ty, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into nearly every neighborhood in the reaching. It is sent free of postage to any Post-office County. It is not free of postage to any Post-office within the county limits, and to those living within the limits, but whose most convenient postoffice may the limits, but whose most convenient postoffice may be in an adjoining County.

the limits, but be in an adjoining County.

Basiness Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper in. eladed, \$4 per year.

A Kiss and its Consequences :

OR, HOW MR. PICKLEBY CAME TO BE FLOGGED.

Our boarding house is not a common boarding house, nor are our boarders com-mon boarders. I do not, by this wish to convey the idea that there is anything pecuharly uncommon about us or our houseonly that we reside in an aristocratic portion of the town, and consider ourselves on the whole, rather a select set.

But, however select a company may be. the fact that they are select is not an infallible proof that nothing disreputable, can occur among them.

This has been especially proven in our case. We have just been deeply agitated, excited—shocked! Happily for the reputation of our place, the affair of which I speak had a gratifying termination.

In our boarding, house resides an inveterate old bachelor named Wigley. Mr. Wigley is by no means such a person as some people invariably represent old bachelors to be, neither in appearance nor disposition. He is a portly, middle aged, good natured, funloving, sociable fellow, and likes the society of lidies far better than three-fourths of the married men. Mr. and Mrs. Pickleby are also of our company: the former, a commission merchant, is a very quiet and a very respectable sort of man; exceedingly fond of his wife, and withal, a little inclined to juliousy; the latter is a beautiful and affec-Longie creature, who dotes upon her husband,

and isn't jealous at all. One day last week, Miss Celestia Nobbsanother of our boarders, and a maiden lady of thirty-five thereabouts-heard a noise in the hall below, and stepping out of her apartment she leaned over the banisters, to see that was the cause of it. She distended her work-like neck to its utmost limit, and lis-

tened with breathless interest. "lam so glad you are come!" she heard a voice, which she at once recognized as Mrs. Pickieby's, exclaim; and the next moment she saw that lady pass beneath her to meet a gentleman, of whom she could get but a partial view. Then a loud kiss was given and Mrs. Pickleby said, in a some-

what lower tone of voice : "Come with me-come to my room; Mr. Pickleby is at his office, and I am alone."

Then, both started to ascend the stairs, and Miss Nobbs hastened to withdraw into her room, but not before she had caught a better glimpse of the man who was with Mrs. Pickleby, and discovered in him, as she thought, no other than Mr. Wigley. That gentleman had been absent in the country for a week, und she had seen hun, on his return, not more than an hour previous, enter the house.

Miss Celestia Nobbs is one of those pure and immaculate beings, the chief desire of whose hearts it is that nothing sinful shall occur on earth, and who, feelings themselves to be spotless philanthropically, as they seem to imagine, spend their time in prying into the affairs of other people, and dictating to them the course they should pursue.

"Ah! ha!" said the spinster, as she closed the door of her room, and walked on tip-toe to a seat-"it's come to this, has it? I always thought there was something more than everybody knew going on between the two."

She sat for half an hour in deep meditation tron the matter, and then she arose and moved toward the door.

"if the wicked, shameless creature thinks," stid Miss. Nobbs to herself-"If she has the fain est idea that such actions will be suffered in his house, she will find herself mista-

ken lean assure her." She heard footsteps, without and as she Assed into the hall, she saw Mr. Wigley escending the stairs, and heard him leave

"Left her, have you?" she uttered under her breath. "Well, well, I never expected to Gless such goings on-never! But you're ound out-you'll known-both of you!"

She hastened to the room of Miss Dobbs, on the floor above. Miss Dobbs is a confiant of Miss Nobbs, a few years older than herself, and a few degrees thinner in person. Miss Nobbs was gratified to find Mrs. Briggs company with her friend on this occasion. Mrs. Briggs, I may as well state, is a widow ady of some twelve years standing, who had ong endeavored—it is generally believed by ocarly all the house—to captivate and enare, in the meshes of matrimony, Mr.

Miss Nobbs smiled mysterously, as she d'ered, and carefully closing the door, she

eared herself beside her friends. "lam glad to find you together, ? she said afor have a thing of the greatest impor-

atce to make known."

"Do tell !" exclaimed Miss Dobbs with an deger bir - "what is it?"

Smething you'll be surprised to know. Oh! it is the most wonderful thing in the and how deceptive some people can be! I ever in all my life-"

But what is it?" cried both the ladies in breath.

The most shameful going on you ever nessed, I'll be sworn!" replied the excivirgin, in so impressive a manner that the losity of her listeners became unendura-Then pausing a moment, to let her erds take full effect. Miss Nobbs looked emaly from one to the other, and contin-

"Will you believe it ladies, when I tell that I saw with my own eyes, Mrs. Pick- far forget her modesty as as to do as she has the hall below with a-man?"

"You don't say !" uttered Miss Dobbs. "Shocking!" exclaimed Mrs. Briggs. True, every word; but that isn't all: I ard them give a kiss; and Mrs. Pickleby fled him to her room!"

"Gracious heaven!" ejuculated the listen- of what you say?"

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. V.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 6, 1859.

ers simultaneously, elevating their hands in | horior and surprise.

"Yes; she told him she was all alonethat Mr. Pickleby was not at home-end so,

they went off together. Oh! it's almost incredible, such shameful conduct!" "The immodest unblushing thing |" ex-

claimed the widow, indignantly. "Such wickedness!" echoed Miss Dobbs.

"But who is it she was with?" "Mr. Wigley."

"Is it possible!"

Mrs. Briggs was stricken dumb by the announcement of the name, and for a few moments, gave some tokens of an intention to swoon; but thinking better of it, she refrained.

"This is a terrible thing!" said Miss Nobbs earnestly, after enjoying fully the sensation she had created.

"Terrible indeed!" uttered Miss Dobbs. "And not to be borne!" exclaimed the indignant widow, her face assuming a very erudescent tint as she spoke.

"It must not be borne!" said the spinster; "the reputation of this house will not

allow such things to pass unnoticed. "And our own reputations!" chimed the other maiden.

"Think what we should be made to suffer," cried the widow, "if it should become known that we live in the midst of such iniquitous scenes!"

"Our characters are not to be trifled with thus!" exclaimed Miss Nobbs, with a determined air, "and this thing must not be suf-

fered to stop here!" "Poor Mr. Pickleby!" sighed Miss Dobbs,

I pity him from my heart!" "And so do I," said the widow; for I dare say he has not the least suspicion of his wife's perfidy."

"He must know it" uttered Miss Nobbs speaking in a low and deliberate tone of "You are right-he must know it; but

how?" inquired Miss Dobbs. "We must tell him !"

"Will it be proper?" "It will be doing our duty."

"Yes!" said Mrs. Briggs, "it will be but the performance of a Christian duty. We must tell him !"

"And I, for one, am ready to go and perform that duty," remarked Miss Nobbs, with a meek and resigned look as if she had ta-

ken it upon herself to suffer at the stake. "And I," said the widow. "Oh, I will accompany you; I am sure I only want to do what is right," said Miss

Dobbs submissively. "Then let us go at once."

"Yes; the sooner he has his mind disabused in respect to his wife, the better."

Forth accordingly, the immaculate trio sallied as soon as they could make the necessary preparations, and bent their course toward the store of Mr. Pickleby, in the lower part of the city.

The merchant was busily engaged in the transaction of some business, when he saw the three ladies approach him. He suspended operations, and inquired what happy cir cumstance had brought them thither.

"It is a sad errand on which we are come," said Miss Nobbs, shaking her head with a melancholy air.

"A dreadful errand!" affirmed Miss Dobbs, dubiously.

"A more dreadful errand you could not imagine!" added Mrs. Briggs, making a

strong effort to shudder. "For mercy's sake ladies!" cried the alarmed man, turning pale, "what is it?"

"In the first place Mr. Pickleby," said the first spinster, "we wish to assure you that you have our warmest sympathies-that we feel for you."

"From the very bottom of our hearts,"

added the elder maiden. "And nothing but a deep sense of duty," remarked the widow, "has induced us to take the step we have, in order to reveal to you

such distressful news.' "What is it?-what is it?" exclaimed the merchant, frantically. "Don't keep me in suspense; what has happened?"

"Your wife!" uttered Miss Nobbs, in a significant lone. "Yes, Mr. Pickleby, your wife!" repeated

the other two in a breath. Mr. Pickleby staggered backwards, while a look of dreadful terror overspread his fea-

"My wife!" he gasped, "what of my wife? Is she sick ?-is she dead ?"

Miss Nobbs closed he eyes, and shook her head slowly.

"Then why do you alarm me so? wha would you have me to understand?" "Is there not something that, to your noble

mind, is worse than death?" "Eh!-what-what do you mean?"

"Dishonor !" "But Mrs. Pickleby-she-she-"

Mr. Pickleby, your wife is deceiving you!' "Cruelly, shamefully deceiving you!" ejaculated Miss Dobbs.

"Undoubtedly, and in a manner not to be borne!" said the widow. Mr. Pickleby looked from one to the

other in speechless agony. "Briefly said Miss Nobbs, "while you are absent, your wife is receiving the attention of

"We have noticed with grief," continued Miss Nobbs, "that one of our sex should so

done. "And for that reason," added Mrs. Briggs, 'as I have already said, we determined to accquaint you with the fact.

"How do you know this ?" cried the merchant, in a voice of rage. "Are you certain

"Quite," answered Miss Nobbs; "I saw your wife this morning with Mr. Wigley, in the hall; heard them kiss; and together they went to your room." "Wigley! Do you mean to say Wigley is the man?"

"Wigley!" repeated Miss Nobbs emphati-

cally. "The odious villain!" cried Pickleby, seizing his hat as he spoke. "He shall repent

it—he shall repent it—bitterly." He rushed from the store as he spoke, leaving his informants in the most unceremonious manner. They quietly proceeded homeward, congratulating each other that they had evidently the means of putting

down a giant of iniquity.

Mr. Wigley has an office in Broadway. Mr. Pickleby, soon after his interview with the ladies, stood in the presence of Mr. Wigley, who smiled, and offered his hand to the other. Mr. Pickleby, with every expression of scorn and hate, declined to touch it.

"Permit me to inform you," said the merchant, almost choking with rage, "that I know all!"

Mr. Wigley looked at the speaker with astonishment.

"Yes, sir," continued the excited Pickleby, 'I know all; and I'm not such a paltry coward as to suffer it to pass with impunity!"

Whereupon, before the other could utter word, he gave Mr. Wigley such a blow on the head as to stagger him not a little, and before he could recover from surprise, it was followed up by another blow on the other side of his head, which made his ears ring in

a most wonderful manner. This was rather too much for the good nature of Mr. Wigley, and so he nerved himself to the task, and commenced a retaliation. Being nearly double the weight of his antagonist, he soon had it all his own way; and to be brief, in less than ten minutes, Mr. Pickleby cried loudly for quarter, admitting himself to be as well-whipped a man as he

had ever beheld. "And now," said Wigley, after helping his adversary to his feet-"now that our affair is settled, please tell me what I have flogged

"For intriguing with my wife, as you well

know," replied the defeated, but still indignant man.

"It's a lie!" said Wigley. "It's the truth," responded Pickleby, "and can prove it.". "You can't do it. Come we will go and

see Mrs. Pickleby herself; and show me a witness if you can." "Very well; it's just what I desire." Mr. Pickleby washed the blood from his

face, arranged his disordered garments as well as he could, and accompanied Mr. Wigley home. Miss Nobbs, Miss Dobbs and Miss Briggs were called, and an explanation demanded by the accused Wigley. Miss Nobbs persisting

in the truth of what she uttered, the whole party, at the request of the injured husband, proceeded to his wife's apartment. Mrs. Pickleby, to the surprise of all, was not alone; a man was with her. As soon

as Mr. Pickleby saw him he smiled, and advanced and shook him by the hand. "My brother!" said he, turning to those

who had followed him.

Miss Nobbs' face became crimson. "I fear," she stammered, that I have uninentionally made a mistake. This must be he gentleman I saw; and he is so like Mr. Wigley, that I was led to believe he was no

other. I beg pardon!" As the trio of ladies took their departure, Mr. Pickleby was heard to utter divers male dictions upon the heads of all meddling, busytongued scandal-mongers; but he soon recovered his temper, explained the whole alfair to his wife, joined heartily in the laugh that was raised at his expense, and ended by inviting Wigley to join their party that evening in a game of whist.

Hallo, boy, did you see a rabbit cross the road there just now?"

"A rabbit ?" "Yes! be quick! a rabbit?"

"Was it a kinder gray varmint?"

"Yes! yes! "A longish cretur, with a short tail?" "Yes, be quick, or he'll gain his burrow.

"Had it long legs behind, and big ears?" "Yes! yes!" "And sorter jumps when it runs?" "Yes, I tell you; jumps when it runs." "Well, I hain't seen such a creature about

A FRIEND of ours was traveling, while afflicted with a very bad cough. He annoved his fellow travelers greatly, till one of them remarked, in a tone of displeasure:-'Sir, that is a very bad cough of yours?" "True, sir," replied our friend, "but you'll excuse me—it's the best I've got."

"JOHNNY," said a mother to a son, nine years of age, "go and wash your face; I am ashamed to see you come to dinner with so dirty a mouth." "I did wash it, mamma," and feeling his upper lip he added gravely, "I think it must be a mustache coming!"

"Is Mr. Brown a man of means?" asked gentleman of old Mrs. Fizzleton referring to one of her neighbors. "Well I reckon he ought to be," drawled out the old beldame, for he is just the meanest man in town."

Moving for a new trial.-Courting a sec-

wisdom; if he thinks he has found it he is

A man passes for a sage if he seeks for

CARRIER'S ADDRESS, To the Patrons of the Tioga Agitator.

BY CLD HUNK .- Tune-The Devil's Dream.

Tick, tick, tick, the pendulum swings, Chime, chime, chime, the alarum rings, And the hours of life are tolled, save one, Ere the Old Year's feeble course is run; Another hour, and the year will be A drop in the waves of eternity. O'er the earth is spread a snowy shrond, And the winds like mourners cry aloud, And the stars come out and tread again In the Old Year's solemn funeral train. All, all is hushed; no pitying eye Or midnight watcher standeth nigh, With falling tears and deep drawn breath To gaze upon the Old Year's death, Save one lone soul, who mused and thought 'Pon the change the dying one had wrought, And he-lone watcher of Time's revel-

He marks the change by nature drawn In season's o'er the earth's fair face-Gay spring, bright summer, autumn, all Have passed away and left their trace, In bursting buds, and golden sheaves, In scarlet tints, and falling leaves, 'Till last old winter's chilly hands Clasp field and flood with icy bands. He sees a change on every hand,

The Agitator's printer devil.

In everything he sees Time's traces, From gray hairs on old bach's heads To wrinkles in the maiden's faces, In men and things, and things in men That sadly need change back again; And some poor souls he minds whose luck it Alas? 'ts been to 'kick the bucket.' And others, like himself, who've got it In every place except the pocket.

What other thoughts his mind inspired Or further actions were intended, Are lost to us, for being tired He like the banks at once suspended, And lying down beneath the 'cases,' He 'locked his form' in slumber's 'chases.' He sleeps; and in the silent land

Of dreams, he sees a mighty band Walk up and take the County paper, And laying down the money, all Cry out, 'Long live the Agitator?' And sees its words of truth and light

Illume the darkness like a rocket; And better still-for hard and bright, Lie dollars in the printer's pocket. And on the 'jour's' sad, solemn face, And 'senior devil's' mournful phiz. Where sorrow's solid lines are set

And squabbled hope's impression is, Sweet Joy and Peace at last have met And interlined with happiness. And e'en the editor-poor soul-Whose brow is melancholy's throne,

Whose time, and talent, labor, all Is Liberty and Freedom's own, Whose ready pen proclaims his trust In Free Men and Free Soil alone-Smiles grimly-'s if the Union'd hast And the durkies northward flown. And dreaming still, he sees appear

The town that others far surpasses-Wellsboro'-noted far and near For noble men and bornie lasses ;-And lo! the people, steady grown, Hurrah, 'Long live cold water !' And boys their evenings spend at home Or with a neighbor's pretty daughter. And merchants even stop to tell

The rate per cent they bought on; And stranger still, forget to wool Their customers with cotton And doctor's even take their pills, And wondrous! past believing!-Stronger far than paid-up bills! There's hopes of their still living. And what still greater wonders teach, And better, wished-for changes shows is, That pastors practice what they preach,

And lawyers read the laws of Moses. And wider yet his fancy flies, And brighter still the visions grow; Sees Stars and Stripes defiant fly O'er Yankee boys in Mexico; And Cuba, at ficrce war's alarms, Rush into Uncle Samuel's arms:

Lopez and Brigham on their knees Before our expeditions. And Nicaragua glad receive American conditions; And midst a voice that rends the sky, From all our mighty nation,-A patriotic people's cry,-God help (?) the Administration ! He feels a touch-and quick and rough,

Come 'RANK,' you've slept most long enough-I wish you HAPPY NEW YEAR!' He wakes; and quickly fades away His fairy, bright ideal; And comes again with breaking light, The earnest, hard, and real:-

A voice cries out, 'Hallo here !-

Unbroke the bondman's fetter; And fails to find, though pastor's preach, That men grow any better,-But still with instincts-earthly born, Hurrah for water-in a horn; Unspread the patent magic bed That patients never die on .-

Unstruck as yet the freemen's blow :

That lawvers never lie on:) Unchanged upon the printer's brow Both care and sorrow dwell; And merchants, yet, as ever, now, Their wares and patrons sell; And eagle's screams, and destiny,-Mistaken, was he? Some! Alas! that 'progress', late should be

But Democratic hum!

(The same mysterious couch, 'tis said,

But quickly then the dreamer rose, And amiling, said to me .-Who knows, Old Hunz, but that it shows A type of things to be? This world is yet a pleasant home. Still bright 's the face of Nature,

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of fourteen lines, for one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising:—

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All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered and the advertised against the services.

dered out, and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and printed to order.

NO. 23.

And wisdom's ways are not unknown

To men who take the paper.

Then why repinings for the past?

The days may brighter be at last;

And from its bier, while standing her

We've buried FIFTY-EIGHT;

_In the vestibule of Time,-

Let joy appear, in cheer on cheer,

FOR EIGHTEEN FIFTY NINE!

May all its coming, sunny days

And at its close may singers praise

And reaching for the pencil, then,

He wrote, Dear sir, or Madam:

I wish you here, HATPY NEW YEAR !

The papers—you have had 'em;

And fondly hope you're mindful yet

The CARRIER now expects to get-

A QUARTER,-if you please!

Communications.

BY MELANIE.

"I'll be better in the morning," said a sick

when his mother had showed him the right

and he had knelt at her side to ask the Good

Father's blessing, he smiled before he slept

ing him and making it all right.

Blessed hope, that when the morning comes

the day will finally dawn in which they shall

A Boy's Trials.

mowing machines, fire engines, ocean steam-

ers, patent medicines and horses should oc-

cupy the mind, to the exclusion of those trials

which all boys have te suffer, in a greater or

less degree, before arrival at the age of

twenty-one. We propose to consider some of them. We suppose that the first severe

trial a boy has to undergo is to submit his

will to the old man whom he is taught to

consider his father. To be restrained in

doors at night, to be forbid going in swim-

ming five times in a day, or to be hindered

from pinching the children, just for fun,

is an interference with natural, inalienable

rights, every way injurious to the feelings.

of parental control, and receives a "taming,"

with a switch from a quince bush, either

upon his back or his bare hand, it becomes

really a very serious thing. We never could

see that the smart of an operation like this

was at all assuaged by the affectionate assu-

rance that it was bestowed out of pure love.

sciousness of the low estimate which his pa-

could only have his own way. But his

with impatience and anger. We remember

a little cabal of boys, who used to assemble

behind a barn, to talk over great plans of

enterprise. It was finally agreed that all

should run away, and, somewhere in the

golden empire of the West, lay the founda-

tions of a fortune which would enable us to

return to our homes as rich as nabobs. Into

their plans entered the enriching of their parents with untold gold. They had not a

doubt of success. It was a grand scheme,

it seemed to be the only that could possibly

emancipate them from the voke of parenta

to act as pioneers. They procured a box of

to the others when the proper time should

neighborhood when the flight was discovered,

but they were followed and caught. It was

said they were glad to get back because their

feet were sore. One of them is now a black-

smith, with seven children, and the other a

wire-worker, in comfortable circumstances.

What they would have been, if parental tyr-

anny had not reclaimed them, it is, of course

impossible to say; but if they had been

anything less than members of Congress, it

would have been a pity. The cabal met,

expressed their indignation, and voted that

bitter end, before any of them would have

been taken. Oh! if parents could but ap-

preciate the wisdom of their boys, what a

The next great trial of the boy is to be

world this would be!

The next trial of the boy is in the con-

It is hardly the fair thing that the trials of

the joy shall be unending.

In the Morning.

Our happiness increase;

Its plenty, and its peace!

Of customary fees:

in the morning."

Why mourn at cruel fate?

To be pointed at as a "gal-boy," to be smiled at grimly by the master, who is so far delighted with his own ineffable pleasantry as to give the little boys the license to laugh aloud, and to be placed by the side of a girl who has no handkerchief, and no knowledge of the use of that article, is, we submit, a trial of no mean magnitude. Yet we have been there, and been made to "sit up close," with the big Rachel laughing and blushing till we came to hate her name. We wonder where the overgrown, frowsy headed creature is now, and what the condition of her

The next trial in order is the assumption of the long-tailed coat. We do not believe that any boy ever put on his long-tailed coat without a sense of shame. He first twists his back half off looking at it in the glass, and then when he steps out of doors, it seems to him as if all creation was on a broad grin. The sun laughs in the sky; the cows turn to look at him; there are faces at every window; every shadow mocks him. When he walks by the cottage where Jane lives, he dares not look up, for his life. The very boards, creep with consciousness of the strange spectacle, and the old pair of pantaloons that stops a light in the garret window, nod with derision. If he is obliged to pass and suffering woman. It was evening then; she was faint and weary, but to the friends a group of men and boys, the trial assumes who anxiously watched over her, the consits most terrific stage. His legs get all mixed tant, gentle response was, "O, I'll be better bp with embarrassment, and as the flap of the dangling appendage is felt upon them, "It will all be right in the morning," said moved by the wind of his own agitation, he could not feel worse were it a dish-cloth, a little boy as he laid his head on the pillow to rest. His heart was heavy with childworn as a badge of disgrace. It is a happy hood's sorrows. He had ever been disaptime for him when he gets to church, and pointed of a promised pleasures, bis playsits down with his coat tail under him; but mates had been unkind, he had grown impahe is still apprehensive with thinking of the tient and then angry, and finally come home Sunday school, and wonders if any of the feeling that "everything was wrong," and children will ask him to "swing his longsobbing as if his heart would break. But tailed blue."

After the boy has become wonted to his long-tailed coat, his extreme youth becomes a trial to him. Various resorts are adopted and softly said, "It will all be right in the to hasten the development of manhood. He morning." And when he slept he smiled again, and we thought the angels were watchwatches for the dawning of a beard upon his upper lip, and when at last the shadowy promise comes-floats into his vision on its downy wings-he borrows the first razor sorrow and sighing shall flee away, and that and goes at it. His mother, or his sisters, catch him at it, too, and suggest a dab of return no more. "Weeping may endure for cream and a cat as better adapted to his case a night, but joy cometh in the morning," and than lather and a razor. Perhaps he underwhen the day breaks that shall know no night, takes to chew tobacco, and gets terribly sick, or, possibly he undertakes, with many qualms of conscience, a little profanity, on private account. Sometimes, in 70, if he can over-come his bashfulness, who DAT 2 a girl, or walks home with one from spenning school. Still the years hang on, and we know of at least one who believed that his parents were cheating him in regard to the date of his birth, with the design of getting a twelvemonth more of work out of him. It was David Copperfield, we believe, who was so sadly affected by his consciousness of extreme youth, and there is no man who has ever had a genuine boyhood who will not recognize the touch as one of the most natu-

ral which the pencil of Dickens has revealed.

The entrance into society may be said to take place after boyhood has passed away. yet a multitude take their initiative before their beards are presentable. It is a great And then, when upon some overwhelming temptation, the boy asserts his independence trial, either at a tender or a tough age. For an overgrown boy to go to a door knowing that there are a dozen girls inside, and to knock or ring with the absolute certainty that in two minutes all their eves will be upon him, is a severe test of courage. To go before these girls and make a satisfactory tour of the room without stepping on their thes, and then sit down, and dispose one's hands without putting them into one's pockrents place upon his judgment. He feels sets, is an achievement which few boys can himself entirely able to take care of himself boast. If a boy can go so far as to measure entirely able to take care of himself, if he off ten yards of tape with one of these girls, and cut it short at each end, he may stand a plans are laughed at, and he grinds his teeth chance to pass a pleasant evening, but let him not flatter himself that all the trials of the evening are over. There comes, at last, the breaking up. The dear girls don their hoods and put on their shawls and look as saucy and mischievous, and unimpressible, and independent, as if they did not wish any one to go home with them. Then comes the pinch, and the boy that has the most pluck, makes up to the prettiest girl, his heart in his throat, and his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, and his elbows crooked, stammers out the words, "Shall I see you above the wisdom of plodding fathers; and home?" She touches her fingers to his arm, and they walk home about a foot apart, feeling as awkward as a couple of goslings. As bondage. Two of these boys finally agreed soon as she is safe inside her own door, he struts home, and thinks he has really been essence to peddle by the way, and, in the and gone and done it. Sleep comes to him deep and dark night, started out in search of at last, with dreams of Caroline and calico, freedom and fortune. They were to write and he awakes in the morning finding the doors of life open to him, and pigs squealing come. There was a great rumpus in the for their breakfast.

We have passed over churning and learning the catechism, although we might have talked of butter that would not be persuaded to come, and of the impressions and perplexities of a boy of a literal turn of mind, and a head that measured seven and a quarter, when asked what the chief end of man was. Boyhood is a green passage of man's existence, in more senses than one. It is a pleasant thing to think over and to laugh about now, though it was serious enough then .-they would have fought the captors to the Many of our present trials are as ridiculous as those which now touch the risibles in the recollection, and when we get to the other world and look back upon this, and upon that infancy of the soul through which we passed here, we have no doubt that we shall grin obliged, by a cruel master, to sit with the over the trials which we experienced when girls at school. This usually comes before we lost our fortunes, when our mills were the development of those undefinable sympa- swept away or burned, and when we didn't thies and affinities which, in after life, would get elected to the legislature. Men are boys tend to make the punishment more endurable, of a large growth, -H. W. Beecher,