

Song of the Haymakers.

BY ELIZA COOK.

The moon-tide is hot and our foreheads are brown,  
Our poles are all shining and hard;  
Right close to our work with the wain and the fork,  
And but poor little reward.  
But there's joy in the sunshine, and mirth in the lark  
That skims whistling away overhead;  
Our spirits are light, though our skins may be dark,  
And there's peace with our meal of brown bread.  
Far away from the city's dull gloom!  
More jolly are we, though in rags we may be,  
Than the pale faces over the loom.  
Then a song and a cheer for the bonnie green stack,  
Climbing up to the sun wide and high;  
For the pickers, and rakers, and merry haymakers,  
And the beautiful midsummer sky.

Come forth gentle ladies—come forth dainty sirs,  
And lend us your presence awhile;  
Your garments will rather stain from the burr,  
And a frock will tarnish your smile.  
Our carpets more soft for your delicate feet  
Than the pile of your velvet shoes;  
And the air of our balm-swath is surely as sweet  
As the perfume of Araby's shores.  
Come forth, noble masters, come forth to the field,  
Where freshness and health may be found;  
Where the wind-tow are spread for the butterfly's bed  
And the clover-bloom is all around.  
Then a song and a cheer for the bonnie green stack,  
Climbing up to the sun wide and high;  
For the pickers, and rakers, and merry haymakers,  
And the beautiful midsummer sky.

"Hold fast!" cries the waggoner, loudly and quick,  
And then comes the heavy "gee-wol!"  
While the cunning old teamster a message to pick  
A sweet mouthful too much as they go.  
The tawny faced children come around us to play,  
And bravely they scatter the heap,  
Till the tiniest one, all out-spent with the fun,  
Is curled up with the sheep-dogs asleep.  
Old age sits down on the haycock's fair crown,  
At the close of our laboring day,  
And wishes his life, like the grass at his feet,  
May be pure as its "passing away."  
Then a song and a cheer for the bonnie green stack,  
Climbing up to the sun wide and high;  
For the pickers, and rakers, and merry haymakers,  
And the beautiful midsummer sky.

Look at the Brightest Side.

Whether your lot is cast  
In the family of man,  
Whether esteemed the first or last,  
Do the best you can.  
Though most obscure and poor  
Maintain an honest pride,  
And, laboring to increase your store  
Look at the brightest side.  
Strive, strive with might and soul,  
To win the good you crave,  
And, if you cannot win the goal,  
Show your spirit brave.  
Far better aim too high  
And fall, if fall you must,  
Than to remain as life goes by,  
Groveling in the dust.

If friends should deprecate prove  
When most their aid you need,  
Trust in Heaven—poor humble love  
Is but a feeble reed.  
But pause before you take  
Revenge for wounded pride—  
Perchance there may some mistake,  
Look at the brightest side.  
When midnight gloom enshrouds  
The valley and the hill,  
For up beyond the envious clouds  
The stars are shining still.  
The present troubles may  
A smiling future hide—  
Waiting till they pass away,  
Look at the brightest side.

Judge not another's sin  
Till you have scanned your own.  
And when your heart is pure within  
Cast at him a stone.  
Perhaps your reckless tracks  
Did his foot misguide—  
Till you find his path away,  
Look at the brightest side.

The following sketch admirably characterizes  
nearly all, in actual, political conventions, cau-  
cuses, and mass meetings:

A BAD SCARED CANDIDATE!

BY FALCONBRIDGE.

"Hurra for Jamison!"  
"Hurra for Cowdon!"  
"Hurra for Wangbannier!"  
"Three cheers for Mulloney! Hip, hip!"  
"Order, order,"—interposed the chairman.  
"Hurra! hurra!"  
"Will the gentlemen please come to order,"  
and rap, rap, came the hammer in vain upon  
the desk of the chairman. Cries for Cowdon,  
yells for Wangbannier, whoops for Jamison, and  
howls for Mulloney filled the spacious, densely  
packed and odoriferous hall, in which the im-  
maculate independent (?) voters of the glorious  
"Seventeenth," had met to nominate and put  
upon the wild cat platform of freedom, their  
respective candidates for the State Legislature  
and other offices of similar "honor and trust."  
So conflicting was the feeling, so numerous the  
candidates—patriotic, country-loving, self-  
sacrificing citizens, that not unlike some Mexi-  
can revolutionary armies we read of—the officers  
or candidates almost out numbered the men or  
voters. It was with difficulty indeed that the un-  
lucky Gubbins consented that night to unbo-  
son himself and accept, as a token of the esteem  
of his fellow citizens, the chair.

Gubbins was a man—a man with a deal of  
human nature in him, he had got imbued with  
the idea as thousands will, in our glorious Repu-  
blic that the time had arrived when he should ex-  
hibit his muscles, show his patriotism, and make  
a political demonstration. To this end, did  
Gubbins invest a copy of Jefferson's "study par-  
liamentary etiquette," lend word meetings, con-  
tract for a ruby countenance, and finally appear  
as the veritable chairman of the banner word  
grand rally! Alas, poor innocent, ductile Gub-  
bins, he little dreamed

"O! the dangers that do environ  
Men who meddle with cold iron!"  
"Hurra, hurra, for Cowdon!"  
"Hurra for Jamison!"  
"He's an Englishman!"  
"You lie!"  
"Order, order, gentlemen!" cries Gubbins.  
"Mr. Chairman?"  
"Order!"  
"I say that Wangbannier," exclaims somebody  
"Cowdon's the man!" cries another.  
"He ain't the man for me!" echoes a disserter.  
"Nur me!" shouts an untrifled.  
"Order, gentlemen, order," bang, bang, bang  
went the hammer.

"No order here!"  
"How the d—! can we have order," says a  
common-sense man, "if you'll keep on a yell-  
ing and exploding your wind in this way."  
"Mr. Chairman!" says a substantial citizen in  
a hollow-toned, ungratified low, guttural voice,  
"I rise, sir, to say, sir."

"Mr. Chairman," exclaims in a quick, sharp  
speaking voice, "Mr. Chairman!"  
"Order, Sir," cries Gubbins, "Mr. a-a-the  
other gentleman's got the floor!"  
"Mr. Chairman, I don't kee one cent if he  
has got it, let him keep it," says the quick sharp  
speaking voice, "let him, I say let him; yes, sir,  
I say let him, all I've got to say, is—"

"Mr. Chairman," interposed the substantial,  
low, guttural voice, "if only rose to say—"  
"All I've got to say is," persists the sharp,  
speaking voice in great anxiety.  
"Hurra for Mulloney! that's the ticket!" bawls  
one.

"Faith an' its myself as knows Mither Mul-  
loney," bawls another, "an, an be got he's just  
the man!"  
"Order!"  
"Mr. Chairman?"  
"Sit down!"  
"Three cheers for Cowdon!"  
"He be — he's an Englishman!" cries some-  
body.  
"What's Mulloney?" cries in another.  
"A Irishman!" exclaims a third.  
"What or is?" exclaims a fellow countryman,  
"he's a citizen, or coorse he is, and I'd like to  
know if he's not an American citizen as well as  
that Dutch fellow ye spake of, Macwagbannier  
there. Put that in yers pipe and smoke it, ye  
dairlings!"  
"Gentlemen!" cries the chairman, "I wish it  
distinctly—"  
"Loudly Mr. Chairman!"  
"I wish it distinctly understood—"  
"Mr. Chairman, I a (hie) I a, that is, (hie)  
I'm not used to a (hie) public (hie) speakin'  
(hie)."  
"Order, for the chair," says a dozen voices.  
"Or, or, that's what I a g'un say," says the  
boozey one.  
"I wish it distinctly, emphatically and per-  
emptorily understood, gentlemen," roars Gub-  
bins in his best key.  
"Order!" echoes onnes.  
"That will be it, order, gentlemen, yes order,  
I a ven's first law, nian's a nullity, a cipher, a  
a-a nothing!"  
"A know-nothing! Good!"  
"I should like to know what that gentleman  
means by that allusion!" cries the squaky man  
quick as a picker at a horse fly.  
"That's what I'd like (hie) to know!" grunts  
the man with a snake in his boot.  
"Am I chairman of this meeting, or not?"  
bawls Gubbins.  
"You are, sir!" says the citizen with the gut-  
tural voice.  
"And sir, I as would a, like to see the sense  
sir, of this large and respectable meeting, sir,  
that we may make the nominations as they  
should be sir, right, just, freely and decidedly,  
sir!"  
"That's what I (hie) say," responds the boozey  
man, as the solid citizen drew forth his pince-  
pencil after his weighty oratory, and wiped his ruddy  
face.

"Now, gentlemen and fellow citizens," conti-  
nues poor Gubbins, "we will proceed to business,  
and gentlemen, keep cool!"  
"Then let us open the back windows and let  
in some fresh air," suggested a philanthropist.  
"The windows are nailed, can't raise 'em,"  
says another.  
"Blast the windows; let's to business; I want  
to have the motion put," cries an irate partizan.  
"The motion!" cries another.  
"What is the motion?"  
"Nominate! nominate, gentlemen," exclaims  
the secretary.  
"Order, order!"  
"Nominate!"  
"What's the resolution?"  
"Silence!"  
"The motion!"  
"Nominate! nominate!"  
"Jacob Wangbannier of the 12th Ward."  
"I ain't going to vote for any Dutchman!"  
cries a native.  
"How do you know he's a Dutchman?" says  
another.  
"We'll know that much, he sells (hie) d—d  
beer that mo'r (hie) a fell! he's round,"  
(hie) around, the boozey man responds.  
"Please nominate, gentlemen."  
"Peter Cowdon, 7th Ward," says one.  
"Bad egg!" cries a voice.  
"Rotten to the core!" cries another.  
"A public defaulter!" echoes a third.  
"Gie to'm, (hie) he's a bad egg!" says the  
boozey man.

"All those in favor of Peter Cowdon of the 7th  
Ward, for nominator to the assembly, will sig-  
nify the same by saying aye!"  
"Aye—e-eh!"  
"Contrary No," continued the chair.  
"N-no!" went up the awful overwhelming "wet  
blanket."  
"Nees have it. Please nominate again gen-  
tlemen!"  
"Mr. Chairman," screams the man with shrill  
voice, "I nominate Colonel Hudibars Leander  
Jamison, of the 17th!"  
"I see ker! Jo'an, (hie) I do, he owes me  
five dollars for pa'r boots, I 'pose."  
"That gentleman please take a seat," says the  
chair, motioning the boozey critter to locate on a  
bench.  
"All those in favor of Col. Jamison's nomi-  
nation, will please say aye!"  
"Aye!" went up the grand shout.  
"Contrary, no."  
"No, no," was a feeble effort. The colonel  
was nominated.

"Mr. Chairman," said the solid voiced man,  
"I would be pleased to nominate John Mul-  
loney."  
"Hurra! hurra!" cry the Mulloneyites.  
"Gentlemen!"  
"Mr. Chairman."  
"Whur? now, go on wid de meetin'!"  
"I want vote for a foreigner!"  
"The devil yees want?"  
"Fight! Fight!"  
"Down with the Jamisons!"  
"Order, order, gentlemen!"  
"Never! Down with them!"  
"Hurra! Hurra! Down with the 'Mul-  
loney's!"

And the scene closed in noise and confusion.  
The last seen of the worthy chairman, Gub-  
bins, he was heaving a retreat out of a side win-  
dow, followed by the solid citizen, the man with  
a squaky voice, two broken backed chairs, an  
elbow of stove-pipe, and the boozey man's hat.  
As an offset for this marked favor, some of  
the porter house politicians and electioneers,  
sent Gubbins, through a committee of four of  
their members, intimation that his name had  
been proposed for the assembly, in place of  
Mulloney's, and that by an attendance of an-  
other "primary meeting," a rousing speech and  
laying his shoulders to the wheels of the party,  
they would go to the man, tooth and toe nail  
for him.

"Gentlemen," said the honored individual,  
"don't, don't for my sake, for the sake of my wife  
and children, my business, for God's sake, don't  
nominate me for anything in politics under heav-  
en as long as you live!"  
Gubbins had seen the hippodrome; he saw  
one primary affair, and it was a per simon too  
prime for him. Gubbins saved.

TRUTH AND HONESTY.

A LESSON FOR LITTLE DOTS.

A revolution of opinions is taking place in  
the present day; sectarian and national  
prejudices are giving away to a holy feeling  
of universal brotherhood; military con-  
quests are robbed of their tinsel, and appear  
in their native deformities; and moral dig-  
nity, though discovered amid poverty and  
ignorance, is raised to its legitimate place,  
exciting the respect and admiration of all  
capable of estimating true worth. This lat-  
ter remark will plead an apology for intro-  
ducing to the reader a young hero, filling a  
station no higher than that of a pupil in a  
parochial school.

Two boys, of nearly the same age, were  
one day amusing themselves with that dan-  
gerous, though not uncommon pastime, pel-  
ting each other with stones. They had chosen  
one of the squares for their play  
ground, thinking by this means to avoid  
doing mischief. To the consternation of the  
thrower, however, a missile, instead of resting  
on the shoulders of the boy at whom it  
was aimed, entered the library window of

one of the lordly mansions forming the  
quadrangle.  
"Why don't you take to your heels, you  
blackhead? you will have the police after  
you whilst you are standing staring there,"  
was the exclamation of his companion, as  
he caught him by the arm in order to drag  
him from the spot. The author of the mis-  
chief still retained his thoughtful position.  
"If your father is obliged to pay for this,  
you will stand a chance of having a good  
thrashing, Jack," the other urged.  
"Never mind, Tom; leave me to myself,"  
was the reply; and the young delinquent  
moved, with unfaltering step, towards the  
door of the mansion, the knocker of which  
he unhesitatingly raised. The summons was  
answered by a footman.

"Is the master of the house at home?" he  
with some diffidence inquired.  
"He is."  
"Then I wish to see him if you please."  
"That you can't do, my man; but I'll deliver  
any message for you."  
"No, that will not do. I must—indeed I  
must see the gentleman himself."  
The earnestness and perseverance of the  
boy at length induced the man to comply  
with his request, and opening the door of the  
library, he apologized for asking his mas-  
ter to see a shabby little fellow; adding, that  
he could neither learn his business nor get  
rid of him.

"Bring him in," said the gentleman address-  
ed, who, having witnessed the transaction,  
and overheard the conversation, was curi-  
ous to know the object of the boy's visit.  
The poor child, whose ideas had never soared  
above his father's second floor, stood for  
several moments in stupefied amazement  
when ushered into an elegant apartment; but  
remembering the painful circumstance which  
had brought him into this scene of enchant-  
ment, he in some measure regained his self-  
possession.

"I am very sorry, sir," he began in a fal-  
tering voice, "but I have broken your win-  
dow. My father is out of work just now,  
and cannot pay for it; but if you will be  
kind enough to take the money a little at  
a time, as I can get it, I will be sure to make  
it up, and as he spoke, he drew a few half-  
pence from his pocket and laid them on the  
table.

"That's an honest speech, my lad; but how  
am I to be sure that you will fulfill your en-  
gagement?" Mr. Cavendish returned. "Do  
you know that I could have you sent to  
the station house till the money is made up?"  
"Oh don't send me there, sir; it would  
break my dear mother's heart! I will pay  
you all—indeed I will, sir; and the poor boy  
burst into a flood of tears.

"I am glad that you have so much consid-  
eration for your mother's feelings; and for  
her sake, I will trust to your honesty."  
"Oh thank you, sir—thank you."  
"But when do you expect to be able to  
make me another payment?" This is a very  
small sum towards the price of a large square  
of plate glass; and as he spoke, he glanced  
at the four half-pence which the boy had  
spread out.

"This day week, sir, if you please."  
"Very well, let it be so. At this hour I  
shall be at home to see you." Poor Jack  
made his very best bow, and retired.

True to his appointment, our high-princi-  
pled boy appeared at the door of Mr. Caven-  
dish's mansion. As the footman had pre-  
viously received orders to admit him, he was  
immediately shown into the library.  
"I have a shilling for you to-day, sir," he  
said exultingly, and his countenance was ra-  
diant with smiles.  
"Indeed! This is a large sum for a boy  
like you to obtain in so short a time. I  
hope you come by it honestly?"  
A flush of crimson mounted to the cheek  
of poor Jack, but it was not the flush of  
shame.

"I earned every penny of it, sir, excepting  
one my mother gave me to make it up,"  
he energetically replied; and he proceeded  
to say that he had been on the look out for  
jobs all week; that he had held a horse for  
one gentleman, and had run on an errand  
for another; in this way accounting for eleven  
pence.  
"Your industry and perseverance do you  
credit, my lad," Mr. Cavendish exclaimed,  
his benevolent countenance lighted up with  
a smile. "And now I should like to know  
your name and place of residence."  
"I will write it, sir, if you please. Indeed  
I brought a piece of paper for the purpose  
of putting down the money. I hope I shall  
be able to make it all up in a few weeks, for  
I am trying to get a situation as errand-boy."  
"You can write, then? Do you go to  
school?"  
"O yes, sir. I go to free school." And  
Jack stepped forward to take the pen, which  
Mr. Cavendish held towards him.

"You write a tolerably good hand, my little  
man. You may, I think, do better than  
take an errand-boy's place. Let me see if  
you have any knowledge of arithmetic."  
Jack stood boldly up, and unhesitatingly  
replied to the various questions which were  
put to him.

"That will do, my good boy. Now, when  
do you think you will be able to come and  
bring me some more money?"  
"I will come again this time next week, if  
I'm alive and well, sir."

"That was wisely added, my lad; for our  
lives are not in our own keeping. This I see,  
you have been taught."  
Another week passed, and again Jack ap-  
peared, but his countenance now wore an  
aspect of sadness.

"I am very sorry, sir," he said, "I have been  
unfortunate, and have only a small sum to  
give you." And as he spoke, he laid three  
penny-worth of half-pence before Mr. Caven-  
dish.  
"I assure you, sir," he earnestly  
added, "I have offered my services to every  
gentleman on horseback that I could see."  
"I believe you, my boy; I am pleased with  
your honest intentions. Perhaps you will  
meet with better success another time. Let me  
see; you have now paid one shilling and  
fivepence; that is not amiss for this time;  
and with an encouraging smile suffered him  
to depart.

Though Mr. Cavendish had, from the  
first, concealed his intentions, his heart was  
planning work of benevolence, which was no  
less than to benefit the poor boy, whose  
noble conduct had won his admiration. For  
this end he, a few days subsequently, paid  
the parents a visit when he knew that the  
son would be at school. He related the in-  
cident which had brought him under his no-  
tice, and proceeded to ask whether his con-  
duct towards themselves was equally praise-  
worthy.

"Oh, yes, sir," exclaimed the mother, her  
eyes filled with tears. "He has ever been a  
dutiful child to us, and always acts in this  
honorable, straightforward manner."  
"He has indeed a noble spirit, sir," the fa-  
ther rejoined; "and I am proud of him as if  
he were a prince."

"Would you part with him?" Mr. Caven-  
dish asked. "I have something in view for  
his future benefit."  
"Undoubtedly we would, for his benefit,"  
was the reply of both.

"Well, then, purchase him a new suit of  
apparel with these two guineas, and bring  
him to my residence this day week. I will  
then acquaint you with my views for him  
for the future."

Language cannot describe the heartfelt  
gratitude which beamed in the eyes of the  
happy parents, nor could they find words to  
give it utterance.  
When next our young hero came into the  
presence of his benefactor, his appearance  
was certainly altered for the better, though no  
disadvantages of dress could rob his noble  
countenance of its lofty expression. Mr.  
Cavendish had previously made arrange-  
ments for him to become an inmate of his  
own house, and had also entered his name  
as a pupil in a neighboring school.

John Williams is now receiving a liberal  
education, and enjoying all the advantages  
which wealth can produce. Such a sudden  
change of position and prospects would, in  
many instances, prove injurious to the moral  
character; but with a mind based upon the  
solid principles which our young friend  
possesses, little fear may be entertained that  
such will be the result.  
The above little sketch is authentic in every  
respect, excepting the names of the par-  
ties concerned. The events occurred a few  
months ago, and are here made public, with  
the hope that the truth and honesty, and ju-  
dicious benevolence exhibited, may stimu-  
late others to "go and do likewise."—[Even-  
ing Mail.

Be Firm.

Let the winds blow, and the waves of society  
beat and frow at you, if they will; but keep  
your soul in rectitude, and it will be firm as a  
rock. Plant yourself upon principle, and bid  
defiance to all temptations. If gossip, with her poison-  
ed tongue, meddles with your good name—if her  
disciples, who infect every town and hamlet, make  
you the burden of their song, heed them not.  
It is their brand and their meat to slander.  
Treat their idle words as you would treat the hissing  
of a serpent, or the buzzing of many insects.  
Carry yourself erect; and by the serenity of your  
countenance, and the purity of your life, give the  
lie to all who would berate and belittle you. Why  
be afraid of any man? Why cower and tremble  
in the presence of the rich? Why "cock  
the plumes of the knee, that thrust may follow  
fingering?" No, friend, for thou art not! Bull up  
your character with holy principles, and let  
your path be not strewn with flowers, but  
be the world, a perennial flower, which leaves  
will be a healing to the nations, and its fragrance  
the panacea of the soul.

NOTICE is hereby given to all whom it may  
concern that I have removed from Salt  
Lake City to Brigham's Fort, Weber County;  
and have left my accounts with Bishop A. O.  
Smoth, where those indebted to me for black-  
smithing are requested to call, and make arrange-  
ments to pay the same without delay.  
oct18-32-21 M. A. BEEBEE.

STRAYED:  
FROM my Pasture, one Dark Brindle three-  
year old Steer, brooklike face, branded  
J. O. E. on high shoulder, Leonard Hardy on  
horns—Whoever will return him or give infor-  
mation shall be rewarded.  
oct19-32-31 J. C. LITTLE.

STRAYED:  
FROM South Mill Creek, one Dark Brindle  
Ox, and one White Ox, with red head and  
neck, little red on both sides, both branded J. on  
the near shoulder—Any one giving information  
to James Wells, Council House Street, opposite  
Jennings' butcher's shop, will be rewarded.  
oct19-32-31 JAMES WELLS.

NOTICE:  
THROUGH the Winter Season I intend to  
work at Graveston Engraving. Persons  
wishing to erect tombstones to the memory of  
their friends can see specimens in the grave yard,  
or designs at my house, two-and-a-half blocks  
west of the Tabernacle, or at the Stone Shop,  
on the north-east corner of the Temple block. If  
early application is made, I will take my art in  
wood or wheat.  
oct19-32-31 WM. WARD.

LOST:  
ON Wednesday last, from bro. Jennings' cor-  
ral, a Light Red Calf, with a white face.  
Whoever will return it to the subscriber shall  
be liberally rewarded.  
oct19-32-21 S. B. ROSE.

LOST:  
IN the Big Field, about the 2nd of October, a  
Red Cow, about five or six years old, tip  
off both horns, a crop off one ear, and sit in the  
other—Whoever should find her, and will drive  
her to S. M. Blair's, in the 14th Ward, shall be  
rewarded for their trouble. Owned by  
oct19-32-21 GEORGE FOSTER.

FOR SALE:  
A Span of Match Horses, seven years old,  
mild, smooth, in good condition.—Enquire  
of C. N. LITTLE, at the Deseret Store.  
oct19-32-21

STRAYED:  
FROM the Subscriber, in the 12th Ward,  
Great Salt Lake City, about two weeks  
since, a Red Cow, some white on her rump and  
on the edge of her breast, five or six years old,  
has a swallow fork in one ear, but which one is  
recollected.—Please give information where she  
can be found, or return her to the owner, and  
oblige a widow.  
oct19-32-21 JENIMA HUGH.

THE CITY TAXES  
MUST be paid before November 15, to save  
further cost. Bishops will please give  
notice in their respective wards. Persons can  
ascertain the amount of their tax, as it is the  
same amount of road tax. Flour and wheat taken  
for taxes.  
Robert Campbell will attend in my absence.  
Office, Council House, up stairs.  
N.B.—N. H. Fell made a portion of the assess-  
ment.  
oct19-32-31 J. C. LITTLE, City Collector.

FOR SALE:  
I have just purchased, and now offer for sale,  
at my house 216 blocks west of the Temple  
Block, a large assortment of Liquors, equal in  
quality to any ever brought into this Territory,  
consisting of Brandy, Monongahela whiskey,  
Madras and Teneffie Wines, at my former low  
prices. Those who love a good article at a low  
price, will not be disappointed by giving me a  
call.  
oct17-32-6m W. C. STAINES.

Mail and Passenger Coach,  
BETWEEN G. S. L. City and Independence,  
will leave Hawkins' Hotel in G. S. L. City,  
and the Noland House in Independence, Missour,  
on the 1st day of each month at 8 a.m., stopping  
a short time at the following way stations, viz:—  
Fort Bridger, Green River, Devil's 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 com-  
fortable.  
For particulars apply to the following  
Agents:—  
J. M. HOCKADAY,  
G. S. L. City, Utah.  
ISAAC HOCKADAY,  
Independence, Mo.  
aug24-24-1y

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Ten Dollars Reward,  
FOR a Sorrel Mare Colt, about six months  
old, no white or brand marks, followed the  
mail on the 24th of July last, from American  
Fork, was left at Provo. Any person finding said  
colt, and giving information, or delivering it to  
THOMAS BISHOP, American Fork, shall re-  
ceive the above reward.  
oct19-32-31

NEW TIN SHOP.  
THE Undersigned has Opened a Shop on East  
Temple Street, opposite Milliner's Shoe  
Shop, and with a splendid assortment of tin-ware,  
is prepared to furnish all orders in his line.  
Call and examine.  
R. C. SHARKEY.  
oct19-32-31

Strayed or Stolen,  
FROM the Subscriber, at Sessions's Settlement,  
a Large Sorrel Horse, about ten years old,  
hind feet white, left foot a little swelled, has  
some saddle marks, supposed to have a white  
spot in the face, branded on the left hip D. H.,  
was formerly owned by bro. Rowdy.—Whoever  
will bring him or give information to Mr. Joseph  
Gale, where he can be found will be rewarded.  
HENRY GOLDSBROUGH,  
Sessions's Settlement.  
oct18-32-31

Notice to Cattle Owners.  
THE Subscribers have opened a Head Ground  
between Benson and Co's. Mill and Granis-  
ville, about 30 miles from Great Salt Lake City,  
under control of the city council of Tooele City,  
to which they invite the attention of the citizens  
of Great Salt Lake Valley.  
This head embraces a large tract of the best  
pasture land in the mountains, is situated on the  
bank of Great Salt Lake, and is very secure  
from the attack of Indians.  
We are responsible for all stock entrusted to  
us, and are bound by good security for their safe  
keeping. If strayed or otherwise lost, through  
our neglect, we will pay for them.  
All stock must be branded on the marks, so that  
they may be registered on the books when re-  
ceived. Price for branding, two cents a head per  
day.  
Stock will be received at the Church Yard,  
and driven to our head every Monday