

[From the Sunday School Advocate.]

Dialogue on the License Question.

Henry. Good morning, William. Which way are you going so fast? and what is that paper you have?

William. I am going, Henry, through the village in order to enlist the feelings and secure the influence of our citizens in favor of the temperance cause; and the paper I have is a petition to our State Legislature for the repeal of our license laws, and the enactment of a law similar to that of Maine.

H. Ah, indeed! You are not satisfied then with the action taken upon this subject from time to time by our legislature.

W. No, Henry, we are not, and for good reasons. These regulations, if they were actually carried out, would effect but little; yet they are constantly violated by rumsellers and their friends.

H. How are they violated?

W. I will give you two or three instances. First, rumsellers will get twelve names on their petition for license, whom they call reputable freeholders, while some of these are drunkards—reputable drunkards, I suppose. Again, they will say three public-houses are needed, when but one is really necessary. And, lastly, some of these very rumsellers are themselves drunkards. Here are three gross violations of the law, and the court either does not know, or does not care. This is the way it goes, and we are tired of it.

H. But we must have public-houses.

W. Yes, but we don't need grog-shops.

H. I hope you do not call our respectable public-houses grog-shops!

W. I do; and even that name is too good for some of them. Why, Henry, if you had seen that poor fel-

low come reeling and staggering out of there the other day,—he was actually so top-heavy, that he mistook his head for his heels, and went down splash in the mud, and there wallowed like the swine.

H. But he would have rum! How was the landlord to help it?

W. Yes, he would have rum; and the landlord would have his money. He did not care a straw whether the poor fellow got home, was run over, or frozen to death; and if any one hinted that he had been the cause of it, he would bluster and storm as though he owned the whole creation!

H. Is not that a story gotten up for excitement?

W. Story indeed? Is it possible you are not aware that more than ten thousand drunkards die annually in these United States, and that poverty, misery, wretchedness, and crime, follow in the wake of the rum traffic? indeed rum has been the parent of the worst crimes that have ever disgraced humanity.

H. But the landlords say they will close their houses if such a law is passed.

W. That is just what we want.

H. But what will become of travellers then?

W. They will find respectable temperance houses to put up at; and the community will not then be troubled by loungers, who have spent all their money for rum, and have then been kicked out of doors; such fellows will be mighty scarce, I tell you.

H. But how are these landlords to get a living if they cannot sell rum?

W. Let them engage in an honest business, as other men do; if they are too lazy to do that, let them starve—the whole race of them, from Maine to Georgia.

H. Well, William, I must confess that there is some propriety in what