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 8, 1857. NUMBER 30.

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. MCGARY, 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. Sheplay,	" "
Messrs. Crow, McCreary & Co.	" "
Messrs. S. G. Hubbard & Co.,	Cincinnati O.
Hon. J. M. Love,	Keokuk, Iowa.
v1-n1	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. JAMES P. FISKE. WM. B. GARNET. AUGUSTUS KNIGHT.
OLIVER BENNETT & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
NO. 81 MAIN STREET,
(FORMERLY, No. 101, CORNER OF MAIN AND LOCUST.)
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Select Tale.

NICHOLAS AND HIS DAUGHTER.

A few years since, the was in the city of St. Petersburg a young girl, so beautiful and so lovely that the greatest prince of Europe, had he met her, even in a peasant's hut, might well have turned his back upon princesses to offer her his hand and crown.

But far from having first seen the light in a peasant's hut, she was born in the shadow of the proudest throne on earth. It was Marie Nicolœwna, the adored daughter of the Emperor of Russia.

As her father saw her blooming like the May flower, and sought for by all the heirs of royalty he cast his eyes upon the fairest, the richest, and the most powerful of them, with the smile of a father and a king, said to her:

"My child, you are now of an age to marry, and I have chosen for you the prince who will make you a queen, and the man who will render you happy."

"The man who will render me happy," stammered the blushing princess, with a sigh, which was the only objection to which her heart gave utterance. "Speak father," she said, as she saw a frown gathering on the brow of the Czar.—"Speak and your Majesty shall be obeyed."

"Obeyed!" exclaimed the Emperor, trembling for the first time in his life; "is it then only as an act of obedience that you will receive a husband from my hands?"

The young girl was silent, and concealed a tear.

"Is your faith already plighted?"

The young girl was still silent.

"Explain yourself, Marie; I command you."

At this word which sways sixty millions of human beings, the princess fell at the feet of the Czar.

"Yes, father, if I must tell you, my heart is no longer my own; it is bestowed upon a young man who knows it not, and who shall never know it, if such be your wish. He has seen me but two or three times at a distance, and we will never speak to each other if your majesty forbid it!"

The Emperor was silent in his turn. He grew pale. Three times he made the circuit of the saloon. He durst not ask the name of the young man.

He would have braved for a caprice, the monarchs of the world at the head of their armies—he, with his omnipotence feared this unknown youth, who disputed with him his dearest treasure.

"Is it a king?" he demanded at last.

"No, father."

"The heir of a king, at least?"

"No, father."

"A Grand Duke?"

"No, father."

"The son of a reiguing family?"

"No, father."

At each step in the descending scale, the Czar stopped to recover breath.

"A stranger?"

"Yes, father."

The Emperor fell back into his armed chair, and hid his face in his hands, like Agamemon at the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

"Is he a Russian?" he resumed with an effort.

"Yes, father."

"At St. Petersburg?"

"Yes, father."

And the voice of the young girl grew faint.

"Where shall I see him?" said the Czar, rising with a threatening aspect.

"To-morrow, at the review."

"How shall I recognize him?" repeated the Czar, with a stamp of his foot.

"By his green plume and his black steed."

"'Tis well. Go my daughter, and pray God to have pity upon that man." The princess withdrew in a fainting condition, and the Emperor was soon lost in thought.

"A childish caprice," he said, at length. "I am foolish to be disturbed at it. She will forget it. She shall forget it!" and his lips dared not utter what his heart added. "It must be; for all my power would be weaker than her tears."

On the following day, at the review, the Czar, whose eagle eye embraced all at a glance, sought and saw in his battalions, nought else than a green plume and a black charger. He recognized in him who wore the one and rode the other, a simple Colonel of the Bavarian Light Horse—Maximillian Joseph Eugene Aguste Beauharnois, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, youngest child of the son of Josephine (who was, for a brief time, Empress of France,) and Auguste Amelie, daughter of Maximillian Joseph, of Bavaria—an admirable and charming cavalier, in truth; but as far inferior then to Marie Nicolœwna, as a simple soldier to an Emperor.

"Is it possible!" said the Czar to himself, as he sent for the Colonel, with the design of dismissing him to Munich.

But, at the moment, when he was about to crush him with a word, he stopped at the sight of his daughter fainting in a caleche:

"There is no longer a doubt," thought the Czar; "'tis indeed he."

And, turning his back on the stupefied stranger, he returned with Marie to the Imperial Palace.

For six weeks, all that prudence, tempered with love and severity, could inspire, was essayed to destroy the image of the Colonel in the heart of the princess. At the end of the first week, she was resigned; at the end of second, she wept; at the end of the third, she wept in public; at the end of the fourth, she wished to sacrifice herself to her father; at the end of the fifth, she fell sick; at the end of the sixth, she was dying.

Meanwhile, the Colonel, seeing himself in disgrace at the court of his host; without daring to confess to himself the cause, did not wait for his dismissal to return to his regiment. He was on the point of setting out for Munich, when an aid-de-camp of the Czar came for him.

"I should have set out yesterday," he said to himself; "I might have avoided what awaits me. At the first flash, save yourself from the thunder bolt."

The bolt in reserve for him was the following: He was ushered into the cabinet, where kings only are allowed to enter. The Emperor was pale, and his eye was moist; but his air was firm and resolute.

"Colonel Duke," said he, enveloping and penetrating him with his glance, "you are one of the handsomest officers in Europe. It is said, also, and I believe it true, that you possess an elevated mind—a thorough education, a lively taste for the arts, a noble heart, and a loyal character. What think you of the Grand Duchess, my Daughter, Marie Nicolœwna?"

This point bland question dazzled the young man. It is time to say that he admired, adored, the princess, without being fully aware of it. A simple mortal adores an angel of Paradise, as an artists adores the ideal of beauty.

"The Princess Marie, sire!" exclaimed he, reading at last his own heart, without daring to read that of the Czar; "your anger would crush me if I told you what I think of her, and I should die of joy if you permitted me to say it."

"You love her; 'tis well," resumed the Czar, with a benignant smile; and the royal hand from which the Duke was awaiting the thunderbolt, delivered to the Colonel the brevet of General Ade-de-camp of the Emperor—the brevets of commandment of the Cavalry, of the Guards, and of the regiment of Hussars—of Chief of the Corps of Cadets, and of the Mining Engineers—of President of the Academy of Arts, and member of the Academy of Sciences of the universities of St. Petersburg, of Moscow, of Keasan, of the Council, of the Military Schools, etc. All this, with the title of Imperial Highness, and several millions of revenue.

"Now," said the Czar to the young man, who was beside himself with joy, "will you quit the service of Bavaria and become the husband of Princess Marie?" The young man could only fall upon his knees, and bathe with his tears the hands of the Emperor.

"You see that I also love my daughter," said the father, raising his son-in-law in his arms.

The 14th of July following, the Grank Duchess was restored to health—to life—and the Duke Beauharnois de Leuchtenberg espoused her in presence of the Representatives of all the royal families of Europe.

Such an act of parental love merited for the Czar and for his daughter a century of happiness. Heaven, which has its secrets, had ordered otherwise. On Tuesday, November 5th, 1852, the Duke of Leuchtenberg died, at the age of thirty-five—worthy, to the last, of his brilliant destiny, and leaving to Marie Nicolœwna eternal regrets.

All the young Princes of the world will again dispute the prize of her hand; but she has been too happy as a wife to consent to become a Queen.

A windy orator in the New York Legislature, after a lengthy effort, stopped for a drink of water.

"I rise," said Bloss, "to a point of order."

Everybody started, in wonder what the point of order was.

"What is it?" said the speaker.

"I think, sir," said Bloss, "it is out of order for a wind-mill to go by water."

Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

Miscellaneous.

LIFE IN THE WEST.—Our Yankee traveler, who saw the live hoosier, has again written to his mother.

"Western people (says he go their death on etiquette. You can't tell a man here that he lies, as you can down East, without fighting. A few days ago, a man was telling two of his neighbors in my hearing a pretty large story.

Says I "stranger that's a whapper!"

Say he "lay there, stranger."

And in the twinkling of an eye I found myself in the ditch, the worse for wear and tear.

Upon another occasion says I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed:

"That isn't a specimen of your western women I should think?"

Says he, "you are afraid of fever and ague, stranger, ain't you?"

"Very much," says I.

"Well," replied he, "that lady is my wife, and if you don't apologize in two minutes, by the honor of a gentleman, I swear that these two pistols (which he held cocked in his hand) shall cure you of that disorder entirely—so don't fear stranger?"

So I knelt down and politely apologized.

I admire this western country much; but curse me if I can stand so much etiquette; it always takes me so unawares."—*Chicago Democrat.*

A MAJORITY ON THE WRONG SIDE.

Several years ago a celebrated Methodist minister, well known for his eloquence and zeal in converting souls, was preaching in Louisville. The feeling had got pretty well up, and one night after a very "powerful" sermon, he came down from his pulpit for the purpose of receiving the mourners, while the good old hymn of

"Canaan, oh, Canaan! I'm bound for the land of Canaan!"

was struck up and chimed in by hundreds of voices. The hymn was concluded, but there were no penitents at the alter. In vain he exhorted; his words and appeals fell upon the ears of his congregation without exciting an emotion. At length he concluded to make a bold stroke and follow it up with a test, and resuming the pulpit, after a few words of exhortations, he solemnly announced that he would put a question, upon which he expected all to vote in view of the estimation they placed upon their souls. With finger raised most significantly and in a most solemn manner he announced: "All those in favor of Christ will please rise to their feet."

Only some eight or ten responded to the announcement, and while the minister was watching intensely for others to signify their position by "rising," a worthy member, who was on his feet, interfered, and suggested that "the reason might be that the true disciples were too modest to vote."

At this juncture a loud voice was heard in the gallery:

"I say, brother———, it's no use in talking or trying to force this vote. *This congregation is for the devil by at least twenty-five hundred majority!*"

The life of a man of business gives his character a pretty hard trial. Not only does it exercise his sagacity and prudence, but it puts his integrity to the severest test. He is surrounded by the selfishness of trade; he sees men profit by cunning and fraud, and he is tempted to try his skill in artifice and deception. Every day his honesty is tried in some way. He is thrown back upon his inward principles, and if his heart is hollow and deceitful, he will be sure to show it. And that man has reason to thank God, who has gone through a course of business, through times of wild, long speculation and general bankruptcy, goes down to the grave, with the never shaken confidence of being an honest man. He who can see another make money by false representations, and never stoop to those tricks of trade, is fitting his own pure mind for a world that is more worthy of him.

If you are in a hurry, never get behind a couple that are courting. They want to make so much of each other that they wouldn't move quick if they were going to a funeral. Get behind your jolly married folks, who have lots of children at home, if you wish to get along fast. But it is best to be a little ahead of eather of them.

"So."—A woman's tongue has been found capable, on actual experiment, to move one thousand six hundred and ninety-nine and a half times a minute. And what is still more wonderful, is, they never wear out.

Farmers' Department.

[From the Rural New-Yorker.

AN AVERAGE FARM.

Good farms and poor farms have been noticed and described. Let us call the attention of our readers to one about an *average*—one of a class more frequently met with than any other. In so doing we may offer some suggestions worth heeding by the majority of our farming friends—few of whom, we dare say, go below the average in agricultural enterprise.

It has a *soil* of varying fertility—varying with its original character and quality—having never, like the *good* farm, been so managed as to make its whole area productive. Something has been done for its improvement, but "there remaineth yet much land to possess"—fields to clear and drain, old meadows and pastures to break up and re-seed, subsoiling and manuring, etc., need to bring out its full power of growing food for man and beast.

The *culture* given the different crops on an average farm is of medium character. Some crops are sown on well prepared ground, others are hurried over and neglected, for, on an average, farmers *undertake more than they can fully attend to.* Hence we find imperfect and shallow plowing, insufficient or no manure, careless seeding and neglected hoeing and cultivation. There are weeds in some crops, others suffer from late seeding, others are hurriedly and wastingly harvested. The great distinction between a good and an average farm, lies not so much in the soil as in the cultivation and management of the same.

The *fences* are but just up to the necessities of an average farm, while a good one is divided into suitable and convenient lots by substantial enclosures, either stone, rail, or board fences, or hedges, conformable to its size, value, and situation.

Fair *buildings*—farmers are apt to consider appearances, here—are generally found on an average farm. But they are too often inconveniently arranged and situated, and in out-buildings insufficient to meet the wants of the stock, implements, and fodder for shelter. The working horses are stabled, but cows and sheep often spend the winter out of doors, or with only the protection of open sheds. The comfort and convenience of the housewife do not receive sufficient attention, in the preparation of cistern, wood and dairy rooms etc, while a farm work-shop and tool-house are often unprovided.

The *garden* for fruit and vegetables is seldom what it should be on an average farm. Lack of attention here deprives the farmer and his family of many a cheap luxury, and subjects him to inconveniences and expenses which might well be avoided. Good garden fruits and vegetables promote health as well as satisfy the appetite. Though they may not seem to pay as well as field crops, they really return a larger profit.

An average *orchard* has received the attention of grafting, but too frequently the trees are poorly cared for. The farmer forgets or refuses to believe that judicious cultivation and manuring are as necessary to abundant crops of fruit as to those of wheat and corn. It has been demonstrated again and again that Fruit Culture pays—still our orchards are inferior in character and value to what they might easily be made by the selection of better varieties and proper attention to their culture and marketing.

To conclude—the *crops* on an average farm, in a season like the past, for instance, are often inferior and discouraging. Provision was not made for unfavorable weather, as it might have been to a considerable extent.—A deep, rich, and well-tilled soil is the best security against the effects of drouth. There is not sufficient attention given to the saving and application of manure—and without manure we seldom have good crops.

Let us try, then, *to elevate the average*—to bring every farm as near as may be to the best. This all can work at—we by collecting and diffusing information on the best methods of cultivating the soil and farm management generally—the farmer by a thoughtful, practical application of the best light he can get—of all the means and appliances within his reach for the improvement of his land.

STORING VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, turnips, and other vegetables, should be stored so that they will be acceptable at any time during the winter, and without liability to injury from the cold. Not the smallest potato should be suffered to remain upon the ground; but every thing of the kind should be carefully protected. They will be of incalculable advantage to the stock during winter.

USE OF SALT ON LAND.

The following incident illustrates the value of salt as a fertilizer: The import duty on salt in Switzerland is very high and oppressive, and, therefore, not unfrequently leads to a breach of the law. A peasant having tried to defraud the authorities, by carrying off a bag of salt, was discovered, and pursued. In his anxiety to escape the punishment which would be inflicted if the bag was discovered, he threw it into his manure tank. After all risk of exposure had disappeared, he thought that his liquid manure must be greatly injured by the salt, and accordingly diluted the mixture largely with water. To his great surprise he found that the grass was better and more readily eaten by stock on that part of his meadow where the liquid manure was applied containing the salt than those portions which were irrigated by the ordinary liquid manure. Salt is very beneficial in soils liable to suffer from drought, as on dry hillsides. It should be first mixed with earth. Its effects are most apparent on peas, and leguminous plants of every kind, or roots, potatoes, carrots, etc. It has little effect on clay soils, excepting when drained.

The great aim of the farmer is to maintain his stock in proper condition with the least expense. To accomplish this—to have his cattle always in good heart, healthy, and improving—there must be an occasional change in their diet. Vegetables are essential to the health and comfort of mankind. How soon would the human appetite pall, and the form become emaciated, and the system diseased, if restricted to salted or preserved food? The same general principles govern the whole animal kingdom. Experiments, both in this country and in Europe, have shown that vegetables for winter use are as essential to stock-raising and stock-feeding as they are necessary for the health and development of the human frame.

Be careful that they are well protected from the frost, and placed where they can be reached with safety in the coldest weather. Every one can judge for himself as to the best method of protection. Some few farmers have cellars where they can be stored.—Those who have none will be compelled to rely upon pits and other temporary expedients. They should by all means be so arranged that they can be entered at pleasure, and not, as is too often the case, covered over, so that they can not be reached before spring.—*Iowa Farmer.*

BEECH HEDGES.—In Belgium beech hedges are not uncommon, and it is worth the attention of those who are trying to find hedge-plants suited to the climate and soil of America to try the beech. It is true that in its natural state it grows to a tree, and so does the Osage Orange, and so does the Cedar. By planting two young trees a few inches apart, and bending and interlacing them together, the tendency to grow into trees is checked, and being a very hardy, strong-wooded tree, with good roots, they bear this kind of treatment. A seed-bed of beech plants may be made by gathering the nuts, and, as soon as dry, packing them in dry sand, for transportation, with twice as much sand as nuts. The seed should be planted as soon as possible, as it is apt to lose vitality if kept long. The young plants should be carefully watered the first summer. The wood of beech trees is nearly equal to hickory for fuel, and is very rich in potash.

MAPLE SUGAR CROP.—The maple sugar crop of the year 1855 is estimated, by the officials in Washington, in the agricultural bureau, at $2,720,000. Maple sugar being a product of the forest, is chiefly confined to those regions of the interior, where it is a cheap and ready substitute for the more costly and less accessible product of the cane. The large production of the present year may be regarded as an effort of the rural population to remedy a deficiency in the supply of this necessary article. How far the maple can be looked to as a permanent resource, we can only conjecture, but the subject is worthy of consideration.

ARTIFICIAL MANURES IN ENGLAND.—We perceive by the Mark Lane *Express* that Lord Stanley, M. P., stated, in a late agricultural address, that the British farmers are paying every year a million and a half—$7,500,000—for artificial manures; and that he had heard a calculation made by competent persons, that in the sewerage of the Thames valley alone $5,000,000 are wasted every year.

A good farmer will always have his stock well housed.