The Nebraska Advertiser.

DEVOTED TO ART, SCIENCE, AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, NEWS, POLITICS, GENERAL INTELLIGENCE AND THE INTERESTS OF NEBRASKA.

VOL. II. CITY OF BROWNVILLE, NEMAHA COUNTY, N. T., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1857. NO. 16.

Nebraska Advertiser

IS EDITED AND PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

R. W. FURNAS,

Second Street, bet. Main and Water,

(Lake's Block,)

BROWNVILLE, N. T.

TERMS:

For one year if paid in advance, - - $2.00
" " " " at the end of 6 months, 2,50
" " " " " " " 12 " 3,00

Clubs of 12 or more will be furnished at $1.50 per annum, provided the cash accompanies the order, not otherwise.

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 " " "	18,00
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, (in advance,)	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.

Yearly advertisers have the privilege of changing their advertisements quarterly.

All leaded advertisements charged double the above rates.

Advertisements on the inside exclusively will be charged extra.

BOOK AND FANCY

JOB PRINTING!

Foster's Job Press,

2,500 per hour.

Having added to the Advertiser Office Card and Job Presses, New Types of the latest styles, Inks of all colors, Bronzes, Fine Paper, Envelopes, &c.; we are now prepared to execute Job Work of every description in a Style unsurpassed by any other office in the United States.

Particular attention will be given to orders from a distance—in having them promptly attended to.

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.

A. S. HOLLADAY, 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.

MISS MARY 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.

JAMES W. GIBSON,
BLACKSMITH
Second Street, between Main and Nebraska,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

A. A. BRADFORD, Nebraska City, N. T. — D. L. McGARY, Brownville, N. T.
WM. McLENNAN,
BRADFORD, McLENNAN & McGARY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS 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. Crow, McCreary & Co.	" " "
Messrs. S. G. Hubbard & Co.,	Cincinnati O.
Hon. J. M. Love,	Keokuk, Iowa.

v1-n1 June 7, 1856.

I. T. WHYTE & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
Queensware, Hardware,
Stoves, Furniture,
COUNTRY PRODUCE.
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

G. W. HURN.
DEPUTY COUNTY SURVEYOR.
NEMAHA CITY, N. T.

WILL attend promptly to all business in his profession when called on: such as subdiving Claims, laying out Town Lots, Drafting City Plats, etc., etc. 37-tf

OLIVER BENNET. JAMES P. FISKE. — WM. B. GARRIT. AUGUSTUS KNIGHT.
OLIVER BENNETT & CO.,
Manufacturers and Whalesale Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
NO. 87 MAIN STREET,
FORMERLY, No. 101, CORNER OF MAIN AND LOCUST.)
ST. LOUIS. MO.

WM. OSBORN.
DEALER IN
CLOCKS, WATCHES,
Jewelry, Plated Ware, Cutlery, Spoons, &c., &c.
Nebraska City, N. T.
ENGRAVING and REPAIRING done on short notice and ALL WORK WARRANTED.

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

W. P. LOAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LAND AND LOT AGENT.
ARCHER, RICHARDSON COUNTY, N. T.

Notice to Pre-Emptors!
G. S. HORBACH & CO.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
REAL ESTATE BROKERS.
OMAHA CITY, N. T.

WILL give particular attention to preparing all the necessary papers for Pre-emptions, and rendering any assistance which may be required by Pre-emptors in proving up their Pre-emption rights at the U. S. Land Office. 45-6m

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.
Particula attention paid to manufacturing our finest Mole Hats.

R. PEERY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON
And
OBSTETRICIAN,
ELDORADO, N. T.

RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services to the citizens of Nemaha county and adjoining counties, both in Nebraska and Missouri.
June 11th, 1857. 51-6m

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.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.
GEORGE CLAYES. J. W. LEE.
CLAYES & LEE.
Real Estate and General Agency,
OMAHA CITY, N. T.
References.

James Wright, Broker,	New York,
Wm. A. Woodward, Esq.	" "
Hon. R. Wood, Ex-Gov. of Ohio,	Cleveland,
Wicks, Otic and Brownell, Bankers,	"
Alcott & Horton,	"
Col. Robert Campbell,	St. Louis,
James Ridgway, Esq.	" "
Crawforn and Sackett	Chicago.

Omaha City, Aug. 30, 1856. v1n13-1y

H. P. BENNETT, J. S. MORTON, R. R. HARDING
BENNET, MORTON & HARDING.
Attorneys at Law,
Nebraska City, N. T., and Glenwood, Ia.

WILL practice in all the Courts of Nebraska and Western Iowa. Particular attention paid to obtaining, locating Land Warrants, and collection of debts.

REFERENCE:
Hon. Lewis Cass, Detroit. } Michigan;
Julius D. Morton, " }
Gov. Joel A. Matteson, Springfield, Ill
Gov. J. W. Grimes, Iowa City, Iowa;
B. P. Fifiled, St. Louis, Mo.;
Hon. Daniel O. Morton, Toledo, Ohio;
P. A. Sarpy, Bellevue, Nebraska:
Sedgewich & Walker, Chicago, Ill:
Green, Weare & Benton, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

JAMES CARGILL. GEO. W. CARGILL.
J. & G. W. CARGILL,
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS.
AND MANUFACTURER'S AGENTS,
Steamboat Landing, St. Joseph, Mo.

CONSIGNMENTS of Goods and Produce respectfully solicited, and all business entrusted to us will be promptly and carefully attended to at the lowest rates.

References.

Taylor & Shepherd,	St. Louis,
R. L. McGhee & Co.,	" "
Livermore, Cooley & Co.,	" "
Merchants Generally,	St. Joseph.

T. B. CUMING. JOHN C. TURK.
CUMING & TURK,
Attorneys at Law & Real Estate Agents,
OMAHA CITY, N. T.,

WILL attend faithfully and promptly to all business entrusted to them, in the Territorial or Iowa Courts, to the purchase of lots and lands, entries and pre-emptions, collections, &c.

Office in the second story of Henry & Roots new building, nearly opposite the Western Exchange Bank, Farnham street.
Dec. 27, 156. v1n28tf

Original.

Leaves from my Iowa Log Book.

BY NETTIE FENWOOD.

Heigho! I wonder how "Nebraska" is getting along; there is "Tom Turnip" and "Tim Mangle Wortzel," nothing been heard from them since the warm weather "*sot* in." I begin to feel a warm streak down my arm—fingers begin to contract around the quill. Now I am for a sort of an electrical communication with the Brownville folks, instanter. In imagination I can hear the mighty Governor of Hi-u-muc-muc, "lift up his voice and laugh," yea, verily, grin—his facial muscles extend till he can show ivory enough to make a fine tooth comb.—I can fancy a huge watermellon lying on the sanctum table in company with a pint of ——, wild plums and crab apples, "to cheer, as some good man said, the soul of the pusson, and for the stomache's sake;" and instead of "dreaming that a pretty girl is sifting corn meal into his eyes" to-night, she will be squeezing plums from his gorged windpipe by the handful. But this is all fancy, and I must come down to the truth if I tell you anything about Wild Cat.. Since we lost the railroad vote, the city went off into a syncope, swooned into insensibility (of course,) which has lasted too long for the health of this flourishing place. But there never were finer crops, and the frost has courteously remained on the shores of Greenland, so that they can come to maturity; the bending sheaves and growing fruits of Autumn are begging to be secure from the storms of the coming winter. Who does not dread it, in this open prairie world? Would that sweet Aurora, might prevail on old Boreaus to hang a curtain against the North-west, so the fierce cutting winds could be kept at bay with Ursa Major and the other wild beasts we read of.

We are building a fine Court-house, but the ignorant somebodys (I don't know who to blame,) have plumped it right down in the center of the square, which was contracted by the early proprietors of the town into an 8 by 10 affair, not much bigger than an old woman's onion bed. One must see through the building, or know nothing of their neighbors "on the other side of Jordan." What a ridiculous idea, where free soil is appreciated as it ought to be in the great West, to crib, to confine a town into such narrow limits.—Streets as narrow as in old Rome, or Venice, and the houses all huddled in together, sacrificing health, taste, and convenience to an obsolete, old fashioned habit.

We have all been down to Aunt Tabby's to have our fortunes told. Aunt Tabby is an old maid, who never had a beau in her life, yet she prophesies lots of such fine things, to the expectant girls who visit her queer old house—that is, to all but me. Now what do you think she said? She held up her forefinger with an emphatic air, and looking me in the eye repeated the following sentence: "Seek not to disturb the future, that widower with eleven children, is struck after another gal." Oh! heavens! Taking a cold bath of a sudden, was nothing to the shock I received. To be the old, withered up looking being she is, was too much for *me*, and I withdrew, disbelieving in any of her horoscopes or witcheries.—But Mary Livingston is like Mrs. Merdle, she lives for society. You could not get her to do anything ridiculous for the sake of a good laugh; every act is according to etiquette, and every impulse kept under conventional rules subject to the world's criticism. To be the victim of such tyranny is worse than to be imprisoned in the Bastile, or in the musty old prisons of Europe or any where else. *She* did not go to the Fortune's teller's you may depend. Many hearts were made light at the prospect of a happy future by the old Witch, and I don't know as we ever get much more than the *prospect* of happinsss, the best of us.

SUNDAY—"What went ye out to see? A reed shaken by the wind?" no! but the camp of the M. E. Church, which has spread its tents in the valley of the Checanqua. Sitting in my little rocking chair after the blowing of the trumpet, the shouting and the noise of the camp thereof, I am thinking that camp meetings are not the means of salvation to the sons and daughters of Adam, now at least. It might be when man lived in patriarchal simplicity that the "groves were God's first temples." In them the dewy incense of flowers, the singing of birds from tree top to mountain peak, helped him in his simpler nature to adore that Being, whom, he so imperfectly understood. But now when the celestial journey is so distinctly marked out; when you know just how much good you need to keep your passport vised for St. Peter's gate; when you can cheat your brother, and lie to your sister every day in the week, and then go to a church that you have help build from that "capital trade," the next Sunday, it is hardly worth while to catch cold by sleeping in leaky tents, so as to be in communion with Nature, and through her look up to Nature's God.

A Continental Story.

A woman employed as housekeeper to the Chateau of London, near this city, recently inherited a sum of 800 francs. A peasant employed to take care of the grounds of the chateau, hearing of her good fortune, determined to possess himself of the money.—Accordingly a few nights ago—the owner of the chateau and all the servants being absent—he got the woman on some pretext to visit him at a room which he occupied in one of the dependencies of the chateau. After a while he locked the door, and with the most dreadful threats, declared he would murder her, unless she would at once give him the 800 francs. The woman being seriously alarmed, took him to her chamber and gave him the money. The man then declared that he must murder her to prevent her from accusing him, and he summoned her to say what kind of death she would prefer. The poor woman prayed for mercy, but he peremptorily told her she must either die by the rope or the knife, and she at last selected hanging. The man then tied her hands behind her, and fastened her to the bedstead; he then mounted a chair to fix a rope to a beam, making a noose at the end. Having fastened the rope, he put his arm in the noose to see if the latter would slip; at that moment the woman kicked the chair, which fell, and the man remained suspended by the arm. They remained thus until morning, when their cries attracted the attention of some laborers, who, on hearing the woman's story, released her, but left the man suspended until they could summon a magistrate. This functionary had the man cut down, and, after receiving the woman's deposition, caused him to be sent to prison in this city to await his trial for the robbery.—*Bordeaux Paper.*

Immortality.

How beautiful the following gem from the pen of Prentice, and how happy the heart that can see these beauties as he portrays them:

"Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth and then pass away, and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are placed above the reach of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our heart? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be set out before us like is-that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful being that passes before us like a meteor, will stay in our presence forever."

An hour's industry will do more to beget cheerfulness, suppress evil humor and retrieve your affairs than a month's moaning.

Miscellaneous.

Harp Sermon No. 3.

My Beloved Breethering: I am an unlarnt Hardshell Baptist preecher, of whom you've no doubt hearn before, and I now appear here to expound the Scriptures and pint out the narrer way which leads from a vain world to the streets of the new Jerooselem, and my text which I shill choose fur the occasion is in the lids of the Bible somewhare between the second Chronicills and the last chapter of Timothy Titus. And when you find it you will find it in these words: "And they shall gnaw a file and flee into the mountains of Hepzidam, where the lion roareth and the whang-doodle mourneth for its first born." Now, my breethering, as I have before told you, I am an unedicated man, and don't know nothin' about grammar talk and collidge hifalutin, but I'm a plain, unlarnt preecher of the Gospil what's been foreordained and called to expound the Scriptures to a dying world and save a pervarse generation from the day of wrath; fur "they shill gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepzidam, whare the lion roareth and the whang-doodle mourneth for its first born."

My beloved breethering, the tex says they shill gnaw a file—it don't say they *may*, but they *shill;* and now there's more than one kind of file—thare's the handsaw file, rat tail file, single file, double file, and profile; but the kind of file spoken of here isn't one of them kind neither, but the kind of file spoken of here is a figger of speech, my dear breethering, and means going it alone and gitting ukered; fur "they shill gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepzidam, whare the lion roareth and the whang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

And now there be some here with fine close on thare backs, brass rings on thare fingers, and lard on thare har, what goes it while they're young; and thare be brothers here what, as long as thare constitutions and forty cent whisky lasts, goes it blind; and thare be sisters here what, when they git about sixteen years old, cut thare tiller ropes and go it with a rush; but I say, my dear breethering, take care you don't find, when Gabriel plays his last trump, that you've all went it alone and got ukered; fur "they shill gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepzidam, whare the lion roareth and the whang-doodle mourneth fur its first-born."

And, my breethering, thare's more dams besides Hepzidam. Thare's Rotterdam, Haddam, Amsterdam, milldam, and don't-care-a-dam—the last of which, my dear breethering, is the worst of all, and reminds me of a circumstance I once knowed of in the State of Illinoy. Thare was a man what built him a mill on the east fork of Agur crick, and it was a good mill and ground a sight of grain; but the man what built it was a miserable sinner, and never give anything to the church, and my dear breethering, one night thare come a great storm of wind and rain, and the fountains of the great deep was broken up, and the waters rushed down and swep that man's mill dam into kingdom come, and lo, and behold! when he got up in the morning he found it wasn't worth a damn. Now, my dear breethering, when the storms of temptation overtake you, take care that you don't fall from grace and become like that man's mill-dam—not worth a damn; fur "they shill gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hebzidam, whare the lion roareth and the whang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

"Whare the lion roareth and the whang-doodle mourneth for its first-born." This part of the tex, my dear breethering, is another figger of speech, and isn't to be taken as it says. It doesn't mean the howling wilderness where John the hardshell Baptist was fed on locuses and wild asses, but it means, my dear breethering, the city of New Yorleans, the mother of harlots and hard lots—whare corn is worth six bits a bushel one day and nary red the next—whare niggers are as thick as black bugs in a spoiled bacon ham, and gamblers, thieves, and pickpockets go skiting about the streets like weazels in a barnyard—whare they hev cream-colored horses, gilded kerridges, and sugar in everything—whare honest men are scarcer nor hen's teeth, and a strange woman once took in your beloved preecher and bamboozled him out of two hundred and twenty-seven dollars in the twinkling of a sheep's tail, but she can't do it again, Hallelujah! fur "they shill gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepzidam, whare the lion roareth and the whang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

My breethering, I'm capting of that flat boat you see up thare, and I've got aboard of her flour and bacon and potaters and apples, and as good Monongahaly whisky as you ever drinked, but oh, my breethering, what would it all be worth to me ef I hadn't relidgin? Thare ain't nothing like relidgin, my breethering. I's better nor silver and gold and jimcracks, and you can't no more git to heaven without it than a jay bird can fly without a tail. Thank the Lord, I'm an unedicated man, my breethering, but I've searched the Scripturs from Dan to Bursheeby, and found old Zion right side up and the hard-shell relidgin the best of all relidgins. And it's not like the Methidis what expects to git to heaven by hollerin hell-fire, nor the United Breethering what takes each other by the seats of their trowsers and tries to lift each other into heaven, nor the Catherlicks what buys through tickets from thare preests, but it may be likened, my breethering, to a man what had to cross a river, and when he got thare the ferry-boat was gone, and he jest rolled up his breeches and waded across, hallelujah! fur "they shill gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepzidam, whare the lion roareth and the whang-doodle mourneth fur its first-born."

Pass the hat, brother Flint, and let every hard shell shell out. Amen!

The Hand that Saves us.

Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a cathedral. Both stood on a rude scaffolding, constructed for the purpose, some forty feet from the floor. One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and, in admiration, stood off from the picture, gazing at it with intense delight.

Forgetting where he was, he moved back slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he neared the edge of the plank on which he stood. At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly, and, almost paralyzed with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant, and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath. If he spoke to him, it was certain death; if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush flung it against the wall, spattering the picture with unsightly blotches of coloring.

The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with fierce upbraidings; but startled at his ghastly face, he listened to his recital of danger, looked shuddering at the dreaded space below, and with tears of gratitude he blessed the hand that had saved him.

Just so, we sometimes get absorbed upon the pictures of the world; and, in contemplating them, step backward, unconscious of our peril, when the Almighty in mercy dashes out the beautiful images, and draws us, at the time we are complaining of His dealings, into his outstretched arms of compassion and love.

EVERY MAN IS AWKWARD OUT OF HIS PLACE.—The saying of a White Mountain stage driver to a New Yorker sitting near him:—"I s'pose if I went deawn to York I should geawk reaund *jest as yeau folks deu up here,*" is not bad.

A SENSIBLE BACHELOR.—An old bachelor, on seeing the words "families supplied," over the door of an oyster saloon, stepped in and said he would take a wife and two children.

The Farm.

Soils.

As a general thing, soils contain not more than one part in a thousand of the atoms, *in an available condition,* which nature requires in forming a crop of any kind; and the production and preservation of these fertilizing atoms is the first step toward arresting the impoverishment of the soil. These atoms, in one form of their arrangement, *grow* and form plants—in another form they decay, and form manure; thus keeping up the great cycle of animal, vegetable and mineral creation and decay. The plant of to-day is eaten, or decays, and thus is resolved into its original elements, to again commence the cycle of organized existence.

Every plant, or tree, *of the same kind,* is composed of the same materials, in whatever soil it grows; and if any one of the ingredients, no matter how small the proportion may be, is wanting in the soil, the plant or tree cannot grow. Thus, in the bark of the apple tree, there is less than one-half of one per cent. of potash—an amount so small as to be almost imperceptible—and yet, if that small portion of potash is wanting, the bark cannot become perfect.

The brains and muscles of all animals contain sulphur and phosphorus, in quantities so small as to be almost imperceptible; and yet, if the food of animals contained no sulphur or phosphorus, these small, but necessary ingredients of the brain would fail—weakness, disease, idiocy and death would follow.

The small atoms of fertilization are as necessary, then, to the growth of plants as are the larger. Manure is good, nay, it is necessary, for the growth of wheat; but without silica, to form stiffening for the stalk, and a coat, or bran, for the berry, and lime and phosphorus to form the flour, wheat cannot be raised. Where these are exhausted, all the manure in the world cannot produce wheat, till they are supplied. Thus, Duchess county, in the State of New York, as appears by the census of 1845, produces only five bushels of wheat per acre. Now this is one of the best counties in that State; but the lime and phosphorus are exhausted. Bone and bone mills, alone, can restore them. The laws of nature are uniform, and she refuses to organize plants, without the presence in the soil, in an available form, of those atoms which make up their constituent parts. If one atom is wanting, no other can supply its place.

MEDIUM SIZED HORSES.—These are, doubtless, better for common use, than very large ones. They are more supple and active; they require less food; they are adapted to a greater variety of work; and for these reasons, they are more readily bought and sold.—To secure good medium-sized horses, take a good, compact mare, which weighs from 1,200 to 1,400 lbs., and breed her to a horse weighing from 1,000 to 1,200 lbs. The mare should be larger than the horse, both should be vigorous, well knit, fine shaped animals.

TURF AND ROTTEN WOOD FOR FRUIT TREES.—Not long since, we saw a gentleman drawing the rotten wood of old stumps, and the turf that grew at their roots, and throwing it generously around his peach trees. He said the stumps must be burned or removed from the field where they stood. He thought it better to remove them with the turf around them, and use them as manure for his trees, than to burn them on the spot. So thought we.

POTATOES—SECOND GROWTH.—The farmers of California are suffering from a new kind of potato disease. The new potatoes sprout in the hill, making a new growth of stalks, which of course injures the crop, and renders it necessary to dig them at once. Those planted in winter are apt to be most affected with this second growth.