THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

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Daily Appeal

DANIEL WEBSTER'S CONFESSION OF FAITH.

The following interesting sketch is taken from the *New York Observer*:

Mr. Smith, of Concord, N. H., has published the following letter of Daniel Webster to Rev. Thomas Worcester, formerly pastor of the Congregational church in Salisbury, N. H., in consequence of meeting a sermon of his in Harper's Hall, "both of which are his own handwriting. We have heard Mr. Webster's name in the records of the church in Salisbury, enrolled among its members, if we mistake not, since the time the letter below bears date, showing that he was a member of the church date. He continued a member of the church until his death. The letter and confession were never before published. They are as follows:

BOSCAWEN, August 8, 1837.

DEAR SIR: The sermon you were conversing respecting confessions of faith. Some time ago I wrote down for my own use a few propositions in the shape of articles, intending to establish a very short confession of the doctrines of the Christian religion as they impress my mind. I have taken the liberty to inclose a copy for your perusal.

I am, sir, with respect, yours, etc.,

D. WEBSTER.

I believe in the existence of Almighty God, who created and governs the whole world. I am taught this by the works of nature and the word of revelation.

I believe that God exists in three persons; this I learn from revelation alone. Nor is it any objection to this belief that I cannot comprehend how one can be three or three one. I hold it my duty to believe, what he has revealed, as far as I see fit, but what my Maker teaches me.

I believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the written word of God.

I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God. The miracles which he wrought establish, in my mind, his personal authority, and render it proper for me to believe whatever he asserts; I believe, therefore, all his declarations, as well when he declares himself the Son of God as when he declares any other proposition. And I believe also that the manner of his life fitted him through the merit of his atonement.

I believe that things past, present, and to come are equally present in the mind of the Deity; that when he knows a thing, at any time, any of ideas, that, therefore, the relative terms past, present, and future, as used among men, cannot, with strict propriety, be applied to Deity. I believe in the doctrines of Swedenborgius and predestination, as they are expounded. I do not believe in these doctrines as imposing any fatality or necessity on man's actions, or as in any way impairing free agency.

I believe in the utter inability of any human being to work out his own salvation without the constant aids of the spirit of all good.

I believe in those great peculiarities of the Christian religion—a resurrection from the dead and a day of judgment.

I believe in the universal providence of God, and in Jesus as Extreme, and his more unremitting followers in modern times, the inconsistency of believing that God made a world which he does and take the trouble of governing it.

Although I have great respect for some other forms of worship, I believe the Congregational mode, on the whole, to be preferable to any other.

I believe religion to be a matter not of demonstration, but of faith. God requires us to give assent to the truths which he reveals, not because we can prove them, but because he declares them to be true. Nature teaches us enough that the Bible is the word of God, the only revealing rule to us to receive its doctrines with full confidence of their truth, and practice its precepts with faith.

I believe that the Bible is to be interpreted and received in the plain and obvious meaning of its passages; since I cannot reconcile myself to the doctrine of a gradual reformation and conversion of the whole world should cover its true meaning in such mystery and doubt that none but critics and philosophers can discover it.

I believe that the experiments and subtleties of human wisdom are more likely to observe than to elucidate the revealed will of God, and that we be in the spirit of the meek Christian scholar who hath been educated at the feet of Jesus, and in the College of Fishermen.

I believe that all true religion consists in the heart and the affections, and that therefore all creeds and confessions are fallible and uncertain—a mere human contrivance.

Finally, I believe that Christ has imposed on all his disciples a life of active benevolence; that he who refrains only from what he thinks to be sinful has performed but a part, and a most imperfect part, if that be the part he is to do good and to eminently, to love his neighbor, to give food and drink to his enemy, and to endeavor, as far as in him lies, to make happiness, truth, peace, and happiness in a wicked and forlorn world, believing that in the great day which is to come there will be no other standard of measure, no other distinction, no other ground, then that which is already established, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

The Ascent of Mont Blanc.

The following account of the ascent of Mont Blanc, by a young Charlestonian, in company with Capt. Seymour, U. S. A., being extracts from a private letter, has been furnished the Courier for publication:

At five o'clock on the morning of the 28th of August, we started for the glaciers with two of the guides, the other remaining to come on with the porters later in the day.

It was touch-and-hill work from the start, but, by 10 o'clock, we reached the glacier, which we moved upon very cautiously, which they did by 12 o'clock, after we started across the great glacier in Switzerland.

Our work now commenced in earnest, climbing over immense masses of ice, having our courage by narrow strips of it, sometimes crawling along the face of a block by means of steps cut with a hatchet—a chasm yawning below, it made a sickly one, I made a misstep, which nearly cost me my life.

We had to cross a large crevice by a strip of ice about nine inches wide, then to go a few feet up the face of a perpendicular wall, just large enough for the foot when turned sideways.

I had crossed the crevice, and had just put my left foot on the first step, when the ice under me gave foot gave way, and, having nothing to hold on to, should certainly have fallen into the crevice had not the guide behind caught me.

We arrived at the Grand Mulet about 2 o'clock. This is the half-way house where you are obliged to spend the night. It is made of heavy stones and boarded inside, the furniture consisting of a small stove and table.

We spent the evening in eating, sleeping, watching an excellent sunset, putting leggins, veils and goggles for the morrow.

At 7 o'clock I laid down on the softest board I could find and tried to sleep, but soon found that it was impossible, from the cold. It made me so much it became so intensely cold that I could only keep from freezing by almost sitting on the stove. Capt. Seymour was the only one who slept. At 2 o'clock we got up and breakfasted, and at 3 o'clock we started for the ropes. For the last fifty yards it was awful work; we could not move ten steps without stopping to catch breath. We reached the summit at 6 o'clock, gave three cheers, and was saluted by twelve guns from Chamounix. Sheltering ourselves from the wind, as we best could, we ate breakfast and began the descent. This was a different affair from the ascent. By leaning back on your pole you can go down hill at a tremendous pace, and without exertion. We came down to the Corridor in a quarter of an hour, and passed it in safety; but daylight did not improve its appearance. When almost down, the guides called out to us to look at the Corridor, and upon our turning our eyes we saw a large mass of snow, about four or five feet in diameter, and about four feet deep, which they said must fall at any moment.

After some consultation, they told us we might pass as quickly and quietly as possible. They set the example by each one starting as fast as he could. I was not slow in following, and as it was pretty steep, went flying for some distance, but I found I would have to go two feet down into some soft snow, which pitched me head first, about ten feet on to the ice beyond, where I went rolling and sliding for about fifty feet down the slope. I could think of nothing all the time but that the avalanche had caught me, and that I never was to see the sun again. I was seeing stars all of the time. After some scrambling, I picked myself up, but feeling somewhat stunned and knowing that no one could come to my assistance, I sat down on the ice and away I went, passing over one.

The guides did not think we were out of danger until we had nearly reached the Grand Mulet, where, where we arrived a little after 1 o'clock.

I then began to repair damages, which were considerable. My pants, also, after dinner, took service, were sent to the Corridor. The boots, I had worn, were mockery imitations of the crevices and chasms of the mountain.

Before two o'clock we were on our way crossing the glaciers, where I had another very narrow escape.

In crossing a crevice I had given my hand to a guide, when his foot slipped and he fell, jerking me over the crevice on to my face on the other side, where I went flying for a large crevice about fifty feet off. When I succeeded in stopping myself I was no more than ten feet from the crevice. But, as soon as I saw that I was the only one who had fallen, every one had them, and some a great deal worse than myself.

One of the guides was only saved by his knapsack's getting jammed in the ice on the edge of the crevice.

We reached dry land in safety, and then commenced the rough work of walking. Jumping and scrambling from rock to rock soon began to tell on the knees, and one by one the guides dropped behind until we had but one left, a large powerful fellow, who walked as fresh as ever.

We arrived at Chamounix at 6 o'clock, having walked nearly eighteen hours.

Not feeling any bad effects from the glacier, I had not used either veil or spectacles; but by seven my eyes were smarting badly; and by dinner time, 8 o'clock, I could not see what was on my plate. The next day I stayed in my room, having it darkened, but it was two days before I could see well.

The sunset from the Grand Mulet was splendid, the finest I have ever seen. Capt. Seymour watched the various shades and colors with great interest. The view from the summit was also very fine; as there were not a cloud, we could see to a great distance; the lake of Geneva, 50 miles off, seemed as if it were under our feet.

I am afraid to say how much it cost us, as you would think we were both crazy; but everything connected with the ascent of Mont Blanc is regulated by law. Each person is obliged to have at least two guides, and must take six, also the time for leaving Chamounix is regulated by law. Each person is obliged to have at least two guides, and must from four to six.

From 1788 to 1853 there have been authentic ascensions; only three Americans in that number. You may judge from this that it is considered here something of a feat, and not done every day, although it is tried by many who do not succeed.

Some days before we started a Frenchman, with six guides, attempted it but failed.

Capt. Seymour says that, on the whole, he thinks we were two big fools, and I think he is not far from right.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM ST. HELENA.

We find in the Journal of Commerce a letter from St. Helena, under date of the 12th August, which contains some interesting facts that our readers may like to see. We make some extracts:

One would suppose that in this far off, secluded anchorage of the sea we should have little to remind us of the turmoils and strife going on in the great world. And yet when I mention this constant arrival of troop ships with regiment after regiment hastening back from the East to the little Isle [illegible] And what means this quickening tip and eye of the people, as our mails arrive, proclaiming the clash of arms—the rackets and wanton play of Kings—the rush to arms of all England's hosts, apprehensive of aggression? Yes, even here, the pulse beats quick, and fear is upon many; but England be drawn into the strife. Two French steamers of war recently arriving here, approached with great double shotted, and lay off some hours, when, being satisfied that all was yet right, drawing their shot they came in. One lies here still, and they avoid themselves of the opportunity to survey the harbor and neighboring bays. However, should "the rapture" attempt the stroke, he will fan the flame of difficulty tenfold, and if he succeeds in his blow should reach the interior, I fear it will be in strict union with his fate, "following in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor."

Within a week or two we have had a number of troop ships calling from India and China, and our little town has been alive with life and bustle. Quite other. Quite other, with full band playing, they land in a body and make a pilgrimage up the hills to Longwood and the tomb of the great warrior. Some days ago, in the evening, a famous dog, who had gone out to India with them, had been eighteen years enlisted, had headed his company in all the engagements, and was now which all others, with the exception of a very few of the original eleven hundred strong. As this regiment marched up to Longwood, the dog marched sedately at the head of his company, covered with a little cloak upon which were worked the colors of his regiment. Another created quite an interest, being one of the Scotch regiments, and equipped in full Highland costume of kilt and plaid; with bagpipes playing. They were a novelty to most of the dwellers here; and fine, stalwart fellows they were, especially after a long residence in India, whose solid phalanx, fighting for the freeside, would prove a tower of strength.

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I suppose the news will have reached you of the loss in a cyclone of Sierra Leone of H. M. ship Hecatine, with about twenty souls on board, of whom only about twenty were saved; so suddenly was she engulfed, going down stern foremost in two minutes. So, too, are we hearing of disasters around the Cape of Good Hope—that cave of Æolus, whence do issue all the blasts of tempests, leading the smuggling ships that are coasting round the Cape, and thereby keep off her head-winds. With broken spars, rent sails, demolished bulwarks, tales of floating wrecks, and ship masts, we have the news to our ears repetitious. A Swede, just in, reports terrific crashes of thunder and lightning, in one of which he was struck, shattering topsail yards, rending sails, and prostrating his whole crew, who lay some time stunned. The American ship South Shore, Capt. Lathrop, was spoken, working into "Simon's Bay, having experienced heavy weather and leaking badly."

By your latest files, I see the newly projected telegraph announced by Prof. Morse, by which most of the inhabitants of the "Boston Atlantic" will be linked to both continents, and thus forming a complete chain of telegraphy, whose short routes will insure success; but, we hear, the Russian Government, the Sultan, and the Emperor of Brazil, have shown the Bill for "St. Helena," which must still remain "the lone isle." We shall only be drawn in when "Africa" shall be redeemed to civilization. We have heard a great deal of the wonderful strides in science. A few months since two steamers were at "Cape Town" conveying the submarine cable to be laid beneath the Mid Sea, for the great India telegraph; a few weeks ago, only within a day or so of the passing the island of one of those steamers returning to Europe, the war news, flashing over that identical cable, came to us from Bombay, being ten days later than our mail by steamers, which are regular in their monthly trips. Thus, are the ship could discharge her coals of Holyhead, and the telegraph boat again, the electric spark was recording the successful working of the same, and taking of the news of the day as an old gossip quite used to the tongue.

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I think I wrote you of the plot to destroy the town by fire some months ago, and of the conviction and imprisonment of the felons. He was a man of considerable property, supposed to be worth £2000 or £3000, all of which is forfeited to the Crown. Large sums of money have been stolen of late, and a wealthy Jew, who all the other property is now advertised. This of itself is a severe punishment, as it leaves him a beggar on returning to the world. Surely, "the way of the transgressor is hard."

But why detail the petty events of this petty isle, to the ears of a world whose daily calendar is full of absorbing interest, and of events on a grander scale? Yet remember, reader, we are writing from a secluded spot, where life, however, is the same in its ebb and flood; and some day, as once before, great events might transpire here.

We amused at the Grand Mulet about 2 o'clock. This is the half-way house where you are obliged to spend the night. It is made of heavy stones and boarded inside, the furniture consisting of a small stove and table.

We spent the evening in eating, sleeping, watching an excellent sunset, putting leggins, veils and goggles for the morrow.

At 7 o'clock I laid down on the softest board I could find and tried to sleep, but soon found that it was impossible, from the cold. It made me so much it became so intensely cold that I could only keep from freezing by almost sitting on the stove. Capt. Seymour was the only one who slept. At 2 o'clock we got up and breakfasted, and at 3 o'clock we started for the ropes. For the last fifty yards it was awful work; we could not move ten steps without stopping to catch breath. We reached the summit at 6 o'clock, gave three cheers, and was saluted by twelve guns from Chamounix. Sheltering ourselves from the wind, as we best could, we ate breakfast and began the descent. This was a different affair from the ascent. By leaning back on your pole you can go down hill at a tremendous pace, and without exertion. We came down to the Corridor in a quarter of an hour, and passed it in safety; but daylight did not improve its appearance. When almost down, the guides called out to us to look at the Corridor, and upon our turning our eyes we saw a large mass of snow, about four or five feet in diameter, and about four feet deep, which they said must fall at any moment.

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So Romeo was eliminated.

A few days afterwards, while the rehearsals were still in progress, the manager met his leading juvenile taking the young person on the opposite side of Chestnut street, and Orsino, "rather out of order in his accoutrements," and evidently quite in love with all the world, including him in it.

"Why, Mr. Webster!" exclaims "the governor" on encountering the comedian so unexpectedly, "I thought you had rehearsal to-day!"

"I have been rehearsed, sir," was the reply, "most painfully by the character of your performers, and I shall attend no more rehearsals! I am not used to being lectured by a confirmed drunkard of our age, to the extent of all the pages of your Hamlet, sir. It's not in my line, sir! Not what I am engaged for!"

And so they parted—the latter to continue his morning promenade, and the manager to ascertain from the conductor what the row was all about.

"Sent! That! Here chief! Confound it, sir, he has been more like a man of time on time than a man on the tiles. If pat everybody out, and me, in self-defense, I was forced to put him out!"

Well, the rehearsals were concluded; the moon was produced; the audience were delighted; the actors were charmed; the manager was happy, and Romeo thought it was a good time to take a little nap, for he knew how to improve his opportunities. The supper was excellent; everybody was in fine spirit; and the symposium, as a whole, was a grand success. There were toasts, and speeches, and jokes, and songs, and cheerings, and the night was merrily away.

Among the social effects of the evening was the performance, in incomprehensible style, and greatly to the annoyance of the somewhat exacting railway guest, of the Chevalier Newhound's fine song, "The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!" by Romeo, the day before, "rather out of order in his accoutrements," and, afterwards, as if to add insult to injury, accompanied his utterance by leading off the listless chorus in "Cinderella," in a style that crowded Romeo's chamber with the latest news to be hourly expected on the stage of the Chestnut.

Mr. Manager Rouseabout looked as if, at that moment, he were meeting a very disagreeable minute!

THE SHAKES.

The following humorous description will be very well appreciated by this neighborhood—it is from a Chicago paper:

The weather which we are now "enjoying" is very favorable to that disease known hereabouts as the "ague," and learnedly called "intermittent fever," or chills and fever. We suppose the reader is familiar with the "shakes," perhaps; doubtless he has taken his quinine regularly, and has felt the little glass slipper will fit, in the case.

This order of things did not exactly meet the views of the gay and handsome young artist who filled the responsible post of leading juvenile comedian, in the Chestnut street company, at that time. He had no fancy for playing chills and fever, and, when he found the shaking fever in the shape he was about to break as "a proud representative of Shakespeare's heroes," or of Sheridan's and Knowles' youths. And so to sicking, whether he could sing or could not, at all events, he had so much overweening confidence in his powers, in that way as to make him at all sacrifices to begin in the scene where "our noble prince is found." He had no ambition that way.

Now it would not do for the management to make exceptions in the general requisition for the services of the corps dramatique, so our supercomedian; and the leading juvenile comedian was obliged to don the green frock and mount the hour spear with the rest of the functionary, and he shook, of course, seemed to shake, with what grace he could.

Among the proverbs in common use there is one that, like a great many of them, is absolutely false; that is, that "a bird that can sing and won't sing, must be made to sing." We have tried and seen tried this effort, many a time, but we have learnt it is a vain one, in almost instance. Birds that can sing, unless they choose to sing, cannot be made to sing, any more than they can be caught by throwing salt on their tail feathers.

Our Romeo of the Chestnut was no exception to this rule, as the sequel will show.

The "Cinderella" was announced to be done on a certain night, and, all in call in the green room box announced that everybody was wanted in the chorus. A time was fixed for the first rehearsal of that portion of the opera, and "everybody" was present on the occasion. The leader tapped the tin shade of the footlight opposite his desk; the orchestra started off at score; the leader flourished his fiddlestick and indicated the point at which the voices should come in.

Rap! rap! rap! "Stop! what's that? Who's that?" rapped and shouted the leader. "Begin again!" and again they began. But still there was something the matter, and another stop was the consequence. The emperaccle with some fervor and explectiveness of expression, inquired of a musical wag in the choristers that was making that dreadful noise, putting all the others out and raising the very dance with the music? "Try it on a fiddle, for goodness sake, see if you can't sing in tune!"

He was tried again, and still the same "pig in the fence." It would not do. The conductor laid down his bow in despair. Looking keenly at his marshaled host on the stage, the idea begins gradually to grow in his mind that there might be one or two too many of the company in the chorus, and he was soon to the conclusion that our Romeo was very likely to be one of that number. No sooner had this concert taken possession of his brain than he acted upon it with somewhat more plainness than politeness. Giving the signal for commencing once more, he kept his eye, and sar too, upon the suspected delinquent, and was not long in finding a corroboration of his suspicions.

"Well! I thought it was you, sir! You shake most fearfully! You don't know any more of music than a black crow. Clear out of this, and for goodness sake let me never see your face, or hear your croak, in the scene again!"

So Romeo was eliminated.

The Memphis Appeal.

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GOODLETT & CO., COTTON FACTORS, RECEIVING FORWARDING AND General Commission Merchants, NO. 18 FRONT ROW, MEMPHIS, TENN.

HILL & DORION, COTTON FACTORS, Commission, Receiving & Forwarding MERCHANTS. NO. 16 FRONT ROW, On Second Floor of Mosby's Row, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

SAMPLE, MITCHELL & CO., COTTON FACTORS, AND Commission, Receiving and Forwarding MERCHANTS, Madison-St., Three Doors East of Union Book. Memphis, Tenn.

YEAROUT & CO., STRICTLY CASH EXCELSIOR AMBROTYPE GALLERY, AND Sewing Machine Depot, IN CALHOUN BLOCK, Corner of Monroe and Main Streets, MEMPHIS, TENN.

BLACKSMITHING AND Wagon Making.

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Cotton Factors.

VERNON & PARTEE, COTTON FACTORS AND Commission and Forwarding MERCHANTS, NO. 6 MONROE ROW, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

WEBB & RAWLINGS, COTTON FACTORS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

SHELTON, JONES & CO., Cotton & Tobacco Factors AND Commission and FORWARDING MERCHANTS, NO. 40 FRONT ROW, Memphis, Tenn.

FOWLKES & CO., COTTON FACTORS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

M. L. JONES, (Formerly of Salisbury, and late book-keeper for Jones, Brown & Co., of Memphis) COTTON FACTOR AGENT, FORWARDING AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT, No. 3 Madison Street, MEMPHIS, TENN.

WM. KENAN HILL, SUCCESSOR TO GRAHAM & HILL, COTTON FACTOR, AND Commission GROCERY MERCHANT, No. 9 Front Row, MEMPHIS TENNESSEE, Charges for Storing and Selling Cotton 75 cents per bale.

BAGGING, ROPE, TWINE, BACON, MESS PORK, MESS BEEF, LARD, FLOUR, SUGAR, COFFEE, MOLASSES, GOLDEN SIRUP, NAILS, CANDLES, TOBACCO, JEANS, LINSEY, OSNABURGS, CEMENT, PLASTER PARIS, LIME, SALT, GIN STANDS, WOOL, CORN, WHEAT, WOODEN WARE, Etc. Etc. Etc.

Cotton Factors.

JONES, BROWN & CO., COTTON FACTORS, GROCERS, Commission, Receiving and Forwarding MERCHANTS, No. 180 Main Street, Memphis, Tenn.

MORGAN & CHRISP, COTTON FACTORS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 6 Front Row—Up Stairs, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

DEAN & HALE, Commission Merchants AND Dealers in Flour and Whisky, Nos. 15 and 17 Water Street, Cincinnati.....Ohio.

W. HOWARD & CO., COTTON FACTORS, Grocery and Commission MERCHANTS, No. 4 Howard's Row, Memphis.

R. D. MARRIS & CO., COTTON, GRAIN AND TOBACCO FACTORS, FORWARDING AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Office and Sales Rooms, 47 Front Row, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

J. & J. STEELE & CO., COTTON FACTORS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 78 Front Row, MEMPHIS.....TENNESSEE.

HILL & HAYLEY, COTTON FACTORS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 17 FRONT ROW—UP STAIRS, Memphis, Tennessee.

WM. GILMER & CO., Cotton Factors AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 2 Madison street.

DAVIS & McDADE, COTTON FACTORS, Commission, Receiving and Forwarding MERCHANTS. OFFICE—NO. 10 FRONT ROW, MEMPHIS, TENN. (Over Copeland, Edmonds & Co.)

COTTON FACTOR AGENT, FORWARDING AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT, Office No. 15 Mosby & Hunt's Building FRONT ROW, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

VERSER & BORUM, COTTON FACTORS, Commission and Forwarding MERCHANTS, Up Stairs, Mosby & Hunt's New Block, 17 1-2 Front Row, Memphis, Tennessee.

D. H. TOWNSEND, COTTON FACTOR, GROCER AND Commission Merchant, No. 55 Front Row, Memphis, Tenn.

F. LANE & CO., COTTON FACTORS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 2 South Side Union Street, MEMPHIS, TENN.

STEWART & KING, COTTON FACTORS, GENERAL RECEIVING, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 21 Front Row, Memphis, Tenn. Business on Court Street.

H. A. JONES & CO., Commission Merchants, FRONT ROW, MEMPHIS, TENN.

S. MOSBY, COMMISSION MERCHANT AND COTTON FACTOR, Office No. 15 Mosby & Hunt's Building FRONT ROW, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

A. J. MONTGOMERY & CO., COTTON FACTORS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, NO. 21 MADISON STREET, BETWEEN FRONT AND MAIN STREET, Memphis, Tenn.

NORMENT, WILSON & CARTER, Cotton Factors AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 3 Madison Street, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Dissolution

THE PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between J. S. WILLIAMSON & CO., in this city, dissolved by mutual consent, the business will be continued at the same place, in his own name and account, and he is authorized to settle the business of the late firm.

S. B. WILLIAMSON, W. A. BROWN.

In retiring from the well known house of S. B. Williamson & Co., I desire to return thanks to my friends and the public, and to ask for Mr. Williamson, who will continue the business on the very smallest, the patronage heretofore so liberally extended to the old firm.

W. A. BROWN.

S. B. WILLIAMSON, GROCER AND Commission Merchant, NO. 19 FRONT ROW, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

STEWART & KING, COTTON FACTORS, GENERAL RECEIVING, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 21 Front Row, Memphis, Tenn. Business on Court Street.

H. A. JONES & CO., Commission Merchants, FRONT ROW, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Foreign Cards.

HARWOOD & NATHADURE, WHOLESALE GROCERS, Forwarding and General Commission MERCHANTS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

ANDERSON & HANNAFORD, ARCHITECTS, S. W. COR. THIRD AND SYCAMORE-STS., (Masonic Building) Cincinnati, Ohio.

LOUISVILLE PAPER MILL. C. I. & A. V. DuPOST, MANUFACTURERS OF News and Book Printing Paper, AND DEALERS IN PAPER OF ALL KINDS, PRINTERS' INKS, &c., 477 Main Street, Louisville, Ky.

WM. J. ROBSON, COMMISSION MERCHANT, NO. 65 CARONDELET STREET, New Orleans.

Drugs and Chemicals.

WIGGS BROTHERS, DRUGGISTS AND APOTHECARIES, And dealers in DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, Toilet Articles, Paints, Oils, GRASS AND GARDEN SEEDS, ETC., ETC. Cor. Main and Union Streets, MEMPHIS, TENN.

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Merchants! Druggists!! Physicians!!! Planters!!!! Builders!!!!!

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BRIERLEY'S NEW BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

THOS. PETERS, AGENT FOR THE SALE OF Real Estate in the City of Memphis, AND Lands in Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Etc. OFFICE, NO. 5 CALHOUN BLOCK, Memphis, Tenn.

Arkansas Lands in Crittendon County.

Negro Hats.

Notice.