The Carolina Spartan.

SPARTANBURG:

F. M. TRIMMIER, EDITOR.

Thursday, June 7, 1866.

Court of Equity.

This Court commenced its regular sessions on Monday last, his Honor, Chancellor LESESNE, presiding. No business of importance, we learn, is before the Court. The usual number of petitions and bills without any special litigation, are marked on the dockets. His Honor maintains that dignity and agreeableness of manner which characterize him in his social intercourse, and in our judgment illustrates the true estate of a judicial officer. Pleasantness of voice and manner we do not regard as impairing the dignity of the bench, or inconsistent with the *ermine*.

Taxes.

Col. R. C. POOLE is now engaged in receiving the taxes due to the State and District. The people generally, we see, are making their returns and meeting this inexorable necessity. It is said that some feel an indisposition to pay their taxes. We trust this sentiment or feeling is not general. We have a State organization—the Governor and all the State officers have been elected or appointed—the entire machinery, judicial, executive and legislative, is at work, and diffusing benefits of civil government. To support that government is a duty. To insure its harmonious working the taxes must be paid. See Col. Poole's advertisement.

Death of Mrs. Joel Foster.

We regret to announce the demise of this estimable lady, at her residence in our town on Monday last. To the community who knew her, and appreciated her many virtues, the event was unexpected as painful. Her previous illness of about four days duration, we learn, was not generally known, and hence the violence of the shock produced by the sad intelligence that she was numbered among the dead. Mrs FOSTER was the daughter of Capt. BOOKTER, of Richland District. In the social circle she was beloved, and ever made herself an agreeable and desirable companion. Free from the influences of selfishness, she strewed the pathway of her life with flowers, thus filling to the measure the life extinct, with the aroma of those qualities that adorn the character of the christian and lady. The deceased was the mother of several children, and the affectionate wife of a devoted husband. Her loss will be felt by her numerous friends, by society at large, by the church of which she was a valuable and faithful member, and by those loved ones, who in the depth of grief bedew her bier with the tears of love and affection.

The 16th of June.

We learn that the ladies of Charleston have set apart this day, the anniversary of the battle of Secessionville, to the decorating of soldiers' graves and the dedication of a monument to their memories. It is requested that the ladies of the State join in these expressions of honor and commemoration of the noble men who fell in their defence—to render honor to those names which deserve to live in remembrance. As we recede from late events, the sentiment thus fittingly expressed by the noble women of the heroic city, is becoming more and more intense. The clamor of war—the roar of strife itself, did not silence the voice of these women in prayer and encouragement to those in life, who they now honor in death. If their spirits look down upon these manifestations of gratitude and appreciation by the women of the South, they would feel that such laurels, though nourished by the lifeblood, are not too dearly won. These expressions make us feel more forcibly the truth, that "It is sweet and becoming to die for one's country!"

Roll of Honor.

We see in our exchanges that efforts are being made to perpetuate in some way the names of the "honored dead" and all those who took a part in the late struggle. We heartily endorse the sentiment, and hope that something will be done in our district towards the accomplishment of this laudable end. If we cannot erect a monument, upon which to be inscribed the names as suggested, there certainly can be no reason why the names should not be collected and published, thus affording a record from which the data can be gathered at a future day for any design that may be thought appropriate. We do think these names should be collected together at the present, if nothing more, with such data as would be of interest hereafter. The following extracts will show what is proposed to be done. The following is from the Anderson "Intelligencer:"

"The proprietor of this journal proposes, during this summer, to publish a neat and convenient pamphlet, which shall contain the rolls of all the companies raised in Anderson District for the Confederate service during the late war. In order to perpetuate the names of the men who participated in our struggle for independence, the co-operation of all officers and men who may have the desired information in their possession is earnestly solicited."

The following is an extract from a correspondence of the Yorkville "Enquirer:"

"Men of the South respect your dead! Women of the South honor your dead! Soldiers of the South, have you forgotten your comrades? * * * * *

"I would suggest that contributions be taken up throughout the length and breadth of the land, to erect suitable monuments at every Court House, on which all the names of that district, from the highest to the lowest, should be distinctly inscribed."

An Important Decision.

We make this synopsis of a decision made by Judge Clayton, of the sixth Judicial District of Mississippi, which is fully reported in the Charleston *News* of the 23d ult., upon a matter of importance to the public. We would give the case as published in the *News* were it not too lengthy for our columns. The case was about as follows: On the 27th of Jan. 1864, the defendant, J. W. Perkins, sold to the complainants, Duke & Cade, twenty thousand pounds of lint cotton for the sum of $7,000, which was paid the defendant at the time in Confederate States Treasury Notes. The defendant was to deliver the same when afterwards required. The defendant having failed to deliver the cotton as stipulated, a bill was instituted to enforce the contract. The defendant made defence upon the grounds, that the act of secession of the State of Mississippi being in violation of the Constitution of the United States, no government was created by the Confederacy which could perform any binding act, and that the Treasury Notes to be used, was a nullity, and formed no legal consideration to make a contract binding, that a contract founded on such a consideration could not be enforced. Judge Clayton held that the States continued all their power and functions of Government which they possessed before the war, and possessed the right of raising the means to conduct the war, the *manner* of raising such means was at their own discretion, and as a necessary *war measure* could issue these Notes, having acquired belligerent rights, and violated no law in issuing them, and consequently they were no nullity. He showed that the United States recognized their validity in claiming the cotton and other property of the Confederate States, in the hands of its citizens at the time of the surrender of the armies, which had been purchased with such notes. He argued that these notes were the currency of the country by common assent of the people, and regarded transactions in which they were used, as legal and binding. In his argument against the third ground used in the defence, "That the said Notes were used to carry on a rebellion against the Government of the United States, could raise no consideration upon which a legal and binding contract could be created," he says the Confederate States, as a belligerent nation, was vested with the power to conduct the war, as the civil war had suspended the Constitution in the belligerent States, and that the use of said Notes in the ordinary trade of the country was legitimate and a valuable consideration, and gave validity to all fair contracts in which they were used.

The Judge granted the prayer of the Bill, and ordered that a decree be entered for the delivery of the cotton to complainants in accordance with the contract, and in case the cotton could not be had, for the value of it, and the defendant pay the costs of the suit. We would like to give the argument in full sustaining this decision. It is an able and learned argument, and clearly shows the validity of fair contracts in which Confederate Treasury Notes formed a part of the consideration.

For the Carolina Spartan.

MR. EDITOR:—As the medium through which the interests of the up-country farming, and industrial community can be discussed, I beg leave to ask a space in your paper, for a statement which may possibly correct an existing evil, one which though small to those who are not directly concerned, yet is an evil which indirectly affects all classes, viz: The incorrect management of Shelton's Ferry.

On a trip recently to Columbia and back, my attention was called to this matter. It having been remarked to me that the ferry flat was in a bad condition. I carefully examined it, and found one end of it in a rotten condition, indeed, the old man in charge (Bob) told me that it ran the risk of sinking at any moment. The law in reference to this particular portion of a ferry flat, is as follows:

"And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That each and every fetry owner or keeper in this State, shall provide and keep attached to each end of his ferry flat, or flats, a good and sufficient apron, or not having such aprons, shall keep at each and every landing place a good and sufficient abutment, or inclined plane for the same; and for default or neglect in so doing, that he be fined in a sum not exceeding ten dollars for every three days continuance of such default, to be recovered in any Court having competent jurisdiction of the same; one half thereof to the use of the State, and the other half to the informer."

A gentleman in my company having charge of two two-horse wagons, applied to go over the river, he was informed by the owner of the ferry, that he would only carry him over at his own risk, and upon paying double ferriage. This rather strange to me and unreasonable request called for my special notice. I remonstrated with Mr. Shelton, but without avail, and my friend was compelled to accede to his terms. On the lower bank of the river, I found a gentleman with a large wagon in charge, who told me he had been there two days, as Mr. Shelton asked ten dollars to take him over, and he had not that much money to pay, and even if he had, would not submit to such extortion, preferring to get fresh mules and turn back and cross the upper ferry. On these two points, extortion and detention, I would call the attention of the travelling community, but more particularly, that of Mr. Shelton, to the following sections of Laws of South Carolina.

"And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That if any ferryman or owner of any ferry or bridge, shall demand and receive any greater sum of money for ferriage or toll at such ferry or bridge, every such person shall forfeit and pay the sum of twelve dollars; to be recovered before any justice of the peace; one half to the informer, the other half to the commissioners of the roads within whose jurisdiction such fine shall be recovered."

"And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That if any person or persons shall meet with unnecessary delay at any of the public ferries, toll bridges or causeways established by law, every such person or persons may recover from the persons keeping such ferry, bridge or causeway, for every hour of such unnecessary delay, the sum of forty shillings to be recovered, on application from the party agrieved, by warrant and execution from any neighboring magistrate."

"That the rates charged are illegal, will appear when the law is quoted in the matter the rates established are:

"For every loaded wagon and team, seventy-five cents, for every empty wagon and team, fifty cents, for every other four wheeled carriage, fifty cents; for every chair and cart, twenty-five cents; for every rolling hogshead of tobacco and horses, twenty-five cents; for every man and horse, twelve and an half cents; for every led horse or foot passenger, six and one fourth cents; for every head of black cattle, two cents; for every head of hogs or sheep, one cent."

It may seem strange that a matter of such apparently circumscribed dimensions, should affect a community; but let us for one moment follow the ramifications of a stock of goods. The merchant buys a stock, say in Charleston, to bring it to the up-country, he has resource, (the only one now in use) to hauling. The wagoner is willing to haul at a reasonable rate, but is compelled to make additional charge on account of extortionate ferriage, the consequence is five or ten per cent. is added to the cost of goods, and the consumers from the richest to the poorest are compelled to satisfy (indirectly) the demands of a monopolist. In conclusion, Mr. Editor, (for I have said more that may be deemed necessary), let me call the attention of all ferry masters to a few facts.

1st. In using a flat for five years which (as every boat builder says) should only be used three, and continuing in the use of it, after notice has been given of its unsafe condition, they incur a severe penalty.

2d. In overcharging any passenger they forfeit their rights and incur a penalty.

3d. In detaining any wagoner on the unjust claim of three or four times the regular ferriager or even exceeding it one cent, they lay themselves liable to an action at law, both personally, and at the same time are guilty of a breach of ferriage laws. The claim of high water is only allowable in such cases as come under the following provision:

"When freshets are so high that the passengers have to be conveyed to a higher landing, then the ferry slip, the master may claim additional compensation."

For the better guidance of ferry masters, we quote the following from the State Laws:

"And be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, That every person or persons, their heirs or assigns, in whom public ferries, toll bridges or causeways have been or shall be vested by law, shall keep fixed up, in some conspicuous place, the several rates as are or shall be established by law; and if any person or persons, their heirs or assigns, in whom public ferries, toll bridges or causeways have been or shall hereafter be vested, shall neglect or refuse to keep fixed up their several rates as established by law, such keeper or keepers of a public ferry, toll bridge or causeway, shall forfeit all such toll as they would have been entitled to receive. Or should any keeper of any such public ferry, toll bridge or causeway, ask, demand or receive greater rates than are fixed or authorized by law, every such person shall be liable to forfeit treble such rates, to be recovered by warrant and execution from any justice of the peace."

Wagoners should recollect that the statutes of our State have given them ample relief in such palpable cases of extortion as came under the notice of your correspondent.

Reply yours,

CHARLESTON.

Judge Nelson's Decision.

The opinion of Judge Nelson, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, noticed in our telegraphic column yesterday, has just reached us. This opinion was rendered in the City of New York under a *habeas corpus* sued out by James Eagan, a citizen of Lexington District, South Carolina. The petitioner was a prisoner in the penitentiary at Albany, New York, under sentence of a Military Commission held at Columbia, South Carolina. The importance of the decision has prompted its early publication in our columns:—*Courier.*

IN THE MATTER OF JAMES EAGAN.

A writ of *habeas corpus* having been allowed by me in this case and served upon Amos Pillsbury, Superintendent of the Albany Penitentiary, to which he has made return, by which it appears that James Eagan, a citizen of Lexington District, South Carolina, is imprisoned in said Penitentiary under the name of James Eagan, by virtue of the sentence of a Military Commission pronounced at Columbia in South Carolina, on the 1st December, 1865, the said Eagan having been tried before said Commission on the 20th November, 1865, on a charge of murder, and having been found guilty, and sentenced to solitary imprisonment for life in the said Albany Penitentiary; it appearing that said Eagan was tried without a presentment of a Grand Jury and without the verdict of a Petit Jury, and that he was not and has never been in the military or naval service, and that it was not a case arising in the land or naval forces or in the militia when in actual service in time of war or public danger, nor subject to the jurisdiction of a Military Commission.

I do hereby decide and adjudge, that the said James Eagan is illegally imprisoned, the said trial having been without jurisdiction, and I do order that he be discharged from said imprisonment.

S. NELSON.

May 16, 1866.

I certify that this document is a true and correct copy of the original now in my possession, by virtue of which the said James Eagan has been discharged.

AMOS PILLSBURY, Supt.

Albany Penitentiary, May 18, 1866.

WASHINGTON, May 30, 1866.

Mrs. Davis left here to-day to rejoin her husband at Fortress Monroe. Her departure was hastened by advices from Dr. Cooper, stating that Mr. Davis was reduced to such physical prostration that he is unable to take his daily walk across the plat of Fortress Monroe without lying down several times to rest.

WEST POINT, May 30.

The funeral of Gen. Scott will take place on Friday, at the Chapel of the Academy. The remains will be interred at West Point cemetery.

Bill Arp Before the Reconstruction Committee.

(SUPPRESSED TESTIMONY.)

To the Editor of the Metropolitan Record:

MR. EDITOR: Murder will out, and so will evidence. Having seen Dan Rice's testimony before the Destruction Committee, I have felt sorter slighted because no mention aint made of mine. I suppose it has been surpressed, but I am not to be hid out in obscurity. Our country is the special jury, and by and by this business will go up before it on appeal. The record must go up fair and complete, and therefore I'll take occasion to make public what I swore to. I said a good deal more than I can put down, Mr. Editor, and at times my language was considered impudent, but they thought that was all the better for their side, for it illustrated the rebellious spirit—I heard one of 'em say: "Let him go on—the ruling passion strong in death. He's good States evidence."

When I was put on the stand old Boutwell swore me most fiercely and solemnly to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and I observed that he was then entertaining about a quart of double rectified, and it looked like it had soured on his stomack. Old Blow was settin off on one side with a memorandum book, gettin ready to note down some "garbled extracts."

Old Iron Works was Chairman, and when he nodded his Republican head, old Boutwell says he: "Your name is Arp, I believe, sir?"

"So called," says I.

"You reside in the State of Georgia, do you?"

"I can't say exactly," says I. "I live in Rome, right in the fork of two injun rivers."

"In the State of Georgia," says he fiercely.

"In a state of uncertainty about that," says I. "We don't know whether Georgia is a State or not. I would like for you to state yourself, if you know. The state of the country requires that this matter should be settled, and I will proceed to state,"——

"Never mind," says he. "How old are you, Mr. Arp?"

"That depends on circumstances," says I. "I don't know whether to count the last five years or not. Durin the war your folks said that a State couldn't secede, but while she was in a State of rebellion she ceased to exist. Now you say we got out and we shan't get back again until 1870. A man's age has got somethin to do with his rights, and if we are not to vote, I don't think we ought to count the time. That's about as near as I can come to my age sir."

"Well, sir," says he; "are you familiar with the political sentiments of the citizens of your State?"

"Got no citizens yet sir that we know of I will thank you to speak of us as "people."

"Well, sir," says he, "I'll humor your obstinacy. Are the people of your State" ——

"Don't speak of it as a State sir, if you please. I am on oath now, and you must excuse me for being particular. Call it a 'section.'

"Mr. Arp, are the *people* of your *section* sufficiently humbled and repentant to come back into the Union on such terms as we may think proper to impose?"

"Not much they ain't," says I. "I don't think they are prepared for it yet. They wouldn't voluntarily go it blind against your hand. They say the deal wasn't fair, and you've marked the cards and stole the trumps, but at the same time they don't care a darn what you do. They've become indifferent and don't care anything about your Guy Fawkes business. I mean no respect to you, gentlemen, but I was swore to tell the whole truth. Our people aint a noticin you only out of curiosity. They don't expect anything decent, or honorable, or noble from you, and they've gone to work diggin and plowin and plantin and raisin boy children."

Right here the man with a memorandum scratched down a garbled extract, and old Boutwell says he: "What do you mean by that, sir? What inference do you intend?"

"I am statin facts," says I, you must draw your own inferences. *They are raising boy children.* Any harm about that? Any treason? Can't a man raise boy children? Perhaps you'd like to amend the Constitution and stop it. Old Pharaoh tried to stop it among the Israelites, but it didn't pay. He finally caught the dropsy in the Red Sea. We are raisin boy children for the fun of it. They are a good thing to have in the house, as Mrs. Toodles would say."

"Mr. Arp are not the feelings of your people very bitter towards the North?"

"I beg your parton sir; but you'l have to split the question, or else I'll split the answer. Our people have a very high regard for honorable men, brave men, noble hearted men, and there's a heap of them North, sir, and there's a heap of widows or orphans there we are sorry for; but as for this here Radical party, they look upon them like they was hyenas a scratchin up the dead for a livin. It's as natural to hate 'em as it is to kill a snake. It's utterly impossible for me to tell the strength and length and hight and depth and breadth of their contempt for that party. They look upon a Radical as—as—as—well as a beggar on horseback—a buzzard sailin round a dead eagle—a suck egg dog creepin up to the tail of a dead lion. They talk about hirin Brownlow to abuse 'em, like he did a few years ago when he spoke against Pryne. If they do hire Brownlow he'l spatter 'em, he'l daub 'em all over, and slime 'em and slobber on 'em about right, and it will stick, for the pores are open and their morals spongy. I'd like to stand off about ten rods and hear him spread himself. It would be worse than a squirt gun full of cow slop, and I have no doubt would give general satisfaction."

"That's sufficient, sir," says old Boutwell. "Ef it was in their power to do so, would your people renew the fight?"

"Not unless they could fight the Radicals all alone, and all the world agree to 'hands off.' Even then there would'nt be no fight, for we couldn't cotch you."

"What do your people say upon the subject of negro equality?"

"They say it's a lie, sir—it don't exist by nature and never can in practice. Folks were not created free and equal. That may be a theoretical truth, but it's always been a practical lie. There's grades of society everywhere. There's men I give the sidewalk to, and there's men that gives it to me. There's men that I vote, and men that vote me, and the grades go up, up, up, step by step, from my sort to Mr. Davis and Mr. Stephens, and General Lee, and Ho,,ell Cobb, and Ben. Hill, and their sort; for they are the highest in the nation; and then again it goes from me down, down to the niggers, and the Republicans and the Radicals, and that's as low as they run. There aint no equality, and you can't make one. We'l vote the niggers certain. I'll vote Tip, and Tip's a 'head center.' He'l vote about forty, and the first thing you know we'l elect seven big, black, greasy niggers to Congress. We'l do it certain—seven of 'em 18 carats strong, with African musk. The other rebel States will do the same thing, and you'l have about fifty of 'em to draw seats with, and you can all stick your legs upon your desks together, and swap lies and vermin, and be shampood at the same shop, and the fair sexes can set together in the galleries and mix odours, and fan their scent about promiscuous. We'l give you a full benefit of your Civil Rights bill, see if we don't. You go on—play your cards. We are bidin our time. We are payin your taxes and your duties and back rations for 1864, and licenses, and your infernal revenue, and obeyin your laws without havin any hand in makin 'em, and we are cut off from pensions, and public lands; and you sold a poor man's still in my county the other day because he couldn't pay your tax on some peach brandy he stilled for his neighbors two years ago; and soon you'l be sellin the land for the land tax, and you're tryin your best to play the devil generally; but you'l catch it in the long run. See if you don't. Talk about Fenians. When the good men of the North and the South all get together, they'l walk over the track so fast that you won't have time to get out of the way. You'l subside into obscurity, and your children will deny that their daddies ever belonged to such a party. Excuse me gentlemen, but I'm a little excited. Five cents a pound on cotton will excite anybody that makes it. Tax on industry—on sweat and toil. Protection tariffs for Pennsylvania and five cents a pound tax on Southern cotton—half its average worth—and your folks will manage some way or other to steal the other half. My advice to you is to quit this foolishness and begin to travel the only road to peace."

Old Blow couldn't keep up with his garble extracts.

"What makes the President so popular at the South?"

"Contrast, sir—contrast. The more he ain't like your party, the more popular he is. He would treat us about right, I reckon, if you would let him alone, but you bedevil him so, that sometimes he don't understand himself. I don't think he knew for a while whether his Peace Proclamation restored the writ of habeas corpus or not. But do you go on and impeach him, and that will bring matters to a focus. I'll bet you'd be in Fort Delaware in a week, and the Southern members be here in their seats, and they'l look round at the political wreck and ruin and plunder and stealage that's been goin on, and they might exclaim, in the language of the poet,

"Who's pin here since I'sh pin gone?"

"Mr. Arp, suppose we should have a war with England and France, what would the rebels do?"

"They'd follow Gen. Lee, and Gen. Johnson, and Longstreet, and Bragg and old Bory. My opinion is, that Gen. Lee would head the Union army, and Gen. Grant would be his chief of staff, and Gen. Bucll would rank mighty high, and"——

"What would you do with General Sherman?"

"Sorry you mentioned him. We'd have to hire him, I reckon, as a camp fidler, and make him sing "Hail Columbia" by fire light, as a warnin to the boys how mean it is to burn cities and towns, and make war upon defenceless women and children. No, sir, our boys wouldn't fight under no such."

At this time the man with the memorandum put down some more garbled extracts.

"Do you think, Mr. Arp, that if the South should ever hold the balance of power, they would demand pay for their negroes?"

"I can't say, sir. But, I don't think the South has lost anything that way. We got their labor before the war for their vittels and clothes and doctor's bills, and we get it now for about the same. It's all settled down that way, and your Bureau couldent help it. The only difference is in the distribution. Some of us don't own as many as we used to, but everybody has got a nigger or two now, and they'll all vote em or turn em off. A nigger that wouldent vote as I told him, shouldent black my boots."

At this time the Committee looked at one another, seemin to be bothered and astonished. Garbled extracts were put down with a vim.

Mr. Boutwell says he, "Mr. Chairman, I think, sir, we are about through with the witness. I think, sir, his testimony settles the question as to what we ought to do with Southern traitors."

The Chairman give me a Republican nod and remarked, "Yes, sir, I think we do. The scoundrels burnt my iron works."

Whereupon I retired, having given general satisfaction.

Yours truly,

BILL ARP.

GENERAL NEWS. — While the negroes of Louisville and neighborhood were celebrating Whitsuntide last Monday, by pic-nics in the suburban groves, a difficulty occurred between the negro soldiers and the civilians of the same race, which resulted in a serious riot. The Louisville Journal says some thirty or forty shots were exchanged, during which five or six persons were desperately wounded. The ringleader received three or four ugly wounds in the body, from which he afterwards died.

The Boston papers state that a short time since a resident of the South, a graduate of Harvard, visited Boston in a penniless condition, having lost everything by the rebellion. His old classmates opened a subscription, and in a short time presented him with the handsome sum of $2,700 with which to commence the world anew. The widow of a late worthy teacher of Boston was surprised the other day with the present of a purse containing $1,000, the gift of four of her husband's classmates at Harvard.

DECORATING THE GRAVES OF OUR DEAD.—The ladies of this vicinage will unite this afternoon in fitting homage to the memory of Confederate soldiers buried in our midst. With the pure reverence they have ever evinced for the gallant hosts who battled in manliest effort for their honor and safety, these noble women are zealously engaged in arranging the details for this simple and affecting observance. The ladies will meet this afternoon, at five o'clock, at the Presbyterian church, decorate the graves within that enclosure, and from thence repair to the Baptist graveyard, to perform the simple yet beautiful rite over the remains of the soldiers buried there. The bare announcement is sufficient to attract hither all those who knew and respected them in life, and in death love to honor and consecrate their memories.—*Anderson Intelligencer.*

DEATH OF MAJOR BOLLING.—We regret to learn, says the Anderson Intelligencer, that Major Thad. C. Bolling, of Greenville District, died at his residence, after a brief illness. He was a member of the recent State Convention, and was highly respected by his fellow citizens. His remains were interred at Fork Shoals, in that District, on Monday, in the presence of a large assemblage of friends and acquaintances.

The long bridge across the James river, on the line of the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad, in place of the bridge destroyed by fire in April, last year, was completed on the 25th instant.

The last exhibit of the Comptroller of the Treasury shows that there are about one thousand six hundred and fifty National banks, with an aggregate circulation of $276,540,510. Four hundred of these banks are depositories for the reception of Government funds.