RECEPTION TO H. B. STANTON.

MANY FRIENDS THRONG THE PRESS CLUB ROOMS TO DO HIM HONOR.

His Entertaining Memories of Journalism in Early Days—He Listens to Speeches and Letters Recalling His Notable Labors.

Southern magnolias and Northern roses were piled on the desk before President Amos Cummings at the Press Club reception yesterday to the Hon. Henry B. Stanton on the occasion of his eightieth birthday. Mr. Stanton began to write for the press in 1825. He sat on the right of President Cummings, and many of the journalists who sat near him looked older than he. His full beard was not silvery, but iron gray, his eyes were keen and full of fire, and none of his natural force was abated. Before the formal reception with speeches was held in the reading room, an informal reception was held in the parlors of the club house. Among those who were present and shook Mr. Stanton's hand were the Hon. Erastus Brooks, Charles A. Dana, Paul Dana, Thomas Hitchcock, Congressman Truman A. Merriman, Bryan McSwyny, Chauncey Shaffer, the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, Gen. James R. O'Beirne, J. C. Hendrix, ex-Commissioner of Charities Isaac H. Bailey, Thomas C. Acton, A. H. Byington of Connecticut, Nelson J. Waterbury, Col. Ethan Allen, Editor T. Thomas Fortune, Hiram Calkins, William Penny, ex-President of the Press Club; W. H. Bedwell, R. F. Andrews, Major Bundy, Editor Z. K. Pangborn of the Jersey City *Journal*, Tom Cook of the *Alta California*, Editor Thomas J. Ham of the Honesdale (Pa.) *Herald*, Albert O. Willcox, identified with the anti-slavery struggle, and E. H. Butler, editor of the Buffalo *News*.

The reading room was crowded. President Cummings, turning toward Mr. Stanton, began his remarks by an allusion to the gigantic old chestnut tree of Mt. Ætna. He said that it had stood there for many centuries unscathed by lava and lightning, and firm of root, despite fierce hurricanes and terrible earthquakes. It told us of ages when Christianity was unknown. It seemed to have renewed its youth. Its limbs are still as green as ever. Birds sing in its branches, and the old tree continues to drop its fruit for the hungry wayfarer.

This tree was typical of the guest to-day. Planted in the field of literature over sixty years ago, he has come down to us from an age when newspapers were almost unknown. The great earthquakes that destroyed slavery and the lightnings and tornadoes that preceded it had beat about his head, but had left him unscathed. He was with us still—a Nestor of the press, undimmed in intellect and crowned with the love and esteem of all who know him. Geniality is enthroned in his eye. The birds are still singing in his branches.

"Glance over his past," continued Mr. Cummings. "He was born four years before Abraham Lincoln. When he began to write for newspapers Lincoln was employed at $6 a month to manage a ferry across the Ohio at the mouth of Anderson's Creek. Stephen A. Douglas was a boy 12 years old, living with his widowed mother on a sterile Vermont farm. Fred Douglass was a pickaninny on a Maryland plantation. Horace Greeley had not yet entered a country printing office. Thurlow Weed was editing a country newspaper. Charles Dickens was a boy 12 years old, employed in an attorney's office. Thackeray was a boy of 14, attending school in London. William Cullen Bryant had just come to this city. James Gordon Bennett was trying to establish a commercial school here. Henry J. Raymond and Charles A. Dana were wearing check aprons at district schools. Erastus Brooks was attending a grocery in Boston; James Watson Webb was an Adjutant in the regular army; Manton Marble, George W. Childs, and William Henry Hurlbert were enwrapped in the cocoon of futurity; A. K. McClure was just learning to walk; Joseph R. Hawley was just born in a country town in North Carolina; John W. Forney was a boy 9 years old, running around unshod, and scores of other newspaper men who have won fame and fortune were not even literary larvæ. Gentlemen, I have the honor of introducing to you the Hon. Henry B. Stanton."

Mr. Stanton rose. His speech without the use of spectacles. He said:

I shall not try to make a speech, but will give you a plain, unpretentious talk about journalism. There are now published in all the world not far from sixteen thousand periodicals. At least nine thousand of these, or more than half, are issued in the United States. According to the best data that can be obtained, not far from two thousand million copies are printed annually in this country. The readers are a great multitude whom no one can number. They include every grade of society from the scullion to the premier; from the millionaire in his palace to the pauper in his hovel. Journalism ranks high among the learned professions. Its influence in moulding opinions and shaping events exceeds that of any of the other professions and vocations. Take, for example, the State of New York, and tell me if the press does not exert more power in society than either the lawyers, the physicians, the clergymen, the bankers, the merchants, the manufacturers, or the instructors in the schools of all grades? And what is true of New York is true in this respect of every State in the Union.

The press in this country reached its present colossal dimensions from very small beginnings. The first newspaper published in America was issued at Boston in September, 1690, by Benjamin Harris, entitled, *Public Occurrences, both Foreign and Domestic*. It perished with the first number because the royal Authorities would not license it. The next was printed in Boston by John Campbell in April, 1704. It was called the *News Letter*, a name borrowed from England, as all will remember who have read that wonderful chapter in Macaulay's history on the state of that country in 1685, when James II. ascended the throne. The next newspaper on this side of the Atlantic was *The Gazette*, issued in Boston in December, 1719, by William Brooker. Thus for nineteen years Boston had a sort of press monopoly. Then Philadelphia stepped forward. In December, 1719, only a few days after *The Gazette* was started in Boston, Andrew Bradford sent out from the village founded by William Penn on the banks of the Delaware, the *American Weekly Mercury*. In August, 1721, James Franklin issued the *New England Courant*. His younger brother, the illustrious Benjamin Franklin, learned "the art preservative of all arts" in the office of the *Courant*. We now strike New York, where William Bradford, on October 23, 1725, or 160 years ago, put to press the first number of the *New York Gazette*.

I have spoken of the six earliest newspapers in America. Let us not be insulted. They were small, dingy sheets, published not oftener than weekly or fortnightly, with very few subscribers, a scanty showing of advertisers, and a short supply of ideas. I shall weary you with no more details of journalism till we reach the post-revolutionary epoch.

The first daily journal in the United States was the *Daily Advertiser*, published in Philadelphia in 1785, exactly a century ago. The great paper of the period was the *Boston Centinel*, started as a weekly. I believe, in 1784, by the famous Major Ben Russell. It was intensely Federal, and the leading advocate in after years of the policy of Washington and Adams in opposition to that of Jefferson and Madison. Its rival was the *National Gazette*, issued at Philadelphia, then the seat of Government, in 1791. Its editor was the celebrated Philip Freneau, a clerk in the office of Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State in Gen. Washington's Cabinet. He published some pleasant Indian songs, one of which I heard sung as long ago as I can remember. You will find it in the Rev. Dr. O. H. Tiffany's "Gems for the Fireside." Freneau was a caustic writer, voiced the bitter politics of that era, and was highly offensive to Washington. But in spite of very direct hints to do so, Jefferson refused to deprive him of his clerkship. In 1793 the *Minerva* was set up in New York city, whose first editor was Noah Webster, better known as the distinguished lexicographer. It ultimately becomes into the *Commercial Advertiser*. The *New York Post* was started in 1801. Both have flourished to this day. I think the *Commercial* is the oldest living newspaper in the State. It certainly is in the city.

I have alluded to the acrimonious politics of those times, which covered the twenty-four stormy years from the opening of Washington's second term till the close of Madison's last. Vituperation and vindictive personalities were the staple of newspaper editorials. Others beside their regular managers often contributed to their columns. Among these were John Adams, Timothy Pickering, Joseph Story, Aaron Burr, John Jay, Alexander Hamilton, Edward Livingston, De Witt Clinton, and Albert Gallatin. The pens of these eminent men were frequently dipped in gall. In 1801 there were three prominent editors in New York and Philadelphia, viz.: Coleman of the *Post*, Cheetham of the *Citizen*, and Duane of the *Aurora*. The first was a Federalist. The two latter were Democrats. Mr. Duane was the father of that Secretary of the Treasury whom Gen. Jackson, a third of a century afterward, ejected from office because he would not remove the Federal deposits from the United States Bank, and appointed Roger B. Taney to do the work. One morning in 1801 the *Post* assailed its two opponents thus:

Lean Duane—as for pay,
Lean Cheetham—he thou too—
Ye are as fickle as you cannot say,
Than truth can a star—but you.

Think of the *Evening Post* of to-day lunging into two of its esteemed contemporaries in this style! It seems to take all the originality out of Dr. Greeley's celebrated outburst: "You lie, you editor, you know you lie!"

Quarrels in those early days meant serious business. The wooded slopes of Hoboken were the bloody assizes. Editors, merchants, and politicians carried their New York controversies for final arbitrament. So great a statesman as DeWitt Clinton denounced Samuel Swartout, subsequently Collector of the Port, in terms so savage that Swartout called out Dr. Hosack to fight a duel. They exchanged five shots, and Clinton hit his adversary twice. Swartout, though bleeding profusely, demanded another shot. Clinton threw his pistol on the ground, said he would not stand there and murder a man, and walked away. The fatal duel of Burr and Hamilton operated as a check upon this deadly mode of settling political contests in the North. Their bitterness, however, continued. This was specially true during the war of 1812-15, as I well remember in my native Connecticut. Political feuds rent families and churches asunder even in rural neighborhoods. One old Federalist in my town when charged with cider brandy, used to throw out as a provocative to a fist fight: "I do not say that every Democrat is a horse thief, but I do say that every horse thief is a Democrat." A sturdy Democrat got hold of a new party organ whose motto was from Shakespeare's Henry VIII., "Be just and fear not," to which the author's name was appended. Seizing the paper the Democrat read the motto straight through: "Be just and fear not Shakespeare." Lifting his clenched fist with fire in his eye he shouted: "I'll let 'em know that I don't fear Shakespeare or any other ——— Federalist." I witnessed an angry crossing of swords in my father's own grounds at Pachaug, Conn., in that troubled epoch.

Eighty years ago, though Connecticut was the sixth State in the Union in population, ranking fourth in wealth, and one of the foremost in education and the intelligence of its people, not a daily journal was printed within its borders or ever had been. None appeared there till 1833.

To form a correct notion of the journalism of New England, and, indeed, in any portion of the country, eighty or even seventy years ago, you must dismiss all existing ideas on the subject from your minds. Not only the telephone, the telegraph, the railway, and the steamboat must fade into mist, but even the mail as a means of collecting news and distributing newspapers within circles of fifty or a hundred miles in circumference must disappear. Editors, of course, existed, but the imagination had not dreamed of the reporter—aye, the reporter, now one of the main driving wheels of American journalism, the essential, useful, and ornamental appendage to every newspaper, whether metropolitan or rural; a class not easily deceived or eluded, capable of painting the tamest scenes in the liveliest colors, and when in search of truth may sometimes be tempted to supply deficiencies by inventions, but whose fictions are usually more entertaining than their facts.

In the early days the nearest approach to the modern reporter was the postrider. When the weekly newspapers were printed at the county seat he took a pile in his saddlebags, mounted his horse, and rode into the surrounding towns to dispense his treasures and pick up a little local information for the next number. He usually delivered the sheet in person, but here and there at crossroads was a little box, adapted to shed rain, nailed to a tree, where he deposited a few papers to supply some adjacent hamlet. When he delivered the papers he was often importuned, and even bored, to drop an item or two of later intelligence than any in its columns.

The following incident occurred in my native county seventy-five years ago: An aged deacon had a confused idea of the upper lakes, and a mortal dread of the Mohawk Indians. He hung heavily on the skirts of the postrider, who resolved to shake him off. One day he handed him the paper, and the deacon bored him for fresh news. With horror depicted on his countenance he told him that the Mohawks were digging through the banks of the great lakes, and that the water would soon pour down from the West, and that all New England would be drowned by a flood as disastrous as that of Noah's time. The postrider then put spurs to his horse, and fled. The terrified deacon ran to the minister's and told the terrible news. The clergyman opened the Bible and read to him from Genesis the promise of God that he would never again drown the earth by a flood, and that he had set the bow in the cloud as the seal of this covenant with mankind. "Ah, my beloved pastor," exclaimed the shivering deacon, "that don't apply. It is not God that's going to do it. God's nothing to do with it. It's them infernal Mohawk Injuns that's cutting down the banks!"

If that postrider were alive in his youth and beauty to-day he would doubtless shine as a headlight on some great city journal, and perhaps be the President of the New York Press Club.

A word about the slow pace wherewith intelligence travelled in those days. One of the most important events of modern times was the battle of Waterloo, fought on June 18, 1815. It changed the map of Europe and the face of the civilized world. Napoleon, who there fell to rise no more, had a great party in this country, and the deepest interest was felt in his fortunes after he escaped from Elba, which I remember as vividly as if it had happened in the last month. The battle of Ligny was fought on June 16, when Napoleon defeated tough old Field Marshal Blucher. A slow sailing packet left Liverpool for New York just in time to bring this news. No other packet was to sail in twenty days. This country, where party spirit ran high for and against the French Emperor, was left in terrible suspense. The next packet was forty-five days in crossing, so that we received the news of Waterloo sixty-five days or more than two months after the event, when Louis XVIII. was on his throne and Bonaparte was on the way to St. Helena. And now much do you think we got in our papers of the great transactions that followed the twenty days after Ligny? A leading American journal devoted a third of a column to the subject, sparing five lines for a description of the battle of Waterloo.

I went from Connecticut to Rochester in April, 1826, passing through New York and Albany. This city then contained 150,000 souls; Brooklyn, 9,000; Albany, 15,000; Troy, 6,500; Utica, 4,500; Syracuse, 2,500; Rochester, 3,500; Buffalo, 4,500; Cleveland, 500; Detroit, 1,700. Chicago was not even a dot on the map. The daily papers in New York in April, 1826, numbered six or seven. I recall the *Gazette and General Advertiser*, the *Mercantile Advertiser*, the *Commercial Advertiser*, the *Post*, and, I think, the *Advocate*, the *Enquirer* and the *American*. Albany then had five or six dailies—the *Advertiser*, Clintonian in politics, and the *Argus*, Democratic. These nine were the only dailies in the State. At that time (April, 1826) there was not a daily newspaper in the Union west of Albany and Philadelphia.

When I arrived at Rochester in 1826 by way of the Erie Canal, which had been completed amid tumultuous rejoicings in the preceding October, Thurlow Weed conducted a weekly Clintonian paper called the *Monroe Telegraph*. He was one of the poorest men in the little village, but was a power in the politics of western New York. Many a time did I see him setting type in the *Telegraph* office, pulling at an old hand press in his shirt sleeves, and at a rickety table, besmeared with printers' ink, penning those pungent paragraphs which subsequently gave fame to the *Albany Evening Journal*.

In the fall of 1826, Luther Tucker & Co. established in Rochester the earliest daily journal issued between the Hudson and Delaware rivers and the Pacific Ocean. It was entitled the *Rochester Daily Advertiser*, and was edited in a spirited manner by Henry O'Reilly. It continues to the present day as the *Advertiser and Union*, and is under the able management of the Hon. William Purcell. Soon after it was started, the *Advertiser* became a Democratic exponent, and for many months a good share of Weed's and O'Reilly's time seemed to be devoted to firing rival hot shot at each other. Having been inducted into the mystery of newspaper scribbling about two years before by my townsman, George D. Prentice, I took a hand occasionally in those pen and ink contests.

The next daily west of Rochester and Philadelphia was the *Commercial Register*, issued at Cincinnati in 1826, a little later. I suppose than O'Reilly's *Advertiser* appeared. It lived only six months. The *Cincinnati Gazette* had for some time been printed as a semi-weekly, when, on June 27, 1827, it came out as a daily. The sturdy Charles Hammond conducted it for many years. When I went to Cincinnati, in 1832, Hammond stood at the head of the profession in Ohio. He had a terrible pen, and could play in his composition. Instead of saying in his editorials, we think," "we contend," and so on, he used to write, "I think," "I contend." The *Gazette* still blooms as the *Commercial Gazette*, under the artistic management of Richard Smith and Murat Halstead. When I dwelt at Cincinnati the great daily of the Southwest was the Louisville *Journal*, founded in 1830 by my home-born friend, George D. Prentice, and conducted by him till his death in 1870. It was the leading Whig organ in the Western States during the existence of that party. In early youth he was my school teacher. He wrote some beautiful poems. As an editor he was full of wit and fire, and his editorial paragraphs exploded like glycerine, he flighting out his quarrels with pen or pistol, as the case required. The paper is now known as the *Courier-Journal*, and is subject to the brilliant guidance of Robert J. Ingersoll. Long ago I wrote a little for Prentice's *Journal*.

From 1820 to 1845, as in the previous generation, able men besides the regular editors now and then wrote for newspapers, as, for example, Joseph Story, Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Moses Stewart, Caleb Cushing, William L. Marcy, Silas Wright, William H. Seward, John A. Dix, James Buchanan, Thomas H. Benton, Robert J. Walker, James G. Birney, and Salmon P. Chase.

A few words about the country press of to-day. Great city journals must not be too confident of their superiority over the newspapers of the interior. Take the State of New York for example. In general news such papers, for instance, as the *Utica Herald*, the *Albany Argus*, and the *Syracuse Journal* give their readers every morning by means of the telegraph a summary of the intelligence that appears at that very hour in the New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and Washington journals, as well as in those of the chief Western cities like Chicago. These country dailies may be a little short on cooking mains, divorce suits, and will cases, but with camp meetings in summer, county fairs in autumn and roller skating in winter, they contrive to get along. Aid of the railways, they each morning with the rise of the sun drops packages of their papers for distribution in the villages for fifty miles around, while galloping steeds bear some of the sheets to eager readers in hamlets remote from the railways. By and by the metropolitan journals come with news that seems just a little stale, but their enterprising articles are devoured by the politicians, their murder reports by the boys, their breach of promise cases by the ladies, their bank swindles and robberies by the financiers, and the quarrels among their managers by everybody. Therefore, such of us as manufacture city newspapers should be encouraged to persevere in well doing.

In all soberness I would say that, in view of the great influence of the press, the makers and managers of newspapers should feel the weight of their responsibilities. Each should take for his guide the lines which the eminent Joseph Story composed in 1805 for the motto of the Salem *Register*, and which that venerable journal still flies at its masthead—a verse to which my eye was early attracted because it was written in the year of my birth:

Here shall the press the people's rights maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain;
Here patriot truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to religion, liberty, and law.

Though never pursuing journalism as a profession, yet for sixty years I have spent much time on American newspapers, which, more than the bar, the pulpit, the university, and the common school, are the educators of the American people. I have contributed largely during the past third of a century to the editorial columns of some of the foremost journals of the land. I have nothing to say of my writings except that my pen has been devoted to noble aims. In one particular line, through a period of forty years, I rendered service to a cause in the press and on the platform that culminated in the incorporation into the Federal Constitution of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments, where they will remain forever.

The following letters and despatches, among others, were read:

From Samuel J. Tilden:

I regret that I cannot have the pleasure of a personal participation in the reception to that veteran and able journalist, the Hon. Henry B. Stanton, on his eightieth birthday.

From ex-Gov. Horatio Seymour:

I am gratified with your invitation to attend the reception to be given to the Hon. Henry B. Stanton on the 27th inst. I regret I am not able to do so on account of my health. I hold him in high regard, and wish I could manifest my respect by attending the reception to be given by the New York Press Club. He has gained distinction not only as a writer and orator, but by the active part he took as a member of the Legislature of the State of New York.

From George William Curtis:

It is as a veteran of the old anti-slavery debate that I honor Mr. Stanton. His was one of the earliest of the powerful and eloquent voices that awakened the country and stimulated the great movement that ended in emancipation and in the national union of free States. That was a patriotic service, which ought never to be forgotten.

From Congressman Abram S. Hewitt:

I trust that Mr. Stanton will long be preserved to us in health, usefulness, and happiness.

From Senator Warner Miller:

Mr. Stanton's life work has been one of great usefulness to his fellow men, and has brought much honor to himself. Please give him my regards, and wish him for me many happy returns of the day you celebrate.

From ex-Governor William Dorsheimer:

I have known Mr. Stanton for many years, and I take this opportunity to offer him my congratulations.

From the Hon. Thomas B. Carroll of Saratoga Lake, State Senator with Mr. Stanton:

I wanted with Stanton at the pen so long ago that "the memory reaches back to the country," and, likewise, in the Senate—yes and mate—when the salary was $300 and no perquisites; in fact, when its Serge-at-at-Arms was summarily kicked out upon the bare suggestion that he could take a fee for a pardon. I wish you, old friend, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest," and, as I saw him recently, rejoice to know his natural forces are not abated.

Letters of regret were also received from Secretary Daniel Manning, Congressman Samuel J. Randall, Gov. Hill, ex-Gov. Chauncey F. Cleveland of Connecticut, 85 years old; Gen. Joseph Roberts, President George H. Warrous of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad Company; Ben Perley Poore of Washington; Morgan H. Rooker, Albany; Col. Fred A. Conkling, A. K. McClure of the Philadelphia *Times*, William H. Seward of Auburn, David Dudley Field, Judge Noah Davis of the Albany Law School, Joseph R. Hawley of the Hartford *Courant*, George W. Childs of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, Judge Van Brunt, ex-Judge Hilton, and Elizur Wright of Boston, one of the oldest editors in the United States, besides many others.

While these names were being read Gov. Leon Abbett of New Jersey entered the room. He had one minute to stay, he remarked, and he spoke with that in hand. The Governor said:

I have known Mr. Stanton many years, and his purity of life and surroundings have endeared him to many besides myself.

Erastus Brooks said:

I have seen 120 daily newspapers established in this city, and of these but six are now in existence. I have calculated that the amount of money expended and sunk in that time in newspaper enterprises is $25,000,000, and that in daily newspapers alone. You have spoken of my being a clerk in a grocery store in Boston, Mass., when Mr. Stanton first began to contribute to the press. Well, I was a clerk, and did I remember the words of advice that grocer spoke to me when I first entered his service. He said: "Erastus, I have work for you. I want you to go down in the cellar, to weet the tobacco, to sand the sugar, and then come to prayers." (Laughter.) And with such instructions, how could I fail a few years afterward to become well-grounded in journalism? (Renewed laughter.)

Mr. Brooks described his connection with journalism in his early days, beginning with his connection with the Haverhill, Mass., *Gazette*, in which John G. Whittier was his successor, and ended by complimenting Mr. Stanton on his honorable career.

Then the Rev. Dr. Deems of the Church of the Strangers was introduced as Mr. Stanton's pastor. He said that, although he was with the Confederate cause and stood by it as long as the Confederacy held together, yet everything said in praise of Mr. Stanton was true and every good word was deserved. He had followed his honest convictions.

Ex-Surrogate Delano C. Calvin spoke in praise of Mr. Stanton as a lawyer and a referee while Mr. Calvin was Surrogate in this county. Speeches were also made by Chauncey Shafer, J. K. H. Willcox, and T. Thomas Fortune.

At the close of the reception a luncheon was served by Mazetti in the library.

The List of Referees.

The following referees were appointed in cases in the State courts in this city last week:

SUPREME COURT.

By Judge Andrews.

Cases.	*Referees.*
Matter of Reinheimer	John P. Gaw.
Tanenbaum agt. Young	Ephraim A. Jacob.
Weetheimber agt. Isaacs	Chas. E. Souther.
Gieben agt. Mathews	Harold M. Smith.
Broadway Savings Bank agt. Moore	Harold M. Smith.
Dennis agt. Dennis	Roderick F. Farrell.
Metropolitan Elevated R. R. Co. agt. N. Y. Exchange Bank	Wm. H. Hamilton.
Train agt. Gollscher	Evan P. George, Jr.
Ellipsen agt. Rodgers et. al.	Chauncey Shaffer.
Burchill agt. Johnson	Adolph L. Sanger.
Frazier agt. Jameson	James Kearney.
People agt. Globe Ins. Co.	John P. Kimsford.
Lewis agt. Acker	James C. Carlisle.
Hay agt. Thompson	Richard M. Henry.
Curtis agt. Jenny	Lucester Holme.
Power agt. Power	Dana Jones.
Hoffman agt. Thayer	James D. Hewitt.
Scott agt. Atwater	Wm. C. Holbrook.
White agt. Atwater	Wm. C. Holbrook.
Smith agt. Atwater	Wm. C. Holbrook.
Bernhard agt. Lansky	Frederick W. Diehl.
Comegys agt. Comegys	Nelson J. Waterbury.
East River Savings Institution agt. Reilly	Adolph L. Sanger.
Burr agt. De La Vergne	Lester W. Emerson.
Morris agt. Tubb	Edward Patterson.
Gandy agt. Bell (four cases)	Peter R. Olney.
Budge agt. Sullivan	Edward Patterson.
Land Co. of New Mexico agt. Elkins	J. McD. Mulcahey.
Hoffman agt. Hoffman	Sidney H. Stuart.
Oetzel agt. Oetzel	Mitchell Levy.
Adler agt. Frieeberg	Samson Lachman.

Receivers.

Ludlington agt. Dare	Chauncey S. Truax.
Keller agt. West Bradley Co.	David McClure.
Sause agt. Spelman	Judson Sause.
Warner agt. Harrall & Co.	Hugh E. Ashcroft.

By Judge Lawrence.

Brady agt. Brady et. al.	Frank J. Dupignac.
Stubbs agt. Stubbs et al.	Chas. W. West.

SUPREME COURT.

By Chief Judge Sedgwick.

Bartlett agt. Kelly (two cases)	Edwin S. Babcock.
Crowley agt. Duke	William Watson.
Werthember agt. Isaacs	Chas. E. Souther.
Ackley agt. De La Vergne	Rich L. H. Finch.

By Judge Ingraham.

Brooks agt. Hyde	Rowland S. Stover.

COMMON PLEAS.

By Judge Van Hoesen.

Hall agt. McGilloway	Frank A. Ransom.
Moss agt. Recoil	Thomas S. Henry.
Schenck agt. New York and San Juan Mining Co.	Chauncey S. Truax.
Matter of Holmes	Louis M. Boscher.
Matter of Dare	Nathaniel Cox.
Matter of Rich	Michael E. Goodheart.

Receivers.

Hall agt. Hall	Thomas S. Henry.
Hall agt. Chamberlin	Ely F. Miller.

An Embezzler Sentenced.

WILKESBARRE, June 27.—The decision of the Court in the case of Samuel Roberts, the defaulting paymaster of Charles Parrish, was made known this morning. Judge Rice overruled the demurrer to the evidence interposed by the defence, and adjudged Roberts guilty of embezzlement, and sentenced him to pay a fine of $100, and to undergo imprisonment at hard labor in the Luzerne county prison for twenty months. The prisoner wept like a child when sentence was pronounced, and the members of his family who were present were also overcome.

The State Shooting Match.

SYRACUSE, June 27.—The contest for the L. C. Smith cup at the State sportsmen's meeting to-day was won by Messrs. Baker and Wagener of Rochester, members of the Genesee Club, who both killed 19 birds. They agreed to divide the entrance money and donate the trophy to the association, to be shot for next year under the same conditions. The scores made to-day were twenty-one per cent. better than in the previous contest of the present convention.

The Battle of Santo Domingo.

LA LIBERTAD, via Galveston, June 27.—One thousand eight hundred Nicaraguans embarked here last night, homeward bound. At the battle of Santo Domingo 5,000 of Menendista's men hemmed in 500 Nicaraguans under Talavera, who was wounded. They fought for 22 hours and then cut their way through Menendista's lines, losing 300 killed and wounded, and took the remaining 200 into La Union in good order.

New Corporations.

ALBANY, June 27.—The following companies filed articles of incorporation with the Secretary of State to-day: The Southern Railroad Company, to be constructed on the Southern Boulevard, New York city, from the iron bridge crossing the Harlem River at Third avenue, to Boston avenue, with a capital of $250,000. The directors are John T. Hill, Robert A. Chesebrough, Charles S. Brown, William Reynolds Brown, Henry D. Tiffany, M. H. Hagerty, Lewis B. Brown, and Chris Meyer; also the New York Sanitary Manufacturing Company, with a capital of $100,000; the Greenpoint Fish, Oil, and Guano Company (limited) of New York, with a capital of $60,000; the Plutus Mining and Smelting Company of New York, with a capital of $2,000,000; the Utility Wrench Company (limited) of New York, with a capital of $1,000, and the Automatic Telephone Exchange of New York, with a capital of $5,000,000.

No Recent Instructions to Minister Francis.

WASHINGTON, June 27.—No recent instructions to remain at Vienna have been sent to United States Minister Francis. Shortly after Mr. Bayard became Secretary of State he instructed Mr. Francis to remain there until his successor should be appointed and arrive to assume his duties.

No Evidence Against Leahy.

The Coroner found no evidence against Michael Leahy of 69 West Sixty-seventh street, who was arrested on suspicion of having murdered his wife on Friday. Justice Power, in the Harlem Court, paroled him to appear for examination on Monday.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

New York Stock Exchange—Sales June 27.

UNITED STATES AND STATE BONDS (IN $1,000s).

100 U. S. 4s, r	122½	46 U. S. 4½s, c	112⅝
25 U. S. 4s, c	123⅜		

RAILROAD AND OTHER BONDS (IN $1,000s).

5 Ch. & Ohio, 5 p c, coupon off	61	15 Met. El. 2d	100⅝@100⅞
5 Ch. & O. ss. 3	64⅝	8 Nor. P. 1st c	105½@105¾
6 Can. So. 1st	105⅝@106½	1 Norf. & W. gt	98
5 C. R. & Ia. Falls 1st cs	107⅞	2 N. Y. Cen. 1st	107
2 Den. & R. G. 1st	105	2 N. Y. Cent. ex 5s	105¼
10 Den. & R. G. W. 1st	41⅝	2 N. W. con	140
4 Evans. & T. H., Mt. V. Div	95⅞	2 N. W. 1st	103¼
25 Erie con. 1st	107⅜	1 N. W. deb. 5s	101⅝
240 Erie con. 2d	50¼@49⅞	5 N. W. deb. 5s, 25 years	100⅝
1 Ft. Worth 1st	65	1 Ohio So. 1st	87
13 Gal., Ill. & S. A. 1st, W. D.	90¼	6 Or. S. L. 6s	92
4 H. & Tex. Cent. 1st, main line	94	5 Or. Imp. 1st	77⅞
6 H. & Tex. Cent. 1st, branch	117	1 Ottumwa, C. F. & N. 1st	103¼
4 H. & Tex. Cent. 2d	107	15 Pa. 4½s	102⅞
1 Mor. & Ess. 2d	117	7 St. P. & Min. 2d	114
1 Met. El. 1st	112⅝	2 St. L. & P. Gen. 5s	114⅞
1 Mich. Cent. con. 5s	105	15 Sta. L. Term'l. 6s	108⅝@109⅛
45 So. Pac. of N. M. 1st	99	1 St. P. 1st, C. & P.	115
10 Tex. Pac. R. G. d., coupon off	51⅛	4 St. P. 1st, C. & P. con.	116
18 Tex. Pac. l. g	38⅛@37⅞	2 W. Va. & Pitts. 1st	98⅝@99⅛
5 Un. Pac. 1st	119⅝	45 So. Pac. of N. M. 1st	99
6 West. Un.	110	10 Tex. Pac. R. G. d., coupon off	51⅛
330 West Sh. 5s	35¼@34	18 Tex. Pac. l. g	38⅛@37⅞
		5 Un. Pac. 1st	119⅝
		6 West. Un.	110
		330 West Sh. 5s	35¼@34

RAILROAD AND OTHER SHARES.

Railroads.			
700 Can. Pac.	40⅝@40	100 Nor. Pac.	16⅝
8050 Cent. N. J.	30⅝@30⅞	321 Nor. Pac. pf	30¼@30⅝
150 Cent. Pac.	30⅞	4300 N'w'rn	130⅝@133⅝
100 C., C., C. & I.	73⅞	200 N'w'rn pf	138
720 C., B. & Q.	126⅝@126	22900 N. Y. Cent.	85⅞@84⅞
50 Ill. Cent.	127	100 Omaha	21⅝
100 Ch. St. L. & P. pf	14⅝	700 Om. pf	73@72⅞
300 Del. & H. C.	78@77⅞	30 P. & F. W.	133
90284 D. L. & W.	101⅝@100⅞	500 Pull. Car Co.	116@115⅞
170 Den. & R. G.	41⅝@41	700 Reading	14⅝@18⅞
600 Erie com.	30⅝@30⅞	200 Rock Isl.	117⅝@118
600 Ill. Cent.	126@125⅞	*112 Rock Isl.	114⅞
500 Kan. & Tex.	17⅞@17⅝	100 Tex. & Pac.	11⅝
5280 Lake Sh.	95⅝@95	13800 Un. Pac.	53⅛@52⅞
200 Long Isl.	76	*Miscellaneous.*	
6635 Lou. & N.	53⅝@54⅞	10 Amer. Ex.	94
100 Man. S.	107	200 W. F. Ex.	113
1340 Mann'n R'y, con.	95⅛	20 U. S. Ex.	52⅝
100 Mich. Cent.	53	88 Am. Tel. C.	61⅛@61
22025 Mo. & St. P. con.	71⅞@71⅛	600 Cent. Trans.	33⅝@33⅛
200 Nat. Pac.	35⅝@34⅞	20105 Pac. Mail	50⅝@48⅞
100 Nor. & Pac.	22	3404 West. Un. T.	62⅝@61⅞
100 Nor. & Ks.	122	625 Cons. Gas	96⅝@96
200 Norf. & S. L.	1⅞@1⅝	Notes also, 150,000s	
300 Norf. & W. pf	16@15⅞	*Ex dividend.	

CLOSING PRICES.

	Bid.	*Asked.*		*Bid.*	*Asked.*
U. S. 4½s, c	112⅝	112⅞	Mo., K. & Tex.	17⅝	17⅞
U. S. 4s, r	122⅝	122⅞	Nash. & Chat.	86	93⅝
U. S. 4s, c	123⅝	123⅞	N. Cent.	38⅝	38⅞
U. S. 2s	104	—	N. Y. C. & Hud.	84⅝	84⅞
Can. So. 2d	96⅝	97	N. Y. & N. E.	18⅝	19⅝
Can. Southern	28⅝	30⅝	Nor. Pac. pf	30	30⅝
Canadian Pac.	30⅝	40	Northwest.	93⅝	93⅞
Chic., B. & Q.	126⅝	126⅞	Northwest. pf	127⅝	128⅝
Chic. & E. I.	138	140	Ontario	7⅝	7⅞
Del., L. & W.	100⅝	100⅞	Oregon Ar. C. O.	13⅝	13⅞
Del. & Hudson	77⅝	78⅝	Or. R. & N.	72	73
East Tenn.	21	23⅝	Pacific Mail	48⅝	49⅝
E. Tenn. pref.	5	5⅝	*Rock Island	114⅝	115⅛
Erie	29⅝	29⅞	Rich. & Dan.	48	50
Erie pref.	64	65	Rich. & W. P. T.	18⅝	19⅝
Ill. Central	126⅝	126	Reading	13⅝	13⅞
Lou. & Nash.	34⅝	34⅞	St. Paul & Man.	98⅝	99⅝
Lake Shore	55	55⅝	Union Pacific	52⅝	52⅞
Man. R'y con.	95⅝	96	Wab. S. & Pac. pf.	7	9
M. & St. P. con.	71⅝	71⅞	West. Un. Tel.	61⅝	61⅞
M. & St. P. pf.	107⅝	108⅝	*Ex dividend.		

SATURDAY, June 27.

The dealings in stocks to-day were smaller in the aggregate than on any day this week. The market appeared to be left very largely to the local traders, with whom the prevailing disposition was to sell stocks. Prices declined sluggishly all day. The most vulnerable points were found in New Jersey Central, Lackawanna, Jersey Central, and Union Pacific. The first named suffered the greatest loss, that of 1¼ ⅌ cent., and the average decline in the four stocks was 1 ⅌ cent. Pacific Mail showed symptoms of a recovery from the sharp drop of the last two days, while the Granger shares were well held. The close was quiet and heavy.

Closing prices compare with those of yesterday as follows: