

selves were seated in an omnibus on Washington Street, by the side of a female in highly respectable apparel, who lurched against us with every sudden movement of the vehicle, in a manner to excite our fear lest she should measure her length along its central passage way; and who alighted at the end of her journey, in a manner to excite the pity of every looker on.

Not ten rods from the table whereon we are writing these lines, may be found, in an extremely humble and ill-furnished, yet neat and tidy apartment, a family of foreign parentage (not Irish) of husband, wife, and one beautiful little daughter. The husband sits disconsolate, nursing the meagre and yet unhealed stump of a right arm which, a short time ago, was as strong and as well-skilled for labor as any man's. He is not and never was a common drunkard, but has been accustomed to support his family comfortably and even handsomely from the wages of his work. His fault has been that he could not—when temptation was placed in his path—resist the desire for an occasional "speer." Through a singular Providence, five times when thus intoxicated he has happened before the eyes of our police—vigilant men to run after and put into safe-keeping the noxious seeds that blow here and there through the streets, while they affectionately nurse the old parent thistle of the dram shop—and five times has he seen the inside of the House of Correction in consequence. During his last imprisonment he was put about some labor which called him into attendance upon a machine which in some unguarded moment of his, tore off his good right arm almost at its roots, and forevermore balanced his books as a laboring man, with a loving and beloved family dependent upon that same right arm for bread.

He has learned a lesson of wisdom, he will tell you as he sits helpless in his little chamber dependent now (with his child) upon the pittance which his uncomplaining and affectionate wife can earn by the ceaseless tension of her laboring muscles at the washtub, he has learned a lesson of wisdom! But who that looks on him, and pities him, can turn away without new abhorrence of that municipal mis-government which permitted his weakness to be enticed and overcome by the open doors and salient odors of a thousand saloons, and refresheries, and pavilions, and pot-houses?

Citizens of Boston, what say you? Shall these infamies increase upon us? Shall our children be compelled to grow up in an atmosphere reeking with moral contagion? Our contemporary of the *Post* says the scene described above "was a lesson for a father to see and to think of." FATHER! see it, think of it! And if you feel tolerably safe about your little ones so long as you are here to guide them and guard them, remember that any morning may dawn upon the widowhood of your wife and the orphanage of your children. And then who shall assure you that the *Boston Post* of a few months or years after shall not contain a paragraph, similar to the above, recording the fall and degradation of your daughter, yet of that same beautiful girl who is now the light of your eye and the joy of your life? That is a good command of God, "take up the stumbling-block out of the way."—*Congregationalist*.

Scottish Grievances.

Of late there has been a great outcry respecting certain alleged grievances under which we have been unconsciously groaning. The fact is, we have been labouring so hard to remove grievances too palpable to

be overlooked, and too burdensome to be patiently borne, that it was not till the cry of liberty broke from the Music Hall upon our ears, that we were conscious of the base, faced injustice that was being done us. Nor are we, even yet, inclined to abandon our own way of abolishing Scottish grievances. It may be true that heraldic dishonour is done us, it may be that Holyrood, is in a sadly dilapidated condition, and that those trading on our eastern coast would be greatly the better of a harbour of refuge, but we have grievances of a far more pressing nature to complain of.

Is it not a grievance that the best bread should be 10d a loaf, while as much good grain as would feed the entire people of Scotland is being wasted in the mash tub and the still? We propose a better remedy than the Duke of Norfolk's famous pinches of curry powder, to warm the poor man's stomach. We have neither stripes for the farmers, nor prisons for speculators, nor halters for bakers; we propose the much more rational plan of abolishing the conversion of the people's bread into that which poisons their bodies and maddens their brains. Let those who uphold the drinking system pause, before they perpetuate a system so suicidal.

Is it not a grievance that the country should be burdened with jails, schools, workhouses, and hospitals for the accommodation of the victims of intemperance? Edinburgh alone, according to the testimony of the Honourable Duncan M'Laren, Lord Provost for the city, has some £80,000 yearly to pay as her share. And is it not a peculiar grievance that the abstainers, who in no way contribute to the dissipation of the country, should be, nevertheless, burdened with its support?

Is it not a grievance under which the wives of thousands of drunkards are groaning, and to which our police courts bear daily witness? What day passes without the newspapers furnishing some such paragraph as the following, which we copy, as a specimen, from the *North British Daily Mail* of the 8th ultimo?

HUSBANDS ASSAULTING THEIR WIVES.—Yesterday no less than four cases of this nature were brought up before the Western Police Court. One was that of a man named William Thomson, a forge worker, who violently assaulted his wife in a lodging-house in M'Alpine Street, for which he was fined in two guineas.—James M'Quigan, a fitter, abused his wife on Saturday night, in Main Street, Anderston. Although he did so, the poor creature appeared in court, and pleaded hard to get him off with a reprimand, an appeal to which Bailie Gilmour gave the most kind and considerate attention by allowing him to go with a promise to be kind to his wife for the future.—A labourer named Andrew Timeny was also brought up for assaulting his wife on Saturday night, in Clyde Street. When the case was called, the injured woman and her daughter, who were the witnesses, kept out of the way, expecting that he would get off, but the case was continued against him.—James M'Call, a boiler-maker, assaulted his wife on Sunday, in Piccadilly Street, Anderston, and he was convicted and fined in a guinea, or go twenty days to prison. As yet he has preferred the latter alternative. It is a sad reflection that in most if not all the cases in which a husband is punished for ill-using his wife, by the sentence the poor woman is the greater sufferer of the two. Hence the unwillingness to criminate brutal husbands, and hence it is that many suffer in silence rather than put themselves to double punishment.