

—A destructive fire occurred in Buffalo, between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock at night, which destroyed the large grain elevator and warehouse adjoining the New York Central Railroad Depot, on Ohio street, together with an immense quantity of grain and other property stored within. The buildings belonging to the company were valued at \$200,000, and something over 200,000 bushels of grain, mostly wheat, valued at \$200,000 making a total of \$400,000 worth of property destroyed.

—The project of Mr. Gisborne for a submarine telegraph from Batavia in the island of Java, to Moreton Bay in Australia, by way of Timor and Cape York, has been favorably received both by Great Britain and Australia, and there is every prospect of its soon being carried into effect. One half of the means required by the enterprise will be furnished by the Colony and one half by the Home Government.

—In a speech at Liverpool, some time ago, Mr. Gladstone said:—"Dr. Johnson, I think, says (and I have a great respect for whatever falls from him) that whatever induces a man to live more in the future and less in the present, exalts him in the scale of creation. If that be so (and I am inclined to believe it is so) the position of the railway shareholder must be an exalted one."

—The ship Royal Charles was totally lost, near Bangor, on the British coast. Of 400 passengers who were on board only ten are said to have been saved. About half a million in gold was on board at the time the disaster occurred.

—The amount of gold produced during the last ten years by the miners of California and Australia is said to be \$1,400,000,000.

—The potato crop in Canada is large and good, and in the Toronto market potatoes sell out of the wagon at twenty cents, and by retail at twenty five cents per bushel.

—Some of the Indians on Lake Superior have formed a temperance society. The occasion of this was as follows:—A large number of them had collected a considerable amount of money in small sums, which they entrusted to the keeping of a chief in whom they had implicit confidence. This dignitary was not infallible, and one day went on a spree and spent it all. The red men had an indignation meeting over it, and after a most emphatic series of grunts, formed a self-protective association, based on fundamental principles—that is to say, the first Indian who got drunk was to be tied to a stump and whipped with twenty five lashes.

—The king of the Hawaiian Islands and his House of Nobles have proclaimed his Royal Highness the Prince of Hawaii heir to the throne of these islands.

—About the middle of Nov. last, there were in one day 268 vessels in the port of Chicago. Add to this, the arrivals and departure of one hundred and fifty railroad trains each day, from and to different quarters of the country, and some estimate of the trade carried on in Chicago can be obtained.

—We understand, says the San Francisco Times, that four of the soldiers on board the Golden Gate contrived to get away from the steamer after she was in the bay, in the fog. It is reported a harder set of fellows never were found together, that they robbed and abused the steerage passengers with impunity; drove them from the table, and in every possible way disgraced themselves and the name of soldiers. It should, however, be stated that at most there were of the whole two hundred not over a dozen Americans, the balance being foreigners of the lowest description.

—The steamer Columbia delivered in San Francisco, at one trip, 5,000 boxes of Oregon apples.

**VALUE OF DOCTORS.**—Adrian the Sixth declared that "a physician was very necessary to a populous country; for, were it not for the faculty, men would live so long and grow so thick that one could not live for the other."

## Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society.

Dec. 23, 1859—7 p.m.

Met in the house of Edward Hunter, pursuant to adjournment.

Hon. William Crosby gave a very interesting account of the cultivation of cotton in Washington county, of which the following is a brief synopsis:

He alluded to his coming to Utah in 1848, his journey to California in 1851, his settling at Santa Clara in January, 1857, for the purpose of testing the raising of cotton in that county.

Mr. Crosby has been engaged in raising cotton in Mississippi for 30 years and reports that

he has raised cotton in Santa Clara and examined the crops of other parts of the Territory for the past two years. Last year he raised on one eighth of an acre two hundred pounds of ginned cotton. He is of opinion that this may become a good cotton country and that the cotton lands in Washington county would, if thoroughly cultivated, supply the Utah market, if none were brought from abroad. If manufactories could be established so as to encourage the raising of cotton, they could supply this staple for the manufacture of all the cotton goods the inhabitants of this Territory would want. The want of machinery to manufacture the cotton into cloth or yarn discourages the cultivator.

Most of the experiments upon cotton have been made under very unfavorable circumstances. Men have traveled 350 miles in the spring of the year from this city, who were unacquainted with raising cotton, put in a crop, picked it in the fall, and returned with it to the city—Mr. Joseph Horne with six hands pursued this course the past season. They returned with about five tons of cotton, of a very good quality for the kind raised. This is an expensive way of doing business, yet it shows what may be accomplished by indomitable perseverance.

Men should live upon the ground in order to make cotton-raising comparatively profitable, for it takes most of the year to produce a crop and secure it.

Mr. Crosby informed us that the cotton they have been raising in Santa Clara is the poorest kind, called the "Little Green Seed." We should obtain at our earliest opportunity the "White Seed" or "Petty Gulf" either of which, he thinks, can be raised.

There are hundreds of acres of land on the Santa Clara that may be rendered suitable to raising cotton. There is also a large quantity of land on the Rio Virgen suitable for cotton culture.

Prime Coleman and George Day, residents of Washington county, made four tons of cheese the past season, mostly with their own hands.

There is, within 40 miles of Santa Clara, a large forest of white pine timber, well situated for making lumber and a good saw mill in operation, with 200,000 feet of seasoned lumber on hand. There is an ample supply of building stone, easy of access, and convenient for building; also, good clay for making adobies.

It has been fully proved that that country will produce excellent tobacco.

The Board decided to send down the tobacco seed received during the past year from the Patent Office.

On motion of Mr. Woodruff, the election for President and Board of Directors will be held in the Social Hall on Saturday, January 13, 1860, at 1 p.m.

Mr. Staines expressed his feelings in regard to bestowing premiums at the State Fair, and having county fairs in each county a few days prior to the State Fair.

The report of Edward Sayers and William Wagstaff, two of the committee on class C, in regard to Silver Onions of L. S. Hemenway, and the Kohl Rabi of Wm. Wagstaff, was discussed, allowed and ordered to be paid.

Mr. Woodruff expressed his feelings in regard to county fairs and their organization and the transaction of their business directly with the parent board and, on motion, the agent was dismissed from further service.

Board adjourned to meet on Saturday, Jan. 13, 1860, at 1 p.m. in the Social Hall, Great Salt Lake City.

THOMAS BULLOCK, Secretary.

## Aunt Keziah Small visits the State Fair.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"Did you ever go to a fair? No? Well now that's curis. Most everybody goes, some time or other, and each one, when he gets back, has more to tell than anybody that's been afore him. Strange how everybody allers sees the most. Now there's Tom Salter's wife—she knows more than the original Injuns, and the President and all his bobinet. You'd think Socratatus hisself had come on and made ye a visit."

"You can't mention a single thing on this spear but she's hured of it, and knows every little perticular. She can tell you all the ferlophosy of the Atlantic paragraph, and the whole casion of the thing's not talking as they expected 'twould."

"Jest name the Bible to her, and land sake! Moses hisself would be struck with the Spanish mildew to hear her exploterate! Clean from Geneseret to Revolutions, she knows the entire story. Parson Grimshaw can't hold a candle to her. She uses the biggest words, too, that ever anybody thought of, you ought to have a dictator rite in your pocket to understand her. I was in there the other day, and I declare, if I could keep from laffin' rite in her face to hear her talk to her children."

"Washington Napoleon," sez she, "distinguish that fire immediately. It is too recessively warm, with the mercury at ninety digits, to remit of a blaze in the grater. Syrena Jennie, lie that book on the side, and go and inform your pa that the noonday repast is on the board. Mrs. Small, do remove your bonnet and shawl, and dinner with us."

"Thank you," sez I, "I've dinnared."

"It's not only one day, but she's jest so high-flown all the time; and poor Salter looks as if he'd been drawed through a knot-hole. This fall the agriculturals had a fair to Dover, and Mrs. Salter determined to go. She sent Washington over to know if I wouldn't 'company her. I called Ichabod in and asked him if he'd go with us to squart us; for, ye see, Mrs. Salter said, only a day afore, that it wasn't prop-

erous for any unpurtested woman to go any-where without a biped of the 'genus homo' to her heels. I asked her what she meant by that, and she said a man. To tell you the truth, I thought she meant a bag of hominy.—Salter's folks are great hands for it, and I didn't know but she thought anybody'd ought to kerry some with 'em all the time."

"Wall, Ichabod said he didn't know but he'd go; would if he thought he could git the barn took keer of time enough to go to the kears.—After awhile he said he would go anyhow, and I sent word back to Mrs. Salter that I'd meet her the next day at the dyepot."

"The 'pinted day cum'—jest as fair and handsome a one as ever you seed. 'Twas in October; and if I were a poet, I could tell you a sight about the gold skies, and the emerald grass, and the camphine clouds; but as I ain't, I'd better let it alone."

"Mrs. Salter was fixed up the moster. She's a powerful critter for dress, and she fairly expelled herself this time. Such a rainbow as she was—all furbelows and flummaddies. I felt kinder mean beside her, with my gray gown and my green sun-bunnet. Ichabod he was spunked up in his go-to-meetingables:—gray trowserloons, black coat and red velvet waistcoat. He paraded us into the kears, and give our tickets to the productur. Ichabod is tight after Miss Salter's Syrena, but he shan't have her if I can help it. I don't want a darter of mine to do nothin' but read novels and drink hop beer. Syrena's up to that the hull time."

"Ichabod, the ongrateful boy, paid as much ag'in 'tention to Mrs. Salter, as he did to me, tryin' to git her good will, ye see. He helped her on with her shawl and kerried her snatchel-bag for her, as easy and keerful as if it had been a hen's nest."

"There was an orful jam in the kears—everybody was rushin' to git the best place. A red-headed man, with a bosom-pin in his shirt, got his elbow shot rite through the winder, and I got my gown ripped a half a yard, by a poke from an old woman's ambireller. I give her a knock to pay for it, and sent her bouncin' rite into the face and eyes of old Dr. Pratt. The doctor's specks was all stove to smash, and one of the woman's crinnerlines run clean through the top of his stove-pipe hat. I thought he said, 'Tarnation take the women!' but he vowed he didn't; it was, 'Accidents will happen,' he pertended. The doctor's perlite pairson, and don't want to put nobody out."

"We 'rived all safe at Dover, and Ichabod went off to git a kerredge to kerry us up to where the fair was. It was as much as three mile, and he said it was too far for any female woman to travel afoot. Mrs. Salter told him to be sure and git a stylish establishment and I charged him to ask if the horses was stiddy. I'm kinder 'fraild of horses."

"Bye-bye, he got back, and a splendoriferous concern he'd got for us to ride in, I can tell you. It was nothin' on airth but an old soap-cart, with boards laid 'cross the top to set on. I ain't naturally stuck up, but I did feel kinder sheepish ridin' in that soap-cart. Mrs. Salter felt so decomposed that she drawed her veil and shut up her eyes. We got to the fair arter awhile, and Ichabod and the driver histed us out of the cart. 'Twasn't no small job to git us out, for the cart was as high as the top of our wood-shed."

"Oh! sich a place as that fair was! Acres and acres of ground fenced in with boards, and all strung over with white tents, and red flags, and sheep pens, and men in regimentals, and women in flounced petticoats. The wind blowed like all git out, and there was dust enough to plants beans in. We got some pieces of yaller paper—give twenty-five cents apiece for 'em—and three pieces of ribbon, to pin to our shawls, that said we might gwin, and with Ichabod atween us, in we went. If it weren't the shallerest consarn in there that ever was, then I'll give up. The fust think I seed was a leetle teeny box, with two hens and a crower in it. Next cum a pair of turkeys, and my goodness! if the next wasn't a goose, and the next two little skairt-to-death-lookin' piggins."

"Well if ever!" sez I. "Who ever heerd tell of givin' a quarter to see a goose?"

"Hush!" sez Mrs. Salter, "that's the way of these agriculturals fairs. They bring specimens of their feathered animals to repeat for the premiums!"

"There was horses and sheepses, and cows, and oxen, and sights of all kinds of critters. Ichabod and Mrs. Salter went off a little ways to see a colt, and I went up to a pen where there was a big red cow, and a man to take keer of her. I look at her a spell, but didn't see nothin' wonderful; and I asked the man what there was curis about her. He was a shy-lookin' chap, with a large yellow calash on his upper lip, and a kind of a knowin' wink in his eyes. He looked up when I spoke, and sez he, privacy like—

"Marm, I ain't in the habit of tellin' anything about that annermal to common folks; but when a handsome gal, like you, asks me about her, I can't help ansuring."

"I blushed red enough, can tell you, for it sorter frustrated me to be flattered so by a stranger, and sez I—

"Land sake! 'squire, you don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do," sez he, "I'm ready to swear it."

"No, don't," sez I, "its wicked to swear.—I don't doubt but you are in arnest."

"Arnest! to be sure I am," sez he, "and now, to convins you, I'll tell you the story of that cow. She is one of the two that Noah kerried into the ark!"

"My gracious deliverance!" sez I, "it can't be!"

"Marm," sez he, lookin' ter'ble hurt, "if you don't believe me I'll permit myself to silence."

"No! herings!" sez I, "don't do nothin' in a hurry. I believe all you say."

"Wall," sez he, "that cow was in the ark and, when she cum out, Noah give her to th Duke of Devonshire. The duke was one o' my father's pertickerler cronies and he gaye the cow to him. My father let me trot her out to the fair jest for the notion of it. She'll make seventy-five pound of butter in a week, besides milk enough for my children—fourteen of 'em. My wife milked five hundred pound of curd from her, last summer—made cappertal cheese—all it needed was puttin' in to the hoop and pressin' a little."

"Laws!" sez I, "if I don't think that's a whopper!"

"Yes," sez he, "she is the whoppinest cow you ever seed. And you can think jest as you're are a mind to—this is a free country," and with that he winked at another fellow that had just cum into the pen. I jest turned away and left 'em. I was indignified, for I felt eggactly as though I'd been resulted."

"I hadn't gone but a few steps afore I met Ichabod and Mrs. Salter. They was agwine to see the horses race. I thought I might as well go, too. Out by the racing place there was two or three boards set up on blocks. I felt kinder fatigayed and, thinks I, I'll jest set down a minnit or so. So I made motions to set; but a man grabbed me by the arm, and yelled out—

"Not by two chalks! you don't set here 'thout payin' ninepence!"

"Ketch me payin' for settin'! I'd stand to to all everlastin' fust!" and I went rite off.

"Wall, the horses raced, and I couldn't tell for the life of me which beat. I didn't much keer, I was crowded and jamed up so. It was enough to kill anybody. By the time they'd done that performuns, we'd all got putty considerable hungry, and Ichabod sed we'd better rejour to the tent and git somethin' to eat. I give fifty cents for two pieces of pie and a doughnut, and Ichabod paid a quarter to smell of the wing of a chicken. Mrs. Salter had a bag of turnovers and some cheese, and we sot down on the ground and eat altogether."

"Arter our dinner was done, we hunted up the other curis things. The funniest of 'em was a little thing that they called a blowin' masheen; you gwoup to it, and give man a cent, and you have a right to blow into a pipe; you could blow out all yer breath and find if yer lungs and other appartitions was good or not. I laid out one cent in tryin' of it. The man sed I blowed two quarts."

"Two quarts of what?" sez I.

"Two quarts of carbonic acid and high-gin," sez he.

"What?" sez I, "I ain't a drunkard, and ain't got no gin about me."

"Folks round there laffed, and Ichabod and Mrs. Salter pulled me off into the tent, where the needle-work was stuck up. Oh! sich a heap of counterpins, and kiverlids, and rugs, and pincushins, and bunnits, and things, you never set your eyes on! There was baby fix-in's, and ploughs, and harrers, and renervators, and hay-choppers, and sewin' machines, and contrivances that nobody on airth knowed what they was."

"Wall, next we went round and seed 'em plow, and drive horses, and ride and bymebye somebody made a speech, and everybody hoorayed and clapped their hands like crazy-tics; I waved my handkercher, and Mrs. Salter said the speech was one of the splendiend catastrophes to agriculture that ever was heern. As soon as the speech was over, everybody started for the Fact'ry Field, the place where there was a balloon to gwoup. I asked Mrs. Salter what a balloon was, and she sed it was a big bag with a man sailin' off in it.—I felt powerful curis about it, I can tell ye, and I squeezed down jest as nigh to it as I could for my life. Good grandfather! it was as big as our barn, and as yeller as a pump-kin, and it was tied fast to the airth with ropes to keep it from runnin' away. A man and a boy got into a leetle tenty contrivance fastened to one end of it and, at the same instant, somebody ontied the strings, and the hull consarn popped rite up into the air, with the man and boy hangin' to it."

"Stop it! do!" sez I, "they'll go clean off to nowhere, and break their necks, and kill themselves! Goodness! where's Ichabod? Do jump and ketch the strings!"

"I was nigh about beside myself, and everybody was a laffin'. I hollered after the balloon folks as long as I could see 'em; but they didn't mins me a mite, and I concluded 'twas best to let 'em go. I was tired eanamost to death, and Ichabod sed we'd better streak it for the kears, or all the seats would be full. So we made for the dyepot, and forchenanantly got a place to stand in the kears. We got home alive, or I shouldn't a been here tellin' this story. And my gracious! if there ain't old Polly Downin' a comin' with that everlastin' blue ambirell. I'd as good wrap up my tongue in a rag the rest of the afternoon, for you can't git a word in edgewise where she is. Git your ears prepared to bear it!"

## ESTRAY HEIFER.

I HAVE in my possession a three-year old HEIFER (next spring), a faint brand, supposed to be W. W. and has been slightly branded with a heart brand on the left side. She is mostly black, a little white on her back near her tail, also some white on her belly, taken up in the fall of 1858. DAVID R. EVANS.

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