

"Bring me the morning paper!" How many tongues call for it—how many eyes read it—how many men laud it—how many damn it! From all the breakfast tables, at all the hotels, in all the cities, morning after morning, ever and ever goeth out the order, and ascendeth the cry, "Bring me the morning newspaper!" Old and young, ugly and beauty, avarice and prodigality, alike bend over the morning paper.

The greasy old gentleman, with rufous nasal appendage, pendulous double chin, and prodigious ponderosity of bowels, puts on his glasses, sips his coffee, and plausibly rolls himself through the entire contents of the morning paper. Slowly he reads on—that great, lazy piece of unspeakable, "Shocking accidents," "dreadful calamities," "terrible casualties," "horrid catastrophes," "outrageous villainies," he reviews without one wink of wonder, not one long breath of astonishment. And then he comes to the place where he ought to laugh, right where some poor, worn-out "items man" had been as funny as he could, and pursued his wit under difficulties; but his big, blank, beef face doesn't change a bit; and he looks over the "leader," and the face is the same. What are dreadful accidents, murders, and catastrophes to him? Why, they are nothing more than he expected—nothing more than some newspapers ought to furnish for his gratification, even if the editorial force had to turn out and kill a few themselves, just to make the paper interesting. How could he eat without his paper? and what would his paper be without a few murders for relishes? What is to this such superb stupidity? Try to vivify such stolid features into a smile with a pungent pun or a jolly joke! Why, you might as well undertake to stir up the laughter of a rhinoceros, by tickling his pachydermatous majesty under the seventh rib with a goosequill. And as for the "leaders," they are very often beyond endurance and above comprehension—we'll admit that—to all such.

But the grouty fat man is not the only "object of interest" who call for the morning paper; for we hear, at the same table, the faint, feeble voice of dandyism, affecting inquiry after truth, saying, "watah, bwing me the morning paper!" And then you will see a pair of gold quizzicals soar away over a pair of moustaches, and finally light astride of a delicately dyed nose, before a couple of empty-looking optics, which seek to learn what the "amusements" promise for the night.

And so it goes—"that morning paper"—the world around; flying over Railroads, crossing over Oceans, and travelling over continents. Everybody calls for it—everybody reads it—and all consider the "morning paper" a necessary, indispensable article of comfort. But not one in a thousand that pores over its columns, as he pours out his coffee, and, in easy dressing gown and slippers, makes his morning meal, gives a single thought to the industry and indefatigability that is, year after year, wearing out its hundreds in telling the news in making that same morning paper. Reader, when you peruse this, just be kind enough to remember that the morning paper, which you so indifferently order, is the result of some reasonably hard work. And at night, when you retire, just remember that all over the Union, wherever any one orders his morning paper, there are lots of pale printers pelting types into sticks as though their arms and fingers were propelled by the same tireless engine which is running the iron press and keeping awake and busy the devils and Dutchmen in the cellar below. So, this morning, when you read your paper, think of it as the product of sleepless labor—labor, a great part of which was performed while you were wrapped in a quiet slumber, and pleasantly dreaming. And remember that though there are thousands of types in a single column, each letter, in taking its place, has caused the movement of an arm and a hand; and that thus, oftentimes, thirty arms, with their one hundred and fifty fingers, have each been flitting thousands and thousands of times from stick to case, and case to stick, during the long, long night before. Remember that the same ideas which come to you in type-press, were, perhaps, born of an aching, throbbing brain, and dressed in language by a tired pen and a weary hand. Remember that your morning paper is, to editors and printers, the Eurystheus of this laborage—an age in which the twelve labors of Hercules would be regarded as mere sports or pastimes for the youngest advocates of Young America.—*Det. Free Press.*

Mrs. Partington on the "Tainted Field."
"Did the guard present arms to you, Mrs. Partington?" asked the commissary as he met her at the opening of the marquee. "You see a soldier's relic should know all a soldier's terminations. I have heard so much about the tainted field that I believe I would deplore an attachment into line myself and manure them as well as an officer. You asked me if the guard presented arms. He didn't, but a sweet little man with epilepsy on his shoulders and a smile on his face, did, and asked me if I would not go into a tent and smile. I told him that we could both smile as well outside, when he politely touched his chateau, and left me." The commissary presented a hard-wood stool, upon which she reposed herself. "This is one of the seats of war, I suppose," said she. "Oh, what a hard lot a soldier is objected to! And I don't wonder a moment at the hardening influences of a soldier's life. What is that for?" asked she, as the noise of a cannon saluted her ear. "I hope they ain't firing on my account." There was solicitude in her tone as she spoke, and she was informed that it was only the Governor who had just arrived upon the field. "Dear me," said she, "how cruel it is to make the old gentleman come away down here, when he is so feeble that he has to take his staff with him wherever he goes." She was so affected at the idea that she had to take a few drops of white wine to restore her equilibrium and to counteract the dust of the "tainted field." A brave entertainment was hers, and as she reviewed the troops many a sword gleamed its tribute, many a banner bowed in salute, many a white-plumed nodder to the relief of the great corporal. The Governor thought it was all for him. Perhaps it was.—*Post.*

THE FRENCH EMPRESS.—A Paris correspondent of the Cincinnati *Atlas* states that it has lately been observed that the Empress Eugénie, while riding out with the Emperor, takes her seat at the right instead of the left side of his Majesty in the carriage. This little remnant of ancient etiquette descended from the royal customs of Kings and Emperors, is only observed when the Queen or Empress gives hope of the birth of a future sovereign—the only circumstance which entitles her to his favor.

Dr. Cartwright, a distinguished physician of New Orleans, has written a paper in which he undertakes to prove that cholera will become a disease incident to the United States, as it has been, from time immemorial, on the Ganges.

DAILY PIONEER.

SAINT PAUL:
Thursday Morning, September 14, 1854.
EARLE S. GOODRICH, EDITOR.

THE DAILY PIONEER, is published every week-day morning at the office, No. 101 Broadway, St. Paul, Minnesota, and furnished to Mail Subscribers for Six Dollars a Year, in Advance. City Subscribers, Fifteen Cents a Week, payable to the Carrier.

THE WEEKLY PIONEER, printed at the same office, is sent to Mail Subscribers at the following rates: Single Copy, Two Dollars; Five Copies, Eight Dollars; Eight Copies, Ten Dollars; Twelve Copies, Twelve Dollars. To take advantage of the Club rates, however, the subscription price must be paid in advance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Anonymous communications will receive no attention. All articles professing to state facts must be accompanied by the Author's name, not for publication, but as a guarantee of the truth of the statements made. Voluntary Correspondence, containing important news, or statistics of the condition and growth of towns and settlements throughout the Northwest, is solicited.

JEFFERSON FARMER, Esq., is an authorized Agent for the PIONEER at Galena, to procure subscribers and advertisements. His receipts will be regarded as payments.

See third page, under Commercial head, for rates of Money and Exchange, St. Paul and Galena Markets, and miscellaneous items.

NEWS ITEMS.
The following is a condensation of steamboat disasters, taken from the *St. Louis Republican*: For the last six months, there were 70 steamers sunk or destroyed by fire, besides upwards of 150 barges, coal boats, &c., valued at \$2,000,000. The loss of life is estimated at 350 souls, though in many instances the exact numbers lost by these accidents are unobtainable.

Dr. BEALE, of Philadelphia, has sued the proprietor of the Philadelphia *Register* for libel, in asserting that he was charged with having attempted the violation of the person of a lady, under the influence of chloroform.

Capt. CHILDE, of the Lancers, who was madly in love with the Queen, and who thought his passion returned, and the union with Prince ALBERT was only a sham, has been found by a commission of lunacy of unsound mind and incapable of managing his affairs.

It is stated in one of our exchanges that among the smartest of the crew on board the U. S. sloop-of-war *Cyane*, is a brother of the celebrated songstress, JENNY LIND. He commanded one of the guns at the bombardment of Greytown, and exhibited much skill and dexterity in the performance of his duties.

While the cholera is passing away on every hand, we regret to notice that the yellow fever is becoming troublesome. At Savannah there were 11 deaths on the 24th ult., and 11 new cases reported on the 25th.

Sentence of death was passed on JOSEPH URRAN, of Belleville, Ill., on Friday last, for the murder of ANTOINE BOISCAUX. The sentence, given into execution on Friday the 22d inst., provided the Supreme Court does not stay proceedings, to which tribunal an appeal has been made.

We see the sale of tickets for the opera, on the first appearance of GRISI and MARIO in New York, reached \$25,000. \$250 was the greatest price paid by the greatest fool for the choice of seats.

Secretary GUTHRIE has issued an order for the immediate redemption of \$3,850,000 of the national debt. It will tend to relieve the money market, as some of the stocks have twenty years to run.

On Saturday last, the morning express train, on the Great Western Railroad, left Detroit two hours behind time, and arrived on the Suspension Bridge in time—making the run of 229 miles in six hours and thirty minutes.

The London *Times* story in regard to the imminent danger which the Emperor NICOLAUS ran of being captured whilst cruising off Cronstadt in a small steamer, has blown into the air. There seems not to have been a single element of truth in the thunderer's "Baltic Legend."

JOHN HERRICK, of Libertyville, in Illinois, recently sheared a pair of French Merino sheep which produced thirty-seven pounds of wool—buck 26 1-2 pounds, ewe 10 1-2 pounds—about one year's growth. He also sheared 125 Spanish ewes that averaged a trifle over five pounds per head, well washed and of superior quality.

A water spout descended at Charlottesville, Va., on Friday last, by which a lady and child were washed away, and the lady drowned. It is said that LOLA MONTES, Countess of Landsfeldt, is about to leave California and take another professional tour through the United States.

EBENEZER LAXTON died at Sharon Springs, on the 23d ult., aged 94 years. He had seen and conversed with Gen. WASHINGTON, and witnessed the execution of Maj. ANDREW.

The folks in Memphis, Tenn., including the press, are in a quandary as to whether they shall accept or reject the navy yard of that place, given by Congress to the city. There is considerable excitement in relation to the matter.

The New York *Herald* says that Mr. J. S. HARPER has been waited upon by the committees from two organizations, stated to be the Temperance Alliance, and the Know Nothing, and requested to accept the nomination for Mayor, and to give answer in a few days.

A California editor lately received a head of lettuce, two feet in diameter and six feet in circumference, and it was said to be as closely packed as a drum-head cabbage.

The "Know Nothing" Plan of Operations.

The two organs in the Schuyler Railroad interest, the *Minneapolis* and *Democrat*, have adopted the "Know Nothing, Say Nothing" plan of operations. Unable to defend the swindle which was perpetrated upon Congress, and which resulted in the repeal of the Railroad grant bill, and the consequent loss to the Territory of a thoroughfare which is already needed for the accommodation of its business, they are both seeking to divert public attention from the wrong and its authors, that their master, our present Delegate, may escape the odium of a participation in the transaction. We believe they underrate both the intelligence and the integrity of the people by this course. The wrong committed against the best interests of Minnesota will not be easily or speedily forgotten; nor will its authors and abettors be permitted the oblivion of silence, however earnestly it may be coveted. No man of unpurged moral sense, who has read the testimony elicited before the Investigating Committee of the House of Representatives, can doubt as to the position which should be awarded HENRY M. RICE, in the fraud. His private interests running directly in the course of the forgery—his personal intimacy with the agents of the Company which was to be benefited through the theft—the extraordinary character of his testimony before the Investigating Committee, wherein he convicts himself either of gross negligence or of grosser perjury—force upon the people a conviction of his guilt. That guilt must be deep, indeed, when neither the perpetrator, nor the mouths of his friends, nor the columns of his newspapers, dare so far outrage the public sense of justice as to vindicate or excuse him. By their silence, and his own, he stands today before the people of Minnesota acknowledging himself as rightfully charged with the responsibility of the consequences of the fraud.

Murder in St. Louis.

We learn from the *St. Louis Intelligencer* that a double murder was committed in that city on the evening of the 29th ult. It appears that a cabin boy, belonging to the steamer *Forest Rose*, got into a difficulty with an Italian staying at a fruit store on the levee, between Locust and Vine streets. The Italian followed the boy to the boat, and until he took refuge in the cabin. He was there met by the mate, who ordered him to leave, which he was about doing, when the boy threw a stone at him. He then turned and walked towards the boat, when the mate drew a pistol and shot him in the side; the wound proving mortal in a short time. One of the day police, hearing of the affray, came aboard to arrest the mate, when the latter stabbed him in the side with a knife. He was conveyed to his residence, but no hopes are entertained of his recovery. The mate, whose name is MINDLERON, escaped to Illinois, but was arrested at 11 o'clock the same night, and identified by the policeman as the person who stabbed him.

Personal Intelligence.

D H Chapman, Windsor, Vt.; C Hall, Wm Potter, Madison, Ind.; Wm Davis, B D Jones, S Johnson, S Wines, J S Sawyer, Pigma, O; Fred Mott, Vt; Wm B Woodcock, Cules' Mills; A Palmer, Pt Douglass; W G Clark, S Mower, Arcola; John Fisher, Stillwater; Wm Baldwin, Richmond; John McKusick, M Delano, Stillwater; F Steele, Lieut White, Fort Snelling; were among yesterday's arrivals at the American House.

MURDERS IN TENNESSEE.—A toll-gate keeper near Nashville, was killed by a negro, whom the man caught stealing water-melons.

On the seventh of August, DAVID LAWRENCE was killed in Pulaski county, by one of his negroes. Mr. L. had ordered the servant to do some mowing, when the miscreant turned on him and cut him in two with a scythe.

A Clever Jeu d'Esprit.

WASHINGTON CITY, Aug. 8, 1854.

To the Editor of the *Missouri Democrat*:
Sir: In 1849 I stated repeatedly in my public speeches in the State of Missouri, that the old saying that "Republicans are ungrateful" was a falsehood and a calumny; I am now fully convinced of the truth of the old saying—Republicans are ungrateful, sir. I have been beaten for Congress in my own district, sir, and I know, sir, that no such result could have been produced except by the basest ingratitude, sir. Am I not Old Bullion, sir? Did not I solitary and alone, put the ball of Expurgation resolution in motion? Didn't I advocate in many speeches the reduction of the duty on Salt? Didn't I throttle and kill that monster, the United States Bank? Was I not in the Senate for thirty years, and have I not written a *Thirty Years' View*, sir? No, sir—it is false, sir—and if you affirm to the contrary, sir, you are a liar and a dirty dog, sir—misrepresenting the truth for criminal purposes, sir. But I know who it was that beat me, sir—it was not the Whigs, sir—it was the Nullifiers, sir—they are scamps and rascals, sir—they must have been in conclave with the 6,000 victims who died of cholera in St. Louis in 1849.

Yes, sir, a *conclave*, sir—*con*, with, and *clavis*, a key, sir—look up with them, sir. And, sir, I assert it, the shade of Calhoun was also locked up with them, and held their keys, sir. For these base conspirators against "me and mine," sir, are nothing but adjuncts of Calhoun, sir—yes, sir, adjuncts of Calhoun, sir—joined to him, sir. *Ad*, to, and *joined*, joined.

Yours inveterately,

THOS. H. BENTON.

Disgraceful Act at Salem, Ohio—Rescue of a Slave Girl against her Will.

We are no apologists for slavery, but at the same time we despise rowdiness and blackguardism when used by fanatics in their rash and illegal efforts to carry out their mistaken notions of philanthropy.

Yesterday, when the cars arrived at Salem, in Columbiana county, from Pittsburgh, a crowd had gathered at the depot, a despatch from Pittsburgh having informed them that a slave girl was on board under charge of her master and mistress. When the cars stopped a big negro stepped into them, and accosting the girl, asked her if she was a slave. She made no reply, but her mistress answered that she was. Thereupon the black ruffian seized her, and she, clinging to her mistress' neck, begged most piteously not to be torn away; but the black fellow violently tore her away, and in the effort bruised the lady's neck severely, and carried the child out of the cars on one arm, and flourished a revolver in the other hand, amid the plaudits of the excited crowd.

The master of the child was not just then in the car, and upon hearing of the rescue, offered to go before any officer and execute free papers, if the girl wished to be free, leaving the matter to no such thing. The child's screams were heard above the tumult, begging to go back, so that she could again see her mother, who belongs to the same owner.

The life of the owner was threatened, and he dare not remain over, but went on to the cars to carry grief to the mother of the girl. This is an outrage, and the people of Columbiana owe it to themselves to wipe out this stain.

That long-haired, brainless C. C. Burleigh, was on hand, and made a harangue to the crowd.—*Cleveland Herald.*

A Pic-Nic Party Surrounded by Fire in the Woods.

Last week, on Friday, a gay and thoughtless party of males and females, some thirty in number, provided themselves with pails and baskets of all capacities, cigars, ginger pop, and luncheon, and jumping into a Railroad car, rode to a station on the Albany and Boston Railroad that was in the immediate vicinity of one of the tallest of the Berkshire range of mountains. The hill was said to be covered with countless bushes of blackberries, all dead ripe, and all of the high bush variety, which are the largest and the sweetest.

They left the station in high spirits, and in a few minutes were buried in a wilderness of that fine and beautiful fruit that they went out to seek.

An hour of persevering picking resulted in filling every vessel they had carried with them, and as they gathered at the spot appointed for luncheon, secluded nook in a place covered with verdure, watered by a little brook of pure cold water, and surrounded on all sides but one by bedding cliffs—they found themselves fatigued, woefully lacerated by the prickles and thorns, their dresses torn badly, and hands and face deeply dyed with blackberry juice, but with keen appetites and pails and baskets all heaped up and running over with the fine, ripe fruit.

Down they sat and devoured their ample lunch, lighted their cigars, drank their pop, and indulged two or three hours in dances and other pastimes.

It was known to them when they first started for the mountain that a portion of it was on fire, but of the conflagration they thought not, being entirely absorbed in their picking and amusements. But the smoke grew dense, the air became hot and stifling, the winds were up, and the fall of an immense burning cinder into their very midst, roused the thoughtless party to a realizing idea of what was in progress above and around them. Looking up, judge of their consternation when they saw themselves almost begirt by a tremendous conflagration, which had spread with nearly the speed of the wind that fanned the flames and urged forward the destruction! The only way of escape was through the narrow gorge down which the little brook plunged, and the flames were rapidly approaching both sides of even that chance for exit!

Not a moment was to be lost! All rushed instinctively for the narrow opening before them, leaving behind them more than half of the berries they had picked. But they found the little brook could run where they could not, and that precipices, underbrush, no path, and the stifling smoke that blew hot in their faces, and blinded their eyes, rendered their progress slow. And it was slow. The ladies had to be helped at almost every step. Overhead, and nearly all around, was a sheet of fire. Before them was yet just a narrow way of escape, and that night at any moment be crossed, and then they would be completely surrounded by a belt of fire!

Eagerly they pressed forward, the stoutest leading the way, and encouraging each other as well as they could.

The air grew thicker and darker. The heat was dreadful. Sparks and cinders fell like hail around them. Their clothing was repeatedly on fire. The noise and crackle of the flames was almost deafening, and occasionally the fall of a burning tree crashed upon their ears and added to their fright.

At last, when some were growing too weak to go further, two had fainted and had to be carried, and their condition was momentarily becoming more and more desperate and hopeless, suddenly the wind wheeled around and blew a fierce blast up the narrow ravine the party were travelling! All were instantly invigorated, relieved of the smoke in front, and heartily encouraged. With a shout they again pressed forward, and in about fifteen minutes succeeded in gaining a point beyond immediate danger, and in an hour more were on their way home.

Their escape was a narrow one indeed! Not half an hour had elapsed after their escape ere the trees and brush of the ravine were in a blaze, and their trying place was lost in a deluge of fire.

One of the rescued party told us the story of his adventure with the rest, and fairly shuddered when he came to what he termed the "toughest spot," and where there was "a smart chance for a barbecue of Becket folks!"

The indefatigable LAMARTINE has just sold a "History of Turkey," from his pen, to the proprietors of a Paris daily newspaper for £4,800 sterling!

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, Esq., Chief Clerk of the War Department, was duly commissioned acting Secretary of War during the absence of General DAVIS.

1854. BOSTON FREIGHT EXPRESS. 1854.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY.
CAPITAL, \$750,000.
TIME CONTRACTS GIVEN TO WESTERN EXPRESS.
THE undersigned will contract freight by this line from Boston or New York to Rock Island in 15 days, (Sundays and accidents beyond control excepted), for \$2.00 per 100 pounds. No DELAY shall occur at Rock Island and the lowest rates of freight possible, obtained from there to St. Paul.
Goods from New York must be marked KASSON'S DESPATCH, and shipped by People's Line, foot of Centralist St., Office—181 Broadway.
For further information inquire at the office of the agents.
Arrangements have been made, by which the time guaranteed above will be fulfilled. Agents are stationed on the line of the route, so that at each point of transshipment no delay shall occur.
Merchandise must be delivered at the depot by 4 o'clock, P. M., and Railroad Receipts handed in to the Agent upon the day of shipment, for bills of lading.
All single Packages weighing less than 100 pounds will be charged at 100 the first class.
Pack marks BOSTON EXPRESS, and ship by the WESTERN RAILROAD.
For freight, apply to
No. 2, corner State street, up stairs.
The above rates will be charged until further notice.
A. J. BURBANK & CO., ST. PAUL, M.T. Agents.
St. Paul, Aug. 28, 1854.

SAINT PAUL AUCTION ROOMS.

FRANK E. COLLINS,
AUCTIONEER APPOINTED BY LAW FOR THE TERRITORY OF MINNESOTA.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends that his arrangements for the transaction of his business in all its branches are complete.

REGULAR SALE DAYS.
For different kinds of Merchandise, Stock, &c., will be held, in future, on stated days, his increasing business having made this absolutely necessary.
SALES FROM THE SHELVES.
Will, therefore, be held every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday evenings.

FURNITURE SALES.
Will be held every Wednesday and Saturday, either in the day or evening as may be announced.

HORSES, CATTLE, HARNESS, ETC.,
With Stock of every description, will be sold each Saturday morning, at 10 o'clock. Great attention will be given to this particular branch, and it is confidently believed that from the arrangements made, great inducements will be offered, as well to those who have occasion to sell, as to those who have occasion to buy.

CARRIAGES.
Of every description will be sold, and those having vehicles to dispose of are invited to send them along early.

REAL ESTATE.
Will be disposed of on the most reasonable terms.

BOOKS & STATIONERY.
Will be offered frequently at announcement, and in the miscellaneous sales.

No pains, attention or exertion will be spared to give entire satisfaction to all who may confide their property to his hands, and purchasers may rest assured that on no account will a false representation be made to them.

Business advances and Consignments respectfully solicited. Sales made quickly, and proceeds accounted for without delay. All persons having goods to dispose of are invited to send them to the
OLD PIONEER AUCTION STORE.
In the Building on Third near Minnesota street.

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.
At PRIVATE SALES.
Bargains can be had at all times. Call and see.
St. Paul, Sept. 9, 1854. FRANK E. COLLINS, Auctioneer.

CULVER & FONSECA,
No. 9 Windsor House, Junction of St. Anthony and Eagle Streets, St. Paul, Minnesota.
WILLIAM POLLEY call the attention of the citizens of St. Paul, and of the people of the Territory in general, to their choice and extensive assortment of
FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS.
Hosiery and Gloves, Furnishing Goods, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Carpet Bags, Umbrellas, &c.
St. Paul, September 11, 1854. sep 12-dtf

NOTICE TO BUSINESS MEN.

All Bills of Exchange, Promissory Notes and Accounts payable in this city, left at the Banking Office of C. H. PARKER, will be collected free of charge unless it is necessary, or if said demands are not paid, when it is proper they will be protested.
City of St. Paul, Sept. 12, 1854. sep 12-dtf

DAILY LINE OF STAGE COACHES.

ST. PAUL AND STILLWATER.
WILL leave St. Paul every morning at 9 A. M., and on the arrival of the St. Anthony Falls stage.
Will leave Stillwater every morning at 7 A. M., and arrive in time to connect with St. Anthony Falls stage.
STILLWATER AND TAYLOR'S FALLS.
Will leave Stillwater on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 A. M., and return on alternate days.
ST. PAUL AND ST. ANTHONY.
Will leave St. Paul every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, returning alternate days.
Passengers will be called for at the principal Hotels.
August 8, 1854. S. TOWERS, Proprietor. aug 11-dtf

NEW YORK HAZARD!

IN W. H. FORBES' OLD STAND.
JUST RECEIVED, by the War Eagle, a large assortment of
Consisting of all kinds of Staple and Fancy Goods, Hosiery, Black and Colored Silks, and the largest assortment of Embroidery and jewelry, of every description, ever brought into the Territory. Ladies, give him a call and examine for yourselves. sep 5-dtf

CATHCART,

No 20 Robert Street, Saint Paul, M. T.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS.

KEEPS constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, consisting in part of French Silks, Shawls, Stripes, Drilling, Prints, Muslin de Laines, Lusters, Merinos, Velvets, Hosiery and Gloves, Silks, &c.
A large stock of Carpets, Druggists' Medicines, and all kinds of House Furnishings, low for Cash at 43
No 20 ROBERT STREET, ST. PAUL.

ST. PAUL IRON & BRASS FOUNDRY.

THIS Establishment is now furnished with a good assortment of PATTERNS, and is ready to fill orders for CASTINGS of all descriptions, on short notice and reasonable terms.

Having an experienced Pattern Maker in our employ, we can get up Patterns of any description that may be called for.

Also, IRON TURNING AND FINISHING done in the best manner.
BRASS AND COMPOSITION CASTINGS made to order. Babbitt Metal constantly on hand.
Old Cast Iron, Brass, and Copper taken in exchange for work.
St. Paul, August 16, 1854. F. & J. B. GILMAN. aug 19-dtf

SELLING OFF AT COST.

THIS is one of the greatest Bargains of the age; and any person can at once see that Merchants cannot get along, but are bound to "bust" if they sell goods at cost. We have all got to bust, and it is not very probable that we will work for nothing.
The subscriber does not profess to sell goods at cost. But he does profess to sell his goods at a very small profit, and a little cheaper than those offered by any other party. sep 3-dtf

LAMP-LIGHTER. Now a Days: Rye House Plot; Teedoregia; and many other of the latest works, just received by express, and for sale by WM. DAHL. sep 3-dtf

FRENCH CLASS FOR GENTLEMEN.

MR. DE VALLEROT,
Late from Paris, wishes to give lessons in his native language. Gentlemen desiring to join the class will please leave their names with Messrs. HOWITZ & CO., where all further information will be given.

Mr. De Vallerot will also give instruction in the SPANISH LANGUAGE, and on the VIOLIN. sep 3-dtf

FRENCH.

THE Young Ladies desiring to join the French Class, which has been started by a French lady at the Terrapin, are invited to call immediately at that place between 10 and 11 o'clock A. M., Tuesdays, Thursdays and days. sep 4, 1854. sep 4-dtf

A. H. MOSLEY,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF HATS, CAPS, FURS AND GLOVES. Third Street, opposite the Minnesota Hotel.
H. M. has on hand, in addition to a full stock of the articles above enumerated, a large assortment of
INDIAN CURIOSITIES.
And Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods. He would also inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of Minnesota, that he is prepared to make up all descriptions of Fancy Fur, Ladies Riding Hats, and Gloves, at the shortest notice. The highest market price will be paid for Furs and Deer Skins.
June 24, '54 dty.

STRAYED!!

FROM the subscriber living in St. Paul, one spotted horse, Arabian color, had on one foot an iron band shoe. Has been gone about three weeks. Any one returning the above horse to Mrs. McGEE, near Winslow's Mill, will be liberally rewarded.
St. Paul, Sept. 5, 1854. sep 5-dtf

H. Kenty's Column.

HENRY MC KENTY,
DEALER IN REAL ESTATE,
OFFICE—OLD POST OFFICE BUILDING,
(Third Street.)
SAINT PAUL, MINN. TER.

LAND bought and sold throughout the Territory; Loans made, investments made to the best advantage, and Land Warrants located. 44-45

New York.
Gilbert Davis, Esq., Gov. W. A. Gorman.
Daniel Curtis, Esq., Hon. W. H. Welch, Chief Justice of Min. Ter.
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