

Boyhood in America.

I throw down a remark upon an unoccupied page, upon the character which boyhood is taking on among us—or rather, upon the new and extraordinary relations which are arising in this country between the young and the more advanced in life. It is without precedent in all history. There never was anything quite equal either to the presumption of the young, or the meekness and acquiescence of the elders in this matter. Men advanced beyond the middle of life are called "old fogies," by their juniors; and as if this were not slung into the very street, it is carried up into Congress, and grave legislators accept the title, bandy it about in their speeches as a good jest. In society, especially in our cities, people scarcely married and settled in life, before they are on "the shady side" of their day and are treated accordingly—and by whom? Why, by boys and girls between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one. I hear constant complaints of this, and my reply is constantly the same:—"If there is not manly and womanly sense and authority enough among you to repress and put down such folly, you ought to suffer." But this extraordinary deference does not stop here; it extends to noisy and impertinent boys in the streets, in public places, at railway stations, and wherever boys congregate. The elders say, "This is a free country; what right have we to the right or station more than they? They may insult us if we interfere—throw sticks and stones at us—and what can we do?" It is a fact; this language is used; I have often heard it. With a view to satisfy my curiosity at this point, and perhaps to feel the public pulse, I have put the following question to half a dozen gentlemen in one of our cities, and have uniformly received the same answer:—"If, as you are going down town, you should approach a dozen boys playing on the sidewalk, and obstructing it, so that you could not conveniently pass, which would you do—would you say, 'boys, you must not gather here in this way and occupy the walk,' or would you get down off from the sidewalk into the street, go round, and come on to the walk again, when you had got by?" And they all said, "two should go round." Now, if men choose to abdicate all the rights, all the proper authority of manhood, they can do so; but I must say that I know of no greater or more gratuitous, or more perilous mistake they could commit. Men can speak gently and firmly to boys, and be listened to. But if not, if everything is to yield and give way before the heedless rush of youthful impertinence, this will become before many years, an intolerable country to live in.

But the subject is too vast to be discussed in a note. Our democratic deference in some directions is going a great deal too far; and our absorption in business is such, I fear, that we have no time for many of our duties, and least of all, for our domestic duties.—Rev. O. Devey.

GIGGLERS.

Never smile unless those who are with you can comprehend the subject of your mirth. There are some families who render themselves extremely disagreeable by the habit of continually looking at each other, and smiling at some little awkwardness of mishap they may fancy they see. Such are always detected, and have few real friends. Those who visit them despite their meanness, and are constantly in dread of their ridicule.

"I never like to go to Mrs. —'s," said a lady.

"And why?"

"Because you can hardly speak a word before you see indications of unmanly mirth. Perhaps they notice a pimple on your face—a very disposition of a bonnet ribbon, an unintentional tuck in your dress—everything seems to 'snicker'."

Such people go to Church, sometimes, and in that sacred place indulge this silly propensity. If the minister unfortunately substitutes an inelegant word, they hide their foolish faces under their scented cambrics, and titter. If an old, poorly dressed, tottering woman, one of God's very little one's in angelic piety and childlike simplicity, comes creeping up the aisle, with snow and bonnet of antediluvian make, with head shaking with age, and limping bending beneath their weight, they touch each other on their "patent" toes, and smirking, whisper about "Noah's ark," and then shrug their shoulders, laughing as if they had done a very pretty thing.

Shame on such social misdeeds.—Watch these smirking simpletons with coats, and hats, and canes, and mustached ornaments in them called men; what a race of fools would be the consequence! The world is degenerate enough, heaven knows without the aid of these smirking gigglers, but you meet them everywhere. On the crowded thoroughfare, in the crowded omnibus, where perhaps some new daughter of Erin, with her healthy, honest breadth of face, affords them food for mirth. In the steam cars, passing their insipid judgment upon every one who swings a cane, not *a la mode*, or wears a veil on the wrong side of the bonnet.

Olive Branch.

Our little "Emmy" sometimes says queer things; most little boys of two years of age do. A few nights ago, having just finished a "famous" piece of pie, of which I was fond, he was summoned by his mother to say his prayers and go to bed. Smiling at her side, he repeated after her, "Heaven taught petition, 'Our Father, which art in Heaven,' etc., until she came to the passage, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' when, raising his head, and looking up into her face, he said, 'Oh, no, Mother!—pie!—say pie!'"

The ladies say they are opposed to stopping the males on sabbath, especially in the evening, unless they can be stopped at their houses.

FARMING.

It has for more than twenty years been a maxim with me, "Show me how to make manure, and I will show you how to farm it." With some few exceptions, no farm is worth managing without it. But I find another question now, more formidable than the other. Now I am ready to say, "Show me the work and I will show you the farm."

Laziness is the farmer's easily besetting sin. Let the farmer go to work at every odd job, and get a good cellar under his barn big enough to back under his cart. Then let him make a good stable under it, cart his muck into the yard near the stable, and when it is not freezing weather, shovel in enough for his cattle and horses over night. When it is well saturated let it drop down through into the cellar.

If he has no good muck, take poor muck. If he has no poor muck, let him go to the side of the road, and dig up the wash of the roads out of low places. Let him go to the forest and dig up the old rotten leaves and whatever old muck he can find. Common dirt is better than nothing. Absorb all the liquids of the barn yard.

Next make a hog pen with a good yard. Give them muck, turf, straw, leaves or old rotten wood. When it is well worked over, cart it out in a heap, where let it remain until used.

Next at the back kitchen door, make a deep vat or curb; fill it with dry muck. Make a spout from the sink to the vat, and let all dirty, soap water run into it. One pint of common soap will make one bushel more wheat than would grow without any manure.

If possible, a farmer should do his own stock. Let him see to his lambs, his calves, his colts and his fencibles, his every thing. If he has a five hundred dollar horse, let him sell it—otherwise he or his boys will ride to the village too often. Let him keep away from the village until he has got a good errand. He should sit down and calculate to do up as many errands as possible at once.

Keep away from horse trots. Keep off the cars.

If he has anything to sell let the buyer come after it.—Evening Post.

As Good as It True.—Some one writing from Washington to a western journal gives the following:

My attention was called to an old gentleman, an office holder here, on the street to-day, of whom there is a story told, so amusing that I cannot refrain from giving it to the readers of the Tribune.

Major W., some twenty years ago, lived in North Carolina, and was the only man in his section of country who could read. The Major took a newspaper—the only one sent to that part of North Carolina at that time—and his neighbors for many miles around would gather at his blacksmith shop every Sunday morning to hear him read the paper, and thus keep posted up concerning news. Whatever the Major read was received with a confident faith in its truth, very unlike what is entertained by readers of newspapers now-a-days. It happened one morning, that he got the papers mixed—he had carefully preserved all that he had ever received—and instead of picking up the latest, picked up one twenty years before. When his neighbors assembled, the Major read this, in which was a statement that the British under Gen. Ross, had burnt Washington and were marching upon Baltimore; and also proclamations calling the people to arms to repel the invaders. It created the wildest excitement, and immediately a company of fifty riflemen was formed with the Major at their head, who forthwith marched for Washington. Their astonishment on learning that they had been humbugged may be well conceived. Major W. was deeply chagrined and never went back to North Carolina, and Gen. Jackson was so well pleased with the spirit with which he responded to what seemed his country's call that he gave him a good office, which he has held ever since. He also said that the North Carolina volunteers never again had anything to do with newspapers, and the Major did not divulge to them the real fact of the case.

How to Propagate Cucumbers.—After the plants are well above ground, and have been properly hoed, cover the ground between them entirely over with saw-dust; this answers a four-fold purpose: First—it will suppress the weeds. Second—it keeps the fruit clean from any dirt that would wash upon it in violent showers. Third—it keeps the plant moist in case of drought. Fourth—it is a rich manure for the coming season.

Perhaps I ought to have added that it makes no difference from what wood the dust is obtained.

[The treatment here suggested for cucumbers will, no doubt, be found equally or more valuable as applied to strawberries and tomatoes, both of which are liable to injury from coming in contact with the earth during hard showers. Salt, hay, or other cheap refuse matter would, no doubt, answer the purpose as well as saw-dust.]

Wonderful Memory.—We know a young man, a clerk in this city, who once committed to memory, in a single evening, a whole page of the New York Journal of Commerce, and repeated the same with great exactness. In the company of a number of literary young men, he defied any one present to repeat one line of poetry from any standard work; the next line of which he could not recite; and also give the name of the author. So hundreds of quotations were named, and in each instance the right author was named, and the connecting line given. The power of retention in this person's memory was most remarkable, as the above named facts abundantly prove.—Harris Transcript.

A branch of "Know Nothings" has sprung up in Chambersburg.

Treasurer's Sales.

NOTICE is hereby given, that agreed to by an Act of Assembly passed the 13th day of March, one thousand eight hundred and fifteen, entitled an Act to amend an act directing the mode of selling unseated lands for taxes, etc., the following tracts of unseated lands, in Clearfield co., will be exposed to public sale or outcry, for arrears of taxes, at the Court house in said county of Clearfield, on the 2d Monday of June next.

Beccaria Township.

No.	A.	P.	Tax.
151	60	Thos Keatland,	89 39
162	116	Ab'm Whitman,	10 17
162	116	Michael Musser,	10 17
44		Brown & Boyton,	3 37
140		P. Boynton,	10 71
20		E. B. Hamaker,	1 53
48	119	Robert Wilson,	4 37
48	119	do do do,	3 09
90	128	Peter Miller,	6 25
49	158	Mitchel Foutz,	9 12
158	78	John Funk,	3 05
100		Fredrick Hubley,	6 15
20		Fredrick Honman,	1 25
55	50	William Bauman,	27 40
55	108	Philip Gioninger,	3 35
118	90	William Bauman,	7 25
50	100	do do do,	3 07
102		John Bauman,	6 27
49	158	John Mysinepe,	3 13
108	78	Benjamin Wilson,	6 79
433	153	John Fordney,	24 02

Bell Township.

No.	A.	P.	Tax.
439	153	Joseph Boone,	17 75
500		James McGhee,	20 12
440		John Nicholson,	4 50
49		John Ross,	2 28

Borough of Clearfield.

No.	A.	P.	Tax.
14		Out Lot,	3 67
6		Lot,	84 53
19		Lot,	2 10
137		Lot, D. Brooker,	93

Boggs Township.

No.	A.	P.	Tax.
397	80	John Thomas,	12 38
282		John Hall,	7 05
125		Barbara Snyder,	4 72
266		Joseph Ball,	13 30
125		George Hootman,	5 33
100		Henry France,	3 74
70		do do do,	3 07
100		Richard Thomas,	3 74
119	00	Barbara Snyder,	8 92
100		do do do,	5 94
132		Patrick Dowlin,	5 00
100		George Hootman,	6 62

Bradford Township.

No.	A.	P.	Tax.
102	35	John Campbell,	5 40
169		Matthew Farzey,	0 75
123		John Nicholson,	8 70
200		Blair McLanahan,	7 95
90		John Campbell,	7 14
140		Susan Razy,	10 84
420		Aaron Leavy,	22 26
207		Jasper Mayland,	13 50
238	52	Francis West,	12 61
48		Slaymaker,	1 05
100		J. & Wm. Sansom,	3 95
200		Aaron Leavy,	13 40
60		William Sansom,	3 98
92		do do do,	7 25
145		Thomas Forcey,	8 34
40		do do do,	2 68
105		A. K. Wright,	7 73
100		John S. Kyler,	5 30
180		V. B. Holt,	7 05
85		Wm. Graham, Jr.,	3 37
100		John Graham, Jr.,	3 37
140		Aaron Leavy,	2 65
145		J. Cope,	5 71
100		George Moore,	7 06
109		J. Graham,	5 75

Brady Township.

No.	A.	P.	Tax.
354	250	Jared Ingersoll,	12 75
324	313	do do do,	15 95
492	308	Wm. Kirkpatrick,	15 70
1434	303	Dan Kennedy,	16 20
155	258	Casper Stiver,	13 15
582	518	Joseph Perron,	26 41
581	670	John B. Smith,	34 17

Henry Wykoff,

No.	A.	P.	Tax.
5877	1041	John Dunlap,	16 88
5881	300	James Reed,	5 10
5886	300	Casper Stiver,	4 47
323	331	Joseph Perron,	8 88
300	100	do do do,	5 10
195	77	George Gunter,	5 10
5081	135	Christman Lower,	28 70
524	100	do do do,	20 98
218	501	G. A. Weaver,	5 10

Burnside Township.

No.	A.	P.	Tax.
111		Christian Stike,	6 00
311		T. Spackman,	19 84
298		Rebecca Brown,	18 86
158		Philip Thomas,	8 09
121		George Ross,	6 35
810		Fredrick Kuhn,	15 49
163		Jno. Cunningham,	8 43
95	68	John Graff,	5 06
209		Peter Grady,	9 81
210		Jacob Graff,	11 22
315		Henry Musser,	10 11
223		Jacob M. Smith,	14 40
100		Matthias Slough,	5 17
100		Jacob Musser's mch,	5 17

Chest Township.

No.	A.	P.	Tax.
433	153	William Cook,	28 62
do		Ebenezer Brannham,	do do
do		George Ross,	do do
416	30	James Page,	17 40
416	48	Henry Perce,	16 00
433	153	Henry Musser,	26 40
433	153	David Evans,	25 32

Covington Township.

No.	A.	P.	Tax.
1891	125	Morris & Stewart,	4 20
5367	250	George Mead,	4 10
1900	600	Morris & Stewart,	do do
1893	503	do do do,	55 27
3040	68	do do do,	do do
1891	918	John Keating,	do do

Decatur Township.

No.	A.	P.	Tax.
195		Joseph Harrison,	11 27
369		David Kephart,	20 07
73		John Kolland,	3 37
488	153	Jacob Cox,	24 04
100		C. Kratzer,	4 06
90	118	Joseph Hamblen,	5 23
230	24	Thos. Edmondson,	13 25
60	60	do do do,	8 33
167	134	Hugh Ely,	9 25
83	120	Wm. Montgomery,	1 67

Edmondson,

No.	A.	P.	Tax.
35	60	Thos. Edmondson,	1 94
10		Benjamin Wilson,	5 56
45	11	John Skyrion,	2 51
49	130	Thos. P. Cope,	2 70
6		John Carson,	2 85
30		Wm. Sansom,	1 07
73	54	David Ziegler,	4 08

Ferguson Township.

No.	A.	P.	Tax.
329		John Stinemetz,	15 04
216		Matthias Slough,	9 04
433	153	George Ross,	15 93
132		John M. Smith,	6 29
100		John Swan,	4 40
100		Wiley's estate,	3 65

Fox Township.

No.	A.	P.	Tax.
425		James Wilson,	14 66
132		do do do,	4 40
50		do do do,	1 74
330		do do do,	11 30
900		do do do,	34 12
600		do do do,	20 70
900		do do do,	34 14
495		do do do,	6 54
900		do do do,	34 13
900		do do do,	43 09
947		do do do,	43 60
336		do do do,	15 40
923		do do do,	15 01
200		do do do,	92
600		do do do,	27 60
398		William Powers,	39 83
105		James Wilson,	10 53
6		D. Deavenport,	4 31
200		James Wilson,	6 90

Girard Township.

No.	A.	P.	Tax.
200		Samuel Fulton,	2 30
1931		Morris & Stewart,	7 82
549	116	do do do,	12 60
536		do do do,	9 27
103		do do do,	3 57
115	16	do do do,	4 02
100		do do do,	2 87
250		George Mead,	3 58
1000		do do do,	5 74

Goshen Township.

No.	A.	P.	Tax.
300		Shaw & Mapes,	10 64
178		Morris & Stewart,	10 91
330		George Mead,	4 34
488		do do do,	6 34
1100		do do do,	14 30

Huston Township.

No.	A.	P.	Tax.
200		J. G. Kidder,	4 00
195		David Caldwell,	6 71
888		James Wilson,	10 20
420		Wilhelm Willink,	14 49
687		James Wilson,	28 16
989		do do do,	31 28
989		do do do,	39 06
989		do do do,	19 82
989		do do do,	39 72
989		do do do,	29 28
989		do do do,	26 78
989		do do do,	1 80
989		do do do,	4 61
989		do do do,	1 73
989		do do do,	2 58
989		do do do,	12 78
989		do do do,	35 89
989		do do do,	18 97
989		do do do,	10 04
989		do do do,	20 13

Jordan Township.

No.	A.	P.	Tax.
433	153	William Hunter,	36 38
100		Susanah Ward,	9 34
433	153	Daniel Smith,	30 45
200		Silas Wilcox,	14 00
200		Samuel Scott,	7 00
180	80	Silas Wilcox,	14 30
300		William Wilson,	25 20
200		G. & M. McCormick,	10 64
120		W. H. Robertson,	10 64
100		Jonathan Jones,	5 60

Karhaus Township.

No.	A.	P.	Tax.
513	95	Morris & Stewart	