

A CRIME AGAINST SOCIETY.

SPEECH

OF

LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON

TO THE CITIZENS OF NORWICH, CONN.,

JANUARY 19, 1880,

ON THE OCCASION OF CERTAIN INFAMOUS PRO-
CEEDINGS OF THE OFFICERS OF THAT
TOWN UNDER THE STATE
LICENSE LAW.

WITH A PREFACE AND NOTES.

NEW YORK:
AMERICAN TEMPERANCE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
J. S. OGILVIE, PUBLISHER,
29 ROSE STREET.

1880.

HV5298

.N9B2

Copyright, 1880,
By J. S. OGILVIE.

1

20.6.



A CRIME AGAINST SOCIETY,

SPEECH

OF

LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON

TO THE CITIZENS OF NORWICH, CONN.,

JANUARY 19, 1880,

*On the Occasion of Certain Infamous Pro-
ceedings of the Officers of that
Town under the State
License Law.*

WITH A PREFACE AND NOTES.

NEW YORK:
AMERICAN TEMPERANCE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
J. S. OGILVIE, PUBLISHER,
29 ROSE STREET.

1880.



LIMITED LICENSE

IN ITS RELATION TO

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

BY S. LEAMET, JR.

12MO. 48 PAGES. PRICE, 15 CENTS.

The author of this pamphlet, in his discussion of the question of license in its relation to the liquor traffic and temperance, seems to have brought forth a really practical solution of this great question.

While much time, thought and energy have been given to theoretical plans and methods, many of which have been barren of results when an effort has been made to put them into practical operation, we say, without hesitation, that the plan proposed by this author is quite new, novel and effective in its operation, and deserves at least the earnest consideration of all friends of temperance, believing that it can be practically carried out in every town and village in the land. All true men and women who have been waging war against this great evil for many years will hail this plan with delight, and at least make an effort to have it carried out in their own town.

Every Prohibitionist will study this plan, and cannot fail to see that it is the nearest road to what he has been working for.

Every one in favor of legal suasion will find in this plan a carrying out of their ideas, and a practical solution of how the law can be enforced and not be burdensome or obnoxious to any particular class of people.

Every one in favor of moral suasion should aid in the wide circulation of this pamphlet, as carrying out their views of the suppression of the traffic from the standpoint of moral suasion.

PRICE—Single copy, 15 cents; per dozen, \$1.50, post-paid; per hundred, sent by express at the expense of the person ordering them, \$10.00.

A special price will be given to any organization or individual desiring to circulate 500 or more copies.

No greater good can be accomplished by those interested in Temperance than by the wide circulation of this pamphlet.

BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES.

BY JOHN W. KIRTON.

CHEAP EDITION. 12MO. 24 PAGES.

PRICE—Post-paid, single copy, 5 cents; per dozen, 40 cents; per hundred, by express, \$3.00.

THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE PUBLISHING HOUSE has just published a new and cheap edition of this excellent and very effective Temperance story, of which hundreds of thousands of copies have been sold, and the distribution of which has always been productive of good results. A better work cannot be done in any community than to circulate this pamphlet, and the price has been placed so low that the expense will be comparatively trifling. A special reduction will be made to any organization or individual desiring to circulate 500 copies or more.

Address

The American Temperance Publishing House,
J. S. OGILVIE, Publisher,
29 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.

PREFACE.

In preparing this speech for publication, at the request of the American Temperance Publishing House, I have not allowed myself the usual liberty of a public speaker in adapting the hasty utterance of the platform for more deliberate reading and criticism. With one exception, I have made no substantial change in it, and no change of form farther than, here and there, to make my meaning unmistakable. The one exception I wish to have distinctly noted. I had charged upon the parties primarily guilty of a Crime against Society this aggravation of their crime, that they had committed it in violation of their official oath. This was a mistake, the officers in question not having taken any oath of office. It is the only mistake of fact that has been pointed out to me in the whole speech, during all the excited discussion that has followed it.

Nothing could so completely have justified and confirmed the speech, as the course which this discussion has taken. It completely verifies the surmise which I made in closing, that "temperance men" themselves had, in many instances, become so demoralized by certain corrupt sophistries prevalent among a certain class of lecturers, that they would be found tolerating, palliating, even approving, conduct which no healthy conscience can regard except with loathing. So far as I have learned, the defense of the incriminated officers is put simply upon the ground that their conduct as herein described was right, or at least not so very wrong; that their offense was a very common one, so common as to have ceased to be wicked; that there was good reason to guess that the people would like it, and that it is right for an office-holder to do wrong if it will

please the majority; that it proves that you can not expect to accomplish anything under a license-law, and will have a tendency to make people vote right at the next "local option;" that the authors of this crime are persons of excellent previous character, and most devoted and consistent "temperance men;" that the manner, or the temper or the motives, of the indictment must be very bad; and that to hold these public officers personally responsible, by name, before the public, for any wicked ways of theirs in office, is in the highest degree reprehensible, and especially so in a minister of the gospel of peace and good will. Can there be a more startling proof of a debased moral sense, in many persons who are boastful of their "temperance" principles, than that they should be capable of defending such acts by such arguments? I would be far from suggesting that all the friends of temperance in this town would so defend them; but I do say that, so far as my knowledge goes, the open vindication of these unspeakably base and wicked acts is chiefly to be heard among those who claim to be "temperance men" of the highest type. I see no evidence that the two guiltiest agents of this wickedness have lost standing with that class, while they have undoubtedly gained great popularity with the criminal classes of the town.

In this aspect, the case reveals a grave and terrible peril to the most important of our social reforms—a peril that is not confined to this region. It is for this reason that I have given my consent to an edition of my Speech for general circulation, commending it to the thoughtful consideration of the friends of temperance and public morals in all parts of the country.

LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON.

NORWICH, CONN., }
February 17, 1880. }

SPEECH.

GENTLEMEN OF THE REFORM CLUB, AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

I cannot afford to waste either your time or mine, this evening, with any rhetorical introduction. The business that brings us together is too urgent, too grave, too sorrowful, for that. A public crime has been committed; a crime against God and man; a crime of unusual proportions, and extraordinary reach of fatal consequences; a crime shameful, infamous, and more than other crimes involving in its disgrace the character of the community. For it is a crime committed, not by ignominious wretches in evasion or violation of the law, but by men hitherto reputable under the pretense—the false pretense—of the authority of law; committed by public officers whose official duty it was to prevent it, in the name of the community itself, and apologized for under the pretense—the false pretense—that the popular will demanded it; committed, not by inadvertence, inconsiderately, ignorantly, but after long forethought, with full knowledge, against patient and earnest remonstrance, of deliberate, intelligent, set and wicked purpose; a crime which, beginning in perfidy to public duty and breach of solemn trust, went forward through breaking of plighted promise, through deliberate and conscious official falsehood, through the base tergiversation of trusted public men, to its consummation in the sneaking stealth befitting deeds of shame.

I have not come hither this evening to excite public indignation against the disgraceful things that have been done in the name of this community by its officers. It is because the honest indignation of the public is already roused that you have sent for me to speak to you. The scorn and anger of this outraged people burns in men's eyes as they meet each other on the street, and bursts out in many a passionate word. But it craves some opportunity of common expression, and finds none open to it. We all feel it, I am sure, to be a deficiency—this lack of a vehicle of public opinion—in a town which possesses many of the other appliances of modern civilization in such high perfection. Our rivers and intersecting railroads con-

nect us with the travel and commerce of the world; and our telegraph system with its hourly intelligence. Amongst ourselves the omnibus and horse-railroad service puts the center and circumference into mutual communication, and the telephone brings each citizen within whispering distance of every other. Our system of public schools, crowned by the noble Academy, is the admiration and envy of many a larger city. These are some of the organs of a high civilization which Norwich possesses so richly as to make our deficiency the more felt. For we cannot but feel, especially at a time like this, when great matters of municipal policy and morality are agitating men's hearts to the depths, what a convenience, what an advantage, what a relief, what a blessing, it would be to Norwich if we only had—a *newspaper!* [Applause and laughter.] Think what great public interests might be advanced, what abuses might be rectified, what public mischiefs might be hindered, if only we had in Norwich such a thing as a daily newspaper. I believe that if the people of Norwich should find out what a convenient thing it is to have a daily newspaper, they would wonder how they ever got on so long without one, and how they ever supposed that they could answer the same purpose with a Daily Morning Eight-Dollar Little Wet Blanket for the Suppression of Public Opinion. [Long continued laughter and applause.]

It is because the proper channels for the utterance of the just indignation of the people against public wickedness and outrage are clogged or shut off, that it is compelled to seek utterance in this more primeval way.

But not utterance only. We need (I.) to study carefully together the proportions and dimensions of this crime, to know exactly what it is, its aggravations and its mitigations (if it has mitigations), that we may measure well our words to the occasion, and secure ourselves from exaggeration and extravagance of expression. And we need also (II.) to inquire deliberately and carefully who are the responsible and guilty parties to whose charge this crime is to be laid. (III.) Finally, we need to ask what is our duty as good citizens—what ought to be done, what can be done, in view of this tremendous crime; we need to recognize how helplessly for these nine remaining months, we are in the clutch of a league of criminals; and to address ourselves soberly and resolutely to the little that is left for us to do.

I.

What, then, in the first place, is the crime that has awakened your just and righteous anger? It concerns the question, what sort of persons should be intrusted with the business, so necessary, so indispensable, but, when abused, so fraught with unnameable, incalculable mischiefs, to person and property, to body, mind and soul, to individual, to family, to church and to society—the business of selling alcoholic liquors. Concerning this question, there is really no radical, serious difference of opinion, I do not say among reformers, among temperance men, among Christians, but among decent, honest citizens. There is substantial unanimity on this point, not only among the people of this town and State, but among the people of all the States in the Union. In fact, I do not know of a nation in Christendom where the same principle which we hold is not accepted and acted on. It is everywhere known and felt that the selling of alcoholic liquors, however useful or even necessary it may be esteemed, is so liable to abuse, and so enormously mischievous when abused, that it is not safe to intrust it to whoever chooses to engage in it. And so, under every civilized government, so far as my knowledge extends, precautions are taken to prevent unfit and untrustworthy persons from engaging in this business. I repeat it, there is no difference of opinion in Norwich, among decent people, on this point. The sharp issue that has been drawn here between two parties has not been upon this point. No man who passes for a decent member of society, so far as I know, has dared to propose to the people of Norwich that this business should be left open, like any other business, for any person to engage in without regard to his character and fitness. The controversy has been simply on the question, how this principle should be applied and put in operation—between those of us who contended for an extremely rigorous law limiting the business to persons distinctly *appointed* to transact it as agents of the town, and those (among whom were some of our best citizens) who were in favor of the less stringent course of limiting the business to persons who, after due and diligent inquiry into their suitability for this trust, should be *permitted* to engage in it on their own account. That is the difference, and the whole difference. One party is in favor of requiring alcoholic liquor to be sold by public officers; the other party is in favor of issuing permits to suitable persons, who shall be allowed to sell. It is not, as some people like to represent, a difference between prohibiting and not

prohibiting. Both parties are in favor of prohibiting some things in this business, and both parties are in favor of not prohibiting some things; and the question that divides us is, how to provide for the sales that are not prohibited. Those that are in favor of requiring these sales by public agents call themselves prohibitionists. Those that are in favor of permitting these sales, in the hands of suitable men, carefully selected and legally authorized, are called license men. And the latter party, which includes some of our best citizens, those most earnestly interested in the public morality and welfare, is this year largely in the majority.

This, then, was the situation: These commissions of public trust, immeasurably the most important to the public interest that are conferred or held in this community, were to be given out, by authority of the law, to suitable persons, and to no others.

And this is the crime: that these dangerous functions, in the guarding of which to the utmost from abuse are largely involved the peace, happiness, virtue and prosperity of this place, have been, in a multitude of cases, committed to the basest, vilest, most despicable wretches in the community, to criminals and convicts, to keepers of notorious houses of assignation and prostitution, and especially to to men—and to women—infamous in the police reports and in the dockets of the criminal courts, for the ruin and havoc they had made in the unlawful exercise of this very business, and for the knavish tricks by which they had sought to evade conviction and punishment. To the persons who by their notorious character and antecedents were known to be likely under this commission to accomplish the greatest possible mischief and to accomplish mischief only, the trust has been given out lavishly, recklessly. Recklessly, did I say? No, not recklessly. It has been done knowingly, intelligently, with the wicked intention to accomplish a wicked purpose, and with cool, mendacious and fraudulent contrivance of the necessary means thereto.

This is the alleged crime. No man can successfully question the truth of the allegation. No honorable man will palliate the baseness of the act alleged. I shall have by-and-by, when I come to the question who it is that has been guilty of this crime, to speak more in detail of the particular instances of it; and with each new disclosure it will appear to you more and more revolting. It seems to me (though I may be mistaken through ignorance of the course of things in other towns) that there is a peculiar and exceptional turpitude in the guilt of it, which it would not be easy to parallel else-

where. To be sure there have been instances in which (as in San Francisco and New York) a municipal government has fallen into the hands of undisguised criminals and been run in the interest of crime. But what has been done here has been done by men who claim to represent the honesty and respectability of the community. It has been common enough for a law like ours to be administered in flagrant recklessness or ignorance ; but there has been no ignorance or recklessness here; on the contrary, there has been guilty knowledge and forethought. It is a common scandal, the winking at crime on the part of those who ought to detect and punish it; but I can hardly believe it to be common for the authorities of our towns to signalize the leading criminals of the place—known and marked as such by the branding of universal notoriety, and by the ear-cropping of judicial conviction—as persons to be distinguished by official favor, and to be equipped by the public authorities with the very tools and facilities of their crime. There are instances enough,—we read of them with virtuous horror, and wash our hands in innocence—of great towns in which vice abounds, and in which, despairing of extirpating the pest of houses of prostitution, they have ended by tolerating them under rigorous conditions that may in some degree restrict their power of mischief. We are shocked, and justly, as we read of Paris and Vienna, and St. Louis; but it has been reserved, so far as I know, for Norwich, for fair, rural Norwich, to take the keepers of its notorious brothels, without conditions, without police inspection—its brothels, just as they are, with all their hidden horrors, with all their infestations of theft, robbery, abduction and other crime, with all their corruption and putrefaction of disease—to take its brothel-keepers into the personal confidence of the town-officers, to fortify them with recommendations and vouchers of character, and so to procure for them a commission in the name of the State, which should serve them, and was expected and intended to serve them, as a permit to entice in their victims from the street, and ply them with the debaucheries of the bar-room, as a preparation and incitement to the filthier debaucheries to which the back-door of the bar-room leads. And, crowning shame and horror of the whole!—this monstrous public crime is committed in the name of the Town of Norwich, by its elected officers, and under the false, odious, calumnious pretense that it is in accordance with the express wish of us, the people.

II.

I come now to the second question which I had proposed to examine. I have exhibited the *corpus delicti*—the fact and body of the crime; I shall now push the inquiry, relentlessly, inexorably, let it strike where it will—the inquiry Who and What are the Criminals?

Fellow-citizens, I have received advice, for the sincerity and true friendliness of which I have a grateful respect, urging me, in what I may say this evening, to refrain from being *personal*. Gentlemen, I cannot, on my duty as a citizen, accept this advice. I must be personal. I shall be personal. I cannot, in this matter, be anything but personal, for it is a personal matter. It would be very easy to deal with it as a wrong in the abstract, an ideal wrong; and I have no doubt that if I were to deal with it thus I should have the approbation of many persons, including some whose approbation I would rather not have. It would be very easy to deal with it in the spirit of a Bulletin "local item." "The carriage was smashed, and the baby was killed, and the mother had her arm broken, and the father was lamed for life, *but no blame can be attached to the driver.*" [Laughter.] It would be very easy, and very useless. This is not at all one of those unfortunate accidents for which "no blame can be attached." It is not one of those "crimes in the abstract" which no one was ever known to commit. It is a very real, a very actual, a very personal crime indeed. Somebody has committed it, and it is necessary that the public should know who that "somebody" is. It is a very small and useless thing to expose the crime, unless we can also expose the criminal. And that I shall proceed to do. [Applause.]

I am bound to do it, in justice to the incriminated parties themselves. They have a right to demand that the public indignation and contempt toward them shall be distinctly articulated in definite charges, responsibly set forth, to give them an opportunity, not of defense, for there is no defense possible, but of saying whatever they can find to say in mitigation of the public judgment. When I bring them face to face with these charges which ought to disgrace them forever in the eyes of their fellow-citizens, I am only doing what, in like case, I would like that men should do unto me. If any man has anything against me, I want him to say it out openly, plainly, definitely, in the very way in which I am about to speak regarding others. [Applause.]

On the threshold of our inquiry we encounter the question,

which, I doubt not, some here have been for some time aching to put: Have not the people of Norwich themselves, by their vote, approved, sanctioned, or authorized just these very acts, so that they are in complicity with the crime, and primarily responsible and guilty? To which the answer is prompt, peremptory, absolute, indignant: No! No! and again, No! and a thousand times, No! Not once, by any sign or syllable, have the people of Norwich done any thing to involve themselves in the slightest degree with this hideous iniquity. The allegation of it is a convenient invention to relieve the conscience or character of the guilty party, but it is false; it is without the shadow of foundation; it is a calumny upon the people of this town.

Fellow-citizens; you and I have not been long acquainted; but you know me well enough, I think, to know that if I believed you guilty, as this assertion declares, I would not spare to tell you so to your face. [Applause.] But, thank God! *this* disgrace has never stained the fame of the beautiful city which I delight to call my home. What the people declared on this point, so far as they declared themselves at all, by the election of last fall, was the very opposite of this. When they voted that the License Law should be put in force, they declared their will that suitable persons, and none but suitable persons, should be either nominated or confirmed for license. They expressed no desire that this grave and perilous trust should be conferred on criminals and convicts, on brothel-keepers and debauchers of children. And to give emphasis to their will, they appointed at the same election, to have control over this business, with legal authority to nominate suitable persons, but with no authority of any kind to nominate any unsuitable person—men whose names, it was fondly believed, were a guarantee of faithfulness to a public trust, and especially to the trust of protecting the town from this very infamy and misery that has now befallen it. How absurd, how monstrous, to say that if the people had wanted this dirty job done, they would have put it into the absolute power of *such* selectmen to prevent it! No! take back that lie! the people of Norwich did not ask for this crime. They have no share in the guilt of it. [Applause.]

It is high time, at length, that we come to the real criminal. We must delay no longer to drag out before you, and hold up, in the fierce light of your indignant scorn, the name hitherto honorable, henceforth infamous, of the miserable man who has taken upon his soul the guilt of this abominable crime. The name of the ringleader

—the foremost responsible, guilty actor in this deed of shame—the man by whose perfidy, whose secrecy and stealth, whose breach of solemn promise, whose flagrant falsehood, under his own official signature, it has mainly been done—his name is * * * * wait a moment and listen to this document:

STATE OF CONNECTICUT, }
 TOWN OF NORWICH, } ss.
 County of New London. }

Whereas, William M. Green has applied to the Board of Commissioners of this County for a license to sell spirituous and intoxicating liquors, ale, lager beer and Rhine wine, at No. 3 Ferry street, in this County; and a copy of said application has been lodged and kept on file with the Town Clerk of this Town, subject to public inspection, at least two weeks prior hereto.

Now therefore, We, the undersigned, being a majority of the Board of Selectmen of said Town, having made due inquiry and investigation in the matter, do hereby recommend the said William M. Green to said Board of Commissioners as a suitable and fit person to be licensed for said purpose.

O. P. AVERY.

I pause there for the present, although that is not the whole of it; and I put this document in evidence, in the impeachment of Oliver P. Avery for malfeasance in office, before the people of Norwich, who have highly trusted him, and whom, in violation of his duty before the Most High God, he has betrayed and outraged.

Who is this William M. Green? and what is No. 3 Ferry street? To ask these questions anywhere in Norwich is to answer them. The sickening stench of this man's reputation poisons the air of the whole town, and infects the surrounding country. It creeps into our houses like a sewer-gas. His name is whispered from mouth to ear when it would be an offence against decency to speak it aloud, and wherever it is uttered it spreads contamination.

And what is No. 3 Ferry street? It is a house of widely-extended fame. It is not a house of good fame. It is a house of ill-fame. It is known to distant newspapers, and to County Commissioners, as the house from whose stock the steamer *Ella* was equipped, last summer, with her corps of prostitutes.* It is known to people gen-

*The Norwich correspondent of the *New Haven Register*, August 3, 1879, gave the following description of one of the unlawful excursions of this steamboat of ill-fame. The substantial truth of the description does not depend on this testimony alone, but can be proved by other witnesses: "A perfectly honorable and unprejudiced gentleman of this city, accompanied by his wife, was on board the boat, supposing that the excursionists would at least pay some respect to the day, or in any event that the officers of the boat would see that law and order prevailed. He says that long before the steamer reached her wharf in this city, he was heartily ashamed of the company in which he found himself, and on no account would he again patronize the craft with her present

erally as they pass it—the whited sepulchre, full within of all uncleanness. It is distinguished by its admirable position for business, close upon the only sidewalk by which the East Side Dépôt can be reached, so that your wives and your daughters are compelled to step almost upon its threshold, and so that its ambush commands the path of every country boy as he comes to the city, or departs, by that railroad. O, a very important institution is No. 3 Ferry Street, and very well known indeed. One of the law-officers of the town declares that it is not any better understood that Adin Cook's is a grocery, than that No. 3 Ferry Street is a brothel. One drawback only it has labored under. It needed some excuse for keeping an open shop-front for enticing in its victims; and Mr. Oliver P. Avery has done all that he honestly could, and some things that he could not do without foul dishonor, to secure this brothel in its position, and give it every needed facility for business.

But Mr. Oliver P. Avery did not know about this. He could not have known; for such a man as Oliver P. Avery never would have done this shameful thing knowingly, would he? I put it to you that know him,—would he have done it? Nay, I am sure he did not know anything about the bad character of this man and his house, for *he told me so himself*. [Laughter.] He saw me in the Post Office one day when the case of Green was pending before the County Commissioners, and came up to me uneasily to explain that this whole matter was a surprise to him—that up to that time he had never heard anything to the disparagement of Mr. Green or of his house; [Laughter.] And he is quite a near neighbor, too. He actually told me that. And I believed him, then; I really did!

O, I grow sick and weary often,—and who of us does not?—of this ever-renewing, never-ending story of deceit, and drunkenness, and corruption, and adultery, and murder, with which the very air about us seems reeking; and I wish that I might hide myself from

management on a Sunday excursion. Drunkenness and disorder were quickly visible on board, in the old men as well as the young, and a general hilarity seemed to be diffused among the party. No liquor was sold on the boat, but the thirsty passengers were frequently seen cooling their tongues with hearty draughts from capacious pocket flasks. A company of women from a house near the Norwich & Worcester depot (of which some of the 'fathers' have testified that it is a 'quiet and orderly place'), were along and during the day became so exhilarated that one of them had to be led off the boat on her return to this city. The bathing scenes and conduct of this party while at the Hill are also said to have been scandalous."

It is in accordance with the fitness of things that the signature of that officer of the steamboat company, who was most noted in 1879 for defying and insulting the laws of the State, should in 1880 be decorating the license that hangs in the "saloon" of that establishment, to which the excursions of his steamboat were indebted for their most conspicuous attraction.

the sounds and rumors and suspicions that are blown about on every breeze, in some sequestered cell within whose peaceful walls no word or thought of ill could ever penetrate; or in

—“a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Where rumors of corruption and deceit
Could never reach the ear,”

where one might dwell in peace and calm, feeding upon sweet, charitable thoughts, and dreaming fondly that all men were pure. And lo, at last I have found the very spot, where one would have least thought to find it—in the south-east corner of the City Hall, the Selectmen's office. [Laughter and applause.] All around, in Police Office, and City Court, and Superior Court, and lock-up, may be heard the tones of strife and wrong, but not within that partition.

“Against those hallowed walls, the storm
Of earth-born passion dies ”

Enter; you breathe a charmed air, for all this atmosphere is love and unsuspecting purity. These venerable forms are the SELECT MEN, [Laughter] the choice elect spirits of our age whose virgin purity no thought or suggestion of evil ever comes near enough to tarnish. [Laughter.] And supreme among them, selectest of the select, sits Oliver P. Avery, as Charity incarnate, thinking no evil and believing all things, [constant interruptions of laughter,] swaying his peaceful sceptre and with the guileness of a little child dispensing liquor-licenses to William M. Green and Patrick Shea. [Long laughter.]

For Mr. Avery had never heard a syllable lisped against the character of Mr. Green—he told me he never had. It is the finest instance in history to show

“how awful goodness is,
And virtue in her shape how lovely.”

The town-talk might be of the debauchery at Shea's place, or of the row at Green's. But none dared allude to such a subject within earshot of Avery. The crowd at the street-corner would pause in the middle of an anecdote, as he approached, and say “Hush—sh—sh! here comes Avery!” [Laughter.] And so he never heard any thing against William M. Green. [Prolonged laughter.]

In fact he took pains, and resorted to stratagems, I must say it,—to dishonest stratagems, to *avoid* hearing anything against any applicant for license. While the applications were piling up for two

weeks at the Town Clerk's Office, I went again and again to the Selectmen to ask a hearing on the character of these applicants, and was always encouraged to expect it. Others went on the same business, and received a distinct, definite promise that no recommendations for license would be made until we had been notified so that we might present our objections. We trusted in this promise, and waited, and waited, and the next news that we had was that the recommendations were in the hands of the commissioners, signed by the Selectmen. And that is one more way in which it happened that Mr. O. P. Avery had never heard anything against Mr. Green, or Mr. Gordon, or Mr. Shea, or Mr. Bouchard, or Mrs. Delanoy, or Mr. Moriarty, or the rest.

This also is a thing which Mr. Avery seemed to think required explanation, the day that he found me in the Post Office. And I feel bound to give him the full benefit of his explanation in his own words, as nearly as I can remember them. It was this: that the promise which was given in the name of the Selectmen was given by Mr. Willoughby, "and Willoughby, you know, is nothing but an old fiddle-faddle, anyway." [Roars of laughter.]

But Mr. Avery *inquired* about Green; and not only inquired but *investigated*; he says so distinctly, under his official signature. And it was after due inquiry, and investigation, that he found him suitable for this public trust. Mr. Avery, Mr. Avery, the public have a right to know something about this matter. Tell us, if you please, *Where* did you inquire about the character of Green? Did you step out of your office door and down to the foot of the stairs, and ask of the police what their perfectly distinct understanding is about the character of Green's house? Did you ask of the practising lawyers and prosecuting attorneys of this city and county whether Green's house was known in incidental connection with criminal or divorce proceedings, or look up the nameless story that is in circulation—what name it involves I do not know—about a young business man ruined by one of the she-devils that are harbored there? Did it occur to you to go to Mr. Montgomery, (a very natural person to go to,) to get the exact facts of the horrible story of a young girl from the country, a mere child of sixteen, held captive in that den of infamy, to be prostituted to Mr. Green's customers? Did you inquire of employers of labor in that neighborhood whether they had had any trouble in consequence of their employees' being enticed into Green's house and debauched? Did you go to the principal physicians of the city, and ask how many patients in a month come to them rotting with

a disease that is itself a crime, which they declare to have been contracted at the house of Green? I have not inquired of the physicians but physicians have told me, for I too am a physician, and it is no breach of professional confidence when I, without mentioning names, declare this to be a fact. Did you look in any of these places, or inquire and investigate in any of these directions? If not, where did you inquire, and where did you investigate? And what were the good qualities which you found in William M. Green to render him suitable for this public trust? Or were you, perhaps, satisfied at once with the sight of his honest, benevolent face, with his prepossessing appearance, and with the charms of his conversation? [Loud laughter.]

But no, you were not satisfied with mere surface virtues, you inquired; and not only inquired, but investigated. You said you did. When? Where? How, did you investigate? Do you remember, Mr. Avery, that I asked you this question that day that you came to me in the Post Office and wanted to explain? You told me that you had not inquired at all, that you knew nothing about the man. "Then," said I, "that paper was what some people would call a—*a legal fiction?*" "Yes," you answered, "that was the way all of them read." A "*legal fiction!*" That is a technical term. Can you tell me the English for it?

I think I never knew a man confess more calmly to a deliberate and mischievous—"legal fiction" than he did then and there. But I must do him the justice to say that he did not look as if he was proud of it.

Now I cannot go on through the list of known, notorious criminals in whose case, Mr. Avery, you repeated this wilful and wicked falsehood. This case of Green was not, in all respects, the worst. The cases of Pat Shea and John Keough, for instance, under actual conviction for debauching children, are worse in this, that you had the record of the court within your reach, and could not plead any uncertainty about them. In fact, as we pass from name to name among the criminals whom you have distinguished with your favor, it is hard to say which is the worst, when each has some peculiar vileness. It does seem, indeed, as if you had "inquired and investigated"—as if you had dragged the sewers with a seine to fish up the filthiest human creatures that could be found wallowing in that mire. I do not charge that you have. I only say that *if* you had, you would have fished up many of the same persons.

Let me not fail to give this perfidious man the benefit of every point of his defense. He did not, he claims, give his approval to

every applicant. So I have heard. I am told, on good authority, that when the list was first presented by the Selectmen to a certain County Commissioner who is not charged by his worst enemy with any sentimental scruples, or any morbid delicacy of stomach on moral questions, the Commissioner glanced at certain names and exclaimed with surprise, "you don't really mean to send us those names, do you?"—and gave back the list again; and when it got back a second time to the Commissioners, some names were dropped. The mess which had been stirred up by the Temperance Selectmen actually turned the stomach of—a certain County Commissioner! We give Mr. Avery the benefit of his plea—that he kept back *some* names. But what! what, in the name of vice, crime and immorality, *could* those names be which he *didn't* approve. [Laughter.]

But he says that the pressure of applications 'was great, and he could not discriminate. But he *did* discriminate. He boasts that he did. And I know that he did. He left out poor Isabella Nordheim, the friend of Mr. Calvin Rawson, who does not hesitate to countersign with his respectable autograph over against her chaste signature—I beg pardon, "her mark"—and to risk a thousand dollars on his confidence in her correct conduct under the law; a touching proof of unselfish regard on Mr. Rawson's part! And yet, after this palpable favoritism in preferring Mr. Green, and Mr. Gordon, and Mrs. Delanoy, to poor slighted Mrs. Nordheim, Mr. Avery has the assurance to come before the public, *per alium*, in the Bulletin, and plead that he "could not discriminate!"

And finally, there is this most extraordinary plea in mitigation of sentence that was ever offered by a convicted criminal—that Mr. Avery *did not like* this business of licensing criminals. He was an earnest friend of temperance and morals, and he did not want to do it. He would not do it for "fifty dollars." [Laughter.] Fifty? No, he was quite sure he would not be willing to do it for *fifty* dollars.

This protestation of incorruptible virtue brings to mind an incident in the early life of that eminent citizen and financier, the late James Fisk, Jr., of New York. He had started out on a peddling expedition, over a route which had formerly been traveled by his father on the same business. At one of the houses where he stopped, the lady of the house, when he gave his name, looked him sharply in the face and asked, "Ain't you a son of that lying old Fisk that used to come this way peddling? He'd tell a lie any time for a York shilling."

"Madam," replied the young man, with dignity, "you wrong that

good old man. He *is* my father, and I know that he would not tell a lie for a shilling. But I think that perhaps he might tell eight of them for a dollar." [Laughter.]

To Mr. Avery a small retail transaction in this infamy had no attractions. It was only when the vile deeds were to be done by dozens and scores at once, that he became accessible to temptation.

I believe him in all that he says on this point. He does speak the truth, frequently; [Laughter.] and I believe that he is speaking the truth in this. He did not want to do this vile work. But he did it.

So Herod did not want to murder John the Baptist. He would rather have given, not "fifty dollars," but the half of his kingdom, than to do it. But he did it.

And Pontius Pilate did not want to crucify the Lord of glory. He tried several expedients to avoid the necessity of it. But he did it.

And Judas Iscariot would not betray his Master for twenty-nine pieces of silver. But he did it for thirty.

And so Oliver P. Avery did not want to betray his town into the power of its worst criminals. He saw the wickedness of this and loathed it. He wouldn't do it for—well, no, not for "fifty dollars." [Laughter.] But he did it.

Mr. Avery, what *would* you do it for? Mr. Avery, what *did* you do it for? For YOU DID DO IT.

Don't mistake me, fellow-citizens. I am not insinuating that this man has been paid for his dirty work in *cash*. I do not believe it at all. I do not suppose he could be corrupted in that way. What the inducement was that overcame his reluctance I have no idea or suspicion. I only know what he tells us, that he considered it was worth more than "fifty dollars." [Laughter.] Perhaps it was to give a score or two of poor wretches a chance to make a living by impoverishing their neighbors. Perhaps it was to save the Republican Party. Perhaps it was to provoke a reaction against the License Law. *How* Satan tempted him, I do not know. Only he was tempted and he fell. Under the shadow of this great disgrace, under the consciousness of this great crime, let him go on through his declining years, poor, poor old man, not with the contempt, only, of his fellow-citizens, but with their pity, and with some kindly remembrance of the better things that he has done. False as he has been to his trust, basely as he has betrayed his town into the hands of criminals, remember how long and well he served it until that evil hour, and walk back and cover the old man's shame with the mantle of a charitable oblivion.

Another name of the signers of the recommendation of William M. Green as a suitable man for this public trust is the name of Captain Potter. Like Mr. Avery, Captain Potter is a strong Temperance man. He is a very zealous, extreme, radical Temperance man—a prohibitionist. He was nominated as such, I am assured, and elected as such. Good citizens voted to give the Selectmen the power of nominating for license, feeling that this power would be safe from abuse in such hands as Captain Potter's. When the License vote was passed, people said, "Captain Potter will have no hand in any wrong-doing under this law." When the horrible doings of the Board of Selectmen transpired to the public knowledge, people said to me, "I think you will find that Captain Potter has had no hand in this dirty business." Fellow-citizens, from the beginning of this dirty business, so far as I am able to discover, Captain Potter has had his hand, has had both his hands, up to the wrists, up to the elbows, up to the shoulders, in the very nastiest of it. [Loud laughter.]

And Captain Potter, too, seems to feel that he needs an apology, and he shall have the full benefit of it. And this is his apology—

CAPTAIN POTTER (*interrupting*). I never made an apology; I have no apology to make for anything I have done about this business.

MR. BACON I wish to give Captain Potter every possible opportunity for correcting any statement I may make. I accept his correction. This, then, is what I understood to be his apology, as he delivered it to me himself, in the room of the Selectmen at the City Hall, before his crime was yet consummated: That selling liquor is a mean, low-lived business, and therefore when he recommended a suitable man for it, he ought to recommend a mean, low-lived fellow. He actually—

CAPTAIN POTTER: That does not give a true impression at all. What I said was that "*some people said* that a suitable man for license was a mean, low-lived fellow."

MR. BACON: I thank Captain Potter for the correction, which I accept for what it is worth. I beg that he will come up on the platform, and feel free to make any further correction or reply that he may wish to make before this audience; and I trust, fellow-citizens, that you will give him a fair and patient hearing.

CAPTAIN POTTER signified that he would wait until the close of the address before saying more.

MR. BACON: This, then, as amended by himself, is what he delivered to me in such a way that I understood it to be his defense

or apology for doing the very thing that he was doing, and which "some people said" it was right to do. He actually repeated this stale temperance-meeting joke with a grave face, as if he seriously accepted it as a rule of duty. And I don't know but he really and sincerely did. I am willing to make every concession which the largest charity requires, and admit, what his apology implies (if it is his apology—and you will observe that he has not yet denied, and does not deny, that it is his sentiment), I am willing to admit that he is the honest, dull-minded fanatic that he thereby claims to be:—that he has so muddled himself with the intoxicating extravagances of prohibitionist orators, that he has become incapable of seeing any moral difference between licensing a druggist and licensing a tippling-house or a brothel. And so he stigmatizes as "mean and low-lived" the very business which the temperance men of Norwich, a year ago, moved heaven and earth and the Connecticut Legislature to set on foot, when they made Follett and Dearden town-agents, and made us all—Montgomery, Chamberlain and all the rest of us that have taxes to pay—shareholders in the profits of a retail liquor-shop. For that, you understand, is what we mean by Prohibition. [Applause.] The License-law provides that certain suitable persons—fit to be trusted with so hazardous an occupation—may, under great precautions, receive permits to engage in this business on their own account. The No-License plan contemplates that we all go into the liquor-business together, on joint account, through our town-agents, and divide the profits or losses at the end of the year. And which of these ways of regulating the liquor-business is most effective of good results to society, is very earnestly and sometimes acrimoniously debated among good citizens. And it is this very business—is it?—which was instituted here by the most energetic exertions of the leaders of the Prohibition cause, which you declare (if I understand you) to be a mean, low-lived business, for which no one is "suitable" but a mean, low-lived fellow; and you recommend none but "suitable" men. Well, there is one aspect of the case, Captain Potter, that I don't care to discuss with you. You may settle it with the parties interested; for it strikes me that you have opened an account of some magnitude with Colonel Hugh Osgood and Mr. Douglass Sevin*, and that you will do well to be asking Mr. Shields what you had better say to them when they call you to account for defamation of character. [Laughter.]

*Two respectable druggists of Norwich.

Now, of course, we know what Captain Potter and all such muddle-headed people will answer to this. They will say at once, "We don't mean to speak against decent and respectable shops that want a license in order to sell to proper persons and for proper uses. What we object to is those fountains of vice and misery, grog-shops and bar-rooms." Then what do you license grog-shops and bar-rooms for? Do you say that the License-law requires it? Not in any line or letter! The whole history of the License-law, as well as every word of its text, shows that it was meant to prevent this very thing—the opening of fountains of vice—of grog-shops and bar-rooms. Who asked you to cover the face of this fair town with these infamous resorts? The people of Norwich? No! By a vast majority they clothed you with absolute power to prevent it. In doing it you have acted not according to law, but in violation of the law, and have not fulfilled, but broken, the people's trust. [Cheering and cries of Good! good!]

But I want to give Mr. Potter the entire benefit of his excuse, for I still understand it to be his only excuse. He holds that the selling of alcoholic liquors is a mean and low-lived business, and that it takes a mean and low-lived fellow to perform it. It follows, of course, that the recommending of such fellows for license is a mean and low-lived transaction, and that it requires a mean and low-lived Selectman to do *that*. [Laughter.] "Logic is logic, that's all I say." And do we not understand that these two highly moral and prohibitionist Selectmen, whose zeal for righteousness quite puts to shame our lukewarmness, frankly accept this situation: "The whole license business is wicked, base, mean, dishonorable,—no decent or honorable man will touch it with one of his fingers;—but if you will have it done, we have not the slightest objection to doing it for you." Is not this the position of these "temperance" Selectmen? I have never heard of their standing up indignantly when it was proposed to make them the instruments of conferring licenses, and declaring, "We will resign our offices before we will touch this accursed business." O no! nothing of the kind! They only said: this is base—monstrously base and wicked business, this giving of licenses; but if you want it done we will do it for you. I do not pretend to know, but it hardly seems probable to me that you could find a pair of half-decent local Democratic politicians, who would not have been above doing the things that have just been done by these two eminent Prohibitionists. [Applause.] It is a lesson to me, as long as I live, never, by any word or vote of mine, to aid in placing such

besotted Prohibitionist fanatics in a position which they can possibly betray to the enemies of society. [Applause.]

There is no need of saying anything about Mr. Willoughby. [Laughter.] So far as I have observed, he has never showed (as the others have) the slightest shame for his acts, or the slightest glimpse of consciousness that there was anything wrong in them. I do not know Mr. Willoughby. Mr. Avery does know him well, and sums up his intellectual qualities in these words: "Willoughby is nothing but an old fiddle-faddle, anyway." [Continued shouts of laughter.] Don't let us be too hard on Mr. Willoughby. Only he has not quite the stuff to make a Selectman of; and I do hope that when the next town election approaches, some of you will speak to the gentleman, whoever it is, that packs your caucuses for you—and by the way, perhaps some of you can tell me who does the caucus-packing for this town [Voices: "Greene; Paul B. Greene," and laughter,] Well, whoever it is, I hope some of you will go to him and ask him to *please* not make up the next Board of Selectmen out of a traitor, and a fanatic, and an "old fiddle-faddle." [Applause.]

We have now dispatched the case of the principal criminals. By their faithlessness and fraud the first and most difficult step in this course of wrong had been successfully achieved without interruption or question. We prepared now, under immense disadvantages, to follow the matter up to the bar of the County Commissioners. I stood there alone, with my counsel; and how I happened to be alone, gentlemen of the Reform club, I leave it to you to explain. [Applause.] I was utterly inexperienced in such business, and, being a new-comer, was unacquainted with the antecedents of the criminals who thronged the room waiting to be set up in business. The burden of proof, we felt, rested justly upon us, under the immense presumption created by that sheaf of documents from the Selectmen, solemnly declaring, under their individual signatures, that they had inquired and investigated in every case, and knew the applicant to be worthy. We were required to furnish proof that would have been sufficient to convict in a criminal court, and we had no power to summon witnesses, nor to put the applicants under oath. We could only appeal to the public, to come forward with testimony; and not one syllable was I allowed to say to the public through the *Bulletin*, in this desperate struggle to save the town of Norwich from the present calamity and disgrace,—not one syllable was I allowed to communicate to the public through the *Bulletin*, except by paying for it out of my own pocket, at full advertising rates. It was not

to be hoped for that we should be able to accomplish anything at all, at such disadvantage. But it seemed a duty to try. Our one hope was this: people told us that among the County Commissioners were two honest, upright, conscientious men, men who were *not* open, defiant impudent violators of law; men who were something superior to the mere caucus-packing, trading politician; men who were *not* open scoffers at the very idea of righteousness, and high loyalty to God; men who would regard their official duty *not* as a mere matter of signing papers and drawing fees, but as a matter of conscience; men, especially, who were distinguished by their earnest, faithful, consistent activity for the promotion of Temperance and morality. And which two, out of the entire list of County Commissioners, these were, I am not going to tell you, for I regard the communication as quasi-confidential.* But we felt that with two such men before us, there was some chance.

Ah, me! I find myself beginning to grow weary of these men of very lofty and superior principles so devoted, to public morals and the cause of Temperance that they are even willing, when urged, to run for office on that ticket. I almost feel, as I think of the course this business has taken, as if I liked the other kind better. They, at least, cannot *betray* us.

Presently there appeared in the County Commissioners' Room, that unspeakable creature Green—I mean *William M. Green*, don't misunderstand me, [loud laughter] and the endorsement of his worthiness was presented. His notorious character was exhibited under oath of several witnesses, and notwithstanding all his services to the steamer *Ella*, his application was rejected, and Norwich breathed more freely.

Another case was that of Pat Shea, of Taftsville. He was a convict, but convictions passed for very little in that peculiar court. It so happened, however, that we were able to bring into court, by their own consent, the witnesses to one of Shea's most loathsome outrages. The poor child whom he had debauched and sent home dead drunk to his father and mother, who were perplexed and terrified, never dreaming how much worse a thing than deadly sickness had befallen their boy; and the father nobly willing to relate the shame of his household, if so he might save other homes from the like—they were both there. They told their story; there was no denying or resisting it. Before our case was closed, to save the call-

* The Commissioners of New London County for the current term, were Messrs. Paul E. Greene, of Norwich, Stevens, of New London, and Geer, of Lebanon.

ing of further witnesses, the Commissioners gave into our hands *their written promise* that Shea should not be licensed; and Taftville was a happier village that night.

This was early in November. A week or two ago, it began to be remarked by citizens that Green and Shea seemed to be doing business again. On inquiry it appeared that they had both of them had their licenses for a considerable time. At some opportune moment, when every one's back was turned, the upright and conscientious Commissioners who had but just now given their written promise not to do that wicked thing, seized their occasion and did it. And the fact was kept out of the newspaper "by *inadvertence!*" [Laughter.] Yes, "inadvertence!" Who arranged the "inadvertence" we are not informed. The County Commissioners, it may be presumed. I am sure it was not Mr. Pierson (the Bulletin reporter), for he always does his best to get the news. But somebody contrived an "inadvertence" for keeping it out of the papers.

And now for the sequel of this act. Last Tuesday I met the pastor of the church in Taftville, who told me an incident in his recent pastoral experience. The last Sunday but one before that, there had been received to the communion of his church a simple-minded person, not very intelligent, but one who did seem, to the best judgment of those who spoke with him, to be an honest, penitent believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and to desire the help of Christian fellowship to aid him in the right way; and so they received him to the communion of the Lord's supper. And the very next Sunday, that is to say, a week ago last Sunday, he was got into Pat Shea's shop, and sent back to the evening meeting of his church, drunk. And this is the work of Mr. Oliver P. Avery and of Captain Potter!

Captain Potter! when you go home to-night from this meeting, and when, before you go to bed, you take down that good book which I do not doubt that it is your habit to consult, find that passage in which Jesus Christ declares "whoso shall cause to stumble one of these little ones that believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea!" [A solemn silence.]

And now Pat Shea is on his defense before the County Commissioners on the charge of having broken the law and so forfeited his license. I am a little diffident about suggesting a line of defense to so entirely competent a gentleman as he has retained for his lawyer. But if Mr. Shields is here, and I believe he is—he said he was going

to be, though I warned him of the possible consequences—I would like to suggest this as a competent line of defense: That Patrick Shea was nominated and appointed to sell intoxicating liquors with the distinct understanding and expectation, on the part both of the Selectmen and of the County Commissioners, that he was to go on and do the very thing which they knew that he had always been doing, and that it would be gross injustice on their part to interfere with him for carrying out their implied instructions. This, if I may be allowed to suggest, would be a very pretty line of defense to take up.

Another act of these two bodies of zealous prohibitionist officials is interesting in various ways, and among others for its connection with Bean Hill. That beautiful rural region, a lovely specimen of that fairest form of human habitation upon earth, the New England country village, is notoriously tyrannized and terrorized by a gang of ruffians connected with the grog-shops of the place. The inhabitants of it groan under the intolerable affliction, but do not dare to remonstrate openly, out of terror for person and property—the burning of their barns, and assaults at night upon the public streets. If you want facts to prove this, I can give them to you. The acknowledged ringleader of this mischief was John Keough; and prompt and early among the list of applicants for license, John Keough's name appeared. The remainder of the story of John Keough, I will read you from a memorandum furnished me by Mr. Ripley, the City Attorney.

Last Spring, John Keough, a grocery dealer at Bean Hill, was prosecuted for violation of the so-called "reputation-clause" of the liquor law. The city court found him guilty, and imposed the full pecuniary penalty of the law. Keough appealed. His case was tried by a jury, at the June term, 1879. Keough is a man of property, and was most ably and ingeniously defended. The jury promptly returned a verdict of *guilty*. Keough had frequently been arrested for kindred offenses, and such gross and violent disturbances were proved to have arisen from the traffic at his place, that the Attorney for the State moved that he be sentenced to imprisonment as well as fine. The Judge (Culver), without hesitation, passed sentence of thirty days in jail. Keough was committed, but was afterwards released pending a motion in error in his case which has not yet been determined; but this motion is founded on a pure technicality. It does not suggest that the verdict was against evidence, or that the sentence was inappropriate.

During the fall, and before the License vote, Keough was again arrested for selling to a minor. He appealed, and cut the State off from offering the most revolting evidence of a sale to a boy not

thirteen years old. The child was thrown into delirium by the liquor, and was found in an out-house in a demented condition. While in that condition the child told the story of the sale, and was brutally assaulted by Keough's wife.

Objection was made to Keough's license, before the County Commissioners—

[Let me say, by the way, that it was the City Attorney himself, the writer of this memorandum, who, to his great honor as a public officer, at no man's suggestion, but simply out of his interest in the public welfare, took it upon himself to present the objection.]

— and it was learned from them that no recommendation of Keough had come to them. From the Selectmen it was learned that Keough's application had not been approved—that it had been rejected by reason of objections made by the citizens of his once quiet neighborhood.

The above facts were then substantially stated to the First Selectman [Mr. Avery] and the objector reported to the County Commissioners that he was pleased to learn from the Selectmen that they would not be troubled with Keough's application. The objector knew nothing further of the matter until he learned from the public prints that Keough was licensed. [Cries of Shame!]

O, you cry Shame at this! What will you say when you come to the next page of the story? I said that this memorandum of Mr. Ripley contained the remainder of the story of Keough. But it is not quite the whole of it. If we had not got quite beyond the possibility of being surprised by any revelation of wickedness, cowardice and falsehood in this whole affair, you would be surprised at that which I am about to tell you, and which I learned this morning in the County Commissioners' Room, while waiting for Pat Shea's trial to begin. I learned it from the lips of Mr. County Commissioner Greene himself, that all the while that they were listening to these remonstrances and answering that there was no such name before them—all the while that the Selectmen were giving assurance that they had not recommended and would not recommend Keough's application—all the while that the Commissioners were accepting the City Attorney's congratulations that they were not to be troubled by any such application,—all this while, the application of John Keough, recommended by the signatures of the Selectmen, was on file in the possession of the County Commissioners, to whom it had been sent up with the very first batch on the first day of November.

In connection with the name of Keough, as licensed on the same day, January 12th, I happened to hear the Commissioners mention

another name, that of John Gaines, and apropos of John Gaines, a friend has given me another memorandum that is of interest to us:

John Gaines. Thomas Street, Licensed dealer, was licensed January 12th [last Monday.] Was arrested on the 16th [last Friday] on complaint of his family, crazy drunk. On the 17th [last Saturday] was too wild to be presented for trial and was taken from the lock-up on the 17th for medical treatment as an extreme case of *delirium tremens*.

And since I am about it, let me also read this little personal item which comes to me from an official pen:

Stephen Moriarty, Licensed dealer, Greeneville. On the 15th inst. [last Thursday] was arrested crazy drunk, brandishing an axe in the street in front of his "saloon" where he had attracted a crowd of hundreds of spectators. On the 16th [last Friday] he was sentenced by the city court to twenty days in the jail. Appealed, gave bonds and was released. On the 17th [day before yesterday] the first scene was repeated, with exaggerated variations, and he is now in the lock-up with *delirium tremens*. His habits have been for years a great deal better known than those of the river by which he lives, and he has been "running down" a great deal faster.

I am resolved that I will give to every man concerned in this chain of Crimes against Society the full benefit of any defense that he may choose to offer, or that his friends may choose to offer for him. The defense in the case of these two champions of temperance on the Board of County Commissioners is this: that they have *changed their mind* about their legal authority in the premises. They have taken counsel on the question, no doubt, in a quiet way, with some jurist learned in liquor cases, whose opinion outweighs entirely the clear, decided, unhesitating opinion of two such modest gentlemen as Judge Foster and Jeremiah Halsey, and they have changed their mind.

"And hasn't a man a right to change his mind, I would like to know?" Well, yes; a man has a right to change his mind; and a woman too, they say. And that is just what we have done. We have changed our mind about some members of the Board of Selectmen and about two highly moral and conscientious members of the Board of County Commissioners, whom we used to consider honest men; only which two it is, I shall not venture to tell you. I have inquired with some interest which of these two men it is that has put his hand to those two documents for the licensing of William M. Green and of Patrick Shea; and I discover that for the distribu-

tion of responsibility and for the ease of their consciences they have agreed to divide the dirty work between them; and one takes the brothel, and the other the debaucher of children.

III.

A very few words will suffice, now, for the third and concluding part of this long discourse, in which I had proposed to consider what is our duty as good citizens—what ought to be done, and what can be done—in view of this crime against Society.

For, first, gentlemen of the Reform Club, I do not feel at all sure that you *want* to do anything. Do you? How is it? Are you not pretty well satisfied with the course things have been taking? Do you not take satisfaction in witnessing widespread demoralization and debauchery, as likely to bring about a reaction in favor of your pet law? I do not know whether you feel so or not, but I do know that there are those who do. I have been shocked to hear this sentiment coolly enunciated in this community by Christian men and Christian ministers. It is not only declared but acted on here amongst us. Christian men and ministers have given it as a reason for refusing aid to any effort to prevent the monstrous abuses which I have set before you, that they did not want to prevent them—that “the people had voted License, and they wanted that the people should get enough of it.” They were calmly, in cold blood, willing to let debauchery and vice run riot for twelve months, delivering fortunes to bankruptcy, and families to misery and a broken heart, and bodies to disease and death, and souls to perdition, in hopes that it will have a favorable effect on the next election! Why, it is one of the stock arguments in favor of a “prohibitory” law—you may find it set down as such in Judge Pitman’s book—that “temperance men,” as they call themselves, are resolved that they will give no aid nor countenance to the enforcement of a license-law. And it is my simple belief that this notion lies somewhere down about the roots of this very crime that has been committed in this town—the unwillingness of “temperance” politicians to see any good accomplished by any law except their own favorite. A hideous combination! a monstrous offspring got by Fanaticism out of Vice, this plot to make the existing law odious! Gentlemen prohibitionists, if this is your little game, to coerce the decent people of this town into supporting your pet project of legislation, by a vile coalition between church, grog-shop and brothel, I think we can promise

you to see that your sinful little game is blocked. If there is going to be a confederacy between an Avery and a William M. Green, a Potter and a DeLanoy, and a Shea, and a Mrs. Isabella Nordheim, with her friend and bondsman, Mr. Calvin G. Rawson [laughter]—if there is going to be “a covenant with death and an agreement with hell,” we can assure you, on better authority than our own, that “your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand;” for the overflowing indignation of honest men shall sweep away your refuge of lies and your covert of falsehood, and ye shall be trodden down by it. [Applause.]

You think to make this License-Law odious—a perfectly righteous and honest law, against which the only thing which can be justly urged is that you believe that another law is better; no man can lay his finger on any section or line of this law that authorizes any wrong, or aims at anything but public good. No party or coalition can make this law odious by thwarting it, and defeating it, and defrauding the public of its honest application and execution. There is one party that you have it in your power to make odious by a conspiracy of this kind, if you choose to enter into it; and if you want me to tell you who this party is, it is yourselves.

What can we do? Well, dear friends, we can do very little—very little indeed, to rectify this infamous wrong for these nine months to come. We have been betrayed, and the ruin is irrevocable. Something may yet be done to hold in some little check the dogs of havoc that have been let loose upon our town. But the most that we can do, after all, is to mark the traitors who have wrought the ruin, and teach our children and the whole people to abhor their treason. [Long continued applause, again and again renewed.]

NEW TEMPERANCE PUBLICATIONS.

The American Temperance Publishing House has just issued the following publications, which should be widely circulated:

Temperance Lectures, by John B. Gough.

No. 1. OUR BATTLE CRY: TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

No. 2. THE FORCE OF APPETITE.

No. 3. THE ONLY REMEDY.

Each lecture contains 24 pages, in paper cover, and is illustrated by a fine wood engraving of Mr. Gough, and also his autograph, which alone is worth the price of the pamphlet. Price 10 cents each; per dozen, \$1.00. The three lectures in one pamphlet, **25**

American Temperance Speaker.—12mo. 96 pp. Compiled by J. S. Ogilvie. Paper cover, **25**

A collection of new and first-class Readings and Recitations, both prose and verse, also three excellent dialogues by the leading temperance advocates, suitable for Declamation, Recitation, Public and Parlor Readings. Every organization should have copies of this book for their entertainments.

Packet of Handbill Tracts—No. 1. Containing 125 tracts. **25**

Packet of Handbill Tracts—No. 2. Containing 125 tracts. **25**

Packet of Handbill Tracts—No. 3. Containing 125 tracts. **25**

Packet of Handbill Tracts—No. 4. Containing 125 tracts. **25**

Packet of Handbill Tracts—No. 5. Containing 125 tracts. **25**

Packet of Handbill Tracts—No. 6. Containing 125 tracts. **25**

These one-page tracts are just the thing for all public meetings, and for distribution by societies and individuals through any community. Send for a packet, and examine them.

Illuminated Chromo Pledge Card. One contains the Triple Pledge, and the other the Simple Pledge. Per 100, **2.00**

American Temperance Stationery Package. Containing 20 sheets of Note Paper, 20 Envelopes, 8 Illuminated Chromo Cards, a Pen, Penholder, and Pencil, **25**

AGENTS WANTED to introduce it. Men and Women, Boys and Girls, can make from Three to Five Dollars a day, selling it, because every one that is sold will sell another one. Liberal terms offered. Send for particulars,

Illuminated Temperance Cards. Price, per packet, **25**

This is a very handsome set of twelve illuminated cards, with Temperance Texts on, which may be used as reward cards, or for general distribution. Giving one of these beautiful cards to a child in your Temperance Society, or Sabbath School, may be the means of forming habits of sobriety, which will endure through life. Will you not send for a packet, and try the experiment?

CONCERT EXERCISES.

We have just published two very interesting and practical exercises which every Sabbath School and juvenile organization should have. They have been prepared by Mrs. E. H. Thompson, who has given much time and thought to this phase of Sabbath School and juvenile instruction.

No. 1. THE CHRISTIAN'S JOURNEY.

No. 2. THE STORY OF REDEEMING LOVE.

No. 2 is appropriate for a Christmas service, or it can be used to advantage at any other time.

They contain 16 pages each. Price 6 cents each. Per dozen, 60 cents.

In order to introduce them a sample copy of either of them will be sent to any address on receipt of a three cent stamp, to pay postage. Any of the above publications will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address,

J. S. OGILVIE, Publisher,
29 Rose Street, New York.

A CRIME AGAINST SOCIETY!

BY REV. LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON.

12MO. 36 PAGES. PRICE, 10 CENTS.

This is one of the most powerful arraignments ever published of the liquor traffic and of public officials who allow themselves to be used in its interest and for its advancement. Nothing has been published since the famous sermon on "Deacon Giles's Distillery" which has created such an intense interest and excitement among the liquor dealers and those who uphold them, and, in fact, among all classes of people. If any organization or individual desires to wake up or revive the interest upon the question of Temperance no better document than this can be circulated. We believe that this and similar publications will be to the Temperance Cause what "Helpers' Impending Crisis" was to the question of slavery in this country.

The author is one of the most able and gifted men of the present day, and his thoughts are worthy the careful attention of all good people.

The price has been made low so that it may be widely circulated. Price 10 cents each; \$1.00 per dozen, post-paid; \$7.00 per hundred, sent by express at the expense of the party ordering them.

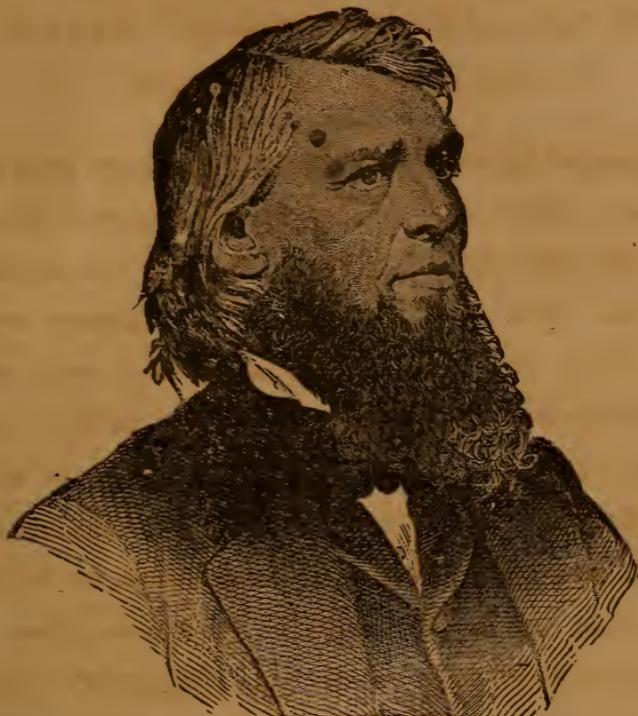
Address

The American Temperance Publishing House,

J. S. OGILVIE, Publisher,

29 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.

Temperance Lectures



By **JOHN B. GOUGH.**

No. 1. Our Battle Cry: Total Abstinence.

No. 2. The Power of Appetite.

No. 3. The Only Remedy

The AMERICAN TEMPERANCE PUBLISHING HOUSE is doing good by giving to the thousands who have never had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Gough's words of eloquence the opportunity of reading them. In many places great difficulty is often experienced in obtaining a suitable temperance lecturer, and it will be found that these lectures will often fill the place and supply such a demand. They are printed in neat pamphlet form, of 24 pages each, and contain Mr. Gough's portrait and autograph. Price, 10 cents each, \$1.00 per dozen. The three lectures are also published in one pamphlet, price 25 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

☞ All Temperance Publications supplied at **LOWEST RATES.** Send for a catalogue and full particulars. Agents wanted, to whom the most liberal terms are offered. Address

J. S. OGILVIE, Publisher,

29 Rose Street, New York.

THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE SPEAKER

No. 1.

12mo. 96 Pages. Price, *paper cover*, 25 cents ;
Compiled by J. S. OGILVIE.

The American Temperance Publishing House has just published a choice collection of Dialogues, Readings, Recitations, and Addresses, designed for use in all adult and juvenile organizations, and which should be in the hands of all who are interested in Temperance Work, or in arranging entertainments for Sabbath and Day Schools. The following is the

C O N T E N T S

PROSE.

An Honest Publican's Advertisement.....	80
Call for Help, A.....	71
Discontented Pendulum, The.....	75
Drinking Destroys the Intellect.....	90
Fire! Fire!.....	60
Glass of Cold Water, A.....	18
Mrs. Tompkins goes to a Spelling Rec.....	62
Power of Alcohol, The.....	7
What the Liquor Traffic Does.....	54
Which Will You Choose?.....	52

DIALOGUES.

Band of Hope Spectacles.....	44
Temperance and Religion.....	13
The Vagrants.....	85
The Wife's Mistake.....	22

POETRY.

Angel's Visit, The.....	10
Auction, The.....	66
Beware!.....	17
Curious Dose, The.....	63
Death of the Reveller, The.....	82
Don't Drink, Boys!.....	19
Down in the Mire.....	78
Drunkard, The.....	41
Dying Girl, The.....	94
Farewell to the Bottle.....	31
Father's Example, The.....	42
I Drink Water.....	12
Is it True?.....	30
Landlord, The.....	9
Little Soldier, The.....	20
Little Shoes, The.....	55
Mournful Story, A.....	33
My Beautiful Nose.....	39
My Uncle.....	50
Old Brandy Bottle, The.....	93
Only A Woman Drunk.....	88
Wreck, The.....	35
What Does't Thou Here?.....	73

It will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.
Address,

J. S. OGILVIE, Publisher,
29 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.