

value of the name by which our anonymous correspondent is called. It may be honorable and weighty, but we think these qualities cannot be attributed to him, on account of his logical perspicuity. Every one ought to know that all the fundamental laws of every civilized nation, whether monarchic or democratic, are "an infringement of the liberties of the minority," and, generally speaking, there is nothing so very cruel about it. In a properly regulated State, the individual whose personal liberties are infringed, or whose notions are crossed, receives more than an equivalent in various ways. But if that minority were grasping, selfish, wicked, reckless, and by their private and public conduct, were endangering the liberties of every other subject of the realm, ought they to expect the sympathies and condolencies of any moralist, if the law in effect said—you must put a blister on your own neck every day, or scorch your own entrails every day, if you can get means of doing it, but you cannot have the privilege of blistering and scorching thousands of others, and thereby incapacitate them for the duties of good citizens. Will "Moral Suasion" call this "tyrannizing over the consciences of the minority?" Perhaps so. We cannot help it. His "minority" are with few exceptions, "liquor sellers, and liquor drinkers." Taking Montreal as a specimen, of what this "minority" is, we confess ourselves unable to discover any ground for sympathy with them, even if the strong arm of the law, on the morrow, demanded that they should give up their ungodly business. There are some few who in other respects are worthy respectable citizens, but their connection with the liquor trade, is at present a foul blot on their fame, while the majority are far below zero, in reference to the state of good feeling, which should animate the soul of an intelligent and social being. As to their "consciences" we beg leave not to be asked our opinion on that matter; only we must say, to talk of making, selling, and using brandy conscientiously, does sound to us uncommonly absurd. It is possible to have a bad conscience, or a seared conscience, and then we dare say it is possible to plead conscience for any wicked thing; but a good conscience—free from guile, will "have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness," but will keep itself "unspotted from the world."

We are afraid that anything we can now say for the good of Mr. Moral Suasion, on the nature of the Maine Law, will have no great effect. After all that he has had opportunity of reading on the subject, he still thinks it a "miserable quibble" to say that the law does not prohibit the use, it only prohibits the sale. On this point we are reminded of the reply of the *Guelf Advertiser* to the remarks of our able contemporary, the *Witness*. With a good deal of lachrymose verbosity the *Advertiser* asks, how or where are they who wish to drink to get their liquor!!! Yes, friends—how or where. There's the rub. We do not wish it to be got. It is not good for the health, and we should have no tears to shed if the whole ocean of liquid death were evaporated or annihilated; but if the sale were stopped, it would not strike us as anything particularly strange or "new" that the use was not thereby prohibited. If the use were an impossibility, except as succeeding bargain and sale, then there might be some logic in the remarks of our correspondent; but we believe in the possibility of use without sale, and, therefore do not perceive that anomalous interference with human rights which, in the view of "Moral Suasion," is contained in an anti-liquor-selling-law.

About the "highest legal authorities" have given their opinion that the law for which we agitate is "contrary to the principles of civil liberty," we have to say that our "highest legal authorities" have not yet been asked their opinion. But worse than this, if we

obtain the law we need, and proceed to regulate "civil liberty" by it, we are told, "It can never be put in force in Canada." It cannot, ay? Well! worse prophecies than that have been uttered before now that were never realized; and if, in the good providence of God, we get the Maine Law for Canada—know all men by these presents, that it will be "PUT IN FORCE." We shall continue to extol moral suasion, (we do not here mean our correspondent.)—we shall always need it; but our efforts, both moral and physical, shall be exerted to prevent the vendor from selling, and the user from drinking; for the drinker only we shall try moral suasion—for the seller only we shall try legal suasion. Our correspondent says, "I reluctantly close these few remarks." Reluctantly!—why you might have said more; we have a great deal of "editorial courtesy," and have no idea that such very loose and illogical sentences can do great mischief. Your letter will have a fortnight's chance, but we do not anticipate a cessation of the Maine Law agitation. The agitation has had the preparatory benefit of moral suasion. The country has been waked up to the evil of drinking. The traffic is now, and must yet be, the object of attack. If the liquor business be good in itself, it will stand all our assaults, but if bad, as we believe it is, then it must and will fall down flat as the walls of Jericho.

Why Legislate on Temperance?

DIALOGUE BETWEEN MR. LAW AND SQUIRE LIBERTY.

Mr. Law. Good morning, Squire Liberty; I have called upon you this morning to get your name to a petition to the Legislature for a Maine Law.

Sq. Liberty. Maine Law! Get out with your nonsense. I'll not have my rights abridged by any Maine Law. I'll eat and drink what I please.

Mr. L. Why, Squire Liberty, I hope you don't think I have come to abridge any of your rights, or to interfere at all with your eating and drinking whatever you please? From your known character and thrift in the world, I presume you eat and drink only what is right and best, and agreeable to the physical and moral laws of your nature. If I saw you, as many are, the slave of the cup, I should deem it my duty to urge you to sign off from such a master. But that is not my business. We are suffering terribly from an evil in this place, and we want our Legislature should extend over us its arm of protection.

Sq. L. Intemperance, I suppose you mean. Well, I know it is a terrible evil. Widow Johnson has just been here to beg some cold victuals. It most breaks my heart every time I see her. She was once the prettiest girl in our village, and we all envied Johnson when he got her. But he drank up all he ever had and died in the ditch; and now this poor woman goes about the streets begging cold victuals for her children.

Mr. L. Well now, Squire Liberty; it is to such women, and to your daughter and my daughter, who may get married to we know not who, that we want the Legislature to give protection. Squire Liberty, didn't I hear you complain about your taxes? They were, you said, never so high, and sooner than submit to it you would sell out. Did you ever think what made them high?

Sq. L. O yes, I know all about it. You can't tell me anything. Town and county poor multiply terribly; and at every court, we have pretty hard cases that cost us a mint.

Mr. L. And what makes it so?

Sq. L. O, Rum, Rum. You can't tell me anything. I know all about it. But I tell you, you never can legislate rum out of the country; and the more you try, the worse you make it. You can't drive men. I won't be drove, and no other man will be that has any spirit. Let the Legislature alone, and go to work among the people.

Mr. L. The Legislature, Squire, are in our way, and we can't do any thing till they get out of the way.

Sq. L. Legislatures in your way! Pray, how are they in your way?

Mr. L. Why, they have been doing these two hundred years what you would not have them do; legislating on temperance;