The Pittsburgh Post.

James P. Barr, Editor & Proprietor. FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 5, 1862. Vol. XX.—Established 1842.

NEW ADVERTISING RATES.

The following rates of advertising have been agreed upon by the Publishers of the Pittsburgh Daily Press, to take effect on and after the 10th day of November, 1862, on all new contracts:

FOR STANDING MATTER.

PER SINGLE SQUARE, EVERY DAY.

One insertion	$ 60	Two months	$ 9 00
Two insertions	1 00	Three months	11 00
Three insertions	1 25	Four months	13 00
One week	2 00	Five months	14 00
Two weeks	3 50	Six months	15 00
Three weeks	5 00	Nine months	20 00
One month	6 00	One year	25 00

FOR CHANGEABLE MATTER.

Which allows the privilege of a weekly change of matter, to be inserted among new advertisements.

PER SINGLE SQUARE, EVERY DAY,

Six months	$18 00
Twelve months	20 00
Administrators' Notices	2 25
Marriage Notices	75
Death Notices, each insertion	50

☞ All advertisements ordered in for one Month, or less time, to be cash at the time of ordering.

CHARLES M'KNIGHT, Eve. Chronicle.
FOSTER & FLEE-ON, Pitts. Dispatch.
JAS. P. BARR, Pitts. Post.
S. RIDDLE & CO, Pittsburgh Gazette.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF THE WESTERN MAILS.

DEPARTURES.

Express train, Fort Wayne and Chicago, will take way mails from Crestline to Chicago at 2 a.m. Cleveland and Pittsburgh train, 2 a. m. Closes at midnight.

Mail train, Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago 8:10 a. m. Closes 7 a. m. This train will carry all way mail between Pittsburgh and Crestline.

Cleveland & Pittsburgh train, 6:50 a. m. Closes at midnight. This train takes way mails between Rochester, Pa., and Bellaire, O.

Express, Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago, 1:50 p. m. Closes at 12:50 p. m.

Cleveland & Pittsburgh train, 1:50 a. m. Closes at 12:50 p m.

ARRIVALS.

Cincinnati Express, 2:30 p. m.

Mail train, Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago, 8:55 p. m.

Cleveland and Pittsburgh train, 4:20 p. m.
" " " 8 25 "

The mails arriving from the West on 3:55 p. m. and 4:20 p. m., trains will be ready for delivery at 5:30 p. m.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF THE EASTERN MAILS.

DEPARTURES

The mail train for the East departs at 5:50 a.m. Closes at midnight. This train will also take the way mails between Pittsburgh and Harrisburg.

The through Express train for the east departs at 4:30 p. m. Closes at 3:30 p. m.

The Fast train for the East departs at 11:20 p. m. Closes at 10:20 p m.

ARRIVALS

The mail train designated as the Baltimore Express arrives at 12:45 p. m.

The Philadelphia Express arrives at 1:15 p. m.

Both of the above will be delivered at 2:30 p. m.

The Fast train arrives at 1:30 a. m.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD CHURN TRAIN

			A. M.
Leaves Wall's Station	every	Sunday at	9 15
do Turtle Creek,	do	do	9 20
do Brinton's,	do	do	9 25
do Wilkinsburgh	do	do	9 42
do East Liberty,	do	do	9 50
Arrive at Pittsburgh,			10 15
RETURNING TRAIN			P. M.
Leaves Pittsburgh	every	Sunday at	1 00
do East Liberty	do	do	1 24
do Wilkinsburgh	do	do	1 32
do Brinton's	do	do	1 49
do Turtle Creek	do	do	1 55
Arrive at Walls,			2 00

J. STEWART, Passenger Agent.
Pittsburgh, July 5, 1862. jy11tf.

NEW MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

FOR THE SPEEDY AND PERMANENT cure of

GONORRHEA, GLEET, URETHAL Discharges, Seminal Weakness, Nightly Emissions, Incontinence, Genital Irritability, Gravel, Stricture and Affections of the Kidneys and Bladder,

Which has been used by upwards of

ONE HUNDRED PHYSICIANS,

in their private practice, with the entire success, superseding CUBEBS, COPAIBA, CAPSULES, or any compound hitherto known.

BELL'S SPECIFIC PILLS

are speedy in action, often effecting a cure in a few days, and when a cure is effected it is permanent. They are prepared from vegetable extracts that are harmless on the system, and never nauseate the stomach, or impregnate the breath and being sugar coated, all nauseous taste is avoided. No change of diet is necessary whilst using them nor does their action interfere with business pursuits. Each box contains six dozen Pills.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Dr. Bell's Treatise on Seminal Weakness,

Self Abuses, Gonorrhea, Gleet, &c, a Pamphlet of 50 pages, containing important advice to the afflicted, SENT FREE. Six cents are required to pay postage.

DR. BELL'S GREEN BOOK,

a complete Treatise on *Gonorrhea, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis, &c.*, in all the various stages, with 7 Descriptions in English, adapted for self-treatment, without the aid of a physician

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

The Pills or Books will be sent, secure from observation, by mail, post-paid, by any advertised agent, on receipt of the money.

J. BRYAN, Rochester, N. Y. Gen'l Agent.
JOSEPH FLEMING,
corner Market street and Diamond.
Agent for Pittsburgh.

Sold by all Druggists. aulldecowly:is

Read! Read! Read

HIGHLY IMPORTANT!!

GREAT RELIEF TO THE AFFLICTED, and those suffering from weakness of sight

TO ALL, YOUNG AND OLD,

you wish to experience great relief in your sht, try the world-renowned

RUSSIAN PEBBLE SPECTACLES.

Purchasers will continue to find perfect satisfaction by trying these Spectacles. Sold only by

I. DIAMOND, Optician,
No. 39 Fifth street, Post Building.

The Russian Pebble inserted in old frames, if desired.

☞ Beware Imposters and Pretenders.

1y22

WM. H. SMITH ..... JOS. R. HUNTER

WM. H. SMITH & CO,

WHOLESALE GROCERS

NOS. 112 SECOND AND 147 FIRST STREETS

de23 PITTSBURGH.

GUM BLANKETS,

FOR ARMY USE.

W. McCLINTOCK & SON,

112 MARKET STREET.

oc24.

CURTIS C. STEINMETZ,

GENERAL

HOUSE CARPENTER

AND JOBBER.

SHOP VIRGIN ALLEY, between Wood and Liberty Streets, PITTSBURGH, PA.

☞ Orders solicited and promptly attended to. au5

INDIA RUBBER DRINKING CUPS and Filterers for soldiers' use for sale at 26 and 28 St. Clair street. J. & H. PHILLIPS. oc23tf.

Wholesale Grocery and Liquor Store For Sale.

THE STOCK AND FIXTURES OF A Wholesale Grocery and Liquor House, doing a good trade on one of the best business streets in the city, is offered for sale, as the owners wish to go into other business. For further particulars address

LOOK BOX 18, Pittsburgh P. O.

au7-tf

ARMY SHIRTS, SOLDIERS' GOODS!

New styles selling cheap, at

MACBUM & CLYDE,
ce2 73 Market street, bet. 4th & Diamond

SELECT TALE.

The Fastest Funeral on Record.

"Hurrah! hurrah! the dead ride fast
Dost fear to ride with me?"—*Bürger's Leonora.*
"This fellow has no feeling of his business."
Hamlet.

I had just crossed the long bridge, leading from Boston to Cambridgeport, and was plodding my dusty way on foot through that not very agreeable suburb, on a sultry afternoon in July, with a very creditable thunder-cloud coming up in my rear, when a stout, elderly gentleman, with a mulberry face, a brown coat, and pepper-and-salt smalls, reined up his nag, and, after learning that I was bound for Old Cambridge, politely invited me to take a seat behind him in a little sort of tax cart he was driving. Nothing loth, I consented, and we were soon *en route*. The mare he drove was a very peculiar animal. She had few good points to the eye, being heavy-bodied, hammer-headed, thin in the shoulders, bald-faced and rejoicing in a little stump of a tail which was almost entirely innocent of hair. But there were 'lots of muscle,' as Major Longbow says, in her hind quarters.

"She ain't no Venus, sir," said my new acquaintance, pointing with his whip to the object of my scrutiny—"but handsome is as handsome does. Them's my sentiments. She's a rum 'un to look at, but a good 'un to go."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, *Sir!* That there mare, sir, has made good time—I may say *very* good time before a hearse."

"Before the hearse?"

"Before the hearse! S'pose you never heard of *burying a man on time!* I'm a sexton, sir, and undertaker—Jack Crossbones, at you service—'Daddy Crossbones' they call me at Porter's."

"Ah! I understand. Your mare ran away."

"Run away! A child could hold her.—Oh! yes, of course, she ran away," said the old gentleman, looking full in my face with a very quizzical expression, and putting the fore-finger of his right hand on the right side of his partly colored proboscis.

"My dear sir," said I, "you have excited my curiosity amazingly, and I should esteem it a particular favor if you would be a little less oracular and a little more explicit."

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," said my new acquaintance, very slowly and tantalizingly. "If you was one of these here writing chaps you might poke it into the 'Spirit of the Times,' and then it would be all day with me. But I don't care if I do make a clean breast of it.—Honor bright, you know!"

"Of course."

"Well, then, I live a piece up beyond Old Cambridge—you can see our steeple off on a hill to the right, when we get on a little further. Well, one day, I had a customer (he was carried of by the typus)—which had to be toted into town; cause why, he had a vault there. So I rubbed down the old mare and put her in the thills. Oh! sir, that critter knows as much as an Injun, and more than a nigger. She's as sober as be d—d when she gets the shop—that's what I call the hearse—behind her. You would not think she was a three minute nag to look at her. Well, sir, as luck would have it, by a sort of providential inspiration, the day before, I took off the old wooden springs and set the body on elliptics. For I thought a gentleman, who'd been riding easy all his life, ought not go to his grave on wooden ones. Ah! I deal well with my customers. I thought of patent boxes to the wheels, but I couldn't afford it, and the parish are so mighty stingy."

"Well, I got him in, and led off the string—fourteen hacks, and a dearborn wagon at the tail of the funeral. We made a fine show. As luck would have it, just as we came abreast of Porter's out slides that eternal torment, Bill Sikes, in his new trotting sulky, with the brown horse that he brought for a fast crab, and is mighty good for a rush, but hain't got nigh so much bottom as the mare. Bill's light weight, and his sulky's a mere feather.—Well, sir, Bill came up alongside, and walked his horse a bit. He looked at the mare and then at me, and then he winked. Then he looked at his nag, and put his tongue in his cheek, and winked. I looked straight ahead, and only said to myself 'Cuss you, Bill Sikes.' By and by, he let his horse slide. He traveled about a hundred yards, and then held up till I came abreast, and then he winked and bantered me again. It was d——d aggravatin.'—Says I to myself, says I—'that's twice you've done it, my buzzum friend and sweet-scented shrub—but you doesn't do that 'ere again.' The third time he bantered me; I let him have it. It was only saying, 'Scat, you brute!' and she was off—the mare. He had all the odds, you know, for I was toting a two hundred pounder, and he ought to have beat me like breaking sticks, now hadn't he? He had me at the first brush, for I told you the brown horse was a mighty fast one for a little ways. But soon I lapped him. I had no whip, and he could use his string—but he had his hands full. Side by side, away we went. Battle-te-bang! crack! buz! thump! And I afraid of losing my customer on the road. But I was more afraid of losing the race. The reputation of the old mare was at a stake, and I swore she should have a fair chance. We went so fast that the posts and rails by the road-side looked like a log fence. The old church and the new one, and the colleges, spun past like Merry Andrews. The hackmen did not know that the—— was to pay; and, afraid of not being in at the death, they put the string on to their teams, and came clattering on behind as if Satan had kicked 'em on eend. Some of the mourners was sporting characters, and they craned out of the carriage windows and waved their handkerchiefs. The President of Harvard College himself, inspired by the scene, took off his square tile as I passed his house, and waving it three times round his head, cried, 'Go it, Boots! It is a fact. And I beat him, sir! I beat him, in three miles, a hundred rods. He gin it up, sir, in despair.

His horse was off his feed for a week, and when he took to corn again, he wasn't worth a straw. It was acknowledged on all hands to be the fastest funeral on record, though I say it as shouldn't. I'm an undertaker, sir, and I never was yet overtaken.

On subsequent inquiry at Porter's, where the sporting sexton left me, I found that his story was strictly true in all the main particulars. A terrible rumpus was kicked up about the race, but Crossbones swore lustily that the mare had ran away, that he had saved away two inches of her lip in trying to hold her up, and that he could not have done otherwise unless he had run her into a fence and spilled his 'customer' into the ditch. If any one expects to die anywhere near the sexton's *diggins*, I can assure him that the jolly old boy is still alive and kicking, the very 'Ace of Hearts' and 'Jack of Spades,' and that now both patent and elliptic springs render his professional conveyance the easiest running thing on the road.

The Judicial Drama—The Miser and His Murderers.

Special correspondence of the N. O. Picayune.

We have had a judicial drama to talk over as well as the appearance of *La France*—a strange drama, believe me!—The 11th of August, 1858, a man named Crepin, died in the house of some silk weavers of Lyons, named Favre. The deceased was about ninety years old. He was a famous man in Lyons. He was a miser. He had begun life with nothing except that instinct of breeding silver from copper, and gold from silver, and treasury notes from gold which is to ordinary men's talents for money-making as the pointers olfactory nerves are to the mastiff's. His formula for this alchemy was economy—the economy of Shylock, or Sir Giles Overeach—in youth. He never spent a centime unnecessarily; to save money he would steal out at night and tear down theatre bills, to provide himself with paper, whereon to write his receipts for rent. He was worth, when he died, (did he die?) $400,000, invested in houses and public securities. He was a bachelor, he lived very much alone mingling with nobody but his nearest neighbors, and even these he treated with great reserve. He had, however, a family of some nephews and nieces. Crepin made the acquaintance of the silk weaver, Favre, and his wife, in 1847. His servant fell sick, she was an old maid, who had waited on him forty years, and had not even then seen the first centime of wages. Favre's wife offered to wait on him during his servant's illness, declaring she did so from neighborly kindness, and made a condition precedent that no money should be given her for what she did. This fascinated Crepin; he could not resist the opportunity of saving money. Favre's wife became his servant; she brought him every day some nice little bit from her table; the old miser was enchanted; he not only lived better, but—the great point—he lived cheaper than he had ever done before.—When the old servant recovered her health she resumed her place in the miser's household, for Favre's wife was too astute to reveal the power she had acquired there. Still waters run deep—this water was very still and very deep. She waited six years, having in the meantime secured a legacy of $80,000 in the miser's will. She waited patiently as the cat waits upon the mouse, or the lover on the loved one. In 1851 she fell ill again. She once more went to the hospital; there she died, Favre's wife took her place. She pursuaded him to become her boarder. He haggled about the price, but at last agreed to pay ten sous a day board, for breakfast, dinner and supper. Favre and his wife would have boarded him for nothing. The object they had was to get him in their power. They succeeded. He was their boarder, and provision was made in his will, bequeathing them $8,000. To a laboring man earning a scanty pittance, barely sufficient to enable him to live from day to day, $80,000 would have seemed a wind-fall sufficient to satisfy the grediest desires. Build no such expectations unless you would pass for one ignorant of the human heart! Does the ocean cry 'enough!' through argosy after argosy, galleon after galleon, crew after crew, sink into its cave? Neither does man's heart. 'Tis an abyss as unfathomable as the Pacific! $80,000 did but serve to whet their appetite. 'Twas only raw oysters before the banquet. Who is Favre? His wife, who is she? Adroit fishers of dead people's estate's! He was, for years, the beadle of St. George's Church. Can't you imagine his unctuous, humble, sanctimonious face? Can't you conceive his whine? The vestry-room and church's vestibule teach many prenicious lessons to the perverted heart. There Favre learned the art of supplanting natural heirs to estates. He had twice cunningly diverted two estates into his hands. In 1838, when he was already past sixty years of age, he married his second wife, his apprentice a girl of eighteen years, with whom he held illicit commerce, even before the death of his first wife, who died in 1835 in a hospital bed, abandoned by him, sighing, as she expired: "Favre does not even come to see me. He is at home, toying with his Clarie." As soon as the marriage had been made, the dependant mistress, the lawful wife, Clarie threw off the mask and practised the licentious lessons taught her before her marriage, with every one who had a handsome face or a well filled purse. In fine, the husband was skilled in all the arts by which estates are won from declining people, the wife knew and was achetomed to stoop to every dalliance by which women entangle men in amorous toils.

They were not satisfied with having the old miser at their table. He must come under their roof—come he must—they drove him to the trap by fear. He was accustomed to return home every night at 9 o'clock, accompanied by Favre's wife's brother-in-law, who, by the way, was induced to come and live with Favre, in order to aid them in their spoliation of families, for the two women who had bequeathed their whole estate to Favre had successively occupied the bed chamber destined to Orepin, the miser. One night, as he was going home, accompanied by Chorel, (Favre's brother-in-law) the moment he entered his house two persons made at knocked his lantern out of his hand, seized him by the throat and throttled him, bawling: "We have got him now.—We must kill him, for if we do his nephews will give us one hundred thousand francs." Chorel bravely beat them off; they took to their heels; Chorel passed for having saved the old man's life. This whole scene was an ignoble comedy got ten up by Favre: the psuedo assailants were Chorel's nephews; it was designed to make the old man afraid of living alone, and to make him hate his nephews, by leading him to believe that they were the authors of this aggression. The comedy was successful; when he met his nephew, a few days afterwards, he said: "I shall avenge myself yet—vengeance is a dish sweet enough for a King's table." A few days afterwards he took up his lodgings with Favre, in the chamber where the death bed had twice been made for testators whose wills were to enrich the Favres. The person Favre hired to remove the sordid furniture of the miser, obeyed the instructions he received to break the furniture to pieces, in order to make it impossible for Crepin to change his mind.—As soon as Crepin was installed in his new quarters, Favre's joy knew no bounds: "We have him now," he exclaimed, "and he can't escape us!" The Favre's knew no bounds to their abject complaisance to the old man's whims; to gratify the old man's love for money they even lent him large sums at 3½ or 4 per cent. which he invested at 6 or 8 or 12 per cent.; they kept him out of the way of all his old acquaintances; they increased his aversion from his family. The result of their maneuvres was that codicil after codicil was added to the will, each codicil containing new provisions in their favor; at last he made a new will devising his whole estate to Favre's wife. The day after this will was sealed, the old man's health began to decline. Daily he grew worse, in August he expired. He was no sooner dead than he was placed in the coffin. The Favres refused to allow the old miser's family to see his body. Sinister rumors were current. Anonymous letters roused justice's attention. Favre's wife drugged justice's vigilance with money. The heirs brought suit to annul the will; they were defeated. Crime seem to have assured impunity on earth. The old man was dead and buried. They entered into possession of the estate. Favre's wife took to her arms a handsome young fellow, on whom she squandered a good deal of money; one—two—three—four years passed away. Foul deeds seemed to be forgotten—as if blood ever sunk voiceless to the ground! as if murder's grave yawned not forever! Chorel had been promised $20,000 for his share in getting old Crepin out of the way. Crime is in his nature blind. The Favres refused to pay—refused to comply with their promise, thought they knew the man had them completely in his power—had but to open his lips to strip them not only of fortune, even to the last cent of the miser's estate, but probably of life itself, certainly of liberty. But before he spoke, the priests had heard of the riches fallen suddenly upon the Favres, and why should not they try to get some of it for themselves? They discovered in Favre's wife a "dear cousin;" they wormed out of her small sums at first; then 300f. next 500f.; again 1,000f.; they never set foot in her house without carrying off with them a handful of gold, at last they said: "Well, dear cousin, you must make us a yearly allowance!" The benefaction changed; it was a tribute claimed; Favre's wife flew into a passion and put them out of doors. Then they wormed Chorel's secret from him—which was easy enough in his irritated state of mind—and began to menace the Favres.

One of them advised her to give the church all except $100,000 to clear her conscience. She would not hear of their schemes. Chorel wrote an anonymous letter to the police. The Favres were arrested, investigations were carefully made, and it was discovered that the Favres had killed the old miser Crepin by administering to him decoction of poppy-heads and hedge hyssop (*la gratiole*) a most powerful cathartic, which a veterinary surgeon described, on the trial, as being so powerful that it is now given in veterinary practice, even to horses. Nothing has raised as much discussion, since the trial of Madame Lafarge, as the trial of these people. M. Jules Favre defended the woman; she is 44 years old, she is is a small brunette, of great moral and physical energy, neither ugly nor handsome, but her physiognomy is not disagreeable. She was dressed with great elegance in deep black, except her bonnet, which was all straw, and trimmed with brilliant blue flowers and ribbons, and her gloves, which were of brown kid, stitched with white silk. Her hair is black. Her husband is a man of eighty, tall, thin and well-preserved; he has an intelligent face, but with the *air du couvent*. M. de Peronney, the ablest lawyer of the Lyons bar, was his defender; Chorel was defended by Mons. Humblot, of Lyons; he was meanly attired, and his face is disagreeable. Mons. Berryer appeared for the natural heirs. Favre's wife and Chorel were found guilty, and sentenced to twelve years imprisonment with hard labor. Favre was also found guilty, and sentenced to five years of the same pains. The natural heirs have brought suit for the restitution of the property. It is generally believed they will be successful. The Favres might have enjoyed $80,000 in peace, nay, had they paid Chorel his $20,000, probably they never would have been troubled—they must have all; they have lost every thing. Favre will probably die in jail; he has already attempted to commit suicide, for, at eighty, a man can scarcely recton on five years longer life. His wife will be an old woman of fifty-six when she recovers her liberty. What availed Crepin his $400,000? I will tell you. It served to purchase his murder. He lived on privations, he labored assiduously only to amass money enough to seduce three people to kill him. The covetous and avaricious rarely know for whom they labor. If they did, would they struggle as they do? Would they shut their ears to the poor who cry for help?

GAMMA.

NEW GOODS.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED FROM the East a large and choice selection of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

for Gents' and Youths wear, embracing all the newest styles COATINGS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS. W. H. McGEE & CO.,

143 Federal street
Corner Market Square, Allegheny city. my9

NATRONA OIL.

WE ARE NOW MANUFACTURING this article, which for brilliancy in burning freedom of offensive odor, and transparency of color, (which color we warrant to be changed by age or exposure,) is unsurpassed by any illuminator in this or Eastern markets. As a profitable Oil to the consumer, we can specially recommend it. Also, our manufacture of

CAUSTIC SODA,

Used by all large Soap Makers and Oil Refineries, which excels 10 per cent. in strength all the make of English Soda brought to this country. Our manufacture of

SAPONIFIER, OR CONCENTRATED LYE; SALT, &C.

Are so well and favorably known, we trust the mention is sufficient.

All orders and inquiries will be promptly attended to by addressing,

GEORGE COLHOUN, Agent,
Penna. Salt Manufacturing Company,
24 Wood street, Pittsburgh
o19:1wdawtf.

IF YOU WANT SOME GOOD NEW Fruit or prepared Mince Meat, mixed, and all other kinds of Spices, Cooking Brandy or Wine, New Orange, Lemon and Citron Peel go to Haworth & Brothers, in the Diamond, where you will get a new crop of Fruit and lower than at any other house in the city. Also a general and full assortment of Family Groceries, Teas, Wines, Brandies, and all other kinds of Foreign and Domestic Liquors.

HAWORTH & BROTHER,
de24 corner Diamond and Diamond alley.

KENSINGTON

IRON AND NAIL WORKS.

LLOYD & BLACK,

Manufacturers of

Bar, Sheet, Boiler, Plate, Hoop, A and T Iron, Nails and Spikes;

Also, Screen, Small T Rail and Flat Bar Railr Iron, suitable for Coal Works.

Works are adjoining the CITY GAS WORK

Warehouse, No. 88 Water street and N 6 Market street, Bagaley's Building.

ap18:6am-1s

JOHN FLEEGER,

GUNSMITH,

25 corner Ohio and Beaver sts,

ALLEGHENY CITY.

Large stock of Guns of all descriptions, on hand, or made to order, and for sale at LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Repairing promptly attended to.

no18:1yw-my21-dtf

PAPER HANGINGS,

of all styles, bought before the tax advance, will be sold at the usual low prices.

W. P. MARSHALL,
se6 No. 87 Wood street.

PHILADELPHIA ADVERTISEMENTS.

JESSE JOHNSON,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,

AND DEALER IN

Flour, Grain and all kinds of Country Produce, Wines and Liquors, Cigars, Tobacco, &c.

☞ Liberal advances made on consignments of HIGH WINES.

OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE 237 SOUTH SECOND ST
au26:1y PHILADELPHIA.

WM. BRICE & CO.,

PRODUCE AND PROVISION

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

NO. 15 SOUTH WATER STREET,

Philadelphia.

☞ Liberal advances made on consignments when required. my1-1yd

FRIES & LEHMAN,

NO. 818 MARKET STREET

PHILADELPHIA,

Jobbers in Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., &c.

Always on hand a well selected stock of Goods suitable for the trade. my1-1yd

E. P. MIDDLETON & BRO.,

IMPORTERS OF

WINES, BRANDIES, &c.,

AND DEALERS IN

FINE OLD WHISKIES,

NO. 5 NORTH FRONT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA. ap10:1yd

JOHN B. ELLISON—WM F. ELLISON—RODMAN E. ELLISON

JOHN B. ELLISON & SONS,

IMPORTERS OF

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS,

NO. 339 MARKET STREET,

(2d door below Fourth,)

my1:1yd PHILADELPHIA.

GEORGE GRANT,

Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer

IN EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

610 CHESTNUT STREET,

my1-1y PHILADELPHIA

C. HARRY BRIAN,

WITH

LONGCOPE & PEARCE,

MANUFACTURERS & IMPORTERS,

—OF—

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS AND TAILORS' TRIMMINGS,

NO. 10 SOUTH FOURTH STREET,

my1:1yd *PHILADELPHIA*

DUQUESNE BRASS WORKS.

FULTON & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF EVERY VARIETY OF

FINISHED BRASS WORK,

GAS AND STEAM FITTERS,

☞ Particular attention to fitting Oil Refineries, Brass Castings of every description made to order. Steamboat work and repairing generally.

☞ Rose' Oil and Davy's Safety Lamps. Gas Brackets and Pendants, Corner 5th CLAIR STREET AND DUQUESNE WAY. feb24:tf

Young's Eating Saloon,

CORNER VIRGIN ALLEY AND SMITH-FIELD STREETS.

Where OYSTERS and all the delicacies of the season will be served up in the most palatable style. ELI YOUNG.

oct4 corner Virgin alley and Smithfield st.

THE ELDORADO,

(FORMERLY COURT ROTHGUER,)

CORNER FIFTH & SMITHFIELD STREETS,

(Opposite the Post Office.)

THE SUBSCRIBER HAVING taken the above well-known stand, will be pleased to see his friends at all hours. His wines, liquors, ales, and cigars are of the best.

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Also,

BRASS CASTINGS, OF ALL KINDS

Made at the shortest notice.

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New Styles for Spring of 1862.

A Great Variety and Fine Assortment, from 6 1-4 cents to $5 per Piece.

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JUST RECEIVED A large and well selected stock of

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ALSO—A large stock of

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☞ Cash paid for RAGS.

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