three hundred or more liquor-dealers read the notice that in a short time at most their business must be stopped, was mingled with a feeling on their part of surprise and relief. In the short time that they had had since the enactment of the law to consider the situation none of them had dreamed of any leniency, and I imagine that few of them had had much hope that there would be any timidity or delay upon the part of the officials. As a consequence I had numerous calls that day from those who had long been engaged in the traffic—in violation of law be it remembered—some of them to thank me for the opportunity that had been given them to save their stocks, and all of them to promise me that they would immediately abandon the business. The wholesale trade ceased

almost instantly. Those engaged in it, with but one exception, I believe, assured me that they would make no more sales, and would, as soon as possible, prepare their stocks for shipment out of the state.

In a day or two, drays loaded with liquor were to be seen passing through the streets on their way to railroad stations or steamboat landings, while of the retail dealers only a few were left about whose places the slightest indication of intent to violate the law was visible. Thus, without other action on the part of the authorities than the notice of their intention to enforce the law, a large proportion of the traffic was immediately suppressed without excitement, without confusion, and without delay.

Shortly after its publication, similar notices to that given by the authorities of Portland were issued in many of the larger towns throughout the state, and with similar results, and large quantities of the now contraband article were shipped to Boston and New York. My information was such as to satisfy me that the wholesale dealers generally throughout the state followed the example of those in Portland and abandoned the business at once.

The shipments of liquor on the part of the wholesalers disturbed some of our citizens whose sympathies in the controversies that had led up to Prohibition had been rather with the temperance movement than against it. This fact affords a striking illustration of the influence of legislation as an educational force. Some time after the law had ceased to recognize the retailing of liquor to be drunk on the premises as right, wholesaling in quantities of not less than twenty-eight gallons continued to be legalized. That provision led many citizens to consider that there was

a difference between the moral iniquity of the wholesale, and that of the retail, trade. Hence numbers even among those who would not engage either in wholesaling or in retailing liquor, with or without the sanction of law, thought it more decent to sell it in quantities than by the glass, while there were those who, holding it immoral to sell directly to a consumer, thought it no wrong to sell it by the cask to those whose consciences did not forbid them to put the bottle to their neighbors' lips, and make them, or, for that matter, their wives and children drunken also.

Under the law which thus discriminated between wholesalers and retailers of intoxicants there were men with consciences too enlightened or with too much regard for public opinion to sell liquor by the glass, or who would not violate the law in so doing, who did not hesitate to roll a cask of liquor from their own stores into that of their next door neighbor — which they could do lawfully, be it remembered — who with no qualms of conscience to trouble, and no regard for the law of the state which forbade it, would peddle it to all comers, moderate and intemperate drinkers, old and young alike. Under these circumstances it was not strange that the "exiling" of the stocks of wholesalers became a matter of comment, even among those who were willing to have the "drinking-houses and tipping-shops" closed. These latter had in one form or another for a long time been more or less under the restraints of the law. Accustomed to see such dealt with as places of rather questionable resort, a severer application of law to them was not especially obnoxious to the sense of propriety of those who yet deemed wholesale dealing decent. But as to the trade of the larger dealers — the merchants —

many felt otherwise, and as truck-loads of liquors passed through the streets toward the depots and wharves, they began to fear that the business of the city would suffer, and to think that the wholesalers ought not to be disturbed.

Some wholesalers, with business and social connections to which the retailers could not aspire, saw an opportunity for making a point in this against the new law. In doing it they had, of course, the earnest support of the retailers whom they supplied, and the turpitude of whose business they in a measure shielded under the cloaks of their own respectability. Now these began to insist that the "business" of the city was sure to be ruined. In this they had the support of citizens not directly or indirectly connected with the traffic in liquors, but who really believed that whatever could be called "business," regardless of its nature, would inure to the material prosperity of the city and state.

Another illustration of the educational influence of law was that traced to the permission accorded "taverners" to retail, long after it was withdrawn from the ordinary trader. That provision, originally based upon the notion that as the tavern was the "home" of those domiciled in it, it should be permitted to provide those it temporarily sheltered with whatever they might desire, has had such an influence that there are men who still hold that there is a moral difference between selling liquor at a bar-room, under the same roof with a hotel, and retailing it from a bar having no such respectable connection. Yet, it is within bounds to say that there is not a hotel-bar in New England that does not furnish liquor to a hundred who run in from the street solely to

obtain it, to every one of the genuine hotel guests that it supplies.

As was to be expected, therefore, the authorities were in receipt of many suggestions that it would be desirable to permit the hotels to continue their business as before. Meanwhile, on the 12th of June, the city council passed the following:

“Ordered: That, to give full force and effect to the act for the suppression of drinking-houses and tippling-shops, recently enacted, and to procure the full benefits thereof to the city as speedily as possible, the mayor be, and he is hereby authorized to draw his orders on the treasury from time to time, and for such sums as he may judge necessary and proper to secure the prompt enforcement of the law.”

By the passage of this order the liquor-dealers and their sympathizers saw that the aldermen and councilmen were in accord with the mayor, and would sustain his lawful actions in his efforts to suppress their trade. Here it may be said that the mayor in no case availed himself of this permission, because he made the liquor-sellers pay all the costs of the vigorous campaign against them, and at the end of the municipal year he had a balance of several hundred dollars in the treasury for a continuation of the war.

Almost immediately after the shipment of liquors began, following the notice referred to, my office was overrun with citizens who called to see me upon the matter of the business effect of the execution of the law. Some of its opponents came to remonstrate with me, some of its friends to inform me of what was being said in many business circles. It was not difficult to convince the real friends of Prohibition that no trouble need be apprehended on this score. They knew the effect of the liquor-traffic, and that it

tended to sap, undermine and destroy the very foundation and superstructure of all business prosperity. These interviews multiplied for days, and finally I concluded it best to answer publicly some of the questions poured upon me touching the effect of the execution of the law upon the general business of the city. Accordingly I prepared and caused to be distributed the following:

“In a commercial and trading community like ours the inquiry will very naturally arise in the minds of the people, What effect will the new liquor law have upon the business of the city and state. That this law will operate decidedly upon the business of the state is conceded by all, and the effect will be in the highest degree beneficial.

“At the lowest estimate, the annual expenditure in this state for intoxicating drinks has been two millions of dollars. This has been a dead loss to the people, and even worse than that, for it has injured the productive industry of the state to an equal amount, at the very least; so we have here an actual annual loss to the state of four millions of dollars, arising from the traffic in intoxicating drinks, and which the bill alluded to was intended and is calculated to save to the people.

“But it may be said, if that view of the case be correct, trade must suffer, at any rate, to the amount of two millions of dollars; for that amount of merchandise, or most of it, will no longer be bought and sold. That amount of these particular articles will not be sold, it is true, but then a greater value of articles, useful and necessary to the comfort and enjoyment of the people, will be sold, while they will be able to earn much more than they did while consuming this immense quantity of strong drinks.

“The larger portion of these drinks were consumed by the working people, and in order to obtain them they were compelled to forego many articles of comfort and necessity to their families. When the temptation to indulge is removed out of their way, they will not take much trouble to obtain strong drink, their habits will be changed, their appetites will no longer torment them, their money will be spent for articles useful to their families, their health and character will be restored, and they will earn more, enjoy more, and save more

than they ever did before. This process is going on in this city at this moment, and is so obvious as to be noticed and remarked upon by the most casual observer.

“The cost of strong drinks to the people of this state has been greater than the cost of their imported flour, which is regarded as a serious drain upon the wealth of the state. Our statesmen and legislators have often spoken of the effect upon our prosperity of the expenditure of so much of our earnings as is required to procure the flour which we consume: and an effort was made by our legislature some years ago to correct this evil, by offering liberal bounties to our farmers on domestic wheat, that resulted in nothing but a heavy state debt, which yet remains unpaid. Yet our legislators and statesmen have only recently considered the fact that we spend more money for strong drinks than we do for flour and that this great sum is a total loss to the state, and that another loss, equal to it in amount, results therefrom, to wit: the diminished industry and habits of unthriftiness which are always produced by the use of these drinks.

“The money which we spend for imported flour is not all lost to the state—very far from it; perhaps it is no loss at all. The labor which would be spent in raising domestic wheat for our own use is now occupied in other branches of industry; and many intelligent men among us are of the opinion that we can buy our flour cheaper than we can produce it—that is, the same amount of labor, as at present employed, produces a greater amount of value than it would if devoted to the cultivation of wheat. With the same amount of labor, they say, we can produce more cattle, hay, potatoes, fish and ships than we could of wheat, and we can exchange these articles for our flour, and have a balance in our favor. That is my opinion; but whether it is correct or not, the loss or gain in this matter of buying our flour is precisely equal to the difference either way between the results of our industry as at present employed, and what they would be if the same labor were devoted to the production of wheat.

“But not so with the amount expended by our people for strong drinks. That is a dead loss to its full extent, and much worse than that, for the consumption of these drinks entails upon us many other expenditures and evils of various kinds from which we shall be entirely relieved by the operation of the law alluded to. At the very lowest estimate, the amount

expended by the people of Portland for strong drinks may be estimated at one hundred thousand dollars per year, and the loss to an equal amount in the diminished industry and the unthriftiness of those who consume them. By the full operation of this law, and the obedience of the people to it, this great sum will be saved and earned in our midst, and will go to swell the amount of the annually accumulating wealth of the city.

“The trade of the city will also be improved, as will the business of all those who are engaged in the rum trade, except the retail groggeries, which are of course extinguished. A law which stops entirely the sale of strong drinks is not only for the good of the consumer but for the advantage of all of those wholesale dealers, who have a legitimate business aside from the sale of these drinks. The management of those dealers who supply strong liquors to their customers is like that of boys with productive fruit trees standing by the roadside. They begin to gather the fruit before it is half grown, and while it is injurious to health. It would be much better every way for them to wait until the fruit be fully grown and ripe. They all acknowledge this—every one says he would be glad to wait, but others will not; and if he does not get his share of the green fruit he will have none at all, and so the trees are stripped from year to year. A rule which will compel all the boys to wait until the fruit be ripe would be for the benefit of all, and none but bad boys would object to it. All others would consent to such a rule with pleasure. So it is with this rum business. All those engaged in it will and do confess that the traffic is wrong in principle and bad in practice; but they say they cannot help it, if they do not sell others will; and while the withdrawal of any one in particular would not diminish the quantity consumed that individual would lose his share of the profits. This is the universal mode in which persons engaged in this trade justify themselves.

“But this law is intended and calculated to compel all these dealers to abandon that traffic, and a compliance with its requirements will be for the advantage of all. The trade of Portland and the state will be favorably affected by this law in every way. It will operate on the large scale precisely as it would on a small one. Let us state a case:

“A wholesale and retail dealer has the trade of a certain region of country secured to him—say six miles square—containing five thousand inhabitants, industrious, working

people. The trader is in the prime of life, with many years of active usefulness before him, and with a large family of sons to help him in his business, and to succeed to it. These people require large quantities of goods of various kinds for domestic consumption, they pay in cash and in the products of their industry; they consume no strong drinks, they know nothing of them, but the trader knows he could easily introduce a taste for them among the people; he sits down to think about it as a mere matter of interest.

“Now, as a matter of business, what course should he take? If other traders were furnishing them with such drinks it might be another matter. But he has the entire trade of that community, and his children will have it after him. What should he do? Most certainly he should not introduce strong drinks among them. Everybody will agree that such a measure would be most unwise. The people would have so much less means with which to purchase articles of necessity and comfort, they would immediately become less industrious and less thrifty, a considerable part of their earnings would be expended for paupers, and in detecting, convicting and imprisoning criminals; and as this community should become more and more under the influence of strong drinks they would become poor, unthrifty, without industry; they would become vicious, profligate, and if these liquors should have their full effect upon them they would become a community of vagabonds and beggars, and our trader would have entirely ruined his customers and lost his business.

“All these consequences flow inevitably from the traffic in strong drinks, and are more or less extensive, as the people are more or less under the influence of these drinks. Now what would be true of the business of the trader in the case stated is true of this city and of this state. This city has the entire trade of a great region of country, and this trading ground is becoming more extensive every day. It is for the interest of this city to keep strong drinks out of that country, because in such a case the people will earn more, buy more, consume more; they will be happier people, better people, they will be better educated, and richer from year to year, and, what is the great thing with many men, they will not only buy more but pay better.”

Not long after this I had a call at my house one evening from one of our wealthiest and most influen-

tial citizens, a Whig, one of those who had actively opposed my election because he had never approved my methods in connection with temperance, and, as I thought, because he had no sympathy with the reform. Under the circumstances the call surprised me, and I was at a loss to understand its object. That was soon disclosed by his suggestion that he, with some other influential Whigs whom he named, would be glad to support me most cordially in the future, but upon the condition, delicately veiled in well chosen phrases, that I would show some consideration in the enforcement of the new law. Our conversation was long and earnest, but in good part throughout. In it I tried to convince him that I had no option under my official oath, save to execute the law against the liquor-traffic vigorously and impartially, as I proposed to do with other laws.

On the other hand, he made clear to me his own view, which he insisted was that of many for whom he claimed to speak, that because the new law was of my particular devising I could do with it as I pleased, enforce or ignore it; that in executing it I should be regarded by him and many other citizens, not as an official doing his duty, and therefore entitled to respect, but rather as an officious volunteer, thus making myself peculiarly obnoxious to all upon whom the law would bear directly and depriving myself of the sympathy and support of good citizens, who, had the law not been of my own seeking, might feel otherwise about it. He assured me that this embarrassment, which he tried to convince me would be great, I might avoid altogether, as far as he and many others among the most influential of my townsmen were concerned, by taking a moderate course.

Though we could not see the matter alike, we parted on good terms personally, which were always maintained. After that I would occasionally hear of this gentleman as referring to me as a "fool and fanatic," generally with the addition, "but I think he is honest in his opinions."

The authorities had early notice that one wholesale dealer had refused to avail himself of the opportunity to save his stock by shipping it out of the state, and had repeatedly declared that a seizure in his store would be at the peril of whoever made it. Several citizens informed me that he had called them into his store and shown them a large stock of liquors, stating it to be his intention to retain them until the "flurry" was over, when he should sell them—the new law and its author to the contrary notwithstanding. Meanwhile he declared that if any seizure was made he would test the constitutionality of the statute.

I directed the city marshal to let me know immediately if he had knowledge of any sale being made by that dealer, and in the meantime to pay no attention to any threats that might come to his hearing. Some time not long after the passage of the order of the city council of June 12, the city marshal told me that he had information and proof that the liquor-seller above mentioned had sold a quantity of rum. There had been no concealment about the sale, and it was freely intimated that it had been purposely made in a spirit of bravado, to show that the authorities would not dare to enforce the law, and the marshal said he had reason to believe that other dealers were watching to see what the result would be.

I was satisfied that the time had come to act, and that any delay would only tend to make the beginning

more difficult. Accordingly, I directed the marshal to make his complaint, apply for a warrant, and if he obtained it to make the seizure at once. Providing himself with a warrant, the marshal returned to me for final instructions. These given, I told him to report to me as soon as he had executed his orders.

As this was to be the initiatory step in the enforcement of the law, I was extremely anxious that no mistake should be made, and I had told the marshal to take three or four policemen with him, so that any disposition on the part of the proprietor to make trouble might be overawed, and thus all semblance of disturbance be prevented.

The citizens of Portland had been more or less familiar with legal proceedings against liquor-sellers. These, however, had been of a desultory, ineffective sort, in which neither the liquor-selling respondent nor the traffic in general had suffered much. There had been many expressions of popular opposition to liquor-selling, and I had no doubt but that the average sentiment of the people was hostile to the trade. Nevertheless, as there had been no seizure of liquors, I was far from being confident that there would not be a revulsion of popular sentiment following such a summary proceeding.

After waiting much longer than was necessary for the reasonably prompt execution of my orders without a report from the marshal, and being informed by a citizen that a large crowd had collected about the store in question, I walked to the scene to learn the situation. The store was located in one of the most frequented squares in the city, and, arriving there, I found hundreds of people assembled, drawn together by the novelty of the occurrence.

Pushing my way through the crowd, I entered the store to find the marshal and three policemen, the proprietor and three or four others whom I did not recognize. The officers had done nothing. The proprietor was storming about the store, threatening, in a loud voice, vengeance upon any man who should touch his property.

The officers were not hesitating from fear of personal violence, but the marshal thought that in executing his orders he might expose himself to some personal legal liability, and was deliberating as to what would happen to him if the law should prove to be unconstitutional. Ascertaining this, I immediately assured the marshal that I would stand between him and all harm on that account. Then turning to the proprietor I called his attention to the fact that the marshal was acting simply under my orders. Upon this, the liquor-dealer, who had checked his bluster for a moment upon my arrival, renewed it in a most offensive way. I then told the marshal that if the man made any more noise to direct one of his officers to put him into a corner and keep him there. That ended all disturbance, and the marshal was directed to remove the liquors promptly, and take them to the cellar of the old City Hall. When the officers proceeded to hoist the contraband goods from the basement, some one cut the rope, delaying matters only for a few moments, when with no more trouble, they were loaded on drays and removed.

That was the simple, easy initiation of a new policy under which, speaking generally, wherever there were competent and faithful officials, liquors were put and kept out of the way, and those who would have them at any cost were obliged to search for them. Assum-

ing such competency and faithfulness, rumshops could no longer hold out temptations on every corner, in eligible places, and in the most attractive manner to old and young alike. The hard drinker wishing to reform could now easily avoid temptation, if he would. The young and uncontaminated were not likely to seek drink in the cellars, attics, and other out-of-the-way places, where what was left of the traffic was soon to be concealed.

The liquor seized as above described was duly condemned under the law to be destroyed. The rumseller appealed, and, to try the constitutionality of the law, brought suit against me. The case ran along for years, and was finally decided against the claimant, who had large costs to pay in addition to the loss of his liquor.

The effect of that first seizure was marked. It was an object lesson at once of the determination of the authorities to do their duty, and of the efficacy of the law. It was then apparent to the most obtuse dealer that under the new law, in the hands of trustworthy officers, no considerable amount of contraband liquors could be kept in stock, and that the wholesale business was at an end. So also was much of the retail trade. Almost immediately after the seizure, the principal rumsellers of the city, the hotel-keepers, and those who kept genteel saloons, came voluntarily to the mayor's office and entered into a written agreement not to violate the law, in the same instrument acknowledging that they had done so. Thereupon they were assured that, so long as they observed their pledge, there would be no disposition on the part of the authorities to prosecute them for past offenses.

In a surprisingly short time all of the better known runsellers of former days abandoned the business, and almost without exception such as continued it removed from their former eligible locations to places better adapted for the conduct of an illegal, and no longer respectable, trade. Hence the open sale of liquor entirely ceased, and with it the traffic was shorn of its most dangerous powers.

There were persons, it is true, in Portland, who continued to sell liquors on the sly, but in very small quantities. The authorities were often notified of the places in which the violators of the law had concealed their contraband stocks, and where they were carrying on the outlawed trade. Those hiding-places were unknown to the general public and accessible only to the initiated. They were frequently to be reached through some obscure and filthy alleyway; sometimes they were approached through the front door of a building on one street, thence through that house to the back door, and across areas more or less obstructed with ashes and general rubbish to some shed or out-house connected with a building on another street. Those on whom the appetite for liquor had fastened its relentless grip would pursue these devious and unattractive ways to obtain the means to quench their unnatural thirst. None, however, who had not formed the appetite, or, who, having it, desired to throw it off, were exposed to temptation from any places in which the traffic lingered. The effect upon the general quiet, good order, and thrift of the city was marked.

The quantity of liquors kept in these places of deposit was very small. The whole stock in some would be contained in a pint bottle or two in the coat pock-

ets of the vendors; some of them would be in a thin tin vessel, fitted to the person, and worn under the vest. One of the places that I remember was in the brickwork of a chimney, a small cask of liquor being enclosed in it, a lead pipe leading out near the floor; another was an opening under the step of chamber stairs, another, under the floor of a pig-pen. Some of these stocks of liquor were hidden in ash-pits under cooking-stoves; some of them in cellar walls; some under chamber floors, the trap covered by the carpet and the bed placed over it; some on shelves in chimneys, some in innocent water-conductors in the eaves of a house; some behind mangers in horse-stalls; some under stable floors, and some in unmentionable places.

For a time liquors were brought into the city by railroad, by steamer, and by sailing-vessels. They were often marked and sometimes intended for country towns. Frequently shippers sent consignments to be divided upon arrival in Portland and conveyed in different directions through the state. After a time special efforts were made to stop this traffic, as thus the supply would be cut off from many retail stores in country towns. The city marshal was ordered to seize all such upon arrival.

Such seizures went on regularly as a stated part of police duty until the transportation in that way was nearly, or quite, broken up. Meanwhile efforts were made to smuggle liquors into the city under various disguises. These were usually in four, eight and ten gallon kegs, concealed in flour or sugar barrels and packed in sawdust, grain, salt, sugar, oysters in the shell, oats, bran, anything which would prevent the contraband liquors from being noticed when the cask was moved. Sometimes these kegs were packed in

dry-goods boxes, and in large traveling trunks. At first officers were misled by these devices, and liquor frequently escaped them, but after a time they became so expert that they could generally detect the trick on sight, and almost always upon a slight superficial examination.

For a while this seizing of liquors *in transitu* was denounced in unmeasured terms by the opponents of the law, especially by those directly interested in the liquors seized. They used it for the purpose of creating a prejudice against the law, and stated and heralded all over Maine that damage was done to property, actual property, not liquors, by the officers in their search for the contraband article. Many extravagant stories were told of this description. Officers were represented as boring with long augurs into boxes containing pianos, dry-goods, leather, and every variety of merchandise which could be injured in that way. Bogus certificates were published, in every instance but one, so far as I know, over unknown names, of damage thus done.

One statement to that effect was signed by a non-resident partner of a well-known business house in Portland. It was to the effect that officers had bored with an augur again and again through a large box containing patent leather, of course to the ruination of the goods. I called at the city office of the manufactory and asked one of the members of the firm, a brother of the partner who had signed the statement, for particulars, prepared to pay personally any damage that might have been done. He said there was not a word of truth in the statement, that they had never had any goods damaged by the officers.

Some time after, I happened to be on a railroad

train when the man who had signed the certificate approached me with a mutual acquaintance, to be introduced. "Ah!" I said, "This is the gentleman, I believe, whose stock of leather was ruined by the officers." Blushing all over his expansive face, he said, "All things are fair in politics, you know," and upon my asking him if he really had any leather injured, he replied: "No, I was mistaken when I signed that certificate." Afterwards that man came to look upon the signing of such certificates as something more than a mere mistake, and became also an earnest friend of mine.

All stories of that kind were false, with no other foundation for any of them than that packages actually containing concealed liquors, but marked as enclosing other goods, were seized. The officers were specially enjoined in this particular to exercise the greatest care and to seize only on certainties. While I know of many charges made publicly, with more or less particularity as to details, there was never one coming to my knowledge with any foundation whatever in fact. Nevertheless, these assertions were so repeatedly made that it was deemed desirable that the city marshal should state publicly, as he did, over his own signature, that there had never been a single case in which merchandise of any description had been injured in the search for liquor. I regret to say that some of the papers which had heralded these charges refused to publish the marshal's denial of them until after the election they had been concocted to affect.

It is not necessary to enlarge upon the statement that more care, more zeal, more persistency, were necessary to produce the same results in the first year of the enforcement of the law than would be the

case thereafter. It is also true that such enforcement would be likely to excite more opposition to the law, and to those whose duty it was to enforce it, than after the seizure and confiscation of liquors had come to be looked upon as a matter of course. It would be difficult to put into language suitable for publication here the charges and insinuations more or less direct, bandied from mouth to mouth in those days, some of which even found their way into print, against those whose duty it was to enforce the Maine Law in that first year of its existence.

As has been stated, the first seizure called together a crowd to witness it and excited interest not only throughout the state, but outside of it. In a few weeks there was no more of this, so that the entrance of the officers into a suspected rum-den to search it attracted no more attention than would the arrest of a pickpocket. Only a curious stranger or two would stop to see the outcome of the search, and a few idle boys would collect about the door.

While the depots and steamboat landings were carefully watched for liquors intended for other parts of the state, the other phases of the work were also carried on through the city. The searching of suspected places was frequent, the police being often aided in this work by drinking men who betrayed the secret hiding-places of the rumsellers, because, as they said, they wished the business to be entirely suppressed.

Over a large portion of the state the same kind of warfare was carried on. It varied in energy and effectiveness, but surely, however slowly, the coils of the law were winding around the liquor-traffic in Maine, and the volume of the trade was constantly

diminishing. When the law went into operation there were many country traders who kept liquors in stock much against their own views of propriety. "Others do, and we must," was the reason given for continuing a trade they admitted to be wrong. Such merchants as those availed themselves of the new law to abandon the traffic without delay, and this considerably reduced the number of those engaged in it. There were others who, though entertaining no personal scruples as to the business, yielded at once. The law was an authoritative and emphatic expression of public opinion they did not care to encounter. Their objection to being engaged in the business so condemned was strong enough to lead them to abandon it without regard to the penalties awaiting them if they continued it. Others preferred to test the law. Comparatively few, however, cared to experience the penalties more than once. As soon as they found the authorities in earnest they ceased business.

A volume, however, would not suffice to describe the various methods resorted to by some dealers or their agents to block the officers in the discharge of their duty; it would be, however, but the old story of a contest between law-officers and law-breakers. The course of each is the same everywhere and at all times, the latter always endeavoring to avoid detection and escape the penalty for crime, the former, if honest and capable, alert in the discharge of duty and determined to bring the criminal to justice.

Occasionally, in some of the rural districts of the state, the question of the enforcement or non-enforcement of the law would be considered and decided in neighborhood, corner-grocery discussions, in which

the opinion of the village "squire" as to the constitutionality of the statute had much weight. But wherever there could be found three determined temperance men, an honest justice and a courageous constable there was no difficulty in putting the law into operation. In some outlying districts, familiarity with the forms of proceedings under the law was not as great as was the zeal for its enforcement. Sometimes amusing incidents resulted, because the people, though generally understanding the object of the law, did not always know just how to proceed under it.

In one town in York county, not far from Portland, liquor had been seized in a building not covered by the search warrant. In this case, as was not uncommon, the officer had been assisted by several zealous friends of the law, young men, who were anxious to destroy the liquor at once, but the officers dissuaded them. When the time for the hearing came, the owner demanded the return of the liquor. The assistant searchers and their friends were on the ground, and the justice court became a sort of informal town-meeting. Everybody was disposed to be good natured about it, but nobody, save the claimant, and possibly his counsel, desired to see the liquors given up.

The owner was confronted with the fact that there was plenty of evidence to show that he had repeatedly violated the law, and that, though because of informality, it might be necessary to surrender these liquors, he could be proceeded against in due time under other clauses of the statute. Finally it was arranged that all proceedings against the owner should be stopped if he would himself "voluntarily" knock in the head of the barrel. This at first he

flatly refused to do, but after being reasoned with and convinced that with so many in the neighborhood to watch him he could not sell he took the ax and swung it over his shoulder preparatory for the blow, but his heart failed him. "Boys, I cannot do it!" he exclaimed, in a tone almost as pitiful as if the barrel-head had been that of one of his children. But the "town-meeting" good-naturedly insisted. Again and yet again he essayed to strike, each time his heart failing him. At last he asked to be allowed to take a drink of the liquor to nerve him to the dreadful deed. This refused, he finally struck the blow. The head was knocked in, and he threw down the ax, protesting it was too bad to waste such stuff as that. Meanwhile the "town-meeting" stood round him convulsed with approving laughter.

In several cases neighborhood gatherings were held to witness the voluntary destruction of liquors by the owners, who had decided to go out of the business, sometimes on the tacit understanding that they should not be prosecuted for violations of the law in which they had been detected, and sometimes because, without any pressure, they had concluded to sell no more.

As I have stated, the more respectable among those engaged in the trade abandoned it without waiting for action on the part of the authorities. They did not care to be classed as law-breakers, or as among those who had no respect for an expression of public opinion as formulated in the law, to the effect that their business was injurious. Others, less sensitive, abandoned the trade through fear of penalties. They were early satisfied that in the long run they could reap no profit from a business under the ban of such a

law, the execution of which was in the hands of officials who, having regard for their oath of office, were determined to do their full duty. Others were driven out of it after suffering once or twice the pains provided for violators of the statute.

Who then was left to carry on the trade? With very few exceptions, only disreputable persons who would shrink from the violation of no law interfering in any way with their wishes, if they could hope to escape the penalties in such cases provided. Those carried it on generally in out of the way places, in which they were wont, as occasion might offer, to violate other laws, or outrage the general proprieties and decencies of life.

As bearing upon this point, I quote a single extract of a multitude that might be republished, written by opponents of the law. But one will suffice. It is taken from the Portland correspondence of a Boston paper, published some time in November, 1853. After referring to the Maine Law as "the most disagreeable pill that ever mortal man was made to swallow," it goes on to say:

"A short time ago a friend invited me out to 'smile' with several others. We took our course through a dirty, muddy lane, where no signs of shop, shed, or shanty, were visible, and arriving at a certain retired spot, our host gave the word to halt. Groping his way under a huge iron ship-kettle, half inverted, he pulled out a jug which proved to be brandy. The word was given to 'fire away,' and each in rotation imbibed from the aforesaid jug, leaving a goodly supply for another 'smile.' So it goes. Every person desiring a drink must get it in some such democratic way as this. Of course fancy drinks, such as sherry cobbles, tip and ties, brandy smashes, or even the good old hot whiskey punches, with a port wine top to them, are luxuries wholly unknown here. But enough of this liquor law, it is killing Portland as dead as a herring, and no mistake."

And now what do my readers suppose was the next statement of this correspondent with reference to Portland, which, he says, is being "killed as dead as a herring" by the liquor law? Here it is: "*There is a great deal of building in Portland among the rich men, who cannot invest their capital in any more advantageous way.*"

The customers drawn to such places by such dealers, were, almost without exception, those upon whom the appetite for intoxicants had so fastened itself that they could be rescued from it only by the special interposition of Divine grace. No sensible person could fail to see that a trade driven to such straits and into such hands was not as dangerous or as extensive as if permitted in eligible localities and in every variety of attractiveness to flaunt its invitations, temptations, and seductions in the face of every passer.

It is urged, however, by the opponents of Prohibition, that the banishment of the trade to such places and to such hands is injurious. It is under such conditions, they say, that the worst phases of the evil are developed. But it is to be remembered that no evil which is condemned as such by law is likely to be conducted in the light of day, always supposing faithfulness on the part of officials. It seeks the dark because it is unlawful. If the secrecy in which a prohibited act is performed is a fatal objection to the law which compels its concealment, then the entire system of criminal legislation is wrong. What law have we in the entire criminal code, the violator of which politely approaches officials to inform them when the violation is about to begin?

The objection is a specious one. The very secrecy in which a prohibited act is committed suggests to all

who are tempted that it is evil. Who will say that the degrading, immoral, and injurious influences of the lottery shop, the gambling hell, and the brothel, have been increased in communities where fear of the law has driven them from the public view?

It must not be forgotten that the tendency of the rum trade, whatever the form of law, or in the absence of any law affecting it, is to drag its patrons down. Suppose a community in which liquor had never been sold, and in which there was not an individual who indulged in the use of it, or who had had any desire for intoxicants. Let now the sale be established. Make the restrictions as rigid as possible, and let them be observed to the letter. But if the business is to exist, patrons are sought; young men and old, mothers and maidens, who have never drunk before, are in effect invited to drink now. Why not? The place where they are expected to begin is respectable, it is attractive. No excess has ever been committed there, nothing as yet has been witnessed there to shock the most refined, because no liquor has ever been sold there before. Why should not all patronize it? It is a licensed shop; who should advise any to avoid it? The proprietor has paid his fee to the state for the privilege of establishing his business there. Who will violate the implied contract between him and the people for his undisturbed possession of that business, by counseling those who might become his customers, not to patronize him?

The sale begins. Now seeds are being sown that will spring up into a baneful growth. Of those who become patrons of such a respectably conducted shop a percentage will, in time, reach a point where that shop, if it continues to be respectable, will no longer

welcome them as customers, although they are of those who think that they *must* have drink. They have become the victims of an insatiable appetite which it is torment to refuse to feed. Does your respectable shop refuse to cater to these victims? It matters little now. Their condition is such that the elegance of the shop which first attracted and seduced them is as displeasing to them as the coarse surroundings of the place toward which they are gravitating would have been when they were first charmed into the path to ruin by the gilded saloon; and so they go on. The worse the cravings of the created appetite, the lower in the scale of respectability they are dragged, and the lower will be the resorts in which they seek to gratify it.

Let none imagine that the permission of so-called "respectable" shops will make disreputable places less numerous. The rule is otherwise, and it is a rule holding good under any form of law which may be adopted. It has no relation or connection with law. Select the worst drunkard to be found in the vilest den in the land, and time was when, of his own accord, he would not have gone there for stimulants. He commenced higher, if it be an ascending scale, in some more "respectable" place.

The progressive steps in the manufacture of such a product may be easily traced. The raw material is the respectable beginner in whom the appetite does not exist. He is taken in with a great many others through the front door of an attractive saloon. The process of selection at once begins. Material suitable for the purpose is passed from one saloon to another, always downward, until the finished product is finally turned out, the miserable wretch we selected from the back door of a low liquor-den.

It may be possible to prevent this, or the most of it, by closing the place into which the raw material is drawn. That open, the lower dens follow as a matter of course; that closed, and in time there will be no demand for the worst haunts. That open, and the lower depths will certainly be permitted; that closed, and soon there will be little supply left for the moral and material quagmires. Stop the gathering of raw material, the young, the thoughtless, the innocent, and after a while there will be no finished product, the drunken, the miserable, the disreputable.

As was to be expected, results consonant with this theory followed upon the enforcement of Prohibition. Most of those who knew what Maine was before those days have gone to their long home. Assuming that the average age necessary for experience and observation is thirty years, only the few of us who have passed the allotted age of man can bear witness to the great change for the better, everywhere to be seen, resulting from the faithful application of the prohibitions of the Maine Law. But there is not wanting evidence, to be found in official reports, and the recorded statements of reliable witnesses, some of which will be cited hereafter.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE EFFECT OF THE ENFORCEMENT OF PROHIBITION.
GATHERING OPPOSITION TO IT. MY DEFEAT
IN THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION
OF 1852.

Within a comparatively few months after the enactment of the Maine Law, a considerable portion of the state, including Portland and most of the larger towns, was practically free from the liquor-traffic. The change for the better, substantially throughout Maine, was marvelous, apparent not only in a decrease of drunkenness and of the long and varied list of disturbances which radiate from a runshop as miasma rises from a swamp, but in evidences of industry, thrift, and material prosperity rewarding well-directed labor. This was a revelation to many, who, having given little thought to the subject, had regarded the prophecies of the advocates of Prohibition as fanciful, if not fanatical, dreams. To those, however, who had considered the matter, gratifying as was the change, it was not surprising.

The grave temptations peculiar to open bar-rooms no longer existed. What was left of the trade was secret, obscure, unlawful, disreputable. If it was true that some victims of an appetite, relentless in its

once fastened grip, could yet find in out-of-the-way places that with which to gratify their body-destroying and soul-damning thirst, it was, nevertheless, clearly demonstrated that those not yet brought under the complete control of that deadly desire had been given and were improving a chance for reform.

Nor were these alone benefited. Loafing about the corner-groceries was discouraged by the storekeepers lest they should be suspected of continuing a traffic no longer respectable because no longer countenanced by law. Hanging about where liquor was surreptitiously sold was not tolerated even by the illicit dealers, because the attention of the officers would thus be attracted to their law-breaking. Those who formerly gathered in such places to get the "fuddle" were no longer drawn thither. Those who cared less, or little, for drink, but who had been wont to spend time in them because others did, now kept away; hence much time formerly wasted about the taverns, bar-rooms and corner-groceries, where liquor of all kinds had been kept on tap, was now employed in useful labor.

The time required to walk or ride to the grocery, which would average half a mile or more from the farm, was now devoted to seeing what repairs were needed to make the house or the barn decent and comfortable. There was a leaking roof, long neglected; a broken pane of glass for a month or more supplanted by a shingle, or more often an old hat; a dozen clapboards were hanging loose, needing a nail or two each; a broken well-sweep had for weeks awaited mending; the fence about the kitchen garden did not protect it from the cow; the harness must have here

a strap, there a buckle. All these and many other easily remedied defects were now noticed that were before unseen.

The time formerly lounged away in one day on the old stiff-back settle at the store over the mug of grog or flip now served to set a half dozen panes of glass, to stop a half score of leaks in the roof of barn or shed, or to make any one of many other needed repairs, while the money, or more often the butter, eggs, poultry, spent or exchanged for rum sufficed to buy the shingles, the glass, or whatever material was necessary.

Nor was this all. Wives and daughters who had hardly dared to hope for bare necessities now began to look for genuine comforts. The husband and father was now in a condition to see and appreciate for himself the difference between a shabby, neglected, cheerless home, and a clean, bright, and attractive one. A man whose time was given up to destroying at the rumshop all incentives, tastes and capacity for industry could not command the ordinary necessities, much less the comforts and legitimate pleasures and luxuries of life. Happily for him, poor fellow, following upon the loss of his capacity to command them soon came a lack of taste and desire for them; but now time was given to industry, and industry at once supplied existing demands and created other desires for all that would contribute to the comfort of family and home.

A striking illustration of the effect of this change was drawn out by the opposition to the law. Some liquors had been seized by the authorities in Portland at a railroad station, marked and intended for delivery in a country town. This created a great

hullabaloo among the apologists of the outlawed trade. Many of our citizens owned stock in the railroad, and the attempt was made to enlist them against the law by insisting that the road would be ruined if its freighting business was thus interfered with. This was met by the publication of a statement from the freight agent of that railroad, showing that the receipts from freight had been much larger since the enforcement of the Maine Law than before. The money formerly spent in the country towns for rum was now used to procure the necessaries and comforts of life, transported by the road, while the capacity for production and consumption was greater in sober communities than in intemperate ones, with a corresponding increase in the demands for all sorts of merchantable commodities.

So much for the country towns. In the cities and larger villages it had taken longer to extirpate the traffic, but there was only here and there a place where the enforcement of the law was not sufficiently vigorous to largely curtail the unlawful trade, to drive it into obscure places, comparatively difficult, and always inconvenient, of access. The effect on general industry was the same as in the country. It was so marked that men who had predicted ruin to prosperity when trade in intoxicants was prohibited learned that business was immensely benefited. The money formerly spent in rum now procured that which created instead of destroyed, as did liquor, the ability to consume more of the necessities and comforts of life, and the capacity to produce more to be exchanged for such increased consumption.

I remember a statement published by a retail wood dealer in Portland in the winter of 1851-52 after the

law had been in operation about nine months. It was to the effect that the winter before, as had been the usual custom, he was troubled by numerous applications for "four pence ha'penny" (six and a quarter cents), and "ninepence" (twelve and a half cents) worth of wood, and often people would want to be trusted for that small quantity. This year, he said, none of these people bought less than half a cord of wood at a time and always paid when they got it.

From all lines of legitimate business similar testimony, more or less in detail, was offered, showing that more than the money saved from the grogeries was flowing through channels of trade tributary to and not destructive of the common weal. The Maine Law, therefore, became immensely popular with a large portion of the public. Its friends were delighted, and many who had been originally its opponents were now glad to be numbered among its supporters.

It was not to be expected, however, that the trade would give up its chance for profit without a struggle. It had long existed in defiance of that higher law under which no man has a right to seek to serve himself by trampling on the rights of others. What interest, individual or social, had not suffered by it? It was a drag upon progress, a blot upon civilization. Blind, deaf, and indifferent, as it was, to the highest and most sacred interests of society, who could expect it to yield to legislative enactment if, by open defiance of law, intrigue and cunning, by bribery and corruption, it could continue to reap ill-gotten gains? Opposition to the law became vigorous, but because of the marked advantage to the state materially, as well as to the people morally, it was obliged to conceal its

real animus under some more respectable and useful cloak.

There had been no state election in the fall of 1851, and the legislature which enacted the law was to come together in January, 1852, following the adoption of Prohibition in June, 1851. It was hardly to be supposed that, left to itself, that body would undo the measure it had so recently passed by a two-thirds vote. This was an advantage to the friends of the law, which its opponents sought to undermine by "instructions" from town-meetings in various representative districts.

In a number of cases town-meetings were regularly called, in the expectation that a popular vote favoring repeal would be adopted. I have the record of several such cases before me, and in each of them the vote was overwhelmingly against repeal. I know of no case where it was otherwise, or less than two to one — in several it was more than four to one — in favor of the law. After about a score of towns had voted that way, the opponents of Prohibition ceased calling town-meetings for that purpose.

By this time, also, the diminution of pauperism and crime in the state was so great that most charitable and penal institutions had by far fewer inmates than formerly. Among them the Kennebec county jail at Augusta and that of Oxford county were empty for the first time since their erection.

Evidence in a great variety of forms was abundant to prove the salutary effect of the law in a large portion of the state, so much so that before the legislature had assembled it was evident that no success would attend any effort to repeal it. By the time the law-makers had convened it was as certain that

no attempt would be made in that direction. The opponents of the law preferred to wait for a more convenient season before attacking it in that quarter.

The legislature had been in session but a few days when, on the 19th of January, Editor Carter, of the *Whig* daily of Portland, a representative in the legislature, wrote to his paper from Augusta:

“Both friends and opponents of the liquor law may set their hearts at rest about its repeal at this session. It will not be repealed; it is not among the possibilities. The feeling in favor of the law is much more decided and unequivocal than at the last session. One of the ablest members of the house, who voted against it last spring, told me a day or two ago that he regarded the evidence of its beneficial effects and the favor with which it is regarded by a vast majority of the people as altogether too conclusive and overwhelming to be resisted. On the other hand, I have not yet heard a single member say a word in favor of the repeal, and the general opinion is that no serious attempt to repeal it will be made. If there is, it will prove a complete failure.”

About the same date the *Bangor Whig* said:

“The law is found to be a practical and working law, and is enthusiastically sustained by public sentiment.”

For many reasons Portland was the most important point involved in the war waged by the people against the trade from which they had so long suffered. It was the most populous place in the state. At the time of the enactment of the Maine Law more capital was invested in the traffic there than in any other municipality in Maine. If the law was enforced in Portland there would be no difficulty in making it effective in any other locality. If benefits followed upon Prohibition there, where in Maine might not equal good result? The vigorous application of its provisions at that place, the chief distributing point in the state, in

the seizure of liquors *in transitu* would prove of immense assistance to the authorities of many country towns. by cutting off supplies of liquors that might otherwise be clandestinely sold in them. All those reasons stimulated the friends of Prohibition to desire an earnest execution of the law in Portland. The realization of so much that they had hoped for from the law, after it had been in operation but a few months, now increased their zeal for its continued enforcement.

On the other hand, its opponents understood that if the law could be hindered, embarrassed and crippled in Portland it would lose prestige and favor at home and abroad. Portland was the birthplace of the temperance reform in Maine. There it had been baptized by the Paysons, the Nicholse and their early coadjutors of the old Sixty-Nine society; there a devout, self-sacrificing clergy had given it the assistance of their prayers, their sympathy, their precepts and their examples; there scores of its stout-hearted friends had pushed it forward over every obstacle; there the able, fearless and earnest Appleton had advocated it and had elucidated the principles of Prohibition. Portland, in the language of Senator Cary, when the Maine Law was pending before the legislature. was the hot-bed of "temperance fanaticism;" there the very law being weighed in the balance had been drawn, and there the enforcement of that measure was in the hands of its author, who, armed with the authority pertaining to the position of mayor, was under the obligation of an official oath to faithfully and impartially enforce it.

As the friends of the law in Portland were specially led to stand by it, so its enemies there were deter-

mined to bitterly oppose it. Every method, therefore, that could be devised was resorted to by them to embarrass the authorities, hinder the execution and defeat the object of the law. I am confident that I am justified in saying that there has never been a day in Portland since that first nine months of its existence, when the enforcement of Prohibition would not have been easier than at that time.

A battle royal was soon to be fought there at the charter election to be held in April, 1852, about nine months after the law had been put into operation. Both friends and opponents were preparing for the contest in Portland when the legislature came together in Augusta. On the 15th of January, 1852, as mayor, I sent to the city council the following communication:

“The Act for the Suppression of Drinking Houses and Tippling Shops, passed at the last session of the legislature, has now been but about six months in full operation in this city, and I think it proper to lay before the city council a statement of its results. There has been no act of any state legislature which has attracted so much of the attention of the people of New England and the whole country as this because it is well understood that the operation of it upon the various interests of the state must be in the highest degree salutary, and it was the first effectual legislative measure in a line of policy which there is reason to suppose will be speedily followed by many, and eventually by all our sister states.

“For many years it has been well established that the traffic in intoxicating drinks has been the cause of a large amount of poverty, pauperism, suffering and crime; and Maine has undertaken, by the enactment of this law, to free herself from so much of these evils as flow from that source. From the first, the prompt and energetic execution of the law in this city was submitted to cheerfully and quietly; the wholesale dealers in spirits promptly abandoned the business, which it was impossible to carry on a single day under this law; and all those retail dealers who had any self-respect pursued the same course, without waiting for the execution of

a statute which regards and treats the keeper of a grog-shop as a criminal of the lowest grade. The few persons who continued to sell intoxicating liquors after the enactment of this law did so secretly; the sales were on a very limited scale, and principally to foreigners, and to such as could be trusted not to betray the vendors to the authorities. Many persons who were habitually intemperate abandoned the use of strong drinks, at first from the difficulty of procuring them—and afterwards they were fully sensible that they and their families were much better without them. I have reason to believe that the law is every day becoming more firmly fixed in the favorable regard of the people of this city and state, and I am confident that no retrograde step will be taken here in relation to this subject.

“The salutary effects of this law are more immediately seen in all those departments of our affairs which fall under the care of the police, and the returns of commitments to the watch-house and house of correction will show something of the difference in this department between the present and past years, but these returns will not exhibit the actual difference, because the police and watch during the present year have been more strict than they formerly were in arresting persons found in a state of intoxication. Our streets are now so much more quiet, particularly at night, than they were the last year, or any year before, that the difference cannot be understood very clearly, except by those connected with the night police and watch.

“This is attested by the city marshal, the captain of the watch, and by Mr. Curtis Meserve, a bank watch-man, who is in the streets every night, and in those parts of the city where disturbances would be most likely to occur, and he speaks strongly of the great improvement in this respect; street disturbances of any kind no longer occur in the city. Fore street, from Union to Center street, frequently required during the last year, the services of four policemen—particularly on Saturday and Sunday nights—and they were often too few, but now that locality is as quiet at all times as any other part of the city, and receives no extra attendance from the police.

“The number of persons who continue to sell strong drinks in the city is now very small, they are almost all foreigners, and sell with great secrecy and caution; an open rumshop or bar of any kind is entirely unknown; a barrel, keg or other vessel of liquors is not to be seen in the city at all, except at

the city agency; the law has executed its mission with more ease, certainty and dispatch, than was anticipated by its most ardent friends — it has been most triumphantly successful.

“I think it is not an exaggeration to say that the quantity of intoxicating liquors now sold in this city, except by the city agent, is not one-fifteenth part so great as it was seven months ago, and the salutary effects of this great improvement are apparent among the people in all parts of the city. The amount of liquors consumed in the state I think is not one-quarter so great as it was seven months ago, and it will become less very rapidly, as the people in the country towns are now enforcing the law more extensively and vigorously every day; from many towns in the state the illegal traffic is entirely banished. I have now adopted a regular system by which the power of the law to exclude intoxicating liquors from the city except for lawful purposes is to be fully tested.

“The master of the almshouse has submitted to me the following returns, which show the effect of the law upon that establishment: Admitted into the almshouse from January 1 to December 31, 1850, 290. Number admitted to the house from January 1 to December 30, 1851, was 262; average number through the year 1851 was 106. Number of families assisted out of the house from June 1 to December 31, 1850, was 60; average number through the year 1851 was 96. Number of families assisted out of the house from June 1 to December 30, 1851, was 40. Number in the house December, 1850, was 107. Number in the house December, 1851, was 86. Number committed to the house of correction for drunkenness from June 1 to December 1, 1850 — 6 months — was 40. Number committed from January 1 to May 31, 1851 — 5 months — was 34; from June 1, (the law was approved June 2) to October 16, was 8; from October 16 to December 31, none. From June 1 to December 31, — 7 months — 8. **THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION IS NOW EMPTY.**

“The master of the almshouse adds that he formerly had great trouble from paupers out at work, or on leave, who would return in a state of intoxication, which was an every-day occurrence — but for months past he has not had a case of this kind, and on the day of the cattle-show he let them all out on leave, and all returned perfectly sober.

“The number of commitments to the jail of this county for drunkenness, assault and larceny, from June 1 to December 31, 1850, was 192 — for the same months of 1851 the number was 89, and for these months of 1851 there were 58 liquor-

sellers imprisoned, while in 1850 there were none. The law was in operation here pretty well by the first of August, 1851, and from that time to December 31st there were nine commitments for larceny, and for the corresponding months of 1850 there were 16 commitments for that offense.

• The whole number of convictions before our municipal court under this law for selling intoxicating liquors has been 101, and the amount of fines imposed for that offense is \$1,310; amount of fines for keeping liquors, \$360; amount of costs in cases of selling and keeping, \$373.35; whole amount of fines and costs, \$2,043.35.

• The whole number of seizures of intoxicating liquors has been about fifty — and the market value of the liquors seized has not been far from five thousand dollars.

• There were committed to the watch-house from June 1 to December 31, 1850, 332 persons; in the corresponding months of 1851, 152 persons; in October, November and December, 1850, respectively, 43, 44 and 48 — 135; in the same months of 1851, 21, 23 and 11 — 55. This statement does not show the actual difference in the commitments of the two periods of 1850 and 1851, because in the former year the practice of the police and watch was to allow all intoxicated persons who were quiet to get home if they were able to accomplish it, and often such persons were aided by the watch; but during the corresponding periods of this year the orders to the police and watch were to arrest and commit to the watch-house all persons who were manifestly under the influence of liquor, and the application of the same rule to the corresponding period of 1850 would have doubled the number of commitments. At least nine-tenths of the persons committed to the watch-house for the last six months were foreigners, who obtained the means of intoxication from low shops or cellars, kept with great secrecy by their countrymen.

• I have notes received from Mr. Mitchell, city missionary, and from Mr. Hadley, minister at large, whose duties call them exclusively to visit the poorer part of our population. Mr. Mitchell has been city missionary for many years, and has had under his supervision from six hundred and fifty to seven hundred families, and he adds that not one-twentieth of intemperate drinking can now be found that existed when the 'Maine Law' went into effect. In his constant walks about the city he does not meet one intoxicated person a day; and he does not recollect more than five or six cases for the last six months of complaints of wives that their husbands drink

too much; in many inveterate cases which he knows where both husband and wife drank to excess they are entirely reformed through the effect of the law, and are living happily together.

“Mr. Hadley says that his intercourse is chiefly with the poorest part of the population, who are out of the almshouse, and especially with the intemperate. For the quarter just ended, compared with the corresponding period ending December 31, 1850, the calls made upon him for assistance have been less than one-seventh, and the cases where relief was actually afforded were just one-sixth as many as they were during the same months of 1850, and the amount given in the three months of 1851 was \$1 to \$5.37½ given in the corresponding period of 1850; these results he obtains from a careful examination of his books, and attributes the difference entirely to the favorable operation of this law upon the habits and domestic economy of the people.

“These statements collected from various sources, all pointing significantly in one direction, cannot fail to satisfy the most casual observer that the operation of the ‘Maine Law,’ if steadily enforced, will sweep away a large proportion of the poverty, pauperism, crime and suffering with which we have been afflicted, the result of the traffic in strong drink. I consider the success of this law of the highest importance to the interests of the city, and to the prosperity and happiness of the people — and I have not hesitated to exert, for the accomplishment of that object, all the power conferred upon me by the city charter and the city council.

“It seemed to me to be necessary to pursue such a course, because the bill was drawn and passed under circumstances so peculiar that the people of the state turned their eyes to this city with common consent, to observe the manner in which it should be executed here. The law is so stringent in its provisions, and summary in its processes, that many persons supposed some difficulty might be found in executing it, and a firm and energetic enforcement of it in this city was necessary to encourage other towns and cities in the state to do the same thing, and to demonstrate to the people of this state and of other states that such a law would be effectual in extinguishing the traffic, in intoxicating liquors, which all acknowledge to be an unmitigated curse in every community in which it is tolerated.

“On the 12th of June the council passed the following order — to wit:

‘Ordered, That to give full force and effect to the Act for the Suppression of Drinking Houses and Tippling Shops recently enacted, and to procure the full benefits thereof to the city as speedily as possible, the mayor be, and he is hereby authorized to draw his orders on the treasurer, from time to time, and for such sums as he may judge necessary and proper, to secure the prompt enforcement of said law.’

“If the suppression of all our grog-shops could have been effected at a cost to the treasury of some thousands of dollars, it would be regarded as a good financial operation; but I have made it a point in carrying on the warfare against the illegal traffic in rum to compel the enemy to pay the expenses of the campaign; so far, I have succeeded in accomplishing this object, and I am confident that at the end of this municipal year I shall be able to report to the city council that this traffic is entirely extinguished, and that the city has not paid a dollar of the cost.”

The statements contained in that communication were entitled to all the weight and confidence which pertained to official declarations made under the obligations and responsibilities of public positions. They were never denied nor questioned. Later, on the 25th of March, in an annual report to the city council, after referring to the general condition of the city business, I said:

“In my message to the city council at the commencement of the year, I took occasion to speak of the almshouse establishment as altogether inadequate to the wants of the city, and as being so badly arranged as to afford imperfect accommodation to its inmates, who could not be classified and separated, as their comfort and proper discipline required. Our citizens have for several years been justly dissatisfied with that establishment; and ten or twelve years ago the board of overseers were convinced of the necessity of a new almshouse, and a purchase of land was made with reference to it, and some preliminary steps were taken in that direction. At the commencement of the year I expressed the opinion that the construction of a new almshouse establishment, to cost at least fifty thousand dollars, would be indispensable to the comfort and proper accommodation of our numerous

paupers, who were increasing upon us from year to year, if the cause of pauperism, to wit: the traffic in intoxicating drinks, should be permitted to exist among us. Since that time our legislature has enacted a stringent and effective law upon this subject, which in the nine months of its existence has almost entirely annihilated the traffic in this city, and generally throughout the state; and the effect of this is very striking already in diminishing the number of inmates in the almshouse; and the general suffering throughout the city from want, although the winter was unusually severe, has been much less than usual, and if the present course of policy shall be steadily persevered in our almshouse will probably afford abundant and comfortable accommodation for all its inmates until the city shall be three or four times as populous as it now is. At the commencement of the year the number of open rumshops of all grades in full operation was supposed to be from three hundred to four hundred, as estimated by those who were best able to judge. Three hundred was the lowest estimate. At present there is not one. The receipts at each of these places per day, at the lowest figure, may be reckoned to average three dollars; this for three hundred days — and Sundays were the best days for such places — would give \$270,000 per year. It may be thought that this sum is much too large to have been expended annually by the people of this city for intoxicating drinks, but it is believed that the number of grog-shops, set down at three hundred, and the sum received by each per day, at three dollars, is within the fact. But if we consider the expenditure in this way to have been only \$200,000, or about \$2.22 per day for each of the three hundred shops, the fact will be sufficiently important to arrest the attention of every man who has any regard for the prosperity of the city and the welfare of the citizens.

“The whole of this sum, or of whatever sum may have been expended in this way, was entirely lost to the city; no valuable return was obtained from it. This amount will purchase forty thousand barrels of flour at five dollars each, or about five barrels of flour and five cords of wood to every family in the city, estimating the number of families at four thousand. It is true that some persons accumulated wealth by the traffic, but it was not by paying a fair equivalent, or any equivalent for property so gained; but the process was simply the transferring the hard earnings of the laboring man to the coffers of the dealer in spirits — while the victims of

their trade were sent to their desolate homes to abuse wives and children who were suffering for the common necessities of life, which might have been purchased with the money squandered on strong drinks. And while this traffic continued the persons by whom it was sustained were growing poorer and more miserable and degraded every year, and worse members of society.

“A great many families in this city situated thus a year since are now comfortable and happy, being entirely relieved by the suppression of the grog-shops from their former troubles.

“The extinguishment of the traffic in intoxicating drinks will not only be the means of saving this great amount of money to the poorer part of the people, but the productive industry of the country will be stimulated to an extent that we cannot at present foresee. All this sum which was formerly expended for strong drinks by the people of this city and state will henceforth be expended for the necessities and comforts of life, with the additional amount which will accrue from the more industrious habits of the people, and these increased quantities of merchandise and products of improved habits of industry will give additional revenue to all classes of common carriers—the arrest of every barrel of rum which is stopped in its transit to the consumer will save an amount of money to the people which will be expended for many barrels of other merchandise, or their equivalent in bulk, which in their journey to the consumer will follow precisely the same channels of transit which would have been taken by the strong drink. Every legitimate branch of trade, of industry and investment, is deeply interested in a pecuniary way in the suppression of the traffic in intoxicating liquors. The people may not see this now, but the results are as certain as any other law of trade or of nature.

“I have received from the master of the almshouse and house of correction return of commitments from June 1, 1851, to March 2, 1852, and for the corresponding period of the preceding year, as follows:

“Committed to the almshouse from June 1, 1850, to March 20, 1851, 252; committed from June 1, 1851, to March 20, 1852, 146; number in the almshouse March 20, 1851, 112; number in the almshouse March 20, 1852, 90. Number of families assisted out of the almshouse from June 1, 1850, to March 20, 1851, 135; from June 1, 1851, to March 20, 1852, 90. Seventy-five of the 90 now in the alms-

house came there through intemperance; four of the 90 were not brought there through that cause; the history of the remaining eleven is not known.

“Committed to the house of correction for intemperance from June 1, 1850, to March 20, 1851, 46; for larceny, etc., 12. Committed from June 1, 1851, to March 20, 1852, for intemperance, 10; for larceny, etc., 3. Committed in April, 1851, 9; committed in May, 1851, 10.

“The Maine Law was enacted June 2, 1851, and from the first of that month to March 20, 1852, ten months, the number committed was 10. At the term of the District Court in this city March, 1852, but one indictment was found for larceny, and that is supposed to be the result of mistake, while at the March term, 1851, there were seventeen indictments found. These results have been obtained, notwithstanding an increased vigilance in arresting persons found under the influence of strong drinks. Of the ninety persons now in the almshouse, forty-nine are foreigners, and forty-one natives. Not more than one-eighth of our population is foreign, while the few secret grog-shops which remain in the city are almost entirely among that class of people.

“There were committed to the jail for drunkenness, larceny, etc., from June 1, 1850, to and including March, 1851, 279; for the corresponding period of 1851-52, 135; deduct liquor-sellers imprisoned in the latter period, 72, and we have 63 for drunkenness, larceny, etc., against 279 for the corresponding period before the enactment of the liquor law.

“There were in jail on the 20th of March, 1851, twenty-five persons—on the 20th of March, 1852, seven persons, three of whom are liquor-sellers; without them the number would be four against twenty-five of the corresponding day of 1851.

“I learn that for several years past the county commissioners have been considering the necessity of erecting a new jail to accommodate the numerous prisoners, but if the present liquor law remains upon the statute-book, and is vigorously enforced, the present jail will afford ample room for all who will be committed to it, until our population shall amount to 75,000 or 80,000. From present indications, the office of jail-keeper in this state will not henceforth be very eagerly sought after, as its emoluments depend upon the number of persons imprisoned.

“There were committed to the watch-house from June 1, 1850, to and including March, 1851, 431 persons. For the

corresponding period of 1851-52, the number was 180, notwithstanding the increased vigilance of the police in the latter term to arrest intemperate persons found in a state of intoxication.

“The number of convictions under the liquor law in January was twenty-three, in February, two, in March, six. The liquor-shops are now so few and secret that it is difficult to obtain proof against any.

“By order of the city council, I was authorized to draw on the treasurer from time to time, for such sums as I should judge necessary to secure the prompt enforcement of the ‘Maine Law,’ so called; but the receipts from fines under that law, have been considerably greater than all the expenses incurred in the prosecutions, by an amount between \$500 and \$600.

“I wish it were in my power to report the illegal traffic in intoxicating drinks to be entirely expelled from the city; such, however, is not the fact. At the commencement of the present municipal year, a great number of open runshops were in existence in all parts of the city; temptations to the young and inexperienced, as well as to those with depraved appetites confirmed, were spread out at every corner; at the present time, not one such place is in existence among us; the temptation to drink is entirely withdrawn, and depraved appetite for intoxicating liquors can now be gratified with difficulty — and only in dark and concealed places known only to a few, and which are kept only by persons of the lowest and most abject character.

“The effect of the law, and of the administration of it, has been, within the ten months of its existence, not only to accomplish this, and very much to reduce poverty, pauperism and crime, but also to render the habit of using strong drinks disreputable among all classes of society.

“The example of Maine has caused a general movement throughout all the free states against the traffic in strong drinks; and if our people shall maintain their position, as I think they will, I am confident our example will be followed by all New England, and by many others of our sister states, within five years.

“I have written to Rev. Mr. Hadley, minister at large, and to Rev. Mr. Mitchell, city missionary, requesting statements of the effect of the liquor law upon the poor under their care and observation; and I submit the reply of Mr. Hadley entire, as it cannot well be abbreviated, and I consider it very important; from Mr. Mitchell I have received no reply.”

“OFFICE OF THE MINISTRY AT LARGE, }
 PORTLAND, March 23, 1852. }

HON. NEAL DOW :

Dear Sir:—I embrace the earliest opportunity to answer your note of the 18th inst., in which you request me ‘to furnish some statements concerning the effects of the Maine Liquor Law upon the poor—their sufferings, intemperance, need of charity,’ etc.

“I answered a similar request from Rev. T. W. Higginson, of Newburyport, Mass., on the 10th of this month, and as my letter to him has been published, I would refer you to that as partly answering your request. I might add many facts as supplementary to the letter above referred to, without repetition; but for certain reasons I prefer to make some extracts from my periodical reports which have been presented from time to time to the trustees of this ministry, and approved by them,—even at the risk of repeating much which I have already uttered in the letter to Mr. Higginson. My journal abounds in details of individual cases illustrating the terrible effects of intemperance among the poor of this city, but I shall not find room within the proposed limits of this communication to transcribe any of these, but must confine myself to the more general statement of facts, from which you may draw your own inferences.

“I often have serious misgivings about uttering the whole truth concerning the effects of intemperance and the extent of its fearful ravages, as I witness them, feeling that in doing so I am very liable to be disbelieved by multitudes, who, though intelligent on most subjects of common investigation, really know less of the true condition of vast numbers of the poor victims of this vice in their midst than the most distant tribes of the earth.

“From my first Annual Report, rendered April 2, 1850, I make the following extracts :

‘The great mass of squalid poverty which we witness is the effect of idleness, prodigality and intemperance. This last named evil is the great and terrible scourge which afflicts our community, and produces more poverty and misery than all other causes combined.

‘It would take fifty pages like this to contain a comprehensive narration of my experience of the terrible ravages of intemperance in this city. Could all the sober and benevolent persons in this city see the effects of this plague

as they really exist, there would be one general uprising and concentration of effort, and no labor, self-denial or cost would be deemed too great to check its progress. I leave much of the darker part of my experience and observation in the shade.'

(From My Quarterly Report, October 1, 1850.)

'I have made directly to the poor and in their behalf about six hundred calls, and rendered assistance in some form in more than one hundred instances during the last quarter, besides the clothing that has been given to children. The calls made upon me for assistance have been almost numberless, and the demand almost without limit. I have been accustomed to investigate the condition and circumstances of the poor under my notice as thoroughly as possible, seeking to understand the causes of their poverty, and endeavoring to find out and apply the remedy; and I am fully convinced that intemperance is the fruitful source of almost all the evils and sufferings among the poor of my charge.'

(From My Quarterly Report, January 1, 1851.)

'On secular days I have scarcely been able, during the last quarter, to take a single meal in a day without the interruption of calls, and occasionally have had no less than three or four during the half hour set apart for dinner. The number of instances in which aid has been solicited, and in which I have been obliged to take some definite action—by way of investigation or granting some kind of immediate assistance—has exceeded eight hundred, to say nothing of many others which have been summarily dismissed.'

'In turning over the pages of my journal, corresponding in time with this report, I find that in almost all cases of pressing necessity which came before me, intemperance was the inducing cause.'

(From My Quarterly Report, April 1, 1851.)

'In my last quarterly report I stated that the number of applications for assistance during the quarter ending January 1, which seemed to require some definite action, exceeded eight hundred. During the first two months of the quarter ending to-day, i. e., January and February, they were much more numerous than ever before, and no memorandum was made of their number. The applicants were accustomed to call at all hours of the day, and occasionally as late as

half-past nine at night. During these months I was seldom able to take a meal without having from one to four calls from the table. While the severest storms of the season were raging, I found six families, in each of which were infants from one day to six months old, or very aged and infirm persons, or both, entirely destitute of fire and fuel, and some of them at the same time destitute of food. Their sufferings and destitution were occasioned entirely by beastly intemperance. The chief of all the destitution and wretchedness witnessed during the quarter just ended, as well as at all other times since my residence here, has been the result of intemperance.'

(From My Quarterly Report, July 2, 1851.)

'For six months past I have given much attention to the subject of temperance. Previous to the passage of the recent liquor bill, I assisted in finding out one hundred and seventy places where intoxicating liquors were illegally sold and drank. Under such circumstances, nothing but the most reckless disregard of God and man could induce any one to do anything to favor this most nefarious traffic, or to violate a law the most salutary and needful to human progress ever enacted on earth. I should consider its repeal without a substitute equally salutary and stringent, a greater calamity than all the plagues of Egypt poured upon our land at once.

'Let this reformation go on, and our ministry will not be labor and money thrown away. Our almshouses and jails will give place to churches, schoolhouses, libraries and lecture rooms.'

"I have paid great attention to the subject of juvenile vagrancy, truancy from school, etc., for more than two years and a half past; and since receiving your letter, I have called on most of the teachers of the Primary, and all of those of the boys' Grammar schools, who have unanimously confirmed my opinion of the vast improvement in the punctuality and conduct of the more irregular portion of their pupils — especially, they say, *within the last six months*. I do not believe that there is now prevalent a fourth part of the truancy, vagrancy, and nocturnal orgies which have so often made the night hideous, which we were accustomed to witness a year ago. Most of the young vagrant rowdies with whom the city has heretofore been so dreadfully infested, have been children of intemperate parents.

"The attendance on the evening school has been twenty

per cent greater during the last term than on any previous occasion, notwithstanding the new rigid rules as to their admittance, which excluded large numbers of applicants, and which were never adopted till the last session.

“I have already given you a comparative view of the calls for charity during the quarters ending respectively on the first of January, 1851-52. As for the months of January and February this year, compared with those of last, the diminution of calls has been fully two-thirds, and the cases of extreme want have changed from great frequency and enormity to *none at all*. I have not had as many applicants for the bestowment of charity of any kind, since the first day of January, as there have been secular days during the time. I feel that this ministry may now begin to do the work for which it was originally designed — a work connected with the intellectual, moral and spiritual improvement of the poor — and not the mere business of alms-giving and relief of the physical wants of wretched, intemperate paupers, for whom we could hope nothing more than temporary physical relief, while intemperance abounded as heretofore.

Very respectfully, W. H. HADLEY.”

Evidence no less conclusive was abundant to show, what was to be expected following upon the suppression of the liquor-traffic, that every kind of legitimate trade had been improved. Money was no longer finding its way into the grog-shops, and the butcher, the baker, the clothier, and all other useful tradesmen, found their sales larger and collections easier. In short, the city had a glimpse and foretaste of those inestimable blessings to be enjoyed when the vast evils resulting from the traffic in intoxicating drinks shall be no more. In a few months it had been demonstrated beyond all possibility of successful denial that Prohibition could be enforced, and that enforced Prohibition would prohibit. It had been as clearly shown that a community living under enforced Prohibition would not only be free from the evils inseparable from the liquor-traffic. but would succeed

to the enjoyment of many positive advantages in their stead.

So many and great had been the benefits to the state generally of enforced Prohibition, that the subject was now attracting wide attention beyond the borders of Maine. This had forced upon me a large correspondence, covering substantially all the United States and the Canadas. I was also in receipt of many urgent invitations from widely scattered localities to make addresses, all but a few of which my official duties compelled me to decline.

Among those that I felt obliged to accept was one to speak before a legislative committee of Massachusetts, appointed to consider the subject of a prohibitory law. This was in January, 1852. The meeting was held in Representatives' Hall, which was crowded to its utmost capacity. The large audience indicated the popular interest in the subject, while the reception I was accorded satisfied me that it was largely in sympathy with the views I had to present.

On this occasion I had the great pleasure of meeting one of my early preceptors in temperance, Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, who, with Rev. John Pierpont, and Rev. Father Taylor, addressed the committee along the line of my effort. Subsequently, Massachusetts adopted a law, taking that of Maine for a model, but departed, however, in some particulars from it. A year or two later some of its features were pronounced unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, and the law was afterwards amended to conform to that decision.

Another gathering outside of Maine that I attended about that time was a great banquet of the National Temperance society in New York. Among those present were Hon. Samuel Houston, of Texas, who

was the president of the society, and Rev. T. L. Cuyler, who alone survives of all that I can recall as in attendance. To Dr. Cuyler and his eminent services for temperance I shall have occasion to again refer. Rev. John Chambers, of Philadelphia, was there, as were also Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, Rev. George B. Cheever, and many other clergymen, none the less devoted friends of temperance, though not so widely known as those I have mentioned. I met on this occasion, for the first time. P. T. Barnum, of Connecticut, and had an opportunity to renew my acquaintance with Horace Mann.

After several toasts had been offered and responses made, came the following sentiment:

“The Maine Law. It infringes no man’s just and lawful rights; it interrupts no proper or legitimate branch of trade; but, like laws for the destruction of the implements of gaming and counterfeiting, it operates only for the public good.”

I was called upon to respond. My reception by the large gathering was extremely gratifying, indicating as it did that representative, thoughtful men of the country, whose lives were largely devoted to the welfare of society, of whom the attendance was mostly made up, had become thoroughly aroused to the necessity for legislative action against the liquor-traffic. When the applause had subsided, and I was commencing to speak, I was surprised by an interruption from General Houston, who, in the name of the society, presented me with a gold medal,* about three inches in diameter, with the inscription: “Presented to Neal Dow for Eminent Service in the Temperance Cause. New York, February 18, 1852.”

* This medal, after the death of General Dow, was, conforming to his request, presented to Miss Frances E. Willard, for the W. C. T. U.

For these and other reasons the little city of Portland had become widely known, and the question of its mayoralty for the coming year was exciting more than local interest, so that it is questionable if in a city of its size a municipal contest ever attracted as much attention outside its limits as did that which was now approaching there in the spring election of 1852. The newspapers all over the country commented upon it before and after the result was ascertained.

The disgruntled and discomfited old-time Whig leaders, who the year before had found their occupation of dictating nominations gone, were determined to "get even" with me, and the consternation and desperation of the liquor-element furnished them an abundance of material to be utilized for their purpose. This was supplemented by a large and eminently respectable, conservative element, to which change was always disagreeable, excitement objectionable, positive convictions irritating, and a decided, unequivocal action, even against wrong, especially obnoxious. Those three elements were to be combined against my re-election, and it was evident that the opposition to me would be formidable.

On the other hand, those who were determined to compass my defeat had much to reckon with. While the rigid enforcement of the Maine Law had annihilated the liquor-traffic, it had also inured in other particulars, as has been shown, to the benefit of the town. Meanwhile, no other interest had been neglected. Ordinary municipal affairs had been closely looked after, and the city finances were admittedly in better condition than when I assumed office. In the meantime several public improvements of great value and importance to the future of Portland had been

inaugurated. In none of these particulars was there any opportunity for criticism. It had been clearly shown that there was nothing inconsistent between a vigorous enforcement of the prohibitory law and careful attention to all the ordinary municipal business. It had been further demonstrated that the suppression of the liquor-traffic was an important contribution to the general prosperity of the community. It was clear that those who proposed to defeat an administration of which so much that was favorable could be said had no ordinary task upon their hands, and if my re-election was to be prevented the opposition must throw more votes than it had ever cast in Portland.

The details of the contest now opened would not be worth space here had the struggle been one simply involving purely local issues, however important. In name, to be sure, it was a municipal election in one of the smaller cities of the country. To such, ordinarily, attention is not attracted outside the boundaries including the residences of those who have a right to participate in it; but this, as has been stated, was watched with great interest by a large portion of the country, which had come to look upon everything pertaining to the Maine Law as important.

By the uniform usage of my party, I was entitled to a renomination as in all matters relating to general municipal affairs my administration had not been subjected to a breath of suspicion. But in this case a matter vastly greater than usage controlled, and my candidacy for re-election could not be prevented. It would have been inevitable had I desired retirement myself, unless the earnest friends of Prohibition had determined to abandon the principle for which

they had been so long laboring just as it had been secured and successfully applied.

My name was now, abroad as well as at home, inseparably connected with a policy which was already proving of great value to the city. The measure which I had applied so successfully there had now won almost world-wide celebrity, and had given the state of Maine and the city of Portland a fame that neither had enjoyed before. There could be no shrinking now from the struggle unless all was to be given up, and no one thought of that.

The Whig caucuses were called in the usual way, and delegates favorable to my nomination were chosen without a lisp of opposition in any ward. Among them was William Pitt Fessenden, soon to be chosen a United States senator as a result of the revolution of which signs were already to be seen in the political horizon of the state, and in which the Maine Law and its friends were to play so important a part. The nominating delegates assembled in convention, and, going through the usual form, unanimously voted to submit my name to the mass-meeting. There, where my friend the collector of the port had been so active in opposition to me the year before, not a sign of antagonism was manifested, and the action of the delegates was ratified with an enthusiasm rarely witnessed in such gatherings. It was evident that my support was to be large and cordial.

The Democrats had before this nominated the venerable Albion K. Parris to lead the opposition. To be confronted by such an antagonist was in itself no slight evidence of the conviction in the minds of my opponents that the Maine Law had won a strong hold upon the confidence of the people, and that the

candidate whom force of circumstances had made its special representative could be defeated by no ordinary competitor.

Unquestionably, Judge Parris was the strongest candidate that could have been selected by those opposed to my re-election. His had been a remarkable political career. Having served in both branches of the Massachusetts legislature before the separation of Maine from the mother state, he was afterwards elected to two Congresses; thence he was transferred to the bench of the United States District Court. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of the state, had been a justice of its Supreme Court, had represented Maine in the United States Senate, and had been five times elected governor, in the last three cases by practically unanimous votes. Of unsullied reputation in public and private life, kind, courteous and considerate in his intercourse with all, his venerable years alike lifted him above the jealousies of factions in his own party and dissipated all fear among Whigs that his election would prove detrimental to their politics. It was also probably true that the Democrats of Portland could have selected no man who could better hold to their party allegiance any disposed to vote for me because of their approval of the Maine Law, or who could induce more Whigs disapproving of that measure to vote against their party candidate, than the highly eminent citizen who, much against his own personal wishes, was now besought, in return for all the honors his party had bestowed upon him, to lend the great influence of his prestige to help defeat the Whig candidate for mayor.

I have referred to the nominations respectively as

Whig and Democratic. Such in name they were, but party ties were to be melted in the heat of the strife, and "liberal" Whigs were to out-democrat Democrats in their support of the Democratic candidate, while "temperance" Democrats were to out-whig Whigs in their devotion to the Whig nominee.

As the approaching election was the first of marked consequence in the state since the enactment of the Maine Law, it was deemed of importance by both friends and foes of that measure throughout the country. The newspaper files of the day disclose that it was widely believed outside the state that the fate of Prohibition was involved in its issue. In Portland, however, while it was undoubtedly true that hostility to the law furnished the animus to a most intense opposition to my re-election, and was able to obtain great assistance from the liquor-interest of Boston and New York, so far as the avowed objects of my opponents disclosed, the law was not at all at stake.

In Portland the issue of record was not a contest over the law, but between those who approved the rigid and impartial execution it had had under my administration, and those claiming to favor what they called a "wise," "discreet," "reasonable" enforcement of its provisions.

The following quotation from the Democratic daily of the time, which supported Governor Parris, shows that in the opinion of those in charge of his canvass, Prohibition *per se* had so won its way into the confidence of the people that my defeat could be better secured by avowing devotion to the law than by antagonizing it:

"False issues! The opposition have undertaken to place the Democratic ticket as adverse to the liquor law. That is

not the issue, fellow citizens. Hundreds of staunch friends of that law will vote for Albion K. Parris. Their objection is to what they deem the unwarrantable mode of executing it. They wish to see it faithfully and effectively maintained, but not so as to infringe upon the legal rights of others. The election of Mr. Parris is not to be considered a test of the public sentiment of Portland on the question, so that temperance men can safely cast their votes for that gentleman."

Probably no action of the authorities in the course of the execution of the law had aroused so much opposition as the seizure at railroad stations and steamboat wharves, of liquors marked and often intended for country towns. The effectiveness of the method of thus seizing comparatively large quantities before they could be distributed and concealed in a hundred different localities had something to do with the criticism of that method. But more potent, because more respectable, were the complaints about it growing out of the idea that it interfered in some mysterious way with the business of the city. "Why trouble these liquors?" was asked by some merchants. "They are not to be sold here. They will do no damage. Let them come and go. They will pay much freight to railroads and steamboats, storage at our warehouses and wharfage at our wharves. To seize such will certainly interfere with the trade and commerce of Portland." The reply of the authorities was uniform. "It is our duty to seize such liquors. They are made contraband by the law. That in itself is a sufficient justification without considering the general question of its effect upon the prosperity of the city; but as to that it is easily to be demonstrated that the growth and progress of the city of Portland can never be enhanced by anything which tends, as does the trade in intoxicants, to in-

poverish her own citizens and those of the country towns, upon whom her trade must always depend."

Nevertheless, some of these gentlemen would not be convinced that it was wise or well to seize liquors at the wharves and depots, and they were insistent that "the interests of the city as a commercial port and the central depot of the state should not be permitted to suffer by an "injudicious" administration of the law."

As has been intimated, party lines were generally ignored during the campaign, and by the morning of election day they were completely broken down. The disaffected Whigs arranged with the Democrats in the strong Whig wards to run Whigs instead of Democrats on their local ward tickets, thus making it easier for Whigs to vote against me, while in the Democratic strongholds Whig nominees on the Dow ticket yielded to Democrats favorable to my election. It thus became a straight "Dow" and "anti-Dow" fight, those being the slogans with which the voters were rallied to the polls.

A thousand shafts were aimed at me personally, by some professing to favor Prohibition, and during the day while the balloting was in progress, a stranger, with no other information than such as he could gather from the conversation about the polls would have found it difficult to decide which were the better friends of the Maine Law, the "Dowites" or the "Antis." He might have been assisted by some other signs but these it is not necessary to mention.

The interest was intense throughout the city. Nothing like it before or since has occurred within my knowledge. A severe snowstorm prevailed, but in spite of this the vicinage of each polling place was

thronged with earnest and enthusiastic workers on each side. During the last hour belated voters were obliged to work their way to the ballot boxes by a narrow path through the crowd, and each voter was cheered by that side with which he decided to cast his vote. There was no other disturbance; there were no runshops open, no man lost his temper or his head, and everything was as good natured as such a crowd, in such a storm and in such excitement could be.

The vote of the city was a third larger than had ever been polled before. My vote the year before, it may be remembered, was larger than any candidate for mayor of Portland had to that time received. This year it was increased over that at my previous election in larger proportion than the growth in population, and was considerably in excess of that of the rest of the Whig ticket in several wards. This, in view of the great personal popularity of my competitor, might be regarded as a popular vindication of my administration and an endorsement of a vigorous and impartial execution of the law. Under ordinary circumstances, in a normal — shall I say honest? — vote, it would have re-elected me. But I was defeated. The feeling following upon my defeat might well be passed unnoticed had the election been deemed by our citizens as a mere contest between rival aspirants for position, or only the expression of a locality as to a chief magistrate. But it was much more than that.

To me, personally, it is to be understood, defeat was nothing, unless, indeed, it was of great advantage. I had been accustomed to such reverses, and had little to learn in such a school. Had there otherwise been ground for merely personal disappointment, it would have been dissipated by the merging of my

individuality in what I had come to represent. Here, too, there were some compensations and encouragements. An aged clergyman, the Rev. Cyrus Cressey, had walked that day in all the storm, ten miles from Gorham, being unable to procure conveyance, in order to vote for me—or rather, for that for which my name stood. That evening, in the regular weekly prayer-meetings of the various churches, reference was made in many prayers to the result.

Such evidences of the deep interest of many Christian people in that which I had been called upon to serve as best I might was of great encouragement to me. When a cause is worth praying for it is worth working for, and surely, conscientious, thoughtful, courageous Christians must feel called upon to work for that upon which they invoke the divine blessing.

It must not be understood that all the good people of Portland voted for me on that day. Far from it. Had such been the case, the result would have been otherwise; but I heard of none of them who, after the votes had been counted, felt it a duty, either in public or private, to thank God in prayer for the result, as I did know of those who prayed most earnestly that it might be overruled for good. Under such circumstances who could be discouraged? Others may have been; I was not.

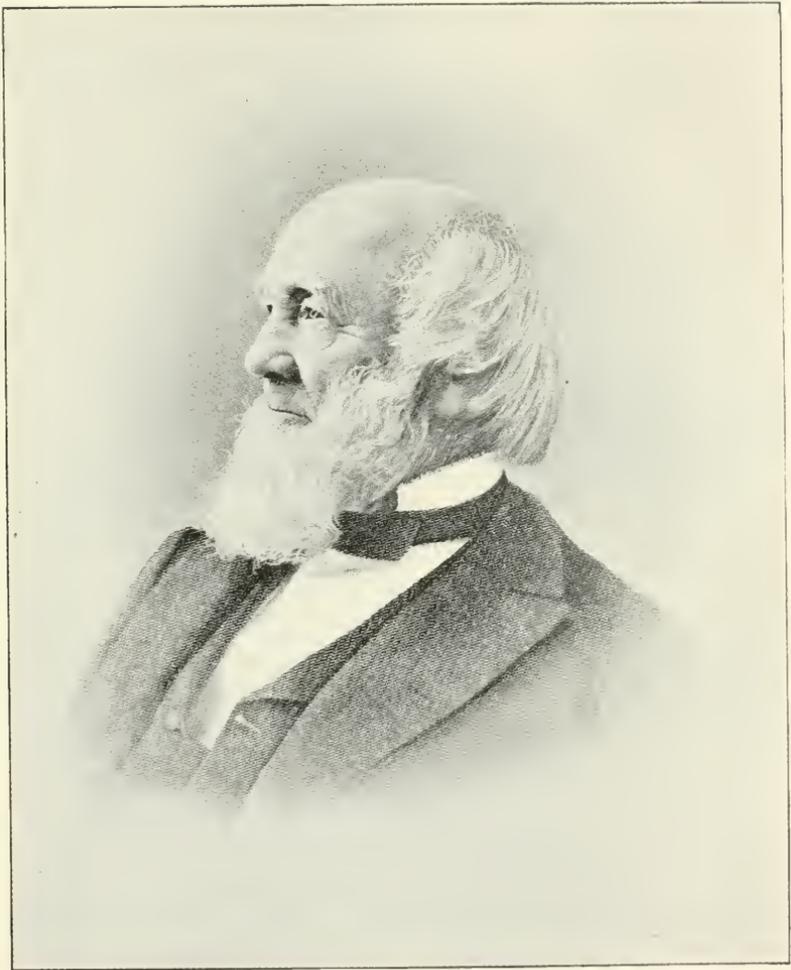
The abnormally large Democratic vote excited much comment. It was almost double that given to my competitor the previous year, and there were many allegations of fraud. It was publicly alleged, and so far as I know never denied, that many naturalization papers were procured in Boston through the agency of the liquor-interest there, and were put into the hands of aliens who were hired to swear to their

identity with the persons in whose names those papers had been issued. In those days that was sufficient to get a name on the voting list up to the last minute before the closing of the polls. It was said that hundreds of votes were secured in that way.

No legal investigation was had, however, and no attempt was made to justify those charges at any competent tribunal. Certain it is that if there was fraud neither Governor Parris nor any of the respectable persons who supported him were concerned in it. But the term respectable cannot be properly applied to those whose sole animus for opposition to me was their desire to engage once more in the liquor-traffic in Portland.

So many years have passed since my defeat that no personal feeling, either of disappointment, resentment or regret, if any ever existed in connection with that matter, remains, but I quote from a letter published some time after over the signature of William W. Thomas, who justly enjoys to this day the reputation of being of an exceptionally calm, dispassionate temperament, as showing his view of the situation, known to him as alderman. He wrote:

“Well, you may not understand why Neal Dow was not re-elected, and it will take some time to make you acquainted with all the kinds of opposition brought against him. One thing, however, you will keep in mind at the outset—Mr. Dow had a majority of the legal votes. Many people were brought up to the polls who had no right to vote, but they swore that they were so and so. Some of them were rejected at the polls. There were hundreds of naturalization tickets brought from Boston and handed to parties who came up and swore in on those tickets, and thus the list was raised. It was understood that these tickets were borrowed for the occasion in Boston, and given to people who had no kind of title to vote in Portland.”



HON. WM. W. THOMAS.

Whether or not Mr. Thomas was correct in his expressions, shortly afterwards the law bearing upon the voting lists was so changed as to make it less easy to do what he believed was done at that election.

Among the incidents following my defeat, none touched me more deeply than the calls upon me of poor women, the wives of men who before the enactment of the Maine Law had been intemperate. They came with tears in their eyes to ask me if the rum-shops were to be opened once more and they to be again exposed to the suffering they had endured before they were closed. I was happy to be able to assure them that I believed the new mayor would not willingly assent to that.

My duty, as I have understood it, has often called me into paths where I have known that numbers of the influential in the community could not see their way to lend any aid or encouragement. But many of those less favored in life have often come to express their sympathy in their plain humble way, urged to it as were those poor women, by their appreciation of advantages they had experienced in their own lives from just such service as the earnest friends of temperance were trying to render.

Portland, however, was only one part in the line along which the battle was fought that spring. We have seen that there, there was no open and avowed opposition to the law itself, but rather to the way the authorities had executed it. The issue was more clearly defined in many other places. In no less than one hundred and sixty-three cities and towns in the state, the question of the enforcement of the law was the controlling issue. In seven of these, including Portland, those most identified with Prohibition were

defeated by candidates professing to favor it; in thirty-three towns the friends of the new law were defeated by its avowed opponents, while in one hundred and twenty-three cities and towns its pronounced supporters were successful. Altogether, therefore, the municipal elections in the spring of 1852 indicated a strong popular sentiment favorable to Prohibition, promising permanency to the new policy and relief to the state from the incubus of the traffic under which it had so long labored.

CHAPTER XVII.

DEMANDS UPON MY TIME OUTSIDE OF MAINE. EFFORTS
TO SUSTAIN GOVERNOR HUBBARD AND THE MAINE
LAW IN THE STATE ELECTION OF 1852.
PROHIBITION A DISTURBING ELE-
MENT IN THE POLITICS
OF MAINE.

Conscious that, as mayor, in the administration of the new law as in every other particular, I had only discharged what I believed to be my duty, I accepted my retirement from office with the satisfaction of knowing that I had preserved my self-respect. This was of infinitely more worth to me than to have retained the office at the price demanded for it, even had I wished so to do on personal grounds, however strong.

The outgoing city government, at its meeting subsequent to my defeat, supplementing the ordinary resolutions of thanks to a retiring mayor, unanimously adopted the following:

“Resolved, that for the noble stand he (Mayor Dow) has taken in temperance reformation, and for the unremitting assiduity with which he has attended to the irksome and wearying duties connected with the enforcement of the temperance law, he merits the gratitude not only of the citizens of Portland, but of the whole state.”

That resolution was all the more gratifying to me personally, as it was most significant, coming as it did immediately after my defeat. Aside from its complimentary phrases, it indicated that the men who had borne with me the heat of the contest developed in the first application of Prohibition, had not lost heart and were not demoralized by the apparent popular condemnation of our course.

Following the time-honored custom at the installation of the new city government, I introduced the mayor-elect to those who were to be his associates in the administration of city affairs, thus terminating my official duties. Mayor Parris, in a brief inaugural, announced an intention to "enforce the law," and expressed the hope that at the end of his term it would be found that the morals of the city had not suffered through any omission of his. It is only proper to add that during his administration the law was so well enforced that there was little, if any, ground for complaint among its ardent friends.

At first it was evident that some dealers expected more leniency under the new mayor than during the preceding year, but they soon learned that they could only conduct their trade surreptitiously. Mayor Parris did not have the same hearty support from his associates in the city government as did his predecessor, which may account for whatever of comfort the secret dealers in the contraband article may have enjoyed under his administration more than under mine. There was less seizing of liquors *in transitu*, and not so sharp a lookout for the attic, back-alley, and bedroom grogeries under Mayor Parris. That was about all the difference; yet unquestionably the distinct liquor-interest felt that

it had made a great point in the change, and had the contest the next year been between the same candidates they would have supported him as cordially as when he was elected, not so much for love of him, perhaps, as for hatred of me.

It was soon evident that, whatever its effect locally, my defeat was to afford the opportunity to widen and vivify the interest in Prohibition. My first thought was that the relief from the duties of the mayoralty would allow me to give attention to my private business interests. But in this I was disappointed. Demands upon my time from out of the state multiplied as it became known that the reasons upon which I had based my refusal to respond during the previous year no longer existed, and now I felt compelled to accept invitations to attend meetings in various states. These engagements consumed three months immediately after my defeat, and covered several appointments in each of the states of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Michigan, with here and there a meeting in some other state.

During this tour I spoke in Faneuil Hall, for the first time. I had attended other meetings there, and never without somewhat of the feeling which the history and associations of that famous auditorium were calculated to inspire; but I had never been on its platform before, and I confess to an unwonted hesitation about speaking in the grand old place. But all this vanished in the presence of a gang of roughs, who prevented me with their noise from being heard for more than half an hour. It was said at the time that they had been paid by an agent representing some grog-shops to break up the meeting.

Finally a sufficient police force was obtained to eject the rowdies, and there was no further disturbance.

I recall an incident showing that the Maine Law was at that time a subject of much thought and conversation among men whose sympathies or whose duties led them to consider social conditions and the relation between the liquor-traffic and many of the miseries which society suffered. On a steamer between Buffalo and Detroit, I met a gentleman from Toronto, Canada. Our conversation covered a variety of topics, but as it happened, neither of us disclosed to the other his name. I learned from him that he was a magistrate in Toronto, having to deal with criminals brought before his court. He referred to the Maine Law as a matter in which he was much interested, and, finding that I was somewhat informed upon the subject, asked me if I was acquainted with Neal Dow. I could not say no, and hesitated until I thought it too late to disclose my identity. Referring to the incident, I wrote in my daily letter to my wife:

“He pressed me for information about Mr. Dow, and the working of the Maine Law. Of course I praised the one, the law, and let the other (N. D.) off easily without exposing many of his faults, about which his enemies talk so much. He did not suspect who I was, and said that he would take the first opportunity he had to visit Portland, examine into the subject of the Maine Law at the place of its nativity, and make the personal acquaintance of its author.”

Reaching home in the latter part of July, I was, for most of the time up to the September election, actively engaged on the stump and otherwise in support of Governor Hubbard. By reason of a change in the Constitution, there was no state election in 1851. Before the people of Maine, therefore, had an oppor-

tunity to pass upon Prohibition at the polls more than a year had elapsed since its enactment. But for the constitutional change referred to, the law would have been an issue in a state election only three months after its approval by the governor, and before its benefits could have been apparent. It had been, however, as we have seen, practically involved in the town elections in the spring of 1852, with results generally favorable to it.

Now the Maine Law became the controlling issue in the state election, and the question, first, of the renomination of Governor Hubbard, and, second, of his re-election, became the political storm-center of the struggle. The Governor was popular, and in more than one contest had been elected as a Democrat in a strong Whig district. Though at first supposed, as an individual, to be opposed to Prohibition, his name had, through his approval of the Maine Law, become identified with it, and attacks upon him because of that action naturally led him to throw his influence in its behalf into the contest which was soon to follow.

The Democratic party of Maine at that time was divided into two factions, as is apt to be the case with a party flushed with long success at the polls. The issue between the factions was largely a question of offices, kept as much out of sight as possible under cover of whatever question of state or national policy would serve for the purpose. As Governor Hubbard was supposed to sympathize with one of these factions, the other was prompt to seize upon the fact of his approval of the Maine Law to help its own fortunes and, incidentally, to punish him.

It had been customary in the Democratic party, in order to save the cost of a state convention, travel

being then expensive in time and money, to make its renominations of candidates for governor in caucuses of the Democratic members of the legislature. The opposition to the renomination of Governor Hubbard was earnest, active, and influential. It confined itself, however, to demanding a convention and opposing the legislative-caucus system as undemocratic. But the cooler heads of the party of both factions, dreading the row sure to be precipitated in a mass convention, finally determined that the established usage should prevail, and that the renomination, as customary, should be made by a legislative caucus. Governor Hubbard was accordingly again put in nomination in the early spring of 1852 by the Democratic members of the same legislature that had passed the bill for signing which the malcontents were proposing to punish him. These latter now turned their attention to the polls, with the intent of administering discipline there.

The renomination of Governor Hubbard was followed by a formidable bolt. The anti-prohibition element of the Democratic party nominated Anson G. Chandler, upon an avowed anti-Maine Law platform. This movement drew to its support a small "Liberal-Whig" element which resented the action of the majority of the Whigs in the legislature that voted for the Maine Law, and which was restive under the evident tendency of that party to support the new policy.

This new combination called itself the "Liberal" party. As far as my knowledge extended, its committees in the various counties were made up of men who had been formerly, directly or indirectly, interested in the liquor-traffic, such as ex-distillers, former

wholesale-dealers, and tavern-keepers. They were provided with all the money needed to conduct a vigorous campaign, obtained, it was said, from the liquor-interest in Boston, and New York, which had lost so much business in Maine through Prohibition. They established a paper in Portland and entered the canvass against Governor Hubbard with an energy and determination worthy a better cause. The term "liberal" adopted by those gentlemen has been to this day in Maine the political *sobriquet* of those who in either political party avow their opposition to Prohibition or to its enforcement.

Deeming the re-election of Governor Hubbard as desirable in the extreme, I immediately addressed myself to the task of making good, as far as possible, the defection in his own party, from which it was now evident he was sure to suffer as a candidate. Not exactly an exemplary Whig, my standing as such, nevertheless, enabled me to address Whigs effectively along the line I had chosen as the practical one for the occasion, viz: to induce as many of them as possible to forsake the gubernatorial candidate of their own party on this particular occasion, and to support that of their old-time antagonists. I tried to convince them that, when a portion of a party was engaged in striking down a governor of its own selection for doing his duty, it was becoming in good citizens, of whatever party, to rally to his support. I also endeavored to show that the question of the prohibition of the liquor-traffic was a subject of more vital import to Maine than any of the other issues about which political parties were contending. The large vote for Governor Hubbard proved that some of us rendered effective service.

It was a presidential year, and this, doubtless, had some influence on the result. It held some Democrats to the support of their party candidate who otherwise might have voted against him, and on the other hand, prevented thousands of Maine-Law Whigs from doing what they certainly would have done in an "off-year." Then, as now, the vote of Maine in September was supposed to exert an influence on the national result in the following November. In 1840, when Maine had broken from her Democratic moorings to lead in that political revolution which resulted in the election of the elder Harrison, it was believed that her example had been potential. Regular party men, Democrats and Whigs, and even the followers of the forlorn hope to which some of us clung as Free-Soilers, had come to look upon any action likely to unfavorably affect their respective parties in a national campaign as the unpardonable political sin.

The old party leaders sounded as usual the familiar calls to battle, and the support of regular nominees was urged by them and by most of the recognized political organs as earnestly as ever in the past, but it was evident that popular attention was engrossed by another than the old distinctively political issues, and that the shibboleth of party had lost its power. The leaders, as a rule, adhered to the "old party flag," but the rank and file did not respond as promptly as in the past to their slogan, and the most astute and experienced of politicians saw that they could only wait for the result, without caring to predict it. Neither the natural devotion of the voters to party, nor the most pronounced threat of the application of the pains and penalties in such cases provided by party discipline, was sufficient to prevent the devel-

opment of the most formidable political defection in the history of the state, which ruthlessly trampled under foot the lines dividing parties as the voters ranged themselves with reference to the new issue.

Nevertheless, the more active friends of Prohibition made every reasonable effort to avoid taking the initiative in any of the political complications which were now developing. Many Democrats, Whigs, and Free-Soilers, who were earnestly devoted to their respective parties, had thus far co-operated heartily for that policy, and it was deemed essential for its success to so act in the exigency now forced upon its friends as not to arouse among them antagonism to Prohibition by any action that could be consistently avoided. Accordingly committees appointed at temperance conventions addressed communications alike to the Democratic, Whig and Free-Soil candidates for governor, and to candidates for the legislature as well, asking an avowal of their views upon the Maine Law. The replies to these inquiries committed each of the "regular" candidates for governor to the essential features of that legislation. Nothing upon that point was asked or expected of Mr. Chandler, the "Liberal" candidate, as he was running upon an avowedly anti-Maine Law platform.

Early in the campaign, however, the more positive Prohibitionists, whether Whig or Free-Soil, in their political affiliations, came to see the propriety of supporting the regular Democratic candidate, Governor Hubbard. The candidates of their respective parties had given replies to inquiries entirely satisfactory to the temperance element, yet, as the punishment of the Governor was the objective point of the "Liberal" movement, for his approval of the law, support of him

on the part of temperance men seemed to be indicated by ordinary considerations of gratitude. Then, too, his manly and unequivocal reply to the questions addressed to him by the temperance committee had special weight with the more earnest Prohibitionists of all parties. He said:

“The Maine Law is the law of the people, deliberately matured by them through a series of years and enacted by the only organ authorized by the constitution and the spirit of our government to transform the wishes of our people into law—the senate and house of representatives assembled—by an overwhelming majority. It is a constitutional law. I am prepared to enforce it for the suppression of drinking-houses and tipping-shops, and I am therefore opposed to any amendments which would impair its efficiency, while I am nevertheless of the opinion that it is susceptible of amendment that would not only not impair its efficiency, but which would render it easier of execution and more efficient.”

There could be, he further said, no doubt that the people, through their representatives, had the right to enact a law to abate or suppress so monstrous a scourge as intemperance, and there could be as little doubt that the law in question was within the limit of their constitutional power. That this law had on the whole done good, could not, he thought, be denied by any candid, observing person.

The political leaders, of course, were not disposed to abandon the field without a struggle, and most strenuous exertions were made to reconstruct the broken party lines and to preserve the old organizations intact. It was pressed upon the Whigs that the opportunity of that party in Maine had come; that the Democratic organization was now torn asunder; that the Whigs, if faithful and steadfast, could now erect the temple of their own domination over the ruins of that of their old antagonist. They had

not then rightly read the signs of the times and were not anticipating the Waterloo which was to overwhelm their party, nationally, in the coming November. Prior to the nomination of the Whig candidate, a Whig paper had said:

“At present, Whig temperance men, so long as in all probability they will have a better temperance man than Governor Hubbard presented for their suffrages, will decline the invitation to stultify themselves by voting for the latter.”

In every possible way the Whig leaders endeavored to prevent temperance Whigs from abandoning the regular Whig nominee to support Governor Hubbard. Some of them even thought it worth while to picture to me the great advantage I would find, both personally, and with reference to the cause, by helping the Whigs to profit by the division of their political opponents. Whenever they could secure them, temperance men of Whig proclivities, justly having the confidence of Maine-Law men, were brought to the front in conventions, in the newspapers, and on the stump to proclaim their intention to support the Whig candidate, and to advise all other temperance Whigs in the name of their party to do the same. Noah Smith, Jr., of Calais, who possessed the regard of the temperance men of the state to a high degree, said in the Whig nominating convention that as a “ramrod temperance man I shall support the nominee of this convention, William G. Crosby.” One Whig paper said:

“The election of Governor Hubbard, should such a thing happen, will be claimed, and rightfully and justly too, as a political victory in which temperance has no substantial part. And therefore, no temperance editor should undertake to enforce upon temperance Whigs the propriety of voting for him.”

This was in reply to an editorial in the leading Whig paper in Kennebec county, Governor Hubbard's home, urging temperance Whigs to support the Governor's re-election. In addition to all this, the legislative nominees upon the Whig ticket were generally friendly to the Maine Law.

Democratic leaders were none the less alarmed. The contending factions in their party were sure to get out every Democratic vote for one or the other of the two Democratic candidates, both of whom stood squarely upon the Democratic national platform. The combined votes for these two candidates, after the election, could be heralded throughout the country as indicative of public sentiment in Maine upon national questions. Nevertheless, the wise heads among the Democratic leaders, foreseeing the disastrous results of division upon this side issue, entreated their followers to support the regular nomination. Said one of their papers, referring to the possible defeat of Governor Hubbard by the bolt against him:

“No subsequent exertion or triumph could atone for the folly or repair the mischief occasioned by the disaster.”

The subsequent story of the Democratic party in Maine proves the wisdom of that prediction.

Since 1840, Maine had not witnessed such a struggle as was now about to poll the largest vote that had been cast in the state. Never in the history of Maine did considerations of a mere party character have so slight an effect upon the masses of the voters. The leading Whig paper said the morning after election:

“The Maine-Law question has caused such a derangement of parties as to make it difficult to draw any conclusion whatever from the votes as to national politics.”

The Democratic party was hopelessly divided. More than half its normal vote had been diverted to a bolting candidate, running expressly to repudiate what a Democratic legislature had passed and a Democratic governor had approved. Indeed, only four times since Maine became a state had a united Democracy cast as many votes as the disaffected Democrats now threw for the "anti-Maine Law" candidate.

The effect upon the Whig party varied greatly in different sections of the state. In Portland, its candidate for governor, who in 1850 had carried the city with a vote of 1,300, by nearly 200 majority, received only about half as many, while Governor Hubbard received more than two to one for the Whig candidate. Whigs and Free-Soilers in Portland had deserted their candidates in sufficient numbers to much more than make good the Democratic defection against Hubbard, amounting to fifty per cent of the normal Democratic vote. In fourteen of the larger towns of the state, most of them now cities, places where the enforcement of the law had been most marked for good, Governor Hubbard's vote was increased nearly fifty per cent. Nevertheless, the Whig party, as a whole, threw about its usual vote.

Notwithstanding the formidable bolt against him, Governor Hubbard received more votes than in either year in which he had been elected governor, and more than any successful candidate for governor, save one, had received in ten years. Though he lacked a majority, only one governor had received a larger plurality than that now secured by Governor Hubbard, which was over forty per cent greater than that given him in either of his prior elections. How-

ever, there was no election of governor by the people. There was nothing specially significant about that. Twice within ten years there had been a similar result. But an overwhelming majority of Maine-Law men had been elected to the legislature, and it was believed at first that Governor Hubbard was sure of being chosen by that body.

The result, under the circumstances, was a most satisfactory and complete popular endorsement of Prohibition. Of the more than 94,000 votes cast, over 72,000 had been given to candidates unequivocally committed to the Maine Law. It was a popular approval of that policy which was heeded by the politicians of all parties for a number of years.

Whence did Governor Hubbard's large vote come? Ancient history now, that was a practical question of great interest then, because a satisfactory answer might throw some light upon the political future of the state, as to which politicians of all parties were anxious. In the first place, an unusually large vote was cast. Only in 1840 had the total vote of Maine reached 90,000. This year it exceeded that figure by more than 3,000. From such information as it was possible to obtain, and from estimates and comparisons made, it was concluded that the vote for Governor Hubbard had been thrown by about 23,000 Democrats, 6,500 Free-Soilers, and about 12,500 Whigs and "stay-at-homes," or men who rarely voted. Mr. Chandler, the anti-Maine Law candidate, had received nearly 22,000, nine-tenths from the Democratic party.

Without attempting to be exact where precision was impossible, it was estimated that about four-ninths of the total vote had been thrown with sole reference to Prohibition, by its friends and foes combined. It

was confidently believed, and the next year justified the conviction, that among the 23,000 Democrats who voted for Governor Hubbard were those who could be relied upon, should occasion call, to sever party ties and sustain the Maine Law. It was understood, of course, that the bulk of the Democratic votes for Governor Hubbard were given on the ground that he was the regular candidate of that party. But it was also true that many Whig and Free-Soil Prohibitionists preferred to support the regular candidates of their own parties, both of whom, as we have seen, were committed to the Maine Law, to breaking from their political associations.

It is certain that the votes thrown for Mr. Chandler represented radical opposition to the policy of Prohibition. With so large a body of determined men on the one side and the other, ready to subordinate every ordinary political consideration to that question, it was evident that Prohibition had come into politics and was likely to become an important political issue.

The reader who has followed this story has not failed to see that Prohibition was forced into state politics as a party issue by its opponents rather than by its friends. Governor Hubbard was entitled by the long-established usage of his party to renomination. His ability, his character, and his general personal standing were such that no objection to him could be urged with any chance of success upon other grounds than his approval of the Maine Law. The presentation of his name, therefore, for a third election was not the outcome of an effort on the part of temperance men to reward him; it was the only course open to Democrats, unless their party preferred to array itself against the Maine Law by refusing to

the Governor ordinary usage by way of punishment for his approval of that measure. The Democratic party, as an organization, declining to perpetrate such folly, the liquor-element in it assumed the responsibility. Said one Democratic paper: "They loved rum better than they served Democracy." It is more than probable that, but for that defection, the future of the Democratic party in Maine would have been quite otherwise than it proved.

The grave questions of national weight then pressing to the front and so soon to cause a re-alignment of political parties, would, but for that bolt, have found the Democratic party in control in Maine. A party thus in power, armed with the cohesive and attractive strength which prestige of past and prospect of future success always carries into political contests, would have proved a very different antagonist from that which a few years later was driven into a long retirement when Hannibal Hamlin led his personal following out of it into the new Republican organization. The skill, the courage, ability, and integrity of even that honored and popular leader would have found the task he undertook a much more difficult one but for the "breaking-up plow" of the Maine-Law movement, which preceded his work by four years and heartily co-operated with him in the memorable campaign of 1856, when Maine, for the first time after 1840, cast her electoral vote for other than a Democratic candidate for president.

When Senator Hamlin undertook the work he so successfully accomplished, men of all parties in Maine had been learning in the school of the Maine-Law movement that the sun would rise and set, the moon wax and wane, and the stars keep on in their

course undisturbed, though regular nominations were "bolted" and the old leaders thereby hastened to political graves. Until such a lesson was learned it would have proved no easy undertaking to change the combined Democratic majority in 1852 of over 33,000, into a Republican majority only four years later, of 19,000. In 1855, before Senator Hamlin left it, the Democratic party had dropped from a plurality in 1850 of 9,000, into a minority of 14,000.

It is not a matter, therefore, for great surprise that for years thereafter the Democratic party of Maine looked with little favor on the Maine-Law movement, or on anybody or anything identified with it. It will not be regarded as egotism to say that for years my personality was the great *bête noire* of the Democratic leaders in Maine, nor a matter for surprise that some of our papers had said that Democratic babies were terrorized into obedience by threats of the suffering they were taught to dread if they should fall into the hands of Neal Dow.

Yet, as we have seen, whatever of disaster in the first instance, because of the Maine-Law movement, came upon that party, was due altogether to those who sought to punish Governor Hubbard for approving the law. Though the people rallied to his aid, as under similar circumstances they had never supported any governor before, he was defeated, and no Democratic candidate for governor of Maine has been elected by the people in all the years that have followed. "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad."

The legislature elected in 1852 was composed, in the senate, of fourteen Whigs and nine Democrats, there being eight vacancies; and in the house, of sixty-two

Whigs, eighty-four Democrats, and four Free-Soilers, the latter being of Democratic antecedents. Under a constitutional provision vacancies in the senate were filled by a convention of the senators-elect with the house of representatives, and in the case of a failure to choose a governor by popular vote, before the recent change in the Constitution providing for the choice by a plurality, the house selected two from the four highest candidates and presented them to the senate, which then proceeded to the choice of one of the two for governor. Four of the eight vacancies in the senate were in Cumberland county, and the temperance Whigs and Democrats in the legislature made an arrangement whereby two Maine-Law Whigs and two Maine-Law Democrats were elected from that county. Irritated by this action, enough Democrats were induced to join with the Whigs to enable the latter to select two of their party from Waldo county. Thus four Whigs were added to the fourteen chosen by the people, making the full senate stand eighteen Whigs to thirteen Democrats.

The house, as we have seen, had a clear majority of eighteen Democrats, and it was competent, therefore, to send to the senate the names of Hubbard and Chandler, both Democrats. This, however, would have resulted in the election of Hubbard by the senate. To prevent this, enough of the anti-Hubbard Democrats in the house joined with the Whigs and sent up the name of Crosby with that of Hubbard.

There were three Whig senators who could be relied upon to vote for Hubbard, as they had been so instructed by their constituents, and had pledged themselves to temperance men so to do. This would have secured his election had none of the Democratic

senators bolted. If the Democrats in the senate had all voted for Hubbard, they, with the three pledged Whigs who did vote for him, would have given him sixteen, while the Whigs could have controlled but fifteen for Crosby. But the two Democratic senators from Governor Dana's county, Oxford, voted with the Whigs, and the vote stood seventeen for Crosby to fourteen for Hubbard. Thus the Whig candidate, over twelve thousand below Hubbard on the popular vote, was elected and inaugurated as governor. In this way the friends of ex-Governor Dana resented Governor Hubbard's approval of a law the same in principle and similar in most of its provisions to that vetoed by the former. To gratify the resentment of Governor Dana they preferred to take a course which, we shall see, blasted the prospect for power of their party in Maine.

The Democratic party was now *hors du combat*. It had the strength in the legislature to have elected Governor Hubbard, and thus, perhaps, to repair its fallen fortunes. But too many of its leaders loved their party less than they hated Prohibition. The leading Democratic paper in the state, a few months later, referring to the subject, said:

“It (the legislature) began its first session with a Democratic majority, but ended with a Whig governor and a Whig senate. It was not temperance, but rum, which did it.”

Thus had liquor wrought the same havoc in the Democratic party of Maine that it has in many another once united family.

It was generally supposed that Governor Crosby had little sympathy with Prohibition. He was a most admirable gentleman, and there was no reason to suppose that he would not be heartily glad to have

society relieved of the incubus of the liquor-traffic; but he disliked excitement and agitation of every kind, much preferring ease and quiet. Prohibition was sure to cause great discussion, if not a wrangle, and all such controversy was foreign to his nature. But, however that may be, as a politician of the old school he naturally regarded the Maine Law with some disfavor, as a disturbing element in the politics of the state.

In his inaugural address, Governor Crosby, in referring to the subject of temperance, said:

“In entering upon a new year, it may not be inappropriate to call to mind for a few moments the year which is past. It has been an eventful one in the history of our own state, of the Union, and the civilized world. It will be remembered as the year in which, for the first time in the nineteenth century, with a strong will, the strong arm of a sovereign state was stretched forth in the work of moral reform—to arrest in its midway career the progress of the moral pestilence, intemperance. Other laws have been enacted in this and other states, whose object and tendency were to impede its progress, or confine it within certain defined limits; but it remained for the state of Maine to erect, by legislative enactments which in the hope and faith of those who framed them, could be neither avoided nor evaded, a barrier beyond which it was not to pass.

“I am not aware that any further legislation upon the subject is contemplated. If it is, I can only invite you to give it the calm and deliberate consideration to which a subject matter of such magnitude, involving principles so important and consequences so momentous—the moral welfare and civil rights of the people—is entitled. But I would here, as elsewhere, in the name of humanity, forbid the banners between temperance and religious sect or political party.”

The last sentence in the quotation from his address was speedily turned upon him, to his great annoyance and discomfiture. A state temperance convention assembled soon after in Augusta, which included in

its membership many connected with the legislature. In it I offered the following resolution:

“Resolved, That the banns be forbidden between rum and religion and politics of every party and every sect, and, in the name of God and humanity, that a union be proclaimed, holy and indissoluble, of affection as well as of necessity, between temperance, religion, and politics of every party and of every sect.”

The resolution, which was passed unanimously amid shouts of approval by the convention, was afterward copied and commented upon extensively throughout the state as a fair hit at the Governor. It was not to be supposed that one who had been the leader of a great party in two campaigns would notice the matter at all, save to smile at it as a fair retort, but I was told that it was the innocent cause of no little ill feeling on the part of “His Excellency.”

The legislative committee to which that part of the Governor’s message was referred, of which, by the way, Noah Smith, of Calais, who reported the original Maine Law, was again chairman on the part of the house, subsequently reported some amendments to the law. I make the following extracts from the report which accompanied the bill:

“That they fully respond to the declaration in the address ‘That the people of the state demand a law sufficiently stringent to close effectually every haunt of intemperance within its borders, is undeniably true’; they also feel that it is justly a subject of congratulation that the state of Maine should be the *first community* ‘to erect by legislative enactments which in the hope and faith of those who framed them could be neither avoided nor evaded, a barrier beyond which intemperance was not to pass.’ It has been the object of the committee, in preparing the act which they now submit, fully to sustain the honor of the state in being the first of the sister states to enact an efficient law for the purpose so indicated. The great principle of the act of 1851, which they

regard as a discovery in legislation, as applied to this subject, that will redound to the lasting honor of its author — that is, the seizing by the strong hand of the law, and destroying by the order of the court the great agent of the mischief — they have designed scrupulously to preserve. It may truly be said to be a discovery in legislation on this subject.

“The object of this law is not to dictate to men ‘what they shall eat and what they shall drink, or wherewithal they shall be clothed.’ These are not matters for which in themselves legislation is fitted, although in practice in all ages legislation has been more or less devoted to such objects. They are in themselves better let alone by law-makers, who are justified in interfering with them only when from their abuses the public is a sufferer.

“They declare that, in their opinion, the first article of the bill of rights in our constitution is the basis upon which this legislation is rightfully built. Among the rights therein declared to be inalienable, which can never be parted with, are those of enjoying and defending life and liberty, acquiring, possessing and protecting property, and of ‘pursuing and obtaining safety and happiness.’ This evil attacks the constitution and bill of rights in the very threshold of the temple of liberty, and there it should be met, resisted and overthrown.”

All the proposed amendments to the law submitted were declared by the committee, and were so regarded by the friends of Prohibition, to be in the line of increased efficiency, and such as experience had shown to be desirable to carry out the popular will as expressed in the law and the elections.

In the discussion in the house, ex-Speaker Sewall, who had voted “no” on the question of the passage of the original Maine Law, announced himself as favorable to the amendments, but as desiring to submit the law as thus amended to the people. In a speech he is reported to have said:

“I shall vote for the bill whether referred or not. I believe a majority of this house are in favor of the Maine Law; I believe four-fifths of the people will vote for the law

if submitted to them. If so, the law will be more firmly established than ever, as firmly almost as the constitution itself. If rejected, no one will wish to have the law stand on the statute-book, for no law can be long enforced in opposition to a majority of the people."

While the matter was under consideration it was said that the election of nine-tenths of the members of that legislature had turned upon the question of the Maine Law. Mr. Freeman H. Morse, who three years later was elected to Congress, and who was subsequently for years United States Consul at London, England, was a member of the house from Bath. In the course of the debate upon the amendments he said:

"This law has been passed and in operation for some years, and the people have virtually passed upon it repeatedly. I am satisfied that a large majority of the people of the state are in favor of it."

William Pitt Fessenden was a representative from Portland. He said:

"The proposition to refer these amendments to the people is unfriendly to the bill. It involves the whole question of the Maine Law. The people have in their primary elections expressed their views upon it. If after all this we should send it back to the people as though we did not know what they wanted, they may well say we are very stupid indeed if we do not know what they desire, after being told so many times."

The proposition to submit the law to the people was voted down in the house by yeas, 56; nays, 83, and the bill was passed to be enacted by a vote of 94 to 43. Politically classified, 49 Whigs, 41 Democrats, and 4 Free-Soilers voted for the bill; 39 Democrats, and 4 Whigs against it. In the senate the bill was passed, 20 yeas, 6 nays, classified politically, yeas, 13 Whigs, 7 Democrats; nays, 6 Democrats. The amended law

was approved by Governor Crosby, March 31, 1853.

At the adjournment of the legislature of 1853 it may be said that the Maine Law, having demonstrated its efficiency and run the gauntlet of a state election and a legislative session, in which its strength with the people at the polls and their representatives in the legislature had been clearly manifested, was more popular than ever. Its friends had every reason to be confident as to its future.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EXTENSIVE SPEAKING TOURS IN BEHALF OF PROHIBITION.
SOME OF THE TERRITORY COVERED. INCIDENTS
AND EXPERIENCES CONNECTED
THEREWITH.

After the Maine September election of 1852, my time was largely occupied, up to January, 1853, in a speaking tour. I addressed many meetings in Massachusetts, where an agitation for a prohibitory law was in progress. Among my coadjutors there was Rev. John L. Stevens, from Maine. Mr. Stevens was then a Universalist clergyman. Shortly afterward poor health compelled him to leave the ministry, and he became an active Republican politician. He was, I think, the first chairman of the state committee of that party. For many years he was a personal friend and political confidant of James G. Blaine. He received several diplomatic appointments, the last being that of minister to the Hawaiian Islands.

I filled a series of engagements in New Jersey, many of them large meetings. One, however, perhaps the most important, was comparatively private, by special appointment, in Jersey City, where every clergyman of the place was in attendance, enabling

me to present the subject of Prohibition to them more comprehensively than possible in a speech to a popular gathering.

While in New Brunswick, I received a note of which the following is a copy:

TO THE HON. NEAL DOW.

Dear Sir:—The undersigned, desirous to obtain reliable information in regard to the practical operation of the prohibitory anti-liquor law, respectfully request you to address them on the subject, in the First Presbyterian church, at 5 o'clock P. M., October 20th.

This was signed by over fifty of the clergymen in attendance upon the Presbyterian Synod, then in session in that city. Among them were Theodore L. Cuyler, then a comparatively young man, Rev. Dr. John McLean, N. Murray, D. D., D. Magie, D. D., Charles Hodge, D. D., C. Van Rensselaer, D. D., J. C. Watson, D. D., Jos. L. Shafer, D. D., R. Baird, D. D., C. W. Nassan, D. D., and P. O. Studdiford, D. D.

I was unable to accept the invitation because of other engagements. Quite a number of the clergy, however, left the session of the synod to attend my meetings, and after the close of my speech several came to me and gave their adhesion to the movement for Prohibition, being kind enough to say that they now saw the matter in a different light.

During my stay in Trenton, I was the guest of Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, as was frequently my good fortune afterwards. My acquaintance with Mr. Cuyler has been maintained for many years, and though latterly it has lacked somewhat of its early intimacy, time has served to increase the high esteem for him with which I was inspired when he was a comparatively young man. Now, full of years, universally loved and respected by those who know him

personally or by reputation, he looks back upon a long and useful life, during all of which he has been careful that the influence of his voice and example should be upon the side of right. Nothing that I can say of commendation of him can add to the honor which is his due. He has had the courage of his convictions, and has dared to maintain them under circumstances where many would have thought it better to bow to the public opinion of the time and place with which they were in conflict. Who can mark the limits beyond which the beneficent power of such a life will not reach? He was my frequent companion in the early "fifties" in speaking tours, and his association with me did much to render delightful otherwise wearisome journeys, while he always instructed and charmed the audiences he addressed.

While in New Jersey, I received a communication from the speaker of the house of representatives of Vermont, transmitting an invitation to address that body in Representatives' Hall, at Montpelier, which I subsequently did. In Rochester, New York, where I spoke several times, I saw some large campaign flags thrown across the street, inscribed with such mottoes as, "Neal Dow and the Maine Law," "Neal Dow, Temperance, and the Maine Law." These were somewhat annoying to me, and during my stay I took pains to avoid passing them on the street. It was there, I think, that for the first time I realized that my name was becoming known outside of my own state. I began to see that a measure devised simply as a more efficient instrument for use in the immediate field of my own official work in the little community where I resided was attracting an attention in the country at large that I had never anticipated when I was pre-

paring it and urging its passage by the legislature of my own state.

I spoke in several other large places in New York. Returning thence to Massachusetts, I found most of the stores and other public places draped in black, the state being in mourning for Daniel Webster. This was in November, but a few days after the national election, in which the Whig banner in the hands of General Scott, whose nomination was so severe a blow to Webster, went down in the political gale that swept his party out of existence.

Early in January, 1853, I again left Maine in response to demands for my services elsewhere. It was impossible, however, for me to respond to one in ten of the many pressing invitations I received. These came from all over the New England and Central states, from Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Kentucky, Maryland, Virginia, Louisiana and Alabama. Visits to the two latter states were postponed for ten years, when they were made under other auspices and for another purpose than that for which I was now invited.

During this tour I addressed a committee of the legislature of New York in Representatives' Hall at Albany, which was crowded. I remember the occasion well, as before I rose to speak I had a severe attack of stage-fright which for a time I thought would paralyze me. This was a matter of great surprise to me, for I had long before overcome, as I supposed, all difficulty of that kind. It passed away, however, immediately when I commenced to speak.

A day or two after, I was a guest at a large party in Albany, given by a wealthy and prominent citizen, whose name I am unable to recall. Here I met, for

the first time, Horatio Seymour, then governor. He was polite enough to manifest some interest in the subject of the Maine Law, flattering enough to compliment me on my speech before the legislative committee, and adroit enough to give me no inkling of his personal views upon the subject. Subsequently he vetoed a prohibitory bill.

In Albany I was the recipient of much attention from many prominent citizens. In my letters home I referred to this as a gratifying indication of the great change in public sentiment relating to temperance. I quote from a letter written to my wife, under date of January 23, 1853, relative to my first interview with a leader in that movement for woman which was then a wonder to most and a delusion to many, but which in its present development bears grand testimony to the progress of the past fifty years. I wrote:

“I had also a call from Miss Susan B. Anthony, a woman's rights lady, and a bloomer. I was not in, but returned her call, and found her a modest, sensible lady, of no particular age, dressed elegantly, tastefully and modestly, in moderate bloomer costume, black silk skirt nearly to the ankles, pantalets of the same, and elegant boots fitting a pretty foot like a glove.”

After several speeches in the northern part of New York, I went to New Jersey. At Trenton, I was the recipient of a large silver pitcher, beautifully embellished. The presentation speech was made by my friend, Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler. Returning to Philadelphia, I addressed a very large meeting in that city, and dined, at her invitation, with Lucretia Mott. Thence I went to Baltimore to speak, where I received from Annapolis an invitation to address the Maryland legislature, also one from Harrisburg to speak before that of Pennsylvania. While on this

tour I was followed by many invitations, by mail and wire, to speak in different states, and accepted enough of them to occupy much of my time for the year.

During this trip I stopped in Pittsburgh, Pa., where I was in receipt of the following communication:

“PITTSBURGH, February 2, 1853.

HON. NEAL DOW, Late Mayor of Portland, Me.

“*Sir*:—Properly appreciating your labors and your sacrifices in the great cause of temperance, and desirous of paying respect to you as the author of what we deem the only effectual legislation for suppressing the giant evils of intemperance—the Maine liquor law—we would respectfully invite you to accept a public dinner, at such time as may suit your convenience, that the friends of temperance may have an opportunity of showing that respect which they desire to one to whom our whole country is so much indebted.”

This bore some forty signatures, among which were C. L. Magee, James K. Morange, J. H. Foster, D. W. Miller, William Barrows, J. M. Kirkpatrick.

My reply was as follows:

MONONGAHELA HOUSE, PITTSBURGH, February 3.

Gentlemen:—Your polite note of the 2d inst. is just received, inviting me to a public dinner, which you propose to tender to me as a mark of regard (as you are pleased to say) for my labors in the temperance cause. I am very much obliged for this token of your esteem, but beg leave to decline, as I cannot conveniently remain in Pittsburgh, and because my tastes and inclinations lead me to avoid scenes of public ceremony and display as far as possible.

My labors in the temperance cause, of which you are pleased to speak, have been of a humble character, and were dictated solely by the desire to promote the welfare and happiness of my countrymen. If the course of law which has been adopted in Maine in regard to the protection of her citizens from the traffic in strong drinks, prevail throughout the country—as I believe it will eventually—the prosperity of the nation, and the wealth and happiness of the people, will be promoted to an extent of which history furnishes no parallel.

Permit me to exhort the temperance men of the Keystone

state to a patient perseverance in their effort to procure the enactment of a prohibitory law for the effectual protection of themselves and children from the terrible effects of the traffic. Thus they will certainly succeed.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully and truly your friend,
NEAL DOW.

Returning home, I found that some of our friends who felt that the municipal contest in the previous year had been controlled by fraudulent votes were insisting that I should again be nominated by the Whigs for mayor. The managers of that party were naturally averse to this. There were two reasons operating among them. There were some, of course, who were earnestly opposed either to me, to the cause with which my name was identified, to the Maine Law, for which they held me responsible, or to my way of enforcing it, which they deemed especially obnoxious.

To the arguments based upon such considerations used in opposition to my nomination, they had another of a strictly political character. I had again forfeited, so they said, all claim to recognition as a Whig. I had supported the Democratic candidate for governor, Hubbard, at the state election the fall before. They did me the honor to attribute to me the leadership of that half of the Whig party of Portland which went over to the Democratic camp on that occasion. Opposition to me of this sort, however, was largely confined to that element of the party which had opposed my first nomination and election, and which supported in a body the election of the Democratic candidate in the spring of 1852. These, however, were now reinforced by another contingent from among those party men who held Whig success at the polls to be of paramount importance, and who,

with the memory of my defeat the year before in mind, thought it would be bad policy politically to put me in nomination again.

These leaders, aware that they had the rank and file of the party to deal with, had no hope that they could control the ward primaries against me. They knew, also, by experience, that if my name was presented for endorsement by a nominating convention in the usual way, they would find it difficult, if not impossible, to induce the mass-meeting to refuse ratification, and it began to look to them as if they must expose their own weakness in the ward caucuses or submit to my nomination without opposition.

Finally they decided to change the method of making the nomination by calling a mass-meeting in City Hall, to name a candidate without the intervention of the ward primaries, and a delegate convention to suggest a name. There were those among my friends who said that this method was chosen because it would be easier to conceal in a general mass caucus those having no right to participate in Whig primaries than would be the case in ordinary ward meetings. However that may have been, there was a lively time when the mass-meeting assembled. Of the many encounters that old battle-ground had witnessed that which now followed upon the call of the Whig committee was the most exciting.

The Democratic daily, which may be supposed to have been fairly impartial between the rival Whig factions, certainly with no leaning toward me, said:

“The hall was jammed and crowded to excess, and it was the richest, the funniest, the noisiest muss that ever congregated in this city.

“The Whig party is divided into two great factions — the Dowites and anti-Dowites, or, as they are called at Augusta,

the Ramrods and Scheidam Schnapps. These two forces have been for more than a week preparing for a pitched battle. The former have the advantage of a perfect interior organization, and a large body of active, restless, fearless young men to give vigor and life to that organization. They have their strength marked and numbered, and when the word 'Go!' is given, they all go it together.....

"The chairman made a few conciliatory remarks, and promised to do the fair thing. No sooner, however, had he stopped, and before he could get seated, than up rose Augustus Robinson, with a resolution nominating Neal Dow. This was received with a commingled storm of cheers, hisses, groans, clappings, stampings, and yells for various notables.

"Josiah S. Little finally got the stand, and made a non-committal speech. He was friendly to everything and everybody — wanted a man nominated who would carry forward the most harmoniously the great cause of temperance, which he had deeply at heart, and closed by saying that he had been requested to suggest the name of James B. Cahoon.

"Mr. Carter then took the stand and moved that the resolution be amended by striking out Mr. Dow's name and substituting that of Mr. Cahoon. On this there was a miniature hurricane — No! — Yes! — Oh! — Ah! — Hurrah for Ca — Dow! Three cheers for Dow — hoon! Our friend, however, waited with a calm and benignant expression upon his countenance until the waves had subsided, and then proceeded to define his position. He had stood by Dow for two years, but last spring the Whigs had been most awfully broken down by him. It was necessary to resuscitate the dead Whig party with a new man. Dow, if nominated, would not stand one chance in a hundred. He will be beaten. (No! Yes! Good! 'Taint true! Hurrah for Cahoon! Hurrah for Dow!) Even Elder Peck will not say otherwise. Who are the men most active for Dow? Temperance Democrats! We are grateful for their kind interest, but we can do without them.

"Finally, Mr. Walton got the floor and was allowed to talk about three minutes. He glorified Mr. Dow and said he had known him from his youth. He had traveled with him into the country villages, lectured with him in behalf of the great cause of temperance, and averred that he was revered by thousands all over the land. Mr. Dow was opposed last spring by some good men, but he was beaten by the scrapings of h—l. This settled John's coffee. The yells

and uproar sounded as though the place he mentioned had broken loose. All hands, and feet, and throats were engaged in the enterprise of putting John down. He looked, however, as though he wouldn't, but he did; for as soon as he opened his lips, the shouts recommenced.

“John Neal next stood before the audience. He said that, like his friend, Walton, he had known Neal Dow from his youth, and had suffered from his knowledge! This was as far as the Dowites would let him go, and the history of his sufferings remained an untold tale. Neal trod up and down the stage, in expressive pantomime, with a dogged perseverance. He looked pleasant and cross, cheerful and sad, suppliant and defiant, tragical and comical. But the people only laughed and hissed, and cheered and roared the more. He yielded at last to the mighty surge of the popular breeze, and bowed his head and retired.

“The vote on the amendment was finally taken by hand. We judged the Dowites had it two to one, but we saw some on both sides hold up all the hands they had. The chair remained in a state of puzzle, and could not decide. An adjournment was moved. It was a tie, said the chair—and the chair was more puzzled than ever. The chair, by the way, has been through a good many political scenes, but he was never in so tight a place before—and he has made up his mind never to be again. He did not come out so well as he went in, hardly.

“An adjournment was again called, and pronounced carried, both parties being willing to have it so terminate. Thus the Whigs here are, for the first time in their political history, without a nominee.”

The Whig paper, the editor of which, my good and valued friend Judge Carter, participated in the meeting as an “Anti,” said :

“The hall was more densely crowded than we ever saw it before. The chair finally called for a show of hands, and up went a cloud of hands on both sides, the chairman declaring that it was utterly impossible for him to decide which were the more numerous. Both sides appeared satisfied to call it a draw game.”

The Whigs having thus failed to nominate a candidate for mayor, a citizens' meeting was called for that

purpose. Its nominee, ex-Mayor James B. Cahoon, a most estimable citizen, who was declared to be and who was a true friend of the Maine Law, was elected. More than three hundred voters, nevertheless, supported me at the polls without consultation with me or organization among themselves.

The month of May found me in Rhode Island. At Providence, I was the guest of Amos C. Barstow, then, I think, mayor. My acquaintance and friendship with this most admirable man continued as long as he lived. We frequently visited each other's homes, and often corresponded upon the subject in which he, like myself, took a deep interest, and upon other topics as well.

I wrote from the library, State House, Albany, under date of May 26, 1853:

“I stop here at the Delevan House, where are many members of the legislature, which is now in session, and who recognized me, as I addressed them on the Maine Law last winter. Nothing, probably, will be done this session about the law, but it will eventually be enacted. I left home with great reluctance at this time. It was with the feeling that home duties really required me to stay, but I could not decline the calls from abroad, in fact, I begin to see that I am not now at liberty to consult my own interests. What the event or results of my tour will be I cannot foresee, but hope good will be done.”

While resting at Cleveland, Ohio, it becoming known that I was in the city, I was besieged with callers at my hotel who induced me to stop and speak. Our friends insisted that my presence in Cleveland was providential, because the question of the suppression of the Sunday liquor-traffic was at the time before the city council.

On my way west I had stopped in Buffalo, New

York, where the Presbyterian General Assembly was in session. I attended one of their meetings, and was introduced to many clergymen and representative laymen. It was a source of gratification to me that the assembly adopted a resolution endorsing temperance and the Maine Law. I wrote home at the time that such action on the part of so conservative a body was gratifying evidence of the great change in public opinion.

In Michigan, the question of the adoption of Prohibition, which had been submitted to a popular vote, was under discussion. The state was alive with meetings relative to it. I filled a long list of appointments. From Adrian, I wrote, June 15, 1853:

“I am in a constant hurry, and always fatigued—two meetings every day and the traveling to do besides, often in the night. I have told them that I can speak but once a day at length to a great crowd. The labor is very great, but my lungs bear it well.”

On this tour I was in my first railroad accident, a “head-on” collision between our passenger train and some cattle cars. No human life was lost, but some of the poor brutes were killed. It was a strange sight to see the locomotives standing perpendicularly on their rear ends, their wheels interlocked as if they were great wrestlers in a deadly embrace.

At a large meeting in Niles, Michigan, in the open air, attended by farmers from all the country round, when I commenced to speak I was interrupted by several drunken men who were noisy and made considerable threatening talk. I paused and invited them to come to the platform where they could see, be seen, and be better heard. One, the most intoxicated, accepted with much bluster, but when he

got to the platform and faced the crowd, he seemed to be sobered, at least he became quiet, and sat there, such a picture of the effect of the evil I was exposing that it was in itself a potent sermon for our cause. The influence of it in one particular was instantaneous. His noisy comrades became quiet, and there was no further disturbance. So far as I can recall, that was the only instance during my entire round of engagements in Michigan where there was the least annoyance from persons disposed to interrupt a meeting. Under date of June 14, 1852, I wrote from Detroit :

“I have just arrived, after an intensely hot and dusty ride of one hundred and forty miles, and found a meeting notified for me to address, which I could not do, for my voice is entirely broken down by my outdoor efforts of the two preceding days. I can scarcely speak above a whisper. The weather has been suffocating for the past few days, notwithstanding which I have been incessantly at work, often rising early in the morning to reach my appointments, and again traveling late at night to be ready for the next day.”

At Pontiac, I addressed a densely crowded meeting in the Congregational church, the weather being intensely hot and suffocating. It was so warm that I went to the church without a vest, and while speaking from the pulpit was at once astonished and pleased by a suggestion from the pastor to remove my coat and continue my speech in my shirt sleeves. I demurred at first, because in all my experience in stumping I had never done that, but the pastor pressed his advice, assuring me that it was very common in the western country, and I adopted his suggestion, to my great relief.

On my way to Mount Clemens, when I arrived at a corner about a mile from the town, I found a large

number of wagons and chaises collected. Presently a cavalcade of ladies and gentlemen, very handsomely mounted, with a good band of music, came out to give me a public reception. They made a fine show which I wished to avoid, but as I was told that a great deal of pains had been taken to get up the affair, the dresses, scarfs, horses and saddles, and that the failure of the plan would cause much chagrin, I yielded. As the cavalcade approached, it opened, and the marshal addressed me in a speech, to which I replied. I was then taken through the town to a hotel. On the way I was informed that an aged Baptist minister was anxious to see me, but was too feeble to go out, and the cavalcade therefore would pass his house.

At my request, it stopped until I could go in to meet him. He did not expect that and was affected to tears. He was a very old man, and in true patriarchal style invoked blessings on my head, and said he had prayed for me daily and wanted to see me before his death; that he had my picture in his bedroom, which he took me to see, and said he was now ready to depart in peace; that he had longed to see me, but he never expected to do so. I could not but be deeply touched, as his family gathered around and almost embraced me.

My last speech in Michigan in this campaign was on Sunday, the day before the voting. This was at Northville. I wrote at the time:

“I found a very large gathering of people, of all ages, sexes and conditions, from all the country round, coming in vehicles of all descriptions, absolutely blocking up the roads in all directions, chaises, gigs, carryalls, carriages, and farm wagons of all sizes and variety, loaded full of farmers with their wives, wives' sisters, and all the children, down to the

crying babies. It was a meeting in a beautiful grove, and as it was to be my last in Michigan I spoke longer than I otherwise might have done, about two hours, and was much exhausted."

The result of the balloting in Michigan was most gratifying, and I felt amply repaid for my hard labor. Even the city of Detroit helped to make up part of the majority of twenty thousand registered for Prohibition.

Among my co-laborers in Michigan was Dr. Charles Jewett, of Massachusetts. He had thrice been in Maine, and immediately after the enactment of the Maine Law spent some time there. He and I often spoke together, and he was frequently at my house and we were warm friends. His inexhaustible fund of humor, and his ready wit made his companionship delightful, while his thorough knowledge of every phase of the temperance question made him a most effective speaker.

He was at my house on some festive day, Thanksgiving, or Christmas, when in addition to our family circle of eight, including the doctor, there were of neighbors and friends enough for quite a tableful. I had asked Dr. Jewett to assist in carving, which he consented to do, much to his own annoyance, for he proved to be far from skillful in the art. Looking up at length from his hardly half-completed task and poising the carving-knife in his hand, he said: "I beg you to believe that I am not ordinarily such a bungler in serving humans with a knife; I claim to be a good surgeon."

Dr. Jewett did much in Maine to form and strengthen the public opinion of the state in favor of the policy of Prohibition. He labored earnestly

and effectively in all our large towns and in many of our smaller ones, demonstrating the rightfulness, expediency and the wisdom of the movement to protect the people and their interests from the infinite mischief of the liquor-traffic. We never had among us one more acceptable to our people as a leader in this department of Christian and philanthropic labor. I never knew a more devoted and unselfish man. His whole heart was in his work for the love of God and of his fellow-men. No man realized more fully than he that earthly interests and affairs are of small moment when compared to those which relate to the eternal world, and so he lived mainly for those which he made the great purpose of his life. His hope was to be able to work to the very last, not to be placed upon the retired list, or to be invalided, but to fall in full health and strength upon the battle-field.

I may mention, by the way, that while in Detroit I called to pay my respects to General Cass, whom I had met once before, and whom I had of course known by reputation, not only as a public man, but as one whose influence had been given to temperance, by voice and official action as well as by personal example as an abstainer. We had a pleasant interview, in which he called my attention to the fact that when he was secretary of war, under Jackson, he had changed the army regulations so that the liquor rations might be commuted into its equivalent in cash value in coffee and sugar, a change which he was confident had been productive of much good. Later, in 1857, General Cass, learning that I was about to visit Europe, very kindly sent me a personal letter to his son, who at the time, I think, was minister at Rome, in which he requested him, should I visit that

city, to do all in his power to make my stay there agreeable. I was unable, however, to avail myself of the opportunity to present the letter.

Leaving Michigan, I went to Ohio to attend a number of meetings. Among others, a monster demonstration had been arranged at Columbus, but thoroughly broken down with fatigue, I was intending to keep away and only consented to attend it after most urgent entreaties. My eye rests now on one of the despatches received by me at the American House in Cleveland:

“For heaven’s sake do not fail to appear in Columbus. Thousands and thousands are coming to see you. You will not be compelled to speak, but come what will you must be here, so as to be with us on Thursday. Again I say let nothing short of absolute impossibility prevent you from coming. You shall have every possible comfort. You cannot conceive of the disastrous consequences of this unlooked-for disappointment.”

At Columbus my audience numbered fully ten thousand, which stood for two whole hours in the open air to listen to what I had to say. Twice during my speech, I essayed to stop, nearly exhausted from dizziness, but the shouts of “go on!” “go on!” spurred me to further, and well-nigh exhausting, effort.

Such an incessant round of speaking, with the necessary intervening travel, was in those days more wearisome than it would be to a man of equal physical vigor now. Traveling in the early “fifties” was quite a different matter from the journeying of to-day. The best accommodations of the railroads of that time would hardly be tolerated now. Comparatively, there was no comfort in cars by day or night.

In addition to fatigue incident to travel and public

speaking, whether staying at hotel or in private houses, I was overrun with callers. Many of these wanted light, or were disposed to privately discuss with me the question I was publicly presenting. Then too, I was followed by communications from all parts of the country urging me to come and speak, or asking opinions upon this point, or advice upon others. To all such I tried to reply. Besides all these were my letters to my home, which I wrote almost every day. I was often, therefore, obliged to write into the early morning or to be up almost at daybreak to keep up with my correspondence.

From Ohio I went into northern New York for a number of meetings, and thence to Canada. At Toronto I was somewhat embarrassed by the nature of my cordial greeting. I arrived there by steamer from Hamilton in the forenoon and found at the wharf a party of about thirty gentlemen waiting for me, who received me in form, and then in a coach and four followed by six other coaches. I made the tour of the city. The next day I was kindly entertained at a public breakfast, where I had the pleasure of meeting many of the prominent men of the city.

My Canadian tour included Montreal and Quebec, and wherever I stopped the general interest in the question of Prohibition was manifest in other ways than by the size of the meetings, which were almost without exception large. After completing my Canadian appointments I turned my face homeward, having been absent more than three months.

Within thirty days after my return I started out once more to fill a series of appointments in the eastern part of the state. These were held with special reference to the state election, soon to occur,

in which the Maine Law was indirectly involved. To that election, and some of its results, I shall refer later. To meet these appointments I traveled from place to place in a private conveyance, often speaking twice a day. Besides this I had many private conferences with leading friends of temperance in towns where I spoke. On this trip also I visited my cousin, John Hodgdon, whom I found living luxuriously in the midst of the very territory where he and I some thirty years before had "roughed it" for months in the wilderness to plot the land and arrange for its clearing.

While I was active at home and abroad for Prohibition, the opponents of it were not idle. Two papers were established in Portland avowedly to oppose it, and persistent efforts were made to spread broadcast through the country reports derogatory of Portland and the state of Maine, representing them as suffering materially and morally from the Maine Law. It was openly charged that Boston liquor-dealers furnished the money with which the laborers in that field were paid, but I do not know that this was ever proven, nor, for that matter, denied.

The statement that Prohibition had proved in any way detrimental led to a public denial, signed by four hundred and thirty-three of our best known citizens, including the mayor of the city and most, if not all, of the clergymen. It was stated in the paper in which this was first published that the number of names might have been increased indefinitely, had it not been intended in the first instance to confine it to comparatively representative names, but the number had already been swelled far beyond the original design, because so many had asked the

privilege of affixing their signatures. Among the names of special note attached to the denial was that of William Pitt Fessenden. There were also those of six men who either had been, or were afterwards to be, mayors of Portland.

During September, a World's Temperance convention was held in the city of New York. It was a large and influential gathering, including delegates not only from many of the states of this Union and the British Provinces, but from Great Britain as well. I was made president of this body. An incident occurred which interfered somewhat with the harmony of the occasion. "Woman's Rights" were not then generally recognized, and an attempt of the Rev. Antoinette L. Brown to speak was very offensive to some delegates, especially to many clergymen present. Objections were raised to her speaking, and amid a storm of protests against it she appealed to the chair for recognition and protection of her right to be heard.

Coming clearly within the terms of the call as she did, being a delegate from a properly constituted temperance society, I decided that she had a right to speak. I could not have done otherwise had I been personally disposed to exclude her. An appeal from the chair was taken, but its decision was sustained. At this the disturbance on the part of some of those who believed that women should keep silent in meeting was so great that she could not go on, and the chair requested the police to quell the disturbance by putting disorderly persons out of the hall. After that there was no further trouble for the time.

The next day, a movement, at the time deemed to be more in the interest of Woman's Rights than of

temperance, in the name of which the convention was called, was started. It was led, as far as it progressed, by Wendell Phillips. If I remember aright, a society was organized immediately after Miss Brown's attempt to address the convention. This was called the "Neal Dow Temperance Society," of some New York City ward, I believe. Mr. Phillips was elected a delegate to the convention, the main object being, it was supposed, to secure his matchless oratory to support a fight intended to be waged over the question of Woman's Rights.

When Mr. Phillips rose to speak, objection was raised, and his eligibility to membership was questioned. I was obliged to rule in substance that the "Neal Dow Society," not having had an existence at the time of the assembling of the convention, was not one of those contemplated by the call, hence the great antislavery reformer and Woman's Rights advocate, and earnest champion of so much that makes for the welfare of society, could not go on. Certainly there were few men in that body whose devotion to temperance could in point of ability, sincerity and zeal, outrank his. I regretted much that the incident occurred, but never doubted the soundness of the ruling by the chair.

After several meetings in different parts of New York state, I went to Pennsylvania. There I spent a month, constantly speaking, often twice a day, until the eve of the election on October 11, in which the Maine Law was involved. Shortly after this date I reached home. Early in November, however, I was off again for a series of meetings in Massachusetts, commencing with one in Faneuil Hall. Filling my appointments, which were mostly in the western part

of the state, I returned to Portland to give such attention as I could to my own affairs.

For most of the time up to January, 1854, I was at home, with occasional temporary absences, due to demands upon me to speak at sundry places in Maine, generally not far from home. Some time was also devoted to the peculiar political conditions existing in the state as a result of the September election of 1853, which was becoming manifest in the winter and spring of 1854. These can best be considered in another chapter.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE STATE ELECTION OF 1853. BOLT OF MAINE-LAW DEMOCRATS. THE TURNING-POINT IN THE POLITICS OF MAINE. ELECTION OF WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN AS UNITED STATES SENATOR.

It is now to be borne in mind that the election of William G. Crosby by the legislature of 1853, through the defection of the anti-Maine Law Democrats, placed a Whig in the gubernatorial chair. This was only the third time that a Whig had occupied that position since the organization of the Democratic party, which, early in the history of the state, had acquired an ascendancy, maintaining it up to 1853, save that in 1838 and 1841, Edward Kent, a Whig, was governor, in the former case having been chosen by the people in the state election of 1837 by less than one hundred majority, and in the latter case depending for his position upon the legislature chosen in 1840, when he failed of a popular election by less than forty votes.

The ill-feeling in the Democratic ranks developed through the election of a Whig by Democratic votes, in the legislature which assembled in 1853, was by no means allayed, but rather grew stronger with the

lapse of time. For several weeks prior to the gathering of the Democratic nominating convention at Bangor, in the latter part of June, 1853, it was evident that trouble was brewing which could only be prevented by the greatest skill on the part of the leaders from breaking out in open revolt.

The "liberal" Democrats insisted that the platform and the nominee should be unequivocally committed against the Maine Law. The *Expositor*, the Portland organ of that wing of the party, referring to the Maine Law, said:

"The people want no 'side issue' made of this matter, but a main, direct issue upon it, at the polls, and this in the election of the next year's law-makers and law-executors. And they demand and will insist on having candidates whose course shall not be a concealed nor a doubtful one. The people want no more to be cheated, nor delayed in this matter; and as sure as the sentiment of those leaders of the party who twirl their thumbs and fingers significantly and scornfully about their noses and cry 'no side issue'—'Keep still!'—'Keep dark!'—'Let us be united!'—shall prevail in the convention at Bangor, and a dumb democracy is to be represented in the candidate selected, then it will be the duty, the interest, the policy, and the necessity of the liberal democracy of the state, and of all liberal men and minds, once more to rally upon their own responsibility, and in defense of their own cause and rights, and drive these trafficking politicians from the halls of legislation, and from the executive department of the government. This they can do, and this we believe they will do."

On the other hand, the Maine-Law Democrats were no less determined that the state convention should endorse the legislation which had been enacted when their party had complete control of the state. Between these two extremes the leaders held the great mass of the party to a half-way policy, the nomination of a candidate personally opposed to

Prohibition, but upon a platform which should entirely ignore that subject.

The discussion, public and private, prior to the convention, had excited great interest in it, and certain that no hall would contain those who would be in attendance to participate in it and to watch its proceedings, a large tent was provided to accommodate the convention.

The uncompromising Cary, who had so vigorously criticized me in the discussion upon the Maine Law, when it was first before the senate, was the candidate of the straight-out liberals; my cousin, John Hodgdon, was supported by some of the other extreme, while the middle-men favored Albert G. Pillsbury. The latter was nominated on the third ballot. The main difference between Mr. Pillsbury and Mr. Cary upon the liquor question, was in expression, not opinion. The latter was frank and outspoken, the former voicing equally positive hostility to the measure but only where it would attract votes and not repel them.

A story found its way into print to the effect that, after his nomination, Candidate Pillsbury sent Mr. Cary an invitation to come to the Pillsbury headquarters. To this, it was said, Mr. Cary replied: "Tell Pillsbury to come to mine. I have here more friends and better liquor than can be found in his!"

The "liberal" element, having nothing to complain of in the candidate, was now easily made to see that silence in the platform as to Prohibition was the better policy, and that course was adopted. Remembering the quarrel of the last year over the question of a legislative renomination of Governor Hubbard, the convention voted:

“That the legislature as such have nothing to do with the nomination of governor.”

It was soon evident that it mattered little who had to do with the selection of Democratic candidates for governor of Maine. Since that time, with but one or two exceptions, they have never been more than candidates. The Democratic *Argus*, referring to the platform, said:

“The convention gave no sign by which it could even be inferred that there was such a thing on the statute-books as a liquor law. Mr. Pillsbury is the representative of the principles embodied in those resolutions—and no others. Consequently all Democrats may unite in giving him their cordial support.”

Almost immediately after the adjournment of the convention it became evident that the Democratic party was far from being a happy and united family. Much bitter, if not justifiable, talk followed. One Democratic paper, referring to the convention, said:

“The noise and confusion which attended its proceedings, constituted at times a perfect pandemonium. The voice of the multitude broke forth in the wildest shouts and set at defiance the authority of the chairman and the rules of decorum.”

Another paper spoke of the convention as, “a desperate, unprincipled, and rum-soaked set of men.” Allowance, however, should be made for the irritation and excitement of the time. A Democratic paper said:

“Albert Pillsbury was nominated by a convention of the Liberal party, and none but the sworn enemies of the Democratic party have made him their standard-bearer. The same party that last year nominated Anson G. Chandler have this year nominated Albert Pillsbury.”

A few days after the nomination of Mr. Pillsbury, a state temperance convention was held in Portland

which was largely attended. Its presiding officer was Gen. John J. Perry, of Oxford county, and one of its secretaries was Woodbury Davis, of Waldo county. Among the speakers was Gen. Samuel Fessenden, of Portland. A feature of this convention was the attendance of a fire engine-company, from Saco, all pledged Maine-Law men, which marched into the hall preceded by a band of music. A state temperance committee was appointed, and among others the following resolutions were adopted:

“Resolved, That the temperance reform is the cause of God and humanity, and that all true Christians and patriots will stand by it, whenever and wherever that cause is endangered.

“Resolved, That the Maine Law is a recognition of moral truth, and an embodiment of political wisdom, and is worthy to stand as a leading question before the people of our state in popular conventions and at the ballot box, until all opposition to it shall cease.

“Resolved, That the legal prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating liquors is not a ‘side’ issue nor an ‘outside’ question foreign to legitimate politics, but a subject involving the highest political welfare of the state, and that no candidate for office who is not a true and reliable supporter of the ‘Maine Law’ shall have our support at the polls.

“Resolved, That the central committee be authorized and instructed in behalf of this convention, to interrogate the several candidates for governor, in regard to their opinions and position in relation to the Maine Law, and that they publish the answers they may receive for the consideration and action of the people.”

The Whig leaders now saw their opportunity to profit by the situation, and their leading organ editorially said:

“If the question could be fairly put to the people of this state, entirely disconnected from party politics, we believe that more than three-quarters of our legal voters would be found opposed to the repeal of the Maine Law. . . . And yet

the danger of repeal in this state is at this moment more imminent than ever before.

“It is morally impossible that the Maine Law can ever be repealed in this state without the aid of the organization and political machinery of one of the great political parties. Last year the rum power failed to secure this object. The regular candidates of all the political parties were committed in favor of the material provisions of the law. The opposition to the law was therefore found outside of, and opposed to, all the political organizations. We can assure the friends of the Maine Law, that the day of their trial has come. They now have to deal with an opponent that has not been accustomed to defeat.

‘Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
 No maiden’s hand is round thee thrown!
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
 Through bars of brass and triple steel.’

“Those who are prompted by appetite, passion and self-interest, in a contest of this character, are generally united, determined and persevering. Those who are moved only by devotion to a sentiment, or principle of duty, are too often divided, irresolute and lukewarm. They lack that wonderful cohesive power of selfishness which impels and binds together their opponents. Here lies the principal danger at the present time. If its friends are united, resolute and determined, the law will be sustained, and in a manner which will prevent future efforts to make war upon it. But, if they are divided, irresolute and faltering, the chances are that they may sustain a most inglorious defeat, the law be swept from the statute-book, and Maine return to a state of things the consequences of which human wisdom can hardly comprehend.”

About the same time a Democratic paper said:

“It is a notorious fact, in the mouth of both friends and foes of the Maine Law, that Mr. Pillsbury was selected as the most available exponent of those who go for a repeal of that measure. He gave such pledges, verbally and in writing, as to leave no doubt in regard to his position. The rum-interest is rejoicing in the assurance that the Maine Law is now doomed, and in order to make the thing effectual the entire rum-interest is to be enlisted in his favor. The liberal Whigs of Maine already stand pledged to support

him, and will do so to a man. But even with all this extraneous aid, the democracy is so disgusted and disgraced by the drunkenness and rowdyism which resulted in this nomination, that they feel called upon to rise up in indignation against those who have betrayed a virtuous constituency."

The Maine-Law men were fully alive to the danger thus set out, and hardly needed the warning, however disinterested were those who extended it. The story of the next few years shows that they made good use of the means at their disposal. As soon as it became apparent that a political organization, as such, was contemplating an attack upon the law, its friends interposed between it and the threatened danger a strong party unequivocally committed to its support.

Governor Crosby had been renominated by the Whig members of the legislature, and Dr. Ezekiel Holmes had also been renominated by the Free-Soilers. Meanwhile the committee appointed at the state temperance convention to interrogate the candidates for governor upon the subject of the Maine Law had addressed notes to each of these, as well as to Candidate Pillsbury, containing the following questions:

"1st. Ought the Maine Liquor Law, in your judgment, to be repealed?

2d. If not, should this law be modified in any respect? If so, please state to us what provisions you think should be changed, and in what respects?"

To these Governor Crosby had replied:

"Believing that the object of the law referred to is of the highest importance to the moral, social and political welfare of the people, and that its provisions are adequate to the accomplishment of that object, it ought not, in my judgment, to be repealed. I have no modifications to propose or recommend, and am not aware of any which should be made."

Dr. Holmes, in his response to the committee, said:

“Permit me to say that, in my judgment, the legislature of Maine could not do a deed more fatal to her moral interests, more disastrous to her growing prosperity, and, by consequence, more derogatory to her honor and reputation, than to repeal the act commonly called the ‘Maine Law.’”

No reply was received from Mr. Pillsbury, but a Democratic paper, the editor of which was understood to be a very close friend of his, said:

“A committee was appointed to catechise candidates. The friends of a candidate know his opinions or are willing to take him as he is on the responsibility and recommendations of the nominating convention while the enemies of a candidate only catechise him for the purpose of drawing something from him to be used to his disadvantage.”

In the latter part of July, another state temperance convention was held in Bangor. Its presiding officer was Mayor George W. Pickering, of that city. It adopted the following resolution:

“Resolved, That we seek to form no political organization, or raise any political issue. We go unitedly for the support of the Maine Law, and, in this great work, we recognize all men who are friendly to that enterprise as our friends, and its enemies as our enemies, and we feel bound to treat all nominees for office, when their acts can affect that law, as for us or against us, and the candidate that refuses to define his position, when respectfully requested so to do, is unworthy of our support, and shall be treated accordingly at the polls.”

That convention was addressed by Anson P. Morrill, who had always been an earnest Democrat, but who denounced the position of the Democratic party and its candidate upon the Maine Law, which he strongly favored. Within ten days after that speech, Mr. Morrill was nominated for governor by a state convention of bolting Democrats, held in Portland on the fourth of August.

A number of prominent and influential Democrats,

among them Noah Prince, who, as president of the senate, had affixed his name to the Maine Law in attestation of its passage through the body over which he presided, and Gen. John J. Perry, had united in a call for a mass convention of those Democrats who, to quote, "are opposed to the disgraceful, unjust, and unjustifiable proceedings of the recent Bangor convention."

In response to the call, a convention assembled in Portland. Notwithstanding a severe rainstorm, there was a large attendance, Oxford county especially sending a numerous delegation. I remember an amusing incident connected with the march of this body, nearly five hundred strong, from the depot to the hall where the convention was to assemble. It was raining hard, and as but few of the procession carried umbrellas, they presented, all dripping as they were, a forlorn picture. They were greeted with derisive shouts from the sidewalk contingent of Democratic regulars, such as: "You are out in the wet!" "Your bear skins are spoiled!" and other contemptuous expressions.

In front of the old Exchange, which occupied the spot where is now the post-office, stood Hon. Virgil D. Parris, one of the stalwart leading Democrats of the time. He was then, if I remember aright, certainly at one time, a United States marshal for Maine. He was of tall and commanding figure, and his imposing physique had for years been a marked feature of every Democratic gathering of note in the state. A citizen of Oxford, he recognized many of his Oxford neighbors in the procession, and hailed one of them with the jocular inquiry: "What fire company have you bears joined now?" The term "bears" was com-

monly applied to residents of Oxford county, which included much wild forest-land, where bears were abundant. Instantly the reply came from the ranks: "The name of this company is the 'Pillsbury Extinguishers!'" This retort gave to the bolters, as they were then called, the name by which they were known through the campaign. It was an appropriate one. They certainly did extinguish Pillsbury, and with him Democratic prestige and power in Maine.

The convention nominated Anson P. Morrill as its candidate for governor. Among the resolutions adopted was the following:

"Resolved, That the great moral evils which affect society are proper subjects of legislative restraint, and that all laws enacted for such purpose should be respected and enforced."

Through committees appointed for the purpose, the Morrill men perfected their arrangements to oppose regular Democratic nominees for the legislature who were not known to be friendly to the Maine Law and to support Whigs or Free-Soil candidates who might be sound on that issue, the choice being determined by the prospects which one or the other might have of an election with such aid. while on the other hand, in strong Democratic districts, where there was any prospect of electing by so doing, temperance Whigs and Free-Soilers supported Morrill-Democratic candidates for the senate and house.

The campaign which was now opened proved a warm one. especially between the two wings of the divided Democracy. It was the expectation among the leaders of the "regulars" that they could throw for their candidate, Pillsbury, who ignored the prohibitory issue, a larger vote than Hubbard had secured the year before. In this they were disap-

pointed by some thousands. Hubbard, running in 1852 as the regular Democratic candidate, but unequivocally committed to the Maine Law, for which by his approval he was sponsor, received forty-two thousand votes, while Pillsbury in 1853, also a regular Democratic candidate, but understood to be hostile to the law, polled a little over thirty-six thousand votes.

This loss of five thousand, six hundred votes was not uniformly distributed throughout the state. It varied with the earnestness of temperance sentiment in different localities. In Portland, for instance, where in 1852 Hubbard had received 1495 votes, Pillsbury in 1853 obtained only 755, the exact number, by the way, given the "liberal" bolting candidate, Chandler, in 1852. In Bangor, where Hubbard had received 1,065, only 611 votes were cast for Pillsbury, while Morrill received almost as many as had been thrown by the "liberals" in 1852. In some other sections of the state Pillsbury received more votes than Hubbard. The Free-Soilers, who in 1852 had transferred most of their strength to Governor Hubbard, this year gave their own candidate, a strong Maine-Law man, who in his letter had advocated more stringent prohibitory legislation, almost nine thousand votes, while the Maine-Law candidate, Anson P. Morrill, received about eleven thousand, drawn mostly from the Democratic party, and the Whig candidate, Governor Crosby, received some twenty-seven thousand votes. The choice of a governor was thus again devolved upon the legislature.

The result of the election was most gratifying every way to the friends of the Maine Law, indicating most clearly that the policy was entrenched behind a substantial popular majority.

The leading Whig daily of the state, referring to the result, said:

“ It cannot be denied that the liquor-law question entered largely into our recent election. It was, in fact, the only question, or issue, or principle, upon which there was any considerable feeling. The result indicated a very strong popular sentiment in favor of maintaining the law. Crosby, Morrill, and Holmes were all strongly and unequivocally committed in favor of the law. In this city, Portland, where the law has been very thoroughly discussed, and its practical operation subjected to close scrutiny and severe tests, the election of representatives at the last two annual elections shows a decided majority in its favor.”

The legislature chosen was strongly favorable to the Maine Law. But it was of a decidedly mixed character politically. To the house there were elected sixty-four Whigs, sixty Democrats, nineteen Morrill-Democrats, and eight Free-Soilers.

The majority rule yet obtained as to the choice of senators, and of these only thirteen of a total of thirty-one were elected by the people, seven of them being Democrats.

In addition to the choice of a governor from among the four candidates between whom the popular vote had been divided, the legislature was to choose a United States senator, to succeed Hon. James W. Bradbury, whose term had expired in 1853. The legislature elected in 1852 was Democratic, as we have seen, but it represented a party that was split into two irreconcilable factions over the issue of the re-election of Governor Hubbard, with the result that the election of a successor to Mr. Bradbury had been postponed for a year. Now it was apparent that unless the Morrill-Democrats should co-operate with their former political associates, no Democrat could succeed Mr. Bradbury, and it was almost as certain

that such co-operation could not be secured. Nevertheless, as soon as the political complexion of the legislature became known, efforts were made to bring the Morrill men back into the Democratic fold. They were promised forgiveness, present position, and future reward if they would return to their accustomed political abiding-place. Moreover it was also urged upon them that the Maine Law was safe, that it was clear that Prohibition was to be the fixed policy of the state, and that it was the duty of all former Democrats to work together for the restoration of harmony in the ranks of that much distracted party.

On the other hand, the leaders of the three elements opposed to the regular, or Pillsbury, Democracy, were active in perfecting an understanding whereby the opposition majority of the legislature could co-operate. This was so far successful that the house was organized without delay by the choice of a Whig candidate for speaker, Noah Smith, of Calais, of whom we have heard before as chairman of the house committee which reported the original Maine Law, and the election as clerk of John J. Perry, who, we will remember, was one of the leaders in the bolting convention which had nominated Anson P. Morrill for governor.

This done, attention was turned to filling the vacancies in the senate which by a constitutional provision must be done in a joint convention of the senators-elect and the house. An understanding was perfected among the leaders of the opposition to the regular Democrats that the vacancies in the senate should be filled, as far as constitutional limitations would permit, by those who could be relied upon

to vote for Morrill, and that the coalition in the house would send up to the senate thus completed the names of Morrill and Crosby as the constitutional candidates for governor, of whom the senate would choose Morrill.

It was also understood that the Whig candidate for the United States senate, Mr. Fessenden, should be elected through the assistance of the Morrill Democrats. It is here proper to say that it was most unequivocally denied that there was anything in the nature of a trade as to these two offices, but, nevertheless, the conditions were such that it seemed inevitable for a time that the Morrill men, through the aid of some Whigs, would elect the governor, while the latter, with the assistance of the Morrill men, would obtain the senatorship.

The regular Democrats saw the handwriting on the wall, and did nothing to hasten the day of the discomfiture they expected. It required a month's time and an opinion from the Supreme Court before the vacancies in the senate could be filled. When at length this was done, it was supposed that the Morrill men had one more than half of that body. Now came the choice of governor. Under the Constitution the house might select either two of the four candidates who had received the highest number of votes. Under the arrangements referred to the house coalition promptly sent up the names of Crosby and Morrill, outvoting the regular Democrats who supported Crosby and Pillsbury.

The senate was now to decide. Unquestionably a majority of the Whigs in that body, left to their own inclination and judgment, would have preferred to vote for Mr. Morrill. But the United States senator-

ship was yet to be decided and was sure to be affected by the course of the Whig senators on the governorship. On the one hand it was feared that if Morrill was not made governor, his friends could not be relied upon to support Mr. Fessenden for the senate. On the other hand it was known that some Whigs would bolt as to the senatorship if their nominee for governor was beaten by the votes of Whig senators.

In this dilemma the Whig leaders concluded that the path of safety was to be found in party consistency. Consequently they brought great pressure to bear upon those Whig senators who were thought to incline toward Morrill to keep them in the party fold. Some Whigs were in the senate through the assistance at the polls of the Morrill-Democrats under the promise, express or implied, that if necessary to elect him they would vote for the candidate of the Maine-Law Democracy. Upon these, of course, the friends of Mr. Morrill relied. But, shortly before the senate was to vote, one Whig senator, who had been depended upon to vote for Morrill, was called into the lobby, where he was labored with an entire hour by a coterie of leading Whigs, who finally secured through his pledge the one vote needed to elect Crosby. Then the senate, having patiently awaited that proselyting process, proceeded to the choice of a governor. Nine regular Democrats and seven Whigs, sixteen in all, voted for Crosby, and four Whigs, two regular Democrats, and nine Morrill-Democrats, fifteen in all, voted for Morrill.

The result was a profound surprise to everybody present, save the three or four Whigs who had converted their vacillating brother. Commenting upon it, a Portland daily said:

“All can rejoice in having defeated something, and that the Maine Law is safe.”

The regular Democrats were delighted. They were pleased because a “bolter” had been punished; they were sanguine that the back-bone of the coalition was broken, and imagined that the “deserters” in the Morrill camp would come home to be forgiven, to be revenged upon the “tricky” Whigs, and to act thereafter with the Democratic party. They were convinced that the Whigs would now be unable to elect Mr. Fessenden to the senate, and confidently expected the success of their own candidate. The Whig leaders ridiculed these claims publicly, but privately were anxious. The situation was critical and no one was able to predict with certainty what the outcome on the senatorial contest would be.

A generation has passed since Mr. Fessenden first entered the body in which he won distinction for himself and influence for his state. The circumstances attending his first election are not wholly out of place in this narrative, because, although the question of temperance and Prohibition was not involved in it, his success was the result of disaffections in the Democratic party, largely growing out of the temperance question, and some of the friends of Prohibition, as such, were instrumental in bringing it about. It was a direct consequence of the rum-bolt against Governor Hubbard in 1852, to which, also, it is due in a measure that no Democrat has since been sent from Maine to the United States senate.

The outcome of the gubernatorial contest was a great disappointment to the friends of Mr. Morrill, and for a time it was feared that their votes could not be secured for Mr. Fessenden for the senate. These

Morrill men were Democrats, with all the Democratic convictions, not to say prejudices, against Whigs and Whig policies. They were separated from their former political associates only because of the "liberal" bolt against Hubbard in 1852, and their consequent temperance bolt against Pillsbury in 1853. They were held together only by their devotion to their leader, Anson P. Morrill, and the principles they believed would be advanced by his elevation to the governorship. In this contingency, the interesting question among all concerned was: What course will Mr. Morrill take upon the senatorship question now that he has lost the governorship through the efforts of the Whig leaders? More interest was felt upon this point because the regular Democrats, in the hope of capturing the following of Anson P. Morrill, had nominated his brother, Lot M. Morrill, to whom he was known to be most warmly attached, as their candidate for United States senator.

In a consultation between Anson P. Morrill and his followers he stated plainly that while he could not actively oppose his brother Lot he saw no good reason in his own defeat for governor to lead them to reconsider their previously formed determination to vote for Fessenden. Nevertheless, much anxiety was felt among Mr. Fessenden's Whig friends as to the outcome. Prominent temperance men who were personal friends of Mr. Fessenden, and others who were glad to punish the Democratic party for its treatment of Hubbard, also entered heartily into the canvass for Mr. Fessenden, and finally secured enough pledges from among the Morrill-Democrats to ensure his election, if all the Whigs could be relied upon to support him.

In those days United States senators were elected by concurrent votes of the two houses, there being no joint ballot, as now, in case of disagreement between senate and house. Mr. Fessenden was certain to be chosen on the part of the senate, but trouble was feared in the lower branch. It was thought that two or three Whigs could not be relied upon to vote for him, if there was any probability of his election and if their defection could be concealed. Their supposed opposition was to his credit. He was said to have inherited the antislavery convictions of his honored father, General Samuel Fessenden, one of the leading Free-Soilers of the state. Then, too, the charges of trading with the Morrill-Democrats against Crosby, brought against some of Mr. Fessenden's friends, had added to the coolness of some of the latter's party associates. The *viva voce* vote was not then required, and the election was to be by ballot. No one could know absolutely how his neighbor voted. Nevertheless, because of the ease of tracing the treason to its source if each candidate did not get his full party strength, it was certain that Mr. Fessenden would get every Whig vote, unless by means of the Morrill men casting their ballots for him a cover would be afforded under which a few Whigs could bolt without fear of detection by their party associates. The practical problem then was how to secure the Morrill votes for Fessenden without letting the Whig malcontents know that he was to receive them until too late for them to prevent his election.

It was accomplished in this way: With some publicity, an interview was arranged between the Morrill Democrats and ex-Governor Hubbard, to give the impression that they were intending to vote for him.

The naturalness of such an arrangement gave color to its probability. The Morrill men in the legislature were in a measure the avengers of Hubbard's wrongs. But for the Democratic liquor-bolt against him there would have been no Democratic temperance-bolt against Pillsbury, and the Morrill men, as such, would not have been in the legislature. It was reasonable to think that they might vote for Mr. Hubbard, and their support, with that of the regular Democrats, would elect him and thus pave the way for that union and harmony needed for the restoration of the Democracy to its control of the state.

After this interview the report was circulated that Governor Hubbard had been nominated by the Morrill men, and that there would be no choice on the first ballot. Those in the secret took assiduous care that the report should not be contradicted, lest some of the disaffected Whigs might withhold their votes from Fessenden. Accordingly ballots were printed for Governor Hubbard and carefully distributed throughout the house just before the hour of balloting arrived. Not a Democrat in the legislature, and but two Whigs, knew what the Morrill men were to do.

Mr. Fessenden was one of those. He and his Democratic competitor, Lot M. Morrill, who like himself, was a member of the house, had taken seats in the front, one on each side of the speaker's desk. The committee collected the votes and retired to count. Its report was to settle the question which had been disturbing the politicians of the state for nearly two years, yet there were not twelve men awaiting that report who supposed that the choice had been effected. The committee came in. Its announcement

was awaited and received in dead silence. To the great surprise of almost every one present, it showed the election of Fessenden. Not a word was spoken for nearly a minute, which seemed fully five minutes so great was the strain, during which not a sound was heard in the crowded assembly.

Finally, Mr. Morrill rose, and, almost staggering as he walked, so great was his nervous excitement, crossed over to the side of Mr. Fessenden, shook hands with him in the presence of the great crowd which thronged the house and congratulated him upon his success. The spell thus broken was followed by loud and long-continued applause. Subsequently Messrs. Fessenden and Morrill were colleagues in the United States senate as Republicans, and both also afterwards became secretaries of the the United States treasury.

Though the Whigs had succeeded, through a peculiar combination of circumstances that has been described, in electing both the governor and United States senator, before the adjournment of the legislature it was evident to far-sighted politicians that political conditions in the state were undergoing a change, and that the Whig party would soon cease to be an important factor in the politics of Maine. The old Democratic party was also in its decline. The organization of a new party was only a question of time. How it would be brought into existence, and what it should represent when born, was yet a matter of uncertainty.

In the spring of 1853, as we have seen, the Whig party made no nomination for mayor in Portland, so irreconcilable were its contending factions, and in the spring of 1854 it did not make the attempt. To

some extent the same trouble affected that organization in many other municipalities in the state, while the warring elements in the Democratic party left that in as bad a condition.

Whig and Democratic politicians had by this time learned that a larger number of voters than ever were interested in other issues than as to which of their leaders should be placed in office, and were determined that they would be led by none whom they did not believe to be sound upon the great questions of the prohibition of the liquor-traffic and the non-extension of slavery, which they had come to regard as of transcending political importance. How to utilize to the best advantage or to avoid the unfavorable effect of this changed condition, were questions that troubled immensely the mere time-servers and office-seekers. They were also of grave concern to those who sought to evolve from the political chaos of the day the promotion of Prohibition and Free-Soil principles.

CHAPTER XX.

SPEAKING TOURS IN DIFFERENT STATES. MY NOMINATION
AND DEFEAT AS A CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR. THE
COMBINATION RESULTING IN THE ELEC-
TION OF ANSON P. MORRILL AS
GOVERNOR OF MAINE.

Early in January, 1854, I was again in the field answering calls to speak in other states. Among my meetings were two great gatherings at Manchester, N. H. At one of these, my second, two hours before the time arrived every seat was occupied, and an hour before, the hall and the adjacent square were packed with people. The mayor told me that it was a larger crowd than had ever been gathered there, and that it numbered at least ten thousand.

In January, also, I was the guest at a great banquet in Philadelphia, where I was the recipient of a massive silver tea-set, manufactured with special design for the occasion. The banquet proved an influential gathering, and was attended by over fifteen hundred people. The presiding officer was Judge William D. Kelley, afterwards so prominent in the national house. The presentation address was made by Rev. John Chambers, of Philadelphia.

During this tour, I addressed the legislative committees of New York and Pennsylvania, respectively in the Representatives' Halls at Albany and Harrisburg. While I was in New York City this month, Rev. Dr. Tyng, addressing a great meeting, said: "I had rather have the reputation of Neal Dow than that of any other man who has ever lived." As I had no other reputation than that of an earnest and, I trust, consistent opponent of a traffic I believed to be inimical to the welfare, temporal and eternal, of my fellow-men, I saw in that remark more than the unmerited compliment to myself that might otherwise be implied by it. It was but Dr. Tyng's mode of expressing his opinion of the liquor-trade, and the great blessing to mankind its banishment would prove.

March found me in Connecticut. Among other towns which I visited was Salisbury, where were preached the famous six temperance sermons by Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, sermons, the reading of which, in my younger manhood, had so much to do with settling my conviction as to the enormity of the liquor-traffic and the duty of good citizens to do all they properly could to suppress it.

During my absence from home on these tours, my name was again presented to the citizens of Portland in connection with a nomination for mayor. Some of our people desired a more vigorous enforcement of the Maine Law than had generally obtained during the year. That was the main reason for my nomination. Then there were those among the local managers of "our side" of the Whig party who, foreseeing the speedy dissolution of that organization, were anxious to be in a position to be potential in the new party which they knew must soon be formed.

These reasons led to a call for a meeting of the "Friends of the Maine Law." This was held in City Hall, which was crowded. Hon. William W. Thomas presided. I was unanimously nominated for mayor, and the meeting appointed a committee to select a full list of candidates for the city government. Among those selected for aldermen were William W. Thomas and John M. Wood. The latter a few months later was nominated for Congress. The Whig daily paper, which opposed my election, said of the meeting the next morning:

"It was very evident that the great majority of those assembled were determined to nominate Mr. Dow, having made arrangements to do so, and his nomination was finally declared to be unanimously made, no one taking the trouble to dissent."

My nomination was immediately followed by a call for a meeting of those citizens who were favorable to the re-election of Mayor Cahoon. This meeting, also largely attended, put that gentleman in nomination again, and the issue was declared by his adherents to be between a wise and judicious enforcement of the Maine Law, such as they favored, and the "rash" and "unreasonable" one, such as might be expected from me. The friends of Mr. Cahoon also put in nomination a full ticket for city officers, including some known to be far from friendly to Prohibition.

The lines being thus drawn, on the morning of the election, my friend Judge Carter, who had opposed my nomination, said in his paper, the Whig daily:

"In political, as well as in other matters, there is often much more excitement about shadows than substance. It has been so in relation to the municipal election which occurs to-day. If the temperance men of this city had expressed themselves satisfied with Mr. Cahoon (as they undoubtedly would, if Mr. Dow had previously started on his contem-

plated tour to Europe) we should have witnessed a very different state of things. Some other candidate would have been brought out, and Mr. Cahoon, just as he is, and having executed the law just as he has, would have been the Maine-Law candidate, and the bitter opponents of the law would have been arrayed against him. But Mr. Dow was brought out. The liquor men at once saw their advantage, and were not slow to improve it. They knew very well that this must divide the friends of temperance and they were well convinced that Mr. Cahoon would be elected by a large majority. They resolved to ride the winning horse, and, while the law men were grasping in different directions for the shadow, they would endeavor to secure the substance. In other words, they conceived the idea of carrying in with Mr. Cahoon a majority of what they term liberal men."

The election was closely contested, and called out a larger vote than had been thrown in Portland, save in 1852, when fraud had been alleged. This year the total vote was 3,111, against 3,399 then counted. In that year, with one daily paper supporting me, I was beaten by four hundred, while this year, with all four dailies against me, my competitor led me with one hundred and three votes. I was absent during the canvass, reaching home at noon on the day of election. A few days before I had written from Watertown, Conn.:

"I have been so incessantly engaged and on the move that I have had no time to think of affairs at Portland. I do not permit myself to feel the least anxiety about them. If our friends will do their duty I leave all else to a kind Providence, and whatever may be the result I shall cheerfully acquiesce. I sometimes think I might do more good, perhaps, by sowing the seeds of the Maine Law all over our land than I can in that position."

There were those who believed that, had I been at home and able to lend personal assistance, my election would have followed, but very likely they were mistaken in this — the majority against me might

have been larger. The Whig daily paper the day after election said that the Dow men had elected fifteen members of the city council to twelve of the opposition. It went on to say:

“ There is, therefore, unquestionably a decided majority of both branches of the city government in favor of a vigorous execution of the liquor-law. This result of the election, under all the circumstances, is a strong indication of the strength of the law in this city. We have been of the opinion that the law itself, disconnected from all other considerations, would poll at least a majority of eight hundred in this city, and the result of this election has confirmed us in that opinion.”

That amounted to an intimation that the medicine was more popular than the doctor who had been prescribing it, but I was quite content, my aim was not popularity.

Mayor Cahoon, referring to temperance in his inaugural address, said:

“ In 1826, one hundred and eighty-nine licenses were granted to retailers and victualers in this city, and our population was not probably more than two-thirds the present number. Under the present laws there are no licenses and no public and open places where liquors are to be sold. . . . Friends of temperance may honestly differ with regard to the best measures to be adopted to eradicate the evil, but all will unite in the opinion that it is the great source of most of the misery, crime, and wretchedness of the land, and that the most efficient measures should be adopted to accomplish the greatest amount of good. These are no new principles with me, for I have entertained them for more than thirty years, and my practice has been in accordance therewith.”

Again my defeat as a candidate for mayor unquestionably led to the growth of Maine-Law sentiment throughout the country, as it left me free to respond to invitations to speak, which I must otherwise have declined. As it was, a considerable portion of my

time was given toward the propagation of that policy. During May I filled a series of appointments in Delaware, including all the larger places in the state. June and July found me in the British Provinces. The latter part of July and the first of August, were spent in New York state, where, during a portion of my stay, I was the guest of Edward C. Delevan, in his delightful country home.

This year the Ashbury University, of Indiana, conferred on me the title of LL. D. I was reminded by it that a great deal of fun was occasioned when Cambridge University, years before, paid a similar honor to President Jackson. I rightly anticipated that the press of the country would have many jokes over this, and for a while they rung the changes upon it to as great an extent and variety as ready wit or versatile fancy could suggest.

Much of my time in the summer of 1854 was given to aiding the efforts to consolidate, into an effective party organization, those who, on the one hand, as to state politics, were favorable to the Maine Law, and those who as to national issues disapproved of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the alleged tendency of the Democratic party at the time to serve the will of southern statesmen as to slavery.

We have already seen that the Democratic party, once all-powerful in Maine, had, through its dissensions over the Maine Law, lost control of the state. It was by this time evident to most men of ordinary political discernment that a re-alignment of voters in Maine was inevitable and immediately impending. The Whig national organization was tottering to its fall, not more because of its crushing defeat in 1852 than from its inability to cope with the new and

grave political problems demanding solution. Long years of adversity had developed in most Maine Whigs an unconquerable aversion even to the name of the Democratic party, and they desired a permanent political abiding-place where they might effectively indulge their hostility to the Democracy and to what it represented. It was evident that it was high time for them to be looking out for a new party home. A large contingent, therefore, from this moribund organization could be relied upon for a new departure.

The Free-Soilers controlled about ten per cent of the popular vote, and were stronger in their convictions than at the polls. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the passage of the Nebraska Bill, for which one Democratic representative from Maine had voted, had raised a storm of excitement in the state, sure to inure to the promotion of their principles, if not to increase the votes that might be thrown under the name of their political organization. The time, therefore, seemed ripe for a consolidation of the elements which, in the quadrangular contest of 1853, had left the Democrats in a minority of about eleven thousand on the popular vote, and the leaders of these various elements had come to seriously consider the feasibility of a new political union under a common political name.

Earnestly antislavery in my convictions, and irrevocably opposed to the extension of the peculiar institution, I was naturally anxious that Maine should take a right position on that question. But I was determined, so far as I could influence events, that this should be done without imperiling Prohibition. I believed that policy right and its enforcement sure to contribute to the moral weal and the material

prosperity of the state, and therefore a matter of great importance, none more so, to our people. Again I was confident that it would prove a great element of strength in the new combination, as it had been the most potent agency in the overthrow of the Democratic party in the state. Though, as has been seen, the question of Prohibition had become a political matter rather by the action of its opponents than of its friends, conditions had now become such that the cordial co-operation of the Maine-Law men would be necessary to secure votes enough to throw the influence of Maine nationally in opposition to the further encroachments of slavery.

With a number of other men more or less interested in public affairs, and each, perhaps, actuated by somewhat different motives, I earnestly and industriously addressed myself to bringing about a union at the polls of the various elements which for one reason or another were antagonistic to the old Democratic party in the state.

Before the adjournment of the legislature, in the spring of 1854, signs of political chaos were abundant. The Morrill-Pillsbury breach in the Democratic party had become wider than ever. Early in April, the Morrill men in the legislature had united in a request to the state committee of that element, appointed the year before, to call a mass convention to nominate a candidate for governor. In this they styled themselves "Democratic members of the legislature," and asked that the call for the mass-meeting be addressed to "our political friends," thus testifying to their belief that the old Democratic name was yet potent in the politics of Maine.

Prior to this action, a circular-call for a mass con-

vention of the Democrats in the state had been issued by quite a number of "liberal" gentlemen, whose avowed desire was to "allay personal jealousies and dissensions both in the ranks of the Democratic party and among all who are disposed to promote the ascendancy of liberal views."

It was proposed that this convention "nominate a candidate for governor, and adopt all needful measures to assure the united support by all liberal electors of the nomination that shall be so made."

Just what "liberalism" in Maine at that time meant may be best shown by a quotation from the resolutions adopted at a meeting of "liberals" held in one of the legislative representative districts in Cumberland county, which were subsequently widely circulated. The Maine liquor-law was denounced as iniquitous, uncalled-for, and unjust; and it was

"Resolved, That abolitionism and the Maine-Law men, or the effect of them, have broken down both the old political parties in Maine, and planted on their ruins (or at least attempted to do so) a code of laws or moral reform unknown to the constitution and laws of this republic, and in derogation of both.

"Resolved, That the people of Maine are yet able to govern themselves; the opinion of William Pitt Fessenden to the contrary notwithstanding."

The resolves further called for an early organization of all liberal-minded men as all-important for the peace, prosperity, and happiness of the people of Maine, and charged that "negro and Maine-Law nonsense is the sole cause of all the secret juggling, chicanery, and villainy practiced in the electioneering, both out of and in the legislature."

The circular-call referred to was denounced by reg-

ular Democrats in most positive terms, a sample of which is taken from a Democratic paper published in Bangor :

“ It is a second, and more deliberate and mature movement than the first, to array in political contest a series of political and unpolitical measures against their opposites ; to array the sham democracy against the true democracy ; run against prohibitory anti-liquor statutes ; slavery extension against slavery restriction ; Douglass and Nebraska dough-faceism against Houston, Benton, and freedom ; ‘ the dangerous classes ’ against the conservatives, the public morals and domestic peace and prosperity.”

In response to the “ liberal ” call a mass convention assembled in Portland on the 15th of June, and passed a series of thirteen resolutions, mainly devoted to denunciation of the Maine Law, declaring it to be “ justly obnoxious to all odious characteristics that can define a bad law,” and insisting that it ought to be repealed without delay.

Largely made up, as it was, of men who under the provisions of that law had been driven from a direct or indirect participation in the liquor-traffic, the convention insisted “ that it becomes the *true friends of temperance* throughout the state to join in effecting a repeal of the Maine Law, as demoralizing to the citizen, destructive to the just pride and the peace of society,” and expressed itself as desiring “ a substitute for that measure which should bring to punishment all known abuses of the sale and use of intoxicating liquors, and discourage hypocrisy among all classes of men in the use of such.”

A committee of two from each county was appointed to select a candidate. Some merriment was created in the convention by the announcement of the names of the members chosen for that committee by one

county. These were reported, without the mention of their given names or initials, as respectively Mr. Neal and Mr. Dow. Hearty hisses were given for the man brought to mind by those two names, which gave place to laughter and applause upon the suggestion that "a liberal, like a rose, is just as sweet by any name." It was not surprising that a committee representing a convention assembled for such a purpose and influenced by such considerations should promptly agree. Upon taking a ballot every member of the committee voted for Shepard Cary. That gentleman was unanimously nominated by the convention as the best embodiment of its views and intent.

The Morrill-Democrats again presented their leader on a platform endorsing the Maine Law and condemning the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. This was done in a convention which gave many indications of proving more troublesome to the regular Democracy than in the previous year, which party thus threatened with a loss of radicals on both sides of the Maine-Law question, and harassed by doubts as to the extent of the trouble to be encountered on national issues, found itself in an embarrassing situation.

The Democratic organization could hope for nothing from the "liberals" unless it could "out-cary Cary" in its candidate. It did not dare to attempt that, for with less of a "liberal" than Cary it had lost more votes than it could spare at the last election. It therefore concluded to look elsewhere than to the unpronounced liberals in its party from among whom it had taken Pillsbury the year before, and take its candidate from its "moderate" Maine-

Law men, in the hope of holding what Prohibitionists there were left in the party and possibly of winning back some it had lost in 1853.

In the matter of a platform, the "regular" Democratic convention dodged all issues, preferring to make its fight to recover its lost supremacy upon the record and high character and standing of its candidate. In this exigency and for this purpose it chose for its leader no less a man than ex-Governor Parris, who, to his high personal merits and long and distinguished early public career, had recently added the prestige of having been elected mayor of the Whig city of Portland by a large majority over a Whig candidate who had polled a larger vote than any other Whig ever elected to its mayoralty. Now, full of years and honors, Governor Parris was taken from the repose of private citizenship, which he had fairly earned and earnestly desired, in the hope that his name and fame would restore harmony to his party and lead it back to the enjoyment of place and power. But it was too late. What the name of Governor Parris might possibly have done in 1853 was impossible of accomplishment in 1854.

By this time the Whig party had held its state convention, and had adopted a platform similar in its reference to the important issues of Prohibition and slavery to that of the Morrill men. Our old friend, Noah Smith, of Calais, with his reputation as a "ram-rod" Maine-Law man, only missed receiving its nomination for governor by a few votes, and what proved to be that empty honor was awarded to Isaac Reed of Waldoboro.

Mr. Reed was a citizen of property, probity, and ability. He had served one term in Congress, and

stood high in the estimation of his party throughout the state. In his own town of Waldoboro he was all-powerful, politically, and had demonstrated that power in a way which rarely falls to the lot of a local political leader. While the state was overwhelmingly Democratic, he made and kept his town a Whig stronghold, and when, upon the dissolution of the Whig party, most of its following went into the Republican ranks, he led the Waldoboro Whigs into the camp of his old-time opponents, making the town as positively Democratic as it had formerly been reliably Whig — almost exactly reversing in a total vote of between seven and eight hundred, a more than two to one margin.

An incident growing out of this fact illustrates the extensive knowledge Horace Greeley had of political details all over the country. The veteran editor was in Maine in the winter of 1871-72. He was to deliver a lecture in Rockland, and my son, from whom I have the story, happened to be in the same train with him, sharing his seat between Brunswick and that city. When the conductor announced "Waldoboro!" through which town the train passed, Mr. Greeley said: "Waldoboro! This is the home of Isaac Reed." He then went on to say: "Mr. Reed is one of the few men who, by changing their political faith, have been able to influence any considerable number of their fellow-citizens to change their politics. When Mr. Reed was a Whig, Waldoboro was strongly so; when he became a Democrat, he made Waldoboro as strongly Democratic." And having had his attention in that way called to the subject, Mr. Greeley commented with similar accuracy upon the politics of other towns along the line

of the road as their names were announced at the various stations.

In November of the year that Mr. Greeley made that reference to Mr. Reed, he was himself to furnish a striking illustration of the unwillingness of the American people to take kindly to strange political fellowship, even at the call of one who had long been their teacher in matters pertaining to politics. Happily, with the spread of general intelligence, and wider means of obtaining special information, this tendency among the people to self-reliance is sure to increase.

There were now four gubernatorial candidates in the field, a Whig, a "regular" Democrat, a Maine-Law Democrat, and an anti-Maine Law Democrat. Under ordinary circumstances the prospect for the Whig candidate to obtain a plurality of the popular vote, as it had not since 1840, was exceedingly good. But a state temperance convention was now held, over which I presided. The convention endorsed the candidacy of Mr. Morrill with an unequivocal — as it may easily be believed, for I had drawn it myself — Maine-Law resolution, one which, by the way, I had taken the precaution to learn, would be entirely satisfactory to the candidate nominated upon it. This was immediately followed by the Free-Soil endorsement of Mr. Morrill, who was as reliable an exponent of the views of that party upon the slavery issue as he was of the temperance men upon Prohibition. That party was also earnestly favorable to the latter, as witness its support of Hubbard in 1852 upon that distinct issue, and as is also shown by its platform and candidate for governor in 1853.

Of the candidates who were now in nomination,

two, Mr. Morrill and Mr. Reed, occupied substantially the same ground, as far as could be judged by public declarations. It was, however, generally understood that Mr. Morrill was a "ramrod," favoring enforced Prohibition, while Mr. Reed was regarded as more nearly reflecting the views of those "moderate" men who, anxious not to injure or offend any interest, were sometimes described as being "in favor of the Maine Law but opposed to its execution." As the campaign progressed, this was seen to be a distinction with quite a difference, having marked results upon the Whig vote in the balloting.

There was more time to perfect a union in congressional matters. In the Second district, there were distinct conventions of Morrill-Democrats, Whigs and Free-Soilers; each made a conditional nomination and appointed a committee to confer with a similar committee from the other two conventions, with instructions to agree, if practicable, upon a candidate. The decision of the conference was that Gen. John J. Perry, the nominee of the first named convention, should be selected, and his candidacy was endorsed by the other two organizations.

In the First district the nomination was made in a mass convention. Public sentiment had been especially aroused in this district by the vote of its Democratic representative for the Nebraska Bill, and the convention was a large, most earnest, and enthusiastic gathering. It selected with practical unanimity John M. Wood, of Portland, as its candidate for Congress.

As a part of the history of the time, I may be permitted to say that Mr. Wood would not have been a candidate for this nomination if I had been an

aspirant for it. But three months before his nomination for Congress he had been a candidate on the "Dow ticket" for alderman in the Portland municipal election, and he and I were warm personal friends. Some time prior to the district convention, Mr. Wood came to me and urged me to be a candidate for the congressional nomination, stating that he would not allow his name to be used and pledging his warm support — he then owned the leading paper in the district — if I would consent. In the course of this conversation he told me that a large "liberal" element opposed to me in municipal politics would heartily favor my nomination for Congress, in the hope that it would tend to modify my radicalism on the temperance question, and in the fond belief that my election to the national house would place me where I would be less troublesome to them upon that issue. I had no doubt whatever either of the sincere friendship of Mr. Wood, or of the wish of the liberals that my radical temperance views might be softened, but my tastes and convictions of duty impelled me to put a negative upon the suggestion.

The Maine Law did not enter directly into the nomination of congressional candidates. Indeed, in a speech in the mass convention where I was called upon to vouch for Mr. Wood, because he was a comparative stranger outside of Portland, I had said that the only issue there was the opposition to the extension of slavery, and with reference to that evil, men of all shades of opinion on other questions could act together. Nevertheless, the temperance men had been determined that the influence pertaining to the candidacy for Congress in the coalition, which was the advance agent of the new party,

should not be on the wrong side of the Maine-Law controversy.

Many Whigs recognized the necessity for this even if they did not like it. Mr. Wood, a particular friend of mine, and a Maine-Law man, with the courage of his convictions, and thus acceptable to "our wing," was for other reasons very satisfactory to the other element. The Democratic press of the district essayed to rouse the old straight Whig prejudices by insisting that the Fusion nominee was a "Neal-Dow-Maine-Law man." Though they met with a degree of success in drawing "liberals" from the support of Mr. Wood, he was elected by a plurality of about three thousand in a district which two years before had given a Democratic plurality of over thirty-eight hundred.

On the same general plan selections were made in two of the other four congressional districts. In one district the Whig candidate had served one term and had voted against the Nebraska Bill, but he was an outspoken opponent of the Maine Law, and its friends would not vote for him. They supported in that district a candidate of their own, who was elected. In the other district, where fusion was not effected, the regular Democratic candidate was elected by a small plurality, his leading competitor being the Free-Soil nominee. With this exception the Democratic candidates for Congress were defeated. The coalition was also perfected in a majority of the legislative districts, and as to candidates upon most of the county tickets.

In the county conventions generally, resolutions similar to the following, adopted in Portland, were made a part of the platform:

“Resolved, That this convention approves of the law commonly known as the Maine Law, and is in favor of its vigorous enforcement.”

Temperance conventions were held in various counties in the state. At many of these I spoke, as did Candidate Morrill. Here I may say that in this campaign our acquaintance, already formed, was perfected into a warm, strong, and abiding friendship, which lasted as long as he lived. At all of these conventions resolutions endorsing his candidacy were adopted, and committees were appointed to aid his canvass. Ordinarily, these committees included men who in the last campaign had voted for the Whig and Free-Soil candidates for governor, as well as those known as Morrill-Democrats.

Mr. Morrill was a vigorous and effective speaker, and his bold, manly and unequivocal endorsement of Prohibition attracted temperance Whigs to his support. This led to restiveness on the part of some of the liberal Whigs, who, alleging that “ramrod” members of their party were going to bolt the Whig nominee for governor, devoted themselves to creating as much trouble as possible in the matter of nominations for the lower house of the legislature, generally made on the eve of election, to the end that, in the event of a failure to elect by the people, Morrill’s name should not be sent by the house to the senate as one of the two constitutional candidates for governor. This only tended, however, to swell the number of temperance Whigs determined to vote for Morrill, with the result that about all of the Whig party left to support its candidate was that portion of it opposed to Prohibition. That remnant could find little comfort, however, in voting for Mr. Reed,

because, as we have seen, he, as well as Mr. Morrill, had committed himself to the Maine Law.

About this time the Know-Nothing organization had established numerous lodges in the state and had acquired some political strength. To those of us who remember the anxiety with which membership in that organization was sought by Whigs and Democrats alike, in order to control it, the fear in these latter years lest connection with it be remembered is something amusing. However, by this time, it had become apparent that the opposition to the Democracy was in the saddle of the order, and just prior to the election its endorsement of Mr. Morrill was secured, much to the disgust of its Democratic contingent.

There was no election of governor by the people. Mr. Morrill, with over 44,500 votes, a larger number than had been given to a candidate for ten years, lacked about 1,500 of a majority. Governor Parris had over 28,000, Mr. Reed, the Whig leader, about 14,000, while the avowed anti-Maine Law candidate, Mr. Cary, received about 3,500.

Twenty-one senators were elected. Eleven of them were Whigs, five, Morrill-Democrats, and five, Free-Soilers, all chosen on coalition tickets. To the house the coalition had chosen forty-four Whigs, forty-two Morrill-Democrats, and twenty-three Free-Soilers. Forty-two straight Democrats were also elected. The complexion of the legislature was such that the Maine Law was safe, and its representative standard-bearer before the people was sure to be the next governor.

Some figures here may be interesting. In the cities, and those towns which have since become cities, the popular vote was as follows: Regular Whig 2,243;

regular Democrat, 3,698; Maine-Law, 9,731; anti-Maine Law, 425. There was nothing in those returns, surely, to lead an ordinarily sensible politician to doubt the strength of a moral issue before intelligent, aroused and organized voters.

Such was the result of the contest between the hastily assembled Fusion forces and what was left of the old-time Democratic party of Maine. The end had been attained through the presentation of questions which appealed to the hearts and consciences of the people; through the courage of the men in charge of the movement, and by the measures they had taken for educating and organizing the masses. It was the fruit of years of self-sacrificing, unremitting toil on the part of scores of men, who, unknown to fame, had unselfishly and unceasingly labored for what they believed to be right.

The leading Democratic daily of the state, commenting upon the result, said:

“But it is obvious that nothing has contributed so much to weaken and disorganize the majority party in Maine during the last three years, as the Maine-Law question. The same issue has given to the Democratic party nothing but disaster. It has elected no governor since the law passed. Hubbard was defeated in 1852, and Pillsbury in 1853, and Judge Parris has failed of an election in 1854. We say, then, that the Nebraska question was not the foundation of our late defeat.”

The leading Whig organ said:

“The temperance reformation has extended into many of the benighted strongholds of the sham Democracy. It has been like letting the sun into low, damp places from which it had been heretofore excluded. The fog and darkness which had settled down upon them were dissipated, and all began to assume a new aspect. It is thus that the Maine-Law question has contributed so much to weaken and disorganize the majority party in Maine.”

The leading Maine-Law paper said:

“Our friends abroad will be gratified to learn that in our late state election the Maine Law was completely triumphant. It is now a fixed fact that so far as Maine is concerned the old parties are broken up, and they can never be reorganized upon the old issues that once divided them. There is no reason why these men should not continue to act together, indeed there are many cogent reasons why they should hereafter constitute one party. As to the name of this new party, it is already sufficiently indicated. Our friends in Franklin county have got the start of the rest of the state and have organized their forces as the ‘Republican’ party, and this appears to us to be the name with which to christen this new organization.”

Thereafter the men who in 1854 acted together, came to be called, and to call themselves, by that name by which the new party in the state was formally baptized on the 22d of February, 1855.

After the election of 1854, I resumed my campaigning for the Maine Law in other states, responding to as many calls to speak as possible, selecting from among them such as I thought opened the widest opportunity for usefulness. Among other meetings which I addressed was that of the Legislative Temperance society in Representatives’ Hall, in Boston. This was presided over by Gov. Henry J. Gardiner, whose matter and manner in introducing me to the large audience clearly showed the interest he felt at that time in the subject of Prohibition.

The legislature assembled in January, 1855. From force of circumstances, it naturally brought to the political surface many men who had had but little to do with politics. One of these, who was entirely unknown in legislative circles, was chosen speaker of the house. To Sidney Perham, elected as a Morrill-Democrat from Oxford county, was accorded this

unusual honor. A circumstance which contributed much to this result was the fact that he was at the time the presiding officer of the grand division of the Sons of Temperance in the state.

Long interested in temperance, Mr. Perham had given much time to speaking upon the subject. Though a Democrat, he had supported Mr. Morrill in the election of 1853 upon the Maine-Law issue. A few years later, after the repeal of the Maine Law, and preparatory to the movement for its re-enactment, he traveled over the state extensively, speaking, no man more effectively, in favor of Prohibition. He subsequently served in Congress three terms and as governor of the state three years. He was also for some years the United States appraiser at the port of Portland. He is one of the few active participants in the political revolution which marked this year who still survive. In private life without reproach, and in public discharging the duties of every position to which he was called with ability and integrity, Sidney Perham has justly enjoyed the confidence of the people of Maine.

The vacancies in the senate were filled, and with the result that, of its thirty-one members, all were Maine-Law men. The house sent up to that body, the names of Morrill and Reed as the constitutional candidates for governor, and ten minutes later Anson P. Morrill was unanimously elected by the senate.

In his inaugural address, Governor Morrill, referring to the Maine Law, said:

“ It has been fully discussed by the people and become a question of prominence and deep interest in our elections. The result shows conclusively that the people are by a very large majority in favor of sustaining that law, a happy verdict

for the cause of humanity throughout the land. Had Maine declared against the law, her decision would have been felt most disastrously by other communities where strong efforts are being made to obtain similar legislation. The people demand that the grog-shops be closed, whether found in spacious saloons and popular hotels, where temptation is presented in the most alluring form, or in filthy cellar or joint where poor degraded humanity is made loathsome to the last degree."

Referring to Governor Morrill, the leading daily of the state said:

"The movement which has resulted in his election has been emphatically a movement of the people by a deep and abiding conviction and feeling upon the great questions of liberty and temperance, not only without the aid of, but in open defiance of old party organization. The inauguration of Governor Morrill may be regarded also as the inauguration of a new political party in this state, based upon the prominent issues which entered into the canvass which resulted in his election and which were discussed in his message."

In January, I appeared before the legislative committee in support of more stringent provisions for the prohibitory law, which were subsequently enacted. This afterwards came to be known as the "Intensified Maine Law."

Before the adjournment of the legislature, the coalition members of both branches united in a call inviting the people of the state, without distinction of former political party, in favor of a prohibitory law and opposed to the further extension of slavery and the encroachment of the slave power, to assemble in a convention to transact the necessary business and organize the Republican party. Commenting upon this call, the leading Republican organ of the state said:

"The principle of Prohibition, as opposed to the old system of license, has now become fundamental with a great

majority of the temperance community, and is so recognized in the call."

The convention was held on the 22d of February, 1855, and nominated Anson P. Morrill unanimously as its candidate for governor. Among others it adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the existence and execution of the Maine Temperance Law is a vital element in the organization and life of the Republican party in this state, and is one of the chief safeguards of the lives, reputation, property and homes of our people."

The resolution endorsing the nomination of Governor Morrill, referred to him as "an ardent friend and supporter of the temperance reform."

Enough has been said to show that whatever other purposes were contemplated in the organization of the Republican party of Maine, and whatever other agencies served to make way for its accession to power in the state, it may be claimed, without ignoring any of those, that the Maine-Law movement was a most important and potential influence to that end.

Anson P. Morrill had all the requisites for leadership in a political movement of the kind. He was a man of ability and integrity, of courage, of political skill and experience. What he believed to be right he upheld, and no consideration of personal advantage or mere temporary party expediency could swerve him a hair's breadth from the course marked out for him by his convictions of duty. Though he was defeated for re-election the next year. I doubt if the combined political wisdom of his supporters could have selected a man who could have run as well as he did in the combination of untoward circumstances with which he was called upon to contend in 1855.

Defeated for governor that year, he was in 1860 elected to Congress and served one term, when, declining re-election, he made way for James G. Blaine.

During his service as congressman, Mr. Morrill had an experience in a matter of patronage which must have been unusual, if not altogether unique. I relate it as nearly as possible as he told it to me years ago. As a representative to Congress he had made a recommendation for the appointment of a postmaster in one of the more important towns in his district. Under the system adopted by President Lincoln for the distribution of patronage, that recommendation should have been followed by an immediate appointment. This, however, was delayed and, obtaining no satisfactory assurance from the post-office department, Mr. Morrill called on President Lincoln and obtained an explicit promise that his friend should be appointed the next day.

“The next morning at about five o’clock,” said Mr. Morrill. “I was awakened by some one rapping at the door of my sleeping apartment. Supposing that an important telegram had been received, I rose hastily. Upon opening the door, a card was put in my hands by the bell-boy. Glancing at it, I read, ‘A. Lincoln.’ Even that familiar name did not suggest to my half-awakened faculties that I had received a call from the President of the United States, a visit not to be expected under any circumstances, much less, as it seemed to me, at that untimely hour. As I was exclaiming, ‘Who is A. Lincoln, that he should wake me up at this unearthly hour?’ the tall form of the great Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States, stepped into my chamber. I stood aghast. I hardly know what I said.

“‘Mr. Morrill,’ said he, ‘I gave you a promise yesterday, expecting to fulfill it to-day. You have a right to exact its performance; but I have called to ask you to relieve me from my pledge, and to explain to you why it is necessary for me to prefer such a request.’

“‘But, Mr. President, why did you not send for me to call on you?’

“‘I have called on you instead of asking you to call on me, because I am asking a favor; and I have called at this early hour for reasons which I am sure you will appreciate, for the President is not ordinarily at liberty to make such a call as this and cannot well do it publicly.’

“‘Mr. Lincoln then went on,’ said Mr. Morrill, ‘to explain the circumstances impelling him to seek the release from his promise, which of course I was bound, and glad, in view of his great anxiety, to give.’”

Mr. Morrill told me what those circumstances were, but the interest pertaining to such a call at such an hour for such a purpose from the President of the United States will lose nothing by withholding them, and there are those yet living who might feel hurt by their relation.

CHAPTER XXI.

NOMINATION AND SECOND ELECTION AS MAYOR. THE JUNE RIOT.

In the spring of 1855, I was nominated as the candidate of the Republicans of Portland for mayor, and my election followed. The events leading up to that nomination are a part of the history of the Maine-Law movement, and may properly find place in this narrative.

The new Republican party in Maine had declared support of the Maine Law to be one of its cardinal principles. I had contributed something to that change of sentiment whereby the Republican organization had been led to success through the shattered lines of the party which had so long controlled the state, and by far the major part of the Republican vote in Portland must come from the men who had supported me for mayor in the spring of 1854, while the overwhelming proportion of those who had opposed me then would thereafter be found in opposition to the new party.

Before my nomination this year, efforts were in progress to unite the "liberal" Whigs and the "Liberal Democracy" with the regular Democrats, in

opposition to the Republican party. The Democratic leaders had not yet abandoned hope of getting their political craft off the rocks upon which it had been run by the "liberal" mutineers that they might defeat Governor Hubbard. But Portland was not the place where, nor was that spring the time when, they thought it proper to attempt to float their ship under its own name and old colors. The leaders of this combination now took the initiative in the local politics of Portland, and organized a formidable demonstration to bring out a citizens' candidate for mayor, and our people were confronted one morning with the following call, numerously signed, which appeared simultaneously in the Democratic and the Liberal morning papers:

"Citizens' Meeting! The citizens of Portland, without distinction of party, in favor of a wise, upright, and intelligent administration of its municipal affairs, and who are opposed to a return to that system of measures which, three years since, inflicted so many evils upon the city, and which met so signal a rebuke at the hands of its citizens in the election of 1852, are invited to meet at the City Hall in Portland, on this, Saturday evening, March 24, at 7.30 o'clock, p. m. to take into consideration the nomination of a candidate for the office of mayor for the ensuing year, and to take such further action in relation to the city election as the best interests of the city may seem to require."

Among the five hundred signers were many most respectable citizens, but the list had been lengthened by the names of a number who, before the Maine Law, had been interested in the liquor-traffic. The reference to my administration was intended to be clear, but was inapplicable in that no evil had been entailed upon the city by my mayoralty service unless the practically total extinction of a prolific source of

infinite injury to its moral and material interests was to be so considered.

That call was more than a pointed personal reflection. For such, neither I nor my friends cared. I had long been hardened to the most severe criticisms. The call distinctly intimated that enforced Prohibition was inimical to the business interests of a growing town. Convinced as we were that there was no foundation in fact or fancy for such an insinuation, the friends of that policy were not disposed to let it go unchallenged.

The Citizens' meeting was held, and put in nomination James T. McCobb, a gentleman of character and ability, a lifelong Democrat, who had been two years a state senator, and one whose sympathies with Prohibition had been frequently declared. In the meeting it was announced from the platform that I was to be the opposing candidate, with the absurd addition that, if elected, I did not intend to serve, but was to abandon the office, go abroad, and leave its duties to Mayor Cahoon, who was to be made an alderman and president of the board, for the purpose. There was some extravagant threatening talk, which at the time was attributed to the excitement attending partisan zeal.

A few days later, the following call was published:

“The undersigned citizens of Portland and members of the Republican party would respectfully invite their fellow-citizens who are in favor of the principles and platform laid down by said party at the state convention held in Augusta, February 22d, to meet at the City Hall, this Thursday evening, March 29th, at seven and a half o'clock, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for mayor for the ensuing municipal year, and to transact such other business as may come before the meeting.”

This call bore the signatures of about eight hundred citizens, the first two being those of the mayor of the city, and of William Pitt Fessenden, United States senator. While exceeding the "Citizens' Call" in the number, and not suffering by a comparison with that in the standing, influence, and character of its signers, this list did not include the name of any person interested in the liquor-traffic.

The caucus was held according to call. The old City Hall was packed to its utmost capacity. Mayor Cahoon, who had been elected over me the year before, was called upon to preside. Upon taking the chair, he said, as reported in the next morning's papers:

"Sometimes the public mind is so centered on a candidate as often to anticipate a formal nomination. It may be the case in this instance. How shall the candidate be nominated, by ballot or by acclamation?"

The same paper says:

"The response was loudly and unmistakably, 'By acclamation,' and, on motion, Hon. Neal Dow was nominated by acclamation, twice three thundering cheers doing the work in the most satisfactory manner."

I did not look upon the nomination thus made as in any sense a personal compliment to myself. The cheers for my name were not for me, but for the cause, which, from force of circumstances, my name represented. The nomination was accorded, to be sure, by a party having other purposes and policies than the maintenance of Prohibition, and to which I was fully committed and which I had materially aided. Nevertheless, it was understood in the caucus nominating me, as clearly as in that which had denounced my former administration, that, in selecting

me as its candidate, the portion of the community represented in the caucus cheering my name, repudiated the suggestion in the call for the Citizens' meeting, that the city had suffered by my vigorous enforcement of Prohibition, four years before.

That there may be no mistake as to what was understood and intended by that gathering in my nomination, I add that among other speakers who addressed it was Noah Smith, Jr., of Calais. He was known far and wide in Maine as a friend of the law with which his name was identified, as we have seen. Happening to be in the hall, Mr. Smith was called upon to speak. The next morning's paper, referring to the incident, said:

“Mr. Smith responded in a very sensible and effective style, remarking that the contest in view was not merely a municipal matter, but there were involved in the result great and important influences upon the state and nation. If Neal Dow were defeated, it would be said that temperance and the Maine Law were defeated; that the great statute was killed with its author in its own home. This would be a bad report to go to the senate of New Jersey at this crisis.”

The reference to New Jersey was in connection with the fact that a prohibitory law was then pending before the legislature of that state.

My good friend, Judge Carter, was also one of the speakers. His paper the next morning reported his remarks as follows:

“Mr. Carter said that he had both supported and opposed Mr. Dow, and in both cases without reference to any personal feeling toward him. After he had been defeated in 1852, as he believed by fraud, he did not think it wise to again bring him forward the next year. He did not think the time had arrived last year, but now he believed the time had arrived, and nothing could indicate this more clearly than the movement of his opponents within a week or two past. They had

seen the indications that the time had arrived; they had seen the handwriting on the wall even before the friends of Mr. Dow had moved. He confidently predicted the election of Mr. Dow."

Both the Citizens and the Republicans put full municipal tickets in the field, and a most exciting contest followed. A gentleman who had been elected as alderman the year before on the "anti-Dow" ticket, and who had been elected president of that board, had subsequently removed from the city and state, and established his business and residence in Boston. His absence left the board, which was to decide upon the qualification of voters, a tie between the "Dow" men and "antis." He consented to return to the city temporarily, and, resuming the chair, decided by his own vote in his own favor, the question of his right to act as a member of the board. Thereupon he aided, or it was so publicly charged, in placing upon our lists the names of hundreds of illegal voters. In fact, an attempt to add between three and four hundred names at once without any investigation was only defeated by the positive refusal of the minority to permit so gross a violation of law and usage.

The quarrel in the board of aldermen tended to increase the excitement attending the campaign. As had been the case in other elections in which I had been a candidate, the vote was larger than had been polled in the city before. In a total of 3,742 votes my majority was forty-six. The morning after the election, the Republican organ, in announcing the result, said:

"After a hard-fought battle, one of the hardest in which we ever took part, the Republicans of Portland achieved a

glorious and substantial victory over the combined forces arrayed against them. The rum-power did its mightiest. Personal hatred against Mr. Dow was appealed to, and fanned to the utmost, and finally an alderman was imported from Boston to place upon our voting lists hundreds of illegal foreign votes. And yet the Republican party achieved what, under all the circumstances, may be regarded as a most brilliant victory."

In my inaugural address, after dealing with the ordinary city affairs, referring to the prohibitory law, I said:

"I consider the object of that law, viz: the annihilation of the rum-traffic, as one of very great importance to the prosperity of the city in all its various interests, and to the welfare and happiness of all her people. I shall not fail, therefore, to employ all the power which the law has put into my hands, and which you may entrust to me, to the accomplishment of the purpose contemplated by the legislature.

"I was induced to permit my name to be used in the recent municipal canvass in connection with the office to which my fellow-citizens have done me the honor to elect me, by circumstances over which I had no control, and of which I do not foresee the recurrence. And if in retiring from the responsible position which I now occupy, at the end of my term of office, I shall be able to say that the city is no longer cursed with the traffic in strong drinks, and that prosperity and happiness reign in all her borders, I shall consider it the happiest moment of my life."

Here, it is proper to say that it is probable that at no time in the history of the temperance movement in Maine, or of my connection with it, had the liquor-interest honored me with so intense a dislike as at the time of my re-election to the mayoralty. I must not be understood as intending to intimate that opposition to me was confined to that interest. It was far otherwise. For a great variety of reasons, many of my fellow-citizens who had no connection, near or remote, with the liquor-traffic, had deemed it

proper to interest themselves actively against my re-election. As for most of these there is no reason to suppose they were animated by any considerations that might not properly weigh with good citizens; as to the ex-distillers and the ex-liquor-dealers, whose unholy trade had been ruined, as they insisted, by my persistent "fanaticism," the intensity of their dislike for me is inadequately described in saying that they hated me. It was not unnatural that such should be the case. A great party had taken the position I had so long advocated, and was pledged to uproot the evil trade, and those who had been engaged in it, or who yet clung to the outlawed traffic, knew that so long as my influence was potential in that party there would be no shadow of turning from the publicly avowed determination to free the state from the rumshops.

This hostility to me manifested itself in a variety of ways, extending from mere petty and insulting personal annoyances to overt acts clearly violative of law, which culminated in what has since been known as the June riot, for some time foreshadowed in threats, some vague, and others more specific. Though having no direct connection with the enforcement of Prohibition, this was made through misrepresentation and consequent misunderstanding, the pretense with the aid of which a covert attack was made upon that policy, so far successful as to result in the repeal of the Maine Law, and the return, for a brief period, to the system of license. Aside from its direct effect in that particular, the riot demands notice here as fitly illustrating the straits to which the liquor-interest had been driven within four years after the enactment of the original Maine Law.

Portland, so far as the major part of its population was concerned, was a law-abiding, order-loving community; but its harbor was the convenient and safe resort for many vessels, there often being two or three hundred in port for several days at a time, and from the crews of these vessels recruits were easily obtained to aid our local roughs in any projected disturbance.

The June riot, though the last mob, was by no means the first one which had threatened law and order in Portland. Upon this point I quote from one of the city papers an article which appeared nearly six years before my last term as mayor. In October, 1849, there was a riot in Portland which was quelled without much difficulty. The next day, the paper referred to said:

“Portland is becoming, we are sorry to say, notorious for its mob spirit. The tone of the press abroad shows that in this respect, we are acquiring a most unenviable reputation. Unless something is done to stop this rioting, neither life nor property will be deemed safe from one night to the other. We speak plainly. We tell the authorities that they have the power to crush forever this growing and dangerous mobocracy, and the people will expect them to do it.”

Premising that, of the several mobs which had disgraced the city, no one of them approximated it in magnitude and desperation, I proceed to relate the story of the June riot. First, let us see what was the immediate pretext for it.

The prohibitory law made provision through municipal agents for the sale of liquors for medicinal and mechanical purposes. The agency system was at the time regarded as a sort of safety-valve to the policy of Prohibition, as in providing for the legitimate supply of legitimate demands for liquor it prevented the arraying against the law of an element that might

otherwise be hostile to it. For this reason it was especially obnoxious to the liquor-interest.

The board of mayor and aldermen authorized the use of a shop owned by the city in the basement of the City Hall, and appointed a committee, of which the mayor was chairman, to arrange for the establishment of a city agency for the sale of spirituous liquors, wine, etc., for medicinal and mechanical purposes, under the provisions of the law. In pursuance of this order the committee contracted with the selling agent of a New York liquor house, in the name and on account of the city and for the city agency, for a quantity of liquors, which arrived in Portland, marked "Portland Agency, Portland, Maine," accompanied by bills of lading similarly made out. The liquors were billed to the "Portland Agency, Portland, Maine," and on their arrival were immediately carried to the agency, and there left in charge of the city agent previously elected. Up to that time the authorities had not received an intimation that any trouble was to follow. Subsequently it was learned that arrangements for a disturbance were commenced immediately after the first order establishing the agency, nearly a month prior to this date.

On the morning of the 2d of June, our citizens were confronted with the following, which was circulated broadcast through the city:

"ATTENTION, CITY MARSHAL!

While the city authorities are busy searching private houses for demijohns and jugs of liquor, it is, perhaps, not strange that they should overlook wholesale importations into the city of what are probably impure liquors intended for sale. We are credibly informed that \$1,600 worth of liquors have recently been purchased by a citizen of Portland, and brought into the city in violation of law, and are still kept

here illegally. Why doesn't the marshal seize and destroy? The mayor of the city has no more right to deal in liquors without authority than any other citizen. Where are our vigilant police, who are knowing to the above facts, and who think it their duty to move about in search of the poor man's eider, and often push their search into private houses, contrary to every principle of just law? Why are they so negligent of the weightier matters and so eager for the mint and cumin? We call upon them by virtue of Neal Dow's law to seize Neal Dow's liquors and pour them into the street. The old maxim reads: '*Fiat justitia ruat cælum,*' which means, 'Let the lash which Neal Dow has prepared for other backs be applied to his own when he deserves it.'

Naturally, all in the city opposed to Prohibition or to Neal Dow were aroused by that publication. The excitement was increased by the talk such utterances were calculated to incite. In the afternoon, three citizens, one of whom was an ex-distiller, whose business had been suppressed by the Maine Law — or by Neal Dow, as was the custom then to say — and the other two, violent personal and political enemies of the mayor, made complaint under oath that they had reason to believe and did believe that intoxicating liquors were kept by Neal Dow in the middle cellar under the building commonly known as the City Hall, and that said liquors were intended for sale in the city in violation of law. These complainants were accompanied to the court-room by a large number of persons known to be violently opposed to the Maine Law, and to the mayor, and though all the circumstances were such as to compel the judge to believe that the complainants were swearing falsely, and that the complaint was made in pursuance of a plan to incite trouble, he had no option but to issue the warrant. Thereupon the complainants insisted that the judge should ignore the officer whose special

duty it was to serve such warrants, and commit it to the hands of a constable whom they had brought with them to the court-room. This, however, the judge refused to do.

In the course of an hour and a half after receiving the warrant the officer went to the place described, to wit: the city agency. There to his surprise he found three truckmen who told him they had come to haul the liquors away. Quite a number of people also were collected there, who manifested an unusual interest in the proceedings. Entering the premises, the officer found the liquors marked as already described, and also some other seized liquors, that being the usual place for depositing such. Being in doubt whether he should seize them, he called for the invoice. This was produced by the city agent, and was found to correspond with the marks upon the packages. He then left the building to consult the city marshal and county attorney. His departure was the occasion for loud complaints from the crowd that no seizure had been made, accompanied with threats that they would take care of it in the evening. This violent talk was renewed when the officer returned shortly with the city marshal to seize the liquors. Having seized them, he took an account of them and left them where they were, in the building owned by the city.

The warrant had now been duly executed. The processes of the Maine Law had been applied quietly and in due form by the proper officials, without trouble or disturbance of any kind. The threats and bluster that had been made by the crowd, sent there to make trouble, were caused by the refusal of the officers to do more than duty required of them, which

refusal interfered with the designs of the fomenters of the subsequent riot. Nothing now remained for the officer but to make his return as provided by law, that all questions involved might be passed upon by the court, as was subsequently in due time done. That, however, was not what the complainants who had sworn out the warrant, and those for whom they were acting, desired. Their purpose may be fairly inferred from what followed.

A crowd, for the main part orderly, gathered around the agency in the afternoon, in the evident expectation that the liquors to be seized would be removed from the building by the constable selected by the complainants to make the seizure. What that crowd would have done in that event is conjectural. What was done, under changed conditions, may be briefly described.

The comparatively orderly gathering of the afternoon was by evening largely increased in number, and became a desperate mob intent upon unlawful and riotous action. It threatened property and life. The small, undisciplined, ununiformed police force at the disposal of the authorities proved utterly inadequate to cope with it. Warnings were answered with insults; attempts to disperse the crowd aroused only excitement and threats; the ringleaders arrested were rescued by their fellow-rioters, and finally the marshal reported to the mayor his inability to maintain the peace with the force under his command.

The municipal authorities in the emergency acted without haste or excitement, under the competent legal advice of the city solicitor, Gen. Samuel Fessenden. After the civil force had proved unequal to disperse the mob and the police were in imminent

danger, two military companies were called upon to act as an armed police force. There was delay in the response, for want of proper arms and ammunition, the captain of one of the companies refusing to expose his men to the mob unless they were properly armed and equipped. This only encouraged the rioters.

Meanwhile the police force, by the use of revolvers, was maintaining its position inside the building into which the mob was endeavoring to force its way. Finally, after the sheriff of the county, as well as the mayor, had read the riot act, and the mayor had warned the rioters to disperse, and one military company, which had accompanied the mayor and two of the aldermen into the presence of the mob, had been reduced by wounds from stones and other missiles, and the retirement of those who left the ranks to carry off their wounded comrades, to eight men, a second military company arrived upon the scene, and after a few volleys of four shots each cowed the mob, which was afterwards dispersed at the point of the bayonet. One rioter was killed and three or four wounded, whether by the police or the military it was never judicially ascertained.

What would have followed if the mob had got access to the liquors after trampling down the constituted authorities may also be left to conjecture. It is enough here to say that the majesty of the law was sustained—not the Maine Law, be it remembered; the enforcement of that statute, as we have seen, was not involved in the riot. There would have been no disturbance of any kind had the complainants and those for whom they acted been content with the orderly enforcement of the statute under which they had sworn out the warrant.

What was the original object of that complaint? It was not understood at the time by the authorities, and probably few ever really knew. Personal, political, and other considerations led those active in precipitating the trouble to conceal as much as possible their part in the transaction. Months after the excitement over the riot had subsided, and it had accomplished its political ends, and after those whose indiscretion of speech and act had brought on the crisis were ashamed of their part in it, an "opposition" member of the city government, who took some of the initiative steps leading to the riot, gave me his theory of what was intended. He had himself furnished some of the "information" on which the inflammatory newspaper articles alluded to, and the application for a warrant were based. He probably was well informed as to what it was hoped to accomplish.

According to his statement, he and the complainants believed that it would be found that the liquors had been billed to the mayor by name; that it would be shown on the trial that that official had exceeded his authority in purchasing them, and that he, therefore, was the actual owner of the liquors; that the city could not become the technical owner except through purchase from the mayor, who was, therefore, holding the liquors "with intent to sell in violation of law." This shown, Neal Dow would be fined and imprisoned in the common jail, and be thus "compelled to taste some of his own medicine."

Meanwhile it had been arranged that the constable whom they had expected to seize the liquors was to be "overpowered" by a "friendly, good-natured mob,"

which would take the liquors from him and destroy them. Then, they expected, the mayor would be compelled to make good their value to the city, which in addition to the hoped-for fine and imprisonment would let "the lash which Neal Dow has prepared for other backs be applied to his own."

If, on the other hand, the city should assume the cost, the mayor and "his law" would be exposed to condemnation by tax-payers, because the loss could be said to have been incurred through the mayor's carelessness in the purchase of the liquors, and his remissness in permitting a mob to overpower a constable engaged in enforcing his own law. This latter failure could also be made to appear as a matter of spite on the mayor's part because the constable was engaged under the forms of the mayor's own law in putting the mayor himself into a box.

It was never the intent of the prime movers, so it was said, that the matter should go as far as it did. Their plans were ruined when the judge refused to deliver the warrant to the constable who was to stand in with them in the game, and the program had to be changed. As a result, the friendly crowd which was to take the liquors from the constable became a desperate mob, getting beyond the control of its instigators, and determining to obtain the liquors at all hazards.

It is of little moment whether the real purpose of those who caused the trouble was thus correctly related. It is, perhaps, the most charitable view to be taken of it. Whatever their original purpose may have been, a mob was the result of what they said and did. It resorted to unlawful means to accomplish an

unlawful act. The authorities had but one duty to perform.

More than thirty years have elapsed since that event. Most of those who had to do with that riot, either officially or otherwise, have passed away. In a few years at most, I must follow. Yet after the amplest opportunity for reflection, I find myself justified in the solemn declaration that I have never for a moment believed that the mayor either failed in his duty, or exceeded any part of it, whether in connection with the riot, the circumstances which led up to it, or those which followed upon it.

A coroner's inquest with the jury impaneled in the usual way, was held over the dead body of the rioter. It found that the deceased "came to his death by a gunshot wound, a musket, a pistol, or revolver ball, shot through his body by some person unknown to the inquest, acting under the authority and order of the mayor and aldermen of the city of Portland in defense of the city property from the ravages of an excited mob, unlawfully congregated for that purpose, of which, he, the said deceased, was found to be one."

Foiled in their original plans to injure Neal Dow and the Maine Law, nothing now remained to the instigators of the riot but to make the most out of the excitement to which it naturally gave rise, in order to cover their own tracks, which led from the inception of the trouble directly to the corpse of the victim of their error. They accordingly induced another coroner, with a jury, every one of whom was notoriously a bitter personal and political enemy of the mayor, and an opponent of the Maine Law, to hold another inquest. Of course that jury brought in the verdict it was packed to find. In substance it declared that

Neal Dow was punishable either for manslaughter or murder, and called upon the grand jury to ascertain which. It is needless to say that the grand jury did nothing of the kind.

Commenting upon this so-called verdict, a political paper published in the city said:

“It is the very spawn of the pit, for so diabolical a verdict was never rendered by mortal man.”

The same paper proceeded to call those engaged in procuring the verdict:

“A band of conspirators against the welfare of society, a set of shameless profligates, a horde of desperate adventurers, a motley crew of political gamblers, a perfidious junta of civil pirates such as rarely infest any community.”

A city religious paper commenting upon it, said:

“To our view, in short, the whole thing is simply infamous, and such, we are sure, will be the ultimate verdict of the community. Instead of fastening any charge of unjustifiable homicide upon Mr. Dow, this coroner’s jury in their verdict have shown themselves guilty of murderous intent against him.”

Meanwhile the mayor sent a message to the city council, covering all the facts, whereupon it was ordered:

“That the report of the mayor of the transaction of June 2d, which has been read at this board, be adopted and published as a true history of the occurrences of that day and night, and that it be entered on the city record.”

A non-partisan committee was appointed by the city council, consisting of seventeen highly respected citizens, which was charged with the duty of investigating the whole affair. That committee gave nearly a month’s time, taking a large amount of testimony, and submitted an exhaustive report to the city council, which was accepted with but one dissenting

voice, that of the alderman who subsequently disclosed to me the purpose of the instigators of the riot, as before related.

I quote a few extracts from that report.

“Here was a question not merely whether a quantity of liquor should be destroyed, for that would be of comparatively small importance, but whether law should be vindicated and triumphant, and the peace and property of the city be preserved, or whether mob violence should rule the hour, trample upon law and order, and break down the great barrier which protects the life, the property, and the happiness of our people. That the mayor did not call upon an armed force too large or too soon, is apparent from the testimony. This additional force was not employed until the regular police was nearly overpowered and an alderman fresh from the scene had entreated the mayor to proceed without further delay with the auxiliary force to preserve the property and rescue the police from imminent peril. There is no evidence of undue precipitancy on the part of the mayor any more than there is of timidity and shrinking from duty.”

The report concludes:

“The committee, on a careful and laborious investigation of the whole case, is satisfied that the mayor and other executive officers of the city did no more in the emergency than their duty and the public service required, and that they would have proved unfaithful to their trust had they done less.”

Among the signatures appended to that report was that of William Willis, as chairman of the committee. He was a lawyer of high standing in the state, a man whose reputation in all things honorable and upright did not need the attestation which it received by his election as mayor of the city within two years after he signed that document.

Another signature was that of Rev. William T. Dwight, as secretary. Dr. Dwight at that time had lived for years in this city, as the able, honored,

loved pastor of the Third Parish Congregational church. He enjoyed a reputation throughout his days for a character and life in keeping with his high and holy calling.

On the Tuesday following the riot my trial commenced, on the complaint of having liquors in my possession with intent to sell in violation of law. So great was the public interest that the court was held in the City Hall instead of its ordinary chamber. The counsel for the prosecution was Nathan Clifford, an ex-attorney general of the United States, and afterwards a justice of the United States Supreme Court. My counsel was William Pitt Fessenden, United States senator. The prosecution endeavored to show that though the liquors were bought in the name and for the use of the city there was no actual authority for the purchase, and that therefore the respondent must be held to have bought them for himself; that an actual transfer of the liquors to the city must follow; that such transfer would amount to a sale under the statute; and therefore the respondent was subject to fine and imprisonment. The case was argued at length on both sides.

The court, Judge Henry Carter, in its decision, reviewed all the testimony, and concluded as follows:

“From the whole evidence the court finds that these liquors were ordered by a committee chosen by the board of aldermen for that purpose, and that they were ordered for the city agency and for lawful sale; that they were sent marked and invoiced to the city agency; that they were placed in the room which had been appropriated for the city agency, and found in the possession of the city agent, legally appointed previous to this complaint. From these facts the court decides they were not kept by the defendant with an

intent to sell in violation of law, and that he is not guilty of the charge made against him in the complaint. It is ordered, therefore, that he be discharged, and that the liquors seized by the officer be returned to the city agent, from whom they were taken."

I cannot refrain from adding that, upon the announcement of the decision, the great crowd which thronged the hall burst into cheering.

The governor of Maine, under date of June 11, 1855, wrote a letter to Hon. Edward C. Delevan, of New York, which was extensively published and from which I quote:

"Ere this is received, you will have heard of the recent riot in Portland, the arrest of the mayor, Hon. Neal Dow, for the alleged violation of the Maine Law, and also his most triumphant acquittal and justification for the action he took in quelling that riot.The whole affair has proved a pitiable failure on the part of those who wickedly instigated it. Mayor Dow and those true men who aided him in quelling the mob on that trying occasion merit and will receive the support and approbation of all good citizens."

A short time after the publication of the report of the investigating committee, several citizens whose sympathies and influence had been hostile to the city authorities in the matter of the riot, took advantage of a police incident to call upon me and to express in most kindly terms their regrets for the past. The occurrence which they alleged as the reason for their call was a trifling one, yet because they thought it sufficient to lead them to that courtesy, I am inclined to relate it.

One evening between ten and eleven o'clock, word was brought to the mayor's office that a notoriously turbulent man, of great muscular strength, was crazy drunk, and was threatening to shoot his wife and children, who had locked themselves into a room.

which he was trying to enter, and that the police on the beat were helpless. Repairing immediately to the scene, I found that the fellow, armed with a double-barreled gun, two pistols, and two sabres, was near the head of a flight of stairs leading to his tenement, bidding defiance to everybody and threatening to shoot any who should approach to arrest him. He was thus holding four policemen at bay, and meanwhile was trying to burst open the door, behind which his wife and children had taken refuge.

Looking up the stairway, I saw an open window in the back of the hall where the ruffian was standing. Going to the rear of the building, I sent two of the policemen for a ladder, which was placed so that I could jump from it through the open window. This I did, grappling with the fellow, and holding him until the police came up the stairs and handcuffed him. The charges in the gun were subsequently drawn in my presence and found to contain in each barrel over forty buckshot. Active, wiry, muscular, myself, I ran no great risk, but the incident led to much talk, and was the excuse given for the courteous calls and expressions referred to.

Complimentary references to retiring officials are often perfunctory, but after the bitterness which had been aroused by the events I have hastily sketched, commendation for the "able, efficient, and entirely satisfactory manner in which Neal Dow has discharged the duties of mayor" which at the close of my term was unanimously recorded by both boards, in each of which the opposition was represented, may be fairly considered as of more than ordinary significance.

In dismissing the subject, I add that two or three years subsequent to the time when personal and political opponents were, as above related, charging me with murder in connection with this riot, I was unanimously elected a representative from the city to the legislature. The nomination by my party was made to afford an opportunity for a popular vindication, while leading political opponents frankly and politely said to me that after all the circumstances they deemed it only fair to pay me the compliment of declining to nominate a candidate against me.

CHAPTER XXII.

PROGRESS OF PROHIBITION IN OTHER STATES. DEFEAT OF
GOVERNOR MORRILL. ELECTION OF A HOSTILE
LEGISLATURE. REPEAL OF THE MAINE
LAW. DISSATISFACTION OF THE
PEOPLE. RESTORATION
OF PROHIBITION.

The influence of the Maine Law for good was felt almost immediately in every municipality in Maine where it was enforced with any degree of vigor, which was the case as to the major portion of the state, and the advantages following upon it were generally in proportion to the faithfulness of the officials whose duty it was to see to its execution. In some towns, as has been stated, municipal officers were chosen known to be opposed to the law, and in such cases but little, if any, attention was paid to it. Intelligent, observing citizens could not fail to notice the great difference between a town cursed with the trade and one free from it, and unless they were themselves directly or indirectly interested in the traffic or in some one who was, they were thus led to favor Prohibition.

Wherever the law was enforced there was soon comparative freedom from the disgusting and brutal-

izing exhibitions inseparable from the liquor-traffic, such as drunkenness, brawls, disturbances, begging, squalor, and wretchedness; there was a reduction in the public expense due to pauperism and crime. Laborers lost less time, and earned more money, while they were employed. They were thus able to provide better for their families, and became more disposed and able to do so. With the removal of the temptation to waste time, throw away money, impair strength and ruin health in grog-shops came the means and desire to command and enjoy more of the comforts of life. The sales of legitimate traders, therefore, were larger, their collections easier, and their losses from bad debts smaller.

The law steadily grew in public favor, though hatred of it entertained by the liquor-interest was not less. There were at times and places occasional reactions and apparent reverses. Unquestionably my defeat as a candidate for re-election as mayor in 1852 might have been avoided by less vigor on my part in the execution of the law. I understood that as well as any; and if I had been too obtuse to comprehend it, the abundant suggestions I received to that effect would have enlightened me. But the effort of the liquor-traffic to compass my defeat enabled other Maine-Law men to succeed in other communities where defeat would have been more discouraging to them than it was to me.

We have seen that Governor Hubbard failed of a re-election in 1852, because of his official approval of Prohibition, but the same element which then rallied over twenty thousand anti-Maine Law votes for Chandler, two years later was unable to poll three thousand five hundred for Cary. The difference did

not represent, perhaps, an altogether sincere conversion to the prohibitory faith. Some self-respecting men came to be ashamed to be counted as opponents of a measure which had so unmistakably blessed the state as had the Maine Law.

The difference between the mass-meeting which so unanimously and so enthusiastically nominated me for mayor in 1855, and the gathering which divided over the same question in the same place in the spring of 1853, indicated a great change in public sentiment, quite as much as did my election in 1855 by substantially the same vote as that by which I was defeated in 1852.

With the opening of 1855, it may be said, the great preponderance of public sentiment in the state at large was heartily favorable to the Maine Law, and its impartial, faithful enforcement. And this may be said to be due to the fact that the law had fully justified the predictions of the early friends of Prohibition in the state as to the advantages sure to follow upon the suppression of the liquor-traffic, as well as to the zeal of its advocates in so utilizing the favorable sentiment as to make it effective.

Encouraged by what had been done in Maine, soon after the adoption of the Maine Law, a great many Christian and philanthropic citizens in other states, in fact throughout the English-speaking world, began to interest themselves to secure prohibitory legislation. These efforts were continued until, in 1855, about four years and a half after its enactment in Maine, the law was in substance that of several states.

These included, besides all New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Iowa and Delaware. In several other states attempts had been

made to the same end, failing sometimes in one house, sometimes in the other, sometimes in both, and at least in one instance where it had run the legislative gauntlet, the law had failed to secure the approval of the people to whom it had been submitted for ratification. Prohibition had also been adopted in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward's Island, among the British Provinces, while in other states and in Canada and Great Britain, it was commanding general attention. In most of those states where the agitation had made sufficient progress to result in legislative action, I had borne some part in the discussion of it before the people. Such also had been my privilege as well, in Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia.

It may now be well to note that the conditions under which much of this legislation was secured, differed from those prevailing in Maine at the time of the enactment of its law. In most of them public sentiment was speedily aroused to favor Prohibition by the success of the policy in Maine where its adoption had been preceded by many years of most thorough, educational work, during which the people had been firmly grounded upon the foundation principles of the reform. In some of the states which, following the example of Maine, adopted Prohibition, as much progress was made in awakening public attention to the evils of the liquor-traffic in a few months as had been accomplished in ten or a dozen years in Maine. Consequently, conditions were not as favorable for resisting reaction or for recovering from a reverse should such follow the desperate efforts of the liquor-traffic when it should feel the choking grip at its throat of enforced Prohibition.

In Maine, however, it was different. Here, I think it may be safely said that the foundations upon which Prohibition was erected had been more thoroughly and substantially constructed than elsewhere. Years of patient, self-sacrificing, systematic, educational work, in which hundreds of her citizens had been active with that special object in view, had preceded the adoption of the Maine Law. Prohibition, thus intrenched behind the intelligence and conscience of the people, when the liquor-traffic commenced its fight for life in Maine, was able to hold its ground until an opportunity was afforded it to demonstrate something of the good it was calculated to do. Maine, therefore, was better prepared to recover from the reverse which Prohibition was here about to experience than were most of the other states which had so promptly followed her lead.

Let no one imagine that for that reason efforts to secure Prohibition should be postponed "until the people are prepared for it." Preparation for reform is made, not by a disposition to defer it but by labor to obtain it. He who favors Prohibition to-day does something to make it possible at some time in the future. He who opposes it now, aids its indefinite postponement.

Notwithstanding the long and thorough preparatory work which had preceded the adoption of her now famous law, Maine was to reverse her position, while the policy she had inaugurated was elsewhere in the full tide of success. That change was principally due to misrepresentations as to the June riot, the story of which was related in the last chapter.

Every possible use was made of that affair to break down Prohibition, not only by the liquor-interest, but

by many leaders of the anti-Republican coalition in order to embarrass and defeat the new political organization which, under the name of the Republican party, was to contest for the first time, a state election. This was to occur in the September following the riot, before time had served to allay the excitement aroused through that event by the enemies of the law. But, even under circumstances favorable to the liquor-interest, the opposition to the party that was pledged to the Maine Law did not deem it prudent to make the fight upon an avowed anti-prohibitory platform. So persistently did it declare itself favorable to "a suitable prohibitory law," that, although the election in 1855 resulted adversely to the Republican party, and thus made certain the repeal of some of the features of the law, a return to license was not anticipated by the friends of Prohibition until about the time for the assembling of the legislature in January, 1856.

The Republican party had been organized in February, 1855; had declared the maintenance and enforcement of the Maine Law to be one of its fundamental principles, and had nominated Anson P. Morrill, as its candidate for governor. The spring town elections that year promised Republican success in September. The most intensely hated of the friends of Prohibition in the state, had been elected mayor in Portland, where the liquor-interest was the strongest. Less than two months later followed the June riot, and shortly after this in the ordinary course, the campaign preparatory to the September election opened.

The Democrats nominated Samuel Wells, of Portland, for governor. Mr. Wells was a lawyer, a man

of unsullied private character, and had been a judge of the Supreme Court of the state. He was free from all connection with either faction in his party, and could not be suspected of any sympathy with the liquor-traffic. The convention which nominated him, though denouncing the existing statute in unmeasured terms, declared itself as favorable to "suitable prohibitory laws."

What was left of the Whig party again nominated Isaac Reed. It now retained few of its old leaders, besides those who, unprepared to enter the Republican party, were not willing to subjugate their prejudices against the Democratic name and connect themselves with that organization, until they had made satisfactory terms as to their own future with their lifelong political antagonists. Though defunct nationally, Whiggery in Maine was now made to assist in rehabilitating Maine Democracy.

These opponents of the Republican party, profiting by their experience and observation during the past few years, now united upon legislative and county tickets and pushed the campaign with great vigor. One of the most warmly disputed contests in the history of the state followed. The anti-Republican coalition made the most of the June riot. While insisting through its organs and orators that it was favorable to "suitable prohibitory laws," it was vehement in persistent denunciation of a law which it maintained had caused, and would certainly continue to cause, bloodshed.

It is useless to dwell upon details. The country districts were flooded with circulars full of misstatements and pictures representing officers shooting women and children who had gathered to see

liquors seized, or who were passing the stores where liquors were kept. One of these is before me while I write, representing a company of uniformed soldiers firing under my orders into a throng of men, women and children, passing on the opposite sidewalk, peacefully attending in broad daylight to their legitimate pursuits. I was made the special object of attack and the resources of the language were exhausted for epithets to apply to me, while the Republican party was as roundly denounced for its fellowship with me.

As a whole, the Republican party did not shrink from the issue forced upon it. Its state and county conventions in resolutions opposed the repeal of the law, and its legislative nominees were squarely committed to maintaining the existing prohibitory legislation. Nevertheless, it is true that some of the old Whig leaders who had obtained front seats in the new organization would have ignored Prohibition if the rank and file of the party had permitted it. They thought they could better draw upon what was left of the old Whig element by making the fight solely upon national questions, but, as a general rule, the masses of the party held the leaders up to the prohibitory issue. One incident will illustrate the tendency at that time:

A great mass convention was held in Portland. It was the largest political gathering up to that time held in the state. No hall or public square in the city could accommodate it, and the assembled thousands formed into a great procession and marched to the "Oaks," that beautiful grove in the outskirts of the city, immortalized in the verse of Longfellow. The speakers on the occasion were Governor Cleve-

land, of Connecticut, Senators Benjamin Wade, of Ohio, and John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, all of whom, by the way, with Nathaniel P. Banks, of Massachusetts, had called on me at the mayor's office during the day. The incident was impressed upon my memory because Mr. Banks told me that his first speech was on temperance and was made before a fire engine-company, of which he was at the time a member.

Toward the close of the meeting, after all the speeches, the chairman of the committee on resolutions, my friend, John L. Stevens, already mentioned, reported a list which was adopted with enthusiasm. There was no reference to Prohibition, whereupon a man in the crowd shouted with stentorian voice, so as to be heard to its outermost limits, "Give us a resolution endorsing the Maine Law!" This demand was so vociferously cheered that Mr. Stevens immediately sat down and wrote the following:

"Resolved, That the perpetuation and execution of the Maine Law are among the fundamental issues of the Republican party of Maine."

The real reason of the committee for withholding that resolution was that the speakers for the day were from without the state, and the committee feared that it might not be so agreeable to the strangers to be thus in a measure by their presence committed to what was deemed a local issue. But in submitting the resolution he had prepared at the demand of the people, Mr. Stevens said in substance:

"Our opponents have often insisted that the leaders are forcing the Maine-Law issue upon the people, and the committee thought it better not to offer one with their regular report. I am glad, however, it has been demanded."

The resolution was adopted with greater applause than had been accorded to the original report of the committee. "Now," shouted the same voice, "give us Neal Dow for half an hour, and then we'll go home satisfied!" This, too, was loudly cheered, and when the chairman announced that he had been informed that Neal Dow was not present, the same irrepressible, enthusiastic Maine-Law man in the crowd called for "Three cheers for Neal Dow!" which were given with a will.

It is to be understood by all now as I understood it at the time; that cheering was not for me in person. I was nothing to that great crowd of people save as I happened to represent the principle to which they subscribed, and the policy which they knew had so promoted the material and moral concerns of the state. It may have been due also, in part, to the fact that many public meetings in various portions of the state had been recently held, called "Neal Dow meetings," in which resolutions were passed commending the course of the city authorities in the June riot, about two months before.

The total vote at that election was the largest that had been thrown in Maine, exceeding by nearly six thousand that of the Hubbard campaign of 1852. Though Governor Morrill's vote was larger than that of the year before by more than fifteen per cent, and larger than any candidate for governor had before received, and three thousand in excess of that for Judge Wells, it was less than a majority, as Mr. Reed polled almost eleven thousand votes. The choice of governor was thus again thrown into the legislature.

The coalition, including vacancies afterwards filled,

had chosen to that body twenty Democratic and nine Whig senators, and sixty-eight Democrats and twenty-two Whigs to the house. To the senate two Republicans had been elected, and to the house, sixty-one. Judge Wells was chosen governor in the mode in such cases prescribed by the Constitution.

There were many, more or less prominent in the Democratic party, who deemed it unwise politically to foist the license system again upon the state. It was true, they said, that the party was committed to opposition to the existing Maine Law, but its organs and its orators during the campaign had urged while canvassing for votes that the principle of Prohibition would not be endangered by the success of the coalition, which it was then insisted was solely opposed to the "ill-considered, unwise, and arbitrary" features of the existing law. Election after election, they argued, had shown an overwhelming majority of votes distributed among candidates pledged to Prohibition.

Was it not possible, nay, probable, they asked, that their success in September was due to some temporary excitement, and not to a reversal of the prohibitory sentiment of the state? Was it safe to assume that the people of Maine were disposed to return to a policy which, after years of careful consideration and general public discussion, they had put aside? They urged that the true policy for the incoming legislature would be to modify the prohibitory law, and not to re-enact the license system.

The coalition majority of the legislature, however, would not follow such advice, and the prohibitory law was repealed and a license law substituted, this,

however, not without a vigorous protest from a minority of the triumphant coalition. In the senate, the president of that body, Lot M. Morrill, left the chair to make an earnest speech against the repeal. In the course of his remarks he said:

“This question is one, not of to-day, nor of to-morrow only, it is one of the future ages; it is one that concerns our business, our welfare, and our dearest rights. A man that does not speak now does not deserve to have his rights protected.”

And he went on to warn his political associates that if they enacted a license law their action would relegate them to a minority.

The bill was under consideration in the senate for some time. The discussion was mostly confined to the coalition senators, hostile to Prohibition, some frankly avowing that they did not dare to be as “liberal” as they would like, and others admitting that they would be glad were the bill more “stringent” than it was. It finally passed in the senate by a vote of eighteen to four, both Republican senators, President Morrill and one other coalition senator voting no. In the house, where, after two or three days’ delay, the vote was taken, resulting in seventy-eight in favor and sixty-eight opposed, seven of the coalition majority voted with the solid Republican minority in opposition to license. It is interesting to note in passing that of the ninety-six members of the legislature who voted for that license law, but five were re-elected.

Lot M. Morrill, shortly after making the speech referred to in opposition to the re-enactment of license, abandoned the Democratic party and identified himself with the Republicans. In a little more

than a year after he delivered that speech he was chosen with great unanimity as the Republican candidate for governor. His nomination was followed by an election, and it was his pleasure to sign the bill repealing the license law, against the passage of which he had protested, and to approve a prohibitory law.

The repeal of the Maine Law, on the whole, proved to be of lasting advantage to the cause of Prohibition in Maine. It afforded an opportunity to contrast the effects of that policy with the results of license, "toned up" to meet in a measure the higher demands of the public sentiment which had been created by Prohibition. The law substituted for it was what was called a "stringent" license law, and contained the most approved features of the so-called "high license" legislation of these latter days. It was drafted by Hon. Phineas Barnes, of Portland, who was a coalition senator from Cumberland county that year.

Mr. Barnes was a total abstainer from conviction. Earnestly opposed to Prohibition, he nevertheless would not permit the influence of his example, as to the use of liquors, to be thrown on the wrong side. He could not be suspected of any sympathy with the liquor-traffic *per se*. He was undoubtedly anxious that his law should prove more satisfactory to the people than that which it was to supplant. He drew it, therefore, with great care, to the end that it should meet what he knew was the public wish, for the closest possible restriction of the obnoxious business, so far as he could meet that wish consistently with his opinion that the traffic should have legal recognition.

The vicious principle of license in that law neutralized all the prohibitory features applied to unlicensed dealers which it borrowed from the legislation of the past few years. It re-established a legalized liquor-trade, under the shelter of which an unlicensed and illegal traffic began to thrive. The demoralizing effects were everywhere apparent, and before the law had been in operation six months it was arousing great opposition. This, however, did not come from the class which had antagonized the Maine Law. Neither the liquor-sellers, nor the advocates of liquor-selling, complained of this license legislation. Opposition to it was confined to that class whose interests and sympathies were with sobriety, order, industry, thrift, and all that contributes to the happiness of a people, and the prosperity of a state.

Within a few months after the enactment of the new license law, the political campaign for 1856 opened. That, it will be remembered, was the presidential year in which the Republican party fought its first national battle with John C. Fremont as its standard-bearer. All Maine Republicans were anxious that their majority in September should be so large as to have an influence upon the national election, as they were confident that the state was to cast its electoral vote with their party.

It was believed by some prominent Maine Republicans, that a larger majority could be secured by ignoring that year the question of Prohibition, and it was accordingly tacitly agreed that the license law should have a fair trial, that no attempt should be made to repeal it by the legislature to be elected in September, that reference to Prohibition should be excluded from the party platform, and that the

campaign should be run upon national issues. This was done in the hope of obtaining the straight Whig vote, supposed to be largely inimical to Prohibition, and upon the conviction that the Prohibitionists who had been misled into supporting the coalition of 1855 could be relied upon, in any event, to vote with the Republicans.

It is proper to say that my wish and judgment were opposed to this arrangement. As anxious as any other Republican that the majority of my party in September should be large and decisive, I had more faith in the strength of the prohibition issue with the masses of the people than did some others. But many of the friends of that policy who had rendered most valuable service to it differed from me upon this point, and upon the assurance that in 1857 the party would commit itself to Prohibition, I yielded.

I have never believed that five hundred votes more were secured by the concession. Indeed, it was impossible to keep the prohibition issue out of the canvass, for, though I personally kept faith in this particular, many local Republican speakers denounced the coalition for its disregard of the popular wish as to the liquor-traffic, and its return to the hated license policy. On the other hand, Democratic papers and speakers kept the question of Prohibition in prominence, and, insisting that Republican success meant the re-establishment of the Maine Law, urged that the re-election of Governor Wells was necessary to endorse license and to condemn Prohibition.

The Republican candidate for governor was Hannibal Hamlin. Again the straight Whigs gave aid and comfort to their old antagonists, and while supporting an eminently respectable and wealthy citizen

of Bath, Mr. George F. Patten, as a gubernatorial candidate, joined with them in legislative nominations. The Republican vote was sixty-nine thousand five hundred; Wells received on a much larger total, five thousand less votes than the year before; the straight Whig vote dropped to about six thousand five hundred. For the first time since 1850 a governor had been elected by the people, and this by a majority of nearly twenty thousand. The legislature contained in the senate thirty Republicans and one Democrat; in the house one hundred and twenty-five Republicans and twenty-six Democrats.

I have heretofore mentioned a great outdoor meeting held on the eve of the Buchanan-Fremont presidential election addressed by Senator Hamlin and myself. I refer to it again because an incident connected with it illustrates the general sentiment of the time as to Prohibition. As I have said, in the state campaign of 1856, some of the leaders of the Republican party had been anxious to keep everything pertaining to Prohibition out of sight, hence, I had taken no active part in the September canvass, the first for years in which my voice had not been frequently heard. My presence at that meeting was my first appearance at a political gathering that fall.

I have elsewhere stated the cause for the manifestation of gratification with which Mr. Hamlin was received. As to my welcome, private citizen as I was, no such reason obtained for enthusiasm upon my appearance, as in the case of the distinguished senator. I may not enlarge upon my reception more than to say that it was by far the greatest demonstration of the evening. The cheering was so loud and long-continued that an opposition meeting in

a hall in the vicinity was for a time suspended because so many of those present rushed out into the square to see what was causing the great excitement. To me the affair was all the more gratifying because I did not take it to be a personal compliment, but rather as disclosing the strong hold of the policy with which my name was identified upon the convictions and sympathies of the masses of the newly organized party.

The new legislature assembled in January, 1856. According to the understanding referred to no attempt was made to repeal the license law. It is, however, an interesting and suggestive fact, illustrative of the public mind upon that question, that though the statutes were republished that winter, the license law was not incorporated among them. Allowed to remain in all its deformity a law of the state, it was not permitted to contaminate the general statutes by being printed in the same volume with them. There were two reasons for this: A vote could not be carried in the legislature for the formal re-enactment of a code containing it; and as it was certain to be repealed the next year, it was not deemed wise to cumber the new volume with a law so soon to be a thing of the past.

In 1857 the Republican state convention, which nominated Lot M. Morrill for governor, adopted the following resolution:

“Resolved, That the license liquor law passed by the legislature of 1856 is inadequate to the suppression of the evils of intemperance, and that the public welfare can best be secured by a suitable prohibitory law, and believing that all laws should be not only just and constitutional, but permanent, in their character and effect, and for the purpose of removing this great moral question from the arena of party

politics, we recommend that an enactment designed to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors be submitted to the people upon some early day other than that of our annual state election."

The Democratic state convention committed itself to the support of the license policy. The election resulted in the choice of Mr. Morrill for governor, and a legislature overwhelmingly Republican in both branches, there being, if I remember aright, but one senator upon the license platform elected, and not over forty of the one hundred and fifty-one representatives. Hon. William W. Thomas, of Portland, was a member of the senate, and was made chairman of the temperance committee.

It was soon evident that an influence was operative to prevent any action looking to a return to Prohibition. This the friends of that policy did not fear as much as the more influential effort to introduce into the new bill a provision abhorrent to the earnest temperance men, viz: to permit the manufacture of liquors in the state to be sold outside its borders.

For a time a very strenuous effort in that direction was made requiring most emphatic protest to prevent it. Distilling, before the Maine Law, had been carried on extensively in Portland. Our trade with the West Indies brought to our wharves great quantities of molasses, and some of our leading merchants thought best to provide for its distillation here into rum, not to be sold in Maine.

To meet this new danger, the friends of Prohibition held meetings all over the state, which adopted resolutions and protests against that proposition. Mr. Thomas, the chairman, and a majority of his committee, were sound upon the question, but for a while it

was feared that some might yield to the mistaken plea that it would "help business."

Happily, however, the people of Maine had been too thoroughly grounded in the principles underlying Prohibition, and the proposition to relight the fires of the distilleries of Portland was buried beneath a storm of popular denunciation.

During the drafting of the new law, Mr. Thomas and I had frequent interviews, and his firmness and decision secured many provisions which less earnest Prohibitionists than he would gladly have omitted. The bill he reported passed in both houses, the vote being, in the senate, yeas 24, all Republicans; nays 1, Fusion; in the house, yeas 104, all Republicans; nays 27, all Fusion. It was approved by the governor and submitted to the people at a special election. The issue presented was "The Prohibitory Law, of 1858" or "The License Law of 1856." This, however, was a matter of form, because the law would have become operative though the popular vote had been against it. Under the circumstances, it was not expected that there would be a very general expression of the people at the polls, but the vote was, for Prohibition, 28,855, and for License, 5,912.

The re-enactment of Prohibition was the signal for a cloud of predictions from its opponents that the next year the party that had enacted the license law of 1856 would be restored to power and Prohibition again repealed. Accordingly, in the campaign of 1858, they made that issue as prominent as possible, only to be emphatically repudiated at the polls.

From 1858 to this day, no license law has found a place in the legislation of the state; indeed, no serious attempt has been made to restore it, for when

the opposition to Prohibition has fairly taken the field, with announced intention of re-enacting license, it has been unable to muster enough representatives and senators to make an even passable effort in that direction. In the one legislature, since that of 1856, which has been controlled by the opposition to the Republican party in Maine, no such attempt was made. On the other hand, the party which has generally been in power in the state, has almost uniformly inserted a plank in its platform endorsing Prohibition.

The resolution of 1882 was:

“ We refer with confidence and pride to the general record of the Republican party in support of the policy of prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating liquors, the wisdom and efficiency of which legislation in promoting the moral and material interests of Maine have been demonstrated through the practical annihilation of that traffic in a large portion of the state, and we favor such legislation and such enforcement of law as will secure to every portion of our territory freedom from that traffic. We further recommend the submission to the people of a constitutional prohibitory amendment.”

The circumstances attending the adoption of the resolution quoted were peculiarly significant. At the last preceding state election the Republican party, for the first time since its organization in 1854, had failed to secure a plurality, and it was known that the contest in 1882 was to be particularly sharp, and the leaders were anxious to put the party upon a platform which in their judgment would secure the largest number of votes. That resolution, therefore, shows the judgment of the experienced politicians of the Republican party as to the strength of Prohibition with the masses of the people of Maine.

The legislature elected that year voted to submit to

the people the following proposed amendment to the Constitution:

“The manufacture of intoxicating liquors, not including cider, and the sale and keeping for sale of intoxicating liquors, are and shall be forever prohibited. Except, however, that the sale and keeping for sale of such liquors for medicinal and mechanical purposes and the arts, and the sale and keeping for sale of cider may be permitted under such regulations as the legislature may provide. The legislature shall enact laws with suitable penalties for the suppression of the manufacture, sale and keeping for sale of intoxicating liquors, with the exceptions herein specified.”

The vote submitting this amendment in the senate was: yeas, twenty-one Republicans, one Fusion; nays, one Republican, one Fusion; in the house, yeas, eighty-five Republicans, six Fusion; nays, eight Republicans, twenty-three Fusion. The popular vote was 70,783 in favor, and 23,811 against the amendment. Neither in the legislature nor before the people did the opponents of the constitutional amendment make a point of opposition to Prohibition *per se*. They generally confined themselves to asserting that it was not wise, however desirable Prohibition might be in itself as a part of the statutes, to engraft it upon the fundamental law of the state.

Ever since the enactment of the Maine Law, the liquor-interest, in and out of Maine, through every agency it has been able to control, has insisted that Prohibition has increased the sale and consumption of liquor; and many individuals, above suspicion of any interest in the traffic, have been misled by that clamor, though the constant and virulent opposition of the trade to Prohibition should suggest that in such assertions the liquor-sellers and their sympathizers are stating what they know to be untrue.

To all such declarations, coming from what source they may, I enter a general denial, without fear of contradiction by any honest, observing citizen of Maine; and maintain that whenever and wherever any reasonably active and earnest effort has been made to enforce Prohibition in this state, the results have amply justified the hopes of its friends. That such has been the case as to a very large portion of the state has been publicly certified to, again and again, by large numbers of our clergymen and by others among our best citizens, including men as widely known as are ex-Governors Lot M. Morrill, Sidney Perham, Nelson Dingley, Jr., Selden Connor, and Frederick Robie; by United States Senators Eugene Hale and William P. Frye; by ex-Governor and ex-Vice-President of United States Hannibal Hamlin, and by James G. Blaine.

A volume might be filled with the testimony of these and other citizens of Maine, to the great benefits the state has derived through the policy of Prohibition; but I will content myself with quoting from a recent letter of James G. Blaine, which has been extensively circulated, in which he said:

“The people of Maine are industrious and provident, and wise laws have aided them. They are sober, earnest, and thrifty. Intemperance has steadily decreased in the state since the first enactment of the prohibitory law, until now it can be said with truth that there is no equal number of people in the Anglo-Saxon world among whom so small an amount of intoxicating liquor is consumed as among the six hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants of Maine.”

If the absolute suppression of the liquor-trade all through our territory were required to prove the usefulness of Prohibition, it might be said with truth that it is a failure. But such a test is applied

to no other statute in the criminal code, and there is no reason for its application here. It may be admitted that in some places, most of the time, and in others, at various times, the enforcement of the law has been lax, and that as a consequence the traffic, in a more or less unattractive form, has obtained a foothold in such places. But on the other hand, at times in substantially all of the state, in a great portion of it for most of the time, and in some of it for all of the time, the traffic has been practically extinct, while scarcely anywhere for any portion of the time has such of the trade as has existed, been conducted with the seductiveness of surroundings that gives to it its greatest power for harm.

A magnificent steamship is lying at the wharf. What is her purpose? To carry tons of valuable freight, worth many thousands of dollars, and hundreds of precious lives across the seas. She is constructed to safely ride the stormiest waves, with power sufficient to breast the fiercest storms, but she is lying there idle. Her propeller is not moving. She is a steamboat, to be sure, but some one tells us that she is a failure. Why? Because she is not moving; she is doing nothing. And persons standing by, persons professing to desire that freight and passengers shall be safely carried across the ocean, and who would gladly approve of steamboats, so they say, if they could do that, applaud the man who says she is a failure. Well, after a time the wheels begin to revolve. the ropes are cast off,

“ She walks the waters like a thing of life.”

She is no failure now, though she is the same steamboat that an hour ago was idle, denounced as a

failure by the loungers on the wharf. All that was necessary was an order for the engineer to move the throttle-valve and let on the steam.

If anywhere in Maine there has been a failure under Prohibition to enjoy the advantages always to be expected from the absence of the liquor-traffic, it is due, not to Prohibition, but because some one whose duty it was to apply it has failed so to do, or, if it is preferred, because the people have not insisted that only those who could be trusted to perform their official duty should be vested with official power. There is no more difficulty with Prohibition than in the case of the steamboat.

Here I may properly close my sketch of the temperance movement in Maine. It had reached a point far in advance of that taken in the little Quaker meeting-house, but it had its inception in the precepts and examples of Dr. Payson and Dr. Nichols, who saw and appreciated the dangerous tendencies of the habits and customs in the midst of which they lived. They sounded the alarm and pointed their people to the path of safety. They believed that duty to God and love for their fellow-men demanded of them antagonism to whatever might tend to the destruction of the moral and material interests of man, and they had the requisite conscientiousness and courage to adopt the course they believed to be right. The movement having been inaugurated by them, was sustained and carried forward by those who had learned at their feet that the glory of God, the good of man, and the general welfare of the state were to be promoted by it. If it has not accomplished all that those men and their coadjutors hoped, the fault is not to be charged to them.

I am confident that the people of Maine will never return to the system of license unless they shall forget the lessons of experience and prefer to subordinate all their higher interests to a traffic which they have once recognized as meriting the condemnation of law. That surely will never be if those who conduct the moral, religious, educational and charitable agencies of the state are true to their great trusts, and comprehend the nature of the ceaseless warfare waged by the liquor-traffic upon all that they seek to promote. For them to be silent and indifferent as to that, is to manage the work in their charge as imprudently as would a general in command at a battle, who, while arranging to assail a detachment of the enemy, should ignore its main body then actually assaulting his own flank and rear.

CHAPTER XXIII.

INVITATION BY UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE TO VISIT GREAT
BRITAIN. RECEPTION AT HALIFAX. . MY FIRST
OCEAN VOYAGE. WELCOME IN ENGLAND.
MEETINGS THERE. EXPERIENCES,
OBSERVATIONS AND IN-
CIDENTS.

It has been my privilege to pass nearly four years in Great Britain. I was there from April to November in 1857, from May, 1866, to November, 1867, and again from April, 1873 to May, 1875, a few weeks only out of each of those periods being deducted for continental sightseeing. Through the kindness of many friends and acquaintances made in all parts of Great Britain, I was enabled to learn much that I would not otherwise have known of the people of that great country.

Each of those visits was made at the invitation of the United Kingdom Alliance. That great and influential society was formed in 1853 in consequence of the adoption of the Maine Law, to aid in obtaining similar legislation in Great Britain. I have been informed that letters written by me, in 1852 and 1853, to prominent and philanthropic Englishmen, anxious

to improve conditions in their country, were useful in promoting its organization. However that may have been, the society, from its inception, has been a powerful agency for good. The purpose of my visits was to explain to the English people the principles on which the policy of Prohibition was founded and to show its results. I remember with great satisfaction the assurances I received from the executive officers of the Alliance, at the close of each of those missions, that my efforts had been productive of good, assurances accompanied in each instance with earnest requests to prolong my stay, and if that could not be, to come again as soon as practicable. Indeed, some years after my third visit I was strongly urged to a fourth, and the insistence that I could again materially aid the cause proved so strong a temptation that, although more than eighty-five years of age, I completed arrangements to go, even to engaging passage, but I was finally persuaded by my family that at my age it would be the height of imprudence to incur the fatigue and exposure incident to such an undertaking.

It is also a source of profound pleasure to me to believe that the extensive personal acquaintance formed and the knowledge of the English people, of their opinions, convictions and prejudices, acquired on my first tour, enabled me a few years later to help to create a public opinion in Great Britain which proved very useful to my country in the great crisis through which our Union passed between my first and second English tours.

I had good reason to believe that my visits to Great Britain were of interest to friends of the cause in this country, as well as to those across the seas. At a meeting of the executive committee of the American

Temperance Union held in New York, on the 28th of February, prior to my departure in April, 1857, for my first visit, the following resolution was adopted:

“Whereas, our friend and fellow-laborer, the Hon. Neal Dow, is, by special invitation, about visiting Great Britain and parts of the continent of Europe, for the purpose of aiding in the curtailment and suppression of the traffic in intoxicating drinks as a beverage, by the power of a rectified public sentiment, and suitable legislative and parliamentary action: therefore,

“Resolved, That we cordially bid Mr. Dow God-speed in his important work, and commend him to all our friends abroad as one dear to our hearts, and an able and efficient laborer in the great work in which he is engaged.”

The *Journal* of the American Temperance Union, referring to my departure, said:

“He will speak boldly and eloquently, declaring the truth. He is not a noisy and loose declaimer. But while he is a man of order, he is a man of correct statistics and useful facts. He speaks like a man of business rather than the studied orator, and will, therefore, as does Richard Cobden, please the English people. He goes over at a favorable time, when there is in almost every town, a warm discussion going on, relative to the Maine Law.”

At a public meeting held in the Second Parish church, of Portland, a few days prior to my departure, an address to the friends of Prohibition in Great Britain was adopted. This was suggested because at the time of my first visit the policy of Prohibition, which I was proposing to advocate before the British public, was not existing in the statutes of Maine, having been stricken out as elsewhere related by the legislature elected in the reaction of 1855. Among other things, that address said:

“We have been cast down, but we are not destroyed. Though we were defeated in 1855, and are still waiting for the restoration of the Maine Law, we are not disheartened;

we are confident that we do not wait in vain. Under our form of government the public will be sure to embody itself in law, but this is not done without a struggle, and while that struggle lasts, the friends of any cause, however noble or however strong they may be in numbers, are liable to reverses. So it has been with us. . . . The friends of Prohibition have an unquestioned majority in our state, and the day of triumph hastens on. Within another year Maine will take her place again among her old associates and reassert her claim to take the lead in this glorious reform. The restoration of the Maine Law is sure.

“We send this message by our fellow-citizen and co-laborer in this cause, Hon. Neal Dow, with whose name you are already familiar. By his constant and lifelong devotion, his inflexibility of purpose, and his untiring energy and perseverance, he has given new power to this great and beneficent movement by which unnumbered blessings have come upon our common country, our state, and the city where we dwell; and with full hearts we commend him and his labors to the friends of Prohibition in other lands.”

Upon my arrival at Halifax, I was welcomed by several friends who took me to a public hall, where in the presence of many people assembled to greet me, I was presented with the following address:

“We, the Deputy Grand Worthy Patriarch and Grand Scribe, in behalf of the order of Sons of Temperance and kindred organizations in Halifax, embrace the opportunity afforded by the short delay of the English steamer, to bid you welcome, and assure you of our high respect and esteem.

“Interested as we are in the progress of a moral reform which we consider essential to the well-being of society, we deem it our duty and our privilege to honor those, who, by their zeal, their ability, and their constancy in the promotion of that great reform, have entitled themselves to a prominent place among the benefactors of mankind. We believe that rumor has not misled us in ascribing to you the possession of those qualities of leadership, which are required to give compactness, direction, and stability to every important enterprise, and we cheerfully accord to you the same position in the public mind of our countrymen which you occupy in the estimation of your own. The geographical lines which divide

us into communities, living under different forms of political government, we hold to be but accidental or conventional arrangements, which disappear in the contemplation of a sentiment of universal brotherhood.

“We are aware that diversity of opinion exists, even among conscientious persons, respecting the expediency of prohibitory enactments for the suppression of the traffic in intoxicating liquors; but the world has not failed to recognize, and to acknowledge, in the legislation of the state of Maine, a signal example of magnanimous purpose, supported with determination of spirit, and elevated by purity of motive. Temporary obstructions have hitherto prevented the full realization of all that the Maine Law was intended to accomplish, but this fact, which might have been anticipated, cannot tarnish the glory of the endeavor, nor does it, in our judgment, invalidate the soundness of the principles upon which the law was based.

“We trust that in the great country which you are about visiting, and of which we form an humble appendage, your exertion in behalf of the temperance movement, may be eminently successful in stimulating the work already begun by the people themselves, and that in conjunction with the labors of Mr. Gough, and others who have preceded you, such a moral revolution may be effected in the islands of Great Britain and Ireland, as shall result in lessening the woes, and increasing the happiness of the whole human race.

“In conclusion, allow us to wish you most sincerely, a speedy and pleasant passage across the mighty deep, and a safe return to your family and friends.”

“Signed, in behalf of the Order of Sons of Temperance,
Halifax, Nova Scotia,

“JOHN SHEAN, D. G. W. P.

“PATRICK MONAGHAN, G. S.

“9th April, 1857.”

Then forming a procession the assembly escorted me to the steamer, and speeded me on my way by three hearty British cheers.

Just as our ship moved from the wharf, there was a startling illustration of the evil of intemperance. A man who had been ashore came on board much under the influence of liquor, and as the officers were

attempting to put him under restraint he jumped overboard. He apparently knew how to swim, and had he been sober might easily have been saved. Life-preservers were thrown to him, but he was too badly intoxicated to avail himself of them. An officer with a line attached jumped over to save him, but the poor fellow, being unable to assist himself, sank before he could be reached.

Pleasant acquaintances were made among the passengers, some of whom introduced themselves as having met me at meetings I had addressed. Others who said they had heard of me sought my acquaintance, and altogether I found myself most pleasantly situated. Though I never introduced the topic, owing probably to my presence, there was much conversation at meals during the first few days about "abstinence," and "moderate" and "excessive" drinking. Besides myself there were three Americans who did not take wine. After the second day my *vis-a-vis*, a gentleman from London, Canada, declined it, while later one from Glasgow, Scotland, said that he would abandon its use.

Some gentlemen calling themselves men of the world, with little time or inclination for interest in reform, would occasionally insist that temperance could be better served by moderate drinking, such as they indulged in, than by total abstinence. They were always very jovial about it, and would now and then ask me if so much, naming a quantity they had taken, was "too much." I imagine none of them profited by the advice they sought. However, on the last day of the voyage a passenger told me that he had been many times across the Atlantic and had never before seen so little drinking on shipboard.

To one who, like myself, had never made a wager of any kind, the constant betting resorted to by some to kill time was a marvel. The stakes were generally small, and related to every conceivable coming event, from the number of miles to be run in a day, to which drop of spray would first reach the bottom as it ran down a window. Lotteries too, were devised, and almost every one was solicited to take tickets. I thought it worthy of note in a letter written home at the close of the voyage that not only was I not invited to drink, but was not challenged to bet, nor asked to buy a ticket in any of the numerous lotteries. Yet I was on the best of terms with all the passengers, not one of whom, so far as I could judge, thought me unapproachable, uncompanionable or unsociable. I mention this now in the hope that some young man or woman may read in it the truth that one is never obliged, in whatever surroundings, to prove false to convictions or to adopt customs that may be questionable that they may be able to keep on terms with desirable companions.

At dinner, as our voyage terminated, complying with their request to me in a note signed by a number of passengers, I thanked Captain Leitch of our steamer for his kindness and attention, for the admirable discipline he had maintained, and the seamanship he had displayed. Then six Scotch gentlemen sprang up, and, each with one foot upon his chair and the other on the table, sang a Scotch song, shouting a hearty good-bye to the passengers, greatly to the entertainment of the company. An American gentleman then proposed the health of the queen, and an Englishman proposed mine, a Scotch army surgeon adding, "To be drunk in water." This was done, all

standing, with great enthusiasm, and in admirable spirits, though it was probably the first time that most of them had thus honored a toast.

Arriving at Liverpool, Mr. Samuel Pope, the honorary secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance, accompanied by several other friends of temperance, boarded our steamer and gave me a most gracious reception. Upon landing, they conducted me to a hotel where I met representatives from Liverpool, Manchester, Bolton, and other cities, who had kindly come to greet me. There I was welcomed formally in behalf of the United Kingdom Alliance by Mr. Pope, after which there was a public dinner. That over, I was introduced, and made my first speech upon English soil.

Nearly twenty years elapsed between my first and last visits to England, while now more than thirty years have passed since, in April, 1857, I embarked at Boston on the Cunard steamer *Europa* for that country. Consequently, in endeavoring to give some account of my experiences and observations in Great Britain, it will be convenient to pay little regard to their order as to time.

My reception at Liverpool gave me an opportunity to meet some of the most devoted friends of the cause in Great Britain. With several of these it was my great good fortune to be associated closely for some time, forming strong and lasting friendships, ever most highly prized by me.

Among these, mentioning only the officials of the Alliance, were Samuel Pope, Esq., and Mr. Thomas H. Barker. Mr. Pope and I had had correspondence, not only with reference to the movement in which we were both interested, but bearing specially upon

my contemplated visit to Great Britain. He was an able and effective speaker, and a most agreeable gentleman. His constant kindness added much to my comfort, and to him I was greatly indebted for any aid my visit afforded the society he represented.

The people of this country have strong reason to be thankful to Mr. Pope for great services at a time when the slightest assistance of the kind was of importance. At a critical period during our war for the Union when there was imminent danger that the government of Great Britain would recognize the Southern Confederacy — and there were many who believed that it would be done within twenty-four hours — Mr. Pope was active and influential in arranging for a public expression in opposition to such action. The first step in this direction was an immense public meeting in St. James' Hall in London, at which he made the first speech, and was followed by John Bright. That, I think, was the first public utterance in all England in favor of our Union. This meeting was so great and enthusiastic that the British government delayed its contemplated action, and many great meetings soon afterwards held in the large cities developed a strong public sentiment against the Confederacy and in favor of the Union, and the great danger was averted. Mr. Pope took a very prominent part in this movement, speaking at many of those meetings and largely giving up his time to the work. I am glad to be able to say, also, that the more earnest temperance men throughout the United Kingdom were among the most active and prominent in favor of the maintenance of our Union.

Mr. Thomas H. Barker, the indefatigable and

efficient secretary of the Alliance, was of invaluable aid to me during all the time I spent in Great Britain. Between him and myself warm friendship and close intimacy were developed. Through his frequent and valued letters I have been informed not alone of the progress of the work of the Alliance in Great Britain, but of the general trend of politics and public affairs, of which he was naturally a keen observer, and which by the demands of his position in the Alliance, he was impelled to watch closely.

Some friends of the Alliance movement who had been invited were unable to be present at my reception in Liverpool and sent letters of regret. One of these, as it was read, was passed to me, and is before me at this writing. It was from the Earl of Harrington, and ran as follows:

“ELVASTON CASTLE, DERBY, 16th April.

“MY DEAR SIR:—I deeply regret that important business will prevent my having the pleasure of being present at the reception of Neal Dow on his landing in Liverpool. He stands next to Washington as the great benefactor of America and the world, and we hail his presence in England with gratitude and pride.

Most truly yours,

HARRINGTON.”

A few days after, it was my good fortune to be the guest of the Earl of Harrington at his magnificent seat at Derby. He had become much impressed with Prohibition, and two years previous to my visit had entertained an immense gathering on his grounds in honor of the Maine Law. The spot was marked by a block of granite, with the following inscription:

“On the Fourth of July, 1855, ten thousand people assembled here to congratulate the Americans on the passage of the Maine Law in their Empire state. An American and an English oak were planted to commemorate the event, so important to the world.”

Another letter placed in my hands at the Liverpool reception was from Sir Walter C. Trevelyan. He wrote:

“I regret that it is out of my power to have the honor of greeting you on your arrival in Liverpool; but not being able to do so personally, I trust you will kindly accept my congratulations on your safe arrival. Looking upon your kindness in coming to this country as opening to us a bright prospect in the advance of the good cause in which you have so long, so zealously, and so successfully labored among our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic, and trusting that I may, before long, have the honor and pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with you, I remain, dear sir, yours very faithfully,
W. C. TREVELYAN.”

Sir Walter C. Trevelyan was a lifelong temperance man, and was president of the Alliance. It was my pleasure to experience many kindnesses from him, as his guest, and in other ways.

Dr. F. R. Lees also wrote me:

“I regret that engagements will not permit me to welcome you to the shores of the old country in person, but I beg to assure you that my heart is with you, and my prayers for your work of faith and labor of love. I hope to meet you in Manchester next week, but in the meantime cannot refrain from expressing my joy at your arrival amongst us, and giving you a hearty British welcome.”

Dr. Lees was one of the first to give earnest and powerful support to the movement in Great Britain inaugurated by the Alliance for the immediate total prohibition of the liquor traffic. He had been from early youth a teetotaler, and for many years had employed himself in teaching the public that alcohol was always and everywhere a poison, and in whatever quantity taken was a mischief to persons in health. Of course this teaching was received with incredulity, and ridiculed by many of the more prominent men in

the country, and so Dr. Lees was driven to fortify his opinions and convictions by a careful study of the physiological effects of that particular poison upon the human system. In this special line of temperance teaching, he was among the first. The books and essays written by him upon this subject in the earlier days of the temperance agitation were thorough and exhaustive, and nothing better or more important has been since contributed to the temperance movement by any of the able men who have labored in the same line.

Dr. Lees* was my frequent traveling companion in my visits to Great Britain and on the continent, and we often spoke from the same platform. He was an admirable speaker, terse and logical. Thoroughly informed upon every phase of the temperance question, scientific, moral and political, he was able to render most valuable service to it. As a traveling companion he was most entertaining and instructive. He knew every old abbey, castle, rock, and field, with a history or tradition, in the United Kingdom, and as we visited many of these together I heard much from him not recorded in books. It has been my pleasure to entertain him in Portland, and we have been friends and correspondents from our first introduction.

In addition to the pleasure derived from my intercourse with our friends at the Liverpool reception, I was enabled to get an idea of the situation of the temperance cause in Great Britain. I learned that, though many clergymen were taking an active interest in it, some of them had not yet come to regard it as incumbent upon them to set the example of total abstinence to the parishes in their charge, though it

* Dr. Lees died but a few months before General Dow.

was true that some of these latter were active in doing what they could to correct intemperate habits. I met one, a clergyman of independent fortune, whose love for God and man had led him to the clerical profession solely for the good he could do. He needed and received no pecuniary compensation for his labors in that calling.

His warm heart had been touched by the misery about him traceable to drink, and he therefore prepared and circulated a pledge, but without much success, as he regretfully admitted to me. He was then asked: "Are you a total abstainer yourself?" "No," he replied, "I see no necessity in my case." "Would not your influence be greater among these poor people, in whom you are so much interested, if you should be able to say, 'Come,' instead of 'Go?'" "I never thought of that; I will consider it." He shortly after abandoned the use of wine altogether, and was delighted with the result, he afterwards said. That little sacrifice enabled him to do vastly more good in his chosen line.

It must be a comforting reflection to any person that through subordination of a cherished comfort or desire he has been able to contribute to the temporal and eternal welfare of his fellows. The experience of that wealthy clergyman we may all study to our own good and to the advantage of those about us.

My first great meeting was to be in Free Trade Hall, at Manchester. I had heard of that as the largest auditorium in the Kingdom, with a capacity for seven thousand, and I was somewhat nervous. I had been informed that the meeting would be widely reported, and would be influential by reason of the size and character of the audience; that some would be there

who had not favored the object of the Alliance, and whose future position with reference to it might depend upon what I should say, and that knowledge did not tend to relieve my anxiety.

Often afterwards it was my privilege to speak in Free Trade Hall, but at the time of my first meeting there I had never seen so large an indoor audience as that which I then faced. It was a magnificent sight. I had been accustomed to great meetings, and had seen some outdoor gatherings larger than this. I had before been kindly received by large audiences, but no other welcome was so imposing in appearance as that which greeted me at this, my first great meeting in England. The press of the country was extensively represented, reporters being present, I was told, for many of the more influential journals. Most of them referred to my reception as enthusiastic. I quote from one at hand:

“At the time we go to press, Mr. Dow has only addressed one meeting, and that a monster one at Free Trade Hall, Manchester. His reception on that occasion was not merely enthusiastic, it was rapturous, and many times intensified above what we are accustomed to witness on the most stirring occasions. It was not mere hero-worship, and matter-of-course laudation; it was the sincerest and warmest homage which the heart and judgment combined could render to unselfish, courageous virtue and high-souled patriotism.”

A glance at what was said and done at this meeting may afford as good a view of the situation of the temperance cause in Great Britain as could otherwise be obtained. Sir Walter C. Trevelyan presided, and upon the platform beside him were Mr. Pope, Mr. James Simpson, Rev. Francis Bishop, Dr. Lees, Rev. Mr. Steinthal, Mr. Salisbury, member of parliament for Chester, Mr. Thomas Clegg, Mr. Alderman Har-

vey, and others. The presiding officer, in his opening remarks, after some complimentary allusions to me, referred to conditions existing in Great Britain, and questioned its right to be called a civilized and Christian country while it was profiting from a traffic the fruits of which were criminals, paupers, and lunatics, and which cost more than a waste of the capital which might be employed in remunerating labor instead of being destructive to the community; and he denounced the liquor-traffic as one of the greatest impediments to reform, moral, political, or social, and as preventing the spread of education and religion, and as obstructing greatly the labors of schoolmasters, clergymen and philanthropists. He insisted that when, and not until, the laws were so changed as to seek the removal of that evil, could the country be called in truth civilized or Christian.

Following the remarks of the chair, Mr. Alderman Harvey, in behalf of the gathering presented me with an address as follows:

“HONORED AND DEAR SIR:—

“Permit us to assure you that our presence here to-night, is not due to a mere idle feeling of curiosity — a mere desire to see and hear an illustrious stranger. We are here to extend to you a frank, cordial, and enthusiastic British welcome. Your name being pre-eminently associated with the effort made by our brethren in America to solve the greatest social problem of modern times, we welcome you as one of the most philanthropic statesmen of your great republic. The names of Washington, Franklin, and their illustrious co-patriots, are now venerated by the whole civilized world, as the champions of political freedom. So, we believe, will future generations revere your memory as the exponent of social virtue, and cherish the recollection of your laborious efforts to dry up the chief source of national degradation and ruin. Not only do we welcome you from a feeling of personal

affection, but we regard your presence in England at this time as extremely opportune. It will not be unknown to you that the efforts of the friends of Prohibition in this country have been met by statements — circulated sometimes by incautious and timid friends, but more frequently by interested opponents — tending to throw discredit upon yourself and the progress of the cause in the United States. We are firmly convinced that nothing is needed but full and authentic information entirely to dispel all such impressions.

“ We are aware that peculiar difficulties attend the legislative development in the United States of America. We are astonished at the courage with which these have generally been attacked, and at the measure of success that has already been achieved. We are not surprised by occasional reverses. Deeply rooted social habits cannot be extirpated in a day. All this is familiar to us ; but every class of politicians, every social reformer, and inquirer in this country will listen to your words as of one qualified to speak with authority, and for whose testimony can be claimed a most complete public confidence and credit. We therefore again bid you welcome to this country, and assure you that a cordial greeting awaits you during your contemplated tour which we venture to expect will prove as interesting and gratifying to yourself as it will certainly be beneficial to our cause.”

Having read the address, Mr. Harvey moved its adoption, which motion was seconded by James Simpson, and upon the motion being put to the meeting, it was passed amid great enthusiasm. The presentation to me of the scroll containing the address was accompanied by loud cheering, the entire audience standing. My reception upon my rising to speak was gratifying in the extreme, as it testified to the great interest of the vast audience in the subject I was to present. At the close of my speech, Mr. Salisbury, M. P. for Chester, moved:

“ That this meeting, having heard the explicit and encouraging statement of the Hon. Neal Dow, desires to record its conviction, not only that the prohibition of the liquor-traffic is a sound political principle, but that its development into

practical legislation in America is a great and operative fact ; and that this meeting, not merely encouraged, but stirred with a feeling of emulation, would urge the friends of the Alliance in every part of the country to relax no effort, and accept no compromise until they have registered a law of prohibition on the statute-books of this kingdom."

And this, upon being seconded by Mr. Pope, was unanimously carried.

On the occasion of my second visit to England in 1866, I was again welcomed in Free Trade Hall. The weather was most unpropitious. It was rainy, and the traveling was so wet, dirty and generally unfavorable that it was anticipated that the meeting would be a failure in point of numbers. But to my great surprise the hall was exceedingly crowded, every seat occupied, while hundreds were standing. At this meeting fifty-five formal addresses from as many different temperance societies in England, Scotland, and Wales were presented to me, many of them being most elegantly engrossed on parchment, while some were printed on satin. Time did not suffice for the reading of all of them, and after the audience had listened to six the remainder were presented each in turn by the several delegations, without reading. Each representation while offering its address stood upon the platform and remained there until the ceremony of presenting them all was completed.

It will be impracticable for me to attempt to cover in detail my meetings in Great Britain. I met the people in gatherings, large and small, in most of the important towns of the United Kingdom. Many of the meetings were of a character to call together representative men from different parts of Great Britain; some were confined to those specially invited to com-

paratively select neighborhood or local gatherings, where the speaking was altogether conversational, while others were held in some of the greatest and grandest auditoriums in existence, thronged with thousands of the laboring men of that great workshop of the world.

Though everything possible was done for my comfort by the executive of the Alliance, and the kind friends whose guest I was, at times I found the frequent speaking, with the intervening travel, wearying in the extreme, but was helped through my labors by frequent assurances that popular attention was being aroused and a healthy public sentiment created.

While many of my audiences were large, perhaps the more profitable occasions were those, comparatively few in number, which were especially designed as opportunities for interesting influential persons in the movement. These were often in the form of breakfasts, dinners, *soirées*, where those invited generally included officials and clergymen, as well as others occupying positions of responsibility and power, who had not identified themselves with the movement, and who in many instances were inclined to be skeptical about the usefulness of it.

My arrival at some places was preceded by notes sent sometimes in the name of him who was to be my host, sometimes by a committee, to persons in the neighborhood who it was thought would be interested in the subject, inviting them to meet me. The opportunity for sociability thus afforded enabled me to make many agreeable and valuable personal acquaintances, and to acquire a knowledge of the English people.

The first of these gatherings was held in Manchester, a day or two after my great meeting there. Sir Walter C. Trevelyan was again in the chair, nearly one hundred ladies and gentlemen being present. On this occasion what I had to say was in the form of a speech, after which many questions were asked, indicating in some cases more or less lack of sympathy with Prohibition, but all were preferred in a most courteous manner, manifesting a sincere desire for information. At most of these smaller meetings, however, the speaking was entirely conversational, and I confined myself to answering such questions as were suggested by the sympathy, curiosity or opposition of the inquirers. I am gratified to know that the executive of the Alliance believed these meetings fruitful of good.

At the time of my first visit, the Maine Law had been repealed, and Maine was under the license law which supplanted Prohibition for two years. That point was made much of in these conversational meetings by those who did not understand the circumstances leading up to the repeal, and who honestly believed in some instances that the revolt against that policy had been taken in the interest of a genuine temperance reformation. Though the law had not been re-enacted, the Republican party, committed to Prohibition, had recovered political control of Maine, and it was understood that the next legislature to be elected would repudiate license.

Another subject for frequent inquiry was whether it would be proper to provide for the compensation of liquor-dealers who should be driven out of business by Prohibition. I had little difficulty in satisfying myself, at least, and generally, I believe, my hearers,

that men who invested their capital in a business injurious to the public good did so at their own risk, and no people could rightfully be called upon to compensate those compelled to desist from inflicting injury upon the commonwealth.

One of the most important meetings I attended was a conference of ministers, held in Manchester, to consider the suppression of the liquor-traffic. The call was signed by a large number of ministers, representing almost every denomination, inviting the clergy generally to attend. I was asked to address the conference at a great meeting under its auspices in the Manchester Free Trade Hall.

It was my good fortune, also, to have opportunities to meet many clergymen in smaller gatherings, in some cases confined almost exclusively to them, there being ten, twenty, or thirty of them at some private house assembled to meet me and talk upon temperance, Prohibition, and the Maine Law. I can recall the names of three clergymen in Great Britain who assured me that they were led to become total abstainers because of what they had heard me say.

The executive committee of the Alliance took special pains to have the public meetings reported by the local press, and the larger and more important among them by the metropolitan press. My experience was that the British papers generally reported meetings and speeches fairly, without regard to the views of the editors. The news columns were accurate and impartial. Opinions, prejudices, likes and dislikes were confined to the editorial columns. That was the rule. I was in one town, however, where this was not the case, and where the reporters apparently took care to omit some of the points made and to misrepresent

others. Some of our friends were annoyed at this, attributing it to the special hostility of the owners of the papers to our work.

Not long afterwards I again visited that town. At what I supposed might be the proper point I turned from the line of my remarks to compliment the English press for its uniform habit of sending reporters to such meetings, expressing the opinion that it was more frequently done there than in America. "But, young gentlemen," I said, speaking directly to the reporters, "the representatives of our papers when present always try to report the points of a speech as they are made." After that, proceeding with my address, I noticed that the pencils of the newspaper men were busy, and it was said that they gave a good account of the meeting.

Sometimes there would be editorial references in a local paper in anticipation of a meeting in its locality. It was not often that these were calculated to assist my work, but, as far as I now remember, only once was a disposition manifested in any of them to incite interruption or disturbance. In that case, the paper, while saying much in favor of "free speech" and "fair play," suggested that it was important that the meeting should not be made up of sympathizers with the speaker, lest the applause that might be accorded him in such case should lead to the impression outside that the people of the town agreed with his "fanatical notions." He ought to be taught otherwise, it was said. The meeting to which that article alluded was disturbed by some individuals under the lead of a man who said he was a brewer, and it was some time before order could be secured so that I could go on. Expressions of dissent at meet-

ings were not infrequent, but very rarely to an extent exceeding the bounds of propriety.

During my first visit a frequent form of interruption was by an inquiry as to slavery. I was particular not to speak of the intemperance prevalent in Great Britain in more positive terms than did Englishmen themselves. If by chance I used the word "slavery" in reference to the drink habit, which so many Englishmen had called their great national vice, some one in the audience was almost certain to refer to negro slavery in the American southern states.

In one of my speeches, I was interrupted by a question as to the condition of temperance in the South. In the course of my reply, I said something to the effect that many persons in that section favored everything tending to promote it, for the reason that a sober slave was more valuable property than a drunken one. That expression was taken up and found its way in a disconnected, distorted form, into some of the papers, in which I was berated, much to the satisfaction of the liquor-interest of the United Kingdom, as a slavery sympathizer, and as being most probably a slave owner.

The intimation that Prohibition had been or could be approved by any slave state was seized upon and made the most of by its opponents in Great Britain at that time. The editor of the *Alliance News* thought it necessary to counteract the effect of that as much as possible, and accordingly he caused a large circular, or small poster, to be printed to correct the impression the opposition to Prohibition had endeavored to create. Here is something of what it contained. It seems strange reading in these days,

when no one in all this broad land of ours can be a slaveholder, and what is better yet, when no one would be. The circular was in the form of an open letter to the editor of a paper which had published a communication from a correspondent intimating that I was a slaveholder.

“I am happy to inform your correspondent that, whatever may be his talent for blundering, he can never have made a greater mistake in his life than in attempting to connect Neal Dow with negro slavery. Mr. Dow is not a slave owner and never was a slave owner. Here, and in his own country, his sentiments are and have been antislavery, and his political connections are with that great Republican party that now unites nearly all the antislavery sentiment of the states. . . . I think your correspondent should hardly have ventured to write for the public whilst ignorant of so simple a fact in Geography. Maine herself, Mr. Dow's birthplace and home, is a free state; the Maine Law was cradled there, and not in the lap of slavery. . . . When a gentleman of irreproachable character and of distinguished position in his own country, inspired with a philanthropic desire to do us a great service, devotes to severe platform labor the leisure at his disposal in visiting the land of his forefathers, he deserves at least no unkindly treatment at our hands. . . . I feel sure the people will accord him a respectful hearing in spite of the insulting and false insinuations of a writer, whose foremost objection to the Maine Law is confessed to be a senseless ‘jealousy of everything American.’”

The last meeting I addressed in England in 1857 was in Free Trade Hall. It was just before my return to America, and was an immense gathering of workingmen to bid me a farewell. There I was interrupted by the common question, “How about slavery in your own land?” At that time the cloud which was so soon to precipitate the direful woe of civil war upon our country, was already gathering. I took occasion in my reply to the question to say that serious trouble, to come soon, in what form I did not know,

was then impending over my beloved land. "When it does come," I said, "I believe, as I fervently hope, its end will be the overthrow of slavery."

Referring to slavery, I am reminded of a conversation I had with an English judge, during my first visit in Great Britain, in which he referred to the United States Supreme Court and to the Dred Scott Decision, then comparatively recent. He said that its decisions were once influential with the English judiciary, but that since that decision they were no longer quoted. He said when he was at the bar he had a case involving a large amount of property. The point in the suit had been decided in England in a manner adverse to his client, but he had found in the reports of the United States Supreme Court a case turning on the identical proposition decided favorably to his cause. He cited this case and the court replied: "You do not expect us to disregard the decision of our own court?" "No, I only wish that the case may come up for review," which was done, and the upper court reversed its own decision and his client won. Now, he said, a barrister would not be listened to in quoting a decision of the American court. This conversation, it will be remembered, was more than thirty years ago. What changes since!

And here I am reminded that on the occasion of my first visit to Maryland in the early fifties, to speak upon temperance, I arrived in Baltimore in the evening and instead of going to a hotel as I expected, went to the private house of a friend who had kindly met me at the station. The next morning he was in my room and noticed a copy of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, with which I had happened to wrap up an extra pair of shoes I had

in my trunk. The great earnestness with which he spoke to me seems strange to me even now, as he begged of me to get rid of every paper of that kind that I might have about my baggage, and expressed his gratification that he, instead of a stranger at some hotel, had discovered that abhorred sheet; otherwise, he thought, and he was doubtless correct, that my stay in Maryland would be short and probably disagreeable. Again, what changes!

One of the most gratifying of my experiences in Great Britain was the manifestation of the friendliness on the part of the working people for the temperance movement, and, as well, to the cause of the Union, when that was threatened by our civil war. I had abundant opportunities to learn that the masses of the British people were warm friends of the United States, and had been for many years. The war for American independence left no rankling in their hearts, as it did in those of our fathers, because the English people as a whole sympathized with the colonies in that strife, as did many of the most eminent British statesmen.

I had welcomes most cordial, and farewells most touching, from vast numbers of the working-men of England, but among them all none was more striking than one in which a large body of working-men demonstrated in a most effective and flattering way the deep sympathy they had cherished for the cause of the Union when it was assailed by civil war. They had assembled in Free Trade Hall, filling to repletion the body of the house, so that it seemed quite impossible for another person to find foothold. The occasion was a meeting of the Social Science Congress, the special topic under consideration being,

if I remember aright, the improvement of the homes of the working-men. I had been announced as one of a long list of speakers, including some of the most distinguished men of the nation. Just previous to the opening, one of the managers came to me and said that there would be on the platform that night several Southerners—meaning Englishmen who had sympathized with the South during the struggle in the United States—and expressed the hope that I would say nothing that might unpleasantly affect their sensibilities. My laughing, if not reassuring, reply was, “I am a descendant of Quakers, a people who speak, if at all, as the spirit moves.”

When the meeting was opened the platform was filled with a large number of the best known men of the kingdom. I remember that Lord Shaftsbury was the presiding officer, that Lord Brougham was also present, and that that most able and distinguished American lawyer, David Dudley Field, was on the platform. Mr. Thomas Hughes was among the speakers. I recall that particularly, for he preceded me in speaking, and, in alluding to a remark of his, I caused considerable merriment by unconsciously referring to him as “Tom Brown.” I had, by the way, been introduced to Mr. Hughes in the House of Commons, on which occasion he appeared to be pleased that I had read his delightful “Tom Brown at Rugby,” and amused when I told him that we knew him in America as “Tom Brown.”

I was at that time no stranger in Free Trade Hall, and was almost as much at home on its platform as on that of the City Hall in my native city. Nor was I a stranger to the mass of the working-men gathered there, who gave me a most hearty and cordial greet-

ing when I was introduced to them as a United States Union general. The "spirit" of their cheers, at once moved me to express my thanks to them, not for their reception of me, but rather for the sublime patience, the grand Christian courage, with which the working-men of Manchester, though out of work and suffering great privations, had stood by my dear country in its recent trials. My ear caught a hiss or two from the platform — where the nobility was gathered — but that aristocratic disapproval was instantly drowned by thunderous applause from the body of the house, where thousands of working-men were assembled. What further reference I made to the recent American war was not hissed from the platform, or, if so, I could not hear it because of the cheering from the floor. The working-men of Manchester thus proved most unmistakably where their sympathies had been during our war for the Union.

Under another head of my remarks I had a similar experience. I had taken for my text, "Education," the last word in the speech of Mr. Hughes. It naturally led me where I was more than willing to follow, to the consideration of law as an educator and to the bad educational influence of the laws which established the "publics" among the people. At this point I was again hissed from the platform. Casting my eye in the direction whence the sound seemed to come, I caught that of a nobleman who some time previously had told me that the gin palaces were permitted because the working-men demanded them. It was my opportunity to show him that he was wrong. Turning from the nobility on the platform to the masses on the floor, I said:

"Working-men of England, I am told that you

want, you demand, you will have these publics. Tell me, is this so?" With a resounding roar the response was given, "No!" There were no further hisses from the platform, and the approving demonstrations from the floor convinced my noble friend that as to the particular working-men gathered in that hall, he was wrong and I was right.

Some time afterward I met Mr. Hughes. He frankly told me that he had been displeased with some of my statements on that occasion, but that he had been led "to think of it" by what I had said, and concluded upon the whole that the position I had taken was sound, though he thought my "way of putting it" rather sharp. Probably, had my "way of putting it" been mild and dull my speech would have escaped his attention altogether, and he would not have been led "to think" of the subject.

I found it a pleasure to speak to English audiences. They are quick to manifest disapproval of what displeases them, and quite as ready to show a speaker that they are in sympathy with him. At one meeting, I think it was during my last visit, I had occasion to criticize the position John Bright had taken relative to the movement I was advocating. Instantly there was a storm of hisses. John Bright was naturally and properly a favorite with the people of Great Britain who would be likely to attend a meeting such as I was addressing, and it was clear that the great commoner was admired by my audience. Waiting until the hissing had ceased, I said: "Englishmen, it is your boast that you love fair play. British spirit and British pluck say, 'When you are struck, strike back!'" That sentiment was loudly applauded, as I expected it would be, and when the applause had

subsided, I added: "John Bright has struck at us. Give me a chance to strike back!" Again they applauded, and listened to me respectfully, and sympathetically while I endeavored to show that upon the point under discussion Mr. Bright was wrong and we were right.

I had known John Bright by reputation, of course, and had a great admiration for him. It had been my pleasure to make his personal acquaintance, and to find him a most agreeable, companionable man. He had taken particular pains on several occasions to be very polite and kind to me. Once we took a long drive together, when our conversation was confined largely to the contest in England between friends of the North and the sympathizers with the South in our civil war. Again we dined together as guests of Mr. Whitworth, at the Reform Club. Among the party were Mr. Samuel Pope and Mr. J. H. Raper. It was on this occasion, I think, that Mr. Bright informed me that it had been the purpose of Lord Palmerston to take advantage of the civil trouble in our country and to make war upon it. I remember with what emphasis, in referring to it, Mr. Bright said: "That would have been the part of a coward and a bully!"

He told me that at the time of the Trent excitement he called to see a member of the government at one o'clock in the morning. Finding him in bed, he went directly to his chamber, his purpose being to urge that no offensive word be used in any communication upon that subject to the United States government, and received his promise that he would do his best to prevent it. When, finally, the communication was prepared and softened down as much possible in the

presence of influences desiring to improve the opportunity for trouble, it was submitted to the Queen and Prince Albert, and at their suggestion was further modified so as to make it less offensive. I had heard before of the good offices of the Queen in that emergency, for which she is entitled to the warm gratitude of every loyal American, but was much interested to get it directly from so staunch a friend of the United States as was John Bright.

Mr. Bright took me into the House of Lords and gave me an opportunity to meet a number of the prominent men in that body. Among them were Earl Russell and Lord Brougham. This reminds me that I had a most agreeable experience in the House of Commons through the kindness of Mr. Potter, who had also been a warm, earnest friend of the North during the struggle for the Union. He was particularly kind and attentive, taking great interest in introducing me to many members. Among others whom I met on that or some other occasion were Mr. Whitworth, Mr. Hughes, Sir George Grey, Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone.

I was unfavorably impressed with the style of speaking which seemed to be general in the Commons. It appeared to me to be a halting, hesitating way, that would prove tedious indeed to an average American audience accustomed to rapidity of talk and clearness of enunciation. As I remember it, the only two speakers that I heard in that body free from what I thought a defect in speaking were Sir George Grey and Mr. Gladstone, the latter especially pleasing me very much by the prompt, ready and straightforward way in which he spoke.

My introduction to English domestic life was in a

charming home in the suburbs of Manchester. At the station in that city on the evening after my first reception at Liverpool, I was met by a number of people, several of whom politely pressed me to become their guest. Among them Wilson Crewdson, a Friend, claimed a right to carry me off, as I was of Quaker stock. With him my acquaintance soon ripened into the warmest friendship and esteem. Thereafter that home was mine whenever I was in Manchester, and none more delightful could be found anywhere. I may not with propriety describe its admirable and attractive appointments more than to say that they were all that exquisite taste could suggest and abundant wealth command. Justice to my grateful recollection of hosts of my English friends prompts me to say that the remembrance of the generous hospitality enjoyed in so many families during my several visits to Great Britain, is among the choicest treasures of my memory.

It was my delightful fortune to be most cordially received into many English, Scottish, Irish, and Welsh families, and to participate in the home life of the people almost continually from my first day in the country. I have visited many charming country retreats, some of them several times, at the seaside, on the shores of Cumberland lakes, on the banks of the rivers, in the suburbs of the great towns, removed from the bustle and noise of thronged streets, but often in view of great towering chimneys bearing witness to the tireless industry of a wonderful nation, the products of whose workshops minister to the luxuries, tastes and desires, or supply the clamorous needs, of man the world over.

Occasionally a guest in castle or hall of a noble,

often welcomed to the princely mansions of the rich, more frequently sheltered by the humble roofs of those whose possession of this world's goods was far from large, passing much of my time with those who had made a study of English social conditions and who were in full sympathy with the work in which I was engaged, often also with others who gravely questioned its wisdom and practicability, and not infrequently entertained by those with views positively opposed to mine, I had a grand opportunity to learn much of home life in Great Britain in its varying forms, and to become familiar with all conditions obtaining among the British people. Whether with the high or the humble, with the rich or the poor, with the sympathizers or the opponents of my views, I experienced only that kindness, courtesy and consideration which so quickly make a stranger feel that he is an old friend, and which increased my respect and admiration for the nation of Great Britain as a whole. They alone may know of home life in that country whose never-to-be-forgotten pleasure it has been to learn by experience of the tactful and delightful way peculiar to that people, of making their guests forget that they are not to the manor born.

Among the most gratifying of my experiences in Great Britain was my intercourse with the Friends. Their affectionate welcome and respectful attention and consideration touched me deeply. In most cases they had no knowledge of my Quaker origin, but where that was known they seemed to take me directly to their hearts. During my first visit I happened to be in London at the time of a yearly-meeting of that society and attended it by special invitation. In entering I took my seat near the door, but was

recognized and immediately conducted to the "high seats," and after the meeting had multitudinous hand-shakings with people from all parts of the kingdom, who pressed me, each and every one, to visit them.

I was glad to meet so many influential, representative people. I was pleased by their kindness and by their earnest insistence that I should address them, because it gave me an opportunity to reach a circle of wide influence and large means, a body of thoughtful, considerate people, accustomed to live up to their convictions and to contribute liberally of time, effort and money to promote measures they believed important to the material, moral and religious welfare of mankind.

There was another reason for the great pleasure and satisfaction thus derived. I knew how much this English Quaker kindness to his son would please my honored father. I remembered his silent sorrow when early in life I left the society he loved so well, and I thought of the patience with which in his declining years he had borne added business burdens that I might devote time to the cause whose principles I had learned from him. I recalled his "Farewell Neal; I may never see thee again," as—he being then over ninety years of age,—I bade him goodbye on the eve of my departure for England, and I found pleasure in writing to him at once of my greeting from English Friends.

In Dublin, Ireland, I was the guest of a family of Friends at a most delightful home. The meeting I held there was in the largest hall in the city, packed full, with the mayor in the chair. Driving about the city in every direction, I saw much of all phases of

life. Many parts of the town were handsome, but some localities occupied by the poor, were such as to convince me that the people in our country cannot well comprehend, without seeing it, what Irish poverty really is.

I had a peculiar illustration of the freedom and cordiality of the Irish everywhere in their intercourse with Americans. I found myself one day alone in a railroad compartment with an Irish gentleman who, when he learned that I was an American, immediately insisted on being my friend. He lived but a few miles farther on, and was very earnest for me to stay over and visit him. He promised me innumerable drives about the country seats, old castles and round towers, and, leaning toward me, in the most hearty way said: "I have just laid in a barrel of the finest whiskey you ever saw."

In Ireland I visited a ruin called Donahue's Castle. It is very old, but in good preservation, standing on the shore of Lake Killarney, and was a stronghold for the time in which it was built. It is large, the walls are thick, massive and high, with loopholes commanding all approaches. Our carman, who drove us to the place, was, like most of his countrymen, full of talk, and he entertained us with many legends and tales of the superstitions of the old time. At one place he stopped and pointing to a window in the second story said: "Do you see that window? Well, the owner, last of his line, being hard pressed by his enemies, leaped out of that window and was instantly changed into a goose and flew to the lake, where he yet lives. Once in seven years he assumes his proper form and, mounted on a large grey horse, is seen by the villagers riding through the country, his horseman's cloak and

his long hair flowing in the wind." "Have you ever seen him?" "I have not, but I know a man who has, and it was only last Sunday was a fortnight." Unquestionably the man fully believed what he told me.

It was my good fortune to be in Killarney on a market day. The main street was crowded with people from all the country round. They were there, a few with horse-carts, more with donkey-carts, and still more than all the others, on foot, in a manifest poverty and wretchedness that is beyond all power of description. Some had come to sell milk, eggs, butter, generally very small quantities of each; some had come to buy a little tea and sugar; many more had nothing to sell, but almost all of them had come there to drink whiskey. I inquired of a woman in a donkey-cart the way to the old ruins I saw upon a hill not far away. There were two women and a boy in the cart. She of whom I inquired had a clean, intelligent face, and was very good-looking. She pointed out to me the nearest way to the ruin I wished to visit, and as I walked along beside the donkey-cart we talked. She had been to market to sell four gallons of milk, for which she had obtained sixteen cents, and two women, a boy, and a donkey cart had been occupied the entire day in that transaction, but I do not think either of the three had spent any part of the proceeds of the marketing in whiskey and were thus better off than many of their neighbors.

A glorious country Ireland is, but the people are reduced to a condition of the most extreme poverty, largely by whiskey; but beyond that there are other agencies concerned in this demoralization, of which I forbear to speak, having had but few opportunities to judge of them. The Irish have many noble quali-

ties, an intense love of country, while gratitude in their hearts is a passion. They always remember a kindness and never forget an intentional wrong. They are industrious whenever and wherever they can see any profit in being so, and they are economical in everything but whiskey. They are hardy, and patiently bear fatigue and privation, and have all the courage of their fearless ancestors. Ireland has a delightful climate, a fertile soil, yet a poor and often starving population. There is a reason for this; there must be. There ought to be a remedy for it. What is it?

It is impossible for me to mention the names of the many friends to whom I was greatly indebted for the personal pleasure attending my tours in Great Britain. In the intervals for rest from work laid out for me, every facility was afforded me for seeing interesting places and objects in different parts of the country, and for becoming acquainted with the people and the conditions by which they were surrounded.

Among other gentlemen with whom I was brought into close and intimate contact, resulting in warm friendship, maintained by many years of constant correspondence, was Mr. J. H. Raper, a gentleman of wide and varied information, extensive travel and great political experience. He was what was called the parliamentary agent of the Alliance, with a large acquaintance among the public men of Great Britain. Mr. Raper passed some time traveling in this country, and was for a time my guest. He was in Washington in the spring of 1876, and witnessed that remarkable scene in which James G. Blaine, although in a minority at the time, appeared to take absolute possession

of the house, the large hostile majority being apparently cowed by the defiant presence of the great leader. Mr. Raper afterwards told me that he had attended sessions of several parliaments of Christendom, but that in all his experience he had never witnessed a more dramatic and striking scene.

I was one day walking toward parliament with Mr. Raper, when he said to me: "Here comes ——," mentioning the name of a member of parliament who had become prominent in fitting out cruisers to prey upon the commerce of the United States. "Do not introduce him," said I, and we walked on. After we had passed, Mr. Raper said, "That is quite awkward. He is sure to ask me who you are and why I did not introduce him." "Tell him," was my reply, "who I am, and that I desired no introduction."

Afterwards I learned that this gentleman did make the inquiry, and was told that I desired no communication with a man who had built ships to injure my country. The gentleman replied that he was able to defend himself and to justify his conduct; that he had done nothing without the knowledge and acquiescence of his government; that the ministry had been fully informed of the fact that his firm was building vessels of war for the Confederates. I confess that I was startled at this disclosure, because I had supposed all along that the English government was ignorant, though negligently so, that the Confederacy was being thus aided.

Under the guidance of Mr. Raper, I was taken into a court in Westminster at a most opportune moment during the progress of a very interesting case. The room seemed to me ridiculously small for the consideration of a matter involving such vast possibilities.

Its inadequate space was overcrowded with about one hundred persons, including officials, lawyers, and spectators. The case was that of a lady claiming to be the granddaughter of the Duke of Cambridge, elder brother of the Duke of Kent, Victoria's grandfather, and consequently the rightful queen. She took the stand as a witness while I was there. I judged her to be from fifty to fifty-five years of age. She was well, but plainly, dressed, and thoroughly self-possessed. She was subjected to a searching cross-examination, in which her answers were prompt and clear upon every point — "Yes," or "No," "I am quite sure," "I am quite certain of that." In many responses relating to names and facts dating as far back as 1815 to 1817 it was the same, without a shadow of doubt or hesitation. Whatever the truth may have been, her manner and bearing led a spectator to conclude that she was entirely honest. I learned that many believed her claim well-founded, but none imagined that there was any probability of Victoria being dethroned to give place to the "Lady Mary," as she was called.

One could not witness the quiet, orderly conduct of such a case without being reminded of many tragic events in English history precipitated by questions — and sometimes when there was no room for questions — about titles to the throne and cognate issues. Who can recall those events without gratitude to God that out of such conditions as existed in the long-ago He has aided men to evolve the blessings of civil and religious liberty we now enjoy?

I was intensely pleased and interested in old castles and abbeys, in palaces and villas, grand business establishments, galleries of art and famous museums and libraries, but while visiting those I did not forget

the haunts of poverty and vice. Under the guidance of friends and the police, I threaded narrow and vile lanes, crowded on either side with sordid, wretched, tumble-down houses, swarming with a population far more to be pitied than heathendom and pagandom and savagery in many other lands. In these dreadful places were gin-palaces glittering with plate glass and polished brass, and beershops and "publics," the vile, murderous trade of which is supported and made profitable by the pitiful earnings, beggings, and stealings of sufferers from the startling poverty to be seen on every hand.

It may be possible elsewhere to equal the squalor and misery of some parts of London that I saw but nowhere is it possible to exceed them. The overwhelming proportion of all this is due to the drink system existing in England, fostered and protected by the government as no other trade is. While that system continues that vast mass of wretchedness and vice and degradation cannot be changed. No intelligent person can doubt that the greater part of this shocking poverty and misery and ghastly crime would cease if the liquor-traffic were suppressed. It is in such places that the dangerous classes are bred and fostered and multiplied. Their conscience is deadened and their blood and brain fired and inflamed by the grog-shops which the government is careful to plant and establish at every street corner.

I have passed hours late at night and into the early morning, in company with police officials, in traversing the low streets of large cities, and have been horrified by the sights. There were great crowds of men, women and children, many of the women and children bareheaded and barefooted, even in cold and

stormy weather, some of the children, from nine to twelve years old, stumbling along with babies in their arms, far too heavy for them to carry.

These poor people were on their way to or from the "publics," as the liquor-saloons and gin-palaces are called in England. These places are generally furnished with two doors, and I have seen old and young, giving almost every conceivable evidence of wretchedness and misery in the extreme, struggling to enter one, while from the other they came staggering out in all stages of intoxication, some hilarious, some quarrelsome, some wild, some stupid, others almost helpless.

A small army of policemen is constantly on duty to keep the peace and quell disturbances in the "publics" and to take to the stations the "drunk and incapable," and the "drunk and disorderly." At police stations I have seen the floors entirely covered with wretches "drunk and incapable," the "drunk and disorderly" meanwhile raving in adjacent cells. There seemed to be as many drunken women as men. Occasionally I have seen serious disturbances in a public; sometimes a drunken man or woman would be thrust into the street; sometimes there was a fight in progress. In every such case the police were promptly called upon to do their duty, which seemed to be chiefly to keep the rumshops clear of all impediments to the free ingress of more drinkers, and to their egress after they had spent all their money. I was told that such scenes as these were precisely those of every Saturday night in every great town and city in England and Scotland.

Let none imagine that the results of all this are solely of the kind to which too many practical men

of affairs affect indifference. I heard a rich English manufacturer, who was an employer of a small army of laborers, say that his great establishment, with all the capital invested, was idle every Monday following a Saturday pay-day because so many of his employees had not then sufficiently recovered from their Saturday night and all-day Sunday debauch to be able to work. I heard a member of parliament, in a speech referring to the pauperism chargeable to these gin-palaces, say: "I have upon my back an enormous weight of paupers which I am obliged to carry because of them," illustrating his situation by stumbling painfully across the stage with his head bowed and back bent as if he were weighed down by a great burden, exclaiming as he moved, "If it were not for these great manufactories of pauperism I might walk erect."

It was to do something to correct such conditions that the United Kingdom Alliance was organized. It was in the hope of helping in its laudable effort that my several visits to Great Britain were made. The object of the Alliance was to secure further restriction of the liquor-trade in Great Britain, the specific legislation it advocated being Prohibition in districts where the people by their votes should ask for it, meanwhile preparing for such legislation by an agitation tending to show that the traffic in liquors was detrimental in the extreme to every interest, material as well as moral, of the country.

There was certainly abundant reason for the interest of philanthropic and Christian Englishmen in some movement with such an object. I might hesitate to say, had not so many Englishmen of high standing and great opportunities for accurate

knowledge said so again and again, that intemperance is the national vice of Great Britain. The newspapers there habitually state, and many times on public occasions I have heard Englishmen say, that their country is the most drunken in the world. By nothing seen anywhere in the United States can Americans form any just estimate of the extent of the evil in Great Britain. Nevertheless, a traveler may pass much time there and see little of this unless he puts himself in its way.

New ideas, new ways of life and new methods in all departments, make slow progress in England. The *London Times* described that feature of the English character in saying, "The English mind does not kindly entertain new questions." I remember a curious illustration of this peculiarity. At the time of my first visit to England, the driver and fireman on locomotives, though on fast trains, running thirty, forty, and even fifty miles an hour, were exposed to the weather, whatever it might be, without the slightest protection against sun, wind, rain, sleet, or snow. I was astonished at this, and on asking some of them about it, learned that sometimes, especially in case of violent storms, their suffering was very great. I inquired of some of the railway managers concerning it, and they gave as a reason for not providing the protection that is afforded on American locomotives, that if the engineer were comfortable he would be apt to drop asleep.

My second visit was about ten years later, and at that time I found that some of the locomotives had been provided with a plate of iron as high as the breast of the engineman, and on others these plates were higher than the head, with two small windows.

Six or eight years later, on the occasion of my last visit, I noticed some engines with the top of this iron plate bent over to the rear so as to afford a partial shelter, forming an approach in some respects to the cab on engines in America.

When I was first in England, no adequate means was provided for communication between the cars and the locomotive, so that a signal to stop in case of necessity could be given to the engineer. I had an impressive, personal illustration of the necessity for something of the kind when in a train on my way from Carlisle to Lancaster. My attention was attracted by sparks and smoke passing the window of the car in which I was riding. Looking out, I saw the baggage on the top of the next car but one in front on fire, and the passengers with their heads out of the windows, gesticulating and shouting to attract the attention of the officials of the train, in which attempt, however, they were unsuccessful.

I observed that along by the side of the cars was a continuous stepping-board about six inches in width. Opening the door of my compartment, I stepped down upon this, with great caution, to make my way to the engine. It was a task attended with some danger, especially to pass from one car to another, because the distance was considerable, and the means of holding on not of the best. I worked along past the burning car and almost to the engine before I succeeded in alarming the driver. Then the train was stopped and the fire extinguished. Two or three minutes more of delay would have been fatal to the passengers in the burning car, as the roof was already burned through in several places.

The passengers were very earnest in their thanks.

Among them was a large, portly gentleman, who was most extravagant in his declarations that they were under great obligations to me. He asked for my card, but I said it was a very simple matter, and there was no necessity for making my name known. He insisted upon having it, in fact, would not take no for an answer. When at length I handed it to him, at his first glance at my name he turned away without another word. Naturally I was at a loss to account for so sudden a change of manner, and after he had left the train I improved the opportunity to make some inquiries and learned that he was one of that class to whom my name and my mission in Great Britain were far from palatable, a wealthy brewer.

I immediately wrote a note to the *London Times*, in which I described the mode of communication between cars and locomotive, employed in the United States, referring to the instance I have related by way of enforcing the necessity for some such arrangement; but my letter to the *Times* was followed by several others protesting against the adoption of the American check-line, for the reason, among others, that "every old woman in the train would be pulling it." Years after that incident I found that there was no ready, convenient, and easy mode in any English train of communicating with the locomotive.

The United States, above all others, is the country to which England has looked for an increasing market, so important to her own prosperity, and consequently English people generally do not approve of any legislation on our part which may tend to diminish her sales in this country. I do not doubt that tariff legislation, together with the belief that the United States was or would become one of the

most formidable manufacturing rivals of England, gave tone and impulse to an unfriendly feeling toward the United States from 1861 to 1865 among a considerable portion of her people. More than one instance came under my personal observation showing that it was something more than a desire for what they believed would be a good investment which led some wealthy Englishmen to purchase Confederate securities.

On the occasion of my second visit to England, a gentleman approached me and inquired of me if it was not my opinion that sooner or later the United States government would assume and pay the dishonored obligations of the Southern Confederacy. I replied that the United States courts had a profound respect for English precedents, and if the time should ever come when the English courts should decide that the government of Great Britain was under obligations to pay the Fenian bonds, our government might take into consideration the question of paying the Confederate indebtedness. I afterwards learned that he had invested several thousand pounds in Confederate bonds, and suspect that my response to his inquiry did not increase confidence in them as an investment.

If, however, it was true that a portion of the English people earnestly desired the disruption of the Union during our civil war, great hosts of earnest, true-hearted men and women, all over the United Kingdom, were intensely anxious for the preservation of our institutions, and were actively engaged in impressing their views upon the English public, and in aiding in every proper way the cause of the Union. And among those who during the

dark period of our civil war held opinions inimical to our government, I am confident a much better feeling has long prevailed.

Mingling with the people of Great Britain as I did, and carrying with me everywhere my devotion to the institutions and policies of my own country, which I did not hesitate to avow, I had abundant opportunities to learn something of the feeling entertained by the people of Great Britain for this nation, and I am confident that upon the whole it is friendly in the extreme, and that all but an infinitesimal portion desire the perpetuation of cordial relations between the two governments, a sentiment which seems to me should be cherished by every right-minded American as well as Englishman. Every year I believe the conviction in England and in this country grows stronger that the two great English-speaking peoples of the world must maintain friendly relations. The universal sentiment among the more considerate classes of both countries is that any misunderstanding that may arise between them in the future should be adjusted without such a shock to civilization and such an outrage to humanity as a war between the United States and Great Britain would be.

My speaking tours in Great Britain were interrupted by several pleasure-trips to France, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, and Italy. My time on the continent was not all given to sight-seeing. I sought as far as possible to familiarize myself with conditions existing at the time of my respective visits. My travels were under such auspices as afforded me, with the kind assistance of the official representatives of the United States in the countries I visited,

more than the ordinary facilities for this. Though none of these visits had any connection with my labor for temperance and Prohibition, in each of those countries I had the great pleasure of meeting people who were interested in those and other subjects relating to the well-being of society. Friendships were thus commenced which have been continued by correspondence to the present time, save where, as in the case of some, they have been terminated by death.

Of all of interest that I saw and heard, I take space to note only one incident. During my visit in 1857, it was my privilege to witness the ceremonies connected with the wedding of the ill-fated Maximilian. In my last visit I again saw Carlotta, but she was walking with an attendant in a park, a broken-hearted widow, with reason dethroned, her happiness and hopes having been sacrificed in the sad Mexican tragedy of which her husband was the victim, herself the type of countless thousands who have suffered from the ambition of European rulers, in their ruthless trampling upon the rights of other peoples.

My return from each English tour was made the occasion for receptions which the friends of temperance thought would be of service to the cause. When I reached home in the fall of 1857, after my first visit abroad, I was met at the station by a large number of my fellow-citizens, who, with a band of music, banners and torches, escorted me to my house. Subsequently a reception-meeting crowded the largest hall in the city, in which most, if not all, of the clergy, besides many prominent in other walks in life, participated. I was also the guest at a great gathering in Boston, over which Hon. Henry Wilson presided, while the list of vice-

presidents included such veterans in the cause of temperance as Moses Grant. Among them I also recall Robert Rantoul, James M. Usher, John B. Alley, Amasa Walker, William Claffin, Joseph Story, and many others then or afterwards prominent in public life.

It must not be understood that those receptions and other similar demonstrations following my subsequent returns from England, were due, or intended for, me personally. They afforded simply convenient occasions for men to testify to their appreciation of the importance of the movement, with which my name was identified, as an agency for the promotion of the moral weal and material prosperity of the people.

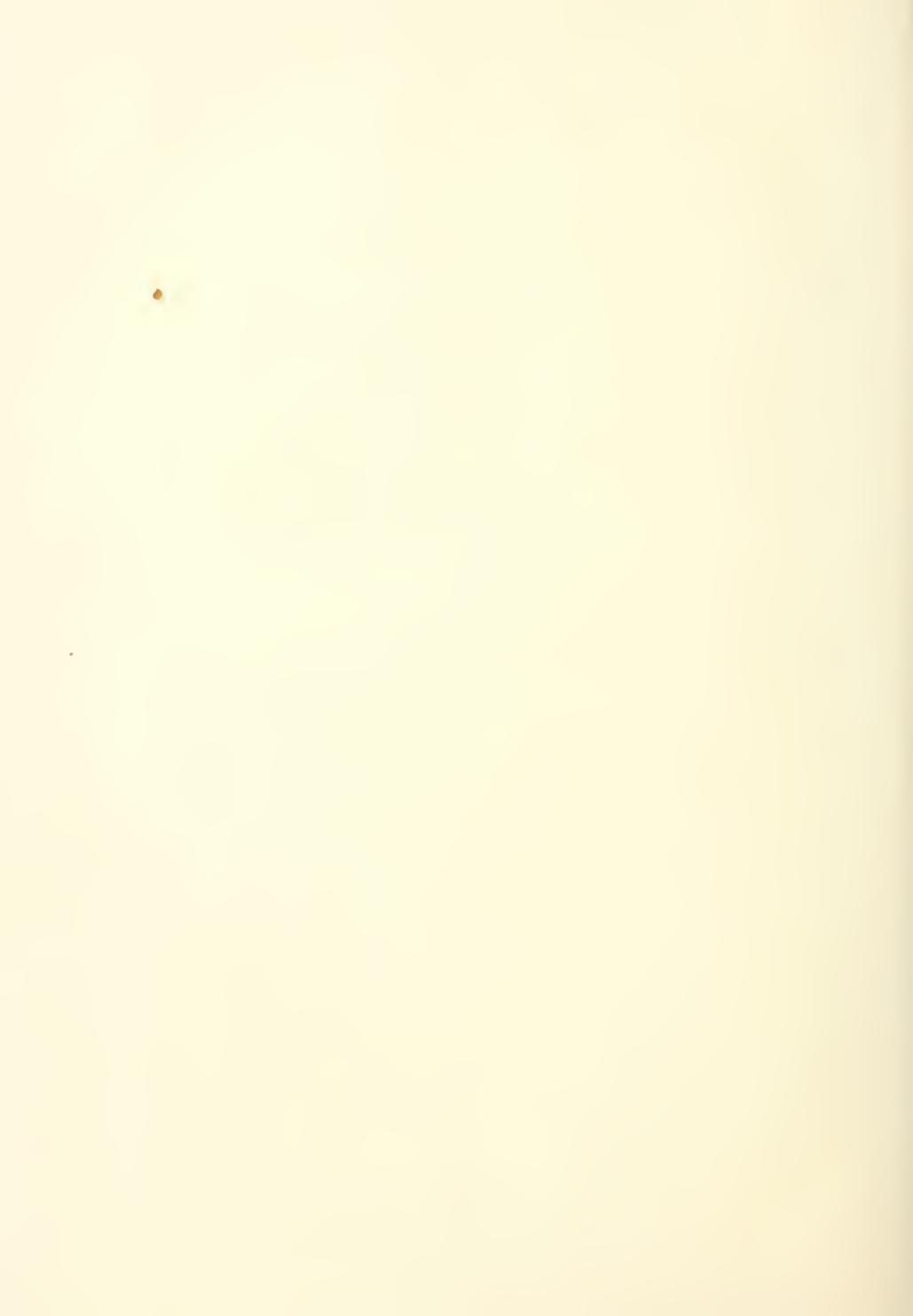
CHAPTER XXIV.

THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR FOR THE UNION. HOPE THAT
IT WOULD RESULT IN THE DESTRUCTION OF SLAVERY.
CORRESPONDENCE WITH FRIENDS IN GREAT BRIT-
AIN AS TO ITS CAUSE AND CONSEQUENCES.
APPOINTED TO THE COMMAND OF A REG-
IMENT. CAMP LIFE OF THE THIR-
TEENTH MAINE AT AUGUSTA.
DEPARTURE FOR THE FRONT.

At the outbreak of the war for the Union I had had no military experience, not even such as might have been obtained in the state militia. My first impressions of that line of public duty had been received as a boy from my observation of our old-time musters, and the prejudices there produced had been strong and lasting. I had held an honorary appointment on the staff of Governor Kent, in 1841, but that service was only nominal, and had given me little else than a knowledge of the number of our state troops, which at the time mustered something over forty thousand men in the various branches of the service. That was all that could be expected of a descendant of a line of Quakers; but, as already intimated, that line had been severed by my dismissal from the society for differing from it in my views as to war.



COL. NEAL DOW, THIRTEENTH MAINE REGIMENT.



Notwithstanding my birthright to a love of peace, some of my early associations tended to inculcate a spirit not in accord with the convictions of Friends. In my youth the memories of the Revolution were fresh, and all the more inspiring to the boys of my day because its traditions were told and retold to us by its surviving veterans, some of whom lingered among us long after the days of my early manhood. One of these was a next-door neighbor, and to his stories of Washington and the war I listened with great delight when I was a boy. With these were mingled my boyish impressions of the war of 1812, which was of such import to Portland as a commercial town that I grew to manhood amid influences tinged with war-like memories and spirit.

Due in a measure, perhaps, to this, and in part to my desire for general information, in my earlier manhood I had read works on general military matters, on engineering, fortifications and sieges and on artillery practice. These had found place in my library after I had read them with interest and care. I had kept up in my reading and investigations with the progress in those matters and with the changes and improvements in means of offense and defense, so that I was as well informed on military subjects as was to be expected of the average civilian. Though I had given no attention to drill, I was not without experience in the command of organized bodies of men. These facts were known to many of my personal and political friends, and from the first note of war it was evident that some of them expected me to bear a part in it.

Again, the war grew out of the antislavery agitation. I had been an earnest, active and radical antislavery man. In Portland, as elsewhere, there was

more or less talk in certain political circles to the effect that the "abolitionists, having brought on the trouble, ought to fight it out." I had enjoyed the personal acquaintance of such leaders in the different phases of organized hostility to slavery as Garrison, Phillips, Birney, Sumner, Wilson, Giddings, Chase, Hale and others among those of national reputation, and of such as General Samuel Fessenden, Rev. Austin Willey, of local renown, and of others who, if less widely known, were equally sincere and earnest. With most of them, I felt that, in the event of a civil war, slavery ought to be abolished, and I was quite willing to bear my part in anything that would bring to pass the desired result. Taking everything into consideration, notwithstanding my want of knowledge in the matter of drill and tactics, I was inclined to the opinion that duty called me to enter the military service of the country.

On the other hand, I had passed my fifty-seventh birthday when the assault on Sumter took place, and was beyond the age when most men are able to bear the fatigue and exposure incident to army life with reasonable safety, and therefore could not be expected to volunteer, while my business affairs at that time, owing to heavy losses, were peculiarly involved and needed my personal attention, which could not be diverted from them without serious risk. More than this, my honored father was then approaching the end. He had, at most, but a short time to live, and it did not seem to me right to leave him, unless it should be clear that my services were needed. Hence, in the anxious weeks that preceded the actual commencement of hostilities I had, upon the whole, little thought of participation in it, should war come.

But immediately after the attack on Sumter I was forced to prepare for the possibility of joining the ranks, as the only way to prevent my elder son, Fred., who I thought was not as well able as I to endure the hardships of army life, from going off with the first troops from Maine. On the evening of the day of the call of the President for seventy-five thousand men he enlisted in the first military company of the state which volunteered. Because of his poor health I refused my approval, at the same time promising him that if the war continued he should go, if I did not, reminding him that we could not both leave home. The next day I offered my services to the governor in any capacity in which I might be useful, and the same day began the study of Hardee's Tactics, and to commence my preparations for departure should my offer be accepted.

Meanwhile, my first service was rendered in using my influence as a bank director with the financial institutions of Portland to induce them to offer to loan their credit to the governor to enable the state to respond promptly to the first call of the President for troops. This action on the part of the banks proved of great assistance in expediting the equipment of our earlier regiments and facilitating their departure for the Potomac.

It is impossible to describe the intense excitement prevailing through the North at that period. When the news of the assault on the Massachusetts Sixth in Baltimore reached Portland the feeling here could not have been stronger had that corps been composed of our own citizens. The throngs that filled our streets gathered in a mass in front of the old City Hall, where the Soldiers' monument now stands. I

happened to be passing through the square on my accustomed Sunday evening walk and was pressed into the service to preside and to address the improvised meeting. In my remarks I said, in substance, that as glad as we all would have been to avoid the issue of war, now that it had been forced upon us it was our duty to accept it and to maintain it until the last vestige of the great underlying cause of the trouble had been swept out of existence and the Union was free. A voice in the crowd shouted, "That's treason!" but the burst of applause which greeted the sentiment testified that, under the stress of the great excitement prevailing at the moment, our people in Portland were substantially a unit.

The news of the Baltimore affair was naturally startling. It was impossible then to know the depth of the anti-Union sentiment in Maryland which it indicated. Shortly after this I received a letter from a warm personal friend, a resident of Baltimore. He was a gentleman of most sterling character, of great wealth, and was largely engaged in business as a manufacturer. I had had fears that he might, because of his residence, sympathize with the anti-Union cause. His letter which was published was one of the first indications of the day that all were not for secession in Baltimore. He wrote:

"A large portion of our citizens certainly merit the sympathy of their northern friends in the sad and false position in which they have been placed by the mob of the 19th ult., so destructive of our fair fame and of our prosperity; a calamity the extent of which it is impossible to estimate.

"But I am thankful that the conservative members of our community, constituting pretty conclusively a large majority, are recovering from the effects of the shock, have thrown off the reign of terror, and are exerting themselves to remedy, as

far as practicable, the evils resulting from our misconduct, and to regain the position in the Union previously held by our state.

“The newspapers have given details of the events here, but you want a friend’s evidence and testimony more as to how these things were brought about, and the true prevailing feeling here. Our state and city, with the governor and mayor, have been sound, resisting all the vigorous efforts of the secessionists to move us. It is our misfortune, however, to have a legislature, elected eighteen months ago, decidedly secession in sentiment, which the governor had refused to call into session till the recent raid, when he yielded to the clamor of the disunionists, much to the surprise and regret of his friends.

“The raid of the 19th ult., we have reason to believe, was all planned beforehand in connection with leaders south of this state, and a large number of rowdies sent here to lead off and assist in carrying it out. The governor was warned, but could not credit it till too late to act, finding our troops too divided in sentiment to be reliable, while it was impracticable to arm the ‘minute men,’ who had been drilling without arms in large force — quite adequate to control affairs *if armed*. . . .

“I do not like to make serious accusations, but it is the prevailing sentiment that, notwithstanding what we had to contend with, the whole affair might have been prevented, if so desired, by those in charge of the police, which is a strong, well drilled force.

“I saw the beginning of the attack. Not a policeman was to be seen in the vicinity — none on guard with the cars. Begun by a few rowdies, once under way it was impossible to arrest it. Our mayor, when apprised, acted nobly. The plan was to raise the cry of ‘Invasion!’ ‘Maryland blood shed!’ ‘Coercion!’ etc., and it is marvelous how infectious it was, and what an influence it had to turn the heads of those previously quiet Union men, apparently revolutionizing the city at once, the control of it passing into the hands of the military and upstart authorities, from whose yoke it would have been difficult to free ourselves, probably, if we were a few hundred miles further south. . . .

“Citizens now wonder at themselves, admitting their temporary insanity. For two days it was fearful, as if the evil one and his emissaries had been let loose in our midst. It required admirable management to prevent the city falling into the hands of the armed mob, the state depositories having

been broken into and arms taken. But it now seems as if the ordeal may be useful to us, uniting us in loyalty to the government, the reaction being wonderful, and apparently sweeping all before it.

“I cannot wonder at the determination of the North to put down this abominable conspiracy to destroy the best government in the world. I believe the rebellion will be crushed.”

There was another field open to me in which I hoped to be useful. My speaking tour through Great Britain, in 1857, had given me unusual opportunities to study English opinions, prejudices and sympathies as to this country. I knew of the jealousies entertained there in certain circles of the growing power and importance of the United States, and of the serious, if not sinister, concern with which they watched our expanding commerce, and the promise of the capacity of this country, under favorable conditions, to provide itself with that for which we were then largely dependent upon England. I anticipated, what proved to be true, that for those reasons many influential Englishmen would be led to hope for the success of secession, and that great pressure would be brought upon the English government to avail itself of the slightest pretext for direct interference in its behalf. But I knew also of the intense abhorrence of slavery pervading the great middle classes in England, and that this was strong enough to counterbalance all other influences and to keep Great Britain at least avowedly neutral, should it be made to appear that, underlying the war for the Union on the part of the North, was the determination that slavery must go.

I had a large and influential acquaintance among a class of the English people who would be naturally friendly to the North. They were antislavery men,

as were most Englishmen; they were philanthropic enough, as too many Englishmen were not, to hold their hatred of slavery above their love of gain. I had met and conversed with men of this class in almost every considerable town in the United Kingdom. I knew that though there were many potential influences which would sympathize with and seek to aid the South because of the supposed gain to English commerce to follow upon a dissolution of the Union, these acquaintances of mine and the element they represented would actively endeavor to counteract that. To enable them to do that effectively it was important for it to appear that the actual existence of slavery was involved in the impending struggle.

The growing interest in the Maine-Law movement in Great Britain, with which my recent visit there had identified my name, had created a circle, including opponents as well as friends of the policy of prohibition of the liquor-traffic, within which I was assured by friends in England that my opinion upon current events would be of no less interest and influence than with my more immediate personal friends in that country. Many of the latter urged that I could materially aid in their work in behalf of the northern cause by writing for the press of Great Britain. This I did and my communications were extensively circulated throughout that country, being published by many of the leading journals of the United Kingdom. Subsequently I was assured, not only by my personal friends, but by many Englishmen whom I did not know, as well as by the United States Minister at the Court of St. James, that my articles had been useful in creating a public sentiment in Great Britain of great assistance to the cause of the Union.

During my confinement as a prisoner of war in Libby prison, the following resolution was sent to my family from the offices of the English Union and Emancipation Society, of which Thomas Bayley Potter, Esq., was president, and among the vice-presidents of which were Lieutenant-General T. Perronet Thompson, Professor Goldwin Smith, Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D. D., Rev. Newman Hall, L. L. B., John Stuart Mill, Thomas Hughes, Professor F. W. Newman and many others of the most prominent men of Great Britain, to some of whom my letters had been addressed.

“Resolved, That the Executive of the Union and Emancipation Society beg to express their deep sympathy with General Neal Dow in respect to his captivity and imprisonment at Richmond. The Executive very highly value General Dow’s able and earnest letters on slavery and the American War, believing that they have rendered great service to the cause of Union and Emancipation, and have thereby earned for Mr. Dow the gratitude and esteem of all true friends of freedom.”

Many of those letters, or extensive extracts from them, were also published in American journals. Nor was their publication confined to England and America, as the following extract from a letter received after my release from Libby prison, under date of April 4, 1864, from Baron De Lyndon, The Hague, Holland, will show. In this, after congratulating me on my release, and stating how closely my friends in Holland had watched for all news of me, he wrote:

“Part of your letters circulated in our papers, and Port Royal, Ship Island, New Orleans, Port Hudson, Richmond, Libby Prison and Mobile became through them places quite familiar to our people.”

While I did not write a line in any of those letters that did not represent my own opinion and convic-

tions at the time, they were all written in the light of my knowledge of the state of public opinion in England, with a view to aiding the friends of the Union in Great Britain in their efforts to counteract the strong influences hostile to it.

No one could fail to see that the Confederacy would have been immensely aided, even to the extent of success in its effort to permanently disrupt the Union, could it have obtained upon any pretense the assistance of Great Britain. Many considerations were operating upon English public opinion tending toward action upon the part of the government of Great Britain which would have proved an insurmountable obstacle to the final triumph of the Union cause. There was nothing that promised to be more effective in counteracting those than the strong antislavery feeling pervading the great mass of the English people. If it could be made to appear that the overthrow of "the peculiar institution" would be the inevitable result of the re-establishment of the Union, as it was certain that the success of secession would indefinitely perpetuate it, English hostility to slavery would go far toward preventing that kind of British aid to the South which would prove so disastrous to the hopes of the North.

The discussion of my antislavery record in England during my visit there in 1857, already noted, had to an extent made my position upon that subject known in that country, and I hoped that what I might write on that point would have more weight in behalf of our country than otherwise would have been the case. I have the satisfaction of knowing that in that great crisis in our history my closest personal friends in Great Britain were among the

most constant supporters of the Union, and that they were active, persistent and influential in promoting its success in every proper way. When, after the close of the war for the Union, it was again my privilege to visit Great Britain, multiform evidence was afforded me that my correspondence had contributed, to some extent, to the end I had hoped it would serve.

It soon became evident that the war was to last longer than many at the North first believed. My venerable father had passed away on the 1st of June, 1861, and thus was severed one tie which had kept me at home. In the early fall of 1861 I received an invitation from Governor Israel Washburne to go to the state capital, Augusta, and suspected what was wanted of me. The first flush of patriotic excitement which had filled the early call for troops had expended itself, and already there were signs, if not of despair, at least of weariness, which were having a retarding effect upon enlistments.

Upon presenting myself at the executive chamber at the State House, Governor Washburne addressed me as "Colonel," recalling my old staff title, forgotten for nearly twenty years. He then reminded me of a remark I had made in the course of a speech several years before, occasioned by the interruption of some one in the audience, who said that the South would dissolve the Union. He went on to say that though my hair was growing grey the time had come for me to make good that promise, and that he desired me to raise a regiment.

I told him that I had not had even that experience in military affairs to be obtained upon training day in an old-fashioned muster. But he urged that recruiting was slow, and that he believed my reputation,

influence and extensive acquaintance through the state would assist materially in raising troops; that Maine was about to raise three more regiments, and closed by offering me either the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, or Fifteenth, as I preferred.

I promptly accepted the Thirteenth as the first one likely to be raised, making at the same time a condition, which was that I should have associated with me as field-officers men who had already seen service at the front, and whose characters, tastes and habits were such as would contribute to the morale of those who were to be in my command, and that I should be permitted to choose them. Governor Washburne cordially assented, and after a little delay in making the selection — there being so many admirable officers with the Maine regiments that it was difficult to choose from among them — I decided upon the following:

Captain Henry Rust, Jr., of Norway, then at the front in command of a company in the Tenth Maine, was appointed lieutenant-colonel, and Captain Frank S. Hesselstine, of Waterville, also commanding a company in the Third regiment was made major. For adjutant, Sergeant-Major Frederick Speed, of Gorham, was chosen. He was then sergeant-major of the Fifth Maine, and was thoroughly informed as to the duties of the position he was about to fill. The field-officers of the Thirteenth were well spoken of by the press in general of the state. One of the dailies far from friendly to me said of them:

“Hon. Neal Dow has been commissioned colonel of the Thirteenth regiment of Maine volunteers. In many respects this is an admirable appointment. Mr. Dow is well known as a man of untiring energy and industry, and, if he has

many bitter opponents, no man in the state has more numerous and truer friends. He has long desired to join the ranks of the defenders of his country, but has been restrained by duties which he owed to his family of an imperative nature. Those who know him best assert that he has a natural aptitude for military affairs, and that his greatest difficulties will arise from his desire to be always busy, leading him to do or to attempt too much. If the soldiers under his command suffer, it will be from too great rather than from too little care.

“Our citizens are pretty well acquainted with Captain Henry Rust, Jr., of Norway, formerly of the First, now of the Tenth regiment, appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Thirteenth. Colonel Rust is a citizen of unimpeachable character, highly respected and esteemed by his neighbors in Norway and the neighboring towns. He is a gentleman by nature and by cultivation, and has already proved himself a good soldier, gaining the respect of his officers and the love and confidence of his men. He will assuredly give a good account of himself in his new position.

“Captain Frank Hesseltine, of Bangor, now of the Third Maine, is to be major of the Thirteenth. Captain Hesseltine left college to enlist in the Third, and brought with him twelve of his fellow-students. Captain Hesseltine, although young, has already established a high reputation for manhood among his associates; as a soldier he did his duty nobly at Bull Run and was admired by all for his coolness and fearless bravery. He is an officer who will command the confidence and respect of the men under his command.”

Again the same paper referred to me as “perhaps the best read military man in New England, and thoroughly posted in the science of fortifications in different parts of the world.”

Better selections for those three positions than the men I had chosen could not have been made. All of them proved most efficient officers. Their experience and ability were ably seconded by an exceptionally fine list of staff and line officers, and were especially serviceable in securing for the Thirteenth Maine, when it left the state, the

reputation of being one of the best drilled regiments Maine had sent to the front, a reputation which was sustained until the regiment, by orders from headquarters of the Gulf Department, was cut up into detachments to serve at different posts, a fate which would not have befallen it could high rank as a well-drilled and disciplined regiment have saved it, and which some of its officers thought was due to other causes than military necessity. The rank and file of the regiment was of the best. The state sent to the front no better material for fine soldiers. The paper already quoted from said:

“ There are some facts not generally known in regard to Colonel Dow's regiment. As it was noised abroad that Colonel Dow was to command it, it filled up and ran over. It had a surplus of six hundred, which was turned over to other regiments. It is reported to be the most temperate and moral of all regiments raised in the state. How this is we do not know, though we have not heard it doubted, but that it is among the best yet mustered into the service cannot be questioned, nor will it be questioned that Colonel Dow is one of the ablest, truest officers that now commands a regiment raised in this state or elsewhere since commencement of hostilities.”

Upon my promotion to brigadier-general, Colonel Rust was promoted to the command of the regiment, and served until January 6, 1865. At the same time, Major Hesseltine was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and Adjutant Speed was promoted to a captaincy as A. A. General on my staff. Colonel Rust is no longer living. Colonel Hesseltine, respected by all his wide acquaintance, is in the successful practice of law in Boston, and Captain Speed is also a citizen and lawyer of high standing in Mississippi.

Soon after I had been authorized to raise a regiment of Maine volunteers, I received a letter from the Secretary of War, of which the following is a copy:

“WAR DEPARTMENT, Oct. 12, 1861.

COL. NEAL DOW, Commanding, etc., Portland, Maine.

Sir:—You are hereby authorized to raise and organize a battery of artillery for the service of the United States, to serve for three years, or during the war, subject to the approval of Governor Washburne, of your state.

This authority is given with the distinct understanding that the government reserves the right to revoke the commissions of all officers who may be found incompetent. It is also understood that this battery is not to be permanently attached to the Thirteenth regiment, but is to be detachable as may be ordered by the commanding-general. Very respectfully,

SIMON CAMERON, *Secretary of War.*”

In response to my call for volunteers nearly two thousand men offered, some in full companies, some in squads and many as individuals. Among my most pleasing recollections of that period is that of letters received from men, and in some cases from women, in the state, saying in substance that their sons had desired to enlist, and that they had thus far dissuaded them, but they were willing for them to serve under my command, feeling confident that the influences of my headquarters would be good.

Among those who volunteered as individuals was the youngest son, Samuel, of my neighbor and friend, Senator William Pitt Fessenden. He came to my house, saying that his father had consented to his going to the war (two of his brothers were already at the front) provided he could go with me. The services of young Fessenden were accepted, and he was made a lieutenant in the battery of artillery. Lieutenant Fessenden lost his life while serving on

the staff of General Tower, at the battle of Manassas. General Tower wrote of him, "He was ever ready for duty, possessed a cool head and brave heart, and shrank from no exposure."

The captain of this battery was Davis Tillson of Rockland, Me., a most estimable man and excellent officer. Captain Tillson had been a student at West Point, where as the result of an accident he had been obliged to suffer the amputation of a portion of one leg, which necessitated his leaving the military academy. He had been so admirably fitted with a cork substitute and had become so wonted to its use that no one unacquainted with the facts would have suspected his "unsoundness."

When the United States officer appeared to "muster" us into the United States service, Captain Tillson came to me and said: "I am afraid I cannot pass muster with that officer. He was a classmate of mine at West Point and knows my defect, which no stranger would suspect."

I therefore accompanied Captain Tillson to the mustering officer to urge his acceptance. I found that no word from me was needed. They recognized each other instantly, and upon Captain Tillson expressing his fear of rejection his old classmate replied: "Tillson, I know you. I would pass you if you had lost both legs and arms."

As was intimated might be the case in the order authorizing me to raise the battery, it was detached from the Thirteenth regiment before the latter left Augusta, and thereafter I had nothing to do with it. All through the war it sustained an untarnished reputation for efficiency, discipline and courage.

Notwithstanding the large number volunteering,

there was considerable delay in organizing the regiment and battery with due regard to the rights and claims to commissions of those who had been active in recruiting them. The regiment went into camp on the United States Arsenal grounds at Augusta, on the easterly bank of the Kennebec river. Here the men lived in tents during the months of December, 1861, and January, 1862, although the mercury was frequently below zero. Its ranks were fairly representative of the native population of the state, in every part of which it was recruited. There were companies from the cities, from the back-woods, from the sea-coast and from the farming portion of Maine. Altogether it was of exceptionally fine *personnel*.

This life was entirely new to me, and as interesting as it was novel. Our tents were pitched in the midst of the snow, and at first our cooking was done in great holes dug in the ground, the beef for the men being all fried. I had that speedily changed, an oven built, large enough to cook for the entire regiment, which was thereafter provided with roasted or baked meats. In the beginning I kept myself busy with a thousand little details which, after the officers and men became accustomed to their new mode of life, were left to them. Writing of our camp to my wife, I said:

“ It is quite pleasant to look out upon it, especially in the evening when the tents are lighted. They seem like caves of ground glass, with a light wreath of smoke from the apex. The camp resounds with the sound of many voices, talking, laughing, singing, with an accompaniment of musical instruments. At 8.30 the drum beats for the roll-call, when the men assemble in their several streets to answer to their names. At nine the tattoo is beaten for a warning to retire,

at 9.30 the taps, when the lights are extinguished, and all is suddenly dark and quiet."

The regiment received great advantage from the outset through the experienced field and staff officers associated with me. It was drilled daily on the frozen river, which afforded a most excellent parade ground for the purpose. Because of these advantages it was, for a volunteer regiment, very well drilled, and its discipline was excellent.

The municipal authorities of Augusta informed me, when the regiment broke camp to leave the city, that they had had no trouble whatever from any of the Thirteenth, not one of its men having been arrested for drunkenness. Indeed, so general was the reputation of the regiment for sobriety that it became quite the custom, by way of joke, for recruits, belonging to other regiments then in camp at Augusta, when arrested for drunkenness to claim that they belonged to the "Thirteenth," and the drunker their condition the more positive was their assertion that they were sober, because, as they insisted, not a soldier of "Neal Dow's regiment" would become intoxicated.

Upon arrival in Boston, the Thirteenth was quartered in Faneuil Hall. The *Boston Evening Traveler* of February 19, 1863, remarked of it: "It is said to be the quietest regiment that has ever been seen in this city."

In this connection, I insert an extract from a letter from Adjutant-General Hodsdon, of Maine:

"It must be a source of profound satisfaction to you that the results of your world-wide inculcation of teetotalism are so happily manifest in your command, and result entirely from your personal exertions in this behalf."

General Hodsdon was not right in attributing so much of the credit to me. The "Thirteenth" owed its good record in this particular, first, to the general character of the men who volunteered for it. I doubt if any regiment went to the front from any state with so many in its ranks who were temperance men from principle. Then the influence of its headquarters was, of course, thrown in the same direction, and its field and line officers, almost without exception, seconded my efforts in this particular. Lastly, perhaps, my reputation went as far toward this as any special effort on my part. An amusing incident illustrating this was reported to me while in camp on the Arsenal grounds.

A peddler had got into the lines, and soon made it known to the men that he had liquor for sale. He was promptly reported to the officer of the guard, and by him was given his choice to be run out of camp by men chasing him with fixed bayonets, with orders to prick him if they caught him, or to have his punishment decided upon by the colonel. He chose the latter. "Do you know who the colonel is?" asked the officer. "No." "Well, his name is Neal Dow." "In the name of mercy," cried the now thoroughly frightened rum-peddler, "don't take me to him! Give me a chance for my life!"

The discretion of the man was commended by the amused officer having him in charge, who also assured him that only his speed would enable him to get out of the lines without serious injury. He had heard of me, but probably never had seen me, and, like most of his ilk, doubtless regarded me as a fiend incarnate, with no taste for liquor, but with a propensity for devouring runsellers on every possible opportunity.

I was told that he ran as if something worse than a bayonet was after him. He never was found within the lines again.

Just prior to the departure of the Thirteenth, an incident occurred exciting some little interest, which was commented upon by the newspapers at the time. It was the repulse of a "charge" made upon it in earnest by the First Maine cavalry under the orders of its commander, Colonel Goddard. The Thirteenth was to be presented by the state with a flag, and was drawn up in line in front of the capitol, right resting up river, for that purpose. Colonel L. D. M. Sweat, a senator from Cumberland county, and chairman, I think, of the military committee of the legislature, was about to make the presentation speech from the steps leading to the State House.

The First Maine cavalry, which had its camp west of the State House grounds, was out for a parade in the city, and Colonel Goddard undertook to lead his regiment between the Thirteenth and the speaker who was addressing it. As the cavalry colonel gave no heed to my motion for him to halt, perhaps because he was my senior officer, I ordered the left company of the Thirteenth to be wheeled across the road, and, with bayonets at the charge, to block it to prevent the passage of his regiment. Colonel Goddard had the reputation of being a very determined man. At any rate, as soon as he saw this manœuvre he immediately ordered his buglers to sound the charge. The cavalry responded pluckily to the call of its doughty commander—"theirs not to reason why"—and came up to the bayonets just as near as they could urge their more discreet horses. To the latter the "spurs" on the

guns of the infantry seemed longer than those on the heels of their riders, and they would not allow themselves to be driven on to the bayonets.

The result was a good deal of swearing on the part of the cavalry colonel, the withdrawal of his regiment in inextricable confusion from its unsuccessful charge, and the further uninterrupted delivery of the presentation speech. This terminated the first "engagement" of the Thirteenth. It was not much of a skirmish, to be sure, but it was more of a "cavalry charge" than most troops during the war were called upon to encounter. Colonel Goddard, who was an old lumberman, afterwards laughingly said to me that the "jam" of the Thirteenth regiment bayonets was the only one he had ever been unable to break.

Prior to the departure of my regiment a farewell meeting was held in the City Hall at Portland. It was presided over by the collector of the port, ex-Mayor Jedediah Jewett, who, in behalf of the "Business Men and Manufacturers of Portland," presented me with a dress sword, belt and sash. At the same meeting, the Maine Charitable and Mechanics' Association, through its president, Mr. Newell A. Foster, presented a full set of horse equipments, and Rev. Henry D. Moore, in behalf of a few personal friends, tendered me a fine brace of Colt revolvers, saying: "It is a striking commentary on the times that I, a minister of the gospel of peace, should present to you, the son of a Quaker, these weapons of carnal warfare." Replying to him, I said: "I have long since knocked my broad-brim into a cocked hat."

I may mention here that when, in the summer of

1863, I was captured, my sword, pistols and equipments fell into the hands of my captors, and were divided among them by lot. There was nothing to complain of in this, and reference is only made to the incident by way of introduction to the following:

More than twenty years after my capture, in December, 1883, I received a letter from Arkansas, from Jno. B. Simms, Esq., stating that the writer was a member of the party which captured me, and also, that in the division of the spoils my holster pistols had fallen to his share; that long since, when pressed for means, he had sold one of the pistols, but the other, with the holsters, he had retained to that day, and would be happy to return it and them if I would accept them. He subsequently did forward them with the expressed hope that the pistol might never be used again "in so unrighteous a cause."

Upon that point Mr. Simms and I cannot agree. In my opinion, no weapon was ever dedicated to a holier cause. But that difference does not prevent me from saying that when I received those pistols from the hand of the clergyman who was the spokesman of the donors I was not more sincere in my belief in the righteousness of the cause which I was hoping at my advanced age to serve than was young Simms in his love of the now "lost cause," to which he devoted the enthusiasm and strength of his youth. As much as we differ upon that point, we are united, I am confident, in the hope that the amity between all sections of our common country will be forever perpetuated. Mr. Simms, if living, will not take it amiss if I add that few who have had the misfortune to be prisoners of war have fallen into the hands of more courteous captors than were he and his associates.

Not long after hearing from Mr. Simms, I received a copy of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, containing a letter from a correspondent on the island of Capri, from which I take the following extract:

“It seems rather unreal now, looking back from the middle of the Mediterranean, almost as unreal as the fact that we are now off the coast of Crete. The most curious day of all was on a day at Capri, when after a visit to the marvelous Blue Grotto, we met an old Confederate officer, and in his smoking den saw a sword not all unknown to fame. There were two inscriptions on the sword. The first was:

PRESENTED BY THE
BUSINESS MEN AND MANUFACTURERS
OF PORTLAND TO
COL. NEAL DOW, THIRTEENTH MAINE
REGIMENT.

Further up the blade was this second inscription:

PRESENTED TO
LIEUT. COL. J. C. MCKOWEN
FOR ENTERING THE FEDERAL LINES NEAR PORT HUDSON,
JUNE 3, 1863,
WITH FIVE MEN, AND CAPTURING GEN. NEAL DOW
AND GUARD
AT HIS HEADQUARTERS.

“The sword hung on the wall covered with weapons of every nation; but none, I venture to say, captured in a more daring way than this sword of Gen. Neal Dow.”

The departure of my regiment for the war was delayed a long time, owing to sickness in the camp, which had a duration of nearly two months, some of the men being very ill. During all the time I interested myself, for reasons that will appear later, of which all my officers approved, in an endeavor to avoid becoming a part of General Butler's command, and to obtain orders to join the army of the Potomac. Twice I had grounds for believing that we would be successful in this, but we were disappointed.

On the 11th of February I received the following communication:

“HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NEW ENGLAND,
BOSTON, Feb. 10th, 1862.

COL. NEAL DOW,

Commanding 13th Me. Vols.

Sir.—General Butler desires to know if you are aware of any reason why you may not be able to march within one week from date. This is aside from the consideration of *pay*, about which in the present condition of the treasury there may be some difficulty.

There is, however, at Ship Island a paymaster with funds for all the troops of the division.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE C. STRONG, *A. A. General.*”

The Thirteenth was then in camp in tents pitched in snow more than two feet deep. My reply was to the effect that I would be ready to march upon receipt of orders. In a few days I was ordered to report in Boston with my command on the 18th of February, and on that day we broke camp at Augusta, not knowing our destination. Our train was composed of twenty-three cars, drawn by two locomotives. We arrived at Portland about noon. The first man to greet me as I stepped from the train was my friend, William W. Thomas, then mayor. Among others whom I remember were Eben Steele and Charles A. Stackpole.

A Portland daily the next morning described our march through the city as follows:

“The regiment made a splendid appearance as it passed along, the quiet, orderly behavior and soldierly bearing of the troops winning the warmest encomiums from the immense crowds that had gathered to receive them and speed their departure. The regiment carried the beautiful silken standard presented at Augusta shortly before. Cheer after cheer

rose from the crowd, accompanied by the waving of handkerchiefs, and the response by the soldiers was hearty and unanimous."

My regiment was a body of men of which any commander might have been justly proud. No better material for soldiers ever marched through the streets of any city than the Thirteenth Maine. We reached Boston the same night, and there I learned for the first time that my efforts and those of my friends at Washington to have my regiment ordered to the Potomac had failed, and that we were to join General Butler's expedition against New Orleans, and that for this purpose the regiment was to be divided at Boston. This was what I had most desired to avoid.

At the time the command of the Thirteenth regiment was offered to me, General Butler was raising his New England division for the Gulf Department. It was currently reported that he was anxious that the regiments to be raised in Maine for him should be commanded by men whose political antecedents were Democratic, of which party he had been a most pronounced adherent. My Republicanism was as earnest and as uncompromising as had been his Democracy. I was as well known to General Butler as a radical of a most unequivocal type as he was to me as a radical among his own associates. Convinced that he would not want me in his department, I was even more anxious than I might otherwise have been not to be under his command, believing that I could be of more service to the country under some other commander.

Accordingly I asked Governor Washburne to see that everything practicable was done to keep my regiment out of General Butler's division, and to have

it sent to the Army of the Potomac. In several other ways that seemed to me proper I also sought to accomplish the same end. General Butler had learned of my efforts to avoid service under him, and that quite naturally did not tend to increase the cordiality of feeling on his part toward me or my regiment.

I was early convinced that the apprehensions which had led me to try to escape the assignment of my regiment to General Butler's division were well founded. Only a few days after meeting the General at Fortress Monroe, and while yet on shipboard with him, I was disposed to yield to what seemed to me a determination to force me to resign, but subsequently decided that it was my duty to remain in the service even though it should continue to appear to me, as it did, that unnecessary obstacles would be thrown in the way even of any opportunities for my usefulness which might offer in the ordinary course.

Referring to this, Adjutant-General Hodsdon, of Maine, in a letter under date of December 12, 1862, wrote:

“Time and history will set all these matters right, and it is safer thus to leave them. You are fulfilling and will fulfil the good hopes of your legions of friends, not only in Maine, but throughout the civilized world.”

My wife and children accompanied me to Boston, and on the 22d of February I bade them good-by. More than two years were to elapse before I should see them again.

CHAPTER XXV.

DIVISION OF MY REGIMENT. I EMBARK WITH FOUR COMPANIES ON STEAMER MISSISSIPPI. THE THIRTY-FIRST MASSACHUSETTS. THE VOYAGE. A STORM. AGROUND.

In Boston my regiment was divided, six companies, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Rust, being ordered to New York, where several of my friends had prepared a reception for the regiment, and a handsome silk banner, inscribed with the number of the regiment and the name of its colonel, was presented to the battalion. In New York, Colonel Rust, with his command, embarked on the steamer Fulton for Ship Island, which they reached about three weeks before I arrived with the other four companies.

Major Hesseltine with Company B., Captain Snell—afterwards Judge Snell, of Washington, D. C.,—Company D., Captain Varney, Company E., Captain Quinby, and Company I., Lieutenant Randall, embarked with me on the new steamer, Mississippi, then in Boston Harbor. There I was to meet for the first time the troops of another state, and this experience was exceedingly agreeable. They were the Thirty-first Massachusetts, Colonel Gooding.

When I went on board I did not know that I was the senior officer, until Colonel Gooding, reporting to me, politely turned over the command, having received his orders to that effect before mine directing me to assume command reached me. Writing home that evening, I said of our new companions:

“The Massachusetts men seem to be gentlemen of intelligence and culture, every way civil, quiet and gentlemanly. The colonel (Gooding) is very much of a gentleman. That regiment, both officers and men, seems to me to be uncommonly good looking. I think it will make an excellent corps; it is yet even greener than mine.”

In the same letter, referring to the expectation then entertained by many, myself among the number, of an early peace, I wrote:

“How soon it comes I care not, provided the peace be such as to promote the interests of the nation, the happiness of the people and especially freedom for the poor slaves.”

With the four companies of the Thirteenth, added to the Massachusetts Thirty-first, the Mississippi was crowded to its full capacity. The ship was new and had never taken even a trial trip. The engines had not been tested, and nothing was known of the reliability of the compasses. The steering gear even had not been tried. Yet on this ship, including her own company, were crowded nearly sixteen hundred men, with all their camp equipage, baggage and material of all sorts, for a long, and, as it afterwards proved, dangerous voyage. So overcrowded was the ship that the men were actually crammed between decks, not a quarter of them having room on deck at the same time for air and exercise.

The lower deck was loaded with coal, shot and shell and a few cannon. On her forecastle deck

was mounted a long rifled cannon, intended for our defense in case we should meet a Confederate privateer. but it was afterwards discovered that there was not a solid shot in all our stores which could be used in that gun — an oversight quite in keeping with much that was done in the hurry, excitement and inexperience of that time. The outlook was not inspiring to those who had had any experience at sea, and perhaps less so to those who had had none. Nevertheless, I was able to write home of the situation:

“Our men are perfectly quiet and contented, and speak well of their quarters, though I thought them very poor when I first saw them. They are down far into the ship where it is not light, even at midday, and only boards are afforded for the men to sleep on, tier over tier, three or four high. They cannot have straw or hay for fear of fire.”

We were on board two days, packed like sardines, before the ship could be got ready for sea. Saturday, the 22d of February, we weighed anchor, and were off for Fortress Monroe, where General Butler was to come on board. In the afternoon, at the request of Colonel Gooding, I called all the officers into the saloon and asked Chaplain Chubbuck of the Thirty-first Massachusetts to read Washington's Farewell Address. Afterwards, at the request of some of the Massachusetts officers, I addressed them. In the evening several of the soldiers came into the saloon with a guitar, and an hour or more was passed in singing.

On Sunday, the 23d, my chaplain held services in the morning, and the chaplain of the Thirty-first Massachusetts in the evening. It was comfortable that day walking on deck without overcoats. I

talked with many of my men who were up for air and exercise. To my pleasure as well as surprise, I found them all quiet and contented, some of them telling me that they had already come to prefer their bare boards to mattresses and pillows!

I quote from a letter written as we were approaching Fortress Monroe:

We are drawing further into the bay, and see many vessels, all of them topsail schooners, engaged, probably, in the transportation of stores and supplies. A gunboat came down upon us, passing very near on our larboard, and manned her rigging and gave us three cheers. We see land now on both sides, on the larboard, within three miles; on the starboard, ten miles away, sandy beaches with a background of ever-green trees. Cape Henry, with its tall white lighthouse, we have just passed on the larboard side, and the broad bay opens before us.

“The breeze freshens directly in our faces; it is cool, but pleasant. Many sea-birds, including ducks and geese, are playing about. In a word, we are having and enjoying a fine May morning. On shore, I doubt not, the temperature is like that of a New England June. We are just off Fortress Monroe, one mile distant. The wind is blowing very fiercely right in our teeth, and has blown our trysail all to pieces, just over our heads. The sailors are trying to brail it. We passed several large war steamers, sixty-gun ships, lying here, which manned their rigging and gave us three cheers as we went by.”

After a little delay at Fortress Monroe to take on additional stores, General Butler came on board. With him were Mrs. Butler, Colonel Dudley, of the Massachusetts Thirtieth, and others.

Our voyage was resumed Tuesday evening, February 25th. The sea was smooth, and everything went on prosperously until Wednesday, when in the afternoon the wind freshened and the sea became rough. General Butler, in his book, has made reference to the storm which we encountered subsequently to leaving

Hampton Roads, and to the imminent danger we were in when we grounded on Frying Pan Shoals. I cannot do better than to quote from what I wrote on the day after that experience:

“About two in the morning the sea became very rough, and Major Hesselstine came to my state-room door and said I had better turn out, as matters seemed to him to be going badly. I asked him to learn particularly the state of affairs and let me know. He returned directly and said that, as nearly as he could learn, the water was getting into the ship, and the fires would be speedily extinguished.”

That was startling information, for certainly if steam could not be kept up the ship would be entirely at the mercy of the storm, which was then raging fiercely and was apparently increasing in violence. Under such circumstances the vessel could not last long. What a prospect, with nearly sixteen hundred men on board! Nevertheless, knowing that to men unacquainted with the sea and with ships every element of danger seems greater than it really is, I determined to see for myself. While I was dressing, Mr. Moore, the chaplain, and the major came in, and we talked the matter over. If the ship remained tight, we decided that the damage could not be so great, as she was a staunch vessel and could endure the storm, if properly handled, even without steam, and we had, at least, forty miles of leeway to the coast.

Because of the storm progress in dressing was slow. When finally I went out into the saloon, the scene was ludicrous in the extreme, despite the dangers of the situation. The officers were assembled there, each clinging with desperation to some fast object; thus only could they avoid being thrown about in every direction. To add to the discomforts of the

occasion, every movable article in the saloon was being thrashed from side to side. The crockery was crashing, torrents of water were pouring in through the skylights overhead, while that already in was dashing and splashing over the floor with every movement of the ship. Outside the wind was shrieking through the rigging, and enormous waves were beating upon the ship, often breaking over its decks with great weight and force.

Meanwhile the scene below, where were quartered fourteen hundred men, almost all of them unaccustomed to the sea, was quite indescribable. I clip here from an account written by Chaplain Moore of the Thirteenth, a short time after the storm, and published in a Portland paper:

“No description can picture the fury of the storm which prevailed. The winds screamed, and the waves roared and dashed upon and over the ship with furious force and rapidity. Water poured into the ship from the deck, and through the skylights, wave upon wave. At one time the water threatened to extinguish the engine fires, but they were kept free by the utmost perseverance and labor of relays of soldiers, bailing away the water as fast as it poured in. The state-rooms were emptied of their occupants, and the cabin filled with the officers of the troops. In the soldiers' apartments, the scene was indescribable, some praying, some cursing, and all in the most awful suspense. About 3.30 A. M., of Thursday, when the gale seemed to have reached its height, we were all in momentary expectation of going to the bottom. A sudden, and awful shock, as of the vessel striking the bottom, brought every man, almost, to the cabin floor, amid the cry, ‘She has struck!’ Men seized each other. I buttoned some mementos of home close to my breast, and, committing myself to God, awaited the result. God's good providence was over us with watchful care. We weathered the night. The morning came—the gale still blowing with violence, and the sea climbing over the sides and dashing upon the deck of the vessel.”

To add to the noise and confusion below, some shot and shell stored in the after part of the ship had broken down the partition which confined them, and, rolling out, had displaced the stanchions which supported some of the tiers of bunks of the men, precipitating a mingled mass of soldiers, boards, shot and shell in the lower part of the ship.

To this time we landsmen had had nothing to do with the vessel, but now, at the request of General Butler, I learned from her officers that the water by which the furnaces were threatened came down the hatches from the deck, and that the fires would be in no danger if we could secure the hatches, which were large and entirely open, the vessel being otherwise tight. They had been left in that way for purposes of ventilation, so many men were packed below. Now it was necessary to close them and to provide other means of securing air. For some reason the ship's company could not attend to this, and as I informed General Butler that there were old sailors in the ranks of the Thirteenth Maine he requested me to do what seemed necessary.

I sent an officer from each of the four companies of the Thirteenth into the hold with orders to summon every sailor among them to the saloon. In a few moments a lot of sailor-soldiers appeared, smiling and jovial, and so cool and easy in the midst of surroundings so distressing to the average landsman that they were an inspiration of hope and courage to all around them. They were all ready for anything there was for them to do, and I told them that the hatches needed to be secured to prevent shipping so much water. "Ay, Ay, Sir!" they cheerily responded, and out on the deck they rushed into the midst of the

howling gale and dashing waters, where no land-lubber could have stood an instant. It was not long before they reported to me that the hatches were secure. That relieved us of all fear that the fires under the boilers would be extinguished.

Remembering now the case of an English steamer, on board of which a number of emigrants perished by suffocation under somewhat similar circumstances, and fearing that the soldiers below, where so many were closely crowded, must suffer from want of air, some of my sailors from the Thirteenth were sent forward to arrange a wind-sail at one of the hatches for ventilation. The next thing was to relieve the vessel of the large quantity of water already shipped. Again I quote from the letter of Chaplain Moore:

“The vessel, during most of the gale, was manned by sailors detached from the Thirteenth Maine regiment, one of whom, a Portland boy, stood at the wheel for *nine hours*. During the excitement of the increasing gale.....there came into the cabin fifteen of the most eager and ready sailors you ever saw, the leader of them saying, ‘Just show us what’s to be done, and we are the men to do it!’ They were instantly on deck, and in the rigging in a trice, hardly awaiting orders, but seeing at a glance just what was wanted. The mate of the vessel remarked, ‘You can’t teach those men anything.’

“It was freely said that under God’s blessing the salvation of the ship from destruction with all her freight of human souls was due to the promptness, courage and skill of those Maine sailors.”

General Butler now asked my opinion of the situation and I replied that if we had fuel enough I saw no cause to apprehend shipwreck. He replied that we were all right, for we had eight days’ coal on hand. Meanwhile my improvised crew of sailors were at work freeing the ship of water. Among them was

Mr. William G. Merrill, of Portland, who had had an extensive experience at sea. At this writing he is mayor of Clinton, Indiana. At the time, he wrote in his diary the story of the bailing of the ship, from which he has sent me the following extracts:

“The pumps were manned, a hole was cut through her bulkhead so that a line of men was formed from the engine-room up through the cabin, and to the windows of the lee side of the saloon cabin, and it was my position to stand at that window and throw the water out on deck as it came up in buckets and pails along a line of eighty odd men. It was a laborious and perilous position for all, for the ship rolled and pitched in the heavy sea so badly that at times it was impossible to keep one's feet and pass the buckets of water. In spite of all precautions, out would go the feet, and man, with bucket and water, would go sprawling down the lee side, and then, as the ship righted and rolled the other way, would come down through the line as if he had been shot out of a cannon, upsetting every man in his course. There were some laughable scenes that night, notwithstanding the peril, but all worked with a will, knowing full well that the safety of the ship and the lives of sixteen hundred men depended upon their work.

“The ship was headed out to sea away from the breakers. From my post at the saloon deck, I could see the long line of white caps. We were so near to them at one time that every sea that broke over us was mixed with the sand from the bottom. It seemed a long time before we began to make any headway either against the wind and sea or the water below, but at length the joyful news came up that the water was not gaining on us, and then, that in the last hour we had gained on the water. About that time I reported that I had almost lost sight of the breakers, and as the ship got into deep water once more the sea was not so rough, and we had but little water on deck. It was a long and weary night, but with the morning came a calmer wind and sea. We had conquered the water and bailed out the ship. Though tired and worn out with the work of the long night, I could not refrain from throwing up my cap and calling for cheers for the bucket crew of the Thirteenth Maine that had saved the ship—and they were given with a will.”

To return again to my own diary:

“In due time came the morning light, disclosing to the eyes of our astonished landsmen the world of waters in wild commotion. We had no breakfast except crackers, cheese, etc., no dinner, but at night the sea became calmer and the table was set.

“The night after the gale was quiet and the water smooth. We went along very nicely, pleasant breezes, a bright sun, and Friday morning promised a charming day. At six A. M., land was discovered ahead, and on our starboard bow, and Cape Fear light was in full view, yet the ship kept steadily on her course. The ship's officers were on deck. Three buoys were seen, two upon our starboard and one upon our larboard bow, and yet the ship kept on.

“A little after eight I was told that one of the soldiers of the Thirteenth Maine wished to speak to me. It was one of the sailors who had been called upon the night before, and he said that he was familiar with that coast and that we were sure soon to be aground. He had been to the pilot-house and said to the officer: ‘That is Cape Fear light, and Frying Pan Shoal is dead ahead. You will be on there in half an hour on this course. If you don't believe me, go and see how the propeller is stirring up the sand.’ But they told him, so he said, to mind his business.

“I supposed that the soldier might be unnecessarily alarmed, because I felt confident that the ship's company knew its course, but an officer came into the saloon at nine A. M. and said that we were aground. I hastened on deck and found the ship at rest, Cape Fear light on our starboard bow, in full view about fifteen miles distant, a mile or two of low coast, and then all water everywhere else, with Frying Pan Shoal directly beneath us. Though there was no wind and the sea was calm, I saw that the peril was far greater than in the storm. A little wind and a little sea would immediately beat us to pieces and set us all afloat. This might come in a few minutes or in a few hours, but it was sure to come very soon.

“The ship was shamefully managed after we struck as well as before. In violation of one of the plainest and most important nautical rules, the anchor was dropped directly under her bows, and in ‘forging ahead’ the ship got a big hole in her bow made by a fluke of the anchor, as any sailor apprentice could have told would have happened. Much precious time was lost by indecision and ignorance.

“At last one boat was lowered and sent off sounding far from the ship, to no purpose, till after repeated urging the bow quarter boats were lowered, and my sailor-soldiers got the two remaining boats off the top of a round house, where they lay, bottom up, with no proper means of getting them off, but by dint of hard work they were got off at last and safely over the side.

“It was a wonder to all who knew anything of ships where the command was all this time. There was one order I heard, and only one, in a quick, decided manner, and that was, ‘Let go the anchor!’ a command that should not have been given at all. The expedients resorted to were all temporary and inefficient. In that situation a sail was discovered, an announcement that brought joy to us all. A signal of distress was set, at first a flag, union up. This mistake was discovered in a few minutes, and it was reversed. The sail proved to be a steamer, but she lay off and would not come near. Finally a boat was sent off to her, when she came cautiously on, feeling her way with the lead. The hesitation at first was because we were thought to be a Confederate hoisting a flag of distress as a decoy. It was the United States gunboat Mount Vernon.

“It was now deemed important to lighten our ship as much as possible by the transference of soldiers to the Mount Vernon. As she could accommodate but three hundred, it was decided that the four companies of the Thirteenth Maine should be sent. By two o'clock in the afternoon the wind began to rise and so did the sea, and I got permission to begin the work of sending off our men. Every moment was important. Until the ship was lightened she could not move, and if we were caught where we were with any sea there would be no hope for us.

“To ship our men into the tossing boats alongside rapidly and safely was not easy. The soldiers, many of them, were from the interior, and had never seen salt water before this voyage, and to keep them from hindering and delaying the work by their clumsiness and timidity was a very hard task indeed. General Butler wanted the men to go with arms, knapsacks and accoutrements complete, but as the point was to lighten the ship as speedily as possible I did not think it worth while to permit twenty-six tons of dead weight and equipage to take the place of forty tons of living men, for forty tons of men, and more, unencumbered, could embark in the time occupied in loading twenty-six tons of dead weight,

especially as the sea was now rough and the wind had risen. So I quietly had the men put off everything but their clothes as they came to the gangway, and in this way relieved the ship much more rapidly, and it proved a wise precaution, for we had no time to lose. Before this one of our men at the Mount Vernon, with knapsack on, had fallen overboard and having swam around to the rudder, rested upon it, took off his knapsack, passed it up, and then climbed up by a rope.

“As all of my regiment on the Mississippi was to be transferred to the Mount Vernon, and as I intended to remain on the former, I directed Major Hesseltine to proceed to the Mount Vernon. I also sent our chaplain there to be out of harm's way. After my men had all been safely transferred, which was before it became dark, General Butler advised me to follow, but I declined, believing that I could be of more assistance where I was.

“While I had been occupied with superintending the transfer of the soldiers, Acting-Master Henry L. Sturgis, of the Mount Vernon, with an assistant, had been making preparations to get the Mississippi off the shoal, an undertaking which for a long time seemed doubtful. A large hawser had been stretched from the Mount Vernon and made fast to the Mississippi, that the former might help to get the latter off when sufficiently lightened and the tide should serve.

“At five P. M., the steamer moved a little and thumped several times, but not very hard, with the roughening sea. The last three boats had just been loaded with my men, and had there been more to go the movement of the ship must have suspended that work, so I immediately went forward to the pilot-house to watch the progress of events. The sailing-master of the Mount Vernon was in charge there, while a man was in the chains with a lead to ascertain if the ship moved, and how much.

“The sailing-master now ordered the engine to be put into full action. While he kept his eye upon the line the ship must take, if any, I watched the man in the chains repeating to the sailing-master the reports of the leadsmen of the result of his constant soundings. But the water steadily deepened upon the whole, though there were many variations. We moved steadily, however, until we got clear of the danger, when I began to attend to our boats, six in number, which were out, and it was now quite dark.

“Two of these were heavily laden with soldiers whom they could not take on the Mount Vernon. They were landmen,

all unaccustomed to such experiences. We got a lantern up at our peak to guide our boats, and lay to, to allow them to come up, which they found it difficult to do, as the wind and tide were very hard in their teeth, and their oarsmen were very tired. Such a time as we had of it! The ship's crew were all busy about their own affairs, and there were far too few of them for that, and as all my sailor soldiers had been taken away from me to help work the ship the landlubbers were left to themselves. By that time I had established a reputation as somewhat of a 'salt,' but I was altogether too fresh for such work as I had that awful day.

"The first boat came, a rope was thrown, caught, and the boat danced and jumped up to the ladder. Another boat came up, and was ordered to catch the first boat and hold on, being careful not to stove, as the sea was now quite rough. Another boat came and did the same, and now we had three — two of them filled with men — and a hard time we had of it to get these men from those jumping boats in the dark, as they could not stand in such uneasy craft, and were obliged to creep, while strong efforts were necessary to keep the boats from staving.

"Finally, and in good time and safety, the men and the boats were all taken up. We had now a general handshaking among the officers, and heartfelt congratulations at our escape, which vividly seemed to us to have been by direct interposition of a kind and merciful Providence. We kept on now in the wake of the Mount Vernon, guided by her lights, and about ten P. M., came to anchor with our consort at the mouth of Cape Fear river."

Some allowance must be made for the inexperience of landsmen in such matters, but it was my own solemn conviction at the time, and I have never changed it since, that, under God, the service rendered, both at the time of the storm and the shipwreck, by the soldiers of the Thirteenth Maine contributed most materially to the saving of the Mississippi with her freight of nearly sixteen hundred men. I wrote to my family at the time:

"As to the imminent dangers we have encountered and escaped I think the general feeling is, even among undevout

men, that our safety was due solely to the gracious and direct interposition of a kind and merciful Providence, but there has been no adequate expression of gratitude on board ship. At our first meal after our escape from the shoal I spoke to a chaplain about availing himself of the occasion and giving thanks for our great deliverance, but he did not. I do not see how a clergyman with heart and brains could justify himself for such omission."

After we came to anchor off Cape Fear, General Butler appointed a board of survey upon the Mississippi. The board subsequently reported as follows:

" STEAMSHIP MISSISSIPPI, }
 AT ANCHOR OFF CAPE FEAR, N. C. }
 March 1, 1862. }

" *General*: — In obedience to your orders, the undersigned appointed by you a board of survey to ascertain the condition of the ship and her ability to continue the voyage on which she is bound, have attended to that duty, and have the honor to report :

" That on examining the ship they find a very formidable leak on her port bow, made by the anchor which was dropped when she went on the shoals. The quantity of water passing by this leak is very large, so that very soon after the fracture was made the water in the forward compartment rose to the level of the external water. A large fatigue party was arranged with frequent reliefs, aided by a deck pump worked by twelve men, the bailing and pumping continued without intermission for twenty hours, by which the water has not been much, if at all, reduced below its original height, and cannot be by any means at the command of the ship, or the military force on board. The valves communicating between the forward compartment and the steam-pumps cannot be opened, as these are required to keep the furnaces free from water having access to them by other leakages, the nature of which the undersigned have no means of ascertaining.

" The bailing and pumping have been carried on in smooth water, with the ship on an even keel, and the former could not be continued at all in a heavy sea.

" The quartermaster reports to us that we have only an allowance of bread for five days, and our other provisions, he thinks, are under water forward.

“In view of these facts, the undersigned have formed the opinion unanimously and most unqualifiedly that the ship is not in a condition to continue her voyage, except to a near port, and that only under convoy of a ship which could render us any needed assistance, or could cover us with her guns, if we should be compelled to abandon the steamer, and make a landing on a hostile coast.

“The undersigned have been forced to the conclusion that it is expedient to make the attempt to reach another anchorage, our present position being an open roadstead, where the ship cannot lie in a southeast gale. Most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

NEAL DOW, *Col. 13th Maine Reg. Vol.*

HENRY L. STURGIS, *Acting-Master U. S. N.*

CARDINAL H. CONANT, *Capt. 31st Reg. Mass. Vol.”*

This report General Butler sent to Captain Glisson, of the Mount Vernon, with the following note:

“HEADQUARTERS EXPEDITIONARY CORPS, }
ON BOARD STEAMER MISSISSIPPI, }
OFF CAPE FEAR, N. C., March 1, 1862. }

COMMANDER O. S. GLISSON, U. S. Navy.

Sir:—I respectfully request that you will, in view of the disabled condition of this ship, accompany us with the Mount Vernon as a convoy to Port Royal, S. C., or to such other point intermediate as may hereafter be decided upon.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

BENJ. F. BUTLER, *Major General.*

P. S. I send herewith copy of report of board of survey, this day convened by my order.

B. F. BUTLER.”

To this request Captain Glisson assented, and also detailed from his ship Acting-Master Henry L. Sturgis to take charge of the Mississippi.

At our anchorage off Cape Fear we were near Fort Caswell, on which at daylight the Confederate flag was in full sight—and such a galloping about as there was of horsemen and hurried driving here and there of wagons, and such columns of smoke as were

made to rise as signals were all very agreeable to see. It indicated that while we were very much troubled with our crippled condition so near a hostile shore, they were alarmed by our proximity to them. It was a case where both sides desired to be let alone.

They took us, no doubt, to be a man-of-war, full of troops, and supposed that it was our intent to shell them out of their mud fort and then to occupy it ourselves. They did not know that we were a distressed body of castaways, in a ship with the forward compartment filled with water, that we were two feet down by the head, with a list of two streaks to port, and that we were in no condition to fight even a fishing smack armed with a rifled twelve-pounder.

We were well off, considering where we had been, but they could hardly have expected that we had run upon Frying Pan Shoals in broad day and a clear sun, with a lighthouse in plain sight, and two buoys in full view marking out the channel. That shore is as well known to all good seamen as is Fanueil Hall to Bostonians; in fact, in being there we were a hundred miles out of our way.

Our Confederate neighbors were evidently relieved, as we were not, when the Mount Vernon went off seaward out of view. But the sensation was reversed when in a few hours she returned with an English schooner in tow which she had caught trying to run the blockade. The prize was loaded with coffee, salt, sugar and fruit.

After the report of the board of inquiry referred to we proceeded to Port Royal under convoy of the Mount Vernon. When off Charleston the Mount Vernon was two miles in our wake, and one of the blockading vessels, evidently supposing her to be pur-

suing us, started and came down upon us to cut us off, but when near enough to see what we were sheered off and waited for our protecting gunboat to come up.

Arriving at Port Royal we disembarked, and a hard time we had. However, the work was finally accomplished with the aid of some boat crews sent to our assistance from a man-of-war. I appropriated for the use of my men a long, low shed, newly built by the government for the storage of hay. It was only a roof set up on posts, with poles for a floor. We arranged the bales of hay in a rampart on the windward side — a stiff gale was blowing, with a little rain — then, covering the pole floor with boards, we had a palace.

We had hardly more than anchored there when a sutler's schooner came alongside the Mississippi with liquor to sell. I sent a soldier ^{on} board to ascertain if liquor was for sale there, and, finding that to be the case, despatched an officer with my compliments to the captain, and the message that if he sold any liquor at all I would have him tied to our masthead. There was no trouble from that source.

While at Port Royal, a son of Noah Smith, of Calais, Me., called upon me. He told me that there were two men in prison and in irons there for selling liquor. One was the captain of a large, fine bark lying there, the other the consignee. This imprisonment was by order of General Sherman, who would not permit liquor to be sold where he commanded.

We left Port Royal on the 13th of March. Meanwhile I had been transferred with the four companies of the Thirteenth Maine to the steamer Matanzas. She was not as good a ship as the Mississippi, but she had a more careful and competent captain. After we

left her, the unfortunate, or ill-commanded, Mississippi got aground once more. It may be noted, by the way, that afterwards the unlucky craft got into trouble at Ship Island. In a gale she ran amuck among the shipping there and smashed things up in fearful style. The superstitiously inclined attributed it to her being launched on Friday. Certain it was that she sailed on a Friday from Boston, was upon Frying Pan Shoals on a Friday, and had her trouble at Ship Island on a Friday.

I found that Captain Liesegang, of the Matanzas, was a man after my own heart on the subject of liquor. He would not tolerate it on his ship. He said that he once saw in mid-ocean an English vessel flying a signal of distress. He bore down upon her and hove to, supposing she was suffering for want of food or water, or from some other great calamity. But no, a boat was put off to his ship, to beg, or borrow or buy some whiskey. Their supply had been exhausted three days before, and they could stand the abstinence no longer. He told them that he had no whiskey, never carried any, but could give them a better article, whereat the boarding-officer was very profuse in his thanks, supposing that it must at least be brandy. He was much disgusted when Captain Liesegang returned from his cabin with a bundle of tracts, telling John Bull he would find them better than whiskey.

The evening before our departure from Port Royal an officer from General Butler came on board, accompanied by the captain of the Mississippi, and said that he desired to speak to me privately. He put an order in my hands from the General, committing the captain to my care, with instructions not to permit him to

leave the ship. Many rumors were in circulation as to the cause of the mishap which befell the Mississippi under his charge, and while I fully approved of deposing the captain I regretted that he was placed in my keeping. In explanation of the grounding on Frying Pan Shoals he said that the rifles of the soldiers on the ship had affected the compasses so much as to change her course. That was possible, but when he found himself one hundred miles out of his reckoning, and Cape Fear light directly before him in broad day, with the edge of a shoal under foot, the rifles did not compel him to keep on, and could not have prevented him from stopping short and sounding, as he should have done.

I found Captain Liesegang a true sailor, vigilant and intelligent in his profession, though his opportunities for obtaining knowledge outside of that had been limited. We found to our great advantage that he liked a good table, and nothing was lacking in that particular.

On the Matanzas there was room and opportunity for re-establishing discipline and enforcing rules as to keeping the arms and equipments in order. In a day or two the rifles, which had become badly rusted from their exposure and neglect on the Mississippi, were in perfect condition, and everything else was speedily set to rights.

We arrived at Ship Island on the 20th of March, my birthday, and found the other six companies of the regiment there, they having had a passage without unusual incident.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN CAMP AT SHIP ISLAND. MY ANTISLAVERY SYMPATHIES
AND POLICY. EMPLOYMENT OF NEGROES AS SOL-
DIERS. HOSTILITY TO ME EXCITED BY
MY OBSERVANCE OF ARMY REG-
ULATIONS AS TO LIQUOR.

We went into camp at Ship Island as soon as possible after our arrival. Soon after I landed General Butler sent for me, and we had a very pleasant interview, far different from that at Fortress Monroe when he first came on board the Mississippi. This is what I wrote at the time of our meeting at Ship Island:

“General Butler was very courteous and polite, asking my opinion and professing to defer to my judgment. He asked me if I would be willing to go to Galveston with Captain Fulton in command. I said yes, especially if Captain Sturgis (the sailing-master of the Mount Vernon) could go as adviser. The General replied that he would not be willing to go with him as captain, but he would be willing to go with me as captain. If he was sincere, I must have inspired him with confidence at the time of the Frying Pan Shoals incident. If he was not sincere, I do not know what motive he may have for endeavoring to please me with such a remark.”

There was nothing to do except to prepare my regiment as fully as possible for whatever duty it

might be called upon to perform. In this work my efforts were so heartily seconded by the field and most of the line officers that the Thirteenth became marked for the perfection of its drill, the thoroughness of its discipline, the cleanliness and good order of its camp and the excellent morale of its men. It goes without saying that there was, to my knowledge, no drunkenness in my regiment.

On the 28th of March, 1862, General Butler issued the following order:

“HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, }
SHIP ISLAND, March 28, 1862. }

General Orders No. 7.

It has come to the knowledge of the commanding-general that, notwithstanding all his efforts to prevent the introduction of intoxicating liquors into this island and among his command to be used as a beverage, we are still followed by this curse of the army. Forbidden by every regulation, prohibited by official authority, condemned by experience, it still clings to the soldier, although more deadly in this climate than the rifle. All sales, therefore, in this department will be punished by immediate expulsion of the party offending, if a civilian, by court martial if an officer or soldier. All intoxicating liquors kept for sale or to be used as a beverage will be seized and destroyed or confiscated to hospital uses.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER,
GEO. C. STRONG, *A. A. General.*”

In a letter of the same date, commenting on that order, I wrote, “In other regiments there has been some intoxication, to what extent I do not know, but in the Thirteenth Maine not a single case.” The army regulations on this point were all the more easily enforced in its ranks because of the cordial co-operation of my officers, and also, without doubt, because the men were confident that there were no private supplies of liquor for their

commander. The same was true almost to the same extent as to profanity, of which there was very little. That, too, was prohibited by the regulations, and I insisted on the observance of the rule. I had had occasion on the Matanzas to reprove a sergeant of one of my companies for that vice, and had improved the opportunity to call the attention of my command to the army regulations and to convince them that the offense would not be lightly overlooked. Here, too, the officers of the Thirteenth generally aided in setting a good example, and in other ways making it easy to enforce the rule. The following quotation is from a letter written to my home on the 17th of May, 1862:

“The naval and military service of every country in time of war is corrupting to both officers and men engaged in it, and must always be so. I do not believe there is a regiment in the world where the influences are better than in the Thirteenth Maine, where the officers generally set a better example and in which there are fewer men of lax morals and manners. At a court martial lately where were present seven colonels, I remarked that I had never heard a profane word from any of my officers, that I never permitted a profane word in my hearing from any soldier without reproof and rebuke, and that lately I had heard none at all. The man from whom I last heard profanity I ordered to stand on a barrel head one hour as a punishment, and I have heard none since. One colonel remarked that it would require all the barrels on the island to accommodate the swearers in his regiment. Perhaps the headquarters’ example was not what it should be.”

Of course I did not swear, and made it a point never to speak to any officer or man with abusive tone or manner. If there was occasion to correct an officer, it was always done quietly and privately, and that rule I required other officers in my regiment to observe in all their dealings with the soldiers.

The self-respect of officers and men was thus preserved, and, as a result, everything was more orderly and soldierly than was the case in some regiments where nearly every word of command to a subordinate was given in an insulting manner, while necessary correction or reproof was administered in a coarse, brutal way, accompanied with volleys of oaths. Nevertheless, I was very particular to maintain discipline as exact and punctilious as in the regulars. This is not easy among volunteers not likely to recognize the importance of little things, and who are soldiering temporarily, hoping and expecting the war soon to end that they may return to their vocations.

On one occasion I woke at night and found it raining. Seeing no sentinel at his accustomed post, I investigated and learned that the officer of the guard had called in all the sentries when it commenced to rain, and the entire camp was unguarded. That struck me as being so comical that I could not control my laughter sufficiently to scold at a blunder gross enough certainly to call for severe reproof. And yet reference to another of my letters, under date of July 1, 1862, shows that I, too, could relax in discipline when it seemed safe to do so.

“This afternoon we had a rain squall. Oh, how black it was! How it blew, and how it did rain! I called my sentinel in under the shelter of my ‘fly.’ I wonder what Mr. Russell, of the *Times*, would say to that. He would make a laugh out of it, at the unmilitary fashions of the Yankees. It isn’t a fashion at all. I suppose no general ever did it before, and yet, away off here, not in the face of an enemy, I did it as so much toward preserving the health of the man. It is said of Washington that during the terrible winter at Valley Forge he came out one cold morning after breakfast and asked his sentinel if he had breakfasted. ‘No, General,’

was the answer. ‘Go in, my good fellow, and Mrs. Washington will give you a warm breakfast, and let me have your musket and stand guard awhile!’ And he did. I have been in the house where this occurred, and stood on the broad door-stone where Washington acted as sentry before his own quarters. Many offers have been made for the purchase of that stone, but the owner values it above money.”

Every evening at dress parade, so long as I remained with the regiment, there were religious exercises, singing and prayers before the parade was dismissed. This was doubtless irksome to some, but on the whole it had an excellent effect. I was anxious to show, and did so to my satisfaction, that brutality, coarseness, drunkenness, profanity and other vices common in camp life were not necessary to make good soldiers. Meanwhile the strictest attention was also paid to all the ordinary routine of a well-ordered camp.

During my stay on Ship Island there was not much else to do, and all my time that could be spared from the details of the work required to accomplish this was devoted to the study of military works, to writing letters for publication in Great Britain for the purpose already alluded to, and to correspondence with my family. My sojourn here extended from the 20th of March to the 12th of July, and almost every evening, from supper to bedtime, was given to such work. Every day we had “news”—we knew not from where—of more or less consequence. It is a matter for astonishment, not that we got so little reliable information as to what had really been done by our comrades in arms in other departments, but that so many rumors of important events should get credence among us.

Two or three times prior to my departure from the island the whole camp was alive with the joyful

expectation of a speedy termination of the war, based upon the reported capture of Richmond and other serious Confederate reverses. So convinced were we of the truth of those reports, that on the 20th of May, 1862, the day after receiving my commission as brigadier-general, I wrote:

“I had thought very little about my nomination as such, as I supposed there might be doubt about the confirmation, since the war is so nearly ended.”

There was opportunity at Ship Island to give prominence, in a small way, to the antislavery character and effect of the war, and this some time before the administration came to view it in that light. Negroes were constantly escaping to my camp from the mainland, and were always kindly received. Places were found for them where they could be of service to us and earn something for themselves. On one occasion, at Pass Christian, just as our boat, in which, with six companies of the “Thirteenth,” I was making an excursion, touched the wharf, a negro came running to our steamer at the top of his speed, chased by his “massa.” The former jumped on board; not so the latter, who turned back, leaving the negro, thenceforth, to all intents, dead to him, in our hands.

On another occasion, at Pass Christian, I was sitting on a veranda with several prominent citizens as my regiment passed. The soldiers were accompanied by a negro who had escaped to Ship Island from that place but a day or two before. One of the gentlemen noticed him and said: “That is Mr. So-and-so’s boy. It is aggravating to see him there.” “Yes,” I said, “it must be very vexatious.” “Now, won’t you give him up? It would have an excellent

effect, and show the people that the war is not really for abolition, as they now believe, and as this incident will assure them that it is." "No, I cannot give him up, as there is no law for it. The fugitive slave law provides for the recovery of slaves escaping from one state to another, which does not cover this case." "Yes, but we have laws covering the cases of all escaped slaves." "That is true, but I owe no allegiance to Mississippi laws, and am here in contravention of them." "Well, General Butler has surrendered several slaves who have escaped to his camp." "So I hear, but he is a major-general, and can venture to take responsibilities that I cannot."

My visit to Pass Christian was occasioned by a report that some of its citizens had been seriously maltreated for bringing fruits and vegetables to sell to us at Ship Island, and some for only speaking to our officers and soldiers. In a little meeting in a grove, I spoke to them from an Indian mound—the same spot on which General Taylor made the only speech of his life—and warned them very clearly and emphatically that there must be no repetition of such an offense, and that no man would be permitted by me to suffer at their hands for his Union sympathies. The result was a very earnest promise of better conduct. It had its effect, for a few days after our vegetable man came and said he was not molested there and that he would continue to supply us.

All my antislavery convictions were strengthened, and all my natural sympathies for the slaves were aroused by incidents which were constantly occurring. From a letter before me written on the 21st of June, 1862, I quote:

“A negro, about twenty-five years old, came in to-day from Mobile. He worked his way to Biloxi, about seventy miles, there got a little dugout, hardly larger than a bread-trough, with two little oars, and in it he came over the bay, fourteen miles, to us. The wind came up high. It was in the night, and the waves rose. He was guided by a star. His boat overturned, he lost his oars, and, in the confusion, lost also his star. After a great deal of trouble, he got the water out of his boat, crawled in again and paddled with his hands. That is all.

“He came to my office, wet, tired, but so bright and glad. He is a very happy darkey. They threatened to hang him because of his loyal sympathies, and he determined to join the Yankees. Straight as an arrow, lithe as a leopard, he is quite able to take good care of himself. He told me that he had been a wagoner for the Confederates and was at Corinth at the battle. If he were a white man, and had done all this for liberty, he would be lionized as a hero.

“Alone in the dark, on a stormy sea, ignorant of the way, in a craft no better than a watering-trough, upset by the boisterous waves, clinging to his little shallop, struggling successfully to free it from the water, paddling with his hands for liberty — whither God only knew, as he had lost the star — wet, weary and doubting; overturned the second time, now struggling for his life; successful once more in righting his tiny craft and getting the water out, and now, aided by the coming day, he reaches his desired haven, paddling all the while with his hands. If a white man had done so much, or half, he would be justly regarded by everybody as very brave. This poor black is nothing but a slave. There are many, even in the North, who would say, ‘Give him the lash!’”

Again, from a letter written on the 10th of July, 1862:

“A contraband has just arrived. He came from Mississippi, one hundred miles in the interior, to the coast, picking his way along to avoid being seized. He found a bit of a skiff and took it, paddling away for dear life — or liberty, which is dearer — without ever having seen salt water before, or knowing which way to go to find the Yankees. By and by, he saw land, Cat Island, and went on shore to build a fire and cook his little dinner and rest. When he went back to the shore, his little skiff was gone, and he was imprisoned

there, the island being uninhabited, until to-day, when we brought him off. All for liberty! If he were only an Anglo-Saxon! But he is only a negro. By his dress I judge him to be a plantation negro. He is tall, athletic, bright and intelligent, twenty-five or thirty years old, and in the 'good old times when cotton was king' was valued at, perhaps, from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred or more, dollars. Doubtless some of our friends will hold me heartless because I do not shed tears of sympathy for those who have lost such a valuable piece of property, and say I am wrong not to issue an order which would be more agreeable to the 'massa' than to the slave."

I was glad to encourage these people to come. They were escaping from slavery to freedom. All my past as a man led me to sympathize with them on that account. I had military reasons, also, for my course in this. Those negroes were able to relieve our soldiers of much work in a climate to which they were not accustomed, thus sparing their health and strength for the work of the government.

In a letter to my family, I find, under date of September 5, 1862:

"Slavery is about played out here. Two contrabands wanted to go up river, forty miles, and get their families. I gave them a pass to go and return. They did not get their families, as all the slaveholders rallied to prevent, and were going to seize the men, who showed my pass, and their masters dared not touch them. They came back in open day, two 'fifteen-hundred dollar darkies!' The slaveholders gave General Dow a very particular blessing as a 'nigger thief,' but respected the pass."

I believed from the beginning in the policy of enlisting the negroes as soldiers, and, in a letter written under date of June 9, 1862, now before me, wrote, referring to the number of slaves that had escaped to my camp:

"If we had enough of them here, I would like very much to put them under drill to see what we could make of them.

I have no doubt but that they would make excellent soldiers, strong, active, hardy, patient and willing to learn, and especially to fight for liberty. I would like to try a regiment or brigade of them very much, and if the war is to go on it will certainly come to that.

“I have let the captain of the war-ship *Morning Light* have a full boat's crew of darkies, all jet black, twelve in number, and a very fine crew it is.”

In a letter, written under date of July 22, 1862, from Fort St. Philip, I find the following:

“Yesterday morning a steamer from New Orleans came here with about one hundred and fifty contrabands with a letter from General Phelps suggesting that they would make good artillerists. I answered that I would pick out crews for a couple of guns, train them carefully and try the experiment, and that I had no scruples in employing any muscle in this war that is ready, willing and able to fight.”

And this reminds me that for some time after arriving at Fort St. Philip, and until I could instruct them, there was no man among my soldiers who knew how to load or to fire a cannon, and I was obliged at first to do this in person to show them how, but soon got some very respectable gunners. Later still, in August, when there was a rumor that Fort St. Philip was to be attacked, I telegraphed to New Orleans for one hundred more negroes and a full supply of boarding-pikes with which to arm them.

In the meantime, some of those negroes had become fairly efficient gunners, and on the 13th of August, 1862, I had the pleasure, on the occasion of a call of Admiral Farragut upon me, to give him the first salute he received from the army as “Admiral,” he having hoisted his broad pennon the day before. He appeared particularly pleased when told of what material I had made the gunners who had fired the salute.

The Admiral I judged to be about my own age, shorter and lighter than I, and very active and wiry and full of spirit. We became very good friends, and frequently exchanged calls. We had many confidential chats about the policies and methods adopted in the conduct of the war, as to which we were in full accord. He was not at all pleased with the efforts in some quarters to deprive the navy of the credit of the capture of New Orleans.

There are many who would take with much allowance what I might say about the damage suffered at times by the Union cause through intemperance, but Admiral Farragut was very emphatic in his expressions of regret and disgust at the embarrassment and loss because of the drinking habits of many officers, both in the army and navy.

The Admiral had a great contempt for iron-clad rams, saying that they were clumsy and unwieldy. He had his own ship closely plated with heavy chains on the sides opposite the boilers. This, he told me, he had found to be very useful, as in other places she had been much cut up by shot and shell which had struck her.

In August, 1862, I wrote:

“I have now three hundred loyal blacks at this fort (St. Philip) and say about one hundred and fifty at Fort Jackson. What is to become of them when we move is a grave question. I do not know how to solve it with any light I have at present. With a proclamation of emancipation, which must and will come, all would be easy and simple. After the war, the negroes' labor will be a necessity here upon the plantations, and much more with it.”

Again, under date of September 1, 1862:

“They (the negroes) come in such numbers that we cannot find profitable and regular employment for them, and their

keep is becoming very costly. I see no way of speedily solving this question without a military enrollment and employment. In that way we could make them earn their keep immediately, and I am confident that we could make good soldiers of all the young negroes, at a vast saving to the government and to the consternation of the Confederates.

“Nothing, in my opinion, would go so far to compel the substantial men in the South into speedy submission as a vigorous and systematic enrollment, arming and training of the negroes. I feel confident that this must come before the rebellion will be or can be suppressed, and I regret exceedingly that we must spend yet hundreds of millions and sacrifice thousands of lives before the northern mind will come to that point, or the administration can see it.”

While writing in that vein, I was also doing all that I could to abolish slavery as to individuals. The negroes soon learned that I was friendly to them, and manifested their appreciation of it in a great variety of ways. Here is an incident taken from a letter written in October, 1862, from Pensacola:

“A very good looking woman came here a few days ago and said she was keeping house, earning money and paying wages to her master. I told her she might or might not continue at that, as she pleased. She said her master had her two children, ten and eight years old. I told her I could do nothing about that, but if she could get them quietly into her apartments I would protect them there. Yesterday she came and said she had the children, but Master came and ‘twitched’ them away and whipped them. I instantly sent an orderly with her and recovered the children. The master came, but I told him plainly that slavery would meet with no protection or favor from me. He said he gave nine hundred dollars for the woman and four hundred and fifty dollars for the children. I asked him how much he would give for another lot like them, and he said, ‘nothing.’ He saw that that kind of property was no longer of value.”

Again, in a letter written in November, 1862, reference is made to a conversation with a Union man who asked me for permission to “persuade” his negroes,

who had escaped into my lines, to return with him. I asked him what kind of persuasion he wished to use. He laughed and replied that the southern way of persuading negroes left little to the choice of the subjects of it. When I told him that I could not permit that kind of persuasion he said that nothing less would answer his purpose, and we laughingly changed the subject, and he did not attempt to "persuade" his slaves to return.

After my promotion to brigadier-general, whether in command at Ship Island, at the forts on the Mississippi, at Pensacola or at Carrollton, my policy in dealing with the people of the district under my charge was to exercise the utmost solicitude for the safety and comfort of Union sympathizers, black or white, (and there were not a few of the latter) and to be as considerate as possible of the poor and ignorant whites who had been led into the war, and to make our presence as uncomfortable as possible—modified only by humane considerations—for the open and avowed opponents of our government. Nevertheless, in all my personal intercourse with the Confederates I was as courteous and considerate as possible, and never heard of one falling into my hands who professed to have cause for complaint.

Political prisoners committed to my care for no other reason than their anti-Union opinions, or to prevent their rendering aid to the enemy, and of whom there were many thorough gentlemen, were shown every consideration consistent with the purpose for which they were held. So long as they observed the necessary restrictions pertaining to their situation, they were made as comfortable as possible. When in my turn I was a prisoner of

war, some of those who had been in my custody as prisoners, among them Mayor Monroe, of New Orleans, took great pains to reciprocate by their kind attentions as far as practicable what they were pleased to term my kindnesses to them, and through their influence I was made much more comfortable than would otherwise have been the case.

Among our own officers I was brought in contact, of course, with those who did not agree with me as to liquor, profanity, slavery or the treatment of negroes who had escaped from their masters. With many of these I was on good terms personally, our differences of opinion not affecting our relations in the least. There were some, however, who seemed to live on liquor and to gather strength from it for their chief accomplishment, profanity; and between such and myself there could be no agreeable intercourse. Some of them went out of their way to make me a butt for all sorts of jokes, and others even sought to annoy and insult me. My indifference to all such only served, in some cases, to incite them to greater efforts in the same direction. I am more surprised now than I was at the time by the extent of the trouble some of them took to make my stay in the department as disagreeable to me as possible.

On one occasion a party of officers in my brigade arranged for a "good time," making out a requisition on the quartermaster for ten gallons of whiskey, "as necessary for their health," and sending it to me for approval, which was refused. Immediately one of the officers called upon me to urge approval. I replied that that was prohibited by a general order of the commanding-general; that we were doing our



RESIDENCE OF NEAL DOW.

best to correct and prevent drunkenness among the soldiers, and we could do it easier if they understood that the same rules applied to officers; and, besides, that the whiskey in the quartermaster's hands was for use in the hospitals and not for the purpose for which they wished it.

The requisition was not approved, and several of the disappointed applicants became very bitter, and afterwards had opportunities, which they improved, to subject me to great inconvenience. One of them, while serving as a staff-officer, filled out an order whereby I was sent on horseback, twenty-four miles, on a mission that might have been performed as well by an orderly. He got the order signed by the commanding-general, who, afterwards assured me that he had no idea that it was addressed to me.

That was far from being the most annoying of the vexations which such officers were providing at every opportunity for "that temperance crank and abolitionist, General Dow." Some of these men actually thought, so they said, that it was better for an officer to be frequently so drunk as to be incapable of duty than not to use intoxicants at all. Some of them were naturally good fellows, had had early advantages and had been well brought up, but their drinking habits had so grown upon them that they had become coarse, vulgar, brutal in appearance and conversation, and had reached a point where they probably thought that to be a gentleman one must drink, to be emphatic and decided one must swear, and that it was becoming to an officer to be rude, insulting and abusive to the soldiers under his command.

While referring to the habits in this particular of

some officers, I am reminded that even those of us who did not drink at all were often made the subjects of misleading stories. Occasionally a newspaper correspondent amused himself and the readers of his journal with a canard at my expense, and some of these were taken up and circulated over the English-speaking world. Some of them were ill-natured and false in whole and in part, without a shadow of foundation, others good-natured and funny, with enough of truth as a basis to make them really amusing. It is hardly worth space to refer to any of these particularly, but one incident occurred which I thought worthy in an idle moment of mention in a letter written from the City Hotel, New Orleans, on the 13th of July, 1862, to my home circle, naturally interested in the most insignificant details of my daily life:

“The head waiter, a darkey, is a character, and is very deferential to the ‘General,’ and hopes he is ‘comfortable.’ This afternoon he brought me a pitcher of ice water, and, with Landlord Woodward’s compliments, a tumbler of mint julep, iced, minted and dusted with pulverized sugar, and with a glass tube, ‘all ready.’ He waited as if to see me take it, but I told him to set it down, which he did. Just before dinner, he came up to notify me that dinner was almost ready, and, seeing the julep, said: ‘Oh, dat’s all dead now!’ ‘Well,’ I said, ‘I never drink at all.’ ‘Ah, I tought you was one o’ dem dat indulged.’ ‘No, I never do.’ ‘Oh, all right.’ ‘Yes, I mean to keep all right.’ ‘Yah! yah!’ Exit waiter with the ‘dead’ julep, to appear probably at the bar with an empty glass.”

Having gossiped to that extent of a trivial matter which might amuse my family, I thought no more about it. But it was not long before many of the papers were telling a story something like it, and commenting upon it. Here is the first form in which it was published, clipped from a New York paper:

“ A day or two ago my eyes were attracted by a diminutive little man, carrying the significant shoulder-strap of a brigadier-general. I had great confidence in his skill and courage and in his military knowledge, for I knew that Marion was small in body, and so was Dr. Watts. The general came to my hotel and proceeded upstairs. In a few moments, the attentive landlord, hearing that he had a live brigadier-general in the house, without asking the clerk for his name, only asked for his number, which obtaining, said landlord rushed into the bar-room, and had a julep mixed, of standard strength, and ornamented with an immense amount of ‘greens,’ which ostentatiously stuck up, making the ‘institution’ look more like a flower-pot than a genial beverage. This chemical and vegetable combination, sustained by a waiter of unusual politeness, was handed in to ‘21’ with the landlord’s compliments.

“ In due course of time the tumbler returned as dry as a gourd, the mint all wilted ; in fine, it seemed as if a sirocco had passed over it. And what of that? Only, gentle reader, that the general was General Neal Dow, the author of the Maine Liquor Law, the commander at Fort Jackson, whose orderly, no doubt, appropriated to himself the landlord’s honest hospitality.”

A lively newspaper man had thus improved a good chance to make a paragraph which he was confident would go the rounds. It did, and was variously commented upon, not always in the good-natured way in which the story was originally told. Here is a sample of many of the comments:

“ This is frightful. Neal Dow, who but a few years ago was not contented unless all mankind forswore eternal enmity to mint juleps and all other peculiar ‘wanities’ compounded by liquor-sellers ; Neal Dow, who called out the police of Portland to shut up the liquor-shops ; Neal Dow, who was never weary of poking his nose into other people’s business, like a true New Englander ; Neal Dow, succumbing before the seductive influence of a mint julep. Oh, tell it not in Gath, and proclaim it not in New England !”

I am unable to say positively how it was in “Gath,” but it was proclaimed in New England and in Old

England as well, and in all her colonies and provinces. Wherever there was an editor unfriendly to temperance who thought he could make a point against temperance measures or temperance men, that item was taken up, garbled or embellished, and made to do duty for that purpose. The number and variety of editorial comments upon my alleged fall from grace, and of the letters of inquiry based thereon, received by myself, my family and my friends, was something wonderful to contemplate.

The story, originating in a desire for "fun," was taken up for other purposes. There were, doubtless, many people who regretfully believed that the temptations of army life had led me to abandon the rule of abstinence which had governed me from my youth up. There were others, unquestionably, who busied themselves in circulating the report, quite as regretful that there was no foundation for it.

And this reminds me of an incident prior to the war illustrating the readiness with which some of the opponents of Prohibition resorted to every means, however false or foul, to injure it. In the latter part of 1859, while walking along a plank, stretched from one beam to another in my tannery, my path was obscured by steam and smoke with which the room at that moment was filled. and, missing my footing, I fell, striking on my head and shoulders upon the stones and bricks, sixteen feet below. My fall was broken somewhat by my striking another beam, and, almost miraculously escaping death, I was stunned, wounded, bruised and lamed.

The accident was related in the local papers under some such caption as "The Terrible Fall of Neal Dow." That should have been the end of it. An

out of town paper, however, either maliciously or facetiously assuming that the "fall" referred to was into habits of intemperance, concocted a story which had the run of the press in this country and England. Here is one form in which it appeared:

"Neal Dow, of Portland, the father of the 'Maine Law,' has become enslaved by the terrible habit which it has been of late the effort of his life publicly to reform. If this be so, it affords another melancholy example of the inefficiency of legal restraints to preserve the purity or to correct the vicious practices of individual life."

At this time I happened to be a representative from Portland in the Maine legislature, then in session in Augusta. One of our local papers copied the above, and added:

"Mr. Dow is representing this city in the legislature, and, if the report be true, this 'terrible' habit must have been acquired within two weeks, since the commencement of the session at Augusta. We were always suspicious that the moral atmosphere of Augusta is corrupting, and the report in relation to our able and efficient representative only confirms our preconceived notions. The legislature should be removed to this city, where the morals and religious training of the members will receive due attention."

Meanwhile, the charge that I had become a drunkard was whirling its way through the press, and at last the matter assumed such proportions that it was thought necessary to pay some attention to it, and so, under date of January 25, 1860, the Portland paper last quoted had the following:

"Several weeks since Mr. Dow met with a fall from a considerable height, and narrowly escaped a serious injury. We presumed that the —— seized upon the fact of the fall — an account of which had got into the papers — to perpetrate a joke. We copied the item, and to keep alive the joke ventured to attribute the occasion of the fall to the malign influences at the state capital, where, as one of the worthy

representatives of this city, Mr. Dow had domiciled for a fortnight previous to the announcement. It would now seem that this joke has assumed a somewhat serious aspect; and, lest any one should be at all misled in the matter, we declare in the most unqualified terms that Mr. Dow has not become a victim to the terrible habit charged in a Connecticut paper, but is now, as ever, a teetotaler, and not less earnest than ever in advocating the cause of temperance."

On January 24, 1860, I wrote a letter to my personal friend, the late Hon. Bradford R. Wood, of Albany, N. Y., which was published, and from which I quote:

"I need hardly assure you personally, that the imputation is without the slightest foundation. I became a teetotaler in early life, and have remained such unwaveringly to the present moment, and was never more of a temperance man theoretically and practically, and a Maine-Law man, than now."

The Connecticut paper which started the story afterwards gave me the name of its informant, who proved to be a liquor-seller in Portland who knew it to be false when he wrote it. Neither I nor any friend of mine thought the matter worthy of notice, save that it was being so extensively, and, strange as it may seem, effectively used to throw discredit upon a cause with which my name was connected.

The "mint julep" story afforded a second opportunity, which was improved by the newspapers, some by mistake, some in jest and some in malice, to spread the report that I had fallen into the drinking habit. I cannot refrain from adding that had my convictions upon this subject been other than they were, I saw enough of the injurious effects of drinking all about me in the army to have led me to abstain altogether while in the service, if on no other than patriotic grounds, that my example might tend toward checking a vice which my superior officer had declared to be the "curse of the army."

Some of my brother officers amused themselves, in a good-natured way, by calling special attention to my abstinence. On one occasion, a grinning waiter walked the length of a large dining-room to my seat at the table, bringing a bottle of champagne, "with the best compliments, sah, of Colonel ——, of de ——," and by the time the waiter got back to the polite colonel with the champagne, my compliments, thanks and declination, the attention of almost everybody in the dining-room had been attracted to the "general that did not drink."

One day at the close of a review, I was, with other officers, invited into a tent where "refreshments" were served. As I chose water, my immediate superior, Major-General T. W. Sherman, an admirable officer, and a perfect gentleman, by the way, urged me very politely to take some whiskey, and playfully tried to pour some into my glass, only desisting when he saw that he was pouring it on the ground. Then he turned to his medical director, Dr. Sanger, a most competent surgeon and physician, from Bangor, in my own state, and said: "Doctor, General Dow has been in the saddle now in the heat for some hours, don't you think that some whiskey will do him good?" "Most assuredly, General," laughingly replied the doctor. "Now, General Dow, what have you to say to that advice?" asked General Sherman. "Only that some doctors give advice in which I do not believe."

General Sherman afterwards frequently alluded facetiously to the incident, and all the time we were associated we were on the very best of terms. I am confident that he was not one of those officers who considered that total abstinence from liquor

impaired the capacity of a man to discharge his full duty as a soldier.

Here I am reminded that, for some weeks while in command at Fort St. Philip, I was seriously ill. One of the Confederate prisoners in my care was a physician of high standing and large practice, and he was called into consultation by the surgeon who had charge of my case—Dr. S. C. Gordon, then the young assistant surgeon of the Thirteenth Maine, now one of the ablest and best known surgeons of New England—as more familiar with the treatment of the disease which, if I remember aright, was called, “Southern Fever.”

This physician prescribed “Scotch ale.” I objected, telling him that undoubtedly the first effect would appear to be beneficial, but that a reaction would soon follow making me worse off than before. He insisted that it was indispensable to my recovery, and I consented to try it. Watching its effects closely, after taking it at three different times with exactly the result I had anticipated, I declined to take more. It is proper for me to add that the doctor was entirely sincere in his belief that the remedy he prescribed would help me, but none the less the result satisfied me that it did no good.

While in command at Carrolton, above New Orleans, I was cited to appear before a court in that city to answer to a suit brought against me for the value of sugar and other articles seized by an expedition sent out by me under command of Captain Snell, afterwards for a long time judge of a court in the District of Columbia. The special object of the expedition was to obtain sugar for the troops to be used with sour oranges, to make a drink

prescribed by the surgeons for the soldiers, as a preventive of scurvy. It was said that the negroes who accompanied the expedition, and perhaps some of the soldiers, helped themselves to other articles. I paid no attention to the summons, not recognizing the right of any civil court to call me from the post and duty to which I had been assigned by the lawful orders of my superior officer.

The matter had escaped my mind altogether, when one day a man, representing himself to be a sheriff, or other officer authorized to serve an execution, demanded of me payment of a judgment which had been rendered against me by the court, the summons of which I had ignored. My reply was that the authority of the court under which he was acting was not recognized by me, whereupon he replied that it would be his duty to take what property of mine he could obtain, indicating my horses, my camp equipage, etc. I told him that if his posse was larger than the division under my command he could take the property, otherwise he had better abandon the attempt. No more was heard from him.

General Banks was then in command of the department, and Colonel Kingman, of the Fifteenth New Hampshire, who was a lawyer, a good soldier and an estimable gentleman, went to him about it, returning with the assurance that there was no need to give myself further concern about the matter. Years afterwards that "judgment" was sued in the United States District Court in Maine. The government assumed its defense. It went to the Supreme Court where judgment was rendered in my favor, settling a very important principle of law.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ORDERED TO PORT HUDSON WITH MY COMMAND. RUMORS
OF A BATTLE. RAPID MARCHING. THE BATTLE
OF PORT HUDSON. CHARGE OF MY
BRIGADE. WOUNDED. TAKEN
PRISONER.

From a military point of view my service in the army was uneventful. At the forts and at Pensacola, as well as at Ship Island, I was chiefly occupied in caring for the cleanliness of the camp, the health of the troops under my command and in perfecting their discipline and drill. My own Thirteenth Maine, which, when I left it, was not excelled by any regiment in the department in any of the essentials for good service — owing, as I have explained, to the quality of its rank and file and its excellent officers — had been divided and scattered about, company by company. This condition continued for some time. When finally the regiment was brought together again it fully justified the hopes based upon the good material with which its ranks were filled and the capacity and judgment of its officers.

It fell to my lot, from time to time, to have several regiments, supposed to be in special need of careful

supervision, under my command. Among them were the famous "Billy Wilson's Zouaves," of New York, with which regiment, by the way, I had little trouble, and among its officers were gentlemen with whom I was very glad to associate. One of these, Oliver Matthews, I selected as aide on my staff, and he was afterwards promoted to be my A. A. General, serving as such until my capture near Port Hudson. I also found a very competent clerk in a private of that regiment. He was a German, a graduate of Leipsic university, and, though in the ranks of a regiment notorious for a different kind of material, was entirely sober, and was a religious man. I regret that his name, at this writing, escapes me, for he proved to be very reliable.

Soon after my promotion to a brigadier-generalship, I was transferred from Ship Island to Fort St. Philip, and from thence was sent to Pensacola, where I was in command for some time, and where I was chiefly occupied in putting the place in a condition to resist an attack from the land side, and in perfecting the efficiency of the troops under my charge.

In the latter part of January, 1863, I was assigned to the command of the defenses of New Orleans at Carrollton, and remained there in the discharge of the ordinary duties pertaining to such a position until the 21st of the next May. On that date, in pursuance of orders, I started with my brigade for Baton Rouge, *en route* for Port Hudson.

We arrived at Springfield Landing, and disembarked at three P. M. on the 22d of May. At this point heavy firing was heard in the direction of Port Hudson, and I immediately commenced my march toward that place, pushing on as rapidly as possible,

having been told at the Landing that a battle was in progress, and that General Auger was hard pressed and sadly in need of reinforcements. None of the regiments in my command had been under fire, but they responded enthusiastically to my call for vigorous marching, very much inspired by the prospect of being of service. After a march of ten miles in less than three hours, over horrible roads, we had news from the front that there was no battle, and halted for a much needed rest, bivouacking at Buhler Plains, seven miles from Port Hudson.

I quote from a letter written at the time:

“My quarters are at a small farm-house. This consists of an open center with a roof over and two small, poor rooms on each side, and a little poor kitchen joining in the rear, with an earthen floor. The whole is made from stuff supplied from oak trees and locked at the corners. Along the front the roof projects ten feet, supported by rough posts. The family consists of fifteen persons, eight of them being little darkies, from two months to twelve years old. They are raised as the ducks and chickens are — for the profit, though it is hard to see where that is in these times.”

Along the line of that march I was accosted by a “native,” whose plantation was on our way. He had learned from the advance guard that I was in command of the troops, and hurried to meet me. He told me that he was originally from Maine, where before the days of railroading he was a stage-driver between Portland and Augusta, and that I had been a frequent passenger in his stage, recalling to my mind incidents of some of those trips. He added that he had little expected then to meet me out in Louisiana in military life.

The next day we moved to within four miles of Port Hudson, arriving there about three, P. M., and

immediately formed in two lines of battle, and then our men prepared to bivouac in their positions. At General Sherman's request I went with him to reconnoiter the enemy's works, but we got no clear idea of their position or strength. The next day, Sunday, we moved forward two miles nearer Port Hudson. Here I found time to write home, and said:

“My quarters are in a little shanty made of a few boards laid on the ground, and a few more making a shed roof, put up without nails, and liable to be blown down with the first wind, or tumbled down about our ears by the first rude touch. It is held up at the right front corner by a large black stump, against which it is braced by laying boards and fence rails on it in various directions. In front there are stakes driven down at each side, on which we lay a rough board for our table.”

That day I was informed that an assault was likely to be ordered at any time, and was surprised because it seemed to me, from what little I had been able to see of the enemy's position, that it would result only in the useless sacrifice of life. In the letter last mentioned, referring to the probability of an assault within a day or two, I find this:

“I do not see any great urgency for it, especially as we have entirely cut off the enemy's communication, and with the fall of Vicksburg, which cannot hold out much longer, this place must also come into our hands without bloodshed.”

Ten days later, General Halleck, the general in chief, wrote General Banks from Washington:

“The moment Vicksburg falls there will be no serious difficulty in taking Port Hudson.”

Those opinions were amply justified, for, on the 8th of July, upon learning through General Banks that Vicksburg had fallen on the fourth of that month, General Gardner immediately surrendered.

However, my sole duty was to prepare my brigade as speedily as possible for the battle, should an advance be ordered, and Sunday afternoon, with General Sherman, I reconnoitered the ground in my front over which my brigade must pass should an assault be made. What I saw then only confirmed my opinion that the undertaking would be without the slightest prospect of success until the Confederate batteries could be at least partially silenced. General Sherman, who was a graduate of West Point, entertained the same opinion.

There was an open plain of at least five hundred yards to be covered before we could get near enough to see the enemy. This plain was commanded by the sharpshooters of the Confederates as well as by their artillery. Then there was a gulch to pass through, of which the Confederates had the exact range, and into which, at the proper time, they could drop their shells with deadly effect. They also had advantageous positions from which their sharpshooters could pick off our officers with ease. If we had had men enough to fill up the gaps made by the losses sure to be sustained in passing through the fire to which we must be subjected, we might, could men be held up to such a hopeless, foolhardy charge, get to the wide, deep ditch, beyond which were ramparts to be scaled, and behind which was an enemy, so far as General Sherman and I could judge, fully as numerous as we, to keep up a murderous fire—all the more deadly because it would be maintained by men conscious of their own safety behind formidable works.

Under these circumstances, as disclosed to us by our superficial examination, General Sherman

expressed himself to me as being strongly opposed to the assault, which had been intimated to him might be made the next day. It would be impossible, he said to me, to get veteran troops, inured to fire, up to that ditch through all those obstacles, seen and unseen, much less men who had never been under fire. He expressed the opinion that no attack would be ordered.

The next morning at four o'clock I was summoned by General Sherman and shown orders for an assault that day, closing with the imperative clause, "Port Hudson must fall to-morrow!" A West Point education was not necessary to see that under all the circumstances an attack would be worse than folly, but my own opinion to that effect was strengthened by the knowledge that General Sherman held the same view. I at once left his quarters to begin preparations for the assault. Orders were first given me to form a "column of division at half distance," but I was permitted to change that so as to present battalion front, as affording less opportunity for a universal slaughter of our men. General Sherman gave general directions, leaving the details to me.

My brigade was formed in four lines. This was effected as far as possible under what cover was afforded by some garden trees to protect my men as long as possible from the storm of destruction which I knew would sweep down upon them when they were once fairly in the open. The Sixth Michigan, Colonel Clark, formed the first line; the One Hundred Twenty-eighth New York, Colonel Cowles, the second; then came the Twenty-sixth Connecticut, Colonel Kingsley, in the third line,

while the Fifteenth New Hampshire, Colonel Kingman, constituted the fourth. Our lines formed, just before ordering the advance I rode along the front with a few words of encouragement. Knowing the utter hopelessness of our undertaking, I could not help noticing and remembering a remark made by a soldier of the Sixth Michigan as I passed. It was, "I guess it's all right, the old man is smiling."

In the front of the first line were negroes to carry long poles to put across that distant ditch for any of the soldiers who might live to get there to cross upon. That was a cheerless task for those poor fellows, who could not have even such assistance to their courage as the possession of a weapon would give them. But for that matter, no weapon was to be of use until the ditch could be crossed. Next to those negroes was a forlorn hope of one hundred and thirty men, volunteers, under command of Captain Stark, of the Sixth Michigan. While the brigade was forming, several of our mounted officers were exposed, and attracted the fire of sharpshooters who had been moved forward by the enemy for that purpose, and some companies of the 128th New York were thrown out as skirmishers and sharpshooters to keep them back. Some of our sharpshooters got over near the parapet, and from behind stumps and trunks of fallen trees fired with great deliberation. One man fired sixty-nine times, being wounded while loading for the seventieth, and another fired ninety-five times, every shot being deliberately aimed. After the battle, while our men were out collecting the dead, some of the Confederates spoke to Captain Matthews, of my staff, complimenting our sharpshooters highly.

In the meantime we were stormed at with shot that came tearing through the trees, and with shell that for the most part fell behind us. In our front were three fences which we had to break down and climb over, and in doing this a little confusion resulted, which was soon corrected, and we moved on. In emerging into the open, the enemy's fire began to tell, and their sharpshooters to get in their work. We could not reply with a shot, and had only to push on. The enemy had a thirty-two pounder, the location of which we knew. Its first shot went screeching but a few feet above our heads, and I supposed that thereafter its range would be corrected and its fire would tear through our ranks. But no, every shot went over. Afterwards we were told that that gun was in charge of a New Yorker, who had been pressed into the Confederate service, and that he purposely trained it to do us no harm. However that may have been, there were enough other guns which were served with deadly effect.

The plain which we had now reached was swept with a cross fire, and we attempted that at double quick. It was a little dusty, and quite smooth, and on this the enemy's rifle balls were dropping, reminding me as they fell of big drops of rain upon dusty streets. Meanwhile shells were bursting over, among and around us in every direction, and cannon shot were screaming. The enemy had had plenty of opportunities, which were improved, to learn just how to train the guns in their works to hit any square yard on the ground over which we had to pass.

At one point, where the fire was very heavy, General Sherman rode up to me and said that he had sent an order to the second brigade, and was now going to

see to its execution. Leaving me for this purpose, he was soon badly wounded, his leg being shattered below the knee. I did not learn of this until after the battle was over, being entirely occupied with matters in my own front.

Shortly after this, I was struck by a spent ball in the arm, which was rendered useless by the blow and almost immediately swelled to nearly twice its normal size, so that I could no longer control my horse. I now obtained assistance to dismount, and, supporting my arm as best I could, proceeded on foot.* During this time we had not had even the advantage of such cover as would have been afforded by smoke, had

* On the day of General Dow's death, October 2, 1897, more than thirty-four years after the assault on Port Hudson, a letter was received at his home, addressed to him, written by Colonel T. G. Reid, late of the Twelfth Arkansas Infantry, under date of September 29, 1897. He wrote:

"The morning papers, through the Associated Press despatches, tell us that you are seriously sick. I have always felt I would like to know you personally. On the morning of the assault on Port Hudson, you, with one or two mounted officers in the midst of your brigade, columns of regimental front, in the broad, open field of Slaughter's plantation, were directing the deploying of your regiments into line of battle about four to six hundred yards from my position, which was the right center of our line of earth-works in front of Slaughter's residence. I observed closely your movements until I was enabled to know that you were the commanding officer.

"I assembled a small number of my sharpshooters and singled you out to them, and ordered them to fire continuously at you. After a short time your line of battle was formed, and a general advance on my position was commenced, with drums beating and flags flying, presenting a magnificent line, grandly marching to time in perfect order. It was a picture never to be erased from my mind, for with all the military pomp and display in formidable battle array I knew the dreadful fate I held in hand to turn it into defeat with the terrible slaughter of that day's battle.

"The scattering fire of my sharpshooters continued, while the roar of your cannon sent shells over our heads. When about three hundred yards from my position I saw you fall, or lean down to your horse's neck, and a number of your hospital corps ran and lifted you from your horse.

"Your command never faltered, but swept on in splendid line until within eighty yards of my position, when I ordered my battalion to fire. You directed the charge of your brigade, and it swept along like an avalanche until forced to retreat from the galling fire of my command so well protected by our strong breast-works. But the retreat of your brigade was orderly."

there been firing on our side, while that from the Confederate guns did not obstruct the view of their gunners and sharpshooters. Not long after this I was disabled by a rifle ball, which passed through my left thigh, two-thirds above the knee, and I was then helped to the rear. Soon after the repulse was complete.

Never were there better raw troops, never did men under fire for the first time display more heroism than did the First brigade, Second division of the Nineteenth army corps, on this occasion. Captain Stark, of the Sixth Michigan, who commanded the "forlorn hope," with such of his men as were not killed in the attempt, got so near the enemy's works as to drive some of their gunners from their stations, but they could not climb over, and were in force too small to accomplish anything if they had. They lay there in a hollow, or gulch, until after dark, when they got back into our lines as best they might without further loss. To reach that point they had passed through fire that had seemed literally to strew the ground with bodies. In places our dead and wounded on the field were so close that their bodies touched.

The courage of the men was all the more marked because they, as well as their officers, could see the nature of the undertaking, and were intelligent enough to understand its difficulty. There was no room for excitement or enthusiasm, or anything to sustain them save their quiet determination to do their duty, and they did it, and more than ought to have been asked of them, because for want of proper support the enemy was able to concentrate fire upon them, part of which, by a supporting attack, might have been diverted.

Colonel Cowles, of the One Hundred Twenty-eighth New York, was killed, and Colonel Kingsley, of the Twenty-sixth Connecticut, and Colonel Clark, of the Sixth Michigan, were wounded. Colonel Kingman, of the Fifteenth New Hampshire, escaped without a scratch, though very much exposed. I do not believe that an equal number of veterans, hardened to danger in a hundred battles, could have done better than the brave fellows under my command that day. There was no chance to win; only by our being able to supply men faster than the enemy could put them *hors du combat* and having enough left to out-number our foes, could we have climbed into their works. The folly and uselessness of that assault were sufficiently established by its result. That the order for it was given upon insufficient information no one has questioned.

General Sherman and I never met after he left me that day upon the battle-field, but several years after, I received from him a very friendly message, in which he complimented most highly the bravery of my brigade, and stated that in all his experience, both in Mexico and during the war for the Union, he had not seen a charge made under more unfavorable circumstances, and had never seen a better one than that made by the men under my command that day. The General was reported to have added, "and tell General Dow that he is now at an age when an occasional glass will do him good." I believe the General's opinion on the first point is entitled to more weight than it is on the latter.

The wound in my arm caused much more pain than did the more dangerous one in my leg, but in the hospital I thought myself fortunate, for there it was

found that besides the two bullets wounding me, one had passed through my coat, and another had cut one of my stockings, just grazing the leg above the ankle. When the surgeons saw the wound in my leg they congratulated me, saying that if the ball had varied a shade from its course either the bone would have been shattered or the artery cut, in either case probably involving the loss of the leg.

Though advised to go to Baton Rouge, or New Orleans, with other wounded officers, where I could be better cared for, I remained in the hope of being of some service. My quarters in the little hut being unsuitable for my convalescence, a small house was assigned for my use. Here I made myself as comfortable as possible, but after a time the place was needed for hospital accommodations, and I was transferred to a plantation house farther to our rear, but within our lines.

This house was occupied by a Mrs. Cage and her family, with the usual retinue of a well-to-do planter's household of the place and time — some nine or ten adults and a dozen or more children — but giving evidence in a variety of ways of the effects of war. In one of my letters home I find the following reference to the existing conditions:

“Southern society everywhere within reach of the influence of our armies is disorganized and disintegrated, and slavery is completely dead. The slaves nowhere acknowledge the authority of their masters, nor do the latter attempt to exercise the least control over their slaves. On some places some of the negroes remain, but rather as masters than as slaves. They do not work unless they choose, and irregularly at that. They await their great change from slavery to freedom, which is sure to come.

“Great numbers of them are employed most usefully about our army here. They drive all our wagons and do almost all

the work, which but for them thousands of soldiers must be detailed to perform. To-day I saw great numbers of them drawn up in military fashion, with spades, going to work.

“A brother-in-law of my hostess has given me some idea of the ruin which has come upon this section. He claims to have been opposed to the war, and that he was for letting well-enough alone. His plantation was mostly inside the Confederate parapet. He had a great quantity of heavy timber which he was cutting and selling at good prices. Since the troubles here, the one hundred acres of it he had left have been cut up and used, or destroyed. His buildings were good, of brick. These are gone, also his hay, corn, cattle, horses, mules, and everything. He had a quantity of cotton ready for the market. At present prices it would be worth sixty thousand dollars. A portion of it was burned and the rest taken. His plantation is now utterly desolated, and his experience is the same as that of tens of thousands of others. He says the slaves have an idea that the land will be given to them, and that the whites will have to go, and admits that many of the whites are quite at sea as to what will happen.”

While convalescing, I felt the want of books as much, perhaps, as any other deprivation. Some of the neighbors were very kind, and loaned me what they had, but as the supply was limited, and the variety not great, they were soon exhausted. There were several residents in the vicinity who seemed to take pleasure in being polite and courteous, and in this particular I noticed no difference between those who claimed to be Union men and those of avowed Confederate sympathies.

Having now been absent from home for more than a year, during which time I had been brought almost to death's door by malarial fever, suffering from wounds which would prevent my active service for a considerable period, and believing, even if my health and strength would permit, that there was no prospect of my being of further service before Port Hudson, I applied for a leave of absence. I felt more justified

in this because everything indicated that our true policy was to watch and wait for time and starvation to do their certain work, as Port Hudson was sure, in any event, to capitulate when Vicksburg fell. I hoped that, if leave should be granted, at its expiration, to secure a transfer to the Army of the Potomac. While waiting for a reply to my application, I took such care of my health and wounds as was possible.

Time wore away until my capture by a squad of Confederate cavalry, on the evening of the 30th of June, 1863. How it came about may, perhaps, be best told as related by one of the party by whom the capture was effected.

Mr. Jno. G. B. Simms, of Little Rock, Ark., has already been referred to as a gentleman who kindly returned to me one of the pistols taken from me on that occasion. Subsequently to the correspondence then noted, I received from him a letter, of which the following is a copy:

“LITTLE ROCK, ARK., July 6, 1891.

HON. NEAL DOW, Portland, Me.

Dear Sir:—Some weeks ago, at the instance of one of my old comrades, I wrote the enclosed account concerning your capture, and it found its way into print. In the interest of that verity which should characterize history, I would be glad to have you attach a note to this communication and return it to me, attesting the truth of this statement, so far as you know. You may remember me as one who returned to you, a few years ago, one of the pistols taken from you on that eventful night. I shall appreciate greatly a few words written by yourself. With great respect, I am,

Yours, etc.,

JNO. G. B. SIMMS.”

The newspaper clipping he enclosed ran as follows:

“Some time in June, I think, in 1863, the Federal army having besieged the garrison in Port Hudson, La., I, with a

squad of three men, was scouting in the rear of that place. A lady, Mrs. Brown, came out of the Federal lines and informed me that General Dow had been wounded some six weeks before and was then at the residence of a Mrs. Cage, about three-quarters of a mile from his brigade encampment, but within their lines, recuperating. She further said that he could be easily captured, and agreed to pilot a squad of men to his residence. The squad organized, consisting of John McKowen, a lieutenant at home on furlough from the Virginia army; John R. Petty, Wilson Medearis and myself from the Seventeenth Arkansas, young Haynes, who lived in the neighborhood, and a fellow whose name I cannot recall, if I ever knew it — we called him ‘Tex,’ he having those letters on the front of his white hat.

“McKowen was agreed upon as commander for the occasion. We repaired to a point outside the lines, where by the direction of Mrs. Brown, we remained till just at dark, when she met us, and, riding just far enough ahead to be seen, she led the way to within a quarter of a mile of Mrs. Cage’s house. She then, in detail, made known to us the arrangement of Mrs. Cage’s house, the yard, the lots, etc., so that we might not hesitate, and fearing for her life, if caught with us, she here left us. She had previously arranged for the General to be engaged at home that evening in a game of cards* with Mrs. Cage, and of course advised her of our coming, to avoid surprise.

“Following directions, we marched up to the house, the dogs barking (it was about ten o’clock at night) and the moon about half full. Rapidly leaving our horses, we entered the house, and capturing two orderlies who were lying on the gallery, we proceeded into the room where the General was to be, but he was gone! Mrs. Cage informed us that he had ridden over nearer the camp to another house, where he had taken tea with two of his regimental officers, and that if we would go there we might capture all three. One man must necessarily guard the two prisoners, but we determined to go — five of us to bag them all.

“Leaving the house we mounted, and upon passing out of the lot some controversy arose as to the road. Just then, looking off to the left, inside the lot, in the shade of a tree, sat a man, clad in white, on horseback. John Petty and I drew our revolvers, galloped up to him, and asked him if that was General Dow, and he replied:

*See General Dow’s reply to Mr. Simms.

“ ‘Yes, sir.’

“ ‘Surrender, or I’ll kill you!’ came quickly from us both. He hesitated a moment in seeming surprise, then answered:

“ ‘I’ll surrender, sir—I’ll go with you.’ These were his words.

“ We galloped off with the three prisoners, and traveled all night—in a gallop for several hours—and next morning we stopped for breakfast at a house whose inmates we knew. Greatly fatigued, I agreed to stay here with the plunder whilst the others went to camp with the prisoners. We divided the plunder into six parcels and cast lots for the first choice and so on. John Petty got the first choice and took the General’s saddle-horse, a fine chestnut sorrel. John McKowen got second, and took his sword, a handsome pearl-handled one. I got third, and took his brace of six-shooters of the Allen make, and encased in patent leather holsters. One of these I sold to Dave Goodlett after the surrender, the other I kept until about two years ago, when I expressed it to the General, at Portland, Me., and have his kind acknowledgment of the same.”

Replying to Mr. Simms as he requested, I wrote a note, of which the following is a copy:

“ PORTLAND, ME., July 15, 1891.

Dear Sir:— I have your note of the 6th June, and the newspaper slip enclosed. Your account of my capture is correct in all important particulars. I have marked one error, the others are of no importance. I had no engagement to play cards. I have never played even one game since my early youth, and do not know a Jack from a King or Queen.

Respectfully, NEAL DOW.”

That account may be regarded as substantially correct, though after the lapse of so many years unimportant errors are likely to occur. I have seen in print many different stories of my capture—no two of them alike—said to have been written by parties who participated in it—several more accounts than my captors numbered. My own recollection, though not entirely distinct, is as follows:

I had been to the front and was returning to my quarters to get some articles I needed, intending to go back to the front that evening, as one of my guard had been captured the night before, and I feared that through him my whereabouts might be learned and a raid made to capture me. The house where I was staying was surrounded by a high board fence. It was in the early evening, and as light as day when I rode into the yard, to find myself confronted by a number of men and covered with carbines and pistols. I was alone, without weapons, and, had I been armed, resistance, or an effort to escape, would have been useless, and there was nothing but to submit to the demand made upon me to surrender. I found that they had also secured one of my guards, a man who had lived in New Orleans, and had served in the Confederate ranks there. I got an opportunity to warn him not to disclose that fact, however, to his captors, and I think they never learned of it.

Subsequently I was told that our rear was entirely unguarded, and that a few hundred of the enemy's cavalry, under a bold leader, might have surprised and raided our position from center to either flank with ease, doing great damage. As it was, by my capture an alarm was given, resulting in ordinary precautions being taken. I was afterwards informed that my men, thinking I had been betrayed by the occupants of the house where I was staying, set fire to it and destroyed it. I cannot vouch for either of these statements.

Having made sure of their prisoner, my captors possessed themselves as speedily as possible of my sword, pistols, etc., which were in my room, and I was hurried off to Camp Logan, about twelve miles

distant. I had mounted my horse the day before for the first time since I was wounded, and the ride was, of course, very trying in my feeble condition, and it was not made more comfortable by my vexation and humiliation at being captured. By reference to a letter before me, I find that I wrote the next day to my wife, in notifying her of my capture:

“You will be glad to learn that all the officers seemed disposed to make the situation as endurable as possible. I was treated very courteously, and was made as comfortable as the situation and exigencies would permit.”

On the next day after my capture, my journey toward Richmond was commenced, and, with two guards, I started on horseback for Jackson, Miss., about one hundred miles, if I remember aright. I do not know how long we were on that part of our journey, but think it was more than two days, with such parts of the night as we rode. I am not sure whether we went all the way on horseback, or partly by wagon and partly by rail. I had not sufficiently recovered from chagrin at my situation for such details to impress themselves upon my mind.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MY EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS AS A PRISONER OF
WAR. WHAT I SAW OF THE SOUTH AT THAT
TIME. KINDNESSES AND COURTESIES EX-
TENDED TO ME. ESCAPE OF THE
UNION OFFICERS FROM LIBBY
PRISON. MY EXCHANGE
FOR GENERAL FITZ-
HUGH LEE.

In relating my experiences as a prisoner of war, I must necessarily refer to hardships and sufferings, not in a spirit of complaint, but as a record of facts, showing conditions inseparable from a state of war, and to which those who are so unfortunate as to be taken captive are inevitably subjected. Here, once for all, I desire to say that I am satisfied that I suffered few discomforts that could have been reasonably avoided by those into whose hands I fell.

Arriving at Jackson, I was taken to the Marble-yard prison, and was turned into a dirty room, without furniture of any kind, with a single window without glass, the light and air being partially obstructed by boards nailed over it. This window overlooked a pig-pen. The room contained a pile of lumber and some old blinds. Placing the latter on the lumber

to serve in a measure as springs to soften my couch, I laid down to rest, being well-nigh exhausted.

In a short time two Confederate officers came into the room. I made no complaint to them whatever, and said nothing of the discomforts of my position, but after looking about a little they went out, and soon a bedstead with mattress and bedding was brought in, to my great relief. In this pen I passed, I think, two days, one of them being July 4, 1863, with nothing to eat but raw bacon and wretched hard bread, or "ship-stuff," as they called it, made of "middlings."

After two days' stay at Jackson, we started for Montgomery, Alabama. My escorting officers did not tell me their names, nor did I ask them, but they were very polite and considerate. In conversation with them I made no allusion to what seemed to me my unnecessarily harsh treatment at Jackson, but one of them volunteered to say that it was by way of retaliation for the similar treatment, by his Union captors, of the Confederate general, Magruder, in some other department. I had not then heard of the circumstances, but replied that I could not believe it to be true, and afterwards learned the accusation to be false.

Few incidents of my travels through the heart of the Confederacy as a prisoner of war—I thus made three extensive trips—impressed themselves upon my mind, and I had no opportunity, or desire, for that matter, to record them at the time. My thoughts were far away, and I took little note of what I saw and experienced. Some things, however, I have not forgotten, but it is probable that my recollection is greatly confused as to the order of their occurrence.

Quite a portion of my journey was made in a wagon, giving me a favorable opportunity to observe the condition of the country, and my vexation at being captured was mitigated, in a measure, by what I was enabled to see and report, as I did, to our government, that the Confederate armies were as a mere empty egg-shell; there was nothing behind them, the country being drained of its materials and able-bodied men. On those trips I received several calls from elderly men who said that they had known of me before the war, and I was surprised, as well as pleased, by the kindness shown me. But I was doubly gratified by the unmistakable signs of weariness which convinced me that the overthrow of the Confederacy was only a matter of time.

In some cases we stopped at hotels, and sometimes at private houses. The latter gave evidence of being the homes of well-to-do people, but everywhere were signs of the ruin wrought by war. Otherwise well-appointed tables showed most clearly that the larder was lean and poor, and that the country did not afford the wherewithal for anything better.

I became satisfied from what I saw that our people at the North could have but a faint idea of the sacrifices made by the South and the sufferings its people were enduring for their cause. Even then I saw, as every intelligent man with my opportunities for observation must have seen, that, presuming in the North anything like the same devotion and endurance as in the South, the final collapse of the Confederacy was certain.

At Montgomery quite a number of citizens met me at the train, and went with me to the hotel. There was considerable conversation among them

in my presence as to the unanimity of the South and its determination to fight to the bitter end, and it was said that there were no Union men anywhere among them; but in walking to the hotel, when there was only one man within speaking distance, he seized the opportunity to say to me, referring to the statement that there were no Union men among them, "That is all a mistake. I am one, and there are many others whom I know."

On one occasion I was taken by my guard to dine at what I remember as a church fair. I do not recollect the name of the place, but it was quite a sizable village. There were quite a number of women at the fair, but only one man whom I can recall besides my escort and myself. He was an elderly man, and I had a conversation with him, in which he deplored the war, admitting the hopeless and impoverished condition of the South. I think he was then mourning the recent loss of some relative or friend, and was very solemn and reserved, though courteous and friendly.

The ladies were all very polite. Some of them told me that they had heard of me before the war, and sympathized with my temperance views, but others had also heard of me as an abolitionist, and that, with the fact that I was a Union general, prevented any degree of cordiality. I could not avoid the conclusion, strongly impressed upon me by their depression, that they were all expecting the failure of the Confederacy. There was probably no woman at that fair who did not have a father, a brother, a husband or a son at the front, unless, indeed, they had already fallen there. Some of them, doubtless, had given up all their male relatives

to serve what they believed to be a righteous cause. In the presence of their great grief and anxiety, my own troubles, sustained as I was by my certainty of Union success, now that I had seen the inside of the Confederacy, seemed slight. A sad sight, indeed, is that of a great people bearing the burden of their concealed conviction that that for which they are praying and suffering is, after all their sacrifices, to come to naught.

All through that journey I continued to be an object of curiosity to the people whom I met. At several stations considerable groups had gathered to see the "Abolition and Temperance Yankee General" but nowhere was I subjected to any annoyance not necessarily connected with the fact that I was a prisoner. I have read several newspaper stories of my being threatened with a mob at some point. These accounts have varied in every detail except as to the character of the mob, and that was always described as bloodthirsty in the extreme, and determined to hang me at the nearest lamp-post. I have been represented by some of these as being entirely unnerved by the imminent danger of speedy and ignominious death, and by others as calmly awaiting it, and preparing for it by putting on my full uniform as a Union general.

If such danger existed, my guards must have considerably kept me in ignorance of it. I have no recollection whatever of anything of the kind, save that at one place the train was stopped some distance out of the station, for the purpose, as I was told by one of my guard, of avoiding all risk of trouble from a larger crowd than usual which had assembled there to see me. As to the report of my attiring myself in my

uniform, as a suitable preparation to meet "Judge Lynch." I have only to say that I had no uniform, and the best garment of which I could boast on the trip was a long, much worn, travel-stained linen duster — not exactly the kind of garment to set off the "cool courage" with which I was said to await my threatened lynching.

We stayed over night at one town where, after we were settled at our hotel, I was invited by the officers who had me in charge to visit with them a resort for card-playing. I told them I never played cards, and did not know one card from another. They politely offered to teach me, but I did not care to learn. They urged me so persistently to go that finally suspecting that their object was to keep me within view without losing the sport in which they delighted, I offered to keep watch in their place over myself, promising to deliver their prisoner to their care all right in the morning, inevitable accident only excepted. My proposition was accepted, and in the early morning hours my guards returned, finding their prisoner ready to turn himself over again to their keeping.

Arriving in Richmond on Saturday, July 11, 1863, the twelfth day after my capture, I learned of an existing difficulty about exchanges, and concluded that I was "in for it" for some time. Reaching the famous Libby prison I found the anteroom thronged with Confederate officers, who crowded about me with a not impolite or offensive curiosity, many of them asking me if I was indeed "the Neal Dow of Temperance and Maine-Law fame" of whom they professed to have heard. With all the modesty to be commanded in the face of such marked attention, I admitted the fact and received with as much grace as possible their good-

natured and jocular expressions of gratification that they were to have the honor of entertaining me. I assured them of my confidence that under the circumstances their hospitality would be so pressed upon me that I could not avoid it, if I would, and begged them not to let me wear my welcome out.

Our conversation was so good-natured, and the manifestations of courtesy on each side were so marked, that some newspaper reporters who were present misunderstood it, or misrepresented it, and the Richmond papers of the next day, referring to me, claimed that I was opposed to a war of coercion, and that when I got home I would favor the best attainable peace. In view of the fact that scores of letters of mine, written while I was in the army, advocating the most active and vigorous prosecution of the war, not only for the restoration of the Union but for the overthrow of slavery, had been published throughout England as well as America, this statement was very absurd. Commenting upon this report, some of our papers made extracts from those letters, one of which was as follows:

“We long for harmony and peace, and are resolved to have them on a permanent basis, to wit: the unconditional suppression of the rebellion, and the emancipation of the slaves.”

Prior to this, I had visited Richmond, addressing public meetings there, and had met many of its citizens. The day after my arrival several called upon me in the prison, and all of them were courteous and kind. I had relatives there whom I had visited, and who had been at my home in Maine, and, without thinking of the changed conditions attending a civil war, I sent a note informing them of my presence in

the city. While I did not ask them to call, my address in Richmond — Libby Prison — was such as to convey the idea that if I was to have the pleasure of seeing them it would be due to an effort on their part.

My note had hardly been sent before the indiscretion of my attempting to communicate with them, as likely to subject them to espionage, occurred to me. But it was too late, and I could not recall it. Some time after, a Confederate officer manifested interest in the matter, and politely, and, as I thought, cunningly, asked me if I had heard from my "friends in Richmond." I had not heard, and told him so. He seemed satisfied; at least, he expressed neither regret nor surprise. Later, however, a party visited the prison, some wearing the dress of civilians, and some the uniforms of Confederate officers. One of the latter, a young man, in the uniform of a lieutenant, watching for an opportunity for a word with me alone, said very quietly that my cousin had received my note, but that circumstances rendered it imprudent and impossible for other attention than this message. I should have thought of that before sending my note. After the war, however, my cousin again visited my house in Portland, and I her home in Richmond.

At Libby I was as comfortable as could be expected. It is astonishing how easily and how soon necessity accustoms one to be satisfied with what would be intolerably burdensome if the way to avoid them were open. On the 29th of July I wrote to my wife, "I am going to Mobile to-morrow, for what I am not informed. I am very well. Give yourself no uneasiness on my account."

My removal to Mobile was the cause of a great

deal of speculation and anxiety on the part of my friends. All sorts of conjectures relative to it appeared in the public prints, North and South. It was said that I was to be shot, to be confined with a ball and chain, and to be subjected to a great variety of pains and penalties, among them hanging. My family was much alarmed by these stories, and my friends generally were exercised. Among others who took a special interest in the case were Horace Greeley, Charles Sumner, and Henry Wilson, from each of whom letters were received by my wife. She also received a friendly and reassuring note from President Lincoln, to whom the following memorial from citizens of Maine, resident in Washington, had been presented.

TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

President of the United States of America :

The undersigned, citizens of the state of Maine, resident in this city, would respectfully represent to Your Excellency that General Neal Dow, of Portland, in said state, was seriously wounded in one of the assaults made on the batteries at Port Hudson and sent into the hospital for treatment of his wound. While there he was made a prisoner of war by the rebels and taken to Richmond, Va.

It is now reported that Jeff. Davis has given him into the hands of the governor of Alabama on a requisition from that functionary, to be put on his trial, under the laws of that state, on the charge, it is understood, of stealing negroes, the penalty for which is death. The result of such a trial, in such a place and under existing circumstances, no one need be told who knows the animus of that people. It will only prove a cloak to cover up a deliberate and malicious murder.

Your petitioners, therefore, most respectfully and earnestly ask that Your Excellency will order that Jeff. Davis and the governor of Alabama both be notified that General Dow must be in all respects treated as a prisoner of war ; that any other treatment of him will be retaliated on rebel officers in your hands, in full measure ; and that you forthwith make public proclamation of such purpose in this case.

We are fully aware that your recent general order covers the case of General Dow, and with reference to ordinary men it would be sufficient. But General Dow, from his position in the army of the United States, among his citizens at home and his relation to the civilization of this age, is an exception to ordinary men, and, therefore, his case, we deem, should be made an exceptional one, receiving the special attention and intervention of the government.

General Dow is one of the representative men, one of the prophets of this age, and as such is of special worth to his country and the human race. He is known and honored as such, especially among the friends of temperance and virtue, in all parts of the civilized world. Such being his special and exceptional character, it seems to us that his case should be made a special and exceptional one by the government. It is for these, among other reasons, that we ask your special action for his protection from the outrages and wrongs with which he is threatened by his and our country's enemies. We trust our prayer will not be in vain, nor your action without effect. An early decision is most respectfully and earnestly solicited.

This petition was drawn up by the Rev. Darius Forbes, formerly of Portland, and signed by him and many other residents of Washington. But of all the efforts and anxiety on my behalf I knew nothing.

My journey to Mobile was without special incident or interest, being a repetition in detail and observation of that from Jackson to Richmond. On this trip, as on the other two, I was alive to the signs apparent all about me of the coming exhaustion which I saw was certain to overtake the South, and that was the one great fact of absorbing interest to me. I arrived in Mobile on the 6th of August, and was taken to the Provost Guard House, where I found myself much more pleasantly situated than in Richmond, and where, while my friends in the North were filled with anxiety on my behalf, I was made, through the influence of southern gentlemen who

had been my prisoners, as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

I had a large, airy chamber to myself, with a wide view of town and country. At its door, to be sure, and under its windows, were stationed sentinels, but this did not in any way prevent those who had professed to feel under obligations to me from calling upon me, or sending me books and papers, or from contributing in other ways to my comfort. Among those who were exceedingly kind and polite were Judge Victor Burthe and ex-Mayor Monroe, of New Orleans. The latter brought with him a friend, whose name I do not recall, but who was very courteous.

Mayor Monroe and several of his friends had been for some time my prisoners, and I had done everything in my power to make them comfortable, and now they, in their turn, were very kind to me. While in command at Carrolton I had had the pleasure of rendering an important service to Judge Burthe and his son, for which he was very grateful, and while I was at Mobile he sent me books, and in other ways contributed to my comfort, at considerable expense to him, and only my protests against it prevented his pressing more upon me.

But while I was experiencing such kindness, owing to the difficulty of communication, my friends at the North continued anxious, and even some of my personal enemies in Portland apparently relented in their hostility. While at Mobile I received a letter from home stating that a prominent citizen of Portland, who had been a very bitter, and, as it seemed to me, unreasonable, personal opponent of mine, one who for years had lost no opportunity to assail me, in public

and private, had recently become interested in religious matters, and had prayed in a union prayer-meeting for my safety and return — a striking instance of how far the stories of what I was to suffer had had an influence.

Writing home under date of September 6, 1863. I said:

“ I am very comfortable here, missing most my letters from home. I do not know where the fault lies that your letters do not come. A prisoner is like a sick man in a charity hospital, dependent on nurses who have no interest. He cannot help himself, and nobody cares. I hear not a word from outside, but am in capital spirits and entirely patient. Exchanges will come by and by.”

Soon after my confinement in Mobile the officer in immediate command of my guard told me that he was at heart a Union man, serving in the Confederate forces only as a matter of prudence and through compulsion, and that he was awaiting an opportunity to desert. He also treated me with all the consideration that he consistently could. One day he took me into a room adjoining mine and showed me a hole in the wall through which a prisoner had escaped, and which was still unrepaired. When we returned to my room I noticed that he neglected to lock the door, and I took that as an intimation that he would have no objection to my escaping if I could. The attempt, however, even had I been young and in good health, would have been foolhardy in the extreme.

Some time after my exchange that officer, having been sent to the front, deserted and entered our lines, and was taken to the deserters' camp at Cincinnati. If I remember aright. There he referred to me for evidence of his loyalty, and in due time inquiry was made of me by the proper authorities, and what I was

able to say of his representations to me while I was a prisoner secured his treatment in all respects as a reliable friend of the Union.

After a stay in Mobile of two months, I was taken again to Richmond, where I arrived on the 12th of October, having been six days on the road. My experience on this trip was similar to that in the others I had taken in the Confederacy. I had now traversed over twenty-five hundred miles, almost every mile, and every moment of the time spent in covering it, furnishing evidence to me of the utter hopelessness of the southern cause. Everywhere we stopped a crowd was at the station to see me, and at one place, in North Carolina, the people actually called for a speech. I did leave the train and talked to many of them individually. At Richmond I had the opportunity of using the evidence I had obtained while behind the curtain, not only laying it before my brother officers confined in Libby prison, but communicating it also to the secretary of war, as I shall hereafter explain.

On my way to Richmond I was informed that I was to be exchanged for the Confederate General Morgan, who had been captured during his daring raid into Ohio. I was not a little astonished, therefore, to receive one day a call from that energetic and distinguished officer, who had succeeded in escaping into the Confederate lines. He was very polite, and we had a pleasant conversation, which, under the circumstances, must have been more agreeable to him than to me, though I enjoyed it. The next day the *Richmond Enquirer* had the following account of our interview:

“General Morgan, on arriving upstairs, where the prisoners ‘most do congregate,’ was immediately conducted into the

presence of the 'author of the Maine Liquor Law,' the whilom Brigadier-General Dow. An introduction took place, when General Morgan observed, with one of those inimitable smiles for which he is so noted, 'General Dow, I am very happy to see you here; or, rather, I should say, since you are here, I am very happy to see you looking so well.' Dow's natural astuteness and Yankee ingenuity came to his aid, and he quickly replied, without apparent embarrassment, 'General Morgan, I congratulate you on your escape; I cannot say I am glad that you did escape, but, since you did, I am pleased to see you here.' The conversation then became general between the two, during the progress of which Dow admitted that his views of the South, its people and their treatment of prisoners of war had undergone a material change for the better in the last few months."

Certainly, if the treatment of prisoners by the South had been generally what I had for the most part thus far experienced, save as to my quarters at Jackson, there would have been no cause for complaint on that score; but, as a matter of fact, as I recall the conversation now, after a lapse of many years, the apparent condition of our officers at Libby so impressed General Morgan that he said he was surprised and sorry at the poor accommodations afforded them, and that he would make representations which he hoped would cause our condition to be improved.

Shortly after my return to Richmond, a Confederate officer of that city, well acquainted with my relatives there, called upon me and kindly offered to loan me any money that I might need, which could be repaid by my family in Portland to his in Baltimore, so that I was immediately placed where I was not likely to be embarrassed for want of whatever was necessary. Later, a fellow-prisoner supplied me with such funds as I needed, with the understanding that when exchanged I was to reimburse his brother in

New York, whose address he gave me. On my way home after my exchange. I made it my first duty to call on his brother, who was principal, I think, of a large school, and repay him. He said that I was the first of those to whom the accommodation had been given to discharge the indebtedness.

From the moment of my first entrance to Libby, I resigned myself entirely to my situation as a prisoner, keeping myself always cheerful, hopeful and buoyant, not only as a matter of duty to my country, and as important to health, but as an example to my comrades in misfortune. So much, at least, was due to them from one who was the senior of all in age as well as in rank.

From my boyhood, as I have already stated, I had found valued friends in books, and now these were my chief resource. When some southern gentlemen called upon me to learn how they could reciprocate the kindnesses they said I had shown to them when they had been my prisoners, and asked me what I needed most, I expressed a desire for reading matter. Their response was generous. In the books they furnished companionship was found which relieved my lonely confinement, and comfort such as nothing else could supply.

My location in Libby was nearly at one end of the three great rooms where we were confined, and I prized it for the comparative quiet there to be enjoyed. I have seen, in the reconstructed Libby at Chicago, the plate bearing my name marking the spot. Here most of my waking hours not needed for exercise were passed with my books and pen. Had any of my captors who were disposed to annoy me been aware of how much that employment

relieved the hardships of imprisonment, they might, by depriving me of them, have caused me more suffering than I experienced for lack of suitable food and accommodations. My age and rank, out of respect for which my brother officers relieved me of my share, saved me from the drudgery of a turn at cooking or at keeping our quarters clean.

Not a few among our imprisoned officers obtained much amusement by taking pains to annoy their guards. The news of every Federal success was made the occasion for the most jubilant cheering, shouting and singing, which were kept up in spite of those in charge of the prison. Often at night the singing was participated in by large numbers of the men, so that patriotic songs would resound for blocks around. Then the tramp of the guards could be heard as they came up to order quiet. When the door opened to admit them all was still save the simulated snoring of the four or five hundred men who a moment before had been singing, more intent on noise than harmony. The officer in command of the guard would relieve himself of a threat of dire vengeance if there should be any more singing, and retire, only to be overtaken in his retreat by a noise more noisy, and, if possible, less harmonious than before.

The prisoners endeavored to hasten the lagging hours in a great variety of ways. Some were constantly despondent, and seemed to have little else to do than to gaze through the glassless prison windows as though they might thus obtain something of cheer from the light, air and freedom without. But there were classes in French and German, debating societies and mock courts, while some studied tactics. Once there was a serious court-martial proceeding to

see what could be proven against a suspected spy in our midst, and there were not a few who were determined, if tangible evidence could be secured against him, to hang the fellow for his treachery. As they could only show that their keepers became informed of all that took place of which the suspect had knowledge, and that he was a special pet of theirs, receiving favors bestowed upon no other prisoner, discretion asserted itself, and the spy, as most of us believed him, escaped the punishment many thought he deserved.

We had frequent visitors who came from curiosity, and to many of these I was pointed out as a special object of interest. To all this I paid no attention, but it not infrequently happened that I had conversation with those who spoke to me because of their interest in the cause with which my name had been connected, and with some of them I held pleasant interviews.

We were allowed to look out of the windows, in most of which there was no glass, but not to lean or reach out on pain of death, the order to the sentinels being to fire upon all who should ignore this rule. There were one or two wounds from this cause, but the danger depended altogether upon the disposition of the particular sentinel who happened to notice an infraction of the rule. Ordinarily, a word of warning would be all. Sometimes this would be accompanied by a pointed musket.

On one occasion I was looking out of my window to see a party of Union prisoners on their way to Belle Isle. One poor fellow was hobbling along barefooted. Slipping off my own shoes and stockings I threw them to my comrade who needed them more than I, and who could not as easily obtain others. Another

soldier started for them as they fell, and I reached to point out, as well as to shout, for whom they were intended, exposing myself without thought, an easy mark for the sentinel, who grimly watched me and shook his head, but without offering to harm me.

In addition to open letters to my family, which were subjected to the espionage of the officers in charge at the prison, I had frequent opportunities for surreptitious communication with the outside world. Chaplains and surgeons of our army were generally released soon after being brought to Libby, and many of these, when they went, carried letters written on thin paper and concealed in the military buttons of their clothes. In this way, I communicated to our authorities at Washington and to my family details, which, if written in letters to be inspected, would never have reached their destination. Some of those letters are now before me, bearing evidence of the compactness with which they were folded. From one bearing date of November 12, 1863, I make the following extract:

“I send you a price current to-day by which you will see the enormous prices, due partly to scarcity and partly to extreme depreciation of rebel money. The ‘confeds’ cannot feed the prisoners except just so far as to keep them alive. The ration for officers is a piece of corn-cake (unsifted meal) six by four and one-half inches, and one inch thick, and one small sweet potato and water. That is everything for a day. But the officers spend daily over one thousand dollars Confederate money. Potatoes cost fifty dollars a bushel, sugar five dollars a pound, candles, tallow, one dollar each. We have no meat of any kind. We did have a little until two or three days ago, now it cannot be had. I think the farmers will not exchange their cattle for Confederate money.

“The Confederacy is nearing its last gasp. Without money it cannot go on, and its currency is now almost worthless. When I first came here we received for greenbacks two

for one, now the authorities give seven for one. In the streets I suppose the rate is ten for one. At Mobile a soldier told me he went to buy a cotton shirt. The price was twenty-two dollars in Confederate money, a pair of six dollar boots one hundred and twenty-five dollars, shoes thirty to fifty dollars."

We had also a way of communicating by reversing our letters after filling them with writing in ink in the ordinary way, and then writing with lemon juice, invisible to ordinary inspection, but which upon being exposed to heat became perfectly legible. My first letter prepared in that way was dated November 29, 1863, and is before me as I write. It was experimental only. I had, prior to this, sent word to my family by a surgeon who was released to "heat my letters in the future." In this I wrote, "I have nothing special to say here, but wish you to write if you notice what is on the second page. Say simply, 'I notice what you say.'"

We kept this up for some time, but, finally, one prisoner who was let into the secret wrote in the ordinary way to his wife, "After you have read this hold it to the fire and heat it, and you will find something of interest." The inspecting officer at Libby, upon reading this advice, followed it, and thereafter our letters were "heated" as well as read before they were sent on their way to anxious friends at home. On the back of one of my letters, under date of December 8, 1863, I find written in the "invisible ink," the following:

"I am consoled in my captivity by the indications, sure, as I regard them, of a speedy end of the rebellion. Gold is now for Confederate currency more than twenty-six for one, how much more I do not know, as the papers no longer publish the facts. The Confederate finances are hopelessly ruined, there is no earthly power that can help them, and this alone

will and must bring their government down about the ears of those who built it. I think the leaders see this, and are expecting the crash very soon. As nearly as I can learn, our money here is about one to twenty or twenty-two."

By means of this secret method of writing, I was in constant correspondence with the authorities at Washington and with the Sanitary Commission, as well as my own family and friends, until the secret was disclosed as related.

After our government became aware of the generally forlorn condition of our poor fellows at Belle Isle, it shipped a large consignment of clothing, blankets, etc., to my care, for distribution among them. I was paroled by the prison authorities to take charge of the distribution. Upon my arrival there the Union prisoners, in every stage of destitution and misery, flocked around me, making their wants audible by their weak voices, though their appearance disclosed their needs. I could not fail to become acquainted with the horrors of their condition, to which all the privations we had encountered at Libby were as joys of Elysium.

A part of the prisoners possessed mildewed, ragged tents, through which the wind and rain passed freely, but the larger portion had no shelter whatever, though the weather was exceptionally cold. They dug holes in the ground, like shallow graves, by which they could escape a portion of the winds, but none of the snow or rain. Their clothing was in a miserable condition of shabbiness and raggedness. In the presence of all this wretchedness I restrained myself as best I could. One poor fellow, more unfortunate than the rest, wearing no trousers, pressed closer than the others to show me how much

he needed clothes; a Confederate guard lunged at him with a bayonet, but the vicious stab was arrested, and a grievous wound, if not death, prevented by a sharp word of remonstrance from me.

In my report to Washington I acquainted our government with something of the misery which had been forced upon my attention. Some time after I wrote the following letter:

“LIBBY PRISON, Nov. 8, 1863.

General:—My government has sent to me a second consignment of blankets and clothing for distribution among United States prisoners here. I have to request to be permitted to attend to the matter soon, and wish very much that a few officers may be permitted, on their parole, to assist me. For want of such help the task was a heavy one on me, and I have reason to believe that many articles were unaccounted for. The condition of the prisoners at Belle Isle is very wretched, many of them being without shelter, and all with insufficient food. I beg that you will cause their situation to be improved.

Respectfully,

NEAL DOW, *Brig. Gen. U. S. A.*

BRIGADIER GENERAL WINDER, Commanding.

I would like to be assisted by Captain Comee, Captain Atwood, Lieutenant Jones, Lieutenant Knaggs, Lieutenant Dixon, Lieutenant Davis.”

This was returned, with the following endorsement:

“OFFICE C. S. M. PRISON, }
RICHMOND, VA., Nov. 9. }

Respectfully forwarded to headquarters with the remark that General Dow was allowed to go to Belle Isle for a specific purpose, to distribute clothing and not to examine into commissariat arrangements or to hold communication with the prisoners further than this specific business required. Having meddled with matters with which he has no business, and violated a privilege gratuitously extended to him, and in addition made his visit to Belle Isle the means of making a report which is both contemptible and false, I most respectfully recommend that he be prohibited from again visiting the island, and I further respectfully recommend that a board of

three officers (Yankees) be appointed to distribute the clothing, etc.

W. P. TURNER,

Captain Commanding.

General Dow was permitted to pass to Belle Isle to distribute clothing upon the express condition that he should do nothing else. Having violated the privilege, he will not be permitted to go again, and Captain Turner will select three discreet officers for that purpose.

JOHN H. WINDER,

Nov. 9, 1863.

Brigadier General."

I had in no way violated my parole under which I was permitted to go to Belle Isle, nor had I made any investigation into the condition of the prisoners there other than by refusing to close my eyes and ears to what I could not otherwise fail to see and hear. My only interference was my remonstrance with a sentry for apparently attempting to bayonet a poor Union soldier who, half crazed in the hope of securing through me some amelioration of his suffering, had overstepped the prescribed bounds.

Nor was the report that I had made on the condition of our imprisoned soldiers "false," save that it necessarily failed in giving the whole truth, as to which, indeed, it might be said that its language was "contemptible" because inadequate for the purpose. That Union soldiers, confined in southern prisons, suffered needless misery is now a matter of history. Much was inevitable as inseparable from captivity, but civilization blushes as the horrors of Andersonville, Belle Isle and other prison pens are recalled.

My intercourse with the masses of the southern people convinced me that they did not desire that Union prisoners should be subjected to any such treatment. But the essence of the great wrong of slavery was too often concentrated in the hearts and heads of some of

the men who had immediate charge of the prisoners of war. Such positions were perilous at best to all the kindlier phases of human nature. Only men most strongly fortified in disposition and determination to do what was right could resist the tendency to use the great power in their hands for evil, or at least to neglect to use it to prevent the suffering sure to follow from their inattention.

My confinement at Libby covered the time of the great escape, which has passed into history as the most famous of all jail deliveries. Only a select few knew that preparations for this were going on. The greatest caution was exercised because the officers were satisfied that there was a spy in their midst who communicated much of what took place to the officers in charge of the prison. Some of us had located this fellow, to our own satisfaction, through our strong suspicions, but it was not known who, or how many among us yet had confidence in him, or, at least, might be indiscreet enough to let him know in some way of the project.

When the tunnel was ready for an exit word was passed around among those who could be trusted and whose health and strength might be equal to the ordeal of flight. Only the vigorous could hope to succeed, and I did not make the attempt. By that time my naturally strong constitution had been broken down, and but the shattered wreck of my former strength remained.

It is wonderful that such an exodus could have taken place, yet perhaps even more might have escaped but for the fact that knowledge of the plan had reached a greater number than was intended, and when the night came for the trial the prison

seemed alive with the stir of preparation, so many were making ready to leave. Those in charge of the undertaking had given their followers numbers that each might know his turn, but many more thronged about the mouth of the tunnel, blocking the way. Thus there was much delay, as only one at a time could pass through, and some who had been selected to go could not even reach the prison end of the tunnel. One officer, I think it was Colonel Straight, was too large to easily pass one obstruction in the tunnel, and got wedged in so that quite an effort was necessary to get him out of his predicament.

All the world knows of that desperate and wonderfully successful undertaking. I do not remember how many finally escaped. Not a few were recaptured and brought back, but it was a marvel that so many succeeded. Some received assistance from friends and Union sympathizers in Richmond, and it was said that one officer found shelter for a time in a house, with friends, in full view of Libby.

Every morning it was customary to crowd all the prisoners together into one room, where we were packed like sardines, and then to have us pass out one by one, our guards keeping tally as we went. This was called the "roll-call." As the ranking officer, I usually went out first and then to my "quarters." At the morning roll-call after the escape, I stepped out first, as usual, but stood close by the officer as he kept his tally. I saw by his face, when he counted up his marks, that he had noticed a discrepancy, but he said nothing except to order us all back again to be checked out once more. He thought he had made a mistake.

Again I took my place by his side as I stepped

out to see what would come of his second count. This time he was more careful, but still it was not right. In various ways the men tried to confuse him. They would dodge in and out, get counted twice, put hats and caps on sticks and try to get them counted for heads. Nearly all the morning was occupied in getting the count. I was close by the officer when he finally got his tally right and found out how many were missing. The expression of blank astonishment and despair on his face was amusing. He forgot for the moment where he was, and that we were watching him, and, speaking to himself aloud, exclaimed: "Why, it is a h-u-n-d-r-e-d and ten!" expressing by tone and manner that at first count he had imagined that he had missed only ten.

When he discovered the true state of affairs he turned deathly pale. How wroth he was that day! How he searched for the hidden passage, through which so many prisoners had escaped! After a long time it was found, and then he freely admitted that the "yanks" were smart, and that they could do anything they undertook.

At Libby I found several officers from Maine. Among them, near neighbors of mine in the assignment of space for sleeping, were Colonel Tilden and Captain Atwood, of the Sixteenth Maine, and not far away was a naval officer, Mr. William H. Fogg, from Bath, Me. One of my fellow-prisoners was Colonel Cesnola, of New York, an officer whom I learned to respect very highly, and with whom, perhaps, I became as well acquainted as with any of my associates in misfortune. After my exchange, while in New York, I called, at his request, on Mrs. Cesnola, to deliver a message for him. The wife of a brave

and honored officer in the army, she was the daughter of a man who had highly distinguished himself in the war of 1812 in a most brilliant naval engagement. All Americans familiar with the naval history of their country honor her father, Captain Reid, of the famous privateer Armstrong.

Not long after my return from Mobile, by invitation of my fellow-prisoners, I addressed them upon the subject of the war and the condition of the South as observed in my travels to and fro as a prisoner. Before commencing to speak I arranged for two or three officers to be on the watch for the incoming of any of the Confederates in charge, and to give me a signal of such arrival. The applause greeting some of my remarks attracted the attention of our guards, and the signal was given. Instantly I changed my subject, and when the inquiring Confederate officer opened the door he heard me enforcing some temperance truths which, however valuable they might have been, he cared nothing for, and he retired to report that it was only "that crank, Dow, urging temperance on a lot of men who couldn't get enough to eat to keep them from starving." I addressed my fellow-prisoners, at their request, no less than five times during my confinement at Libby, and interruptions were always guarded against in that way.

It was a matter of comment among us that we received little, if any, attention from the clergymen of Richmond, a notable exception being that of the Roman Catholic Bishop, I think the Right Reverend John McGill. I remember him now as I saw him then, when I wrote of him in a letter to my family, under date of October 23, 1863:

“I have rarely, if ever, seen a man whose appearance impressed me more, if so much. There is prominent in his presence a charming air of dignity, gentleness, intelligence and high culture, intellectual and moral, and every movement is full of grace and unaffected ease.”

Not long prior to my arrival at Libby, all the captains of the prison had been mustered to draw lots to decide which two among them should be executed in retaliation for the hanging, by our authorities, of two Confederate captains caught within our own lines under circumstances subjecting them, under military law, to the penalty they suffered. This lot-drawing has passed into history. It resulted in the selection from among two or three score of Union captains in Libby, of Captains Sawyer and Flynn. The world knows what followed. Promptly our authorities selected General Fitzhugh Lee and a Captain Winder from the Confederate officers in their hands as hostages for the doomed Union captains, rightly surmising that the influential connection of those two officers in the Confederacy would prevent the threatened execution of the Union captains who had drawn their death warrants in the dreadful lottery in which they had been compelled to take tickets.

This action on the part of our government plunged the Confederate authorities into a dilemma. The influential leaders, around the necks of whose relatives this conditional halter had been placed, demanded that proceedings should be suspended in the blood-curdling drama about to be opened with the death of Sawyer and Flynn. On the other hand, some of the rank and file of the Confederacy, crazed with hate for northern men and northern sentiment, were demanding their death, and the selection of other hostages for

Lee and Winder, at whatever risk of the inauguration of an era of terrible retaliation the end of which no one could foretell.

Soon after reaching Libby I made the acquaintance of Captains Sawyer and Flynn. They had been consigned to a dungeon immediately after their fatal drawing, but had then been released. When I met them they were naturally very much depressed by what they believed to be their impending fate, but, with others, I did everything possible to rekindle their hope, assuring them that the Confederates would not dare to carry out their threat. This situation continued for a long time, during which all exchanges, save in one or two very exceptional cases, were suspended. In the meantime, through my friends in the North, notably Vice-President Hamlin and Senators Fessenden and Morrill, and the friends of General Fitzhugh Lee in the South, an effort was being made to put an end to this by our exchange, and that of Captains Sawyer and Flynn for two rebel officers of equal rank, prisoners within the Union lines.

Finally I was told by a Confederate officer that General Ould, the Confederate official in charge of exchanges, had authorized him to tell me that if the United States government would make the proposition the Confederate authorities would accede to it, but that the latter would not take the initiative. It was also intimated to me that I might write freely upon the subject of the proposed exchange, and that such letters as I thought would aid in bringing it about would pass the examination and be forwarded. Accordingly, under date of January 28, 1864, I wrote to my son, as follows:

“I have reason to believe that if the government will propose to exchange General Lee for myself, the only Federal general here, and equivalent officers for Captains Sawyer and Flynn, who were selected by lot for execution in retaliation for the execution by Burnside of two officers alleged to be recruiting within his lines in Kentucky, for the Confederate service, the proposition will be favorably entertained and the exchange effected. General Lee was captured at a private house, sick, as I was at a private house, wounded.

“If our friend C. A. S.* will kindly consent, the best thing will be for him to go immediately to Washington and see my friends there. There should be no delay about it. I have no reason to doubt that the government will consent to the measure, since no question of public policy is involved in it. Several special exchanges have already been effected.”

So much for the inspection of the officer who was to read my letter. On the back of it, in lemon juice, I wrote:

“The information comes to me through the commissioner, Judge Ould. The Confederate government will not propose the exchange, as they refuse to exchange generally man for man and rank for rank. They will exchange me for General Lee, without regard to Sawyer and Flynn, but not them, leaving on our hands General Lee. Our government may possibly think it desirable to hold Lee. If so, I am content to remain. Our government must not yield a hair's breadth in relation to the status of the negro in our armies and its duty to protect him in every respect as if he were the most honored white. To recede would be to forfeit honor and merit defeat. We should be utterly disgraced before the world.”

The above, though at the time invisible, now stands out in the apparently indelible brown developed by the heat applied to it so many years ago, testifying to the spirit which animated the inmates of Libby prison, and of their willingness to remain there, if need be indefinitely, if thereby those charged with the responsibility for its defense should conclude that

* Charles A. Stackpole, Esq., of Portland.

their dear country could better be served than by their exchange.

Upon the receipt of this letter, my son, with Mr. Stackpole, went to Washington to see what could be done. There, with the assistance of the vice-president and the Maine senators, the necessary steps were taken which shortly led to my exchange. On the 24th of February, 1864, I received two letters, very much delayed, one from Vice-President Hamlin, and one from Senator Lot M. Morrill, of Maine, informing me that the United States government had proposed to exchange General Lee for me. The exchange was effected on the 14th of March, after I had been eight months and fourteen days in captivity.

Captains Sawyer and Flynn were exchanged the same day. General Lee was the most influentially connected of any Confederate officer then in the hands of the North, while I was the only northern officer of equal rank held by the South. His friends on the one side, and mine on the other, had been most active in bringing about the proposition for the exchange, which was to result not only in preventing the initiation of a frightful Sawyer-Flynn vendetta, but to open a general exchange of prisoners, never again to be closed, I believe, while the war continued.

On the 15th of March, I went on board the steamer New York, on the James river, bound for Fortress Monroe, where, upon landing, General Butler heartily welcomed me, and told me that he had just telegraphed Mrs. Dow that I had been exchanged. From there I went to Annapolis, where I met the Misses Titcomb, Pearson and Quimby, volunteer hospital

nurses from Portland, and by their invitation took tea with them at Mrs. Tyler's quarters. I waited in Annapolis until I received orders to report at Washington.

At Washington I dined with Vice-President Hamlin and Senator Morrill, who, with Senator Fessenden, had received me very kindly and warmly. I have elsewhere alluded to my reception upon the floor of Congress and to what I had to say of the condition of the South and of the wish of the Confederates that the Republican party would fail to renominate Lincoln.

Obtaining leave of absence for thirty days, on the 19th of March I started for home, from which I had turned my face more than two years before. Reaching Portland at noon, March 23d, 1864, I was met at the depot by the mayor and city government, who accompanied me to my residence, escorted by five companies of infantry under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles B. Merrill, and followed by a large concourse of citizens. The public buildings and hundreds of dwelling-houses and stores were gaily decorated.

On the next evening I was tendered a formal welcome in the City Hall, of which I venture to insert an account published the next morning in a Portland paper.

“General Dow, attended by the mayor and members of the city government, took seats upon the platform at 7.30 o'clock, the house being literally packed, as were all the side rooms, passage-ways and approaches to the hall. Even the platform was soon so crowded with those anxious to get sight of and listen to the words of their honored fellow-townsmen, that there was scarcely room left for the speakers and reporters. After the cheering with which the General was greeted on

entering the hall had subsided, and music from Camp Berry Band, Mayor McLellan called the meeting to order and introduced Rev. Horatio Stebbins, who spoke as follows :

‘I esteem myself happy, Mr. Mayor and fellow-citizens, in being permitted to join in these demonstrations of joy on the return of our distinguished fellow-citizen from the war. We have come to welcome him, and to pay him our homage. We have come to assure him that we are not unmindful of his spirit, his toils, or his trials. We have come that we might lift him high aloft, upon the hands of all the people, into the air and light of patriotic love.

‘General: If that man is to be esteemed most happy whose conduct finds noble response in the hearts of his fellow-men, who is honored above claims of the partisan in open realms of his country’s glory, for deeds, for toils, for sufferings, done and borne for her cause, you may be esteemed the favorite of heaven. It is worth living for, General, to feel the fevered brow of life refreshed by the wind of a universal, all-pervading sentiment. Rise, and receive the people’s benediction. Read your recompense in their eyes, forget your pains and be satisfied.’

“General Dow, on rising to respond, was again greeted with prolonged and enthusiastic cheers.”

My speech occupied about five columns of the paper, closing with the following paragraph:

“When this war shall be ended, and liberty shall be proclaimed through the land to all the inhabitants thereof, and our government shall be established in the love and fear of God forever, the survivors of it will see that the value to the nation and to mankind will be far beyond its cost, and those who now mourn the death of father, brother, son, slain in battle, or starved in prison, will be comforted by the thought that their dear ones perished in the cause of civilization, humanity and Christianity, and that by their death Justice and Truth are established on an everlasting throne.”

Of this meeting the same paper said editorially:

“In the annals of Portland there has never been such a gathering of people on any occasion, as there was last evening at the City Hall to welcome General Dow. The doors of the hall were thrown open at six o’clock, and, although proceed-

ings were not to commence before half-past seven, in half an hour the spacious hall, anterooms and passage-ways were solidly packed with human beings, and for an hour or more crowds were wending their way to the hall, only to find when they arrived there that it was impossible for them to obtain an entrance. So great was the crowd that it was with difficulty that the police forced a passage-way for the entrance of the city authorities with General Dow.

“As the General proceeded from the mayor’s room, upstairs, he was greeted with cheers by the crowd, which was unable to obtain entrance into the hall. As he entered the hall, the Camp Berry Band struck up ‘Hail to the Chief,’ and a storm of applause came from the audience—the men cheering and a cloud of handkerchiefs being waved by the ladies, which lasted for some time.”

Extracts from my speech were published far and wide. Though overwhelmed with invitations to speak from all parts of the North, I was generally obliged to decline such because very much run down in health and strength. I learned that after sixty years of age it is not easy for the strongest constitution to recover from the effects of such exposure and hardships as for the past two years had fallen to my lot. Indeed, I nearly fainted in the course of my reception in City Hall, and for some time after I was subject to vertigo, and after a few months resigned my commission in the army. My health for months was so poor that I scarcely expected to survive a year.

As long as the war lasted, however, I continued, at the earnest solicitation of the friends of the North in England to do all that I could by way of private and public correspondence to help them in the work they were doing there in behalf of the Union. This subject engrossed so much of my time and thought that there was comparatively little left for specific work for temperance and Prohibition, which, to some

extent was necessarily relegated to the rear of the great and pressing subject of the salvation of the country, which had enlisted the sympathy and support of all patriotic people. After the close of the war, also, and during the period of reconstruction, I was extremely anxious that the adjustment should be on the right basis, which should give permanency to peace and to the Union, and contribute to the true glory and greatness of our country; and I interested myself to promote that end as best I might.

SUPPLEMENTARY.

I.

GENERAL DOW'S NINETIETH ANNIVERSARY. HIS LAST DAYS. LOCAL TRIBUTES TO HIS LIFE AND WORK. THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

Though the war for the Union necessarily led to the suspension of his activity for temperance and Prohibition, the interest of General Dow in those subjects did not wane, and he resumed his labor in their behalf as soon as it was practicable to attract public attention from the all-engrossing issues following upon the overthrow of the Confederacy. Two of his visits to Great Britain were made after the war, and occupied his attention substantially for three years and a half. With the exception of the time thus spent abroad, General Dow gave himself unreservedly to his chosen life-work in this country until he reached the age of ninety.

In the prosecution of his labors, he traveled east as far as Newfoundland and west to San Francisco, and his presence was a familiar one upon platforms in many cities between those extremes; and through his constant and voluminous correspondence for the public press, his views upon his favorite topic and other

subjects of general interest were made known to the English-speaking world. To work of this description he added that necessary to keep himself thoroughly informed upon all important current events in every part of the globe. He knew no idle moments, and until the last year of his life, when he was compelled to spare his eyes in the evening, he was constantly busy with book or pen, when not otherwise employed, while his varied daily employments were such as would have exhausted a man of average strength, his junior by a score of years.

The ninetieth anniversary of General Dow's birth, March 20, 1894, at the suggestion of Miss Frances E. Willard, and through the co-operation with her of temperance organizations generally, was made the occasion for congratulations upon his distinguished services, his long life and his remarkably preserved health and strength. His home was thronged throughout the day with his fellow-townsmen, and with those from distant towns and other states, who called to pay their respects. It is questionable if any other citizen in private life, who had never held high official position, has been the recipient upon such an occasion of so many congratulatory letters, telegrams, and cable messages as then poured in upon General Dow from every quarter of the globe. Space is only found for extracts from a few.

Judge Henry Carter, of Haverhill, Mass.:

“I have been personally familiar with, and now well remember, all the stages of the temperance reform in Maine for sixty years past — and I remember you at all times as emphatically the ‘leader of leaders’ in the cause, especially in the legal aspect it assumed in Maine just after the Washingtonian movement. I remember to have notified you what day to come to Augusta with your original draft

of the law, and after your hearing before the committee the feeling was so strong in its favor that the common expression was, 'Pass it without dotting an 'i' or crossing a 't.'

"The law was passed, and to-day the state of Maine is reaping great benefit from its influence. There is no state in the Union so comparatively free from the drink habit; there is no state in the Union so well able to endure a financial crisis, and there is no state in the Union where the rum-power has so small an influence in corrupting elections."

Hon. Nicholas Fessenden, secretary of state for Maine:

"..... In a broad sense, the state, the nation, yes, and the race, may properly be congratulated upon your remarkable life and labor in behalf of an elevated mankind."

Hon. E. B. Winslow, president of the Portland Board of Trade:

"My congratulations upon your long and useful life. I thank you for the deep interest you have taken in public affairs, which, with the assistance you have given many industries of our state and city, must now be a pride and pleasure to you."

Ex-Gov. Frederick Robie, Maine:

"It is pleasant to contemplate so just a public appreciation of his patriotic and unequalled public services for the best interests of humanity and the rights of man. It is a noble tribute from state and nation to his personal character, which is of the highest order, and the summing up of a long life replete with noble and generous deeds."

Hon. William W. Thomas, a friend of General Dow from boyhood:

"I congratulate you upon reaching your ninetieth birthday. I congratulate you upon being the father of the Maine Prohibitory Law, for your many years of persistent labor in its enforcement, for the many blessings which have come not only to us in Maine, but by its influence in the cause of temperance in other states."

Ex-Gov. Edwin C. Burleigh, now representing Mr. Blaine's old district in Congress:

“It is gratifying to all true friends of temperance to see so cordial and so wide-spread a recognition of your noble life-work for the suppression of the liquor-traffic.”

Edward H. Davies, a most highly respected citizen of Portland:

“While this anniversary is hailed by multitudes in every zone of the civilized world with congratulations that your force is not abated, your fellow-citizens may well add their voices to the loud acclaim attesting to your worth, ability, and usefulness as a private citizen and as their chief magistrate.”

Ben Tillett, the English labor leader:

“Neal Dow is one of the few brave men a century can own.”

Canon Basil Wilberforce, England.

“General Neal Dow has imprinted on the human race the eternal truth. When I was his guest at Portland I was deeply impressed by his gentle courtesy, his luminous intellect, and his elevated moral sense. The world is better that he has lived.”

Frances E. Willard:

“General Neal Dow has lived a life that requires no apology. He has been always a man thoroughly loyal to womanhood and the home, a dauntless soldier in the forefront of that great battle for liberty which involves the emancipation of woman and the downfall of the liquor-traffic.”

Hon. Eugene Hale, United States Senator, Maine:

“I am sure that I represent the cordial sentiment of the people of Maine when I say that they have always appreciated your earnest and efficient battle for temperance and humanity, and that now, when both Europe and America join in expressions of respect and sympathy, no voice is more hearty and sincere than that from your native state.”

United States Senator William P. Frye, Maine:

“The brave man has never lost heart, never grown weary in his well-doing. Moses saw, but could not enter the promised land; but he has both seen and gathered a great harvest.”

Reverend Joseph Cook, Boston, Mass.:

“Conscience and courage, will and wisdom, duly combined, make celestial fire. A large spark of that fire was a divine gift to Neal Dow’s soul. This has made him for nearly a century a purifying force in American civilization.”

Ex-Gov. Sidney Perham, Maine:

“The people of Maine especially owe to General Dow a debt of great gratitude.”

Mary A. Livermore, Massachusetts:

“What an inspiration to noble living is furnished by the career of our ninety year old hero! How it should stir our young men to lofty aims.”

United States Senator William E. Chandler, New Hampshire:

“Few men can look back upon a life so well spent, so full of good thoughts, good purposes and good deeds.”

United States Senator Jacob H. Gallinger, New Hampshire:

“New Hampshire followed the example of Maine in adopting a prohibitory law and the Granite State gladly joins with the Pine Tree State in wishing you a happy anniversary.”

Henry W. Blair, a member of Congress, New Hampshire:

“I was with him in battle when he was wounded, so that I feel a sort of vested interest in this grand old veteran of a thousand battles for God and man.”

Lady Henry Somerset, England:

“It is a happy thing for us all that he has lived these ninety noble years.”

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, New York:

“As the glorious veteran has been one of God’s heroes of the nineteenth century, may he live to march into the twentieth ‘with his beaver on.’”

Ex-Governor Long, Massachusetts:

“His devotion to a noble cause, his consistent example, his courage and his faith, have made him one of the heroes of the century.”

Judge William P. Whitehouse, of the Supreme Court of Maine:

“The beneficent influence of your life upon the welfare and prosperity of the people of Maine will be felt to the remotest generation.”

Rev. Asa Dalton, St. Stephen’s Episcopal church, Portland, Me.:

“In it all Neal Dow has been the principal factor, deserves the chief credit, and is held in highest respect in the city where he has lived all his life.”

President J. W. Bashford, Ohio Wesleyan University:

“I never saw him discouraged for a moment during the darkest days of any campaign.”

Laura Ormiston Chant, England:

“Maine and the world owe Neal Dow great gratitude.”

W. S. Caine, England:

“There is no speech nor language where his voice has not been heard.”

Sir Leonard Tilley, St. John, N. B.:

“I have met him on the platform in England, the United States and Canada. He was always logical and convincing.”

From Sir Wilfrid Lawson, England:

“On his coming birthday we can show how gratefully we appreciate his labors and honor his devotion to the cause of justice, progress and humanity.”

Ex-Gov. John P. St. John, Kansas:

“Prohibition will triumph, the saloon will go down and out forever, our homes will rejoice and be glad, and no one will be entitled to greater credit for this result than our brave old leader, Neal Dow.”

Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, Portland:

“I believe in some future day the grateful children will erect to his precious memory a monument as grand as any ever dedicated to freedom’s cause.”

From St. Paul, Minn., Archbishop Ireland wired:

“Warm congratulations on long years and faithful work.”

The following was received from ex-United States Senator James W. Bradbury, of Maine, the senior of General Dow by two years:

“MY DEAR Mr. DOW:

I send to you my congratulations on this your ninetieth birthday. You have not lived in vain. You have devoted a large part of your active life to one field of Christian labor, and have succeeded more fully than any other person in turning and fixing the attention of the English-speaking people upon the appalling evils of intemperance and of devising their suppression.

While you would take away temptations, it is certainly due from those who hold to moral suasion to be as active and earnest as you are in the great work of eradicating the most wide-spread and destructive evil that pervades the community.

Your senior in age, but not in Christian work, I remain,

Very truly yours,

JAMES W. BRADBURY.”

A committee of the city government, consisting of Aldermen Thompson and McGowan, and Councilmen Johnston, Snow, and Howell, called, and its chairman, Alderman Thompson, in an appropriate address, presented to General Dow a beautifully engrossed copy of a resolution which had been adopted by the city government, as follows:

“*Resolved*, That a committee of two, with such as the common council may join, be appointed to call to-morrow upon our distinguished fellow-citizen and oldest living ex-mayor of this city, General Neal Dow, and tender him the congratulations of the city government upon his long-continued health and strength, and upon the wide-spread appreciation of his eminent services, manifested in the general recognition of the ninetieth anniversary of his birth.”

“The joint committee appointed by the city government desires to extend to General Neal Dow on behalf of the city of Portland, its most hearty congratulations upon his reaching the ninetieth year of an eventful and well spent life, replete with good deeds and achievements for the cause of humanity. We sincerely trust that many more years may be added to his life.

ZENAS THOMPSON,
JOSEPH A. MCGOWAN,
FRANK C. JOHNSTON,
CHARLES E. SNOW,
WINSLOW E. HOWELL,
Committee.”

The State Board of Trade, composed of representatives from the local boards of the several cities and towns in the state, being in session in Portland, appointed a committee consisting of Col. Henry S. Osgood, of Portland, Hon. Lysander Strickland, of Bangor, and H. B. Babbitt, Esq., of Auburn, to call upon General Dow to present the following resolution, which it had adopted.

“*Resolved*, That the members of the State Board of Trade, in convention assembled, in the city of Portland, hereby tender to their distinguished fellow-citizen, General Neal Dow, on this, the ninetieth anniversary of his birth, their warm congratulations upon his long and useful life and the appreciation of his services manifested by the wide observance of his birthday.”

Among other cable messages the following was received from a great meeting in London, England:

“A mighty throng gathered in Exeter Hall crowns your ninety beneficent years with love and gratitude, for you can truly say: ‘When the ear heard me then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me it gave witness to me. Because I delivered the poor that cried and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow’s heart to sing for joy. I put on righteousness and it clothed me, my judgment was as a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out.’”

In the evening a great meeting was held in City Hall, which was crowded in every part. The mayor, Hon. James P. Baxter, who presided, said:

“No son of Portland has thrown about it such a halo of wholesome light as the man whose ninetieth birthday we celebrate to-night. He sits here an example for the old and young, and may the memory of this night long live with our people.”

Among the speakers were Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, ex-Governor Selden Connor and Rev. Matt S. Hughes of the Chestnut Street M. E. church. Mrs. Hannah J. Bailey presented to the state an oil portrait of General Dow. The governor of Maine, Hon. Henry B. Cleaves responded as follows:

“In the presence of this magnificent audience, here in the city of his birth and of his home, on this his ninetieth anniversary, in behalf of the people of the state, I extend to the distinguished advocate of a noble cause, words of greeting. The name of General Dow is being honored throughout the world; and the people of Maine are to-night bestowing their congratulations and their honors upon one of their own citizens, who for more than three-quarters of a century has been steadfast to his convictions of duty. You are not only emphasizing your appreciation of the high character of the man and the citizen, but you are recognizing his long and ceaseless efforts that have accomplished results that will live as long as the frame of human society shall endure. You have tendered to the state the portrait of this distinguished

citizen; and in the name of a great and growing and prosperous commonwealth, in the name of a great people, who are loyal to our state and to every cause that elevates mankind and strengthens the foundations of good and pure government, the gift you have bestowed is accepted; and I express to you the thanks of the commonwealth. It will be given an appropriate position in the Capitol with the portraits of other distinguished men who have, in the past, honored the state of Maine and her people."

Though still wonderfully preserved in mind and body, General Dow now realized that his working days were nearly over. He continued to appear occasionally in public, making several speeches, in one or two instances traveling many miles for the purpose, and speaking at some length. To all suggestions that he could spare his strength and prolong his life by refraining from such efforts, his uniform reply was that he did not feel at liberty to decline an invitation to speak whenever it was thought he might be of service. His last address was made about a year before his death, when he had passed his ninety-second birthday. Rev. Dr. A. H. Wright, of Portland, afterwards spoke of that speech as a marvel in its indication of continued intellectual vigor.

Forced finally into complete retirement by great physical weakness, the last few weeks of General Dow's life were passed in his home, his chief comfort being derived from books, which were his constant companions up to the last week of his life, and not omitting daily reading from the Scriptures, his invariable practice for more than half a century. To the last week of his life he continued to be interested in current events, and manifested in various ways his devotion to the cause of temperance as long as he had strength to speak above a whisper.

On Saturday morning, the 25th of September, 1897, General Dow, exhausted by the effort to dress, fainted. Soon rallying, he indulged during the day in bright and cheerful conversation upon various topics. Sunday morning he rose as usual, but in the evening upon retiring was very feeble. Monday he again essayed to rise, but finding himself unequal to the effort, said: "This is the beginning of the end," to which he thenceforth looked forward cheerfully, suggesting to his daughter Cornelia, who was constantly at his bedside, that the funeral services should be simple, without display, and indicating the clergymen he desired to take part.

His chief solicitude in the last three days of his life was lest in his weakness he should trouble those who were caring for him. His last reference to himself was two days before his death when he said, "I am so weary; I long to be free." Noticing that those gathered near him were affected by the remark, he quickly added, "There is no occasion for this, it is all right," and with evident purpose to relieve the strain, spoke with so much liveliness and brightness as to cause all by his bedside to smile. A few hours before his death, his daughters and son, being in the room, he asked that his daughter-in-law be called, and when she joined the group, he said with a smile, "Now you are all together." About an hour before the end, he recognized his son with a bow and smile; then closing his eyes at half past two o'clock, Saturday afternoon, October 2d, 1897, he passed quietly to rest.

The funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon, October 5, 1897, in the Payson Memorial church, which could not accommodate the people who, crowding its large auditorium, also thronged the entrances



NEAL DOW AT 93 YEARS.

of the church and the street in its vicinity. The city government was present, as were also the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Veteran Firemen's Association, the soldiers of General Dow's old regiment, and other veterans, the members of the Maine Charitable Mechanic's Association, and members and ex-members of the Maine legislature. The arrangements were in charge of Mr. Henry P. Cox, assisted by Messrs. James F. Hawkes, Lyman N. Cousens, Samuel B. Kelsey, J. E. McDowell, J. W. D. Carter, and J. W. Stevenson.

A morning paper of the next day, said:

“Many distinguished men and women were present to do honor to General Dow's memory, but the most noticeable feature of the occasion was the very large attendance of people in all walks of life who came to show heartfelt respect to the memory of the man who was dear to them because of the cause he championed.”

Joshua L. Bailey, of Pennsylvania, Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, of New York, Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., of Maine, Hon. Henry B. Metcalf, of Rhode Island, and Benjamin R. Jewell, of Massachusetts, were appointed by the National Temperance Society a committee to attend the funeral. The New England Sabbath Protective League, of which General Dow was a vice-president, was represented by its secretary, Rev. Dr. Martin D. Kneeland, of Boston. Mr. George H. Shirley, of New York, so long and intimately associated with General Dow in temperance work in Maine, was among those present.

The pall-bearers were: Governor Llewellyn Powers, of Maine, Mayor Charles H. Randall, ex-Governor Sidney Perham, ex-Governor Nelson Dingley, Jr., ex-Governor General Selden Connor, ex-Governor

Frederick Robie, Judge William L. Putnam, of the United States Circuit Court, ex-Mayor General Francis Fessenden, ex-Mayor Marquis F. King, the collector of the port, ex-Mayor John W. Deering, Hon. William G. Davis, president of the bank of which General Dow was long a director, Edward H. Daveis, Esq., president of the Portland Gaslight company, Chief Engineer of the fire-department M. N. Eldridge, ex-Chief Spencer Rogers, ex-Chief A. J. Cummings, and ex-Chief Frank Merrill.

Rev. Leroy S. Bean, of the West-End Congregational church, read from the scriptures, beginning with the familiar passage: "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsels of the ungodly," and closing with the story of the translation of the prophet Elijah. The venerable Methodist divine, Rev. D. B. Randall, enfeebled after long years of labor as a coadjutor of General Dow in temperance and antislavery work, offered prayer.

Rev. Dr. Asa Dalton, rector of the St. Stephen's Episcopal church, then spoke as follows:

"A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and in his own house." The truth of the saying is proved by its exceptions, of which Neal Dow furnishes a striking example. The general recognition of his great work and greater worth, is no less creditable to the people of Portland, than to Neal Dow himself.

Distance often imparts a glow to a view, both of men and things, which is dissipated by coming nearer to them. Not so with Neal Dow. Greatly as he is honored abroad, he is even more so at home, where his whole career has been subject to lights more searching than beat upon a throne, which have revealed nothing to his disadvantage. They have served only to bring out into clearer view his many admirable traits and the sterling worth of his character.

'Call no man happy till he dies,' was a saying of the ancient Greeks. Neal Dow was happy alike in life and death.

Happy in his ancestry, in his parents, the home influences and training which started him in the right direction. It was the pure, serene atmosphere of the Friends which he breathed from his birth which proved a tonic to his moral constitution. He was equally happy in the choice he made of a moral aim in life, which was to grow and strengthen by what it fed upon; happy in the town where he began to carry out his high purpose.

When later the war began, his patriotism flamed up, and gave him the grand opportunity to serve and to suffer for his country, in which he was as brave and unflinching as in his previously chosen line of action. Since then, he has had the health and happiness to war with the liquor-traffic to the end of his earthly life.

General Dow knew that moral influences are alone sufficient to insure the final and full triumph of the cause he had at heart. He was not a man of one idea on this or any other subject. So far from this, that few among us had equally wide and diverse sympathies, tastes and pursuits. He was the friend and advocate of every good cause. A more public spirited citizen has never lived in Portland. His love for his native city was a ruling passion to the end. He was equally proud of our state, and all the states. For his country he suffered and bled, when by reason of age he could have claimed exemption from active duty. Nor was he a man of action merely. He had a vigorous, discriminating intellect. As an effective speaker and writer, he has never been surpassed. His power of making a statement, clear, cogent and conclusive, was unequalled in his day.

Above all, he delighted in his choice and extensive library, in which he passed perhaps the happiest hours of his life. High rose the tide of emotion in the heart of the orator as he surveyed the listening crowds with their upturned faces, but far purer and deeper was the converse held by Neal Dow with his favorite authors, both native and foreign. Macaulay's and Milton's praise of good books he could have repeated from his heart.

Perhaps few of our people knew his interest in all the great political movements and changes of our time. I have heard him discuss European affairs with such men as Dean Farrar, Canon Wilberforce, and Phillips Brooks, where he more than held his own and showed an intimate knowledge of *haute politique*.

But enough. Let others dwell and dilate on his singular

gifts and great life-work which will surely secure to him the widest fame; but to ourselves we will reserve the right to claim him as a fellow-citizen whose fame the state and city will jealously and proudly guard and yet perpetuate in bronze or marble; a neighbor who was an example to us all in knightly courtesy and every civil duty; a friend, who held us to himself by bands more delicate than silk and more firm than steel. Let the idlers among us be aroused and incited by his incessant activity. O well might his last words be 'I am weary.' Who than he had a better right to be weary, not of, but in his work. Again, 'I long to be free!' Ay, his was the eagle's upward gaze and flight, and as the bird escaped from the cage in which he had been imprisoned his soul would fain mount upward to heavenly heights, fly away, and be 'at rest.'"

Dr. Dalton was followed by Rev. A. H. Wright, of the St. Lawrence Congregational church, who said:

"Gratitude and gladness mingle with the sorrow of this hour. We are deeply thankful that the long and beneficent life of our departed fellow-citizen has been lived in our city from the cradle to the grave. We are thankful for the luster his noble life, grand achievements and illustrious name have shed upon our city and commonwealth. We are glad that he was spared in marvelous vigor of mind and health of body to his extreme old age. We rejoice over the great moral and political results of his life-work.

The story of his life has often been told; it need not be rehearsed here. There came a day in his early manhood, when this great life which has gone out from our presence, was consciously given to the work of temperance reform. Then the high purpose of his life was formed, then he elected his mission, then he consecrated his heart, his intellect, his energies and his inspiring personality to the task of depriving the licensed saloon-keeper of his legal right to ruin homes and destroy human happiness.

Apart from this noble consecration of self to the work, Prohibition had never been an accomplished fact, nor would Neal Dow have immortalized his name as the framer and father of the Maine Law. This consecrated purpose was formed as early as 1830 or 1831 when Mr. Dow was not more than 27 years of age. His settled determination to devote himself to the advocacy of the principles of legislative prohibition was

formed some four or five years later. In his earlier efforts Mr. Dow had no intention of devoting his life to this cause, much less to become a professional reformer.

He was a man of business, devoting his leisure time to temperance work, but now began more earnest and exacting labors in this cause. While interested in industrial, educational and philanthropic interests, notably the antislavery cause, he was more and more becoming personally identified with that of temperance reform and legislation. His consecrated purpose made him, unconsciously, a professional reformer.

Still another important moral factor in the great achievements of this remarkable man was the strength of his personal convictions respecting the prohibitive principle as right, sound, and entirely practicable.

Neal Dow was no dreamer; no wild visionary seeking to achieve the impossible. He never expected that bad men and women could be made good by legislative enactment. It is not true that 'he believed that men may be made moral and temperate by statute.' But he did believe, and he never ceased to believe, in the possible and reasonable suppression of the rum-traffic by legal prohibition. He did believe until the day of his death that the possible and practical enforcement of the Maine Law would banish liquor-saloons from our streets, drive the infamous traffic into darkness and rob it of its glamour of respectability, its alluring and glaring temptations and its insidious perils.

This was his aim, this he studied and toiled to accomplish — to remove from those weak or diseased men and women, in whom appetite for strong drink, hereditary or acquired, held sway over their will, conscience and reason, the open, visible, public temptation of the licensed saloon. That this ought to be done and could be done, Neal Dow never for a moment doubted.

This was Neal Dow's contention. Not 'that men may be made moral and temperate by statute,' but that they could be delivered from temptation, and that this would be a most important and valuable aid to their reform by moral suasion and Christian effort.

These, then, were the strong moral forces in the heart of our venerated and distinguished citizen whose spirit is departed: sympathy, consecration, conviction. There were not wanting auxiliary forces to support and direct these moral qualities — keen intelligence, practical wisdom, heroic cour-

age, power of concentrating thought and will and ceaseless energy. Neal Dow was a mighty worker. He possessed large capacity for great achievement. He was, we believe, kind and true in his sympathies, sincere and noble in his self-consecration, and sound and right in his convictions. Of him it may be said: He was great in peace, great in war, and great in the hearts of his countrymen. His name will never be forgotten, nor his work undone.

It behooves us, as his fellow-citizens, to revere his memory, to emulate his virtues and to esteem him very highly for his works' sake."

Rev. Rollin T. Hack, pastor of the Payson Memorial church, then spoke as follows:

"The voice of a prophet is stilled.

For three score and ten years, since he made his first speech in favor of temperance, Neal Dow has been like a prophet of old to this land. He had the spirit of the old Hebrew prophets. Few men have read those ancient Hebrew oracles oftener than he, and he had absorbed their spirit. He was in sympathy with their passionate protests against evil and their appeals for righteousness. The prophet sees truth at first hand. He does not quote. He has an immediate consciousness of it, its authenticity and its authority. He gives himself to its dominion and dedicates body and soul to its diffusion.

Such was Neal Dow. He gave himself to the cause of temperance with a passionate devotion. With him it was the cause of righteousness and humanity. There is enlargement and life-giving power in ideas that root themselves in eternal righteousness and a man possessed with such ideas is worth more to the world than armies and navies.

When such a man speaks it is with not only the prophet's conviction, but with the prophet's power. Men cannot remain indifferent to him. They may oppose but they must rouse themselves for some action. This has been the success of the life we remember to-day. It does not need mention in this presence, but more than to any other leader probably, it was due to him that men were compelled to stop and examine the grounds of their individual and social life touching intemperance. They were obliged to admit the evil, acknowledge the wrong.

Thus was well begun the great temperance movement which was not limited to our land and which to-day is a leading issue in the world. He was a great leader. He inspired men with the idea that they might master the liquor-traffic instead of allowing it to master them.

The 'Golden Rule' and the fact that each man is his 'brother's keeper,' he felt and strove to make others feel. He was statesman as well as prophet like many of the prophets of old. He embodied his convictions in law and thus built a breakwater against the encroaching evil,—a wall of defense for the weak.

He was not an easy leader to follow. He saw the right so clearly, he was so loyal to it, that any hesitation was scarcely to be tolerated. But though he struck hard blows, it was not with personal animosity. He saw men through the truth that he had given himself to, and as they were for or against it, he judged them. But personal hatreds he did not cherish.

His courage was unwavering, magnificent. He was never daunted. He was

‘One who never turned his back but marched
breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, tho' right were worsted,
Wrong would triumph.’

He never ceased to believe in the triumph of temperance for it was the cause of humanity, of righteousness, the cause of God.

This was the secret of his life, his power. Like one in the far past 'he endured as seeing Him who is invisible.'

And the presence that was so potent, so courageous, so full of encouragement to us, has gone out into the unseen, full of years and honors.

Not in a chariot of fire, but peacefully as the full tide slips from the shore he went, so that he might have said with the great poet :

‘Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark !
 And may there be no sadness of farewell
 When I embark ;

For tho' from out our bourne of time and place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crost the bar.'

But friends, we are not gathered here merely to honor him who has gone. God honored him. His work is done. Something remains for us. The prophet's voice is stilled but the prophet's message remains. Its appeal is to us. Upon whom shall a double portion of the spirit of Elijah fall? What we need are men who are 'initiated into the mystery of invisible things.'

'Men whom highest hope inspires,
 Men whom purest honor fires,
 Men who trample self beneath them,

* * *

Men who never shame their mothers,
 Men who never fail their brothers,
 True, however false are others.

* * *

Men who when the tempest gathers,
 Grasp the standard of their fathers,
 In the thickest fight.

Men who strike for home and altar
 (Let the coward cringe and falter),
 God defend the right !

True as truth, tho' lorn and lonely,
 Tender — as the brave are only ;
 Men who tread where saints have trod,
 Men for country, home and God :
 Give us men ! I say again, again,
 Give us such men !'

At the close of the services nearly an hour was occupied by the great crowd in filing past the casket, which was placed in front of the pulpit. The interment was in the family tomb at Evergreen cemetery.

SUPPLEMENTARY.

II.

SOME PRESS AND OTHER NOTICES OF THE DEATH OF
GENERAL DOW. PRESENTATION OF PORTRAIT TO
THE CITY. ADDRESSES OF HON. JOSEPH W.
SYMONDS AND REV. DR. HENRY S. BUR-
RAGE. RESOLUTIONS OF THE
CITY GOVERNMENT.

At its regular meeting, Monday evening, October 4, after the death of General Dow, the city government unanimously adopted the following resolutions, submitted by Mayor Randall:

“*Whereas*, It has pleased Divine Providence to remove from our midst our honored and distinguished fellow-citizen, who for over ninety-three years has been a resident of our city, be it

“*Resolved*, That as representatives of this city, of which he has twice been mayor, we sincerely mourn his loss and extend our heartfelt sympathy to his family and friends.

“*Resolved*, That it is the sense of the city council that all city offices be closed at twelve, noon, Tuesday, the day of the funeral, and remain closed the remainder of the day, and it is sincerely hoped that all places of business will show their respect for the deceased by closing during the hours of the funeral.

“*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the records and a copy sent to the family of the deceased.”

Resolutions of similar import were adopted by various other bodies in the city, while temperance organizations, and religious societies in this and other lands paid tributes to General Dow's memory, and memorial services were held by many churches in this country, the Canadas, and Great Britain.

Almost the entire press of this and other lands noticed the death of General Dow, English as well as American papers making extensive references to his life and labors. Space is only found for brief extracts from the notices of him in some of the papers of his native city and state, where his life had been spent, and where he was best known.

In General Dow's death Portland loses her most distinguished citizen, and the common country a unique and energetic reformer and philanthropist. It is only deserved praise to say that he, by his burning zeal and his fifty years of unceasing agitation, has been a mighty force for good in the world. — *Portland Advertiser*.

He was a man whose virtues were of the antique type; virtues put out to use in the service of his city, of his state and of his country, and backed by a force of character and strength of will which no obstacle could daunt nor discourage—ment subdue. — *Portland Argus*.

While man shall hope for progress, toilers for the welfare of the race may draw inspiration from the example set by Neal Dow, and emulate the faith and courage with which he devoted his life to what he believed was right. — *Portland Evening Express*.

Neal Dow wrought long and well, with a steadfastness of purpose that knew no variableness or shadow of turning, with a courage that never flinched, with a sublime faith that never permitted him to doubt for a moment the ultimate triumph of his cause. What better eulogy than this? — *Portland Press*.

The city bows its head in unaffected sorrow at the passing of a man who has made the fame of city and state wide as the waters be, and whose repute is borne on the trumpets of the

wind from the four quarters of heaven. — *Portland Sunday Telegram*.

His last days were passed amid the general praise and good will of a generation which has given full credit to his sincerity and to his great influence in the temperance cause. — *Portland Sunday Times*.

Whatever standpoint one assumes in regard to the wisdom of the special legislation with which Mr. Dow's name was connected, the influence his work has exerted on customs, morals and practical legislation is hard to overestimate. — *Portland Transcript*.

Neal Dow's memory will always be revered and respected. — *Bangor News*.

His death will be sincerely mourned, not only by his immediate family and friends, but by thousands who were in sympathy with his life-work for the suppression of intemperance. — *Bangor Whig and Courier*.

Maine has reared many famous men, but few will be mourned by more people or their names be longer honored and revered than this Apostle of Temperance. — *Bath Times*.

He has passed peacefully to his rest after a career which merits an honored place in American history and in the memory of his fellow-countrymen. — *Biddeford Journal*.

He hath not lived in vain. The incidents of his life and death, and the remarkable tribute paid to his memory by the nations as they stood at his bier with uncovered heads, demonstrate this more clearly than any mere words of his most enthusiastic eulogist. — *Bridgton News*.

The labors of Neal Dow will ever be remembered as the labors of a man sincere, earnest and philanthropic, and actuated by a deep regard for the good of his fellow-men. — *Calais Advertiser*.

His political record, like his private life, is clean and honorable. — *Calais Times*.

As a benefactor of his race General Neal Dow will be held in grateful remembrance. Those who have been helped by him along the upward way to a nobler and better life will not let his name be forgotten. — *Christian Mirror*.

Neal Dow lived to see our state emerge from the shadows of free rum and poverty into a condition of temperance and prosperity, to which result his efforts more than any other single agency contributed. — (*Rockland*) *Courier-Gazette*.

His name will not soon perish among men, and his noble record will long work as a leavening influence in human hearts. — *Gospel Banner*.

He would not compromise with the enemy, whether fighting the liquor-traffic or the foes of the Union. He was indeed wonderfully equipped for the work of his life, and the many years, indomitable energy and rugged health vouchsafed to him were so completely utilized that in his last moments he could not look back with that sense of regret which comes to those who falter by the wayside. — *Kennebec Journal*.

And as the years pass the nobility of his character, the fidelity of his life, and the unselfishness of his aims will be more and more recognized. — *Lewiston Journal*.

His private life was singularly free from reproach, and his long career furnished a shining example of sturdy uprightness, of unselfishness and of devotion to principle. — *Lewiston Sun*.

Generations will come and go before the direct influence of this great prohibition leader will be lost to the citizens of New England — *Maine Farmer*.

All acknowledge the integrity, sincerity, earnestness of purpose and purity of motive which characterized him. — *Old Town Enterprise*.

The tributes to his memory are many, and none are more hearty than those from opponents of the cause he held most dear, but who freely testify to their admiration of him as a man. — (*Belfast*) *Republican Journal*.

In every work for the good of the public, during his long and active life, he has been ever foremost. — *Rockland Opinion*.

In the death of General Neal Dow, Maine loses one of its most noted residents, a man whose reputation was world-wide and untarnished. — *Rockland Star*.

The people of Maine honor the memory of her great apostle of Prohibition. — *Skowhegan Reporter*.

Maine will long hold in proud remembrance the name of him, her greatest apostle of temperance. — *Waterville Mail*.

Mr. Dow has done more for the peace and sobriety of the home than any man living. — *Westbrook Globe-Star*.

Few of Maine's famous men will be mourned by more people or their names be longer honored than he who was not inappropriately styled "The Grand Old Man." — *Winthrop Banner*.

Under date of November 1, 1897, the mayor of Portland wrote the following letter:

"MAYOR'S OFFICE, PORTLAND, ME.

HON. F. N. DOW.

Dear Sir: — Ever since the death of your honored father, I have thought that, out of respect to his memory as a former mayor of our city, and in recognition of his services to the country during the Civil war, and in honor of a distinguished son of Portland, whose name is known throughout the world, his portrait should be hung in the office of the mayor, as is that of that other distinguished citizen of our city, William Pitt Fessenden; and I sincerely hope that at an early date you will furnish his portrait for this purpose, which I know will meet the approval of your fellow-citizens.

Yours truly,

C. H. RANDALL, *Mayor.*"

On Monday afternoon, March 21, 1898, the mayor's rooms were crowded by those attracted by the announcement that a portrait of General Dow, painted by Walter Gilman Page, of Boston, was to be presented to the city. The gathering included clergymen, lawyers, physicians, and representative business men, besides many ladies. At the hour designated the folds of the American flag which had concealed the portrait were withdrawn and Colonel Frederick N. Dow, addressing Mayor Randall, said:

“ Mr. Mayor, you will remember that some months since you requested me to furnish for this room a picture of my honored father. In compliance with that request, I present through you to the city this portrait of one who, during his long life in this community was guided in his official and private walk by the principle that the public welfare should be the chief concern of every citizen. I venture to express the hope that the city will receive it and care for it as it guards the likenesses of its other chief magistrates, who, like my father, have rendered to this community unselfish service.”

Hon. Joseph W. Symonds, late a justice of the Supreme Court of Maine, and than whom none in the state stands higher as a lawyer, followed Colonel Dow. After alluding to Commodore Preble, to William Pitt Fessenden, to Henry W. Longfellow, to Nathaniel Parker Willis, and to Paul Akers, as sons of Maine who had shed upon Portland the luster of an undying fame, Judge Symonds said:

“ What wealth of incident and private character, what brilliancy and renown of public service, what halo of learning and virtue, what richly freighted memories and associations of beautiful and noble lives, have the years drawn about this goodly city of ours by the sea! They are in all our minds, we need not name them.

We are assembled to-day to look upon a portrait, which the hand of genius has touched, of a man whose life, only recently closed, from a period which long precedes the recollection of us all, was as much a part of his native city as the glory of the morning breaking over our eastern bay, as the high noon when it looks down into our tree-bordered streets, as the sunset waning in tremulous beauty into night beyond the western hills; and like the sunlight, too, in its influence encircling the globe.

The proprieties of this occasion, to which I would sensitively respond, forbid my venturing in what I say beyond the limits of common ground, on which we all can meet. No line of disputed boundary shall be crossed or reached by me. Methods and means and all that pertains to controversy are far removed from our thought to-day. I sound no jarring

note. I would speak only the common sentiment, only those things on which the minds of all agree.

That the life of General Neal Dow was pure and noble and good, that throughout its course, from first to last, he labored for a beneficent end, in all sincerity and disinterestedly, with such diligence in a public cause as men ordinarily apply to their private affairs, that his voice was an eloquent one and his pen facile, effective, fine and strong, that large bodies of good men here and elsewhere, at home and abroad, looked to him as leader and guide, and looking to him far in advance never saw a faltering step, listening to him never heard a word of doubt or fear, only the clarion note from farther and farther height, that as in peace he had labored for mankind, for the good of all, so at the sound of war it was easy for him to spring to the very height of patriotism in the hour of his country's danger, these things none will deny; and what more would just eulogy demand?

Rawlinson, musing over the ruins of Assyria, repeats the warning, which the records of nations so constantly enforce, that the greatest material prosperity may co-exist with the decline, and may herald the downfall of a kingdom.

But here was a man whose life was devoted to an idea; who left the paths of throbbing, busy life, the field of palpable, material interests, to labor — I will not say for an abstraction, it was not that — but for a theory of legislation as a means to a higher end, the protection of society; for a theory of legislation in which not his own welfare but (as he believed) the good of the world was involved. What element of knightly honor or devotion was wanting in the courage, faith, ardor, with which he upheld the cause to which he had given his life?

A man of courtly presence and manner, of noble simplicity of life, earnest, resolute, full of resource, he was great in the singleness of heart and persistency of aim with which he pursued his own ideal of the public good, and in the unceasing enthusiasm and passionate zeal which warmed the heart of old age with the very lifeblood of youth.

It need not be said that General Dow was as far removed as possible from the adventurer seeking personal gain from the cause he espoused. On the contrary, as we all know, he was a gentleman of family and private fortune, who could command his own time and gave it freely, his life long, to profound thoughtfulness, patient study, active service, in the advancement of the highest interests of society. Abroad, his

reputation might be associated with a single subject, with which he identified the state of Maine and made it widely known, but we knew him as he was, a man of culture, of wide and varied reading, of large experience of life, a close observer and deep student of all social problems, of great natural gifts, of fervid and intrepid energy; who would have acted well his part in any crisis, and would have distinguished himself in any field. He had a rare courage, the courage to meet bitter and relentless opposition, and to accept grave responsibility.

I should not be true to my own thought if I were to say that this good man was always wholly just in his judgments of those who differed from him. Not that he was ever consciously unjust; far from that. But a flaming zeal does not always measure its words. A single-minded, single-hearted devotion does not scan the whole heavens. It looks along its own line of action; it cleaves its way to its goal. Of such a man the judicial faculty and habit of mind should not be required. Such a temperament, evenly balanced, is not suited to the work he had to do, to the mission he was appointed to fulfill.

He charged upon those who, he thought, stood in the way of his cause, as Christian upon Apollyon, with as little hesitation what weapon to use, or where to strike, and with as little shrinking from the flaming darts hurled, 'thick as hail,' in return. But to him the personal encounter was only an incident of the larger strife. Before his mind was always the hideous dragon-shape, winged, mailed, breathing flame, a menace and peril to all the pilgrims in the valley, a perpetual barrier in the path of human progress. Against this giant form of evil, cumbering the King's highway, the arrows from his quiver were aimed, and, if they wounded another, it was but an incident and a sign of the violence of the conflict.

And now, Mr. Mayor, on this spot identified from an early period with the history of Portland as town or city, under the dome of our City Hall, in response, I believe I may say, to Your Honor's special request that such a portrait of General Dow as this might be placed among those of the mayors of Portland—Your Honor possibly remembering how slow as a people we are with our public works of art—with a filial pride and sense of grateful obligation with which we can all most deeply sympathize, his son has delivered to the municipality this portrait of its great Chief Magistrate, Your Honor's predecessor in office nearly half a century ago. The other events of the day will soon be forgotten, but the name and

fame of Neal Dow, and the good influences of his life and labor, will long remain. In the years to come the footsteps of citizens and strangers, and especially of visitors from a distance, will linger about this portrait more, I suppose, than about any other in the honored line, and when we begin the work of erecting a statue to his memory — which we all hope will not be long delayed — we shall find the world interested in the undertaking, and more persons ready and willing to take part in it than would be similarly interested in a statue proposed for any other man who ever made his home in Portland.

When we stand upon the deck of the bark fast flying from the shore, and the line of coast disappears and the headlands and hills and all the land go down and the islands are swallowed up, then (as Choate said of Webster, so in another vein we may say of this honored townsman of ours) then the mountain appears, the great moral or intellectual height, swelling far up from the subject and fading vale, clouds and tempests and the noise of waves at its feet, eternal sunshine upon its head.

Westminster Abbey has been called the great temple of silence and reconciliation, where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried.

Strange, in the presence of death, how poor and small seem all the bitter controversies and enmities of this world! Friend and enemy stand side by side, with bowed heads, in the same silence, by the good man's grave. When his life has closed, all perceive that by some subtle law of this universe — in which law are the very habitation and throne of the eternal right — by some law of the universe what was best and truest in his life and character has become the measure of their abiding and permanent value. Differences cease, enmities are silent. The high purpose, the true motive and intent, the noble endeavor, the great example, nature takes these all to herself; the world takes them to itself. They become part of the universal order. Their influence goes forth, as the winds and the waves, to do the will of God.

‘ Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.
 Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
 The good, great man? Three treasures, love and light,
 And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
 And three fast friends, more sure than day or night,
 Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.’ ”

Judge Symonds was followed by Rev. Dr. Henry S. Burrage, who said:

“ This is an occasion of more than ordinary interest. In all that has now so justly and so felicitously been said concerning permanent memorials of the men who have reflected honor upon this goodly city, we are all, I am sure, in heartiest accord. Of such memorials a beginning has already been made in Franklin Simmons’ beautiful statue of Longfellow, the poet beloved, whose gracious presence here in the home of his birth had hardly been missed when the movement for the erection of this statue was commenced. And now we have this admirable portrait of General Neal Dow—a gift to the city inspired by filial affection. With the exception of Longfellow, no one has made Portland so widely known as has the father of Prohibition. For more than a generation, wherever around the wide world the friends of temperance have grappled in close conflict with their opponents, they have done so with words of encouragement spoken by the leader of the prohibition movement. Now that he is no longer with us, therefore, it is a matter of congratulation that we have this in every way satisfactory portrait of General Dow. The artist, with painstaking fidelity, has done his work, and we can point to it as a faithful representation of the form and features of our late fellow-citizen. But surely something more is due to his memory; and as has already been suggested, not many years should be allowed to pass before we shall have in our city, suitably located, a statue of General Dow in enduring bronze, something for the eye of the passer-by even and from which the boys on the street as well as the men of riper years shall receive inspiration to the highest and noblest purposes in life.

General Dow is generally thought of as a man with one idea. He was far from that, but what he did for the promotion of temperance is his crowning honor. The harmful results of the drink habit, he early recognized and deplored. There were scenes of which he was an eye-witness that stirred his soul. Who can wonder, then, that his thoughts concerning the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors at length dominated him so completely that other activities in which men engage became subordinate or were entirely ignored. I am inclined to think, however, that his deepest interest in the cause of temperance grew out of his interest in good citizenship. A happy, prosperous community, was the high ideal

that was ever before him, and to such ends as he believed would secure the realization of his ideal he devoted himself with an energy and single-heartedness that were the promise of success. But he had continually within the circle of his vision the larger interest of the nation, and when slavery threatened the free institutions the fathers had established, and the Civil war came, although by a decade he was past the military age, with what ardor he threw himself into the conflict, believing that

‘The fittest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man,’

and that

‘God’s most dreaded instrument
In working out a pure intent
Is man arrayed for mutual slaughter.’

But when the war was over, having discharged his duty to his country in that great crisis of its existence, General Dow took up again the task which for the time he had laid aside, but which still concerned us as a people; and in the fierce struggle with the rum traffic he spent the remnant of his days. In this struggle he

‘Never turned his back, but marched breast forward.’

Strong blows he struck, but it was always in the open field, and with unflinching faith in ultimate victory. Of course there were times when even those who agreed with General Dow concerning the principle of Prohibition found it impossible to follow him, or to keep step with him. The nobility of his purpose, his indomitable will in executing it, however, we all recognize, and in our estimate of the man any differences we may have had are of little account compared with his conspicuous virtues, and in no wise lessen our admiration for one who consecrated his life to the welfare of his fellow-men.

It is as he appeared a few years after his return from the war that General Dow is presented to us upon this canvas. Although at that time he had reached his three score years and ten, he was still in the full possession of a vigorous manhood. I became a resident of Portland in 1873, and General Dow was a near neighbor. Upon his cheek there was still the ruddy glow of health, and his step was elastic and firm. Indeed, as we all know, it was only in the last years of his life, I might almost say the last months, that we were compelled to say of him as we passed him on the street, ‘How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod.’

The artist has done well, therefore, to place upon his canvas the great leader of Prohibition in the fulness of his manly strength. Compassion for the tempted, an unyielding purpose in the heroic endeavor to strike down the tempter, a sound mind in a sound body — it is all there in the striking portrait hanging before us. It is the General Neal Dow we have all known and honored.

There is an old Greek legend connected with the battle of Marathon which we may very properly recall here to-day. It is said that long after the battle, as the Greeks from the surrounding hills looked down upon the plain where their fathers met the invading Persian legions and overthrew them in disastrous defeat, the clash of armor, the cries of the vanquished and the shouts of the victors could still be heard as the battle was daily renewed by the invisible combatants. The conflict in which General Dow was engaged is also still in progress, but not on a field in which the combatants are invisible. As the Greeks were inspired to deeds of heroic daring by the splendid achievements of their ancestors, so for generations to come may men and women in the same great conflict in which General Dow had the foremost part be inspired by his noble example."

At the close of Dr. Burrage's address, Mayor Randall, in accepting the portrait, said:

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:— I esteem it an especial honor that at the beginning of my second term as mayor I should have the privilege and pleasure of accepting in behalf of the city this splendid portrait of one of her most distinguished sons, General Neal Dow. Born in our city, he lived his entire life among us, and finally passed away, loved, honored, and respected by every citizen of Portland. Early in life he espoused the cause of temperance, and for over seventy years he fought the good fight with word and pen. His death was mourned by thousands. A distinguished soldier, an able writer, and a born orator, his name is known throughout the world.

And to-day, in the name of his native city, of which he was twice mayor, and which he loved so well, and in behalf of all our citizens, I accept with heartfelt thanks this noble gift, and I extend to his honored son, Col. Fred. N. Dow, the donor, and the entire family, the gratitude, the thanks, and the kindest regards of the whole community.”

At its regular meeting, April 4, 1898. the city government upon motion of Alderman Lamson, unani- mously adopted the following resolution:

“ *Whereas*, On the 21st of March, 1898, in the presence of a large number of our representative citizens, a portrait of our late distinguished citizen, General Neal Dow, twice mayor of Portland, was unveiled and formally presented to the city by Colonel Frederick N. Dow, and accepted in behalf of the city in appropriate remarks by his Honor, Mayor Randall, and on which occasion Hon. Joseph W. Symonds and Rev. Dr. Bura- ge dwelt in eloquent addresses upon the life and character of General Dow, therefore be it

“ *Resolved*, That the city council in general convention assembled, hereby accepts and signifies its appreciation of the gift of the portrait of General Dow, and extends a vote of thanks to the donor, Col. Fred. N. Dow.

“ *Resolved*, That this convention deems it an appropriate time to place upon its records its testimony to the respect in which General Dow was held by the citizens of Portland. Through his intellectual force, his ardent zeal, and earnest advocacy, he was universally recognized as the master spirit and acknowledged leader of those who favored Prohibition. His eloquence as a speaker, his force as a writer, and the consistency and fearlessness with which he maintained what he believed to be right, secured a large measure of public admiration. While during all his life General Dow was a persistent and courageous and faithful exponent of the principles with which his name has a world-wide identification, his usefulness was by no means limited to that cause. His fellow-citizens are justly proud of the services he rendered to his city, state, and country, and testify to their appreciation of the integrity, ability, and moral and physical courage which he evinced whether in civil or military station, or in the walks of private life.”

