

BY LEWIS DALL, OF PORTLAND.

An angler great was Jonathan Slow;
There was not a stream he did not know,
Nor the slightest nook where a fish could go
In a shady nook to hide;
He had such a knack of hooking a worm,
The fish that saw his eloquent quiver,
Had a chance to swim a definite term;
But twice the chance to be tried.

Good luck had made of Jonathan Slow
A man of faith to do he would go,
If the wind blew high, or the wind blew low;
No matter for rain or shine;
He could his way to the quiet brook,
And under a tree in some shady nook,
With a snuffing face and a wistful look,
Would trust to his line and line.

'Twas a sunny day, and the skies did lower;
First a gleam of sun, then a sunning shower;
And Jonathan fished hour after hour,
Not caring for heat or rain,
The water poured from his reeking clothes,
Mosquitoes had bitten his eyes and nose,
And this was all but excepting those
He waited for bites in vain.

'I always had faith, said Jonathan Slow,
And I still have hope, for the pious know
That both together the poet must go,
To make an exactly right
I am thankful then that those gifts are mine;
I will trust to others the truth divine;
I'll keep on, I'll keep on, I'll keep on,
And I'll wait for the fish to bite.

'Twas a blue indeed, for a trout near by
Had looked on the worm with a wistful eye
Not dreaming that it was a "golden lie";
On account of the hook's twist,
And hearing that the man with the pole
Thus quoting Scripture, he thought, poor soul,
He'd take the prophet's word in his jaw,
And a wary inward smile.

He bit, and let the hook in his gill
But showed that fishes like mortals, will
Find it in a "sugar-coated pill";
With a twist of Scripture given,
A dose they had no desire to take;
As yet they did not intend to budge;
Alone they struggled in vain to break,
A heart by error given.

But enough for us that the fish was caught,
For Jonathan started as quick as thought,
And on the bank a trout he brought
That weighed six pounds or more,
And thinking now, as 'twas almost night,
He would not wait for another bite,
He started for home, as well he might,
The trout with pride he bore.

He said to himself, I'm loaded with rain,
But faith and hope did my heart sustain,
Blessed as I was by these sister twins,
This noble prize I see;
There's a widow lives on my homeward way,
She shall have the fish without price or pay,
And I shall have practiced today,
Faith, Hope, and Charity.

WE were anglers all, on the shores of fate,
And the fisherman's line we may lose our bait,
We must try it again, and calmly wait,
Not to be frightened off by sorrow;
We may get our fish in the morning light,
We may wait in vain till the shades of night,
We may get our fish—then get a bite—
And the best of both be ours.

There are many streams where fish are caught;
The streams of trade, and the streams of thought;
Whatever the mind or hand has wrought,
'Neath the light and smiles of heaven,
Let us not forget, as our lines we throw,
The Faith and Hope of Jonathan Slow,
To the widowed ones be given.

[From the Ring of Our Union.]
GOING INTO BUSINESS.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

Emma Sargent was the wife of a young man who held a clerkship in a large mercantile establishment in a well known city. His salary was quite a liberal one—a thousand a year—out of which a considerable sum was annually laid by. They lived comfortably and contentedly one performing duty without, and the other within. They had but little, certainly, to spend in the way of fashionable amusements, parties, and other expensive amusements; but they seldom were without the luxury of a good book.

The snow-white cloth was laid for the evening meal. The light stove was as bright as linen and willing fingers could make it, and the food, prepared by her own hands, looked palatable and inviting. Striking the fire anew and dropping a window shade, Mrs. Sargent sat down to wait for her husband. In a few minutes the door opened, but instead of the latter, her brother Rufus made his appearance.

"Where is Edgar?" he asked.
"He hasn't returned from the store."
"Is he nothing more or less than a slave to Brownell? I should think he'd get tired of being so tied up," remarked the new com-
"He doesn't think so," said the sister, quietly.

"I suppose he goes out at eight in the morning, is allowed just time enough to swallow his dinner, and don't get home until this hour at night. What a life for a man to lead!"

"But he is no more confined than hundreds of others. You were a clerk yourself, once, Rufus," she returned, smilingly.

"I know it, and that's the very reason why I have sympathy for him, tho' I never took half the interest in my employer's business that he does in Brownell's. But I hate to see an ambitious man like Edgar, wasting his unusually fine business talents on people who don't appreciate them."

"But he has a good salary, brother; larger than the majority of clerks," urged Mrs. Sargent, in reply.

"That may be; but he is worth several hundred a year more than he gets. Were I in his place, I should strike for higher wages immediately. If I felt obliged to lead a dog's life, I would be paid for it; or at least make an effort to be."

"And perhaps lose your place altogether," suggested his sister.

"Very well—so much the better. He would be in a situation, then, to do something for himself."

"How?"

"By doing what I have so often recommended to him—going into business on his own responsibility."

"How can that be done without capital?"

"He has sufficient to commence with, and he can easily procure a couple of thousands if he needs them. Why, in a business that I can name, he could pay off his amount in two years, besides getting a handsome support. With a larger income, you could afford to live in better style. You ought to have a girl, Emma, to assist about the work; it really is not fitting that you should take so much upon yourself."

Emma Sargent laughed. Her round face and full figure gave so little evidence of hard labor or over-exertion, that she thought it possible her brother might be amusing himself at her expense, until a glance at his serious looking face induced her to give him credit for sincerity.

"Do I look as tho' I suffered from hard work?" she asked, playfully.

"I admit that you look charmingly—your cheeks are as red as cherries, and you certainly appear to enjoy excellent health. But one thing you must consider; you are continually at work, and get no time to appear in the street," replied the other.

"Will you please tell me why I should wish to appear in the street? Do you think the sphere of woman's duty is on the sidewalk in particular? Was I created only for the purpose of seeing and being seen? What possible good should I accomplish by promoting fashionable thoroughfares? Besides, I have no elegant clothing which I wish to display. My personal attractions are certainly not above mediocrity, and there's nobody that I desire to please in an especial manner—except my husband; and I have formed the opinion that I can please him the best by staying at home and attending to household affairs. And trivial employment, indeed, would it be for me to spend my time in covering my person with expensive dress, at the expense of Edgar's purse, and all just for the purpose of winning notice from the crowds that throng Washington Street, or the impertinent admiration of brainless fops, who saunter up and down such places of resort for the purpose of looking under ladies' bonnets, or making insipid and flippant remarks respecting their attire. Believe me, brother, I have more self-respect and a higher ambition, than to wish to shine on such a stage of action. Why, I had rather soil my fingers in dish-water, immerse them in a pan of dough, or endanger my complexion by frying doughnuts over the kitchen stove!"

"The fact is, my philosophical sister, you are doing the work of servants," was the reply of Rufus Granger.

"Well, as long as it is necessary labor, and subserves the purposes of both economy and health, affording me amusement at the same time, I can hardly consider it a degrading service. It cannot be called slavery, because it is entirely optional with me whether I perform such labor or not. Drudgery, it cannot be called, any more than taking down and putting back goods, bargaining with customers about prices, or any kindred employment; and you do that kind of work every day. Now if I had to tell so many tough stories, indulge in such extravagant terms of praise, and reiterate so often the hackneyed declaration that you are selling below cost, as you do in disposing of half a dozen yards of ribbon, I should feel myself infinitely more degraded than in baking a nice plate of white biscuits, putting the tea to steep, laying the table, or in performing any other household duty."

"You have very singular ideas, Mrs. Sargent. If you could only get time to write a few moral and economical essays for some of the reformatory journals, you might finish out your character as a domestic, strong-minded woman. Well, such notions I suppose are harmless, if not carried too far; but I didn't imagine you were going to subsidize into an old woman with a head full of practical principles, so soon after marriage. I had thought that you might give considerable time to the cultivation of your musical taste, the general improvement of your mind and manners—also make a laudable effort to get into the best society. If you were really ambitious, I think you would encourage Edgar to go into business for himself, in order that you might live more comfortably and independently; sink the kitchen and its kindred associations, and have the means of making a respectable figure in the world. As I have said, your husband has an excellent business talent, and might easily better his condition; make his mental capital his g. him more than a paltry thousand dollars per annum. I am much his inferior in tact and business qualifications, yet you see I have thrown up my clerkship and am going on swimmingly."

"You have not tried the experiment long enough to be able to speak advisedly of its ultimate results. You are yet a novice—the nearest neophyte in trade. The events of a year will tell a better story in regard to the wisdom of your procedure, than all you can say at present. I wish by no means to discourage your efforts; but I imagine when your notes begin to fall due, you will discover that to be a merchant without a large capital to commence with is not to be an independent man. Women have but little credit given them for perspicacity of judgment; yet they have a way of their own of arriving at things, which all human experience has proved to be quite correct, as a general truth."

"Women are wonderful creatures!" rejoined the brother, with a laugh.

"At that moment Mr. Sargent entered. "I am glad you have come," added the latter speaker, "for Emma and I have been discussing the subject of going into business, and incidental domestic economy growing out of the same. I cannot make the silly thing understand that it would be greatly for your interest to set up for yourself."

"I fear you will labor under the same difficulty with me," replied Mr. Sargent. "Come, sit up, and take tea with us. I have got the best cook in the world. See here come the biscuits smoking hot, beautifully baked, and the tea of Emma's making; I can always warrant."

"My dear fellow," returned the brother-in-law, "I had my tea at the proper time—an hour and a half ago. I'm no man's man now, and not obliged to go crawling home for a late supper after my master's done with me. There's nothing like having an establishment of one's own. However, as Emma has boasted so much about her biscuits, and for the sake of being sociable, I'll condescend to break bread with Mr. Brownell's clerk."

Mr. Sargent handsomely thanked him for his extreme graciousness, and the meal proceeded.

"We can't trust you to gas?"—Rufus Granger had just taken a large house with gas fixtures—observed Mrs. Sargent, archly; "but perhaps you can find the way to your mouth without it."

"I'll try to," he returned, and evidently succeeded; for several of her biscuits rapidly disappeared, notwithstanding he had taken his tea at a proper hour."

"In regard to going into business," remarked Edgar Sargent, resuming the subject, "I must say that reflection has completely driven the idea from my mind. I have been counting the cost, to use a scriptural phrase, and find that I have not wherewithal to commence. You have doubtless heard that very common-place proverb, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' and having a very good bird in my hand, I do not feel disposed to let it go, for the purpose of running after those in the bush, which, with all my running, I may never catch. My employer is pleased with me—I with him, and he has given me to understand that I shall not be the loser by devoting myself to his interest as I have done."

"O, that's what they all say!" rejoined Rufus. "It's a cheap kind of encouragement, which they can afford."

"I have no reason to doubt Mr. Brownell's sincerity and good faith. He appears very

much like a man of integrity. Keeping his books and transacting so much business for him, gives me ample opportunity to judge of his character for honesty of purpose. So far as I am able to draw conclusions, he deals honorably."

"Ah, I see you are building castles on his premises," said Granger.

"Not at all; you misapprehend me. I should prefer to remain in his employ with my present salary, without a hope of its being raised, rather than encounter all the hazards and perplexities of trying to become a merchant without capital."

"But you have something laid by, you know; as much as I had to begin with."

"What are a few hundred dollars? Why, to begin as I should wish to, I should be able to count my thousands. The moment I relinquish my salary, and go round begging for credit, I shall lose the glorious feeling of independence that I now enjoy. I am now able to pay my debts, or, more properly, to live without incurring them, and to procure every reasonable comfort necessary to my wife's happiness. She—bless her good sense—is contented, so am I. We have enough to eat, drink, and to wear, and good consciences make us merry. I am sure of receiving my salary, and am free from the care and responsibility of an establishment; have no heavy notes coming due, and am not obliged to run from friend to friend, asking 'if they have anything over to-day.' It's a dog's life to live—this running from store to store to scrape together money enough to take up paper which must be paid, in order to keep your concern in decent credit, and from tumbling down in a crash all about your ears. Better be a day-laborer, hand-carman, hod-carrier, or a plantation negro, than lead such a miserable, trucking, dependent, precarious existence. What is one thus circumstanced?—A mere cipher in the sum of business relations—the veriest slave of every one he owes, and of those from whom he wishes to borrow. What does he own in his store, or even his furniture at home, for that matter?—All that he sees and handles belongs to the wholesale dealers. Is he respected among those with whom he transacts business? By no manner of means. They tolerate him, but don't 'drum up' such customers—save for money's sake. These no-capital merchants may get credit, at first, but if they do not promptly redeem their paper, how long will it last? Not long, certainly, after they have failed to meet an engagement. A beginner may mean well, and try to be honest; yet that won't atone for want of experience, or give him the power to sell goods when nobody wants them. I do not now feel myself anybody's dependent; but, to-morrow, if I go into business for myself, the whole thing changes, and I shall, in time, come to tremble at the very 'crack' of a wholesale merchant's shoes. My friend, you may get along—meet all these difficulties and conquer them; but don't try to place me in a position so dangerous. The very thought of it makes me feel nervous. I know the chances would be against me, where nine out of ten have failed—completely embarrassed with obligations which they cannot meet, and must bear through life, as a heavy, harassing burden."

"I am looking for your gray hairs!" exclaimed Granger, dropping his knife, and staring at his brother-in-law, with mock gravity. "It only wants the authority of a few white locks about your temples, to transform you into a venerable old gentleman of vast experience. I wonder, now, what your age might be. I shouldn't set you above fifty or sixty."

"I'm afraid you don't like my wife's business," returned the other, humorously, passing the plate which had just been replenished.

"It is evident that he don't; he has eaten but four. I suspect if his Irish cook had made them, his appetite would be better," remarked Mrs. Sargent, with a smile.

"Your bread is good—a great deal better than your philosophy," retorted Rufus. "I believe both of you know more about the cuisine than business. I expect, of course, to have some rough weather—the sun don't shine all the time, neither does it rain continually. I hadn't formed the idea that a person could commune life on his own responsibility without some effort. You must do the best you can, and trust to luck."

"What's luck?" asked Edgar.

"Why, it's the general current of circumstances. I thought everybody knew what luck is."

"Trusting to luck, the way you employ the term, seems to me very much like rushing along with the crowd, without knowing where you are going."

"My dear Edgar, you don't see the point of the thing. You persist in looking only at the dark side. If you'll only make a bold push into business, I've no doubt but you'll clear two thousand dollars the first year, which is twice your present income. Just think of that! Well, all you've got to do to make it a reality, is to take your chance with the rest, and risk it."

"You've been in business five months. Now will you be good enough to tell me how much you have made in that time?"

Young Granger colored slightly, paused, reflected a moment, and finally answered, "that he had not yet made an estimate of his gains, although he was very well pleased with his experience, thus far. Besides," he added, "it cost him considerable to live."

"Are you sure that your profits pay the expenses of what you call living?"

"If I didn't entertain such an opinion, I shouldn't shut up," was the dry rejoinder.

"You bought the greater part of your stock on credit?"

"Yes."

"Six months?"

"Yes."

"That made of business may possibly answer with a very few discreet and prudent people, but I feel very confident that I have not shrewdness enough to make the two ends meet in such a case. My own household expenditures would necessarily come out of the sales, besides clerk hire, store rent, and a score of incidental expenses, which, taken together, would make quite a formidable sum. No person, whatever his energies may be, can take on heavy notes without the money; nor stave off his creditors a great while, however ingenious he may be at expedients. Such are my sentiments, honestly believed and frankly spoken. I will not go into business yet; I will wait at least a year, and see how you succeed."

"This is a very republican country, so you can follow the bent of your inclination; for my part, I'm tired of selling goods for other people, when I have a fortune yet to make."

Thereupon the subject of conversation was changed, and the young man soon after left for his own house. Rufus Granger, as will be perceived, had just entered into business for himself, as the phrase goes—poor business enough, it sometimes turns out to be for aspiring clerks destitute of money. He had formerly been head clerk in a flourishing house, with the same salary, that Sargent was then receiving. He got married—his wife was fond of show and

glitter, rather than a piano than conform to circumstances and attend to her own work; preferred walking the street to dusting the parlor, and putting things to rights, generally. As a consequence of this unfortunate disposition, she wanted a larger income. She grew discontented, and so did he; and after talking it over a while, he resigned his situation, procured credit, and launched upon the uncertain tide of trade. Things went along swimmingly for the first few months. A more spacious house was rented, new furniture bought, the old piano—a present from her father—was exchanged for a new one with elaborately carved legs. Mrs. Granger had a new gold watch and chain. Mr. Granger treated himself to a new horse and buggy, and, in fact, it seemed to be an era of new things. Well, this was all very pleasant and agreeable—so long as it lasted; but the last day of the first six months brought him up with a jerk—knocked him fairly off his equilibrium, and he never got his mercantile legs on again. Sundry little manuscripts, with his name appended, were placed before him. He couldn't dispute his autograph, and just over it were certain cabalistic characters, standing for a large amount. Notes arose troublesome things—they turn up like bad pennies, when you ain't looking for them; or they come, like accusing angels, to tell you how indiscreet you have been. Granger would have pocketed those bits of paper, if he could; but, unfortunately, he hadn't the cash—it had gone in various ways. Some of it was in the piano legs and French chairs—some of it was on his wife's person when she was in the street—some of it was represented by his horse and buggy—some of it was in his clerks' pockets, by way of salary—some of it made light in his gas burners—some of it went for luxuries for the table—and it was hard to tell where some of it didn't go.

Well, all this was the result of thoughtlessness, not of malice, as might be supposed; but that consideration could save him, and so he failed, and had the mortification of seeing his fine house stripped of its costly furnishings by creditors, who were angry at his extravagance. It was a severe but useful lesson—it willed him like a cold-shower-bath. His pride came down all in a heap. His wife strove hard to save the pieces, but finally gave up with a sigh of disappointment. The embryo merchant was left with dilapidated credit and no business. He would gladly have accepted his former clerkship, but could not get it.

A few months later, Edgar Sargent found out what Mr. Brownell meant when he declared he should be no loser by his faithful attention to his business; for, to his surprise, he was offered a partnership in the house, which he of course accepted, enabling him to give his brother-in-law a comfortable clerkship in the concern; a situation of which he was greatly in need. The latter was conscious of having erred in his notions respecting 'going into business,' and his ideas of domestic economy underwent a notable change. His wife came down from her 'high horse,' condescending to take lessons in bread-making of her husband's sister. Thereafter she so improved her ideas of domestic life, that she made him a very comfortable home; so that he said more than once, in Emma's hearing, that he had only one thing to regret, and that was, 'Going into business.'

How to MAKE CRAYONS.—Every school room has, or should have, blackboards. On these, chalk is almost universally employed. There are many objections to the use of chalk, not least of which is, that after a problem is performed, the finger and clothing present a dirty white appearance. Crayons are far preferable.—Could they be generally employed, it would be a favor done to some delicate hands, to say nothing of a large amount of wearing apparel.

White crayons may be made of Paris white or Spanish white, which is nearly the same, and wheaten flour and water.—The correct proportions are five pounds of Paris white, one pound of flour, and sufficient water to make a dough of these materials, hard enough not to crumble, and soft enough to roll. Little balls are then rolled into cylinders about the size of a pipe stem and laid away in a warm place, or the sun, to dry; the drying will generally require from twelve to twenty-four hours.

The process of rolling may be performed upon a table, or a flat board. This process will be expedited somewhat, and the crayons be of a more equal size, if a rolling board be employed; which is simply a strip of board, say a foot in length, and eight or ten inches in width, with a handle on the top, and with the edges upraised about a third of an inch in thickness on the one side of the lower surface, on which it may slide back and forth, as the crayons are rolled. With apparatus simple as this, crayons may be made with great rapidity and cheapness. Every school contains some lad possessing skill enough to manufacture them with ease. The expense is trifling, scarcely greater than that of chalk, while it is far superior.—Massachusetts Teachers.

Mulching with Wood-Shavings.

E. Herry, in the New England Farmer, recommends wood-shavings as a mulch for young orchards. He says:—

Having a few fruit trees set on a barren knoll, which, although he had yearly received a liberal mulching with grass, assumed the appearance of premature decay, and in fact had already taken the down hill course, I resolved to try the effect of mulching with shavings. Around each tree I put two barrels of shavings, within a circle of eight feet in diameter, leaving a small space between the shavings and the tree to be filled with fresh earth. To keep the shavings snug, a thin coat of grass was spread over the whole.

So well satisfied was I with the result, I last year used upwards of a hundred barrels, which has proved equally beneficial to the trees, while the first I mulched continued to thrive even beyond my expectations.

Mail and Passenger COACH between G. S. L. City and Independence, will leave Hawkins' 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: Port 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.

PEACH TREES
FOR SALE.—Apply to JOSEPH CAIN, at the Post Office. 48-31

WANTED.
500 HEAD of Cattle, consisting of Cows, Heifers, Steers, and Oxen, at J. M. HOKNER & CO'S.

NOTICE.
The highest price paid for Bark and Sumac. Information given to those who desire it, when to cut, and how to cure Sumac for tanning purposes. 34-6m WM. FIELD.

FOR SALE
AT Dry Creek, Utah, fifteen acres of good land; a city lot; a good adobe house with two rooms, granary, and fowl house; two hog pens, cattle pen, and stack yard. Inquire of J. HANDFORD, Dry Creek, Utah.

JAMES SHELTERDINE
Will give a good price for Fox and Wolf Skins, also Beaver, Muskrat, and all other kinds. Hat Shop on Emigration street, two blocks east of East Temple street. Come on with your skins and encourage home manufactures. 47-31

A STRAY COW.
DEEP Red, bush of the Tail white; a few white hairs under the belly; an under slope in both ears; five years old. She had a calf last spring. Also, a Black Steer, three years old next spring. No brands visible. JOHN W. HESS, Found-keeper, Farmington, Davis County.

\$20 REWARD
Will be paid for the following Strays (or \$5 for either of them): a Black Horse, branded Y on the left hip; a White Horse, branded Y on the left hip; a Black Horse, branded Y on the left hip, and a Black Horse, branded Y on the left hip. J. W. CROSBY, 17th Ward.

TAILORING.
THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the citizens of Great Salt Lake City that he has re-commenced business at the 'Whip Factory,' opposite Elder Orson Hyde's provision store, where all kinds of work in Tailoring, such as Cutting, Making-up, &c. &c. will be done on the shortest notice and the best style. Produce, Tithing Orders, &c. taken in pay. WM. H. DARGER, 45th

HO, FOR THE STATES.
THE undersigned designs to start east for the States, on or about the first of April. He takes this method to invite the citizens of the Utah Territory, who wish to go East this coming spring, to report their names at the Deseret Store, in order that a sufficient company may be organized to travel safely through the Indian country. THOS. S. WILLIAMS, 48-31

FOR SALE.
AT THE Salt Lake City Post Office, Stamped Envelopes at the following rates:— Three cent letter-size, at \$3.20 per 100. Six do do 6.20 do Six cent official size, at 6.20 do Post Masters, Merchants, and others in the Territory can be furnished with any of the above by remitting the cash. E. SMITH, P. M., 44-31

UTAH LIBRARY.
ALL persons having books in their possession belonging to the Utah Library, are requested to return the same by the 7th day of February next, in order that I may comply with a Resolution passed by the Legislative Assembly, Jan. 19, 1855.

N.B. The Library Room will be open every day up to the 12th of February, from 9 a.m. until 3 p.m. WM. C. STAINES, Librarian.

To Traders, Emigrants, and Freighters.
MESSRS. WARD & GUERRIER, at Sandy Point, 7 miles west of Port Laramie, on the main emigration road, would invite the citizens of the States, and the public generally, that they will constantly keep on hand at their station, a good supply of fresh animals, groceries, provisions, and general assorted merchandise, which they will furnish on reasonable terms. They will also trade for cattle, mules, and horses. 30th WARD & GUERRIER.

Great Scotland, What Now?
WHY
GEORGE GODDARD has turned Auctioneer, and is Selling Off daily by Public Auction his valuable stock of Merchandise, and if you want to dispose of any Mules, Horses, Cows, Cattle, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Furniture, &c., for cash, G. G. will sell them for you at public auction, on commission.

GEORGE GODDARD, Auctioneer, East Temple street.

CITY GARDENS.
FRUIT AND SHADE TREES FOR SALE.
THE Subscriber has on hand, quite a variety of TREES, which he offers to the public at a fair price, also dwarf and marrowfat peas, or top turnips, the sweet kind for a crop, and a general assortment of Garden Seeds. Asparagus beds made to order; asparagus roots, pea plants, or rhubarb, and every variety of vegetables in their season supplied in good order, and on reasonable terms. W. C. STAINES, 49-31

Garden Seeds for Sale.
THE Subscriber offers for sale a general assortment of Garden Seeds, raised in his garden last year 1854. Every attention has been paid to grow seeds from such kinds of vegetables that are the most productive and best adapted to the Valley; it can therefore be depended upon as fresh and the best quality, without salt, and at moderate prices for cash, flour, grain, butter, eggs, &c.—N.B. Work in garden and manure will be taken in exchange for seeds on liberal terms. EDWARD SAYERS, 12th Ward.

United States Mail to Mantu.
THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the citizens of Utah, that the United States Mail Coach, for passengers and parcels, will leave B. Hawkins' Hotel, Great Salt Lake City, every Thursday, at 6 a.m., and arrive at Mantu every Saturday at 6 p.m.; leave Mantu every Monday at 6 a.m., and arrive at Great Salt Lake City every Wednesday at 6 p.m.

Passengers or parcels to Union, Draperville, Lehi, American Fork, Pleasant Grove, Fort, Springville, Palmyra, Payson, Nephi, Port Ephraim, and Mantu, will be carried on reasonable terms. 47th JOHN DALEY.

NOTICE.
I have in my possession the following Stray Cattle. One dark brindled Cow, all in each ear, a little white in face and on hind legs, white belly, and branded O on left horn. Also, a heifer Calf supposed to belong to the cow. One red Cow, white face and belly; under bit in each ear, no brands. One white Steer with red head and neck, a little white in face and crop off right ear, brand on left hip, no plain. Also one red and flea-bitten white steer, crop off right ear and branded J Y on left horn. The owners are requested to prove property pay charges and take them away. A. HILL, 47-1 Mill Creek, G. S. L. County.

ADAMS & CO'S
GREAT SALT LAKE CITY
EXPRESS.

Will be dispatched, on or about the first of every month for California, Sandwich Islands, Australia, Atlantic States and Europe. All treasures, valuable packages, and parcels forwarded by our Express are insured and forwarded to destination in charge of Messengers, without detention. Exchange for sale, on London, New York, and San Francisco, to a limited amount. Letters, papers, and collections will receive the utmost care.

Particular attention will be paid to the purchasing, and forwarding of any goods that may be ordered from San Francisco. Office—with Livingston, Kincaid & Co. ADAMS & CO., per FELIX TRACY, Jr., 43-31

A WARNING!
ALL MEMBERS of the 19th QUORUM of SEVENTIES are informed, that meeting of this Quorum are held every WEDNESDAY evening, in the shop of Dr. John Hawkins, opposite G. D. Watt's new building, at half past six o'clock.

Members, whether residing in this city, or elsewhere, who do not attend, or report themselves, at our meetings, will be considered delinquent, their names erased from the Quorum Record, and others ordained in their stead.

JAMES MOORE,
JAMES TOWNSEND,
JOHN KAY,
JAMES MCKNIGHT,
48-31 Presidents residing in G. S. L. City.

UNITED STATES MAIL.
BY the present arrangements made by the Department, the Mails are to leave and arrive at Salt Lake City as follows:—

The Southern Mail to Mantu will leave every Thursday morning, and arrive every Wednesday evening.

The California Mail via Fillmore, Parowan, and Cedar City, U. T. and San Bernardino, Cal., to San Diego will leave the 1st day and arrive by the 28th of every month.

The Mail to Tooele City leaves every Monday morning, and arrives on Tuesday evening.

The Ogden Mail leaves every Monday morning, and arrives every Tuesday and Friday evening.

The Eastern Mail leaves the first, and should arrive by the last day of each month.

The Eastern and California Mails are closed at 4 p.m. the last day of each month—where correspondents will do well to remember.

E. SMITH, P. M.