

broadly, and as plausibly sustained with statistics, by the advocates of popular education. There was a limited amount of truth in that belief; that there was only a limited amount is too clearly proved by the continuance of crime notwithstanding the extension of popular education. It is not the use of beer or wine that leads to crime; the man who has taken his regular glass of either with his meal is no more inclined to crime than he is to suicide. That which leads to crime is drunkenness; of drunkenness the low whiskey saloon is the scene; and the practical effect of such legislation as the Scott Act, as history has repeatedly shown, is to preserve and multiply the low whiskey saloons while it destroys the respectable trade.

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PROHIBITIONISTS, who sarcastically ask whether *The Week* is a whiskey organ, may extend the charitable insinuation to the English *Spectator*, a journal not commonly regarded as a propagator of debauchery, which has been taking precisely the line taken in these papers on the Temperance question. Admitting, as every sane person does, the dangers of alcohol, and allowing that "the teetotalers have something to say for their exaggeration," the *Spectator* maintains that wine is not wickedness, and that theories raised on that basis are fallacies contradicted by a glance at the history of the world. It observes that the greatest races, the Roman, the Greek and the Hebrew, have drunk wine, while greatness has not attended total abstinence in the case of the Mussulman nations or of the Hindoos. The Sihks drink rum, and of all our native soldiers they are the most vigorous. It might be added that the Scotch have played a considerable part in history, while they have drunk no inconsiderable amount of toddy. The *Spectator* cites the ferocious acts of the Bashi Bazouks and other Mahometans as a proof that abstinence from drink is not abstinence from crimes of violence; and it remarks that thieves in England are teetotalers, and all card and billiard sharpers impose on themselves the strictest moderation. Instead of being a whiskey organist, the "Bystander," for his part, has never ceased to point to whiskey, the kind of whiskey at least drunk by our people, as the real poison, and to advocate as the one honest and effectual measure the suppression of the manufacture with due compensation to those engaged in it. If he wanted to embitter the discussion of a public question by odious imputations he might plausibly maintain that the best friends of whiskey are the extreme Prohibitionists. They