The Sun.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1879.

Amusements To-Day.

Haverly's Theatre—The Hunchback. Matinee.
Koster & Bial's Garden—Concert.
Madison Square Garden—Concert.
New York Aquarium—H. M. S. Pinafore.
Theatre Comique—Sullivan Based Chowder.
Wallack's Theatre—Woodleigh's Root.

An Extraordinary Confession.

Two years and a half ago Mr. Justice MILLER came down from his place on the bench of the United States Supreme Court and took this oath: "I do solemnly swear that I will impartially examine and consider all questions submitted to the Commission of which I am a member, and a true judgment give thereon, agreeably to the Constitution and the laws, so help me GOD."

The Commission to which Mr. Justice MILLER belonged was a tribunal appointed to decide whether Mr. TILDEN or Mr. HAYES had been lawfully elected President of the United States. That question turned upon the electoral vote of Louisiana. Two sets of returns from Louisiana were submitted to Mr. Justice MILLER in order that he might consider which was the true and lawful vote of the State and give judgment thereon, according to his oath.

The law creating the Electoral Commission provided that in cases where there were double returns the tribunal should proceed to consider all the papers, certificates, and votes, and decide "how many and what persons were duly appointed electors in such State." It furthermore empowered Mr. Justice MILLER "to take into view such petitions, depositions, and other papers as shall by the Constitution and now existing laws be competent and pertinent to such consideration."

So Mr. Justice MILLER'S duty was plain and he had sworn to perform it.

Evidence was brought before Mr. Justice MILLER showing that the lawful vote of Louisiana belonged to Mr. TILDEN and Mr. HENDRICKS by a majority, on the popular vote of the State, of more than eight thousand; that a conspiracy had been formed at New Orleans to defraud the people of Louisiana of their voice in the election of a President; and that the so-called HAYES electors had no title to represent Louisiana in the Electoral College save what they derived from forged certificates, perjured affidavits, and shameless violations of the law—that their claims rested upon a fabric of fraud without a parallel in the experience of the nation.

On the evening of Friday, February 16, 1877, the Electoral Commission, by its infamously memorable vote of Eight to Seven, gave the vote of Louisiana to RUTHERFORD B. HAYES. Mr. Justice MILLER voted with the Eight, not with the Seven. With all the evidence before him, with the solemn language of his oath still fresh upon his lips, he voted nine times in succession to exclude the facts, the right, the truth, from consideration, and to give effect to the frauds of the conspirators. His vote put HAYES in the office that belonged to TILDEN.

The one excuse that could be offered for Mr. Justice MILLER'S share in that great iniquity was that he voted under a mistake, under the delusion that HAYES was really entitled to the vote of Louisiana. Even the politicians who sat with him in judgment, the unscrupulous partisans like MORTON and HOAR, sought to the end to keep up the pretence of acting under conviction.

But on Friday last, at Block Island, in speaking of Mr. TILDEN in the presence of several gentlemen well known to the country, Mr. Justice MILLER said: "*He was elected in Louisiana; that is, he got eight or ten thousand more actual votes there than* HAYES."

The vote of Louisiana belonged to TILDEN; TILDEN was legally elected President of the United States in 1876; HAYES has no right to be in the White House; the decision of the Electoral Commission was fraudulent and false, and in the face of the facts—all this is truth that has already passed into history. But, as far as we know, no one of the Eight who consummated the Fraud had ever confessed this truth until Judge MILLER confessed it at Block Island last Friday.

It is a most extraordinary and a most humiliating confession to come from the lips of a man who has been honored and trusted by the people of the United States as Mr. Justice MILLER has been honored and trusted.

Turning the Tables.

The testimony taken by the WALLACE Committee in Rhode Island, supplemented by that of the BUTLER Committee, proves clearly that this little State is run in the interest of a close political corporation, which, by moral coercion over one class of voters, and by the exclusion of another class, has long been able to hold possession of power, and to distribute the Federal and local patronage as rewards to its instruments. About one-half of the adult male population is disfranchised under the system which obtains in Rhode Island, and a portion of the other half is subjected to a partisan discipline in the factories, which degrades and enslaves them.

No foreign-born citizen is allowed to vote who does not own $134 in real estate. The discrimination in favor of wealth is most marked in the Registry laws, by which the names of the owners of real estate are kept on the voting lists, while the native poor voters are required to register ten months before an election, and to pay a tax, or to forfeit their right of suffrage. Bribery was shown to be a common practice, and one witness swore thus:

"That a man who has not seen money used at all elections in Rhode Island must be blind. He said it was used legitimately—a man sold his vote, took the money openly, and went off about his business. In the SPRAGUE-PADELFORD campaign it cost SPRAGUE $130,000, and PADELFORD $44,000."

Another witness testified thus:

"He had seen and given out checks to voters, who, upon presenting them in a dark hall and at rum shops, received five and ten dollars for votes."

The former Chairman of the Republican Committee swore thus:

"He knew that BRAYTON, the Postmaster, and RUSSOMME, the Customs officer, were always engaged in elections. He had not seen these officers use money, but he believed that money had been used."

A former clerk in the Post Office corroborated the previous testimony, and added some of his personal experience as follows:

"The Post Office was the political headquarters, and workers, wire pullers, and politicians came at all times to see the Postmaster and plan the campaign. Drunkenness was a common thing in the Post Office; he had seen the Postmaster and two or three clerks drink repeatedly in the office; he knew BRAYTON was engaged in politics, as he had done political work for him while clerk in the Post Office; Republican tickets were arranged at the Post Office, and carried out by the carriers while the mails were allowed to wait. Clerks were taken off with the Postmaster to go to Warwick, twenty miles from the city, to do election work, and vote at caucus meetings and election days."

By this combination of wealth and patronage, and the restriction on suffrage, a few men constitute the political State; and Rhode Island is thus rendered little better than one of the old English rotten boroughs. About twenty-six thousand five hundred votes were cast for the two candidates at the last Presidential election, and they are represented by two Senators, who can neutralize the vote of the great State of New York with five millions of population, which cast over a million of votes in 1876, between TILDEN and HAYES; but we do not complain of this inequality of representation, because the Constitution allows it.

The same Committee have found the condition of things little better in Massachusetts. That is to say, the great corporations and mill owners usually require their workmen to vote for the Republican party. This coercion is exerted in various ways—sometimes by informing the persons employed of the wishes of the proprietors; sometimes by the distribution of tickets by foremen; sometimes by direct appeals, and generally with a well understood suggestion that refusal would be followed by dismissal. A free ballot can hardly be said to exist among these organized bodies of employers.

Behold the bulldozers in the communities which practise this atrocious system of making a man's bread dependent on his extorted vote. The most contemptible form of intimidation and the meanest species of bulldozing is that which is brought to bear upon the workingmen in these factories and corporations, whose wives and children are threatened with starvation unless they obey the orders of the owners. Of course, the employers are too shrewd not to cover up their tracks as far as possible, but the tyranny is made still more odious by the deception which is attempted on the public.

New Submarine Cables.

The business of laying submarine telegraphic cables across great seas and oceans, which is less than a quarter of a century old, has been for the last five years seriously affected by the depression in all commercial enterprises both here and in Europe. Now, however, we hear of preparations and projects for cables which will largely extend the range of ocean telegraphy and increase the facilities for instantaneous communication between the continents of the world.

At this time four distinct cables are in course of manufacture, or are actually being laid. Besides these are two projects for cables, one of which, certainly, is to be carried out within a few years. The Zulu war is now over, but its effect in hastening submarine telegraphic communication with the Cape of Good Hope, if there were nothing else to make it long remembered, will keep the cruel and inexcusable conflict fresh in the memories of England and Africa. The work of laying the line has been delayed by various difficulties, though 1,400 miles of ready-made cable were at once turned over for the purpose by the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company, which was about proceeding to the duplication of its lines to Australia. It is probable, however, that the cable is now laid as far as Zanzibar, and the contract requires the completion of the whole line to Aden by the end of the year.

This is the chief submarine telegraph now in progress, and England hopes to obtain from it not only important military advantages, but also valuable commercial privileges. A notable feature of the contract is that the Government, in return for an annual subsidy for twenty years, has the right to take possession of the line in case of war, rebellion, or other emergency, and the opinion is expressed by London *Engineering* that the time is not far distant when the Indian cables, as well as the cable to the Cape, will become the property of the English nation.

The second great cable enterprise is the POUYIER-QUERTIER scheme for two Atlantic cables from Brest to New York. They have already been laid to the Scilly Islands, off the coast of Cornwall, which have been chosen as an intermediate landing point, with a view of competing with the existing Atlantic cables for English as well as Continental traffic. A short cable has lately been laid for the Russian Government across the Caspian Sea, and a new cable to connect Scandinavia directly with Germany is now being submerged. Hitherto Germany has been obliged to send all her telegrams to Norway through Denmark and Sweden, which was not pleasant, considering her delicate relations with Denmark; and therefore she lays the line at her own cost, and all telegrams between Norway and Germany are to pass through it. This cable was to be down some time during the present month.

Of the two projected cables, that from California by way of the Sandwich Islands to Japan and China is the more interesting and the nearest to realization. Mr. CYRUS W. FIELD told all about it at the celebration of himself which he lately gave at his own cost. He has an exclusive concession from the Government of the Sandwich Islands for such a cable, and expects to obtain without difficulty similar privileges from Japan and China, since Japan has for several years been greedy of telegraphic communication, and even China has waked up to the advantages of the electric wires. When this line is laid it will complete the telegraphic circuit of the world, and there is every reason to expect that we shall not have long to wait to see that feat accomplished.

The other projected cable is still a matter of talk only. It is the proposition to lay a line from New York to Flores, an island of the Azores, with one connecting line from Flores to France, England, and Holland, and another from Flores to Fayal, San Miguel, and Lisbon, the whole comprising 7,300 miles of cable. This, it will be seen, is a big project, and we will have to wait for its execution.

But there is just now a surprising activity in the submarine cable business.

M. de Lesseps Retires to Africa.

When M. DE LESSEPS began to urge his Darien Canal scheme upon the attention of French and English capitalists, he assured them that the hearty coöperation of the United States had been promised him. It appeared a little late, however, that the contract made in behalf of the United States had been made by Mr. NATHAN APPLETON, formerly of the banking firm of BOWLES Brothers, and that Mr. NATHAN APPLETON was unable to deliver the goods.

Then M. DE LESSEPS, who is a resourceful man, assured the capitalists of France and England that it made very little difference what the United States thought or did about the matter; that the hearty coöperation of the enlightened and energetic republics of South America was, after all, the main thing to be desired.

We infer that M. DE LESSEPS has not received from the powers south of the Isthmus the expected assurances of sympathy and aid. He has withdrawn from the market all the stock in his colossal enterprise. This amounts to an abandonment of the scheme.

M. DE LESSEPS will now be able to give undivided attention to his project of converting the desert of Sahara into a great inland sea. We feel authorized to assure him that in carrying out this humanitarian plan for the benefit of the central Africans he will encounter no opposition on the part of the people of the United States. The latter make it a cardinal point of their policy not to interfere in the affairs of other continents.

Suppose They Had Met.

Mr. SAMUEL J. TILDEN and Mr. THOMAS A. HENDRICKS had a narrow escape last week from encountering each other on a lonely island in Long Island Sound. If Mr. HENDRICKS had finished a little sooner some law business which brought him to New York, or if Mr. TILDEN had made up his mind to occupy the apartments engaged for him at Block Island by the Hon. HENRY WATTERSON, and had not gone elsewhere to refresh himself, or if one of half a dozen other unimportant things had happened, it is possible that these two eminent Democrats might have found themselves together on an isolated rock, where the monotony of the ebbing and flowing tides and the lack of opportunities for intellectual conversation might have imperceptibly impelled them to seek relief in each other's society.

Well, if that had come to pass they would at least have had something to talk about.

It is contrary to law for men to fight with naked fists for a purse or on a wager, but when pugilists draw gloves over their hands, however thin the gloves may be, and then go through the same motions with the same results, the encounter becomes a sparring match instead of a prize fight, and they may pummel each other to their hearts' content without fear of molestation. Once, indeed, in this city, a sparring party, spectators and all, was marched off to the police station, but the Justice decided that he could not hold even the pugilists, although one of them had been pounded within an inch of his life. The match between MCCLELLAN and DONOVAN in San Francisco in a public place lacked none of the essentials of a genuine prize fight. Ninety-four rounds were had, and the sporting reporters speak of "first blood" and "second wind," as though the ring were pitched in Canada, and the encounter were for the champion's belt. But both men wore tightly fitting gloves, which in no wise lessened the force of their blows, and the fight was not considered violation of law. The same kind of performance is frequent in New York. It may be necessary to revise the Prize Ring statute.

JOHN SHERMAN makes an evasive answer to the accusation that Treasury Department clerks and printing presses are employed to circulate Republican campaign documents. It is that the department is so overrun with inquiries that the printing of a circular in answer thereto is necessary.

JOHN SHERMAN'S stock in trade, in his canvass for the Republican nomination, is the management of the Treasury, the credit of which he takes to himself, though he merely carries out laws enacted by Congress. He has this circular printed recording what the department has done. There is glorification of SHERMAN and the Republican party between every line of it, and it is scattered broadcast under plea that it contains information in great demand.

To say that SHERMAN is using Treasury Department clerks, presses, ink, and paper to further his personal ends is putting it mildly.

Those light-sleeping New Yorkers who were awakened at sunrise yesterday morning by the booming of cannon and screaming of steam whistles in honor of the Paulus Hook centennial have had a faint foretaste of what awaits them when the hundredth anniversary of Evacuation Day comes around, four years hence.

The brethren and sisters have had a pretty damp time of it at Ocean Grove this week. But let them remember the early Christians. Moist as it is after these pouring rains, Ocean Grove is a great improvement on the catacombs, and there are no bloodthirsty persecutors of modern Christianity abroad in New Jersey, except the mosquitoes.

The projectors of the Isthmus Canal, who are said to have fixed upon GRANT as President of the concern, will learn that their enterprise has raised enthusiasm in certain quarters in Washington. The Washington correspondent of the Hartford *Times* says:

"If there is anything in the world that the GRANT Ring can build, it is a canal. JOHN ROBSON, ROBESON, BABCOCK, and all the rest of the gang are waiting to jump in immediately, provided that other people subscribe the money. Everyone of them would get a hand in on the job, and their era of prosperity would again set in."

The proposed coöperation of SECOR ROBESON, Boss SHEPHERD, and the rest in the work may not have an invigorating influence upon the subscribers to the DE LESSEPS scheme. At the rate it used to cost to build a man-of-war, under ROBESON'S administration, the probable cost of the canal under similar management would appal even the ROTHSCHILDS.

An electric target—that is, a target which by means of electricity shows, instantaneously, upon another target set up at the firing station, the exact spot where a bullet strikes, and thus does away with the necessity of employing a marker to signal the result of each shot—has been lately perfected, after years of labor, by a Swiss locksmith.

We have a letter from a boy of 19, a half orphan. His eldest brother, he tells us, has been the main prop of the family since his father's death, and has been especially kind to him. Now that he is in his twentieth year, our young correspondent feels a commendable unwillingness to live longer on the bounty of this good brother and a praiseworthy ambition to relieve him of a part of the load he so bravely carries. Having tried his best to get work here and failed, he is now thinking of trying his luck in Colorado, and he writes to THE SUN for advice. Shall he go to the mining regions? Shall he go to Denver? He knows that he has only to tell his brother that he wants to go in order to get the necessary money; but he also knows that the announcement of his project will awaken a violent opposition on the part of his mother and sister. So he is in doubt as to the path of duty and he comes to THE SUN for light.

We are so pleased with the tone of the boy's letter that we wish he had told us a little more about himself. If we knew all about him, we should know just what to say to him. As it is, we can only give him a word or two of general advice, of whose applicability to his own case he must be the judge. If he is a strong-armed, stout-lunged young fellow, who hasn't yet found out that he has a stomach, and doesn't know what it is to be sick; if he is as sound morally as physically, and has a well-founded confidence in his strength to resist the temptations of frontier life; finally, if he has got the Western fever on him and is fretting his heart away at home, he might do worse than go to Colorado. He may not make his fortune there; the chances are that he won't; but the experience will be worth more than money to him, because it will make a man of him.

If he is sickly or feeble the mines are no place for him. If he is conscious of moral weakness, unsettled principles, and a weak will, let him dismiss this project from his mind. He might almost as well perish at once as buy a ticket for Colorado.

If he goes, and if his brother is willing and able to give him a good outfit and a little ready money into the bargain, we should say that his best plan would be to go into the mines rather than to try for work in Denver, unless he happens at once upon something good in that bustling city.

In any case, we advise him to obtain the approval and blessing of his mother before he starts out to seek his fortune. If her opposition to his project arises simply from her reluctance to part with her boy, he can overcome it. Mothers have a genius for self-sacrifice in these cases. But if her judgment or her instinct is against the project itself, we advise him to drop it, and turn his thoughts to something else.

THE EIGHT TO SEVEN VOTE.

Mr. Justice Miller Admitting that he Voted Against the Facts.

BLOCK ISLAND, Aug. 17.—Among the national celebrities who are here is Justice Samuel F. Miller of the United States Supreme Court and a member of the Eight to Seven Electoral Commission which installed R. B. Hayes in the Presidency. On every test question before that Commission Justice Miller voted with the Republicans, refusing to go behind the returns, in the cases of Louisiana and Florida, and supporting every other measure of the Republican majority for reversing the verdict of the people and depriving Mr. Tilden of the seat to which he had been chosen. In person, Judge Miller is a stout, powerfully built man, with swarthy countenance, strongly marked features, and the careless dress and free, off-hand manners of a prosperous Western farmer or merchant. He speaks his mind clearly and with emphasis.

On Friday morning, Aug. 15, the Judge made one of a party of four on the balcony of the Ocean View Hotel—Mr. Walter N. Haldeman of Louisville, Mr. William G. McHenry, formerly proprietor of the St. Louis *Dispatch*, and a correspondent of THE SUN (who had been previously introduced to Judge Miller as such), making up the group, which was afterward joined by Judge Blodgett of the United States District Court of Chicago. The conversation turned upon Mr. Tilden's canvass for the Presidency, and Judge Miller expressed his belief that Mr. Tilden knew more about the cipher despatches than he had yet admitted. He also said that Mr. Tilden, while now making political capital by antagonizing Tammany Hall, had formerly worked with that organization, and had been intimately associated with it as Chairman of the Democratic State Committee when the great frauds of 1868 were perpetrated. He then said:

"I have met Mr. Tilden only once in the past sixteen years. That was at Saratoga last summer, when he occupied a cottage near my place of residence, and passed me frequently. I thought of speaking to him once or twice, but did not know how he might take it in view of my position toward his claims in the matter of the Electoral Tribunal. I think that he unquestionably tried to buy that elector in Oregon—that the $8,000 which was transferred by telegraph for that purpose came out of his pocket. I think also that money was raised, with his knowledge, for the purpose of buying one of the Returning Boards, and that only his characteristic hesitation prevented his using that method of securing the Board. On the other hand, it may be said of him that he honestly thought himself elected and entitled to the votes of the two Southern States which the tribunal decided against him. He was elected in Louisiana—that is, he got eight or ten thousand more actual votes there than Hayes. In the event of his success next year I think he will make a good President. He is a man of great ability, unwearied pertinacity, and extraordinary courage. He cannot be bullied by the politicians or office seekers. He has made an excellent Governor of New York, and has shown administrative and executive powers of a high order. He is old and rich, and has no temptation to abuse the powers of his office, while he has every inducement to give the country a good administration, one which will enure to his fame and obliterate in a measure the scandals which have attached to his name."

"What do you think of the results of the extra session?" was asked.

"I think that both parties made mistakes, and that the Republicans would have done better had they given up the army at the polls, and in fact conceded everything except the Supervisors' law. On that they could have made an excellent fight without giving their opponents the chance of raising the cry against military interference with elections. The disgrace of the grand back down, however, rested with the Democrats. Thurman in the Senate and Ewing in the House could have prevented the extra session easily, had they minded to, and the responsibility for it in a good measure rested with them. It had injured Thurman greatly, and considerably diminished whatever chance he might have had for the Presidency."

Concerning Secretary Sherman's canvass and the efforts he is said to be making to obtain the Republican nomination, the Judge said:

"It does not follow because a man is Secretary of the Treasury, and makes use of the great power and patronage of his office, that he is necessarily going to succeed in the race for the nomination. Two former Secretaries, James Guthrie and Salmon P. Chase, in turn did what Mr. Sherman is now charged with doing, and yet they signally failed when the time came."

Mr. Haskin Interrogated.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I think my friend John B. Haskin and all other members of the City Democracy have a right to complain of the ingratitude of Mayor Cooper, to whose election they mainly contributed, but I do not agree with him that Gov. Robinson should be made a vicarious sacrifice for the sins of the City Hall "Bureau of Nincompoops," nor do I consider that our Chairman, having in remembrance his gallant fight last fall, was altogether felicitous in his choice of a friend to whom to unburden his mind; although it, as appears probable, it becomes necessary to choose between the one-man power in Tammany Hall (Eighteenth Assembly District) and ditto in Irving Hall (Sixteenth Assembly District), I shall unhesitatingly select the former.

But the question I would propound to my brother Haskin is whether he has ascertained that Chief Justice Church is willing to resign his present position before election day, as, if he accepted the nomination for Governor, he would be compelled to do under section 10, article 6, of the Constitution of the State of New York.

EDWARD J. CRAMER of the City Democracy.
52 BROADWAY, Aug. 19.

Tammany.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* When I read in THE SUN this morning the despatch which John B. Haskin, the Chairman of the City Democracy, sent to John Kelly at Niagara Falls on the 15th inst., I was reminded of an incident at the Democratic State Convention which met in Albany.

Among the most prominent men of the anti-Tammany delegation which was seeking admission to the Convention, and the loudest in denouncing John Kelly and Tammany Hall, were John B. Haskin, Andrew H. Green, and Thomas J. Creamer. The Hon. John Morrissey was the recognized leader of the anti-Tammany faction, and his rooms were their headquarters. Here they met and laid their plans to gain admission to the Convention, and vied with each other in abusing John Kelly and Tammany Hall.

The night before the Convention met Morrissey's room was filled with these men, who up to a late hour indulged in their favorite pastime of cursing Kelly and Tammany. When the last one had left, Morrissey said to a friend who still remained:

"These are a nice lot of statesmen. You'd think they would eat John Kelly and burn Tammany Hall, to hear them talk. But all they are after is to break into Tammany Hall. There isn't one of them but what would walk barefoot from Albany to New York if Kelly would promise to take him into Tammany Hall for it."

Since then the Hon. Thomas J. Creamer and many others have made their peace with Mr. Kelly, upon terms known only to themselves, and are now bright and shining lights in Tammany Hall.

The despatch of Mr. Haskin looks as though he was still trying to break into Tammany Hall, and perhaps the surest way to accomplish this is to abuse those with whom he has hitherto been working in opposition to Mr. Kelly. John Morrissey was a good judge of human nature.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19. B. W. H.

President McCoombs.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Henry S. McCoombs of Wilmington, Del., is spoken of by leading Republicans as a candidate for President. He is a man of great wealth, known through the South as the Railway King. H.

The *North American Review* for September has several valuable and interesting articles. Anthony Trollope's essay upon Nathaniel Hawthorne—one novelist's study of the genius and works of another novelist—is a fine piece of literary work. The second part of Richard Wagner's "Work and Mission of My Life" terminates a most instructive, elevated, and lustrous composition of the great master of Bayreuth. The second part of the "Diary of a Public Man" contains a great deal of tittle and tittle-tattle; it shows the diarist to be a poor stick, dullard, and blunderer, incapable of forming a sensible judgment upon men, or events, or qualities, or principles, or anything else. Mr. Menscal's account of the "Intrigues at the Paris Canal Congress" is timely, and we regret its brevity, more especially when there are so many important features of the question that the author is evidently capable of discussing with intelligence.

ON BLOCK ISLAND.

The Resort that Did Not Witness the Meeting of Tilden and Hendricks.

BLOCK ISLAND, Aug. 18.—This grass-covered and treeless island, far in the Atlantic blue, blown over by cooling winds and surrounded by waters well stocked with cod and bluefish, is just now a favorite resort with those who wish to escape the bustle and publicity of the great seaside resorts. Never before has it known such a prosperous season, and never before have its isolated hotels and quiet boarding houses boasted so many persons of note among their guests. In the old colonial times and among the country folk of the Connecticut shore, its inhabitants were looked upon as a half-tamed and semi-barbarous race, who lived upon the flotsam and jetsam which the sea cast up upon their beach, and whose ideas of *meum* and *tuum* were of the haziest and most indefinite sort. There were stories of false lights hung out o' nights to lure wandering mariners to destruction—of crews which had been robbed and of vessels broken up and plundered. The men were reported to be amphibious, swimming through the breakers with the ease of South Sea Islanders. The women were web-footed. A Connecticut farmer who married one was regarded as having voluntarily cut himself off from his kind, and if any of his progeny got by chance as far as the mainland they were promptly disinherited. Time, however, has changed the outward semblance of this interesting people, and the only surviving relic of their former predatoriness (if such existed) is a disposition to make the last possible dollar out of every passenger who lands. They are still a brawny, hard-fisted race, half farmer, half fisherman; but the false lights, the web feet, and the other features of the ancient Connecticut fable have disappeared.

The great factor in the development of the place and the attraction of political and judicial celebrities hither was the building some six or eight years since of the 1,300 foot breakwater and adjacent piers of concrete. This work, which cost something like $130,000, was paid for by the insertion in the annual Supply bill of that amount at the instance of the local Congressman from Rhode Island. It was a good speculation for the island. Before that the inhabitants had tied their fishing boats to poles planted in six or eight feet of water, and when the tide rose very high had dragged them up on the beach and driven a belaying pin with the hawser attached into the sand. Now they moor them alongside the new concrete pier, and showed in their cobble stone ballast without transfer or breaking bulk. Their boats are from two to ten tons burden, of a peculiar pattern, narrow and sharp pointed at stem and stern, so as to cut through the heavy seas with ease. In these they run out from eight to ten miles to the eastward, fish all day, haul in 12-pound bluefish and 30-pound cod, and return by dusk with food enough to last a fortnight, and leave a good supply for exportation to Boston and Newport. Their anchors are triangular stones, fastened securely in a cone-shaped framework of wood. Everything about them is primitive. On fishing days the surface of the pier is covered with odd-looking seines and "lobster pots"—a species of circular-roofed hencoop, with an opening like that of an eelpot in the side, and a bait of moss bunkers tied in the middle. From the hotels which crown the bluff the visitors descend to the pier in multitudes, and watch the mariners' preparations for business with unfailing interest. This, combined with bathing in the morning, novel reading in the afternoon, and music at night, is the chief occupation of the majority of the guests. Fishing is always in order, and excursion parties in sloops and schooners are organized daily from the leading hotels. There is also an alleged chalybeate spring in the vicinity whose properties are understood to be of a most valuable sort. Very few have tasted the water, but those who have say that they never met anything equal to it before.

From the piazza of the Ocean View the visitor can take in at one glance not less than twenty miles of ocean, north, east, and southeast. From a spot apparently almost at your feet, there rises a broad, ruffled expanse of blue, whose waters dance and sparkle in the morning sunlight, and from whose surface comes a strong health-giving breeze, laden with the true "sea swell," the ozone that is as nectar and ambrosia to stifled lungs and wearied frames.

But this is anything but an Elysium in winter and spring. Storms, hurricanes, fogs, and a hardly worked lighthouse and life-saving service are the rule at certain seasons.

The bathing beach is a mile and a half from the hotels, and the footprints that distinguish it from those near New York. There is absolutely no undertow, thus rendering life lines and the boat service of Coney Island unnecessary. On the other hand, there are a multiplicity of hard pebbles and shells, which cause the tender-footed bather much suffering. Many of them wear thick-soled shoes, in appearance like "arctics" of midwinter, to protect the feet against this nuisance. The temperature of the water is mild, and the surf rises high, curling and falling in long even lines of white foam, which roll upward hundreds of yards along the beach. Inland, the grass-covered surface rises in countless undulations, growing steeper and more hilly toward the centre. It is said that there is not enough level ground in the whole island of thirty square miles for a base ball ground.

In former days the healthfulness of Block Island was proverbial; but now, according to the older inhabitants, the reverse is the case. The weather-beaten watchman of the Ocean View tells me that since the introduction of plastered walls and coal stoves, instead of old-fashioned open fireplaces, there has been an alarming increase in the death rate—especially from consumption. Forty years ago, he says, "doctor's stuff" was the last thing in the world that a man thought of taking. With the introduction of stoves and plastered walls the demand for "stuff" has increased until now "Block Island folks is just as sickly as Connecticut folks." It is only fair to add that there is no indication of this in their looks; for a hardier, wirier, or more indefatigable people, it would be difficult to find. The chance of making the hottest dollar out of a visitor may be relied upon to rescue the sickliest of them even *in articulo mortis*.

Among the guests here during the past few weeks have been Justices Strong, Harlan, and Miller of the United States Supreme Court, Justice Blodgett of the United States District Court of Illinois, Judge Ingalls of the New York Supreme Court, Miss Ada Cavendish, the actress, and others. Mr. Hendricks went fishing with a party of friends, a few days ago, and caught a magnificent cod, which, in his honor, was christened "Nomination, Sir." Nomination weighed thirty-seven pounds—one for each State. Miss Cavendish has been suffering from the effects of a sprained ankle.

Mr. Rice's Criticisms.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Allow me to express my opinion in regard to an article published in THE SUN of to-day concerning Mr. Thomas Churchill and his machine for mowing the hair of animals of all descriptions.

I have always perused your publication with great pleasure, as I consider it the only true American paper—one that is not afraid to give its views on any subject or occurrence, whether concerning those high in the world's estimation or low.

But when THE SUN condescends to publish half a column or more of matter relating to an insignificant town such as Paterson, N. J., and on a subject of no interest whatever except to a few people in said place, it is high time, I think, that some person should come forward to exclaim against a great newspaper publishing such trippery in its columns. C. L. RICE.

The Immigrating English Miners.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The opinion expressed in a paragraph in this day's SUN is one I hold myself to a great extent, and I have freely spoken it when asked for information on the subject.

It would seem, however, that the condition of matters in the Pennsylvania coal region is an improvement on the state of affairs prevailing in the mining districts of England, from the circumstance that many of the English miners arriving here have been induced to emigrate by the encouraging representations of former fellow workmen already here, and long enough employed in the mines in question to be in a position to advise their fellows.

I do not think, however, that there exists in any part of the United States any greater demand for miners than the ordinary immigration will supply, and I consider that the proposed bringing or sending of several thousands of miners from England would be very inadvisable just now. I am, sir, very respectfully,

CASTLE GARDEN, Aug. 19. WILLIAM CONNOLLY.

A Walter Talks Back.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* On behalf of the waiters of Hotel Brighton, I would say in reply to "Rasp's" extraordinary letter in Friday's SUN that most of the waiters are as good men as he is. Can "Rasp" occupy the best seat in any place where a concert is given in New York city or anywhere else without extra charge? I know for certain that no waiter in Hotel Brighton ever asks money for a seat, and this story about the demanding of fees in advance is a lie. "Rasp" seems to belong to the class of customers who come to Coney Island and get a good dinner from the waiter, and then watch the chance to get off without paying the bill which the waiter has to go away to serve some other party. If waiters didn't collect the money for checks, plenty of fellows would dine at the hotel's expense.

J. K., Waiter.

A Colored Man's Experience.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I am a colored gentleman, and as I had been walking around all day Sunday, I felt tired and sat down on the granite work that the railings of the Reservoir Park rest upon. I had been sitting down about twenty minutes, when I was accosted by a man dressed up in gray clothes, who called me to get away from there, and called me a black, something not very pleasant to hear. I told him I was not troubling anybody, and I felt rather tired, and he said: "I don't care a d——n whether you are tired or not." He told me that they didn't allow niggers in the park, and I told him I was not in the park; that I was outside of the railing. He kept on poking me with the club until I was out in the middle of the street, and said: "That's the place for you." When I told him I would report him, he said he didn't care whether I reported him or not.

I would like to know if any park policeman is allowed to rut any person, whether black or white, away from the railing, and if the sidewalk around the outside of the railings is a part of the park.

ANDREW JACKSON, 132 William street.

Forthcoming Literature.

From the Oil City Derrick.

Mr. Evarts will write a book. The sentences will be delivered in monthly parts.

THE NEW CÆSAR.

The Interesting Views of an Advocate of Irish Independence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I, a friend of Irish independence, of human liberty, and of oppressed nations, have for years been preparing by my writings the way for the "New Cæsar," the Irish Joshua or Barak, who may be capable to lead the Irish hosts against the English Philistines, in order to sweep them away with fire and sword from the face of the Irish nation, that they have polluted with their hateful and diabolical sway!

In the midst of dangers, vicissitudes of fortune, jealousies, and perils, I have still pursued my course, to excite, to intensify, and to develop a love of Irish liberty, and a grim preparation in military organization, by drill, by discipline, and by the prerequisites that are needed in a revolutionary struggle for Irish liberty, glory, and greatness! Much of it has been accomplished; much more remains undone! How shall we be able to select the "new Cæsar?" Let us hold a military council in New York. Let us endeavor to ascertain, by scrutiny, by observation, and by examination the party who is worthy of the high honor to lead the Irish nation in a struggle for victory or death!

We should be able to find such a man among the Irish race. The "new Cæsar" should be copiously supplied with funds, to enable him to utilize the strength of Ireland's sons in England, Scotland, and Wales, to call them home to Ireland, if need be; to swell the ranks of Irishmen on Irish soil, where the great contest shall be fought for Irish liberty!

If the "new Cæsar" cannot be found in America or in Ireland, let us examine the different rosters of the French, Austrian, English, Turkish, North and South American armies, and others, in order to find a man of our race who shall have faith in Irish liberty, and who shall possess moral and physical courage, greatness of soul, and hatred of oppression, to hurl the Irish legions, arrayed for liberty, on the ranks of the enemy in battles fierce and bloody.

We have money, and we should expend it, even to purchase a "new Cæsar" belonging to our race; if not, let him be taken from outside of it, when he possesses the essential qualities that indicate confidence and success. The sooner this is done the better, so that the "new Cæsar" shall have time to mould, combine, arrange, to battalion, brigade, division, etc., to supply the warlike elements that shall and will exist for the purposes of Irish revolution. The "new Cæsar" should know, or should learn, the topography of Ireland, its mountains, hills, rivers, lakes, bogs, roads, ferns, woods, valleys, and lines of offence and defence. He should know the strongholds of the enemy, his garrisons, barracks, fortresses, camps, and positions; how to take them by night attacks; the number of men they possess; the *morale* of of the men, moral and physical; their habits and customs—all should be thoroughly known to the "new Cæsar." He should be aided by a military council, but not thwarted or obstructed in his military plans, if well conceived, and if properly developed. The "new Cæsar" must not be proud, ambitious, or overbearing to his officers. His ambition must be to set Ireland free from chains and slavery! He must be thoroughly conversant with the forces under his control; how to inspire them with courage, heroism, and lofty deeds. He must know how to combine his scattered forces, in order to outnumber his enemies at the decisive moment, taking advantage of good positions, lakes, bogs, woods, ditches, and other defences. His moral and physical courage must be of a high order. He should be a man of impulse and of hope; with an iron will, inflexible and immovable in the presence of the enemy. These are some of the qualities of the "new Cæsar;" when developed, they shall be instrumental in the release of Ireland from England's haughty yoke.

The gist of the intention is not to violate any international law of the United States. The object is that of volunteering in the service of a down-trodden nation, that calls for the sympathy of her sons and of the lovers of human freedom. J. McC.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.

The Fenians.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* By all means let "A. P. F." join a Fenian organization. From the tone and sentiments contained in his letter I judge him to be a high-souled and patriotic young man. He possesses the requisite qualifications for membership in a Fenian society, viz., a yearning to establish a government of the Irish people in Ireland. Let him not be misled from his purpose by the remarks of "J. G. S." The latter, in his letter in THE SUN, endeavors to belittle the men who are, to their own material disadvantages, engaged in promoting the aspirations and hopes of the Irish people.

If these men were not engaged in such a cause, if they were opposed to Irish freedom, they would, I doubt not, enlist the approbation of "J. G. S."

How true are the lines of Moore:

"Unpraised are her sons till they've learned to betray;
Undistinguished they live if they shame not their sires."

"J. G. S." may be disposed to be fair and just; but, if I assume that he is, then I am compelled to the conclusion that his historical knowledge is very meagre. I say this because no historical student or reader will concur in the opinion of "J. G. S." that the causes of Irish discontent are "exaggerated."

Why, J. A. Froude, who is indisputably no friend of Ireland, conceded that the complaints and wrongs suffered by the Americans antecedent to the Revolution were only as mosquito bites compared to the wrongs of Ireland. Many English writers allege that Ireland is prosperous and happy. Let us see if that is true. I am sure that no one will gainsay me when I say that Ireland is a fertile and soil-supporting country. Being thus, why are her people alienated from her shores—every year in numbers equaling the emigration from the German empire, a notoriously poor country? Ireland, with a population of not quite 6,000,000, is sending out a tide of emigration equal to the 40,000,000 of the Germanic empire.

Can anything be more convincing of the utter and apparently hopeless condition of the people, the English Parliament, despite of the wishes of the people, are opposed to the passage of any laws that would root the people in the soil to which they are rightfully entitled.

RICHARD P. WALSH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I read the answer of "J. G. S." to a young man regarding Fenianism. All even-minded men will acknowledge, after reading that article, that "J. G. S." has shown his ignorance. For instance, he says: "It is now a rare thing to find an Irishman of education in society." What society has he been in?

Take the advice of a young man 18 years of age, Mr. "J. G. S."