

Extract from Mr. Gough's Lectures.

If I advise a young man to avoid drink lest he becomes a drunkard, what will he say? "Do you take me for such a fool?" No, no man was ever such a fool as to become a drunkard intentionally, and at once. But you will say that every man who becomes a drunkard is a fool. There have been drunkards, of such high intellect that they might stand "with one foot on the daisy while the other touched the dust of the stars." It depends more on the temperament and constitution of any given man than anything else, whether he becomes a drunkard or not, if he follow the drinking customs of the world. Take three young men, as much alike as men can be who differ physically. One as a cold phlegmatic man who never laughs and wonders what any body can think it worth while to cry for; who never takes part in political nor any other excitement; who resembles an organ, on which by the same kind of grinding you can always bring out steadily the same tune—the Rose of Allendale—the Portuguese Hymn—Di Tanti Palpit, and so on. He is a good sort of man enough; but when he shakes your hand, he gives you only the tips of his fingers, or if you get more, the whole feels like a dead fish. It is hard to offend him, for he does not readily understand an affront, and he wants every joke explained to him twice. Such a one makes your moderate drinker.

Another shall be so close-fisted, that he would, if he could, wring one of the pillars of a Spanish quarter dollar, like a man in Albany who said he had been a member of the church for thirteen years, and, thank God, it never cost him a quarter of a dollar. "The Lord bless your stingy soul then," was the reply. Such a man would never become a drunkard. There was a man in Connecticut who never could become one. He one day went into a grocery and asked for a drink. When he had drank it, he asked what there was to pay. "Three cents." "Well," said he, "I'm a member of the House of Representatives—I am, and I guess I shall be here sixty or seventy days, 'cording as business goes on. I'm in the habit of drinking—a little—'cording to circumstances, may be three or four glasses a day, some more, some less. I guess I would like to find some steady place where I could liquor regular while I'm in the city, and I'll take it here if you'll let me have it for two cents." If such a man ever turned drunkard, that great hunter for curiosities, Mr. Barnum, would buy him up and show him through the country.

Take another. He is of a nervous temperament, easily excited. He can sing a good song; tell a good story; make himself the life of society; and spread, as it were, a garden of green things wherever he goes. Every one loves him for his open heartedness, his very tread in the streets is full of good spirits and good humor. Such a man will become a drunkard. And yet I hear young men say, "I'm not such a fool."

Let me explain how they become so. They begin, not because they want to drink, but because it is genteel—at public dinners—at public suppers—or at private parties. While waiting for the railway cars, one day when I was so cold that I was absolutely forced against my custom, to go into a tavern, to warm myself at the stove, I met a gentleman of a class of which we have too many in the United States—fine gentlemanly looking men, with good coats, well put on. They are usually of a very social disposition, good address, popular with young men, and with some title, military or civil. They are generals, or mayors, or colonels, or judges, or something of that sort. They are the greatest too that the community have. I have sometimes traced their lives till death's fingers were feeling their heart, and what then must be their reflection? "God has given me health, influence, fine appearance, the means of influencing young men, and I have never exerted one good influence." It was one of this class of whom I speak. Coming into the bar-room he approached a young man sitting there—"Jim, what will you take?" "Well I guess, Judge, I won't take anything." "Oh, come along, what will you take?" "Well, if I must, suppose I take brandy." That's the way young men begin. And yet at the beginning it is easy to avoid it. As the Quaker told his boy, it is as easy to leave off drinking as to open his hand. "How?" said the boy. "Who John, when thou putt'st the glass to thy lips just open thine hand, and thou wilt drink nothing."

I speak as one who can look back to seven dreary years, during which, all around me that was green and bright, and beautiful, and lively, and touching, was converted into bitter ashes. When I was, as it were, in a fetid pool that constantly bubbled up

around me and approached my lips. Oh, Father of mercies, let the hut of poverty be my shelter; let me sow the whirlwind, and reap the tempest; let those whom I love hold me in derision; when I anticipate good, evil come upon me; let terror and death fall on me—let all these things be; but save me from the fate of the drunkard.

I once travelled in Connecticut with a driver whose conversation made up one of the most curious rides I ever had. He had a fine span of horses, and said to me:—"If you had only seen me eight years ago, when I was carted out of Wellington with all my family, and all my goods in a one horse cart—and such a horse! I could not see his head. When I pulled one string, he would turn round a little; and the only impression whipping made on him was to make him go sideways. Now, I'm driving back with a fine span, and a temperance man."

Sprinklings for Thought, Ideal and Actual.

THREE THINGS.—Sydney Smith said there were three things which every man fancied he could do—farm a small property, drive a gig, and edit a newspaper.

There is nothing purer than honesty—nothing sweeter than charity—nothing warmer than love—nothing richer than wisdom—nothing brighter than virtue—and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind, form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest and the most steadfast happiness.

The following is an extract from the report of the London Jury of the Agricultural implements at the Crystal Palace:—

"Baron Liebig's discovery in animal physiology, that the excessive labor of the jaws in the mastication of food, wasted the beast's muscles and retarded his progress, has been fully confirmed by practice, and instead of feeding, as formerly, upon hay or whole turnips thrown to them, our stock have their food 'minced' for them by different descriptions of cutting machines. Such is the advantage obtained by this mode of feeding, 'that lambs fed with the aid of a turnip-cutter are worth more at the end of a winter by 8s per head than lambs fed upon whole turnips, the cost of using the machine being but 1s. per head, and the cost of the machine itself not more than 25,' thus affecting a saving of 70s. an acre upon the turnip crop."

BLACK NOSES.—The Kentucky Legislature proposes to stain the noses of the convicts in the Penitentiary, black, and keep them so until the expiration of their sentence! The Editor of the Kentucky Flag is in favor of the resolution, with an amendment that the Sheriff of each county be required to catch every delinquent newspaper subscriber in his bailiwick, and black his nose, and keep it blacked until he pays up.

It is said that basket willow, equal in value to four millions of dollars, is annually imported from France and Germany into the United States.

THE ALPHABET may be varied so many millions of times, that if a man could accomplish the almost impossible task of reading one hundred thousand words in an hour, it would require four thousand six hundred and fifty millions of men to read those words, according to the above hourly proportion, for twenty thousand years, to exhaust all possible combinations of the letters!

GOODNESS LEADS TO GOODNESS.—Goodness incites to goodness—and where the law of kindness rules, there is the greatest power in ruling; yet true love is quick-sighted, and looks beyond the present moment.—Gen. xxi: 23.

The process of germination changes oxygen gas into carbonic acid.

Gold-leaf can be reduced to the three-hundred-thousandth part of an inch, and gilding to the ten-millionth part.

A FAIR HIT.—When Dr. Francis, of New York, visited the birth-place of Robert Burns, he said to the widow of the immortal bard:—"Your husband was a magnificent poet; his name is well known and honored throughout America; he was truly a great genius." "I have been told so since his death," was the reply.

"SKIP ALL THE HARD WORDS."—Travelling a few years since in a stage coach from Worcester to Springfield, (it was before the happy advent of Railways,) there was in our inside company a poor, pale, eccentric looking man who spoke rarely, and then in a way quite his own. As we stopped to water the horses, the driver became offended at something, and was shockingly profane. Our friend bore it a moment in silence, and then stretching his long neck out of the window, he said in a tone of authority—