

A SONG.

It isn't all in bringing up.

It isn't all in bringing up,
Let folks say what they will;
To silver a newer cup,
It will be newer still.
Even he of old, wise Solomon,
Who said, 'Train up a child,
If he misdo, he'll be a son,
Proved true to him and wild.
A man of mark who felt the pulse
For lord of sea and land,
May have the training of a son,
And bring him up full grand;
May give him all the wealth of lore,
Of college and of school,
Yet, after all, may make no more
Than just a decent fool.
Another, raised by poverty
Upon her bitter bread,
Whose road of knowledge led like that
The good to heaven must tread—
Has got a spark of Nature's light,
He'll fan it to a flame,
Till in its burning light shines
The world may read his name.
If it were all in 'bringing up,'
In counsel and restraint,
Some souls had been honest men—
I'd been myself a saint.
Oh! 'tisn't all in 'bringing up,'
Let folks say what they will;
Neglect may dim a silver cup,
It will be silver still.

OUTSIDE AND INSIDE.

BY ZENOBIA.

'Quick, Grace, quick—do bestir yourself once—take those shoes and stockings and night-gown out of the rocking-chair yonder, and that towel and skirt and handkerchief off the lounge, and all the rest of those things, and put them out of sight; throw them in the closet, and shut the door—tuck them away anywhere. And you, Kitty, take the broom, quick, and brush up the hearth; don't make a great dust, as if you had just been sweeping. O, you are so slow! There's Mrs. Paul Pry's servant coming, and I would not have her go home and tell her mistress that my room was in a muss for anything in the world. Mrs. Pry would trumpet it all through the village before to-morrow night.'

Grace and Kitty do 'bestir' themselves; and Mrs. John Smith herself gives the crumpled corners of the hearth a twitch, to smooth its wrinkles down into becoming order, seizes her hairbrush which she finds on the window, screened, with its multitude of incongruous neighbors, by the costly damask hangings—pulls her collar into place, looks up the neglected fastenings of her dress, and has just time to settle herself into her chair, all in a flutter, before Mrs. Paul Pry's eyes are turned to her. Mrs. Pry's eyes are turned to her mistress, to give her love to Mrs. Smith, and ask if she is well this evening.

Mrs. Smith, of course, is very much obliged to her friend Mrs. Pry for such considerate attention, and sends her love back again, saying she is well, all but a slight toothache, and the rheumatism, and a pain in her chest and side, and she hopes Mrs. Pry is well too.

The servant returns to her expectant lady, and has scarcely time to deliver her message before Mrs. Pry interrupts—
'Well, Lexie, all these pains and aches are an old story. Mrs. Smith was never known to be without them. I have heard of that precise toothache, and that identical rheumatism, and those pains in the chest and side, ever since I heard of Mrs. John Smith. She seems to think, Lexie, that everybody is as much entertained with a relation of her personal ailments, as if she were reciting the incidents of a new romance. I wonder she did not send me word that she had not slept well for the last week! and Mrs. Pry indulged herself in a merry laugh at Mrs. Smith's expense.'

'But how did it look there, Lexie?' proceeds Mrs. Pry.

'O, the very pink of neatness—not a thing out of order, and Mrs. Smith looked as if she was just taken new out of a band box.'

'Oh-oh!' says the incredulous Mrs. Pry. 'Tell somebody besides me such a tale as that! You did not see behind those long, trailing curtains, nor into that convenient catchall, the closet—wasn't the door religiously shut, as if it had been the oratory? Yes, I thought so. But I had a peep behind the scenes, and as sure as my name is Mrs. Paul Pry, I saw sights there! Mrs. John Smith has a mighty way of smoothing down the outside, and putting a fine face on affairs when she sees anybody coming; but out of sight, you had better not tell me she is particular.'

Mrs. Pry for once is not so far out of the way. Let us return to Mrs. Smith's, and see how matters stand when the excitement of Mrs. Pry's messenger has subsided a little.

Somehow, nobody can tell how Mrs. Smith's room begins to look as if Grace and Kitty might 'bestir' themselves again to advantage. She is comfortably settled in the cushioned depths of her easy-chair, reading the last new novel, or per chance the newspaper, if it is fresh, and has the beginning of one of Mrs. Northampton's interminable new novelettes in it. Glancing for a moment from her book down the street, she sees her husband coming, and straightway resumes her reading. She knows his utter aversion to a room in disorder. But she does not rise and replenish the fire, and meet him with a smile, and a warm, heart-reviving welcome. Perhaps the family have had supper—a nice, hot, refreshing meal; perhaps Mr. Smith has brought home a luxury for breakfast.

Mrs. Smith does not say, 'Husband, I knew you would be copper in the oven, all nice and warm, dearest.' She rings for her servant, and bids her 'set out what was left,' and Mrs. Smith satisfies her bodily appetite on the fragments; we cannot affirm that his heart and the sweet affections are very much nourished or invigorated.

Mr. Smith hopes his wife will brush her hair, and tuck up those ends that are trailing on her shoulders, and arrange the room a little while he is taking his cheerless supper. But she says not a word to Grace or Kitty about putting things to rights for him. If it looks like what somebody significantly calls a 'hurrah's nest'—if there is not an unappropriated chair, or a vacant spot on the sofa, no matter—it is only Mr. Smith, and she is not going to trouble herself to be particular to him. He won't say anything out of the house to bring her management into disrepute. O no, Mrs. Smith. He will only be the most disagreeable and uninviting place in the world, instead of the most agreeable and delightful. And he will take a hasty cup of your sickening, tepid coffee, and go out to spend the evening somewhere else besides in your society. Is that 'no matter' too?

Mrs. Smith has a great taste for making a fine appearance before the eyes of her acquaintances; indeed she takes much satisfaction in doing quite a dazzling business in that line. Everything 'things' with her upon a 'goodly outside.' 'The best font foremost' is the motto on her escutcheon. The inner and more private details are a matter of indifference.

We beg pardon of the ladies for presuming to make the inquiry, whether this is not too often the fact to be any matter at all? A place for everything and everything in its place is old and unnecessary nonsense—an exploded idea—behind the times entirely in this progressive age. Elegant neatness in the private room, either in the case of Mrs. John Smith or her daughters,

is a relic of 'old fogyism' not worth considering. The drawing-room, of course, must be a very stiff and stately apartment. It must have the canonical quantity of lace and damask draping the windows, adapting the degree of sunlight admitted exactly to the visual convenience of the owls—certainly not to the necessities of human eyes. It must make the requisite display of antique chairs and fancy chairs—high backs and low backs—straight legs and crooked legs—mirrors, fauteuils, ottomans, divans, tabourets, let a tete and 'what-not.' It must have splendid chandeliers, dazzlingly brilliant with gas-light at night, to compensate for the almost total exclusion of the sunlight by day. The tables must groan under piles of superb books whose very existences wears the most 'touch-me-not' expression; and the mantle must astonish you with an uncomfortable profusion of nude Cupids, Venuses, and Greek slaves, fisher-boys, Jenny Lindes, and dragoons, elbowing and crowding each other in a most unamiable manner.

But this room is not intended to take comfort or be happy; and merry in it is the place to receive Mrs. Poliphar, Mrs. Pry, and the girls' beaux—a kind of household stage, for acting the lowliest sort of social farces. Critical and quizzical lady visitors, who admire and envy the elaborate magnificence of your parlor, are not to be promoted to an intimacy with your chamber. The beau who sits an hour waiting for the eldest Miss Smith to become presentable, and shivering under the frigid stateliness of your reception-room, is not going to witness the utter and almost insupportable confusion of the private room, from which the young lady emerges, so radiant with smiles and jewels.

Our word for it, a large proportion of lovers, however desperately they may sigh and kiss your white hand, Miss Smith, would shrink back appalled from the prospect of a joint cohabitation in such a beaumont, if they should get an accidental glimpse of it before the die was irrevocably cast. Gentlemen with nice and fine-tuned sensibilities, even those possessors of a moderate share of refinement, do despise a bedchamber or dressing-room turned into a miniature chaos.

A man may be essentially careless in his own personal habits, leaving boots and vests, slippers, dusters, and newspapers, entirely in the wrong place; but notwithstanding all this, he is for ever unrecalled, and justifiably so, to habits of carelessness and inattention in woman. There is nothing not positively vicious which so corrodes his home-happiness, which becomes so repulsive to his sense of propriety, as to variance with his pre-conceived notions of a true and finished lady, such a contradiction to his perceptions of consistency, so keenly a disappointment to him, as this inexhaustible private negligence.

Why, Mrs. Smith, when you present your self in your maidens days to the admiration of your lover in such tasteful and elegant trim, you led him to associate taste, refinement, order and elegance with every department and arrangement under your supervision and influence. The emotion which a contrary discovery awakens in his soul is something worse than disappointment; it is absolute and unconquerable disgust—a fatal canker-worm, that will inevitably gnaw into lifelessness all the fibres of affection, and blight for ever the fair freshness and vitality of love.

It is impossible for you to nourish your husband's adoring affection, or your grace on the one hand, and feed his disgust by your negligence on the other. The two emotions are utterly incongruous and incompatible. They cannot assimilate; they cannot exist together in the same human bosom, no more than the delicate and sensitive flower can bloom and thrive in the same soil and under the cold shadow of the oak and noxious weed. The weed will exterminate the flower, root and branch; you will first see it grow pale and languishing, and then it will wither and die.

So you! husband's love, no matter how pure and undivided, and devoted it might be, when he laid the holy offering at your altar, will certainly suffer a dangerous bombardment the moment you disgust him; and if from perverseness, from wilfulness, from pride, from forgetfulness, or any other cause, you persist in the course against which he has expressed himself disagreeably affected, his love and admiration for you will inevitably perish. And in your weeping and pining over an alienated and indifferent heart, once almost adoringly your own, let it be your bitterest reflection that your own fault has brought the misery upon you. He will live on with you as the head of the house where you preside, he will show you an unwavering outward respect as the mother of his children, but the heavenliest, the most delicious emotion that can thrill the human heart, is extinguished beyond your power to re-kindle.

Beware of an act, an attitude, an expression, an omission, which can offend the most delicate refinement, even when you are sitting alone with your husband in the holy privacy of the 'penitential.' It is of infinitely more importance to you as a woman and wife to please and delight him there, than to be the 'observed of all observers,' the admired of all admirers, amidst all the magnificence of a royal court. It only strikes into his soul with a keener pang, when he knows that you cater sedulously for the admiration of the 'lookers-on,' and then, by and by, when all eyes but his are removed from you, the eyes of all others in which you should care to be the loveliest, you drop yourself, and walk, and sit, and do anyhow—no matter how.

What pleasure can it be to Mr. John Smith to see his lady walk the streets, or calling on her 'Fifth Avenue' acquaintances, dressed out like an advertisement of splendid dry goods and millinery a la mode, when he knows she is not going to take the slightest pains to please his taste at home? He delights in neatness and order—he looks next day nice now, to be sure; for Mrs. Pry is going to see and criticize her; but Mr. Smith knows to his sorrow that the very closet where those 'purple robes' hung and rustled so proudly, is 'full of confusion and every evil work'; every drawer was turned upside down and inside out to find the rich colored handkerchief from which she daintily shakes the odors of a thousand flowers.

Ah! Mrs. John Smith holds to having things 'handy,' and it matters little what opposite contrast in the same compartments—hair-brushes and collars, gloves and curl-papers, hair and handkerchiefs, shoes and neck-ribbons, jewelry and 'blue pills'; never mind, 'it is not best to be squeamish about trifles; those must fuss who have a taste for it,' says Mrs. John Smith.

'There is much palavering' about reforms, and righting wrongs, and all those things, in our day, and no doubt it is well enough, and may possibly so agitate the stagnation of social affairs that great good will eventually result. But as we make no pretensions to a rank among the 'strong minded class,' we will turn all these great movements over to Miss Lucy Stone and her co-workers. We are only ambitious to touch the secret spring that sets in sweet and blissful motion the pulse of family happiness; we would persuade women—wives—to display their highest refinement, their purest taste, their loveliest attractions, for the joy and delight of their husbands and their own home firesides.

One of the city papers gives the following description of a fashionable New York party. It will answer for other places without material alteration:
Soirees have their established 'programme,' and all our readers will recognize it instantly. Printed cards, two weeks in advance, for large parties, written ones for medium, and verbal invites for small, at intervals of from one to five days notice; carriages at 8 o'clock; front room, second story, for gentlemen—back room for ladies, (that the latter have not to pass the former,

which will be kept open—and will smell of brandy and cigars;) ladies fanning over-punctuations and tight slippers—gentlemen agonizing with a stiff hair brush and intricate gloves; meetings at head of stairs, and entering room together; no bowing of most intimate friends until hostess is approached and devotions paid; chairs and comfort for wall-flowers; dancing and small-talk for light heels; old tops in the basement, at cards; matrons under the windows, comparing daughters; gabble gabble, hop hop, music and lemonade for three hours; slight odor of fried oysters, and turning for promenades; grand march of victims in party colored costumes like the actors in a Spanish 'auto-da-fe,' rush of gentlemen for plates and forks; screams of ladies about dresses; oysters, salad, and sandwiches followed by champagne, ice cream, and jelly; smashing of plates and subdued swearing of waiters; destruction of white kids; alarming volley of small talk; incipient dyspepsia, relieved by adjournment to dancing rooms for exercise; confusion 'a la champagne;' old tops high, matrons low with fright; belles and beaux getting on famously; host yawns; carriages driving up; shawls and overshoes; empty rooms; smell of stale food; two hundred nodding night caps.

Latest Excavations at Nineveh.

Of late the French Government has made some new attempts, of which an account is given in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' The ensemble of ruins in the environs of Khorsabad consists of a large rectangular space of great extent. From distance to distance, small conical hills mark the spots where towers or fortified gates were defending the walls. M. Place knew that M. Botta had not excavated these little elevations, and therefore paid great attention to this task.

The first objects found consisted of some smaller articles of agate, marble, and cornelian; however, of great preservation and polish as if they had only now issued from the hands of the artist. In another of these hills was found a sort of large staircase, or rather a series of succeeding terraces, made of burnt and inscribed bricks. Below the lowest of these terraces was a double 'souterrain,' of whose destination and use no idea could yet be formed. It is built with great accuracy and mathematical correctness, and will form a sort of enigme to be solved by further excavations.

Incidental to these were made in the east side of this hill, led to the discovery of brick buildings and, plus, which belonged to doors, of which nothing but the metal and the stones in which those were fixed had remained. In consequence of a lucky hit, M. Place arrived thro' the door at a hall which had received the name of the 'Magazine of (water) Pitchers.'

No idea can be formed of the quantity of vases found in this locality; they were of all shapes and sizes—pitchers large and small, broad, narrow, compressed, and contracted at their orifice. Most of them had been broken by the weight of the earth which fell and rested upon them; still M. Place discovered some which were perfect, and will form the nucleus of a collection of Assyrian ceramic art. They were filled with clay, which, however, had become so hard that it was impossible to remove it, without in many cases, breaking the vessels. Some contained articles made of cast copper, among which were some heads of gazelles. Incidentally resembling those represented on the bas-reliefs, and M. Place thinks that they were used for boiling out the wool or oil contained in the pitchers.

On the eastern side of the walls is another hall which M. Place had excavated. It contained pitchers, 1 metre 64 high, and the red precipitates found at their bottom prove that these halls were the wine cellars of the monarchs of Assyria. M. Place examined all parts of the palace, and where-ever he found the subterranean galleries, he perceived that the Assyrian architects had used both the pointed and round arch.

M. Place next directed his attention to what M. Botta had called 'the ruined building,' but had left it unexplored. He therefore opened his trenches towards the front of one of these halls, but soon came to the conviction that, far from being the palace as it was represented on the bas-reliefs, it was in the way of construction at the time the whole became ruin.

On inspecting the circumvallation of the city, M. Place remarked on the south-west side a pretty high hill, adapted to another unexpected mound of the same size, and equalling in extent of area that of the large palace. But it is not a single palace or palace which await here further examination, but a whole Assyrian town may yet be discovered and exhumed.

Two Ways of Doing a Thing.—We were passing leisurely along one of our streets the other evening, watching the sports of a group of youngsters, when our cars were assailed by the sharp, angry tones of a woman:

'Here, you John Smith! come into the house this moment!'

One of the boys turned his head, giving at the same time a rather unflattering shrug, then resumed his play.

'Do you hear what I say, John Smith?—March quick, or you'll catch it, I tell you!'

We rather think Johnny did 'catch it,' for we heard after we had passed a jerk and a snap, accompanied by a smothered yell, as the door was violently slammed to.

We went on our way, doubting whether this course of treatment was exactly the best under the circumstances, particularly as the countenance of the lad indicated the greatest good nature.

As we were cogitating the matter we turned the corner, and came upon another group of lads in front of a house, the door of which was at that moment opened.

'Willie, said a mild and pleasant voice. 'Did you call, mother,' said one of the boys, coming on to the sidewalk.

'Yes, my son. It is getting late—have you not played sufficiently to-day?'

'I should like to stay out a little longer, if you please.'

The mother patted the boy on the head, and smilingly said:—'I should not object, if it were not past your bed-time. Have you not forgotten, Willie, the lines you repeated to me this morning?'

The Wife's Gentle Reproof.
One day as Zachariah Hodgson was going to his daily avocations after breakfast, he purchased a large codfish and sent it home, with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking was prescribed, the good woman well knew that whether she boiled it, or made it into chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him once if possible, and therefore cooked several portions of it in several different ways. She also, with some difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped into the pot. In due time her husband came home; some covered dishes were placed on the table, with a frowning frowning look, the moody man commenced the conversation:

'Well, wife, did you get the fish I had sent home?'

'Yes, my dear.'

'I should like to know how you have cooked it. I will bet anything you have boiled it for my eating. [Takes the cover off.] I thought so. What in creation possessed you to fry it? I would as lief eat a frog.'

'Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried.'

'You didn't think any such thing. You knew better—I never loved fried fish—why didn't you boil it?'

'My dear, the last time we had fresh fish

you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled some also.'

To saying, she lifted up a cover, and lol the shoulders of a cod nicely boiled, were neatly 'epoused in a dish, a sight of which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which added to the ill-nature of the husband.

'A pretty dish, this!' exclaimed he, 'boiled fish! chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind, you would have made it into chowder!'

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him, containing an excellent chowder.

'My dear,' said she 'Here is your favorite dish.'

Favorite dish, indeed! I dare say it is an unpalatable, wishywashy mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it.'

This was a common expression of his, and as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish near her husband, and there was a large bull frog, of portentous dimensions, and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length! Zachariah sprang from his chair, not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

'My dear,' said his wife, in a kind entreating tone. 'I hope you will be able to make out a dinner.'

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledges that his wife was right, and that he was wrong, and declared that she should never again have occasion to read him such another lesson. He was as good as his word.

The Nutmeg Tree.—At Bird's Valley and El Dorado Canyon, this valuable tree is found in its greatest perfection. There are found here from eighteen to twenty-four inches in diameter, and full of the fruit, which is contained in a covering like the coating of an English walnut. Before ripe it is soft and quite stringy, but when mature the covering opens, and the nutmeg drops; the berries or nuts ripen at various periods—upon the same tree may be found ripe and green fruit.

The ripe nutmeg is of the same form and as fully aromatic as the fruit from Sumatra; the foliage is like the pine or the hemlock; each leaf having, however, a sharp briar, or thorn upon it. The fruit grows in clusters, similar to the cherry, and is indeed quite ornamental. This tree can be easily grown, and will be quite an acquisition; and we trust, ere long, to see it generally cultivated.—California Farmer.

GREAT ATTRACTION AT George Goddard's Fancy Store.

(Between Rees's and the Bakery.)

LADIES CAN be supplied with Ribbons in great variety, Collars, black Shaves, Chineries, black Cape, white do, pink do, Bonnets, black silk Vests, figured and love do, Mottos, Insertions, Bobbinets, Damask, linen and cotton Edgings, Jacobinets, Lawns, Braizes, Victoria Muslin, white and Swiss do, Flowers, lawn Handkerchiefs, book and colored Hosiery, fancy Gloves and Mitts, Crevell, perforated Paper, silk Braid, cotton and worsted do, hair Brushes, tooth do, Luck Combs, a do, reading and fine do, Tapers, Hooks and Eyes, cap Wire, Pins, book-skin Needles, knitting, darning, and sewing do, Perfumery, TEA! TEA! &c., &c., &c.

GENTLEMEN'S Coats, Pants, Vests, wet patterns, silk and cotton pocket Handkerchiefs, black and fancy silk Cravats, Shirts, Hat, Boots, Shoes, white, grey, colored, and fancy Hosiery, Razors and razor Sharp, hair Brushes, shaving do, Blacking and blacking Brushes, port Monies, gun Cases, pocket Combs, Violins, violin Strings, writing Paper, Ink, Envelopes, Wafers, Stationery, Tobacco, Cigars, NAILS! NAILS! &c., &c., &c.

Supplied with black and fancy Coat and Vest patterns, black and colored sewing Silk, Twist, linen Thread, colored Cambrics, stay Tape, &c., &c.

SADDLERS Supplied with Tools, Collars, Hames, tug Chains, harness Mountings, Buckles, Stirrups, saddles Silk, &c.

DYER'S.—Indian, Madras, and Alum.

Confectioners! Oil Peppermint, Cinnamon, Lemon, Burgamot, Wintergreen, Orange, Lavender, Huckleberry, Rose, &c.

Besides a multiplicity of other notions, too numerous to mention. The above articles are marked at very moderate prices, and G. G. will take in exchange, cattle, horses, wheat, hay, oats, flour, corn, butter, cheese, eggs, &c., &c.

N. B.—Poultry and country dealers supplied on liberal terms.

Strayed FROM the subscriber, a black cow, about 5 years old, has a little white under her belly, joints of her horns sawed off, branded with the Church brand on left hip and horn. Whoever will bring her to the stray pound, or to the subscriber, will be rewarded.

ARCHD. MCNEIL, 1st ward, aug31-25-3t

For Sale: A SAW MILL, two good houses, and a few acres of land enclosed on Big Canyon creek, about eighty rods above Pres. Young's flouring mill. For further particulars enquire of ZERAH PULPHER, 16th ward, aug31-25t

Five Dollars Reward. WILL be paid by the subscriber to any person who will give information that will amount to proof against the persons who cut and carried off grass on Monday, the 21st inst. from lot 1, in block 8, in the 3rd subdivision of the big field; (or more commonly known as the five west of the state road.)

A. P. ROCKWOOD. N. B.—Said lot is situated at the south west corner of the field. G. S. L. City, Aug 24, 1854-25t

STRAYED. FROM near Jordan Bridge, a few days since, one Mooley Heifer 2 years old, red with hind legs and white belly; branded with a figure 2 on right hip, and one yearling heifer, light red, white face, branded lightly with X on left hip. Also from the herd of H. Burroughs on or about the 10th inst., a Sorrel horse, with bald face, scar on right cheek, and three or four white feet. And also six head of cattle branded with a large B on left hip.

Whoever will deliver to me any or all of the above described animals, or give information where they can be found, to Mr. Hale, near Jordan bridge, or to the Post Master in Salt Lake City, shall be liberally rewarded.

WM. J. KING. aug24-24-4t

NOTICE. THE OWNERS of Property in the 2d Ward are hereby notified that a School House is being erected, and the Tax on the same is required forthwith. By order of the Trustees.

MOSES G. CLAWSON, CHARLES WOODWARD, SYLVANUS HICKS. aug24-24-3t

For Sale, Wholesale and Retail. I HAVE just purchased, and now offer for sale, at my house 2 1/2 blocks west of the Temple block, a large assortment of Liquors, equal in quality to any ever brought into this Territory, consisting of Brandy, Monongahela whiskey, Madeira and Tenerife Wines, at my former low prices. Those who love a good article at a low price, will not be disappointed by giving me a call.

W. C. STAINES. aug17-23-6m

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE. TO be sold a good new House, and a lot of 4 rods front, by 20 back, situated in the 15th Ward; for further particulars enquire of THOMAS HALL, 16th ward. aug17-23t

NEW & CHEAP STORE.

WE would respectfully announce to the citizens of Great Salt Lake City, and adjacent country, the arrival of our large and extensive stock of Dry Goods and Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, and Clothing, now opened in the Store owned by Thomas S. Williams, and formerly occupied by O. H. Cogswell.

The attention of the Ladies is respectfully called to our great variety of Fancy Dress Goods, Trimmings, Bonnets, Embroidery and Hosiery. Also, a new style French Robe, just introduced in the States.

To the Gentlemen we would say, that we keep on hand of best quality, all such articles, as make their wardrobe complete.

Our motto is uniformity of prices, and no 'trouble to show goods.' We will pay the highest market prices for Oats, Wheat, and Flour.

BRANHAM & NORRIS. aug31-25-5t

BRAND SHEETS.

THE 9th hundred of Brands are now printed and ready for distribution, being nine sheets, and containing in the whole some 930 brands.

Price per sheet, 10 cents. Full set of 9 sheets, 90 cents. Full set of 9 sheets neat, bound, \$1.10 cents. These are some twenty Brands which were recorded long ago, but not printed in the sheet. You ask the reason why they are not? Because I have ceased to record for nothing and pay the printing loss. No brands will be considered as owned by any person, neither will they be printed until all expenses are paid. Is not this right? I say, yes.

WM. CLAYTON, Genl. Recorder. aug24-24-3t

GOLD! GOLD!

WE are receiving and will open for sale in G. S. L. City, Provo, and Springville, a general assortment of goods, which we intend to sell lower than usual.

We wish all to call and see for themselves, before purchasing elsewhere, no trouble to show goods.

The following is a list of prices of a portion of our goods to wit: Sheetling 19 cts per yard. Prints from 15 to 23 cts per yard. English Print 25 cts per yard. Suez and Collier 33 1/2 cts per lb. LEVI STEWART & CO., 8th ward, aug10-22-1t

NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS.

J. L. MASON, WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of Great Salt Lake City, and country generally, that he has just received, and now is at the New Store House, of Dustin Amy 4 do to south of Nixons, a large and extensive stock of goods, (selected expressly for this market) which he will be happy to see his old friends, and a host of new customers, and having second-hand clothing, and sharp scissors, he hopes to receive a liberal share of patronage.

Mail and Passenger Coach, BETWEEN G. S. L. City and Independence, will leave Hickman Hotel in G. S. L. City, on the 1st day of each month at 8 a.m., stopping a short time at the following way stations, viz: Fort Bridger, Green River, Devils Gate, Fort Laramie, Ash Hollow, Fort Kearney, and Big Blue.

Every facility and attention will be extended to passengers to render their trip speedy, and comfortable.

For further particulars apply to the following Agents:— J. M. HOCKADAY, G. S. L. City, Utah. ISAAC HOCKADAY, Independence, Mo. aug24-24-1t

A LITTLE OF EVERY THING AT NIXON'S.

DRY GOODS, Boots and Shoes. Hats and Caps, at NIXON'S.

A LARGE, and the very best assortment of A Clothing, in every particular to suit all classes, and prices, at NIXON'S.

A FINE lot of white and blue Blankets, at NIXON'S.

GROCERIES of every kind, at NIXON'S.

10 DOZ. each: Preserved Fruits, Sardines, and Pickles, at NIXON'S.

2000 LBS Sugar Cured Hams warranted A no. 1 or no sale, low, at NIXON'S.

JUST received to day 5000 No. 10 Books, Slates, Pencils, &c., at NIXON'S.

A LARGE and most useful assortment of A Cutlery, and Hardware, at NIXON'S.

25 DOZ. blue and red over and under Shirts, and Drawers, at NIXON'S.

10 DOZ latest style fancy Shirts, at NIXON'S.

100 BOXES of Palm and Rosin Soap, at NIXON'S.

PAINTS, Oils, Nails, Glass, Dry Stuffs, Powder, Lead, and Caps, at NIXON'S.

50 BOXES Star Candles, and Starch, at NIXON'S.