

reasonable persons, than that of a drunkard; This vice of drunkenness has a fatal effect on the mind, the body and fortune of the person who is devoted to it.

In regard to the mind, it first of all discovers every flaw in it. The sober man by the strength of reason may keep under and subdue every vice or folly to which he is most inclined; but drink makes every latent seed sprout up in the soul, and show itself; it gives fury to the passions, and force to those objects which are apt to produce them. When a young fellow complained to an old philosopher that his wife was not handsome "Put less water in your wine," says the philosopher, "and you will quickly make her so," wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness, it often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment; it makes vanity unsupportable; and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity. Nor does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and shew them in the most odious colours, but often occasions faults to which he is naturally subject. There is more of turn than of truth in a saying of Seneca, that drunkenness does not produce but discovers faults, common experience teaches the contrary. Drink throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind which she is a stranger to in her sober moments. The person you converse with, after drinking, is not the same man who at first sat down at table with you. Upon this maxim is founded the following saying, Qui ebrium ludificat, lœdit absentem—"He who jests upon a man that is drunk, injures the absent."

Thus does drunkenness act in a direct contradiction to reason, whose business it is to clear the mind of every vice which has crept into it, and to guard it against all the approaches of any that endeavours to make its entrance. But besides those ill effects which this vice produces in the person who is actually under its denomination, it has also a bad influence on the mind, even in its sober moments; as it insensibly weakens the understanding, impairs the memory, and makes those faults habitual which are produced by frequent excesses.

ANIMALS OF NORTH AMERICA.

THE SKUNK.

Of all the animals, the skunk is the most curious, and the most detested. It has claws and teeth, but is too timid to use them, and is so slow of foot that it might seem to be completely in the power of its enemies; but the most ferocious of these, while still at a distance of many feet from their prey, turn tail, and fly, or run their noses into the earth, and roll and tumble, as if in convulsions. As for a man, he

usually runs from the little animal which is only seventeen inches long, as if a lion were at his heels. The means furnished by nature for this creature's defence, is simply a liquid, contained in two small sacs on each side of the tail, and which it is able to discharge at its enemies to a distance as measured by our authors, of fourteen feet. It takes an unerring aim, saluting a dog in the face and eyes, and setting the animal distracted with pain and inexpressible loathing. So offensive and so permanent is the odour of this liquid (which has nothing to do with the ordinary excretions,) that clothes once sprinkled with it are useless. No washing, no perfume, not even burying them for a month in the earth, has the slightest effect. The following is an account of the adventure of one of our authors with a skunk:—"It happened in our early schoolboy days that once, when the sun had just set, as we were slowly wending our way home from the house of a neighbour, we observed in the path before us a pretty little animal, playful as a kitten, moving quietly along; soon it stopped, as if waiting for us to come near, throwing up its long bushy tail, turning round and looking at us like some old acquaintance. We pause and gaze; what is it? It is not a young puppy or a cat; it is more gentle than either; it seems desirous to keep company with us, and, like a pet poodle, appears most happy when only a few paces in advance, preceding us, as if to show the path. What a pretty creature to carry home in our arms! It seems too gentle to bite; let us catch it. We run towards it; it makes no effort to escape, but waits for us; it raises its tail, as if to invite us to take hold of its brush; we seize it instantly, and grasp it with the energy of a miser clutching a box of diamonds; a short struggle ensues, when—faugh! we are suffocated; our eyes, nose, and face are suddenly bespattered with the most horrible fetid fluid. Imagine to yourself, reader, our surprise, our disgust, the sickening feelings that almost overcome us. We drop our prize, and take to our heels, too stubborn to cry, but too much alarmed and discomfited just now to take another look at the cause of our misfortune, and effectually undeceived as to the real character of this seemingly mild and playful little fellow."

SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

GENERAL GOUGH.

After fifty-four years of active service, Lord Gough retires from command, amid acclamations as loud as they are universal; at a period, too, when there is no further work to be done, except that of turning to account, for the prevention of future wars, the victory consummated by his courage, and by that of the brave officers and army by whom he was supported. Lord Gough, as the country was reminded by Sir Robert Peel, has now received the thanks of Parliament five times for his brilliant services: first in China, and during the later period of his life, at the decisive battles of Ferozeshah, Sobraon, and Goojorat. And we learn from the statement of Sir James Weir Hogg, that the veteran, in the course of his long and brilliant career, has fought fifteen pitched battles, and that every one has been a victory. To such a career, the total defeat