The Pittsburgh Post.

James P. Barr, Editor & Proprietor. FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 20, 1863. Established 1842.

MEDICAL.

ENTIRELY VEGETABLE.

NO ALCOHOLIC PREPARATION!

A PURE TONIC MEDICINE.

DR HOOFLAND'S

CELEBRATED

GERMAN BITTERS

PREPARED BY

DR. C. M. JACKSON, Philadelphia, Penna.,

Will effectually cure

Liver Complaint,

DYSPEPSIA, JAUNDICE,

Chronic, or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver or Stomach, such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c. Sudden Rushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant imaginings of Evil, and great depression of spirits.

And will positively prevent Yellow Fever, Bilious Fever, &c.

THEY CONTAIN NEITHER ALCOHOL OR BAD WHISKY!

They will cure the above diseases in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

Indeed the sale and universal popularity of Hoofland's German Bitters, (purely vegetable,) has led a host of ignorant quacks and unscrupulous adventurers, have opened upon suffering humanity the flood gates of Nostrums in the shape of poor whisky, vilely compounded with injurious drugs, and christened Tonics, Stomachics and Bitters.

Beware of the innumerable array of alcoholic preparations in pigeon-hole bottles, and big-bellied kegs, under the modest appellation of Bitters; which, instead of curing only aggravates diseases, and leaves the disappointed sufferers in despair.

YOU WANT SOMETHING to STRENGTHEN YOU!

YOU WANT A GOOD APPETITE!

DO YOU WANT TO BUILD UP YOUR CONSTITUTION!

DO YOU WANT TO FEEL WELL!

DO YOU WANT TO GET RID OF NERVOUS DEBILITY!

DO YOU WANT ENERGY!

Do you want to sleep well?

Do you want a brisk and vigorous feeling?

If so, you do use

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

From J. Newton Brown, D. D., Editor of the Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge.

Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects, I yet know of no sufficient reason why a man may not testify to the benefit he believes himself to have received from any simple preparation in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.

I do this the more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them for many years, under the impression that they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend, Robert Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper tests, and for encouragement to try them, when suffering from great and long continued debility. The use of three bottles of these Bitters, at the commencing of the present year, was followed by evident relief, and continuation to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not left for six months before, and had almost despaired of regaining. Therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them.

J. NEWTON BROWN.

PHILADELPHIA, June 29, 1861.

From the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church.

DR. JACKSON—DEAR SIR:—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with commendations of different kinds of medicine, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate place, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system, and especially Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail, but usually I doubt not it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours very respectfully,

J. H. KENNARD,

Eighth below Coats street, Phila., Dec. 24th.

Lady of the Wife of ALDERMAN WUNDER, Germantown.

GERMANTOWN, June 1, 1861.

DR. C. M. JACKSON—Sir—If I gave me pleasure to give you a certificate, testifying to the efficacy of Hoofland's German Bitters had done for me. I am now perfectly cured of all those diseases your celebrated remedy was recommended to cure, viz: Dyspepsia, Chronic and Nervous debility, disease of the Kidneys, &c. The powerful influence it exerts upon Nervous prostration is surprising. I have been consulted frequently in reference to your Bitters, and without hesitation, have recommended it for the above complaints, and in every instance it has effectually cured. Your medicine has a great reputation in Germantown, and is sold in every Drug Store, and in most of the Grocery stores here. If any one should question what I say, let them come to Germantown, and I will prove to their satisfaction, that the Bitters have cured in this vicinity more than twenty cases of the above diseases.

Respectfully, HANNAH WUNDER,

Main street, above Rittenhouse, Germantown.

JUST THE THING FOR THE SOLDIERS.

Will build up the constitution, and give health and strength to an overtasked and diseased frame.

THE TESTIMONY FROM THE ARMY.

PHILADELPHIA, August 12, 1862.

DR. C. M. JACKSON—*Dear Sir* While in Virginia, owing to the change of water, I was taken with a severe diarrhœa, which seemed incurable, and which greatly weakened me. When we reached Martinsburg, I feared I should have to come home; but noticing some of your Bitters in the store of H. H. Price, in that town, I purchased a bottle, and on taking it was speedily restored to health. The diarrhœa was quickly checked, and I experienced no return of it. A number of my comrades, who suffered in the same manner and from the same cause, with whom I shared the Bitters, join me in this certificate. I expect to return to the seat of war with the Legion, and shall certainly take a supply of the Bitters in my knapsack. I would not be without it in this weight in gold, particularly on going into a region.

Yours, truly, A. R. ALTEMUS,

Company H, Scott Legion.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

(See the signature of "C. M. JACKSON," on the WRAPPER of each bottle.

Principal Office, and Manufactory

NO. 163 ARCH STREET,

JONES & EVANS,

(Successors to C. M. Jackson & Co.,)

Proprietors.

For Sale by Druggists and dealers in every town in the United States and by

Dr. H. H. KEYSER, Pittsburgh.

B. P. SCHWARTZ, Allegheny City.

my24:1y-d&w

Also for sale at JOSEPH FLEMING'S corner of the Diamond and Market street.

For sale also by

SELLOW, JOHNSTON, Corner Smithfield and Fourth street

A. J. BANKIN & CO., Market street, three doors below 6th, Pittsburgh

THE DAILY POST—ADVANCED RATES.

One year, by mail	$8 00
Six months, "	4 20
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 Publishers of the Pittsburg Daily Press, to take effect on and after the 19th 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.

SELECT TALE.

ASTRAY AT RAPPAHANNOCK.

AN INCIDENT OF THE PRESENT WAR.

(Concluded.)

"Yers the lantern for the Yankee," said the cripple, limping into the room.—He stared blackly and half-defiantly, flung open the door, and muttering that I was to "look alive arter my hoss," led the way across the yard to a log-stable or shed.

"Stop," said I; "the good pony must be watered," and I turned toward the old well. To my great surprise, the cripple darted forward, dropping his lantern, and seized me with the grip of a very strong man.

"Don't go there!" he said, with a strangely altered voice: "there ain't no water there!" The pole is wedged at the bottom. Come yer; come this way."

I found him absolutely dragging me, and was not more amazed at his vehemence than at his wonderful physical power, so inconsistent, as I thought, with his deformity. Truly, I had fallen among boorish people. Yielding to the whim of the lad, I watered my horse at the windlass well, not refused to remove the saddle at his solicitation. Returning to the dwelling, I found a table spread, and some Indian bread, bacon, and cider prepared for me. The young girl to whom I have alluded sat at the head of the table, but I failed to interest her in conversation, and turned at length to the old man.

"This is a sad war, sir?"

"You folks got it up."

"We lament it, I am sure, as much as you do."

"Likely. Look at *me*, spoiled in land and cattle, a prisoner in my own house, an alien in my own country—my four sons driven from me, but, thank God, fighting out their deliverance agin you and your hordes."

"Come," said I softly, "let us lay these things aside to-night. Return to better days and themes. You have still a spark of regard for the good old Union. Have you forgotten the palmy days of '76, when South and North stood shoulder to shoulder at *Ticonderoga*——"

I stopped in mute astonishment. At the reiteration of the last words, a deathly pallor came over the old gentleman; his chin dropped upon his bosom, and his hands hung nervelessly upon his chair.—From bold, maniacal defiance, he had changed to cowed, tremulous, demented silence. Suddenly and mechanically he rose, groped by way of the wall to a stair case, and, shuffling like a man in a dream, disappeared. I saw no more of him that night. The girls, scarcely less agitated, also immediately retired; and I was left alone with the cripple, astounded at the effect of my oratory, and certain that I had fallen into a house of lunatics.

I had been previously acquainted with bitter Southern partisans, but the animosity of this family was altogether savage and unprecedented. There was certainly the extenuating circumstances of the younger Lightfoots' connection with the Confederate service; and the irritability of old age might have been intensified by losses of negroes, live stock and provender. The people were likewise, as I could see, rude, ignorant, and perhaps wicked. In this way I could account for their passion, but the more appalling evidences of fear and suspicion remained unexplained. As I sat absorbed in a review of the occurrences of the evening, I looked casually across the room at the cripple, who had been for some minutes sitting silently upon the floor. The firelight revealed his face, though his body was bathed in shadow, and I saw that he was leering darkly upon me. Out of all patience with the fellow, I called to him in no very amiable voice: "My man, haven't you a face in your *repertoire* less devilish than that you are wearing to-night?"

He grinned contemptuously, but did not speak.

"I shall be under the necessity of tossing a plate in your face presently, so you had better remove out of distance."

He rose from his place, limped to the stairway, and I heard his heavy, unequal tread overhead for some time, when finally it ceased, and the house was given over to silence. Having emptied the pail of cider, and supped plenteously, I threw myself upon the spread in the corner, and resumed my contemplations. Why were these people out of bed at so late an hour? Had they expected visitors? Why had they alternately shuddered and vaunted? Had some great remorse with them blended with some yet more wicked purpose? Might not their fanaticism mean more than it had seemed? Was I, in short, safe in this house, travel-worn, disarmed, solitary, and asleep? Pshaw! A cripple, two girls, and a garrulous old dotard. What were these pitted against a vigilant, active soldier, close to camp, and prepared for any emergency? I had unmanned myself thrice to-night; should I become again a prey to childish terrors?

I tossed my sword contemptuously upon the table, spurned my hostlers with my foot, and, leaning my head upon my arm, studied the bare floor, the huge chimney, the beamed and white-washed ceiling, the square and rope-seated chairs. A few coarse pictures hung upon the wall—a trotting horse, a popular preacher a Confederate general, a head of Washington. Opposite lay a door and two windows; at my feet, a door, and these looked out upon the two porches. A rough mantle-piece surmounted the chimney, ornamented with a stuffed coon-skin and a pair of unsightly candlesticks. I contrasted the boorish denizens of this with my own family and those of my friends in the North; I then thought of the plain frock and pretty features of the younger girl, whose name, as I had heard, was Martha; and, touching this theme, I folded my arms and dropped into a feverish sleep. It might have been the strange influences and events of the evening, or more directly the draughts of whisky and cider that troubled me; at any rate, my slumbers were broken by dreams and quick awakenings; and, curiously enough, the old well in the yard recurred again and again among the fancies. If my visions turned, during any moments, upon the companions of my mess, the associates of my boyhood, the incidents of my night-journey, the affianced of my love, they failed, in no case to return to the ancient well. At one time, it seemed the huge shaft had fallen upon my heart, and bruised it most cruelly; again, I had fallen into the well, and, climbing to the surface, found that I was swimming in blood; and, in the end, both shaft and well had resolved themselves into the hideous cripple, who sat leering upon a bucket, and, as I pursued him, limped away like an apparition, grinning at me horribly; and through the whole night, the the well and the cripple haunted me unmercifully.

At this latest phase of my dream I awoke tremulously. Was it a shadow that flitted past the opposite window? Surely something had moved across the transparent panes, quick, spectral and noiseless. I sat up immediately, and, rubbing my eyes, took note of doors and windows. The latch was closed, the room deserted. My sword remained upon the table, my hostlers and pistols lay on the table where I had thrown them. With a sneer and an execration I lay down again, but only to dream anew of the cripple, the old well, the lonely road, the pony that stood saddled in the stable, the grim warrior waiting for my return. Again I start fitfully, and, sitting bolt upright, beheld, as certainly as I had sight, a human hand reaching through a place in the floor toward my hostlers. Quicker than the thought, I leaped to my feet and reached the threshold. Fool! Nothing stood without the darkness. An unaccountable thirst possessed memy throat had become parched, and my lips were glued feverishly together. Staggering rather than walking across the creaking porch, I turned towards the well. The great pole poised in the air, the rod pointed significantly into the pit. A strange, irresistible impulse drew me onward. I resolved to test the mystery of that well. One by one I removed the outlying boards. The ploughshare rang funereally as I heaved it aside, and the deep well-pit lay black and yawning beneath me. The cold sweat oozed from my forehead as I seized the rod and pulled stubbornly upward. Surely the bucket attached must be made of iron, for a weight so great was never lifted from any household well before. Tremulously, heavily the great end of the pole swayed downward; something dark and dripping came in view—a heap, inanimate crushed, and swaying to and fro.

I dropped the bucket with a cry and a curse, for, as God is my judge, Brock Edmunds' face, all leprous and bloody, and shrouded in matted hair had appeared to me, caught in the grappling-hook of the bucket!

For a moment I lay nerveless and breathless upon the cold ground. The weird incidents of the night developed themselves in all their horrible relations to the murder of my friend. I now comprehended the terror of my host—his trepidation at the utterance of "Ticonderoga," the pass-word of the night in which the butchery had been effected—the strange conduct of the cripple at my approach to the well—the riderless horse that limped before me in the dimness! Had Providence designed me to discover and avenge? Or was I likely to be sacrificed to the demoniac hate of this savage and brutal family!

A door in the direction of the stable, shut here with a shock, admonished me that some one was abroad. Stealthily creeping across the lawn, I entered the stall where my horse still remained, and, discovering something that stood motionless in a far corner, pressed toward it, but received in an instant a powerful blow upon the left side of the head, which nearly felled me. I closed at once with the cripple, for it was he, and, maddened by pain and rage, threw him nearly upon the ground. A few minutes served to bind him securely with a halter, and almost instantly I heard the beating of hoofs in front of the house. Four horsemen rode up in the starlight, and, dismounting close to the porch, stepped quietly into the dwelling. A minute more and I should be discovered another, and I should be cold and dripping, like the heap of mortality that lay in the well.

I caught at my bridle, frantically dragging my beast to the door, and, mounting, dashed over gate and bar.

I shouted maniacally to drive him forward. I leaped ditches and fences, bruised my limbs against the keen edges of cedars, and, clinging by mane and pommel, gave him freedom of rein and bit.—A feverish, fierce desire for life, *life*, LIFE, LIFE, possessed me. I knew that I was followed. The shouts of the fiends behind me rang hoarsely above the dash of hoofs, and the panting of my weary horse admonished me that he could not keep his pace. Then it was that the memories of the past, the sanguine anticipations of the future, the sins and short-comings unrepented of, the promises unfulfilled, the prayers unsaid, came rushing agonizly upon me. I was about to realize the glory of war—a pass of steel or a pistol flash, a trampled body by the wayside, a secluded grave, and a fate unknown. In vain should the General wait patiently until dawn, in vain my beloved chafe for her expected letter, in vain my mother continue to kneel with my name upon her lips. I should die with the infamous accusation of desertion; my messmates would recur to me with bitterness, and in place of a solemn procession and an honorable tomb I should moulder in the dampness and silence of the lonesome well. These things flashed upon me as the trees and clouds went by. An eternity of thought concentred in those awful moments, as I heard behind me the tramp of the blood-thirsty fiends—brothers, as I knew, of the deformed. Oh! for my hostlers and the good irons they confined! Oh! for my naked sword, that lay with them by the accursed hearth!

My tired horse had slackened his speed; the pursurers were closing the gap between us; I raised my eyes to the sky, and commended my soul to God!

But suddenly something glittered midway in the road, a few rods beyond me; I recognized the sabre of a sentry, and with a mad hallo, of "Crown Point! Crown Point!" galloped into the midst of a federal picket! At the same moment, a score of rifles cracked close beside me, and my horse fell heavily to the ground.

Well, indeed, had my comrade been avenged. There remained of the Lightfoots only the daughters, for the old man was found stiff and pallid in his bed, and the saddles of his sons had all been emptied. These worthies had run the gauntlet of our pickets for the last time. We discovered their bridle-path on our return, whereby they had made perilous, but frequent visits to the old homestead. The cripple had disappeared, and having vainly searched the dwelling, the barns, and the woods adjacent, we repaired to the well, to raise the body of the gallant young Virginian. The pole, curiously enough, resisted our efforts, and the body had apparently become wedged in the well. A Zouave having volunteered to descend, we let him gently into the pit, and directly he cried: "Pull up, for God's sake!" Here are two men entangled in the water!"

The cripple had escaped a "drum-head court-martial", but a more circumstantial retribution had fallen upon him. Reckoning upon my death at the hands of his brothers, he had endeavored to replace the well-covering, but had unwittingly fallen into the well. Both bodies were recovered. The soldier received an honorable grave; the assassin was tossed back with execrations into the pit. My poor horse had done me a last good service; a bullet released him from his pain; but my comrades, at the General's suggestion, presented me with a splendid subscription pony. It was discovered that Edmunds and I had similarly lost our ways, diverging into the same path. The death-blow had been dealt him by the strong left arm of the cripple, and the last breath of the victim had shouted, in the vain hope of assistance, the memorable pass-word, "Ticonderoga." The unwitting reiteration of this word on my part had revived the remorse of the deed in the heart of the elder assassin.

Such atrocities can be explained only by the bitterness of the civil struggle which now devastates our unhappy land. May God, in his good Providence, abate the wrath of man, and, fashioning good from evil, give lasting peace to all my fellow countrymen.

DUQUESNE BRASS WORKS,

TATE, CADMAN & CO.,

Manufacturers of every variety of finished BRASS WORK FOR PLUMBERS GAS or STEAM FITTERS,

MACHINISTS AND COPPERSMITHS.

BRASS CASTINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION made to order. Steamboat work, steam and gas fitting and repairing promptly attended to. Particular attention paid to fitting up Refineries for Coal and Coal Oil.

Also, is Agents for the Western District of Pennsylvania, for the sale of Marsh, Lansdell & Co.'s Patent Siphon Pump, the best and most approved, having no valves it is not liable to get out of order and will throw more water than any pump twice its size. feb18:dly.

REAL ESTATE SAVINGS INSTITUTION, incorporated by the Legislature of Pennsylvania.

Open for Deposits from 10 a. m. to 2 o'clock p. m. daily; also on SATURDAY EVENINGS from 5 to 8 o'clock.

Office, 63 FOURTH STREET.

A SAFE, CONVENIENT and PROFITABLE DEPOSITARY for Mechanics, Laborers, Clerks, and all those whose means or savings are small. It also commends itself to Executors, Administrators, Collectors, Agents, voluntary Societies or Associations, and persons of all classes.

Interest at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum is paid on deposits, which, if not drawn, will be placed to the credit of the depositor on the first day of May and November, and thereafter bear the same interest as the principal. At this rate money will double in less than twelve years.

Interest will commence on all deposits the 1st and 16th days of the month after such deposits are made.

Books containing Charter, By-Laws, &c., furnished on application at the office.

PETER SCHWARTZ—ISAAC JONES, Vice President.—W. B. COPELAND.

TRUSTEES.

Hon Thos M Howe	Hon J K Moorhead,
Isaac Jones,	O G Hussey,
Wm H Smith,	Jacob Painter,
Harry Childs,	Nicholas Veestly,

W B Copeland, Secretary and Treasurer.—A. A. CARRIER. feb6:6md

DIRECTORY OF THE HOSPITALS.—The United States Sanitary Commission have established an office of information relative to patients in the General Hospitals of the Army of the West. By a reference to books, which are corrected daily, an answer can be given in all ordinary circumstances, be given by return mail to the following questions:

1st. Is ——— (giving name and regiment) at present in any hospital of the army of the West?

2d. If so what is his proper address?

3d. What is the name of the Surgeon or Chaplin of the hospital?

4th. If not in hospital at present, has he recently been in hospital?

5th. If so, did he die in hospital, and at what date?

6th. If recently discharged from hospital, was he discharged from service?

7th. If not, what were his orders on leaving?

The Commission will also furnish more specific information as to the chances of any patient in the General Hospitals, within as short a period of time possible, after a request to do so from any of its corresponding solicitors.

The office of the Directory will be open daily from 8 o'clock a. m., to 8 o'clock p. m., and accessible in urgent cases at any hour of the night.

JOHN S. NEWBERRY, M. D., Secretary for the Western Department U. S. Sanitary Commission, No. 439 Walnut St., Louisville, Kentucky. jan14:3md.

FINE LAMPS.

We are just in receipt of a large assortment of fine imported BOHEMIEN GLASS LAMPS cut and guilt of beautiful patterns, a useful and ornamental

Holiday Gifts,

Also a large stock of Lamps at reduced prices.

WELDON, REIMCKE & KELLY, dec20:ly. 164 Wood street, near 6th.

BLACK DIAMOND STEEL WORKS,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

PARK, BROTHER & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Best Quality Refined Cast Steel,

Square, Flat and Octagon, of all sizes. Warranted equal to any imported or manufactured in this country.

Office and Warehouse, No. 149 and 151 First and 120 and 122 Second streets, Pittsburgh. feb6:1yd

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

DAVIS & PHILLIPS,

BRASS FOUNDERS & FINISHERS,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS in Iron Pipe,

PUMPS AND BRASS WORKS.

Particular attention paid to the fitting up and

Repairing Oil Refineries, &c

Gass Fitting and Plumbing in all its branches. Also, Agents for Hutchings & Foster's Excelsior Pump for Handand Power use. It has no superior. jan31:3md No. 110 Water and 104 First st.

MASTIC CEMENT

T. F. WATSON,

MASTIC WORKER,

Is prepared to Cement the exterior of buildings with improved Mastic Cement, cheaper and superior to any done heretofore. This cement has no equal; it forms a solid and durable adhesiveness to any surface, imperishable by water or frost, and equal to any quality of stone.

The undersigned is the only reliable and practical workman in this cement in this city.

I have applied this Cement for the following gentlemen, whom the public are at liberty to refer to:

J. Bissell residence Penn street,	finished,	5 yrs
Jas. McCandless, Allegheny,	do	5 yrs
J. H. Shoenberger, Lawrenceville,	do	5 yrs
J. D. McCord, Penn street,	do	4 yrs
A. Hoerstler, Lawrenceville,	do	3 yrs
Girard House, Pittsburgh,	do	5 yrs
St. Charles Hotel do	do	5 yrs

Address, Washington Hotel, or Box 1506, Pittsburgh, P. O. feb20:1yd

COMMERCIAL INFORMATION.

Arbitration Committee of the Board of Trade for Nov. and Dec.

WM. M. SHINN, V. P. | JAS. I. BENNETT
JNO. S. DILWORTH | Wm. McCREERY,
DAVID McCANDLESS.

Movements of European Steamers.

FROM AMERICA.

Africa	March 11	New York	Liverpool
City New York	March 14	New York	Liverpool
New York	March 14	New York	Southam'n
Arabia	March 18	Boston	Liverpool
City of Balt'o	March 21	New York	Liverpool
Teutonia	March 21	New York	Southam'n
Australasian	March 25	New York	Liverpool
Europa	April 1	Boston	Liverpool
Asia	April 8	New York	Liverpool

FROM EUROPE.

Asia	March 14	Liverpool	New York
Hansa	March 18	Southampton	New York
Bavaria	March 25	Southampton	New York
Hammonia	April 8	Southampton	New York
Borussia	April 22	Southampton	New York

MONEY MARKET.

(CORRECTED DAILY FOR THE MORNING POST.

The following are the buying and selling rates for Gold, Silver, &c.:

	Buying	Selling
Gold	45	00
Silver	35	00
Demand Notes	45	00
Eastern Exchange.		
New York	par	¼
Baltimore	par	¼
Philadelphia	par	¼
Boston	par	¼
Western Exchange.		
Cincinnati	par	¼
Louisville	par	¼
Cleveland	par	¼
St. Louis	par	¼

ALLEGHENY LIVE STOCK MARKET.

ALLEGHENY CITY, March 21 1863.

The market since our last was pretty active, especially for sheep and cattle. There was a good deal of competition. Hogs were neglected and prices ruled low.

Cattle—There was a good demand both for Government and the East; the lowest price was 3c, the highest 4½; about 500 were sent East.

Hogs—Prices declined; 1,000 head sent East.

Sheep—Receipts large; prices went up 1@1½c ⅌ lb; some 2,000 head were sent East; the highest rate obtained was 7½ ⅌ lb; steep figures those for sheep.

The receipts at the Morgan House Yard were:

	Last week	This week
Hogs	1,175	2,548
Cattle	1,110	1,238
Sheep	901	1,599
Horses	195	91
Mules	———	21

Sheep—The receipts were large, the high figures obtained for some time past have brought a fair additional supply; the sales were by W. Puckeney and J. Owens, 230 head at 5⅞ per head; S. Anderson sold 148 head at 7.00 dollars per cwt.; John Parton sold 239 head at 7½ per lb.

Hogs—The receipts of hogs were large. The sales were as follows: Mr. Rogers sold 87 head at $4.75 per cwt.; George S. Bell sold 83 head at 4.80 per 100 lbs.; L. M. Bernett 77 head on private terms.

Cattle—The offerings were not so large as the previous week; a liberal portion was sent East. The sales were as follows: A man with a German name, written in German, sold 26 head at 3¾ @ 3 head. George Steel sold 16 head at 3, 3¾ @ $3.75 ⅌ cwt. Mr. Robinson sold 31 head at 4.62 ⅌ cwt. S. Shaw sold 31 head at 3¾@4c ⅌ lb. Wm. Varner & Co sold 18 head at $50 ⅌ head; 21 head at $3,90 ⅌ 100 lb; 18 head do at $4,30 ⅌ 100 lb. J. Neiswartz sold 60 head at 4.20 per 100 lbs. J. C. Dolan 36 head at $32.50 per head; some 800 head of Government cattle passed through to the East, some 500 head of choice cattle we was purchased and sent East. Neiswartz bought 85 head at $4.75 per cwt., to go East.

New York Cattle Market.

Tribune's Report.—Bull's Head.

MONDAY, March 16.—The beef cattle market opened this morning with 2,700 head of cattle in the yard, and the number was increased to about 2,700 before noon, and generally of good, fair, average quality, the best of the season, though not as good as a year or two years ago; and we have to report the best market drovers have had in a long time, and fully half a cent better than it was one week ago. The price is higher and the sales more lively, and of course the estimates or weight better for sellers than they are in a dull market. Nearly all the bullocks on sale will be disposed of to-day, and we do not hear of any drovers for to-morrow, so that the closing day of the market is not likely to show any decline. If prices hold up to the close equal to the opening this will prove the highest market for some years, and still it can be considered extraordinarily high, as really good fat bullocks sell at prices which make the meat only 9@10c per pound, less than the old market fat; and extra good ones at 10½@11c ⅌ lb, and but few, and those of the roughest sort, have sold to-day below 9c per pound. Messrs. Stair & Reed, agents for the Government, have bought some of the best droves in the market, to the number of over 500 head, the most of which they will ship to Port Royal during the week. It is certainly gratifying to know that our army is fed with the best food that the great metropolitan market affords, and far better than it would be possible for any contractor to put it, unless he bought them in the same way, by selecting the best out of many droves. Some of the shrewd butchers are bawling about having to compete with Government, but we do not believe they paid a farthing more than they would if there had been no army agents in market, because the business is conducted so discreetly that no one knows what they intend to buy, and every few to-day of buyers or sellers supposed they competed over 100 head, until after all were secured. If it had been known that they would take 500 head from such a short supply, the price would have advanced to 12@12½c per pound for the first sale. The real cause of the advance this week is a short supply, following a short supply last week. Another short supply next week will cause another advance. The beef market is also good for drovers, the top price is 6¼c per pound, in market. The sheep market is more excited than it was last week, and sheep sell at over 9c per pound, live weight. Indeed, 9½c is offered for sheep to arrive.

TUESDAY, March 17.—As we intimated in remarks upon the opening day of the market, nearly all the stock was sold, and but very few bullocks arrived, so that the few for sale are held at fabulous prices as compared with some weeks past. There is nothing under 10c per pound, and some shelly old oxen have sold at 10c, owners' estimate.

Beef Cattle.

The reports of the following sales will show how the various grades are rated. The most remarkable sales were of some 500 head to the army agents, Geo. Starr and David Reed. We note a few of them as follows: One lot of 72 Ohio and Kentucky bullocks, four-year-old steers, by Phil McCaffry, at $90 50. This was a beautiful lot, smooth and fat, and proved on the scales to average full 10¼c per pound, net. Another lot of 98 Illinois steers, by the same owner, at $82 50, were estimated at 8¼ cwt. A lot of remarkably good Illinois steers, of Henry Westheimer, the seller estimated at 10c per pound, upon 8¼ cwt. average. Another lot of 47, estimated by seller at 9½c, were $72 50 each, and we estimate them at 7¾ cwt. each, fair weight. As nearly all of their purchases were of the best quality, the price was 9½@10c ⅌ lb.

The Sheep Market.

Receipts this week, 7,149.

The sheep market presents some remarkable features. The prices are higher than ever known before, and although the receipts are 2,000 head greater than last week, we found Sixth street empty for a week Monday morning, and buyers waiting arrivals and ready to pay 9@9½c per pound, and some lots were engaged in advance at 9½c per pound. During the week some sales of sheep of less than 100 lb each, medium wool, and nothing more than good fair quality, sold at 9¼ ⅌ lb on the scales, and some sold by the head without weighing were estimated still higher. This high price is mainly owing to the demand for Pelts at extravagant high rates—that is, $5 25@5 50 each.

The Hog Market.

Receipts this week, 17,400.

QUOTATIONS—$5 50@5, ⅌ cwt., live weight, for corn-fed Hogs, $5 for most fed and no distillery fed in market. Extra corn-fed would sell at $6 25. These are the quotations of Henry D. Grant, Superintendent of the market.

Geo. W. Dorman gives the following as the price of Hogs this week:

	Live Weight.	Dead Weight.
Corn-fed	6½c	7½c
Light-fed	6c	7½c
Distillery	5¼c	6½c
Mast	5c	6¼c
Market quiet.		

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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 at No. 93 FOURTH street, Pittsburgh.

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A 7 octave, Hayes & Co., Rosewood, a handsome instrument, in good order, 175

A 6¾ octave, Stodart, Rosewood, carved bannels in front, 165

A 6½ octave, Zale & Co, Rosewood, round front, an excellent Piano, 150

A 6 octave, Chickering, Rosewood round corners, a good reliable Piano, 150

A 6 octa., Hallet, Davis & Co., Rosewood, 135

A 6 oct., Stodart, Mahogany, round front, 80

A 6 oct., Swift, do 25

A 6 oct., German, do 65

A 6 oct., Dunham, do 50

A 6 oct., Lond, do 40

A 6¼ oct., English do 20

A 5 oct., do 15

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