THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

BY M'CLANAHAN & DILL. MEMPHIS, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1861. VOLUME XII.—NUMBER 36.

Daily Appeal.

From the Crusader.]

DRIED ROSE,

LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO JENNIE LEE PENROY, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY ROBIE CHARRO KITCHEN.

Child of the autumn hills!
I hear after thee the rustling rain;
The song of the apple and the wasp,
The lullaby of departed days.

The oak leaves rise my head
Against the hoar familiar;
While, shuddering at their green eclipse,
The sun to my mossy bed,

Comes, like an alchemist,
Setting a gem in the dawn's dark,
And covering the cold forest nigh
With rarest amethyst.

The playful woodland air
Sings in mine ear like a happy child;
Reddens my cheek with his kisses wild,
And tangles my haunted hair.

I see the squirrel leap
From the mottled tall, to the hickory tree;
The startled bird, renewed as he,
Shrills in the river deep!

While on the reedy shore
The robin piped, and the prophetic pencil
Maps hills where I laugh alone—
I am a child once more.

The peach blows his horn
In the east, where the cottage chimneys rise;
The black crow caws from the maize skies
To the stars-crow in the north.

I hear my mother sing
Her hymn by the open door;
My brother whistles along the lane
To the partridge by the spring.

Two trees, heavenly fair,
In obstinate innocence, look out
From the elder thicket. My sisters shout!
I hasten to meet these there—

And bird and flowery land
Vanish away. I sit in tears,
Holding these relic-strewers,
Brier-rosses, in my hand.

Along these pleasant aisles,
Chestnuts and nodes though they be,
I see the home-lord weather-tree,
Rectangular chimney rise;

And with a remaining pain
I think of the home Remorse-vile
That stays by the graves on the lonely hill
And the broken cottage gate.

Though hatred be for me
Fresh fountains flow in stranger lands,
Fresh flowers are plucked by stranger hands,
Fresh fruits from friendship's tree;

That streamlet always sings
Of the sunken roof and the mouldering floor,
Of branches that (with the violet's hue,
Of childhood's perished springs.

Child of the sylvan hight,
Where gentle flowers whisper for me
Under fairy structures of rock and tree,
By the fairy heart to-night

Goes from this pleasant Earth
To the fair homestead where the head
Rested, the hour on the dewy bed
I kiss thy sweet dead mouth!

And breathing by the side,
Soft, low, I break thy happy sleep,
Murder, in dread your dear, dear
I pray to Him who died!

Keep her, oh, undefiled!
Where as the lilies of the Zeal!
From sorrow's frost her pure heart shield,
From sin's stormy wild!

Yet may! each human way
Hath its dark power. So we, sad!
Mid the exchange, Lost, seek on
Around her, night and day!

So the may reach that last
Whither the lost are bedeemed now.
The morning star upon her brow,
The palm branch in her hand!

DUNBARY COTTAGE, near Memphis, Tenn., December, 1860.

A DAY IN PETTICOATS.

"I could not think of such a thing."

"But you must; my happiness depends upon it. Here, put on these thingumbobs and whatsignumses."

And my friend, Bob Styles, held up before my hesitant gaze a suit of female apparel. His idea was that I should personate his lady one day, to prevent anybody from suspecting the truth, namely: that she had joined him in a runaway marriage party, until it should be too late for interference; that is, until the minister had tied the knot between them, that nothing but a special act of the legislature could untie.

This scheme was not actually so absurd as it appeared at first sight. Maggie Lee was a tall, queenly woman, with almost a masculine air; and at the time I had a very slight form, almost effeminate; so that, in fact, there was really little difference on this point. Then I had light hair, tolerably long, and fresh complexion. Part my hair in the middle, put my bonnet on my head, and few ladies would have suspected but what I was one of their own sex. The accessories gave me quite a decided resemblance to Maggie Lee, especially when, with the slightness of my voice, I assumed her tones.

Then the day chosen for a runaway match was so unctious one. Maggie's father was to drive to D——, a small village near where she lived, and there she was to join a sailing party down to D——river, to the grove, three miles below, from which the party was to return in the evening in carriages.

Our plan was, that I should be in waiting in the village, and should go on the boat with the sail ng party, with Maggie, after having her father, should slip off with Bob Styles across the country.

At last I got dressed and presented myself before Maggie Lee, blushing scarlet, I believe, feeling ridiculously pinched about the waist, and ——— uncomfortable consciousness, that my—shirt sleeves were too short, or ——— thing else wrong.

Everything finished in the way of toilet, Styles took me in his light wagon, drove me over to Bob's residence, and left me at the hotel, where the sailing party was to assemble. Several of the pic-nickers were already there, and they greeted my earliest cordially, asking if he was going with them. He told them he was not.

"Pressing business engagements, you know, and all that sort of thing. Deuced sorry I can't go with you. Hope you'll behave Miss Lee over, and new I'm off. Mr. Bimbey, this is Miss Lee, Miss Withergall, Miss Lee; and he rattled off a long string of introductions, which convinced me that, if the young ladies were acquainted with the young lady I was personating—a very fortunate thing for the success of my disguise.

Mr. Bimby, a tall, lazy looking man, with a hook nose and eye glasses, seemed to be impressed with me, as I overheard him whisper to Bob Styles, as he went out—"Nice looking gal, that Miss Lee."

"Yes," answered Bob, with a mischievous glance at me, "she is a little girl, though a little go-ahead sometimes. Keep a good look on her," then lowering his voice, "not a bad match for you, old fellow, she is certainly rich."

"Is she?" said Bimby, his interest deepening.

"On my honor," replied Bob. "Forty thousand dollars in her own right. "Day! day!" and he was gone.

Maggie, the artful creature that she was, had told her father that the sailing party was to assemble at another hotel; and thither he had taken her. Having business in D——, he left her there, saying that he would send the carriage after her at twelve o'clock. She like a dutiful daughter kissed him, bid him good-bye, and before he had gone a hundred yards, took a seat in Bob Styles' light wagon, which had driven up to the back door, as old Lee's carriage drove away from the front.

As for the pic-nic excursion, we had a pleasant ass down to the grove; but I could not enjoy it as much as I would have done, if Mr. Bimby I walked on board the boat, I felt awkward, as though everybody was looking at me. I found Mr. Bimby, as I had expected, a young and rising lawyer. He insisted on paying for my ticket and purchasing sundry oranges, pears and candies to eat up a street stand. Poor ass fool that I was at the point of swearing at his impudent officiousness, but bit my tongue just in time to prevent the exposure. But it was not with him that I found my sole bit hardest to play.

No, the young ladies were the hardest to deceive. For instance, there was one among them, a beautiful girl of seventeen, just returned from boarding school, who had not seen Maggie Lee for three years. Of course, she was delighted with me, when she found out that I was Maggie, which, by the way did not occur until we had started. She threw herself into my arms, pulled my veil aside, and kissed me a half a dozen times, in a manner that made my blood run cold. Then she took me back. It was all very nice but if I had been pretty persons, I should have liked it better. As it was "obtaining goods under false pretences," and that lawyer Bimby might issue a warrant for my arrest on that ground at any moment.

A whole lot of crinolines then surrounded me on the upper deck of the boat, to the utter exclusion and consequent disgust of lawyer Bimby and other gentlemen.

The river breeze was very fresh where we sat, and I noticed that several of the ladies were glancing uneasily at me. I couldn't divine the reason until Jennie, my little friend from the boarding school, told her face generously close to mine and whispered:

"My dear Maggie, your waist is pinched up terribly high—your ancles will be the town talk with the gentlemen."

Now I was conscious of having a very small foot for a lady, and had donned a pair of open work stockings which came nearly to my waist, with a pair of gaiters borrowed from the servant girl, in all of which, tortured my running gear looking most conspicuous; but the idea of gentlemen talking about my ancles, and of being cautioned thus by a young girl who would have been frightened to death if I had told her the same thing yesterday, was too much for me, and I burst. Jennie sent her scrambled laugh which I could only check by swallowing half of my dingue handkerchief. The young ladies looked at me in apparent astonishment, and I wanted to laugh all the more. Fortunately Mr. Bimby came to my rescue at that moment, and edged himself in among the crinolines.

"May I sit here?" he asked, pointing to a low seat near me.

"Certainly," I simpered, in my high falsetto.

"Ah, thank you," said Bimby—with a lank-sidedness, which amazated me as coming from one man to another—"you are kind as you are handsome."

"Sir to flatter me!"

"I? no indeed, praise of you cannot be flattery, Miss Lee."

"Ah, sir, you are very naughty," said I, in the most feminine tone I could command.

He cast a languishing look at me and I fairly began to feel for the poor fellow's feelings.

When we arrived at the grove, and spread our hands and sat down to the awaiting "Ol" course dancing was the first amusement, and lawyer Bimby let me out for a Schottishe. It was hard, but I got out successfully enough. When a waltz was proposed, I resolved to have a little amusement at the expense of the unfortunate Bimby.

I had studied quite him properly jealous by dancing with two or three young fellows, one of whom I knew in my own character, but who never suspected me as Maggie Lee. The young dog is a great woman killer—a sort of easy, devil-may-care rascal, who make the ladies run after him by his alternate warmth of action and coolness of demeanor, and he selected to play off against my legal admirer.

I allowed him to hold me very closely, and occasionally looked at him with a half-fascinating expression. When we stopped dancing, he led me to my seat, keeping his arm tightly round my waist, and I permitted it. Having thus stirred Bimby into fents of wrathful valor I asked one of the gentlemen to direct the musicians to play a French waltz. Bimby came immediately.

"Ahem—I—Miss Lee, shall I have the high honor of—ahem—trying to waltz with you?"

I smiled a gracious acquiescence, and we commenced. Now, I am an old stager at waltzing; I can keep time quite as well as most—professional dancer, male or female, that I ever met. As long as the Schonnebrun rings in my ear, I can go on, if it is for a year. Not so with Bimby; he plead want of practice, and he acknowledged that he was not dizzy.

"Aha, old boy," thought I, "I'll give you a turn then." But I only smiled and said that I should get tired first.

"Oh, yes," he exclaimed, "of course I can waltz as long as any young lady, but not much longer."

For three minutes my chevalier did well. He went smoothly and evenly; but at the expiration of that time he began to grow warm. Five minutes elapsed, and Bimby's breath came hard and faster. On we went, however, and I scorned to notice his slackening up at every round as we passed my seat. After some ten or twelve minutes, the wretched man gasped out between his strides:

"Ah—a—are you not get—getting tired?"

"Oh, no," I burst forth, as coolly as if we were sitting round the room. "Oh, no, I feel as if I could waltz all night."

The look of dispair that he gave was terrible to see. I was bound to see him out however, and we kept at it. Bimby staggered and made wild steps to all directions.

His eyes protruded, his jaws hung down, and altogether, I saw that he could not hold out much longer.

"This is delightful," I said very composedly, "and you, Mr. Bimby, do waltz so easily."

"Ah—gr—good—yes—oh—puff—very delightful," he gasped.

"Don't you think we ought to go a little faster?"

He rolled his eyes heavenward in agony. So when he neared the musicians, I said, "faster, if you please," and they played a la whirlwind. Poor Bimby threw his feet about like a fast pacer, and reversed after the manner of a tetotum that was nearly run down. At last he staggered a few steps backwards, and spinning eccentrically away from me, pitched heading into a bevy of young ladies in a corner. I turned round coolly and walking to my seat, sent the young woman-killer for a glass of ice water.

The miserable lawyer recovered his senses just in time to see me thank his rival for the glass of water. I got some idea from this of the fun young ladies find in tormenting no poor fellows of the other sex. At this moment, and before Mr. Bimby had time to apologise for his accident, little Jennie came running into the room. As she came near me, I fancied that her hands clutched closely in her dress and positively shuddering as she whispered to me, "Oh, Maggie, come and help me in my skirts, they are coming down!"

I said I was tired; could not somebody else go?

No, nothing would do but I must accompany her to the house of the gentleman who owned the grove, and assist her to arrange her clothing. So I went. What if it should be necessary to undress the greater part of her raiment? What if, in the midst of all the embarrassment of being closeted with a beautiful girl of seventeen, in a state of comparative freedom from drapery, my real sex and identity should be discovered by her? I felt as if an apoplectic fit would be a fortunate occurrence to me just then. However, I nerved myself for the task, and accompanied Jennie to the house designated. An old lady showed us into her chamber, and Jennie leaving a sigh of relief, let go her dress. As she did so, she looked at me with a peculiar smile, and fell to the floor. She was about to proceed, but I alarmed her by a sudden and vehement gesture.

"Stop!" I cried frantically, forgetting my falsetto. "Don't undress for God's sake!"

"And why not?"

"Because I am a—can you keep a secret?"

"Why, yes. How frightened you look. Why, what is the matter? Maggie—you—why—sh! oh! oh! and she gave three fearful screams.

"Hush! no noise, or I am lost," I exclaimed, putting my hand over her mouth; "I mean you no harm."

She was all of a tremor, the poor little thing, but she was a brave girl, and my argument.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I see you are a man, but what does it all mean? Why did you dress so?"

I told her the whole story as briefly as possible, and exacted from her a promise of the most sacred secrecy. I then went out of the door and twisted until she had arranged her dress, when she left me in my own care. We had a long talk, which ended in a mutual feeling of friendliness and old acquaintanceship quite wonderful for people meeting for the first time. Just as we parted from the grove, in the pavilion, I said I must relieve my mind of one more heavy burden.

"And what is that?" she asked.

"These kisses. You thought I was Maggie Lee, or you would not have given them. They were very sweet, but I suppose I must give them back."

And I did. She blushed a good deal, but she didn't resist me, only when I got the much she looked timidly up and said, "I think you are a naughty, naughty, naughty."

When we returned we found Lawyer Bimby quite recovered from his illness, and all hands ready for supper, which was served up in the ball room. I sat between Bimby and Jennie, and made love to both of them in turn—to one as Maggie Lee to the other as myself. After supper, at which I am ashamed several by eating rather heartily than young ladies generally do, we had more dancing, and I blushed pretty strongly to Mr. Bimby that I should like to try another waltz. He didn't take the hint. Finding it rather dry amusement to dance with my own sex, I soon abandoned the idea, and pursuaded Jennie to stroll off into the moonlight with me. We found the grove a charming place, full of picturesque little corners and rustic seats, and river cooks had large view over the river. Owners of these latter, a little beach was placed in a nook sheltered from the wind and from any human vision.

Here we sat down in the full flood of moonlight, and having just had supper, I felt wonderfully in the need of a cigar. Accordingly I went back to the hotel alone near the hall room and purchased several of the wonders of women that sold refreshments. Then returning to the seat by the rocks, I gave up all pretence of being a lady, and lighted a cigar in the pleasures of solitude, the fragrance of my cigar, the moonlight and little Jennie's presence.

How long we sat there, heaven alone knows. We laughed and talked and sang, looked in each others eyes and told fortunes, and did all the nonsensical operations common among young people who fancy they have been with each other, and might have remained there until the month of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, for aught I know, had not carriages been sent to convey us home, and the rest of the company began to inquire where we had gone.

At length they hit upon the path, all came along single file until they came to an open space above. Then they saw a sight! I was spread out in a free and easy position by Jennie's side, my hat off, my hair somewhat tousled up. One foot rested on the ground, the other on a stump, the boot leaf with my head, (regardless of ankles that day,) while there I sat puffing away in a very lady like style, at a light flavored Concho. Jennie was bent over me, her head on my breast, her arm resting upon my shoulder, and her small waist almost encircled by my arm. Just as the party came along above, I laughed out in a loud masculine voice.

"Just think of poor what's his name there—Bimby! Suppose he knew he had been making love to a man?"

"Hush!" cried Jenny. "Look! there he is. Oh, gracious! there is the whole company."

Yes, we were fairly caught. It was of no use for me to drop on my boots, and assume my falsetto again; they had all seen too much for that. Besides, by this time, Bob Styles and Maggie Lee were doubtless on the flesh and my duplicate was of no importance, so I owned up and told the whole story.

Lawyer Bimby was in a rage; he vowed to kill me, and even squared off; but the rest of the company laughed at him so unmercifully, and suggested that we should waltz it out together, that he finally cooled down, and shook away to some private conveyance back to D——.

I am living in a large double house to-day. He often says he owes his wife to my masquerading, not he doesn't feel under any obligations to me, for I love my wife to the same thing.

N. B. My wife's name is Jennie.

A Curious Planetary Theory.

A curious theory, not unsupported by facts, is propounded in the last number of the *Revue Contemporaine*, regarding those small planets whose discovery Messrs. De Gasparis, Hind, Goldschmidt, Luther and other astronomers owe their celebrity. The writer begins by remarking that the theory of Olbers, according to which these planetoids are fragments of a larger planet circulating between Mars and Jupiter is no longer tenable. This hypothetical planet must, according to Kirkwood's calculation, have been larger than Mars; that is, it must have exceeded one-eighth of our globe. Now, as the average diameter of the sixty-two planetoids hitherto discovered is not more than the eighteenth part of the terrestrial diameter, it follows that, in the hypothesis of the destruction of the large planet by some internal convulsion or external collision, the number of fragments existing must be about 64,000. With such an immense number circulating within the limited space of Mars and Jupiter, and always, be it remembered, within the belt of the Zodiac, how, asks the writer, is it possible that the combined efforts of all the astronomers of Europe, many of whom have exclusively devoted their attention to this particular subject, should only have led, in sixty years, to the discovery of sixty-two of these planets out of 64,000? But the irregularity with which these discoveries have been made is not less remarkable. Thus, from 1801 to 1807 only four were observed, and a period of thirty-eight years then elapsed before the discovery of a fifth planet in 1845, since which period, 6, or, in the course of fifteen years, the relatively enormous number of fifty-seven more has been registered. This irregularity, the writer concludes, cannot be satisfactorily explained, either by the excellence of modern maps and telescopes, or an increase in the number of observations; for sixty years ago astronomy was very nearly what it is now. He therefore, instead of supposing the destruction of an old planet, imagines the present one to be a new one, and Cosmicus's parlor, he assumes, having found a convenient vacant space between Mars and Jupiter, has accumulated there in the form of Soldiers, which, being mutually attracted by each other, get soldered together, until they have attained a sufficient magnitude to reflect light to our eye, when we see them under the form of the planetoids. In the course of ages these planetoids will quite together and form a new planet, which will move in an orbit intermediate between Mars and Jupiter.

The writer next applies this same principle to Saturn, whose marvellous ring, in his opinion, is nothing more than an accumulation of cosmical matter attracted by the globe of Saturn. In course of time this ring became one with the planet, and matter will then accumulate in the angle formed by the surface of the ring and that of the globe, until, with the aid of rotation, the whole shall have become a globe like other planets. The writer thinks it not improbable that other planetary bodies, which are now globular, may have had rings at the commencement of their existence.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF LORD BACON.

A London reviewer justly remarks that "the most characteristic tendency of literary and historical investigation at the present day is to throw doubts upon opinions of time-honored currency, and to show that the traditional verdict upon some of the famous personages and remarkable events of the past is essentially erroneous; and in support of this assertion he alludes to Grote's rose and improved views of Cleon and the Sophists," Carlyle's and Macaulay's laudations of Cromwell, and Froude's defense of Henry VIII. There cannot be a more harmless, even if it be mistaken tendency. It is comforting to think of the great men of the earth—of the grand names of history, of literature, of of art, as free from the lower vices and frailties of ordinary minds. With the exception of those whose only claim to the memory of posterity has been their crimes, the waves of time gradually wash out the darker shades in their characters. Shakespeare was mortal and possessed a mortal's faults, but who can venture to discern them now? It would be like trying to look with naked eye at the noon-day sun to see its dark spots. Milton committed errors but how few can tell what they were? Posterity will probably do the same good service for the great men of modern times. Byron's heartlessness and filthiness, Napoleon's petty meanness, Humboldt's great twaddle about his benefactors, will be forgotten, and only their greatness remain.

Lord Bacon's reputation, though long tarnished, has at last found an earnest and industrious defender. The illustious peer has been long accused of ingratitude, treachery towards the earl of Essex, Buckingham, and Macaulay, accordingly, received tradition, revivified it with all its pellucid trenchant vigor, and Lord Campbell wrote a volume to uphold the same opinion. Against both of these writers, and against the received judgment of the reading world, Mr. W. Hempwood Dixon arrays himself, and sends to the public his defense of Lord Bacon in these "personal memoirs," dug out of unpublished manuscripts, and certainly evincing the untiring industry of the writer. Mr. Dixon wrote a volume to uphold the same opinion. Against both of these writers, and against the received judgment of the reading world, Mr. W. Hempwood Dixon arrays himself, and sends to the public his defense of Lord Bacon in these "personal memoirs," dug out of unpublished manuscripts, and certainly evincing the untiring industry of the writer. Mr. Dixon wrote a volume to uphold the same opinion. On, no, he is not the first to throw bones, and stones, and dirt, and even skin, at the man whose fame is the envy of posterity. Bacon's fate. On [illegible] by some Dutch gentlemen [illegible] such hunts are not uncommon when a tiger is sufficiently enough to attack the young baboons, which often happens. All these creatures for miles round, assemble and pursue their enemy with relentless fury to his death. Sometimes the chase lasts for days; but it invariably closes with the destruction of the tiger—a striking instance that the idea of retribution is not confined to man alone.

An old count paid his addresses to a rich heiress. On asking her hand in marriage, he frankly said to her, "Mademoiselle, I am very old, and you are very young; will you do me the honor to become my widow?"

BOOKS! BOOKS!

ODD-FELLOWS' HALL.

THE REPUBLICAN COURT;
The Shipwreck, by Falconer;
Lalah Rhook;
Gertrude of Wyoming;
The Lay of the Last Minstrel;
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AT THE OLD STAND OF

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Mule! Mule!

THERE came to my place a few weeks back an old black HORSE MULE, which would belong to some person in Shelby. Mr. Betton, on the Isle of Marsh Island. The owner will please immediately come forward, prove property, pay for this advertisement and take the mule home with him. F. BITTL.

Near Delta Post Office, in Shelby county.

jan11-w4t Shelby county.

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RESIDENT PHYSICIANS,

AND THE MOST SUCCESSFUL

Cancer Operators

IN THE WORLD!

Eight Years in Memphis.

PROUD the public in general that they are prepared to treat all diseases, but especially those which are pronounced incurable, and called chronic.

Their Treatment Cancers, without any rival, because they will be expelled from the system, with all their roots and fibers, with no more after treatment, without cessation and without the knife.

They also treat with success according to the most improved science of medicine in Surgery, Rheumatism, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Ophthalmia, Fistula in Ano, Scrofula, Syphilis, Dropsy, Gravel, Stricture, Tumor, Liver, Gravel, Fits, Dyspepsia, Piles, Dropsy, Diseases of the Heart, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all Diseases of the Skin and Ear, and give particular attention to all Female Complaints, whether Cancerous or Venereal.

Nurses who are afflicted with any of the above diseases will be cured, and can find good board and attention during their sickness, at the office of the Dr. Spiegel.

Ladies can call attention of patients at a distance, that they are not prepared to consult the doctors personally, by writing a letter, describing their feelings, the symptoms of the disease, medicine will be forwarded by return express.

Office—Exchange Room, No. 329 Main street between Gayoso and Gayoso streets. Infirmary on Union street, east of Main. Dr. Spiegel's residence, corner of Jefferson and Orleans streets.

Dr. C. Spiegel has, in his thirty years practice, specially devoted his attention to the cure of the disease succors. He has in his possession over five thousand plants, herbs, barks, etc., which he can rely upon to cure any case which are by the uninstructed practitioner pronounced incurable.

He also makes this special practice to treat all private diseases with the utmost success, in a short time, no matter of how long standing, nor of what nature.

As Dr. Spiegel asks from the sick no fee, unless they find the reference he will give will be a speedy cure.

Thousands of testimonials, from the most reliable source, may be seen at the doctor's office. deis-3m

POTATOES.

50 BBLS. LONDON LADY POTATOES;
50 bbls. Columbia Potatoes;
100 bbls. Pink Eye Potatoes;
100 bbls. Nockanock Potatoes;
500 bbls. Mercer Potatoes;
300 sacks Peanuts;
100 sacks Nockanock Potatoes;

Just received and for sale lower than they can be sold at the slowest dealers. Those wishing to buy will do well to give us a call.

PLOUGHOUT & CRAWFORD,
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MORE HEAT WITH LESS FUEL!

Dodge's Patent

FOR SETTING GRATES!

HAVING PURCHASED THE RIGHT FOR SETTING the above grates, I now prepared to execute all orders with promptness. Grates set with this patent greatly increase the quantity of heat given off from the same fuel. Grates set in the usual way can be changed to the new plan if required than for the old style fireplace.

Orders left at Morgan & Walker's Block, Main street, or at my shop, corner of Linden and Causey streets, will be promptly attended to.

H. LEMON.

CERTIFICATES.

We, the undersigned, have had our fireplaces altered to Dodge's patent fireplace, and we find it better warmed, with less fuel, than the old fireplace; and we take pleasure in recommending it to our citizens and to the public generally in the contemplation of

Thomas Farmer Pianos, Ch.
J. L. Morgan, John
G. Falls, A. Eh.
R. F. Hill, J. G. Fisher,
F. M. Cash, J. J. Harper,
J. S. Schoolcraft, Morgan & Nadwin.

jan12-4m

"SAM'S HOUSE!"

THE undersigned has opened the NEW HOUSE, recently completed, on the Island of CRITTENDEN STREET, between Second and Third, where he will keep a first-class

EATING AND DRINKING SALOON,

I would respectfully ask of my friends and the public a call, as nothing but the best will be served. The saloon will be known as "Sam's Home."

jan18-3m SAM HARMON.

YOUNG & WELD'S WANTS!

WE WANT TO BUY,

One Negro Woman, a good cook, washer, etc.
One Negro Girl, twelve or fourteen years old.

WE WANT TO HIRE,

Three Negro Men, common laborers.
One Negro Woman, good cook, washer, etc.
One Negro Boy, about twelve years old.

WE WANT TO SELL,

One Negro Man, a No. 1 hand for $1000.
One Negro Boy, sixteen years old, tame, but an efficient house servant, worth $1200, cash or approved paper, and will sell for $900.

WE WISH TO EXCHANGE,

Our elegant City and Suburban Property for Farming Land, in cultivation, with or without negroes.

We wish also to exchange valuable Suburban Property for Dry Goods or Groceries.

Any person having such property, and wishing to make such an exchange, will find it to their advantage to call on us.

WE HAVE FOR RENT,

Several of the most desirable situations in the city. Among the very desirable tenements in the city are those belonging to the Farmers' Building, corner of Linden and Dubois streets; a beautiful residence on Linden street, with an excellent garden, orchard, and five acres of land attached. Also, four tenements on Cotton Row street, new and neatly improved, on Madison and Monroe streets.

WE HAVE FOR SALE CHEAP,

The undersigned, having leased the Wareham House for a term of years, respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. A long experience in the business, justifies them in saying that they will endeavor to the utmost, to please the travelling public, and to make Wareham, what it has always been, the home of the traveler.

G. V. RAMBAUT,
JOHN B. COX.

SUNDRIES.

500 BOXES Pepping Crackers;
1000 lbs. S. S. Almonds;
100 kegs Lard;
500 lbs. Cream Nuts;
500 Buckets Fresh Meat;
100 kegs Rennet, First Rate and Lemaire Apples;
100 Pkgs. Rye Whisky and Red Nockanock Potatoes;
200 Kegs Nails;
50 dzn Brooms.

Also Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, Salt, Whisky, Brandy, Champaign, Flour, Lime, Cement, Starch, Wooden Ware, etc., etc. Just received and for sale by

PLOUGHOUT & CRAWFORD,
No 14, Front row.

P. H. HEINRICH & RO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

CONFECTIONERS,

AND

CANDY MANUFACTURERS,

No. 67 Front Row,

KEEP on hand a full supply of all kinds of due Stick and Candy Candies, Cakes, Nuts, Preserves, Fruits, Pickles, Oysters, Wines, Cordials, etc.

Orders will be promptly and carefully filled, at the lowest prices. dec14-6m

TO MY FRIENDS AND PATRONS!

REMOVAL!

I HAVE REMOVED MY BARBER AND HAIR DRESSING SALOON, from Monroe street to corner of Main and Jefferson streets, adjoining the Worsham Hotel.

I take occasion my greatest acknowledgments for the liberal patronage I have heretofore received, and respectfully solicit a continuance of the same at my new location.

Very respectfully,

ANTHONY MOTLEY.

(Argus and Avalanche copy one week.)

C. K. HOLST & SON,

UNDERTAKERS,

NO. 300 MAIN STREET,

MEMPHIS, TENN.,

AGENTS FOR

MARSHALL'S SOUTHERN METALLO-PERCHA

BURIAL CASKETS,

ALSO, FOR

Barstow's Metallic Burial Caskets.

KEEP CONSTANTLY on hand all sizes of FISK & CRANE'S CASES. Also, WOOD COFFINS, of every description.

Country Undertakers furnished with Caskets and Cases at a reasonable discount. deis-1y

Feed Potatoes.

300 BUSH. YELLOW PINK EYE POTATOES, for seed, in store and for sale by

R. C. CRAIGHEAD,
Seed Store, corner Second and Union.

Miscellaneous.

CHRISTMAS

AND

HOLIDAY BOOKS,

FOR

BOYS and GIRLS!

Cotton Factors.

JAS. STEELE.....JOHN STEELE.....JAS. F. GREENE.

J. S. & J. STEELE & CO.,

COTTON FACTORS,

COMMISSION AND

Grocery Merchants,

No 1 Exchange Buildings,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

We have on hand a large stock of Bagging, Rope and Plantation Supplies generally, which we will furnish on as low terms as any in the trade. sold-dawtf

J. J. HAWLINGS.....JOHN L. WEBB.

J. J. HAWLINGS & CO.,

(Successors to Webb & Hawlings.)

Cotton Factors

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Office, 316 Main Street,

Near corner of Union, up stairs,

Memphis, Tennessee.

Particular attention paid to receiving and forwarding Goods, selling Grain, Bacon, and all kinds of Produce. Orders promptly filled at the lowest prices. sed-dawtfm

WM. S. PICKETT.....RALPH WORMELEY.

PICKETT, WORMELEY & CO.,

(Formerly, Harris, Wormeley & Co.)

Cotton Factors,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

And Agents for

Eagle Cotton Gin Manufactory,

NO. 8 FRONT ROW,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

WE keep constantly on hand a large stock of Bagging, Rope, Groceries, Provisions and Plantation Supplies generally, which we will furnish upon the usual terms.

All Cotton consigned to us will be covered by insurance against fire, while in store or in transit by steamboats, unless instructed to the contrary.

Our charge for storing selling and weighing Cotton is 75 cents per bale, as formerly.

R. B. GOODLETT.....W. H. GOODLETT

GOODLETT & CO.,

Cotton Factors,

RECEIVING, FORWARDING

AND GENERAL

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

DEALERS IN

Bagging, Rope and Plantation Supplies,

No. 35 Front Row,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Store and sell Cotton at seventy-five cents per bale. sed-dawtf

ANS SHELTON.....F. S. JONES.....A. SHELTON.

SHELTON, JONES & CO.

Cotton & Tobacco Factors

Commission and

FORWARDING MERCHANTS

NO. 40 FRONT ROW,

MEMPHIS.....TENNESSEE.

sed-dawtf

WALT, JOHNSON & CO.,

COTTON FACTORS,

GROCERS,

AND

Commission Merchants,

NO. 77 FRONT ROW,

Memphis, Tennessee.

Consignments of Cotton, Tobacco and other produce respectfully solicited.

Country supplied kept constantly on hand and sold at lowest market rates. jy15-1y

A. S. BROWN, HENDERSON OWEN, MILES OWEN, Grenada, Miss. Late of Somerville. Memphis, Tenn.

BROWN, OWEN & CO.,

Cotton Factors,

RECEIVING, FORWARDING,

AND

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 5 Monroe Street,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

A LL Cotton, Tobacco, or other produce consigned to us is insured, unless otherwise instructed.

Bagging, Rope and other supplies furnished at the lowest market prices. Cash advances made on consignments. sep23-dawtfm

J. A. Sample.....M. R. Mitchell.....J. M. Sample.

SAMPLE, MITCHELL & CO.,

COTTON FACTORS

—AND—

Commission, Receiving and Forwarding

MERCHANTS,

Madison Street, opposite the Union Bank,

Memphis, Tenn.

aug11-dawtfm

W. F. HERSEY.....CARRINGTON MASON
Hale Springs, Miss. Memphis, Tenn.

MASON & CO.,

Cotton Factors,

COMMISSION, RECEIVING,

AND

Forwarding Merchants,

283 Main Street,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Our charges for storing and selling Cotton will be as heretofore, viz: 75 cents per bale, and a reduced commission on the sale. Insurance always effected, unless advised to the contrary. sep26-1y

R. M. WEATHERFORD, S. C. LEE, Danville, Ky.
A. S. WEATHERFORD, Memphis; W. WEBB, Grenada, Mississippi.

WEATHERFORD, SIMPSON & CO.,

(Successors to Jameson & Bro.,)

Wholesale Grocers,

General Commission Merchants,

Produce Dealers & Cotton Fact'rs

NO. 88 FRONT ROW,

Memphis, Tenn.

Bagging, Rope and Twine, Whisky, Flour, Tobacco, Tea, Sugar Salt, Bacon, Coffee, Nails, Soap and Candles, constantly on hand, a full stock of Plantation Supplies. sep22-dawtfm

ROBT. BIGGS.....R. S. PITTMAN,
Formerly of Panola county, Miss. Memphis

BLACK & PITTMAN,

WHOLESALE TOBACCO FACTORS,

AND

General Commission Merchants,

NO. 74 FRONT ROW,

Todd & Guyer's Building, Memphis, Tenn.

KEEP constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of all grades of Virginia and Western manufactured Tobacco, Cigars and Smoking Tobaccos, which they offer at the lowest manufacturers' prices. Merchants visiting the city will find it to their advantage to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, as we are offering rare inducements to dealers. sed-dawtf

JOHN C. COOPER,

COTTON FACTOR

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

No. 5 Monroe St., Up Stairs.

AGENT FOR SALE OF HALL & CRAFTINS' MODEL COTTON GINS.

Garden Seeds,

EVER BROUGHT TO THIS MARKET.

We keep none but LANDRETH'S SEEDS, to which we call the attention of

GARDENERS,

MERCHANTS,

PLANTERS, and others.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

BY

Ward & McClelland,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers

IN

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS,

SEEDS, ETC.,

No.s 175 and 177 Main Street, Opposite Worsham House.

jan19-1y

Cold and Warm Baths

A LL who enjoy the luxury of either Cold or Warm Bath, can be accommodated at the barber shop of JOHN BROWN, in the Commercial Hotel. He has fitted up his establishment in superb style, and will take pleasure in attending to the comfort of his customers. jan11-1m

Business Cards.

J. R. SHARPE.....J. R. REVES.

J. R. SHARPE & CO.,

Wholesale Tobacco Factors

AND

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS

NO. 12 FRONT ROW,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

We have on hand a large stock of Bagging, Rope and Plantation Supplies generally, which we will furnish on as low terms as any in the trade.

We will duplicate any northern or eastern bill with the same, or brands equally as good, from one to two thousand. mr8-1y

J. G. FLOURNOY.....R. S. CRAWFORD.

Flournoy & Crawford,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Commission Merchants,

—AND—

DEALERS IN PRODUCE,

Keep constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of

Choice Groceries and Provisions,

Suited to City and Country Trade,

NO. 11 FRONT ROW,

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

Particular attention paid to Storage and Forwarding. se20-dew

TALBOT & DANCY,

DEALERS IN

Drugs, Paints, Oils,

WINDOW GLASS,

Perfumery, Instruments, Brushes, Etc.,

340 Main Street,

PROVINE BUILDINGS.

We call the attention of Physicians, Planters and Builders to our large stock, as we offer strong inducements to buyers in our line.

Our PRESCRIPTION AND RETAIL DEPARTMENT will receive particular attention. jy15-1y

HOME MANUFACTURED

NASHVILLE PENITENTIARY

Ware.

FOR SALE AT LOW PRICES—
Nashville Cotton Seed Ware;
" Churns;
" Washing;
" Tubs;
" Buckets;
" Water Cans;
" Brass-bound Buckets;
" Two Pound Buckets;
Cane-seat Chairs.

CHARLES MANN,
368 Main street, Brinkley's Block.

**LOOK TO YOUR INTERE