FROM THE SOUTH SIDE.

Why Ewell didn't "Bag" Kelley—Johnson, Rhodes, and Early in Pursuit—Decoy Fires on the Railroad—Kelley's Sagacity and Alertness—Disappointment of Ewell's Men—Their Confident Expectation of Returning Immediately to Pennsylvania.

From Our Special Correspondent.

DARKESVILLE, Va., Aug. 29, 1863.

"All of which I saw, and part of which I was." Therefore, with your permission, I will throw a few clear rays of light on at least an episode or two of another remarkable Rebel campaign. Verdurous History can hurt neither side, even though the side from which we derive it may seem to us the wrong one. THE TRIBUNE's philosophy is, I am sure, of too unsentimental a sort to look a gift horse in the mouth.

After Lee had crossed the river, on the heels of the battle of Gettysburg, and was moving up the Valley, Ewell, who was following Hill, and who had learned that Brig.-Gen. Kelley (it is not true that he has recently been made a Major-General) was pressing cautiously but steadily on his rear, was ordered to "lay over" at Darkesville to watch Kelley—to ascertain his force, and make sure of his intentions. The first was easy to do—there were 14,000 men, with 16 pieces of artillery. But in so sharp a game, to discover beforehand the moves of so cool, wily, and experienced a player as Gen. Kelley, seems to have been a problem surpassing even the acknowledged powers of his bold and quick-witted antagonist. Nevertheless, Ewell did set a cunning trap for the fourteen thousand.

He ordered Gen. (Georgie) Johnson to advance upon the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad (Gen. Kelley's trust, and post of honor), with 4,000 men—Jackson's old division—and to make a furious demonstration against its track and bridges with torch and blast—all, of course, with the assured expectation of bringing on an engagement with Kelley, who, it was believed, would rush rashly to the rescue of his dear railroad.

Early and Rhodes remained in the rear, about five miles apart, and almost within speaking distance of Johnson, ready to fall upon Kelley with their entire force so soon as he should be fairly in the trap. The work of destruction was kept up all day and night, in the persistent hope that Kelley would be attracted by the glare of flames and the uproar of explosions. Finding, however, that their programme presented nothing sufficiently novel or attractive to draw that old stager to see the show, Rhodes and Early now joined forces with Johnson, with the design and expectation of "hagging" Kelley by a flank operation, principally to be effected by Rhodes, by way of the Romney road.

But Gen. Kelley, with his characteristic sagacity, had anticipated their every movement, and by his thorough knowledge of the country, and his habitual celerity of movement, had easily slipped through their fingers; so that they, seeing that the game had got away, gave up the chase, and followed Lee up the valley, to the grave dissatisfaction of their troops.

And thereby hangs the moral of this narrative; for so confident were the men of Ewell's Corps that they were to return to Pennsylvania, and so jubilant in that impression, that fellows of Early's command ran continually from the ranks to inquire of passing citizens and country folk where Johnson was, and if their advance had yet recrossed the Potomac. When they learned the truth, their chagrin was freely manifested; for they had exulted in the hope thus squelched; and their bands, drums, and fifes had expressed in animated strains the promise that possessed them. They had not believed in any retreat. Their sure impression had been that the present movement was an independent one, having Kelley for its object—that Hill and Longstreet were to take care of Meade, and that their own destination was back again into Pennsylvania.

But of this more in another letter, in which it will be my province to demonstrate Why Meade Did Not Bag Ewell.

Why Meade Didn't "Bag" Ewell—Ewell and Meade at Ashby's Gap—The Ewell Ghost at the Meade's Theatre—Three Tremendous Guns—Ewell Vanishes—His Forced March—The Desperate Devotion of Early—Hampton's Broken-down Cavalry.

From Our Special Correspondent.

DARKESVILLE, Va., Aug. 24.

I sing of Ewell. I who lately sang of Kelley, how he slipped through Ewell's net, now sing how Ewell left great Gen. Meade waiting to fling fresh salt upon his tail, that grey old crow being flown.

You perceive that even in this land of desperate raidedness and starvation, we dally with the muse between the rubbs—

Tamé musam meditamur avenæ.

No sooner had that sly old fox, Kelley, laughing at the cunning railroad trap that Ewell had set for him, "stole away" to the west, than all the roads being free on both sides and in front, Ewell pushed forward with the divisions of Rhodes, Johnson and Early, straight to Martinsburg, and thence in killing time—such a forced march as used to make the leather fly from the galled feet of the Old Stonewall Brigade—to Winchester, whence he struck off to the south-east, by Berry's Ferry for Ashby's Gap, hoping by that shortest route to penetrate the ridge in time, and follow in safety after Hill and Longstreet. But Meade was there before him, and with a great force held Ashby's and Manassas Gaps, and Front Royal. Ewell, you see, had coquetted too long with Kelley.

Now, if you or I, Mr. TRIBUNE, were an illustrious strategist and a trenchant commander, and the country had been congratulated on the wisdom of the Government which had placed either of us at the head of the Army of the Potomac, to bag Lee's army and end the war, it seems to me that you or I, being at Ashby's Gap, stopping it up with a big, robust, exultant army, when this Ewell, with a small one, out of breath, and by no means illarious, wished to pass through—it seems to me, I say, that either of us, not being an illustrious strategist, would have fallen back and let the aforesaid Ewell have his way, *a little way*. But Gen. Meade, having all the illustrious strategy the country requires in such critical predicaments, gave not one inch of ground, but with all his host stoutly held the narrow pass, and waited for Ewell—who could n't squeeze through, you know—to come and attack him. So Ewell seeing he had no choice but to fight for the right of way, drew up in line of battle and confronted our Leonidas *with three guns*; three tremendous and terrible cannons did he plant in position at nightfall, which said as plainly as that sort of blunt and noisy orators can speak, "We open fire in the morning."

All night he sat there, in a spectral light, shaking his gory locks.

In the morning he was gone—three tremendous guns and all.

Whither?

Straight back again to Strasburg—from Strasburg to Woodstock—from Woodstock to Harrisonburg—from Harrisonburg eastward, and a little south, through Swift Run Gap, to Orange Court-House and Gordonsville, where he was safe with Lee and Hill and Longstreet. The audience at Ashby's Gap waited, but the Ghost did not appear again.

In this critical retreat Early's division constituted the rear guard, and marched "in common time," a day behind the main body. Knowing but little of our incerutable strategy, he of course counted on a furious pursuit and slap-dash attack. He knew not—nor in his desperation does he seem to have cared—at what moment he might be engaged with an overwhelming force. His business was to make a stand anywhere, to save the divisions of Rhodes and Johnson even at the cost of his own. To be "gobbled up" was the pleasant prospect before him; and having made up their minds to that, his men marched with more leisure than pleasure. On Saturday, Early was at Woodstock, while Rhodes and Johnson were crossing at Harrisonburg.

To add to Early's satisfaction, under circumstances so pregnant with promises of renown, he was encumbered with Hampton's broken-down brigade of cavalry—men and horses utterly beaten out by their terrible work and incapable of keeping up to the end of the campaign; and yet these, in their turn, were encumbered with great numbers of foot-sore and famished horses captured in Pennsylvania. This brigade of Hampton's had been hotly engaged in the fight at Brandy Station. They then immediately made a forced march to catch up to Lee; and were in the rear, and constantly fighting, all the way from Gettysburg to the river. I'm told it was a sorry sight, to see those fagged Rebels reeling with exhaustion and reaction in their saddles, holding up their own staggering beasts, and dragging after them three staggering others. They were twelve hours behind Early when he left Winchester—and yet all, Rhodes, Johnson, Early, and this land-swimming cavalry, got safely back to Lee. Ignorant of our subtile strategy, they feared at one time they might not.

FOUR DAYS AT PORT ROYAL.

The Place as It Now Is—The Custom-House, Hotel, &c.—A Rebel Captain—Ball and Shulu—Negro Baptism—Story of a Sailor.

From Our Special Correspondent.

AUGUST 22, 1863.

Hilton Head is on French Island, one of a number known as the Port Royal Islands, a large cluster about 60 miles below Charleston Bar. They are all composed of sand, with here and there a marshy tract—the sand is habited by fleas, the marsh by rats and what are called fiddlers, a small species of shell-fish resembling a lobster, the name fiddler being given them from an idiotically conceived resemblance which a certain portion of the animal, if I may call it so, bears to a fiddle.

On reaching Hilton Head, you land at a long wharf, extending far out into deep water from the white sandy beach that skirts the shore. This wharf is the busiest I think I ever saw, surpassing any of the thronged piers of New-York City. It was built immediately after our occupation of the Island, and is not less than a quarter of a mile in length. Here congregate vessels of every description, from the steamship to the steaming—everything calculated to float upon the waters. On either side of this wharf where it joins the land, are rows of wooden houses, one story high, built since our capture of the place. They strike you at first with the idea that they have been put up temporarily, and are intended to be taken down again and carried away with us when we get through with that part of South Carolina. To the extreme right is that in which Gen. Ormsby Mitchell died of yellow fever. There still exists a superstitious prejudice against this structure, although it has been thoroughly renovated. It is occupied at present by Capt. Hays, of the Quartermaster's Department, and others. On the left the buildings extend to the lighthouse. Among them is the Provost Marshal's office, that of the Military Director, and what was the headquarters of Gen. Hunter.

In a straight line with the wharf, and about 300 yards distant from it, is the Custom-House, formerly the residence of Mr. Drayton, a wealthy planter, now a Brigadier, if I mistake not, in the Rebel service. Through this building, at the time of our attack, two shots were fired—one from a Union gun on account of signals being made from a window to the Rebel forces, the other from a Confederate piece after our forces had landed, the enemy suspecting it was the headquarters of some one of our Generals. A signal station has been erected on the roof, from which communication is held with the transports offshore. The lower rooms are used as offices by Lieut.-Col. J. J. Revell, Chief Quartermaster of the Department.

Directly back of the Custom-House, on a street parallel with the other on which it stands, is the Post office and the office of *The New-South*, a small newspaper, principally made up of clippings of the New-York journals in regard to the siege of Charleston and other items of news. A few steps from here is the hotel, the "Port Royal House," where the price of board is $2 per day.

At the Provost-Marshal's quarters are a number of Rebel prisoners, perhaps 150 in all, including officers. Among them is a Capt. Macbeth, son of the Mayor of Charleston, taken some weeks since. This young gentleman is more troublesome than all the other prisoners put together. A few days previous to my arrival, the internal Macbeth sent a remonstrance to the south of Sulu, stolen from the bodies of some of our soldiers who fell in the assault on Wagner. On receipt of the money, the insolent puppy had the audacity, as well as the mean, low spirit, unworthy a soldier, to send a fifty-cent Treasury note, stained with the blood of the man from whose person it was taken, to the Captain of the Provost Guard, with the request that he would change it.

Each morning and evening, if you happen to be walking on the beach at the time, you will see small squads of men bearing bale of iron of various weights, chained, some to the west, others to the east, on their way to and from work. These have been guilty of some misdemeanor, and the size of the ball is proportioned to the seriousness of the crime. This system of punishment is as degrading as it is severe, as demoralizing to manhood as it is ingenious in its cruelty.

The population of Hilton Head is about one-half negro, nine-tenths universally of the pure African type, with only here and there an exception in favor of a lighter shade of color. The women far exceed the men in numbers, and are seen a great deal in the streets with baskets and things of a like kind, which they carry upon their heads.

It was on Sunday, the 23d of the present month, that I saw a large gathering of negroes, both men and women, dressed all in their best clothes, many of them with umbrellas over their heads, used as a protection against the sun, moving in the direction of the wharf. Judging it must be for some important purpose, I followed them, and discovered that the object was the baptism of some of their people.

Following the procession were several covered wagons, in which rode those who were to receive baptism, in company with the officiating clergyman, the Rev. Abraham Murchison, a regularly ordained minister, of Savannah, Ga.

When I reached the pier, it and the beach nearby were literally covered with the colored brethren and sisters assembled to witness the ceremony, the former arrayed in light mottled dresses of all colors, the old women wearing sober, Quaker-looking bonnets, while some of the younger sported the jaunty little straw hat of brownish color so common in the North, trimmed with gay ribbons of every possible hue. The Rev. Abraham Murchison, looked the very picture of grief clad in mourning; his white silk hat tilted close to his decidedly attenuated limbs as he climbed from the wagon to the beach and waded carefully into the water, the sun pouring down his hot beams upon his uncovered head. When he had said a prayer, looking very uncomfortable the while, the persons to be baptized were led out to him separately, and the process of immersion was gone through with. It consisted, after a blessing had been asked upon each one, in the minister and assistant, also an attenuated and feeble-looking individual, bending the body of the recipient forward and dipping it head and waist into the waves. The result of this was any number of wry faces, spitting, spluttering and a retreat to the beach as quickly as circumstances would permit, imparting to the ceremony a rather ludicrous form. When the last had been baptized the whole multitude began one of those wild and at the same time solemn hymns so universal among them. This volume swelled in volume as they proceeded—the sad lowing on the shore lost its deep bass tones to the sound harmony that filled the air, till at length the last note died away, and amid the murmur and roar of small talk the crowd moved off toward their homes.

Seabrook is a negro settlement, a mile or so back from the landing. The houses, small log huts principally, were occupied by the slaves of the Seabrook plantation, but since our capture of the island new tenants have taken possession, supporting themselves in various ways, the women mostly by washing, the men by labor of different kinds. To each hut is a garden in which corn, peanuts and other things are grown, affording sufficient vegetables for the gardener and his family.

The great thoroughfare of Broadway has its namesake at Hilton Head in its chief business street, known also as Sutlers' Row and Robbers' Row, synonymous terms by the way, and no excuse for the tautology. Here also, in addition to the sutlers' stores, where the guileless race of Israel has many a representative, are saloons invariably dirty, hot and greasy, which no one but a starving wretch could ever be induced to enter with a view to satisfying the cravings of hunger.

The Rebel iron-clad Atlanta, captured by us, as you will remember, is on duty here. The Vermont lies off shore ruddiness still and in precisely the same condition, I believe, in which the great storm she encountered left her. Close to the hotel, between it and the sea, is Battery Hunter, containing three 13-pounder guns. Opposite is St. Helena Island and Bay Point.

On Monday morning, Aug. 23, in the steamer Arago, I left Port Royal with its fleas, its rats and its fiddlers—left it with a sense of relief such as I have seldom felt in leaving any place. The vessel was very light and the sea rough; men, women and children, many of them gave way one by one to the insidious roll of the ship, and were seen, pale and staggering, making their way to their state-rooms, or leaning over the guards in becoming attitudes, yielding the contents of their rebellious stomachs to the god Neptune.

At 3 o'clock, as I was about finishing my dinner, we arrived off Charleston, close to the frigate Wabash, whose boat put off to us with dispatches. Into this boat, in company with Mr. S. S. Merriam of Springfield, Mass., the inventor of an ingenious machine for removing obstructions from harbors, I got. The great ship looked like a huge house, as it loomed high above us; her powerful engines revolved, and into her white wake we glided, dancing like a feather on the waters, her captain waving his adieus from the tall wheel-house. I know of no sensation similar to that which I experienced as our bark went climbing up the waves, like a traveler toiling up hill, then down with a sudden motion into the deep hollows, shut in all round by high green walls, created with sparkling foam. It was delicious.

We were to go aboard a tug. Here was difficulty if not danger.

"Fetch your stern up against my starboard bow," shouted the Captain.

The coxswain shook his head. "I'll do it though," he said in a minute afterward.

The lads pulled vigorously. I stood in the stern, and as we neared the steamer and mounted a wave, sprang for the guards. A dozen strong hands had hold of me in a minute and drew me over. Then came my companion (weight 250, I believe); he also landed safely. The tug was the Daffodil, Capt. I. T. Carr; Executive officer J. C. Wentworth. We were compelled to remain on her all night, owing to the sea. Next day, about noon, we left her in Admiral Dahlgren's barge. We had a long pull, for the flagship lay close in shore. Nearing the inner bar the coxswain rose in his seat to look for the buoy. He mistook it, and in a moment more we grounded. On came the breakers and over us, wetting us through and through, and over the sides of wetting us through and through, and over the sides of the boat went Jack, shoving hard to get her off. In the boat went Jack, shoving hard to get her off. In five minutes we were free; the men sprang lightly back to their places, and away we glided toward the shore.

Jack is a bold fellow and a kind-hearted one. I take a great interest in him, and must tell you a story to wind up with which I think rather good. Every one knows how prone Jack is to spend his money when on shore. Well, one time, as I am told, at a certain newspaper stand stood Jack, "three sheets in the wind," to use his own expression, in other words very drunk, selecting reading matter from each pile on the counter. When he had done he drew a roll of bills from his pocket to pay the newsdealer; a gust of wind came and scattered his money in every direction.

A sedate, clerical looking person, passing at the moment, stopped, carefully picked up each greenback and handed them to Jack, with a few well-meant remarks intended for his welfare, to the effect that he should be provident and careful of his earnings, concluding with the appropriate and well-timed injunction, not to keep his candle burning at both ends.

"Ne'er mind; don't ear a cuss; don't make a dit o' difference. Gin more light that way; gin more light."

N. O. S.

FROM BOSTON.

Democratic Politics in Massachusetts—New Books.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BOSTON, Sept. 8, 1863.

The old Pro-Slavery Whigs of this State, after a long struggle between their consciences (which taught them that the plain path of duty for them, as enemies of democratic institutions, was to join the Democratic party), and their tastes (which shrank from personal contact with the leaders of that party), have yielded to conscience, sacrificed their tastes, held their noses, and "gone in." Some of them, indeed, joined the party long ago. It is seven years since Mr. Choate, who had no time and disposition for nonsense, gave in his adhesion, and Mr. Peter Harvey has acted with the Democrats two or three years at least. But I have never, until this year, seen the name of Mr. Benjamin R. Curtis and Mr. George S. Willard among the Democratic delegates; nor, for that matter, the name of Henry J. Gardner. I would not have it inferred, when I place the name of the Ex-Governor with those of Mr. Hilliard and Mr. Curtis, that faithlessness has kept Abe out of the Democratic ranks. Such to say, if there is any outrage upon gentlemanly tastes in connection with *him*, the Irishmen, who make up so large a proportion of the Democratic party, are the ones who are entitled to the use of the smelling-salts. The last and most desperate effort of the old Whigs to take the lead in the movement for Slavery and Rebellion in this State occurred last year. The Democrats impelled by hatred of Mr. Sumner, and perhaps deceived by the bluster of the old Whigs and mongrel Republicans, who started the "People's movement," willingly fell in behind them, and voted, in good faith, for Gen. Devens for Governor. The movement was abortive; and at the moment the polls were closed, the "People's" party as an organization distinct from the Democratic party, ceased to exist. Not an attempt was made this year to revive it; Gen. Devens's name was not even mentioned with reference to the office of Governor; Mr. Swan and his State Committee dropped suddenly into oblivion, and are as dead as the Anti-Masonic Committee of thirty years ago. Some traces of the Whig party might be discovered all the way along from 1855 to 1860, under the name of American, or Constitutional Union, or Peoples; but the trail is now lost.

It may have been partly a feeling of sympathy with the defunct organization, which for several years past has done its best or worst to give the State into the hands of the Slavery Democrats, which induced the latter to give the Gubernatorial nomination to Mr. Henry W. Paine, in preference to Dr. George B. Loring, an undoubted Democrat, (that is, after class he left the Abolition ranks.) Mr. Paine received 750 votes, and Dr. Loring only 252, while there were 22 members who voted for G. O. Abbott after he had positively declined. Mr. Paine is a Boston lawyer, formerly of Hallowell, Maine. He is an industrious and intensely ambitious man, with a fair share of legal learning and ability. I imagine his political learning is not extensive, inasmuch as in his speech he professed to be a strong advocate of State Rights, and then said, as a Webster Whig, he had no other refuge but the Democratic party. Regard for State Rights has not heretofore been considered one of Mr. Webster's strong points. I suppose Mr. Paine thought he must say something to indicate a familiarity with the watchwords of his new friends, and so hit upon the bare cheek of himself as a Webster man. So he got things a little "mixed." Afterwards must be made for the novelty of his position. Mr. Paine was so shy and wary as if he thought a vote or two more or less might decide the question for or against him, and as these old Whigs are always winning victories before election, I think it not unlikely that he suppose he has some chance. Mr. Abbott, however, did what he could to undeceive him, for he did not pretend there was any prospect of victory this year, but only that they were going to "inaugurate a movement which will result a year hence in putting men into power who will sweep into oblivion," &c. If there should be a reasonable prospect of Democratic success next year, I venture to predict that Mr. Henry W. Paine will be as summarily dismissed as Gen. Devens has been, in spite of the gibbons with which he talks of his "fellow Democrats." For though, as I suggested, sympathy with the old Whigs may have had something to do with his nomination, the main reason was ability to get out of Dr. Loring, and the first that nobody else happened at that moment to be available. The Democrats, as a body, neither know nor care anything about Henry W. Paine.

It would be more regular for me first to tell you who was the President of the Convention inasmuch as he is said to those who voted for him that it was "a mark of the highest political distinction under any circumstances." I had not thought it a matter of such magnitude. Indeed, I have known men elected Presidents of Conventions and never heard of again. Perhaps however, this case is considered an exception on their cup of glory to the brim, as Mr. Spofford confesses it. Let him be—or, in his present declaration may be quoted after him as evidence that he has had enough. Mr. Richard S. Spofford, Jr., is a young Boston lawyer, hailing politically from Northampton. You will find an allusion to him, by his initials, in the confession of the "Amber Witch." He has some talent and is good-looking. He belongs to the Cooperhead branch of his party which speaks but poorly for his patriotism or his political sagacity, for though that branch is much the largest now, it will have to be crushed next year.

There is not little else to tell about the Convention. Messrs. J. G. Abbott, R. D. Leech, Isaac Davis, and James D. Thompson were chosen delegates to the Democratic National Convention, with Oliver Stevens, Geo. W. Brady, D. N. Carpenter, and Charles Hechner for substitutes. Mr. Abbott is rather a new man, but Davis, Leech, and Thompson are terrible old hacks. Neither of the delegates nor of the substitutes are of the Wide school. Mr. Lunt, however, got 10 or 20 votes, out of over 1,200, which is a creditable beginning for him. The State ticket was completed by the nomination of Thomas F. Plunkett of Pittsfield for Lieutenant-Governor; Frederick O. Prince of Winchester, for Secretary; Nathan Clark of Lynn, for Treasurer; Theodore R. Sweetser of Lowell, for Attorney-General, and Moses Bates of Plymouth, for Auditor. Mr. Sweetser is an old Whig, who, out of some spite or other, went with the Republicans in 1860, being a delegate to Chicago. He is a good lawyer. Mr. Prince was also once a Whig, but has acted with the Democrats for three or four years, and was on the ticket last year. Mr. Bates never was any thing but a Democrat. Mr. Clark I never heard of before. The resolutions are a collection of all the hackneyed issues and side issues which the Copperhead party is raising in order to embarrass the Government and throw the administration of affairs into the hands of the Rebels again. They are such as any facile and clever cut wordmonger could make up, and deserve no extended notice. Not important or interesting incidents took place at the Convention, except a speech by a furloughed and wounded soldier, who wanted to know whether the party and its candidates were for the prosecution of the war or not. No notice was taken of him, though quiet as he sat in his verdancy went round among the delegates. He might as well have asked if they intended to re-elect Abraham Lincoln, or sustain the Emancipation proclamation.

The Republican Convention will meet at Worcester on the 23th. The indications are that Gov. Andrew will be nominated for re-election with little or no opposition.

I ought to mention that Mr. Paine lives in Cambridge, and that he was on the People's ticket last year for Attorney-General. His propinquity to the Law School will enable him to consult with the Hon. Joel Parker before he writes his letter of acceptance, and I recommend him to do so, for if the Hon. Professor is not exactly suited with the platform presented to him, ten chances to one he will get up a new party yet, and deluge the State with pamphlets a foot and a half deep before election day.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields make some new announcements of books, some of which will be warmly welcomed. Among these are a volume of Thoreau's articles, many of which, I believe, are absolutely new to the public. It is entitled "Excursions in Field and Forest." Mr. Hawthorne's English sketches will appear this month under the title of "Our Old Home," and Dr. Holmes appears in October, with "Soundings from the Atlantic"—meaning, I suppose, the Atlantic Monthly. Gail Hamilton's "Gala Days" are to be grouped together in a volume; also Prof. Agassiz's "Methods of Study in Natural History," and Whittier's recent poems. Beecher, too, appears in a volume of discourses on topics connected with the times, entitled "Freedom and War." Jean Paul's "Levana" appears October 3, and a new edition of the "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces." On the 26th a German edition of the "Story of the Guard," and Zschokke's "Meditations on Life and its Religious Duties" are also announced. In November, we are promised Arthur Helps's Remains in prose and verse; Shakespeare's Sonnets, a new and beautiful edition; a book of Mrs. Child, entitled, "Looking about and Looking Toward Sunset;" "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and other Poems, by Longfellow; A new volume by Trowbridge; a new volume of Essays and Lectures by Emerson; "My Days and Nights on the Battle Field," a book for Boys by Mr. C. C. Coffin (Carleton), the war correspondent of *The Boston Journal*; and "Household Friends," with eighteen portraits on steel, uniform in size and style with "Favorite Authors."

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

Sales at the Stock Exchange—SEPT. 9.

25,000 N. Y. State 6s '73	114	200	Mich. Cen. RR.		17¾
1,000 Treasury 7-30 ⅌ cent		100	do		18
Notes, Del. and April	100¼	100	do		18
1,000 U. S. 5-20s, new	99½	100	do		18
1,000 Ill. War Loan	98	200	Mich. S. & N. Ind. RR.		55
5,000 Mo. State 6s	71	300	do		6
5,000 do	70	100	do		5
5,000 Mobile & Ill. & St. Jo. 1st	67	400	do		56
5,000 Cal. State 7s	120	100	do	55	6
5,000 Hudson River 3d Mtg	129	200	do		57
5,000 Atl. & T. H. Inc. Bds	85	100	do	55	7
6,000 C. & N. W. Inc. Bds	90	500	do		6
5,000 Chi. & N. W. 2d Mtg	93	100	do		5
5,000 do	67	100	do		56
8,000 Tol. & Wab. 2d Mtg	99	100	do	59	98
1,000 Chi. & Chi. 1st Fnd	114	100	do	59	97
2,000 Chi. & Chi. 2d Mtge	110	100	do		97
1,000 Pitts., Ft. W. & C. 2d	100	100	Mich. S. & N. I. RR.	55	10
4,000 do	107	100	Ill. Cen. Full Stock		15
30,000 American Gold	137	150	Ill. Cen. RR. Scrip		12
10,000 do	136½	500	do		12
200 Canton Company	77	500	do		12
30 Del. & Hud. Canal Co.	159	500	do		12
200 do	159	150	Clev. & Pitts. RR.		101
300 American Coal Company	68	200	do		10
200 do	68½	200	do		10
450 Quicksilver Mining Co	67	800	do		10
150 Cumb. Coal Pref.	31	400	do		10
1000 do	32	200	do		10
500 do	32½	500	do		10
1300 Pacific Mail SS. Co.	226	50	Clev., Col. & Cin. RR.		155
100 Pacific Mail SS. Co.	226	100	Buffalo, N. Y. & Erie R.		100
1250 N. Y. Central RR.	124	100	Cal. & Chic. RR.		9
100 do	124	100	Mil. & P. du C. RR.	110	7
150 do	124	200	do		8
100 do	124	100	Toledo & Wabash RR.		23
100 do	124	200	Pitts., Ft. W. & Ch. RR.		89
100 do	124	1000	do		8
100 do	124	100	do		8
100 do	124	200	do		8
300 do	124	100	do		8
300 do	55	100	do		8
200 Erie Railway	10	200	do		11
1000 do	10	25	do		10
100 do	10	100	Chi., Bur. & Quey. R. R.		121
2250 do	10	100	Mil. & P. du C. R. R.	110	7
750 do	10	50	do		8
200 do	10	100	Toledo & Wabash R. R.		23
200 do	10	100	Pitts., Ft. W. & Ch. R.		89
1200 do	10	100	do		8
100 do	10	100	do		8
100 do	10	100	do		8
100 do	10	100	do		8
200 Erie Railway Pref.	16	200	Alton & T. H. Boston R. R.		40
1000 do	16	200	Alton & T. H. Guar. Pref.		32
100 do	16	100	Chic. & N. West. R. R.		50
100 do	16	100	do		50
150 Hud. Riv. RR. Scrip	48	100	do		50
100 do	48	100	do		50
50 do	147	200	do		50
100 do	147	100	do		50
100 Reading Railroad	44	400	Chicago & Alton R. R.		42
200 do	44	100	Chicago & Alton Pref.		99
2300 Harlem RR.	13	50	Marietta & Cin. 2d Pf.		49
100 do	13	20	Cin., Ham. & Dayt. R.		75
100 do	13				

SECOND BOARD.

$5,000 U. S. 5-20s, new	99	100	Mich. Central RR.	10	121
1,000 Tenn. State 6s	62	100	do		121
3,000 Missouri State 6s	59	100	do		120
5,000 American Gold	137	100	do		120
1,000 Canton Coal Pref.	32	100	Mil. Sa. & N. I. RR.	10	55
300 do	49	100	do		56
200 do	49	100	do		56
200 do	49	100	do		9
100 N. Y. Cen. RR.	124	100	Clev. & Tol. RR.		110
100 do	124	100	Mich. S. & N. I. R. R.		12
200 Erie RR.	10	50	do		55
100 do	10	200	do		55
100 do	10	100	Ill. Cen. RR. Scrip		12
100 Erie RR. Pref.	16	50	do		12
100 do	16	200	Clev. & Pitts. RR.		5
100 Hud. Riv. RR.	48	200	do		10
300 Harlem Railroad	13	200	do		10
100 do	13	200	do		10
100 do	13	200	do		10
100 do	13	200	do		10
100 do	13	100	do		10
100 do	13	100	Gal. & Chi. RR.		1
100 Reading RR.	44	100	Chicago & Rock Isl.		10
100 do	44	100	do		10
100 do	44	100	Mil. & Ft. du C. RR.		7
100 do	44	200	do		8
200 do	44	200	do		8
200 do	44	200	do		8
200 Mich. Central RR.	11	100	do		8

SALES AT THE PUBLIC BOARD AT 3 P. M.

100 Harlem Railroad	13	100	Penn. Coal Company		148
100 do	13	100	Cumberland Coal		36
100 do	13	200	do		36
100 do	13	100	do		36
100 Reading RR.	44	100	do		36
100 do	44	100	do		36
100 do	44	100	do		36
100 do