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 15, 1857. NUMBER 31.

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 'ended 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 BET. 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, Letting 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. 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 BENNETT. JAMES P. FISKE. WM. H. GARRIT. AUGUSTUS KNIGHT.
OLIVER BENNETT & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
NO. 87 MAIN STREET,
(FORMERLY, NO. 101, CORN BET MAIN AND LOCUST.)
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Select Tale.

A LION STORY.

Some years ago there resided at the Cape of Good Hope a respectable colonist named Hutton, who had accumulated a competency by trafficing with the Namaquas and the Damaras, with whom he exchanged English manufactures for skins, ivory and ostrich feathers. He was engaged in one of these lucrative but hazardous trading expeditions, when he met with the adventure which we are about to relate. Two wagons carried his merchandise, and a dozen blacks attended him, two of them Mozambique negroes, and the remainder Hottentots and Namaquas. One afternoon he halted near a pool, around the margin of which were the footprints of several animals, among them those of lions. Mr. Hutton was a keen sportsman, and a man of unflinching courage, but the fears of his attendants led him to drive two miles further on, and encamp for the night in a small valley. The oxen were unyoked and turned loose to pick the scanty herbage, and a large fire was kindled to scare away wild beasts. Mr. Hunton then asked for volunteers from among his little party to watch for lions at the pool; he obtained three, and with strict injunctions to the others to keep up the fire, and prevent the cattle from straying, they proceeded to the water. Having dug a hole three or four feet deep at about twenty yards from the pool, and heaped the sand up about it to conceal them still more, they stepped into the trench with their loaded guns, and waited anxiously for the appearance of the forest monarch.

Much to Mr. Hutton's disappointment, but equally to the satisfaction of his sable companions, no lion showed himself all night, though several antelopes and zebras came to drink, and they heard the roarings of lions at a distance. At day-break they set out for the wagons, and had not gone far when a small herd of antelopes came bounding through a thicket in front of them, as if alarmed; and without waiting to see the cause, Mr. Hutton raised his gun, fired both barrels, and killed one of the largest. The blacks fired at the same time, but without effect. As the antelopes bounded onward, an enormous lion came out of the thicket and advanced slowly towards Mr. Hutton and his party. The three blacks immediately took to their heels, and as their master had given one of them his hunting-knife while digging the trench, because it incommoded him, he was quite defenseless. He gave himself up for lost. Flight would have been useless, for the lion would have overtaken him before he had run fifty yards. For a moment he stood motionless, overcome by the suddenness and imminency of the peril, and then stooped down, holding the gun before him. The lion advanced slowly, with his eyes fixed on his expected prey, and sat down like a cat, at about twelve feet distance. By the manner in which he licked his mouth, Mr. Hutton thought it probable that the animal had just finished breakfasting off an antelope, and would defer the attack until he became hungry again, as lions, like the rest of the feline carnivora, like their prey fresh killed. In the meantime, he would make sure of Mr. Hutton by watching him.

The sun rose up bright and clear, and the heat soon became oppressive. Fortunately the poor man had a broad-brimmed felt hat on, which protected his face from the scorching solar rays, and he had just before emptied a bottle of water which he had brought with him, so that he did not feel the heat so much as he otherwise would have done. He began to calculate the chances of escape, for he had not lost his coolness and presence of mind, and it was evident that the lion did not meditate very hasty proceedings. There was the chance of his men coming in a body to raise the state of siege and blockage in which he was placed; but against this he had to set their cowardice, of which he had an instance, and the probability that their approach would cause the lion to expedite the assault, and settle the business at once. He attempted to reload his gun, but the deep growling of his savage enemy warned him to desist. The brute evidently had sagacity enough to know that it was a weapon, and he also seemed to be aware of the vicinity of Mr. Hutton's blacks, for he several times looked sharply and restlessly in the direction of the wagons.

Once a troop of zebras cantered up to the spot. When they saw the lion, they wheeled quickly about, snorted, and dashed off in another direction. The lion rose to his feet, turned half round, and looked after them, but did not go in pursuit, as Mr. Hutton hoped and prayed he would do. He sat down, growling sullenly, and resumed his watch. Soon afterwards he rose again, looking towards the wagons, and growling in a manner which showed that he was angry about something. It came out afterward that Mr. Hutton's servants had summoned courage enough to approach the spot, armed with guns; but on seeing the lion get up and look towards them they all took to their heels. The lion crouched down again, with his fore feet turned under him, as a cat does sometimes; and as he began to yawn and wink, Mr. Hutton thought he was getting tired of his watch. If he had been, however, he would have made the attack at once.

Towards evening the roaring of a lioness was heard, and Mr. Hutton trembled lest the enemy should respond, and that his mate, who would, perhaps, be hungry, would approach and devour the supper which the lion was keeping for himself. Probably the latter had the same fear, for, though he rose and laid down again several times, moved about uneasily, and sniffed the ground, he did not reply to the call, which soon ceased to be heard. The sun had now gone down, and myriads of stars were shining in the deep blue sky. The lion lay still, and Mr. Hutton feared to attract his attention by moving; having been up all the preceding night, he felt drowsy too, but dared not close his eyes. He hoped that something would soon occur to draw the lion's attention from him, for he felt he should inevitably be sacrificed as soon as the animal became hungry. Several times he heard antelopes and zebras come to the water to drink, but the lion scarcely noticed them. He had evidently made up his mind to sup on the unfortunate trader. All at once he raised his head and began to growl. Mr. Hutton thought his last moment had at length arrived, but, to his surprise, his shaggy enemy laid down again. In about ten minutes he rose to his feet and growled angrily; and as he turned his head away from him, the trader thought some other lion was approaching, and that the one which had paid him such particular attentions was objecting to any division of the spoil. The lion continued to growl, and moved about uneasily, as if troubled in his mind. All at once a Namaqua, whose life the trader had saved on a former occasion, rushed up to the spot, brandishing a frying pan full of wild-fire, the blaze and glare of which so terrified the lion that he gave a tremendous roar, and bounded off into the darkness. Mr. Hutton sprang up, loaded both barrels of his gun, and started off towards his wagons, which he and his grateful preserver reached in safety. It was the stealthy approach of the latter, who did not ignite the wild-fire until close to the spot, which had made the lion so restless. Mr. Hutton was determined, after this adventure, to have the lion's skin, and waited a day or two for the arrival of two brother traders, who joined forces with him, and went in pursuit of the enemy. After two days' search, the lion was found, and killed at the first shot by one of the party, whose name was Johnson. Mr. Hutton purchased the skin for $25, and it now adorns his parlor at Capetown.

BASHFUL MEN.—We never yet saw a genuinely bashful man who was not the soul of honor. Though such may blush and stammer, and shrug their shoulders awkwardly, unable to throw forth with ease the thoughts that they would express, yet commend them to us for friends.

There are fine touches in their characters that time will mellow and bring out: perceptions as delicate as the faintest tint is to the unfolded rose; and their thoughts are none the less refined and beautiful that they do not flow with the impetuosity of the shallow streamlet.

We are astonished that such men are not appreciated, that ladies with really good hearts and cultivated intellects will reward the gallant Sir Mustachio Brainless with smiles and attention, because he can fold a shawl gracefully and bandy compliments with Parisian elegance, while they will not condescend to look upon the worthier man who feels for them a reverence so great that his every mute glance is worship.

Ladies, a word in your ear. Have you lovers, and would you possess a worthy husband? Choose him whose delicacy of deportment, whose sense of your worth, leads him to stand aloof while others crowd around you. If he blushes, stammers at your approach, consider them as so many signs of his exalted opinion of your sex. If he is retiring and modest, let not a thousand fortunes weigh him down in the balance, for, depend upon it, with him your life will be happier with poverty than with many another surrounded by the splendor of palaces.—*Olive Branch.*

Miscellaneous.

HOW TO BELIEVE.

Over the ocean bounded a good, strong ship. "Homeward bound" was the thought that made the piping winds sound sweetly to the sailor, who sat, in his midnight watch, listening to them as they whistled through the shrouds.

"Homeward bound," thought the rough seamen—"home to the low cottage near the wood, and to carry joy to my old mother's heart, I go. Thank God for a mother's prayers!"

The "look-out," as the man at the masthead is always called, had been a desperate character, but his mother's prayers had followed him as he roved over sea and land; and when, in his turn, he had gone aloft to watch all alone, and to listen to the strange, wordless whispers of the ocean winds, he had more than once fancied he heard the tones like those of that mother's voice praying for him.

A faithful chaplain was on board; and his efforts for the good of the crew were blessed. Among others, "Look-out Jim"—so named from his far-sightedness, and because so often sent aloft—became a convert. Whole-hearted in his piety, as before he had been in his wickedness, he strove with untiring zeal to impart to all his shipmates the knowledge of the Savior he had found.

He declared to them that he had enjoyed more peace and happiness in one week of Christian life than all the years which he had lived ever afforded him.

"But, Jim," questioned one, "how did you get this strange happiness?—What did you do?"

"Do?" said Jim. "Why, I believed."

"Well, shipmate, that's what I want to understand about it. How did you believe?"

"How did you believe?" repeated Jim, slowly, and with a puzzled look. "Well, I don't know as I can explain it to you—I quit swearing; but it wasn't just that—I left off drinking grog and chewing 'bacca, but it wasn't that—I believed Jesus Christ would save sinners if they asked him to, sincerely, and the thought came into my heed—He'll save me, and I was saved—that's all I can tell you."

AN ECCENTRIC PREACHER.

Murray's "Handbook of South Italy," lately published, contains some curious stories respecting Fra Rocco, the celebrated Dominican preacher, and the spiritual Joe Miller of Naples. On one occasion, it is related, he preached on the Mole a penitential sermon, and introduced so many illustrations of terror, that he soon brought his hearers to their knees. While they were thus showing every sign of contrition, he cried out. "Now all you who sincerely repent of your sins, hold up your right hand." Every man in the vast multitude immediately stretched out his hand. "Holy Archangel Michael," exclaimed Rocco, "thou who with thine adamantine sword standest at the right of the judgment seat of God, hew off every hand that has been raised hypocritically." In an instant every hand dropped, and Rocco, of course poured forth a fresh torrent of eloquent invective against the sin and their deceit.

He had a great dislike to tobacco, and when once preaching to a crowd of Spanish sailors, he astonishing them by telling them there were no Spanish saints in Heaven. A few, he said, had been admitted, but they smoked so many cigars, that they made the Holy Virgin sick; and St. Peter set his wits to work to get them out. At length, he proclaimed that a bull fight was to take place outside the gate of Paradise. Thereupon every Spanish saint, without exception, ran off to see the fight, and St. Peter immediately closed the gates, and took care not to admit another Spaniard.

The most remarkable instance on record of the power of memory, is one related of William Lyon, a strolling player of England, who wagered a crown bowl of punch that he could repeat the contents of one number of a daily paper, which was filled with advertisements, from beginning to end. The next morning, notwithstanding the want of connection the paragraphs, the variety of advertisements, and the general chaos which is prevalent in a newspaper, he repeated it from beginning to end without the slightest hesitation or mistake.

"You say, Mr. Sorringles, that Mr. Jacobs was your tutor? Does the Court understand from that, that you received your education from him?"

"No sir-ee. He taught me to play on the French horn. He taught me to toot—hence I call him my tutor."

Farmers' Department.

[From the Rural New-Yorker.

HOGS:—THEIR CHARACTER AND MANAGEMENT.

It is with *hogs* as with sundry great and good people—*they are not appreciated till after they are dead! Then* even fastidious persons have a liking for them. Kicked and cursed through life and uncharitably ranked along with the most obstinate and sensual of all men, they all at once, their end having come, receive a warm welcome at the gay, festive board, and in the humblest mansions of the poor.

The *posthumous fame* of the hog will take care of itself. I stand here, my countrymen, to defend him while yet alive; to do him honor, when honor may profit him somewhat. I carry the war into the enemy's country, and I charge my clients' bad moral characters, (for I am forced to admit that even hogs have their peccadillos,) upon unfortunate relations with bad men.—Col. Long, of Livingston Co., and Col. Morris, are both gentlemen; they treat their *Suffolks* well, and if I am correctly advised, they *estimate them* highly. If a man wrongs you, be assured he will traduce and vilify you also.

We pity the poor Israelites who were required to make "brick without straw"—but a *Berkshire*, out of the *stalest* material is required to manufacture most *savory* morsels; from the odds and ends of all things he is expected to grease the wheels of society. What are his faults? "Clamorous, obstinate, always in the way, and always in mischief." *That's a lie*—hold—I forgot; I thought I was talking politics! I mean, *that's a mistake.* I saw Col. Sherwood's pigs, (how the *Colonels* do run to swine,) at Elmira last year and in the frame of mind they were then in, I doubt if they would go ten feet out of their way for the best plum pudding that ever graced the table of royalty. Why, one of them actually refused to get up at the request of an admiring bevy of ladies, and shortly after went to sleep in the middle of a grunt. "They *squeal*, and are always getting into mischief."—That's their misfortune, and not their crime—that's the breed with bristles, snouts and legs, that *run the gauntlet* for a living. They don't belong to any of the *Colonels*—their ever-present inquiry is, like that of a great orator, "where shall I go?" Rover gives them a bite on one side, and John pummels them with sticks and stones on the other, while Dorothy salutes them with a basin of hot water. If they pass through a hole in the corn field, that's an offense; if they take a walk into the garden, the cellar, or the kitchen, in search of food, and in obedience to "the first law of nature, self-preservation," that's a crime! Pray, where would you have a hungry creature go? Where there is food, of course. Give them food, secure them in the enjoyment of their just rights, and they become peaceable, law-abiding citizens. Would you have them pusillanimously crouch under "oppression, wrong and outrage?"

I'll tell you about my hogs. For the last year there has been no stain upon their character; they have lived down all opposition, and *made themselves extensively useful.* The other day I pointed Mr. Lyman Brainard, of Attica, and some other friends, to a clump of apples trees which were loaded with fruit, while the surrounding trees bore very few. "*The season* had been *capricious.*" Not so; I had enclosed those fruitful trees with a fense summer before last, and within said enclosure I kept my hogs during three or four months, before the weather became very cold, and all the while they had a dry, warm bed. They took whatever apples fell from the trees in the enclosure, and had, in addition, the soft and ripe apples that fell in the remainder of the orchard, not enclosed. In this way all the apples were saved, and we had a great abundance, and a dozen apple trees *were digged about and dunged* in the most thorough manner—resulting in an abundant crop of apples this year, where apples don't grow on every bush. The same plan I have pursued before. Each year I shift the fence to a new place, and so manure and cultivate a new plot of ground, and in every case I have seen a marked improvement in the trees that were honored by the attentions of the swine. Hogs, when freely supplied with apples, need little or no water, and a good breed of hogs will *grow* upon raw apples and become so *near* fat a novice would scarce know the difference. In this region of country we cannot afford to feed *corn* to hogs unless it is ground and boiled with pumpkins, apples, or some vegetable, and then only in the winter or to harden the pork just before killing.

In fact, *hogs are of little profit except for the work they do.* Their instinct, habits—their mental, moral and physical constitutions—are admirable! Even John Calvin did not, to my knowledge, extend his doctrine of "original sin and total depravity" to the hog. No, that good old man very properly put the plaster where it belongs—on the Hog's revilers! Will not a sow with eight pigs, (the orthodox number,) beat any "gang plow" in Christendom in turning up the sod? "Yes," says Fogy, "and that is what I don't like." Yes you do. You have got the old sow in the wrong place, and like a great goose, you are blaming her for it. She was made to *plow* before Wood and Curtis were ever thought of, and there is enough for her to do on every farm. There are, or ought to be, fruit trees to cultivate—garden patches to manure and clear of worms, bugs and pernicious vermin—and all sorts of scavenger work to perform. Like some other folks, the sow is sometimes "out of her sphere," but there is always a place for her, and she is always good in her place.

Not a hog, except my friend Griffith's, has been running at large round my premises this year, and his have been here only a small part of the time.—Why, we have left the cellar door open, and the barn door open, and divers edibles have stood round in baskets and bags untouched of *hogs*—a kind of comparative millenium seemed to prevail—and all owing to the doctrine of keeping the hogs in close confinement. Not exactly in *close confinement*, for when hogs are in a small pen you must take great pains to keep them clean, and you must bring in *much* for them to saturate—and take it out again; but if you put them on ground designed for cultivation, and in an enclosure large enough to prevent its getting muddy, you manure the soil and cultivate it with little trouble. Enclosures for hogs can be made in parts of the garden or fields, in the summer or fall, from which early vegetables have been removed; thus the urine, &c., will all be composted and left where it is wanted. A fence can be contrived, easy of removal.

All honor to the swine. May they find friends to care for them while *living*—there are enough always to gather admiringly round their "*remains.*"

WINTER CARE OF FRUIT.

Every healthy, vigorous tree or plant, is supplied with an almost infinite number of fibrous roots, which penetrate every part of the sod, and gather sap, along with it a supply of organic and inorganic food. The expansion and contraction of the soil, during the winter, tear and break numbers of these minute roots, a majority of which are so small as to be imperceptible to the unaided eye.—Where there is a great number of alternatives of heat and cold, so many of these roots are broken as to leave the tree in a sickly condition in the spring, and it should be a careful study to protect them from such action of frost. Should there be but a slight degree of frost, not more than enough to freeze water half an inch to an inch in depth, a body of water around the roots would doubtless act as a preserver, and from this fact probably the ridiculous habit arose above alluded to. But in this climate we have to guard against foot-deep instead of inch-deep frosts.

A simple experiment will show the difference between a dry and wet soil around the base of a tree. Take three cups, each nine inches deep; fill each one of them within one inch of the top—the first with water, the second with earth saturated with water, and the third with moist but nearly dry earth, and subject all three to cold enough to freeze them solid. In the first, the water in changing to ice will so expand as to fill the entire measure. The moist earth in the second will have expanded nearly as much, while the comparatively dry earth will scarcely expand an eighth of an inch.

The experiment, or the principle which this illustrates, viz., that water freezing expands but one-eighth of its bulk, while dry solids do not thus expand, has a direct bearing upon the winter treatment of trees. Instead of retaining water around them it is better to dig a ditch (at a sufficient distance to avoid cutting the roots,) to convey the water away and leave the soil dry.

It is sometimes even advissable to bank up the earth eight or ten inches high around the body of the tree, and slope it off a few feet. This will both carry off the water and afford additional warmth to the roots.—*Western Enterprise.*

At sunset on the 30th ult., commenced the Jewish year 5617.