

The Canadian Son of Temperance.

TORONTO, MONDAY, JANUARY 3, 1853.

My son, look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.—Proverbs, chap 23

TRIBUTE TO MAINE.

We love thee fairest sister, we love to speak of thee, We love to glory in thy fame, and tell thy victory! For thou hast been the bravest, and the noblest of the train, Of all the sisterhood of states, our dearest sister Maine!

Soon all the happy sisters shall rise up and call thee blest, For thy glorious deeds of valor shall disenthral the rest! First in the glorious conquest, thou hast washed away the stain, Of Alcohol's pollution, our purest sister Maine!

And when in brighter years to come, our country shall be free From the desolating power of rum's dread tyranny, With rapturous exultation we'll repeat the glowing strain Of praise and admiration of our loveliest sister Maine!

The Father of that Glorious Law the blessed honored Dow— Deserves a crown of diamonds to deck his noble brow! The highest seat in our fair land we'd like to see him gain, That fearless and true hearted son of our sweet sister Maine.

MOUNT HOLLY, N. J.

MARY.

NEAL DOW.

Neal Dow is a small sized man, weighing less than one hundred and fifty; but he is every inch a man. He has an uncommonly quick vivacious eye, and it is as active as an Eagle's.— His general features are remarkably pleasant, his is one of those faces which wears a smile that art can never counterfeit. The smile of affectation is like the grin of a wolf over the bleeding carcass of a lamb, but the smile that comes warm from the well-spring of the heart, is like the Angel of mercy gazing upon the tomb of a martyr. The heart of a truly good man speaks through his features—no calamity can make the dark mist of gloom settle upon his brow, even though death's icy hand is passed over that face, it smiles in death. Such are the feelings we had while shaking the hand of the hero of the Maine Law. No man can sit an uninterested listener while Neal Dow speaks of Temperance, and yet he has not, save one, a single quality that enters into the composition of an orator. That exception is an important one—'twas the first, with him whose light has just sunk below the dark wave, and that Dow has—he feels the subject. That is all—those who hear him know that he is in earnest. Whether they agree with him or not, they will admit that he is an honest man. Maine has a Maine Law, and her people enforce it, and many people have wondered why they should have been the first in the good cause, but the whole story is told in these words, 'tis because Maine has a Dow. Neal Dow has made his mark, he has written his name on the pages of his country's history, not in blood nor by any wrongs, but by binding up the broken heart of the drunkard's wife, and his wretched orphan children.—Ex.

COMMON SENSE AND EXPERIENCE.

When we see a noble tree comely in all its aspects—its foliage beautiful and refreshing to the eye—the birds alighting upon its branches to sing and warble, moving in gentle majesty before the western breeze—how melancholy is the thought of its being blighted by the scorching sun or rude frosts of winter. Flowers are lovely to behold, and all created things have their beauties and fitness to please, but what are they compared with the form and mind of man or woman—form the most perfect and beautiful of created things—mind the image of God's in miniature—boundless in its powers of thought, reflection, and moral aspirations. One would think it should be the first duty of all human governments, that exist only for the common and individual weal, to protect this lovely form, the powers of this mind from destruction and debasement. Common sense declares that it is the first duty of governments to do this—common sense declares that factions and minorities when wrong must yield if the common weal require it. Truth demands that bands or classes of men organized for the promotion of destructive and useless avocations should be put down by the arm of public law. There exists in our land an avocation destructive to the beautiful forms of man and woman—debasing to their minds. It is followed by a class composed generally of hardened selfish and unchristian men, who deal out a poisonous liquor that destroys our race. This calling has no other merit than its being upheld by existing laws. Common sense pronounces it a nuisance, and Experience proves its results every where to be—riots, fights, quarrels, midnight broils—domestic misery—disease, crime, insanity and mental depression. Experience proves that like all evils it destroys a large majority of those who follow it. Three-fourths of all who have long been engaged in tavern keeping die of their own poison. How melancholy a reflection! Victims and victimizer sleep side by side. Slaves and unjust men, plotting politicians, of whom all countries are full—think that human governments were formed merely to support individual ambition or the selfish views of factions—class legislation. Our legislature and the legislatures of the neighboring republics are cursed with too many of such men. Possessing these unchristian views of the true end of

governments they cannot see that worthless trades and classes should yield to the public good. Common sense has long convinced thinking men that there is no use in upholding the legal traffic in alcohol—that its evils are immense in every city, town, and community of this land, and its good absolutely a nullity. All deep enquirers know that the liquors drunk are the vilest compounds—many of them as absolutely poisonous as arsenic in small quantities. Many know who have taken the pains to enquire, that the adulteration of liquors in all of our city groceries and inns is a trick of the trade to double profits. What is all this but a huge conspiracy to injure society—to disfigure the forms of human beings and blight the holy light of mind? A conspiracy by a few for a living to injure the mass of men. Common sense declares that a wise government would be acting more judiciously if (instead of licensing) it were to RESSION OFF this class of liquor vendors and adulterators on the public purse, as so many state paupers—unable to obtain a living except by breeding crimes in the community. Such an act would be the greatest blessing that could be conferred on any country for it could only be guaranteed against a fresh swarm. Alas, this guarantee could not be given whilst the Maine law remains a stranger amongst us. The provisions of this noble law are consonant with the common sense of England and America, and are dictated by man's experience everywhere. Truth and virtue call for its enactment—vice and evil—selfishness and unjust class legislation oppose it. A government—with the thunder of experience speaking to its ear is recreant to its duty—is criminal before God and to its true originators the people, that delays the enactment of the Maine law.—Crime in New York city is just now attracting prominent attention. Can its cause be hidden when these figures stare us in the face:

The New York Tribune says there are 3000 hotels, drinking saloons and dram shops in that city, and the amount expended in them is amazing, almost exceeding belief—If the sales average \$10 each, which is a very low estimate, the amount will be \$30,000 a day, \$2,400,000 a month, and \$29,000,000 a year.

TOUCH NOT THE BOWL.

BY W. G. GIBSON.

Look at you form of man, upon whose brow Is the deep impress of cunning woe! Look at his tatter'd garb—his languid eye— His paun'd cheek—and ask the reason why! Ah! that magic form was once the pride Of all who look'd upon him. By his side Walk'd his confiding partner; while success Crown'd every enterprise with happiness. Once gratis pour'd her glances on his sight, And his bright fancy grasp'd them with delight; But, ah! Intemperance, the child of sin, Open'd her snares and took the captive in.

Go to the hut, where penury and pain, With ghastly sickness hold their dreary reign; Where pleasure finds no entrance—where despair, With her infectious breathing taints the air Soney its wretched inmates! would'st thou know The hidden sources whence their sorrows flow! Intemperance, laughing, cries—"I did the whole; I gave, and they partook the tempting bowl."

Go to the prison-house; assume the task To gaze upon its sufferers, and ask Why man, whose intellect was given To fit him for a seat in Heaven, should thus degraded be—shut from the world, And into infancy's black torren, hurled? Intemperance, cries—" 'twas under my control; I gave, and they partook the tempting bowl."

Moral! touch not the bowl!—within it lie Despair and anguish, hope's perplexing mazy, It sparkles to enter thee—yet beware. Remember, thousands have been ruined there 'Till will kill the body—it will wreck the soul; Moral! touch not—touch not the bowl.

THE LICENSE SYSTEM IN TORONTO, AND THE TOWNS, AND VILLAGES OF CANADA.

A this time no question is more agitated than that of the propriety of licensing inns, and it may not be improper to offer a few suggestions on the subject. In some parts of Canada it is thought useless to attempt to lessen the number of inns. No efforts are made in such places for this object. In other localities temperance men endeavour either to lessen the number of taverns or to prohibit them entirely. Experience in this city and other Canadian towns and cities, has demonstrated that the great cause of the defection of souls from their pledges is the constant temptation of inns. The order will never succeed in our large cities so long as temptation meets the reclaimed drunkard or moderate drinker at the corner of every street. What a diversion aim one year is subtracted from the next. Our work is a constant struggle to keep the reclaimed from falling into the temptation of inns, groceries, and the use of intoxicating liquor in private houses. This influence has retarded the work of temperance men or twenty years, and will continue to do so, pausing down as fast as we build up. The order of the Sons of temperance—the best ever established—would finally yield to the influence of alcoholic drinks in society, if it were not aided in its efforts by a prohibitory law. The reason of this would be that Sons, in mixing with society, surrounded by temptation on all sides—seeing the large majority of their fellow-men indulge in the use of alcohol—that it is respectable, and the laws of the land make it so—would fol-

low with the current of folly. Canada must be cursed with the present license system for 1853. Parliament meets again in February, but it will be after the licenses are given out. No sensible man should question the utility of any movement that tends to decrease the number of inns. A struggle should be made to lessen the number in all parts of Canada, for in proportion to their number, so will be drunkenness. Who can doubt this with facts staring him in the face? In Toronto during the past year there has been no visible abatement of the vice of drunkenness and from the following statement it will be seen that there has been an increase of inns. Drunkenness (especially genteel tipping to excess) is very prevalent in this city, and no effort (except by the Sons) is being made to stop it. An effort is now on foot to do so, and a meeting will be held soon it is hoped to arouse public opinion. If our townships and towns can hold meetings for the purpose of turning public opinion against any increase, and if possible in favor of a DECREASE by ONE HALF in the number of inns in Canada, it would be a good movement.

INSPECTORS OF TAVERNS.

The Inspectors of Taverns and Houses of Public Entertainment in Toronto, have made a report in Council, of which the following is a copy—

The Inspectors having met twenty-five times this year, and the business which has come before them at each of their meetings has been similar to last year, with the exception of having had a greater number of Licenses to transfer, which is partly to be accounted for by so many Tavern-keepers having been burned out by the fire which took place on the block adjoining the Market.

They would beg to state, that there has been an improvement in the observance of the Lord's Day by the Hotel and Tavern-keepers generally, during the last two years. But they have yet reason to complain that there are some who do not keep their houses in the order that they ought, on the Lord's Day, and other days of the week; or a case such as occurred in Mr. Dillon's Tavern, a short time since, which was brought before the Police Magistrate, would not have happened.

The Fines imposed for breaches of the License Law on the Lord's Day, in the opinion of the Inspectors, are too small. In numerous cases that have come before the Police Magistrate, the fines have not been more than twenty-five shillings; in some cases less.

The Inspectors would respectfully call the attention of your Worshipful body to the fact, that in two cases lately decided in the Police Court, and the parties fined,—a notice has been given of a new trial at the next Recorder's Court, and the Defendants have employed Counsel.

The Inspectors, therefore, deem it important, that some legal advice should be employed to represent the interest of the City in all such matters.

The number of Licenses granted this year, have exceeded that of last by Five, the increase has been in Taverns and Confectioners, Beer Licenses being three less the present year.

The number of Licenses granted, are:— Taverns 178 Confectioners 15 Beer 2

Total 196

All of which is respectfully submitted,

(Signed) JOHN WIGHTMAN, Chairman, pro tem.

MORE PETITIONS—SHALL WE HAVE THE MAINE LAW?

The following letter advocates a movement for more petitions to Quebec. The Legislature will reassemble there on the 14th February, when or soon after, the Committee on the Maine law act will report. As many opportunities at meetings and addresses will occur for getting new names in favor of the passage of the act before that time, we strongly urge on all the propriety of doing so. It is said the French members of Lower Canada are more in favor of the law than we anticipate, and we have good reason to believe that more than half of our Upper Canadian members will support its passage. The more numerous the petitions the less excuse they will have.

TO THE GRAND WORTHY PATRIARCH:

DEAR BROTHER—If you could call a meeting of the Grand Division immediately, issue circulars to every division in Canada West to canvass every locality as soon as possible, and get together 65,000 names (especially those of the ladies) to the petition for the Maine Liquor Law, it appears to me it would be an excellent thing.

Get committees of our sisters, "The Daughters," to canvass, and a committee to wait on every M. P. where at home, and let every M. P. take a petition on the 14th February next, with at least 500 of his neighbors names for the Maine Law.

The prospect for the passage of the law is good. We have now before the committee of the House a great amount of evidence from absentees, coroners, jailers, keepers of asylums, penitentiaries, judges, magistrates, military and naval officers, and also of gentlemen of high standing in the State of Maine—showing that the jails and lock-up-houses are empty in many places. We have also the evidence obtained before the British House of Commons in committee, and the report of that committee adopted by the House is much more stringent than the Maine Liquor Law. This report is now about to be reprinted in Toronto, and one copy will be sent to every member of both Houses of our united province, and we trust and hope that each division will exert itself immediately. It now remains with them to do the cause a great favor.

I remain, Your Brother.

ROWLAND BURR.

N. B.—I submit MY FRIEND TEMPERANCE ILLUSTRATION. I will not vote for any officer high or low, except he be a consistent and known advocate of the Maine Liquor Law. I will not purchase any clothing for myself or family, or any purchased by others unless it be of Canadian manufacture, nor use any tobacco until the MAINE LIQUOR LAW IS PASSED.