The Nebraska Advertiser.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO MATTERS OF GENERAL INTEREST TO THE COMMUNITY AT LARGE.

VOLUME I. BROWNVILLE, NEMAHA COUNTY, N. T., THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1857. NUMBER 29.

Nebraska Advertiser

IS EDITED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

R. W. FURNAS,

Second Street, bet. Main and Water,

(Lake's Block,)

BROWNVILLE, N. T.

TERMS:

For one year (invariably in advance), - $2,00
" six months, - - - - 1,50

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One square, (12 lines or less,) one insertion,	$1,00
Each additional insertion,	0,50
One square, one month	2,50
" " three months,	4,00
" " six months,	6,00
" " one year,	10,00
Business Cards of six lines or less one year,	5,00
One Column, one year,	60,00
One-half Column, one year,	35,00
" fourth " " "	15,00
One-eighth " " "	10,00
" Column, six months,	35,00
" half Column, six months,	20,00
" fourth " " "	10,00
" eighth " " "	8,00
" Column, three months,	20,00
" half Column, three months,	13,00
" fourth " " "	10,00
" eighth " " "	6,00
Announcing candidates for office,	5,00

Cash in advance will be required for all advertisements except where actual responsibility is known.

Ten per cent for each change be added to the above rates.

Standing Business Cards of five lines or less, for one year, $5,00.

No advertisements will be considered by the year, unless specified on the manuscript, or previously agreed upon between the parties.

Advertisements not marked on the copy for a specified number of insertions, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

All advertisements from strangers or transient persons, to be paid in advance.

The privilege of yearly advertisers will be confined rigidly to their own business; and all advertisements not pertaining thereto, to be paid for extra.

All leaded advertisements charged double the above rates.

Advertisements on the inside exclusively will be charged extra.

BOOK AND FANCY

JOB PRINTING!

Posters, Blanks, Show Bills, Bill Heads, Checks, Labels, Catalogues, Circulars, Bills of Lading.

SHIPPING BILLS, BALL TICKETS,

and every other kind of work that may be called for.

Having purchased, in connection with the "Advertiser" Office, an extensive and excellent variety of

JOB TYPE

of the latest styles, we are prepared to do any kind of work mentioned in the above Catalogue, with neatness and dispatch.

The Proprietor, who, having had an extensive experience, will give his personal attention to this branch of business, and hopes, in his endeavors to please, both in the excellence of his work, and reasonable charges, to receive a share of the public patronage.

BUSINESS CARDS.

BROWNVILLE.

OSCAR F. LAKE & CO.,

GENERAL

LAND AND LOT AGENTS,

OFFICE on Main, bet. 1st and 2d Sts

Brownville, N. T.

A. S. HOLLIDAY, M. D.

SURGEON, PHYSICIAN

And Obstetrician.

BROWNVILLE, N. T.;

Solicits a share of public patronage, in the various branches of his profession, from the citizens of Brownville and vicinity.

W. HOBLITZELL & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Queensware, Hardware,

Stoves, Furniture,

COUNTPY PRODUCE.

BROWNVILLE, N. T.

MISS MARY W. TURNER,

MILLINER

And Dress Maker.

First Street, between Main and Water,

BROWNVILLE, N. T.

Bonnets and Trimmings always on hand.

C. W. WHEELER,

ARCHITECT AND BUILDER.

FIRST ST. MAIN AND WATER STS.

Brownville, N. T.

T. L. RICKETTS,

CARPENTER AND JOINER,

BROWNVILLE,

NEBRASKA TERRITORY.

J. D. N. THOMPSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

LOT AND LAND AGENT;

Corner of First and Atlantic Streets,

BROWNVILLE, N. T.,

Will attend the Courts of Northern Missouri, Nebraska and Western Iowa.

JAMES W. GIBSON,

BLACKSMITH

Second Street, between Main and Nebraska,

BROWNVILLE, N. T.

R. W. FURNAS,

LAND AND LOT AGENT,

INSURANCE AGENT.

AND AGENT FOR

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

BROWNVILLE, N. T.

A. D. JONES,

THE WESTERN PIONEER LAND HUNTER,

AND

DEALER IN REAL ESTATE,

OMAHA CITY, N. T.

☞ Lands carefully located, and entered for customers. Lots and Lands bought and sold.

E. M. M'COMAS,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON

AND OBSTETRICIAN,

NEMAHA CITY, N. T.

Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Nemaha county.

R. E. HARDING. G. C. KIMBOUGH R. F. TOOMER.

HARDING, KIMBOUGH & CO.,

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

HATS, CAPS & STRAW GOODS,

No 49 Main street, bet. Olive and Pine,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Particular attention paid to manufacturing our finest Mole Hats.

C. V. SNOW,

SURGEON, PHYSICIAN

And Accoucheur,

ROCKPORT, MO,

NUCKOLLS, RUSSELL, & CO.

Rockport, Mo.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,

Medicines, Dye Stuffs,

Saddlery, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps,

QUEENSWARE, STONEWARE, TINWARE,

IRON, NAILS, STOVES, PLOWS &c.

Also Furniture of all kinds, Window Sash, &c

A. D. KIRK,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Land Agent and Notary Public,

Archer, Richardson county, N. T.

Will practice in the Courts of Nebraska, assisted by Harding and Bennett, Nebraska City.

JACOB SAFFORD,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

GENERAL INSURANCE AND LAND AGENT.

And Notary Public.

Nebraska City, Nebraska Territory.

WILL attend promptly to all buisness entrusted to his care, in Nebraska Territory and Western Iowa.

September 12, 1856. v1n15-1y

SPRIGMAN & BROWN,

RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT

AGENTS.

And General Commission Merchants.

No. 46, Public Landing.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

A. A. BRADFORD, WM. MCLENNAN, Nebraska City, N. T. D. L. Mc'GARY, Brownville, N. T.

BRADFORD, McLENNAN & McGARY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

AND

SOLICITERS IN CHANCERY.

Brownville and Nebraska City,

NEBRASKA TERRITORY.

BEING permanently located in the Territory, we will give our entire time and attention to the practice of our profession, in all its branches. Matters in Litigation, Collections of Debts, Sales and Purchases of Real Estate, Selections of Lands, Locating of Land Warrants, and all other business entrusted to our management, will receive prompt and faithful attention.

REFERENCES.

S. F. Nuckolls,	Nebraska City,
Richard Brown,	Brownville,
Wm. Hoblitzell & Co.,	"
Hon. James Craig,	St. Joseph, Mo.,
Hon. James M. Hughes,	St. Louis, Mo.,
Hon. John R. Shepley,	" " "
Messrs. Crew, McCreary & Co.	" " "
Messrs. S. G. Hubbard & Co.,	Cincinnati O.
Hon. J. M. Love,	Keokuk, Iowa.
v1-nt	June 7, 1856.

A. J. POPPLETON. WM. N. BYERS.

POPPLETON & BYERS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

And General Land Agents,

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

Land Warrants Bought and Sold.

LAND ENTERED ON TIME.

SPECIAL attention given to the selection and entry of Lands for Settlers, and all others desiring choice locations.

Land Claims, Town Lots and all kinds of Real Estate, bought and sold and investments made for distant Dealers.

JOHN S. HOYT,

County Surveyor and Land Agent,

OF Richardson county, N. T., will attend promptly to all business in his profession, when called on: such as Paying Taxes, Recording Claims, Subdividing Land, Laying out Town Lots, Drafting City Plats &c.

Residence and address

ARCHER, Richardson co., N. T.

J. HART & SON

SADDLE & HARNESS

MAKERS,

Oregon, Holt County, Missouri.

Keep constantly on hand all description of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, &c., &c.

N. B. Every article in our shop is manufactured by ourselves, and warranted to give satisfaction.

W. P. LOAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

LAND AND LOT AGENT.

ARCHER, RICHARDSON COUNTY, N. T.

OLIVER BENNET. WM. B. GARRIT. JAMES F. FISKE. AUGUSTUS KNIGHT.

OLIVER BENNETT & CO.,

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

BOOTS AND SHOES,

NO. 87 MAIN STREET,

(FORMERLY, No. 101, CORNER OF MAIN AND LOCUST.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Original Tale.

[Written for the Nebraska Advertiser.

A HUSKING MATCH.

BY TOM TURNIP.

That is, one of those which the majority of folks "read about," but which "your humble servant" had the *exstatic* pleasure of beholding. Not such an one as Miss Chandler, in "*This, that, and the other*," told of, where the civilized and intellectual "youths and maidens" joined in the happy task, but where the backwoods "greenies" convened to do the work, in consideration of a hearty supper, and a "Philander" afterwards, which last signifies to march the "fair ones" around the room to the tune of some appropriate song, and "winding up" every few moments with a mock marriage and a kiss by each couple, who were then ready for the next sett.—The ladies, by the way, did not assist in the "husking," but held themselves in readiness for the aforesaid "Philander:"

"The shades of night were falling fast," as myself and friend started out on a fair star-light eve to attend a "Husking Match" of the above description. The distance was but half a mile, and when we arrived we found a score of the sturdy swains, already on the ground and making the "nubbins" fly quite cheerily, The advent of no less a personage than myself, caused a good many broad, uncivil stares, but on the information of my friend that I was *not* a "Philanderageable" biped, the curiosity principally subsided, and the work proceeded.

New hands gradually arrived, until the number reached about thirty, who varied in age from fourteen to twenty and in complexion from passably white, to "decidedly brown.' Under all this accession of numbers, the corn heap rapidly grew "beautifully less," until about twenty-five bushels remained; when the heap and the hands divided into two parts, and a race followed, in which were mingled such whooping, shouting, cheering and yelling, as made the "vaulted arch of heaven resound."

The successful party took the first "round" at the supper table, while their chagrined and defeated comrades had to wait patiently for whatever chance, meagre or otherwise, that awaited them. Supper was quickly dispatched, however, by all, and they then adjourned to a vacant room, near by, to "get their money back in change." The quaint old song of

"Come Philanders, lets be a marching,
Every one his true-love *sarching*—" (searching.)

was struck up, and here they went.—Didn't that little, fat, dutch damsel, and that crane-legged "gophus" make a laughable pair; she took, at least three steps to his one, and gazed *up* in his face with such a smiling countenance, as if to say "welcome, my *long*, expected beau!" Another pair follows them, in which the *lady* is the tallest by some inches, and consequently looks *down* on *her* diminutive partner!—Couple after couple follows, antiquated and *green* enough, in all conscience, and finally after the whole company had compassed about the room some dozen times they suddenly brought up around the wall with their backs thereunto, and their faces directed, in a circle towards the centre of the room. The 'squire and lady'—some suitable persons of the company who could sing—then announced their readines to wait upon "customers," whereupon, the bravest, followed regularly, in turn, by the *less*, and *least* brave, presented themselves before the officers and were "hitched," temporarily, with a verse of some back-woods poet's composing, calculated to be suitable for such occasions, and the "ceremony" was closed with a kiss, given by the gentleman to his fair partner, who, when the task was finished, rapidly joined her female companions, and was ready for the next sett. By the by, my friend informed me that the exact spot, on the countenance, for impressing the aforesaid kiss was not limited to the *lips*, but the territory, like the suicide's knife, extended from—"*ear to ear*."

Another and another sett followed the first, varying only in the song and tune, and thus the "play" continued until near midnight, when a variation of the general "programme" was determined upon by the leaders of the sport, and accordingly "pleased-or-displeased" was introduced—a play which dispenses with the marching, but retains, however, the more essential part, viz:—kissing, which is doubled in frequency thereby. The party arranged themselves in couples upon long benches placed around the room, and the ladies maintaining their seats permanently, while the gents were obliged to shift positions as necessity required. A good, stout hand, with a twisted handkerchief conspicuously displayed, then went the "rounds," inquiring of the belles and beaux, alternately, the important question, "pleased or displeased?" which was answered as inclination prompted, and when the wished for suitor had taken a seat by her side, whether to *his* own particular inclination or not, he was obliged to let his lips "squat" upon *some* part of the aforementioned kissing territory. Thus a favorite beau among the ladies, I noticed, had the exquisite pleasure of "smacking" at least, two-thirds of the female portion of the assembled company, at the first "round."

After continuing this novel proceedure for half an hour, the party, as by some secret instinct, suddenly, silently and mysteriously broke up, and the ladies entered the house-proper, to adjust their bonnets and shawls preparatory to starting homeward. Then it was that hearts heretofore apparently unconcerned began to flutter and jump up into their owners throats, as *they* stood waiting impatiently on the outside of the house, ready to "dance attendance" to their sweet-hearts, as soon as they started home, and fearful lest "all would not be gold that glittered." The door opened, and out they came. Those that were confidently certain of "coming it;" "pitched in" immediately, and were quickly followed by the doubtful and wavering in faith.

I was not, by any means, an idle spectator of the scene. As a spruce young fellow stepped up to a "sprucer" young lady, and as quickly stepped away again, with an *additional*, imaginative article of hose known familiarly as "the mitten," my soberness gave way, and I cried out, lustily.

"That's the way the money goes;—
Pop goes the weasel!"

The unfortunate fellow was not so badly nonplussed, but that he made application to a *second* piece of calico, succeeded, and walked in majestic defiance down the land, with the rest of the successful heroes. I pursued, as a novelist would express it,—"my dreary steps homeward," turned into bed, and in a short time feeling an uncomfortable retching within, arose and turned *out*—the "solid contents" of my stomach, in a promiscous mass. Like similar cases, of the bilious kind, the organ had become overloaded with "victuals" in too "*green*" a state, and an evacuation became absolutely necessary. The remainder of the night was passed in dreams of an unpleasant kind, and when I arose in the morning, I felt "all out of sorts." When my friend questioned me about my enjoyment of the party, in general, I, feeling just then slightly, *very slightly*, in a poetic mood, remarked:

"I've told the all, I'll tell no more,
Though short the story be;
Let me go back where I was before,
And I'll get a living without troubling the—

'plaguey' "HUSKING MATCHES."

West Charleston, O., Dec. 1st, '56.

A DAMPER.—Some years ago the late Emperor Nicholas was visiting Naples, when King Bomba ordered a grand review of his little army. After this ceremony the King rubbed his hands, saying to the Czar: "Well, sir, is it not a very fine troop? Could I not march against France with such an army?" "Yes, certainly," replied the Czar, "but the French Custom-house officers might not let you pass."

Many literary "effusions" proceed from water on the brain.

Miscellaneous.

A DESSERTATION ON HOOPS.

Talking of the ladies, they are positively getting bigger and bigger. The petticoat mania rages fearfully. They fill up the sidewalks. As they brush by you, you feel bones—whalebones, I mean, for there are no others within half a mile of you. What a dreadful reversal of the order of nature is all this. I do not object to plumpness and rotundity in the proper places, but what sense is there in being to tremendously orbicular about the feet? Between you and me Mrs. P. T. has fallen into this fashion, and maugre my remonstrances, has purchased one of the most monstrous of these inventions. I examined it with much awe, the other night, after she had gone to bed. *O, Roberto*, it is, "fearfully and wonderfully made." It is an institution. In size it is like a small country law office. I think it must have been raised like a barn. It is latticed and corded and stiffened with the utmost ingenuity. When she has it on, my "gude wife" is (so to speak) like Hamlet's father, "clad in complete steel." She is just as safe as if she were in a convent. She is entirely shut out from this vain world. *Quoad* the earth, she is nothing but a large skirt. So much for the safety of the contrivance. The question of beauty is another matter.—*Pawtucket Gazette.*

We have no desire to injure the molasses trade, but the New London *Chronicle* states, as a fact, that a Mr. Richards, who keeps a store on the Hartford road, a few days since, found in one of his empty molasses hogsheads, a human skeleton, the remains, no doubt, of a negro, who was probably asleep in the hogshead when it was filled on the plantation.

We don't want to injure the whisky trade but must state it as a fact that, once upon a time, Dr. Ackley, of Cleveland, had consigned to him from Columbus, a large anaconda, which belonged to a caravan passing through the State, but, having sickened and died, was sent to the Dr. for the Museum of the Cleveland Medical College. But it never reached Cleveland; and search being made, the cask in which it was sent was discovered in one of the unfinished rooms of the Neil House, just then being completed. Upon inquiry, it was discovered that the carpenters and joiners at work on the building, had found the cask in one of the rooms, and, thinking it would be a good joke to steal away some fellow's cask of whisky, had moved it to another room, tapped it, and actually drank all the liquor. And there the snake was found in an empty barrel, the whisky having all gone down the throats of the workmen. Upon this discovery, there was some gagging and bad feeling in the stomachs of that lot of imbibers.—*Sandusky Register.*

A DILEMMA.—A gentleman, Mr. George W. Stell, residing near Petersburg, Va., caught a neighbor in a beaver trap a few mornings since. Mr. S. had experienced considerable difficulty in keeping his watermelons quietly "at home o' nights," and hit upon a beaver trap to solve the mystery of their disappearance. Accordingly he set one, upon the plan of a steel trap, though larger, without *teeth*. In the morning, instead of a thieving negro, he found an *honest* neighbor fearfully crouching over it—fast. Imagine the neighbor's feelings!

A correspondent of the Leicester *Mercury* says that a prize has been offered for a rhyme to the word "month," and hopes the following may be adjudged successful:—

"A lisping girl sat on her father's knee,
A trying to rhyme the little word MONTH;
And she laughed, as she said, "I'll let you thee
I can thay it again, for I've thaid it WONTH.'"

"Well, her father replied, "I am listening dear! Go on." And she uttered in haste; "*Wonth* and *month*;
And now," she continued, "I've rhymed tho clear,
I'm *thure* you will never more call me a *dunth!*"

Some editor says that the destiny of the world often hangs on the smallest trifles. A little miff between Charles Bonaparte and his love Letitia might have broken off a marriage which gave birth to Napoleon and the battle of Waterloo. To which the Chicago *Advertiser* says: "Yes that is a fact. Suppose a "little miff" had taken place between Adam and Eve! What then?"

EARLY ATTACHMENTS.—The attachments of youth rarely ripen into the warm and endearing love of maturity. Like early spring buds, they are nipped by the frosts of experience, or fade into dim recollections of their transient beauty.

Farmers' Department.

[From the Rural New-Yorker.

ARE FARMERS IMPROVING?

This query is pertinent at all times, and especially at the close of a season's practical operations. It is an all-important question with many, and merits the careful consideration of every Ruralist. The pecuniary interest and general welfare of community depend upon, and are directly enhanced by the "progress and improvement" of its individual members,—for in proportion to their advancement in modes of culture, the judicious management of their affairs, and in the attainment of Wisdom and Wealth, will be the Happiness of the People and Prosperity of the Country. It is perhaps difficult to determine the relative progress of improvement during the year now closing, or the past five or ten years, yet by discussing the question somewhat interrogatively, we may aid individual readers in deciding whether material, substantial advancement has been made by themselves, and in their respective localities.

Much that is so called is neither progress nor improvement. Appearances are not always reliable testimony.—Good buildings, fences, &c., though always creditable to the owner, and indicative of improvement, do not invariably accompany superior culture and husbandry. The production of an extraordinary crop on a limited space, or of a single animal of extra weight or beauty, does not prove the owner a *profitable* cultivator, breeder or grazier—for the crop or animal may have cost far more than its market value. We admit that much depends upon the appearance of the farmer's homestead and premises generally, and have ever advocated the importance of good buildings, fences, roads, and the various "improvements" and convenience which tend to render his home pleasant and attractive alike to his family and in the eyes of strangers. Yet these items, and the addition of superior educational and religious privileges—the conveniences of good schools, churches, &c.,—though exceedingly commendable and important in and of themselves, do not invariably demonstrate marked improvement in Agriculture. So of extra garden culture, ornamental surrounding, fine stock, and other matters;—all are pleasant to behold and creditable to the proprietor, yet if he is not annually increasing, or at least maintaing, the richness of his soil, and augmenting the value of his premises, he is not a passenger in the car of Improvement.

The great question for every cultivator, and community of farmers, to decide, is, whether he and they are laboring advantageously and profitably. Is the soil deteriorating or improving? Does the farm produce less or more than formerly? Is the income sufficient to leave a proper balance over and above the necessary expenses of cultivation, for the support and education of his family? If farming does not *pay*—why? Is it lack of good culture, rotation, manuring, &c., or in consequence of a persistance in endeavoring to produce what is not adapted to the soil and climate, or crops which are annually ravaged by insects? Or, is the reason attributable to the want of a convenient and good market for the articles produced? By the way, as much judgement and attention are requisite in preparing for and marketing as in the production of many articles—matters too frequently overlooked, and which subject the producers to much loss. For instance, the packing, shipping and marketing of fruit, dairy products, &c., and proper information as to prices and the best markets, are often of as much importance as their production. These articles are frequently sold to speculators and "middle men" at from one-fourth to a half less than their actual market value—a sad commentary upon the intelligence and enterprise of producers.

But we are digressing, and return to the query—Are Farmers Improving? The great majority of our readers in this State, the West and Canada, are grain growers. Are they improving in culture and management?—sustaining the fertility of their soil, increasing its productiveness, and augmenting their profits? This is a vital question, and one which will come home to the minds and pockets of thousands herein addressed. Can you, reader, answer it satisfactorily? Have you not "missed it," and failed of improvement, in some of your operations? By persisting in depending mainly upon one crop—wheat, for instance—have you not made much slower progress, and far less profit, than you would by adopting a different system? Would not more attention to other crops—a mixed husbandry, if you please—be altogether preferable, especially wherever the midge prevails? In fact, will, not fruit growing, stock breeding, grazing, dairying, &c., to a greater or less extent, *pay better*, even in your locality where wheat has been the staple crop from time whereof the memory of that venerable and astute personage, "the oldest inhabitant," runneth not to the contrary? In these days of railroads, and easy and cheap accessibility to market, farmers should take advantage of their *location* and conveniences for disposing of products which are, under favorable circumstances, much more profitable than the ordinary staple crops of the country. This matter seems to be overlooked by many who reside in the immediate vicinity of village and city markets, and railroad stations.

Connected with this matter of improvement are various important considerations, and we could easily offer many pertinent and suggestive queries on the subject. The items of farm enrichment, productiveness and profit, are, however, the chief matters to which we proposed to direct attention—and these, whether attained by rotation, manuring, underdraining and judicious management, or all combined, are the main-springs of agricultural success and prosperity. We propose recurring to the subject ere long, and may perhaps be enabled to offer reasons for the belief that, while many farmers have made little or no advancement, others, and in some instances large communities, have make marked "progress and improvement" in culture, management, and profitable production.

CHINESE FARMING.

A Shanghai correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, says:

Every foot of ground is in the highest state of cultivation, and I have never seen farms kept in better order in any part of America. The fact is, foreigners have already derived many useful hints from the Chinese, and may yet learn more. The chain-pump, which has been patented in America as an original invention, has been in use for centuries in China. It is used to elevate water from the canals to their ricefields. A Frenchman, some fifteen years ago, with much *eclat*, commenced hatching eggs by steam, in Paris. This has been practiced so long in China, that even tradition can not tell who was the discoverer of the art. They have large establishments, in different towns, where thousands may be seen hatching at a time. This, however, is a digression. The canals also serve another purpose. Where the farmer is not near a town, they supply him with the most of his manure. In every direction we saw the farmers, with bamboo tongs, drawing up the rich mud from the bottom, just as fishermen catch oysters. This they spread on their farms. The staple production of this plain are wheat, rice, hemp, silk, and cotton.

MULES AS FARM TEAMS.

In an agricultural meeting at Boston, reported in the *New England Farmer*, Doctor Fisher, of Fitchburg, gave some of his experience in working mules, and his views of their value, as compared with oxen and horses. "He purchased a pair last spring, weighing seven hundred pounds each, and he found they could be kept very cheaply compared with horses. His horse, which weighs about one thousand one hundred and fifty pounds, eats more than both the mules, while they do nearly double the work that he will. They will work more hours, are less subject to diseases and accidents, need but little grain—none except when worked hard. He had not found any bad tricks in them, though this is often an objection urged against them. They will pay for good treatment as well as a horse, and will bear poor treatment much better. They know how to 'shirk,' it is true—and in that respect seem to be more intelligent than the horse. They will draw as much on a dray as a pair of oxen of double their weight. A pair of mules weighing one thousand four hundred pounds, will do nearly or quite as much work as a pair of horses that weigh two thousand two hundred pounds, and they will not eat more than half as much." It is said to be a proverb in Virginia, that "a mule never dies," and it is true that their working life is two or three times that of the horse. Still, it will be long before they take the place which the horse now fills on our farms, though there can be no question but they might profitably do so to a considerable extent.

There is beauty enough on earth to make a home for angels.