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Bunker's text book of political deviltry. A record of Maine's small bore politicians and political bosses

Benjamin Bunker

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BUNKER'S TEXT BOOK

— OF —

Political Deviltry.

Price

A Record of Maine's Small Bore Politicians and
Political Bosses,

WITH JACK-KNIFE ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR,

BENJAMIN BUNKER

WATERVILLE, ME.

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Twenty Years in Politics,



And What the Author Knows About Deviltry.

INTRODUCTION.

There seems to be an honest difference of opinion among politicians of both parties, as to what constitutes political deviltry. Ask a Maine Republican as to the deviltry in his party, and before he has talked sixty seconds he will give you a complete account of all the crimes and deviltry ever committed by Democrats, from a culler of staves in a small town to the Governor last elected by the Democrats. Ask a Maine Democrat about Republican deviltry, and he will cautiously ask if you were "born a Democrat," and before he settles down to facts, he will prove that he voted for Jackson, refused to vote for Horace Greeley, and finally wind up with a confession that Republican deviltry has been offset by Democratic blunders and stupidity.

For the purpose of setting the public right on these matters, and placing the deviltry where it belongs, the author has concluded to publish some facts that are matters of history in this State.

After the Democratic party had wandered in the political wilderness for a quarter of a century, as a result of its disobedience to the demands of a progressive people for freedom, free speech, and a free country, the party was again trusted with power. This result was brought about in 1884, not through any particular strategy or wis



dom of the Democratic leaders, but owing to the general cussedness, corruption and dishonesty of the Republican politicians, who had plundered the treasury, voted away the public domain to railroad rings, systematically plundered the people, and filled the land with millionaires and tramps, the latter being the natural growth and production resulting from the creation of a wealthy few.

The Republican party came into power in troublous times, but it had for leaders men of ability, who fought for a principle, the extinguishment of slavery, and the leaders had that one object in view only. In the days of '56 and '60 it was an honor to be a Republican. Sumner, Seward, Lincoln, Trumbull, Chase, Conkling and Morton, brave men, if living to-day, would shun the leaders of the Republican party, and utterly disown them for their political deviltry. In these days the Democratic party was ruled by the same machine methods and one man power that controls the Republican party at the present time. It was this condition of things that defeated the Democrats in 1860 and the Republicans in 1884.

In the early days of the Republican party, when it was fighting for free men, free soil, and free speech, it was an honor to be called a Republican. It was indeed a grand old party. Contrast the men who surrounded Lincoln and strengthened the party, with the free whiskey monopolist, office-seeking politicians of to-day, whose stock in trade is trickery and chicanery. When the grand old party had freed the colored man, it commenced to fasten the shackles on the white slaves. At the close of the rebellion the politicians, who had graduated from the ward politicians and office-holding classes, began to fortify themselves in office and continuous power, by working the pension department to manufacture voters. To-day, as a result of this political work, the government has to spend \$87,000,000 annually for pensions. A sum \$21,000,000 more than the entire expense of the whole government before the war, an amount equal to the entire cost of maintaining the standing army of Great Britain, and within a few millions of the cost of maintaining the army of the German Empire.

The person who cast his vote for John C. Fremont and Abraham Lincoln had reason to feel proud of his action. But what shall we say of the voter who clings to party and drops a ballot into the ballot box with the scum vote? The 'floater' is led to the polls to carry out a contract for the sale of his manhood, bought for cash in hand, by a fund raised for no other purpose than to corrupt the voters "in blocks of five." To-day a cry is heard throughout the length and breadth of the land, for a pure ballot.



When the Democratic party went out of power in 1860, it was ruled by a few old relics who had always been venerated for the part they took in running conventions. These old has-beens had to be consulted by the young democracy, and their wishes carried out, before a convention could act. The old mossback carefully looked after his share of the campaign funds, held a joint mortgage on the best position in case of a victory at the polls, voted the ticket right or wrong, never learning anything or forgetting what he ought to. He could be found in every convention since the days of Jackson. He wore an antiquated silk

tile, shad-bellied coat, vest very long, with six pockets and lapels, and sported a fob chain with a seal as big as a kitten's head. When he entered the convention he awed the members who were waiting for the veterans, with a cough, intended to, attract attention. In these days he believed in the efficacy of new rum and molasses smoked a clay pipe, and looked with disdain on new recruits or any attempts of the younger element in the party to rise to the surface. Mossbacks and Bourbons run the Democratic party up to 1878, and their counterpart can be found running the Republican party to-day. A government position in the Republican party means a life position, and that party is dying with dry rot for the want of fresh young blood for leaders.

Cleveland, if he had been a practical politician, would have seen that these unsavory, worn-out party hacks were more dangerous to him than the young skippers, and as Jonahs, he should have cast them overboard together with the pot house moguls of small calibre, whose bad breath may be attributed to an inferior brand of whiskey, but who managed to get into their present positions and inflict on the duped in a whiskey laden breath, whole libraries of stale, decayed rubbish about the past. These two classes of political leaders have wrecked the Democratic party of Maine, and from a victory in 1878 and '80 with a Democratic Greenback Governor by a majority vote, the party is safely anchored in the vest pocket of a few mulish,

impracticable men, who do not want a Democratic victory, but do want to control the federal patronage for themselves or friends. Of the Republican methods no less can be said than of the Democrats. It is the same old ring rule, and the same old chestnuts run the machine. What is said of the Democrats aptly applies to the Republicans, but the latter have had more opportunities for plundering and stealing from the public, and have never been charged with neglecting any of them.

The bigotry, prejudice and party slavery of the Republican voters is proverbial, and easily accounted for. The modern Republicans early called on the church to assist them in the divine duty of crushing out all opposition, and from a liberal, progressive party, the Republican host is one of the most fanatical organizations that ever came into power in this nation, and in late years its aim has been to ostracize every business man that does not vote with these saintly bigots. Democratic stupidity and blunders are fully offset by the Bourbon ways and bigoted rule of the party that once boasted of a Fremont, Lincoln, Seward, Sumner and Trumbull, on whose banner was inscribed progress, freedom, and liberty.

In the Greenback and Democratic State campaigns of 1878-9 and '80, there was an element in the Democratic party that refused to aid the young leaders, and coldly repulsed the recruits from the Republican ranks. This element did not want a State victory run by the new and young campaigners, for fear they would be in the foreground in case of a national victory, and wrest from these Bourbons their claims for offices or leadership. Keeping the party defeated year after year by withholding financial support and sympathy, wore out the active young men who also had to share the blame of defeats, and left the drones and non-partisan element in just that condition that suited Cleveland for advisers, and his recognition of tame, unknown, untried, inexperienced politicians to the exclusion of those who had carried on expensive cam-



paigns, brought about a state of feeling that led the workers to silently agree among themselves that the less one did for the party, the more hope there was of reward.

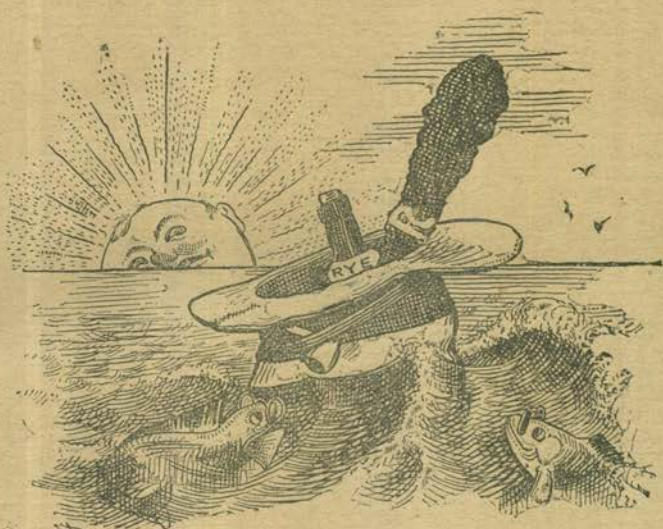
Such ingratitude led to dissension, disloyalty and bolts, and brought about the disaster of November, for what was true of Maine Democratic politics was a repetition of every northern State. Cleveland beat himself by his lack of tact, and ingratitude toward the "pernicious partisans." The machine rule of Blaine and his lieutenant, J. H. Manley, who dominated conventions and selected candidates ahead of conventions and campaigns, and promised nominations and appointments as though owning the Republican voters as so many serfs, brought about a revolt in 1877 which nearly caused the downfall of Blaine. The Democratic drones and hide-bound leaders of the Democratic party refused to take advantage of the revolt, fearing a loss of leadership, and that the recruits from the Republican party would want positions under a Democratic President, in which case there would be less plums for those who were "born Democrats." These frigid few learned to love and cherish Mr. Blaine, and aided him not a little. Hence they were called Blaine Democrats, and it is a matter of record that when Mr. Blaine needed the aid of leading Democrats to support him at local points, he always found them, and no opposition worthy of the name could be obtained in the Legislature of the State, to any of Blaine's schemes or plots. Mr. Blaine placed one of his Democratic admirers on the bench of the Supreme Court and said to a Republican who protested, "We may need him some day," and so he did in the days of Governor Garcelon. Another prominent Blaine Democrat, who had been interested with Blaine in army contracts, who was in the Legislature that memorable winter, from a coast county, was very useful on the Wallace R. White investigation, and acted well his part—for Blaine and the briber White. Another Blaine Democrat, a member of the National Democratic Committee, was placed on the government rolls and drew a handsome salary, as a special agent of the U. S. Treasury, unbeknown to his party. The Chairman of the Democratic State Committee at one time, was a great friend of Blaine, and took his instructions from this magnetic statesman. It was these Blaine Democrats who controlled the weak and impotent Vilas, and influenced him to refuse appointments to the deserving workers.

It was the Blaine Democracy and Bourbon drones who prevented Cleveland from recognizing the element that came from the Republican party twelve years ago. And yet these same cold-blooded, inexperienced, lukewarm leaders are the ones Cleveland and his Cabinet looked to for advice and recommendations in this State.

The late W. M. Rust, proprietor of the *Progressive Age*, sacrificed his subscription list to aid the Greenback movement in 1877, and brought about a revolt that entitled him to a nomination for Congress in the fifth district. A straight Bourbon Democrat was nominated, and Rust withdrew in the interest of harmony, for the purpose of electing an opposition candidate, Murch, a Democrat, who was successful for two terms, and although Mr. Rust spent ten years of his time in helping the Democratic party, his efforts were not recognized by Cleveland and his admirers, when an applicant for the Belfast Custom House, and the position was given to an old worn-out fossil who did not reside in the district, and who was afterwards removed for selling out his appointments for cold cash. And this is only one case in a dozen where active men from the Republican party were ungratefully cast over the walls to the enemy.

Previous to the advent of James G. Blaine in Maine politics, but little was known of the methods of controlling conventions and corrupting voters. Blaine was a Whig, and when that party expired with dry rot, Blaine was one of the first men to force himself to the front at the organization of the new party, and commenced his scheming early in life. When elected to Congress for the first term he was a poor man, and received financial aid from friends to give him a start. Mr. Blaine's first appearance in Congress was at a time when the country was torn and rent with a civil war. Mr. Blaine saw his opportunity to accumulate wealth, and obtain large sums as dividends in army rifle contracts, clothing and quartermaster supplies. The arming and equipping of Maine regiments gave Mr. Blaine opportunities to enrich himself and friends. From a poor Congressman, on a salary of \$5,000 yearly Mr. Blaine has been able to build a \$60,000 palace in Washington, purchase a \$50,000 interest in coal mines in the Hocking Valley, a \$200,000 interest in a railroad in Virginia, large interests in mining claims in the Territories, and has been for years a heavy dealer in stocks in Wall street, getting points, his near friends claim, from Jay Gould, Huntington and other wealthy railroad magnates, who have been made millionaires through land grants and subsidies granted by Congress when Blaine was a member of that body.

The Temperance Party.



As a distinct political organization the temperance party never made nominations or carried on a campaign until 1830. The temperance leaders always hovered under the wings of the Republican organizations, and up to 1880 the first stepping stone to a nomination and an office, was to join some temperance organization. The Republican party in Maine was founded by the old temperance leaders, most of them bolters from the Democratic party, against rum platforms and the nominees of that party, Wells and Hubbard. For many years the Republican party had for leaders, outspoken temperance men, Anson P. Morrill, I. Washburn, Jr., Sidney Perham, Wm. Pitt Fessenden, Neal Dow, and that class of men, who boldly declared war against rum, rum sympathizers, and rum dealers, and never for a moment would listen to any trade or dicker for the votes of this class. Republican conventions year after year denounced the rum traffic, and a good solid plank that honest, earnest, temperance men could stand on was regularly inserted.



Scheming politicians saw the advantage of having the temperance voters with them, and one after another learned to sing temperance songs by day, and drink themselves drunk by night, from a jug behind the bedroom door. Representatives and Senators to the Legislature managed to get elected with the aid of the temperance vote, and willingly voted more stringent laws for the suppression of the sale of liquor, although many of them had more or less rum in their stomachs, on many occasions when votes were taken. The dishonesty and hypocrisy of these professional temperance men, who were after office, and the scandals they provoked, led some of the temperance leaders to protest. Joshua Nye and Neal Dow were the first to object to the drunken bouts of prominent Republicans, elected by temperance men, and in 1879, during "the count out," so called, Senator Eugene Hale kept up

such a carousal with boon companions, that Joshua Nye, in a temperance meeting, denounced Hale as "keeping a rum hole" at his hotel, and declared his intention of opposing his election as U. S. Senator. The Republican leaders, seeing they could no longer hold the honest temperance men, bid for the vote of the rumseller. The votes of this class could be obtained through Deputy Sheriffs and City Marshals, while the professional temperance politicians could manage most of the temperance votes by referring to what the Republican party had done in the past for the cause of temperance. From 1880 to 1884 the rumseller and temperance fanatic marched up to the polls almost arm in arm, for what? The cause of temperance? Or was it for the success of the Republican party, and the elevation of the professional politicians to office? Joshua Nye was nominated for Governor by the straight-out temperance party in 1880, and received but a very

small vote, most of which came from Democrats who refused to vote for the Greenback nominee, H. M. Plaisted.

From that time Joshua Nye and his friends were marked men, and the Republican party found it for their interest to procure a commission in the regular army for Joshua Nye's son, and Mr. Nye, as a disturber, was induced to leave the State. Neal Dow continued to demand more law in the shape of amendments to the Maine law, of which he was the father, and to prod the Republican politicians on their dishonesty and hypocrisy, but clung to the Republican party which he helped form. The desperate condition of the Republican party, having suffered defeat by the Democrats and Greenbackers, and lost their old majority vote, led the leaders to make concessions to the rumsellers for their votes, and the Maine law was not enforced. The conversion of the rum vote again gave the Republican party a respectable majority, and at the same time opened wide the eyes of the temperance leaders, who resolved to organize a party of their own under the banner of the National Prohibitory party. Col. W. T. Eustis was nominated for Governor, and received a small vote, the temperance men preferring to surrender their principles, rather than their love for the Republican party. The few temperance men who thus dared to vote as they talked and stood out for a principle, were the targets for abuse from the professional politicians looking for office, and, the Republican newspapers, owned by these politicians. Every effort made by the Prohibitory party for separate action was misrepresented and denounced by the Republican newspapers, and politicians like Nelson Dingley, Eugene Hale, James G. Blaine, C. A. Boutelle, and T. B. Reed welcomed the vote of the rumseller. In Augusta James G. Blaine took pains to grasp the hand of a notorious converted Democratic rumseller, only a few days before election, and did not deem it beneath his dignity to stop and chat with him in front of his saloon. While on the day of election when an amendment to the constitution, prohibiting the manufacture or sale of liquor, was to be voted on, Blaine voted for the nominees of his party, but refused to vote for the amendment. The temperance leaders were amazed at the condition of the cause in 1884. They saw in Bangor 140 places where liquor was sold under a government license with over 100 open bars, and every proprietor of a saloon or bar voting the Republican ticket. In Augusta they saw 25 places where liquor was sold openly and freely during the session of the Legislature, with sixteen of the proprietors, converted Democrats, protected in their business, in return for their votes and influence at the polls. In Portland a vigorous en-

forcement of the law by a Democratic Mayor had driven 138 rumsellers into the Republican party, where they were protected. In Bath no Democrats dared to sell liquor.



In Lewiston the same condition of things existed, while every dealer in liquor was working for the election of Congressman Dingley. What was true of the large cities was the same with the large towns, every Democrat being obliged to go out of business, or change his politics. Search and seizure warrants were issued by the thousand in Portland and all over the State, only to harass and terrify the Democratic saloon keeper, while his Republican neighbor was never molested. The converted rum-seller, against whom cases were made out, was allowed to settle one case, and the others were hung up, for his good behavior, or so long as he continued to love and cherish the Republican party.

Neal Dow and his faithful few, seeing the non-enforcement of the Maine law by Deputy Sheriffs, had asked for a special act for the appointment of special constables to enforce the law. Here was an-

other opportunity for the Republicans, and instead of appointing outspoken temperance men as officers, men were appointed who would further the work of fighting the Democratic saloon keeper. At the present time there is no party so unpopular as the Prohibitory, or temperance party, and there is no principle that the people profess to believe in, that is so utterly shunned and ignored as the cause of temperance. And there is no party that ever had an existence, that is as thoroughly dishonest, hypocritical and unprincipled on the question of temperance, as the Republican party, and on this party alone, the blame rests, for the demoralized condition of the temperance cause in Maine.

From the very commencement of the crusade against liquor dealers, the temperance cause has suffered from the antics of cranks, beats, and the professional, political, temperance hypocrites. From the time Deputy Marshal Weaver of Bangor

transported seized liquors in coffins, down to more recent times when State Constables have roamed from town to town, with a revolver in each hand, seizing elderberry wine from old widows, the temperance party has graduated some very bad specimens of humanity.

They are found in Bangor where the clergymen pound the Holy Bible Sunday evenings and call down the curses of the Almighty on the rumseller's head, and the next day, Monday, go to the polls side by side with a well known saloon or hotel keeper, and with eyes raised to heaven, drop a ballot in the box for a candidate for office who is outside the voting place filling up a voter with Maine rotgut, for his vote—and all "for the purity of our homes."

They can be found in Portland where clergymen and professional temperance politicians start out among the saloons and hotels "to see with their own eyes" the iniquity of the liquor traffic, or may be discover some of Neal Dow's "secret dens or places of low resort," and report a clean bill of health and that "prohibition is a great success."

They can be found in Augusta where a candidate for President and an alleged temperance man, refuses to vote for a constitutional amendment prohibiting the sale of liquor, while his tools and dupes are making seizures of liquor from Democratic saloon keepers, to make their conversion to the Republican fold more speedy, or where the chairman of a grand old political party pays court to temperance men, and is himself carted home stupidly drunk.





They can be found in the city of Waterville where two Christian editors of Republican papers, members of the church, professional temperance men, attend a Republican political rally, and while one of them introduces two notorious rumsellers to address an assembly of "ignorant foreigners," the other jointly with a rumseller applauds the points made against the wicked Democrats, all for temperance and "the purity of our homes."

They can be found in Lewiston where a Congressman, a bright and shining apostle of temperance, flatters a Law and Order League on the good work they are doing, plots for the vote of every saloon and drug store proprietor, and who receives the vote of every protected rumseller, and floater made drunk to catch his vote—"all for the purity of our homes."

They can be found in Belfast where Republican editors, clergymen, Congressmen, and church members uphold and sustain the doings of an official who tempts saloon keepers to break the laws of the State by selling beer, farmers to sell cider, for the purpose of convicting them for fees, and not "for the purity of our homes."

They can be found in every hole and corner in Maine where a Republican official is tolerated, from the County Attorney who prosecutes Democrats for selling liquor when their Republican neighbors are not molested, down to the Deputy Sheriff, without character or morals, who lives and thrives on the business of seizing liquor, and loafing about the Court houses, not "for the purity of our homes," but because they are on the make.

As they were in the days of the Rev. P. D. Peck, State Treasurer and defaulter, and Marshal Weaver, so are they to-day in every nook and corner, men professing to be rigid, unflinching temperance advocates, desirous of enforcing the law for suppressing the sale of liquor, but marching proudly and unabashed up to the ballot box and dropping a vote for a drunken politician, or with arms about his neck trying to coax a man who has four inches of rum in his stomach to vote with them—for temperance.

As in the days of Joshua K. Osgood, who said, on one occasion, "Who in God's

name can vote the Republican ticket?" and then recanted and allowed himself to be persuaded, to denounce the straight out temperance voter who would not, so is it to-day, the temperance crank preaches what his cowardly conscience will not allow him to practice, and has his price on paper.

As in the days of Joshua Nye, who denounced U. S. Senator Eugene Hale as keeping a rum hole, so it is to-day, if Hale told the truth to Senator Butler of South Carolina, when he boasted in Washington of his fine wines, by exclaiming after sipping his wine, "Do you call this fine old Burgundy? You ought to taste some of the wine I have at my home."

As in the "old rum times" of forty and fifty years ago, so it is to-day—in some respects. There is money in selling rum, (if you are protected, as you can be if you vote right) and although there is not so much liquor sold, there is more drunkenness, and double the hypocrisy and dishonesty among alleged temperance men.

As in the anti-ramrod days in 1849-50, when temperance men were egged and driven out of the town for advocating the cause, so it is in 1888, Prohibitionists are rotten egged in Maine by Republican politicians, and from the pulpit, honest, zealous, temperance men are denounced as playing into the hands of the rummies, because they are sick of dishonesty and hypocrisy.

There are a few honest temperance men in Maine, but they look lonesome indeed. For daring to leave the political crowd, they are abused, insulted, shunned and denounced by the brethren who cling to their political friends.

The enforcement of Maine's prohibitory law is one of the most disgraceful and dishonest conspiracies against political opponents that was ever attempted in any State of the Union. No Democrat can sell rum in Maine, is the watchword, and the law is invoked to imprison all who refuse to be converted to the Republican faith and contribute liberally for election purposes.





While a Democratic wholesale dealer in imported liquors, in Augusta, is regarded with such holy horror that it was necessary for a Republican Governor to issue a special proclamation to suppress his business, and seize his stock, eleven Republican importers, some of them having been in business twenty years and carrying a stock of \$30,000, in Portland, are not molested, and right under the nose of Neal Dow, with the consent of the temperance politicians, the good work goes on of "purifying our homes," with Republican imported liquor, "protected," of course, while the rest of the State and nation is treated with liberal doses of lying editorials from Republican political organs about "the glorious success of prohibition" in Maine.

The whole business of enforcing the temperance law in Maine is a farce and fraud. Its dishonesty is a matter of history. The law is enforced by Republican officials, politicians, who take good care that the enforcement does not deprive their party of any votes. From the pulpit and town hall stage the people are invited to come out boldly and crush "the rum power," made powerful by the Republican politicians who want the rumseller's vote. In the Sunday night prayer meetings the terrible evil of intemperance is depicted by church members and ministers who vote and sympathize with a party that uses the law for the suppression of the sale of liquor, to manufacture voters. There is law enough to stop the entire sale of liquor in Maine. Its honest enforcement would deprive the Republican party of votes, and the men who talk temperance in the pulpits know it. The clergyman who openly advocates an honest enforcement and dares to denounce Republican officials for their neglect or dishonesty, may as well prepare his resignation as pastor beforehand.

The Republican Party.

The Republican party has a great and glorious past behind it. It is a party with a good record in the past, which it may be remarked in passing, it works for all it is worth to create confidence in its present and future. The reason that all the glory the Republican party has to boast of, ends with the abolition of slavery, is that the fathers of the party organized it for one great purpose, and threw all their heart into the fight for freedom against slavery, without caring whether they were in office or not. A party like that with a principle back of it had a good excuse for being, and the trouble with the party now is that it has nothing to fight for, or sink or swim with.



In the year 1860 the Republican party came to the front with Abraham Lincoln for President, a self made, reliant, Western man who possessed "horse sense," and whose honesty would not be tolerated by the modern leaders of his party. With this great man for a leader the party was grand, lofty, and morally clean, because it was led by unselfish patriots who fought for a principle. These patriots are dead—Lincoln, Sumner, Seward, Chase, Morton and Phillips. The great generals who fought the fight on the battle field are gone. The great leaders held aloof from the iniquitous methods of the Blaines, Dudleys and Quays of those days, and enjoyed the love, confidence and esteem of the party established in the land for which Lincoln lived and died.

What the Republican party did, who its leaders were, and the part the leaders took to establish freedom, social and political, are matters of history. •Through the war of the rebellion the Republican statesmen thought not of army contracts, trusts or railroad combinations, and the party fought for the perpetuation of a Union, and a grateful country maintained the party in power after the war was over. Firmly seated in office the selfish politicians and office-seekers betrayed their trust and gave themselves over to building up a vast system of office getting. They realized that they were in power, and that power meant money. They saw that it was possible to do business indefinitely on the gratitude of the nation, a scheme of office-getting and office-holding for the sake of office rewards and emoluments of office.

The Blaines, Elkins, Dorseys, and Quays saw their opportunity and served business corporations in their official capacity. Blaine was nominated for President, against the protest of the honest men in the party, and defeated on his record as a pure statesman and an honest man. Look back at the Republican party that had Lincoln for President, and then gaze on the corrupt, dishonest, tricky, selfish horde that now claims the grand old party's name and trademark—a party held together by corrupting the voters with money—a party without dignity or self-respect, without one solid principle to give it strength—a party that owes its return to power through the expenditure of millions of money used to purchase the manhood of the voter. Who are the leaders of the Republican party to-day? Blaine, whose record as a statesman is smirched with the Mulligan letters that prove his mercenary motives and willingness to accumulate wealth out of the distress and wants of his government, a man who is honored for his smartness without honesty, and whose ambition wrecked his party.

As to Blaine's methods, what party that ever existed in this country claims a leader who as speaker of the House of Representatives, ever signed his name to letters that he felt impelled to enjoin the correspondent to "burn this," or pointed out to rulings made by him as speaker in promotion of a legislative land grab, as a reason why he, the speaker, should be "let in on the ground floor" of the perspective profits, or who at another time proffered his influence as a member of Congress to advance a scheme in which he begged for an interest saying, "I shall not prove a dead head in the enterprise," or on another occasion claimed to have "cast an anchor to windward," in promoting a plundering railroad scheme at the expense of the government.

John Sherman, who helped steal the Presidency, from a poor man is a member of the millionaire politicians, aided and abetted by a Senate composed of millionaires. This is the Republican party that cheered Lincoln in 1860, and is now bound hand and foot by grasping corporations and characterless adventurers.

The last President elected owes his election entirely to the methods of the modern machine politicians whose occupation would be gone without a corruption fund to handle. To this sad condition has the Republican party fallen under the leadership of the Blaines, Shermans, Millers and Platts. Two-thirds of the Republican Senators in Congress are millionaires, who owe their positions to the liberal expenditure of large sums of



money, and not to brains or merit, and the elevation of a moneyed class to shape Legislation in Congress, has brought the country to the feet of trust companies, combinations and monopoly corporations. Thus favored they contribute the corruption funds that purchase an election to the Presidential chair. And it is thought necessary in the year of our Lord 1889 to reward one of the men, who raised a fund of \$400,000 to buy floaters in "blocks of five," with a Cabinet position.

Previous to the year 1876 the Republican party had for years enormous majorities, so much so that it was about all one way, and in time the politicians educated themselves up to the idea that there was no reasonable ground for electing Democrats. When magnetic men like Blaine, doubtful politicians like Steve Elkins, Brady, Dorsey, Chandler, and that stripe, began to crowd to the front for the spoils of office and a share of congressional plunder, the fathers of the party refused their company, and either joined the Democrats with Trumbull, or retired from politics. Seward was saved the sorrow of witness-

ing the pitiable condition of the grand old party, by death. Charles Sumner was hounded to his death by the corrupt leaders. Conkling refused to submit to the dictation of Blaine and his court, resigned his seat in the Senate, and died of grief. Salmon P. Chase and Morton of Indiana died, and did not live to witness the triumph of political crime and executive dishonesty. John Sherman, who helped deprive Tilden of the office of President, to which he was elected, was rewarded with the berth of Secretary of the Treasury, and became a millionaire, depositing vast sums in the Treasury, with New York banks, in which institutions the public believed he had an interest, for dividends and per cents. In fourteen years the Republican party squandered and lost \$300,000,000 in the navy department without a single vessel being built that could float before a vessel of any of the smallest navies in Europe. Millions were wasted on a single vessel in the shape of repairs, and then the vessel was condemned, sold for old junk to some favored contractor, who divided the profit with the corrupt politicians. After spending \$200,000,000 annually for the navy, Secretary of the Navy Chandler was able at one time to send the Tallapoosa to Bar Harbor with twenty-eight cases of rum, for the purpose of making a political trade with Ben Butler. And the vessel was run into by a fishing smack and sunk. Blaine was travelling over the country with a schooner of lager beer in one hand, reaching out for the German vote, and a temperance pledge in the other hand, for temperance votes after refusing to vote for a prohibitory amendment to the constitution in his own State, surrounded at all times by a retinue of partners and leeches, who were fattening off the government through dishonest Legislation in Congress, at the beck of stock gamblers in Wall street.

This was the condition of the Republican party in 1884, and the rank and file of the party were ripe for rebellion against the bosses and political methods of Blaine & Co. The leaders of the party tried to smother the discord and murmurings by lustily beating and thumping political gongs, that were echoes of the past glory and greatness of the party. In this time of great unrest, the Democratic party, having learned something from experience, and suffered much from the blunders of the hide-bound Bourbons, began to progress.

From the lofty patriotism of a Lincoln and Seward and the equal rights principles of a Phillips and Garrison, the Republican party degenerated into a prayerful, political hypocrisy with saintly politicians of the Newman and Burchard variety, ready and waiting to endorse the candidacy of the political adventurers of modern times. Cant and hypocrisy has distinguished the Republican party for years. It sends out politi-

cal missionaries with a bottle in one hand for the rum vote and a Bible in the other for the church bigot. The party has been praying and preying since the days of Hayes, the national fraud. It prayed while the theft of a Presidency was being perpetrated, the beneficiary being a prayful politician of the standard gauge. It prayed when it sustained the organization of the Freedman's bank, prayed while the praying thieves were robbing the freedmen of their deposits, and prayed while the thieves were hiding. It prayed while the carpet-baggers were plundering the defenceless people in the south during "the reconstruction period." It prayed while the Republican Congresses were parceling out the government lands in the west to railroad monopolies without cost to them. It prayed while its leaders were organizing the credit mobilier which destroyed men's reputations and disgraced the nation in the eyes of the world. It prayed while "syndicates" and "trusts" were organizing to drive American shipping from the oceans and make the United States a by-word and reproach abroad. It prayed when millionaire monopolists organized to keep in existence a tariff that is next to prohibition against importation of merchandise, to the end that they might increase their accumulations and stifle opposition. It prayed through all its career of hostility to the conquered southern States whom it desired to have kept in a chaotic state governed by its party's political favorites. Although the war of the rebellion had been closed a quarter of a century, the party prayed while it stirred up hatred and revenge, and educated the voters into sectional strife. It prayed while all through its long period of corruption under the Robesons, Blaines, Chandlers and Quays.

In the year of our Lord 1888 after the close of a campaign that resulted in the election of a President by a purchased vote, the Legislatures of nearly every Northern and Western State were engaged in considering the modern devices of the corrupt politicians of this degenerate party that raised money by the millions to bribe the voter.

While a Republican President is selecting a Cabinet from corrupt politicians, giving the preference to those who were the most active in collecting and distributing an immense fund raised to purchase the scum vote, floaters "in blocks of five," what a spectacle for the American people, what a burlesque on a fair ballot and honest count.



When Blaine was intriguing for the votes of the Irish Catholics, his emissaries were hunting up the praying tabby cats of the party for a meeting in New York, to ring in the fanatics and church bigots. Its milder fanaticism culminated in the Rev. Burchard's outbreak of malignity, which was only a relic of know-nothingism. His remark about "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" was only a maladroit expression of the real sentiment of the leaders of the party, which they feared, although willing, to give utterance.

Burchard is not the only maladroit spokesman of the party. He is only one of a certain class of ministers that consider sensation the principal object to be attained whenever they appear in public, and think nothing of smirching their cloth to achieve a little cheap notoriety. Rev. Justin Fulton, who has published one of the most sickening, filthy books that ever type gave birth to, "Why Priests Should Wed," only performs his part of the work laid out by the Republican politicians. The Almighty confounded the understanding of the tabby cat fanatics who met in New York, and taking the Rev. Burchard as an instrument to smite the hypocrites, made him give utterance to words, while holding the hand of thrice rejected Blaine, that defeated the prayerful party. It is this class of bigots who delight to teach from the pulpit that Democratic majorities are found only in cities where there is a large foreign vote composed of ignorant

and superstitious men whose votes are bought. This deception is kept up by political organs, hence the cant and hypocrisy of the party.

The hypocrisy and dishonesty of the Republican party was never more conspicuous than in the campaign of 1888. From every school house and pulpit in the Northern and Middle States the voter was taught that the Republican party was friendly to the temperance cause, in favor of the suppression of the liquor traffic, and as an annex to give the temperance vote, a Republican anti-saloon league was formed, whose officials and organizers were prominent Republican politicians. At the same time the Re-



publican National Convention was presided over by one of the largest wine dealers in California to catch the wine producers vote on the Pacific coast, and to placate the Western brewery element, no allusion was made to prohibitory laws in the platform and resolutions until in the last hour of the convention—to nail the temperance vote. Congressman Boutelle, a mouthy politician and political scrub brush o Blaine's, from Maine, introduced a mild resolution that could be construed by the temperance and brewery elements to suit both, alike. In looking back at the last Presidential campaign, what does the honest, independent voter conclude? The grand old party of Lincoln on its knees to the temperance fanatics, begging at the door of the brewery for the saloon keeper's vote, seeking alms at the factories and mills for favors granted in Congress, and with a corruption fund raised from monopolists, manufacturers, railroad syndicates and Wall street stock gamblers, purchasing the scum vote—the pauper, the drunkard, the convict and the tramp. Was ever humiliation more complete? What party ever before in the history of this country sent out a command like this:

“4th, *Divide the floaters into Blocks of Five, and put a trusted man with necessary funds in charge of these five, and make him responsible that none get away, and that all vote our ticket!*”

What party ever rewarded a man who raised a corruption fund of nearly half a

million, with a Cabinet position? Can the honest Republican voter enjoy such a dishonest victory? What hollow mockery to talk about a fair vote and an honest count. It was indeed "a grand victory" of wholesale bribery.

The Democratic Party.



"Old Hickory" is venerated by the ancient Democracy of other days as the father of the party. Andrew Jackson believed in rewarding Democrats for party work, or rather he believed in a party organization, and that the offices should be held by the friends of the Administration in power, and not by its enemies, and he practiced what he preached. He did not believe in that theory that filled the offices with educated idiots, or the sons of millionaires. He rewarded his faithful adherents and workers according to merit and ability, rather than location and pedigree.

Andrew Jackson was a model Democrat who believed in a government of the people and the affairs of the government, being administered by those who were chosen for that purpose at the ballot box. In Jackson's day the voter admired a brave, determined man who was born a leader, and in Jackson they had a hero who dared to assume a responsibility without a vote of his Cabinet. The Democratic party gave this nation many wise patriotic administrators, and opened wide the door for the oppressed of other nations, according to the spirit of the constitution. The Florida and Louisiana purchases saddled more territory on the nation where slavery had obtained a foothold, and established a slaveholding oligarchy, that for a number of years controlled the domestic policy of the government, and in the end

proved the downfall of the Democratic party. The institution of slavery was nursed by the southern Democracy, and the Democratic party, to gain the solid vote of the slaveholding States, yielded to the demands of the politicians representing the interests of the slave-holders.

Stephen A. Douglass in his day saw the inevitable dissolution of the Democratic party on the question of extending the right to hold slaves in the Territories, and attempted to compromise the question which had become a national one in 1850. The Democratic leaders, blind to the signs of the times of progress, and deaf to the cry for freedom, obstinately refused to yield, and with the election of Abraham Lincoln, adhered to the cause of the Southern Democratic leaders. Not so with the masses of the party in the North who, when the slave-holders of the South rose in rebellion, forsook their party, and leaving the factory and workshop, joined the volunteer army and helped defend the union of the States. The Democratic party had been in power for so many years that it had on its hands a faction who lived and died in office, as was the case with the Republican party for the last twenty-five years. This office-holding class naturally sympathized with the Southern brethren and hoped for a restoration of power with the rights guaranteed to the Southern States to hold human beings in bondage.

This class were more noted and unreasonable in their views than the slave-holders themselves, and in their day they were as unpopular as the officeholding class of the Republican party who serve the millionaires and monopolists of these times just as faithfully as the old officeholding veterans did in the days of Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan. A long and bloody civil war resulted in freeing the slaves and emancipating the Democratic party from the slaveholding Democracy. Many of the old office-holders and leaders were out of business, and in their bitterness they refused to take the popular side of a liberty-loving people, and for twenty-five years wandered in the political wilderness of despair and darkness. Many of the brave leaders of the party joined their fortunes with the new Republican party which was a reform movement for the distinct purpose of putting an end to slavery. Popular Generals like McClellan were unable to restore the party to power under the management and leadership of the old Bourbon mossbacks, ex-office-holders of Buchanan's time.

In time the Republican party leaders became corrupt and followed in the ways of the old machine Democracy, and the leaders, as in the days of Pierce and Buchanan, dictated nominations and promotions years ahead, and against this corrupt ring rule the voters rebelled, which paved the way for a restoration to power under young new leaders.

The outrageous classification to elect Congressmen and members of Legislatures in Northern and Western States by the Republican machine politicians made it necessary for the Democracy to cast twenty-five per cent. more votes than the Republican party, to have any Representatives at all in Congress or State Legislative bodies. This condition of things discouraged the Democrats, and they saw but little hope of ever getting into power again in the nation, or having any portion of the government patronage, the offices. Senator Pendleton of Ohio, "Gentleman George," as he was termed by those who did not like his aristocratic ways, endeavored to procure the passage of a law giving the clerical positions in the departments at Washington and in the large cities, to candidates after passing an examination, hoping in this way to provide places for a few Democrats. The



bill of Pendleton's was patterned after the rules prevailing in English official departments. Under this act once in office meant a life position with promotion, and built up a distinct officeholding class. This undemocratic method, entirely contrary to party customs, was opposed by the Republicans up to the last moment, but with the prospect of a Democratic President the law was passed, and on the accession of Cleveland the Republicans retained the offices, and a Democratic President found himself surrounded in every department with enemies and spies.

The civil service rules completely shut out the active working element of the Democratic party that had worked for years to keep up the party organizations, and to conciliate the independent

voter, the Republican mugwump, Cleveland defined his opposition to the active organizations under the head of "pernicious partisans." These partisan politicians composed those organizations without which Grover Cleveland would have remained in private life.

The civil service rules carried out a theory of appointments and promotions entirely antagonistic to the claims and demands of the Democratic party for "a change" in government officials. It gave the offices to college graduates and rich men's sons who had the advantage of education, and discarded the brawny young men with a practical business education.

Political organs and leaders did not comprehend the full meaning of the law when it was a bill in Congress, or how it would work when put in practical operation.

The Garfield-Arthur administration did not attempt to enforce the law, and when the Republican party had to yield control of the government there was general hilarity over the prospect of embarrassment for the new Democratic administration. The organs then made a vociferous demand for its enforcement, and carefully threw every obstacle in its way. Every Republican place-holder that was turned out was made a martyr, and the universal cry went to every holder of a place, however petty, "stick!" They mouthed about "civil service reform" with a new and sudden vehemence, their meaning being that the old employes of the government should, as "experienced officials," be retained, because if dismissed "the machinery of government would soon be disordered." Therefore whenever a creature of the Republican party who had fattened on government pay for years lost his head, the whole good and great party quivered from head to foot and there was a prolonged shriek of agony. That was their idea of civil service reform. They ignored it when in power, and danced with joy when it was saddled on the Democratic administration.

President Cleveland found the law in existence, and like an honest man insisted that it be put into effect, as he thought it his duty to enforce all laws. He was rewarded with sneers and abuse by the Republican party.

MODERN DEMOCRACY.



The inauguration of Grover Cleveland, the Democratic President, was the commencement of a new era in Democratic politics. No President ever commenced his term with more genuine enthusiasm from the Democratic party than Cleveland. His inauguration was witnessed by 250,000 people, and the procession was six hours in passing down Pennsylvania Avenue. It was a great day for the Democracy and independent voters. His administration closed with

dissension and bolts, brought about by his obstinacy, lack of practical experience in campaign politics, and his refusal to consult freely with his party leaders, or follow their advice on political matters. He was pompous and autocratic, and to bury campaign slanders, lifted himself so far above the working Democrats and practical politicians that his administration was purely a personal Cleveland administration, that brought disappointment and defeat to the party. Flattered by the mugwump organs, Cleveland ignored his party leaders, and followed in the ways of those who met the same fate, receiving the verdict of the voters at the ballot box against ingratitude, disloyalty to party, and conceit. The Democracy had fought for years for a change in the offices, a complete turning out of the old decayed officeholders, and the toilers and organizers rewarded. Cleveland was flattered by his Republican friends, retained in office, as being "better than his party," and this was echoed by the independent newspapers. He turned his back on the partisan leaders and ignored their advice which would have elected him for a second term.

Cleveland was honest, a hard worker, but went into details over very small matters, while grave questions that affected his party were not given a thought. His administration so far as it concerned the Democratic party, contradicted all the charges and assertions made against Republican administrations for the last

twelve years, His rugged honesty could not offset Republican plots and pitfalls. The country prospered as it never prospered before under his administration, but the Democratic party went to defeat for the want of nursing and attention from his Cabinet and advisers. His greatest mistake was made in the selection of his Cabinet. With the exception of the Secretary of the Navy, Hon. W. C. Whitney, and the Postmaster General, Hon. Don A. Dickinson, the Cabinet was a failure, politically and in every other respect. Vilas was a cowardly politician, a fawning hypocrite, and a man whose advice should be followed to the contrary. His administration of the Post Office Department did more to anger the working Democrats and discourage the party than any thing else that happened while he filled the position. He wrecked the Democratic party of Maine by his procrastination and delay in considering appointments, and fawning at the feet of Blaine and Senators Hale and Frye. The wrong man was sure to be appointed when Vilas had his say, and his delays resulted only in more candidates for a position, and more rows in local politics.

The cowardly conduct of Vilas in the matter of appointing a postmaster in Augusta, Me., is a fair specimen of his way of treating young, active, working Democrats. J. H. Manley, the Chairman of the Republican State Committee, a tool of Blaine's, a person whose reputation was smirched, and who was condemned alike by both parties, held the position of postmaster. His time had expired, and instead of appointing the person recommended by the Democracy of the entire State, an old worn-out officeholder under Buchanan, a man friendly to Blaine, was given the place, and this did not occur until the matter became a national one, and the Democracy of the whole country indignant. It was a great relief to the party when Vilas was changed to the department of the Interior. It was too late, however, to undo the mischief of this impracticable man whose egotism and mulishness was exceeded only by his bad treatment of newspaper men and Democratic politicians, who were obliged to have official dealings with him. Towards Hon. W. C. Whitney and Hon. Don A. Dickinson the united Democracy of the country will ever cherish the kindest feeling. They were Democrats, tried and true. They had a warm place in their hearts for the "pernicious" partisans who had walked in the party road, foot sore and worn, for many years. In these two patriotic

Democrats the rank and file found friends.

While Cleveland was working nights in writing pension vetoes, whose passage by Congress was wrong, greater questions of party and country were passed over. No sane politician would have taken this responsibility upon himself and veto private pension bills passed by political Congressmen, calling for a few thousand dollars and inviting the indignation and opposition of the soldier element. This was "small potatoes" in the President of a country that had a surplus in the treasury it could not get rid of. No sane politician on the eve of a great Presidential campaign would have thrust forward a question of such magnitude and concern to the manufacturing industries of this country, as the tariff, as did Cleveland. And if his Cabinet had possessed a particle of political sagacity or thought to look back at the disasters to the party on this question, they would have restrained Cleveland from sacrificing his friends and the party. The question of tariff reform was given the voters before they were fully informed of its bearing. The crafty Republican politicians, the grasping monopolists, and the greedy manufacturers knew more about the tariff and the results of its agitation by a Democratic President than Cleveland was aware of. Tariff reform and the pension vetoes defeated the Democratic party in 1888. Secretary Whitney and Postmaster General Don A. Dickinson, of all President Cleveland's Cabinet, go out of office with the regrets of the Democratic party.

In their devotion to a re-united country no party excels the Democratic party of to day. The whole country rejoices that slavery has been abolished and freedom proclaimed, and recognizes the fact the Southern people are our flesh and blood, the same flesh and blood, rebels, that rebelled against the tyranny of England. The modern Democracy cares nothing about the feuds of our fathers. The ghosts of the past and the bloody shirt no longer serves the enemies of a progressive Democracy.

The Greenback Party.



The Greenback party received its name from opponents of a disgruntled class of people who had been doing business on the paper currency of the country, issued during the war of the rebellion, and which was exchanged for gold bearing bonds drawing a large rate of interest, by the banking classes. When the contraction of the currency took place the commercial and producing classes suffered a serious loss in the depreciation of goods and real estate. The constitutionality of the Greenback currency and its legal tender provisions were tested in the U. S. Courts, and Gen. B. F. Butler took up the issue as a

hobby to ride into office or public favor, having been repudiated by Grant and the politicians of both parties. Butler played the Greenbackers, or soft money faction, as long as there was any strength in the organization.

"The Greenback craze," as it was termed by the badly frightened Republican organs and political leaders, was nothing more or less than an uprising of the voters in both parties against political bosses in the Republican party, and continued defeat through blunders and mulishness in the Democratic party. The voters were disgusted and sick of boss rule and corruption, and were ready to rally about any standard, no matter how absurd the principles or claims of the color-bearers or leaders. It was after the exposure of Blaine's Mulligan letters and his corrupt

dealings, as alleged by his own party, that the "Greenback craze" struck Maine. Ten thousand Republicans left the party, and twice that number quit the Democratic fold. The leaders of both parties were alarmed, and secretly some of the old Bourbon, mossback Democrats assisted Blaine in wrecking the new party. In 1878 the Greenbackers and Democrats combined, and elected a Legislature that had a majority of members opposed to the Republicans. Blaine planned the ruin of the Greenbackers, and when the Senate was to ballot for a Governor, there being no election by the people, the names of Alonzo Garcelon and Selden Connor were sent up with the Greenback candidate's man, Hon. J. L. Smith, and a Republican Senate chose Garcelon, although Smith had twice the number of votes that Garcelon received. In the election of 1878 the Greenbackers were defeated by a corruption fund raised by Blaine, \$4,000 of it coming from Washington in one check. The scum vote was bought up for cold cash, boots, barrels of flour, promises of pensions, protection to rumsellers, and promises of office. This election was so manifestly dishonest and corrupt that the Greenbackers employed detectives, who gathered a mass of testimony that would shame the leaders of any other party but the Republican party of Maine. This was the year of the "count out," so called, in which the Democrats attempted to give the Republicans a dose of the same ruling and manipulation of returns that they gave the Democrats, when Madigan was counted out, as a Senator from Aroostook County, on legal quibbles and town clerk errors. What was perfectly proper for Republicans to do, and quietly submitted to by the people, was no rule for the Democrats to follow, as they found out when a political court, backed by a State militia, refused to endorse their actions. This action of the supreme court, and the open purchase of members of the Legislature for \$1,000 each, by Blaine's tools, thoroughly exasperated the voters, and the next year Harris M. Plaisted was elected as the Greenback Governor of the State, with two members of Congress. A corruption fund was then raised for the direct purchase of the Greenback leaders, which was successful, the Chairman of the Greenback State Committee receiving \$1,500, and the lesser lights smaller sums, while old Solon Chase had his vanity tickled by Blaine, and a plausible excuse invented for him to start a straight Greenback party as an annex to Blaine's deluded slaves, and this in another campaign died a natural death. Solon Chase received the scorn and contempt of the Greenback voters that his traitorous actions deserved, and he was glad to announce himself as a member of a party he had denounced for its bribery and corruption in nearly every town in the State.

The Labor Party.



The relics of the Greenback party, after it went to pieces, bolted from the Butler workingmen's ticket of 1884, and dissatisfied members of the order of Knights of Labor, organized the Labor party, with the advice and financial assistance of the Republican politicians. Its object was to draw as many votes as possible from the Democratic ranks, for in the close States the workingmen and industrial classes almost entirely voted for the Democratic nominees.

The Labor party of Maine was put in the field by the Republican party in the campaign of 1888, by trading with several of the more prominent agitators at Augusta, and contributing a fund for the traders' and dickers' sole benefit.

These men really sold to the Republican party, for cold cash, the Democratic Knights of Labor who could not be made to see the trick. It was a trade something like the one made by the Republican State Committee with some of the leaders of the Greenback party, for a straight Greenback party opposed to fusion with the Democrats. In this way the strength of the Greenback party was divided, and the party died out. The Labor party will live just as long as a few leaders are supplied with campaign funds. When the Republican politicians decide that this faction is no longer necessary for their salvation, it will go as the Greenback party did.

Stealing the Presidency.

A long and costly civil war graduated a set of plunderers that found a nesting place in the foremost ranks of the Republican party. Representatives and Senators in Congress, members of the Cabinet, army officers, Wall street sharks and gamblers, found congenial spirits in Republican official circles. The government became corrupt. The people were oppressed with war taxes while an army of office-holders lived on the fat of the land, through high salaries. The public lands were voted away by the million acres to railroad syndicates and rings. Railroad rings controlled Congress and Legislation was shaped by the Goulds, Scotts, Blaines, and Huntingtons. Bonds payable by the government were granted to subsidize roads owned by men whose basis for their millions was founded on legislation in Congress by Congressmen interested in a share of the stock and bonds, and the most corrupt condition of affairs existed ever known since the downfall of the Roman Empire. The people began to be alarmed, and when the Democrats nominated Samuel J. Tilden, a man who was bold, and independent of political bosses, there was a stampede from the Republican party. Tilden was elected, but through the dishonesty of the Republican politicians and the use of a large corruption fund, Rutherford B. Hayes, a psalm-singing hypocrite from Ohio, the Republican nominee, was seated, by the purchase of returning boards in Louisiana, who threw out enough Presidential votes to elect the Republican electors, but who left to history a proof of their dishonesty and crime, by giving a Democratic Governor a majority of 10,000 at the same election. This crime was necessary to maintain the power of the corrupt men who had accumulated millions, and who feared exposure. The Democratic party knew that resistance was fruitless, and to avoid a civil war submitted the question of who should be inaugurated as President to an electoral commission and the Supreme Court of the U. S. The

Republicans, having a majority of the court, won, and Rutherford B. Hayes, who is known in history as a fraudulent President, was inaugurated.

With brazen impudence, John Sherman, Chandler, Edmunds, and other statesmen, who were known as the President's friends, with the receiver of the stolen goods, R. B. Hayes, commenced to reward the members of the returning boards of Louisiana, with offices. Every one of the corrupt men who were known to have had anything to do with this gigantic fraud were rewarded with an office. The fraud was too apparent to deceive the voters, and then commenced the crumbling of the Republican party, and one of the indications of the distrust of the party was the formation of the Greenback party, which was afterwards bought up in Ohio and Maine, where it had the most strength, for cold cash, paid to the members of State committees and leaders of that party in both the States named.

The Paper Credit Fraud.



When we're getting along in years,
And more of the world we see,
It almost makes us weep to think
How fresh we used to be!

In the most trying times in the days of the rebellion, when our armies in the field were worn out with fighting, and the time of many regiments was about to expire, there was an urgent call by the war department for recruits to fill up the depleted regiments. Volunteers and substitutes were in demand to fill up the quotas of towns. Town

and city officials were paying from \$400 to \$500 bounties for men. At this time there were officials in the war department, on the make, as well as in Congress. Thrifty men in the war department and navy found that in the early days of the rebellion a large number of enlisted men were not credited to towns in the States from which they volunteered. These thrifty officials, in collusion with magnetic Congressmen, had an order issued, allotting a large number of previously enlisted men (naval credits) assigned to Maine, to be credited on the quotas, under a call for more men in the year 1864-5. These paper credit fraud soldiers numbered 1,380, and the lists were parcelled out to J. H. Manley, Mr. Blaine's lieutenant, and others, Manley having "the lion's share."

A ring of prominent Augusta men was found, which included several of Blaine's personal friends, government officials and officeholders, J. H. Manley, A. B. Farwell, G. M. Delany, a number of substitute brokers, and a prominent Republican, who is now reckoned a brilliant statesman of National reputa-

tion. This ring sold the names of these enlisted men to towns to fill quotas, and divided a part of the plunder with a war department official. The men whose names were sold had been enlisted in Boston, New York, Chicago, and other cities, and the sales represented only men on paper. Not a single soldier went to the front from this fraud, and the ring sold to the towns, names that represented a sum of \$1,100,000, of which sum \$47,000 was traced to J. H. Manley, but the committee estimated from other sales \$100,000. The plundering scheme became known, and the scandal provoked so much comment, that Gov. Cony, the father-in-law of J. H. Manley, was frightened, and said to an intimate friend that "it will kill me." Cony became nervous, sickened and died. Farwell, another member of the ring, was so wrought up over the matter that he lost his mind and died in the insane asylum. G. M. Delany, another member, was made the scapegoat, and after a trial before a U. S. Court, was fined \$45,000 and sentenced to Concord, N. H., State Prison for 10 years. Through political influences \$30,000 of the fine was remitted, and he was given the liberty of the yard, which for his special benefit was limited to the whole State of New Hampshire, and soon after he was pardoned through the influence of his old political friends in Maine.

When the public learned some facts about this wholesale plundering of towns, there was a demand for an investigation, and efforts were made to stave it off. The scandal spread, and finally the Legislature of 1870 resolved in March to have an investigation. A committee, consisting of Selden Connor, A. Sanborn, and Geo. F. Talbot, took testimony and made a report containing over five hundred pages, which although regarded as a whitewashed affair, proved that Manley and the Augusta ring received over one million dollars for the sale of these names. Manley was given an appointment as special agent of the Treasury department, and kept out of the way of the investigating committee. The records in the Adjutant General's office, that were damaging, mysteriously disappeared, and every possible effort was made to prevent the exposure of the prominent Republicans who had a share of the plunder. The committee say on page 12 of their report of Mr. Manley, Blaine's lieutenant:

"It became early apparent that J. H. Manley, Esq., of Augusta, was closely connected with a large number of these questionable credits, and it seemed very desirable to obtain his testimony. Mr. Manley has been, during the summer and autumn, employed as an officer in the U. S. Internal Revenue Service, and

on duty, it was understood, in Pennsylvania. A request was made to the Secretary of the Treasury, that he be temporarily relieved from duty for the purpose of appearing as a witness before our commissioners, and the commissioner of Internal Revenue so far complied as to send a request to the officer at Boston, to whom he had been ordered to report, that he should attend before us. The request, if communicated to him, has not been complied with."

Or in other words, Mr. Manley kept out of the way, and the Republican politicians who had a whack at the plunder thought it smart in Manley. Some idea of the amount Manley got as one of the ring, may be learned by reading on page 20 of the report of this whitewashing committee, as follow:

"The men were not residents of Maine, or aliens enlisted in Maine, and there was no law or general order by which they could be put to the credit of towns in Maine. A special order, however, from Provost-marshal General Frye was obtained, under which the assignment actually made seems to have been justified. Perhaps it is fairly inferable from what we have of Mr. Manley's testimony that he had some agency in procuring this special order. It turned out that he had a very strong personal interest in procuring such order, for he seems to have sold to Deering & Co. alone, 121 of these men at \$47,400, and if he sold the rest at the same rate, his gross sales must have amounted to more than \$100,000."

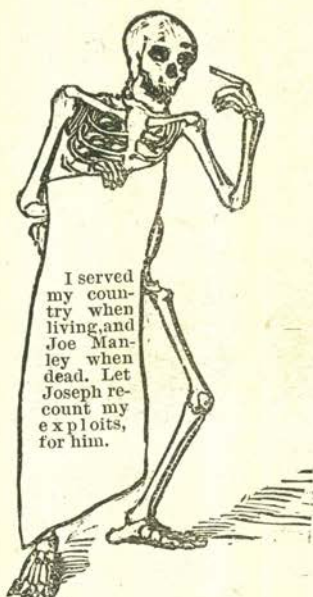
Every possible effort was made by the Republican politicians to keep from the public the facts of this gigantic steal, and keep out of the way of the commissioners all persons who were knowing to the truth and liable to confess. Regarding their efforts to hinder the investigation, the commission say:

"Official letters and documents which ought to have been on file in the archives of the Capitol had become lost or hopelessly misplaced."

The commission say also in referring to their efforts to get at the facts in Washington, from the Navy Department:

"We had supposed that we had been appointed for this very purpose, but after a quest of more than six months in the only direction we were informed was open to us, we found ourselves compelled by the lack of our authority to abandon an investigation which had somewhat piqued a professional curiosity, but in prosecuting which all our resources of investigation have been fairly baffled by official evasion and imperturbability."

Or in other words the commission had to abandon the hunt because the facts would implicate some of the big thieves among the Republican politicians.



The commission sarcastically commented on the ghosts of dead men sold by the paper credit, those "naval heroes," that reflect no honor or credit to the State from which they were credited, as follows:

"A deepening obscurity settles over the naval achievements that by fair imputation of purchase, justly accrue to our State. Where are those unboasting "naval heroes," who for us stood upon decks behind bulwarks of wood and iron, while death dealing case-shot sung through the severed rigging, or tore into the sides of sinking hulls? On what lonely ocean do they still sail, or in what cool and seaside hospital do they solace themselves? Does the generous bounty which the recruiting agent and broker advances to them still suffice to

eke out the scanty pipe and grog, over which they can recount their brave exploits? Maine owes them a debt of gratitude. How shall she find them out to do them honor?"

Sure enough. A search warrant never would have revealed their hiding place any more than the order for the presence of J. H. Manley before the commission, would bring that gentleman from his hiding place.

Mr. Manley and his friends did not get their money in any vulgar way by safe blowing or penetrating a bank vault with a crowbar, but by the high-toned methods of tricksters, who run the political end of the Republican party of Maine. And yet in the days of the paper credit fraud these men were regarded as no better than common thieves. They were the high-toned boodlers of those days who could not be reached on account of their political influence with magnetic statesmen. The Penitentiary yawned for them in vain. Lawyers and politicians regarded them as distinctively a fine class of criminals who secured money by cunning conspiracies, but who would scorn to steal in the common vulgar way.

They were popular with government officials and officeholders, as is nearly every embezzler of the people's money. So popular, in fact, as to lull the public into forgetfulness, while the unpopular chicken thief and till tapper were given the severe punishment their atrocious deeds deserved. The scheme by which these paper credit thieves plundered the towns out of more than one million dollars, was "largely a private affair." The gang belonged to the hurrah, magnetic politicians of those times, who robbed the public purely through disinterested patriotism. Most of them were enticed from private life, but were prepared to undergo any sacrifice for the good of the Republican party, and the politicians who got their share of the swag.

The duties and authority of this commission were limited, and the gentlemen who made the report did their work splendidly—so far as its relieving the Augusta ring of all exposure, and the report was simply a tabulated statement, with figures and names of paper soldiers, and the towns that got swindled by Manley and his gang. The commission to make the investigation was not appointed until six years after the crime was committed, and the witnesses out of the way. One of the members of this commission acknowledged to a prominent politician that the evidence disclosed the connection of a now brilliant statesman so strongly with the ring, that the commission was deprived of the attendance of witnesses and their efforts blocked in every way, that the commissioners were forced to bring the investigation to a close for fear of an exposure that would ruin the Republican party and some of its leaders. Senator Conkling of New York undertook to expose some of the big thieves in the ring, but he failed, as it was during the reign of the notorious Secor Robeson, Grant's Secretary of the Navy, and intimate friend of Blaine and that class of statesmen. G. M. Delany, who was one of the plunderers and who once stated that he never should go back on Blaine, was a witness in a Vermont court two years ago. Delany was questioned by Senator Edmunds, the counsel, as to his business, and we introduce some of the testimony as throwing some light on the paper credit fraud of Maine.

"Were you not indicted once for bigamy or polygamy in Maine?"

"I never knew that I was."

In answer to further questions Delany said that he moved to Augusta, Me., in 1861, where he dealt in horses. From 1862 to 1865 he conducted a recruiting

office.

Senator Edmunds then asked: "Was your career cut short by your arrest for recruiting without authority from the government?"

"I was arrested on that charge."

"How many recruits had passed through your hands at that time?"

"Possibly 3,000 or 4,000."

"Were you not tried by court-martial?"

"No, sir; I was tried by a special military commission at Washington."

"On what charge were you convicted?"

"I think it was for recruiting without authority from the government."

Senator Edmunds then submitted an affidavit, showing that on the specifications Delany was tried and convicted of aiding in desertion; procuring false and fraudulent enlistments and discharges; of receiving money under false pretences; of falsely representing himself as an officer of the government; of recruiting without authority from the War Department, and other charges; that he was sentenced to serve ten years in some State prison to be selected; to pay a fine of \$45,000, and to remain in prison until it was paid.

Mr. Edmunds then asked: "Where were you carried to prison, Mr. Delany?"

"I was not taken anywhere; the State prison at Concord was selected, and I went there myself."

"How long were you in prison?"

"Five or six days; after that I was given the freedom of Merrimac county, which lasted for fourteen months; after that I was paroled."

Senator Edmunds then produced a copy of the minutes of the famous hearing in relation to the paper credit frauds in Maine before the legislative commission in 1870, and read some of the questions asked and Delany's answers, showing the extent to which he was mixed up in the matter; how he claimed to have paid money to prominent State government officials to get his various claims for town recruits allowed, and how he had admitted that when arrested he had \$50,000 belonging to several towns in his possession. Delany became greatly confused during this scathing review of his character, and the production of these various papers produced great commotion among the lawyers for the contestant.

And now after a lapse of over twenty years, Manley comes to the surface, is honored by the citizens of Augusta by electing him as a Representative to the

Legislature, and whereas, twenty-four years previous this creature was the subject of a Legislative Investigating Committee, to-day he is sought for by Republican politicians, as a leader basking in the sunshine of Blaine, and from his seat in the Legislature of 1887, dictating legislation in such a manner and working his schemes with such effect that the Legislature goes down in history as composed of the most corrupt, drunken set of persons that ever disgraced the State House.

Not a Republican in this State, and they all implore divine wrath against the wicked Democrats elsewhere, dares to lift his voice against Manley and his methods, and for party, deny the deviltry and dishonesty of Manley and his master. So near Mr. Blaine, and knowing his wishes and aims, is this political adventurer, that Manley's influence is sought by the office-seekers, and on this account and to respect the wishes of Blaine, Manley has been made Chairman of the Republican State Committee. What Republican, in God's name, in the face of such evidence, can ever hereafter point to the record or character of the vilest Democrat in office that ever committed a crime?

The Maine Count-Out.

Possibly the town clerks and municipal officers of towns and cities in Maine are as intelligent as those in other States. For many years these officials have been credited at the office of the Secretary of State at Augusta, with very many blunders, errors and neglects in performing their duties in filling out election returns. The Legislature has usually corrected these omissions and neglects. When it was deemed necessary by the Republican politicians to vent their spleen against some Democrat elected on the face of the returns, plenty of excuses were found in these errors and omissions to count out the person elected, as in the case of Representative Bliss, Senator Madigan and others, and in other cases went behind the returns to effect their object.

John C. Talbot and Geo. Walker, Democrats of Washington county, lost their seats, from errors under a Republican Legislature.

In 1877 Senator Madigan, Democrat from Aroostook county, was counted out on defective returns.

In the year 1878 Joseph L. Smith was the candidate of the Greenbackers for Governor, Daniel F. Davis the candidate of the Republicans, and Alonzo Garcelon the candidate of the Democrats. The Republican party was in sore distress on account of a bolt against the rule of the Republican machine. The bolters joined the Greenbackers. This fusion was defeated by the Republican politicians with James G. Blaine, Chairman of the State Committee. The Congressional Campaign Committee in Washington furnished \$4,000 towards a corruption fund to buy up the scum vote, known as floaters. This was the beginning of carrying elections in Maine by wholesale bribery by the Republican party, which has been continued in every campaign since that time.

No better proof is needed of the dishonesty of the vote in the September election of that year, than the fact that the Republicans were in a minority on the vote for Governor, but through the purchase of votes they secured thirty majority in the House and seven majority in the Senate on the face of the returns, the result of their corrupt methods.

Smarting under the great crime by which the Republicans stole the Presidency in 1876 from Tilden, the Maine Democrats employed detectives to investigate the purchase of votes, and gathered sufficient testimony to prove that the election was bought by the Republican leaders, and that a condition of dishonesty and corruption existed among the voters that was truly revolting. The leaders of the Democratic party, not owned politically by Mr. Blaine, were indignant, and letters from all over the country, from every State in the union, advised Gov. Garcelon and his council "to give the Republicans a dose of their own medicine," as prescribed by them to the Democrats in 1876. It was for the purpose of showing up the hypocrisy of the Republicans in counting out Madigan and others, that Garcelon's council undertook to canvass the returns as the Republican council and Legislature did in 1877, that counted out Democrats. The result was a failure. The Supreme Court reversed several of its former opinions, and a number of fusion members of the Legislature turned against their party, as a result of an intrigue among Republicans, Greenbackers and Democrats to keep Smith out to prevent his re-nomination for another term. As a matter of history, after the fusion Legislature was organized, it was discovered that several members had been tampered with to keep Governor elect Smith out of office. The matter of organization was delayed by these traitors to enable the Republicans to seat Dayis.

During this controversy the Supreme Court of Maine rendered the remarkable decision that three was a majority of seven. It was the intention of the members of Garcelon's council to seat the fusion candidates by canvassing the returns precisely as the Republicans had in former years, and leave the organization of the Legislature and the rights of all to that body. A corruption fund was used by Republicans to bribe fusion Representatives elected, to vote with the Republicans, or stay out of the House of Representatives when that body organized. The plot leaked out, and two Democrats from York county sold themselves to Wallace R. White of Winthrop, who appeared to be the disburser

of the fund. According to the testimony of Swan and Harriman they were paid \$1,000 each, cash, by White, as a bribe to remain away from the organization of the House, or vote with the Republicans. The open purchase of these men created great excitement and incited the Democrats to rashness, and they endeavored to carry out a program not contemplated by the council or leading Democrats. The bribery by White was investigated by a Republican Investigating Committee in charge of Eugene Hale, now a U. S. Senator, which was simply a whitewashing affair, several Blaine Democrats quietly submitting to the outrage. White was afterwards rewarded by Blaine, when Secretary of State under Garfield, with an appointment as U. S. District Attorney for Montana.

Soion Chase and E. R. Gove, the latter the Greenback Secretary of State, testified under oath to seeing the money paid by White as a bribe, and of a previous knowledge that the Republicans were trying to bribe Swan and Harriman. Gove and Chase have since been converted to the Republican faith so that their testimony can now be relied on.

During the excitement of the count-out rum played an important part as usual, and was one of the factors used by the Republicans. So notorious was the drunkenness in the State House and at the hotels that Joshua Nye stated in a temperance meeting afterwards that Eugene Hale kept a rumhole. Republican officeholders plied a number of Democratic officials with liquor, and gambling in the rooms of the hotel was carried on. Money was freely used by Republican politicians, and every scrap of paper filched from the waste-baskets of the Democratic councilmen by mercenary wretches, was sold to Republican politicians. Even the spittoons were made to yield up their treasures. As usual traitors were to be found in the Democratic camp, and the information they claimed to possess, and services as spies, paid for with cash in hand by Republican politicians.

The open purchase of voters at the election in that year, and the exposure of the Republican scheme to bribe Representatives, was clearly shown and made a matter of record. The Republicans went into the campaign of 1880 on the issue of "the count-out," and on that issue Harris M. Plaisted was elected Governor.

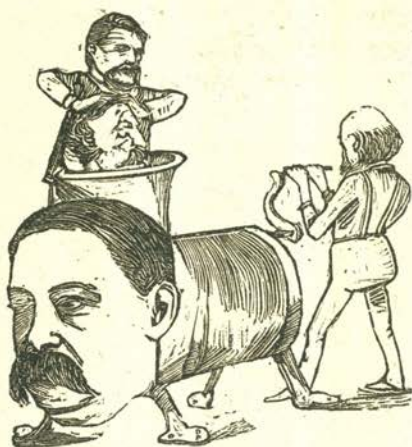
"The count-out" was a rash act on the part of the Democrats who were justly indignant at the barefaced manner in which they were cheated out of the Presi-

dency, and the treatment received by Madigan and other Democrats, who were deprived of their seats through legal technicalities and errors in returns.

Every effort was made by the Republican politicians, under the lead of Blaine, to make political capital out of the count-out. Although Republicans cling to their party, right or wrong, there were enough convinced of the corruption of voters and the bribery of members of the Legislature, to vote for Plaisted, the fusion candidate, to elect him, and set the seal of condemnation on the hypocrisy and corrupt methods of the Republican machine politicians.

Since "the count-out," a number of Representatives counted in by Democrats have been converted, and are now good, moral, loyal Republicans. Several who were denounced as fit subjects to adorn the gallows, for the part they took in "the count-out," now hold offices under the present Harrison Administration, and are no longer the "bad men" they were reputed when voting with the wicked Democrats,

The Maine Republican Machine.



For the last fifteen years the voters in the Republican party have been merely the dupes of machine politicians, who have controlled the caucuses to select delegates to nominating conventions, and ensconced in some government position have made and unmade the political life of rising young men, and sent into retirement the old pioneer Republicans, who could not be useful to the political rings, in every county in Maine. Nominations for Senators and Representatives to Congress have been parceled out to members of the ring

since 1872, while the nominations for county officials and members of the Legislature have been matters of trade and dicker between the members of the ring and local politicians. When Mr. Blaine was Chairman of the Republican State Committee, he had the name of every Republican of influence, a complete memorandum of the persons working for the party, the name of every floater, doubtful voter who would sell his vote, every disaffected Democrat and Republican, and information on every matter that could be brought to bear to change the politics of one, or discipline, for independence, another.

Mr. Blaine had for a faithful Secretary, J. H. Manley, who, on account of a smirched reputation in connection with the paper credit fraud, was kept in the

background. When Mr. Blaine was a candidate for the Presidency, his good will and effects, so far as running the machine and manipulating conventions and Legislatures, were bequeathed to Mr. Manley. On account of the intimacy and personal friendship between Blaine and Manley, the latter enjoyed the confidence of that portion of the Republican party that seek office and preferment. To reach Mr. Blaine, Mr. Manley must first be consulted. If Mr. Manley says no, that makes an end of the matter. No Republican can get a nomination and election to the Legislature if Mr. Manley should object, and all matters in the Legislature having the least bearing on political affairs, must first receive the careful consideration of Manley. This condition of things was plainly seen in the Legislature of 1887, when the medical registration bill was passed, approved and signed by Governor Bodwell, but for fear it would provoke opposition at the ballot box of Spiritualist doctors, mind curers, clairvoyants, and quacks, Manley and his friends forced Governor Bodwell to erase his signature and send in to the Legislature in session, a message vetoing the bill. Afterwards Governor Bodwell found he had been cruelly deceived in this matter, and many others relating to the enforcement of the prohibitory law, and that his actions placed him in a ridiculous position before the public. Governor Bodwell was an honest man, unacquainted with the deceptions and political hypocrisy of Manley and the politicians, and when the condition of things was seen in its true light, it completely unnerved him, and he threatened to resign. The political deviltry of the Republican machine and the shameful position it had placed him in, so wore on the Governor's nervous system, that, becoming ill, he lived only a few days, and the better element in the party believe his death was caused by chagrin and remorse. The duplicity and dishonesty of the Republican machine was again made conspicuous in the actions of Mr. Manley and his accomplices in the matter of the registration bill in the Legislature of 1889.

The bill was introduced by a Senator from Kennebec county. It received the universal support of the Republican political organs who were not aware of its effect in cities and towns controlled by Republicans. The bill was tabled in the House by Mr. Manley, who, if Senator Haines is reported correctly, offered to let the bill go through if the honorable Senator would have it amended in the Senate so as not to include the cities of Portland, Lewiston, Bangor and Augusta, Repub.

lican strongholds where not a solitary Democrat has a voice in making up the check lists. Manley saw that it would expose the rotten condition of politics in those cities where the names of Democratic laborers are stricken from the voting lists, and the scum vote is purchased in open market.

When it was found that the registration bill of the Senator from Kennebec county would expose the rotten condition of Republican politics in the larger towns and Republican strongholds, the tyrannical doings of boards of selectmen, made up of politicians, and their partisan rulings, the organs of the Republican party submissively bowed to the machine and Manley, and lisped not a word. The registration bill was born in iniquity, and was a special act to be passed to disfranchise Democratic voters in Waterville and Biddeford. This fact was clearly shown from a statement made by one of the Senators, who acknowledged that Manley generously offered to put the bill through to apply to Waterville only.

Not a single protest goes up from the better element against the rule of Manley and the machine politicians, knowing that protests mean punishment in the future if the person protesting is ever a candidate for a nomination for an office. Temperance leaders, Republican politicians, and ministers of the Gospel daily and weekly lament the degraded condition of the party, and the fact that the influence of Manley has so corrupted political matters in Maine that no man can take any active interest in party movements, without the suspicion of being corrupt and dishonest.

Not an act or resolve can go through a Maine Legislature to-day if Mr. Manley objects. Not a company or corporation can get a charter through the Legislature, if the charter has anything to do with the public and requires legislative action if Tycoon Manley objects, and it is a current scandal that an electric light company that wanted the franchise of several cities in this State, was requested to pay \$5,000 for the favor of the Republican machine to procure a passage. The company refused, and other parties obtained the charter.

"The better element" of the Republican party attempted in the Legislature of 1889 to strip the machine of its power and take away the power of the Manleys, by the passage of the Australian ballot law that would do away with the raising of corruption funds to purchase votes and rid the party of its dishonest leaders, and fraud and knavery at the polls. So complete is the hold of the machine and

ringsters on the party, that not a single Republican, high or low, black or white, journalist or officeholder, dares to openly denounce its rule. It dominates the doings of the Legislature, the verdict of courts, the business of corporations, the sentiment and voice of the newspapers, and controls the pulpit.

The people of Maine had further proof of the power of the Republican machine, when an attempt was made to remove the Capitol of the State away from Augusta. For years there has been dissatisfaction with the lack of accommodation for members of the Legislature at Augusta, the lack of room and convenience in the State House, and the ease with which the Legislature is controlled in a small city, by lobbyists and politicians of the Manley stripe. When the matter was broached in the newspapers, it seemed to be the almost unanimous desire of the people for a removal. The power of the machine was invoked by Blaine, Manley & Co., and the petitioners for a removal not only met with a crushing defeat, but immediately a large appropriation was voted to enlarge the State House, and further strengthen the hands of those who turn the crank of the machine.

The power of the machine is seen in the appointments to office in the First District, where the recommendations of the Hon. T. B. Reed, member of Congress, are ignored, his candidates repudiated, preferment for his political friends refused, and himself snubbed because he refuses to consult the machine, or answer to the beck and call of Messrs. Blaine, Manley & Co.

Machine rule has transformed Kennebec county into a paradise of boodle politicians whose ingenuity is taxed to invent plausible excuses for making inroads on a county treasury and replenishing the same from fines in enforcing the prohibitory law. Even "the fat is fried out" of the Insane Asylum officials and that roost for political favorites made to pay tribute to keep the machine well greased. The grip of the machine was strengthened several years ago by Mr. Blaine's famous citation law, that gives aldermen the power to summon workmen in factory towns to attend their hearing, and a neglect to do so is an excuse to leave their names off the voting lists. This bulldozing trick has saved the Republican majorities in cities where there is a large labor vote, in many campaigns, and this act was a happy thought of Blaine's, when the party majority was wiped out 1878.

Very naturally the work of the Republican machine has fostered the growth of a class of men who look for office, plot to stay in office, die in office, and whose whole lives are spent in politics, never having any legitimate business, and who, without a salary from some official position, become an encumbrance on their friends or the party. The headquarters of the machine for a quarter of a century has been at Augusta, making that city and Kennebec county the breeding ground of the officeholding gang. This is seen in the clamor for office since the election of Harrison, over two hundred applications have been placed on file in one month from Kennebec county for positions out of the



State, besides fifty-nine applicants for the postal service alone, from that county. In the State convention for the nomination of a Governor, the machine has full sway, all the committees being selected days before the convention, and even the selection of delegates controlled to such an extent, that Ex-Vice President Hannibal Hamlin was defeated as a candidate from his ward and city, Bangor, at the last convention held in Portland in 1888, on account of his known opposition to the candidate of the machine for Governor, Hon. E. C. Burleigh.

A perfect ostracism is exercised by the Republican machine against all independent voters, socially and in business matters.

In Bangor, ministers of the Gospel vie with the protected Republican rumsellers in taking a hand at the crank of the machine, while the "purity of our homes" is protected by a set of county officials who are annually elected by the rum vote. In Portland, Lewiston, Bath, Rockland, and Gardiner, the Republican machine is controlled by politicians who take their orders direct from Augusta.

The Republican machine of Maine is simply a well regulated ring of politicians who would starve but for office, and who rule over a small army of officeholders, whose object is plunder, whose appointments to office are made solely on account of political work, and not with regard to merit or efficiency. The web of these political spiders is spun in every nook and corner of the State, and from a Representative to Congress down to a culler of hoops in a country town, nominations promised ahead for party work, and trades made to keep the machine running without friction, are endorsed by the Augusta bosses.

The machine furnishes officeholders for the Republican party elsewhere, from which tender shoots, sons of worn out political wrecks, are transplanted to receive more nourishment in the shape of government pay. No question is asked by the machine as to the fitness of a man for an office, but "How many votes can he control?"

To the Republican machine should be credited the growth of bribery and corruption in the City and State elections in Maine. This alarming condition of things has been brought about by the expenditure of a large corruption fund raised at Augusta by assessments on officeholders, which has been as high as ten per cent. of the salaries of government officials, and laid on all alike, from the Collector of the Port of Portland down to the country postmaster whose receipts amounts to fifteen dollars per annum. The corruption fund of the machine has been used to grease the palms of temperance apostles, Greenback leaders, labor agitators, female tramps from temperance organizations, with the greater part distributed in factory towns and cities to purchase voters who have been educated to look for five and ten dollar bills at every election.

Ever since the close of the war, the Maine politicians, under the lead of Congressman Boutelle and other machine politicians, have made fruitless appeals in every campaign to the soldier element, to remember the brave soldier boys who "fit into the war," and drop in a ballot for the candidates of the machine who staid at home and fattened on army contracts, or laid up wealth in the substitute brokerage business. The Republican voters have clung to party so faithfully that they never could see that the soldier business in politics was only a dust kicked up to shut out of sight the fact that in Maine no soldier need apply for an office, if the machine has a candidate. With all the rant of the Maine politicians about

the claims of the soldiers, their undying hatred of "Rebel Brigadiers," it has been only occasionally that a soldier was recognized in making nominations, and after a lapse of twenty-three years since the war closed, and a generation of voters born since that time are casting their votes, the brave soldier boys have never been able to send a soldier to Congress. The places of honor have always been reserved for patriots whose battles are fought with boodle, representatives of the machine. The ingratitude of the Republican statesmen of Maine towards "the brave soldier boys" has never been shown up by the representatives of the soldier element, from pure cowardice. This interesting fact can be attributed to the fear of opposition from the machine politicians whose edict is law. Gen. James A. Hall did muster up courage to declare at one convention, when a soldier candidate was opposed by the machine, that "no soldier need apply" in Maine to a Republican convention for a nomination.

Under the rule of the machine and the king of the caucus, James G. Blaine, there is hardly a politician in the Democratic party whose honor and loyalty to his party has not been questioned, and so many weak kneed Democrats have been found who could not withstand the magnetism of Mr. Blaine, that a faction among the prominent Democrats are known as "Blaine Democrats," who, while posing as party ornaments, greatly assist Mr. Blaine in all his movements. Many of these gentlemen scoffed at the idea of "an immoral man like Cleveland contending against Blaine" in 1884, and those who said "all hell could not beat Jim Blaine" or, "the American people would find it an easy matter to decide between an immoral man like Cleveland and a 'smart' man like Blaine," were the first ones to obtain the best places after Cleveland's election, through the friendly intercession of Mr. Blaine with his friends in the Democratic party. When the old time Republican majorities given to Washburn, Hamlin and Chamberlain, had been wiped out on account of a rebellion against machine rule in the days 1878 to 1888, the machine made use of its immense corruption fund to prevent a fusion of all the opposition to the Republican party. When Blaine Democrats could not be found to prevent a fusion in making nominations, mercenary wretches were found who willingly accepted the boodle furnished by Blaine, and as evidence of the methods of Blaine, Manley & Co. in running the machine, we introduce a letter throwing some light on the matter of a direct purchase for cold cash, of men who

are proud to boast that they were "born Democrats."

[Private.]

D. N. MORTLAND,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
ROCKLAND, ME.

ROCKLAND, Aug. 11, 1880.

HON. J. G. BLAINE,

DEAR SIR:—We have made arrangements for Frye to speak here Aug. 25. I have made an ARRANGEMENT with DEM. CO. COM. whereby THERE WILL BE NO FUSION IN THIS COUNTY, unless HE cheats me, and I don't fear that because HE is in my hands and in my power to crush HIM. They had a meeting here yesterday for purpose of fusion, of both Dem. and Greenback committees, and they DID NOT FUSE. Keep this to yourself. The thing is looking well here, and if Seth had more money, he would be elected sure. The above only cost \$250.

Respectfully yours,

D. N. MORTLAND.

The "Seth" mentioned in this private letter is the Hon. S. L. Milliken, member of Congress, and the writer of the letter, Mortland, as a machine politician is one of the railroad commissioners of this State enjoying a good salary, and possessing about as much knowledge as an expert in railroad construction as the average Democratic boss has of gratitude for his friends who put him in office,

The Maine Democratic Machine.



Does not exist. The party leaders have never had the gumption to construct one, or rather the party lacks leaders with party loyalty and a desire for party success rather than blind stupidity and Bourbon selfishness. The Maine Democrats have always waited for Republican conventions to offer battle before putting themselves in battle array, and then it was always on the defensive. On the questions of temperance, prohibition, high license or ballot reform, the Democratic leaders have never had sense enough to take a step

in advance, but blindly contented themselves with opposing the Republicans at the ballot box, in a mild way, and contentedly folded their arms, waiting for a turn in national politics, to come to the front for federal patronage, backed up by a mutual admiration society of silk hat respectables, who never could descend to active politics to bring about such a glorious event.

When there was a revolt in the Republican party against bossism and one man power in 1877-8, the Maine Democrats, instead of encouraging or taking advan-

tage of its success, quietly looked on to see the fun, or secretly assisted the Blaine Democracy to counteract its effect, and patiently waited for a contribution from the National Democratic Committee to divide among themselves, the half-dozen bosses retaining the larger part of the plum, as in the election of 1876, when \$10,000 was sent to Maine, and again in 1880 when there was a fund sufficient to win success, but the better part of which "got lost" by being "put into the wrong hands." So utterly lost to all party loyalty were the Democratic leaders that one of the most trusted ones at one time served as a special agent of the Treasury Department, through the favor of Blaine, while holding the most prominent official position in the organization, and for years the rank and file never could quite understand how it was that all their plans were known, and the party led to the slaughter year after year through blunders and treachery. When the Greenback craze struck Maine the combined opposition to the Republicans could have elected four Congressmen. Instead of uniting with the Republican bolters, the Democrats put up straight nominations, through the advice of Blaine's Democratic friends, and threw away what was freely offered them without money or price.

For at least fifteen years Mr. Blaine had enough faithful friends, lukewarm Democrats and silk hat convention ornaments, in the Democratic party to prevent any success in conventions or at the ballot box. The demoralizing devilry of some of the hidebound leaders, the treachery of others, and the jealousy of those who were looking for a national victory, kept the party reduced to the capacity of the vest pockets of less than a dozen men, who boasted that they did not want the Democrats to carry Maine. In the campaign of 1879, when there was every prospect of a victory at the polls, and the election of a fusion candidate for Governor with four Representatives to Congress, the Democratic leaders kept quiet, and did not contribute a dollar for expenses, or in any way encourage the opportunity. The campaign was carried on by the bolters from the Republicans with a fund of \$1,300, and by mutual sacrifice among the local politicians, forty speakers were kept through the campaign. In the campaign of 1880 the same condition of things existed, with this exception, that the Democrats made a contribution, but in secret plotted against the new converts and leaders, jealous of their advance for fear some of them would ask for federal patronage, which by right of possession the old mossbacks deemed their personal property.



Democratic State Committee meetings and Democratic conventions were always a dead failure. The old mossbacks and the young leaders who were proud to announce "I was born a Democrat," usually got together before a convention, and after treating their stomachs to a rye bath, reverently referred to the days of Andrew Jackson or Buchanan when they did thus and so, put their foot down on any attempt to galvanize life into the



rank and file, and after a few speeches and a jolly good time, prepared the work of the convention that was to nominate candidates in season for their annual defeat. This was the condition of the Democratic party down to 1884 when Cleveland was elected. In that year the old rickety pilgrims and the silk hat drones came to the front as soon as the election of Cleveland was made certain. The scramble for spoils commenced, and the friends of Blaine, known as Blaine Democrats, got in their work. The Democratic party was without any Representatives or Senators in Congress, or Democrats of national reputation on whom the office-seekers could lean for support, and Cleveland and his Cabinet were without any knowledge of the party workers, and who best represented the working elements in the party. The State Committee and delegates to the convention that nominated Cleveland were relied on for recommendations. Unhappily the party had given refuge to several men, who, having outlived their usefulness in the Republican party, wanted nursing by the Democrats. These men fought the State Committee from the commencement of Cleveland's Administration, and made every effort to destroy the influence of the organization with the Administration. J. P. Bass, a renegade Republican, with John B. Redman, conspired with Sena-

tor Hale to disgrace the organization and betray the party, and turned over to him private letters written by the chairman, in accordance with a mutual agreement in committee meeting, inviting applicants for office to contribute towards the expenses of the chairman and clerk in preparing recommendations and petitions for fourth class postmasters, and presenting the same at the Department. Senator Hale made good use of the secrets imparted by these two wreckers, which greatly aided and comforted the Republicans of Maine.

Senator Hale, besides making party capital by reading a private letter given him by this pair of political scavengers, delivered himself of a dysentery of rhetoric relating to the Democracy in general, which the Republican campaign committee had printed and circulated throughout the country. For this treachery on the part of Bass and Redman, these gentlemen were coddled and wined by Republican politicians.

The Maine Democracy in their indignation, denounced Bass, Redman & Co., and Bass was repudiated in his own city of Bangor, by being refused the bare honor of representing his ward as a delegate to the next State Convention to nominate a Governor. At this Convention Redman was also repudiated by the party. As the nominee of the party for Governor in the previous campaign, Redman was entitled to a re-nomination. The Convention met, and Redman, by the advice of his friends, withdrew. Bass was sent into retirement and ignored by his party, his former political friends, and every Democrat, who had any knowledge of his perfidy, shunned him as a traitor.

As a reward for the part Redman took in disgracing the Maine Democrats, he was nominated by Cleveland, through the influence of Blaine Democrats and silk stocking administration favorites, as Collector of Internal Revenue. He was immediately confirmed by the Republican Senate, who appreciated his work in disgracing the party. Soon after two of his deputies declared that he, Redman, demanded \$1,000 of their salaries to enable him to employ a clerk.

From his prominence as a former candidate for Governor, Redman was able to thwart the wishes of almost the entire Democracy of Eastern Maine. A number of Democratic towns in his own county, Hancock, revolted, and signed an agreement not to vote at any election so long as some of the men Redman, Bass & Co. got ap-

pointed, remained in their positions. The result was disastrous to the party, and Republican Representatives to the Legislature were sent two successive terms from several Democratic districts.

The refusal of Postmaster General Vilas to appoint the candidate for postmaster of Augusta, recommended by the Democrats of that city, and endorsed by every Democrat of National reputation in the State and New England, made a martyr of the candidate, and provoked indignation throughout the United States. Col. Morton, the candidate, as an active party worker had antagonized Mr. Blaine, and for his zeal and loyalty he was discredited by Vilas, and the appointment given to an old worn out relic of anti-bellum days, a good loyal Democrat, but sadly out of place so far as being of any help to the party.

The Maine Democrats were especially irritated at the Administration on account of its refusal to turn out partisans who had been actively "pernicious" in libeling every prominent Democrat in Maine, through a campaign sheet called the "Honest Truth," edited by one Tom Sherman, a private secretary of Blaine's. This Sherman was kept in a first-class position all through the Administration of Cleveland, by Secretary Bayard, in deference to the wishes of Blaine. There was not a Democrat in the State, active in politics, that this vile sheet, which did not claim a proprietor, did not slander and libel, and the Maine Democrats had to smother their indignation for the sake of party.

It would take days and weeks to enumerate the downright lying, deception, duplicity, dishonesty, and dirty doings of the Maine Democratic bosses, in their efforts to reward drones and beats, punish the active workers by ignoring their petitions and recommendations, and even resorting to forgery to wreck men who stood in their way.

In the fusion campaign of 1880, when Harris M. Plaisted was the Greenback candidate for Governor, the Democratic State Committee, acting under instruction from the National Committee, brought about a fusion on the electoral ticket between the Greenbackers and Democrats, the former to have four and the latter three electors on the ticket. Both committees met in Portland "in the interest of harmony," and united on electors. The author of this book was an elector on the fusion ticket, and it was necessary for one of the members to resign that the vacancy might be filled by a gentleman acceptable to the Greenbackers, who was

not so pronounced in favor of the election of Hancock. The author of this book sacrificed himself, as no Democratic elector who "was born a Democrat," could be found with a surplus of patriotism for the occasion. His hand was warmly clasped by F. W. Hill, Chairman of the Greenback State Committee; H. M. Plaisted, nominee for Governor; F. B. Torry, Collector of Customs at Bath under Cleveland; Samuel J. Anderson, Collector of Portland; Edward Wilson, member of the National Committee; and other lights of the party, while they congratulated him on sacrificing himself, and without being invited by the victim, swore with the biggest adjectives, that IF EVER THERE WAS a Democratic President elected, Ben Bunker should have as good an office as could be found in Maine. With the election of Cleveland the memory of these bosses, who were "born Democrats," faded away. Plaisted, who owed his nomination for Governor to Ben Bunker, refused even to write a letter of recommendations for a position. Torry was too busy mending his own fences. The National Committee man was too busy finding a place for his own son, and Sam Anderson and his Mutual Admiration Society, known as "the Portland Custom House ring," protested against "Ben Bunker being appointed" to an office that remained vacant during the whole term of Cleveland's Administration,

Samuel J. Anderson, a chronic office-seeker from way back in the days of Buchanan and Pierce, was appointed Collector of Portland through the influence of politicians out of the State, and lent his aid to the intrigues and plots of the few bosses to keep working Democrats out of positions. Through the work of this man, several vacancies in Maine were never filled during the entire administration of Cleveland, because the candidates best recommended did not serve him and his junta. Democrats, who from their wealth and prominence as business men, who knew nothing of practical politics, who had little or no acquaintance with the workers in a campaign, who had never been heard from at conventions or in closely contested elections, were consulted as to the appointment of candidates, and as a result, in nine times out of ten the most unfit, impracticable appointments were made to the most important positions. The appointment of Dame of New Hampshire as Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service for New England proved disastrous to the Maine Democrats. Dame retained in his service the old crew of Republican clerks that he found in his office when he took

possession, and all efforts to prevail on him to turn out the old worn out relics in the service, proved unavailing, notwithstanding proof of incompetency, and abuse of the President and the Administration was furnished. Not till some of these Republican postal clerks got to butchering each other in a postal car at Bangor, did this official attempt to rid the service of spies and barnacles, who, working under a Democratic Administration, contributed liberally to campaign funds to bring about its defeat, acted the part of spies, and in many cases, as was proved, plotted the ruin of Democratic clerks. Since 1873 there has not been an election in Maine that the Democrats could not have won, if one-half the time had been given to bring about a victory that had been given by the men who secured office under Cleveland to wreck the party workers and keep control of the government patronage.

The federal patronage of Maine under Cleveland's Administration was completely thrown away. With the exception of one or two appointments, the best positions were given to old worn out ex-officeholders who were in office under Buchanan. Many of these positions were given to persistent office-seekers who had never contributed a dollar in party campaigns, or in any way aided the party by personal effort. Several of the positions were bought for cold cash from politicians, who, from their social positions in Washington, and wealth accumulated as attorneys for Western R. R. corporations, had influence with the members of the Cabinet.

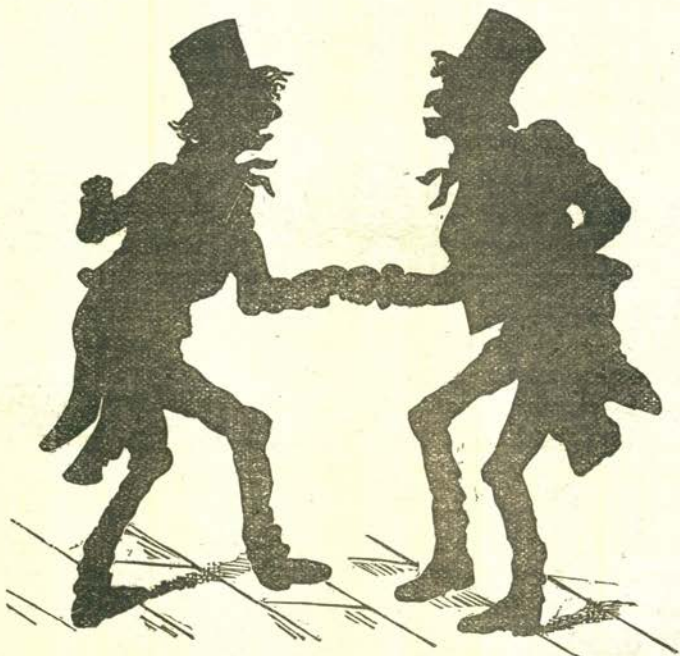
The charges that positions had been purchased for cold cash, paid to an Ex-Democratic member of Congress from Maine, gained such currency, that the person appointed as Appraiser at Portland Custom House, one E. R. Pierce, came out in a letter in the Portland papers denying the truth of newspaper statements so far as it related to his appointment.

Not a single Democratic newspaper editor or proprietor in Maine was rewarded for years of toil and poverty in battling for the party, by the ungrateful Administration bosses. Men who had made themselves poor by party work were set aside, and some old fossils given a position. The converts from the Republican party, who had not only been loyal, but suffered much for the cause, were ignored. The treachery of Bass and Redman, the intrigues of Blaine and Frye with the cowardly Vilas, and the ingratitude and impracticable politics of those Cleveland depended on for advice, late in his administration, had its effect, and from a majority party in 1880, the party was hopelessly defeated in 1888.

Temperance Hypocrisy.

Under the Temperance Tree,
No one can lie like me,
And wet his thirsty throat
Without a greenback note.
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
And drink with me—
I'm Prohibitionist. See?

Who doth his whiskey shun
Misses a heap of fun,
As a member of
A Prohibition Legislature,
And many treats
From Political beats.
Come hither, come hither, come hither!



The private jug drunkard and the professional temperance politician meet on common ground in Maine and clasp hands over the success of prohibition as enforced for the conversion of Democratic rum-sellers to the Republican fold, and the revenue derived from fines to replenish the county treasuries, which furnish bread and butter for a worthless pack of officials, on the make. The answer to the conundrum, "does prohibition prohibit," is answered in every Republican city in Maine, where the protected rum-seller flourishes and the Democratic saloon-keeper has faded away.

The Maine Democrats have always opposed sumptuary laws, and the opposition of the party to fanatical legislation to suppress the sale of liquor that the sentiment of the people was against, has led to the party being denounced as "a rum party." While the opposition of the Maine Democracy to a law that was so stringent it could not be enforced, which violated the constitution that forbids oppressive laws, was passive, this opposition never manifested itself at elections, the Democracy believing that if the temperance fanatics and cranks were given rope enough they would hang themselves. Neal Dow, Elder Peck and Marshal Weaver, who made themselves notorious in the commencement of the crusade, more than thirty-five years ago, against "free rum," find their counterpart to-day in bigoted men with but one idea as to the sale of liquor, tyrannical, political officials who, under the pretence of seizing liquor to prevent its sale, sell the liquor they seize, and political temperance hypocrites of the Rev. Peck stripe who ride into office on their hobby and are at last kicked out by the public to make room for a younger growth of moralists, graduates from Good Templar sociables and Law and Order Leagues.

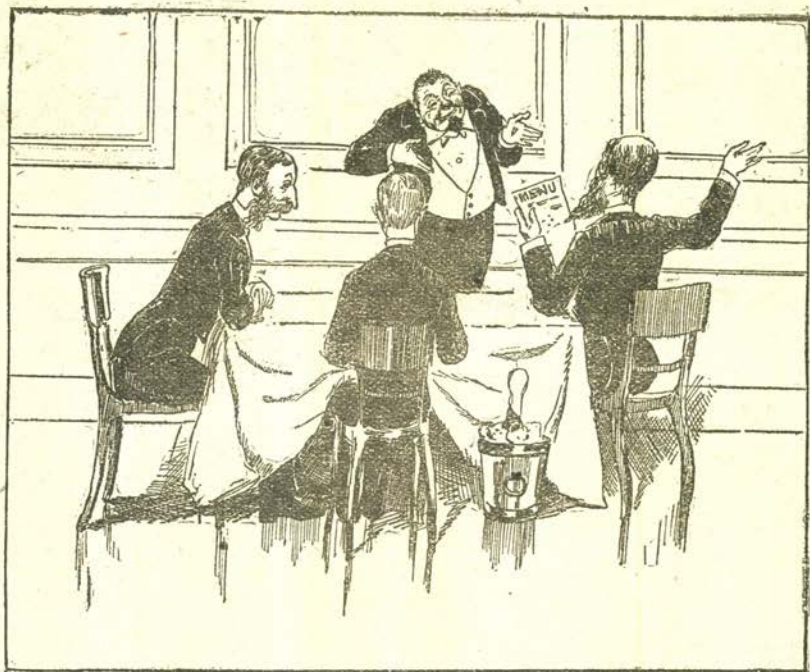
Where are the martyrs of the temperance cause to-day? In the political conventions of the Republican party, offering their principles for sale for political preferment. The temperance martyrs whose persecutions thirty-five years ago are a matter of history, are to-day the persecutors of a class of men who refuse to be converted, and these same persecutors, for violations of an impracticable law, are more devilish, cruel and bigoted than the anti-ramrod sinners in the good old times of new rum and molasses. The temperance cause has fallen into the hands of a senseless, bigoted class of professional, political beats who preach temperance from the pulpit and platform, and keep a private jug behind the bedroom door,

The Maine law was enacted in 1851, and to-day, after a trial of thirty-eight years, the people of Maine are fairly divided on the question, whether prohibition is a success, whether the private jug with the cheap poison that has driven pure liquor out of reach, is not manufacturing drunkards faster than in the "free whiskey" times of forty years ago. Whether, under the rule of temperance hypocrites, Portland with one hundred and thirty-four places where persons who pay U. S. retail licenses are selling the vilest liquor that can be produced, Augusta with twenty-six more in the same business right under the shadow of a Court House, Bangor with one hundred and forty places where liquor is sold openly, at bars, at Bar Harbor, the fashionable watering place, where Mr. Blaine entertains his political friends and temperance leaders, with its imported liquor coming for "the purity of our homes," in carload lots, is not sufficient proof that "Prohibition does not prohibit," that it is impossible to enforce a law that is opposed as tyrannical, that what enforcement there is, is dishonest, and enforced only so far as it will convert the rumseller into a good, loyal, prayerful and highly moral Republican—for the privilege of being protected in the business

The dishonest enforcement of a prohibitory law, encourages hypocrisy and dishonesty. There never has been a time that the law has been enforced, without first inquiry by the officials if it would deprive the Republican party of votes. The frantic talk and efforts of Republican officials is a bluff game throughout. A square honest enforcement all over the State would drive the party from power. The fines imposed by the courts are simply a high license for selling the most deadly poison that can be manufactured.

After a thirty-seven years struggle by Neal Dow and the old martyrs, the father of the Maine law of 1851 is compelled to say of the Republican party that has had its enforcement all this time :

"For more than twenty years I have been to every Legislature in Maine, often with hundreds of petitions, asking for such amendments to the law as would make it thoroughly effective. These efforts have always failed, and the grog shops keep on pretty much as they did twenty years ago."



And these same legislative bodies, whose members are elected with the aid of the temperance vote, with Neal Dow and his apostles on the stump speaking night and day against the wicked "rummy Democrats" who want a license law with pure whiskey and less drunkards, assemble at Augusta to select a U. S. Senator, and, as a contradiction of their professed horror of the great evil of intemperance, vie with each other in being the first to vote for a wine bibber and guzzler in the person of Eugene Hale, who, on taking up a glass of wine, boastfully remarked to Senator Butler of South Carolina, at a dinner of Senators in Washington, in the year of our Lord 1888, "Ah, General, pretty fine claret this; but you should see some of the claret I have in my cellar in Maine. It was imported expressly for me." Senator Hale's wine cellar at his palatial residence in Ellsworth is constructed in the same manner as many others are in Maine, and

this wine bibber, elected by the temperance vote, only fairly illustrates on a larger scale the hypocrisy and dishonesty of the temperance men on the question they profess to have so much at heart.

It is no wonder that the late Gov. Bodwell stated at a public meeting in St. Louis, in 1887 :

"I am trying to enforce prohibition in Maine, and it is the biggest job I ever undertook. The law is fairly well enforced in the rural districts and receives the support of the community. But in the larger cities and towns it is impossible to enforce it, as the liquor men defy it, and in many instances the local authorities conspire with violaters, and accept bribes from them. The general public in the State have no idea of the success of the violations of the law."

When a wine bibber is elected as a U. S. Senator by Maine temperance men, "the general public" take no interest in enforcing a law that our statesmen violate in public.

The average Maine temperance politician is made up of as many parts as the pterodactyl of Senator Ingalls of Kansas. He can screech for enforcement of prohibitory laws, and excuse wine-bibbing and beer-guzzling by Mr. Blaine; he can tell you about "rum Democracy," and forget Eugene Hale's rum hole at Ellsworth; he can "froth with words" at the success of prohibition, and refuse to read the record of the increasing number of drunks and liquor seizures before the municipal courts. He will tell you it is necessary for Mr. Blaine to drink claret, and criminal for the workingman to take beer, or the farmer to drink cider. He will tell you the rumsellers of Portland, Augusta or Lewiston are Democrats; but cannot remember that in these Republican cities they continue to sell right along, in exchange for their votes.

He can tell you how much the funds in the county treasury have been increased by fines from liquor sellers who won't vote the Republican ticket and be protected; but has no knowledge of the number of cases not pressed or "hung over" "our friends."

He can see the necessity of appointing special constables to enforce the prohibitory laws in Democratic counties; but has a shocking memory of the partiality of

Republican sheriffs in Republican counties.

He has never heard of the hot suppers of the Chairman of the Republican State Committee, at Augusta, to which members of the Legislature flock; or the quantity of rotgut drank by members of the Legislature who vote for prohibitory amendments; but he can tell you in a trice that the wicked Democrats are rummies and want to repeal "our" temperance laws.

No better proof of the hypocritical attitude of the Republican party on the temperance question is afforded than the action of Mr. Blaine, who, while endorsing all the fanatical legislation against selling liquor in Maine, and encouraging the temperance cranks and bigots in their work of persecution, endorsing by speeches and advice the adoption of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor, dodged the vote in 1884, and for the purpose of catching the scum vote, refused to drop in a "yes" ballot.

There is not a section of the State of Maine that is not thoroughly ploughed over a few months before a State election, for the purpose of procuring indictments against rumsellers to terrify them and keep them away from the polls, or force them to use their influence in electing sheriffs and city or town officials who will "let up" after election. Every year a Portland newspaper prints in fine type three and four columns of the disposition of liquor cases of the court for that county, for one term, and an inspection of the same will show that, although the law is only partially enforced, most of the cases are nol prossed, entered, "settled," which means one case paid out of many others "held up," or are settled up by light fines.

And Congressman Nelson Dingley, who received the almost unanimous vote of the rumsellers in his district, has the gall to prate about there being no liquor found on the table at a public gathering, while only a few months ago at a public dinner in Bangor, the Republican Governor of the State, the late J. R. Bodwell, sat at a table where there was wine and champagne in abundance, with which the guests and most of his staff of domestic colonels made free, as with old acquaintances, while several of the trundle bed staff beauties were unable to appear before the executive until going through a physician's hands.



It is a notorious fact that Representatives to the Legislature of 1887, previous to voting for a stringent amendment to the Maine law, filled their stomachs with "Maine rotgut" at a hotel in Augusta, and then voted for the amendment, and that a party of these drunken members celebrated the passage of the same by going to Bangor, and with a basket of champagne and whiskey in abundance, participated in a drunken bout at a hotel, going to bed with their boots on "for the purity of our homes," of course.

If further proof of the hypocrisy of the Republican party on the temperance question is lacking, or the blindness of temperance leaders as to the dishonest enforcement of the Maine law, we cite the case of M. Burns of Augusta. Burns was a soldier, served all through the war, and as an active politician, he was a thorn in the sides of the Republicans of Augusta. Twenty-six Republican liquor dealers in Augusta were doing a thriving business, contrary to law, but protected on account of their vote and influence for the Republican party, with nine dealers in imported liquors in the State, selling in original packages as the U. S. law provides, and several in Portland carrying a stock worth \$20,000, and no interference. Burns saw an opportunity to make money in the same way. He had been offered by the Republican boss of Augusta "protection" in the liquor business, if he would keep out of politics, or cast his lot with the Republicans. He refused, and purchased a stock of imported liquors. He placed the same on sale. His imported liquors broke up the business and reduced the



profits of the Republican dealers, who complained to Manley & Co., and protested that "protection did not protect," that for their votes and influence they got no returns. Gov. Bodwell was deceived by the Kennebec county politicians and prevailed upon to sign a loud proclamation against rumselling in general, while the sheriff of the county, under cover of this excuse, made a seizure of the stock of Burn's, and drove him out of the business. The other importers of liquor in Portland, Bangor and Bar Harbor, who were doing a very large business, were never molested. They are good loyal Republicans, and the necessity did not exist "for the purity of our homes," in their cases.

The question of temperance and enforcement of the law is lost sight of when it comes to voting at our annual elections, and it is the rule and not the exception

with county attorneys to suspend cases, have them "quashed" or "hung up" just before an election, if the person is a Democrat and shows signs of repentance and a willingness to vote and work for the candidates of the Republican party. Convicted persons have been released from jail for the same moral purification of the people. In ten years, with a dishonest enforcement of a prohibitory law in the city of Lewiston, a paradise for Republican rumsellers, \$53,000 has been paid by saloon keepers, and right under the nose of Congressman Dingley the business is so protected and encouraged for votes, that liquor goes to that city by the carload. Here ministers of the Gospel, editors of newspapers, candidates for Congress, Law and Order League ornamental bric-a-brac, labor, shoulder to shoulder, with saloon keepers and protected rumsellers, for the election of temperance politicians, hightoned drunkards who keep a private jug, chronic officeseekers for Congress on the Republican ticket, while the people are nightly addressed by temperance cranks and mouthy politicians, with a converted rumseller sandwiched in between to catch the rum vote.

Who hears of well attended temperance meetings to-day? What minister of the Gospel dares lift his voice in the pulpit for the cause of temperance, and denounce the traffic in his own community? Where is the candidate for office who dares to pledge himself before an election, as a temperance man? While the clergyman bumptiously in private proclaims himself as radically in favor of suppressing the sale of liquor, he is as tame as a kitten in his pulpit if a leading church member is a candidate for office. The hungry politician looks wise and studies astronomy when he passes a saloon with an open bar, and right in Bangor, the home of Congressman Boutelle, the author of a meaningless plank in the National Republican platform "for the purity of our homes," the only effort made to suppress the sale of liquor is a police regulation to close saloon and hotel bars after ten o'clock nights and on Sundays, with an admonition to truckmen when they transport liquor by the truck load, to keep it covered with a canvas, for fear of offending the conscienceless cranks who out do the drunkard and pauper on election days in voting. Stomach bitters with forty per cent. alcohol, rivaling the quack laxative of J. Paracelsus Bass in its good qualities for regulating the stomach, with Jamaica Ginger, Hostetter's Bitters, and other stomach regulators, are found in all well regulated drug stores in country towns, but in Bangor.

Lewiston, Augusta, Portland, Bath and Rockland, no one has to hunt for liquor. The claims of temperance men that prohibition prohibits, that a prohibitory law is a success and honestly enforced in Maine, are neither honest or decent.



There has not been a spring election in a single city in Maine for ten years; that the temperance man, the saloon keeper and the pious church deacon have not joined hands together to win a party success by electing candidates who are nominated with a view of catching the vote of the saloon keeper and his customers. The enforcement of a fanatical prohibition law in this State by Republican officials has been so notoriously dishonest and one-sided, that the people regard the matter of

enforcement a farce, and public opinion is decidedly against enforcement.

The failure of prohibition in Maine is not due from any defect in a fanatical law, but to the hypocritical attitude of the Republican newspapers, the hypocrisy of the clergy, the dishonesty of officials who enforce the law for political purposes only, and the wilful misrepresentations and downright lying of professed temperance leaders, like Congressman Dingley, who give only partial and misleading statements and figures of the actual condition of the sale of liquor in Maine, or offer any explanation whatever of the singular fact that in his own city, Lewiston, every rumseller, with but one exception, is a Republican, and as a candidate for Congress, posing as an out and out temperance man, Dingley receives the solid support of the rumseller and his customers. While the moral community, over which Congressman Dingley executes such a powerful influence for the cause of temperance, launches two campaign orators, French Canadian rumsellers, who have been indicted times without number, one of whom has represented Lewiston in the Legislature, to roam over the State instructing the French Canadian voters as to their political duties, Dingley and the temperance leaders rake in the church element, and the ornamental members of the free whiskey ring take pride in hovering under the wings of these sanctimonious hypocrites "for protection to the business of their friends." Is prohibition in Maine

a failure? Is the enforcement of the prohibitory law a failure? Are the results of enforcement as represented in the amount of fines paid, very many removes from high license? Let the honest, unprejudiced, conservative mind, without political ambition, if there is one in bigoted Maine, answer.



The return of the temperance orator to Maine is as significant of a coming political campaign as the flight of geese northward is a harbinger of spring. The private jug drunkard and temperance orator join issues on the street corner, and "for the purity of our homes" and protection to the protected saloon keeper, invite you to attend the prohibition meeting where the pious deacon introduces the mouthy politician whose duty it is to deceive the elect, while the official missionary, usually a deputy sheriff, gets in his work later on.

The enforcement of the prohibitory law by county officials is not only dishonest, but as a matter of fact, the public who have any knowledge of the doings of

deputy sheriffs and other officials who hang about court houses, believe that the politicians and officials go cahoots, the official for boodle and the politician for votes. This game has been played for years, and it is the rule and not the exception, to milk the saloon keeper and rumrunner in the shape of fines to an amount equal to a yearly high license, to fill the county treasuries. The whole matter of enforcing the prohibitory law in Maine is with an eye to revenue. Imprisonment for selling liquor, as the law provides, if strictly and impartially enforced, would bring about a revolt against the Republican party. Knowing this fact, high license in the shape of fines is a better way to protect "the purity of our homes" and at the same time it supplies a long felt want for a small army of leeches in the shape of State constables, sheriffs, deputies and jail officials, to fatten on.

With all the powers of the courts and executive machinery, Sunday exhortations from the pulpit and town hall, the paid services of long-haired, cold water disciples,

imported to show up the terrible results of selling liquor, with the conversion of nearly every Democratic rumseller and saloon keeper to the Republican party, after a thirty-eight years trial, the Chairman of the committee of the Good Templars, on the enforcement of the law, reports in the year 1889 that there are eleven wholesale liquor dealers in Maine, with 787 retailers who have taken out the U. S. tax, and it is a matter of court record that there are in Maine more persons selling liquor who do not take out a tax license than the number who comply with the law, while an army of street loafers, bums who act as agents of low dives, peddle liquor from their pockets. The enforcement farce is all on paper. Occasionally it is found necessary to punish a Democratic rumseller, who refuses to be converted, with a jail sentence.

There is one fact in connection with the sale of liquor in Maine that the prohibitionists do not care to mention, but which every Republican politician knows to be true, and that is the contribution of money by the Boston liquor dealers to the Republican campaign fund. A Boston dealer is authority for the statement that this amount in critical times is large, and that high license would ruin the business of the Boston dealer who now enjoys a monopoly of filling the private jug of the Maine man. The Express Companies deliver orders of Maine customers at the rate of 200 packages as a daily average, while in the holiday season the packages run into the thousands. The strongest friends of the prohibitory law are the Boston liquor dealers and the proprietors of low places who do not take out U. S. tax licenses. The co-workers for "the purity of our homes" at the ballot box, is this class who work and vote because it is for their interest to do so. The low down dives and the pocket peddlers thrive, while the hotel keeper closes his door for want of the patronage of those who want an appetizer, and visit an oyster saloon or restaurant. Where prohibition has decreased the number of places where liquor can be purchased openly, it has also doubled the number of dens and dog holes, and made a corresponding increase in the number of chronic drunkards who get their supply by express. Fraud, perjury, spies, and black mail on one hand, dishonest officials, temperance hypocrites and political frauds on the other, are the results of the attempt to enforce a prohibitory law by officials whose election is made sure with the aid of the converted rumseller.

The anti-prohibitory sentiment all grows out of the dishonest enforcement of a prohibitory law by Republican officials for the purpose of bulldozing the liquor dealer into voting the Republican ticket. The hypocritical attitude of leading Republicans, politicians, clergymen and temperance orators has disgusted the people

everywhere. The voters can see for themselves that while the few straightout prohibitionists are honest, and the only ones that are honest in their efforts, the greater part of the church, the temperance element and the professional politicians are simply monumental hypocrites, and the whole question of temperance and enforcement of a prohibitory law is a farce. And against the whole business there is a revolt going on throughout the country against fanatical legislation that it is impossible to carry out. As the law stands in this State a rum soaked officer stands at depots and express offices ready to seize liquor and dictate who shall have liquor for private use, without any power to restrict his despotic sway. The courts are controlled by political influence that gives party tyrants who enforce the law an opportunity to revenge themselves on all who do not belong to their political faith.

In the campaign of 1884 French Canadian rumsellers, under indictments and conviction, were put on the stump and introduced to the public by editors of Republican newspapers. These protected patriots taught the foreign born voter the way to vote for "the purity of our homes." They were surrounded by college professors, clergymen and church deacons, all of whom applauded the coarse jests and stale jokes of these collaborators with the temperance fanatics at the same meeting, and this is a fair illustration of the temperance farce going on in Maine.

It is a singular fact that nearly all the leading temperance lecturers, officers of temperance organizations and advocates of prohibitory laws are men who never indulged in drinking liquor, know nothing whatever about the practical workings of the Maine law, while the reformed drinker is not a member of these organizations, and does not believe in the honesty of the temperance leaders, and the reclaiming of



drunkards seems to have been abandoned entirely for the more prolific business of securing a revenue from the liquor dealers. While the liberty of the poor rum-seller who is unable to contribute for revenue, in the shape of a fine, is restrained, the greatest liberty is allowed to the private jug drunkard who bestows his patronage on the Boston dealer who enjoys a monopoly of the Maine trade.

The real issue between the Republican politician and the truckling temperance crank has never been properly put before the public. There is law enough to shut up every saloon, hotel bar, drug store and secret rum hole, if honestly enforced.

\$19,000 is yearly paid into the treasury from 798 liquor dealers in Maine for U. S. licenses, while the towns and cities do not receive a dime for the monopoly these few enjoy. Thus we see the business of selling rum and preaching temperance in Maine is confined to a favored few, and they both aim to accomplish the same objects, politically, the elevation of a Republican politician to office and the conversion of the Democratic rumseller to the true faith.

When the constitutional amendment was submitted to the voters of Maine for adoption, very many of the Democrats voted for the same, thinking that the adoption would take the temperance question out of politics. The adoption only gave the politicians a better opportunity to work the law against opponents. Instead of its driving temperance from politics, the amendment more firmly welded the union, and this fact has nursed hypocrisy, cant and pious humbuggery until every rumseller in Maine, without exception, is a Republican, every temperance leader a fraud, every minister of the Gospel, avowing temperance sentiments, a coward, and every county official having anything to do with enforcing the law, a tyrant in whose hands is placed a weapon that punishes whom he dislikes and rewards whom he loves.

"THE TRAMP RACKET."

AND KENNEBEC COUNTY BOODLERS.

To reward a shiftless, lazy set of drones in the shape of county and town officials, the Legislature of 1880, among other notorious acts for political purposes, passed a law known as the tramp law. Under the corrupt rule of the Republican party in national affairs, the land became peopled with tramps and millionaires, both the natural growth from fostered monopolies. The Legislature of Maine passed what is known as the tramp law, which gave officials authority to arrest and secure the conviction of all persons going about the country asking for food or shelter. To do so was a State Prison offence, and tramps on conviction as vagrants were liable to a year and more incarceration in State Prison. Kennebec county officials, who have been educated to look for fees and official plunder, saw an opportunity to feather their nests, so to speak. Instead of complaining of the tramp as a vagrant and asking for food and shelter, he was arraigned before municipal courts and trial justices as being drunk and disturbing the peace. By this sharp practice the aching voids, the pockets of policemen and town constables, were filled



with fees which the tax-payers have to furnish.

The office of sheriff of the county, with the jail as an office and home, had never been considered a very soft snap, until the "tramp racket" was worked by the Kennebec county boodlers. The floating population, the chronic tramp, very soon found out that they could get a warm home for the fall and winter without work with no little attention at the jail, if they were chronic cases, and came and went with but short periods between the time of leaving and re-entering. The more times the tramp was arrested, the more fees for the boodler and more for the jailer for turning the key. The Kennebec county jail soon gained considerable notoriety as the "Tramp's Paradise," where these creatures were hauled up monthly and induced to plead guilty to drunkenness and who, while in jail, were allowed to gamble, make merry and enjoy themselves at the county's expense. From a position paying barely \$1,200 per annum, the office of sheriff Kennebec county was very suddenly raised to one paying over \$8,000, three-fourths of the amount coming in the shape of board and committal fees from tramps.

In the year 1886 the county commissioners were alarmed at the influx of tramps from all parts of the country to partake of the generous hospitality afforded by this winter resort. Towns were invaded by tramps who got drunk for the purpose of being sent to Augusta, and inducements were held out in some places where the tramp racket was worked, by offers of tobacco, money and liquor to the tramps to induce them to plead guilty and receive a 30 days' sentence. In Waterville this method was pursued, and there was such a lively conflict among the police and constables, that in dividing up the tramps these boodlers nearly came to blows. The expense of the tramps and the officers' fees swelled the tramp racket to \$15,000 per year. The county commissioners in their report modestly refrained from exposing the whole fraud, and contented themselves with saying:

"The Kennebec jail continues to be the Home Paradise of Tramps at large

at a large expense to the county. The efforts of the county commissioners heretofore to lessen their number have been unavailing. The work shop has been tried at a large expense to the county, above its income, and has proved a failure. They are fully convinced that a more RIGID and SEVERE discipline of the prisoners, such as confining them to their cells, taking from them all means of amusement, compelling them to keep themselves and their cells in proper sanitary condition, feeding them with wholesome but with the plainest and simplest kind of food, making their confinement a punishment, so far as it can be done, consistent with the claims of humanity, and then adjust such a scale of prices for board, based upon the number of prisoners in jail, as would be ample to provide for their needs and give a fair compensation to the jailer, are the only means now available to lessen their number and reduce expenses; and to this end they will unite their efforts with those of the jailer and prison inspectors with much confidence of success."

Following is the comparative cost per man a year in the following institutions, furnished by one of the Maine Prison Inspectors, for the year 1886: Maine State Prison, \$60; Massachusetts State Prison, \$142; Cumberland County jail, \$140; Kennebec County jail, \$170; making the cost at the jail for entertaining a tramp in idleness \$110 per man more than at the State Prison. Of \$20,000 in one year paid by the county, Waterville officials, including the sheriff, received \$10,118.27, leaving only a balance of \$5,243-.05 for the less enterprising minions in other parts of the county.

Waterville, Gardiner, Chelsea and Pittston were the principal towns that profited by the tramp racket. The boodlers were generally at the county's expense, allowed full fees and travel when conveying tramps, and no matter if one or a dozen were taken to jail by the officer the fees were made up in full on each, just the same. One of the Waterville boodlers raked in \$900 in one year in the business, and others made "pretty fair pay."

The "tramp racket" was exposed by the author of this book, in the KENNEBEC DEMOCRAT in 1887, and the next year there was a reduction of \$5,000 in the expense of supporting the tramps. A large number of tramps,

it appears, have been committed to jail, returning to the same towns by an arrangement with the boodlers, for another sentence, the boodler constables paying the tramps a small bonus.

When these facts became known, that the county was being systematically robbed and the property owners unnecessarily taxed, the political friends of the boodlers ingeniously studied to replenish the county treasury. Who could respond any more promptly than the saloon keeper? In one term of court the saloon keepers were milked to the amount of \$10,500, and "the good work" has been going on ever since, but it is about nip and tuck between the hungry county officials and the rumsellers, the latter hardly coming to the scratch with high license fines as promptly as the county expenses require.

The tax-payers of Kennebec county dearly love to be duped. They live on deception, and, knowing this fact, the Representatives and Senators, in the year of the exposure by the KENNEBEC DEMOCRAT, were called together at Augusta, and passed resolutions that, although the sheriff was raking in fat fees, the tramp living high, and to them it seemed "rather strange" that Kennebec county should be the stamping ground of the chronic tramp, still there was nothing in the way of plundering the county treasury that the law did not authorize, and these political gentlemen requested the dear people to remain perfectly quiet and place their trust in the Republican party, and everything would come out right. Immediately the county commissioners cut down the allowance for board, shut down on the exorbitant fees allowed the boodlers, and the subsequent terms of court nailed the saloon keepers for a generous lift towards the funds in the county treasury.

State Constables.

THOSE PETTY TYRANTS WHOSE MISSION IS TO ROB THE FARMER AND ASSIST IN CONVERTING THE SALOON KEEPER IN DEMOCRATIC COUNTIES, TO THE REPUBLICAN FAITH.



The act for the appointment of special constables to enforce the prohibitory law originated with James G. Blaine in the dark days of the Republican party in 1879, when the party majority had been wiped out under the management of domestic colonels on the Governor's staff, full-blooded politicians of the Bill Bigelow and Joe Manley variety, and a small sized rebellion against the personal, domineering reign of Blaine.

The act is twin to the citation law also invented by Blaine to suppress the factory workmen's vote. The temperance leaders were induced to ask for the act on the plea that Republican sheriffs and deputies did not dare to enforce the prohibitory law. It was a clever trick to throw the responsibility for the law, with the appointments of the constables, on to the temperance wing of the party.

The purpose of Mr. Blaine in having the law passed was to regain power in Democratic counties, and nearly every appointment made after the law went into effect, was in such counties. Waldo and Somerset counties, Democratic by a revolt in the Republican ranks, were redeemed after these tyrants were set at work, and a reign of terror inaugurated against farmers who sold cider, principally Democrats. Kennebec county, which contributes all the way from \$5,000 to \$10,000 in one year, in the shape of high license fines, did not need the services of these roaming, irresponsible tyrants. For, like the Augusta saloon keepers, they had been converted by the personal persuasion of Mr. Blaine, for, be it known, Mr. Blaine condescended to grasp the hand of Ivory Hayes, one of the protected, just before an election, when passing his "gilded saloon."

A similar law to the one now in force was passed some years ago, with a provision for a chief of State police. Joshua Nye was made the Captain General of this morality gang. The State police worked for fees mostly, and they attended to their business so faithfully that the law was repealed in two years after. No law passed by a Southern State for political purposes has been cited by Republican political newspapers that can compare with the objects sought in the State constable act. Its purpose and scope was purely political, the punishment of Democratic farmers who sold cider and the saloon keepers, unless they would consent to be converted. Unfortunately for the cause of temperance as well as for the poor persecuted farmer, the meanest specimens of irresponsible humanity were selected in nearly every case to carry out Mr. Blaine's work of reform. These petty tyrants roamed over the country, robbing tourists, sportsmen and pleasure seekers of their small supply of liquor, scourged the farmer who sold sweet cider and the saloon or hotel keeper, for what fees could be obtained for selling liquor.

It does not appear from the appointments made, that any necessity exists for special constables to enforce the prohibitory law in Republican counties. It is only in Democratic counties where the good work goes on of punishing men who do not believe in fanatical laws, who are opposed to a life of hypocrisy, official pilfering and the persecution of a law-abiding class of persons who are ignorant of court proceedings and official robbery, but who unfortunately owned an orchard.

So well was this law worked that in several Democratic counties the meanest, sneaking, unpopular persons to be found in the community were appointed, who devoted their time to arraigning Democrats before the courts. The result of all this deviltry is that a majority of the persons selling liquor in this State are now Republicans in good standing, and they all work and vote for temperance and rum.

In Sagadahoc county, where good old-fashioned Republican majorities are given, the clergymen and a few honest, straight-out temperance men attempted to work a temperance reform in Bath with the aid of constables, backed up by a Law and Order League. The Law and Order gentlemen were altogether too fresh to make their work effectual. They did not recognize the power of one Bill Wakefield over the saloon keeper, nor the influence and sympathy of this class about election time for the Republican party candidates. While the Law and Order committee for pros-



ecuting the liquor dealers, cringed and bowed themselves humbly down while begging for the support of the community to sustain them, the idea never dawned on their minds that Mr. Blaine's invention of the state constable law was for the conversion of the saloon keepers, politically, and not for the laudable purpose of suppressing the liquor traffic when the business is carried on by the converted. In this county, as in others, the Republicans secured the appointment of men without discretion or brains, and one constable, with more brutality than a prize fighter, nearly committed a murder in his official duties. After several spasms in attempting to enforce the law, the Law and Order League flunked. That is, in a Republican county, they found it was not popular, besides it trenched on the rights and properties of Boss Wakefield.

A long and bitter contest was waged by the Bath clergymen and the Law and Order League with the council of Gov. Bodwell in the appointment of special constables. Boss Wakefield objected to the men the League selected, for the reason they were likely to do their duty without regard to the allegiance of the liquor dealers, due the boss. "The boss" won, and tame pussy-cat gentlemen were taken up as a compromise, and the temperance gentlemen were again fooled "for the purity of our homes" and the success of the Republican party at the ballot box.

The Law and Order League organized to assist the State constables were too honest for the politicians who had traded with the saloon keepers, and it required more courage than the members possessed to face the battle in the face of promises made by Republican politicians. The ministers of the Gospel soon found that the business of ladling out the doctrines of hell and damnation to the weak and superstitious, more agreeable, and left the damnation to be ladled out by the protected saloon keeper. This collection of religious fanatics have taken a rest,



Androscoggin is another county where there appears to be no necessity for State constables, the rumsellers having been converted to the true faith. To be sure, they have a Law and Order League in Auburn. Its work consists mostly in prayful intercession at the throne of grace for divine assistance to put down the traffic, but all the time the private jug drunkard thumbs his nose and waggles his fingers at their efforts. In Lewiston where the protected element have been given a monopoly of the liquor traffic, there is no necessity for State constables, as the Republican

majority is safe, with the assistance of the foreign voters.

Here the minister of the Gospel stands up in the pulpit with Congressman Dingley with a sad and silent countenance. Little drifts of white hair lay on the broad forehead like the first snows of winter. He gazes lovingly and pleadingly into the upturned faces of his congregation, who expect the regulation dose of lament and sorrow on account of the terrible evils of intemperance. Prayer for the wicked by the reverend gentleman, and praise by the member of Congress over the "success of prohibition," is about all that is needed in this saintly city. The State constable who can honestly do his duty and hold the influence of the saloons for the Republican party, has not been found as yet.

When it was thought the time was ripe to redeem Waldo county from the Democrats, one J. W. Mitchell, a flaxen-haired youth with little or no dis-

cretion, was appointed a special constable. His first experience was at a fire in Belfast, where, instead of assisting in extinguishing the fire and awaiting a proper time to search for liquor, he forced his way into a crowd without a warrant and provoked a small riot, shooting one person in the arm. Later on Mitchell found a more fruitful field for fees among the farmers who owned orchards, and under his reign farmers did not gather their cider apples, leaving them to rot on the ground, not daring to keep cider in their cellars for fear of being dragged before a court and sent to jail. Many of this class had been induced to sell cider by constables on various pretexts, for the special purpose of having them indicted and fined on the testimony of paid spotters.

As an assistant in the work of redeeming Waldo county, one Geo. H. Stevenson was appointed constable. This freak of nature immediately commenced the work of suppressing the sale of cider, for fees. Stevenson visited the blueberry bogs in his vicinity, and treated the young men to liquor from a bottle he carried, to get himself on social terms for the purpose of inducing his new made friends to purchase cider of farmers in the vicinity. On another occasion Stevenson visited a farmer in Albion, and secured the dregs of old cider barrels on which complaints were founded, and the person put to great expense in defending himself from the plots of this tyrant. At another time Stevenson commenced persecutions against his neighbors for selling cider, and summoning witnesses in large numbers, obliged a very respectable citizen to pay a heavy fine, and abandon his fruit crop. Stevenson found plenty of politicians to prod him in his persecutions, and sneaks to follow him around for the purpose of pleading sickness to obtain liquor to make arrests, for the cause of temperance. For several months Stevenson kept two counties in an uproar, visiting farmers and enticing them to sell cider on various pretexts. On one of these raids, with a boon companion, Stevenson visited a poor old widow, in the town of Canaan, by the name of

Ricker. This woman, poor, helpless and sick, without any means of support, her husband having been drowned, had gathered elderberries and made a small quantity of elderberry wine for her own use, which she kept in a jug. Stevenson and his spotter called on Mrs. Ricker, and clasping his hands over his stomach, writhed and squirmed as though in pain, and plead for the old lady to let him have some of the wine. She did so, and after



these two reformers had taken a health giving swig, tried to induce the woman to take pay. She refused, saying they were welcome to it. Stevenson threw down the munificent sum of twenty-five cents, and insisted on her taking pay. Mrs. Ricker said that if they insisted she would take it, but the moment she took up the money Stevenson seized the jug of wine and duly libeled the same, for fees of course. This is a faint illustration of the ways of the Maine special constables in enforcing the law to suppress the sale of

liquor. These zealous tyrants, who entice young men to drink liquor on blueberry bogs, visit hotels and plan schemes to obtain liquor, and abuse the hospitality of the farmers who offer cider, all for the purpose of securing convictions, are referred to by the temperance hypocrites as men who are "abused and assaulted" for their work in "putting down the liquor traffic."

The prohibitory party, the only honest temperance element in Maine, which is most thoroughly hated by the Republican machine politicians for that honesty, saw through the thin designs of these political moralists years ago, and the use they were making of State constables.

The leaders of the prohibitory party have plainly indicated on several occasions to the Governor of the State their views of the work of these petty tyrants. It only made the Governor's Council yawn and plead fatigue. In fact, the truth about the dishonest enforcement of the law for political purposes makes a Republican politician tired. The Governor and Council never have found time to investigate the general cussedness, stupidity, and reckless abuse authorized by these traveling missionaries, but petitions for the appointment of any, in Republican counties, are quietly referred to the Republican bosses of those counties, the political results growing out of the appointment carefully inquired into, and if "the right man," one who knows just who to punish, or will promise



to "let up," is found, the man is commissioned.

Can it be possible that the temperance people do not see that the cause of temperance is terribly injured by such practices on the part of constables? And still these men who go about the country tempting persons to commit a crime, are made martyrs of by the politicians who would not hesitate to vote for a barrel of rum and call it heavenly dew, if labelled as a Republican candidate for office. It is this class of men who make the politics of this State, as missionaries with a pint bottle in the hip pocket and a Bible under the arm, who uphold the crusade of the special constables and liquor spotters. The special constables find no demand for their services in Republican counties. Their mission is to tempt and scourge the farmer and saloon keeper purely for political purposes, and not with any idea of purifying a community. Nearly all of those appointed have committed acts so outrageous, and in many cases criminal, that they are shunned as outcasts from society, sneaking, irresponsible characters who plot to induce people to commit crimes to give them fees as official persecutors. Their dirty work is appreciated only by the politicians who are after votes.

The career of Stevenson as a constable was brought to an end by his deliberately emptying two revolvers, without a word of warning, into a room full of men, women and children in the town of Carmel, killing one of the persons present, one Frank Conley who, although called a tramp, was in search of work. Stevenson had the entire sympathy of the politicians, and every possible effort was made by temperance workers, and Republican politicians, to secure an acquittal. After a short trial, during which it was plain to see that he had the sympathy of those whose duty it was to see the laws executed and justice meted out, this wretch escaped through a disagreement of the jury, and later on the county attorney of Penobscot county nolo prosequi the case.

During the gubernatorial administration of Gov. Bodwell, the temperance

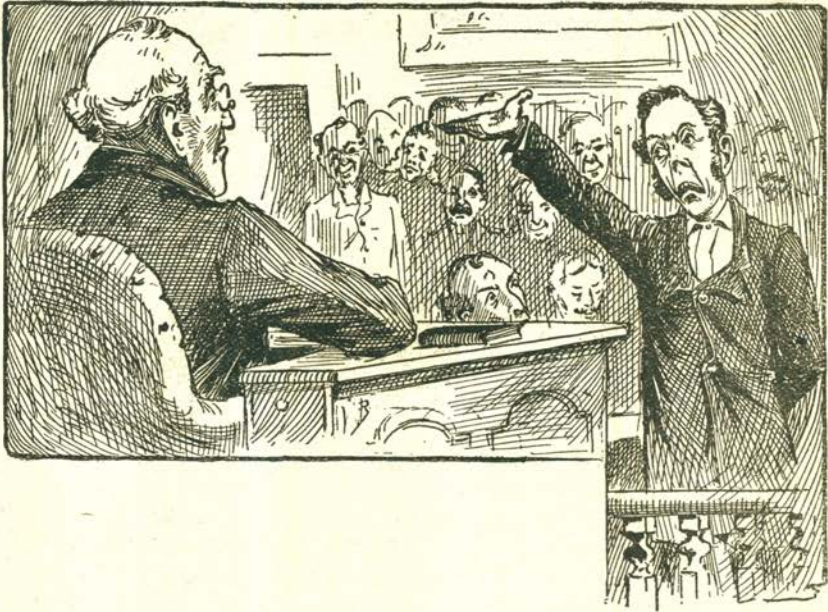
men of Bangor attempted to put in their work. The clergymen prayed for succor. The political temperance hypocrites snuffed and sniffled for something to be done, and at last constables were appointed against the protests of Congressman Boutelle, who had a monopoly of the saloon vote. Others wanted to see a crusade started against the Bangor open bars. Boutelle kicked like a steer, and the usual compromise was made by appointing constables, who were satisfactory to all parties, including the saloon keepers. It was talked on the streets, after the constables were appointed, that a money consideration had been offered the newly appointed constables to resign, and the sum of \$3,000 was mentioned. These officials did not resign, nor have they made many enemies or "protected the purity of our homes," a desire that found such an open expression in the person of Congressman Boutelle at the National Republican Convention. No State constable will make the mistake of attempting to enforce the law honestly in Bangor. Besides, the Republican majority being safe, there is no necessity for it.



The testimony of every conservative temperance person in the State is to the effect that special constables

who have no responsibility, who are not required to give bonds, are a positive injury to the cause of temperance, a disgrace to the Republican party, and a reproach on every community that harbors them. They were created by the politicians for political purposes. Under the prohibitory law in Maine, a farmer who sells cider is liable to \$1,350 fine and five months in

jail, if the law is strictly enforced to the extent. The law knows no difference between the person who sells whiskey and the farmer who sells cider to be drank on his premises. Under this oppressive law the farmer has been scourged by State constables and either contributes liberally for the support of these wretches, or has expressed a willingness to become converted, for which purpose the law was framed. The evidence that is given before a trial justice to convict a person, is taken before the Grand Jury, and five separate cases can be made out against a farmer selling cider. Knowing this, the special constables used the terrible weapon of an oppressive law to persecute law-breakers, and in some cases that have been proved, these same road agents accepted bribes from the victims. Two hundred and seventy-nine indictments in Kennebec county in the year 1887, when special State constables were making a crusade, prove one of two or more remarkable results of a prohibitory law, this fact, either the State constables and deputy sheriffs unnecessarily persecuted the seller of a mild beer by saloons, the farmer who sold cider or the protected Republican liquor dealer, or else the prohibitory law is a failure so far as suppressing the sale of liquor, and prohibition is not a success, or Republican officials encourage the sale of liquor by careful nursing for the liquor dealer's influence and vote at elections. It is claimed that this unprecedented number of indictments is the result of a plan to replenish the county treasury to make good the plundering of the funds by the "tramp racket" of that year. The law authorizing the appointment of State constables, discounts any trickery legislation alleged in any of the Southern States for suppressing the popular vote, but the fanatic is satisfied with this kind of enforcement, without regard to the purification of the community. The political temperance hypocrite, the bigot, and the honest temperance man reap a bountiful crop of humbug, and they love the crop the constable harvests.



The trial of a person for selling liquor in Maine is worth twice the price of an admission fee to Barnum's circus. Perhaps the victim is an old woman who has been arrested for selling "home beer" at Chelsea, "root beer" in Brunswick, or "birch beer" in Oakland, to eke out her miserable existence, while the protected Republican rumseller, a converted Democrat, is shoving "whiskey straight" across a bar in a "gilded saloon" under the shadow of the Court House at Augusta. The victim is pulled into court. The too utterly pious neighbor, strict in all the observances of his church, who prays for "the purity of our homes" night and morning, who never misses an opportunity to declare that "all the Democrats are rummies," but who doesn't pay his debts, and is never known to assist a neighbor in distress, rejoices on the street corner that the official is so vigilant and is trying so hard to purify the community. The prosecuting attorney usually happens to be some country lawyer without clients, but with just enough

blood connection to some politician of prominence to elevate him to the position he holds. His motto is VIN VINO VERITAS. That he is a lawyer does not argue that he is wholly abandoned, but may be attributed to the fact that there is an annual harvest of these rising politicians, who want their whack in the Legislature in mixing up laws and passing amendments to a very bad prohibitory law.

The victim is confronted by the lowest specimens of humanity as witnesses whose testimony would not be taken down in a court in any case but a liquor prosecution. The victim knows it is no use to introduce any evidence. The case is made up by the attorney and officers before it is tried. The county attorney, looking as solemn as an ass, rises to open the case. He affects great dignity of character without really possessing it. He looks severe, and assumes a demeanor of wisdom as he gives forth oracular utterances; but whose mind is as shallow as his outward seeming is pretentious. He draws a gloomy picture of woe, want and poverty brought about by the poor victim in retailing gut wash, and quotes the penalties the victim might have avoided by selling rotgut in Augusta or Bangor. He waxes warm on the baneful influence of the victim on "our children and the coming generation." The crank who made the terrible discovery that an old woman in these progressive times had the impudence to sell beer, toys with a brass chain, and listens attentively to the bright mind that illuminates the gloom of the court room. He wears a suit a widowed mother has taken in washings to pay for, or a too confiding tailor is waiting for many promises to be fulfilled, which allows him to be admitted to the society of gentlemen, although he is too mean and contemptible for his neighbors to tolerate. The witnesses, who have been let off from a trial for drinking town agency rum or split sold by a druggist that made them drunk and liable to a few days in jail, give in their testimony. The victim is then again turned over like a lamb to the slaughter, to the county attorney. There is a hushed stillness as the legal anaconda prepares to throw his voluminous folds around

the trembling victim, crush its bones, and swallow the shapeless mass. The silence is perfectly awful. The jury already see murder in the heart of the victim. The county attorney paws the air, his oratory reverberating like the boom of distant thunder. The brow of the judge becomes corrugated with deep thought. The glittering eye of the county attorney is bent on the guilty victim, who seems conscious of approaching doom. The jury go out to be instructed in the verdict by some bigot who acts as foreman. They return with a cat-like tread, without any varnish on their boots. Slowly and solemnly, like the supreme head of the church promulgating officially some entirely new dogma, the judge passes sentence. The county attorney, the witnesses, the State constables, and the jury listen attentively, and the planets keep right on moving around the sun. The verdict rendered, the victim is made to pay a high license, in the shape of a fine and costs, although the penalty, "for the purity of our homes," is atonement in jail.



The farce does not end here by any means. The Lewiston weekly gush, the Kennebec weekly belly-ache and all the Republican organs will give their readers an account of the "good work" that is being done by our county attorneys in suppressing "the low groggeries," "driving the rumseller to the wall," "exterminating the liquor traffic," winding up with more or less hypocrisy and cant, and not forgetting to mention the fact that the conviction of the victim "annoyed the Democrats" exceedingly, "who are in sympathy with the rumseller." All this "reliable news" will be read by the wife of the champion cornshucker of Hungry Hollow, who takes the gusher only for its Saturday night talks, and real simon pure, salad dressed, temperance reform ideas.

MAINE INSANE ASYLUM.

THE ROOST FOR DECAYED POLITICIANS.—DRUNKENNESS AND DEBAUCHERY.—
GROSS IMMORALITY OF ATTENDANTS AND TRUSTEES.—INCOMPETENCY AND
PLUNDER.—THE INSTITUTION AS A POLITICAL MACHINE.—CHARGES OF
MISCONDUCT, CRUELTY AND MISMANAGEMENT NEVER INVESTIGATED.—
SLANDERS THAT IMPLICATE PROMINENT MEN SMOTHERED.—SILENCE RE-
WARDED.

Ever since the buildings of the Maine Insane Asylum were burned years ago, the management of the institution has been criticised for incompetency; cruelty and waste in the supply department. The institution was never considered a proper place to pension off decayed politicians, until the reign of Blaine and Manley commenced in this State. Since 1875, charges of cruelty have been made against attendants, time and again, by persons employed about the hospital. In all cases the person making charges has been reprimanded, and in some cases discharged. The position of steward of the hospital has always been regarded as one paying a handsome per cent. on the goods purchased, and it is known that one steward, on a salary of \$900, has placed himself in a position, so far as wealth is concerned, far above many firms having a large paying business.

It is a matter of history that for the last ten years the Insane Hospital has been run, so far as the male employees are concerned, as an annex to the local politics of Augusta, one of the trustees for years being the notorious Joe Manley. The purchase of supplies has been made from favored parties

who are supposed to grant favors in return, of a per cent. nature, and the trade all goes in one channel. At great expense, a pumping station was located to draw water from the Kennebec in case of fire and emergencies, and another extra supply at the institution from a reservoir and artesian well. This expenditure has been thrown away for the purpose of patronizing the Augusta Water Co., a corporation in which the Augusta boss has an interest that did not cost him a dime. The institution had a complete plant for lighting the building. This has also been thrown away and the Augusta Gas Co., and the Electric Light Co., in which the Augusta boss has an interest, favored with a patronage that the State pays a good round price for.

Mention is here made of some cases of immorality at the institution, although worse cases, known to exist it would be impossible to prove on account of the difficulty of inducing the parties interested to testify, for the reason it would criminate them.

A few years ago a prominent business man who had been married but a short time, was obliged to send his wife to the Insane Asylum for treatment, the unfortunate woman having become insane on account of a serious illness. The husband was nearly broken hearted with grief, and it changed his whole existence to one of sorrow, grief and misery. The husband, in one of his visits to the Asylum to see that his wife was properly treated, made an astounding discovery. On his way to the hospital he was hailed from a house on the street by a woman. He paused, and what was his astonishment to find that the person was no other than his demented wife. Rushing into the house he found his wife dressed in old clothes covered with filth and vermin, and in the care of a private family.

Later, another unfortunate inmate, the wife of a gentleman who was able and willing to give his wife the best of care and attention, was found to have been receiving the attention of some of the officers connected with the institution, and in less than one year after being placed in the Asylum, she gave

birth to a child. The matter was never investigated, but on the contrary, the crime was laid to one of the waiters, although it is well known that none but the officials and physicians had keys to the rooms of the inmates. Another inmate was brutally assaulted by his keeper. He was a young man who was only partially insane, and one of the keepers not concerned in the matter, a resident of Somerset County, says that the man was shamefully abused, and that his death, three days after being knocked down and pounded, was the result of cruel treatment and abuse.

For years evidence has been given by keepers and waiters at the hospital of gross irregularities, abuse and immoral conduct. While no direct evidence has been gained that would convict persons accused, sufficient knowledge of the matter has come to the surface that would leave one to suppose the institution was not far removed from a house of ill fame in many respects.

The attention some of the keepers bestowed on attractive waiters and nurses have from time to time been commented on, but "they were all in the same nest," is the significant answer of one of the attendants who relates some of the doings.

A prominent person in Augusta relates that at one time he had occasion to visit a room and was paralyzed by a tableau, the actors being one of the officials and an attendant, the latter in the fond embrace of the former. When the door opened, the pretty attendant gave a shriek, kicked high and fainted dead away. The official who was supporting the female attendant, made, as an excuse, a statement that the girl was ill. Very



likely she had an affection of the heart similar to the disorder that had such an effect on Trustee Weymouth's blood pumper.

A scandal was started not long ago about the attentions a pretty red headed waiter received from one of the medical staff, who had rather uphill work in keeping his charmer out of the way of some of the attendants; and a man who formerly worked at the hospital says that the TETE-A-TETE of the trustees, physician, and occasional visitors would eclipse the flirtations at some of our Maine seaside resorts.



THE PATIENT WAITER.

Among this patients at the hell on earth are a number of females, whose insanity is due to disappointment in love. Some are violently insane, others mildly so, who array themselves in their best clothes and wait with all the constancy and expectation of old for the appearance of a lover. One of the gang about the institution attempted to work himself into the affections of one of these maiden patients, who although insane, had some of her senses left and we are told that the exit of the person was assisted by the patient who pulled hair, bit and kicked as a crazy woman

can, who, while waiting for the President of the United States or the Governor of the State as her lover, could not be fooled by an attendant from the county whom she had seen every day for months.

Many of the female patients, some of them still beautiful, in their partially deranged condition on account of disappointment in love, unhappy marriage, or ill health, are fond of dressing themselves in their finest clothing. They are mildly insane, their vagaries and delusions leaving them to seek the companionship and conversation of the male attendants and keepers.

They are allowed to indulge in the harmless amusement of dressing themselves up and patiently waiting for the company of a lover to divert their minds. These helpless females, it is positively asserted, have been assaulted by keepers and attendants, and in one case at least, if discharged attendants tell the truth, the victims have given birth to children.

Within the past year it was the current talk among some of the attendants that a young man connected with the institution ruined one of the female attendants, and to hide her shame sent her to a town on the coast until the crisis had passed.

One of the female attendants makes the statement that about Christmas time last year, she opened a door to a room occupied by two female attendants, and found a night-watchman in a bed between the two inmates of the room. The watchman offered her five dollars not to report him, and in a short time she was discharged as a talebearer. On another occasion this same attendant affirms that she saw male attendants in bed in the rooms of female attendants, and she further declares that the male attendants sustain improper relations with many of the female patients, or to use her own language, "the Insane Hospital is no better than a house of ill fame, a living hell."

Another attendant testifies that, to her personal knowledge, two female attendants detected one of the night-watchmen, two years ago, in a compromising condition with one of the female attendants, and has seen at other times similar scenes. She reported the fact to the officers. In a very short time she was discharged with two other attendants who were knowing to these cases of immoral conduct.

During the fall and winter of 1888-9, unpleasant rumors were in circulation among the attendants, to the effect that one of the trustees, James Weymouth, was spending the most of his time at the institution with female attendants, and one of the attendants, who sustains a good character, says that one Sunday in December, Trustee Weymouth was so thoroughly drunk

that all who saw him noticed the fact that he was drunk clean through, and in this condition went through the wards to visit patients in company with Dr. Sanborn, who also could not help knowing the man was drunk.

On one occasion an attendant says that one of the physicians violently assaulted a noisy patient by severely striking her in the face. He was gently rebuked by the superintendent, and told that if it had been an attendant who made the assault, he would have been instantly discharged.

It also appears from the testimony of one of the discharged attendants, that a watchman who was a general favorite among some of the female attendants, and had his "best girl" in the institution. One of the "hospital beauties," an attendant, for reporting some scandalous actions on his part with a female, an attendant, was discharged. The "hospital scandal" leaked out, it appears, through the jealous disposition of this Watchman who resented the familiarity of Trustee Weymouth with one of the attendants. In the winter of 1889, it appears that Trustees Weymouth and Dearborn also got jealous of him, and threatened to have him discharged, and actually arranged to do so. The watchman, hearing of the proposed action, faced the two amorous gentlemen. He made a loud noise with his mouth and hurraed for blood. The trustee put his thumb to his nose and wagged his finger at him, and said we are patriots at \$10 per day, and we are in the front end of the day when it comes to courting. We can give you a basketful of points. There were other attendants of the female persuasion who wanted to blow, but the \$1,600 official said promotion is better than much talk, and very suddenly there was silence.

The trustees saw their fate, and to hush up the scandal and save themselves, they allowed the watchman to remain monarch of all he surveyed, and to close his mouth more effectually, raised his salary.

The career of Trustees Weymouth and Dearborn at the hospital is a disgrace to the institution, and a reproach to the State authorities that no public investigation is had. The two trustees are prominent Republican politi-

cians, and well known in their respective localities.

It is the same old story—fascination by women, a forgetfulness of duty to self and family, and final downfall. The following item appeared in the papers one day in April :

Hon. James Weymouth of Oldtown and Hon. J. W. Dearborn of Parsonfield have resigned as trustees of the Insane Hospital.

This announcement was significant. Here were two prominent trustees, one the president of the board, resigning long before their terms expired ; one having served only a little over a year of a three year's term, and the other about a year and a half. Inquiry as to the cause of the resignation revealed a startling state of ignorance from the Governor down. No one seemed to know anything about it more than that the resignations had been handed in and accepted. It was evident that efforts of the strongest kind were being made to keep the matter quiet and hush it up.

Trustee Weymouth, of Oldtown, received a summons from the Governor to appear at Augusta, and doubtless fearful of the consequences of their injudicious actions, brought Dearborn along with him. The state of affairs were quickly stated to them and they were told an investigation would at once be ordered. The two worthies were at once dumbfounded. Their headquarters were at the Hotel North, and they were frequently seen in close and earnest conversation, and the result was that they handed in their resignations and left on the first train, sadder if not wiser men. They made a general denial of the charges of immoral conduct.

There was no doubt but what something of a grave nature was being hidden from the public which it had a right to know, and should not be denied the privilege. By persistent effort a tangible clew was obtained, and from that the investigation was comparatively easy. Messrs. Weymouth and Dearborn have long been trustees of the institution and were regarded as honorable and upright men.

During their visits to the hospital they became enamored of two of the

female attendants, comely damsels, who doubtless, found the attention of the trustees was far from unpleasing.



Some of the hospital employees had a bridle put on their tongues, but they talked among themselves about the love making of the trustees with the pretty attendants, and that one of them was seen on several occasions hugging and caressing an attendant who had formerly received the attentions of the jealous watchman.

The attendants charge that Weymouth has been drunk in his room and about the Hospital. It has been the custom of these men to stay at the asylum two or three days at a time and enjoy themselves in various ways.

The attendants report that during the time Superintendent Sanborn was away on his vacation that Weymouth went to Portland in company with his female attendant. While there Dearborn arrived and wrote to another attendant to come to Portland, and that she did so. Dr. Dearborn does not deny that he wrote the letter, and admits that it was indiscreet. The letter is still in the hands of a Watchman.

Another charge made is that Weymouth was seen coming from the room of a female attendant in the night with his collar and necktie in his hand, and that he was seen frequently sitting in the laps of the patients.

Numerous other instances of immoral conduct are related in regard to the disgraced trustees, but enough has been said to show the reason of the hurried resignation which avoided an examination and removal.

The two young ladies who stole away the hearts of the trustees are known as "the hospital beauties," and reside in the town of Vassalboro. Their

names are Meservey and Jones. Mr. Weymouth, the trustee from Oldtown, admits that there has been "some indiscretion" which any man might be liable to commit, but denies any criminality. He claims the charges were prompted by jealousies and hatred from some of the employees of the institution, and that there has been scandals connected with the institution for years which are no news to many prominent Augusta people. The trustees, it seems, allowed Trustees Weymouth and Dearborn \$10 per day for stamping out diphtheria, although it appears from the testimony of some of the attendants that a red-headed female exercised a magnetic influence over one of them, and it was up hill work to withstand her powers. Weymouth claims that Gov. Burleigh notified them they might be investigated on account of the scandals, and to save both the time and trouble, Weymouth and Dearborn resigned. In regard to the charge of being drunk, Trustee Weymouth claims that he took cherry brandy to ward off diseases when visiting patients.



Mr. Weymouth is the political boss of Oldtown, and the gentleman whom the politicians lean on for aid at elections. He is a member of the Methodist church, having contributed largely to its support, and to quote an old worn out phrase, used on all occasions when a good man goes wrong, "he stood high in social and political circles."



It appears that one of the beauties, "the old man's darling," has not lifted her hand for a year, although drawing a large salary as supervisoress in the female wards. She had a room fitted up at the expense of the hospital, in which the trustees spent a large part of the time and carried on the official flirtations. In this sumptuously furnished room the beauties received the trustees.

The furnishings cost over \$800, and there was nothing stylish or fancy enough for the æsthetic tastes of the hospital beauties. The furniture cost over \$300 and was bought in Boston, and it required the presence of two officials on a special mission at an expense of \$60 to the State to roam round in Boston in search of something pleasing to the eye of the old men's darlings. The painting ought not to have cost over \$50 and first class work at that, but it cost the State \$250, and some extra fixings cost in the same ratio.

Both ladies are handsome and stylish, and would attract attention in any place. These hospital beauties have enjoyed themselves at Governors and Legislative receptions and private parties the past year, and owe their introduction into good society to the hospital officials.

Besides the TETES-A-TETES of the trustees in this elegant room with the two well paid beauties, it appears from the testimony of attendants the nice teams kept at the Hospital for the use of the officers were frequently required for moonlight rides with the beauties.

The Insane Asylum scandal will be hushed up, but enough is known of the way matters are conducted at that place to shame the state officials into doing their duty, and were it not for fear of a political disaster, an investigation would be had. Some of the doings, as reported by discharged attendants, are too sickening to appear in print, and many instances of familiarity with the unprotected female inmates, by keepers, attendants and others would scarcely be believed. Attendants say that while the tables of the trustees and officers are loaded down with all delicacies, fancy poultry, and high priced meats, in many cases the meat furnished to the others is old,

tainted and unfit to eat. That everything about the hospital purchased goes to some favorite designated by the boss of the Republican party in Augusta.

The truth of the matter is that this institution has been under a shadow for many years. There has been a number of so-called investigations, but they amounted to nothing, for a whitewashing report was made, always exonerating the asylum from all blame. Not only was the influence of the whole institution brought to bear, but the power of the whole State government was sought to break down and humiliate any person who had the presumption to utter a word against the management or morals of this great State institution. It has been considered for years a close corporation, by the knowing public, and for an employee to utter a word detrimental to the manner in which the asylum was managed was certain annihilation or complete ostracism. This being so well known no one has taken the trouble to herald any of the bad examples, well knowing that not the slightest heed would be given the charges. An honest investigation would reveal a condition of things that would prove that the hospital is little better than a house of assignation and a roost where politicians are got rid of by giving them a place at the State's expense.

An investigation would show a very immoral condition among the inmates and attendants, and a thrifty condition of things in the purchase of supplies. Everything about the hospital has an air of mystery. Attendants refuse to talk and the officers have a very retiring disposition. Letters passing to and from patients and attendants are carefully scrutinized and opened.

POLITICAL DEVILTRY.

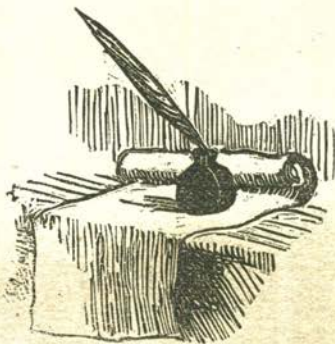
In the Cities of Maine, with some Proof of Temperance Hypocrisy, Vote Buying, Bulldozing, Official Corruption and Deviltry in General.

WATERVILLE.

POLITICAL METHODS, PERSECUTION OF DEMOCRATS, TEMPERANCE HYPOCRISY,
WITH A CHAPTER ON CORPORATION BULLDOZING.

Waterville, in the days of I. Washburn, Jr., Hannibal Hamlin and Anson P. Morrill, was considered the Republican stronghold of Kennebec county. A majority anywhere from 300 to 450 was assured under the leadership of these pioneers of the Republican party. When Horace Greeley was the candidate of the Democrats for President, a number of Republicans supported the lamented

Horace, but they afterwards went back to their first love, and to-day would resent any intimation that they ever had any fellowship with "copper-heads," "rebels" and "rummy" Democrats.



For many years Joshua Nye firmly held the temperance portion of the community in hand, with a firm grip, for what politics there was in it for Joshua, and it paid the apostle abundantly. In after years Joshua Nye found that other politicians, great moral reformers, saw a soft snap in preaching temperance for an office, and it made the early "ramrod" persecutor exceedingly wroth. Mr. Nye, when others wanted some of the crumbs that fell from Mr. Blaine's table, pretended that he owned the temperance faction, and after taking up his residence in Augusta, the Republicans of Waterville had no further use for him. Other reformers sprung up, but the temperance suit was altogether too big for them, besides they were not honest, even as Nye.

The honest temperance sentiment of Waterville was put to a test several years ago, on a vote for Representative to the Legislature. The candidates were the late Gen. Franklin Smith, by the Democrats, and R. W. Dunn, a young man with more zeal and politics than the times demanded, by the Republicans. Dunn, through a faction fight, was defeated, although the Republicans had a clean majority on the head of the ticket of 300. Gen. Smith was a life-long temperance man, strictly temperate, and in the Legislature voted for amendments to the Maine law. The next year Smith was complimented by a re-nomination, and the Republicans set up a druggist, who sold juice of the maize, called split. Then the clergymen, the college professors, and the temperance reformers vied with each other to defeat a wicked Democrat, and elect a Republican rumseller. Even the pastor of the church to which Smith contributed liberally, and help build up, felt it his duty to vote with his party, for a rum candidate, as against a candidate who had been tried on the question of temperance and found too honest for the politicians who wanted votes and not morality.

The partisanship of Waterville Republicans always bordered on insanity. The Baptist brethren and college faculty dominated the politics of the town. To oppose them meant social ostracism and a loss of political influence. To

swell the Republican majorities, students were allowed to vote, and when a Democratic board, one of whom was treasurer of the college, attempted to check this illegal voting, they were sued and put to great expense in defending the suit, for rejecting the vote of a student. It was considered by the local politicians an outrage on the ballot box, almost equal to "a Southern outrage." Factional fights among ambitious politicians in the Republican party gave the Democrats a taste of power occasionally, but economy in town expenditures by the Democrats never added strength to that party, or converted the Republicans from their partisan ways and bigotry. The foreign voter was looked upon as hewers of wood and drawers of water, never being allowed any representation in town affairs, and in more recent years, when the foreign voter began to cast his ballot an attempt was made to catch a portion of this vote by building a Protestant chapel on the Plains as a wedge to divide the Catholic vote by divisions and wrangles. Prominent Republican politicians contributed liberally to this fund, and the forty or more apostates vote solidly for the g. o. p.

With the growth of Waterville came a decrease in the Republican majorities, and the town bosses and Republican State Committee were constituted a committee of ways and means to deprive the wicked Democrats of power in the future. What could be any more effectual in confirming the rule of the saints, than a city charter? To be sure, this was an expensive luxury, but the times demanded it, besides on several occasions the Republican voters had kicked vigorously against candidates for county attorneys, sheriffs and Representatives. When the cry of party was raised, it was claimed by the Kennebec county politicians that the tax-payers would generously stand an assessment on the pocket-book, annually, rather than be ruled by wicked Democrats. The Legislature of 1883 granted a city charter that took away all the rights of the citizens, and conferred them upon a Mayor and board of aldermen, who were to divide up the town so that the Democrats should never carry more than one ward. The charter was re-

jected by the tax-payers at several special town meetings called for the purpose of voting on its acceptance.

The election of a Democratic board of selectmen in 1887, brought out the glaring fact that struck the Waterville Republicans "between the eyes," so to speak, that the party was in a decayed condition, and needed some desperate remedy to bring about recovery. The city charter, it was thought, was the panacea for their political illness. To test the sincerity of the Republicans in their new love for the laborer and foreign voters, at a spring election the Democrats complimented the Catholic priest with a nomination for a member of the school committee. The rage and indignation of the Waterville Republicans knew no bounds, and such an act, never heard of before in the history of the town, was denounced as simply an outrage by a bigoted clergyman, backed by the bosses and a mob of voters who were nearly beside themselves.

The Legislature of 1887 amended the charter by adding a Common Council, and depriving the Mayor of all authority, as it was clearly foreseen by the politicians that in time the Democrats would elect the Mayor. The new abortion also left the door open for the easy passage of extravagant appropriations, with an eye to street paving, sewer construction, and other matters for giving employment to laborers who would vote about right. The charter also had a patent improvement that allowed the City Council to elect annually seven assistant assessors to be ward bosses, of course, and be well rewarded. The bosses also forbade any clause allowing councilmen or aldermen at large to be elected, as this would be Democratic in the greatest degree. Everything was to be bound up in a little ring. To further cement the rule of the political bosses and perpetuate the power of the Republican party, the first City Government was to divide up the town into wards. The wards had already been mapped out by the Republican city committee, giving the Democrats two, "by the skin of their teeth."

When, in the inscrutable wisdom of the great dispenser of all events, the

time has arrived that some great change in the fate of nations or municipalities shall take place, to use the words of another, "providence often takes very humble means to bring about the result." The silk-stocking Republican politicians who had held aloof for, lo, these many years, from the "riff-raff" of society, the laboring man, now courted his influence for the purpose



of adopting the newly amended city charter, that did not "give the Democrats a smell." A missionary committee spent several weeks in pledging these laborers to vote for the city charter, and at a special election in February, 1887, the adoption was voted with the aid of factory operatives and a large number of voters who pay only poll taxes, and who had never before been consulted in town matters. Great was the exultation over the victory.

The domestic colonels, representatives of the Maine "malish," sons of the oldest residents, who trace their pedigree way back to the days when their grandfathers fought Indians and stole lumber, with the rag-tag and bobtail of the town, burnt tar and kerosene, and drank much very poor whiskey. The young bloods scoffed at "the old fogies," who "didn't know anything about politics and licking Democrats out of their boots," and as they walked the streets, their bosoms swelled with pride, they said to the old veterans, "Gaze on us." "We did it." "Waterville is redeemed."

Waterville was already struggling along, under a board of selectmen who were bad, notoriously bad Democrats, besides, what was more shocking to the nerves of the Republican bosses, a Democratic paper had been started in Waterville, the KENNEBEC DEMOCRAT, and although its life had been lim-

ited in predictions, to three months, it kept on week after week, showing up the way the patience of the taxpayers had been exhausted for years to support official rascalities, and exhibited some of the worst specimens who had been living in clover, in their true light.

And the young bloods, the city committee, and "the boodle gang," who had been thriving on the business of carting tramps to Augusta jail at \$5 per head, prophesied that no Democratic newspaper could live in Waterville, and from day to day it was announced "that this week will be the last one." The village statesmen and deposed, played out politicians, read good Democratic truths right along, week after week, expecting each issue to be the last.

There came a day late in March, when by the provision of the city charter the voters were to select a Mayor, seven aldermen, and fourteen councilmen. The Democrats generously offered to give the Republicans the Mayor, three aldermen, half of the common council, and a division of the spoils in other directions. No!

The puffed up and highly elevated gentlemen who were victorious in securing the adoption of the city charter said, "We have worked hard to get the charter." "We want it for our benefit, and not yours." "We are strong enough to take it, and we are going to have the whole or nothing." The day of election came round and here a kind providence again intervened, and with the same instrument, the labor vote, slaughtered the pink and posy politicians and gave the Democrats a victory.



The gallows erected by the Republican politicians for hanging the "wicked democrats," namely, the power conferred on the first board of Aldermen and Common Council to fix ward lines, fell into the hands of the democrats. Here let us observe the change of sentiment in the republican ranks towards the laborers and the foreign voter who were drafted from the factory and street to help carry the City charter election. These voters met with a change of heart and voted the democratic ticket, for which they were denounced as "ignorant cattle," "ignorant aliens," or "drunken Frenchmen" in such papers as the *Kennebec Journal* or *Portland Press*. To atone for the slander and abuse of the foreign voters of Waterville, these same papers were obliged to come out later on with a full account of the labors of the Catholic Priest and a sketch of the French population, while the clergyman who was prominent in protesting against the election of a Catholic Priest as a member of the School Committee, was induced to come out in a letter of apology for his bigotry and rudeness. The *Kennebec Journal* also saw that these slanders were likely to antagonize the Catholic voters and it crawled into its hole by casting the blame of publishing slanders on to a correspondent, but the persecution of the French voters continued when the term of the Superior Court commenced, the week following the first City election. The Waterville politicians, with the aid, sympathy and financial assistance of the Lockwood management (a corporation that has taken an active part for several years in trying to control the politics of the town by bulldozing methods by the overseers,) went before the grand jury and procured the indictment of six democratic voters of foreign extraction, some of them residents of the town for a quarter of a century. The farce of trying one of the persons indicted was gone through with and the cases were dismissed.

The persecution of the naturalized voters of Waterville was clearly malicious, and out of pure spite and revenge. The principal witness for the Waterville politicians was a specimen of humanity from Somerset county, who had acquired an unenviable reputation as a court hanger-on and flab-

blabber for witness fees, at a discount in the interest of one Nickerson.

At the first city election held in Waterville rum and money, potent weapons in the hands of disreputable politicians, were used freely, one person being drugged into a state of insensibility, for the purpose of catching his vote, and requiring the services of a physician, while doctor's bills receipted, barrels of flour and ten dollar bills played an important part in securing the supremacy of the Republican bosses. But the person who was put on trial and subjected to heavy expense, Mr. E. J. Payette, is a martyr to the political devilry, general cussedness and cruel persecution of the foreign voters, by Waterville Republicans.

Some days before the city election it was found that a drug store owned by Republican politicians, was doing an extensive business in putting out liquor to the foreign voters. The town authorities made a raid and closed up the places. Behold the indignation of the Republican politicians, from the editor of the Republican organ, the Waterville Mail to the temperance "politicians" who denounced the act as an usurpation of power, and without authority or warrant. It was truly unfortunate for those who try to steal votes with gifts of rum. The French population of Waterville numbers 3,000, and more than half of the children in town are of French Canadian extraction. They have never been provided with proper school rooms, but in that part of the city where the foreign population reside, the children have been sent to school in buildings that would be considered a disgrace to a backwoods town, while expensive schoolhouses have been erected for the accommodation of the children of American parents.

In the September election of 1888 the Waterville Republicans made a bid for the foreign vote again. A liberal expenditure of money provided campaign uniforms, with which a few were induced to dress up and parade the streets at the tail end of the procession. Rum was dealt out from week to week by local leaders to those who would drink, store accounts, bills for legal advice and house rents generously "thrown in," to the foreign voter with

mercenary motives. The most humiliating exhibition of the Waterville Republicans was made in this campaign in bidding for the vote of the foreign born whom they so thoroughly despised the year before. When the State campaign opened the Republican cowboys of the virgin city, with a sprinkling of the free whiskey element, under the lead of the Republican city committee, began to plot to carry the city "for the purity of our homes." A great "Mass Meeting" was advertised "on the Plains" where most of the foreign population was settled by themselves. One of the Colby University professors was advertised to speak from the same platform, and the saintly city of Lewiston kindly loaned two French rumsellers to lend additional dignity to the presence of Colby professors and prominent church deacons.

The editors of two Republican newspapers, Wing, of the Mail, and Hall, of the Sentinel, gave the "grand meeting," tone, one by his presence on the platform, sandwiched in between two rumsellers, and the other as chairman of the meeting to introduce the speakers, who were French Republicans, one of them having been indicted times without number, before he was finally converted to the Republican faith. A local politician, a rumseller under conviction and waiting for sentence, was introduced by Editor O. G. Hall, who, although a church member, a professed temperance advocate, shrieking in his paper for protection from the liquor traffic, thought it no surrender of dignity to introduce his co-worker, or his appearance on a platform with rumsellers as speakers no greater farce than other Republican politicians had gone through. Think of it! The dignified



church deacon, the Baptist brother, the Methodist exhorter, and temperance professor listening to coarse, many times repeated political jokes, coming from the mouths of rumsellers whom the Republicans profess to abhor, wafted by breaths flavored with deep potations of whiskey, at a hotel before the meeting opened. What a travesty on the temperance and morality claims of these editors and church members. Surrounded by the organized ignorance of the city, the rumsellers and their victims, these Christian church members, editors of Republican newspapers, and the poor old tabby cats of the town grovel in the dirt while begging for the foreign votes of those they had previously despised and denounced. Was ever humiliation more complete? Many of the respectable "we" of the party never had visited this part of the town for years, and very likely never will again—except for votes.

The Waterville politicians have for years kept in an official position an officer to terrorize the Democratic beer seller, while the Republican vender of rotgut, an active party worker, has only been obliged to submit to a small high license in the shape of a light fine. Previous to the September election in 1884, Republican liquor sellers, with no less than thirteen indictments over their heads, were "let up," and one convicted had his sentence withheld while he labored for "the purity of their homes," as a speaker, side by side with the two Republican editors of this city. Two days before the November election the Waterville Republicans furnished two barrels of liquor to be distributed among the foreign voters. It was seized by a Democratic City Marshal. No mention of the loss was made, or the vigilance of the officer commended, by the tabby cat editors of Republican papers who were still shrieking for "better enforcement."

Previous to the city election in March, 1889, the Waterville Republicans attempted to deprive the Democratic aldermen of all authority to correct the check lists, by forcing through the Legislature a registration bill, placing the whole matter of registering voters in the hands of two Republicans and one Democrat. This bright plot originated in the fertile brain of a small

bore politician by the name of Haines, who as a caucus wire puller had secured his nomination and election for Senator. This plot was "a little too much" even for Joe Manley to allow his Legislature to pass, knowing that it would put a Democratic watchman over the check lists in many towns and cities where the Democrats had no representation. To conceal the purpose of the bill, it was made to apply to towns and cities having more than 1,000 voters. While the bigotry and intolerance of Waterville Republicans has been notorious for years, it was left to the representatives of the party, a few men who have played themselves out of business by toying with politics, the disgraceful duty of hiring a tabby cat editor of the party organ to insult and slander, by contract, prominent Democrats and a Republican Mayor elected by the Democratic votes, for the sum of 150 pieces of silver, a little more than the amount Judas Iscariot received for betraying his master.

The honesty of professed temperance politicians and their desire to improve the morals of the town, "without regard to who gets hurt," was very aptly illustrated several years ago, when the Rev. W. S. McIntire, pastor of the Methodist church, joined the crusade under the lead of a local reformer and lecturer on temperance. The pastor found the way to reform by suppressing the sale of liquor was blocked by Republican politicians. For his plainness of speech, he was snubbed by his church, ignored by the leading citizens, Republicans, some of whom refused to pay the sum subscribed for preaching, and became so unpopular with the hypocrites he felt it his duty to leave the town.

Of bulldozing by factory overseers and second hands there has been complaint for years, and Waterville is said to be the only town where bulldozing is done in a scientific way. In no other towns do mill overseers and bosses refuse to promote Democratic operatives because they are Democrats, or plant themselves near the ballot box on election days and intimidate the timid voter. In no other town does the management undertake to run the local politics, and make a corporation mill an asylum for Democrats who turn their coats for a job, or after being discharged as unskilled help, taken back again and given work after they have changed their politics.

BANGOR.

HOW THE "PURITY OF OUR HOMES" IS PROTECTED BY THE REPUBLICAN HYPOCRITES
DR. J. PARACELUS BASS AS A HEALER—AND A FAILURE.

WHY REPUBLICAN HYPOCRISY IS TOO MUCH FOR DEMOCRATIC DEVILITY.

How easily some men the public
can gull

With their wonderful projects and
schemes,

Of plots and of plans to make voters
they're full,

Tho' their victim that fact little
dreams.

Do you think politicians at home or
abroad

Don't know the value of floaters?

Do you think that they work for their
friends to applaud?

G'long there—they do it for voters.

Do you think that the parson who
preaches and prays

And turns up the whites of his
eyes,

Who exhorts you to drink not or gam-
ble, and says

He himself all temptation defies?

Congressman Boutelle, who, as the servant of the National Republican
Committee, made a bid for the temperance vote by presenting a meaningless
resolution on the last day of the Republican convention at Chicago, to pro-

WHEN THIS YOU SEE
REMEMBER ME



Do you think what he says he can
honestly feel?

And free whiskey is not his motor?

Do you think he is prompted by
heavenly zeal?

G'long there—he is after the voter!

fect "the purity of our homes," knew on what dangerous ground he stood in his own district in scooping the vote of the saloon.

The number of Republican statesmen in Bangor who have intimated a willingness to sacrifice themselves for an office has been limited by the ambition of Congressman Boutelle. Morality, so far as temperance and politics are concerned, depends entirely on the size of a candidate's purse. A vender of a quack laxative whose tricks, plots and treachery have ruined his party, who has been kicked out of caucuses and conventions by the democrats year after year, can meander his way back over a trail made slippery with "soap." Republican success at the ballot box does not depend on the intellect, ability or culture of the bosses and candidates, but rather on the appearance of J. Paracelcus Bass in a campaign.

The "faith cure" in temperance has proved a failure in Bangor when the patients have relied on Republican politicians for a cure for the evil of intemperance. Almost every Republican and Democrat in Eastern Maine appear to be as badly affected with neuralgia of the heart as Trustee Weymouth of the Insane Hospital was, and find relief in the same antidote, cherry brandy and whiskey straight. The Republican faith cure has made all the bigots and cranks in Bangor awful tired. No matter what the Lewiston Daily Gusher or the Kennebec Bellyache says about prohibition being a success in Maine, a visit to Bangor gives the lie direct.

This much should be credited to Bangor people. They lack the downright hypocrisy of the Lewiston prayerful politicians. They want "free whiskey" and they want it free. They have not been disappointed in their wants for some years, and will not be so long as the Republican bosses lack about so many votes for their party candidates. The "good old rum times" of our grandfathers continue right on in Bangor in spite of professional temperance cranks and oily politicians, who are just dying to protect the "purity of our homes." Whiskey has been subjected to much abuse at the hands of temperance orators, but it never got such a powerful lick in the face as when Congressman Boutelle hit it with his resolution.

The position of Boutelle at the National Convention is emblematic of the attitude of the temperance hypocrites and professional politicians of Eastern

Maine. Bangor is one place east of Boston where you can enter a "gilded saloon" and get an honest drink of pure liquor; where prohibition is not a success; where less drunkards can be found than in any other city of



its size in Maine; where the palms of the policemen are not greased as frequently as in Lewiston; where State constables retire on a pension, and tem-

perance orators are without reputation or honor ; where a Democratic editor, or one who makes that pretension, is a wonder to the medical profession, having gained 32 pounds in sixteen days by swallowing a pailful of Sarsaparilla daily, and who, as the proprietor of a cureall, is not burdened with excessive modesty to that degree that prevents him from publishing his own testimonial, claiming as next to J. G. Blaine, he is the most prominent man in Eastern Maine, and who is now actually as fat as a



match from regular doses of his own medicine. Here the temperance man lacks the necessary enthusiasm to carry on his business successfully. It is true, Deacon Wheelright once asked for special constables "to suppress the liquor traffic," but he was smothered by the protest of Congressman Boutelle, to whom the saloon keepers owe a debt of gratitude, Dr. J. Paracelsus Bass to the contrary, notwithstanding.

In our heart we pity the temperance cranks and professional hypocrites of Bangor. Their occupation is gone. The basis for deep laid plots to elevate candidates, opposed to either party, the contingency on which heavily suspends a scheme to boost some brainless offspring of a wealthy nabob, is gone. The sceptre has departed from Judah, so far as temperance cranks have any influence in shaping politics. The Republican machine is too powerful for reformers, although the ward politician is of the two for a nickel variety. So long as the magnetic Blaine affectionately smiles at the tantrums and splurges of Congressman Boutelle, that gentleman will rule the politicians, the church, and the saloon. Free whiskey is a wall that no Bangor Republican cares to butt his head against. Johnny Barleycorn can give

Neal Dow points on Bangor politics, and then beat the father of the Maine law. Bangor has a gall club, and the fool killer has neglected a fertile field for his work, politically. About the time the lamented Grant visited Maine, the Bangor Democrats bisected an intestine by taking to their bosom a serpent, politically, which they carefully nursed. Tired of plotting in the Republican party against leaders, who knew the man, for an office, a vender of tape and buttons, one Bass, seduced the weak and timid Democrats to a feast of cold meats and champagne, and received the endorsement of a nomination for Mayor on a split ticket. His election was followed by an initiation into the party in regular form, with retribution and miseries fol-



lowing swiftly after for the Democratic bosses. Wealthy, Bass has managed with a liberal expenditure of money for car fare for delegates, and campaign funds, to secure recognition again in conventions, and justly earned the contempt and hatred of the Democratic leaders. Like the fox in his burrow, he depends not on a hole for egress, stopped here, he gets out in another place. As busy as the devil in a gale of wind he can be found in the caucuses and conventions, in a campaign, braying for the edification of happy Republicans, who are witnesses to the helpless condition of Bangor Democrats to cut off his wind. Liberal with "soap," he bores his way

through a hole in the party and leaves a rent no politician can patch.

When the Democratic sachems plotted to bleed the National Committee in 1880, Bass is credited with inventing a scheme to give checks representing so much contributed, to be covered with an equal amount by the chairman of the National Committee, the checks to be returned to the maker when the National Committee had shelled out. The trick worked like a charm. It fooled the committee and caught Joseph in his own trap, for his check was not returned by those who got up the fund, and he has moaned over the loss of \$1,000 ever since. As a meddler and mischief maker, Bass was repudiated by his party in 1884, the Bangor Democrats refusing to elect him as a delegate to a convention. In 1888, however, after a liberal distribution of "soap," Bass re-instated himself.

When the Cleveland Administration began to bestow favors on the Maine Democrats, Bass and John B. Redman undertook the task of running the Democratic party in Eastern Maine. The job was too big for men of their calibre, and as a result voters in a number of Democratic towns in Redman's county refused to go to the polls to vote, taking this way to protest against the unfit appointments Redman recommended in concert with his mate, Bass. For a co-worker in plotting disasters to the Democrats of Eastern Maine, they yoked up with Senator Eugene Hale, and Redman gave a dinner to that gentleman and his friends, at Bar Harbor, to cement the union, and rejoice over the mischief done the Democrats.

It seems to be a well attested fact that the Republican machine rules the party in Bangor. Hannibal Hamlin used to be quite handy at the crank, but in the last campaign was carried to the rear, being disgusted with the machine candidate for the Gubernatorial nomination. He was refused the compliment of being sent to the State Convention as a delegate from his own ward. The old hasbeens of Bangor have had their day, but they die hard. For years the ambitious Republicans of Bangor have waited patiently for the political demise of Hamlin and the old hasbeens, that they might have political honors thrust upon them, or a whack at the Government crib. The

young hurrah statesmen were just dying for notoriety and an office. Capt. C. A. Boutelle, being the most alert of the number, got in his work by jumping on to a truck load of guns during the "count out." His confederates, full blown politicians, made some fun of the Captain, and they painted his appearance on top of a case of muskets, bareheaded, and crying aloud for blood. Nevertheless, this notoriety boosted Boutelle to the front and made a hero of him, eventually sending him to Congress to prod the "rebel brigadiers."

Partisanship in politics runs wild, and is carried to such extremes that when a G. A. R. member kicked a young Irishman backwards down stairs, causing his death, the whole influence of the Republican party was exerted to create public sentiment against having the criminal indicted. When two Republican clerks in a postal car in Bangor fought to a finish, and one was killed, the same sentiment was encouraged to save the clerk who caused the death. When Geo. S. Stevenson, the State constable, who shot Conley to death, was indicted and tried for manslaughter, he also received the advice, encouragement and sympathy of the Bangor Republican politicians, who, to a man, desired to have the criminals acquitted. Had either been a Democrat he would have been strung up from a lamp post, and the party organ here would have had double headed editorials over such "speedy justice," for months.

It has often been remarked that hypocritical honesty goes upon stilts. When party papers are silent, year after year, on the question of temperance, and the editor gets a solid vote from the saloon element, when a candidate, a person don't need a diagram to explain the joke. When a pious temperance man, like Deacon Wheelright, says he is satisfied with the way the temperance hypocrites stick to party and bray about the success of prohibition, the public requires no spectacles to discover the deceit. Perhaps he never heard that Brother Alden, a leading Republican, had his liquor seized and returned to him in the night by the officers. Would it have got

back if the owner had been a Democrat?

Like the police of other cities, the Bangor officers bear heavy burdens. When a saloon keeper asks delay in paying a bill, on the plea that he has just "anted up" \$10 to a policeman, it is inferred that "protection protects" "the purity of our homes." Bangor boasts of two State constables who are royal good fellows, and as tame as kittens. They have located the planet Venus, the seven stars, and the dipper so many times in passing saloons and hotels, that the Natural Observatory at Washington will give them good places at the telescope, just as soon as Congressman Boutelle can write them recommendations. They must live like kings on the princely sums they receive for their services in "putting down rum."

PORTLAND.

DEMOCRATIC STUPIDITY.—TEMPERANCE HYPOCRISY.—EXPERIMENTING WITH
CLERGYMEN AND TEMPERANCE LEADERS.

It took the Democrats of the first district, and especially the pernicious partisans who, as active party men, perform miracles in the way of winning victories for the benefit of silk-stocking Bourbons, a long time to account for a Democratic majority returned when a canvass is made, and a Republican majority when the votes are cast.

In 1880, the Democrats nominated Samuel J. Anderson for representative to Congress. Anderson had a soft snap for years, a sinecure in a railroad corporation, and there was nothing to recommend him as a candidate, unless it was his good care to look out for Anderson when assessments were called for to pay campaign expenses. In that year Democratic stupidity manifested



itself, Anderson contributed the

princely sum of \$300 towards a campaign fund, and the Bourbon leaders spent \$9,000, or half the funds raised in the State, in the first district to beat Tom Reed, letting two other close districts go by default, that might have been carried. The chairman of the Greenback State Committee was bought up for cold cash, \$1,500, as he confessed, and the attorney of a Western railroad, an ex-Democratic member of Congress, a friend of Tom Reed, gave the latter all the points needed to beat the Democrats at their own game.

The Portland Democrats have not as yet got over the idea that they can beat Tom Reed and the Northern Pacific railroad in the same campaign. When it was found that the first district was in danger, the Northern Pacific agent impressed upon the mechanics in the Portland Company works the necessity of voting for Reed, who had, as they said, obtained contracts for building locomotives and furnished them with work. Portland politics are more or less mixed with temperance. The father of the Maine law, Neal Dow, after a trial of more than thirty years of his remedy for intemperance, was obliged to confess, in view of the dishonesty of Republican politicians, that the Republican party was a hindrance to the cause of temperance, although he clung to it as firmly as the saloon keeper. "Bill Nye" visited Portland when the success of prohibition was said to be as perfect as the union of the saloon and pulpit is to-day, and he said of Portland rum:

"If a man really wants to drink himself into a drunkard's grave, he can certainly save time by going to Maine. Those desiring the most prompt and vigorous style of jim jams at cut rates, will do well to examine Maine goods before going elsewhere. Let a man spend a week in Boston, where the Maine liquor law, I understand, is not in force, and then, with no warning whatever, be taken into the heart of Maine; let him land there a stranger and a partial orphan, with no knowledge of the underground methods of securing a drink, and to him the world seems very gloomy, very sad and extremely arid."

The free lunch counter can be found in more than 100 places in Portland, and there are several high-toned places where prominent men take their "red licker" and toy with the juice of the maize.



Bill must have visited the fourth ward where Democratic majorities are turned over to candidates for Mayor. Portland has 129 places where the

proprietors have taken out Internal Revenue licenses for the sale of liquor. To-day there is only one seller, Tim Twigg, who votes the Democratic ticket through thick and thin.

Hon. John W. Deering, when Mayor of Portland, was interviewed by delegations of clergymen and professional temperance leaders who wanted the law enforced against selling liquor. Republican politicians also got in their work in the same way, for they saw that an honest enforcement would drive the saloon keeper into the Republican party, where he would be appreciated. An honest enforcement by Mayor Deering showed up the utter dishonesty and hypocrisy of the Republicans and temperance men, for they went with the saloon keeper, and stay there to-day.

And still Neal Dow wrote to a newspaper in the year of our Lord 1889:

"In more than three-fourths of our territory, containing far more than three-fourths of our people; the traffic is practically unknown. *An entire generation has grown up there, never having seen a rum shop or the results of one.*"

To-day there are more open bars and free lunch counters than at any time for the past ten years. What a stranger or traveller can see with his own eyes in Portland, without any special effort, it would seem that any man, woman, or child, residents of the city, ought to see, also, in the course of time. What is the condition of Portland to-day, as regards the enforcement of a prohibitory law? The last city election resulted in the election of Mr. Melcher, a pious Baptist brother, rigid in the faith, a professional, radical temperance man, who lectures for the cause. Perhaps Mr. Dow or the Mayor can explain why every rumseller in the city with the exception of one Democrat voted for Melcher. Was it on a general understanding that they should not be molested? Can Gen. Dow or Mayor Melcher satisfactorily explain away the fact that Ward 4, where is located almost the entire saloon element of the city, went Republican for the first time in many years? This ward has always been called "the rum ward," and shouldered on to the democrats, on whose account the Portland Democrats have been ridiculed and abused without stint by hypocritical organs.

During the election, in this same ward, it took three men in the saloon of Jack Sullivan to pass out liquid damnation, "for the purity of our homes," in the language of Boutelle, to the thirsty, converted democrats who voted for Melcher, while good, pious Deacon Ricker stood in the door and distributed votes for the "suppression of the liquor traffic," side by side with the democratic convert and the five dollar floater. In this saintly republican strong-hold, where resides the father of the Maine law, where one Green was shot down in a riot against enforcing the law, where majorities, numbered by the thousand, have been cast for temperance candidates in former years, only 158 votes were given to an honest out and out prohibition party candidate in 1889, and a pious, temperance republican candidate for Mayor received the unanimous vote of the rumsellers. What a rebuke to those who are, indeed, "too glad to affirm that the grog shop is wiped out of all Maine, save a small faction!"

Occasionally, a rumseller who has no political influence, is hauled up for effect, and made an example of by being fined, and very rarely sent to jail.

Neal Dow knows that liquor is sold freely at open bars in Portland in more than thirty places, and the City Marshal, the police, and every well informed citizen, knows the same fact. John L. Sullivan's gilded saloon on Washington Street, Boston, does not boast of a handsomer bar and fixtures than can be found in Portland. Neal Dow, Mayor Melcher, and those who misinform the public, can go to any hotel basement, call for hot or cold drinks, and get them at a well regulated bar with a handsome bar-tender, and after paying ten cents for very poor lager beer, or fifteen cents for whiskey straight, see his change dropped into a patent change indicator found at all first class bars, and see the figures 10 or 15, recorded, as the sum paid by them for testing the truth of this statement. These same gentlemen can go into Center street, "the rum ward" that gave the rum vote to Melcher, and get liquor at no less than seven open bars. If their thirst had not been quenched, they can step from the sidewalk, on

Congress Street and into a basement, find the usual free lunch set out of cheese, cold meat, crackers and salt fish, while the whiskey slinger behind the bar promptly responds to the call for "Old Rum," or Bourbon whiskey. You can go to any well regulated oyster house or eating saloon, call for refreshments and beer, and have both set on before a room full of customers, and no thought of the question of illegal sale arising in the proprietor's mind. You can visit two or more wholesale liquor houses in Portland where a stock of liquor is kept by Republican proprietors, worth from \$10,000 to \$20,000. You can visit the saloon of Pat Keating, who heads the republican rumselling gang, and who is credited with contributing \$600 in the fall campaign "for the purity of our homes," and get juice of the maize called split, and hear the wicked Democrats denounced for interfering with his business and profits. By the confession of the victims themselves, many of the police are in the pay of the saloon keeper, and from whom he secures tokens weekly, or monthly, of a financial nature that allows the "protected" to sell almost openly.

The fright of the saloon keeper has passed away under the mellow influence of the election of Republican candidates by the aid of the rum vote. The saloon doors are open, and the hotel bar is running in full blast. The liquor spotter is without employment and the sheriff has his eye on a re-election. The clergy are no longer invited to use their influence to sustain the temperance cause.

What is said of every Maine city, can be said of Portland. The Democratic politicians are just as thrifty as the Republican specimens, with this difference. When a Democrat draws a fat salary or has a whack-up on account of patronage, he puts the boodle away in his own pocket, and if there is a surplus of offices that some needy Democratic worker can fill, the office is abolished, "in the interest of economy." With the Republican the fat salary is divided, a portion going to maintain the machine and organization, and the surplus of offices are filled with men entitled to them, and if necessary

more offices are created.

The Portland Democratic boss may be an attorney for some Western railway corporation, and willing to sacrifice the party for the benefit of a Republican candidate, if the candidate can be made useful to the corporation. He stands ready to claim \$1,000 of a campaign fund, as a member of a committee, and threatens to smash up the business if he don't get it, as in the day of Sam'l Tilden, and in case of a Democratic victory, will accept cold cash for parceling out positions in the

Portland Custom House. He reads the "Lying Argus," which never neglects an opportunity to kick at the new convert, bolsters up the old Bourbons that have betrayed the party time and again, and refers to the old traditions of the party as a guide to the young Democrat.



LEWISTON.

ITS PAST, ITS PRESENT, AND ITS FUTURE, POLITICALLY.—RUM RULE AND TEMPERANCE HYPOCRISY JUST LIKE OTHER REPUBLICAN STRONGHOLDS.

Only a thin partition divided the Journal editor's room from that of a club room, or "poker" resort for many years. There are other societies in the same block, including one where prayers go up to the throne of grace by those who instruct the youth of Lewiston in Christian ways. It was only a short time ago when one person was praying with great fervor from this room, that from another room came the exclamation, "Here Bill, give me the cards, it's my deal!" Perhaps the atmosphere in the Journal Block may have something to do with the variegated appearance of temperance yarns in the Lewiston Journal. The club room has been raided several times, but no report of these raids ever appeared in the Lewiston Journal, although it never got left when some Democratic Irishman got pulled.

Wicked Democrats who frequently see kegs of beer landed near the Journal door, claim that this is what gives a big head to the temperance editor and keeps his feet in soak for colds.



A prominent Republican, a visitor to Lewiston, and a clergyman, who attended the Methodist conference in April, 1889, asked a leading citizen in the post office, why so much liquor was being seized while the Methodist conference was being held? "Easy enough," the citizen replied, "to tell the truth there is not another city in America where there is so much hypocrisy in religion and temperance and so much corruption to the square acre this side of Sheol as can be found in Lewiston." "Why don't the Lewiston Journal show it up?" "There now! the trouble is with the Lewiston Journal it don't lie so very much, but it tells only half the truth," said the Lewiston man, and then he told the visitor that while Officer Prentiss was showing the Methodist ministers how he spilt liquor, the officer was only getting in his work to secure the recommendations of the fanatics to his application for the position of State Constable, "for the next Sunday after you saw that liquor destroyed I counted sixty persons drunk on Lisbon street, between nine o'clock and seven, and no clergymen were present at this show." And this is one more illustration of temperance efforts in Lewiston.

The Lewiston Democrats never made much headway in fighting the Republicans, with the factory corporation and rum crowd against them. When Jesse Lyford was a candidate for Mayor, the spokesman for the rumsellers went to Lyford's friends and said that if he, Lyford, would appoint four men to be named by them, as policemen, "Lyford can be Mayor." The agreement was supposed to have been made, and Lyford was elected. The spokesman for the rumsellers went to the Mayor-elect for the pound of flesh and that gentleman refused to carry out the agreement. Then the rum boss said to Lyford you never will be mayor again. The next year Mr. Day was elected and the rum crowd went for him solid, and the three men named by the rum boss in Lyford's time were made policemen. It was in Day's time that the rumsellers found out their strength, and they have been able to name every mayor since. Day was a grocery dealer, and his firm had the city trade and the policemen's patronage.

Since Mayor Day's day there has been trading with ward bosses for votes, in return for work in the street department, policemen's berths and paupers' supplies. Under Mayor Farrar there was so much liquor selling and drunkenness the clergymen were forced to fire off indignation and rebuke from the pulpit, and meetings were held to arouse the people against the saloon, and to protect "the purity of our homes." The police department was corrupt and incompetent. Two of them at one time went on a "tear," and one got beastly drunk. An investigation followed. The man who blowed and disgraced the Republican party was investigated out of his berth, but the man who got drunk was kept. The Lewiston Journal, as usual, did not seem to know anything about the disgraceful way city affairs were managed in Farrar's time.

When the Greenback craze struck Maine, "Bill Frye," as he was familiarly called by his Lewiston cronies, was a representative in Congress, and his district was in danger on account of a rebellion among the Republican voters, who, like those all over the State, saw the same condition of things, morally and politically, as in Lewiston. Old Solon Chase was tramping



through the back towns and orating from the tops of molasses hogsheads or in the "little red schoolhouse." The tramp of those cowhide boots brought Frye down on his marrow bones.

The rum crowd were appealed to by "Bill" and his ward bosses for help. At this time one Mike Wade languished in jail for selling rum. As Mike was a power and had many friends, the punishment was resented by his customers and friends. A go-between, or business friend of Frye's, went to the man who held the rumseller's influence, and said to him, "If you will give us 200 votes, Mike shall come out." The saloon element, which Mr. Frye so thoroughly hates when he is in Washington or at public gatherings, went to work. Frye got the 200 votes, was re-elected, and Mike did come out a free man, and from that day to the present time the Republican party has maintained its power in Lewiston by the same methods.

Androscoggin County pays \$12 per day the year round in expenses to suppress the sale of liquor. Neither the editor of the Lewiston Journal nor the temperance hypocrites have ever examined the county records to note the number of search and seizure warrants on which expenses have been made, but no liquor found.



But the same paper can report every little cat fight among the Democrats, waste quantities of ink over the terrible evils of intemperance elsewhere, recommend the good work of some political officer who has shut up a Democratic saloon, give its readers weekly doses of Saturday night talks, but it don't dare open up on the fact that the Republican party of Lewiston to-day is bound hand and foot to the "rum power" it pretends to despise.

One Guptill, an officer, can go in to Dan Long's in the Journal Block, on Sunday, and take his drink with other

official reformers, and keep right on seizing liquor. If Dan's place is raided no mention is made in the great family newspaper, as he has a pull with the politicians and buys his groceries of a Republican temperance hypocrite, a pious deacon as usual, who rather save a sixty dollar grocery account against a rumseller by having the name stricken off the list of persons to be indicted, rather than practice what he preaches in temperance meetings, and make the transgressor pay twice the amount to the County. From a poor man Dan has accumulated wealth as a "vile liquor seller" right under the nose of Congressman Dingley, and besides owning a four tenement block and "The Shamrock," he can be found at another cosy retreat "for the purity of our homes."

Lewiston liquor dealers confess that the palms of the officers have to be weighted down with cold cash to keep their hands off, and charge that by a mutual understanding, a keg of water is seized more frequently than beer or hard stuff, the officer getting his fees on a seizure one day, and the seller his goods the next train. Small dealers without influence, old women without a vote or political friends, are exhibited in court occasionally, and it is there the great family newspaper gets in its heavy blows at the "liquor traffic" and commends the zeal of the efficient police force.

There are sixty persons selling in Lewiston who hold a U. S. license, and every one of them vote the Republican ticket. They are protected in the business. There are two hundred places, back kitchen retreats, also, where liquor is sold without licenses, the police being supplied by two wholesale dealers in Lewiston, who are also solid with the Republican politicians, without whose influence and vote Lewiston would elect a Democratic City Government every year. Under the Republican officials, according to the Lewiston Journal, the Lewiston rumsellers have paid \$53,000 in fines and costs, while indictments, if brought to a trial, would have netted \$180,000 more, but which were let up for political purposes, and the Lewiston Journal and professional temperance cranks cannot see any political persecution in

it, although Democrats are made to pay and Republicans let alone, or that these fines represent only a different form of High License.

Only a few years ago a Lewiston policeman was refused credit for a calico dress at one of the stores. He was as poor as a church mouse. To-day he is one of "our efficient police," makes seizures at the right time, from the seller who "can't hurt us." He moved from a cheap rent to a better one, and drives two trotters of his own on the pay of \$2 per day. Who



says the purity of the Lewiston home is not protected? In this case the officer also wears a beautiful gold ring, a present, and sports a solid gold chronometer. Indictments against a Lewiston rumseller were quashed just before a city election to place him right before the temperance hypocrites, and give him an opportunity to run as one of the aldermen on the Republican ticket. And still there are lots of party men who lie awake nights trying to study up a remedy to prevent rumselling, and step proudly up to the ballot box to vote for the biggest rumseller the party can nominate. And yet the phrase so frequently used by the Lewiston Journal when the house of some old woman is raided for selling liquor, is "Let the good work go on."

The question of a Democratic or Republican victory at the ballot box to-day depends not on the question of the fitness of candidates, economy in city expenditures or any principles in politics. The Democrats by general consent acknowledge themselves beaten and busted by their own folly and

foolishness. Faction fights among the Irish voters have killed the Democratic party of Lewiston, and the native American voter has not brains enough to pull out and go it alone. When the Democrats held the city they kept on quarreling and the Republicans assisted them. In the contest the next year the Republicans bought the leaders of the French voters, turned the police and road department over to them, the taxpayers paying for the fun. The city election in 1889 was made overwhelmingly Republican by the Irish voters going over in a body, having smelled the feast the French voters had been invited to, and to-day the Irish are having a soft snap.

AUGUSTA.

A RING-CURSED CITY. THE BREEDING GROUND OF OFFICE HOLDERS TAMING THE
SALOON KEEPER. WHAT IT COSTS TO MAINTAIN A "BOSS."



During the days of the rebellion, State officials, express agents, magnetic statesmen, war governors, lawyers, stable keepers, merchants, boarding houses and female tramps did a thrifty business and handled most of the bounties paid to the "brave soldier boys." Joe Manley's paper credit

soldiers are the only ones who did not visit these boarding house keepers' paradise, to leave wealth. "When the cruel war was over," Augusta contained a population made up of bums and beats, shylocks and politicians, all of whom made money while the war continued.

Their places are now filled by worn out orators, antiquated office seekers, machine politicians and Joe Manley.

There is but little political deviltry to blame the Augusta Democrats for, not that they do not have the disposition to be devilish, but simply from the fact that they are too lazy to fire it off. Just mention a vacancy in an office under a Democratic administration, and see the nerve they display. In twenty-four hours they will have a stack of recommendations from party figureheads higher than the Bartholdi statue.

When it comes down to "pernicious activity" in political matters, the Augusta politician gets in his work at the convention, but he is as scarce as dairy butter at one of their boarding houses, when his presence is needed at a city election. For two years after Grover Cleveland began his administration, the Democrats let their city election go by default, and made no nominations, although the leaders were as ravenous as a pack of wolves after offices, and spent a goodly portion of their time in heading off applicants from other sections. By divine right, an Augusta politician claims the exclusive privilege of being a figurehead at conventions, and willing to sacrifice his partisanship to keep in with the officeholding society at the Capitol. To persist in being a Democrat of the offensive kind, in Augusta, means social ostracism by the Republicans. The Blaine Democrat is the only variety that blooms with success, and under a Democratic administration. This distinct variety receive many crumbs of comfort in the shape of offices, through the influence of Blaine's Democratic tools elsewhere. In fact, the Augusta Democrats were laid out stark naked for more than a year after Cleveland came in, by Joe Manley and Blaine.

Years ago, Augusta was a Democratic city on a "free ballot" and "fair

count." This was before the Blaines and Manleys put their corrupt political machine into use, when candidates in both parties were nominated for their worth as respectable citizens, and went before the voter on party issues.

To-day there is not a city in the United States so notoriously corrupt on election day and so thoroughly controlled by a discredited boss, as Augusta.

Weeks before an election in Augusta, liquor is stored in the right places to be dealt out to the floater by a ward politician, and an assessment made on the protected liquor dealers, the employees at the Insane Asylum, and on the State House officials, and a generous purse is contributed from the State Committee fund.

In 1884 there were by actual count 460 voters known as "sellers," creatures in the human form who hang around the wards and voting places, waiting to sell their votes to the highest bidder. In 1880, men were actually

paid \$30 for voting the Republican ticket, while the majority of the "sellers" got from \$10 to \$20. Against this corrupt condition of things, the Democrats decided to make no fight after 1880. As they found with the headquarters of the Republican State Committee located here with a large corruption fund to be used for general purposes, they would have to butt against it, as Mr. Blaine had resolved that the Democrats should never again carry his home, it being considered the proper caper for a "magnetic statesman" to send to a Catholic priest \$50 just before an election to pay for prayers in behalf of the statesman's dead mother, who had been in purgatory forty-six years.



Two years ago, the sellers numbered over four hundred, and the "Trust" combined for a fixed sum on the morning of the election. The Democrats played a sharp trick on the Republicans in 1884, offering money freely but refusing to pay or take the voters. The result was, the Republican buyers got "rattled" and purchased most of the floaters at good prices before the trick leaked out.

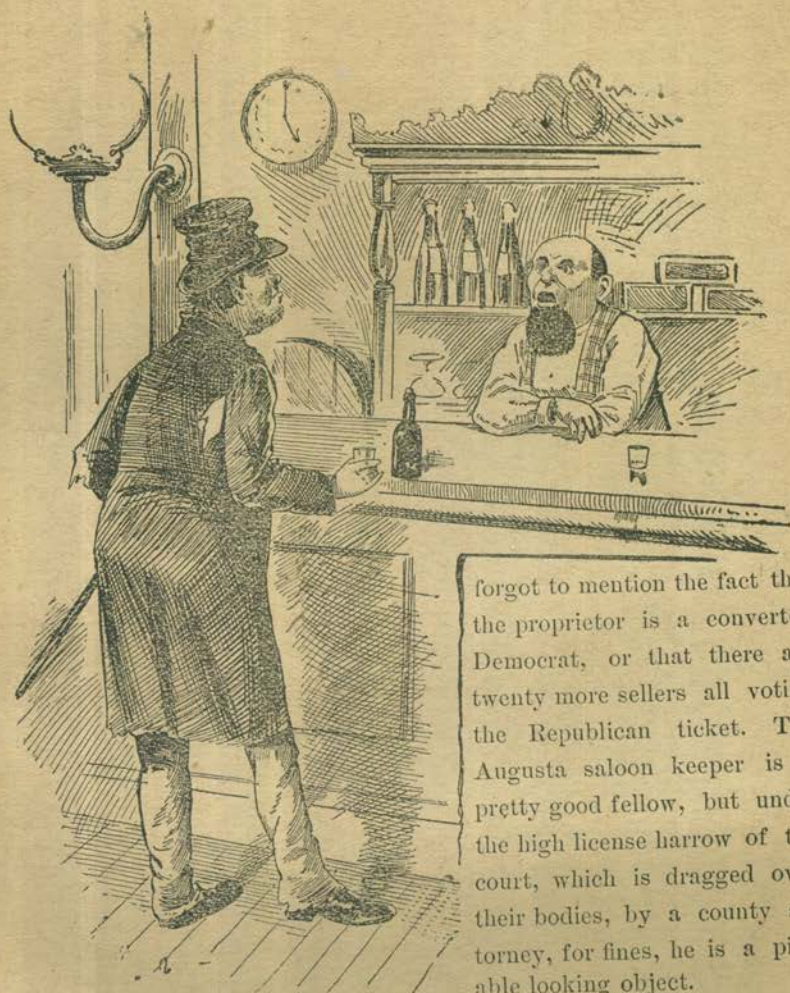
The "sellers" are not entirely confined to the rag-tag and bob-tail of both parties either. Men in good standing vote the Republican ticket regular, and know just what is coming to them in the shape of cash before casting their vote. One farmer, living just out of the city, prosperous and worth a good property, say \$4,500, sells his vote and others in his family, and on a recent election, offered his vote and two of his family to the Democrats for \$30. The offer was declined but he said he had been offered that amount by the Republicans, and would have to go back and accept. He did so, and later in the day displayed the money.

In one ward a Republican striker actually has on his books a list of seventy purchasable voters that he can control as so many sheep, and has just received an appointment as postal clerk, by "Bill Bigelow," a fair sample of the growth of Maine politicians, educated by the Augusta methods. Several years ago both parties got tired of buying floaters. That is, the Democrats could not meet the bids of the Republican State Committee. A Republican candidate for a county office and his opponent on the Democratic ticket agreed to let the floaters alone, and buy none of them. In fact, there was no necessity, for the county vote was almost two to one against the Democrats. The Democratic candidate visited the ward voting places in the afternoon to see how many Democrats had the courage to vote. He was surprised to find his Republican opponent had yarded a score or more in one ward and was just paying them off. He remonstrated with his friend "Bill," whose answer was, "Damit, they were so cheap I couldn't help it." The habit stuck to Bill just as it does to "Joe," "Sam" and "Les."

No Republican newspaper has ever denied the affidavit of M. Burns of Augusta, who was an active Democrat, and sold liquor side by side with the Republican protected dealer. Burns controlled a large number of votes. He was offered by Joe Manley a year's run without search, seizure or arrest in his business and \$100 in cash to keep quiet in the campaign, and not help the Democrats. Augustus Wood, a Togus rumseller, had a number of cases hanging over him. His vote and influence was wanted at the ballot box "to protect the purity of our homes," and being a Democrat, Mr. Manley, according to Wood's affidavit, paid him \$10, and promised that the old cases should not be brought up against him. Three other witnesses also testified that they sold themselves to Manley for cash in hand. These cases were presented to the U. S. District Attorney, but the game was too big for him to bag, it is presumed, as no action was commenced against Manley, but a State court did give a Lewiston Democrat three months for illegal voting, and fined a Portland Republican, for the same offense, \$1.00 and costs.

Augusta is a very unhealthy place if any inference can be drawn from the number of druggists doing business. Nine of them with the clerks, make a force of thirty-six persons, whose services are required night and day to deal out medicine to the invalids, and the proprietors pay a U. S. Internal Revenue tax, which is prima facie evidence that the holder is selling liquor, and in case of a Democrat it sticks him for a high license fine. To-day there are twenty-one persons selling liquor in Augusta, all contributing to the Republican campaign fund, all voting the Republican ticket for protection with paupers, jailbirds, clergymen, politicians, office-holders and bummers. A barrel of liquor seized, by mistake of course, from an Augusta druggist while the grand jury court was in session, found its way back to the owner's place of business. This time the owner was protected as a prominent worker.

The Kennebec Journal has given the public a very interesting account of the paint, varnish and conveniences of a "gilded saloon" in Augusta. It



forgot to mention the fact that the proprietor is a converted Democrat, or that there are twenty more sellers all voting the Republican ticket. The Augusta saloon keeper is a pretty good fellow, but under the high license harrow of the court, which is dragged over their bodies, by a county attorney, for fines, he is a pitiable looking object.

Under the system of corruption that maintains cheap politicians in office to fatten on jobs, Augusta declined in prosperity and increased its indebtedness. With a population at the time the charter went into operation,

of 7,800, and an indebtedness of only \$5,000, the city has increased in population to date only about 2,000, while its indebtedness has increased under the Blaines and Manleys, to \$350,000.

The taxpayers do not seem to care how much the city is plundered. A report of the financial standing of Augusta, the expenditures of the city officials and the expenditures generally, is quite a curiosity. More than half of the reports are made up of recommendations, gush and school statistics.

Not a single item appears, as in reports of other cities, of expenditures by the overseers of the poor; although good care is taken of the Democratic poor just before elections. Not a single item of amounts paid in the Police Department, and the same blissful ignorance in regard to expenditures on the highway prevails. In all cases accounts are not itemized.

Just before the election in 1884 the "floaters" were given a job to grade down a gravel hill, not necessary or needed. Forty-two men were set at work at \$2.00 per day, and several others confessed that they went and reported at about eleven o'clock daily to get in their time, and that was all the labor they performed. The next day after the election not a man was at work, and the elevation, which was in the way of votes, has not been disturbed since.

Abraham Lincoln said of demagogues and political bummers, "you can fool some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time." This is where the ring that rules Augusta differs from Lincoln. The only change noticeable in plundering schemes since the war closed, is the old veterans, having skinned the soldiers during the war, have retired on their ill-gotten wealth, and their places have been filled by a new crop, who keep right on stealing, in a legal way, of course, from the city, county and State, instead of from the National Government and the soldiers.

Years ago Augusta Democrats could make some slight show of opposition at the ballot box, but with the patronage of the Insane Asylum turned over

to the Augusta politicians, a mortgage on the political rights of the factory help, given to Joe, and the city patronage parcelled out by the same man to the ward bosses, there is no encouragement for Democrats to make a contest at the polls, and their part of the play in politics is to head off politicians in Democratic places in the county, who want preferment for making politics a success. The Asylum is good for sixty Republican votes, and the road department and pauper department of the city is good for 150 more.

Manley's power in politics extends far beyond the city limits. A druggist driven out of his own town for selling rum, hunted in vain for a rent in Augusta. A friend told him to go to Manley. He found a rent suitable for his business at once. He was a Republican, however, and aware of the motto of the county officials, "no Democrat can sell rum in Kennebec county."

In very recent times the Augusta church people undertook to bring about a change in public sentiment against the rum element that Joe Manley had converted. The Rev. Mr. Skeele of the Congregationalist church started the ball and handled the Republican bosses and politicians without gloves. He did not mince his words, but pitched into them right and left, condemning the large number of murders which had been committed within a year, the laxity of the law, said that rum was the cause of it all, and that the rum power seemed to have free sway in the city. He compared the morality of this city with that of New York, which was in New York's favor. Rum was "as free as water," he said, in Augusta, and no effort made to stay it. This made him unpopular, and the pastors of other churches took the hint, and preached entirely of the woes of the heathens in Africa who go bare-foot, and wear a paper collar for a winter suit. Still later, some of the pious deacons, who wanted an occasional stomach bath without patronizing Joe Foye, petitioned the Manley city government to open up the town rummery, and give them an opportunity to "patch up," and get a pint. These gentlemen also made a great mistake. To open up the agency meant a decrease

in sales and profits for the drug stores and protected saloons of the converted Democrats, near and dear friends of thrifty Joe. "No profits, no contributions," said one. "If the city is going to take away my business Joe Manley can go to hades," was the remark of another saloon keeper. Joe's eyes flowed with tears of gratitude and the town rummery opening was never mentioned again.

BATH.

The Bath Democracy is owned, body and soul, by Bill Wakefield, and there is not enough of the party to attend a funeral of the dead. When Bill Wakefield finds it convenient to leave his office at the end of his party's administration, he kindly turns over his office as Collector to a mutual friend who stands in with him in political deals, and his friend in turn returns the office loaned during the life of a Democratic



administration, in good order, without any damage to either party. This is very kind in William, and no doubt the Bath Democrats are very grateful to him for relieving them of all trouble in the matter. There is no rum-seller in Bath, because they have Bill Wakefield and a Law and Order League. There is no fight over the offices, for there are not Democrats enough to make a fight. The Republicans wear the yoke of Bill Wakefield with becoming meekness, and are as docile as the Democrats are under the leadership of Mr. Blaine's friends in the Democratic party. To be a Democrat in Bath requires considerable gall these times. The Bath Democrats have the good sense to stick to their business and let the bosses fool with politics. There is no deviltry in either party. The Republican majority is so large that the devil finds his occupation, politically, gone.

CONCLUSION.

In giving to the public some facts in regard to the way political matters are managed by party bosses, the author is aware of the fact that there is not a city or town in Maine that cannot contribute some deviltry. The deviltry of a Maine politician would make a book larger than the Holy Bible. The deviltry herein recorded is no political claptrap, invented for political purposes. Every statement in this book of hypocrisy, dishonesty and devilment in Maine cities, is susceptible of proof. The half has not been told of Republican hypocrisy and corruption, or Democratic ingratitude and stupidity. To-day the Republican party of Maine maintains power solely through its alliance with the converted rumseller and purchase of the floating vote with cold cash. The Democrats are out of power on account of treachery of the leaders, lack of practicable experience by the organization, and pure cussedness towards those who have labored for years to keep the party alive, but who, when a Democratic administration came into power, were thrust aside, and drones, dead beats and tools of Republican statesmen given positions they never earned.

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