"THE CAST" OF THE REGIMENT.

The Cast hangs in the tent of the Adjutant. Not the description of any rank in our little world, for this is with us something more lasting than the half-fossil moulds of civilized life, which is broken like plaster, or crumbles in an uncertain American climate like marble. Nor yet is it the chance of a venture in position or exploit, the accidents of the hour written in history. But our life glides as like a play which has had the run of a hundred nights, that we have settled into something like certainty, which in these stirring times approaches weariness. The "Cast" is the schedule of the play, and is not altered. As the Colonel arranges it, actors and parts, like the laws of the Medes, it hangs an edict in the tent of the Adjutant.

The bugler watches the clock, and as the nets shift, he sends the drummer boy down among the cedars and pines, "green rooms," if you please, and he calls out the actors. The Orderly Sergeant gives the cue as the boys come out, and so all goes merry and regularly from daybreak till the stars have grown clear and the last flush has faded in the West.

Do you ask for the audience? Then you did not watch the clouds of dust which overhung the road from Leesburg, as the thousands moved into those vast circles opposite, where the trees and open land rise in tiers, one beyond and above the other, reaching away from the lordly river, in more glorious array than the storied magnificence of the Coliseum lifted its arches above the streams where the emperors watched the naval combats. Yesterday morning you could not have heard, as I did, the great cannon thundering out their deafening applause, only a few miles from us, while the smoke hung in a white canopy over the trees. They threw something more substantial than flowers over the river. How the guns answered, not from our side, but to each other! "There goes a field piece," says one in his excitement, "quick, sharp, boneful." "There fairly roars a great siege gun, sending a sullen messenger on his way of mischief," says another. "There bursts a shell!" "That was surely a rifled piece—how the shot whistles as if something were in the wind." So they walked back and forth. The "twelfth," like caged lions only looking at their weapons, and grimly playing with them, impatient because they were not "in the fun," and because they could not find a chance for it mentioned in the "cast." Never mind, you don't know how many thousand are there, and we may be let loose soon, who knows! So we kindle upour footlights, till the great pyramids of flame crackle like imprisoned spirits in the tempest of wind, leaping up in robes of gray, spangled with fire, and falling back in showers of diamonds, dancing along the pearl-like tents, and flashing along the tree tops, impatient to reach the stars. And this is the night scene. The rehearsal commences in the early morning.

"Reveille!" and the drum calls up the tired fellows. "Turn out, turn out," and they come rolling out; while the great sun, round and sleepy, looks through the mist, as the sergeant calls him up to hold the light for his roll. "Turn out, boys!—and, unwashed, undressed, only as they are always dressed, they shiver out their names crisply, as the grass breaks in the frost. The trees are wet, clothes are damp, guns are chilly, and all are cross, save last night's guard, who think of a relief, and glory in the misery of other men. The very drum is gleomy and hoarse. In fifteen minutes the thousands of twelve respond to the point of the "first of the Chasseur Hood" and the "Chateau d'Egeiter" the same democratic brooms pass. Before the cook's shady prison and the colonel's tent marches the stately procession of men, until not a leaf or loose straw remains. The melancholy remains of last night's fire are scattered, that another may be built in the evening; and the stones—oh, labor of Sisyphus!—are removed, only to be moved a hundred more. Had old Democritus passed this way, and thrown stones over the shoulder to find men, he would have left behind him a Boston at least; and even now we only wait for the rebels to imitate these old-fashioned people, and they will find some men behind these trees.

Fifteen minutes pass, and to the very appropriate tune of "Hi, jim along, jim along jo," the lame and halt and blind drag themselves in a melancholy train to the hospital tent. Dim are the eyes, irregular the gait, feeble the knees. There is a real "I don't care" way, in which the coat collar is turned under, and the hat pulled over the eyes. The gracious, patient doctor sits like an ancient god, dispensing strength and courage to the motley throng. The days of Æsculapius have returned. These shady glades! These stately trees, so rich and green! This multitude coming from the nomad city! Yonder silent attendant! But did the god of healing wear an overcoat, and take entertaining notes, of which the tenor runs, "two pills, one pill, three powders, five drops!" "Wish to be excused from duty," modestly suggests a stout fellow. "Need some whisky badly, sir," says another. Look out! the Doctor is putting on Titbottom's spectacles; you may have double duty, knapsack drill, and other undesirable things. His keen eye has accustomed itself to read men as some read Greek, until every accent and shade of expression is familiar. You had better hide in and take your dose from the hospital steward. Oh, fragrance! Oh, Damascus! Oh, incense! Oh, Rome! Oh, odors of the distillers! Oh, currants of Florence! The gracious roots and herbs of the steward! The savory reminiscence of home! And he, with the familiarity of genius not noticing it, all unconscious of his privilege. His duty is to dispense and see the medicine taken. "Take it now, sir," and the command is just in time, or some poor quail of another generation would have died, as he found the pill under the bushes and mistook it for a berry. This is the very fellow in whose bright eye lurked a merry twinkle at the sight of a famous wagon, as it passed with hunting and fishing tackle, its after pies! Of one thing the boys are sure. They know the Doctor will not reproach them for late suppers and wines. Their fare is good, and to many of them better than they would have at home. A simple diet and open air work wonders here in the surgeon's line. The despised fare is to the home jellies and toast-plates, what to the sick Syrian soldier the Jordan was to the Abana and Pharpar rolling amid luxury and plenty.

Soon the drum shakes out merrily "Peas on a trencher." What pressing and what clamoring! Oh cook, despot, divinity, or what you will, be propitious. Dressed in a little brief authority of a ragged apron, and crowned with a square paper cap, he sings his incantations over the smoking pot, and pays no heed to your hunger. But now the poles which support the roof of boughs, and the patient rails which press against the crowd, begin to yield. Then old Delphi is outdone in the prophecy of evil, and the expostulation! Nothing, however, disperses the crowd but the wave of the trencher and ladle sceptre, and the bubbling luxury which comes smoking from the black kettles. See the fellows now under a spell. Not a word after such clamor! Little tin dishes magnetize them, happy as kings silent as cormorants after a storm.

Church call just now is discontinued. When the camp was quiet and permanent, the sound met a welcome response, and the little group gathered under the trees, whose temple, like the old Italian cathedrals, always stands open for worship. There is no call now, but who will goes alone. The temple and the builder are still there.

An hour and a half of company drill in the morning gives a good appetite for dinner. "Roast beef" is a fable, though the drummer boys learn it on the drum and interpret it as "steak." Do not think those ovens, two feet high and three times as wide, have been smoking for no purpose. Had you seen the embers smile in the recesses, and the smoke pour out of the rifts in the earth which covers its you would have said there had been Massachusetts boys here. Now the volcano gives out no smoke, but Etna has an eruption! Pumice and lava—fresh white bread and beans! Oh sight to convert Pythagoras! They use the instruments which are the most *handy*, and nature furnishes a seat in the way of a stone or log.

The afternoon has a dress parade, unless it is omitted: and battalion drill, unless the fates decide otherwise. But there needs to be no particular exercise to give one an appetite for supper.

The evening brings its peculiar pleasures. Every item of news is retailed and duly magnified. Some one has seen two thousand rebels through a glass—of "old Rye"—a bystander remarks. And a jolly magnifier it is. We have professional story-tellers, as accomplished as any in the time of Antar and the Arabian nights. Then there are some rich voices singing in unison and harmony with a great chorus, that wrestles with the words, and seeks a hundred challenges across the river. A negro from some plantation occasionally strays into camp, to the delight of the great crowd. One of the boys took the head of a drum which was thrown away, and with the help of a cheese-box and fence-rail made a capital banjo. This puts my ebony's heels in motion, as sure as the fiddle in the story. Then he sings, and recites Shakspeare, varying the entertainment by the bones. King Richard, Othello, and Macbeth "die charmingly" amid shouts of laughter; and as Romeo addresses some retreating soldier, all are moved to new outbursts. Some one speaks of a prospective battle, until you hear a suppressed "ah!" which sounds very much like "hurrah!" The Weymouth company always extemporize a park, a method of refreshing the public, which I recommend to the committee of the New York Central Park, by placing great and small trees deep into the earth. If a wind tips them, a few minutes restores the effect. Especially in the evening is the glory seen; then white and scarlet lanterns of stained paper hang gorgeously among the trees, rivalling the Chinese feast of lanterns, or the closing scene of Mohammedan Rhamnedan. High over the city of Constantinople hanging in festoons from palace wall to dome, and minaret to minaret, swinging from all the ships and windows of the "sublime Porte," are these fairy lights, held by invisible cords, dream-like as their shadows in the Bosphorus and Golden Horn.

But the pleasantest of all our evening enjoyments is the band. I am sure we have the most enterprising leader and the best players in the division. They have a language which speaks to us all of home, and we are better for their melody. I love to see the group gather about them and sometimes brush a tear away. If we all loved music better, we should not be less brave, but more gentle.

But "taps" will come, inexorable "taps," to put an extinguisher on every candle, and the weight of darkness on every eye. This is the closing sound, and let none without the countersign hope to pass the guards now.

What is the scenery to be brought out? I can only say, wild, fresh, beautiful. A great forest of pines and chestnuts lies close behind us. Not many have trodden its pathless depths. Not many eyes have seen its modest evergreens and its great ferns, and its patient moss climbing over the fallen trees. Under the edge of these our tents nestle. Before us are the rolling wheat fields and the woods that hide us; on the right, under the hill, is a small white house, of a single story, with a small ell, and the green sward before it. A little garden reaches away to the ravine, with flowers and vegetables in tangled richness. A red flag flies from the upper window. Oh, wonder! a white curtain hangs by the door, and a neat, white fence reaches around the enclosure. Here came our surgeon, and with his characteristic energy changed the cluttered rooms, full of furniture, and wheat, and corn-cobs, into a neat, clean villa.

It was a change hardly less great than that of Goethe's house with the silver lamp. The envious windows let in the slight, and the drooping trees throw shadows over the neatly cleared lawn. This cottage would be the envy of Brooklyn and the ambition of the Hudson. Horace, in his "Sabine farm," could not have set his "humble fare" for Augustus in more delicious retreats. Cicero, with his oysters and Falernian wine, would have sighed at his table, could he, having our appetite, have tasted the dinner of herbs and contentment therewith, and have taken a glass from our cool spring.

A hidden road reaches away to the right, crosses sparkling brooks, runs under real arbors of verdure, and seems lost in thickets, only to come out on some hill-side, or run along the fresh banks of some stream. I have often heard the fox hounds bay in the morning, and the game lies undisturbed on every side. So we lie quietly waiting.

From our last camp we moved before the gray mist had lifted from the river. Without a shout or a note of music, or the sound of a drum beat, we entered the forest, a column of bayonets, moving as silently as a caravan creeps over the great deserts of Asia.

The time when we are to move again is not in our "cast," nor does it mention where we are now. A shell may startle us at any moment, or yonder picket fires rising in the still air from the island, which is but a few rods from our company, where a brigade might hide and a dozen batteries lie masked, may be to us the signal for an onward march, as the pillar of cloud was to the Israelites. There, at least, lies the Potomac, like a lake full of islands massed with green, and noble trees and rich flowering shrubs, which creep down to the very edge of the stream. It is high now, and reflects from the hills great forests, among which are the rustling harvests, vainly waiting the sickle. It is to us the Rubicon. We long to plunge into its turbid tide, which either they or we must cross soon, and the "cast" be pulled down from the tent door of the Adjutant, to make way for another.

But as I write the cannon take up the strain—there is mischief somewhere brewing along the river. It may come here—then to the "cast" a word would be added which would startle you, as it did a bugler whom I met on the road, moving sedately. "Halt, sir. Sound the charge, sir! Sound the charge, the charge!" And when it set the wild echoes flying over the field, I gathered up the reins, waved a "thank you," and left him puzzled at my abruptness.—*Boston Courier.*

Attempted Murder at the Tombs.

FELIX SANCHEZ STABS A PRISONER.

About three o'clock yesterday afternoon Felix Sanchez, who is confined in the city prison to answer a charge of murder, attacked the keeper employed upon the third tier of the prison, and attempted to take his life. The keeper, it appears, had declined to grant Sanchez the use of the ladder without the consent of the warden of the prison, and Sanchez determined upon revenge. He obtained a half of a pair of shears, bound the handle with cotton cloth, and, watching his opportunity, attacked the keeper, striking a blow at his heart. The blow was parried, and the blade of the weapon entered the keeper's right arm, inflicting a wound about two inches in depth. The alarm was given, and the murderer was secured

Sanchez is a negro, the son of a Cuban landholder. He murdered his wife's father, in Sullivan street, in the winter of 1859, and escaped to the South, and was decoyed to Mobile and there arrested and sold in slavery. He was conveyed thence to New Orleans, where he disclosed his identity to the authorities, and was returned to this State. He was tried and convicted of the murder; but the law abolishing the death penalty was passed in the meanwhile and sentence was not executed. Sanchez concerted with James Stephens a plan to murder the keepers and escape from the Tombs, but perfidiously betrayed the plot in hope of securing his own liberty.—*N. Y. Post of Monday.*

PHILADELPHIA BOARD OF TRADE.

ISRAEL MORRIS, THOS. KIMBER, JR., JOSEPH C. GRUBB, } COMMITTEE OF THE MONTH.

LETTER BAGS

At the Merchants' Exchange, Philadelphia.

Ship Kate Prince, Gerrish.....Liverpool soon
Ship Saranak, Rowland.....Liverpool soon
Ship Brazil, Blanchard.....Liverpool, soon
Ship Westmoreland, Decan.....Liverpool, soon
Ship Samuel Adams, Gay.....London, soon
Brig M E Milliken, Norton.....Matanzas, soon
Brig Wenonah, Bowman.....Rio de Janeiro, soon
Brig George G Roberts, Barnes.....Barbadoes, soon
Schr J M Houston, Russell.....St Thomas, soon
Schr Luna, (Br) Wilson.....Port Spain, Trinidad, soon

SAILING OF THE OCEAN STEAMERS.
FROM THE UNITED STATES.

SHIPS	LEAVE	FOR	DAY.
Cleator	New York	Kingston, Ja	Nov 20
Persia	New York	Liverpool	Nov 20
Edinburgh	New York	Liverpool	Nov 23
New York	New York	Bremen	Nov 23
Niagara	Boston	Liverpool	Nov 27
C Washington	New York	Liverpool	Nov 30
Bohemian	Quebec	Liverpool	Nov 30
Asia	New York	Liverpool	Dec 4
Fulton	New York	Havre	Dec 7
Karnak	New York	Nassau	Dec 11

FROM EUROPE.

SHIPS	LEAVE	FOR	DAY.
Saxonia	Southampton	New York	Nov 6
C Washington	Liverpool	New York	Nov 6
Bohemian	Liverpool	Quebec	Nov 7
Asia	Liverpool	New York	Nov 9
Fulton	Southampton	New York	Nov 12
Canada	Liverpool	Boston	Nov 16
Africa	Liverpool	New York	Nov 23

✱✱ The California Mail Steamer sails from New York on the 1st, 11th and 21st of each month.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

PORT OF PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 20, 1861.

SUN RISES.....7 12 | SUN SETS.....4 48
HIGH WATER, at Kinsale.....4 6

ARRIVED.

Schr Lydia A May, Baker, 6 days from Portland, with heading to John Mason & Co.
Schr Wm Collyer, Rayner, 3 days from New York, with mdse to David Cooper.
Schr J S Weldin, Smith, 3 days from New York, with salt to captain.
Schr R Gilliflan, Smith, 3 days from New York, with salt to captain.
Schr Naiad Queen, Hulse, 3 days from New York, with barley to captain.
Schr A Hammond, Paine, 5 days from Boston, with mdse to Crowell & Collins.
Schr S G King, Andrew, 3 days from Baltimore, with mdse to captain.
Schr A Haley, Haley, from Boston.
Schr John Cadwalader, Clayton, from Boston.
Schr P M Wheaton, Wheaton, from Boston.
Schr M B Mahony, Foster, from Boston.
Schr Lizzie Maul, Haley, from Boston.
Schr Ann S Brown, Brown, from Tuckerton.
Schr D F Floyd, Racket, from Sag Harbor.

CLEARED.

Schr M B Mahony, Foster, Boston, do
Schr Lizzie Maul, Haley, Boston, do
Schr J Cadwalader, Clayton, Boston, Wm H Johns.
Schr A S Brown, Brown, Boston, Van Dusen, Norton & Co.
Schr D G Floyd, Racket, Boston, L Audenried & Co.
Schr P M Wheaton, Wheaton, Boston, Tyler, Stone & Co
Schr S A Hammond, Paine, Boston, Twells & Co.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Exchange.)

LEWES, Del., Nov 17.

The wind being from N and NW, about fifty vessels anchored behind the Breakwater, among them five steamers, three of which were bound to Fortress Monroe, and left at 3 P M to-day, in company with six schrs. The bark Achilles, for Falmouth, brig Baron de Castine, for Cardiff, two schooners with hay, and about ten others, coal loaded, went to sea last evening. The heavy sea prevented me obtaining their names.

Yours, &c. A. MARSHALL.

(Correspondence of the Press.)

READING, Nov 18.

The following boats from the Union Canal passed into the Schuylkill Canal to-day, bound to Philadelphia, laden and consigned as follows:

Col Wm Willis and J M Kine, grain to Humphreys, Hoffman & Wright; Spring Creek, grain, &c. to Budd & Comly; Daniel Yorhees, lumber to Williams & Co; Fleming Mills, do to captain; A B Sherk, grain, &c. to Humphreys, Hoffman & Wright.

MEMORANDA.

Steamship Columbia, Adams, from New York, at Havana 11th inst.
Bark Ionic, Hutchinson, at Havana 8th inst. from Portland.
Brig Jacob Dock, Thompson, hence, arrived at Matanzas 20th ult.
Brig Apn Lovett, (Br) Wall, sailed from Cardenas 31st ult for Philadelphia.
Brig H H McGilvery, Clifford, at Cardenas 2d inst. from Portland.
Brig Mary & Caroline, Adams, cleared at New York 18th inst. for Philadelphia.
Schr Martha Moore, Bennett, hence, arrived at Matanzas 8th inst.
Schr Wm L Springs, Hoffman, hence, arrived at Cardenas 8th inst.
Schr C A Heckscher, Stubbs, hence, arrived at Cardenas 31st ult.
Schr C H Townsend, Patterson, at Montevideo 19th Sept. from Laguna de los Padres, and remained 27th.
Schr Sydney Price, Godfrey, from New York, at Montevideo 21st Sept, and remained 27th.
Schr Transport, Tilton, cleared at New York 18th inst. for Philadelphia.
Schrs D H Bills, Brown, and Wm H Rowe, Harris, cleared at Boston 18th inst. for Philadelphia.
Schr Ocean Wave, Veazie, from Providence for Philadelphia, sailed from Newport 19th inst.
Schr George Harris, Stevens, at Cardenas 2d inst. from Portland.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

The Bell-boat at Alden's Rock, entrance to Portland harbor, having been sunk or broken from her moorings by the late gale, a first-class nun buoy will be placed to mark the danger until further notice, with bearings and distances to conform to those in the buoy list.

Notice is hereby given that the buoy at Trundy Reef has drifted about a quarter of a mile to the westward. It will be replaced as soon as possible.

Portland, Nov 15.

HELMBOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS.
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HELMBOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — Cures Diseases of the Bladder.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — Cures Diseases of the Kidneys.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — Cures Gravel.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — Cures Dropsy.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — Cures Nervous Sufferers.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — Cures Debilitated Sufferers.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — For Loss of Memory.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — For Loss of Power.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — For Consumption, Insanity.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — For Epileptic Fits, St. Vitus' Dance.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — For Difficulty of Breathing.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — For General Weakness.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — For Weak Nerves.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — For Trembling.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — For Night Sweats.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — For Cold Feet.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — For Dimness of Vision.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — For Languor.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — For Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — For Pallid Countenance.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — For Eruptions.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — For Pains in the Back.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — For Headache.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU — For Sick Stomach.

HELMBOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS.

If you are suffering with any of the above distressing ailments, use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. Try it, and be convinced of its efficacy.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU, recommended by names known to SCIENCE and FAME.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See remarks made by the late Dr. Physic.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See Dr. Dewee's valuable work on Practice of Physic.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See Dispensatory of the United States.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See remarks made by Dr. Ephraim McDowell, a celebrated physician, and Mother of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, and published in King and Queen's Journal.

HELMBOLD'S Genuine Preparations. See Medico-Chirurgical Review, published by Benjamin Travers, F. R. C. S.

HELMBOLD'S Genuine Preparations. See most of the late Standard Works on Medicine.

HELMBOLD'S Genuine Preparations. See remarks made by distinguished Chemists.

HELMBOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS

"Give health and vigor to the frame,
And bloom to the pallid cheek;"

and are so pleasant to the taste that patients become fond of them.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU, $1 per bottle, or six for $5, delivered to any address. Depot 104 South TENTH Street, below Chestnut, Philadelphia, Pa., where all letters must be addressed.

PHYSICIANS IN ATTENDANCE

From 8 A. M. to 8 P. M.

Describe symptoms in all communications.

ADVICE GRATIS. CURES GUARANTEED.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. oc5-stuth3m

RETAIL DRY GOODS.

STAINED BLANKETS.—WE WILL sell a good double-twilled 10-4 Blanket for $2 per pair, slightly stained; extra-large 10-4 do., almost perfect, $2.75; 12-4 do., weighing 8 pounds, $4 per pair; large and fine Crib Blankets, 75 cents each; fine Bed Blankets, of every quality and size made, from $1.50 to $20 per pair; Ironing Blankets 50 cents; Horse Blankets, Lap Blankets, Comfortables, $1.25 each; all qualities of Blankets sold at last years' low prices; Linen Table Cloths and Napkins, part of which are very fine, of a bankrupt stock, at less than cost; very fine Shirting Linen at less than cost; very fine Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs at less than cost; Marseilles Quilts, Canton Flannels, Muslins, Wool Flannel, Gray Flannel, Crash, Tickings, Table Linens by the yard, Towelling of every description. This stock of goods we have purchased from a bankrupt house, and will sell many articles at less than cost of importation. R. D. & W. H. PENNELL, no19-tf 1021 MARKET, below Eleventh

GENTLEMEN, TAKE NOTICE.—

Will open this morning—
A full line of Merino Shirts and Drawers.
A nice assortment of Gent's Hands.
A full line of Cotton and Merino Hose.
A nice assortment of Fancy Cassimeres.
Two lots of fine French Black Cloths.
Thirty doz. L. C. Hdkfs, from Auction.
Twelve doz. Suspenders from Auction.
Striped Cloths for Shirts.
Twilled Flannels, White, Red, and Gray.
Gloves in great variety at

JOHN H. STOKES, no18 702 ARCH Street.

FLANNELS! FLANNELS!—I have now on hand one of the best and cheapest assortments in the city. All wool White, 25; heavier do., 28; full yard wide, 31¼; worth 37½; fine Ballard Vale (which will not shrink) 31¼; full yard wide do., 37½—never sold less than 50; finer do., 50, and the finest at 62½—always sold for 87½; one bale very superior all wool Red at 25; fine do., 31¼, and the finest 37½; yard wide Red, 37½; heavy twilled Red 31¼, and the very heaviest, 37½; heavy Gray, twilled, 37½, and the very best, 44; all wool plain Gray, 28—which is a bargain; heavy dark blue, 37½; White domet 12½, worth 14½; finer do., 15, and very heavy do., 25. Also, the celebrated Shaker Flannels, full yard wide and heavy, warranted not to shrink; the heaviest Canton Flannel in the market for 12½; colored do. 11½ by the piece, and as good a stock of Unbleached Muslins as can be found in the city, at prices that cannot be undersold. Having bought these cheap for cash, I am selling them very low. A liberal allowance will be made to benevolent societies.

GRANVILLE B. HAINES, no16-tf No. 1013 MARKET St., above Tenth.

MUSLINS, CANTON FLANNELS, WOOLLEN FLANNELS, CHINTZES, ALL AT OLD PRICES.—N. E. ARCHAMBAULT, N. E. corner ELEVENTH and MARKET Streets, will open, this morning, a full line of Bleached and Brown Shirtings and Sheetings, from 6 to 12½ cts.; Canton Flannels, from 11 to 12½c.; White and Colored Flannels, 25 to 50c.; Merrimac Chintzes, 10c; rich style Chintzes, 6, 8, 9 and 10c.; Crimson French Merino, only 37½c., worth $1; rich Plaid Dress Goods, 12, 18, 22, and 25c.; Blankets and Comfortables, Cheap Carpets, Oil Cloths, and Window Shades. no16-tf

POPULAR SHAWLS—

Large and full assortments of the following Winter Shawls:

Long and Square Scotch Blankets.
Fine American, of all styles.
Black and White Checks and Browns.
Children's Long and Square Blankets.
Fine Stellas, Opera Scarfs, Hoods.
Broche, from low to extra fine.
Black Centres Broche Chaine Laine.
Light Gray and Dappled Berlin.
Friends' Square Shawls, of all kinds.

CLOAKING CLOTHS.

Water Proofs, Repellants, Aqua Scutum.
Spanished and Frosted Beavers.
Black Beavers and Tricots.

SHARPLESS BROTHERS, no15 CHESTNUT and EIGHTH Streets.

BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS.

NEW AND CHOICE DRESS GOODS AT EXTRAORDINARY LOW PRICES.

Rich Silk Plaid and Printed Reps.
Plain Reps and Velours de Epingle.

VERY CHEAP BLACK SILKS.

Rich Printed Magenta Cloths.
Rich Printed Merinoes 87½c to $1.25.
Rich Printed all wool Delaines from 31 to 75c.
3,000 yards Mohair Brocades at 25, worth 50c.
2,800 yards Printed Delaines at 12c, worth 18c.
A choice assortment of Blanket Shawls,
NEW STYLES OF WINTER CLOAKS of Beaver, Tricot, and Water-Proof Cloths.
Handsome Velvet Vestings and Cassimeres.

H. STEEL & SON, no9 No. 713 North TENTH Street, above Coates.

FALL—1861.

SPLENDID GOODS, CHEAP FOR CASH,
SHAWLS AND CLOAKS,
The Cheapest ever Offered.
Thirty Per Cent. under Regular Prices.
SILKS AND DRESS GOODS.
Great Variety.
DOMESTIC AND STAPLE GOODS.
Most of our Muslins still at OLD PRICES
Flannels, Cloths, and Cassimeres.
Linens of our own Importation.
Blankets, all sizes.
Balmoral Skirts, &c., &c.
At the Old Established Store of

THORNLEY & ORISM, se20 N. E. cor. EIGHTH and SPRING GARDEN.

WILL OPEN THIS DAY AN IMMENSE stock of all wool De Laines, the balance of a large importation, consisting of
1 lot neat figured dark grounds, at 31 cents, usually sold at 62½ cents.
1 lot chintz colors, at 37 cents, usually at 75 cents.
1 lot, yard wide, Plaids, at 12½ cents.

COWDERTWAIT & CO., no9-tf N. W. corner EIGHTH and MARKET.

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Ready made or made to order.

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MARSHAL'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of sale, by the Hon. JOHN CADWALADER, Judge of the District Court of the United States in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, in Admiralty, to me directed, will be sold, at Public Sale, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, at QUEEN-Street wharf, on WEDNESDAY, November 20, 1861, at 12 o'clock M., the cargo of the schooner SPECIE, consisting of 167 casks, 32 half casks, and 253 sacks of RICE. Samples may be obtained on the morning of the sale at the wharf, or at the auction store of Dutilh, Cook, & Co., No. 124 South FRONT Street

WILLIAM MILLWARD, U. S Marshal E. D. of Penn'a. PHILADELPHIA, November 18, 1861. no18-6t

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CURES ALL KINDS OF

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