

*Perhaps* it has not occurred to these advocates of the largest liberty that many of those for whom they offer such disinterested pleading pray no prayer with so much fervor and sincerity as this: "Save us from such friends!"

Some months since, when the adoption of the "Maine Law" was about to be submitted to the suffrages of the people in a neighboring state, I had occasion to be driven a short distance in a hired carriage, from a railroad depot in that state to a village a few miles off the track. Upon taking my seat in the carriage, I found that I had for a driver a man whom I had known, when I was a boy, as one of the young men prominent in the circles of young people as the "prince of good fellows." His appearance was very much changed from what I remembered it in those times to which my thoughts instantly carried me back. The change was not one for the better. There were manifold and manifest indications in his face, and person, and speech, that excesses at the bowl had wrought sad havoc upon him.

Said he, "I s'pose you don't remember me, though I know you."

"O, yes, I do," I replied, "though you have *altered* a good deal since I have seen you."

He seemed to feel what was implied in the change of which I spoke, and was silent for a moment; then, without any very remote transition, began again,

"I am working hard for the election."

"Well, how is it going?"

"O," said he, "I am a Whig; I always was a Whig: and I always mean to be; I go that ticket."

"What," I enquired, "Liquor bill and all?"

"Yes, *sir*! if I never was a Whig before, I would be now, to put that bill through."