

## SOBER DISSUASIONS FROM DRUNKENNESS.

If you wish to be always thirsty, be a *drunkard*, for the oftener and more you drink, the oftener and more thirsty you will be.

If you seek to prevent your friends raising you in the world, be a *drunkard*, for that will defeat all their efforts.

If you would effectually counteract your own attempts to do well, be a *drunkard*, and you will not be disappointed.

If you wish to repel the endeavours of the whole human race to raise you to character, credit, and prosperity, be a *drunkard*, and you will most assuredly triumph.

If you are determined to be poor, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon be ragged and penniless.

If you would wish to starve your family, be a *drunkard*, for that will consume the means of their support.

If you would be sponged on by knaves, be a *drunkard*, and that will make their task easy.

If you wish to be robbed, be a *drunkard*, which will enable the thief to do it with more safety.

If you wish to blunt your senses, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon be more stupid than an ass.

If you would become a fool, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon lose your understanding.

If you wish to incapacitate yourself for rational intercourse, be a *drunkard*, for that will render you wholly unfit for it.

If you wish all your prospects in life to be clouded, be a *drunkard*, and they will soon be dark enough.

If you would destroy your body, be a *drunkard*, as drunkenness is the mother of disease.

If you mean to ruin your soul, be a *drunkard*, that you may be excluded from Heaven.

If you are resolved on suicide, be a *drunkard*, that being a sure mode of destruction.

If you would expose both your folly and your secrets, be a *drunkard*, and they will run out, while the liquor runs in.

If you are plagued with great bodily strength, be a *drunkard*, and it will soon be subdued by so powerful an antagonist.

If you would get rid of your money without knowing how, be a *drunkard*, and it will vanish insensibly.

If you would have no resource when past labour, but a workhouse, be a *drunkard*, and you will be unable to provide any.

If you are determined to expel all domestic harmony from your house, be a *drunkard*, and discord, with all her evil train, will soon enter.

If you would be always under strong suspicion, be a *drunkard*, for little as you think it, all agree that those who steal from themselves and families will rob others.

If you would be reduced to the necessity of shunning your creditors, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon have reason to prefer the bye-paths to the public streets.

If you like the amusements of a court of conscience, be a *drunkard*, and you may be often gratified.

If you would be a deadweight on the commu-

nity, and "cumber the ground," be a *drunkard*, for that will render you useless, helpless, burdensome and expensive.

If you would be a nuisance, be a *drunkard*, for the approach of a drunkard is like that of a dunghill.

If you would be odious to your family and friends, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon be more than disagreeable.

If you would be a pest to society, be a *drunkard*, and you will be avoided as infectious.

If you dread reformation of your faults, be a *drunkard*, and you will be impervious to all admonition.

If you would smash windows, break the peace, get your bones broken, tumble under carts and horses, and be locked up in watch-houses, be a *drunkard*, and it will be strange if you do not succeed.

Finally, if you are determined to be utterly destroyed, in estate, body, and soul, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon know that it is impossible to adopt a more effectual means to accomplish your—END.

## DUELLING ON THE AUSTRIAN FRONTIER.—

On the borders of Austria and Turkey, where a private pique or quarrel of an individual might occasion the massacre of a family or village, the desolation of a province, and perhaps even the more extended horrors of a national war, whensoever any serious dispute arises between two subjects of the different empires, to terminate it recourse is had to what is called "the custom of the frontier." A spacious plain or field is selected, whither, on an appointed day, judges of the respective nations repair, accompanied by all those whom curiosity or interest may assemble. The combatants are not restricted in the choice or number of their arms, or in their method of fighting, but each is at liberty to employ whatsoever he conceives is most advantageous to himself, and avail himself of every artifice to ensure his own safety and destroy the life of his antagonist. One of the last times that this method of deciding a quarrel on the frontiers was resorted to, the circumstances were sufficiently curious. The phlegmatic German, armed with the most desperate weapon in the world—a rifle-pistol, mounted on a carbine stock—placed himself in the middle of the field; and conscious that he would infallibly destroy his enemy, if he could once get him within shot, began coolly to smoke his pipe. The Turk, on the contrary, with a pistol on one side and a pistol on the other, and two more in his holsters, and two more in his breast, and a carbine at his back, and a sabre by his side, and a dagger in his belt, advanced like a moving magazine, and galloping round his adversary, kept incessantly firing at him. The German, conscious that little or no danger was to be apprehended from such a marksman with such weapons, deliberately continued to smoke his pipe. The Turk at length perceiving a sort of little explosion, as if his antagonist's pistol had missed fire, advanced like lightning