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WHY OUR FARMERS EMPLOY CHINAMEN.



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SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1880.

PICTURES OF THE PERIOD.

In our last number we made some remarks upon the causes which keep the better class of immigrants from reaching our coast. In further reference to this all important subject, we present our readers, this week, with a significant cartoon. Neither Pat nor Hans with their wives seem much attracted by the view of California as here presented, and which our Eastern contemporaries take good care shall not fall out of sight. Should they decide to brave the railroad octopus, whose limbs stretch out in every direction and suck in the farmers' profits, they would still hesitate at the manner in which our State is subdivided. They don't exactly see why they should pay sixty-five dollars apiece to come to a land whose condition in many respects resembles those from which they have just escaped. Then they catch sight of John Chinaman peeping from behind the map, and that settles the question. They turn with a grunt of disdain to read the other notices, and in a day or two will be on their way to build up for themselves independent and comfortable homes in Nebraska, Kansas or Texas. Or, should they perhaps come as far as San Francisco, it will only be to take the first steamer to our sister State in the north, which knows better than we how to appreciate and attract a settled population of industrious workers.

* * *

As our readers should, by this time, be

aware, we are no friends of Chinese labor. The WASP has, during the past few years, given out no uncertain sound on that subject. We are, however, sometimes tempted to excuse those who employ Chinese when we see the number of sturdy, able bodied men, who hang around the city and talk of burning the grain of farmers employing Chinamen, whilst many of these same farmers have tried, in vain, to engage white labor at high rates. In some districts it will hardly be possible to harvest the grain for lack of help, and we know of one case in which a farmer from a northern county was, after a week's trial, unable to get men to work for him at forty-five dollars a month and board.

* * *

Yet, the Sunday Circus performances on the Sand-lot are well attended, and when the winter comes around, we shall be overrun with the same army of impecunious seekers for a quarter "to get a bed," and Mr. Bush will again have to start his charitable Park Fund. The trouble in the country is that work is too steady, and the whisky shops too far apart. This thing is however getting played out; men who loaf around town, when there is plenty of employment to be had in the country, should be noted, that when the winter comes they may not obtain relief which belongs to worthier objects. It is this condition of things which places such powerful arguments in the hands of Eastern admirers of the Mongol, and infinitely increases the difficulties of friends who are pleading our cause.

* * *

The patriot has returned from his Eastern trip, but not as he went. He must have found the eastern greenbackers more liberal than the Sand-lotters. Kearney's star is sinking. Sunday was his Bunker Hill. We shall now have a chance to see how the cur can face his audiences when a majority of them are against him. Hitherto he has had it all his own way, the bulldosing has been on his side. One would suppose this to be the end of Kearney, but in view of the present chaotic nature of California politics, who can say that some fresh political wave may not again cast him to the surface? In our present number will be found a portrayal of what might happen, in such case. Let us hope it is a dream which will never come true.

And so, as if the Sand-lot and walking matches were not sufficient punishment for our sins, we are now to have the Rev. Talmage here on a lecturing tour, under charge of a "manager." This is not exactly the manner in which the original disseminators of the Christian religion used to travel, but then: "they didn't know everything down in Judee." Perhaps the Rev. T. is coming here to escape from Puck, but he'd better take care, or he'll be out of the frying pan into the fire. We've got an eye on him.

The English have a Kearney in Bradlaugh. There is not much to choose between the two in coarseness and profanity. It is an evil day for any nation when such men take part in the National Legislature.

STINGS.

Bee stings are said to be good for rheumatism. WASP's stings will be found a valuable remedy for the body politic.

Do you perhaps remember a party by the name of U. S. Grant? A good deal was written about him in the papers not long ago.

We have just received a very interesting description of the performance of the *Passion Play* at Oberammergau, but conclude we will give our readers a few weeks rest on that subject.

There was a young lawyer of Truckee,
Who was so remarkably lucky.

That he fell on his feet

In the midst of the street,

When his horse kicked him out of the buggy.

Should the Democratic party allow themselves to be connected with such proceedings as disgraced the Sand-lot on Sunday last, they will lose in popular estimation vastly more than they can hope to gain by the votes of this rabble.

If this sort of weather continue, we shall begin to think our glorious climate has fizzled out. A view of the sun in the morning is becoming a rarity, and it is so cold that even the perusal of an original poem hardly makes us perspire any more.

The census enumerators have discovered a woman 120 years old at Monterey. It is now in order for Santa Cruz to produce an elderly female who was nurse to one of the Aztec emperors, as a proof of the superior healthfulness of that charming resort.

The instinct of betting is strong in the human heart—and finds curious outlets. At a saloon on Market street, after exhausting pools on everything, from a walking match to a Convention, they have now started one on Dr. Tanner's attempt in New York to live for forty days without food.

Whilst every other city in the world is adopting asphalt or wood paving for their roadways, San Francisco still cherishes on her leading streets those barbarous rocks, which are a terror to corns and buggy wheels. We suppose some one makes a nice fat living out of their supply and repair.

The papers will be dismal reading for the next few months. It would be a relief to find a journal which is willing to admit that there may possibly be a few good qualities scattered amongst their opponents. The WASP will, as heretofore remain strictly neutral, praising what is good and condemning what is bad, irrespective of party, clique or sect.

The daily papers advise their subscribers to read the proposed New Charter. This is all very well, but in view of the shortness of human life, we think the Governor should proclaim a special holiday, to give those of us who have to earn our bread, time to wade through this awe inspiring document. We shall boil it down for our readers, and serve them up the dish next week, with a little seasoning of our own.

THE BRAVE TROOPER

— AND THE —

BOLD BAD BOYS,

A WOEFUL STORY OF THE "FOURTH."

O 'tis a grand and noble thing,
For one's dear land to die,
So thought our gallant trooper Byng,
As the Fourth was drawing nigh.

Not that he had the least intent
Of laying down his life,
But toward the Fourth, one's mind get's bent
On thoughts of martial strife.

Byng used to hire a teamster's steed
For such full dress parades,
A horse of an uncertain breed,
With knife-like shoulder blades.

In fact if almost any day
Upon the beach you stand,
You'll see this same old bony gray
Engaged in hauling sand.

Now Byng could ride about as well
As I can play a fiddle,
Why he had joined, to Company L
Had always been a riddle.

He never used to go and drill,
Except on some occasion
When spectators the hall would fill
And offer an ovation.

As usual, on this festive day,
He early did proceed
To where the teamster's stable lay
In which was kept the steed.

That animal had weaker grown,
And gloomier, and thinner,
You'd think he was but skin and bone,
And never got his dinner.

His legs were bent like Cupid's bow,
His head was near the floor,
His tangled mane hung down like tow,
His back was like a saw.

But never mind, what extra grace
This gallant horse may lack,
Will be supplied when Byng's in place
Upon his charger's back.



It took our hero quite a while
To get the saddle fixed;
I'm sure it would have made you smile
To see how things got mixed.

However, in this world of woe,
All things must have an end;
Behold our trooper all aglow,
Preparing to ascend.

But just as he had raised his foot
To mount upon his horse,
Some angel in his head did put
A thought, which made him pause.

He went and got a pot of glue,
And daubed the saddle o'er,
It will, no doubt astonish you
He'd not done so before.



At last he's mounted on his horse,
And glued down in his seat;
Without delay he shapes his course
To where his company meet.

His friends who met him on the way
Could scarce believe their eyes,
As Byng, upon his gallant grey,
So proudly past them flies.

He has to pass the cottage neat
Where Kate, his girl resides,
Grandly our hero he keeps his seat,
And spurs his charger's sides.

She hands her lover a bouquet
And kisses him her hand,
How proud our trooper looks to-day
None braver in the land.

But oh! too short, I am afraid,
Will be the warrior's joy,
A cruel plot was being laid,
His comfort to destroy.

Two wicked boys, just from a store,
Where fire-squibs were for sale,
No better place to fix them saw,
Than on his horse's tail.



Our warrior spurred his charger's ribs,
And started out to ride,
Just then the imps fired off the squibs;
Farewell to martial pride!



The horse proceeded down the street,
Which Byng forgot to do,
As somehow he had lost his seat,
In spite of pluck and glue.

And when I say he lost his seat,
It's in a double sense,
His pants, which once had been so neat,
Were nothing now but rents.

Over our hero's grief and rage
I'll kindly draw a veil,
I've reached the limit of the page
And also of my tale.

MORAL:

In riding through this weary world,
When everything seems fair,
A moment more may see you hurled
Ten feet up in the air.

Recollections of a Grand-father in 1949.

Yes, my child, it is just a hundred years since the first settlement of this State by the Americans took place, consequent on the finding of gold in such immense quantities. I have often heard my father speak of that time, he was one of the early arrivals—forty-niners they were called. He was amongst the lucky ones, and having made a fortune by mining and trading on the American River, he sent out to the States for my mother, and they both settled down at Oakland, where I was born. When I look back to those days, to the energy and resources of the early settlers, to their bright hopes and confidence in a great future for this coast, to the subsequent partial crowning of their efforts with success; and then when I contemplate the present depth of degradation to which California has fallen, I feel that I have lived too long, that it is time for me to leave a land where nature has been so lavish and man so reckless and criminal.

You have read in your histories of the early progress of the State, how rich mines were discovered in all directions, vast shipments of grain made to Europe, orchards planted, the first overland railroad constructed, and San Francisco, from a collection of hovels, built up into a large and handsome city of over 300,000 inhabitants. The first serious check to our prosperity came in 1878. The rich mines near Virginia City, in Nevada, which had for several years been pouring wealth into the city in the shape of immense monthly dividends, had become worked out, prices for all mining stocks, which everyone then was holding, had fallen to a fraction of their former value, thus bringing thousands of families from fictitious affluence to realistic poverty, and spreading a feeling of bitter discontent amongst a class of workingmen accustomed to the high wages and free living which prevailed during the early days of the State. It was about this time too that the Chinese question began to assume a serious shape. This people, whom we now know too well, had been gradually crowding into the State from the earliest days of American settlement, but it was only about the time I speak of that their presence began to create alarm, by their slow but sure monopoly of every description of labor. In that year the party was first formed which was destined to work so much ruin on this coast. It was first called the "Workingmen's" Party—a misnomer, because it was mostly composed of alien loafers, whose sole ambition was to live on the fat of the land without working. Dennis Kearney, an Irishman, a teamster by trade, a man who covered his lack of ideas by the most vulgar and blasphemous language, a man who did not possess a single noble sentiment, and whose superiors might be found in nine out of ten men taken at random from any workshop, was floated by a fortuitous combination of circumstances into a prominent position. His arrest for

disturbing the peace and subsequent release lent him an undeserved air of martyrdom, which served to increase his popularity with his deluded followers. He became the recognized head of the Workingmen's Party, whose watchword was "The Chinese must go!" Open air meetings were held in San Francisco every Sunday on a piece of ground known as the "Sand-lot" where the Chinese Viceroy's palace now stands. The newspapers gave an undue prominence to the movement, the existing political parties played into its hands, and the alliance of a rural population, ground under a terrible transportation monopoly, was secured by promises of regulating freights. Thus a party composed chiefly of illiterate aliens, contemptible both in numbers and character, was enabled to frame a new Constitution for the State, to elect a Mayor of San Francisco, to keep the whole coast in a turmoil, to frighten capitalists away from the country and almost to bring the business of the city to a standstill. Kearneyism became a well-known word throughout the world, evoking ponderous leading articles in the press both of this country and Europe, and it seemed as if this despicable agitator, whose immediate followers probably never numbered over five thousand, was destined through the criminal indifference of our leading men, to control the Pacific Coast.

At last, in 1880, the inhabitants of San Francisco awoke from their feeling of false security. A Citizens' Committee was formed, composed of some of the leading merchants and others, with the avowed object of stopping the agitation once and for all. At an election for commissioners to frame a charter for the city the Kearneyites were signally defeated, Kearney himself and one of his lieutenants had a short time previously been condemned to six months' imprisonment and a fine for using incendiary language. The excitement abated, and all respectable citizens were congratulating themselves on a new era of prosperity for their beloved State. But, alas for human hopes, in the following November occurred a Presidential election, the fiercest and most bitter that America had ever seen, which was destined to terminate the existence of the United States as one country. General Grant, of whom you have read, having previously served two terms, was the leading candidate for nomination on the Republican side, but he failed to obtain it, Garfield being the chosen man. The Democrats nominated General Hancock. As the strife grew warmer, the defunct Workingmen's Party, which had previously split up into several sections, began to revive. Both Democrats and Republicans, blind to the interests of the country, endeavored to conciliate the Kearneyites and to obtain their allegiance, thus giving them great power, the contest being exceedingly close and likely to depend upon a few thousand votes on one side or the other. The election was held, Garfield was declared President, but his election was disputed by the Democrats. After a vain attempt to settle matters by arbitration, the dispute resulted as you are aware, in open war. The old feud was recommenced, but with far more bitterness, the South being joined by several of the Western and Central States, which had formerly remained loyal. Grant again assumed command of the Northern army, and after a campaign which, although lasting only six months, entailed the loss of a million men, a truce was agreed upon. A convention of delegates from all the States met at St. Louis, Garfield was ignored, and the result was the establishment, under the dictatorship of Grant, of the Federation of Columbia as it now exists, including New

England and the majority of the Middle States. The capital was not removed to Chicago till three years afterwards. The Southern Confederacy, as then formed, included the State of Arizona, which has since, with New Mexico, joined the Mormon kingdom of Utah. During this time Kearney and his followers had not been idle, they had been reinforced by hosts from the East, including all that turbulent, lawless element, which rises to the surface in times of general commotion, and is attracted to fields of plunder as the vulture to a carcass in the desert. At this time I was but a youth of sixteen, but the terrible events I narrate are as fresh in my mind as if they occurred yesterday. I can almost fancy I see my father now, as he stood at our door to bid my weeping mother good-bye when he left to join the Southern army. We never saw him again. After a few months his letters ceased, and the next news we had of him was his name published amongst the list of killed in one of the bloodiest battles of that terrible war. But to return to public events. To Kearney and his followers the country's adversity was their opportunity. All the available military forces on this coast, and a majority of the leading able bodied citizens having gone East to join in the fray on one side or the other, the Kearneyites rose, seized the Mint, and the few fortifications in the harbor which were undefended, and organized the Republic of Eureka, including California, Nevada, Oregon and Washington Territory, with Kearney as Life President. The inhabitants of this coast were entirely in their power. Columbia had enough to do with its own affairs, and the South was too much exhausted by the war to re-commence a new one, even had they been so inclined. Thus it came about that the fairest portion of this continent was left a prey to a horde of the most debased of European and Eastern outcasts. From this time may be dated the commencement of that disastrous decline, which has culminated in the wretchedness and desolation existing there to-day. Agriculture was neglected, the mines remained unworked, the fields untilled. Kearney had promised his followers five dollars a day and nothing to do. Work they would not. To satisfy their demands ever increasing taxes had to be imposed. Capital forsook the State. Merchants, manufacturers, all who could go left, those who remained were in constant fear for their lives and homes. Fires occurred nightly in San Francisco and frequently threatened to destroy the whole city. Highway robberies were committed in broad daylight. Offices were openly bought and sold, and the corruption that reigned was unsurpassed by Rome in her worst days. The Chinese who remained in the State, and had not been murdered, were declared slaves and sold to the highest bidder for the benefit of the public treasury, or rather of the ring which controlled it.

But it was in 1892, that the culminating point of folly was reached. In that year an insurrection broke out in Ireland against the British rule. It was hopeless from the first, but this went for nothing with Kearney and his crowd, who were glad of an excuse to distract the attention of their followers from home matters, which had been going from bad to worse, until no money whatever was available for public purposes, and people in all directions were clamorous, not for work, but food. The Republic owned three antiquated ironclads, which had been in repair at Mare Island when the coast seceded. These were hastily fitted out, manned with crews, whose experience of the ocean was chiefly confined to voyages along the coast, and despatched, by way of the Panama Canal, to Ireland for the purpose of assisting that country. One foundered off the coast of Mexico, another was lost on the At-

lantic, and the third was captured by a British frigate in the Irish Channel. Meantime the British fleet in the Pacific, being informed of what was happening, came down to San Francisco. Three large vessels anchored off the Golden Gate, and the admiral sent a message demanding an indemnity of \$2,500,000 within 24 hours, failing which he threatened to bombard the city. I well remember standing on Telegraph Hill that day, where hundreds of people were assembled, watching with anxiety the course of events. The wildest confusion prevailed in the city, Kearney and his subordinates were perfectly helpless, to raise the money was impossible. A request for further delay was rejected, and at the expiration of the given time the bombardment commenced, one of the first shells setting fire to the splendid Post Office building. The firing, which was all on one side, was continued for some hours, when a landing was made by marines from the vessels, and the city occupied without a struggle, the Cross of St. George replacing the Bear of Eureka on the City Hall. You know the issue of this disaster, how the British withdrew, after annexing Oregon and Washington, whose inhabitants, sick of ten years of misrule, were only too glad of the change.

It was five years after this that Kearney was shot at a fight, following a heated political meeting. The people, tired of a Dictator, then gave the government into the hands of a council of thirteen, to be elected annually, but the only difference was that there were thirteen men to bribe instead of one. The state of the country by this time was most deplorable. In the city more than two-thirds of the houses were tenantless and delapidated, grass was growing in many of the principal streets, and San Francisco had much the appearance of a deserted mining camp. Farms were neglected and overgrown with weeds, or left to be cared for by an overseer and Chinese slaves. Trains ran but seldom, and on some lines not at all. To add to our troubles the harbor bar of San Francisco, which had been rapidly shoaling of late, no means having been taken to correct the deposits of sediments, had now become impassable, except for vessels of light draught. Commerce had departed to Victoria, the terminus of the Canadian Railroad, and to Guaymas, which, at the time I speak of was a much smaller town than San Francisco.

In 1920 the climax of all our woes was reached. In that year the Chinese, who now seem destined to overrun the world, having defeated Russia and threatened British India, elated by their successes, turned their attention to the Western Continent. A pretext for invasion was found in the arbitrary enslavement and brutal treatment of the Chinese in this country. A formidable fleet of heavy ironclads was dispatched to this coast. What little energy remained in the country was now aroused, the people, thoroughly alarmed, vied with each other, in preparations to meet the enemy. Hastily constructed earthworks were thrown up along the coast and the few old guns of the harbor fortifications were refurbished up. The Chinese fleet divided into two portions, one landing a force at Santa Cruz, whilst the other attacked San Francisco. A desperate resistance was made, but what could it avail? The wild scenes of carnage and pillage which followed the landing of the Chinese army in San Francisco baffle description. It was then that I, with your father and your grandmother, hastily gathered a few valuables together, and came up here in a small schooner to Portland, where, in British Territory, we could at least feel our lives secure. Of how California was made a Chinese colony, how the Chinese continued to pour into the country, how they spread East and crowded

out the whites from every means of livelihood, until they provoked the terrible war of mutual extermination which now shakes the continent to its centre, and of which no one can foresee the end—of all this you have read and heard your father speak. As for me, child, I am very old, very old and weary. Our days have fallen in troublous times, and I long to be away and at rest.

COLUMBIA'S ANNIVERSARY.

The celebration of the Fourth in San Francisco on Monday hardly realized what our citizens had been led to expect, through the number of preliminary notices which have appeared in the press recently. The only feature of any note in the decorations was the arch at the corner of Market and Third streets. The streets were in great part disfigured with the usual multitude of five cent flags, giving them a tawdry appearance. It is a pity our citizens do not see what far finer effects can be produced, with the same outlay, by a few good sized flags with draperies of parti colored cloth and festoons of evergreens. The streets would then have less the appearance of a national washing day. The militia companies, with a few exceptions, were deficient in evenness of step and military bearing, but it is of course difficult for men to leave the office or warehouse for a day and at once assume the air of veterans. In the cavalry the fault was more with the horses than with the men. Animals of every description, from the Arab charger to the plough horse, don't assimilate well in a military procession. Talking of horses, two of the finest greys we ever saw were those recently imported by John Wieland of the Philadelphia Brewery, and attached to Engine No. 2 of the Fire Department, making a grand appearance. The little carriage drawn by two handsome Newfoundland dogs and loaded with children was a pretty sight. The remaining features of the procession presented nothing remarkable. We were promised that advertising vans should be excluded this year and they were, in part, but not entirely, as an irrepressible Patent Medicine vendor and several others managed to introduce themselves amongst the tableaux, thus tending to render the whole affair ridiculous. Such offences against good taste should be suppressed.

At the conclusion of the procession the Literary Exercises were held at the Grand Opera House, which had been decorated with much taste, and really looked very pretty. The officers of the day took their seats on the stage. Col. Smith made a courteous and imposing Grand Marshal. The air of imperial magnificence he assumed during the exercises would require the pencil of a Keller to depict, and could only have been equalled by his namesake the "Count" at the Palace. Master Stevens read the Declaration in a manner that would have done credit to one of twice his age. Mrs. E. V. Vate who was tastefully dressed in the national colors, sang the "Star Spangled Banner"—surely, with the Austrian Hymn, the finest national air in the world—but her voice was rather overtasked in the large building. During the singing of this song a "grand National Tableau" was displayed, which was certainly national, but the grandeur was hardly apparent. Frank Soule's poem was good, and well rendered, as we might expect, by Mr. Barton Hill. Then came the "Red, White and Blue" sung by Miss Jenny Robins, after which the Orator of the Day, the Hon. J. Campbell Shorb, came forward. His address was excellently delivered and oratorically fine, but he committed the error of introducing an overdose of cheap patriotic rhapsodies, which, however, of course received the expected storms of applause from the galle-

ries. The effect of the national anthem was spoiled by the failure of the audience to join in the singing, owing to some misapprehension. In the afternoon a clambake was held at Saucelito, which was the chief event of the day to many of the officers and their guests. The "grand" display of fireworks in the evening was simply a farce, and satisfactory only to the street car companies by whom it was projected. Such was our celebration of 1880. And we went home to bed, feeling that the country must now be safe for at least another year. The following is Frank Soule's poem:

When toasts are uttered "to the dead!"
With brows unclad we silent drain
The pledge; but in the heart and head
They live again.

In presence of the dead who died
For hearth and home and native land,
By faith inspired, by battle tried,
We seem to stand.

And listen for the voices dumb,
While on the growing centuries roll;
But silently their teachings come
Within the soul.

The lessons that our fathers taught
At Lexington and Bunker Hill,
Free government, free men, free thought,
Are living still.

A century cannot efface
Their record; grand results remain;
Who dies a martyr for his race
Dies not in vain.

They gave their blood, their lives, their all
For that which gold nor gems could buy;
For liberty to stand or fall,
To live or die.

For that they breathed the battle's breath,
Dared hunger, thirst, the tyrants' pride;
Unflinching they met war and death,
Unflinching, died.

They died! but not to us are dead;
Themselves, in what they won, remain,
And now, though from our vision fled
Seem here again.

They speak to us from out the Dark—
"Transmit our trust from sire to son;
Keep fresh the flame whose primal spark
Our labors won."

We seem their presence now to feel;
The sound of wings is moving near;
Our freedom's oath anew to seal
They gather here.

From out the mists of time they come,
By hunger, pain and battle tried,
Who for us tasted the full sum
Of war, and died.

And with us thus, heroic still,
As light intangible, yet grand,
They seem this very space to fill
And round us stand.

It matters not to them to-day
Who in the battle's shock went down;
It matters much to us that they
Won Freedom's crown.

It matters much that thought is free,
That free are limbs, and tongue, and pen,
That chains no more from sea to sea
Shall bind again.

It matters much that we who stand
On this front wave of rolling time
Guard well the helm with strong right hand,
In faith sublime.

Our ship of State is on a sea
Where, when the breakers or the squall
Bode wreck, it matters much that we
Be seamen all.

Then may the spirits of the brave,
The heroes whom our souls revere,
Our pilots prove across the wave
The ship to steer.

Ye spirits of the glorious dead!
Upon us let your wisdom fall,
And may your patriot virtues spread
Within us all.

Till through the land one sentiment
Of "Union" prove your work well done,
And patriotic love cement
All hearts as one.

One hope, one fame, one Banner free
To float o'er all from shore to shore,
The Flag of Freedom hence to be
Forevermore.



CIRCUS ADVERTISEMENT OF THE FUTURE.

The progress made by the thrilling circus advertisement during the past twenty-five years is wonderful to contemplate. Should it improve in the same ratio during the next quarter of a century, the country press in the Spring of 1905 will be garnished with double-column announcements, something like the subjoined. (The imagination must supply the illustrations.)

ALL THE AGGREGATIONS OF THE EARTH AGGREGATED INTO ONE MONSTER AGGREGATION!

SMITH, JONES & ROBINSON, - - - - Millionaire Proprietors.

FIRST TWIN WHALES

Born under a Canvas anywhere in or out of the wide World! Knocking endways all the theories heretofore promulgated by Scientists, Physiologists, Phrenologists, Oculists, Optimists, and Pessimists,

At an Expense of over \$500,000!

Mother and Twins will be exhibited, without extra charge, in a Tent of Brobdingnagian Proportions, Comprising FORTY ACRES OF CANVAS!

Visited by all the Crowned and Uncrowned Heads of the Old and New Worlds!

\$100,000 will be given, and no questions asked, to the Poor of England for evidence of the birth of Twin Whales in Bondage Prior to these.

The only Show on this Mundane Sphere illuminated by an artificial Sun set in the roof of the tent,

At an Expense of \$100,000!

Rivalling in Brilliancy the Light emitted by the Refulgent God of Day! Without extra charge.

THE ELEPHANT SILVER BAND!

Consisting of one hundred pieces, performed by one hundred huge specimens of the *Elephas Indicus*, each one a graduate of a Foreign Musical Conservatory,

AT A COST OF \$500,000!

THE MASTODONIC ELEPHANT "BEHEMOTH,"

Weighing Thirty Tons; the Ultima Thule of Animal Instinct, and the ne plus ultra of a Trained Beast, performing the startling, incomprehensible, and reason-dethroning feat of *Walking a common Telegraph Wire at an elevation of 100 feet, and turning a double flip-flap with a Baby Elephant on its back!*

AT THE ENORMOUS SALARY OF \$1,000 A DAY!

A CARAVAN OF FIFTY DROMEDARIES, Captured in Dromedary expressly for this Leviathan Aggregation,

AT AN EXPENSE OF \$500,000!

Harnessed to pure Gold Chariots encrusted and scintillating with Koh-i-nor Diamonds, whose brilliancy blinds the eyes of all beholders, and astonishes both the civilized and uncivilized world!

A SCORE OF TRAINED HIPPOPOTAMI,

Whose Pyramidal Feats in the Arena are greeted with cyclones of applause. Their flying leaps over eighteen Rhinoceroses, through Hoops of Fire, without extra charge, and

AT AN EXPENSE OF \$500,000!

Are absolutely appalling in the sublimity of their electric sublimeness!

ONE THOUSAND CULTURED RIDERS, ACROBATS, GYMNASTS, AND CONTORTIONISTS, each one a graduate of a leading American College, selected for their comeliness and Hercules-like statues, whose peerless feats chill the marrow and freeze the blood—the whole employed

AT A SALARY OF \$1,000,000 FOR THE SEASON!

XALIA—The Beautiful, Bewitching, Superb, Graceful XALIA, who is nightly fired from a REAL KRUPP CANNON, and dashed to pieces against a stone wall ten feet thick, causing strong men to weep and fair women to faint,

AT A SALARY OF \$500,000 A DAY!

Twenty Mirth-Provoking, Side-Splitting, Laughter-Moving, Cachinnation-Contagious CLOWNS, for whom an entirely original joke has been written

AT AN EXPENSE OF \$100,000!

This piece of munificent enterprise is unprecedented in circus annals, and is justly appreciated by the multitudinous multitudes who throng each performance. A clown with a new joke may be truly termed THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD!

SAMPSI, THE MAN OF IRON NERVES,

Who will balance on his chin a ponderous living Elephant on the end of a pole—a feat not believed until seen—

AT A SALARY OF \$100,000!

EUFALIA, THE BEAUTIFUL SALAMANDER,

Who is cremated in a Fiery Furnace, and her ashes distributed among the audience,

AT A SALARY OF \$100,000!

The Procession of this Gorgeous Consolidated Aggregation, in its entirety, comprises ten miles of real Princes and Princesses, blazing in regal splendor, and an entire Arabian Nights of marvelous and bewildering specialties,

AT A COST OF OVER \$5,000,000!

Don't forget the time and place.—Admission as usual.

—Puck.

"A FREE PRESS,"

Some of Its Advantages Tersely Stated.

The beautiful idea of getting something for nothing is nowhere more steadily traceable than in a newspaper office.

So much has been spoken, written and sung about a "free press" that people have come to accept the term in a sense altogether too literal.

If a man has a scheme of any kind germinating, he just steps into the editorial room and details it, with the remark: "I'm not quite ready to advertise yet, but a few words will help me along." He gets the few words but never gets ready to advertise.

Two tickets admitting lady and gent to the "G. R. X. M. T's grand ball" are expected to produce a six line local and a quarter of a column description of the ladies' toilets after the ball is over.

Church fairs and the like are worse than

balls. They never leave tickets but demand more space because "it's a matter of news and a help to the cause."

Should a boy saw off his finger, "Dr. C. O. Plaster dressed the wound with great skill," would be a graceful way of stating it, and, besides, it is "unprofessional" to advertise.

The patent rat-trap man brings in one of his combinations of wire and moldy cheese bait, sticks it under the editor's nose and explains how they catch 'em every single time the spring works. "It's something of interest to the community, and if you put in a piece save me a dozen papers," which he quietly walks off with, as though he had bestowed a favor in allowing editorial eyes to gaze on such a marvel of intricacy.

An invitation to "come down and write up our establishment" is a great deal more common than a two square "ad" from the same firm. Newspapers must be filled up with something or other, you know.

The lawyer with strong prejudices against advertising, is fond of seeing his cases reported in full in the newspapers, with an occasional reference to his exceedingly able manner of conducting the same.

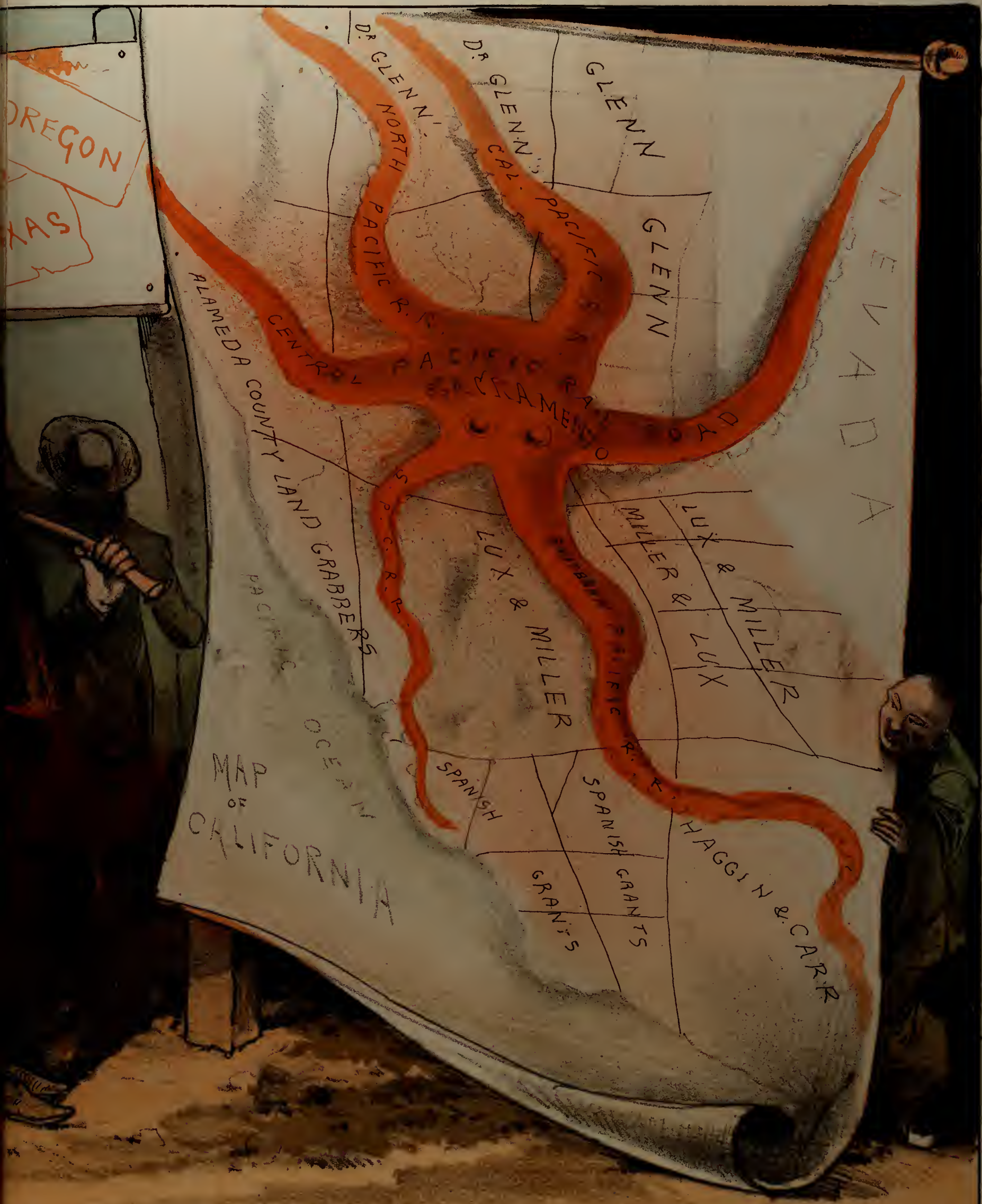
In fact, everybody who has an ax to grind, asks the newspapers to turn the crank, and forgets even to say thank you, but will kindly take a free copy of the paper as part pay for furnishing the news.

The Press being "free," all hands seem bound to get aboard and ride it to death. That is why newspapers are so rich that they can afford to pay double price for white paper, and never ask Congress to aid them by removing the duty on wood pulp.—*New Haven Register*.

"If I have ever used any unkind words, Hannah," said Mr. Smiley, reflectively, "I take them all back." "Yes, I suppose you want to use them over again," was the not very soothing reply.—*New Haven Register*.



CALIFORNIA'S INDUCE



S TO IMMIGRANTS.

THE LADY IN THE BLUE HAT.

A Parisian Comedy of Errors.

THE Marquis de V. has an income of 200 000 francs a year. Hence the sun does not rise in his apartments until 11 o'clock. His valet superintends the brushing of his master's clothes with one eye, and reads the paper with the other. The bell of the outer door rings, and the valet, after the bell has rung two or three times, and he has heard the voice of his master's intimate friend outside, finally consents to go and open it.

"I have been making a racket here for twenty minutes," said the visitor, Paul de L., bounding into the room.

"Monsieur did well to knock," said Celestin, the valet, following him with a slow, dignified step. "He might have rung till the day of judgment, for my servant was brushing my master's clothes, and I reading my morning paper. It is remarkably bright and interesting this morning."

Paul explains to the valet that he has come to persuade his master to commit matrimony, but finds in Celestin a foe to his project. For Celestin is afraid that a lady at the head of the house will either dismiss him or give him something to do. So Paul asks to be shown to the apartment of his friend.

The valet knocks directly at the door of his master's bedroom.

"Who's there?"

"I, Monsieur," said the valet; "I have come to announce the arrival of Monsieur Paul."

"Paul! Let him come in! Paul!" he cried in a loud tone, "why didn't you come in? What are you putting on all that style with me for?"

"I have come to talk about matrimony," said Paul entering.

"Matrimony! thunder!" cried Mederic, bouncing out of bed. "You go and order breakfast," he cried to the valet. "I'll need all the strength I can muster; as for you, Paul, don't lisp a word of your outlandish idea until we are fairly seated at the table."

"This looks bad," said the viscount to himself.

"That's all right," said Celestin, the valet, casting a triumphant glance at Paul.

During breakfast Paul fairly spread himself in cracking up marriage. He proved conclusively it stood in the first rank of civil contracts, and was altogether the most admissible of the sacraments of the church. As he listened to himself he became infatuated with his own eloquence, in fact he soared at times to almost inaccessible ingenuity. After an hour or two of this sort of thing, Paul exclaimed: "Let's get down to business. We ought to have begun with it. I have a cousin who is a widow. She has such blind confidence in me that she is willing to accept any one I'll pick out as a husband for her. You're the man I like best, so you shall have her."

"I don't want her."

"She's a pearl."

"Not any for me, thank you."

"She's an angel."

"All the same to me."

"She's young and pretty."

"What of it?"

"She's rich and well educated."

"That's none of my business."

"Sunday she'll attend morning mass at Saint Roche. She'll be at the right of the pulpit and she'll wear a blue hat with white trimmings. Go and see her."

"Not I."

"If she don't fix you at the very first glance, I'll never say another word."

"You've already said too much."

"I won't stir until you promise to go there Sunday."

"Well—I'll go—but what good will that do you?"

"You'll be charmed."

"I'd like to bet on it."

"I'd be betting on a certainty."

"What's this treasure's name?"

"I'll tell you when you've seen her—that is, if the first sight of her does the business for you."

Mederic was at the church door at the time appointed, looked in, and saw nobody answering the description. But as he turned away, he met in the church porch a charming woman whose hat seemed to him to be blue with white trimmings, or was it not rather white with blue trimmings? He saw blue gauze, white satin, blue tulle and white satin capriciously tangled together—was this a blue hat? One needed to be more than a man to decide the question. The lady took a seat at the left of the pulpit.

"That settles it," said Mederic. "Paul is right. She is very good-looking. I'd like to know her name and where she lives."

"It seems as if that gentleman is following me," said the lady in the blue hat, as she entered a moderately pretentious house on Algiers street after the services.

Mederic learned from the porter's wife that the blue-hatted woman had been a widow three years, and that her name was Arabella P—de B., that she had lodgings on the fourth flight above the basement, which, it must be admitted, was hard to distinguish from the fifth story. Almost before he knew it, he was ringing the bell of her apartments and had been admitted. As he waited he began to cast about for some pretext for waiting on her. He had decided not to mention Paul's name until forced to do so. At that moment the door opened.

"Madame Arabella!" stammered Mederic bowing.

"I am she," replied the lady, whom seemed even prettier without the blue hat.

After a prolonged silence Mederic began:

"I have—come—I have—come—"

"Oh, I understand," exclaimed Madame Arabella, vivaciously, "you are the professor of German, and you have come on the recommendation of my friend, Madame Delattre. I beg pardon for not having aided you a little in introducing yourself. What hour can you devote to my daughter's instructions?"

"Any hour you like," he replied, bent on keeping up the romantic adventure, even to undertaking lessons in German, of which he didn't know a single word.

"Are you free from 9 to 10?"

"I am at liberty at all times—I would say, my pupils have already gone into the country," he replied, perceiving that he was talking like a fool.

"I can, then, without taking too much liberty, ask you to come any day at any hour?"

"Exactly so, Madame."

"Madame Felattre has been paying you, I think, \$10 for fifteen lessons. I will give you twice that for thirty."

"Your kindness quite overwhelms me, Madame."

"To-morrow then, sir."

"To-morrow!"

"At nine."

"Farewell, Madame."

"Good day, sir."

The Marquis bowed respectfully and went out.

Arrived at home the Marquis dispatched a note to his friend, Paul, telling him not to say another word about or to the lady in the blue hat without his permission.

Madame Arabella presented her little pink and white daughter, about six years old, to her "professor." Mederic kissed her forehead; made her recite the first chapter of the French grammar, and taught her a few words of the Flemish dialect, which

they speak in the cities of French Flanders. These words, hard as rocks, raised the "goose flesh" on the lady in the blue hat, who assisted at her daughter's first lesson, dressed in negligé costume, which developed quite unconsciously her exquisite beauty. He discovered that she was sweet as honey, and all who lived with her positively adored her. At a quarter to 11 she was obliged to dismiss him, which she did, as she did everything, with charming grace.

At the second lesson he discovered that she had an arm whiter than snow, and a neck delicately poised on her breast and shoulders, and she came and went in his presence as if he were not a man. He was intoxicated with pleasure, in spite of a cloud which obscured his sky, because she mistook him for a teacher of languages.

At the appointed hour for the third lesson, his pupil had not returned from her bath. The "professor" was requested to wait. The lady in the blue hat was in the adjoining parlor, and he discovered that she had the voice of Patti, the method of Madame Carvalho and the soul of Frezzolini. Pretty soon the little girl came in, the lesson in German began and the singing stopped. Mederic was already fond of his little pupil, but just then he could have sent her away to Peru or even China. His bad humor melted like snow before the sun the moment her mother entered the room.

At the fourth lesson the Marquis discovered that Madame Arabella was well acquainted with the matters women are not in the habit of bothering their heads with—that Charles the X. was not the son of Charles IX. The next lesson proved to him that she had a pretty fair tincture of geography in her education. At least she knew where the handsome crystal dishes that litter up the cupboards are made—that the manufacturing corporations at Lyons sell handsome silk dresses and the "Indian Company" beautiful laces. He discovered subsequently that she had the most delicate tact, for she asked him if he would like a part of his pay in advance, since the pupils were all in the country.

"I have the money now," she hastened to add, as he forgot himself and stared at her like a lout, "and it will be more convenient for me to give 50 francs now than 100 at the end of the month."

He also perceived with great pleasure that she had a taste for his conversation. After his lesson was done, he sat hours together chatting with her, holding his little pupil on his knee. She knew that there was such a thing as the Revue des Deux Mondes in existence. She had elegant taste in jewels; loved the pictures of the best masters, had a passionate enthusiasm for whatever was good, noble and beautiful. All these discoveries overwhelmed him with pleasure, because he had the means of gratifying her almost unbounded dreams.

He had reached the eighth lesson of his course, he was in the full tide of his successful effort to teach his pupil the Flemish dialect, when the housemaid handed her mistress a note which informed her that her friend had secured a German teacher for her.

"My slow-going friend," said the lady laughing, "I am going to reply that luckily you didn't wait for her tardy letter of introduction."

"I have something to tell you, Madame," feebly articulated Mederic, who very well comprehended that he must hurry up the denouement if he did not wish his comedy to be changed to melodrama. The genuine professor was liable to enter at any moment.

"Good heavens! my dear sir, what is the matter? Are you going to faint away?" cried Madame Arabella.

"Madame, I have a confession to make."

"A confession? To me?"

"Madame, I love you."

Then Mederic talked to her for an hour by the watch. He executed a thousand variations upon the same theme—"I love you." And what is surprising, his declaration was not idiotic, in spite of his loving sincerely. The lady was naturally disturbed, but she was too much of a Parisian woman to show her emotion.

"If I loved you sir," she said, raising her beautiful eyes to his, "what would become of us? I am not good at constructing high-sounding phrases. I will repeat what you probably know now. I was an orphan when I married. I had a great name and a small dowry, and my husband was very little richer than I. I endured our moderate circumstances without complaining, but he guessed the trouble and undertook to increase our means by speculation, which ended disastrously, so that when he died he owed 100,000 francs. I did not hesitate a second to give up my small fortune in order to bequeath to my daughter an unblemished name. A rich relation settled an income on me on condition of my never marrying again. Tell me, sir, can I deprive this little daughter of those luxuries which are necessities to so delicate a child? I said, and I repeat, what would become of us if I loved you, since you are dependent on teaching German for a living?"

"It is in that, Madame, that my crime looms up in gigantic proportions. I do not know a word of German."

"What! You have not even that resource?"

"No," said Mederic, smiling, "but I have an income of 200 000 francs, which, perhaps, will partly make up for it.

Then he confessed everything—his name, his visit to the church and his talk with his friend—except that he did not mention his friend's name, as he wished to devise a theatrical sensation for the latter's benefit. He had so submissive an air, his speech was so persuasive, that the lady of the blue hat consented to allow the extenuating circumstances in his favor. She did not even insist very strenuously upon knowing the name of the officious friend who had trumpeted her merits so loudly.

"Doubtless," she said gaily, "It is one of my banker's friends who persists in thinking I have done a fine thing, as the world goes. We live in a time so morally disturbed that they who do their plain duty are regarded as heroes."

Mederic went home intoxicated with joy. His head was in the clouds, and he felt like stopping now and then, lest he should knock off a star or two. And yet the lady had by no means said "yes." Still less had she said "no."

The Marquis found his friend Paul at his house.

"My dear Mederic," said Paul, "I have a confession to make. When I came here three weeks ago, I swear by my hoary-headed ancestors, that I had the most disinterested desire to see you married. I had a pearl in my hand that I would have given you on the spot; but it is well to distrust your first thought, because that is only good—it is second thoughts which are best. When I found myself alone, I still said: 'Yes, Mederic shall be happy. I haven't a better friend in the world.' But as I was walking along I began to reflect: 'Yes, I have a better friend now than Mederic—that friend is myself.' I returned to the beautiful widow's and begged her not to go to the Church of Saint Roche, or if she could not possibly stay away, at least not wear the pretty hat she wanted to wear for the first time, for good luck. She laughed, she blushed, she laughed again. Then I mustered up courage, I said to her, 'I love you, my cousin.' And so, my dear Mederic, I have come to invite you to the wedding. But now, take my hand, for I have betrayed friendship. One word, however, I have come and come again, several times in hopes of meeting you. I believed you had closed your doors on me, and felt like taking offense, but finally contented myself with writing to you."

"I did not get your letter."

"I thought you were furious at not meeting the lady in the blue hat."

"I did meet her and met her to such purpose that I am engaged to her, and now ask you to my wedding. Only it was a white and blue hat."

"I don't understand it," cried the two friends in chorus, with as much unison as if they had been actors at the opera comique.

"I want to own up," muttered the valet, falling on his knees before his master. "There is only one culprit here, and that's me! First, I told Monsieur the Marquis that Monsieur the Viscount was out of town; second, I closed the door on Monsieur the Viscount. I suppressed the letters of both gentlemen. To be brief, I acted as a rascal, and what is harder to admit, like a fool. I wanted to prevent my master from marrying, and I was ass enough to put him in the way of it. If it hadn't been for my folly you two gentlemen would have met the next day after that fatal Sunday. You'd laughed a little about it at the club. Monsieur the Marquis would have retired from the affair as soon as he perceived the feeling of the Viscount toward his cousin, and there would have been the end of it."

"The rascal is right," cried Paul. "He has been the necessary obstacle which makes these things successful."

"Well," responded Mederic, "if my wife doesn't take a dislike to him I'll keep him."

"Monsieur the Marquis does me great honor," said the valet, "but I am bound to leave his service. I have sworn to follow the examples of my ancestors who died bachelors, every one of them, and who never would consent to go out to service with married people. I must religiously keep the promise I made to myself."

Mederic married the lady with the blue hat, Paul married his cousin. The two households are perfectly happy, and there are plenty of children, too. Mederic has given up German lessons. The little girl has an excellent teacher, but she thinks he doesn't begin to teach her as much or as well as did her dear papa.

"I have been intending for several years," said the Marquis one day to his wife, "to ask an explanation; but we've always had something else to talk about when we've been alone. What kind of a hat was it you wore at Saint Roche the first time I saw you? Was it blue or white?"

"Blue."

"Why?"

"Because I ordered a blue hat of my milliner. If I'd ordered a white one she would have given me the same hat, but it would have been white."



Amusements.

We attended the performance of Offenbach's new opera at the Bush St. Theatre on Tuesday evening. There was a fairly numerous audience, considering that the previous day had been Celebration Day. We have of late been so overrun with *Pinafores* and *Pirates*, that it is quite a relief to return for a while to our old favorite, Offenbach. *Madame Favart* partakes more of the nature of a play than an opera, the lyrical portion being throughout very subsidiary to the dramatic. It abounds in telling situations, but is wanting in those striking airs, which in the *Grand Duchess* and other early productions of Offenbach, took the town by storm. The plot, which as in all such pieces, is slight, hinges on the love of Marshal Saxe for the wife of Charles Favart, a dramatic author, and her endeavors to avoid being arrested by the Marshal's envoy the Marquis de Pont-Sable, a foolish old gallant. This gives occasion for a number of capital scenes between the two. Emelie Melville, in the title role was most excellent, leaving nothing to be desired, either in acting or singing. Mr. Max Freeman, as Chas. Favart had a telling part, to which he did full justice, except in the lyrical portions, which are his weak point. Mr. J. W. Jennings sustained the part of the gay old imbecile De Pontsable with much talent throughout. His part was one which required very careful handling, to avoid giving offence to an Anglo-Saxon audience, and he acquitted himself well of his task. Miss Gracie Plaisted, as Suzanne, made up for her diminutive figure by her vivacity and energy. Of the remaining actors not much need be said. The scenery, especially in the last act, is good, the dresses handsome and appropriate, the piece well mounted, the girls all young, pretty, and well drilled. There is nothing very striking in the music of the opera, which is throughout of a more subdued character, than is usually expected from Offenbach. The finales to the second and third acts were the only portions which brought vividly to our mind some of the author's earlier efforts. Mr. Locke deserves much credit for the careful manner in which the opera has been mounted and prepared.

At the *Baldwin* they have been serving up a re-hash of the spectacular *Tour of the World in 80 Days*. Miss Neilson makes another "positively last appearance" for one week only.

The *Standard* attracts full audiences to see *Sunny South*.

The *Vienna Ladies* orchestra continue nightly to delight the frequenters of the pleasant resort at the corner of Sutter and Stockton streets.

Sand-lot Circus.—The management de-

serve great credit for the extraordinary attractions introduced on Sunday last. It was a worthy Fourth of July entertainment. A triple performance was given, three different shows entertaining the public at the same time and regardless of expense.

Mr. O'Donnell first executed some remarkable elocutionary feats on the tar-boiler.

At two o'clock a service was held by Stetson in the greenback pulpit. Tracts entitled "Christian Labor Union" were distributed amongst the audience, which contained the Gospel according to Weaver.

At half-past two, the Great and only K. made his first appearance on this Coast since his starring tour in the East, which by the way, is said to have resulted very profitably (to him). Amidst the tumult (?) of applause which greeted the inimitable actor, a rash individual in the crowd raised a cheer for a party named Hancock. The sturdy supporters of political freedom were quietly preparing to kill this impious creature in the usual manner, when Kearney with his well-known magnanimity interfered. "Never mind, let him live for a few days till we kill all the other Hancock men. As soon as I recover from this debility, which my long and arduous labors in my country's cause, at Chicago, have entailed upon me, I will cause the State to seethe with such a bloody and ghastly turmoil, that what you have seen during the past three years will appear as the unruffled bosom of a meadow lake, compared with the tempestuous fury of an irrepressible cyclone." Kearney then attempted to explain why he was Kearney, in one of his usual speeches, in the course of which he informed his hearers that he shed tears of joy whilst reading Weaver's letter of acceptance! When Weaver gets elected, this touching scene would make a fine subject for a fresco on the walls of the Capitol.

The interruptions just here were so frequent that Denis, who has not yet got accustomed to opposition, resigned the platform to some other oratorical stars. The scene now became a perfect pandemonium and such gems of rhetoric as "lousy Democrats," "red-nosed hoodlums," "green slum" "miserable curs" were hurled from the rostrum of liberty with startling profusion. Eventually the performance developed into a contest of lungs, in which cheers for Hancock and cheers for Weaver were given alternately by the rival factions for half an hour. After this closing chorus the police interfered, and rescued Kearney by main force from a crowd, which now resembled nothing so much as a horde of demons thirsting for his blood. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* Meantime Wellock was entertaining another audience with abuse of the "iron jawed hoodlum" as he gracefully termed Kearney, for whose tombstone he had provided this touching and appropriate epitaph: "Here lies Denis Kearney, the coward, the liar, and the traitor; who led the honest workingmen to poverty and misery; cursed be all, respected by none and damned to all eternity."

Altogether, as we said above the performance of Sunday was highly creditable to the enterprising managers. Matinee as usual next Sunday at two o'clock. Seats may be secured in advance (by bringing them with you.)



CONTRIBUTIONS for the WASP should be addressed to the Editor, at the office, 602 California Street.

Please don't write with invisible ink.
Please don't send us any jokes about your mother-in-law.
Please don't call us a "valuable paper."
Please remember that even editors are mortal.

J. D.—Go into the nearest office and consult a directory.

POPSY.—Very good.—We hope to be able to use it in a week or two.

S. T. C.—Yes, we shall be very pleased to insert your interesting item regarding that remarkable cure—\$10 a month in advance.

FOREIGNER.—You are correctly informed that every American born citizen can become President. The chances are, however, only about 1 in 25,000,000, unless he is a native of Ohio.

DOUGLASS.—Your "bright and sparkling" tale received. It was so very sparkling that it unfortunately ignited, and was destroyed. We were, it is true, holding it near the gas at the time, which may, in some measure, account for the accident.

LAURENCE, (Chicago).—We cannot tell whether you would stand any chance of getting a position in a public institution of this State. It depends much upon your abilities. You might apply to the managers of the institutions at San Quentin and Stockton, which are, we believe easier to get into than any others.

SADIE sends us a poem beginning "What are the wild waves saying." We have not of late been on speaking terms with the waves, Sadie, but we guess the burden of their remarks would be that they are getting tired of following the chaste moon back and forth for several millions of years and would like a few centuries rest to digest the last half dozen iron-clads they have swallowed.

IMOGEN kindly sends us a suggestion for a cartoon, in which, amongst other things there figure the Aurora Borealis, the Goddess of Liberty weeping, George Washington with a "stern forbidding aspect," a dying Gladiator, the American Eagle and the Fire Fiend of Revolt, whoever that may be, besides a whole menagerie of other emblematical enigmas. Really Imogen, you ask too much. Our artist can, it is true, tackle subjects which would stagger Rubens or Rembrandt, but your mythological nightmare is a little too much of a dose, even for him.

A London Caravansary.

London has hitherto been the most backward of cities in regard to hotel accommodations, the existing ones being, until quite recently, more like houses of correction than comfortable resting places for the weary traveler. Of late years they have, however been taking some hints from American hotels, and the result is a marked improvement. The "Grand Hotel" recently erected in Trafalgar Square, London, on the site of the old mansion known as "Northumberland Home" has cost including furnishing about two and a half million dollars, and is worthy to stand beside our "Baldwin" and "Palace" as a master piece of hotel architecture. It is located in the most central part of London, being close to Charing-cross, the centre from which the radii of the metropolitan area are calculated, and commands a fine view on the one side of the Thames and the Victoria Embankment, and on the other of Trafalgar-square. The design set before them by the proprietors, Messrs. Frederick Gordon and Company, is to afford to sojourners an establishment conducted on the system which has already obtained decided marks of approval in great hotels of the Continent and America, and in which all the improvements provided by the recent revived study of matters pertaining to domestic health and comfort, and the recent advance in decorative taste, might be rendered practically available. The entrance is by a lofty vestibule and hall of marble, with a pavement of mosaic, and a ceiling supported by marble and alabaster. Occupying the central area is the great dining-hall—receiving daylight through a curved roof of stained glass—and in which white scagliola columns with gilded capitals, marble dado and pilasters, lofty Venetian mirrors, parqueterie flooring, rich crimson carpets, and furniture of black walnut, engraved with gold, combine to produce a very charming effect. The *salle* is of proportions to accommodate about 300 guests. The *table d'hote* is served on the American system. Adjoining this is a secondary dining-hall, with stained glass windows and ceiling finely ornamented in tints of buff, blue and gold. On the same floor is also a spacious reception and reading room, with chimney pieces of carved work in solid walnut. The first and second series of corridors are lighted by stained glass windows with historical scenes. In the grand corridor the principal apartment, having an outlook upon the Thames Embankment and Charing-cross Gardens, is the Ladies' Drawing-room, the walls of which have silken panels, in celadon, blue and bluff tints, bordered with embroidered satin, and rising from a dado of black and gold, harmonizing with the furniture, which is of black walnut, inlaid ebony, and engraved gold, upholstered in crimson silk damask. Adjoining this apartment is the library and writing room, separated from the corridor by a screen of stained glass, with center panels containing figures representing arts and sciences, and door panels with figures of Fame and Plenty. The remaining corridors of the first and second story, and the four upper corridors, contain suites of rooms suitable for families, as well as single sleeping apartments. The rooms vary in form, and this variety has afforded opportunity for the exercise of a wealth of taste in the decoration and furnishing, which elicited unbounded admiration from the hundreds who were afforded an opportunity for inspection. The rich carpetings which cover every floor and passage were supplied by the world renowned house of Maple & Co. at a cost of \$300,000. A complete system of electric bells have been arranged; and electricity is also employed in the instantaneous lighting of the gas-burners.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

Philadelphia Brewery.

—Philadelphia Brewery has sold during the year 1879, 45,034 barrels of beer, being twice as much as the next two leading breweries in this city (See Official Report, U. S. Internal Revenue January, 1880.) The beer from this Brewery has a Pacific Coast renown, unequalled by any other upon the Pacific Coast. *

VIENNA Concert Gardens

Cor. Sutter and Stockton Sts.

(Formerly the TIVOLI.)

THE GREAT FAMILY RESORT.

THE CELEBRATED

VIENNA Ladies' Orchestra

Has been engaged permanently for INSTRUMENTAL and VOCAL CONCERTS, Nightly Performance of the well known Xylophone and Cornet Soloist, MR. WILLIAM FORNER. Commencing every Evening at 8 o'clock.

MATINEE CONCERT, every Sunday 3 P. M. Sharp

FAMILY LUNCH, FROM 11 A. M. DAILY.

The enlarged Hall and Gardens have been thoroughly renovated, beautified, and fitted up as a FIRST CLASS FAMILY RESORT. RIECK & CO., Proprietors.

CALIFORNIA GLOVES

WILLIAM SHIRES, Office: 506 Market

Street. Factory: 1816 Mason.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The German Savings and Loan Society.

For the half year ending this date, the Board of Directors of THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY has declared a Dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of six (6) per cent. per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum, free from Federal Taxes, and payable on and after the 15th day of July, 1880. By order,

GEO. LETTE, Secretary.

San Francisco, June 30th. 1880.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

San Francisco Savings Union

532 California Street, Corner Webb.

For the half year ending with June 30th, 1880, a dividend has been declared at the rate of six (6) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and five (5) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of Federal tax, payable on and after Wednesday, July 14th, 1880.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

A Japanese Belle's Stockings.

The prettiest and daintiest of Japanese belles now in Europe was recently discovered in partial deshabille by some lady visitors, who were captivated by the effect of the neat and closely fitted *tabi* upon her tiny feet, and pronounced them, after leaving, just too awfully nice for anything, while the contrast between the snowy whiteness of the linen sandals and the peculiar delicate tint of the stockings beneath was perfectly *splen* did! They easily procured the *tabi*, but they searched in vain for matches to the lovely hose. The new color was evidently a rare Oriental dye, which had not reached the marts of Europe. In their disappointment sore they went to the Japanese lady and explained to her that they had set their hearts on producing, in their morning negligees, the same combination that they had noticed on her feet and ankles. *Would she be so kind as to lend them one of her stockings to enable manufacturers to attempt an imitation? And the little lady smiled and gracefully whipped aside her "uwagi, nakagi and skitagi,"* disclosing that the admired stockings were not the mysterious products of some jealously-guarded Eastern loom, but the dusky, unadorned tegument with which nature had provided her.—*Tokio (Japan) Times.*

A Queer Sort of a Blessing.

A gentleman in a town near Boston invited home one of the deacons of the church he attended. The guest offered blessing at the table, which proceeding greatly excited the curiosity of the gentleman's five-year-old son, who sat beside the deacon and interviewed him on the subject.

"What was that you said?" he began.

"It was a blessing on the food we are about to eat, replied the deacon.

"A what?"

"Why, a blessing. Don't your father ask a blessing at the table?"

"Oh, yes; but he don't say it that way."

"How does he say it?"

"Why, he sits down and looks at the table and says, 'Oh, the devil! is this all you've got for diuner?'—*Springfield Republican.*

Some women make a great deal of fuss and labor hard in trying to persuade a hen not to set. The same amount of work and ingenuity directed in another channel might revolutionize society in some particular, but she never thinks of that. To prevent a fifty-cent hen from setting a woman will devote five dollars worth of time and labor. But a certain New Jersey woman is an exception. She placed a red-hot glass egg in the nest and the hen soon lost all appetite for setting. The fact that the barn was burned and the hen perished in the flames may deter some women from trying the same experiment, but it can be recommended as going right to the spot.—*Ex*

The order of A. O. U. W. is steadily increasing in California at the rate of 300 to 500 per month, and now numbers about 10,500, while the total membership in the United States and Canadas is upwards of eighty thousand.

"Love's Labor Lost"—Sparkling a pretty woman for thirty-seven consecutive weeks and then making the discovery that she has a husband in Australia.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

The Philadelphia *Mirror* thinks that the bathing dress of 1880 is a good thing for some other fellow's sister to wear.

It's no use to tell a man it's wicked to swear. He wants to be wicked when he swears.



L. A. BERTELING'S PATENT.

\$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00,

BUYS THE FINEST SPECTACLES IN EXISTENCE!

The only opticians on this coast who make spectacle lenses to order. A large assortment of the finest ARTIFICIAL HUMAN EYES constantly on hand.

BERTELING & WATRY,

Scientific Opticians, 427 Kearny St., bet. Pine and California.

Country Orders Promptly Attended To.

CORNS, BUNIONS,

Etc., POSITIVELY cured by DR. HALPRUNER, No acids used; terms moderate. 850 Market street. Lady will assist with lady patients.

ANHEUSER BEER.

A CAR LOAD of this celebrated Beer

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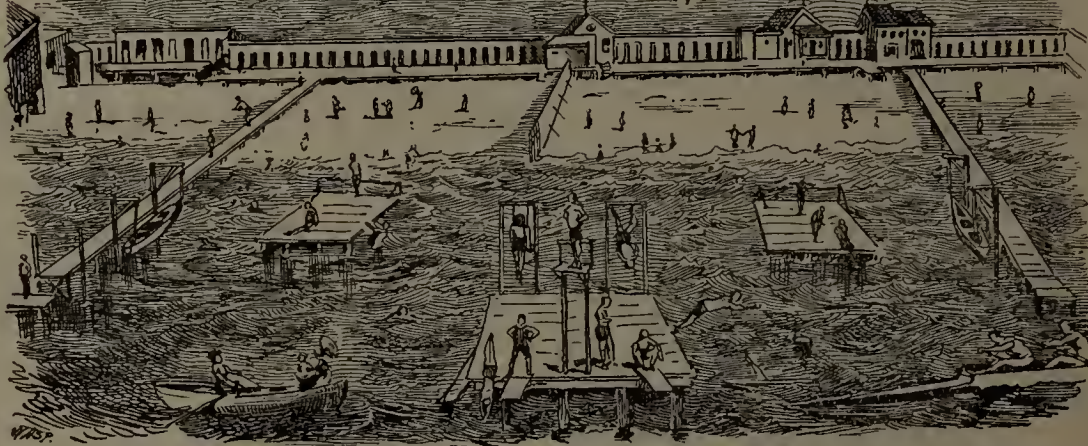
THE CHEAPEST PLACE TO BUY OR RENT



PIANOS

IS AT

B. CURTAZ, 20 O'Farrell St.



The improvements made at this establishment, first for the SAFETY of its patrons, in the way of LIFE LINES, RAFTS, etc., then by the construction of ROOMY PLATFORMS with SEATS for spectators, also an ELEVATED PLATFORM in front of Ladies' Parlor, commanding a view of the beach rafts, and of the whole of the Golden Gate. In short a popular and pleasant resort for gentlemen, ladies and children.

STRICT PROPRIETY ENFORCED.

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Standard, Monarch, Nonpareil and Novelty. **Billiard and Pool Tables.**

The J. M. BRUNSWICK & BALKE CO., Billiard Table Manufacturers, and Dealers in Billiard Materials. All Billiard Tables supplied with the CELEBRATED MONARCH CUSHIONS.

Nos. 653 & 655 MARKET STREET, opposite Kearny St. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

GREAT FORTUNES.

The Wealth of a Few Ancient Millionaires Compared With Modern Ones.

The ancient historians have a great deal to say about the wealth of ancient Greeks and Romans, but none of them were so rich, in all probability, as are many living Americans. Croesus, King of Lydia, five hundred years before the Christian era, had so much gold, with other kinds of property, that "rich as Croesus" has for ages been a threadbare simile. He was the great plutocrat of antiquity and it is difficult to judge of the value of his possessions; but it is not at all likely that it ever reached more than \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000 of our money. There are, no doubt, forty New Yorkers, at least, worth more than he, and some six or seven may have fourfold his wealth. The richest Roman in Julius Cæsar's time, and one of the Triumvirate, was Marcus Licinius Crassus, an astute speculator, noted for avarice.

His fortune has often been estimated, and never above \$9,000,000 to \$10,000,000 in United States currency. An Athenian or Roman who could count his estate at what would be 1,000,000 of our dollars was considered very wealthy; but residents of Manhattan who have no more than \$1,000,000 are not now considered particularly well off, and are unknown among the opulent members of the community. Mere millionaires are so common here as to merit little distinction financially. There were no such estates in ancient times as those of the Astors and Vanderbilts, and no such private fortunes as are held not only here, but in Boston, Philadelphia and other cities of the Republic.

The growth of wealth has been prodigious in this country within this generation. Some of the largest accumulations in the land have been made within forty or fifty years. Half a century ago, only one man in the metropolis was worth \$1,000,000, and his name was John Jacob Astor. Now hundreds of our fellow-citizens can go beyond those figures, and they feel rather poor than otherwise. When Stephen Girard died, in 1831, he was considered by all odds the richest man on this continent—nobody approached or began to approach him monetarily—and yet his property was not valued at more than \$8,000,000. Men who do not regard themselves as very old can easily remember when \$100,000 was thought to be a fortune, even in our largest cities, and when \$10,000 in the small towns was an independence. At present, \$100,000 is hardly reckoned sufficient to make a man comfortable and \$10,000 would not be deserving of mention, unless in a rural village of New England, where general poverty lends a magnifying power to any eye that contemplates any kind of coin. Within the next 50 years it is likely that private fortunes will be increased beyond what they have been in the same period in the past. In 1930 or 1940 it is probable enough that we shall hear of plain American citizens who are worth \$100,000,000 to \$150,000,000, and who will be grumbling that they have no more.—*N. Y. Times.*

It is becoming fashionable to connect printing offices by telephone with churches, which enables the editorial staff to slaughter two ornithological specimens with a single rock, so to speak. Journalists can play eucbre and hear a sermon at the same time; but the advantages are all on one side. The minister can't watch the progress of the game as he preaches.—*Norristown Herald.*



OH! AH!

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Agents for the celebrated WINTHROP RANGES.

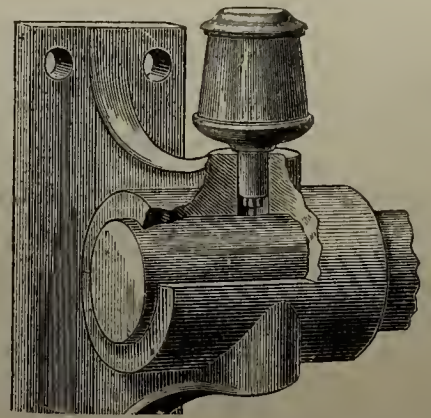
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Music for Concerts, Serenades, Parties, etc., furnished at reasonable rates.



Cups for Engine, Machine and Shaft Bearings and Loose Pulleys. We furnish the Albany Compound (a solid, \$1 worth of which will last as long as from \$2 to \$10 worth of Oil, with no slop, and with ONE-TWENTIETH the ATTENTION required by the best oil cups.

If the Cups are not satisfactory, we will receive them back and make no charge.



Cylinder corrosion is not so much owing to impure tallow or oil as to the fact that those animal fats do not maintain their integrity under steam heat, but decompose and set free acids which attack and destroy metal.

The Albany Cylinder Oil does not contain fatty acids—is incapable of being decomposed and does not form insoluble soaps.

If it becomes mixed with boiler incrustation it diminishes its tendency to cling to the sides of the boiler, and thus exerts in this respect also a beneficial action.

THE Albany Cylinder Oil,

The cheapest and most economical Cylinder Cup. Can be instantly regulated to feed a few drops per minute, and the drops can be counted as they pass through the glass gauge.

is now in use throughout the world, and we refer to nearly all first-class establishments on this coast for evidence of its efficacy.

Pure Winter Strained Lard Oil

by every vessel from New York.

ALBANY SPINDLE OIL, GENUINE WEST VIRGINIA LUBRICATING OIL,

SIGNAL OIL for outside lights of vessels, etc.

The Albany Lubricating Compound and Cups, the Albany Spindle Oil, etc., can only be gotten from us or our agents. Send for catalogues.

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329 Market and 3 Fremont Streets, San Francisco,

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GO TO

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(BET. BUSH & PINE)
& 910 MARKET ST.
SAN FRANCISCO

A VERY BAD BOY.

How One of Whitelaw Reid's Proteges Distinguished Himself.

One of the little lambs picked up in the streets of New York by Whitelaw Reid, and sent West to find a home, was adopted by a Detroit family about two months ago, and, ere this is published, Mr. Reid has received a big postal card, announcing that his dear little lamb has gone West to fight Indians, and that he needn't mind about sending another to take his place. The New York lamb was 13 years old. He said so at the depot on his arrival, and half an hour later he reiterated the statement at the house, and added: "And if you don't believe it, then call me a liar. That's the sort of spring gun I am, and don't you forget it." They didn't forget it. He gave them no chance to. He ate with his fingers, wiped his mouth on his sleeve, and told the folks that he didn't come West to have his hair combed or his face washed as a regular business. On the first evening he slipped out, had three fights and stole a dog, and when hunted up he was about to take his beer in a saloon. The family expected to wrestle with the boy for a while, and they didn't sit down on him until it became a painful necessity. During his first week he stole \$5 in money, a gold chain, a revolver and a pair of earrings, and he got drunk twice. When reasoned with and asked to do better he took a fresh chew of tobacco and replied: "Oh, you Michigan folks are too soft! If a fellow can't have a good time what's the use of being an orphan?" On Monday of the second week he sold the family dog to a stranger for a quarter, threw the saw and ax into the alley, and when locked up in a closet he tore a Sunday coat to pieces. It was thought best to have a policeman talk to him, and one was called in. He put on his fiercest look, and lectured the lamb for fifteen minutes, but as soon as he stopped for breath the young sinner replied: "Now see here, old buttons, you are wasting time! I know my little gait, I do; and if you think I've come to a village like this to be bluffed by anybody, you've missed your train!" He was taken to Sunday school by the band. He hadn't been there half an hour when he was taken out by the collar. He seemed anxious to punch the head of every good little boy within half a mile and told the teacher of his class that when she could stuff Moses in the bulrushes down him it would be after she had bleached out the freckles. They gave him a Sunday-school book to fit in his case, but he fitted it to a crack in the sidewalk on his way home. When moral suasion had no effect on the wicked youth his guardian tried the rod. He was bigger than the boy, and he walloped him, but within three hours two of the nuts were taken off his buggy and thrown away. There was a second seance in the woodshed, and before dark a window-glass worth \$8 was broken. The orphan was faithfully and duly and persistently wrestled with. He was coaxed and flattered. He was licked and reasoned with. Ambition, gratitude, fear and avarice were alike appealed to in turn, but as he was the first day, so he was the last. A few days ago he was told that he would be sent to the Reform School at Lansing if there was any further trouble with him. That night he stole \$5 of the cook, a butcher-knife from the pantry, a pie from the sideboard, and departed the house, leaving on the bed a note as follows: "This town ar' no place for a N. York orfun. I'm going out on the planes to fite Injuns. It will be useless to foller me, I can't be took Alive!"—*Detroit Free Press.*



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