

## Farmers' Girls

Up in the early morning, just at the peak of day,  
Feeding the milk in the dairy, turning the cows away,  
Sweeping up the floor in the kitchen, making the beds  
up stairs,  
Washing the breakfast dishes, dusting the parlor chairs,  
Brushing the crumbs from the pantry, hunting for eggs at  
the barn,  
Cleaning the troughs for dinner, spinning the cotton yarn,  
Spreading the whitening linen down on the bushes below,  
Bannacking every meadow where the red strawberries  
grow,  
Starching the 'fixins' for Sunday, churning the snowy  
cream,  
Rinsing the pails and strainer down in the running  
stream,  
Feeding the geese and turkeys, making the pumpkin pies,  
Joggling the little one's cradle, driving away the flies,  
Caring in every nation, music in every tone,  
Beauty of form and feature thousands might covet  
to share that rival spring roses, teeth the whitest of pearls,  
One of these country maids is worth a score of city girls.

[From the Belle Assemblée.  
AN IRISH STORY.

Some time ago I was pleasantly surprised by  
receiving a visit from Harry Stanley, an old  
and valued friend of mine, who owns a noble  
plantation some ten miles distant from my residence.  
He had heard, as usual, as country folk  
often do, not so much because of any particular  
business he had with me, as to have a chat  
about old times, and the crops, and politics, and  
those lesser matters of common interest to both.

As I had not seen Harry for several months,  
owing to the illness of Mrs. Stanley, his visit  
was even more than usually agreeable to me,  
inasmuch as it proved that my old college chum  
was still the same frank, easy, warm-hearted  
fellow as ever. My first question naturally  
touched upon the health of Mrs. Stanley, which  
I was gratified to learn had greatly improved of  
late. Afterwards we fell into a social confab,  
and when the newer topics of the day were ex-  
hausted, Harry strolled with me around the farm,  
noting with a practiced eye the growing grain,  
and speculating upon the probabilities of a  
bountiful harvest.

Having extended our walk across the fields,  
we took to the hills beyond, and at length  
seated ourselves beneath a fine old chestnut-  
tree, from whence there was a noble prospect  
of the surrounding country. Taking a cigar  
from a case he was accustomed to carry in his  
pocket, my friend proceeded leisurely to light it,  
and when this feat was accomplished, and a  
few whiffs had been inhaled, all at once, and  
to my great surprise, he suddenly broke out  
with, 'I say, Urban, do you know anything of  
one Peter Mulrooney?'

'Why do you ask?' said I.  
'Oh, nothing; only he claims you as a warm  
friend of his, and I thought I'd like to see  
him. I don't want to bother you, however, but  
happening just then to need a hand, I hired him at once,  
and I do assure you his character soon made it  
self-evident without any further trouble. After  
he had been with me for a week or so, doing  
nothing properly, I thought it just possible my  
might have discharged him for some misde-  
meanor or other, and concluded to catechize my  
gentleman a little. 'So you know Mr. Urban,  
Mulrooney?' said I.

'Dear sir,' said he, 'I'm proud I am to say  
that name; for sure there isn't a decenter janti-  
man, barin' it's yourself, in all America.'  
'I am happy to hear him so well spoken of,  
but, if you were so much attached to him, why  
did you quit his service?'

'Sorra one o' me knows,' he replied, 'a little  
easily, anyhow.'  
'I dare say not. But what did you do after  
you left Mr. Urban?'

'Och, bad luck to me, sir,' twas the foolishest  
thing in the world. I married a widdy, sir.  
'And became a householder, eh?'

'Angh! he exclaimed, with an expression of  
intense disgust, 'the house wouldn't hold me  
long; 'twas too hot for that, I do be thinkin'.  
'Humph! You found the widow too fond of  
having her own way, I suppose?'

'Thrice for you sir; an' a mighty crooked way  
it was, that same, an' that's no lie.'  
'She managed to keep you straight I dare  
say.'

'Strut! Och, by the powers, Mither  
Stanley, ye may say that! If I'd swallowed a  
singer's rainrod, 'tisn't straighter I'd be been.'  
'And the result was, that not approving of  
the widow's discipline, you ran away and left  
her?'

'Sure, sir, 'twas sister done nor that. Her  
first husband, b' the luck to him I say, saved  
me the trouble o' that.'  
'Her first husband? What, had she another  
husband living?'

'Oh, yes, one Michael Conolly, a sayfin'  
man, that was reported dead; but he came back  
one day, an' I restored him his wife and  
children. Oh, but 'twas a proud man I was to  
be free again.'

With these explanations our conversation for  
the time terminated; but, some days afterwards,  
a coat, of no great value, looking rather slug-  
gish and heavy, I thought I would tell Mither  
Peter's usefulness about the stables, so I sent  
for him to come to the house. 'Peter,' said I,  
'do you think I could trust you to give the  
black filly a warm mash this evening? As he  
stared at me for a minute or two without reply-  
ing, I repeated the question.

'Is it a mash, sir?' said he. 'Sure I'd like  
to be plain yer honor, any way, an' that's  
no lie.'

As he spoke, however, I fancied I saw a  
strange sort of puzzled expression flit across  
his face; but, taking it for granted he knew what  
I meant, I paid at the time no further attention  
to it. The conversation which followed imme-  
diately, by one of those singular coinci-  
dences which so frequently happen in life, turn-  
ing upon the subject of horses, tended still  
more to impress me with that belief. Now don't  
laugh, Urban; for though I perceive, by your  
quizzical look that you are pretty well acquainted  
with your Irish friend, even you cannot possi-  
bly have any conception of the manner in which  
the affair terminated.

'Is some egregious blunder, Stanley, I'll be  
bound. But pray, proceed with your narra-  
tive.'

'Peter stood for some time craning his head  
enviously between his hands, and occasionally  
shifting the weight of his gaunt person from one  
foot to another, until I began at length to enter-  
tain a faint suspicion that perhaps he had not  
exactly understood me after all; so I said to him,  
'A warm brain mash for the black filly; you will  
not forget it, I hope, Mulrooney?'

'Och, 'tis an illegit' memory I have,' said he,  
'an' niver a word drops from yer honor's lips,  
but I'll be bound to hold it as fast as the lob-  
ster did Neal McGowk.'

'How was that, Peter?' said I.  
'Bedad, sir, 'tis a queer story,' said he,  
bursting out into one of his rich laughs. 'You  
see, sir, there wasn't a handier boy in the  
matter of horse-flesh in all the County of Galway  
than Neal McGowk. Aye! but it 'twas he  
that had the keen eye for a bit of the real blood;  
an' so the rich gentry all the country round  
purchased him, an' called him Mither  
McGowk, an' treated him to a bit o' a sup; an'  
maybe they sometimes crossed his hands wid  
silver and gold besides. 'Deed, sir, 'twas  
mighty affectionate they wor wid him. 'Twas  
always, 'The top o' the mornin' to ye, Mither  
Neal,' or 'Tis glad I am to see ye, Mither  
McGowk!' For they entertained a respect for  
his scientific acquirements in the matter of  
horses that was beautiful to see. Whenever  
they wanted to buy a splendid hunter, or a  
span of fine horses for my lady, or a pony about  
the size of a month-old calf for the childer,  
who but Neal McGowk must ride wid them to  
the fair, an' the market, an' discourse upon

the qualities of the fastest? By a mysterious  
gift he could tell their ages, too—  
''Tis not at all difficult,' said I, 'a little  
contemporaneously. Any fool can tell that by  
looking at their teeth.'

''Tis of Irish horses I am speakin', yer honor,'  
responded Peter with an air of the utmost sim-  
plicity.

'I know of no difference between Irish and  
American horses in that respect,' said I, laugh-  
ing.

'Oh, but did I ever hear the likes o' that!' ex-  
claimed Peter. 'Sure it doesn't become a poor  
boy to impeach yer honor's lance; but—here  
he cast a queer sidelong glance at me from un-  
der his half-closed eyelids—there isn't an old  
maid, wid all her silks, an' her satins, an' her  
gould, an' her bright, sparklin' jewels, that  
does be more fractious about havin' her age  
told than an Irish horse.'

'It was almost impossible to resist this; but I  
managed to restrain my disposition to burst out  
into a hearty roar, and merely said, 'Pah! pah!  
Have done with your nonsense, Mulrooney, and  
go on with your story.'

'Sure enough 'twas by the teeth, sir, that he  
could tell the age of a horse; for who would I be  
telling yer honor a lie about it? But 'twas only  
the coaxin' yer head that put the comethor on the  
jealous baste, and persuaded it to open its  
mouth.'

'Ah, I know; you Irish are famous for blarney-  
in fact, sir, that's the name, say Peter.  
Well, Neal was but a poor creature after all;  
for by reason of the gentry colloquy wid him,  
he began to turn the coward shoulder to his  
old friends, an' to brag, an' to boast, as if he  
knew the world for wisdom. Arrah, where was  
the use of a decent man demanin' himself in  
that way? Well, one day he took it into his  
head to travel to Dublin for divarshin; an' a  
mighty purty divarshin he made of it, sure  
enough. Och, but it's a beauty of a city, that  
same Dublin, wid its four courts, an' its strates  
o' fine houses, an' its College green, an' its  
bridges over the Liffey! By-an'-by, Neal  
struth to the market. Bedad, but 'twas his  
evil genius took him there, I do be thinkin'!

'After admiring the haps of pittoresque, and the  
lashing of beef, an' mutton, an' other vegetables  
of a similar character, he comes to a fisher-  
man's stall, where he sees iver so many black  
things pokin' out their thin legs an' divarvin'  
them back agin, in a lazy sort of a way.

'What's that?' sez Neal to the fisherman.  
'Lobsters,' sez the man.  
'Lobsters?' sez Neal. 'Lobsters are  
red crayfishers, as red as snijers' coats,' sez he;  
'for Mithers Hoolaghan, the housekeeper at  
Squire Doolin's, told me so.'

'Mithers Hoolaghan is a decent woman, an'  
tells the truth,' sez the fisherman. 'Tis the  
billy' does it. The hot water turns 'em.'  
'Aye! but that bastes Bannagher!' sez Neal.  
'I'll be plazed to sell ye one!' sez the man.  
'Tis the illigantest atin!' 'Tis what they feed  
the great lords and ladies upon.'

'So Neal thought what a mighty fine thing it  
would be to take a lobster home wid him, an'  
dine, for want in his life, for all the world like  
a jentleman.'

'Is this baste fat?' sez Neal, pointin' wid his  
finger to the biggest fellow on the board.  
'Begorra, ye might try him down an' make  
sparn cannies out of him,' sez the fisherman.  
'But it strikes me the baste isn't young,'  
sez Neal, dubiously.

'Tis aye to see for yerself,' sez the fisher-  
man, slyly.  
'How will I do that?' sez Neal.  
'Hain't he got two mouths wid teeth in 'em?'  
sez the fisherman.

'Bedad, but that's true,' sez Neal.  
'An' wid that, he lays hold of it, as bold as  
brass—when wowl clip goes the claws into his  
hand.'

'Och, mother! cries Neal, shakin' his hand  
wid the black lobster clingin' to it, an' he skip-  
pin' about like a monkey on a barrel-organ.  
'Murder! I'll be killed intirely!' sez he. 'Take  
the baste off, ye will! 'Tis a dead man I am  
this blessed day! Och widdy! what'll be-  
come of Biddy an' the childer? Murder!  
murder! the varmint is suckin' all the blood  
from my body. 'Tis that makes the lobsters  
so red. Sure I ought to have known it afore.  
Oh, blessed Saint Patrick, whill I do! Good  
people have pity on me! 'Tis a poor devil I am,  
wid a wife an' six childer down in Galway.  
Take the baste off I say! Will any good  
jentleman cut his head off, or run a knife down his  
throat?'

'But the crowd they wor schreechin' wid  
laughter, an' houldin' their sides, an' niver a  
soul o' 'em stirred, till a big butcher bruk  
through 'em wid his cleaver.'

'Hould yer hand down upon the board,' sez  
he to Neal. And wid that, he chopt off the  
claws, an' set McGowk free.

'Now, I'll pay ye for the lobster, if ye please,  
sez Neal, in a passion to the fisherman.  
'Och,' sez the man, 'if 'tis a batin' ye're  
welcome to it.' An' wid that he seizes a couple  
of lobsters by the small of the back, and  
flourishes them at arms' length. 'Arrah, come  
on!' sez he.

But, as soon as Neal heard the lobsters  
shakin' an' rattlin' niver his face, he drops his  
bats an' runs out of Dublin, wid the people  
shoutin' at his heels. Felix when he came  
back to Galway, there wasn't none o' the boys  
that wor bound enough to ask Neal McGowk to  
tell 'em the age of a lobster by lookin' at his  
teeth. An' that's the story, sir.

'Very admirably embellished, I dare say  
and now, Mulrooney, I can dispense with you  
for the present; so bear in mind what I told  
you.'

'About the mash, sir?'

'Certainly, about the mash.'  
Still, Peter unaccountably lingered; and I was  
about to ask why he waited, when he said,  
softly,

'I beg you pardon sir; but 'tis bothered intirely  
I am. Will I give her an old country  
mash, or an Ameriky mash?'

'I don't know of any distinction between  
them,' I answered, rather puzzled in my mind  
at what he was aiming. I found afterwards he  
was ignorant of what a mash was. 'I don't  
know,' said I, 'of any distinction between them.'

'Arrah, 'tis reasonable enough that ye shouldn't  
responded Peter.  
'Look here, Mulrooney, said I, impatiently.  
'I want you to put about two double handfuls  
of bran into a bucket of warm water, and after  
stirring the mixture well, to give it to the black  
filly. That is what we call a brain mash in this  
country. Now, do you perfectly understand me?'

'Good luck to yer honor,' replied Peter,  
looking very much relieved; for the rasnal had  
got the information that he was fishing for.  
'Good luck to ver honor, what 'ud I be good for  
if I didn't? Sure, 'tis the old country mash  
after all.'

'I thought as much,' said I; 'so now away  
with you, and be sure you make no mistake.'  
'Tisn't likely I'll do that, sir,' said he, look-  
ing very confidently. 'But about the warm  
water, sir?'

'There's plenty to be had in the kitchen.'  
'An' the naygur? Will I say till her 'tis yer  
honor's orders?'

'Certainly, she'll make no difficulty.'  
'Och, begorra, 'tisn't a little I care for that  
But will I give her the full of the bucket, sir?'

'Twill do her no harm,' said I carelessly.  
And with that Peter made his best bow, and de-  
parted from the presence.

It might have been some ten minutes after  
this that Mrs. Stanley entered the room where I  
was sitting, and as she was still somewhat of  
an invalid, I laid down the book I had in my  
hand, and leading her to the sofa, arranged the  
pillows to her liking.

Both their voices appeared  
to be a good deal raised as I crossed the hall;  
and I heard the man say something about some  
orders he had given him.

'Oh, 'tis nothing, my dear,' I said, half  
laughing. 'I understand it all. Mulrooney  
requires some warm water, which Philis, who  
bears him no love, has, I suspect, declined to  
give him.'

My explanation scarcely satisfied Mrs. Stan-  
ley, who seemed to think that the disturbance  
was greater than would be likely to arise from  
such a trifle. However, she said nothing more,  
and was searching for a passage in my book  
which I thought would please her, when all at  
once we were startled by a distant crash of  
crackery—ware—plates and dishes in fact, as I  
afterwards discovered. To add to our annoy-  
ance, this crash was speedily followed by a half  
suppressed shriek. Mrs. Stanley started up,  
in alarm.

'Do go and see what is the matter, George,'  
said she. 'I told you I was sure it was some-  
thing serious. That Irishman will be the death  
of Philis some of these days; they are always  
quarrellin'.'

'Scarcely pausing to listen to the closing por-  
tion of my wife's speech, I hurried from the  
room, on a sword heard, as I passed through the  
hall, an increasing clamor in the kitchen beyond.  
First of all came the shrill voice of Philis.

'Hain't done, I say! I won't hain't done to do  
wid the stuff, nairaway!'

'You ugly an' contrary old naygur, don't  
I tell ye 'tis the mather's orders?' I heard  
Peter respond.

'Taint no such thing. Go away, you poor  
white Irish! I tell 'ee I won't. Who ebbas  
heard of a colored 'oman taking a brain mash  
afore, I'd like to know?'

The whole truth of what I had been suspect-  
ing for some time flashed upon me at once, and  
the fun of the thing struck me so irresistibly  
that I hesitated for a while to break in upon it.

'Arrah, be aisy, can't ye? an' take the dose  
like a decent naygur!'

'Go away, I tell 'ee!' screamed Philis. 'I'll  
call missus, dat I will!'

'Och, by this an' 'hy that,' said Peter, reso-  
lutely, 'if 'tis about to frighten the beautiful  
mistress ye are, an' she sick too at this same  
time, I'll soon put a stop to that.'

Immediately afterwards, I heard the sound of  
his heavy steps across the kitchen floor, and then  
came a short scuffle and a stifled scream. Con-  
cluding that it was now time for me to inter-  
fere, I moved quickly on, and just as the  
scuffling gave way to smothered sobs and broken  
exclamations, I flung open the door and looked  
in. The first thing that caught my eye was  
Philis seated in a chair, sputtering and gasping;  
while Mulrooney, holding her head under his  
left arm, was employing his right hand in con-  
veying a tin cup of brain mash from the bucket  
at his side to her upturned mouth.

'What, in the name of all that is good, are you  
doing now, Mulrooney?' said I.  
'Sure, sir,' said he, 'what an' I do but give  
black Philis the warm mash, accordin' to yer  
honor's orders! Agh, the hyphant! Bad  
decs to her! 'tis trouble enough I've had to  
make her reasonable and obedient, an' that's no  
lie—the stupid old thafe of a naygur!'

My dear Urban, you may imagine the finale  
to so rich a scene; even Mrs. Stanley caught the  
infection and laughed heartily. As for Peter,  
the last I heard of him was his muttering, as he  
walked away—

'Agh! why didn't he tell me? If they call  
naygurs fillys, and horses fillys, how the devil  
should I know the diff're?'

'If I were a rich man.'

'If I were a rich man,' said Mr. Harris.  
'And suppose you were, neighbor, what  
then?' said Mr. Brown, who overheard this  
exclamation.

'Why, I'd give to the poor, and reap the  
pleasure of charity.'

'You would, would you?'

'Yes, sir, most certainly.'

'And wouldn't wish to keep a trifle for  
this purpose and for that, and ride in your  
carriage, when you might as well go a-foot.'

'No, sir—not I, Mr. Brown.'

'And would prove an honorable exception  
among men—would you?'

'I should try, I think.'

'But what makes you think you would be  
so much better than the rich in general?'

'Oh, I can't say exactly; I suppose it is be-  
cause I so frequently experience the inco-  
veniences of poverty.'

'You poor! Mr. Harris. Why, I always  
considered you a wealthy man.'

'Me wealthy! Why, sir, I could not muster  
five hundred dollars, if I should sell every-  
thing I possess. Right! I'd like to own my  
dinner before I eat it; I am sure I should  
grow fat at the bare thought.'

But Mr. Harris, what would you really do  
if you were as rich as Jacob Astor?'

'Well, I don't know exactly what I would  
do with so much money as he had; but one  
thing is certain, I'd give all the poor in the  
neighborhood one good dinner.'

The wholesome resolves 'to do something  
for his neighbors' were undoubtedly forgot-  
ten in the multiplicity of cares which now  
encumbered our rich friend, unless we re-  
count the feastings he gave those who were  
able to feast in turn, as worthy of the title.

Not that Mr. Harris possessed less kindly  
impulses than in former times. Not so—  
He was ever a neighborly man, and ready to  
assist others according to his ability. Once  
his expenses were few, because his income  
was limited; now his position furnished a  
necessity for larger expenditures, and he  
really had nothing left to give. At last so he  
convinced himself, and endeavored to con-  
vince others. Nor is this an exception to the  
general manifestation of suddenly ac-  
quired wealth.

If man is omnivorous in any passion, it  
must be love of gold, not for its own sake  
alone, so much as the gratification it insures.  
Wealth can purchase honor, fame, luxury,  
might and right, everything but—and un-  
happy a poor rich man grows as he hears the  
'but' happiness.

Thank, thank God! is the poor man's  
birthright, if he will but lawfully claim the  
 boon. Honor may come to the back of a  
silver wand. Fame may wreath the laurels  
to bind the brow already decked with pur-  
chased brilliancy, and luxury may pamper  
until manliness is lost; but peace, content-  
ment, without which gold is vain, is won  
'without money and without price.'

In process of time, Mr. Harris fell ill—  
Mr. Brown, who never lost sight of his old  
friend, now renewed his former friendly in-  
tercourse. Dim recollections of a former  
conversation once held with the same Mr.  
Brown, haunted the sick man's mind. He  
was willing to be tempted; his wish had  
been granted, and like many others he had  
proved himself a frail man. During his  
protracted illness, recollections of neglected  
opportunities, and wasteful extravagance  
troubled him. Resolutions for the future  
were frequently avowed, but, through the  
arrangements of Providence, nipped in the  
bud. The man who but a few years ago  
found his heart so deeply touched with sym-  
pathy for his fellows, had not fulfilled his  
better promptings when means were in his  
power, and sought therefore to atone for past  
neglect by bestowing in one generous be-  
quest that which he could no longer retain,  
purchasing at once a name in the world for  
charity, and a right to be remembered at  
the portals of Heaven. Mayhap the knowl-  
edge of his ultimate benefactions precluded  
his own appearance there, but unbelief ques-  
tions the efficacy of such claims of admis-  
sion.

Were this an overdrawn or solitary case,  
charity would prompt us to drop the reil, and  
aid him God speed in his journey to the  
tomb. But many a man with means at his  
command to alleviate much of human suf-  
fering, pleads inability, with the piteous ad-  
dendum, 'If I were only rich.'

'If I were only rich.' What then? The  
good performed in this world is not estimat-  
ed by dollars and cents, by him who seeth  
the heart. There was once a poor widow  
more commended for the bestowal of two  
mites, than her wealthier compere for their  
large oblations. 'Do good as ye have op-  
portunity.'—Troy Budget.

From the Mayville Express, Extra, Aug. 13th.  
Dreadful Explosion—Eight hundred  
kegs of Powder burned.

Last night, at a quarter past twelve o'clock,  
the magazine, situated on the Mayville and Lock-  
port turnpike road, at the lower end of the city,  
was fired by miscreants unknown, and its con-  
tents, eight hundred kegs of blasting and rifle pow-  
der burned, causing a terrific explosion and great  
destruction of property. In the neighborhood of  
the magazine fired were two other magazines con-  
taining powder, which were blown up, and a part  
of the powder it is supposed burned. There were  
two distinct explosions preceded by flashes of  
vivid light. Not a house in the city of Mayville,  
East Mayville, or Aberdeen escaped injury. The  
houses on Fourth street, near the scene of the ex-  
plosion, had the roofs lifted off and walls crum-  
pled so as to render them untenable. Many houses  
on second and third streets were perforated with  
stones and the walls smashed. A stone weighing  
14 pounds was found in Aberdeen, one and a  
third miles from the spot. The stones on the  
turnpike were lifted from their bed, and the road  
multituded.

No one was killed. Wm. P. Couvral was the  
only person seriously injured; he received sundry  
cuts and bruises, and two large stones were found  
in the bed where he was sleeping. A negro  
woman was also slightly injured. The common  
School house, the houses of J. W. Rand and his  
seminary, of J. Bierhoefer, Blain, James Spat-  
ting, Dr. Sexton, together with many others, are  
in ruins. Indeed, the same may be said of all the  
buildings in the city. The doors are broken from  
the hinges, window sashes smashed, walls curved  
and broken, and the whole city presents a scene  
of desolation, rarely, if ever witnessed. \$250,  
000, it is thought, will be required to put the  
houses in a comfortable, safe and tenable con-  
dition.

One thousand dollars reward has been offered  
for the perpetrators of this act, and Judge Du-  
vall has called a special term of the Criminal  
Court, in order that investigation may be had be-  
fore the Grand Jury.

He Ought to Know.—John Wentworth,  
member of Congress from Illinois, says: 'Wash-  
ington, with all its beauty, is a heartless, wicked  
place. It is one great gambling den, where the  
stukas are officers, and the players legislators;  
everybody says that everybody are racials and  
knaves, and everybody acts as if he believed  
what everybody says was true.'

WHEAT & HOPS, at  
sup28-29-31  
A CARD.

We beg leave to say that our Large Train of  
Assorted Bedchamber and Bathing Goods,  
and having taken the basement story of the  
Hotel, will offer them for sale, Cheap,  
on Monday next.

MIDDLETON and RILEY,  
G. S. L. City, Sept. 1854. 29-31.

GREAT ATTRACTION  
AT THE VALLEY STORE.—Goods at Re-  
duced Prices at the Valley Store, south  
corner of the Union Hotel.

The subscribers have reduced the prices on  
all their goods, and are now selling at astonishing  
Low Rates.

Our goods comprise a general assortment of the  
best quality ever brought to this market, and  
will be sold at extremely low prices for cash and  
produce.

Call, and you will be well pleased with prices  
and quality.

We would call the particular attention of the  
ladies to our extensive assortment of Gloves and  
Hosiery of every description.

Also in our stock of fine Shoes,—such as black  
lacking gallica, fancy colored and blue ditto,  
white and colored kid, and Jenny Lind kid  
and wing and buttoned. See &c.

Dress Goods consisting in part of plain black  
and champagne silks, plain and plaid silk, poplins,  
challies, challi serge, herge, delaines, mousseli-  
delaines, all wool ditto, plain and bare, French  
and Scotch gingham.

A complete assortment of white goods, such as  
plain and dotted guises, India black and soft  
milk, plain and bare, jacquets, Irish linen, linen  
handkerchiefs, plain and embroidered collars,  
chemises, undersleeves, &c. &c.

Horses and work cattle for sale. Flour,  
wheat, oats, and other produce wanted.

KINNEY, GREENE, and CO.  
Valley Store, G. S. L. City, Sept. 27, 1854.

LOOK HERE!  
FURTHER Reduction in Prices at the Deseret  
Store. Come and see.  
JNO. M. HORNER and CO.  
G. S. L. City, Sept. 26, 1854—29-31.

WANTED.—Wheat, oats, barley, corn,  
flour, and hay, which we are buying at  
the most liberal prices in exchange for merchan-  
dize, at the Deseret Store. We have made ar-  
rangements at the mills of Governor Young and  
H. C. Kimball to receive and receipt for all wheat  
delivered there on our account.  
J. M. HORNER and CO.  
Sept. 26, 1854.—29-31.

NOTICE is hereby given to the proprietors of  
the Lots in the following blocks, in the first  
subdivision of the Big Field Survey, in Great  
Salt Lake County. To wit:  
Of blocks 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8, to meet in  
the School House, near Gardner's Mill, on Satur-  
day the 7th of October, at 10 o'clock a.m.  
Of blocks 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, and 24,  
at the same hour and place, on Saturday the  
14th.

Of blocks 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, and 32, in the  
School House in the 13th Ward, in Great Salt  
Lake City, on Saturday, Oct. 21, at one o'clock  
p.m.

To make arrangements for forcing pursuant to  
a resolution passed by the proprietors at their  
annual meeting in January last.  
WM. LEMON, Committee for the South Tier  
of Blocks.  
JAMES CR