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STORY OF NELL.

After a week of cloud and storm,
The sun rose bright and clear,
Bathing the chill mid-winter morn
In radiant waves of light.
That danced across each cottage roof,
Made every window flame,
As staggering to the Mayor's door
A maid had carried.
He hiccoughed on this startling tale,
(Holding by pale lips)
"I wish you I could bid Mary Nell,
She's dead and all her brats.
I had not seen them for a week,
I don't know when they died;
They're lying there in a sleep—
The children side by side.
He ceased and stumpled back to Vaughn's
To drink the broth of Hell.
While strangers gathered up the bones
Of poor, deserted Nell.
They found in her thin, wasted hand
A paper, torn and old,
And pencilled on its margin band,
Her story there she'd told.
I sit within my humble cot,
And through its narrow pane,
I watch the sullen, wintry sky,
The chilling, wintry rain.
The icy winds whirled madly by,
And through each crevice creep,
As croaking here, I wait to die,
Too weak to even weep.
The damp dead leaves whirl 'erily
Along the sodden path;
The stately pines sway drowsily
Above the rain soaked earth;
'Tis wild without, 'tis dear within,
No food, no fire is here,
For four long days we've starved been,
With none to heed or care.
My starving babe gnaws savagely,
My shrunken, milkless breast,
And little Mary, yesterday,
Sank to her last, long rest,
And precious Charlie died this morn,
At noon, dear Freddie too,
Oh, God! What has my darlings done
That they must suffer so?
And yonder at that gate to Hell,
Satan's enchanted ground,
Lured by the whisky demon's spell
And wine-cup circling round—
Their father fingers, brute, besot,
With all his manhood dead,
A bloated carcass, foul with rot,
A thing to loathe and dread.
What matter that his children die?
He neither knows nor cares;
The fountains of my grief are dry,
For God has heard my prayers,
My sins will never drunkards be,
Nor daughters drunkards wives;
Better this death of agony,
Than shameful, suffering lives.
A gasp, a quiver, babies gone!
Ah, well! 'tis better so!
How could I have her here alone,
When God calls me to go!
There nothing left to keep me now,
More faintly come each breath,
I close this record of my woe
With fingers chilled with death.
We gather up, with pining care,
Each wasted, lifeless form,
Returning them with words of prayer
To dust from whence it came.
Then turning, sadly, to our homes
We read Christ's solemn word,
No drunkard's soul shall ever come,
To dwell with me, the Lord
And pondering sadly, as we read,
On what that day seen,
We feel less sorrow for the dead,
Than for those lost in sin,
And prayed, Oh, God, quick, close these
doors.
And bar these gates to Hell,
Lest our men, to yield to its powers,
Our daughters, die, like Nell.
SOPHIA E. NORTH,
Asheville, May 5, 1885.

stood almost till noon before they were closed away. But little was said on the way to the railroad station. As the locomotive whistle was heard coming around the curve, the father put out his hand—somewhat knotted at the knuckles and one of the joints stiffened years ago by a wound from a scythe—and said: "Good-by, Edward; good-by, Nicholas. Take good care of yourselves, and write as soon as you get there, and let us know how they treat you. Your mother will be anxious to hear."
Landed in the city they sought out, with considerable inquiry of the policemen on street corners and questioning of car drivers, the two commercial establishments to which they were destined, so far as they knew, that they seldom saw each other, for it is astonishing how far apart two persons can be in a large city, especially if their habits are different. Practically a hundred miles from Bowling Green to the Capital street, and from Atlantic avenue to Fifth.
Edward, being the youngest, we must look after him first. He never was in so large a store in all his life. Such interminable shelves, such skillful imitations of fine goods, such a display of goods on, such agility of cash boys, such immense stock of goods, and a whole community of employees. His head is confused, as he seems to drop like a pebble in the great ocean of business. He "have you seen that greenhorn from the country?" whispers young man to young man. "He is in such and such a department; we will have to break him in some night." Edward stands at his new place all day so dumbfounded that he can hardly cry out aloud if his pride had not suppressed everything. Here and there a tear he carelessly dashed off, as though it were from influenza or a cold in the head. But some of you know how a young man feels when set down in a city of strangers, thereafter to fight his own battles, and no one near by seeming to care whether he lives or dies. The centre of a desert, a month's journey to the first settlement, is not much more solitary.
But that evening, as the hour for closing has come there are two or three young men who side up to Edward and ask him how he likes the city, and where he expects to go that night, and if he would like them to show him the way. He thanks them and says he shall have to take some evenings for unpacking and taking arrangements as he has just arrived, but says that after awhile he will be glad to accept their company. After spending two or three evenings in "boarder's" home room walking up and down, looking at the bare wall or an old chromo hung there at the time that religious newspapers by such prizes advanced their subscription lists, and after an hour or two of the match-box and ever and anon examining his watch to see if it is time to retire, and it seems that 10 o'clock will never come, he resolves to accept the proposition of his new friends at the store.
The fellow with light they are all out together. Although his salary is not large he is quite flush with pocket money, which the old folks gave him after saving for some time. He cannot be mean, and all these friends are ready to share his pleasure, and so he pays all the bills. At the door of places of enchantment his companions cannot find the change, and they accidentally fall behind just as the ticket office is approached, or they say they will be all right, and will themselves pay the next time. Edward, accustomed to farm life or village life, is dazed and enchanted with the glitters of spectacular sin. Plain and blunt inquiry Edward would have immediately replied, but sin, accompanied by bewitching orestria; sin amid gilded pillars and gorgeous upholstery; sin arrayed in all the attractions that the powers of darkness in combination can arrange to magnetize a young man, is very different from sin in its loathsome and disgusting shape.
But after a few nights being very late out, he says, "I must stop. My purse won't stand this. My health won't stand this. My reputation won't stand this. Indeed, one of the business firm one night from his private box, in which he applauded a play, in which attitudes and phraseology occurred, which if taken or uttered in his own parlour would have caused him to shoot the actor on the spot. From this high-priced box he sees in a cheaper place the new clerk of his store, and is let to ask questions about his habits, and wonders how, on the salary the house pays him, he can do so well. He goes down to the physical vigor and his finances, stopped awhile and spent a few more evenings examining the chromo on the wall and counting the matches in the match box, or goes down to the boarding house parlor to hear the gossip about the other boarders or a discourse on the insufficiency of the table fare considering the price paid—the criticism severe in proportion as the full-fledged pays little or is resolved to leave unceremoniously and pay nothing at all.
"Confound it!" cried the young man, "I cannot stand this life any longer, and I must go out and see the world." The same young man and others of a now larger acquaintance are ready to escort him. There is never any lack of such guidance. If a man wants the whole round of sin, he can find plenty to take him, a whole regiment who know the way. But after awhile Edward's money is all gone. He has no more, but his salary again and again, but it was spent before he got it, borrowing a little here and a little there. What shall he do now? Why, he has seen in his rounds of the gambling tables men who put down a dollar and took up ten, put down a hundred and took up a thousand. Why not he? To reconstruct his finances he takes a hand and wins; he is so pleased he takes another hand and wins; he is in a frenzy of delight and takes another hand—and loses all. When the first came to the city Edward was disposed to keep Sunday in quietness, reading a little, and going occasionally to hear a sermon. Now there is a day of carnival. He is so full of

intoxicants by 11 o'clock in the day he staggers into one of the licensed rum holes of the city.
Some morning, Edward, his breath stentchful with rum, takes his place in the store. He is not fit to be there. He is listless, silly, or impatient, or in some way incompetent, and a messenger comes to him and says: "The firm desires to see you in their private office."
The gentleman in the private office says: "Edward, we will not need you any more. We owe you a little money for services since we paid you last, and here it is."
"What is the matter?" says the young man. "I cannot understand this. Have I done anything?"
The reply is: "We do not wish any words with you. Our engagement with each other is ended."
"Out of employment." What does that mean to a good young man? It means an opportunity to be "studied" and perhaps a better place. It means opportunity for mental improvement and preparation for higher work. "Out of employment." What does that mean to a dissipated young man? It means a night on the Grand Trunk to Perdition. Al Bork was a winged horse on which Mahomet pretended to have ridden by night from Mecca to Jerusalem; and from Jerusalem to the seventh heaven with such speed that each step was as far as the eye could reach. A young man out of employment through his dissipations is seated on an Al Bork, riding as fast in the opposite direction.
It is now only five years since Edward, on a comfortable couch in that house once a week at the longest. He has not written home for three months. "What can be the matter?" say the old people at home. One Saturday morning the father puts on the best apparel of his wardrobe and goes to the city to find out.
"Oh, he has not been here for a long while," say the gentlemen of the firm. "Your son, I am sorry to say, is on the journey to the first settlement, is not much more solitary."
The old father goes hunting him from place to place, and comes suddenly upon him that night in a place of abandonment. The father says: "My son, come with me; your mother has sent me to bring you home. I hear you are out of money and good clothes, and you know, as long as we live you can have a home. Come right away." He says, putting his hand on the young man's shoulder.
In angry tones Edward replies, "Take your hands off me! You mind your own business! I will do as I please! Take your hands off of me or I will strike you down! You go your way and I will go mine!"
That Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning—for it is by this time 2 o'clock in the morning—Edward goes to the city home of his son Nicholas, and rings the bell, and rings again, and again, and it seems as if no answer would be given; but after a while a window is hoisted and a voice cries: "Who's there?"
"It is me," says the old man.
"Why, father, is that you?"
In a minute the door is opened and the son says: "What in the world has brought you to the city at this hour of the night?"
"Oh, Edward has brought me here. I feared your mother would get stark crazy not hearing from him, and I find out that it is worse with him than I suspected."
"Yes," says Nicholas, "I had not the heart to write you anything about it. I have tried my best with him, and all in vain. But it is after 2 o'clock, says Nicholas to his father, "and I will take you to a bed."
On a comfortable couch in that house the old father lies down, coaxing sleep for a few hours, but no sleeping comes. Whose house is it? That of his son Nicholas. The fact is that Nicholas soon after coming to the city became indisposed in the commercial city establishment where he was placed. He knew, what few persons know, that while in all departments of business, and mechanism, and art there is a surplus of people of ordinary application and ordinary diligence, there is a great scarcity, and always has been a great scarcity, of people who excel. Plainly, well, but very few clerks, or business men, or mechanics who can do their work as well as pure as if Nicholas had resolved to do so grandly that the business firm could not do without him. Always at his place a little after everybody had gone. As extremely polite to those who decline purchasing his own house or suite of rooms, he had got all the artistic developments he could possibly receive from the chromo on the wall, he began to study that which would help him to promotion—study penmanship, study biographies of successful men, or went forth to places of innocent amusement and to Young Men's Christian Association, and was not ashamed to be found at a church prayer meeting. He rose from position to position, and from one salary to another salary.
Only five years in town, and yet he has rented his own house or suite of rooms, not very large, but large enough in its happiness to be a type of heaven. In the morning as the old father with handkerchief in hand comes crying down stairs to the table, there are four persons, one on each side, the young man, and opposite to him the best blessing that a God of infinite goodness can bestow, namely, a good wife; and on another side the high chair filled with dimpled and rollicking little ones, and the granddaddy opposite smile outside while he has a broken heart within.
Well, as I said, it was Sabbath, and Nicholas and his father, knowing that there is no place so appropriate for a

troubled soul as the house of God, find their way to church. It is communion day, and what is the old man's surprise to see his son pass down the aisle with one of the silver chalice, showing him to be a church official. The fact was not known until the start in the city life honored God, and God had honored him. When the first wave of city temptation struck him he had felt the need of divine guidance and divine protection, and in prayer had sought a regenerated heart, and had obtained that mightiest of all armors, that mightiest of all protections, that mightiest of all reinforcements, that mightiest and omnipotent grace of God, and you might as well throw a hissing snake into the furnace of destruction, as with all the combined temptations of earth and hell try to overthrow a young man who can truthfully say: "God is my refuge and strength."
Come let us measure Nicholas around the head. As a young man of brain as any other intelligent man. Let us measure him around the heart. It is so large it takes in all the earth and all the heavens. Measure him around the purse. He has more resources than a lightning express train on the Grand Trunk. Sept. 20, came in on any of the railroads, from north or south or east or west.
But that Sabbath afternoon, while in the back room Nicholas and his father were talking over an attempt at the reclamation of Edward, there is a ringing of the door bell, and a man with the uniform of a policeman stands there, and a man, with some embarrassment, and some halting, and in a ward came to town. What was that in some low haire of the city Edward had been hurt. He says to Nicholas: "I heard that he was some relation of yours, and thought you ought to know it."
"Hurt? Is he badly hurt?"
"Yes, very badly hurt."
"Is he wounded mortal?"
"Yes, it is mortal. To tell you the whole truth, sir," says the policeman, "although I can hardly bear to tell you that," says Nicholas, "No harm done. The whole family are in the hall-way. The father says: 'Just as I feared. It will kill his mother when she hears of it. Oh, my son, my son! Would to God I had died for thee. Oh, my son, my son!'"
"Wash off the wounds," says Nicholas, "and bring him right here to my house, and let there be all respect and gentleness shown him. It is the best way to do for." The next door neighbors hardly knew what was going on; but Nicholas and the father and mother knew. Out of the Christian and beautiful home of the one brother is carried the disolute brother. No word of blame uttered. No harsh things said. On a bank of camellias is spelled out the word "brother." Had the prodigal been true and pure and noble in life and honorable in death he could not have been carried forth with more respect and honor than Nicholas. He is laid in a beautiful casket, or been deposited in a more beautiful garden of the dead. Amid the loosened turf the brother who left the country for city life five years before now lies forever. The legend of the fifth act in an awful tragedy of human life is ended.
What made the difference between these two young men? Religion. One depended on himself, the other depended on God. They started from the same place, and followed the same path, until they reached the gates of the city. On the same day, and if there was any difference, Edward had the advantage, for he was brighter and quicker, and all the more he professed religion. He had more of the elements of success for him than for Nicholas. But behold and wonder at the tremendous secret. Voices come up from this audience and say: "Did you know these brothers?" "Yes, knew them well." "Did you know their parents?" "Yes, knew them well." "What was the city, what the street, what the last names of these young men? You have excited our curiosity; now tell us all."
I will. Nothing in these characters is fictitious except the names. They are in every city, and in every street of every city, and in every country. Not two of them, but ten thousand. Aye, aye! Right before me to-day and yesterday we splendidly well, and they sit and stand, the invulnerable through religious defense and the blasted of city allurement. Those who shall have longevity in beautiful homes, and others who shall have early graves purchasing to those who make large purchases. He drank no wine, for he saw it was the empoisonment of multitudes, and when any one asked him to take something he said "No" with the peculiar intonation that meant no. His conversation was always as pure as if his sisters had been listening. He went to no place of amusement where he would be ashamed to die. He never bet or gambled, even at a church fair. When he was at the boarding house, he had got all the artistic developments he could possibly receive from the chromo on the wall, he began to study that which would help him to promotion—study penmanship, study biographies of successful men, or went forth to places of innocent amusement and to Young Men's Christian Association, and was not ashamed to be found at a church prayer meeting. He rose from position to position, and from one salary to another salary.
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der to sin when all the armaments of Almightiness would have wheeled to the front to fight his battle if he had waived the earnest signal. But, no! He surrendered body, mind, soul, reputation, home, pedigree, time, and energy, while yet all the prayers of his Christian ancestors were on his side and all the proffered aid—angelic, cherubic, seraphic, angelic, defied.
We have talked so much the last few weeks about the abdication of Alexander of Bulgaria, but which a paltry throne was that from which the unhappy king descended compared with the abdication of that young man, or middle aged man, or old man, who quit the throne of his opportunity and sat on the throne of a heavily throne, and traps off into poverty and everlasting exile. That is an abdication enough to shake a universe. In Persia they will not have a blind man on the throne, and when a reigning monarch is found of some ambitious relative he has his eyes extinguished, so that he cannot possibly ever come to crowning. And that suggests the difference between the way sin and divine grace take hold of a man. The former blinds him so he may never see the throne, while the latter illumines the blind that he may take coronation.
Why this sermon? I made up my mind that our city life is destroying too many young men. There comes in every September and October a large influx from the worst city of the continent, and New York and Brooklyn damn at least a thousand of them every year. They are shoveled off and down with no more compunction than that with which a coal-heaver scoops the dirt from a well, and the gambler's dice, and the scurvy ennobles, no young man, without the grace of God, is safe ten minutes.
There is much discussion about the "Non-Partisan" movement. Some say New York, some say New Orleans, some say Chicago, some say St. Louis. What I have to say is, you cannot make much comparison between the infinities, and in all our cities the temptation to sin is so strong. We keep a great number of mills in the city. No rice mills or cotton mills; not mills of corn or wheat, but mills for grinding up men. Such are all the grog shops, licensed and unlicensed; such are all the saloons, such are all the places where the houses of iniquity; and we do work according to law, and we turn out a new grist every hour, and grind up warm hearts and clear heads, and the earth about a cider mill is not more saturated with sin than the beverage than the ground about all these other destroying institutions is saturated with the blood of victims. We say to Long Island neighborhoods and villages, "Send us more supply;" and to Westchester and Dutchess and the other counties of New York, "Send us more men and women to put under the wheels." Give us full chance and we could grind up in the municipal mill 500 a day. We have enough machinery; we have enough men who can run them. Give us more hearts to crush and more parental hearts to pulverize! Put into the hopper the ward-robbers and the family Bibles and the livelihoods of wives and children. Give us more material for the mill, give us more men and women with tears and squalors with rage and trembling with the earthquake of an incensed God, who will, unless our cities repent, cover us up as quick and as deep as in August of the year 79 Vesuvius availed Heroulanum.
Oh, man and woman, ponder the path of thy feet! See which way you are going. Will you have the destiny of Edward or Nicholas? On this sacramental day when the blessed chalice are being passed, and the body of the dead consecrated to sanctify custom, had been put upon the funeral pile and the flames arose, people rushed up, took from the blazing mass torches, with which they ran through the city crying the glory of the assassinated ruler and the shame of his assassination. On this sacramental day, when the fire of the bleeding wounds of Christ your King are shown to you, and the fires of his earthly suffering blaze before your imagination, each one of you take a torch and start a fire, and the fire of the cross flows a transforming power to make all the uncounted millions who accept it forever happy and forever free.
THE FIELD AT LARGE.

CANAAN, N. H., Sept. 21, 1886.
It isn't exactly the happy land of Canaan anywhere in this state for our cause. A week's work here convinces me of this. To be sure, the campaign is not yet well on. Nobody has got stirred up. All sides are indifferent—except the right side. That barely exists. Then there appears to be an issue of license and prohibition, clearly defined, between the Republicans and the Democrats, and prohibition Republicans can and do point with competency to their platform, and say: "That settles it! Our party has declared against the saloon system and in favor of law's enforcement. What more do you want?" The mere declaration satisfies them. That their party made one equally strong and satisfying in 1882, and has not checked the sale of liquor perceptibly since does not matter. All that is wanted on the part of New Hampshire Temperance Republicans, if one may judge

by all he sees and hears, is an avowed policy in line with their state law, on this question, and whatever practices the saloon men wish. Any excuse to stay with their party is enough. "We can't be driven out of it," testified their United States Senator, Blair, in the anti-saloon convention at Chicago. Saloons may abound in Manchester, where he lives, and 150 drinking places may curse Dover, where lives his candidate for Governor; and at the state capital signs of an open liquor traffic may flame out in daily sight of a Republican executive—but the Senator hugs his party, and though he goes to Chicago, announces that he will not apply for divorce. Yet never a party anywhere by such open harlotry with evil gave more excuse to honest men for separation.
Yesterday morning the Manchester Union said this: "If Senator Blair will guarantee that the Republican saloon shall not vote in New Hampshire, we will guarantee election of the Democratic ticket." It was a safe proposition, every way. The senator knows too much to accept. Last night I asked my audience—not an immense one, like Blaine's and mine at Damariscotta, but it fairly filled the two-quart jug—"Are there no Republican liquor-sellers in New Hampshire? If you think there are none," I added, "hold up your hands." Not a hand lifted. It is generally admitted, and everywhere understood, that prohibition, so far as enforcement goes, is here a farce. Last night also, I called for a show of hands on this question: "Do you think prohibition of necessity a failure because it is not in this state enforced?" and not a hand came up. "Have you any doubt," I asked, "of the ability of the party in power to enforce the law and stop liquor selling, if it pleased to try?" and again no one voted.
Now, why is not the law enforced? Because Republican saloons have the franchise. In those half-dozen words the whole secret of this trouble lies. The law does not lack provisions for enforcement; the party does not lack power to enforce; but let the party exercise its power, and it would soon lack majority, lack place, lack profitable being. Existing for another purpose than to make prohibition a fact, the Republican party must preserve its victorious existence. So argue its leaders; so say the large mass of its rank and file; so concede the liquor men, who vote its ticket because for years they have gone unmolested, or have paid less in fines than under ordinary license. And the political conscience of New Hampshire, grown torpid as a tow in the granite rock, sleeps on and makes no sign.
How long is it thus to be? That depends. Of course I have put the case rather strongly—have given the worst view of it. Even the best is bad. A few men here and there are conscientious, energetic, willing. But numerically they are weak, and financially they are not strong. The senator has nominated their wealthiest man, Col. Wentworth, for governor, and he is spending all his time, and some of his money, in pushing our principle. They have a bright state paper, in the Standard-Bearer, well edited by the state committee's secretary, Rev. J. R. Bartlett, and it struggles to correct misrepresentations and falsehoods of the old party press. Yet it is all against great odds, and long cherished prejudices, and bitter hate. Everywhere the state cry of "Democratic annex!" meets us. It is believed, too. The echo of Blaine's malicious untruths is heard on all hands. Good men count us in league with the devil and the Democrats. It would be amusing if it were not so abominably mean!
How sensitive New England Republicans are, and how loyal to their party yet, is illustrated by the following brief note, signed "Pro Justitia," which came to me from Damariscotta, Me., three days ago:
The next time you undertake to refute the statements of Mr. Blaine in regard to the Prohibition speakers being 'imported and paid agents of the Democracy,' please read and expound to the audience this extract from Mr. Blaine's speech, which you intentionally and purposely omitted from your reading last night: "They have Kentucky Democrats in Maine to-day direct from the Land of Bourbon whisky, to teach temper-

ance to our people, and Senator Colquitt of Georgia, a rank partisan Democrat, has been stumping in New York to show how valuable it would be for the cause of temperance if the Republican party could be destroyed."
Now I did "purposely and intentionally" omit to read that just as I omitted to read nearly all Mr. Blaine's speech, when I refuted his charge that we were not carrying this party contest South—for lack of time. I am sorry I didn't keep that Damariscotta audience till Sunday, and dissect Mr. Blaine sentence by sentence, as he deserved. Did ever a pothouse politician tell a more outrageous, contemptible lie, to suit a more mean, contemptible purpose, than this which "Pro Justitia" quotes from the great Maine statesman? The lie is double; it includes Col. Cheves and Senator Colquitt. Cheves is from Kentucky, but no longer a Democrat; Colquitt is a "partisan Democrat," but he has not been "stumping" New York for any purpose, and he has never anywhere made speeches of the character Blaine indicates. He has made no party speeches for temperance of any sort. He is not a Democratic partisan in this line. He is a non-partisan temperance speaker of the strictest sect—far more so than Mr. Blaine could be, or than any of the "Non-Partisans" are. Mr. Blaine knew it—I have no doubt he did. His Latin-learned friend in Damariscotta probably did not, and thousands who read the Blaine speech from which he quotes are equally ignorant. But because a brilliant Republican statesman so belittles himself by deliberate untruths, must the Prohibition speaker who follows him use a whole evening in proving them such?
There is a hint in this rather personal reference which it may be well for party Prohibitionists everywhere to heed. Senator Colquitt, as has been said by Blaine, and denied by no one, is a Democrat. His Northern speeches have been made with few exceptions under non-partisan auspices, upon invitation of state alliances or campmeeting managers. His calls to the North by agencies like those has been fitting, and as a Northern man, grateful for Southern hospitality, I have rejoiced in them, and have myself enjoyed hearing him repeatedly. But to invite Senator Colquitt to Prohibition party platform is as inconsistent as it would be to invite Mr. Blaine there himself. Indeed, strictly speaking, Blaine comes nearer being a party Prohibitionist than does Colquitt. Blaine avows himself for prohibition in Maine, and his party there avows itself for prohibition. Colquitt declares for prohibition everywhere, but his party nowhere declares for it, and he stands by his party. If Senator Colquitt had been "imported" into Maine by our party managers, to speak there, Mr. Blaine's charge would have had fair justification, provided, of course, the senator had said what has been maliciously imputed to him. As he has nowhere advocated the Prohibition party, or assailed the Republican, or sought to show how valuable its destruction would be for the cause of temperance, the Maine statesman stands convicted of political lies before every audience which the Georgia senator has addressed.
The keynote of our opposition, through many coming Prohibition campaigns North, was sounded again in Maine. It was not new, but a louder voice gave it than had been heard before, and more people listened. In New Hampshire they will feign to hear little else. Finch is coming here next month, and the papers are discounting him as a Democrat in advance. I wish Cheves were coming also, that these Puritanical patriots might meet a genuine rebel fighter face to face. I took a grim pleasure in telling them last night that there are more rebels and more rebellion right here in New Hampshire than in Mississippi. I said it smilingly; but I fear some of them thought, with Shakespeare, that "a man may smile, and smile, and be a villain too."
Let no one get an impression that we shall make no growth in this state this fall. We shall. It may equal that increase of Maine. I only desire to show under what disadvantages we must labor, and what are the difficulties to overcome. There are some compensations, chiefly to be drawn upon hereafter, of which I would speak were not my space filled. They center in New England conscience and education. By-and-by they will appear.
A. A. HOPKINS.