

FORT ORFORD POST.

THURSDAY, JULY 22, - 1880.

RISE, RUN AND RUIN OF KEARNEYISM IN CALIFORNIA.

When Kearney exploded upon the public of San Francisco like a bomb, the times were propitious for the success of any movement in opposition to the existing order of things. The working masses were idle and restless, ready to believe any sort of story as to the origin of their distress. Hitherto this time Kearney had scoffed at the mutterings of the unemployed, saying they could all get work if they wanted it. He was then draying for some of the corporations. Just prior to the commencement of the agitation he lost several fat "billets," and to add to his troubles, he lost a small sum deposited in Duncan's Bank. (He always avoided the safe and solvent Hibernia, being generally at variance with the average Irish sentiment.) This was the last feather that broke the camel's back. His drays were idle and his small savings swallowed up in the thief Duncan's collapse. He could now appreciate the causes of the general discontent among the work people of San Francisco and of California. An opportunity offered, and, utterly without method or distinct design in his madness, Kearney struck out wildly and recklessly. Men lacking the incentive of a special grievance, and sympathizing in a general way with the want-besieged masses, stood aghast at the spectacle of utterances at once so extravagant and revolutionary and irresponsible, and hastened to disavow all sympathy with methods so diabolical as those suggested by the embryo and accidental prodigy. But as we said before, the times were propitious, not alone for the tolerance of such rantings, but they begat a genuine enthusiasm among men—good men—long oppressed by existing systems and practices. Official peculations and frauds were the rule—not the exception. "Bank-smashing" was an everyday pastime, and stock thieves (called sharps) ran riot in a career of villainy. For political effect Mayor Bryant had made a mountain out of the Chinese question, and succeeded in mounting to high position. Frank Pixley—a born Micauber—in quest of glory for Frank aforesaid—had advised, at Platt's Hall, that the work people meet the incoming Chinese steamers torch in hand. All these things gave the irresponsible agitator courage to do his worst.

During the first three months of the agitation, Kearney never once dreamed of renown. He simply appeared upon the street corners and finally on the Sand lot in response to an impulse vain, and

aimless, to obvious completeness.

About this time a coterie of political vagrants, supplemented by another element of ignorant, unlettered, worthless adventurers, the latter headed by a "Carl" Brown, an untutored artist, came to the rescue. These fellows had all to gain and no earthly thing to lose. Brown saw something "in it" like merchandise, and at his suggestion that all should fare sumptuously every day, some literary vagrants lent their aid to the extent of supplying the agitator with "ideas," whereupon he awoke to a realization of his accidental importance. An election for members of a Constitutional Convention resulted in the completest local triumph for the "Workingmen's Party."

This was the last feather. Kearney's arrogance became insufferable. Brown, the cunning, designing knave that he is, added fuel to the flame by patronizing obsequiousness and a studied system of basest flattery. He needed Kearney in his business. He determined to use him to the utmost tension of popular endurance. In pursuance of this general design, he took Kearney East and exhibited him for dollars and cents just as Barnum would a caged lion. About this juncture, Kearney had become of importance sufficient to be worth something in the political market, and with the same said Brown as negotiator, went into the battle ostensibly in the interest of the Workingmen's party, but really in the pay of the Republican party, succeeding in throwing the State into the hands of the Republicans, the honest Workingmen winning the city election in spite of his perfidy. Subsequent to that epoch, he was regarded with more or less suspicion by the more astute of the Workingmen, and it was but a few brief months until the climax was reached. He was deposed, first, by the Humboldt Hall State Convention; secondly, the Board of Ward Presidents, of the City of San Francisco, a body of his own creation, and exercising arbitrary, final powers, just such as he and the vulture Brown had given them, fired him out as a bribe seeker and bribe taker, unworthy to associate with honest men. He "appealed" (as had been his wont) to the Sand Lot, where a final—let us hope—everlasting quietus was put upon him.

During all his career, under the surveillance and tutelage of Brown, men of brains and men of honest purposes, were, by Kearney "spotted," and placed under the ban of his implacable envy.

Vale Kearney. Vale Brown.

The Supreme Judges elect met at Salem last week, and proceeded, as the law directs, to gamble for "position" on the new Bench. The game, at the end of a somewhat animated contest, resulted in Mr. Waldo drawing the six years' or long term; E. B. Watson drew the four years' term, and Mr. Lord the two years' or shortest term.

Bradlaugh finally triumphed over his ecclesiastical censors.

HARRISON AND HANCOCK.

The Seattle Dispatch, an independent paper, whose editor (Beriah Brown) has been said to be a "walking cyclopedia of political facts," revives the history and incidents of the "Log cabin and hard cider" campaign of 1840—just 40 years ago—which resulted in the triumphant election to the Presidency of General Wm. Henry Harrison—"Tippecanoe and Tyler too." The Dispatch recurs to the Harrison campaign for the purpose of instituting a comparison between that memorable and in some respects curious campaign and the one now pending in which Hancock is made to occupy a position in the popular estimation analogous in essential respects to that occupied by Harrison in 1840. Possibilities are inferred and results predicted which may or may not be verified by the vote in November. The Dispatch proceeds as follows:

Forty years ago about these days, upon the occasion of the nomination of Gen. Harrison, the country witnessed a degree of popular enthusiasm and excitement without precedent in political contests. Discussion at once ceased; argument was but a waste of breath; the political issues which had theretofore divided the people were utterly ignored. A majority of Democrats adhered to their party from force of habit; but a large minority were powerless to resist the popular cyclone and lent their voices to swell the general chorus.

"We'll go for Harrison therefore, Without a why or wherefore."

Many sober-minded men reasoned that the excitement was too violent to last; that it was a popular spasm which was bound to consume itself by its intensity before the election, and consoled themselves with the adage: "The sober second thought," etc., and confidently predicted that it would meet with a check which would turn the tide when it reached the old Democratic State of Maine, the first to hold an election after the boom began. But it went through Maine like a tropical tornado through a cane break, and came sweeping back with increased volume and power. The Democratic party, which had been in the ascendant for forty years, excepting an interval of four years, and carried seventeen of the twenty six States at the immediately preceding election, only saved from the wreck seven States, casting 60 electoral votes, to nineteen States, casting two hundred and thirty-four votes for Harrison. The Democratic party, it was believed by many who had acted with it from disinterested motives had been in power long enough; the time had come for a change; popular sentiment demanded it; the candidate of the opposition was not committed to any adverse policy and from the day of his nomination his election was assured; no earthly power could have prevented it.

Every circumstance and incident connected with the nomination and election of Gen. Harrison, pertains to the candidacy of Gen. Hancock; the popular distrust of the party which has had too long a lease of power and become unmindful of its duties and obligations to the people; a general desire for change; the unexceptionable and unassailable character of the candidate; the assurance which his election gives of a final cessation of sectional strife; the unanimity with which he was nominated, and the unbounded enthusiasm with which the nomination was received in every quarter throughout

the Union; the extraordinary admission by many leading Republicans, that the chances of success are with their opponents; the undisguised opinions of Gen. Grant and his immediate friends that the election of Hancock is a foregone conclusion; all these and many other indications all pointing in the same direction, make it as certain as any future event can be, that Hancock will be elected by the largest majority given for any candidate since 1840. Beside the solid South, we confidently count for him Maine, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Wisconsin, California, Oregon and Nevada, with a possibility of New Hampshire, Ohio and Illinois.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND NEWS.

Mrs. "Dr." Murray, of Portland, stands accused of "crooked ways."

Grasshoppers are threatening dire havoc in the vicinity of Dayton, W. T.

The Portland Daily Bee has changed proprietors. The Bee is a wide-awake evening journal.

Henry J. Lynch shot and killed Thomas Watts at East Portland a short time since. The slayer was a sailor boarding house keeper, and the slain a longshoreman. Lynch's wife figures in the distance in the tragedy.

Vol. 1, No. 1, of the Pendleton (Or.) Tribune, Sharon & Burroughs publishers has reached us. We assume of course, that the Independent, until recently issued by the same parties, is discontinued. What has become of Gen. James H. Turner's paper?

A local writer for a San Francisco daily headed an item, "Misdemeanor arrests," but the compositor set up "Midsummer arrests." Such an error could not have occurred in December, which is another evidence that a "comp's" brain and fingers respond to local surroundings and present facts involuntarily, as it were.

Prof. Rutan, the blind musician well known in Oregon and many parts of California, turns up in Idaho, engaged in a suit against a Mr. Kelly for \$25,000 damages. The copy of the World, from which we glean the existence of the trouble, does not state what damages are claimed for. The particulars, of course, appearing in a former number.

At a Fourth of July celebration in Iowa, the Marshal of the day tried to discipline a man for an alleged insult to a lady. A general fight ensued, with about thirty persons engaged on either side. Some were seriously wounded, while numbers of the combatants were more or less hurt. The affair is charged to the offensive super-serviceableness of the Marshal.

There are in the United States, 1179 Sisters of Charity in charge of the suffering and helpless. In 1608 the Sisterhood was established by Mrs. Eliza Weaton, better known as Mother Weaton, at Emmetsburg, Maryland.

The Portland Daily Bee gives currency to the above excerpt. There are more than 1179 Sisters of Charity in the United States.

POLITICAL POINTS & PARAGRAPHS.

J. K. Sears, of Polk county, received 301 votes for Congress on the Greenback ticket.

The total vote of the State on Congressman foots up 37,759; on State Printer, 37,514.

The element which compassed the defeat of Tilden at Cincinnati, was composed of men neither capable of self-government or of being governed by others.

The Bee refers incidentally to the next session as the "long session" of Congress. The next session of Congress terminates March 4th, 1881, by limitation, and is therefore, a short session.

A Republican cotemporary states for a fact that E. B. Watson of Jackson county, polled the largest vote for Supreme Judge in this State, of any candidate on the ticket. Rather the smallest. Waldo polled the largest vote, with Lord next, and Watson the lowest.

And now that Kearney has been dethroned by the council of Ward Presidents, W. P. C., and ignominiously driven from the Sand Lot, the Chronicle sees a Democratic "boom" in the distance, and cries out piteously for protection to Kearney in his mad ravings.

The Bulletin and Call oppose the adoption of the new Charter for San Francisco, framed by the fifteen "Freeholders," and of course the Chronicle sees it in another light. The status of the papers named might just as well be reversed for the matter of the sincerity of either.

An over-sanguine Democratic paper predicts that Hancock will carry Pennsylvania. That editor has no conception of the depths to which Pennsylvania is steeped in tariff debauchery. Iron is the God of the "ruling classes" in the Keystone State. The very atmosphere is redolent with "tariff! more tariff!"

In the Suratt habeas corpus case Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, and Commander-in-chief of the military forces thereof, explicitly instructed Hancock to endorse his (Johnson's) suspension of the writ of habeas corpus in the District of Columbia as his return to the warrant and to refuse to produce the body of the prisoner in Court.

Near the beginning of his speech on the day he was bounced off the Sand Lot, the great fraud, Kearney, boasted that he despised all interference by the police and never had and never would, ask their aid; he and his could take care of themselves. Before he closed that very meeting he yelled lustily for the police! Braggart and coward are convertible terms.

And now it is Hon. C. P. Berry, Member of Congress from the 3d California district, who is in for it at Washington. He is charged by a Mrs. Hughes, whose husband holds a Federal office in New Mexico, with coming the Cameron-Ben Hill-Roseo Conkling game on her, and she wants money for the support of the coming event which casts its shadow before.