The Pittsburgh Post.

James P. Barr, Editor & Proprietor. THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 11, 1862. Vol. XX.---Established 1842.

THE DAILY POST—ADVANCED RATES.

One year, by mail	$8 00
Six months, "	4 25
Three " "	2 15
One " "	70
One week, delivered in the city	18
Single copies	3
To agents per hundred	2 00

NEW ADVERTISING RATES.

The following rates of advertising have been agreed upon by the Pubishers of the Pittsburgh Daily Press, to take effect on and after the 15th day of November, 1862, on all new contracts:

FOR STANDING MATTER.

PER SINGLE SQUARE, EVERY DAY.

One insertion	$ 60	Two months	$ 8 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	30 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.

OFFICERS & SOLDIERS,

CAVALRY AND GRAIN BOOTS

IN GREAT VARIETY AT

CONCERT HALL SHOE STORE.

62 Fifth Street,

Best Ladies' Balmorals in the city.

I will pay a good premium for a Lock Box at the Post Office.

THE WM. PENN HOUSE

FOR RENT.

THE SUBSCRIBER WILL RENT HIS property and sell his Furniture of that old established

WM. PENN HOUSE,

on Penn street, near the canal bridge. The house is well situated and near the location of the new depot of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, and has a good run of custom at the present time. SALVADOR SLOCUM.

The Philosophic Burner.

HAYDEN'S NEW DOUBLE-ACTING Philosophic Burner for Carbon Oil is now ready. It possesses many advantages over the Common Burners.

1. It makes a large or mall light with perfect combustion.
2. It will burn any quanity of oil with safety.
3. It can be used with a long or short chimney.
4. It can be used as a taper night-lamp.
5. It can always be made to burn economically.
6. It is more easily wicked than any other burner.
7. It can be trimmed and lighted without removing the cone.
8. It throws all the white light above the cone.
9. The chimney can be removed or inserted without touching the glass.

These burners are the common No. 1 size, and can be put on any lamp now in use. Every person using Carbon Oil should have a Philosophic Burner. Price 25 cents; per dozen $2. Sold a No. 82 FOURTH street, Pittsburgh.

F. HAYDEN.

WM. HEMITH JOS. R. HUNTER

WM. H. SMITH & CO,

WHOLESALE GROCERS

NOS. 112 SECOND AND 147 FIRST STREETS

PITTSBURGH.

GUM BLANKETS,

FOR ARMY USE.

W. McCLINTOCK & SON,

112 MARKET STREET.

CURTIS C. STEINMETZ,

GENERAL

HOUSE CARPENTER

AND JOBBER.

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

Orders solicited and promptly attended to.

DISSOLUTION—THE FIRM OF JAS. WARD & CO was dissolved on the 6th day of November, 1862, by the retirement of Geo. Reis, and Andrew B. Berger, the interest of Reis and Berger passes in the hands of James Ward, and the business of said firm passes into the hands of the remaining partners thereof, who are to settle all debts and collect demands, and continue said business, to which the patronage of the old friends of said firm is recommended.

JAMES WARD, WM. WARD, REIS & BERGER.

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 sight, try the world-renowned

RUSSIAN PEBBLE SPECTACLES.

Purchasers will continue to find perfect satisfaction from trying these Spectacles. Sold only by J. DIAMOND, Optician, No. 89 Fifth street, Post Building. The Russian Pebble inserted in old frames, if desired. Beware Imposters and Pretenders.

BALMORAL SKIRTS

1,000 BALMORAL SKIRTS

in bright and beautiful colors. Merchants and dealers supplied in quantity.

EATON, MACRUM & CO., No. 17 Fifth street.

THIS DAY—

Just opened a complete assortment of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

W. H. McGEE & CO., 142 Federal street, Allegheny city.

C. B. SELLY,

141 FIFTH STREET, opposite Cathedral

REAL ESTATE AND GENERAL AGENT.

DEALERS IN

NOTES, BONDS, MORTGAGES and other Securities.

MILITARY GAUNTLETS!

BUCK AND KID GAUNTLETS,

IN WHITE AND BUFF.

Received by Express this day at

EATON, MACRUM & CO'S, No. 17 Fifth street.

WALL PAPER, AT OLD PRICES for sale by W. P. MARSHALL, 57 Wood street.

DIME SAVINGS INSTITUTION, NO. 110 Smithfield street, opposite the Custom House. Chartered by the Legislature.

OFFICERS.

President JAMES PARK, Jr.

VICE PRESIDENTS:

Wm. H. Smith	H. F. Ruid
Thos. D. Meeser	A. Reis man
Francis Sellers	Jos. Rhodes
John F. Jennings	Jacob Stuckrath
Thomas S. Blair	Alex. Bradley
Henry Lloyd	Alfred Slack

TRUSTEES.

Josiah King	C Zug
A S Bell	Jos Dilworth
S S Fowler	W A Reed
Jas W Woodwell	R C Schmertz
P Rahm	C W Ricketson
J M Herman	S R Hartman
D M Long	R J Anderson
Jas W Baxter	D E McKinley
C H Wolf	Robert D Cochran
Wm Smith	W Ihmsen
G R Jones	B F Jones
W H Phelps	O B Herron

SECRETARY AND TREASURER, D. E. McKINLEY.

Open daily, from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Also, Tuesday and Saturday evenings, from 6 to 8 o'clock. Deposits received of ONE DIME and upwards. Dividends declared in December and June of each year. Dividends allowed to remain are placed to the credit of the depositor as principal, and bear interest, thus compounding it. Books containing Charter, By-Laws, &c., furnished at the office. This Institution offers, especially to those persons whose earnings are small, the opportunity to accumulate, by small deposits, easily saved, a sum which will be a treasure when needed, their money not only being safe but bearing interest, instead of remaining unproductive. my12

HOUSEKEEPERS

FURNISHING STORE.

GOODS FOR THE KITCHEN.

Tin Ware,	Brushes
Wooden Ware	Baskets
Spice Boxes	Jelly Moulds
Cup Tubs	Wash Basins
Straw Cutters	Cup Mops
Bar sieves	Wire Sieves
Mince do ives	Coal Scuttles
Silver Soap	Stove Polish
Chamois Skins	Knife Washers
Skewers	Basting Spoons
Gridirons	Coffee Mills
Lemon Squeezers	Wash Boards
Stew Pans	Sauce Pans
Waffle Irons	Bird Roasters
Fish Kettles	Fry Pans
Ham Boilers	Farina Boilers
Graters	Egg Beaters
Larding Needlers	Flour Pails
Pudding Pans	Water Filterers
Bread Pans	Pie Plates
Butter Ladles	Clothes Wringers
Iron Holders	Wooden Spoons
Step Ladders	Butter Prints
Keelers	Wash Tubs
Clothes Lines	Soap Cups
Scales	Toast Forks
Cook's Knives	Sad Irons
Bread Boxes	Meat Presses
Scoops	Cake Boxes, &c., &c.

FOR THE DINING ROOM.

SILVER PLATED,

Castors	Call Bells
Syrup Jugs	Nut Picks
Cake Knives	Fish Knives
Crumb Knives	Ice Cream Knives
Salt Stands	Napkin Rings
Fruit Stands	Cake Baskets
Butter Knives	Forks and Spoons
Soup Ladles	Oyster Ladles
Gravy Ladles	Sugar Spoons
Children's Cups	Mustard Spoons
Round & Oval Salvers	Ice Pitchers
Bouquet Stands	Goblets

CUTLERY.

Ivory Handled Knives	Carvers
Cocoa do do	Forks
Stag do do	Square Waiters
English Tea Trays	Crumb Brushes
Fork & Spoon Trays	Crumb Trays
Dish Covers	Chafing Dishes
Hash Dishes	Coffee Urns
Wine Strainers	Coffee Cafetiers
Spirit Coffee Pots	Nut Crackers
Table Mats	Round Waiters
Bread Baskets	Cork Screws
Wine Coolers	Knife Sharpeners
Refrigerators	Water Coolers, &c.

FOR THE CHAMBER.

Toilet Jars	Water Carriers
Foot Baths	Chamber Buckets
Infant's Baths	Bowls and Pitchers
Matress Brushes	Gas Shades
Shaving Stands	Nursery Shades
Bronz Match Holders	do Lamps
Flower Stands	Clothes Whiskes
Nursery Refrigerators	do Hampers
Wax Taper	Night Lights.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Library Steps	Door Mats
Vienna Fish Globes	Vestas
Bird Cages	Meat Safes
Vizzetts	Pocket Knives
Card de Visite Frames	Flasks
Camp Knives	Camp Portfolios.

And everything pertaining to a well appointed Household.

To be obtained at reasonable prices at the NEW STORE of

KAY & RICHARDS,

No. 30 FIFTH STREET.

First door below the Exchange Bank.

All goods delivered free of charge in the city, Allegheny, Birmingham, Manchester, Duquesne borough, etc. no12

Estate of Samuel Jones, dec'd

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT Letters of Administration on the Estate of the above named Samuel Jones, late of the City of Pittsburgh, deceased, have been granted to Mrs. Louisa Jones, residing in said city on Duquesne Way, between Evans' alley and Pitt street. All persons therefore having claims or demands against said estate, are requested to make the same known to the said Mrs. Louisa Jones without delay. LOUISA JONES.

dec9;d1w6w.

MEN'S CAVALRY BOOTS

MEN'S CAVALTY BOOTS,

Just received, the best article at a low price at JOSEPH H. BORLAND'S Cheap Cash Store, No. 98 Market st., 2d door from Fifth. no

TWO NEW STANDING TOP BUGGIES, whose former price was $125, will be sold now for $90, at Mrs. JOSEPH WHITE'S, Carriage Repository Two Mile Run.

FRENCH, ENGLISH & AMERICAN Wall papers for sale by W. P. MARSHALL, 57 Wood street.

COBNWELL & KERR,

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS.

(At the old established Coach Factory,)

DUQUESNE WAY,

NEAR ST. CLAIR STREET.

Repairing done as usual. jy7

SUGAR.

350 bbls B. refined Sugar;
50 do A. do do
15 do standard Crushed;
15 do do Powdered;
15 do do Granulated;

Just received and for sale by REYMER & BROS, no22 Nos. 126 and 128 Wood street

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

au7-tf LOCK BOX 18, Pittsburgh P. O.

ARMY SHIRTS,

SOLDIERS' GOODS!

New styles selling cheap, at MACRUM & GLYDE, 78 Market street, bet. 4th & Diamond

PAPER HANGINGS,

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

W. P. MARSHALL, No. 57 Wood street.

FRESH ARRIVAL OF

BOOTS, SHOES AND GUMS,

which will be sold at the old prices at BORLAND'S, 98 Market street.

50 CASES CONCENTRATED LYE just received and for sale by GEORGE A. KELLY, No. 69 Federal street, Allegheny.

INDIA RUBBER BLANKETS—AN OTHER lot warrented to stand heat or cold just received at 26 and 28 St. Clair street. J. & H. PHILLIPS.

ORANGES—3 BOXES SWEET HAVANA Oranges just received by express and for sale by REYMER & BROS, Nos. 126 and 128 Wood street.

SELECT TALE.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

"Mother, I will be everything to you that I can be; I promise you that."

The boy lifted up his head. A look of high resolve made the young brow manlike in expression. Not yet had ten summers deepened the gold on those fair locks. The earnest blue eyes looked fondly in the faded face that bent over him. There was a world of love in that soul—a love that was not only lip deep, but was proved by acts of self denial.

The words are beautiful enough to be repeated: Henry Locke smiled, because as he spoke there came tears to his mother's eyes. He had that morning beenpromised a place in a country store, five miles from the cot or rather cabin where they lived. It was but a small pittance; but of late the mother had grown so feeble that she could earn nothing; she could scarcely do the little that order and neatness required at her hands.

One dollar a week! It was a very little sum, but better, much better than nothing. Besides, Henry was to have his meals with his employer and sleep there if he chose. But he did not choose. For a glad smile from his mother; for the pressure of that feeble hand; for the tender Christain words that come from those pale lips, he was bravely willing, after the day's hard work, to walk five miles, dark and tedious though the way was. Often he came bringing some little delicacy that he had earned, and which was so sweet to the invalid because he brought it.

One night the sky was curtained with clouds. The widow looked from her little window, facing the hilly road along which the hay-wagons went on their way to the city, and said, as she saw the twilight deepening earlier than its wont: "he will not come to-night."

No: he would not come that night. The wind blew fiercely, and sent the branches of the old apple tree rattling against the old clap-boards, and threw the rain as with a spite, over the little windows, sheeting them and making dreary music. So the widow, quite confident that Henry would not venture out in that storm, read her Bible till her heart kindled with holy words, and putting out her little light went to her rest She knew not how long she had slept when a voice awakened her. The sweet voice, so dear to her, was crying, "mother, mother!" At first she thought it a dream; but, listening intently, she heard, blending with the wail of the wind, that cry, and a sound against the latch of the door greeted her. Instantly rising, she groped for a light, unfastened the door, and behold, there stood Henry, a piteous sight, indeed, all covered with mire, literally from head to foot. His face was wet, but the honest, happy smile was in no way abated.

"My boy, how could you come on such a night?" exclaimed the widow."

"Why, mother, a storm couldn't keep me from you," was his hearty response. "I've had the greatest time, though, ever you did see—lost my way, got in the creek, and it must be near midnight, but I meant to come, for S— gave me a trifle over, to-night, and I knew you needed it."

"My dear boy!" rung from the mother's full heart, while a tear or two trickled the pale cheeks.

"I wonder I never thought of it before," she said, musingly. "After this I'll put a light in the window. To be sure it won't show far; but when you get to the top of the hill, it will be pleasant to see it, and know that I am watching for you."

For three years the lamp was placed in the little window every night. People often remarked, "as bright as Mother Locke's little window," and it became a favorite saying with the whole neighborhood.

At the end of that time, young Henry was offered a good chance on board a whaling vessel, which he resolved to accept. It cost him, no one knows what a struggle to part with the being he loved with an almost worshipping affection. But he knew the time had come when he must go forth into the world to do battle for himself and her; and a sailor's life was his coveted calling.

"It seems, Henry," said the mother, when, with a trembling lip, she parted from him, "as if I must still put a light in the little window. I shall think sometimes that I hear the sound of your footsteps, the click of the latch, and your pleasant voice. O, Henry, Henry, if I could but light you over the stormy waters."

The voyage was ended—but another voyage was to end before that. The widow Locke was taken ill. Yet with unfading regularity, with feeble step and trembling hand, nightly, the dear woman trimmed the little lamp and placed it in the window. Still, when the bended form could no longer totter about the cottage, when she lay helpless upon the bed, and the neighbors came in to care for her, she would say: "Put the litile lamp in the window; my Henry will be thinking of it."

Night after night, and ever, until her eyes grew dim, she would watch the radiance of the flickering light, only saying sometimes, "Shall I live to hear his footsteps? Will that feeble flame still burn when my life light has gone out?"

"I have longed to see him," she said; "I have prayed earnestly, but I have given it all up now. I shall not meet him in this world."

"Have you put the light in the window?" she asked, suddenly, a few moments after.

"It is growing dark."

Alas! it was not the light that was growing dark.

Her hands grew cold. Over her countenance came that mysterious shadow, that falls but once on any mortal face.

"Oh! my boy! my boy!" she whispered; "tell him,"—they bent lower to catch her falling words—"tell him I will put a light in the window of heaven to guide his footsteps there."

The thrilling sentence was hardly spoken, when the shadow dropped from the sufferer's face, and it smiled in the calm majesty of death. A funeral followed; the humble hearts attended the body of one who was loved for her sincere goodness all through the hamlet; and on the hillside, in a little grave yard, she was buried.

Not many days after a great ship came into the port of a busy city. Among all those who stepped from the decks, none were more hopeful, more joyful than young Henry Locke. He had passed through the ordeal of life at sea, so far unscathed. No blight of immorality had fallen upon him. He had kept himself as spotless as if every nightfall his feet had been turned towards the door of his mothers cottage. How his heart bounded as he thought of her! Strangely enough he never dreamed she might be dead. It did not occur to him that perhaps her silver locks were lying under the lid of the coffin. Oh, no, he only thought of the pleasant light in the window, that her hands had trimmed for him. So he journeyed to his native town.

Yonder comes one who trudges on laggingly—a farmer in heavy boots and frock, his whip in his hand. He cheers the lazy ox and suddenly stops amazed.

"I see you know me," said the sailor, smiling. "Well, Farmer Brown how is—"

"Know you! why ow tall you are!—So,"—his eyes drops his mouth trembles, "so you've got home!"

"Yes, and glad enough to get back again,—how is mother?"

"Your—mother," he says, in a low, hesitating way, that telegraphs ill tidings before they are told in words.

"Yes—is she well Is she expecting me? Of course she's; we're late by a months full."

"Your mother, Hery? Well—the old lady,"—he plays with his whip, or rather strikes it hard on the dusty road. How can he crush that happy heart?

"There, you need not speak!" cried the young man, in a voice of sudden anguish; and he recoiled, almos staggering, from the farmer's side, and buried his face in his hands.

"Henry, my poor lad, your mother is—"

"Don't, don't," cried the other, showing now a face from which all color had fled. "Oh! my mother! my mother!—she is gone, gone—and I am coming home so happy!"

For some moments he sobbed in agony. How dreary the world had grown! The flowers had lost their fagrance, the sun its warmth; his heart seemed dead.

"Henry, she left a message for you," said the old farmer, wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his frock.

"A message for me?"—it seemed as if the white lips could hardy speak.

"Yes; says she—so my dame told me, and so the minister said—"Tell Henry I will put a light in the window of heaven to guide his footsteps there."

"Did she? oh! did she say that! God bless you for telling us! All my long voyage I have thought of the light in her little window. I have seemed to see it streaming along, down to the foot of the hill, till it grew brighter and brighter as I drew nearer. A light in the window of heaven? Yes, mother, I will think you are still waiting for me. I could not see you in these long years; but I knew the light was burning. I cannot see you now, but I know that the light is burning."

Slowly and reverently he went to the hill-side grave yard, and there he knelt and wept upon her lowly grave. But not there he thought her. A sweet vision was vouchsafed him. All robed in heavenly garments, he saw the beautiful soul he had called mother, and streaming from the brightness of her glorious home, a slender beam seemed to come, trembling to his feet. Then he knew that the light was placed in the window of heaven.

Once more he dwelt in the little room where he had left her. Nothing was moved, but oh! how much was wanting! There, on the window-sill, stood the little lamp—*that* brought the tears afresh. But he took his mother's well-worn Bible, and kneeling by her bedside, as if she could hear him, he consecrated himself to a life and work of righteousness. From that cottage he went out into the world, carrying his grief as a sacred memorial, but seeing always, wherever his work led him, his waiting mother, and the lamp in the window of heaven.

Wife Sales.

It is a prevalent notion among the rude and ignorant in England that a man, by setting his wife up at public auction, and so parting with her, legally dissolves the marriage-tie, and escapes from all its obligations. Of course, an affair of this kind is simply an outrage upon decency, and has no legal effect whatever. It can only be considered as a proof of the besotted ignorance and brutal feelings of a portion of our rural population. Rather unfortunately, the occasional instances of wife sales while remarked by ourselves with little beyond a passing smile, have made a deep impression on our continental neighbors, who seriously believe that it is a habit of our people, and constantly cite it as an evidence of our low civilization. It would never occur to us as a proof of any such thing, for we recognize it as only an eccentricity, yet it may be well for us to know that it really does take place now and then—more frequently, indeed, than almost any are aware of—and is a social feature by no means unworthy of the grave consideration of educationalists.

In 1815, a man held a regular auction in the Market place at Pontefract, offering his wife at a minimum bidding of one shilling, and "knocked her down" for eleven shillings. In 1820, a man named Brouchet led his wife, a decent-looking woman, into the cattle market at Canterbury, from the neighboring village of Broughton; he asked a salesman to sell for him; the salesman replied that his dealings were with cattle, not with women, and he refused. The man thereupon hired a stall, for which he paid the usual tollage of sixpence, and led his wife into it by a halter; and, soon afterwards, he sold to a young man at Canterbury for five shillings. In 1834, a man led his wife by a halter, in precisely a similar way, into the cattle market at Birmingham; but the local journals did not report the sum at which the unfortunate "lot" was knocked down. A case occurred in 1835, in which a woman was sold by her husband for fifteen pounds: she at once went home with her buyer; she survived both buyer and seller, and then married again. Some property came to her in the course of years from her first husband; for, notwithstanding claims put forth by other relations, she was able to maintain in a court of law that the sale did not, and could not vitiate her rights as his widow.

A good deal of surprise was felt in many villages of ignorant peasantry, in 1837, at the result of a trial in the West Riding Session in Yorkshire, where a man was committed to a month's imprisonment and hard labor for selling, or attempting to sell his wife; the right to do this being believed more extensively than we are apt to imagine. In 1858, in a beer shop at Little Horton, near Bradford, a man named Hartley Thomson put up his wife, described by the local journals as a pretty young woman, for sale; he even announced the sale beforehand, by means of a crier as bellman; he brought her in with a ribbon round her neck, by way of a halter. These two persons had lived unhappily together, and both entertained the belief that, by such a process as this, they might legally separate for life. It it difficult, indeed, to credit how such things can be, unless the wife be more or less a consenting party; this proposition once made, however, so cheap a substitute for the Divorce Court becomes intelligible. Doubtless, in some cases, the husband acts wholly for himself in the matter, as happened in 1859, at Dudley, where a man sold his wife for a sixpence, under the full belief that by so doing she would have no further legal claim on him for support.—*The Book of Days.*

A publick writer thinks that much might be gained if speakers would observe the miller's creed—always to shut the gates when the grist is out.

What is Wanted Now.

The New York *Express* takes the following sensible view of the importance of indoctrinating the public mind in the fundamental principles of republican institutions:

"What is wanted in this State,—now, now, now, this very minute,—are lectures upon the great principles of government, law, order, social organization, the rights of States, families, individuals, the rights of man, etc., etc.,—in all of which too many of our people, alas! have been deplorable ignorant. The federal constitution, its history, the principles of, and precedents under it, all, all need overhauling and examination, and re examination, in popular lectures, in every country village, and these lectures, from intelligent, eminent men should afterwards be printed and published, and circulated in every country village, in every town, until the constitution of the United States, its history, its principles, and adjudication upon it, becomes household words."

The Logan Gazette's Last.

SAMBO. 'Does you hear dem chickens, Cuffy?'

CUFFY. 'In coase I does—ebry one does hears dem chickens.'

SAMBO. 'Well, it become my lemankolly duty, to 'municate to you the 'telligence dat dem chickens is a crowing de requiem of de kulled populsahen.

CUFFY. 'Well, jes lef em crow, dis chile hain't got no requiem. Dey can't crow dat.'

SAMBO. 'You don't undehstan, de sition I mean to say dat we're played out of de plitical arena, and ain't worf fitin fob no more.'

CUFFY. 'Did you say we was frowed out of de 'rena—I wasn't in no 'rena.'

SAMBO. 'Yes you was in de rena—we was all in de rena, but we ain't in de rena now. White mens is dar now.'

CUFFY. 'What's white folks doin in de 'rena?'

SAMBO. 'Dey're frowing us out, and gettin in de rena themselves.'

CUFFY. 'Dar must be a mistake summhar.'

SAMBO. 'Ob cors dar's a mistake summhar. Dat's what dem chickens is a crowin our requiem about.'

CUFFY. 'May be dey don't know its kulled folks dey're frowing out of de 'rena!

SAMBO. 'Yes dey do; dat aint the mistake I tells you what de mistake is.

De democrat party isn't dead—but de blak publicans is dead. Dat's what dem chickens is croin about.'

Twinkley Twinkle.

A war correspondent writes thus from Jackson, Tennessee:

An officer of my acquaintance, who is inordinately fond of "fritters," just dropped into a dwelling in Jackson, a day or two since, where this delicacy was smoking hot upon the table, and very politely asked to share the meal with the landlady. She graciously complied, and asked him to be seated. "Will you take the 'twinkley twinkle, or on the 'dab?'" My friend was entirely ignorant of the meaning of these terms, but at a venture chose the former. He soon found his error. The ancient female dipped her not over clean fingers into a tumbler of molasses standing beside her, and allowing the drippings to fall upon the delicacy, presented it to him as "twinkley twinkle."—"On the dab," was a spoonful of treacle upon the centre of the "fritter."

Spencer & M'Kay,

BREWERS AND MALSTERS.

PHŒNIX STEAM BREWERY, Pittsburgh, September 10, 1862.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—The partnership heretofore existing between JOS SPENCER and W. H. GARRARD was dissolved on the 30th of August, 1862, W. H. GARRARD being authorized to settle up the business of the late firm at the office in the Brewery. The Brewing Business will be continued by SPENCER & M'KAY, who intend to have always on hand a superior article of ALE, PORTER and BROWN STOUT. The undersigned will be thankful to the friends of the late firm for a continuance of their patronage, and promise to make it their aim to give satisfaction to all who may purchase from them.

Mr. ROBERT WATSON, of Liberty street, so long known to the business community, will have the management of our business, with the full control in the Brewery.

Address all orders to SPENCER & McKAY, Phœnix Brewery, Pittsburgh, Pa.

JOSEPH SPENCER, JAMES McKAY. se15-1yd

PRIVATE DISEASES.—Dr. BROWN'S MEDICAL and SURGICAL Office, No. 50 Smithfield street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Dr. BROWN is an old citizen of Pittsburgh, and has been in Practice for the last twenty-five years. His business has been confined mostly to Private and Surgical Diseases.

CITIZENS AND STRANGER

In need of a medical friend, should not fail to find out the sure place of relief. The Doctor is a regular graduate, and his experience in the treatment of a certain class of diseases is a sure guarantee to the sufferers of obtaining permanent relief by the use of his remedies and following his advice.

DR. BROWN'S REMEDIES

never fail to cure the worst form of Venereal Diseases, Impurities and Scrofulous Affections.—Also all diseases arising from a hereditary taint, which manifests itself in the form of bitter psoriasis, and a great many forms of skin diseases, the origin of which the patient is entirely ignorant. To persons so afflicted, Dr. Brown offers hopes of a sure and speedy recovery.

SEMINAL WEAKNESS.

Dr. Brown's remedies for the alarming trouble brought on often by that solitary habit of sensual gratification, which the young and weak minded often give way to, (to their own destruction,) are the only reliable remedies known in the country—they are safe, and make a speedy restoration of health.

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Dr. Brown's remedies never fail to cure this painful disease IN A FEW DAYS—he will warrant a cure. He also treats Piles, Gleet, Gonorrhœa, Stricture, Urethal Discharges, Female Weakness, Monthly Suppressions, Diseases of the Joints, Fistula in Ano, Nervous Affections, Pains in the Back and Kidneys, Irritation of the Bladder, together with all diseases of an impure origin.

A letter describing the symptoms, containing a fee, directed to DR. BROWN, No. 50 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa., will be immediately answered. Medicine sent to any address, safely packed and secure from observation.

Office and Private Rooms, No. 50 Smithfield street, Pittsburgh, Pa. no15-dawlw

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

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

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TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN by the use of an apparatus whereby no drugs or galvanic battery are used. Medical gentlemen and their families have their teeth extracted by my process, and are ready to testify as to the safety and painlessness of the operation, whatever has been said by persons interested in asserting the contrary, having no knowledge of my process.

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CORNER VIRGIN ALLEY AND SMITHFIELD STREETS.

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To all who desire it, he will send a prescription (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a *sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.*

The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings County, N. Y. se6-1m

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SIGHT DRAFTS FOR SALE, payable in any part of Europe.

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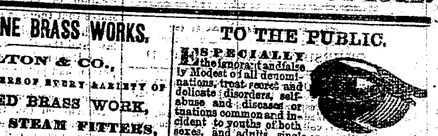

ESPECIALLY the ignorant and falsely Modest of all denominations, treat secret and delicate disorders, self abuse and diseases of matrimony common and incident to youths of both sexes, and adults, single or married. Because so, the ignorant and falsely modest are dreadfully shocked, and think it a great sin very immoral and for contamination and corruption among their wives, promising sons and daughters. Their family physician should be cautious to keep them in ignorance that they do the same as Dr. BRANSTRUP, (except publishing) lest a lucrative practice might be lost to them among stupid, falsely raised in ignorance, sprung up as mushrooms and who compare society, intelligence, sense, &c., to rotten. It is to publicity, however, that numerous parents and guardians are thankful that their sons, daughters and wards, previously feeble sickly and of delicate condition and appearance, have been restored to health and vigor by Dr. BRANSTRUP, besides many before and after marriage through him have been saved much suffering, anxiety, mortification, &c. Spermatorrhœa or nocturnal emissions, are completely cured in a very short space of time by his new remedies, which are peculiarly his own. They are compounds from the Vegetable Kingdom, having seen the fallacy of the Mercurial treatment, he has abandoned it and substituted the veritable Female diseases are treated with marked success—having had over forty years (40) experience in their treatment in hospitals of both the Old World and in the United States, leads him to say—to all with a fair trial, health and happiness will again bloom upon the now—pale cheek. Title no longer with m