The Sun.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1879.

Amusements To-Day.

Grand Opera House—The Kerry Gow. Matinee.
Haverly's Theatre—The Magic Slipper. Matinee.
Koster & Bial's Garden—Concert.
Madison Square Garden—H. M. S. Pinafore.
New York Aquarium—H. M. S. Pinafore. Matinee.
Theatre Comique—Milligan Guard Chowder. Matinee.
Wallack's Theatre—Wolfert's Roost.

The Lack of Conciliation on the Part of Mr. Tilden and his Friends.

Of all public men we have ever known no other has shown so little disposition to make friends by concession as Mr. TILDEN. His warfare with the Judges of the Court of Appeals because they would not disregard long established principles of law for the purpose of persecuting Mr. TWEED was a striking example of this. Why should not Chief Judge CHURCH and Mr. TILDEN be the best of friends? We believe there is no good reason except Mr. TILDEN's disposition to monopolize all power, and we think no fault for the existing coldness between them rests with Judge CHURCH. To be President of the United States should be sufficient to satisfy the reasonable ambition of any man; but Mr. TILDEN does not appear at all content unless he controls and dictates the nomination or appointment of every inferior officer.

The lack of a spirit of conciliation characterizes Mr. TILDEN'S more immediate personal followers as well as himself. It is well known that the TILDEN wing of the Democratic party were very desirous that Gen. WILLIAM F. SMITH, as Police Commissioner, should coöperate with Mr. MACLEAN, Mr. TILDEN'S man Friday. How did Mr. MACLEAN, who is young enough to be a son of the distinguished soldier, go to work to promote the wished-for harmony? He insulted Gen. SMITH in a manner unwarranted and without excuse. The evidence of this, in writing, has been furnished to us. We do not say that Gen. SMITH'S course was influenced by this; but it would seem natural it should be, and we have great confidence in human nature.

Perhaps Mr. TILDEN may succeed by fighting the men of his own party as well as his political opponents—his friends as well as his enemies. He is a man whose strength it would be very easy to underestimate; but inasmuch as the Sage of Gramercy Park has now become a country gentleman, we will tell him a little anecdote of what occurred under our own observation. A green hand on the farm yoked a pair of oxen, one heading each way. They did not work as well as usual. Possibly the same principle would apply to political action.

The Independent Vote.

Important elections in the State of New York have often been decided by what may be called the independent, non-partisan voters. The influence of this class of citizens in determining close contests is apt to be overlooked except by the shrewdest politicians; and even they generally underrate its power.

There are upward of 1,300 townships and wards in this State. It is a moderate estimate to say that each of these on the average contains at least twenty men who vote only just when they please, and then cast their ballots for precisely whom they please, and thinking, as generally well informed, not a little inclined toward obstinacy, and as deaf as posts to ordinary partisan appeals through the press and from the platform.

The 26,000 men to whom we have referred (and we are sure the number is not too large) sometimes stay at home on election day, and then at other times they vote with the Democrats, if they like their platform and their candidates, while perhaps the very next year they vote with the Republicans for similar reasons. They are often impelled this way or that way by a desire to strike a blow for some cardinal principle in a great emergency.

The men who wear collars think this class of voters are poor politicians. Possibly they are when estimated from a mere partisan, cast-iron collar point of view. But nevertheless they frequently decide elections in New York. Their numbers are larger than the usual majorities which have been obtained by the Democrats or the Republicans within the last twenty years.

This mass of independent, non-partisan voters is so widely diffused that it is hardly perceptible at any single spot. But as the aggregate, moved by a common impulse on election day, swings over to the one side or the other, it determines the conflict.

Which party in New York will get this vote in November?

Ah! that is a question which may perhaps be answered with reasonable certainty after the Saratoga and Syracuse Conventions have adjourned.

Pillage Must Cease.

It has been said that since the accession of the Democratic party to power in both Houses of Congress the lobby has disappeared. This fact speaks louder than platforms or speeches. The people know that it means smaller appropriations and lighter taxes. The ruthless application of the knife to executive estimates, and the large reduction of expenditures made by the lower House in the Forty-fourth Congress, had much to do with the election of TILDEN and HENDRICKS in 1876. This, with the economical administration of Gov. TILDEN in New York and his war upon the rings, undoubtedly produced the great majority against HAYES and WHEELER which was given, and was falsified in the interest of further corruption and extravagance.

Mr. BLAINE, Mr. SHERMAN, the third termers, and the Fraudulent Administration may make speeches, and more speeches, and do what they will to turn the public mind off upon other questions, but the real issue is this of honest and economical government. The people are determined to stop the plundering and the squandering, to reduce their taxes, and pay for nothing but the support of their Governments. They know that extravagance is the parent of every other evil, and that a people who permit the earnings of industry to be taken and enjoyed by their rulers, either with or without the forms of law, are mere slaves. The political history of the last few years shows that this great truth has leavened the whole public mind. The real struggle now is for emancipation from corrupt combinations, rings, and corporations, which, in ways too numerous to mention, prey upon the people and eat out their substance.

The campaign in Pennsylvania shows perhaps more clearly than any other the fact that the popular apprehension is fully alive to these issues. There reform seemed to be hopeless. In the State and in the chief cities, rings of political criminals, growing visibly rich from public plunder, controlled everything, and their despotic rule was scarcely questioned. The Treasury Ring embezzled millions, with but a feeble popular protest, which the leaders of both parties took care should find no effectual expression. The Pennsylvania Railroad debauched and used the Legislature, and, in collusion with the rings, owned and directed the State Administration.

But they overdid the business. The recent attempt to filch $4,000,000 from the Commonwealth by bribing the Legislature to give it away was too startling. Men began to figure up how much it was proposed to steal from them individually, or from their counties, by this single tremendous grab. Had this operation been successful, Lancaster County, for instance, would have been required to pay up, as her share of the Ring's booty, $121,000; York, $76,000; Chester, $77,000; Franklin, $45,000; Berks, $106,000, and so on through the list. Decent householders over there have begun to cipher—it is high time—and while they are about it they propose to find out to what extent they are robbed by the unconstitutional freight discrimination against them by this same Pennsylvania Railroad, which they created and endowed not to be their master but their servant.

When they get this sum done, there will be a revolution in the old Commonwealth, and the Republican Ring, which openly sustains these iniquities, refuses to let its convention condemn the four million steal, and forces it to declare against "honest men in office," will be broken into fragments. The people are evidently determined that pillage must cease.

A Bacon on the Rampage.

The BACON family of ministers are celebrated for undertaking to settle the moral and religious affairs of other people. They are of the sort of men who stand so straight that they lean back, and if they had their way they would rule Connecticut, where they live and preach, as the Puritan parsons ruled their parishes of old, putting wicked men who wouldn't go to church in the stocks, hanging witches, and driving out Quakers and Baptists. All this the stern old preachers did for men's good, to save the souls of the many by persecuting the few. They knew the only road to salvation, they were assured, and they were determined to make people follow where they led, even if, in order to keep the procession in line, they must lash some and fling the turbulent into perdition.

It is this ancient Puritanical spirit, of whose manifestations in New England in the seventeenth century we have so abundant records, that is now animating the Rev. LEONARD WOLSEY BACON of the Connecticut town of Norwich, in his struggle against Sunday excursions. But the population of Connecticut has greatly changed within two centuries. It has not only vastly increased, but it has also got far beyond the control of ministers like the Rev. Mr. BACON. There is a great variety of religious opinion and religious practice in the Nutmeg State, new elements of population have been introduced, and men are there, as elsewhere, thinking more independently than they were permitted to do in the days of Parson HOPKINS. A good many of them deny that the Rev. Mr. BACON and his clerical associates of the Congregational denomination hold the keys of heaven and hell, and they may have religious guides of their own whom they trust more implicitly, and they may think that they can regulate their faith and conduct without the Rev. LEONARD WOLSEY BACON'S help.

But, though the advance of time and the broadening of men's views since the days when chief of the BACONS of Connecticut, changing both their religious opinions and religious methods, they are like their predecessors in their conviction that it is their bounden duty to see that other people do as they think they ought to do. The Rev. LEONARD W. BACON exhibits the hereditary family trait in his present war upon the Sunday excursions. He doesn't like them. He thinks they desecrate the "old New England Sabbath;" that they are wicked in themselves and fraught with ruinous consequences. Therefore he is determined to put a stop to Sunday excursions, if he can.

It seems that for many years it has been customary for a large steamer to sail from Norwich with a load of people to Martha's Vineyard, to spend Sunday at the camp meeting there. That is a great place of resort during the season; and not the desire for religious instruction, but the greed for novelty and the hope of having a good time of course draw a large part the excursionists thither. Because Martha's Vineyard, transformed into a beautiful camp, and full of attractive sights and occupations, was made a really inviting watering place, it became celebrated, and on those accounts, quite as much certainly as on account of its religious services, it has proved so successful and been a model for other enterprises of the sort, into which commercial speculation as well as religious propagandism sometimes entered largely. It is a pleasant way of spending the summer, so the inhabitants of the cottages think, and crowds of people follow them to satisfy their curiosity and get a day in the country or by the seaside. Nobody can find any fault with this. Individuals of like religious views have a right to club together for their summer recreation, and they may gain both physically and otherwise by so camping. But they cannot deceive themselves into thinking that their sole object is a religious one. They leave the cities, which are groaning under a burden of vice, temptation, destitution, and sickness, to disport themselves by the sea, with the chance of picking up converts among those who can afford to follow them, turning their backs on the multitude left at home to swelter amid the allurements of the city. Perhaps they are not different from the mass of men, including very many preachers who shut up their churches as soon as the weather gets sultry and go off to the White Mountains or to Saratoga. But their sole aim is not the salvation of men, it is easy enough to see. They want to have a good time themselves.

With these camp meeting excursions from Norwich the Rev. LEONARD W. BACON finds no fault. What he objects to are the Sunday excursions to Watch Hill and Block Island, which have substantially the same object in view, and a Sunday night boat for the accommodation of people who wish to get to New York on Monday morning. Everybody else lets the travellers and pleasure seekers, who disturbed nobody's peace in Norwich, decide for themselves without interference the manner in which they should pass their Sundays. Those who thought it wrong to go on the steamers stayed at home, as they should have done; while those who had no such scruples, and had the money to pay for the trip, went upon it, if they were so minded. But the Rev. Mr. BACON could not contain himself for horror at such a profanation of the Puritan Sabbath, loudly bewailing "the departing glory of New England—her stern morality." This was all well enough, foolish as it was. If he thought the excursionists were imperilling their souls, why shouldn't he tell them so, and why shouldn't he exhort them to do differently? If a man thinks there is a chance of plucking a brand from the burning, he ought to stretch out his hand to catch it.

But the Rev. Mr. BACON was not content to preach. He tried to force the excursionists to stay at home by getting them fined under an obsolete Connecticut law of 1702, making the engagement in any sport or recreation between sunrise and sunset on Sunday punishable by a fine of not less than one dollar nor more than four dollars. The level-headed City Attorney, however, refused to back him, "because, in his opinion, neither the secular nor the religious interests of the community could be promoted by coercive measures." The Rev. Mr. BACON, therefore, is groaning over the degeneracy of the times and sighing for the days of the stocks and the stern enforcement of blue laws.

We fear it is useless to expect that these BACONS will ever get over the idea that it is their business to interfere with the theology and manners of other people.

A Difference.

We observe a prevailing disposition to lump together the conduct of Mr. DE YOUNG and the conduct of Mr. KALLOCH, and to indulge in a general denunciation of both these parties, as if both were equally to blame.

We dissent entirely from this view.

Mr. DE YOUNG began the personal warfare in a most offensive manner, and arrogantly demanded that Mr. KALLOCH should withdraw from the canvass as a candidate on pain of an exposure of his past life. The demand was such as no freeman had a right to make of a freeman.

Exasperated by the unprovoked attack of DE YOUNG, Mr. KALLOCH retorted sharply, savagely. Who would not be savage under such provocation?

The shooting was not justifiable under any provocation; but had Mr. KALLOCH been the original aggressor it would have worn less the aspect of deliberate, wilful murder than it now wears.

Smarting under Superintendent SMYTH'S imputations, one insurance company makes a denial that its President is a defaulter in the sum of $50,000; that there has been an impairment of $60,000; that its secretary has stolen $10,000 or its cashier has purloined $3,000. Nearly a week ago SMYTH gave it out that such fraudulent practices existed in four New York companies, but he took care not to give the names. Thus every company is brought under the shadow of suspicion. He pretends to have made these discoveries in his examinations as the head of the Insurance Department. As such officer it is his duty to make public the condition of every company. The policy holders have as much a right to know how the company stands, in which they insure, as have the officers of the company. But there are officers who would pay SMYTH a round sum to have the news of a defalcation suppressed.

Think of it for a moment: Picked men from the most highly civilized Christian countries of the world gathering with learned pagans from Japan and China around Herr KRUPP'S big breechloader, to satisfy themselves whether it is really, as claimed, the most successful machine for slaughtering human beings that has been invented to date!

GRANT will make a figurehead President of a canal company so long as he fights shy of his old cronies, the Boss SHEPHERDS and SECOR ROBESONS. But if these carrion birds once scent plunder in their old chief's new job, we shall be sorry for the stockholders.

Fraud Defender HISCOCK has his labor for could, and no doubt he thought HAYES would recognize the services by helping along his political ambitions. Early in the year, therefore, he announced himself as candidate for Governor, and to his friends he whispered that the Administration influence was with him. But now that the nominating day approaches, EVARTS, HAYES, and JOHN SHERMAN are found secretly favoring the nomination of the venerable HAMILTON FISH, while outwardly they are patting HISCOCK on the back.

EDWARD MURPHY did a cowardly thing when he drew a knife on his shipmate, WILLIAM MADDEN, instead of fighting it out with his fists like an honest tar. But Sailor MURPHY'S act, cowardly as it was, is less shameful than that of the San Francisco publisher who shot down an unarmed preacher without giving him any chance to defend himself.

From breezy beaches, from pine-clad mountains, from lone wilderness lakes, and from the gay capitals of the Old World, the rich and rosy preachers are coming back to the city. Evidently their summer idleness has agreed with them. What a contrast between these bronzed faces, ruddy with the glow of health and good living, and the pale cheeks and sunken eyes of the Memphis preachers!

We dare say these Memphis preachers were as tired at the end of their winter and spring work as the New York ones, and would have been as glad of a vacation. Memphis is a hotter and more uncomfortable place than New York.

Yet, of their own free choice, they have shut themselves up in a plague-stricken city to a summer of overwork, wearing anxiety, and sorrow, risking their own lives for the men and women committed to their charge. All through these months in which the fat-salaried New York preachers have been breathing in new life on the yellow sands and in the balsamic air of the mountains, these Memphis preachers have been caring for the sick, comforting the dying, and burying the dead.

Ex-Gov. HARTRANFT of Pennsylvania is talked of for Sheriff of Philadelphia. HARTRANFT has had varied and notable experience as a hangman, and would bring to the position the benefit of valuable knowledge acquired in a checkered career. He is said to be poor, but the Lancaster *Intelligencer* thinks that this is because of his "propensity to deal in stocks, which was officially exposed to his discredit when he was Auditor-General."

The official envelopes of all the departments at Washington have a printed notice on the front forbidding their use for any private purpose. The notice is in the following words, with the name of each particular office inserted, in lieu of "Treasurer of the United States:"

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.
To be returned to
TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES
If not delivered in ten days.
Official Business.
Any person using this envelope to avoid the payment of postage on private matter of any kind will be subject to a fine of three hundred dollars.

Thousands of copies of JOHN SHERMAN'S partisan speech have been circulated in these envelopes all over the country, in direct violation of law, for which the sender might be prosecuted. When the head of a department thus openly prostitutes a public trust to a personal object, and makes his subordinates participants in the offence, it is easy to see what effect such an example must have on the clerks, and what the state of discipline must be under him.

This is only an illustration of the practices at Washington, where the whole public service is used to advance partisan and personal interests, and where hypocrisy is added to the corruption that GRANT bequeathed as a legacy to his successor.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Did Mr. BRET HARTE write the story of PRUDENCE BERONG in this day's issue of THE SUN? W. H. A.
JERSEY CITY, Aug. 25.

Mr. BRET HARTE did not write the report in question, though the workmanship of it was worthy of him, and though he has been one of the contributors to THE SUN during the past fortnight.

DISCHARGING A BLUNDERBUSS.

John B. Haskin's Rejoinder to "Interrogations" of Major George W. McLean.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I am again interrogated through your luminous columns. This time it is by my old friend and compatriot of many a hard-fought political battle, Major George W. McLean, King of the Tuscaroras, and Major of the Old Guard. By your permission I briefly reply. He desires to know if reform and a more honest local government, through a regenerated Democracy, is a lost cause; charges me with a breach of faith toward the City Democracy in addressing my telegram, published by you, to "Autocrat Kelly;" alleges that I have no cause to be disappointed in Mayor Cooper, as he was not his or my candidate, and was preferred by the Republicans, who nominated him; and appeals to me not to let prejudice swerve me from the path of duty.

I answer his first proposition emphatically: No! The cause of reform and better government here will yet be attained. The people for self-protection, and to save their property from confiscation, will yet become aroused and compel it. His and my support of Cooper, and failure to realize our desire, was because Charles A. Dana would and could not leave his editorial tripod to rule this city and regenerate its Government. We both favored him for Mayor, knowing and regretting that his great executive talents, shown in the management of the *Tribune*, the War Department, and your great newspaper, could not be had for our people, in giving us a better government, lessening its expenses many millions of dollars. Failing in his nomination, I proposed, in convention, Franklin Edson, President of the Produce Exchange. He would have been nominated and elected, and would have made an excellent Mayor, but for the hirelings of the Public Works Department and the corrupt Republicans who bargained with Cooper and achieved his nomination. As a consequence they have reaped in his patronage all the profitable official benefits of his election.

As a citizen and taxpayer I have cause and do complain of Mayor Cooper. He promised, in his letter of acceptance, "reform, a reduction of salaries and abolition of sinecure places, a large reduction in taxation, and a better government." He has now been in office nine months, and has done nothing to attain these desirable ends. He has attempted to strangle liberty, in refusing the constitutional right to the accused to appeal by counsel. To carry out his corrupt bargain with Arthur and the Republicans, he appointed Carpet-bagger French, from Suffolk County, Police Commissioner. To gratify his master, the Wreck and Railroad Wrecker of Gramercy Park, he appointed Stark of Washington County Commissioner of Docks, and MacLean Police Commissioner. He has not lopped off any of the sinecure excrescences, living in idleness on our depleted treasury. He has, in brief, done nothing to "better our Government"—not even given us clean streets to keep away pestilence. He has surrounded himself with a kitchen cabinet of low, corrupt advisers like Maurice Lowe and the Fat Boy, Thompson, a political tramp, who, when impoverished, goes around with a patch on his breeches. Comptroller Kelly, from feelings of pity and sympathy, assisted him, through Gen. Porter, then Commissioner of Public Works, to a clerkship in his department. He has been rewarded for his kindness with abuse and vilification.

My motive in telegraphing Mr. Kelly at the meeting of the State Committee at Niagara Falls was to assist in bringing about a regeneration of the Democracy by the nomination and election for Governor of a pure patriot and able statesman—Judge Safford E. Church. I feared that Mr. Kelly might again favor the nomination of Clarkson N. Potter, who I had reason to feel would fail of an election, because of his having left a most profitable and lucrative practice at the bar to enter the Congress of the nation, to protect Brown Brothers & Co. (his brother being a member of that firm) and other English and foreign United States bondholders in their interest in American securities and in railroad speculations and operations; and also from his published Congressional speech on the proposed admission of New Mexico as a State, therein avowing and boasting of entertaining the extreme Southern fire-eating doctrine of State rights, "the right of a State to secede from the Union when dissatisfied with the management of the affairs of the national copartnership."

I oppose the reëlection of Gov. Robinson because of his proxy Governorship. Dave, his son, is recognized as Governor, under instructions from Gramercy Park. The appointment of Beach and Ingersoll as Judges here, the one to obtain the Rensselaer delegation to the next State Convention, through Mayor Murphy of Troy, and the other to secure the Connecticut delegation to the next National Convention, through ex-Gov. Ingersoll, were both insults to them in opposing his renomination.

No! my dear Major, I do not "despair of the republic!" of this State, or city Government! They will yet be bettered, and continue to live and flourish. The *republic* and its people are greater and more potential than all the politicians of the land. Providence and the native born industry and energy of our people are lifting us out of the slough of despond into which we have been thrown by the extravagance, corruption, and frauds of municipal thieves, vagabonds, and villains controlling our Government. We are emerging from these vile influences; and we have been cheated in the election of Cooper, from his imbecility and surroundings. Yet the people's movement last fall was in the right direction. It proved their power to overthrow corrupt political organizations, however strong. True reform, however, must and can only be attained through honest and capable instruments, men of courage, ability, and statesmanship, such as they will yet place in power, to root out existing evils.

My dear Major, to-morrow is my birthday. Gallantry forbids my naming the age. It is, however, old enough to justify me in saying that most local professional politicians nowadays are humbug reformers, "keeping the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the hope." Of such is your friend Cooper and his surroundings. I shall to-morrow dine with my family in celebration of my birthday, at Brighton Beach Hotel. I extend you, and my friend Mayor, who like Cambronne of Napoleon's Old Guard at Waterloo never surrendered (save to a pretty woman), an invitation to a hard shell clam roast, appetizing and healthful. I know you prefer the soft ones. They are not at this time seasonable or palatable, but when later and cooler may be eaten with impunity and with beneficial effects. Join me to-morrow, my dear Major, and we will together look through the political horoscope beyond the autumn of next year. JOHN B. HASKIN.
NEW YORK, Aug. 26.

Cooper, Haskin, McLean, and Cramer.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* My friend George W. McLean has interrogated his and my friend, John B. Haskin, so copiously that, fearful that the latter may overlook something, I crave permission to say a word or two through THE SUN. I agree with Mr. McLean that Mr. Cooper was not the original candidate of the City Democracy, but after his nomination that organization accepted it in good faith, worked as hard as, nay harder than, any other individual organization to secure his election, and had a right to expect from him some recognition for the following reason: When the committee from the City Democracy (of whom I was one) called upon Mr. Cooper to inform him of their determination to give him a hearty support, they were assured by that gentleman that, if elected to the office of Mayor, he would take his seat entirely unpledged, and that all who took an active part in his canvass would be considered by him if successful. Now, in view of this declaration, the City Democracy entered into the canvass with great spirit (no one did better work than Geo. W. McLean), breathed into it the breath of life, and secured the election of Mr. Cooper. I say then that in view of the studied ignoring of our counsel by Mayor Cooper, of his refusal to carry out his promise to consider all who aided him when he needed assistance, and of his apparent inability to carry on the work of reform so ably inaugurated, and alas! so feebly continued, we all "have cause to be disappointed in Mayor Cooper."

But as to deserting our colors, I cry with Mr. McLean, never!! The "old guard dies, it never surrenders." Let Mr. Haskin call around him the old guards of the City Democracy once more, fling the banner of Jeffersonian Democracy to the breeze, and he will once more surround himself with an army which will defeat alike the autocratic and the aristocratic, so called Democratic, but really plutocratic misleaders of the people. EDWARD J. CRAMER.
NEW YORK, Aug. 26.

Mr. Conkling in 1877 and in 1878.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In your article of this date on "The Republican Outlook," in speaking of Mr. Conkling, you say: "Last year he defied his rivals to oppose him if they dare, and they did not dare."

The year when Mr. Conkling was so radiant with "daring" was the year before, at Rochester, when he could hold his personal following only by playing the part of a bully.

Last year Mr. Conkling appeared at the Convention with his war paint all washed off, without his feathers and without his tomahawk; with only his little lock of hair. He desired a reëlection, and his only way to get it was to say, "Let us stop fighting each other, and turn our guns upon the common enemy." His meekness so thoroughly contrasted with his former furious, fighting mood that it was thought by some that he was about to turn divinity student.

When he had made sure of his election, then he resumed his "daring," and even now his "daring" is of the kind described as follows: "He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day."

"Brave man—true patriot!" Can it be said to him? PETER K. DEYO.
NEW YORK, Aug. 26.

JEFF. DAVIS'S WINDFALL.

Mr. Farrar of New Orleans Telling what he Knows about Mrs. Dorsey's Will.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Being an infrequent reader of THE SUN, the communication of Mr. C. G. Dahlgren of the 12th inst. has just been brought to my notice by Major Clement L. Walker of this city, who, being a cousin of Mrs Dorsey, and her intimate associate for years, is preparing a statement, showing how opposed the views and sentiments of all her blood relations here are to those of the gentleman above mentioned, who was merely connected with her by marriage.

In the first place my letter was written to the St. Louis *Republican*, and was elicited by a communication addressed thereto from New York. I never saw and never heard of Mr. Dahlgren's "information in THE SUN of the 27th."

In the second place, that communication does charge that Mrs. Dorsey's relatives intend to attack her will on the ground of insanity, and does, by innuendo and insinuation, reflect seriously upon her. I am glad to see that her chivalrous stepfather repels these charges.

In the third place, I never stated that I had known Mrs. Dorsey in her girlhood. She was nearly old enough to be my mother.

In the fourth place, I prefer Mrs. Dorsey's statement of her knowledge of Mr. Davis to that of her stepfather.

In the fifth place, I did not state that Mrs. Dorsey had made provision for her relatives, but that she stated that "she had done for them all that they deserved."

In the sixth place, if Mrs. Dorsey ever made any promises to Mr. Dahlgren's son, the reasons why they were not fulfilled are well known to others—particularly to Major Walker—who may, at the proper time, choose to divulge them.

In the seventh place, if a portion of Mrs. Dorsey's property came from Mr. Dahlgren, it is unknown in this portion of the country, in which he lived for very many years, where he got it to give. He had nothing but a profession which he never practised when he married a rich widow who was Mrs. Dorsey's mother. It is very probable that what he gave Mrs. Dorsey already belonged to her.

In the eighth place, it is unnecessary for me to say anything in vindication of my remarks about lawyers who take contingent fees in cases like this, inasmuch as the ethics of the profession has reprobated them from time immemorial. Mr. Dahlgren's code of ethics seems to be based on the maxim that because a thing has been done before it is right to do it again.

In the ninth place, if, although living within a few hours' journey of Mrs. Dorsey, seeing her often, both in and out of Mr. Davis's presence, corresponding with her and with him about her business, knowing both her and him intimately, being almost the repository of her will, and having received from her own lips the motives that induced her to make it—if, even under those circumstances, it would be "difficult to see how I could determine whether any influence was or was not exercised over Mrs. Dorsey," how entirely impossible would it be for me to know of and appreciate such influence to have been exercised when he was 2,000 miles away, when he had had no communication with her for twenty-five years, and when he was therefore absolutely ignorant of any facts with reference to the matter. Is it not both customary and correct to characterize a charge made on such a basis of fact as effrontery?

In the tenth place, it is gratifying to see that Mr. Dahlgren is moderate enough to confine himself to stating his belief that the would-be heirs are not actuated by greed and hate. As to what his condition of mind is toward the legatee, he has made it a point, whenever an opportunity was offered, to let the public know that hatred and contempt are the only feelings in his mind where Mr. Davis is concerned. In denouncing those would-be heirs as being actuated by greed and hate, I did not attack, nor did I intend to attack, all persons who would be entitled to share in her estate if distributed according to the law of descent. I am happy to say that there are at least two of them that join with me in my condemnation. My remarks were directed, and are reiterated, against those of them who, in person or by proxy, have rushed into the public prints, and have wantonly and without probable cause set agoing a ball of contemptible slander that is rolling through the land.

From "want of probable cause," malice and hatred are legally deducible in a court of justice; and the inference of greed comes very naturally from the constant parading before the public of the poverty of these heirs—as a beggar hawks his sores—in justification of their contemplated attack, and as an excuse for a rigid accordance with the will of the owner rather than in accordance with the artificial provisions of the statute book. No friend of Mrs. Dorsey's could read the vile articles that have appeared in this and other cities and in the Chicago newspapers, purporting to be based upon the authorized statements of some of her relatives, and not feel his blood boil in his veins with righteous indignation. It was under the influence of that feeling that my letter was written, and further reflection upon the subject has not induced me to modify or retract a single line of what I have said.

In the last place, as said above, I know nothing about Mr. Dahlgren's communication in THE SUN of the 27th, the statements of which he reiterates. I am not aware that the tone of my letter was improper, or that I made therein any assertions against C. G. Dahlgren; and I shall, therefore, most respectfully decline to take any notice of the gratuitous piece of blackguardism with which his communication is brought to a close. Respectfully,
NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 21. E. H. FARRAR.

The Sensible Men of China.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Your leading article, entitled "A Country that Doesn't Want Railways," should read "A Country that Doesn't Want to Give England a Pretext for Interfering with its Government or Overruling its Interests." Eastern people begin to see the difference between a face and a mask.

The Chinese rulers know that in the instruments of wholesale massacre China cannot compete with Christian England, and they feel from past experience that England wants only the entering wedge for a quarrel. The pretext of a Briton being wronged is easily contrived, and the opium war is not forgotten.

English love of territory and of dominion is insatiate, and its people have various cunning resources for draining out the wealth of a country which they dare not openly plunder.

But the Chinese wisely prefer their own Government to one of British Viceroys or British Residents, and do not want to add to the usurped title of Empress of India, that of "Empress of China." K.

Gov. Bliss.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* As the Democratic party seems to be casting about for a gubernatorial candidate who is in accord with all the leading Democrats of the State, who is not identified with any faction or clique, and who can, if nominated, command the suffrages of a large majority of the voters, permit me to suggest the name of the Hon. Archibald M. Bliss, representative in Congress of Kings County, as one combining all the above requisites.

With such a candidate "there is no such word as fail," and if nominated, I predict for Archie Bliss the largest majority ever given a gubernatorial candidate in the Empire State. JEFFERSONIAN.
BROOKLYN, Aug. 23.

Croton Water or Well Water?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Commissioner Campbell having issued orders to certain large consumers of the Croton water to place water meters on their premises, and pay for water by measurement, instead of assessed rates, as heretofore, they—some of them—to escape the payment of two cents per hundred gallons (that being the price for Croton), hope to lessen the expense for water by substituting for the Croton that which they pump from wells sunk into the bottom of this old city.

The question arises in the minds of hotel guests whether or not it is quite proper on the part of the hotel proprietors to charge their patrons four or five dollars per day, and force them to drink water of doubtful purity, and to consume food, tea, and coffee cooked or steeped in such water, because it costs two cents less per hundred gallons. There may be some other reason for this substitution, but it is not apparent. ANTI-TYPHUS.

Gen. Beauregard.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It is reported from Washington that "Gen. Beauregard of Louisiana was proposed to the Mississippi River Commission as the engineer of the surveys of the Mississippi River under the Commission. But he was objected to on account of his political prominence and Confederate record, and Major Harrod, the Louisiana State Engineer, was selected."

The many friends of Gen. Beauregard, both in this country and in Europe, will be pleased to learn that there were no other objections urged as reasons for not giving him the appointment. COMMON SENSE.

A Profane Old Farmer who is Proud of Tilden.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I am d—d glad to hear Sam Tilden has stuck Field. Hope it's true. It's time somebody stuck a Field. They have been sticking everybody they could get their hands on all their lives, and it's a positive pleasure to me, an old farmer down here, 65 years of age, to learn there is one man in these United States capable of carrying out such a contract. I spoke to Farmer Robinson down the road a little way from here, and we kind of calculate he's the man for our vote for President, whether the scurvy politicians nominate him or not. Just put that down for a sure fact.
DEAL BEACH, N. J., Aug. 25. ABNER O. WHITE.

Let Williams Have a Whack at It.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I read with pleasure, in Saturday's SUN, of Fred. H. Noble's head-preserver. It is a truly valuable invention, and just the thing New Yorkers need. It will, no doubt, protect us from the clubbers who seem to be paid to keep us from work and fit us for the hospital or the grave.

But before Mr. Noble spends his money upon patents, it would be well for him to loiter around Capt. Williams's precinct and give the machine Nova Scotian a chance to test the inventor's value. If successful, it would be a good advertisement, and would cause a good many of our fellow citizens to give up their life insurance policies and invest in his machine. I for one would not object to contribute to raise a statue to him. J. W. G.

OUR IMPERILLED BAY.

Interesting Suggestions from a Man who Knows What he is Talking About.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It is full time for the people of New York to wake up to the slow, but sure, destruction of their beautiful harbor by the deposit of all kinds of material in its waters. Every steamer or sail vessel that leaves the port empties more or less of the dirt and cinders accumulated into the bay. Most of this falls to the bottom, assisting to fill up the channels and shoal the water on the bar. With that reckless disregard of the future peculiar to Americans, they care little and think less of the injury they may be doing to their descendants. It is thus that valuable timber is cut down, fish caught at unseasonable times, and game uselessly slaughtered on the Western prairies.

The writer on one occasion, while steaming down the Chesapeake Bay, expostulated with the captain of the steamer upon his ordering a large box of cinders to be emptied into the channel. His only reply was, "He thought it would not be filled up in his day." As the country becomes cultivated and the forests cut down the land naturally encroaches on the water, and harbors are filled up, destroying the commercial advantages of great cities, reducing them to mere inland towns, as has been exemplified in the history of many ancient seaports. It is supposed that the Tiber was once navigable for large ships up to the gates of Rome. The harbor of Alexandria, in Egypt, has been nearly destroyed by the sands of the desert, until vessels have to unload six or seven miles out to sea. A seaport of England has been completely filled up. At Baltimore, near where the viaduct bridge of the Baltimore and Washington Railroad crosses the Patapsco, seagoing vessels used to take in their cargoes of tobacco; now a child can wade across. At Ferry bar, on the Western branch, where, in the memory of men now living, there was a depth of thirty feet, is now firm land. At Sandy Hook, where, in the days of the Revolution, the fleet of Count De Grasse lay in forty feet of water, is now a dry sand beach. It is thus that where gallant navies once floated with fathoms of water under their keels, and brave merchantmen discharged their freight, the water has been encroached on by the dry land, and ships have to seek other ports.

In addition to the natural sweepings of the soil into the water and the dumping of city refuse, there is another still more injurious system carried on to assist in destroying our harbors. It is a well-known fact, from careful observation, that the retreating tidal wave has the greatest effect in keeping the channels of harbors from filling up. The flood tide usually flows an hour more than the ebb, and in consequence, having less time to discharge, runs out with much more rapidity, a wise provision of nature to daily sweep out the light deposits far beyond the influence of the returning tides. If the incoming tidal wave is arrested by obstructions of all kinds, such as proposed by your correspondent "D'Homesque," who wants bulkheads in the lower bay, a large body of water will be kept out, and the strength of the retreating tidal wave greatly decreased. For this cause the project of George Law to extend the Battery was summarily put a stop to by, I believe, the energetic remonstrances of that worthy citizen, George Briant, late Pilot Commissioner, who was ever on the watch to prevent injury to the commerce of New York. Every extension of the Port Warden's line has served to lessen the water on the bar, and the filling up of the Jersey flats has had its share in the common injury to the harbor.

It would be startling to the people of New York to compare the depth of water on the bar with what it was fifty or one hundred years ago.

I remember as peculiarly applicable to the present time a verse in a New Year address published by the New York *Mirror*, as follows:

May hurricanes shiver, and tempests deliver
The noble East River from bridges and dikes.

To deepen a channel by obstructing or narrowing it will always prove a failure. Like the jetty system of Capt. Eads, it will result only in transferring the evil to a worse place.

It is, after all, the waters of the Gulf that keep the Mississippi of a certain depth on the bar. When the river is high there is less depth on the bar, as the rushing waters sweep everything before it, until arrested by the incoming tidal wave of the Gulf, which meets it at the bar, when the whirling particles fall to the bottom, and ships can only cross by the aid of powerful steam tugs. In the dry season the current of the river is not strong enough to overpower the incoming tidal wave, which flows far up the river, and in its retreat carries the accumulations out into the deep water of the Gulf.

The natural advantages of the city of New York give her her fate as destined to be one of the greatest cities of the world. But let her guard carefully those advantages, particularly her noble harbor and channels to the ocean, for let those be only partially destroyed, and her prestige will depart, and she will sink to the level of a small maritime town. Not a pound of anything that will not float should be thrown into the bay or rivers, but all should be carried into the interior to fertilize the soil, or fill up the waste places. It would be easy to utilize it all without injury to the public health.

AN OLD OFFICER OF THE COAST SURVEY.

A Staten Islander's Views.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* When the dumping of garbage in the bay began to be a dangerous nuisance four years ago, THE SUN sounded the alarm. It was shown clearly that this was filling up the ship channel; that it was ruining our watering places by rendering them at certain stages of the tide absolutely offensive; that it was dangerous to the public health, especially toward fall when yellow fever patients are often plentiful on the lower Quarantine island, since at that place much of the festering matter floats in the eddies quite long enough to become impregnated with the poison of the disease before it finally becomes released to gain a permanent resting place at Coney Island, Rockaway, Staten Island, and other points. Time and again has THE SUN called attention to this outrage, which is converting New York Bay, one of the loveliest in the world, into an immense cess pool.

About two years ago a tow of scows was discovered one morning before daylight by Capt. John Fence and a fishing party from Staten Island, actually unloading garbage in the narrows off Fort Lafayette. The case was reported in THE SUN, and the next day a messenger from the Pilot Commissioners visited Mr. Fence in his boat house to investigate the matter. He was told that THE SUN'S statement was absolutely correct; that a host of witnesses could be obtained to prove it, and to testify to similar outrages by the Bay Defiling Bureau. Fence's name was taken