NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. December. Ticknor & Fields.

A pleasant foretaste of the tempting contents of this number is given in Mr Higginson's characteristic paper on the "Procession of the Flowers," breathing the aromatic freshness of early Spring, and bright with the pomp and splendor of glowing Summer. This is followed by a very curious paper entitled "One of My Cliente," which is elaborated with the ingenious mystification of E. A. Poe, leaving you in doubt whether the writer intended a stupendous tax on your credulity, or an illustration of the fact that there are "more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy." "My Hunt after the Captain," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, is an inimitably quaint narrative blending humor and pathos in no ordinary degree, of the adventures of the writer in search of his wounded son after the "bloody field of Antietam." Our readers shall have a taste of this admirable story, which draws so deeply on the sources both of smiles and tears.

HOW THE JOURNEY COMMENCED.

Be that as it may,—though I set out with a full and heavy heart, though many times my blood chilled with what were perhaps needless and unwise fears, though I broke through all my habits without thinking about them, which is almost as hard in certain circumstances as for one of our young fellows to leave his sweetheart and go into a Peninsular campaign, though I did not always know when I was hungry nor discover that I was thirsting, though I had a worrying ache and inward tremor underlying all the outward play of the senses and the mind, yet it is the simple truth that I did look out of the car windows with an eye for all that passed, that I did take cognizance of strange sights and singular people, that I did act much as persons act from the ordinary promptings of curiosity, and from time to time even laugh very nearly as those do who are attacked with a convulsive sense of the ridiculous, the epilepsy of the chapfallen.

THE POET ARRIVES AT HIS INN.

My companions propose to stay at one of the best-known and longest-established of the New-York caravansaries, and I accompanied them. We were particularly well lodged, and not uncivilly treated. The traveler who supposes that he is to repeat the melancholy experience of Sheridan, and have to sigh over the reflection that he has found "his warmest welcome at an inn," has something to learn at the offices of the great city-hotels. The unheralded guest who is honored by mere indifference may think himself blest with singular good-fortune. If the despot of the Patent-Announcinator is only mildly contemptuous in his manner, let the victim look upon it as a personal favor. The coldest welcome that a threadbare curate ever got at the door of a bishop's palace, the most icy reception that a country-cousin ever received at the city-mansion of a mushroom millionnaire, is agreeably tepid, compared to that which the Rhadamanthus who dooms you to the more or less elevated circle of his inverted Inferno vouchsafes, as you step up to enter your name on his dog's-eared register. I have less hesitation in unburdening myself of this uncomfortable statement, as on this particular trip I met with more than one exception to the rule. Officials become brutalized, I suppose, as a matter of course. One cannot expect an office-clerk to embrace tenderly every stranger who comes to with a carpet-bag, or a telegraph operator to burst into tears over every unpleasant message he receives for transmission. Still, humanity is not always extinguished in these persons. I discovered a young man in the telegraph-office of the Continental Hotel, in Philadelphia, who was as pleasant in conversation, and as graciously responsive to inoffensive questions, as if I had been his childless opulent uncle, and my will not made.

HE HEARS TIDINGS OF HIS CAPTAIN.

At the United States Hotel, where many were lying, I heard mention of an officer in an upper chamber, and, going there, found Lieutenant Abbott, of the Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers, lying ill with what looked like typhoid fever. While there, who should come in but the ubiquitous Lieutenant Wilkins, of the same Twentieth, often confounded with his namesake who visited the Flying Island, and with some reason, for he must have a pair of wings under his military upper garment, or he could never be in so many places at once. He was going to Boston in charge of the lamented Dr. Revere's body. From his lips I learned something of the mishaps of the regiment. My Captain's wound he spoke of as less grave than at first thought; but he mentioned incidentally having heard a story recently that he was *killed*,—a fiction, doubtless,—a mistake,—a palpable absurdity,—not to be remembered or made any account of. Oh, no! but what dull ache is this in that obscurely sensitive region, somewhere below the heart, where the nervous center called the *semilunar ganglion* lies unconscious of itself until a great grief or a mastering anxiety reaches it through all non-conductors which isolate it from ordinary impressions? I talked awhile with Lieutenant Abbott, who lay prostrate, docile, but soldier-like and uncomplaining, carefully waited upon by a most excellent lady, a captain's wife, New-England born, loyal as the Liberty on a golden ten-dollar piece, and of lofty bearing enough to have sat for that goddess's portrait. She had stayed in Frederick through the Rebel inroad, and kept the star-spangled banner where it would be safe, to unroll it as the last Rebel hoofs clattered off from the pavement of the town.

THE ROAD FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.

And now, as we emerged from Frederick, we struck at once upon the trail from the great battle-field. The road was filled with straggling and wounded soldiers. All who could travel on foot—multitudes with slight wounds of the upper limbs, the head or face—were told to take up their beds—a light burden, or none at all—and walk. Just as the battle-field sucks everything into its red vortex for the conflict, so does it drive everything off in long, diverging rays after the fierce centripetal forces have met and neutralized each other. For more than a week there had been sharp fighting all along this road. Through the streets of Frederick, through Crampton's Gap, over South Mountain, sweeping at last the hills and the woods that skirt the windings of the Antietam, the long battle had traveled, like one of those tornadoes which tear their path through our fields and villages. The slain of higher condition, "embalmed" and iron-cased, were sliding off on the railways to their far homes; the dead of the rank-and-file were being gathered up and committed hastily to the earth; the gravely wounded were cared for hard by the scene of conflict, or pushed a little way along to the neighboring villages; while those who could walk were meeting us, as I have said, at every step in the road. It was a pitiable sight, truly pitiable, yet so vast, so far beyond the possibility of relief, that many single sorrows of small dimensions have wrought upon my feelings more than the sight of this great caravan of maimed pilgrims. The companionship of so many seemed to make a joint-stock of their suffering; it was next to impossible to individualize it, and so bring it home as one can do with a single broken limb or aching wound. Then they were all of the male sex, and in the freshness or the prime of their strength. Though they tramped so wearily along, yet there was rest and kind nursing in store for them. These wounds they bore would be the medals they would show their children and grandchildren by-and-by. Who would not rather wear his decorations beneath his uniform than on it?

Yet among them were figures which arrested our attention and sympathy. Delicate boys, with more spirit than strength, flushed with fever or pale with exhaustion or haggard with suffering, dragged their weary limbs along as if each step would exhaust their slender store of strength. As the road-side sat or lay others, quite spent with their journey. Here and there was a house at which the wayfarers would stop in the hope, I fear often vain, of getting refreshment; and in one place was a clear, cool spring, where the little bands of the long procession halted for a few moments, as the trains that traverse the desert rest by its fountains. My companions had brought a few peaches along with them, which the Philanthropist bestowed upon the tired and thirsty soldiers with a satisfaction which we all shared. I had with me a small flask of strong waters, to be used as a medicine in case of inward grief. From this, also, he dispensed relief, without hesitation, to a poor fellow who looked as if he needed it. I rather admired the simplicity with which he applied my limited means of solace to the first comer who wanted it more than I; a genuine benevolent impulse does not stand on ceremony, and had I perished of cold for want of a stimulus that night, I should not have reproached my friend the Philanthropist any more than I grudged my other ardent friend the two dollars and more which it cost me to send the charitable message he left in my hands.

THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE.

It was a lovely country through which we were passing. The hill-sides rolled away into the distance, blushing up fair and broad to the sun, as the scene opens in the open parts of the Berkshire valleys, at Lanesborough, for instance, or in the many-hued mountain-choice at the bottom of which the Shaker houses of Lebanon have shaped themselves like a sediment of cubical crystals. The wheat was all garnered, and the land plowed for a new crop. There was Indian-corn standing, but I saw no pumpkins warming their yellow carapaces in the sunshine like so many turtles; only in a single instance did I notice some wretched little miniature specimens in form and hue not unlike those colossal oranges of our cornfields. The rail-fences were somewhat disturbed, and the cinders of extinguished fires showed the use to which they had been applied. The houses along the road were not for the most part nearly kept; the garden fences were poorly built of lathes or long slats, and very rarely of trim aspect. The men of this region seemed to ride in the saddle very generally, rather than drive. They looked sober and stern, less curious and lively than Yankees, and I fancied that a type of features familiar to us in the countenance of the late John Tyler, our accidental President, was frequently met with. The women were still more distinguishable from our New-England pattern. Soft, sallow, succulent, delicately finished about the mouth and firmly shaped about the chin, dark-eyed, full-throaded, they looked as if they had been grown in a land of olives. There was a little toss in their movement, full of nulliebrity. I fancied there was something more of the duck and less of the chicken about them, as compared with the daughters of our leaner soil; but these are mere impressions caught from stray glances, and if there is any offense in them, my fair readers may consider them all retracted.

HOPE AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

On entering the small settlement of Keedysville a familiar face and figure looked the way, like one of Bunyan's giants. The full form and benevolent countenance, set off by long, flowing hair, belonged to the excellent Mayor Frank B. Fay of Chelsea, who, like my Philanthropist only still more promptly, had come to succor the wounded of the great battle. It was wonderful to see how a single personality pervaded this torpid little village; he seemed to be the center of all its activities. All my questions he answered clearly and decisively, as one who knew everything that was going on in the place. But the one question I had come five hundred miles to ask—*Where is Captain H.?*—he could not answer. There were some thousands of wounded in the place, he told me, scattered about everywhere. It would be a long job to hunt up my Captain; the only way would be to go to every house and ask for him. Just then a medical officer came up.

"Do you know anything of Capt. H. of the Massachusetts 20th?"

"Oh, yes; he is staying in that house. I saw him there, doing very well."

A chorus of hallelujahs arose in my soul, but I kept them to myself. Now, then, for our twice wounded volunteer, our young centurion whose double-barred shoulder-straps we have never yet looked upon. Let us observe the proprieties, however; no swelling upward of the motion—*ne hysterica passis*—we do not like scenes. A calm salutation—then swallow and hold hard. That is about the programme.

A cottage of squared logs, filled in with plaster, and white-washed. A little yard before it, with a gate swinging. The door of the cottage ajar—no one visible as yet. I push open the door and enter. An old woman, *Margaret Kitzmuller* her name proves to be, is the first person I see.

"Capt. H. here?"

"Oh, no, Sir—left yesterday morning for Hagerstown—in a milk-cart."

The Kitzmuller is a beady-eyed, cheery looking ancient woman, answers questions with a rising inflection, and gives a good account of the Captain, who got into the vehicle without assistance, and was in excellent spirits. Of course, he had struck for Hagerstown as the terminus of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, and was on his way to Philadelphia via Chambersburg and Harrisburg, if he were not already in the hospitable home of Walnut street, where his friends were expecting him.

I might follow on his track or return upon my own; the distance was the same to Philadelphia through Harrisburg as through Baltimore. But it was very difficult, Mr. Fay told me, to procure any kind of conveyance to Hagerstown, and on the other hand I had James Grayden and his wagon to carry me back to Frederick. It was not likely that I should overtake the object of my pursuit with nearly thirty-six hours start, even if I could procure a conveyance that day. In the meantime James was getting impatient to be on his return, according to the direction of his employers. So I decided to go back with him.

ANOTHER SEARCH.

I set out for Philadelphia on the morrow, Tuesday, the 23d, there beyond question to meet my Captain, once more united to his brave wounded companions under that roof which covers a household of as noble hearts as ever throbbed with human sympathies. Back River, Bush River, Gunpowder Creek—lives there the man with soul so dead that his memory has cerements to wrap up these scene-painting names in the same envelopes with their meaningless localities? But the Susquehanna—the broad, the beautiful, the historical, the poetical Susquehanna—the river of Wyoming and of Gertrude, dividing the shores where

"aye these sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flageolet from some romantic town,"

did not my heart renew its allegiance to the poet who has made it lovely to the imagination as well as to the eye, and so identified his fame with the noble stream that it "rolls mingling with his fame forever?" The prosaic traveler perhaps remembers it better from the fact that a great sea-monster, in the shape of a steamboat, takes him, sitting in the car, on its back, and swims across with him like Arion's dolphin—also that mercenary men on board offer him canvas-backs in the season, and ducks of lower degree at other periods.

At Philadelphia again at last! Drive fast, O colored man and brother, to the house called Beautiful, where my Captain lies sore wounded, waiting for the sound of the chariot-wheels which bring to his bedside the face and the voice nearer than any save one to his heart in this his hour of pain and weakness! Up a long street with white shutters and white steps to all the houses. Off at right angles into another long street with white shutters and white steps to all the houses. Off again at another right angle into still another long street with white shutters and white steps to all the houses. The natives of this city pretend to know one street from another by some individual differences of aspect; but the best way for a stranger to distinguish the streets he has been in from others is to make a cross or other mark on the white shutters.

This corner-house is the one. Ring softly—for the Lieutenant-Colonel lies there with a dreadfully wounded arm, and two sons of the family, one wounded like the Colonel, one fighting with death in the fog of a typhoid fever, will start with fresh pangs at the least sound you can make. I entered the house, but no cheerful smile met me. The sufferers were each of them thought to be in a critical condition. The fourth bed, waiting its tenant day after day, was still empty. *Not a word from my Captain.*

Then, foolish, fond body that I was, my heart sank within me. Had he been taken ill on the road, perhaps been attacked with those formidable symptoms which sometimes come on suddenly after wounds that seemed to be doing well enough, and was his life ebbing away in some lonely cottage, nay, in some cold barn or shed, or at the wayside, unknown, uncared for? Somewhere between Philadelphia and Hagerstown, if not at the latter town, he must be, at any rate. I must sweep the hundred and eighty miles between these places as one would sweep a chamber where a precious pearl had been dropped. I must have a companion in my search, partly to help me look about, and partly because I was getting nervous and felt lonely. *Charley* said he would go with me—Charley, my Captain's beloved friend, gentle, but full of spirit and liveliness, cultivated, social, affectionate, a good talker, a most agreeable letter writer, observing, with large relish of life, and keen sense of humor. He was not well enough to go, some of the timid ones said; but he answered by packing his carpet-bag, and in an hour or two we were on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad in full chase for Harrisburg.

THE LOST IS FOUND.

The time approached for the train to arrive from Hagerstown, and we went to the station. I was struck, while waiting there, with what seemed to me a great want of care for the safety of the people standing round. Just after my companion and myself had stepped off the track, I noticed a car coming quietly along at a walk, as one may say, without engine, without visible conductor, without any person heralding its approach, so silently, so insinuatingly, that I could not help thinking how very near it came to flattening out me and my match-box worse than the Ravel pantomimist and his snuff-box were flattened out in the play. The train was late—fifteen minutes, half an hour late—and I began to get nervous, lest something had happened. While I was looking for it, out started a freight-train, as if on purpose to meet the cars I was expecting, for a grand smash-up. I shivered at the thought, and asked an employee of the road, with whom I had formed an acquaintance a few minutes old, why there should not be a collision of the expected train with this which was just going out. He smiled an official smile, and answered that they arranged to prevent that, or words to that effect.

Twenty-four hours had not passed from that moment when a collision *did* occur, just out of the city, where I feared it, by which at least eleven persons were killed, and from forty to sixty more were maimed and crippled!

To-day there was the delay spoken of, but nothing worse. The expected train came in so quietly that I was almost startled to see it on the track. Let us walk calmly through the cars, and look around us.

In the first car, on the fourth seat to the right, I saw my Captain; there saw I him, even my first-born, whom I had sought through many cities.

"How are you, Boy?"

"How are you, Dad?"

Such are the proprieties of life, as they are observed among us Anglo-Saxons of the nineteenth century, decently disguising those natural impulses that made Joseph, the Prime Minister of Egypt, weep aloud so that the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard—why, which had once overcome his shaggy old uncle Esau so entirely that he fell on his brother's neck and cried like a baby in the presence of all the women. But the hidden cisterns of the soul may be filling fast with sweet tears, while the windows through which it looks are undimmed by a drop or a film of moisture.

HOME.

On Monday morning, the 29th of September, we took the cars for *Home*. Vacant look, with Irish and pigs; vegetable-gardens; straggling houses; the high bridge, villages, not enchanting; then Stamford; then Norwalk. Here, on the 6th of May, 1853, I passed close on the heels of the great disaster. But that my limbs were heavy on that morning, my readers would, probably, have had no further trouble with me. Two of my friends saw the car in which they rode break in the middle and leave them hanging over the abyss. From Norwalk to Boston, that day's journey of two hundred miles was a long funeral-procession.

Bridgeport, waiting for Iranistan to rise from its ashes with all its phœnix-egg domes—bubbles of wealth that broke, ready to be blown again, iridescent as ever, which is pleasant, for the world likes cheerful Mr. Barnum's success; New-Haven, girt with flat marshes, that look like monstrous billiard-tables, with haycocks lying about for balls—romantic with West Rock and its legend—cursed with a detestable depot, whose niggardly arrangements crowd the track so murderously close to the wall that the *pense forte et dure* must be the frequent penalty of an innocent walk on its platform—with its neat carriages, metropolitan hotels, precious old college-dormitories, its vistas of elms and its disheveled weeping-willows; Hartford, substantial, well-bridged, many-steepled city—every central spire an extinguisher of some nineteenth-century heresy, so, onward, by and across the broad, shallow Connecticut—dull, red road and dark river woven in like warp and woof by the shuttle of the darting engine; then Springfield, the wide-meadowed, well feeding, horse-loving, hot-summered, giant-treed town—city among villages, village among cities; Worcester, with its Dædalian labyrinth of crossing railroad-bars, where the snorting Minotaurs, breathing fire and smoke and hot vapors are stabled in their dens; Framingham, fair cup bearer, leaf-clustered Hebe of the deep-bosomed Queen sitting by the sea-side, on the throne of the Six Nations. And now I begin to know the road, not by towns, but by single dwellings, not by miles, but by rods. The poles of the great magnet that draws in all the iron tracks through the grooves of all the mountains must be near at hand, for here are crossings, and sudden slope, and screams of alarmed engines heard all around. The tall granite obelisk comes into view far away on the left, its beveled capstone sharp against the sky; the lofty chimneys of Charlestown and East Cambridge flaunt their smoky banners up in the thin air; and now one fair bosom of the three-hilled city, with its dome-crowned summit, reveals itself, as when many-breasted Ephesian Artemis appeared with half-open *chiaraye* before her worshipers.

Flung open the window-blinds of the chamber that looks out on the waters and toward the western sun! Let the joyous light shine in upon the pictures that hang upon its walls and the shelves thick-set with the names of poets and philosophers and sacred teachers, in whose pages our boys learn that life is noble only when it is held cheap by the side of honor and of duty. Lay him in his own bed, and let him sleep off his aches and weariness. So comes down another night over this household, unbroken by any messenger of evil tidings—a night of peaceful rest and grateful thoughts; for this our son and brother was dead and is alive again, and was lost and is found.

The following poem by Longfellow is in his noblest vein:

THE CUMBERLAND.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the Cumberland sloop-of war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarum of drums swept past,
Or a bugle-blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the South uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside!
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron side
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain.
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies;
"It is better to sink than to yield!"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast-head.
Lord, how beautiful was thy day!
Every wave of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream.
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam!

The remainder of this number is of unusual interest, including contributions from Hawthorne, C. L. Brace, Theodore Winthrop, Rose Terry, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and other lights of the age.

Ticknor & Fields have issued a neat edition in blue and gold of HOLMES'S Poems, including the "Metrical Essays" "Miscellaneous Poems," and "Songs in Many Keys." A welcome publication for the holiday season, to the admirers of a favorite American poet.

Galvanizing vs. Coppering.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: I beg to request the insertion of a few remarks, made necessary by a communication of Mr. Mills, in your issue of yesterday. I do not desire to enter into any public discussion of the merits of either business, and have only to say that Mr. Mills, in explanation of the process of galvanizing, does not appear to be acquainted with the facts, as it is entirely different from what he supposes.

To establish the merits of the galvanizing process, I have only to refer to shipbuilders and other parties in this and other cities, and the fact that the use of galvanized material is rapidly increasing here as well as in England.

I do not desire to make any bet upon the issue of any experiments, but will accommodate him by making any fair tests of the two articles, before competent judges, at any time he may select. Yours, &c., JAS. G. LEFFERTS.

No. 100 Beekman street.

—There are 411 Postmistresses in the United States.

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

Sales at the Stock Exchange.....Nov 20.

16,000 U. S. 5s '74, Coup.	92¾	100	Erie Railway	s30	61¾
3,500 Treas. 7 3-10 Pa. Nots	99	200	do		61¾
15,000 U. S. 6s, 1-year Cer.	99¾	200	do		61¾
6,000 Ohio State 6s, '91	115	100	do	b3	61¾
15,000 Missouri State 6s	51¾	100	do	s30	61¾
2,000 New-York Cen. 6s	106	50	do	s30	61¾
1,000 New-York Cen. 7s	107	100	do	b30	61¾
2,000 Erie 1st M. Bs	115	200	do		61¾
1,000 Hud. Riv. 2d S. F.	112	500	do	s5	61¾
2,000 Hud. River 3d M.	101	300	Erie RR. Pref		39¾
5,000 Mich. So. 2d M.	18	200	Cleve. & Pitts. RR.	s60	41
7,000 Mich. Cen. Bs, old	110	20	do	b10	40¾
1,000 Ill. Cen. RR. Bs	107¾	20	Hudson River R. R.		74
9,000 Alt. & T. H. 1st M.	97	200	do	s10	74
3,000 Chi. & N. W. S. F.	102	150	do		74
2,000 C. & N. W. 6s Ex.	89	400	Harlem Railroad		22
10,000 C. & N. W. 7s Bs	79	400	do	s30	21
5,000 C. & N. W. 7d M.	32	200	do		22¼
5,000 do	32¾	400	do		22¼
5,000 Hann. & St. Jo. Bs	42	100	do	b30	22¼
1,000 Tol. & W. 1st M.	93	500	do		22¼
7,000 Tol. & W. 2d M.	84	100	Harlem R. R. Pref'd		50
12,000 Clev. & Tol. S. F.	103	100	do		51
6,000 do	103	100	do		50¾
1,000 Pit., F. W. & C. 1st M.	107	100	do		50¾
5,000 Cov. & Pit. 4th M.	72	100	do		50¾
15 Bank of New-York	167¾	100	Mich. Cen. R. R.	s30	85¾
40 Tradesmen's Bank	99	100	do		85¾
40 Merchants' Ex. Bank	94	50	do	s10	85¾
10 Bank of Commerce	96¾	450	do		85¾
25 American Ex. Bank	95¾	300	do	b15	88
15 Shoe and Leather Bk.	101	100	do	b30	88
20 Park Bank	118	150	Mich. So. & Ind. R. R.		39
20,000 American Gold	30¾	300	do	s15	39¾
25,000 do	130	300	do	b30	39¾
25,000 do	s10	100	M. S. & N. I. O. S	s30	61¾
45,000 do	13	150	do		61¾
40,000 do	b30	200	do		62¾
20,000 do	b10	100	Ill. Cen. R. R. Scrip		70
20,000 do	b3	50	do	b30	70¾
5,000 do	s3	300	do	b3	70¾
30,000 do	s10	10	Gal. & Chic. R. R.		82
2,000 do	s30	100	do		81¾
200 Penn. Coal Co.	15	100	do	s30	81¾
2 Cumb. Coal Pref'd	12	100	Clev. & To. R. R.	s60	66
100 do	12	100	do		66¾
250 Pacific Mail S. S. Co.	121	100	do	s30	66¾
10 do	121	100	do	s4	66¾
50 do	s30 121	50	Chic. & R. I. R. R.	b3	79¾
700 New-York Cen. RR.	103	100	do		79¾
50 do	s30 103	300	do		79¾
150 do	b30 103	30	Cin. Ham. & D. R. R.		112
50 do	s30 103				

SECOND BOARD.

5,000 U. S. 6s '81, reg.	103	50	Erie Railway	s30	61¾
6,000 U. S. 6s, '81, coup.	103	200	Erie Railway pref.	b10	40
19,000 do	104	50	do	b3	40
2,000 Treas. 7 3-10 Notes	104	100	Hud. River R. R.	b10	74
25,000 U. S. 6s, 1-year cer.	99	600	Harlem Railroad		22¾
12,000 Missouri 6s	51¾	200	do	b30	22¾
5,000 do	51¾	50	Clev. & Tol. Railroad		50
1,000 Missouri 6s, Int. to H. & St. J. exc'ge	72	100	Harlem RR. Pref.		50¾
3,000 Pitts., Fort Wayne and Chic. 1st mort.	74	100	do		50¾
10,000 Chic. & N. W. s. b.	60	50	do	b30	50¾
2,000 do	60¾	100	do		50¾
5,000 do	b30 60¾	100	Mich. Cent. RR.	s30	84
8,000 Mich. South. s. f.	102¾	100	do	b30	85
40,000 Clev. & Tol. s. f.	103¾	500	Mich. S. & N. I. R. R.		59¾
1,000 Harlem RR. 1st m.	102	50	do	b15	59¾
60 Bank of Com. scrip	97	150	Ill. Cent. RR. scrip		70
20,500 American Gold	130¾	100	do		70¾
10,000 do	130¾	100	do		70¾
20,000 do	130¾	500	do		70¾
19,000 do	130¾	500	do		70¾
5,000 do	b30 130¾	100	Clev. & Pitts. RR.	s30	41
50 Cum. Coal Preferred	15	100	do		41
10 Pac. M. S. Co.	b30 120	200	do		41
100 do	b30 121	50	Gal. & Chic. RR.	s10	81¾
100 N. Y. Cen. Railroad	103¾	200	do	b30	81¾
200 do	103¾				

THURSDAY, Nov. 20—P. M.

There was a strong feeling in the Stock market, with some irregularity during the day. The leading shares have evidently been oversold by the bears, and when they begin to cover the market rises on them. The purchases to-day appeared to be mainly to meet short contracts, although there was a fair demand for buyers options. A strong sustaining element of the market is the encouraging traffic returns from railroads, and but for the uncertainty felt in regard to the financial policy of Mr. Chase, the leading shares would no doubt have stood 5 ⅌ cent higher than they do to-day. Whatever may be the Secretary's action in regard to the method of raising money for his payments next year, we have no intimation from any quarter that he proposes to withhold from circulation the remainder of the notes which he was authorized to issue under the act of the last Congress. Of these he has still about $120,000,000 unissued, of which $80,000,000 are held for the redemption of the 4 ⅌ cent temporary loan whenever called for by depositors. This further expansion of the currency will, we presume, come sooner or later, when the necessities of the Government require it, and must produce a further expansion in current values of stocks, bonds, &c. At the Second Board, as well as at the close of the First, the market was tame. Some descriptions were a trifle higher, and others a trifle lower. Governments were very strong, the Sixes of 1881 selling at 104, and the 7.30s at 104¼. The Bond market was steady, especially for Chicago and North-Western, of which the 1st Mortgage Assented Bonds sold freely at 60@60¼ against 58 yesterday. The Second Mortgage bonds also advanced 2 ⅌ cent. The published figures of the Company, showing that it is earning at the rate of $140,000 beyond enough to pay the interest on the Assented bonds, has attracted new attention to the securities of this Company. At the Third Board the market was moderately active and firm, with rather an upward tendency. The only important change was in Illinois Central, which sold at 78, against 76 in the morning. This advance is the result of largely increased earnings. The latest quotations were: U. S. 6s of 1881, registered, 103¾@104; U. S. 6s of 1881, coupons, 103¾@104; U. S. 5s of 1874, coupons, 92@93; U. S. Treasury Notes, 7.30s., 104@104¼; U. S. 1-year Certificates, 6s, 98@98¾; Demand Notes (old issue), 124¼@124¾; Tennessee State 6s, 53¼@54; Missouri State 6s, 51¾@51¾; American Gold, 130¼@130¾; Pacific Mail Steamship Co., 120¼@120¾; New-York Central Railroad, 102¾@103; Erie Railway, 61¼@61¾; Erie Preferred, 90@90¼; Hudson River, 73¾@74; Harlem Railroad, 22¼@22¾; Harlem Preferred, 50¼@51¼; Reading Railroad, 74; Michigan Central Railroad, 88@88¼; Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad, 39¼@39¾; Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad Guaranteed, 82¾@83; Illinois Central Railroad, 78@78¼; Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad, 40¼@40¾; Galena and Chicago Railroad, 81¼@81¾; Cleveland and Toledo Railroad, 66¼@66¾; Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, 79¾@80; Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, 87@88.

The market is quiet to-day for foreign exchange, and rather heavy at 144@144¼ for sterling.

Freights are rather dull, but rates are without material change. To Liverpool, the engagements are 21,000 bush. Wheat at 9@9½d. in bags; 15,000 do. Corn at 8½d. in bags; 400 bbls. Flour at 2s. 3d.; 75 bbls. Apples at 3s.; 200 do. Oxine of Zinc at 2s. 4½d., and per neutral flag, 7,000 bush. Wheat at 10d. in bags; 240 pkgs. Cheese at 40s.; 400 do. Butter and Cheese at 45s.; 70 boxes Bacon at 37s. 6d. and 210 tcs. Lard at 37s. 6d. To London—15,000 bush. Corn, per neutral vessel, at 9½d. in bags, and 500 pkgs. Butter and Cheese, by American packet, at 30s. To Glasgow—2,000 bbls. Flour at 2s. 6d., and per neutral flag, 150 tcs. Lard at 37s. 6d. and 50 hhds. Tallow at 37s. 6d. To Bremen—50 bales Hops, per steamer, at 3c.

The business of the Sub-Treasury was: Receipts, $3,305,575 45—for Customs $174,698 75; Payments, $989,762 35; Balance, $24,095,839 95.

The following is the weekly statement of earnings of the Chicago and Alton Railroad Company, from Nov. 8 to 15, inclusive:

	1862.	1861.
Passengers	$5,436 90	$6,101 15
Freight	20,401 35	18,329 31
Sundries	1,245 73	855 73
Total	$26,817 98	$24,286 19
Increase in 1862	2,531 79	
Total this month to date	$56,652 46	$44,383 89
Total since Jan. 1	$1,094,990 98	$959,300 61

The earnings of the Michigan Central Road the second week in November were:

1861	$61,167 30
1862	76,321 09
Increase	$15,153 79

The receipts on the Grand Trunk Railway, for the week ending Nov. 8, were $99,522 63
Corresponding week last year 98,561 35
Increase $1,961 18

A prominent officer of the Galena Road is in town, and states unhesitatingly that the January dividend will be promptly paid although the amount has not yet been agreed upon.

The Coupons due Jan. 1, 1862, from Bonds of the State of Missouri, issued to the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad Company, will be paid on presentation of same at the Bank of Commerce in New-York.

The payments at the Sub-Treasury on account of the 7-30 ⅌ cent loan exceed $9,000,000, with payments on account of Boston, Philadelphia and other out of town taken, probably $12,000,000 will be paid in here. This cannot be done without increasing the activity of money although Mr. Cisco in view of the scarcity of legal tender notes affords every facility by taking certified checks, &c., for payments which his duty will permit him to. The holders of the Notes are very firm at 104; large parcels have been placed at that rate for investment.

Gold sold down to 130 at the Board, at which the demand was large, and later in the day the quotation recovered to 130¼@130½. The bears offer it freely on their options, and the street is believed to be very largely short. Custom-House notes are 124¼@124½, and in moderate demand.

Money has been active during the day, but toward the close of business the supply was ample. The rates on call are 6@7 ⅌ cent.

Breadstuffs are again lower, under the decline in sterling.

The engravers have got the production of Postal Currency up to $100,000 per day, which will soon supply the wants of the public. There are 120 presses employed upon this currency. The remaining presses of the American and National Companies are employed upon $1s, $2s, $10s, and $20s, legal tender. The aggregate per day of these small denominations is not nearly enough to meet the wants of the Treasury.

The Nicaragua steamer arrived to-day from San Juan, with 504 passengers.

The Commercial Bank of Troy offers to pay ¼ of 1 ⅌ cent premium for its own notes, at the Importers' and Traders' Bank. The Bank is closing up.

The commerce of this port for October and for the year, since January 1, has been as follows:

FOREIGN IMPORTS at New-York for the her.

	1860.	1861.	1862.
Entered for Consumption	$[illegible]	$[illegible]	$[illegible]
Withdr. from Warehouse	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Free Goods	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Specie and Bullion	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total entered at the Port	$[illegible]	$[illegible]	$[illegible]
Entered for Warehouse	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

FOREIGN IMPORTS at New-York for ten months from Jan. 1.

	1860.	1861.	1862.
Entered for Consumption	$[illegible]	$[illegible]	$[illegible]
Withdr. from Warehouse	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Free Goods	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Specie and Bullion	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total ent'd at the Port	$[illegible]	$[illegible]	$[illegible]
Entered for Warehouse	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

EXPORTS from New-York to Foreign Ports in October.

	1860.	1861.	1862.
In October	$[illegible]	$[illegible]	$[illegible]
Prev. 9 months	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Tot. since Jan. 1	$[illegible]	$[illegible]	$[illegible]

EXPORTS from New-York to Foreign Ports in October.

	1860.	1861.	1862.
Domestic Produce	$[illegible]	$[illegible]	$[illegible]
Foreign Merch'dise	24,175	60,168	179,305
Foreign Specie	304,753	192,198	434,265
Specie and Bullion	2,146,895	15,038	6,707,515
Total Exports	$12,062,803	$13,112,452	$20,320,521
Total ex. Prod. of Specie	10,356,278	13,197,414	20,320,417

EXPORTS from New-York to Foreign Ports for the ten months from January 1.

	1860.	1861.	1862.
Domestic produce	$[illegible]	$[illegible]	$[illegible]
For. mdse. (free)	2,077,592	2,937,560	2,603,221
do. (dutiable)	4,120,453	4,330,275	4,26[illegible]
Specie and Bullion	41,466,959	3,