

The Blessings of the Gathering.

I long to breathe the mountain air  
Of Zion's peaceful home,  
Where free from sorrow, strife, and care,  
The saints of God may roam.

Where hearts may glow with feelings warm,  
Nor fear suspicion's blight,  
To chill each thought with worldly form,  
And shade affection's light.

Where want and misery's piteous strain  
Shall ne'er an echo find;  
And where oppression's icy chain  
Shall cease to crush the mind.

Where truth shall reign with Godlike pow'r,  
And shed its heavenly ray,  
To brighten up each passing hour,  
And sanctify each day.

Where voice with voice shall sweetly tell  
The joys in Zion found,  
Till every mountain, hill, and dell,  
Shall vibrate back the sound.

Where unity and peace shall blend  
In prayer and songs of praise;  
And where one object, aim, and end  
Shall strengthen all our ways.

Oh! God of Israel, look down,  
And bless thy faithful band,  
Who faint would win a glorious crown,  
And in thy presence stand.

In merry light each honest mind,  
That strives to do the will;  
And grant that all who seek may find  
A home on Zion's hill.

Then, hail! thou land of freedom's birth,  
Beyond the boundless sea!  
Of all the gems that grace this earth,  
Give me sweet Liberty!

Birmingham. MARIE LOUISE JOINSTONE.

Dedicated to Thomas Bullock.

Peace and joy have filled my heart  
But with my friend I now must part:  
I leave my blessings there behind,  
Upon my friend, who was so kind.

In other climes my feet will roam—  
Soon other lands will be my home;  
And while my heart and bosom swell,  
With lasting gratitude, I say farewell.

R. MCBRIDE.

GOOD FARMING.—"Sambo, is your master a good farmer?"

"O yes, massa fust rate farmer—he make two crops in one year."

"How is that Sambo?"

"Why, he sells all his hay in de fall, and makes money once; den in de spring he sell de hides of de cattle dat die for want of de hay, and make money twice."

QUAKER COUNTERS.—"Martha, dost thou love me?"

"I asked thee, Quaker youth, of one at whose shrine his heart's fondest feelings had been offered up."

"Why, Seth," answered the maiden, "we are commanded to love one another, are we not?"

"Ah, Martha! but dost thou regard me with that feeling the world calls love?"

"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth; I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I may have sometimes thought, perhaps, that there was getting more than thy share."

HISTORICAL DISCOVERY.—A very interesting discovery has recently been made among the manuscripts deposited in the Jesuit College in Quebec.

It is well known by those familiar with early American history, that the publication of the "Jesuit Relations," which furnish so much interest in regard to the discovery and early exploration of the region bordering on our northern lakes, was discontinued after the year 1672.

Some were known to have been written, but the manuscripts were supposed to be lost. The relations from 1672 to 1679 inclusive, have lately been discovered; and among them a manuscript containing a full account of the voyages of Father Marquette, and of the discovery by him of the Mississippi river.

A MAN WITHOUT HOPE.—"How are you, Tripud?"

"How do you feel to-day, Mr. Tripud?"

"A great deal worse than I was, thank-ee; most dead, and I am obliged to you; I'm always worse than I was, and I don't think I'm any better."

"Very sure, any how, that I am not going to be any better; and, for the future, you may always know I'm worse, without asking any questions; for questions make me worse if nothing else does."

"Why, Tripud, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, I tell you, in particular; but a great deal is the matter with me in general; and that's the danger, because we don't know what it is. That's what kills people, when they can't tell what it is; that's what's killing me. My great grandfather died of it, and so will I. The doctors don't know it; they can't tell; and there's no help. I'm going off some of these days, right after my great grandfather, dying of nothing in particular, but of everything in general. That's what finishes all our folks."

A great many folks die daily, with the same disease.—[Ed.]

MARRIAGE IN JAPAN.—The man usually marries before the eighteenth and the woman before the fifteenth year.

But one wife is recognized in law, although the man may have any number of concubines; the position of the latter is not considered dishonorable. The legal wife must be equal to her husband in rank and condition. The forms and ceremonies to be observed in marriage are remarkably numerous and complicated.

On entering the dwelling of the bridegroom, the bride is clothed in white, as a sign that she is dead to her relations in infancy of the marriage relation is always punished by death. The wife must carefully avoid the slightest suspicion of infidelity, since, if she should even be seen alone in the same room with a stranger, her life is forfeited. The husband never receives strangers in the presence of his wife. The manners of the married women and their daughters are wholly modest and chaste.

Quite as good a character as in many countries where they are less liberal.—[Ed.]

Two country attorneys overtook a wagoner on the road, and thinking to crack a joke on him, asked why his fore horse was so fat and the rest was so lean.

The wagoner knowing them to be limbs of the law, answered—

"That his fore horse was a lawyer, and the rest were his clients."

A cunning lawyer meeting with a shrewd old friend on a white horse, determined to quiz him.

"Good morning, daddy—what makes your horse look so pale this morning?"

"Ah, my dear friend, replied the old man, 'if thee had looked through a halter as long, thee would look pale, too.'"

Mrs. Bent, hearing that all people in the streets must be unarmed, "Lor me," said she, "what will folks do with their babies?"

Killing Made Easier.—We learn that a practical field trial with two hundred muskets has been made in Texas of Maynard's new system of priming fire-arms, the patent for which was purchased some time ago by government.

The success of the experiment is represented to have been perfect. So far as the act of priming is concerned, this invention renders the gun automatic. It performs the act of itself with exactitude unattainable by hand, without reference to position, temperature, climate, light, or awkwardness of the soldier.

Story of a First Kiss.

We extract the following little story from Miss Bremer's "Northern Loves and Legends."

Certainly you have observed how strangely, sometimes the clouds, at morning and evening, group themselves round the sun, and are lighted up by it, and you have thought sometimes: "If this should be represented in painting, people would say: 'It is unnatural; it is not true!'"

So even in human life. We often find events, looking when related, or described, even unnatural, and yet are perfectly true to reality, to nature, though not every-day nature. For example, if any one should tell, that once, a first kiss was given by a young modest lady, publicly and in a public square, to a young man that she saw for the first time, certainly all young ladies, and old ladies, and young gentlemen, and old gentlemen, would with one voice, cry out: "It is not true, it is impossible!"

Well, I entreat your attention to the following little story for whose truth and reality I will be responsible:

In the University of Upsala, Sweden, lived a young student—a lovely youth, with a great love for studies, but without means for studies, and without means for pursuing them. He was poor and without connections. Still he studied on, living in great poverty, but keeping up a cheerful heart, and trying not to look into the future, which looked so grimly at him. His good humor and good qualities made him beloved by his young comrades. One day he was standing with some of them in the great square at Upsala, prating away an hour at leisure, when the attention of the young men became arrested by a very young and elegant lady, who at the side of an elderly one, walked slowly over the place.

It was the daughter of the Governor of Upland, residing in the city, and the lady with her was her governess. She was generally known for her beauty and gentleness of character, and was looked upon with great admiration by the student. As the young men stood now silently gazing at her, as she passed on like a graceful vision, one of them exclaimed:

"Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a pretty mouth!"

The poor student, the hero of our story, who was looking intently at that pure, angelic face, exclaimed as if by inspiration:

"Well, I think I could have it."

"What?" cried his friends in a chorus, "are you crazy? Do you know her?" &c.

"Not at all," he answered, "but I think she would kiss me just now, if I asked her."

"What, in this place, before our eyes?"

"In this place, before your eyes!"

"Freely?"

"Freely."

"Well, if she will give you a kiss in that manner, I will give you a thousand dollars."

"And I?" cried three or four others, for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group, and bets ran high on so improbable an event, and the challenge was made and received in less time than we take to relate it.

Our hero—my authority tells me whether he was handsome or plain—I have my peculiar reasons for believing that he was rather plain, but singularly good looking at the same time—our hero walked off to meet the lady. He bowed to her and said:

"My lady, my fortune is in your hands."

She looked at him with astonishment, but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspirations, and related simply and truly what had passed between him and his companions. The young lady listened attentively, and when he ceased to speak, she said, blushing, but with great sweetness:

"If by so little a thing so much good could be effected, it would be foolish in me to refuse your request," and she kissed the young man publicly in the open square.

Next day the young man was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the young man who had dared to ask a kiss of his daughter in that way, and whom she had consented to kiss so.

He received him with a severe and scrutinizing brow, but after an hour's conversation, so pleased that he offered to dine with him at his table during the course of his studies at Upsala.

Our young friend now pursued his studies in a manner which soon made him regarded as the most promising scholar at the University.

Three years were not passed after the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second one to the lovely daughter of the Governor as his betrothed bride.

He became, later, one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, and much respected for his character. His works will endure forever among the works of science, and from this happy union sprung a family well known in Sweden at the present day, and whose wealth of fortune and high position in society, are regarded as small things, compared with its wealth of love.

The Lady and the Emperor.

Letters from St. Petersburg, dated July 20th, give an account of the following very mysterious occurrence: Towards the middle of last month, says the writer, the arrival of the Honorable Mr. R., an Englishman of high connections and great wealth, who was accompanied by his wife, and her sister, Lady Helen B., promised to give great eclat to the season, since it had been announced that the Honorable gentleman had come for the purpose of giving a round of fetes for the magnificence of which he is so justly renowned in England. In due time Mr. R. was presented to the Emperor, who on first seeing Lady Helen seemed so much struck by her grace and beauty that he bestowed upon her those very pointed attentions which not alone are a mark of respect, but also of a more fervid feeling. Festivities soon commenced, and it was remarked that his Majesty went with more zeal into these enjoyments, but rarely stayed any length of time unless Lady Helen was present, when he would remain longer than even the most liberal observance of etiquette warranted. About a week ago (July 13) a state ball was given at the Palace. Mr. R. and his ladies were invited, and soon after eleven o'clock repaired to the gorgeously decorated saloons. Mr. R., who had observed the singular conduct of the Emperor towards his sister-in-law, had announced his departure on the day following, for although from the well established moral excellence of his Majesty he could harbor no feelings of distrust towards him in regard to Lady Helen, he found it necessary to silence the reports which seemed rapidly to be gaining ground. Their presence at the ball was their last appearance in the saloons of royalty, thereby rendering the event more interesting. The Emperor is a fine man, as fine a one as you can pick up during a day's walk in any quarter of the globe, but on this night he looked really magnificent, as lending the Austrian Ambassador he entered the saloons, when the crowd fell back to give way to the mighty one. As he passed Lady Helen, who was leaning on the arm of the young Wronschoff, he gave her a look so full of meaning as to cause her face to be suffused with blushes. On he went, the diamond decked multitude blocking up the passage which had just been formed for him, eager to catch one more sight of him who reigns supremely over fifty millions of his fellow men, and whose will at home has never yet been questioned. It was shortly after midnight, when Mr. R., after having been in search of his fair sister-in-law, was accosted by Prince Wronschoff, who asked him why Lady Helen had not yet come. "Left so soon?" inquired Mr. R., "why, where can she have gone to alone?" "You sent a message to her," replied the Prince, "requiring her to return home at once, and that you would soon follow. She seemed disappointed, but left since you wished it." "When, where?" gasped Mr. R., scarcely able to master his agitation. "I saw her cross the Newsky Perspective," rejoined the Prince, who had handed her to the carriage.

Mr. R. heard no more. Hastening down the magnificent marble steps of the Palace he reached the square, where several officers of the guard stood in close conversation, holding their chargers by the bridle. Vaulting into the saddle of one, to the infinite surprise of the owner, he rode *entre a terre* across the Perspective, where on reaching the corner of the Promenade he saw a coach drive swiftly down the street after halting a moment to pick up a tall figure enveloped in a large military cloak. A few moments sufficed for Mr. R. to overtake the coach, and forcing the blinds down, he saw his sister-in-law before him, in company with the tall person, before alluded to, whose face, however, was entirely covered by the collar of his cloak. "Pull up," shouted Mr. R. to the coachman, but whether deaf or not, the fellow paid not the slightest attention to the command. "Pull up, or I'll shoot you," again cried Mr. R., at the same time drawing a pistol from the holster; again no answer. Presently the inmates of the coach, which went along at furious speed, heard the report of a pistol, succeeded by a heavy fall. The horses, no longer lashed, came to a stand still, and the next instant Mr. R. tore open the coach door, and handed out his sister-in-law. "Who are you, sir," he asked of the tall person, who had remained motionless, but now left the coach by the opposite door. There was no answer but a shrill cry, such as is only heard in the wilderness of Russia and in the deserts of the Bedouins. It was instantly repeated from various quarters, whence squadrons of horse and leaders of police came to the spot. A scene of indescribable confusion ensued. Mr. R., who had seized the mysterious stranger, was in the act of pointing him to his heart's content, when he felt himself seized from behind, and a deep voice whispering in his ear, "beware!" At the same moment a rush was made by the military towards the spot where Mr. R. and the tall stranger were standing; they were separated, and the Englishman saw his opponent no more. Lady Helen, on being asked, could not give any clue as to who he was, since he had only just before the rescue by Mr. R. entered the coach, and had not exchanged a single word with her. It was remarked by those who were present at the Imperial hall that night, that the Emperor was absent for more than an hour from the scene of festivity. When at last he re-appeared, he seemed confused and excited; the news of the attempted abduction of Lady Helen had also been made while he was in the act of pointing him to his heart's content, which he had theretofore evinced towards her. Early on the following morning Mr. R. made a formal complaint through his ambassador, but although every assistance was promised, the affair was shrouded in too deep a mystery for even the Petersburg police, and no trace of the offender could be discovered. Mr. R. and his fair companions *de voyage* left Petersburg, and have returned to England.

Your Change Sir.

One of those nondescript specimens of humanity, called dandies, traveling through Connecticut a few days since, in his own or borrowed conveyance, was brought up with a "round turn" at the toll gate, which he designed to have passed without paying the usual fee. When he found himself in limbo from which he could not escape without "forking over," he inquired of a young lady who was in attendance at the gate, how much he had to pay before he could pass the formidable barrier.

"Three cents, sir, is the charge for single wagons," replied the young lady. "Three cents is a threepence, the half of a sixpence; one of the smallest bits of silver in use, oh! young woman, ain't I right?" said the dandy, feeling in his pockets for the change.

"Three cents, sir, if you please," said the lady.

"In your office of highwayman, young woman, you will subtract the amount of your demand from this piece and return me the balance as conveniently quick as your ordinary locomotion will allow," said the dandy gentleman, at the same time purposely dropping a shilling piece into the mud beneath his wagon.

"Ah! there it is in the mud, I wouldn't dirty my fingers for twenty of them."

The young lady took the shilling from the mud where he had dropped it—vent into the house, and returned with nine cents which she placed immediately under the wheel, where she had taken up the shilling.

"Hillo, hillo, young woman, what is it you mean," said the dandy, "why don't you put that coin into my hand, eh?"

The girl archly replied, "Sir, I found your money under the wagon; there you will find your change," and as she turned to go to the house, she gave the fellow a most significant smile, and added, "I wouldn't dirty my fingers for twenty of them would you Mr. Dandy-man? ha, ha, ha—there's your change, sir," and she closed.

The gentleman dismounted—picked "up his coppers," and was off at full speed, impatient to get out of sight and hearing. If he should ever happen in that country again he will take care how he makes change with Yankee girls.

A Profitable Ghost.

"I had been out fishing in the Old South Bay," said a Long Island subscriber the other day, "with one of those crafty fishermen to whom no days, on which the water may be tempted, are considered days for 'bad luck'; *dies infastus* being a term unknown in his calendar. He was one of those long-necked clam-eaters, whose stomach rose and fell with the tides which made them plentiful or left them scarce. As we were coming in in our boat, after a successful foray upon bass and sheeps-head, we fell to meditate upon various matters which were neither pious nor akin to it. As Boswell would say of the colloquies of the Great Leviathan: 'We spoke of Ghosts.' 'You say ghosts have been seen on Long Island, but you never seen 'em, and don't believe in 'em.' 'Well, yes, I can't say I believe in 'em, but I guess I should believe in 'em if I had such luck in getting a sight on 'em as a man did down to Jerusalem-South a good many years ago. The way of it was this:

You see it was a dreadful cold winter's night, about nine o'clock, (how the Old South Bay roared that night) when there was a sleigh with three fellows into it, drove up under the huss-shed at the tavern. Two of 'em got out, and as they got out they said to 'other one, 'Jim, just you sit there and mind the horses while we go in and get something warm in'; we'll be right out again.' They went into the tavern, but they didn't come right out again; he was a joyful, though when they did come out they had more than a jugful of 'piece into 'em—both on 'em, ha! ha!—'Fore they came out, though, Bill the 'osler said to the man sittin' in the sleigh, 'Ef I was you I wouldn't sit there in the cold as long as you a-sittin', blamed if I would; why don't you go in and get something too?' The man never said nothing, though in answer, but set up as straight as an Indian. Bill, who was lookin' after some other horses under the same shed, a'ter a while said something more to him, but he was as still as a 'yster. Pooty soon Bill said to himself, 'Goy-blamed ef I don't think he's friz to death, or else he'd say something! So he went up to him and shook him; and when he came to hold up his lantern to look, he found him propped up on each side on the seat; the lines was wound round his hands; he was muffled up with comforters about his face—and he was stone dead!"

Bill was'n nobody's fool, ef he did attend to horses. He smelt the whole thing out to once—Two or three graves had been robbed about there only a little while before, and the two chaps in the tavern was two body-gatherers that had been paid by doctors to get bodies for 'em, for to cut up, and they'd been and robbed a new grave that night, and here was the corpse wrapped up and propped up in that sleigh, so that folks would'n't suspicion nothing about it! Now what d'you 'pose Bill does? He goes and takes, Bill does, that body out of the sleigh (for he wasn't afraid of the very devil,) strips off the clothes and puts it into the o'bin inside, and fastens the door; then he puts on the dead man's clothes himself, and he goes and gets into the sleigh with 'em onto him, puts the lines round his hands, proppis himself up, and waits for the body-snatchers to come out from the bar-room. Pooty soon out they come, got in on the wide seat along side of him, and drove off. There Bill sits as straight as a rail; but 'twasn't long 'fore one of the chaps says to 'other, 'feelin' o' Bill's teg a little, 'Why, the body's gettin' warm! Feel o' that leg!' 'Tother one put down his hand and felt o' Bill's legs; and then he started back and said: 'It's a fact by thunder! it is warm, no mistake!' 'Twas Bill's time now; so he turned his head round, still-like and straight, without moving his body, and says he, 'Warm?'—'wn! I guess you'd be warm ef you'd been took out as hot a place only a little while ago, as I was!"

"Bill says it wasn't half a second 'fore both of them chaps had pitched head first out o' that sleigh, and n'ther on 'em stopped runnin till they was clean out o' sight. Then he turned right square round and drove back to the tavern. There he told the whole story; and he made a good speak out o' the thing too, in the end; for you see, the friends of the man that was dug up giv him fifty dollars for savin' the body, and as no body ever came back a'ter the sleigh and horses, he sold 'em for three hundred dollars! 'Twas a first rate team—so they said—'That's the most profitable and about the only ghost that ever I heard tell on! Good many folks talks about seein' 'em, but I expect they never did—not rally.'—[Harper's New Monthly Mag.]

An Editor Married—his Opinion on the Past and Present.—Saunders of the Evening Star, recently took a trip to Iowa, and persuaded some kind hearted girl to share his miseries. Upon his return home, he held forth as follows:

"In announcing the fact of our return home with a rib, we cannot refrain from expressing our profound disgust of bachelorism and bachelors—and we expect to be disgusted with both for several weeks! We are well aware that in time gone by, we occasionally made ourself ridiculous in the eyes of sensible men, by upholding the bachelor state as the only life of happiness, independence and earthly glory. But we were young and green then, and of course knew but one side of the subject. Now stand up here, you consarned ugly pictures of humanity, rejoicing in the name of bachelors, and answer us a few questions.

What are you fit for in this world? What are you doing for posterity? What interest have you in the "generations yet unborn" you read of? What will you be when old men, if your vile habits ever permit you to arrive at a good old age? Won't you be like lonely seed and scattered seeds standing in a big clearing without a companion, and your life unprotected from the frost by young saplings and shrubs at your feet?—Or won't you be like pumpkins in a cornfield, more prominent because of your prodigious ugliness, than the stalks at your side laden with golden grain? Hold your heads up, talk like men, whether you can set or not. Now don't you feel ashamed of yourselves! Look at the girls about you, all smiles and sugar hearts overflowing with love, ready to be spilled on the first good fellow that can touch their sympathies—feeling rich as cream, which by a kindred spirit can soon be churned into butter and spread over your life till you are happy as the birds of spring. Look a'tem, and feel the disgusting position you occupy in the cabbage garden of humanity. What are you holding back for? Now just reform—put on your best looks and other coat—ice cream them, talk to them, prettily, drive them, walk them, please them—then propose, get accepted, and then marry, and—the country will rely on you as a faithful and well disposed citizen."

The First Kiss.

Nay, ask me not—how could I bring My lips to rest on manhood's brow? A maiden may not lightly fling Her timid nature off—and then, Caressed as thou art wont to be, What were a kiss of mine to thee?"

The Swansea Herald gives the following lines, which appear as an epitaph on a headstone in St. Michael's Churchyard, Aberystwith, to the memory of David Davies, blacksmith, late of that town:

"My Sledge and Hammer lay reclined,  
My Bellows, too, have lost their wind,  
My Fire's extinct, my Forge decayed,  
And in the dust my Vice is laid;  
My Coal is spent, my Iron gone,  
My Nails are drove—my work is done."

TRANSPLANTING STRAWBERRIES.—"When is the best time to transplant strawberries, after it has been omitted in spring?" G. W. C.

As soon after the bearing season as practicable. The earlier they are set out, the better will be the growth they will make before winter, and the more perfect will be the crop next year.

Many persons lose all the plants they remove at mid-summer, even after laborious watering, by not doing the work right. As soon as the plants are taken up, the leaves should all be removed but the small central ones not yet half expanded; the roots should be immersed in mud, and the plants then set out; the earth should be settled about them by pouring on water, and then the earth drawn around them to form a mellow surface. A coating of fine manure, two inches thick, should then be placed about them, which will keep the ground moist, and prevent baking if any subsequent watering is needed, which will scarcely ever be the case. On suitable soil, not one plant in twenty will be lost.—[Cultivator.]

Improvement in Kilns.—Mr. Wm. Silver, jr., of Bennington, Vt., has taken measures to secure a patent for an improvement in kilns, which he has recently made. He carries the draft upward from the furnace through an upright flue standing in the centre of the kiln, and extending nearly to the top, and then downwards through the body of the kiln, and through openings in its floor, to a series of circular flues arranged below the floor, and communicating with the chimney; the effect produced thereby being that of a more perfect consumption of the smoke, and the generation of a greater amount of applied heat from the same quantity of fuel.—[Scien. Amer.]

The editor of the Boston Medical Journal, who has just returned from an extensive journey in the East, states that in those tropical regions where it was necessary to transport water, he found that river water placed in an India rubber bag, and securely corked, remained, at the end of six weeks, perfectly sweet and good, while water carried in the whole skin of an animal, as the custom in that country, becomes excessively offensive, in the desert, in a few days, besides assuming the color of a pale decoction of coffee. In wood casks, another method adopted by travelers, the changes wrought on the water are analogous to those observed in water tanks at sea.

There is a historical connection—a slight one, indeed, but of some interest—between Africa and New Jersey of a date of a hundred years ago. It is just a century this year when the first English missionary was sent to Western Africa. It was the Rev. Andrew Thompson, and previous to his going to Cape Coast Castle, he had labored five years for the conversion of the Indians in New Jersey.

LEGAL NOTICE.

W. W. PHELPS, Notary Public, Attorney in Law, and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, in all the courts of the Territory of Utah, will attend to all lawful business at his room in G. S. L. City, when applied to. nov15-11f

TO THE CITIZENS OF DESERET.

THE undersigned wishes to inform the inhabitants of this Territory, that his splendid stock of goods have arrived, and are now ready for inspection at his new store, where he invites all his friends to come and examine.

The stock consists of Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Salamis, Raisins, Currants, Figs, Candies, Nutmegs, Peppers, Olive Oil, Lemon Syrup, Pickles, Mustard, Spice, Salt, Crackery ware, Hardware, Stationery, Domestic, Shirtings, Printed Calicoes, De Laines, Orleans Cloths, Alpacaes, Shawls, Ribbons, Artificial, Gloves, Stockings, Pins, Needles, Kerseymeres, Jeans, together with every variety which are suitable for this country.

This stock of goods has been selected with the greatest care, and are the most suitable for this market.

The subscriber wishes to inform his friends that it is his intention to extend his business as far as he can make arrangements, to every settlement in this Territory, to accommodate the brethren; he therefore depends on their patronizing him, especially as his goods will be as low as any other in this Territory. All that he makes he intends to spend with this people, and in building up this Territory.

His goods are marked in plain figures, and but one price is known in his establishment.

T. S. WILLIAMS.  
N. B. Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Beef Cattle, and Furs, taken in exchange for goods. nov 15-11f

CANNON'S Daguerrean Establishment may be found at Hotchkiss' building, first north of T. S. Williams' store. Customers waited upon every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Lumber, Wheat, Wood, and store pay taken in exchange for likenesses. Cash and gold dust not refused. My stock of materials is getting quite small; and it would be well to attend to it while your friends are with you, and in health.

A fine toned Melodeon for sale low. nov15-11f M. CANNON.

DESERET ALMANAC FOR 1852.

NOW in press, the Deseret Almanac for 1852. Advertisements will be inserted in the Almanac on reasonable terms. For further particulars apply at the Post Office. nov15-11f W. W. PHELPS.

STAGE CARRIAGE TO OGDEN CITY AND BROWNVILLE.

PHINEAS H. YOUNG & SON wish to inform the citizens of Deseret that they run a two horse Carriage, carrying the United States Mail, calling at North Cottonwood, Davis co., leaving Salt Lake City Post Office every Monday and Thursday, at 7 o'clock, a.m., arriving at Brownville at 6 p.m.; returning every Tuesday and Friday, arriving at G. S. L. City at 6 o'clock, p.m. Terms, \$2 per passenger, each way. nov15-11f

NOTICE.

THE Co-partnership which existed between Meadors & Barlow, has been dissolved. All persons holding claims against the said firm will present them for settlement, and those indebted to the same will call and pay their dues. nov15-11f J. M. BARLOW.

WATCH & CLOCK MAKER.

GOLD AND SILVER SMITH.—The undersigned has commenced the above trades in the house adjoining the Mint, and formerly occupied as the Tithing Office. All work done by him warranted to give satisfaction. N. B.—The laborers on the public works can be served in my line, and orders taken on the Tithing Office. nov15-11f J. M. BARLOW.

TURNING.

IN ALL its varieties, in wood and iron, done to order, at my shop on west Temple street, next door south of Judge Rhoads' dwelling; also Cabinet work made to order. The patronage of the public will be thankfully received. nov15-11f JAMES BIRD.

SALT.

THE SUBSCRIBER wishes to inform the citizens of Great Salt Lake City and vicinity, that he has constantly on hand salt at widow White's, 13th ward, and at the Black Rock, and will take in exchange, all kinds of produce, beef, pork, &c. nov15-11f CHARLES WHITE.

J. & E. REESE

HAVE just received a large stock of NEW GOODS, which they are selling at reduced prices, for cash.

They have on hand CLOTHS, CASSIMERES & VESTINGS; LADIES' GOODS of different kinds; Dress Trimmings, Fashionable Hats, Caps, and Bonnets, the very latest styles.

FANCY GOODS, a large variety; Boots and shoes, and READY MADE CLOTHING; Hardware, Tinware, Chinaware, and Glassware; Paints, Oils, Patent Medicines, Dye-stuffs, Groceries, Liquors and Cigars.

Also, a large lot of DRIED FRUIT, which they offer at the lowest market price.—CHEAP FOR CASH. J. & E. REESE. nov15-11f

S. HOTCHKISS, M. D.

DENTIST, Residence west side of 14th ward, opposite Sheriff Ferguson's. nov15-11f