The Sun.
It Shines for All.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1871.

Amusements To-day.

Booth's Theatre—Fool of the Period.
Bowery Theatre—Sam Piper.
Bryant's Opera House—Minstrels and Ballets.
Grand Opera House—Nanine.
Globe Theatre—Saint, &c. Matinee.
Lina Edwin's Theatre—Kate & Lady Madcap.
Fifth Avenue Theatre—Divorce.
Olympic Theatre—Humpty Dumpty. Matinee.
Pilgrimage Hall—Young Lady Lecturer.
San Francisco Minstrels—3rd Row Street.
Tony Pastor's Opera House—Burlesque, &c. Matinee.
Wallack's Garden—Irish.
Newcomb & Arlington's Minstrels—9th st. and Broadway.
Union Square Theatre—Divorce.
Wallack's—Romance of Technology.
Wood's Museum—Eat Lodge. Matinee.

For the accommodation of persons residing out of town, advertisements for THE SUN will be received at our regular rates at the uptown advertisement office, 541 1-2 West Thirty-second street, at the junction of Broadway and Sixth avenue, from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.

FOR PRESIDENT.

Our Esther Franklin,

Dr. HORACE GREELEY,

OF CHAUTAUQUA.

"And Esther said unto Mordecai, Go, gather together all the Jews."—Scripture.

A Change for the Worse.

Before he was elected President, Gen. GRANT was decidedly in favor of the one-term principle. Mr. GEORGE WILKES states that he had a conversation with GRANT upon this subject in May, 1868, just on the eve of his nomination by the Republican National Convention. "Of his own accord," says Mr. WILKES, "the General introduced the subject of the single Presidential term, and not only declared himself in favor of it, but expressed the opinion that the passage of a constitutional amendment effecting that reform *is absolutely necessary to the preservation of our liberties.*"

This was the opinion of Gen. GRANT in 1868, before he had been corrupted by the flatteries of officeholders and the greed of filthy lucre. Then he had no idea of appointing men to office in return for presents, or of quartering the whole of his forty worthless relations upon the Treasury of the country. Still less had he any idea of using the myriads of Federal officeholders and the troops of the United States, with ball cartridges and Gatling guns, to force his own renomination upon an unwilling party.

Three years ago Gen. GRANT was of the opinion that the establishment of the one-term rule was "absolutely necessary to the preservation of our liberties." The people are still of that opinion, and will prove it by defeating the aspirations of U. S. GRANT in 1872.

Why Walsh was Nominated in New Jersey.

When the *Tribune* gave to the world the following photograph of CORNELIUS WALSH, it insisted that it was a portrait to the life:

"Some were indifferent like the FRELINGHUYSENS, who have a family entail on the senatorial office, and claim to hold it at common law. Others came up like tomatoes in a barnyard; among them was CORNELIUS WALSH, a self-made man, a ward politician of Newark, who has daughters attended political primaries and church prayer meetings. He is a congenial man, careful and economical in his business affairs, and has proved his friendship by saving the labor question. Not all a corporation hogger, he is a manufacturer of carriages, trunks, hinges, and the Weed and Bell has never had a strike in his shop, because he dismisses a month's notice from any one who intends to leave, and keeps two weeks' back pay in his pocket, which he forfeits if they go without notice. Now, you statesmen, why should he be for Senator?"

There has been no such rapid and miraculous improvement in the subject of this lifelike sketch as to make him fit for Governor, when Dr. USELESS H. GREELEY, whose knowledge of human character is rarely matched, a little over one year ago considered him as unfit for Senator.

It required but two throws of travail in the New Jersey Republican Convention to give birth to this candidate for Governor. The rapidity of this birth gives rise to the suspicion that the skilful and expeditious midwives who officiated on the occasion had their faculties and energies quickened by the inspiring influence of the greenbacks of Consequence. When he told the Convention that "he did not owe his nomination to any influences brought to bear upon delegates," their were many tongues thrust into astonished cheeks, and a spasm of half suffocated mirth was seen to shake the benches of the Convention. It was a joke that ought to have made his hearers chuckle inwardly, who knew the efforts that had been made so assiduously in his behalf all over the State, and many of whom were personally conscious of the kind of persuaders that were resorted to in order to secure seats for them in the Convention.

Why is it and how is it that the Republican party of New Jersey is so lost to all sense of shame as to nominate such a candidate? He has never held any prominent public office, and therefore has had no experience in public affairs. He does not even possess the magnetism of personal popularity, but on the contrary is a commonplace man of business, with an eye single to the main chance, and generally charged with "oppressing the hireling in his wages." He has no legitimate and honest qualification for the honorable office he seeks, and his elevation to it would only make more patent and assured his incapacity. There could be therefore but one reason that could have swayed the Convention in such a nomination, and that is the wealth of the nominee and his readiness to use it to advance his ambitious aspirations.

There is a class of men in the State of New Jersey, to be found unhappily in both parties, who are, to use DOUGLAS JERROLD's words, "what certain maggots are to certain cheeses—born of corruption; they live and wriggle in it." Bribery is their inheritance, and to be bought and sold their birthright. The nomination of such a man as WALSH is a great godsend to this class. This is the class that make most noise and stir in the political arena, and which by their machinations are enabled to push back the claims of such men as KENNY, ELMER, PARKER, and SICK of that stamp who are independent of cliques and rings, and who could not be swayed in office to make merchandise of the interests of the State.

If the skull of the Democratic party is not too thick, so that it requires a surgical operation to get an idea into it, the opportunity is before them. They have men in their ranks whose popularity and ability have been tested, and whose nomination would create an enthusiasm throughout the State. Let them discard the grovelling idea of nominating a man simply on account of the weight of his purse, and they may triumph. The candidate who buys the corruption of the moral felon is guilty, a far more contemptible object, than the salesman of his own independence; and the party that nominates a man, and rests his nomination simply upon the certainty that he will resort to such base means to attain his ends, deserves to be beaten. As the greatest of English satirists has said, "That man may be a person of most scrupulous honor, he may have a chosen place in worshipful society; but if he has chaffered with the self-respect of men, tempting and finally purchasing them for his own purposes like cattle, that man is a knave and a traitor to his fellow-men; and there is no amount of rent roll, no breadth of acres, that can lessen his knavery and lighten his treason."

Mr. Connolly Won't Resign—What will Mr. Tweed Do?

Comptroller CONNOLLY refuses to resign his office at the request of Mayor HALL. Now let the Mayor address a similar request to the Hon. WILLIAM M. TWEED, and see whether Mr. TWEED will follow Mr. CONNOLLY's example or not.

We do not undertake to decide how far Mr. TWEED is responsible for the enormous frauds that have recently excited the public attention. On that point the evidence is not yet all in. It would be premature to attempt to determine who of the accused is guilty and who is innocent. But one thing is undeniable: Mr. TWEED holds too many offices. He has held too many for years. At times he has had some half dozen, and has enjoyed the perquisites and exercised the power of them all. The whole number that he holds now we do not pretend to know; but it is certain that he is the head of the Department of Public Works and Senator for the Fourth District, all at once. This will not answer. No man ought to have so many places; and Mr. TWEED should instantly resign, if not all his offices, at least all but one.

McMahon for Congress.

We have strong evidence that the Congress election in the Fourth District last fall was decided by the grossest fraud, and that Gen. M. T. MCMAHON was really elected, while ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT was counted in by direction of PETER B. SWENEY, who forced WILLIAM M. TWEED to consent to a swindle which he was averse to. MCMAHON had large majorities in the Second, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Wards; but they were counted against him.

If Mr. ROOSEVELT doesn't believe the truth, let him resign, and see how the people will vote in 1871.

Robbing the Pima Indians.

Another Indian outrage is reported in Arizona, and we have the intelligence that the Acting Secretary of the Interior—the actual Secretary, in imitation of the President, being absent from his post of duty—has recommended the War Department to send troops against the offending Indians, who belong to the Pima and Maricopa tribes.

The Pimas, or Pimos, as they are often termed, have for many hundred years possessed and occupied a vast extent of country, and are supposed to have attained a much higher degree of civilization in former ages than any other race of aborigines north of Mexico. Near the Gila river remains of extensive irrigating canals and of large buildings, supposed to have been constructed by these Indians in ancient times, still exist. The Pimas and the Maricopas, the latter a tribe which has become absorbed among the former, cultivate wheat, corn, and cotton, and weave blankets of a superior quality. Although warlike in their disposition toward the more savage tribes, they have been uniformly friends of the whites, and in the early days of overland emigration bestowed innumerable acts of hospitality and kindness upon the worn and weary emigrants who passed through their country. In return for their manifestations of friendship the generous white man have allowed them to retain out of all their immense territorial possessions a little reservation twenty-five miles long by four miles wide, where they are expected to earn an existence by the sweat of their brows, though even this limited area has been intruded upon by aggressive squatters of the most worthless class, who have returned their acts of kindness with ill-treatment, robbery, and outrage.

It now appears, from the reports forwarded to the Interior Department by the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Arizona, but which must be taken with a certain degree of allowance until full details of the troubles are received, that some of the Pimas have threatened to go outside of their reservation, and, what is still worse, that they refuse to barter their wheat to the Indian traders licensed by Government to swindle them with bad merchandise at exorbitant prices, and actually have the audacity to demand payment in money for their grain—something that has never been done on the reservation, as the Arizona Superintendent takes pains to explain.

It is to be presumed that prompt action will be taken in this matter, and that if necessary the entire military force of the United States, except that which is needed to control Republican conventions, will be called into requisition, in order that the traders may be sustained in the full enjoyment of their rights, and, as heretofore, be permitted under the sanction of the Administration to plunder the helpless red men to the full extent of their avaricious desires.

The German military administrations are preparing a document which is intended to show, as far as possible, the cost of the late war on the German side. It appears that the grants made by the different German Chambers do not represent anything like the real expense incurred. The *matériel* of the artillery is so completely [illegible] that it will never put it in a state for use again. But there were no losses in horses, the number captured from the enemy more than replacing those that perished. The uniforms of the men were worn out, but after the capitulation of Metz such enormous quantities of French cloth fell into the hands of the Germans that this loss was also amply covered. Le Mans also yielded a vast amount of wearing materials. The greatest expense was incurred through feeding the army. A statement which should take these matters all into consideration, and give accurately the real cost to the German nation of this great war, would be of much interest to the people of all countries.

The Baltimore *American* affirms that the printing of the laws of Congress is not worth to it ten thousand dollars a year; but it takes very good care not to deny that the relatives of its editor have been provided for at the public crib as follows:

ALEXANDER M. FULTON, editor's brother, Supervisor of Internal Revenue; place worth $15,000 a year.

LEMINGTON FULTON, editor's brother, Surveyor of the Port of Baltimore; salary $5,000, besides pickings and his share of seizures.

JOHN M. FULTON, editor's nephew, clerk in the Appraiser's office; salary $1,800 a year.

Capt. AGNEW, editor's son-in-law, lately Assessor of Internal Revenue, but transferred to a desk in the *American* office in consequence of something having been said about the FULTON family having too many pieces. Mr. JOHN FLETCHER was taken from that desk and sent to the former place of Capt. AGNEW in the Internal Revenue office, where he now is, dividing fees.

PATSEY MCGARRIGLE, editor's manager, Special Agent of the Post Office Department on Mail Depredations; salary $1,600 a year and $8 a day.

The *American* is also careful not to repeat its comparison between WASHINGTON and GRANT, the former of whom refused to appoint his nephew to a public office, while the latter has appointed all of his own and his wife's relations, and a pretty lot they are.

In his affidavit read before Judge BARNARD on Monday, Mr. CHARLES E. WILBOUR, President of the New York Printing Company and the New York *Transcript* Association, swears that WILLIAM M. TWEED was once a stockholder, but "by assignment duly made on or about the 9th of April, 1870, duly assigned and transferred all his interest in the said two associations, as duly appears upon the books, and has now no stock therein." Mr. WILBOUR's affidavit is incomplete. He should also have testified to whom Mr. TWEED's interest was transferred, and whether or not he still receives the whole or any part of the dividends upon the stock of which he formerly appeared to be the owner.

Gen. BRICE, the new diplomatic representative of Hayti in France, is creating a decided stir among the Frenchmen. Very extraordinary stories are in circulation regarding this sable hero, who is said to have distinguished himself by the most audacious acts of personal bravery during the troubles with San Domingo, and in fighting against the Emperor SOULOUQUE. The adventures of the General, as reported at Versailles, have been of an extremely thrilling description. Twice he was hanged by the neck, and twice, by a fortunate slipping of the rope, was he saved to serve his country. He stood three sieges, and on each occasion was reduced to eat the soles of his boots. During his military career he frequently penetrated into the heart of the enemy's position, and never returned to camp without having first stuffed his pockets with the ears of assassinated sentries. And now he is reaping the reward of his brave deeds in the admiration of all the Parisians.

C. C. FULTON, of the Baltimore *American*, declares that he is not a candidate for the office of Governor of Maryland. His candidate, he says, is JACOB TOME, and no one else. FULTON is careful, however, not to deny that he was a candidate for Governor so long as he thought there was any chance for him; but when he discovered that CHORPENNING CRESWELL, Postmaster General, was figuring to get the nomination for his uncle TOME, poor FULTON had to back down. Still he will doubtless get more votes than FULTON would have got if he had succeeded in getting the nomination he longed for.

In the early days of mining in California it was deemed impossible to mine high up in the Sierras during the winter months; but after a while it was found that, with proper apparatus, quartz and underground mining could be prosecuted as steadily and advantageously in winter as in summer. Last year in Utah nearly all the mines in the Wasatch mountains were abandoned during the snowy period; and as winter reigns for eight months of the year there, this precedent, if followed, would have a disastrous effect upon the profits of silver mining in that region. The Salt Lake *Herald* therefore urges the owners of mines to begin their preparations for winter in due season, and by covering in shafts and open cuts, and providing ample supplies of food and fuel, together with adequate shelter for their workmen, before the first heavy snowfall comes, place themselves in a position to successfully conduct their operations all the year through.

Coroner YOUNG has done the public good service in refusing bail for the noted abortionist Mrs. BYRNES, charged with the murder of poor MARY RUSSELL. Had bail been taken, the woman BYRNES had made preparations to sail for Europe yesterday. She has repeatedly escaped the clutches of the law, but has finally been clinched through the energy of a Coroner who is above all bribes, and who does his duty fearlessly.

AMUSEMENTS.

Lydia Thompson in the Attractive Burlesque at Wallack's Theatre.

Monday evening opened the fifth week of Lydia Thompson and her new troupe at Wallack's Theatre. The event was signalized by the production for the first time in this country of a new burlesque, entitled "The Princess of Trebizonde." The piece is a mere adaptation of Offenbach's operetta, nearly all the original music being retained. It has this advantage over the burlesques with which we have hitherto been familiar—there is a plot. It is slight and rather loosely strung together; but still there is a definite object toward which the action is continually tending, and that object is accomplished in the dénouement. The three prime requisites of successful burlesque, pretty ladies, piquant lines, and light, frothy music, are all mingled in the "Princess of Trebizonde" with lavish profusion. Among the pieces which received an encore, "The Turtle Dove," by Carlotta Zerbini; the duet, "Yoo-der, see, sure 'tis she," by Camille Dubois and Carlotta Zerbini; and "The night on daylight reaim encroaches," by Misses Lydia Thompson and Betty Tracy, were eminently worthy of the honor.

Harry Beckett, as the father of the family, *Cabriolo*, did some very effective burlesque acting. Willie Edwin, who created a most favorable impression in "Blue Beard," is very successful in his impersonation of the maiden *Hamda*. Of Lydia Thompson's *Boyard* we need not speak, as whatever she does the public seem to be thoroughly satisfied with. The scenery and costumes are all new and elegant throughout. The burlesque will probably run until the close of Miss Thompson's season.

The New Attractions at Booth's.

The butterfly Lotta is appearing in two new rôles at Booth's this week. As *Puck* in Buckstone's pretty comedy of the "Pet of the Petticoats," the little actress has much freer scope for the display of that peculiar piquancy which is the prime characteristic of her acting, than could possibly be afforded her in the Broughton's melodramatic drama of Lo-Lo-Lotta. A full house greeted her on Monday evening, and she was upon the enthusiasm of her audience at one bound. The cast of the piece was fairly sustained by the company.

The comedy will be produced every evening this week, to be followed by the concert of "Family Jars," in which Lotta assumes the musical character of *Tilly Langtan*.

The city of Charlestown proposes to increase the area of its territorial limits about 150 acres by reducing Bunker Hill and filling in certain pond and river flats. The total cost of the undertaking is estimated at $5,471,771; but deducting the value of the mill pond lands and Mystic river flats, which [illegible] To carry out these plans a Catholic church must be moved, a hill six feet, and a cemetery adjoining it, which contains nearly 8,000 corpses, removed. The district proposed to be reduced contains about forty-five acres, and 475 buildings standing on it will have to be lowered. Bunker Hill has already been lowered fourteen feet, and should this scheme be consummated it will have been lowered sixty feet from its original height at the summit.

MUTUALS WHIPPED AGAIN.

THE BUCKEYES SCALING THE CHAMPIONSHIP LADDER.

A Close and Desperate Struggle—Another Series of Championship Games Closed—The Fifty-Cent Admission Business Killing the Game.

The Forest City Club of Cleveland have ascended another rung on the championship ladder, and this time the unfortunate Mutuals were the persons who helped them to their elevation. Prior to yesterday four games for the championship had been played between these clubs, the result of which was that honors were even, and for yesterday was reserved the deciding struggle. The day was so cold and cheerless that only a small number of spectators assembled, although the well-known merits of both clubs should have drawn forth a much larger assemblage, especially when it was considered that the game was to be the deciding one of the series. The fifty-cent admission business, however, is killing the game, and it is only on very extraordinary occasions that a large crowd can be attracted. Both clubs were in good time, and Mr. Mert Rogers, the champion umpire, having been selected, play was called at 3 o'clock, the Clevelands being the first to handle the willow.

It was quite apparent from the outset that, for both reasons, that a fine exhibition was anticipated and attended, and the spectators were not disappointed. Very pretty play on the Mutual side imparted to the Clevelanders, in the first inning,

FOR A DUCK'S EGG,

and equally pretty play on the part of the Western men sent the Mutes to the field about for a blank, in the second inning, each side making a solitary tally thereafter, but neither side got a run, the fielding was sharp and effective. The third inning, however, effected a change, the Clevelanders, through lovely play on the part of the Mutes, scoring four runs, Wolters, Mills, Bazler, and Ferguson each having a share in contributing to this disastrous result. The Mutes themselves were then discovered to be out, two, three, one. Two of the Clevelanders in the fourth inning went out in the order of striking, when Higham juggled the ball from Jim White, allowing that gentleman to his second base, which only enabled to his first. This was followed by a passed ball by Mills, a wild throw by Hatfield, and a slight muff by Patterson, the result being that the Forest City men scored three runs, while the Mutes again decorated in the order of striking. The game was now 7 to 6 against the Mutes, and as Pratt was not only pitching well, but was well supported in the field, visions of a genuine Chicago beating began to float before the eyes of the highly elated Clevelanders. The Mutes, however, had had their unfortunate innings, and for the six succeeding innings fielding was the single error of which the most trifling description being committed by them. It was too late, however, to redeem the past, although they

MADE A SPLENDID EFFORT

to do so. The fifth inning was very quickly played the Mutes striking out twice in the order of striking. A very certain triple play on the part of the Mutes, in the sixth inning, showing Cleveland men that the Mutes were not dead game, and the Mutes scored one run, though badly thrown out by the throw of Carlton and Johnson, still further convinced them of my fact. The product of the seventh inning on both sides was a blank, and so did the Forest City men in the eighth, but the Mutes again managed to put on two runs, and hopes were entertained that if they could only dispose of the Clevelanders in their half of the seventh they might yet come to the front, and beat the game. The eighth inning saw the Mutes, which was leading the Clevelanders, in the field, and, by a single error, when they were put out in one, two, three order, certainly a very wonderful feat, show that was their chance to do or die, and they died, but not without a great effort. Tomney had hit safely to the bases when Patterson went to the bat. He hit well and hard to second base, but he has a habit of moving where the ball goes to before he starts, and thus loses many a chance of getting to his base in time. This trick was fatal to him in the present instance. When he reached the base Carlton had the ball in his hand, and a double play ended the game, which has been lost to the Mutuals. The Mutuals were really unfortunate yesterday, several things out of the ordinary happening to their disadvantage, or failing to have been so at all events, but the Clevelanders deserve equal credit, for, like a plucky and game

POKER CITY. OR'S'TS. MUTUAL. OR'S'TS.

White, c.f.	2	1	4	Hatfield, 2d b.	0	0	4	0	
Pepper, 1st b.	0	1	9	Patterson, l.f.	0	2	2	0	
Allison, c.f.	0	2	0	Mills, c.	1	2	2	2	
Carlton, 3d b.	2	1	2	Bazler, p.	1	2	2	2	
Johnson, p.	2	1	2	Ferguson, c.	1	2	8	1	
K. White, r.f.	0	0	1	White, r.	0	0	0	0	
Johnson, 2d b.	0	0	0	Underground, 1st b.	0	1	1	0	
Pratt, b.	0	0	0	Higham, 3d b.	0	1	1	1	
Kinnel, s.s.	0	0	0	Higham, r.f.	0	0	1	1	
Total	7	7	27	Total	3	8	21	8	

INNINGS. 1st. 2d. 3d. 4th. 5th. 6th. 7th. 8th. 9th.
Forest City 0 0 4 3 0 0 0 0 0—7
Mutual 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 2 1—5

Umpire—Mr. M. Rogers, Red Club.
Time of Game—1 hour and 50 minutes.

Mr. Bonner and his Offer—He Stands by it and Renews it.

To the Editor of the Chicago Tribune.

I have seen your article in regard to my offer for a horse that would beat Dexter's time. To set the matter right I telegraph you in full a copy of my only letter on that subject, as originally published in the New York papers:

DEAR SIR: I have received your favor of the 11th inst., in which you inquire if there are any conditions, so far as soundness or age is concerned, annexed to my offer of $40,000 for a horse that can equal Dexter's record, performance of 2:24, on road wagon. In reply I have to state that I have no conditions of the kind to interpose. I throw the door wide open. Of course I should prefer a young and sound horse like Dexter, but I shall not make it a barrier against any horse undertaking to perform the feat whether he be young or old—sound or unsound—lame or free from lameness—whether he have one spavin, or two, three ringbones or four—be blind in one eye or both—broken-winded or hundred-and-one-footed as the case may be. Starting as Dexter started from my stable in Twenty-seventh street, near Ninth avenue, at 1 o'clock P. M., and trotting during the same afternoon on Prospect Park, as Dexter trotted, a mile in 2:19¾, to a road wagon and driver weighing together 310 pounds. There must be no "jockeying," mile every inch of the mile must be trotted as Dexter trotted it, without a single skip or jump; and I must have the privilege of witnessing and timing the trial, and taking one or two friends with me. The owner of the horse can also have one or two friends present, but neither of them shall be interested, directly or indirectly, in a public or advertised trial, where money is received at the entrance gate, or opportunity is given for betting.

If you know of an animal who owns a horse that can perform the feat, *I will thankfully go to see him do it*, as I will be in a measure even if he has any one or all of the blemishes which I have enumerated. With all of them I would consider him cheap at the price named, after performing the feat in question, and I can assure you that if you put me in the way of procuring such a horse—or horses without blemishes—you will have my unending gratitude, and find me ready at any time, whether night or day, to reciprocate the favor.

Yours truly, ROBERT BONNER.

To this letter I still adhere. Moreover, to encourage improvement in the breed of horses, and to reward great performances by them, I hereby offer the sum of $10,000 for the mere privilege of seeing any other horse make that performance. I trust that your correspondent, "Will Robert Bonner please arise," will prove himself equal to the duty of the hour?" is satisfactorily answered.

Very sincerely yours, ROBERT BONNER.

The San Domingo Swindle.

From the Washington Patriot.

It appears that the San Domingo speculators are conducting for another raid on Congress. Gunter, one of Baez's most intimate friends, has been on a visit to the President at Long Branch, engaged in concerting plans for this new demonstration, in connection with Fabens and the other patriots engaged in that job. The money which was raised in New York to continue the lease that Congress refused to approve, and which expired eighteen months ago, has been absorbed by the needy exchequer and urgent wants of Baez, and, has Oliver, he is now crying out for "more." But for the moral support of the President, and, indeed, his personal exertions, not a dollar could have been obtained. This is perfectly understood in New York and San Domingo. The present purpose is to devise a model by which further advances may be procured, and an indirect appropriation carried through Congress next winter, which shall refund the sum recently sent to Baez and that now required at usurious rates of interest.

It is well known here, that of the original $150,000 which the President took from the secret service fund for the so-called lease of four months, but little more than one-third ever found its way to San Domingo. Two-thirds were clinched by the disinterested friends of annexation, who frequent the White House and are familiar with the lobbies of Congress. That is about the standing rate of their commission on such operations. They will demand even a larger share of the spoils should the present project succeed, which will be supported by a majority of the Republicans in both Houses.

The Rockaway Murder.

On Saturday night Constable Duncan and Patrick Farrell, both of Rockaway, assaulted B. C. Mott with clubs, breaking his jaw-bone and fracturing his skull. He is also internally injured. The physicians had little hopes of his recovery yesterday. His head is larger than a water pail. After beating him they placed him under arrest, and took him to his home, where they left him for dead. They next proceeded to place him in jail, but instead threw him down on the roadside to die. A Mr. Seaman found him unconscious in the road, and took him to his home. Yesterday the assailants gave bail in $1,000 each.

Colfax Ending with the Trade at which Tweed Began.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

As soon as Colfax ceases to decorate chairs at Washington, he will manufacture those household articles at South Bend, Indiana, as one of the stockholders of the Hub Chair Company, just incorporated, with a capital of thirty thousand dollars.

Not a Rum Suicide.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: The friends of Mr. Partington were both surprised and pained at reading a false report of the cause of his death. Mr. Partington was not addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, and would not be likely to commit suicide. The police report has been so [illegible] who has unfortunately been made aware of its publication. The facts are these. Mr. Partington has been confined to his bed with Bright's disease of the kidneys for many months, and it was during a temporary fit of insanity which is one of the symptoms of this terrible disease, that the attempt was made. Humbug nothing to do with it, neither was it during the absence of his wife as she was present, but totally unaware of his desperate intention.

TRUTH.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

Joaquin Miller and his Poetry.

A new poet has cast himself loose upon the world. He comes this time, not from the cloistered seats of learning, but from the wild sierras, where his youth has been passed in taming the fierce mustang, chasing the wild-eyed buffalo, and fighting with the marauding Indian. As may be imagined, his poetry does not savor of the study lamp. There is no patient balancing of phrases and nice selection of pretty and appropriate similes, but the lines resound with the music of rattling streams and of the wind through great pine forests. We refer to the poetry of JOAQUIN MILLER, the Western youth who has recently aroused so much attention in England by his *Songs of the Sierras*, published there by Longman, and just reprinted in this country by Roberts Brothers.

Mr. Miller is not a college-bred man, not even school-bred. His handwriting is said to be uniformed and almost illegible, and his spelling to be quite peculiar to himself. Byron is apparently the only poet with whose works he has been acquainted; but fortunately his wild, free life has prevented him from falling into Byron's moody cynicism and jaundiced views of life, while he has caught much of the freedom and sweep of that poet. It certainly is refreshing to find a son of the muses who does not measure off his poetry with a foot rule, even if the result is something of a helter-skelter style. Miller's verse reflects his life. There is no doubt that he is a man of ardent temperament, intense feeling, alive to nature in all her moods and forms of beauty, restless in spirit, and fond of adventure; now engaged in a desperate amour with some tawny Indian maid or black-eyed South American, and again fighting for life in some hand-to-hand border conflict; sometimes the pursuer, and sometimes the pursued; now in a prison, and anon in a palace; and all of these experiences he has set down in his poetry,—set them down hot from his heart and memory, without stopping much to consider what Mrs. Grundy would say. If he drove his sword into a man to the hilt, he says so, and tells just how the warm blood felt when it spurted out upon his hand. If he wooed and won a Central American beauty, he tells as pretty plainly how that felt also. What wonder that our conventional English cousins, bound up in their rigid formalities, following out the Podsnappian formulas of rising, shaving, breakfasting, dining at the precise instant laid down by the inexorable law of custom, should feel their pulses quicken as they take up a book that really dares to be natural, and hot, and unregulated, and disorderly.

There was much shrewd and crafty knowledge of the world displayed by Joaquin Miller when he carried his Western wares to an Eastern market. A Cuban doesn't want to buy oranges or guava jelly, and an American is not altogether unaccustomed to Californian slouch hats, pistols, and even bowie knives. Miller finds a delighted, eager British people and delighted critics, because he brings them something with a fresh flavor and an unaccustomed zest. The rush of his vicious mustang, the glitter of his silver-mounted pistols, and the sheen of his long yellow hair, are delightful novelties in their eyes, and seem almost to have blinded them to all his faults.

It is easy enough to see that an imaginative man with such antecedents would produce original unconventional poetry. The man who faithfully writes his life into a book will also be likely to make that book interesting. If he has had no poetic training and does not know a dactyl from a spondee, his verse will be very apt also to betray that fact. If he has an undisciplined method, we shall find him beginning half a dozen words together with the same letter for the sake of the rude pleasure that the sound conveys to his unchastened ear. All of these characteristics are apparent in every page of Mr. Miller's work. It is as conspicuous in its faults as in its merits, and has an abundance of both.

This volume contains ten poems, some in rhymed and others in unrhymed metre, in the use of the former of which Mr. Miller is most at ease. All are tales of wild frontier life or love, except the poems entitled "Myrrh" and "Burns and Byron." The songs are descriptive and not reflective. There is very little of that introspective and subtle analysis of thought, emotion, and motive that we find in Tennyson and the many writers who have followed in his footsteps. One of the best of the poems is that with which the volume opens, entitled "Arizonian." "With Walker in Nicaragua" furnishes a graphic picture of one of Mr. Miller's Central American beauties. The author seems to have accompanied this famous freebooter upon one of his raids upon the Central American Republic.

Walker went down in 1860 upon his desperate undertaking, followed by a little band of adventurers like himself. He landed at Truxillo and captured the place, but soon after was himself taken prisoner further down the coast, and being brought back to Truxillo, was tried by court martial and shot. Mr. Miller has glorified the filibuster and his hundred men, and painted them as quite an army of heroic gentlemen bent on some honorable and worthy enterprise. The lines with which the poem opens, and in which he embalms his hero, are singular, to say the least:

"He was a brick; let this be said
Above his brave, dash-hearted dead."

A brick possibly he was. The term is such a vague one, and withal such a peculiar one to find in serious English poetry, that probably no one will be found to deny that Walker merits it, especially as it is not uncommonly applied to persons of vagabond tendencies. He is further described as

"Brave as Yuba's grizzlies are.
Yet gentle as a child at play.
Nothing ever young in her first fierce size;
Frail, courtly, grand as any king,
Yet simple as a child at play.
Business and court life aye forbade alway,
And never moved at anything.

A piercing eye, a princely air,
A presence like a chevalier,
Half saint and half buccaneer;
I say figure, if you'll manifold
With eyes black as night, with curls of gold;
Soul-eyes black, with plume of snow
That sweep his long silk socks below,
A rod and a half with bars of gold,
He does falling, long on hold,
A scarf of silk, where flashing hung
A sword as swift as serpent's tongue,
Its hilt of silver chased in gold.
A face of blended pride and calm,
Of mingled pleading and disdain,
With shade of regret and of grief;
An eagle's form with bells of steel
That quash and confuse at the heel—
The famous filibuster chief
Stood in the Grand Central Hotel one night—
Long gazing down the sunset sea."

Our filibuster! He must have looked like the heavy villain of a tragedy in his most captivating suit. The long silken locks swept by a white plume, the red scrape with gold bars and silken sash, are bad enough in all conscience; but fingers covered with big rings and bigger jewels display very bad taste, and when combined with great bells dangling at his heels are strongly suggestive of that celebrated female who had

"Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
And she shall have music wherever she goes."

Mr. Miller thinks him half angel and half Lucifer; but we should incline from the picture to believe him half pawnbroker and all gambler. Walker, in fact, if we are not much mistaken, was an unprepossessing, cutthroat-looking little fellow, with fiery eyes and high cheek bones. He was not above the medium height, and had anything but a majestic air.

"Tall, courtly, grand as any king,"

may therefore be probably set down as poetic licence. But the truth all of Mr. Miller's heroes are tall, courtly, grand, and kingly, and he himself is tallest, courtliest, grandest, and kingliest of all. His horses fly swifter than the lightning, and wheel like hurricanes. As for his women, the like of them never was imagined outside the Mohammedan paradise.

The lines we have quoted indicate one of Mr. Miller's prevailing weaknesses, that of alliteration. In the three lines we have italicized no less than eight words begin with the letter S. The reader will notice the resort of the author to this cheap effect in nearly every page of the volume.

While the chief was hunting, the follower appears to have been making love, and to have found what he calls the "sun-maids" infinitely more accomplished in that pleasing occupation than their cold-blooded Northern sisters. The following gives us a description both of the hero and his lass:

"No maids where any eyes are
Approach, or ever dare compare
With the Spanish maids of the south.
The one the cool winter through
Sits sewing and singing of love,
Sweet as the south-wind is sweet,
Tender as dove
I grant you both, I grant you fair,
I grant you honor, truth and faith,
And years as drowsy as South,
And many years hence on the sun,
And faith as true as any star—
But a line Northland hath not one
So warm of soul as sun-maids are.

I was but twenty boyhood then;
Twenty fingers over, so
And I four years and years ago,
Am scarcely yet of men;
But I was tall and lithe and fair,
With rippled tide of yellow hair,
And prone to mellowness of heart;
While she was tawny red like wine,
With black hair tempestuous as the night,
As for the rest, I knew my part.
At least was apt and willing quite
To learn to listen, and incline
To teacher warm and wise as mine.

O bright, brought maidens of the sun!
So tender, for those years, more
Than curtains set the Solomon,
Or Kedar's tents, or any one,
Or anything beneath the sun!
What to you did I do? What has been done,
And said, and writ, and read, and sung?
What will be writ and read again,
While love is life and life remains?—
While maids will rest, and men have tongue?

What follow's then? But let that pass.
I said one night in my heart,
Hung curtain'd and not any part
Of all the dark that ever has
Been look'd upon by any one.
* * * *

Love is like one gold-garmented,
And made them so for such a time.
Therefore let lips be red, therefore
Let love be fine in moody mime,
Let there be at high, let hearts be true,
And you be wise thereat, and you
Drink deep, and ask not any more.

Let red lips lift, round curl'd, to kiss,
And round limbs lean and raise and reach
In love to animate speech,
Too full of tiredness and bliss
For anything but this and this;
Let men use lips lean for to kiss
A woman in love, while all the air
Is redolent with balm of trees,
And mellow with the song of bees,
While there is nothing everywhere—
And you will have not any more
Than I in boyhood, by that store
Of olives, had in years of yore.

She boasted Montezuma's blood,
Was sure of noble Tau-el-Bord,
And haggely traced her princely lord'd,
And she was in its blood and good—
More richly love grown even bold
From its own consciousness of length.
How warm! Oh, not for any cause
Could I declare how warm she was,
In her brown beauty and hair's length.
We were in the sufficient sun,
We lived as elements of fire,
For love is dread fierce desire;
Yet lived as pure as priest and nun.

That our readers may not be left wondering as to the result of this excessive fondness, we give the rest of the story. Walker's men were driven to their ships, and the "tall and lithe and fair" one, with his "rippling tide of yellow hair," went with them, leaving his poor little nut-brown maid all forlorn; but she took a frail canoe and followed the vessel all night. The mate was the only person who was on deck to witness her tragic end. As King Arthur sank brandishing aloft his good sword Excalibur, so this poor Indian went down into the cruel ocean holding aloft a silver-hilted dagger that her lover had given to her. The mate thus described the manner of her taking off:

"She had a dagger in her hand,
She rose, she raised it, tried to stand,
And two or three times I saw
Yet set the poor brown savage elf,
Each time the long light wave would toss
And lift her form from out the sea,
Would place her form in the sun, at me,
With rich hilt crossed a crushing cross.
At last she sank, but still the wave
Kept on her form, yet in the air,
As if to still defy an foeman,
And sinking seem'd to call your name.

The following passage, in which Mr. Miller describes the removal of a person slain on the shore of the ocean, illustrates both the vigor and the redundancy of his style:

"We raised the dead, and from his hands
Pluck'd out the shell clutch'd as he lay,
And two my friends bore him away
Adown the sea-washed sands.
Wet and sand-spotted a shallow bone,
And laid him warm-wet in his blood,
Just as he died, down in a flood,
Came charging inward from mouth a foam;
And as we turn'd, the sea-state thing
Reached up like foot its foamy tongue,
Lick'd out the sand, and lick'd the blood,
The white, the to the red earth clung
Antistant, and then loosening
All would just make a living flood,
Threw back sad-velvet and shuddering,
All stain'd with blood, a striped flood.

The "Tale of the Tall Alcalde" is the story of a young Indian girl who gives up her honor to a jailer to secure the release of her lover from prison and death, and then, her task accomplished, kills herself. It is very powerfully told, and contains some of the strongest writing anywhere to be found in the volume. Fenimore Cooper has been much criticised for evolving the noble savage from the depths of his own imagination, and we very much doubt if any such Indians exist in California as the beings whom Mr. Miller describes.

The Alcalde's bride is referred to as

"God's form wrought in pink and pearl,
My heart's sun darkened Indian girl."

Her conversation is as charming and