Agonistes.

Between the pillars! let him stand,
Knight of the jaw-bone and the brand,
With fireless eye and fettered hand.

The world is weary of the jest;
The daylight darkens down the West;
Between the pillars let him rest!

Aye! dream that on each sacred hill
His feet of triumph trample still;
Philistia ravaged at his will.

To-morrow, and the night is short,
Refreshed in rage, our gentle court
Shall summon him to make us sport.

Peace from pinnacle to porch!
Not a jaw-bone or a torch,
Evermore to smite or scorch!

Between the pillars! Ye have read
The simple prayer the captive said,
And how the blind man bowed his head.

ONE OUT OF FOUR.

A run down to the coast, a sniff of sea-air, and a bath are not bad refreshers and restoratives after hard work and anxiety in London; at least I thought so as I started from Victoria with a headache, a leather-bag, and a firm intention of spending a day at the Warden at Dover. The slow early train which conveyed me and my accompaniments stopped at every station, the names of which the porters loudly proclaimed by zoological noises, probably intelligible to themselves, but not to my ears suggestive of any British locality. Boys with shrill voices endeavored to persuade me to purchase the morning papers, and thrust funny cartoons under my nose; others proposed complicated exchanges of periodical literature; but I turned a deaf ear and vacant eye to the tempters, and even rejected the proffered conversation of a corpulent gentleman sitting opposite, with a red face and a nose at a white heat, who informed me that it was a fine sunny morning, but rather misty—a meteorological fact which had not escaped my observation; but as I wished to repose my fragile frame and to sooth my nervous system, I had no desire for discussion.

Shortly before entering Dover, the engine was seized with an internal derangement, which caused a stoppage and increased the uncertainty of my proceedings. During this delay, my first plan was finally annihilated by the seductions of the quaint little town where we were detained. Its old red-brick houses glowed in the sunlight, and the smooth expanse of the channel, extended before me, studded with sails of all colors hanging lazily in the golden mist of a September morning, decided me to stay.

"Open the door, guard!" I shouted; "I'll get out here."

And leaving my headache and my morning's intentions in the carriage, I seized my bag, passed rapidly through the small deserted station, and entered the narrow streets of the town.

The houses, which were low and irregular, contained shops for the sale of ship's stores and sailors' clothing. Complete suits of oil-skin armor, with shining "sou'-westers," were hung in rows over the doors, like the preserved pirates in chains which formerly ornamented our coasts in the "dear old times" we are so often told to regret; when Tyburn tree was so rich in blossoms that it was feared the supply of rope would fail—

"Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply."

Rich bunches of "Bluchers" and woollen gloves without fingers, recembling the fruit of some gigantic banana, adorned the shop-fronts; while bales of blue serge and pillars of red-night caps obstructed the entrance. And from the pungent odor with which the surrounding atmosphere was impregnated, I concluded that red-herrings and strong butter were to be had within.

Half way up the principal street, behind a railing, stood an old church, with a burial-ground at its back sloping down to a stony beach, against which the smooth waters of the channel rippled and murmured incessantly.

I sat down, and gradually fell into a pleasant dream of hazy recollections and dissolving fancies, to which the roar of London streets still ringing in my ears, mingled with the silvery sound of the waves, made what is called "appropriate music." These lulling melodies were soon interrupted by a peal of bells from the church, which roused me from my agreeable reverie.

Upon making inquiries of an intelligent inhabitant as to the cause of the disturbance, I found that the noise was the precursor of a wedding, which was about to be "celebrated" at the church behind the railing.

"It's only one of our boatmen, sir—one of our seafaring folks," remarked a sailor standing at the door, removing—to facilitate expectoration—a pipe from a large mouth bordered with spots of solidified tobacco-juice. "The girl's a good-looking lass, though—you'll like to see her. She's a tidy craft—we call her Pretty Poll down here. What a sight of fellows has been in love a long o'her! She was always changing 'em; but she's caught now, anyhow."

These hints excited my curiosity, and I entered. The wedding was "on."

The broad back of the bridegroom and the pretty waist of the bride, as they knelt, first caught my eye.

He seemed to take the affair as coolly as if he had been splicing a rope or scraping a spar. The lady seemed impressed by the solemnity which surrounded her. She was not by any means one of the common objects of the seashore. Her dark hair; bright cheeks and white teeth gave her the appearance of a Boulogne fish-girl, with deep-blue eyes soft and dreamy. Her figure, though inclined to fatness, was graceful and well proportioned, and her hand as she held it out to receive the ring, though rather dark in color, was small and well shaped.

My friend with the pipe was right; she was decidedly a very pretty girl, or, as he called her, "a tidy craft."

She was dressed in silk for the occasion; but in spite of her smart attire she looked subdued, and her face had a thoughtful and rather sad expression—not unusual, I am informed, at weddings.

The marriage was soon over, and she left the church leaning rather clumsily on the arm of her lord. As they walked through the churchyard, among the simple but well-kept graves, I observed that the burly boatman and his fair-eyed partner stopped before one of the mounds, which was distinguished by a plain wooden cross.

This little monument was not new, but showed the wear and wasting of more than one winter.

They only paused for a moment, but it was long enough to give me another glance at the bride's face as she turned partly round; and her blue eyes resting on the cross had a look so mournful and pensive, that I fancied, if I had been nearer, I might have seen a tear steal down her cheek.

The little group of people soon dispersed, and I lost sight of them. The church was locked up and the churchyard deserted, except by some boys, who began a game of hide-and-seek among the tombs, and a few idle sailors, who seemed to find the grave-stones cool and comfortable seats on a hot day.

It is touching to find that our usefulness does not always end with life.

I spent some hours lazily on the shingle, throwing pebbles into the water, and watching the rings as they rippled to the land or died away out to sea, till the cravings of a sharpened appetite drove me to the nearest inn. It was not in any respect like the Warden, but it was able to supply my frugal wants in the usual British fashion.

When the sun was sinking in the west, casting long shadows upon the shore and tinging the white sails with red, I lit a cigar and strolled out along the sea, away from the town. The rows and terraces of brick ceased; the houses first became semi-detached—then detached—then straggling; and I soon came to the last cottage.

It was surrounded by a garden a few yards wide, which at one time had been carefully ornamented with paths of sifted shingle, large nodules of flint, shells, and other homely decorations. But it was now neglected; the borders were overgrown, the flowers dead, and patches of long tangled grass reminded me of a forgotten grave. Two small windows in the cottage overlooked the beach and reflected the rays of the evening sun. The whitewashed walls sloped to the eastward, as if they had yielded to the winds that had blown against them for more than a century, while the thatch on the roof was dry and shining.

The door stood open, and I looked in. The outer room served as a boatsman's storehouse, and was nearly full of boat's gear. Old sails, blocks and tackles, and tar-brushes were numerous, coils of rope hung on the walls, together with oil-skin coats, lanterns, pots of patch, and nets in various states of repair, while the floor was strewn with broken oars and pieces of drift-wood, probably cast up during the gales that sweep that dreary coast every winter.

The inner room was clean and neat; some nautical pictures hung over the mantlepiece and a clock with a melancholy face ticked in the corner.

Though the weather was hot, a fire was burning, or rather smouldering, in a little stove, by the side of which stood a vacant chair. As I entered, an old man, who sat at the window, looking listlessly out to sea, raised his eyes.

"Will you let me take a light, my friend?"

"Certainly, sir," said he, rising and stirring the coals in the ship's stove, the chimney-pipe of which passed out of one of the windows.

The old man, as he stood up, looked very much like the cottage he lived in. In his day he had been upright and strong; but age, hard work and rough weather, had bent him earthward. His silvery hair was dry and thin like the thatch, and his gray dreamy eyes reflected the sunlight, and seemed to be

"With his heart, and that was far away."

I asked him if he lived all alone.

"I do now, sir, since my old woman died—two year ago come Christmas."

"Don't you feel dull all by yourself?"

"It is very lonely like; but I don't care to see people much now, they're all so busy with their own concerns. I was busy, too, sir, *once*."

Here the old fellow hung his head and sighed. As he paused, I answered that there were many people who were not altogether taken up with their own affairs, and who would be glad to come and cheer him up and chat with him.

"Well, sir, the parson does come to me sometimes. He is a kind man, and was good to me in my trouble—I like to hear his step on the door. He don't talk one to death. He tells me what I can understand—for I'm no scholar—he tells me we shall meet up above with those we've parted from down here."

He seemed quite overcome by the few words he had said, and his eyes was full of tears as he turned to the window and stood for some time gazing silently out to sea.

How I pitied this solitary man in his old age, bereft of his helpmate. He seemed so sad, and yet so resigned and hopeful. I felt a great wish to hear something more of his life; but I did not like to press him to tell me his story just then, so I continued puffing my cigar in silence, to give him time to recover his serenity.

After a long pause he began again, and I listened.

"This time two years ago, sir, my great trouble came upon me; I can't get over it, and never shall now. Every time the fall of the year comes round, and the leaves begin to drop, and the wind to roar at night, I seem to live it all over again."

"It is two years, is it, since your poor wife died?"

"It is two years, sir, since my wife and my boy Joe and me lived here altogether. Them two boats as you see a little way down the beach were ours then. We had a third too, a 'galley-punt;' but I've sold them two now, for I shall never go afloat again. My boy and I could get a good living out of them. There was not much doing in summer time, nor yet in smooth weather, but we used to go out with the lines or the nets; and sometimes we'd make a good take of mackerel, and sell many score of them to the London people. And so we rubbed along, and now and then Joe would get a job to pilot a vessel up channel.

"The summer is always our hard time. It's our winter, you see, sir; and we are more likely to knock at the workhouse-door at midsummer than we are at Christmas.

"We are not like the shore-going people. We reap our harvest off the sea, and the rougher it is the better crops we get, you know.

"Joe was a first-rate seaman and a regular pilot he was, and as fine a lad as ever stepped on the forecastle of a ship. He was but twenty-four, and I never saw the like of him, though he was my son—and a good son, too, to his old mother and me. He had never given us a day's trouble in all his life; and, Lor', how we did love that boy, sir! he was our all—our all, he was!

"There was not a boatman nor a pilot in the channel as could come near him. He knew the coast all about as well as he did the path up to this cottage-door. He could take a vessel anywhere. If he missed his port and was driven to leeward, he knew what to do—where he could anchor, all the shoals and tides and currents, and all the rest of it; and as for handling a boat, it was a sight to see Joe in a gale of wind. He was always first when there was a job to be had. And whenever that bell out yonder used to ring—I mean the bell that calls together a crew to man the life-boat—he was first into her when there was a chance of saving life, and nothing to be got by it but perhaps to lose his own. Ah, there's many a poor fellow would be floating about on his face now in the green water if it hadn't been for Joe.

"He was our only child, sir, and he loved his mother and me, he did, and worked hard for us both. He didn't care a bit for himself. He was always wanting me to stay ashore. 'Father,' he used to say, 'you're getting too old for rough water. You must lay up. You shall do the summer work and leave the winter to me.' But though I knew Joe would have worked till he dropped for us, I wasn't the man to give up—though I was old—as long as I could keep going.

"We got through many hard summers and long spells of what folks call fine weather, till the sky began to look dark and the rain to drive and the wind to roar; and then the ships would run up channel and signal for pilots, want anchors and chains and all kinds of gear. Then our good time would begin—they couldn't do without us then. Joe and I and two or three more of us used to put off through the surf, and many a good bit of work we've had o' winter nights, and shared sometimes five, and may be ten, pound a man. A few jobs like that, you know, would help to keep us through the dull time.

"Well, sir, it was one day in September, as it might be now. We'd had smooth weather for near two months—there was nothing doing. Joe and a lot more of 'em was lying about the beach in the sun, grumbling dreadful.

"'Curse this fine weather, father; if it lasts much longer, it will be the ruin of us. No ships coming up channel. Those that do, don't want us; they'd rather find their own way about than pay for a pilot. If they've got one aboard and want to land him, they'll send him ashore in their own boat rather than give us a chance of earning a shilling or two. I call that sneaking, I do. Then in winter, when they've sprung a leak, or have got upon the sand and want help, they'll pretty nigh go on their knees to us then, they will. Sunshine in the day and moonlight at night, and a light breeze, is a bad look-out, ain't it, father?'

"'Never mind, my boy,' says I. 'Don't you curse no weather; it all comes from God Almighty; if it ain't good for us, it's good for others. We can't have it all our own way.'

"Then Joe would say, 'It's only for you and mother as I want work. I can't abide to see you put to it for every pipe of tobacco as if you couldn't afford it.' And then he'd set up whistling, and he'd go off to see Mary Scott. He was in love with her, and had been for many years; and the old mother and I used to think he'd make her a good husband, and that she was in luck—though we didn't somehow care much about her. She wasn't staunch enough for such a steady good lad as our Joe; but he did not think so. They had been children together; and had never been apart since they used to go out with their bare feet to look for muscles on the rocks, or far away on the sand at low tide to dig for bait for the lines. She always said she never would have no one but him. But as she grew up, the old mother and I thought she did not care so much for our boy, and seemed to be 'on' with Tom Williams. Well, Tom is a fine fellow, too, and a friend of my son's. They worked together for ten years or more, and never fell out once. They were both in the lifeboat on that wild night when the Indiaman came ashore at Dungeness, and the French Chasse Maree was on the Goodwins, burning blue-lights and tar-barrels, and going to pieces fast. Tom nearly lost his life that time, for he got washed out of the lifeboat just as they had taken the last Frenchman on board. But Joe caught him by the arm as he was going to make his last dive, and held on like a vice.

"'I wouldn't have let Tom go, father,' says he, 'no, not if he'd pulled me overboard too. I'd have died first.'

"O, he was a brave lad, sir!

"Well, it came to the 10th of September, the weather had changed to a regular channel gale—blowing hard. The sky was dark, the sea the color of lead, and running high—rain and sleet driving right across you. I was ill. I was then, and my old woman wouldn't let me go out to sea; so I lay-by for a day or two.

"We were all ready with the gear in the boats, and Joe and the crew, four on 'em altogether, was watching night and day. I was at the window here with the glass to my eye, looking at every ship through the haze as she hove in sight. About an hour after daylight in the morning, Joe sprang up and sang out, 'Look father! there's a brig with a flag at the fore!' That means that they want a pilot, you know, sir. Whenever a ship hoists a flag at the foretopmast head, youll see the men run out like mad, and tear down the beach with the boats into the surf in a moment. A vessel always takes the first pilot that comes out to her; and if you're not quick you don't get nothing.

"In a second they had loosed the galley-punt and run her down the shingle; the men sprang in, and I saw Joe give her the last shove-off and leap in at the stern, with the water running off his great boots. As soon as they were clear of the shore, they hoisted their sail and tore through the sea toward the brig. George Bell's lugger was only a little way astern of them; but the other sailed closer to the wind, and I could see Joe would board the brig first.

"I stood with the glass watching his boat from this window—just as I stand now, sir. There's the glass on the mantelpiece. My old wife was looking out, too, poor soul! Says I, 'I think Joe has got rather too much canvas.' I was always nervous when I wasn't along with him, though he was a better boatman than I was; but we couldn't bear him out of our sight, neither of us.

"The galley-punt was well ahead of the lugger, but she seemed to plunge into the waves. She did not rise as I should like to see her; and, Lor,' how she did roll! first over to windward, and then she'd catch the gale and blow down t'other side. It did make me shake. But Joe was at the helm, sir, and I felt that he knew what to be at. Still I couldn't help wishing I was there myself. The young uns are so eager like. She was well out to sea now; and sometimes when she was down in the hollows, I couldn't see anything of her. Next minute, up she'd come again, and I got sight of them all. There were four in her. I could make out my boy at the tiller quite plain with the red woollen handkerchief the mother had made him. He had it round his mouth, for it was bitter cold; and there was Jim Boiter holding the sheet in his hands, with a turn round the cleet.

"Sometimes they were gunwale under, and it made my heart jump into my mouth; but I didn't say nothing to the wife, you know. Joe had a steady hand. He would be sure to carry on just as enough and no more, and to luff her up in time. Jim was a good seaman too; he'd ease off at the right moment, without losing too much way so as to miss the job, for the lugger was close behind them. It was a regular chase, and, as I told you before, sir, it's the first as gets it.'

"They were fast nearing the brig, and I wondered how they would get aboard of her in such a sea; for she was a Spaniard, and they are not over-handy in rough weather. We don't like Spaniards, any of us, about here; they're no good. When you've done your work, they won't pay you. They'll stick a knife into you if they get a chance; and it they don't want you, they'll drive a handspike or an oar through the bottom of your boat and sink it. They're a bad lot.

"Joe's boat was within two cables' lengths of the brig, and I drew my breath more easy, when suddenly the glass nearly fell from my hands. I began to shake all over.

"'Mother!' I cried; 'O mother!'

"My old woman ran to my side.

"'What is it, John?—what is it? Tell me!'

"I tried to steady myself to look again; but I reeled from side to side; everything swam before me. It was all in a second. I don't know what had happened—whether the sheet had fouled, or what it was; but the galley-punt had capsized. I saw her keel over to the leeward, and instead of righting herself, she seemed to settle down. The peak of the sail showed above water for a moment, and then there was nothing to be seen—nothing more. The cold gray sea had closed over all.

"'She's gone, mother—gone! It's all over!'

"'O John! mercy on us! No, no! not gone, is she?'

"Poor thing! I thought she would have died that minute. She was as white as a ghost.

"'Look again, John; look again! O, quick!'

"But I could not look straight. I was near mad. I tried to steady the glass. The galley-punt was gone; not a stick of her to be seen and nothing over her but the driving spray and the foaming waves—nothing, nothing but death.

"I tried hard to hold the glass straight, and I got sight of the lugger with brave George Bell on board. That gave me hope.

"'The lugger has come up with them,' says I. 'Thank heaven, George will get them; I know he will mother.'

"I tried to speak certain for the poor old woman's sake, for she seemed like to die; but I feared it was a bad job myself. Anyhow I plucked up courage, and kept looking out as well as I could. George's boat was fetching about in the storm, trying to save some of them.

"My heart was up ready to choke me; I couldn't breathe. My wife wanted to take the glass from my hand to look herself; but, Lor', she couldn't have held it a minute, and her eyes were so wild, I don't believe they saw at all.

"'No, Mary,' says I, 'I must look. You pray God to help us.'

"I could see the lugger's mainsail shaking in the wind, and her crew lean over the side and get something in. It was a man.

"'Have they got him, John? have they got him? Tell me! How many are saved?'

"I couldn't answer, sir; I couldn't draw my breath. I knew they had got one—only one. It was too far and too thick to see who it was.

"They kept away again, and I thought some of the crew clutched at something over the stern; but they didn't take anybody in that time.

"The poor mother was crying and wringing her hands like a mad woman.

"'Cheer up, mate,' says I; 'cheer up. They have got one; there is one chance for us out of four. Lord have mercy on us, Mary!'

"What misery we felt then, sir! But hope was still with us, and we ran down the beach with as much heart as we could muster, though we dreaded to hear our fate.

"O, how I did pray that time! I said no words of prayer, but all my heart and soul seemed to rest upon God's mercy, and to beseech Him in silence to spare my boy.

"I had taught Joe to swim when he was a child; and I knew he was a strong lad and wouldn't give in easy. But then he had on heavy boots and a tarpaulin coat, and I don't know what besides. He would not be able to hold out long, and in such a sea too. He might perhaps keep afloat for a few minutes.

"By the time we had got down to the waterside the lugger had tacked, and was standing in. There was a number of people out there, for the accident had been seen all along the shore, and other boats had put off through the surf, though they could not hope to be of much use.

"The crowd stood down at the water's edge, watching the lugger getting nearer and nearer to the land. Some were crying out, waving handkerchiefs, and looking wildly at her as she rolled about on the waves, with her bow straight toward the shore.

"There was one poor woman down there, sir, holding a child by each hand. It would have broken your heart to see her. She didn't say anything, or cry, like many of them. Her face looked white and cold like marble. She had a husband and a son in the galley-punt when she upset, and she knew, as we did, that only one man was saved out of the four. I don't know which she hoped to see alive—her son, I believe, though he had never been no comfort to her; but the mother's heart, you know, often loves the bad as well as the good.

"My old wife and I tried to keep as quiet as we could; for, somehow, we did not like to make a show.

"At last, the lugger began to draw near the beach. She was only three or four cables' lengths off; but our eyes were too wet to see who was aboard of her. I pulled my sleeve across mine, and pushed forward almost to the surf. I could just count them. The man they had picked up was in the stern with the others; and I strained my old eyes to catch a look at him as the boat rose on the waves; but, before I could make out who it was she would give a roll to the windward or leeward, and the foot of the double-reefed sail would hide him away again.

"I shall never forget that moment, sir. All the agony of twenty lives seemed crowded into those few seconds. Hope and fear together were like to break my heart. It was too much to bear for long. And the old mother kept calling out to me:

"'O, Jack! tell me—who is it? Who is it? Is it Joe?'

"Just then, as the lugger rose, I saw him for a second. He had come for'ard, and was standing, holding on to the stay, with his hand up, as if he wanted to show himself. He had a red handkerchief round his neck. I sang out: 'Oh, Mary! it is him! Oh! thank God, he's saved!'

"And then she ran forward, like to drown herself, and called, 'Joe, Joe!' in a sort of wild yell, as if her weak voice could have reached the lugger through the roaring of the sea and the gale.

"I got sight of him at last, sir, as he came close to the shore. It was not Joe! Joe was gone where no mother's voice can ever reach him again, and where his poor father's eye will see him no more. It was the other woman's son. He leaped from the lugger's side almost before she buried her bow in the shingle, and ran to his mother, and they both lay on the beach, and cried and laughed like mad people. They were nigh out of their minds with joy and grief, for, though the son was saved, the father was no more.

"When I saw that my boy was lost, I stood still, as if I had been struck dumb. It was a death-blow to both of us. My wife she fell down in a faint like, poor thing, and never held up her head after.

"When she come to, we walked up to this house again. But the light of it was gone, sir. It seemed dark and lonely; and I couldn't abide to see all the things about that had belonged to my boy, and to think that he was floating about cold and stiff in the dark waters of the channel.

"My old woman took to her bed; and it was soon all over with her. When she was dreadful bad, the parson came and told her she would see Joe again above; and it was the only thing that gave the poor creature comfort. I often tried my best to cheer her up; but, Lor, I was that down myself that I only made her worse. The parson came the last night, when her life was ebbing away, and told her again that she would see Joe. Then she lifted her eyes to heaven; and they looked as they used to look forty years ago, when we first married, and I was young and hearty, like my poor boy when he left us that morning. She looked up, and gave a kind of smile, as if she saw him through the darkness, and then she died.

"I often wonder if she did see him. I've been at many people's deathbeds ashore and afloat, and the wild stare in their eyes at the last moment always made me think they saw into the other world just as they were leaving this.

"As for me, sir, I never forgot Joe's death for a moment. It finished me. After my wife died I used to wander about alone all day, as if I was looking for him; and at night I would come down on the beach there, and sit among the boats, and look at the black wild sea, and cry like a child. It's this day two years that his body was washed ashore at that point of land out there, where you see that big stone."

The old sailor drew his hand across his eyes when he had finished his yarn; and I asked him what became of Mary Scott, and whether she "took on" when Joe died.

"I never cared much about her, sir," said he, "nor asked much. She did not come often to see us. People don't when you are in trouble. An old mate of mine told me she was to be married to-day to Tom Williams; and when I heard the bells this morning they went through my heart as they did when my poor boy was buried by the church up yonder, and his mother and I followed him to the grave."

This simple story, and the sadness of that desolate cottage, sent me away with a heavy heart, and set me thinking of the wedding I had seen in the morning, and of the group in the church-yard stopping before the mound with the wooden cross.

As the low rumbling of the night train up to London lulled me to sleep among the soft cushions of a first-class carriage, I fancied I could hear the whistling and wailing of the storm, though the sky was still and starlight; and through my dreams I saw the mournful figure of the old man sitting alone on the shore among the boats, looking out on the dark sea and crying like a child.—*Tinsley's Magazine for May.*

COMMERCIAL NEWS.

Exports.

BOSTON—Per schr H L Slaght—119 bales cotton, 1146 bbls naval stores, 27 tons iron, 18,000 feet flooring boards, 252 loose hides, 26 bales paper stock, 108 empty carboys.

BALTIMORE—Per schr Ida Richardson—300 tons phosphate rock.....Per schr Gov Burton—325 tons phosphate rock.

The Charleston Cotton, Rice and Naval Stores Market.

OFFICE CHARLESTON NEWS, MONDAY EVENING, May 30, 1870.

COTTON.—There was a moderate inquiry for this article, and the market was rather firmer for the better grades. Sales about 240 bales, say 2 at 13; 2 at 14; 11 at 16; 4 at 17; 4 at 17½; 12 at 18; 3 at 19; 38 at 19¾; 29 at 20¾; 11 at 21¼; 20 at 21½; 74 at 21¾c. We quote:

LIVERPOOL CLASSIFICATION.

Ordinary to good ordinary	18 @20¼
Low middling	21 @21¾
Middling	21¾@—
Strict middling	21¾@—

RICE.—This grain was steady; sales 72 tcs of clean Carolina, say 32 tcs at 7¾; 40 at 7¾c. We quote common to fair clean Carolina at 7@7¾; good 7¾@8c.

NAVAL STORES.—The following were the transactions: 167 bbls spirits turpentine at 34c; 60 bbls pale rosin at $4 87; 80 bbls common do at $1 50.

FREIGHTS.—To Liverpool, by steam, direct nominal, via New York, 7-16d on uplands; 11-16d on sea islands; by sail we quote 7-16d on upland cotton, and ¾d ℔ ton on sea island cotton. To Havre, by steam, nominal; by sail, nominal at ⅜c on uplands and 1⅜c on sea islands. Coastwise to New York, by steam, ⅛c ℔ lb on uplands and ¼c on sea islands; by sail, ⅛c ℔ lb on uplands. To Boston, by steam, nominal; by sail, ⅛@⅛c ℔ lb on uplands. To Philadelphia, by steam, ⅛c ℔ lb on uplands; by sail, somewhat nominal. To Baltimore, by steam, ⅛@⅛c ℔ lb on uplands; by sail somewhat nominal.

EXCHANGE.—Sterling 60 day bills 24½@24½.

DOMESTIC EXCHANGE.—The banks purchase sight checks at ⅛ off and sell at ⅛ premium. Outside they purchase at ⅛@¼ off, and sell at par to ⅛ premium.

GOLD.—Buying at 13 and selling at 14.

Markets by Telegraph.

FOREIGN.

LONDON, May 30—Noon.—Consols 94⅞. Bonds 89⅞.

LIVERPOOL, May 30—Noon.—Cotton quiet; uplands 10¾da10⅞d; Orleans 11⅛da11¼d; sales 10,000 bales. Red Western wheat 8s 5d.

Afternoon.—Breadstuffs firm. Corn quiet. Pork quiet. Lard quiet and steady.

Evening.—Cotton dull and irregular. Uplands 10¾d; Orleans 11d. Sales 10,000 bales; for speculation and export 2000 bales. Corn 27s 9d.

HAVRE, May 30.—Cotton opened flat at 1f 26½c, both on the spot and afloat, and closed flat at 1f 26c for both.

DOMESTIC.

NEW YORK, May 30—Noon.—Stocks strong. Money 3a5. Exchange, long, 9¾; short 10¾. Gold 14¾. Bonds 12¼; Tennessees, ex coupon, 61; new 56¾; Virginias, ex coupon, 69; new 69½; Missouri 94¼; Louisianas, old, 76½; new, 73½; Levee sixes, 73½; eights, 92; Alabama eights, 101¾; fives, 74½; Georgia sixes, 90; sevens, 95¼; North Carolinas, old 48½; new 25; South Carolinas, old 90; new 82. Flour 5c better. Wheat a shade better and declining. Pork quiet at $29 75a29 80. Lard dull at 16c. Steam cotton quiet and steady; middling uplands 22½c; Orleans 23⅛c; sales 400 bales. Turpentine dull at 38½a39c. Rosin quiet at $2 10a2 12½ for common and strained. Freights steady.

Evening.—The markets closed early on account of the decoration of the graves. Money 3a5. Gold 14¾. Sterling at 9¾a9⅞. Governments closed steady; Southerns closed dull and steady. Cotton dull; sales 310 bales; middling uplands 22½ cts. Flour, super State $4 80a4 95; common to fair extra Southern $5 40a6 65. Wheat closed heavy and declining; winter red and amber Western $1 86. Corn unchanged. Pork dull at $29½a29¾. Lard heavy; kettle 16½a16½c. Whiskey unchanged. Groceries and naval stores quiet. Freights firmer.

BALTIMORE, May 30.—Flour quiet but steady. Wheat steady. Maryland $1 40 to 1 52; Pennsylvania $1 35 to 1 38. Prime mixed corn dull at $1 05. Oats dull at 62a63c. Mess pork less firm at $30. Bacon less firm, and rates unchanged. Whiskey scarce, with a light demand at $1 09 a$1 10.

CINCINNATI, May 30.—Corn dull at 90a92c. Whiskey unsettled at $1 04a105. Provisions quiet and nominally unchanged, and held at previous prices.

ST. LOUIS, May 30.—Corn firm; mixed, in bulk, 80a83c; choice white sacks $1 05a1 06. Whiskey steady at $1 05. Provisions heavy; mess pork $30. Shoulders 13c. Lard quiet at 15½a16c.

LOUISVILLE, May 30.—Corn unchanged. Provisions quiet. Lard 17. Whiskey $1 04.

NORFOLK, May 30.—Cotton nominal; low middling 20a21½c; receipts 492 bales; exports, coastwise, 582; stock 1771 bales.

AUGUSTA, May 30.—Market dull and nominal, on account of light offerings; sales 138 bales; receipts 90 bales; middlings 21c.

SAVANNAH, May 30.—Cotton quiet but firm; middlings 21½c; sales 150 bales; receipts 613 bales; exports to Great Britain 4664 bales; the Continent 1938 bales; coastwise 2659 bales; stock 28,525 bales.

GALVESTON, May 30.—Cotton—good ordinary 18½a18¾c; sales 100 bales; receipts 300 bales; exports coastwise 160 bales; stock 28,245.

MOBILE, May 30.—Cotton dull and nominal; middling 21¼; sales 190 bales; receipts 622; exports to Great Britain 1908; New Orleans 317; stock 35,098 bales.

NEW ORLEANS, May 30.—Cotton dull and unchanged; middlings 22c; sales 600 bales; net receipts 2804; coastwise 860; total 3664 bales; exports to Great Britain 3945 bales; Havre 1368; Philadelphia 439; New York 437; stock 112,943 bales. Molasses, prime rebolled 70a75c. Whiskey $1 12. Coffee, fair 16⅞c; prime 17⅞a18¼c. Sterling 26. Sight ⅜ premium. Gold 14½a14¾.

Murray, Ferris & Co.'s Naval Stores Circular.

NEW YORK, May 28.—SPIRITS TURPENTINE—Has ruled dull during the week, and prices have gradually given way ½c per gallon. At the close it is offered to arrive at 38½c flat, without buyers. The sales reach 1330 bbls at 39a40c, merchantable, on the spot and to arrive. The local demand is but moderate, and shippers are waiting for lower prices. Receipts 1470 bbls; exports 459 bbls.

ROSIN.—The total sales reach 12,000 bbls at $2 05 a$2 15 for strained; $2 20a$2¾ for No 2; $2¾a$4 for No 1, and include 3000 bbls pale at $4¼a5½ for medium; $6a6¾ for good to extra; and $7 for about 100 bbls of window glass. All grades of rosin are scarce and meet ready sale at full prices; but shippers show much reluctance to pay current rates for extra rosin, the price of which is liable at any moment to give way as the supply increases. Receipts 10,314 bbls; exports 15,165 bbls.

TAR—Is dull, and prices nominal. We note sales of 400 bbls North County at retail prices. In lots, not over $1 75a1 90 can be obtained. Receipts 243 bbls; exports 1583 bbls.

Easton & Co.'s Cotton Report, for the Week ending May 27, 1870.

NEW YORK, May 28.—THE MARKET.—In our last report the market closed dull and heavy. Middling uplands 23c. Saturday, the market was dull; the increased shipments from Bombay had a depressing influence; offerings moderate. Sales 555; middlings 23c. Monday, the market was dull and unchanged; the decline in gold prevented buyers from operating; sales 792. Tuesday, the market was dull and heavy; there was more disposition on the part of holders to realize; sales 992; middlings 23c. Wednesday, the market was ⅛c lower on Liverpool accounts; sales 2587 at 22¾c. Thursday, the market was dull and heavy; sales 1875 at 22¾c. Liverpool dull and lower; uplands 10¼a10⅞c; Orleans 11a11½c; sales 10,000. Yesterday, there was a fair demand from spinners, but with unfavorable foreign advices, the market closed dull and heavy; sales 1948 bales; middlings 22½c.

	Upl'd & Fla.	Mobile.	N. O.	Texas.
Ordinary	@18½	@18¾	@19	@19¼
Good ordinary	@20½	@20¾	@21	@21¼
Low middling	@21⅞	@22⅛	@22½	@22⅝
Middling	@22⅝	@22⅞	@23⅛	@23¾

Sales of the week 8679 bales—including 5227 to spinners, 586 to speculators, and 6766 to exporters.

Gross receipts at this port for the week 15,877 bales. Since 1st September 654,119 bales.

	1870.	1869.
Stock in Liverpool	606,000	422,980
Afloat from India	133,000	406,000
Afloat from America	120,000	149,000
Stock in London	28,590	72,720
Afloat for London	50,000	47,000
Stock in Havre	86,520	36,400
Afloat for Havre	92,710	93,618
Stock in Bremen	19,049	7,558
Afloat for Bremen	16,804	8,021
Stock in United States ports	287,135	160,103
Stock in the interior towns	54,767	25,641
Total	1,494,575	1,419,041
Excess in visible supply		75,534

Stock of cotton held by Manchester spinners at the mills, now 45,000 bales; same time 1869, 65,000 bales. Middling Orleans now, 11a11½d; then, 11½d.

BOMBAY SHIPMENTS.—By special telegrams from Finlay, Clark & Co:

	1870. Gt. Brit.	1870. Cont.	1869. Gt. Brit.	1869. Cont.
Exports to 27th May	41,000	4,000	40,448	10,296
Previously reported	349,000	124,000	548,617	134,022
	390,000	128,000	589,065	144,318

Deficit to Great Britain.....199,065
Deficit to Continent.....16,318

New York Rice Market.

From the Daily Bulletin, 28th instant: Business less active, but the stock small; a demand for most of the desirable parcels offering and prices very firm. Sales of 50 tierces Carolina at 8a8½c; 200 bags Rangoon at 7c, currency duty paid, and 3½c gold, in bond. Carolina, common to good per cwt $7 75a8; Carolina prime per cwt $8 25a8 50; Rangoon per lb 7a7¼c; Rangoon, gold, in bond per lb 3a3½c.

From the Journal of Commerce: The market for domestic is firmer. The demand from the grocers is good, and there is very little stock offering, we quote 7¾a8½c; sales 130 tierces. In Rangoon there is a good business at full rates; 2000 bags to arrive; sold for export at 2 94-100a3½c, gold in bond. Lots are selling to the trade at 7c, currency.

From the Tribune: Prices are still quite firm and the demand good, but business restricted by the small supply; sales of Carolina in a jobbing way, at 8½c; 200 bags Rangoon at 7c, and 2000 bags to arrive on private terms.

Columbus Market.

COLUMBUS, May 27.—On yesterday only two bales were sold. The limits to a number of orders were lowered, and holders refused to accept the bids offered. The tendency of the market is downward. The following prices are the nominal ones at which cotton is offered. There is at present not much on the boards for sale. Ordinary 17a18; good ordinary 19; low middling 20; middling 20½; strict middling 21c. Sales of the week 534 bales—123 on European orders, 111 Northern account, 300 to Boston for Northern spinners; sales of the week are 1178 bales less than previous week. Week's receipts 231 bales against 373 the previous one and 44 the corresponding week of last season; shipments 810 bales, 741 by S. W. Railroad, 60 for home consumption.

WEEKLY STATEMENT.

Stock on hand September 1, 1869	125	
Received past week	231	
Received previously	64,633	65,864
Total		65,989
Shipped past week	810	
Shipped previously	58,727	59,537
Stock on hand, May 27, 1870		6,452

Wilmington Market.

WILMINGTON, May 28—SPIRITS TURPENTINE.—Sales of 65 casks country at 34c and 15 New York casks at 34½c per gallon.

ROSIN.—Sales of 600 bbls at $1 55a1 60 for strained and low No. 2, and $1 90a2 for low No. 1.

CRUDE TURPENTINE.—Sales of 176 bbls at $3 30 for virgin and $2 60 for yellow dip.

TAR.—23 bbls reported at $1 25 per bbl.

COTTON.—Sales of 31 bales at 19, 20a21c per pound.

Receipts by Railroad, May 30.

SOUTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.

153 bales cotton, 71 bales domestics, 158 sacks oil meal, 42 casks bacon, 160 bbls naval stores. To Railroad Agent, Pelzer, Rodgers & co, J Marshall, Smith & Chapman, Barden & Parker, Reeder & Davis, Frost & Adger, Wagner, Stewart & co, G H Walter & co, E J Wiss & co, Goldsmith & Son, G A Trenholm & Son, H Cobia & co, B O'Neill, Jeffords & co, and Schachte & Touhey.

MARINE NEWS.

CHARLESTON, S. C., MAY 31

ARRIVED YESTERDAY.

Steamship Falcon, Horsey, Baltimore—left—instant. Mdse. To Mordecai & co, P C Trenholm, T Tupper & Sons, Kinsman & Howell, R M Butler & Son, J N M Wohltmann, Laurey & Alexander, H Bischoff & co, J D Aiken & co, Steffens, Werner & Ducker, W C Bee & co, J N Robson, Railroad Agent, P