

opinion as to whether such and such a thing is becoming to his wife. We are pleased to see a father interested in the little purchases of his children, one who never says with a frown, "oh! go away; I don't care for such things; suit yourselves."

And in household concerns, the husband should express his approbation of neatness and order, he should be grateful for any little effort that may have been put forth to add to his comfort or pleasure; he should commend the good graces of his wife, and at fitting times make mention of them. Indeed not one alone, but both should reciprocate the good offices of the other. We never esteemed a woman the less on hearing her say, "I have a good husband;" we never thought a man wanting in dignity who spoke of his wife as being dear to him, or quoted her amiability or industry as worthy of example before others. Who does not esteem the unaffected praise of a husband, or a wife, above that of all others? No motive but love induces either to

"Speak the gentle words,
That sink into the heart."

Solomon says, "her husband he praiseth her;" and only the morose and reserved, who care not to fill the fount of kindness by pleasant words, differ from the sacred writer.

How many a home have we seen glittering with splendor; where glowing marble from Italia's clime gives a silent welcome to the entering guest; where on the walls hang votive offerings of art that fill the whole soul with their beauty; where the carpets yield to the highest pressure and the rich hangings crimson the palest cheek. Yet amidst all this show and adorning has the proud wife sat, the choicest piece of furniture there—for so her husband regards her. Formal and stern, he has thrown around her the drapery of his chill heart, and it has folded about her like marble. She is "my lady," and nothing more. No outbursts of affection in the form of sweet praise, fall upon her ears—yet pendants of diamonds drop therefrom, but their shining is like his love, costly and cold. We have heard such a one say, in times gone by, "all this wealth, all this show and pride of station would I resign, for one word of praise from my husband. He never relaxes from the loftiness which has made him feared among men; he never speaks to me but with measured accents, though he surrounds me with luxuries."

We wondered not that a stifled sob closed the sentence; who had not rather live in a cottage, through which the winds revel and the raindrops fall, with one in whose heart dwell impulses, the holiest in our nature, one who is not ashamed or afraid to give fitting commendation, than in the most gorgeous of earthly palaces with a companion whose lips are sealed forever to the expression of fondness, sympathy and praise.—*Olive Branch.*

THE SAILORS' TEMPERANCE MEETING.—I last evening attended the mariners' temperance meeting. While one of the gentlemen was speaking, a man intoxicated came staggering up to him, looked him earnestly in the face till he paused, and then said to him:

"You mean me, do you, Captain?"

"Mean you?" said the other; "what did I say about you?"

"Why, the yarn you were spinning about that old salt! Did you mean me?"

"No, I spoke of another; but I think it would do very well for you too."

"Well, so I think myself, and I'm ashamed of it. So here I'll knock off. Give me a pen; let me sign your pledge. May be I'm a little too drunk, but I'll try."

The secretary handed him a pen. In attempting to subscribe his name, he let fall upon the page a large drop of ink.

"There," he exclaimed "that's a big pe iod; and a period marks the end of a sentence; so here's an end of my grog! Look at me, shipmates! You think I'm pretty much gone by the board, and so I am; but I begin to get sober; I know what I've done; and you may call me a liar if I don't give grog a wide berth hereafter!"

The orator staggered to his seat amidst roars of laughter and shouts of applause. Whether he will keep his word, time must determine. It would be very questionable, at least, if he were not a sailor. But such is the sailor's sense of honour, that he is seldom known to violate a vow. Mr. Chaso tells us that many have signed the

pledge in a state of intoxication, and adhered to it with sacred fidelity.

I noticed a well dressed young man, who led into the house another so affected with liquor that he appeared to walk with difficulty. His friend placed him upon the front seat, and sat down by his side. About the middle of the meeting the former rose to make a speech; and the latter, seizing the opportunity, stealthily left the house. The speaker finished abruptly, followed the fugitive and brought him back, and before the exercises closed, led him to the table, put a pen in his hand, and guided it while he wrote his name. I was afterwards informed that this young man himself, about six months ago, was brought, intoxicated, to the temperance meeting, and persuaded to sign the pledge; that he has ever since been a sober man, has lately joined the church, gives evidence of genuine piety, and promise of great usefulness among the sinners.—*Temperance Home.*

THE SARATOGA CONVENTION.—A very striking thought was advanced by one of the speakers at this Convention and supported by very cogent reasoning. He boldly affirmed that it was much easier to administer a prohibitory law than any other kind of law against the liquor traffic. If, said he, you interfere with the sale of intoxicating drinks partially, you arouse all the enormous capital which is engaged in the various ramifications of that business to active hostility, and every one knows how powerful capital is and how terribly its recoil upon political measures. In the case of a partially restrictive law all this capital continues in the business and consequently continues to work against the law. But let the law be uncompromising and absolute, and the capital all leaves the business as in Maine, and seeks other channels in which its own interest requires it not only not to oppose the law but actually to sustain it.

In like manner said the speaker, (Dr. Jewett, of Boston,) a partially effective law only irritates and stirs up to increasing opposition the whole of the terrible appetite which rum has created, but a prohibitory law by depriving that appetite of what it feeds on, removes it entirely; and after the first month the drunkards tipplers, and moderate drinkers, who were loudest against it, would themselves cast a majority in favour of the law, and against returning to the former state of things.

This is a train of thought which deserves careful attention on the part of legislators.—*Montreal Witness.*

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—A Coffin, fully mounted, containing the body of a full grown female, a little decomposed, was discovered in the water, on the northern side of the drawbridge, yesterday. We have not heard the verdict of the coroner's enquiry which we understand was instituted; the probability is, however, that some scien tific gentlemen, being interrupted in their researches, had dropped their pillage, on being alarmed at a rescue.—*Hamilton Journal.*

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC ABANDONED IN AUGUSTA!—On Saturday last, being the day on which the Mayor's sixty day proclamation expired, the several liquor dealers in this city, great and small, including hotel-keepers, apothecaries, and all others who had to any extent previously participated in its sale, voluntarily abandoned the traffic; and now, on this seventh day of August, in the year of grace 1851, not a single glass of intoxicating liquor, of any kind, is sold, or can be obtained, for love or money, or for any purpose whatever, in the city of Augusta! So at all events, we are informed, and verily believe.—*Augusta (Me.) Age.*

MR. DICKENS' APOLOGY FOR MIRTH.—It is something even to look upon enjoyment so that it be free and wild, and in the face of nature, though it is but the enjoyment of an idiot. It is something to know that Heaven has left the capacity of gladness in such a creature's breast; it is something to be assured that however lightly men crush that faculty in their fellows, the great Creator of mankind imprints it even to his despised and slighted work. Who would not rather see a poor idiot happy in the sunlight, than a wise man pining in a darkened jail? Ye men of gloom and austerity, who print the face of infinite Benevolence with an eternal frown, read in the everlasting book, wide open to your view, the lesson it would teach. Its pictures are not in the black and sombre hues, but bright and glowing tints; its music, save when you drown it, is not in sighs and moans, but songs and cheerful sounds. Listen to the million voices in the summer air, and find one as dismal as your own.—Remember if ye can, the sense of hope and pleasure which every glad return of day awakens in the breast of all your kind, who have not changed your nature; and learn some wisdom even from the witless, when their hearts are lifted up, they know not why, by all the mirth and happiness it brings.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

A domestic revolution has broken out in Mexico.

The revolutionists seem progressing

The slave excitement in the United States increases.

Slaves are constantly being rescued by the free men in the Northern States. The fugitive Slave bill will be repealed or the Union will fall.

The Governor General and the Countess of Elgin have gone to Quebec.

The cholera prevailed to some extent in Quebec last month.

Jenny Lind gave three concerts in Toronto last week to crowded houses. Over 700 tickets were sold at each. Twice the number could have been disposed of. One of her concerts was for charitable purposes.

A great storm with loss of vessels has happened on the coasts of Newfoundland.

The Duke of Norfolk in England has renounced the Catholic religion and become a Protestant.

The Prince of Wales, the son of the Queen, only 10 years old, lately dined with the Duke of Norfolk.

The last number of the *Temperance Telegraph* of New Brunswick gives an account of an able address and reply on the part of one of their Divisions to the Governor of New Brunswick.

The Boston *Bulletin* says that immense quantities of champagne and rum were drunk at the Boston Jubilee in the excursion in the harbour; 6000 bottles of Champagne, 250 gallons of Brandy.

Two Distilleries were lately consumed near Brantford, the one taking fire from the other. The fire water mingled with the fire. No insurance on them.

THE SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE REVIEW

For October is unusually full of interesting matter.

A letter appears in it against toasts at public dinners. The Clergy and Laity of Scotland are doing much just now for the good cause.

TOASTING AT PUBLIC DINNERS.

Nothing appears to us more silly than the fashion of drinking healths at festivals over the wine bottle. A man's gentility and goodness of heart seem measured on these occasions by his gastronomic and stomachic powers. It is in this way that thinking and literary men kill themselves. They let into their mouths a thief to steal away their brains. The genteel classes of Society laugh at the ignorance of the labouring classes, yet strange to say they cannot see their own infatuation and their thralldom to custom. One of them would sooner injure his health than refuse to drink a bumper of burgundy or wine; the composition of which is alcohol, logwood and other deleterious ingredients. Once a man was called a coward because he would not shoot his neighbour or let himself be shot. Now a man must drink although it injures him and sets a terrible example to the poor filling the land with crime and poverty. All this is done to satisfy custom. What man was ever the better of drinking wine at public dinners, or what man ought to be considered less a gentleman for refusing? Thousands now in their graves began a drunkard's career, as drinkers of bumpers at public dinners. Every company would feel more cheerful and would be infinitely happier by drinking all healths over cold water, or by simply rising on the presentation of a toast. How can drenching the stomach with wine prove our respect? Let the wealthy and self styled intelligent set an example of Sobriety.