## Lmusmg Reading.

NOBODY'S SONG. Swift never wrote anything better in verse the following lines, from an unknown

Proceedings of the control of the co

In life's young morning Nobody
To me was tender and dear;
And my gradle was rocked by Nobody,
And Nobody was ever near;
I was petied and praised by Nobody,
And Nobody brought me up;
And when I was hungry, Nobody
Gave me to dine or to sup.

I went to school to Nobody, And Nobody taughs in to read; I played in the street with Nobody, And to Nobody ever gave head; I recounted my tale to Nobody, For Nobody was willing to hear; And my hear; it clung to Nobody, And Nobody shed a tear.

And when I grew older, Nobody Gave me a helping turn; And by the good aid of Nobody I began my living to earn; And hence I courted Nobody, And said Nobody's I'd be and asked to marry Nobody,

Thus I trudge along with Nobody,
And Nobody pheers my life,
And I have a love for Nobody,
Which Nobody has for his wife,
So here's a health to Nobody,
For "Nobody's now in town."
And I've a passion for Nobody,
That Nobody else would own.

COL CRICKLEY'S HORSE. have never been able to ascertain the use of the quarrel between the Crickley's d the Drakes'. They had lived within a mile of each other, in Illinois, for five years, and from their first acquaintance, there had been a mutual feeling of dislike between the

One evening Mr. Drake the elder, was re ning home with his 'pocket full of rocks' on Chicago, whither he had been to dis-ose of a lead of grain. Som Barston was with in the wagon, and as they approached prove which intervesed between them Mr. Drake's house, he observed to his

What a beautiful shot Col: Crickley's old an is over vonder ! 'Hang it !' muttered old Drake, 'so it is

The horse was standing under some trees, out twelve rods from the road: Involuntarily, Drake stopped his team.— a glanced furtively around, then with a

er smile the old hunter took up his rifle om the bottom of the wagon, and raised it o his shoulder, drew a sight on the colonel's Beautiful! muttered Drake, lowering his

rifle with the air of a man resisting a power-ful temptation. U could drop old roan so

ested Sam Barston, who loved fun in any shape, No, no 'twouldn't do,' said the old huner, glancing cautiously around him again; 'I won't tell,' said Sam.

I won't shoot this time, any way, tell or ne tell. The horse is too nigh. If he was tifty rods off instead of twelve, so there'd by a bare possibility of mistaking for a deer, I'd let fly. As it is, Pd give the colonel \$5 for

At that moment the colonel himself steped from behind a big oak, not half a doze paces distant, and stood before Mr. Drake.
(Well, why don't you shoot?"

The old man stammered some words That you colonel! I-I was tempted

to I declare and I said, I'll give you a V for one pull.'

Say an X, and it's a bargain.\*

Drake felt of his rifle, and looked at old

'How much is the horse wuth?' he mutered in Sam's ear. About \$50. Gad, colonel I'll do it. Here's your

The colonel took and packeted the mon-

ey, muttering-Hanged if I thought you'd take me up. With high glee the old hunter put a fresh cap on his rifle, stood up in his wagon, and drew a close sight at old roan. Sam Barson chuckled. The colonel put hi shand to his face and chuckled too.

Crack! went the rifle. The hunter tore Sam was astonished. The colonel laughed. Old roan never stirred.

ack as Othello'e.

What's the matter with you, bey? Fust me you ever sarved me quite such a trick,

And Drake loaded the piece with great People said you'd lost your knack o' tone of satire.

Drake. 'I can shoot-'A horse at ten rod? ha! ha!'

Drake was livid. 'Look here, colonel, I can't stand that!' Never mind, the horse can, sneered the

colonel. 'T'll risk you.' Grinding his teeth, Drake produced another X.

'Here,' he growled, 'I am bound to have another shot, any way.'
'Crack away,' cried the colonel, pecketing

the note. Drake did crack away-with deadly aim

too-but the horse did not mind the bullet in the least. To the rage and unutterable astonishment of the hunter, old roan looked him right in the face, as if he rather liked the fun.

'Drake,' cried Sam, "you're drunk! A horse at a dozen rods-oh, my eye!'

Just shut your mouth, or I'll shoot you thundered the excited Drake. The bullet was hollow, I'll swear. The man lies that says I can't shoot! Last week I cut off a goose's head at fifty rods, and I can do it again. Colonel, you can laugh, but I'll bet very well, if said by somebody else. now, thirty dollars, I can bring down old roan at one shot.'

The wager was readily accepted. The stakes were placed in Sam's hands. Elated with the idea of winning back his two tens, and making an X into the bargain, Drake carefully selected a perfect ball, and even buckskin patch and beaded the rifle.

It was nearly dark but the old hand boasting of being able to shoot a bat on the wing by starlight, and without hesitating he drew clear sight on the roan's head.

A minute later, Drake was driving through the grove the most entaged, the most desper-ate of men. His rifle, innocent victim of his ire, bay with broken stock on the bottom of the wager. Sam Barston was too much frightened to laugh. Meanwhile the gratified colonel was rolling on the ground convul-sed with mirth, and old rons was standing

undisturbed under the trees.

When Drake reached home his two some discovered his ill-humor, and the morilate condition of his vifle stock, bastened to arouse his spirits with a piece of news which they were sure would make him dance for

joy. (Clear out !' growled the old man; 'I don't want to hear any news; get away, or I'll knock one of you down!

on the colonel.
On the colonel? aried the old man, be ginning to be interested. Gad, if you've played the colonel a trick, let's hear it.' Well father, Jed and I, this afternoon,

went out for deer\_\_\_\_\_ Hang the deer, come to the trick!

Couldn't find any deer, but thought that we must shoot something; so Jed banged away at the colonel's old rosu shot him

"Shot old roan!" thundered the hunter—
Jed, did you shoot the colonel's old hoss?"
"I didn't do anything else?"
"And then," pursued Jed, confident the oke part must please his father, Jim and I propped the old horse up, and tied his head back with a cord, and left him standing under the trees, just as if he was alive. Ha

ha! Fascy the colonel going to estab him ! He! he! warn't it a joke?' Old Drake's head fell on his breast. He felt of his empty pocket book, and looked at his rifle. Then in a rueful tone he whispered

It's a joke ! But if you ever tell of itif you do, Sam Barston-I'll skin you alive! I have been shooting at that dead horse half an hour, at ten dollars a shot!" At that moment Sam feel into the gutter.

THE THREE JOLLY HUSBANDS. The three jolly husbands, out in the country, by the name of Tim Watson, Joe Brown, and Bill Walker, sat late one evening drinking at the village tavern, until, being well corned, they agreed that each one on returning home should do the first thing his wife told him, in default of which he should the next morning pay the bill. They then separated for the night, engaging to meet again the next morning; and give an honest

account of their proceedings at home, so far as they related to the bill. The next morning Walker and Brown time before Watson made his appearance - as folishly as it pleases.

You see, when I entered my house the candle was out, and the fire giving but a glimmering of light, I came hear walking accidentally into a pot of batter that the pancakes were to be made of in the morning. My wife, dreadfully out of humor atsitting up so late, said to me sarcastically:

Bill, do put your feet in the batter Just as you say, Maggy, said I, and with out the least hesitation, I put my foot into the pot of batter, and then went immediate ly to bed. 30

Next Joe Brown told his story: My wife had already retired to our usual eleeping room which adjoins the kitchen, and the door of which was just ajar, not being able to navigate prefectly, you know, I made a dreadful clattering among the houshold furniture, and my wife in no very pleasant tone bawled out

Do break the porridge pot?

No seoner said than done; I seized hold of the bail of the pot, and striking it against the chimney jamb broke it in a hundred pieces. After the performance of this exploit I retired to rest, and was treated to a cartain lecture for my pains.

It was now Tim Watson's turn to give an count of himself, which he did with a very 5 face as follows: My wife gave me the most unlucky com nand in the world, for I was blundering up tairs in the dark, when she oried out:

Do break your neck : do Tim ! -I'll be cussed if I do, Kate, said I gathoring myself up. I'll sooner pay the bill. And so, landlord, here's the cash for you; and this is the last time. I'll ever risk five dollars on the command of my wife.

THE DEACON'S ORDER.-A pious, but illiterate descon, of one of the fashionable put a horrid-oath, which I will not repeat. churches, in a certain town down east, gave to the coachman a slip of paper, upon which he said, was written the name of a couple Drake started at his rifle with a face as of books, which he wished him to call for at a book store. The driver called at the store, and handing the memorandum to the clerk,

> There's a couple of books, which Deacon B. wishes you to send him."
>
> The clerk, after a careful examination

he paper, was unable to make thead or sail , observed the colonel, in a cutting of it, and passed it to the book-keeper, wh was posted on letters; but to him in was also 'Greek.' The proprietor was also called, and he also gave the thing up in despair; Who said so? It's a lie!' thundered and it was finally concluded best to send the memorandom back to the deacon, as it was supposed he must have sent the wrong paper. As the coach arrived at the village inn, the driver saw the deacon on the steps. 'Well, driver,' said he, 'did you get my

books to-day ?" Books! no; and a good reason why, for there couldn't a man in Worcester read your

hen-tracks.' 'Couldn't read 'riten ? Let me see the

The driver drew it from his pocket, and nassed it to the deacon, who, taking out and carefully adjusting his glasses, held the memorandum at arm's length, exclaimed, as he did so, in a very satisfied tone :

Why, it's as plain as the pose on conface! 'To S-A-M Bux'-two psalm books! I guess his clerks had better go to school

And here the deacon made some reflec tions upon the 'ignorance of the times,' and the want of attention to books by the vrising generation,' which would have all been

A POETICAL THIEF. - An impudent scamp recently went to Sheriff Morgan's garden in Pembroke, Me., after the family had retired, and took therefrom all his peas and queumbers, and left the following lines upon Sheriff Morgan :

While you're asleep taking your ease, I'm in the garden stealing your peas!

Good breeding and money make our sons gentlemen.

-We should ever carefully avoid putting our interest is competition with our duty.

— The most curious thing in the world, is woman who is not curtous.

Take short views, hope for the best, and

rust in God He who hath good bealth is young, and he is rich who owes nothing.

Why are persons blind from birth unfit.

be carpenters? Because they never saw. - Why is a boulky horse like an organ? Because his leading features are his Ostops." - Freedom can alone be found in obelience to the laws of God and the just laws

- The art of keeping still and saying both ng is the true secret of the success of score

-A man loves when his judgment ap proves; a woman's judgment approves when she loves.

- To commit a falsehood is like the cut of sabre ; for though the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain - Sadi Every system of education is defective which dees not consider the characteristic talent of the scholar.

The Turks have a proverb, that "the devil tempts other men, but that idle men

Pleading at the bar, says a Wester ditor, is trying to pursuade a har-keeper to trust you for a three cent uipper.

-Francis Pigg, of India: a, has run away om Mrs. Pigg and four little Piggs. The Post says he is a hog. - Beautiful is the love and sweet the kiss of a sister; but if you havn't a sister; handdy, try your cousin it isn't much werse

- O dear, Mr. P., you jest when you say my babe is the handsomest you ever siw; you must be soft soaping. Well, madam, I think it needed soap of some kind. —The threshold of life is known by there Sam had laughed himself almost to death, being the number 21 on the door. Knook holdly-hold your head up-and enter clike

— It is a popular delusion to think that an editor is a public bellows, bound to puff everybody and everybody that wants to see

-The real way to improve is not so much by varied reading, as by finding out your meak points on any subject and mustering

-Be content with little-go in for sun-shine, love, and minor luxuries generallywere early at their posts, but it was some and let the world rush along as madly and

-The greatest rake, it is said, makes the best husband-on the principle, we suppos that the greatest drunkards makes the best temperance lecturer.

- Miss Wood recently recovered two thous: and dellars damages for a breach of promise from a faithless swain. High price for -What a world of gossip would be pre-

ented, if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others. ntends to tell others of your faults. You bachelors ought to be heavily tax-

ed," said a lady to an old 'un. 'True, ma'am," said the fogy, "bachelorism is doubtedly a great fuxury. - Words are the pledges and pictures of our thoughts, and therefore ought pot to be

bscure and obsolete. Truth, as Euripides ays, loves plain language. -In reply to Mr. Dundas, in the House of Commons, Sheridan observed. The right honorable gentleman is indebted to his nemory for his jests, and to his fancy for

- Death levels the whole human race; for it is only when he has stripped men of every thing external that their deformities on be clearly discovered, or their worth correctly

aspertained - Landor - In a factious and barbarous age. greatest men, as well as men of the best egulated minds, adhere to some one of the idemic frenzies that trouble and agitate

the world at that moment. -An office-seeker, in urging his claims mid that his grandfather didn't fight in the Revolutionary war, but he guessed he would have liked to, if he had been in the country at the time. He was appointed.

- A man, whose sister informed him, he had not long to live, and suggested that he might not feel entirely prepared for that event. "Why should I be afraid to die?" he asked; "I never voted a Whig ticket in my life!"

- When you meet with neglect, let rouse you to exertion, instead of mertifying your pride. Set about lessening those de eets which expose you to neglect, and improve those excellences which command at

Lost wealth may be restored by indu try-the wreck of health regained by temperance—forgotten knowledge restored by study—alienated friendship soothed into forgetfulness—even forfeited reputation won by patience and virtue.

-The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman; the foundation of all political happiness is confidence in the ntegrity of man; and the foundation of all appiness—temporal and eternal—reliance

on the goodness of God. - Ellen Emery, who lives down South, autions all girls against having anything to lo with her runaway husband, David. She thinks he will be easily known, because," she says, "David has a scar on his nose

where I scratched him !" Sc-a-at ! -There is no elevation of mind in a contempt of little things ; it is, on the contrary, from too norrow views, that we consider those things of little importance, which have in cts such extensive consequences .- Fene-

- God made both tears and laughter and hoth for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder serrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

— It has hitherto been maintained that the

ourl in a pig's tail is more for ornament than use. The position is no longer tenable. A large sow was seen walking down Broadway some time ago, with a piece of red tape at bearing a banner inscribed with "T tached to the said ourl, from which was sub-pended a card, on which was written, "Patmake our penneu a cara, rick Doolan's Pig Betsey!"

JOVENILE TIPPLING The Cayaga Chirf has the following ra cy remarks on the subject of juvenile tip pling:

pling:

"Lastly, the boys go it in the important matter of tropling. They take to drick with remarkable readiness, and exhibit capacities for storing away liquors which old salts might ency. Grass never grows between hand and mouth. Their stomachs have tremendous expansion. Their throats are never clogged, for you might as well pour water down a rat-hole. water down a rat-hole. Old swill tubs cannot bold more slope, or blost to a greater extent. The American citizen may proud when he he sees the amount perly which is daily being saved, by ing run down the throats of our young men. Their self-satisfying devoration to the great traffic is wondrous. They exhibit a moral herojam which rises into a moral grandeur. But for them the race of drumsards would dis out. Our poor houses and prisons would be temptless, and there would not be hanging enough to keep the gallows from rusting Pauperism and crime would go out of fash-ied, and vice have to look elsewhere for recraits. When we reflect that out own coun-

try could not boast of fifty thousand drunkards, if it were not for the enlistment of these youths, the mind realizes their devotion and courage. They fit and prepare themselves, and at their own expense, and as fast as drunkards are wanted, to take their places. Look at the fresh young rank of our boy tipplers, and be proud, that from these the ragged and tedfaced legious of American drunkards are to be kept unbroken. Glorious thought | Let the boys go these great meral undertakings. Do not BYTHEWOOD & COWAN, despair of becoming one of the most loath GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS some and ahandoned vagabonds in organion, because a few drinks will not complete the work. Persevere persevere, we say, - and

ere you are aware, you can exhibit as glaring a face, and as foul a mouth, as the eidest veteran. There is everything to encourage you. The old sat by your side is pickled. veteran in the cause—commenced where you are. See what practice has done for him! Take courage, boy, and go it! Hang round the drunkery, and pour down the swill. The more drugging, the more speedy the graduation. Watch the old soldiers, and listen closely to their pure speech. Follow in the footsteps of your illustrious predecessors. Do not forget that the runsellers are doing a great work for you. And when one is dam ing his soul for your benefit, will you not go it?
A glorious destiny is yours, young friends.
Your country needs fifty thousand young recruits. The sanctity of whisky property. must be preserved by your ruin, and our constitution saved by the destruction of your own. On, then, young friends, and may the good devil smile on your efforts, so that

STREET, STREET, ST. M. TONISCH, CO. CHARLES LAMB'S WARNING. gentle Charles?"-was much addicted to

when you are rotting in Potter's Field, in

may be said of you that you went it in your

the winc-cup. Hear his solemn warning heed it, ye who can: The waters have gone over me. Bu out of the black depths, could I be heard. would cry out to all those who have but se a foot in the perilous flood. Could the is delicious as the opening scenes of life, o the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and h inside to understand what a dreary thing is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will; to see his destruction and to have will; to see his destruction and to have he power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not beable to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the pileous spectacle of his ewn ruin; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's constitute of fire the night's constitute of the pileous processing the second transfer the night's constitute of the pileous process. verishly looking for the night's repetition

the folly; could be but feel the body of the death out of which I ory hourly, with feebler outery to the delivered-it were enough to made him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling

"Oh, if a wish could transport me back e those days of youth, whom a draught of the neat, clear spring could slake the heart which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in my blood, how glady would I turn back to the element, and drink of my childhood and of child-like, holy heroism?"

THE TEMPERANCE PRESS.

· Various instrumentalities have operated in advancing the Temperance Reform. Able. men have written and spoken, and from the rostrum and pulpit public opinion has been educated. But the great engine has been the Press. This giant friend of man in a free country, has scattered its light, its facts, its arguments and appeals, into millions of hearts and homes. It has slowly increased in ability and power, and to-day exerts a controlling influence on public sentiment. The literature of our reform is assuming a more refined and elevated character, and clothing great truths in purer and more attractive grab, and never was there a wider field for the exercise of intellectual effort. The wildest dreams of fiction seem tame, incomparison with the stern and sober realities of our cause. Tragedies more fearfully dark and startling than Avon's bard ever sketched are thickly traced on the record of the liquor history. It is the Press that deline-ates these dark histories and arouses the virthe freeman's friend, the tyrant's foe.

thous indignation of community against the fool sources of their emanation; -the Press It is important, then, that this powerful gency be well sustained—that it be not crippled in its operations by a want of a generous liberality and hearty support. Stand by it, then, every friend of humanity! Let it be a constant, regular weekly visitor at your fireside, and introduce it among your neighbors; and thus you shall sow seed which shall ripen and bless in the great day of eternity ... Spirit of the Age.

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