

# The Flower's Sweet Answer.

"One day in the desert,  
With pleasure I spied  
A flower in its beauty,  
Looking up at my side.  
And I said, O sweet dove,  
That blossom alone,  
What's the worth of thy beauty,  
Thus shining unknown?"

"But the flower gave me answer,  
With a smile quite divine:  
'Tis the nature, O stranger,  
Of beauty to shine  
Take all I can give thee,  
And when thou art gone,  
The light that is in me,  
Will keep shining on."

"And, O gentle stranger,  
Permit me to say—  
To keep up thy spirit  
Along this lone way—  
While the heart shall flow outward,  
To gladden and bless,  
The faint at its center  
Will never grow less."

"I was struck with thy answer,  
And left it to glow  
To the clear sky above it  
And the pale stars below;  
Above and around it  
Its light to impart,  
But never exhausting  
The fount at its heart."—URAM.

## ARREST OF AARON BURR, IN ALABAMA.

It became evident early in the summer of 1866, that Burr had some designs on foot; and the silence and secrecy which attended all of his movements failed not to excite the suspicions of the government, through their secret agents. President Jefferson, in his special message of January 23, 1867, says that he had two distinct objects in view, "one of these by the severance of the union of the States by the Alleghany mountains; the other an attack on Mexico: a third object was provided merely ostensible, to wit: the settlement of a pretended purchase of a tract of country on the Washita, claimed by a Baron Bastrose."

In the latter part of the year 1866, a party of Kentuckians, induced by the proclamation of President Jefferson, arrested Burr, and brought him to trial. Henry Clay, whom Burr had previously and frequently met, appeared as his counsel; and he was acquitted upon the ground of insufficiency of evidence to convict. Thus released, he continued down the Mississippi with a few boats and men; but just above Natchez he was again arrested by Col. Claiborne, at the instance of the governor of Mississippi. Again a prisoner of the United States, public sympathy in that section was strongly excited, and he found no difficulty in giving the necessary bond for his appearance at court. When brought before court, he denied that his offences came within the jurisdiction of Mississippi. The Attorney-General took sides with him, and insisted that he should be released from his bail and sent to a competent tribunal. The judges, however, refusing to grant the application for discharge, it was ascertained at the opening of the court the prisoner had departed. Officers were at once dispatched in pursuit, and large rewards offered for his apprehension. And this brings us to the circumstances of his arrest in Alabama.

About a month after his failure to appear at Court, Burr found himself, with one companion in the vicinity of the village of Wakefield, Washington county, Ala. Fearful of detection he entered the town, under cover of the night, with the determination of passing through and gaining, if possible, the house of Col. Hinson, a gentleman whom he had met at Natchez, and who had invited him to his house. Riding up to the door of a cabin, Burr inquired of two young men, seated within, first for the tavern, and then for directions to Col. Hinson's. Perkins, one of the young men, replied that it was several miles to Hinson's, that the way was difficult to find, and that dangerous creeks intervened. The travellers thanked them for their information and rode off. As they passed the door the light shone fully upon the face of the elder gentleman. Perkins was a close observer; and the richly caparisoned horse, the fine saddle and bolsters, the noble and dignified mien of the stranger, observable despite his coarse dress, and the bright sparkling eye, which flashed from beneath his slouched hat, seemed to thrust conviction upon him, and he at once exclaimed, "that's Aaron Burr!"

Satisfied as to the correctness of his conclusion, Perkins at once sought Brightwell, the sheriff; and in a very short time the two were following closely upon the tracks of the travellers. Arriving at Col. Hinson's, Burr found that his friend was absent; and his request for a night's entertainment was twofold refused—probably through fear, by Mrs. Hinson, who quietly closed the window in reply. Making their way through the kitchen, they seated themselves by the fire, intending to pass the night there; but the sheriff, who was a relation to Mrs. Hinson, appearing soon after, she hastily prepared supper for them. During supper Burr charmed the hostess with his elegant conversation, though evidently disconcerted by the keen glances of the sheriff, who remained in the room. As the former left the table before the others, Mrs. Hinson, at the instance of the sheriff, turned to the other traveller and said, have I not the pleasure of entertaining Col. Burr in the gentleman who has just walked out? Much confused, he made no answer, but rising walked off. Brightwell was now satisfied that it was really Burr, but the fascinating address of the latter had won his heart, and he did not return to Perkins, whom he had left shivering with cold in the adjoining woods.

Perkins, in the meantime, becoming impatient, and still believing he was right, made his way, in haste, to Fort Stoddard, and reported to Capt. E. P. Gaines. A file of soldiers was at once put in motion, under the command of Capt. Gaines. Directed by Perkins, the party met Burr and his companion about 9 o'clock in the morning when the following conversation ensued:

Gaines.—I presume, sir, I have the honor of addressing Col. Burr?

Stranger.—I am a traveller in the country and do not recognize your right to ask such a question.

Gaines.—I arrest you at the instance of the Federal Government.

Stranger.—By what authority do you arrest a traveller on the highway, on his private business?

Gaines.—I am an officer of the army. I hold in my hands the proclamations of the President and Governor, directing your arrest.

Stranger.—You are a young man, and may not be aware of the responsibilities which result from arresting travellers.

Gaines.—I am aware of the responsibilities, but I know my duty.

Burr persisted in denouncing the arrest unjust and unwarranted, and attempted to frighten Gaines from the dis-

charge of his duty, but the latter sternly replied, "you are my prisoner, sir, and must accompany me to Fort Stoddard." Finding resistance of no avail, Burr yielded, and soon found himself a prisoner in Fort Stoddard.

During his stay in the Fort, his kind attentions to George S. Gaines, (brother of the captain) whom he found dangerously ill—his gentlemanly deportment and agreeable address towards all, made him many friends. He spent much of his time in the company of the accomplished Mrs. Gaines, who enjoyed much of his brilliant conversation. That lady sympathized deeply with the unhappy position of Burr, and in common with the other ladies of the Fort shed tears when she saw him depart for Washington, guarded by a file of soldiers.

The escort was placed under command of Perkins, at whose instance Burr had been arrested. With a party of ten men, Perkins set out on his arduous journey, his route lying upon the Alabama river to the present city of Montgomery, thence north-eastward, through Georgia, South and North Carolina into Virginia.

We do not propose following the party through their many adventures—the one time winding their way through almost impenetrable forest, at another swimming swollen streams—riding day by day, wet to the skin by the driving, pelting rain, and lying at night upon piles of knots and chunks to keep above the water which covered the swamps—continually alarmed by the howlings of wolves and other wild beasts—and their paths infested by savages not less ferocious, etc., etc.

Through all these and similar trials Perkins led his prisoner safely; and strange to say, during the whole route no word of complaint escaped the lips of the latter.—Amid all these adventures, in which the powers of nature as well as of man seemed conspiring to crush him, his spirit sunk not. Truly, his situation was one to depress an ordinary spirit. There was he, who had been like distinguished in the field and the cabinet—who had enjoyed the highest favors of a country whose institutions still bear the impress of his genius—there was he, repeating beneath a rude tent in the wilds of Alabama a prisoner of the United States, surrounded by a group of soldiers whose only business was to watch him, and without one friend, one congenial spirit, to console and befriend him. Apart from this, his wife had lately died, his only child was starved, ignorant, perhaps, of his existence; his professional affairs disarranged, and he himself ostracized by that State with whose history his name was indissolubly connected, and branded wherever he went as "murderer and traitor." Yet did Aaron Burr rise superior to his fallen fortunes, and during the whole journey he strode his horse with a dignity of mien not becoming the position he had lately filled, with his keen eye flashed with the light of conscious superiority upon the rude guard which adverse circumstances had placed over him.

While there was much of the suavity in mood in Burr's address, there was a dignity of manner about him, which never failed to rebuke the officious and idly curious. Just after passing the Oconee river, the party passed the night for the first time under the roof of a house. Bevin, the landlord, was quite officious, and his hospitality soon brought upon him a varied rebuke. Unacquainted with the persons or the objects of the party, he yet discovered that they were from the west, and began asking many questions touching "Burr's conspiracy," asked if he had not been arrested, and made many enquiring remarks upon his present full condition. Perkins and his companions, much embarrassed, tried to change the subject, and elude his inquiries by seeming inattentions; but he still persisted, when Burr, rising to his full height and fixing upon the landlord his flashing eye, said, "I am Aaron Burr! what is it you want of me?" Bevin, as if thunderstruck, fairly crouched beneath the withering glance; and during the remainder of their stay could hardly summon courage to ask their commands, though most obsequious in his attentions.

As the party drew near the confines of South Carolina, Perkins caused his prisoner to be more closely guarded. Col. Alston who had married Burr's only child, resided in this state, and Perkins feared lest some attempt at rescue should be made. Burr evidently had some hopes of such an event, and was prepared at any time to take advantage of it, as was proved by an incident which we take from Mr. Pickett. In passing through the county town of Chester district, the party passed near a tavern before which a crowd of men were assembled. Seeing the collection of men so near him, Burr threw himself from his horse, and exclaimed in a loud voice, "I am Aaron Burr, under military arrest, and claim the protection of the civil authorities!" Perkins and several of his companions at once dismounted, and the former ordered the prisoner to remount. Burr, in a most dignified manner, said, "I will not!" Being unwilling to shoot him, Perkins threw down his pistols—both of which he held in his hands—and seizing Burr around his waist, threw him into his saddle. Thomas Melrose caught the reins of the horse, slipped them over his head, and led the animal rapidly on. The astonished citizens saw a party enter their village with a prisoner, heard him appeal to them for protection in the most audible and imploring manner, saw armed men immediately surrounding him and thrust him into his saddle, and then the whole party vanish from their presence before they could recover from their confusion.

Soon after this incident, Perkins obtained a gig, and in this Burr passed without further adventure, the remainder of his journey to Fredricksburg, where dispatches from the President caused Perkins to take the prisoner to Richmond.

Here he was arranged and tried, first for high treason, then for misdemeanor, both of which charges he was acquitted. The gravest charge proved against Burr was that he had written a letter in cipher, avowing his design of seizing Baton Rouge as a preliminary measure, and then extending his conquests to the Spanish provinces. But this, he it remembered, was proved upon the evidence of Gen. Wilkinson, whose own skirts were not entirely free in this case.

We do not wish to be regarded as an advocate or admirer of Aaron Burr. While we respect his genius, we find much in his private character to condemn. But we must believe that the severe censure which public opinion heaped upon him, was, to say the least, over hasty; and has thrown too much odium upon his once fair name. There is one truth in the saying of a great man, that "Republiques, at best, are ungrateful." "The evil that men do is apt to live after them;" while "the good is (too) often interred with their bones." In contemplating the "traitor," and the destroyer of Hamilton, we have forgotten the man of distinguished talents and abilities—the legislator, who has left upon the laws of the Empire State, the impress of mind, the useful U. S. Senator and Vice President of our Union. We have carried his virtues with his vices and consigned him to eternal obloquy. The historian's motto should rather be "Fiat justitia, cœlum tutum."

The conclusions of Mr. Pickett, as to the causes of Burr's great unpopularity seem to us quite just and impartial, we therefore close this article with an extract from his interesting work.

"One of the great secrets of his political misfortunes lay in the malevolence of politicians and fanatics. Somebody heard General Washington say 'Burr was a dangerous man;' therefore the world set him

down as 'a dangerous man.' He killed Hamilton in a duel because Hamilton abused him; thereupon the world said he was 'a murderer.' He was a formidable rival of Jefferson for the Presidency; thereupon the majority of the Republican party said he was 'a political scoundrel.' He had opposed the federal party: for that reason the federal party hated him with exceeding bitterness. A blundering, extravagant man, Blennerhassett, sought Burr while he was in the West, eagerly enlisted in his schemes, and invited him to his house, thereupon Wm. Barr said in his prosecuting speech, that Burr was the serpent who entered the garden of Eden."—[Georgia University Magazine.

## THE LAPLANDER AT HOME.

BY PROFESSOR FORBES.

We saw the Lapp camp before us on a dry and pleasant grassy space, about two and a half English miles from the sea. Some piles of sticks and mounds, which seemed like no human habitation, first attracted attention. The piles of sticks form (as we found) a sort of skeleton shed, which can be enclosed in bad weather by a kind of rude tarpaulin. They contain barrels, cloaks, and many nondescript utensils and stores, which, in fine weather, are exposed suspended from the bare poles. Two low round mounds of turf, overlaid with sticks and branches in a most disorderly fashion, composed the habitations of a multitude of men, women, and especially children, who seemed at first sight to be countless. Their appearance—uncouth, equal and diminutive in the extreme—was, I thought, decidedly unprepossessing. But an attentive survey brought out some more favorable features. The countenance was altogether unlike any I had seen, but by no means devoid of intelligence, and even a certain sweetness of expression.

Notwithstanding that our party was tolerably numerous, they exhibited no signs either of distrust or shyness; and whilst some of them entered into conversation with one gentleman from Tronso, who knew a little of their dialect, and others went, attended by several small active dogs, to fetch some reindeer for our inspection from the heights, the greater part remained quietly engaged in their huts, as we had found them, quite regardless of our presence. On inquiring into their occupation, we were surprised to find them possessed of some excellently printed and well-cared-for books, particularly a Bible in the Finnish tongue, and a commentary, each forming a quarto volume.

We found some of them also engaged in writing. This was a matter of surprise, where we had been led to expect something approaching barbarism; and we had soon a proof that their pretensions to religious impressions was not merely theoretical; for they positively refused to taste the spirits which were freely offered to them, and of which our party partook; though it is well known that excessive and besotting drunkenness need to be the great sin of the Lappish tribes, and still is of those who have not been converted to habits of order and religion, by the zealous efforts of the Swedish missionaries (particularly, I believe, Leetadius and Stodeth) who have indefatigably labored amongst them.

The characteristic composure of the people was well shown in a young mother with rather pleasing features, who brought her infant of four months old out of one of the huts, and seating herself on the sunny side of it, proceeded in the most deliberate way imaginable to pack up the child for the night in its little wooden cradle, whilst half a dozen of us looked on with no small curiosity. The cradle was out of solid wood, covered with leather, flaps of which were so arranged as to lace across the top with leathern thongs—the inside and the little pillow were rendered tolerably soft with reindeer moss; and the infant fitted the space so exactly that it could stir neither hand nor foot, yet made little resistance to the operation. A hood protected the head, while it admitted air freely. When the packing was finished, the little creature was speedily rocked asleep.

The elder children were inquisitive, but far from rude, and they played nicely with one another. The Lapp but is formed interiorly of wood, by means of curved ribs, which unite near the center in a ring, which is open, and allows free escape for the smoke, the fire being lighted in the center of the floor. The exterior is covered with turf. The door is of wood on one side. The inmates recline on skins on the floor, with their feet toward the fire; and behind them, on a row of stones near the wall of the hut, are their various utensils. Their clothes—chiefs of tanned skins and woolen stuffs—looked very dirty.

Their whole wealth consists in reindeer. The two families who frequent this valley possess about seven hundred deer. We saw, perhaps, one fourth of that number. A few of them were driven, for inspection, into a circular enclosure of wooden paling, where they are habitually milked. One of the men dexterously caught them by the horns with a lasso, or noose.

The deer are small; but some of them carry immense branching horns, the weight of which they seem almost unable to support. At this season their long winter coat of hair came off by handfuls. They make a low grunting noise, almost like a pig; the milk is small in quantity and excessive rich. It was eleven o'clock at night when we left the Laplanders, and we reached the sea-side a few minutes before midnight. It was a glorious evening—the sun shining warm and ruddy across the calm sound. It was more like a sunset at Naples than what I had imagined of midnight in the Arctic Circle.

The town of Tronso lay in comparative shadow; and as we rowed across to our steamer, we heard in the distance the not unmelodious chant of the Russian sailors, who amused themselves in boating and singing most of the night.

WHAT IS RESPECTABILITY?—To judge from the conduct and ideas of some persons among both sexes, respectability consists in driving fast horses, wearing rich laces, drinking champagne or idling away life. To cut a figure in society, on the promenade, or at a watering place, appears to be the sole aim of many women, who surely were born for better things. To cultivate a moustache, to sport a two-furly trotter, or act as a model exhibitor of coats for some fashionable tailor, seems to be the conception of a dignified and respectable career formed by not a few of the men. Now being respectable, in either man or woman, is, to our notion, doing what is duty. The poorest person, even in that is considered popularly, the humblest avocation, who pays his debts, obeys the laws, and fulfils his other obligations to society and to his fellow-creatures, is a thousand times more respectable than the wealthy idler, the educated spendthrift, the callous miser, or the fashionable fool. So the modest female, whether seamstress, book-binder, press-tender, store-keeper, or even house-servant, is, in the true sense of the word, infinitely more respectable than the extravagant wife who is ruining her husband, than the thoughtless votary of fashion, than the battery flirt. In a word, worth, not wealth, constitutes respectability.—[Philadelphia Ledger.

## What we do not eat—Tobacco.

Man is a strange being—a compound of dirt and deity. In nothing, perhaps, is this more evident, than in his use of tobacco. It does not appear strange that a man should, by degrees, become accustomed to eat and relish a bitter plant, which at first he rejected with loathing, but that he should take some drug like tobacco, set it on fire, and make his mouth a fire pump, to draw in and "force out the smoke, is indeed more than passing strange—"tis wonderful." It is no less fantastically droll, that he should grind up this same drug into powder and feed his nose with it, when reason and instinct require that organ to be kept profoundly clean, for the purpose of enjoying "nature's incense on the dewy morn," and for giving "utterance clear to vocal sounds."

Perhaps there is a little more reason on the side of our universal national characteristic, "obeying the weed and spitting out the juice," but this habit, too, is no less strange than either of the other two. But strange as these things are, the surprise would not be great if its use was confined to a small number of the human family, but instead of this being the case, there is perhaps no other drug more universally and extensively used in one form or another, by both civilized and savage men.

The history—rise and progress—of the cultivation and use of tobacco is more like a romance than an unvarnished record of an innominate, bitter vegetable production. It derives its name—*Nicotina Tabacum*—from Jean Nicot, an agent of the King of France, who sent some of its seeds from Florida to France in 1560, and from Tobacco in Yucatan, from which it was first sent to Spain. It is generally held to be a native of America—indigenous to its tropical regions.

It was introduced into Spain and France from America in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and into England by Sir Francis Drake in 1586.

When it was first introduced into Europe its use was opposed by Pope, Kaiser, and King, but although the knot was threatened for the first offence in using it, and death for the second, in Russia, it has marched over these enactments, and established itself in the imperial Palace—Lazar Nicholas being now an inveterate user of the weed. Pope Urban VIII. thundered out a bull against it; James the I.—pragmatical Janie—wrote a counterblast against it, and both priests and king denounced it from altar and pulpit. But what signified the opposition of king and priest, to tobacco—it has conquered them all. Larger quantities of it are now grown in France, than any other vegetable, the Dutchmen—high and low—seldom have the pipe out of their mouths, and in Persia and Turkey, where smoking was declared a sin against religion, the people have become the greatest smokers in the world. In India all classes smoke; in China the practice is so universal that "every female, from the age of eight or nine years, wears as an appendage to her dress, a small silken pocket to hold tobacco and pipe."

It has been calculated that no less than 2,000,000 tons of tobacco are grown annually on our globe, and no less than 199,752, 546 lbs.—or \$3,232 tons—by the census of 1850, of that in the United States.

In 1862, the quantity raised in Virginia was 60,000 lbs., while now the whole product of the country is more than a thousand times greater, and from present indications its use and cultivation are becoming more general every day, for while it was cultivated in none of the Northern States, a few years ago, no less than 53,000,000 lbs. were raised in 1850.

We do not really know what lesson we can learn from the extraordinary history of tobacco. Medical and other men have written against it, but seems to have urged nothing very specific, excepting this that as nicotine, the active principle of tobacco, is poisonous in the isolated form, the use of tobacco must be injurious. The experience of mankind does not conform to this conclusion, excepting in cases of excessive use, which, like everything else, used immoderately, is injurious.

The cigar seems to be conquering its way over all other modes and forms of using tobacco. Opposition to its use seems to promote its consumption, and it is now considered to be a common solace among all ranks and consideration—the poor pipe smokers only being prevented from using it from inability to buy.

There can be no doubt but man could live cheerfully and well without using this plant in any form. Those who do not use it are as cheerful and healthy as those who do. Its effects upon many are very exciting to the nervous system, and as it is not pretended to afford any nutriment; it may in a great measure be considered an article of luxury merely, costing our country an enormous amount every year. As a voluntary tax it costs the people of Britain and Ireland every year more than \$20,000,000, while it costs our people at least \$10,000,000.

## Manufacture of Glass Beads.

Besides the invention of mirrors, reticulated glasses, for which we have to thank the Venetians, the art of making glass beads was also first discovered in the glass-houses of Murano, and is practised there at the present day on an extensive scale. The small glass beads are fragments cut from pieces of glass tubing, the sharp edges of which are rounded by fusion. Glass tubes of the proper size are first drawn from 100 to 200 feet in length, and of all possible colors (in Venice they prepare 200 different shades,) and are broken in lengths of two feet. These are then cut by the aid of a knife into fragments of the same length as their diameters; they now present the form of beads, the edges of which, however, are so sharp, that they would cut the throat on which they have to be strung. The edges are consequently to be rounded by fusion, and this operation must be performed upon a great number at once, and they must not be allowed to stick together, they are wiped with cool dust and powdered clay previous to their being placed in the revolving cylinder in which they are heated. The finished beads are then pressed through sieves sorted to their size, and strung upon threads by women. Besides the ordinary knitting beads, another kind is manufactured, called *perles a la lune*, these are firmer and more expensive. These are prepared by twisting a small cord of glass softened by a glass-blower's lamp round an iron wire.

The glass beads made in imitation of natural pearls for toilet ornaments, the invention of which dates from the year 1636, are very different from the preceding, both as regards their application, mode of production, and origin. These are small solid glass beads, of the same size as native pearls, which they are made to resemble by a coating of varnish, and which gives them a peculiar pearly lustre and color. A maker of roaries, by name Jaquin, was the first to discover that the scales of a species of fish, (*Cyprinus alburnus*) of black communicate a pearly blue to water. Based upon this observation, glass globules were first covered on the outside, but at a later period on the inside, with this aqueous essence. The costly essence, however, of which only quarter of a pound could be obtained from the scales of 4000, was subjected to one great evil, that of decay. After trying alcohol without success, in conse-

quence of its destroying the lustre of the substance, sal-ammoniac was at length found to be the best medium in which to apply the essence: a little sal-glass is also mixed with it, which causes it to adhere better. The pearls are blown singly at the lamp; a drop of the essence is then blown into them through a tin tube, spread out by rolling, and the dried varnish is then covered in a similar manner by a layer of wax.—[Knapp's Chemistry.

## German Silver.

Few of our readers are probably aware how many applications are now-a-days made of this useful composition. We call it composition, although the majority of the people imagine that it is a metal *sub genere*—but such is not the fact. It is composed of one part nickel, one part of spelter or zinc, and three parts of copper, but all these substances have to be pure, and exposed to a great heat before they mix among themselves. The zinc metal, which is of a volatile nature, is not put in the pot until the first two are well united together. The refractory nature of the nickel, and the difficulty of obtaining the metal free from arsenic, iron, and cobalt, are the cause that not unfrequently we see German silver spoons of a gold yellow color, while German silver prepared from pure metals, will equal in whiteness sterling silver, and will not tarnish. Tea and table spoons, knives and forks, firemen and ship captain's speaking trumpets, pocket-book clasps, tea sets, lamps and gun-mountings are now mostly made with German silver. Upwards of 50,000 pounds of this composition is manufactured in this country annually, for which the nickel is imported from Germany and England. There are but three localities of nickel ore in this country; one from Chatham in Connecticut, yields about three per cent nickel; another ore from the mine La Motte, in Missouri, yields about ten per cent nickel, and lately a nickel ore has been discovered among the copper ore on Lake Superior.—[Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.

LA Boston paper says the Coroner has just found the modest lady who sprang out of her berth and jumped overboard, on hearing the captain, during a recent storm, order the crew to haul down the sheets.

Epitaph in Donmore churchyard, Ireland:—"Here lies the remains of John Hall, grocer. The world is not worth a fig, and I have good reasons for saying so."

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We have horses, mules, oxen, &c., to sell, or exchange; near our post and in fact throughout the Valley you will find any amount of the best feed for your stock, and all persons who have traveled this road, will tell you that it is preferable to any other road over the mountains.

J. E. REESE.

G. S. L. City, July 30th 1864, 21-61.

MAIL COACH TO MONTANA. The subscriber wishes to inform the citizens of this Territory, that the Mail Coach leaves Salt Lake City for Montana, and returns at the usual time and price; for particulars inquire of the different Post Offices on the route. MADISON D. HAMBLETON, at jy27-20 31 [Lewis Robinson, 8th West.

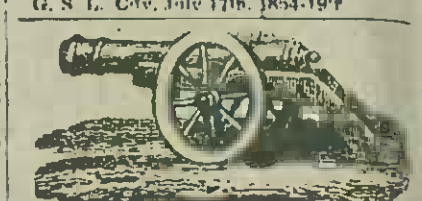
Nothing lost by waiting. The subscriber will open about the 15th of August on East Temple Street, (opposite Temple block) a general assortment of Groceries, Dry Goods, Groceries, Dried Fruits, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye stuffs, Perfumery, and all the latest and most fashionable of the season. The above goods have been selected with care, and purchased low, in the New York and Philadelphia markets, and will be sold accordingly, for cash or its equivalent only. jy27-20 31 A. IVINS.

New Store and New Goods. The subscriber has removed from the Store formerly occupied by O. H. Cogswell, and will open on Friday morning July 28th, in the new two story building of G. Goddard, the doors north of Reese's Store, new lot of goods, consisting in part of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Ready made Clothing, Hosiery, Queensware, Tinware, Drugs, Dry Goods, &c., &c., and invites the inhabitants of Great Salt Lake City and vicinity, to call and examine one of the best Stocks of Goods ever offered in this market, to be sold as reasonable as at any house in the City. WM. MAC. G. S. L. City, July 27, 1864-20 1

## GOODS! GOODS! GOODS!

THE Subscriber takes pleasure in informing the inhabitants of Utah Territory, that he will offer for sale, at the Store formerly occupied by O. H. Cogswell, on Tuesday next, a full assortment of Groceries, Dry Goods, Queensware, Hardware, Tinware, Boots, Shoes, Ready made Clothing, &c., &c., all of which have been selected with great care for this market, and will be offered at reasonable prices. Call and examine for yourselves. WM. MAC.

N. B. The above stock of goods, after one week, will be removed to George Goddard's New two story building, three doors north of Reese's Store. G. S. L. City, July 17th 1864-19 1



THERE is now a chance to get good Daguer-type Pictures at Chaffin & Easton's New Room opposite S. Muller's, on East Temple St. We have a new stock of Plates, Cases, and other materials pertaining to the business all of best quality; three German Cameras that can