

Hollow! Hollow!

I stood beneath a hollow tree,
And hallow'd the hollow breeze;
I thought upon the hollow world
And all its hollow scenes;
Ambition and its hollow schemes,
The hollow joys we follow;
Imagination's airy dreams;
All hollow, hollow, hollow!

A crown is but a hollow thing,
And hollow heads of wear;
The hollow title of a King,
What hollow hearts of ear!
No hollow wiles or honeyed smiles
Of flattery fair I follow;
For beauty sweet still hides deceit,
'Tis hollow, hollow, hollow!

The hollow tender lip betrays
The hollow words he speaks;
The hollow eye reveals his guile,
To hollow words who leads;
The hollow friend who takes your hand,
Is but a summer's wind;
Whisper I too like this tale—
All hollow, hollow, hollow!

TWO SIDES TO THE PICTURE.

BY ALICE R. KEAL.

Mrs. John Clarke felt great inward satisfaction, as she walked down the street, Main street, of Toddsville, with her cousin from New York. Mrs. Clarke's husband was a well-to-do mechanic of that enterprising town. He had always called himself a carpenter until the past year, when a new sign was put over the door of his shop, with "John Clarke, builder," in large black letters on a white ground. This was the suggestion of Mrs. Clarke's cousin's husband, Mr. Spears—Lemuel Spears, Esq., who directed all letters, for he was in business in New York city, that is to say, was book-keeper in some wholesale establishment on the wharves. He was always particular as to the "wholesome" nature of the trade, and moreover spoke of it in the possessive plural on all occasions, as, "our stock," "our counting-room," "our customers," "our bank account."

The unsophisticated ears of Mrs. Clarke always drank in these business terms when Mr. Spears and Mr. Clarke talked business of evenings, and her opinion of the rank and position of her city cousin grew accordingly. Allusions to them were frequently made to her Toddsville acquaintance, coupled with descriptions of Mrs. Spears's elegant dress, and mahogany parlor furniture. To the glories of the last, she had never been eye-witness. This was a pleasure in anticipation.

Ever since Ann Jackson, who had gone to the city as a dressmaker's apprentice originally, had married Mr. Spears, Mrs. Clarke had been promising herself at least a fortnight's recreation. But in the spring there was house cleaning; in the summer, company; and in the autumn, house cleaning again, with sickness among the children or apprentices. Mr. Clarke always boarded his apprentices, which was one of his wife's chief troubles, particularly in view of the frequent desertion and general transitory nature of the Toddsville help, a particularly inappropriate title, so far as Mrs. Clarke's experience was concerned.

Meanwhile Mrs. Spears never neglected to pay her annual visit to the country. She was now the mother of two children, very similar in age and size, and the proprietor of a half-grown girl, Nancy, who she denominated her nurse. However inconvenient it might be to Mrs. Clarke to have four members added to her large family, she always made her cousin welcome, and, to use her own language, "did the best she could for her," which consisted in doing all the extra work, and really taking all the responsibility of the two children, giving up the spare room and parlor to the almost exclusive use of her guest, and crowding the table with every homely delicacy that the season afforded, or her busy hands could produce. She looked upon it outwardly as a great proof of her cousin's affection for her, which might reasonably have been diminished now that she had become such a lady, and inwardly as a great concession on the part of Mrs. Spears, considering that they lived so differently.

If Mrs. Spears did condescend, in occupying the two large, airy apartments, looking about in a rocking chair and reading novels all day, and lying on the flat of the land—it was a much cheaper thing to do, than to pay four dollars a week for herself, and as much more for the nurse and children, at very inferior country lodgings near the city; "her physician," she never said "doctor," as Mrs. Clarke did, having ordered country air for the children. Besides it was something to be a lion to her cousin and the middling class of Toddsville generally; for she dressed quite as handsomely as Mrs. Squire Todd herself, and was a much more genteel looking person altogether than the lawyer's wife.

As we commenced with saying, Mrs. Clarke felt herself a proud and happy woman to be walking down Main Street with her cousin, on sunny afternoons, or up the middle aisle of the meeting house Sunday mornings, knowing as she did the sensation the tall, shrewd figure of Mrs. Spears created. Then too, she had the advantage of all the latest New York fashions, her mantillas and dresses being made after cousin Ann's patterns. She always made a formal tea-party for her, and the same attention was paid to the city lady by Mrs. Edwards, the baker's wife, Mrs. Jones the butcher's, and Mrs. Williams, whose husband had the most thriving shoe store in town, and did not work at the bench himself.

It is true that after each of these summer visits, it took some time to establish the household in the calm tenor of its way, "noiseless" it never could be called by any poetical or rhetorical figure whatever. Everything was "upset," another of Mrs. Clarke's favorite and expressive terms for general disorder, and the good lady's own mind was pretty much in the same condition. The furniture always looked common, the carpets more faded, the table more crowded, and the apprentices more vulgar—word of Mrs. Spears's introduction, and used in opposition to her usual favorite, "gentle."

We have often noticed, that with people of the same stamp the two words are used to characterize everything; there is no half way state or condition, no plain, civil manner, in good plain people, no recognition of nature's gentleman, in unsophisticated artifice. "Good breeding" is not so much a name as a current, like the showy exterior is the coin current, like the lady in the child's play, "always gentle."

Finally Mrs. Clarke took up her husband's occupation in one sense of the word, building castles, however, instead of barns and wood-sheds, and began to have long reveries over her needle work. What if John could be persuaded to beat faster at the very thought; what if he should hear that she could have her "bath room," and her nurse, her mahogany chairs and her handsome silk dresses. She had heard Mr. Spears, she never ventured to say "Lemuel" to such a genteel personage, who always wore patent leather boots, and used white pocket handkerchiefs—tell her husband many times that New York was the place for a man of enterprise, and he might be worth his thousands if he would only make up his mind to risk a little. "Thousands" five thousand said—what a fortune! half as much as Squire Todd, the richest man in the village, who "lived on his money!"

The sunshine in the front yard was not brighter than Mrs. Clarke's visions of the future, as she looked out unconsciously, and saw it playing through the elm tree branches, and on the close green grass beneath. Then she glanced along the trellis at the large clusters that would soon be purple in that same unclouded sunshine, and down to the flower borders so neat and trim, for Mr. Clarke had a nice

taste for gardening, and prided himself on bulbs and rose trees, and thrifty annuals, spending more in time, and even money, on his garden, than in "fixing up" the house, sometimes greatly to Mrs. Clarke's annoyance. However it had kept him as a poor man from low vices, and now made his opinion respected in floral affairs by the best people in Toddsville.

Mrs. Clarke was certainly a very pleasant home, everything being kept in such perfect order without and within, and her children neatly clad and rosy with health, if they lacked more regular beauty. But then they had no piano, and wore chintzes instead of muselines and silks, while, do all that she could to prevent it, even in the face and eyes of Mr. Spears, Mr. Clarke would die in his shirt sleeves, and shave only every other day!

Mrs. Clarke was very long in getting her household in order for the long contemplated visit that was at last to be paid. Mr. Clarke was to come down for her, as he had a lumber contract to attend to in the city, and there was her chance to persuade him to move down. How she would come back to Toddsville the next summer, and be lionized! thought the good woman. She had set her heart upon a white cravat shawl in the spring, she knew John could afford to give it to her if she chose, and she meant to have a blue drawn silk bonnet, with "artificial" and a changeable silk at the very least!

Mr. Clarke did not find dinner ready when he came in, and spoke rather sharply about it, for it was at least the fifth offense within a fortnight, and his time was very valuable to him just then. Mrs. Clarke scolded the girl, and boxed little Johnny's ears, as a prelude to the meal when it did come on the table, where it was eaten as quickly and unobscured as possible. Her husband wondered "what in the world had come over Emeline," and "for his part he should be glad when the visit to New York was done and finished."

He did not know how much reason he had for saying so. The change in his wife's once cheerful, sunny temper had been gradually taking place for a year. She had become thoroughly discontented, and "discontent" is as sure a disturber of domestic peace as jealousy. She longed to live in a city, to dress handsomely, to have two servants, and not, as she fretted it out at dinner time, "be always slaving in the kitchen."

There was a great deal of excitement and interest in the short trip to the city. She was up an hour before daylight and waited three hours after, before Mr. Spears made his appearance to escort her from the boat to the house. She tried to make the time pass as agreeably as possible, by a long talk with the maid chambermaid, to whom she gave a plan of her proposed employments, detailing her expected prospects. Her cousin, Mrs. Spears, she was satisfied that the girl did not know where Mrs. Spears lived!—was a very stylish woman, and had a splendid three story brick house; she visited elegant people, and of course she should have a great time.

"Did they keep a carriage?" the girl inquired, and Mrs. Clarke felt a little uncomfortable at the expression of the girl's face when she answered in the negative. That was an up of gentility to which her imagination never had soared.

But she thought the cab in which Mr. Spears did place her, a very uncomfortable vehicle, to say the least. Neither did her cousin's husband look like the same jaunty individual who always astonished Toddsville with his low collars and whiskers. Both looked rather neglected in the strong morning light, but then he might have hurried to meet her at the boat. New York on the whole did not make a favorable first impression on Mrs. Clarke, who wondered when they were going to get out of the close, dirty streets, strewn with garbage and heavy with the tainted atmosphere. Now and then they passed some rows of good houses, or crossed some wider, cleaner street, and then she was sure they must have arrived at the residence of Mr. Spears. But no—the carriage stopped before a three story brick house, it is true, but shabby in the dirty, dilapidated look of the majority of those she had passed; the steps untidy, the shutters drooping on their hinges, and the door knobs decidedly discolored.

The hall was dark and dirty, the room into which she was shown in a perfect chaos of disorder: the carpet had been a good Brussels in its day, but now had been trodden out of its original thickness and color; the mahogany chairs were scratched and marred; the annals on the centre table, faded like the cover, and the frames of the mirror and ordinary engravings on the wall were speckled and tarnished as if through much handling and little care. If Mr. Spears looked changed, his wife, in her dirty mauve de laine wrapper—dressing gown, she called it—was hardly to be recognized.

She gave her cousin a most demonstrative welcome, which had the effect of being put up to conceal real coldness or annoyance, and which by no means added to Mrs. Clarke's cheerfulness. Nor did the breakfast, when they were summoned to that meal by "cook," who announced it verbally at the parlor door, contribute towards relieving the home sickness that was fast becoming a permanent feeling of excitement and faintness for want of food had commenced. The cloth was dirty, the dishes in disorder, the tea weak and cold, the butter unendurable. Mrs. Clarke, seldom at dinner, during the rest of her stay, one trial was sufficient.

She never repeated her one visit to the kitchen, nor did she wonder that Mrs. Spears went into it as seldom as possible. Perhaps if she had gone more frequently things might have been different. Mrs. Clarke had gone down to press out her best dresses, and when through thought she would wash her hands, and so save the trouble of mounting those pair of stairs. There was no hand basin, and she could not venture the grease of the dish pan. In fact, the lady's experience and homely-wifely eyes there seemed to be "nothing to do with," and she ceased in part to wonder at the miserable table and untidy house, or at least to blame the cook for it.

She soon found that her cousin never dressed, except on going out, when, by some strange necromancy, she became as handsomely arrayed as when drawing all eyes in Toddsville. When visitors called, which was very seldom, she almost always sent an excuse. Mrs. Clarke discovered that the second floor was rented to another family, and that the parlor furniture was second hand.

The view from the front of the house was a row of similar tenements, once occupied by wealthy people, but now grown shabby, and mostly let to two families. In the rear, a range of wretched shanties, swarming with a miserable population, came within fifteen feet of the windows. There were brick walls, heaps of garbage, the odor of stables and drains, in place of the cheerful yard and tidy vegetable garden, the shady street and elms that surrounded Mr. Clarke's good two story frame house at Toddsville.

Mrs. Clarke had never looked upon sunshine and fresh air as precious privileges before. And then her garden—how she longed for it when she saw the stale fruit and wilted vegetables that Bridget brought daily from market.

Mrs. Clarke's pride alone supported her through the two weeks of her stay, she saw the discomfort and absolute meanness of her cousin's home so plainly the very first day of her visit. As she told her husband on her return, "she did not eat a comfortable meal," and everything seemed sacrificed to living in a large house, and dressing handsomely on the street. At home, Mrs. Spears and her children were dressed in the soiled and tawdry finery that had once flourished abroad.

But then I find they don't have a cent more to spend after all," ended the good woman's discourse. "He only gets seven hundred dollars, and it's a little more of a provision store, so Mrs. Green told Mrs. White, when she saw Mr. Spears going off the boat that day, and

they have to pinch in every way. Not even a tin wash basin, for all her bath-room—that bath-room! O my! It needed all the water that ever was in the pipes to clean it. I wouldn't have set my foot in, much less washed there. To be sure, Ann don't do anything about the house—but nothing gets done any way. She spends all her time, and every cent she can get, shopping; and he's as cross as a bear at home. I believe they're going behind hand—and just think that we've paid for this house and lot, and got such a nice garden and all. It fairly drove my eyes good to look round, and I haven't left off smelling the horseysince I came home, to get rid of the smell of New York. It may be all very rich people, that live clear up in town, or off in East Broadway, or some of those wide streets, but if I've got to be common people, I don't want to go to the city to be stirred up, and fed on you don't know what. I don't wonder her children look as if they were in the last stages when they come up here summers."

Mr. Clarke did not seek to alter his wife's conclusion, as may be supposed, though he never knew how alarmingly his peace of mind had been threatened before the New York visit. In process of time he came to be worth the coveted five thousand dollars, but it was by prudence and industry on the part of his wife, as well as himself, and not by speculation or sudden rise of the nice little property he held.

Mrs. Clarke even achieved the highest finale of her ambition, and visited Mrs. Squire Todd, when Toddsville became a city, and her husband a common councilman; it was the same season that Mr. Spears died, and left his wife without a dollar, or a friend, save the Clarks, for herself and five children to depend upon.

HENRY JEROME'S SOLILOQUY.

BY ELIZA A. CHASE.

The morning was bright and beautiful, one of the first, soft, balmy days in spring. The snows had melted away; the distant forests were losing their purple hue and assuming a faint green tinge, and the air came stealing in so softly and winningly, you would feel as if you wished to throw aside all care and toil, and run ever field and forest, just to enjoy the very luxury of existence. So thought Henry Jerome as he sat down under a budding tree on his way to school.

His home was in the suburbs of a large city, but the school-house to which he daily went was in a busy street of the crowded town, and Henry, though much attached to his school, longed to escape from rattling pavements and brick walls to wander unrestrained in the inviting fields. In plain terms, he was strongly tempted to play truant.

"What is the use," said he to himself, "of shutting myself up in that old prison-house this warm, beautiful day? I can't study; I don't feel like it; and then, if my lessons are not learned, there will be a grand time. Mr. Grover will fix his eye on me and say, as usual, 'Master Jerome, I require a perfect lesson.' Then I shall have to stay in till I know every word in that old dusty book. I do believe Mr. Grover is always crosser and more particular on pleasant days than on any other."

"Forming a character! I know what I would like to form—a boy! What a lucky thought! I've got a capital hook-and-line in my pocket, and I'll go fishing. But what shall I tell Mr. Grover and my father? Perhaps father will give me an excuse to-morrow. I can tell him I don't feel like going to school to-day. And I really am not well; my head feels dull, and I am so tired I don't believe I could stay in school all day. It is not right to expose one's health, and I think I'll stay out of school and go fishing!"

Just as Henry came to this wise conclusion, a sudden gust of wind blew a piece of newspaper toward him. "What is this?" said he, picking it up lazily, his duty to his health requiring him to make no exertion. It was only a piece of a daily paper, covered with "rewards" and "wants."

"\$10 Reward.—Lost, in Clinton street, on the 16th, a small diamond breast-pin. The finder will receive the above reward, and the thanks of the owner, by returning it to 138 West Street."

"Now, if I could only find that pin, I could make ten dollars very easily. But let me see. Lost on the 16th, and this is the 23rd. There is no chance for me!"

"Wanted.—A number of smart, intelligent lads in a duaguerrean room. Address, Artist, 37 this office."

"Wanted.—In a publishing house, an active and industrious lad, who understands something of book-keeping. None but steady, energetic, and intelligent lads need apply, for I want no idlers nor loungers about me.—E. B. Williams, 84 Ward Street."

"Well, that's a curious advertisement! I want no idlers or loungers about me." I fancy I should not suit the gentleman if he were to catch me here and know how terribly I am tempted to go to the river and lounge. It is a little singular that all people want "active, intelligent, and industrious" persons in their employ. None seem to want loungers or idlers, though they do not all express themselves quite so frankly. Well, I don't blame people."

"Get up, you lazy fellow—what are you stopping for?" shouted a voice close by. Henry started, thinking himself the object addressed, but it was only a milkman speaking to his horse.

But so powerful was the effect upon his mind, that he resolved to give up fishing and go to school. He hurried along, feeling he had no time to lose if he wished to reach his place in season, and while still some distance from school the slow, heavy chiming of a neighboring clock began to peal the momentous hour of nine.

"It is of no use," he said, and then he thought "I want no idlers or loungers about me," came vividly before him. He ran at the top of his speed, and panting with the exertion reached his place just in time.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business; he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men," commenced the teacher in his morning reading.

"That is for me," thought Henry. Whether his courage failed him during the day we will not say, but he smiled when he read his copy, "Idleness is the parent of sin and ignorance," and never did the motto over the door, "Perseverance conquers all things," appear so distinct as on that day. The letters seemed to stare at him, and whenever he turned a longing glance toward the open window through which the tempting, tantalizing breeze was playing, they expanded till they hid every thing else from his view.

The bees never buzzed half so busily; an ant ran up and down the ceiling as if bewitched, and in a half-hidden corner a grain spider was most diligently employed in making repairs in his broken web.

"No idlers or loungers about me," said Henry; "well, I don't like to set myself up as an oddity. It is an easy thing to form good habits; at least Henry Jerome found it so. His very great regard for duty to his health ceased to interfere with his attending school, and in a short time punctuality became pleasant to him."

After leaving school, some three or four years subsequent, he was seeking employment, when the self-same advertisement which had formerly arrested his attention again met his eye. He called immediately and applied for the situation. "What testimony of your ability and punctual habits can you bring?" asked Mr. Williams, a kind but eccentric man.

"These, sir," replied Henry, laying several papers before him. The gentleman adjusted his spectacles, and read at first with apparent indifference, but soon his interest seemed to increase. He glanced at Henry occasionally, ejaculating, "Ah! Indeed! Possible!"

"These papers," said he at length, "inform me that for the last four years you have been absent from school but three days, and then on account of illness; that you have never been tardy in attendance; that your lessons during that time have all been good; that your character is excellent, and you are especially prompt, diligent, and energetic."

"I am acquainted with Mr. Grover, and I know he would not give you these certificates unless you deserve them. I would rather have such a recommendation than references to all the influential men in the Union."

In five years from that time the advertisement again appeared.

"Wanted.—An active and intelligent lad who understands something of book-keeping. None but steady, energetic, and industrious persons need apply, as we want no idlers nor loungers about us. Williams, Jerome and Co.—[The Student and Family Miscellany.]

Cultivation of Music.

The voice and the ear are musical endowments; and the means of enjoying the delights and profiting by the use of music, are conferred upon all. Of what other, among the beautiful sisterhood of the fine arts, can as much be said? Few can draw or paint, few can appreciate the beautiful in Architecture; but the pleasure resulting from the use of the human voice is the most exquisite gratuity of nature, infinitely more precious and valuable than any Crompton or Stradivarius violin. We can always carry it about with us, and sing through it at work, by our firesides, or in the fields.

We can all of us cultivate the art of singing musically. Like the art of speech it comes by practice. And both are in their effects eminently civilizing. Music is essentially soothing and purifying; when set to beautiful chords, conveying some true and noble thoughts or exciting some tender and delicate feeling, it elevates the heart and strengthens the character. The cultivation of music by the working classes may even be regarded in a utilitarian aspect. It is cultivated to soften and harmonize them, to withdraw them from immoral influences, and to make philosophy in amusement and recreation, which is a necessity of all ages and all conditions. And if innocent amusement are not provided, people will be apt to find out vicious ones for themselves. The poorer that a man is, and the more he is the slave of toil, the more needful it is that he should find diversion and refreshment of some kind for his weary spirit; and the more important that he should find it in enjoyments which are not essential and which, while they soothe his senses, refine them.

The human heart is naturally so unquiet, so restless, and so apt to make self the centre of all its thoughts and sentiments, that the happiest man is he who can most frequently find the means of escaping from his own narrow personality, and fix his attention on something which is not himself; and music, the most seductive and purest of all pleasures, is calculated more than all to exercise a beneficial influence over the popular heart. Therefore we rejoice at the growth of a taste for popular music, which we trust soon to see so extensively cultivated, that it shall become the solace and joy of every home, where it may be enjoyed without the accompaniments of either gin, tobacco, or beer.

THE IMPERIAL CANAL AT CHINA.—One of the most extraordinary works of art in the world is the Imperial Canal of China. This wonderful structure, which was built by the Mongol Emperor, Kubla Khan, extends from the vicinity of Peking, at which city the Emperor fixed the seat of government, to the Pang te Kiang river, a distance of more than six hundred miles to the southward. The canal is in some places tunneled through heights, and at others it is carried through lakes, and over marshes and low grounds by means of stupendous embankments. Rivers feed it, and goodly ships sail on its waters. It is used not only as a great commercial highway, but as an irrigator and drain to the country through which it flows, and renders available much land that would otherwise be useless. The canal exhibits sound practical skill, and even genius, on the part of its constructors, and as a work of labor it is gigantic. It is one of the greatest of those great works which are to be met with in China on a larger scale than in any other country in the world.

Look Here Everybody!

I have in my charge the following Strays:

One Brindle Cow, eight years old, no brands visible.

One Red Steer, with some white on him, supposed to be two or three years old, no brand visible, except he has his dewlap split.

One Dark Brindle Cow, four or five years old, no brand visible.

One White Cow, with red specks, short tail, eight years old, branded EM on the left hip.

One Two-year Old Heifer, spotted black and white, no brands visible.

One pale Red Steer, three years old, a white star in the forehead, no brands visible.

One Two-year Old Speckled Heifer, crumpled ho, no brands visible.

One Muley Cow, red and white spotted, seven or eight years old, no brands visible.

One pale Red Cow, some white on her back and belly, no brands visible.

One Yearling Steer, brindle and white mixed, no brand visible.

One Black Steer, four or five years old, some white on his belly, no brands visible.

The owners of the above Strays are requested to prove property, pay charges, and take them away.

JOHN W. HESS, P. K.

sep.-13-27-31 Farmington, Davis County.

LOST.

A RED COW, white face, branded G L left hip. Bring me and be rewarded.

GEO. A. LESLIE, 6th Ward.

sep.-26-31

U. S. Mails from G. S. L. City P. O.

THE Eastern mail will be closed on the last day of each month at 4 o'clock p.m., precisely.

The California mail via Filmore, Parowan, and Cedar City to San Diego, will close on the 19th day of each month at 4 o'clock p.m.

The Brownsville mail leaves every Monday and Thursday at 5 a.m.

The Toledo mail every Monday at 6 a.m.

The mail to San Pete will leave every Monday at 6 a.m.

aug-10-22-26

For Sale, Wholesale and Retail.

I HAVE just purchased, and now offer for sale, at my house, 313 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 Teneffs 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.

aug-17-23-26

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 opening at the New Store House, of Dustin Alley 4 doors south of Nixon's, a large and extensive stock of goods, (selected expressly for this market) when he will be happy to see his old friends, and a host of new customers, and having accommodating clerks, and sharp scissors, he hopes to receive a liberal share of patronage.

aug-17-23-26

J. M. HORNER & CO.,

TITHING BUILDINGS,

OPPOSITE STATE HOUSE, have received per train of 36 Wagon an assortment of General Merchandise—37 additional wagons are shortly expected to arrive, which will make the stock the most complete ever offered to the citizens of Utah, which will be sold wholesale and retail, as low as the contingencies of the trade will allow.

They respectfully submit the following catalogue as part of their large stock to the attention of the public:—

DRY GOODS:

3000 ps. Merrimac, Cochee, and other Staple prints;

150 ps. Furniture and Curtain Prints;

95 ps. Lawns and Chintz;

91 ps. English and French Ginghams;

113 ps. Mouslin and Barege de Laine, and Brillants;

81 ps. French and English Merinoes and Alpacaes;

87 ps. Field, Plaid and Plain Swiss and Jaconettes;

40 doz Ladies Dress Skirts;

60 doz Irish Linen;

75 ps. White and Brown Plaid and Plaid Linen Drilling;

100 ps. Table and Towel Diaper;

100 ps. Silk and Cotton Hdkfs;

59 ps. Cold Cambric;

31 ps. Super, silver Dacien, and Bosio Robes;

7 ps. Black Cloth;

53 ps. English and French Cassimeres;

155 ps. new color Satinets and Treeds;

175 ps. Cottons and English Velveteens;

23 ps. Marseilles, Satin and Woollen Vestings;

9 ps. Drap de Ete;

20 doz Shawls;

220 ps. Red, White, and Canton Flannels;

50 ps. Apron Check;

275 ps. Blue, brown and Corset Drills;

50 ps. Red Tick;

500 ps. bleached Muslin;

30 bales Appleton 4-4 Sheetings;

5 doz Shirting shirtings;

5 doz heavy cloth Overcoatings;

118 doz gents and ladies Cotton and Wool Hosiery;

50 doz do do Gloves;

300 doz Coat, Spoon Thread;

190 lbs. Linen, Cotton and Silk Sewings;

3 doz Marseilles Quilts;

10 ps. Oil Cloth.

LADIES DRESS TRIMMINGS,

Consisting of black and white silk and cotton Laces, Braids, Gimps, Fringes, Dress Buttons, Bonnets, Ribbons, and Artificial.

NOTIONS.

A large assortment of Pins, Needles, Bindings, Hooks and Eyes, Violins & Strings, Shell, Imitation and Guita Percha Tuck and Sale Combs, Fine, Reading and Siamese do, Toys, &c., &c.

PERFUMERY & JEWELRY.

A very choice lot of Finger and Bar Rings, Pins, Brooches, Port Monies, Hair Oils, Extracts, &c.

BOOTS AND SHOES:

100 cases men's kip and calf Boots;

120 doz do do brogan Shoes;

10 doz men's Pumps and Slippers;

10 doz men's Congress gaiters;

25 cases boys and youths Boots;

15 doz do do kip and calf Shoes;

250 doz women's kip, calf and morocco Booters;