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The Sunbury American.

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REBUILT AND REFINISHED,
Cor. of Howard and Franklin Streets, a few Squares West of the N. C. R. Depot,
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First-class accommodations and Tourist's waiting car, New York, and the Metropolitan.

Taylor's Celebrated Saloons,

where visitors can have their meals, or, if they desire, will be furnished in their own rooms.

A NEW LOT OF HARDWARE & SADDLERY,

Also, the best assortment of Iron Nails and Steel to be found in the county, at the
Mammoth Store of FRILING & GRANT,
Sunbury, June 2, 1860.

SKELETON SKIRTS,

At the Mammoth Store will be found a
very large assortment of Skeleton Skirts
from seven hoops up to thirty.
Oct. 6, 1860. FRILING & GRANT.

Kerosene Lamps,

A VERY LARGE and cheap assortment will
be found at the Mammoth Store
Dec. 15, 1860. FRILING & GRANT.

HEY LOVERS OF SOUP!

A fresh supply of Macaroni and Confectionery at
FRILING & GRANT'S,
Sunbury, June 2, 1860.

IT IS IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES

to know that
FRILING & Grant, have the best and largest
assortment of Dress Goods in the county.
Sunbury, June 2, 1860.

FRESH SUPPLY OF DRUGS AT

the Mammoth Store. Also, a new lot of per-
fumes, Soaps and Fancy articles. Very cheap.
FRILING & GRANT.
Sunbury, May 26, 1860.

PATENT BRITANNIA STOPPERS

for bar bottles for sale by
H. B. MASSER.

BAR Iron, Steel, Nails, Picks, Grub-Hoes and

Mason Hammers, at
BRIGHT & SON,
Sunbury, June 23, 1860.

Select Poetry.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

[The subject of the poem—we know not who wrote it—is one of the most beautiful of its kind we have ever seen. We do not envy the heart which does not thrill to its wild and tender music.]

Backward, turn backward, Time in your flight,
Make me a child again just to-night!

Mother come back from the reckless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore—

Smooth the few silvery threads of my hair—
O'er my slumbers your loving watch keep—

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Backward, turn backward, oh, tide of years!
I am so weary of toils and of tears!

Toils without recompense; tears all in vain;
Take me and give my childhood again!

I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul—wealth away!
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh, mother, my heart calls for you!

Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blissed and faded; our faces between;
Yet with strong yearning and passionate
pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again:
Come from the silence so long and so deep;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in days that are flown,
No love like mother love ever has shown!

No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish and patient, like yours.
None like a mother can charm away pain,
From the sick soul o'er the world weary brain;

Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep;
Rock me to sleep, mother; rock me to sleep!

Come let your brown hair, just lighted with
gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old,
Let it fall over my forehead to-night!

Shading my faint eyes away from the light,
For with its sunny edged shadows once more,
Happily will through the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright bliss sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother! 'tis years have been
long,
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song;
Since then and unto my soul it shall seem
Womankind's years have been but a dream!

With you my arms in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face;
Never hereafter to grieve or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Curious French Story.

A week or ten days ago, says a Paris letter writer, a young man, originally from the country, became engaged to marry a lady equal to him in age and fortune. She was a Parisian. He occupies a lucrative place in one of the railway companies offices here—his father lives on the old family estate, which is situated in one of the mountain gorges near the Franco-Spanish frontier, and separated almost completely from the world. He had passed for a widower above twenty years. The young man paid a visit to the old family seat, where indeed he was accustomed to spend his summer vacations, to collect the numerous documents the French law requires the officer who performs marriage to have in his hands before he stamps the civil contract made before him with its Mademoiselle and Monsieur character. He asked his father for his mother's burial certificate—The father was extremely embarrassed by this appeal, but as no bans could be published until the burial certificate had been lodged at the Mayor's office where the marriage was to be contracted, the father at last broke silence, saying: "My dear boy, I have for a great while understood you to say so and so, and I'm glad to see that you are now aware of the fact. As you are interested in my maintenance, and my tender years have hitherto rendered you incapable of providing it, your mother and I have decided to swear that you are the son of a French nobleman, and that I am your father."

The young man, who was trembling with emotion, into an old tower which formed part of the architecture of the chateau, and they went to the top of it. The chamber on the floor of the tower's cell. He opened the door, the son entered it, and kneeling at the poor woman's feet, sobbed, "Mother! Mother!" in a most heart-rending manner. These touching appeals, which were not without effect, made the father, who had hitherto been so stern, and as the young man's eyes looked steadily at the savage's heart and forehead—With a frightful yell he sprang into the air and fell dead.

With a scream of rage the Indians rushed upon me; another one fell by my revolver—Again I attempted to fire, but my pistol snapped; throwing it away, I rushed to my knife, and as the foremost Indian was about to sink his knife in my bosom, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard and the Indian fell, bathed in his own blood. The next moment the stalwart Harry Chevalier leaped into the ring, all the Indians fled but their chief, who rushed upon my husband, shouting, "Ha! Harry Chevalier, revenge at last!" and pointed his pistol, which missed fire.

The next moment my husband's knife was in the renegade's heart. Our meeting I need not describe. Harry has been the cause of my writing him, and that of my child. We were troubled no more with savages, for the next year old Tippecanoe, with the avenging rifleman under his command drove away and cleared the forest of our dusky foe.

Artemus Ward on the Crisis.

PELLEW STRENGTHS, the African may be my brother. Several very respectable gentlemen, and one of the most distinguished, and for argument's sake I will be obliged to grant it, tho' I don't believe it myself. But the African isn't our sister or our wife or our uncle. He isn't several of our brothers & all our last wife's relations. He isn't our grand father, and our great grand father, and our Aunt in the country. Scarcely, & yet numerous persons would have us think so. It's too he runs for Congress & several other public grossery, but then he isn't everybody else's brother. Harry has been the cause of my writing him, and that of my child. We were troubled no more with savages, for the next year old Tippecanoe, with the avenging rifleman under his command drove away and cleared the forest of our dusky foe.

Miscellaneous.

AN INDIAN ADVENTURE.

I was the acknowledged belle of Clinton, a small village bordering on the western wilderness. I could not shoot an arrow, nor wield the old wooden tomahawk that thronged our village. My mother was kept in perpetual alarm by my daring exploits in fact, as the old trappers said, I was cut out for a back woodsman's wife, I had two lovers then; one was Harry Chevalier, and the other Mark Rutson. Harry Chevalier was a splendid specimen of an American back woodsman, with a heart true as steel; and, to my experienced eyes, he was the very personification of manly excellence.

Mark Rutson was contrary to him in every respect. Handsome he was, but not so good looking as Harry. He had a little more of the effeminate than Harry, and I perfectly detested him. He seemed aware of my dislike and assuming an air of injured innocence, he pressed his suit with the utmost zeal.

One evening, as I was riding out, enjoying the mountain scenery, I approached a little eminence on which there was a thick growth of underwood; as I passed it, Mark Rutson rode out and joined me. He pressed his suit with his usual fervor, his hypocritical face making, if possible, more repulsive than ever. He made his proposals in a loud and heart—Rising in my seat, I said:

"Mark Rutson, no words can express the disgust I feel for you; and if you insult me again I will cowhide you, sir!"

It would be impossible to depict the expression of rage that swept over his face.

"Jane Mansering, mark my words: I will be revenged!"

Cast me a glance of unutterable contempt, I whipped up my horse and soon lost sight of him.

They say Mark Rutson left the village, and went no one knew where. A year from that day Harry Chevalier and I were married, and, with the blessings of my mother and the best wishes of my friends, started for the western wilderness, and that let 'em bite it out among themselves. No consorts, not the same locality, which who shouldn't the people who got up this file do the fit? Git these ornery critters out of the way, and the sensible people of the North South can fix the matter up very easy. And when 'is let but two scoundrels resolve to mind their own business.

Feller Sitters, I am in the Sheer and Yeller fell. I shall peg out I of these days. But while I do stop here I shall stay in the Union. I know not what the Supervisors of Baldwinsville may conclude to do, but for one I shall stand by the Stars and Stripes.—Under no circumstances whatsoever will I secede. Let every State in the Union secede and let Palmetto flag float thicker nor shirts on Square Baxter's close line, still will I stick to the good old flag. The country may go to the devil, but I won't! And next Summer when I start out on my campaign with my show, wherever I pitch my little tent, you shall see Robin proudly from the center pole thereof. The African flag, will carry a star wiped out, carry a stripe less, but a same old flag that has allers flourished! and the price of admission will be the same it allers was—15 cents, children half price.—Vanity Fair.

Never flit with a young widow who calls you by your Christian name the second time you meet her, unless you have quite made your mind up to the worst.

The Pleasures of Being a Witness.

It is a pleasant thing to be a witness on an important trial. If we knew that a murder was being committed across the way, we are inclined to the opinion that we should put our boots through a rapid course of locomotion round the corner, beyond the range of sight and hearing, to avoid the consequences of being a witness. Being a witness you are called to the stand, and place your hand upon a copy of the scriptures, in sheepskin binding, with a cross on one side and none on the other, to accommodate either variety of Christian faith. You are then arraigned before two legal gentlemen, one of whom smiles at you blandly, because you are on his side, the other frowns you savagely for the opposite reason. The gentleman who smiles proceeds to pump you of all you know, and having squeezed all he wants out of you, relentlessly casts you over to the other, who proceeds to show you that you are entirely mistaken in all your assertions; that you never saw anything that you have sworn to; that you never saw the defendant in your life; in short that you have committed direct perjury. He wants to know if you have ever furnished food for one he had full blood Merino sheep the year round, but will keep them in good store order only, and they yield me four pounds of superfine wool per head, worth fifty cents per pound, making two hundred dollars. Then suppose the next year I keep but eight sheep on the produce from the same piece of land, (the sheep and feed being the same as the year before), but the sheep having one-fifth more feed, they get in high condition and I shear from them fifty pounds of inferior wool per head, worth fifty cents per pound, making two hundred fifty dollars.

Love in Humble Life.

In a Boston, a few weeks since, was borne to the grave, a maiden wife of less than twenty years of age. Her husband and lover a young man of twenty three, was a mechanic. They had loved each other from childhood, and were to have been married some six or seven months since when she was prostrated by consumption. Nearly all his leisure from labor was passed at her bedside; cheering her with prospects of restored health, and a life of happiness; but the fell disease was too firmly implanted in her system to leave any hope of her recovery. When the physician informed her that death was inevitable, she expressed a desire to partake of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and her wish was gratified. Her lover procured a carriage, sat by her side, and bore her in his arms to and from the Lord's table. She returned to her bed never again to leave it in life. About a fortnight before her death, she said that she had only one earthly wish ungratified; she desired to be united to him who had loved her so long and so truly, in the hope of being his in Heaven. She desired to be buried in her husband's grave, and she desired to be buried in her husband's grave. She desired to be buried in her husband's grave, and she desired to be buried in her husband's grave.

Peter Cartwright.

A remarkable character was Peter Cartwright. He was a great anti-slavery man, and struck right and left to all who opposed him. He was a great anti-slavery man, and struck right and left to all who opposed him. He was a great anti-slavery man, and struck right and left to all who opposed him.

Lion's Love for Black Tiger—Remarkable Instance of Affection.

The Philadelphia *North American* records the following singular case:

In one compartment in the cage in which the animals perform at Van Amburgh's beautiful menagerie, in Chesnut street, is a huge warty Asiatic Lion. His room-mate is a black female tiger. The tiger is very small compared to the real lion, but is highly valued as a zoological curiosity, and the only specimen we have of her kind in this country. She was purchased by Mr. Van Amburgh some two years ago, and has lived with the lion ever since. The attachment between the two is something remarkable. When other animals are in the same cage, and any affront is offered to the little tiger, she runs under the belly of the lion, and we be to any animal that dares approach her. No matter how hungry he may be, the lion never touches his share of their daily meat until his little chum has selected her share, and even this she never entirely consumes until certain that she has had enough. All the animals are fat as moles, but this black tiger is slender in her proportions, and no remedy exists for the matter. She has been twice returned the generous host would take neither food nor rest, while the frantic manner in which he dashed at the bars was a sufficient warning that the further detention of the tiger would be a dangerous matter. She should not mate die, the lion would probably pine to death. Once when she was taken away a lioness was substituted. The lion refused to eat a single bit of meat, until she had broken her spine, and crushed some of her ribs. Care was taken to keep her alive, and she is still living, but with her hinder parts immoveably paralyzed.

Don't you eat nothing except what the Old Woman cooks for you?

"A good hearted Old Woman yeoman of Illinois, having inherited the foolish notion that attempts are to be made upon Mr. Lincoln's life, by poison or otherwise—recently walked a long distance for the purpose of offering his services as a Republican martyr, he became ashamed and forgot his errand. He was turning to leave, when a sudden inspiration struck him, and he said quickly, 'I won't leave till I tell ye, sir! Just quick, my words, 'Don't you eat nothing except what the old woman cooks for ye?'"

Poetry.

(From the Daily Atlas and Bee.)
A FAST LADY OF STATE.
IN IMITATION OF PUNCH.

"I'm not that I do suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there's an end!"

For I will not live with Uncle Sam!
I'll give the door behind a slam,
And let the world know why I am!

I always felt palyzing shame,
That I, a bold imperial dame,
Should be compelled to live so tame.

He tells me that I *can't* secede,
Nor revolutionize, indeed!
I trample under foot the creed.

A clement queen he knows I am;
I bore the crimes of Uncle Sam;
Until he proved a worthless sham.

But now his stubborn bearing calls
For blows convincing till he bawls,
And cries "Enough," and overbawls.

His hateful acts for forty years,
And then with penitential tears,
Admits my right to box his ears.

My uncle stares and calls me "fast,"
And let him stare! He finds at last,
My days of compromise are past.

The Yankee said I would not dare,
To consummate the "dreadful scare";
But now they whimper—"Oh forbear!"

Their hair, affrighted, stands on end,
My rights without a single bend,
Myself and *they*—by Congress' bend—
Can go just when and where we will.

I'm out of patience, that I am!
I'll give the door a stunning slam,
And smash the face of Uncle Sam.

Farmer's Department.

Growing Fine Wool.

Fine wool in its perfection cannot be grown on fat sheep. Hence fine sheep, kept for wool-growing purposes, are most profitable when kept in good store order only.

Suppose I have a piece of land that will furnish food for one he had full blood Merino sheep the year round, but will keep them in good store order only, and they yield me four pounds of superfine wool per head, worth fifty cents per pound, making two hundred dollars. Then suppose the next year I keep but eight sheep on the produce from the same piece of land, (the sheep and feed being the same as the year before), but the sheep having one-fifth more feed, they get in high condition and I shear from them fifty pounds of inferior wool per head, worth fifty cents per pound, making two hundred fifty dollars.

We frequently see in our agricultural papers wherein men boast of their heavy fleeces—which means that they have taken from single sheep an unusual weight of second quality wool—oil and the dirt that adheres to it in spite of ordinary washings. Now, what we want is clean wool, and whether kept in thrifty store order only, or as a grower of equally clean wool on the same piece of land, and on the same kind of sheep kept fat, or in a black female tiger. The tiger is very small compared to the real lion, but is highly valued as a zoological curiosity, and the only specimen we have of her kind in this country. She was purchased by Mr. Van Amburgh some two years ago, and has lived with the lion ever since. The attachment between the two is something remarkable. When other animals are in the same cage, and any affront is offered to the little tiger, she runs under the belly of the lion, and we be to any animal that dares approach her. No matter how hungry he may be, the lion never touches his share of their daily meat until his little chum has selected her share, and even this she never entirely consumes until certain that she has had enough. All the animals are fat as moles, but this black tiger is slender in her proportions, and no remedy exists for the matter. She has been twice returned the generous host would take neither food nor rest, while the frantic manner in which he dashed at the bars was a sufficient warning that the further detention of the tiger would be a dangerous matter. She should not mate die, the lion would probably pine to death. Once when she was taken away a lioness was substituted. The lion refused to eat a single bit of meat, until she had broken her spine, and crushed some of her ribs. Care was taken to keep her alive, and she is still living, but with her hinder parts immoveably paralyzed.

Now, it will be seen that it costs just as much to grow a pound of the inferior wool as a pound of first quality, and I appeal to manufacturers who buy their own wool and make and sell their own cloth, if the value of the wool per pound is decreased (on account of its being more harsh and coarse), in the same proportion as the weight of the fleeces is increased above what it would have been had the animal been kept in good thrifty store order only.

I am aware it may be said by some that their full blood Merinos averaged five, six, or seven pounds, and that they sold their wool for as much per pound as some of their neighbors, who had the same kind of sheep, and kept them in good store order only. But this does not prove that the heavy fleeces were worth as much per pound as the pound as the others—it only proves that the buyer or seller was dishonest or ignorant of the value of the article in which he was dealing.

We frequently see in our agricultural papers wherein men boast of their heavy fleeces—which means that they have taken from single sheep an unusual weight of second quality wool—oil and the dirt that adheres to it in spite of ordinary washings. Now, what we want is clean wool, and whether kept in thrifty store order only, or as a grower of equally clean wool on the same piece of land, and on the same kind of sheep kept fat, or in a black female tiger. The tiger is very small compared to the real lion, but is highly valued as a zoological curiosity, and the only specimen we have of her kind in this country. She was purchased by Mr. Van Amburgh some two years ago, and has lived with the lion ever since. The attachment between the two is something remarkable. When other animals are in the same cage, and any affront is offered to the little tiger, she runs under the belly of the lion, and we be to any animal that dares approach her. No matter how hungry he may be, the lion never touches his share of their daily meat until his little chum has selected her share, and even this she never entirely consumes until certain that she has had enough. All the animals are fat as moles, but this black tiger is slender in her proportions, and no remedy exists for the matter. She has been twice returned the generous host would take neither food nor rest, while the frantic manner in which he dashed at the bars was a sufficient warning that the further detention of the tiger would be a dangerous matter. She should not mate die, the lion would probably pine to death. Once when she was taken away a lioness was substituted. The lion refused to eat a single bit of meat, until she had broken her spine, and crushed some of her ribs. Care was taken to keep her alive, and she is still living, but with her hinder parts immoveably paralyzed.

Fruit Raising.

As to the kinds of choice winter fruits suitable for the middle States of real excellence, the following are highly esteemed in the western part of the State of Kentucky and southern Ohio, some of which do well in this region, others are comparatively unknown.

The *Rome Beauty* is probably the most profitable apple cultivated. Hon. A. G. Jenkinson, M. C. from the Kanawha District, says: "For early and constant bearing, size, flavor, and keeping qualities, it surpasses any I know of." An orchard of ten years and upwards will give an annual profit of \$200 or more.

The *Crawford Keeper* will keep until June, retaining its flavor—large and prolific—good for very good; a fruit too better it before gathering; several farmers have five hundred or more trees in their orchards—the above originated near Gos. andotte.

The *Pomona Beauty* is much in appearance to the Roxbury Russet, but of much finer flavor, great bearer, good size; considered by many to be about the best apple grown.

The *Prior Red*—Origin Bostwout county, Va., is cultivated to some extent in the western part of Virginia, very reliable, may be marked No. 1.

The *Albion Pear* cultivated extensively on James River, will always sell in Richmond market from three to six dollars per barrel.

The *White Pippin* is amongst the best as to size, flavor, &c. The above are large, marketable, and among the best.

I know of but one bearing tree this side the

Allegheny of the celebrated *Rome Beauty*, that gives satisfaction—no doubt they would be an acquisition in this region.

The *Wine Sap*, *Roxley Janet*, and *Romantic* are fine bearers—keep well but deficient in size.

For fall use the *Cooper*, *Long Pearmain*, *Tambo*, *Fall Pippin*, *Belmont*, *Bell Flower*, *Sheep Nose* and *Seek-no-further*, are good enough for anybody, and supply from September to December.

For summer use these are great varieties everywhere, and to suit all tastes—such as the *Carolina Red*, *Early Chandler*, *Summer Pearmain*, *Early Harvest*, *Sweet Homage*, *Gold Drop*, *Rosy Astrachan*, &c. Our next will treat on the culture of trees, cause and prevention of bitter rot, profits of fruit-growing in different localities, &c.

Charlotte, N. C.

Tile Draining.

The celebrated farmer of Western New York, John Johnson, whose name is constantly seen in our agricultural journals, was among the first in that State to experiment with tiles in draining his land, and success has been so triumphant that inquiries are made of him from all quarters, on all sorts of questions connected with the subject on the supposition that they (the inquirers) are going to the fountain head, and are desirous of being fully informed on the subject. Recently inquired for their information. Recently inquired for their information as correspondent as to the merits of the various kinds of drain tile, and the following is his answer printed in the *Country Gentleman*:

When I commenced the draining, pipe tile was not known in either England or Scotland, or at least in 1835 when I sent for a specimen tile. I commenced with horse shoe tiles, as they are called, and as they did well enough, I had no wish to make a change when the pipe was introduced, although I laid considerable pipe when the others were not ready for me. I have seen no difference in the operation of the pipe from the others—both drain the land perfectly. As to collars, I think they are only a bumbag—I would not take the trouble to lay them if some cases clear, and in a soft bottom, I would lay a great deal of tile in doubtless in both England and Scotland has been done by money loans by the government, the government employing agents in different counties to see that it is properly done, and I have no doubt but that the bumbag originated with those agents. I at first got a thousand collars, but before I had laid half of them I was satisfied they were of no use, and I laid no more. Nothing disturbs the tile after the earth is filled in over them, if they are large enough to carry the weight of the soil, or trouble on account of putting too small tile, or too few of them in my main drains, but with no others, and I have had some tile laid over 22 years. If the bottom is soft I think the tile may answer better than any other, but we should always get down to the hard bottom if possible. The drains should always be filled up rounding, so that when the earth settles, the earth over the drain may be full as high as the land on either side, else in sudden thaws in spring, or in heavy rains, a stream may run along the top of the drain, and wash up the loose earth making holes down to the tile.

Yours, &c., JOHN JOHNSON.

UNDERSTANDING BOGGY LAND.

In deep, mucky bogs it is a difficult matter to make underdrains that will work, but it can be done. The *Boston Cultivator* says: "We have seen deep ditches in a soft bog partly filled with sand, so as to make a soft foundation, boards laid on the sand and the tile-laid on the boards, and then covered in the ordinary way. They have remained in good order, and teams pass in any direction over the ditches."

Humorous.

A CASE HARDENED ONE.—Bill Rigdo whose exploits down on Red River we have mentioned before, had been drinking rum and contrary to his usual custom, was being considerably, and finally had to be cut run faster, jump higher, dive deeper, come out dryer, chew more tobacco, drink more whiskey, and do more staccato, and impossible things than any man in the crowd, winding up by offering to throw a man or fight a dozen. One at a time, they were there. A tall, cadaverous, fever-agg looking chap got up and said:

"I'm in for that last, stranger. I'm so on a case myself, and I'll try you."

"At it they went, and Bill got thrown by them tried jumping, and Bill was ebbed again. There was no water near to permit at diving in, and Bill himself proposed that they should try some whiskey.

"Well," said Riggdo, "I don't care to drink, but I'll drink with you, and I'll drink with you, and I'll