The Pittsburgh Post.

James P. Barr, Editor & Proprietor. FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 8, 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 or 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 Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great depression of spirits,

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

THEY CONTAIN NO ALCOHOL OR BAD WHISKY!

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

Indeed, so universe sale and universal popularity of Hoofland's German Bitters, (purely vegetable) hosts of ignorant quacks and unscrupulous advertisers, 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 plethoric bottles, and big-bellied kegs, under the modest appellation of Bitters; which, instead of curing only aggravates diseases, and leave 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 NESS!

DO WANT ENERGY!

Do you want to sleep well? Do you want a brisk and vigorous feeling?

If 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. He used three bottles of these Bitters, at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evident relief; and restoration to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired of regaining. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them.

J. NEWTON BROWN.

PHILADELPHIA, June 23, 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 sphere, 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, 1861.

From the Wife of ALDERMAN WUNDER, Germantown.

GERMANTOWN, June 1, 1861.

DR. C. M. JACKSON—Sir—It gave me pleasure years ago, to give you a certificate, testifying to the German Bitters had done for me. I am now perfectly cured of all those diseases your medicine professes 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, Penn'a.

JUST THE THING FOR THE SOLDIERS.

Will build up the constitution, and give health and strength to an overtacked 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 Mr. H. H. Price, in that town, I purchased a supply, 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 its weight in gold, particularly on going into a mestone region.

Yours, truly, A. R. ALTEMUS,
Company H, Scott Legion.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON," is 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. G. H. KEYSER, Pittsburgh.

R. P. SCHWARTZ,

my24:1y-dcod Allegheny City.

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

For sale also by

SIMON JOHNSTON,
Corner Smithfield and Fourth street

A. J. BANKIN & CO.,
Market street, three doors below 4th, Pittsburgh

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 Publishers of the Pittsburg Daily Press, to take effect on and after the 10th day of November, 1862, and now continued:

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	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.

REMORSE, OR A DOUBLE CRIME.

"Sit you down,
And let me ring your heart; for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff."
—*Shakespeare.*

During a pedestrian tour through Wales, about the close of the year, I was overtaken by a terrible snow-storm, and, being unfamiliar with the country, soon lost my way and all hope of finding it again. After wandering about a considerable time, I became overpowered by the intense cold, and was on the point of yielding to the fatal delusion of seeking a moment's repose—I had repeated a brief prayer to heaven—and was about sinking to the embrace of that sleep which is death, when I caught the faint glimmer of a light at a distance. Aroused by this unexpected and cheering sight, I renewed my exertions, and succeeded, after a terrible struggle, in reaching the shelter which was to save me from cruel death.

The house to which I dragged my frozen limbs was a rough building of logs, constructed more for strength than beauty. I applied my stick to the door, which was opened by a man, whose figure was imperceptible in the surrounding gloom, but his voice struck me as being the saddest I had ever heard.

I was led into a room where a blazing wood fire welcomed me. I ran eagerly to its warm embrace, and distinguished the most delightful sensation as my benumbed limbs yielded to the heat and became suffused with a delicious glow.

My host brought me a glass of steaming hot liquor, and as he handed it to me I availed myself of the opportunity to look at him more closely. His face was emaciated even to ghastliness, displaying, in every feature, the dreadful tyranny of hopeless despair; his lips, so withered and bloodless, seemed incapable of smiling; a gloomy fire lighted up his deep set eyes in marked contrast with his pale and lofty forehead; his person had been once tall and elegantly formed, but its beauty was now marred by a stoop.

There was a rare grace about this singular person, and his language was exceedingly elegant and refined—but he did not feel disposed to talk. Soon after supper, which was plain as a hermits, I intimated to my entertainer that I felt need of repose. He left the apartment, and, after an absence of half an hour, returned with the information that my room was ready. He conducted me up a narrow stairs to the second story, on which were two rooms. With a key that he carried, he opened one of the rooms and invited me to enter, and departed with a single good-night.

The chamber was plain in the extreme, and would have been cheerless but for the cheerful wood fire that blazed on the hearth. A bed, two chairs and a wash-stand comprised all the furniture. I soon threw off my clothes, and, committing my weary body to the couch which was spread opposite to the fire-place, sank into a refreshed slumber.

My sleep was visited by a dream. I was overtaken by a snow-storm, and, losing my way, was wandering about searching for some place to shelter me during the night, when I came upon a solitary house in a thick wood; upon applying for admittance I was ushered into a room where six or eight men and women sat round a table playing cards. They all started up at my entrance, and came around me with menacing looks and gestures, while some of them branished sticks and knives about my face with the most horrible cries.

At times I started from my sleep, and the same dreadful sound filled my ears: I heard the most piteous cries of "*My God, forgive me!*" *May the Lord pardon me!*" followed by loud and repeated blows, and the most heart-rendering supplications for mercy. These were succeeded by fierce exclamations of "*Wretch! you deserve torture, death and hell!!*"

These fearful words were followed a struggle, during which I heard cries of "*mercy, mercy, mercy!*" succeeded by sobs and groans. All these frightful sounds seemed to proceed from the room adjoining mine. *Perhaps my host was being murdered!*

With this thought, I sprang from bed, lighted my lamp at the dying embers of the fire and went to the door of the next chamber. The sounds had now ceased, and everything was as quiet as the grave. I rapped. No reply. *Perhaps he was dead!* I again rapped louder and louder. At last a voice, which I knew to be that of my strange host, demanded:

"What do you want?"

"I want to know the cause of the cries, and struggles I have just heard, and which seemed to come from this room," I answered.

"You had better go to sleep and allow others to do the same," was the coarse reply.

I returned to my chamber, pondering long over the mysterious events of the night.

On arising the following morning, I looked out of the window, and perceived that the snow-storm still continued with unabated fury. After dressing, I descended to the room occupied the previous evening, where I discovered my host bowed down over a table on which lay a miniature of a lady. He was so absorbed in contemplating the picture before him, that he did not notice me as I entered and took a position, in order to study his interesting face. A feeling of awe came over me, as I regarded the noble ruin. I was, indeed, fascinated by that face, which, in spite of the ravings of disease and despair, still bore the remains of no ordinary beauty. There was a strange mystery about the man that excited my liveliest curiosity, and, recalling what I had heard since my brief residence with him, it struck me that he

"Could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul."

While my eyes were riveted upon the interesting object of my speculation, he then passionately kissed the picture and, rising, he encountered my earnest gaze, and

"Started like a guilty thing."

Without appearing to notice his embarrassment, I said, pointing to the window:

"I fear, sir, that I shall be compelled to trespass further upon your hospitality."

"You are welcome, sir, to everything my poor house affords."

And while he spoke, he set the frugal breakfast upon the table. My entertainer ate little, but talked more than on the previous evening. As he avoided allusions to the singular affair of the night, I made no mention of it, although my curiosity was deeply excited on the subject.

After breakfast, he opened a small book-case, in a few words drew my attention to its contents, and thus left the room. I selected a volume of Byron, and, drawing a chair to the glowing fire, was soon immersed in the passionate poetry of the melancholy "Childe."

My host did not return to the room until it was time to arrange the table for dinner. He excused the plain fare by saying:

"He so seldom had a guest in his house that he was not prepared to entertain them in a proper manner."

The frugal repast being ended, we took seats before the fire. After a tiresome silence of several minutes, I ventured to ask my hostif he lived entirely alone.

"Alone," he answered, almost fiercely, "I am never alone, never, never, never!—Oh, God! what a life is mine! No rest day and night. Thoughts of the gloomy past all day, and wrestling with tormenting fiends half the night. And when at last exhausted nature sinks to sleep, it is not repose, for horrible dreams are the nightly companions of my pillow. This is my life without hope—woe, woe, eternal woe! I am lost, lost, lost forever!"

I attempted to console him with the hope of better days in the future.

"Sir waste not your sympathy on me," he cried, starting up his eyes blazing with a lurid light, which threw over his wan face an awful beauty. "Happiness can never be mine. Look at me—do you think laughter can dwell on these lips, or pleasure light up these eyes? *I am guilty of an unnamed crime!* There is no more rest for me in this world or the next! *Macbeth hath murdered sleep—Macbeth shall sleep no more!*"

After uttering this wild wail of despair, the unhappy man came up to me, saying:

"Pardon this vehemence. If you knew the quenchless fire that consumes my heart you would excuse and pity me."

I was affected even to tears at the sight of so much misery and hopeless despair, and, throwing my arms around the neck of this most disconsolate, but most interesting of men, I begged him to open his heart to me. It was then he told me the following:

STORY OF THE LOST MAN.

"I began life with every prospect of a bright and glorious future—I thought the golden dreams of my youth were about to be realized—everything looked so beautiful, so enchanting, so alluring—when all my towering hopes were destroyed at once and forever.

"Before telling you the horrid secret that lies raging fire consumes my heart, I wish to revert, for a short period, to the days of my boyhood at Greenway Park and the family residence.

"My father was a very stern man, and full of pride for the family of which he was the head. My mother, on the contrary, was one of those sweet, angelic beings who are more fitted for the heavenly spheres than for an earthly habitation.

"I had no sister, but one brother, Richard, who was five or six years older than I, and during the whole of the rose-colored days of my youth, he was at college, while I remained at home amid the delightful bower of Greenway Park.

"Thus passed the blissful period of my youth, until I was eighteen years, old when the event happened which was destined, after a brief but sweet dream, to change the color of my life from sunshine to shadow, from light to darkness—*to make me what I am.*

"A few months before my departure to Oxford to complete my education, Lillian Paget, my father's ward, came to reside at Greenway Park. She was one of the richest heiresses in England.

I could not be the daily companion of this fascinating woman without loving her. It was natural for me to love Lillian as it was for the eagle to love the glorious sun. She made this world a paradise fo me. A smile from her was worth more than the applause from millions.

"Thus passed away the summer like a delicious dream, until the time arrived for me to depart for college. After spending three years at Oxford, I took my degree and returned to Greenway Park. Great change had taken place in the beloved house of my boyhood; my brother had come back after a long and extravagant sojorn on the Continent. He had mingled in the best society in Paris and Rome, where his fascinating manner and elegant appearance had made him a universal favorite. His brilliant career abroad had completely spoiled him for a quiet residence at Greenway Park, and soon after his return a new order of things began!

"The heavy antique furniture of the parlors was banished up stairs, and the rooms arranged in the French manner. The walls were ornamented with superb mirrors which reached from the floor to the ceiling, silken curtains were suspended from the windows, and gorgeous carpets covered the floors. Visits were exchanged with the neighboring gentry, and balls and parties. My brother's word was like the law of the Medes and Persians to the whole house—even my stern father yielded to the impetuous Richard, while my gentle mother dared not open her lips.

"But the change that struck a mortal blow to my heart was the demeanor of Lillian towards me. She was no longer the genial, frank companionable creature of other days. The cause of this was soon made known to me. *She and Richard were engaged to be married.* The expenses of my brother abroad, and the innovation at home, had exhausted the family resources, and my father only saw one way of getting out of the difficulty, and that was the marriage of Richard and Lillian—thus securing her immense wealth for the future head of the family.

"My brother acted according to this suggestion, paid Lillian the most flattering and assiduous attentions, brought all his extraordinary fascinating powers to aid his suit, addressed her and was accepted. The wedding was appointed to take place in two weeks from the day of return to Greenway Park.

"And this was the greeting I received on returning to the beloved home of my happy childhood's days! my dream of love and happiness was cruelly destroyed—my golden hopes, like the Dead Sea fruit, were turned to ashes; the future bliss with which I had feasted my thoughts, like the delicious banquet presented to the longing eyes of Tantalus, disappeared as I stretched out my hand to grasp it.

"The second day after my arrival at Greenway Park my brother went to London to make arrangements for his approaching wedding. After his departure the house resumed its old state of quiet and peace, but there was no peace for me. Wherever I went I was reminded of the sweet days of the past, never, never to return. Lillian's lovely spirit pervaded every spot.

"The days dragged their slow length along until the second day from that which was appointed for the wedding. My brother was expected back that evening, and knowing that it was the last opportunity, I proposed to Lillian a sail on the lake. She consented, and we set out. It seemed so much like old times to be dancing over the bright waters of the glassy lake, with Lillian for my companion. My memory was so busy with the past that for several minutes I did not speak.

"At last, however, I ventured to allude to the blissful days which I had passed in her society when she first came to Greenway Park—how madly I had loved her—the sweet hopes I had built, and how they had fallen to the ground leaving me nothing but darkness and despair. She listened calmly to my passionate language, and when I had concluded, said:

"I took an interest in you, as I should have done it to any young man, under the circumstances, but never felt for you anything like love. Your mind was not matured enough for me. I could not marry a man who had acknowledged himself inferior to me in intellect by submitting himself to me for instruction. A man to win my love must captivate my mind as well as my fancy. In short, I could not love a man whom I could not admire.

These cool, cutting words, were little calculated to soothe my wounded heart. When I expected to receive, at least, consolation, I received insult—I was not only rejected but spurned with contempt. This aroused all the pride of the Greenways that slumbered in my breast.

"While yet smarting under the wound, the foul fiend whispered:

"*Will you let another possess her whom you love?*"

This horrid idea took immediate possession of my mind, and turning fiercely towards her I exclaimed:

"'Lillian Paget, no power on earth can make me yield you to another—you must swear to marry me, or, by heaven, I will drown you like a dog! Speak!' I cried savagely, '*be mine or die!*'

"'I have promised to marry your brother, and I cannot break my promise.' was her faint reply.

"'*Die, then!*' I cried, dashing her into the lake.

"Before going down, she stretched forth her arms towards me, and in accents that would have moved a demon implored me to save her.

"'Will you be mine?' I demanded.

"'I cannot,' was her answer, and the next moment she sank beneath the water.

"An awful stillness seemed to fill the air and water at the consummation of this horrid crime. I sailed to the shore with my heart torn with conflicting passion. On landing, my brother came from behind a tree that stood on the border of the lake, and asked for Lillian, his bride. 'What do I know about your bride? I am not her keeper.'

"'Oh, tell me what you have done with my promised wife—*you have murdered my Lillian* give me back my bride.'

"'Go seek your bride,' I yelled, seizing him, and with demoniac fury, hurling him against the tree.

"He fell to the ground without a groan. *My brother was dead and I was his murderer!*

"Full of consternation for the crimes I had committed, I rushed to the house, and taking a few articles belonging to me, fled from England,

"In the gay city of Paris, I tried to bury my remorse in the sparkling Lethe of dissipation. The effort was in vain. Lillian's pleading face and my brother's mangled form were always before me.

"After wandering like Cain, a fugitive over the earth for ten years, I returned to England so altered that my own mother would not have known me. But that beloved mother had passed from the land of sorrow to the enjoyment of heavenly beatitude. She did not survive the tragical death of Lillian and Richard more than a month, and, after dragging along a weary existence for a year longer, my father sank down broken-hearted into the grave.

"Greenway Park was deserted and falling to ruins; I turned sadly away, and, after wandering about for a week, came upon this barren spot, which I selected for my habitation, as it accorded so well with my forlorn, *my lost life.*"

DEALERS IN OILS.

S. M. KIER & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Pure No. 1 Carbon Oil,

AND

BENZOLE.

Office on LIBERTY STREET, opposite Penn's R. R. Depot.

All oil warranted. au23:1yd

THE ARDESCO OIL COMPANY

MANUFACTURE AND HAVE FOR sale a superior article of

Refined Ardesco Oil,

NON-EXPLOSIVE. ALSO,

PURE BENZOLE.

warehouse, 27 IRWIN STREET

PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

Lucent Oil Work

DUNCAN, DUNLAP & CO.,

Manufacturers of

PURE WHITE REFINED

CARBON OILS.

Office, NO. 291 LIBERTY STREET, Pittsburgh, Pa. my8-6md

CHANDELIERS, BRACKETS, CORNICES, CANDELBRASS, LAMPS, &c.

REGILDED OR REBRONZED,

and made equal to new. Also, Chandeliers &c., altered to burn Carbon Oil, at the

Lamp and Oil Store of

WELDON, REINEKE & KELLY,

ap24:1y. 164 Wood street, near 6th.

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 small light with perfect combustion.
2. It will burn any quantity 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. 89 FOURTH street, Pittsburgh.

fe25-1ydw P. HAYDEN.

50 BASKETS, "PINTS AND quarts," Heidsick's Champagne, 30 Cases Sparkling Moselle, In store and for sale by

MILLER & RICKETSON

COMMERCIAL INFORMATION.

Arbitration Committee of the Board of Trade.

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

Movements of European Steamers.

FROM AMERICA.

Glasgow	New York	Liverpool	April 25
Bremen	New York	Bremen	April 25
Arabia	Boston	Liverpool	April 29
City Baltimore	New York	Liverpool	May 2
Persia	New York	Liverpool	May 6
Great Eastern	New York	Liverpool	May 9
Europa	Boston	Liverpool	May 13
Australasian	New York	Liverpool	May 20

FROM EUROPE.

Europa	Liverpool	Boston	April 18
Borussia	Southam'n	New York	April 22
Etna	Liverpool	New York	April 22
Austrahasian	Liverpool	New York	April 23
City Washington	Liverpool	New York	April 28
Canada	Liverpool	Boston	May 2
City of Cork	Liverpool	New York	May 2
China	Liverpool	New York	May 9
Sidon	Liverpool	New York	May 16
Kedar	Liverpool	New York	May 20
Australasian	Liverpool	New York	June 13
Tripoli	Liverpool	New York	June 27

MONEY MARKET.

CORRECTED DAILY FOR THE MORNING POST BY MESSRS. KOUNTZ & MERTZ, BROKERS, NO. 118 WOOD STREET.

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

	Buying	Selling
Gold	1 47	00
Silver	1 34	00
Demand Notes	1 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, May 8th.

The market since our last was not very active There was only a moderate amount of transactions; the sales foot up as follows:

The receipts at the Morgan House yard were

	Last week.	This week.
Hogs	2,029	1,370
Cattle	1,500	2,678
Sheep	304	1,113
Horses	15	15
Mules	0000	252

Hogs—The market was dull with more buyers than sellers. The receipts were not large; several lots of choice was sent East. The season now far advanced; sales for some time to come will be restricted. The sales made were only in a small way. W Roberts, of Ohio, sold 146 head at $6 60 per cwt; D Gordon sold 131 head at 6c per pound; T A Logan, of Indian: sold 112 head of prime at $4 90 per cwt.

Sheep—Prices declined materially since our last; buyers were not disposed to take hold with any kind of freedom. The offerings were light and sales likewise. J B Davis sold 155 head of Pennsylvania stock at $8 00 per head; William Conche sold 101 sheep at $5 87½ per cwt.

Cattle.—The demand was fair and sales to a moderate extent were made. The principle portion of the best stock were purchased and sent East. The sales that came under our notice were as follows: E. Troutman, of Illinois, sold 55 head at 5½ ℔ lb; M. Varner & Co., of Illinois, sold 54 head at $5 50@5 70 ℔ cwt; Dolan & Irevy sold 17 head to butchers at $5 40 ℔ cwt; the same firm sold 110 head of choice Illinois Stock at 7c; this sale was made to Eastern purchasers; they also sent 80 head to New York. Myers & Bro. sold 61 head at $5 90 per cwt. Rice & Warner sold 80 head at $5,75 per cwt. A. Fullerton bought 50 head at $5 80 per cwt. Guckenheimer & Bro. bought 300 head; prices ranged from 5¼ @5¾c per lb; Marsh & Trowbridge bought 160 head from Illinois at 5¼@5¾; 170 head from Iowa, at 5¼@5¾ per lb.; 20 head from Ohio at 5¼ cts per lb.

The market closed dull.

New York Cattle Market.

Tribune's Report.

Second Day.

TUESDAY, May 5th.—None of the cattle held out by agreement at Albany have come forward, and only 56 have come in fresh from there, but there are a few that were held out over the river on sale this morning, and all of the "reserve" from that side have been sold to-day, and it is now said that the Albany reserve will not number over eight or nine hundred, and, therefore, will not materially affect the market next week. Perhaps not; yet it was, in our opinion, a most egregious blunder on the part of its movers. The leader of which is known as "President of the Sugar Company, a title given to a combination whose particular object appears to be to "sweeten the butchers."

The Sheep Market.

Receipts this week, 5,362.

We have seldom seen a more independent set of men nor a duller opening than Monday morning in Sixtieth street. Part of a good lot of Illinois sheep which sold at 11½c ℔ lb on Friday, and which averaged 110 lb at Albany, buyers wanted at $10 each. A lot of roughish fine wool sheep which would dress 40 lb, were offered at $7 with $6 50 bid, the pelts of which were worth $4 each. A very handsome lot of Ohio sheared sheep, which would average 100 lb gross, were held at $8 with $7 75 offered for choice. These would dress 56 lb, worth 12c ℔ lb and the pelts worth 75c. They are now reported sold at an average of $7 55. The market to-day is no better than yesterday so we must report the sheep market most decidedly worse for drovers than it was last week and no one has any confidence that it will recover its former position.

The Hog Market.

Receipts this week, 8,802.

Quotations: $5@5 37½ are the quotations given by Henry D. Grant, Superintendent of the Market, for corn-fed hogs. Distillery fed hogs are quoted at $4 75@5.

The market was very lightly supplied Monday morning, and the weather was favorable yet prices were lower than last week, and trade not lively, and is no better to-day; perhaps not as good, as the weather is rainy. Yet first-quality hogs sell well all the time. It is the scalawags that spoil the market.

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

	Live Weight	Dead Weight.
First quality, corn-fed, large size	5¼@5½c	6¾@6¾c
Second quality, corn-fed	5 @5¼c	6½@6¾c
First quality, small sizes, fat and prime, for market butchers	4¾@5 c	6¼@6½c
Large size, still-fed, fat	4¾@5 c	6 @6¼c
Second quality, still-fed	4¾@5 c	6 @6¼c
Western mast-fed	4 @4½c	5 @5½c

New York Wool Market.

The sales here during the week include 11,000 lbs Fleece at 82½@85c for medium to fine; 10,000 lbs do, 90c; 30,000 do, 80@87½c; 100 bales Pulled, 80@90c; 100 do Cape, 38@45c, and various other little lots of Foreign not worth reporting. We expect the coming week to witness one of the dullest markets ever known in the history of the Wool trade. By auction, 19 bales damaged Cape sold at 23½@30½c cash.—*Economist, 2nd.*

Lead in Boston.

No transactions to report, but owing to a recent sale in New York of 4,000 tons for Government purposes, the article is now held firmly at 9½c ℔ lb for Spanish. Sheet lead and lead pipe are selling at 12½c ℔ lb cash. Old lead is selling at 8½c ℔ lb cash.

COAL LAND FOR SALE—THE SUBscriber offers for sale, very low, his farm of 85 acres, situated in Washington township Columbiana county, Ohio, one mile and a half from Salineville station on the Pittsburgh & Cleveland Railroad. Fully fifty acres are improved and under cultivation and the whole is rich in coal stone. The buildings are a hewed log house, log stable, c w shed, &c. The farm is well situated within one mile of the railroad.

Terms of sale—One-half cash, with reasonable time for the remainder. Price $25 per acre.

Address, MICHAEL McSWIGGEN.
Salineville, Columbiana county, Ohio,
Refer to Jas. McCabe, Ross street, Pittsburgh.
feb28:3m:daw.

LOTS FOR SALE—THE SUBSCRIber offers for sale four eligible lots situated on the corner of Grove street and Centre Avenue adjoining the Seventh Ward, in Pitt township.—The lots are each 24 feet front by 110 feet deep, running back to an alley, and are entirely isolated by streets and alleys on every side. Two of the lots have frame houses on them, five rooms and hall in each, hydrants on he premises. They will be sold all together on very favorable terms.

Enquire of JAS. McCABE, Agent,
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(Successor to Jas. Holmes & Co.,

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Dealer in Bacon, Lard, Sugar-Cured Hams, Smoked Beef, &c.

Corner Market and First streets, Pittsburgh, Pa. dec31:1yd.

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WESTERN RESERVE CHEESE,

Flour, Grain, Fish, Dried Fruit, Pot and Pearl Ashes, and PRODUCE GENERALLY.

Best Brands of Family Flour Always on Hand.

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Liberal advance made on Consignments. apil-1 d

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Office No. 69 Grant street, near the Court House, Pittsburgh.

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Special attention is called to our stock of Muslins and Irish Linens that was purchased before the great advance in Dry Goods. Call soon and secure your Spring Goods before they are all gone.

Remember the place, No. 96 Market street, between Fifth and the Diamond.

mh2 H. J. LYNCH,

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All work promptly attended to and warranted. Office, Morning Post Building, corner Fifth and Wood streets, 2d story. mh17

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Be sure and call and at least examine my stock before purchasing half price Goods elsewhere.

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Dr. B's remedies for this affliction, brought on by solitary habits, are the only medicines known in this country which are safe and will speedily restore to health.

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