NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THOREAU'S CAPE COD.

CAPE COD. By HENRY D. THOREAU. 12mo., pp. 452. Ticknor & Fields.

Almost every line of Mr. Thoreau's posthumous writings has a peculiar value as a remembrance and an illustration of his unique individuality. Earnest and upright in thinking,—of a rare natural probity in every relation,—taking no counsel with the past or with his cotemporaries,—cherishing a hirsute, savage independence,—blunt, defiant, antagonistic, often crabbed in his manners,—disdaining all gracious sweetnesses of expression in his love of plainness and candor of speech,—his literary productions have a certain racy, wild-grape flavor which always asserts a charm over even the most dainty tastes. Two things are always accomplished in his descriptions—they present a true picture of the man, with his original, eccentric ways, and a singularly nice and accurate view of external nature. The volume now issued is devoted to the sandy wastes, and the primitive population of the Southern Cape of Massachusetts. Mr. Thoreau made three visits to that famous, sea-girt locality, traversing it on foot in every direction, and mingling familiarly with the quaint, almost aboriginal people that inhabit its shores. His first experience furnishes a ghastly scene of which he does not fail to give a characteristic record.

We left Concord, Massachusetts, on Tuesday, October 9th, 1849. On reaching Boston, we found that the Provincetown steamer, which should have got in the day before, had not yet arrived, on account of a violent storm; and, as we noticed in the streets a handbill headed, "Death! one hundred and forty-five lives lost at Cohasset," we decided to go by way of Cohasset. We found many Irish in the cars, going to identify bodies and to sympathize with the survivors, and also to attend the funeral which was to take place in the afternoon;—and when we arrived at Cohasset it appeared that nearly all the passengers were bound for the beach, which was about a mile distant, and many other persons were flocking in from the neighboring country. There were several hundreds of them streaming off over Cohasset common in that direction, some on foot and some in wagons,—and among them were some sportsmen in their hunting-jackets, with their guns, and game-bags, and dogs. As we passed the graveyard we saw a large hole, like a cellar, freshly dug there, and, just before reaching the shore, by a pleasantly winding and rocky road, we met several hay-riggings and farm wagons coming away toward the meeting-house, each loaded with three large, rough deal boxes. We did not need to ask what was in them. The owners of the wagons were made the undertakers. Many horses in carriages were fastened to the fences near the shore, and for a mile or more, up and down, the beach was covered with people looking out for bodies, and examining the fragments of the wreck. There was a small island called Brook Island, with a hut on it, lying just off the shore. This is said to be the rockiest shore in Massachusetts, from Nantasket to Seituate,—hard scenitic rocks, which the waves have laid bare, but have not been able to crumble. It has been the scene of many a shipwreck.

The brig St. John, from Galway, Ireland, laden with emigrants, was wrecked on Sunday morning; it was now Tuesday morning, and the sea was still breaking violently on the rocks. There were eighteen or twenty of the same large boxes that I have mentioned, lying on a green hill-side, a few rods from the water, and surrounded by a crowd. The bodies which had been recovered, twenty-seven or eight in all, had been collected there. Some were rapidly nailing down the lids, others were carting the boxes away, and others were lifting the lids, which were yet loose, and peeping under the cloths, for each body, with such rags as still adhered to it, was covered loosely with a white sheet. I witnessed no signs of grief, but there was a sober dispatch of business which was affecting. One man was seeking to identify a particular body, and one undertaker or carpenter was calling to another to know in what box a certain child was put. I saw many terrible feet and matted heads as the cloths were raised, and one livid, swollen, mangled body of a drowned girl,—who probably had intended to go out to service in some American family,—to which some rags still adhered, with a string, half concealed by the flesh, about its swollen neck; the coiled-up wreck of a human hulk, gashed by the rocks or fishes, so that the bone and muscle were exposed, but quite bloodless,—merely red and white,—with wide-open and staring eyes, yet lusterless, dead-lights; or like the cabin windows of a stranded vessel, filled with sand. Sometimes there were two or more children, or a parent and child, in the same box, and on the lid would perhaps be written with red chalk, "Bridget such-a-one, and sister's child." The surrounding sward was covered with bits of sails and clothing. I have since heard, from one who lives by this beach, that a woman who had come over before, but had left her infant behind for her sister to bring, came and looked into these boxes, and saw in one,—probably the same whose superscription I have quoted,—her child in her sister's arms, as if the sister had meant to be found thus; and within three days after, the mother died from the effect of that sight.

We turned from this and walked along the rocky shore. In the first cove were strewn what seemed the fragments of a vessel, in small pieces mixed with sand and seaweed, and great quantities of feathers; but it looked so old and rusty, that I at first took it to be some old wreck which had lain there many years. I even thought of Captain Kidd, and that the feathers were those which sea-fowl had cast there; and perhaps there might be some tradition about it in the neighborhood. I asked a sailor if that was the St. John. He said it was. I asked him where she struck. He pointed to a rock in front of us, a mile from the shore, called Grampus Rock, and added:

"You can see a part of her now sticking up; it looks like a small boat."

I saw it. It was thought to be held by the chain-cables and the anchors. I asked if the bodies which I saw were all that were drowned.

"Not a quarter of them," said he.

"Where are the rest?"

"Most of them right underneath that piece you see."

His reflections on the occasion are as peculiar and suggestive, as his sketches are forcible and bright with the colors of nature.

On the whole, it was not so impressive a scene as I might have expected. If I had found one body cast upon the beach in some lonely place, it would have affected me more. I sympathized rather with the winds and waves, as if to toss and mangle these poor human bodies was the order of the day. If this was the law of Nature, why waste any time in awe or pity? If the last day were come, we should not think so much about the separation of friends or the blighted prospects of individuals. I saw that corpses might be multiplied, as on the field of battle, till they no longer affected us in any degree, as exceptions to the common lot of humanity. Take all the graveyards together, they are always the majority. It is the individual and private that demands our sympathy. A man can attend but one funeral in the course of his life, can behold but one corpse. Yet I saw that the inhabitants of the shore would be not a little affected by this event. They would watch there many days and nights for the sea to give up its dead, and their imaginations and sympathies would supply the place of mourners far away, who as yet knew not of the wreck. Many days after this, something white was seen floating on the water by one who was sauntering on the beach. It was approached in a boat, and found to be the body of a woman, which had risen in an upright position, whose white cap was blown back with the wind. I saw that the beauty of the shore itself was wrecked for many a lonely walker there, until he could perceive, at last, how its beauty was enhanced by wrecks like this, and it acquired thus a rarer and sublimer beauty still.

Why care for these dead bodies? They really have no friends but the worms or fishes. Their owners were coming to the New World, as Columbus and the Pilgrims did—they were within a mile of its shores; but, before they could reach it, they emigrated to a newer world than ever Columbus dreamed of, yet one of whose existence we believe that there is far more universal and convincing evidence—though it has not yet been discovered by science—than Columbus had of this; not merely mariners' tales and some paltry drift-wood and sea-weed, but a continual drift and instinct to all our shores. I saw their empty hulks that came to land; but they themselves, meanwhile, were cast upon some shore yet further west, toward which we are all tending, and which we shall reach at last, it may be through storm and darkness, as they did. No doubt, we have reason to thank God that they have not been "shipwrecked into life again." The mariner who makes the safest port in Heaven, perchance, seems to his friends on earth to be shipwrecked, for they deem Boston Harbor the better place; though perhaps invisible to them, a skillful pilot comes to meet him, and the fairest and balmiest gales blow off that coast, his good ship makes the land in halcyon days, and he kisses the shore in rapture there, while his old hulk tosses in the surf here. It is hard to part with one's body, but, no doubt, it is easy enough to do without it when once it is gone. All their plans and hopes burst like a bubble! Infants by the score dashed on the rocks by the enraged Atlantic Ocean! No, no! If the St. John did not make her port here, she has been telegraphed there. The strongest wind cannot stagger a Spirit; it is a Spirit's breath. A just man's purpose cannot be split on any Grampus or material rock, but itself will split rocks till it succeeds.

Here we have a touch of Cape Cod proper, which will tempt the reader to dip for himself into the pages of this erratic volume.

Our route was along the Bay side, through Barnstable, Yarmouth, Dennis, and Brewster, to Orleans, with a range of low hills on our right, running down the Cape. The weather was not favorable for wayside views, but we made the most of such glimpses of land and water as we could get through the rain. The country was, for the most part, bare, or with only a little scrubby wood left on the hills. We noticed in Yarmouth—and, if I do not mistake, in Dennis—large tracts where pitch-pines were planted four or five years before. They were in rows, as they appeared when we were abreast of them, and, excepting that there were extensive vacant spaces, seemed to be doing remarkably well. This, we were told, was the only use to which such tracts could be profitably put. Every higher eminence had a pole set up on it, with an old storm-coat or sail tied to it, for a signal, that those on the south side of the Cape, for instance, might know when the Boston packets had arrived on the north. It appeared as if this use must absorb the greater part of the old clothes of the Cape, leaving but few rags for the peddlers. The wind-mills on the hills—large weather-stained octagonal structures—and the salt-works scattered all along the shore, with their long rows of vats resting on piles driven into the marsh, their low, turtle-like roofs, and their slightest wind-mills, were novel and interesting objects to an islander. The sand by the roadside was partially covered with bunches of a moss-like plant, *Hudsonia tomentosa*, which a woman in the stage told us was called "poverty grass," because it grew where nothing else would.

I was struck by the pleasant equality which reigned among the stage company, and their broad and invulnerable good humor. They were what is called free and easy, and met one another to advantage, as men who had, at length, learned how to live. They appeared to know each other when they were strangers, they were so simple and downright. They were well met, in an unusual sense, that is, they met as well as they could meet, and did not seem to be troubled with any impediment. They were not afraid nor ashamed of one another, but were contented to make just such a company as the ingredients allowed. It was evident that the same foolish respect was not here claimed, for mere wealth and station, that is in many parts of New-England; yet some of them were the "first people," as they are called, of the various towns through which we passed. Retired sea-captains, in easy circumstances, who talked of farming as sea-captains are wont; a street respectable, and trustworthy-looking man, in his wrapper, some of the salt of the earth, who had formerly been the salt of the sea; or a more courtly gentleman, who, perchance, had been a representative to the General Court in his day; or a broad, red-faced Cape Cod man, who had seen too many storms to be easily irritated; or a fisherman's wife, who had been waiting a week for a coaster to leave Boston, and had at length come by the cars.

A strict regard for truth obliges us to say that the few women whom we saw that day looked exceedingly pinched up. They had prominent chins and noses, having lost all their teeth, and a sharp fit would represent their profile. They were not so well preserved as their husbands, or perchance they were well preserved as dried specimens. (Their husbands, however, were pickled.) But we respect them not the less for all that, our own dental system is far from perfect.

Still we kept on in the rain, or, if we stopped, it was commonly at a post-office, and we thought that writing letters and scoring them against our arrival, must be the principal employment of the inhabitants of the Cape this rainy day. The post-office appeared a singularly domestic institution here. Ever and anon the stage stopped before some low shop or dwelling, and a wheelwright or shoemaker appeared in his shirt sleeves and leather apron, with spectacles newly donned, holding up Uncle Sam's bag, as if it were a slice of home-made cake for the travelers, while he retailed some piece of gossip to the driver, really as indifferent to the presence of the former as if they were so much baggage. In one instance we understood that a woman was the postmistress, and they said that she made the best rum on the road; but we suspected that the letters must be subjected to a very close scrutiny there. While we were stopping for this purpose at Dennis, we ventured to put our heads out of the windows, to see where we were going, and saw rising before us through the mist singular barren hills, all stricken with poverty-grass, looming up as if they were in the horizon, though they were close to us, and we seemed to have got to the end of the land on that side, notwithstanding that the horses were still headed that way. Indeed, that part of Dennis which we saw was an exceedingly barren and desolate country, of a character which I can find no name for; such a surface, perhaps, as the bottom of the sea made dry land day before yesterday. It was covered with poverty-grass, and there was hardly a tree in sight, but here and there a little weather-stained, one-storied house, with a red roof—for often the roof was painted, though the rest of the house was not—standing bleak and cheerless, yet with a broad foundation to the land, where the comfort must have been all inside. Yet we read in the Gazetteer—for we carried that too with us—that in 1837, one hundred and fifty masters of vessels belonging to this town sailed from the various ports of the Union. There must be many more houses in the south part of the town, else we cannot imagine where they all lodge when they are at home, if ever they are there; but the truth is, their houses are fleeting ones, and their home is on the ocean. There were almost no trees at all in this part of Dennis, nor could I learn that they talked of setting out any. It is true, there was a meeting-house set round with Lombardy poplars in a hollow square, the rows fully as straight as the ends of a building, and the corners as square; but, if I do not mistake, every one of them was dead. I could not help thinking that they needed a revival here.

We must not omit Mr. Thoreau's account of the Cape Cod light-house, which was a wonderful institution at the time of his visit, though it has since been supplanted in the march of improvement by a more brilliant structure.

"The Highland Light-house, where we were staying, is a substantial-looking building of brick, painted white, and surmounted by an iron cap. Attached to it is the dwelling of the keeper, one story high, also of brick, and built by Government. As we were going to spend the night in a light-house, we wished to make the most of so novel an experience, and therefore told our host that we would like to accompany him when he went to light up. At rather early candle-light he lighted a small Japan lamp, allowing it to smoke rather more than we like on ordinary occasions, and told us to follow him. He led the way first through his bedroom, which was placed nearest to the light-house, and then through a long, narrow, covered passage-way, between whitewashed walls like a prison entry, into the lower part of the light-house, where many great butts of oil were arranged around; thence we ascended by a winding and open iron stairway, with a steadily increasing scent of oil and lamp-smoke, to a trap-door in an iron floor, and through this into the lantern. It was a neat building, with everything in apple-pie order, and no danger of anything rusting there for want of oil. The light consisted of fifteen argand lamps, placed within smooth concave reflectors twenty-one inches in diameter, and arranged in two horizontal circles one above the other, facing every way excepting directly down the Cape. These were surrounded, at a distance of two or three feet, by large plate-glass windows, which defied the storms, with iron sashes, on which rested the iron cap. All else, iron work, except the floor, was painted white. And thus the light-house was completed. We walked slowly round in that narrow space as the keeper lighted each lamp in succession, conversing with him at the same moment that many a sailor on the deep witnessed the lighting of the Highland Light. His duty was to fill and trim and light his lamps, and keep bright the reflectors. He filled them every morning, and trimmed them commonly once in the course of the night. He complained of the quality of the oil which was furnished. This house consumes about eight hundred gallons in a year, which cost not far from one dollar a gallon; but perhaps a few lives would be saved if better oil were provided. Another light house keeper said that the same proportion of Winter-strained oil was sent to the southernmost light-house in the Union as to the most northern. Formerly, when this light-house had windows with small and thin panes, a severe storm would sometimes break the glass, and then they were obliged to put up a wooden shutter in haste to save their lights and reflectors,—and sometimes in tempests, when the mariner stood most in need of their guidance, they had thus nearly converted the light-house into a dark lantern, which emitted only a few feeble rays, and those commonly on the land or lee side. He spoke of the anxiety and sense of responsibility which he felt in cold and stormy nights in the Winter; when he knew that many a poor fellow was depending on him, and his lamps burned dimly, the oil being chilled. Sometimes he was obliged to warm the oil in a kettle in his house at midnight, and fill his lamps over again,—for he could not have a fire in the light-house, it produced such a sweat on the windows. His successor told me that he could not keep too hot a fire in such a case. All this because the oil was poor. A Government lighting the mariners on its Wintry coast with Summer-strained oil, to save expense! That were surely a Summer-strained mercy.

This keeper's successor, who kindly entertained me the next year, stated that one extremely cold night, when this and all the neighboring lights were burning Summer oil, but he had been provident enough to reserve a little Winter oil against emergencies, he was waked up with anxiety, and found that his oil was congealed, and his lights almost extinguished; and when, after many hours' exertion, he had succeeded in replenishing his reservoirs with Winter oil at the wick end, and with difficulty had made them burn, he looked out and found that the other lights in the neighborhood, which were usually visible to him, had gone out, and he heard afterward that the Pamet River and Billingsgate Lights also had been extinguished.

Our host said that the frost, too, on the windows caused him much trouble, and in sultry Summer nights the moths covered them and dimmed his lights; sometimes even small birds flew against the thick plate glass, and were found on the ground beneath in the morning with their necks broken. In the Spring of 1855 he found nineteen small yellowbirds, perhaps goldfinches or myrtle-birds, thus lying dead around the light-house; and sometimes in the Fall he had seen where a golden plover had struck the glass in the night, and left the down and the fatty part of its breast on it.

Thus he struggled, by every method, to keep his light shining before men. Surely the light-house keeper has a responsible, if an easy, office. When his lamp goes out, he goes out; or, at most, only one such accident is pardoned.

I thought it a pity that some poor student did not live there, to profit by all that light, since he would not rob the mariner. "Well," he said, "I do sometimes come up here and read the newspaper when they are noisy down below." Think of fifteen argand lamps to read the newspaper by! Government oil!—light enough, perchance, to read the Constitution by! I thought that he should read nothing less than his Bible by that light. I had a classmate who fitted for college by the lamps of a light-house, which was more light, we think, than the University afforded.

We can commend this volume to the wayfarers both by sea-side and wood-side as an agreeable Summer companion, abounding in spicy allusions and dry humor, rigidly Pre-Raphaelitish in its local coloring, and revealing a rich, strange nature in the writer, while it gives an intense, almost palpable, reality to the scenes which come in contact with his creative, swarming brain.

Books Received.

My Married Life at Hillside. By Barry Gray. 12mo. pp. 280. Hurd & Houghton.

Life and Military Career of Major-Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman. By the Rev. P. C. Headley. 12mo. pp. 362. William H. Appleton.

At Anchor. A Story of Our Civil War. By An American. 12mo. pp. 311. D. Appleton & Co.

Sermons on Moral Subjects. By His Eminence, Cardinal Wiseman. 8vo. pp. 434. D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

History of Julius Cæsar. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 403. Harper & Brothers.

The Ideal Attained. By Eliza W. Farnham. 12mo. pp. 310. C. M. Plumb & Co.

Mysteries of the Back Woods. By T. B. Thorpe, esq. 12mo. pp. 193. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The Adventures of Fudge Fumble. 12mo. pp. 232. The Same.

Husbands and Homes. By Marion Harland. 12mo. pp. 300. Sheldon & Co.

LITERARY ITEMS.

Mr. Tennyson has recently returned to his residence, in the Isle of Wight, from his mother's funeral. Mrs. Tennyson, whose loss has affected her son deeply, enjoyed to the last a hale old age, and died upward of 80. She had lived many years in the neighborhood of Hampstead.

A letter from M. Feuillet d'Conches, editor of the Correspondence of Queen Marie Antoinette, states that a discovery has recently been made in the private library of the Emperor of Austria of a series of letters between Maria Theresa and her daughter, Marie Antoinette, from the marriage of the latter to the death of the Empress. There are 94 letters, of which 30 of the original have been found, but the copies of the others are being fully authenticated. The letter adds that M. Arneth, member of the States of Austria, and deputy conservator of the imperial archives, is about to publish the letters.

M. H. G. Ollendorf, the author of many well-known grammars of modern languages, has just died in Paris.

Mrs. Elizabeth T. Porter Beach, the author of "Pelayo," has received from the Queen of Spain, through Admiral Pasling, a gift of a massive elaborately wrought, enameled, golden bracelet, adorned with a valuable Oriental topaz. Above this topaz is a tiny crown in diamonds, and at its base a large pearl. The topaz bears the cipher of the Queen. The gift was accompanied with a letter from the private secretary of Isabel II., presenting the jewel, as an acknowledgment for the pleasure she has received from "Pelayo."

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

Sales at the Stock Exchange—April 26.

U.S. 6s 1881 con.		Cumb. Coal Pref.		Illinois Central.	
14,000	109½	100	b10. 53	1,200	116¼
U. S. 6s 1881 reg		100	53½	100	s10. 115
2,000	109	100	53½	100	s60. 114
U.S. 6s, 5-20 cp.		100	53	Cleve. & Pitts.	
140,000	108½	50	54	500	78½
20,000	108¾	Quicksilver Min		500	78½
U.S. 6s 5-20 con.		1,000	65	4,000	79
20,000 n.s.	108¼	200	65½	Clev. & N. W.	
10,000	108⅞	100	b10. 68½	1,000	34
U.S. 6s 10-40 cp.		100	68½	1,200	34½
26,000	97	N. Y. Central.		100	34½
25,000	97¼	900	101¼	1,000	34¾
54,000	97½	200	b10. 101½	1,500	35
Tennessee 6s '30		500	101½	Chic. N&W pref.	
5,000	61½	600	101	100	86½
4,000	60½	100	100½	500	86
Missouri St. 6s.		300	100	300	b30. 65
2,000	65	Erie.		1,400	65
2,000	64½	4,500	80½	Cleve. & Tol.	
Mo. 6s, Pac. R. 1s		3,500	80½	500	103
4,000	74	1,000	80	Chic. & R. I.	
Ohio & Miss. ctfs.		600	80½	800	99
50,000	28½	Erie Pref.		400	98½
50,000	28¼	300	88½	Mil. & P. Du C.	
2,000	28	200	90	100	39
N. Y. Cen. 6s.		Hudson River.		200	39½
1,000	98½	400	109	700	40
Mich. So. & N. I. b		50	109½	Mil. & P. Du C. pf.	
4,000	103	500	109½	100	75
Chi. & N. W. I M		900	109½	Pt., Ft. W. & Chi.	
6,000	84	Brooklyn City R		38	98½
Cle. & Tol. S. F. b.		50	130	200	99
5,000	100	Reading.		400	98½
Ch. & Al. In. bds.		200	108½	200	99
10,000	89	1,250	109	200	99½
American Gold.		1,500	109¼	100	99½
13,000	151	3,000	109½	Alton & T. H.	
20,000 s30.	149	700	109¾	100	40
Bank of Com'ce.		Mich. Central.		600	42
12	105	100	111	100	44
Fourth Nat'l Bk		200	111½	100	45
47	96	Mich. S. & N. I.		Chic. & Alton.	
Canton Co.		1,100	70	100	89
100	36¼	100	b10. 70½	50	90
400	36	100	s10. 70	Alton & T.H. pf.	
400	35¾	300	b30. 70½	200	70
100	b10. 36	200	69	Chic. & Alt. pf.	
Mariposa M Co.		500	69¼	500	95
200	15	300	69½		

SECOND BOARD.

U.S. 6s 1881 con.		N. Y. Central.		Mich. Central.	
100,000	109¾	100	101	100	112
U. S. 6s 5-20 con.		250	100½	100	112½
50,000	108½	100	100½	Mich. So. & N. I.	
U.S. 5s 10-40 con.		100	s10. 100	100	70½
2,000	97½	100	b30. 100½	1,000	70½
10,000	97¾	Erie.		Illinois Central.	
10,500	97	50	82	100	116½
Missouri 6s.		200	82½	100	s30. 115
10,000	64½	300	82½	Cleve. & Pitts'gh	
3,000	65	500	82½	300	79½
Ohio & Miss. cer.		500	83	1,500	79½
60,000	29	200	83½	Chicago & N. W.	
Canton Co.		1,000	83½	500	34½
200	37	Hudson River.		400	s30. 34
100	37½	250	111	200	34½
Cumb. Coal pref.		350	112	700	34½
100	52	100	s30. 110½	100	s30. 34½
25	50	100	112	200	35
Quicksilver.		50	b10. 112½	100	34½
300	66	Reading.		Chicago & R. I.	
100	66½	3,200	109¾	300	99½
Chi. & N. W. pref.		500	109¾	800	99½
400	65	Mil. & Pr. du Ch.		Erie preferred.	
100	65½	50	41	100	92
200	65½	100	44	Pitts. F. W. & Ch.	
200	65½			700	100

WEDNESDAY, April 26—P. M.

Gold opened at 152, and was not strong at any time during the day. The closing price was 150¾. The demand for Custom-House purposes absorbs a good deal of cash gold. The firmness in Exchange also sustains the price for the moment, but there is no strong buying for an upward turn.

Government Stocks are all strong and in active demand. The 6s of 1881 sold at 109@109¼; 5-20s, 108¼@108¾, and 10-40s, 97¼@97¼. At the close of business the rates were for 6s of 1881, 109¾@109¾; 5-20s, 108¾, and 10-40s, 97¼. Tennessee 6s and Missouri 6s were both lower upon trifling sales. Railway bonds, bank shares and all loan investment stocks are held with great firmness at full prices. At the Stock Exchange the market did not maintain the extreme quotations of last night, but the only weakness shown was that caused by sales to realize profits. After the Board there was a brisk demand and higher prices paid than for some time. Erie sold at 82¼, Michigan Southern at 71, Fort Wayne 100¼, and North-Western preferred, 65¾. At this advance, a disposition was shown to realize profits again. The extreme rates were not sustained, but there was no pressure to sell, and up to the meeting of the Second Board prices were strong. At the Second Board the market was irregular, but as a whole firm, Erie selling at one time at 83¾ and receiving the chief attention. In the street the market was strong and prices were fully maintained.

The market has all the elements which attended the upward movements of 1863 and 1864, abundance of money, satisfactory earnings, and a wide circle of operations. The amount of business done by telegraph is very large and the whole vigor of speculation has been brought to bear upon railway property.

Money is abundant at 4@6 per cent on call, and brokers are paying off 5@6 per cent loans to a large extent. Commercial paper is in more request and is used at 6@10 per cent. The chief desire of lenders is to obtain temporary use for capital, and long engagements are not in favor. With the exception of the Government loan there is no long borrower upon the market. The mining and oil stocks offered to the public are in poor demand. They employ very little money, and are as nearly dead as Colorado gold shares. Money is now so much more abundant than shares in corporate property that the latter are sought for with an eagerness which will put them for the moment to points approaching those of the early part of 1864.

Exchange is held higher in the expectation of large sales of Government stocks on European account, the proceeds to be at once remitted. The rates are: Bankers' sterling, 60 days, 109¼@110; bankers' sterling, 3 days, 110¼@110¾; merchants' sterling, 108¼@108¾; francs, 5.8¼@5.12½.

Freights are very dull. The engagements to Liverpool are 50 boxes Bacon on private terms. To London, 50 boxes Bacon on private terms. To Marseilles, 5,000 Staves on private terms. A Bremen ship was chartered from St. Johns to London, with Deals, on private terms.

The business of the Sub-Treasury was: Receipts, $5,596,697 17; for Customs, $417,000; Payments, $3,162,675 49; on account Loan, $1,465,000; Balance, $35,074,157 53.

The following statement shows the condition of the Philadelphia banks:

	Last week.	This week.		
Capital	$14,532,150	$14,532,150		
Loans	50,310,519	50,319,031	Dec.	491,488
Specie	1,236,333	1,221,798	Dec.	12,531
Legal Ten.	17,991,294	19,188,676	Inc.	1,197,382
Deposits	41,187,764	42,591,060	Inc.	1,363,296
Circulation	8,332,343	8,313,889	Inc.	81,546

A telegram from San Francisco, dated 25th inst., quotes mining stocks, &c., as follows: Gould & Curry, $1,200; Savage, $2,625; Yellow Jacket, $2,425; Ophir, $570; Potosi, $805; Belcher, $1,710.

The Cincinnati Commercial of Monday, says:

Exchange is in large demand. Bankers are able to keep up a supply more easily than they did, though they are not accumulating it to any extent. A more confident feeling is obtaining in the markets generally, not indicated by speculative movements but by fuller purchases of goods in anticipation of a consumptive trade.

The total value of foreign goods imported into the port of Boston for the week ending April 21, was $428,118, against $1,200,135 for the corresponding week last year.

The total value of exports from Boston, for the week ending April 21, including specie, amounted to $239,214, against $347,094 for the corresponding week in 1864.

The Providence Journal of Monday, of printing cloths, says:

Market very firm, with an upward tendency. Prints are bringing 20c., 21c., and 22c., and are taken as fast as they arrive. Between the brown cloths and the prints, it leaves the printers a large margin. Cotton may remain at the present price, but print cloths must advance. The following are the sales:

8,500 pieces 56x62, 10½c., at the close; 5,000 pieces 56x60, 10c., early in the week; 19,000 pieces 56x60, 10½c.; 5,000 pieces 56x60, 10½c.; 10,000 pieces 60x64, 12c., early in the week; 23,000 pieces 60x64, 10½c.; 7,000 pieces 60x64, 11½c.; 5,000 pieces 60x64, 11½c.; 2,000 pieces 60x64, 12c., at the close; 10,000 pieces 64x60, 11½c., early in the week; 19,000 pieces 64x64, 12c.; 5,000 pieces 64x64, 12½c.; 14,000 pieces 64x64, 12½c., at the close. Total, 129,500 pieces.

The receipts of gold from California at New-York from January 1 to April 14 were, in 1863, $5,407,042; in 1864, $3,850,449; in 1865, $6,097,784.

The First National Bank sold $500,000 of 7.30s, and paid Treasury drafts of $1,000,000 to-day.

The auction sales of dry goods to-day, after two broken weeks, have been resumed with much spirit. Colored Jeans sold at 25c.; black Silesias, 18c., and slate do. 15½c.; Lancaster Coquette Jeans, 15½c.; bleached Cotton Flannels, 18c.; Naumkeag do., 23c.; heavy Cottonades, 17½@19c.; Cadet Kentucky Jeans, 31½c.; Winnebago do., 32c.; Princeton Jeans, 31c.; Oxford mixed do., 34c.; Assorted Tweeds, 42½c., dark gray Waverly Faille, 39c.; purple Jeans, 37½c.; Sheep's Gray, 36½c.; fancy Satinets, 35c.; blue Jeans, 40c.; "B" & "4" 3/4 scarlet Flannels, 35c.; crimson do. do., 44½c.; indigo blue do., 37½c.; 6-4 Washington do. do., 81½c., etc. The staple domestics sold freely and at good prices. Cotton 4-4 brown sheeting brought 24c.; Androscoggin 4-4 bleached do., 31c.; Greene Co. 4-4 do., 24c.; Plymouth "B" 7-8 do., 19c.; 4-4 Mattapoisett bleached shirtings, 22c.; Maxwell "C" 4-4 do., 27c.; Attawaugan, water twist, 4-4 do., 28c.; Sowah 4-4 do., 25c.; Laurel "C" brown shirtings, 22c.; James River 4-4 do., 30c., and 33in. do., 28c., and Arnold prints, 16c. At the store of Messrs. Benkard & Hutton there was begun sale of French and British goods, by Townsend, Montant & Co. The sale opened with a large line of Bombazines, the prices running rather irregularly high and low, at times, ranging from $1 20 to $2 37. The duplicates on these goods were quite heavy. The 6-4 Lapius drab Pete, sold at $3 75, and the 7-4 Biarritz at $2 65. The carpet sale at Hadden & Co.'s was well attended. Corn Mats sold at 42@45c.; Corn Matting, 55c.; rolls of Quinquo "B" "C" Matting, 57c.; 6-4 do., 54c.; 6-4 do., 67c.; 4-4 Red Check do., 57c.; 4-4 Gowqua do., 56c., and 5-4 do., 61c.

The Michigan Southern road earned the 3d week in April, 1864, $74,397; 1865, $75,897. Increase, $1,300.

The passenger traffic shows a gain of $8,000. Its eastern connections cannot move the freight offered to them.

The Rock Island road earned the 3d week in April, 1864, $54,056; 1865, $42,693. Decrease, $11,363.

Grain is being stored along this road, under the idea that higher prices are to be paid in future.

The Erie Railway's gross traffic thus far in April is $1,800,000, and for the month will exceed $2,000,000. Its net traffic in April, 1864, was $1,099,507. The only complaint against all roads leading from New-York city is that they cannot move freight fast enough.

The Cleveland and Toledo road earned the first half of April: 1864, $81,727; 1865, $92,804; increase, $11,077.

The Toledo and Wabash road earned the third week in April: 1864, $28,088; 1865, $30,655; increase, $1,567.

The Milwaukee and Prairie du Chien Road earned in 1864 for the fiscal year, $1,711,280; same time in 1863, $1,247,257; Increase in gross traffic, $464,023.

The net earnings were as follows: 1863, $453,510; 1864, $504,330; Increase, $50,820.

The shipments of Coal by the Pennsylvania Coal Company, were: By rail for week ending April 22, 10,857.11 tuns; previously for 1865, 108,162.05 tuns; Total, 119,019.16 tuns; to same date 1864, 33,856.06 tuns; Increase, 55,163.10 tuns.

The aggregate amount of exports (exclusive of specie) from the port of New-York to foreign ports for the week ending April 25, 1865, was $2,008,843.

The subscriptions and sales of 7.30s at the Ninth National Bank to-day amount to $370,300.

FOURTH NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.
Nos. 27 AND 29 PINE-ST.,
DEPOSITORY AND FINANCIAL AGENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
Have for sale, ready for delivery,
UNITED STATES 7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES,
Convertible, at maturity, into 5-20 GOLD-BEARING BONDS.
Also,
UNITED STATES 10-40 BONDS,
UNITED STATES 5-20 BONDS,
UNITED STATES 1-YEAR CERTIFICATES.
We also collect Government Vouchers and Drafts, and attend to other business with the Government.
F. C. CALHOUN, President.
J. SEAMAN, Cashier.

LIVERMORE, CLEWS & CO.,
BANKERS,
No. 32 Wall-st., N. Y.,
GOVERNMENT AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF THE U. S. 7 3.10 LOAN.
Commission allowed Bankers, Brokers, Insurance Companies, and all parties purchasing for resale.
All denominations on hand, ready for immediate delivery.
ALL KINDS OF U. S. SECURITIES BOUGHT AND SOLD.
HENRY CLEWS & CO.
Successors to
LIVERMORE, CLEWS & CO.

Markets—CAREFULLY REPORTED FOR THE N. Y. TRIBUNE.

WEDNESDAY, April 26, 1865.

ASHES—The market is without change in prices; sales at $8 for Pots, and $8 25@$8 50 for Pearls.

BEESWAX—There has been only a moderate retail business since our last; prices at the close are nominal at 49@50c. for Yellow Western and Southern.

COTTON—The market continues very active and excited, and prices have again advanced, closing very strong; the demand is from both spinners and speculators, and during the day sales and resales of 6,000 bales have taken place; we quote Middlings at 35@37c.

COFFEE—The demand is still good, and further sales of Rio have been at full prices, the market closing very strong; the transactions embrace 4,200 bags Rio ex Syanon on private terms, and 250 bags Rio at 21¼c. gold; other styles are not much sought after, and we have only to note 300 packets Java at 23c., and 250 bags Maracaibo at 20@21c., all net cash, gold; Messrs. William Scott & Son make the stock of Rio in the country 38,294 bags, including 33,294 here, 1,000 in Philadelphia, and 4,000 in Baltimore.

COAL—The inquiry for Foreign is fair, but we are without supplies, and prices are nominally the same as last quoted. Domestic is more plenty; the arrivals are largely in excess of the demand, and prices, under the greatly reduced consumption, much lower and tend downward; sales from yard at $9@$10 50 ⅌ ton of 2,000 lb.

The public sale of Scranton Coal to-day was very largely attended, but it lacked the spirit that was anticipated. The whole of the offerings, however, which comprised 25,000 tons, were all disposed of at the following prices: $6 89 for Lump, $7 06 for Steamboat, $7 16 for Grate, $7 43 for Egg, $8 05 for Stove, and $8 27 for Chestnut—average on the whole, $7 24. These figures show a decline of about $2 per ton as compared with the last sale.

CANDLES—Adamantine are in moderate demand, but prices are without essential change; we note sales of 300 boxes at 23@30c., closing quiet at 23@23½c. Sperm is selling at 37@40c., and Patent at 47@50c. for all brands.

COPPER—There has been only a limited business in American Ingot since our last; in prices we have no special change to note; small sales at the close at 34@35c. New Sheathing, Bolts and Braz