The Aged Stranger.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

BY BRET HARTE.

"I was with Grant"—the stranger said:
Said the farmer: "Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant"—the stranger said;
Said the farmer: "Nay, no more—
I prithee sit at my frugal board,
And eat of my humble store.

"How fares my boy—my soldier boy,
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?
I warrant he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle's roar!"

"I knew him not," said the aged man,
"And, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant"—"Nay, nay, I know,"
Said the farmer, "Say no more;

"He fell in battle I see, alas!
Thou'dst smooth these tidings o'er—
Nay, speak the truth, whatever it be,
Though it rend my bosom's core.

"How fell he—with his face to the foe,
Upholding the flag he bore?
O! say not that my boy disgraced
The uniform that he wore!"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,
"And should have remarked, before,
That I was with Grant—in Illinois—
Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a word,
But beat with his fist full sore
That aged man, who had worked for Grant
Some three years before the war.

TRESSILIAN COURT;

OR,

THE BARONET'S SON.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE DOUBLE LIFE," "THE BAILIFF'S SCHEME," "THE SUNDERED HEARTS," "THE LADY OF KILDARE," "A LIFE AT STAKE," "THE HOUSE OF SECRETS, &C., &C.

CHAPTER I.

A FATEFUL CATASTROPHE.

A wild storm was raging upon the Mediterranean Sea, near the close of a dreary November day, and sky and waters were black with the gloom of the sudden and furious tempest, before which a small sailing vessel was scudding under bare poles. Her build and rigging proclaimed her Sardinian. She was *The Gull*, Captain Varino, master, on her way from Cagliari to Palermo.

She had on board two seamen, and two passengers.

These passengers were Englishmen who had procured passage on *The Gull* to Palermo, whence they intended to embark by steamer to Marseilles, the following day.

While the captain and his assistants were attending to their duties, and expressing apprehensions as to their safety, the two Englishmen stood apart, leaning against the low bulwarks, and surveying the wild scene around them.

These men were both young, apparently of the same age, about three and twenty, but evidently they were not of the same station in life.

One, the more striking of the two, was aristocratic in his bearing, tall, slender and handsome, with a frank, smiling mouth, a pair of fearless blue eyes, set under a wide and massive forehead, and tawny hair blowing back from his face. Noble, generous and kind-hearted, he had an adventurous disposition and a dauntless courage.

He was Guy Tressilian, the only son and heir of Sir Arthur Tressilian, Baronet, of Tressilian Court, England.

His companion presented a remarkable resemblance to him, being also tall and slender and fair, with tawny hair and moustache, but he had not the frank smile, the bright, fearless look, or the joyous spirit that characterized young Tressilian. Young as he was, he had seen much of the dark side of life, and his experiences had been such as to develop in him some of the worst qualities of his nature.

He was Jasper Lowder, Guy Tressilian's hired travelling companion and bosom friend.

The meeting and connection of the two had a touch of romance. Young Tressilian had spent four years in a German university, whence he had been graduated with honor. On leaving the university, in obedience to his father's written command, he had undertaken a tour of the countries inclosing the Mediterranean Sea, in company with one of his late tutors. This gentleman being unexpectedly promoted to a professorship, abandoned Tressillian at Baden, leaving him to find another travelling companion.

On the evening of the very day after this desertion, as Guy Tressillan was sauntering through the streets of Baden, he had been assaulted by a trio of his own countrymen, all more or less intoxicated. It was apparent that they took him for another, and intended to wreak vengeance upon him. Without allowing him to speak, they forced him to defend himself. Guy was getting the worst of the conflict, when a stranger came running to his assistance, and in a few moments the two had put the ruffians to flight.

This stranger who came so opportunely to Guy's assistance was Jasper Lowder. His resemblance to Young Tressillan awakened in the latter a romantic interest. He questioned Lowder, learned that he was poor and alone in the world, and took him with him to his hotel. Believing that the similarity of features indicated a similarity of tastes and natures, he engaged Lowder as his travelling companion, and the past year they had spent together more like brothers than like employer and employed.

"This storm is a regular Levanter," said Lowder, clinging with both hands to the bulwarks. "Do you think the craft will stand it, Tressilian?"

"Oh, yes," answered young Tressilian, wiping the salt spray from his face. "The captain knows the Sicilian coast perfectly. In two hours, or less, we shall be in the bay of Palermo. In three hours we shall be domiciled in the best rooms of the hotel Trinacria, with the best supper which Messer Ragusa can furnish. And to-morrow, at noon," he added, "we shall embark for Marseilles in a Messageries steamer."

"And from Marseilles *you* will proceed to England and to Tressilian Court," said Lowder, with some bitterness. "And *I*—what is to become of me? I have had a year of unalloyed happiness, and now comes back the drudgery, the hopeless toil, the anxieties of the wretched old life. You picked me up at Baden, a poor adventurer seeking to gain a living by teaching English, and the same destiny is open to me now."

Tressilian turned his handsome face upon his companion in surprise and affectionate reproach.

"Jasper!" he exclaimed, "you talk strangely. Do you suppose I have called you friend and brother so long, and loved you so well, to lose you now? I meant to have written to my father concerning you and your future, Jasper, but his sudden recall, received yesterday, causes me to return home without writing. I shall telegraph from Marseilles that you will come home with me. And you will, will you not? You will not abandon me, my friend? I will charge myself with your future. I will see that you obtain the position to which your talents entitle you. You have no ties to keep you on the Continent?"

A strange expression passed over Jasper Lowder's face.

"No, I have no ties," he said huskily.

"And you will go home with me?"

"What will your father say to my coming?" demanded Lowder. "He will think your generosity Quixotic. He will dismiss from his house the hired companion who dares to remove his son—"

A sudden lurch of the little vessel, a wave sweeping over the deck, interrupted the sentence.

"You wrong my father," said Tressilian, his blue eyes kindling, when the vessel had righted. "He is the noblest man in the world. He will welcome my friends as his own. You will love him, Jasper, as I do, when you know him."

"He doesn't seem very affectionate," remarked Lowder. "You have been away from your home for five years, and he has but just recalled you!"

Young Tressilian's cheeks flushed, as Lowder saw in the lurid glow that momentarily lighted up the tempestuous scene.

"You know, or can guess the reason, Jasper," he said, with something of an effort. "My father has a ward, the daughter of an old friend. Ah! hear that wind shriek! The gale is increasing!"

"Yes," assented Lowder. "And the ward is Miss Irby—the golden-haired Blanche, of whom you have talked so much, and with whom you have exchanged letters?"

"Yes. My father formed a project to have me marry Blanche. He did not wish us to grow up together, lest we should learn to regard each other as brother and sister. When Blanche came to live at the court my father sent me to Germany. The night before I left home, he called me into his library and told me all his hopes and plans for my future, and entreated me to continue worthy of his innocent ward, and to keep my heart pure for her. I have done so, Jasper. I have never yet loved any woman. And yesterday I received my father's summons to come home. He has recalled me after five years of absence. I know the wish that lies nearest his heart. He wants me to return and marry Blanche. I shrink from the proposed marriage. I dread going home. And I dread offending my dear father, whom I love better than any woman. It is hard, Jasper, to revolt against the hopes and plans of a kind and generous father, whose very love for me causes him to urge on this marriage!"

"Is it?" said Lowder dryly, and with a strange smile full of sneering bitterness. "My experience has been widely different from yours, Tressilian. Did I ever tell you of *my* father?"

"No. I took it for granted that he is dead."

"Perhaps he is. I don't know," said Lowder, with a reckless laugh. "But if he is living, he is a scoundrel. Don't start, Tressilian, at my unfilial speech. Wait till you hear my story. I am in a desperate mood to-night. This storm stirs up all the bad within me. As nearly as I can discover, my father was the younger son of a proud old county family—"

"You do not know, then?" asked Tressilian, pressing his companion's hand.

"I have no proofs of it. All I positively know is this. My mother was of humble station, pretty, with blue eyes and an apple-blossom face, and tender, appealing ways. She was the daughter of a widow, residing at Brighton. The widow, my grandmother, kept a lodging-house, and my father, a gay, dashing young fellow, came to lodge with her. As might have been expected, he fell in love with his landlady's daughter. He offered the young girl marriage, on condition that the union should be kept secret until his affairs brightened and he chose to divulge it. The young girl loved him. Her mother was ambitious and penurious. The result was the lover had his way, and married the daughter of his landlady quietly, almost secretly. Then he took his bride to London, to cheap and obscure lodgings, where, a year later, I was born.

The wind for a moment drowned his voice. As it presently lulled, he resumed recklessly, and with passionate bitterness:

"For years my mother and I lived in those stuffy, obscure lodgings, until her bloom had faded, and she had grown thin and wan and nervous. My father visited us at stated seasons once or twice a week, but he never brought any of his family to call upon us. I doubt if his aristocratic relatives even suspected the existence of the faded wife and son of whom he was secretly ashamed. I have good reason to believe that he had fine lodgings at the West End, where he was supposed to be a bachelor, and that he went into fashionable society, while my poor mother and I lived obscurely. He was a profligate and a rake; but he had an air of fashion that awakened my boyish admiration, and aroused my mother's affectionate pride in him. She was always pleading to be introduced to his relatives, and to have her son publicly acknowledged. But my father always put her off, saying that he was not yet ready. Worn out and despairing, my mother died when I was ten years old."

Again the wind shrieked past, again the little vessel lurched, the sea sweeping her deck.

The captain screamed his orders to his men, and for a few minutes disorder reigned.

"A nasty bit of weather!" said Lowder. "And a bad sky!"

"Yes, but I've seen as bad," returned Tressilian. "We shall make port all right, never fear. We must be well on toward the Cape di Gallo. And it's only seven miles from the Cape to Palermo."

"But the seven miles in this storm are worse than seventy in good weather. Those coasts are dangerous, Tressilian."

Lowder shuddered as he surveyed sea and sky.

"But about your father, Jasper?" said Tressilian, who had become deeply interested in his companion's story. "What did he do after your mother's death?"

"I remained at the old lodgings with our single old servant a month or more, my father visiting me several times, and expressing anxiety as to what he should do with me. A week after my mother's death he told me that his brother was dead. A month later, his father was killed by being thrown from his horse. My father came into riches and honors by these deaths. At last, deciding to rid himself of me, he took me down to Brighton, to my old grandmother. Her sons were dead; she had given up keeping lodgers, and was grown miserly. He promised her five hundred pounds a year to keep me, and to keep also the secret of my parentage, solemnly promising to acknowledge me some day as his son and heir. The old woman agreed to carry out his wishes. She would have done anything for money. I never saw my father again. I went to school, grew up, and at the age of twenty-one came into my grandmother's money, the fruits of years of saving, she dying at that time. My father had deliberately abandoned me. I did not know where to seek him, if I had wished to. I took my money and came abroad. I had been two years on the Continent, and had spent my little fortune when I met you. The rest you know."

"An odd, romantic story! But why did your father abandon you?"

"That he might be freed of encumbrance to make a grand marriage. From what my grandmother said at different times, I conclude that my father was in love with a titled lady before my mother's death. No doubt he married this lady. If he lives, this lady's son may be his acknowledged heir. My father has utterly disowned the son of his first hasty, ill-starred marriage. I have a fancy that I shall meet him some day," and Jasper's brow darkened to deeper blackness. "However, I stand no chance of ever receiving justice at his hands."

"What is your father's name, Jasper?" asked Tressilian.

Lowder's face darkened. He bit his lips savagely.

"What I have told you about myself I learned from my own observation, or from chance words of my parents and grandmother. My mother's maiden name was Jeanette Lowder. At our London lodgings, my father bore the name of Lowder. I don't know his real name, but I should know his face anywhere, although I have not seen him in thirteen years. My mother was actually married, Tressilian, but I never heard my father's name. The clergyman who married my mother was dead; the witnesses also. When my grandmother was dying she tried to tell me the story. She had put it off too long. All that I could understand of her mumblings was the name of Devereux. I shall never forget that name—'Devereux!' Probably that was my father's name—my own rightful name. But as I should never find him if I sought him, and as he would repulse me if I did find him, I stand no chance of inheriting his property. He may be dead. He may have other sons who have succeeded him. It is all a mystery, but the prominent truth is that I am an outcast, poor, disowned and friendless."

He leaned over the bulwark, the spray dashing over his face violently.

Tressilian's heart warmed to him.

"My poor friend!" he said. "Must I say again you are not friendless while I live. My father has influence enough to obtain for you a government appointment. This tangle may straighten itself out some day. But if it don't, you are resolute enough to make your own happiness."

He grasped Lowder's hand, and looked with warm bright eyes, full of sympathy, into Lowder's lowering face.

There had been a temporary lull in the storm. But as the two stood there, the tempest revived and swept over the wild sea in maddened rage.

There was no time for talking now. The wind rose so high that words would scarcely have been distinguished. The storm that had gone before had been but play to this awful burst. The vessel drove on, creaking and groaning, a mere cockle shell on the billows.

"Mother of Mercies!" wailed the captain. "It's all up with us, signeres. I can't make out the Cape in this darkness. We shall go on the rocks. St. Anthony save us!"

The seamen echoed his cries.

The two young Englishmen, comprehending their peril, clasped hands in silence.

For the next few minutes it seemed that a Pandemonium reigned.

Then a noise like the report of a cannon suddenly boomed through the storm and the darkness. The little vessel shivered, staggered and careened upon her side.

She had struck upon a rock.

A moment later crew and passengers were struggling in the waters.

A few moments of buffetings and tossings, of vain struggles and agonized, inventionary prayer, and then Jasper Lowder felt his senses slip from him, and became unconscious.

When he came to himself he was lying upon a rocky beach of the Sicilian shore, sore, bruised, and weak as a child.

He opened his eyes. The wind had spent its fury, and now moaned along the coast with a desolate, despairing wail. The waves beat against the rocks.

Lowder struggled to his elbow.

"Wrecked!" he muttered. "I am cast ashore, while the others are drowned! Oh, this is terrible! I have lost my best friend to-night!"

He moaned and wrung his hands.

"He is dead, who would have done so much for me, and I so worthless am saved! All my hopes of an easy and luxurious life must be resigned now!"

At that moment he beheld a dark object at a little distance in the water. The waves hurled this object against the projecting head of a sunken rock. At the same instant Lowder recognized it as the body of a man.

He crept toward it, and the waters dashed the body on the shore at his feet. He put his hands on his face. How cold and wet it was! It felt like the face of a dead man! Lowder's fingers came in contact with the soft, silken moustache, and he knew that the body was that of Guy Tressillan!

Of the five who had stood on the sloop's deck a half hour earlier, these two alone were left. The captain and his crew had found their deaths among the cruel, yawning waters.

Lowder thrust his hand under the waistcoat of his friend, but he could not perceive the beating of his heart. Despair took possession of him.

"Dead!" he said, shrilly. "Dead! And he would have done so much for me if he had lived! And his father and the young girl he was to have married will wait in vain for his coming! His place at Tressillian Court is empty. Who can fill it?"

It seemed to him that some demon at his side echoed the question: *Who could fill the place left vacant by noble Guy Tressilian?*

A thought came to him—a thought so strange and sinister that he shivered involuntarily. Again he felt of Tressillan's heart. It gave no throb against his hand. He passed his hand over Tressilian's head and discovered a gaping wound in the skull. The hair was clotted with blood.

Putting his hand into his breast pocket, Lowder drew out his little water-proof match-safe. He opened it with trembling fingers and struck a light. The red flicker danced on young Tressillan's face.

How ghastly and terrible it looked! The eyes were closed, the smile was gone. The seal of death seemed set on the noble features.

Lowder examined the wound. It had been made by contact with the sharp rock, and even Lowder perceived its terrible chara ter.

"It he is not dead, he soon will be," he muttered. "His brain has received an awful injury. He will never know who he is again. He won't live till morning, and he is perhaps dead already. He must be dead!"

Again it seemed to him as though some demon echoed his words.

The match dropped from his fingers into the water. For a little while he crouched on the wet stones in silence, battling it may be with the better and nobler instincts of his nature.

At last, with sudden and abrupt stealthiness, his hands stole into the breast pocket of Tressilian and drew out his private note-book, a packet of letters, a few trinkets. He secured these among his own wet garments. Their possession seemed to give him courage, and his face hardened, and he knelt beside the body of his friend and rifled his garments of all that they contained, bestowing his plunder on his own person.

Then he took his own purse, his note-book, a few receipts and trifles from his own pockets, and put them in the pockets of Tressillan.

"It is done!" he whispered to himself, looking with wild defiant eyes through the darkness. "No one is harmed. He is dead. If he had lived he would have provided for me. As he is dying or dead, I must provide for myself. *This likeness between us will make my fortune.* His friends will be spared a terrible grief, and I—I shall live at last! Fortune gives me a chance to gain name and wealth at one lucky stroke!"

As if to give himself no chance for repentance, he arose to his feet and turned his searching glances in an inland direction. A light, as from a cottage window, glimmering faintly through the thick haze, caught his gaze.

Raising his voice, he called loudly:

"Help! Ho, there! help!"

The wind had abated, and his cries rang out through the night with startling distinctness. The light he had seen moved and disappeared. A minute later, answering cries reached Lowder's ears, and he heard hasty steps, and saw the approaching light of a lantern, borne aloft by a man's upraised arm.

"This way!" shouted Lowder. We are wrecked on the rocks! For the love of Heaven, hasten!"

The bearer of the lantern, attended by a male companion, came running to him, and was soon at his side. The lantern-bearer was a rough Sicilian fisherman, a grade above his class. His companion was also Sicilian, but evidently of somewhat higher degree. Both were all excitement, astonishment and sympathy.

In as few words as possible Lowder told the story of the shipwreck, and called attention to the condition of his noble young employer.

"I think he is dead!" he said, in a choking voice. "Carry him up to your cabin. Let everything be done that can be done to save him. I will pay you well for any kindness to him. Poor fellow! He was my travelling companion. I loved him as if he had been my brother instead of only my hired attendant! Poor Jasper!"

The two Sicilians lifted the helpless form of poor young Tressillain, and carried it between them toward the cottage. Jasper Lowder followed them, bewailing his loss. The above we publish as a specimen chapter; but the continuation of this story will be found in the New York Ledger. Ask for the number dated January 7th, which can be had at any news office or book-store. If you are not within reach of a news office, you can have the Ledger mailed to you for one year by sending three dollars to Robert Bonner, publisher, 180 Williams street, New York. The Ledger pays more for original contributions than any other periodical in the world. It will publish none but the very, very best. Its moral tone is the purest, and its circulation the largest. Everybody who takes it is happier for having it.

COMMERCIAL NEWS.

Exports.

LIVERPOOL—Per bark Sarah—1858 bales upland cotton, 158 tons phosphate rock.

NEW YORK—Per steamship Manhattan—25 bags sea Island and 1042 bales upland cotton, 93 tierces rice, 28 bales domestics, 92 pkgs sundries, 50 empty bbls.

PHILADELPHIA—Per steamship J W Everman—70 tcs rice, 126 bales cotton, 124 bales yarn, &c, 5 pkgs hides, 139 pkgs quartermaster stores, 126 pkgs cocoanuts and sundries.

The Charleston Cotton, Rice and Naval Stores Market.

OFFICE CHARLESTON NEWS,
SATURDAY EVENING, December 24, 1870.

COTTON.—There was a good demand for the finer qualities of this staple, say middlings and above, but the lower grades were not much sought after; the better descriptions were in consequence held at very full prices. Sales about 550 bales, say 1 at 13½; 23 at 14; 2 at 14¼; 168 at 14½; 41 at 14¾; 100 at 15; 68 at 15¼; 18 at 15½; 34 at 15¾. We quote:

LIVERPOOL CLASSIFICATION.

Ordinary to good ordinary	13½@14½
Low middling	14¾@14¾
Middling	15 @—
Strict middling	15¼@—

RICE.—There was a good inquiry for this grain, the market exhibiting steadiness. Sales about 275 tierces of clean Carolina, say 42 tierces at 5¾; 65 at 6⅜; 10 at 6⅝; 125 at 6 5-16; 24 at 6⅜ ℔ lb. We quote good clean Carolina at 6¼@6⅜c ℔ lb.

NAVAL STORES.—There were no sales of note.

FREIGHTS.—To Liverpool, by steam direct ¾ on uplands; via New York, ¾d on uplands, 1¾d on sea islands; by sail ½d on uplands, ¾d on sea islands. To Havre nominal. Coastwise—to New York, by steam, ⅝c on uplands and 1c on sea islands; $2 ℔ tierce on rice; by sail, ⅝c ℔ lb on cotton; —— ℔ tierce on rice; 40c ℔ barrel on rosin; 37½c ℔ M on timber. To Boston, by sail, ⅝@¾c ℔ lb on upland cotton. To Providence, by sail $8 ℔ M on boards, ⅝c ℔ lb on cotton; by steam $1 ℔ bale on New York rates. To Philadelphia, by steam, ½c ℔ lb on uplands; by sail, $7 ℔ M on boards; $9 on timber; $5 ℔ ton on clay, and $3@3 50 on phosphates. To Baltimore, by steam, ½c ℔ lb; by sail, $4 50@7 ℔ M on boards; $3@3 25 ℔ ton on phosphate rock. Vessels are in demand by our merchants to take lumber freights from Georgetown, S. C., Darien and Satilla River, Ga., and Jacksonville, Fla., to Northern ports, and $10 @12 ℔ M are the rates on lumber and boards.

EXCHANGE.—Sterling on day sells 18⅞@19.

DOMESTIC EXCHANGE.—The banks purchase sight checks at ¼@½ off, and sell at par.

GOLD—10@11.

Markets by Telegraph.

FOREIGN.

LIVERPOOL, December 22—Evening.—Cotton closed buoyant; uplands 9⅜d; Orleans 8⅝d; sales 15,000 bales.

DOMESTIC.

NEW YORK, December 24—Noon.—Flour very firm. Wheat a shade firmer. Corn scarce and firm. Pork firm at $19 50@19 75. Lard firm. Cotton steady; uplands 15¾c; sales 2000 bales. Turpentine steady at 46c. Rosin very firm at $2 12½. Freights firm. Stocks strong but very dull; Governments weak and dull; Southern, nothing doing. Gold 10¼@10⅜. Money easy at 7, gold. Sterling, long 9; short 9⅞.

Evening.—Money decidedly easier at 6@7, with exceptions at 5 per cent. Sterling dull and nominally unchanged. Gold dull at 10⅜@10⅝. Governments very dull but steady; six-twos 7⅞. Southerns dull. Tennessees 63; new 62½. Virginias 66; new 63. Louisianas 70; new 64. Levees 71; eights 84. Alabamas 100½; fives 70. Georgias 81; sevens 91½. North Carolinas 44½; new 23½. South Carolinas 81; new 67½. Cotton quiet; sales 2500 bales at 15⅝c. Flour a shade firmer; superfine State and Western $5 15@5 40. Wheat firm; winter red and amber Western $1 45@1 47. Corn active and firm; new 74@76. Pork firmer at $20. Beef steady. Lard firmer; kettle 12¾@13. Groceries dull. Naval stores steady. Freights quiet and very firm.

BOSTON, December 24.—Cotton dull; middlings 15½@15¾c; net receipts 80 bales; gross 555; sales 250; stock 5500 bales.

BALTIMORE, December 24.—Flour active; shipping grades higher. Wheat unchanged. Corn—white active; yellow dull. Provisions nominally unchanged. Whiskey 93@94c. Cotton dull and heavy, middlings 15⅝c; net receipts 335 bales; gross 335; sales 500; stock 12,425.

CINCINNATI, December 24.—Flour steady and in moderate demand at $5 30@5 50. Corn scarce and higher at 52@56c. Mess pork in light demand at $19. Lard firm at 11@11½c. Bacon in light demand, and holders firm; shoulders 10c; clear rib 11½c; clear sides 12c. Whiskey 87c.

WILMINGTON, December 24.—Cotton quiet; middlings 14½c; net receipts 347 bales; exports coastwise 800; stock 612 bales.

NORFOLK, December 24.—Cotton quiet; low middling 14¼@14½c; net receipts 1196 bales; exports coastwise 500; sales 100; stock 7030.

AUGUSTA, GA., December 24.—Cotton market quiet at 14½c for middlings; sales 735 bales; receipts 1167.

SAVANNAH, December 24.—Cotton quiet, with light offerings; middlings 14⅝c; net receipts 3697 bales; exports to Great Britain 9579; sales 790; stock 72,218.

MOBILE, December 24.—Cotton quiet; middlings 14½c; net receipts 1731 bales; exports coastwise 478; sales 600; stock 61,024.

GALVESTON, December 24.—Cotton very firm; holders ask higher rates; good ordinary 12½@12¾c; net receipts 1767 bales; exports to Great Britain 1270; coastwise 16; sales 650; stock 39,369.

NEW ORLEANS, December 24.—Cotton steady and in fair demand; middlings 14½@14⅝d; net receipts 5998 bales; gross 10,219 bales; exports to Great Britain 3874 bales; to Barcelona 3381 bales; to Queenstown 2600 bales; coastwise 425 bales; sales 8150 bales; stock 183,266 bales. Sugar in fair demand; prime 9¾@10c. Molasses firm; prime 55@57c; choice 60@61c; all others unchanged. Sterling 20. Sight ⅛@¼. Gold 10⅜.

Havana Market.

HAVANA, December 17.—The week has been slow in the sugar market, although there has been much talk of a contract concluded for 30,000 boxes, but no reliable data seems to be known to brokers or dealers. Other sales in four lots, 2750 boxes and 4200 hhds. at Matanzas. Quotations as last given—for whites, through, $5⅞@7¾ per 100 lbs; yellow, do., Nos. 13 to 20 at $5@5½ do.; brown, do., Nos. 11 and 12 at $4¾@4⅞ do; do., cuadrillos, do., Nos. 7 to 10 at $3⅞@4¼ do. In other marks we have no transactions to make basis for quotations.

Shipped during the week hence and from Matanzas, 10 716 boxes and 478 hhds., of which to the United States, 3297 boxes and 478 hhds; and balance to Europe; for Spain 610 boxes, and to Liverpool 1779; leaving stocks in the two ports equal to 39,121 boxes and 303 hhds., against for equal period of 1869 of 60,031 boxes and 3521 hhds. Next advice, I will give shipments to date. In molasses there is as yet no accumulation of stock, and new crop is not in quantity to suit buyers; said to have been made offers accepted at Cardenas and Matanzas for two or three cargoes of from 300 to 400 hhds. each, at 5 reals for clayed, and 5¾ for muscovado. In tobacco—The season, be abundant light showers, have been favorable for young plants, but holders have not abated from their extreme pretensions; wherefore transactions have been less this week than the previous. New York buyers are not in this week. Cigars hold their own, with orders yet waiting to be filled on the factories of best reputation.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, December 22.—COFFEE.—The market for coffee remains pretty much the same. In St. Domingo the sales have been 600 bags at about 8¾c, gold, in bond, for common, and 500 to 600 bags Cape at about 9c, gold, in bond. Java continues to be taken in small lots at 21½@22c, gold; and Rio at 15¾@16c ℔ lb. gold. Mocha is scarce and prices are quite nominal.

COTTON.—The market for cotton was quite dull early in the week, but within a few days there has been quite a reaction, and the decline has been fully recovered. Manufacturers have been pretty well supplied by recent arrivals, but are purchasing to a fair extent, and we quote ordinary at 12½@13½c; good ordinary at 14@15c; low middling 15@15½c, and middling at 15¾@16c ℔ lb, including uplands and gulf. The market closes quite firm at the prices.

DOMESTICS.—There has been rather more activity in cotton goods, but prices have ruled in favor of buyers, and the market has now reached comparatively low figures for all leading styles. In woolens very little has been done. Some light goods have been taken by clothiers, but holders of heavy goods are closing out stocks at comparatively low figures.

GUNNY BAGS.—There have been sales of 125 bales at 18½@19c, currency, and market firm.

GUNNY CLOTH.—The demand for this article has been quite moderate, and the market is as dull as previously noticed. The sales have been at 22@24c per yard, currency.

NAVAL STORES.—In spirits turpentine the sales have been in small lots at 48@49c ℔ gallon. Tar is quiet, with small sales at $3@3 25 ℔ bbl. Rosins are scarce and held higher, with sales of small lots at some advance on previous rates.

RICE.—There have been sales of 100 casks Carolina at 6¼@7c ℔ lb.

New York Rice Market.

From the Daily Bulletin, December 22: There is a very dull market and nothing of interest to advise. The call is only for job lots, and on these about former prices are current. Sales of 30 tcs at 6¾@7c. cash.

From the Journal of Commerce: There is no new feature to note. The offerings are as yet light, but are fully sufficient to meet the demand. We quote 6¾@7c; saves 40 tcs.

From the Herald December 22: Carolina was still slow of sale, there being but little demand, but prices were unchanged. A few small lots were sold at from 6¾c. to 7c. Rangoon dull and nominal.

From the World December 22: The demand moderate, and the market generally dull and uninteresting. Sales of a few tcs. at 6¾@7c. for Carolina.

From the Daily Bulletin, December 23: Business continues to drag along slowly, and the market is without life. Prices quoted as before, but generally nominal for wholesale lots. Sales of 50 tierces Carolina at 6¾@7c.

From the Journal of Commerce: There is no new feature to note. The demand is limited, and holders are free sellers of the small quantity they have on hand. We quote 6¾@7c.

From the World: The market slow and unchanged, but without much strength. Sales of 40 tierces Carolina at 6¾@7c cash.

From the Herald: Carolina was steady at 6¾@7c, with small sales within the range. Rangoon was dull and nominal.

Savannah Market.

SAVANNAH, December 22.—COTTON.—The market opened with a good demand and was very firm. The demand and firmness has been well sustained throughout the week, and the sales, which have been but 8500 bales, would have been much larger but for the bad weather and the inability to handle cotton, owing to the election. Holders have been unable to have cotton sampled, and the stock offered during the week has been very light.

The stock on hand at the close of the market yesterday was 15,878 bales upland and 702 bales sea Island. The receipts at all the ports foot up 1,361,287 bales; the stock on hand at all ports, to latest dates, reach 489,753 bales, against 323,206 bales the same time last year.

SEA ISLAND.—The sales this week have been light, on the basis of 34c for medium fine Floridas, and 30@33c for good clean cotton, with some firmness. The lower grades are much neglected. Receipts continue light, and the demand is very small, as none but the better grades are sought for, and they being scarce, buyers will not operate.

RECEIPTS.—The receipts at this port for the past week have been 26,153 bales upland, and 222 bales sea islands, from the following sources: Central Railroad 16,317 bales upland; Atlantic and Gulf Railroad 6945 bales upland and 78 bales sea islands; Augusta route 2727 bales upland; Florida route 75 bales upland and 80 bales sea islands; wagons and on cars 79 bales upland and 64 bales sea island.

EXPORTS.—The exports for the week have been 25,090 bales upland and 233 bales sea island, as follows: Liverpool 12,593 bales upland; New York 5790 bales upland and 250 bales sea island; Philadelphia 217 bales upland; Baltimore 191 bales upland; Charleston 4 bales upland and 33 bales sea island; Boston 1461 bales upland; Amsterdam 1214 bales upland; Bremen 3019 bales upland.

Columbus Market.

COLUMBUS, December 24.—COTTON.—Friday our market showed a good demand, and under the stimulus of favorable advices, prices were firmer and middlings sold 17 bales, at the following prices: Ordinary 11@12c; good ordinary 12½@12¾c; low middling 14@14½c; middling 15½c. Sales of the week 1064 bales—240 on Kirkman orders, 223 Northern account, 100 for Northern spinners, 42 for home consumption. Week's receipts 3362 bales, against 4264 the previous one, and 3983 the corresponding week last season; shipments 2337 bales.

COTTON STATEMENT.

Stock on hand September 1, 1870	1,572
Received last week	3,542
Received previously	41,950—45,492
Total	47,064
Shipped past week	2,337
Shipped previously	32,409—34,746
Stock December 23, 1870	12,318

On this week the stock has increased 1235.

Interior Cotton Markets.

CHARLOTTE, December 23.—Sales to-day 78 bales; prices unchanged; middling 13¾c; low middling 12¾@13c; good ordinary 12¼c.

ATLANTA, December 23.—The market to-day has been dull and declining; middlings 13c; low middling 13⅜; good ordinary 12½; ordinary 11⅜.

MACON, December 23.—Receipts 928 bales; shipments 432; sales 567. The market firm, with extra middlings at 14c.

MONTGOMERY, December 23.—Our cotton market is active, with general demand; low middling 13¼@13½c.

SELMA, December 23.—There were sales yesterday to the amount of 800 bales. Low middling 13½c. The demand was good and general; market quiet but firm.

Receipts by Railroad, December 24.

SOUTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.

1202 bales cotton, 32 bales domestics, &c. To Railroad Agent, Peizer, Rodgers & co, G H Walter & co, Sloan & Seignious, Dowling & co, Mowry & Son, A B Mulligan, Wiss & co, G Follin, A J Salinas, W C Courtney & co, W A Courtney, W P Hall, Caldwell & Son, G A Trenholm & Son, W W Smith, G W Williams & co, W B Williams & Son, Frost & Adger, Wagener & Murdaugh, Reeder & Davis and Order.

SAVANNAH AND CHARLESTON RAILROAD.

13 bales cotton, mdse, &c. To W C Courtney & co, Wagener & Murdaugh, E Brown, C Scott, W C Bee & co, J R Pringle & Son, Fraser & Dill, Stoney & Lowndes, and Railroad Agent.

Passengers.

Per steamship Manhattan, for New York—Mrs J B Athens, T Fisher.

Per steamship South Carolina, from New York—W Hall, W Tomlin, C E Verdier, M Tache, D M Sheppard, Dr A Lynah, Miss M J McLean, Mr Perry, Mr Whaley, Agnes Prausse, Wm Becker and wife, W A Olmstead, J M Bailey, T Paul, J Hagter, P A Wade, D Burke, D F Tulley, J Douglass, Miss Booth, I Rouer, J Brown.

Per steamer Emilie, from Georgetown, S C—C P Leesne, J G Wheeler, P C Dozier, D A DuPre, S T Wilson, Dr F L Frost, G Holloway, A Grant, and 19 on deck.

Per steamer Argo, from Edisto and Way Landings—A Northrup, H Welden, G A Richmond, R Quigley, C Bell, 1 Green.

Per steamer Dictator, from Palatka via Jacksonville, Fernandina and Savannah—L C Nowell, Mr Whitsell, Capt Cumming, Mr Peck, Mrs Sollee and two children, Miss Johnson, A G Carconi, and 14 on deck.

PORT CALENDAR.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 7th, 9 hours, 19 minutes, evening.
Last Quarter, 15th, 3 hours, 51 minutes, evening.
New Moon, 22d, 6 hours, 59 minutes, morning.
First Quarter, 29th, 11 hours, 18 minutes, morn'g.

DAYS.	DECEMBER.	SUN. RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON R. & S.	HIGH WATER.
26	Monday	7.. 2	4..59	9..22	11.. 4
27	Tuesday	7.. 3	5.. 0	10..32	11..53
28	Wednesday	7.. 3	5.. 0	11..31	morn.
29	Thursday	7.. 3	5.. 1	morn.	12..42
30	Friday	7.. 4	5.. 1	12..25	1..38
31	Saturday	7.. 4	5.. 2	1..19	2..23
1	Sunday	0.. 0	0.. 0	0..00	0..00

MARINE NEWS.

CHARLESTON, DECEMBER 26.

ARRIVED SATURDAY.

Schr Ann S Deas, Garbatt, West Point Mill, 142 bs rice. To W C Bee & co.

Steamer Emilie, White, Georgetown, S C, 215 tierces rice, 3 bales cotton, and sundries. To Shackelford & Kelly, Pringle & Son, S Hymns, C G Lance, J H Wilson, E N Thurston, E McCrady, E E Bedford, Goodrich, Wieseman & co, Geni Jas Simons, T Y Simons, C Nielson, R A Allston, J F Taylor & co, Thurston & Holmes, T Tupper & Sons, J H Dawson, W C Bee & co, Cohen, Hanckel & co, W L Webb, Mrs Huger and others.

Steamer Argo, Kissam, Edisto and Way Landings, 33 bags sea Island and 7 bales upland cotton, mdse, &c. To D Nisbet, J Colcock & co, W K Ryan, Stoney & Lowndes, M McCarty, W Dayton, Ravenel & co, T L Webb, Fraser & Dill, J Gibbs & co, W A Boyle, and Order.

ARRIVED YESTERDAY.

Steamship South Carolina, Beckett, New York—left — inst. Mdse. To Wagner, Huger & co, W A Courtenay, J D Aiken & co, Southern Express Company, S C Railroad Agent, C & S Railroad co, Adams, Damon & co, J E Adger & co, C Jas Adger & co, M & A Ashton, J Apple, Bayer & Kressel Jr, C Berbusse, W M Bird & co, E E Bedford, H Bischoff & co, W S Bissell, F M Bristoll & co, T Bonnell, B Boyd, E T Brown, H Brown, J P Brown, J P Buckinger, E L Burnham, Cameron, Barkley & co, M C Buxbaum, W H Chafee & co, T M Cater, J Campsen & co, L E Cordray, H Daly, J Douglass, Elias & Bro, Crane, Boylston & co, J S Fairly & co, D F Fleming & co, Fogartie's Book Repository, Forsythe, McComb & co, Farchgott, Benedict & co, C Graveley, H Gerdts & co, P L Guillemin, G S Hacker, A J Harris, H D Hawley, J H Happoldt, Charleston Hotel, N A Hunt, I Hyman, C H Johnson, Johnston, Crews & co, T Kelly, J H Lawton & co, Klinck, Wickenberg & co, Kinsman Bros, J D Kracke, Laurey & Al