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BY BENJAMIN F. DILL. MEMPHIS, TENN., FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1866. VOLUME XVI.—NUMBER 51.

MEMPHIS APPEAL.

PUBLISHED DAILY & WEEKLY

—BY—

BENJAMIN F. DILL.

To whom all Letters should be Addressed.

PRICE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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" " six months 5 00
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Correspondence of the Louisville Journal.

LETTER FROM EUROPE FROM A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN CITIZEN.

Everybody going abroad falls to writing letters about what has been seen and heard. The right to do so is very doubtful since Addison and Cowper have published letters, and Irving has sketches of city and country life, for a man has as little right to put bad stuff in print (and things are good or bad by contrast and comparison) as to put mean manners or mean conversation in company. Indeed, this too much letter writing is quite a bad habit and ought to be broken up, for, besides being generally badly done, the effect is, as generally, either disloyal to the truth, or, so far as truth is followed, the pleasure and surprise of the reality, when seen, are abated. We have all done the States until doing them has become a mere piece of steamboat and railroad drudgery; and now that everybody wants to do Europe, steps ought to be taken to assure travelers that they have not learned all of Europe through our "own correspondent," and that there remains something on this side of the water to compensate for the passage money, especially as it has to be paid in gold. Therefore, letter writing ought to be stopped. But who is to stop it? Haven't I seen and heard things here that I never saw in letters nor anywhere in print? and will not somebody be interested in these?

Dickens and Bull Run Russell have given a license to everybody to abuse, misrepresent, and ridicule everything one sees in a country not his own, and, if their twaddle in the United States will excuse me for saying so, have made the habit a regular one, or, to state it more correctly, it has confirmed it, for it was vulgar since they did it. There is much to be praised in Europe, and much to be wished it were not so. The people of America may have faults here, while the people of Europe have many old lessons to learn, and could learn many good things from their young kinfolks west of the water. Don't stare and think I am a political essay—I was not talking politics, and don't intend to. I speak of education, manners, business, habits and modes of life, agriculture, society, etc. The wonder is, that with the intercourse between the two continents so great, the differences in some things, so easily corrected and assimilated, should remain so great.

It would be paper and time and what is far more to the point, your "space" wasted, for a fellow with a splendid imagination, but a most prosy and stubborn pen, to undertake to describe his voyage at sea; the moonrise and sunset; the blue, the black, the green, the indescribable waters, the leaping, the surging, crested billows, the gentle, the calm valley wave, and the huge but graceful iron monster of a ship riding the watery mountains "like a feather," "like a cork," like a duck, or like a thing of life." All this has been done so often that, though the subject has not been exhausted quite, the capacity of your readers to stand it has been, and therefore I will come to the point, and be more practical by stating historically that I puked, retched, heaved, gagged, and, but for material teachings and sprinkings, would, no doubt, have sworn for the space of six days without stopping—that after this one never gets enough to eat, and never tires looking at the waves and the world of waters underneath and below, and the storm lasting only one degree of a regular hurricane. Even then I stood on deck as long as I could keep my feet by holding to the rigging with both hands, and until the rain and heavy spray did not fall, but flew and whizzed straight across deck, horizontally or a little upward, stinging the face sharply when it struck you. When below and the ship would run a quarter, or such a matter, on one side, or jump from one side to the other so quick that men, women, children, and table furniture would all tumble in the same direction, or bringrightted up would "ship a sea" that had leaped high up and fallen with a heavy bang on deck, squirting through some places not quite well enough guarded against such attacks, and seasoning the various dishes at dinner with several gallons of salt water. I was reminded of an old nigger in Kentucky who got scared on a steamboat when she was "blowing off," and holding his breath until that was done, drew a long one and exclaimed, "dis nigger radder trust de Lord tree days on land den one day on water." Now you have a fair history of the voyage, and, as to the social part of it, it is only necessary to state that some were traveling for health, and invalids talk too much of their ailings; some on business, and business men are proud of success; some for pleasure, and pleasure seekers are hard to please; that one pretty young American widow had caught and married an exquisite little German Baron; some young gentleman in second cabin and plain clothes, and some in first cabin with fine clothes and enough wine, were going to study in Germany, the finishing high school for the Universe; some Americans of both sexes had got rich and were going abroad to spend it; some clever men and women had left Europe poor, got rich in America, and were going back to enjoy it, and to show families of stair step children to the old folks at home. Put this and that together, don't be churlish and call nice little graces by such hard names as airs, vanity, and affectation, remember that somebody has said that human nature is always and everywhere the same, and that Davy Crockett said that there was a great deal of human nature in people, and you can easily fill up the interstices of the frame work I have given you.

Americans hear much of London, Paris, the Alps, Rome, and Lake Geneva. I have seen none of these. Then how can I write a letter from Europe? Just come and try it, and you will soon see the difficulty is what not to say. My impressions have been received in Northern Europe, Germany and Scandinavia, and the great commercial cities of Bremen and Hamburg, through which pass nearly all the cotton and tobacco for Northern and Central Europe, and which will pass all the wines and wares that go out therefrom. A man traveling, and I speak now especially of genuine John Bull tourists, so apt to conclude that everything which differs from what they see at home is improper, rude, foolish, extravagant, niggardly, uncivilized, heathenish, as the case may be. They go *abroad* with a *home* standard, a precedent bed, and whether they lop off the feet or the trains, of a thing to shorten it, or lengrate in lengthening it, is all one to them. The English gentlemen must be filled and no more than filled, and the thing is all right—that is if loosing all benefit from travel is right and sensible. I will notice a few things that struck me as being rather good, or bad, or funny, or different from what we have at home. An American in Europe is impressed with the idea that there is here very little genuine, beautiful piety. Religion here seems to lack that spirituality, that immaterial devotion, that faith that attributes all things to the wisdom, and sees all things contributing to the glory of God. Religion seems to be more an institution than an inspiration. I speak now of first impressions; it may be that on longer acquaintance and closer examination I would find that my standard of piety had been partly gauged and partly colored at revivals, camp meetings, and great baptismal gatherings. But the fashionable custom of shopping, dining, calling, opera, concert and theater going on Sabbath, too much in vogue here, rather confirms the correctness of my religious standard, imbibed in the villages and backwoods of the Western world.

One of the first things that strikes a man abroad is the difference in the manner of conversation among these people and with us. The difference (at least on the surface) is not in our favor. An untraveled Democrat like myself (let me stop to explain that I don't use the word in a party sense, and to express my belief that nobody but a member of that party would need the explanation)—I say, then, that an untraveled Democrat of the American school of political ideas, born and educated in the great, free, wild West, having read of knights, kings, courts, and courtiers on one hand, and peasants, boors, and clowns on the other, is apt to have like them that are the forest, most naturally spoken people in the world, and that the old countries of paste, class, and orders, of wealth and poverty, are the schools of a formal and necessarily stiff and artificial manner of social and personal intercourse. Just the reverse is true. If we charge them with mannerism, they might retort on us a want of good manners. Therefore, let us examine the case seriously and in its larger aspects.

It is true that in the mechanics and mathematics of the social, moral, and political worlds, on some line or other, straight or curved, extremes do meet. And when they have met it often requires a nice discrimination to determine what relation they sustain toward each other; whether the meeting be accidental, which is seldom the case, or logical, which it nearly always is; and, if logical, which is the cause and which the effect, and if each is found to bear a mixed character—that is, to be partly cause and partly effect, and to have acted reciprocally on the other—then which has the greatest inertia and which the least specific gravity of ideal or moral power. Here is room for an essay, possibly a book, but somebody else must write it, I only suggest the fruitful field. The generally admitted case of the severe morality of the commonwealth being followed by the gay and lascivious manners of the reign of Charles is not exactly a case in point. That is the old and common case of the pendulum swinging. But the case I want discussed and explained is the case of a man, a party, or a people embracing at the same epoch the opposite and extreme sides of a social, moral, or political problem, and men of different and opposing parties working to the same end, by different roads and from different stand points, jumping to the center from the repulsive sides of the same battery, or, starting with a given political impulse, to end with effects the reverse of what we would logically or reasonably expect. Having at some length stated the abstract question, I will now state the practical question: How is it that the people of Europe, this country of lines and divisions, where subordination to somebody else is every man's condition, converse more freely, move naturally, with more energy, impulse and gesticulation of the hands, head, eyes, and whole person; with all this, extremely deferential, less quick to take offense, and, if a wound be given, quicker amended and quicker forgotten? Why are we the freest, the most equal and the most democratic people in the world, the stiffest, most unnatural and constrained people in the world in our style of talking? May I suggest without dogmatizing? Here the nobleman and the man of wealth feel quite secure of the position afforded by birth or wealth, and behave naturally, so far as natural behavior is compatible with a high state of civilization. The laborer, peasant, and tradesman, feel quite as well secured (in another sense) in their position, and trudge along contented, so far as natural behaviour is compatible with subordination to accidental superiority. In America the man of position and wealth knows full well that wealth, birth, elevation, are not all the powers at work. No, thank God! Ours is a land of votes and public opinion, and if he did not "spring from the masses," he at least is amenable to them in more senses than political, and any of them may slowly toil or suddenly hound up to his own plane of existence. This equality of rights and possibilities secures a semi universal equality of position. But the *fact* of position is eagerly sought for, and in the attempt to please and yet be proper, the one is retain and the other to improve the man of position and the man of obscurity become artificial. The poor youth, whose noble race is *not* repressed, knows from childhood that his instincts are sure, and the advantages they give him. He is ambitious, and his opportunities are limited. He soon becomes aware of some of the things he must avoid, gets a view of the things he must, and the things he may achieve, and in the attempt to steer his new and trail bark over the free but somewhat gusty sea, he becomes *nervous*, constrained, artificial, but really carries more sail and a far lighter head of steam, and makes better speed than the easy, slow going, more settled business in Europe with whom he sets the slightest admiration. One finds in a channel already cut, prescribed and guarded; the other *works* his way where he may be nothing or a great deal. Turn back the bull frolics of the acknowledged personal and political success of democracy will cure this with us. That polished freedom of manners is not incompatible with democracy, we have proved that long ago, and there is in our system as much to develop and exalt, and more strength of character than in Athens. Give us a little more *time*, and our system will produce the stateliness, dignity, polish and grace, without the flippancy and dissimulation of other systems.

But that is a dry subject. We started out to be practical and commonplace as the condition upon which I could write. Much has been said of the superiority of American over European hotels. There are marked differences, and on striking the balance the advantage is with the American establishment. The European is a smaller, and, in all of its appointments, a more inferior structure, the rooms are so well furnished, many are carpeted at all, or with a rough, cheap material, and when you are permitted to the naked floor it is a much rougher job than any decent jobber would turn off in America, the planks three times as wide and the work not so good, beds so narrow and so short that you can't turn without danger of turning out, nor take a good morning stretch without either heaving away the foot board or crook your neck against the head board—candles instead of gas, small wash bowls, and no place to empty the water when used. That is one side, and of course there is another. The servants are more attentive, more intelligent, more polite, and better dressed; the beds are more generally comfortable. You order what you want and pay for what you get—so that your bill is large or small, as you like; and always smaller than in America. Be sure and don't order partridge, woodcock, or snipe, for they bring them to the table so rotten that the first mouthful will spoil all further attempts at breakfast or supper. How a polite, civilized, and scientific people can reconcile it with their ideas of decency and health to bring carrion to the table is more than I can divine. And, by the way, a reasonable Frenchman could explain it most satisfactorily—to himself, but not to a plain Western man, who goes out to the fields in the evening, shoots the birds, and has them broiled for supper by a tidy wife or trusty nig. *Then* they taste like "birds." With this notable exception their cooking is generally as good as can be, but the viands are served with much less profusion. Their ham tastes as far superior to the American article as a saddle of venison is to a cut of ox nock; but some how an ugly story has got into the papers that they are occasionally infected with numerous infinitesimal worms, invisible to the naked eye, which get into the stomach, increase, grow, and kill the eater of the hinder parts of an unclean beast. I am now a Jew on the pork question. Irish potatoes, from the size of a musket ball to a small American walnut, excellent in quality and most exquisitely cooked, a little "rose cabbage," about the size of a Hovey strawberry, one head making a moderate mouthful, very delicate and rich; grows thick on the stalk, making it look not unlike a very large bunch of grapes, except each little one is attached directly by his own stem, and not associated in sub clusters like grapes. American gardeners may be familiar with this, but I was not, and it looked very curious and neat. Their dessert is less showy and less profuse than ours, but as good; grapes better, apples and pears peasant. I have not seen hot bread since I left America, and in this they are much wiser than we. The vast quantities of hot, tough, gummy, half baked, undivided bread which the Americans eat three time a day, frequently dosed with chemicals to make it "rise," would kill any animal but man, and is telling its effects on our health and constitutions as a people.

Europeans and Englishmen talk about the vast quantities of ice, iced water, iced drinks, and all sorts of frozen dishes which we use, with amusement and even horror. They have learned the habit extremely prejudicial to health. I might have given some importance to their opinion had I not found that they entertain pretty much the same opinion of water at home that they do of ice abroad. An American asked an intelligent head waiter if they had ice at the hotel. "Ice? Yes, sir, for cooling champagne." "But don't you put it in your drinking water?" "I beg your pardon, sir, water is not deemed wholesome." You get tired and thirsty on the street, and in a store or banking house where you have business, ask for a glass of water. The young man may have mistaken you for an Englishman, but now he knows you are an American. He looks curious, goes out and returns in five or eight minutes, with a glass of water on a plate, showing he had go somewhere for it. And yet I am inclined to think from the allusion to the "cup of water" by the Saviour, and the beautiful simile of the heart panting for the water brook, as well as the inexpressible comfort I have so often derived from "the old oaken bucket," that our American habit of drinking water is quite natural and healthful, and that the European, especially German habit, of drinking all beer and wine is quite artificial and acquired. But while they esteem beer and wine so highly, they seldom get drunk, and hold our whisky in utter horror. Blight.

The dining room servants at a first class hotel here embarrass one by their fine dress and address. Compared with our late slaves or present free negroes, they look out of place. They are rigged out very much as a company of young gents at a party in the States, are generally very handsome, and behave with great courtesy and grace. An American lady who had been most ardently gazed at (these people are the most ruthless gazers in the world) said the servants were the only gentlemen in the dining room! The hotel gives you a key which a gentleman can carry in his pocket and not know he has it until he wants it. A Western steamboat gives you a key attached to a club, which, if it were round, would readily pass you for a policeman; the old Gault House, the best hotel that ever lived, gave you a key with a brass plate, which, with an appropriate handle, would make a good gardening trowel; and the Astor House to-day gives you a key with a huge metal plate, cut into sharp saw teeth, which you can't carry about your person without serious danger of wounding yourself. I always thought of Hottentots. Fegees, and the King of Dahomey. It is nothing to say that guests are requested to leave the key at the office. The office will contain a decent key as well as a barbarian instrument, and a gentleman renting a room has a right to carry the key until he quits it.

Much has been said about the superiority of European railroads and cars as compared with American. Without stopping to particularize, I must admit that the construction, management, and comfort of the roads and cars are so far superior to our shabby ones that it is a rising a national reproach.

There are many evidences that our country and our leading men are much thought of here. Stepping into the cab of my hotel the first thing I saw on the walls were Niagra, several views of New York and harbor, and the largest copy of the Declaration of Independence I ever saw any where magnificently framed. Their diligences are as large as two or three of our old time stage coaches. Getting out of one in the middle of the night to hunt some refreshments at an obscure country inn, I found in the little square dining room five ornaments gathered in a cluster on one wall. And what a cluster! what an arrangement! what a meaning to an American! Did the rude landlord have any design in it, or was it all accidental? In the center a map of the United States—our country; just as let that a good engraving of a most ghastly skull—our late civil war; just over it a lusty young fellow hugging and kissing his sweetheart, just after a reconciliation no doubt—our present Union and future population (lovers will excuse me, I am practical); to the left Washington, the father and founder of his country; to the right Lincoln, its savior. Many strange things happen to a stranger in a strange land, but this was the strangest that ever happened to me. By the way, I see the pictures, busts and paintings of Lincoln everywhere and of Mr. Davis nowhere. An American must come to Europe to realize the fact that already Lincoln stands side by side with Washington, and is destined to occupy a more prominent place than any man in modern history, with the exception of Napoleon the First, and a far more favorable and enviable one than he.

Some peculiarities of manners and customs are worthy of note. Near Bremen I saw women driving ox teams through the fields. In Hamburg, masculine dressmakers measure, cut, and fit garments to the fair sex. Stepping on the streets I saw a gentleman carry in his pocket a key which a gentleman can carry in his pocket and not know he has it until he wants it. A Western steamboat gives you a key attached to a club, which, if it were round, would readily pass you for a policeman; the old Gault House, the best hotel that ever lived, gave you a key with a brass plate, which, with an appropriate handle, would make a good gardening trowel; and the Astor House to-day gives you a key with a huge metal plate, cut into sharp saw teeth, which you can't carry about your person without serious danger of wounding yourself. I always thought of Hottentots, Fegees, and the King of Dahomey. It is nothing to say that guests are requested to leave the key at the office. The office will contain a decent key as well as a barbarian instrument, and a gentleman renting a room has a right to carry the key until he quits it.

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Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 19, 1865. dec20 1m*

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☞ Refer by permission to Choate & Co., Memphis; Tennessee National Bank, do.; E. M. Avery, cashier, and A. H. Leslie, late President Gayoso Savings Institute; R. F. Bolling, President Home Ins. and Trust Co. dec23 3m

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ESTABLISHED some eight months ago, are still in active force, and will be kept up, notwithstanding the withdrawal of the military guards from the gates.

Parties visiting these grounds must obtain a Permit, or otherwise stay will not be admitted within the inclosure.

Tickets can be had at all times at J. C. Holst & Co.'s, Main street; W. R. Smith & Co.'s, Monroe street, Owen Smith, corner of Gayoso and Second streets, undertakers.

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ELASTIC STITCH

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The Highest Premiums

Over all competitors, at the State Fairs of New York, Vermont, Iowa, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Oregon, and at every respectable Institute and County Fair, held in 1865.

These machines are adapted to all descriptions of work. They hem, fell, cord, tuck, quilt, bind, braid and embroider, with equal facility. They are simple, durable, easy managed, and not liable to get out of order; require no rewinding of thread; work equally well with silk, cotton or linen; on cotton, silk, linen or woolen fabrics, and are the only machine that sew perfectly, and embroider perfectly.

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All kinds of

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50 bbls. Medium Flour.
Clear side Bacon.
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Dry Goods.

READY MADE CLOTHING—

Grey and White Blankets.
Bleached and Brown Domestics.
Fine Black and Drab Hats.
Misses' Shoes for Ladies.
Ladies' Dress Goods.
Ladies' Fine Cloaks.
Shaker and French Flannels.
English and American Oilcloths.
French Merinoes and Delaines.
Hosiery, Gloves, Laces.
Suspenders, Trimmings, etc., etc.
Gents' Fine Boots and Shoes.

TAYLOR, MCEWEN, DUKE & CO.,

nov25-3m 222 Main Street, (old stand).

WANTED.

DRY HIDES. Beeswax.
Tallow. Rough Leather.
Wool. Dried Peaches.
Dried Apples. Feathers.
Jeans, Socks. Linseys, Furs.
Deer Skins, dry. Cotton Bagging.
Shuck Mats. Shuck Collars.
Dried Sage Leaves. Hickory Nuts.
Ready Made Ties. Walnuts.
Fresh Butter & Eggs. Pecans, etc., etc.

TAYLOR, MCEWEN, DUKE & CO.

nov25-3m

COTTON.

ALL COTTON shipped to us on good boats, or in our Warehouse on Side Landing, is insured by our open Policies of Insurance in the Desoto, Home, Atna and Hartford Insurance Companies.

TAYLOR, MCEWEN, DUKE & CO.

nov25-3m

SADDLERY.

MOORES & CO., Chicago. | EDWARD LETSON, Memphis.
HENRY M. FERGUSON, Agt., Memphis.

MOORES, SMITH & CO.

Importers and Dealers in

Hides, Oil and Leather,

SADDLERY HARDWARE.

India Rubber Belting,

SADDLES AND BRIDLES,

Farmers, Carriers, and Shoemakers Tools and Findings,

Wagon, Coach and Buggy Harness.

Saddle Bags, Collars, Etc.,

Trace and Breech Chains,

or

All qualities and descriptions.

HARNESS.

In offering our very large and complete assortment of

GOODS

In our line,

We do so with the FULLEST CONFIDENCE

that we can offer

Better Inducements to Cash Buyers

than any house in the Southwest.

Being connected with one of the largest

Saddlery, Hardware and Manufacturing Establishments

in this country, enables us to offer our goods

as LOW as they can be had in

St. Louis or Cincinnati.

We earnestly request an examination of our stock by

MERCHANTS & MANUFACTURERS

before purchasing elsewhere.

MOORES, SMITH & CO.,

No. 98 MAIN STREET, Provine Building,

Sign den Stirrup.

nov5-1m

COTTON FACTORS.

HARLOW J. PHELPS, Of New Orleans. | S. S. BUCKNER, Of Kentucky.

Harlow J. Phelps & Co.,

COTTON FACTORS

—AND—

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 142 Gracier Street.

Bet. Camp and St. Charles.

del1 6m NEW ORLEANS

Notice of Copartnership.

MEMPHIS, January 1st, 1866.

AFTER a suspension of my business for the past three years, I have the honor to announce to my friends and the public generally that I have this day formed a partnership with Messrs. Bernard Bowling and Charles Kirk, of this city, for the purpose of transacting an Importing and Wholesale Grocery and General Commission business, under the style and firm of J. F. Frank & Co., at my old stand, No. 282 Front street. Thankful for the liberal patronage bestowed upon me in former years, I now respectfully solicit a kind continuance of the same, promising that no efforts shall be left untried on the part of the new firm to give satisfaction to all who may entrust it with their favors. Respectfully,

J. F. FRANK.

J. F. FRANK. B. BOWLING. CHARLES KIRK.

J. F. Frank & Co.,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

WINES, LIQUORS, SEGARS,

AND

PLANTATION SUPPLIES,

COTTON FACTORS,

AND

General Commission Merchants

No. 282 Front Street,

MEMPHIS, ... TENNESSEE.

A well selected stock of pure Wines, Liquors and Segars, together with a full supply of Groceries and Plantation Supplies always on hand and for sale low. janl 3m

W. GOODMAN, Mississippi. | A. P. MERRILL, JR., New York.

Goodman & Merrill,

General Commission Merchants

—AND—

COTTON FACTORS,

36 New Street, New York.

☞ Will give attention to Buying, Selling or Leasing Southern Lands, and to advances on consignments and make purchases for New York or other markets. deb 1m

J. C. GRIFFING. S. H. TOBEY.

GRIFFING & TOBEY,

Cotton Factors,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

And Dealers in

Gold, Silver, Exchange and Uncurrent Money,

No. 12 Jefferson Street, bet. Front & Main

nov5-3m MEMPHIS, TENN.

R. B. HAWLEY,

Cotton Factor and Commission Merchant,

No. 272 Front Street.

☞ All Orders Promptly filled. Bagging Rope and Plantation supplies. nov15 3m

THOS. T. GREEN, Formerly T. T. Green & Bro. | SAM'L B. MAY, Memphis.

T. T. Green & Co.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

COTTON FACTORS,

Commission Merchants,

And Dealers in

Plantation & Family Supplies,

BOAT AND BAR STORES, ETC.,

No. 370 Main Street, Provine Block,

Memphis, Tennessee.

HAVING Resumed the Grocery and Commission business formerly conducted by us, respectfully invite the attention of our friends and customers scattered throughout West Tennessee, North Mississippi and Northern Alabama to our large and varied stock of Groceries, Tobacco, Segars, Wines, Liquors, etc., which we have just received FRESH FROM FIRST HANDS. Feeling assured that our arrangements will be given to those who may favor us with their patronage, we invite them to call before purchasing elsewhere, as we are determined to sell low for cash or any house in the city. Give us a trial.

Liberal advances made on consignments of Cotton, and particular attention given to sale of same. [del6 1m] T. T. GREEN & CO.

W. R. MOORE, Helena, Ark. | J. W. LESLIE, Bolivar Co., Miss. | WM. H. GOVAN, Holly Springs, Miss.

Moore, Lewis & Govan,

COTTON FACTORS

—AND—

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 322 Front Street,

(Up Stairs.)

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

☞ Liberal Advances Made on Cotton in Store and on Consignments to our friends in New York.

☞ All Orders for Supplies Promptly filled. nov3 3m

JACOB J. PERES. ANDREW J. ENGEL.

Jacob J. Peres & Co.,

COTTON FACTORS, COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS,

AND

WHOLESALE GROCERS

No. 100 FRONT STREET,

No. 5 Exchange Building, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Liberal advances made on Consignments. nov5 3m

J. L. DU-BOSE, Late of Arkansas. | J. L. ROBERTSON, Late of Kentucky

DuBOSE & ROBERTSON,

Cotton and Produce Factors,

—AND—

Commission Merchants,

No. 304 Front Street, (up stairs,)

Mosby & Hunt's Block,

Memphis, Tenn.

Liberal advances made on the consignment of cotton and produce of any character, and particular attention paid to the sale of the same. Orders for the purchase of supplies, etc., etc., promptly filled at the lowest market prices. Prompt attention given to all consignments. dec27-3m

E. F. JACKSON. W. R. GREENLAW, JR.

Jackson and Greenlaw,

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE,

Wholesale and Retail Grocers,

COTTON FACTORS,

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

And dealers in Family and Plantation Supplies. No. 296 Front street, between Madison and Monroe, Memphis, Tenn. nov1-3m

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cotton Express.

FAST FREIGHT LINE EAST,

VIA

Cincinnati and Marietta Railroad,

CONNECTING WITH THE

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

—THE—

SHORTEST ROUTE EAST.

THIS COMPANY are now giving through bills of lading for COTTON to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and other Eastern cities on as favorable terms as any other route.

Its past business has shown that its contracts have been complied with to the letter.

This Company guarantees on ALL RAIL freight from CINCINNATI to point of destination, and Cotton by this line will go as designated in the bill of lading.

Particularly in the winter months will this route be the most desirable to shippers, as it is not incommoded by ice and snow that some northern routes, and consequently will make better time and deliver Cotton at destination with less delay.

M'GARY & CO., Agents,

301 Front street, Mosby & Hunt's Block.

del8 1m

Ale! Ale!!

LAGER! LAGER!!

I WOULD respectfully call the attention of Merchants and Dealers, that I am now receiving a fresh supply, and adding to my already large stock of the finest Ale and Lager Beer, which I can supply to Dealers.

I am also agent for the celebrated

Kennett Ale and Porter,

Put up in half barrels. All of which I warrant to keep sweet in this climate for months.

I also have for sale, Brandies, Domestic Wines and Liquors, Cordial, London Porter, Scotch Ale, etc., etc.

JACOB STEINKUHL,

No. 332 Third street.

Library Building, near Post Office.

del8 3m

☞ *Argus* copy.

Lands For Sale.

LAND TO RENT.

THE undersigned, living at Hernando, Miss., offers a great bargain in 1,280 acres of choice Cotton Land, in Hernando, adjoining the depot; about 300 acres in a high state of cultivation, 100 do deadened, all well improved—Dwelling, Negro Cabins, Cotton Gin and Press, a fine Mill, choice water spring, and other large system. This land is new and unexpressed in the State for fertility. Cotton Seed and Corn on the place. Also Stock and Tools. Possession given immediately if desired.

I will also lease 500 to 600 acres of lovely Cotton Land within two miles of Hernando, with a new frame Dwelling, eleven Negro Cabins with brick chimneys; a splendid Gin House, Gin, Press, Mill, Cotton Seed, Corn, excellent Water, etc., etc. All of which will be sold or rented very low if applied for early.

H. DOCKERY.

Hernando, Miss., Dec. 29, 1865. del1 1m

TRANSPORTATION.

THE SOUTHERN

EXPRESS COMPANY.

MEMPHIS, December 8, 1865.

THIS COMPANY, having made arrangements to resume their business, which was interrupted by the war, beg leave to claim of the Merchants, Bankers and the community in general, their attention, to the advantages offered, and refer to their past relations with them, as a guaranty for the future.

They have arrangements with the Railroads in

Tennessee,	North Carolina,
Alabama,	South Carolina,