A NEGRO SLAVE SENATOR.

A STUMP SPEECH BY A FORMER SLAVE OF GEN. GAINES.

Progress in Texas—Senator Matt Gaines meets his African Constituents—Africa Strong on Political War—Rather Rough, but a Vigorous Discourse, not without Sense and Reason.

From the Houston (Texas) Age, June 22.

We think we are justifiable in giving up, as we do, so much of our space to the speech of Matt Gaines, the negro State Senator from Washington county. The negroes are known to constitute a very great political element in this State, and as an election for members of Congress is coming rapidly on, it is important that the feelings and attitude of the negroes with reference to the different classes of our white population should be fully understood. That Gaines, who was, in common with the great mass of that people, a plantation field-negro, understands, feels, and expresses the real sentiments of his class, is a fact that no one will seriously and honestly question. He simply utters what the sixty thousand negro voters in Texas think, and, if once fully in power, they would act up to his suggestions.

Matt Gaines, who is the immediate mouthpiece of Washington county's three thousand negro voters, gathered his negro clansmen at the Court House in Brenham last Saturday, and addressed them as follows:

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I wish to speak a few points of discourse to you for the bonds of my doctrines, and give an account of my five months' labor as Representative of the people in the Legislature. I have labored hard, and represented the Democrats, Conservatives, and Radicals. I found it my duty to represent all parties and the whole State, and I had sense enough to do it, and also that inferior race which I have the honor to represent.

Here the speaker was interrupted by some one in the crowd.

Gaines—If Gov. Hamilton was speaking you wouldn't disturb him.

Voice—Hamilton says he owes you one.

Gaines—I Hamilton was here I shouldn't have a word to say, but would feel like a log under a chunk. But I was going on with the heads of my subject. After five months' hard work they say, "Senator Gaines, you have ruined the country. You have passed the International Railroad bill, and give $16,000 a mile, and we are ruined with taxes; and there is the Pacific road, and more taxes and more ruin." I voted for the Pacific road because it runs along our northern and western frontier, and opens up a world of wild country to civilization and settlement. It runs through the State and over to the Pacific Ocean, and as fast as it is built the settlements will spread and cover the land. We have been free six years, and how many of you have homes? The white Democrats own everything, and they won't sell you land. We can go on the line of the Pacific road and buy us homes at 10, 15, and 25 cents an acre, and build us schoolhouses and churches, and throw the doors wide open. I would not only vote $16,000 a mile, but $10,000 if necessary. The wild Indians hold the whole western border, and scalp every white man they catch, and carry the women and children off into captivity. The State has spent $300,000, and the United States has sent troops, and yet the Indian is unwhipped, and somehow rather worse than common. Let the Southern Pacific go west with the sun. The Indian is, like the sun, rather scary; it will scare the reuskins where they came from.

Don't you get scared at taxes. I'm time enough to get scared when the collector comes. It is as sad a thing, how come it that every Democrat in the House has come votin' for it.

[Here the same voice made a remark that had disturbed him before, and Gaines said, "I take you for a carpet-bagger; your conduct proves it." Whereupon Lumkins Frederick, to whom the voice belonged, told Gaines that he ought to remember the story of the goat that climbed the pole.]

AFTER PARSONS.

I call your attention to House bill No. 308, introduced by Senator Parsons, to foster immigration. Senator Parsons, the great champion of Texas Republicanism, so called, wanted to send Commissioners to France, England, and Germany, to invite immigrants to Texas. Senator Gaines moved to add one for Africa. Give me your attention; I may not speak all in the dictionary, or keep up all points in grammar, not being very grammarly, but I charge that Senator Parsons's name is stuck with the blood of Union men, and with the blood of men of his own party. Senator Parsons says that the salvation of the colored man is in his bosom; but God pity the colored man! I had rather trust his salvation to the hands of Uncle Gladings. He is certainly as good a friend as Parsons. But you saw we taxed the black man $1 per head. What of it? We are the men that do all the work, and raise the corn and cotton, and enable white men to drive fine horses. We do the work, and they sell half of what we make and pay their taxes with it. Great injustice has been done the colored man. The Legislature has tried to encourage emigration from France, England, and Germany. They pay a man a salary of $3,500 per annum to come Dutch here to work the land that we cut the trees from and pulled the stumps out of. They sell land to the Dutch on credit, with 10 per cent. interest; but a colored man cannot buy it in four months or four months at 8 per cent. interest.

PARSONS AGAIN.

Parsons thinks the black man came from the Guinea-out-any, and is a monkey without a tail, and would be a baboon if he had a tail. You remember, I said Senator Gaines moved for a commissioner to go to Africa for emigrants. Senator Parsons said it was impracticable. I ask, Is it more impracticable than it was when we had to import colored people here as citizens, than it was to send Gladiers in 1846 and bring them here as slaves, when Senator Parsons was so anxious to reopen the African slave trade? Under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, I had a right to send to Africa for our friends, and to keep us from falling into a barbarism. Senator Parsons had a right to send to Germany after the Dutch. We colored folks have a right to invite the African here, where the school house door is open, and where the ballot box is in our own hands.

The speaker being here interrupted again, as he thought, by a carpet bagger, said:

The carpet baggers seem to be in great trouble. I'll give them what they want and let them go home. I leave the Southern Pacific and the emigration bills, and take my text on the carpet bagger.

What is called the Republican party, is not the Republican party at all. The black men of Texas are the true Republican party. You put the black men on one side and the Democrats on the other, and the scattering white men who call themselves Republican in the middle, and they would not be strong enough to lift a flea into office. I refer to the values of my own county. The white vote is 1,653, and there are twenty-five of them voted for Sheridan ticket. The colored vote is 2,745, and they are all Republicans. It is time to look at the great power we possess. It is sin to have power and not to use it. We could put a bull in office if we wanted to. John Hancock said that when negroes voted, Jacks and bulls ought to vote. We have the strength in this district to send a jackass to Congress. Yes, jack or jenny if you like.

CARPET-BAGGERS.

It is time for colored people to wake up. Little fellows like Clark come down here from Connecticut when everything was in a state of distraction. We were unorganized, and did not know what to do, and we took them up, bob-tailed coat, tight boots, white-headed cane and all, and we have fed them long enough on our own chicken pie. They are entirely stock. There is no come-out in them. I am better fitted for Congress than Clark, and there would be more propriety in my being there by the side of Greeley and Sumner. These grand Republicans, like Ruby from Maine, come down here and we make them believe that they fought the whole war through by themselves, and that the New Yorkers came down with their own hands for your freedom, and they will sleep in your beds with you, no matter how lousy. No more pulling wool over our eyes. There are some old black men here who have retired to the music of the dinner horn, and not much dinner at that, and who deserved chicken pie, and are better worthy of position than the imported little worms that have crawled into so many offices. Those little fellows are too weak to plough and too small to hoe. Give your provender to better horses. They will wear out our majorities. They never had a decent suit of clothes till they came down here from Connecticut, or thereabouts, and get office. They used to hang around my desk at Austin, and use my stationery, and call me Senator Gaines. When they got office it was Mr. Gaines, and ever a while it was Matt. I am tired of such fellows living at our expense. There is no use in having strength unless you use it. If a white man comes along with a little sugar on a stick and promises you ever thing, remember it was white men who in 1856 passed a law to brand you on the cheek with the letter C, and to have you punished with the bull-whip. He cannot prove to me that he is all at once the best friend to the black man. After five years' war the result is that the black man, if a monkey with a tail five feet long is a freeman and a voter. Frank P. Blair, the great Missouri leader, said that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments were illegal; and Sevmour, the great champion, said, if they were, he would put them down with the army and navy. If the Democrats get into power, up go the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, and all negroes will have to take back seats. These old black fellows that have seen strange sights, and ought to be in Congress, and would be if the wool had not been pulled over their eyes, are made to stand back. Gen. Clark has got round in Congress, and I tell you he has worn his tight pants and switched his gold-headed cane long enough at our expense. Where are the six old houses he promised us? Not here. The United States has paid him for all he has done, and we owe him a thing.

Stockman, who I see has come down here to speculate on the black man, and he are been paid too. There are plenty of them in this district. They hardly speak to you now, and won't shake hands. But just before the election, they will knock at my door before daylight to let you know they are candidates, and will cut with you out of your corn-shucks. It almost makes me a D-mocrat to think of such fellows. But I was not raised a Democrat. I graduated in the cotton-field college. Bayard, the pale faced, if G. T. Ruby had come to Galveston, he would have been on the footing of a slave. He went against the most important measure of the session, my amendment to the Immigration bill. If big White's law come in, we have that which keeps majority. If 500 whites and no blacks come, we will be in a minority, and then Clark and his sort will put a feather in the Democratic cap to hide under. Yes, all these fellows will that have been making us big promises, and that we have been carrying on our backs.

TAXES.

Much is said about taxes, and the Democrats say they are groaning under them. Glad of it. Let them groan. I have got $2,000 worth of property, and I like to pay taxes on it. It's my privilege. You can't buy any land. They won't sell it to you. Your old masters didn't give you any land or horses. The United States failed to confiscate them, and the Constitution failed to. There is no way left but to tax and sell, so as to get cheap homes. In there is any virtue in taxation, we will tax until we tax them out of their lands. When they had the right to brand me on the jaw I paid no tax, and had no privilege. If the Democrats had obeyed the law they would have no taxes to pay. It is brought about by their disobedience. I was smarter than they were. If they had asked me I would have told them that the war would end just as it did, and every thing they had be subject to confiscation. We have built very nicely with the white men, been exceedingly kind in not confiscating their lands and horses.

SCHOOL TAX.

But you have to pay $1 school tax. The constitution provides that the Legislature shall establish a system of free schools. I ask you, as one of that inferior race, if you wouldn't rather live under this Government and pay taxes and have your colored police to scour the country, and arrest desperadoes, than be tied up in slavery and pay no taxes. This is the greatest administration Texas ever had. I have a few pamphlets of the tax law for distribution; take them home with you, and read them by the torch light, and you will say with me there is not half taxes enough. In 1856 I paid no taxes—old master did. I made ten bales of cotton, and got a pair of red shoes, a pair of white breeches, and a promise of a whipping Christmas to make me a good negro the next year.

The school law they introduced was unconstitutional. The white school was to be at least a quarter of a mile from the colored school, and no going from one to the other. I opposed it. All men are equal, and equally entitled to every privilege. If a white man has a right to crawl into a colored woman's cabin at night, and have children by her, that child has a right at the school to sit by the side of her black child and his white child. And if, as Parsons calls us, a no-tailed monkey can represent as good looking people as you are, and sit in Chamberlain's place, and argue laws with Parsons, my son should sit by the side of Parsons's daughter in the school house.

NOT AN EXTREMIST.

They call me an extreme Radical, but we are not as extreme as the Democrats were when they were in power. They are allowed to vote and to go to school on every billhop and valey under this "nigger" Government. When it was a white man's Government I could not vote. We are not extreme. Our "nigger" Government has thrown open the school-room and the ballot-box.

If they had let me vote in 1861, I could have told them all about the war. I am smarter than Jeff. Davis was, and I call at Sam's "Second-hand Store" and didn't. Now we are free, but we don't own any land. We try to buy and pay ten per cent., but they won't sell to us. The Democrats are no friends of ours and the weak-kneed Republicans have too far us. We must hereafter put our trust in God and ourselves.

I'm afraid; no, not of Frank Blair. My claim on the Republicans is this: If my party thinks I am the man to go to Congress and take Frank Blair by the horns, I am ready; and I am more capable of doing it than Clark. I have seen sights, and you know how I tell going home at night, scared, that there was too little cotton in my basket. I will go to Congress, and make an amendment to the emigration law, and send to Africa for better men than the Dutch.

In conclusion, don't mind the fuss about the taxes. If you have a horse worth $50, pay the tax on him. If he is worth $100, pay it the quicker. The militia bill is for your interest, and the police bill is for your protection. It is your interest to pay taxes. Some white men cry, we want pay. Very well. We will make taxes pay.

Where is the Hon. C. J. Stockbridge? He ought to be here to help me defend the Pacific Road and school bill and give an account of himself. Are he and Schleuhan ashamed to be here? Well, we will be ashamed of them when they come wandering around us again, and want office. They say Gaines has sold out. Gaines will try not to knock the dust from under my feet. But don't get behind a stump, gentlemen. Come out and show a little manhood. I ain't afraid of Chut Giddings, or Blair, or Seymour, or the best lawyer they have got. I will take the Code of 1856 under my arm and meet them on the stump, and fish lightning through them.

I am credible of some honor for passing the Washington County Fair bill in the Legislature, but they have not honored me with an invitation to attend. I took as much propriety and dignity in suspending the rules and passing the bill as anybody, but if I see the Fair, I must see it from some hilltop on the outside. They would have loved to have given Chauncey Shepherd a gold-headed cane.

As for Congress, there are only four districts, and it won't do for them all to be represented by white men. Louisiana, and Tennessee, and North Carolina, and South Carolina, all have their colored Congressmen, and so has Mississippi, and why not Texas? Justice demands that we send a black man. The white man is prejudiced. He can't talk to the negro in the street, nor sit by him at church. They are willing to let us work the land for them, or to ride into office on our backs. But, "Jordan is a hard road to travel," and they will find our backs hard to ride. They have thrown us off. They promised us deputyships, but didn't do it. There are 2,745 of us. Now let us put our sort in office, and let the whites be deputies. I am tired of clothing men who never owned a good suit, and never would even cue in any honest way. I thank you for your attention.

A HORRIBLE CRIME.

A Brutal Father Torturing his Son to Death—The Murderer Lynched.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., July 6.—Martin Mera, who lived on a farm between Gilman and Osarga, was taken from the jail in Watseka last night, by a mob of 250 men, and hanged on a hickory tree. About three weeks ago Mera beat his son, aged ten years, in such a terrible manner that it was impossible for the little fellow to get out of bed when called by his father the next morning. This seemed to exasperate the brutal fellow, and taking a red-hot poker he burned the little boy's side. Not satisfied with this, he took the boy up from bed, and putting him on the red-hot stove held him there until he was horribly burned. He then took him into a room where the mother lay, saying just been confined, and beat him over the head with the butt end of a whip until death came to the relief of the little sufferer.

The brutal wretch threw the lifeless body under the bed on which his wife was lying, and told her if she created a word of the affair he would kill her. That night he wrapped the body of the boy in a sheet and buried it near a hedge in his garden. The next morning he went to Gilman and advertised the boy as a runaway, offering a reward for information of his whereabouts.

On Saturday last, suspicion having been aroused by some words let fall by the boy's sister, the mother and two daughters were taken in charge, and the man arrested. After the mother found her husband was under arrest she told the dreadful story of the murder. The body of the boy was found, and the terrible reality and atrocity of the murder fully demonstrated.

The excitement was intense at the time, and it required all the nerve and skill of the officers in charge of the prisoner to prevent the bondage from lynching him. The hanging of the wretch was witnessed by a multitude of women and children numbering, with the men, nearly 1,000.

The Late Mr. May—Anecdotes of a Good Man.

Correspondence of The Sun.

SYRACUSE, July 8.—The Rev. Samuel J. May, for many years pastor of the Unitarian Church of this city, who died at the residence of his daughter on the 1st inst., aged 74 years, was almost idolized by those who knew him best. On leaving his pulpit, at the age of 70, his friends presented him with a handsome annuity for life. Many anecdotes are related of his charity, which knew no bounds. During the cholera season of 1848 he passed day after day with poor sufferers in their slumber, many of whom were deserted by their own families, taking food, medicine, and comfort to the sick and dying; and as a proof that his services were appreciated, he received the gold-headed cane given to the "most popular man" at a ball held for the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity two years since. In the darkest days of the war he went to Virginia with sanitary supplies, but his sympathy for the sick and wounded completely overpowered him. He prayed and nursed alike with friend and foe, with black and white, until he was taken home exhausted.

In early life he was settled over a small parish in Brooklyn, Conn., and rode in a one-horse chaise about the country. Having prepared for a day's journey for an exchange, he was advised by a neighbor not to go alone, as foot-pads infested the road he was to take. He heeded not the advice, and, when a few miles out of the village, he saw a man jump over a low fence out of a thick wood. He said to himself, "Mine enemy is upon me." When he overtook the man he stopped and said cheerily, "Good morning, my friend; I'm in an empty seat, will you not share it with me?" They had a long ride, and a long talk. Mr. May giving his passenger a great deal of good moral advice by the way. As they neared the point of Mr. May's destination he said: "I am a minister, and shall preach in the next village to-morrow, and if you would like to hear me, I am sure the friends who are expecting me will entertain you."

The man declined the invitation with apparent confusion, and when they alighted from the vehicle, said he would like to speak with Mr. May apart, a few moments. When alone, he grasped Mr. M.'s hand, broke into tears, fairly in the face, and said: "I must not part with you without confessing that when I sprang into the road, I intended to blow your brains out, steal your horse and carriage, your watch and coat, and escape." "O, yes!" said Mr. May, very pleasantly; "I knew that. I was warned against coming on the road this morning and felt sure you were armed when I asked you to ride with me." "You are a noble, true Christian man," said the robber, with great feeling; "your counsel to-day has sunk deep into my heart, an I hereby promise you solemnly that I will lead henceforth a temperate and blameless life." The promise was kept. There had been a correspondence between them for more than thirty years, when Mr. May told us the story. No one but their Maker knew their secret. The repentant man prospered, and if he is living will out and one more to the thousands who weep for his benefactor to-day.

Deplorable Condition of Body and Mind.

The Indian Herb Doctor, of 293 Fulton st., Brooklyn, has cured hosts of nervous debility.

T. L. CLARK, 28th st. and 5th av.—*Adv.*

A SEASONABLE FAMILY REMEDY.—Asiatic Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, Colic, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and all Affections of the Bowels incident to either children or adults at this season of the year, are cured at once by Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam. It allays the irritation and calms the action of the stomach, and being pleasant to the taste, is an acceptable remedy to the youngest to take readily. Sold by all druggists.—*Adv.*

THE GREAT FOOL FISHERY.

SOME OF THE FOOLS THAT HAVE BEEN CAUGHT IN THE NET.

A Judicious Investment in Counterfeit Greenbacks—The Office in Broadway and the Office in Bleecker Street—A Counterfeit Policeman, and Two Nice Letters.

George A. Kastner is engaged in the Yankee notion business at Lawrenceville, Lawrence county, N. Y. When business is dull with Mr. Kastner he travels through the State as agent for the sale of a patent money drawer, and in fact he is nothing loth to turn an honest penny at anything which may offer. Some time during the month of February Mr. Kastner received a letter purporting to be from A. D. Batty & Co., of 599 Broadway, setting forth how he could make a fortune in the shortest imaginable time by using discretion and a judicious investment in their counterfeit greenbacks, which, as they announced, defied detection. On Friday Mr. Kastner arrived in this city by the Utica boat, and immediately sought out Messrs. Batty & Co. For that purpose he went to 599 Broadway, and was told that the parties that he was in search of had removed their office to 688 Broadway. To this place Kastner bent his steps. On his arrival at the designated locality, he found it to be a private post office. To his inquiries for Batty & Co., he was answered by a dapper young man in charge of the place that

HE EXPECTED MR. BATTY

in every moment, as he usually came for his mail at about that hour. The young man invited Kastner to take a seat.

In about five minutes a man attired in elegant style and sporting a huge solitaire diamond pin on a shirt bosom of immaculate whiteness entered, and was introduced as Mr. Batty.

"I suppose you are a stranger in town, and want to transact some business with me," remarked the urbane Mr. Batty.

"I've come in response to a letter I received from your firm," replied Kastner.

Batty then told him that his office was just around the corner, and that as the utmost secrecy was necessary, they had better go there. The two then went to 147 Bleecker street, to an office on the second floor of the building. On the door of the office was a small tin sign with the name of Dr. J. A. Preston. Kastner took a seat. Batty told him that he had some of the best counterfeit money in the world, and that the shrewdest detectives could not distinguish it from the genuine. He offered to sell $500 worth of the queer for $100. When Kastner expressed a desire to see the stuff Batty took him to the top floor of the building, into a small room without a window, where, by the dim light of a lamp three boxes were revealed. Batty opened one of the boxes, and disclosed a pile of what he said was

COUNTERFEIT MONEY.

Selecting two or three of the bills they descended to the office. Kastner scrutinized the supposed counterfeit closely, and thinking that he had a good thing, closed the bargain for $500 worth. He agreed to pay $40 cash and the balance when he returned for more.

He then handed Batty $40, and the latter started to leave the room, as he said, to get the money. To this mode of procedure Kastner objected, and suggested that he produce the money before taking the $40. Batty returned him his money and left the room. In a short time Batty returned, carrying in his hand a large envelope, which he represented as containing $500 in counterfeits. Kastner again handed him the $40, which he placed in his vest pocket. Kastner was in the act of reaching for the envelope when a loud rap was heard on the door, and a man wearing a policeman's uniform, with the shield on his breast, entered. Walking up to Batty, the supposed police officer said:

"I've been watching you at your little game for some time, and now I am going to arrest you."

Batty pretended to be indignant, and drew a revolver. The officer also drew one. Kastner, who by this time was thoroughly alarmed, incontinently left the building. He walked as far as Bleecker and Mercer streets, when he perceived Batty and the supposed officer, who had doffed the uniform, coming down the street arm in arm, and laughing heartily over the ruse they had

PLAYED ON THEIR DUPE.

Kastner by this time had become aware of the deception which had been played on him and followed the worthies, determined to give them into custody as soon as he met an officer. When Batty saw that he was followed, he dodged into the Mercer street entrance of the Grand Central Hotel, and disappeared. Kastner followed, but lost sight of the swindler. He waited in the hotel about half an hour, when he saw Batty emerge from a house on the opposite side of Mercer street. Hastily telling his companion how he had been swindled, the three gave chase. Batty ran down Mercer street in the direction of Prince, closely followed by a large crowd which had gathered, attracted by the cries of "Stop thief!" At Mercer and Prince streets the panting quarry ran into the arms of Officer Slavin of Capt. Caffrey's command, who held tight to him until the arrival of his pursuers. He was conveyed to the Twenty-seventh street police station. On being searched, the following letters which speak for themselves were found on his person:

A NICE LETTER.

THOMAS B. THAYER, DEALER IN GROCERIES, LIQUORS, TOBACCO, &c., 241 SIXTH AV., NEW YORK, June 1, 1871.

DEAR SIR: I have been in the grocery business in this locality since 1863. About three months ago I was compelled to fail. I succeeded in saving between six and seven thousand dollars worth of my effects, teas, tobacco, and cigars. My creditors got all the balance. They suspected me of taking these goods, but were unable to prove anything, so I have them to-day. Now, as I have a confidential proposition to make you in reference to the disposal of these goods, in the first place, your name was given to me by a young man that I was engaged in business with, I can trust you, from, although he knows nothing about this matter or of me writing to you. If you will sell these goods for me, I will give you one-third of what they bring, with the understanding that you send me my two-thirds of the money every two weeks. The goods are assorted just right for the retail trade, and suitable for the market. I am anxious to turn these goods into cash as soon as possible, so I can have the money to go into business with. If you accept the proposition, let me know, and I will send them as soon as possible.

THOMAS B. THAYER, 241 Sixth avenue.

N. B.—This matter must be confidential, whether you accept or not. If my creditors find out anything about it, they would have them seized, and my business give me considerable trouble. T. B. T.

ANOTHER NICE LETTER.

NEW YORK, May 27, 1871.

MY DEAR MACK: I have just seen Tim. He tells me that you have concluded to quit work and that I thought you quite low. Mack, I have always found that you were being the most honest and true-worthy man that has ever been in my employ, and when you told me to day that you were innocent, I believed you, for the reason that I never knew you to tell me a falsehood; so I cannot and will not believe you guilty of this until I have more proof than I have at present. The only thing is the circumstances connected in the matter which looks against you. Now I wish you to go to work Monday as usual, and I will allow no one to accuse you of this matter until they can prove you guilty. I propose to hold back $5 per week, as I said to you that was only for your own good. That proposition emanated from Myer, not from me. I proposed it to you as Myer requested me to do so. I suppose he thought it would secure us against any loss in the future in the same way. Take my advice in his matter, and as long as you are true to me you will always find me to be your friend. Enclosed I send $30. ELLIS ELIAS.

The following is a list of some of the victims of this fellow of many aliases, from a memorandum found on him:

Milton Clesson, Binghamton, $500 spurious; $40 paid and $60 due.

John S. Bennett, Lomax Station, Henderson county, Ill., $1,000 spurious; $100 paid, $100 due.

James Hubert, Michigan Hotel, Detroit, Michigan, $1,000 spurious, $100 paid, $100 due.

O'ney Fe'nalm, East Greenwich, $500 spurious; $27 paid, $33 due.

James E. V. Rollins, Morristown, Cass county, Missouri, $5,000 spurious; $300 paid, $700 due.

James McClean, 101 Alexander street, Albany, N. Y., $1,500 spurious; $90 paid, $210 due.

BATTY'S FORMER EXPLOITS.

When Batty was taken to the station he gave his name as William Waters. He calls himself Batty, Earle, Waters, Broker, and Preston. A receipt for three months' office rent was found on him. The receipt read that A. A. Earle had paid $33 for three months' rent in advance for an office at 599 Broadway, to be used as a studio. Batty, alias Earle, alias Waters, alias Broker, alias Preston, is said to be the principal managing man for the chief of sawdust swindlers. He is identical with the man who was arrested at the instance of Ellis Elias a few months ago, and who at the time gave the name of Watson. Elias at the time charged that Watson had snatched up $1,000 bond from his hand in front of the *Herald* office, with which he ran away. Watson was committed to answer by the magistrate presiding at the Yorkville Police Court, and that was the last ever heard of the case. On Friday night, a prominent Court official, and some friends of the prisoner, waited on those concerned in the matter, and after much the affair, Alderman Mitchell committed Batty in $1,000 bail to answer.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

SATURDAY, July 8—P. M.—The railway share market was decidedly more active during the morning, though the principal transactions were confined to a few leading stocks. Prices before the Board opened strong, but subsequently became weak under the influence of a sharp bear attack on Ohios, which the cliques in that stock failed to successfully resist, and resulting in a decline of 2½ ⅌ cent. in the same to 45¾. Lake Shore, Central, Northwestern, Reading, Rock Island, and St. Pauls quick sympathized with the downward current, and dropped off at the same time ½ to 1½ ⅌ cent.; after which the dealings were insignificant up to the close, when a slight reaction was observed, the result, no doubt, of the temporary relaxation in the pressure of sales on the part of small outside operators, as well as by the withdrawal of purchasing orders early in the day.

The gold market was dull though steady at 113¼ @113⅜, until late in the afternoon, when considerable amounts were pressed for sale, and transactions in the course of business were noted at 113.

In the gold loan market the rate to borrowers ranted from flat to 1 ⅌ cent., while balances were carried at 2. The day's business at the Gold Exchange Bank was: Gold cleared, $56,954,003; gold balances, $2,121,956; and currency balances, $2,406,858. The subjoined is a statement of specie by to-day's steamers from $1,107,219 14, making a total for the week of $1,719,046; and since Jan. 1, $46,441,079 23, against $18,196,466 79 for the corresponding period of last year, and $16,393,696 in 1869. The principal quotations of gold were:

10 A. M. .....113⅛ | 3 P. M. 113¼
11:30 A. M. .....113⅛ | 4:25 P. M. .....113 sellers.

The gold receipts at the Sub-Treasury to day were $1,056,257 26; payments, $1,896,851 49; and currency balance, $75,496,725 63. The currency receipts were $786,976 68; payments, $1,087,580 33; and currency balance, $4,024 581 24. Customs receipts were $291,000, and cancelled gold certificates sent to Washington amounted to $1,192,500. The imports of dry goods at this port for the past week were $1,485 428, and of general merchandise $5,210,783, a total of $6,696,218, against $5,450,242 last week, and $4,402,879 for the corresponding week of last year, an increase as compared with the latter period of $2,293,339. The disbursements of coin interest on the July coupons for the week amounted to $3,702,576, and the total receipts in gold for customs were $2,279,708. The total amount of coin interest disbursements paid at the Sub-Treasury on July coupons to date is $11,985,556.

Foreign exchange was dull and quiet at 110¼@110⅝, nominally, for prime bankers' 60 days bills, and 111¼@111 for short sight.

The money market continues abundantly supplied with loanable funds on call at 2@4 ⅌ cent. on all classes of approved collateral, with a majority of negotiations at 3. The accumulations of surplus by the banks during the early days of the week caused a more active inquiry for first-class commercial paper of short date, and the supply was consequently rapidly absorbed at reduced quotations. Prime 60 days and sixty-five days bankers' bills passed at 4@5 ⅌ cent., while four months notes ranged at 5@5½, with exceptions at 4½.

The weekly exhibit of the Associated Banks is favorable, showing a gain in the total reserve of $1,847,820, against an increase of $2,916,275 in the total liabilities. The banks now hold $18,092,741 in lawful money in excess of the legal reserve, as against $18,174,482 last week, a gain of $818,261. The following are the totals as compared with last week:

	July 1.	July 8.	Differences.
Loans	$256,295,969	$256,078,571	Inc. $2,846,618
Specie	16,546,631	19,445,174	Inc. 2,898,543
Circulation	36,494,900	36,491,200	Dec. 3,700
Deposits	248,536,021	251,867,953	Inc. 3,331,932
Legal tenders	71,258,728	69,656,865	Dec. 1,601,863

The Government bond market was firm at the opening of business at an advance of ⅛ ⅌ cent., with considerable transactions on purchasing orders for account of foreign bankers. The improved quotations of Government securities in London also stimulated speculative purchases on domestic account, and under the influence of increased demand, prices at the noon call were ⅛@⅛ ⅌ cent. better, the general market closing strong.

Henry Clews & Co. report at 4 P. M.:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U. S. cur 6s	111	111½	5-20s, reg. J & J	112¾	113¼
6s 1881, reg	113¼	113¾	5-20s, '65, coup	112¾	112¾
6s 1881, coup	113¼	113¾	5-20s, '66, coup	112¾	113
5-20s reg. M & N	111	111½	5-20s, '68, coup	112¾	113¼
5-20s, coup, '64	111	111½	10-40s, reg	111¼	111¾
5-20s, '65, coup	112¾	113	10-40s, coup	112¾	113¼
5-20s, '67, coup	112¾	113¼	Cen. P. R. R. g. 7s	99¾	99¾

In State bonds there was a small volume of business. Missouri State 6s sold at 95¾@96, and a small lot of $1,000 at 96¼ cash. South Carolina State 6s, January and July, improved ⅛ ⅌ cent. to 59¾. North Carolina 6s, special tax, sold at 30¾ cash; Tennessee State 6s, new, 73¾; Virginia State 6s, old, 66¾; Hannibal and St. Joseph issue, 95; and Ohio 6s, 1881, at 102¼. City bank shares were dull. Bank of Commerce sold at 118; Corn Exchange, 132; Central National, 105; and Bank of North America, 104. In railway mortgages there has been noted an increased business, especially in Central Pacifics and Chesapeake and Ohio 6 ⅌ cent. gold bonds at 92 and accrued interest, the latter security being about 90 ⅌ cent. less in price than Government bonds, yet affording the same rate of gold interest. Union Pacifics were also in demand at 89½ for first mortgage, land grants selling at 81¾, and incomes, 83¾@84. Erie fourth mortgage sold at 89; Buffalo, New York, and Erie firsts, 92¾; Harlem firsts, 102, and seconds, 95½; Albany and Susquehanna seconds, 94½; Alton and Terre Haute seconds, preferred, 86¾, and incomes, 75; Hannibal and St. Joseph 8s, convertible bonds, 104; Toledo and Wabash firsts, St. Louis division, 89¾; Galena and Chicago firsts, 102¾, and seconds, 98; Rock Island 7s, 100¾; Fort Wayne seconds, 99¼; Chicago and Alton sinking fund bonds, 101; Milwaukee and St. Paul 8s, sterling, 108¾; Milwaukee and St. Paul firsts, 92¾; C., C. and Indiana Central second mortgage, 71; and Toledo, Peoria and Warsaw firsts, Eastern division, 99.

The following are the highest, lowest, and 5 P. M. closing prices of stocks:

	Highest.	Lowest.	—Closing— Bid.	Ask'd.
N. Y. C. & Hudson con	97	96¾	96¾	96¾
N. Y. C. & Hudson cer	92	91¾	91¾	91¾
Harlem	128	127	126	—
Erie	27⅞	27¼	27¼	27⅞
Reading	114⅞	111	111	111⅛
Lake Shore	11¼	108¾	108¾	108⅞
Wabash	59	58¾	58¾	59¼
Pittsburgh	118⅞	118¾	118¾	119
Northwestern	73¼	72¾	72¾	73
Northwestern pref	91¾	90¾	90¾	91
Rock Island	107¾	107¼	107¼	108
Fort Wayne	100¼	100¼	100¼	100¾
Milwaukee & St. Paul	59¼	57¾	59¾	59¾
Milwaukee & St. Paul pref	80¾	80¼	80¼	80¾
Ohio & Mississippi	45¾	45¼	45¼	45¾
Chicago and Alton	120¾	120¼	120¼	121
Chicago and Alton pref	—	—	—	125
Del., Lack. & Western	—	—	146¼	148
Boston, Hartford and Erie	2⅞	2¾	2¾	3
New Jersey Central	107	106¼	106¼	106¾
Union Pacific	31¾	30¾	30¾	30¾
C., C. and Ind. Central	19¾	19¼	19¼	19¾
Hannibal & St. Joseph	—	—	82	84
Hannibal & St. Joseph pref	—	—	85	87
Western Union Telegraph	58¾	58¼	58¼	58¾
Pacific Mail	45¾	45	45¼	45½
Quicksilver	—	—	11¼	12
Maryland pref	6	5¾	5¾	6
Maryland Coal	—	—	22¾	30
Consol. Coal of Md	39¾	38¾	38¾	39
Adams Express	—	—	81¾	82
Wells, Fargo & Co. Ex	—	—	47½	—
American Merc. Union Ex	—	—	53¾	54
United States Ex	—	—	55¾	—

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

MINIATURE ALMANAC—THIS DAY.
Sun rises.....4 27 | Sun sets.....7 53 | Moon rises.....12 00
HIGH WATER—THIS DAY.
Sandy Hook..7 48 | Gov. Island..7 57 | Hell Gate.....3 19

Arrived—SUNDAY, July 9.

Steamship E. C. Knight, Georgetown, D. C., mdse. and pass.
Steamship Rapidan, Savannah, mdse. and pass.
Steamship Manhattan, Charleston, mdse. and pass.
Steamship Wamsutta, New Bedford, mdse. and pass.
Steamship Isaac Bell, Richmond, mdse. and pass.
Steamship Nemesis, Liverpool, mdse. and pass.
Ship Gosch City, Belanski, lower ports, salt petre.
Ship Alexander Marshall, Liverpool, mdse. and pass.
Ship Lochness, London, mdse.
Ship Palmerston, Hamburg, pass.
Also, the usual river and coastwise vessels.

Business Notices.

Do not let your Prejudice Stand between your suffering child and the relief that will be absolutely sure to follow the use of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

Tiffany & Co.,
UNION SQUARE,
DIAMOND MERCHANTS,

Diamond Engagement Rings, new and beautiful designs. Reliable watches, clocks, jewelry and silver ware at SQUIRES'S, 97 Fulton st. Diamonds especially.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral—The world's great remedy for coids, coughs, consumption, and all affections of the lungs and throat.

MARRIED.

WEILER—BUSHONG.—On Monday, July 3, by the Rev. Andrew Longacre, Frank Mickel Weiler of New York to Laura Grey Bushong of Reading, Pa.

DIVORCED.

COX.—In Lafayette, Ind., June 5, by the Court of Common Pleas, Margaret J. Cox from Rezin Cox.
HAAG.—In Cleveland, Ohio, June 5, by the Court of Common Pleas, Anna Haag from John Haag. Cause, cruelty.

DIED.

BOGART.—On Sunday, July 9, after a short and severe illness, Thomas, beloved husband of Charlotte C. Bogart, and youngest daughter of George Hanson, aged 26 years.

The funeral will take place from her late residence, 339 East 49th st., on Monday, July 10, at 2 P. M. Her remains will be interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

"Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is ended;
When in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tears is shed."

BOARD.—In this city, on Friday, 7th inst., William Henry Board, aged 45 years, 4 months, and 7 days.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from his late residence 156 Franklin st., on Monday, 10th inst., at 2 P. M.

COMBES.—On the 7th inst., after a lingering illness, Phœbe, wife of Henry Combes aged 67 years.

Funeral services at 199 Cambridge place, Brooklyn, L. I., July 10, at 9 o'clock.

CHARDON.—July 9, Louise Chardon,